

It's Kind of a Funny Story

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. 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 canceled 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. 21 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.