



Scripts.com

It's Kind of a Funny Story

By Anna Boden

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

CRAIG GILNER (16, handsome, but awkward) glides on his bike toward the Brooklyn Bridge. He is the only one on the streets. A rhythmic beating heart is the only sound we hear.

BADDOOM BADDOOM BADDOOM

The heartbeat increases in pace as Craig nears the bridge.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE PEDESTRIAN PATH

We float behind Craig as he approaches the bridge's first tower. Craig is still the only person there.

BADDOOM BADDOOM BADDOOM

He arrives at the tower, steps off his bike, and looks out over the East River.

BADDOOM BADDOOM BADDOOM

He climbs up onto a steel girder. Walks to the edge, over the speeding traffic below, then out over the water.

BADDOOMBADDOOMBADDOOMBADDOOM

SILENCE...

LYNN (O.S.)

Craig!?

Craig looks behind him to find his mother (LYNN, early 40s), father (GEORGE, mid 40s), and little sister (ALYSSA, 8) all standing by his bike.

LYNN :

What were you planning to do with your bike, honey?!

CRAIG :

I don't care about my bike! I'm killing myself!

GEORGE :

But we spent a lot of money on that bike, Sport! We only ask that you take care of it!

ALYSSA :

Think of me, Craig! I might want that bike when I grow up!

CRAIG :

I'm sorry, I just didn't think-

LYNN :

That's right, honey, you weren't thinking of us when you decided to do this, were you?

GEORGE :

Pretty selfish, I'd say. Have you thought about how this might affect your sister?

ALYSSA :

I'll be traumatized for life.
Craig stares at his family for a beat.

CRAIG :

I'm sorry, I--
A CAR HORN BLARES and Craig flinches, blinded by the oncoming headlights. He loses his footing on the thin metal plank.
He SLIPS AND FALLS as his family watches in horror.

CRAIG'S POV:

moment before impact, the frame FREEZES a few feet above the water-
CRAIG (V.O.)
This is the moment where I usually wake up in a sweaty panic.
ANGLE ON CRAIG'S anguished face frozen in time.
CRAIG (V.O.)
But for some reason... this time was different-
The POV frame resumes action and Craig plunges into the water.

TITLE:

EXT. ARGENON HOSPITAL - DAWN
Craig locks his bike to a rack in front of an illuminated emergency room sign. He turns towards the hospital.
Overhead the sky is illuminated by a pre-dawn glow.

SUPER:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM
Craig wanders into the bright, fluorescent-lit room, approaches the NURSE at the registration desk.

CRAIG :

Hi... I want to kill myself.
Unphased, the nurse hands him a clipboard.

NURSE :

Fill this out, please.
INT. EMERGENCY ROOM WAITING AREA - NOT MUCH LATER
Craig waits near an ear-infected KID, when his attention shifts to the sliding doors. A man, dressed in blue doctor's scrubs,

saunters in with a cup of coffee, takes a seat (unusually close) next to Craig. He is BOBBY (late 30s, semi-balding).

Craig does his best to ignore him, until...

BOBBY :

Hey.

Craig turns to him. Upon closer inspection, he appears a bit too disheveled to be a doctor or nurse. He looks at Craig with an unhinged intensity.

BOBBY :

You gotta cigarette?

CRAIG :

Uh... no. Sorry.

BOBBY :

What's wrong with you?

CRAIG :

I just don't smoke.

BOBBY :

No, I mean why are you in the E.R. at five o'clock on a Sunday morning?

CRAIG:

(hesitant)

Well, um, there's been a lot going on in my head lately.

BOBBY :

Go on.

CRAIG :

Okay, well, um... I don't really know how to describe it. Like there's a girl...

BOBBY :

Yes.

CRAIG :

And, you know, this summer school application I've been nervous about.

BOBBY :

Summer school.

CRAIG :

Yeah, it's like this super prestigious-

BOBBY :

--Why would you want to spend your summer in school?

Craig stares at Bobby for a beat.

BOBBY :

You should be at Coney Island birddogging chicks on the beach.

CRAIG :

Are you a doctor?

BOBBY :

What do you think?

CRAIG :

You don't really seem like a doctor.

BOBBY :

Ever heard of Doogie Howser?

Craig stares at Bobby, trying to make sense of the question.

BOBBY:

(standing up)

I hope they fix whatever's wrong with you.

CRAIG :

Thanks.

Bobby stalks off, disappears around a corner.

INT. E.R. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

DR. ISAIAH MAHMOUD, an E.R. resident (Indian, early 30s) takes Craig's blood pressure.

DR. MAHMOUD

How long have you been feeling suicidal?

CRAIG :

I don't know... I've been depressed for about a year now. Thought about it a few times, but never like this.

Never so... real.

DR. MAHMOUD

Did anything specific happen today that might have triggered these feelings?
Slight PUSH IN on Craig...

CRAIG (V.O.)

Sometimes I wish I had an easy answer for why I'm depressed. My father beat me. Or I was sexually abused. But none of that stuff has ever happened to me... It was just a normal Saturday.

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

Craig and his friends lounge around the room, listening to Aaron's record collection. There is: AARON (not particularly good-looking, but supremely self-confident), his girlfriend NIA (an ultra-hip, tightly-clad cutie), RONNY (a 1990s hip-hop throwback), and SCUGGS (jew-fro).

Ronny coughs, exhaling smoke, and passes a joint to Aaron, who cuddles next to Nia on the bed. Everyone talks animatedly, except for Craig, who stares at Nia, longingly.

RONNY :

He practically had to strip search me to find it. It's like, dude, you're a security guard at a rock concert. Why are you taking your job so seriously?

NIA :

He probably just wanted some free weed.

AARON :

How much did they get?

RONNY :

An eighth. But it was worth it. APW was the bomb.

AARON :

It was pretty jokes... But oh-eight was off the hook.

CRAIG :

I need to go.

AARON :

What-- you're leaving? I didn't even play Saucerful of Secrets yet.

CRAIG :

Yeah, I just...

SCUGGS :

Don't bug Craig. He's in the Craig zone.

RONNY :

Yeah, he's Craig-ing out!
They all laugh. Craig forces a chuckle.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Craig rides his bike over the bridge, stops to answer hisphone.

CRAIG :

Hey...

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nia playfully pushes Aaron off her.

NIA :

Hey Craig. I forgot to ask you to cover for me tonight, in case myparents call or whatever.

CRAIG :

Oh... You're staying over Aaron's?

NIA :

I told them there was some school sleep over. They're a little suspicious, sothey might call.

CRAIG :

No problem.

Craig hangs up, looks out over the East River.

INT. CRAIG'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Craig's family sits around the table for dinner.

GEORGE :

Hey there, Craigers. How's the Franklin Gates application coming along?

Craig stares at his dad for a beat, then VOMITS on the table.

ALYSSA :

Gross.

Craig's parents look to him, concerned.

CRAIG :

(to Lynn)

I'm sorry.

LYNN:

(with Dr. Mahmoud's voice)

Craig? Anything you can think of that may have set you off?

INT. ARGENON HOSPITAL - E.R. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Dr. Mahmoud waits for an answer.

CRAIG :

Um... no. Nothing unusual.

DR. MAHMOUD

Are you taking any medication?

CRAIG :

Zoloft. But I stopped.

DR. MAHMOUD

Did your doctor take you off the medication?

CRAIG :

No. I just stopped on my own.

DR. MAHMOUD

Oh... you shouldn't do that.

CRAIG :

Yeah, I know.

DR. MAHMOUD

Do your parents know where you are?

Craig shakes his head.

DR. MAHMOUD

Well, Craig, you don't seem to be in immediate danger to yourself, so I think we should call your parents, tell them what happened, and refer you to one of our out-patient services.

CRAIG :

But I need help now. The hotline said you'd help me.

DR. MAHMOUD

I understand you're upset, but the people we admit to the hospital are very sick.

CRAIG :

I am too. Can't you, like, give me something...

DR. MAHMOUD

Not without parental consent. Look, this is serious business, Craig. We very rarely take in patients your age. I think it would be best if we tried to handle this without-

CRAIG :

Okay, maybe I'm not explaining right... how serious. See, my school is really-- and not just my school-- it's like I throw up sometimes because everything feels like it's building up. And everyone else seems like they're totally handling everything-- like my friends, right? Aaron and Nia-- They're both so... But not me. I like sweat all the time. I'm sweating now, aren't I?

Craig wipes his forehead, catches his breath.

CRAIG :

You know what I mean?
Dr. Mahmoud doesn't move.

CRAIG :

I'm scared, okay? I can't go back out there... I don't know what... I might do something... I just need some help.
Please. I need you to help me.
Dr. Mahmoud stares at Craig, concerned. He thinks it over.

INSERT:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

We follow NURSE SMITTY, a thin, bearded hippy-looking dude in blue jeans, as he leads Craig off the elevator. Craig notices a sign on the wall reading ADULT PSYCHIATRIC with an arrow pointing to the right.

Smitty leads Craig towards a set of heavy double doors labeled THREE NORTH. Smitty flashes his ID, and the Three North SECURITY GUARD buzzes them inside.

After they pass through the threshold, the doors shut, and the lock echoes through the corridors.

ON CRAIG, peering over his shoulder at the prison-like metal doors.

INT. THREE NORTH REGISTRATION OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

A cute, West-Indian Nurse, MONICA, sips coffee behind the desk. Nurse Smitty shuffles papers nearby.

MONICA :

Welcome to Three North, Craig. Let's go over some rules. First rule of

Three North:

Three North.

This grabs Craig's attention. Smitty cracks up.

MONICA :

Just kidding.

SMITTY :

That gets me every time.

Craig forces a smile.

CRAIG :

What exactly is Three North?

MONICA :

Our adult psychiatric floor.

CRAIG :

Oh, but I'm only sixteen.

MONICA :

Our teen floor is undergoing renovations, so all teens are here with the adults.

CRAIG :

Oh...

MONICA :

And you'll be expected to act like one while you're with us. Craig nods.

MONICA :

So, starting tomorrow, you'll be following the schedule and participating in the group activities.

She hands Craig a sheet of paper.

MONICA :

Our floor has a point system, whereby patients get privileges for participating in activities and meals, and lose privileges for non-participation and/or acting out.

INSERT:

Includes things like: BREAKFAST, VITALS, THERAPY(GP. #1), ARTS & CRAFTS, BINGO, LUNCH.

MONICA :

In the meantime, we'll contact yourfamily, and they can bring over achange of clothes, toothbrush, thatkind of thing.

CRAIG :

Um, well, I don't think I'll be herethat long. I have school tomorrow, so...

Monica and Smitty exchange knowing glances.

MONICA :

You'll have to discuss that with Doctor Minerva. Now, very important... do youhave any sharp objects on you? Pocket knife? Keys?
Craig hands her his keys.

MONICA :

Good. We'll need your cell phone andbelt, too. And your shoe laces.

CRAIG :

Shoe laces?

MONICA :

We can't take any chances.

Craig hands over his phone and watches as Monica seals itinside a plastic bag with his keys and shoelaces.

INT. THREE NORTH - EAST CORRIDOR

Smitty leads Craig (minus shoelaces) down the hall. Theypass several other PATIENTS, including a TWEAKED-OUT MANwearing an oversized Backstreet Boys t-shirt. He makes a ZAPPING noise in Craig's direction.

Smitty spots a woman in a professional skirt suitapproaching. She is DR. EDEN MINERVA (late 40s), the staffpsychiatrist.

SMITTY :

Hey, Dr. Minerva...

DR. MINERVA

Hey Smitty.

SMITTY :

This is our newest patient, Craig Gilner.

DR. MINERVA

Hi Craig. How are you?

CRAIG :

Um... just, like... you know...

DR. MINERVA

You just get settled in. We'll talk

later, okay? Nice to meet you, Craig.

Smitty and Craig continue down the hall, where a patient, JIMMY, smiles to Craig. He has one tooth.

JIMMY :

Don't worry, it'll come to ya.

SMITTY :

Good morning, Jimmy.

Craig nervously steps past Jimmy.

CRAIG :

What was that about?

SMITTY :

Jimmy's schizophrenic.

CRAIG :

Is there a place here for people more like me?

SMITTY :

We have all kinds of patients here.

(calling O.S.)

Bobby, my man!

Camera TRACKS IN on BOBBY-- the same guy who sat next to Craig in the E.R.

As he glides down the hall in SLOW-MO Craig gets a better look at him. No

longer wearing doctors' scrubs, Bobby sports a well-worn grey wool sweater.

His deep-

set eyes and rough edges betray a hard-lived past.

SMITTY :

How 'bout a tour for our new friend,

Craig, here?

BOBBY :

Sure thing, babe.

SMITTY :

Bobby'll show you around while we fixup your room. See you guys in a jiff. Smitty splits and Craig follows Bobby.

BOBBY :

What's a jiff?

CRAIG :

A jiff?

BOBBY :

This guy, Smitty, is always like, "Dothis in a jiff, that in a jiff."

CRAIG :

I think it just means, like, a shortperiod of time. Bobby doesn't seem to care about Craig's answer.

CRAIG :

So, is this like a mental ward?

BOBBY :

Not a ward, a hospital...
They turn a corner out of sight.

INT. DINING ROOM/REC ROOM

Bobby leads Craig into a large multi-purpose room, where tenor so PATIENTS are scattered about.

BOBBY :

We spend a lot of time in here. Rightthere you got your dining roomsituation; rec room area is over there. They got a record player, buteverything's scratched. Craig notices a ping-pong table by the windows.

BOBBY :

Folks play table tennis sometimes. Did they tell you about the points?

CRAIG :

For ping-pong?

BOBBY :

Some people call it ping-pong, but Ithink that trivializes the sport.

Craig nods.

BOBBY :

But I'm talking about the other points.

You need'm for privileges, like hangin in the rec room, trips to the giftshop, shit like that.

Craig makes eye contact with a white-bearded guy, ROGER, who appears to stare straight through Craig into another dimension.

BOBBY :

Hey, man, if you're really interested, you can join them.

CRAIG :

Join them? Uh, no, I'm cool, thanks.

BOBBY :

Cool Craig. Copy that. Let's move.

INT. HALLWAY- OUTSIDE THE SHOWER ROOM

Bobby points out a sliding latch on the door.

BOBBY :

Okay, this is the shower. It doesn't

have a lock, see? So when you're inside, you put this to occupied.

Bobby slides the latch back and forth, alternately revealing VACANT and OCCUPIED.

CRAIG :

I get it.

BOBBY :

Sure, babe, but nobody else does, so they'll walk right in while you're scrubbin' your nuts.

Craig cracks a smile, follows Bobby down the hall.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Bobby and Craig emerge around the corner.

BOBBY :

There's one in the other hall too, but I wouldn't use it. It bothers Solomon.

CRAIG :

Who's Solomon?

No answer. They approach a pay phone near a bench.

BOBBY :

This is where you call people-- if you got people. Or they can call you too.
Bobby gestures to the TV room behind a glass window.

BOBBY :

TV room is here.

INT. TV ROOM

Craig notices a teenage girl (16), wearing an Iggy Pop t-shirt, seated at a table in the corner. She is NOELLE. She glances up from her notebook, revealing several scars from cuts on her face. Craig stares at her for a beat too long.

NOELLE :

(alarmed)

Oh, my God! Are you okay?

Craig quickly checks himself, but can't find anything wrong.

He looks back to Noelle, who shoots him a subtle grin and gets back to her notebook.

Bobby cracks up, leads Craig away.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR

CRAIG :

Who was that?

BOBBY :

Noelle. One of the teens. Did they tell you about the renovations?

CRAIG :

Yeah.

BOBBY :

How old are you?

CRAIG :

Sixteen.

BOBBY :

Jesus, I thought you was older. You look too stressed for sixteen, man.

You should try to relax, maybe get a girlfriend, or sump'm.

CRAIG :

I'm working on it.

Bobby shoots Craig a crooked smile.

CRAIG :

So what do you do here, exactly?

BOBBY :

Same thing you do.

CRAIG :

You're a patient? What were you doing in the emergency room this morning?

BOBBY :

The ER has the best coffee.

CRAIG :

They just let you out?

Bobby smiles, puts his finger to his lips, makes a shushing sound.

CRAIG :

What are you in for?

Bobby hesitates, and Craig senses the inappropriateness of the question.

CRAIG :

Uh... Sorry.

Bobby stares at Craig, sizes him up.

BOBBY :

Bet your room's ready. Let's find Smitty.

INT. THREE NORTH PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

The light flicks on to reveal a man burrowed under bed covers in the corner.

SMITTY :

Muqtada, it's almost lunch! Wake up, you have a new roommate.

MUQTADA, a gray-bearded Egyptian man, doesn't move.

CRAIG :

Hey.

No response.

SMITTY:

(quietly, to Craig)

Don't take it personal. He doesn't

talk much and he's never left the room... Okay, guys, lunch in five. Smitty exits, and Craig sits at the edge of his bed.

CRAIG :

What do they have for lunch?
Muqtada grumbles something incomprehensible.

CRAIG :

I'm sorry?
Muqtada takes the blanket and puts it over his head. Craigsurveys the room. This isn't quite what he had in mind whenhe asked for help. After an uncomfortable beat, he goes to the door.

MUQTADA:

Please, turn out light.
Craig obliges, leaves the room.
INT. THREE NORTH - EAST CORRIDOR
Craig accosts Dr. Minerva, who is now doing rounds with a staff of INTERNS.

CRAIG :

Dr. Minerva. Look, I'm, uh...
(faking casual)
I'm feeling much better now. I was feeling bad this morning, but I thinkI'm okay now. So, um, you know, I'dlike to go home. If that's cool.
Dr. Minerva leafs through papers on her clipboard, findsCraig's form.
DR. MINERVA
It says here you're suicidal and askedto be admitted.

CRAIG :

I thought you guys would be able to dosomething quick. Like give me somemedication to make me feel better. I didn't think I'd be... committed. I really don't think I belong here.
DR. MINERVA
A lot of patients feel that way atfirst. Just give it a little time.

CRAIG :

How little?
DR. MINERVA
Five days.

CRAIG :

Five days?

DR. MINERVA

Definitely not more than thirty. We'll have an evaluation to see if you're ready to leave Thursday.

CRAIG :

But I can't be here until Thursday!

I'll miss school. My friends will find out where I am!

DR. MINERVA

It's nothing to be ashamed of, Craig.

Depression is a medical illness. If you were diabetic would you be embarrassed by that?

CRAIG :

Well, can I at least talk to my mom about this before-

DR. MINERVA

Of course, Craig. I just spoke with her myself, and she's very anxious to see you.

Dr. Minerva nods and smiles to someone behind Craig, then drifts away.

LYNN (O.S.)

Craig!

Craig turns to find his mom running at him followed by George and Alyssa. She nearly tackles him with a hug, and we FREEZE-

CRAIG (V.O.)

Don't blame my parents for how messed up I am. Okay, so my dad works too much...

ANGLE ON George, frozen in time, messaging on his Blackberry.

CRAIG (V.O.)

And my mom's a little out of touch.

ANGLE ON Lynn, her face oddly contorted as she hugs Craig.

CRAIG (V.O.)

And my sister's some kind of child genius.

ANGLE ON Alyssa staring straight ahead without emotion.

CRAIG (V.O.)

But it's not like I was never hugged as a child or anything. In fact, they've been pretty supportive through all this. They're always on the lookout for new ways to fix me.

The following sequence presents the various ways they've tried to fix him in the past. Craig maintains the same deadpan expression throughout...

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM - DAY

A CHINESE ACUPUNCTURIST applies needles to Craig's back, while his mom looks on.

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Craig and his dad attempt to do sit-ups on some kind of enormous rubber work-out balls. Craig falls off.

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Craig practices bikram yoga with his mom in 105 degree heat. He's drenched in sweat, but not quite feeling the vibe.

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER DAY

On a ping-pong table that barely fits inside his small bedroom, Craig serves to his dad, who slams the ball back at him. Craig doesn't move.

BACK TO THREE NORTH

CRAIG AND HIS FAMILY IN PRESENT TIME. The still frame resumes action.

LYNN :

We knew you were going through a hard time, but we had no idea you were... that it was... I'm so proud of you, honey.

CRAIG :

You are?

LYNN :

This is the bravest thing you've ever done. You made the right decision coming here.

CRAIG :

Oh, really? Because I was kind of having second thoughts...

LYNN :

We talked to the doctor and they need to keep you here for a few days. For observation. I think it's a good idea.

CRAIG :

But I don't think you understand. Some of the people here are seriously messed up. Like I don't think my roommate's left the room in weeks.

GEORGE :

What did you expect? It is a mental ward.

LYNN :

George.

CRAIG :

It's not a ward. It's a hospital.

LYNN :

It's just five days, honey.

CRAIG :

They told me AT LEAST five.

LYNN :

Well, we thought it was best to leave it up to the doctor's discretion. I mean, we've tried, but... These people are professionals. They know how to help you in ways, well, that maybe we can't. Craig watches Lynn as she takes a deep breath, trying hard to hold herself together.

LYNN :

It seems like a nice place. Right, George?

GEORGE :

Yeah, when can I join?

ALYSSA :

Me too. Can I stay too?

LYNN :

We can visit, honey.

CRAIG :

They took my cell phone, so some people might try to call the house. Please don't tell them where I am. Lynn nods, hands Craig a small duffel bag.

LYNN :

Here are some clothes and toiletries. Let us know if you need anything else.

GEORGE :

And I brought this... in case you have some free time in here. George hands Craig a stack of academic-looking forms. Craig tentatively takes them. Lynn shoots George a hard look.

LYNN :

But don't worry about that applicationstuff right now. Just get some rest.
Try to eat something.

INT. DINING ROOM - LUNCHTIME

A serving of curry chicken is placed on Craig's tray. Craigwinces.

SERVER :

Want broccoli?

CRAIG (V.O.)

Sometimes I have trouble eating.

INT. SLOOTERS RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

SUPER:

Craig, George, Lynn, and Alyssa eat dinner at a corner booth.

CRAIG (V.O.)

The first time I experienced stressvomiting was at Slooters downtown.

GEORGE :

Hey, Craig, how's your Intro to WallStreet class?

Craig vomits on the table. His family stares in shock.

CRAIG :

I think I'm depressed.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Ever since, my eating has kinda becomea litmus test for how well I'm doing.

BACK TO CRAIG IN THE DINING ROOM

Tray in hand, Craig surveys the room, finds an empty section
between a group of teenage girls and a table of grown men
(Bobby among them).

Craig sits in the neutral territory, at the far end of thegirls' table.

There are three: JENNIFER has black hair with
a blue streak in it; she's a pretty hot teen transvestite.

BECCA is a big girl. Noelle is the third.

Craig stares at his food for a beat. He can't help but
overhear the girls playing some kind of game, listing off
names.

JENNIFER :

Hunter Thompson.

BECCA :

Virginia Woolf.

NOELLE :

Ian Curtis.

BECCA :

Who?

NOELLE :

Dude from Joy Division. Hung himself.

JENNIFER :

Kurt Cobain.

BECCA :

Freud.

JENNIFER :

Cobain to Freud?

BECCA :

Drug addicts.

JENNIFER :

Nice. Okay, um... Ernest Hemmingway--

(off their blank looks)

Old man beards.

They laugh.

NOELLE :

Salvador Allende.

JENNIFER :

Jesus, girl, can you pick somebody we've heard of for once?

NOELLE :

Chilean president. Shot himself rather than surrender to a fascist military coup.

BECCA :

I don't think that counts.

NOELLE :

Of course, it counts.

JENNIFER :

If he was going to die anyway, it doesn't count.

NOELLE :

(to Craig)

Hey, new guy.

CRAIG :

Me?

NOELLE :

No, the other new guy. What's your name?

CRAIG :

Ah, Craig.

NOELLE :

Well, Ah Craig, what do you think?
Does Salvador Allende count as a
celebrity suicide?
Craig stares at her in disbelief.

NOELLE :

Hello?

CRAIG :

Um, I don't...

BOBBY :

Hey, kid... Don't get caught up in the
girls' morbid mind games. Come eat
with the men.
Craig looks back and forth between the two intimidating
groups.

JENNIFER :

Don't worry, Craig. Who knows? Maybe
one day you'll make the list.
Craig stares at the giggling girls, then slides a few feet closer to Bobby's
table.
Bobby introduces Craig to the others.

BOBBY :

Craig, meet my old pal Johnny.
Craig nods to JOHNNY (mid 30s with a 1950s rock-a-billyhairdo).

BOBBY :

And this clown is Humble.

HUMBLE, a pudgy former Kojak stand-in, nods hello. He speakswith a mouth full of food.

HUMBLE :

You gotta girlfriend?

BOBBY :

He's workin' on it.

HUMBLE :

They got some cute ones your age.

JOHNNY :

I had a lotta women in my day, kid.

CRAIG :

Yeah?

JOHNNY :

You don't have to act so surprised, butyes, yes I had a lotta women. And, no,

I'm not the best looking cat on thestreet. But you wanta know the secreto keeping any woman under your spell?

Craig eagerly awaits the answer.

JOHNNY :

I love you.

HUMBLE :

That's it?

JOHNNY :

That's it. But it don't hurt if youcan play guitar.

BOBBY :

Don't mess with the kid's head; he'salready screwed up enough.

HUMBLE :

Why you so screwed up, kid?

CRAIG :

Um...

BOBBY :

Mind your business, Humble.

HUMBLE :

That's cool. But you should know,

Craig, if you don't open up, you're not going to heal.

Humble slides away. The others continue eating, but Craig hasn't touched his plate.

BOBBY :

What's the pot up to?

JOHNNY :

Eleven.

BOBBY :

Eleven? Yesterday we had twelve.

JOHNNY :

Humble ate a buck.

BOBBY :

Humble ate a buck?

JOHNNY :

The professor bet him a dollar he wouldn't eat it... He won.

BOBBY :

What is the world coming to? Bunch of freaks.

CRAIG :

What's the money for?

BOBBY :

Pizza party. We're sick of eating this crap. They say we can have one, but we gotta pay for it ourselves...

CRAIG :

I have eight dollars.

BOBBY :

Well don't go bragging about it, Craig.
People in here don't have anything.
Learn to show some humility.

CRAIG :

Oh, I didn't mean-

BOBBY :

--Don't worry about it. You're youngstill.
Smitty strolls behind Craig, notices his uneaten food.

SMITTY :

You get two points for eating, Craig.
Craig stares at his plate. Tries a bite. Throws up.
Everyone stares at Craig in shock. Noelle smiles.

CRAIG :

Sorry.

INT. DR. MINERVA'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON Dr. Minerva's breasts behind a rust red sweater.

She's looking at Craig's file, off-screen.

Craig glances up from her breasts, noting how the shade of her lipstick matches her sweater to perfection.

DR. MINERVA

So Craig, how are you adjusting to Three North?

CRAIG :

Uh... Okay, I guess.

DR. MINERVA

Dr. Mahmoud wrote that you were taking Zoloft, but went off it three weeks ago. Is that right?

CRAIG :

Yeah.

DR. MINERVA

Do you see a therapist?

CRAIG :

Dr. Yanof prescribed me the Zoloft. I see her every, you know... month or so.

DR. MINERVA

Why did you stop taking it?

CRAIG :

I guess I felt better. Like I didn't need it anymore.

DR. MINERVA

Maybe that's because it was working.

Craig shrugs, smiles awkwardly, as Dr. Minerva scribbles something in the file.

DR. MINERVA

Can you describe for me how you were feeling right before coming here this morning?

Craig shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

CRAIG :

I dunno. Depressed... anxious... stressed.

DR. MINERVA

Have you been experiencing more stress than usual lately?

Craig nods.

DR. MINERVA

Any reason in particular?

CRAIG :

Well, there's this Franklin Gates Summer Semester thing that my Dad-- Well, that I really want to get into.

The application's due in a week and I haven't even looked at it yet.

DR. MINERVA

Why not?

CRAIG :

It's like, every time I think about it, my mind starts this cycling thing about not getting in.

DR. MINERVA

What would happen if you didn't get in?

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Craig, who shoots us a subtle glance.

CRAIG (V.O.)

What would happen if I didn't get in?

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

CLOSE ON blank extracurricular section of application.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Then I wouldn't be able to put it on my college applications. Which means...

INT. IVY LEAGUE CLASSROOM - DAY

TRACK past rows of college-age STUDENTS to 16 year-old Craig, eagerly raising his hand.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)

Mr. Gilner.

CRAIG (V.O.)

...I wouldn't get into a good college.

COLLEGE CRAIG:

(answering his professor)

But not even Adam Smith could have foreseen the inequities of modern capitalism.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY

PUSH IN on Craig (still sixteen) behind the Presidential podium.

CRAIG (V.O.)

If I didn't get into a good college, I wouldn't have a good job.

PRESIDENT CRAIG

Well, I'm glad you asked that, Helen.

Diffusing the situation in Iran through unilateral diplomacy is my top priority as Commander in Chief.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

An MTV CRIBS episode exploring Craig's presidential home.

Craig, wearing a silk and fox fur bathrobe invites the video crew through his front door.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Which means I wouldn't be able to afford a good lifestyle.

INT. MARTINI BAR - NIGHT

A dapper Craig, sporting an Armani suit and sunglasses, toasts martini glasses with his glamorous girlfriends.

CRAIG (V.O.)

So I wouldn't be able to find a girlfriend.

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rain pours down, as a sad Craig stares at the clouds through the window.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Which means I'd probably get depressed.

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON Craig in bed, staring off.

CRAIG (V.O.)

So I wouldn't be able to get out of bed.

We ZOOM OUT to reveal Craig curled in fetal position on Muqtada's bed.

CRAIG (V.O.)

And I'd end up like Muqtada in a place like this for the rest of my life. Craig turns to the camera.

CRAIG :

So-- what would happen if I didn't get in...?!

INT. DR. MINERVA'S OFFICE - DAY

Craig stares at Dr. Minerva. A bead of sweat drips down his forehead. He gives a shrug and awkward smile.

CRAIG :

I dunno. It's hard to explain.
She hands him a tissue to wipe his sweat. He does.

DR. MINERVA

Well, do you have anyone you can explain it to? Friends? Family?

CRAIG :

Um... I have friends... and family.
But it's not always easy...

DR. MINERVA

It's important to have a support system. People you can really talk to.
Craig nods, wipes his forehead again.

DR. MINERVA

Have you been experiencing any symptoms... other than sweating?

CRAIG :

Eating. I have problems eating. I can't, you know, keep it down.

Dr. Minerva takes more notes.

DR. MINERVA

So we'll get you back on the Zoloft, and you'll start group activities tomorrow. We'll check in again on Tuesday. Do you have any questions?

CRAIG :

If I'm, you know... feeling better, you think I can get out of here, like, tomorrow? I have school and this application, and-

DR. MINERVA

Five days, Craig. Minimum. This might feel like a strange place at first, but try to make the most of it. We'll hold your evaluation on Thursday.

Craig nods, looks out the office window to the bustling Brooklyn street-life below.

TITLE OVER BLACK: "MONDAY: DAY TWO"

CRAIG (V.O.)

It's Monday...

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM - DAY

Craig's eyes pop open in bed. He looks over to Muqtada,

SNORING LOUDLY in the bed next to him.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I shouldn't be waking up next to some depressive middle-aged Egyptian dude.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Craig awkwardly extends one arm, keeping the door shut, while the other lathers up his body.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I shouldn't be showering on a co-ed floor in a stall without a lock.

Jennifer attempts to enter the room, wearing a shower cap, but Craig's security arm forces the door shut.

INT. MEDS STATION - DAY

We TRACK along a line of adult patients, downing their meds in dixie cups. We STOP on little Craig at the end of the line.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I shouldn't be lining up for meds behind schizophrenics and sociopaths.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Craig stares at his breakfast burrito.

CRAIG (V.O.)

It's Monday; I should be in school...

But I guess that's what got me here in the first place.

EXT. 1950S B & W STOCK FOOTAGE

Boring white-bread High-Schoolers going to class.

CRAIG (V.O.)

When my parents went to school, they just went to the one closest to their house. Makes sense, right? A lot of places are still like this: Cleveland, probably Denver. But not New York.

EXT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CRAIG (V.O.)

You've got schools for science geeks like-

We TRACK along a complicated physics equation on the dry erase board, stopping on a SCIENCE GEEK who turns to camera-

SCIENCE GEEK :

Bronx High School of Science.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

CRAIG (V.O.)

Schools for thespians...

Two TEEN ACTORS rehearse on stage, while a young DIRECTOR addresses us from the balcony.

DIRECTOR :

La Guardia High School for the Performing Arts.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

CRAIG (V.O.)

Do-gooders.

Young activists walk the picket line holding signs, while their teen leader addresses us.

DO-GOODER

El Puente Academy for Peace and Justice.

EXT. EXECUTIVE PRE-PROFESSIONAL HIGH SCHOOL

CRAIG (V.O.)

But the most competitive of all New York City Public Schools is this one. Executive Pre-Professional. My school.

TRACK IN ON DIGNIFIED PORTRAIT OF GERARD LUTZ

CRAIG (V.O.)

This billionaire philanthropist named Gerard Lutz set it up in conjunction with the public school system.

INT. EPPHS HALLWAY - DAY

CAMERA FLOATS down the hall with KIDS passing in and out of frame on the way to class.

CRAIG (V.O.)

So it's not some private school for elite upper-east-siders. You can be on welfare and food stamps or your parents can own an island in the South Pacific.

It doesn't matter.

Craig emerges from the group, staring into camera.

CRAIG :

You'll be accepted as long as you're one of the 800 smartest, most accomplished students in the five boroughs.

INT. EPPHS LIBRARY - DAY

FLASH ON a YOUNG INDIAN GIRL seated at her desk. She glances up from her book, Noam Chomsky's "Hegemony or Survival."

SUPER:

LSAT:

FLASH ON a YOUNG AFRICAN-AMERICAN KID. He glances up from his book, Darwin's "Origin of Species."

SUPER:

Trophy (2003, 2005, 2006)

FLASH ON a WHITE HIPSTER KID - Craig's friend, Aaron, reading from Joe Sacco's graphic novel, "Palestine."

SUPER:

Inventors Cup (2006); 2 time winner of the F. Gates
Young Genius Trophy (2002, 2004); Doubles badminton Olympicgold medalist
(2008)

FLASH ON 14-year-old Craig. He reads from the book "Be More
Chill."

SUPER:

We hold for a beat, then...

CRAIG (V.O.)

There must have been a serious clerical
error, because somehow... I got in.

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Seated on the floor around an enormous scattered record
collection, Aaron and Nia look off-screen at Craig.

AARON/NIA

(in unison)

Me too.

Aaron and Nia exchange surprised looks.

AARON/NIA

(again in unison)

You too?

They crack up laughing. Nia playfully punches Aaron's armand we FREEZE-
CRAIG (V.O.)

That's my best friend, Aaron, gettingflirt-punched by Nia for the
firsttime. There were many more of those.

Followed by hand-holding...

A51

FLASH ON a still frame of Aaron and Nia strolling A51
through the hall, smiling and holding hands as if in aMentos commercial.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Kissing...

B51

FLASH ON a still frame of Aaron and Nia smooching in the B51
school stairwell.

CRAIG (V.O.)

...and eventually... sex.

C51

FLASH ON a blank white screen. C51

CRAIG (V.O.)

I don't like to picture that one.

51

BACK TO ORIGINAL FLIRT-PUNCH STILL. 51

CRAIG (V.O.)

What I would give to be flirt-punched by Nia just once.
The frame resumes action. Aaron and Nia stare at each other
for an extended moment before Aaron goes in for the fullflirt-tackle.
CRAIG (V.O.)

And so it began...

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Craig stares at his food, unsure. Next to him, Humble and Johnny eat as they
flip through a motorcycle magazine.

JOHNNY :

Look at those flames! I always wanted a Harley with big red flames.
Humble points out the girl on the bike.

HUMBLE :

You can have the bike. I just want the beavers.

JOHNNY :

Hey, Bobby, check out this bike.

BOBBY :

I don't get caught up on a bunch of stuff I can't have.

JOHNNY :

Relax, it's just for fun, bro.

AARON (O.S.)

Yeah, what's your prob, Bob?

We PAN over to Craig's friend, Aaron, seated next to Bobby.

Of course, he is only there in Craig's imagination.

AARON :

It's just for fun. Life is fun. And
easy. And you CAN have those things.

Women, Harleys, perfect test scores.

You just need the brains and the balls to go get 'em.

(taking a bite of
breakfast burrito)

Mmm, this is good.

We PAN back to Bobby.

BOBBY :

It's not fun; it's propaganda. Telling me I need all that - nice clothes,
cars, hot chicks...

CRAIG (V.O.)

...iphones, Jordans, skinny jeans, zitcream, self esteem, abs of steel, chicken soup for the soul...

BOBBY :

But I could give a shit about all that.
Humble notices Craig's untouched tray.

HUMBLE :

You gonna eat your burrito, Craig?

CRAIG :

Naw. I'm not hungry. You can have it.
Humble reaches over, grabs the burrito.

BOBBY :

Put it back, Humble.

HUMBLE :

He said I could have it.

BOBBY :

Craig's gotta eat too. Put it back.

HUMBLE:

Take a hike, Bob, he's not hungry.
Bobby charges across the table, grabs the burrito, and puts it back on
Craig's tray.
Craig stares at the torn and knuckled burrito.

CRAIG :

Um, thanks, Bobby, but I'm really not-PROFESSOR
I'll eat it!
Waddling in from a nearby table, the Professor quickly grabs the burrito,
puts it on her own tray.

HUMBLE :

Hey, I called it first.
Humble lunges for the burrito, but the Professor tries to shield it with her
body.

JOHNNY :

Nice burrito block!

BOBBY :

It don't belong to either of you!

CRAIG :

Really, guys, I don't think...

Bobby intervenes, snatches the burrito, but not before the Professor sneaks a quick bite.

Smitty approaches.

SMITTY :

People calm down.

Everyone quickly settles in their seats.

PROFESSOR :

(with mouthful of burrito)

I didn't do nothin'.

HUMBLE :

It was my burrito.

Bobby hands what's left of the mashed burrito to Craig.

CRAIG :

It's really okay. I don't need it.

Bobby stares at Craig for a beat.

BOBBY :

Fine...

Bobby drops the remains of the burrito on Humble's tray.

BOBBY :

...what do I care? Don't eat.

Bobby takes his own tray, walks off. Craig exchanges awkward looks with the others.

SMITTY :

You guys know we have like fifty burritos in the kitchen...

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

The patients sit in a loose circle around Dr. Minerva. Craig observes silently, sneaking occasional glances at Noelle, seated on the opposite side of the circle.

DR. MINERVA

I understand there was an incident this morning. Would anyone care to talk about it? Something involving a breakfast burrito. Johnny?

JOHNNY :

It was between Bobby and Humble. Ask them.

DR. MINERVA

I was just interested in hearing it from an impartial observer.

JOHNNY :

Well, if you want my opinion, I think Bobby's been on edge because of his interview and he's lashing out because he's nervous.

DR. MINERVA

Interesting observation, Johnny.

BOBBY :

Yeah, Johnny, you know my hemorrhoids are flarin' up again. Make sure everyone knows about that, too.

JIMMY :

Hemorrhoids! It'll come to ya!

Some laughter from the patients. Craig smiles, sneaks a peek at Noelle across the room. She's not paying attention.

DR. MINERVA

Bobby, it's okay if you want to keep your feelings private, but you should know it's perfectly normal to be nervous about your interview tomorrow.

BOBBY :

I'm not nervous about the interview.

HUMBLE :

Then what is it, Bob?

PROFESSOR :

Maybe he's hungry.

HUMBLE :

He doesn't look hungry.

BECCA :

He looks tired.

JOHNNY :

Did you sleep last night?

PROFESSOR :

He didn't eat today.

HUMBLE :

Yes, he did.

PROFESSOR :

Did you see him eat?

HUMBLE :

I'm pretty sure he ate.

JOHNNY :

I didn't see him eat.

BECCA :

I get anxious when I'm tired.

BOBBY :

Okay, listen!

Everybody turns to Bobby.

I'm not hungry. I'm not tired. It's

this damn sweater. My interview istomorrow and it's all I have to wear.

JOHNNY :

(low to Minerva)

I told you it was the interview.

HUMBLE :

It's a nice sweater, Bob.

BOBBY :

No. It isn't. It smells like an old woman's armpit in July.

JOHNNY :

But it looks good on you.

BOBBY :

Yeah, it looks about as good on me as your hair on you.

DR. MINERVA

Bobby, no insults, please.

Suddenly self-conscious, Johnny runs his hand over his head.

CRAIG :

I can loan you a shirt.

Noelle and the group turn to Craig.

DR. MINERVA

What was that, Craig?

CRAIG :

I'll call my mom, have her bring one of my dad's shirts. It's no problem. I live like two blocks away.

BOBBY :

No thanks.

JOHNNY :

Bobby! Take the shirt.

HUMBLE :

Yeah, he's tryin' to help, Bob.

DR. MINERVA

It's a very nice offer, Craig. Bobby, why are you reluctant to accept it?

BOBBY :

Look, I don't need any handouts.

DR. MINERVA

It's not exactly a handout, Bobby.

He'd just be loaning it to you.

There's nothing wrong with accepting help from each other.

BOBBY :

Okay, fine, will you leave me alone if I take the shirt?

DR. MINERVA

Do you want the shirt, Bobby?

BOBBY :

Yeah, I want the shirt.

DR. MINERVA

Craig?

CRAIG :

Do you mind if it has yellow armpit stains?

Bobby stares at Craig.

CRAIG :

Sorry, dumb joke.

Noelle SNORTS out a laugh.

INT. THREE NORTH - NORTH CORRIDOR - LATER THAT DAY

Craig waits for the community phone, which Bobby is using.

BOBBY:

(flustered)

Okay, but look, look, look. I want to see her. Yes, I'm her father, don't you think I have... No? I have a place... I will have a place...

Thursday... You don't have to believe me, but it's true... It is true. I'm not-- Look, just bring her. Please. I

don't ask you for anything. I just want to see my kid...

After watching Bobby for a beat, Craig feels something brush by him, turns to see Noelle disappear around the corner. He

looks down to find a folded piece of paper at his feet.

INSERT OF NOTE:

TONIGHT 7:

Craig glances up from the note. Bobby is now gone and the phone is free.

A54

Craig enters his number into the voice mail system, A54

wherein we SPLIT-SCREEN with Nia. She's on her cell IN THE BATHTUB.

NIA :

Hey, Craig, it's me, um...

The image FREEZES-

CRAIG (V.O.)

Here's the thing... she's probably not in the tub right now, but whenever I talk to Nia, this is how I picture her.

It's kinda sick, I know.

The image resumes action.

NIA :

You sounded kinda weird earlier, so I just wanted to make sure you were doing all right. Okay, that's it. I'm with Aaron. He's being a total dick. Bye.

B54

Craig hits another button, wherein Craig's science B54

teacher, MR. REYNOLDS replaces Nia. Wearing protective eye-goggles, he fills a smoking beaker with blue liquid.

MR. REYNOLDS

Hello, Mr. Gilner, this is your scienceteacher, Mr. Reynolds. We really need to talk about your missing lab assignments. Five of them.

C54

Craig hits the button again, wherein Aaron replaces C54 Mr. Reynolds. He's in the bathtub with Nia.

AARON :

Yo Craig, I'm staying at Nia's tonight.

I need you to cover for me if my dad calls. Holla back, son!

Craig hangs up, notices an old, academic-type lady waiting for the phone nearby. She is "THE PROFESSOR." He quickly dials...

CRAIG :

Hey, Nia. What's up?

D54

We INTERCUT between Craig and Nia in her bedroom. D54

NIA :

Just finishing my Gates Summer app.

I'll freak if I don't get in.

CRAIG :

Yeah...

NIA :

What's up with you?

CRAIG :

Uh, I've just been feeling kinda, you know...

NIA :

Yeah, I've noticed... Is that why you weren't in school today?

CRAIG :

Yeah... Like I've been feeling pretty shitty, so... I stayed home.

NIA :

I get like that sometimes, too.

Depressed or whatever. Do you take anything for it?

CRAIG :

What do you mean?

NIA :

You know...

CRAIG :

Um...

NIA :

Look, I've never told anybody this.

Not even Aaron. So you have to promise not to tell him. But if it makes you feel any better... I'm on Prozac.

CRAIG :

Really?

NIA :

Yeah, for like over a year now.

CRAIG :

I had no idea.

NIA :

I know. It's a little embarrassing.

CRAIG :

(summoning his courage)

I take Zoloft.

NIA :

Shut up!

CRAIG :

I do.

NIA :

We are so screwed up!

CRAIG :

Like partners in mental illness.

NIA :

The illest.

As they both laugh, a Hasidic Jewish guy, SOLOMON, dashes down the hall toward Craig. His hospital pants are way too big for him, so he has to hold them up at all times.

SOLOMON :

I'm Solomon.

Craig cups the receiver, tries to quietly shush Solomon.

SOLOMON :

I would ask you to please keep it down.

I am trying to rest.

Solomon races away, struggling to hold up his pants.

NIA :

Craig? Who was that?

CRAIG :

Um...

The Professor approaches, taps Craig's shoulder with her cane.

PROFESSOR :

Excuse me, will you be much longer?

CRAIG :

(whispering)

One second, please.

NIA :

Is everything okay?

CRAIG :

Yeah, I'm just...

NIA :

Are you like in a crack den or something?

Jimmy strolls by, repeating...

JIMMY :

It'll come to ya! Don't worry, it always come to ya!

NIA :

Where are you?

CRAIG :

I gotta go, Nia. Bye.

NIA :

Craig?

Craig hangs up, turns to the Professor.

CRAIG :

All yours.

He exits frame and the Professor eyes him suspiciously before picking up the receiver and examining it.

INT. THREE NORTH - WAITING AREA - DAY

Craig approaches little Alyssa and Lynn, who is holding his dad's shirt. They hug.

CRAIG :

Thanks, mom.

LYNN :

Your dad's at the office dealing with a client crisis, but he'll be by tomorrow.

CRAIG :

Client crisis?

ALYSSA :

Have you made any friends yet?

CRAIG :

Um, yeah, I guess.

ALYSSA :

(looking past Craig)

Are you friends with the tranny?

CRAIG :

Not really.

LYNN :

Tranny?

Lynn cocks her head to see Jennifer checking out at the registration desk down the hall. She's wearing a coat and carrying a small suitcase. Jimmy, lingering nearby, calls out at full volume.

JIMMY :

Transvestite!

Jennifer turns in their direction, yells down the hall.

JENNIFER :

Schizo!

Alyssa and Lynn stare ahead, uncomfortable.

CRAIG :

Did you talk to my school? I really don't want them to know I'm in a place like this. It could really damage my future.

LYNN :

We just told them you were in the hospital. Nothing specific.

CRAIG :

Good. The last thing I need is for people to find out I've been institutionalized. I'm talking cataclysmic disaster the proportions of which have no limits.

LYNN :

Okay, Craig. Got it.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM

Craig leans into the room, looks around. Nobody there. He carefully lays out the shirt on Bobby's bed, notices a photo of a young girl at his bedside. As he examines it closer...

BOBBY (O.S.)

Hey, what's goin' on, babe?

Bobby walks in from the hallway.

CRAIG :

Oh, sorry. I was just bringing you the shirt.

BOBBY :

(re:

She's cute, right?

CRAIG :

Yeah. Is she yours?

BOBBY:

(nods)

Veronica. Like the Elvis Costello song.

Craig stares at Bobby, clearly not aware of the song.

CRAIG :

How old is she?

BOBBY :

Eight and three-quarters. That's what she says.

Craig smiles.

CRAIG :

Well, good luck on your interview.

What's it for, if you don't mind measking?

BOBBY :

It's for a group home. I basically need a place to live when they kick me outta here on Thursday.

CRAIG :

Kick you out?

BOBBY :

Insurance only covers a certain number of days here, so come Thursday, I'm gone. Whether I got a place to sleep or not.

CRAIG :

Wow. I guess you're under a lot of pressure, then.

BOBBY :

I mean, it's not like a summer school application, but yeah, I guess...
Craig smiles.

CRAIG :

Let me know if you need somebody to practice with, or something.

BOBBY :

What do you mean?

CRAIG :

Like a practice interview. So you're better prepared.

BOBBY :

Yeah?

CRAIG :

Yeah. Wanta try?

BOBBY :

Yeah, okay. Now?

CRAIG :

Yeah, sure.

(as interviewer)

Okay, um, have a seat.

BOBBY :

Wait, hold on.

Bobby grabs the new shirt, turns his back to Craig, and buttons it up. He spins around, ready to go.

BOBBY :

Okay, let's do it.

They sit on opposite beds, facing each other.

CRAIG :

Okay, let's see... Why do you think you're qualified to live in this group home?

BOBBY :

Well... I guess because I'll be homeless if you don't accept me.

Craig stares at Bobby, not sure where to go from here.

CRAIG :

Okay, good. I think you're ready.

BOBBY :

Really? I didn't sound too desperate?

CRAIG :

No, it was very sincere... But maybe you could try to focus on the positive things you would get from the experience rather than, you know...

BOBBY :

The negative.

CRAIG :

Exactly. Like what do you think you can bring to the home? Something special only you can offer.

Bobby thinks hard.

CRAIG :

It can be anything. Maybe you have a great attitude?

BOBBY :

(shakes his head)

No.

CRAIG :

You always clean up after yourself?

BOBBY :

Not really.

CRAIG :

You know what? I think maybe sometimes in these situations it's okay to bend the truth a little.

BOBBY :

I wouldn't want to raise anyone's expectations and then disappoint them.

CRAIG :

That's it! You're pragmatic! Right there. That's what you tell them.

BOBBY :

(smiles)

Yeah?

CRAIG :

Yeah. I think you'll do great.

BOBBY :

Thanks, babe. You up for a match of table tennis?

CRAIG :

Um, I'm actually pretty terrible at it.

BOBBY :

Relax babe. It's just for fun.

INT. REC ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Bobby holds the ball, addressing Craig on the opposite side.

BOBBY :

We play a lot around here, but the problem is most people are too zonked out on their meds to compete.

Bobby serves to Craig's partner, Roger, but the ball just bounces past him. After a beat, Roger swings for it. Craig can't help but laugh.

INT. THREE NORTH - NORTH CORRIDOR -EVENING

Craig sits down on the hallway bench across from the rec room. Looks to the wall clock, which reads 6:58.

Nearby, Johnny talks on the telephone.

JOHNNY :

No, but--I never said those things.

She's a liar... Please, baby. Baby, baby, please, listen, listen....

Johnny notices Craig nearby, pauses for dramatic effect.

JOHNNY :

...I love you. You know, I love you...

That's right. Sure. Don't worry about it. Of course, I forgive you, baby.

Johnny gives Craig a thumbs up and a smile. Craig looks on, awed by his mastery of women, when...

...Noelle approaches. Craig plays it cool, as she takes a seat next to him.

NOELLE :

You came.

CRAIG :

Yeah. I mean, like, I had other plans, but I cancelled them.

NOELLE :

Good. I thought I mighta scared you off yesterday.

CRAIG :

Oh, yeah, celebrity suicide. Kinda weird.

Craig notices several old scars on Noelle's forearm, peaking out of her bunched up sleeve. Seeing this, Noelle subtly pulls her sleeves over her palms.

NOELLE :

Okay, check it out... We're gonna play a different game now.

CRAIG :

Okay.

NOELLE :

I ask you a question and you ask me a question.

CRAIG :

Do we answer them?

NOELLE :

It's up to you, but no matter what, you have to finish with a question. Here we go... You ready?

CRAIG :

I think so.

NOELLE :

I said finish with a question. Are you stupid?

CRAIG :

Uh, no... Are you?

NOELLE :

There you go. Do you think I'm gross looking?
Beat.

CRAIG :

No, you look awesome.

NOELLE :

What's your question?

CRAIG :

Why'd you invite me here?

NOELLE :

I thought it was nice that you loaned Bobby your shirt. Don't you think this is a good way to get to know someone?

CRAIG :

Sure. Have you played this before?

NOELLE :

Not in here. Are you a virgin?

CRAIG :

So... How long have you been here?

NOELLE :

Oooh, nice transition, Craig. Twenty-one days. Who brought you here?

CRAIG :

I checked myself in, I guess. Kinda byaccident. The suicide hotline said to come. Why are you here so long?

NOELLE :

They think I might cut myself again. Why'd you call the suicide hotline?

CRAIG :

I guess because I didn't actually wantto kill myself... even though I kind of did. Does that make sense? Noelle nods.

NOELLE:

So, why did you kind of want to killyourself?

CRAIG :

Depression... stress. Have you everheard of the Franklin Gates University-

NOELLE :

--Scholastic Summer Semester? Yes. So you messed up the application orsomething?

CRAIG :

No, I mean, I haven't even started yet.

NOELLE :

Finish with a question. Isn't it due on Friday?

CRAIG :

Geez. Do you have to remind me?

NOELLE :

Sorry. So are you some kind of brainor something?

CRAIG :

I work hard, but I'm not that smart. I get Bs. How about you?

NOELLE :

I don't care too much about school. The teachers think I have a problem with authority. Where do you go?

CRAIG :

Executive Pre-Professional. You?

NOELLE :

Delfin. You're not some kind of school uniform perv, are you?

CRAIG :

You guys wear uniforms?

NOELLE :

See, I knew it!

(flinching)

Is there a bug on my face?

Craig examines her face, finds a loose eyelash near her eye.

He holds it up for her to see.

CRAIG :

Make a wish.

Noelle thinks for a beat, blows it away.

CRAIG :

Is the game over yet?

NOELLE :

Sure.

Craig leans back, takes a deep breath.

CRAIG :

What do we do now?

NOELLE :

Are you still playing?

CRAIG :

No... are you?

They both laugh. Noelle jumps to her feet.

NOELLE :

I'll race you to arts and crafts.

Noelle takes off down the hall at full speed. Craig watches her for a second, then gives chase. As they pass Smitty...

SMITTY :

Hey, no running, please!

INT. REC ROOM - MINUTES LATER

JOANIE, the recreation director, addresses the class.

JOANIE :

This is free period arts recreational therapy for you latecomers.

The room full of PATIENTS turn their heads toward Craig and Noelle, just now taking their seats in the back.

Bobby cranes his neck, whispers over his shoulder to Craig:

BOBBY :

Cool Craig. Still workin' on it?

CRAIG :

It's not what you think.

BOBBY :

Call me crazy, but I think you guys were probably out there playing the question game.

CRAIG :

Oh, then I guess it is what you think.

BOBBY :

Thought so.

Joanie strolls up to Craig, introduces herself.

JOANIE :

I'm Joanie, the recreation director.

CRAIG :

Craig.

JOANIE :

Materials are on the table, Craig.

CRAIG :

Oh, that's okay. I don't really draw.

JOANIE :

Sure you do. It doesn't have to be representative. It can be abstract.

CRAIG :

That's okay, I'll just--
Joanie turns to the class.

JOANIE :

Everyone? Our new guest, Craig, has what we call an artistic block. He doesn't know what to draw.

HUMBLE :

How about beavers?

JOANIE :

Humble, we do not draw the sort of beavers you're talking about.

HUMBLE :

Oh really?
Humble holds up his drawing of an actual beaver.

JOANIE :

That's a very nice drawing, Humble.
Roger, from Saturday's ping-pong match, calls out in general:

ROGER :

Rolling pin!

JOANIE :

What was that, Roger? That's very good. What did you say?
But Roger clams up, won't repeat it.

CRAIG :

(to Noelle)
This is weird.

NOELLE :

She won't get off your back until you draw something. Anything. I bet you have some crazy stuff in that messed up little mind of yours.
We ZOOM IN on Craig's eyes, and enter his brain, which is an elaborate maze

of winding rivers and roads. We travel through Craig's animated mind village, until...
...we emerge out of a fireplace into...

INT. CRAIG'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Craig's Mom, LYNN, and Dad, GEORGE, watch Bill Clinton's state-of-the-union address on TV. A living room tent/fort is illuminated by a flashlight behind them.

SUPER:

INSIDE THE FORT. FIVE-YEAR-OLD Craig struggles to trace a map of Manhattan. Frustrated, he CRUMPLES the paper.

LITTLE CRAIG :

Shit!

OUTSIDE THE FORT. Lynn and George exchange glances.

BACK INSIDE. Lynn peaks her head in to find 16-YEAR-OLD CRAIG, in too-small jammies, looking pissed off.

LYNN :

Craig, honey, what's the matter?

CRAIG :

I can't do it. Five years old and I'm already a failure.

LYNN :

What can't you do?

CRAIG :

I can't even trace Manhattan on tracing paper. Tracing paper! Are you kidding?

LYNN :

Craig, you can't just trace freehand and expect it to be perfect.

CRAIG :

Why not?

LYNN :

You're five years old.

CRAIG :

That's no excuse. Mozart composed three major symphonies by the time he was five.

GEORGE (O.S.)

He's right, ya know.

LYNN :

Craig, listen, I have an idea. Instead of trying to trace maps of Manhattan, why don't you make your own maps... of imaginary places? FIVE-YEAR-OLD CRAIG is back. He looks up to his mom as we PUSH IN to CU. What a great idea!

CRAIG (V.O.)

That was the closest I'd ever come to an epiphany.

A60

The camera enters Craig's drawing, swerving through A60 streets and around corners in his imaginary city, until...

B60

...we PULL OUT, above the drawing. Craig's hand B60 enters frame, putting the finishing touches on his new creation. WE ARE BACK IN THREE NORTH AT PRESENT TIME.

JOANIE :

Looks like somebody got unblocked.

PROFESSOR :

That is extraordinary.

HUMBLE :

What is it?

Several patients gather around Craig's drawing.

BECCA :

It's so pretty.

BOBBY :

Not bad. Looks like a brain.

CRAIG :

Yeah... It's a brain map.

Craig turns to Noelle, but she's gone. However, she's left an impressive drawing of an orchid with a short note: NICE

MEETING YOU CRAIG. SEE YOU WEDNESDAY. SAME TIME, SAME PLACE.

SMITTY (O.S.)

Craig, you have a phone call.

INT. THREE NORTH - NORTH CORRIDOR COMMUNITY PHONE -

MINUTES LATER:

Craig picks it up.

CRAIG :

Hello?

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron screams into the phone...

AARON :

Is this the loony bin!?

Aaron cracks up, and we FREEZE on his mangled expression.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Okay, I've been putting this off, but I guess you should know more about my best friend, Aaron. He's the kind of guy that life just comes easy to.

INT. EPPHS CLASSROOM - DAY

TRACK down a row of students receiving their graded tests - 94, 97, 96, 98... Craig gets an 82%, and Aaron scores a 103%.

CRAIG (V.O.)

He's got a 4.6 GPA! I don't even see how that's possible. And he'll

probably get into the Gates Summer Program, and claim something like...

EXT. EPPHS COURTYARD - DAY

Aaron is juggling apples in front of his many friends, but turns to address the camera while keeping the apples revolving in only his left hand:

AARON :

I didn't even apply to that thing.

They totally recruited me. Whatever, it'll look good on my college apps.

He gets back to juggling two-handed for his friends.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Not that he'd need it... His extracurriculars are out of control. I mean Aaron does everything.

A64

FLASH ON AARON sliding into home during a baseball game. Craig is among the fans in the bleachers.

CRAIG :

He plays sports.

B64

FLASH ON a dark screening room, where Aaron is watching an old film noir from the 1930s, however...

...ON THE SCREEN, in classic trenchcoat-noir regalia, Craigemerges from a dark shadow, turns to us in the audience...

CRAIG :

He started a film society.

C64

FLASH ON Aaron connecting a shiny, futuristic cable C64 from his record player to a laptop computer. Craig appears in a Quicktime window in the corner of the screen.

CRAIG :

(addressing us from the computer)

He invented that adapter thing that converts vinyl albums to mp3s. Nia enters the room, starts making out with Aaron. Mid-smooch, Aaron reaches for his computer mouse, closes the Quicktime window with a CLICK.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I just couldn't compete...

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR COMMUNITY PHONE - PRESENT

A65

Craig speaks into the phone. We INTERCUT between A65 the hospital and Aaron's apartment.

CRAIG :

How'd you get this number?

AARON :

My girl gave it to me. What's it like in there, dude?

CRAIG :

How do you know where I am?

AARON :

C'mon Craig, we go to the same school. I did a reverse number search.

CRAIG :

Is there a class for that?

AARON :

Seriously, how'd you end up in AdultPsych? Do they serve beer in there? Craig hears laughter, and then Ronny, jumps on the line.

RONNY :

Dude, can you get me any Vicodin?
More laughter, but Nia protests.

NIA :

Guys, leave him alone!
Aaron muscles the phone away from Ronny.

AARON :

Seriously, Craig, what happened?

CRAIG :

I don't know. I had a bad night.

AARON :

What do you mean, a bad night?

CRAIG :

I'm just, you know, feeling...

AARON :

Dude, you just need to chill more.
Your problem is you never chill. I'm
gonna be chilling tonight; where yougonna be?

CRAIG :

Here. I'm gonna be here.

AARON :

Don't be a girl. You know if I was in
a mental ward, you'd call me up andgive me shit.

CRAIG :

It's not a ward; it's a hospital.

AARON :

What's the difference?

CRAIG :

You seriously don't know? They're,
like, two completely different-

AARON :

--Ohmigod, Craig, there is so nothing wrong with you!

CRAIG :

Yes, there is. I'm depressed. I take pills for it... ask Nia.

AARON :

Ask Nia what?

NIA :

Craig!

CRAIG :

Forget it. Maybe if you weren't such a dick, people would talk to you more and you'd know this kind of stuff.

AARON :

Dude, is this some kind of pity play for my girlfriend?

CRAIG :

Yo, Aaron.

AARON :

What?

Pause.

CRAIG :

Fuck you.

Craig SLAMS down the phone, crushing his finger in the process. He grimaces in pain, as Solomon approaches.

CRAIG :

I know, keep it down, I'm sorry.

His point made, Solomon retreats back down the hall.

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM - NIGHT

Craig stumbles in, falls into bed. Muqtada stirs.

CRAIG :

I don't have any friends.

A beat.

MUQTADA This is very tough thing to learn.

Craig looks to Muqtada, surprised to hear him respond. After a beat, Muqtada rolls over in the other direction.

INT. EPPHS CLASSROOM - DAY

We slowly TRACK IN on a TEACHER at her desk, as students turn in their FRANKLIN GATES SUMMER SCHOOL applications. The teacher thumbs through them all, then addresses the class...

TEACHER :

Huh... seems here someone neglected to turn in their Gates Summer application.

Who is it that doesn't want to study at Franklin Gates this Summer? Or eventually get into a good college?

Get a good job? Have a good lifestyle?

Get laid? I don't understand why anyone would want to end up depressed, alone and homeless... in a psych ward... sleeping next to some asocial reject named Muqtada!?

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM

Craig's eyes snap open in bed.

TITLE OVER BLACK: "TUESDAY: DAY 3"

INT. THREE NORTH - NORTH CORRIDOR - DAY

Craig lumbers slowly down the hall, when he hears a woman yelling with increasing volume.

As he approaches the TV room, he peers inside...

INT. TV ROOM

A WOMAN SCREAMS at Bobby. His daughter, VERONICA, who we recognize from the photo, watches in silence, while Roger observes nearby. Johnny lingers just outside the room.

WOMAN :

What's the matter with you?!

BOBBY :

Please lower your voice.

WOMAN :

How can you let your child see you like this? What kind of father are you? Bobby stares at his daughter across the table. She can't look him in the eyes.

WOMAN :

I swear it'd be better for her if you were dead. But you can't even get that right.

Smitty hurries into the room with Solomon following after.

SMITTY :

Excuse me, Miss, you're going to have to leave now.

WOMAN :

Waste of my time.

The woman grabs the girl by the hand and leads her out.

SMITTY :

You okay, Bobby?

Bobby nods, forces a smile.

BOBBY :

Yeah... sorry about the noise, Sol.

As Bobby exits the room, Craig tries to avoid eye contact, but Bobby puts on another smile.

BOBBY:

(to Craig)

My accountant... Check a wrong box and the bitch goes nuts. Craig chuckles, awkward. As Bobby continues down the hall, Craig approaches Johnny.

CRAIG :

What was that about?

JOHNNY :

His ex. They make each other a little crazy. You know how it is with women.

CRAIG :

Yeah, sure... women.

INT. THREE NORTH TV ROOM - DAY

George and Lynn visit with Craig. Jimmy stares out the window in the background.

GEORGE :

I talked to the admissions guy at Gates and he agreed to give you an extension.

LYNN :

But you should focus on getting well, honey. Try not to stress about it. Craig looks off.

GEORGE :

Um, yeah, that's right. Don't stress about it.

CRAIG :

There's a guy in here. Bobby. He's the one who borrowed your shirt. He has an interview today. For a place to live. He has a kid and if he doesn't get in, they could be homeless. George and Lynn exchange uneasy looks.

CRAIG :

Makes the Gates application seem pretty insignificant...

GEORGE :

Well, I'm sure you won't be homeless if you don't get in, but that doesn't mean it's not important.

LYNN :

George.

CRAIG :

Don't you have a client in crisis somewhere? Beat. George stares at Craig.

JIMMY :

It'll come to ya!

LYNN :

Yes, it will. Thank you.

They all sit in tense silence.

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a piece of paper labelled "FRANKLIN GATES PERSONAL ESSAY." It is blank, except for a series of impressed doodles in the margins.

Craig scribbles on the sheet as he sits alone in the rec room.

His attention drifts to the door when Bobby enters, wearing the borrowed shirt on his head like a turban. He looks totally dejected.

Craig watches as Bobby tumbles onto the couch and SCREAMS into a pillow at full volume. He thrashes around on the couch like a child having a temper tantrum.

After a few beats of this, Bobby rolls over onto his back, makes eye contact with Craig. Hold, as Bobby's breathing steadies. Nobody moves.

BOBBY :

I blew it.

CRAIG :

What happened?

Once again, Bobby screams at full volume, but this time he isn't muffled by the pillow. Craig looks on, perplexed.

Smitty and two MALE ATTENDANTS rush in, struggle to restrain Bobby and usher him out of the room.

INT. DR. MINERVA'S OFFICE - DAY

Craig sits across from Dr. Minerva.

DR. MINERVA

How did it make you feel? Seeing Bobby like that.

CRAIG :

I was scared... Not that he was going to hurt me or anything. Just seeing someone lose it like that. It reminded me of how I feel sometimes.

DR. MINERVA

How's that?

CRAIG :

Like I'm on the verge of just blowing up. All the stress, pressure, anxiety bubbling up inside of me. But I've never been able to, you know, let it out like that. I just keep it inside.

DR. MINERVA

Have you always felt that way?

CRAIG :

Well, not when I was a kid.

DR. MINERVA

Tell me about it.

CRAIG :

What do you mean?

DR. MINERVA

Tell me about being a kid-- about a time you remember just being happy... Carefree.

Craig thinks back...

CRAIG :

There was one day back in eighth grade...

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - WINTER FLASHBACK - DAY

Craig and Aaron, both a couple years younger, ride their bikes along the deserted boardwalk, laughing, having a ball.

CRAIG (V.O.)

It wasn't that long ago, but time felt different back then, like there was more of it. We spent the morning at Coney Island.

EXT. SANDY BEACH

Craig and Aaron run through a gaggle of seagulls, causing them to take flight.

EXT. BOARDED-UP CARNIVAL GAMES

They race each other down the empty alleyways.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Afterwards, we rode our bikes through Bay Ridge....

A76

FLASH ON Craig and Aaron cruising by a Pizza joint in Bay Ridge.

CRAIG (V.O.)

...Sunset Park...

B76

FLASH ON the duo eating tamales from a TAMALES VENDOR.

CRAIG (V.O.)

...Park Slope...

C76

FLASH ON them flying by a gang of YUPPY MOTHERS, pushing strollers. One of the moms yells at them to slow down.

CRAIG (V.O.)

...Downtown Brooklyn...

D76

FLASH ON Craig and Aaron buying a bootleg Lil Wayne CD off a local STREET VENDOR.

CRAIG (V.O.)

...Brooklyn Heights...

E76

FLASH ON them rolling along the Brooklyn Heights Promenade.

CRAIG (V.O.)

...all the way to the Brooklyn Bridge.

F76

FLASH ON the two of them rolling over the Brooklyn Bridge.

They pull over to the edge, lean over, and simultaneously spit on the taxis below. They crack up like two kids without a care in the world, until Aaron gets distracted by something over Craig's shoulder.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Then everything changed.

Following Aaron's gaze, Craig turns around, sees...

...a teenage girl eyeing Aaron from a few feet away. Aaron

smiles at her.

BACK TO DR. MINERVA'S OFFICE.

CRAIG:

Girls, grades, parents, two wars, impending environmental catastrophe, a fucked up economy... all these things seemed to come out of nowhere, like on the same day.

Dr. Minerva smiles.

DR. MINERVA

Craig, there's a saying that goes something like, "Lord, grant me the strength to change the things I can, the courage to accept the things I can't, and the wisdom to know the difference."

CRAIG :

So...

DR. MINERVA

So, let's talk about your parents.

CRAIG :

You think I can change my parents?

DR. MINERVA

No, but I'm a psychiatrist. I have to ask you about them at some point.

Craig smiles.

CRAIG :

They're good people. They do their best, but... Okay, take my dad. I just saw him today. And, like, he knows I'm here cause I'm stressed out, but he still brings up the Gates application.

It's, like, get a clue, Dad. There's something bigger going on here.

DR. MINERVA

And what's that?

Craig thinks for a beat.

CRAIG :

I'm not sure yet. But it feels big.

INT. THREE NORTH - NORTH CORRIDOR COMMUNITY PHONE -NIGHT

A78

Craig listens to his voice messages. First up, A78
SPLIT-SCREEN of Nia, again in the tub.

NIA :

Hey, Craig, I'm sorry Aaron was being such a dick. He's so arrogant and insensitive. We might totally break up over this. Call me. Bye.

B78

Craig hits a button, and his goggled science teacher, B78
Mr. Reynolds, replaces Nia. He's dissecting a cow heart.

MR. REYNOLDS

Hey there, Mr. Gilner. Look, buddy, I heard about what's going on, you know, where you are... and I want you to know we can postpone the labs until whenever you feel ready. Just hang in there.

C78

Craig hits a button, and Aaron replaces Mr. Reynolds. C78
He talks on the phone as a harem of HOT GIRLS look through his massive record collection in the background.

AARON:

Hey Craig... Hope you're not still mad about yesterday. It's been a rough day for me. Nia and I broke up. Anyway, hope you're feeling better. I'm out.

D78

Craig hits a button, and this girl, JENNA, takes over D78 the split screen. She's in the tub with Nia.

JENNA:

Hey, Craig, I'm Jenna, one of Nia's friends, and like... okay, this is really embarrassing, but I heard about all this stuff you went through, and I kind of go through that stuff too. We met each other a couple times, but I always thought you were just weird. I didn't realize you were, like, depressed. Anyway, I just think we should hang out, or whatever.

78

Craig hangs up, shakes his head in disbelief, as Bobby 78 approaches. He drapes the borrowed shirt over Craig's head.

BOBBY :

Thanks.

Craig removes the shirt, but Bobby continues down the hall. He's licking an ice cream cone. Craig rushes up to his side. As they walk, other patients trickle out of their rooms and migrate with them towards the dining room.

CRAIG :

Sorry you didn't get into the home.

BOBBY:

No sweat, babe. I actually don't find out for a few days... But I think I screwed the pooch.

CRAIG :

That sucks.

BOBBY :

I'm over it...

CRAIG :

Really?

BOBBY :

Not really, but I'm zonked on Atavan so...

CRAIG :

Where'd you get the ice cream?

BOBBY :

Mr. Softee truck across the street. They pass by Smitty.

SMITTY :

Bobby-
Other migrating patients chime in.

BECCA :

I want ice cream.

JOHNNY :

Can I have a lick, Bob?

SMITTY :

Two points off, Bobby.

BOBBY :

It's worth it.

Noelle steps up.

NOELLE :

What's with these points, anyway?

CRAIG :

Yeah, I know, what's with these points?

NOELLE :

Nobody could possibly be keeping track of them...

SMITTY (O.S.)

That's three points off for doubting the system.

Craig smiles, whispers to Noelle.

CRAIG :

Screw the system. You can have my points if you want.

Noelle smiles at Craig before floating ahead of them into the dining hall.

Humble steps up next to Bobby, hands him a crumpled dollar bill.

BOBBY :

What's this?

HUMBLE :

Dollar. For the pizza party.

BOBBY :

Where'd you get this?

HUMBLE :

Don't worry about it.

Humble drifts away. Bobby smells the buck.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Craig sits with Bobby. He looks at his battered fish sticks, takes a tentative bite.

Across the room, the Professor collides with Solomon and both their trays spill to the floor. An argument ensues.

BOBBY :

(smiling)

Know why she's here?

Craig shakes his head. Bobby leans in, conspiratorial.

BOBBY :

Used to be a radical academic up at Columbia, but after they passed the Patriot Act, she got crazy paranoid.

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - DAY

It looks like a tornado just blew through: papers on the floor, desk disassembled, holes in the walls. The Professor slouches on the floor, dismantling a telephone.

A CUSTODIAN peeks in as he passes by the office. He stops in his tracks, concerned.

BACK TO THE DINING ROOM

Craig stares at Bobby in disbelief.

BOBBY :

Pretty loco, no? And Solomon? That guy's nuts too.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG STREET - NIGHT

Solomon and a gang of other Hasids glide through the street on roller-blades.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Solomon was part of this cult of Hasidic acid-heads in Williamsburg. As he blades, Solomon sees buildings and cars melting everywhere. He lies down on his back, stares up at the stars. His BUDDIES approach on their blades, hover over him.

ACIDHEAD :

(in Yiddish with subtitles)

I think Solomon did too much.

BACK TO THE DINING ROOM

Bobby finishes the story.

BOBBY :

Did 100 tabs of acid in one night. Hasn't been the same since.

CRAIG :

Wow.

BOBBY :

Crazy, right?

CRAIG :

Yeah... What about you?

Bobby turns back to his food, uncomfortable.

BOBBY :

What about me?

Craig backs off, shifts direction.

CRAIG :

Um... Your daughter. Veronica. When do you see her again?

Bobby takes a bite. Chews and thinks.

BOBBY :

I don't know. I think maybe she's better off without me.

CRAIG :

C'mon, man...

BOBBY :

For real. I mean, I'm not exactly a role model in here. She's better off. Bobby nods, trying hard to convince himself.

CRAIG :

Okay, so I know it's none of my business and you can tell me to get lost if you want, but-

BOBBY :

Get lost.

Craig stares at Bobby for a tense beat, then looks down at his plate. Bobby shakes his head, frustrated with himself, then...

BOBBY :

Sorry. Guess the Atavan wore off.

Bobby gets up with his tray, pats Craig on the shoulder as he passes.

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

A visiting musician, NEIL (20s, goatee-sporting stoner), plugs his bass into an electric amp, gets SHRIEKING feedback.

NEIL :

Sorry, gang.

Patients file in, scurrying to find their favorite instruments: a full drum set, keyboard, maracas, washboard,

claves, etc.

Johnny sets himself up on guitar, while Bobby commands the keyboard. Becca grabs the maracas with Noelle on tambourine. Everybody has something, except Craig.

NEIL :

Welcome back to musical exploration.
Who doesn't have an instrument?
Noelle points to Craig.

NEIL :

No worries, bro. Let's get you up here on vocals.

CRAIG :

Oh, no, I can't sing.

PROFESSOR :

Just like he can't draw.

BOBBY :

C'mon... what're you afraid of?
Bobby nudges Craig, and he reluctantly heads up to the microphone, where Neil hands him a lyric sheet.

NEIL :

You know this one?

CRAIG :

(looking it over)
Um... I've heard it.

NEIL:

Good enough. Bobby and the ladies will help you out.

CRAIG :

Ladies?
Neil SNAPS his fingers and right on cue, Nurse Monica leads 4 other cute WEST INDIAN NURSES "on stage" to join Neil and Craig.

NEIL:

Okay, people, just like we practiced last week, here we go...
Neil launches into the wicked bass-line from the classic

David Bowie & Freddy Mercury rock anthem "Under Pressure".
Craig stares at the lyric sheet, not sure when to jump in.

BOBBY :

C'mon, cool Craig. Let's rock, babe.

A84

Craig lowers his head, and at this moment the scene A84 shifts to PURE FANTASY, as the lights fade low and everybody appears in outrageous glam-rock costumes. The spotlight finds Craig. He's a total rock star, dressed in a sparkling, skin-tight nylon jumpsuit with flaming bell-bottoms.

CRAIG :

(as Freddy Mercury)

Mm ba ba de... Um bum ba de...

The fabulous nurses sway in unison behind him. A smoky mist fills the air.

CRAIG :

Pressure pushing down on me...

Pressing down on you no man ask for...

Under Pressure - that burns a building down, Splits a family in two,
Puts people on streets... Um ba ba be...

De Day da... Ee day da...

Bobby, also glammed up with eye-shadow and spiky wig, flies out of the darkness onto the stage. He grabs the mic in Bowie mode.

BOBBY :

It's the terror of knowing what this world is about... Watching some good friends scream...

CRAIG :

Let me out! Pray tomorrow - gets me higher...

BOBBY :

Pressure on people, People on the streets...

Jimmy chimes in from out of nowhere.

JIMMY :

Day day de... Da da da ba ba...

Noelle steps up, shares the mic with Craig.

NOELLE :

Chippin' around - kick my brains around the floor... These are the days

it never rains, but it pours...

NOELLE/BOBBY

People on the streets...

CRAIG :

Ee da de da de...

NOELLE/BOBBY

People on the streets...

BOBBY :

It's the terror of knowing what this world is about... Watching some good friends scream...

EVERYBODY :

Let me out!!

CRAIG :

Pray tomorrow - gets me higher high!

BOBBY/NOELLE Pressure on people - People on the streets.

The song quiets down, and the Nurses snap their fingers in unison, as...

BECCA :

Turned away from it all like a blind man... Sat on a fence but it don't work...

BOBBY :

Keep coming up with love, but it's so slashed and torn...

CRAIG :

Why? Whyyyy? Whyyyyyyy?

Humble pounds on the drums, and music builds to a towering crescendo, climaxing, as...

CRAIG/NOELLE Can't we give ourselves one more chance? Why can't we give love that one more chance? Why can't we give love give love give love give love...

Johnny wails on the guitar like he's been touring for years, as sparks shoot out of a pyrotechnic device behind him.

EVERYBODY :

This is our last dance! This is our last dance! This is ourselves...

JIMMY :

Under pressure...

And the music fades, leaving only the sound of the nurses snapping their

fingers, until...

BACK TO REALITY:

Craig puts his mic back on the stand, looks out over the other patients. Everybody's on their feet and sweating buckets.

After a brief silence, the room erupts in joyous applause, as the patients and staff celebrate their awesome musical presentation, even if it didn't exactly happen the way we saw it. Craig and Noelle hug.

NOELLE :

That rocked!

INT. NIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nia paints her toenails, on the phone with Craig.

NIA :

Ohmigod, you're like a total rock star.

A86 We INTERCUT with Craig on the community phone. A86

CRAIG :

What do you mean?

NIA :

You're all anybody talks about anymore.

Like the whole school is obsessed with you. But you may want to consider getting a new look when you get out. Like your cell phone is so Y2K.

CRAIG :

Oh yeah, it's kinda-

NIA :

--Don't worry, we'll find you something cool, Craig.

CRAIG :

(smiling)

Cool Craig.

NIA :

What?

CRAIG :

Oh, somebody here calls me that. "Cool Craig."

NIA :

Is that somebody a girl?

CRAIG :

Oh, no.

NIA :

Well, are there any cute girls there?

Craig thinks about how to respond.

CRAIG :

Not really. Like a mental hospital probably isn't the best spot to hook up.

NIA :

Speak for yourself. I'm dying to see this place. Can I come visit?

CRAIG :

Sure, you can visit... If you don't mind the groupies hanging all over me.

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM - NIGHT

Craig returns to his room, falls back onto his bed, exhales.

CRAIG :

You've really gotta get out of the room more, Muqtada. There's a whole world out there.

Muqtada turns over, looks at Craig for a beat. Craig closes his eyes and we FADE OUT.

TITLE OVER BLACK: "WEDNESDAY: DAY FOUR"

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM - DAY

Craig wakes up to find a man in doctor's scrubs and surgeon's mask, sitting on his bed. Craig snaps upright.

BOBBY:

(removing the mask)

Relax, babe. It's me. Let's go for a walk. Put this on.

He hands Craig another set of scrubs.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

Bobby and Craig, disguised as doctors, stroll past the nurses' station, then slip through a door marked "Emergency Exit."

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Bobby and Craig continue down the hall, passing other doctors and patients in another wing of the hospital.

BOBBY :

Sometimes it's good to get out of there.

CRAIG :

If you know how to get out, why don't you just leave?

BOBBY :

Because it's crazier out there than it is in here.

CRAIG :

I know what you mean.
Bobby smiles.

BOBBY :

You play basketball?

CRAIG :

Not really.

BOBBY :

Me neither.

INT. GYMNASIUM ENTRANCE

Craig follows Bobby through a doorway, where they are greeted by an old CUSTODIAN.

BOBBY :

Hey Charlie Boy.

Bobby drops several small white pills into Charlie's hand.
Charlie nods.

CHARLIE :

Okay Bob. You got thirty minutes.

BOBBY :

Thanks.

INT. GYM BASKETBALL COURT - MINUTES LATER

Bobby and Craig shoot baskets in the hospital's atrium gym.
They are both terrible, only rarely making shots.

BOBBY :

What's up with you and Noelle?

CRAIG :

What do you mean?

BOBBY :

Don't play dumb. The energy is like...

Bobby makes a series of strange explosion sounds. Craigs smiles.

BOBBY :

...like fireworks, baby. You should ask her out.

CRAIG :

Ask her out?

BOBBY :

Yeah, you know. Out.

CRAIG :

I like her, but I think I'd be toonervous to ask her out.

BOBBY :

What're you nervous about?

CRAIG :

Rejection.

BOBBY :

You can't live in fear, babe. You'll end up like Muqtada. Or worse, like me.

Craig stares at Bobby, sympathetic.

BOBBY :

This is the part where you say, "No, Bobby, you're life isn't that bad."

CRAIG :

Oh, sorry, I-

BOBBY :

Relax, babe.

CRAIG :

I just-

BOBBY :

Point is you can't worry about rejection. C'mon, you can practice on me.

CRAIG :

Practice what?

BOBBY :

Asking Noelle out.

CRAIG :

Oh, no, that's okay.

BOBBY :

C'mon, I'll be Noelle.

(as Noelle)

Hey, Craig. What's up?

CRAIG :

Hi Noelle. Um... How's it going?

BOBBY :

Good. I get out of here soon. Do you like music, Craig?

CRAIG :

Yeah, sure.

BOBBY :

I like live music.

CRAIG :

Oh.

Pause.

BOBBY :

But I don't like to go to concerts by myself.

Pause.

CRAIG :

Oh. Okay. Well... maybe we could go together?

BOBBY :

You don't seem so sure about it.

CRAIG :

No. I'm sure. Let's go together.
We'll go to a concert together.

BOBBY :

Great. Who are we going to see?

CRAIG :

Oh, um... U2.
Bobby shakes his head, disappointed.

CRAIG :

Vampire Weekend?

BOBBY :

(as himself again)
Jesus, man, no.

CRAIG :

What then?

BOBBY :

Don't be one of those douchebags that takes his date to some band she doesn't want to see. This is very important. Are you listening?
Craig nods.

BOBBY :

You ask her what SHE likes...

CRAIG :

Right.

BOBBY :

But that was great! See! Easy, right?
Now you're ready.
Craig shoots, scores.

BOBBY :

Good shot. It's your lucky day, babe.
Bobby passes the ball back to Craig. He holds it.

CRAIG :

How'd you end up here?

BOBBY :

You don't give up, do you? I'm here on vacation.

CRAIG :

Seriously.

BOBBY :

I am serious. Some people go to theHamptons. I come here. People serveme food. I get to rest, sleep, evenget a little high sometimes.

CRAIG :

That's not what I heard about you.

BOBBY :

What'd you hear?

CRAIG :

You thought aliens stole your testicles.

BOBBY :

What? Who told you that?

CRAIG :

Relax, babe...

BOBBY :

(catching on)

Funny guy.

CRAIG :

Actually, I heard your accountant sayyou tried to kill yourself.

BOBBY :

This may come as a shock to you, CoolCraig, but that wasn't my accountant.

CRAIG :

Gee, really?

BOBBY :

And I've tried to kill myself sixtimes.
The mood shifts. They stare at each other for a tense beat.

CRAIG :

I thought about doing that, butcouldn't make it to the bridge; justcame straight here.

BOBBY :

What stopped you?

CRAIG :

My parents, I think. And my sister.
Knowing how bad it would mess them up.

BOBBY :

I don't get you, Craig. Young. Smart.
Talented. A family loves you. I don't
get it. What I wouldn't give to be
you. Just for a day. I would do so
much. Just to feel like... you know...
there was a future worth living for.
Like out there was actually a betterlife than in here. I would do so much.
Just live. Like it meant something...
Bobby shoots, misses.

BOBBY :

Screw it. Let's get outta here.
Bobby heads for the exit. Craig watches him for a beat, thenfollows.
INT. THREE NORTH - NURSES STATION - LATER
Dressed in their normal attire, Craig and Bobby stroll downthe hall towards
the nurse's station. Bobby hands Smitty thefolded doctors' scrubs.

BOBBY :

Hey, Smitty, I found these somewhere.
Bobby keeps walking, while Smitty examines the scrubs inconfusion. He looks
to Craig for an explanation, but Craigshrugs, continues on.
INT. DINING ROOM - DAY
Craig eats his lunch with the other patients. He seems to be
enjoying his meal for the first time in Three North.
Noelle strolls by Craig, drops a note next to his tray. He
smiles, reads...

INSERT:

He looks around for her, but she's gone. He folds the note

and continues eating.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

After lunch, Craig approaches his room, but stops upon seeing Becca and the Professor staring inside from the hall.

CRAIG :

What's going on?

PROFESSOR :

Look.

She gestures into the room, where Muqtada is out of bed, and slowly approaching the door.

CRAIG :

Hey, Muqtada, coming out for a walk?

Muqtada stops.

BECCA :

Shhh. You're disturbing his progress.

MUQTADA:

(still inside the room)

What is there to do?

CRAIG :

Um, lots of stuff. You like to draw?

Muqtada shakes his head.

CRAIG :

Ping-pong?

MUQTADA:

Ping... What?

BECCA :

How about music?

MUQTADA:

Yes.

CRAIG :

Great, okay-

MUQTADA:

--Only Egypt music.

Solomon flops up to them in his sandals and too-big pants.

SOLOMON :

Excuse me if you please I am trying to rest.

CRAIG :

Hey, Sol, have you met Muqtada?

Solomon reaches across the door threshold and shakes hands with Muqtada.

SOLOMON :

If you could please keep it down.

Solomon stalks off down the hall.

PROFESSOR :

He has sensitive hearing.

MUQTADA This I think is enough for one day.

Craig watches Muqtada go back to bed, climb under the covers.

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

Craig draws a series of brain maps, while his Gates application remains untouched at the edge of the table. He appears focused, at peace.

After a few moments, Craig hears a familiar voice.

NIA (O.S.)

Hey Craig.

Craig's attention jerks to the door, where Nia strolls in.

His mood suddenly shifts from peaceful to anxious. He self-consciously covers his art.

CRAIG :

Hey... this is a surprise.

NIA :

Aaron and I broke up.

CRAIG :

Oh... I'm sorry.

Nia sits down next to him. She's wearing a little beige camouflage skirt, and Craig is suddenly hypnotized by her thighs, which we slowly ZOOM IN on.

NIA :

Are you okay?

Craig shifts uncomfortably in his seat, trying to conceal his boner.

CRAIG :

Oh, yeah... Um, sorry.

NIA :

You must be really loaded.

CRAIG :

Yeah. I'm a little zonked.

She puts her hand on his knee. He looks down at his lap.

NIA :

You know, I've been thinking non-stop about you since we talked Monday.

CRAIG :

Oh, I've been thinking about you, too.

Jimmy walks by, shoots Craig a big smile.

JIMMY :

I woke up and my bed was on fire!

Nia looks at him, makes a face.

NIA :

What's wrong with that guy?

CRAIG :

He's schizophrenic.

NIA :

Weird... Anyway...

(laying on the flirt)

It's like you told me all this stuff about you and you're really... I don't know... mature. Not like everyone else with their stupid little problems.

You're like, really screwed up.

CRAIG :

I'm a mess.

NIA :

But in a good way. In the way that gives you experience.

CRAIG :

So you and Aaron broke up?

Nia nods, biting her lip, and we FREEZE on her irresistible expression.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Okay, so I know I should be thinking about Noelle and how I'm supposed to be meeting her in twenty minutes...

ECUs ON various parts of Nia's face: eyes, ears, lips...

CRAIG (V.O.)

But when you've got a really gorgeous girl in front of you, and you've been obsessing over her for two years, and she's biting her lip and talking low-

and you're hard- what are you gonna do?

Back to Craig as the frame resumes action.

CRAIG :

You wanta see my room?

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM

Craig leads Nia into his room, where by some miracle, Muqtada seems to be gone. He places his artwork on the nightstand, covers it with the blank Gates application.

NIA :

You haven't finished that yet?

CRAIG :

What? Oh...

But before he can respond, Nia advances toward him. A brief pause. They look each other over and then go at it like teenagers, falling back onto Muqtada's bed. Nia straddles over Craig.

As they kiss, Craig reaches up Nia's shirt. She moans.

Craig awkwardly moves his hand from one breast to the other.

NIA :

Me and Aaron never did anything like this.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Don't mention Aaron... Lalalalalalala.

NIA :

This was totally on my checklist.

Aaron suddenly appears, lying in bed next to Craig and Nia, swirling a snifter of Cognac. He wears a smoking jacket.

AARON :

Are you seriously squeezing my girlfriend's tit? Go easy, bro.

CRAIG :

(closing his eyes)

Lalalalalalalalala.....

NIA :

What are you doing?

A toilet FLUSHES off-screen.

NIA :

Is there someone in here?

CRAIG :

I'm gonna be sick.

MUQTADA (O.S.)

Sex!

Craig and Nia jerk their heads toward the front door, where Muqtada is standing by the bathroom.

MUQTADA Sex in my bed!

BLAH! Craig vomits on the floor.

NIA :

That is disgusting.

Nia pops out of bed, buttoning her shirt.

CRAIG :

Sorry.

MUQTADA Children make sex in my bed!

NIA :

Craig, who is this?

MUQTADA You terrible girl corrupt my friend!

CRAIG :

This is my roommate, Muqtada.

MUQTADA Don't talk to her! She try and makesex in my bed!

NIA :

Easy, Mookie, nobody was having sex.

Craig breathes and sweats heavily.

MUQTADA Woman is temptress! I know. Get out!

NIA :

What's wrong with you?

CRAIG :

He's going through a hard time.

NIA :

No, YOU! What's wrong with you?

CRAIG :

I'm also going through a hard time.

NIA :

Get some sleep, Craig. I'll call youtomorrow.

CRAIG :

Nia wait!

Craig tries to stop Nia, but gets tangled up with Muqtada.

CRAIG :

Nia!

INT. THREE NORTH - EAST CORRIDOR

Craig rushes out of the room, sees Nia at the opposite end.

CRAIG :

Wait, Nia!

(desperate)

I love you!

Nia looks back to Craig.

NIA :

Just get better, Craig.

At this point, Craig notices Noelle standing nearby, a pencilsketch in her hand. His words echo in his head as he sees how upset she looks.

CRAIG :

No, I mean--

Nia continues down the hall as Noelle crumples her sketch, flings it at Craig, then takes off in the opposite direction.

CRAIG :

Wait...

But they both keep going. Craig slumps to the floor, backagainst the wall. After a beat, he grabs Noelle's discardedsketch, unfolds it.

INSERT:

mirror, titled "Under Pressure".

Hold on Craig, moved by the sketch.

INT. HALL- OUTSIDE NOELLE'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Craig KNOCKS. And KNOCKS.

CRAIG :

Noelle... Noelle, please... I love

your portrait. It's amazing. I'm

sorry if I messed up. I wish you'd open the door... You okay in there?

A piece of paper slides out from under the door. Craig picks it up.

INSERT:

CRAIG :

Oh... this is pretty cool too... So,

our meeting tonight... Is it fair to

assume that's not happening?

No answer.

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Muqtada greets Craig.

MUQTADA Sorry, Craig. Are you okay?

Craig hands Muqtada the penis drawing.

MUQTADA Oh...

Craig falls back on his bed, totally dejected.

CRAIG :

You've had it figured out all along,

Muqtada... never get out of the bed.

TITLE OVER BLACK: "THURSDAY: DAY FIVE"

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM - DAY

BOBBY (O.S.)

I got in.

Craig emerges from under the covers to find Bobby hovering above him.

CRAIG :

In what?

BOBBY :

In your mother.

CRAIG :

Oh...

BOBBY :

In the home. I have a home.

CRAIG :

But, I thought...

BOBBY :

I was wrong. It's not the first time.

CRAIG :

(without emotion)

That's great.

A beat, as Bobby looks Craig over.

BOBBY :

We missed you at breakfast, babe.

Smitty said your evaluation's at six.

You ready?

CRAIG :

What do you think?

Craig rolls over, moans.

BOBBY :

Is this about the whole Nia/Noellefiasco?

CRAIG :

How do you know about that?

BOBBY :

Solomon. He has very sensitive hearing. And FYI, don't ever listen to Johnny's girl advice. No sophisticated woman would ever fall for that crap.

CRAIG :

It's not just women. I can't do anything right... My life's a mess.

BOBBY :

No, my life is a mess... Muqtada's life is a mess. No offense, babe.

MUQTADA:

All good, papa.

BOBBY :

Ordinarily I wouldn't be in here playing big brother Bob with you, but I happen to like you, Craig. You remind me of myself your age.

(MORE)

BOBBY (cont'd)

I was much better looking, of course. And I never had problems with women-- I was much better looking, of course. And I never had problems with women--

MUQTADA:

Get back on track, man.

BOBBY :

The point is, you're sixteen years old. Someday you won't be. And in twenty years, if you're celebrating your daughter's eighth birthday in a place like this, I swear to god Muqtada and I are going to kick your ass... He not busy bein' born, is busy dyin', babe... Believe this. Bobby heads for exit, but stops at the door.

BOBBY :

Oh, and by the way-- I came in here to tell you I'm not gonna be homeless tomorrow. Just sayin'... Craig stares at the door for a beat after Bobby leaves, still processing it all. MUQTADA This Bobby, I think, is very wise man. Craig looks at Muqtada as he rolls back towards the window, pulling the blanket over his head. Hold. FADE OUT.

INT. MEDICATION LINE - DAY

A nurse hands Craig his medication, and he downs it.

INT. THREE NORTH - EAST CORRIDOR

Craig mopes down the hall when he notices Bobby at the opposite end of the corridor, talking on the phone. Bobby smiles big as he talks to his daughter.

BOBBY :

And it's next door to the Y, so we can go swimming in the pool or maybe they got table tennis. Yeah, sure, pingpong. Same thing... Don't worry, I'll teach you... So your mom'll bring you on Saturday and we'll cook a feast...

Absolutely--mint chocolate chip.

Anything for you, babe.

Craig looks on, touched by Bobby's optimism.

INT. CRAIG'S THREE NORTH BEDROOM

A freshly showered Craig sits in bed, drawing on a large sheet of white paper. He looks at peace, totally immersed in his artwork.

INT. NOELLE'S ROOM - DAY

The newest of Craig's brain maps slides under the door: a stunning image of two brain-cities connected by a bridge.

Noelle picks it up, reads the note on the other side: I WANT TO EXPLAIN. NO EXCUSES. USUAL PLACE, 4PM. I'M AN IDIOT.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - DAY

Bobby stands in proud warrior position, when Craig pokes his head in.

CRAIG :

Oh, sorry... What're you doing?

BOBBY :

Yoga. What're you doing?

CRAIG :

Apologizing for acting like a jerk earlier. Congratulations on your home. Thanks.

BOBBY :

CRAIG:

I've been thinking about what you said, and, I think I'm ready to start being born... Bobby stares at Craig.

CRAIG :

I mean, you know...

Bobby smiles.

INT. THREE NORTH - NORTH CORRIDOR - DAY

Craig paces, glances at the clock, which reads 4:15. He's about to give up, when he sees Noelle coming towards him.

She wears an "I HATE BOYS" t-shirt. Craig smiles tentatively, but Noelle remains stone-faced.

CRAIG :

Thanks for coming.

No response.

CRAIG :

So, I just wanted to say, I'm really sorry about yesterday. That girl you saw me with... she was my best friend's girlfriend. I've been obsessed with her forever-

NOELLE :

--And you're in love with her?

CRAIG :

No.

NOELLE :

Of course not. But you think she's hot, so you told her what you thought she'd want to hear.

CRAIG :

Um, I don't think--

NOELLE :

--and now you're going to do something to me.

CRAIG :

No, I wasn't.

NOELLE :

You weren't?

Noelle stares at him, waiting for what's next. Craig thinks it over. After a confused beat, Noelle turns to go, but Craig grabs her arm.

CRAIG :

Okay, it's true that I think you're hot. And I do want to say the right thing, but only because I really like you. I like that you don't hide your problems like everyone else. That you wear them right there on your face...

And I feel like I don't have to hide mine when I'm with you.

Noelle manages a subtle smile. Encouraged, Craig continues.

CRAIG :

I've been thinking a lot, and I realized, you know, that, well... if you're not busy being born, then you're busy dying... and I think we could both benefit from being born... again. Not born again, but, you know?

NOELLE :

Gee, thanks for the wisdom, Bob.

CRAIG :

What? He told you that one too?

NOELLE :

Who?

CRAIG :

Bobby.

NOELLE :

Yeah, and about a billion other people.
It's alright, Ma.

CRAIG :

What?

NOELLE :

Bob Dylan. It's the song you justquoted.

CRAIG :

What? No.

NOELLE :

Yes.

CRAIG :

Oh.

Noelle laughs. Craig smiles too.

CRAIG :

Anyway, my point is... I wanta playdoctor with you.
She cocks her head, intrigued. Craig SNAPS his fingers,
smiles.

NOELLE :

What are you doing?

He SNAPS again, looks down the hall.

CRAIG :

Where is he?

After a beat, a commotion erupts from the opposite end of the hall, as Bobby streaks naked through the corridor, howling like a mad man. The nurses leave their station to help contain him.

Noelle cracks up, as Craig ducks into the utility closet, snatches a pair of scrubs. They run off, sneaking through the emergency exit.

Bobby notices Craig and Noelle escape, then stops running.

He smiles, as the nurses lead him away.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - ANOTHER FLOOR

Craig and Noelle (disguised as doctors) emerge from the stairwell, blending into the crowd of doctors and patients.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Craig and Noelle stroll past EMERGENCY PATIENTS. When they see a SECURITY GUARD approaching from the opposite direction, they quickly attend to the nearest patient, an old CHINESE MAN. Craig rubs his head.

CRAIG :

Does this hurt?

Noelle massages his feet.

NOELLE :

How about this?

The guard passes without suspicion, so Craig and Noelle take off, leaving the Chinese man very confused.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Craig and Noelle jog down the hall, turn a corner to find...

...Dr. Minerva and her posse of interns coming towards them.

Craig and Noelle put on the brakes and scramble in the other direction.

INT. INNER STAIRWELL

They race up the stairs, find an exit door, and emerge out onto...

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOFTOP

...where the setting sun casts a fiery red glow on the Brooklyn rooftops.

They take a beat to admire the Manhattan skyline and Brooklyn Bridge below.

NOELLE:

This is amazing.

Craig looks at Noelle, reaches out, and touches her face.

She doesn't move.

NOELLE :

You're not a cut fetishist, are you?

Craig removes his hand.

CRAIG :

What? No.

NOELLE :

Good. Those guys are so creepy.
Craig smiles and they look out in silence.

NOELLE :

How come you never asked me why?

CRAIG :

Why what?

NOELLE :

Why I did it.

CRAIG :

I guess I figured you'd tell me when you wanted me to know.
Noelle smiles, nods.

NOELLE :

Thanks.
After a beat, Craig summons his courage.

CRAIG :

Um... do you like music?

NOELLE :

Um, yeah. Do you like breathing?

CRAIG :

Oh, right. Dumb question.
Sensing his discomfort, Noelle lightens up.

NOELLE :

I like Radiohead, Pixies, T Rex... Whatelse...
Craig nods. They sit in awkward silence, until...

CRAIG :

Have you seen them live?

NOELLE :

I've seen Radiohead and the Pixies.

CRAIG :

Cool... So... Um...

NOELLE :

Vampire Weekend's playing a show at the end of the month.
Noelle pauses, giving him another chance. Craig just nods.

NOELLE :

You wanta go?
Craig smiles, an enormous weight has been lifted.

CRAIG :

Yes! I would. With you?

NOELLE :

No, with Smitty. Yes with me.
They both continue to smile and look out over the sunset,
until Noelle leans over, kisses Craig on the cheek, and we FREEZE mid-kiss-
CRAIG (V.O.)
Sorry guys... This is about to get pretty sappy, so I'm just gonna give you
the highlights.
As Craig speaks in VO, we see various postcard-like stills presented as a
slide-show presentation.
CRAIG (V.O.)
This is me sharing the realization that I don't actually want to be a CEO,
lawyer, or President.
CLICK to the next slide of Noelle, mid-cackle.
CRAIG (V.O.)
This is Noelle, laughing at the idea that I once wanted to be President.
CLICK to Noelle giving the world the finger.
CRAIG (V.O.)
Here, Noelle suggests I "screw" the Gates Summer application if it makes
me unhappy.
CLICK to next slide of Craig, smiling.
CRAIG (V.O.)
This is me liking that idea.
CLICK to Craig, no longer smiling.
CRAIG (V.O.)
This is me thinking about how to tell my dad.
CLICK to Noelle, blushing.
CRAIG (V.O.)
This is after I tell Noelle how
wonderful and beautiful she is.
CLICK to Craig and Noelle kissing.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Oops. How'd that get in there?

CLICK to Noelle's head on Craig's shoulder, as they both look out over the sunset. Postcard text appears on screen:

GREETINGS FROM ARGENON HOSPITAL.

INT. DR. MINERVA'S OFFICE

Back in normal attire, Craig sits across from Dr. Minerva.

DR. MINERVA

How are you feeling?

CRAIG :

I was having kind of a bad day. I missed dinner and breakfast.

DR. MINERVA

Why?

CRAIG :

I think I was probably just feelingscared about leaving.

DR. MINERVA

What scares you about leaving?

CRAIG :

There are a lot more things to stress about on the outside.

DR. MINERVA

Are you still having suicidal thoughts?

Craig shakes his head, no.

CRAIG :

It's like... there are so many people, not just in this hospital, but in the whole world, ya know, who are struggling so hard to live. And it seems like, self-indulgent, for me not to appreciate what I have.

DR. MINERVA

Like what?

CRAIG :

Well, there's my family, my home... and my friends... This girl. You know Noelle?

Dr. Minerva raises her eyebrows.

DR. MINERVA

Noelle? She's the spunky one.

Craig blushes slightly. Did she just call his girlfriend "spunky"?

CRAIG :

Oh, and this...

Craig reaches into his pocket, unfolds one of his brain maps.

CRAIG :

I always thought art was just bourgeoisdecadence, but...

He hands the drawing to Dr. Minerva who looks it over.

DR. MINERVA

It's really wonderful, Craig.

CRAIG :

Thanks. I did about twenty of them.

It's something I really enjoy.

DR. MINERVA

What do you enjoy about it?

CRAIG :

It's fun. And it takes my mind off thestuff that stresses me out.

DR. MINERVA

Is this something you plan to continuewhen you leave?

CRAIG :

Yeah, maybe, but my Dad might freak.

DR. MINERVA

Have you told him how you feel?

CRAIG :

Not yet.

DR. MINERVA

But you will.

Craig nods.

DR. MINERVA

When?

CRAIG :

I don't know. As soon as I see him, I guess.

DR. MINERVA

And if he freaks?

Craig thinks it over, smiles.

CRAIG :

Better him than me.

Dr. Minerva laughs.

DR. MINERVA

That's going to be the challenge... Youready?

Craig nods.

CRAIG :

I think so. How am I doing? With the evaluation.

DR. MINERVA

Oh. Well, Craig... We've only just begun. The evaluation consists of three parts. There's still the multiple choice section and a personalessay explaining why we should let you go...

Craig stares at Dr. Minerva in shock.

DR. MINERVA

What? Doctors can't make jokes too?

Craig exhales in relief.

DR. MINERVA

You can leave first thing in themorning...

CRAIG :

Thank you.

DR. MINERVA

You should stop by and say hi sometime.

You know, we have a volunteer programwith the local high schools. You could

help others who are going through thesame thing.

Craig thinks it over, smiles and nods.

INT. NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

Craig approaches Smitty, carrying the doctors' scrubs.

CRAIG :

Tonight's my last night, Smitty.

SMITTY :

Congratulations. We'll miss you, Craig.

CRAIG :

And Bobby's too. You think we can have a pizza party?

SMITTY :

Sure, if you can get the money.

CRAIG :

How many pizzas do you think we need?

SMITTY :

Well, we've got thirty patients and five staff, but that's including Muqtada and the anorexics, so... seven pies should do.

CRAIG:

(handing over the scrubs)

Cool. Oh, I found these down over there somewhere.

Smitty examines the scrubs, watches Craig go.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR COMMUNITY PHONE

Craig speaks into it.

CRAIG :

Yeah, seven large pies. All kinds...

Just tell them to send the delivery guy to the third floor, Three North.

Thanks, Dad. I'll see you and mom tomorrow.

Craig hangs up, looks down the hall, where...

...Muqtada is peeking out their bedroom door. Craig waves, but Muqtada just disappears back inside.

Craig thinks for a beat, then picks up the phone again.

CRAIG :

Hey, man... I could really use a favor.

INT. THREE NORTH - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

With a completed stack of art beside him, Craig puts the finishing touches on a new brain map.

Craig looks up as the security guard buzzes open the Three North entrance doors, and George enters with six large pizzas.

CRAIG :

Hey dad, I wasn't expecting you in person.

GEORGE :

I left work early. Thought it was more important to be here.

Craig nods.

SMITTY:

(approaching)

Mr. Gilner, thank you so much! Three

North loves you tonight...

(to Craig)

See ya back there in a jiff?

Smitty takes the pizzas from George, heads toward the dininghall.

GEORGE :

(re:

Whatcha got there?

Craig hands George the stack of brain maps. George looksthrough them. After a beat, he smiles.

GEORGE :

You did these? Very nice.

CRAIG :

Thanks. I've been doing a lot of artin here, and it's, um, actually... it'ssomething I'd like to continue.

GEORGE :

Oh. That's good.

CRAIG :

Like, maybe, take a class this summer.

GEORGE :

What about the Gates program?

CRAIG :

It's not for me.

Solomon runs by them, holding up his pants.

SOLOMON :

Craig! Have you heard about the pizzatonight?

CRAIG :

Yeah, I'll be there in a minute, Sol.

George takes a deep breath.

GEORGE :

Art's a wonderful hobby, but why don'tyou hold off on any big decisions untilyou've gotten home, had some time toclear your head?

CRAIG :

What do you think I've been doing hereall week? I've thought a lot about it-

GEORGE :

I'm just saying, let's not close off your options. This could be very important for your future.

Craig looks at George for a beat, disappointed.

CRAIG :

What about now? I'm sixteen years old.

Can't I start worrying like an adult when I become one?

GEORGE :

When I was your age-

CRAIG :

Dad! I know you're just trying to help, but you really stress me out sometimes. And that's part of the reason I'm here.

George takes this in. After a beat...

CRAIG :

But after I leave tomorrow, I don't ever want to have to come back.

George nods, understanding the weight of this.

GEORGE:

(after a beat)

Thanks for getting here and getting help.

CRAIG :

Do you wanna come grab a slice with me?

Meet some people?

INT. REC ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Craig and George step into the room, where the patients chow down on pizza.

Craig spots Noelle, leads George to her.

CRAIG :

Noelle, this is my dad. George.

NOELLE :

Hi George. So what are you in for?

GEORGE :

I, um...

CRAIG :

She's kidding, dad.

George smiles and they shake hands, as Johnny steps by.

CRAIG :

Hey, Johnny, meet my Dad.

JOHNNY :

Yo, thanks for the pies, Mr. G.

GEORGE :

No problem... Johnny.

CRAIG :

(to Johnny)

Hey, have you seen Bobby?

JOHNNY :

Not since lunch.

GEORGE :

(looking off-screen)

Oh, is that...

Johnny and Craig follow George's eyeline to the ping-pongtable across the room.

INT. REC ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Craig and Johnny play doubles ping-pong vs. George andNoelle. His sleeves rolled, George plays like he's knowneverybody for years.

SMITTY :

Hey Craig, you have another visitor.

INT. THREE NORTH - WAITING AREA

Craig comes out to find Aaron texting on his phone. When he sees Craig, he hands him a flat brown paper bag.

AARON :

I found it. I must have lent out the first two volumes. But here's the third.

CRAIG :

I so appreciate this.

AARON :

No problem... Look, man, I'm sorry Iwas a bitch to you.

CRAIG :

I'm sorry I tried to make out with your girlfriend.
Aaron and Craig nod at each other for an awkward beat.

CRAIG :

How are things with Nia?

AARON :

We're gonna try to work through it.

CRAIG :

Good.

AARON :

You know, I might hide it pretty well,
but I get that depression stuff too,
sometimes.

CRAIG :

Yeah?
Aaron nods.

AARON :

Don't kill yourself, okay?

CRAIG :

I won't.

AARON :

Seriously.

CRAIG :

Thanks.
Craig holds out his hand for Aaron to slap, but Aaron turns it into a hug.
Aaron heads for the exit, but pauses one last time.

AARON :

Did you really try to make out with Nia?
Craig smiles and shrugs.

AARON :

(with a smile)
Dick.
Aaron exits and Craig heads back toward the party, but stops when--

NURES MONICA :

Craig... You left your drawings hereearlier.

Monica hands the stack to Craig, who looks closely at the oneon top: a custom drawn brain map that says "Bobby" at thebottom.

CRAIG :

Thanks Monica.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM

Craig peeks inside the room to find Bobby staring at thefloor in the corner.

CRAIG :

Pizza's getting cold. What's up?

BOBBY :

Feeling pretty tired, think I'm gonnaskip the pizza tonight. Just packing up.

CRAIG :

So, vacation's over...

BOBBY :

Yup. Back to work.

CRAIG :

You got a job?

BOBBY :

Nope.

Beat. Craig shifts.

CRAIG :

You know, I used your Dylan line onNoelle.

BOBBY :

How'd it go?

CRAIG :

Good. We're gonna hang out soon. See some music.

Bobby smiles. Craig steps in, hands him a brain map.

CRAIG :

Here. It's you.

BOBBY :

Yikes. It's a mess in there.

CRAIG :

It's not such a mess. It's just
undergoing renovations.

Bobby smiles.

CRAIG :

I wrote my number on the back... let's get together sometime... play
some table tennis.

Bobby thinks for a long beat, knowing this won't happen.

BOBBY :

Sure.

CRAIG :

Cool... So I'll see you at breakfast tomorrow.

Bobby nods. Craig starts to leave when...

BOBBY :

Good luck, Craig. Not that you'll need it.

CRAIG :

Thanks. You too, babe.

They both smile and Craig exits.

INT. REC ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Craig enters to find everyone chowing down on pizzas and rocking out to
Smitty's funk records.

He smiles to himself, noticing George, now teamed-up with the Professor,
continuing to dominate other patients at the pingpong
table.

Craig approaches Smitty and hands him the paper bag that Aaron brought.

Smitty removes an album from the bag: EGYPTIAN MASTERS:

VOLUME 3. Smitty glances to Craig, and shakes his head.

CRAIG :

Trust me.

Smitty makes a face, but goes to the record player anyway.

The music cuts out mid-song, and some of the patients begin to grumble.

CRAIG :

Just wait...

The Egyptian Masters album soars into play.

JOHNNY :

Is this a joke?

HUMBLE :

Hey, I like this. Yeah!

Humble moves to the music.

BECCA :

Look!

Becca points to the rec room entrance, where...

...Muqtada is swaying to the rhythm, and tapping his feet.

CRAIG:

Hey, Muqtada, join the party!

Everyone gets down, and dances to the Egyptian Masters with Muqtada at the helm.

Near the rec room entrance, Bobby emerges in the doorway, observes for a quiet beat. He watches as...

...Craig heads over to Noelle in the corner. She smiles to Craig, wiggles her hips to the unusual music. They laugh, and Craig joins her in a little dance.

Bobby smiles to himself and slowly backs out of the room.

TITLE OVER BLACK: "FRIDAY"

INT. THREE NORTH - EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

From the opposite end, Craig advances through the corridor with his duffel bag and a stack of brain maps. He passes...

JOHNNY :

Good luck, buddy.

HUMBLE :

You should really stay longer; you might lose it on the outside.

CRAIG :

I'll take my chances.

Jimmy strolls by in the other direction.

JIMMY :

It'll come to ya!

Craig continues, passing patients and staff, saying his goodbyes.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Okay, I know you're thinking, "What is this? Kid spends a few days in the hospital and all his problems are cured?" But I'm not. I know I'm not. I feel how easily I could fall back into it, lie down and not eat, look at my homework and freak out, look at Nia and be jealous...
Smitty approaches, gives Craig his cell phone, keys, and shoelaces.

CRAIG :

Thanks, Smitty. Have you seen Bobby?

SMITTY :

He already left. Early this morning.
At first disappointed, Craig forms a slight smile.

CRAIG (V.O.)

But the difference between today and last Saturday is that giving up just isn't an option anymore.

Craig sees Noelle, his face brightens.

NOELLE :

How do you feel?

CRAIG :

I feel like I can handle it.

LYNN (O.S.)

Craig?

They turn toward Lynn and George in the waiting area.

CRAIG :

Wanta meet my mom?

NOELLE :

You really move fast, don't you?

Craig's parents approach.

CRAIG :

Hey mom, this is Noelle.

LYNN :

A pleasure to meet you.

NOELLE :

You too.

GEORGE :

Hey Noelle.

NOELLE :

Hey George. Did you have fun lastnight?

GEORGE :

I haven't partied like that since 1999.
Craig rolls his eyes. Noelle smiles.

NOELLE :

Well, I'll let you go. Nice to meet
you all.

CRAIG :

See you next week.
Noelle smiles and struts off.

LYNN :

(to George)
What exactly went on here last night?

GEORGE :

Sorry, honey, what happens in ThreeNorth stays in Three North.
Lynn elbows George.

CRAIG :

Guys, can you go home without me and I'll meet you back there in a
fewminutes?

LYNN :

Why? Are you okay?

CRAIG :

I'm fine. I just want to ride my bikehome.

GEORGE :

Sure. We'll take your stuff. But
hurry up; Alyssa baked you cookies.
Lynn kisses Craig on the forehead.

CRAIG :

See you in a few minutes.
Lynn and George walk towards the elevator. Craig watchesthem for a beat,
then glances back for one last look at ThreeNorth, sees...
...Muqtada, out of his room again, chatting with Solomon.

EXT. ARGENON HOSPITAL - DAY

Craig steps out into the brisk spring air with the other PEDESTRIANS, COMMUTERS, and HOSPITAL LOITERERS. He goes to the bike rack, bends down and swirls the number rings to his combination.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I know something's changing in me. It might not be dramatic, but it's real.

And for the first time in a while, I can look forward to things I want to do in my life...

Craig smiles into the camera.

A122

The following rapid-fire sequence takes us through A122 wildly stylized images that correspond with Craig's stream-of-consciousness voice over...

CRAIG (V.O.)

Bike. Eat. Drink. Talk. Ride the subway. Read. Read maps. Make maps. Make art. Have a party. Hug my mom. Kiss my dad. Kiss my little sister. Make out with Noelle. Make out with her more. Take her on a picnic. See a movie with her. See a movie with Aaron. Heck, see a movie with Nia. Tell people my story. Volunteer at Three North. Help people like Bobby. Like Muqtada. Like me. Draw more. Draw a person.

(MORE)

CRAIG (V.O.) (cont'd)

Draw a naked person. Draw Noelle naked.

Run. Travel. Swim. Skip. I know it's lame, but, whatever, skip anyway...

Breathe. Breathe. Breathe. Live.

Draw a naked person. Draw Noelle naked.

Run. Travel. Swim. Skip. I know it's lame, but, whatever, skip anyway...

Breathe. Breathe. Breathe. Live.

BACK TO CRAIG ON THE STREET

He's biking full speed. We TRACK with him for several beats, but he's just too fast. He flies out of frame, and we...

CUT TO BLACK.