

**MISSION HILL**

"PREMATURE MATRICULATION"  
(or, "DEATH OF A YALE MAN")

by

Robin J. Stein

ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. AVENUE THREE - DAY**

We hear **CHEERFUL MUSIC** for a sunny spring day. CARLOS pushes a typically manic BABY NAMELESS down the street in a stroller. Reading a magazine, Carlos is oblivious to the trail of destruction the baby's creating at waist level: ripping newspapers from vending machines, knocking over coffee cups outside Glass Eye, and terrifying small DOGS. As they pass Mission Hill Market, the baby grabs an armload of produce and throws it at passing targets. A tomato hits a fire hydrant with a **SPLAT**; a banana hits a car with a **THUD**; a grapefruit flies offscreen with a...

VOICE (O.S.)

(PAINED "OOF!")

Carlos lowers his magazine to see Andy, who's just been hit in the crotch.

CARLOS

(OBLIVIOUS) Orale, Andy! Que pasa?

ANDY

(RECOVERING) Er, hi... I'm... just  
waiting for Kevin.

He's standing outside of a hip barbershop called "Stubble."

CARLOS

Haircut, eh? (RAISES EYEBROWS) His  
first one in Mission Hill?

ANDY

(DEVILISH SMIRK) Uh-huh...

**INT. STUBBLE - THAT MINUTE**

Signs read "Steam-Clean Your Dred" and "Ask About Our Pubic Hair Extensions!" Mission Hill's most colorful residents fill the chairs -- from NICE FREAK, who's getting a facial, to IRMA (from the lesbian bakery), who's having her sideburns trimmed. KEVIN, of course, stands out like a sore thumb; he sits ramrod straight and eagerly natters away to the ULTRA-HIP STYLIST cutting his hair.

KEVIN

...and, heh, actually you're the first person to ever cut my hair besides my mom!

STYLIST

(IT'S OBVIOUS) Really.

KEVIN

Yes! And, you know, now that I live in Mission Hill, I think I'm ready to try something a bit "hipper". Something with just a hint of "alternative". Nothing too cutting edge; something tried and true with just a hint of "zing" -- can you do that?

The stylist looks dubious, then shrugs and starts cutting.

SMASH CUT TO:

**CLOSE-UP - KEVIN**

Kevin now has a bizarre "late New Wave" hairstyle. Long spiky strands of hair stick straight up and also dangle in front of his face. Simply put, he looks like that guy from the Cure.

ANDY (O.S.)

(UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER)

WIDEN TO REVEAL we're...

**INT. LOFT - BATHROOM - AN HOUR LATER**

Kevin examines his haircut in the mirror with a big frown. Andy sits on the bathtub rim, watching.

ANDY

(GIGGLING) You look like that guy from  
the Cure!

KEVIN

(HOPEFUL) Dr. Jonas Salk?

ANDY

(BEAT) (SINCERE) I don't think that  
was his name, but wait, let me check.

Andy runs out and comes back reading his "Fascination Street" CD.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Nope. None of these guys are doctors.  
He passes the CD to Kevin, who looks at it in dismay.

KEVIN

I just wanted something a little hip.

ANDY

And you got it! You're the hippest guy  
in Great Britain, circa 1988.

(GIGGLES)

KEVIN

(SIGH) I can't go around looking like  
this. I'll have to fix it somehow.

He starts snipping at it lamely with a pair of cuticle scissors and nearly pokes himself in the eye. Andy grabs the scissors.

ANDY

Oh, just let me do it. After all, I'm  
the one that has to been seen with you.

DISSOLVE TO:

**SEVERAL MINUTES LATER**

His hair looks much worse.

ANDY

("OOPS") Er, see ya! (SLINKS AWAY)

Andy retreats to the sidelines. POSEY, who is looking on, approaches with a can of mousse.

POSEY

Don't worry, Kevin. This mousse will  
give your hair more body...

DISSOLVE TO:

**SEVERAL MINUTES LATER**

Kevin's hair has curled into a giant afro.

JIM

Right on.

ANDY

I'm not sure if he can pull it off.  
Kevin -- say, (FUNKY VOICE) "Hey, baby,  
how 'bout some Riunite on ice?"

KEVIN

Hey there in the whatsie-who?

Andy shakes his head. Jim thinks for a beat.

JIM

Maybe I can fix it with my beard  
trimmer.

He reaches under the sink and produces a large, industrial-  
looking device which **BUZZES OMINOUSLY**. Kevin **GULPS**.

DISSOLVE TO:

**SEVERAL MINUTES LATER**

Kevin now has several bald patches punctuated by ugly tufts  
of frizzy hair.

KEVIN

Argh! I look like an armpit!

POSEY

(HELPFUL) An armpit with glasses.

KEVIN

Now what am I going to do?! Maybe I  
could comb it over...

Panicking, Kevin attempts a comb-over which looks more  
hilarious with each swipe of the comb. Andy stops him.

ANDY

Kev, no. Your cool haircut was a  
failure. Let it die with dignity.

He puts a disposable razor in Kevin's left hand. Jim puts  
a can of shaving cream in Kevin's right hand. Then they  
both nod grimly at him. He sags, knowing they're right,  
and starts spraying the shaving cream onto his head.

**INT. JIM'S CAR - THE NEXT MORNING**

Andy and Jim are driving to work and giving Kevin a lift to  
school. Kevin slouches glumly in the back, wearing a  
"Babylon 5" baseball cap.

KEVIN

(SAD SIGH) Please don't tell anyone I was trying to be hip.

ANDY

Kev, I always keep your embarrassing secrets. Don't I, Jim?

JIM

(NODS) Even the masturbating ones.

Kevin looks shocked. Just then, a sport-utility vehicle swerves in front of the car. Inside is an oblivious UPSCALE DRIVER on a cell phone.

ANDY

Hey! That creep cut me off!

Andy tries to change lanes, but his path is blocked by another SUV with a SIMILAR DRIVER.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Agh! Freaking douchewagons! They're everywhere! And they're all being driven by selfish tools who don't care about anything but themselves!

The SUV in front of them has a bumper sticker reading "SAVE OUR PLANET." It belches a cloud of black exhaust into their car.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(COUGHING) I can't see around this stupid tub!! Kevin, where's your school?!

Andy strains to see around the SUV. Then, suddenly it changes lanes -- revealing a huge construction pit in the road ahead!

ANDY/JIM/KEVIN

(SCREAM)

Andy swerves wildly -- but then finds himself headed at a line of KIDS climbing off a school bus!

ANDY/JIM/KEVIN/KIDS

(SCREAM)

He swerves wildly again and slams on the brakes, fishtailing to a **SCREECHING** halt right at the Pomper High front steps.

ANDY

(BEAT) Found it!

**INT. POMPER HIGH - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER**

Kevin slinks down the hall self-consciously, trying to avoid attention. Unfortunately...

C-DOG

Yo! Whack Man's sportin' a new look!

GRIFFO

He think he's a baseball player!

C-DOG

Yeah - Spank Aaron!

As they walk away **LAUGHING**, Griffio and C-Dog knock off Kevin's cap. Kevin bends down to get it, and when he stands up, he notices GEORGE and TOBY staring at him, agog.

TOBY

Kevin! What happened to your hair?

KEVIN

Nothing! I don't want to talk about it.

Kevin quickly pulls his cap back on.

GEORGE

Why are you wearing that hat?

KEVIN

Never mind! Er, I just like "Babylon 5", that's all! What's wrong with showing a little support for my favorite TV show?!

TOBY/GEORGE

(COWED) Nothing. / It's good to show support.

Toby removes his sweatshirt to show his "Babylon 5" T-shirt underneath. George opens and displays his "Babylon 5" umbrella. Just then, DR. FARLEY approaches.

DR. FARLEY

Excuse me, Kevin. You haven't joined a racist organization, have you?

KEVIN

No! Of course not!

DR. FARLEY

Just school policy. Whenever a white student shaves his head we have to ask. Well, have a nice day.

**INT. MUNDORF APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT**

MRS. MUNDORF watches TV in her living room, which is decorated with maudlin, vaguely morbid items of every description, from sad-eyed child angel Hummel figurines to Princess Di commemorative plates. There is also a tapestry of Abraham Lincoln shaking hands with Elvis Presley in heaven -- it reads "Welcome".

**ON TV**

**SACCHARINE MUSIC** plays as we see slow motion footage of a TEENAGE BOY winning a race. The boy is bald and wearing a baseball cap. Mrs. Mundorf watches, tearfully dabbing her eyes with tissues.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tonight, join us for the inspiring saga  
of a dying boy's courageous battle --  
"Send My Grades To Heaven: The Johnny  
Burke Story"...

MRS. MUNDORF

(SOBS) Oh, my. Oh, my my my.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...Brought to you by the good people at  
Ruffles Potato Chips.

MRS. MUNDORF

(SOBS) Oh, yes, they are good  
people...

She grabs a memo pad and writes "BUY RUFFLES". Then she underlines it twice. When a commercial comes on, Mrs. Mundorf gets up and walks toward the kitchen. On her way down the hall she passes Toby's room, where George, Toby, and Kevin are lounging around, studying.

MRS. MUNDORF (CONT'D)

(ULTRA-PERKY) And how are the Jolly  
Boys doing tonight? Are you being  
"study buddies"? "Perky workies?"  
"Thinky--

TOBY/GEORGE/KEVIN

Okay, Mom! / Hi, Mrs. Mundorf. / Hello.

MRS. MUNDORF

Maybe some ginger snaps would--

**HER P.O.V.**

Kevin is adjusting his cap and accidentally reveals his bald head. We hear a **DRAMATIC STING**, which thematically echoes the Jimmy Burke music -- Kevin is also bald and wearing a baseball cap! Mrs. Mundorf tries to stop staring.

MRS. MUNDORF (CONT'D)

--er, Toby, George, come help me with the ginger snaps.

TOBY

We don't want any ginger snaps, Mom!

MRS. MUNDORF

(SUDDENLY VERY SERIOUS) Yes, you do.

You will come with me this instant,

Tobias Mundorf. (TO GEORGE) You too,

little man.

**INT. MUNDORF KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER**

Mrs. Mundorf pushes George and Toby into two chairs at the kitchen table and sits down opposite them.

MRS. MUNDORF

Tell me, has Kevin... not been feeling well lately?

**HER P.O.V.**

Kevin, who can be glimpsed in the next room, suddenly begins a **COUGHING** and **SNEEZING** fit.

MRS. MUNDORF (CONT'D)

(SHOCKED GASP)

**REVERSE ANGLE**

We see that Kevin is actually doing this because of an allergic reaction to the Mundorf CAT, which is trying to nestle up against him.

**BACK IN THE KITCHEN**

GEORGE

Well, he has been acting kinda weird.

TOBY

(NODS) He went bald and won't tell us why.

MRS. MUNDORF

(WITH DIFFICULTY) I, er, know why, boys. You see, the Lord wants Kevin to... Well, it's nature's way of...

(BREAKING DOWN) Oh, we're going to lose a Jolly Boy!

She passes them a tabloid newspaper and indicates a photo spread with the headline "CELEBS BRIGHTEN KIDS' DWINDLING DAYS." In it, we see Shaquille O'Neal easily besting a dying kid at one-on-one, David Spade making one of his trademark faces behind a dying kid's back, and a dying kid standing next to Sarah Michelle Gellar's mailbox. Mrs. Mundorf tearfully points out the resemblance between the kids and Kevin, who sits obliviously in the next room.

GEORGE

Kevin's dying?

TOBY

("DUH!") Why else would he be wearing a baseball cap?

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MUNDORF LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

George and Toby are glumly playing a video game.

TOBY

(SIGH) How can we just sit here  
playing video games when Kevin is  
practically dead?

GEORGE

(SADLY) Yeah.

Toby sets down his controller. George uses this  
opportunity to win the video game.

**SFX: EXPLOSION**

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yes!! (CLICKS IT OFF) (SAD AGAIN)  
Yeah, it's real sad about Kevin.

TOBY

We should do something for him. You  
know, to make his last days as happy as  
possible.

GEORGE

If only there were a Windows upgrade  
coming out soon.

TOBY

No, I mean like a last wish. If Kevin  
could have one wish, what would it be?

GEORGE

Duh. To get into Yale. (OFF TOBY'S  
LOOK) Come on, like we could do that.

TOBY

It's worth a try, George. You'd want the same thing if you were dying.

GEORGE

Yeah, you're right. Well, that, a Cray mainframe and a tour of Area 51.

**EXT. UPTOWN STREET - DAY**

We PUSH IN on a stodgy-looking brownstone where a brass plaque reads: "Yale Club of Cosmopolis -- Serving Ourselves Since 1701."

**INT. YALE CLUB - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT**

George and Toby, wearing suits that are respectively too big and too small, plead with BORDEN GROATS '59, president of the local alumni club. He's obviously not very interested.

TOBY

...please, Your Excellency, it's been our friend's lifelong dream to go to your college and--

GROATS

I'm afraid we cannot make an exception.

GEORGE

But, Sir, how can you say no to this face?

George produces a photo of Kevin with a hilariously smarmy look on his face.

GROATS

No. I'm sorry. It's not that Yale doesn't care about your problem; it's that we have nothing to gain from it.

TOBY

(BEAT) Maybe you do.

This catches his attention.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I mean, famous people get a lot of P.R.  
when they grant a dying kid's wish.

GEORGE

Yeah! And big corporations do, too!  
And Yale is the biggest corporation in  
Connecticut.

GROATS

Technically, we're a Delaware  
corporation -- lower taxes, you know --  
but I see your point. This sort of  
thing does tend to tug at the  
heartstrings. And the pursestrings  
aren't far behind, eh? (LAUGH)

He indicates a thermometer-style chart of alumni  
contributions. It's far below the target level.

TOBY/GEORGE

(POLITELY UPROARIOUS LAUGH, THEN)

TOBY

(SUDDENLY VERY SERIOUS) Our dying  
friend needs your help.

GROATS

I'll see what I can do.

He picks up the phone and we DISSOLVE INTO a...

## **TELEPHONE MONTAGE**

### **1) INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE**

A PREPPY GUY with a piggish nose looks at a fax of Kevin's photo while talking to Groats on the phone.

GROATS (O.S. OVER PHONE)

...and this could send alumni giving  
through the roof!

PREPPY GUY

Listen, for a million dollars, I'll  
kill him myself. Joking. Let me run  
it upstairs...

### **2) INT. POSH ATHLETIC CLUB**

A PUDGY, SWEATY ALUM is getting a massage. He looks at a copy of Kevin's photo as an ATTENDANT holds a phone to his ear.

SWEATY ALUM

Look, the kid's got glasses, how dumb  
can he be? Let me run it upstairs...

### **3) EXT. LAKE**

GEORGE BUSH sits alone in a rowboat, fishing. He looks at the photo as he talks on a cell phone.

GEORGE BUSH

Dyin' teen in Cosmo city there? Sure,  
that's causeworthy. Let me run it  
upstairs...

### **4) INT. YALE ADMISSIONS OFFICE**

The DEAN OF ADMISSIONS sits at his desk, talking on the phone and mulling over the photo.

DEAN OF ADMISSIONS

Well, it's quite unorthodox... But I'll  
admit, I do like money. This'll have  
to go all the way to the top...

**5) INT. DARK CAVERNOUS ROOM**

A BUTLER enters with a silver tray and walks to the end of the hall. There, in an armchair facing a roaring fire, sits an OLD MAN, easily over 100. The butler displays the tray, on which sits Kevin's photo. The old man takes the photo and looks at it for a few silent seconds. Then he stuffs it in his mouth and starts eating it.

OLD MAN

(CRAZY GIGGLES WHICH BUILD TO AN INSANE  
CACKLE OF GLEE)

SMASH CUT TO:

**CLOSE-UP - KEVIN - A WEEK LATER**

KEVIN

(READING LETTER) "After careful  
consideration..." (GASP) I've been  
admitted to Yale!!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**FADE IN:**

**INT. LOFT - LIVING AREA - EVENING**

All the NEIGHBORS and roommates and Stogie have gathered for an impromptu congratulatory party. They stand around Kevin -- who wears his Yale sweatshirt -- as Andy hoists a malt liquor for a toast.

ANDY

Here's to getting into Yale! I can't believe it, Kev -- It's like all you've ever talked about. What are you going to talk about now?

KEVIN

(BEAT OF STUMPED SILENCE)

NATALIE

Don't worry. A week in the Ivy League and he'll be more long-winded than ever! (LAUGHS AS SHE TOASTS HIM)

CARLOS

Mazel tov, man!

GUS

Congrats, kid. I ain't never known a Yale man before. Well, 'cept for that lieutenant in the Navy. Wally, what was the name of that sexy fella, taught me how to--

WALLY

(ANNOYED) Gus, I thought we had an understanding about your Navy days -- Don't ask, don't tell. (BEAT) We're very happy for you, Kevin.

POSEY

Yes, it's quite an achievement to get into Yale without even applying!

KEVIN

And how! A letter of admission, right out of the blue! (BEAT) But I really do owe it all to George and Toby.

George and Toby exchange worried glances.

TOBY

(REALLY NERVOUS) W-what do you mean? I mean -- (OVERLY CALM) what do you mean?

KEVIN

Well, having you and George for competition provided the spark that inspired me to be the one who excelled!

GEORGE

Uh, thanks. (STIFFLY) Of the three of us, if it couldn't be me, I'm glad it was you, instead of Toby.

TOBY

Sure, after all, you're dying--  
(CATCHES SELF) to, uh, get in there  
real bad. (GULPS) Real bad, yeah.  
Phew.

When Kevin moves away, Toby and George approach Andy with sincere, sober faces.

TOBY (CONT'D)

(WHISPERS) Andy, we just wanted to say  
how sorry we are that you're, well,  
losing Kevin.

ANDY

Eh, it's just as well. He never really  
fit in here anyway.

Toby and George look stunned.

**ESTABLISHING SHOT - COSMOPOLIS CONNECTION - THE NEXT DAY**

**INT. JIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jim's driving, Andy rides shotgun, and Kevin is in the back. Jim pulls into the shopping center's parking structure and stops at the ticket machine.

TICKET MACHINE

(ALLURING FEMALE VOICE) Please take  
the ticket.

ANDY

Not yet, Jim. Make her beg for it.

Jim smiles and pushes the button over and over again.

TICKET MACHINE

Please-please-please-please-please...

KEVIN

(SIGH) How jejune. If you're done  
perverting that machine, could we park  
now?

Jim and Andy look disappointed. They drive inside and head for a great pair of parking spaces near the elevators. Just as Jim's about to pull in, a Ford Excursion-sized SUV **ROARS UP** from the other direction and slips in, hogging both spaces.

ANDY

Did you see that?! The freakin' Death  
Star just took two spaces!

KEVIN

Actually, Andy, the Death Star had such  
precise navigational systems that it  
could've easily maneuvered into a  
single parking space without any--

But Andy's too burnt up to pay attention to Kevin. He jumps out and **KNOCKS** on the window of the SUV. Inside, a 30-ish UPSCALE JERK chats on a cell phone.

UPSCALE JERK

(INTO PHONE) Hold on. There's  
somebody at my door.

He lowers his power window.

UPSCALE JERK (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

ANDY

(PLEASANTLY) Yes, hello. I'm an  
enraged citizen and I'd like to know  
where you get off driving around in  
this giant jerkwagon?

UPSCALE JERK

(INDIGNANT) You obviously wouldn't  
understand, but I drive this vehicle  
for the safety of my child.

He gestures to the back, where a SMALL CHILD stares  
balefully out of a caged-off cargo area.

ANDY

Yeah, well you have one helluva-

SMALL CHILD

(BURSTS INTO TEARS)

UPSCALE JERK

Now look what you've done.

The man hops out of his SUV, closes the door, turns on the  
alarm, and walks away. After a beat, the child peers out  
the window. When it sees Andy, it sticks out its tongue.  
Andy gives it the finger. The child immediately picks up a  
small cell phone and dials.

**INT. COSMOPOLIS CONNECTION - AN HOUR LATER**

Andy and Jim follow Kevin, who trots along perkily with  
several bags of purchases. He checks items off of a  
shopping list.

KEVIN

Let's see... new notebook, four-color pen, 500 sheets college-ruled paper, travel shampoo, Random House Collegiate Dictionary. All that remains is...

ANDY

Condoms? Girlfriend? Social life?

KEVIN

Har har. Actually, all I need now is an Ivy League wardrobe...

CUT TO:

**INT. CLOTHIER & CO. - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

An "Abercrombie & Fitch"-type store in the mall. Kevin has amassed a selection of new clothes that are almost exactly like his regular clothes.

KEVIN

Ah. Khaki pants, blue Oxford shirts, and a couple of cardigans for nippy New Haven nights. Hmm, I wonder if they have a jacket with suede patches on the elbows...

ANDY

If not, you could always check out the dumpster behind the nursing home.

A young SALESMAN approaches them.

SALESMAN

(FRIENDLY) Can I help you gentlemen find anything?

ANDY

Dave? Dave Mirsky? Is that you?

(BEAT) Andy French, Jim Kuback --

Borchmore College, Class of '96,

remember?

SALESMAN

Hey, it's Brew Donkey and the Slim Jim!

What are you dudes doing here?

ANDY

Shopping for my little brother. He's

going off to college soon.

SALESMAN

Cool! College, huh? Is this a future

Borchmore Caveman I see before me?

(STARTS CHANT) Ooga-chaka...

KEVIN

(EMBARRASSED) No, please don't...

The three start to do "the Caveman" around a very embarrassed Kevin.

ANDY/JIM/SALESMAN

...Ooga-chaka! Ooga-chaka! Gooooo,

Borchmore! (CHEERS, HIGH FIVES, ETC.)

KEVIN

I'd hardly dignify Borchmore with the

name "college". More like "day-care

facility".

He leans forward and reads the salesman's nametag.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

"Assistant Manager", huh? What were you, class valedictorian?

SALESMAN

Dude, that hurts. My best friend was valedictorian, and he happened to die in a very serious beer accident.

Andy takes Kevin aside as Jim comforts the salesman.

ANDY

Kevin, what's wrong with you? You're being a total rectum.

KEVIN

I'm sorry, Andy. We Yalies don't have much tolerance for idiocy. Would you call William F. Buckley, Jr., or former California Governor Pete Wilson a "rectum"?

ANDY

You just answered your own question. Now, if you don't mind, I have a friend to attend to...

He joins Jim in comforting the salesman.

JIM

It's okay, man...

SALESMAN

(BROKEN UP) I mean, so many people are  
crushed by kegs -- you just never think  
it'll happen to someone you know...

**INT. MR. CZELANSKI'S CLASS - THE NEXT DAY**

Toby, George, and the rest of the CLASS are watching the  
usual "Channel One"-style programming. Kevin reclines at  
his desk, looking pretty pleased with himself.

**ON TV**

PANZER

...and to this day visitors to Pearl  
Harbor leave haunted by the powerful  
images. Then again, image is nothing.  
Thirst is everything. For Sprite, I'm  
Panzer, your Student Network EJ.

Kevin leans over to George and Toby.

KEVIN

(SOTTO) I bet Yale's been watching me  
for a lonnnng time, and they wanted to  
make their move before some lesser  
college snapped me up.

George and Toby roll their eyes.

MR. CZELANSKI

Quiet, Kevin. The school gets a lot of  
money for you kids to watch this crap.

KEVIN

Why should I bother to pay attention in  
class? I've already gotten into Yale.

MR. CZELANSKI

And I'm already vested in the county pension, but I still drag my ass in here every day to teach you clowns. The least you can do is hold up your end of this lousy charade!

He rolls his eyes and lights up a cigarette.

**INT. LOFT - KEVIN'S ROOM - THAT NIGHT**

Kevin is packing his suitcase and droning on in an irritating fashion. George and Toby sit nearby, looking weary and glazed.

KEVIN

Do you realize I'm the only person in the history of Yale to get in without having to apply? Well, me and Claire Danes...

GEORGE

Great.

There's a **LOUD KNOCK** on the door. Kevin opens it.

KEVIN

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh, Andy, it's you. I thought it might be Skull & Bones.

ANDY

Can I borrow some clean sock--?

Kevin **SLAMS** the door.

KEVIN

Did I mention the Yale Club is having a special luncheon tomorrow in my honor?

TOBY

Really? Can we come?

KEVIN

Oooh, gee, that's tough, because it's really just for Yalies and supporters of old Eli, but I suppose they won't mind having a couple of kids around. I'll see what I can do.

GEORGE

(BARELY CONTAINING HIS ANGER)

Wonderful. We appreciate it.

KEVIN

Well, guys, I guess our lives are about to take different paths. I'm off to Yale, and you two'll probably end up at, well, the University of Refrigeration Repair or Mason Reese Junior College, heh, heh. Just kidding. You guys will probably get into pretty good schools.

George can't take it any more.

GEORGE

Geez, Kevin! I don't care if you are dying. You've turned into a major jackass!!

TOBY

George, don't!

GEORGE

No, it's time somebody told him the truth! (TURNS TO KEVIN) They only let you into Yale because you're dying!

KEVIN

What?!

TOBY

We wanted to do something nice for you in your final days, so we asked Yale to accept you. You know, as a last wish.

KEVIN

(FLABBERGASTED) What makes you think I'm dying?!

GEORGE

You're wearing a baseball cap!

Kevin has no response to George's irrefutable logic.

KEVIN

Y-you mean Yale doesn't really want me?

GEORGE

Are you kidding? We had to beg them to take you!

George storms out. Kevin, utterly crushed, looks like he might start to cry.

TOBY

(COMFORTING) Cheer up, Kevin. The medical school was very excited about you. They said they can't wait to dissect your corpse!

KEVIN

(SMALL MOAN)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

**FADE IN:**

**CLOSE ON**

A cartoon of Kevin wearing a cheerleader's outfit with a big "Y" on it. He's leaping in the air, waving his pom-poms and shouting "LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE DOUCHEBAGS!"

ANDY (O.S.)

(MALICIOUS CHUCKLE)

KEVIN (O.S.)

(SAD) Andy, may I speak to you?

ANDY (O.S.)

(QUICK PANIC) Crap! I - yeh - sure.

Andy's hand reaches into frame and furtively crumples up the cartoon. WIDEN TO REVEAL we're...

**INT. LOFT - ANDY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Andy tosses the cartoon out the window just as Kevin enters, looking quite dejected.

KEVIN

(EXHALES, THEN FAST) I didn't really get accepted to Yale. George and Toby thought I was dying because of my bald head and baseball cap, so they begged them to let me in as a last wish. Yale doesn't really want me.

ANDY

(WEIRDED OUT) O-kay... Well, whatever happened to working hard and studying and earning your way into Yale?

KEVIN

This came up first. Now, see, if I were to just keep my mouth shut, and let them keep thinking I was sick, I wouldn't technically be lying, would--?

ANDY

Ohhh, no. You've already alienated everyone. Now you're going to top that by being Little Decepto McSickly?

Andy leans out the window.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING DOWN) Hey, toss me up that drawing!

SOMEONE (O.S)

Four bucks!

KEVIN

But Andy, if I tell them, they might think I've been deliberately faking it all along, which I haven't! Then they'll never ever let me in! I really want this...

ANDY

Forget it, Kevin. Tell the truth. There are plenty of other colleges. So what if you don't get into Yale?

**INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Kevin lies in bed, his eyes wide open. Andy's words echo in his head.

ANDY (V.O.)

...So what if you don't get into

Yale... if you don't get into Yale...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

**KEVIN'S DREAM - THE LOFT - SEVEN YEARS IN THE FUTURE**

The furnishings are the same, except older and dirtier. A hung-over, scraggly guy in a "Borchmore" sweatshirt rouses himself from the couch. It's 24-YEAR-OLD KEVIN and he looks a lot like the current Andy. He reaches for a bottle of malt liquor on the floor, but it's empty.

OLDER KEVIN

Aw, crap! Dude! We're outta booze!

31-YEAR-OLD ANDY, now paunchy and balding, comes out of his room carrying a 40 of malt liquor. He **SNEEZES** and wipes his nose on the front of his shirt.

OLDER ANDY

Whaddya expect me to do about it, Lazy

McLardass?

OLDER KEVIN

Well, go out and get some, Fatty

McChrome-Dome.

OLDER ANDY

Make me.

Kevin hits Andy. Andy hits back and they begin one of their trademark fights. But they're both so out of shape and lethargic, they lose interest after a few perfunctory slaps. Andy collapses onto the couch and **BURPS**.

OLDER KEVIN

Har. Man, Dude, guess what? I can't even remember what I did last night.

OLDER ANDY

You stayed up drinking and downloading porn from the Internet.

Kevin gets a stupid grin on his face.

OLDER KEVIN

Oh yeah. Gotta love that PenisPort™.

He gestures to a rubber sleeve wired to a box on top of the TV. Then something catches his eye out the window. It's a billboard featuring a slimmed-down, sharp-looking Toby. It reads: "RE-ELECT MUNDORF, U.S. SENATE."

OLDER KEVIN (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) That coulda been me. If only I hadn't thrown my life down the terlet. If only I'd gone to Yale when I had the chance.

WEIRD DEEP ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)

Life is full of "if onlies".

OLDER JIM enters holding one of those artificial electronic larynxes up to his throat.

OLDER JIM

(ELECTRONICALLY ENHANCED) If only I'd quit smoking when you told me to.

OLDER POSEY

(HER NORMAL VOICE) Don't worry, Kevin. You made the right decision...

Posey nods in a sincere, comforting fashion. We WIDEN TO REVEAL she is wearing a straitjacket. With her bare foot, she pours a cup full of dry dog food into the bowl for "Stogie" -- actually, just his taxidermied and somewhat-threadbare carcass.

OLDER POSEY (CONT'D)

...Because now, you'll be spending the rest of your life right here with us!

(HIDEOUS CACKLE)

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - REALITY - THAT INSTANT**

Kevin bolts up in bed, **SCREAMING**, and races from his room.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin's head is covered with shaving cream as he uses a razor to shave it clean. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Stogie staring at him blankly.

ANDY

(DEFENSIVE, TO DOG) You don't understand the admissions process these days!

**INT. JIM'S CAR - MORNING**

Jim (who's driving) and Andy are en route to work on the expressway. Jim strains to see around an SUV in front of him. He's about to pass, when suddenly another SUV swerves in from the left, cutting off his passing lane.

ANDY

Hey, wasn't that our exit?

JIM

(ALARMED) Yeah, but I can't get over!

A third SUV suddenly merges in from the right, then a fourth swings in behind. They're totally boxed in and the **NOISE** is deafening.

ANDY/JIM

(SCREAM)

Jim pounds on the **HORN**, trying to get the attention of the SUV drivers.

**INSIDE ONE OF THE SUVs**

Luxurious quietude. Through the window, we can see Jim and Andy screaming and gesturing frantically, but the DRIVER neither sees nor hears them. The calm inside is broken only by a mellifluous voice on the radio accompanied by the sound of **TINKLING BELLS...**

NPR CORRESPONDENT (ON RADIO)

(SOOTHING) The native bells chime softly in this small village 30 miles southeast of Santiago. For Rosita Caron and family, these traditional feast days are ones of quiet desperation. The paper mill nearby has closed--

DRIVER

(SOOTHED, PLEASED SIGH)

**BACK IN JIM'S CAR**

A **RATTLING, ROARING** nightmare. Andy and Jim desperately try to see anything at all out the windows. A highway sign speeds by overhead, visible only for a split-second.

JIM

Where are we going?!

ANDY

I couldn't see! Either North Carolina or North Dakota!

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY - SOMEWHERE - TWO HOURS LATER**

They're still boxed in by the SUVs. By now the cityscape has given way to open countryside. Jim looks at the instrument panel.

JIM

We're running out of gas!!

ANDY

Try putting it in neutral!!

Jim shifts into neutral, but nothing changes -- the car is just pushed along by the SUVs. Finally, the one in front of them changes lanes, allowing Jim to break free of the pack. He maneuvers down an off-ramp, and the car finally rolls to a stop on a country road.

JIM

Phooey. My bilgemobile just doesn't stand a chance in these modern times. Might as well give up and move out to the country...

ANDY

(HAS AN IDEA) Better yet...

Across the road is a business with a sign that says "FARM EQUIPMENT FOR RENT". Andy eyes the lot full of tractors, combines, tillers, etc. and gets an evil grin.

**EXT. YALE CLUB OF COSMOPOLIS - DAY**

The letterboard reads: "TODAY: TERMINALLY ILL BOY AND FRESH BLUEPOINT OYSTERS!"

**INT. YALE CLUB - PRESIDENT'S ANTEROOM - THAT MINUTE**

Kevin stands outside Groats' office, admiring portraits of illustrious Yale alumni: William Howard Taft, Samuel F.B. Morse, Daniel Webster...

KEVIN

(TO HIMSELF) Ahh, what noble men your  
hallowed halls have spawned...

He comes to a portrait of David Duchovny as Agent Mulder,  
with trademark flashlight.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(NEARLY SWOONING SOUND)

Groats emerges from his office, pushing an empty  
wheelchair.

GROATS

Almost time for the luncheon, Kevin.  
Now be a good chap and hop into this  
wheelchair. Might as well look as  
pitiabile as possible, eh?

KEVIN

Sure. (SITS DOWN) And what if I pull  
this blanket over my knees, like so?

GROATS

Oh, that's splendid! So, tell me, what  
sort of illness is it you've got?

KEVIN

(CAUGHT SHORT) Well, I, uh, it's...

In a nearby room, a **TASTEFUL CHIME** rings.

GROATS

Doesn't really matter. I'm sure it's  
quite tragic, whatever it is. That's  
the dinner bell! We're off.

He wheels Kevin toward the banquet room.

**EXT. MIDTOWN COSMOPOLIS - MAIN THOROUGHFARE - RUSH HOUR**

It's filled with SUVs. Suddenly, a shadow falls over them. Startled, the DRIVERS look in their rearview mirrors.

SUV DRIVERS

(ASTONISHED GASP)

**THEIR P.O.V.**

A massive 12-ton John Deere combine **RUMBLES** down the street, taking up two lanes of traffic. Andy and Jim peer down from its cab, 14 feet above the street. Andy yells out the window.

ANDY

(MOCKING) Move it, pee-pul! I've gotta pick up my kids at pottery class!

(PULLS ROPE)

**SFX: EAR-SPLITTING AIR HORN**

The startled SUV drivers spill their Starbuck's cups and drop their cell phones. Traffic builds behind the combine, and soon the entire street is clogged with angry, impatient SUV drivers.

SUV DRIVER #1

Why do you need to drive a monstrosity like that, anyway?

ANDY

It fits my rugged, outdoorsy lifestyle.

SUV DRIVER #2

C'mon, you're endangering everyone on the road!

JIM

Who cares, as long as I'm safe.

SUV DRIVER #3

Is that the new Lexus?

ANDY

Sorry! Can't hear you! Phone call.

Andy picks up a cell phone and mimes having a conversation.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hello, Zeke! What's  
that? I should clear the chutes? My  
pleasure!

Andy pushes a button and torrents of grain spew from the combine's chute. Jim positions it to shoot into the moon roofs of the SUVs, filling them up.

SUV DRIVERS

(MUFFLED YELLS AND CURSES)

JIM

Hey! Look at this!

He points to a button on the dash that reads "MANURE SPREADER". He and Andy exchange glances.

ANDY/JIM

(VICTORIOUS EVIL LAUGH)

**INT. YALE CLUB - BANQUET ROOM**

Kevin is wheeled into a banquet room filled with ALUMNI of all ages. George and Toby are sitting in the back. Kevin waves at them; they glower back. On stage, a slide show commemorating the life and imminent death of Kevin French is in progress.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...Abandoned as a child by his parents,  
Kevin was forced to live with his  
brother, a chronically unemployed,  
emotionally abusive alcoholic.

We see a shot of Andy at the loft's front door, holding a bottle of malt liquor and trying to shut the door in the unseen photographer's face.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

And now, this poor wretch's dreams for the future have been dashed by his tragic, deadly disease... except for one.

There is an "artsy" shot of the sun breaking through the clouds, à la a Forest Lawn commercial.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

Yale's magnanimity in granting Kevin's last wish will bring joy to his final gruesome days, as well as provide a generous tax deduction for those of you contributing to "The Kevin Fund."

An image appears of what is clearly Kevin's face pasted on the body of someone lying in a hospital bed. The expression on Kevin's face goes from sad to happy.

GROATS

(PROUD) We did that with PhotoShop.

(THEN) All right, Kevin, it's time...

Kevin, maneuvering the electric wheelchair for the first time, rolls up a ramp and tries to turn toward the dais. But he misses and drives off the stage, crashing onto a table of young alumni, sending their martinis flying. There is an uncomfortable silence as Kevin flails about until a WAITER comes to his aid. There's a smattering of **APPLAUSE** as Kevin is lifted back onto the stage with Groats and the Provost of Yale.

PROVOST

And now it is Yale's very great  
pleasure to grant little Kevin's final  
wish.

The Provost hands Kevin an oversized mock-up of a diploma  
with the name "Kevin French" written in crayon. Groats  
places a mortarboard on Kevin's head.

PROVOST (CONT'D)

We proudly present Yale's newest  
graduate, Kevin French!

PHOTOGRAPHERS **SNAP** pictures. Kevin is confused.

KEVIN

Wait. This isn't right!

PROVOST

A B.A.'s not good enough for you?  
Would you prefer a Master's, a Ph.D.?  
(TO GROATS) Fire up the laser printer.

KEVIN

No, no! I thought I was actually going  
to get to be a student at Yale.

GROATS

(LOW HISS) What difference does it  
make? You won't live to see  
graduation. Now take the bloody  
diploma and get off so we can bring out  
the Whiffenpoofs.

KEVIN

I can't. That degree is meaningless,  
and so is my Yale admission!

Kevin is suddenly seized with the fervor of his convictions. He grabs the fake diploma and rips it in half. The audience is taken aback -- even George and Toby.

AUDIENCE

(SHOCKED MURMURS)

KEVIN

You're just giving me this diploma out  
of pity. How dare you cheapen the name  
of Yale like that!

AUDIENCE

(OUTRAGED MURMURS)

KEVIN

The Yale I love would never stoop to  
admit the undeserving, be they  
terminally ill or merely rich idiots.

THURSTON HOWELL-TYPE

We do let in the occasional rich idiot.

KEVIN

No, the Yale I love holds merciless  
standards that keep out all but  
America's very best. I beg you! Don't  
give into your bleeding-heart impulses!  
The sick, the underprivileged, people  
with SAT's that are just sort of "eh",  
don't belong at Yale. That's what  
Brown is for!

AUDIENCE

(MURMURS OF AGREEMENT AND APPLAUSE)

Kevin is winning over the crowd. Some jump to their feet  
to cheer him on. Others wave checks.

ALUMNUS #1

I'll give a hundred thousand to keep  
out the underprivileged!

ALUMNUS #2

I'll double it to keep out the  
unattractive!

The room erupts in a frenzy of elitism and check writing.  
Dollar signs appear in Groats' eyes.

ALUMNUS #3

(TO KEVIN) Apply like everybody else,  
you cripple!

KEVIN

Yes! I will! And when I do, be harsh and cruel in your judgment! If I get in, it will be because I earned it, not because I'm sick, because I'm not! I'm not sick at all!

GROATS

(TOO BUSY COLLECTING CHECKS) Oh, well.

Too bad. Can't be helped, I suppose.

Toby and George look totally shocked. Kevin realizes what he's just said and turns to Groats.

KEVIN

I'm just hoping this misunderstanding won't hurt my chances when I apply next year. Heh.

GROATS

To the contrary, this is our best fundraiser ever! Your speech today has proven you're precisely the type of student Yale is looking for!

Kevin beams.

GEORGE

(ARCHES EYEBROWS) Say, could I list this whole thing as community service on my application?

GROATS

(IMPRESSED) Perhaps we should recruit  
more seriously from Mission Hill.

George smiles.

**EXT. YALE CLUB - A LITTLE LATER**

Kevin, Toby and George walk out of the club and down the  
street, friends again.

KEVIN

I'm sorry, guys. I've been a real  
jerk, and I never even thanked you for  
all you did to get me in.

TOBY

That's okay, Kevin. We're glad you're  
not dying. Although we were looking  
into getting you cryogenically frozen  
-- it was going to be cool!

GEORGE

It was actually a lot cheaper just to  
do your head.

KEVIN

Well, now our dream of going to Yale  
together can come true. It's gonna be  
great, guys. The three of us at Yale.

There's a beat of silence.

GEORGE

Do you really think you're going to  
make it in with your lousy  
extracurriculars? I have yearbook.

KEVIN

Well, don't go buying that ticket to  
New Haven just yet, Mr. I-Got-A-B-In-  
Ninth-Grade-Spanish!

TOBY

Look who's talking, Mr. No Discernible  
Interests.

KEVIN

I'm interested in getting into college.

As the three walk off arguing, we...

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW