

LAST AMERICAN VIRGIN (?)

Given to
MB by writer
1/22

by Adam Hertz

rep by Warren Zide

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We're in a high school kid's bedroom, in a nice house in suburbia. The TV is on, but the picture isn't clear. Or, more appropriately, the picture is scrambled -- it phases in and out. Bars scroll across it. And we get occasional glimpses of what looks like --

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

Oooh, yeah. Oh, baby, you're so good.

As most high-school guys know (but few will admit), it is possible to watch the pay channels while they're scrambled. You just need a decent imagination to fill in the rest of the picture. We PAN to see JIM -- 17, short, horny.

JIM

(to himself, awed)

That was a tit! Tits!

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

Give it to me! Yes!

Jim is becoming, uh, physically involved with the scrambled babe.

JIM

Oh, yeah baby, I'll give it to you.

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

Yeah, it's so big! Big!

Jim's thrown off -- he seems concerned.

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

So big! Oh!

Jim stops altogether, miffed. He looks down at himself. Doesn't seem too confident. After a moment's thought, he rummages through his NIGHT TABLE. Finds a RULER and measures himself.

JIM

Woah! Holy shit!

(then)

Oh.

He flips the ruler around the other way.

JIM (cont'd)

Damn metric system.

He takes his measurement. Seems confused.

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JIM (cont'd)
So is that good or not?

He thinks a minute. Grabs a dictionary off his night table.
Flips through it to the word "Penis."

JIM (cont'd)
"Penis. 'Pee-nis.' A male organ of
copulation." That's it?

CLOSE-UP on the DICTIONARY ENTRY. Next to the "Penis"
listing is a DIAGRAM of a flaccid penis. It's ridiculous-
looking, like a cross between a small child's penis and a
pimento olive.

JIM (cont'd)
This can't be right. What about average
length?

Curious. He flips to the word "Vagina." There's a HUGE,
LONG ENTRY on it.

JIM (cont'd)
Dear God, I knew those things were
complicated.

He scrutinizes the accompanying BIG VAGINA DIAGRAM.

Suddenly there's a KNOCK at the door, immediately after which
JIM'S MOM enters. Jim scrambles and quickly covers himself
with a pillow. She's oblivious to his doings.

JIM'S MOM
Hey Jimmy.

JIM
Mom! Hey.

JIM'S MOM
What were you doing?

JIM
Nothing. Just watching TV. What's it
look like?

Jim's mom looks at the scrambled image.

JIM'S MOM
It looks like something's with the
reception.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM

Yeah. Damn cable. There's this nature show that I'm trying to watch.

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

Fuck me! Yes!

JIM

Or not.

He hurriedly tries to change the channel with the REMOTE, but instead the VOLUME GOES UP.

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK

BLOW YOUR WAD ON MY TITS!!

JIM'S Dad enters.

JIM'S DAD

What the hell is this?

JIM

Nothing!

JIM'S DAD

Nothing? It looks like you're trying to watch one of the illegal channels.

JIM

What?! I am not!

JIM'S MOM

Illegal channels?! James, you better not be.

JIM

Jesus, Mom! They're not illegal! They're pay channels. How could a television channel be illegal?! God, get a clue!

JIM'S DAD

James, don't speak that way to your mother!

PORNO-CHANNEL STUD (V.O.)

Play with my hairy balls!

JIM'S DAD

Turn that garbage off! Give me that!

Jim's Dad grabs for the remote, which is sitting on the pillow that's been covering Jim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The pillow gets brushed aside -- revealing Jim with his shorts down, and the dictionary open to the Big Vagina Diagram.

JIM'S MOM

Oh goodness!

She runs out shrieking. Jim's Dad is stuck there with his half-naked son. Horrible, awful embarrassment. A long, strained beat.

JIM'S DAD

Jesus Christ. The dictionary? Hell, son, I'll buy you some dirty magazines.

Jim's Dad exits, shaking his head. Jim sits agape, humiliated.

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK

Oooh, spank me, Daddy, spank me!

EXT. EAST HIGH - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Welcome to East Grand Rapids High School. Middle-class, suburban, but not stuck-up. Though it's a public school, the student body is small enough that you know most of the people in your grade. East is the type of small town that parents move to because of the good schools. You've probably been there.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - MORNING

Jim is talking to JOHN ZYKOWSKI -- "ZY" -- a cocky senior with a football-player build.

ZY

Illegal channels?

JIM

Zy, I told you, my parents are idiots.

ZY

C-Span. That's a channel that should be illegal. That, and whatever that women's channel is. Lifetime Supply of Tampons, or some shit like that.

They start walking down the hall.

JIM

So, how important do you think it is?

ZY

What is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

You know...

ZY

What, the Lifetime Channel? All they do is paint pottery and shit with little sponges. It's --

JIM

(interrupting, yelling)

No, shithead. Cock length. Shlong size! Dick distance!

ZY

(shushing)

Jesus, shhh! You're gonna make me look as naive as you are.

(then, louder)

Besides, dude, I know all about what chicks like.

JIM

I know. It's not the size that counts, it's how you use it.

ZY

Uh, no. If a chick ever tells you that, it means you got a tiny dick.

There is someone HOLLERING from down the hall. Running towards Zy is BRIAN KREBS -- though he looks very clean-cut and preppy, he's a maniac, a jackass, much worse than Zy.

KREBS

(yelling)

NOVA!!

ZY

Krebs!!

Krebs runs full-force into Zy, grabbing him in a bear hug.

KREBS

You ready for tonight, fuckface?

ZY

Dude, freakin' party!

KREBS

You coming with that chick from last night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZY

Nope. Gave her the Heisman. Anyway,
I've got something better -- this college
chick. Excuse me, college woman.

Krebs spots KEVIN down the hall. He's a good-humored, good-
enough-looking high-school senior.

KREBS

(yells)

Hey, dickhead! You pussy-whipped piece-
of-shit!

Kevin approaches.

ZY

What, no ball and chain?

KEVIN

Don't worry, I'm taking her to Krebs's
bash tonight.

JIM

Come on, Kevin, you know you like her.

KEVIN

Hey, at least I've got a girlfriend. I'm
not the one who freezes up every time I
get near a chick.

JIM

(indignant)

Not every time.

KREBS

Kevin, what's the deal with you and
Vicky, anyway? You two have been going
out since summer, and all she'll do is
blow you?! Shit, I'd drop her like a
steaming turd!

KEVIN

Look, Krebs, she doesn't like to talk
about it. And I'm patient. I know we're
gonna do it, once she's ready.

KREBS

Well it better be soon. At this rate,
you're all gonna graduate high school
with your dicks in their original shrink-
wrap packaging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEVIN/JIM/ZY
(unison)
Fuck you.

INT. EAST HIGH - PAY PHONE - DAY

Kevin is on the phone. INTERCUT with KEVIN'S OLDER BROTHER in college.

KEVIN'S BROTHER
How to score? You called to ask me that?

KEVIN
Well, yeah. I mean, I thought you might have some advice, brother to brother.

KEVIN'S BROTHER
You ever hear of The Bible?

KEVIN
What? Not the Bible?

KEVIN'S BROTHER
Well, that's not really the name, but we always called it that.

KEVIN
Does it tell me how to get laid?

KEVIN'S BROTHER
You know what, nevermind.

KEVIN
Hold on. What bible?

KEVIN'S BROTHER
You're not ready.

KEVIN
Ready for what?

KEVIN'S BROTHER
Sorry. Good luck at that party. I gotta go.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - BY THE KEG - NIGHT

For a high-school party, it's pretty good. The house is getting very packed with ALL TYPES OF HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS. LOUD MUSIC blares through the house, blending with the din of excited conversation.

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CONTINUED:

Kevin and Jim are drinking beers. Around them, students mingle and flirt.

KEVIN
You ever hear of something called The Bible?

JIM
Once, in church. Why?

KEVIN
Ah, forget it.

JASON SHERMAN, laid back and casual, comes to the keg to grab a beer.

SHERMAN
What's up, fellas?

JIM
Scopin' the babes.

SHERMAN
Indeed. Some fine ladies here tonight, gentleman. I think this may be my night.

JIM
Confidence is high, repeat, confidence is high. Move Sherman to DefCon three!

SHERMAN
Four. Did you see that Forest Hills chick? Blonde?

KEVIN/JIM
No.

SHERMAN
She's around. Seems that she's taken a liking to me. Fellas, sparks are flying.

Sherman saunters off into the party.

JIM
That's it. I'm doomed to a lifetime of outstanding sex with my right hand.

KEVIN
Better than your left.

VICKY approaches. She's pretty, smart, with a down-to-earth demeanor. Kevin puts his arm around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN

Hey, Vicky. See, it's not a bad party.
For Krebs.

VICKY

I don't get why you guys like him. He's
like East High's Favorite Asshole or
something.

KEVIN

We never said we liked the guy. He's
kind of Zy's lacrosse buddy, so we put up
with him.

JIM

Plus, he throws kickass parties.

Jim spots NADIA across the room. She's beautiful, a
masterpiece of a woman.

JIM (cont'd)

Oh, shit! There's Nadia, that
Czechoslovakian chick. God, she is hot.

VICKY

Why don't you go talk to her, Jim?

JIM

No way.

VICKY

Jim, you ace English every year, and you
can't say a few sentences to a girl?

JIM

I don't have anything to say to her.

VICKY

So wing it. And remember to smile.

JIM

Smile?

VICKY

Couldn't hurt, you've got a good smile.

JIM

What else?

VICKY

Just tell her what's on your mind. Which
reminds me --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Vicky whispers something in Kevin's ear. He brightens.

KEVIN
(to Jim)
Gotta go.

JIM
But --

Kevin and Vicky disappear into the crowd -- just as Jim sees Nadia approaching him. He freaks.

JIM (cont'd)
Kevin, get back here!

But he's gone. And Nadia is now in front of him. With no other alternative, Jim readies himself, smiling big.

NADIA
(with a really sexy accent)
You are in my English class, no?

Jim smiles.

JIM
(barely)
Yes.

NADIA
I thought so.

Jim's smile grows even bigger, almost stupid. A beat.

NADIA (cont'd)
So you are having fun?

Jim nods, still smiling away. Staring right through her head.

NADIA (cont'd)
I said, you are having fun?

A little SQUEAK escapes his throat. Jim is on mental vacation.

NADIA (cont'd)
Me too.

A beat. Jim's expression is now plasticized. Eyes vacant. A frozen, completely artificial smile. Nadia is confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

NADIA (cont'd)
Well...I am going to get another beer.
You want one?

Jim strains to speak, through his smile.

JIM
No...you...go...ahead.

NADIA
Okay.

She walks off. Jim SIGHS, completely relaxing, like a huge burden is now off of him.

JIM
(to himself, winded)
Whew, that's over.

He wipes his brow. Then, realizing --

JIM (cont'd)
Oh, shit. No! Shit!

He pounds his head with his fist.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Zy is in the passenger seat, making out with the aforementioned COLLEGE CHICK. She's attractive and older-looking (from a high-school perspective). They are parked at a spot that overlooks downtown Grand Rapids and the river that flows through it. It's not especially romantic, but you get a decent view. The College Chick is a little uneasy as they kiss.

ZY
Isn't this a beautiful evening, babe?

COLLEGE CHICK
Sure.

ZY
Just you and I, under the stars.

At this, she shrugs to herself, and snuggles up to him. Zy smiles confidently.

ZY
Suck me, beautiful.

The College Chick backs off, confounded.

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CONTINUED:

COLLEGE CHICK
What did you say?

ZY
(not so confidently)
Suck me...beautiful?

The College Chick's eyes flutter in disbelief. She tries to keep her cool -- but can barely restrain her laughter.

COLLEGE CHICK
What?!

Zy tries to maintain a suave exterior, but he's just had the rug pulled from under him.

ZY
You know, my friends call me Nova -- as in Casanova.

COLLEGE CHICK
(cracking up)
You need some work, buddy!

She bursts into laughter. Zy is livid, ill.

ZY
Well...jeez, don't laugh at me.

Seeing Zy's defeated expression, she collects herself.

COLLEGE CHICK
Look, John. There are just some things you need to learn, that's all.

ZY
Like what?

She sees that he's lost. Almost feeling sorry for him.

COLLEGE CHICK
Alright, well...you've got to tone it down. You don't need to drive to Lookout Point and spout cheeseball lines to be romantic.

ZY
...okay...

COLLEGE CHICK
You have to pay attention to a girl. Be sensitive to her feelings. Relationships are reciprocal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZY

I'm not good in math.

She's trying not to laugh again.

COLLEGE CHICK

Come on, I'll drop you off at your friends'.

Zy couldn't be humiliated any further.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Krebs, Jim and some OTHER GUYS are laughing it up. Zy enters. He's confused, unsure, not the man he once was.

KREBS

Nova! You look like hell.

ZY

I don't want you guys to call me that anymore.

JIM

What?!

Zy slumps down in a chair, ruined.

ZY

I'm a fraud, dude.

KREBS

For chrissakes, somebody get this man some alcohol.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Zy's nursing a beer, having just told the story. The guys are all LAUGHING.

KREBS

(hysterical, toppling over)
You actually said that?! Haaaah!!

ZY

Shut the fuck up.

The guys just LAUGH more.

JIM

So then what did she say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZY

I told you. She told me that stuff
about...having feelings. Becoming
sensitive.

KREBS

This is pathetic. I'm gonna find me a
little hottie. You guys can sit here and
play with your dicks.

Krebs strides into another room.

KREBS (O.S.) (cont'd)

(yelling)

Suck me, beautiful!

Zy wallows in his beer can, beaten.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vicky is pleasuring Kevin...you know.

KEVIN

Oh. Mmm.

He is close.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Yeah, Vicky. Oh, God!

VICKY

(brief pause)

Let me know.

KEVIN

Okay, don't stop.

She resumes. Kevin is in ecstasy, on the brink. A moment
more -- and then he is about to lose it.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Oh -- Now!

With awkward hurriedness, Vicky stops as Kevin frantically
looks for a place to, uh, unload. He grabs his cup of beer
off the night table, which suffices.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Ahhhh.

Vicky smiles as she starts to get dressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKY
Did you like that?

KEVIN
Oh, yeah.

He sets down the beer and pulls up his pants.

Suddenly the DOOR BURSTS OPEN. Krebs is standing there. A coat hanger sticks out of the doorknob, indicating how he got in.

KREBS
SUCK ME, BEAUTIFUL!

KEVIN
God dammit, Krebs!

KREBS
Check-out time! Please vacate the room.

VICKY
Krebs, you're such a jerk.

She runs out. Kevin runs after her.

KEVIN
Vicky, wait!

Krebs enters the bedroom, laughing, pulling a SOPHOMORE CHICK behind him. He closes the door.

SOPHOMORE CHICK
God, I can't believe there are so many cool people at this party.

KREBS
Yep.

SOPHOMORE CHICK
And you got a keg, too, wow.
(realizing)
Oh, wait, I left my beer downstairs.

Krebs notices Kevin's beer sitting on the night table. He hands it to her.

KREBS
Here, babe.

SOPHOMORE CHICK
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She's about to take a sip.

KREBS
(gazing into her eyes)
You're really beautiful.

Thrown off, she sets the beer down.

SOPHOMORE CHICK
Really?

KREBS
Oh yeah.

She's totally enthralled. Nervous, she raises the beer again to take a sip. Then Krebs moves in. Takes the beer from her and sets it down. Starts kissing her. She breaks it off.

SOPHOMORE CHICK
I don't know if I want to be doing this.

KREBS
(sighs)
Doing what?

Krebs looks merely inconvenienced. He picks up the beer, annoyed.

SOPHOMORE CHICK
You know. If we hook up, I know tomorrow I'll just be some girl you go telling all your friends about.

KREBS
(shifty)
No way.

Avoiding her look, he raises the beer to take a sip.

SOPHOMORE CHICK
(a little angry)
Brian! You could at least look at me when you say that.

Krebs stops and SIGHS, with the beer inches from his mouth. Lowers it. Stares her in the eye.

KREBS
Look...
(searching, remembers)
...Sarah. I wouldn't go telling stories or whatever about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She considers this. She doesn't seem entirely convinced.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

Well...

KREBS

I promise.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

...okay.

KREBS

Alright then.

He looks down to the beer in his hand.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

Jim and some OTHER GUYS are pounding shots of vodka.

Suddenly, there is a HOLLERING from upstairs.

KREBS (O.S.)

Oh Jesus fuck! Ughhhh --

This is followed by a GIRL'S SCREAM. The guys stop. Quiet.

Moments later, the SOPHOMORE CHICK comes running through the kitchen. SCREAMING. A splotch of vomit runs down her shirt. She bolts out the door and into the night. A moment passes.

JIM

Was that vomit?

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Krebs is on his knees, barfing in the toilet. Jim and a few other guys rush in.

GUY #1

Oh, gross.

JIM

Jesus, Krebs, what did you eat?

Krebs just keeps hurling. Kevin enters, holding the remains of the tainted beer.

KEVIN

(holding up the cup)

I know what it was. Me.

Krebs barfs even more violently.

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CONTINUED:

JIM
Oh, man. That is just disgusting. Just disgusting.

KEVIN
Krebs, how's the soup du jour?

KREBS
(weakly)
Please...kill...me.

KEVIN
I'm not sure what your opinion is, but I've heard that it tastes kind of salty.

Krebs lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - BY THE KEG - NIGHT

Vicky is talking shop with ANGELA, a friend of hers.

ANGELA
So what's the deal with you two?

VICKY
What deal?

ANGELA
I mean, does Kevin do it for you, or what?

VICKY
He's okay. And, I mean, he really likes what I do to him.

ANGELA
Vicky, of course he does. What about you? Do you have an orgasm? Does he get you off?

VICKY
(embarrassed)
Angela!

ANGELA
Well does he?

VICKY
Maybe.

ANGELA
Uh, no, sugar. You'd know. No wonder you're not psyched about sex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKY

I don't know. I just think...you know, like I'll just know when it's the right guy and the right time. It's got to be romantic, perfect.

ANGELA

Vicky, you're making this into too big a deal. Don't sweat it.

VICKY

Don't sweat it? This is important, Angela. I want to make sure the guy really loves me.

ANGELA

Hah. Good luck.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Krebs is still in the bathroom, puking. Meanwhile, Kevin and Jim are ransacking the bedroom, drinking beers, wasted.

Kevin finds a PICTURE OF KREBS'S MOM. She is very attractive, late 30's.

KEVIN

(yells)

Krebs, is this your mom?!

(to the guys in the room)

Jesus, she's a MILF.

JIM

A what?

KEVIN

M-I-L-F. Mom I'd Like to Fuck.

Jim is rifling through dresser drawers.

JIM

Holy shit! Look at this thing!

He hoists out a GIANT BLACK DILDO.

KEVIN

Jesus Christ! Is that even legal?

Jim tosses it back in the drawer, afraid.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Kevin and Jim are drunkenly looking into other bedrooms.

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CONTINUED:

KEVIN
(looking into a bedroom)
Bzzzt. Non-occupado!

JIM
Where's Vicky? She leave?

KEVIN
No. Talking girl stuff with Angela. Me
no listen. Prohibito!

JIM
Senor, you are whipped, si?

KEVIN
Si!

Jim approaches another door.

JIM
And, now, let's see what's behind door
number two!

He tries to open the door, but it's locked.

JIM (cont'd)
(pounding on door)
Sex police! Open up!

KEVIN
Put down your cock and come out with your
pants up!

The door opens a couple inches. Sherman pokes his head out,
to the surprise of the guys.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Sherman?!

SHERMAN
(hushed, to guys)
Don't you think you fellas could try a
little tact?

He closes the door, leaving the guys there.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Kevin are coming down the stairs.

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CONTINUED:

KEVIN

(snapping)

Dammit! I can't believe that Sherman is gonna have sex before I do!

JIM

You have to admire the guy, he's pretty smooth.

KEVIN

Shut up.

They turn the corner into the kitchen.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

KEVIN

Man, I just gotta get laid already! This is bullshit!

He stops. Vicky is there with Angela. Staring at him.

KEVIN (cont'd)

I'm dead.

Vicky quietly grabs her purse. Hurt. OTHER STUDENTS watch, silently. Kevin doesn't know what to say.

VICKY

Angela, can you drive me home?

ANGELA

Yeah.

The guys watch as the girls head for the door.

KEVIN

Vicky, wait.

VICKY

Not for you.

The girls exit. Nobody says anything. Kevin is in shock.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - DAY

The next morning. The party is long over. Plastic beer cups and various bottles litter the house.

Jim is wandering around in a daze, holding his head.

JIM

...head hurts...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stumbles over a body. It's Kevin.

KEVIN
Ow, what the hell?

JIM
Morning, honeybuns. You gonna call Vicky?

KEVIN
I don't know what I'm gonna do yet.

Suddenly, we hear a STRANGE MOANING from somewhere.

FRENCH
No. No!

KEVIN
What the hell is that?

They all walk over to the other side of the room. Sitting on the couch is STEVE FRENCH, a senior. A little nerdy, preppy, good humored.

FRENCH
Dammit.

JIM
French! Where the hell were you last night?

FRENCH
Screwed up my entrance. I was going for "fashionably late." Instead, I just got "too late." No ladies left.

JIM
You seem to do that every weekend.

FRENCH
Yeah. So of course I drank myself into oblivion.

JIM
You seem to do that every weekend, too.

Zy wanders in, still sullen. Takes a seat, sulking.

KEVIN
Feeling better, Zy?

ZY
I'm such a loser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN

Sounds like you're improving.

We hear FOOTSTEPS coming down the stairs. It's a BLONDE GIRL. She wears a "Forest Hills Central" sweatshirt. Sherman follows behind her. The guys watch in disbelief.

Sherman and the girl speak hushed, intimately.

SHERMAN

(snippets of conversation)

...won't forget...thank you.

The Forest Hills Girl smiles. Notices the other guys watching. Just gives Sherman a kiss on the cheek.

FOREST HILLS GIRL

Bye.

She exits. The guys are dumbfounded. Jaws hang. Sherman looks triumphant. Strides over to the guys.

JIM

You did it.

SHERMAN

Fellas, say goodbye to Jason Sherman, the boy. I am now a man.

KEVIN

How was it?

SHERMAN

I highly recommend you join the club.

KEVIN

How did you get her to do it with you?

SHERMAN

It was just my time, fellas, it was just my time. Best of luck to you, boys.

Sherman exits. Silence. The guys look like they just lost the World Series on errors. They slowly take seats, ruined.

KEVIN

I put in months of quality time with Vicky. Sherman meets a chick for one night and scores?

ZY

I'm never gonna get laid. How am I ever gonna become this Mr. Sensitive Man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIM
Try wearing a bra.

ZY
Screw you, Jim. I hear you did really well with that Nadia chick.

JIM
Shut up.

FRENCH
Hey, take it easy, guys. We're all in the same boat.

An uncomfortable beat. Then Kevin brightens.

KEVIN
Alright, I got an idea. But you guys can't laugh, though.

The guys shrug. Okay. Kevin stands up.

KEVIN (cont'd)
First, this conversation does not leave this room. Agreed?

They do.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Okay. It's a really simple idea. We make a bet. No, not a bet. Something like it, but with even higher stakes. No money involved. It's like a bet for your honor as a man.

He pauses to let this sink in.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Here's the deal. We all make an agreement. Now. I say this: We all get laid before we graduate.

JIM
Sounds like a plan.

FRENCH
No argument here.

Kevin starts pacing, inspiring the guys. They're listening, intrigued.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KEVIN (cont'd)

We make a stand. Today, we live for but one purpose -- a quest. A quest for sex! No longer will our penises remain flaccid and unused! Today, we make a pact!

Kevin jumps up on a chair. He's going full force. One by one, the guys stand up, getting into it.

KEVIN (cont'd)

What are men, anyway, but creatures whose simple biology drives them for but one goal?! The goal of sex!

JIM

Yes!

FRENCH

Amen!

ZY

I am sensitive to our virginal needs!

KEVIN

This is the time! For today will be known as the day we stood together, as one voice, and said, "We will not go quietly!"

Getting that patriotic tone now.

KEVIN (cont'd)

For today is the day that we come together! Not just as students, or teenagers, or horny young guys. Today, we fight for every man out there who isn't getting laid when he should be! And, today shall no longer be known only as the

(checks watch)

twenty-fourth of April! Today, we celebrate, in advance -- our Intercourse Day!

The guys cheer. High fives. Woo-hoo!

Krebs wanders down from upstairs.

KREBS

What is this shit?

They all stop. Krebs has a toothbrush hanging from his mouth. A goatee of dried toothpaste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JIM

Can't get rid of that special-sauce
taste, huh?

Krebs starts retching and runs out of the room.

INT. DENNY'S - DAY

The guys are at a table eating breakfast.

JIM

Maybe we shouldn't do this. I mean, is
it really that important? I'm sure that
a lot of the other guys we know probably
haven't had sex, either.

KEVIN

Sure, and which side would you prefer to
be on?

JIM

(instantly seeing it)
Argument withdrawn.

KEVIN

Okay. So I'm thinking, we're all gonna
have to be really confident in who we ask
to the prom.

ZY

Dude, prom sucks.

KEVIN

I know, but think about it -- prom is
basically our last big chance. At the
parties that night. Chicks are gonna
want to do it.

FRENCH

Yeah, it's like tradition or something.

KEVIN

Exactly. That gives us a little less
than three weeks.

JIM

(calculating)
Nineteen days.

KEVIN

Okay. And we keep this between us.
Agreed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They do.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Now, the sex -- It's got to be valid,
consensual sex. Prostitutes and whatever
don't count.

The guys agree.

KEVIN (cont'd)

And, another thing. You've got to have
proof. Evidence. So the rest of us know
for sure.

JIM

Like a video or something?

KEVIN

Yeah, but I was thinking that if you
really do it, the lucky girl will back
you up. You know, verify the story.

JIM

Fair enough.

KEVIN

One more thing. You can't do anything to
screw up another guy's plan. This is a
cooperative effort, here.

The guys agree.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Alright then. It's official. Any
questions?

There are none.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Gentlemen, may the best man score.

And from this, we go into our

STRATEGIZING FOR SEX MONTAGE:

MUSIC UP.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Jim is browsing the CONDOM RACK. Trying to look nonchalant.
Quickly, he snags a pack of TROJANS, nearly tugging down the
entire shelf with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's staring at a picture of Vicky. Talking on the phone to what we see is a floral delivery place.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Zy is talking to a GIRL WITH BIG BOOBS. Making a concerted effort to maintain eye contact. Trying to be interested in what she's saying.

INT. EAST HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

French is unpacking his lunch. Other than that, he's doing absolutely nothing.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Jim is in line at the cash register. Holding the Trojans, embarrassed. Trying to look calm.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin is writing a poem to Vicky.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

The Girl with Big Boobs is chatting with Zy. But she catches him staring. She SMACKS him.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Jim is paying for the condoms, blushing. He hands over his money, and starts to walk out, forgetting his change. The CLERK calls after him. But from Jim's POV, we see a clerk accusingly pointing at him, and everyone else in line staring at him. Jim panics and runs out of the store.

INT. EAST HIGH - CAFETERIA - MORNING

French munches happily on a sandwich.

INT. EAST HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

Kevin holds a copy of the HOLY BIBLE. Curiously looking through it.

INT. EAST HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

Jim sits in class, staring at Nadia.

INT. EAST HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

French picks a piece of gristle out of his sandwich.

INT. EAST HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

Kevin sits at a table in the "Religion" section. He's surrounded by piles of different bibles. No luck. Miffed.

INT. ZY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Zy is watching TV. The graphics inform us it's the Lifetime channel. Some show about "Listening to a Woman's Feelings." He's barely comprehending it.

INT. EAST HIGH - VENDING MACHINES - DAY

Jim is eating a Snickers, watching Nadia from a distance. She sees him. He freezes for a moment. Then, remembering, he gives a big smile, his teeth coated in poopy-looking chocolate.

INT. EAST HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

French is carefully examining the piece of gristle.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Zy is stealthily reading the latest issue of COSMOPOLITAN. A HOT CHICK walks by him -- he tries some line on her. Fails miserably.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim sits in his bedroom, examining the box of Trojans.

INT. EAST HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

French shrugs and eats the gristle.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim has now unraveled a bunch of condoms and is curiously examining them.

And THE MONTAGE COMES TO AN ABRUPT END as there is a KNOCK on Jim's door.

JIM

Shit.

(yells)

Just a minute!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jim scrambles and yanks up his pants. He shoves the rubbers and wrappers in his night table.

JIM (cont'd)
I'm coming, hold on!

He opens the door. Jim's Dad is standing there.

JIM'S DAD
(trying not to look into Jim's
room)
Can I come in?

JIM
Yeah, sure.

JIM'S DAD
You're not...busy?

JIM
No.

JIM'S DAD
I don't want to interrupt --

JIM
Jesus, Dad, come in.

Jim's Dad reluctantly enters. He's carrying a brown paper bag with him. He takes a seat on Jim's bed.

JIM'S DAD
(fatherly attempt)
Sit down, Jim. Let's talk.

Jim takes a seat next to his Dad.

JIM
Okay.

JIM'S DAD
These are for you.

He holds out the bag. Jim looks at it. Uncomfortable.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
From father to son.

Jim hesitantly takes the bag. Looks inside. Slowly, dreadfully, he pulls out a PLAYBOY.

JIM
Uh...Dad...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2).

Jim's Dad is doing his best to be the good father.

JIM'S DAD
Go ahead son, there's more.

Beyond embarrassed, Jim reaches into the bag. Cringes.
Pulls out a PENTHOUSE.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
Now, that one's a little dirtier.

JIM
I know, Dad.

JIM'S DAD
Oh, okay. Here, let me show you.

Jim's Dad takes the bag back. Pulls out a copy of SHAVED.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
This, son, is your more exotic dirty
magazine. You can see everything --

JIM
Dad! I know!

JIM'S DAD
Do you know about the clitoris?

Jim looks like he wants to die. Jim's Dad digs in the bag
and pulls out a BARELY LEGAL.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
This one here has ladies more your age.

Jim's Dad winks.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
Don't tell your mother, but it's always
been a favorite of mine as well.

Jim is contemplating jumping out his window. He can't even
look at his Dad.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
Well, that's it.

Silence. Jim's Dad pats his son on the back.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
Glad we had this talk, son.

Jim MURMURS something incomprehensible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Now, let's put these somewhere where your mother won't find them.

Jim's Dad grabs the stack of magazines. He goes to open Jim's night table. Jim freaks.

JIM

Wait!

But it's too late. Jim's Dad is face-to-face with the unraveled prophylactics. He sours.

JIM (cont'd)

Actually --

Jim's Dad cuts him off with a wave of his hand.

JIM'S DAD

(beaten)

No, Jim. I'll have to save this speech for another day. I'm too worn out.

Jim's Dad exits, with a condom stuck to the back of his pants.

JIM

That's it. This house is not safe.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Kevin is trying to talk to Vicky as she grabs books from her locker. She ignores him.

KEVIN

Did you get the flowers?

No response.

KEVIN (cont'd)

What about the poem?

She doesn't care.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Vicky, please don't do this.

Vicky stares him right in the eye. Strong.

VICKY

I'll think about it.

She slams her locker and walks off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
Well that sucked.

Angela is nearby. She's overheard.

ANGELA
You really hurt her, Kevin.

KEVIN
I know. I didn't mean things the way she heard them that night.

ANGELA
You want my advice?

KEVIN
Yeah, by all means!

ANGELA
You'll get her back soon enough. That's easy, she likes you. What you need to do is learn to press a girl's buttons. You gotta give her what she's never had.

KEVIN
You mean an...orgasm?

ANGELA
You got it, stud.

KEVIN
Well, of course I'd want to do that to her. I mean, what do you think, I don't care about her?

ANGELA
Do you?

KEVIN
Of course.

ANGELA
A lot?

KEVIN
Sure.

ANGELA
Do you love her?

Kevin squirms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN

I -- Angela, I don't know, you can't ask me that.

ANGELA

Well, if you want to get her in the sack, tell her you love her. That's how I was duped.

KEVIN

I don't want to dupe her. I couldn't do that.

ANGELA

Then you know what you have to do. The big "O".

Kevin thinks a moment. Smiles.

KEVIN

Thanks for the advice, Angela.

ANGELA

I take cash or check.

Suddenly Krebs comes running up, breathless.

KREBS

Kevin, you gotta see this.

INT. EAST HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The VOCAL JAZZ GROUP is practicing, singing one of those doo-wop, a Capella love songs (i.e. "Love You Like I Do"). Singing happily with the group is none other than Zy. He's not doing too badly, and he's really trying to get into it. Smiling, doing little dance steps, waving to various choir girls.

Kevin, Krebs, and Jim take seats in the back of the auditorium, listening.

JIM

This was unexpected.

KREBS

What did you guys do to him?

KEVIN

Uh, Zy's kind of trying to get in touch with his sensitive side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KREBS

Shit, if Coach Barnes sees this, he'll
kick Zy off the team on principal alone.

Zy sees the guys in the back -- he smiles and waves.

KREBS (cont'd)

Oh no. He's converting. He's gonna be
gay by the end of the day.

The group finishes up the song.

ZY

Hey, that was fun. Let's do another!

The break into another song. Krebs looks very worried.

KREBS

He's crashing hard. Now, this is the
type of thing they need to make a patch
for.

JIM

Or, maybe the gum would be better. The
kind with the extra-long flavor. Oh, and
we could make a special male flavor for
you, Krebs.

Krebs shudders.

The song finishes. Krebs jumps up, about to run down to Zy.

KEVIN

(grabbing Krebs)

Wait a sec.

He points at Zy. We see a conservative-looking, cute CHOIR
GIRL talking to him.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Maybe this is good for him.

JIM

What are they saying?

KREBS

I don't know. Those aren't the kind of
lips I can read.

The Choir Girl smiles at Zy, collects her books, and heads
out of the auditorium. Zy bounds up to the guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZY

Hey guys!

KEVIN

What was she saying to you?

ZY

Heather? Nothing. She thinks I have a good voice.

KREBS

Come on, a choir girl? You feeling sick or something?

ZY

Dude, back off.

Krebs is shocked.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Kevin, Jim, and Zy walk down the hall.

ZY

So what's your plan, Jim?

JIM

I don't know. I gotta do something soon, though. My Dad thinks I'm a total reject.

KEVIN

Why would he think that?

JIM

Just trust me on this. Next thing I know, he's gonna want to ask me what base I've gotten to.

KEVIN

You know, I've never really gotten the whole "bases" thing. How does that work, anyway?

JIM

Well, my understanding has always been, first base is kissing...

ZY

Second base is tits...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

And third base is touching the promised land. And, of course, there's the home run.

KEVIN

Then where does a blowjob figure in?

The guys ponder this for a moment.

ZY

Shortstop.

(then)

Though third base isn't too bad.

JIM

What's it feel like?

KEVIN

Jesus, Jim, you don't know?

Jim stutters, embarrassed.

ZY

Just like warm apple pie, dude.

JIM

Really? Like, McDonald's or homemade?

Zy and Kevin just look at him.

INT. EAST HIGH - A BENCH - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin and Jim see French. He's sitting, reading the paper, carefree. They approach.

KEVIN

This is your plan, Frenchie?

FRENCH

Yep.

He turns a page. Skims the articles. A beat.

KEVIN

This. Right now.

FRENCH

Uh-huh.

He keeps reading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

What is it, personal ads?

FRENCH

Nope.

He finishes the paper. Pulls a Coke out of his backpack.
Takes a sip.

KEVIN

Eighteen days left, French.

FRENCH

Yep.

JIM

You got a date for the prom?

FRENCH

Nope.

The guys watch for a moment. Checking around. Seeing if
they're missing something.

FRENCH (cont'd)

Gotta go.

He grabs his things.

JIM

What, you gotta take a big dump or
something?

FRENCH

No. I don't do that at school.

JIM

Ever?

FRENCH

Never.

JIM

You've never shit at school.

FRENCH

Nope. See you guys.

He exits. The guys stand there, dumbfounded. A BUBBLY CHICK
approaches.

BUBBLY CHICK

Uh, guys? Was that Steve French?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN

Yeah.

BUBBLY CHICK

Um, does he have a date for the prom yet?

The guys are at a loss.

BUBBLY CHICK (cont'd)

I was just wondering, 'cause -- well, nevermind. Bye!

She hurries off to a GROUP OF GIRLS, sharing the gossip. They all seem very interested.

KEVIN

What the hell? He's beating us, and he hasn't done a damn thing.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin is on the phone with his older brother. INTERCUT between his brother at college.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Say that again, Kevin?

KEVIN

Uh...I thought you might know a trick or something. To make her, you know...

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Orgasm?

KEVIN

Yeah...I was thinking that if I could do that, maybe she'd want to have sex.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

It's possible. Is that all?

KEVIN

Well, no. I think...I guess it would be good to know that she enjoys it as much as I do.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

That's good, that's what I needed to hear. Now you qualify.

KEVIN

Qualify for what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN'S BROTHER
You've just inherited The Bible.

INT. EAST HIGH - BACK OF LIBRARY - DAY

Kevin is walking through the "Religion" Section. He carefully looks about, making sure nobody's watching.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)
It originally started as a sex manual that some guys bought back in the early eighties. You know, what to do with your tongue, shit like that. And each year, it got passed it on to East students who were worthy of it.

Kevin kneels down on the floor, near a section of various bibles on the bottom shelf.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)
(cont'd)
After a couple years, guys started adding their own techniques. Things they figured out themselves.

Kevin slides out the section of bibles from the bottom shelf. Pulls out a pocket knife.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)
(cont'd)
There are also three rules: One, you don't tell anyone about it, unless you know they're worthy of it. Two, if you add your own wisdom to it, it has to be real, you can't make stuff up. And three, you have to put The Bible back at the end of the year.

Kevin flips up the bottom of the shelf. Slides it out.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.) (cont'd)
So, now you know. Good luck.

There, a bit dusty, is an old book. Many extra pages of notebook paper have been tucked into it, nearly breaking the binding. The original title is now obscured -- over it, someone has written "The Bible."

Remember when Indiana Jones found that gold statue? It's like that right now. He carefully pulls it out. Reverently, he flips through it. Full of details. Explicit diagrams. Anecdotes. Atop each handwritten page is a year, indicating the date it was added.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kevin reaches the last page. It's blank, except for a notation at the top: '99. He lightly runs his hand down the empty page.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jim enters his house, slinging his backpack off his shoulder.

JIM
(yells)
Mom?! I'm home!

No response. Jim walks into the kitchen, noticing a fresh-baked pie on the counter. Next to it is a note: "Jimmy - Apple, your favorite. I'll be home late. Enjoy! Love Mom."

Jim sniffs the pie, taking in the aroma. Then stops...as a quizzical look spreads across his face.

JIM (cont'd)
(to himself)
Warm apple pie...

After a moment of thought, he slides a finger into the pie. Moves it around a bit, studying the consistency.

Then Jim becomes more curious. We can see the gears in his head start to turn. He looks down at the pie like it's... well, not a pie.

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Jim's Dad pulls up in his car. Gets out, carrying his briefcase. Walks towards the house, dum-dee-dum-dee-dum.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

Jim's Dad comes in the door and stops dead in his tracks. His face drops, appalled.

JIM'S DAD
Oh my lord...

CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jim and his father sit opposite each other at the table. Not saying anything. Jim just stares into his lap, humiliated. Jim's father is crushed. You've never seen such disappointment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the middle of the table is the pie. It's decimated.
Mushed up, ruined, violated.

JIM'S DAD
(fighting back tears)
I guess...we'll just tell your
mother...that we ate it all.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Late. Kevin sits on his bed in the dark, reading a book with
a flashlight -- The Bible.

If all students studied the way Kevin is studying this book,
we'd have a nation of genuises. He's scrutinizing it.
Turning it sideways and upside-down, like he's trying to
decipher cave paintings.

INT. EAST HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - DAY

The Vocal Jazz Group is practicing. Heather (the Choir Girl
that was talking with Zy) stands out front. She sings a cool
solo.

Then Zy steps out, solos a few lines, and then he and Heather
sing together as the rest of the group backs them up. It
sounds pretty good -- and damned if the two of them don't
harmonize well together.

They finish the number, and rehearsal wraps up. Zy and
Heather share a smile.

HEATHER
Not bad, John.

ZY
Yeah.

HEATHER
You want to stay for a minute and work
out the bridge?

ZY
Oh, um -- I'd like to. But I've got a
game.

HEATHER
(chuckles)
Hey, it's not football or lacrosse, but
we get pretty competitive in here, too.

ZY
What, stealing each other's music?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

That, and there's the State Competition.
We compete against other choral groups.
We're actually looking like we could take
the championship this year.

ZY

State champs, huh?

HEATHER

Yeah. If you get the damn bridge down.

It takes Zy a second to figure out if she's serious or not.
She laughs at his confusion. Zy's a little embarrassed.

ZY

Hey, sometimes I'm slow. Don't laugh.

HEATHER

No, no, I didn't mean it that way. You
just looked kinda funny, all worried and
stuff.

ZY

Oh, I looked funny, that's a lot better.

HEATHER

Can I ask you a question? Why did you
join this group? I mean, it's not really
your thing, is it?

ZY

What, jocks aren't allowed to sing?

HEATHER

Sure, fight songs. Ninety-Nine Bottles
of Beer on the Wall.

ZY

Well, uh --
(figuring out a joke)
That's what you get from excessive
testosterone buildup.

HEATHER

You know, I could solve that with a pair
of scissors.

ZY

No pain, no gain.

HEATHER

Great. Hold on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She whips a pair of scissors from her backpack. Zy jumps back. Heather giggles.

ZY

Hey! Come on, don't laugh at me.

HEATHER

It's not that. You need to zip your fly.

Zy is livid. Checks his crotch, panicking. It's zipped. Heather is cracking up.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Damn, you are a sucker!

Zy laughs it off, somewhat surprised at his own reaction.

EXT. EAST HIGH - DAY

Kevin is walking home with Vicky. They're holding hands.

KEVIN

I was being selfish.

VICKY

Yep. You were.

KEVIN

I'll make it up to you.

VICKY

That's gonna be tough.

KEVIN

Then I'd better start right now.

Kevin pulls her into a sudden embrace. Gazes into her eyes. Vicky melts. Kevin runs his hands up and down her backside. Nibbling her ear. Kissing her neck passionately.

VICKY (cont'd)

Oh...Kev.

KEVIN

Wait'll you see what's next.

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - DAY

A modest, classical home in suburbia. Vicky has the All-American, stereotypical parents: VICKY'S MOM is starting to cook dinner. VICKY'S Dad reads the paper.

Kevin and Vicky enter, restless and steamy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
Hi Mrs. Hughes.

VICKY'S MOM
Hello, Kevin. You joining us for dinner tonight?

KEVIN
Sure, Mrs. Hughes, thanks. How are you, Mr. Hughes?

VICKY'S DAD
(extended hand)
Kevin.

A quick, firm handshake. He goes back to his paper.

KEVIN
Good to see the both of you.

A beat.

VICKY
We've got some studying to do. Big biology test tomorrow.

VICKY'S MOM
That's nice.

VICKY'S DAD
(NONCOMMITTAL GRUNT).

Vicky and Kevin wait this out a moment longer.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

VICKY
Oh...ungghhhhh!

KEVIN
Shhhh.

Kevin kneels on the floor, head between Vicky's legs. We TILT DOWN beneath the bed -- where we see The Bible. It's open to a page that's titled "The Velvet Buzzsaw."

Kevin ducks down for a moment to consult the book.

VICKY (cont'd)
(trembling whisper)
Oh, Kevin, don't stop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He quickly resumes. Vicky goes nuts.

VICKY (cont'd)
(a little too loudly)
Oh, God!

Vicky reaches blindly for a pillow. She squeezes it over her face, moaning into it.

VICKY (cont'd)
(cursing through the pillow)
Moly shmmmt! Fmmkkkk!

Noticing that Vicky now can't see him, Kevin cautiously pulls out The Bible from under the bed. Sets it next to her. He constantly refers from the book to her anatomy, and back again.

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - DAY

Vicky's mom is straining some pasta.

VICKY'S MOM
(yells to Vicky's Dad)
Hon? Can you tell Vick to come on down
for supper?

Vicky's Dad gets off the couch with a GRUNT.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky can barely control herself. She SCREAMS into the pillow.

KEVIN
Vick, shh, you know there's no lock on
your door.

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Vicky's Dad is trudging up the stairs.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky wrestles with her own ecstasy. Groans. Kevin keeps referencing The Bible. Whatever he's doing, it's working.

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Vicky's Dad approaches the bedroom door.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky is about to explode. She pulls the pillow off her face, gasping.

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Vicky's Dad reaches for the doorknob.

VICKY (O.S.)
I'M COMING!

Vicky's Dad shrugs, turns around, and heads back downstairs.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky is writhing, jerking in spasms. Lost all control.

Kevin watches with pure amazement. Like fireworks. He proudly tucks The Bible in his backpack.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim is on his bed, watching Univision, in awe of some scantily-clad Mexican babes. There is a KNOCK on his door. Jim turns off the TV.

JIM
Come on in.

Nobody comes in.

JIM (cont'd)
Come in!

Still no one enters. Jim SIGHS. Gets off the bed. Opens the door. His father is standing there, his back turned to the door, pretending to be examining the family portrait hanging in the hallway.

JIM (cont'd)
(a little embarrassed)
Hey Dad.

Jim's Dad turns around, like he just realized the door was open.

JIM'S DAD
Oh, Jim! I'm looking at the ol' family portrait, here. Yep. It's a good one.

JIM
Look, Dad. I'm sorry about what --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM'S DAD

(interrupting)

Now, don't you worry, Jim. Boys will be boys, after all.

Jim can only shrug in response. A beat.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Can I come in now?

JIM

Yes, Dad.

Jim's Dad enters the room, slowly.

JIM'S DAD

Son, I wanted to talk to you about what I think you were trying to do today.

JIM

(seeing his death unfold)
Oh no.

JIM'S DAD

(continuing on with his
prepared speech)

Now, you may have tried it in the shower, or maybe in bed at night, and not even known what you were doing. Or perhaps you've heard your friends talking about it in the locker room.

Jim's eyes dart about, looking for a place to hide, in vain.

JIM

Dad, please, stop. Please. I'm sure I know what you're talking about.

JIM'S DAD

Sure you know, son, but I think you've been having a little problem with it. It's okay, though. The urge you're satisfying is perfectly normal.

If Jim could flee the country now, he probably would.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Do you understand that, son? It's okay to play with yourself. Or, as I always called it,

(elbows Jim)

"Stroke the salami!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jim's Dad CHUCKLES at his great joke. Jim looks dizzy, sick.

JIM
(groans)
Uh huh.

JIM'S DAD
Have you tried using the magazines I gave
you?

JIM
Dad...stop...

Jim's Dad forces a hearty LAUGH.

JIM'S DAD
Ho-ho, Jim. It's okay to be embarrassed.
I'm fifty-two, and I still feel guilty
when I masturbate.

Jim faints, falling to the floor with a THUD. Jim's Dad
looks at him for a moment.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
Poor guy thought he was the only one.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The football field also doubles as the lacrosse field. East
is battling Forest Hills. It's a rough game. We see Zy
grunting and groaning, playing pretty tough, running with the
ball in his stick. Suddenly he's distracted -- he sees
Heather, standing on the sidelines, watching. From nowhere,
Zy is checked. He goes tumbling, losing the ball.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

After the game. Zy is talking to COACH BARNES.

COACH BARNES
I don't know what that shit was, Zy, but
I don't want to see it again.

ZY
Sorry, coach. Hey, we won.

COACH BARNES
Doesn't matter. Just don't ever let
yourself slack off like you just did.
Stay dedicated to the game. Got it?

ZY
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH BARNES

Alright.

Zy whips around to see Heather, still waiting, on the sidelines. FOLLOW WITH ZY as he trots over to her.

ZY

Hey, what're you doing here?

HEATHER

What, choir girls aren't allowed to be interested in sports?

ZY

Okay, okay.

HEATHER

Actually, I've never seen a lacrosse game. You kind of got me interested. I wanted to see you guys play.

ZY

What did you think?

HEATHER

Looks like fun.

ZY

It is. You get this adrenaline buildup that's, like...I don't know. Cool.

A beat. Heather has something to say that's not quite coming out.

HEATHER

Um...John --

ZY

You can call me Zy.

HEATHER

Do I have to?

ZY

You can call me Zykowski.

HEATHER

What's your middle name?

ZY

Forget it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HEATHER
Come on! I won't tell.

ZY
Neither will I.

Heather fidgets with her hair, working out something to say.

ZY (CONT'D)
What's up?

HEATHER
Well, uh, I was wondering if -- I mean, I
don't know if you can, or if you want to -
- but I thought you might...go to the
prom with me?

Before Zy can answer, Krebs runs up, sweaty and excited.

KREBS
Hah! Forest Hills sucks!

ZY
(distant)
Yeah. Can you give me a minute here,
Krebs?

Krebs suddenly realizes that Heather is standing there.

KREBS
Choir chick?! What the hell are you
doing here?

HEATHER
(doesn't know what to say)
Um, I don't know, I was --

ZY
(interrupting)
We're going to prom together.

Heather brightens. Her eyes meet with Zy's. He smiles.

KREBS
(musing)
Huh.

Krebs checks out Heather again. Sees something he likes.

KREBS (cont'd)
Alright, okay. Hey, don't forget -- my
cottage after prom. On Lake Michigan.
You guys can make it, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Zy looks to Heather.

ZY
Sound okay to you?

HEATHER
Yeah. I mean, sure, yes!

ZY
(trying to get rid of Krebs)
Okay, thanks Krebs. Thanks.

KREBS
Uh-oh, I'm invading girlie-time. Okay,
later.

He runs off. Zy and Heather are stuck together for an awkward moment.

ZY
He's really not that bad.

Heather gives him a look that says: Come on.

ZY (cont'd)
Ah, you're right.

They share a laugh.

HEATHER
So. Prom.

ZY
Yeah.

Two bashful smiles.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim is sleeping soundly in his bed...

INT. A WHITE VOID (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Just white nothingness -- except for Jim and his father.

JIM'S DAD
Now go out there, son, and make me proud!

Jim trots off, away from his Dad who vanishes into the void. Jim is searching for something. Finally, he finds himself before Nadia, standing in a flowing gown, looking heavenly..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

So, Jim, I understand you have something to say to me.

Jim can't say anything.

NADIA (cont'd)

Did you want to ask me something?

Jim nods eagerly.

NADIA (cont'd)

Okay. Go ahead.

Jim opens his mouth to speak.

JIM

Abraham Lincoln, tits pussy ass.

Jim slaps his hand over his mouth, aghast, like he has no control over it. Nadia takes a step back.

NADIA

I do not understand.

Jim removes his hand.

JIM

Camel piss, donkey dick.

He clamps his mouth shut again, panicking.

NADIA

You do not find me appealing?

Jim is completely flustered. Looks around the void -- to see Kevin, Zy, and French, sitting in a set of bleachers, urging him on.

ZY

Come on!

FRENCH

Get it together!

KEVIN

You're blowing it!

Suddenly a small yellow flag hits beans Jim in the head. Jim's Dad runs up in a referee uniform, waving his arms frantically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM'S DAD

Personal foul! Offsides! Unmanly-like
conduct! Illegal use of pies!

Jim frantically gathers himself and tries again.

JIM

My asshole itches on Sundays!

It's no use. Nadia shrugs and walks away, leaving Jim with
the guys laughing at him. Jim's Dad hurls another yellow
flag at Jim's head, as Jim struggles to yell to Nadia.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim startles awake in a proverbial cold sweat, immediately
blurting out --

JIM

Will you go to prom with me?!

He comes to his senses. SIGHS, dejected.

INT. EAST HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

English class. Jim is studying, trying not to stare at
Nadia, who sits across the room. The BELL RINGS, and
students start filing out. The teacher, MRS. MITCHELL, comes
up to Jim.

MRS. MITCHELL

Jim, you know Nadia, right?

Jim now sees that Nadia is standing, waiting, behind Mrs.
Mitchell. He tries to remain calm.

JIM

Yeah, kind of.

MRS. MITCHELL

Well, she's having just a little trouble
keeping up. I thought you'd be the
perfect one to give her a little help.

JIM

(gulps)

Me?

Jim is staring, lost in space.

MRS. MITCHELL

Jim?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jim snaps out of it.

JIM
(perfect delivery)
No, no problem. How about we start today?

NADIA
Sure.

MRS. MITCHELL
Thanks, Jim.

She walks away. Jim is now face-to-face with Nadia. Smiling, naturally.

JIM
How about we study at my house after school?

NADIA
Well, I do have ballet practice. Perhaps I can come by afterwards. I can change clothes at your place?

Jim nods as we can see his mind working overtime.

INT. EAST HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

Kevin, and Zy sit at a table, listening intently to Jim.

KEVIN
She's going to your house?!

JIM
Yeah. I can't wait to see my Dad's face when she shows up.

KEVIN
Way to go.

JIM
That's only the beginning. She's coming over after some ballet practice thing she has. So she's got to change her clothes somewhere. Now, get this: I set up my QuickCam. The little video camera that attaches to my computer. It doesn't even look like a camera. So, I turn the thing on. I make sure she uses my room to change. And -- Bingo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Shit. I thought you were just gonna ask her to prom.

JIM

Maybe. But there's more. I can set up a temporary, private link on the net. You guys can tune in. I'll E-mail you the address.

KEVIN

Unreal!

ZY

Beats the shit out of must-see TV.

JIM

So where's French?

KEVIN

Went home to take a shit.

JIM

I don't get that guy. And what's the deal with this sudden reputation of his?

ZY

What reputation?

KEVIN

Observe.

Kevin points to a RANDOM CUTE GIRL sitting near them.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Do we know her? Have any of us ever seen her?

ZY

Nope.

KEVIN

Watch this.

He taps the Random Cute Girl on the shoulder.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Excuse me. Do you know who Steve French is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RANDOM CUTE GIRL

(jittery and excited)

Oh my God. Why, is he here? He is like so cool.

KEVIN

No. He's home taking a shit. Héy, let me ask you something, though. What exactly have you heard about him?

RANDOM CUTE GIRL

Oh...things.

(almost embarrassed)

You know...personal stuff. He's supposedly really good.

JIM

Good at what?

Random Cute Girl shakes her head and LAUGHS.

RANDOM CUTE GIRL

Oh, you guys.

She exits.

ZY

I don't get it. French hasn't done a damn thing.

JIM

The man is an enigma.

ZY

Gross, dude! He washes out his butt?

JIM

Not enema, Zy. Enigma. Like a puzzle.
(then)

So what about you, Kevin?

KEVIN

I think I'm getting there. I mean, one more orgasm, and we're gonna do it.

JIM

How do you know that?

KEVIN

Like I've told you guys -- it's all about the prom. We both want it to be perfect, and that's going to be the perfect time. It has to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIM

How's the sensitivity training, Zy?

ZY

Heather's gonna be my date.

JIM

The choir girl?! Good luck!

ZY

Dude, settle. Just watch me.

JIM

(to Kevin)

Anyway, I'll have to run over to your house to watch Nadia tonight.

KEVIN

I'll buy the beer.

INT. EAST HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - DAY

Rehearsal is wrapping up. The CHOIR TEACHER is a smartly-dressed black woman, with soul. She goes over to Heather and Zy.

CHOIR TEACHER

You two almost got it. You know you gotta work on the bridge, right?

HEATHER

Yeah.

ZY

But other than that, it's okay, right?

CHOIR TEACHER

John, we haven't sounded this good since... well, ever. Keep practicing, guys.

She exits, leaving Zy and Heather.

HEATHER

You know, John, you never did tell me why you joined the choir.

ZY

Just for a change of pace, really. I guess choir isn't exactly the coolest thing for me to be doing.

Heather is taken aback.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

What's not cool about it?

ZY

I don't know.

HEATHER

You know, I see you in the halls, trying to impress Jim and Krebs and those guys. And then I see you in here, and I know you're really enjoying yourself, but I have a feeling that you don't go around bragging about choir.

ZY

Sure I do, I tell everyone that I can hit that high E.

(then)

Shit, that was a lame joke.

HEATHER

John, not everything you say or do has to be funny or cool.

ZY

I know.

HEATHER

I mean, you are funny and you are cool. But, relax a little. Say what's on your mind, go with your gut.

ZY

(admitting)

Ah, guys do this shit to each other, proving who's the coolest and stuff. It's a guy thing.

HEATHER

I bet they're all giving you flack because you're going out with a choir girl.

ZY

What makes you say that?

HEATHER

I even bet you told them that you were gonna score with me.

ZY

(caught)

I -- um. No?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HEATHER

It's okay, John. It's a guy thing.

Zy shrugs, embarrassed.

ZY

Heather, I never talk to anyone like this.

HEATHER

Well, we'll have plenty of time to talk. Right now, we gotta sing.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim is working at his computer. He's setting up the QuickCam. He's right -- you wouldn't know what it was if you'd never seen one. It looks like a golf ball with legs. He sets the QuickCam on top of the computer monitor.

The computer BINGS..

COMPUTER VOICE

"You have established an internet connection."

He sits. Types a quick E-mail. It reads: "OH YEAH! 128.220.27.102/temp/NadiaVision. ENJOY!"

Jim scrolls through his list of E-mail addresses. Highlights a listing. Clicks "Send."

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin and Zy sit in front of a computer, drinking beer and munching chips. It looks like a superbowl party.

KEVIN

Here it comes.

He reads Jim's message. Types in the address listed. After a moment, we see an image of Jim's bedroom on the screen. It's a little strobed, but easily watchable. Suddenly Jim's face pops into the frame. He's adjusting the camera. Fidgeting.

KEVIN (cont'd)

There we go.

We see Jim pick up the phone in his room. Dials. A second later, Kevin's PHONE RINGS. He answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN (cont'd)
Jim?

JIM (V.O.)
Yep. Can you see me?

KEVIN
Perfectly! This is cool.

JIM (V.O.)
Be ready for me.

He and Kevin hang up.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

We see the same image on Jim's screen. Jim turns off just the monitor. It looks like the computer is off -- the ruse is undetectable.

Jim's Dad enters, delighted, almost giddy.

JIM'S DAD
Son. There's a lady here for you.

JIM
(like it's no big deal)
Oh. That must be Nadia.

Jim pretends to be concerned with something at his desk. His Dad is fidgety, excited.

JIM'S DAD
Should I send her up?

JIM
Oh, yeah. That would be a good idea.

Jim's Dad smiles and exits. Immediately, Jim jumps up. He gives a big thumbs up to the camera. Stands, waiting.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

They watch Jim.

KEVIN
Come on, Jimbo. Get her in there.

A moment. They wait with Jim.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:.

Then -- Nadia enters the room, in sweats and a leotard.

ZY
Oh my God, dude!

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nadia's got a duffel bag over her shoulder. Jim looks a little nervous, but he's managing.

JIM
Hi Nadia.

NADIA
Hello, James.

JIM
So you need to change, right?

NADIA
Do you mind? This fabric is so uncomfortable.

She sets her duffel on Jim's bed.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN
He better not screw this up.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

JIM
No, go right ahead. I'll just be downstairs, studying up. Get me when you're ready.

NADIA
Thank you, James.

Jim exits, closing the door behind him.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

He's off! Jim sprints down the hall. Thunders down the stairs.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

Jim's Mom and Dad are sitting downstairs. Jim bolts through the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

Be back in a sec!

He practically crashes through the door on his way out.

JIM'S MOM

Honey! Honey, where are you going?

She turns and looks at her husband, perplexed.

JIM'S DAD

(gravely)

I've learned not to ask.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim runs like hell.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Nadia unzips her duffel.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim books towards Kevin's house.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Nadia pulls some clothes from the duffel.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

Jim bursts into the house.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin and Zy are glued to the computer screen. Jim runs into the room, breathless.

JIM

Did I miss anything?!

KEVIN

Just in time.

Jim grabs a seat by the computer. All three guys watch, transfixed. Nadia is removing her leotard.

JIM

Yes!!

Nadia's leotard is off. Bra and panties. Outstanding body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

64.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JIM'S BEDROOM and the guys around the computer screen in Kevin's Bedroom.

Nadia pauses. Looks in Jim's full-length mirror. Admiring her body.

KEVIN
Oh, man! This is too much.

JIM
Come on. Take it off.

Nadia tosses her hair a few times. Almost posing.

KEVIN
Unbelievable.

And...yes! Nadia removes her bra. Supple breasts. The guys are awestruck.

ZY
...we shouldn't be seeing this...

KEVIN
Zy, don't start that sensitive shit now.
We should be seeing this. We deserve to see this.

They gaze. Unbelieving. Nadia is a knockout.

And we PULL BACK from our heroes...out of the bedroom...PAN across the neighborhood...rooftops...to:

INT. COMPUTER NERD'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

A COMPUTER NERD, 14, is at his computer. Checking his E-mail. His screen reads: "OH YEAH!
128.220.27.102/temp/NadiaVision. ENJOY!"

He shrugs. Types in the address. The feed from Jim's bedroom comes through, clear. The nerd's mouth drops open. Braces shine.

INT. STONERS BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

A GROUP OF STONERS log onto the page.

STONER #1
Woah.

STONER #2
Kind.

INT. EAST HIGH - COMPUTER LAB - DAY - SAME TIME

THE PRINCIPAL is showing a GROUP OF PARENTS the computers.

PRINCIPAL

And, with the help of the PTSA, we can provide even more quality educational opportunities such as this.

A MALE PARENT is playing on one of the computers. There's Nadia again.

MALE PARENT

You take personal checks?

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

KREBS'S BROTHER, 12, is watching NadiaVision. He's a little monster.

KREBS'S BROTHER

Brian! C'mere! Hurry! Brian! Brian!

KREBS (O.S.)

Okay you little turd, I'm coming.

KREBS'S BROTHER

Hurry! C'mere! Look!

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The guys still watch.

JIM

Let's go. Get those panties off.

Nadia still primps in the mirror. Then, she looks around. Very carefully, she pokes through the stuff on Jim's dresser.

JIM (cont'd)

Hey! You can't touch my stuff!

Nadia goes over to Jim's night table. Bends over to open it. Amazing curves.

KEVIN

Lord above. Look at that body.

JIM

Uh oh.

Nadia opens the night table. Stops. Jim flushes. Nadia delicately reaches into the night table as Jim crumbles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM (cont'd)

Oh no no no.

She pulls out a handful of unraveled condoms.

KEVIN

Jim? What the hell?

Jim is choking. No words.

ZY

Holy shit. What the hell is she doing?

Nadia takes the rubbers. And she smells them! Sensually. Getting turned on. Loving it.

KEVIN

Woah.

She puts the rubbers back in the drawer...and something else catches her eye. She pulls out the stack of porno magazines.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Nice collection there, Jim.

JIM

I told you, they're from my Dad.

KEVIN

Yep. Sure.

Nadia takes a PENTHOUSE. Starts thumbing through it. She sits on Jim's bed. Linger on some pages. Getting aroused.

JIM

Dear God -- She's -- she's -- she's --

Welcome to every man's fantasy. Nadia's hand wanders into her panties. She moans. Writhes. Into it. Incredible.

JIM (cont'd)

Gentlemen, I'd like to make an announcement. There is a gorgeous woman masturbating on my bed.

The guys watch, completely blown away. Nadia's lost herself.

KEVIN

You know, Jim...you could go back there...and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZY

Yes! Dude! This is your chance!

KEVIN

You've got a lock! And your proof is right here --

(taps computer screen)

This is it!

JIM

But, but -- what would I do?

KEVIN

Anything!

JIM

But I always freeze up when I get that far.

ZY

Dude, go!

KEVIN

Just tell her it looks like she needs an extra hand or something.

JIM

That's stupid.

KEVIN

No, you're stupid. Get going! Right now! She's primed!

JIM

Oh...oh...oh, shit!

He BOLTS out of the room.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jim sprints across the lawn.

INT. COMPUTER NERD'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

The Computer Nerd is on the phone.

COMPUTER NERD

You gotta see this!

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim races back home.

INT. EAST HIGH - COMPUTER LAB - DAY - SAME TIME

The men are crowding the computer. The principal is flabbergasted.

PRINCIPAL

Maybe you folks would like to see our new trophy case.

MALE PARENT

(waving him away)

Show the ladies.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim crashes into the house and runs past his bewildered parents.

JIM

Be down in a sec!

He rushes up the stairs. Jim's Dad looks relieved.

JIM'S DAD

Yes! That's my boy!

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Jim stops outside his door. He can hear FAINT MOANING from inside. He's hesitating.

JIM

Oh boy oh God oh crap oh no.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

KEVIN

Come on, Jim. Where are you?

The PHONE RINGS. Kevin answers.

KEVIN (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello? Krebs!? ...Yeah, how did you know?

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

KREBS

(into phone)

That dumbass must've addressed it wrong. That E-mail went out to every mailbox in the East High directory.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Jim still waits outside his bedroom door. Takes a deep breath. He takes off his shirt. Pulls off his pants. Just in his boxers. He looks upwards to the sky.

JIM
Please, God. Let this be it.

He enters.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN
He's going in!

INT. EAST HIGH - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

MALE PARENT
There's somebody going in there!

INT. COMPUTER NERD'S BEDROOM - DAY

COMPUTER NERD
Isn't that Jim DeBoer?

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim stands there, bewildered. Nadia hasn't noticed him, eyes closed, still pleasuring herself. Jim stands there, watching, faltering.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN
Let's go, Jim.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim gathers his courage. Bites his lip. Worried, thinking. Finally, he rolls his eyes and says --

JIM
Looks like you could use an extra hand.

Nadia's eyes flash open.

NADIA
Jim! Oh --

She looks him over. Just in his boxers. She gets it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA (cont'd)

Ooh. Jim.

Jim strides over to her. She pulls him onto the bed. Kisses his neck. Takes his hand. Places it on her thigh.

NADIA (cont'd)

Be gentle.

Jim GULPS..

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN

Ho-lee shit.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim's hand wanders up Nadia's leg. She does the same to him. Licks his ear. Her hand is about to enter his shorts.

And Jim is done. Bang. That's it.

He looks down at himself in terror. Nadia sees. Backs away.

NADIA

Jim...

JIM

Oh no.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN

Oh no.

INT. STONERS BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

The stoners look...well, stoned.

STONER #1

Bummer.

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

KREBS'S BROTHER

What happened?! What happened?!

KREBS

He blew it. Literally.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nadia is getting dressed. Jim finds his voice.

JIM

Nadia.

NADIA

You are done, James. Perhaps I should be going now.

JIM

No, no, I'm not done! I've got reserves!

NADIA

Perhaps some other time.

Jim is desperate.

JIM

No, no other time! Okay, Nadia, please please please. I'm begging you.

He is. She sees the desperation in his eyes. Thinks about it.

NADIA

I do like your dirty magazines.

Jim digs into the stack of pornos. Grabs SHAVED.

JIM (cont'd)

Did you see this? This is your more exotic dirty magazine.

She takes it. Thumbs through it.

NADIA

Yes...James, it is knowing that these beautiful women arouse you that arouses me...

JIM

Oh yes. Very arousing women. They arouse me very much. But not as arousing as you.

She goes for this line. Gives in.

NADIA

Oh Jim...

She grabs him. They start making out, fiercely.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN/ZY

Yes!!

INT. STONERS BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

STONER #1

Alright, dude!

INT. EAST HIGH - COMPUTER LAB - DAY - SAME TIME

The men are CELEBRATING.

MALE PARENT

He's re-engaging!

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Groping. They're tangled in each other. Nadia backs off for a moment. Slowly, teasing, she hooks her thumbs in the sides of her panties. Starts pulling them down

NADIA

So, "shaved" is the expression?

CLOSE UP on Jim as his eyes bug out. Yep, it is, and she is.

JIM

(mutters)

Holy shit.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN

Holy shit!

INT. KREBS'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

KREBS/KREBS'S BROTHER

(unison)

Holy shit!

INT. EAST HIGH - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

ALL THE MALE PARENTS

(unison)

HOLY SHIT!

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim is stuck. Staring at Nadia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She moves towards him. Nadia is inches from his face.

NADIA
Touch me, Jim.

Jim is trembling, straining with himself. A shudder runs through him.

And it's over, again.

INT. EAST HIGH - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

MALE PARENT
Again?

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN
Not again.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

JIM
No, not again.

NADIA
(sighs)
I am sorry, Jim.

JIM
No! I've got...reserve reserves!

NADIA
I suppose we will not be doing any studying now.

Nadia starts getting dressed. Jim is whimpering.

JIM
...no...

NADIA
It is too bad. I was at first hoping you would ask me to the prom. But...

She gathers her things. Eyes Jim over.

NADIA (cont'd)
You should change your shorts.

Jim is stunned. Ruined. Nadia exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

But...but...

Jim lies on his bed, spent. We hear HEAVY FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall.

JIM'S DAD (O.S.)

Jim?! That young lady is leaving...

Jim's Dad enters. Sees his son on the bed, in his underwear, exhausted. An enormously proud smile spreads across his face.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Congratulations, son! I'm so proud of you.

Jim looks entirely cheerless. Jim's Dad is so worked up he doesn't notice. He exits, clenching his fist with a "Yes!" The computer BINGS.

COMPUTER VOICE

"You have lost your internet connection.
Click 'okay' to reconnect."

Jim practically dies.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Students crowd the halls. Excitement is high.

GIRL #1

Prom is this weekend! I can't believe it.

GIRL #2

You excited?

GIRL #1

Of course, but I was thinking of dropping my date...and asking Steve French.

GIRL #2

Yeah, right! He's going stud.

Kevin pops in, almost out of nowhere.

KEVIN

Hey -- were you guys just talking about Steve French?

GIRL #1

Uh -- yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Who did you hear about him from?

The girls exchange some WHISPERS.

GIRL #2

Sorry, can't tell.

Kevin pulls out his wallet. Takes out a twenty.

KEVIN

I gotta know.

GIRL #1

Hah. That's kind of ironic.

KEVIN

What do you mean?

She confers with her friend a moment.

GIRL #2

Give us the twenty.

Kevin gladly hands it over.

GIRL #1

You want to talk to Angela Sebastian.

KEVIN

Thanks.

The girls see Jim walking by, having the worst day of his life.

GIRL #2

(to her friend)

Hey! There's Jim DeBoer! You can always drop your date and go with him!

The girls LAUGH hysterically. We FOLLOW WITH KEVIN as he runs and catches up with Jim.

KEVIN

Hey, minuteman.

JIM

Shut up. You should be supportive.

KEVIN

Come on, you've still got a chance with Nadia, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM

No. Her sponsors here in East saw the thing on the net. I don't think they liked it.

KEVIN

How do you know that?

JIM

She's already on a plane back home.

Kevin winces.

JIM (cont'd)

You know, maybe I'm just not good with girls; period, like I was born with it. I mean, I can't talk to girls. When I do talk to them, I screw it up anyway.

KEVIN

Well shit, Jim, if you keep up that attitude you'll never get anywhere!

JIM

Yeah, I guess you're right. There's still girls available.

KEVIN

And I'm sure not everybody saw you on the net.

A nearby JANITOR is conferring with a STUDENT. They both start GUFFAWING at Jim as he walks by. Jim pulls his coat up over his face like a fugitive avoiding the media.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Kevin is talking with Angela.

KEVIN

Come on, Angela, fess up. What's gong on with him?

ANGELA

I can't believe he hasn't told you.

KEVIN

What, has he been majorly hooking up or something?

ANGELA

Are you kidding? No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Then what is it?

ANGELA

Well...I guess it's okay for me to tell you now. That reputation of his isn't going anywhere.

(then)

He paid me a hundred bucks to tell a couple girls that he was good in bed.

KEVIN

That's it? That's too easy.

ANGELA

Well. Then of course they told more people, and the rumor spread. Like that old commercial where everyone starts using the same shampoo because they hear it's so great. Now, French is like that shampoo.

Kevin can't believe it.

INT. EAST HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

Jim sits, waiting for class to start. Miserable. Some students are obviously talking about him in the background. Others study and chat.

Next to Jim is a MICHELLE. Basically a reject, a band dork. She's got a flute case on her desk. She's blabbering to Jim. The kind of blabbering where every other sentence sounds like a question, even though it isn't.

MICHELLE

And so, one time? I was at band camp? And we weren't supposed to have pillow fights? But we had a pillow fight! And it was so much fun!

Jim couldn't care.

MICHELLE (cont'd)

And one time, we all lost our music? And we were supposed to play this song? But we didn't know it. So we just made it up! And we kept playing and playing but the conductor didn't know what we were doing and it was so funny!

Jim shoots her a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE (cont'd)

So you're pissed about something, huh?
You know what I do when I'm angry? I
just play some Bach on my flute. It's so
relaxing. I learned to do that at band
camp.

Jim perks up the slightest bit.

JIM

Hold on. You have no idea why I'm angry?

MICHELLE

Is it because we have a test tomorrow?
Sometimes I get cranky when I know I have
a big test to study for.

JIM

Yeah, that's pretty much it.

MICHELLE

I thought so. Because, one time? At
band camp --

JIM

(interrupting)
What's your name again?

MICHELLE

Michelle.

JIM

Okay. Michelle, do you want to be my
date for the prom?

She can't believe it.

MICHELLE

Really? You seriously want to go with
me?

JIM

(so forced)
Yes. Seriously.

MICHELLE

Are we going to Brian Krebs's party
afterwards? That would be so cool.

JIM

Whatever you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE

Cool! We're gonna have so much fun!
It's like this one time, when we were
practicing marching...

INT. EAST HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM

After school. Zy and Heather have just finished running
through their song together.

HEATHER

I'll be damned. I think we just nailed
the bridge!

Zy finds himself in a hug, surprised but glad.

ZY

I gotta admit it. We sound really good.

They pull apart, a little overwhelmed.

HEATHER

Wow. I can't wait till this weekend.
First Michigan State, and then the prom!

ZY

Cool, you're coming to watch the game at
MSU? We're playing Forest Hills again.

HEATHER

(confused)

What? John, that's when we've got the
State Choral Competition. Saturday
afternoon. At MSU.

ZY

Oh, shit. That's when the game is.

A stunned beat as they both absorb this.

HEATHER

What are you going to do?

ZY

Heather, I've can't miss that game. What
would Coach Barnes and the rest of the
team think of me?

HEATHER

John, nobody else is going to be able to
sing that part like you. We need you.

(CONTINUED)

ZY

Come on, Heather. Lacrosse is really important.

HEATHER

And this isn't?

ZY

No, it is, but -- I mean, I get all this shit from coach that I'm not dedicated, I'm not trying, and...I gotta be there.

HEATHER

That's really what you want to do?

ZY

I have to.

A tense beat.

ZY (cont'd)

Come on, Heather, it's just choir. It's just a song. We've still got the prom, right?

Heather quietly picks up her books, hurt.

HEATHER

Whatever.

She leaves. Zy shakes his head.

ZY

Chicks.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Kevin is at his locker, getting ready for class. Krebs comes running up with a wicked grin on his face.

KREBS

Kevin! Have you heard this shit about French?

KEVIN

Yeah, I know, amazing reputation.

Krebs CRACKS UP.

KREBS

Not for long!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Oh no. What did you do?

KREBS

Well, you know how he doesn't shit in school?

KEVIN

Yeah.

Krebs pulls out an empty bottle of PRESCRIPTION LAXATIVE, laughing.

KREBS

Not for long!

INT. EAST HIGH - A BENCH - DAY

Kevin runs up to French, who's sitting on the bench, reading his paper.

KEVIN

French! Get to the bathroom! Now!

FRENCH

Jesus, take it easy. What's in there?

KEVIN

Just go!

FRENCH

What the --

KEVIN

Look, you're gonna shit your pants!

FRENCH

Ha-ha.

KEVIN

French, listen -- Krebs slipped some sort of laxative in your Coke. It's fast acting. I mean, really fast.

Suddenly French cringes in a cramp.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

See?!?

Realization hits French.

FRENCH

Oh, shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

French jumps up and starts sprinting down the hallway.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

French runs past TWO TRENDY GIRLS.

TRENDY GIRL

Who's that?

EVEN TRENDIER GIRL

You don't know?!

We FOLLOW WITH FRENCH. He's got a bathroom door in his sights.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

French runs into the bathroom. We see him burst into a stall and slam the door behind him.

FRENCH (O.S.)

Made it!

We stay outside the stall...and hear horrible FARTING NOISES. Disgusting SQUIRTING SOUNDS. Followed by one giant BANG. Then, it's over.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

French sits on the toilet. A little winded, but okay.

FRENCH (cont'd)

Oh. That wasn't so bad.

We hear someone enter the bathroom. French listens for a moment...to hear the CLICK-CLICK-CLICK of heels.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

The bathroom door closes to reveal a sign, reading: "GIRLS"

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

French is terrified. Through the crack between the stall door and the frame, French catches glimpses of brightly colored skirts and dresses.

And a little GURGLE comes from French's stomach. His eyes bulge.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The GROUP OF GIRLS is at the mirror, fixing their makeup and hair.

GIRL #1
I heard he's incredible. I mean, that's
why they call him French, right?

GIRL #2
I thought that was actually his name.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

French is in hell. Desperately trying not to shit. Holding
it in for all it's worth.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

GIRL #3
Who cares? After all, is there really a
word for a lover like that?

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Pure agony. French is drenched in sweat. Every muscle in
his body is tensed, straining. Tears stream from his
fiercely shut eyes.

And we hear a deep RUMBLING. French's eyes flash open in
terror.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

We hear another, deeper RUMBLING.

GIRL #1
Joanie, was that you?

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

French is struggling. Rocking back and forth. But it's no
use. He's at his limit.

FRENCH
(hollering)
Aaaaaaarrrrgghhhh!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The girls at the mirror freeze -- and we hear a SOUND LIKE A
JELLO MOLD BEING TOSSED INTO A VAT OF SOUP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Foul SPLATTERING noises. It sounds like a small aerial battle is taking place in the toilet.

The girls run out, SCREAMING.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

French finishes with one final FART that echoes through the bathroom. He's out of breath. Recuperates for a moment.

FRENCH
(hesitantly)
...hello?

No answer.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

French exits the stall with trepidation. Slowly, slinking, approaches the door. Grabs the handle. Composes himself. And, like nothing ever happened, he opens the door.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

French comes out of the bathroom. Stops. His eyes register complete disbelief.

And we see that a HUGE SEMI-CIRCLE OF STUDENTS has crowded around the door. All staring at him with complete repugnance, open-mouthed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUSIC HALL (MSU) - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The campus of Michigan State University. Students pass in front of an older, impressive university building. A sign out front reads "Michigan Interstate Vocal Competition."

INT. WARM-UP ROOM (MSU) - DAY

Heather and the rest of the choir are warming up, waiting to go onstage. They all wear flashy, borderline cool outfits. Heather looks worried, lost. Looking to the door, as if Zy might come running in.

CHOIR TEACHER
Okay. Roger, let's have you and Heather
run through that again.

ROGER steps next to Heather. He's kind of funny-looking, with an overly-sauve attitude that comes off as plain weird.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

No problemo.

Heather SINGS a few lines. Then Roger starts in. He's way too melodramatic. Cheesy. Heather looks trapped.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY

We're about mid-way through the game. Zy is running up the field, towards the goal, cradling the ball in his stick. He seems to have a good lead. Suddenly he is is tumbling, falling, losing the ball. Someone has checked him. He lays stunned on the ground, as the other players scuffle to recover the ball.

Coach Barnes calls Zy to the sidelines, sending in another player for him.

ANGLE ON ZY AND COACH BARNES

COACH BARNES

What in the hell was that shit?

ZY

Sorry, coach, I --

COACH BARNES

Bullshit, Zykowski! You slacked. You thought you were in the clear, and you got nailed.

Zy has a hangdog, guilty look. Coach is right.

COACH BARNES

Remember what I told you before, about dedication?! Sit down and think about that.

(yells to the team)

Let's go, East!

Zy takes a seat -- just as Forest Hills scores.

COACH BARNES (cont'd)

God dammit!

The players run back to the sidelines to reset for the face-off. Krebs runs up to Zy.

KREBS

Nice going, dickhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH BARNES
Krebs, stuff it.
(calls to the team)
Okay guys, listen up!

The team gathers round.

COACH BARNES (cont'd)
Alright! You all saw what happened out there. I don't ever want to see you guys thinking you're gonna score. You don't score until you score, period.

The team is getting into it. Shouts of "Hell yeah!" But Zy's got a quizzical look on his face.

INT. WARM-UP ROOM (MSU) - DAY

Heather waits with the group to go onstage. Roger paces like a Shakespearean actor, psyching himself up.

ROGER
Focus on the music. Think melody. Let the music be my guide.

HEATHER
That would be a start.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY

Zy shows some emotion peeking through. Confused.

COACH BARNES (cont'd)
So decide. You guys decide right now how dedicated you are. We're one point behind. So, while you've still got a chance, you guys better make the most of what you've got.

A wave of realization washes over Zy. Oh, yeah. Come on, you knew it had to happen. Zy stands up.

COACH BARNES (cont'd)
You got something to say to us, Zykowski?!

Zy collects himself. Takes a deep breath.

ZY
Good luck, guys.

Zy sets his lacrosse stick down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH BARNES

Christ! I didn't say you were out of the game!

ZY

Coach, I'm sorry, but this is something I have to do. Something that I'm more dedicated to than this game.

COACH BARNES

(furious)

What the shit is this, Zy?! You got someplace more important to be?!

The entire team stares at Zy. Coach Barnes fumes. Zy swallows hard.

ZY

Yeah.

He runs off.

INT. WARM-UP ROOM - DAY

The choir is on their feet, lined up, waiting to go onstage. Zy bursts into the room, breathless, still in his lacrosse gear. Various students gasp and smile.

CHOIR GUY#1

Zy! You're back!

CHOIR GUY#2

Yeah!

ROGER

Oh, great.

Zy rushes up to Heather. She's happy but confused.

HEATHER

What about the game?!

ZY

I'm not playing.

HEATHER

You're missing the game for us?!

ZY

No. I'm missing the game for you.

Heather melts. Zy takes her hand. Pulls her close. And they kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHOIR TEACHER

Okay, okay. You guys got about a minute to go. You better spend it warming up, and not making out. This ain't the prom yet..

Zy and Heather share a smile.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY

Krebs stands next to Coach Barnes, as the game continues.

KREBS

(scared)

Maybe he's not coming back.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky is lying on her bed, exhausted. Kevin is again proudly stashing the bible in his backpack.

VICKY

Kev?

KEVIN

Yeah?

VICKY

Thanks. That was great.

KEVIN

Sure.

A beat.

VICKY

How do you feel about me, Kevin?
Honestly.

Kevin takes a deep breath.

KEVIN

Honestly?

VICKY

Honestly.

KEVIN

Well, I know that we've definitely got something between us. Something good. Right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKY
Yeah, definitely something.

KEVIN
What do you think it is?

She thinks a moment.

VICKY
I guess, like you said. Something good.

KEVIN
Well that's good, then.

VICKY
(smiles)
Yeah.

Kevin gently rubs her arm. A beat.

VICKY (cont'd)
Kev?

KEVIN
Yeah?

VICKY
I want to do it. At the party after
prom. I want that to be the night.

Kevin smiles broadly. We hear uplifting ROCK-GOSPEL MUSIC.

INT. MUSIC HALL STAGE - DAY

The choir is belting their hearts out, the source of the music. The choir is on stage with Zy -- who's still in his lacrosse pads. Singing their hearts out. With a decent light show accompanying. Smokin'.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim is sitting with the Michelle. She's playing her flute. Jim is staring at her chest, which he's just noticed is quite large. Smiles.

EXT. EAST HIGH - A BENCH - DAY

French sits alone. Not like before. More like Forrest Gump.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin beams. The choir still sings. Sunlight streams in through the windows.

INT. MUSIC HALL STAGE - DAY

Heather and Zy are singing magnificently. They join hands, and finish the number perfectly. The lights on stage go down as the audience APPLAUDS with enthusiasm.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EAST HIGH - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The parking lot is full. VARIOUS FORMALLY-DRESSED STUDENTS make their way into the school. One group piles out of a stretch limo. We see a STEALTHY STUDENT tuck a pint of Captain Morgan's into his tux. A FLUSTERED GUY fumbles to reattach his date's corsage. This is the prom.

INT. EAST HIGH - GYM - NIGHT

The gym is decorated in a clashing festive manner. Like a combination of Mardi Gras, New Year's Eve, and somebody's bar mitzvah. A CRAPPY BAND plays CRAPPY IMITATION ROCK MUSIC.

Most students mill about, talking, generally bored. The only people who are enjoying themselves are OBVIOUSLY DRUNK STUDENTS, slam-dancing with the obviously drunk Krebs in a corner. Confused CHAPERONE PARENTS try to calm them down, futilely.

The band breaks into a CHEESY BALLAD. Couples lock together and sway back and forth like zombies.

ANGLE ON JIM AND MICHELLE

They're dancing at arm's length. Jim is not enthused.

MICHELLE

You know, at at band camp? We have dances like this. Only they're way funner. Don't you think prom is just highly overrated?

JIM

Highly, highly overrated.

ANGLE ON KEVIN AND VICKY

They dance. Both looking a little nervous. Anxious.

ANGLE ON ZY AND HEATHER

Dancing much slower than anyone else. Tight embrace. Heather's got her head on his shoulder, eyes closed.

EXT. EAST HIGH - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

French sits alone in his car, drinking a pint of vodka.

INT. EAST HIGH - GYM - NIGHT

Kevin and Vicky dance. Kevin sees Sherman dancing with the Forest Hills Girl.

KEVIN

(to Vicky)

See the girl Sherman is with? That was the one.

They rotate around so Vicky can get a look.

VICKY

She looks nice.

The song ends and the band goes into ANOTHER CRAPPY ROCK SONG. Kevin checks his watch.

KEVIN

Excuse me for a sec, Vicky? I gotta talk to the guys.

VICKY

Sure. I'm going to meet Sherman's date.

INT. EAST HIGH - A CORNER OF THE GYM - NIGHT

An empty corner of the prom. Kevin walks up find Zy, Jim, and French waiting for him. French is drunk.

FRENCH

Okay. I'm here for your dumb meeting.

KEVIN

Look, French, I'm sorry about the bathroom incident. But you can't use that as an excuse. Anyhow, the night is still young, you've got a chance.

FRENCH

Yeah right.

KEVIN

Now, we're practically down to the moment of truth. How do you guys stand?

Nobody says anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN (cont'd)

Jim?

JIM

I'm dating a flute-toting band dork.
That answer your question?

KEVIN

Well, there might still be a chance
there. Work it.

(then)

Zy, you left that game for a chick.
What's going on with that?

ZY

That's my business. And, by the way,
they won the game anyway.

KEVIN

Are you gonna bang her? 'Cause I'm gonna
score with Vicky.

ZY

(getting ticked)

Dammit, Kevin, lay off. Maybe that's
something private, between the two of us,
okay?

Kevin is getting frustrated.

KEVIN

What the hell, guys? We made a pact!

JIM

Kevin, look --

KEVIN

No way, Jim. No excuses. You have to --

JIM

(interrupting, pissed)

I don't have to do shit! Forget it
already!

Kevin is taken aback.

JIM (cont'd)

I'm tired of all this bullshit pressure!
I mean, I've never even had sex and
already I can't stand it! I hate sex!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM (cont'd)

I don't want it, I've never wanted it,
and I'm not gonna sit here busting my
balls over something that just isn't that
damn important! So fuck this stupid
pact, fuck you guys, and fuck sex! Now,
I'm gonna go hang out with that geek over
there, 'cause at least she's got
something else to talk about besides sex!
God damn!

Jim trudges off. Zy turns to go.

ZY

Sorry, Kevin.

Zy walks off. Kevin is left with French. A beat.

FRENCH

At least I learned how to shit in school.

ANGLE ON VICKY AND FOREST HILLS GIRL

VICKY

So, I guess you and Sherman are pretty
close. You met at that party a while
back?

FOREST HILLS GIRL

Oh, yeah. We were up the whole night
together.

VICKY

Really? Wow, it must have been great.

FOREST HILLS GIRL

It was. You know, one of those amazingly
deep conversations, where you really feel
like you get to know someone.

VICKY

(nudge, nudge)
"Deep conversation," huh? Is that what
you guys call it?

FOREST HILLS GIRL

What else would I call it?

ANGLE ON KEVIN

Walking around the prom, in a daze. Thinking hard to
himself. Suddenly the band stops playing.

ANGLE ON THE STAGE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Forest Hills Girl has taken over the microphone.

FOREST HILLS GIRL

Excuse me, everyone, sorry to interrupt.

Her voice reverberates throughout the gym. A couple WOLF-WHISTLES.

FOREST HILLS GIRL (cont'd)

I just wanted to let you all know this:
Jason Sherman is a liar. I never had sex
with him. He's never had sex with anyone
-- I know because he told me. Once, he
tried to screw a grapefruit, but that's
it. Oh, and he also told me that
sometimes when he gets nervous he wets
his pants. Thank you for your attention.

ANGLE ON SHERMAN

Pissing his pants. Petrified.

ANGLE ON KEVIN

Shocked. He scans the gym -- his eyes land on French, who
shares his expression.

ANGLE ON ZY

Who's stopped in his tracks. Thinking. He looks back to
Kevin. Eyes meet.

And, one by one, the guys slowly reconvene. The band starts
into another SHITTY SONG. After a beat, Jim speaks.

JIM

I can't believe that.

ZY

Yeah. He lied to all of us.

KEVIN

I mean, he was practically the reason
this whole thing got started.

The guys think this over. The anger that was between them is
fizzling. Silently, their glances to each other admit this.

ZY

I was going to say, it's like this whole
pact almost ruined our friendship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Careful not to delve too far into male intimacy, the guys nod in agreement. A moment of silence. Kevin breaks it.

KEVIN

Damn, Zy, you've come pretty far on the Mr. Sensitive Man thing.

Another beat. Zy shrugs.

ZY

Wanna give me a hug?

Kevin thinks about this. Shakes his head.

KEVIN

No way.

The guys all LAUGH.

KEVIN (cont'd)

You know, Zy, that's something I still have to figure out. The sensitivity thing. I know Vicky's gonna ask me the question. The L-Word.

ZY

Well, I don't know what I'm doing either. I just go with my gut.

FRENCH

Hey, I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. Forget about who gets fucked. I'm gonna see who can get the most fucked up.

JIM

French, what you need to do is get Krebs back. You can still get wasted, of course.

FRENCH

And maybe...I can even still get laid.

JIM

Wait a second. Does that mean the pact is on or off?

They all look at each other.

KEVIN

Let's find out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

A beautiful cottage on the shore of Lake Michigan. Large dunes slope down to the beach. East students are arriving by the carload. The long driveway is packed with cars.

Jim and Michelle are walking up to the cottage.

JIM

Krebs's mom got it in the divorce.

MICHELLE

It reminds me of the rehearsal hall at Band Camp.

(then)

Hey, can I ask you a question? How come you don't have any stories? I've got lots of stories, and you don't have any.

JIM

Oh, I've got stories, believe me. They're a little more risque than tales of Band Camp.

MICHELLE

Are they gross or something, like guy stuff? Tell me.

JIM

Okay. You want a story? Here's a story. Krebs finds this beer, right? And...

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Vicky are looking around the bedroom.

VICKY

Oh, look, Kev. It's beautiful.

A large bay window overlooks moonlit Lake Michigan.

KEVIN

This room going to be okay, then?

VICKY

It's going to be perfect.

Kevin opens a closet -- to find Krebs's Little Brother inside, grinning.

KREBS'S BROTHER

Boo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Hey! What the --

KREBS'S BROTHER

You guys are gonna fuck, aren't you!?

KEVIN

No! Get out of here!

KREBS'S BROTHER

(running out of the room)

Fuckers fuckers fuckers fuckers!

Krebs's brother is gone.

VICKY

Glad we found him now.

Kevin laughs. Then, eyes the dresser. Goes up to it.
Slides it over, blocking the door.

KEVIN

Ma'am, the penthouse is ours.

He and Vicky start making out.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Zy and Heather are walking down the beach. Holding hands.
Deep in the background, we see a bonfire and PARTYING KIDS.

ZY

There's something I've been meaning to
tell you, Heather.

HEATHER

What's that?

ZY

It's gonna sound really bad, but I want
you to know.

She nods. They stop walking. Zy swipes his feet around in
the sand.

ZY (cont'd)

See, uh, I'm a virgin. And me, Kevin,
Jim, and French, we all made this bet.
That we would...lose our virginity...
before high school was over.

Heather is listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZY (cont'd)

And, see, tonight is supposed to be the night that we all do it. I mean, the bet is kind of off, but it's kind of still on.

HEATHER

This isn't the best way to proposition me.

ZY

No, that's not what I mean. I mean -- look. You know what made me leave that lacrosse game? Coach was giving this speech, about not slacking off when you see the opportunity to score.

HEATHER

This isn't any better, John.

ZY

No, see Heather, what I realized is that...with you, it's not like I'm running towards the goal, trying to figure out the best way to score. And this may sound corny, but --

He takes her hand.

ZY (cont'd)

I feel like I've already won.

Heather softens, taken off guard. She's speechless.

ZY (cont'd)

And, well, I really care about you. A lot. And I want you to know that.

Heather almost says something, but Zy continues on.

ZY (cont'd)

Because, it's like girls get reputations, and guys don't. And I don't want you to just be some other girl that guys like Krebs can make fun of. And --

HEATHER

(interrupting)

Zy, it's okay, I know.

ZY

You called me Zy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HEATHER

Well, that's what your friends call you.
I mean...I feel like I'm one of your
friends now...and also...your girlfriend.

Zy seems truly touched.

ZY

Dieter. My middle name is Dieter.

Heather nods. Then breaks into laughter.

HEATHER

Oh, God. That is terrible!

ZY

(laughing)

I know, it sucks!

Through their laughter, they kiss. After a moment, it grows
more passionate. Lost in each other.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The party rages in the rest of the cottage, but the kitchen
is empty. KREBS'S MOM sits at the table, smoking a
cigarette. She's as attractive as her photo we once saw.
But the divorce has replaced her sexy smile with a bitter
smirk.

French stumbles in, completely blotto.

FRENCH

Hey, Krebs's mom! Thanks for letting us
have a great party!

KREBS'S MOM

(dry)

As if there were another alternative in
the matter. Are you enjoying yourself?

FRENCH

I'm fucking wasted!

KREBS'S MOM

(deadpan)

I'm so happy for you. Takes the edge
off, doesn't it?

(then)

And where might your date be?

FRENCH

Got no date! Bathroom incident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KREBS'S MOM
Pardon me?

FRENCH
Nevermind. You got any booze?

KREBS'S MOM
I believe the kegs are on the beach.

FRENCH
Nah, nah, I mean real booze! Good stuff!

She considers this as she drags off her cigarette. Exhales a big cloud of smoke.

KREBS'S MOM
Alright. I've got some Henessy.

French smiles. He's got an idea.

FRENCH
Wanna go shot-for-shot?

KREBS'S MOM
Why not.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

It's a great party. Krebs is with a group of GUYS, drinking a beer, which he inspects very carefully before every sip.

ANGLE ON JIM AND MICHELLE

Both drinking and talking, almost enjoying themselves.

MICHELLE
That is a nasty story!

JIM
I told you.

MICHELLE
You wanna hear a nasty story of mine?
It's kind of sexual.

Ding! A light goes on in Jim's head.

JIM
Yeah, bring it on!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE

Well, this one time? At band camp? We were playing this game, I don't know if you know it? But it's called spin the bottle? And I had to kiss this guy named Marc Wander on the lips? And...

Jim's expression sinks.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are down. Vicky and Kevin are in bed.

KEVIN

You comfortable?

VICKY

Yeah, are you?

KEVIN

Yeah.

A beat.

VICKY

You sure you're comfortable?

KEVIN

Yeah. Are you sure?

VICKY

Yeah.

KEVIN

Me too.

VICKY

Okay.

(a beat)

Did you bring a condom?

KEVIN

You bet.

VICKY

Do you have it ready?

KEVIN

Yeah, right here.

He pulls out a packaged condom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN (cont'd)
Are you sure you're okay with this?

VICKY
Are you?

KEVIN
Yeah.

VICKY
I am too.

KEVIN
Okay.
(a beat)
So, do you want to be -- I mean, how do
you want to do it?

VICKY
I don't know. How do you?

KEVIN
I'll be on top. Like, normal style.

VICKY
Okay.

A beat.

VICKY (cont'd)
Kevin. Make love to me.

Kevin tears open the condom wrapper. Takes out the rolled
condom. Looks for a place to throw the wrapper.

VICKY (cont'd)
Just throw it on the floor.

KEVIN
Oh, yeah. Duh.

He does. Then starts to put on the condom.

VICKY (cont'd)
Wait. I want to do it.

KEVIN
Okay.

Vicky finishes putting the rubber on Kevin.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICKY
Yeah. Are you?

KEVIN
Yeah.

They both take a deep breath.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Zy and Heather lay in a secluded spot in the dunes, surrounded by tall beach grass that swishes in the spring breeze. Stars and a lustrous moon above.

The silence speaks. We can see it in their eyes. Yearning.

ZY
I can't think of anything to say that's not cheesy.

HEATHER
Then don't.

They kiss. It's time.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin's virginity is about to become history.

VICKY
Wait.

KEVIN
What is it, Vick?

VICKY
Kev, I want to hear you say it.

KEVIN
Say what?

VICKY
You don't know?

Kevin pauses. Oh boy. Here it is.

KEVIN
No, I know.

VICKY
Well, do you?

A long beat. Kevin, very carefully, speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
Of course I do.

VICKY
I want you to say it, Kev. To make
everything tonight just right.

KEVIN
You know I do.

VICKY
Tell me. Tell me, Kev, and we'll make
love.

Kevin swallows hard. Hesitates. Finally, he speaks.

KEVIN
Victoria, I love you.

Vicky returns Kevin's solemn look.

VICKY
I love you.

A brief moment of uncertainty. Kevin shifts around a bit,
trying to position himself. Vicky's hand goes under the
sheets.

VICKY (cont'd)
Here.

We know what she's doing. They both maintain eye contact...
and...there. Kevin starts going through the motions.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Heather and Zy are re-inventing the idea of passion.
Discovering love. This is the stuff that you thought only
existed in romance novels. Seriously.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Jim is trying to stay interested in Michelle's drivell.

JIM
So, the end of the story is...you had to
kiss the guy for twenty seconds?

MICHELLE
Yes! And he was such a dork! And
everyone laughed at me, but I didn't
care? Because it was so funny!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM
(flat)
Okay, I get it.

MICHELLE
Oh! And then this one time? At band camp? I stuck a flute in my pussy.

Jim CHOKES on his beer.

JIM
Excuse me?!

MICHELLE
What, you think I don't know how to get myself off? Hell, that's what half of band camp is! Sex ed!

Jim is ga-ga. He watches in disbelief as she lets her hair down. And wouldn't you know it, she's pretty cute.

MICHELLE (cont'd)
So are we gonna screw soon? I'm getting kind of antsy.

JIM
Huh?

MICHELLE
Come on!? Like you have a chance with anybody else? I saw you on the net. Why do you think I accepted this date? You're a sure thing!

Jim pauses. Frozen, afraid to speak. Slowly, he opens his mouth. Winces, trying to form words. Finally --

JIM
Let's rock and roll, sweetheart!

Jim looks mighty proud of himself.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michelle and Jim burst in and slam the door.

JIM
I don't get it, I'm not freezing up.

MICHELLE
It's not that big of a deal!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

Yeah, exactly! That's exactly what I was trying to tell...

Jim totally relaxes as a wave of realization comes over him.

MICHELLE

Now, I have two rubbers. Wear them both, it'll desensitize you. I don't want you coming so damn early.

JIM

Hey, whatever you say. Fabulous idea!

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Henessy bottle is empty. Krebs's Mom and French are smoking cigarettes, drunk. Barely able to speak.

FRENCH

So...you're pretty hot for a mom.

KREBS'S MOM

Why...thank you, Frenchie.

One look between them, and we know it's all over.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Vicky. Silently doing it. Curious looks on their faces. Like the look you get when your waiter delivers your food at a fancy restaurant, and you look at the creation on the plate, and secretly you're not sure if it's really what you ordered. But you don't say anything, and you just eat it.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Zy and Heather. Souls entwined. Making love.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

We can hear Jim and Michelle going at it, like a couple of HOWLING BANSHEES, over a SERIES OF SHOTS, like:

A lamp gets knocked over. A shoe flies across the room. A pillow explodes in a cloud of feathers. One of the legs on the bed breaks.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen door is closed, with a chair wedged under the handle. French and Krebs's mom are practically breaking the kitchen table in their efforts.

KREBS'S MOM

I had no idea you'd be this good!

FRENCH

Neither did I!

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin is about to climax.

KEVIN

Oh boy.

VICKY

Are you?

KEVIN

Close. Are you?

VICKY

Sort of.

KEVIN

Oh. Oh...

Kevin climaxes, barely believing it himself.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Michelle going at it -- we hear it, but we can't see where. They don't seem to be in the room. We PAN ACROSS the disaster area they've created, as we hear:

JIM (O.S.)

Holy shit! Are you gonna do what I think you're gonna do?

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Do you wan't me to?

JIM (O.S.)

Hell, yes! Put it in your mouth!

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Okay!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And, we hear the CHEERY, WHISTLED NOTES OF DIXIE BEING PLAYED ON A FLUTE. On cue, Jim pipes in --

JIM (O.S.)
Hooray! Hooray!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Zy could be coming. Heather could be coming. But it's all so darn passionate that the whole thing looks like one big orgasm anyway.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Michelle lay on the floor, tangled in sheets and each others' clothing. Exhausted, gasping.

And then we see the closet door is open, just a crack. It swings open. Standing there is Krebs's Little Brother. Jaw hanging.

KREBS'S BROTHER
That was awesome!

Jim and Michelle are stunned.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

French and Krebs's Mom are just off-camera. We can't see it, but we can tell French's status from his ORGASMIC MOANING.

FRENCH (O.S.)
Here goes!

KREBS'S MOM (O.S.)
Right here, sugar.

What we do see is the kitchen door handle rattling. The chair falling out of place. And the door opening as Krebs walks in. He stops, horrified.

KREBS
Ugh...oh no...

He looks like he's going to barf. Then, passes out.

KREBS'S MOM (O.S.)
Who was that? Hand me a towel, I can't see.

EXT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - SUNRISE - ESTABLISHING

The sun rises over Lake Michigan. A brand new day. Many cars still populate the driveway and lawn. Toilet paper hangs from the trees. Various students are passed out here and there.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Zy holds Heather in his arms. Completely peaceful. SEAGULLS CALL to each other. WAVES BREAK on the shore.

HEATHER

Zy?

ZY

Yeah?

HEATHER

I want to be like this, always.

Zy looks out into the horizon.

ZY

Me too.

Zy has lost all pretense. Smiling to himself, or maybe to the world.

ZY (cont'd)

Heather?

HEATHER

Yes?

ZY

I love you.

She gazes into his eyes.

HEATHER

I love you.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

French and Krebs's Mom are waking up. They look like they're in extreme pain.

FRENCH

Oh, God, am I hung over.

Krebs's Mom takes in the surroundings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KREBS'S MOM

Wait a minute. Did we...?

FRENCH

Uh-huh.

KREBS'S MOM

Oh no. Did Brian...?

FRENCH

(big smile)

Uh-huh.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - PARTY ROOM - DAY

Krebs is huddled in a corner. Catatonic.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY

Jim wakes up, in bed, alone. He looks around.

JIM

She's gone.

He considers this.

JIM (cont'd)

Oh my God. She used me.

He considers this further. Smiles.

JIM (cont'd)

Wow! I was used! Cool!

He jumps up and does a happy little dance, WHISTLING DIXIE.

INT. KREBS'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin and Vicky lie next to each other in bed, staring at the ceiling. Though they're trying to conceal it, we can see a bit of dissatisfaction peeking through.

KEVIN

That was a great night, huh?

VICKY

Yeah.

A beat.

KEVIN

So. This is pretty much our last shebang. Graduation, and that's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

111.

VICKY

Yeah. Weird, isn't it? The time went by so fast.

KEVIN

Yeah, it did.

Another beat.

VICKY

So...we won't see each other too much after this summer, huh?

KEVIN

Don't say that. We will.

VICKY

Come on. I mean, it's probably true. I'll be at State. You'll be across the country.

KEVIN

Yeah.

VICKY

So...maybe we should use the summer to explore some other things.

KEVIN

(knowingly)

And see other people.

VICKY

Are you angry at me?

KEVIN

No, actually. I think it's a good idea.

A beat. They both sit up. And find themselves smiling at each other.

VICKY

So...friends, then?

KEVIN

Friends. At least, in a perfect world.

VICKY

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN

I mean, that's kind of what I've been realizing. That nothing's perfect. You know what I mean?

VICKY

Like, what you hope for... isn't always what happens?

KEVIN

Yeah. But, you know what I'm thinking? That's not a bad thing. I mean, you realize that, and it kind of frees you up. Knowing that you're gonna go through life, and things may not turn out like you imagined, but that's okay. You just go with the flow.

Kevin looks to Vicky. She seems to relax a bit, relieved.

VICKY

You know, a while ago Angela told me "Don't sweat it." Now I get it.

She smiles.

VICKY (cont'd)

Let's go. Don't you have something to tell your friends?

KEVIN

What?

VICKY

Your little pact. Angela told me all about it. You know, I thought one of the rules was that nobody else could know.

KEVIN

Well...since you know...there was also another rule...

VICKY

Don't worry. I'll vouch for you.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Kevin, Jim, Zy, and French. The four, newly non-virgins.

JIM

Kevin, my congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

ZY/FRENCH

Yeah. Congrats.

JIM

So what did you say when she asked you the question?

KEVIN

(shrugs)

We both lied to each other. Ah, hell, we were way too worked up over the whole issue. She knows it and I know it.

JIM

I guess that's good then, in a way.

KEVIN

And as for you, Jim, we got confirmation from a certain twelve-year-old monster. I hereby knight you, Sir Two-Ply, Knight of Confidence.

Jim takes a bow. The guys APPLAUD.

JIM

Thank you, thank you.

KEVIN

French, congratulations. If Krebs ever regains speech function, I'm sure he'll vouch for you. But for now, the rumors will suffice.

(pat on the back)

Way to pull through there in the end.

FRENCH

Thanks.

And they all turn to Zy.

KEVIN

So, Zy. You almost made it, huh?

Zy smiles.

ZY

I'll just say that we had a great night together.

JIM

Hang in there, buddy, you'll get there.

ZY

I know.

KEVIN

Wow. You two really have something going, don't you?

ZY

We're in love.

JIM

(rolls his eyes)

Oh, man.

The guys gag themselves. Zy just smiles.

EXT. EAST HIGH - A BENCH - DAY

Kevin is contemplating his entry into The Bible. After a moment, he writes something.

The page that once just read "'99" now says, simply, "Make sure you mean it."

He tucks a new, blank page in. At the top, he writes "2000."

Then something seems to distract him.

INT. EAST HIGH - PAY PHONE - DAY

Kevin is on the phone.

KEVIN

(into phone)

Hey. I got another question for you.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)

What's that?

KEVIN

What's the deal with...love?

We hear Kevin's Brother CHUCKLING knowingly.

KEVIN (cont'd)

What's so funny?

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)

That's the next book, Kevin. That's the next book.

CONTINUED:

115.

And we PULL BACK as Kevin's conversation blends into the SHOUTS of multitudes of passing students. Eventually he is obscured by them, and we...

ROLL CREDITS

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Jim's Dad is showing Krebs's Little Brother out of the house, who exits. Jim's Dad turns around, and we see him facing Jim, who sits on the couch. Jim smiles. His Dad smiles back. Tears roll from his eyes.

JIM'S DAD

Son. That's the best damn story I've ever heard in my life.

Jim beams proudly.

INT. AIRPORT GATE - DAY

Jim stands with his Dad and OTHER WAITING PASSENGERS at a terminal gate. Jim's Dad holds a ticket in his hand.

We hear a voice come over the PA system:

P.A. VOICE

Now boarding, flight 1069 to
Czechoslovakia.

Jim's Dad hands over the ticket. Jim gives his Dad a big hug. They share a moment.

JIM'S DAD

Go get her, son.

Jim smiles, turns, and exits triumphantly down the jetway.

FADE TO BLACK