

WWKD
(What Would Kenny Do?)

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WGA REGISTERED

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.

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 need 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"?

(MORE)

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.

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?

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 anybody! That's the beauty of the prom!
(MORE)

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 is 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?

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 his car, by the way, not
mine. Anyway, he works at an ice
cream store.

(MORE)

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 in. 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.

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 your 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 actually 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.

(MORE)

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?

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 not 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 do 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*.

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.

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

Ummmm... 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?

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?

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!

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?

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.

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?

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.

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 are 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.

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.

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! That 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.

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
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

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.

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.

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 business 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.

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)

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.

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)

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.

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 don't. 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 not 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.

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.

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 again.

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?

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.

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!

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.

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 probremo!

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?

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?

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

That's 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.

INT. LIBRARY

JARED

Oh, wow! Who is that 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?

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.

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.

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-

KENNY

You expect me to ask her right now?
I haven't even had time to psych
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.

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
Awwwww!

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

Ummmm... 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.

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 what's-his-name?

LISA
From Matthew. My boyfriend.

KENNY 37
Kitten, we gotta talk. You can not 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?

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 sure 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.

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 are 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 sexual peak after high school?

KENNY 37

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

Their car pulls up to Cherry on Top.

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?

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 your 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?

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.

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?

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.

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?

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 think 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 they're
doing if they're in Cancun without
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! I'm a
genius!

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.

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.

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!

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 gonna 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)

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)

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.

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.

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?

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.

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, after 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.

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.

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 incredibly cute, and she's a major-league slut.

KENNY

You say that like it's a good thing?

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.

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 are
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.

KENNY

I really should swing by the bathroom first.

KENNY 37

Don't you think you'd better get up into your own 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 any 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.

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!

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.

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.

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?

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.

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)

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?

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.

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?

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 you dig up something to wear tonight.

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 you say next, she's
gonna be thinking about what she
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.

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.

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?

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. KNAAPP'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-

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 that...

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. That 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.

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)

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 of 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:

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, you are in total control! All aboard that F train, baby!

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

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.

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.

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.

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

Ummmm... 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?

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!
(MORE)

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)

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.

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.

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.

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 at my house 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.

(MORE)

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?

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?

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.

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?

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.