

13 AGAIN?!

by

Mark E. McCann

*"There are worse things in life
than a mid-life crisis..."*

Mark E. McCann
Markemccann.com
Mark@Markemccann.com

FADE IN:

INT. RICK'S BATHROOM - DAY

RICK JOHNSON stands wrapped in a towel, frowning at his late-thirties body in the mirror. So much to be displeased about: love handles, pot belly, hair starting to thin.

He notices something in his nose and reacts with disgust -- it's nose hair. He looks around for some scissors, but the only thing he can find is a pair of nail clippers. He clips at it awkwardly, trying not to snip his nose.

He's also dismayed to find hair growing out of his ear. He starts to clip that as well, when his wife SUSAN hurriedly walks in, stops and looks at him quite oddly.

SUSAN
What are you doing?

RICK
I have hair growing out of my ear!

Susan rolls her eyes and begins applying makeup.

SUSAN
Well, it stopped growing on your head so it had to go somewhere.

RICK
Where did all this fat come from?

Rick tries to suck in his gut, but that really doesn't help.

SUSAN
You're a little early for a mid-life crisis, don't you think?

He starts flexing what muscles he has left.

RICK
I should start back to the gym.

SUSAN
You should get ready for work before you're late. Matthew has a doctor's appointment in an hour, so I need you to drop Ashley off at school for me.

Rick strikes a muscle-man pose just as ASHLEY, his rebellious thirteen-year-old daughter, walks up to the open door.

RICK
Do I still look sexy?

ASHLEY
Ew, dad! Do not use the word sex
when talking to mom... ever!

RICK
How do you think you got here?

Ashley practically gags. Susan gives Rick a dirty look.

SUSAN
What do you need, honey?

ASHLEY
Purple short-sleeve shirt.

SUSAN
In the washer.

ASHLEY
I need that for our band practice
this afternoon!

SUSAN
Then we'll throw it in the dryer.
Come on.

Ashley abruptly turns. Rick continues to look in the mirror.

RICK
Maybe I should get a tattoo.

Susan only shakes her head as she walks out the door.

INT. RICK'S FRONT ROOM

Rick adjusts a tie as he rushes through. He's perturbed to find the hall light has been left on.

RICK
Why is this light on if no one's
using it?

He flips off the light, then discovers that a child has drawn with Crayon on the wall. He scowls, reaches down to try and rub it off, and discovers a DVD case left lying on the floor.

RICK (CONT'D)

How many times do I have to say put
the movies up when they're not
being watched? You want them to
get scratc-?

CRUNCH as he takes a step forward. He picks up two halves of
the DVD, growls, and continues on.

INT. RICK'S KITCHEN

Pandemonium. Susan frantically tries to make sandwiches
while meeting the needs of three NOISY kids: TYLER, a one-
year-old sitting in a highchair and squashing oatmeal between
his fingers; MATTHEW, nine, who follows and mimics Ashley.

SUSAN

Kids, come on!

ASHLEY

(to Matthew)

Will you leave me alone? Stop it!

MATTHEW

Will you leave me alone? Stop it!

Rick rushes in and frowns upon being assaulted by all the
noise. He steps on a toy left on the floor and almost falls.

RICK

How many times do I have to say no
toys left-

ASHLEY

Matthew, stop it! Mom!

MATTHEW

Matthew, stop it! Mom!

SUSAN

Matthew, stop.

Rick sighs and goes to the cupboard. He frowns.

RICK

Where's my coffee cup?

SUSAN

Dish washer. Matthew was using it
for his water colors.

RICK
Water colors?! Of all the cups, he
has to use my... Do we have any
others with a lid?

SUSAN
All dirty.

Rick's shoulders slump. Finally he takes the only thing he
can find: one of Tyler's sippy cups. He gingerly pours the
coffee, screws on the lid and sips, enjoying the momentary
relief. Ashley, meanwhile, looks at him like he's nuts.

RICK
You'll understand when you're
older.

ASHLEY
I doubt it.

RICK
(looking at watch)
You ready? We're late.

ASHLEY
Not my fault.

Rick wrangles Matthew, tries to kiss him but he wiggles away.

MATTHEW
Yuck!

RICK
To big, huh? Alright.
(to Tyler)
Goodbye, little turkey. Don't give
your mother a hard time today.

He bends down to kiss Tyler goodbye, just as Tyler flips a
spoonful of muck on Rick's suit.

RICK (CONT'D)
Ach!

Susan hands him a towel and he unsuccessfully wipes at it.

SUSAN
You want your brown one?

RICK
I don't have time to change.

SUSAN
Have a good day.

RICK
Yeah, it's starting out so well.
(to Ashley)
You ready?

Susan hands Ashley a brown paper lunch sack as she heads out.

SUSAN
Love you.

Rick starts to head out the door and Susan hands him a brown paper lunch sack as well.

RICK
What's this?

SUSAN
Your lunch.

RICK
(handing it back)
I'll just grab something at work.

SUSAN
(handing it back)
No you won't. We're overdrawn
until payday.

RICK
What?

SUSAN
I had to buy the kids some new
school clothes and we were
completely out of groceries.

Rick's shoulders slump lower. He sighs and takes the sack.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Love you.

RICK
Love you.

INT. RICK'S CAR - DAY

Rick and Ashley putter along in the old minivan. Rick dabs at the large drying stain on his shirt. He's busy looking down and nearly rear-ends the car in front of him.

ASHLEY
Dad!

Rick barely manages to SQUEAL to a stop.

RICK

Sorry.

ASHLEY

Try not to knock the dirt off...
it's the only thing holding this
bucket together.

RICK

Don't knock it, it's paid for.

ASHLEY

You can drop me off here.

RICK

The school's a block away.

ASHLEY

Here's fine.

RICK

Why?

ASHLEY

I want to walk.

Rick takes a drink from his sippy cup and dabs at the stain --
then realizes why she wants to walk.

RICK

So which are you more embarrassed
of... the old car or the old man?

ASHLEY

Can you just make sure mom picks me
up from band practice in her car?

RICK

That band practice had better not
be interfering with your
schoolwork.

ASHLEY

No, dad... it's not.

RICK

Because if your grades drop, the
first thing that's going to go are
the guitar lessons.

(mumbles)

Checkbook's overdrawn, but we can
somehow afford guitar lessons.

ASHLEY

Excuse me, you played guitar in a band when you were my age.

RICK

Yeah, and I'm practically swimming in hundred dollar bills because of it. Schoolwork first, then guitar.

ASHLEY

Yes, I know... get a good education so I can get a good job. Great. What a wonderful outlook on life.

Rick pulls the car over and Ashley gets out.

EXT. RICK'S CAR

Rick leans out the window before Ashley walks away.

RICK

Just so you know, I had a cool car once. A Corvette.

ASHLEY

No way! What happened to it?

RICK

You.

ASHLEY

Me?

RICK

Yeah. Ever try to fit a car-seat into a Corvette?

ASHLEY

Sorry I ruined your life.

RICK

You didn't ruin my life. You just changed it. Drastically. Have a good day at school.

ASHLEY

Yeah... like that's possible.

RICK

It's junior high... how tough could that be?

ASHLEY

Dad, junior high sucks.

RICK

Oh, please... you're thirteen.
What do you have to do? Sleep,
eat, go to school. I want your
job.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - DAY

It's more of a broom closet than an office. Rick can barely be seen above the mounds of files and paperwork. He's on the phone as DARREN, a vivacious Jon Luvits type, walks up to the door and leans against the frame.

RICK

(on the phone)

Yes, sir. We've reached a
settlement on the McCaffrey suit.
No court on that one. Yes, sir.

CART WORKER pushes a cart laden with stacks of papers past Darren. His HEADPHONES are so loud we hear the TINNY MUSIC.

RICK (CONT'D)

Of course... you're welcome.
That's what you pay me for. Bye.
(hangs up)
What you pay me a tenth of what I
just saved you, you cheap son of a-

He notices that Cart Worker is stacking a very large amount of paperwork on his desk.

RICK (CONT'D)

Is all this mine?

Cart Worker only smiles indifferently as he backs his cart out. Rick stares at the mounds of papers as Darren walks in, claps his hands and rubs them together.

DARREN

Twelve O'Clock, old buddy. What
shall we assault our digestive
system with today? Italian?
Mexican? Greek?

Rick takes his sack lunch out and plops it on top of the mound of papers.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Let me guess... you're going to light that and put it on the boss's doorstep.

RICK

I'm afraid I'm brown-bagging it today.

DARREN

Bummer.

Rick looks around, sighs, and rubs his temples. He stands up and grabs his sack lunch.

RICK

I've got to get out of here for a little while. You want to grab something and eat in the park?

DARREN

A picnic, eh? You're not going to try to hold my hand are you?

RICK

I might.

DARREN

Lead on.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Rick and Darren exit the building and start walking down the sidewalk. Rick looks around at corporate America and sighs; all suits, no smiles. Practically robots.

RICK

Darren, do you ever have second thoughts about your job?

DARREN

Only on weekdays between eight and five. Why, you thinking about a career change?

RICK

No, it's not that. It's just that when I was a kid and anytime someone asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up, I don't remember ever once saying that I wanted to be an insurance lawyer.

DARREN

Very true. You know what I wanted to be when I grew up? A cab driver.

RICK

Seriously?

DARREN

Heck yeah, coolest job in the world. Get paid to drive around the city, listen to the radio... maybe pick up the occasional celebrity or lonely, rich debutante. How about you?

Rick grins sheepishly.

RICK

A rock star. I was going to play lead guitar in a hair band.

DARREN

From Eddie Van Halen to Johnny Cockrin. I can see how that would happen.

RICK

I'd be happy with being Johnny Cockrin. At least he was a cool trial lawyer. We're more like... paper-shuffling clerks. We're not even high enough on the food chain to be called ambulance chasers.

DARREN

Well, now that you've uplifted my spirits on that happy note... I'm going to grab some food that will help speed my journey to the grave.

Darren steps over to a street vendor to grab a foot long. Rick steps back to wait.

As he looks around, he notices a sign that declares the store behind him to be NOW OPEN. The business is called "Fondest Memories" and the slogan reads "Take your next vacation in your past."

Rick looks at it curiously, trying to figure it out. Some brochures have been left out, and he looks around before taking one. Darren returns with his dog and two drinks.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Come on, sweetheart. I bought you
a drink... let's go have that
romantic lunch in the park.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Rick and Darren sit on a bench, munching lunch. Rick's is a bologna sandwich, which he's clearly not thrilled about.

Across the park, a group of young COLLEGE KIDS have an impromptu game of football going. They're laughing, having fun, not a care in the world.

Rick looks through the brochure. It shows photos of smiling people at the happiest moments of their lives: weddings, parties, parents with kids, etc. The wording tantalizes with: "Want to go back and do it all again? Now you can. Your past is just ahead of you."

RICK

Hey, Darren... tell me something.

DARREN

You're ugly.

RICK

Besides that.

DARREN

You smell funny, too.

RICK

No seriously. If you could go back
and relive any time in your life,
what would it be?

DARREN

(thinks for a moment)
Summer vacation, junior year in
high school.

RICK

What? No way.

DARREN

Oh, yeah!

RICK

Why?

DARREN

Stayed up all night, slept all day,
and the parent's paid all the
bills. Zero responsibilities.
Oh, but I had a driver's license so
I could still go wherever I wanted.
Total and complete freedom.

RICK

Freedom.

DARREN

How about you?

Rick thinks about it as he watches the College Kids play.
The boys toss the pigskin around. One happy couple kisses.
Fun, carefree times. Rick watches them with longing.

RICK

Senior year of college. Best time
of my life. Beer, parties,
sorority chicks... you could act
like the biggest idiot in the world
and everyone loved you for it.

DARREN

No nine-to-five grind at a job you
hate.

RICK

No screaming kids tearing up
everything in the house.

DARREN

No nagging wives.

RICK

No mortgages, bills, overdrawn
accounts.

They both sigh, staring ahead.

DARREN

How's that bologna sandwich, buddy?

INT. RICK'S OFFICE

Rick is buried behind a mound of paperwork. He looks up
suddenly as we hear the TINNY MUSIC approaching. He stands
up, walks over to the door and peeks out into:

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Where the Worker is be-bopping his way towards Rick's office, pushing his cart that is laden with yet more paperwork.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE

Rick curses under his breath, then promptly shuts the door and places his back against the wall in an effort to hide.

The TINNY MUSIC lingers a moment, then slowly abates. Rick opens the door, only to find a large stack of papers has been piled against the door. It falls inward, burying his shoes.

EXT. FONDEST MEMORIES - DAY

Rick stands outside, clearly debating. He's about to walk away when two middle-aged FEMALE PATRONS exit. They're all smiles, laughing and giggling like teenage girls.

FEMALE PATRON #1
That was completely amazing!

FEMALE PATRON #2
I can't believe how real it was!

FEMALE PATRON #1
I know! Oh my gosh... I had forgotten what being a nineteen-year-old girl felt like!

FEMALE PATRON #2
(fanning herself)
I had forgotten what a nineteen-year-old boy felt like!

They erupt in more giggles, then notice Rick as they pass.

FEMALE PATRON #2 (CONT'D)
Are you going in?

RICK
Me? Oh, no... I... Well... I don't know.

FEMALE PATRON #1
Do it! You won't regret it!

RICK
What is it?

FEMALE PATRON #2
 (over her shoulder)
 It's incredible!

They walk off, continuing to laugh. Rick looks at them, then back to the business.

INT. FONDEST MEMORIES RECEPTION ROOM

It somewhat resembles a travel agency, but instead of posters of Florida, Hawaii, and Disney World, there are framed photos of life events; weddings, birthdays, parents playing with children, and more. All the happy times.

Rick tentatively enters, where a CHIME announces him. DR. JEFFERSON, a thin, relatively young Asian-American, peers around the corner from a back hallway.

JEFFERSON
 Good afternoon.

RICK
 Hi.

JEFFERSON
 How can I help you?

RICK
 Um, I was just... curious. What all this is about.

Jefferson smiles. He ushers Rick in and goes into his spiel. He's part scientist, part showman, and part salesman.

JEFFERSON
 Of course.
 (extends a hand)
 I'm Doctor Jefferson.

RICK
 Rick Johnson.

JEFFERSON
 Mr. Johnson. Rick. First I want you to imagine the happiest time of your life. Your very best memory.

RICK
 (leery)
 Okay...

JEFFERSON

Got it? Now imagine that I can take you back there, so that you can relive that moment as many times as you like.

Rick looks at him sceptically.

RICK

What are we talking here... hypnosis?

JEFFERSON

Oh, much, much more. Come with me.

INT. FONDEST MEMORIES CONSULTATION OFFICE

Jefferson proudly ushers Rick in. The place almost resembles a little dental office, complete with a reclining seat. About a hundred wires string out from the chair to a nearby computer terminal. Manning the terminal is KARL, a rotund guy munching on a candy bar and chasing it with a cola.

JEFFERSON

This is where the magic happens.

RICK

Magic, huh?

KARL

Don't buy that mumbo jumbo. It's pure science.

JEFFERSON

This is Karl. Our computer technician.

KARL

(gives Vulcan hand salute)
Dude.

Jefferson is displeased upon noticing Karl's snack.

JEFFERSON

Karl, how many times have I asked you to please not eat around the equipment?

Karl finishes off his candy in one large bite, wipes the crumbs from the keyboard, nods and waves.

Rick, meanwhile, walks around the room, looking it over.

RICK

So... what does all this hardware do?

Jefferson pats the chair and picks up some of the electrodes. There's a model of a brain and he uses it to demonstrate.

JEFFERSON

It's quite simple, really. First we attach these electrodes to your head. They monitor activity in the outer cortex. That's where memories are stored. We use a mild sedative to put you to sleep and induce a REM state.

(moves to computer)

The electrodes gather information and send it to the computer, which analyzes the data and sends a corresponding signal back to stimulate the appropriate area of the brain. The result is a lucid state of perceived reality.

Rick looks completely confused.

RICKY

Huh?

KARL

Your brain becomes a holodeck, dude.

RICK

Oh.

Jefferson sighs - his life's work oversimplified by a Trekie.

RICK (CONT'D)

So basically your computer reads my memories and creates a dream that's... believable.

JEFFERSON

Oh, not a dream. Real! Since we're stimulating the brain itself, all sensory input is just as if you were there. Smells, sights, sounds, touch -- everything. You'll believe you're actually there.

RICK

Is it safe?

JEFFERSON

Perfectly safe. We have several safety features incorporated into both the software and the hardware. Karl, start a return sequence.

Jefferson picks up something that looks like a pair of eyeglasses. Karl taps on the keyboard and an LED mounted on the lens slowly flashes red.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

This is an L-E-D we place on the eyelid. When it lights, that's a signal to the subconsciousness that it's almost time to return.

The LED begins flashing more steadily, more frequently, then lights steady.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

Steady red means the journey is over and it's time to rejoin the real world.

Rick is almost sold, but still a tad hesitant.

RICK

I don't know... we're kind of short on funds at the moment.

JEFFERSON

We accept all major credit cards.

RICK

How long does all this take?

JEFFERSON

That depends on how much time you want to spend in your past. Right now we're averaging about a three days of memories for every hour of regression.

RICK

Really?

JEFFERSON

Indeed. Many clients come in during their lunch hour. And we can even network with other computers if you want to share an experience with a friend.

Rick is sold. He stares at the chair with a silly grin.

RICK
No... I'd want to go alone.

JEFFERSON
So, Mr. Johnson... what do you think? Three days of reliving the happiest moments of your life.

Jefferson walks over and places a hand on Rick's shoulder.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
Are you ready to make an appointment with your past?

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - LATER

Rick is on the phone, loosening his tie as he looks up at the clock. Almost five O'clock.

RICK
Hey, hon. How are you? Yeah, me too. Hey, I'm going to have to work a little late tonight. Yeah, something's come up. About an hour or so. Chicken's fine. Alright. Love you too.

He hangs up. He would almost feel guilty if he weren't so darn giddy with excitement.

INT. FONDEST MEMORIES CONSULTATION OFFICE - LATER

Rick is lying in the chair while HOLLY, an attractive young assistant, attaches countless tiny electrodes to his head.

HOLLY
Nervous?

RICK
A little.

HOLLY
Trust me. You have absolutely nothing to worry about.

Karl is over at the computer, munching on a jelly donut.

KARL
You're going to love it, dude. It's better than Disney Land.

RICK
So you've all tried it?

KARL
Oh, heck yeah! Lots of times. Fun
as hell. Except this one time when
I got curious and went back to
relive my own birth.
(shivers)
Won't ever do that again.

Rick looks to Holly with concern.

RICK
Am I'm trusting my life to him?

HOLLY
Relax, you're in good hands. Do
you mind a little prick?

RICK
Excuse me?

She holds up a syringe.

HOLLY
Your sedative. Are you scared of
needles?

RICK
Oh. No.

HOLLY
We have gas if you prefer, if a
little prick bothers you.

RICK
It never has before.

Holly smiles and readies the injection.

Karl, meanwhile, takes a big bite of his donut. Suddenly
Jefferson enters, but lucky for Karl he's looking at a
clipboard. Karl quickly hides his donut and rapidly chews.

JEFFERSON
Mr. Johnson, how are we doing?

RICK
So far so good.

JEFFERSON
Are you ready for some great
memories?

RICK

I think so.

JEFFERSON

Wonderful. First, lets verify your destination. You've selected 1996 for your regression date, correct?

RICK

Yeah, senior year of college.

JEFFERSON

Excellent. Sounds like you'll have a lot of fun.

Karl promptly stops chewing as Jefferson turns to him.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

Got that, Karl? 1996.

Karl doesn't say anything, his mouth full of food that he's trying to hide. He smiles stupidly and nods.

ON KARL'S COMPUTER MONITOR

The destination-year display has up and down arrows beside the individual number, two for each digit of a year. Karl clicks 1 on the first, 9 on the second, 9 on the third, and 6 on the fourth. After a moment the computer responds with "Compiling data..." and "Done."

BACK TO SCENE

Karl gives Jefferson a thumb's up. Jefferson turns back around and Karl swallows. Then he surreptitiously brings the donut out for another bite.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

Very good. Alright, Holly.

Holly takes her cue and places the glasses with the LED on Rick's face.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

Alright, Mr. Johnson. Are we ready?

Rick takes a deep breath. Then he nods.

RICK

Ready.

Jefferson nods to Holly and she administers the shot. Rick winces, then relaxes as he slowly drifts off to la-la land.

Karl, meanwhile, tries to sneak a bite from his jelly donut. As he bites down, a glob of jelly drops out the other end and drips on the down-arrow key of the keyboard. Karl quickly tries to wipe it away before Jefferson sees it.

ON KARL'S COMPUTER MONITOR

Karl pressing the down-arrow key accidentally changes the third digit in the year from a 9 to an 8. Instead of 1996, Rick's destination is now 1986. The computer responds with "Compiling Data..." followed by "Done."

BACK TO SCENE

Holly confirms that Rick is asleep. She nods to Jefferson, who turns and nods to Karl.

KARL

Next stop... coeds and beer kegs.

Karl clicks the execute button, and LED lights begin blinking all over the electrodes on Rick's head.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - POV - DAY

Darkness. Slowly we wake up into daylight, and from our POV we see that we're lying on our back, staring up at the ceiling. Model airplanes and jets hang from above.

RICK (V.O.)

Whoa...

Two arms come into view, stretching.

RICK (CONT'D)

Wow! This is completely wild.

We look at the hands and flex them. They're somewhat smaller than expected.

RICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is so cool.

We quickly look back at the model airplanes.

RICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Hold up... this isn't my frat
 house.
 (laughs)
 Oh man... I must have gotten wasted
 last night. I wonder if I got
 lucky.

We sit up and look around. Eighties hair band posters adorn
 the walls: Ratt, Motley Crue, Poison, Def Leppard, et all.

RICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Hmph. Someone's definitely going
 for the retro look.

We stand up, and the more we look around the more we see that
 everything in the room looks like something a thirteen-year-
 old boy would have for decor -- in the eighties.

RICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Wait a minute. This looks like my
 old room at my parent's house!

One of the rock posters is also a calender; the year is 1986.

RICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What the hell?

We step in front of a mirror, where RICKY, a thirteen-year-
 old version of Rick, stares back at us in his Underoos.

END POV

Ricky SCREAMS as he looks in horror in the mirror. He looks
 and feels at his younger body; long hair, no stubble, skinny
 little prepubescent frame.

RICKY
 What the? Oh my god!

Suddenly he realizes something, and looks down into his
 underwear. An even bigger shock lurks down there and he
 SCREAMS again.

The door opens and his father, LARRY JOHNSON, a Ward Cleaver
 type, looks in to see Ricky staring down at his Johnson.

LARRY
 Ricky? What's the matter?

Ricky looks up from his underwear in utter surprise.

RICKY
It's so small... and bald!

Larry is caught off guard by this tidbit of information. He tries to be fatherly, but is clearly uncomfortable.

LARRY
Oh. Well, give it time, son.
You're just a late bloomer, that's all.

PHYLLIS JOHNSON, a June Cleaver type, walks in.

PHYLLIS
What's the matter?

Ricky tries to cover himself.

RICKY
Mom!

PHYLLIS
What?

Ricky starts throwing open drawers in a desperate attempt to locate some clothes. The whole time he's about to hyperventilate as he mumbles "Oh my god" repeatedly.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

LARRY
We're, uh, feeling... a little... self conscious today.

PHYLLIS
Self conscious? About what?

They look at Ricky, who's still mumbling "Oh my god" as he tosses clothes about.

LARRY
Well, you know... certain... impending changes.

PHYLLIS
What changes?

Larry shuffles uncomfortably.

LARRY
You know...

He finally uses hand gestures to imply the nether regions.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Boy changes.

Finally she gets it, and reacts with some reservation. With all their modesty, one wonders how these two ever conceived a kid at all.

PHYLLIS

Oh! Those changes.

Ricky finally finds some pants and rushes past his parents and into the hallway. Phyllis whispers:

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Do you suppose I need to wash the sheets?

INT. BATHROOM

Ricky runs in, hyperventilating as he closes the door and hops around as he puts on his pants.

RICKY

What the hell happened? This isn't college!

He finally gets his pants on and leans over the sink, talking to himself in the mirror.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Okay... I gotta get a grip. I gotta think this through.

INT. HALLWAY

Phyllis and Larry walk out from Ricky's bedroom.

LARRY

Well he's thirteen. It's natural.

PHYLLIS

I know, but-

They hear Ricky talking to himself and creep over to listen at the bathroom door.

RICKY (O.S.)

I just gotta get a grip here. That's all. Come on, Rick get a grip on yourself.

The look at each other blankly, clearly thinking that Ricky is doing something else.

RICKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Breathe... just breathe.

INT. RICKY'S BATHROOM

Ricky takes a deep breath and slowly releases. Suddenly he looks like he's got the answer.

RICKY
I've got to wake up! That's it! I
have to wake myself up.

He dances around, trying to think of ways to wake up. He tries SCREAMING LOUDLY.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM

Larry and Phyllis react to the scream.

PHYLLIS
Maybe... you should... say
something to him.

LARRY
What would I say?

PHYLLIS
I don't know! You're the man...
you went through puberty once.

Ricky SCREAMS again.

LARRY
Not like that I didn't!

ADAM, sixteen and looking like a preppie with feathered eighties hair, steps out into the hall. AMANDA, a seventeen-year-old valley-girl type, steps out from another door carrying a can of Aqua-net in each hand.

AMANDA
Like, what's going on?

ADAM
What's meathead yelling about?

PHYLLIS
Nothing! Everything's fine.

INT. BATHROOM

Ricky dances around some more. Yelling obviously didn't work. Next idea: he slaps himself in the face.

RICKY

Ow! Man, you can feel everything!
Okay, wake up dang it! Come on!

He slaps himself a few more times. SLAP. SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!

INT. HALLWAY

The fleshy SLAP, SLAP, SLAP doesn't sound good at all on this side of the door. Larry and Phyllis's eyes grow wide.

RICKY (O.S.)

Come on, you! Wake up, dang it!

AMANDA

Like, omigod... what's he doing in there?

PHYLLIS

Nothing! You two go get ready!

ADAM

Yeah, and just how are we supposed to do that with monkey boy spanking it in the bathroom?

PHYLLIS

Well... go get ready anyway!

Adam and Amanda go back in their rooms. Larry clears his throat and tentatively knocks on the bathroom door.

ADAM

Ricky? Son? Is everything... okay in there?

INT. BATHROOM

Ricky's face is red from the slapping. He tries frantically splashing it with cold water.

RICKY

Just a second!

But the splashing only gets him wet. Finally he practically sobs as he looks in the mirror.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I can't wake up. I can't wake up!

INT. HALLWAY

The door slowly opens and Ricky steps out; wet, red-faced and exasperated. Phyllis and Larry try not to stare at him.

LARRY
Are you... alright?

RICKY
I think I'm stuck in this body.