

# AMERICAN PIE

East Grand Rapids High

a.k.a.

Untitled Teenage Sex Comedy

a.k.a.

Your Title Here

by  
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Rewrite 5/12/98  
(Draft 3.2)

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A typical high school kid's bedroom. 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 PULL BACK 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

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

Jim's gaze shifts between the tv, and a magazine on his bed, creased open to an Obsession-type ad, featuring a beautiful woman. Beside this, he balances his attention with a dictionary -- it's open to the "Vagina" entry, accompanied by an entirely unarousing Big Vagina Diagram. It's a small multi-media presentation.

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 wrong with the reception.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

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

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

Fuck me! Yes!

JIM

Uh...

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

(choking)

must...be...broken...

JIM'S DAD enters.

JIM'S DAD

What the hell is this?

JIM

Nothing!

JIM'S MOM

I think he's trying to watch one of the illegal channels.

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. The pillow gets brushed aside -- revealing the dictionary open to the Big Vagina Diagram.

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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 (V.O.)

Oooh, spank me, daddy, spank me!

EXT. EAST GRAND RAPIDS - DAY

We see the sign that anyone entering East sees. In red, white, and blue: "Welcome to East Grand Rapids, Home of the 38th President, Gerald R. Ford."

EXT. EAST HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot is filling up with various STUDENTS and their cars -- ranging from newer Jeeps and Saabs to clunkers.

Jim gets out of the passenger side of a late-model Honda Accord with KEVIN, a good-humored, good-enough-looking high school senior.

KEVIN

Illegal channels? What the hell are those?

JIM

Kevin, I told you, my parents are idiots.

KEVIN

Yeah, my mom's been wiggling out. At dinner last night, she asks me if Vicky and I are gonna get married. I practically barfed. I was like, get married? I haven't even gotten laid yet.

JIM

You told your mom that?

KEVIN

(sarcastic)

Yeah Jim, I told her that.

(CONTINUED)

As they walk off, we see JOHN ZYKOWSKI -- "ZY" -- a cocky senior with a football-player build, get dropped off by his Dad in an old Tempo.

HEATHER gets out of a new Jetta, as ANGELA and VICKY walk by.

STEVE FRENCH pulls up to the bike rack on a Vespa, which BACKFIRES.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - MORNING

Jim and Kevin have met up with Zy. He's CRACKING UP.

ZY

C-Span. That's a channel that should be illegal.

KEVIN

No shit. It's like they point a camera at the most boring people in the world and let it run.

ZY

That, and whatever that women's channel is. Lifetime Supply of Tampons, or some shit like that.

JIM

Nova, you bringing that junior chick to Stifler's party tonight?

ZY

Nah. Gave her the Heisman.

JIM

Really? She was sweet.

ZY

Exactly, dude.

They pass a GROUP OF BAND DORKS, practicing synchronized saxophone dips. MICHELLE is berating them.

MICHELLE

You guys! Remember what we learned at Band Camp? It's 1-2-3 dip, remember?

Zy shudders.

ZY

Ugh, band dorks. Hey, you guys got Latin?

(CONTINUED)

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JIM

I don't think I've done any homework in that class this entire month.

KEVIN

I don't think I've done any homework this month. Northwestern, here I come.

INT. EAST HIGH - COKE MACHINE - DAY

VICKY -- pretty, smart, a little reserved, is talking shop with ANGELA, a friend of hers.

VICKY

Nothwestern's not that far from U of M.

ANGELA

Yeah right.

VICKY

What? We'll still see each other.

ANGELA

So, you still just going down on him or what?

VICKY

Angela!

ANGELA

What? That's a legitimate question.

VICKY

Well, he really likes it.

ANGELA

Duh! Of course he does, Vicky. What does he do for you?

(off Vicky's look)

No wonder you're not psyched about sex.

VICKY

I'm getting psyched. I just don't want to rush into it. Next thing, everyone will know.

ANGELA

Who's gonna know? You'll be in Ann Arbor. What, like they'll announce it at freshman orientation?

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

I dunno, I think Kevin and I both want to make sure it's completely perfect and that we're totally ready when we do it.

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. Did you do the physics write-up?

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Kevin, Jim, and Zy are still walking down the hall. FRENCH is sitting on a bench. ..

JIM

There's our man.

KEVIN

French, you got the Latin homework?

FRENCH

Non habeo. Canis meus id comedit.

The guys keep staring. A beat.

KEVIN

Whatever.

Someone is HOLLERING down the hall. Running towards Zy is BRIAN STIFLER -- very clean-cut and preppy, he's a maniac, a jackass, much worse than Zy. Not really part of the group.

STIFLER

(yelling)

NOVA!!

ZY

Stifler!!

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

STIFLER

You coming to party tonight, fuckface?

(CONTINUED)

ZY

Depends. Are you gonna be there?

STIFLER

Oh! You're such a funny little prick!

JIM

What's the game plan, Stifler?

STIFLER

Plan? Drink. Get laid. Well, you guys'll just drink. Unless you actually remove the shrink wrap from your dicks, and fuckin' use 'em.

ZY

I'm gonna, dude, tonight's the night. I'm bringing this college chick. Excuse me, college woman.

STIFLER

Bullshit. From where?

ZY

She works part-time at my dad's store.

STIFLER

Hah! Yeah, Zy, I bet it's more like your dad works at her store.

ZY

He does not, dude.

KEVIN

Really, Brian. He is the manager, right Zy?

Zy gives a little nod, avoiding the issue.

STIFLER

Hey, man, I'm not making fun. I'm fuckin' impressed. I mean, "Footlong or six-inch, white or wheat," that's some serious shit to master.

Zy musters a little LAUGH.

KEVIN

(half-joking)

Stifler, you're such an asshole.

(CONTINUED)



STIFLER

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

FRENCH

Why would you be holding a steaming turd?

STIFLER

I don't know, cause I'm delivering it to your mom, you freak. I'll see you guys tonight. I'm sure you'll be watchin' and whackin' as usual.

The guys all take this little too seriously to have a comeback. Stifler just LAUGHS obnoxiously.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin is on the phone. INTERCUT with KEVIN'S OLDER BROTHER -- 25, on his cell phone, traveling down the PCH.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

You called me to ask me how to get your girlfriend to sleep with you?

KEVIN

What was I gonna do, call dad? I don't even know his number. I thought you might have some advice, brother to brother.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Have you ever heard 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. You're not ready.

KEVIN

Ready for what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Whoop, you're fading out. Good luck at that party.

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

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

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?

CHUCK 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, gentleman. I think this may be my night.

JIM

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

SHERMAN

DefCon Two, full strategic arsenal ready for deployment. 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.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

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

KEVIN

Better than your left.

Vicky approaches, looking like she's having a good time, joining the guys. Jim spots NADIA across the room. She's beautiful, a masterpiece of a woman.

JIM

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

VICKY

You like her? Her sponsor family lives on my block.

KEVIN

Let's get her over here.

(calls)

Hey, Nadia!

JIM

(freaking)

What -- no!

She starts to walk over to the guys. Jim is panicking.

JIM

What am I supposed to say? Nevermind, I don't wanna talk to her.

VICKY

Jim, you ace English every year, and you can't say a few sentences to a girl? Just wing it. And remember to smile.

JIM

Smile?

VICKY

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

Nadia is there. With no other alternative, Jim readies himself, smiling big.

NADIA

(with a really sexy accent)

You are in my English class, no?

(CONTINUED)

JIM  
(barely)  
Yes.

NADIA  
And you are so very good in the class,  
yes?

KEVIN  
Yep, he's a genius.

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

KEVIN (cont'd)  
Well, I can see you two have a lot to  
discuss.

He and Vicky walk off, to Jim's terror. He keeps trying to smile. Nadia smiles back. He bobs his head in agreement. She waits for him to say something. He doesn't.

NADIA  
Well...I am going to get another beer.

Jim strains to speak through his smile. A constipated GRUNT.

NADIA (cont'd)  
Okay...

She walks off. Jim SIGHS, completely relaxing, like a huge burden is now off of him. After a beat, his face sinks. He pounds his head with his fist.

EXT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

A group of band dorks is on the porch, including Michelle. Stifler stands in the doorway, staring at them in disbelief.

BAND DORK  
We're here for the party?

STIFLER  
There's no party.

He slams the door. The dorks wait a moment. Then leave.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Vicky are on the bed, making out. Kevin's hand is down Vicky's pants. It's awkward.

KEVIN  
Like this?

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

Yeah.

(a beat)

No. Do those circles, again.

KEVIN

I don't think I did circles.

VICKY

Felt like a no sign.

KEVIN

Huh?

VICKY

Circle with a line through it. Like a  
"no parking" sign.

Kevin is now really flustered.

KEVIN

I got an idea. I'll spell out some  
letters, and you can try to guess them.Vicky SIGHS. Sits up and starts buckling her pants. She  
pushes Kevin onto his back.

VICKY

Just lay back and relax.

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  
near the river that flows through downtown Grand Rapids.

ZY

Great evening, isn't it?

COLLEGE CHICK

Sure.

ZY

There's something about the spring that's  
just cool. Like the smell of fresh rain  
or something.

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

ZY

Suck me, beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

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The College Chick backs off, confounded.

COLLEGE CHICK  
What did you just 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 attempts to maintain a suave exterior, but he's just had the rug pulled from under him.

ZY  
Uh...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 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 go to Lookout  
Point and spout cheeseball lines to be  
romantic.

ZY  
...okay...

(CONTINUED)

COLLEGE CHICK

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

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. STIFLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zy's nursing a beer, having just told the story. Zy, Jim and OTHER GUYS are all LAUGHING.

STIFLER

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

ZY

Shut the fuck up.

JIM

(reassuring)  
I thought it was a cool story, Nova.

ZY

Don't call me that anymore. I'm a fraud.

STIFLER

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

Stifler strides into another room.

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

(yelling)  
Suck me, beautiful!

Zy wallows in his beer can, beaten.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vicky is pleasuring Kevin...you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

VICKY  
Did you like that?

KEVIN  
Oh, yeah.

He sets down the beer and pulls up his pants. Suddenly the DOOR BURSTS OPEN. Stifler is standing there. A coat hanger sticks out of the doorknob.

STIFLER  
SUCK ME, BEAUTIFUL!

KEVIN  
God dammit, Stifler!

STIFLER  
Check-out time! Please vacate the room.

VICKY  
Stifler, you're such a jerk.

She runs out, grabbing her clothes. Kevin runs after her.

KEVIN  
Vicky, wait!

Stifler 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.

STIFLER  
Yep.

(CONTINUED)



SOPHOMORE CHICK

And you got a keg, too, wow.

(realizing)

Oh, wait, I left my beer downstairs.

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

STIFLER

Here, babe.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

Thanks.

She's about to take a sip.

STIFLER

(gazing into her eyes)

You're really beautiful.

Thrown off, she sets the beer down.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

Really?

STIFLER

Uh huh.

She's totally enthralled. Nervous, she raises the beer again to take a sip. Then Stifler 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.

STIFLER

(sighs)

Doing what?

Stifler looks 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.

STIFLER

(shifty)

No way.

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

Smiling, he raises the beer...

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

Jim and some OTHER GUYS are pounding shots of vodka.

Suddenly, a GUY SCREAMS upstairs. 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. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

GUY #1  
Oh, gross.

JIM  
Jesus, Stifler, what did you eat?

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

KEVIN  
(holding up the cup)  
I know what it was. Me.

Stifler barfs even more violently.

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

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Stifler, how's the soup du jour?

Stifler lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM.

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

Angela and Vicky.

ANGELA

So...have you just never had one with Kevin -- or have you never had one, period?

Vicky stares into her beer. Mumbles something.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Wow. Not even...manually?

VICKY

I don't know, I never really tried it.

ANGELA

Are you kidding? You've never done the hand jive?

She makes a very suggestive, well-practiced movement with her hand in the air. Vicky looks embarrassed.

Suddenly, Nadia is there. She grabs Angela's hand, slowly lowering it.

NADIA

(knowingly, slowly)

The hands are not necessary. It is all in the muscles.

Nadia writhes her thighs together, sensually. Nods knowingly. Walks off. The girls are stunned.

ANGELA

No wonder she never pays attention in class.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Kevin and Jim are drunkenly looking into bedrooms.

KEVIN

(looking into a bedroom)

Bzzzt. Non-occupado!

(CONTINUED)

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Jim notices a PICTURE OF STIFLER'S MOM on the wall. Very attractive, late 30's.

JIM

Shit, is this Stifler's mom?!

TWO WASTED GUYS are walking by as Jim says this.

WASTED GUY

Dude! That chick -- is a MILF!

WASTED GUY #2

What the hell is that?

WASTED GUY

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

They wander off. 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 the door)

Sex police! Open up!

After a moment, 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. STIFLER'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Kevin are coming down the stairs.

KEVIN

(snapping)

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

(CONTINUED)

JIM

You gotta admire the guy, he's pretty smooth.

KEVIN

Shut up.

They turn the corner into the kitchen.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

KEVIN

Man, I just gotta get laid already! This blowjob thing 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

Sure.

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. STIFLER'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. He stumbles over a body. It's Kevin.

KEVIN

Ow, what the hell?

JIM

Morning, honeybuns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk over to the other side of the room. French is sitting on the couch.

FRENCH

Greetings and salutations, compadres.

JIM

French! Where the hell were you last night?

FRENCH

Miscalculated my entrance. I was aiming for "fashionably late." Instead, I got "too late."

JIM

You seem to do that every weekend.

FRENCH

Yeah. So I polished off a bottle of cognac.

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

KEVIN

Feeling better, Zy?

ZY

I'm such a loser.

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.

(CONTINUED)

JIM  
You did it.

SHERMAN  
Fellas, say goodbye to Chuck 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  
No shit, I'm never gonna get laid. How the hell am I gonna become this Mr. Sensitive Man?

JIM  
Jesus, we're all gonna go to college as virgins. They've probably got special dorms for people like us.

A long beat as they give this serious consideration.

KEVIN  
Alright, I got an idea. But it stays between us. Agreed?

They do.

KEVIN (cont'd)  
Okay. It's a really simple idea. We make an agreement -- no wait, more than an agreement.

JIM  
Like a bet?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

No, a pact. No money involved. This is more important than any bet could be.

FRENCH

If it's going to be some fraternal bonding, lick your best-friend's testicles thing, I'm not in.

They all just look at him.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

Or anything involving mud. Or egg rolls.

A beat.

ZY

Dude, what the fuck are you talking about?

KEVIN

(interrupting)

Guys, guys -- you're ruining my moment. Now, here's the deal. We all make an agreement. Here. Now. I say this: We all get laid before we graduate.

ZY

Dude, what's the difference? It's not like I don't try to get laid anyway.

KEVIN

This is different. This is better. Think of when you're working out, Zy. You need a partner, someone to spot you. Someone to keep you encouraged. Someone to keep you motivated.

Zy nods, getting into it. Kevin smiles and continues, arms outspread.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

That's what we are. We keep each other on track. All for one and one for all. We stand together, as one voice, and say, "We will not go quietly!"

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

No longer will our penises remain flaccid and unused!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



KEVIN (cont'd)

Today, we fight for every man out there who isn't getting laid when he should be! This is our day! This is our time! And, by God, we're not gonna let history condemn us to celibacy! We will make a stand! We will succeed! We will get laid!

Kevin puts his hand out in front of him. One by one, the guys pile their hands on top, in between them -- it's a pact! They break with a CHEER. Woo-hoo!

STIFLER

(coming down the stairs)

What is this shit?

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

JIM

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

Stifler starts retching and runs back upstairs.

INT. YESTERDOG - DAY

A small, nostalgia-themed dive. The guys are finishing up breakfast. Hot dogs & eggs.

Zy is pitching pennies and nickels at the "Tip Target" behind the counter -- it's basically the end of a baritone, attached to a tube, leading to a bucket. Zy mostly misses. Change is littered on the floor below it.

KEVIN

Now, the sex -- it's got to be valid, consensual sex. No funny stuff, and no prostitutes if you were thinking about that, French.

French gives a wistful "Who, me?" He's surgically cutting his hot dog into bite-sized morsels.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

So, I'm thinking prom is basically our last big chance.

ZY

Dude, prom sucks.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

I know, but think about it -- At the parties that night. Chicks are gonna want to do it.

JIM

Yeah, it's like tradition or something.

KEVIN

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

JIM

(calculating)

Nineteen days.

KEVIN

Alright then. It's official. Any questions?

There are none.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Gentlemen, may the best man -- best men -- score.

And from this, we go into our STRATEGIZING FOR SEX MONTAGE:

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin holds the phone. Jim slaps down the yellow pages, pointing to a "Floral Delivery" listing. Kevin dials.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Kevin, Jim, and Zy are pooling a few dollars together, which Kevin takes. They part ways.

INT. EAST HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

French is unpacking his lunch. He carefully unfolds a napkin to reveal a sandwich, crust removed. Other than that, he's doing absolutely nothing.

INT. EAST HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

Kevin holds a copy of the HOLY BIBLE. We see he's in the "Religion" section. Surrounded by piles of different bibles. No luck. Miffed.

INT. ZY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Zy is watching the Lifetime Channel. Martha Stewart is demonstrating how to paint pottery with a household sponge.

INT. EAST HIGH - VENDING MACHINES - DAY

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

INT. EAST HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

French pulls out a small mustard packet. He neatly snips the end with scissors. Then rolls the packet, like a tube of toothpaste, economically dispensing every last bit of mustard.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Kevin, Zy, and Jim are closely gathered around Kevin's locker. Kevin has a 36-pack of condoms -- he's splitting them between the guys. Jim takes his with enthusiasm.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

And THE MONTAGE COMES TO AN ABRUPT END with a KNOCKING.

JIM

Shit.

(shoving the rubbers into his  
night table)

Just a minute!

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

JIM'S DAD

(trying not to look inside)

Can I come in?

JIM

Yeah, sure.

JIM'S DAD

You're not...busy?

JIM

Dad, Jesus, come in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jim's Dad reluctantly enters, carrying a brown paper bag. 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. From father to son.

Jim looks at the bag. Uncomfortable. Hesitantly, he takes it. Slowly, dreadfully, he pulls out a PLAYBOY.

JIM  
Uh...dad...

Jim's Dad is doing his best to be the good father. He sits down next to Jim.

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 GARTERS N' HEELS.

(CONTINUED)

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Now this one here is more fetish oriented.

(chuckles)

Don't tell her I told you, but it's the sort of kinks your mother and I enjoy.

He winks. 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.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

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

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

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Angela is nearby. She's overheard.

ANGELA  
Ah, 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  
Do you love her?

Kevin squirms.

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

(CONTINUED)

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".

Suddenly Stifler comes running up, breathless.

STIFLER

Dickhead! You gotta see this.

INT. EAST HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The VOCAL JAZZ GROUP is practicing, singing one of those doo-wop, Acapella 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, really trying to get into it. Smiling, doing little dance steps, waving to various choir girls.

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

JIM

This is unexpected.

STIFLER

What did you cocks do to him? Shit, if Coach Barnes sees this, he'll kick Zy off the team on principle alone.

KEVIN

Uh, Zy's trying to get "in touch with his feelings."

STIFLER

Feelings? Shit, the only thing that guy needs to be feeling is poontang.

JIM

Yeah! ...So, like, what does uh, poontang feel like?

KEVIN

Jesus, Jim, you don't know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STIFLER

Oh man, that's sad.  
(knowingly, in Jim's ear)  
Just like warm apple pie, dude.

JIM

Really? Like McDonald's or homemade?

They just look at him. The song finishes. Stifler jumps up, about to run down to Zy.

KEVIN

(grabbing Stifler)

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.

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

ZY

Hey, guys!

KEVIN

What did she say to you?

ZY

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

STIFLER

Well, I think you suck. Now get your head out of your ass.

ZY

(offended)

Dude, back off.

Stifler is shocked.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - LATER

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

KEVIN

This is your plan, Frenchie?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FRENCH

Yep.

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

KEVIN

This. Right now.

FRENCH

Uh-huh.

He finishes the paper. Pulls a thermos out of his backpack. Takes a sip. Kevin and Jim look very confused.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

(off their looks)

Mochaccino.

(then)

Actually, in the spirit of the pact, I do need to ask for your cooperation in one small matter.

KEVIN

Of course, French. What?

FRENCH

Just agree.

KEVIN

I said I'd help.

FRENCH

No. Agree. Better yet -- don't contradict.

Jim and Kevin are baffled.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

You'll get it later. Gotta go.

JIM

Gotta go? Just like that? What, you gotta take a big dump or something?

FRENCH

No. I don't do that at school.

JIM

Ever?

FRENCH

Never.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM  
You've never shit at school.

FRENCH  
Nope. See ya.

He exits. Kevin and Jim stand there, dumbfounded. An  
ENTHRALLED GIRL approaches.

ENTHRALLED GIRL  
Uh, guys? Was that Steve French?

KEVIN  
Yeah.

ENTHRALLED GIRL  
Wow. He doesn't mess with you guys, huh?

JIM  
Uh -- what?

ENTHRALLED GIRL  
(almost whispered)  
Is it true they want to try him as an  
adult?

KEVIN  
(obligatory, confused)  
They want to...yes?

ENTHRALLED GIRL  
Woah. Does he have a date for prom yet?

JIM  
Not that we're aware of.

ENTHRALLED GIRL  
No way!

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

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

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin is on the phone.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)  
Say that again, Kevin?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

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

INTERCUT WITH

INT. SUSHI BAR - DAY

Kevin's brother is on his cell phone. A SUSHI CHEF prepares food behind the counter.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Orgasm?

(to sushi chef)

Spicy tuna hand roll.

KEVIN

What? All I meant was, 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?

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, this book that some guys bought back in the early eighties. What to do with your tongue, things like that. And each year, it got passed it on to one East student who was worthy of it.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Flips up the bottom of the shelf. Slides it out.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.) (cont'd)

The only rule is that you have to return it at the end of the year. 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.

Kevin carefully pulls it out. Reverently flips through it. Full of details. Explicit diagrams. Anecdotes. And atop each handwritten page is a year, indicating the date it was added.

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)

Warm apple pie...

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

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

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's studying this book, we'd have a nation of geniuses. He's scrutinizing it. Turning it sideways and upside down as if trying to decipher cave paintings.

INT. EAST HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - DAY

The Vocal Jazz Group is practicing. Heather stands out front, singing a cool solo.

Then Zy steps out, solos a few lines, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rehearsal starts wrapping up.

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?

HEATHER  
That, and there's the State Competition. We compete against other choral groups, it's like the weekend before prom.

ZY  
The weekend before prom?

HEATHER  
Yeah. We're looking like we could take the championship this year. At least, 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, 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

ZY

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

HEATHER

Oh, I'm not laughing at you. I'm laughing at whatever that is stuck in your teeth.

Zy is livid. He quickly covers his mouth, rubbing at his teeth. Heather is cracking up.

HEATHER (cont'd)

You are a sucker!

After a moment, Zy gets it and laughs with her, somewhat surprised at his own reaction.

EXT. EAST HIGH - DAY

Kevin is walking home with Vicky. He's a couple paces behind her, almost tagging along.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

I was being selfish. And majorly insensitive. And I'm a total idiot.

Now she's cracking a little smile.

VICKY

I think "shithead" really says it.

KEVIN

Yes! I'm a complete shithead! And I want to try to make it up to you.

VICKY

How?

KEVIN

Well, for starters -- Give me five minutes, some privacy, and you.

Vicky stops walking. Looks at Kevin. Considers.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

VICKY

Oh...ungghhhhh!

KEVIN

Shhhh. Your parents are downstairs.

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 titled "The Satin Buzzsaw."

Kevin ducks down for a moment to consult the book.

VICKY

(trembling whisper)

Oh, Kevin, don't stop!

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.

(CONTINUED)



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 Vicky, and back again.

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - DAY

VICKY'S MOM is straining some pasta. Behind her, on a desk, we see a parental shrine to Vicky -- her senior portrait, National Honor Society certificate, a report card.

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

VICKY'S DAD is on the couch reading the paper. He gets up with a GRUNT.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

KEVIN  
Vick, shhh.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky is going off like fireworks. Kevin watches with pure amazement. He proudly tucks The Bible in his backpack.

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Vicky's mom is setting the table. She looks up as Vicky's Dad enters.

VICKY'S DAD  
She's coming.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jim opens his door to find his dad is standing there, back turned to the door, pretending to be examining the family portrait hanging in the hallway.

JIM  
(a little embarrassed)  
Hey, dad. Did you knock?

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

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

Jim can only shrug in response. He goes into the hall and looks at the portrait. A beat.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)  
Son, I wanted to talk to you about what I think you were trying to do today.

Jim's face drops, seeing his death unfold.

JIM'S DAD  
(continuing 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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. What you're doing 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!"

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

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

Ho-ho, Jim. There's nothing to be ashamed of. Hell, I'm fifty-two, and I still enjoy masturbating as much as I did when I was seventeen.

Nauseated and entirely disoriented, Jim tries to stumble back into his room. He SMACKS the doorframe. Keeps going, slamming the door behind him. A beat.

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, but I don't want to see it again. Stay dedicated to the game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZY

Sorry, coach. We'll make it to the finals though, right?

COACH BARNES

Damn right, two weeks, you ready?!

ZY

Yeah!

(then)

That's the weekend before prom? You know there's a choir competition that same day?

COACH BARNES

What the fuck are you talking about?

ZY

(laughing, agreeing)

Ah, nothing!

Zy turns 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 watched 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, there's nothing like it. 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

HEATHER  
Come on! I won't tell.

ZY  
Neither will I. So 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, Stifler runs up, sweaty and excited.

STIFLER  
Hah! Forest Hills sucks!

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

Stifler suddenly notices that Heather is standing there.

STIFLER  
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

STIFLER

(musing, to Heather)

Huh. I guess you'll be paying for the limo then.

ZY

Fuck you Stifler. Nice turnover at the end of the first half, there.

STIFLER

Alright, okay. Hey, don't forget -- my cottage after prom. On Lake Michigan.

(then)

Okay. Go back to girlie-time.

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. EAST HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

English class. The TEACHER is wrapping up a lecture.

TEACHER

So once Hal becomes king, he has to take on the responsibilities of leadership, and turn his back on his old, drunken friend, Falstaff. You see, Hal was going through a rite of passage, much like you all are. Make the most of the time you've got left together. You'll miss it later.

(CONTINUED)

Jim, Kevin, and Zy sit in the back of the classroom in one corner.

KEVIN

I think I'm getting there. I mean, one more orgasm, and Vicky's gonna want to do it.

The BELL RINGS. Sherman passes by.

SHERMAN

Still questing after the holy grail, eh guys?

He CHUCKLES and exits.

JIM

Hey, where's French?

KEVIN

Skipped class. 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.

He taps a passing RANDOM CUTE GIRL on the shoulder.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Excuse me. Do you know who Steve French is?

RANDOM CUTE GIRL

Of course! Hey, you guys have seen him in the locker room, right?

KEVIN

Yeah.

RANDOM CUTE GIRL

Is he really...long?

A beat. Blank stares.

KEVIN

I have no idea, French showers in a bathing suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She goes on her way. The guys are at a loss.

ZY

Okay, dudes, what the fuck was that?

KEVIN

I have no idea how he's doing it.

JIM

Damn impressive.

KEVIN

It is. And that leaves you trailing, Jim. You gotta get your act together.

JIM

(a little aggravated)

Yeah, I know. I'm working on it.

Jim turns around -- to find Nadia is standing right in front of him. Jim says nothing. Stuck. Staring. Zy elbows him. Jim gives a startled GRUNT.

JIM

Er...hi.

NADIA

You are very good in this class, yes?

JIM

(gulps)

Me? Yes. No. Yes.

NADIA

Good. Perhaps you can help me with my studies?

JIM

Really? Uh, sure! How about we study after school?

NADIA

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

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Jim, Kevin, Zy, and Stifler walk down the hall.

(CONTINUED)



STIFLER

Well jingle-jangle my dingy-dong! You're gonna have a naked eastern-European chick in your house, and you're telling me you're not gonna take advantage of that?

JIM

What am I gonna do, stand there and watch?

STIFLER

No -- no wait, I got it. You still have that little camera jobby that hooks to your computer, right? There you go. Turn the thing on, make sure she uses your room to change, and -- showtime! She won't know what the hell the thing is, you can't tell.

JIM

Oh, no way, I can't do that to her.

STIFLER

Dammit, Jim, get some fucking balls. If you don't have the guts to photograph a naked chick in your room, how are you ever gonna sleep with one? Now all you gotta do is set up some sort of private link on the net, and email me the address.

The guys ponder this.

KEVIN

You can send me that address, too.

EXT. EAST HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY

After school. Heather pulls up in her Jetta, where Zy is waiting for her. She gets out of the car, carrying a couple Cokes and two Blimpie sub sandwiches.

ZY

Nice car.

HEATHER

Thanks. I ran out and grabbed us something to eat.

Zy's got his eye on the subs. A little uneasy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You like Blimpie? I wasn't sure what to get you.

ZY

No that's -- that's fine.

HEATHER

Cool. I told the old guy working there to make you whatever he thought was best.

ZY

Uh-huh.

HEATHER

(sensing something's up)  
What?

ZY

Nothing.

HEATHER

Alright. Turkey bacon club okay?

ZY

Actually it's my favorite.

They enter into the back door of the little auditorium.

INT. EAST HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - CONTINUING

HEATHER

Cool. You know, John, I still don't know why you joined the choir. I mean, you've been on the lacrosse team for the last four years, and a month before school's out you decide to come sing with us?

ZY

I used to sing as a kid.

HEATHER

Really? You know, there's more to you than you let on. You're like an enigma.

ZY

What? How? Gross.

HEATHER

...enigma, John. Not, uh,  
(laughing)  
enema!

(they both laugh)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER (cont'd)

Anyhow, I'm glad you joined. With you singing, we're gonna kick ass at the state competition.

ZY

Heather, I'm not that good, you don't need me.

HEATHER

Are you kidding? You're awesome.

ZY

(smiles)

Really? Nah, come on, I look like a dork.

HEATHER

Why would you look like a dork?

ZY

Well, choir isn't exactly the coolest thing for me to be doing.

Heather is taken aback.

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 Stifler and those guys. And then I see you in here, and I know you're really enjoying yourself, but I have a feeling you don't go around bragging about choir.

ZY

Sure I do. I tell everyone 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

I do.

(changing the subject)

Wanna hammer out the bridge?

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim is working at his computer, setting up the QuickCam.  
Stifler'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."

Jim 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 frame. He's adjusting the camera.

KEVIN (cont'd)

There we go.

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.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

STIFLER'S YOUNGER BROTHER, 12, a monster, is tugging at Stifler, who sits at the computer, watching Jim's room.

STIFLER'S BROTHER

Brian! Brian! It's my computer and I wanna use it!

STIFLER

Shut up and watch this, you turd, you might learn something.

We see Nadia walk into Jim's room.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

Nadia has a duffel bag slung over her shoulder.

JIM

So you need to change, right?

NADIA

Do you mind? This fabric is so uncomfortable.

She sets her duffel on Jim's bed.

JIM

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

Jim exits, closing the door behind him.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

KEVIN

We have liftoff.

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.

JIM

Be back in a sec!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He practically crashes through the door on his way out.

JIM'S MOM

Jim? Honey, where are you going?

She turns and looks at her husband. Both perplexed.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim runs like hell.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Nadia unzips her duffel, pulling some clothes out.

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 slipping out of her leotard.

JIM

Yes!!

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

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.

And...yes! Nadia peels off her sportsbra. Supple breasts. The guys are awestruck.

ZY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

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

INT STIFLER'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Stifler's Brother is awestruck.

STIFLER'S BROTHER

This is like the coolest thing I've ever  
seen.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

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 night  
table.

JIM (cont'd)

Hey! You can't touch my stuff!

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

JIM (cont'd)

Oh no no no.

She pulls out the stack of porno magazines.

KEVIN

Nice collection there, Jim.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

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

ZY

Yes! Dude! This is your chance!

JIM

But, but -- what would I do?

KEVIN

Anything! 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.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim leaps over a row of bushes. Wipes out. Gets up and keeps running.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUING

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

JIM

Hey mom hey dad!

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

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Jim stops outside his door, catching his breath. 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? Sherman!? ...Yeah, how did you know?

INT. SHERMAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Sherman sits in front of a computer.

SHERMAN  
(into phone)  
Jim must've addressed that email wrong.  
It went out to every mailbox in the East  
High directory. God, how juvenile.

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

A COMPUTER NERD, 14, is at his computer. Watching NadiaVision. Mouth open. Braces shining.

INT. STONERS BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

A GROUP OF STONERS log onto the page.

STONER #1  
Whoa.

STONER #2  
Kind.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Jim still waits outside his bedroom door. Takes a deep breath. Looks upwards to the sky.

JIM  
Please, God. Let this be it.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN  
He's going in!

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY

GUY #1  
There's somebody going in there!

INT. STONERS BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

STONER #1  
Hey, I think I know that dude.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim stands there, bewildered. Nadia hasn't noticed him, eyes closed, still pleasuring herself. Jim stands there, watching, faltering. Gathers his courage. Finally, he rolls his eyes and says --

JIM  
Looks like you could use an extra hand.

Nadia's eyes flash open.

NADIA  
Jim!

She scrambles to cover herself with the sheets.

JIM  
Wait, Nadia, don't.

She stops. Looks him over. Gets it.

NADIA  
(mock-surprise)  
James! You have come in here on purpose?!

JIM  
Well...uh...

NADIA  
Shame on you!

JIM  
Uh...yeah...sorry.

NADIA  
Well. You have seen me. Now it is my turn to see you. Strip.

JIM  
Strip?

(CONTINUED)

NADIA  
Yes, slowly.

Jim sneaks a nervous glance over to the QuickCam.

JIM  
You mean like, strip strip?

NADIA  
(irrestistably sexy)  
For me?

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY - SAME TIME

ZY  
What do you think they're saying?

KEVIN  
No idea.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

Nadia leans over to Jim's clock radio. Turns it on. We hear COUNTRY MUSIC. She flips the dial, and we hear A FEW STATIONS FLIP BY. Then a DRIVING, EURO-TECHNO SONG.

NADIA  
Perfect.

She turns to Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Uh...

NADIA  
Move with the music.

JIM  
Um...okay...

He struts clumsily back and forth, trying to avoid the view of the QuickCam. Wiggles his arms, trying to reach for the QuickCam at the same time. He does not want to be seen here.

NADIA  
No, no, you must put your whole body into it.

JIM  
Nadia, I can't --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

Can't what? Do you not want to be with me? I wish to be entertained, James.

Jim nods eagerly. Concentrates on the music. Starts writhing to the beat. Like a hyperactive chicken. He begins pulling off his shirt.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

STIFLER

What the fuck is this?

INT. SHERMAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

SHERMAN

The horror, the horror.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

A GROUP OF GIRLS is watching.

INTERESTED GIRL

He's not bad.

DISINTERESTED GIRL

Yeah, but he's no Steve French.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim is into it now. Possibly the worst dancer in the world. No rhythm. No soul. He's swinging his shirt in a circle around his head. We see he's got the QuickCam in his sights. Jim lets go of his shirt, aiming for the camera. It misses, knocking a picture off the wall.

INT. STONERS BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

STONER #2

God, what a buzzkill.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

GIRL #1

Work it, baby!

They LAUGH and dance mockingly along with Jim.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim tugs off his pants, dancing and tripping on them.

(CONTINUED)

NADIA  
(turned on)  
More sexy, Jim, more sexy.

Jim is clearly excited by Nadia's prodding. He does some pathetically ridiculous move with his pants, sliding them around his chest and neck.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

Kevin and Zy are now completely sickened.

ZY  
Dude, this is disgusting.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim is straddled over a chair, grinding against the chair back, in his boxers and socks, having forgotten the camera.

NADIA  
(getting really turned on)  
More, more, you bad boy!

Jim starts spanking his ass as he gyrates.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

The guys are all trying not to watch, yet still drawn to the computer.

GUY #1  
Ugh...God...

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

NADIA  
Now! James, come to me.

JIM  
Oh yeah!

Jim dances 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. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

STIFLER  
This just got a hell of a lot better.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim's hand wanders up Nadia's leg. She does the same to him.  
Blows in 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. GIRL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The girls are LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY.

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

STIFLER'S BROTHER  
What happened?! What happened?!

STIFLER  
He blew it. Literally.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nadia is getting dressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

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

JIM

No, no, I'm not done! I've got reserves! Nadia, please please please. I'm begging you.

She sees the desperation in his eyes. Thinks about it. Smiles.

NADIA

I do like your dirty magazines.

Jim digs into the stack of pornos. Grabs SHAVED.

JIM

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

NADIA

Yes...James, it is knowing that those 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. Starts caressing his body.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN/ZY

Yes!!

INT. STONERS BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

STONER #1

Alright, dude!

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY

GUY #1

He's re-engaging!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A CHEER goes up as the guys CELEBRATE.

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 sliding 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. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY

ALL THE GUYS

(unison)

HOLY SHIT!

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim is stuck. Staring at Nadia. 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. GIRL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

The girls are LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY again.

GIRLS

Again?

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN

Not again.



INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

JIM  
No, not again.

NADIA  
(sighs)  
I am sorry, Jim. I suppose we will not  
be doing any studying now.

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

Nadia starts getting dressed. Jim is whimpering.

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.

JIM  
...okay.

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

EXT. EAST HIGH - DAY

Jim is walking up the steps into school. GIRLS LAUGH and  
point at him. GUYS applaud sarcastically. Jim pulls his  
coat up over his face like a fugitive avoiding the media.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Kevin and Zy catch up to Jim.

KEVIN  
Hey, minuteman.

JIM  
Shut up. You're supposed to be  
supportive.

ZY  
(earnestly)  
Dude, Kevin, he's right.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZY (cont'd)

You know there's not a single chick in the school that didn't see that thing. He's ruined.

JIM

Thank you, Zy, thank you very much.

KEVIN

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

JIM

No. Her sponsors here 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 without that part of the brain. I mean, I can't talk to girls. And when I do talk to them, I screw it up.

KEVIN

Yeah? Well on prom night next Saturday, while I'm getting laid, those excuses aren't going to do you much good.

JIM

Jesus, Kevin, you're not helping.

A nearby OLD JANITOR starts GUFFAWING at Jim as he walks by.

KEVIN

Maybe you can enroll in that Witness Protection Program thing.

They pass by a GROUP OF GIRLS, excitedly sharing gossip.

GIRL #1

He's got a tattoo on it!

GIRL #2

Really?!

(CONTINUED)

GIRL #1

Yeah, but you can only read it when he's fully aroused.

Kevin pops into their conversation..

KEVIN

Excuse me -- I'm guessing you're talking about Steve French?

GIRL #1

Yeah.

KEVIN

And who told you about him?

GIRL #2

(re: Girl #1)

She told me.

GIRL #1

Yeah, but I heard it from Greta.

INT. EAST HIGH - SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Kevin is talking to GRETA. She points offscreen.

-- Kevin is talking to SOME CHICK. Taking notes.

-- Kevin is talking to YET ANOTHER GIRL. We see that his notepad is a spiderweb of girl's names, all interlinked with arrows. They all point to one girl's name in the center of the page -- Angela.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

ANGELA

No comment.

KEVIN

No comment?! Are you kidding me?! I've never seen someone's image change so, so drastically!

ANGELA

Thanks. It was my idea.

KEVIN

What idea? Did you guys hook up or soemething?

ANGELA

Are you kidding? No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Then what the hell are you talking about?

ANGELA

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

(then)

French comes to me and says, "Angela, I need help with this, blah blah, etcetera." So I told him, pay me two-hundred bucks, and I'll tell a couple girls that you're dynamite in bed. So he did, and I did. Of course I embellished a little bit. Hey, did you hear that French almost killed a man in a bar fight?

Kevin is speechless.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

No? Damn, that one was my favorite.

KEVIN

I don't get it, that stuff really works?

ANGELA

Duh. Of course. Okay, remember that old commercial, where all those women start using the same shampoo because their friends tell them it's so good?

KEVIN

Yeah.

ANGELA

Well that was just shampoo. I made French out to be a damn stallion.

A nearby locker SLAMS closed -- revealing Stifler, who's been listening.

STIFLER

Shit, that's something cooler than I could have thought of. Fuckin' amazing plan, Ang. Shit, you do that for a loser like French, what'll you do for me if I pay you two hundred bucks?

ANGELA

I'd give you a decent haircut.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Stifler, mind your own business. Don't go screwing this up for French.

STIFLER

Moi? I love that skinny fuck.

Kevin doesn't look too certain.

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 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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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? I was  
at this --

JIM

(interrupting)  
What's your name?

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 Stifler's party  
afterwards? That would be so cool.

JIM

Whatever you want.

MICHELLE

Cool! We're gonna have so much fun!  
It's like this one time, at band camp...

INT. BLIMPIE SUBS - NIGHT

Zy is closing up the store. He looks up to see Heather at  
the door. A little embarrassed, he goes and opens it.

ZY

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

Stifler told me I'd find you here. I thought you might wanna run through the bridge.

ZY

Yeah...okay.

She enters.

HEATHER

Do you, what, work nights?

ZY

Uh...I fill in whenever my -- whenever that old manager guy needs time off.

HEATHER

Ah.

(then, realizing)

So you're like on call or something?

ZY

No. I just...he...uh...

HEATHER

What?

ZY

(sighs)

He's my dad.

HEATHER

Really? Cool, tell him his subs are the best.

ZY

Yeah?

(lightening up)

His subs are okay, but if you really want a good one, you gotta let me make it.

INT. BLIMPIE SUBS - NIGHT - LATER

The remains of a couple subs are on a table. Zy and Heather are finishing running through their song together.

HEATHER

Yes, we got it!

ZY

Yeah!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Heather surprises Zy with a hug. After a moment's hesitation, Zy finds himself hugging her back.

HEATHER

Yes! John, we're going to win the state competition, I know it.

ZY

Yeah...um...I hope so.

HEATHER

What, we're awesome?!

ZY

Heather...I've got this lacrosse game. It's like the finals, my last game ever at East, and you know, Forest Hills almost beat us last time, so we really have to just destroy them, and...

Heather is shocked. A thick beat.

HEATHER

You're saying you don't want to sing?

ZY

Don't worry, I'll stop by afterwards. The game is at Michigan State, too.

HEATHER

(hurt, angry)

What the -- John! I can't believe you're serious! What have you been thinking this whole time, these past few weeks?

ZY

I don't know, I didn't know it was so important.

HEATHER

Obviously not!

ZY

I gotta play, Heather. I get all this shit from coach that I'm not dedicated, I'm not trying, and...I gotta be there. Come on, it's just choir. It's just a song. We've still got the prom, right?

HEATHER

Whatever.

(CONTINUED)



She hurries out of the store. Zy looks confused, beaten. He collects the sub wrappers and throws them in the trash.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Jim sees Zy at his locker. Jim walks up to him.

JIM  
(unenthused)  
Well. I got a date for the prom.

Zy nods, taking books from his locker bummed.

JIM (cont'd)  
How's it going with Heather?

No response from Zy.

JIM (cont'd)  
Zy? Hello.

ZY  
What the fuck, I'm a lacrosse player.  
I'm going to U of Maryland on a lacrosse  
scholarship. Fuck this shit.

JIM  
(pat on the shoulder)  
Uh, yeah man, whatever.

Zy pulls out a lacrosse ball and slams his locker closed. He bounces it off the floor.

ZY  
Damn right.

INT. EAST HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

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

STIFLER  
Man, that Frenchie's got some reputation.  
For the next few minutes, at least.

KEVIN  
Oh no, Stifler, what did you do?

STIFLER  
You know how he doesn't shit in school?

Stifler pulls out an empty bottle of PRESCRIPTION LAXATIVE, maniacally LAUGHING.

INT. EAST HIGH - A BENCH - DAY

French is sitting on the bench, reading his paper. Kevin comes tearing around the corner and runs up to him.

KEVIN

French! Get to the bathroom! Now!

FRENCH

Easy, tiger. What's in there?

KEVIN

Just go!

FRENCH

Why is this?

KEVIN

You're gonna shit your pants!

FRENCH

Ha-ha.

KEVIN

French, listen -- Stifler slipped some sort of laxative in your Mocash-chino or whatever. It's fast acting. I mean really fast.

Suddenly, French cringes in a cramp. His eyes go wide.

FRENCH

(terrified)

Oh no.

French jumps up and sprints down the hallway.

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

We FOLLOW WITH FRENCH. We see Stifler down the hall, holding open the bathroom door like a pleasant doorman.

STIFLER

This way, sir.

French darts into the bathroom. Stifler LAUGHS hysterically.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

French leaps into a stall and slams the door behind him.

## INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

French has stopped. He's staring down at the toilet. It looks entirely uninviting. But he's straining, struggling, starting to dance around, moaning as he cramps up.

He grabs a length of toilet paper and lines the seat with it. Then another, and another. Sweat drips off his forehead.

FRENCH

Come on come on come on...

He's got the seat lined with at least three layers of toilet paper. Notices a spot where there's still bare toilet seat. He tears off one square of toilet paper, placing it on the spot. He steps back and looks it over, still wriggling to contain his bowels.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

Okay!

He unbuckles his pants. Sits down -- just as we hear someone enter the bathroom. French, still restraining, listens for a moment...only to hear the CLICK-CLICK-CLICK of heels.

## INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

The bathroom door swings closed to reveal the universal symbol for "Women." Stifler is there, LAUGHING even harder.

## 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. He grits his teeth, straining.

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

## INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A GROUP OF GIRLS is at the mirror, fixing their hair.

GIRL #1

He's got to be 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 he's worth.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

GIRL #3  
Can you believe he almost killed a man?!

GIRL #1  
Self defense.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Pure agony. French is sweating badly. Every muscle in his body is tensed. Tears stream from his fiercely shut eyes.

A gastric 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)  
Aaaaaaarrgghhh!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The girls at the mirror freeze -- and we hear what can only be the SOUND OF DIARRHEA exploding into a toilet bowl.

The girls run out SCREAMING and LAUGHING.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

French recuperates for a moment.

FRENCH  
(hesitantly)  
...hello?

No answer. He rips off a huge section of toilet paper.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. EAST HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

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

A HUGE SEMI-CIRCLE OF GIRLS, including the ones we have seen gossiping about him, 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 STATEWIDE 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.

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 tumbling, falling, losing the ball. Someone has checked him. He lays stunned on the ground, as other players scuffle to recover the ball.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH BARNES

What in the hell was that shit? Your mind isn't on the game! Again!

We see Kevin and Jim in the bleachers, CHEERING the team on.

JIM

That's okay, Zy! Come on, let's go East!

Forest Hills scores.

KEVIN

Ah, shit!

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

STIFLER

Nice going, dickhead.

COACH BARNES

Stifler, 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.

(CONTINUED)

COACH BARNES

This is it. This is your last chance to put forth your best effort. What I wanna know is, are you guys gonna look back on your days at East and be able to say, "I did what I had to do!"? Or are you gonna regret screwing it up for yourself?

A wave of realization washes over Zy. He stands up tall.

COACH BARNES (cont'd)

Now that's the attitude, Zykowski! We're just one point behind. So while we've still got a chance, you guys better make the most of what you've got.

Zy collects himself. Takes a deep breath.

ZY

Good luck, guys.

Zy sets his lacrosse stick down.

COACH BARNES

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

ZY

Sorry, coach.

Coach Barnes is fuming. The entire team is staring at Zy.

COACH BARNES

What the shit are you doing?! What the fuck are you thinking?! Dammit, Zy! Get your head together! You aren't making any God damn sense! You're like, a, a --

ZY

(interrupting)

Coach, the word is "enigma."

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, still in his lacrosse gear.

CHOIR GUYS

Zy -- You're back -- Yeah --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 pulls her close. And they kiss.

CHOIR TEACHER

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

Zy and Heather share a smile.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY

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

STIFLER

Maybe he's not coming back.

INT. MUSIC HALL STAGE - DAY

The choir is belting their hearts out. Zy sings with them -- still in his lacrosse pads. He and Heather sound great, backed by the choir. They sail through the bridge, join hands, and finish perfectly. The lights on stage go down as the audience APPLAUDS with enthusiasm -- and we see Kevin and Jim WHOOPING and CLAPPING, loving it, like they're at a rock concert.

JIM

Yeeeeeeaaaaawwwwwww!

KEVIN

(international sign for "You fuckin' rule!")  
You fuckin' rule!!!



INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky is getting dressed. Kevin is again proudly stashing the bible in his backpack.

VICKY  
Just one week to prom, huh?

KEVIN  
Yep. We're in the home stretch.

VICKY  
Got your tux?

KEVIN  
(a little disturbed)  
Ah...actually, I've got one of my Dad's tuxes that my mom wants me to wear.

VICKY  
So? That's kind of cool.

KEVIN  
I don't know. It's his, I don't want to wear it.

VICKY  
Why not?

KEVIN  
Well, you know...who knows what he did in it. Or what happened when he was wearing it. I don't want to do -- or wear -- anything that might jinx things.

VICKY  
Kev, you're not gonna jinx things. Just cause your dad left...you're a good guy.

A long pause.

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

Kevin can't believe it...MUSIC UP for the PRE-PROM MONTAGE --

INT. TUXEDO LAND - DAY

Jim is trying on a tux. He shrugs, like it fits well enough. He turns to see Zy trying on his -- Zy is fidgeting, trying on different ties, vests, shoes, very sincere and focused.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky is trying on a rather elegant dress, looking to Angela for support, showing it off. Angela jokingly does the same, showing off her shorts and t-shirt, as if she could care.

EXT. EAST HIGH - A BENCH - DAY

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

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin is slowly slipping into his father's tux. He's staring at himself in the mirror. Uncomfortable.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Stifler pulls up in front of this glass-fronted store. Inside, closest to the window and facing it, we see a row of liquor. We stay watching from outside, as Stifler walks into the store, casually takes a fifth off the shelf, and walks right back out with it as though nothing happened. He gets in his car and drives away, with a TOOT of his horn and a wave to the inattentive CASHIER.

INT. TUXEDO LAND - DAY

Jim is paying for his tux. We see Zy trying to decide on a cumberbun. There are about ten of them scattered around him that he's already tried.

EXT. EAST HIGH - A BENCH - DAY

French still sits. His head is cocked at a different angle.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (END MONTAGE)

Kevin is in his dad's tux, ready to go, checking the pockets. Surprised, he pulls a small note, folded in half, from inside the jacket. He stares down at it, afraid to open it.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

KEVIN'S MOM is waiting for Kevin as he comes down the stairs. She's very sweet, excited for him. Kevin looks distraught.

KEVIN'S MOM

Oh, Kev, you look so sharp.

KEVIN

I found this in it.

Kevin pulls out the folded paper. It's a tense moment.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN'S MOM  
...what's it say?

KEVIN  
I haven't read it.

KEVIN'S MOM  
Why not?

Kevin has no answer.

KEVIN'S MOM (CONT'D)  
You think it's from your dad?

KEVIN  
Who else would it be from?

A beat.

KEVIN'S MOM  
Are you afraid that it's from him?

KEVIN  
I just -- this is a big night for me,  
okay? I don't need anyone's advice, I've  
got my own plans, and I don't want  
anything to screw them up. And wearing  
dad's suit makes me...feel weird.

KEVIN'S MOM  
He never wore it.

KEVIN  
Huh?

KEVIN'S MOM  
He thought it was ugly.

A beat. Kevin looks down at the folded note in his hand.  
Opens it. Reads it. Blinks.

The note reads, "Inspected by No. 37." After a moment, his  
mom peers over and reads the note -- and the two LAUGH.

KEVIN  
(looking over the tux)  
What didn't he like about it?

KEVIN'S MOM  
Beats me. Don't worry about it--  
especially not tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN

So this is like, my tux.

KEVIN'S MOM

(laughs)

Sure.

Kevin and his mom share a smile.

EXT. EAST HIGH - NIGHT

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 slip a bottle of Captain Morgan's into his tux. A FLUSTERED GUY struggles to re-attach his dates' 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 the OBVIOUSLY DRUNK STUDENTS, slam-dancing with the obviously drunk Stifler in a corner. 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 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.

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

Kevin, Zy, Jim, and French are hanging out. French is drunk.

FRENCH

Okay. I'm here for your dumb...dumb meeting.

Sherman passes by.

SHERMAN

I'm on the offensive, boys. The Sherman Tank is going back in. We're deep in occupied territory, boys.

He motions to the Forest Hills Girl nearby. Holds up an empty cup, pointing to it, indicating he'll get her a drink. Sherman confidently walks of.

KEVIN

Alright, we're practically down to the moment of truth. How do you guys stand? Well, French, I know where you stand, but you can't use that as an excuse. Jim?

JIM

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

KEVIN

There might still be a chance there. Work it.

(then)

Zy, what's the word on you and Heather? Is there an opportunity there or what?

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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! 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, 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.  
Angela approaches. She's dressed well, but not lavishly.

ANGELA  
Hey, Frenchie. Wanna dance?  
French looks to Kevin. He shrugs. We FOLLOW WITH ANGELA AND  
FRENCH as they dance out onto the floor.

FRENCH  
How come you have no date?

ANGELA  
Blah. It's a hassle I don't need. And  
let me just clarify that you have no  
chance of scoring with me, French.

FRENCH  
No, of course not, don't be ridiculous.

ANGLE ON VICKY AND FOREST HILLS GIRL

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

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

FOREST HILLS GIRL

Yeah, we were up the whole night together. We had 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

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: Chuck 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 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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 it.

ZY

Yeah. He lied to all of us.

KEVIN

I mean, he was one of the reasons 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 was starting to ruin our friendship.

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

FRENCH

Kevin's right. This isn't over, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)



KEVIN

That's not what I was saying.

FRENCH

Doesn't matter. We've got to finish what we started.

JIM

Wait a second. Are you saying that the pact is on or off?

They all look at each other.

KEVIN

Let's find out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STIFLER'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

Stifler's mom got it in the divorce.

MICHELLE

It reminds me of this one --  
(changing thoughts)

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. Stifler finds this beer, right? And...

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Vicky are looking around the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 Stifler's Little Brother inside, grinning.

STIFLER'S BROTHER

Boo!

KEVIN

Hey! What the --

STIFLER'S BROTHER

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

KEVIN

No! Get out of here!

STIFLER'S BROTHER

(running out of the room)

Fuckers fuckers fuckers fuckers!

Stifler'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 kids partying.

ZY

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

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 Stifler can make fun of. And --

HEATHER

(interrupting)

Zy, it's okay, I know.

ZY

You called me Zy.

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, and speaks pensively.

HEATHER

Hmm. You know, that's  
(cracking up)  
really a shitty middle name!

ZY

(laughing)

I know, it sucks!

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

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The party rages in the rest of the cottage, but the kitchen is empty. STIFLER'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.

(CONTINUED)

FRENCH

Hey, Stifler's mom! Thank you for letting us have a great party.

STIFLER'S MOM

(dry)

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

FRENCH

I'm three sheets to the wind, ma'am!

STIFLER'S MOM

(deadpan)

I'm so happy for you. Takes the edge off, doesn't it? And where might your date be?

FRENCH

No date! Bathroom incident.

STIFLER'S MOM

Pardon me?

FRENCH

Nevermind. You have anything to drink?

STIFLER'S MOM

I believe the kegs are on the beach.

FRENCH

No, no, that's what the cretins drink. I mean alcohol, liquor, good stuff!

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

STIFLER'S MOM

All right. I've got some scotch.

French smiles. He's got an idea.

FRENCH

Single malt?

STIFLER'S MOM

Aged eighteen years.

(she gives him a look)

The way I like it. Why don't you get the glasses, second cupboard on your right.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

It's a great party. Stifler 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!

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. STIFLER'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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. STIFLER'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.

KEVIN

Of course I do.

(CONTINUED)



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. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

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

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!

JIM

(flat)

Okay, I get it.

(CONTINUED)

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. STIFLER'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!

JIM

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

FRENCH

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

STIFLER'S MOM

Why...thank you, Frenchie.

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

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Vicky. Silently doing it. Curious looks on their faces. 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. STIFLER'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:

-- A lamp gets knocked over and shatters.

-- A shoe flies across the room.

-- A pillow explodes in a cloud of feathers.

-- One of the legs on the bed breaks.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen door is closed, with a chair wedged under the handle. French and Stifler's mom are on the kitchen table.

STIFLER'S MOM

I had no idea you'd be this good!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRENCH  
Neither did I!

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Michelle going at it. Again, we HEAR but can't see them. The room is TRASHED. And as we PAN ACROSS the disaster area they've created --

JIM (O.S.)  
Holy shit! Are you gonna do what I think you're gonna do?

MICHELLE (O.S.)  
Don't you want me to?

JIM (O.S.)  
Oh yeah! Put it in your mouth!

MICHELLE (O.S.)  
Okay!

We hear her shifting around. She clears her throat. And then we hear "ON, WISCONSIN," WHISTLED ON A FLUTE, pipe through the room (it's a fight song, you'd recognize it). The rhythmic THUMPING of the bed sounds like a bass drum.

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. STIFLER'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 Stifler's Little Brother. Jaw hanging.

STIFLER'S BROTHER  
That was awesome!

Jim and Michelle are stunned.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

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

STIFLER

Ugh...oh no...

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

EXT. STIFLER'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.

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

ZY

Heather?

HEATHER

Yes?

ZY

I love you.

She gazes into his eyes.

HEATHER

I love you.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

French and Stifler's Mom are waking up. Stifler's Mom takes in the surroundings. French is smiling happily.

STIFLER'S MOM

Well. Merry Christmas, Frenchie.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - PARTY ROOM - DAY

Stifler is huddled in a corner. Catatonic.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 little dance, WHISTLING ON WISCONSIN.

INT. STIFLER'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. That was pretty much our last shebang. Graduation, and that's it.

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. You'll be in Chicago, I'll be at U of M.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Yeah.

VICKY

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

KEVIN

Are you saying...see other people?

VICKY

Yeah -- does that make you mad 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, let's hope.

VICKY

Huh?

KEVIN

I mean, that's kind of what I've been realizing. That nothing's perfect, so don't worry about it.

VICKY

Like, what you expect... isn't always what happens?

KEVIN

Yeah. But, you know what I'm thinking? You realize that, and it kind of frees you up. Knowing that you're gonna go through life, and you might not know how things are gonna turn out, but that's okay.

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)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN

What?

VICKY

Your little pact. Angela told me all about it.

(hits him lightly)

Way to go, Kev, you did it!

Kevin gives an embarrassed smile.

INT. YESTERDOG - DAY

The four, newly non-virgins munch on hot dogs. Zy, as usual, is pitching coins at the tip target, missing and hitting the wall with a LITTLE CLUNK each time.

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.

FRENCH

I'll tell you, I've learned one thing: women, like wine, get better with age.

(a beat)

Of course, I have no frame of reference for this comparison.

ZY

So. How do you feel now, Jim?

Jim thinks as he takes a bite of his hot dog.

JIM

I don't know. I feel weird.

KEVIN

Weird? I feel great.

(a pause)

Pass me a napkin.

JIM

I'm just glad we got it over with. Oh, sorry, Zy.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KEVIN

(to Zy)

So, 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.

ZY

You know what the coolest thing is?  
This, right now.

The guys keep eating, uncertain what to say.

ZY (CONT'D)

I mean, after this, everything'll be different.

JIM

After getting laid?

ZY

After high school.

KEVIN

Yeah, but we'll still be friends.

ZY

Fuck yeah we will.

JIM

Of course we will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRENCH  
(munching on a hot dog morsel)  
I might even start hanging out with you  
guys.

They LAUGH. We hear the door swing closed, and Angela enters.

ANGELA  
Hey, guys!

She comes over to their table. A brief, uncertain moment.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
So what's up?

The guys shrug. Angela picks up a nickel from in front of Zy, and whips it at the tip target. She nails it squarely with a PING. A beat, as the guys are impressed.

ZY  
Pretty good.

KEVIN  
Pull up a seat.

She sits down, with an intrigued look.

ANGELA  
Damn. There's something different about  
you guys today.

JIM  
Really?

ANGELA  
No. I'll buy you all some dogs, though.  
I've got two hundred bucks to spend.

They all LAUGH, and EXCITED CONVERSATION ensues. Kevin smiles with them...as a look of realization comes over him.

EXT. EAST HIGH - A BENCH - DAY

Kevin is finishing up his entry in the bible. The page that once read "'99" now says, "Make sure you mean it."

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

INT. EAST HIGH - PAY PHONE - DAY

Kevin is on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN  
(into phone)  
Hey. I got another question for you.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)  
What's that?

KEVIN  
Um...I'm sort of wondering about...love.

We hear Kevin's Brother CHUCKLE knowingly.

KEVIN (cont'd)  
What's so funny?

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)  
That's the next book, Kevin. That's the  
next book.

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...

FADE TO BLACK