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American Pie

By Adam Herz

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

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

JIM (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm the best, baby.

Now we see a TV...but the picture isn't clear. Or, more appropriately, the picture is scrambled -- it phases in and out. Bars scroll across it. And we get occasional glimpses of what looks like --

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

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

As most high-school guys know (but few will admit), it is possible to watch the pay channels while they're scrambled. You just need a decent imagination to fill in the rest of the picture. We PULL BACK to see JIM -- 17, short, horny.

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

Give it to me! Yes!

JIM

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

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

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

Don't you love my sexy body?!

JIM

I do, baby, I do.

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

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

You're so big!

JIM

Yeah, that's right.

PORNO-CHANNEL STUD (V.O.)

(deep macho voice)

Ohhh, tell me you're a nasty girl!

Jim is thrown off.

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

Yeahhh, you been bad, real bad!

JIM

Man, shut up!

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

JIM'S MOM

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

JIM

Yep, okay Mom, 'night.

JIM'S MOM

(leans in to Jim)

Kiss goodnight.

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

JIM'S MOM (CONT'D)

Is something wrong with the reception?

JIM

Yeah. Damn cable. There's this nature show that I'm trying to watch.

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

Fuck me! Yes!

JIM

Uh...

He hurriedly tries to change the channel with the REMOTE, but instead the VOLUME GOES UP.

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

BLOW YOUR WAD ON MY TITS!!

Jim panics as his mom reacts, shocked.

JIM

(choking)

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

JIM'S DAD enters.

JIM'S DAD

What the heck is this?

JIM

Nothing!

JIM'S MOM

I think he's trying to watch one of the illegal channels.

JIM

Jesus, Mom! They're not illegal! They're pay channels. How could a

television channel be illegal?! God,
get a clue!

JIM'S DAD

James, don't speak that way to your
mother!

PORNO-CHANNEL STUD (V.O.)

Play with my hairy balls!

JIM'S DAD

Turn that garbage off! Give me that!

Jim's Dad grabs for the remote, which is sitting on the
pillow that's been covering Jim. The pillow gets brushed
aside -- revealing the Big Vagina Diagram, Jim with his
shorts down, and a very strategically placed tube sock.

JIM'S MOM

Oh my God!

JIM'S DAD

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

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

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. The dictionary? Hell,
son, I'll buy you some dirty
magazines.

Jim's Dad exits, shaking his head. Jim sits agape,
humiliated.

PORNO-CHANNEL CHICK (V.O.)

Oooh, spank me, daddy, spank me!

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS - DAY

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

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - DAY

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

KEVIN

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

VICKY

You think so?

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

KEVIN

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

VICKY

Kevin, this is serious!

KEVIN

You got in.

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

VICKY

I love you!

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

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - MORNING

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

OZ

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

JIM

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

OZ

She's a mermaid, dude.

JIM

(trumping him)

Yeah, Oz, but not when she's on land.

OZ

She's a cartoon, dude.

JIM

A hot cartoon.

OZ

Is there anything you don't jerk off
to?

JIM

C-Span?

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY
Jim and Oz, now joined by Kevin, walk down the hall. Oz
bounces the lacrosse ball off a locker, catching it
again. Kevin speaks a little distantly, unnerved.

KEVIN

Then she said -- she loves me.

OZ

Oh shit dude, the L-word!

JIM

And you said...

KEVIN

Nothing, I just hugged her back.

JIM

You think she was serious?

KEVIN

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

OZ

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY
The guys pass by a GROUP OF BAND DORKS, most notable of
which is MICHELLE, who proudly polishes her flute.

MICHELLE

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

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

OZ

(to Jim)

You guys got the Latin homework?

JIM

No -- Kevin, you?

KEVIN

(offended)

Please.

(then)

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

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

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

VICKY

Vanderbilt's not that far from U of M.

JESSICA

Yeah right.

VICKY

What? We both have cars.

JESSICA

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

VICKY

That's not why we're going out.

JESSICA

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

VICKY

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

JESSICA

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

VICKY

(offended, a la Kevin)

Please.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

Kevin, Jim, and Oz are still walking down the hall.

PAUL FINCH, preppy, eccentric, is sitting on a bench.

JIM

There's our man.

KEVIN

Finch, you got the Latin homework?

FINCH

Non habeo. Canis meus id comedit.

The guys keep staring. A beat.

KEVIN

Whatever.

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

STIFLER

(yelling)

NOVA!!

OZ

Stifler!!

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

STIFLER

You coming to party tonight,
Ostreicher, ya fuckface?

OZ

Depends if my date wants to stop by.

STIFLER

That junior chick?

OZ

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

STIFLER

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

OZ

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

STIFLER

Bullshit. From where?

OZ

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

STIFLER

Hah! Yeah, Oz, I bet it's more like

your dad works at her store.

OZ

Dude, he does not.

KEVIN

Really, Stifler. He's the manager.

Oz gives a little nod, avoiding the issue.

STIFLER

Hey, man, I'm not making fun. I'm fuckin' impressed. I mean, "Footlong or six-inch, white or wheat," that's some serious shit to master.

Oz musters a little LAUGH.

KEVIN

(half-joking)

Stifler, you're such an asshole.

STIFLER

Meyers, what's the deal with you and Vicky, anyway? You've been going out since Homecoming and all she'll do is blow you? Shit, I'd drop her like a steaming turd.

FINCH

Do you commonly grasp warm pieces of stool?

STIFLER

(momentarily puzzled)

I do when I'm throwing them at your mom, you damn freak.

(then)

Alright then, see you guys tonight. I'll look for you in the No Fucking section.

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

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

KEVIN'S BROTHER

You called me to ask me how to get laid?

KEVIN

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

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Just dial 976-Asshole.

KEVIN

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

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Have you ever heard of the bible?

KEVIN

What? Not the Bible?

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Well, that's not really the name, but we always called it that.

KEVIN

Does it tell me how to get laid?

KEVIN'S BROTHER

You know what, nevermind. You're not ready.

KEVIN

Ready for what?

KEVIN'S BROTHER

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

INT. DOG DAYS - LATE AFTERNOON

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

KEVIN

You ever hear of something called The Bible?

OZ

Once, in church, dude.

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

JIM

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

OZ

"Fun loving" -- insane.

KEVIN

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

JIM

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

FINCH

Perhaps you should consider actually answering an ad.

JIM

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

FINCH

("for the hundredth time")

This is no imitation. Removing the hot dog from the Ultradog yields a better dog. Behold -- Ultradog, no dog.

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

KEVIN

(checks his watch)

Alright...I'm shooting for a nine o'clock ETA. Beer in hand by five after.

JIM

You can crash at Stifler's?

KEVIN

It's all good.

(He pulls out some gum)

Breath check.

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

OZ

(repulsed)

Dude, I wish you wouldn't do that.

KEVIN

You got something up your sleeve for tonight, Finch?

FINCH

A foolproof plan, my friend. You shall see.

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

OZ

(sings along)

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

KEVIN

How the hell do you know all these
random songs?

OZ

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

JIM

This was remade? Into what?

OZ

(chiming in as the chorus hits)

Bli-hinded by the light -- cut loose
like a deuce, another runner in the
night, blinded...

KEVIN

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

JIM

So, does my hair look better --

(flips a small lock of hair
onto his forehead)

like this, or...

(flips it back up)

like this?

OZ

Who cares?

JIM

Nadia does, that Czechoslovakian
chick, she might be there tonight.

Now, do you think she'd prefer --

(flips hair down again)

Cool Hip Jim...

(flips it back up)

or Laid Back Jim?

KEVIN

The difference is so phenomenal, I

can't decide.

EXT. DOG DAYS - MAGIC HOUR - CONTINUING

They exit the restaurant.

JIM

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

KEVIN

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

OZ

(holds up a couple fingers)

Contact, dude.

KEVIN

Then where does a blowjob figure in?

They ponder this for a moment.

OZ

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

JIM

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

KEVIN

Oh, man, that's kind of sad.

Jim shrugs, embarrassed.

OZ

Feels like warm apple pie, dude.

JIM

Apple pie...

(then)

McDonald's or homemade?

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

FINCH

Gentlemen, see you at the Bacchanalia.

He MEEPS his horn and buzzes away.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

SHERMAN

What's up, fellas?

JIM

Hey Sherman. Scopin' the babes.

SHERMAN

Indeed. Some fine ladies here, boys. Confidence is high, repeat, confidence is high.

Sherman is moving to DefCon Two, full strategic arsenal ready for deployment.

JIM

You've got something going?

SHERMAN

Did you see that Central chick? Brunette?

KEVIN/JIM

No.

SHERMAN

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

KEVIN

Yeah, okay Sherman, whatever.

SHERMAN

I'm a sophisticated sex robot, sent back through time...to change the future for one lucky lady.

KEVIN

Yeah man, right on!

Sherman saunters off into the party.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

Hopeless.

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

JIM

Oh, shit! There she is. Nadia.

VICKY

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

JIM

What would I say?

VICKY

Just tell her what's on your mind.
And smile, you've got a good smile.

(then to Kevin)

Come on.

KEVIN

(to Jim)

Gotta go.

JIM

But --

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

JIM (cont'd)

Kevin, get back here!

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

NADIA

(with a really sexy accent)

You are in my English class, no?

Jim smiles.

JIM

(barely)

Yes.

NADIA

I thought so.

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

NADIA (cont'd)

So you are having fun?

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

NADIA (cont'd)

I said, you are having fun?

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

NADIA (cont'd)

Me too.

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

NADIA (cont'd)

Well...I am going to get another beer.

You want one?

Jim strains to speak, through his smile.

JIM

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

NADIA

Okay.

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

JIM

Oh, shit. No! Shit!

He pounds his head with his fist.

EXT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

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

MICHELLE

We're here for the party?

STIFLER

What party? There's no party.

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

PARTY GUY (O.S.)

Stiff-lerrr! Par-tyyy!!

The hand disappears back into the house. A beat.

STIFLER

Try the house down the street.

Stifler slams the door. The dorks wait a moment.

BAND DORK

Ring the bell again.

MICHELLE

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

We hear a CLICK OF A DEADBOLT.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Vicky are on the bed, making out.

VICKY

Oh, Kev.

KEVIN

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

VICKY

Tonight?

KEVIN

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

PARTY GUY (O.S.)

(yelling)

Dude, my farts fuckin' stink!

PARTY GUY #2 (O.S.)

You reek like a fuckin' Yeti, dude!

Go take a shit or something!

Kevin and Vicky exchange a glance.

KEVIN

Or not.

Vicky pushes him onto his back.

VICKY

Just relax.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Oz is in the passenger seat, making out with the aforementioned COLLEGE CHICK. She's attractive and older-looking (from a high-school perspective). They are parked near the river that flows through downtown Great Falls.

OZ

Great evening, isn't it?

COLLEGE CHICK

Sure.

OZ

There's something about the spring that's just cool. Like the smell of fresh rain or something.

At this, she snuggles up to him. Oz smiles confidently.

OZ (CONT'D)

Suck me, beautiful.

The College Chick backs off, confounded.

COLLEGE CHICK

What did you just say?

OZ

(not so confidently)

Suck me...beautiful?

The College Chick's eyes flutter in disbelief. She tries to keep her cool -- but can barely restrain her laughter.

COLLEGE CHICK

What?!

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

OZ

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

COLLEGE CHICK

You need some work, buddy!

She bursts into laughter. Oz is ill.

OZ

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

Seeing Oz's defeated expression, she collects herself.

COLLEGE CHICK

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

OZ

Like what?

She sees that he's lost. Almost feels sorry for him.

COLLEGE CHICK

Alright, well...you've got to tone it down. You don't need to go to Lookout Point and spout cheeseball lines to be romantic.

OZ

...okay...

COLLEGE CHICK

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

OZ

I'm not good in math.

She's trying not to laugh again.

COLLEGE CHICK

Come on, I'll drop you off at your friends'.

Oz couldn't be humiliated any further.

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

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

STIFLER

(hysterical, toppling over)

You actually said that?! Haaaah!!

OZ

Shut the fuck up.

JIM

Hey, you did better than I did, Nova.

OZ

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

STIFLER

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

Stifler strides into another room.

STIFLER (O.S.)(cont'd)

(yelling)

Suck me, beautiful!

Oz wallows in his beer can, beaten.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vicky is pleasuring Kevin...you know.

VICKY

(brief pause)

Let me know.

KEVIN

Okay, don't stop.

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

KEVIN (cont'd)

Oh -- Now!

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

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

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

GUY #1

There we go.

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

Vicky is buttoning up her shirt. Kevin tentatively sets
down the beer and buttons his pants. Suddenly the DOOR
BURSTS OPEN. Stifler is standing there. A coat hanger
sticks out of the doorknob.

STIFLER

SUCK ME, BEAUTIFUL!

KEVIN

God dammit, Stifler!

STIFLER

Check-out time! Please vacate the
room.

VICKY

Stifler, you're such a jerk.

She runs out, grabbing her clothes. Kevin runs after
her.

KEVIN

Vicky, wait!

Stifler enters the bedroom, laughing, pulling a SOPHOMORE CHICK behind him. He closes the door.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

God, I can't believe there are so many cool people at this party.

STIFLER

Yep.

SOPHOMORE

And you got a keg, too, wow.

(realizing)

Oh, wait, I left my beer downstairs.

Stifler notices Kevin's beer sitting on the night table. He hands it to her.

STIFLER

Here, babe.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

Thanks.

She's about to take a sip.

STIFLER

(gazing into her eyes)

You're really beautiful.

Thrown off, she sets the beer down.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

Really?

STIFLER

Uh huh.

She's totally enthralled. Nervous, she raises the beer again to take a sip. Then Stifler moves in. Takes the beer from her and sets it down. Starts kissing her. She breaks it off.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

I don't know if I want to be doing this.

STIFLER

(sighs)

Doing what?

Stifler looks inconvenienced. He picks up the beer, annoyed.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

You know. If we hook up, tomorrow I'll just be some girl you go telling all your friends about.

STIFLER

(shifty)

No way.

Avoiding her look, he raises the beer to take a sip.

SOPHOMORE CHICK

(a little angry)

Steve! You could at least look at me
when you say that.

Stifler stops and SIGHS, the beer inches from his mouth.
Lowers it. Stares her in the eye.

STIFLER

Look...

(searching, remembers)

...Sarah. I wouldn't go telling
stories or whatever about you. I
promise.

Smiling, he raises the beer...

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

Jim and some OTHER GUYS are pounding shots of vodka.

JIM

What the hell? I should be able to
talk to chicks. I'm articulate. I
got a 720 on my SAT verbal.

(starts listing off words)

Copious. Verisimilitude.

A GUY SCREAMS upstairs.

JIM (CONT'D)

(unaffected)

Intransigence.

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

JIM (CONT'D)

Regurgitation.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stifler is on his knees, barfing in the toilet. Jim and
a few other guys rush in.

GUY #1

Oh, gross.

JIM

Jesus, what did you eat?

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

KEVIN

Stifler, how's the man chowder?!

Stifler barfs even more violently.

EXT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH, BY THE KEG - NIGHT
Jessica and Vicky are refilling their beers at the keg.
Nadia waits patiently beside them with an empty cup.

VICKY

He likes it.

JESSICA

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

VICKY

I think I've had one.

JESSICA

Well that's a no. No wonder you're
not psyched about sex.

(starts filling Vicky's beer)

You've never even had one manually?

VICKY

...I've never tried it.

JESSICA

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

Vicky shrugs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hell, just a pair of tight pants will
set me off.

(noticing Nadia next to them,
she passes the tap along)

Am I right or what, Nadia?

NADIA

(no bones about it)

You are right. The hands are not
always necessary.

JESSICA

(to Vicky)

See?

NADIA

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

Nadia walks off.

JESSICA

No wonder she never pays attention in class.

Vicky nods, traumatized.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

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

JIM

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

TWO FRESHMAN GUYS are walking by as Jim says this.

FRESHMAN GUY

Dude! That chick -- is a MILF!

FRESHMAN GUY #2

What the hell is that?

FRESHMAN GUY

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

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

SHERMAN

(hushed, to guys)

Don't you think you fellas could try a little tact? I've got company. Know what I mean?

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

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Kevin are coming down the stairs.

KEVIN

(snapping)

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

They turn the corner into the kitchen.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

KEVIN

Man, I just gotta get laid already! This blowjob thing is bullshit!

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

VICKY

Jessica, can you drive me home?

JESSICA

Sure.

The guys watch as the girls head for the door.

KEVIN

Vicky, wait.

VICKY

Not for you.

The girls exit. Nobody says anything. Kevin is in shock.

PARTY GUY (O.S.)

Yeti! I am the Yeti!

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

KEVIN

Ow, what the hell?

JIM

Sorry, I thought you were dead.

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

FINCH

Good morning gentleman.

JIM

Finch! Where were you last night?

What happened to the foolproof plan?

FINCH

I thought a fashionably late entrance would enhance my appearance.

(off their looks)

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

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

KEVIN

Feeling better, Oz?

OZ

I'm such a loser.

KEVIN

That's the spirit.

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

Sherman and the girl speak hushed, intimately.

SHERMAN

(snippets of conversation)

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

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

CENTRAL GIRL

Bye.

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

JIM

You did it.

SHERMAN

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

The guys are shocked and amazed.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I highly recommend you join the club.

KEVIN

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

SHERMAN

It was just my time, fellas, it was just my time. Best of luck to you, boys.

Sherman exits. Silence. The guys look like they just lost the World Series on errors. They slowly take seats, ruined.

KEVIN

I put in months of quality time with Vicky. Sherman meets a chick for one night and scores? This is just wrong.

OZ

No shit, I'm never gonna get laid. How the hell am I gonna become this Mr. Sensitive Man?

JIM

Jesus, we're all gonna go to college as virgins. They've probably got special dorms for people like us.

A long beat as they give this serious consideration. Then, Kevin strides purposefully to the front of the group.

KEVIN

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

They do.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Okay. It's really simple. We make an agreement -- no wait, more than an agreement.

JIM

Like a bet?

KEVIN

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

A beat

OZ

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

KEVIN

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

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

JIM

Pontificated.

KEVIN

(ignoring him)

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

JIM

(kung fu voice)

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

OZ

(going on)

The Sha-lin masters from east and west
must unite!

KEVIN

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

Kevin jumps up on a chair.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

No longer will our penises remain
flaccid and unused! From now on, we
fight for every man out there who
isn't getting laid when he should be!
This is our day! This is our time!
And, by God, we're not gonna let
history condemn us to celibacy! We
will make a stand! We will succeed!
We will get laid!

Kevin jumps down off the chair, and puts his hand out in
front of him. One by one, the guys pile their hands on
top, in between them -- it's a pact! They break with a
CHEER. Woo-hoo!

STIFLER

(wandering down from upstairs)

What the hell are you losers doing?

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

FINCH

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

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

INT. DOG DAYS - DAY

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

KEVIN

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

Finch gives a wistful "Who, me?"

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

OZ

Dude, prom sucks.

KEVIN

I know, but think about it -- At the parties that night. Chicks are gonna want to do it.

JIM

Yeah, it's like tradition or something.

KEVIN

Right. That gives us...

JIM

Exactly three weeks to the day. They take this in with some trepidation.

KEVIN

Alright then. It's official. Any questions?

There are none. Kevin raises his Pepsi.

KEVIN (cont'd)

To the next step.

The guys raise their drinks.

ALL

To the next step.

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

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

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

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

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

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim is fiddling with a small, golfball-like camera attached to his computer. The computer screen reads, "E-

DATE:

camera, a window on the screen shows his real-time image.

He clicks an onscreen-button labeled "FREEZE IMAGE" -- the image freezes, showing Jim with an awkward grimace. The screen reads, "IMAGE SENT."

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGHS - LIBRARY - DAY

Kevin holds a copy of the HOLY BIBLE. We see he's in the "Religion" section. Surrounded by piles of different bibles. No luck.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

Finch pulls out a small mustard packet. He neatly snips the end with scissors. Then rolls the packet, like a tube of toothpaste, economically dispensing every last bit of mustard.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY

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

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim has unraveled a bunch of condoms and is curiously examining them.

And THE MONTAGE COMES TO AN ABRUPT END with a KNOCKING.

JIM

(shoving the rubbers into his
night table)

Just a minute!

He opens the bedroom door. Jim's Dad is standing there.

JIM'S DAD

(trying not to look inside)

Can I come in?

JIM

Yeah, sure.

JIM'S DAD

You're not...busy?

JIM

Dad, come in.

Jim's Dad reluctantly enters, carrying a brown paper bag. He takes a seat on Jim's bed.

JIM'S DAD

(fatherly attempt)

Sit down, Jim. Let's talk.

Jim takes a seat next to his dad.

JIM

Okay.

JIM'S DAD

These are for you. From father to son.

Jim looks at the bag. Uncomfortable. Hesitantly, he takes it. Slowly, dreadfully, he pulls out a copy of PERFECT 10.

JIM

Uh...dad...

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

JIM'S DAD

Go ahead son, there's more.

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

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Now, that one's a little more...a little more...graphic.

JIM

I know, Dad.

JIM'S DAD

Oh, okay. Here's let me show you.

Jim's Dad takes the bag back. Pulls out a copy of SHAVED.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

This, son, is your more exotic dirty magazine.

JIM

Dad! I know!

JIM'S DAD

Do you know about the clitoris?

JIM

(through clenched teeth)

Yes dad.

JIM'S DAD

Sometimes it can be pretty hard to locate.

JIM

(interrupting, hand up)

Thank you, dad, I got it.

JIM'S DAD

Okay, well that about covers it.

Jim MURMURS something incomprehensible.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Now, let's put these somewhere where
your mother won't find them.

Jim's Dad takes the stack of magazines. He goes to open
Jim's night table. Jim freaks.

JIM

Wait!

But it's too late. Jim's Dad is face-to-face with the
unraveled prophylactics. He sours.

JIM'S DAD

(beaten)

I'll have to save this speech for
another day. I'm too worn out.

Jim's Dad exits, a condom stuck to the back of his pants.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - NEAR THE HALL OF FAME - DAY
Kevin is trying to talk to Vicky.

KEVIN

Did you get the flowers?

(no response)

What about the poem?

She doesn't care.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Vicky, please don't do this.

Vicky stares him right in the eye. Strong.

VICKY

I'll think about it.

She slams her locker and walks off. Jessica is nearby.
She's overheard.

JESSICA

Ah, you'll get her back soon enough.
That's easy, she likes you. What you
need to do is learn to press a girl's
buttons. You gotta give her what
she's never had.

KEVIN

What?

JESSICA

I'll give you a hint.

(hot, orgasmic)

"Ohhh, yeah, yeah!"

(flat)

Comprende?

KEVIN

You mean...and orgasm?

JESSICA

You got it, stud.

KEVIN

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

JESSICA

(interrupts authoritatively)

No you haven't.

KEVIN

But that one time --

JESSICA

(shaking head)

No.

KEVIN

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

JESSICA

Do you?

KEVIN

Of course.

JESSICA

Do you love her?

Kevin squirms.

KEVIN

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

JESSICA

Well, if you want to get her in the sack, tell her you love her. That's how I was duped.

KEVIN

I don't want to dupe her, Jessica. If I say it, I have to be sure I mean it.

JESSICA

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

Suddenly Stifler comes running up, breathless.

STIFLER

Dickhead! You gotta see this.

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

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

vocal jazz girls. Smiling at them, giving suave little waves.

Kevin, Stifler, and Jim take seats in the back of the auditorium, listening.

JIM

This is unexpected.

STIFLER

What did you cocks do to him? Shit, if Coach Marshall sees this, he'll kick Oz off the team on principle alone.

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

OZ

Hey guys, you came to watch me in action?

JIM

Yeah, I think you sounded pretty good.

STIFLER

I think you need your balls reattached.

OZ

Keep it down, dude.

STIFLER

What the fuck are you doing here?

OZ

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

ANGLE ON SOME VOCAL JAZZ GIRLS

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

VOCAL JAZZ GIRL #1

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

VOCAL JAZZ GIRL #2

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

HEATHER

I think he's got a nice voice.

VOCAL JAZZ GIRL #1

(ribbing her)

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

Heather shakes her head. BACK TO:

STIFLER

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

OZ

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

Oz waves goodbye to a final choir girl.

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - LATER

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

KEVIN

This is your plan, Finch?

FINCH

Yep.

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

KEVIN

This. Right now.

FINCH

Uh-huh.

JIM

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

FINCH

Mochaccino.

(then)

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

KEVIN

Of course, Finch. What?

FINCH

Whatever you hear about me, you agree.

KEVIN

What are we gonna hear?

FINCH

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

JIM

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

FINCH

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

KEVIN

Fifteen minutes ago.

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

ENTHRALLED GIRL

Uh, guys? Was that Paul Finch?

KEVIN

Yeah.

ENTHRALLED GIRL

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

KEVIN

Yeah.

ENTHRALLED GIRL

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

JIM

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

KEVIN

(forced)

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

JIM

(loving it)

Yeah, enormous.

ENTHRALLED GIRL

Woah. Does he have a date for prom yet.

JIM

Definitely not.

ENTHRALLED GIRL

No way!

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

KEVIN

(dumbfounded)

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

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin is on the phone.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)

Say that again, Kevin?

KEVIN

Uh...I thought you might know a trick

or something. To make her, you
know...

INTERCUT WITH

INT. SUSHI BAR - DAY

Kevin's brother is on his cell phone. A SUSHI CHEF
prepares food behind the counter.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Orgasm?

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

KEVIN

Yeah.

SUSHI CUSTOMER

(to Kevin's Brother)

What's good here?

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Try the spicy tuna hand roll.

KEVIN

What?! How do I do that?

KEVIN'S BROTHER

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

KEVIN

Well, no. I think...I guess it would
be good to be able to return the
favor. I mean, it would be nice to
know she enjoys things as much as I
do.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

That's good, that's what I needed to
hear. Now you qualify.

KEVIN

Qualify for what?

KEVIN'S BROTHER

You've just inherited The Bible.

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

Kevin is walking through the "Religion" Section. He
carefully looks about, making sure nobody's watching.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)

It originally started as a sex manual,
this book that some guys brought back
from Amsterdam in the early eighties.
What to do with your tongue, things
like that. And each year, it got

passed on to one East student who was
worthy of it.

Kevin kneels down on the floor, near a section of various
bibles on the bottom shelf.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)(cont'd)

After a couple years, guys started
adding their own techniques. Things
they figured out themselves.

Kevin slides out the section of bibles from the bottom
shelf. Pulls out a pocket knife. Flips up the bottom of
the shelf. Slides it out.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)(cont'd)

You have to keep it a secret, and
return it at the end of the year. So,
now you know. Good luck.

There, a bit dusty, is an old book. Many extra pages of
notebook paper have been tucked into it, nearly breaking
the binding. The original title is now obscured -- over
it, someone has written "The Bible."

Remember when Indian Jones found that gold statue? It's
like that right now.

Kevin carefully pulls it out. Reverently flips through
it. Full of details. Explicit diagrams. Anecdotes.
And atop each handwritten page is a year, indicating the
date it was added.

Kevin reaches the last page. It's blank. He lightly
runs his hand down the empty page.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jim enters his house, slinging his backpack off his
shoulder.

JIM

(yells)

Mom?! I'm home!

No response. Jim walks into the kitchen, noticing a
fresh-baked pie on the counter. Next to it is a note:
"Jimmy - Apple, your favorite. I'll be home late.
Enjoy! Love Mom."

Jim sniffs the pie, taking in the aroma. Then stops...as
a quizzical look spreads across his face.

After a moment of thought, he slides a finger into the
pie. Moves it around a bit, studying the consistency.
Then Jim becomes more curious. We can see the gears in
his head start to turn. He looks down at the pie like
it's... well, not a pie.

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Jim's dad gets out of his car, carrying his briefcase.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

Jim's dad comes in the door and stops dead in his tracks. His face drops, appalled.

JIM'S DAD

Jim?

JIM

It's not what it looks like!

CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

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

JIM'S DAD

(fighting back tears)

I guess...we'll just tell your mother...that we ate it all.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Late. Kevin sits on his bed, reading a book -- the Bible.

If all students studied the way Kevin's studying this book, we'd have a nation of geniuses. He's scrutinizing it. Turning it sideways and upside down as if trying to decipher cave paintings.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - DAY

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

The CHOIR TEACHER is a smartly-dressed black woman.

CHOIR TEACHER

What the hell was that?

OZ

Sorry.

CHOIR TEACHER

No, it was good.

OZ

Oh, well...

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

It came from the heart.

CHOIR TEACHER

Well then keep it coming.

(to everyone)

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

Rehearsal wraps up, and Heather comes up to Oz.

HEATHER

Not bad, Chris.

OZ

(surprised himself)

Really? Hey, thanks -- Heather,
right?

HEATHER

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

OZ

(no idea)

Yeah. Right, uh-huh.

(then, back into it)

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

HEATHER

(amused)

Okay.

(then)

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

Oz "gets serious" at this.

OZ

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

HEATHER

Of course, I didn't --

OZ

(cutting her off)

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

HEATHER

(sparking to this)

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

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

OZ

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

HEATHER

(offended)

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

(then)

What do you think I do?

OZ

(genuine)

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

HEATHER

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

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - DAY

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

KEVIN

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

VICKY

I think "shithead" really says it.

KEVIN

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

She cracks a little smile.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

VICKY

How?

Vicky stops walking. Looks at Kevin.

EXT. VICKY'S HOUSE - DAY

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

VICKY (V.O.)

Oh...ungghhhhh!

KEVIN (V.O.)

Shhhh. Your parents are downstairs.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

VICKY

Oh Kevin -- don't stop!

KEVIN

Just a second!

We see that Kevin is kneeling on the floor. Vicky's legs
are to both sides of him -- he's ducking down, consulting
the bible, which is hidden beneath the bed. It's open to
a page titled "The Tongue Tornado."

Kevin resumes, out of frame. Vicky goes nuts.

VICKY (cont'd)

(a little too loudly)

Oh, God!

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

VICKY (cont'd)

Moly shmmmt! Fmmkkkk!

Noticing that Vicky now can't see him, Kevin cautiously
pulls out The Bible from under the bed. Sets it next to
her. He constantly refers from the book to Vicky, and
back again.

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

VICKY'S MOM is straining some pasta. On the fridge, we
see a collage in tribute to Vicky -- her senior portrait,
National Honor Society certificate, a report card.

VICKY'S MOM

(yells to Vicky's Dad)

Hon? Can you tell Vick to come on
down for supper?

VICKY'S DAD is at the table reading the paper. He gets
up with a GRUNT.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky can barely control herself. She SCREAMS into the

pillow.

KEVIN

Vicky, shhh, you know there's no lock
on your door.

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Vicky's dad is trudging up the stairs.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Vicky's dad approaches the bedroom door.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Vicky's dad reaches for the doorknob.

VICKY (O.S.)

I'M COMING!

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

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

JIM

Hey, dad. Did you knock?

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

JIM'S DAD

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

Jim can only shrugs in response. He goes into the hall
and looks at the portrait. A beat.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

Son, I wanted to talk to you about
what I think you were trying to do the
other day.

Jim's face drops, seeing his death unfold.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

(continuing with his prepared
speech)

Now, you may have tried it in the shower, or maybe in bed at night, and not even known what you were doing. Or perhaps you've heard your friends talking about it in the locker room.

Jim's eyes dart about, looking for a place to hide.

JIM

Dad, please stop. Please. I'm sure I know what you're talking about.

JIM'S DAD

Sure you know, son, but I think you've been having a little problem with it. It's okay, though. What you're doing is perfectly normal. It's like practice. Like when you play tennis against a wall. Some day, there'll be a partner returning the ball.

(a beat)

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

JIM

(through clenched teeth)

Yes.

JIM'S DAD

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

(elbows Jim)

"Stroke the salami!"

(chuckles)

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

Nauseated and entirely disoriented, Jim tries to stumble back into his room. He SMACKS the doorframe. Keeps going, slamming the door behind him. A beat.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Poor guy thought he was the only one.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The football field also doubles as the lacrosse field. East Great Falls is battling Central. It's a rough game, muddy, brutal. We see Oz grunting and groaning, playing very tough.

On the sidelines, we see Heather has shown up. She's

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

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

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

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

COACH MARSHALL

Good work, Ostreicher.

OZ

Thanks coach.

COACH MARSHALL

You're a killer, Ozzy!

OZ

(trying to get away)

-- Thanks, coach --

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

OZ

Hey, what're you doing here?

HEATHER

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

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

OZ

(brushing it off her skirt)

Whoops, excuse me...

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

HEATHER

Um...Chris --

OZ

You can call me Oz.

HEATHER

Do I have to?

OZ

You can call me Ostreicher.

HEATHER

What's your middle name?

OZ

Forget it.

HEATHER

Come on! I won't tell.

OZ

Neither will I.

HEATHER

Okay.

(pause)

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

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

STIFLER

Hah! Central sucks!

(noticing Heather)

Choir Chick? What the hell are you
doing here?

HEATHER

Well, I uh, I was --

(decides to stand her ground)

I was asking Chris to prom.

(turns to Oz)

So do you wanna go?

Oz is surprised at her directness. Impressed.

OZ

Yeah!

STIFLER

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

OZ

Stifler, fuck --

(noticing Heather, "sensitive")

...man, you don't have to be so
insensitive.

A beat.

STIFLER

What??

(he dismisses it)

Whatever -- look uh, don't forget --

my cottage after prom. On Lake Michigan.

Stifler joins some other LACROSSE BUDDIES.

OZ

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

HEATHER

Yeah, me too, okay, cool.

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

STIFLER

My man Oz, working it with the choir babes?

LACROSSE BUDDIES

(cheering, slapping him)

Yeah, go Oz! etc.

Oz laughs, embarrassed.

OZ

(pandering to them)

Hey, you know, what can I say, I dig those cute little sweaters she wears.

STIFLER

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

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

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Yeah! Sing for me! yes!

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

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

English class. The TEACHER is wrapping up a lecture.

TEACHER

So once Hal becomes king, he has to take on the responsibilities of leadership, and turn his back on his old, drunken friend, Falstaff. You see, Hal was going through a rite of

passage, much like you all are. Make the most of the time you've got left together. You'll miss it later.

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

OZ

So does your tongue cramp up?

KEVIN

Nah, you get kind of dizzy though.

JIM

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

Kevin shrugs as the BELL RINGS. Sherman passes by.

SHERMAN

Still questing after the holy grail, eh guys?

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

JIM

Hey, where's Finch?

KEVIN

Went home to shit.

JIM

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

OZ

What reputation?

KEVIN

Observe.

He taps a passing RANDOM CUTE GIRL on the shoulder.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Excuse me. Do you know who Paul Finch is?

RANDOM CUTE GIRL

Of course! Have you guys seen his tattoo?

KEVIN

...Yes?

RANDOM CUTE GIRL

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

JIM

(nods, loving it)

Actually, it's an eagle and this big

python.

RANDOM CUTE GIRL

Really?!

JIM

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

KEVIN

(interrupting)

That's good, Jim.

RANDOM CUTE GIRL

Woah, no way! That guy is so cool!

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

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

OZ

Okay, explain.

KEVIN

I can't, I have no idea how he's doing
it. And that leaves you trailing,
Jim. You gotta get your act together.

JIM

(a little aggravated)

Yeah, I know. I'm working on it.

Jim turns around -- to find Nadia is standing right in
front of him. Jim says nothing. Stuck. Staring. Oz
elbows him. Jim gives a startled GRUNT.

NADIA

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

JIM

(gulps)

Me?

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

JIM (CONT'D)

(trying to decipher the guys'
signals)

Yes. No. Yes.

NADIA

Perhaps you can help me with my
studies?

The guys nod, "Yes! Yes!"

JIM

Okay...that would be cool sometime.

(sees the guys gesticulating)

How 'bout tomorrow?

NADIA

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

JIM

(barely, overwhelmed)

I suppose that would be okay.

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

EXT. RAST GREAT FALLS - SIDE OF SCHOOL - DAY

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

OZ

Nice car.

HEATHER

I'm glad you think so.

OZ

You don't like it?

HEATHER

No, I like the car.

(then, direct)

By the way, though, about prom? That
was like a bad idea. Sorry I invited
you.

She hastily walks towards the school.

OZ

What?!

HEATHER

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

OZ

What? No I'm not.

HEATHER

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

OZ

I wasn't making fun of you.

HEATHER

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

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - LATER
Oz and Heather are singing with the group, at opposite ends of the room. It's a pop, contemporary arrangement of "HOW SWEET IT IS." It sounds jazzy, cool.

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

The Choir Teacher halts the song.

CHOIR TEACHER

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

HEATHER

I know, my timing's off.

CHOIR TEACHER

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

OZ

(interrupting)

I'll do it.

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

OZ (CONT'D)

I'll do it.

CHOIR TEACHER

Okay then. The rest of you okay with that?

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

CHOIR TEACHER (CONT'D)

Great. See you tomorrow.

The group starts packing up.

HEATHER

(annoyed)

Why are you doing this?

OZ

Because I want to.

HEATHER

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

She leaves.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS - LIBRARY - DAY

Jim, Kevin, Oz, and Stifler.

STIFLER

Fuck me! You're gonna have a naked Eastern-European chick in your house, and you're telling me you're not gonna take advantage of that?

JIM

What am I gonna do, broadcast her over the internet?

OZ

You can do that?

JIM

(off their looks)

Oh -- no way. I can't do that to her.

STIFLER

Dammit, Jim, get some fucking balls. If you don't have the guts to photograph a naked chick in your room, how are you ever gonna sleep with one? Now all you gotta do is set up some sort of private link or whatever on the net, and tell me the address.

The guys ponder this.

KEVIN

You can send me the address too.

JIM

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

KEVIN

I'll save you a seat.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim is setting the computer camera on top of the monitor. The computer BINGS.

COMPUTER VOICE

"You have established an internet connection."

Jim sits. Types a quick E-mail. It reads: "OH YEAH!"

128.220.27.102/tempt/NadiaVision. ENJOY!"

Jim scrolls through his list of E-mail addresses.

Highlights a listing. Clicks "Send."

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

We see an image of Jim's bedroom on the computer screen.

It's a little strobed, but easily watchable. Suddenly Jim's face pops into frame. He's adjusting the camera.

KEVIN

There we go.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

We see the same image on Jim's screen. Jim turns off just the monitor. It looks like the computer is off -- the ruse is undetectable.

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

JIM'S DAD

Son. This lady's here for you.

JIM

(like it's no big deal)

I know. Hey Nadia.

NADIA

Hello James. Ready to study.

JIM'S DAD

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

JIM

Dad.

JIM'S DAD

Oh, no, not too much of a bookworm.

He's a good little kid. Er, guy.

Man.

JIM

Dad!!

JIM'S DAD

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

Jim's dad gives a knowing look and exits.

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

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

STIFLER'S BROTHER

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

STIFLER

Shut up and watch this, you might
learn something.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

JIM

So you need to change, right?

NADIA

Do you mind? This fabric is so
uncomfortable.

She sets her duffel on Jim's bed.

JIM

No, go right ahead and get dressed.

I'll just be downstairs, studying up.

Get me when you're ready.

Jim exits, closing the door behind him.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

KEVIN

Here we go.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

He's off! Jim sprints down the hall. Thunders down the
stairs.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

Jim's Mom and Dad are sitting downstairs. Jim bolts
through the room.

JIM

Be back in a sec!

He practically crashes through the door on his way out.

JIM'S MOM

Jim? Honey, where are you going?

She turns and looks at her husband. Both perplexed.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUING

Jim runs like hell.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Nadia unzips her duffel, pulling some clothes out.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

Jim trucks across the lawn to the door.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin and Finch are watching the computer screen.

KEVIN

Want a beer?

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

Jim bursts into the room, breathless.

JIM

Did I miss anything?!

KEVIN

Just in time.

Jim grabs a seat by the computer. All three guys watch, transfixed. Nadia is slipping out of her leotard.

JIM

Woah!

Nadia's leotard is off. Bra and panties. Outstanding body.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JIM'S BEDROOM and the guys around the computer screen in Kevin's Bedroom.

Nadia pauses. Looks in Jim's full-length mirror. Admiring her body.

KEVIN

Oh, man! This is incredible.

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I can't believe Oz had to work.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - LITTLE AUDITORIUM - DAY
Oz sits alone in the empty vocal jazz rehearsal area. He sighs, leafing through some sheet music. It's as quiet and boring as can be.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME
Stifler and his brother are awestruck.

STIFLER'S BROTHER

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

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

JIM

Oh, thank you Lord, for this wonderful day.

Nadia still primps in the mirror. Then she looks around. Very carefully, she pokes through the stuff on Jim's night table.

JIM (cont'd)

Hey! You can't touch my stuff!

Nadia opens the night table. Stops. Jim flushes. Nadia delicately reaches into the night table as Jim crumbles.

JIM (cont'd)

Oh no no no.

She pulls out the stack of porno magazines.

KEVIN

Nice collection there, Jim.

Nadia takes a PENTHOUSE. Starts thumbing through it. She sits on Jim's bed. Lingerin' on some pages. Getting aroused.

JIM

Dear God -- she's -- she's -- she's --
Welcome to every man's fantasy. Nadia's hand wanders into her panties.

JIM (cont'd)

Gentlemen, I'd like to make an announcement. There is a gorgeous woman masturbating on my bed.

The guys watch, completely blown away. Nadia's lost herself.

KEVIN

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

FINCH

(nodding)

Seduce her.

JIM

But, but -- what would I do?

KEVIN

Anything! Just tell her it looks like she needs an extra hand or something.

JIM

That's stupid.

KEVIN

No, you're stupid. Get going! Right now! She's primed!

JIM

Oh...oh...oh, shit!

He BOLTS across the room.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jim sprints across the lawn.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim leaps over a row of bushes. Wipes out. Gets up and keeps running.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUING

Jim crashes into the house and runs past his bewildered parents.

JIM

Hey mom hey dad!

He rushes up the stairs. Jim's Dad looks hopeful.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Jim stops outside his door, catching his breath. He can hear FAINT MOANING from inside. He's hesitating.

JIM

Oh boy oh God oh crap oh no.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

KEVIN

Come on, Jim. Where are you?

The PHONE RINGS. Kevin answers.

KEVIN (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello? Hey Sherman...what?! How did you know?

INT. SHERMAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

Sherman sits in front of a computer.

SHERMAN

(into phone)

Jim must've addressed that E-mail wrong. It went out to every mailbox in the East High directory. God, how juvenile.

INT. COMPUTER NERD'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

A COMPUTER NERD, 14, is at his computer. Watching NadiaVision. Mouth open. Braces shining.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - SAME TIME

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

STONER #1

Whoa.

STONER #2

Kind.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Jim still waits outside his bedroom door. Takes a deep breath. Looks upwards to the sky.

JIM

Please, God. Let this be it.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN

He's going in!

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY

We see a bedroom full of GUYS.

GUY #1

There's somebody going in there!

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - SAME TIME

STONER #1

Hey, that guy's in my trig class.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim stands there, bewildered. Nadia hasn't noticed him, eyes closed, still pleasuring herself. Jim stands there, watching, faltering. Gathers his courage. Finally, he rolls his eyes and says --

JIM

Looks like you could use an extra hand.

Nadia's eyes flash open.

NADIA

(chastising)

James! You have come in here on purpose?!

JIM

Well...uh...

NADIA

Shame on you!

JIM

Uh...yeah...sorry.

NADIA

Well. You have seen me. Now it is my turn to see you. Strip.

JIM

Strip?

NADIA

Yes, slowly.

Jim sneaks a nervous glance over to the QuickCam.

JIM

You mean like, strip strip?

NADIA

(irresistably sexy)

For me?

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

FINCH

What do you suppose they're saying?

KEVIN

No idea.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

Nadia leans over to Jim's clock radio. Turns it on. We hear COUNTRY MUSIC. She flips the dial, and we hear A FEW STATIONS FLIP BY. Then a DRIVING, EURO-TECHNO SONG.

NADIA

Perfect.

She turns to Jim.

JIM

Uh...

NADIA

Move with the music.

JIM

Um...okay...

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

NADIA

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

JIM

Nadia, I can't --

NADIA

Can't what? Do you not want to be with me? I wish to be entertained, James.

Jim nods eagerly. Concentrates on the music...as we see the shirt slide off the camera. Jim starts writhing to the beat. Like a hyperactive chicken.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

STIFLER

What the fuck is this?

INT. SHERMAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

SHERMAN

The horror, the horror.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

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

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - SAME TIME

STONER #2

God, what a buzzkill.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A GROUP OF GIRLS watches in amusement.

GIRL IN BEDROOM

Work it, baby!

The LAUGH and dance mockingly along with Jim.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

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

NADIA

(turned on)

More sexy, Jim, more sexy.

Jim is clearly excited by Nadia's prodding. He does some pathetically ridiculous move with his pants, sliding them around his chest and neck.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

A GROUP OF GIRLS is watching.

DISINTERESTED GIRL

He's no Paul Finch.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

Kevin and Finch are now completely sickened.

FINCH

This is truly revolting.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

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

NADIA

(getting really turned on)

More, more, you bad boy!

Jim starts spanking his ass as he gyrates.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

The guys are all trying not to watch, yet still drawn to the computer.

GUY #1

Ugh...God...

INT. JIM'S COMPUTER - DAY - CONTINUING

NADIA

Now! Hames, come to me.

JIM

Oh yeah!

Jim dances over to her. She pulls him onto the bed. Kisses his neck. Takes his hand. Places it on her thigh.

NADIA

Be gentle.

Jim GULPS.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN

Ho-lee shit.

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

STIFLER

This just got a hell of a lot better.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim's hand wanders up Nadia's leg. She does the same to

him. Blows in his ear. Her hand is about to enter his shorts.

And Jim is done. Bang. That's it.

He looks down at himself in terror. Nadia sees. Backs away.

NADIA

Jim...

JIM

Oh no.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN

Oh no.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - SAME TIME

The stoners look...well, stoned.

STONER #1

Bummer.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The girls are LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY.

INT. STIFLER'S HOUSE - BROTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

STIFLER'S BROTHER

What happened?! What happened?!

STIFLER

He blew it. Literally.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nadia is getting dressed.

NADIA

You are done, James. Perhaps I should be going now.

JIM

No, no, I'm not done! I've got reserves! Nadia, please please please. I'm begging you.

She sees the desperation in his eyes. Thinks about it. Smiles.

NADIA

I do like your dirty magazines.

Jim digs into the stack of pornos. Grabs SHAVED.

JIM

Did you see this? This is your more exotic dirty magazine.

NADIA

Yes...James, it is knowing that these beautiful women arouse you that arouses me...

JIM

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

She goes for this line. Gives in.

NADIA

Oh Jim...

She grabs him. Starts caressing his body.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN/FINCH

Yes!!

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - SAME TIME

STONER #1

Alright, dude!

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY

GUY #1

He's re-engaging!

A CHEER goes up as the guys CELEBRATE.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Groping. They're tangled in each other. Nadia backs off
for a moment. Slowly, teasing, she hooks her thumbs in
the sides of her panties. Starts sliding them down.

NADIA

So, "shaved" is the expression?

CLOSE UP on Jim as his eyes bug out. Yep, it is, and she
is.

JIM

(mutters)

Holy shit.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN

Holy shit!

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY

ALL THE GUYS

(unison)

HOLY SHIT!

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim is stuck. Staring at Nadia. She moves towards him.
Nadia is inches from his face.

NADIA

Touch me Jim...here.

Jim is trembling, straining with himself. A shudder runs
through him.

And it's over, again.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

The girls are LAUGHING again.

GIRLS

Again?

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

KEVIN

Not again.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

JIM

No, not again.

NADIA

(sighs)

I am sorry, Jim. I suppose we will not be doing any studying now.

JIM

No! I've got...reserve reserves!

Nadia starts getting dressed. Jim is whimpering.

NADIA

It is too bad. I was at first hoping you would ask me to the prom. But...

She gathers her things. Eyes Jim over.

NADIA (cont'd)

You should change your shorts.

JIM

...okay.

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

COMPUTER VOICE

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

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

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

KEVIN

Hey, minuteman.

JIM

Shut up. You're supposed to be supportive.

OZ

You've still got a chance with Nadia, right?

JIM

No. Her sponsors here saw the thing on the net. I don't think they liked it.

KEVIN

How do you know that?

JIM

She's already on a plane back home.

Kevin winces.

JIM (cont'd)

You know, maybe I'm just not good with girls, period. Like I was born without that part of the brain. I mean, I can't talk to girls. And when I do talk to them, I screw it up.

KEVIN

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

JIM

Jesus, Kevin, rub it in.

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

Jim sits, waiting for class to start. Miserable. Some students are obviously talking about him in the background. Others study and chat.

Next to Jim is Michelle -- the reject, band dork that we've seen earlier. She's got a flute case on her desk. She's blabbering to Jim. The kind of blabbering where every other sentence sounds like a question, even though it isn't.

MICHELLE

And so, one time? I was at band camp?
And we weren't supposed to have pillow
fights? But we had a pillow fight!
And it was so much fun!

Jim couldn't care.

MICHELLE (cont'd)

And one time, we all lost our music?
And we were supposed to play this
song? But we didn't know it. So we
just made it up! And we kept playing
and playing but the conductor didn't
know what we were doing and it was so
funny!

Jim looks wistfully over at Nadia's empty desk.

MICHELLE (cont'd)

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

Jim perks up the slightest bit.

JIM

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

MICHELLE

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

JIM

Yeah, that's pretty much it.

MICHELLE

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

JIM

(interrupting)

What was your name again?

MICHELLE

Michelle.

JIM

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

MICHELLE

Really? You seriously want to go with
me?

JIM

(so forced)

Yes. Seriously.

MICHELLE

Are we going to Steve Stifler's party afterwards? That would be so cool.

JIM

Whatever you want.

MICHELLE

Cool! We're gonna have so much fun!
It's like this one time, at band
camp...

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER
Heather is walking down the hall. She turns to go into the Little Auditorium -- and through the window in the door she sees Oz. She stops.

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

OZ

Dammit!

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

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

KEVIN

You're not doing the extra credit problems.

VICKY

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

KEVIN

That's my trick!

VICKY

It's everyone's trick, Kevin.

(she turns to him)

But I did pick it up from you.

She gives him a little kiss on his hand, continuing with her work. Kevin keeps rubbing her back, more serious.

KEVIN

We've come a long way since Homecoming.

VICKY

(playful)

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

KEVIN

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

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

VICKY

Like how?

KEVIN

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

VICKY

I think you're so right, Kevin.

KEVIN

(pause)

You want to do it?

VICKY

Yes --

She takes his hand. Readies herself, and declares.

VICKY (CONT'D)

I love you.

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

VICKY (CONT'D)

Kevin? Do you not love me?

KEVIN

No, I don't not love you. I like, I know that we've definitely got something between us. Something good. Something special.

VICKY

But you don't love me.

KEVIN

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

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

VICKY

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

KEVIN

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

VICKY

Okay.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

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

HEATHER

Hi...

OZ

How did you know I was here?

HEATHER

Stifler told me.

OZ

You talked to Stifler?

HEATHER

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

OZ

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

She smiles. Oz lets her in.

HEATHER

So you like, work nights?

An uncomfortable moment for Oz.

OZ

Uh...my dad's the manager.

HEATHER

Really? Cool. Tell him his subs are great.

OZ

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

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

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

OZ

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

HEATHER

(pause)

That's nice.

OZ

(shrugs)

So you're going to Michigan?

HEATHER

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

OZ

Onions?

HEATHER

What?

OZ

You want onions?

HEATHER

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

OZ

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

HEATHER

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

OZ

(dismissive)

Well, I mean, business is okay, and

lacrosse is awesome, but what am I gonna be, a pro lacrosse player? I really have no idea.

HEATHER

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

OZ

Well, you're not. Oil and vinegar?

HEATHER

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

OZ

I know. Salt and pepper?

HEATHER

Sure.

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

HEATHER (CONT'D)

So we're gonna be close next year?

OZ

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

HEATHER

(smiles)

...yeah.

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

OZ

Wanna swap your chips for cookies?

EXT. SUBWAY - NIGHT - LATER

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MURAL STAIRCASE - DAY

A GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH talks to Stifler.

GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH

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

STIFLER

You gotta be fucking kidding.

GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH
I know it's a long shot, but I figure
Paul Finch might ask me.

STIFLER

FINCH? SHITBREAK?!!

GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH
Oh gosh, I forgot -- you uh, you look
okay...I mean you can't even tell...

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

KEVIN

Hey...what was that all about?

GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH
He's still embarrassed because Finch
kicked his ass. Knocked out a tooth,
but you can't see it.

KEVIN

Right, and who told you that?

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY
Kevin is talking to GRETA. She points offscreen.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY
Kevin is talking to SOME CHICK. Taking notes.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - OUTDOOR MURAL - DAY
Kevin is talking to YET ANOTHER GIRL. We see that his
notepad is a spiderweb of girl's names, all interlinked
with arrows. They all point to one girl's name in the
center of the page -- Jessica.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY
Kevin follows Jessica down the cafeteria line.

JESSICA

No comment.

KEVIN

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

JESSICA

Thanks. It was my idea.

KEVIN

Did you guys hook up or something?

JESSICA

Are you kidding? No.

KEVIN

Then what the hell are you talking about?

JESSICA

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

(then)

Finch comes to me and says, "Jessica, I need help with this, blah blah, etcetera." So I told him, pay me two-hundred bucks, and I'll tell a couple girls that you're dynamite in bed. So he did, and I did.

KEVIN

I don't get it, that really works?

JESSICA

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

Kevin is speechless.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

No? Damn, that one was my favorite.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - GUY'S SHOWERS/LOCKER ROOM - DAY
Toweled guys exit the steamy showers, doing a macho GREAT FALLS LACROSSE CHANT. They exit frame, and we remain on the showers, to hear --

OZ

(singing happily)

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

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

OZ (CONT'D)

(still singing)

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

Stifler is staring at Oz, horrified.

STIFLER

Oh my fucking God. You're gay.

OZ

(cheery)

Come on, you know the words, sing
along.

STIFLER

No thanks, you've been singing that
shit all week. If you try that at MSU
this Saturday, I'm pretending I don't
know you.

Oz stops.

OZ

Our last game is this Saturday.

STIFLER

No shit.

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD, A BENCH - LATER
Heather is studying outside. Oz stands before her,
breathless, his hair still wet.

OZ

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

HEATHER

(pause)

You can't sing at the competition.

OZ

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

HEATHER

(upset but trying to be cool)

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

OZ

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

(a beat)

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

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

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - ENTRANCE TO SENIOR LOCKERS - DAY
Kevin is at his locker, getting ready for class. Stifler
comes running up with a wicked grin on his face.

STIFLER

Kevin! You seen Shitbreak lately?

KEVIN

(immediately sensing danger)

Oh no, Stifler, what did you do?

STIFLER

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

(off Kevin's look)

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

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

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

KEVIN

Finch! Get to the bathroom! Now!

FINCH

Easy, tiger. What's in there?

KEVIN

Just go!

FINCH

Why is this?

KEVIN

You're gonna shit your pants!

FINCH

Charming.

KEVIN

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

FINCH

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

Finch jumps up and sprints down the hallway.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALL - CONTINUING

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

STIFLER

This way, sit.

Finch darts into the bathroom. Stifler LAUGHS

hysterically.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM - DAY

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Finch has stopped. He's staring down at the toilet. It looks entirely uninviting. But he's straining, struggling, starting to dance around, moaning as he cramps up.

He grabs a length of toilet paper and lines the seat with it. Then another, and another. Sweat drips off his forehead.

FINCH

Come on come on come on...

He's got the seat lined with at least three layers of toilet paper. Notices a spot where there's still bare toilet seat. He tears off one square of toilet paper, placing it on the spot. He steps back and looks it over, still wriggling to contain his bowels.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Okay. You can do this.

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALL - DAY

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY

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

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM - DAY

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

GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH

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

GIRL #2

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

GIRL HOLDING OUT FOR FINCH

No, I don't want a date...

(increasingly dreamy)

Finch is going stag...and so am

I...the guy is like so...debonair.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Finch is in hell. Desperately trying not to shit.

Holding it in for all he's worth.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

GIRL #2

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

GIRL #3

Of course, it was Stifler's mom.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY

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

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM - DAY

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

GIRL #2

Joanie, was that you?

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM STALL - DAY

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

FINCH

Aaaaaaarrrrgghhhh!

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - BATHROOM - DAY

The girls at the mirror freeze -- and we hear what can
only be the SOUND OF DIARRHEA exploding into a toilet
bowl.

The girls run out SCREAMING and LAUGHING.

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

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

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - MAIN HALL - DAY

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

A SEMI-CIRCLE OF GIRLS, including the ones we have seen
gossiping about him, has crowded around the door. All
staring at him with complete repugnance, open-mouthed.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY

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

EXT. MUSIC HALL (MSU) - DAY

Establishing. The campus of Michigan State University. Students pass in front of an older, impressive university building.

A sign out front reads, "MICHIGAN STATEWIDE VOCAL COMPETITION."

INT. BACKSTAGE (MSU) - DAY

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

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

VOCAL JAZZ TEACHER

Okay. Albert, you ready?

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

ALBERT

No problemo.

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

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY

A scoreboard shows that East is leading by five goals. Oz is running up the field, towards the goal, cradling the ball in his stick. He seems to have a good lead. Suddenly he is tumbling, falling, losing the ball.

Someone has checked him. He lays stunned on the ground, as Stifler recovers the ball and scores.

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

COACH MARSHALL

Alright! Good hustle, guys, but we can still lose. You all saw what happened to Oz out there. I don't ever want to see you guys thinking you're gonna score. You don't score until you score, period.

The team is getting into it. Shouts of "Hell yeah!" But Oz's got a quizzical look on his face.

INT. BACKSTAGE (MSU) - DAY

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

ALBERT

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

HEATHER

That would be a start.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD (MSU) - DAY

Oz shows some emotion peeking through. Confused.

COACH MARSHALL

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

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

COACH MARSHALL (cont'd)

Now that's the attitude, Ostreicher!

Oz collects himself. Takes a deep breath.

OZ

Good luck, guys.

he sets his lacrosse stick down and starts to leave.

COACH MARSHALL

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

OZ

Sorry, coach.

COACH MARSHALL

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

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

OZ

Yeah.

He runs off.

ANGLE ON JIM AND KEVIN IN THE STANDS

A beat of confusion. Then they stand up.

EXT. MSU CAMPUS - DAY

Oz runs through a gate.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

The vocal jazz group is on their feet, lined up, waiting

to go onstage. Oz bursts into the room, still in his lacrosse gear.

VOCAL JAZZ GUYS

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

ALBERT

-- Oh, great.

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

HEATHER

What about the game?!

OZ

I'm not playing.

HEATHER

You're missing the game for us?!

OZ

No. I'm missing the game for you.

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

VOCAL JAZZ TEACHER

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

Oz and Heather share a smile.

INT. MUSIC HALL STAGE - DAY

The vocal jazz group is belting their hearts out, singing "How Sweet It Is." Oz sings with them now in his vocal jazz outfit...we TILT DOWN to see he's still wearing his cleats. He and Heather sound great, backed by the vocal jazz group. They sail through their duet, join hands, and finish perfectly. The audience APPLAUDS with enthusiasm -- and we Kevin and Jim, WHOOPING AND CLAPPING, loving it, like they're at a rock concert.

JIM

Yeeeeeeeeaaaawwwww!

KEVIN

(gives that "You rock!" hand sign)

You fuckin' rule!

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS - CLASSROOM - DAY

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

KEVIN

Hey...

VICKY

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

KEVIN

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

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

VICKY

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

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

VICKY (CONT'D)

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

KEVIN

Yeah, we have something great, Vick.

VICKY

Kevin...

(very close, whispered)

I want to have sex with you.

The map goes FLAPPING upwards. The teacher looks up.

KEVIN

(almost frightened)

Now?!

VICKY

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

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

INT. TUXEDO LAND - DAY

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

He turns to see Oz trying on his -- Oz is fidgeting,

trying on different ties, vests, shoes, very sincere and focused.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky is trying on a rather elegant dress, looking to Jessica for support, showing it off. Jessica jokingly does the same, showing off her shorts and T-shirt, as if she could care.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY

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

INT. TUXEDO LAND - DAY

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

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY

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

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jim's dad fixes Jim's bow tie.

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

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

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - NIGHT

The parking lot is full. VARIOUS FORMALLY DRESSED STUDENTS make their way into the school. One group piles out of a stretch limo. We see a STEALTHY STUDENT slip a bottle of liquor into his tux. A FLUSTERED GUY struggles to re-attach his date's corsage.

This is the prom.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - GYM - NIGHT

The gym is decorated in a clashing festive manner. Like a combination of Mardi Gras, New Year's Eve, and somebody's bar mitzvah. A CRAPPY BAND plays CRAPPY IMITATION ROCK MUSIC.

Most students mill about, talking, generally bored. The only people who are enjoying themselves are the OBVIOUSLY DRUNK STUDENTS, slam-dancing with the obviously drunk Stifler in a corner. CHAPERONE PARENTS try to calm them down, futilely.

The band breaks into a CHEESY BALLAD. Couples lock together and sway back and forth like zombies.

ANGLE ON JIM AND MICHELLE

They're dancing at arm's length. Jim is not enthused.

MICHELLE

You know, at band camp? We have dances like this. Only they're way funner. Don't you think prom is just highly overrated?

JIM

Highly, highly overrated.

ANGLE ON KEVIN AND VICKY

They dance. Both looking a little nervous. Anxious.

ANGLE ON OZ AND HEATHER

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

ANGLE ON STIFLER

Dancing with the Girl Holding out For Finch.

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

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

FINCH

Okay. I'm here for your dumb...dumb meeting.

Sherman passes by.

SHERMAN

I'm on the offensive, boys. The Sherman Tank is going back in.

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

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

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

Sherman confidently walks off.

KEVIN

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

JIM

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

KEVIN

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

OZ

(getting ticked)

Dammit, Kevin, what's with the

attitude?

KEVIN

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

JIM

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

KEVIN

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

OZ

Kevin, it was just a --

KEVIN

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

JIM

(interrupting, pissed)

I don't have to do shit! Forget it already!

Kevin is taken aback.

JIM (cont'd)

I'm tired of all this bullshit pressure! I mean, I've never even had sex and already I can't stand it! I hate sex! I don't want it, I've never wanted it, and I'm not gonna sit here busting my balls over something that just isn't that damn important! So fuck this stupid pact, fuck you, and fuck sex! Now, I'm gonna go hang out with that geek over there, 'cause at least she's got something else to talk about besides sex! God damn!

Kevin storms off. A beat.

FINCH

At least I learned how to shit in school.

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

JESSICA

Hey, Finch. Wanna dance?

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

FINCH

How come you have no date?

JESSICA

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

FINCH

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

ANGLE ON VICKY AND CENTRAL GIRL

VICKY

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

CENTRAL GIRL

Yeah, we were up the whole night together. We had one of those amazingly deep conversations, where you really feel like you get to know someone.

VICKY

(nudge, nudge)

"Deep conversation," huh? Is that what you guys call it?

CENTRAL GIRL

What else would I call it?

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - NIGHT

Kevin sits on the steps into the school, depressed.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - GYM - NIGHT

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

CENTRAL GIRL

Excuse me, everyone, sorry to interrupt.

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

CENTRAL GIRL (cont'd)

I just wanted to let you all know this: Chuck Sherman is a liar. I never had sex with him. He's never had sex with anyone -- I know because he told me. Once, he tried to screw a grapefruit, but that's it. Oh, and he

also told me that sometimes when he gets nervous he wets his pants. Thank you for your attention.

Girls around the gym CHEER and APPLAUD.

ANGLE ON SHERMAN

Pissing his pants.

ANGLE ON JIM

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

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH - NIGHT

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

OZ

...Guess what?

KEVIN

I don't care.

JIM

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

KEVIN

I'm not going.

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

This isn't how I wanted things to turn out. Making the pact wasn't just about getting laid. It was about doing one last thing with you guys before we graduated. But now I've just wasted my last few weeks here trying to do what? I don't even know. All I managed to do was fuck up our friendship.

A beat. Oz shrugs.

OZ

I still think you're okay.

JIM

So do I, Kev.

FINCH

Me too. For the most part.

KEVIN

Nah. Fuck, you guys are right, I don't know what I'm doing. I mean I'm acting like I've got it all together tonight. But I know Vicky is gonna

ask me if I love her. And I don't know what I'm gonna say. So now it's like, maybe I'll just wimp out on the whole thing.

JIM

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

A beat as Kevin ponders this.

OZ

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

KEVIN

He didn't?

FINCH

Nope. He pissed himself.

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

JIM

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

OZ

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

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

EXT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

A beautiful cottage on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Students are filing out of the charter bus.

Jim and Michelle are walking up to the cottage.

JIM

Stifler's mom got it in the divorce.

MICHELLE

It reminds me of this one time --

(changing thoughts)

Hey, can I ask you a question? How come you don't have any stories? I've got lots of stories, and you don't have any.

JIM

Oh, I've got stories, believe me.
They're a little more risqué than
tales of Band Camp.

MICHELLE

Are they gross or something, like guy
stuff? Tell me.

JIM

Okay. You want a story? Here's a
story. Stifler finds this beer,
right? And...

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM

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

KEVIN

See -- this is the nicest room.

VICKY

Wow, Kev...it's perfect.

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

STIFLER'S BROTHER

You guys are gonna fuck, aren't you!?

KEVIN

No! Get out of here!

STIFLER'S BROTHER

(running out of the room)

Fuckers fuckers fuckers fuckers!

Stifler's brother is gone. They LAUGH...and Vicky closes
the door.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

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

OZ

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

HEATHER

What's that?

OZ

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

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

OZ (cont'd)

See, uh, I'm a virgin. And me, Kevin,
Jim, and Finch, we all made this pact.

That we would...lose our virginity...
before high school was over.

Heather is listening.

OZ (cont'd)

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

HEATHER

This isn't the best way to proposition
me.

OZ

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

HEATHER

This isn't any better, Chris.

OZ

No, see Heather, what I realized is
that...with you, it's not like I'm
running towards the goal, trying to
figure out the best way to score. And
this may sound corny, but --

He takes her hand.

OZ (cont'd)

I feel like I've already won.

Heather softens, taken off guard.

OZ (cont'd)

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

HEATHER

Oz, it's okay, I know.

OZ

You called me Oz.

HEATHER

Well, that's what your friends call
you. I mean...I feel like I'm one of
your friends now...and also...your
girlfriend.

Oz seems truly touched.

OZ

Dieter. My middle name is Dieter.

Heather nods, and speaks pensively.

HEATHER

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

OZ

(laughing)

I know, it sucks!

Through their laughter, they kiss. After a moment, it
grows more passionate. Lost in each other.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The party rages in the rest of the cottage, but the
basement is empty. STIFLER'S MOM sits in the corner,
smoking a cigarette. She's as attractive as her photo we
once saw, but the divorce has replaced her sexy smile
with a bitter smirk.

Finch stumbles in.

FINCH

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

STIFLER'S MOM

(dry)

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

FINCH

I'm three sheets to the wind, ma'am!

STIFLER'S MOM

(deadpan)

I'm so happy for you. Takes the edge
off, doesn't it? And where might your
date be?

FINCH

Oh no, no date. Bathroom incident.

STIFLER'S MOM

Pardon me?

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

FINCH

...Nevermind. You have anything to
drink?

STIFLER'S MOM

I believe the kegs are upstairs.

FINCH

No, no, that's what the cretins drink.

I mean alcohol, liquor -- good stuff.

She considers him as she drags off her cigarette.

STIFLER'S MOM

All right, I got some scotch.

FINCH

Single malt?

STIFLER'S MOM

Aged eighteen years.

(she gives him a look)

Why don't you get the glasses. Behind
the bar.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

It's a great party. Stifler is with a group of guys
drinking a beer, which he inspects very carefully before
every sip.

ANGLE ON JIM AND MICHELLE

Both drinking and talking, almost enjoying themselves.

MICHELLE

That is a nasty story!

JIM

I told you.

MICHELLE

You wanna hear a nasty story of mine?

It's kind of sexual.

Ding! A light goes off in Jim's head.

JIM

Yeah, bring it on!

MICHELLE

Well, this one time? At band camp?
We were playing this game, I don't
know if you know it? But it's called
spin the bottle? And I had to kiss
this guy named Marc Wander on the
lips? And...

Jim's expression sinks.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are down. Vicky and Kevin are in bed.

KEVIN

You comfortable?

VICKY

Yeah, are you?

KEVIN

Yeah.

A beat.

VICKY

You sure you're comfortable?

KEVIN

Yeah. Are you sure?

VICKY

Yeah.

KEVIN

Me too.

VICKY

Okay.

(a beat)

Did you bring a condom?

KEVIN

Yeah, right here.

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

VICKY

I don't know. How do you?

KEVIN

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

VICKY

Okay.

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

VICKY (cont'd)

Kevin...

KEVIN

Yeah Vick?

VICKY

I want to hear you say it.

KEVIN

Okay.

Kevin swallows hard. And says --

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Victoria...I love you.

VICKY

I love you.

They both take a deep breath.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Oz and Heather lay in a secluded spot in the dunes, surrounded by tall beach grass that swishes in the spring breeze. Stars and a lustrous moon above.

The silence speaks. We can see it in their eyes.

Yearning.

OZ

I can't think of anything to say
that's not cheesy.

HEATHER

Then don't.

They kiss. It's time.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

VICKY

Here.

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

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Heather and Oz are re-inventing the idea of passion. Discovering love. This is the stuff that you thought only existed in romance novels. Seriously.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Jim is trying to stay interested in Michelle's drivel.

JIM

So, the end of the story is...you had to kiss the guy for twenty seconds?

MICHELLE

Yes! And he was such a dork! And everyone laughed at me, but I didn't care? Because it was so funny!

JIM

(flat)

Okay, I get it.

MICHELLE

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

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

JIM

...excuse me?!

MICHELLE

What, you think I don't know how to get myself off? Hell, that's what half of band camp is! Sex ed!

Jim is ga-ga. He watches in disbelief as she lets her hair down. And wouldn't you know it, she's pretty cute.

MICHELLE (cont'd)

So are we gonna screw soon? I'm
getting kind of antsy.

Jim pauses in disbelief. Then --

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

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

JIM

This'll do.

MICHELLE

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

JIM

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

MICHELLE

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

Jim heartily agrees.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

FINCH

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

STIFLER'S MOM

Mister Finch -- are you trying to
seduce me?

FINCH

Yes ma'am, I am.

One look between them, and we know it's all over.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Vicky. Silently doing it. Curious looks on
their faces. The look you get when your waiter delivers
your food in a fancy restaurant, and you look at the
creation on the plate, and secretly you're not sure if
it's really what you ordered. But you don't say
anything, and you just eat it.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Oz and Heather. Souls entwined. Making love.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - STIFLER'S BROTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
We can hear Jim and Michelle going at it like a couple of
HOWLING BANSHEES over a SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- A piggy bank gets knocked over and shatters.

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

-- A pillow explodes in a cloud of feathers.

-- One of the legs on the bed breaks.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - OUTSIDE BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT
The Basement door is closed. We hear from the inside...

STIFLER'S MOM (O.S.)

I had no idea you'd be this good!

FINCH (O.S.)

Neither did I!

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

JIM (O.S.)

Are you gonna do what I think you're
gonna do?

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Don't you want me to?

JIM (O.S.)

Oh yeah! Put it in your mouth!

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Okay!

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

JIM

Hail, hail, to Michigan, the leaders
and best!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Oz could be coming. Heather could be coming. But it's
all so darn passionate that the whole thing looks like
one big orgasm anyway.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - STIFLER'S BROTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Jim and Michelle lay on the floor, tangled in sheets and
each others' clothing. Exhausted, gasping.
And then we see the closet door is open, just a crack.
It swings open. Standing there is Stifler's Little
Brother. Jaw hanging.

STIFLER'S BROTHER

That was awesome!

Jim and Michelle are stunned.

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

What we do see is the kitchen door handle rattling. The chair falling out of place. And the door opening as Stifler walks in. He stops, horrified.

STIFLER

Ugh...oh no...

He looks like he's going to barf. Instead, he passes out.

EXT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - SUNRISE - ESTABLISHING

The sun rises over Lake Michigan. A brand new day. Various students are passed out here and there.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Oz holds Heather in his arms. Completely peaceful.

SEAGULLS CALL to each other. WAVES BREAK on the shore.

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

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

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

JIM

She's gone.

He considers this.

JIM (cont'd)

Oh my God. She used me.

He considers this further. Smiles.

JIM (cont'd)

Wow! I was used! Cool!

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

JIM (CONT'D)

Hail! to the victors, valiant; Hail!

to the conquering heroes, hail...

INT. STIFLER'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin and Vicky lie next to each other in bed, staring at the ceiling. Though they're trying to conceal it, we can see a bit of dissatisfaction, uncertainty, peeking through.

KEVIN

That was a great night.

VICKY

Yeah.

A beat.

KEVIN

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

VICKY

Yeah, the time went by so fast.

KEVIN

It did.

Another beat.

VICKY

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

KEVIN

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

VICKY

(interrupting)

No, Kevin --

(she sits up)

That's the whole thing, that's what I've been realizing. That nothing's perfect, that you can't plan everything.

Kevin thinks this over.

KEVIN

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

A moment as they think this over.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

VICKY

I know.

(a beat)

Let's go. Don't you have something to tell your friends?

KEVIN

What?

VICKY

Your little pact. Jessica told me all about it.

(hits him lightly)

Way to go, Kev!

Kevin gives an embarrassed smile.

EXT. DOG DAYS - DAY

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

INT. DOG DAYS - DAY

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

KEVIN

(to Jim)

I guess we'll call you two-ply.

OZ

Yeah. So you want double condiments
on that?

JIM

No, no that's fine.

(then, to Kevin)

So you doing okay?

KEVIN

(a wistful smile)

Yeah.

FINCH

I'll tell you, I've learned one thing:
women, like wine, get better with age.

(a beat)

Of course, I have no frame of
reference for this comparison.

KEVIN

So Oz, you almost made it, huh?

OZ

(smiles)

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

JIM

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

OZ

I know.

KEVIN

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

OZ

I think we're falling in love.

They GROAN. Oz just smiles.

KEVIN

You know what the coolest thing is?

This, right now.

They guys keep eating, uncertain what to say.

OZ

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

JIM

After getting laid?

OZ

After high school.

KEVIN

Yeah, but we'll still see each other.

OZ

Fuck yeah we will.

A beat. Kevin raises his Pepsi.

KEVIN

To the next step.

ALL

To the next step.

They all toast.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin is on the phone.

KEVIN

(into phone)

Hey. I got another question for you.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)

What's that?

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

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

KEVIN (V.O.)

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

We hear Kevin's Brother CHUCKLE knowingly.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (V.O.)

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

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

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim's dad sits across from Jim.

JIM'S DAD

(eyes tearing)

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

Jim beams proudly.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

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

INT. A HOTEL HALLWAY

SUPER:

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

BELLBOY

(subtitled)

Another bottle?

WAITER

(subtitled)

He knows how to treat a woman.

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

JIM

Thanks guys.

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

NADIA

Come back to bed, James.

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

WAITER

(subtitled)

That is one lucky man.

BELLBOY

(subtitled)

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

They head off.

FADE TO BLACK