

EPISODE 13: "I'VE GOT A ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE WARD TONIGHT"

Marcy: Hey, Gary, Penny! I have a surprise for you!

Penny: Cool! I like surprises.

Gary: I don't like surprises, because the root of all anxiety is fear of the unknown.

Penny: (sarcastically) Thank you, Freud.

Gary: Who?

Penny: So where is this surprise of yours?

Marcy: Oh, just in the backyard. Follow me!

(They go out to the backyard)

Marcy: Aaaaaaaaaand...this is it!

Penny: Wow! Your very own treehouse!

Gary: This is a very cool surprise!

Penny: So, did your dad help you build this?

Marcy: Nope. I built it all by myself.

Dan (also in the backyard): I helped foolproof it!

Marcy: Oh yeah, Dan helped. But no one over 19 was involved in the making of this treehouse.

Penny: Niiice!

Gary: Can we go up there?

Marcy: Yep. There's a rope ladder and then there's stairs (to Gary) I made the stairs with you in mind.

Gary: Thanks!

(Gary, Penny, Marcy and Dan go up to the treehouse)

Marcy: Welcome to my club! I'm the president, and Dan is the, uh...

Dan: Treasurer.

Marcy: Yeah, whatever.

Gary: So, does this club have a name?

Marcy: Not yet.

Gary: How about "The No Colin Society?"

Marcy: That's a good name. Anyway, now I keep all my tools up here now.

Penny: So, what do you want to do in this club?

Marcy: How about you...give me a challenge?

Gary: Sure. I want you to...uh....let me think...hmmm....well, that's definitely one idea...

Penny: I've got one!

Marcy: Sure.

Penny: Open all the family mail with your knife in...30 seconds!

Marcy: I can do it in 20.

Gary: I'll set a timer on my phone.

Marcy: Alright, let me go get the mail from the mailbox.

(Fast-forward)

Marcy: Alright, Gary, set it off!

Gary: Yep.

(Marcy starts slashing through the mail)

Marcy: Amazon package, opened! Campaign mail, opened! Christmas catalog, opened! Mom's jury duty summons, opened! Gas bill, opened! TV Guide, opened! Tabloid about the British Monarchy, (screams)

Gary: What happened?

Penny: Marcy, are you OK?

Dan: I knew this would happen.

Marcy: I cut my arm! In two places!

Gary: Oh, wow, there's a big cut, and a...bigger cut!

Penny: You should tell your mom. She could give you First Aid or maybe take you to the doctor's.

Marcy: Good idea, Penny! Um, you guys can go home.

Gary: That we'll do.

(Gary and Penny leave the treehouse)

Marcy: And Dan, get out of here. I don't want you meddling while I'm gone.

(Dan shrugs and leaves the treehouse as well)

(Marcy goes inside)

Melody: Yes?

John: What's up?

Marcy: I need to show you something. (Pulls up her sleeve) I accidentally cut my arm when I was opening mail with my knife.

Melody: Oh my gosh!

John: Those are bad cuts!

Melody: I'll call Dr. Gordenson right away!

(Meanwhile, back at the Joneses)

Caroline: So, what did you do at Marcy's today?

Gary: We saw her new treehouse.

Penny: She built it all by herself.

Caroline: Oh, that's really neat!

Gary: Unfortunately, things turned grim when Marcy cut herself while she was doing a mail-opening challenge.

Bob: I knew her life of tomfoolery would backfire at some point!  
(Later, Marcy and Melody are at Dr. Gordenson's)

Dr. Gordenson: Well, after cleaning the cuts and with these jumbo

Band-Aids I think you'll be fine. It should stop hurting in the next couple days. But, I recommend you take it easy, and you should take a break from hardware.

(Marcy sighs)

Mr. Gordenson: Are you okay with that?

Marcy: Not really.

Mr. Gordenson: Think of it as an opportunity to try something new.

(Back at the Joneses)

Gary: Marcy texted me she's back from the doctor. You want to go back to her place, see how she's doing?

Penny: Sure.

(When the kids leave)

Caroline: Bob, while the kids are with the Smiths you want to go to the mall?

Bob: Well, I don't want to, but with Christmas in fifteen days I guess it's now or never. Which mall?

Caroline: I guess we'll do Tyson's.

Bob: Alright. That's the only one I've ever been to, so that works out. Uh, I haven't gotten around to looking at the catalogs, but I guess we can wing it.

Caroline: Yep. I always wing it, because sometimes they don't even have everything in the catalogs. Anyway, you drive. I think there might be a bit of ice on the roads.

Bob: Hey, I don't want to drive on ice!

Caroline: Then let's settle it over rock-paper-scissors.

Bob: I've got a fool-proof strategy.

Caroline: Bob, rock paper scissors is a game of luck.

Bob: Wrong, there's also a psychological component.

Caroline: I don't know what you're talking about. One player chooses at random rock, paper or scissors, and the other player does likewise. Nobody knows what the other is going to pick.

Bob: Alright, let's play then. I bet you'll won't choose rock, because I read somewhere that women almost never choose rock.

Caroline and Bob: Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!

(Caroline has rock, and Bob has paper)

Bob: Ha! Paper covers rock! (singsong) You fell for reverse psychology!

Caroline: How do you even know about psychology?

Bob: I took a community college class. I thought it would help me woo women.

(Caroline gives him a look)

(Back with Gary and Penny)

Gary: Hey, Marcy.

Marcy: Hi.

Penny: Is your injury feeling better?

Marcy: Yep. Dr. Gordenson gave me jumbo Band-Aids. That helped. Alas, he said I need to "take it easy." How do I "take it easy?"

Gary: Uh, unfortunately I think he means you gotta stop doing the things that make you cool. Nothing active. I guess you just need to try to chill.

Marcy: How do I "chill?"

Gary: Well, it means being lazy for cool people.

Penny: Why don't you give one of your records a spin? That always lifts your spirits.

Marcy: Well, my record player's having issues, and I can't fix it because I have to "take it easy."

Gary: Maybe you could immerse yourself in your TV.

Marcy: What would I watch? Usually I just watch instructional videos on things I want to do.

Gary: You know what I watch when I'm feeling down? SpongeBob

SquarePants! You ever seen that?

Marcy: Yeah, it was pretty good ten years ago. Not sure if I'd like it now.

Gary: I think you should give it a try. Do you get Nickelodeon?

Marcy: Yes?

Gary: Well then you know how to watch SpongeBob. They play it 24/7.

Marcy: Alright, I guess I'll check it out.

Gary: You know what else I do when I'm depressed? Raid the fridge!

Marcy: I don't think that's healthy.

Gary: Yeah, but it'll make you feel better! Hey, you want me to give you some of my Butterfinger ice cream bars? My dad got a 24-pack when he thought he was getting a 12-pack.

Marcy: Uh, that goes against all of the health standards I've set for myself, but if it might get me out of the dumps, then sure.

(A little later, Marcy is set up watching SpongeBob with a stack of Butterfinger ice cream bars)

Gary: Now that's a feel-good kit if I ever saw one. See ya!

Penny: Bye, Marcy! Feel better soon!

Marcy: Thanks, bye!

(Meanwhile, at the store)

Caroline: Alright, so, here's my plan; let's -

Announcement: The mall is closing in ten minutes!

Bob: Oops, guess we'll have to finish our shopping tomorrow. You know, we could have gotten a much earlier start if it wasn't for your little "slip-up" on the drive here.

Caroline: You wanted me to drive. You think you could have done better?

Bob: No.

Caroline: That's what I thought. You have the day off tomorrow,

right?

Bob: Yes sirree Bob!

Caroline: Guess we can finish the shopping tomorrow while the kids are at school.

(The next day, at the Smiths)

Melody: Time for sch-Marcy, have you been on the couch all night?

Marcy: Yeah, I guess...it's morning? I haven't gone outside in a while.

Melody: Why is there twelve Butterfinger ice cream bar wrappers on the floor?

Marcy: Oh, I was eating them.

Melody: What have you been doing?

Marcy: Watching SpongeBob. They play it 24/7. That's convenient.

Melody: Well, now you have to get ready for school. Brush your teeth, change your clothes and I'll get you some real food.

Marcy: But Mom, I don't wanna. I'm watching the Plankton marathon.

Melody: (deadpan) You don't wanna. Well, I can't physically move you, but whenever you do "wanna" you'll have lots of catch-up work. Also you're grounded.

Marcy: I don't mind. I wasn't planning to go outside anyway.

Melody: Well, what are you planning to do?

Marcy: I don't know, just lie around and watch this.

(Melody shakes her head and goes to talk to John)

Melody: There's something wrong with Marcy. She stayed up and ate junk food all night, she doesn't want to go to school or do her morning routine, and she doesn't care about punishment.

John: Oh my gosh...Melody, I have a terrible idea, and I'm worried that it's true.

Melody: What is it?!

John: If Marcy's depressed, then she could be a cutter, and she was lying about the injury.

Melody: Oh wow you're right!

John: I say we should have her checked out.

(Meanwhile, at school, at lunch)

Gary: Penny, have you seen Marcy anywhere today?

Penny: Nope.

Gary: That's...concerning.

(Back with the Smiths)

(Melody and John go back to Marcy, who's still in a bleak state)

Melody: Marcy?

Marcy: Yeah?

Melody: I'm going to take you to get help.

Marcy: I don't want help, I just want to stay on this couch forever.

Melody: (raising her voice) Marcy, if you don't come out with me I'm going to take away the TV and "Marcy-proof" the refrigerator!

Marcy: Ugh. Fine.

(They go to get evaluated)

Dr. Prapuolekov: Hello! What brings you to Sunny Meadow Behavioral Health?

Melody: My 16-year-old daughter, Marcia Smith, is not doing well; she stayed up all night, she ate 12 ice cream bars, she's addicted to her screens, neglecting hygiene-

Dr. Prapuolekov: (chuckles) Sounds like a typical 16-year-old.

Melody: And she refused to go to school.

Dr. Prapuolekov: Oh, now there is a problem. So you think she has the depression.

Melody: Yes.



Dr. Prapuolekov: And how do you feel, Marcia?

(Marcy, asleep, has slumped onto the floor)

Dr. Prapuolekov: Alright. Recommendation is for the admission. Just sign on these forms.

(When Melody has signed all the forms, Marcy wakes up)

Dr. Prapuolekov: Alright, we'll take her to adolescent female.

Marcy: What?

Melody: You're going to be spending a bit of time away from home. Think of it as like a camp.

Marcy: What? I don't want to miss Christmas.

Melody: I thought you said you didn't care about anything.

Dr. Prapuolekov: Don't worry, if you are good I am sure you'll be out by then!

Melody: I love you!

(Marcy goes through the door into the unit)  
(Meanwhile)

Bob: See? With *me* at the wheel that drive was smooth sailing!

Caroline: Bob, you were driving at like 5 miles per hour.

(Inside the mall)

Caroline: Alright, I'll do Penny's stuff; Hot Topic and Barnes and Noble. You do Gary's - Game Stop and Guitar Center.

Bob: No, let's switch it up. I feel that if I do the shopping for Penny it will strengthen my bond with her.

Caroline: Maybe, but if you get stuff she doesn't want it'll weaken your bond.

Bob: That's glass half empty thinking if I've ever seen it! I'm gonna try my best.

Caroline: Alright - you might as well do everything because I don't know what the heck Gary wants!

Bob: Eh, just go with your gut. That's what I'm going to do.

Caroline: (sighs) I guess there's no talking you out of this.

Bob: Remember what you said earlier? Just "wing it."

Caroline: (sighs) Right.

(Back with Marcy)

Brianna: Oh, great, a new patient. (to the doctor) What's her name?

Dr. Prapuolekov: Marcia Smith.

Marcy: Please call me Marcy.

Brianna: Sorry, I have to call you what's on the chart.

(Marcy is crying)

Dr. Prapuolekov: Don't cry.

(Marcy stops crying)

Dr. Prapuolekov: Don't hide your emotions.

Marcy: (fed up) Okay, I'll feel what you want me to feel or I won't feel anything at all. Now how do you want me to feel?

Dr. Prapuolekov: Just...normal. I'll check in with you tomorrow.  
(leaves)

Brianna: Hey, Marcia. My name's Brianna, I'm the unit nurse. Feel free to check out the grouproom. I'll see if there's any breakfast left.

Marcy: Thanks! Where is everybody else?

Brianna: Oh, they're downstairs doing Safe Behavior Dodgeball.

Marcy: What's that?

Brianna: Oh, it's dodgeball without the dodging or teams. Dodging can be triggering. Teams can foster judgment, exclusivity and unhealthy comparison. Everyone works together, united on one side of the room.

Marcy: So what's the game?

Brianna: Everyone just throws balls across the room to see how far they go.

Marcy: Then why is it called - (sigh) nevermind.

Brianna: Here, I found some breakfast!

Marcy: Thank you - oh wait, it's just dry bread and oatmeal?

Brianna: Well our kitchen was partially defunded after there was an incident with salmonella in the salmon. So, what do you think of the grouproom?

(The grouproom has a bunch of pathetic holiday decorations)

Marcy: Nice Christmas tree, I guess.

Brianna: I'm glad you found our Trigger Tree! We put everything that makes us feel unsafe on the Trigger Tree!

Marcy: Oh, that explains why the ornaments have pictures of fire and blood and chainsaws on them.

Brianna: (laughs) Our patients have an active imagination. Oh, here they come now!

(Meanwhile)

Bob: So, what did you get for Gary?

Caroline: From GameStop I got Tennis Aces 3, Super Solitaire and Figure 8 Skating. I'm sure he'll just love those. And from Guitar Center I got this one pick with purple flames on it. What did you get for Penny?

Bob: From Hot Topic I got a shirt that says "I Skip School - Deal With It" and a shirt that says "Life Begins At Twenty-One." What? They came in pink!

Caroline: Did you get anything salvageable from Barnes and Noble?

Bob: Oh yeah, I got "Barbecuing For Girls" and "Why You Should Date A Jock."

Caroline: Oh my gosh, Bob. She will hate all of that stuff.

Bob: Well if we're doing that then I think Gary will think your gifts are lame!

Caroline: I think we've proven we're out of touch parents. Let's just return all of this and give the kids cash so they can buy what they want.

(Later that evening, the remaining Smiths are having dinner with the Joneses)

Melody: Glad you could have us over.

Caroline: Anytime.

John: Yeah, we're feeling pretty downcast since we checked Marcy in to Sunny Meadows.

Caroline: Oh my gosh I'm so sorry!

Gary: Huh?

Penny: That's where she went?

Gary: Guess my feel-better kit made her feel worse.

Dan: Mom, Dad, you sent Marcy to Sunny Meadows?

John: Yeah.

Melody: It had to be done. She wasn't being herself.

John: Also we found out she's a cutter.

Dan: You IDIOTS! She isn't a cutter! She was trying to open the mail really fast! She was just playing! I was there!

Gary: Yeah, I was there too.

Penny: Me too.

Bob: Even I knew that's what happened.

Dan: Was it self-harm? No. Was it impulsive? Yes! But that's Marcy for you!

Melody: Well, what about the depressive symptoms?

Dan: She's not clinically depressed! She was just upset about what the doctor told her!

Melody: Wow, I can't believe it. Honey, we really screwed up. I wish I hadn't believed you! You're such a worrywart father!

John: Hey, it was a reasonable conclusion, but heh, guess we should have gotten outside perspectives.

(Back with Marcy)

Girl 1: Hey, look, everyone, it's a new girl!

Girl 2: What's your name?

Marcy: Well, it's Marcy, but here they call me Marcia, because that's my legal name.

Girl 3: Oh, that's tough. You look upset. What's wrong?

Marcy: I miss my boyfriend.

Girl 1: Hey, we all do. Except Sadie. She pushed her boyfriend out a two story window.

Sadie: And I would do it again!

Girl 2: So, (fake criminal accent) What are you in for?

Marcy: Oh, I had an accident with my knife, and my parents thought I was a cutter.

Girl 1: Yeah, I think we're all here because of a misunderstanding. Except Sadie. She pushed her boyfriend out a two story window.

Sadie: And I would do it again!

Girl 3: She'll probably be here forever.

Marcy: Wow, this schedule looks pretty lame.

Girl 1: Yeah, it is. We just go along with it because we don't want to be here forever.

Girl 2: You think you can handle the humdrum?

Marcy: I'll try my best.

(Series of sequences)

Brianna: Alright, yoga time! (Claps hands) Does anyone have a pose they'd like to start off with?

Marcy: Oh, come on! Yoga is for moms!

Brianna: Marcia, yoga is good for your well-being. It will help you to regulate your emotions and elevate your distress tolerance.

Marcy: (sighs) Fine.

(next)

Brianna: Now it's time for coping skill group! Today we'll go over three new coping skills - number one, squeezing a squeeze ball - number two, bouncing a bouncy ball - number three, windmills!

Marcy: Numbers one and two sound pretty stupid.

Brianna: Marcia, we don't use the word "stupid." We call it an "agitated word." Agitated words can make others agitated.

Marcy: (impatient) Got it! But number three - what the heck is a windmill?

Brianna: A windmill is a full body exercise that can be very grounding and even validating. Would you like to try one with me, Marcia?

Marcy: Yeah, sure, whatever.

Brianna: Here we go - (does a windmill)

<https://health.clevelandclinic.org/windmill-exercise>

Marcy: (deadpan) Um, I don't think it's working. Just a minute ago I felt on-top-of-the-world good like I could handle anything life sent my way, but ever since I started doing these windmills, I feel like I'm falling through a neverending black hole.

Brianna: Hmm, maybe you need more sensory input. Sometimes, when I'm feeling a lot of discomfort and regular windmills just don't do it for me, I add a sound effect. Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Is that helping, Marcia?

Marcy: I guess, maybe.

(next)

Brianna: Why are you all out in the hall? Did the grouproom get stinky again?

Girl 2: Yep.

Brianna: (goes in) Oh, yeah. Whew. (sprays air freshener over the

whole room) Someone must've had bad gas.

Marcy: You fed us spiced cabbage and fruitcake for lunch. What do you expect?

Brianna: Was it *you*, Marcia?

Marcy: No it wasn't!

Brianna: (teasingly) You sound a little jumpy!

Marcy: SHUT UP!

Brianna: Uh-uh that's an agitated-

Marcy: AUGHHH! I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE! (Smashes nearby objects on the ground including a bouncy ball, a fidget spinner and a Rubix cube)

Brianna: NAME 5 THINGS YOU CAN SEE! CLEANSING BREATHS! REMEMBER YOUR WINDMILLS!

(Later, Brianna is on the phone)

Brianna: Hello, is this Melody Smith?

Melody: Yes.

Brianna: Unfortunately, your Marcia had an incident.

Melody: What do you mean an incident?!?!

Brianna: She became disregulated and threw fidgets on the ground.

Melody: Oh, come on!

Brianna: (chuckles) Yes. We're looking at a discharge date of the 26<sup>th</sup>.

Melody: First of all, she doesn't even deserve to be there, second of all, if you dare to keep her over the holidays then you are going to be feeling a LOT of "discomfort."

Brianna: You're making threatening statements to others. Maybe you should check in here too.

(Melody slams the phone)

Everyone: What happened?

Melody: They want to keep her until the 26<sup>th</sup>.

John: WHAT?

(Penny gasps)

(Caroline faints)

Bob: Even I don't like this!

Melody: I don't know what to do!

Gary: Don't worry, I've got a game plan! Dad, do you want to help me with my game plan?

Bob: Sure! I like all things game plan!

THE NEXT DAY

(Bob and Gary walk into the lobby of Sunny Meadows)

Dr. Prapuolekov: Aha! Are you Robert the psychology student who emailed me yesterday saying you'd like to visit here for research?

Bob (German accent): Yes, that would be me!

Dr. Prapuolekov: And who is this young man with you?

Bob: Oh, he's *my* student. See, I'm interning as a psychology *teacher*.

Gary: (in German accent) My German's not very good. (in American accent) So I'm gonna speak in English.

Dr. Prapuolekov: And what's in this big bag of yours?

Bob: Just you know, psychology stuff.

Dr. Prapuolekov: Alright, well, I trust anyone with the German accent. So, which unit do you want to work with today?

Bob: Female adolescent.

Dr. Prapuolekov: Alright. I will bring you right up!

(They go up)

Dr. Prapuolekov: Here are the psychology students. They'll be joining you for the day. Good day!



Brianna: What? I didn't know we had - (sighs) Well there's no reason to be embarrassed, I guess. This is our unit. What are your names?

Bob: Robert...Beethoven!

Marcy: (ecstatic) Gary!

(Brianna looks suspicious)

Gary: Yes, Gary Hamburg, I'm an esteemed psychology student, very famous for my...essays, yes. (gives Bob the signal)

Bob: Brianna, I'd like to introduce to the unit...my THERAPY DOG!

(Bob unzips the bag, revealing Pippi. She goes all over the place and knocks everything over. While Brianna is focused on worrying about the dog, Gary gets out a guitar WITH an amp)

Gary: Here's some MUSIC THERAPY! (Starts playing "Crazy Train.") And finally...THERAPY AMBIANCE! (He uses Marcy's Swiss Army knife to tinker with the sprinkler head, causing it to go off)

(Gary goes over to Marcy, who's overjoyed and laughing her head off)

Gary: Hey, Marcy.

Marcy: Oh my gosh, you don't know how nice it feels to be called Marcy again!

Gary: What?

Marcy: Nothing. Let's get the heck out of here.

(After Gary, Marcy and Bob leave, Brianna talks to the other girls)

Brianna: Well, ladies, this unit is going to need a lot of repair, and due to my contract I apparently have to take you all with me on my holiday trip to Florida.

(Everyone cheers)

(Back at home, everyone is gathered around the Smiths' living room, now filled with Christmas decorations)

Marcy: Wow! Real decorations! A real tree!

Gary: So, did you learn anything interesting from all this?

Marcy: Yeah, if you watch SpongeBob you end up in a mental hospital.

(Everyone laughs)

(Christmas morning)

Marcy: Yeahhh! Big one! (Opens present) THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION OF DANGEROUS THINGS?

Melody: *I* got that for you.

Marcy: Thanks, Mom! You really get me! (hugs Melody)

THE END