

Oh, Winona
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EXT. FAKE GRASS LAWN (USED FOR TENNIS) - DAY

The fresh summer sun is beating down on the court. A girl is sunbathing with her sleeves rolled up as far as possible, the bottom hem of her shirt is cheekily tucked beneath her bra to expose her glistening stomach, and her shorts are daringly short. Earphones are tucked into her ears and her eyes are concealed by shades. The corner of her mouth rests in a Mona Lisa smile. This is WINONA.

A boy mindlessly walks onto the court as he reads a book. His hair is unkempt and it is clear he doesn't care about what he wears. He looks up to see WINONA and freezes. His initial reaction is to avert his eyes, but his curiosity brings them right back to her. This is ANDREW.

Feeling a presence, Winona turns her head. She sits up. She lowers her shades and gives him a once over.

WINONA
Need something?

ANDREW
(embarrassed)
No, I just came to read.

Winona raises an eyebrow in disbelief. He gestures to a worn spot in the shade: the spot has been obviously worn with time.

WINONA
(reluctant)
Fine.

She lies back down. Awkwardly, Andrew makes his way to the spot and sits - not directly facing her, but not directly facing away either.

A beat. Then-

WINONA
Turn.

He didn't quite catch that.

WINONA
(curt)
Turn away please, thank you.

Blushing, he complies. They spend some time like this, in the pure heat and quiet of summer.

After a while, Winona starts preparing to leave. Andrew looks as if he wants to say something, struggling to get any semblance of a word out. Just when he manages to open his mouth, she's already walking away and he watches her go.

TITLE plays against the vibrant fake green of the court in cursive letters, like a sigh: "Oh, Winona."

INT. ANDREW'S BATHROOM - DAY

He barely has things in here. Bar of soap, hand towel, toothbrush - just the necessities. The light from outside doesn't seem to reach far enough into the room; it's dim and pretty dark.

After washing his face, Andrew opens the window. He rubs at his cheeks with a towel when he pauses. He turns to the window. Hesitantly, he walks over and peeks through the grills - the tennis court is barely visible. He strains, looking for something.

No luck.

As far as he could tell, anyways.

He tries to make his way back into his bedroom when his MOM calls out from the living room. She is putting on her earrings as she slips on her shoes. Slight wrinkles are at the corners of her eyes.

MOM

Hon - I have a fire to put out at work. Can you do the groceries?

Andrew scrunches his face in annoyance. She shoots him a look.

MOM (CONT'D)

(put-off)

What, you have something to do today?

ANDREW

(hesitant, then embarrassed)

No.

MOM

Good. I expect a full fridge when I get back. Got it?

ANDREW

Yeah, I got it.

EXT. STREET - DAY CONT'D

Shopping bag in hand with earphones in, Andrew is headed out. He follows the sidewalk around a building and upon turning, there she is.

Winona.

His step hesitates. When she turns, he begins to blush.

She has a lit cigarette in hand and stands next to a bin, smoke drifting up through the damp summer air.

WINONA

You again. No book today?

Andrew raises the bag he has.

ANDREW

Running errands for my mom.

WINONA

(coos)

Ooo, Errand Boy.

ANDREW

I guess.

A pause. she snubs out the rest of her cigarette and tosses it into the bin.

WINONA

Mind if I tag along? Don't really know my way 'round here yet.

His eyes widen.

WINONA (CONT'D)

I won't be annoying. Promise.

ANDREW

(trying to be cool)

Uh, sure, yeah. I guess.

They awkwardly stand there for a moment - he's glued to the floor. She laughs.

WINONA

Well?

Shaken out of it, he walks pass her with his eyes focused

forward. With a smirk, she trails after him along with a few tweeting birds.

WINONA (CONT'D)

I'm Winona, by the way.

ANDREW

Andrew.

WINONA

And you're in grade...?

ANDREW

Ten.

WINONA

Oh! Like my little brother.

ANDREW

Really?

WINONA

Yeah.

ANDREW

You guys going into St. Judes?

WINONA

Nah, just me. Wes' in the States with my mom.

ANDREW

(confused)

Oh.

WINONA

I'm supposed to move over, too, but I don't know.

ANDREW

(still confused)

Wait, they left you here?

WINONA

Yeah?

(realizes how bad that looks)

Not like, on purpose or anything. It just happened that way.

ANDREW

So who do you live with, then?

WINONA

My grandma. Maybe you've seen her around, she likes selling dried flowers at the front gate on Sundays.

ANDREW

Granny Lee is your grandma?

WINONA

Yep.
(dramatic)
My one, my only.

ANDREW

You guys close?

WINONA

Yeah. She's pretty much the person I'm closest to in my family. Other than Wes.

Awkward. Silence. Flailing in conversation, Andrew presses on.

ANDREW

You in eleventh or twelfth grade?

WINONA

Twelfth.

ANDREW

Ah.

WINONA

Do they suck?

ANDREW

Who?

WINONA

The seniors at St. Jude's.

Andrew makes a slight face and hesitates.

ANDREW

They're alright.

WINONA

Well, if they're anything like you, Anny, they should be. Glad to have a friend right off the bat.

ANDREW blushes at the nickname - can't tell if he's embarrassed or flattered.

ANDREW
I'm glad you're glad.

They continue to walk and talk together, loosening up with each step.

EXT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - DUSK CONT'D

The two have groceries in hand and it is almost too much to carry for two people.

ANDREW
You can just set it all down here,
I'll take it in myself.

WINONA
What? Why?

ANDREW
(confused)
What why what?

WINONA
I can help you bring it in, it's not
that hard.

Winona? In his house?

ANDREW
(unconfidently)
Sure...

Unlocking the door, the two shuffle inside. Andrew is anxiously looking about as if assessing the state of things. She, on the other hand, gives things a tender look, eyes lingering on each one she focuses on.

Andrew heads straight for the kitchen, but Winona places the bags down on the dining room table. She's too entranced by the family photos on one of the shelves.

ANDREW
(distant)
Please don't mind the mess in here,
mom made one of her last minute
lunches and she gets everything,
everywhere-

She walks up to the photos, taking in the the different scenes.

Andrew at his first birthday party, in the middle of a kiss sandwich with parents on either side.

Andrew at five/six-years-old staying warm by a campfire.

His parents' wedding day: two lovebirds under a shower of rice as they make their way out of the church.

Andrew walks out of the kitchen to see her staring at the photos.

WINONA

Is it lonely? Being an only child.

She doesn't look away for a second. He walks to her and looks down at the photos.

ANDREW

Kinda? Some times.

Winona's mouth parts and the corners sink just a bit. Andrew shyly sneaks a look at her.

WINONA

Can't imagine.

ANDREW

It's not all that bad.

Winona blinks sadly.

WINONA

I don't know, I think I'd have lost my mind without Wes.

There's tension here. Andrew fidgets with the hem of his shirt, on the brink of asking why she thinks that, but Winona breaks away and walks down the hall. The groceries have been forgotten.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Where're your books?

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - DUSK CONT'D

His room is minimalistic with almost zero character. Neat with everything in a specific place, tip-toeing down the line between weird and oddly homey. The only thing that qualifies

as somewhat of a mess is his bookshelf: a mismatched collection of children's books, YA novels, classics, and philosophy. Winona gingerly fingers their spines.

WINONA

Maximum Ride! I read these as a kid, too... Oh man, you still have Little Ms. and Mr. books...

The Stranger by Albert Camus sticks out to her and she pulls it out.

WINONA

(appalled)

No way. You read Camus? For fun?

Andrew is again, embarrassed. If he had known Winona would see his shelf he would have at done something to make it a little less nerdy.

ANDREW

I tried to - never finished it, though.

WINONA

I had to read it for lit last year. You should read the end, skip the boring bits if you have to.

ANDREW

Why?

WINONA

I wanna know what you think about it.

Winona thumbs through the pages. Andrew stares down at them, but sneaks glances at her face when he can. No one has ever been this close to him before, standing in his own bedroom.

ANDREW

What do you think about it?

She shuts the book. A pause. Then -

WINONA

I don't know, really.

(a pause)

It's sad, but like, happy. If that makes sense.

For the first time since entering the apartment, Winona locks

eyes with Andrew. He is stunned speechless, as if he's been caught doing something terrible. His eyes are wide as if she knows that in this moment, the fact that he would only have to move an inch to touch her is sending his heartbeat into a frenzy. She only smiles.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT CONT'D

He walks her to the front door - the groceries are still out on the dining table.

WINONA

Oh crap, totally forgot! Do you need me to-

ANDREW

Don't worry about it, I got it.

She slips on her shoes and he opens the door. She walks out, but just as Andrew is about to say goodbye, she turns around.

WINONA

Thanks for letting me tag along today.

ANDREW

(thrown off)

It's fine.

WINONA

My grandma's kinda anal about my phone bill, so next time you have an errand you can just knock on my door - I'll probably be home.

No. Fucking. Way. Is she... No, it can't be. There is no way a senior is hitting on him.

ANDREW

Really?

WINONA

12/C.

ANDREW

Okay.

WINONA

Okay.

A beat.

WINONA (CONT'D)
(she hits the lift)
Alright. Bye, Anny.

ANDREW
(blushing)
It's Andrew.

WINONA
(as she gets into the elevator)
That's what I said, Anny.

The doors close and Andrew is left there, the tops of his cheeks burning in her absence. He's dumbfounded and after a moment, he smiles.

ANDREW
(muttering)
12/C, 12/C, 12/C...

He shuts the door to go grab a pen and paper.

INT. WINONA'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

The first time he takes Winona up on her offer, an old lady with a soft face and greying hair opens the door. She stands straight and rigid, which is completely contradictory to her fragile appearance. This is GRANNY LEE.

GRANNY LEE
You! Mr. St. Judes, how may I help you?

Andrew stands a little straighter.

ANDREW
Uh. I'm looking for Winona? Is she here?

She squints her eyes for a second.

GRANNY LEE
(cautious)
Why?

WINONA
(from afar)
Gran, who is it?

ANDREW
(to Granny)
Um, you can tell her that it's Andrew.

GRANNY LEE
(over her shoulder)
An Andrew is here for you.

WINONA
(from afar)
Anny? Give me a sec!

Granny Lee relaxes.

GRANNY LEE
She'll be out in a bit, that girl
doesn't take much time.

Andrew nods, awkwardly rocking back and forth on his heels.

GRANNY LEE (CONT'D)
So, Andrew. Nona is going to be
starting at your school this fall.

ANDREW
Yes, she is. She told me.

GRANNY LEE
Keep an eye out for me, will you?

Andrew laughs.

ANDREW
I don't think she'll need that from
me, Granny Lee.

A cloud crosses Granny's face. She smiles sadly.

GRANNY LEE
It sure looks that way, but still.
Just between you and me, I'd feel
better if you did.

As if being given a noble task, Andrew's chest puffs out a bit and he dawns a serious look.

ANDREW
Sure, of course.

Winona runs up behind Granny Lee, beaming at Andrew from over her shoulder.

WINONA
What's up?

ANDREW
(nervously)
Dad dropped a plate, wanna come with
to get new ones?

WINONA
Yeah, sure. Let's go.

She gives Granny Lee a kiss on the cheek as she slips past her.

GRANNY LEE
When will you be back?

WINONA
(light-hearted)
Before dinner.

GRANNY LEE
Andrew, you heard that?

ANDREW
(blushing)
Yes, Granny, before dinner.

Andrew knocks on Winona's door multiple times over the next few weeks.

INT. WINONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andrew's hair is suddenly styled, albeit horribly.

ANDREW
I'm craving salmon. Sushi run?

INT. WINONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

He's tried to match the colours of his clothes a little better, but it's obvious that his shirt dates back years.

ANDREW
Pipe burst, need new parts.

INT. WINONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

He's given up on his hair and has decided to hide the monstrosity with a hat.

ANDREW
Outta toilet paper.

Time and time again, Andrew throws together some lame excuse to knock on her door at around the same hour on the same weekday. The reasons range from hyper specific to unbelievably vague, but Winona agrees every time.

INT. WINONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andrew knocks, but as soon as Winona opens the door she walks past him, already ready to leave the house. Andrew is befuddled. She turns when she notices he's not following her.

WINONA
What?

ANDREW
I-uh-

WINONA
Ripped your only good shirt? Need a new toothbrush? Or?

ANDREW
(flustered)
I-uh... was gonna say I ran outta books...

That is the dumbest thing he has ever said in his life. Luckily, she laughs.

WINONA
(laughing)
You're an idiot.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY (CONT'D)

The store's pretty crowded. 'Back to School' banners and adverts are prominently displayed. Students and parents are all chattering in the background. Andrew is skimming through the modern classics section, attempting to seem older than he is. He makes comments on the ones he's already read as he goes along when -

WINONA
Oh.

Winona pulls out Lolita by Vladimir Nabokov. Andrew's eyes light up; he's read this one. They speak at the same time.

ANDREW
Such a good book.

WINONA
What a dumpster fire.

Andrew is taken aback.

WINONA (CONT'D)
You *like* this book?

ANDREW
You don't?

WINONA
God no, are you kidding?

ANDREW
(sputtering)
I-it's a classic.

WINONA
It's *disgusting*.

ANDREW
(he will die on this hill)
Well yeah, that's the point.

Winona gives him a look.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(defensive)
It's like, a test. Beauty vs
substance.

WINONA
That's such bullshit.

ANDREW
Come on.

WINONA
Not everyone has the literary smarts
to know that it's a test. It's like...
a grotesque porno getting an Oscar
just because it's 'filmed nice'.

ANDREW
(not knowing how to defend it any
further)
Hey, it's a classic for a reason.

WINONA

(sharp)

It's a classic 'cause there are a whole lotta sick fucks out there, Andy.

Andrew is speechless. Winona is totally done with the conversation, having turned a complete 180 with her tone. She looks around the store.

WINONA

(half-heartedly)

Ooo, stationary!

She walks off towards the stationary section, obviously in an attempt to change the subject. Andrew looks at Lolita, picks it up, and carefully slots it back into the bookshelf before following after her.

INT. WINONA'S FRONT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

The two have returned from the book store. Andrew has two books in hand while Winona has a case of new coloured pens. He's walked her to her front door.

WINONA

Are you nervous? For tomorrow?

ANDREW

Not really - I've been at St. Jude's almost my whole life.

Winona presses her lips together. Andrew at first can't tell what she's feeling, but then realizes that this is the first time he's seen Winona even slightly embarrassed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Are you nervous?

WINONA

(defensive)

A little.

They stand there awkwardly, hanging in dead air. Is Andrew supposed to do something about it? Reassure her? Comfort her?

WINONA (CONT'D)

Do you want to go together?

Andrew's eyes go wide and he blinks in surprise and shock. His fingers tighten their grip on his books. He stutters,

unable to put together a cohesive string of syllables. She unlocks her front door and opens it up.

WINONA (CONT'D)
 You don't have to answer or anything,
 I'll just be in the lobby at eight and
 leave by eight-fifteen.

Before she closes the door completely, she looks at him shyly through the gap.

WINONA (CONT'D)
 Just meet me if you wanna.

The door shuts.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT (CONT'D)

In bed, Andrew tosses and turns in the moonlight. The clock reads 4am. Every time he shuts his eyes, they flutter back open again, failing to send him off to sleep.

The clock reads 7am. He glances at it, eyes wide and red. His lips press together in thought. Then, he gets out of bed.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX LOBBY - EARLY MORNING (CONT'D)

Andrew is in his full school uniform, everything seamlessly in place. His tie is straight, his shirt is ironed, and his hair does not look too shabby.

Winona is leaning against a wall, her uniform all over the place. Her sleeves are rolled up to her elbows, the garter of her skirt has been rolled up so the hem falls a good three inches above her knees, her tie is loose, and the top two buttons are left undone. Her eyes are shut in an attempt at a nap.

Andrew walks nervously over to her.

Her eyelashes - light with mascara - are long against her cheek. They flutter as she groggily looks up at him. Her dark irises glow in the early morning light.

WINONA
 Ready?

ANDREW
 Yeah.

She gestures forwards, letting Andrew lead the way.

INT. BUS - EARLY MORNING (CONT'D)

They're sitting side by side on the bus to school. Their thighs are touching. Andrew is wide awake, staring out of the window while Winona is nodding off into sleep.

When the bus goes over a speed hump, her head falls against his shoulder.

Andrew's body goes rigid. Nervously, he looks down at her. That can't be comfortable. Slowly, he shifts so that he's at a better height for her.

He smiles.

INT. ST. JUDES - EARLY MORNING (CONT'D)

Students are bustling about. They're all in their preppy school uniforms, but most wear them as they should, clean-cut and proper. The school colours are navy and white and the natural sunlight blends well with the florescent lighting. Andrew has his schedule in hand.

ANDREW

The office is down the hall to the left - can't miss it.

Winona's jaw is tight and her hands fidget with her bag strap. Andrew notices. He looks around - no one seems to be paying any attention to them.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Need me to walk you?

Winona's looking at everyone around her when she answers.

WINONA

I mean, if you wanna, yeah.

ANDREW

Yeah, come on, then.

He brings her to the school office. A plaque of the school crest hangs on one of the walls and the motto is inscribed below it: *Magna est veritas et prævalet*. Translation: Great is the Truth, and It prevails.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I'm guessing you just go in, give your name, and they'll tell you where to go.

Winona's jaw is tight and her knuckles are almost white from holding onto her bag too tightly.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You'll be fine.

Winona gives him an unconfident smile.

WINONA

Thanks. Go, you'll be late or something.

Andrew nods and leaves the office, looking back through the glass doors at her just to make sure she's still ok.

INT. ST. JUDES CAFETERIA - NOON (CONT'D)

The first-day-back lunch rowdiness is afoot. Friend groups are catching up, laughter is obnoxiously loud, and Andrew is seated with his friends of years. They're a fairly large group, around five to six dudes.

RIAN

Summer sucked ass. Whoever made math camp a thing is an asshole.

RIAN is bent over his lunch, already pissed off. His tie is loose around his neck, but the rest of his uniform is fairly put together. His hair is cut short for that clean-cut look.

ALISTAIR

It's not their fault you failed Algebra II, dude.

ALISTAIR has the school vest on with his tie tucked neatly into it. His school pants are held up by a branded belt, which is technically against the dress code but not blaring enough to be faulted.

VINCE

You're just stupid.

VINCE is seated at the center of the group. His tie is undone, the first few buttons of his shirt hangs loose, and his hair is styled to indicate that he looks the way he does by choice. His face is chiselled and his eyes are droopy. His comment makes the group laugh.

RIAN

(Half-jokingly)

Shut up.

Vince smirks. Andrew is distracted - he's looking around the cafeteria as if trying to find someone while his friends shoot the shit.

Through the crowd, he spots her. Winona is seated with a couple of senior girls. She's talking and laughing, slightly anxious but seems to be getting along with them. The corner of Andrew's mouth lifts.

Vince spots it. He pounces.

VINCE

What are you all giddy about.

Andrew automatically stares down at his food and busies himself with eating.

ANDREW

What? Nothing.

Vince looks in the direction that Andrew was staring in and spots Winona.

VINCE

Ah, so you noticed her.

ALISTAIR

Her? Who?

Alistair turns like a dog with his ears perked.

ANDREW

Don't know what you mean.

Winona's head tilts back mid-laugh, her neck fair and flawless.

ALISTAIR

Woah.

VINCE

Winona. She's in my homeroom and AP Chem class. Fine as hell.

Rian is now also intrigued. He looks over.

RIAN

(nodding)

Ah - greed.

Andrew pretends to also turn around as if seeing Winona for

the first time. Her eyes drift and catch his. She smiles as if to say 'it's going well, no worries'.

Andrew turns away, beginning to blush, but Alistair and Rian believe that she's smiling at Vince. They hoot at him and tease, but Vince confidently tilts his chin up at her.

Winona catches it and, confused, returns the gesture.

EXT. FAKE GRASS LAWN - LATE AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

Andrew is reading in the shade at his usual spot, his tie is gone and he uses his bag as a pillow. He flips the page when he hears someone clear their throat.

He moves his book and squints up to see Winona standing over him. She's grinning from ear to ear and sits down beside him.

ANDREW
You look happy.

WINONA
(timidly)
Yeah.

ANDREW
How was it?

Winona purses her lips.

WINONA
A lot better than I thought it'd be.

ANDREW
Looked like you were a hit.

WINONA
(flattered)
No, really?

ANDREW
(slightly jealous)
Yeah.

WINONA
The girls are just really nice. Do you know them? Ava, Therese...

Andrew marks his page and sits up.

ANDREW

I know of them. I don't talk to them
though.

A pause. Winona picks up on Andrew's slightly sour mood. Time
to talk about him.

WINONA

But *your* friends seem like a real
picnic.

He takes offence.

ANDREW

What do you mean?

WINONA

Nothing!

(A beat)

They just... don't seem like 'you'
people.

ANDREW

And what does a 'me' person look like,
then.

WINONA

I don't know! They just kinda seem
like...

ANDREW

Assholes?

WINONA

Not really *assholes*, but...

(laughs)

Yeah.

ANDREW

(defensive)

They're not that bad.

Winona plays with her shoelaces, her knees up under her chin
and her skirt falling back to slightly reveal the shorts
underneath.

WINONA

If you say so.

A beat. Then-

ANDREW
Vince's kinda into you, you know.

Winona laughs, her mind: blown.

WINONA
The dude hasn't even talked to me.

ANDREW
He doesn't have to.

This stuns her. Her laughter dies and her cheeks redden a little at the compliment.

WINONA
(reassuringly)
Well. I'm not into him, if that's what you wanna know.

Andrew looks at her. The curve of her nose is so cute.

ANDREW
Everybody's into him.

WINONA
Not me. Guys like him are gross. I can tell. Guys in general are gross, but him? Next level.

His eyes light up. All is right with the world again. His sour mood has drained from his mind and he smiles because Winona is not like everybody else - how could he have thought that, even for a second?

ANDREW
Glad to hear it.

Winona squints at him mockingly.

WINONA
So you agree then, he is an asshole.

ANDREW
(faux innocence)
Hey, you said it, not me.

WINONA
Oh, whatever.

They laugh together and the sun glimmers in the fake grass.

INT. ST. JUDES HALLWAY - A COUPLE WEEKS LATER

Rian's locker is right beside Andrew's, and as Andrew shuts his locker Rian's face is right there.

ANDREW
(jumpy)
Jesus, dude.

RIAN
Bro, Vince is going *through* it.

They both start heading to their next class.

ANDREW
What? Why?

INT. CHEM LAB - EARLIER THAT DAY

Vince is across from Winona as they do an in-class science experiment. Winona is focused on piping something into a tube when -

VINCE
Hey, Win.

WINONA
Mhm?

VINCE
Are you free after school?

He stares at her expectantly, waiting for some kind of reaction. Winona goes about the experiment normally.

WINONA
No, don't think so.

Vince doesn't get the hint. AVA - Winona's lab partner and friend - stares at Winona, dumbfounded. Her long blonde hair is tied back and meticulously styled in a way so that her chem goggles don't mess it up. Her lips are pink and soft and she kind of resembles a porcelain doll.

VINCE
What about tomorrow?

WINONA
(no hesitation)
Nope.

Now Vince is thrown off. He furrows his brow at Ava. Ava shrugs.

WINONA
I'm not really free. At all.

She finally looks up directly at Vince. Her eyes have a dark glint to them, as if they genuinely enjoy rejecting people.

WINONA (CONT'D)
Not for you, at least.

INT. ST. JUDES HALLWAY - CONT'D

Andrew's jaw is wide open.

ANDREW
No fucking way.

Rian is hardcore revelling in this monstrosity of an L for Vince. But what he doesn't know is that an L for Vince, is a W for Andrew. Andrew laughs.

RIAN
Yes, way. Guess Winona's smarter than she looks, huh.

ANDREW
No kidding.

They arrive at the door to their class. Their classmates are waiting to be let in and down the hall, waiting for her class, is Winona. They spot each other. Winona waves. Andrew smiles at her knowingly and smug, but doesn't wave back.

INT. ST. JUDES LOUNGE AREA - AFTER SCHOOL (CONT'D)

Winona is working on her laptop in the senior lounge. Andrew passes by, spots her, and confidently approaches her. It's fairly empty and all of the couches are vacant other than the one she is sitting on.

ANDREW
Hey, why are you still here?

WINONA
I'm waiting for Ava to finish up with her stuff for the school paper.

ANDREW
Oh, you have stuff planned with her?

WINONA

Not really. We just go home together.

ANDREW

She lives in our area?

WINONA

No? We just kinda walk to the bus and stuff.

(flirtatious)

Why, you wanna go home together?

This throws Andrew off and he begins to blush.

ANDREW

No. I mean, yes. I mean -

(a breath)

We could. If you wanna.

Winona grins and gets up.

WINONA

Sure, Anny. I wanna.

EXT. OUTSIDE ST. JUDES - LATE AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

On cloud 9, Andrew is out here living his best life. Winona is going home with him. Out of all people. Him. The two turn a corner and -

RIAN

Andy?

His group of friends are all there at the bus stop. Andrew freezes. They all look at him, then at Winona, then at Vince.

RIAN (CONT'D)

(genuinely confused)

Thought you said you were busy.

Vince pushes past Rian. His eyes are dark. For a seventeen-year-old he is pretty scary with that glare.

VINCE

Can you make it to Alistair's after all, then?

The question comes out more like a command than anything else. Andrew can't bring himself to look up. Winona looks worriedly at Andrew. Vince laughs.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Aw, come on. Really?

WINONA
Come on, Vince, leave him alone.

The corner of Vince's mouth tugs up, amused like crazy. Little baby Andy needs a spokesperson!

VINCE
(mockingly)
I'm pretty sure Andrew can tell me to leave him alone himself if he wanted to.

WINONA
(sharp)
Oh, fuck *off*.

The sentence strikes Vince like a slap across the face.

ALISTAIR
(to Vince)
Hey, let's just -

VINCE
Andy.

Andrew forces himself to look at Vince.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(forcefully)
You coming?

Vince glances at Winona, venom in his eyes.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Or does this cum-dump have your dick in her grip?

This time, it is Winona who is slapped across the face. For a split second, her guard drops and she seems wounded. About to cry. But with a sharp breath, she turns around and begins to walk.

WINONA
(under her breath)
Come on, Anny.

But Andrew's feet stay rooted in place. His friends laugh and taunt Winona having seen her eyes water. Vince smirks,

victorious.

Winona, a foot away, realizes that Andrew isn't walking with her. She looks back at him.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Anny?

VINCE

(maliciously)

'Anny'?

Embarrassed and defeated, Andrew walks towards his friends. Winona's guard comes down a second time and, again for just a second, she seems doubly hurt before she turns and storms off.

Vince slings his arm around Andrew in triumph. His friends are all loud and laughing, making fun of Andrew for even trying for a senior like Winona. Andrew glances back once, but Winona is gone.

INT. WINONA'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT (CONT'D)

Andrew knocks on her door, dishevelled. No answer. He knocks again. And again. And ag-

GRANNY LEE

Andrew? What do you want?

ANDREW

(desperate)

Hi Granny, is Winona there? I need to talk to her.

GRANNY LEE opens the front door slightly, obviously not much so that keep Andrew is kept out.

GRANNY LEE

She feels a bit ill - you can tell me what you need to say and I'll pass the message.

Andrew's too ashamed to say to her what he needs to say to Winona.

ANDREW

(stuttering)

I need to tell her myself.

A stern look falls across Granny's face. She's tried being

nice.

GRANNY LEE

(definitive)

Look. I don't know what you did to my granddaughter, but she's been through enough. Leave her alone.

She shuts the door in Andrew's face. He's speechless. His breaths begin to quicken and his eyes scrunch up in pain. He's about to cry and the amount of emotion feels like a dam is bursting.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

He's staring at his phone. He's texted Winona a string of messages, all about how sorry he is, how Vince has been his friend for forever and that he didn't know what to do, how there was nothing he *could* do.

He looks away for a moment, trying to busy himself, but quickly latches on to his phone again to check for a reply.

The read receipt says 'seen at 11:46'.

EXT. FAKE GRASS LAWN - DAY

Andrew is walking back and forth, book in hand. Hoping and praying to God that Winona shows up somehow. The autumn breeze blows and he zips up his jacket. Hours pass. Nothing.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

This time he waits for her in their lobby, hoping that he could catch her on her way to school. His watch says 8am. Time passes. His watch says 8:30am. More time passes, his watch says 8:45am. Granny Lee appears with her grocery trolley.

GRANNY LEE

Shouldn't you be at school?

ANDREW

(ignoring her words)

Is Winona not going in today?

GRANNY LEE

(shocked)

What do you mean? She left the house at 7.

Frustrated, Andrew thanks her and rushes off.

INT. ST. JUDES HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew is zoned out as he walks, stuck in his own head while making his way to class. But then he catches the sound of Winona's laughter and looks up.

Winona appears to be completely fine. Arm in arm, her and Ava are walking towards him.

Suddenly terrified, Andrew turns and hides behind a set of lockers. Winona and Ava pass, together in their own little world, and Andrew kicks the lockers in anger.

EXT. BEHIND ST. JUDES - LATE AFTERNOON

Vince is having a cigarette with Alastair. Rian is vaping. Andrew is reading on the ground against the wall.

VINCE

This chem midterm is gonna kick my ass for sure.

RIAN

You'll be fine.

VINCE

(exhaling)

I guess. As long as I sit next to Holden I'll at least pass.

ALISTAIR

Just study the equations and short answer sections, then you'll more than pass.

Vince looks down at Andrew. The nerd.

VINCE

How long are you gonna sulk for?

Andrew doesn't notice that he's being talked to. Vince snubs his cigarette and throws it at him. Andrew, slightly put off, looks up.

ANDREW

What.

VINCE

How long are you gonna sulk for? I

said I was sorry.

ANDREW
Right. I know.

ALISTAIR
It was all just for the bants, dude.

Taking a deep breath, Andrew tries to calm himself.

RIAN
(trying to help)
It's just a girl, anyway. Did you actually have a thing for her or something?

ANDREW
(quick)
No.

VINCE
Then lighten up.

Vince opens his pack of cigarettes, slides one out, and holds it up. His own white flag of peace. Andrew looks at it. Resigned, he shuts his book, stands, and takes the stick.

VINCE (CONT'D)
There you go.

With Vince's help, Andrew gets his first cigarette lighted. He puffs, inhales, and coughs like mad. His friends laugh and Rian pats him on the back.

RIAN
It gets easier, don't worry.

After the coughing fit passes, Andrew takes another hit. Then another, and another. By the time he's at the end, he has the motions down as if he's been smoking for years. Vince instinctively gives him another and helps him light up.

VINCE
You really shouldn't be that bothered about her.

Andrew grimaces.

ANDREW
(being honest)
We were actually friends. Now she

won't talk to me.

Vince looks at Alistair and Rian, as if telepathically asking if he should say something more. Rian shakes his head no. Alistair nods, slightly enthused.

VINCE
You should be glad that she won't.

ANDREW
(annoyed)
Why's that.

VINCE
Because.
(a pause. He smirks.)
She's a daddy fucker.

The world stops spinning for Andrew. He gags on the smoke in shock. What the fuck does that even mean?

RIAN
(tentatively)
You don't have to say it like that.

ALISTAIR
(laughing)
It's true, though. Isn't it?

Rian stays quiet with his vape. Andrew is confused out of his mind. Vince laughs, taking a drag.

VINCE
A couple girls from her old school
told me that she left 'cause people
found out that she was sleeping with
her dad. Thought she could start new
here.

Andrew can't believe a single goddamn word out of this fucker's mouth.

VINCE (CONT'D)
We should've known she was out of her
mind from the get go.

ANDREW
(pissed)
I should go.

He snubs out his cigarette.

ALISTAIR
Come on, what? Mad? Again?

ANDREW
I'm not mad.

VINCE
Dude, seriously, we're just trying to help.

Andrew looks torn. If Vince's telling the truth, then the excuse would kind of make sense.

ANDREW
Yeah, I know. Just have a lot of homework, that's all.

He picks his stuff off the floor.

RIAN
See you tomorrow, yeah?

ANDREW
(distracted)
Yeah.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONT'D)

He stares at his phone once more. Winona still hasn't replied him at all, and the screen shows that he's texted her at least once a day over the last month.

He tries to type:

Hey. How are you? (delete delete delete)

You were right, Vince really is an asshole - (delete delete delete)

Someone told me that you - (delete delete delete)

Exhausted, Andrew shuts his phone off and tosses it aside.

INT. ALISTAIR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

New Year's Eve. Alistair's parents gave him the house for the night and it looks as if half of the high school student body is there.

Andrew is drinking with Rian, Vince, and Alastair. The music is loud and they look like they're having a good time.

Andrew, however, looks about every now and then, looking for Winona.

The night goes on, still no sign of her.

He drinks some more.

He sees Ava with her friends dancing, and he's drunk enough to go over to her.

ANDREW

Hey, Ava!

Ava turns to him. She's flushed with alcohol and beams up at him.

AVA

Hiya!

ANDREW

(nervously)

Can I talk to you?

AVA

What?

ANDREW

(louder)

Can I talk to you?

AVA

About what?

Ava is still dancing to-and-fro, with only half a mind focused on Andrew.

ANDREW

About Winona.

Ava stops dancing. Suddenly, she looks as if she's trying to regain sobriety.

AVA

Sure. Let's talk outside.

She takes his hand and leads him out to the backyard, weaving through bodies this way and that. Andrew tries hard not to stumble over himself.

Once they're outside, Ava looks around to make sure that they're alone.

AVA (CONT'D)
What about Winona?

Andrew looks way too drunk for this.

ANDREW
Like... Where is she and stuff.

Ava looks into the house. At all the people dancing, having a blast. Being kids.

AVA
Why, are you worried or something?

Andrew looks guilty. Ava does not believe it for one second.

AVA (CONT'D)
Not to be blunt, but you're pretty pathetic.

Andrew nods. He puts his fists into his pockets so that she doesn't see how hard he's digging his nails into his skin.

Ava scrutinizes his face. Then, as she looks away, he asks -

ANDREW
Do you know if it's true?

Ava is thrown off, confused. She looks him dead in the eye.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Is it true? What they're saying about her?

She looks back into the house - Vince and Alistair are talking it up with a bunch of people, stupid grins plastered on their faces.

Andrew is sick to his stomach.

AVA
How'd you know?
(A pause)
How'd *they* know?

ANDREW
Just heard it around. Rumours.

Pity and anger is plain as day on her.

AVA

You could always ask her yourself.

Ava sits down on the back porch, her legs stretched out in front of her. Andrew averts his eyes.

ANDREW

I can't. How could I?

Andrew struggles to sit next to her, keeping his balance with difficulty due to the alcohol.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Is that why she's been gone?

Ava shakes her head.

AVA

She's been away in New York with her mom. Not answering any messages. Said she had to help with the divorce, but other than that... nothing.

Ava plays with the sequins on her dress. Under the moonlight it glitters and hurts to look at. Andrew stares straight ahead.

AVA (CONT'D)

Look, I don't really know you, but you're being an actual asshole.

ANDREW

(Confused)

What?

AVA

You let Vince off and leave her, and for what? The guy even coined the term 'Daddy Fucker', for fuck's sake.

People are counting down to New Year's Day.

Three!

Two!

One!

Happy New Years!

Ava turns back to look at the swarm of people. She sees that

her friends are looking for her. She gets up and dusts herself off.

AVA
(off-handed)
Happy New Years.

She walks off. Andrew vomits into the grass.

EXT. FAKE LAWN - DAY

Weeks of silence has passed Andrew and Winona by. Winter is harsh and Andrew has to wear a jacket over his hoodie to keep warm. Winter break is almost over.

He walks out to the fake lawn and to his surprise, Winona is there. Reading in his spot. She hasn't been down to the lawn in a long, long time.

He starts to retreat, but Winona sees him.

WINONA
Anny!

She stands. Andrew hesitates, but decides to turn to her. She walks over to him.

WINONA (CONT'D)
Hey.

ANDREW
Hey.

They both look as if they don't know what to say. Or how to start saying things.

WINONA
I thought about things a lot. About you and why you did that.

Andrew nods. He can't bring himself to look at her. She gets closer to him.

WINONA (CONT'D)
(comforting)
I understand now. Really.

Andrew stays silent. She tries to meet his eyes but he shies away.

WINONA
(hurt)
I'm sorry.

A pause. Andrew nods. He fidgets with his book.

Winona squints at him, trying to read what's going through his mind.

WINONA (CONT'D)
Can we be okay now? Please?

Andrew's mouth opens, then closes. He's swimming to find the words somewhere. Anywhere. Then Winona's eyes widen.

WINONA (CONT'D)
You know. Don't you.

Tears quickly fill her eyes.

Guilt flashes across Andrew's face.

WINONA (CONT'D)
(in disbelief)
Who told you?

Andrew bites down hard on his lip. So hard that it looks painful. Winona takes a step back. The tears are falling fast and silent now.

WINONA (CONT'D)
(vulnerable)
I didn't want it, you know?

Andrew finally looks at her, the horror only now beginning to dawn on him.

WINONA (CONT'D)
I didn't want it. I never did.

She begins to heave and sob, repeating over and over that she swears, on her life, that she wanted none of it. Not even once. She sinks to the floor, shaking and crying, her face contorted with pain.

WINONA (CONT'D)
Please. Believe me, please, Anny.

Her tears are cold in the wind. When they fall it's almost as if they freeze in mid-air. Her lips are raw and red. The tip of her nose shines like a flare. Her lids are shut so tight -

it seemed as they would never open again.

Andrew gets down on his knees and pulls her into his chest. He holds on tight to try and stop her shaking. She just cries louder. He says nothing, smoothing down her hair.

She clutches at the neck of his shirt. As if letting go meant that she'd float away.

He stays with her like that until she's all cried out. She's exhausted in his embrace, too tired to move or say anything.

Andrew looks down at her. At her lashes slick with tears. At her blushing face. He's never seen anything like it.

ANDREW

I believe you.

(A pause)

I believe you. Don't worry.

Winona's eyes drift shut with relief.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

The next day, on his way out to school, he sees Winona waiting for him. This time, she is wide awake and looks incredibly embarrassed.

WINONA

Morning.

ANDREW

Morning.

WINONA

Do you want to go together?

Andrew hesitates, but then smiles to reassure her.

ANDREW

Of course.

Winona smiles back.

On the bus, Winona seems even more anxious compared to the first day of school. Her hands bunch up the end of her skirt and her lower lip is tucked behind her teeth.

Andrew places his hand on top of hers.

ANDREW
You alright?

Winona looks up at him. She pulls her hand away to smooth out her skirt.

WINONA
Yeah. I'm fine.

EXT. OUTSIDE ST. JUDES - EARLY MORNING (CONT'D)

Andrew is clearly lost in his own thoughts. As they near the entrance of the school, he slows down. Winona stops.

ANDREW
You should probably go ahead.

WINONA
(confused)
Huh?
(realizes)
Oh.

ANDREW
Just so that... you know...

WINONA
(hurt)
I know.

Andrew's guilt squeezes an excuse out.

ANDREW
I just don't want them to say anything
'cause of me. Like last time.

Winona frowns.

WINONA
Yeah. I know.

She then walks ahead without another word while Andrew waits until she is inside the school.

INT. ST. JUDES - NOON (CONT'D)

Rian is the first to find Andrew at lunch. He seems off - like something is bothering him.

ANDREW
You look like shit.

RIAN
(sarcastically)
Thanks.

ANDREW
(laughs)
What's up?

Rian struggles to talk.

RIAN
Vince... He's just -

ALASTAIR
Hello muchachos.

Alastair interrupts from behind, taking his seat beside Andrew. Rian shuts up quick. Andrew looks at Rian, waiting. Alastair catches the mood.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Uh... Muchachos?

RIAN
'Sup.

ANDREW
Dude, you okay?

ALASTAIR
(confused)
Is something wrong?

RIAN
No.

Andrew gives him a 'what the fuck' look. Rian switches face.

RIAN (CONT'D)
(jokingly)
It's just that you're fucking
annoying, Alistair.

Alistair laughs.

ALASTAIR
Come on, 'muchachos' is a fun word.

RIAN
Shut up.

Andrew gets the hint and joins in the banter.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM AT ST. JUDES - NOON (CONT'D)

Andrew and Rian are washing their hands. Rian breaks the silence.

RIAN
Vince has told people. About...
(A pause)
You know.

Andrew consciously looks around the bathroom - it's empty.

ANDREW
When? Who'd he tell?

RIAN
Just people. I don't know when, but
I've been hearing about it left and
right.

ANDREW
(angrily and resigned)
God... Vince is so fucked.

RIAN
He says that she liked it, you know.
That she let it happen. That she kept
letting it happen

Andrew's teeth grit against each other. He grips onto the edge of the sink.

RIAN (CONT'D)
I don't think he knows jackshit.

ANDREW
(Sharp)
Of course he doesn't know jackshit,
why the fuck would he even say that?

Rian grabs some paper towels and wipes his hands. He looks so guilty. Like he hates himself.

RIAN
I don't think I can laugh about it
anymore. But...

Andrew stares daggers at him. Rian looks at his feet.

RIAN (CONT'D)
They're all laughing.

INT. ST. JUDES HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

When Andrew walks through the halls now, he's hyper aware of the whispers. Suddenly every conversation that is out of earshot had to be about Winona.

In the classrooms, he sees people talking and all he can hear in his mind is "daddy fucker".

He catches a glimpse of Winona walking to class with Ava and Therese. At least she still has them.

INT. ST. JUDES CAFETERIA - NOON

What was once a solid group of six to seven girls at Winona's table is down to five. A group of kids pass by and then-

INT. ST. JUDES CAFETERIA - NOON

It's down to four. Again, another pair of students pass and-

INT ST. JUDES CAFETERIA - NOON

Two left. One on either side. Ava is constantly looking worriedly at Winona. Therese looks bored. Winona eats silently.

INT. ST. JUDES HALLWAY - AFTERNOON ON DIFFERENT DAYS

When Winona and Ava walk through the halls, people's heads turn. Winona pretends that she doesn't notice. Ava places her hand on Winona's arm as it wraps around her own.

As Andrew passes by Winona, alone at her locker, he notices her locker neighbor's eyes on her. He clenches his jaw.

EXT. OUTSIDE ST. JUDES - LATE AFTERNOON

Andrew is walking alone to the bus stop and sees Winona little ways ahead. He tries to catch up to her, but then a group of freshmen girls walk towards him. When they pass Winona, they give each other looks and giggle.

Andrew pretends not to notice. He turns around and walks away.

INT. ST. JUDES CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

They're sitting in Religion Studies at school. Everyone is zoned out of their mind as the teacher prattles on about the cardinal sins of Catholicism. Alistair's sitting beside Andrew. Scribbling across a piece of paper, Alistair jots down: *Free Friday?*

Looking both ways, he passes the note over to Andrew. Andrew reads the note, giving Alistair a look that says, "Why?" Alistair mouths 'Party'.

Andrew nods, then goes back to paying attention.

Another slip of paper lands on his desk.

Andrew looks over at Alistair, but Alistair is pretending to be interested in whatever sin the teacher is discussing.

Andrew reads the note.

Keep it on the down low though. D.F. = not invited.

Andrew looks back at Alistair and nods.

EXT. BEHIND ST. JUDES - LATE AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

Vince, Alistair, Rian, and Andrew are smoking together. Alistair is sitting on a closed dumpster, Vince leans against the fence, Rian is leaning against the school building, and Andrew sits on the ground.

VINCE

I can get the beers and stuff, easy.

ALISTAIR

Schweeeeet. My sister has a plug for weed, so I might be able to score some.

RIAN

You're gonna let people bum off your weed without paying?

ALISTAIR

No. If they wanna share a joint sure but if they want a whole doobie to themselves they need to pay.

ANDREW

Who's even invited again?

VINCE
 (laughing)
 Fucker made it an open invitation.
 (mocking)
 This Friday night folks, get smashed
 for Mr. Stair's fabulous eighteenth.

ALASTAIR
 Bring one, bring all. Except... You
 know who.

Vince and Alistair laugh. Rian shoots Andrew a look. Andrew shifts uncomfortably on the ground.

ANDREW
 What if she shows up?

VINCE
 Then we string her up and chant 'burn
 the sinner'.

RIAN
 Jeez.

VINCE
 (faux offence)
 What? I'm just kidding. We'll toss her
 out if that's any better.

ALISTAIR
 She won't come.

They all look at Alistair, waiting for him to continue.

ALISTAIR
 I've asked Therese to pretend that her
 and Ava won't go. That way, Winona
 won't either.

ANDREW
 But they're gonna go?

ALISTAIR
 Therese? Oh yeah. Ava I'm not sure.
 Seems like she's the only one left who
 actually likes the Daddy Fucker.

Andrew looks at the ground anxiously. He's never been a good liar.

ANDREW
What if she's not actually like that?

VINCE
What do you mean?

ANDREW
(trying to keep Winona's secret)
I don't know. Like, I can't imagine
she wanted to do those things, you
know?

ALISTAIR
(scoffs)
Please.

ANDREW
What?

ALISTAIR
The word is, she's been at it for
years. It wasn't once. Wasn't twice.
But *consistent* for years.

Andrew grits his teeth.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)
If she didn't like it, she had *ample*
time to speak up. What is she, an
idiot?

Vince laughs.

VINCE
(to Andrew)
Anyways, even if you're right, nobody
cares. Nobody likes her. That's not
really our fault, now is it.

Andrew takes a drag. Then-

ANDREW
Yeah. I guess.

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Winona's smoking a cigarette, leaning against a wall. Andrew
scuffs his shoes against it. He's wearing shades.

ANDREW
Can I have one?

Winona lifts an eyebrow.

WINONA
Really?

ANDREW
What? You can and I can't?

WINONA
Woah. Alright.

She slides one out of the carton for him and helps him light up. Andrew rubs at his head, the hangover hitting him hard.

WINONA
(Skeptical)
Since when do you smoke?

ANDREW
(Shrugs)
I do every now and then.

WINONA
Then why have I never seen you do it
'till now?

ANDREW
I usually uh...
(Hesitates)
Smoke with my friends.

WINONA
Ah.

They smoke for a moment in silence. Then-

WINONA (CONT'D)
How was it last night?

ANDREW
Sucked.

WINONA
(laughs)
Doesn't seem like it.

ANDREW
Trust me. The whole thing sucked hard.

WINONA
(disappointed)
I heard Therese went.

Therese had a fucking blast. She puked into the pool.

ANDREW
(lying)
Yeah... I think she decided to last
minute or something.

WINONA
You're a terrible liar.

Andrew shrugs.

ANDREW
I don't recall seeing Ava though.

Winona smiles shyly.

WINONA
She spent the night with me. I think
she's an actual angel.

Andrew smiles, relieved. At least she has Ava.

WINONA (CONT'D)
(confused)
I don't get it. Why do they think
that? Why does everybody think that?

She doesn't have to say what.

WINONA (CONT'D)
(exasperated)
Only one person has asked me for the
truth. Just one. And the whole fucking
school knows.

ANDREW
(lying)
Not the *whole* school...

Winona scoffs.

WINONA
Right.

ANDREW

(remembering what Vince said, how
it was the reason she moved to
St. Jude's to begin with)
You'll be moving, then? To the States
after graduation?

WINONA

(A beat. Then-)
I don't know.

ANDREW

Why not? This city's too small - no
one will ever let you forget it.

WINONA

It's not as simple as just getting up
and going.

ANDREW

What's stopping you?

Winona takes a deep drag.

WINONA

My grandma, for one. She's all alone
here... And tuition for schools in the
States are insane for non-residents.
But if I stay here I'll be paying,
what, one millionth of the price?

(A pause)

And I love this city. Despite...
everything.

This time, it's Andrew who scoffs.

ANDREW

You kidding? *This* city?

WINONA

Yes. This city. There's just so much
here. All these hidden places, all
these quiet, beautiful places... Have
you been around at *all*?

Andrew thinks for a moment.

ANDREW

No. I guess not.

Winona, for the first time in a while, has a spark in her

eye. She looks out, thinking to herself as she finishes up her cigarette. She snubs it out.

WINONA

Let's go.

ANDREW

Go?

Winona grins.

WINONA

Go.

EXT. THE CITY - DAY

They get on a bus. It's late afternoon on a weekend, so the bus is pretty packed. Winona takes out her iPod, shares an earphone, and they spend the ride exchanging songs. Every once in a while, she shares a memory.

Andrew imagines these memories as he listens. His imagination interweaves with the present.

"Something Holy" by Phoebe Alice Lou plays.

Winona is in the dark of her bedroom, dissociating while listening to her iPod. She holds it tightly in her hand as she stares off into space.

WINONA V.O.

This one. God, this song. I was having this shitty night once, late at night, and when this song came on I just broke out dancing.

When the chorus hits, back on the bus she starts dancing in her seat. In her bedroom, she starts dancing to and fro, tears falling from her eyes. They glitter in the moonlight. On the bus, Andrew is shy at first, but the vibe is contagious and he starts dancing a little, too.

The songs come and go, and they get on and off different busses.

"There is a Light that Never Goes Out" by The Smiths plays.

We see them from behind, Winona and her brother, Wes, sharing earphones as they make their way down the street. Her brother bumps their hips together and Winona half-heartedly bumps it back.

WINONA

This one, my brother showed me. He's usually into rap, but he made me listen to it when we were walking home once saying it reminded him of me.

Wes starts playing the air drums and slowly, Winona smiles. She eventually joins in with the air guitar. Back on the bus, Winona is tapping the rhythm out on her knees and Andrew's.

"Nineteen Twelve" by John Barry from the film *Somewhere In Time* (1980) plays.

WINONA

I was walking on this long promenade once.

It's windy and dim in this memory. As if it has been printed into old film. Winona is dressed in some Jane-Doe clothes, mascara smudged around her eyes. She is a timeless beauty.

This song doesn't have words, so when it played I felt like I was in a movie - it was perfect.

Don't Bother Calling by Moses Sumney plays.

WINONA

No song has ever, ever described how I felt inside compared to this one. None at all.

There must have been so many moments... So many dark and sad moments. Andrew can see in his mind's eye, Winona alone, everywhere. Winona always on the brink of tears. Winona crying out to God or any being out there that could possibly hear and help her.

Back on the bus, Winona closes her eyes. When the words, "But I don't know if I can go away with you with half a heart," she winces in slight pain.

She is so, so goddamn beautiful.

The scenery outside starts to shift - the buildings and sky scrapers melt away. The trees multiply. The sky begins to shift in color as dusk sets in. The song continues to play softly, its tune draping over the scene.

The two get off the bus and it's as if they're in a completely different country. The spring air is crisper and

cooler here, and the sound of the ocean washes over everything.

ANDREW

Where are we?

Winona grins.

WINONA

The middle of nowhere.

She guides him down toward the sea. They weave in and out of trees and climb down rocks. The leaves shake and the wind whips through their hair. As they make their way, Andrew asks:

ANDREW

How'd you find this place?

This time, Winona's own memory interweaves with the present. As they make their way, the night Winona discovered this place intercuts every now and then.

WINONA

Um. Dark detour: I really wanted to kill myself one night. Like, really really wanted to. Life was too suffocating. I wanted out. So I looked up the farthest possible place I could go by bus. This was the answer. And it was perfect, because the sea was right there. All I took with me was some money, my iPod, my notebook and a pen.

ANDREW

No one heard you sneak out?

WINONA

No. Or if someone did, they didn't think much of it. I spent the bus rides writing my letter, cause that's what I knew people did. I wrote about my brother and how he was all I had. I wrote about how I hated my mom, but loved her, too.

ANDREW

And your dad?

WINONA

Nah. That fucker doesn't even deserve

so much as a footnote in my suicide note. At one point I thought it was too much of a gloom fest, so I started writing about the few happy moments I had. It was nice, but I felt even more depressed at the fact I could count them on one hand.

They make it to the beach. Winona runs, arms wide and free. Andrew laughs, watching her go. He runs with her. They scream out towards the horizon as the sun slowly disappears. Their empty shoes are carelessly tossed to the side, opposite to the neatly placed position Winona had set hers up to be on the day she attempted to take her life.

WINONA (CONT'D)

When I got here, I was done writing. I was done with all the songs I wanted to hear for the last time, too.

Andrew splashes her with water. She kicks some up back at him. He twirls her around.

In her memory, Winona stands alone at the edge of the shore, watching the sun set with soulless eyes.

The darkness sets in over them. The moon hangs bright in the night sky. The stars... Andrew has never seen so many all at once before.

WINONA (CONT'D)

I placed all my things down in this neat pile, and I waded into the water.

Andrew and Winona lie on the sand. They stare up at the stars.

Past Winona is swimming out into the ocean.

WINONA (CONT'D)

But when it got deep, I panicked.

She begins thrashing, looking around, gasping for breath. There's nothing to hold onto. The shore is so far away. She chokes on salt water. But then she gets into a rhythm of going under and coming back up for air, and she thinks to give floating and back peddling back to the shore a go.

WINONA (CONT'D)

I began to try and keep myself afloat, pointing my chest up to the sky. And

then... I saw this.

In present day, tears are starting in her eyes.

In the past, her eyes are bloodshot but wide with wonder.

Andrew can tell that she's never said so much to someone before. Not like this.

WINONA (CONT'D)

And I thought... "Damn. I almost died
without seeing this."

Her voice cracks. Andrew turns to stare at her. Her mouth is parted. A tear falls vertically toward the ground.

In the past, Winona peddles back to shore on her back. Once she's close enough, she stands on the shore and walks back onto it

WINONA (CONT'D)

(matter of fact)

Then I swam back to shore.

She collapses onto the beach. Heaving and too tired to cry. But her eyes stay open.

ANDREW

How'd you get home?

Winona laughs, wiping her tears away. She stops remembering and the past stops cutting in with the present.

WINONA

I didn't for a while. Then this nice old lady walked out and saw me. Asked me if I was okay. She gave me some cash and I headed home. God, my mom was pissed.

(Hesitates)

My dad wasn't, though. He pretended to be, but I could see it plain on his face.

(sullen)

He wished that I did it.

Andrew balls his fists.

ANDREW

Sorry, but I fucking hate your dad.

Winona looks over at him and smiles, placing her hand on his fist.

WINONA

I sure hope so. He's fucked and I hate him, too. But... I don't know. He had his moments. Sometimes.

On the bus rides back, they share earphones and pass out. But on the final ride, Andrew looks out at all the buildings. He looks almost sad. Winona shifts in her seat and her hair falls over her face.

Andrew blinks. Then, with a careful hand, he reaches out and tucks it behind her ear. She looks so calm. So young. No sign of what she had been through were there beyond the dark circles beneath her closed eyes. Those worn eyes.

Once they arrive, he walks her to her front door. She unlocks the door and heads in.

ANDREW

Winona?

She turns to him, eyes full of sleep.

WINONA

Mhm?

He wants to tell her a million things. All at once. But all he manages is this.

ANDREW

Thanks.

WINONA

(confused)

For?

ANDREW

(shrugs)

Today? Tonight? Everything?

Winona smiles, lids drooping.

WINONA

Anytime, Anny.

She shuts the door. Andrew stands there for a second. He places his hand on the door, as if wanting to knock. He doesn't. He goes home.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF ST. JUDES - EARLY MORNING

The flowers are blooming and winter is melting into spring. As Andrew and Winona make their way towards the school, they talk about the ending to 'How I Met Your Mother'.

WINONA

I loved the ending! It makes total sense.

ANDREW

In what world does it make sense?

WINONA

In all the worlds! The whole thing was about how he loved her from the start for crying out loud.

ANDREW

But all that build up and for what? The mom *dies* within a single episode!

They turn the corner towards the entrance of the school and-

VINCE

I thought I heard you.

The faux smile on his face is sickening. Andrew and Winona stop dead in their tracks. They had forgotten to part ways like they usually did on the worst day possible. Vince walks up to them.

VINCE

Morning, 'Nona.

Winona steels herself.

WINONA

It's Winona.

VINCE

(Mockingly)
Oh, is it?

Andrew takes a step forward so that he's in-between them. With her behind him, Andrew stands a little straighter.

ANDREW

Come on, Vince, leave her alone.

Vince is highly amused. Andrew? This Andrew? Acting all

macho? Please.

VINCE

What do you mean? She's mixing up her name, that's all.

Winona rolls her eyes and walks past both of them. Vince smirks at Andrew before turning toward Winona.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Isn't that right, Daddy Fucker?

Snapping, Andrew tackles Vince to the ground.

WINONA

Andrew!

He begins laying in on Vince with straight punches to the face. But Vince is bigger, stronger. After the initial shock, Vince manages to overturn Andrew and plants the meanest right-hook. Then another. And another. A few students are frozen around them, not knowing what to do. One runs off into the school.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Stop it, Vince, get off him!

She tries to pry Vince off, but in a rage he turns and backhands her hard across the face. She falls.

Everything. Stops.

For a second, shock and regret flash across Vince's eyes.

Winona slowly turns her head to him. She only stares at him, unwavering and mean with her hair across her face.

The shock and regret disappear.

He gets off of Andrew, who's left limp on the ground. He walks up to her. Stares down at her, giving her a chance to look away. She doesn't.

VINCE

Don't. You fucking. Touch me.

Winona smirks. She stands. Alistair and Rian run out and see what's transpiring.

WINONA
(Mockingly)
You think you can scare me?

Vince balls up his fist.

WINONA (CONT'D)
I've seen scary. You're just sad.

Before Vince can lash out, Alistair bear hugs him, keeping his arms down against his sides.

ALISTAIR
(Struggling)
Vince, stop. Please.

Rian rushes over to to Andrew. A TEACHER is brought out by a student.

TEACHER
Vince! Alistair!

Vince struggles against Alistair. Rian helps Andrew sit up. Blood drips from Andrew's cut lip.

Winona smiles, venom dripping from the corners of her mouth.

WINONA
(cooing)
Mr. Tang's calling. You better go.

Ava runs over to Winona.

AVA
Come on, Win.

Ava takes her hand. Winona walks with her, her head held high. She sees Andrew on the ground. He wipes at his lip, leaving behind a blood red strip to highlight the end of his sleeve. He looks expectantly up at her and she looks-

Angry?

What?

Despite it, she holds out a hand, eyes clearly annoyed. MR. TANG goes up to Alistair and Vince as Vince finally manages to shrug Alistair off.

MR. TANG
Let's go, both of you.

Rian and Winona help Andrew onto his feet. Mr. Tang, Alistair, and Vince pass them.

RIAN
 (to Andrew)
 You definitely need to see the nurse.

Andrew tries to laugh, but it hurts. He lets Rian, Winona, and Ava lead him to the nursery.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING (CONT'D)

Andrew has an ice pack over his eye while the NURSE cleans up the cut on his lip. The nurse has a Christian Cross perched on her desk.

NURSE
 The three of you can head back to homeroom now.

Rian looks from the nurse to Andrew, then reluctantly leaves. Ava tugs on Winona's sleeve, but Winona doesn't budge.

WINONA
 Can I stay? Just for a bit?

The nurse raises an eyebrow.

WINONA (CONT'D)
 It's my fault. It's the least I can do.

The nurse presses her lips together, then sighs.

NURSE
 Fine.

She gets up and starts heading towards the door.

NURSE (CONT'D)
 Only until I get back from the office.
 (To Ava)
 Back to class, you.

The nurse takes Ava with her, but only after Ava gives Winona's arm a reassuring squeeze.

Andrew doesn't look at her. She leans against the doorframe, arms crossed over her chest.

The tension is suffocating.

WINONA
 (disappointed)
 You shouldn't have done that.

Andrew stays silent. He's simmering in his seat.

WINONA (CONT'D)
 It was really fucking stupid.

ANDREW
 (in disbelief)
 Stupid? Really?

WINONA
 Yeah. Really.

ANDREW
 Okay. What was I supposed to do, then.

WINONA
 I don't know, walk away? Ignore him?

ANDREW
 Oh, my bad for wanting to stick up for
 you, I guess.

WINONA
 (scoffing)
 You call that sticking up for me?

ANDREW
 (sharp)
 Well what else was it?

WINONA
 You call *that* sticking up for me? When
 just last week you were too
 embarrassed to walk into school with
 me? When you wouldn't even *say hi* to
 me in the hallways.

(Angrily)
 Hell, you would have still called
 Vince your *best bud* just yesterday.

Andrew is ignoring everything she's saying. What he just did
 overshadows all of that. It supposed to trump all of that.

WINONA (CONT'D)
 Seriously, Anny?

He doesn't look at her. He's too angry to look at her. He

shakes his head.

ANDREW

(curt)

Fuck off.

Winona's mouth parts. Giving up, she rolls her eyes and leaves. He glances at the doorway. He can't believe she actually left. He throws the ice pack onto the floor.

INT. ST. JUDES MAIN OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Vince and Andrew are sitting in the waiting room while their parents are in the principal's office. Vince is also ruffled up, but not as badly as Andrew is.

VINCE

You're dead to me.

Andrew is so fucking done with him.

ANDREW

I honestly don't care.

Vince looks over at him. He's angry, but he's also kind of wounded at that.

VINCE

Really? All 'cause of *her*?

Andrew tiredly shakes his head.

ANDREW

No, Vince.

(Looks at him)

It's 'cause you're the fucking worst.

Before Vince can reply, the door opens and the moms file out. Vince's mom doesn't say a word. She leaves, and reluctantly, Vince follows after her. Andrew's mom looks down at his face.

MOM

Let's go.

She waits for him to stand and walks with him out of the office.

INT. CAR - EARLY AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

Andrew is staring at the window as his mom drives him home.

MOM

You do know that you've been suspended, right?

Andrew doesn't reply. His mom doesn't seem to be upset with him. If anything, she's just disappointed. Which is even worse.

MOM (CONT'D)

Are you going to explain it to me or what?

Andrew looks down at his hands. His mom worriedly glances over at him.

MOM (CONT'D)

You meant well, I know. But you shouldn't have hit him.

Andrew scoffs, shaking his head.

MOM (CONT'D)

(defiantly)

You shouldn't have. If violence solved things why the hell do we still have wars?

ANDREW

You don't understand.

Silence. His mom sighs. If you can't beat them, join them.

MOM

Well... From what the principal says, Vince *kind of* deserved it.

Andrew tries to smile, but it makes him wince.

MOM (CONT'D)

Plus I never liked him anyway. So thank God you're done with *that*.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING (CONT'D)

Andrew is passed out on his bed, but with his mom relaying what happened to his dad over the phone, he gets woken up. He checks his phone. Winona, Rian, and a couple of other friends have texted.

Heard you're suspended for a week. You okay?

I can send you my notes, no worries.

Bruh. You're straight up getting a vacation. For socking Vince. Mad lad.

Andrew clicks into Winona's chat.

How's the eye?

He types: Not good. (Delete delete delete)

I'm sorry. (Delete delete delete)

Not too bad, but- (delete delete delete)

Andrew shuts his phone off and passes out again.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - DAY

He's working at his desk, an ice pack over his eye. His phone vibrates. Winona texted.

How's lockdown?

He leaves her on seen.

INT. ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

He's having a meal while reading. His eye looks a little better. The cut on his lip is healing. His phone vibrates. Winona texted.

Are you still mad?

He leaves her on seen.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's watching a show on his laptop. His black eye is almost gone. A FaceTime request pops up in the upper right hand corner. Winona is calling. He pauses the show. He debates on whether he should answer, but before he can accept the call, Winona hangs up. He rubs at his good eye in frustration.

INT. ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Andrew is dressed for school and is putting on his shoes. His parents are having breakfast while reading the morning paper.

MOM

No fights, promise?

ANDREW

Promise.

Andrew heads out.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX LOBBY - EARLY MORNING (CONT'D)

Winona is waiting for him. No surprise. He walks over.

WINONA

(smiling)

It definitely looks better.

Andrew presses his lips together. Winona sighs.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry, okay?

He squints at her. He knows her too well.

WINONA (CONT'D)

(Hesitates)

Fine. Not really. It's just... I don't like it when people do that.

Andrew looks away, beginning to feel pissed again.

WINONA (CONT'D)

But I do appreciate the sentiment.
Really.

Andrew is defeated. He does not have the energy to die on this hill.

ANDREW

Okay.

She smiles.

WINONA

Okay?

ANDREW

Yeah, okay.

WINONA

Cool.

INT. ST. JUDES HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING (CONT'D)

They're talking normally again, like nothing had happened.

But Winona's hands are wringing out the strap of her bag.

They're going up the steps when a student runs past them, almost knocking Winona over.

WINONA

Woah, jeez.

Then another student zips past. Then a couple more. Something is definitely up. Winona and Andrew give each other a look before following them.

As they near the door to the Senior hall, they hear things falling to the floor. Paper ripping to shreds rings through the air. Students are at their lockers, trying to ignore the commotion, but they're all staring at the scene unfolding.

Winona's locker is wide open. Her things are all out on the floor - binders, textbooks, everything.

And Ava is standing there, tearing through Winona's notebooks.

Winona is shocked still. Panic in her eyes. Andrew is confused to high heaven.

ANDREW

What the fuck?

Winona immediately runs over to Ava.

WINONA

Ava, please-

AVA

No! Don't. Come any closer.

Andrew walks over, trying to understand.

WINONA

(whispering)

Ava, please, let's just talk.

AVA

(yelling)

No! I don't want to *fucking* talk!

Ava is fuming. Anger is pouring out of her like a waterfall and tears are tumbling down her cheeks. Winona is looking around at all the students staring.

WINONA

Ava, I'm sorry, please stop-

AVA

Shut up. Just shut up.

Winona looks at the ground, ashamed.

AVA (CONT'D)

(hurt)

I trusted you. I trusted you.

Winona can't look at her. Ava goes up to her, Winona's notebook in hand. The hurt is replaced by the anger in her stare.

AVA (CONT'D)

(seething)

You touch me again, I'll kill you.

(spitefully)

You Daddy Fucker.

Andrew's heart falls through the floor.

Ava throws the notebook down and shoves past her. The moment Winona can't see her face, Ava's features contort in embarrassment and pain as she runs off.

Winona stands there, unable to move. She looks around, terrified at everyone staring at her. Everyone's staring at her. Like some kind of freak. She looks to Andrew as if he's a life line, but...

He's also staring. The exact same way they are.

She runs.

Andrew is still for a moment.

What the fuck is actually going on?

But snapping out of it, he runs after her. He calls out her name, but she doesn't stop running. She runs into the girl's bathroom thinking that that would stop him, but at this point Andrew really does not give a fuck. She starts heaving over the sink. She can't seem to breathe.

ANDREW

(desperate)

Winona, what does she mean?

WINONA
 (gasping)
 Go away.

ANDREW
 (Tearing up)
 No. What does she mean? 'Touch me
 again'?

Winona is full on sobbing now.

WINONA
 God, Andrew, just fuck off!

ANDREW
 Oh, fuck you!

He grabs her by the shoulders and turns her around, forcing her to look at him. He's desperate. This can't be happening.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 What did Ava mean?

Winona looks down at his chest. He lowers his head to catch her eyes. She looks up at him, crying.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 (defiant, but soft)
 What did she mean?

WINONA
 (ashamed)
 I kissed her.

Andrew can't fucking believe it.

He lets her go and steps back. A tear breaks through and falls down his cheek. Winona leans against the sink, pressing her palms into her eyes as she cries. Andrew is trying so hard to understand. But nothing makes sense to him. She doesn't make *any* sense to him.

ANDREW
 (Painfully)
 Why?

She tries to keep her sobs down, tries to pull herself together. She pulls her hands away, eyes red and full. They lock eyes.

WINONA
(just as painfully)
I love her.

The words cut into Andrew. The tears come faster now. He shakes his head and laughs.

ANDREW
You're so fucked.

WINONA
I know. I'm sorry.

Andrew storms out of the bathroom, all torn apart. He ditches school and goes home.

INT. ST. JUDES - DAY

Winona doesn't appear at school for a few days. The halls seem quieter. Duller. Andrew is zoned out, dead inside. Rian is the only person who still sits with Andrew at lunch, but they don't speak.

Andrew goes to and from school alone, everyday. Plugged into his earphones, he ignores everyone and everything.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

At dinner, he says nothing. Barely eats.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He tosses and turns. He can't sleep.

INT. ST. JUDES - DAY

Winona finally shows up at school, but people avoid her like the plague. Andrew doesn't look at her. Ava avoids her, but looks guilty about it.

Someone has written 'fag' across her locker. Opening it, the inside is vandalised, too. 'Lesbo', 'gay tard', 'daddy fucker', all scrawled against the backside of her locker door. Winona ignores it and keeps on as usual.

INT. ST. JUDES CAFETERIA - NOON

One day, at lunch, Vince passes by her and knocks her lunch tray out of her hands. The contents splatter across the floor

VINCE
 (sarcastically)
 Oops. Sorry.

Winona at first tries to stay silent, but no. Not this time.

WINONA
 (softly)
 Vince?

Thrown-off, he turns around. People are beginning to stare again, but Winona's used to it now. Andrew's stomach tightens, afraid of things escalating. Ava, too, looks worried. Winona looks at him, eyes honest and hurt.

WINONA (CONT'D)
 I didn't like it. I wish I did, but it's hard to when your own dad forces you out of your clothes, pins you to the floor, and fucks you so hard you can't breathe. I thought I was going to die like that a lot of the time.
 (pitifully)
 It's severely messed up how you think that would be fun for me.

Dead silence. You can almost hear the buzz of the stoves in the kitchen. Winona walks out of the cafeteria. Alastair, for once, looks horrified at himself. Vince, embarrassed and ashamed, tries to laugh it off, but when nobody is laughing with him, he makes a beeline for the exit. Alastair, having nobody else on his side, follows after him. The cafeteria chatter slowly starts up again.

Rian looks at Andrew, expecting a reaction. All Andrew does is stare at the door that Winona walked out of.

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATE AFTERNOON

It's been an hour or two. Andrew's been waiting, hoping to catch Winona on her way home. He looks tired and worn, but nervous nonetheless.

Winona gets off of the bus. When she sees him, she hesitates, but has nowhere to hide. Nowhere to run. He walks up to her and waits until they're alone.

WINONA
 What.

ANDREW
Winona I...

WINONA
Don't say you're sorry.

ANDREW
I wasn't going to.

WINONA
Then what do you want?

ANDREW
I love you. I don't care about
anything else, really. I love you.

Winona does not look surprised. She doesn't look happy. She looks numb. Emotionless. Then, she moves mechanically, tiptoeing to give him an empty kiss.

Their lips make contact.

Andrew kisses her back, but with all the feeling in the world. With everything he has in him.

She pulls away. Her eyes are hollow. Andrew doesn't understand.

WINONA
Is that what you wanted?

Andrew is speechless. He's trying to detangle the look that she's giving him. Again, nothing makes any sense.

WINONA (CONT'D)
(Mockingly)
It's all I have.

Andrew is distraught. This wasn't going the way he wanted it to. The way he thought it would. Not at all.

WINONA (CONT'D)
No? Then fuck off.

She walks past him, leaving him stranded, alone, and broken-hearted.

INT. ST. JUDES - DAY

The days pass by. Spring turns to summer, and school begins to wrap up. Andrew has found some sense of normalcy and the

bullying has almost completely stopped. Winona is still alone most of the time, but nobody goes out of their way to harass her anymore.

Andrew and Rian have made a new group of friends, and during one of their hangouts, they talk about 'the Winona Debacle'. Without hesitation, Andrew tells them off: it's none of their business and that it's honestly fucked that they think it's a pastime topic.

Winona does not appear at graduation.

Neither does Vince.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - DAY

By the window, Andrew has a book open on his lap. It's The Stranger by Albert Camus. He's at the end when there's a knock on the door. He places his finger in between the pages and goes over to look through the peephole.

Winona is standing on the other side. Andrew steps back.

A beat.

Then, he opens the door.

Winona has a full backpack on her back.

WINONA

Hey.

ANDREW

Hey.

Winona notices the book in his hand.

WINONA

You're reading it?

ANDREW

Yeah. I'm at the end.

WINONA

And what do you think?

ANDREW

(a pause, then-)

It's a load of shit, to be honest.

She was not expecting to hear that. Awkwardly, she changes

the topic.

WINONA

I was thinking of leaving without saying goodbye, but-

ANDREW

You're leaving? Today? For good?

Winona shrugs.

WINONA

Taxi's waiting for me.

Andrew doesn't know what to say. It's so out of the blue, out of nowhere. His heart is breaking all over again.

ANDREW

What about this city?

WINONA

You know I've seen it all. New sights would be cool.

ANDREW

(resigned)

I see.

They stand there awkwardly, just like they did at the beginning.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Can I walk you to the elevator?

Winona smiles.

WINONA

Sure, Anny. You can walk me to the elevator.

He walks her to the elevator, hands at his sides.

WINONA

I'm taking a gap year to settle down. Gonna try for scholarships and see what I can get. Travel around a bit maybe.

Andrew is not listening. He's fiddling with the bottom of his shirt as if he's itching to say something. To do something.

The elevator doors open.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Well. Goodbye, Anny.

The doors begin to close, but Andrew stops them with his foot. He looks desperately at her.

ANDREW

I really did love you, Win.

The doors begin to close again. Winona only looks at him with a sad smile.

WINONA

Sure.

And with that, she's gone.

Andrew's face falls. He stands there, upset for a moment. But gradually, with a few deep breaths, his features shift into a look of acceptance. He goes back into his apartment and shuts the door.

THE END.