

It's Kind of a Funny Story

by  
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Based on the novel by Ned Vizzini

**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: hurling down toward the water below. At the  
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: "IT'S KIND OF A FUNNY STORY"

**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: "SUNDAY: DAY 1"

**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 bird dogging 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 his phone.

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 my parents 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, so they 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: Dr. Mahmoud signs the admittance form.

**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: we do NOT talk about 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: A schedule outlining the hour-by-hour itinerary for the week. Includes things like: BREAKFAST, VITALS, THERAPY (GP. #1), ARTS & CRAFTS, BINGO, LUNCH.

MONICA

In the meantime, we'll contact your family, and they can bring over a change of clothes, toothbrush, that kind of thing.

CRAIG

Um, well, I don't think I'll be here that 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 you have any sharp objects on you? Pocket knife? Keys?

Craig hands her his keys.

MONICA

Good. We'll need your cell phone and belt, 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 it inside a plastic bag with his keys and shoelaces.

**INT. THREE NORTH - EAST CORRIDOR**

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

Smitty spots a woman in a professional skirt suit approaching. She is DR. EDEN MINERVA (late 40s), the staff psychiatrist.

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 fix  
up 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, "Do  
this in a jiff, that in a jiff."

CRAIG  
I think it just means, like, a short  
period 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 ten or so PATIENTS are scattered about.

BOBBY  
We spend a lot of time in here. Right there you got your dining room situation; rec room area is over there. They got a record player, but everything'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 I think that trivializes the sport.

Craig nods.

BOBBY  
But I'm talking about the other points. You need'm for privileges, like hanging in the rec room, trips to the gift shop, 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. Craig surveys the room. This isn't quite what he had in mind when he 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 think I'm okay now. So, um, you know, I'd like to go home. If that's cool.

Dr. Minerva leafs through papers on her clipboard, finds Craig's form.

DR. MINERVA

It says here you're suicidal and asked to be admitted.

CRAIG

I thought you guys would be able to do something quick. Like give me some medication 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 at first. 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 application stuff 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. Craig winces.

SERVER

Want broccoli?

CRAIG (V.O.)

Sometimes I have trouble eating.

**INT. SLOOTERS RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

SUPER: 1 YEAR AGO

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

CRAIG (V.O.)

The first time I experienced stress vomiting was at Slooters downtown.

GEORGE

Hey, Craig, how's your Intro to Wall Street 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 become a 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 the girls' 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-billy hairdo).

BOBBY

And this clown is Humble.

HUMBLE, a pudgy former Kojak stand-in, nods hello. He speaks with 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, but yes, yes I had a lotta women. And, no, I'm not the best looking cat on the street. But you wanta know the secret to 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 you can play guitar.

BOBBY

Don't mess with the kid's head; he's already 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 young still.

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: SAHARA PATEL - SAT: 2380 GRE: 1530 (5.5 Writing)  
LSAT: 174 MCAT: 42 (S Writing)

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

SUPER: JAMES HOWARD - 3 time winner of the F. Gates Young Genius Trophy (2003, 2005, 2006)

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

SUPER: AARON FITZCARRALDO - Winner of the inaugural Edison Young Inventors Cup (2006); 2 time winner of the F. Gates Young Genius Trophy (2002, 2004); Doubles badminton Olympic gold medalist (2008)

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

SUPER: CRAIG GILNER -

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 arm and we FREEZE--

CRAIG (V.O.)

That's my best friend, Aaron, getting flirt-punched by Nia for the first time. There were many more of those. Followed by hand-holding...

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

CRAIG (V.O.)  
Kissing...

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

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 full flirt-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'm.

(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, zit cream, 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 is tomorrow 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: THAT WAS NICE OF YOU EARLIER. MEET ME  
TONIGHT 7:00 PM. BENCH OUTSIDE REC ROOM.

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 science  
teacher, 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: the photo)  
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 me asking?

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 by accident. 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 want to kill myself... even though I kind of did. Does that make sense?

Noelle nods.

NOELLE

So, why did you kind of want to kill yourself?

CRAIG

Depression... stress. Have you ever heard of the Franklin Gates University--

NOELLE

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

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 brain or 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: BROOKLYN, 1999

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 streets and around corners in his imaginary city, until... A60

B60 ...we PULL OUT, above the drawing. Craig's hand enters frame, putting the finishing touches on his new creation. B60

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.

A64

CRAIG  
He plays sports.

B64 FLASH ON a dark screening room, where Aaron is watching an old film noir from the 1930s, however... B64

...ON THE SCREEN, in classic trenchcoat-noir regalia, Craig emerges 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 from his record player to a laptop computer. Craig appears in a Quicktime window in the corner of the screen. C64

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 the hospital and Aaron's apartment. A65

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 Adult Psych? 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 muscled 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 you gonna 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 and give 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 impressive  
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 A76  
in Bay Ridge.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
...Sunset Park...

B76 FLASH ON the duo eating tamales from a TAMALES VENDOR. B76

CRAIG (V.O.)  
...Park Slope...

C76 FLASH ON them flying by a gang of YUPPY MOTHERS, C76  
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 D76  
off a local STREET VENDOR.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
...Brooklyn Heights...

E76 FLASH ON them rolling along the Brooklyn Heights E76  
Promenade.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
...all the way to the Brooklyn Bridge.

F76 FLASH ON the two of them rolling over the Brooklyn F76  
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 in 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 streets 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 shifts to PURE FANTASY, as the lights fade low and everybody appears in outrageous glam-rock costumes. A84

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? Whyyyyyyyy?

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. Craig 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 too nervous 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 the  
Hamptons. I come here. People serve  
me food. I get to rest, sleep, even  
get 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 say  
you tried to kill yourself.

BOBBY

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

CRAIG

Gee, really?

BOBBY

And I've tried to kill myself six  
times.

The mood shifts. They stare at each other for a tense beat.

CRAIG

I thought about doing that, but  
couldn't make it to the bridge; just  
came 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 better  
life 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, then follows.

**INT. THREE NORTH - NURSES STATION - LATER**

Dressed in their normal attire, Craig and Bobby stroll down the hall towards the nurse's station. Bobby hands Smitty the folded doctors' scrubs.

BOBBY

Hey, Smitty, I found these somewhere.

Bobby keeps walking, while Smitty examines the scrubs in confusion. He looks to Craig for an explanation, but Craig shrugs, 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: "See you in one hour. Don't forget."

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 make sex 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 you  
tomorrow.

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 pencil sketch 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, back against the wall. After a beat, he grabs Noelle's discarded sketch, unfolds it.

INSERT: A beautifully detailed self-portrait of Noelle in front of a 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: a drawing of a penis-man with Craig's name on it.

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/Noelle  
fiasco?

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--

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, ping-  
pong. Same thing... Don't worry, I'll  
teach you... So you're 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.

BOBBY

Thanks.

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 wanta hear.

CRAIG  
Um, I don't think--

NOELLE  
--and now you're going to do the same thing 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 just quoted.

CRAIG

What? No.

NOELLE

Yes.

CRAIG

Oh.

Noelle laughs. Craig smiles too.

CRAIG

Anyway, my point is... I wanta play doctor 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... What else...

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 so 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 feeling scared 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 bourgeois decadence, 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 the stuff that stresses me out.

DR. MINERVA

Is this something you plan to continue when 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... You ready?

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 personal essay 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 the morning...

CRAIG

Thank you.

DR. MINERVA

You should stop by and say hi sometime. You know, we have a volunteer program with the local high schools. You could help others who are going through the same 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 dining hall.

GEORGE  
(re: brain maps)  
Whatcha got there?

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

GEORGE  
You did these? Very nice.

CRAIG  
Thanks. I've been doing a lot of art  
in here, and it's, um, actually... it's  
something 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 pizza  
tonight?

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

George takes a deep breath.

GEORGE  
Art's a wonderful hobby, but why don't  
you hold off on any big decisions until  
you've gotten home, had some time to  
clear your head?

CRAIG

What do you think I've been doing here all 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-pong table across the room.

**INT. REC ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Craig and Johnny play doubles ping-pong vs. George and Noelle. His sleeves rolled, George plays like he's known everybody 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 I was 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 here earlier.

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

CRAIG  
Thanks Monica.

**INT. BOBBY'S ROOM**

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

CRAIG  
Pizza's getting cold. What's up?

BOBBY  
Feeling pretty tired, think I'm gonna skip 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 on Noelle.

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 ping-pong 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 last night?

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 Three North stays in Three North.

Lynn elbows George.

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

LYNN

Why? Are you okay?

CRAIG

I'm fine. I just want to ride my bike home.

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 watches them for a beat, then glances back for one last look at Three North, 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.

**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.