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A Band, Red Stream  
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## Draft FFFT Creative Project

### **Scene where Maya's mom transfer from the hospital to rehab**

I open my eyes to a bright, white room with a single chair next to the bed I'm lying on. The aching pain in my head increases as my eyes adjust to the sunlight coming from the window. As soon as I can press the "help" button, an older lady dressed in all white walks in with a clipboard.

"Oh dear, how are you? Do you feel any pain at all?" She said scurrying towards me.

"I'm fine, my head aches a little," I reply looking at her writing things down on her clipboard.

"Well I can prescribe you something for your headaches. I'm glad you're awake. Dr. Bill will be coming in shortly to give you more information. Do you need anything at the moment?"

"A glass of water would be good." I smiled. She nods and walks out the room. How long have I been in here? What happened? I continue to get swarmed by my thoughts until I hear the door shut.

"Hello, I hope you're doing well now that you're awake," Dr. Bill said, taking a seat in the single chair.

"I could be better," I mumbled back with a slight smile.

"I'm afraid after this incident, we decided as doctors that you should be signed into rehab. The conditions you came here with were in the heights of near death. I think it's best to put you in recovery." Dr. Bill said calmly with a sympathetic smile.

"Okay, I get it." I admit defeat. I guess this is my road to recovery.

### **Diary 1: First week in rehab**

Dear diary,

It's been awful. I know it's what's best for me but it's too hard. I haven't had a sip of alcohol since that day. I feel like I'm about to explode. It's like my skin is itching from underneath. The tight schedule is so difficult to keep up with ughhh. I can't even have my freedom at all. I'm trying so hard. I wish I would've never done it. How could I be so stupid and put myself on the line. It's all my fault. I knew everything was wrong and I continue to do the worst for myself. How could I?

I need to get better. I really can't live here. I belong at home. I miss Lauren and Maya. I hope they are eating well. I should be in the kitchen right now cooking dinner. I have to stop all this now. I will get out soon and stop this. I hope they got rid of all the alcohol in the house. I bet they did. I must work hard here. It's the only way I can go home.

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## **Diary 2: When Lauren and the Dad comes to visit on Family Weekend**

Dear diary,

Family weekend just ended. I got to see Lauren for the first time in a while and jeez, she grew so biggggg in such a short time. Dave (ex-husband) looked better... He was well shaved and nicely dressed. I haven't seen Maya. Lauren said she didn't want to come. I feel so guilty to put her in such a position. Ugh I can't even imagine how she feels right now. I hope she comes to visit soon. Hopefully she's not mad, yet she has every right to be mad.

I wonder how Dave is working with the kids. I never really see him in the kitchen. I hope they are coping well without me. I wish I can just go home and sleep in my bed. I can feel the itchy sheets getting to me. I haven't seen the house in forever. They didn't even let me go home ugh. I miss my bedsheets and my big closet and the kitchen I cook every meal in. I can't believe they just sent me here with nothing.

I will go home. I will get better. I feel more tame now. It's still tempting to see alcohol but I'm working on it. I've gotten used to the itchy bed sheets and I got put with a roommate. Her name is Sabrina. She also has an alcohol problem. I guess we bounce off each other for support. It's nice to have some company when the common room is closed at 7pm. I guess you could say we are friends. She is not from here though. I forgot the name of the city but she definitely took a long trip to this facility.

I guess everything is going fine now. Life's finally putting itself back together.

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## **Diary 3: Maya comes to visit**

Dear diary,

Oh my gosh Maya came to visit today!!!! It's been months since I last saw my baby. I've been seeing Lauren every visit and she's been filling me in on how Maya is doing. I haven't heard from her before today. I did know her and Claire broke up. That must have sucked for her, I wish I was there for her ughhh. I'm glad she finally came to visit me.

She didn't seem mad at me at all. I felt like this was the closest I came to outside contact in a long long long time. I had such a good conversation with her, it felt like I never left. She had been going through hard times and I still feel bad I can't be with her. I promise I'm getting better though. Me and Sabrina have been doing so well together. She is getting let out soon so I'm so happy for her. I still have time to spend here since I'm not advancing like her.

I made so much progress through these months, I can't wait to go home. I still need to work a little bit with my self control but for the most part, I feel amazing. I can't believe I'm getting better. My road home is closer than ever.

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### **Explanation**

I decided to write about Maya's mom point of view since her mom is a small yet powerful character in the book. She was the cause of Maya's downfall at some point. I wrote diary entries of Maya's mom when she was in rehab to show her process of recovery and character change. I felt as though there was something in Maya's mom mind that clogged up her thought process. Her way of coping was definitely not the best but I can tell by the small information from the book that she came to her realizations.

I wanted to write her side of the experience to show that not only Maya is going through something rough. Yes, she did this to herself but it doesn't mean recovery is always easy. Both sides are going through obstacles and they manage with the situations they face everyday. At the end of the book, they both left off in a hopeful ending. Maya was a sense of encouragement for her mom and the scene they met and talked was very powerful. It showed how much their bond developed throughout time and her going to rehab really made Maya more independent but also acknowledged who her real family is.