

It's Kind of A funny Story

Craig wakes up to find a man in doctors scrubs and surgeon mask sitting on his bed. Craig snaps upright.

Bobby: Relax. It's just me. Put these on. Let's go for a walk.

Craig puts on the scrubs and gets in a wheelchair. Bobby and Craig disguised as doctor and patient slip past the nurses station and out of the ward to the basketball court.

Bobby: Oh, my goodness. Sometimes it's just good to get out of there.

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

Bobby: Because it is crazier out here than it is in there.

Craig: I know what you mean.

Bobby: You play basketball?

Craig: Not really.

Bobby: Me either. Hey, what's the deal with you and Noelle?

Craig: What do you mean?

Bobby: What do you mean, what do I mean? Don't play dumb with me. The two of you are like... Your energy is like...(makes fireworks sound) Those were fireworks. You should ask her out.

Craig: Ask her out?

Bobby: Yeah. Ask her out. Like, out.

Craig: Well, I mean, I like her, but I think I'd be too nervous to ask her out.

Bobby: What are you nervous about?

Craig: Rejection.

Bobby: Babe, you can't live your life in fear. You're gonna end up like Muqtada. Or worse, me. That's the part where you go, "Hey, Bobby, your life's not that bad," you know.

Craig: Oh, sorry, I'm just...

Bobby: Relax. It's okay, babe. But you shouldn't worry about rejection. You shouldn't. You can practice with me.

Craig: Practice what?

Bobby: Asking Noelle out.

Craig: No, that's okay.

Bobby: Yeah, I'll be Noelle. I'll be Noelle. I'm Noelle. Uh... Hey, Craig. How's it going?

Craig: Hey, Noelle. I'm well. How are you?

Bobby: Oh, good. I get out of here soon, which is pretty cool. Do you like music?

Craig: Yeah, sure. I like live music.

Bobby: Uh, you just gonna sit there the whole time you're asking her out? Stand up. I'm a lady. No, look man. You gotta loosen up a little bit. Come on, loosen up. Yeah, okay. Good, good, good. But I don't like to go see live music by myself.

Craig: Oh, okay. Well, maybe we could go together?

Bobby: "Well, okay, uh, maybe we could go together?" No. Say that again. You gotta use more energy, man. You gotta go like, "Oh!" You gotta be excited. Okay.

Craig: Yeah, uh... Yeah, okay. Well, maybe we could go together.

Bobby: Oh! Hmm. Well, well, well. Who should we see?

Craig: Um... U2?

Bobby: No. No.

Craig: Vampire Weekend?

Bobby: No, no, no. Don't be one of those douchebags that takes her to some band that she doesn't care about. This is what you do, and this is very important. Okay. Ask her what she likes.

Craig: Right. Yeah.

Bobby: Women like to be asked questions.

Craig: Okay.

Bobby: Like ask me a question. I'll be Noelle again. Um... Do a little flirtation in the beginning.

Craig: What do you mean by that?

Bobby: Comment on my shoes.

Craig: Oh, hey, Noelle, those shoes are awesome. They really look nice.

Bobby: Oh, you're sweet to say that.

Craig: It's nothing.

Bobby: Good. You got it. You're getting it. You're getting it. Not bad.

Craig: How'd you end up in here?

Bobby: Man, you don't give up, do you? I'm on vacation. Seriously. I am serious. Some people go to the Hamptons. I come here. Get a little R & R. People feed you. I get high sometimes, man.

Craig: That's not what I heard about you.

Bobby: What did you hear?

Craig: I heard you tried to rape a penguin at the zoo.

Bobby: Who told you that? Relax, babe.

Craig: Actually, I... I heard your accountant say that you tried to kill yourself.

Bobby: Well, this may come as a surprise to you, Cool Craig, but, she ain't my accountant.

Craig: Gee, really?

Bobby: And I've tried to kill myself six times.

Craig: I thought about doing that, but I couldn't make it to the bridge. I just came straight here.

Bobby: What stopped you?

Craig: My family, I think. You know, my parents and my sister. Just knowing how bad it would mess them up.

Bobby: See, that's the part I don't get, Craig. I mean, you're cool, you're smart, you're talented. You have a family that loves you. You know, what I would do just to be you, for just a day? I would... I would do so much. I would... I don't know. I would just... I'd just live. Like it meant something. Let's go.