WWKD
(What Would Kenny Do?)

by
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WGA REGISTERED

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EXT. TREEHOUSE - SUNSET

We open on an incredible tree house, at the top of a large oak. The house appears to have been professionally designed. The craftsmanship is perfect, and the view is spectacular.

KENNY BELLMORE, 17, stands on the edge of the wooden balcony. He is about forty feet high, looking down at the earth.

KENNY (V.O.)
I could throw myself right out of this tree. It must be forty feet. I could do a swan dive onto my head. That would definitely kill me. Everybody would blame her. She would feel like shit. That would be great.

His cell phone rings. Kenny hesitates for a moment, then looks at the caller info. He answers.

HOLLY
(over phone)
Kenny, it's me.

KENNY
Hi.

HOLLY
I don't know if this is such a good idea, but... Well, look, it's been five weeks... Maybe we can finally talk about this like adults, quietly and logically.

KENNY
I could be logical if you could be quiet.

HOLLY
Maybe tomorrow morning, before homeroom?

KENNY
Yeah, sure. I'll see you then.

EXT. PARKING LOT/INT. KENNY'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Kenny's green Chevy Nova is parked at the end of a row of cars, in a high school student parking lot.

Kenny sits in the driver's seat. In the passenger seat is HOLLY, 18, a beautiful, girl-next-door type.

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KENNY
Did I get too possessive?

HOLLY
Well, it's... How do I put this...

KENNY
Am I not possessive enough?
Because I could be more.

HOLLY
No, too possessive. Definitely too much. You're like a straight Tom Cruise.
(beat)
Look, you knew I had a lot of guy friends when we met. A year ago, you were cool with it. Now, you feel uncomfortable.

KENNY
I said I feel threatened, and very jealous. I never said uncomfortable. You're putting words in my mouth.

HOLLY
I'm gonna be in college next year, Kenny. I'll be meeting new people.

KENNY
I could visit every weekend and holiday and you wouldn't <u>need</u> to meet new people. It's only seven hours by car.

HOLLY
That would never work. I'm only a year older, but I think maybe I'm a little bit more mature than you.

EXT. PARKING LOT/INT. KENNY'S CAR - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Some time has passed. A few remaining students hurry across campus. Kenny is still sitting in his car.

KENNY
Mature? Do you really want somebody more "mature"?
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KENNY (cont'd)
Or by mature, do you mean you wanna inflate your social status by screwing around with a bunch of frat guys, without some high school boyfriend slowing you down? Maybe you're just afraid that you won't fit in unless you're getting wasted, getting naked, and grabbing your ankles for some college jock who swaps your martini for a roofie cocktail.

We cut to the passenger seat, now empty. Holly is gone.

KENNY
(to himself)
That's what I should have said.
That would have been much better.
(looks at watch)
Ah, shit.

INT. SCHOOL, HOMEROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Kenny races into his homeroom, just as the bell rings.

MS. ESTERBROOK, a skinny, middle-aged teacher with bloodshot eyes, marks her attendance sheet with a red pen.

ESTERBROOK
There's no reason to run, Mr. Bellmore. You're already late.

KENNY
Ms. Esterbrook, I'm here! Please-

ESTERBROOK
You're not at your desk. That's four lates this period. One more and you'll be suspended. Now, take your seat so we can begin.

Kenny takes his seat, grumbling. As soon as he's seated:

ESTERBROOK
OK, everybody, please stand for the Pledge of Allegiance.

INT. HALLWAY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Another bell rings. Kenny exits the homeroom, and meets up with JARED, his best friend.

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Jared looks like a burnout, dressed sloppy, with stringy blonde hair. He also happens to be a genius.

JARED
How did things go in Divorce Court?

KENNY
We're still broken up.

JARED
That's odd. I thought for sure that begging and crying would bring her around.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Jared and Kenny sit in the back, at neighboring desks. Jared sketches in his notebook. Kenny seems unhappy and unfocused. At the front, MR. SELKO, 40s, wraps up his lecture.

SELKO
So that's what you should be reviewing. Any other questions?

A cute female student named TERRI raises her hand.

TERRI
I have a question on the Theta structure.

SELKO
Theta structure? That's college-level stuff. We didn't cover that.

TERRI
It was in a problem on my entrance exam.

SELKO
Well, that's pretty advanced for an entrance exam... Jared?

Jared looks up from his sketch.

SELKO
Would you mind?

JARED
Should I take over permanently or do you just want the definition?

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SELKO
(sighs)
Basic definition, please.

JARED
The Theta is an intermediate structure formed during DNA replication, in which two helicases break free of the hydrogen bonds and proceed independently around the DNA ring.
(to Terri)
Terri, I could tutor you in private if you like.

TERRI
(creeped out)
I think I got it.

JARED
(whispers, to Kenny)
I would tutor the shit out of her.
(beat)
Kenny?

Kenny doesn't reply. He's just staring into space.

EXT. HALLWAY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny, at his locker, switches books, as Jared lectures him:

JARED
Dude, you need to start paying more attention in class. I say some really funny stuff in there, and you're missing all of it.

EXT. GYM CLASS - LATER THAT DAY

Students are dressed for phys-ed, on line for the school batting cages. Kenny and Jared are at the back of the line.

KENNY
It's only the junior prom. Maybe I won't go.

JARED
Just ask <u>anybody</u>! That's the beauty of the prom!
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JARED (cont'd)
You can ask some weirdo that nobody else wants, and she'll hump you out of sheer gratitude!

KENNY
It's just another stupid dance. Everybody acts like it's Christmas.

JARED
The prom <u>is</u> like Christmas, dumbass. Good food, bad music, and you kinda already know what you're gonna get.

EXT. PARKING LOT - THAT AFTERNOON

Just after school: Students get onto their buses and into their cars. Jared and Kenny are crossing the parking lot.

JARED
What about your Aunt Charise?

KENNY
That's creepy.

JARED
She's hot, she's only five years older than us, and she lives an hour away! Nobody would suspect that she's your mom's sister!

KENNY
(sarcastic)
Well, when you put it that way.

JARED
Dude, if you show up to the prom with her, your stock will go through the roof. She's a knockout.

KENNY
You really think so?

JARED
Are you kidding? Your Aunt Charise is amazing! If she was my aunt, I would marry her, and become my own uncle.

KENNY
You're not having Thanksgiving with us anymore. You know that, right?

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EXT. STREETS/INT. KENNY'S CAR - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Kenny is driving; Jared is in the passenger seat.

JARED
I still don't understand how you got so O.J. over one girl. You weren't even banging her!

KENNY
Sex has nothing to do with it.

JARED
Sex has everything to do with anything, always. As soon as we cure you of your virginity, you're gonna realize that there is a whole universe of exciting, dangerous casual sex out there. There are plenty of other vaginas in the sea.

They pull up to a stop light. Idling next to them is a sexy, older BLONDE in a convertible. Jared rolls the window down.

JARED
Check this out. This is that universe I was telling you about.

KENNY
Dude, don't do that. Please don't-

JARED
(out the window)
Hey, what's up.

The Blonde hears him, but she doesn't react.

JARED
This is my friend Kenny. He's a real catch. And you're in luck, 'cause he just got dumped.

KENNY
Dude, that's not cool. Goddamn it.

The Blonde smiles a little, but still refuses to acknowledge them. She just stares at the traffic light.

JARED
This is <u>his</u> car, by the way, not mine. Anyway, he works at an ice cream store.

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JARED (cont'd)
That's why the car sucks.
Otherwise, he has very good taste.
(beat)
Hey, do you like ice cream?

The light changes. The Blonde speeds away.

Kenny gives Jared a look.

JARED
We need to think outside the box on this one. Let's go downtown.

KENNY
I'm not going to Planned Parenthood.

JARED
We don't have to go <u>in</u>. We can just network the parking lot. Make some promiscuous contacts.

KENNY
I'm taking you home.

EXT. JARED'S HOUSE/INT. KENNY'S CAR - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny pulls up to Jared's house and lets him out at the curb.

JARED
If you need someone to talk to, you know, about Holly or anything, you should try one of those phone-sex lines. They're very therapeutic.

KENNY
Thanks. I appreciate it.

Jared shuts the car door. Kenny drives off.

INT. CHERRY ON TOP ICE CREAM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Cherry on Top is a mom-and-pop ice cream place, with pastel wallpaper and plastic tables. Kenny signs into the shift log, as a redhead named HEATHER wipes down the countertops.

PATTERSON, the uptight manager, late 40s, enters.

PATTERSON
Kenny, I'd like to see you in the back office.

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Patterson disappears into his office. Kenny and Heather exchange a look. This can't be good.

INT. CHERRY ON TOP, BACK OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

The office is brightly lit, with generic motivational posters on the walls. Patterson sits behind a large desk.

KENNY
I don't understand.

PATTERSON
Save it, Kenny. I know you've been skimming the register. That's like stealing right out of my pocket.

KENNY
Mr. Patterson, I swear, I've never-

PATTERSON
I told you I'd be watching. And your register was short again. On <u>your</u> nights.

KENNY
But I didn't... I swear, I...

Patterson stands up. Kenny also begins to stand, but:

PATTERSON
Stay seated.
(Kenny sits down again)
I'm willing to give you another chance. I'll garnish the stolen amount from your wages, with interest. But first, I want you to admit what you've done and apologize.

KENNY
I... I can't do that, sir. I didn't take anything.

INT. CHERRY ON TOP, FRONT COUNTER

Heather is serving customers when Patterson emerges from the back. Kenny is a step behind him, confused and embarrassed.

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PATTERSON
Heather, make it known to the entire staff that Kenny Bellmore is no longer part of our team. He is prohibited from this establishment.

HEATHER
(confused)
O... K... Should I, like, write that on the dry-erase board?

KENNY
Sir, can we talk about this? Can I at least finish my shift?

PATTERSON
Just leave now, Kenny, and don't make a scene. I can pick up the slack myself. Heather... Bring me my scoop.

EXT. KENNY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Kenny trudges up the steps to his house. To his surprise, he finds the door locked. He removes the keys from his pocket.

Suddenly, the door opens. Kenny's lumbering, heavyset DAD is in the doorway, wearing a satin robe, holding a tall drink.

KENNY'S DAD
Kenny! Aren't you working today?

KENNY
We, um... closed early. Ran out of spoons. Why is the door locked?

KENNY'S DAD
Was it locked? How strange.

KENNY
And why aren't you dressed?

KENNY'S DAD
Kenny, I'm gonna level with you, man to man. This is the time of day when your mom and I usually...
(lowers his voice)
Fuck.

KENNY
God almighty.

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KENNY'S DAD
Curtis is at soccer until five, and with you at work-

KENNY
I'm just gonna awkwardly leave now.

KENNY'S DAD
Well, look, you might as well come on in. I'll get your mother up. She's gotta start dinner anyway-

KENNY
No, please don't.

KENNY'S DAD
(feels a little insulted)
Listen, Kenny, we have afternoon intercourse out of respect for you and Curtis. I know nobody wants to hear their old man in the next room, moaning and panting, and-

KENNY
Please just stop there, Dad. I don't feel so good. I'll be back. Later. Maybe.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Kenny is on the treehouse balcony, looking over the horizon.

After a short while, Jared emerges from a hatch in the floor.

JARED
So here you are. You know I just walked all the way to that stupid ice cream place for nothing?

Jared dusts off his clothes, a little dirty from the climb.

KENNY
Things used to be so simple up here.

JARED
Speak for yourself. You didn't build this thing.

KENNY
I wish I'd never come down.

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JARED
What?

KENNY
I wish I could go back ten years. I'd tell that seven-year-old kid to stay in this tree forever. Never come down.

We cut to Jared, who has a strange look on his face. For a moment, he doesn't say anything. Finally:

JARED
Do me a favor, dude. When you're done up here, come by the lab... You can kill yourself afterwards.

Jared climbs through the hatch and exits.

INT. JARED'S ATTIC - LATER THAT EVENING

Jared's attic looks like a mad scientist's workshop: Endless shelves of tools, medical equipment, and thick, leather-bound reference books. Wires and cables run wild. Electronic hums and beeps in the background. There are also typical bedroom furnishings- stereo, television, second-hand couch- giving the attic the appearance of a live-in laboratory.

Kenny sits on the couch, on the verge of tears, as Jared stages a one-man intervention.

JARED
For weeks, you've been walking around in this miserable, angst-ridden cloud of shit. For a while, I was, you know, concerned. Now, I'm just getting annoyed.

KENNY
I miss her so much, Jared. It's torture. I can't focus, I can't sleep. I just want this feeling to end.

JARED
That's exactly what I'm talking about! You should be in a coffee shop, strumming an acoustic guitar with that shit that's coming out of your mouth. But I wanna help.

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KENNY
There's nothing you can do.

JARED
I'm your best friend, I've known you since kindergarten, and I'm a genius. I'm pretty sure I can help.
(beat)
It's an experiment, actually.

KENNY
(laughing a little)
No, thank you.

JARED
Hear me out. I haven't asked you to volunteer for anything since third grade.

KENNY
And I broke my legs in third grade, jumping off the roof in that retarded contraption you designed.

JARED
That was DaVinci's retarded design.
(trailing off)
Which I perfected, I just didn't have the engineering capabilities.
(back to the point)
This will be different. Safe and painless. But also top secret.

KENNY
Yeah, I know. It's always top secret.

JARED
No, this is <u>actually</u> top secret. As in classified by the United States government.

KENNY
What?

JARED
I've just completed a program that... Let's just say it would change the world. If it were made public. Which it won't be. I'm selling the design to NASA.
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JARED (cont'd)
They've been funding me for about two years.

KENNY
You're working for astronauts?

JARED
NASA's not just space exploration, they're much-

KENNY
I can't even hold down a job scooping ice cream, and you're working for astronauts.

JARED
So do you want in?

KENNY
Do I want in? No, of course I don't! You broke my legs eight years ago with your homemade hang-glider. You think I'm gonna get in some friggin' space shuttle you built?

JARED
It's nothing like that. It's just a program. A sophisticated, multi-dimensional, digital program.
(beat)
But here's the thing. Now that it's ready, I gotta sign it over to Uncle Sam. Once I do, it never existed. Nobody can know about it.

KENNY
Doesn't your mom know?

JARED
My mom!? She thinks I've been up here masturbating for two years.

KENNY
So what does it have to do with me?

Jared narrows his eyes, carefully choosing his next words:

JARED
What if you could know anything about your own future? What would you ask?

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KENNY
Well-

JARED
(quickly interrupting)
And dude, if you mention her name, I'm gonna put on my soccer cleats and kick you in the balls.

KENNY
I just wanna know that everything will be alright. That life does get better than this. Emotionally, socially... dermatologically.

JARED
Suppose you could have a conversation with your future self.

KENNY
You built a time machine! That's so cool, and I am <u>not</u> getting in!

JARED
No, it's not a time machine. I'm of the school of thought that time travel is fundamentally impossible.

KENNY
OK, me too. Fundamentally.

JARED
But, I <u>do</u> believe- and this is just a basic philosophy, really- that there is no such thing as chance. There is only causality. One thing leads to another. All of our actions are pre-determined by the actions that precede it. Call it destiny if you want, but there's nothing mystical about it. Just endless cause and effect.

KENNY
Do you remember when I fell asleep during "Matrix Reloaded?" I'm having deja vu.

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JARED
Stay with me. You see, I don't subscribe to any time travel theory, but I do believe that it's possible to truly, conclusively determine, what the future will bring.

KENNY
A-ha! Now, I totally don't know where this is going.

JARED
Let's say you were God, or a super-computer, and you had enough memory and logic to examine past events, and then use them to map the future. That's what I've done. I've designed a program with infinite analysis and prediction capability. Big enough to analyze every person, every civilization, every butterfly that ever flapped its wings. If you feed enough information into this program, the system can recognize and lock into the patterns of change that the world is fixed into. At that point, the program can predict the future.

KENNY
You said something about me having a conversation with myself.

JARED
You're gonna have a conversation with the program. Every machine works the same. A calculator- you enter information, "2 plus 2." You ask it a question, "What does that equal?" It gives you an answer, "4." A computer, a robot- they work the same way, and they're given memory, even personality. You enter information, ask a question, and the machine tells you, "Hello, Kenny, 2 plus 2 equals 4. By the way, you've got mail!" You follow me, right?

KENNY
Gotcha. 2 plus 2 equals 4.

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JARED
My machine works like that. It interacts with you, and I can program it to look, sound, and think just like you will, twenty years from now. The program will determine exactly who you're going to be, and then project that person for us. He will have the personality and the memories that you are going to have at age 37.
(beat)
So... Do you want to meet the future Kenny, or not?

KENNY
Ummm... What would I have to do?

JARED
Well, we just strap you in-

Kenny stands, shaking his head. He's heard enough.

KENNY
Strap me in, huh? No way in hell.

JARED
(quickly backpedals)
Wait, wait, sit down. Bad choice of words. No straps involved.

Kenny reluctantly sits again.

JARED
I just need to affix a few wires, just harmless little sensors adhering to your head-
(trailing off)
-to monitor your brain...

KENNY
What was that? Monitor my what?

JARED
Your brain activity. The program reads your thoughts, your knowledge. It's just a way of entering information. Very safe.

KENNY
Oh yeah, that sounds safe. Your top-secret NASA future machine reads my mind, and that's it?

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JARED
That's it. Then Rebecca begins to process what it-

KENNY
Who's Rebecca?

JARED
Oh, that's my name for the program. I named it after Rebecca Rotatori.

KENNY
Rebecca Rotatori... from school?

JARED
I give my inventions female names. And Rebecca Rotatori is such a goddamned know-it-all, so-

KENNY
Yeah, I get it.

JARED
So Rebecca processes everything she learns about you. She uses your experiences, everything you've done and seen, to form an understanding of the world around you. She will recognize and lock into that universal pattern of change. She will predict the person that you become. And she'll project it as a three-dimensional, interactive hologram. You following?

KENNY
Just because I'm not buying doesn't mean I'm not following.

JARED
Do you wanna give it a test drive?

KENNY
You realize this all sounds absurd. Like I'm gonna wake up in a hospital bed with my ears ringing and my pubes burned off.

JARED
Oh, come on. What are the chances of that happening twice?

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INT. JARED'S ATTIC - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny reclines in something resembling a giant massage chair. Jared presses small suction-cups onto Kenny's temple; each one has a tiny antenna. Their signals register on the monitor of a huge computer network, as a digital scan of Kenny's brain is assembled.

JARED
I'm attaching the last one. You shouldn't feel a thing.

KENNY
I don't.

JARED
Maybe a little tingle here or there. But I think I got all those bugs worked out, so probably not.

KENNY
Dude, please just stop narrating.

JARED
You got it. Not a word. Just tell me if you get a tingle. Or a zap. I'll shut up.

Jared puts on a giant pair of headphones and punches a few keys. Then, from inside the headphones, he hears a voice:

KENNY'S VOICE
(from inside headphones)
Oww, oww, OWWW! Turn it off!

Jared looks over at Kenny, confused.

JARED
Did you say something?

Kenny shakes his head.

JARED
I think it might be working.

At that moment, the super-computer begins to hum. A few sparks shoot out from behind the monitor. Kenny's hair stands on end, and he feels a slight twinge.

KENNY
Oww, oww, OWWW! Turn it off!

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JARED
It is working! Hang in there, man!

Again, Jared hears the voice:

KENNY'S VOICE
(from inside headphones)
Jared! Shut it OFF!

Kenny's body begins to twitch. He's in serious pain now.

KENNY
(through clenched teeth)
Jared! Shut it OFF!

Jared grins, punches a few more keys, then clicks his mouse. The machines lull. Kenny is finally alleviated.

Jared takes off his headphones, places them on his desktop, then removes the electronic suction cups from Kenny's head.

JARED
And that's it. You're done.

KENNY
(exhausted)
What happened? Did the governor call?

JARED
It's OK, man. Everything worked.

KENNY
I've been thinking. We really need to get you a hamster.
(looks around)
Where's Future Me?

JARED
Rebecca needs a few hours to render him. Come by tomorrow, before school. By that time, you can interact with a digital version of the future Kenny Bellmore.
(looks at watch)
You hungry?

KENNY
Not really. But that burning flesh does smell delicious, doesn't it?

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JARED
It's still early. You wanna play some Madden?

KENNY
I'm just gonna go home and relax. I'm a little fried.

JARED
Well, let me know if she calls.

KENNY
I will.

Kenny suddenly realizes he's been tricked.

JARED
You pantywaste! I knew it!

KENNY
Dude, I'm just gonna study a little, maybe watch the Red Sox game with Curtis.

JARED
You better not call her, you dickhole. Listen to me.

KENNY
I'm fine, man. I will not call.

INT. KENNY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kenny is on the sofa, with a textbook open on his chest. His little brother CURTIS sits in an armchair, lightly snoring. The TV flickers as sportscasters call the Red Sox game.

KENNY'S MOM, late 40s, enters.

KENNY'S MOM
That doesn't look like studying.

KENNY
I'm studying the Sox' pitching staff.

KENNY'S MOM
I talked to Mr. Knapp today, 'bout helping you prep for the SATs. He said he'd make time on Saturday.

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But Kenny isn't listening, and he's not following the game. He's staring at his cell phone, which sits on a coffee table.

KENNY'S MOM
OK?

KENNY
Yeah, OK. Sounds like a blast.

INT. KENNY'S ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny paces through his bedroom, the phone pressed to his ear. Even though he's alone, the scene sounds like a party. We hear music and girls' voices, somewhere in the background.

KENNY
Holly, it's me. It's Thursday night. I'm just hanging out with some friends. Kind of a party, actually. But anyway, I think I'm gonna take off soon. It's getting a little wild.
(beat)
Call me if you wanna talk.

Kenny hangs up. He crosses the room, hits a button on his stereo, and the rock music ends. He shuts off the TV, and "Girls Gone Wild" disappears.

INT. KENNY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kenny is in bed, wide awake. His phone is on the bed, next to his pillow. We fade out, as Kenny waits for her call.

INT. KENNY'S ROOM - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Kenny is fast asleep. The phone, still near, begins to ring. He opens his eyes, grabs the phone, and reads the call info. No luck. He answers, disappointed.

KENNY
(groggy)
Yeah, what's up.

JARED
Rise and shine, buddy. You ready for the science fair?

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INT. JARED'S ATTIC - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny enters the attic/laboratory, a backpack over one shoulder, as Jared prepares the unveiling.

KENNY
We gotta make this quick, man. If I'm late again-

JARED
Yeah, I know, listen. I'm not sure how to tell you this... Something went wrong.

KENNY
What?

JARED
Last night... there was something else in the room. A fly.

KENNY
(exhales)
Oh, very funny.

JARED
I'm afraid we've created a monster. Half-Kenny, half-insect, with superhuman strength.

KENNY
Just get on with it.

JARED
But seriously. It's Kelly LeBrock.

KENNY
Yeah, OK.

JARED
The chick from "Weird Science."

KENNY
I get it. Just press play, or whatever.

Jared punches a few keys, as the super-computer, with all of its various monitors and drives, begins to hum.

JARED
I click the mouse and we're on.

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KENNY
I'm fully expecting you to blow this place up. But that would solve a lot of my problems, so let's rock.

JARED
And you realize that nobody can know about this, for as long as we live. I'm breaking contract with the United States government right now. If you breathe a word to anybody, we could spend the rest of our lives in-

KENNY
Yes, I assumed all of that, Jared. Let's move this along.

Jared reaches up and pulls a heavy curtain across an overhead track, concealing an empty corner. Random cables stretch beneath the curtain, connecting Jared's computer to a thick gray "Control Pad" on the floor.

KENNY
What is that? What's behind there?

JARED
It's a lead curtain. The initiation process generates a bit of radiation.

KENNY
I thought you said this was safe.

JARED
I just closed the curtain. We <u>are</u> safe.

Jared clicks his mouse.

From behind the curtain, a tiny electrical storm begins. We see a few quick flashes. The overhead lights dim.

We cut to Kenny, who is slightly alarmed, and then to Jared, who seems to know exactly what he's doing.

The sparks end, the lights return to normal wattages, and the equipment becomes quiet. The monitor reads: "FILE READY." Jared grins.

A hand appears. It draws the lead curtain back, revealing a person that looks exactly like Kenny, twenty years older.

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This is KENNY 37- slightly taller, more filled out. His face has aged, but it has aged well, with maturity in his eyes, and more confidence in his smile. He's dressed casually, wearing blue jeans, and a gray T-shirt with the numbers "01".

Kenny can not believe his eyes. He falls backwards, almost off the couch, terrified.

KENNY
(whispering)
Oh, My God. Is that me?

JARED
Everything is cool. The program worked. Kenny, age 17. Meet Kenny, 37.

KENNY 37
(in a lispy gay voice)
Ooooh, look how cute I was! And so thin!

We cut to Kenny, speechless and horrified.

KENNY 37
(in his regular voice)
Just kidding, bro. What's up.

KENNY
Jared, how are you doing this?

KENNY 37
Get over yourself, man. It's weird for me, too. And I already went through this twenty years ago.

KENNY
What?

KENNY 37
When I was you.

KENNY
How do I... How do you...
(to Jared)
How does he know what's going on?

JARED
I told you, man. He has the characteristics, the knowledge, and the memories that you are going to have when you're 37. Everything that's happening right now already happened to him twenty years ago.

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KENNY
This is a joke. I'm being Punk'd, right?

JARED
You gotta be famous to be Punk'd. You're not even popular.

KENNY
You said he'd be a hologram.

JARED
He is.

KENNY 37
I am. I think.

KENNY
I was imagining, like, a six-inch Princess Leia! <u>That</u> guy is my goddamn clone!

JARED
No, he's a hologram. An extremely high-res, tactile hologram. Come on over here. Touch him.

KENNY
(still freaked out)
Oh, no no no. I don't think so.

JARED
Just try it. Don't be silly.

KENNY
I really don't want to, Jared.

KENNY 37
Just try it, Kenny. You touch yourself all the time.

JARED
(laughing)
See that? He's funny, too. You're gonna be funny one day!

Kenny stands and slowly, nervously approaches Kenny 37. With his finger shaking, he pokes Kenny 37's shoulder. Nothing happens. He seems solid.

KENNY
He feels... normal.

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JARED
Poke a little harder.

He pokes Kenny 37 again, with a little more force. Suddenly, Kenny 37's shirt seems to evaporate. He becomes pixelated, splitting into fragments of light.

KENNY
Holy shit. You are... He is...

JARED
Only simulated. Not real.
(beat)
He's palpable to a certain degree, but not enough to support weight or withstand pressure.

Kenny continues to test the "surface" of the hologram, lightly tapping Kenny 37. Then, he pokes harder, breaking through the pixels.

KENNY
This is amazing, Jared. It's unbelievable. It's the coolest thing I've ever-

Kenny 37 lunges at him, screaming loudly.

KENNY 37
RRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

KENNY
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Kenny screams and cowers, practically pissing his pants. Kenny 37's scream turns to laughter. Jared laughs with him.

KENNY 37
(laughing)
God, I'm sorry, kid. I had to.

KENNY
That's not funny.

KENNY 37
It's hysterical, trust me. I've been waiting to do that for twenty years.

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INT. JARED'S ATTIC - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny is on the couch with a hand over his eyes, looking like he might pass out. Jared hands him a glass of water.

JARED
Come on, get up. He wants to help.

KENNY 37
That's right, kid. I'm here to tell you that things do get better. And not just dermatologically, but, you know, life in general.

KENNY
Sir, if you don't mind-

KENNY 37
We're the same person. Why the hell are you calling me "sir?"

KENNY
I'm losing my mind. This is some kind of out-of-body experience.

KENNY 37
I don't blame you. If I was still in that skinny virgin body, I'd want out, too.

KENNY
Please just turn him off, Jared, or hit the mute button, or something.

JARED
Take a deep breath, Kenny. You're embarrassing yourself. And you're embarrassing me. And you're embarrassing yourself.

KENNY 37
(quietly)
Jared, can I talk to you?

Kenny 37 motions towards the other side of the room, and Jared follows him. They speak in private:

KENNY 37
I'm gonna need some time alone with him.

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JARED
How much time are we talking about?

KENNY 37
Gimmie the weekend. I'll be back by Sunday.

JARED
No can do, Kenny. Absolutely not. You can't leave my attic. You're classified.

KENNY 37
Trust me. I've been through this once already, remember?

JARED
So you're telling me that back when you were 17, when you were him, and I was me, and this was twenty years ago, I just let you two wander off on some kind of big-brother field trip?

KENNY 37
This is a <u>business</u> trip. You give me one weekend and I will make him a man. Right now, he's on the slow boat to the Virgin Islands. I am going to bust an illegal u-turn and drop that boy off at the fashion show!

JARED
Stop talking in witticisms and level with me. Can you get him laid or not?

KENNY 37
I need one weekend, Jared. Under my command, he's gonna get over Holly. He's gonna find a date for the prom. And yes, we will finally get the training wheels off his wang.

JARED
We don't have a weekend. I deliver the plans to NASA this Sunday, 10AM. And I am contractually bound to destroy the prototype. That's you, by the way.

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KENNY 37
Gimmie til 9AM, Sunday morning. Consider it a field test. Now, this is where you get that little red gizmo which enables me to leave the room. I think it's in that drawer.

Kenny 37 points at a desk in the corner. Jared opens the top drawer and removes a small red device, about the size of a pack of cigarettes.

JARED
This receiver?

KENNY 37
That's it.

We cut to Kenny, lying on the couch. Across the room, Jared and Kenny 37 speak quietly and excitedly, but Kenny can't make out what is being said. Finally, they come to an agreement and shake hands, then approach Kenny.

JARED
Good news, Kenny. You're gonna like this... I'm gonna let you borrow yourself for the weekend.

KENNY
And do what exactly?

JARED
You can learn a lot from him.

KENNY 37
We're gonna make a great team. I don't have the awkwardness or the social anxiety, and you don't have herpes!
(beat)
Kidding. So kidding.

JARED
(showing him the receiver)
This is a remote micro-receiver which I can align with my hard drive. Take it with you, keep it in your pocket, and Kenny is free to leave the attic and hang out with you. It's got a signal radius of about 100 yards.
(beat)
(MORE)

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JARED (cont'd)
If any problems arise, he'll know what to do.

KENNY
What? You're putting the hologram in charge?

JARED
Well, he's done this before.

KENNY 37
Plus I'm older.

EXT. JARED'S HOUSE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The Kennys exit the house and walk to the car. Kenny is still freaked out, but attempts to make polite conversation.

KENNY
So, um, what's the future like?

KENNY 37
It's alright, I guess.
(looks around)
Oh, man! Look at this place! The old town looks great! So much nicer than the post-apocalyptic war-zone I live in.

KENNY
What!?

KENNY 37
I'm kidding. The future's fine.

KENNY
Kenny, please don't mess with me. This is all very surreal and I'm feeling, you know...

KENNY 37
Yeah, I know. It's been five weeks since Holly gave you the walking papers. And you're fragile.

KENNY
Exactly.

Kenny pauses. Kenny 37 can see that there is something on his mind.

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KENNY
Actually, speaking of Holly... That's my first question. How can I fix it? Isn't there something I can just say to make things better?

KENNY 37
There will come a time in the future when you know exactly what to say to her. I promise.

KENNY
You can't just tell me?

KENNY 37
Look, I get it, kid. She was our first love. But now, she's just an ex. I realize you're a virgin, and that you never had an ex-girlfriend before, but for future reference, an ex is not such a bad thing. If you're tactful and diplomatic, you can always parlay an ex-girlfriend into an amicable, no-strings attached, booty call.

KENNY
I just want her back. I don't want a booty call.
(long pause)
But go on.

EXT. STREETS/KENNY'S CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Kenny is at the wheel. Kenny 37 is in the passenger seat.

KENNY 37
You see, all girls need sex. They need it just as much as guys. The biggest difference is numbers.

KENNY
Numbers?

KENNY 37
Yeah, numbers. The number. Girls hate increasing that number.
(MORE)

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KENNY 37 (cont'd)
That's why, when a single girl really starts craving sex, she'll look through her phone and ask herself, "Which ex-boyfriend do I hate the least?" That's the ex you wanna be. Jesus Christ, slow down! Why are you driving so fast?

KENNY
This is how I drive! Isn't it?

KENNY 37
No! Slow down! We got plenty of time. And why do you keep switching lanes? This ain't Daytona!

KENNY
OK, OK. You sound like Dad.

KENNY 37
Well, I got news for you, kid. Dad drives like an asshole, too.

KENNY
Dad is the slowest driver of all time! He gets lapped by mailmen!

KENNY 37
Only when you're in the car.

KENNY
What do you mean?

KENNY 37
Dad didn't always drive like a wuss. It just kinda happens after a guy has kids.
(beat)
You'll understand later.

For a little while, nothing is said. Finally:

KENNY
So where do I go to college?

KENNY 37
Don't worry about it.

KENNY
What the hell? I wanna know!

KENNY 37
No, I really don't think you do.

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KENNY
Why not? Is- is it that bad?

KENNY 37
You're gonna apply to a bunch of schools next year. Eventually, you find one that you love, but first, you gotta visit a few that you <u>don't</u>. And on one of those visits, you're gonna meet a beautiful girl, little bit older than you, and you're gonna have a highly-educational, multi-positional, life-changing sexual liaison. And even though you don't attend that particular college, you do <u>not</u> wanna miss that little visit.

KENNY
Can't you just tell me which school I enroll in, and which one I get laid at?

KENNY 37
The point is, life is a journey. Not a destination. It's a cliche, but it's the truth.

KENNY
So... what do you do? I mean, me. Us. For a living.

KENNY 37
Do you really want to know?

KENNY
Of course I do!

KENNY 37
All you gotta know is that I love what I do. And I know because I tried a dozen other things first. Things that I hated and wasn't any good at. Only after you try your hand at all that other shit, are you gonna realize what you were meant for.

KENNY
What I was meant for? I just need easy answers, and you sound like the psychic hotline.

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KENNY 37
Dude, I'll tell you anything you wanna know! Just use your goddamn brake pedal once in a while!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Kenny parks and quickly exits the vehicle. Kenny 37 follows.

KENNY
What are you doing?

KENNY 37
I'm following you.

KENNY
You can't come to school with me!

KENNY 37
What's the big deal? I'm alumni, baby!

KENNY
You're a friggin' hologram! I can't even bring my IPod in there!

KENNY 37
You're crazy if you think I'm gonna miss this. This is like a twenty-year reunion, except nobody's had their ass kicked by the real world yet!

KENNY
(grumbling)
I'm gonna be so late...

Kenny opens the car door and rummages through the back seat. He presents Kenny 37 with a hat and dark sunglasses.

KENNY
Put this on.

KENNY 37
I like it. Total anonymity. Now, which way to the girls locker room?

Kenny just stares at him, unamused.

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KENNY 37
Just kidding. I know where it is. Listen, you don't have to stress. If anybody asks, I'm a new teacher.

KENNY
And what if they expect you to... you know, teach?

KENNY 37
Substitute teacher.

KENNY
(thinks for a moment)
You know, that might actually work. Subs don't do shit.

INT. SCHOOL, HOMEROOM DOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Kenny races for the door. Just before he reaches it, the homeroom bell rings. Ms. Esterbrook appears in the doorway.

KENNY
(out of breath)
Ms. Esterbrook, I'm sorry I'm late.

ESTERBROOK
That is to say, late <u>again</u>.

KENNY
Please- if you give me another late I'm suspended.

ESTERBROOK
That's correct. Wait in the hall while I write up your office slip.

Kenny is furious, but doesn't say anything. Esterbrook shuts the door in his face.

A moment later, Kenny 37 strolls into the scene, now wearing the hat and sunglasses.

KENNY
I'm late. Esterbrook is gonna have me suspended and it's your fault.

KENNY 37
Esterbrook's a cokehead, you know.

KENNY
What?

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KENNY 37
The bloodshot eyes, the anxiety, the little trips to the bathroom, when she comes back wired. You never noticed?

KENNY
Not really. I don't know any cokeheads.

KENNY 37
You know one.

KENNY
What does her drug problem have to do with me?

KENNY 37
God, I miss being naive. Try this-

INT. SCHOOL, HOMEROOM DOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Esterbrook opens the door, holding a disciplinary slip. Kenny is waiting in the hallway; he now seems much calmer.

ESTERBROOK
Take this to the main office.

KENNY
Please reconsider, Ms. Esterbrook.

ESTERBROOK
I will not tolerate this constant tardiness. Take it.

Esterbrook hands Kenny the slip, and begins to shut the door.

KENNY
But I can't be suspended. I'm planning a big report on the dangers of cocaine.

This catches her off guard. She is rattled, but tries to play cool.

ESTERBROOK
(lowering her voice)
That doesn't concern me, Kenny.

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KENNY
Oh, I think it does. I've been preparing this presentation for quite some time.

Esterbrook glares at him. On the surface, furious, but underneath, she's scared.

ESTERBROOK
Come inside and take your seat. And try to be on time.

KENNY
Will do. And you keep your nose clean.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The next bell rings and Kenny emerges from Esterbrook's classroom. Kenny 37 is waiting outside the door.

KENNY
I can't believe that worked! Did I just blackmail my teacher?

KENNY 37
Well, blackmail is a very strong word. A strong, and in this case, accurate word.

Jared approaches; he's alarmed to see Kenny 37 there.

JARED
(to Kenny 37)
Excuse me, Kenny.
(to Kenny)
Kenny, what the hell is he doing in here?

KENNY
Relax, man. Everything's cool.

KENNY 37
Totally cool. I'm teaching Kenny how to blackmail authority figures.

JARED
I thought you would skip class or something! Or at least make him wait outside!

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KENNY
Yeah, I tried that, Jared. Your little science project can be very disobedient.

KENNY 37
(some passing girls catch his eye)
God, these girls look so much younger than when I went here!

JARED
These are the same girls.

KENNY 37
Oh, yeah. I guess so.

JARED
OK, look, I can get a library pass for a few periods.
(Jared grabs the receiver from Kenny)
Kenny, you're coming with me.

KENNY 37
No problem. Kenny, you better get down to Mrs. Rossdale's class. And sit in the front row.

KENNY
What?

KENNY 37
Yeah.

KENNY
Why?

KENNY 37
Because.

KENNY
I always sit it in the back.

KENNY 37
Not anymore. From now on, you sit in the front, you volunteer, and you raise your hand when you know the answer. It's time to embrace your inner suck-up.

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INT. CLASSROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Students shuffle in, taking their seats. Kenny enters. After a moment of hesitation, he reluctantly takes the front-row-center desk.

As soon as he's in the seat, MRS. ROSSDALE, 60s, approaches.

ROSSDALE
Kenny, good morning, may I borrow you?

KENNY
Um... sure.

He stands, unhappily, wondering what he's gotten himself into. A moment later, Mrs. Rossdale presents a beautiful young Spanish girl named ADELA.

ROSSDALE
Kenny, this is Adela. She's new. Show her around the wing, then take her down to the study hall and catch her up on everything we've done this semester.

KENNY
(brightening up)
No problemo!

ROSSDALE
I'll consider it extra credit. Here's a hall pass.

Kenny smiles, greets Adela, and then leads her to the door. Mrs. Rossdale turns her attention to the class:

ROSSDALE
OK, everybody, put those books away. We're gonna have a little pop quiz.

The class groans. As Kenny and Adela exit the classroom:

ADELA
So are you, like, Mr. Popular or something?

KENNY
Are you making fun of me?

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ADELA
At my old school, they always made the most popular guy show the new students around.

KENNY
Oh, yeah, that's basically school policy here.

INT. LIBRARY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Jared and Kenny 37 are hanging out by the periodical section, as MISS BEACHUM, the librarian, shelves magazines.

JARED
Miss Beachum, do you have this month's *Intellectual Activist?*

BEACHUM
The school board discontinued it.

JARED
What about *People?*

BEACHUM
Yeah, we get *People.* This is the latest.

She hands Jared the magazine. He begins thumbing through it.

BEACHUM
You should read the story on Halle Berry. She's had a really hard life.

JARED
Yeah, I will. Thanks.

KENNY 37
Jared, you, uh... you're one of the smartest guys I've ever known.

JARED
Thanks, dude. And you're a fine guinea pig.

KENNY 37
How come you never transferred to one of those special schools, for, like, geniuses and rich kids?

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JARED
The opportunity has come up. But to be perfectly honest... If you really wanna know what keeps me here, unfostered, under-achieving in the public school system...

Kenny 37 leans in a little closer.

JARED
It's the girls.
(beat)
Look at Stacy Flynn over there. You won't see boobs like that bouncing around Mensa.

KENNY 37
<u>That's</u> Stacy Flynn? Damn, I guess it is.

JARED
Look at that ass. Like she lives on the tenth floor of a building with no elevator.

KENNY 37
Enjoy it while it lasts. She moves out of that building in a few years, and into one with wider doorways. And by that time-
(suddenly distracted)
Shit. What time is it?

JARED
About halfway through first period.

KENNY 37
OK, follow me. I want you to see something.

Kenny 37 hurries to the library door. Jared follows. They peer through the window, into the hall:

INT. HALLWAY

At the far end of the hallway, Kenny is showing Adela around. We can't hear what's being said, but there is obvious chemistry.

Kenny opens a door, leading Adela into the study hall.

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INT. LIBRARY

JARED
Oh, wow! Who is <u>that</u> little import?

KENNY 37
Keep watching. It gets better.

INT. HALLWAY

A group of girls appear from around a corner. Holly is among them, laughing and chatting. As they pass the study hall, something catches Holly's eye. She breaks off from the group, distracted by what she sees:

Through the window, Holly spots Kenny and Adela, alone in the study hall. They are clearly flirting.

Holly looks surprised- maybe even a bit jealous. Finally, she shakes it off and catches up with her friends.

INT. LIBRARY

Jared observes everything, then turns to Kenny 37, impressed:

JARED
Well played, sir. Well played.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER THAT DAY

Kenny enters the cafeteria, elated, and finds Jared and Kenny 37 hanging out at a corner table.

KENNY
(pointing to Kenny 37)
This guy is the ultimate wingman.

JARED
What'd I tell you? I knew this would be good for you.

KENNY
I think I'm in love.

JARED
(to Kenny 37, concerned)
What did you do?

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KENNY
Relax. Just a girl I met. Nothing serious.

KENNY 37
Here's your itinerary for the rest of the day. In wood shop, start being very, very nice to that pale kid, the one who wears the trench-coat and the Marilyn Manson t-shirt. I'm not gonna tell you why, but you'll know when it happens. In chemistry, you got that test. And I suggest studying a little, because Mr. Selko is totally on to that little move of yours- the one where you drop your pen and then look at Jared's answers as you pick it up. Nobody drops their pen that much. Michael J. Fox doesn't drop his pen that much. Study hall, sit next to Robyn Vandemark. Introduce yourself, make polite conversation.

KENNY
Robyn Vandemark? The weirdo from my art class?

KENNY 37
Yeah, she's the ugly-ducking late-bloomer who's gonna transform herself into the sexiest, most popular girl in school, just in time for homecoming next year.

KENNY
Robyn Vandemark!?

KENNY 37
Try to imagine her without the ponytail and the glasses.

KENNY
I don't know... I mean, I guess...

KENNY 37
One more thing. Stand up. What are you wearing underneath that?

Kenny stands. He's wearing a Red Sox jersey and jeans.

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KENNY
What's wrong with my jersey? This is my favorite shirt!

KENNY 37
And who are you supposed to be, anyway, the batboy?
(beat)
Jared, what do we have next?

JARED
I'm going to be ditching my 12:15 lecture. It's conflicting with the girls' soccer practice.

KENNY 37
Perfect. Kenny, let's get that shirt into your locker, pronto. Jared, save me a spot on the bleachers.

EXT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Kenny, now wearing a plain white t-shirt, stuffs the jersey into his locker. Kenny 37 nods in approval.

KENNY 37
Good move. When Boston drafts you, you can wear it.

KENNY
What's the big deal, anyway? Who cares what I'm wearing?

KENNY 37
You're not going to spring training next month, my man. You're going to the prom. And you need a date, so start advertising.

KENNY
Who do I go with?

KENNY 37
Take a guess.

KENNY
Holly. Is it Holly? We make up?

KENNY 37
Just forget about Holly for now. Take another guess. A wild guess.

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KENNY
Well... if I'm not going with Holly, I... I guess I could ask-

KENNY 37
Not her.

KENNY
What about-

KENNY 37
Definitely not her.

KENNY
OK, there's always-

KENNY 37
You're not bringing Aunt Charise. Stop hedging your bets. Who would you go with, if you could go with anybody? Not counting Holly.

KENNY
Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen.

KENNY 37
That's right, Kenny, you're taking the Olsen twins to the prom. And Jessica friggin' Alba is your limo driver. Seriously, now, who were you thinking of the first time you taught yourself that little trick three summers ago?

KENNY
(confused)
Tara Stefanchik?

Kenny 37 doesn't say anything. He just grins.

KENNY
(excitedly)
I'm going to the prom with Tara Stefanchik!?

KENNY 37
Shhhh! Not if you start broadcasting it, you spaz. Now, listen- she's just around that corner, looking like underage gold. Take a deep breath and-

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KENNY
You expect me to ask her right now? I haven't even had time to pysch myself up!

KENNY 37
Psych yourself up? You mean lying in bed, seducing her yearbook picture? Listen, you don't have to do it now. This is just face time. It's gonna warm her up, and it's gonna get you into the party.

At that point, Kenny 37 climbs into Kenny's locker.

KENNY
What party? Where the hell are you going?

KENNY 37
I'm gonna be your ghost-writer. Just be cool and say what I say. She's almost here.

KENNY
Are you kidding!? Kenny, I don't-

At that moment, TARA STEFANCHIK, a beautiful, slender redhead, rounds the corner, right on cue.

KENNY 37
(from inside the locker)
Hey, hot stuff.

KENNY
Yeah, I'm listening.

KENNY 37
No, say it. Say it to her.

Kenny's heart races as Tara approaches. He's petrified.

KENNY
Hey, hot stuff.

Tara looks up, a little surprised.

TARA
Hi, Kenny. What's up.

Kenny 37 whispers something to Kenny, from inside the locker.

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KENNY
You cut your hair.

TARA
Yeah, a few days ago. You noticed!

KENNY
No.
(beat)
I mean, yes, of course I noticed.

KENNY 37
(whispers, inaudible)

KENNY
It looks gray.

TARA
Gray?

KENNY 37
(whispers, inaudible)

KENNY
Great! It looks great.

TARA
Thank you. That's sweet. Guys never notice my hair.
(beat)
By the way, I heard you broke up with Holly. That's rough.

KENNY 37
(whispers, inaudible)

KENNY
(under his breath)
Oh, you gotta be kidding me.

KENNY 37
(whispers)
Say it!

KENNY
(reluctantly)
It's my own fault for trusting her with my reckless heart.

TARA
Awwwwwwww!

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Tara melts. It's the sweetest thing she's ever heard. Kenny looks mortified.

Inside the locker, Kenny 37 is grinning.

TARA
Break-ups happen. You just need to have some fun... Are you coming to Skip Palumbo's party tonight?

KENNY
Ummm... Am I going to that party?

KENNY 37
(whispers, inaudible)

KENNY
Yes. Can't wait. I'd probably make out with your behind.

TARA
Yeah, I think-
(pauses)
What?

KENNY 37
(whispers, inaudible)

KENNY
I'll probably make it out there around nine.

Tara smiles and exits the scene. Kenny exhales.

KENNY 37
(from inside the locker)
You really should stick to the script.

KENNY
That was your fault. You mumbled.
(shaking his head)
I can't believe I just said that.

KENNY 37
It's OK. We were both thinking it.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Jared sits on the bleachers, watching girls play soccer. Kenny 37 approaches and sits down next to Jared.

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KENNY 37
Who's winning?

JARED
They're all winners in my book.

Two girls pass by. LISA, 18, is dressed conservative, and wearing a diamond ring. JILL, 17, is cute, but very skinny.

KENNY 37
Hey, Lisa. Is that a promise ring?

LISA
(turns around, confused)
Do I know you?

KENNY 37
I'm, uh... Mr. Kaye. Substitute teacher. It is, isn't it? Promise ring from whats-his-name?

LISA
From Matthew. My boyfriend.

KENNY 37
Kitten, we gotta talk. You can <u>not</u> marry your high school sweetheart. It's gonna be fun and romantic for about five minutes, and then before you know it, you and the hubby are broke and miserable, moving back in with your mom so that she can help you breastfeed the triplets. Meanwhile, your girlfriends are on spring break in Mexico and backpacking through Europe, learning how to moan in foreign languages. Trust me on this. Go to college, spread it around, and see some of the world before you marry the guy who lives two blocks away.

LISA
(completely taken aback)
I... never thought of it like that.

KENNY 37
And Jill, can we talk about the eating disorder you're developing?

JILL
Excuse me?

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KENNY 37
Right now it seems like an easy way to keep the pounds off. But your breath reeks, your boobs are deflating, and eventually, you're going to get very, very sick.

JILL
(pauses, then whispers)
How did you know?

KENNY 37
You're a beautiful girl. Just eat right, exercise, and break up with that loser who calls you fat when he can't get it up. You're not fat. He's just impotent.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

School has just let out. Jared is about to part ways with the Kennys, giving them last-minute instructions.

JARED
Now, are you <u>sure</u> you know what you're doing?

KENNY
For the last time- no, not really.

KENNY 37
Look at it this way. The worst that could happen is we end up dead or in jail. But hey, that's the scientific method, right?

JARED
I got work tonight and my internship tomorrow, so you guys are on your own until then.

KENNY 37
We got it.

JARED
Rebecca has him rendered until Sunday morning. I need him logged off, shut down, and completely erased by 9AM.

KENNY
You got nothing to worry about.

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KENNY 37
Yeah, that's barely enough time to pre-meditate anything.

Jared hands Kenny the receiver and exits the scene.

KENNY
School was actually fun today. You're like my own personal Miss Cleo. Except you're white and you're not a fraud.

KENNY 37
Kenny, you got the world on a string and you don't even realize it. You get a hot lunch every day for two friggin' bucks. Any crime you commit goes out the window on the day you turn 18. And best of all, you're surrounded by females who are literally at their physical peak.

EXT. STREETS/KENNY'S CAR - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny is driving; Kenny 37 is in the passenger seat.

KENNY
Physical peak? I mean, yeah, we got some hotties, but most of them aren't even legal yet.

KENNY 37
Yeah, and by the time they <u>are</u> legal, they're going downhill in an ice cream truck. That's why me and you are lucky to be guys. Well, one guy, actually.

KENNY
But don't girls hit their <u>sexual</u> peak <u>after</u> high school?

KENNY 37
No, after high school comes the freshman fifteen. Then stretch marks. Then cankles. <u>Then</u> the sexual peak when they hit 30, once their standards take a nosedive. Then menopause.

Their car pulls up to Cherry on Top.

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KENNY
So what are we doing here? I just quit this place.

KENNY 37
You didn't exactly quit. You let Patterson humiliate you, and you left without a fight.

KENNY
OK. You want me to fight him?

KENNY 37
No, I want you to go in there and say exactly what I tell you to say.

KENNY
If you think I'm gonna apologize to that gayhole-

KENNY 37
I didn't say apologize. Just repeat after me.

INT. CHERRY ON TOP ICE CREAM - A MOMENT LATER

Heather is behind the counter when Kenny enters, followed by Kenny 37 (still incognito). Kenny approaches the counter.

HEATHER
Kenny!
(looking around)
Listen, you really shouldn't come in here. Mr. Patterson told us-

KENNY
Get him.

HEATHER
What?

KENNY
Please, Heather. Just get him.

Heather obliges and disappears into the back.

A moment later, Patterson appears, followed by Heather.

PATTERSON
Kenny, I told you quite clearly that you're banned from this store. Do I need to call the police?

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KENNY
Call them if you want. I don't mind.

But Patterson doesn't move. He just stands there, sizing Kenny up.

KENNY
I just wanna clear the air, Patterson. I've never stolen a dime from you. On occasion, I over-rang the register without realizing it. I won't even fully understand what an over-ring is, until I take an Intro to Small Business course two years from now. But because you're not involved in the day-to-day operations of this store- because you have kids teaching other kids how to manage the register- I've created financial discrepancies without ever knowing it. You've accused and threatened me, and if you'd just been more professional, you could have solved everything, simply by asking a few questions. Anyway, I'm not bitter. In fact, I'm relieved to be out of this dump. I'm getting a little old to be scooping ice cream for a living, and I have no idea how a man <u>your</u> age does it.
(beat)
By the way, four years from now, your wife will finally admit to herself that she married a closeted homosexual. Then she'll leave you. Good luck with that.

Heather's mouth drops wide open.

EXT. CHERRY ON TOP ICE CREAM - A MOMENT LATER

Kenny and Kenny 37 exit the store. Kenny is exhilarated.

KENNY
Dude, that was amazing! Did you see his face?

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KENNY 37
Did you see Heather's face? I'm pretty sure she just creamed in her pants.

KENNY
That guy is supposed to be my superior! My boss! And he just stood there stammering, like a braindead idiot!

KENNY 37
Welcome to the American work force.

KENNY
Kenny, from this moment on, I give you total creative control, carte blanche, power of attorney, whatever you want. Where are we going next?

KENNY 37
Skip Palumbo's party.

KENNY
Ha. Not gonna happen.

INT. KENNY'S HOUSE, STAIRCASE/LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

Kenny emerges from his bedroom and descends the stairs. Kenny 37 is a step behind. Kenny is freshly showered and sharply dressed, but extremely nervous.

KENNY 37
Will you just relax? Tara practically invited you.

KENNY
Ahhh, but she didn't invite me. She said, "Are you going to the party?" She never said, "will you please come to the party?" And that's how the in-crowd works. They're very careful not to extend invitations to anybody who's not already invited. That's so the in-crowd doesn't get too big.

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KENNY 37
The in-crowd is an illusion. Those kids are no brighter, no better, no better-looking- ok, maybe a few are slightly better-looking, but beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

KENNY
What does that even mean?

KENNY 37
It means you're gonna be holdin' Tara's beautiful little ass come prom time. Just trust me.

KENNY
Hold on. I should leave a note.

Next to the front door is an escritoire. Kenny removes a pen and pad from the top drawer.

KENNY
(as he writes)
Dear Mom and Dad, went out to infiltrate in-crowd party. Be home after I get kicked out.

Kenny finishes his note and puts the pen away. Just as he's about to close the drawer, he notices an envelope. He takes it out and unfolds a letter.

KENNY 37
What's that?

KENNY
Something for Dad. Says he had some kind of physical.

KENNY 37
So why are you reading it?

KENNY
I'm curious. You know Dad. He wouldn't go to a doctor if his balls exploded.

Kenny 37 snatches the test results out of Kenny's hand.

KENNY 37
After all the tests you've kept hidden from them, do you really want to know how much Viagra Dad is on, or how big his 'roids are?

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KENNY
Good point.

Kenny 37 returns the envelope to the escritoire.

EXT. STREETS/KENNY'S CAR - JUST AFTER SUNSET

Kenny is driving, with Kenny 37 riding shotgun.

KENNY
Holly was always my ticket into these things. Except the great thing about having a girlfriend was not having to go. Most Friday nights, we would just stay in and-

KENNY 37
And not have sex. Yeah, I know. Those were the days. Listen, once we do get to the party, stop crow-barring her into every conversation. Nobody wants to hear about your ex.

KENNY
I didn't crow-bar anybody!

KENNY 37
There is only one situation in which it benefits you to refer to the ex-girlfriend. Repeat after me: "My ex-girlfriend didn't like giving oral sex either."

KENNY
I don't get it.

KENNY 37
You will. Trust me.

KENNY
The point is, Skip Palumbo doesn't even know our name. What makes you think he's gonna let us in?

KENNY 37
It's a high school party. You don't need invitations when you have vaginas.

KENNY
I don't have a vagina.

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KENNY 37
See that white Prelude up there? Catch up.

Kenny accelerates, nearing the Prelude. Sure enough, there's three cute teenage GIRLS inside, singing along to the radio.

KENNY 37
Pull up beside them at the next red light.

KENNY
You want me to ask three hotties that I don't know to a party I'm not invited to?

KENNY 37
No, you're just gonna ask for directions. Here's what you say...

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT- A MOMENT LATER

The light turns red. The Prelude rolls to a stop in the left lane. Kenny's Nova pulls up next to them in the right lane.

Kenny waves, nervously, and gets the attention of one of the girls. She rolls down her window, already expecting a pick-up.

KENNY
Hi. Um, we're late for a big party. Do any of you know how to get to Oceanside from here?

FIRST GIRL
We're not from around here either, but I think you turn right and go over the bridge.

KENNY
Thanks a lot.

Kenny begins to roll up his window, but then:

FIRST GIRL
Whose party?

KENNY
I'm sorry?

FIRST GIRL
Whose party is it?

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Before Kenny can answer, Kenny 37 leans over and interrupts.

KENNY 37
We're not at liberty to say.

This gets the attention of all three girls. Their curiosity gets the best of them:

SECOND GIRL
A secret party?

FIRST GIRL
(bitchy)
If it was worth going to, I'm sure we'd already know about it.

KENNY
(quietly, to Kenny 37)
I <u>think</u> we can tell them, Kenny.

KENNY 37
(to Kenny)
Shut up.
(to the girls)
I don't mean to be rude. But, you see, our girlfriends are in Cancun. And we promised them that we wouldn't hang out with any attractive young ladies while they're away.

THIRD GIRL
You're girlfriends are in Cancun? And just what do you think <u>they're</u> doing if they're in Cancun <u>without</u> you?

KENNY 37
(pauses and contemplates, for effect)
Yeah, that's a good point. Tell you what. We'll let you follow us.

EXT. BRIDGE/INT. KENNY'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER

Kenny's car is crossing the bridge, heading towards the shore, with the girls' Prelude following.

KENNY
Dude, you're a genius! <u>I'm</u> a genius!

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KENNY 37
No, you were right the first time.

KENNY
How did that even happen? You said, like, four words!

KENNY 37
Let me tell you what goes on inside a hot chick's brain. Number one. They hate other girls. All girls. They hate girls they know. They hate girls they don't know. They hate their best friends. They hate everybody.

KENNY
Makes sense.

KENNY 37
Number two. Hot chicks can not resist screwing with somebody else's devoted boyfriend. They thrive on it. And therein lies the irony. The hot ones are the most insecure.
(beat)
Every once in a while, you should stop and listen to what girls actually say to each other. They can have entire conversations of insecure jibberish.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The three Prelude girls reach the doorstep; the First Girl rings the doorbell. Kenny and Kenny 37 are right behind them. Loud voices and rock music emanate from the house.

FIRST GIRL
Uggh. I look like ass.

SECOND GIRL
You look amazing, Crystal. I wish I had your boobs.

FIRST GIRL
Thanks. I wish I had yours, too.

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KENNY 37
Now, remember girls, be extra friendly, and maybe they'll let you stay.

The door opens. SKIP PALUMBO, a tall, shirtless jock wearing a party hat, appears in the doorway, holding a beer funnel.

GIRLS
(all at once)
Hiiiii!

SKIP
(pleasantly surprised)
Hello, ladies! Welcome! I don't think I know any of you, but you're definitely at the right house.
(noticing the Kennys)
Are you with these guys?

FIRST GIRL
Yeah. Old friends.

SKIP
Cool. Come on in. The keg is out back. Liquor is in the kitchen. And my room is upstairs.

The girls immediately shuffle off to the kitchen, as Kenny and Kenny 37 step inside.

SKIP
(to Kenny)
You're Holly's boyfriend. Kevin, right?

KENNY
Kenny. Ex-boyfriend, actually. We broke up.

SKIP
My condolences. She was very hot. Let me know if you wanna borrow the funnel. Remember, grief is a process.

Skip slaps Kenny on the back, and then exits the scene.

KENNY
I don't know about this, Kenny. Everybody here is getting drunk.

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KENNY 37
Well, when in Rome... grab a beer.

KENNY
I kinda pride myself on being the only guy in school who doesn't get shit-housed every weekend.

KENNY 37
Yes, I know, you respect yourself, you think for yourself- that's all great. But sobriety can be dangerous. Sobriety increases your inhibitions, lowers your confidence, and accelerates your motor skills. Do you really want to take that risk?

KENNY
What brand do you recommend? Do I have an option?

KENNY 37
Yeah, here's your option. You can have two beers tonight, in moderation, and get a little buzz going. Or, you never touch a drink until you get to college, and then as soon as you're away from home with no adult supervision, you freak out and get bathroom-floor-wasted every night, until you're fat and broke and failing out of school. There's one in every dorm.

At that point, two cute girls, KERRI and DANIELLE, pass by.

KERRI & DANIELLE
(together)
Hi, Mr. Kaye!

KENNY 37
Hey, girls. Nice to see you.

KERRI
Mr. Kaye, you were right! I got into Northwestern! I got my acceptance letter this afternoon!

KENNY 37
That's great, Kerri! You're gonna be a wildcat, after all!

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DANIELLE
Mr. Kaye, I thought about what you said... and I'm not getting the breast reduction.

KENNY 37
Good for you, Danielle. You gotta love what God gave you. Those boobs are, like, your trademark!

The girls exit the scene. Kenny just looks at Kenny 37, astonished.

KENNY
What have you been doing?

KENNY 37
Molding young minds.

KENNY
Dude, you are way too old to be molding anything of theirs.

KENNY 37
Would you relax? Come on. Let's find you a beer.

INT. PARTY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny and Kenny 37 are on a couch in the corner, as Kenny polishes off his first beer of the night. After a last gulp:

KENNY
(impressed with himself)
I finished it.

KENNY 37
Congratulations. How are you feeling?

KENNY
Fine.

KENNY 37
One beer, you're <u>gonna</u> feel fine. Two, you feel really fine. At three, you're gonna break the seal, and urination becomes rather enjoyable. Less of a hassle, and more like a standing orgasm. Four beers, the music suddenly gets much better.

(MORE)

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KENNY 37 (cont'd)
Jon Bon Jovi becomes a musical genius. Five, you'll be tempted to dance. Do not, I repeat, do not dance, unless it is very dark where you are. I'm talking, you know, city-wide blackout dark. Six beers, you'll be mispronouncing people's names on purpose. You find this hilarious. Seven beers is your limit. Seven is New Years Eve, or Super-Bowl. Do not go beyond seven.

KENNY
Seven is my limit?

KENNY 37
You're kind of a lightweight.

KENNY
Dude, this is all very fascinating, but when do we get to the important stuff? Like, how do I trick girls into wanting to have sex with me?

KENNY 37
(exasperated)
OK, for starters. Stop staring at that brunette with the hoops.

KENNY
I am so not staring. I checked her out a few times, but-

KENNY 37
She knows you're looking. She knows, I know, the neighbors know.

KENNY
But I hardly even-

KENNY 37
You see what I'm doing? Talking to you, looking right at you. Right?

Kenny 37 stares at Kenny, without blinking.

KENNY
Right.

KENNY 37
Wrong. I was checking her out. I just felt her up with my eyes and you missed it.
(MORE)

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KENNY 37 (cont'd)
Wanna know her cup size? 32C. Maybe 34. That's the way you gotta do it. You find that special, special girl and you plan your attack. But if she catches you looking, she anticipates the attack.

KENNY
It's not that easy.

KENNY 37
Sure it is. If you believe in yourself, high school is like the opposite of a strip club. You can have any girl you want, you just can't stare.

At that point, something catches Kenny 37's eye:

On the opposite side of the room, Holly is chatting with a stocky FOOTBALL-TYPE GUY in a varsity jacket.

FOOTBALL GUY
So I leave for football camp right after graduation but I was thinking maybe we could keep in touch?

HOLLY
Um, sure. How 'bout I get your e-mail address? Hold this.

She hands him a martini glass, then searches her purse for a pen. Football Guy places her drink on the nearest tabletop.

Fortunately, Kenny has his back to them. Only Kenny 37 notices.

KENNY
Should we work the room a little?

KENNY 37
Let's just do what you came here to do. Right now, Tara is in the kitchen, all by herself, looking drop-dead-jerk-off gorgeous.

KENNY
I'm not ready! I can't ask her to the prom! I can't even friend-request her on myspace! And believe me, I've tried. I lose my nerve every time.

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KENNY 37
More than anything else, girls are attracted to confidence. Not phoniness, or cockiness, or Ashton Kutcher asshole-ness. Just genuine confidence.

KENNY
Tara Stefanchik is not a girl. She's a goddess. She's like God's hot little sister.

KENNY 37
And you have an advantage over every guy here. You have me, your future self, telling you definitively how it can be done.
(beat)
Here are your lines.

INT. PARTY, KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dozens of liquor bottles line the counter-tops. Kenny enters the kitchen and approaches Tara, as she fixes herself a shot. He is clearly nervous, but manages to be somewhat charming.

KENNY
Hey, Tara.

TARA
Hey, Kenny. You made it.

KENNY
What are you drinking?

TARA
I just made myself a "red-headed slut."

KENNY
Well, if you're having a "red-headed slut," I'd better fix myself a "teenage sex machine."

TARA
(laughing playfully)
Hey, watch it, smart-ass.

Kenny pours a little whisky into a shot-glass, and then raises it for a toast.

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KENNY
You look amazing, by the way.
Cheers.

TARA
What are we drinking to?

KENNY
To going home alone.

TARA
(playfully)
Now, why would we want to drink to that?

KENNY
You know, you're right. It's a bad toast, and it's never worked. Not once.

INT. PARTY, LIVING ROOM

We cut back to Holly and the Football Guy. He hands her a small piece of paper:

FOOTBALL GUY
So next to my e-mail is my cell number. You know, just in case. Also, I wrote down our home game schedule. Coach says I should get plenty of playing time.

HOLLY
OK. Thanks. Good luck with that.

In the background, we see Kenny 37 passing through the crowd. As he slips past Holly and the Football Guy, he steals her martini from the counter. Nobody notices.

FOOTBALL GUY
So if you ever wanna come visit for a weekend and check out one of the games... the freshman dorms are pretty nice. And comfy.

HOLLY
(totally turned off)
Yeah, I'll let you know. Um... what did I do with my drink?

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FOOTBALL GUY
(reaches for it, then realizes it's missing)
That's weird. I put it right here.

HOLLY
So it just vanished?

FOOTBALL GUY
Let me get you another.

HOLLY
It's alright. I can get it.

INT. PARTY, KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Holly enters the kitchen and grabs an empty glass. As she approaches the liquor bottles, she spots Kenny and Tara. Tara is cracking up; Kenny is totally winning her over.

TARA
(laughing)
You're funny, Kenny. When did you get funny?

KENNY
I realized the other day that I'm not that good looking, so I've decided to over-compensate.

TARA
But I don't think you're... not good looking.

KENNY
Wow. What a tremendous compliment. I don't think you're not good looking, either.

Holly stares for a moment, then quickly exits the scene.

KENNY
So I've been giving the matter a lot of thought and I've decided that we should go to the prom together.

TARA
Oh, really?

KENNY
Yeah, I think it's for the best.

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TARA
And how did you come to this conclusion?

KENNY
Well, first of all, I'm an incredible dancer. I need somebody who can keep up with me.

TARA
What makes you think I can keep up?

KENNY
I've been on the other side of the room, examining your legs for about an hour.

TARA
Oh, you have?

KENNY
I have. You'll do.

TARA
(playfully)
I'll do?

KENNY
Or don't. It's up to you.

TARA
I've had a few other guys ask me.

KENNY
That's a shame. They're going to be very disappointed.

TARA
I can let them down easy.

KENNY
Well, listen, I don't think you should decide right now. Give me your number, and I'll call you in a few days, <u>after</u> you decide to go with me.

TARA
I usually don't give out my number. Maybe you should give me yours.

Tara takes her cell phone from her pocket.

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KENNY
555-7073.

She punches the number and stores it.

KENNY
OK, call mine. Make sure you got it.

She hits "call," and Kenny's phone begins to ring. An instant later, she realizes she's inadvertently given him her own number. Kenny smiles.

TARA
Hey!

KENNY
Sorry... dirty trick.

TARA
I think you're too quick for me.

KENNY.
Well, I've never heard that before.

EXT. PARTY, BALCONY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny 37 is alone on the balcony, watching from above, as Holly exits the party and approaches her car. In the distance, another PARTYGOER calls out:

PARTYGOER
Holly, you leavin' already?

HOLLY
Yeah, I'm really tired. Too much to drink.

PARTYGOER
OK! Drive safe!

From the balcony, Kenny 37 watches her drive away.

KENNY 37
(to himself)
Sorry, kiddo. It's for the best.

A moment later, Kenny steps out onto the balcony. He's practically walking on air.

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KENNY
It worked! I think. I mean, she didn't say "yes," exactly. But I was saying things and she was actually responding!

KENNY 37
Yeah, a lot of conversations go that way. You'll get the hang of it. And in a few days, she'll call you up and accept your offer.

KENNY
How did I do that?

KENNY 37
You were great. Funny and complimentary and fresh and a little bit of a prick, all at once. It's called "flirting." It's a delicate balance.

KENNY
We gotta celebrate. I need another shot.

KENNY 37
Easy, Bukowski. The night is young.

At that moment, NICOLE BENDER, a beautiful, scantily-dressed brunette, steps out onto the balcony and lights a cigarette.

KENNY 37
(lowering his voice)
What do we have here? Nicole Bender, in her prime.

KENNY
"Back-Seat Bender." She's pretty cute, but she's kind of a slut.

KENNY 37
Credit where credit is due. She's <u>incredibly</u> cute, and she's a <u>major-league</u> slut.

KENNY
You say that like it's a good thing?

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KENNY 37
You're a virgin, Kenny, and you're on the rebound. Sluts are a good thing. Sluts are your new best friends. Go kick it to her.

KENNY
I just asked Tara to the prom!

KENNY 37
You can talk to two girls in the same night. This is not Amish country.

KENNY
Well, Christ, give me a minute to catch my breath. What's the rush?

KENNY 37
Nicole graduates in June. She's gonna put on fifteen pounds by Thanksgiving, twenty by Christmas. By this time next year, she's gonna be flunking out of community college and two months pregnant. That's the rush.
(beat)
This is low-hanging fruit. Just be cool, be yourself, and don't call her "Back-Seat Bender" to her face.

KENNY
I'm sweating like a hooker in church.
(reaches for a drink)
Hit me up.

Kenny 37 hands him the nearest bottle of liquor. Kenny takes a big, long swig.

KENNY 37
OK, OK. Just pace yourself. You're not Ernest Hemingway. You can't be drunk and witty.

Kenny takes a deep breath, and then heads straight for her.

EXT. KENNY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

They're finally home, after hours of partying. Kenny stumbles drunkenly towards the front door. Kenny 37 walks beside him, with one arm around him.

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KENNY
(slurring heavily)
I was on fire tonight, Kevin-

KENNY 37
Kenny. Our name's Kenny.

KENNY
I was on fire tonight, Kenny. I got, like, four people's phone numbers. And those people were girls.

KENNY 37
I think you tranquilized them with your breath.

Kenny begins to lean on Kenny 37 for support.

KENNY
I wanna lay down. I just need a quick nap before bed.

KENNY 37
You're too heavy, kid. I can't hold you up.

Suddenly, Kenny seems to fall right through Kenny 37. Kenny 37 becomes transparent and pixelated, and can't support the real Kenny.

Kenny lands on the concrete with a thud, as Kenny 37 begins to materialize again.

KENNY 37
I told you, man.
(beat)
Come on, get up. Do you really wanna spend the whole night face down on the sidewalk?
(beat)
I take it back. Maybe you <u>are</u> ready for college.

INT. KENNY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Kenny and Kenny 37 stand at the foot of the stairs. Kenny looks up at the second floor, as if it were Mount Everest.

KENNY 37
Come on, man. 12 more steps to go.

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KENNY
I really should swing by the bathroom first.

KENNY 37
Don't you think you'd better get up into your <u>own</u> bathroom? If Mom wakes up and finds you drunk-

KENNY
Kenny, I'm not climbing those stairs until I get some face time with the toilet.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Kenny is on his knees, vomiting heavily into the toilet.

KENNY 37
You know what's strange? I don't remember <u>any</u> of this.

KENNY
Ughhhh... What the hell is in a "mind-eraser," anyway?

KENNY 37
(to himself)
I guess that would explain it.

KENNY
I'm never drinking again.

KENNY 37
God, how I wish that were true.

KENNY
I'm serious. Never again.

KENNY 37
Well, that might save you the indignity of hooking up with a 200-pound divorcee on St. Patrick's Day 2013. But trust me, Kenny, I really don't think you're getting out of that one.

Suddenly, Kenny 37 hears something. Somebody is coming.

KENNY 37
Oh, shit.

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KENNY
What?

KENNY 37
Somebody's up.

KENNY'S MOM (O.S.)
Kenny? Is that you?

We cut to Kenny's Mom, wearing a nightgown, standing just outside the door.

Inside the bathroom, Kenny 37 puts a finger to his lips, instructing Kenny to stay quiet.

KENNY 37
(raises his vocal pitch, imitates Kenny perfectly)
Yeah, Mom. Just me.

KENNY'S MOM
When did you get home?

KENNY 37
A little while ago.

KENNY'S MOM
I thought I heard voices out here.

KENNY 37
Just me. I was... talking to myself.

KENNY'S MOM
You weren't drinking tonight, were you?

KENNY 37
No.

KENNY'S MOM
Is there something wrong with your own bathroom?

Kenny's Mom, growing suspicious, reaches for the doorknob. She only gets the door open about two inches, and then Kenny 37 blocks it. Through the crack of the doorway, we can see some of his face, but it's covered by a thick green paste.

KENNY 37
I'll be out in a minute!

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KENNY'S MOM
OK, OK... Is that my mud mask?

KENNY 37
I hope you don't mind.

KENNY'S MOM
No, of course I don't, but... why?

KENNY 37
Well, I'm not getting any younger.

Kenny 37 closes the door again, but Kenny's Mom continues to pry.

KENNY'S MOM
How was the party?

KENNY 37
Fine. I've got a date to the prom.

KENNY'S MOM
Oh, that's exciting! Who is she?

KENNY 37
Just a girl I went to school with. I mean, still go to school with. A girl from school.

KENNY'S MOM
That's great, Kenny.
(laughing)
I was this close to asking your Aunt Charise.

KENNY 37
(nervous laughter)
Yeahhh, I'm a big loser.

KENNY'S MOM
I'm getting back to bed. Good night, sweetheart.

KENNY 37
Good night, mom.

Kenny's Mom returns to her bedroom.

KENNY'S MOM
(sighing, to herself)
They grow up so fast.

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INT. KENNY'S ROOM - THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

Kenny opens his eyes, still sleepy and very hung-over. The first thing he sees is Kenny 37, poking around in the closet.

KENNY
What are you doing?

KENNY 37
I'm revising your wardrobe. We need to talk about some of these... articles.
(points to the left side)
This side of the closet is OK. You got some cool stuff in here, stuff that won't repel the opposite sex.
(points to the right side)
Now, you see this side? The larger side? We're in luck, because I think it's all flammable.

KENNY
(pointing to an ugly, tattered t-shirt)
What about that!? That's my Warped Tour t-shirt!

KENNY 37
You need to stop wearing it to school, before they move you to Special Ed.

KENNY
It proves that I was there!

KENNY 37
It proves that you're colorblind, and that you need to have a garage sale.

Kenny sits up to argue, but his head immediately begins to throb.

KENNY
Ahhhh. What happened last night?

KENNY 37
Well, you laid some serious groundwork with some very cute girls. You got a few phone numbers. Then you got as drunk as Mel Gibson's mug shot.

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KENNY
Did I hook up?

KENNY 37
No, but you went down on a toilet for about an hour. Which reminds me, Nicole Bender is gonna call you tonight. You made quite an impression.

KENNY
"Back-Seat Bender?" Really?

Again, Kenny attempts to sit up, but moves too quickly.

KENNY
Ahhhh, God, my head.

KENNY 37
Do yourself a favor. Go downstairs. Have some orange Gatorade and a little bit of oatmeal. In the meantime, I've got some laundry to burn.

INT. KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Kenny is at the table, with a small bowl of oatmeal and a huge Gatorade. He eats slowly, determined to keep it down.

Kenny's Dad enters, wearing his robe, holding a drink. He removes a small vile of pills from the back of the cupboard, then glances over his shoulder.

When Kenny isn't looking, his Dad pops two pills into his mouth. He washes them down, then sits down next to Kenny.

KENNY'S DAD
How was your night?

KENNY
OK.

KENNY'S DAD
You doing anything today?

KENNY
Not really.

KENNY'S DAD
It's beautiful outside. You really gonna sit in your room all day?

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KENNY
Dad, is there something on your-
(suddenly appalled)
Are you drinking already?

KENNY'S DAD
Just a little eye-opener while your mom's doing her yoga stretches.

KENNY
Don't you think it's kinda early?

KENNY'S DAD
I'm gonna let you in on a Bellmore family secret. A little alcohol does wonders for the sexual stamina.

KENNY
Dad, I could fill that whole sink with vomit right now. Right to the brim.

Kenny's Dad stands up from the table.

KENNY'S DAD
I'll leave you to your lunch. Just remember, champ. A little bit of the firewater turns the old meat-whistle into solid rock.

INT. KENNY'S ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Kenny 37 rummages through the closet, as Kenny sits on the bed, complaining.

KENNY 37
Take it easy on your old man. He's just trying to relate to you. And he's not gonna be around forever.

KENNY
Ever since he retired they've been on this second honeymoon. It's repulsive.

KENNY 37
Dad worked hard and took care of himself all his life. He's finally loosening up, and he deserves it.

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KENNY
No, he's been loosening Mom up and I gotta listen to it. Being a virgin sucks enough without my slut parents rubbing it in.

KENNY 37
That's why we need to get your dong off the bench and into centerfield.

KENNY
When does she call?

KENNY 37
Well, you can't just sit there waiting for it.

KENNY
Maybe I should call her.

KENNY 37
Why would you do a thing like that?

KENNY
Because I wanna talk to her.

KENNY 37
No, you don't. She offered to call you first. That's good. It's like she's volunteering to be the guy. You have the rare opportunity to be the girl. Being the girl is much, much easier. If you get impatient and call her first, that's like reclaiming all of the pressure and prefaces of being a guy.

KENNY
Well, I am impatient! Now that I know she's attainable, I suddenly find her very interesting.

KENNY 37
As soon as you're not expecting the call, she'll call. So let's just change the subject.
(beat)
Isn't there anything else on your mind? Anything- big or small?

KENNY
OK. Well... this is a big one, I guess. Do you believe in God?
(MORE)

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KENNY (cont'd)
Are you religious? Are you spiritual? Do you really believe, all bullshit aside, that you have a purpose? I mean, why are you here?

KENNY 37
Wow, those are big questions. And you know, the older I get, the more I analyze that stuff. But I think, after 37 years, I finally have some answers. Basically, life is all about-

Kenny's cell phone rings. He grabs it.

KENNY
It's her.

KENNY 37
You see?

KENNY
She's actually calling me.

KENNY 37
So actually answer it.

KENNY
What do I say? What do I open with? Holy shit, I think I'm getting a boner already.

KENNY 37
Well, I wouldn't open with that.

KENNY
How's my breath?

KENNY 37
Just give me that phone.
(he grabs the cell and snaps it open)
Hello.

NICOLE
Kenny? It's Nicole.

KENNY 37
What's up, babe?

NICOLE
Nothing... Are you busy?

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KENNY 37
Are you kidding? I've been sittin' here, staring at my phone, wondering when you were gonna call.

NICOLE
(laughs)
Seriously.

KENNY 37
Seriously? Not too much. Been kinda hung over since last night.

NICOLE
Me, too! I've been stuck on the couch all day!

KENNY 37
(with a devilish grin)
Well, maybe I can get you off. What are you doing tonight?

NICOLE
Um... not much. I'm house-sitting.

KENNY 37
Oh, really? Whose house are you sitting at?

NICOLE
Well, I live with my mom, but my dad is out of town, so I'm just hanging out here, feeding his cat and stuff.

KENNY 37
Sounds like a lot of fun. Do you need any help feeding that kitty?

NICOLE
(giggling)
I should warn you, I'm not really dressed up. I'm just laying around in my pj's.

KENNY 37
Oh, that won't do. You need to look sexy. That way we'll match.

NICOLE
How 'bout this- come over in, like, an hour. You bring your pajamas and I'll get out some ice cream.

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KENNY 37
What if I bring the ice cream and you get out of your pajamas?

NICOLE
(laughing)
Kenny, you are too much.

KENNY 37
That's what they say. I'll see you in an hour.
(snaps the phone shut)

KENNY
Tell me everything she said, starting with "hello." Ready? Begin.

KENNY 37
Dude, you just heard everything. You gotta be at her dad's place in an hour. It's gonna be pretty relaxed.

KENNY
How relaxed? I need to know the exact amount of relaxation.

KENNY 37
She's in her pajamas. Pajamas are a big advantage. No belt buckles, no buttons, no zippers, none of those little roadblocks that give her time to think about reasons not to have sex with you. It's nothing but elastic down there. Elastic equals sex. By the way, her parents are divorced. We don't really have time to get into the Freudian stuff, but that's gonna work in your favor, too.

KENNY
OK, I gotta shower. Just hang out here and don't queer-eye anything else.

KENNY 37
Wait. There's more, and this is where things get tricky...

KENNY
What do you mean tricky?

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KENNY 37
Mom's coming. She'll explain.

KENNY
Huh?

Kenny 37 ducks into the closet. A moment later, the bedroom door opens. Kenny's Mom appears.

KENNY'S MOM
So where do you think you're going?

KENNY
Um... out?

KENNY'S MOM
You remember that little study appointment we talked about?

KENNY
That's tonight!? It's Saturday!

KENNY'S MOM
Mr. Knapp is a retired college professor and he's offering to tutor you for free.

KENNY
Like that relic is gonna teach me anything! He's a hundred years old and he's as blind as a bat! He gets lost looking for his mailbox!

KENNY'S MOM
Get your butt over there and get those SAT scores up.

Kenny's Mom exits, and Kenny 37 emerges from the closet.

KENNY
I forgot all about this bullshit! I gotta-

KENNY 37
Yeah, I know. But you don't.

KENNY
Well, how can I-

KENNY 37
Let me worry about that. Why don't <u>you</u> dig up something to wear tonight.

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KENNY
(points to an ugly sweater)
I was gonna wear that.

KENNY 37
(examines the sweater, then shakes his head)
You bought this off of Jared for ten chicken wings. Dig a little deeper.

EXT. KENNY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kenny is about to leave for his date. He stands next to his car, finalizing plans with Kenny 37.

KENNY 37
OK, kid, you look great. Get over there and give her hell.

KENNY
What are my lines?

KENNY 37
No script. All improv.

KENNY
What!? Kenny, you gotta tell me what to say! I'm lost without you!

KENNY 37
Listen to me, dude. What you say isn't half as important as how you say it. When two people really start digging each other, the English language goes right out the window. You're gonna be thinking about what <u>you</u> say next, she's gonna be thinking about what <u>she</u> says next, so neither of you are gonna hear a goddamn word, anyway. So there you have it- the foundation of every great romance. Two people who can turn each other on while completely tuning each other out.

KENNY
(sighs)
Ready when you are.

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Kenny hands Kenny 37 the receiver, and then gets into his car.

INT. KNAPP'S HOUSE - THAT EVENING

A doorbell rings. Mr. Knapp shuffles over to open the door.

KNAPP
Well, hello, hello, that must be my study partner!

KENNY 37
Hello, Mr. Knapp. How are you?

KNAPP
(adjusts his glasses)
Look at little Kenny, here! Holy Mackerel, you get bigger every time I see you!

KENNY 37
Sir, you have no idea.

KNAPP
Follow me into the kitchen and we'll get started. And don't let me walk into any corners. I've got cataracts as big as flapjacks.

INT. NICOLE'S DAD'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

A doorbell rings. Nicole answers, wearing a sexy little nightie (and, quite obviously, no bra). Kenny does his best to stay cool, but he's very nervous.

KENNY
Hi.

NICOLE
You got here really fast!

KENNY
I sprang up as soon as you called.

NICOLE
Well, get in here. You look cold.

KENNY
Thanks, so do you.

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NICOLE
What?

KENNY
I mean, you look nice. You look really... comfortable.

NICOLE
Thank you.
(beat)
So, this is my dad's place. He's out of town until Monday.

KENNY
It's really cool of him to let you have guests over while he's gone.

NICOLE
Uh-huh.

Kenny strolls in and looks around, during a brief, awkward pause.

NICOLE
I've noticed you don't say much in class. You're kinda shy, for a boy.

KENNY
I've noticed you, too. You're very pretty. For a girl.

NICOLE
And you're different from the other guys at school. Most of them are just big dicks.

KENNY
Yeah, if you're not looking for a big dick, I'm your man.

NICOLE
Don't you have a girlfriend?

KENNY
I did. We broke up about five weeks ago.

NICOLE
How did it end?

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KENNY
I wanted to explore my options, meet new people. Plus, she dumped me. What about you?

NICOLE
I've been single for a while.

KENNY
That's good. We can be single together.

NICOLE
Wanna go upstairs? I'll show you the rest of the house.

KENNY
Um, sure. Show me anything you want.

INT. KNAPP'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mr. Knapp and Kenny 37 are seated at the kitchen table. Mr. Knapp thumbs through Kenny's textbook.

KNAPP
Now, your mother tells me you've had some difficulty with calculus.

KENNY 37
Not so much difficulty as complete and total apathy.

KNAPP
(opening a book)
Maybe I can be of help. You'll have to read me the formulas, but-

KENNY 37
Let's be realistic, Mr. Knapp. After high school, I'm basically never gonna use calculus again for the rest of my life.

KNAPP
Come now, Kenny, that's nonsense! People use calculus every day! Now, let's just imagine you're, oh say, a mathematician, for example-

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KENNY 37
Mr. Knapp, I'm pretty sure about this. There's basically one single occasion in my adult life when it might be useful. That would be in Vegas, on my twenty-sixth birthday, as I attempt to use calculus to beat the roulette table.
(beat)
Actually, if you could show me a formula for <u>that</u>...

INT. NICOLE'S DAD'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS

Nicole leads Kenny upstairs, giving him a little tour.

KENNY
Wow, this a really nice house.

NICOLE
Yeah. I can't wait to inherit it. Like, if something happens to my dad. God forbid.

KENNY
Do you ever get scared? You know, staying in a big place, all by yourself?

NICOLE
One time, I was in his room, getting high and watching one of his pornos, and he came home early. <u>That</u> was terrifying.

INT. KNAPP'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Knapp is explaining a problem. Kenny 37 is growing restless.

KNAPP
-as "x" approaches a fixed constant. OK, read me the next problem.

KENNY 37
Mr. Knapp, can I ask you something? Something, um... extracurricular?

KNAPP
Of course.

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KENNY 37
Let's say you could have a conversation with your younger self. All B.S. aside, all of the "stay in school, just say no" stock answers out the window. What single piece of advice would you give yourself?

KNAPP
I'd go back to '52, back to Korea, and I'd tell myself to use a contraceptive. Those panheads have rashes that the civilized world has never even heard of.

Kenny 37 doesn't respond. He seems distracted.

KNAPP
What's really on your mind, son? Something's bothering you, and it's not this test.

KENNY 37
(takes a deep breath)
I've misled you, Mr. Knapp. I'm not Kenny. I'm just... a friend of his, doing a good impression.

KNAPP
Why would you do that? Where's Kenny?

KENNY 37
It's a long story. I'm just doing him a favor. You see, Kenny is... How do I put this... unfamiliar with... the Great Pink Stink.

KNAPP
(laughing)
Kenny's still a virgin?

KENNY 37
Yeah.

KNAPP
Oh my my my. Son, when I was growing up in the Capitol City, any young man who was still a virgin on his seventeenth birthday would get a visit from the local fire chief.
(MORE)

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KNAPP (cont'd)
And the fire chief would take you down to see this colored girl who would play a tune on your skin flute for fifty cents. Fifty cents, back then! And-

KENNY 37
The point is, Kenny is ten blocks away, on a big date with a girl named Nicole Bender. So, you see-

KNAPP
"Back-seat Bender?"

KENNY 37
He- yes, you know her?

KNAPP
I know <u>of</u> her. I may be going blind, but I still hear OK. And from what I hear, that girl loves the cock.

KENNY 37
So you get it. That's the reason for this whole charade. Kenny needs to slam some ham, and this is the first chance he's ever had.

KNAPP
Well, screw calculus.
(closes the book)
You can cram for these aptitude tests in a couple of hours. Sex, on the other hand... Now, that takes practice.

INT. NICOLE'S DAD'S HOUSE, BEDROOM

Nicole leads Kenny into the master bedroom.

NICOLE
So this is my dad's room. Why don't you hang out here and get comfy while I use the bathroom?

KENNY
Oh. OK.

Nicole exits the scene, and an instant later, Kenny's cell rings. He snaps it open. We cut between locations for the following conversation:

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INT. KNAPP'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

Kenny 37 is calling from Knapp's living room, on an old rotary phone. Knapp hovers over his shoulder, listening in.

KENNY 37
How's it going, stud?

KENNY
Kenny, thank God. Why didn't you tell me this chick is so aggressive? I think she's lube-ing herself up as we speak!

KENNY 37
Of course she is. Just don't let her intimidate you. She takes her pants off one leg at a time!

KENNY
I think she can smell fear.

KENNY 37
She can not smell fear, Kenny. She's not a dog.

KNAPP
She probably wouldn't mind pretending.

KENNY
What? Who is that?

KNAPP
Tell him to use a contraceptive.

KENNY
Is that Mr. Knapp!? What the hell-

KNAPP
And tell him if he needs to prolong ejaculation, just think of Eleanor Roosevelt changing FDR's diaper.

KENNY 37
Remember, Kenny, <u>you</u> are in total control! All aboard that F train, baby!

Kenny snaps his phone shut. A minute later, it rings again. He answers.

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KENNY
(getting annoyed)
Hello?

INT. KENNY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

On the line is Kenny's Mom. We cut between locations:

KENNY'S MOM
How's it going? Getting anywhere?

KENNY
What?

KENNY'S MOM
With Mr. Knapp? Learn anything new?

KENNY
Yeah, we're... moving pretty fast.

KENNY'S MOM
Well, don't forget to say thanks.

KENNY
I know, Mom. I gotta run. We're kinda getting busy over here.

Kenny hangs up. A moment later, it rings again! He answers:

KENNY
Yeah, what!?

EXT. URBAN OFFICE BUILDING

We cut to Jared, exiting the lobby of a huge office building, onto a bustling city sidewalk. He is dressed in a suit and tie, and wearing a laminated "INTERN" ID.

JARED
How's it goin', dude!? You still a virgin?

INT. NICOLE'S DAD'S HOUSE, BEDROOM

Before Kenny can respond, Nicole returns to the bedroom. As soon as he sees her, he snaps the phone shut.

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NICOLE
Do you need to use the phone? I don't mind.

KENNY
No, it's cool. I'm done.

NICOLE
Good.

Nicole approaches and wraps her arms around him. They kiss.

NICOLE
How's your shirt?

KENNY
Um, fine. Why?

NICOLE
You wanna take it off?

KENNY
Oh, yeah, definitely. It's getting uncomfortable. And restrictive.

Nicole begins to undress him.

KENNY
Are you sure you wanna do this? I mean, we barely know each other.

NICOLE
Well, I like casual sex and I hate talkative guys. What else do you wanna know?

INT. KNAPP'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kenny 37 is about to leave. He shakes the old man's hand.

KENNY 37
Thank you for understanding, sir.

KNAPP
Of course I understand. I can't even remember what color my pants are, but I'll never forget my first time.

KENNY 37
Take it easy, Mr. Knapp.

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KNAPP
You tell Kenny to come see me if he still needs help with his test. And he better close the deal with Bender, because I will bust his balls unmercifully if he doesn't.

INT. NICOLE'S DAD'S HOUSE, BEDROOM

Kenny and Nicole are both fully undressed.

KENNY
Do you, um... have protection?

NICOLE
Here's my protection.
(she makes the sign of the cross)

KENNY
Are you on the birth control pill?

NICOLE
I'm on the "you better pull out in time" pill.

KENNY
I just really think that maybe we should use a condom.

NICOLE
(mumbling, to herself)
Pansy.

Nicole opens the top drawer of the nightstand, and finds a condom.

NICOLE
Here's one of my Dad's.

Kenny fidgets for a moment, then finally gets the condom on. Once he does, Nicole becomes aggressive and climbs onto him.

KENNY
Wait.

NICOLE
What's the matter?

KENNY
I don't know.

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NICOLE
Everything working down there?

KENNY
Working harder than ever.

NICOLE
So what's the problem?

KENNY
I just... look, Nicole, you're a really nice girl-

NICOLE
OK, yeah, I know I'm a nice girl. Now, do you wanna get laid or not?

INT. KENNY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

We cut to a steamy sex scene.

Kenny's parents are on the couch, watching soft-core porn.

In the background, we see Kenny 37 slowly open the front door, a textbook under his arm. He tiptoes towards the stairs. Kenny's Mom and Dad have their backs to him. Kenny 37 almost makes it to the stairs, undetected, but then:

KENNY'S MOM
How did it go?

KENNY 37
Ummm... great. I'm gonna rock those SATs.

Kenny's Mom and Dad remain focused on the TV. They never actually turn to look at him:

KENNY'S MOM
Maybe we should spend a few more Saturday nights with Mr. Knapp, just to be sure.

KENNY 37
No, I'm pretty much ready. I plan on scoring a 1380.

KENNY'S MOM
That would be a fantastic score, but aren't you're being a little over-confident?

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KENNY'S DAD
Listen to your mother. Don't be confident.

KENNY 37
If I don't score that high, I'll pay for college myself.

KENNY'S MOM
Oh, really?

KENNY 37
Yeah, and if I do score that high... then we turn the backyard into an extreme paintball course.

KENNY'S MOM
What's a paintball course?

KENNY'S DAD
Done.

KENNY 37
Great. I'll be in my room.

Kenny 37 exits the scene, just as Kenny's Mom happens to glance back in his direction.

KENNY'S MOM
Call Jared back. He's been calling the house line all night.
(to Kenny's Dad)
What's a paintball course?

KENNY'S DAD
It's like painting. With weapons.

KENNY'S MOM
I'm going to bed. Are you coming?

KENNY'S DAD
After the money shot.

INT. KENNY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Kenny 37 is on the phone with Jared.

JARED
(over phone)
Where's Kenny!? I've been calling his cell all night!
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JARED (cont'd)
First, he hangs up on me, and now, he won't answer!

KENNY 37
Relax. Everything's gravy. He's got a hot date with Nicole Bender.

JARED
Nicole Bender!? You're sacrificing your own virginity to Back-Seat Bender!? That's like taking your driving test in a Ferrari!

EXT. STREET/INT. KENNY'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kenny pulls up in front of his house. But he doesn't get out of the car. He just sits in the driver's seat, thinking about the events of the night. Outside, it begins to rain.

INT. KENNY'S ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Kenny enters his bedroom, in a bit of a daze. Kenny 37 is sitting on the bed, expecting him, with a knowing smile.

Kenny sits down beside his older self, shaking his head.

KENNY
I didn't.

KENNY 37
I know.

KENNY
Did... did you?

KENNY 37
No.

KENNY
So, why didn't you? Why didn't I?

KENNY 37
Anticipation is a funny thing. Sometimes, it's the only thing.

KENNY
She was all over me, and I couldn't do it. I still love Holly.

KENNY 37
You're not going to love everybody you have sex with.
(MORE)

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KENNY 37 (cont'd)
But you shouldn't have sex with anybody... when you love somebody else.
(beat)
Although, believe me. I still wonder what it would have been like to give her a spin on the old Kenny-go-round.

KENNY
I know what it would be like! It would be incredible. So what the hell am I doing back here!?

Kenny 37 leans back, crosses his arm, and waxes philosophic.

KENNY 37
I've been deliberating over that one for twenty years.

KENNY
No kidding. I'm gonna have to deliberate twice tonight just to fall asleep.

KENNY 37
Well, this is what I've come up with. Just knowing that you can get her... is enough sometimes.

KENNY
That's it!?

KENNY 37
Most guys your age just wanna prove that they can get laid. Most guys my age are out there tryin' to prove that they can still get laid. And some of us- the best of us- have nothing to prove.

KENNY
You should have seen what she was-

KENNY 37
I saw, Kenny. I was there.

KENNY
You could bounce a quarter off-

KENNY 37
-off of that ass. I know.

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KENNY
And all I could think about... I think I finally know what to say to Holly.

KENNY 37
About goddamn time. Go get her.

Kenny puts on his jacket and grabs his car keys.

KENNY 37
What are you doing?

KENNY
Getting my car keys?

KENNY 37
Forget your car! You should run!

KENNY
I'll get their faster if I drive. And it's raining.

KENNY 37
(snatches the keys)
Exactly! That's perfect! Rain is dramatic! You should be running through the rain!

KENNY
Why does it have to be dramatic?

KENNY 37
Kenny, this is the single most important thing that I'm gonna pass on to you. Girls... need... drama. Now go.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kenny runs through the rain, a huge smile on his face. After five weeks, he finally feels like himself again.

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kenny runs down Holly's street, across her yard, and up to the front door. He is soaked to the bone.

He rings the doorbell, but quickly grows impatient. He begins to knock, loudly.

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KENNY
Holly! Holly, it's me!

After a moment, Holly answers the door. When she sees Kenny standing there, dripping wet, she's a little annoyed.

HOLLY
Kenny-

KENNY
Please... don't say anything.
(beat)
I love you so much, Holly. I'm gonna love you 'til the day I die. Even if this has to end.
(beat)
And if I've made this difficult, I'm sorry. I just hope you realize that wherever you go, whatever you do... I'll be here for you, if you need me.

He grabs her by the waist, pulling her towards him. Before she can react, Kenny kisses her. It's a strong, final kiss. When he finally releases her, she looks kind of dumbstruck.

Kenny exits the scene, leaving Holly alone on her doorstep. At first, she's confused. But as it sinks in, she's touched.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - JUST AFTER SUNRISE

Kenny and Kenny 37 are in the treehouse, looking out over the sunrise and waiting for Jared to arrive.

KENNY
And then I kissed her. And it wasn't even like a sad goodbye kiss. It was just... perfect closure. Is that how you remember it?

KENNY 37
Like it was yesterday.

Both of them are silent for a little while. Finally:

KENNY 37
Six or seven years from now, some asshole developer bulldozes all of this. Turns it into a strip mall.

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KENNY
Are you serious? That's bullshit.

KENNY 37
There's a Counting Crows song that goes, "I can't remember all the times I tried to tell myself to hold on to these moments as they pass."

KENNY
(a little disgusted)
You listen to Counting Crows?

KENNY 37
Some of the mellow stuff sinks in as you get older. The point is, you can't hold on to anything. You gotta try to appreciate the present. Very few of us do.

JARED
What the hell, guys?

Jared appears, climbing up through the hatch.

JARED
I said 9AM!

KENNY
(checks his watch)
Shit, is it 9 already?

JARED
I got NASA reps showing up <u>at my house</u> in one hour. Wrap it up!

Kenny turns towards Kenny 37. It's a short, sweet goodbye.

KENNY 37
Get over here, you little shit.

Kenny 37 hugs his younger self. After that, Kenny hands the receiver to Jared.

JARED
Any last words?

KENNY 37
Ummm... let's see. Seven beers is your limit. Drugs are very bad, and also kinda fun when used moderately in a safe environment.
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KENNY 37 (cont'd)
Wear sunscreen in the summer. Wear your seatbelt at all times. Wear a Yankees hat if you're in the Bronx. Wear three sprays of cologne at the absolute most. Unless you're going out with an Italian chick, in which case it's pretty much sky's the limit. Watch the news, read the paper, and if you're still undecided, just trust me and vote Democrat. Love your family. Love your friends. And no matter how corny and cliche and afterschool special it might sound, believe in yourself. Oh yeah, always always always use a condom. Especially if you're in Korea.

KENNY
Got it.

KENNY 37
You gonna be OK?

KENNY
Yeah. You know, I'm really looking forward to being you.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER THAT MORNING

Jared and Kenny 37 are on their way home, just after sunrise.

JARED
You told me you would get him laid.

KENNY 37
No, I told you I'd make a man out of him. OK, so maybe he's still got training wheels on his wang, but he's got his head on straight again. That was my plan.

JARED
I'm just glad he's finally over that slut. I hope that twisted bitch rots in hell for breaking his heart like that.

KENNY 37
I'll give her the message.

JARED
What?

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KENNY 37
Holly, the twisted bitch- she's my wife.

JARED
Your wife!?
(awkwardly)
Hey, congratulations.

KENNY 37
When I was 27, Holly and I bumped into each other at a concert. Got to talking, catching up. Before you know it, all those old feelings came back. Except things had changed. We had changed. For the better.
(beat)
Keep that to yourself. These things only work out if you're not expecting them.

JARED
I always liked her, you know.

KENNY 37
Holly and I both agree that it wouldn't have worked when we were younger. We had to grow up first. We needed to meet other people... We needed to love other people... before either of us really knew, for sure, who we were meant for.

INT. JARED'S ATTIC - LATER THAT MORNING

Jared readies the super-computer. All around them, equipment is warming up and coming to life. Kenny 37 waits patiently on the couch, looking a little tired.

KENNY 37
Jared, I know I'm just artificial intelligence, but this feels so much like real life.

JARED
Of course it does. I programmed you that way.

KENNY 37
I think I understand what comes next but... what happens to me?

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JARED
I'm gonna power Rebecca down. For you, it will feel like falling asleep very quickly. For Kenny, the actual Kenny... Well, you already know everything that happens to him. And in twenty years, he becomes you. You become him.

KENNY 37
Wow. OK.

JARED
Anything else?

KENNY 37
No... I just wanna say thanks.

JARED
Not necessary. Let's just get you powered down, before Uncle Sam shows up and freaks out. I need you to step over here.

KENNY 37
I got to see my dad again, Jared.

JARED
I'm sorry?

KENNY 37
After my mom had gone to bed. Right after I called you, and just before Kenny got home. I could hear him, asleep in front of the TV, snoring away. I could hear him all the way from Kenny's room. I couldn't resist. I went downstairs and I sat down with him. Told him I loved him. Told him everything I always wanted to tell him.

JARED
Did he wake up?

KENNY 37
Not really. But I think he heard me. Just to talk to him one more time... I can't thank you enough, Jared.

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Jared is quiet for a moment, as he suddenly realizes what Kenny 37 is telling him.

JARED
I understand.

KENNY 37
I'm ready when you are.

Kenny 37 steps onto the control pad. Jared extends his hand, and they shake.

JARED
See you in twenty.

KENNY 37
Definitely.

Jared punches a few keys and clicks his mouse. Kenny 37 becomes fuzzy and pixelated. We hear a low electronic hum, and with a few quick flashes, Kenny 37 disappears completely.

A moment later, Jared's Mom hollers at him from downstairs.

JARED'S MOM (O.S.)
Jared!

JARED
Yeah, Mom?

JARED'S MOM (O.S.)
We lost power in the living room! What the hell are you doing up there?

JARED
Nothing, Mom, just... downloading porn.

INT. KENNY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - LATER THAT MORNING

Kenny slips in the door, yawning, and finds his Dad, still snoring in the armchair. As Kenny closes the door, his Dad begins to stir.

KENNY'S DAD
(mumbling in his sleep)
You say something, Kenny?

KENNY
What?

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KENNY'S DAD
(waking)
Oh, hey, champ.
(looks at his watch)
Holy smokes, you just getting in?

KENNY
Yeah, I had a pretty wild night.

KENNY'S DAD
Well, get upstairs and don't let Mom hear you. She'd flip her lid.

KENNY
OK. Thanks, Dad.

KENNY'S DAD
I love you, champ.

KENNY
Love you, Dad.

Kenny heads up the stairs, back to his room. His Dad starts to nod off again, almost immediately.

INT. KENNY'S ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Kenny collapses onto the bed, and closes his eyes. We dissolve into:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING, TWENTY YEARS LATER

Kenny 37 opens his eyes. We get a brief glimpse into his future bedroom, as the sun is coming up over his home.

KENNY 37
Good morning, beautiful.

Beside him, Holly, now 38, is nursing an infant. A morning talk show is on the TV, with the volume on low.

HOLLY
We tried not to wake you.

KENNY 37
I'm glad you did.
(sitting up)
What did I miss?

FADE OUT.

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