

FLOOR 3

Written by

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INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL COMMON ROOM - MORNING

Patients sit and idly watch TV as they wait around in round, grey chairs in the sterile common room. MIA HART, 25, sits in a grey sweatsuit reading a novel in the common area of the mental hospital. A NURSE, 30, organizes the patients' meds behind the glass of the window to her desk.

NURSE
Morning meds!

Mia gets up and shuffles into the line of patients getting their meds. She's handed a small paper cup and knocks the meds back.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Under the tongue?

Mia sticks out her tongue.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Next!

Mia turns and walks away, discretely spitting out the pills into her palm. ORDERLY LORANNE, 35, passes by her not noticing anything.

DANIELLE GARCIA, 31, comes alongside Mia and gives her a hip bump.

DANIELLE
I saw that little trick there, but
I won't say anything.

Mia pockets the pills, shrugs one shoulder.

MIA
Thanks. How'd you sleep?

DANIELLE
Fine, I guess. Did you look at
today's shitty schedule yet?

MIA
It's not so bad.

Mia turns towards the schedule board on the wall.

MIA (CONT'D)
Well, there's-

ORDERLY LORANNE
Alright everyone, line up, we're
going to group therapy!

MIA
Group therapy, I was going to say
group therapy.

Suddenly, down the hall from the common room, there is screaming heard from the row of bedrooms. Mia leans around the corner to look, and the door is closed.

MIA (CONT'D)
Weird for a door to be closed,
right? Isn't that a rule here?

Danielle looks confused too.

DANIELLE
Whoever is in there must be
seriously crazy.

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Mia and Danielle sit on the folding metal chairs as the rest of the patients join the circle. The therapist, DOCTOR CHRISTINE, 40, starts the discussion.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE
Today we're going to reintroduce
ourselves and talk about self-
acceptance. Who would like to
start?

DANIELLE
We all already know each other,
we've been here for weeks. Can we
just get this over with?

Doctor Christine levels Danielle with a tired look.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE
I want to remind you, Danielle,
that if you were to take these
sessions seriously, you would have
been released by now. So please, be
respectful.

Danielle sits back in her chair defensively.

Doctor Christine looks for her next target.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Mia, how about you?

Mia is staring into the distance.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Mia? What have you learned so far?

Mia comes back to Earth.

MIA
Well, my Mom won't talk to me, and
I don't have a clue where I'll be
living once I get out of here.

Doctor Christine leans in, concerned.

MIA (CONT'D)
But what I've really learned so far
is that the Mexican food on
Tuesdays tastes best when you mix
the Spanish rice and salsa
together, and that "self-
acceptance" still doesn't make
sense to me.

The other PATIENTS snicker.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE
(sighing)
Thank you for sharing, Mia. Who's
next?

3 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

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It's the next day, and Mia and Danielle walk down the hall
with the other PATIENTS, almost tripping over their oversized
grip socks rolled around their ankles.

MIA
I'm just saying, overhead
fluorescent lighting is a killer.

DANIELLE
A silent killer.

MIA
That's what's really makin' us go
so stir crazy-

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they enter the group therapy room, they see BARBARA
MITCHELL, 70, sat in one of the chairs slightly sloped to one
side. Mia takes the seat next to her.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE

Barbara here is our newest addition to our unit, and she will be joining the group sessions from now on. Okay? Let's break into groups of three for this activity. Danielle, you'll be in a group with Mia and Barbara.

Danielle scoots her chair over to Mia and Barbara.

Danielle makes a conspiring face at Mia. Mia waves her off.

DANIELLE

(condescendingly)

Hi Barbara, I'm Danielle.

Barbara's eyes are focused on something in the distance.

MIA

I'm Mia. Are you doing okay?

Barbara suddenly turns to Danielle.

BARBARA

Mother?

Barbara begins to cry.

DANIELLE

What? No, no.

BARBARA

Mother, I've missed you. Please, please, I don't know where I am, I don't-

An ORDERLY appears by Barbara's side and motions for more staff to assist.

Mia gives them space but can't take her eyes off of Barbara.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

It's dinner time later that day. The cafeteria is dimly lit, and half-full of PATIENTS eating and mindlessly socializing. The ORDERLIES stand by on the sidelines, watching. The serving line moves slowly as the CAFETERIA WORKERS dole out food to each patient's tray.

Mia and Danielle move through the cafeteria line and accept their daily piece of fruit, their dinner meal, and a milk carton.

DANIELLE

And I said to him, when I was on Fentanyl, nothing fucking mattered, right? But I come here, and-

The two take their seats.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Suddenly

I have to give my life story to every doctor, nurse, orderly who thinks they know a person like me-

Mia sees over Danielle's head Barbara entering the dining hall.

Mia shushes Danielle, and tries to subtly nod towards Barbara.

Danielle turns her entire body very obviously and stares at Barbara entering the room. She turns back.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

That's that crazy lady we just dealt with?

MIA

Shush. I know I know, but try to be polite.

Barbara has her food and sits not too far from them. Mia hushes her voice.

MIA (CONT'D)

Places like these were made for people like Barbara, people who don't have a grip on their sanity.

Mia bites into her apple.

MIA (CONT'D)

I don't belong here, and that's why I'm not gonna take these meds they keep pushing on me. You'd think the last thing they'd want to give me is pills, since the reason I'm in here is from taking a hand full of pills.

DANIELLE

Preaching to the choir here.

Danielle looks over her shoulder at Barbara, who is actually staring right at them.

INT. DOCTOR SANTORO'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mia settles into the plush chair, her leg shaking. DOCTOR SANTORO, 48, regards her.

She's feeling defensive. Her hackles are up.

DOCTOR SANTORO
How are you, Mia?

MIA
Why am I here?

DOCTOR SANTORO
You've been here two and a half weeks. We just got back your most recent blood results. We take your bloodwork every five days because of the fast nature of the treatment plan.

Mia stares him down.

DOCTOR SANTORO (CONT'D)
We check a lot of things, including the levels of the medications you are taking. Or, should be taking. The dosages I prescribed for you should show up in your liver function.

Mia's eyes dart around the room.

DOCTOR SANTORO (CONT'D)
I'm going to give you an opportunity to be honest, Mia.

MIA
I don't know what you're talking about.

Doctor Santoro sighs and leans back.

DOCTOR SANTORO
Okay, here's what we're going to do. I know you're not taking your medication, and that's serious.

DOCTOR SANTORO (CONT'D)
Either you start taking your meds,
or I'll have to file you for
Involuntary Civil Commitment. We'll
do another blood draw in a week.

Mia nods, leg still shaking.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL COMMON ROOM - AFTERNOON

That afternoon, Mia sits in the common room, fiddling with a deck of cards, waiting for Danielle. Danielle plops down into the seat next to her.

DANIELLE
Man, it's convenient I never gave
up smoking. I would've just started
again.

Mia cracks a smile, but doesn't look up at her.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

MIA
I was just thinking about, y'know.
Maybe I should be taking this more
seriously. They're gonna
Involuntary Commit me.

DANIELLE
Fuck 'em. Santoro is a pain in the
ass.

MIA
But what am I supposed to do?

DANIELLE
Tell them that Dr. Santoro is
molesting you.

MIA
What the fuck? I can't do that.

DANIELLE
Yes you can. It'll get him off your
back, and buy you time to work on
your parents.

MIA
No, Danielle. Why would you even
suggest something like that?

DANIELLE
It's worked for me in the past.

Mia leans back from the table between them.

MIA
I don't think we should talk
anymore.

DANIELLE
Alright.

Danielle spreads her hands out.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Good luck finding somebody who'll
have your back in here.

Danielle stands up with force and kicks a trashcan on her way
out of the common room.

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

The next day, Mia is sitting in the group therapy room,
staring at her hands, waiting for therapy to start. She hears
the door open and close. Mia pays it no mind.

Barbara sits next to her.

BARBARA
Where's your little friend?

MIA
Danielle got kicked out this
morning. Plus, she was a bad
influence. I figured out she was
agreeing to everything I said, and
the things I was saying were pretty
stupid, so.

Barbara huffs.

BARBARA
Yeah, drug addicts are like that.

Mia's a little incredulous.

MIA
Where's all this coming from? How
are you so-

BARBARA

Sane? Lucid? I wasn't born crazy, honey. I have my moments just like everyone else. This dementia has crept up on me, but I'm still me sometimes.

MIA

I should say sorry to you. I really haven't had the best view of you.

BARBARA

Don't worry about it. It's intimidating in here.

MIA

Yeah. I'm not getting out of this prison as easily as I thought I would.

BARBARA

Now why do you call it a prison?

Mia gestures wildly.

MIA

You should understand it more than anybody! The orderlies acting like guards, the total lack of freedom. Hell, you don't even get to choose your own medication plan! It's all decided for you.

BARBARA

That's all true. You're right. But what happened to you when you had freedom of choice?

Mia balks.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You're here for a suicide attempt, correct? These rules are there to protect you, not hurt you.

Barbara sighs and looks out at the empty room.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I wish I had done many things when I was younger, but I most regret not taking care of my mental health. Your life could really be yours.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL COMMON ROOM - MORNING

Mia is in line again for morning meds. She takes the little cup and knocks the meds back. She swallows the meds for real this time, shows her tongue, and moves forward.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mia heads towards the group therapy room. Doctor Christine comes alongside her. They walk and talk.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE
I wanted to talk to you real quick,
Mia.

Mia stops and turns towards her. Mia's posture is defeated.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I wanted to give you this.

Doctor Christine hands her a gold SERENITY COIN. It's worn down on the edges.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
It's to acknowledge personal growth
and that you're beginning your
recovery.

MIA
Why would you give this to me?

DOCTOR CHRISTINE
Because I see a lot of myself in
you. And I believe you can do it.

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doctor Christine calls everyone to order.

DOCTOR CHRISTINE
Okay, everyone, today we're going
to talk about self-honesty. Who
wants to go first?

Mia's nails dig into the COIN in her palm. She raises her hand.

FADE TO BLACK.