

FRANK WATSON'S LAST SEMESTER - PILOT

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. PARKING GARAGE - AFTERNOON

FRANK (22, wears a belt with jeans) cries in his car. On the passenger seat is a "Happy Birthday" card.

Frank grabs a napkin from the glove box and wipes his tears.

Frank takes a pen from his backpack. He writes on the napkin:

*1 semester = 18 weeks.*

*18 x 7 = 126, 126 - 2 = 124 Days*

*124 x 24 = 2976*

Frank looks at his watch, then continues to write.

*2976 - 1 = 2975 Hours*

Frank crumples the napkin and exits the car.

EXT. CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Text on screen: "2975 hours until graduation"

Frank pulls a suitcase and backpack through a midsized college campus. He takes deep breaths. We hear the university's church bells toll the hour.

INT. APARTMENT 305 - MOMENTS LATER

Frank enters. His shared dorm room is littered with memes, flags, and stolen signs. A Christmas Tree stands in a corner.

Frank places banana bread in the kitchen, drops his bags in his bedroom, then brings his whiteboard into the living area.

Frank erases an elaborate story board for a D&D campaign off the whiteboard. Frank then writes a list on the board:

*Before Graduation: Go to bar, All-nighter, Basketball?, Formal dance, Learn to dance, Secret spots.*

Frank stops, examines his list, and shakes his head.

INT. APARTMENT 305 - EVENING

SAM (22, well fit plain color shirt, cross chain around neck) and PATRICK (21, always wears Boston sports apparel) sit on the couch. Sam listens attentively. Patrick watches a basketball game on his phone.

FRANK

It's not a bucket list.

SAM

You've really never been to a bar?

FRANK

You have slept ten feet away from me for three years, can you name one time I went to a bar?

MATT (21, EVERYTHING he wears has their university logo on them, references to a club he is in, or promotes a local establishment) enters, dragging a backpack and suitcase.

SAM

Frank's making a list!

Matt takes his bags into his room.

MATT

Hi Matt, how was your break?

FRANK (O.S.)

(from the living room)

Hi Frank, how was your birthday?

MATT

I got the sorting model to work...

No response.

MATT (CONT'D)

No one wanted to put away the Christmas tree before disproving the moon landing?

SAM (O.S.)

It's décor!

MATT

It's January!

Matt returns to the living area. He sees banana bread.

MATT (CONT'D)

Oh hell yeah. Banana bread!

PATRICK  
Celtics up one, thirty seconds  
left.

MATT  
I do not care.

Matt brings the banana bread to the couch.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Tell me this isn't a hit list?

FRANK  
I'm running out of time.

MATT  
(mouth full of bread)  
Are you dying!?

FRANK  
I need to have a real college  
experience.

MATT  
(beat)  
Is this your way of saying you want  
to get laid?

PATRICK  
Yes!

FRANK  
No!

SAM  
Celtics win?

PATRICK  
I'm just horny.

MATT  
I would've gotten you a prostitute.

FRANK  
I'm serious.

MATT  
Hell, I coulda done it.

FRANK  
I need ideas.

MATT  
Okay, well, we'll think on it.

FRANK  
I'm doing one tonight.

SAM  
Yeah man, I'm game.

MATT  
Guys, I just got back, and we got  
class tomorrow.

PATRICK  
(to his phone)  
That's frickin bullshit!

SAM  
When have you said no to going out.

MATT  
When it interrupts my beauty sleep.

FRANK  
You'd really miss my first time  
going to a bar?

A beat. Then, Matt heads to his bedroom.

MATT  
You're a piece of shit, you know  
that?

PATRICK  
No!

Patrick throws his phone in anger.

SAM  
Celtics or horny?

Patrick grabs a pillow on the couch and hugs it.

PATRICK  
Both.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

**ACT ONE**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Text on screen: "2969 hours until graduation"

The guys are dressed in country-like attire. Patrick has a Celtics jersey over his flannel. Frank types on his phone.

FRANK  
Is there a menu?

MATT  
No.

FRANK  
And I really have to wear this?

SAM  
It's country night!

FRANK  
But he's wearing a jersey.

MATT  
He's a lunatic... Frank, are you taking notes?

Matt snatches Franks phone out of his hands and reads it. Frank nervously twitches his fingers.

Matt sees Franks fingers and puts a hand on Frank's shoulder.

MATT (CONT'D)  
You wanted to do this, yeah? Cause I could be sleeping and you could be writing your next Dungeons and Dragons thingy...

FRANK  
Campaign.

MATT  
Great... here's the thing: we're not gonna multitask. I can't sleep, so you're not gonna write. Be present, relax, and go to the bar.

Matt returns Frank's phone and pats Frank forward.

They reach the back of the line to enter The Lantern, a bar.

FRANK  
Did we need a reservation?

MATT  
I'm instituting the question limit.

FRANK  
How many do I have left?

MATT  
That was your last one.

FRANK  
I'm just saying you'd think in this economy they'd have a TSA precheck to get ahead of the line.

EXT. BAR ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The group approaches the BOUNCER (He's as big as they come).

BOUNCER  
IDs please.

Patrick shows his, then enters. Frank's shows his ID.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Hold on.

MATT  
C'mon, I'm freezing my ass off.

BOUNCER  
This is expired.

SAM  
You got your student ID, right?

FRANK  
I didn't bring it...

MATT  
WHY!?

BOUNCER  
Step aside.

SAM  
We'll come back tomorrow.

FRANK  
(to the bouncer)  
You need a government ID that  
proves my age, right? How's this?

Frank hands the bouncer his public library card.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
It has my date of birth. The state  
of Pennsylvania issued it. And it  
isn't expired.

The bouncer laughs and lets Frank in.

SAM  
Who goes out with a library card?

MATT  
Who goes to a library?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

People wear flannels, denim, or cowboy hats. A live band  
plays country covers of pop songs.

Frank, Matt, and Sam push their way to the counter. Sam waves  
the BARTENDER over.

SAM  
(to bartender)  
One trash can please.

Frank looks at Sam, confused.

MATT  
You exceed your question limit.

SAM  
(to Frank)  
It's a drink to get you trashed.

MATT  
(to bartender)  
Vodka cranberry.

FRANK  
Can we do two of those?

MATT  
And four shots of vodka.  
(beat)  
Where'd Pat go?

They spot Patrick at a table of people watching basketball.  
Matt distributes the shots and raises his glass.

MATT (CONT'D)  
For those who care to celebrate...  
To Frank, and our last semester!

SAM  
And the public library system of  
Pennsylvania.

FRANK  
Cheers.

JOE (21, backwards hat, leather jacket) approaches, he daps  
up Matt.

JOE  
What's up fuckers... No way... you  
didn't tell me Frank would be here!

Joe hugs Frank, Frank uncomfortably returns.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Did you confuse this for a library?  
I'm kidding. We're over there!

Joe points at the extra shot on the counter.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Dibs?

Joe takes the shot and walks off.

MATT  
Jackass...

FRANK  
You guys don't have to come. I  
don't want to mess up your routine.

MATT  
Great, then I'm gonna go play Angry  
Birds on the toilet.

Matt walks off.

SAM  
I'm gonna go do... not that... Text  
me if you need anything bud.

Sam and Frank split off.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

Patrick sits next to LUCY (23, tall, stylishly dressed). He draws basketball plays on napkins.

PATRICK

Look what Hurter just did, he knew Beal would bite on the hard hedge. When you're off ball and Maddy turns the corner, you can create an outlet for her.

Lucy shakes her head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Am I wrong?

LUCY

You're a volunteer practice player trying to change the playbook.

Patrick crumbles up the napkin.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Why aren't you tweeting this stuff out? People get jobs for this.

PATRICK

I already have a killer job.

LUCY

You've been sitting on Barclay's for weeks. You don't know how to tell your parents you don't like the job.

PATRICK

I like the paycheck.

LUCY

You like basketball more.

PATRICK

I can sit courtside every night.

LUCY

When?

PATRICK

What would you rather me do?

Lucy points at Patrick's napkins.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Yah, no. I ghost wrote a few posts for you as a favor...

LUCY

I'm not done with the game when I graduate.

PATRICK

You wanna tell my parents why I turned down a six figure salary?

LUCY

This is not about getting your parents approval. You gotta get your own first. And I'm not waiting five months to find out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

CHRISSY (21, funky sweater, headband, glasses) and ELLA (22, ripped jeans, baggie hoodie) sit at a table. Ella types on her phone. Joe hands them drinks.

JOE

One for you, and one for you...

Frank approaches.

ELLA

Four letters, ends with "L," clue is "spoken."

FRANK

Oral.

CHRISSY

Oh my god, Frank!

Ella types. Joe chuckles. Ella punches him in the shoulder.

ELLA

Seven letters: West Wing president?

FRANK

Is this what you guys do here?

CHRISSY

Most of the time, yeah.

ELLA

You have a better idea?

FRANK  
I don't know. Classic bar-y things.

JOE  
Yes! Thank you!

ELLA  
You already have a drink. That's ninety percent.

JOE  
What's the other ten?

CHRISSEY  
What else is on the list?

FRANK  
Well... not much...

ELLA  
Wanna smoke some weed?

The other three stare at Ella.

ELLA (CONT'D)  
Is that a no?

FRANK  
I might wanna try marijuana.

ELLA  
That's weed.

FRANK  
(sincerely)  
Really?

CHRISSEY  
How 'bout you try to join The Puma.

JOE  
He's looking for serious options.

CHRISSEY  
You don't believe in The Puma?

FRANK  
Maybe I already am.

JOE  
He's not.

CHRISSEY  
I don't know anyone that is.

FRANK

Then they're doing a good job at being a secret society.

Everyone thinks for a beat.

ELLA

I don't think we're very good at coming up with ideas.

Chrissy grabs some napkins, and leaves the table.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

CHRISSY

We can maximize the diversity of ideas if we crowd source with everyone here.

ELLA

I'll find some pens.

Ella follows Chrissy. Joe puts his arm around Frank.

JOE

They give me mad whiplash, bro.

Frank looks at the arm on his shoulder.

JOE (CONT'D)

Want another drink?

Frank brushes Joe's arm away and follows Chrissy and Ella.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

Frank stands near the bar counter holding napkins. He sweats as he examines the crowd. Chrissy weaves her way to Frank.

CHRISSY

Frank! I got three more. Another "join a frat." This is the fourth "have sex in the sex tree" which I hope for hygiene's sake isn't that common. Oh, and I didn't know how you would feel about "do shrooms."

Frank looks disappointed.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Hey, ideas are ideas.

Joe approaches.

JOE  
Here's an idea: more shots.

Frank takes his shot and drinks it.

CHRISSEY  
No.

JOE  
Then that's two for Frank.

CHRISSEY  
Frank, you should slow down.

JOE  
Stop being a buzz kill.

Chrissy forcefully hands Frank her napkins and storms off.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Oh, c'mon, don't be like that.

Joe follows Chrissy.

Frank collides into SARAH (21, always wearing flannel or the forbidden pants). She spills her drinks on Frank's napkins.

SARAH  
Crap! Sorry...

FRANK  
No. NO. NO!

Frank salvages some of the napkins.

SARAH  
Isn't that what napkins are for?

FRANK  
They were important!

SARAH  
Then don't bring them to a bar.

Sarah walks off.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Patrick drives Frank, Matt, and Sam. Matt reads the napkins.

MATT  
You had people fill these out?

Frank nods.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Have you read them?

FRANK  
Some...

Matt looks down at the napkins, unsure.

MATT  
Dress better. Trim your unibrow.  
Don't act like a virgin. Kiss your  
mom. Fuck your mom. Fuck yourself.

PATRICK  
You wanna do all that?

SAM  
Frank, it's okay, just chuck 'em.

MATT  
And you had a fun, right?

Frank starts fidgeting with his fingers.

SAM  
What about this one: Take an easy  
class.

Frank shakes his head no.

SAM (CONT'D)  
It'll be fun! I'm not letting you  
quit after one night.

Frank gags.

MATT  
Oh c'mon, you love school!

Frank gags again.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Shit... Pat, roll down the window!

Frank throws up on the last of his napkins.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Text on screen: "2956 hours until graduation"

A 30 person seminar room. Frank sits by himself, reading the syllabus. Sarah approaches the chair next to Frank.

SARAH  
Anyone sitting here?

FRANK  
Looks like it's you.

SARAH  
(sarcastically)  
Oh no, I just wanted somewhere to  
put my bag.

Sarah sits down. Frank looks at her again, then slides away from her, leaning towards the wall.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I forgot to grab a syllabus, can I  
take a picture of yours.

Frank begrudgingly hands his over. Sarah takes photos with her phone, then returns it.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You look familiar, do I know you?

FRANK  
You spilled a drink on my napkins  
last night...

FR. MEYERS (middle aged, priest) begins class.

FR. MEYER  
Good morning everyone. Welcome to  
Clairvoyance Studies! Before we get  
started, I'll address the elephant  
in the room: why is a priest  
teaching a class about predicting  
the future? Well, I think that  
these practices of mysticism  
provide an insight on the human  
condition...

Sarah leans over and whispers to Frank.

SARAH  
Your napkins?

Frank nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I was really drunk.

Frank nods again.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
There wasn't anything, like,  
important on them was there?

Frank shakes his head.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
That's good...  
(beat)  
So what was on them?

FRANK  
I'm sorry, but I want to pay  
attention.

Sarah zips her lips and throws away the key.

INT. APARTMENT 305 - AFTERNOON

Frank sits across from Patrick, surrounded by Tarot cards, pages of notes, and a tutorial book. Matt lays on the couch.

Frank checks one of his pages of notes.

FRANK  
Alright, so you drew judgment. Did  
you feel judged as a kid?

PATRICK  
I feel judged right now.

FRANK  
But you wouldn't say that about  
your past?

MATT  
It's called high school.

PATRICK  
How does this help me decide if I  
should take the job?

MATT  
It doesn't. They're stupid cards.

FRANK  
(mystically)  
That tell the future.

MATT  
Do you remember what Dr. Char said  
in Engineering 101?

FRANK  
Can you imagine if Big Bird was on  
The Challenger?

Matt comes to the table, grabs the cards.

MATT  
Pseudoscience is the art of  
confirmation bias... Look...

Matt searches the cards until he finds one he wants.

MATT (CONT'D)  
(Sarcastically)  
In your future, I see... the sun.

PATRICK  
Like the Phoenix Suns.

FRANK  
Now I'm starting to feel judged.

PATRICK  
Do another one.

Matt searches the deck again.

MATT  
You will be... the King of Coins.

PATRICK  
The Kings are another team!

FRANK  
But the coins could be banking.

MATT  
Exactly!

Frank takes all but one of the cards from Matt. Sam and JULIA  
(21, climate change activism shirt) exit the bedroom.

MATT (CONT'D)

Oh no, bad news for you two.

Matt waves the 'Death' card at Sam and Julia.

PATRICK

How was the sex?

JULIA

Shitty.

SAM

Really?

PATRICK

Gross.

JULIA

You asked, moron.

MATT

Oh my god, I predicted the death of their sex life.

SAM

I wouldn't say its dead!

PATRICK

Stop it.

FRANK

That's not how they work!

JULIA

That's basically how they work.

FRANK

I'm the one taking the class, I've read the text book cover to cover, I know how they work?

PATRICK

On the first day?

JULIA

No one can predict the future... Well, with sea levels, we're all on a ticking clock, but even that's in dispute.

SAM

That's comforting.

MATT

You're not learning this all at once. You can't just go on some quest every day. I mean I'm exhausted just watching you!

FRANK

Then don't look.

MATT

Nah dude, I tried putting this nice. Like, are you having any fun doing this? I mean the bar and the class and the list. Do you feel like you got anything positive out of it? What's the point of doing it if you hate it?

FRANK

I don't hate it, I'm just doing it wrong!

MATT

Stop. Just stop it. You're a perfectionist in the least complimentary way. And if you're doing things just to say you did them you're gonna have a shit last semester being miserable over things you don't even like!

Frank throws the cards at Matt and storms out.

INT. BILLIARDS LOUNGE - EVENING

Frank practices pool by himself. As he takes his shot, his cue stick is tapped and the cue ball goes awry.

FRANK

(angrily)

HEY!

Frank turns around to see it's Sarah.

SARAH

Sorry, I was looking for an opponent and I remembered you.

FRANK

So you remember me now?

SARAH

I'll find someone else.

Sarah begins to walk away.

FRANK  
I'm sorry. That was rude.

Sarah stops. She turns back. Frank resets the table.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You wanna break?

SARAH  
If I do, you might not get to play.

Sarah grabs a cue stick and breaks. One ball goes in.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You were taking a lot of notes  
today. You like the class?

FRANK  
(politely)  
It's fine.

SARAH  
Doesn't sound like you mean that.

FRANK  
(Like he means it)  
It's great!

Sarah hits a ball in.

SARAH  
Can we have a normal conversation?

FRANK  
This is a normal conversation: you  
talk, and then I talk, and then you  
talk again in response to what I  
said, and I respond to what you  
said and so on...

Sarah stares at Frank, waiting for him to elaborate.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I think it's stupid. No offense.

SARAH  
I'll allow it.

FRANK  
And I'm gonna fail this stupid  
class because I can't predict the  
future.

SARAH  
Do you hear yourself?

Sarah hits a second ball, it goes in.

FRANK  
I hear myself, I always hear myself  
because...

SARAH  
(interrupting)  
If you mansplain how ears work I'll  
beat you with a pool cue.

FRANK  
Sorry.

SARAH  
Why are you worried about this?  
It's fake. It's fun!

FRANK  
People keep saying that word, and I  
don't feel it.

SARAH  
Fun?

Frank nods. Sarah hits a third ball but misses.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Is pool fun for you?

FRANK  
Yes.

SARAH  
Why?

FRANK  
(beat)  
Well it's logical. You aim at  
something, you hit it, and if  
you're good, it goes where you  
aimed it.

SARAH  
Which ball are you gonna hit?

FRANK  
(beat)  
The seven.

SARAH  
Why not the three?

FRANK  
Are you trying to get in my head?

SARAH  
Why the seven over the three?

FRANK  
(beat)  
Well, the three ball doesn't set me up well for another shot and while the seven is harder to get in, it leads to more opportunities.

SARAH  
But it's not wrong to aim for the three.

FRANK  
I mean I could hit the three...

SARAH  
No. You justified hitting the seven. If you spend the whole time worrying about once choice, you'll never finish the game. Sometimes you just gotta do, and act confident. if you're wrong, who cares? You try again. Here, I'll show you.

FRANK  
But it's my turn.

SARAH  
I'm talking about the cards.

Sarah goes to her bag and retrieves tarot cards.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Center your energy and pick a card.

She holds the cards out. Frank quickly reaches for a card. Sarah pulls them away.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I said center your energy. Take a deep breath or I'll hit you.

Frank twitches his fingers.

Finally, Frank takes a few big breaths, then picks a card.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Interesting, the hermit.

FRANK  
Did I do it wrong?

Sarah taps Frank on the head with the cards.

SARAH  
Knock in the seven.

Frank lines up his shot.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
This isn't about predicting the future, it's about telling a believable story. Who's the hermit?

FRANK  
Well, he's a loner. He's introspective. He's the kind of character you root for but fear he'll never get what he wants...

SARAH  
Right, so I'll predict you're an overthinker, and that's isolated you. You need to free yourself from thinking and just do... Now that may sound personal, but I promise you it's b.s. We all overthink because we have the most complicated brain in the animal kingdom, but some people think it's because they are the hermit.

(beat)  
We just want comfort about life, and if someone says it with enough authority, then we'll believe it's true. If we try to be right, we'll chase your tail forever.

Sarah waves the Hermit at Frank.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
He's always going one direction. He doesn't know if it's right, but he goes forward.

Frank hits the seven in.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
So what's up with the napkins?

FRANK  
I want to be a writer.

SARAH  
Of napkins?

FRANK  
No.

SARAH  
Aren't you an engineer?

FRANK  
Surprising, right? Everyone acts like they're mutually exclusive.  
(beat)  
I like to tell for jokes to my roommates, I write D&D campaigns for my friends, anything to practice. It's hard to fit it in, so I told myself that if I stayed in and grinded, I'd be successful in the future and out having fun while everyone else became boring adults. But I suck at it, I mean I can't even tell a story when some stupid cards do it for me. And I can't turn back the clock so I wanted to cram all the fun in before I can't. I thought maybe all this would make me more worldly, and it would make me a better write. But when I asked people for ideas, I got told to go "f" myself. That's what's up with the napkins.

SARAH  
Come back to the bar with me.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**INT. BAR COUNTER - LATER

Text on screen: "2945 hours until graduation"

Frank and Sarah sit with their backs to the counter.

SARAH  
What do you see?

Frank examines the crowd.

FRANK  
He's having a good time.

Frank points to DRUNK GUY (disheveled, incredibly wet shirt).

SARAH  
Best night of his life, right? Too bad it's gonna end with his head in a bowl. Oh, and he's not gonna remember any of it. Who wants that?

FRANK  
You?

SARAH  
Last night was a bad look for me.  
(beat)  
You're not the only person who's lost. I've changed my major three times. This was supposed to be my last semester. It's hard to come back here and realize everyone's about to leave and you're not. I wanted to pretend like it wasn't happening, so I came here. It's not some magical place for cool people. It's sad and sticky and trashy, half the time it ends up like that.

Sarah points at a couple. Frank turns around.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

Sam and Julia are sloppy drunk, waving hands in a corner.

SAM  
You never told me you were only applying to schools out west!

JULIA

All the best programs are on the west coast; you know this!

SAM

And you know I can't move there!

JULIA

"Because I don't want to," is bullshit.

SAM

That's not why!

JULIA

Right, it's because you're a lazy piece of shit.

SAM

Just because I like playing FIFA a lot doesn't make me lazy!

JULIA

It's not even real soccer.

SAM

Why didn't you apply to a single school where I want to live?

JULIA

Probably cause I'm a bitch, right?

SAM

Babe, you have given me no reason to think you want to stay together after college.

JULIA

Oh, I'll give you a reason.

Julia kisses Sam. She drags him towards the bathroom.

INT. BAR COUNTER - SAME TIME

Frank and Sarah look away from Sam and Julia.

SARAH

Well, that's nice... My point is you're not missing out if you like what you're doing instead. You don't need to justify it to others and you shouldn't blindly trust their opinions on some napkins.

FRANK

So people just waste time here?

Frank twitches his fingers as he begins to panic.

SARAH

I wouldn't call it a waste.

FRANK

Think about it, I'm twenty one...  
sorry, twenty two, and my life's  
getting more boring. At sixteen you  
learned to drive, at eighteen you  
get to vote, at twenty one you can  
drink...

SARAH

Twenty five you can rent a car...

(beat)

So you're going to define your  
happiness by some arbitrary  
milestones? Your life would be so  
much better if you couldn't drive  
for another five years?

Sarah reaches into her bags and pulls out the tarot cards. She  
lays 'The Hermit' card in front of Frank.

SARAH (CONT'D)

The hermit overthinks everything  
because he wants someone else to  
tell him what to do. But if he  
thinks so much about it, he already  
knows what will make him happy. I  
don't know what he's waiting for?

Frank's fingers calm down. He takes a deep breath.

Sarah reaches over the counter and grabs a pen and napkin.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You and I are going to help each  
other out.

FRANK

I'm a little tired of napkins.

SARAH

Well too bad.

She hands Frank a napkin. He stares at his blank napkin.

FRANK

You're not giving me much to work with. I hardly know you, I don't want to tell you the wrong thing.

SARAH

Isn't that terrifying and fun?

Frank stares at his napkin, he hands it back to her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You didn't write anything.

FRANK

Exactly. It's a blank slate. You can do whatever you want. And like you said, we're all the hermit. I think you already know what you want to do, and I'd love to join you on your quest. Maybe it'll give me something to write about.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

Something terrifying and fun.

Sarah hands her napkin to Frank. It says "Frank should do what Frank wants to do."

FRANK

A bit ironic, don't you think?

SARAH

Hold it close.

Sarah pretends to almost spill her drink on the napkin. Frank quickly protects the napkin. They laugh.

INT. BAR TABLE - SAME TIME

Chrissy and Ella sit at a table. Ella draws on a napkin. Chrissy is not paying attention.

ELLA

...we can control temperature if we use a P.I.D. loop like this...Hey!

Ella snaps her fingers in Chrissy's face.

CHRISSY

Sorry.

ELLA  
Heat is crucial to alleviating  
menstrual cramp pain. One of us is  
gonna need to solve this before  
prototyping...

CHRISSEY  
(interrupting)  
Is that Frank?

ELLA  
We can go say hi after we finish...

CHRISSEY  
Who's that talking to him? Do we  
know her?

ELLA  
What, are you jealous?

CHRISSEY  
(defensively)  
No!

ELLA  
I know what someone's doing in  
their last semester... or should I  
say who...

CHRISSEY  
How are we solving the temperature  
issue?

ELLA  
You mean how am I solving the  
temperature issue. Okay look at  
this...

Chrissy takes one more look at Frank before focusing on Ella.

INT. APARTMENT 305 - NIGHT

Frank writes ideas on the whiteboard. Matt and Joe enter.  
Matt is carrying a box containing wires and robot parts.

MATT  
Dude, I swear my sorting algorithm  
was working at home...

Matt sees Frank.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Oh, you're back!

JOE  
Doesn't he live here?

FRANK  
I was at a bar.

MATT  
Very funny...  
(beat)  
Oh, you're serious.

FRANK  
I was right earlier, with Pat and  
the judgement card.

JOE  
What are you talking about?

Matt sits on the couch. Joe plays with a kitchen appliance.

FRANK  
Tarot cards. See, judgement  
encourages you to evaluate your  
life and discern what need to  
change. It's not about others  
judging you, but you judging  
yourself... well, that sounds  
harsher than it is...

JOE  
You're not really into that stupid  
crap?

MATT  
C'mon dude, he likes it.

JOE  
Frank, I have so many better ideas.

FRANK  
I'm good. I've already filled out  
most of the board.

JOE  
Yeah, I see. I thought this was  
gonna be cool. Like tarot cards?  
That's a stupid ass idea! You're  
better than this Frank.

FRANK  
Maybe... But it's my list, so I  
don't really care what you think.

JOE  
Yeah, okay guy.

Joe exits.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks down the hallway. As he turns a corner, he collides into Patrick. An envelope falls out of Joe's jacket with a fancy drawing of a large cat and "The Puma" written on it.

PATRICK  
Oh shit, sorry Joe.

Joe quickly grabs the letter, pockets it, and rushes off.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Matt sits on the couch. Frank stares at his board.

MATT  
Sorry about him.

FRANK  
It's not your fault he was assigned to your project, I just don't get why Chrissy invites him everywhere. He's kind of a dick.

MATT  
Yeah... To be fair, we're all kinda dicks right now... I'm sorry for being weird. This last semester thing has me reevaluating a few things too. Judgement right?

Frank laughs and smiles.

Patrick overdramatically enters the apartment.

PATRICK  
Shoot me now!

Patrick dives on the couch. He holds a pillow over his head.

MATT  
He told his parents about Barclays.  
(to Patrick)  
Frank was right about your judgement card.

PATRICK  
(muffled by a pillow)  
Good for you.

Matt rubs Pat's back to comfort him.

Frank's phone buzzes. It's a text from Chrissy: "Saw you at The Lantern tonight, glad you're keeping the list going!"

Frank reads the text and responds: "I didn't see you. Why didn't you say hi?"

MATT  
So what's next?

FRANK  
Well, we're a little sparse on ideas, and as much as I'd like to... fuck myself... I think we can be a little more creative.

We see the whiteboard filled with ideas.

*Before Graduation: ✓ Go to bar, All-nighter, Basketball, Formal dance, Learn to dance, Secret spots, dating, enter writing contest, perform stand-up in city, try dating app, try marijuana, sushi, pull a prank, karaoke, listen to Taylor Swift, wear a backwards hat, ...*

the list goes on. At the center of the board is Sarah's napkin.

Text on screen: "2942 hours until graduation"

**END OF EPISODE**