



Scripts.com

Van Wilder

By Brent Goldberg

^ xSilver ^

Coolidge College

was established in 18--

Who knows this?

It was in your freshman facts.

The first day of spring semester.

A time to say good-bye

to the parents once again...

and say hello

to a few new student bodies.

As for me, well...

I like to start off each semester

with a certain time-honored tradition.

A ritual, if you will,

that allows me...

to get my head in the right place.

Okay, so Suk Mee's a little old...

but she is just so damn good.

She's great with these quick jobs...

plus there is no substitute

for decades of experience.

That looks amazing.

That is perfect. You're a pro.

A pro.

Look at me.

Pro.

Well, gosh, that was great.

Thanks for the quick job there.

I need these in 20 minutes.

Super.

We've got a jumper!

Hold on, son.

You don't want to do this.

I didn't want to come here either.

They made me come!

They made me!

First year can be kind of scary,

can't it, Timmy?

My name's not--

But you know what I've learned

in my seven years here at Coolidge...

Timmy?

I've learned that you can't treat every

situation as a life-and-death matter...

because you'll die
a lot of times.
Write that down.
- I don't have a pen.
- Well, remember that then.
And you know something, Timmy?
I think you've got the balls
to make it here.
Call me nuts...
but I believe in you.
You see, Timmy, you can't let this
lead you all the time.
Sometimes you've gotta heed this.
I think you've got a lot of heart
in there, mister, don't you?
Don't you?
I mean, look around you.
Timmy?
Great work, Van. Thanks!
Remember my credo, Timmy.
Don't be a fool.
Stay in school.
God, I love this place.
Hey, Van. Hey, Van the man.
I called you last night, Van.
My name is Van Wilder,
and this is my home...
Coolidge College.
The last, well, seven years
have gone by way too fast.
This school's given me so much.
I just can't seem to give enough back.
- That's Van.
- That's him!
Oh, my God!
- Wow.
- Yeah. Wow.
I was the first-ever male cheerleader
at Huntington High!
The first ever!
Give me a V! Give me an A!
Give me an N!
What does it spell?
I see a rabbi, and he's

performing a circumcision...
on himself though.
You'll become disciplined.
Your mind will become a weapon.
I'm sorry. You really
just don't fit the profile.
We're just gonna do
a little bit of word association.
Cookies!

- My name is Van.

- Hi, my name is Terry.

Let's get it started then,
shall we?

Big finish.

Medic.

- Having us both at the same time...
- Will definitely lighten your load.
- We will bend over backwards for you.
- There's nothing too big...
- we can't handle.
- And we mean nothing.
- We'll stay on top of you...
- And ride you all semester.

Basically, we're saying we won't
blow the job, Van.

By the way, can you tell me if
there'll be any international travel?

Seriously, I swear to God,
I'm really uncomfortable now.

It's time you should go.

Not one acceptable candidate.

What is wrong

with the youth of today?

The Internet, dude.

Fries their brain cells, man.

It's cool, Colossus.

We'll find somebody.

C-los, get your ass off my shirt.

You really should

have him neutered, man.

That's up to him.

They are getting bigger,
aren't they?

I'll get that.

Looks like we got one more.
What's your name?
I'm Taj Mahal Badalandabad.
Where are you from, Taj?
I'm an exchange student
from Banglapur, India.
Welcome.
What can we do for you?
My exchange program culminates
at the end of this school year...
at which time I must return
to my home country...
where I do not have many friends.
I would like very much to spend my
remaining days here as your assistant.
Okay. We're just gonna do
a little word association.
Say the first thing
that comes to your mind. Milk.
Tit!
Oh, Mommy.
Most Indians would say "cow"
because they are sacred...
but I hear milk,"
I think giant jugs.
You see, I cannot
go home a virgin.
I came here to study the great
American art of muff diving.
To smack clam, munch rug...
dine at just one American
pink taco stand.
You know, I wanted to-- how is it--
park the porpoise.
I want to take it
through the car wash, baby.
And get it waxed.
I want to wax it. Wax it!
You know, and air dry.
Air dry that shit, yeah.
And I would like to be
your assistant very much...
Mr. Van Wilder.
You'll need a copy of my class schedule

so you can take notes.
You'll also handle my finances.
I lecture at the freshman crisis group
every other Monday.
I'm spearheading the Save
the Swim Team Speedo Spectacular...
and the Bloated Belly Beer Bash
to Battle Bulimia this semester.
This is Sick Boy's room. Not a week's
gone by he hasn't had an ailment.
Shingles, hepatitis, crabs.
That was his fault.
- Matzo ball soup. Jewish penicillin.
- Thanks, Van.
Don't pick at it.
Moving on.

I'm moving my 7:

my 8:

and my 9:

You owe \$75,000 for the speed boat.
Cancel my guest lecture
at the Wharton School next week.
I feel like going somewhere tropical.
Tahiti. Are you writing this down?
- Yes, sir.
- You owe \$200,000 for the thoroughbred.
Schedule a massage after my golf game
tomorrow afternoon.
- With a happy ending?
- Ah, yes.
And another \$39,000 for your son's
tuition and housing this semester.
Tuition?
Van is still in school?
For the better part of a decade.

"Depression:

Is Prozac really the answer?"
"Famine-- Crisis in Rwanda."
"Tracking Tuition:
Where does our money really go?"

Each article well-written and researched
by our own Gwen Pearson...
and each article skipped over
by the majority of the student body.
I don't care.
I won't pander to them.
"Lite Beer vs. Dark-- The Showdown"
by Darius Grayson.
- Is that the same--
- Pulitzer-prize winning Darius Grayson.
He was an alumnus
of our journalism staff.
He wrote his best stuff in detox.
Still does, I'm told.
I have got a very challenging
assignment for you.
A story that nobody's
been able to get.
- About what?
- No, no. It's about whom.
It does not look good.
That's the end of the first half...
and the Chickadees will need
a miracle to come back and score.
Sir, I'm gonna have to ask you
to step away from Van's vehicle.
Wilder!
He's got no business parking there.
That's my spot.
They need me, Ted.
This is the first time in my life
I'm glad I'm deaf!.
I can't hear the boos!
Now, listen up.
I'm only gonna go over this
one more time.
In the event they switch
to a zone defense...
we must swing the ball
around the perimeter.
This ball club is the heart
of this institution.
You win, it beats.
You lose, it breaks.

You're not boxing out, Big Papa.
You're my Windex man.
I want you shining glass.
We gotta D up out there.
Darius.
I want you all over that ball
like a fat kid on a cupcake.
What are you looking at? Your mom
said you left your legs at home.
For God's sake!
I'd do anything for you guys...
which is why I'm throwing you
a little soiree tomorrow night...
but not without a W tonight.
You want to know why?
Nobody wants to celebrate a loss, guys.
Hey, man, you gonna invite
those freak honeys from Mt. Holyoke?
I already did.
They said they'd try to make it
if they weren't humping the Matadors.
- The Matadors?
- What?
Come on.
We got a ball game to win.
Let's go kick some Matador tail--
How bad do you wanna be...
a Delta?
Would you walk on broken glass?
Let the shards tear
into your Achilles tendon...
causing acute achondroplasia...
which could lead to non-congenital
dwarfism as you got older?
Ease up on the medical terms.
Just keep it simple and terrifying.
Gordon, there are very few things more
terrifying than non-congenital dwarfism.
Hey, Richard.
Ready to study?
Gweny, I said 9:30.

It's 9:

I'm in the middle

of an 80-year tradition here.
I will be up when I'm done with
my presidential responsibilities.
Okay, I'll wait for you upstairs.
Who's my alabaster princess?
You are. You are.
Relax, guys.
They're just Doritos.
Listen to me,
you little fuck stains!
When I count to three, you will jump
or be banished from this house forever!
One, two--
Fuck!
Excuse me.
Where can I find Van Wilder?
In the Guinness Book
of World-fucking-Records, man...
under "Raddest fucking dude alive"!
Okay. Thanks.
In any one of these three rooms,
Gramps.
Sweet Joseph,
my son's a fairy.
Dad, what are you doing here?
- Thank God.
- No jammies.
- Party foul.
- No, don't-- Oh, dear God.
Next time you'll know better.
Seven years, and no degree.
You should have graduated twice by now.
I've done a lot in seven years.
If you don't have your doctorate,
you haven't done enough.
But you have wasted enough
of your time and my money.
Pack up your panties, son,
because we are headin' home.
I'm staying here with my friends.
Fine. Maybe your friends
can pay your tuition.
Because this morning I placed
a stop payment on this semester's check.

I'm sorry, son.
Sometimes in life you have to
realize a poor investment...
and cut your losses.
Write that down.
I need more time.
There's got to be something
that we can work out.
What is that intoxicating scent
you're wearing, Doris?
I have cats.
Meow!
Maybe you could put me
on some sort of extension...
program?
- A little pay-as-you-go?
- Are you trying to seduce me?
Who, me? No!
You know, maybe this isn't
such a good idea.
Being bad seldom is.
Oh, yeah.
That's the shit.
Guess what. I'm feeling
a little cold sore coming on.
Maybe we shouldn't do this
for three to six weeks.
Shut up, bitch,
and give me some sugar.
Fill this out. It's a standard
payment plan extension form.
You mean, we didn't have to--
But aren't you glad we did?
You can either mail this in
or drop it off.
Go, baby, go!
Mail it in!
Mail it in! Mail it in.
Van, you must make four
monthly payments of \$5,000 each.
I'm sorry, Taj.
I'm gonna have to let you go.
I don't have the resources
to pay for your services anymore.

A good soldier
does not leave his commander...
just because he lies wounded,
arms torn off at the sockets...
intestines spilling out onto the mud,
picked at by the birds.
I will stay on at no charge.
Okay.
Exactly how much money do you have?
- He has only \$34.
- Damn, Van!
What the hell you gonna do
with \$34, man?
Congratulations, Taj!
Your first blow job.
In my country, a woman's mastery
of her gastronomical releases...
is the ultimate aphrodisiac.
Desiree is the foremost connoisseur
of chili con carne...
and a TA at Coolidge.
I wish I had teachers like that.
And just like that,
Topless Tutors was born.
X...
equals... six?
Yeah!
We knew you could do it.
Desi told me how she
and a few of her grad school pals...
could use some extra income.
Taj proved to be
an excellent company accountant...
as well as our most valued client.
Excuse me.
I'm looking for information
on a current student here, Van Wilder.
Freshman year.
I'll get the others.
- Wait. There are more of these?
- Actually, there are many more.
It seems Mr. Wilder didn't quite
come out of his shell...
until mid-sophomore year.

Thanks.

It's like this itchy,
rashy burning sensation.

And it hurts when I--

- Dance?

- When I pee.

- You hooked up with a burner.

- Yeah.

She seemed like a nice girl,
said it was her first time?

Always check the quality of the turf
before you step onto the field.

Listen, go to the campus hospital,
see Stu.

Tell him Van sent you, and remember--

Don't be a fool. Wrap your tool.

Thanks, Van. Thanks a lot.

Don't thank me.

Thank penicillin.

Crazy kids with their crazy VD.

- You must be Van.

- Hi.

I'm Gwen Pearson,
staff writer for The Liberator.

Okay, look, that old bag
is stronger than she looks.

I'm doing a human
interest piece on you.

I'm flattered.

I'd love for your piece to be on me.

But sadly I don't do interviews.

Never have, never will. I do lunch.

My editor did say
this would be a challenge.

Van, second date with Emily.

Blue. Brings out your eyes. Kid's got
killer eyes, not unlike yourself.

- Has anyone told you that before?

- Yes, my boyfriend.

Is it true that this is
your seventh year at Coolidge?

Carry the two--

Yes, that's correct.

So what's your boyfriend's name?

Does he go to school here?
- Does he appreciate you?
- That's none of your business.
You know what? You're right.
His name's Richard.
He's premed.
Van, you have a 1:30
with the swim team.
On it.
- You have an assistant?
- Yes, I do.
Is there anything you
can tell me about yourself...
that I haven't already found out
from your public records?
I'll be at the quad tomorrow night

at 10:

- It's a date.
- It's an interview, not a date.
Gwen, first dates are interviews.
You going out tonight?
Rob's coming over.
I'm closing in on that diamond, Gwen.
The dynamic duo
will seal the deal tonight.
Good luck, ladies.
Somebody got awfully dressed up
to quiz me on my anatomy midterm.
I'm so sorry, baby.
I totally forgot.
- I have an interview for the paper.

- At 10:

Can't you postpone it?
Gwen, first exam-- most crucial.
It's not like you're on a deadline
for the Boston Globe.
It's the only time he had available.
I'll call you as soon as I get back.
Bye.
He?
All right. Gwen, all right!
You're just in time.

- Take your clothes off.
- I'm not taking off my clothes.
It is the Naked Mile Run. Everybody
else is in their birthday suit.
Except that guy.
- I have a few questions for you.
- In time. This is gonna be fun.
You know that three-letter word
that starts with F?
So you're quite the campus man,
heading events like the Jger Olympics.
Yes, well, you haven't lived...
until you've shot putted
blitzed on Jger.
- Heinnie?
- This was a really bad idea.
Are we gonna reschedule or what?
Who's a big boy?
Oh, God!
Those things
could raise the Titanic.
You Van Wilder?
The strip club owner got tired
of using his B squad...
so he came back
for the starting lineup.
Topless Tutors was dead.
We are truly up the Ganges River
without a bamboo oar.
We're still \$1,200 short
of your next tuition payment.
Taj, I learned a long time ago
that worrying is like a rocking chair.
It gives you something to do,
but it doesn't get you anywhere.
Write that down.
Don't even sweat it, Taj.
I've got a plan.
- Let's go get fucked up.
- Sounds good.
Is that all you think about?
I admit I applied for this job...
because I wanted to cut loose
and shake my rump...

but I do not believe that this dilemma
will be solved by partying.

Can I help you, son?

I certainly hope so, Mr. Wilder.

I come to you in desperation.

I'm Panos Patakos, president
of the Lambda Omega Omega fraternity.

I'm sure you're aware
of our... stigma.

Yeah, you guys have had
the best GPA the last 50 years.
Indeed, but believe it or not...
the best GPA doesn't get you laid.

- Damn well should.

- Amen.

This month marks
our 75th anniversary.

I am here to ask you to aid us
in throwing a party...

a party we can be proud of...

a party people will
actually show up to.

Gosh, I'd really love to help, but I
have a bamboo oar stuck up my Gangees.

It's very scary stuff.

I just don't have the time.

How much is your time worth?

Panos reminded me that I had one...

very valuable skill

I'd yet to tap--

my undeniable ability

to throw one hell of a party.

I was hanging on by a thread,

but I was still making tuition.

The strawberry! Eat the strawberry!

It's worth 250!

- Don't you think I know that?

- You treat me like a child.

I don't like the way you

condescend me.

- Don't do that!

- Frankly, you're juvenile.

Guys.

I know Ms. Pac Man's special.

She's fun. She's cute.
She swallows.
But we gotta talk, guys.
Huddle up. Come on.
Team meeting here.
Cowboy. All right.
I look at you guys,
and you know what I see?
A collective GPA of 52,000?
Yeah! No!
I see a bunch of party animals...
crouched in attack position,
ready to strike.
Am I right?
No one even knows we're here.
Au contraire, mon freres.
Girls!
I'd like you to meet
Sherri and Terri.
Two girls utterly infatuated...
with men who have
larger than normal...
medulla oblongatas.
Pearson, I got a hot news tip for you.
It's Friday night. Get out of here.
I know. I'm just doing some final
revisions to this piece on euthanasia.
Oh, I read that.
Made me want to kill myself.
I'm kidding.
- Where's my Wilder story?
- There is no story, Elliot.
The guy's a joke. He tries to turn
every interview into a date.
A good writer gets her story
no matter what.
Please get me the Wilder piece.
He's throwing a big party tonight.
You should be there.
- This is really a pimpin' good time.
- Yes, it is.
Look who's checking out
the Badalandabad. Her name's Naomi.
That's "I moan" backwards.

I put in a good word for you.
Hey, Tajy. Let's boogie.
These are the most pathetic
bunch of pledges.
You picked 'em.
Hey, babe.
- Why aren't you in costume?
- I can't stay. I have to work tonight.
You're gonna miss
the biggest party of the year.
Well, I gotta go.
- I'll call you tomorrow.
- What?
This party so rocks, Richard.
- This party sucks rectum, Jeannie.
- Okay.
Where the hell is everyone?
Mad props
for this pimpin' good time...
go out to those
hung and handsome bad boys...
of Lambda Omega Omega.
Thanks for the good time, fellas.
- Let's get you some skates.
- I'm not here to skate.
For some reason,
my editor thinks you're a story.
What do you think?
As a story, I think...
you're a little soft.
Wow, all this time I thought I was more
to you than just some flaccid story.
A dilemma has arose up front.
- Don't know if we got our point across.
- Crystal clear, guys.
- This is incredible.
- 100 percent. Don't go anywhere.
Seriously.
Van is a godsend.
I would have paid him way more
than a grand for this party.
I would have cashed in
my Israel bonds.
- How do you put a price on dignity?

- How do you put a price on poonani?
- Yes!
- Oh, God!
Oh, my God. Feel it!
Whoa. Trick or treat.
What's going on?
This vaginal discharge
won't let us partake in the party.
Graphic.
I'm sure we can accommodate
a few more, yeah?
No can do.
We're at maximum capacity.
- What are you doing here?
- You two know each other?
That's my girlfriend,
gluteous erecti.
- You must be premed Dick.
- Yeah, that's right.
- What's it to you?
- Thanks for the story.
What story?
Brilliant, Pearson.
I have been inundated
with people telling me...
how much they enjoy
reading about this guy.
They want more, and so do I.
I want you to do a follow-up.
I did your story, Elliot.
I'm not doing another one.
Even if I tell you it's gonna be on the
front page of the graduation issue...
in two months?
And I quote,
"Van Wilder is a party pimp."
Sick Boy.
Can you believe she wrote that?
Van Wilder's phone.
I do not foresee that to be a problem.
And that guy she's with--
all kinds of wrong for her.
- Sick Boy, how are you doing?
- Van, the shingles are all gone.

That ointment really worked.

Thanks.

Lookin' good there, buddy.

- He'll call you back.

- Unbelievable.

Van Wilder's phone.

- Terrible.

- I think so. Yeah.

- Hang on.

- Unbelievable.

Van's room.

Saturday night, yeah.

That's-- How did you--

From the paper?

Yeah, that's fine!

Okay, thanks.

- No problem confirming. Bye.

- This writing, it's just--

I was just wondering if you could...

slam the door in my face.

Van, you must listen to me.

Because of her article, everybody wants
to have a party thrown by Van Wilder...

the party liaison.

Your cash camel has arrived!

We need to talk.

This is why I don't do interviews.

You totally slammed me.

You journalists

and your irresponsible reporting.

I recorded quotes that you got money
from the Lambdas to throw them a party.

Recorded? What are you, bugged?

Do I need to frisk you?

Why is my story

such a big deal to you?

Because I didn't want the students
to know I threw the party.

They paid me, but that's not
the only reason I did it.

Lambdas are cool in their own right.

People just needed to realize it.

I'm sorry. I didn't know

you had a benevolent agenda.

There's two sides
to every story, Gwen.
I have a chance to make front page
of the graduation issue...
which is a huge deal to me.
Let me get the other side.
There's this function
I'm hosting tomorrow night.
If you want...
you could tag along.
- I'll be there.
- It's a date.
It's an interview.
Remember, today's assignment
is about shadow.
So don't get too hung up
on detail.
All right, everybody?
Oh, Lord!
So much sinew,
I need a bigger pencil.
Yeah, that's fine.
Word spread around campus. My calendar
was filled with parties to plan.
Van Wilder, party liaison, was born.
At the Hillel House, I broke bread.
And then I broke the boredom.
They said I did them a mitzvah.
That's Yiddish for "good deed."
Write that down.
Oh, yeah, she came too.
This is the second party
of his she's gone to.
Sounds serious. Threatened?
Threatened? Please.
I'm president of both my fraternity
and the student government.
He's nothing more
than a mild rectal itch.
You know what you do
about a mild rectal itch, Gordo?
- What's that, Richard?
- You scratch it.
Then you scratch it some more.

The more you scratch at it,
the worse it gets...
until finally you have nothing left
but a raw, chafed...
possibly infected anal cavity.
Then it's won.
When all you had to do from the start
was take a medicated pad...
and smother it.
All right, people,
midterm is next week.
Here you have your five categories--
commerce and trade,
so forth and so on.
What you doing?
I'm in the middle of class.
You know, that five-letter word.
I thought we could spend
some time together...
for the story.
I want you to have this.
- Yeah.
- And thank you.
All right, things to remember--
commerce and trade--
Everybody just file out
in an orderly fashion.
What? Come on. Hop in.
I am not getting
in that thing with you.
If you want the story,
you'll get in this thing with me.
What happened?
Is everyone okay?
Wilder.
Are we gonna get in trouble
for being in here?
It's cool. Equipment manager owes me
a favor. I introduced him to his wife.
Life is all about
developing relationships, Gwen.
I hope you can skate.
So the deal is, I score...
you cooperate

and answer all my questions?

- I miss--

- Dinner for two, me and you.

Clothing optional.

Come on!

Holy crap.

My brothers play hockey...

for the Rangers.

My dad just didn't see me

as a sound investment anymore.

But he gave up on me and my mom

long before I ever came here.

Maybe seven years of tuition...

is a good way to remind him

that you're still angry.

So how long have you

and premed Richard been together?

- Since my freshman year.

- I bet he's a tighty whitey guy.

- Excuse me?

- White, elastic band, constrictive.

You can tell a lot about a person

by the kind of drawers they wear.

Like you. Granny panties, I bet.

Does that allude to me

being the plain, boring type?

I just wanted a visual.

I think it takes a lot more than

the kind of underwear one wears...

to define them as a person.

Like what?

Like their actions.

For instance, most people...

want to get out of school

so they can make money.

You're trying to make money

to stay in school.

- Why?

- I like it here.

What about your future?

- You take life way too seriously.

- Life is serious.

I used to party with this guy

who once told me...

"Don't take life too seriously.
You'll never get out alive."
He used to write
for the school paper.
He kept babbling about the differences
between light and dark beer.
Very strange, but good advice.
You think about the future too much,
you kinda forget about the present...
obviously.
And I am really enjoying
the present right now...
sharing a penalty box and a tri-latte
with Gwen Pearson...
who believes censorship reflects
society's lack of confidence in itself.
You actually read that article?
Okay, look, I read the damn article,
but don't tell anyone...
because if word gets out that I read,
my reputation--
shot to hell.
She's smart, she's beautiful...
she can skate.
She's not for you, dude.
She's too high-strung.
Besides, babes that fine--
they're way into themselves
and shit.
After this weekend,
we should have sufficient funds...
to cover your next two payments.
I mean, this girl is dynamite.
Too bad she's dating
Strapper John, MD.
- Where did you find that?
- In your room a few days ago.
I'm trying to spark this bong,
but this damn thing won't light.
That's no bong!
It's for my schlong!
Hold on.
You mean I put my mouth
on your cock pump?

Oh, damn!

I have a date with Naomi
tomorrow night...

and I just wanted
to bring my A game.

Taj, come on!

That's what I'm here for, right?

Now, follow my foolproof plan...

and I'm gonna help you put
the bang in Banglapur.

All you need are the three
fundamentals-- scented candles...
massage oil...

and Barry White.

Write that down.

- Hey, no cock pump.

- No cock pump.

Barry White.

- I'm gonna go wash my hands now.

- Oh, Gwen!

Your labia feels so good
around my swollen phallus.

I'm fairly confident

I'm going to ejaculate.

I'm releasing my seminal fluids
inside of you now!

Are you okay?

Yeah. Why?

Didn't you--

It's kinda hard in 15 seconds.

Damn it!

You know the kind of pressure
I'm under with my exams.

- I'm sorry.

- Look, I'm sorry.

This semester's marks could determine
the next ten years of our lives.

Do you realize that?

You know...

you shouldn't take life
too seriously.

You'll never get out alive.

What the hell

is that supposed to mean?

I'm late for my study group.
She was getting awfully chummy
with the rectal itch.
Son of a bitch.
Disappear!
Yes, superior leader, sir.
It's time to excise
that cancerous lump.
Forget him. Let's crap in the chapter
room and make the pledges clean it up.
- It'll be fun.
- I wish I could, Gordo.
I got dinner
at Gwen's parents' house.
Sounds special.
Is Wilder gonna be there?
Hey, guys. Hey, Richard.
Is there anything
I can do for you today?
Dear Van--
Here you go, Taj.
Get your rave on, man.
- Thanks.
- You got it.
"See you tonight. Gwen."
The invite to the parents' house.
This is big.
This is very, very big.
- Doesn't she have a boyfriend?
- Details.
I'm off.
Taj, you're in charge.
I do not think I'm capable
of handling such a responsibility.
Listen to me. Do you know why
I chose you as my assistant?
So you could teach me
how to muff dive?
Well, yeah, but also...
because you have the potential
to be great.
- May I help you?
- Yeah, I'm Van--
You made it.

Evelyn, this is one of your daughter's acquaintances from school.

There's room for one more?

By all means.

Come in, please.

Definitely be out of the question unless they all agreed with us...

and we talked it over.

Excuse me, gentlemen.

Excuse me, gentlemen.

Van, this is Dr. Henke, proctologist.

Oh, well, holy crap.

I hope you're not on call tonight.

Dr. Beaverman, OB-GYN.

Van Wilder,

G-L-A-D to meet you.

And of course, Gwen's father.

I'm gonna go out on a limb here.

Dr. Pearson?

- Indeed.

- Indeed. Super.

All right.

So... am I here for a physical?

'Cause I'm gonna need a few cocktails before I start coughing for you fellas.

- What are you doing here?

- I don't know.

No, thank you.

Mr. Wilder here

is quite the collegian.

He's in his, what, sixth year?

Lucky number seven, actually.

- What are you studying, son?

- I dabble in a bit of everything.

I've tried to experience all that Coolidge has to offer.

Surely you have a career in mind.

Not really.

I'm still looking for that dare-to-be-great situation.

Maybe you should start looking for that dare-to-be-employed situation.

The student body

finds Van so intriguing...

that my editor has asked me

to do an expos on him...

for the school newspaper.

Isn't that wonderful?

- That will be quite the page-turner.

- It'll be a very well-written article.

Gwen is an extremely gifted

journalist.

Are you and Richard

in the same fraternity?

Oh, no.

Van isn't exactly

Delta Iota Kappa material.

Richard, you rascal, you never

told me that you were a DIK.

Not that you had to.

I'm gonna go get

another bottle of champagne.

- Richard, will you help me open it?

- Sure.

Wow.

If he's here,

who's running Hell?

- What are you doing out there?

- Proving a point.

Your friend doesn't fit in.

He's a virus, and I'm the vaccine.

- I can't believe you're doing this.

- Pop quiz. True or false.

You and that GDI have been spending
an inordinate amount of time together.

True. Now here's a multiple choice
question for you.

You're A, an asshole; B, an asshole
who isn't staying at my place tonight...

- or C, all the above?

- What's B again?

Gweny, I'm kidding.

I apologize.

- Gweny, where are you going?

- To go save Van.

God only knows what my parents and
their stuck-up friends are doing to him.

Okay! All right!
You're a natural, Dr. P.
Hey, what are you looking at?
- Henke, you're up. Come on.
- All right.
Easy, sailor.
All right, Wilder, let's dance.
It's a good day to die, McDoogle.
Oh, yes.
Jesus! Criminy!
What happened to you, Wilder?
Don't think I don't remember.
You got an A
in my freshman economics class.
You remember one thing--
Apathy is the glove
into which evil slips its hand.
I'll write that down.
You do that.
You're not fooling anybody!
You're only fooling yourself!.
- Why don't you walk?
- I think I'll walk from here.
Are you stalking me?
Because that would be super.
My mom did want me to invite you
to her Tupperware party next week.
Was that a--
Judges' ruling.
Uh-huh. Yeah.
I do believe that was a joke.
I want to apologize for what
Richard did the other night.
It was a really immature stunt.
Yeah, I know...
but sometimes guys can do
some pretty childish things.
Let us proceed.
- Is he ready?
- Ah, yeah, he's ready.
It's go time.
Such a good boy.
Oh, stop for a second.
Stop.

Okay. Keep going.
For the love of God.
Smile, buddy.
Lovely.
It's all about presentation,
gentlemen.
Well, I'll be damned!
Poor guy just needed
a little TLC.
I got it, guys.
No problem whatsoever.
Let the damn baby
have his ball back.
Thank you, brothers.
It's not like he can see
out of it anyway.
Loser.
Awesome work, sisters.
Special delivery!
- Time out.
- What the fuck, Jeannie?
"From the sisters of Sigma Theta Tau."
Dig in, guys.
Oh, they're still warm.
- So creamy.
- They're awesome.
Oh, they're so creamy.
God, these are excellent.
Guys? Richard?
Think I've had these before.
Oh, my God!
I love this song.
I know.
It is the White Barry.
Is that for me?
I long to rub you the right way.
You're such a bad
little Badalandabad.
No harm, no foul.
- Are you all right?
- Never better, my jasmine flower.
That feels so good.
Oh, my God.
Take me.

I want you now.
Now!
Shit!
Don't tease me.
This is the culmination
of my being.
Baby, I'm about to culminate.
Now, get over here.
Tajy, I'm so hot.
- I feel on fire.
- Oh, yeah, me too, baby.
- Burning up.
- Oh, yeah, baby, I'm burning up.
You are most amazing
to make me feel so...
damn hot!
I wonder how T-Bad's date's going.
Scented candles,
massage oils, Barry White.
Yeah, we can't be too far
from climax, huh?
- Why do I always fail?
- You put too much pressure on yourself.
Don't worry about the money.
I'll figure something out.
More importantly...
when the time is right...
it'll happen.
You'll find the one.
I need to see the grade transcripts
for Van Wilder, please.
I don't think so.
Student transcripts
are confidential. Sorry.
Swim team really does
need your love, folks.
And if Milty Mingleton
can shove himself...
into that weenie bikini...
then you don't need to be shy
about making your donations now!
Thank you, Milty!
After we put all the water
back in the pool...

we'll be accepting donations
in the form of...
cash, Visa
and full-frontal nudity.
Hutch, take over.
That's right, folks.
Save the swim team.
Bikini-clad judges for a fund-raiser?
That's pretty ingenious.
Sex sells, Gwen. Sex sells.
It's not too late for you to enter
the doubles breaststroke if you like.
No, thanks.
I forgot my suit.
I just came across a bit
of interesting information.
All right, look.
The vet assured me that canine semen
is perfectly healthy.
In fact, surprisingly rich--
You've been 18 units shy of graduating
for the past 6 semesters.
Whoa. You went klepto
on my transcripts.
What's going on with you?
You're actively trying
not to get out of here.
Why are you doing this? Do you ever
stop playing the in-depth reporter?
I just want to know why
you're putting off your life.
Not for the paper.
For me.
I have no comment...
for either of you.
External occipital protuberance.
Posterior gluteal line.
Dorsal appendage. Gwen.
- Was the last one right?
- Yeah, that's right.
Wrong! The dorsal appendage exists
only in marine-equipped mammalia.
I knew you weren't listening.
- What's wrong with you?

- Nothing. I'm fine.
Let's get out of here,
go grab a beer.
Are you insane?
You know my midterm and finals ritual.

I study till 11:

Nine solid hours of sleep.
Protein shake in the morning.
Okay, very cute.
And also correct.
Which gives us 2 hours
and 53 minutes of study time.
So, honey, please focus.
All righty?
I have confirmations
from the African-American Club...
the Gay and Lesbian Caucus,
MECCA, HEPA, PETA.
This multi-coalition party
was a masterful plan.
It should triple our income.
I just hope it's enough.
Van, you must listen to me.
We are merely one party away
from accomplishing our goal.
What if she's right, huh?
What if I'm avoiding graduation
because I'm scared?
Listen to yourself, meathead.
You've never doubted yourself
in your whole life.
This girl's got you thinking, man.
It's not good.
- Not good at all.
- Hey, you!
Please move banner
a skosh higher, huh?
You got all this.
I'm gonna go--
I'm gonna go make some calls
for the party, okay?
- Hi, Van.
- Hi, Donna.

Hey, guys.

- What are you doing in here?

- I had to talk to you.

I thought a lot about
what you said, and--

Well, just--

just take a look at this.

Yeah. Doodles.

I attended class today.

Just about stayed the whole time too.

I'm glad you went

to all your classes today.

And a few that weren't mine.

Stepped into the wrong one.

Liked what I heard, stayed.

That's great. It really is.

It really is.

But don't do it for me.

Do it for you.

Maybe I'm doing it

for both of us.

I shouldn't even

be talking to you like this.

And I shouldn't be

in the women's locker room!

But sometimes you gotta let

your heart lead you...

even if you know it's someplace

you know you're not supposed to be.

How often does your heart lead you

into the women's locker room?

- This would be a first.

- Why do I find that hard to believe?

I'm not saying I've never

been in here before.

I'm saying it's usually a different part

of my anatomy that does the leading.

Oh, my God.

I just couldn't believe it.

Gwen and Van in the women's locker room.

I mean, I just couldn't believe it.

So anyway, let me tell you something.

I'm sorry, fellas.

The bakery's closed.

- I'm here to enlist your services.
- Let me guess.
"Come as your favorite drunk-on-jis,
come-gargling frat boy party"?
Then your mom can come.
It's gonna be a bachelor party.
One last night of debauchery
with the fellas...
before settling down
with my fiance, Gwen.
Oh, please, you didn't think she'd
be interested in a fuckup like you?
That ought to be enough
to get you started.
Hello?
Casey.
I'm just using Gwen's computer.
Is Gwen there?
I need to talk to her.
She's at Richard's getting ready for
the engagement dinner tonight. Message?
Nope. That's all right.
Bye. Thanks for coming.
Lindsey and Rob make such
a great couple, don't you think?
Yeah, I'm happy for them.
They're gonna make a great
married couple too. You know why?
Because they love each other?
Because they're compatible.
Like a heart transplant patient finding
a donor with the same blood type...
and just the right
chromosomal anomalies.
A perfect match,
connected forever.
But that would mean
one of them would have to be dead.
Gweny, I'm just saying
that they're a match.
Just like you and me.
Lucky girl.
Gwendolyn Elizabeth Pearson...
I'd be honored if you and I

surgically and spiritually...
grafted our lives together.
Richard,
I don't know what to say.
Just say yes, because
I've got even more amazing news.
Northwestern called this morning.
They wanna interview me.
They're gonna send some recruit alums
to campus for written and oral exams.
And then I am in!
Oh, man, Northwestern.
That's great.
I'm so happy for you, Richard.
Be happy for both of us. The Richard
and Gwen life plan is kicking in.
Northwestern.
I am the shit.
Your father wants to get us a place in
Forest Grove as an engagement present.
- My parents know about this?
- Yeah, I told everyone.
Where are you going?
I'm not sure,
and for some reason...
I feel really good
about that.
I can't hold on
There's no easy way
Hey, Van, can I borrow--
My God, what happened to you?
- I got hit by a big truck.
- Are you okay?
I'm all out of love
I'm so lost without you
I know you were right
Believing for so long
Dope song.
What's it called?
"Gwen Used Me For Her Story,
Then Married an Ass Wipe...
and Ran Over My Heart
With a Big Metaphorical Truck."
Originally performed

by Air Supply.
Who's Air Supply?
How old are you, Sally?
I'm old enough to be jealous
of that Gwen girl.
Okay, you can do this.
I'm all out of love
I'm so lost without you
I know you were right
believing for so long
You must be Gwen--
the truck driver.
Hey. Excuse me.
Gwen!
Hey, hold up a second.
What are you doing here?
What am I doing here?
What were you doing in there?
As smashed as I am, I'm pretty sure
that's my room, wasn't it?
What was that girl,
a freshman?
She reads at a sophomore level.
This was a big mistake, Van.
I'm leaving.
Why are you here? Did you come to
hire me to do your bachelorette party?
'Cause your party pimp has already
been booked by your fianc.
- My fianc? What are you talking about?
- When are you two tying the knot?
Seriously, I'd really
like to hold that date open.
That is none of your business.
And you know what?
You're none of mine.
Sounds to me like your rectal itch
was getting a late-night booty scratch.
First, my bitch turns down my proposal.
Then she runs into that loser's arms.
Now I don't even know
where my bitch is.
Wilder's got some big blowout tonight.
Maybe your bitch is gonna be there.

You do not call her that, gonad!
Hey, guys.
Just giving you all the 411 .
I'm a counselor for the Further
Leaders of America's overnighiter.
The bus doesn't leave for a few hours.
Is there anything I can do before I go?
Anything at all?
Okay, listen up. We've got
one quick stop off before we go.
Tit wad!
All right, thank you, man.
Enjoy yourself.
All right, sister. Enjoy yourself.
Power to the people.
- How you doing, my man?
- What's up?
I hate to break this to you, Ming,
but you ain't Asian.
Man, you ever heard
of Tiger Woods, bitch?
You better get out of here before I hit
you upside the head with a three iron.
What's wrong with you?
Enjoy yourself.
- What's wrong, dog?
- Nothing. I don't feel like partying.
That's a first.
Hey, Van. I just wanted to come by
and extend an olive branch.
- ID, please.
- It's a terrible picture of me, but--
Well, I'll be the judge of--
There's nothing fake
about this ID.
Did you sit behind me
two semesters ago?
I think I remember this behind.
I mean, you sitting behind me.
This whole rivalry thing
has become a tad childish.
Well, I hope we can put it
all behind us and be friends.
That's what Gwen wants.

You have absolutely
no idea what Gwen wants.
Say hi to your gerbil for me.
Okay, kids.
This is our Uncle Jger.
That's right.
Drink up.
This tastes like shit.
Do you have any scotch?
Gotta go.
Sorry. Bye.
Bye-bye. Call me.
Gentlemen.
Trooper.
We got an anonymous tip that there's
some underage drinking going on here.
Hutch?
Hell no, man.
I've been at the door all night.
Good enough for me.
Have fun, guys.
All right, Trapper.
Stay cool.
- I love you, man.
- No, man.
I love you.
Those circus midgets
cannot hold their booze!
Don't worry, Van.
We'll get you out, man.
Delta Iota Kappa rules!
Damn it, Gwen, pick it up.
I know you're there.
You know I have my Northwestern
interview next week.
Look, I need you
to help me "release"...
some pressure.
You know, help me "relax."
Just so we're clear,
I'm talking about intercourse.
I know you had
a fling with Wilder.
And it's okay. You just had

to get it out of your system.
I just hope
you used some protection.
And I wouldn't want
our future children to be tainted...
because Mommy went slumming
one night back in college.
Why don't you go "release"
your own pressure?
And just so we're clear,
I'm telling you to go fuck yourself!.
Hi, partner in crime. Is there anything
I can do for you today?
Oh, my God!
We make such the fab team!
Last night, I was so like Bonnie and
you were so like Clyde. And now this.
Would you shut up?
I'm trying to pleasure you.
Sorry, Richard.
Pleasure away.
- PS, this is an awesome room.
- PS, shut the fuck up!
Here, I'm done
with all of this.
- The Wilder story's not done.
- Read it before you criticize.
He got expelled today.
Is that in your story?
'Cause it should be.
- Is Van here?
- He don't wanna see you.
- Excuse me?
- Look.
- Why don't you just leave him alone?
- Home wrecker.
Oh, thank you!
Thank you!
Out of my way!
Stop packing! You can appeal the
expulsion. It's in the school charter.
"Any student may appeal an expulsion
before the university judicial board...
and state his or her case

within 48 hours of being discharged."
Do you want my hot tub,
or should I just give it to Milty?
We can get the law club to help.
They owe you after the
"Sue Me, Screw Me" soiree you threw.
Thank you. I appreciate it.
I'm really not interested.
- You're not hearing me--
- It's over, Taj!
Fuck you, Van Wilder!
You heard me.
I say-- I say...
fuck you, you-you-you--
you--you--
you pussy ass motherfucker!
You-- You dicksucker!
Don't sugar coat it, Taj.
Tell me how you really feel.
Seven years.
Seven years!
I've accomplished nothing!
There's no reason
to stay here anymore!
Sure, sure.
You've made tons of friends...
who in the drop of a rupee do anything
for you, and that doesn't mean much?
Who cares about Sick Boy
and the charities you've helped...
and all of our athletics--
those are all so minuscule?
And I guess so is a promise...
made to a wet-behind-the-ears kid
from India whose only dream...
was to bury his face
in a beautiful woman's lotus patch.
You have shown me a life
I could only dream about...
back home while masturbating
in my father's woodshed.
Most importantly,
you saw potential...
in me.

If you do not see potential in yourself,
then you are a blind man.
I'm leaving.
Then leave.
But leave the honorable way.
You've been looking for
that dare-to-be-great situation.
It is at your doorstep.
We need to talk.
Get me the law club.
It's ridiculous!
It's preposterous!
It's ludicrous!
By God, it's impetuous!
- So does that mean you gonna help us?
- Oh, it's on.
Let Van stay! Let Van stay!
Let Van stay! Let Van stay!
We are now in session.
Mr. Wilder.
You were found in violation of Article
soliciting of alcohol
to extreme minors...
which is grounds
for immediate expulsion.
You have opted to appeal.
The floor is yours.
Ladies and gentlemen...
as you know...
I've been a student here
for seven years, and I've--
Let Van stay!
Let Van stay!
Order! Order!
Settle down, everyone.
- Continue, Mr. Wilder.
- I'm okay.
I've learned a lot here
at Coolidge.
Let the record show that...
when I attended class...
I did receive exemplary marks.
However, it was only when I met
a special someone...

that I realized
what I was doing--
hiding.
See, after this is real life,
and I wasn't ready for that.
I don't know why exactly.
I do know that I don't wanna
end up like my father...
whose whole life
revolves around work.
But I see that now.
And I'm ready to move on.
Well, that's that. Good luck, loser.
Who's ready for lunch?
- Mr. Bagg, you will be quiet.
- What's any of this got to do with...
that he's guilty of an infraction
that deserves expulsion?
Mr. Wilder.
I can't argue
against the infraction.
I was responsible for that party,
so what happened was my fault.
I'm here to lay myself
at the mercy of this court...
and suggest an alternative punishment.
Make me graduate.
If you'll kindly take
a look at my transcripts...
you'll see I'm 18 units from graduating
with a leisure studies degree.
I am pleading to this committee,
reinstate me.
Let me audit my last six classes,
take the finals...
and leave Coolidge with a degree.
God, I've bled...
crimson and blue
for nearly a decade.
This school has given me so much.
Let me repay Coolidge...
by parting ways as a graduate.
What are the courses
Mr. Wilder needs in order to graduate?

Biology, English Lit,
Calculus, Economics...
- Sociology and Political Science.
- Wow.
- That's quite a load.
- Well, Van can handle quite a load.
If we expel him, there could be
some sort of a coup d'tat.
He broke a rule.
He should pay the consequences.
Well, let's take a vote.
There's five of us here.
Majority rules.
I vote reinstatement.
- Mr. Bagg?
- Expulsion.
Miss Haver?
Reinstatement...
over and over.
Okay. Mrs. Seay?
Expulsion.
Professor McDoogle?
You know, I've waited a long, long time
for this day to come.
Either way...
Van Wilder's tenure here
at Coolidge is over.
Let's see what
the kid's made of.
He's in! He's in!
- Hey, Jeannie.
- Look.
I just wanted to explain about
the whole, you know, Richard thing.
Me and Richard's unspoken bond blossomed
the other night in one beautiful...
symbiotic act.
- What sort of act?
- Messing up that Van Wilder party.
And then we bumped uglies.
It was the best ten seconds ever.
Ever.
Yes, these interviews
are somewhat of a formality...

but I think it's crucial we like-minded people get to know one another.

- I knew you'd come to your senses.

- Hello, Richard.

Look. I know we have a lot of surgery to perform on our relationship.

But right now I am prepping for the biggest moment of our lives.

I have a written exam first, and then an interview with five Northwestern alums.

All doctors.

That's why I came--

to help make you your shake.

- That'd be terrific, Gwenny.

- I'll see you downstairs.

But hurry. Interview's in a half hour, other side of campus.

Sorry about that.

Northwestern.

I am the shit.

You certainly will be.

Gwenny, thank you.

Good luck, honey.

You deserve it.

I certainly do.

Cytosine.

Nothin' but net, my man.

Now remember, before any final, take a pregame dump.

Thanks for coming in.

You did a great job, really.

Richard!

I was just talking about you.

Hey, surprise.

I'm on your oral exam board.

Look, come in here. I want you to meet your future alumni.

- I gotta go--

- No, come on. It's a great time.

Look, it's Richard.

Finished his written exam in only

Richard,

I want you to meet Dr. Stern.

Dr. Fine.

It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Bagg.

I've heard a lot about you.

- Dr. Brown.

- This is something of a formality.

We just want to

get to know you better.

And Dr. Smelnick.

Richard, is there something

you want to say?

You look like you want

to get something out, son.

Oh, my God!

- Vile.

- Oh, it burns!

I'm bleeding!

Dear God, that's wretched.

"Oh, I kept the first

for another day.

Yet knowing how way

leads on to way...

I doubted if I should

ever come back."

I want you to tell me what

Robert Frost was trying to express here.

I'm gonna need at least

one more booklet.

- What?

- In other school news...

we have an update

on the "Wilder Watch."

The rigorous day has been

a success for Van the man.

Five finals in the can with Professor

McDoogle's advanced econ final to go.

Van! Van, wake up,

wake up, wake up.

- Your final's in exactly seven minutes!

- All right.

It's the moment of truth, people.

I'm so glad you could fit us

into your schedule this morning.

Wouldn't miss it

for the world, sir.

All right.

Pass these out.

Thank you.

It's getting to be
that time of the hour.

And your time is up, Mr. Wilder.

Pencils down.

- Thank you.

- For four years...

I have been grooming myself
for the real world.

I, like many, define the real world
as stuff that happens after graduation.

But I was wrong. It took a man by
the name of Van Wilder to teach me that.

You've all undoubtedly
been to one of Van's parties.

He's probably touched your life
in some way, whether you know it or not.

Watch Van do belly flops
into a pool...

but make sure you see he's raised \$5,000
to give the swim team a next season.

As you're all aware,

Van was almost expelled.

What you probably
don't know is that he was set up...

by a pathetic, egomaniacal frat boy...

one who this reporter knows firsthand
to have a serious problem...

with premature ejaculation.

And in reaction
to this lynching...

Van put in more effort in six days
than most have all semester.

Win or lose, we should thank him for
reminding us what we're all capable of.

That's simply what he does--
he inspires the uninspired.

Van. Hurry. The night of fun
and fornication's upon us.

Hey, have you heard from Gwen?

No, she--

she hasn't yet called back.

Right.

I'll be down in a minute, okay?

- Okay.

- See ya, V.

Jesus.

This is some pad you got here.

Decorated in early fuck.

Well, I made it a point
to personally come down here, Wilder.

I wanted to give you the results
of your test firsthand.

And just as I expected...
you succeeded.

- Ninety-one percent.

- What?

I'm proud of you, Wilder.

I've been waiting all these years
for you to realize your potential.

That's why you and I
had friction?

I thought it was 'cause I fooled around
with your daughter freshman year.

Why? What-- You fooled around
with my daughter?

What?

Hey, I know you.

- Thank you very much.

- You're the best, Van.

Hey, I couldn't have did it
without you. Appreciate it.

I need you to fill this up with ice.

Pack as much as you can inside.

- Okay? Excuse me. I'm sorry.

- I'm sorry.

My name is

Orissa Punjab Nizamabad.

I've just transferred here
from Banglapur.

Excuse me.

Can you tell me...

where I might find
the raddest fucking dude alive?

Yeah, by the pool, Gramps.

Hey, I know you, man!

Oh, fuck.

Congratulations, Van.
I knew you had it in you.
Dad! I can't believe
you're here.
I can't believe you graduated.
A friend of yours...
sent me this.
I'm proud of you, Van,
graduation or no graduation.
Thank you.
And I'm sorry that I spent...
such a buttload
of your money for so long.
It's by far the best investment
I ever made.
- You did good.
- Let's get this man "leid."
Meet my new girl.
You look so--
Wow.
- Wow.
- I was hoping you'd say that.
- May I?
- As long as we cuddle afterwards.
There's so much
that I need to say-- the article--
I was scared
that you wouldn't come.
Well, I was trying to decide
what panties I should wear.
Which ones did you choose?
None.
It's gonna be a bachelor party.
One last night of debauchery
with the fellas.
You can't even--
I mean, this girl is--
- I was wondering--
- I'll do it.
I'm getting my shit together.
Just one second.
I can't do this!
Oh, man. My mama never told me
I'd be doing this.

I want to chew the--

And then--

I don't know how.

Kids, this is what white jockey
blowin' hookers will do to you.

^ xSilver ^