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# American Pie Presents: Band Camp

By Adam Herz

Hey, Stifler, how come Steve  
got all the talent in your family?  
Bite me, Fuck Face.  
Come on, man, you're missing it.  
I've seen it a million times,  
you fucking ass-booger.  
Steve is like a filmmaking genius.  
A true American hero.  
The Tarantino of titties.  
Yeah, there's just no way  
you could ever be this good.  
Hey, look, I'm going to prove to Steve...  
that I'm up to the standards  
of the Stiffmeister Productions.  
After Steve sees my directing talent...  
- little bro's joining the family business.  
- Is that what he said?  
- He finally called you back?  
- No, but I left him another message.  
He'll get back to me.  
It's only been three weeks.  
Gentle-fucks, a toast.  
Tomorrow, we begin our reign as seniors.  
Okay, people, let's take a break.  
Remember, we play this at the end of  
the ceremony after Pomp and Circumstance.  
I don't want anyone starting  
the wrong song again.  
- Elyse, you need to relax, girl.  
- I'm fine.  
I just... You know,  
it's my first time up here, and...  
Yeah, but it's graduation.  
It ain't the Boston Pops.  
This performance sets the tone  
for our senior year. I mean...  
Look, you just remember  
that everybody here is pulling for you.  
Dork. Dork. Dork. Goose.  
- I like them feisty.  
- What're you doing here, Stifler?  
We just want to say sayonara,  
and let you fuck-necks know...  
we plan on winning the state title, now that

the Stiffmeister's running the show.

- Adios, butt-hugger.

- He's a bigger asshole than his brother.

Holy shit, Arrianna.

Matt, what're you doing here?

Oh, we just want to make sure

the seniors have a very memorable last day.

That's cool. So, there's a campout tonight...

and it's only for the grads,

but you could come.

Let me check my schedule. Hell, yeah.

Bring your sleeping bag,

in case we decide to pitch a tent.

Check it out. Perfect timing.

This is going to be classic.

Time to initiate

Operation Gradu-fuck-uation.

This is gonna be awesome.

- Shit.

- Oh, yeah! Jackpot!

Payback, seniors.

Don't get that pepper spray on your hands.

A graduation gift from the Stiffmeister.

Dude, we should've sprayed

the diplomas.

Sorry, bandeers.

Bite my nuts and call me Skippy.

It's a Steely Dan.

- A what?

- It's a double-headed dildo.

It's a dildo. It's a dildo.

- Holy shit.

- It's even got a name.

Picardo?

- Spray that shit.

- Fuck, no. Finders keepers.

Okay, everybody, Pomp and

Circumstance. Five-minute warning. Let's go.

The bandeers. Let's get out of here.

- Matt?

- Leesy.

How they hanging?

Still small and perky, I see.

- That's funny.

- Yeah.
- What're you doing here, Matt?
- I just came by to wish you good luck.
- You know, on the whole music thing.
- Good luck?

You haven't said a word to me since the eighth grade.

Yeah, and that tone of voice is exactly the reason why.

So, I'm going to take off now.

Ladies and gentlemen, please rise to honor our graduates.

Douchebag's gonna miss it.

Oh, yes.

Are they crying?

Holy shit!

Yes!

Eat shit, seniors.

Uh oh!

Stifler!

I've been waiting for this moment for a very long time.

And now, the day of reckoning has come.

Hello, Matthew.

Your brother must be very proud.

You've continued his legacy.

Tormenting the innocent...

defiling all that is good and pure.

But now, you're going down.

What're you going to do,

expel me, Shermanator?

I am a sophisticated counseling machine...

sent back in time

to guide young and innocent minds.

My primary directive is to protect the students of this institution...

and all, indeed all mankind...

from the menace that is another Stifler.

Behavior modification is required.

It's not too late to change your future.

No, expulsion would be too easy.

I know the perfect punishment

to fit your crime.

Since you have so much trouble

with the band...  
perhaps you should make friends with them.  
No fucking way.  
Either you learn to be more considerate  
or you will be expelled.  
No football.  
No parties.  
No spring break.  
No graduation.  
No college.  
No coeds.  
Comprende?  
Pack your bags, Stifler.  
- You're going to Band Camp.  
- Band Camp!  
Bullshit, trash.  
All right, Steve! Valley Girls Gone Wild.  
Fuck.  
Told you Steve'd get back to me.  
I mean, it was just a postcard...  
but it gave me a great idea.  
Look...  
Steve's shit-head friend, Jim...  
he married  
this freaking nympho band-geek, Michelle.  
And he said  
all they do at Band Camp is screw 24/7.  
Matt, buddy, you cannot screw band chicks.  
There are standards.  
I'm not talking about screwing them,  
scrotum-breath.  
I'm talking about videotaping them.  
People love to see dorks doing  
that freaky shit on hidden video.  
Bandeex Gone Wild.  
Steve's gonna have some competition now...  
because little bro's  
joining the family business.  
Yeah, Spy Chest.  
Secret Video.  
Hell, yeah.  
Color night vision? I'll take it. Shit.  
How about tomorrow?  
This is going be great.

Welcome to Tall Oaks 2005.  
Let's hear it from Lloyd Memorial High.  
L- L-O-Y-D!  
L- L-O-Y-D!  
- Mount St. Marie.  
- Mount St. Marie!  
Mount St. Marie!  
East Great Falls High.  
East Great Falls!  
East Great Falls!  
And five-time defending  
Tall Oaks Cup Champion...  
Beechwood Academy.  
We're Number One! We're Number One!  
We're Number One!  
Okay, settle down.  
Now, as you know, each year...  
one senior Tall Oaks composer is awarded...  
a full scholarship  
to the prestigious Robards Conservatory.  
Elyse, this is your year to win.  
This year, Dr. Susan Choi,  
president of Robards...  
will judge the compositions herself.  
And let's not forget to welcome  
the Tall Oaks Camp Counselors.  
If you visit our infirmary, Nurse Sanders  
will take care of your every need.  
Okay, so let's work hard,  
and may the best band win.  
You guys ready?  
What the fuck?  
Are you a rookie? You look lost.  
Are you an asshole?  
You're hairy, and you smell like shit.  
I'll ignore that kind of talk once.  
We don't speak that way here.  
Rookies are to wear their beanies  
at all times. Those are the rules.  
And who made you  
the mayor of Geek Town?  
I'm Brandon Vandecamp,  
senior drum major, Beechwood Academy...  
and the president of the Tall Oaks Council.

Oh, and who are they, Mr. President?  
The First Lady and Vice Pussy?  
Suits you well.  
Golly, jeepers, thanks. Hey, you know,  
since I'm an official band geek and all...  
can you guess  
what my favorite piece of music is?  
- I have no idea.  
- The Nutcracker.  
Step back, bitch.  
Holy mother of Mozart.  
This is bad.  
You didn't know Jackie Chan  
was in the house, did you boys, huh?  
Stop that. Stop that now.  
Those knob-slobbers started it.  
That's not true, sir.  
We simply reminded him to wear his beanie.  
And then he viciously assaulted  
Brandon's genitals.  
- That's a lie, you dick-snot.  
- Oscar, Jimmy, escort this man to see...  
- the Macro.  
- The what?  
- You're dead.  
- Now, gentlemen.  
God, Brandon, are you okay?  
You want to tell me  
what the hell you're doing here, Stifler?  
It don't matter, Big O.  
He ain't gonna be here long.  
- Bitch!  
- Get over here.  
Macro gonna fuck your ass up, fool.  
- What the fuck's a macro?  
- The Macro.  
Morale And Conflict Resolution Officer.  
I heard this one time,  
this kid went into that office...  
a baritone and came out a soprano.  
- Clarinet up the ass backwards, yo.  
- What?  
Pussies.  
Oh, I'm sorry.

Frankenstein. Scary stuff.

I am just a Boris Karloff nut.

- I'm the Macro, Mr. Levenstein.

- Holy shit, you're Jim's dad.

He screwed that redheaded nympho chick  
at my lake house.

- Oh, my, you're not a Stifler?

- Yeah, I'm Steve's brother, Matt.

- There are two Stiflers?

- Yes, sir. Hey, what're you doing here?

Oh, well, Jim is now out of the house,  
married to Michelle...

that redheaded nympho chick

that you spoke of.

And, being a former

Tall Oaks Counselor of the Year...

she was hired to be the Macro this summer,  
but she got pregnant.

No doubt due to the tendencies  
you alluded to earlier.

And I have a great rapport with  
young people...

so I just stepped in and volunteered.

That cretin is not in our band,  
and we are not responsible for his actions.

- Who pissed in your piccolo?

- I'm sensing some hostility here.

- He poisoned my band.

- What?

- I'm the Macro and it's my job to deal with...

- What is he doing here?

- Matt Stifler is pure evil just like his brother.  
... conflict.

Thanks, Leesy.

She seems nice.

There are rules, of course.

- You will have to wear a beanie.

- Yeah.

Oh, I know. It's a little silly,  
but it's tradition here...

something you're familiar with,

being on the football team, I'm sure...

with your elephant walks and circle jerks  
and drinking butt beer.



But here, you just have to wear  
a silly little hat and...  
- a somewhat stylish Tall Oaks T-shirt.  
- Yeah.  
So, just go with the flow, Matt...  
and you will have loads of fun...  
and you'll be making new friends in no time.  
Hey, Ernie Kaplowitz, tenor sax.  
Cool! I'm a rookie here, too.  
I really wanted to come last year,  
but Computer Camp conflicted, and...  
Oh, yeah, that was here when I arrived.  
I think it has your name on it.  
What is it?  
Hi, welcome to Casa de Stifler.  
I'll be your host, Matt.  
Every day here, I'll make it my sincere goal  
not to have to kick your ass.  
Allow me to show you  
to your new accommodations.  
When I'm out here, you're in there.  
Have a great day, fucko.  
I don't...  
Okay...  
I'll just go and put this stuff away for you.  
All right. Banded-vision.  
This is a 1978 Ohio State show...  
The Wizard Of Oz.  
The one where the sousaphone player  
forgot to dot the I? Oh, hey.  
Yeah, right. Freaks.  
Never fear, the Stiffmeister's here.  
Band Camp just got  
a whole lot better, ladies.  
You're Steve Stifler's younger brother,  
aren't you?  
- Young and hung.  
- Great.  
- Could you send him a message for me?  
- No problem, senorita.  
Well, it looks like Steve gave someone  
the old Stifler bang-and-boot.  
- Is there a problem here?  
- No, everything's fine.

- Have fun at Band Camp.
- Thank you, I will.
- Later.
- Word.

You need to start showing some respect around here, Stifler.

You need to show yourself back to your table, Big Dog.

Out of my way, Yo.

Hola, chicas.

Elyse, so good to see you again.

So, what's going on tonight?

We gonna party, get a little crazy?

Who wants to rack up

a few frequent fucker miles?

- You know, you are the most...
- Most sexy man ever to come to Band Camp.
- What? Chloe, he is so obnoxious.
- Sexy obnoxious.
- Thank you.
- I'm tired of messing around with these...

dorky-ass nice guys...

and sensitive-artist types.

- Let's party with a real hombre tonight.

- Hell, yeah. That's me:

- 100% hombre.

- All right, my room, 8:00.

Great first day, campers.

This is your Macro speaking...

and, hey, morale

couldn't have been higher today.

So hop in the sack,

and get a good night's sleep because...

starting tomorrow, we have

many, many exciting activities planned...

not the least of which is

the race for the Tall Oaks Cup.

So let the games begin.

Bandeez Gone Wild.

Scene One. Party hombre.

It's called Strip Trivia. We made it up.

It's a Band Camp tradition.

"Fourth and Long," "Sextuplets,"

"Banging Babes," and "Who Blew Me?"

This looks like my kind of game.

Shall we play?

You sit in the middle.

Your game, my seating chart.

Sit a little closer, ladies.

Don't be scared. It's all right.

Okay...

the rules are simple.

You choose a category and a question...

and every time you miss, you strip.

Hell, yeah.

- I'll go first. "Who Blew Me?"

- Good.

I am a silver Stradivarius trumpet  
played by a Pulitzer Prize winner.

Who blew me?

- Yeah, like I'd know.

- Sorry.

Lose the shoes, and pick again.

You didn't tell me this shit was about music.

- Well, it is Band Camp, moron.

- Hey, to be fair...

maybe we should just give him a head start.

All right. Yeah.

Okay, all right. All right.

What's wrong with you?

Scared to show off the mosquito bites?

I've matured since the fourth grade, Matt.

Have you?

Oh, I've got 10 pounds of dangling maturity  
right here, Leesy.

- Quit calling me that.

- Okay, okay, moving on.

- Matt, just pick another question, please.

- All right, screw it. Whatever.

There you go. Suck on that.

- Fourth and Long.

- Sure, no problem.

Of Beethoven's major symphonies,  
which has the longest fourth movement?

All right, I see where this is going.

Fine, you win.

I free ball, ladies.

Got to let the big boys breathe.

All right, we play by my rules now.

Football questions only.

Prepare to strip, ladies.

- Wait. But first, does anybody want a beer?

- I do.

The counselors have a secret stash

in the fridge across the hall.

- Would you mind?

- Now we're talking about a fucking party.

Stiffy'll be back in a jiffy.

I mean, there's nobody around...

and we haven't seen your best side yet.

Yes! We got him.

So busted.

Man, big boys, wake up.

Just gotta turn down the A.C. In there, huh?

Good night, girls.

Sorry, asshole, game's over.

Yeah, the big boys

will love the long walk home.

Room check, girls.

Oh, shit.

- Ditch his clothes.

- Out the window.

All right, who wants a long neck?

Nurse Sanders.

- They set me up.

- He attacked us with pepper spray...

- and ruined our graduation.

- I went there for a friendly game...

Hold it. Hold it. Kids.

Okay...

where are your clothes?

I have them.

- May I ask why?

- Well, they got me naked...

- Oh, whatever. He took his own pants off...

- And they stole my clothes.

And I got stuck up there

with Mrs. Doubtfire checking out my...

Let me see if I have this straight.

Elyse, you think Matt is an arrogant jock

who wears his penis on his forehead...

just to gain the approval of

his sociopathic brother.  
And Matt, you think Elyse  
is an uptight, geeky prude...  
who needs to loosen up and get laid.  
Excuse the expression, dear.  
Is that close to being on the money?  
Look, kids...  
the only way to solve your differences...  
is by working together.  
So why don't you start tomorrow...  
by putting one foot in front of the other?  
Left flank hut.  
Turn and hut.  
What the fuck!  
Band 10 hut!  
Holy shit.  
When I yell "band 10 hut,"  
you snap firmly at attention.  
- You want to see me firmly at attention?  
- I already have. I wasn't impressed.  
Look...  
we've never beaten Beechwood, okay?  
For some of us, it's our last shot.  
Just stop screwing up, okay?  
Yeah, asshole.  
Okay, people, back to work, let's go.  
Whatever.  
I don't need this shit.  
Reset the block. Front ranks, right here.  
Housekeeping.  
Oscar, brought me something to drink?  
- Come on.  
- Good looking out, baby.  
Hey, it's Ernie Crapowitz.  
So you finally came out of the closet.  
Good for you.  
Look, I want to know  
what goes on at night, all right?  
All the crazy shit.  
Naked pillow fights, whatever.  
Do I look like the guy that's in charge of  
the naked pillow fights, huh?  
It's my first time here.  
Notice the beanie?

Yes.  
Yes, I do.  
Yes, speaking of beanies,  
where's yours, Stifler?  
You still not following the rules, huh?  
- Let's see.  
- Look. He's getting in trouble again.  
No standard-issue Tall Oaks T-shirt  
and no beanie.  
I believe that's two points from Great Falls,  
Mr. Nelson.  
Tell you what, Vande-cramp...  
what if I took his beanie...  
and put it on my weenie?  
How do you like that Vande-cramp?  
It's on my head, right?  
Make it five points from Great Falls.  
Five points.  
Man, this place sucks donkey ass.  
Put your beanie on, Son.  
Five points.  
Stay still. Stop moving.  
He ain't going nowhere now.  
This isn't your world. This is our  
world, and we don't want you in it.  
You already cost us  
five points in the standings.  
We can't have that.  
Set the man up with his beanie.  
Now you're representing, fool.  
And this toothpaste...  
this will make up  
for the pepper spray, asshole.  
Oh, shit.  
I'll get the paint thinner  
from maintenance.  
Animals.  
Matt, you were sent here...  
to make a change.  
And, so far, you've only had  
your sinuses sanitized. So...  
I think it's time to try a new approach.  
Make some friends.  
Earn their trust.

Why would I want to earn their trust?  
Good.  
Welcome to Stifler-vision.  
I think there's  
a cymbal class at 1:00.  
I hate that.  
Yeah, but it's better than  
the bass drum relay.  
Yeah, that's true.  
Yours look totally fantastic.  
Two for the price of one.  
My left one's bigger, see?  
Yeah, mine, too, baby.  
They can totally fix that.  
No!  
Want to see?  
I used to be...  
Lens fog. No!  
What is that thing, butt weasel?  
Yeah, it's the KR3, baby.  
The Kaplowitz Remote Robotic Rover.  
And you are so busted.  
- Hey, Oscar, somebody call the Macro.  
- Dude, please, shut up.  
Pull your panties out of your ass.  
I can help you with that chick.  
What chick?  
Dude, the one with all the tattoos.  
The Tubanator.  
Her name is Chloe.  
Come on, man. I can help.  
I'm the Stiffmeister.  
- Master of love and romance.  
- Bullshit.  
I nailed three cheerleaders in one week  
on spring break. College cheerleaders.  
And I know why your camera spritzed out.  
Dude, this thing is awesome.  
- You ever use this to look up chicks' skirts?  
- No.  
But I did use it to win  
the State Science Fair last year.  
And I'm hoping it gets me into MIT next fall.  
I really want to work for NASA.

National Anal Sex Association?

No it's Space...

- There's an Anal Sex Association?

- Oh, yeah, but you've got to be a pro.

Wait, there's a Space Association?

You were supposed to use this.

- See, it's got an anti-fog lens. Duh.

- Yeah, good.

- Can the robot record?

- All right, so, what are your intentions?

With the video, I mean. What are you doing?

Oh, it's just for fun.

I mean, who doesn't like to look  
at hot naked chicks, right?

Keep it between us, and I'll let you watch.

Plus, I'll have you giving Chloe  
the pelvic noogie inside a week.

Hey, Stifler. Phone.

We're in Detroit!

Locked into sweet Brazilian rum.

I'm fucking fubar, man!

I sent you rum today.

Could come in handy in Dorksville.

This place blows.

Hey, my roommate, Dr. Robot...

busted me taping some college chicks  
in the shower.

So now I have to be all nice to him and shit.

And I'm not getting any good footage

'cause these fucking bandees hate me.

Think of it

like trying to hook up with a virgin.

Act like you give a shit about them

until they bring you into the good stuff.

Earn their trust?

Dude, that could work.

I'll be an undercover bandee fucker.

Hello, everyone.

Isn't it a peachy day here at Band Camp?

Band buds. How's it going? Yo.

Hey, I just want to say thanks

for the little wakeup call. You kidders.

Hey, I can finally hear

the music calling me, okay?



There. Hear it? Yeah. Me, too.

So I'm a totally new man, and... By the way, you both look great in pantyhose.

- What are you doing?

- Awaiting my marching lesson, ma'am.

Look, Matt, I really don't have time for this right now.

No, look, I figure I'm here, I might as well make the best of it.

Matt, marching's hard, okay?

It's not like throwing some football.

- Oh, you ever thrown into double coverage?

- You ever high-stepped in double time?

Yes, ma'am, the time the cops chased us across Koreno's Creek.

And you got so scared, you cried.

- I had allergies.

- It was winter, Mattie.

Well, if you don't teach me to march, I might just cry again.

Fine.

Left foot on one and three, right foot on two and four.

You have to do math?

One, two, three, middle.

One, two, three, line.

Right foot on four.

- Keep your step size even.

- My what?

All right, there we go, little buddy.

I'm gonna fix you up good.

Any girl that knows how to play a tuba, she can do things. That's what Stifler says.

I don't know what it means, but it's got to be good.

You're good to go.

Let's go find Chloe.

Holy shit.

What the hell? Who's doing this?

Take it.

It's okay.

- Thanks, little creepy machine.

- You're welcome...

beautiful lady.

With my right, with my right,  
but I can also do it with my left, with my left.

Bootie.

Good game.

You just touched my bootie.

- What's that?

- Your instrument.

That's fucking gay.

- I mean lame.

- Good.

Now, there are two positions.

Carrying position, like this,  
and playing position, like this.

Now when I call, "horns up"...

you're gonna move your instrument out,  
and then...

Hello, losers.

Matt. Oh, my God. Matt, I am so sorry.

- I think I bit a hole in my tongue.

- Oh, let me see.

No, no hole.

On today's...

episode wasting time on lost causes.

Speaking of which, I understand you  
composed the music to your show, Elyse...  
if you call that music.

Yeah. That's right. I did.

And who'd your daddy hire  
to compose yours?

I'm just giving you fair warning, cupcake.

Robards Scholarship is mine.

Like you need it.

It's not a matter of need.

It's a matter of want.

- Yeah, I get what I want.

- Why don't you shut the fuck up?

Matt, don't.

- What are you going to do?

- Kick your ass.

- Are you challenging me?

- No.

- Yeah, what if I am?

- No, Brandon, that is not what he's doing.

I accept. Amphitheatre, 5:00.

It's been three years  
since I've been challenged.  
We got a challenge.  
I look forward to reminding people why.  
East Great Falls.  
I'll see you there, asshole.  
- Do you know what you just did?  
- Doesn't matter. He's going down.  
Matt, you challenged him to a duel.  
With swords?  
No, you idiot.  
You each get on stage and perform.  
And the crowd decides who wins.  
Can't we just do keg stands?  
Matt, this is serious, okay?  
Beechwood gets five points if he wins...  
which, you know, he will  
because he plays an instrument.  
Well, so do I.  
Let the Tall Oaks  
Battle Royale begin.  
The prize is five points towards the cup.  
Okay, Brandon, you're up first.  
Come on!  
Suck on that, bitch.  
Lame.  
This is so embarrassing.  
Okay, Brandon.  
Now you show him, Brandon.  
Take that!  
Well, seems this contest is over.  
Figures. We just lost five points.  
And the winner by forfeit is...  
But I know it's not his fault...  
You don't know the words.  
He should shave that.  
East Great Falls!  
East Great Falls!  
East Great Falls!  
East Great Falls!  
Okay, five points to Great Falls.  
All right, Great Falls!  
East Great Falls!  
East Great Falls!

East Great Falls!

East Great Falls!

Hey, hey...

- Hey.

- What?

- Are you really Scottish?

- Fuck, no.

My mum made me learn an instrument.

That's the most annoying one

I could think of.

I think you were just born

to squeeze sacks and blow pipes, Stifler.

Hey, Oscar.

How many other Oscars

do you know? Go!

- What's up?

- Your drum line sounds pretty tight.

Oh, thanks.

You let me know

if you want to learn some new moves.

Really?

- He's gonna screw it up.

- He's definitely gonna screw it up.

- Thanks for winning those points back.

- I lost them. I had to get them back.

Hey, guys,

Sheree's gonna show me some moves.

Hey, gang...

just a little reminder that as the battle  
for the cup heats up, let's try to remember...  
to keep up that Tall Oaks spirit of fair play  
and friendly competition.

We'll have enough spit for a six-pack.

- Yeah, baby, you did me proud, son.

- Thanks, J. Lo.

It's cool. Big O?

Quite a little show you put on  
yesterday, Stifler.

You know,

these plebes think you're some kind of hero.

I don't know what a plebe is, Vande-creep.

Didn't anybody tell you not to mess  
with the big dog while he's eating?

It's mine, jerk-wad.

Now will you give it back?

- Dildos.

- This is still my camp, asshole.

- You're going down.

- No, I'm not.

But your mum did last night.

Did she play the trumpet?

Because she has really strong lips.

That's right.

Yummy.

That's what I'm talking about.

- What happened this time, Claire?

- Well, I was working on my solo...

and I hurt myself.

I've been fucking poisoned.

Ipecac is a natural herbal extract...

that triggers the regurgitation reflex.

Whatever's in there

should be out soon enough.

Like him, if we're lucky.

Well, I'm pretty sure

it's probably just something...

you had for lunch, you know? I've got

the same problem. Very sensitive stomach.

I was at a banquet once.

On the same plate, if you can believe it...

they had creamed venison, squid fritters,  
and jellied pork.

What?

- Hey, what's up, crust bucket?

- Come here, dude. Check this out.

So, this afternoon, while the counselors  
were practicing for the talent show...

I faked an asthma attack,

and I changed both of the cameras.

It's their talent show routine, au naturel.

Dude, you filthy little cyberfucker. Shit.

- Hey, I thought we were just going to watch.

- Exactly, we may want to watch it again.

Hey, so, I took your advice about Chloe.

I used the Rover to deliver a soda.

- That was your cool, crazy idea?

- Yeah, I think she actually liked it.

- Yeah, that sounds gay.

- It's not gay.  
Anyway, there's  
this bonfire-slushee party tonight...  
and I really need to know Step Two  
in the Stiffmeister plan.  
Slushee party. Really.  
Special delivery.  
Prepare to jam with the bearded clam.  
Get ready to cuddle the love puddle.  
The time has come for Dr. Robot to get laid.  
Get laid?  
I told you, trust the Stiffmeister.  
Meister means "master" in German.  
Get her drunk? That's the secret  
of the ages? That's Step Number Two?  
No, actually, it's Step Four. You don't have  
the balls for Two or the tongue for Three.  
I've got the balls.  
Hey, you haven't heard Step Five yet.  
Born to be wild  
Well, I'm hot blooded  
Check it and see  
I've got a fever of 103  
Come on baby  
Do you do more than dance?  
- This is some good shit.  
- Don't enjoy it too much.  
- We have a big practice tomorrow, you guys.  
- Relax, Leesy.  
Suckle the tender fruits  
of Band Camp with your friends.  
Come on, Elyse. Cut loose a little bit.  
Have some fun.  
I am having fun.  
Hey, horn dog, let's go get  
some more of these before they run out.  
- All right.  
- Horn dog?  
Yeah, it's his nickname. Dude will stick  
his dick into anything. It's unnatural.  
Check it, dawg. This one time  
at Band Camp, I fucked an oboe.  
- Really?  
- Blow in it for a while...

get that wood nice and warm,  
slap on some valve oil and go to town, yo.  
Hey, maybe you should try a flute.  
Now's a good time  
to teach you those moves.  
Really?  
What?  
I know what you're doing.  
- You do?  
- It's what you always do. You're a fake.  
You do whatever it takes  
to be the centre of attention.  
Just like when we were kids,  
around me, you were regular old Matt...  
but around Steve and his friends,  
you were the Stiffmeister.  
Who're you going to be tonight?  
Hey, cheese dick...  
why don't you quit being such a fucking  
taint licker, and get me another slushee.  
Fucking puss monkey.  
You know what?  
I am going to have some fun.  
Fucking hoes, man. I don't get that shit.  
I mean, right now, Oscar's off in the woods  
tapping that counselor biatch, Sheree.  
- What's up with that?  
- That cock spring is getting laid?  
True that. And here we are,  
the two dopest homeboys in camp...  
and we ain't got no prospects  
for our palm pilots. That's fucked up, dawg.  
Dude, I gotta see this.  
Use your hips more.  
Hips, like that?  
Yeah, now faster. Yeah. Like that.  
A circle. Like that.  
Crikey! The  
alpha female has chosen an unlikely mate.  
Will he survive this dangerous encounter...  
or will she satisfy her primal needs  
and then devour him for dinner?  
Stay tuned.  
I'm sorry. I'm really no good

at this stuff.  
Relax. You're doing fine.  
This sucks.  
How's that feel? Oscar.  
Is that your drumstick poking me?  
I don't have my drumsticks.  
Are you standing up for me again, Oscar?  
It's getting hot.  
Smack my ass and call me cowboy.  
Hello, Double-D Sheree.  
Hips. Hips.  
- Use your hips.  
- Oh, yeah, hips.  
And step, and...  
Who knew?  
Wow.  
Yo, we at Tall Oaks  
Sipping on juice  
Got horns, trumpets  
Rhythm and flutes  
Great Falls laying it down  
Gonna ride fucking Beechwood  
out of the town  
J.C., what, rocking the bunch  
All tripped out on the fucking fruit punch  
- I just want to be respectful.  
- Oh, that's sweet.  
The only person who's gonna get laid  
around here.  
Hello, oboe.  
This is so cool.  
I hope I didn't scare you  
with the Rover and the soda.  
No, man, it was cute.  
Nobody's ever been that sweet to me  
in my whole life.  
Plus, to be honest...  
metal really turns me on.  
Man, the shit's stuck.  
- Turn off the lights.  
- Damn, gangsta.  
- I was just fucking with you, dawg!  
- You... It's stuck.  
- Shit, you want help?



- Don't touch me.

Come on.

Maybe you should blow on it.

Maybe you should blow on it  
and I'll pull.

Hell, no. Jimmy ain't putting his lips  
on that thing.

Jimmy should be a team player.

Try and relax, dawg.

Not so hard.

Oh, my God!

- I was just trying to help him get it off, yo.

- Dude, shut up.

Whatever.

He had an allergic reaction to the valve oil.

The swelling should go down  
in a few minutes.

These kinds of things would never happen  
with our old Macro.

We didn't have MTV when I was growing up.

So maybe it's the over-stimulated times...  
that we live in

that causes young men to stick their...  
instruments in such odd places.

I knew a certain young man once...

who actually engaged in sexual congress  
with an apple pie.

And he turned out just fine.

So, you're perfectly normal...

as these things go.

- Are you okay?

- Oh, yeah.

I'm so drunk right now.

I'm probably going to forget about you...

porking an oboe.

I have six piercings.

That doesn't include the ones on my face.

Two right here...

and four down here.

Haven't seen that in a while.

Yeah, well, no time for dance.

It's all about band, band, band.

No, I was talking about you having fun.

- I have fun. I have fun all the time.

- Yeah.

I just get stressed out, you know. I mean...

we graduate next year, and I don't know.

I mean, I don't really talk about it

all that much...

because the cup is, like,

a team thing, and...

But winning the Robards Scholarship,

I mean, that is like...

my future, you know? And...

Dr. Choi is coming. I mean...

you don't understand. She's like famous...

like holy-shit famous.

And, sometimes, I just...

I get really stressed out...

and I calm myself down

by going off and playing on my Picardo.

Wait, you have... Picardo?

It's just a cheapie, but I lost it.

- Wait, if I somehow found this Picard thing...

- You found it?

- Maybe.

- Give it back.

If you let me watch.

Okay, but it takes me a while to warm up.

I have all the time in the world.

Figures.

But I'm going to have to be really drunk.

I mean really drunk. Really drunk.

Yes.

Beat it, jerk off.

Okay, people, let's take a break.

We're all a little sluggish today.

Man, we suck.

Man, one night of fun was not worth

losing a whole day of practice.

Give me this thing.

All right, listen up,

you lazy bunch of lip shits.

Those Beechwood plebes

aren't taking breaks.

We want to win this thing,

we've gotta bust our asses.

Come on, bitches. Back to work.

- Matt, that's my job.  
- Grab your cocks and move your socks.  
We're at war here, people, war!  
Show some tits. Grow some balls.  
Hey, keep that thing warm for me.  
All right, now. What, you want to let  
Beechwood tittie-fuck us? I didn't think so.  
All right, Tall Oakers...  
we're in our final week.  
Time to put on our game faces.  
And time to strap yourselves in  
for a bumpy ride.  
I want the oboe, clarinet, black thingies...  
and we've got the rhythm section  
in a full-on blitz.  
- Are you with me, bandees?  
- Yeah!  
Competition for the Tall Oaks Cup  
is really heating up.  
Beechwood wins.  
Whatever.  
I told you, you should let me steer.  
Take that bitch home, man.  
Drive it in. Hey, you, fuck face,  
I don't even know where to start with you.  
Beechwood leads.  
Great Falls and Lloyd are tied for second.  
Beechwood licks nuts. Hut!  
Victory, East Great Falls.  
Right foot on line.  
Jimmy, you fucking lotion lover.  
East Great Falls by four points.  
Hey, butt pirates ahoy.  
Your little band  
may be leading in the competition, Stifler...  
but make sure to let us know  
if you get thirsty.  
Yeah, 'cause there's plenty of this.  
That's funny for you dorks.  
Yeah, it is, isn't it? Yeah.  
Man, screw that challenge.  
I'm just gonna kick his ass.  
No, wait. I've got a better idea...  
if you think you're man enough.

Yes.

- Hey, you sure you can do this?

- Hey, born to be a porn star, baby.

Delivery on demand.

When I get back,

I'll be a million Stiflers lighter.

Brandon, I think you're

a really good drummer, so...

Excuse me.

Hey, guys...

don't forget your sunscreen.

Your bodies are your instruments.

Yeah, you don't want to be

chapped for your solos.

No, we don't. Bye now.

What is that, 30? It's really thick.

How's that taste, Vande-cock?

Good, huh? Warm and salty? Yeah.

It's a cum-pletely new formula.

S.P.F. 69.

Suck on that.

- Yeah.

- Stop, man.

- Yeah.

- Ernie.

- Yeah.

- Ernie.

What you had before

was way better than this.

This sounds like

your overactive honor-society brain.

Instead of your nasty, wet...

dirty-girl panties.

It should be more spontaneous.

Stop.

Maybe you should hang out

with your friend Matt a little bit more.

Yeah, right.

I know he's a dick and everything,

but he's also got one.

Make some love music, you know?

And then your notes will just cum to you.

- Oh, Matt!

- Stop.

Matt. Matt.

Go long, you asshole. Go.

Hey, Elyse.

Throw it back. Come on.

What you got?

Missed. Sorry.

Hey, if I have to ring the triangle...

- you have to throw the football, all right?

- Okay.

Draw your arm back. There you go.

Shoulder to your target. Right.

Okay, now step forward.

Come on we're not marching. One foot.

- Okay.

- You're fine. Ready? There you go.

Draw the ball over your ear...

and when you throw it, let it roll  
right off your fingers, all right?

Okay.

Come on, throw it.

See? I taught you something. What?

So every time I throw it,  
you're gonna run and go get it?

That's generally how it works.

Like playing fetch with my dog.

- Yeah, except I don't lick my own balls.

- You would if you could.

Oh, yeah.

Okay, again.

Right here.

Look, that one looks like a bunny.

No, it doesn't.

Maybe a bunny with one nut.

- No, that's its tail.

- Whatever you say.

- You think we'll win this thing?

- Hell, yeah, we will.

- Lf you write in a bagpipe part.

- Oh, God, I'll never make that mistake again.

- What?

- The eighth grade recital.

You made me write in a part for you.

You wore your kilt.

Yeah, Steve showed up with his friends.

They gave me so much shit for that.  
I didn't come out of my room for days.  
You made it up to him  
by stealing all my underwear...  
so you could run them up the flagpole.  
Including my training bras.  
Okay, since we're having  
some big fucking Oprah moment here...  
I'm sorry about your underwear.  
And the diary.  
And all that other shit, too.  
That's it.  
- You started it.  
- This is gonna get me that scholarship.  
What?  
I've got to go write this down  
before I forget.  
Hey. Hey. Hey.  
Could we do this again tomorrow night?  
Yeah, sure. I'll see you here at sunset.  
Hey.  
Should I bring that Picardo thing?  
Okay, I'll do a solo for you.  
- What's up, Ernie?  
- Hey.  
It was that fugly nurse again.  
Oh, my God.  
Matt Stifler?  
- Holy shit, look at you.  
- Arrianna, what are you doing here?  
We practice our routine with the band.  
What are you doing here?  
I had to come. The school made me.  
- Does anybody know about this yet?  
- Oh, they do now.  
Hey, come on, no pictures.  
What're you, the papa-tit-zzy?  
- Holy shit, this is so hilarious.  
- Smile.  
Ladies. No time for fraternizing.  
Get the bags.  
Guess I'll see you around, bandee.  
What a dork.  
I'm going to email this to everybody.

Girls, that was great. Percussion, take five.  
Horns, we've got to work on intonation.  
The final performance is tomorrow,  
you guys.  
They're so lame.  
You play the triangle. How cute.  
No, I don't. Look, I told you...  
- I had to...  
- I gotta go.  
- I don't socialize with bandees.  
- I'm not a fucking bandee.  
I'm not. Look.  
I've just been acting like a geek.  
I've been playing them  
so I could get them on hidden video.  
I've been secretly videotaping them  
doing all this crazy shit.  
- Really?  
- Yeah, I could show you.  
Okay, come by after dinner.  
I'll leave my pompoms  
in the window for you.  
- You're late.  
- Yeah, no shit. Open the window.  
Hold on. Be careful with it.  
All right, one condition  
before I show you the fruits of my labors.  
What's that?  
I want that picture  
on that camera phone erased.  
Nobody at school hears  
about the triangle or the beanie.  
I don't want anybody  
to think I'm a dorky-ass bandee.  
Fine. Like, now can we get on with it?  
As soon as you get rid of that picture  
of me on your phone.  
Are you going into town?  
Not tonight. I'm too tired.  
Besides, they're much hotter here.  
I know. It's a great crop this year.  
- There. Done deal.  
- Now can we see the video?  
Stiffmeister Productions...

in association with  
its talented new director, Matthew Stifler...  
is happy to premier the unedited...  
unfiltered, and un-fucking-believable  
Bandeaz Gone Wild.

Oh, yeah.

- Oh, my God.

- That is unbelievable.

- You're kidding me, right?

- That's great.

Danielle likes Jimmy,  
but she's like a foot taller than him.

And wait till you hear this.

Sheree slept with that big Oscar guy,  
the drummer.

Said he was amazing.

I hooked up with Brandon once.

Some drummer. He has...

no rhythm,

and he can't even bang very long.

Oh, my God. Are you serious?

Yeah, he's a preemie. I'm not talking  
about the day he was born, either.

Can you get my back?

I think I got a little bit of sun today?

Sure.

Get this. He has one ball.

No way.

One ball.

Yeah, that why he carries that big stick  
around everywhere.

It's got his other ball on top.

Shit, shit, oh, shit.

What is that thing?

Let's kill it.

- Where'd he go?

- There he is.

Look out.

This is going into the lake.

No one's gonna know

about your little video.

'Cause the shit you got us doing on tape...

So we got a contest to win tomorrow.

And I don't want to see you.



Understand?

Did you help him?

With East Great Falls

in the lead...

Beechwood has to win

the Band Camp Playoffs.

Direct yourselves to the marching field

in one hour.

Now, Dr. Choi, Brandon Vandecamp

from Beechwood...

is our best musician by far...

and his father, Landon,

is our best donor, also by far.

Robards needs talented musicians

as much as we need talented donors.

Ipecac.

- So how's it going? Are you having fun?

- It's okay.

How about some Ipecac, Vande-cooch?

This herbal fucking extract will help you

Beechwood fief play in tune, huh?

Shit.

I told you

I don't want to see you anymore, Stifler.

Some day, you'll thank me, asshole.

- Orange?

- Again?

- Damn.

- That orange shit is janky.

I'm feeling grape, dawg.

I don't care how many times they

won. They're not getting the grape today.

That's what I'm talking about.

Your five-time defending

champion...

Beechwood Academy.

- They're tight.

- Yeah, they're better then ever this year.

Okay, everybody.

It's no surprise Beechwood is good.

But this year is different.

This year, we can beat them.

We've worked hard,

and we are good enough...

and this is our time, so lets win the cup.

Yeah!

Beechwood Academy.

Their music today was composed  
by senior drum major...

Brandon Vandecamp.

Beat that.

East Great Falls,

you may enter the field for competition.

Band 10 hut. One, two, ready.

Shit.

Leesy, wait, no.

No. Wait.

You know, I'm so sorry.

I don't know what happened.

Not my shoes. Here we go.

Stifler!

You know, you're like  
your brother, Steve.

And I don't think those are the shoes  
you should be so eager to fill.

You know, the people

Steve thought were his friends...

- really didn't like him very much.

- What?

But I think you're different.

I think people want to like you, Matt.

You just make it really hard.

Parting is such sweet sorrow.

When you're a loser.

Mr. Levenstein reports

that there were a few incidents...

at camp.

But he also says that...

you bonded with the band briefly.

When school starts,

you're going to be on a very short leash.

Remember, the Shermanator sees it all.

Be gone.

Did everybody hate my brother?

**Stardate:**

Some progress made with Stiffy Junior.

Behavior modification evident.

Will continue to monitor.  
Shermanator out.  
A little "Double-D Sheree" action.  
Little bit of Dr. Robot.  
Crazy fucker.  
Hey, Stifler, where's your instrument?  
Dude, you're in the wrong uniform.  
Screw them, dude. They're gonna freak out  
when they see the video.  
Look, we thought that if we had  
an advance screening...  
then everyone would see  
that you're not really a dork.  
I can't. It's gone.  
- What?  
- The video, man, I deleted it.  
Why?  
Guess little bro's quitting  
the family business.  
Are you kidding me?  
He went fucking bandee on us.  
Hey, what's up, guys?  
You a dead man, motherfucker.  
- You, too, little man.  
- Wait, wait, wait, wait.  
Dude, the purple puke was an accident.  
Somebody switched the coolers.  
Hey, that orange shit is janky, yo.  
Chloe, we never saw Elyse,  
you know, naked.  
Matt turned off the computer.  
So we're just supposed to forgive him now?  
- He's still an asshole.  
- You're right.  
I am an asshole.  
I can't take back spying on you...  
and I can't win that Bandee Cup thing.  
But I can help someone  
get what she deserves.  
I'm not asking you to forgive me.  
Just help me help Elyse.  
- I got the number.  
- Go ahead.  
He shouldn't have been dumping Ipecac

in anyone's cooler.  
We could've won on our own.  
I don't even care that he saw me on camera.  
Well, I mean I do, but...  
Honey, this just came for you.

It's from Robards.

What's it say?

Dr. Choi wants to meet with me?

- Okay.

- Okay.

- Okay.

- Okay.

Bye.

Hi. Elyse Houston.

I have an appointment with Dr. Choi.

- You're not in the book.

- No, there must be some mistake. See...

I have a letter.

This letter is, well...

It's a fake.

- This is not Dr. Choi's signature.

- What?

Stifler.

You son of a bitch.

What? It wasn't enough

for you to humiliate me at Band Camp?

Now you have to set me up here?

What's going on here?

This is my band.

And that's her music.

Well...

I've certainly seen some interesting attempts  
to gain admission...

but this is a first.

Excellent audition, Miss. Houston.

Let's go discuss that scholarship.

I thought Brandon won.

No, Mr. Vandecamp

was disqualified for plagiarism.

All right.

That's what I'm talking about, yo.

Oh, my God, you guys, that was amazing.

- Thank you so much.

- Thank him. It was his idea.

Word.

- You planned all this?

- With some friends.

Come here.

Oh, I believe this is yours.

You know...

Picardo is a brand of piccolo.

You really are an asshole sometimes...

Stiffy.

Man, change the channel, yo.

Hook a brother up with some mad beats.

Will you cut that out?

Your name is James Hi Ping Chong.

Your dad owns a Chinese restaurant.

You live in the suburbs.

You ain't never gonna be a gangsta.

Damn!

That's cold, dawg.