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American Pie 5: The Naked Mile

By Unknown

(GROANING)

Oh, honey, you don't look so good.

You should stay home from brunch.

- Are you sure?

- Mmm.

I really want to go.

You stay and rest.

You can see Grandma when we get back.

Thank you, Videobarn dumpster.

Wanna fuck me, baby?

Oh, yes. Yeah.

You wanna fuck me?

Hey, Erik. Do you know if your dad
still has my clippers?

I have no idea, Mr. Williams.

All right. Go back to what you were doing.

(LAWNMOWER WHIRRING)

You wanna fuck me, baby?

Yeah.

(WOMAN MOANING)

Yeah. Fuck me, baby.

Yes, please.

Oh, do me, baby.

Honey.

Yeah, just like that.

Oh, yeah! So good, so good, baby.

Oh, yeah!

I told you I was paying.

So what's the difference
if you forgot the coupon?

Honey, she doesn't like to waste money.

There's no way I'm letting you pay full price
when there's a two-for-one coupon
sitting on the counter.

I'll be right out.

I'm coming, too. Now I gotta pee.

I'll check on Erik.

ERIK:

Oh. Oh, that's good.

- You like that? I like that, too.

- Oh, yeah!

HARRY:

MOTHER:

- Harder.
 - Harder? Okay.
- Oh, yeah! So good.
- Like this?
 - Yeah, right there, babe.
 - Like this? Like this?
 - Yeah.
- Baby, do me just like that.
- Okay, attagirl.
- From behind?
 - Oh, yeah, baby! Harder!
 - Okay.
 - All right.
 - You wanna cum for me, baby?
 - Oh, yeah.
 - Yeah? Cum for me, baby.
 - I'm so close. I will.

MOTHER:

You're gonna cum for me?
I'm about to. I'm about to.
That's it, baby.
(SCREAMING)
Grandma. Grandma.

HARRY:

ERIK:

my grandmother died.
And it's pretty much the story of my life.
But let me back things up a little bit.
That's me. Not exactly the life of the party.
That's my buddy, Mike Coozeman.
Everybody calls him Cooze
'cause that's all he's ever interested in.
Cooze is a self-proclaimed ladies' man
and a legend in his own mind.
Sometimes his methods are...
(GROANS)
questionable.
Very smooth.
Oh, please. I consider that foreplay.

Where's Ryan?
I don't know.
Last time I saw him,
he was dancing with Stacey and Shelly.

ERIK:

I don't know how he does it.
See, I told you there was enough
for both of you.
He moved here in second grade.
Believe it or not, back then,
I was the one showing him the ropes.
Now he's the quarterback
of the football team,
and the coolest guy in school.
Hey, I brought you a vodka and ginger ale
so it won't upset your stomach.
Oh, thanks.
That's my girlfriend, Tracy.
We met in Biology, junior year.

TEACHER:

incision into your frogs.
Cut along the ventral side from the pelvic
to the pectoral girdle.
Oh!
I don't know what she saw in me,
but when I finally got up the nerve
to ask her out, she said yes.
And for some reason,
she kept going out with me.
It's like she totally gets me.
And I try my best to get her.
Come on. Take the low one. It's easy.
(SIGHING)
Screw it.
(HORSE NEIGHING)
Oh!
Are you all right?
I don't know.
Is it possible to break your ass?
Okay, I promise I'll never make you
ride a horse again.
Looks like she's perfect, right?

There's just one problem.
Tracy's not ready to have sex yet,
so that makes me a virgin.
Now, being one of the only virgins in school
is bad enough,
but it's even worse for me.
Yup.
I'm a Stifler.
My cousins are the legendary Stifler boys.
Steve, his brother, Matt,
and our other cousin, Dwight.
You see, with my last name
comes responsibility,
a reputation that I'm supposed to live up to.
Unfortunately, I've let down the family name
on more than one occasion.
What's your problem, Erik?
Your cousin would've helped me
steal this beer.
Dude, a real Stifler
would have totally fucked that goat.
If you were really a Stifler,
you would have nailed Tracy by now.

ERIK:

My name, my legacy, my curse.
I can't believe you killed your grandmother
from jerking off.
The coroner's findings were inconclusive.
Why are you still whacking it
to that dumpster porn?
Yeah, why don't you just go on the Internet
like a normal person?
Well, because my mom
put on that CyberNanny
after you spent the entire night looking up
German fetish porn.
Man, you are pathetic.
You know who I blame for this? Tracy.
What? Why?
Because, if she would just give up
a little ass,
then maybe you wouldn't be killing
your relatives with your money shot.

Erik, you cannot graduate a virgin.
For Christ's sake, you're a Stifler.
Hey, sweetie. How was your math class?
It was all right. How was English?
Pretty interesting, actually.
You know that kid
that I always tell you about?
- He was doing that pencil thing all...
- That's cool.
You okay?
Yeah, I'm fine.
Erik, we've been dating for two years.
I know when something's bothering you.
Nothing's wrong.
I don't know why you think
you have this psychic ability to read me.
Because I do. What is it?
You're gonna think I'm an asshole.
Let's just forget about it.
Come on, Erik, you know you can talk to me
about anything.
All right.
It's the sex.
I mean,
we've been together for two years.
Two years, Trace.
I mean, when we were juniors,
it was one thing,
but we're seniors now,
and this whole virgin thing
is starting to have
some serious consequences.
I mean, people are dying.
I told you, I'm not ready yet.
I am so ready.
Can't I be ready enough for the both of us?
It doesn't work that way.
It should.
I'm sorry, Erik.
I know how patient you've been.
I know. It's just sometimes...
What?
Well, you're a girl.
It's a lot easier for you to be a virgin

because the longer you stay a virgin,
the more pure and innocent you seem.
The longer I stay a virgin,
the more I become the laughingstock
of the entire school.

I'm sorry, but... I mean...

I'm sorry I brought it up.

(BELL RINGING)

I gotta go. I'll see you after school.

Okay.

Bye.

I'm telling you, his dick was this big.

NATALIE:

I bet he's got a big one.

Well, Tracy wouldn't know.

Whatever.

Yeah, I guess it's pretty hard
to figure out dick size from dry humping.

Brooke, that's mean.

Just because I don't have a catalog
of the school's dick sizes like you,
doesn't mean I don't know a thing or two.

Okay, so how big is Erik's?

See? Told you.

Come on, Brooke.

It's not like that with us.

I mean, Erik's different.

He respects my boundaries.

Well, you better give that boy
a reason to stick around,
or he's gonna find a girl
with looser boundaries.

Erik would never do that.

Yeah, that's what you said about Trent.

He broke up with you over sex,
and that was sophomore year.

Yeah, this just isn't gonna
work without the sex.

God, Trent is cute,

and I heard he just broke up with Holly.

Look, Tracy, we love you, and we love Erik,
but let's get real.

He's a guy, and guys have certain needs.

They really do.
It's like a caveman thing or something.
Yeah, I can't believe
you've kept him tied up this long.
Hey, Erik, guess who I just talked to?
Who?
Your cousin Stifler up at Michigan.
Why are you talking to my cousin Dwight?
Oh, we talk all the time.
What? We have a lot in common.
What's that crazy bastard up to?
He's in some fraternity,
and all those guys do is drink and fuck.
And it just so happens that they're throwing
a monster party this weekend
for the Naked Mile.
What's the Naked Mile?
Oh, dude, it's this thing
where thousands of students
run naked through campus.
It's the way of blowing off
steam after exams.
Thousands of naked chicks?
Stifler says that this party is gonna be epic.
Bottom line is, this place is played out.
High school's over for us.
It's time to plant our flag in a new land.
Porn, cumshot, dead grandmother,
grounded forever?
Don't worry.
Just tell your parents that, you know,
you're thinking about going to school there.
- I don't know, man.
- Oh, please.
Your mom cried when you told her
you were going to school in Boston.
She'll probably help you pack
if she thinks it'll keep you close to home.
I'll help you pack.
I'll make sandwiches.
Chicken salad?
Of course.
Are you gonna get a chance
to see your cousin?

Yeah. We might stop by and say hello.
Now, there's someone you
should definitely look up to.
I bet he doesn't have time
to blow his load on his family.
- Harry, please.

- HARRY:

When I was your age,
I was up to my neck in poontang.
I didn't have time to spank my monkey.
Thank you for that very
disturbing image, Dad.
I mean, Stiflers do not fake
being sick to stay home and pull dick.
We cut class to get ass.
Yes, I know.
That saying is on our family crest.
Oh, don't let me forget
to pack the Imodium AD.
You know, just in case you get diarrhea.
- Mom.
- I am so excited.
Aren't you excited, Harry?
I'm very excited.
Don't you get excited.

ERIK:

just like you said.
She's helping me pack,
and she's even making us sandwiches.
- Chicken salad?
- Yup.
Sweet.
See, I told you. Never doubt me.

RYAN:

I can't wait to see Stifler.
Hey, how come you never call me Stifler?
You're more of an Erik.
(BEEPING)
Hold on.
That's Tracy. I'd better take it.
All right, later.

Hey, sweetie.

Listen, about today, I'm really...

Erik, I wanna have sex.

Excuse me?

TRACY:

Are you serious?

Absolutely.

Do you have me on a conference call?

Because if you do, that is so not cool.

Erik, this isn't a joke.

I want to have sex.

Yes! Yes, yes.

TRACY:

What?

Tonight. I wanna have sex tonight.

How am I supposed to get out of my house?

That's up to you.

But at midnight, I'll be in my basement waiting to be ravished.

I'll be there.

Hypocrite.

So you get the beer and the weed,
and I'll handle the nitrous.

You got it. What's Erik bringing?

Sandwiches.

Nice. Chicken salad and college pussy.

My favorite combination.

Yeah, well, at least you'll get to taste
the chicken salad.

Ow.

Hey, what do you think Erik's doing
right now?

Probably beating off to dumpster porn.

No more beating off to dumpster porn.

No more virgin jokes.

Tonight, Erik Stifler becomes a man.

- Hi.

- Come on in.

- All right, listen.

- No.

No talking.

(SLOW MUSIC PLAYING)

Wait.

What?

Did you hear something?

No. Don't worry, my parents are passed out.

Are you sure?

You know how my stomach gets.

Here, I'll help you relax.

You brought something, right?

Oh, shit. I left it at home.

I can run back and get it.

I'll be back in like five...

No, no, don't worry. I've got one.

Do you wanna put it on or should I?

Let's put it on together.

Are you ready?

Yeah.

(DOOR OPENING)

Shit. Someone's coming.

Quick, get behind the bar. Now!

Honey, what are you still doing up?

Yoga.

I ate too much at dinner.

Why don't you take an Alka-Seltzer?

Alka-Seltzer is for babies.

I just need a nightcap.

(FARTING)

Excuse me.

Sounds like you could use an Alka-Seltzer.

Daddy. Here, let me get you your drink.

No, that's okay, honey.

You go back to your yoga.

No, Daddy, I really want to.

Sweetie, I'm a grown man.

I can make my own drink.

(RUSTLING)

What was that?

What was what?

I didn't hear anything.

There was a noise
coming from the laundry room.

I must be hearing things.

See, Daddy? I told you.

Now, come make your drink.

(FARTING)

What the...

(GROANING)

(SCREAMING)

You all right, baby?

I'm fine, Daddy.

Oh, that sick bastard took
a shit in our dryer.

I'm calling the police.

(POLICE SIREN WAILING)

Ryan? Ryan?

Ryan, get up man. Ryan!

What the fuck?

It's me. It's Erik.

Dude, why are you naked in my room?

And with a rubber on your dick.

Oh, yeah. Sorry about that.

Look, I'm in serious trouble, okay?

I need your help.

(SNIFFING)

What's that smell?

Did you step in dog shit?

Yeah.

Hey, man, thanks for the clothes.

I'll get them back to you.

No, thanks. Why don't you just burn them?

(POLICE SIREN WAILING)

Wonder if I get a reward for turning you in.

NEWSREADER:

improprieties are confirmed,
it could be devastating for the White House.

Sources near the
administration would neither
confirm nor deny the allegations.

And in local news, a masked burglar broke
into an area residence,
defecated in the family dryer,
and then exposed himself to a teenage girl.

Police are continuing the search,
but the whereabouts and
identity of the perpetrator are unknown.

What is wrong with these people?

And now, Dakota Snow
with the weekend forecast.

I don't know.
You scared me.
Sorry.
Listen, about last night...
Yeah, you know,
I'd just really rather not talk about it.
I really think that we should.
Erik, you took a crap in my dryer.
Your dad scared the shit out of me.
- Wait.
- You know, let's just...
Let's forget about it, okay?
Okay, but what about the other thing?
The sex?
I'm taking last night as a sign from above.
But maybe...
I mean, if your dad didn't come down...
Erik, I love you. I'm just...
I'm not ready yet.
Really?
Really.
But I also realized just how ready you are.
I don't wanna break up over sex.
I don't think we have to.
I'm not ready. You are.
It's selfish for me to keep you tied down.
So, this is what I'm proposing.
A guilt-free pass for this weekend.
That means you can do
whatever you want up there
with no consequences.
You're sure about this?
I don't think love and sex
have to be tied to each other,
so I'm okay with this.
One weekend. Get it out of your system,
and come back to me.
Is this some kind of a test?
Not at all.

- **RYAN:**

- **COOZE:**

See, this is perfect.

Hey, we all set?

I don't know.

I told you he'd puss out.

Tell me you at least
brought the sandwiches.

What's the problem?

There is no problem.

Tracy just gave me
a guilt-free pass for the weekend,
which means I can do anything I want.

Anything?

You mean...

Yeah, she said
that love and sex don't have to be linked.

She wants me to get it out of my system.

Dude, your girlfriend just went from
the lamest to the coolest in one shot.

You guys think it could be, like,
some sort of a test?

- No, no.

- No, no.

Tracy's a smart girl.

She's mature enough to see
that you're a man...

- Yeah.

...and you have certain needs.

You think so?

Absolutely.

You're driving.

Now get in the car
so we can go get you some random pussy.

Gentlemen, it's Friday afternoon,
we've got a full tank of gas,
a quarter ounce of weed,
three cases of beer,
a ten-pound tank of nitrous,
we're underage...

And I am too drunk to drive.

Hit it.

(HARD ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

You sure this shit's safe?

It's as safe as any other chemical
used to freeze-dry animals.

Look at the size of that fucking chicken.

Where?

(TIRES SCREECHING)

- **RYAN:**

- What fucking chicken?

Relax, he's hallucinating.

Are you out of your fucking mind?

Yeah, Tracy. What were you thinking?

But you guys told me

I had to give him a reason to stick around.

Yeah, you give him a reason,

not give him a free pass

to go have a weekend orgy.

You've got to stop this.

If he has sex this weekend,

what do you think's gonna happen?

That it will get it out of his system.

Oh, yeah. That's how it works.

He's gonna go from

getting laid back to dry humping.

It's pretty risky, Tracy.

Risky? It's a fucking Pandora's box, literally.

And once he's felt

the soft pink velvet on the inside of the box,

he's not gonna go back

to rubbing his dick on the outside of the lid.

Never thought of it like that.

Tracy, men are like dogs

that run around and hump

anything they see.

Now go and get your dog back on its leash.

(CELLPHONE BUZZING)

Come on, Erik.

I knew it was too good to be true.

Sorry, kids. It's for the best.

Tracy?

Oh, Mr. Levenstein.

- Hi.

- Hi.

You're back for more yoga.

Well, my wife is hooked on it,

and she thinks if I can be

a little more flexible, we can try some new...

Have you ever heard of a book

called the Kama Sutra?

No.

Oh, well, my wife just got it,
and there's some stuff in there that requires
some serious stretching,
if you know what I mean.

Are you okay, honey?

You look a little upset.

Oh, you know, just some boyfriend stuff.

Oh, boyfriend stuff.

Well, if there's anything I can do.

No offense or anything,
but I don't think you'd understand.

Oh, I see.

You know, my son had his fair share
of relationship/sexual/
pastry-related difficulties,
and I think my advice
helped him over the years.

Well, do you have any advice for a girl
dumb enough to give her virgin boyfriend
a guilt-free pass for the weekend?

I'm sorry, a guilt-free pass?

That means he could do whatever he wants
this weekend with no consequences.

Oh my!

Well, that certainly sounds progressive,
and a safe bet on what is probably gonna be
a humdrum weekend.

He's at the Naked Mile this weekend.

You gave your boyfriend a guilt-free pass
to the Naked Mile? Are you kidding me?

Tracy, the Naked Mile is insane. You...

From what I hear.

I wouldn't know from personal experience
because I, you know,

I have nothing whatsoever to do with it.

But, look, Tracy,
even if your boyfriend is at this Naked Mile,
it doesn't mean he's gonna do anything.

Really?

Well, just because he can,
doesn't mean he will.

Relationships are all about trust.

Yeah, I guess you're right.

Well, namaste.

Namaste.

Hey, have you seen my phone?

No.

Maybe you left it back at school.

No, no, I thought I put in my backpack.

Hey, you wanna pull over

at that stop up ahead? I gotta take a piss.

Just piss in a can or something.

Man, I could cut my dick on the lip.

Well, piss out the window.

Love that breeze off the lake.

COOZE:

Just think, next year

I'm gonna be going here.

Yeah, thanks to Daddy

and his alumni connections.

Fuck off.

I told you, I got in on my SAT scores.

You scored five points

above being legally retarded.

(RYAN AND ERIK LAUGHING)

Whatever. Still got in.

Hey, why does it smell like piss back here?

RYAN:

- **ERIK:**

- **RYAN:**

Cool.

Whoa.

What's going on here?

I have no idea.

ALL:

Drink. Drink. Drink. Drink.

Hold your drink!

MAN:

MAN:

Yeah.

How you feeling there, Stretch?

Little dizzy?

'Cause guess what?

Stifler can drink this shit all day long.

(ALL CHEERING)

ALL:

Your cousin is my hero.

(MAN WHISTLING)

- All right, everybody freeze!

- Oh, shit.

Campus security.

Nobody takes another drink...

...till I got my bet down. I got \$200 on Stifler!

Spanky, you had me going,

you silly son of a bitch.

OFFICER:

Yeah.

You got steel nuts, my man.

I'll give you that much.

But you're no match for the Stif-man.

Fuck you, Stifler.

Yeah.

Yeah.

(ALL MURMURING)

What's the matter, Boy Band?

You need a little something

to settle your stomach?

(BELCHING)

(PEOPLE LAUGHING)

(BLOWING)

Yeah, take in the Stifler essence.

Mighty pungent.

(ALL YELLING)

Yeah!

And still Heavyweight Drinking Champion

of the World,

Dwight "The Iron Liver" Stifler!

(ALL CHEERING)

I'm a bad motherfucker, baby!

(ALL EXCLAIMING)

He's okay. He's okay.

Hey, cousin.
How you doing?
I'm fine, Dwight. Are you okay?
Oh, yeah, I'm fine.
I'm fine.
Hey, I heard that you killed
Grandma with your cumshot.
That sucks, man.
Should we take him to the hospital?

RYAN:

He told me he does this, like, once a month.
Okay, well, you guys keep an eye on him.
I'm gonna go to the bathroom.
(GIRLS GIGGLING)
So, when are we gonna start partying?
Oh, someone's feeling a little frisky.
Let's just say I finally decided
to live up to the family name.
Stifler? We got a serious problem, man.
Mike and the guys just got arrested
trying to steal a monkey from the zoo.
So what's the problem?
Just take the money out of my bail fund.
They're almost half our football team.
We gotta put a team
on the field, man, or we're done.
- Why?
- 'Cause we're already on probation.
We gotta participate in every intermural event
or we're kicked off campus, man.
We're four guys short.
I play football.
I played freshman year.
What about you?
A little Nerf here and there.
Good enough. Stifler?
Mmm?
Can you play?
Don't ever
ask if Stifler can play.
I'm good.
The team we're playing's
been undefeated five straight years.

These guys must be pretty serious.
Fucking-A-right, they're serious.
Lambda Pi Gamma.
They're our arch rivals in everything:
Sports, women, booze.
These guys are fucking evil.

MAN 1:

MAN 2:

Down!
Blue 42.
They're midgets.
Hut, hut!
Don't let their size fool you.
These guys are fucking animals.
Did I do too much nitrous?
A midget fraternity?
Those rich midgets from those infomercials
gave the school some huge grant,
and started a school
for the vertically challenged and a fraternity.
And this is where every midget
in America wants to be.
Hot feet!

DWIGHT:

Breakdown.
These guys are the best of the best.

ROCK:

If it isn't the regular-size retards
and Captain Retard himself.
You ready to get your ass
kicked again, Shitler?
Get back to Oz there
before you get your ass stomped, Toto.
(LAUGHING)
Toto was the dog, you fucking idiot.
Lick my balls, big-wheel-riding,
midget motherfucker.
It's little person, fuck-nut.
This year, I'm gonna take
a chunk out of your other leg.

You little...

(ALL YELLING)

- You want it? You want it? Come on.

- Take it easy.

Whoa. Whoa.

Out of my way, assholes.

ERIK:

That's Rock. He's fucking crazy.

- He plays dirty.

- ROCK:

Last year, he bit a chunk out of my thigh.

COOZE:

COOZE:

Yeah. And what's with that regular-size guy?

Oh, it's Rock's cousin.

They had to let him in. Legacy.

What a douchebag.

Can he play?

No, he sucks.

(WHISTLE BLOWING)

(PEOPLE CHEERING)

Hey, keep your head up.

Whatever, they're midgets.

How bad can it be?

(WHISTLE BLOWING)

(SCREAMING)

(GROANING)

Holy shit!

Keep your head up, bitch.

I told you, man.

Don't underestimate these little bastards.

Down!

Set!

Hut!

(WHISTLE BLOWING)

(PEOPLE CHEERING)

(WHISTLE BLOWING)

Yeah!

(GROANING)

(WHISTLE BLOWING)

- Beta!

- Come on!

Let's go, fellas. Get on the line.

Down!

How you feeling, Stifler?

I'm 6'1", Frodo. How about you?

Hut!

(SCREAMING)

The little fucker's biting me again.

(SCREAMING)

Not in my eye!

(WHISTLE BLOWING)

Funny, you don't look 6'1" from here,
shit stain.

(I WISH PLAYING)

DWIGHT:

I hate that fucking guy.

I'm getting killed out there.

I can't get loose.

They're so fast and small.

I don't know what to do.

Quit crying, you bunch
of bra-wearing pussies.

I just got a hunk taken out of my leg.

You don't hear me crying.

All right, then, let's put
our balls on the table.

Let's go out there and show these little sons
of bitches what being a Beta's all about.

- You understand what I'm saying, fellas?

- Yeah, yeah.

All right, Beta on three.

- One, two, three, Beta!

- ALL:

- Down!

- Set!

DWIGHT:

Go!

Go!

(WHISTLE BLOWING)

(ALL CHEERING)

Yeah, yeah. Let's go, boys.
All right, we got five seconds left, guys.
If you're about to get
tackled, lateral it to the nearest guy.
It's our only chance.
All right, let's go now.
Come on, Beta on three.
- Beta on three.
- Who's with me?
- One, two, three, Beta!

- ALL:

Down!
Set!
Hut!
(MY HERO PLAYING)
(WHOOPING)
(ALL CHEERING)
(GROANING)
(WHISTLE BLOWING)
(CHEERING)

WOMAN:

(GROANS)
You're still my bitch, Stifler.
(WHISTLE BLOWING)
I can't believe we lost to midgets.
Don't let those Oompa Loompa
bastards get to you.
Right now, we have more important matters
to tend to, gentlemen.
From what I understand,
my cousin has a guilt-free pass
to bang all the girls he can find.
That I do.
Oh, that is good news.
Christ, for a while
I was starting to think you were adopted.
(STUDENTS CHATTERING)
(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)
Gentlemen,
welcome to paradise.
Boys and girls,
we have a celebrity in our midst.

The Heavyweight Drinking Champion
of the World,

Dwight "Iron Liver" Stifler!

(ALL CHEERING)

(WHOOOPS)

All right, you pussy-wipes,
I'm gonna go find some lady friends.

Try not to blow your wad
in the first minute, huh?

There is no way Allison's
party was better than Jimmy's.

You're nuts. Jimmy's party had two kegs
and those two theater chicks
went down on each other on the pool table
in front of everybody.

What the hell are you two talking about?

What?

Two kegs, theater chicks. Well, guess what?

We're in a college bar
full of unlimited booze and pussy,
and we're sitting
at the bar talking about high-school parties.

Ryan? Ryan! What's your problem?

That Great Falls attitude.

All you guys do is talk about Great Falls
like it's the end-all and be-all of existence.

The place is a fucking trap,
which is why I'm going to California.

I'm not gonna get stuck like the rest of them.

Yeah, I know. I think that's great.

Yeah, but don't you see?

That's what this weekend is about for me.

- What do you mean?

- To see if I can do it.

If I can start over
and accept being low man on the totem pole.

Ryan, it's just a weekend, man.

Maybe to you, but to me
it's a lot more than that.

Man, I sound like a chick.

Mmm-hmm.

I really need to go get some pussy.

Yeah.

Oh, shit.

Oh, my God. I'm so sorry.

- No, no, no, no. It's fine.

- I can't believe I did that.

Here, come with me.

(STUDENTS CHATTERING)

Quick, take off your shirt.

Excuse me?

- Well, I just... I wanna get the stain out.

- Oh, yeah, right.

I knew that.

Are we allowed to be back here?

Oh, yeah, don't worry. I used to bartend here.

Cool.

Look, I'm really,

really sorry about this. Right.

Accidents happen.

- I'm Brandy, by the way.

- I'm Erik.

You know, any other

frat asshole would bite my head off right now

if I spilled a drink on him.

I'm...

I'm not in a fraternity.

Oh, you're not? So you're independent?

What's that?

You know, a student who's not Greek.

No, I'm just visiting for the weekend.

I'm a senior in high school.

High school?

Yeah.

(GIRLS LAUGHING)

Really? Most girls slap me

or kick me in the balls when I say that.

Why? It's hysterical.

That's what I say. What are your names?

I'm Jill and this is Alexis.

Hey, this is my buddy Ryan.

- Hey, Ryan.

- Hey, Ryan.

Hey, ladies.

Amnesty International.

Is that some kind of rock band?

It's an organization that works to protect

human rights all over the world.

Oh, yeah.

MAN:

from our dates.
Down here, asshole.
What the hell do you want?
Just what he said.
For you two to get away from our dates.
In your dreams, Willow.
There is no way these girls are here with you.
Are you?
- But why?
- They're cool.
And sexy.
You gotta be fucking kidding me.
(GROANS)
Ain't nobody kidding around here, punk.
If you got a problem,
we could settle this right here.
Oh, I would love to.
Okay, stop it, you guys.
Listen, it was really nice meeting you two,
but we're spoken for tonight.
Come on, baby, let's dance.
That did not just happen.
Time for a Stifler blowjob!
Oh, get sexy, ladies, I love it.
Oh, I feel a stirring in my loins.
You've gotta meet my roommate.
I would love to.
Dude, the fucking midgets
just stole our women.

RYAN:

out of hand.
I told you guys,
don't underestimate those little bastards.
That midget quarterback
stole my girlfriend last year.
Slut!

ROCK:

Holy shit!
I thought this place had a no-loser policy.

What are you assholes doing here?
Fuck off, Mighty Mouse.
Man, don't take it out on me
because your ladies like it short and thick,
rather than tall and skinny.
Rock, don't you know, baby?
This bar is like a roller coaster.
Yeah, it has a height requirement,
- and I'm afraid you just don't measure up!
- Motherfucker.
- Easy! Easy! Easy!
- Whoa!
This isn't over, Shitler.
Oh, you got that right!
Never get in my way, woman.
What's up?
Bitch.

BRANDY:

I swear to God, I was running
through the streets with nylons on my head
and the condom still on.
I can't believe I just told you that story.
I think it's great.
I mean, think of it this way,
you'll never forget your first time.
Well, it wasn't...
Technically...
Oh, no, wait.
- You mean you didn't even get to...
- He came down too fast.
Thank you.
Thank you for laughing at my misfortune.
I think you're a sweetheart.
And you're really cute.
This is me.
So, are you guys
running the Mile tomorrow?
I don't know. There's something about
running naked down the street
while you're still a virgin...
Didn't stop you before.
Touch.
You never know, that virgin thing,

it could totally change
by the end of the weekend.
Thanks for walking me home.
What the hell happened to you last night?
What's up, fellas?
What's up?
What's up is we got
cock-blocked by some midgets at the bar.
Cooze, never mind that.
Where the hell were you?
Well, Mother,
if you must know, I was with a girl.
Bullshit. What girl?
Her name is Brandy.
She's in a sorority and she's hot,
and I'm supposed to meet her
at the Mile tonight.
Dude, I don't get it.
We come to college,
we get blown off by chicks for midgets,
and you're hanging out with a sorority girl?
What the fuck is going on here?
So, what are you gonna do?
What do you mean?
He's gonna bang that chick.
Aren't you?
What?
Yeah.
Yeah, of course I will.
I'm on a guilt-free pass, why wouldn't I?
Why the hesitation, man?
- Oh, shit! You're not gonna do it.
- I said I'll do it.
Erik, you've been given a gift from above.
Don't fuck it up.
I won't.
Yes, you will.
No.
I... I gotta get out of here.
(BEEPING)
(PHONE RINGING)
Hello?

ERIK:

Calling to see how you're doing.

I'm fine,

- I'm just studying.

- Okay.

Cool.

So, did you guys decide
if you're gonna run in the Naked Mile?

No, not yet.

But you know me, I'll probably just wimp out.

I mean, you don't have to.

Yeah, I know.

Are you okay?

I mean, you sound a little weird.

I'm fine.

I'm fine. I just wanted to call and say hello.

Thanks, but you don't need to check in.

I mean, go, have fun.

That's what this weekend's all about.

You're the greatest.

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

Erik Stifler.

- Hey, Mr. Levenstein.

- Hello, Erik, good to see you.

Yeah. Wow, I haven't seen you
since my parents' New Year's party, right?

Yes, well, your folks really,
really know how to ring in the new year.

Look, I'm sorry about my dad
giving you that wedgie in front of everybody.

Well, your dad's been doing
that to me since we were kids,
and strangely enough, I enjoy it.

So, what are you doing up here?

Oh, well, I went to school here
and, you know, I like to come
back every now and then
and check out the campus.

That's the only reason I'm here.

No other reason that I can think of.

And what about you?

What are you doing here?

Actually, it's kind of personal.

- Oh. Well, say no more.

- Okay.

Okay, listen, good seeing you.

Yeah, for sure.

Mr. Levenstein, you were a counselor
at Tall Oaks Band Camp
with my cousin, Matt, right?

Yes. Yes, I was. And your cousin Matt
needed some counseling...

- Yeah.

...I might add. I gave him some advice.

Advice. Do you think I could
confide something in you?

Well, sure. Yes, Erik, anything. Anything.

Okay.

I'm a virgin.

Okay, can I stop you there?

You're a Stifler and a virgin?

Yeah.

Well, so you're a virgin. What's the big deal?

Well, the other night, my girlfriend and I...

We tried to, you know...

Right. But her father

came down before we had the chance to.

So she changed her mind

completely about the sex,

but she gave me a guilt-free

pass for the weekend.

You got the guilt-free pass?

What do you mean?

Well, I mean,

you've got the old guilt-free pass dilemma.

- Yeah.

- It's a tough one.

I didn't think people your age

knew about that kind of stuff.

I believe I know more

about this than you think.

Good, because I just

don't know what to do here.

I mean, I've got

this smoking-hot sorority girl all over me.

Well, you know, my son Jim

went through kind of a similar dilemma.

He was going out with this very attractive

foreign-exchange student named Nadia.

Right, right, yeah. That's the one he blew his load too early with, right?

- Yes.

- Twice.

- Yes.

- Over the Internet.

- Yes, that's the one.

- Yeah.

Well, blowing loads aside...

Yeah.

The next summer Nadia came to visit Jim at the beach, and he turned her down because he had fallen in love with Michelle, who he later married, and is now the mother of my grandchild.

So you're saying

I shouldn't hook up with this sorority girl?

I'm saying I think

only you know the answer to that, Erik.

Well, gotta run.

Oh, Erik, I was sorry to hear about your grandmother.

Last night was amazing.

Yeah, it was.

The three of us should do it again sometime.

Definitely.

Definitely.

Hey, buddy.

You know how to get to Murray Street?

Oh, yeah, man.

Just go right down Maryland, down to...

What the...

What is this? Enter the Midget?

It's little people, asshole.

Come get some.

Come get some, baby!

(SCREAMING)

(PANTING)

Midgets jumped Stifler.

- What?

- What?

The midgets jumped Stifler.

He's in the hospital right now.
Oh, shit.
Holy shit.
Man, he is fucked up.
First Grandma, and now this.
All right, we gotta get
those fucking midgets.
Yeah, man.
Jesus, Ryan, keep it down, will you?
I got a huge fucking headache.
We thought this guy was you.
Fuck, no.
I don't know what happened to that pussy.
Hey, man, what the hell happened?
Rock and his boys jumped me,
wearing all black and ski masks.
Like I wouldn't know it was them.
Are you all right?
Are you gonna be able to run in the Mile?
Doesn't look like it.
Doc says the Stif-man's gonna be laid up
for at least a couple of more days.
Hey, don't worry.
We will find those little fuckers.
No. I appreciate it, okay?
Stifler'll think of something.
Now you guys are up here
to do two things: Have fun,
and run naked
with hundreds of hot,
big-breasted, horny women.
You understand?
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
Good. Now get the fuck
out of here so I can get some sleep.
Hey, Erik, stick around for a second.
Yeah.
Listen, I know what you're going through.
- You do?
- Sure, yeah. I had the same problem
when I was in middle school.
But living up to
the family name is not an easy thing, man.

Yeah. What did you do?

Well, I whipped out
my dick in class, stole the principal's car,
and then I fucked a lunch lady.

Oh.

But, hey, that's me.

What do you think I should do?

It's not for me to decide or advise.

You gotta figure that out on your own.

But I will say this.

We got a pretty fucked-up family,
and it's nice having a guy like you around.

Now, seriously, go.

(STUDENTS CHATTERING)

All I have to say is,
thank you, Dad,
for getting my dumb ass into this school.
Gentlemen, we have officially
arrived at our destination.

ROCK:

I didn't think you guys
would have the balls for this.

I guess I was right.

Check it out. They still got their clothes on.

Where is old Shitler? I guess the king of
the Naked Mile didn't make it this year.

Nobody starts this fucking
Naked Mile without me!

(ALL CHEERING)

The king has arrived! Bring out your titties!

You really think that little beating
you gave me could keep me away?

You and the Lollypop Guild
punch like a bunch of five-year-olds.

This is my fucking school.

Guys.

Right, screw those guys.

We're here to have fun, right?

Oh, fucking-A-right,

we're here to have some fun.

Hey, why the hell

do you guys still have your clothes on?

Listen, Stifler, we were talking and...

Hey, Stifler. I like your IVs.

DWIGHT:

Looking sexy as always.

Heard you were in the hospital.

Just a little beating by a bunch of midgets.

Hey, Cooze.

Jill the Thrill. Back on the Cooze radar.

(IMITATING RADAR BEEPING)

Hey, Erik.

Hey, Brandy.

- Ryan.

- Alexis.

So, you ladies ready to run this Mile
and get extra fucking sexy?

- Hell, yeah!

- Hell, yeah!

What about you guys?

Yeah, what are you guys doing still dressed?

Well, we figured we'd just watch the Mile
and then meet you guys

at the party afterwards.

That's too bad 'cause this

Naked Mile is gonna be crazy.

Really crazy. Right, Brandy?

Absolutely out of control.

Yeah! That's what

I'm fucking talking about, boys.

Set the cocks free!

Let's huddle up over here. Come on, fellas.

Cock huddle.

All right, bitch tits.

I got a little surprise for you fuckers.

What do you got?

Just a little pharmaceutical delight for later.

JACKSON:

Jackson, you little-dicked motherfucker.

What is this?

It looks like some kind of E.

- Should we take it now?

- He said save it for later.

Fuck that!

I'm about to run naked through the streets.

I need all the drug-induced courage
I can get.
I'm so glad you guys decided to run.
You must work out.
Yeah, well, I play football.
I love football players.
Did anybody ever tell you
that you have a nice ass?
That guy's a prick!
Hey, Stifler, is this supposed
to be some pretty good E?
What E?
The pills you gave us.
Oh, shit! You retards.
That's not E.
It's that fucking four-hour hard-on drug.
- Oh, shit.

- DWIGHT:

I thought you limp-dicked
bitches could use some.
- Oh, God.
- Holy fuck, you didn't...
Holy shit!
I don't think I can talk this one down, man.
It's got a mind of its own.
Hey, do not run behind me. Okay?
It's... It's just that we thought that it was...
Honey, don't apologize.
Yeah, you guys are running with us.
Oh, man!
This is going to be the best Naked Mile ever!
Good evening...
(FEEDBACK SCREECHING)
(BEEPING)
Who is that guy?
That is big, bad Noah Levenstein.
The craziest bastard
this campus has ever known.
My bad. My bad. Welcome to the Naked Mile.
(ALL CHEERING)
Yes, you know, when I started this race
many, many...
Christ, he started this whole

thing back in the '60s.
...many years ago.
It was just... Just a passive protest.
Just a way to "stick it
to the man," so to speak.
Right on. Right on.
But over the years,
it's become somewhat less political.
And now, it's just
some sort of Roman orgy,
which I'm down with, by the way.
But let's keep one thing in mind.
This is about
showing the world your youthful exuberance,
and your unabashed commitment
to higher learning,
and having fun while you're doing it,
which is where the naked part comes in.

ALL:

And being completely naked is, of course,
a perfectly natural thing.
There's not one part of one's body
one should be ashamed of,
be it one's pubic region
or one's breasts,
as in the case with you young ladies...
(ALL CHEERING)
...and a couple of you young men.
But you should all just revel
in the glory of being seen
as the people you are.
Incidentally, if anyone has anything...
Come on, let's fucking do this!
I second that motion, young man.
Okay, everybody ready.
Get set...
Still going?
You know it, baby. Hell, yeah!
You love the Boss Hogg!
(WHOOPING)
All right, yeah. Look at this.
Look at all these teats.
I'm adrift in a sea of boobies,

and my balls are scraping the pavement.
Oh, heads up.
Look, its the boner guys.
Nice cocks.
Oh, you got that right, sexy.
Dude, you have serious issues.
Hey, naked people only!
(LAUGHING)
Are you all right?
I'm fine.
Come on, sweetie. Let's finish this thing.
I'm standing at the finish
line of a very proud, but strange tradition
called the Naked Mile.
Ever year after exams
hundreds of students
run a mile through campus
in nothing more than their birthday suits.
(LAUGHING)
This is the greatest thing ever!
Hell, yeah!
I can't believe we did this!
Yeah! Naked Mile, baby!
Beta House fucking rules!
Come on, marathon men.
Let's get ready for the party.
I did it. I really did it.
Way to go, Coz. That's my cousin.

DWIGHT:

Some people call it lewd behavior,
but the students say it's just
a good way to blow off steam.
And maybe,
find love.
This is Hal Michaels,
reporting from the Naked Mile.
(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)
Stifler has arrived!
(HOWLING)
Yeah! Yeah!
Holy shit! Is this even the same house?
I think I had a wet dream
that started like this.

It's those guys.
And ended like that.
Wow, taking those pills
might just be the best thing
you guys ever did for your social lives.
Oh, yeah.
You wanna dance?
Is my dick hard?
Of course the Cooze wants to dance.
(SCREAMS)
Are you gonna dance, sexy?
Or are you one of those
football players who's too cool to dance?
Oh, baby, they don't call me
the White Shadow for nothing.
Come on, cutie.
What a bastard.
I told you to call off
that stupid guilt-free pass.
I'm so sorry, honey.
Is there anything we can do for you?
No, I think I just want to be alone.
No way. We are not leaving you alone
so you can beat yourself up.
Yeah, but I told him to do it.
I mean, I can't get mad about it now.
Would you quit being so logical, Tracy?
We're girls.
Boys should know better
than to trust us to be rational.
It's not in our nature.
It's really not.
So, you are going to get dressed.
Then, we're going to Allison's party.
That will get your mind off of Erik.
I don't want to.
Well, you don't have a vote in this.
Now get dressed.
Check out our boy.
Think he's going to lose it tonight?
Nope. Bet he screws it up
and ends up jerking off in the bathroom.
I'll bet 20 bucks says he nails her.
(SCOFFS)

Oh, you're on.

Hey, hard-on brothers.

Do you guys have any idea how much everybody here has been talking about you?

I was getting that feeling.

Yeah!

Okay, listen up, 'cause I got a plan that's gonna make you guys legends.

Ladies and gentlemen!

Give a big Beta House welcome to Ryan "Steel Rod" Grimm and Mike "Everhard" Coozeman!

Yeah, Cooze!

(ALL CHEERING)

Tonight is the dawning of a new era in meaningless male competition.

The Heavyweight Hard-On Championship of the World!

For the first phase of the competition, a bucket will be hung on the dong of each of our contestants.

That bucket will be filled with a pitcher of beer.

First person to drop the bucket is the loser.

(ALL BOOING)

So let the penis games begin!

Commence the pouring!

You like that?

Oh, yeah, baby!

(GROANING)

Oh, I am so sorry about that!

Still good.

Next competition.

The ring toss.

- Let's have it, girls.

- Come on.

That's right! On that penis!

Come on, baby, just like Six Flags.

Wrong head!

Ring around the cocksy.

You needed an extra inch on that one.

Can you believe this?

Do not let Cooze win.

Next competition!

I got a nine-inch strike zone, baby.
- You cocky prick.
- You can't miss it!
It's a hardball, son!
Hey, boner, boner, boner.
Swing, boner!
Deep center, baby!
Foul ball!
Bunt.
That is it. We're calling it a tie.
Your Co-Hard-on Champions of the World,
Ryan "Steel Rod" Grimm
and Mike "Everhard" Coozeman!
(ALL CHEERING)
Fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine...
Who's the fuckin' champ, baby?

BROOKE:

I mean, you have no idea
what he's doing or who he's doing it with.
This guilt-free pass thing?
Completely ridiculous.
The bottom line is this. You two will never be
on the same level again.
You're a virgin and he's not.
It's just not gonna work.
So, what?
I'm supposed to break up with him?
No, but you need to get back
on the same level.
You need to sleep with somebody. Tonight.
- Brooke.
- Shut up, Natalie.
It's the only way.
Imagine a month from now,
you decide to do it with Erik.
All you're going to be thinking is that he's
already had sex with some other girl.
The relationship will not be
equal unless you do this.
Oh, look. There's Trent.
(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)
Perfect.
Hey, cool. A pool table. Do you play?

Sometimes.

Well, what do you want to play?

I don't care.

Okay. Well, how about nine-ball?

Look, nine-ball.

It's... It's easy. You just have to get the balls in order from one through nine.

I'll show you. I'll break right now.

You'll be good at it.

- Erik.

- Yeah.

(CRASHING)

Come here.

This is special to you, right?

I mean, this weekend, this night?

- Erik?

- Yes?

This is sex, not Shakespeare.

Are you sure you want to?

Because I doubt I'll be very good.

Don't worry.

I know how to handle guys like you.

Guys like me?

Virgins.

I can take care of virgins.

You mean, I'm not your first virgin?

I have a bit of a confession.

Some girls like blonds, some like muscles.

I like virgins.

Are you ready for a special night?

(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)

Hey there, beautiful.

Didn't expect to see you here tonight.

I came to apologize.

I heard about what happened,

and I wanted to let you know

that I didn't know anything about it.

You're not just here to set me up?

I would never want

to let anything happen to that gorgeous face.

You sure you're supposed

to be dancing on enemy territory like this?

I dance where I want, with who I want.

I like your style.

And your ass.

You know, I don't usually go for
suburban, jock, Abercrombie clones,
- but there is something about you.

- Yeah?

Well, I tend to have
that effect on pacifist, vegan bisexuals.

This guy's got good taste.

You sure you're up for this
after that little incident downstairs?

They don't call me "Everhard" because
I've only got one bullet in the chamber.

But just to be sure...

Should you be taking more of that?

More? I didn't take it the first time.

- You mean...

- That's right, baby.

We're gonna have a good time tonight.

Now get your worthless ass
on the bed, you peasant.

Excuse me?

I said, get on the bed
you worthless peasant!

What is your problem?

Whoa, what's that? What...

- Oh, God!

- I said, get on the bed,
and I meant it.

Oh, yeah, baby. I get it.

And I'm into it.

Shut up!

(SCREAMING)

All right! All right! All right!

Brandy.

Look, I can't do this. I'm really sorry, okay?

I mean, you're really gorgeous
and really cool,

and I'm sure that every single
guy on this planet

would love to sleep with you, including me.

But I just can't.

I'm in love.

I hope this girl knows how lucky she is.

I seriously doubt that.

Got to say it again. It's a very nice surprise.

What can I say? I'm full of them.

So, what about Erik?

We're on a weekend guilt-free pass.

We can do anything we want.

Anything?

Anything.

I like the sound of that.

Is this your room?

Why, yes, it is, my diminutive goddess.

Good, because we are going to need
a little bit of privacy.

(MOANING)

That's it, you pathetic slave. Keep doing that.

Don't you think this is
getting a little out of hand?

Oh, you haven't even seen
"out of hand" yet.

I didn't mean we had to stop.

Oh, we're not stopping.

We're just getting started.

You ready to get kinky?

Whoa, this isn't kinky yet?

Not even close.

What is that noise?

(MOANING)

(ENGINE SPUTTERING)

What the hell?

You got to be kidding me.

(HORSE SNUFFLING)

So, you wanna go upstairs?

Yeah, I do.

(DOORBELL RINGING)

(PANTING)

Hi, Mr. Sterling. Is Tracy home?

Hello, Erik. No, she's not.

She's gone to a party
with Brooke and Natalie.

Oh.

Okay. Well, sorry to disturb you, then.

Have a good night!

Crazy little fucker.

We gotta find Tracy. We gotta find Tracy.

We gotta find Tracy.

Where the fuck is Tracy?
I don't think sex has to be just one-on-one.
(HORSE NEIGHING)
What the hell?
Tracy!
Hey!
Trace!
What the hell are you doing here?
And on a horse!
Where's Tracy? I have to see her.
We think it's best if you just leave her alone.
What? Why?
Because we know about
your little sorority slut.
- What are you talking about?
- She saw you kiss that girl on TV.
Shit. Wait a second. So what?
I was on a guilt-free pass.
Wake up, Erik. There is no such thing.
Where is Tracy?
Oh, we gave Tracy a guilt-free pass,
and she's using it right now.
Tracy! Trace!
Hey, hey. Tracy Sterling.
Have you seen her?
I think she went upstairs with Trent a little...
Tracy!
Tracy.
(WOMAN MOANING)
Trace, can you hear me? Are you in there?
Trace, if you can hear me, I am sorry.
I am really sorry about everything, okay?
I know you gave me this pass,
but I didn't use it.
I mean I did use it,
but it was only for a few seconds.
I couldn't go through with it,
so I came here looking for you, okay?
Look, I don't care about the sex.
I really don't.
It's not the most important thing. You are.
Trace, I love you.
Can you hear me? I love you!
Do you mind? I'm trying to get laid here.

TRACY:

a horse for me?

When I heard her, I thought...

I couldn't do it, either.

I love you, too.

(ALL CHEERING)

Should we?

(BIRTHDAY SONG PLAYING)

(VIBRATOR BUZZING)

I'm telling you, man.

I parked the car right here.

Well, obviously, you didn't,
because then it would be right here.

Where the hell is Erik?

Dude, I don't even know
where my underwear is.

Somebody call a taxi?

Where the fuck did you go?

To get some breakfast.

Oh, sweet. I'm starving.

(GROANING)

I take it you guys had a good night.

Oh, completely out of hand, bro.

Where are the girls?

They all split this morning. Said they had to
drive to State for some big party.

That must make you feel pretty special.

"Special"? Who cares about special?

All I care about is the sex.

And, baby, I had plenty. Yeah.

And just how out of hand
was this sex, Cooze?

I don't wanna talk about it. Ever.

Speaking of which,

did you seal the deal with that Brandy chick?

No.

I told you. Pay up.

But I did have sex with Tracy last night.

What are you talking about?

Tracy.

I drove home

in the middle of the night, I ran out of gas,
stole a horse, rode over to Allison's party...

- We had sex in the guest room.
- Whoa, whoa, whoa!
- You stole a horse?
- Yup.

A real horse?

Like the kind you ride and shit?

Yeah, a real horse.

That's fucking fantastic.

I didn't think you had the balls for something like that.

- Neither did I.

- Where did you find a horse?

Are there horses in Great Falls?

Proud of you,

Stifler.

Thanks, man. I appreciate it.

But call me Erik.

- RYAN:

- Best night of my entire life.

COOZE:

college pussy!

Mail call, bitches.

Scooter.

Scratchy.

Tripod.

What the hell?

What is it, man?

I don't know.

Smile for the camera, baby.

Oh, man. That is fucked up.

Stifler!

(TOP OF THE WORLD PLAYING)