

East Great Falls High

by  
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**NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE NUMBERS AND SOME "SCENE OMITTED" SLUGS. THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR THIS SOFT COPY.**

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

PAN across details in a bedroom...we see discarded shirts...pants...socks...and hear

**PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)**

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

**JIM (O.S.)**

Yeah, I'm the best, baby.

Now we see a TV...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 --

**JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

...oh -- that was a tit, tits...

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.

**PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)**

Give it to me! Yes!

**JIM**

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

Jim is, uh, physically involved with the scrambled babe. We TILT DOWN to see a small multimedia presentation next to Jim on his bed. "Cosmopolitan" is open to a sexy model...a yearbook is open to the "girl's swim team" section...and a dictionary next to Jim, open to the "Vagina" listing, accompanied by a big vagina diagram.

**PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)**

Don't you love my sexy body?!

**JIM**

I do, baby, I do.

He frantically looks around...and grabs a tube sock off the floor.

**PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)**

You're so big!

**JIM**

Yeah, that's right.

**PORNO-CHANNEL STUD (V.O.)**

(deep macho voice)

Ohhh, tell me you're a nasty girl!

Jim is thrown off.

**PORNO-CHANNEL STUD (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Yeahhh, you been bad, real bad!

**JIM**

Man, shut up!

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

**JIM'S MOM**

Hey, Jimmy. I just wanted to say sweet dreams.

**JIM**

Yep, okay Mom, 'night.

**JIM'S MOM**

(leans in to Jim)

Kiss goodnight.

Jim is revolted. Very reluctantly he gives her a kiss. She turns to leave, and notices the TV.

**JIM'S MOM (CONT'D)**

Is something wrong with the reception?

**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 (V.O.)**

**BLOW YOUR WAD ON MY TITS!!**

Jim panics as his mom reacts, shocked.

**JIM**

(choking)

Must...be...broken...

JIM'S DAD enters.

**JIM'S DAD**

What the heck 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 STUDD (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 Big Vagina Diagram, Jim with his shorts down, and a very strategically placed tube sock.

**JIM'S MOM**

Oh my God!

**JIM'S DAD**

Honey, why don't you let me handle this one.

He ushers her out. Jim's Dad is stuck there with his half-naked son. Horrible, awful embarrassment. A long, strained beat.

**JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)**

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 GREAT FALLS - DAY**

We see a Honda Accord drive by a sign at the city limits: "Welcome to East Great Falls, Michigan -- A Great Place To Be"

**EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - DAY**

The front of the school. KEVIN drives up in his Accord. He's a good-humored, good-enough-looking high school senior. VICKY rides shotgun -- pretty, smart, confident. She's holding a large, thick envelope, with a big "Vanderbilt" return address on it.

**KEVIN**

It's a big, thick envelope, Vicky.  
You got in.

**VICKY**

You think so?

She tears it open. Pulls out a course catalog, various forms, and a letter which she hands to Kevin.

**KEVIN**

"Dear Ms. Hughes. We're sorry, but after keeping you on the wait list for the past couple months, we've decided you are now rejected. Enclosed is a 100-page, full-color brochure on how rejected you are."

**VICKY**

Kevin, this is serious!

**KEVIN**

You got in.

Vicky SCREAMS in excitement, like a girl at a Beatles concert. Then she LAUGHS, and gives Kevin a big kiss and hug.

**VICKY**

I love you!

She hugs Kevin tighter -- as he looks a little frazzled, almost perfunctorily returning the hug.

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - MORNING**

Jim has met up with CHRIS OSTREICHER -- "OZ" -- a cocky senior with a football-player build. He cradles a ball in a lacrosse stick.

**OZ**

Illegal channels? Shit, if there's any channel that should be illegal, it's whatever that women's channel is. Lifetime Supply of Pantyhose, or some shit.

**JIM**

Yeah -- hey, did you see The Little Mermaid on TV the other night? That Ariel, whew.

**OZ**

She's a mermaid, dude.

**JIM**

(trumping him)  
Yeah, Oz, but not when she's on land.

**OZ**

She's a cartoon, dude.

**JIM**

A hot cartoon.

**OZ**

Is there anything you don't jerk off to?

**JIM**

C-Span?

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY**

Jim and Oz, now joined by Kevin, walk down the hall. Oz bounces the lacrosse ball off a locker, catching it again. Kevin speaks a little distantly, unnerved.

**KEVIN**

Then she said -- she loves me.

**OZ**

Oh shit dude, the L-word!

**JIM**

And you said...

**KEVIN**

Nothing, I just hugged her back.

**JIM**

You think she was serious?

**KEVIN**

I couldn't tell -- She could've meant like, "I love you grandma" or "I love you Vanderbilt."

**OZ**

Just don't bring it up, hang low, maybe she won't mention it again.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY**

The guys pass by a GROUP OF BAND DORKS, most notable of

which is MICHELLE, who proudly polishes her flute.

**MICHELLE**

And what we should do today, in band?  
Instead of playing our instruments  
regularly? We should play them  
backwards! That'll be so funny!

The Band Dorks LAUGH and agree, "hilariously" attempting to play their instruments from the wrong end. The guys shudder.

**OZ**

(to Jim)  
You guys got the Latin homework?

**JIM**

No -- Kevin, you?

**KEVIN**

(offended)  
Please.  
(then)  
We're all golden, we're college bound.  
I figured it out -- I can get a c-  
minus in every class, and it's not  
gonna make a difference. U of M, here  
I come.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALL NEAR POP MACHINE - DAY**

Vicky is talking with JESSICA, a friend of hers, getting a pop (we're in the Midwest now, gang) from the machine.

**VICKY**

Vanderbilt's not that far from U of M.

**JESSICA**

Yeah right.

**VICKY**

What? We both have cars.

**JESSICA**

Yeah but, no offense, you're talking about a post-high school, long-distance relationship, and you and Kevin haven't even done it yet.

**VICKY**

That's not why we're going out.

**JESSICA**

What the hell are you expecting him to drive to Vanderbilt for? Milk and cookies?

**VICKY**

Jessica! He'll drive there for me, and I'll drive to Ann Arbor for him. We're going to have sex when he's ready and I'm ready. It's got to be completely perfect. I want the right place, the right time, the right moment.

**JESSICA**

Vicky, it's not a space shuttle launch, it's sex. So did you do the physics write-up?

**VICKY**

(offended, a la Kevin)  
Please.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY**

Kevin, Jim, and Oz are still walking down the hall. PAUL FINCH, preppy, eccentric, is sitting on a bench.

**JIM**

There's our man.

**KEVIN**

Finch, you got the Latin homework?

**FINCH**

Non habeo. Canis meus id comedit.

The guys keep staring. A beat.

**KEVIN**

Whatever.

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

**STIFLER**

(yelling)

**NOVA!!**

**OZ**



Stifler!!

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

**STIFLER**

You coming to party tonight,  
Ostreicher, ya fuckface?

**OZ**

Depends if my date wants to stop by.

**STIFLER**

That junior chick?

**OZ**

Nah, gave her the Heisman. I'm  
working on something new.

**STIFLER**

Yeah right. I got an idea for  
something new. How 'bout you guys  
actually locate your dicks, remove the  
shrink wrap, and fuckin' use 'em.

**OZ**

Dude, it's gotta happen -- she's a  
college chick!

**STIFLER**

Bullshit. From where?

**OZ**

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

**STIFLER**

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

**OZ**

Dude, he does not.

**KEVIN**

Really, Stifler. He's the manager.

Oz 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.

Oz musters a little LAUGH.

**KEVIN**

(half-joking)  
Stifler, you're such an asshole.

**STIFLER**

Meyers, 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.

**FINCH**

Do you commonly grasp warm pieces of stool?

**STIFLER**

(momentarily puzzled)  
I do when I'm throwing them at your mom, you damn freak.  
(then)  
Alright then, see you guys tonight.  
I'll look for you in the No Fucking section.

The guys all take this little too seriously to have a comeback. Stifler just LAUGHS OBNOXIOUSLY as he walks off.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Kevin is on the phone. Hanging near his closet is a tuxedo. INTERCUT with KEVIN'S OLDER BROTHER -- 25, on his cell phone, traveling down a California road.

**KEVIN'S BROTHER**

You called me to ask me how to get laid?

**KEVIN**

What was I gonna do, call dad? I don't even know his number.

**KEVIN'S BROTHER**

Just dial 976-Asshole.

**KEVIN**

Yeah, well anyway...I thought you might have some advice, brother to brother. I mean, I think tonight she might, we might really, there's a

chance that -- you know.

**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?

**KEVIN'S BROTHER**

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

**INT. DOG DAYS - LATE AFTERNOON**

A small, nostalgia-themed dive. Despite the theme, CLASSIC ROCK plays. Kevin, Oz, Jim and Finch sit at a table. They munch on hot dogs piled high with condiments.

**KEVIN**

You ever hear of something called The Bible?

**OZ**

Once, in church, dude.

Jim is paging through Great Falls' equivalent of the LA Weekly.

**JIM**

Ooh, here's an easy one: "Attractive SWF, fun loving and a youthful mind seeks outgoing companion." Okay..."Attractive"...ugly.

**OZ**

"Fun loving" -- insane.

**KEVIN**

Unlisted age, plus "youthful mind," equals old.

**JIM**

No, "Charming" is old. "Older" is really old. "Youthful mind" is dead.

**FINCH**

Perhaps you should consider actually answering an ad.

**JIM**

Finch, you can be the one to date a nearly-dead insane chick. Eat your damn imitation hot dog.

**FINCH**

("for the hundredth time")  
This is no imitation. Removing the hot dog from the Ultradog yields a better dog. Behold -- Ultradog, no dog.

Finch displays the cross-section on his hot dog. It's all condiments. The guys react with rehearsed offense.

**KEVIN**

(checks his watch)  
Alright...I'm shooting for a nine o'clock ETA. Beer in hand by five after.

**JIM**

You can crash at Stifler's?

**KEVIN**

It's all good.  
(He pulls out some gum)  
Breath check.

He hands out a stick of gum to each guy, automatically skipping Finch, who pulls out a small, hotel-bottle of Scope. Gargles with it. Spits it into his drink cup.

**OZ**

(repulsed)  
Dude, I wish you wouldn't do that.

**KEVIN**

You got something up your sleeve for tonight, Finch?

**FINCH**

A foolproof plan, my friend. You shall see.

Oz has tuned into the song in the background -- "Blinded by the Light" [the original Springsteen version, not the Manfred Mann remake].

**OZ**

(sings along)  
And little hurly-burly came by in her curly-wurly, and asked me if I needed I ri-hide --

**KEVIN**

How the hell do you know all these random songs?

**OZ**

It's early Springsteen, dude, this is classic. This was before the cheesy remake.

**JIM**

This was remade? Into what?

**OZ**

(chiming in as the chorus hits)  
Bli-hinded by the light -- cut loose like a deuce, another runner in the night, blinded...

**KEVIN**

At least now I know what the hell they're saying.

**JIM**

So, does my hair look better --  
(flips a small lock of hair onto his forehead)  
like this, or...  
(flips it back up)  
like this?

**OZ**

Who cares?

**JIM**

Nadia does, that Czechoslovakian chick, she might be there tonight. Now, do you think she'd prefer --

(flips hair down again)  
Cool Hip Jim...  
(flips it back up)  
or Laid Back Jim?

**KEVIN**

The difference is so phenomenal, I  
can't decide.

**EXT. DOG DAYS - MAGIC HOUR - CONTINUING**

They exit the restaurant.

**JIM**

What about you? You're the one with  
the girlfriend and you're still  
stranded on third base.

**KEVIN**

You know, I've never got that shit.  
What exactly constitutes third base?

**OZ**

(holds up a couple fingers)  
Contact, dude.

**KEVIN**

Then where does a blowjob figure in?

They ponder this for a moment.

**OZ**

Shortstop. 'Course, you don't make it  
to third, and you're out.

**JIM**

So let's say you get there...what's  
uh, third base feel like?

**KEVIN**

Oh, man, that's kind of sad.

Jim shrugs, embarrassed.

**OZ**

Feels like warm apple pie, dude.

**JIM**

Apple pie...  
(then)  
McDonald's or homemade?

They just look at him. Finch hops on his scooter.

**FINCH**

Gentlemen, see you at the Bacchanalia.

He MEEPS his horn and buzzes away.

**INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

Kevin and Jim are drinking beers. Around them, students mingle and flirt. CHUCK SHERMAN comes up.

**SHERMAN**

What's up, fellas?

**JIM**

Hey Sherman. Scopin' the babes.

**SHERMAN**

Indeed. Some fine ladies here, boys. Confidence is high, repeat, confidence is high. Sherman is moving to DefCon Two, full strategic arsenal ready for deployment.

**JIM**

You've got something going?

**SHERMAN**

Did you see that Central chick? Brunette?

**KEVIN/JIM**

No.

**SHERMAN**

She's around. Seems that she's taken a liking to me. Fellas, it's time that she experienced -- The Sherminator.

**KEVIN**

Yeah, okay Sherman, whatever.

**SHERMAN**

I'm a sophisticated sex robot, sent back through time...to change the

future for one lucky lady.

**KEVIN**

Yeah man, right on!

Sherman saunters off into the party.

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

(shakes his head)

Hopeless.

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

**JIM**

Oh, shit! There she is. Nadia.

**VICKY**

You like her? Her sponsor family lives on my block. Why don't you talk to her?

**JIM**

What would I say?

**VICKY**

Just tell her what's on your mind.  
And smile, you've got a good smile.  
(then to Kevin)  
Come on.

**KEVIN**

(to Jim)  
Gotta go.

**JIM**

But --

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

JIM (cont'd)

Kevin, get back here!

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

**NADIA**

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



Jim smiles.

**JIM**

(barely)  
Yes.

**NADIA**

I thought so.

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

NADIA (cont'd)

So you are having fun?

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

NADIA (cont'd)

I said, you are having fun?

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

NADIA (cont'd)

Me too.

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

NADIA (cont'd)

Well...I am going to get another beer.  
You want one?

Jim strains to speak, through his smile.

**JIM**

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

**NADIA**

Okay.

She walks off. Jim SIGHS, completely relaxing, like a huge burden is now off of him. He wipes his brow. Then, realizing --

**JIM**

Oh, shit. No! Shit!

He pounds his head with his fist.

**EXT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

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

**MICHELLE**

We're here for the party?

**STIFLER**

What party? There's no party.

MUSIC blares from inside. A drunken HAND reaches through the door and ruffles Stifler's hair.

**PARTY GUY (O.S.)**

Stiff-lerrrr! Par-tyyy!!

The hand disappears back into the house. A beat.

**STIFLER**

Try the house down the street.

Stifler slams the door. The dorks wait a moment.

**BAND DORK**

Ring the bell again.

**MICHELLE**

Ringin' the bell is dorky -- let's just go in.

We hear a CLICK OF A DEADBOLT.

**INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Kevin and Vicky are on the bed, making out.

**VICKY**

Oh, Kev.

**KEVIN**

Vicky -- do you think, maybe...it's time for us to take the next step in our relationship?

**VICKY**

Tonight?

**KEVIN**

Yeah, it's such a perfect evening. Isn't this how you've always pictured it?

**PARTY GUY (O.S.)**

(yelling)  
Dude, my farts fuckin' stink!

**PARTY GUY #2 (O.S.)**

You reek like a fuckin' Yeti, dude!  
Go take a shit or something!

Kevin and Vicky exchange a glance.

**KEVIN**

Or not.

Vicky pushes him onto his back.

**VICKY**

Just relax.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Oz 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 Great Falls.

**OZ**

Great evening, isn't it?

**COLLEGE CHICK**

Sure.

**OZ**

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. Oz smiles confidently.

**OZ (CONT'D)**

Suck me, beautiful.

The College Chick backs off, confounded.

**COLLEGE CHICK**

What did you just say?

**OZ**

(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?!

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

**OZ**

Uh...you know, my friends call me Nova  
-- as in Casanova.

**COLLEGE CHICK**

You need some work, buddy!

She bursts into laughter. Oz is ill.

**OZ**

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

Seeing Oz's defeated expression, she collects herself.

**COLLEGE CHICK**

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

**OZ**

Like what?

She sees that he's lost. Almost feels 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.

**OZ**

...okay...

**COLLEGE CHICK**

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

**OZ**

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'.

Oz couldn't be humiliated any further.

**INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME TIME**

Oz is nursing a beer, having just told the story to Jim, Stifler, and some guys.

**STIFLER**

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

**OZ**

Shut the fuck up.

**JIM**

Hey, you did better than I did, Nova.

**OZ**

Oh that's really reassuring. And don't call me Nova anymore. I'm a fraud.

**STIFLER**

This is pathetic. I'm gonna find me a little hottie.

Stifler strides into another room.

STIFLER (O.S.) (cont'd)  
(yelling)  
Suck me, beautiful!

Oz wallows in his beer can, beaten.

**INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Vicky is pleasuring Kevin...you know.

**VICKY**

(brief pause)  
Let me know.

**KEVIN**

Okay, don't stop.

She resumes. A moment more -- and then Kevin is about to lose it.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Oh -- Now!

With awkward hurriedness, Vicky stops as Kevin frantically searches for a receptacle. He grabs a nearby cup of beer.

**EXT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH, BY THE KEG - NIGHT**

Insert -- A hand pumping up the keg. A fresh beer foams out into the cup.

**GUY #1**

There we go.

**INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Vicky is buttoning up her shirt. Kevin tentatively sets down the beer and buttons 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.

**SOPHOMORE**

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, 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.

**SOPHOMORE CHICK**

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

Stifler stops and SIGHS, 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.

**JIM**

What the hell? I should be able to  
talk to chicks. I'm articulate. I  
got a 720 on my SAT verbal.  
(starts listing off words)  
Copious. Verisimilitude.

A GUY SCREAMS upstairs.

**JIM (CONT'D)**

(unaffected)  
Intransigence.

A GIRL SCREAMS upstairs. The SOPHOMORE CHICK comes  
running through the kitchen. SCREAMING. And  
indeterminate stain is on her shirt. She bolts out the  
door and into the night. A moment passes.

**JIM (CONT'D)**

Regurgitation.

**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, what did you eat?

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

**KEVIN**

Stifler, how's the man chowder?!

Stifler barfs even more violently.

**EXT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH, BY THE KEG - NIGHT**

Jessica and Vicky are refilling their beers at the keg. Nadia waits patiently beside them with an empty cup.

**VICKY**

He likes it.

**JESSICA**

Of course he does. What about you? Have you just never had one with Kevin -- or have you never had one, period?

**VICKY**

I think I've had one.

**JESSICA**

Well that's a no. No wonder you're not psyched about sex.  
(starts filling Vicky's beer)  
You've never even had one manually?

**VICKY**

...I've never tried it.

**JESSICA**

Are you kidding? You've never double-clicked your mouse?

Vicky shrugs.

**JESSICA (CONT'D)**

Hell, just a pair of tight pants will set me off.  
(noticing Nadia next to them, she passes the tap along)  
Am I right or what, Nadia?

**NADIA**

(no bones about it)  
You are right. The hands are not always necessary.

**JESSICA**

(to Vicky)  
See?

**NADIA**

In fact -- I should teach you my own special method. I developed it myself at the ballet institute in Prague. You use nothing but the muscles of the inner thigh.

Nadia walks off.

**JESSICA**

No wonder she never pays attention in class.

Vicky nods, traumatized.

**INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER**

Kevin and Jim are looking at a PICTURE OF STIFLER'S MOM on the wall. Very attractive, late 30's.

**JIM**

Shit, I can't believe a fine woman like this produced a guy like Stifler.

TWO FRESHMAN GUYS are walking by as Jim says this.

**FRESHMAN GUY**

Dude! That chick -- is a MILF!

**FRESHMAN GUY #2**

What the hell is that?

**FRESHMAN GUY**

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

Suddenly, a bedroom door opens a couple inches. Sherman pokes his head out.

**SHERMAN**

(hushed, to guys)  
Don't you think you fellas could try a little tact? I've got company. Know what I mean?

In the bedroom in the background, we see the Central Girl. Sherman closes the door, leaving the guys there, dumbstruck.

**INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT**

Jim and Kevin are coming down the stairs.

**KEVIN**

(snapping)

Dammit! If Sherman has sex before I do, I'm gonna be really fucking pissed.

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

**VICKY**

Jessica, can you drive me home?

**JESSICA**

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.

**PARTY GUY (O.S.)**

Yeti! I am the Yeti!

**INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - DAY**

The next morning. The party is long over. Plastic beer cups and various bottles litter the house, but it's not trashed.

Jim is wandering around in a daze, holding his head. He stumbles over a body. It's Kevin.

**KEVIN**

Ow, what the hell?

**JIM**

Sorry, I thought you were dead.

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

**FINCH**

Good morning gentleman.

**JIM**

Finch! Where were you last night?  
What happened to the foolproof plan?

**FINCH**

I thought a fashionably late entrance  
would enhance my appearance.

(off their looks)

When I got here, the Bacchanalia was  
over and the nymphs had left.

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

**KEVIN**

Feeling better, Oz?

**OZ**

I'm such a loser.

**KEVIN**

That's the spirit.

We hear FOOTSTEPS coming down the stairs. It's the CENTRAL GIRL. She wears a "Central" sweatshirt. Sherman follows behind her. The guys watch in disbelief as Sherman and the girl speak hushed, intimately.

**SHERMAN**

(snippets of conversation)

...I'll never forget...thank you.

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

**CENTRAL GIRL**

Bye.

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

**JIM**

You did it.

**SHERMAN**

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

The guys are shocked and amazed.

**SHERMAN (CONT'D)**

I highly recommend you join the club.

**KEVIN**

I -- I don't get it, how the hell did  
you do that?

**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? This is just wrong.

**OZ**

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.  
Then, Kevin strides purposefully to the front of the  
group.

**KEVIN**

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

They do.

**KEVIN (cont'd)**

Okay. It's really simple. We

make an agreement -- no wait, more than an agreement.

**JIM**

Like a bet?

**KEVIN**

No, a pact. No money involved. This is more important than any bet. Now here's the deal: We all get laid before we graduate.

A beat

**OZ**

Dude, it's not like I haven't been trying to get laid.

**KEVIN**

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

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

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

That's what we are, we keep each other on track. Prior to this day, we've postured. We've procrastinated. We've pretended. We've -- well I can't think of other p-words, but we've probably done them too.

**JIM**

Pontificated.

**KEVIN**

(ignoring him)  
Separately, we are flawed and vulnerable. But together, we are the masters of our sexual destiny!

**JIM**

(kung fu voice)  
Their tiger-style kung-fu is strong; but our dragon style will defeat it!

**OZ**

(going on)  
The Sha-lin masters from east and west

must unite!

**KEVIN**

Guys, guys -- you're ruining my fucking moment here. Now think about it --

Kevin jumps up on a chair.

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

No longer will our penises remain flaccid and unused! From now on, 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 jumps down off the chair, and 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**

(wandering down from upstairs)  
What the hell are you losers doing?

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

**FINCH**

If I might ask, when you brush your teeth, do you spit or swallow?

Stifler tries to give a retort to Finch, but turns green and heads back upstairs.

**INT. DOG DAYS - DAY**

The guys are finishing up breakfast. Hot dogs & eggs.

**KEVIN**

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

Finch gives a wistful "Who, me?"

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

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

**OZ**

Dude, prom sucks.

**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**

Right. That gives us...

**JIM**

Exactly three weeks to the day.

They take this in with some trepidation.

**KEVIN**

Alright then. It's official. Any questions?

There are none. Kevin raises his Pepsi.

**KEVIN (cont'd)**

To the next step.

The guys raise their drinks.

**ALL**

To the next step.

They toast. And from this, we go into our **STRATEGIZING FOR SEX MONTAGE:**

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jim sits in the room as Kevin goes through the yellow pages. Finds a "Floral Delivery" listing. Kevin dials.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY**

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

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**



Oz is watching the Lifetime Channel as Jim looks on in confusion. A Martha Stewart-type thing where they pain pottery with little sponges. Oz looks dubious.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY**

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

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jim is fiddling with a small, golfball-like camera attached to his computer. The computer screen reads, "E-DATE: We Make Love Happen." As Jim fiddles with the camera, a window on the screen shows his real-time image. He clicks an onscreen-button labeled "FREEZE IMAGE" -- the image freezes, showing Jim with an awkward grimace. The screen reads, "IMAGE SENT."

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGHS - 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.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY**

Finch 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. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jim is on his computer. The screen reads "YOU HAVE 00 REPLIES." Jim is nonplussed.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY**

Kevin, Oz, and Jim are closely gathered around Kevin's locker, holding their backpacks open. Kevin holds a big shopping bag, which he turns over, and a box of condoms falls out. He hands it over to Jim...and we see that the guys' packs are full of various condom boxes.

**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**

(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, come in.

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 copy of  
**PERFECT 10.**

**JIM**

Uh...dad...

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

**JIM'S DAD**

Go ahead son, there's more.

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

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

**JIM**  
I know, Dad.

**JIM'S DAD**  
Oh, okay. Here's 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.

**JIM**  
Dad! I know!

**JIM'S DAD**  
Do you know about the clitoris?

**JIM**  
(through clenched teeth)  
Yes dad.

**JIM'S DAD**  
Sometimes it can be pretty hard to  
locate.

**JIM**  
(interrupting, hand up)  
Thank you, dad, I got it.

**JIM'S DAD**  
Okay, well that about covers it.

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'S DAD**

(beaten)  
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 GREAT FALLS HIGH - NEAR THE HALL OF FAME - DAY**

Kevin is trying to talk to Vicky.

**KEVIN**

Did you get the flowers?  
(no response)  
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. Jessica is nearby.  
She's overheard.

**JESSICA**

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**

What?

**JESSICA**

I'll give you a hint.  
(hot, orgasmic)  
"Ohhh, yeah, yeah!"  
(flat)  
Comprende?

**KEVIN**

You mean...and orgasm?

**JESSICA**

You got it, stud.

**KEVIN**

Well...I'm pretty sure I've --

**JESSICA**

(interrupts authoritatively)  
No you haven't.

**KEVIN**

But that one time --

**JESSICA**

(shaking head)  
No.

**KEVIN**

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

**JESSICA**

Do you?

**KEVIN**

Of course.

**JESSICA**

Do you love her?

Kevin squirms.

**KEVIN**

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

**JESSICA**

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, Jessica. If I say it, I have to be sure I mean it.

**JESSICA**

Well it's up to you. The Big L, or the Big O.

Suddenly Stifler comes running up, breathless.

**STIFLER**

Dickhead! You gotta see this.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - MOMENT LATER**

The VOCAL JAZZ GROUP is practicing, singing one of those doo-wop, Acapella love songs (i.e. "Love You Like I Do"). Singing with the group is none other than Oz. He's not doing too badly, but mainly he's checking out the various vocal jazz girls. Smiling at them, giving suave little waves.

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 Marshall sees this, he'll kick Oz off the team on principle alone.

The song finishes. Oz bounds up to the other guys.

**OZ**

Hey guys, you came to watch me in action?

**JIM**

Yeah, I think you sounded pretty good.

**STIFLER**

I think you need your balls reattached.

**OZ**

Keep it down, dude.

**STIFLER**

What the fuck are you doing here?

**OZ**

This place is an untapped resource. Check it out, dude, these vocal jazz girls are hot.

**ANGLE ON SOME VOCAL JAZZ GIRLS**

A few of the girls are gathering their stuff, one of whom is HEATHER -- conservative-looking, cute.

**VOCAL JAZZ GIRL #1**

Hey, we've got Conan the Barbarian singing with us.

**VOCAL JAZZ GIRL #2**

Maybe he'll crush some beer cans on his forehead.

**HEATHER**

I think he's got a nice voice.

**VOCAL JAZZ GIRL #1**

(ribbing her)

Go talk to him, maybe you can teach him how to read.

Heather shakes her head. BACK TO:

**STIFLER**

You dipshit, you're expecting to score with some goody-goody choir-girl priss?

**OZ**

Dude, watch me work. They go for sensitive studs like me.

Oz waves goodbye to a final choir girl.

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - LATER**

Finch is sitting on a bench, reading the paper, carefree. Kevin and Jim approach.

**KEVIN**

This is your plan, Finch?

**FINCH**

Yep.

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

**KEVIN**

This. Right now.

**FINCH**

Uh-huh.

**JIM**

You're just gonna sit there and drink your coffee?

**FINCH**

Mochaccino.

(then)

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

**KEVIN**

Of course, Finch. What?

**FINCH**

Whatever you hear about me, you agree.

**KEVIN**

What are we gonna hear?

**FINCH**

You'll see. Gotta go. Sixteen minute round trip.

**JIM**

Finch, don't you think it's about time you learned to take a dump at school?

**FINCH**

When was the last time you looked at the facilities here?

**KEVIN**

Fifteen minutes ago.

Finch shudders and walks away. Kevin and Jim stand there, dumbfounded. An ENTHRALLED GIRL approaches.

**ENTHRALLED GIRL**

Uh, guys? Was that Paul Finch?

**KEVIN**

Yeah.

**ENTHRALLED GIRL**

You guys have like, seen him in the locker room, right?

**KEVIN**

Yeah.

**ENTHRALLED GIRL**

Is it true that he's really...huge?

**JIM**

I have no idea. Finch showers in a bathing suit.



**KEVIN**

(forced)

No -- it's true. He is...really...  
big.

**JIM**

(loving it)

Yeah, enormous.

**ENTHRALLED GIRL**

Woah. Does he have a date for prom  
yet.

**JIM**

Definitely not.

**ENTHRALLED GIRL**

No way!

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

**KEVIN**

(dumbfounded)

Finch hasn't done a damn thing, and  
he's got girls lining up already.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Kevin is on the phone.

**KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)**

Say that again, Kevin?

**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?

The Sushi Chef looks up. Kevin's Brother turns away.

**KEVIN**

Yeah.

**SUSHI CUSTOMER**

(to Kevin's Brother)

What's good here?

**KEVIN'S BROTHER**

Try the spicy tuna hand roll.

**KEVIN**

What?! How do I do that?

**KEVIN'S BROTHER**

Uh -- forget that. Look, is that all you're interested in? Ways to get your girlfriend into bed?

**KEVIN**

Well, no. I think...I guess it would be good to be able to return the favor. I mean, it would be nice to know she enjoys things 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 GREAT FALLS 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 brought back from Amsterdam in the early eighties. What to do with your tongue, things like that. And each year, it got passed 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.

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)

You have to keep it a secret, and  
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 Indian 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. 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.

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

Then Jim becomes more curious. We can see the gears in  
his head start to turn. He looks down at the pie like

it's... well, not a pie.

**EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jim's dad gets out of his car, 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**

Jim?

**JIM**

It's not what it looks like!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Jim and his Dad sit in silence, opposite each other at the table. Jim stares into his lap, humiliated. Jim's dad is crushed. You've never seen such disappointment... but he's trying to keep his chin up for Jim's sake.

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, reading a book -- 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 GREAT FALLS HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - DAY**

The Vocal Jazz Group is doing a song. Oz is singing along, really making it look like he's into it. He closes his eyes, singing with even more enthusiasm. As the song ends, Oz continues just a moment more with his shtick -- a little, heartfelt vocal "scat" to tag the number. The thing is, it actually sounds really good.

Oz opens his eyes...to see the whole group -- especially the girls -- looking at him, somewhat awed.

The CHOIR TEACHER is a smartly-dressed black woman.

**CHOIR TEACHER**

What the hell was that?

**OZ**

Sorry.

**CHOIR TEACHER**

No, it was good.

**OZ**

Oh, well...

(noticing Heather looking at him, he acts "sensitive")

It came from the heart.

**CHOIR TEACHER**

Well then keep it coming.

(to everyone)

Alright, people, good work! Keep it up and we'll do great at the state competition.

Rehearsal wraps up, and Heather comes up to Oz.

**HEATHER**

Not bad, Chris.

**OZ**

(surprised himself)

Really? Hey, thanks -- Heather, right?

**HEATHER**

Yeah...so...you've got this sort of... Bobby McFerrin thing going there.

**OZ**

(no idea)

Yeah. Right, uh-huh.

(then, back into it)

I feel like I've discovered this whole new side of me. Music is so expressive.

**HEATHER**

(amused)

Okay.

(then)

I mean, I agree, but...aren't you supposed to be out, like, trying to decapitate someone with your lacrosse stick or something?

Oz "gets serious" at this.

**OZ**

Oh sure. I know what people think. It's like, Oz, he's just this kickass lacrosse player -- I also play football, by the way -- But that's like...not all that I am.

**HEATHER**

Of course, I didn't --

**OZ**

(cutting her off)

I mean it really bothers me when people try to pigeonhole me like that.

**HEATHER**

(sparking to this)

You? You think I don't get that? God, it's like just because I don't get drunk and barf every weekend, people say "Oh, here's this goody-two-shoes choir-girl priss."

Of course, this is what Stifler said about her. And for a moment, this catches Oz off guard.

**OZ**

Yeah...so like, what else do you do?

**HEATHER**

(offended)

Well the same things you do. Hang out with friends and stuff, you know, whatever.

(then)

What do you think I do?

**OZ**

(genuine)

I just -- realized that I didn't know anything about you. I was interested.

**HEATHER**

Oh...well that's okay. Cool.

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - DAY**

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

**KEVIN**

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

**VICKY**

I think "shithead" really says it.

**KEVIN**

Yes! I'm a shithead! I'm a complete and total shithead!

She cracks a little smile.

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

And I want to try to make it up to you.

**VICKY**

How?

Vicky stops walking. Looks at Kevin.

**EXT. VICKY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Vicky's perfect suburban home...as we hear VICKY MOANING IN ECSTASY.

**VICKY (V.O.)**

Oh...ungghhhh!

**KEVIN (V.O.)**

Shhhh. Your parents are downstairs.

**INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Tight on Vicky's face, in sexual bliss, writhing.

**VICKY**

Oh Kevin -- don't stop!

**KEVIN**

Just a second!

We see that Kevin is kneeling on the floor. Vicky's legs are to both sides of him -- he's ducking down, consulting

the bible, which is hidden beneath the bed. It's open to a page titled "The Tongue Tornado."

Kevin resumes, out of frame. Vicky goes nuts.

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

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

VICKY (cont'd)  
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 - KITCHEN - DAY**

VICKY'S MOM is straining some pasta. On the fridge, we see a collage in tribute 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 at the table 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**  
Vicky, shhh, you know there's no lock on your door.

**INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY**

Vicky's dad is trudging up the stairs.

**INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

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



**INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Vicky's dad approaches the bedroom door.

**INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

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

**INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Vicky's dad reaches for the doorknob.

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

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

**INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Jim's door opens...he winces...REVERSE to see Jim's dad looking at the family portrait of Jim's family in the hallway outside Jim's room, his back turned to Jim's door.

**JIM**  
Hey, dad. Did you knock?

Jim's dad continues to study the picture. A beat. Then he turns around, like he just realized the door was open.

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

Jim can only shrugs 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 the other day.

Jim's face drops, seeing his death unfold.

**JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)**  
(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.

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. It's like practice. Like when you play tennis against a wall. Some day, there'll be a partner returning the ball.

(a beat)

You do want a partner, don't you son?

**JIM**

(through clenched teeth)

Yes.

**JIM'S DAD**

That's great. Now remember, it's okay to play with yourself. Or, as I always called it --

(elbows Jim)

"Stroke the salami!"

(chuckles)

Ho-ho, Jim. There's nothing to be ashamed of. Hell, I'm fifty-two, and I still enjoy masturbating. Uncle Mort masturbates. We all masturbate.

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 Great Falls is battling Central. It's a rough game, muddy, brutal. We see Oz grunting and groaning, playing very tough.

On the sidelines, we see Heather has shown up. She's watching the game -- and is impressed as she watches Oz's agility and domination. Oz runs up the field, cradling the ball in his stick. A couple CENTRAL PLAYERS try to check him. Heather cringes with each impact, and is then excited to see Oz dodge his opponents.

Finally, Oz scores with a triumphant YELL. Heather CHEERS with the crowd as the EGF players congratulate each other.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

After the game. Oz sees Heather waiting for him on the sidelines. He's about to run over when COACH MARSHALL snags him --

**COACH MARSHALL**

Good work, Ostreicher.

**OZ**

Thanks coach.

**COACH MARSHALL**

You're a killer, Ozzy!

**OZ**

(trying to get away)  
-- Thanks, coach --

FOLLOW WITH OZ as he trots over to Heather, covered in mud.

**OZ**

Hey, what're you doing here?

**HEATHER**

Just enjoying my exhilarating first lacrosse experience. You like, "kicked butt."

A clod of mud falls from Oz's uniform onto Heather's skirt.

**OZ**

(brushing it off her skirt)  
Whoops, excuse me...

Oz wipes the mud from his hands. A beat. Heather has something to say that's not quite coming out.

**HEATHER**

Um...Chris --

**OZ**

You can call me Oz.

**HEATHER**

Do I have to?

**OZ**

You can call me Ostreicher.

**HEATHER**

What's your middle name?

**OZ**

Forget it.

**HEATHER**

Come on! I won't tell.

**OZ**

Neither will I.

**HEATHER**

Okay.

(pause)

So I had this...thought, and...this  
may seem like it's out of left field,  
and I don't know if you can, but since  
I'm not going with anyone --

Before she can finish, Stifler runs up, sweaty and excited.

**STIFLER**

Hah! Central sucks!

(noticing Heather)

Choir Chick? What the hell are you  
doing here?

**HEATHER**

Well, I uh, I was --

(decides to stand her ground)

I was asking Chris to prom.

(turns to Oz)

So do you wanna go?

Oz is surprised at her directness. Impressed.

**OZ**

Yeah!

**STIFLER**

Well, just don't expect Oz to pay for the limo.

**OZ**

Stifler, fuck --  
(noticing Heather, "sensitive")  
...man, you don't have to be so insensitive.

A beat.

**STIFLER**

What??  
(he dismisses it)  
Whatever -- look uh, don't forget -- my cottage after prom. On Lake Michigan.

Stifler joins some other LACROSSE BUDDIES.

**OZ**

Alright, cool. I gotta hit the showers, but...I think this'll be really good.

**HEATHER**

Yeah, me too, okay, cool.

They share a smile. Then Heather walks off towards her car. Oz trots off to Stifler and the other lacrosse guys.

**STIFLER**

My man Oz, working it with the choir babes?

**LACROSSE BUDDIES**

(cheering, slapping him)  
Yeah, go Oz! etc.

Oz laughs, embarrassed.

**OZ**

(pandering to them)  
Hey, you know, what can I say, I dig those cute little sweaters she wears.

**STIFLER**

I'll bet you do, you little horndog, she's givin' you fuckin' stiffies, right?

Stifler goes into what can only be described as the Spank-Me-And-Fuck-Me-Like-A-Whore-Dance.

**STIFLER (CONT'D)**

Yeah! Sing for me! yes!

The other guys LAUGH. Oz joins in, laughing in spite of himself. They all high-five.

And from the other side of the field, we see Heather peering over at them. Hardly believing it as Oz joins in the laughter.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS 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.

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

**OZ**

So does your tongue cramp up?

**KEVIN**

Nah, you get kind of dizzy though.

**JIM**

Wow, that's amazing, she's probably gonna want to do it soon.

Kevin shrugs as the BELL RINGS. Sherman passes by.

**SHERMAN**

Still questing after the holy grail, eh guys?

He CHUCKLES and exits. The guys stand up, exiting the classroom.

**JIM**

Hey, where's Finch?

**KEVIN**

Went home to shit.

**JIM**

I don't get it. How does a guy like that get this sudden reputation?

**OZ**

What reputation?

**KEVIN**

Observe.

He taps a passing RANDOM CUTE GIRL on the shoulder.

**KEVIN** (cont'd)

Excuse me. Do you know who Paul Finch is?

**RANDOM CUTE GIRL**

Of course! Have you guys seen his tattoo?

**KEVIN**

...Yes?

**RANDOM CUTE GIRL**

Is it cool? I heard it was like an eagle, blazing in fire and stuff.

**JIM**

(nods, loving it)  
Actually, it's an eagle and this big python.

**RANDOM CUTE GIRL**

Really?!

**JIM**

Yeah, see it's on his stomach, here, and the eagle -- the eagle is actually grasping the python in its talons, so the snake is like his --

**KEVIN**

(interrupting)  
That's good, Jim.

**RANDOM CUTE GIRL**

Woah, no way! That guy is so cool!

She hurries off to tell her friends. The guys exit the classroom.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - SENIOR HIGH LOCKERS - CONTINUING**

**OZ**

Okay, explain.

**KEVIN**

I can't, I have no idea how he's doing it. 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. Oz elbows him. Jim gives a startled GRUNT.

**NADIA**

You are very good in the world history class, yes?

**JIM**

(gulps)  
Me?

Jim looks over to Kevin and Oz, who excitedly give him encouraging looks and gestures.

**JIM (CONT'D)**

(trying to decipher the guys' signals)  
Yes. No. Yes.

**NADIA**

Perhaps you can help me with my studies?

The guys nod, "Yes! Yes!"

**JIM**

Okay...that would be cool sometime.  
(sees the guys gesticulating)  
How 'bout tomorrow?

**NADIA**

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



your place?

**JIM**

(barely, overwhelmed)  
I suppose that would be okay.

Nadia walks off. Jim collapses into Oz's and Kevin's arms, like a marathon runner at the end of a race. They pat him heartily in congratulations.

**EXT. RAST GREAT FALLS - SIDE OF SCHOOL - DAY**

After school. Oz is there as Heather pulls up in a new Saab.

**OZ**

Nice car.

**HEATHER**

I'm glad you think so.

**OZ**

You don't like it?

**HEATHER**

No, I like the car.  
(then, direct)  
By the way, though, about prom? That was like a bad idea. Sorry I invited you.

She hastily walks towards the school.

**OZ**

What?!

**HEATHER**

Oh, please. I asked you because I thought you might actually be worth going with. But you are just a jock. No wait. You're a jerk.

**OZ**

What? No I'm not.

**HEATHER**

I saw you making fun of me with your lacrosse buddies.

**OZ**

I wasn't making fun of you.

**HEATHER**

Give me a break, you're so full of it.

She hurries up more, breaking off from Oz, and enters the school. After a moment, he slowly heads in.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - LATER**

Oz and Heather are singing with the group, at opposite ends of the room. It's a pop, contemporary arrangement of "HOW SWEET IT IS." It sounds jazzy, cool.

Oz looks dazed, like the wind's taken out of him. He sings along, distant. Heather, almost defiantly, sings clearer and better than ever. Oz watches her, though she never looks his way. At the bride of the song, Heather breaks into a solo. She sings beautifully. Oz is hooked.

The Choir Teacher halts the song.

**CHOIR TEACHER**

Okay, Heather, that was good, but I want to thicken up that solo. Michigan State is this Saturday, and I want that part to smoke.

**HEATHER**

I know, my timing's off.

**CHOIR TEACHER**

A little, but I think it'll work better as a duet. With a tenor part.

**OZ**

(interrupting)  
I'll do it.

A beat as the Choir Teacher is impressed and Heather looks indifferent.

**OZ (CONT'D)**

I'll do it.

**CHOIR TEACHER**

Okay then. The rest of you okay with that?

The rest of the choir agrees, as Heather looks to Oz with skepticism.

**CHOIR TEACHER (CONT'D)**

Great. See you tomorrow.

The group starts packing up.

**HEATHER**

(annoyed)

Why are you doing this?

**OZ**

Because I want to.

**HEATHER**

Yeah? Well you can't fake your way through this. You better practice.

She leaves.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS - LIBRARY - DAY**

Jim, Kevin, Oz, and Stifler.

**STIFLER**

Fuck me! 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, broadcast her over the internet?

**OZ**

You can do that?

**JIM**

(off their looks)

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 or whatever on the net, and tell me the address.

The guys ponder this.

**KEVIN**

You can send me the address too.

**JIM**

Well...dammit, if I'm doing this, how the hell am I gonna watch?

**KEVIN**

I'll save you a seat.

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jim is setting the computer camera on top of the 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/tempt/NadiaVision. ENJOY!"

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

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Kevin and Finch sit in front of a computer. Kevin is unloading beer and chips from a grocery bag.

We see an image of Jim's bedroom on the computer screen. It's a little strobed, but easily watchable. Suddenly Jim's face pops into frame. He's adjusting the camera.

**KEVIN**

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.

Jim's dad enters with Nadia. She's in sweats and a leotard, carrying a duffel bag over her shoulder. Jim's dad is delighted, fidgety, almost giddy.

**JIM'S DAD**

Son. This lady's here for you.

**JIM**

(like it's no big deal)  
I know. Hey Nadia.

**NADIA**

Hello James. Ready to study.

**JIM'S DAD**

Oh, you bet he is. Jim's quite the bookworm.

**JIM**

Dad.

**JIM'S DAD**

Oh, no, not too much of a bookworm. He's a good little kid. Er, guy. Man.

**JIM**

Dad!!

**JIM'S DAD**

Okay, okay. I'll let you hit those books.

Jim's dad gives a knowing look and exits.

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

STIFLER'S YOUNGER BROTHER, 11, a monster, is tugging at Stifler, who sits at the computer, watching Jim's room.

**STIFLER'S BROTHER**

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

**STIFLER**

Shut up and watch this, you might learn something.

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

**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 and get dressed. 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**

Here we go.

**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!

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 - CONTINUING**

Jim runs like hell.

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

Nadia unzips her duffel, pulling some clothes out.

**EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUING**

Jim trucks across the lawn to the door.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Kevin and Finch are watching the computer screen.

**KEVIN**

Want a beer?

Finch simply waves off the question. He's glued to the screen.

Jim bursts 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**

Woah!

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 incredible.

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

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

I can't believe Oz had to work.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Oz sits alone in the empty vocal jazz rehearsal area. He sighs, leafing through some sheet music. It's as quiet and boring as can be.

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

Stifler and his brother are awestruck.

**STIFLER'S BROTHER**

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

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING**

**JIM**

Oh, thank you Lord, for this wonderful day.

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.

**KEVIN**

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

**FINCH**

(nodding)

Seduce her.

**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 across 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? Hey Sherman...what?! How did you know?

**INT. SHERMAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUING**

Sherman sits in front of a computer.

**SHERMAN**

(into phone)  
Jim must've addressed that E-mail 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. BASEMENT - DAY - SAME TIME**

A GROUP OF STONERS log onto the page. A LITTLE MONKEY hops around in a cage.

**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**

We see a bedroom full of GUYS.

**GUY #1**

There's somebody going in there!

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY - SAME TIME**

**STONER #1**

Hey, that guy's in my trig class.

**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**

(chastising)  
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?

**NADIA**

Yes, slowly.

Jim sneaks a nervous glance over to the QuickCam.

**JIM**

You mean like, strip strip?

**NADIA**

(irresistably sexy)  
For me?

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME**

**FINCH**

What do you suppose 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**

Uh...

**NADIA**

Move with the music.

**JIM**

Um...okay...

He struts clumsily back and forth. Takes his shirt off. Swings it in a circle around his head...and lets go of it, aiming for the QuickCam, where it lands.

**NADIA**

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

**JIM**

Nadia, I can't --

**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...as we see the shirt slide off the camera. Jim starts writhing to the beat. Like a hyperactive chicken.

**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. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING**

Jim is into it now. Possibly the worst dancer in the world. No rhythm. No soul.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY - SAME TIME**

**STONER #2**

God, what a buzzkill.

**INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

A GROUP OF GIRLS watches in amusement.

**GIRL IN BEDROOM**

Work it, baby!

The LAUGH and dance mockingly along with Jim.

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING**

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

**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. GIRL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING**

A GROUP OF GIRLS is watching.

**DISINTERESTED GIRL**

He's no Paul Finch.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME**

Kevin and Finch are now completely sickened.

**FINCH**

This is truly revolting.

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING**

Jim is straddled over a chair, grinding against the chair back, in his boxers and shorts.

**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 COMPUTER - DAY - CONTINUING**

**NADIA**

Now! Hames, 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**

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. BASEMENT - 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.

**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 these beautiful women arouse you that arouses me...

**JIM**

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

She goes for this line. Gives in.

**NADIA**

Oh Jim...

She grabs him. Starts caressing his body.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

**KEVIN/FINCH**

Yes!!

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY - SAME TIME**

**STONER #1**

Alright, dude!

**INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY**

**GUY #1**

He's re-engaging!

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...here.

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 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**

...okay.

Jim is stunned. Ruined. Nadia exits. CLOSE on Jim's tormented face as we hear...

**COMPUTER VOICE**

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

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY**

Jim is walking through the courtyard, a bit dazed. A COUPLE GIRLS pass by him, giggling. He trudges along...noticing a CLIQUE OF GIRLS staring at him as he passes by...and Stoner #1 giving him a peace sign...and the Computer Nerd staring at him like a celebrity..... Jim's pace slows. He hears a SNICKER behind him...he slows even more, taking very careful steps...as he sees a GIRL doing a really strange dance -- and his eyes pop out as he sees that, yes, it's his dance. He stops. ALMOST EVERYONE is staring at him. Jim pulls his coat up over his face and hurries off into the school, like a fugitive avoiding the media. People APPLAUD and LAUGH.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY**

Kevin and Oz catch up to Jim. Here and there, people still give Jim funny looks.

**KEVIN**

Hey, minuteman.

**JIM**

Shut up. You're supposed to be supportive.

**OZ**

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 come prom night, those excuses aren't going to do you much good.

**JIM**

Jesus, Kevin, rub it in.

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

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS 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 -- the reject, band dork that we've seen earlier. 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 looks wistfully over at Nadia's empty desk.

**MICHELLE** (cont'd)

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

Jim perks up the slightest bit.

**JIM**

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

**MICHELLE**

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

**JIM**

Yeah, that's pretty much it.

**MICHELLE**

I thought so. Because, one time? I was at this --

**JIM**

(interrupting)  
What was your name again?

**MICHELLE**

Michelle.

**JIM**

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

**MICHELLE**

Really? You seriously want to go with me?

**JIM**

(so forced)  
Yes. Seriously.

**MICHELLE**

Are we going to Steve 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. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER**

Heather is walking down the hall. She turns to go into the Little Auditorium -- and through the window in the door she sees Oz. She stops.

Oz is singing, working through the solo. Determined to get it right. He bounces his lacrosse ball off the floor, in rhythm, keeping time. There's one point that he keeps getting stuck at and going back over. Heather watches this, softening as she sees that Oz is actually putting his heart into it. Finally he's frustrated --

**OZ**

Dammit!

He whips the lacrosse ball at the wall. Heather recoils, still watching, unseen by Oz. After a moment, Oz cools off. He gets the ball, and diligently starts up again. Heather is impressed.

**INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Vicky is doing calculus homework, as Kevin looks on, rubbing her shoulders.

**KEVIN**

You're not doing the extra credit problems.

**VICKY**

No, I'm not. I'm writing a sequence of random numbers that look like I'm doing the extra credit problems. Mr. Bender doesn't bother to check homework past April.

**KEVIN**

That's my trick!

**VICKY**

It's everyone's trick, Kevin.  
(she turns to him)  
But I did pick it up from you.

She gives him a little kiss on his hand, continuing with

her work. Kevin keeps rubbing her back, more serious.

**KEVIN**

We've come a long way since  
Homecoming.

**VICKY**

(playful)  
Yeah, we have. You corrupted my four-  
point into a three-nine-five.

**KEVIN**

Indeed I did. But, our relationship.  
It's progressed a lot. It's time for  
us to...express ourselves in new ways.

Vicky stops working and turns, sitting up on the desk,  
facing him. Her mood has shifted, more romantic.

**VICKY**

Like how?

**KEVIN**

Well, I feel that...things are getting  
to that point in a relationship.  
When two people share...a special  
moment between them.

**VICKY**

I think you're so right, Kevin.

**KEVIN**

(pause)  
You want to do it?

**VICKY**

Yes --

She takes his hand. Readies herself, and declares.

**VICKY (CONT'D)**

I love you.

Kevin falters. This is definitely not what he was  
expecting. He's caught. Trying to formulate a response.

**VICKY (CONT'D)**

Kevin? Do you not love me?

**KEVIN**

No, I don't not love you. I like, I  
know that we've definitely got

something between us. Something good.  
Something special.

**VICKY**

But you don't love me.

**KEVIN**

I didn't say that. I mean, love, it's like a term that gets thrown around. People say things, they get married, have kids, and then what? It's like they call it off, going "I was wrong."

A beat. Vicky seems to know where he's coming from.

**VICKY**

Kevin...you're not your dad. The two of us, we're not your parents.

**KEVIN**

I know, Vick. I'm just not ready yet, okay?

**VICKY**

Okay.

**INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT**

Oz is closing up the store. He looks up to see Heather at the door. Oz goes and opens it, surprised, embarrassed. The air is awkward between them.

**HEATHER**

Hi...

**OZ**

How did you know I was here?

**HEATHER**

Stifler told me.

**OZ**

You talked to Stifler?

**HEATHER**

Well...I needed to find you. We are gonna have to practice that song.

**OZ**

...okay. Cool then. I'm um, I'm glad you came by. I mean, really.

She smiles. Oz lets her in.

**HEATHER**

So you like, work nights?

An uncomfortable moment for Oz.

**OZ**

Uh...my dad's the manager.

**HEATHER**

Really? Cool. Tell him his subs are great.

**OZ**

Ah, he's always too heavy on the vinegar. If you really want a good one, you gotta let me make it.

**INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Oz is behind the counter. Heather walks down the other side as Oz assembles a sub.

**OZ**

My dad's always here running the store, busy and stuff...and I fill in once a week so he can get a night off.

**HEATHER**

(pause)  
That's nice.

**OZ**

(shrugs)  
So you're going to Michigan?

**HEATHER**

Yeah, well my parents wanted me to go to Northwestern. I didn't want to write all those extra essays they make you do -- I mean, how am I supposed to know what my "most emotionally significant moment" was? So when my U of M acceptance came in December, I said the hell with it.

**OZ**

Onions?

**HEATHER**

What?



**OZ**

You want onions?

**HEATHER**

Oh, yeah. So what're you gonna major in?

**OZ**

Well, State's got a good business school. And I can probably walk onto the lacrosse team. Green peppers?

**HEATHER**

Yeah. So wow, you've got it figured out.

**OZ**

(dismissive)

Well, I mean, business is okay, and lacrosse is awesome, but what am I gonna be, a pro lacrosse player? I really have no idea.

**HEATHER**

Oh thank God, I thought I was the only one.

**OZ**

Well, you're not. Oil and vinegar?

**HEATHER**

Yeah. You know, people are always like, "What're you gonna major in?" And I don't know. And they're like, "You'll figure it out." Yeah? When?

**OZ**

I know. Salt and pepper?

**HEATHER**

Sure.

Oz cuts the sub in half with a flourish and puts it on a tray.

**HEATHER (CONT'D)**

So we're gonna be close next year?

**OZ**

You -- oh, you mean -- yeah, East Lansing and Ann Arbor.

**HEATHER**

(smiles)  
...yeah.

A beat...a little uncomfortable, but nice.

**OZ**

Wanna swap your chips for cookies?

**EXT. SUBWAY - NIGHT - LATER**

The remains of a couple subs are on a table. Oz and Heather are doing their song...it's rough, but they're working through it. And when they're in sync, they sound really good together. We SLOWLY PULL BACK as they sing into the night.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MURAL STAIRCASE - DAY**

A GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH talks to Stifler.

**GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH**

I'm sorry, I really can't go with you...I'm holding out for someone else.

**STIFLER**

You gotta be fucking kidding.

**GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH**

I know it's a long shot, but I figure Paul Finch might ask me.

**STIFLER**

**FINCH? SHITBREAK?!!**

**GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH**

Oh gosh, I forgot -- you uh, you look okay...I mean you can't even tell...

Flustered, she heads down the stairs. Stifler, entirely confused, heads off into the second floor. As the Girl Holding Out For Finch descends, Kevin catches up with her.

**KEVIN**

Hey...what was that all about?

**GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH**

He's still embarrassed because Finch kicked his ass. Knocked out a tooth,

but you can't see it.

**KEVIN**

Right, and who told you that?

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY**

Kevin is talking to GRETA. She points offscreen.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY**

Kevin is talking to SOME CHICK. Taking notes.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - OUTDOOR MURAL - DAY**

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 -- Jessica.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY**

Kevin follows Jessica down the cafeteria line.

**JESSICA**

No comment.

**KEVIN**

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

**JESSICA**

Thanks. It was my idea.

**KEVIN**

Did you guys hook up or something?

**JESSICA**

Are you kidding? No.

**KEVIN**

Then what the hell are you talking  
about?

**JESSICA**

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

(then)

Finch comes to me and says, "Jessica,  
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.

**KEVIN**

I don't get it, that really works?

**JESSICA**

Duh. Of course. Naturally, I embellished a little bit. Hey, did you hear that Finch had sex with an older woman?

Kevin is speechless.

**JESSICA (CONT'D)**

No? Damn, that one was my favorite.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - GUY'S SHOWERS/LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

Toweled guys exit the steamy showers, doing a macho GREAT FALLS LACROSSE CHANT. They exit frame, and we remain on the showers, to hear --

**OZ**

(singing happily)  
...I needed the shelter of someone's arms...there you were -- woo-hoo-hoo...

He exits in a towel and goes to his locker, next to Stifler.

**OZ (CONT'D)**

(still singing)  
...I needed someone to understand my ups and my downs, oh baby there you were...

Stifler is staring at Oz, horrified.

**STIFLER**

Oh my fucking God. You're gay.

**OZ**

(cheery)  
Come on, you know the words, sing along.

**STIFLER**

No thanks, you've been singing that

shit all week. If you try that at MSU this Saturday, I'm pretending I don't know you.

Oz stops.

**OZ**

Our last game is this Saturday.

**STIFLER**

No shit.

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD, A BENCH - LATER**

Heather is studying outside. Oz stands before her, breathless, his hair still wet.

**OZ**

...I've got this lacrosse game. It's really important, it's our last game. And you know, Central almost beat us last time, so I really want to kick their ass, and it's like cool because we're gonna get to play at State, which means that after the game I might be able to stop by...

**HEATHER**

(pause)

You can't sing at the competition.

**OZ**

I'm sorry, I totally spaced. I just...I didn't realize it...

**HEATHER**

(upset but trying to be cool)

...it's okay, you should do whatever makes you happy.

**OZ**

Alright...yeah...thanks for understanding.

(a beat)

So I guess...I'll see you later.

An uncomfortable moment. Oz walks off. Heather looks let down.

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - ENTRANCE TO SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY**

Kevin is at his locker, getting ready for class. Stifler

comes running up with a wicked grin on his face.

**STIFLER**

Kevin! You seen Shitbreak lately?

**KEVIN**

(immediately sensing danger)  
Oh no, Stifler, what did you do?

**STIFLER**

Me? Nothing. I'm the one whose ass he kicked.

(off Kevin's look)

I'll tell you one thing, though. I don't think he's gonna have a problem shitting in school anymore.

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

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY**

Finch is sitting at a table, reading his paper. Kevin comes tearing around the corner and runs up to him.

**KEVIN**

Finch! Get to the bathroom! Now!

**FINCH**

Easy, tiger. What's in there?

**KEVIN**

Just go!

**FINCH**

Why is this?

**KEVIN**

You're gonna shit your pants!

**FINCH**

Charming.

**KEVIN**

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

**FINCH**

First of all, it's Mochaccino, and secondly...Oohhhh!

Finch jumps up and sprints down the hallway.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALL - CONTINUING**

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

**STIFLER**

This way, sit.

Finch darts into the bathroom. Stifler LAUGHS hysterically.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM - DAY**

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

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY**

Finch 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.

**FINCH**

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.

**FINCH (CONT'D)**

Okay. You can do this.

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

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALL - DAY**

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

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY**

Finch is terrified. Through the crack between the stall door and the frame, Finch catches glimpses of bright colored skirts and dresses. He grits his teeth, straining.

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

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM - DAY**

A GROUP OF GIRLS is at the mirror, including the Girl Holding Out for Finch, fixing their hair.

**GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH**

You know it's just gonna be some crappy band and stupid decorations.

**GIRL #2**

You're just saying that cause prom's a week away and you don't have a date.

**GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH**

No, I don't want a date...  
(increasingly dreamy)  
Finch is going stag...and so am I...the guy is like so...debonair.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY**

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

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

**GIRL #2**

Do you think that "older woman" thing is true?

**GIRL #3**

Of course, it was Stifler's mom.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY**

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

A gastric RUMBLING. Finch's eyes flash open in terror.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM - DAY**



We hear another, deeper RUMBLING. Girl #2 turns to her friend in surprise.

**GIRL #2**

Joanie, was that you?

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY**

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

**FINCH**

Aaaaaaarrrrgghhhh!

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - 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. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Finch exits the stall with trepidation, pulling up his pants. Slowly, slinking, he approaches the door. Grabs the handle. Composes himself. And like nothing ever happened, he opens it.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALL - DAY**

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

A 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. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY**

Oz is playing in the final lacrosse game. The team scores -- they're beating Central. Everyone cheers, except Oz. We see Jim and Kevin in the stands, CHEERING.

**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. BACKSTAGE (MSU) - DAY**

Heather and the rest of the vocal jazz group are behind the curtain.

They all wear flashy, borderline cool outfits. Heather looks worried, lost. Looking to the door, as if Oz might come running in.

**VOCAL JAZZ TEACHER**

Okay. Albert, you ready?

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

**ALBERT**

No problemo.

He SINGS a couple lines. Way too melodramatic and cheesy. Heather looks trapped.

**EXT. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY**

A scoreboard shows that East is leading by five goals. Oz 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 Stifler recovers the ball and scores.

The players run back to the sidelines to reset for the face-off, and gather around the coach.

**COACH MARSHALL**

Alright! Good hustle, guys, but we can still lose. You all saw what happened to Oz 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 Oz's got a quizzical look on his face.

**INT. BACKSTAGE (MSU) - DAY**

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

**ALBERT**

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

**HEATHER**

That would be a start.

**EXT. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY**

Oz shows some emotion peeking through. Confused.

**COACH MARSHALL**

It all boils down to today. For you seniors, this marks the culmination of your past four years. Think of what that means to you. Are you guys gonna look back on your days at East and know that you made the most of the time you had?

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

**COACH MARSHALL (cont'd)**

Now that's the attitude, Ostreicher!

Oz collects himself. Takes a deep breath.

**OZ**

Good luck, guys.

he sets his lacrosse stick down and starts to leave.

**COACH MARSHALL**

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

**OZ**

Sorry, coach.

**COACH MARSHALL**

What the fuck is this? You got someplace more important to be?

Coach Marshall is fuming. The entire team is staring at Oz.

**OZ**

Yeah.

He runs off.

**ANGLE ON JIM AND KEVIN IN THE STANDS**

A beat of confusion. Then they stand up.

**EXT. MSU CAMPUS - DAY**

Oz runs through a gate.

**INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY**

The vocal jazz group is on their feet, lined up, waiting to go onstage. Oz bursts into the room, still in his lacrosse gear.

**VOCAL JAZZ GUYS**

Oz -- You're back -- Yeah --

**ALBERT**

-- Oh, great.

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

**HEATHER**

What about the game?!

**OZ**

I'm not playing.

**HEATHER**

You're missing the game for us?!

**OZ**

No. I'm missing the game for you.

Heather melts. Oz pulls her close. And they kiss.

**VOCAL JAZZ TEACHER**

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

Oz and Heather share a smile.

**INT. MUSIC HALL STAGE - DAY**

The vocal jazz group is belting their hearts out, singing "How Sweet It Is." Oz sings with them now in his vocal jazz outfit...we TILT DOWN to see he's still wearing his cleats. He and Heather sound great, backed by the vocal jazz group. They sail through their duet, join hands, and finish perfectly. The audience APPLAUDS with

enthusiasm -- and we Kevin and Jim, WHOOPING AND CLAPPING, loving it, like they're at a rock concert.

**JIM**

Yeeeeeeeeaaaawwwww!

**KEVIN**

(gives that "You rock!" hand sign)  
You fuckin' rule!

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS - CLASSROOM - DAY**

Class has just ended, students are filing out of the classroom. A teacher grades papers in the back of the room, routinely writing "A, A-, A, A-" on each paper. Vicky is studying a pull-down map hanging over the chalkboard. Kevin comes up next to her.

**KEVIN**

Hey...

**VICKY**

Did you know that it's...450 miles from Ann Arbor to Nashville?

**KEVIN**

It's like a six or seven hour drive. That's easy, I don't mind driving.

A beat. Kevin looks back over his shoulder to the inattentive teacher. Moves closer to Vicky.

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

About the other day...I've been thinking.

**VICKY**

So have I. And I know you want to make things perfect for me. And I understand that you really wouldn't tell me that until you were 100% comfortable with it.

Vicky looks over to the teacher, who COUGHS. She steps closer. Kevin, somewhat nervous, takes the bottom of the map, fidgeting with it a little.

**VICKY (CONT'D)**

And I want to make things perfect for you. You're right, Kev, we do have something good...and special.

**KEVIN**

Yeah, we have something great, Vick.

**VICKY**

Kevin...

(very close, whispered)

I want to have sex with you.

The map goes FLAPPING upwards. The teacher looks up.

**KEVIN**

(almost frightened)

Now?!

**VICKY**

No...I know the perfect time...

She looks to the calendar on the wall...and taps next Saturday -- "Prom." Kevin can't believe it...MUSIC UP for PRE-PROM MONTAGE --

**INT. TUXEDO LAND - DAY**

Jim is trying on a tux. he shrugs, like it fits well enough.

He turns to see Oz trying on his -- Oz 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 Jessica for support, showing it off. Jessica jokingly does the same, showing off her shorts and T-shirt, as if she could care.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY**

Finch sits alone. Not like alone. More like Forrest Gump.

**INT. TUXEDO LAND - DAY**

Jim is paying for his tux. We see Oz trying to decide on a cumberbund. There are about ten of them scattered around him that he's already tried. In the background, an ATTENDANT looks impatient.

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY**

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

**INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jim's dad fixes Jim's bow tie.

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

Kevin is in his tux. He's staring at himself in the mirror.

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS 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 liquor into his tux. A FLUSTERED GUY struggles to re-attach his date's corsage.

This is the prom.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS 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 OZ AND HEATHER**

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

**ANGLE ON STIFLER**

Dancing with the Girl Holding out For Finch.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - A CORNER OF THE GYM - NIGHT**

Kevin, Oz, Jim, and Finch are hanging out. Finch is drunk.

**FINCH**

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.

The guys are impassive. Sherman indicates the Central Girl nearby.

**SHERMAN (CONT'D)**

Locked on target, flying in stealth mode under enemy sex radar. Ready to drop the payload...again.

Sherman confidently walks off.

**KEVIN**

Alright, how do you guys stand? Well, Finch, I know where you are, but you can't use that as an excuse. Jim?

**JIM**

My date's a flute-toting band dork. That answer your question?

**KEVIN**

Oz, how about you and Heather? Now you guys are a couple or something?

**OZ**

(getting ticked)



Dammit, Kevin, what's with the attitude?

**KEVIN**

Attitude? Me? I think that you guys should be more enthusiastic. Shit, we've been trying to get laid forever, and tonight's the night we've been waiting for. We're in this together. Don't back out on me now!

**JIM**

Back out? You don't need us to get laid. You afraid or something?

**KEVIN**

No, but come on guys, we made a pact!

**OZ**

Kevin, it was just a --

**KEVIN**

It was a pact. You break it and there are no excuses. You guys have to --

**JIM**

(interrupting, pissed)  
I don't have to do shit! Forget it already!

Kevin is taken aback.

JIM (cont'd)

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

Kevin storms off. A beat.

**FINCH**

At least I learned how to shit in school.

Jessica approaches. She's dressed well, but not lavishly.

**JESSICA**

Hey, Finch. Wanna dance?

Finch looks to the guys. They shrug. We FOLLOW WITH Jessica and Finch as they dance out onto the floor.

**FINCH**

How come you have no date?

**JESSICA**

I like to keep my options open. And let me just clarify that you have no chance of scoring with me, Finch.

**FINCH**

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

**ANGLE ON VICKY AND CENTRAL GIRL**

**VICKY**

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

**CENTRAL 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?

**CENTRAL GIRL**

What else would I call it?

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - NIGHT**

Kevin sits on the steps into the school, depressed.

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - GYM - NIGHT**

The Central Girl has taken over the band's microphone.

**CENTRAL GIRL**

Excuse me, everyone, sorry to interrupt.

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

CENTRAL 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 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.

Girls around the gym CHEER and APPLAUD.

**ANGLE ON SHERMAN**

Pissing his pants.

**ANGLE ON JIM**

Shocked. He looks back to Oz, who shares his expression.

**EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - NIGHT**

Kevin still sits there. Jim, Oz, and Finch come out of the school. Slowly they walk up to Kevin.

**OZ**  
...Guess what?

**KEVIN**  
I don't care.

**JIM**  
Kevin, come on, the bus to Stifler's is gonna be here soon.

**KEVIN**  
I'm not going.

A beat as the guys don't know what to say. Kevin's speech is halting, downbeat.

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**  
This isn't how I wanted things to turn out. Making the pact wasn't just about getting laid. It was about

doing one last thing with you guys before we graduated. But now I've just wasted my last few weeks here trying to do what? I don't even know. All I managed to do was fuck up our friendship.

A beat. Oz shrugs.

**OZ**

I still think you're okay.

**JIM**

So do I, Kev.

**FINCH**

Me too. For the most part.

**KEVIN**

Nah. Fuck, you guys are right, I don't know what I'm doing. I mean I'm acting like I've got it all together tonight. But I know Vicky is gonna ask me if I love her. And I don't know what I'm gonna say. So now it's like, maybe I'll just wimp out on the whole thing.

**JIM**

Come on man. Tonight is the night. We're finally going to a post-prom party on the lake. We've been waiting to do this for the last four years. Why else are we still friends with Stifler? You gotta go.

A beat as Kevin ponders this.

**OZ**

And by the way, Sherman didn't even get laid.

**KEVIN**

He didn't?

**FINCH**

Nope. He pissed himself.

The guys LAUGH as Kevin is puzzled. THEY are suddenly illuminated by the glare of headlights. A charter bus pulls in front of the school.

**JIM**

There it is. I want to grab my bag.  
Oh, and my date.

**OZ**

Come on, Kevin. Vicky's looking for  
you.

Jim holds out a helping hand. Kevin looks at it. Grabs  
it, and Jim pulls him up.

**EXT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - NIGHT**

A beautiful cottage on the shore of Lake Michigan.  
Students are filing out of the charter bus.

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 time --  
(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 risqué 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**

Kevin leads Vicky into the bedroom. A large bay window  
overlooks moonlit Lake Michigan.

**KEVIN**

See -- this is the nicest room.

**VICKY**

Wow, Kev...it's perfect.

Vicky opens a closet -- to find Stifler's Little Brother inside, grinning.

**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!

Stiflers brother is gone. They LAUGH...and Vicky closes the door.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Oz and Heather are walking down the beach. Holding hands. Deep in the background, we see kids partying.

**OZ**

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

**HEATHER**

What's that?

**OZ**

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

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

OZ (cont'd)

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

Heather is listening.

OZ (cont'd)

And, see, tonight is supposed to be the night we all do it.

**HEATHER**

This isn't the best way to proposition me.

**OZ**

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

**HEATHER**

This isn't any better, Chris.

**OZ**

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.

OZ (cont'd)

I feel like I've already won.

Heather softens, taken off guard.

OZ (cont'd)

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

**HEATHER**

Oz, it's okay, I know.

**OZ**

You called me Oz.

**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.

Oz seems truly touched.

**OZ**

Dieter. My middle name is Dieter.

Heather nods, and speaks pensively.

**HEATHER**

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

**OZ**

(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 - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The party rages in the rest of the cottage, but the basement is empty. STIFLER'S MOM sits in the corner, 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.

Finch stumbles in.

**FINCH**

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

**STIFLER'S MOM**

(dry)

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

**FINCH**

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?

**FINCH**

Oh no, no date. Bathroom incident.

**STIFLER'S MOM**

Pardon me?

Finch pauses a moment. He's got an idea.

**FINCH**

...Nevermind. You have anything to drink?

**STIFLER'S MOM**

I believe the kegs are upstairs.



**FINCH**

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

She considers him as she drags off her cigarette.

**STIFLER'S MOM**

All right, I got some scotch.

**FINCH**

Single malt?

**STIFLER'S MOM**

Aged eighteen years.  
(she gives him a look)  
Why don't you get the glasses. Behind  
the bar.

**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 off 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?

**VICKY**

Yeah.

**KEVIN**

Me too.

**VICKY**

Okay.

(a beat)

Did you bring a condom?

**KEVIN**

Yeah, right here.

He pulls out a condom. A beat as they contemplate it.

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

So, do you want to be -- I mean, how do you want to do it?

**VICKY**

I don't know. How do you?

**KEVIN**

Like, normal style. The...missionary position.

**VICKY**

Okay.

A moment as they realize there's nothing left to do, but -

VICKY (cont'd)  
Kevin...

**KEVIN**  
Yeah Vick?

**VICKY**  
I want to hear you say it.

**KEVIN**  
Okay.

Kevin swallows hard. And says --

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**  
Victoria...I love you.

**VICKY**  
I love you.

They both take a deep breath.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Oz 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.

**OZ**  
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**

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

**VICKY**  
Here.

We know what she's doing. They both maintain eye

contact...

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Heather and Oz 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.

**MICHELLE**

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

Jim CHOKES on his beer. Michelle considers her revelation no big deal, watching with some amusement as Jim struggles to recover.

**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 pauses in disbelief. Then --

**INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - STIFLER'S BROTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Michelle and Jim burst in and slam the door. A toy basketball hoop falls off the back of the door. They are standing in a cluttered, toy-strewn, pit of a kid's room. One of those stupid plastic airplanes on a string hangs from the ceiling, flying in circles.

**JIM**

This'll do.

**MICHELLE**

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

**JIM**

Why, uh, what makes you think that I --

**MICHELLE**

Come on. I saw you on the net. Why do you think I accepted this date? You're a sure thing!

Jim heartily agrees.

**INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The scotch bottle is almost empty. Stifler's Mom and Finch are smoking cigarettes.

**FINCH**

So...would you object if I said you're quite striking?

**STIFLER'S MOM**

Mister Finch -- are you trying to seduce me?

**FINCH**

Yes ma'am, I am.

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 in 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**

Oz and Heather. Souls entwined. Making love.

**INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - STIFLER'S BROTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

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

-- A piggy bank gets knocked over and shatters.

-- An x-wing fighter flies across the room.

-- A pillow explodes in a cloud of feathers.

-- One of the legs on the bed breaks.

**INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - OUTSIDE BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT**

The Basement door is closed. We hear from the inside...

**STIFLER'S MOM (O.S.)**

I had no idea you'd be this good!

**FINCH (O.S.)**

Neither did I!

**INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - STIFLER'S BROTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

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

**JIM (O.S.)**

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 see her...on top of Jim. She clears her throat. And then we see her raise a children's plastic recorder to her lips -- and she whistles THE MICHIGAN FIGHT SONG. On cue, Jim chimes in --

**JIM**

Hail, hail, to Michigan, the leaders

and best!

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Oz 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 - STIFLER'S BROTHER'S 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 - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

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

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. Various students are passed out here and there.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

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

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

**INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - STIFLER'S BROTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY**

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

**JIM**

She's gone.

He considers this.

JIM (cont'd)

Oh my God. She used me.

He considers this further. Smiles.

JIM (cont'd)

Wow! I was used! Cool!

He jumps up and does a little dance, SINGING...

**JIM (CONT'D)**

Hail! to the victors, valiant; Hail!  
to the conquering heroes, hail...

**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, uncertainty, peeking through.

**KEVIN**

That was a great night.

**VICKY**

Yeah.

A beat.

**KEVIN**

I can't believe we just had our senior prom.

**VICKY**

Yeah, the time went by so fast.

**KEVIN**

It did.

Another beat.

**VICKY**

Kevin, next year...with you in Ann Arbor, and me in Nashville...it's not



gonna work, is it.

**KEVIN**

Don't say that, we can do it somehow.  
It might not be perfect, but --

**VICKY**

(interrupting)  
No, Kevin --  
(she sits up)  
That's the whole thing, that's what  
I've been realizing. That nothing's  
perfect, that you can't plan  
everything.

Kevin thinks this over.

**KEVIN**

It is far away...and we'll be on our  
own...meeting new people...

A moment as they think this over.

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

Vicky...last night...I wasn't lying.

**VICKY**

I know.  
(a beat)  
Let's go. Don't you have something to  
tell your friends?

**KEVIN**

What?

**VICKY**

Your little pact. Jessica told me all  
about it.  
(hits him lightly)  
Way to go, Kev!

Kevin gives an embarrassed smile.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. DOG DAYS - DAY**

A sign on the window reads, "Congratulations Seniors!"

**INT. DOG DAYS - DAY**

The four, newly non-virgins munch on hot dogs. Kevin's

**LAUGHING.**

**KEVIN**

(to Jim)  
I guess we'll call you two-ply.

**OZ**

Yeah. So you want double condiments  
on that?

**JIM**

No, no that's fine.  
(then, to Kevin)  
So you doing okay?

**KEVIN**

(a wistful smile)  
Yeah.

**FINCH**

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.

**KEVIN**

So Oz, you almost made it, huh?

**OZ**

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

**JIM**

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

**OZ**

I know.

**KEVIN**

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

**OZ**

I think we're falling in love.

They GROAN. Oz just smiles.

**KEVIN**

You know what the coolest thing is?

This, right now.

They guys keep eating, uncertain what to say.

**OZ**

It's true. I mean, after this,  
everything'll be different.

**JIM**

After getting laid?

**OZ**

After high school.

**KEVIN**

Yeah, but we'll still see each other.

**OZ**

Fuck yeah we will.

A beat. Kevin raises his Pepsi.

**KEVIN**

To the next step.

**ALL**

To the next step.

They all toast.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Kevin is on the phone.

**KEVIN**

(into phone)

Hey. I got another question for you.

**KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)**

What's that?

**INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BACK OF LIBRARY - DAY**

Kevin arrives in the back of the library. Kneels down to  
put the bible back.

**KEVIN (V.O.)**

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

We hear Kevin's Brother CHUCKLE knowingly.

**KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)**

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

He puts the bible back without the reverence he once had  
for it. Stands up with some new confidence. We FOLLOW  
WITH HIM as he walks out of the library...and enters the  
courtyard, crowded with students. He disappears into  
them as we...

**FADE TO BLACK**

**ROLL CREDITS**

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jim's dad sits across from Jim.

**JIM'S DAD**

(eyes tearing)

Son. That's the best damn story I  
ever heard.

Jim beams proudly.

**JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)**

You know, after I graduated high  
school, my parents let me do some  
traveling...

**INT. A HOTEL HALLWAY**

**SUPER: "PRAGUE, CZECH REPUBLIC"**

A WAITER ascends a beautiful, red-carpeted staircase,  
carrying a tray with bottle of champagne and a rose. He  
arrives in front of a hotel door. KNOCKS. A BELLBOY  
passes by, noticing the waiter. And HE SPEAKS TO HIM IN  
**AUTHENTIC, THICK CZECH.**

**BELLBOY**

(subtitled)

Another bottle?

**WAITER**

(subtitled)

He knows how to treat a woman.

The door opens -- to reveal Jim, sweaty but not the least  
bit tired, tying on a robe.

**JIM**

Thanks guys.

A pair of arms wraps around him from behind. And --  
Nadia peeks her head over Jim's shoulder.

**NADIA**

Come back to bed, James.

Jim smiles to the guys and takes the tray, as Nadia pulls  
him back in and closes the door.

**WAITER**

(subtitled)

That is one lucky man.

**BELLBOY**

(subtitled)

Funny -- I swear I have seen those two  
somewhere before. The boy is some  
sort of dancer.

They head off.

**FADE TO BLACK**