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American Wedding

By Adam Herz

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(LIGHT ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

Well, Michelle, we did it.

Happy graduation.

You know,

living at my parents' house,

that's a temporary thing.

We've been going out for,

what, three years.

You're not,

like, getting bored

with things, are you?

Michelle, I'm gonna

ask you something

that I've never

asked you before.

Is it kinky?

I don't think so. No.

You don't have

to be embarrassed

if you wanna

add more spiciness

to our relationship.

Actually,

maybe you could just,

you know,

use your napkin.

My napkin?

MAN:

Yes.

You have a phone call.

Excuse me.

Thank you.

Hello?

Jim, it's Dad.

You left the ring at home.

The box is empty.

But I'm on my way,

and I've got the ring,

so don't panic, Son.

Okay? Bye.

(PHONE BEEPS OFF)

Who was that?

Uh...

That was my dad.

That was my dad.

He couldn't get through on...

I didn't answer my cell,

so he was

getting all worried.

You know how he is.

(STUTTERING)

But everything is okay now.

Everything is perfectly fine.

I think I know what

you're gonna ask me.

That's okay. I don't

have to use my napkin.

What?

I've got my own techniques.

Michelle, where you going?

Michelle?

(CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)

Okay.

(BELT UNBUCKLES)

(GROANS)

Michelle. Okay.

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God, Michelle.

Psst!

I think you need to stop.

Okay, keep going.

(SHUDDERS)

Oh, my God. Michelle?

Michelle...

(MUMBLES)

Oh, my God.

Okay.

Well, I made it.

Where's Michelle? Washroom?

I was so nervous

she was gonna spot me.

Here's the ring, Son.

Oh!

Let me tell you something.

This is some ring.

Look at the rock

on this baby,
Mr. Big Spender.
I hope you
didn't blow your wad
on this, Son.
Not yet.
Your mother and I
could not be more thrilled
for you, Jim.
I mean, we're so happy.
And I know you're excited,
I can see it in your face.
I mean, you look like
you're ready to burst.
I mean, your cheeks,
they're flush.
I wish your mother
could be here.
Not me.
That's what I wish.
You know, this is one
of those moments, Jim,
that you're gonna remember
for the rest of your life.
Yes, it is.
You bet it is.
I cannot believe my son
is gonna pop the question.
(THUD)
What was that?
That?
Knocking on wood.
What is this...
Popping what? What question?
You're a wreck.
What?
You need some air.
You need some air.
Okay, walk me to my car.
No, I'm not walking...
Listen to me!
It's for your good.
(ALL GASPING)
Dad.

Oh! Son!
My pants!
Your penis!
I got my pants, Dad!
What the hell...
(GASPING)
Jeez! God, Dad.
Wear your pants.
I got the pants!
What are you doing?
He had abdominal cramps...
I can explain all this.
Everybody calm
down here, quiet!
Lower your voice.
Disgusting.
Now,
I came here to do something,
(SIGHS) and damn it,
I'm gonna do it.
Michelle?
(CROWD GASPING)
Hello, dear.
Michelle Annabeth Flaherty,
I love you
more than I could
ever explain
at this particular moment.
Dad, the ring.
Oh.
Will you marry me?
Yes.
My son.
I'm the happiest
man in the world.
(CROWD GASPING)
We should all be so happy.
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
Cheers. Gentlemen.
Sweetheart.
I'm impressed.
Marriage is a binding,
unifying, eternal,
never-ending,

permanent chaining
together of two people.

Jim, have you
thought this through?

Yes.

Finch, thank you.

I had been trying to
figure it out for a while.

You know,

when is the right time?

Is there a right time?

Then finally I realized,

"Duh, you love the girl.

Marry her."

Aw.

(POP MUSIC PLAYING ON JUKEBOX)

Oh! Let's dance.

Dance? No.

No, you have

to learn sometime.

Come on.

Don't laugh at me.

Yeah, okay.

Just glad that's not me.

Finch,

you don't think

there's one girl

you're destined

to spend your

entire life with?

They're all for me, Kevin.

Not so bad? All right.

Do this.

(GROANS)

I'm sorry.

The wedding should be

rather entertaining.

(PEOPLE TALKING INDISTINCTLY)

Bro, that's it?

There's no keg anywhere.

Jim.

Hey, John.

The food and

the drink are really bad.

"F" for presentation.
The good news for you...
What's that?
We're gonna be
ushers at the wedding.
(SIGHS)
This is amazing.
I don't recognize half
the people in this place.
(DOORBELL RINGS)
At least they
all brought gifts.
Hello.
Hello. I'm Mary Flaherty.
Oh! Hello!
Harold Flaherty.
Hi.
How lovely to meet you.
Please come in.
We've been expecting you.
How was your trip?
Delightful.
Who's excited
about the wedding?
Anxious might
be more accurate.
We've never met your son.
You'll get to meet him.
Rudy and Sam would
like to meet him, too.
Better bring them
in from the car.
They've been
cooped up for hours.
For heaven's sake.
You brought your sons?
Our dogs.
We never travel without them.
Oh, my goodness.
Well, honey, why don't
you go get those
critters out of the car
and we'll start
on some cocktails.

Thank you.
I'd love one.
Long trip?
I'll get the dogs.
There's one thing
that'll make this
wedding perfect.
No Stifler.
That's one dick
we are not inviting.
Motion seconded.
Motion carried.
So, Finch,
what are you gonna do with
that fancy NYU diploma?
I'll frame it.
Then I'll write my memoirs.
You should come
to law school, man.
You know I could
use the company.
Kids,
Michelle's parents are here.
Come on, we're waiting.
Oh, crumbs on the shirt.
That's bad.
Okay, that's fine.
I'll change. I'll change.
Fuckers!
Well, polish my nuts
and serve me a milkshake.
What's up?
That's right.
Oh! Cake?
Hope it's good.
Oh, gee.
Thanks for inviting me
to the graduation party,
fucker.
(SCOFFS)
Oh! Fucking right, doggy.
That's good cake! Holy shit!
Hi. How are you?
Congratulations.

Hey...
(GIGGLES)
"Congratulation, Jism!"
Excuse me. Stifler?
Hey, Jim!
Stifler,
what are you doing here?
Okay, man...
Happy fuckday, assmouth!
Put the cake down.
Check it out.
I made it all by myself.
Cute.
What happened to my invite?
Got lost in the mail,
fuckface?
Quiet!
Bite yourself.
That's what I thought.
I think I can
spell "Cajun Rectum."
Seriously, man.
Oh, Jesus.
Damn it, Stifler.
Jim, look what you did!
Look what I did?
Look at this shit!
What am I supposed to do now?
Are you happy now, man?
Why are you here?
My dick looks like
a corn dog.
I got cake
all over my balls.

JIM'S MOM:

Shit.
The Flahertys are waiting.
Do you think
he's upstairs, honey?
Oh, you're fucked now, Jim.
(STIFLER CACKLES)
(GROWLING)
(BARKING)

Stifler, get up.
This dog's great!
Is it weird
that it feels good?
(LAUGHING)
All right...
What about the dining room?
I know you'll just love him.
Jesus, Stifler.
Stop enjoying it so much.
Lick it up!
You little shit.
Take your pants off, man.
(GASPING)
(SCREAMING)
Good Lord!
Oh, God!
Jim?
No, it's not
what it looks like.
What are you doing, Son?
My dogs!
Don't go in there, darling!
Lord knows what
they'll do to you!
I love this dog!
I was trying to
get him off, Dad.
That is your son?
Back away from the animal.
Mr. And Mrs. Flaherty,
I presume.

STIFLER:

Well, lunch is served.
I really hope (STUTTERING)
That we can all
just forget about this,
and move on, and start again.
Start again fresh.
Jim, if you hope to be
the provider and protector
for our firstborn daughter,
you have a long way to go.

Thank you, sir.
They think
you're an angel
and I'm just some
ungrateful dog rapist.
They just think they raised
the proper little band girl.
And, besides, sometimes
it's nice to be
more traditional.
How so? How do
you mean traditional?
I'm thinking
about the wedding.
How it's just this one day,
one day where
everyone's eyes are
on me for a change.
I've just never
walked into a room
and had everyone go,
"Ooh" and "Ah"
and "Isn't she elegant?"
That is exactly
how our wedding
is going to be.
I promise.
Shit. I got a frosted
ass crack. Hey, Finch?
You want this
for here or to go?
"A witty saying
proves nothing." Voltaire.
"Suck my dick." Ron Jeremy.
Boys, anybody seen
the bride's parents?
No? Hmm.
Wait a second.
Come on, Stifler.
This isn't
a graduation party.
It's time to go.
Wait, hold on!
Jim's getting married,

isn't he?
Holy fucking shit!
This is major!
Do you have the slightest idea
how important this is?
We get to have
a bachelor party. Yes!
We celebrate the death of Jim
with a party in his honor.
Chicks and boobs.
Tits and ass.
Titties, ta-tas,
casabas, bazoongas,
all up in our frigging faces!
Come on, buck up, fellows!
Show some enthusiasm!
It's gonna be fucking great!
Oh, my God!
Finch,
he does make a good point.
Yeah, he does.
You never heard me say that.
I do not deserve
a girl this cool.
Michelle said the wedding
was doable, right?
A wedding. A wedding, yeah.
I promised her her wedding.
You know, the wedding
of her dreams.
Okay, what's the problem?
Dancing.
She's gonna want to dance.
There's that whole tradition.
The first dance
at the reception.
She is gonna wanna dance
Fred Astaire kind of shit.
I can't do that.
She learned all
that from band camp.
Okay, so you take lessons,
you know. Right away.
Lessons. Okay.

I have to convince
her parents that
I'm not a shithead.
Yeah, challenging.
Indeed challenging.
But doable. What else?
What else?
I don't know what else.
That's the thing.
She cares
too much to tell me.
She doesn't want me to worry
that she might be worried.
So I'm worried.
Recon.
You mean, like,
spying on Michelle?
Spying is deceitful.
Extra attention
means you're concerned.
This is true.
This is good.
Guys,
here's to the next step.
Shut up with that stepping.
Put your glass down.
(LIGHT ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
(INAUDIBLE)
We'll find a wonderful one
somewhere, I promise.
We'll keep looking.
Is everything okay here?
The study can get a little
chilly sometimes.
You have enough blankets?
We're fine. Thank you.
I was kind of hoping
that someday soon,
we could have a little talk.
I'd really like to tell you
why I think I'll make
a good husband,
whenever you get a chance.
Oh! Why is that?

Come on.

(DOG BARKS)

See, I was saying
that soon we could talk.

(STUTTERING)

This right now is sort
of the preliminary talk
before the future
longer talk,
which would be like a quiet,
a private dinner talk.

(YIPPING)

Let him finish.

(DOG PANTING)

(DOG YIPPING)

I'm talking to you.

(MRS. FLAHERTY SHUSHING)

Okay.

Good talking to you.

No. These aren't gonna work.

Wow!

You guys in
a sporting goods store.

Very good.

Hey, Finch,

I think they got your size.

Oh, beautiful.

Jim needs to learn to
dance for his wedding.

You know,

I think he's screwed.

Of course he's screwed.

He's getting married.

I can't wait to
see this disaster.

What makes you think
you're invited?

(SLURPING)

I already called up
Jim's mom. Got the info.

I'm preparing for
the festivities.

It's time for me to boom-boom
with the bridesmaids,

Finchfucker.

'Cause I'm gonna hang out
with my wang out.

And I'm gonna rock out
with my cock out!

Yeah, that's what
I'm talking about.

(LAUGHS)

JIM:

This is a little
difficult to explain.

Look, you're okay.

You're okay.

I mean, I like you.

Yeah, great.

You can blow me
after practice.

I'm working, dude.

(YELLING)

Come on! Work it! Hustle!

See, my mom
didn't know that...

Push it! Move it! Come on!

There was a misunderstanding.

You're not invited!

Hold!

Dude, how the hell
do you even think
you're getting married?

I've been looking out
for your sex life
since high school.

You what?

Oh! Oh!

(LAUGHS)

The first tits
this guy ever saw
were because of me!

The first girl
he ever hooked up with
was at my party,
at my cottage!

That girl's

the girl he's marrying.
The Stiffman
showed him the way.
Can I get a hallelujah?
Hallelujah, Stifler!
But, my fuckers,
this mofo right here
does not want
the Stifmeister,
the Grand fucking Facilitator
to attend the wedding.
Who sucks donkey dick?
Jim sucks donkey dick!
The answer's no, okay?
I'm sorry.
The answer's no.
I can dance.
What?
I can dance.
(ALL CONTINUE CHANTING)

STIFLER:

Five, six, seven, eight...
Okay. What exactly
is this here?
Left box turn.
Left box turn. Okay.
Hi. Stop looking
into my eyes.
Sorry. Sorry.
Now how do you know this?
How do you know
how to do this?
My mom made me take it
for three fuckin' years.
Yeah?
I hated it.
No, you're really good.
You should take
ballet or something.
Fuckface!
What part of
"this sucks my ass"
do you not

under-fuckin'-stand?
This is exactly
what I'm talking about,
Steven.
You can't behave like this.
If you wanna
come to the wedding,
I'm sorry,
you cannot act like this.
Are you saying
I'm impolite or something?
Impolite would
be an improvement.
Look, just try not to be,
you know, you.
(EXHALES DEEPLY)
Fuck this shit.
It's not worth it.
Wait, Stifler. Hold on.
Okay, what if you planned
the bachelor party?
With a dildo show?
Sure. If you can
find the time to fit it in,
go ahead.
Surprise me.
Sorry, chief.
It only gets
you halfway there.
What do you mean?
I need assurances that
I'm gonna get some quality
action at this wedding.
(STUTTERING) I'm sorry,
I can't make that promise.
Well, let me put it
to you this way, Jimbo.
No pussy, no dancing. Okay?
No pussy, no dancing.
How's that for polite?
(RAZZING)
(CACKLES)
Jim, your suspicions
are confirmed.

Michelle wants a dress
that she can't get.
The dress she wants is Amsale.
They have a store in Chicago.
If we leave right now,
we can get there by
the time they close.
It's a three-hour drive.

STIFLER:

Three-hour drive?
Kick fucking ass!
Are we going to Chicago
to see titties?
We are talking about
getting Michelle
a dress in Chicago.
Now, please vanish.
Hey, Finch, what's
the capital of Thailand?
Bang cock.
(LAUGHS)
Dude...
Okay, I got shotgun.
(GROANING)

STIFLER:

dress shit over with.
The strip bar's
got free hot wings

before 7:

Now, Jim, let me handle this.
These are my people.
They're gay?
No, you bleeding imbecile,
they have style.
They're cultured.
They're sophisticated.
So they're gay.
So, mademoiselle,
I'm sure that
you can appreciate
that monsieur here

is stuck right between
Scylla and Charybdis.

(CHUCKLES)

Yes, I'm afraid
he's no Ulysses.

Okay, what's happening here?

You need to speak
to my dressmaker.

That's who would
actually make the dress,
and I'm afraid Leslie
has gone for the day.

All right, she said
she'd probably be at
one of these bars
here on Halstead.

I say we split up, ask around
for a Leslie Summers.

Right.

Hey there,
sweet little thing.

Hey there,
you sweet manly thing.

You know,
I really love your shirt.

Do I know you?

I'm Jennifer.

Well, Jennifer,
just relax, take it slow,
and let the good times roll,
because Daddy's
a regular here!

Do you wanna get a drink?

You're goddamn right I do.

(WHOOOPS)

Two cold ones.

You know, my friend would
really dig your vibe.

Will you wait here?

Sure thing, babe.

Good.

All right.

How you feeling, sexy?

Pretty good.

Whoa! You have a deep voice.

That's not all.

(LAUGHS)

Oh! Right.

You look

really cute tonight.

Thanks. I guess.

What the...

(SMACKS)

Oh, hey!

Feeling a little frisky?

Oh!

Game over.

What's happening here?

Hey. Any luck?

Not so much.

All right, let's...

This is Bear.

Hey!

Wow, you are a bear.

(BOTH ROAR)

Yeah.

(BARKS)

How much you bench?

How much you weigh?

Why? You wanna try

and pick me up?

Yeah, I think I could.

Yeah, I bet you could.

You are big.

I could use a guy

like you on my team.

Are you talking

about our team?

Or an actual team?

What the hell is "our team"?

Hi, where's the girl?

(GASPS) What the fuck

are we talking about?

You need to take

another look around.

You look fabulous!

Hey, honey.

Oh, my God.

What the fuck is going on?

(ALL LAUGHING)

Come on,

is that all you've got?

(GASPS)

Pussy!

I must have come
to the wrong place.

Stifler.

Stifler.

Oh, man.

Hey.

It's so good to see you.

How did you get up the nerve
to check out a gay bar?

Really don't wanna
talk about it right now.

I just wanna go home.

Your friend here
was just leaving.

Eat shit.

Did you find Leslie?

Fuck your stupid dressmaker.

You guys know Leslie Summers?

We're trying to find her.

You know what?

I think you guys
are out of luck.

Why don't you go home?

No. You know Leslie Summers?

He knows her.

My friends and I,
we just drove
all the way from Michigan
to find my fiance
the wedding dress
that she deserves.

We need Leslie
to make it for us.

Can you please
help us find her?

I'm sure Leslie always helps
associates of assholes.

What are you looking at?

I'm not a steak.
Listen, breeder,
not every gay man wants
to have sex with you.
Yeah? Listen up, ass jockey.
If I were gay, you'd want me!
Really?
Really.
I got style. I'm cultured.
I'm sophisticated.
And all that just radiates
from your oh-so-sexy self.
That's bullshit.
Everyone wants a piece
of the Stifmeister.
(ALL LAUGHING)
Yeah, right!
Without a doubt.
I'll show you fuckers.
Bye.
Everybody say bye.
Bye.
Bye.
Good luck with the dress.
Give us a drink.
(SONG CHANGES)
(OMINOUS SYNTHESIZED MUSIC)
(CROWD MURMURING)
(UP-TEMPO MUSIC PLAYING)
Mother of God.
Bitch!
(SONG CHANGES)
(WOMAN WHOOPING)
What is this, a dance-off?
Oh, yeah?
(SONG CHANGES)
(ALL CHEERING)
I love you!
What?
Fabulous. Seeing that
was worth anything.
Look, I'm Leslie Summers
and you've got yourself
a dress.

Oh, my God.
Thank you. Thank you.
Yeah, no problem.
Say, who's your friend?
(STUTTERS) Kevin.
Was that the best
night ever or what?
Are you kidding me?
Yeah, it was amazing.
Hey, guys!
When you get your
bachelor party together,
I manage some girls in town.
Real ones.
All right.
Call me.
Damn, Stiffy,
you got some moves.
I told you that guy
wanted to fuck me.
(LAUGHING)
I can't believe this.
They're really gonna
make the dress for me?
They're expecting your call.
Go ahead.
This is so cool.
I love you.
Thank you.
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)
Well, that worked out.
Maybe it's time
we had that special
dinner chat.
I'll have turkey.
Thanks for helping out.
We're so close
and there's still
so much to do.
Cadence!
Hey!
Hi!
Cadence, this is Paul Finch.
Finch, meet my

younger sister, Cadence.
Nice to meet you.
You're reading Descartes.
Yeah. Cogito ergo sum.
"I think, therefore I am."
Hungry.
So, when's Mark getting in?
Let's see.
That would be never.
Did you guys break up?
How tragic.
Sorry, Paul Finch.
Girl stuff.
(AIRPLANE ENGINE ROARING)
Just stay calm.
I'm available,
she's available.
It's all good.
She's a beautiful girl,
and you're you.
(BREATHES DEEPLY)

MICHELLE:

What's the problem?
I dumped him.
But it was Mark.
I thought you really
liked him. He was nice.
Yeah, but sometimes
nice isn't so nice.
Wait. Hold on.
Let me get this straight.
He didn't want to do it.
He said he didn't
want to ruin what we had
by deflowering ourselves.
Who the hell uses
the word "deflower"?
(MICHELLE GROANS)
It's like
something Mom would say.
Yeah.
And I'm starting to realize
Mom and Dad's idea of

appropriate behavior
might be a little bit
different than mine.
Mish, you're in love.
Shh.
You're getting married.
I mean, what's this like?
It's like it's...
I'm never going to
be able to explain it.
I wanted us to
write our own vows
for the wedding
and now I can't do mine.
How do you explain love?
I guess I wouldn't know.
I don't think
I've ever felt
that way about a guy.
Someday you will.
Maybe.
But in the meantime,
I don't think it would hurt
to get a little
rowdy this weekend.
Jim's got
single friends, right?
Is Finch a possibility?
Finch is bonable.
Yes, he is bonable.
(THUD)
(WATER SLOSHING)
Dickhead. Do not send shit
to my office at school.
Hey, Stifler, why don't
you come in and make
yourself comfortable?
Your letter made
a great impression
on Coach Marshall
when he read it.
Let me refresh
your memory, partner.
"Dear Steve, I will

be forever in your debt
if you teach me to dance
"like you did
in the gay bar."
I put serious thought
into that letter.
Don't push me,
'cause I'm close to the edge.
I'm trying not
to lose my head.
Uh-huh. Uh-huh.
(LAUGHS)

CADENCE:

nice for a bridesmaid dress.
At least something
you can actually wear again.
You don't think
it's too sexy, do you?
I mean, I don't want to seem
slutty or anything.
I'm trying to
attract a decent guy here.

MICHELLE:

They'll all be decent guys.
I just don't feel
quite like a virgin in it.
Oh!
So, you guys
have to be psyched
to be done with college.
I mean, I swear,
I'm running out of room
in my brain for everything.
There's always room
for Plato and Aristotle.
Some of my favorites.
Excuse me, guys.
Finch, she thinks
you were being sarcastic.

STIFLER:

It's so good to see you.

You want some help?
Here, let me help
you out there.
There you go.
You keep fighting
the good fight, sir.
That's great.
That was really
sweet of you.
Yeah.
I love old people, you know?
(BOTH CHUCKLE)
Hey, I hate to be
nosy and impolite,
but do you know
Jim Levenstein
and Michelle Flaherty?
Yeah.
Are they here?
Well, I'm Cadence,
Michelle's sister.
I had no idea. I'm their
good friend, Steven.
Nice to meet you.
Yeah, you, too.
Well, they're around town
doing some wedding stuff.
That's cool.
But there's still a few
of us in the other room
if you want to join us.
I don't know.
You look so nice.
I feel underdressed.
Well, I think you look great.
Thank you.
Oh, here they are.
Hi, boys.
Don't stand up.
The dads aren't here yet?
I'll go find them.
Which one of you
is the best man?
Jim didn't pick just one.

Or I mean,
he couldn't decide.
Hey, Paul. Hey, Kevin.

CADENCE:

I want you to meet Steven.
He's friends
of Jim's and mine
and everyone's.
You look
very familiar, Steven.
Really? I'm afraid
we've never met.
Oh.
Well, we have now.
Oh!
Looks like you
found Samantha's Sweets.
Oh!
Isn't their
chocolate just to die for?
You have no idea.
Actually, I do.
I love chocolate
more than...
More than life itself!
I was just
saying to your friends
I have something
very precious here.
What is it?
Michelle's grandmother's,
my mother's, wedding ring.
Isn't that precious?
Since all of you
are the best man,
I don't know
who should hold onto it.
I think it's best if I...
Oh, um...
I think you
should get to know us
first and then decide.
You are such

a gentleman, Steve.
I hear that all the time,
but it never gets old.
Hey, Paul,
do you have a camera?
How thoughtful.
(MOUTHING)
I must've forgotten
my camera at home, Steven.
Maybe you could take,
like, a mental note.
(CHUCKLES)
I won't forget this moment.
I'll bet you won't.
Would you care to
join us, Steven?
I'd love to. Thank you.
Good to see you fellows.
Thank you.
(MOUTHING)

STIFLER:

What the hell is he doing
near my flowers?
I love the way
the tulips accentuate the...
What do you call
those again, sir?
Double lisianthus.
Lisianthus.
Double lisianthums.
What a pretty name.
(CHUCKLING)
I told him to be nice,
or he couldn't come
to the wedding.
Okay,
I will take care of this.
I will take care of this.
James. Great.
Come on over.
Great, come on over.
You can see
if I forgot anything.

I don't think I... Oh!
We're having a great time.
I think I've got it all.
Look, look, look.
Sahara and
desert rose for
(MOUTHING)
Your bridesmaids' bouquet.
Give me that. Smell this.
It's fantastic.
Fantastic. And... Oh!
(EXCLAIMING)
(SQUEALS)
Look at this!
(LAUGHING)
Let's go look at
the candelabrum, honey.
I think with
the summer blossoms...
Thank you for everything.
What'd you think, girls?
Isn't this adorable?
Bye, Cadence.
Okay, I know
what you're doing. Look,
have you seen yourself?
I can't believe
you're doing this, Stifler.
Just calm down, dude.
It's all set.
What's set?
I'm gonna teach you
to dance like
a Baryshnikov.
Oh, yeah.
He is pretty good.
Jim, he's not
doing it to be nice.
He's doing it
to bone Cadence.
Look, maybe we should
give him a chance.
You know, I think
that underneath

all the "fucks" and "shits"
and "blow me's"
there's a very
sensitive person
who is just
thirsty for acceptance.
That's what I think.
Oh, Jim, you've got
to stop masturbating.
It's melting your brain.
Observe
the fucking Stifmeister.
What is his
defining characteristic?
He uses the "F"
word excessively.
Thanks, man.
But I also have confidence.
You're one big floppy cock.
Look at you.
You got to stand
like a man.
Your posture tells
your partner where to go.
Okay?
Okay.
Follow my lead.
This is the waltz.
Waltz? Okay.
Waltz. Okay.
That's pretty good.
You're fucking right
it's good.
I'm gonna save your ass
in this wedding.
Pretty soon you're gonna
want me to shave your balls.
Should I shave my balls?
Do you shave your balls?
How do you do it?
Dude! No.
(STUTTERS)
I'm just... Shaving...
You know, there's

nothing like a local pub.

Mmm-hmm.

It's like real America,
without all
that corporateness
and catchy jingles.

What's wrong
with a good jingle?

I think it was
Voltaire who said,
"A jingle witty
proves everything
for my friends and I."

(CHUCKLES)

Cadence, I didn't know
you were gonna be here.
You're just in time for
Voltaire's greatest hits.
Voltaire? Stifler, please,
who was Voltaire?

Someone much wiser than you,
I'm afraid, Finch.

Actually, I'm getting
a little burned out on all
the intellectual stuff.

Yeah, me, too.

Being smart is so hard.

(CHUCKLING)

I'll give you
some intelligence.

Voltaire can suck
on my balls.

What?

It's about time somebody
finally came out and said it.

Hey, I'm gonna give you
a quote to live by.

"Love life, get paid,
and then get laid."

That is the basic philosophy
of the Finchmeister.

I like that.

(MOUTHING)

Bet you do.

Really? I don't know
why you do,
because
Finchmeister doesn't make
any frigging sense.
Sure it does.
No fucking shit it does.
Cadence, let's leave
the cray-ton here, shall we?
Whatever. Fuck it.
I'm walking, anyway.
You know, I think
I'm gonna go stretch my legs
with the Finchmeister.
You don't mind,
do you, Steven?
No.
Ha!
(HUFFING)
It's on like
Donkey Kong, bitch.
Pack it up, bitch.
I'm on it. Thank you.
So, Cadence say
anything about me?
Whatever you and
Finch are pulling,
she seems to like you both.
Finch. She gonna be around
tomorrow night?
No, she's going up to
Chicago with Michelle
for the final dress fitting.
What about her parents?
I think her mom
kind of likes me.
They're going up north
with my parents
to get things ready
for the rehearsal.
So that's where they'll be.
So don't bother
looking for them
or anything, you know?

A wedding. (SCOFFS) Shit.
How do you know
she's the right girl?
I just do.
I'm a better person
when I'm with Michelle.
Nobody else can...
No, shithead.
You hooked up with
one other girl for what?
10 seconds?
Not to mention
you passed on Nadia.
Dumbest fucking thing ever.
You're like
a blind man picking
out his favorite porno.
That shit is crazy.

JIM'S DAD:

This is just the old
pre-wedding jitters, Son.

JIM:

You know, it's...
You know,
Michelle is the only girl
that I've been with.
Honestly, now,
would you have passed up
sex with Nadia?
Why? Did she say something?
Hypothetically, Dad.
Hypothetically. Well,
you know, Jim,
I'm a married man.
If you weren't married.
She's a college girl.
If you were a college guy.
In a heartbeat.
Oh, yeah. Mmm-hmm.
First of all,
what you're feeling
is so normal

and perfectly natural.
Marriage is not about
animal lusting,
and kinky sex games.
It's not so much about
who's the dog and
who's the fire
hydrant tonight.
It's deeper than that.
The longer a marriage lasts,
the longer you can go
without sex.
But when that
magic night does happen,
it's all
the more meaningful.
Let me tell you,
your mother, bless her,
can still make me
squeal like a pig.
I mean that
in the good sense.
Do you follow
what I'm saying?
You understand
where I'm going here?
I do. I think...
Anything else you need?
No. No. That's...
Anything I can do.
He's not here.
Park the cars down there
where he won't see them.
Whoo!
Fucking right!
So, you like
my pants, Stiffy?
Whatever, dude.
As long as the girls
are worth it.
They're worth it.
Oh! And if you got
good wine, too,
that'll score

points for you.
I think there's
some in the basement.
I'll get it. You ain't
gonna want to miss this.
(LAUGHING)
Gentlemen,
I would like to introduce
Officer Krystal
und Frulein Brandi!

FINCH:

(STIFLER EXCLAIMING)
Oh, my God.
You boys have
been very messy.
Whoops.
Can you see my fanny?
Whoops. (GIGGLES)
Oh!
(MOANS)
(STIFLER WHOOPS)
(YELPS)
Oh!
Ow!
You naughty girl.
(GIGGLES)
None of that
pleading the Fifth crap.
You boys are gonna talk.
(STUTTERS)

STIFLER:

Oh, my God!
Are you just gonna
stand there and drool?
Or we gonna have
a bachelor party?
Fuck, yeah, we are!
Yeah?
Yeah.
What? I can't hear you.
Louder!
(STUTTERS)

Yes.

Bachelor party.

I can't hear you. Louder!

Stick a finger in my ass!

(GASPS)

That's weird.

You just wait.

Maybe we should

just wait for Jim.

Fuck Jim, man!

This is for us!

Take her top off.

My girlfriend has

strict rules about this.

No touching.

(GROANING)

What are you,

a dancing clown?

You wipe that shit-eating grin

off your face,

you punk-ass little bitch!

This is awesome!

You like that?

Like it? How much? No!

Yeah, I do.

Boob.

Sorry.

No, not yet.

But you will be.

Like I said,

this is awesome.

Hey, listen,

I think we both know

that Officer Krystal and me

have this, you know...

Thing?

Yeah.

No one has ever

slapped my ass like that.

No one's ever

pinched my nipple

with such ferocity.

I'm a master of

the Tantric art.

I look at her
body and I just see
the chakras and the things
I could do to her and...
(INHALES SHARPLY)
(GRUNTS)
You, you look cute.
Oh, thank you.
You, you're the cute one.
Stiffy, how slimming is this?
What the fuck,
Buffalo Bill?
What? The pink too much?
It puts
the dress in the drawer
and does as it's told.
Oh, dude,
now that's fucked up.
That's fucked up.
And in closing,
you have been a naughty,
naughty girl.
(CACKLES)
You been naughty, Brandi?
You been fucking naughty?
Fresh.
(SCREAMS)
Take her top off!
Will you get to cleaning,
you little bitch fucker.
(SCREAMS)
Do you want to
see us kiss?
Fuck, no!
None of that "you go,
we go" bullshit.

STIFLER:

We've already done that.

FINCH:

I used to have
this pet bass.
His name was Arnie,

and he was so cute
and he just loved me,
too, you know.
He would look at me...
Maybe you
could dance.
...make this
face like...
Or something like that.
I don't know.
It was great.
I miss Arnie, but...
Sometimes I watch
the Discovery Channel.
I love that show.
I don't care!
Could you just
dance for me, please?
No, that's my favorite...
Well, was my favorite shirt.
Okay...
Hey.
What?
Nothing.
It's a crazy party, huh?
You don't worry about him.
You don't worry about him.
He's a maniac.
You're a maniac,
you know that?
(MUFFLED SHOUTS)
Stifler, why in the world
are you focused on me?
I'm just surprised to
see you don't have tits.
How can I clean you
if you are not dirty?
Go put something on
that I must clean off
with my tongue.
Oh!
Anything for a French person.
If you insist, frulein.
Ah!

Look at you,
you pathetic
little weasel.
Can't I just watch?
Look, you don't have to
do anything
if you don't want to.
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!
Hold on!
Don't break character
ever again, okay?
I don't care
if Kevin starts crying
because Finch
bit his cock off.
You're a dirty cop,
you're a prissy maid.
And I'm your filthy cabana boy
in need of
punishment and cleaning.
Don't you ever mouth
off to Officer Krystal,
you dirty little pervert!
Okay.
Now obey!
I obey!
Jesus.
Hey, guys,
are we having dinner?
Let me get that.
Holy shit!
Stifler.
I've got something really nice
cooking up for you inside.
Well, we love surprises.
Stifler, you said
you spoke to Jim.
I did. I was secret
about it and everything.
He said he'd be
the only one here tonight.
What the fuck,
Shitbreak?
It's chocolate.

I told everyone that
you were up north
with my parents.
So we won't be bothered.
We can just totally relax.
No worries.

(MARY CHUCKLES)

Please come on in.
Make yourselves at home.
Right this way.
Thank you.

(GASPS)

What?
Pink roses.

JIM:

They're nice, aren't they?
Yes, artificial. Nice try.
(ALL CHUCKLING)
I almost got you.
So, has Michelle ever
told you the story of how
we fell in love?
Why don't you retell us now?

It's one of
my favorite stories.
Where should I begin?

(CLEARS THROAT)

Let's see...

Well, I suppose it
all started at...

Tall Oaks.

That's right. At Tall Oaks.

That was the summer
when... Oh!

Oh! The summer
that was so hot!

So hot.

All right, look what I got.

Jesus!

Hey, there.

Guy, there!

Jim, I cannot believe you.

You can't?

You hired help
on our account. That is
entirely unnecessary.
But I will have
some of that wine, sir.
Say please, Harold.
Please. Of course.
(IN BRITISH ACCENT)
Absolutely.
It's what he's here for.
The wine. Obviously.
Evidently.
What else would
you be here for?
And I certainly appreciate
your courtesy, sir.
Yes, we have right here
a 1999 Cabernet Say-vun-nun.
Full-bodied, masculine wine.
Just shouts sophistication.
James?
Yes?
I can see
you're very surprised
to see me here.
Little bit.
I'm going to go
check on the dogs.
Yes! In fact why don't
you both go check
on the dogs and...
No! Don't check on the dogs.
They're fine.
How do you know?
Because I just
checked on the dogs.
Because he
checked on the dogs.
I did.
Good work, man.
Jim, I'll help
you with the turkey.
Okay.
And I'll keep

you company.
Thank you.
So, how long have you been
a sommelier, Mister...
Belvedere, ma'am.
Belvedere.
It's chilly in here.
So, how long do we
have to stay in here for?
I don't know.
They said to hide.
I guess we'll just
wait for them to call us.
Who knows what
kind of kinky shit
they're getting ready for.
Do these go in your
ass tonight, or mine?
You have
a serving dish ready?
Jim, we need
a serving dish.
Hmm?
Oh! Yeah, of course.
Oh!
What?
Nothing.
Then why the excitement?
I thought the dish
was broken.
Well, is it?
No.
Then are you
going to get it?
Yes.
Here you go.
One serving dish.
Excellent. Now what we need:
A cutting board.
No, stop!
What?
I will get it for you.
Nonsense,
I can get a cutting board.

Let's see, there you go.
This should do nicely.
I presume
we're having white wine
with the turkey.
Let me go check.
(MARY CHUCKLES)
What happened here?

JIM:

That's mud.
I meant to clean
that up this morning.
How embarrassing.
That's gonna stain.
We're gonna need a mop.
I'll get it.
It's in this closet.
No.
No, it's not.
It's in there.
It's not in this closet,
because I moved it.
Where? I'll go get it.
I don't remember.
You don't remember?
You know why
I don't remember
is because I actually
did not move it.
The cleaning lady did.
Your mother said
you don't have
a cleaning lady.
I don't know why
she would say such a...
You called, master?
Holy...
Well, there you are. Hello.
How do you do?
Uh...
So, cleaning lady,
we were wondering
where the mop was.

Master put
the mop in my fanny.
You what?
Who put what where?
I did no such thing anywhere.
Shall I clean?
(GIGGLES)
Harold!
(BOTH GIGGLING)
(SIGHS)
Very well.
It is so hot in here!
(SCREAMS)
Holy Jesus!
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
(SCREAMS)
Brandi, Brandi,
what are you doing?
You're not in
Eastern Europe anymore.
You can't do that.
I am so sorry
about my cousin.
She's not used to
our customs.
Jim, I apologize
for recommending her to you.
Here's this, by the way.
Ah!
Got the mop.
Brandi,
you left the mop
in the car.
Now remember,
it's called a car,
not a fanny.
Remember last time
when you wanted me
to take a ride
in your fanny.
(LAUGHS)

BRANDI:

Oh, dear, I'm so sorry.

You know what?
We should
probably just go.
I'm so sorry about this.
I came by to
make sure everything
was in order.
The food smells great.

BRAND1:

Jim, you have
unique friends.
Harold!
Let's get that
cleaned up.
I think I saw some
Pine-Sol in here, too.
(SCREAMS)
My gosh!
Baby, Mary and Joseph.
Oh, my Lord!
He's okay.
Are you all right?
(MUFFLED RESPONSE)
Who did this to you?
I'm sure he's okay.
You okay?
Get some help!
Harold, call the police!
All right!
Jesus.
I'll take charge
from here!
My God, they are fast here.
And nicely attired.
What's going on here?
She's here to
protect and serve.
Quiet!
Okay.
Who let this boy
out of the closet?
(STUTTERS)
You are all in for

a hard punishment now.
Don't you touch him!
He's been hurt.
No. This is hurt!
You can't do that.
Silence, fucker!
Ow!
You like it.
Oh!
Harold,
what's gotten into you?
I meant... Ow!
Dirty whore.
Shut your hole. Obey!
(SCREAMING)

HAROLD:

You can't do that.
You're a disgrace
to the police force.
I'll be giving you
an enema!
Hey, somebody untie me!
Wait, not the face.
Back off!
All right, forget it.
We give up.
Steven!
It's okay, Mary.
What's going on?
Listen,
this isn't working, guys.
Krystal, you can drop the act.
This isn't a real cop.
Kevin wasn't assaulted.
I just wanted to
make Jim look good
for you guys.
Like a real hero.
Kind of like me.
We hired a fake cop,
tied up Kevin,
and put him in the closet.
Jim was supposed to

rescue him, untie him,
give him mouth-to-mouth.
I don't know
what he likes to do.
Then Paul Finch
hired an exotic dancer
instead of a real actor.
Jim, is this true?
Every word of it.
That is the stupidest idea
I have ever heard.
You've embarrassed me, Harold,
and Mr. Belvedere.
What?
It's all my fault.
I'm a bad person.
Oh! You're not a bad person.
You were just
trying to help out
your best friend.
It was an awful idea,
but I suppose
it's the thought that counts.
You know, actually,
(STAMMERING)
I never should have allowed
such a crazy plan to
happen in the first place.
If you're gonna
blame anybody here,
blame me.
I'm sorry, Jim.
I didn't realize
how much pressure
we put on you.
I'm sure you both
learned your lesson,
and I suppose I understand.
Jim, if you put
half as much energy
into your marriage
as you put into tonight,
I'm confident that I can
give you my blessing.

And, Steven,
we still adore you, honey.
In fact, I think I know
who should hold onto this.
We adore you.
You'll take good care of it.
You've got to
be kidding me.
No.
Lookit, Jim, Kevin.
Boy, this really makes me
important to the wedding.

MARY:

Well, Mr. Belvedere,
it's gonna be one
fucked-up wedding.
Absolutely.
Drive carefully.
More bags in the study.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Ow!
Is there
any room for me?
Nope.
I'll just drive up
north all by myself.
That sounds good.
We'll see you later.
No, I'll drive with you.
Thanks, Cadence.
Beautiful lady.
Hey... I know. Shut up.
Kevin!
So, my mom found
the dogs playing
with something
unusual this morning.
What?
I told her it was
a neck massager.
These are great.
He's hilarious.

Yes.
That kind of thing
is so lethargic to me.
What do you mean?
I'm not sure.
Mr. Stifler,
I already told you
you called two days ago
and canceled
your reservation.
Since you now
wish to stay here,
I thought you could persuade
Mr. Finch to share his room.
Hey, Shithead, I didn't
cancel my reservation.
Mr. Fuckface Finch
called here.
And Mr. Idiot Behind
the Desk canceled it.
Christof, please pardon
my friend's uncouth behavior.
I did no such thing.
Nor did I, sir.
And your rudeness
and obscenities
won't change anything.
Well then,
I guess it doesn't matter
if I call you a crotchface,
you ball-scratching fucker.
Or better yet,
go blow your dad.
My dad?
Hear, hear.
While you're there,
stick a finger
up both their asses
while you're down there.
Finch, rudeness and obscenity
won't change anything.
Here's a thought:
Grow a sack,
fill it with some balls,

magically sprout a dick,
shove it up your ass,
and start fucking yourself
like, "Yeah, baby!"
You going
with what I'm saying?
(GRUNTING)
This is disgusting.
Why don't you go dust
with your
perverse European cousin?
Is she here?
Unbelievable.
I'd like to book
a tee time for my husband
and a European
pumpkin peel facial
for me, please.
Make that two.

JIM'S DAD:

a fun weekend, Ma.
I am missing my soap.
Don't you worry
about your soaps.
Will you push faster?
I'm tired.
And wait till
you meet Michelle.
You're gonna love her.
She's sweet as sugar.
I can't eat sugar.
I know,
because you're diabetic.
You know, Ma,
I know things haven't been
going well for you.
I know that.
But wait till you
see Jim standing up there
at the altar tomorrow.
If ever there was
a time to be happy
and smile the biggest smile,

now is the time.
Okay, okay. I'm overjoyed.
That's a start.
Proud grandmother
coming through.
Grandson's getting
married tomorrow.
You think she's happy now,
wait till tomorrow.
"Congratulations."
"Grooming."
(BUZZING)
You got bigger.
The flowers
stay refrigerated
until morning...
Oh! I'm sure they will.
They're so pretty...
(COUGHING)
(ALL COUGHING)
Oh, Jimmy, no!
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I hope
you'll be more careful
with the next one.
My kitchen is
not a toilet, okay?
Boy, pubic hair was just not
an issue when I was dating.
The ladies never complained
when they were, you know,
down in that general area...
Okay, if you never
mention that ever again,
that'd be great.
Shouldn't have brought it up.
So, can I see the ring?
Nope. I promised
to keep it safe.
It's not leaving my pocket.
Okay, Frodo.
(BOTH CHUCKLE)
You really care
about this wedding,

don't you?
I'm gonna cry
at the ceremony.
I know it.
(SIGHS)
Are you just saying
all of this?
I mean, do you
act differently around
certain people?
Namely me?
Of course not. Why?
Do you act differently
around me?
Generally, I'm just me.
If people don't like it,
that's their problem.
Yeah. Fuck those fuckers.
What?
I didn't...
No, you're right. Fuck 'em.
Hey, Harold and Mary!
Hi, kids.
How's it going?
Come on. Thanks for
watching the dogs.
I love these guys.
Hey, guys, want more
Snausages? Huh?
There you go.
Eat 'em up.
Give me some.
There you go.
I don't think
I have any left.
What's wrong?
Shit.
Are you okay?
Yeah.
You kissed Stifler?
Yeah. But then he freaked.
It's like he's been
paying more attention
to the dogs than me.

Can I stop worrying then?
Michelle, he's been
nothing but nice to me.
I mean, do you think
he really likes you?
I don't know.
I hope he likes me.
I mean, I think he likes me.
Yeah, I guess
I hope he likes me.
Do it.
Don't fuck around.
Just relax and let it go.
I'm sick of waiting.
Do it for Daddy.
Will you just
take a shit already?
Great.
You fed the ring to the dogs,
didn't you?
(SCOFFS)
(SNICKERS)
Of course not!
You have been staring
at those dogs
like a hawk all day.
I'm a dog lover.
By the way,
apparently you missed
when Cadence kissed me.
Slight tongue action, too.
It was something like this.
(WARBLES)
You're a terrible liar,
Stifler.
If I were lying,
I'd think of something better
than a kiss.
Maybe a blow job
or some tittie grabbing.
No pussy for you, Finch.
(SIGHS)
Fucking right, doggy!
It's about goddamn time!

Jackpot!
Now if you'll excuse me,
I have some shit to attend to.
(EXCLAIMS IN DISGUST)
Thanks, assholes.

MARY:

maybe you can call him.

WOMAN:

Steve, come over here.
Uh...
I'm a little busy.

MARY:

Come on over.
We need you.
Get over here,
you little rascal.
We were talking about
Michelle's wedding band.
Could I see it?
Um...
No.
No?
I don't have it.
What?
You mean you lost it?
Of course not.
I'm keeping it safe
in my room,
you silly Sally!
Thank goodness.
I apologize.
That's fine.
I'll see it later.
Okay. All right, then.
What do you have
in your hand?
This one?
(BOTH LAUGHING)
No, the other one.
It's a chocolate truffle.
Ooo! Yummy.

Where did you get that?
The caterer said
she was saving
the truffles for tomorrow.
You sneaky devil.
Well, hey,
I managed to sneak
one right past her.
Come on,
this woman
loves chocolate.
At least give
her a tiny nibble.
Give it to Momma.
Momma don't want this.
This is the only piece
that I have.
Idiot.
Break it in half.
Come on.
You know what?
Let's just leave
the surprises till tomorrow.
It's gonna be a great day.
I'd like
my surprise right now.
No, it's mine.
Come on!
Give it to me.
No.
Give the darn truffle.
(GASPS)

HAROLD:

that is so selfish.
(GAGGING)
It's good.
Is it? Is it sweet?
It's so sweet.
(GAGGING)
Close your mouth
when you chew, Steven.
Don't do that.
At least you could describe

to the lovely woman
how delicious it is.
Well, tastes like twigs
and berries.
Is it Swiss or
French chocolate?
Maybe German.
Really? Is it creamy?
Yeah, it's creamy.
Easy to go down, right?
Well, I'm trying to
savor the flavor right now.
Is it fresh?
It's so fresh.
Nothing better than
when they're fresh.
Nothing better.
The problem is
you can't eat
just one, can you?
No, you can't.
But you've got to
know when to stop,
don't you?
You really do, but it's hard.
It's really hard.
Droppings
from the gods.
Get me another one, darling.
Come on.
You selfish boy.
Next time,
bring enough for everybody.
Let's keep this to ourselves?
Okay?
Okay.
I gotta go, okay.
Don't have any more,
because it's gonna
spoil your appetite.
Okay.
Hey, look, man, I gotta go.
(GROANS)
Grandma, I want you

to meet some people.
Grandma, this is Michelle.
I'm so proud to be
joining your family.

JIM:

She's real pretty, huh?
Isn't it great?
We're getting married.
It's amazing, Gram.
Not Jewish!
No wedding, Jimmy!
No wedding.
Forget it.
Grandma.
A goyeh!
Shit.
Jim, she hates me.
(GRUMBLES)
Oh, my God!
Grandma, look,
we love each other.
Michelle and I
love each other very much.
That's all that matters.
Grandma? Grandma?
Michelle? Michelle?

JIM'S DAD:

But Grandma's okay?

JIM:

Oh, yeah, Dad. She's okay.
She's just a little tired.
My mother hasn't been well.
She's been feeling...
When your dad sees the look
on Grandma's face,
it's gonna break his heart.
Because of me.
It's not because of you.
Michelle, it's not
because of you at all.
It's because

Grandma thinks it's 1801.
Look, don't worry.
I'll come up with something.
I promised you
the wedding of your dreams
and I'm not gonna
let anything ruin it.
Oh! (CLEARS THROAT)
I would like to
propose a toast.
These last few weeks
have really been something
for my lovely wife and me.
We have met some people
we didn't know existed.
We've experienced
some things we didn't
think were possible.
We've always tried to make
the best of every situation.
This is a good situation.
That's what I'm saying.
This is a wonderful situation.
The coming
together of two families
from different backgrounds.
So to our new son-in-law,
may we say ireann go Brugh.
And to our lovely
daughter Michelle,
L'Chaim.
Did I get that right?
Very good.
And let's hope we can
sit many happy
shivas together.
Here's to
a wonderful wedding.
Cheers.
Cheers.
See that, Shitbreak?
I told you I won.
Hey.
Hey.

I just wanted to say
I'm sorry if I freaked you out
with the whole kiss thing.
You didn't freak me out.
I just wanted to
let you know that
you make me feel special.
I think you're
the most special girl
I've ever known.
Maybe you'd
want to make things
extra special tonight.
Which room is yours?
I'm crashing at Kevin's.
Damn.
But I saw
a big, fluffy linen closet
at the end of
the main hallway.
Yes. Big,
fluffy linen closet is good.
Okay.
Midnight?
Yeah.
All right.
Okay.
Oh!
(SINGING) I'm going to
have-a sex-a with-a Cadence
I'm going to have-a
sex-a with-a Cadence
Whoo!
Jesus! You fucking stalker!
You're not
a very stealthy thief.
Really?
Guess what, Shitbreak?
It's a wedding.
Everything's free.
What do you want?
Stifler, Jim's grandma
doesn't approve
of the wedding.

We're trying to
run interference,
and, reluctantly,
I am asking for your help.
Sorry, Finchmeister,
I got plans with Cadence.
Stifler, maybe you could
forget about your dick
for one second
and actually be useful.
Fuck you, Finch.
You didn't eat shit, okay?
You didn't prance around
like a ballerina
for the whole week.
Wedding this,
suck my ass that.
I'm special, you're special.
We're all just
a bunch of special fuckers,
aren't we?
You know what?
I'm-a gonna get laid,
Finchfucker.
And it's gonna be oh-so-good.
It's gonna be like,
"You like this shit, momma?"
She's gonna be like,
"Fucking right, doggy."
Give it to me!
"Suck on my nipples
like you're milking a cow."
Like... (SUCKING)
(MEWING)
You been here long?
(SUCKING)
Oh, shit.
Yeah...
Cadence, it is
my distinct pleasure
to introduce you
to the real Steve Stifler.
Hi.
Pumpkin. (SIGHS)

You are quite
the gentleman, Stifler.
You could've told
me she was behind me.
Between Grandma,
Stifler, and Cadence...
The cake.
I mean, are you kidding me?
You know,
I thought I had grown
out of this sort of behavior.
But I keep messing up.
These things keep
happening to me.
If I can't bring it
together for one day,
how am I gonna
hold it together
for the rest of our lives?
I'm really afraid
this is how it's
always gonna be.
Yeah, but you always
manage to get yourself
into serious shit,
and somehow you always
come out of it better
than you went in.
I don't know how,
but you do.
Everything is gonna be fine.
Yeah...
You need to come into
the kitchen right now.
There's... Yeah.
Jesus, now what?
(SIGHS)
There is no way to remake
all these in time, is there?
Something must have
disrupted the power.
The compressors need time
to reset after a power loss
or they overheat.

Essentially, it turns
the refrigerator
into an oven.
Stifler was in here
earlier flipping switches.
Michelle, I am so sorry.
Hey.
Those flowers look hideous.
That's 'cause you
killed them, Stifler.
You've ruined everything.
What are you talking about?
You obviously don't care
about this wedding,
or anyone in it.
Cadence...
Jim?
Shitbreak, come on.
Maybe you should
just leave, Stifler.
Fine. Adis.

STIFLER:

It's not my fault!
I'm not an electrical
Einstein. I'm not...
Damn it.
Fuck!
Hey, flower fuckers,
you there?
"Zyskowski."
Hello? Are you awake?
Shit. Come on.
Come on. Anybody awake?
Oh!
Are you Ms. Zyskowski?
Who are you?
I'm the guy who just
killed all the flowers
for the Levenstein-Band
Geek wedding.
What?
Yeah, I'm that guy.
Now, what I need you to do

is drag your ass down
to your little store,
gather up some flowers,
slice them,
dice them,
jam them all together,
and cart that crap
down to the wedding.
Are you completely insane?
You have no idea.
Even if I
overlooked the fact
that this is the rudest thing
I have ever encountered,
there is no time to
redo all that work.
I had four assistants
working two full days
on that wedding.
I'm sorry. It's impossible.
(STIFLER SCOFFS)
We don't quit
at halftime, ma'am!
You don't score
until you score!
That's the spirit,
sweetheart.

STIFLER:

Fuck the pain.
You guys keep
working this hard,
we'll be able to
beat the Wildcats.
You remember how tough
they were last year.
Come on. Let's see
some determination.
Determination!
Hold the vase. That's it!
Come on.
Come on, keep working!
Good, Connor. Very good.
Good, DeBoer.

It really sucks.
Go fix it.
Hey, party guy, having
a good time? Can I get
you a gin and tonic?
Hold on a second.
Hello? Okay. It's for you.
It's get to work, fucker.
We are gathered here today
to join these
two great people
in a blessed union
and
blah-da-blah-da-blah
and crap.
Coach? This is kind of gay.
Yeah, it is.
Good work.
Hey, no problem.
So, you got
a date for this thing?
Don't push it.
Sorry.
Holy shit.
How the hell did this happen?
It's a miracle.
Stifler.
Save it, dickhead.
I'm working.
You're an asshole.
I know.
You really are an asshole.
Thanks.
(CLEARS THROAT)
I don't do apologies
so good.
Well,
you get an "A" for effort.
This is amazing.
(LAUGHS)
Cool. I was always
kind of a "C" student.
So did you do all this
just to have sex with me

or because you really care
about the wedding?

Both.

And...

(CLEARS THROAT)

I really like you.

What?

I like you.

That's an honest answer.

I gotta go.

Steve Stifler

just gave a rose to
a girl, and meant it.

This is huge.

It's like watching monkeys
use tools for the first time.

Are you still pissed
about me and Cadence?

No, let's see,
she wasn't into
the heavy

intellectual stuff.

She actually liked me
being that imbecile.

No. Somehow, I think
she's probably
better off with you.

Thanks, Shitbreak.

Dick. I fucking
hate not hating you.

I did fuck your mom.

Twice.

That's better, fucker!

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

Oh. Whoa!

Ready to go?

Um...

The wedding's not
for another hour.

No, I mean you and me.

(GASPS)

Hold on.

Do I still got to do
this bullshit meeting?

Stifler, you are not
bailing on Jim.
Shit! Give me 10 minutes?
I'll meet you at the closet.
At the closet.
You wanted to
see me, Michelle?
Oh! Okay. Sit.
So, Jim said
that you've always kind
of been there for him
when he needed you.
So I thought maybe
you could help me.
Jim said that?
What's the problem?
I still can't
get my vows right.
I haven't been this confused
since I got my first period.
That's a very confusing time
for any young lady.
You know, your body is
going through changes.
Stuff coming out,
stuff going in.
No. I need help with
my vows, not my period.
Oh, your vows.
(CHUCKLING) Your vows.
Yes, good. Go on.
Jim just wants
a groomsmen meeting
before the wedding.
It shouldn't take long.
Just don't let
her talk to anyone.
All right.
Be careful. She's feisty.
Okay, let's go.
Hey, guys.
Thanks for coming out
here and meeting me.
I just have a couple

of things I want to say.
This sucks.
Did I say that out loud?
Keep going. It's good.
You know, I thought
about what you said, Kev,
about how my problems
always seem to work out.
And I realized that
the reason
things always work out
is because you guys
have always been there
to back me up.
Even you, Stifler.
For the first time
in my life,
I actually feel like
I can't mess anything up.
(SCOFFS)
Which is pretty amazing.
So I guess I just
wanted to say thank you.
Thanks.
Thanks? This whole
thing was about thanks?
(GRUNTS)
You're welcome, cock block.
That was good, Jim.
Real nice.
Let's get you married.
Okay.
Love is very
difficult to describe.
And I understand the angst.
I mean, it's your wedding.
And it's natural.
It's perfectly natural.
But it's impossible
to describe a feeling.
Okay, first,
nothing is impossible.
So let's not focus on that.
Why do you think, Michelle,

they call it making love?
I don't know.
I just call it boning.
"Boning"?
When you're doing
other things with Jim,
when you're not boning,
how does he make you feel?
Horny, like I want to bone.
But we can't be boning
from sunrise to sunset, dear.
Oh, you've never tried it?
I certainly have.
I have. I've boned.
From sunrise,
right through brunch,
on more than one occasion.
But boning aside,
I think they call it
making love because
you have to make love work.
You know, it's about
compromise and sacrifice
and I think Jim has
sacrificed for you.
My God, he shaved his
entire pubic region,
which would
baffle most cultures
around the world,
but he did it.
And he did it for you.
You're right.
Love isn't just a feeling.
It's shaving your balls.
Thanks, Dad.
I wouldn't get
into too much detail
on that, dear.
Excuse me.
Pardon me. Excuse me.
Yeah. Excuse me.
Touch me. Fuck me.
I'm gonna have

sex with Cadence.
You know, Son,
I think this is probably
the right time to
tell you that...
I know, Dad.
(CLATTERING)

STIFLER:

I can't see anything here.
(CLATTERING)
Oh, there you are.
Guys, what are you doing?
Where's Jim's grandma?
The old bitch sucked.
We had to ditch her.
You what?
Don't worry.
We put her someplace
no one will find her.
(CLICKS TONGUE)
Cadence, where are
you going?
Oh, Mom.

STIFLER:

I'm so ready for this.
(UNZIPPING)
Your body's not quite
what I was expecting.
But that's okay.
The Stiffman digs
what's underneath.
(CHUCKLES)
(STIFLER MOANS)
Oh, you are so beautiful.
I just wanted...
(BOTH GASP)
Stifler!
Granny.
Granny what?
Focus! Focus! Focus!
(EXCLAIMS)
It's not what

it looks like!
(GROANS)
Shut the fucking door!
You got it, champ.
(GROANS)
(YELLS)
(CLATTERING)
(GUESTS EXCLAIM SOFTLY)
(CAMERAS CLICKING)
You're a hero.
Hey, pussy's pussy.
Look at the smile
on my mother's face.
Do you know how
long she's been waiting
for a day like this?
I can't imagine.
I couldn't be happier.
Thank you.
Don't.
Good luck.
Thank you, sir.
What made Grandma
come around?
Finch said
Stifler talked to her.
Stifler?
Grandmotherfucker.
You're a motherfucker.
Yes, I am.
You son of a bitch.
And I promise to love you
for as long as I shall live.
Michelle,
you are the one woman
I want to be with
and the woman
I can't be without.
I love you.
(SNIFFS)
Jim, I had trouble
finding the words to
tell you how I feel
and I realized something.

Love isn't just a feeling.
Love is something you do.
It's a dress,
a visit to band camp,
a special haircut.
Jim, you've given me
everything I've ever wanted,
and it is my solemn vow
to give everything
I am to you.

Thanks.

James Emanuel Levenstein
and Michelle
Annabeth Flaherty,
I hereby pronounce you
husband and wife.
You may kiss the bride.

MAN:

Mr. And Mrs.
Jim and Michelle Levenstein
onto the dance floor.
Just follow my lead.
I'll try.
(MUSIC PLAYING)
(SOFTLY) I taught him that.
Jim, you learnt to dance.
(INAUDIBLE)
Well, it seems like
everything worked out.
Magnificently.
I feel a bit sad
that tonight
our little Michelle
is gonna be a woman.
Honey, you don't
honestly believe that
Michelle is still a...
I tell you, Mary,
I can't recall a single moment
with either one of them
that would make
me think otherwise.
Thank you. See?

(EXHALES) Whoa!
Hey, tough guy.
Stifler's mom.
Well, we meet again.
I was curious.
Didn't see you here.
I try to keep a low profile.
I never really did
like these things, anyway.
You know,
this has actually made
quite an impression on me.
I have something to
look for in a woman now.
Well, if this is your idea
of a proposal, Finchy,
you gotta know
that I'm over you now.
And I'm over you.
But as they say,
we will always have Paris.
And the pool table.
And the car.
And the two-room
suite I have upstairs.
Come here.
This turned out better
than I could ever imagine.
How did a little perv
like you turn into such
a great guy?
How did a little
nympho like you
turn into such a great girl?
I'm still a nympho.
I'm still a perv.
I know.
What's wrong with us?
You did it.
You know, Michelle,
to quote someone I've
learned quite a bit from,
I think you and I are
"a perfectly natural,

normal thing."

Perfectly natural.

That's her.

Holy shit, dude.

I told you this

wedding would be worth it.

Oh, my goddess. My queen.

My MILF.

MILF.

(BOTH REPEATING)

(EXCLAIMS SOFTLY)

No way, bro.

Hey, you're not

finished yet,

are you, Finchy?

No, ma'am.

Just getting started.

This guy is

the fucking master.

Oh, no!

Make it stop.

Make it stop.

Oh, Stifler's mom.

(LIGHT ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

(ALTERNATIVE

ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)