

AMERICAN FUNERAL

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Based on characters by Adam Herz

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INT. LEVENSTEIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

JIM'S DAD sits across from JIM, MICHELLE and their awkward 15 year old son, EVAN. They all sit stuffed after a big meal.

JIM'S DAD

Boy, it's so nice to have a good old-fashioned family dinner!

He tousles Jim's hair. Jim blushes.

JIM

Dad, come on. Why not do that to Evan? He's in tousling range.

JIM'S DAD

That's a job for his parents.

Michelle grins and tousles Evan's hair. Evan freaks out.

EVAN

Mom, come on!

JIM

I thought Jeanine was joining us.

JIM'S DAD

Oh, she had a little gathering with some girlfriends at The Ball Pit, but she should be here shortly!

As Michelle mouths "Ball Pit?" to Jim, the front door opens.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(sing-songy)

Oh, Mr. Levenstein!

Evan looks up from his phone to see STIFLER'S MOM, in all her MILF glory, holding a bottle of champagne.

STIFLER'S MOM

I didn't realize you had company.

JIM'S DAD

Jim and Michelle are spending the week here while they have some work done on their house.

(off her dismissive nod)

Can I fix you a plate, dear?

STIFLER'S MOM

Mm, no need.

(then, sultry, winking)

I'm leaving room for dessert.

Jim and Michelle share a look.

MICHELLE
Hi, Stifler's Mom-- I mean,
Jeanine.

Stifler's Mom shrugs this off as her eyes lock onto Evan.

STIFLER'S MOM
Hey there, Evan. You in high school
yet?

Evan immediately starts sweating. Her prowess remains intact.

EVAN
Yeah, um... I just started.

STIFLER'S MOM
Handsome boy like you, I bet the
older girls are lining up.

Evan nervously clenches his entire body.

EVAN
(Quickly, to Michelle)
Mom?

MICHELLE
You're excused, Evan.

Evan hustles upstairs to his room.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Does anyone want some coffee?

Stifler's Mom shoots Jim's Dad an alluring look and he starts to stammer almost exactly like Evan.

JIM'S DAD
You know, I think us old fogies
need a little rest time before bed.
But a rain check on that coffee!

Stifler's Mom guides Jim's Dad out of his seat and towards the staircase while nodding at Michelle.

STIFLER'S MOM
Evan's Mom.

Jim and Michelle turn to each other, happily bewildered.

MICHELLE

I still can't believe your dad and Stifler's Mom bone. You and Stifler are practically related!

JIM

I try not to think about that.

MICHELLE

Maybe we should follow their lead? A little dessert of our own?

JIM

I'm kinda full--
(realizing her meaning)
Oh. What? No, we're surrounded.

MICHELLE

Relax. Evan never takes off his headphones, and the walls here are practically soundproof! *Plus*, I brought props...

CLOSE on Jim, that familiar Porn Music cue plays...

INT. LEVENSTEIN HOUSE - JIM'S OLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan, headphones on, messes around on his laptop. His pet snake, TORETTO, stews in his terrarium beside the bed.

Evan hears his parents scurry down the hall. The second he hears their door CLOSE, he pulls up ONLYFANS. He clicks on a video where the model is dressed like a sexy nurse.

He cracks a horny but embarrassed little smile.

INT. LEVENSTEIN HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle, now in a flattering dominatrix outfit and high heels, lovingly chains a NAKED Jim to the bed with handcuffs.

MICHELLE

How's that, baby?

JIM

(rolling his wrists)
Can't complain!

Michelle smiles as she places a BALL GAG in his mouth.

MICHELLE

Now let's get you greased up.
 (looking to her bag)
 Shoot, I forgot to grab the oil
 from the kitchen.

JIM

(Through Ball Gag)
 Do we really need the--

Michelle lovingly WHIPS him, which Jim clearly enjoys.

MICHELLE

I'll be right back, you peasant.

As Michelle leaves, Jim looks at ease chained up and gagged.

INT. JIM'S OLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the OnlyFans Nurse gets more and more undressed, Evan reaches for his lotion. It's empty! *Shit*. He begrudgingly tucks his boner into his pajama pants and sneaks out.

INT. LEVENSTEIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle tiptoes down the stairs, spiked high heels in hand. She goes to the kitchen and grabs a bottle of cooking oil. As she creeps back to the stairwell, she hears footsteps.

PANICKED, she darts back to the kitchen right as Evan sneaks downstairs, shielding his boner tuck.

Michelle watches Evan make his way to the bathroom, wanting to move but afraid to make any noise.

INT. JIM'S DAD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim's Dad and Stifler's Mom passionately kiss on the bed. Jim's Dad breaks from the embrace and caresses her neck.

JIM'S DAD

You know dear, I was thinking. If you moved in, we could have a lot more of these intimate evenings.

STIFLER'S MOM

Noah, we've talked about this. I like being on my own. You can blame my loser ex-husband or all the Joni Mitchell I listened to in college, but that's the way it goes.

Jim's Dad hangs his head, disappointed. Stifler's Mom shifts and now lovingly caresses *his* neck.

STIFLER'S MOM (CONT'D)
 You know I care about you deeply.
 And nobody, nobody has ever gone
 down on me the way you do, my
 little tongue tornado...

Jim's Dad gives her a sheepish but appreciative grin.

STIFLER'S MOM (CONT'D)
 Now how about we have three or four
 intimate evenings in one night?

Jim's Dad looks to the champagne on the nightstand.

JIM'S DAD
 Whoops, forgot the flutes. I'll be
 right back, my dear.

He kisses her before leaving. Stifler's Mom quickly grabs the champagne bottle, takes too big of slurp and loudly COUGHS...

INT. LEVENSTEIN DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Evan searches the bathroom sink drawers and finds a bottle of JERGEN'S. He smiles and quickly heads back toward the stairs.

As he reaches the first step, he hears Jim's Dad whistling. Evan, now panicked, DIVES behind the living room couch.

Michelle peeks out from the kitchen to see Jim's Dad descending. She ducks behind the kitchen island, the metal STUDS of her outfit making some unfortunate impact noise.

As he reaches the kitchen, Jim's Dad stops in his tracks.

JIM'S DAD
 Yoo-hoo. Anybody there?

Evan peeks out from behind the couch, but accidentally STUBS his boner on one of the arms. He WINCES, but keeps quiet.

Jim's Dad gives the kitchen one more cursory glance, before grabbing the champagne flutes and heading back upstairs.

Evan, now clutching a pained erection, quickly follows. Moments later, so does Michelle, carrying the bottle of oil. She scurries back into her room, SLAMMING the door behind.

JIM
 (muffled through gag)
 What took so long?

Michelle takes her shook up nerves out on Jim, slathering him in oil as the two get down to it. Glass SHATTERS off screen.

JIM'S DAD (O.S.)
 Jeanine? ...Oh my god, **JEANINE!**

Stunned, Michelle accidentally DOUSES Jim in oil. Too concerned to care, she slides RIGHT OFF Jim, quickly undoing his handcuffs and the two hurry out toward--

INT. JIM'S DAD'S ROOM - SECONDS LATER

They open the door to find Jim's Dad cautiously holding Stifler's Mom, who looks blissfully unconscious.

JIM'S DAD
 She's not waking up!

Jim peeks his head in the door, ball gag still in his mouth.

MICHELLE
 We need to call 911, now!

Jim hurries to his room and grabs his phone, which slips out of his hand due to the oil. He finally dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 9-1-1, what's your emergency.

JIM
 (through ball gag)
 We need an ambulance!

MICHELLE
 (taking the phone)
 Yes, we need an ambulance at Ten Weitz Lane, and hurry!

EVAN (O.S.)
 What's going on?

Michell looks back at Evan, his hand all LOTIONED up. He hides his phone behind his back, ripping the headphones out.

MICHELE
 Evan, stay calm, we just need to-

PHONE STRIPPER (O.S.)
 Doctors make me so fucking wet!

Michelle hurries to remove Jim's ball gag. All three of them avoid eye contact, realizing their current state.

MICHELLE
This isn't what it looks like.

EVAN
Neither is this!

JIM'S DAD (O.S.)
Jeanine!

JIM
Oh god, what do we do?!

Jim tries to balance himself on the doorframe, but he's too oiled up. He slides off it and lands face up on the floor.

Stunned, Evan drops his PHONE, it lands so the OnlyFans Model is face to face with a pained Jim on the floor.

PHONE STRIPPER (V.O.)
I need you to inject me with fifty
cc's of cum, stat!

CLOSE on Jim, ashamed and at a loss for words.

CUT TO BLACK, THE RED TITLE ON SCREEN: **AMERICAN FUNERAL**

MUSIC: +44- "WHEN YOUR HEART STOPS BEATING"

INT. FANCY MICHIGAN MANSION - DAY

Stressed waiters prep for a party that looks like it could be Michigan's Met Gala, arranging glassware, gift bags, etc.

CLOSE on a clipboard with a list of preparation tasks, topped by a fancy logo for **STIFFMEISTER PARTY PLANNING**. A hand grabs the clipboard to reveal STEVE STIFLER, grown up, but still with a cocky glint in his eye.

STIFLER
It's fucking party time!

Stifler winds up and slaps a male caterer's ass, who nearly drops the glass he was cleaning.

STIFLER (CONT'D)
No dogging it, doggie. If I hear about any smudges on these glasses, you know I'm coming for your asses.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh my!

Stifler wheels around to see MRS. HERZ, a woman easily confused with royalty, aghast. Stifler flashes a smile.

STIFLER

Mrs. Herz. Oh my indeed. As in "Oh my party is going to be the best birthday bash in all of Michigan!"

He grabs a champagne flute off a passing server's tray, and hands it to her in one smooth motion.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

The food is ready, the tables are set, and the outdoor bar is open in case anyone gets too hot in here.

(Leaning in, flirty)

And how could they not with you in that little outfit, you minx! Mr. Herz is a lucky man.

Mrs. Herz blushes, and swats at his arm playfully. HAYLEY (30, business first) waves Stifler down.

HAYLEY

Steve, you have a call.

Just then a COMMOTION comes from outside. Stifler brushes off Hayley and heads for the tent.

STIFLER

What the fu-- Let me see what that's all about...

Stifler races out into--

EXT. FANCY MICHIGAN MANSION - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Stifler patrols a beautiful tent adorned with ice sculptures. As he rounds the corner...

BECCA (O.S.)

Wooo wooooo! Mr. Herz is fucked up!

BECCA, 22, Stifler in gorgeous female form, stands atop the bar pouring two bottles of top shelf liquor into the mouth of MR. HERZ. He tilts his head up, nearly spitting on himself.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I'd dry you off but I'm a little too wet myself.

Becca grabs his face and kisses him on the cheek, with the faintest use of TONGUE. Stifler runs over, attempting to shield this from the rest of the party.

STIFLER

Becca, what are you doing?

BECCA

Um, making sure these rich fucks have a good time? Duh!

Two nearby kids in suits stare at Becca, jaws dropped. Stifler leans into her.

STIFLER

Cut it out, or there are going to be some serious repercussions.

Becca's eyes go dark, her young attempt at a sultry look.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY MICHIGAN MANSION - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Stifler and Becca crash into the wall, viciously making out.

STIFLER

I should fucking fire your ass.

Becca pulls her panties down from under her skirt.

BECCA

How about you fuck it instead?!

STIFLER

Being the boss rules!

Stifler begins to unzip his pants, when--

HAYLEY (O.S.)

--I'm sorry to interrupt, but...

Stifler's face drops as he turns to see Hayley in the doorway.

STIFLER

Hey! I was, uhhh, just inspecting Ms. Donnelly's uniform.

(then, to Becca)

Looks like you're all set. Now get out there and be productive!

As Becca walks past Hayley, she whispers--

BECCA

We were gonna fuck. You know that thing you've only read about in books?

Hayley shakes her off then walks to Stifler's side.

HAYLEY

Steven, you can't be this reckless. This party is an incredible opportunity for you. For all of us.

STIFLER

I'm sorry. I'm just a sucker for a hot mean bartender who bosses me around like a little horse jockey.

He shrugs his shoulders, in an effort to boyishly charm this away, but it just looks old and tired.

HAYLEY

The office has been trying to reach you all evening, but your cell has been off.

Stifler bucks up, and takes out his phone to turn it back on.

STIFLER

Ugh, probably those fuckers in Lansing who want me to plan that dumbass super-church party.

Stifler's phone starts to ring. It's his brother, Matt.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

The hell does he want?
(answering the phone)
Yo shit breath. You finally get your pole smoked?

He turns to laugh at this to Hayley. Before she can even roll her eyes, Stifler's face goes blank.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Matt, slow down, what are you--

The color drains from Stifler's face.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

...Mom?

INT. LEVENSTEIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jim sadly makes eggs, using the last of the cooking oil as Michelle nervously sips coffee at the table.

MICHELLE

How's your dad?

JIM

As good as he can be, I suppose. I can't believe she's actually dead.

MICHELLE

I can't believe Evan saw us in our... "element."

JIM

I guess our only hope is full on memory repression.

MICHELLE

I'm serious, Jim. He's curious right now and without guidance, an event like this could only push him further into weird kid territory.

JIM

Hang on. We were weird kids.

MICHELLE

Yeah, but we were "social" weird. He could become weak-chinned kid who jerks it on the bus weird. I think it's time you have the talk with him.

JIM

No way. I'm not doing that to him. He has a smartphone.

MICHELLE

And that's exactly what he'll use to jerk it on the bus! We need to have an open line of communication if he's ever going to adjust.

JIM

No one can adjust after seeing their parents in bondage gear. That's just a fact.

Jim's Dad slowly and solemnly enters the kitchen.

JIM'S DAD

Morning, you two.

MICHELLE

Hey... How are you doing?

Jim's Dad sucks up the heartache and puts on a brave face.

JIM'S DAD

Unfortunately, this is not my first rodeo with women I've loved passing away. Though I suppose this one was a bit more of an oddity.

As Jim's Dad sits at the table, Jim puts his arm around him.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

I'm more concerned about Steven and his family.

JIM

I've tried calling him a few times, I think he's still processing it.

JIM'S DAD

You know, Jim, you're the only friend he has that has gone through what he's about to go through. You may have to step up to the plate.

JIM

Yeah, you're right... I'll talk to the guys today.

Evan walks into the kitchen.

MICHELLE

Evan! Hi... Um, are you hungry?

Evan quickly darts out of the kitchen and out of the house.

JIM'S DAD

Must be hard for him... A tube sock and a pastry seem pretty quaint now, eh, son?

He tries to playfully elbow Jim but then the severity of last night comes roaring back.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

...God, I'm going to miss her.

INT. STIFFMEISTER PARTY PLANNING OFFICES - EVENING

Stifler gathers some items from his desk. There's a light knock on the door. It's Hayley.

STIFLER

(Quickly powering through)
Hayley, hey. Gonna need you to take
the reigns for the Robinson event,
the Savits Bar Mitzvah,--

HAYLEY

--Don't worry, I've got it all
covered. How are you holding up?

STIFLER

Shitty. This fucking sucks.

Hayley puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

It's our biggest month ever. The
last week of outdoor events for the
year and I can't be there to do
quality control. It's bullshit!

HAYLEY

But, like... how are you handling,
you know...

STIFLER

Uh, I told you it sucks, okay?
She's my mom.

He turns to put his laptop in his suitcase.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

My brother's flying in from Arizona.
Meanwhile, I gotta start making
arrangements. It's like one shitty
thing after another this week.

Just then a CRASH comes from the hallway.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Goddamnit, what now?!

Stifler grabs a lacrosse stick and motions for Hayley to get
behind him. He jumps out, READY TO ATTACK.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Wrong office, motherfucker!

Stifler sees Becca and Mr. Herz MAKING OUT on the couch.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Becca? What the fuck are you doing?
And why are you fucking someone
else in our office?!

BECCA

Ummm because my apartment has bed bugs?!

STIFLER

Get the fuck out. You're fired, we're broken up.

MR. HERZ

If I may--

STIFLER

--Eat shit! Now go, before I take a picture for your lovely wife.

Mr. Herz leaps up and heads for the door.

BECCA

What the fuck?! You ruined my shot of having a rich ass sugar daddy, you cock! *Ooh*, big deal, your mom died. All moms die!

Hayley steps in between them and takes Stifler's lacrosse stick.

HAYLEY

Hey Becca? If you don't run home to your bed bugs, I'm going to lodge this lacrosse stick right up your diseased little twat. Got it?

Becca backs away, terrified before regaining her composure to SPIT on the floor as she leaves. A red-faced Hayley turns to face Stifler, who seems to be having trouble processing everything that's happened.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

...I don't really think her vagina is diseased, by the way.

STIFLER

Hayley... That was fucking awesome.

Hayley smiles, relieved.

HAYLEY

I told you, I'll take care of things here. Are you going to be okay though?

STIFLER

Yeah, sure, of course... I'm the fuckin' Stiffmeister.

CLOSE on Stifler's aging face. Even though he's smirking, it's clear he's not going to be okay.

INT. DOG YEARS RESTAURANT - DAY

Jim enters the bustling shop, passing a photo of the OWNER: OZ. Jim approaches the counter where Oz, wearing an apron and a courteous smile, deals with an ornery ELDERLY CUSTOMER.

ELDERLY CUSTOMER

I asked for extra onions, but this is too many damn onions! This place has gone to hell in a hand-basket since you took over!

OZ

Sorry about that. We appreciate your honesty!

Oz gives Jim a happy nod of recognition.

LATER, Jim takes a bite of a hot dog as Oz processes the news.

OZ (CONT'D)

That's so sad. How's Stifler doing?

JIM

I don't know. He gets into town today. I feel like we need to be there for him.

OZ

Totally. I mean, I've got my hands full with work and the family, but whatever I can do to help. Have you told the other guys yet?

JIM

No, I wasn't sure how to break it to Finch. And Kevin...

OZ

Kevin will be fine. Let's just get the cavalry back in town.

JIM

I'll call Finch, you call Kevin?

OZ

Deal.

KID VOICE (O.S.)

Daddy!

An adorable little girl in a soccer uniform, CHELSEA, hops into Oz's lap, followed by HEATHER, looking radiant while holding the hand of a little boy, CJ(Chris Junior).

HEATHER

You two have practice in an hour,
Coach. Thought I'd save you a trip.

OZ

Aw, thanks hon. You're a life saver.

She leans in and kisses Oz. It's clear they're still very much in love.

HEATHER

Hi, Jim. Am I interrupting?

JIM

We got some bad news. Stifler's Mom
died last night.

HEATHER

That's terrible. I'm sure you guys
will take care of him, huh?

OZ

Yeah. But that's not gonna get in
the way of our Great Falls Grizzlies
becoming league champs, right?!

CHELSEA

(Almost oppressively cute)
Right!

JIM

I'm gonna go call Finch. Check back
in later?

OZ

You know it, Jimbo.

As Jim leaves, Heather sighs as she sinks into the booth.

HEATHER

For the first time in my life, I'll
have to be nice to Steven Stifler.

OZ

Aw, it won't be too hard, will
it... Choir chick?

Heather gives him a look before they both sweetly laugh.

INT. SUBURBAN CHICAGO HOUSE - DAY

KEVIN, looking pretty ragged in a beat up Cubs shirt as he sips a beer, talks on the phone with Oz.

KEVIN

Jesus, man, that's awful. Of course, I'll head down as soon as I can.

OZ (O.S.)

Thanks, Kev. Glad you can make it.

Kevin lets out an oddly hopeful little laugh.

KEVIN

Hey, it'll be nice to get the gang back together again!

OZ (O.S.)

Right... See you soon.

As Kevin hangs up, two TODDLERS leap up onto the couch and start tickling him.

KEVIN

Oh no, tickle monsters!

He tickles them back without letting go of his beer. They shriek with laughter as they run around the living room. As Kevin follows them, we see a messy opened duffel bag by the side of the couch.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Kev, what the hell?

Kevin looks over to see his BROTHER, still played by CASEY AFFLECK, looking disappointed in a sharp suit.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

If you're going to stay with us, you have to keep this space clean!

KEVIN

Sorry, I was about to, but--

KEVIN'S BROTHER

--I don't want to hear it. I'm still in the doghouse for Charlotte finding your "adult gummy bears."

Kevin looks down like an embarrassed kid.

KEVIN

This is only until I get back on my feet. Besides, I'm heading to East Great Falls for a few days... Stifler's Mom passed away.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

Ah Christ. I'm sorry.

KEVIN

I know. I haven't even told the guys about the divorce yet. It's gonna be a pretty heavy week.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

You post selfies from my couch, Kevin. I think your friends know you're divorced.

KEVIN

You're right. It's just telling them makes it so...final.

KEVIN'S BROTHER

You want some advice? Tell them! You're not a kid anymore, there's no saving face, it's just life, goddamnit!

Kevin's Brother angrily hustles back upstairs.

KEVIN'S BROTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And wash your clothes, it smells like a damn frat house in here!

Kevin looks down at his life strewn about his duffel bag and lets out a depressed little sigh.

INT. LOGAN SQUARE APARTMENT, CHICAGO - DAY

PAN around the walls of a well-off but well-lived apartment. We see photos of FINCH and SELINA, his wife, on many trips/adventures throughout the country (on mountaintops, scuba diving, etc.)

FINCH (O.S.)

Thank you for letting me know, James. I'll be there.

The camera stops on FINCH, looking stoic in a dress shirt and male SARONG, processing his emotions.

JIM (V.O.)
I know this must be especially
tough for you, Finch.

CLOSE on Finch. If he's devastated, he's holding it in well.

FINCH
I'll process these emotions in due
time. See you boys on the morrow.

As he hangs up, Selina comes over and embraces him.

SELINA
Everything okay?

FINCH
Sadly, no. Steven Stifler's mother
passed away.

SELINA
Oh baby, I'm so sorry... She was
the mother you--

FINCH
--We don't have to cheapen it with
words. But Jeanine Stifler was an
essential part of my upbringing, my
tastes, my skills as a lover... My
very life blood...

Selina looks on with some amusement as Finch finds himself
lost in a moment. He quickly turns back to her.

FINCH (CONT'D)
I have to get back home as soon as
possible.

SELINA
Of course. I wish I could go with
you, but I have that conference this
week. I'm glad you'll have all your
friends there to help.

Her phone beeps.

SELINA (CONT'D)
Damn, another meeting. I love you,
and say hi to the boys!

She kisses Finch once more. As she leaves, Finch gazes
longingly out his window.

FINCH

Perhaps some thresholds are best to
be crossed by one's self...

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Evan sits on the curb next to his best friend DEKE, gawky as
all hell. Clearly Evan has recapped last night.

DEKE

That's super fucked up, man.

EVAN

I know.

FETCHKO, their non-binary skateboarder friend, 50-50 grinds
the curb and ollies off just before reaching them.

FETCHKO

Fucked up as it may be, this is a
gift! If people find out about this,
you can rebrand your rep around
school as a full on sex freak!

EVAN

Fetchko, I'm not a sex freak!

FETCHKO

Your parents are sex freaks, so
it's in your genes, embrace it.

DEKE

Yeah. Wanzell from my chem class is
a sex freak. He told me you can fuck
anything your dick fits into if you
fill it with enough lotion.

FETCHO

Wow, what a pioneer. I'm sure all
of his toilet paper rolls are very
sexually satisfied.

Evan shakes his head before his face turns white. RILEY, a
gorgeous Honor Roll/Soccer Player type, walks with friends on
the other side of the street.

DEKE

Dude, Riley won't fuck you if she
thinks you might murder her.

Evan is snapped out of it, just as Riley looks his way.

EVAN

What? I don't want to... Why would she think that?

FETCHKO

Because you stare at her from afar, but haven't said a word to her. Classic sex freak behavior.

EVAN

I've said words to her. We say what's up to each other sometimes.

FETCHKO

In that case, this won't be weird.
(standing up, calling out)
Yo Riley! Evan says what's up!

Evan awkwardly waves, Riley waves back. Deke takes a football out from his bag.

DEKE

Time to show off. Go long!

Evan shakes him off. Deke pushes him and he goes.

FETCHKO

Yes, Evan's athletic prowess will surely win her over...

Evan runs into the field, students all stop to watch. Deke pump fakes, then lets it fly.

Evan sprints. Just before he catches the ball, he steps in a puddle, and his legs fly out from under him. He lands on his back, a la Charlie Brown, the football hits him in the nuts.

The crowd erupts in a mix of laughs and *oofs*. Riley cracks a smile, but holds back her laughter. Deke runs over to Evan.

DEKE

Dude, your balls alright?

EVAN

(defeated)
Doesn't matter. I'll never get to use them anyway.

EXT. LEVENSTEIN HOUSE - FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON

As Jim's Dad tends to his garden, Michelle sits next to him, nursing a cup of coffee.

MICHELLE

Need some company?

JIM'S DAD

I know you're concerned, sweetheart, but I'm fine. Jeanine lived a full and vibrant life. Best of all, she died doing what she loved.

Michelle nods her head at this with a tiny smile.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

You know, Jim's Uncle Mort also died making love. Of course, that was to an electric mold of a vagina. We couldn't even sell his belongings, the stench was-- Sorry, I'm rambling. Have you and Jim been able to talk to Evan about the... um, "get ups" you were wearing that night?

MICHELLE

No. He's been avoiding us. It's tricky. I mean, Jim and I have a fantastic sexual relationship. Now that we're older, we've been so comfortable with experimenting with new forms of pleasure that have us both completely drained!

(off his proud, then
embarrassed look)

It's okay that I talk about this with you, right?

JIM'S DAD

I think the person you need to be upfront with right now is your son.

MICHELLE

(laughing at the idea)

I don't think Evan wants to hear about me pegging his dad!

JIM'S DAD

Of course not, dear, but what you can do is teach Evan that sex can be a positive and healthy part of his life. If you'd like I could give you some pointers on how to talk about it.

MICHELLE

Really?!

JIM'S DAD

Sure. The sex talk is challenging,
but it's rewarding in the long run.
Look at how Jim turned out.

MICHELLE

Hey, yeah! You're right.

She hugs Jim's Dad.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'll be a devoted pupil, I promise!

JIM'S DAD

Good to hear... By the way, what
exactly is "pegging", is it, uhh...
(off her look)
You know what? Don't need to know!

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS PARK - DAY

Jim and Oz sit at a picnic table in the park nearby a
playground filled with children. Jim eyes the playground.

JIM

You sure we're far enough away?

OZ

We're parents, Jimbo. It's okay.

JIM

Without our kids, we're just two
middle-aged men loitering by a
playground. How would you feel
looking over and seeing us?

Oz nods to a further away table. They get up and move as
Kevin and Finch get out of a nearby parked car.

KEVIN

Dogwood Park... Vicki and I used to
have some pretty crazy times here.

FINCH

Kevin, we had a virginity pact for
senior prom, how crazy could these
times have possibly been?

Kevin gives a *touché* look as they approach Oz and Jim.

JIM

You made it! Hey!

KEVIN

Good to see you, guys! Feels like too long this time.

OZ

Too long? You spent like half the summer here.

KEVIN

Yeah, but it never felt like enough time to really relax though.

Oz ignores this and turns to Finch.

OZ

Finch, how are you taking this?

FINCH

Jeanine Stifler was a goddess, and it was only a matter of time before she transcended this existence.

(after a longing beat)

And while I've found a partner to spend my life with, I must allow my soul to mourn and celebrate this loss on every plane of existence possible.

The guys stare, jaws dropped, unsure of what to say.

JIM

Finch, You're not going to try and fuck her ghost, are you?

FINCH

Ghosts are for children, James. Astral projections, however, can allow the living and the dead a few final fleeting moments...

OZ

(checking his watch)

Speaking of fleeting moments, we doing this? CJ's got a game tonight.

EXT. STIFLER RESIDENCE - DAY

Jim, Oz, Finch and Kevin timidly walk up towards the door.

JIM

I don't know how he's going to take this, but he's our friend and *somehow* has always been there for us.

OZ

Jim's right. Knowing Stifler, he's gonna need his boys, some beers, and a little mischief to cope.

FINCH

Do we really think so low of him? The poor guy's mother just passed.

KEVIN

Finch... It's Stifler.

Jim rings the doorbell. Stifler opens the door, looking bummed but more annoyed than in the throes of grief.

STIFLER

The fuck are you guys doing here?

JIM

Stifler, hey. We just wanted to be here to say how sorry we are.

OZ

Yeah man, whatever you need to get through this, we've got it covered.

KEVIN

So sorry, man.

Kevin goes in for a hug, Stifler dodges with a sneer.

STIFLER

Enough. This isn't an excuse to make a fucking move on me, Kev!

He heads back inside, leaving the door open for the guys.

JIM

Hey man, I've been there. I know what it's like to lose a parent.

STIFLER

That's great, Jim. Do you know how much fucking prep a funeral takes?

Stifler motions to a stack of documents in the dining room.

OZ

We can help out with some of the--

STIFLER

--Forget it, Ozzie. It's just boring ass paperwork. I'll get it done.

KEVIN

Stifler, we know you're going through some unprecedented stuff right now. But maybe you also need a break.

(off his confusion)

To blow off some steam?

FINCH

Kevin, I don't know if--

STIFLER

--Fuck off, Shitbreak. Kevin might be onto something.

Oz and Jim exchange concerned looks.

KEVIN

What do you say, Stifler? You wanna get drunk and see some strippers?

CLOSE on Stifler's face, as he tries desperately to look like the care-free horn dog of his youth.

STIFLER

You bet your ass I do...

INT. STRIP CLUB - AFTERNOON

It's the vibe you'd expect: mid-afternoon at a smokey, unsanitary midwestern strip club. The guys stand around awkwardly as Jim joins them with a tray of shots.

JIM

(doing his best Stifler)

Awright! Let's get fucked up!

Jim gets distracted as a beautiful DANCER walks by.

JIM (CONT'D)

I was probably married before these girls were even born.

Everyone takes their shot. A DANCER onstage crawls towards them. The guys tense up, except Stifler who smiles and nods.

STRIPPER

Oz?!

Oz's eyes go wide, all the guys turn to him. Oz waves.

STRIPPER (CONT'D)

I've been dreaming about your steak
and cheese special my whole shift.

OZ

Wow. Thank you. Next one is on me!

STIFLER

Fuck is a steak and cheese special?
You and Heather into some kinky shit?

OZ

It's a sandwich, Stifler.

STIFLER

Yeah, a you sandwich.
(holding up one hand)
Heather bread.
(holding up the other)
Stripper bread.
(now squishing Oz's face)
And Oz meat, baby! My mouth is
watering just thinkin' bout it!

Kevin happily leans in to Finch.

KEVIN

(whispering)
I think it's working.

A DANCER comes over and puts her arms around Kevin and Finch.

DANCER

Either of you boys interested in a
more private dance?

FINCH

I'm sorry, but we have far more--

KEVIN

--I am! Yes! Privacy, please!

The dancer takes Kevin by the hand, he looks back and shrugs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

When in Rome.

Jim signals to the bartender for another round of beers and
joins Finch, Stifler, and Oz. The four sit down at a table.

JIM

Look at us. Just a couple of guys,
living it up.

Jim puts his hand on the seat, then immediately recoils, frantically reaching for napkins on the table.

JIM (CONT'D)

My seat is wet. It's fucking wet.
Aw, god, Everything is sticky!

STIFLER

You're bound to touch some cum at a strip club, Jim. Act like you've been here before!

A now disgusted Jim races off for the bathroom.

OZ

So... How are you holding up, man?

STIFLER

(re: Kevin)

Better than that fucker. Look at him, pretending we don't know he's divorced.

They look over to where Kevin glumly receives a lap dance.

OZ

He's certainly going through some dark times.

FINCH

I pray those are happy tears.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Alright, give it up for... Cricket!

CRICKET emerges from the curtains in a sequin bikini. Stifler HOWLS at this, momentarily lost.

STIFLER

Thank fucking Christ! I'm gonna get a closer look at those titties!

Stifler strains to maintain his horndog energy as he moves closer to the stage. Jim returns with paper towels.

JIM

Not surprising, but the bathroom is also covered in cum.

(clocking their looks)

I guess he's doing okay?

FINCH

No. The aura of Jeanine is still haunting him.

BY THE STAGE, Cricket is giving Stifler a private dance.

CRICKET

Ooh, baby, you like that?

STIFLER

Fuck yeah, baby! Let me get those milk bags in my fucking face!

Cricket laughs and grinds on Stifler a little closer.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

I needed this. It's been a rough couple days. My Mom died and the funeral home shit has been so fucking complicated.

Cricket momentarily stops her grinding, a little put off.

CRICKET

Oh god, I'm... I'm so sorry.

STIFLER

I don't need you to be sorry, I need some nipple in my mouth! I have to turn my Mom into dust this week, I need a little break! Fuck, all this chit-chat is getting me soft! Mommy milkers, now baby!

CRICKET

I... Um...

STIFLER

You know what? Fuck this!

Stifler leaps up, causing Cricket to go flying into Kevin and the dancer he's with. Kevin catches her.

KEVIN

Sorry. I can't afford a second!

Stifler races out of the club. Jim, Finch, and Oz follow.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Stifler wipes glitter from his face as he heads to the car. The guys race to catch up. Kevin stumbles out of the club behind them, adjusting his pants.

STIFLER

Great going fuck wads. I gotta go meet the funeral director and it looks like I just made out with a third grader's art project.

JIM

Stifler, I don't think anyone is going to suspect that you--

STIFLER

--I've got enough shit on my plate. I can't be dicking around with you dipshits right now.

Stifler turns and gets in his car, then drives off.

OZ

Maybe he's more mature than we thought.

FINCH

Hardly. If he doesn't let out his emotions, he is going to explode.

KEVIN

I hear that.

Everyone turns to Kevin, disgusted. He still has a boner. Jim awkwardly nods downward to point it out.

JIM

Looks like Stifler's not the only one close to exploding.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Stifler glumly sits across from MOLLY, a stuffy funeral director. She slides some brochures across the desk, business as usual.

MOLLY

Your mother had very little in the way of arrangements. Were you aware of any specific plans she may have requested?

STIFLER

Hi, no? I don't know what my Mom wanted for her funeral. Who the fuck do I look like, Jack Skullington?

MOLLY

Well our office can take care of it all, including the wake, funeral service and any post-service reception you care to have.

CLOSE on Stifler. Something has piqued his interest.

STIFLER

What do you mean, reception?

MOLLY

It's customary after the services to have a gathering for family and other mourners to get their bearings and celebrate the life of the departed.

STIFLER

...You're saying throw a party?

MOLLY

We don't care to call a post-funeral gathering a "party" but--

STIFLER

--Holy shit... This is great!

Molly looks shocked as Stifler happily rises to his feet.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

You take care of the wake and church shit. I'm going to honor Jeanine Stifler's legacy by throwing the best goddamn post-funeral party East Great Falls has ever seen!

He laughs to himself, alive again. Molly takes a beat.

MOLLY

Okay, that's fine. Now for the floral arrangements--

STIFLER

--Pick whatever the fuck you want, lady! I gotta get to work!

INT. LEVENSTEIN HOUSE - EVAN'S ROOM - EVENING

Evan tidies his room. As he passes his snake's terrarium, he sees Torretto has shed his SKIN.

As Evan takes it out to throw away, he realizes the full sleeve of shedded skin looks remarkably...*dick-shaped*.

CLOSE on a sweaty and horny RAISED EYEBROW.

Evan checks the door, no lock, he puts an ear to the door, coast seems clear. He takes out his lotion, and eyes the snake skin once more.

EVAN

That sex freak better be right.

Evan takes it over to his computer, puts his headphones on, and presses play on a video.

Evan squirts an absurd amount of lotion into the skin before moving it down towards his crotch. Soon, Evan begins to jerk off with a little smile on his face.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit... There we go...

He continues to jerk off, then looks puzzled...

EVAN (CONT'D)

Wait...

Evan starts to bat at his dick. He begins flicking it just below frame, he winces. *Nothing*.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Oh no... Oh, no oh no.

A KNOCK at the door as Michelle enters with a laundry basket.

MICHELLE

Evan, I'm doing another load if you have any...

She DROPS the basket as she sees Evan with a full snake skin around his dick.

EVAN

I think it's numb... Help?!

CLOSE on Michelle's horrified face.

CUT TO:

INT. EVAN'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Michelle looks relieved as she paces around on the phone. Evan sits, draped in a towel, his head down, beyond ashamed.

MICHELLE

Wonderful, thank you so much,
Frannie!

(hanging up, then to Evan)

Great news! Any traces of poison in
a shed skin should only lead to
temporary discomfort, so you should
be fine in an hour or so.

EVAN

(avoiding eye contact)

...Great.

MICHELLE

So... Do you want to talk about--

EVAN

--All I want to do is die.

MICHELLE

Honey, it's not... Okay, it's a
little--

EVAN

--Mom!

Michelle holds her hands up in protest as she leaves. Evan
collapses onto his bed, embarrassed tears in his eyes.

IN THE HALLWAY, Michelle looks both stunned and determined.

MICHELLE

This talk will happen.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Finch Facetimes Selina on his bed.

SELINA (ON COMPUTER)

Wait, so Stifler is throwing the
reception himself?

FINCH

Yes, and he gave us all tasks. Chris
is catering, Jim and I are
overseeing the ceremonies.

SELINA

What about Kevin?

Finch looks to the bed beside him, Kevin is passed out DRUNK.

FINCH

Kevin's a floater, he'll find something to do eventually.

SELINA

I miss you, baby. We need to make up for lost time when you're back.

FINCH

I can't wait, my love. Talk soon.

They wave and hang up. Finch opens his suitcase, and takes out decorative robes and paintings, a la *American Pie 2*. He pulls up a **VIDEO** on his phone, **ASTRAL PROJECTION 101**.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Once you've achieve this state, you will project onto the astral plane of existence. There you can interact with beings who have passed away, or other astral travelers.

Finch picks up a picture of Stifler's Mom from the dresser.

FINCH

Jeanine Stifler, on one plane or another. I will be coming for you.

EXT. AMTRAK STATION - MORNING

Stifler waits outside as passengers make their way off the train. Hayley emerges lugging her suitcase. As Stifler hurries over to carry it, Hayley grabs him and gives him a warm hug.

STIFLER

Whoa, what is happening?

HAYLEY

I've been meaning to do that since you found out. I'm so sorry.

STIFLER

Yeah. Uh...me too...Thanks.

INT. STIFLER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Stifler focuses on the road, as Hayley types in her phone.

STIFLER

I want to go all out on this, okay? This has to be the best fucking reception this town has ever seen.

HAYLEY

It will be.

(off Stifler's clear pain)

I know it's not the same, but when my grandfather died, I just kind of went numb. I ended up sobbing in the middle of a movie theater during a trailer for *Toy Story 3* because I used to watch those movies with him... My college boyfriend was very confused.

STIFLER

My dumbass brother loved that first one. Whenever he'd ask my mom to watch it she'd say--

(imitating her)

You know if my toys came to life I would've never had to meet your father!

Hayley laughs.

HAYLEY

That fills in a lot of blanks for me on how you became who you are.

INT. LEVENSTEIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Jim's Dad and Michelle sit at the breakfast table.

JIM'S DAD

Now Michelle, before we begin, I want to warn you that these talks can be a bit uncomfortable. So please don't be put off by any racy topics that may arise.

MICHELLE

No problem there. Let's dive in! How much masturbation do you think is normal for a kid Evan's age?

We get a classic Jim's Dad eyebrow raise on this.

JIM'S DAD

Well... I'm not sure we should be... *Encouraging* that behavior just yet.

MICHELLE

Really? I feel like masturbating as a kid helped me figure out what turned me on and how to pleasure myself safely and effectively.

JIM'S DAD

...I suppose it's effective if done sparingly.

MICHELLE

Oh not for me! I would rub one out six, seven times a day and it completely centered me! You start before school, get a lunch session in the bathroom, after school before homework, and absolutely every night "Dawson's Creek" was on! Just one look at Pacey and I'd gush so hard I'd almost pass out!

JIM'S DAD

...Well dear, at the very least you can teach Evan about stamina.

Michelle takes this as a positive note as Jim's Dad stands in the awkwardness.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

Okay, we'll continue this... Um...

Jim's Dad slowly walks out of the room.

INT. GREAT EAST FALLS HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Deke and Fetchko stare bewildered at Evan.

DEKE

...So you fucked a snake?

EVAN

No! Just... the snakeskin.

FETCHKO

It must suck to be both an idiot and a sex freak.

EVAN

I'm not a...

Evan clocks both Deke and Fetchko's weary looks.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Fine... I'm a "sex freak."

DEKE
Was it good at least?

EVAN
No. My dick went numb instantly.
It's all a blur at this point...

A couple of teens at their lockers overhear this and begin to whisper, the whispers echo down the hallway.

LOCKER TEEN 1
Did Evan just say he fucked Snake
Skin?

LOCKER TEEN 2
Yeah, until his dick went numb.

A third teen joins the gossip crew.

LOCKER TEEN 3
No way. I don't buy it.

LOCKER TEEN 2
I don't know, I do. I mean, you
know who his dad is, right?

Locker Teen 2 pulls up the video of Jim dancing for Nadia in AP1. **NOTE: It's VERY grainy.**

LOCKER TEEN 1
Oh man, my mom saw this happen live!

LOCKER TEEN 2
Yeah, this did *not* age well.

LOCKER TEEN 3
The video quality or the content?

Both! LOCKER TEEN 3 (CONT'D) Both! LOCKER TEEN 2

INT. DOG YEARS - DAY

Oz hustles behind the grill next to his kitchen staff.

OZ
Guys! Busy day today, look alive!

Oz sees his phone ringing, **HEATHER**. He answers.

OZ (CONT'D)
Sweetie, I'm kind of busy right now.

HEATHER (O.S.)
I know, just wanted to remind you
about CJ's parent teacher thing.

OZ
(pained)
Is that before or after Chelsea's
dance class?

CLANG. One of the Dog Years cooks drops a whole serving of
FRIES right on the ground.

OZ (CONT'D)
Ricky, come on!

HEATHER (O.S.)
We can talk during your break?

Oz stiffens up as he ducks into his very tiny office.

OZ
I don't really have a break today.
I have to start prepping the food
for Stifler's Mom's reception.

HEATHER (O.S.)
That's a lot. Can you say no? It's
a hectic week as it is.

OZ
I can't, it's the one thing I can
help with. Look, just text me where
to be and I'll be there, okay?

HEATHER
(Distant)
Okay... I love you.

OZ
Love you too.

Oz hangs up as he hears one of his Cooks YOWL.

COOK
Oz, I think I burnt both my hands?!

Oz shakes his head, beyond stressed.

EXT. STIFLER LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Stifler and Hayley pull up to a gorgeous lakeside cottage.

HAYLEY

Oh my god. Steven, this place is beautiful!

Stifler sadly smirks as he parks.

STIFLER

Yeah, we used to throw some killer parties here. Then my mom started renting it out in the summers so we got dicked out of prime party real estate.

Hayley lets this slide as Stifler gets out of the car, taking in his surroundings. It's clear this is heavy for him.

He tries to enter the house like it's business as usual, but Hayley trails behind, concerned. INSIDE looks FROZEN IN TIME, a cottage bought in the eighties and rarely changed since.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

So I figure we can clear the couches for refreshments, maybe a little dance floor.

HAYLEY

I don't think people are going to want to dance.

STIFLER

You're right. This is where the kegs can go. Come on.

Hayley looks around at the photos on the walls. Lots of Stifler and his little brother, MATT, posing with their Mom. It's clear the Stifler boys were little shits, but each photo of them with their mom shows a very loving, happy family.

Hayley stops at a photo pushed near the back of a shelf of Stifler, his brother and mother, and a mysterious looking MAN, kind of blurry and out of focus. Everyone else is smiling for the camera, but the man's attention is elsewhere.

HAYLEY

Is this your dad?

Stifler sees the photo and scoffs.

STIFLER

Yeah, that's that piece of shit
alright.

HAYLEY

Does he know?

STIFLER

Who cares? Matt and I haven't
spoken to him in years. That fucker
played around on her the whole time
they were married and blamed her
when he left!

He tries to busy himself by checking room measurements.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

My mom fucking ruled when we were
kids. But after he left, she turned
into a drunk who'd bring home any
asshole with a nice car. Luckily
she mostly brought them *here* to
fuck.

(wincing at the thought)

Ugh, now you have me remembering
this was my mom's fuck pad!

He heads towards the hallway as Hayley follows.

HAYLEY

Sounds like she went through a lot.

STIFLER

I'm going through a lot right now
having to talk about all the dudes
she boned.

Stifler opens the door to the BILLIARDS ROOM where Finch
fucked his Mom.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Fuck! Everywhere I go!

He closes the door in disgust.

HAYLEY

Steven, I'm happy to help you plan
all this, but I don't like how you
talk about your mother. Maybe you
need to see things from her
perspective. She sounds like a
strong woman who was very connected
with who she was, inside and out.

STIFLER

Please don't talk about being in
and out of my mom, okay? Thanks.

OUTSIDE, a sleek sports car pulls up next to Stifler's car. From it emerges, MATT STIFLER, 33, buttoned up and conservative looking but with that patented Stifler sneer.

MATT STIFLER

Well fuck my fucking fuckstick.

BACK IN THE HOUSE, Stifler guides Hayley into the kitchen.

HAYLEY

Okay, so the funeral home is taking care of the wake and service... Are you giving the eulogy?

Stifler rolls his eyes at the idea of having to do a eulogy.

STIFLER

Do we have to do that? It's so lame.

HAYLEY

Lame? It's a part of--

MATT STIFLER (O.S.)

HEY STEVE!

Stifler shakes his head.

STIFLER

Fuck... Let's get this over with.

Hayley eagerly follows Stifler into the living room to find Matt impatiently awaiting them.

MATT STIFLER

What the fuck are you doing here?

STIFLER

The fuck are you doing here?

MATT STIFLER

You really think I'd book a hotel
in our shitstain of a town, assmo?!

Matt notices Hayley and immediately classes himself up.

MATT STIFLER (CONT'D)

Where are my manners? Matt Stifler,
Steve's brother and successful
commodities broker.

He swiftly hands Hayley his business card before holding her hand a beat too long.

MATT STIFLER (CONT'D)

If you ever want to make some money, or just want to call me... You should call me.

STIFLER

Eat shit. This is Hayley, she's helping me plan the reception here after the services.

MATT STIFLER

Maybe you should've consulted me first about what we're doing?

STIFLER

Oh like I should've consulted you before selling my MoviePass stock?

MATT STIFLER

That shit's gonna rise like a phoenix! MoviePass for life!

Hayley steps in between them.

HAYLEY

Guys! Come on. You need to be there for each other this week, can we just get back to planning?

Matt takes a breath and attempts to look civil.

MATT STIFLER

Hayley, you are a bright star shining on us in this dark week.

Stifler cackles at this.

STIFLER

What a fucking dickhole!

Matt and Hayley share an exasperated look.

EXT. EAST GREAT FALLS STREETS - EVENING

Jim and Michelle take a nice sunset evening stroll.

MICHELLE

I know it will be awkward, but I think I can show him that sex can be a healthy part of his life.

JIM

Sounds good to me. All I know is if I had that much access to porn as a kid, you and I would have never gotten together.

Michelle sweetly grips Jim's hand.

MICHELLE

Who did you whack it to the most back then?

JIM

Hmm... Carmen Electra, Jenny McCarthy, Ms. Gathercole the art teacher.

MICHELLE

Ew, Gathermole?!

JIM

What can I say? Her cleavage lowered my GPA a full point.

MICHELLE

True, she did have a killer rack.

They nod at a passing couple who probably isn't having the same kind of conversation. Jim stops as his phone rings.

JIM

It's Stifler.
(answering the phone)
Hey, everything okay?

STIFLER (O.S.)

Fuck no. I need a eulogy.

JIM

Oh... Um, well yeah, are you going to be the one delivering it?

STIFLER (O.S.)

Yeah, and since I can't write for shit, you gotta do it.

JIM

Stifler, I don't think I can write your mother's eulogy. That's something that you have to--

STIFLER (O.S.)

--Jim, don't be a little bitch.
I'll write the thing, I just need
you to like, soften it or whatever
it is guys like you do.

JIM

...You know what? Let's meet up and
talk about this tomorrow, okay?

STIFLER (O.S.)

(Angrily Sighing)
Whatever...

CLICK. Jim turns back to Michelle.

JIM

I have no idea how to talk to him
this week, he's a mess.

MICHELLE

We've both lost a parent, you know
how tough it is. I know when my Dad
died, I had to go to therapy twice a
week to help sort out my emotions.

JIM

Steve Stifler is not going to go to
therapy. We're talking about a man
whose entire online presence is
retweeting porn stars!

MICHELLE

Hey, he's turned me on to some up
and coming talent! But grief changes
people. Maybe he'll surprise you.

Jim nods and sweetly kisses Michelle as they walk back home.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stifler walks the hall, beer in hand, peering into rooms. He
sees Hayley passed out on the guest room bed, laying over the
covers.

He lingers for a moment, then picks up a small throw blanket
and covers her with it. He quickly recoils and leaves. As he
does, Hayley's eyes open slightly, she smiles at the gesture.
Stifler continues down the hallway, as he passes Matt's room--

MATT (O.S.)

What the fuck you little shit
head?! I told you not to go in yet.

Stifler peeks INSIDE to see Matt wearing a gaming headset and playing a first person shooter on the tv.

MATT (CONT'D)

I don't give a fuck how old you are.
I'm going to be your daddy and spank
your fucking ass off the screen!

Stifler shakes his head and continues to the living room. Stifler plops down on the couch. He sips as he looks around the room, his gaze landing on a photo of his mom.

He gets up and heads to the CD tower. Rifling through the racks, he notices it's all JONI MITCHELL.

STIFLER

Old ass sad music. Great.

He turns to the window facing the lake. Stifler stares out as the moon glimmers off the water. He finishes his beer, sighs.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

This sucks.

INT. EAST GREAT FALLS HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Evan walks, tray in hand towards his lunch table. As he passes, people stare at him, some in awe, some giggling.

As he turns back to see what the fuss is about, he COLLIDES with a TRASH CAN, almost falling in alongside his tray.

As he contemplates reaching in to retrieve it, he accidentally locks eyes with Riley passing by.

RILEY

Evan, hey!

EVAN

Oh... Riley, hi. Hello.

RILEY

Having a hard time staying on your
feet these days, huh?

EVAN

(trying too hard)
Well, it'd be a lot easier if
someone weren't constantly sweeping
me off of them!

She smiles, putting him at ease.

RILEY

So... Is it true about Snake Skin?

EVAN

What?! No! I don't even have a snake, I swear!

RILEY

No, I mean that you hooked up with Snake Skin? That punk girl at State with the OnlyFans, is it true?

Evan tries to connect the dots in his brain.

EVAN

Holy shit. Do people actually think I did that? I would never--

(then catching himself)

I mean, I support sex workers! I go out of my way to buy Visa gift cards at 7-11 so that I can subscribe to a few accounts, but no, I did not hook up with a Snakeskin and... I am saying a lot of words to you right now.

Riley leans in close, almost conspiratorially.

RILEY

Don't worry about it. I get how the whole rumor machine works. Everyone thinks I slept with Ryan Mackey in the back of his Blazer at Homecoming.

EVAN

Yeah... Didn't you?

Riley playfully slaps Evan's arm. He notices.

RILEY

Ew, no! But what could I do about it? He's a senior and was able to create a whole narrative so he gets to look cool, and I'm stuck fending off creeps who think that I'll sleep with them, because they can--
(caveman voice)

Throw ball far.

Riley stops in her tracks, embarrassed.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Now I am saying too much to you!

EVAN

I'm so sorry. That's super fucked
up of him... If it helps, I--
(caveman voice)
Can't play ball good.

Riley laughs again, it's sweet. The bell rings and she's quickly lost in a sea of students. Evan smiles as he looks down at his lost lunch in the trash as a HIPPIE STUDENT pats him on the back.

HIPPIE STUDENT

Hey... Congrats on the sex!

Evan takes a bit too long to react, but soon..

EVAN

...Thanks?

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Jim and Oz stand outside waiting, both looking a bit hesitant.

OZ

I don't think this is going to work.

JIM

I know, but it's worth a shot.
Besides, he's a professional.

Finch, Kevin and Stifler get out of the car.

STIFLER

(looking around)
Where the fuck are we? I thought we
were going to Yard House!

FINCH

We will, in an hour or so. Well,
fifty minutes.

STIFLER

Fifty minutes? What... Oh no, no,
you fuckers are not taking me to--

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Stifler sits, arm crossed, in between the guys, who nervously avoid eye contact. The RECEPTIONIST picks up a phone, nods.

STIFLER

You... Fuckers.

RECEPTIONIST

The doctor will see you now.

Stifler angrily rises up off the couch.

STIFLER

I hope the doc at least has some nice titties to look at.

He begrudgingly enters the office, where a dignified redheaded male forty-something DOCTOR scribbles some notes at his desk. Stifler stops dead in his tracks, his mouth happily agape.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Holy shit... Sherman?!

CLOSE on SHERMAN as he looks up at Stifler and the guys. CLOSE on his placard: DR. CHARLES SHERMAN.

SHERMAN

Steven, hello. My condolences on the loss of your mother.

Stifler cackles as he sits on Sherman's couch and puts his feet on the desk.

STIFLER

No fucking way, this is priceless!

OZ

Stifler, Sherman is a licensed mental health professional now.

SHERMAN

Your friends are concerned and thought maybe I could help.

JIM

It would mean a lot to us if you'd at least try, just for a bit.

Stifler looks around the room and sees nothing but concerned faces... Except for Kevin, who looks burnt out and hungover.

STIFLER

Fuck me...

LATER, Sherman and Stifler sit one on one with the guys mulling around in the back.

SHERMAN

When was the last time you saw your mother?

STIFLER

(clearly uncomfortable)
I don't know, like two weeks ago? I helped her fix some shelves.

SHERMAN

Do you remember what you talked about, or even the last thing she said to you?

Stifler squirms, it looks like it's actually working.

STIFLER

She said something about fixing up the lake house. She wanted me and Matt to spend more time down there.

SHERMAN

Perhaps one of the things you're afraid to confront right now is that lack of time spent with your mother. That maybe you didn't get to make the most of the time you had left. Those feelings can stir up a lot of mixed emotions that--

STIFLER

--Hey Dr. Sherman? I think I just had a revelation.

SHERMAN

Really? What's that?

STIFLER

That you should stir up my fuckin' dick cheese into an omelet and eat it outta Finch's ass!

JIM

Damnit, Stifler, calm down!

OZ

He's only trying to help!

FINCH

And how passé is it to reduce anal cunnilingus to a punchline, it's a normal act that's unfairly taboo.

Beat as everyone looks at Finch who sips his coffee.

SHERMAN

Now getting back to--

STIFLER

--Hang on. Finch, you like getting your asshole eaten out?

FINCH

Penetration is merely the meat and potatoes of the pleasure buffet..

JIM

Finch! Although I agree, off topic!

STIFLER

Holy shit! Jim just admitted to kissing his wife's shithole!

Stifler goes to high five Kevin, who obliges.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Fuck. Therapy's kind of fun. Can we do ink blot tests or some shit like-

SHERMAN

--STIFLER! YOUR MOM DIED THIS WEEK.

The room goes silent as Sherman seethes.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but it's the only way to cut through the denial I'm hearing! You are in the midst of the first true loss of your adult life and you'd rather regress back to adolescent name calling?!

STIFLER

(after a reflective beat)
You know what? Fuck you, Sherman.

OZ

Stifler, fuck!

STIFLER

Here's why you're a shitty ass therapist. One, you're treating me like I'm still the guy who got more pussy than you in high school, which obviously I did and still do. But I am a fucking grown up. I own a business and a condo and my houseplant game is strong as hell! Second, first true loss of my life? Does my Dad leaving when I was a kid and fucking up my family for life count as loss?

(MORE)

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Do your basic ass homework, bitch!
And three, let's talk about your
life for a bit, "Charles."

He points at Sherman and nudges Kevin.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

This dick shrivel spends years working
at a goddamn Red Robin, but then
realizes it's weird to try to fuck the
high school waitresses. So he goes to
night school for a few months so he
can sit here to tell me I have
problems. I guess mental stability is
when having a framed diploma on your
wall even though you still go home
every night and fuck a grapefruit.

Sherman POUNDS his desk with his fist.

SHERMAN

That grapefruit thing is a lie!

FINCH

Um... Maybe we can focus back?

SHERMAN

No! I'm not going to sit here and take
abuse from someone as emotionally
damaged as Steven Stifler.

KEVIN

I don't see how calling him damaged
is going to help anything.

SHERMAN

Oh you don't?! Maybe after this, I
can help your bloated alcoholic ass
figure out how to pick up the
broken pieces of your marriage!

STIFLER

Holy shit, therapy fucking rules!

OZ

Sherman, I know things are
emotional in here right now.

SHERMAN

Stay out of it, Ostreicher, your good
guy act helps nothing!

As Oz hangs his head, Jim attempts to look inconspicuous.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

And look at Jim, trying to be inconspicuous when he's the most fucked up person ever to live in this town!

JIM

What? I didn't even say anything!

SHERMAN

Don't give me that, you're a perverted little shit!

(then to group)

All of you are failures! But Stifler, you are a vile lost soul who will learn nothing from this loss, only sliding further towards the pathetic lonely future you deserve.

CLOSE on Stifler's smile turning into a snarl.

INT. DR. SHERMAN'S WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Stifler and the guys leave the office, Stifler a bit sweaty, shirt messed up, and a spattering of BLOOD on his hands.

STIFLER

I'm fucking hungry. Ozzie, can we get some free dogs?

INT. LEVENSTEIN KITCHEN - DAY

Jim's Dad and Michelle are mid-dinner prep as Evan enters and attempts to scoot right past the kitchen.

MICHELLE

Evan! Hi! Come in here for a sec.

Evan stops and steels himself before slowly slinking into the doorframe. Jim's Dad frantically searches for an exit.

JIM'S DAD

Ooh! Look at the time! I need to...
I forgot my... Cookbook!

He shuffles past Evan, giving him a supportive shoulder tap.

MICHELLE

I know these last few days have been...confusing to say the least.

CLOSE on Michelle, somehow at a loss for words.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 What I mean to say is... If you
 have... If I have...
 (frantically)
 I just remembered, I know where
 Grandpa's cookbook is, excuse me!

Michelle scurries past Evan, kissing his cheek on the way.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 I love you and we'll talk about
 this later!

As she leaves, Evan stands in the kitchen, bemused. The pot
 BOILS OVER, and smoke starts pouring out of the oven.

EVAN
 ...Uh... Help?!

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Stifler knocks on Matt's door.

MATT (O.S.)
 I'm on a work call!
 (then)
 So yeah, let's get our investors
 out before that bubble bursts.

Stifler starts to walk away when...

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hooo you fuckers. Thought we were
 dead there. Good fucking round.

Stifler doubles back to see Matt is playing the game again.

MATT (CONT'D)
 What? I'm playing with co workers.
 It's a work call. Fuck off, thanks!

Stifler rolls his eyes, flips Matt off and slams the door
 just as Hayley whips around the corner.

HAYLEY
 Everything is set for the food
 thanks to Oz. *But* we still have to
 choose an outfit for your mother.

Stifler smiles, happy someone is in this with him.

STIFLER
 Okay. Let's get her dolled up.

EXT. MILF GUY #2'S HOME - TERRACE - MORNING

Milf Guy #2 (John Cho) sips his coffee, outside of his beautiful home, happily reading the day's paper. He turns the page bringing him to the obituaries. CLOSE ON HIS FACE

MILF GUY #2

Milf?

Tears well up in his eyes. His phone rings, he answers.

MILF GUY #1 (O.S.)

...Milf?!

MILF GUY #2

Milf.

MILF GUY #1 (O.S.)

Milf...

MILF GUY #2

Milf!

His wife TONYA and son come outside.

TONYA

Honey? Everything okay.

MILF GUY #2

Jeanine Stifler...

TONYA

The prestigious Milf of East Great Falls, of course. What about her?

MILF GUY #2

...She's dead.

Tonya runs to hug him as his son falls to his knees.

TONYA

Milf...

MILF GUY'S SON

Milf...

MILF GUY #2

(sobbing)

Milf!

Their dog runs outside and HOWLS to the heavens.

DOG

(subtitled)

MILLLLLLFFFF!

INT. LAKE HOUSE - FINCH'S ROOM - DAY

Finch sits, deep in meditation, a guided Astral Projection recording plays. Finch's nose twitches, he sniffs.

FINCH
...Jeanine?

MATT (O.S.)
Yo Shit Break!

Finch opens his eyes right as Matt smacks him in the face with a big blue dildo. Stifler peeks in the doorway.

STIFLER
Dude are you holding mom's Dildo?

Matt drops the dildo into Finch's lap, Finch holds it in awe.

MATT
Did you just say "mom's dildo"?

They both cringe. Matt rips the dildo away from Finch.

MATT (CONT'D)
Give me that!

STIFLER
If you're done fucking around with mom's rubber dick, we got work to do.

BEGIN PREP MONTAGE SET TO MICHELLE BRANCH'S "GOODBYE TO YOU"

--Hayley and Stifler go through his mom's closet, searching for an outfit for her to wear.

--Oz works overtime at the restaurant, making sandwiches, looking ragged as all hell.

--Kevin and Finch help Hayley with reception prep.

--Evan checks out SNAKESKIN's OnlyFans.

--Jim recites a eulogy to Stifler, who appears to be typing it into his laptop. REVEAL he's looking at thirst trap pictures of Becca. Jim throws his arms up, frustrated, but then looks at the pictures of Becca, and understands.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - PATIO - MORNING

Hayley reads a book while listening to her headphones. We hear the song from the montage muffled through her earbuds.

HAYLEY

(Singing)

*And it hurts to want everything and
nothin' at the same time...*

STIFLER (O.S.)

Am I interrupting?

Startled, Hayley takes off her earbuds and turns to greet Stifler, standing in the doorway sipping a coffee.

HAYLEY

Morning! Sorry, I forgot other people existed there for a moment.

STIFLER

That's cool... What the fuck were you listening to?

HAYLEY

Oh, um... Michelle Branch?

STIFLER

Oh yeah, she's the chick who drives around on that piano, right?

Hayley laughs as she joins Stifler as they both look out into the peaceful lake sunshine.

HAYLEY

So what was it like, getting to wake up to this every day?

STIFLER

Most mornings we'd just dive in, clothes on to wash off all the barf and whatever other shit we got on ourselves the night before.

Hayley playfully (and a bit flirtatiously) elbows Stifler.

HAYLEY

No, dummy, I meant as a kid.

STIFLER

Oh... Well, yeah, Matt and I basically lived on this patio as kids. Our Mom let us camp out here. We didn't have a tent so she propped up my "Ducktales" sheets with a couple brooms. Sometimes the three of us would sleep out here together... Not in like a fucked up way, it was nice.

HAYLEY

That sounds so sweet... So... Have you heard from Becca this week?

Stifler, momentarily lost in his warm memory, shakes this off with a patented sneer.

STIFLER

Fuck no. Girls like Becca don't "check in."

HAYLEY

Well "girls like Becca" are pieces of shit if you ask me.

Stifler cracks a smile but looks back out towards the lake.

STIFLER

She's fine. I've dated girls like Becca my whole life. It's a trade off. You get to have some dumb fun, and when it's over, it's over. That's the Stiffmeister Special, baby!

HAYLEY

Steven, come on. Why do you keep falling into that pattern? You've got a good job that you're great at. To the point where I stick around to learn from you, even though I've been offered *much* better pay elsewhere.

STIFLER

Wait. Who's trying to poach you?!

HAILEY

Not important. Why are you afraid of having a positive relationship?

STIFLER

You can't have it all, okay? I love my job, I love my place, I love the fact that most of my friends look like dogshit and I still look good. I mean, I can't compete with fucking Oz, but...

He turns back to Hayley and looks her dead in the eyes.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

I'm living an okay life. You don't need to worry about me.

(MORE)

STIFLER (CONT'D)

A girl as great as you has got
better things to do than that.

Hayley leans in closer, their hands almost touching.

HAYLEY

I'm not worried about you. I...
care about you, and... I don't
know, I see something in you that I
could maybe even...

Stifler looks at her again, as if all the feelings he's
suppressed his whole life are starting to emerge. A loud
motorcycle engine revs in the distance.

STIFLER

God, um... Hayley, I... I--

MATT

--SHIIIIIT! STEVE!

Hayley and Stifler break their moment to see Matt rushing
towards the patio.

MATT (CONT'D)

We've got a big fucking problem.

He looks at Stifler and Hayley.

MATT (CONT'D)

Whoa, you guys are gonna fuck,
aren't you?

Stifler glares at Matt as he walks towards him.

STIFLER

Just tell me what's going on,
dipshit.

Matt pulls him into the house and whispers.

MATT

What's the worst possible thing
that could happen to us right now?

STIFLER

Our mom's already dead. What else
could happen?

Matt motions to the front door which is opening. CLOSE on a
pair of cool but FADED steel-toed boots entering the house.

PAN UP to the rest of the body, wearing cool, but old and
faded jeans and a leather jacket.

PAN UP to a mischievous GRIN that could only be the face of a Stifler man. CLOSE on Stifler's stunned reaction.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Fuck me... Dad?

STIFLER'S DAD, 60's, played by **MICHAEL KEATON**, takes a good long look at the living room and his sons.

STIFLER'S DAD

Well well well... Look at these grown up little fuckers...

Stifler and Matt look at each other, at a loss for words.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jim, Finch and Kevin pull up to the house in Jim's car.

JIM

I don't know how I'm supposed to help with a eulogy when Stifler can't sit down and reflect for more than five seconds.

Kevin shrugs as he grabs a case of beer from the back seat.

KEVIN

Relax, Jim. We're at the lake, there's nothing to do but reflect.

Kevin lets out a nostalgic sigh as he cracks a beer and surveys the surroundings.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Remember the "I Know What You Did Last Summer" party we threw here?

JIM

The one where Stifler slashed my favorite shirt with a hook and said he couldn't kill me because I was still a virgin?

KEVIN

Good times, you can't deny that!

Jim frowns as he watches Kevin house half the beer.

JIM

Kev... You okay?

Before Kevin can respond, Finch senses something amiss inside the house. He quickly sneaks over to the window.

KEVIN

Finch, what are you doing?

FINCH

Oh my god. He's here.

JIM

Who?

FINCH

Stifler's Dad.

Jim and Kevin both look stunned and crouch down to join Finch on this reconnaissance mission.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stifler's Dad plucks a beer from his jacket pocket and proceeds to make himself right at home.

STIFLER'S DAD

This place is a time capsule!
Didn't your mother update anything
after I hauled ass?

He half-heartedly inspects the photos and shelves. Hayley motions to Stifler to join her on the couch. As he does, Stifler's Dad whips around, grins.

STIFLER'S DAD (CONT'D)

That's a legendary piece of
furniture you're atop, little lady.
Bought that Summer '92, pure suede.
First time my back ever went out.
She was a gymnast though, so it was
more than worth it.

Stifler makes a disgusted face and takes Hayley's hand off the couch before approaching his Dad.

STIFLER

Hey, great disgusting story. I
can't wait to hear about more
places you committed adultery in
here, but before that, why don't
you tell us what the fuck you're
doing here?

Stifler's Dad makes a face he thinks a caring dad might make.

STIFLER'S DAD

Come on, Stevie. I was married to the little lady for a long time, only feels right to pay my respects.

MATT

Bullshit. He's here to see if she left him the house.

STIFLER'S DAD

Hey you little fucker, show some respect. Jeanine made a promise to me about this place.

MATT

Oh like the promise you made to not fuck every other woman in town while you were married to her?!

Stifler's Dad backs off, takes another sip of his beer, and continues to wander around the house.

STIFLER'S DAD

I know you two don't think much of your old man. Hey, it's not like I think too much of you, but the fact of the matter is we're family. So don't try and ice me out, fuckers.

Stifler, Stifler's Dad, and Matt all sneer at each other, wondering who will make the next move.

OUTSIDE, Finch peers in through a side window.

JIM

What's going on?

FINCH

It appears the three Stifler men are in a macho posture-off.

Kevin finishes his beer and heads to the front door.

KEVIN

Maybe we can break the tension.

JIM

Kevin, wait--

But Kevin has already knocked and entered, causing all Stifler family eyes to lock in on him.

KEVIN

Stifler, hey! We're just-- Wow,
hey, you must be Stifler's Dad!

Stifler's Dad gives them a sly grin.

STIFLER'S DAD

Bet you could tell from the smell
of pussy on my lips, huh?
(bursting out laughing)
Just kidding. I haven't licked clit
since 98!

Jim and Finch emerge from behind Kevin and Stifler's Dad lets
out another nostalgic chuckle.

STIFLER'S DAD (CONT'D)

Well I'll be fucking damned! Droopy
Drawers Levenstein!

Jim blushes and looks away like an embarrassed pre-teen as
Finch and Kevin look confused.

FINCH

Droopy Drawers?

STIFLER'S DAD

This kid's pants kept falling down
in the outfield. All of East Great
Falls Little League saw his tiny
knob dangling around like a second
outtie belly button.

FINCH

I suppose some things never change.

JIM

My pants weren't "falling down."
Stifler kept pulling them down.

Stifler hides a smirk, not wanting to give his Dad the
satisfaction.

STIFLER'S DAD

Well it's good to see you, DD. The
other two I have no fucking memory
of, but good to see you all old as
shit just like my boys.

Kevin swigs his beer, attempting that Stifler bravado.

KEVIN

Name's Kevin. I don't remember you either, but I bet you like to fuckin' party, and that lake is calling our names.

Stifler's Dad puts his arm around Kevin.

STIFLER'S DAD

Look at this! Maybe he's my son! Kev, I've got a little schooner just begging for me to get her wet again. What say we give it a spin and see what kind of pussy Lake Michigan has swimming in it tonight?

Kevin looks around at everyone else in the room, smirks.

KEVIN

Hey, why the hell not?!

Stifler's Dad gleefully leads Kevin and company outside as Kevin winks to Stifler.

MATT

Whoa. Kevin's kinda fuckin' cool.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Stifler's Dad leads the boys outside, a DOG YEARS FOOD TRUCK pulls up in the driveway. Oz hops out of the truck.

STIFLER'S DAD

Holy shit. Ostriecher from TV! The fuck are you doing here?

OZ

Mr. Stifler, hey. I've been back here the last few years. LA life just wasn't for me.

STIFLER'S DAD

Couldn't handle all the hot ass?

Oz shakes his head, and gives a polite laugh, and powers by.

OZ

I guess I couldn't. Is Steve here?

STIFLER'S DAD

Yeah that little pussy's inside.
Imma take the boys out on the boat
in the meantime! Come get fucked up
with us after.

OZ

...You fellas enjoy yourselves.

Oz heads inside, leaving Jim and Finch looking helpless.

INSIDE, Oz finds Stifler, Matt and Hayley huddled in the living room.

MATT

He's gonna fucking ruin everything!

HAYLEY

We just have to keep an eye on him,
I'm sure we can manage.

Stifler looks to Oz, then sizes him up.

STIFLER

Ozzie... You remember when we
played Pottsgrove Prep and they had
that prick who kept body checking
you when the refs weren't looking?

OZ

Yeah, you kicked the shit out of
him in the parking lot as we all
watched from the bus.

STIFLER

What if you returned the favor and
did that to my dad?

Oz blows this off, and heads for the door.

OZ

I'm going to start unloading the
truck.

STIFLER

Come on. You're the only one of us
that could actually take him.

OZ

How about we do our best to try and
keep him out of trouble?

EXT. STIFLER FAMILY BOAT - ON THE WATER - MOMENTS LATER

The boat cruises along, with Jim at the helm. Stifler's Dad stands along the side next to Kevin and Finch, beers in hand.

STIFLER'S DAD

Keep her steady, Droops! Damn,
gotta love that lake breeze!

Kevin takes a big drunk whiff of the air, while Jim and Finch look like they're about to be seasick.

STIFLER'S DAD (CONT'D)

I missed this lake. Broke my heart
when Jeanine got the house. Yeah,
it was her family's, but I was the
one that turned it into fuckin'
paradise!

He tosses an empty beer can into the water while simultaneously cracking a fresh beer. A true legend.

STIFLER'S DAD (CONT'D)

That's why you can never trust
women. A lay as good as my ex-wife
was bound to be trouble. That kind
of pussy haunts you!

Jim looks to Finch, who looks away, but nods slightly.

JIM

So Mr. Stifler, what have you been
up to all these years?

KEVIN

Whoa! Don't change the subject just
because you're happily married. Mr.
Stifler is on to something here.
Marriage is a curse!

Everyone looks at Kevin, as he finishes his beer then cracks another, though not quite as smoothly as Stifler's Dad .

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You fall for this person who you
think is going to provide stability
in your life, but the obligations
of keeping them happy lead to you
being stressed and unhappy about
shit you would *never* care about.

(another gulp of beer)

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And you can't even end things without having to worry about what all of your friends and family might think. OR what the fuck you're going to do with all of your stuff, your finances, your fucking furniture. It's a nightmare.

Jim and Finch look horrified. Stifler's Dad happily raises his beer.

STIFLER'S DAD

Here, here! I'm glad at least one of my boy's friends doesn't have shit for brains or a dinky dong!

Just then a few bikini clad women on jet skis ride by.

STIFLER'S DAD (CONT'D)

Speaking of pussy...

FINCH

(Murmuring)

No one was speaking of pussy...

STIFLER'S DAD

Follow that trim, Droopy!

JIM

Great. Can't wait to be arrested.

Jim reluctantly follows after the jet skis, who dock on a pad attached to another boat captained by a man roughly the same age as Stifler's Dad. The other captain tips his cap to them.

STIFLER'S DAD

Ah. A man of substance.
That's the life, Kev-Kev.

Kevin looks over longingly. He makes eye contact with one of the jet ski girls. They smile at each other. She then holds up six fingers on her hand, followed by one, then zero...

KEVIN

Is that sign language?

STIFLER'S DAD

She's giving you her number, fucko!

KEVIN

Oh shit. I missed like half of it.

STIFLER'S DAD

Then we're doing it the hard way.

Kevin looks to Stifler's Dad who pushes him off the boat.

STIFLER'S DAD (CONT'D)
Help! We're all out of life rafts,
and he can't swim!

The jet ski girls look horrified. The other captain shakes his head in disapproval, and begins to sail off.

STIFLER'S DAD (CONT'D)
Ah. Shit.

Finch and Jim run to Stifler's Dad's side.

JIM
Holy shit. Kevin you okay?

A jetski zooms over to Kevin's side. Kevin looks up to see it's a beautiful JETSKI GIRL, coming to rescue him.

JETSKI GIRL
Stay calm. Otherwise, you might
need mouth to mouth resuscitation.

Kevin weakly gives Jim and Finch a thumbs up as Stifler's Dad puts his arms around their shoulders.

STIFLER'S DAD
Now that's a man, boys.

Kevin climbs aboard the jetski then PUKES a puddle of disgusting booze vomit. The jetski girl shrieks, accelerating and throwing Kevin off the jetski and into the vomit.

KEVIN
Oh fuck... Oh god, what happened?!

JIM
Jesus! How is it Kevin and not me
floating in a pool of my own puke?

Finch half heartedly tosses Kevin a lifesaver, then pats Jim on the back.

FINCH
A sign that the tides of life can
always turn, my friend.

Jim sadly nods at this as a bloated Kevin clings for dear life to the lifesaver.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - THE NEXT DAY

As Hayley arranges the flowers around the room, Stifler and Matt look down into the casket, where Stifler's Mom lies, looking peaceful and serene.

NOTE: She is in fact wearing the purple dress seen in the original Stifler's Mom photo from 1999.

After a solemn pause, Matt nudges Stifler.

MATT

She looks good, right? I don't know, I thought she might look all saggy and zombified and shit.

STIFLER

Yeah, I guess.

MATT

Hey, we may need to game plan in case Dad makes a scene in here.

STIFLER

Don't worry. If he does that, I will absolutely fuck him up.

Matt pulls away from Stifler, incensed.

MATT

No man. I'm in better shape than you, I want to do some real damage.

STIFLER

Watch it, kid. Shooting at dungeons and dragons and shit on your computer doesn't mean jack shit.

MATT

I don't fuck with that nerdy shit, man. Let's go outside, I'll---

HAYLEY (O.S.)

--Guys!

They turn to see Hayley, who during their little squabble has perfected the arrangements in the room.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

They're going to start letting people in soon.

Stifler straightens his tie.

STIFLER

Thanks, Hayley.

Hayley nods and heads towards the entrance. Once she's out of view, Stifler gives Matt a vicious NUT TAP.

MATT

Fuck, man! Not in front of mom!

Matt leaps and puts Stifler in a head lock, they wrestle.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jim, Michelle and Jim's Dad get out of the car to see a CRAZY LONG LINE.

JIM

So many people. I don't recognize a soul.

Jim's Dad lights up at the sight of some of the mourners.

JIM'S DAD

On the contrary, I recognize quite a few of the Stifler clan here.

He points to ERIK and DWIGHT, two Stifler knock-offs.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

Dwight and Erik Stifler were fellow members of Beta House at the University of Michigan. They even ran in the event I started, The Naked Mile.

Behind them is an even lamer Stifler knock-off, SCOTT.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

And Scott, well I helped him and his high school pals reconstruct the famed East Great Falls High Bible after it was destroyed.

MICHELLE

Ooh, what's the Bible?

JIM'S DAD

Oh nothing, dear. Just a Book of Love.

Behind Scott is a female Stifler knock-off, STEPHANIE.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

And Stephanie, I don't know if we ever met formally but she's also a Stifler, a Girl One... You know what they say? Girl's Rules!

Jim and Michelle shrug as they head to the back of the line. As the doors OPEN, Stifler looks at the line of mourners as Hayley comes to his side.

HAYLEY

This is quite a crowd. Your mother was so loved.

STIFLER

Yeah, but... Something about this turn out is weird, right?

PAN SHOT of the line, it's obvious that the majority of mourners are creepy-looking middle aged MEN.

CLOSE on RANDOM MOURNERS, a RABBI, a grey haired BIKER, Stifler's LACROSSE COACH, BEAR from AMERICAN WEDDING...

BEAR

Sorry for your loss, Stiffy. She was a good woman. The only one I ever had!

Stifler looks GROSSED OUT, realizing his mom fucked all these people, as he heads back towards the receiving room.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LINE, Finch reads up on "Astral Projection Breathing Techniques" on his phone.

He puts them to use, breathing in a controlled sensual manner, freaking out nearby mourners.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Calm down there, Finchy. Don't blow a load all over us or anything.

Finch looks over to see JESSICA (NATASHA LYONNE) in a stylish black dress.

FINCH

Jessica, oh my god!

Finch goes to hug her but Jessica dodges it.

JESSICA

Maybe let your mourning wood subside before you hug me?

Finch nods but makes space for her in line.

FINCH

What are you doing here? I thought you moved to Madison.

JESSICA

I did, my wife and I got a nice little plot of land up there. But when I heard about Jeanine passing away, I had to pay my respects.

CLOSE on Jessica's face as she recalls a tantalizing memory.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

That woman was a sexual force. I can see why she haunted you.

FINCH

You slept with Jeanine too?! Why didn't you ever tell me?

JESSICA

This was years later. I took a semester off Junior year. I met her at a bar, mind you this was before I took the leap into the sapphic tradition. When I saw her, she had this face like she always knew she was going to conquer you.

Finch nods, knowing all too well.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

She taught me many things that summer, mainly that women were the only worthwhile sexual conquest. And don't get me wrong, I love my wife but... You never forget your first.

FINCH

You certainly don't.

As Jessica pulls out a flask and takes a reflective sip, she wordlessly hands it to Finch who does the same.

AT THE BACK OF THE LINE, Kevin wobbles in place, clearly still hungover as Oz and Heather approach him.

OZ

You okay, Kev?

KEVIN

Not really. I can't believe I tied on one with Stifler's Dad last night.

HEATHER

I can't believe he even showed up. I heard he used to have an ad up at Dog Years that promised "Eighteenth Birthdays Eat Free."

OZ

Well, he wasn't discreet, but... That's all I really have to say.

Stifler comes barging towards them.

STIFLER

Hey would you guys mind helping inside? This crowd is already a little too rowdy as it is.

OZ

I guess if there was ever going to be a rowdy wake, it would be this.

HEATHER

Steven, I just wanted to say how sorry I am for you loss.

Stifler looks down, processing the well-wishing.

STIFLER

Thanks, Heather. I appreciate it. Come on, guys.

Stifler nods and Kevin and Oz follow him, leaving a stunned Heather in his wake.

HEATHER

...Did he say my name?

Stifler stops in his tracks, snaps his fingers and turns back to Heather.

STIFLER

Fuck, choir chick, sorry, won't happen again!

Heather shakes her head, accepting the short term victory, and follows Oz and the Guys inside the funeral home.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

As the line files inside, the Milf Guys find themselves idling in the hallway leading towards the viewing room.

MILF GUY #2

Take a look around, man. We are surrounded by living legends who drank from the chalice. We must bask in their greatness to preserve our link to her glory.

The Milf Guys notice a TALL MAN in front of them. As the light catches his face, the Milf Guy's jaws DROP.

MILF GUY #1

Holy shit, dude.

Milf Guy #1 tugs on the Tall Man's jacket.

MILF GUY #1 (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sir... Are you Matthew Lillard?!

MATTHEW LILLARD gives the Milf Guys a gracious grin.

MATTHEW LILLARD

Yeah that's me. Nice to meet you.

The Milf Guys are now WIRED with excitement.

MILF GUY #2

Mr. Lillard, it is a damn honor! We saw "Scream" like one hundred times.

MILF GUY #1

Please pardon my inference, but... Did you have a physical relationship with the deceased?!

Matthew Lillard sighs as if recalling a great lost love.

MATTHEW LILLARD

Oh yes. Jeanine and I were involved.

Milf Guy #1 lets out a GUTTERAL MOAN, he's so happy.

MILF GUY #1

You're even more of a god than we thought!

MILF GUY #2

You must tell us everything! As a tribute to this fallen goddess!

MATTHEW LILLARD

Well, I took a road trip after wrapping "Without A Paddle" and ended up in East Great Falls. I was nursing a glass of Moscato D'Asti at a wine bar when I met her. Later that night, she guided me on the most sensual adventure of my life.

Milf Guy #1 FAINTS into Milf Guy #2's arms. Matthew Lillard attempts to give them a perimeter.

MATTHEW LILLARD (CONT'D)

Make some room! This man is suffering from intense sexual excitement!

Matthew Lillard and Milf Guy #2 fan the air to bring Milf Guy #1 back into the fold.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stifler and Matt stand by the casket, receiving handshakes and hugs from various DISGUSTING LOOKING MEN.

A GRIZZLED OLD MAN delicately holds Stifler's wrist with one hand as he shakes with the other.

GRIZZLED OLD MAN

So sorry for your loss, son. Shame you could never experience the best your mom had to offer.

STIFLER

That's fucking gross, thank you.

(to Matt)

I don't know how much more of this I can take.

MATT

Dude, that bald guy that just left slipped me some raspberry flavored condoms. Said he wanted her to be buried with her brand.

Next in the receiving line is Jim's Dad, who immediately gets teary eyed when he approaches the Stifler Boys.

JIM'S DAD

Boys... Your mother was one special lady.

MATT

It's okay, Mr. Levenstein. We know you fucked our mom.

Stifler swats Matt in the sternum as Jim's Dad mildly panics.

JIM'S DAD

I merely meant to say that your mother was one of the kindest, most compassionate and delightful human beings I've ever had the privilege of knowing. I will miss her dearly.

CLOSE on Stifler, some real despair welling up in his eyes.

STIFLER

(Under his breath)

Ah fuck...

He wordlessly gives Jim's Dad a big warm HUG. Jim's Dad is beyond moved, and the two share a tearful embrace that sucks the air out of the room.

Everyone (Matt, Hayley, fellow mourners) takes in this moment without trying to look like they're taking it in. Stifler breaks from the hug and leans into Jim's Dad's ear.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

I know how happy you made her over the last few years, so thanks.

Jim's Dad wipes away tears and gives Stifler another hug before taking one final look into the casket. As he tears up again, Jim and Michelle come to his side.

As Jim takes his dad away, he quickly locks eyes with Stifler, everything said between them in a look. Michelle stands there, unsure of what to do.

MICHELLE

Ah what the heck.

She turns back to Stifler and sweetly hugs him and pecks him on the cheek. Again, a moment that completely disarms him. She does the same to Matt before joining her family. Stifler stands, overwhelmed. Matt leans in, non-plussed.

MATT

Yo, I think Jim's wife wants to fuck me?

Stifler goes to swat him again but thinks twice before shaking the hand of a PONYTAILED BIKER wearing a leather jacket with TWEETY BIRD emblazoned on the back.

PONYTAILED BIKER
I'm terribly sorry. Your mother was very skilled in the sack.

STIFLER
Thank you very much.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Stifler's Dad shakes his head at the line as he ambles toward the viewing room. A mourner attempts to get in his way.

MOURNER IN LINE
Excuse me, sir, but there's a line.

STIFLER'S DAD
Pardon me, fucker, I only married the goddamn corpse in question.

As he barrels towards the viewing room, Stifler sees him out of the corner of his still tear-soaked eye.

STIFLER
Shit...

Stifler heads towards the receiving line, finding his Dad causing a scene nearby Matthew Lillard and the MILF Guys.

STIFLER'S DAD
You amateurs think you knew this broad?! I knew this broad! She was a debutante ass prude who didn't know nothing about fucking until I broadened her goddamn horizons!

Matthew Lillard gets in Stifler's Dad's face.

MATTHEW LILLARD
Hey buddy, we're all here to say goodbye. If you're gonna have aggro vibes, I think you oughta leave.

CLOSE on Stifler's Dad's eyes going DARK.

STIFLER'S DAD
Hang on. The guy from fucking *Hackers* is telling me to leave?
(MORE)

STIFLER'S DAD (CONT'D)

Only thing you can tell me is if
Angie Jolie's dick pillow lips are
as lush in person as they are on
the tube.

CLOSE on Matthew Lillard's eyes going DARK.

MATTHEW LILLARD

You must be her ex, ol' noodle
dick. She told me you couldn't stay
hard to save your life...

Oz attempts to come to Matthew Lillard's aid.

OZ

Mr. Lillard, please, you're making
it worse.

Stifler's Dad shoves Oz away.

STIFLER'S DAD

Stay out of this, Ostriecher. It's
between me and this has been twerp.

MATTHEW LILLARD

Are you talking to me or that lil
dangling failure between your legs?

CRACK! Stifler's Dad punches Matthew Lillard in the face. The
MILF Guys spring to action and attack Stifler's Dad.

MILF GUY #2

How dare you!

MILF GUY #1

You do not manhandle a legend!

As Stifler reaches the hallway, a full on BRAWL has broken
out between Stifler's Dad and the mourners. Oz and Kevin
attempt to break up the action, Jim and Finch look on
helplessly. Matt joins Stifler and shakes his head.

MATT

Great job taking care of this,
asshole.

Stifler, now a powder keg of emotions, shoves Matt.

STIFLER

Eat my ass, dicklick!

Matt pushes Stifler, and now all the brawling Mourners (and
Stifler's Dad) stop to watch this new fight emerge.

As the rage simmers on Stifler and Matt's faces, an ELDERLY MOURNER punches Oz, albeit very weakly.

OZ

Ow! What the hell?!

ELDERLY MOURNER

Ever since you took over Dog Years,
your brats are too dang fatty!
You're going to put me in an early
grave!

OZ

I'm sorry, sir. I appreciate your
feedback and the next meal's on me.

The Elderly Mourner releases Oz from his grip.

ELDERLY MOURNER

That's very kind of you. Thanks.

Oz smiles as the FIGHTING resumes behind him.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Hayley straightens herself out in the mirror, she calmly takes a breath before exiting...

...And sees the BRAWL TO END ALL BRAWLS. Every mourner in the place is punching, pushing, kicking, etc. Matt and Stifler have each other in headlocks, spitting in each other's faces.

MATT

Fucker!

STIFLER

You're the fucker, fucker!

COPS enter the scene and attempt to maintain control.

COP

Break it up! Break it up!
(then, re: Jeanine's
portrait)
Oh no. Not Jeanine!

SPIT. SPIT. As the cop separates them, both Matt and Stifler spit RIGHT into the Cop's face.

MATT

Oh fuck, that wasn't meant for you.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GREAT FALLS DETENTION CENTER - LATER

Stifler and Matt sit in one cell, and in the cell opposite theirs sits Stifler's Dad and Matthew Lillard.

MATT

I knew this would happen. You fuck up everything, you grown ass baby.

STIFLER

I'm the baby? You're the one deflecting by screaming at Xbox twelve year olds all damn day.

MATT

That's my release you cock-knocker. And at least I have one. You're a pent up sociopath who just gets drunk and tries to jizz out his frustrations in life.

STIFLER'S DAD

Nothing wrong with that, hoss!

MATT

Shut the fuck up, dad!

STIFLER

Shut the fuck up, dad!

Stifler attempts to stare Matt down.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

I spent my whole week planning this shit, organizing the proceedings while you dicked around!

MATT

Yeah, but you've barely said one thing about her since! You haven't even asked how I'm doing at all. You just care about checking those little boxes on your to do list.

Matthew Lillard walks to the bars of his cell.

MATTHEW LILLARD

Guys, there's no right or wrong way to grieve. The only thing you can do is give each other a shoulder to lean on in this truly tragic time.

STIFLER

(softening)
You're right.

MATT

Wait, did *Shaggy* fuck our Mom?!

A Cop enters, followed quickly by Hayley and the MILF Guys.

STIFLER

Aw fuck, don't tell me you guys got arrested too.

HAYLEY

No. We're bailing you out, dummy.

MILF GUY #2

And we're bailing out Mr. Lillard.
It's the least we could do.

The officers open the cells, letting Matt, Stifler, and Matthew Lillard out. Stifler's Dad tries to follow, but is stopped.

OFFICER

Not you, sir.

Everyone ignores him and walks out of the detention center.

STIFLER'S DAD

Don't you fuckers open that will without me! If I'm not there when it happens I'm taking both of your asses to court.

Matt turns around at the door.

MATT

Dad....Fist Yourself!

Stifler and Matt both raise their fists at the same time, laugh, and then immediately glare at each other again.

INT. STIFLER'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Hayley drives Stifler and Matt (currently passed out in the backseat) back to the lake house. Stifler looks out of the passenger window, bruised and defeated.

HAYLEY

Okay, so today was a disaster, there's no getting around that. All the better for tomorrow, right?

STIFLER

Hayley... Am I just a pathetic piece of shit?

(MORE)

STIFLER (CONT'D)

(before she can respond)

I know it sounds like pussy ass self-pitying but... I never used to think about the future. I just partied, drank and fucked my way through life. And for the most part, it ruled.

Hayley lets out a sweet small laugh, she feels for him.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

But then you look in the mirror and your hair's thinning out and the bags around your eyes get bigger and bigger and... I don't know, now that my mom is gone, maybe it means this time the party's really over.

Hayley pulls the car over to the side of the road.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

HAYLEY

I want to be fully present to tell you this. I know you want me to say everything you just said isn't true, but it is. I mean, you've had the same exact wardrobe the whole time I've known you and your apartment barely qualifies as furnished, you're not the most evolved forty-something man I've ever met.

(off his conceding look)

But maybe in the end this is a good thing. You need something to anchor yourself, to make meaning of going through life. You can only be untethered for so long before you end up spinning out alone forever.

And like that, Stifler's walls come roaring back.

STIFLER

Why would you say that? I'm having the worst week of my life, I don't need you to tell me that shit.

HAYLEY

What, no, I-- It's just--

STIFLER

--You're not my girlfriend. Fuck girlfriend, you're barely even my friend, you work for me! So don't think you can cross those lines with me, because you fucking can't.

Hayley attempts to covertly wipe away a couple tears as she puts the car back into drive.

HAYLEY

...I'm sorry.

As they pull back onto the road, Matt stirs in the backseat.

MATT

Yo, can we stop at White Castle?

STIFLER

(Quietly, Morosely)
Eat shit...

INT. DOG YEARS - NIGHT

Oz carries a stack of boxes through the messy restaurant. His foot slips as he steps on some ketchup, causing the top box he's carrying to fall, hot dog buns fly out of the box and onto the floor. Oz lets out an exhausted sigh.

OZ

God dangit...

The door opens with a DINGing bell.

OZ (CONT'D)

Sorry. We're closed!

HEATHER (O.S.)

Even if we work here?

Oz turns to see Heather and his kids. They run to his side.

CHELSEA

We came to help, daddy!

Oz scoops them into his arms, and smiles at Heather.

OZ

Alright, team Ostreicher. Let's get to work!

Oz and Heather kiss as their kids run off to the kitchen.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE PATIO - NIGHT

Stifler angrily sips another beer. A few errant tears run down his face. He wipes them away by shaking his head, hoping the power of his shake will stop them.

He's startled by RUSTLING in the bushes. He grabs a rowing oar and wipes away the remaining tears with his free hand. He collects himself, transforming into a macho home defender.

STIFLER

Listen here, assmo! I'm going through some shit and I can't begin to describe how badly I'll fuck you up if you don't leave me alone!

JIM (O.S.)

Stifler, it's me!

Jim trips over a bush and emerges with a six pack of beer.

JIM (CONT'D)

I thought we could square away the eulogy before tomorrow.

Stifler tries to stay in the shadows as Jim approaches.

STIFLER

Forget it, man. I can't deal with that shit right now.

JIM

Come on, you don't mean that.

STIFLER

Yeah I do. We're not all sappy wieners like you. I just want to get through this shitty ass week and be done with it!

Stifler takes the oar and tosses it towards the lake, heading back to the house. Jim stands there, actively angry.

JIM

You know what? Fuck you, Stifler!

Stifler turns around, confused.

JIM (CONT'D)

When my mom died, it wrecked me. I know the pain that's weighing you down and eating at you, and you can't face it alone!

(after a teary laugh)

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

You know, back in high school I hated you. We all did. We only really stuck around because you threw the best parties.

Stifler looks simultaneously hurt and proud.

JIM (CONT'D)

But somewhere down the line, in the decades that I've known you, you've become a friend. And a good one at that. You're one of the people that knows me best, Stifler, and that goes the other way around. But you have to let us be there for you during this or it's only going to get worse.

Jim places the six pack and a tiny moleskine NOTEBOOK on top of the beers on the ground.

JIM (CONT'D)

I wrote down a few ideas. Just some things to consider. You don't have to write a speech or anything, but I think you need to speak from the heart about how much your mother meant to you.

Jim waits for a response that doesn't come then walks away. Stifler picks up the moleskine, and flips through it before--

STIFLER

Jim!

Jim turns around. Stifler steps towards him. Jim can see now the crying mess Stifler has become.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

I appreciate it. What you said, how you've been there for me. And since our parents fucked we're practically brothers, but... we were brothers before that, too.

Jim smiles, maybe the sweetest thing Stifler has ever said.

JIM

Thanks, Steve.

Stifler steps towards Jim, and the two tentatively decide to hug. It's not as emotional as the hug with Jim's Dad, but it's a big step for these two. Jim turns to leave, then stops one more time.

JIM (CONT'D)

One thing that helped me process losing my mom was getting to know her better through the things she left behind. Maybe take a look around the house and see what sticks out to you.

INT. STIFLER'S LAKE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Stifler scans the stack of his Mom's Joni Mitchell CD's. He pulls one out and puts it in her archaic STEREO.

The muted acoustic strum of "**Cactus Tree**" is heard as Stifler sips his beer and just stands there and listens.

SERIES OF SHOTS- STIFLER'S NIGHT OF REFLECTION

--Stifler goes through photo albums, seeing photos of his mom in high school college, and having him as a baby.

JONI MITCHELL

There's a lady in the city and she thinks she loves them all.

Stifler pauses on a photo of himself at age 5 with his mom happily splashing alongside Baby Matt in the lake.

JONI MITCHELL (CONT'D)

There's the one who's thinking of her, there's the one who sometimes calls.

Another page in the photo album is Post-Divorce Stifler's Mom, on vacation with friends (and lovers), happy, free.

JONI MITCHELL (CONT'D)

She has brought them to her senses, they have laughed inside her laughter.

--OUTSIDE on the patio, Stifler looks out into the sunrise, looking at a recent photo of his mom, looking graceful and at peace on the patio where he sits.

JONI MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Now she rallies her defenses, for she fears that one will ask her for eternity...

CLOSE on Stifler's trembling, grieving face.

JONI MITCHELL (CONT'D)
While she's so busy being free...

As the sun hits the water, Stifler lets the tears flow, he's finally letting it all out.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Hayley sleepily walks into the kitchen, then smells the air, delighted. Stifler comes in from the patio, and smiles.

STIFLER
 Perfect. Breakfast is ready.

HAYLEY
 What is all of this?

STIFLER
 It's what my mom would do.
 (then, calling out)
 Matty, breakfast is on the patio,
 honey!

Hayley laughs nervously but follows Stifler outside to the patio and sees a truly lovely little spread.

STIFLER (CONT'D)
 I'm not good at this feeling
 shit... shit, so I'll say it fast.
 I'm sorry I snapped at you.

HAYLEY
 Thank you. You know...you're a good
 guy. Like, a really good guy. Not
 the guy you hide behind, but the
 guy inside you.

Hayley puts a hand on Stifler's. Just then Matt walks out.

MATT
 There's a guy inside you? I fucking
 knew it! Fa--

STIFLER
 --Matt, I know we're both going
 through some dark shit. But it's
 important for me to tell you that I
 miss Mom, I love you and we're
 going to be okay.

Stifler gives Matt a big hug. Matt immediately starts crying.

STIFLER (CONT'D)
Let it out, little Stiffy!

MATT
If you tell anyone about this, I'll
kick your fucking ass.

STIFLER
If *you* tell anyone I'll kick *your*
ass.

MATT
I miss her.

STIFLER
Me too, man.

Hayley quietly takes a bite of her waffle as she watches the Stifler boys mature in real time.

INT. LEVENSTEIN HOUSE - MORNING

Evan comes down the stairs dressed in a suit to find Michelle sitting at the kitchen table, hands clasped.

EVAN
Where's Dad and Grandpa?

MICHELLE
They went ahead without us.

EVAN
...Did I do something wrong?

MICHELLE
Not at all! There's nothing at all
wrong with masturbation.

Evan panics. He looks back up the stairs to see if he can just go hide in his room. Michelle leaps up from the table.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Sorry! Jumped the gun. Please just
sit, I promise to not be weird.

EVAN
Mom, you're always weird.

MICHELLE
Well, I promise to be *less* weird.

Evan sighs, and sits down at the table. Michelle then takes a bag from under the table and places it in front of Evan.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Your father and I know you're at an age where you're gonna get horny, and you're gonna want to skip school to stay home and watch porn.

EVAN

Mom, this is not less weird.

MICHELLE

And we wanted to let you know that's okay. It's natural, and normal. Sexuality is healthy for *both* men and women, and we just want to make sure you...and your future partners, take care of each other. So I went out and got you a few things.

(off Evan's suspicion)

It's a fleshlight, a few bottles of lotion, and condoms for whenever you happen to find yourself a partner. And when you do, I hope you're comfortable talking to us about it. We just want to be here for you because we love you.

Evan looks through the bag, then back to Michelle.

EVAN

Mom, this is actually really cool of you, in an incredibly insane way. But like...can you promise to not ask follow up questions about any of these things? Because I think that's my limit.

MICHELLE

Of course. Ask your father, we're great at boundaries!

(off Evan's oblivious nod)

Now come on, we need to get going. Who knows. Maybe there's a hot Stifler cousin there looking to up to make her parents mad!

She goes in for a hug, which Evan accepts. Michelle BEAMS.

INT. JIM'S CAR - DAY

Jim and his Dad drive to the funeral in silence.

JIM'S DAD

Tough day.

JIM

Yeah...

JIM'S DAD

You know what's kind of funny? I don't remember a single minute of your mother's funeral. Not that it was unmemorable or anything like that. I remember the kindness I received, the sadness and pain. But I had so much adrenaline pumping in my body to keep me going, to keep me upright, that it wiped me out!

(he sadly chuckles)

I guess my memory wants to remember the times we had with your mother over times like that.

JIM

Yeah, I know what you mean.

JIM'S DAD

What I'm trying to say here, son, is that Steven and his brother aren't going to remember the specifics of this week. Well, maybe they'll remember brawling in the funeral parlor...But the only thing they'll really remember is that their friends were there for them.

Jim's Dad sweetly pats his son's leg.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

I'm just so proud of you for being there for your friends like this.

As Jim parks in the church lot, he turns to his dad.

JIM

Dad... Do you remember those drug PSA's when I was growing up? Where the son does drugs because he saw his dad do it?

JIM'S DAD

Look, I only used marijuana because Jeanine partook. I don't condone it in any way other than it makes life temporarily fantastic.

JIM

No, that's not what I meant. I grew up watching you be there for everyone in your life, so at this point I don't know how not to do it. Whatever good I've done, it's because I learned it from you.

Jim's Dad gives Jim a big teary eyed smile and the two men HUG, just another demonstration of the Levenstein's love.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A priest addresses a massive crowd of mourners.

PRIEST

And now the eulogy from Jeanine's son, Steven.

Stifler nervously looks to Jim, Jim gives an encouraging nod. Stifler then turns to Hayley who does the same. He heads to the mic, takes in the room, and breathes.

STIFLER

As many of you know, Jeanine was my mother, and for that she deserves so much more than what life gave her. Because truth be told, I'm a asshole. My dad's an asshole and my brother's an asshole too.

Stifler nods to Matt who nods back, giving a thumbs up.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

But my mom was an angel. Just look around this room. So many people who she taught to love and be loved. And if there's a legacy to be left behind by her, it's that she was the most loved woman to ever live in East Great Falls.

MICHELLE

(whispering to Jim)

Is he giving a speech about how much his mom fucked?

JIM

(whispering back)

I think so...

Michelle looks oddly moved.

STIFLER

I loved her very much. Not in the way some of you did.

(then, to Finch)

Definitely, not in that way.

FINCH

(to himself)

Glad he cleared that up...

STIFLER

But she lived her life the way she wanted to, and it was beautiful. She fucked who she wanted, when she wanted, and I think that rules.

Stifler turns to see the now mortified priest.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Sorry, Father. I meant to say she was, like, free... The other night, I found a shelf of her old CD's, all of them were Joni Mitchell.

Normally I'd be like, fu--screw

(winking to priest)

This hippie dippy stuff. But instead I listened to it, and... It was like she was there with me. And I wish she was still here...

(tearing up)

So in the words of a woman you bought way too many CDs from... Mom, I hope you're still out there, somewhere, busy being free.

The crowd is shocked, weepy, and moved. As Stifler leaves the podium, a chill washes over the congregation. Then a hushed--

MILF GUY #1

...Milf.

MILF GUY #2

(a little louder)

...Milf.

Soon a "**MILF!**" chant begins to ripple through the crowd. As Stifler reaches his seat, Matt and Hayley stand to greet him.

HAYLEY

That was... Somehow... Beautiful.

The chanting is now undeniable, as the rest of the funeral home begins to stand and yell. Stifler and Matt reluctantly join in, giving way to the power of the moment.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Ellie wanted to start a family and I knew it'd fall on me to be more responsible for everyone and not just myself... So I decided it'd be easier to drink and become a deadbeat ex-husband stereotype than to fuck it all up as a dad.

Again, the guys stay silent as Kevin works through it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

She said I was too stuck in the past, which at the time, I didn't think was fair. But when I see you guys having these wonderful families, I... I just feel more behind than ever. Like I'm chasing a thing that doesn't exist anymore.

FINCH

Kevin, you're not behind. You're just living your life.

KEVIN

What life? I'm in my forties and I've got nothing to show for it.

OZ

Trust me, if you had nothing to show for it, we wouldn't be talking right now. You've always been the one friend we know that remembers the good times, and that's why we're all still so close.

JIM

But maybe it's time for some new good times... Is that deep or just really dumb?

FINCH

It's pretty inane.

Jim happily nods as if Finch just complimented him.

OZ

Kev, you're not going to solve your life problems today, but if you stay present and try not to wallow in it, I think you'll find what you're looking for.

Kevin nods, a bit teary eyed.

KEVIN

Thanks, guys. One day, I hope I get to be in the advice giving position.

FINCH

I don't know, you're pretty good at taking it... Much like James is good at taking it from his wife.

Oz and Kevin laugh, Jim shrugs.

JIM

Have you guys tried it? You have to build up to it, but once you're there? Jackpot, baby!

OZ

Alright, save the assplay talk for later, Jimbo. We've got a solemn party to attend. You good, Kev?

KEVIN

I think so. Guess it's finally time for the next step.

The guys smile as they help Kevin up. **Hit Or Miss** by New Found Glory plays as they walk towards the house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE, Heather and Michelle watch the boys.

HEATHER

Do all guy friends have deep talks on beaches like that?

MICHELLE

I don't think so. I'm glad we found some handsome pussies to marry.

HEATHER

Yeah...

INT. LAKE HOUSE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Oz returns and helps Heather finalize the food spread as Michelle marvels over it with a glass of wine.

MICHELLE

Guys, this looks incredible!

Heather proudly kisses Oz on the cheek.

HEATHER

This one was worried it wouldn't be enough.

OZ

It wasn't that. Just that this week, with the restaurant, the funeral home debacle, Kevin wandering around like an aimless drunk, the--

Heather taps his arm as if to say "That's enough."

MICHELLE

I know! It's like this one time at band camp, where the Tuba teacher Brendan took too many of the wrong pill, and died, creating an emotionally raw, sexual vortex that lasted all summer! Heck, our lil' Evan just tried to masturbate with lubricated snakeskin.

(off Oz's shock)

Sorry. I sometimes forget not everyone is a little pervy!

(then)

Ooh, turkey!

She gleefully takes a sandwich as she heads on her way.

HEATHER

Things are going to calm down after this, baby, don't worry.

OZ

I know. As long as you and the kids are with me, the hustle, the stress? It's all good.

Heather gives him a teary eyed smile as the two kiss. Dwight Stifler enters chugging a beer and BELCHES.

DWIGHT STIFLER

You brought subs? Fuck yeah, Nova!

He holds out a high five for Oz, who can't leave him hanging.

INT. LAKE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kevin sipping coffee, sits next to Jessica who sips scotch.

JESSICA

Kev, to me, this is the best possible place you could be. If I had stayed on the track I was meant to be in high school, I'd be divorced from the piece of shit MSU kid who plucked my V-Card and made me listen to fucking Pavement.

Kevin laughs, feeling a bit better.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Look. The guys aren't going to tell you that you're acting like a Stifler, or that you smell like shit, because they are your friends. *But* I'm a better friend and I'm telling you that you are and you do. Get your shit together. Besides, where would you rather be starting over like yourself? Or unhappy as another dipshit on a cul-de-sac with a kid clone of you re-living all your old experiences?

Evan walks past them, nervously grabbing his crotch, looking like the spitting image of Jim.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - BACK YARD

Evan mindlessly fills up a plate with appetizers.

RILEY (O.S.)

Wow. You're really gonna eat all of that at a time like this?

Evan looks up to see Riley next to him. He goes flush and drops his plate. He then scrambles to pick it all up.

EVAN

Sorry, I, uh-- Riley... Wait a minute, you're a Stifler?!

RILEY

God, no! My step-dad is.

EVAN

Oof. At least it's not in your blood.

RILEY

So are you enjoying your fifteen minutes of high school fame?

EVAN

God, no. I know it's only a matter of time before I'm found out and humiliated all over again.

RILEY

Yeah... Maybe we can get that taken care of today.

Riley tosses some appetizers off her plate at Evan, who looks shocked but then reaches for some of his own.

EVAN

Oh man, you're dead!

Evan and Riley engage in a silly little food fight.

RILEY

Good thing we're at a funeral!

Evan and Riley stop play-fighting and attempt to look solemn. They look at each other again and can't help but giggle.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Finch, Jim's Dad and Matthew Lillard, drinks in hand, stare off into the lake.

FINCH

So Mr. Levenstein, you were Jeanine's last lover?

JIM'S DAD

Indeed. A true honor in my life.

MATTHEW LILLARD

It's pretty rad to spend time with other men who've known the highs. It's like meeting other astronauts.

FINCH

Well said, Mr. Lillard. We are in wonderful company.

PAN OVER to see Stifler and Matt on the other side.

MATT

Not a bad job, bro.

STIFLER

Thanks. Aside from the clusters of men who fucked our mom all over the house, it's a nice little day.

CLOSE on Matt, something dawning on him.

MATT

Wait... Did Finch fuck our mom?

STIFLER

Yeah, but I fucked his mom right back. She came...twice.

MATT

Holy shit, dude. That rules!

Stifler laughs and nods.

STIFLER

(Grinning)

I know...

A COMMOTION is heard in the front yard. Matt and Steve go around back to see their dad getting out of a CAB.

MATT

Steve. You did an amazing job honoring Mom today. Let me take care of this.

As their dad staggers towards the door, Matt walks out.

MATT (CONT'D)

Dad! Hey!

STIFLER'S DAD

Oh, now you wanna hug your old man?

As their dad opens his arms, Matt takes a huge swing, PUNCHING him right in the face.

MATT

Guess what, POP? Mom left you a dollar. That's it. And she stipulated you use it to get your balls cut off. So get the fuck out or I knock you out.

Stifler's Dad crawls backwards on the ground.

STIFLER'S DAD

You're a disgrace to the Stifler name. If it wasn't for me, you two would be stains on the pages of a 1982 Penthouse. *Great* fucking year, by the way. *Lots* of bush.

(then to everyone around)

(MORE)

STIFLER'S DAD (CONT'D)

You're all a disgrace to the
Stifler name!

Stifler's Dad points to all of the cousins and family members standing around, as Stiflers from the "Presents" movies begin to throw beer cans at him, and chase him down the road. Matt returns to Stifler's side, they high five and laugh.

STIFLER

That was fucking awesome!

MATT

Hey, you think I could fuck someone here? I'm revved up as hell.

STIFLER

You are a Stifmeister, aren't you?

Stifler catches a glimpse of his watch as he puts a hand on Matt's shoulder.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Fuck, I gotta round up the guys.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Evan and Riley walk towards the fridge. Kevin idly stands by, picking at the Dog Years spread.

RILEY

I should probably make sure my mom hasn't drank more than a full bottle of wine. You wanna meet out back in like twenty minutes?

EVAN

Yeah, uh, sounds good!

RILEY

Cool, yeah... Um... Yeah!

As Riley leaves, Kevin smiles warmly at Evan.

KEVIN

Evan, don't let your dad know you met a girl at a Stifler party, he'd be too jealous.

Evan BLUSHES and immediately begins stammering.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Relax, I'm kidding. She's cute, you guys would make a cute couple.

A lightbulb goes off in Kevin's head as he leans in close.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

In fact, if you two do end up together, there's something in the East Great Falls High library that may be of interest to you.

EVAN

What do you mean?

KEVIN

My friend, you just inherited the bible.

Jim peeks into the kitchen, sees Kevin happily chatting with Evan and lets them have a moment.

Jim and Kevin lock eyes. Jim motions to the backyard.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - BACK YARD - DUSK

Kevin walks out to find Stifler and Matt by the water with the urn containing their mother's ashes. Slightly behind them are Jim, Finch, and Oz.

STIFLER

I know I gave a speech earlier, but that one was for my mom. This one is for me.

Hayley tentatively approaches the group. Stifler gives her a quick smile before taking a breath.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

This week has been a real pain in the cock, but it's nice knowing I--
(pulling in Matt)
We weren't alone during this.
My mom loved this fucking lake. It was the only place she was truly calm. So I think this is a good place to spread her.

CLOSE on Finch's EYES WIDENING at the word choice. Jim and Oz notice this and can't help but laugh. Soon everyone is laughing, Matt has tears from laughter and grief in his eyes.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)
Goddamn it... I bet she would've found that funny.

The laughs subside as Stifler and Matt slowly grab the urn, take off the top, and pour the ashes into the lake.

Finch watches the ashes drift on a breeze toward the nearby woods.

FINCH

This is a sign. It's time.

As the group embraces and takes in the beautiful sunset over the lake, Finch sneaks off.

On his way toward the woods, he encounters Matthew Lillard taking a piss.

MATTHEW LILLARD

Finch, hey. I wouldn't go too deep into the woods to piss. Whole lotta poison ivy back there.

FINCH

No, actually I was going to...

Finch looks at Matthew Lillard, a sad glint in his eye.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Hey Lillard... What would you say if I could give you one more minute with Jeanine?

Matthew Lillard turns back to Finch, seriously intrigued.

MATTHEW LILLARD

I'm all ears, bud.

PAN OVER to the Milf Guys, watching in awe from afar.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Evan paces around while on a FaceTime with Deke and Fetchko.

FETCHKO (ON PHONE)

No fucking way!

EVAN

I swear to God, she'll be here any minute!

DEKE (ON PHONE)

I told you, man. Being a sex freak got you the girl!

EVAN
 I'm not a sex freak!
 (looking around, then)
 ...Okay, maybe I am a little.

FETCHKO
 Speaking of which, we got you a
 little present. Check your inbox.

DEKE
 I'd wait until after you see Riley,
 though. Just in case!

EVAN
 ...Thanks!

Evan hangs up. He looks up towards the house but doesn't see Riley. Bored, he pulls up his Inbox and clicks on a subject line **A GIFT FOR EVAN.**

VIDEO of a trashy but alluring OnlyFans model clad in punk-aesthetic underwear. This is SNAKESKIN(Abbie Maley-esque).

SNAKESKIN (VIDEO)
 Hey Evan Levenstein, your friends
 told me that there's a rumor going
 around that you and I fucked.

Snakeskin grabs a WHIP almost out of mid-air.

SNAKESKIN (CONT'D)
 Well, you pathetic little shit, I'm
 going to make you pay for your
 dirty little lies!

Evan looks scared, but then almost IMMEDIATELY aroused.

RILEY (O.S.)
 Evan?

Evan THROWS his phone and faces Riley, grinning bashfully.

EVAN
 Hey! Um... There was... A...
 Spider?

Riley laughs as she grabs Evan's hand.

RILEY
 Come on, you weirdo, let's go find
 your phone.

CLOSE on Evan, red faced, but ELATED.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The guys head toward the house, Stifler and Hayley hang back.

HAYLEY

Well, boss, it looks like you pulled this off after all.

Stifler holds her closer, it's the first time we've seen him seem manly and intimate at the same time.

STIFLER

No I didn't. You're the whole reason this was only a minor fucking shitshow.

HAYLEY

You know, people at work are going to talk if they see us like this.

STIFLER

Eh, fuck 'em. It's worth it.

They KISS, sweetly and passionately.

BECCA (O.S.)

Ex-fucking-scuse me. What is this?!

They turn to see Becca on the sand with an overnight bag.

STIFLER

Becca?! Fuck are you doing here?

BECCA

I thought I'd surprise you and we could party after all the sad shit was over, but you're kissing this ancient fucking skank?!

STIFLER

We broke up. People don't go away together after breaking up.

BECCA

Um, when the breaker upper is this fucking hot, rules do *not* apply.

HAYLEY

Can I hit her?

STIFLER

Hold on a sec. I speak young hot party chick... I think she came here because she feels bad.

He notices Matt checking out Becca's ass.

STIFLER (CONT'D)

Look Becca, I'm sorry. I'm too old for you. My dick is busted and I'm losing my hair, all that shit. But my brother Matt is a younger, more successful me! Plus he's had a very rough week and could use some fun.

Becca looks over to Matt, who is now straight up FLEXING.

MATT

You've tried the Stiffmeister, but I'm the StiffMaster.

Becca groans, but quickly shrugs this off.

BECCA

Fine. Let's get fucked up and see what happens.

MATT

Nice!

He takes Becca's bag and they head up back towards the house. Matt gives Stifler a toothy grin and thank you nod. Stifler returns it and turns back to Hayley.

STIFLER

See? Now Matt gets laid and you don't hurt those beautiful hands.

Hayley shakes her head as Stifler leans in for another kiss.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - WOODS

Finch scours the woods, searching for a secluded area. He sets down his yoga mat, takes a seat, and enters his trance.

Moments later, he FLOATS into the sky with a **FLASH!**

INT. ASTRAL PLANE - A LOW KEY BAR

Finch sips a cocktail in an impeccable white suit.

STIFLER'S MOM (O.S.)

Oh, Finchy. I knew space and time wouldn't keep you from me!

PAN OVER to reveal Stifler's Mom beside him, in a white dress, an angelic aura glowing around her.

FINCH

Stifler's Mom.

(kissing her hand)

You have no idea how much you'll be missed.

STIFLER'S MOM

At least now, I can watch you and your little lady friend get to it any time I want.

FINCH

It will be an honor to perform for you... But what do you say we have one more for the road?

STIFLER'S MOM

Mm... You read my mind...

Stifler's Mom sits on the bar, and Finch begins to go down on her. Meanwhile--

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - WOODS

Finch is still on his yoga mat, but now his tongue is in the air and hands are up, as though he's eating a ghost's pussy. He slowly begins to remove his clothes.

INT. ASTRAL PLANE - LOW KEY BAR

As Finch and Stifler's Mom take their clothes off, BEAMS OF LIGHT illuminate from where their bare skin would be exposed.

Just then there is a knock at the bar door. They turn to see Matthew Lillard standing in the entry way.

MATTHEW LILLARD

Room for one more?

Finch and Jeanine wave him inside with looks of joy as though they are hobbits greeting Frodo in that elf bed as their three bodies blend into a BALL OF LIGHT.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Evan and Riley walk through the woods.

EVAN

So are you going to try out for the musical? I remember seeing you in *Bye Bye Birdie*.

RILEY
You saw that? Ugh, I looked like
such a dork.

EVAN
I don't know, I thought you
looked... Real... cute?

Riley raises her eyebrow, as if to signal a kiss, but soon they hear RUSTLING.

RILEY
...Did you hear that?

Through the woods they can hear the distant moans they race towards the noise to discover--

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - WOODS

Finch and Matthew Lillard stand naked, a few feet from each other humping the air in each other's direction.

FINCH	MATTHEW LILLARD
Holy shit!	Oh fuck!

Finch and Matthew Lillard appear to cum in each other's directions, snapping them both out of the trance, as they are sprayed with the other's jizz.

EVAN	RILEY
Oh fuck!	Holy shit.

Evan and Riley laugh and run away. Matthew Lillard and Finch open their eyes, and nod to each other silently.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - EDGE OF WOODS

Evan and Riley run out from the woods, amused and horrified.

EVAN
I don't know how we're ever going
to forget that.

RILEY
I've got an idea...

EVAN
Wash our eyes out in the lake?

Riley turns to him, places a hand on his cheek and moves in to kiss him. They MAKE OUT, it's clumsy but sweet. Evan pulls away for a second.

EVAN (CONT'D)
 This is because you're into me, *not*
 because of what we just saw, right?

RILEY
 (laughing)
 You're gonna have to be more
 confident.

Riley goes to kiss him again, but as she pulls him in, she's halted by the boner that is propping up his dress pants.

RILEY (CONT'D)
 (re: Evan's boner)
 Like that guy.

Evan looks down so embarrassed, but then looks up to her confidently, and pulls her in for another kiss.

INT. LAKE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle sees Evan and Riley KISSING outside. She excitedly nudges Jim.

MICHELLE
 Jim! Look!

Jim looks and smiles but in a Jim's Dad-esque mortified way.

JIM
 Oh... Okay, wow. Little guy beat my
 first kiss age by two years!

Michelle rests her head on Jim's shoulder.

MICHELLE
 Who'd have thought a nympho and a
 perv could have such a wonderful
 kid?

Jim sweetly kisses Michelle.

JIM
 Absolutely nobody.

IN THE OTHER ROOM, Matt has set up a karaoke machine, with Becca and a small crew of his friends watching.

MATT
 Welcome to Casa De Jeanine, the
 Stifler Lake Getaway that's a good
 time, all the time!
 (MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

My mom would want this party to
keep on going, so who wants to
treat us to a song?

Matthew Lillard, shirtless and satisfied, raises his hand.

MATTHEW LILLARD

I will!

MATT

Holy shit, the guy from "Dude
Where's My Car" who fucked my mom
is gonna sing. Alright!

The crowd APPLAUDS as Matthew Lillard takes control of the
karaoke machine.

MATTHEW LILLARD

For the record, I was not in that
movie. I've been in a lot of stuff
like *SLC Punk*, *Good Girls*, I'm
still the voice of Shaggy--

BECCA

--Just sing the fucking song,
Ashton Kutcher!

Matthew Lillard nods and smiles as he finds his song.

MATTHEW LILLARD

This is a song that always put
Jeanine in the mood.

"LAID" by JAMES begins to play as the whole crowd slowly gets
into it. Lillard morphs into a SHOWMAN just belting it out.

MATTHEW LILLARD (CONT'D)

*This bed is on fire with passionate
love! The neighbors complain about
the noises above! But she only
comes when she's on top!*

Matt and Becca start dancing close, actual party vibes have
finally been maintained.

IN THE KITCHEN, Jim's Dad samples the dessert options that
Heather and Oz have put out.

JIM'S DAD

Oh my, quite a dessert spread.

He stops at a DECADENT looking APPLE PIE.

JIM'S DAD (CONT'D)
 Apple pie, my favorite! Jim's too!

Jim's Dad starts laughing to himself.

HEATHER
 What's so funny, Mr. Levenstein?

Jim's Dad thinks it over then shrugs.

JIM'S DAD
 I guess enough time has passed.
 When Jim was a teenager...

BACK IN THE KARAOKE ROOM, Matthew Lillard hits the chorus.

MATTHEW LILLARD
Ah, you think you're so pretty-EEE!

Stifler and Hayley enter from the patio, hand in hand.

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM, Michelle nudges Jim again and points to Stifler and Hayley. Jim holds his beer out to cheers Stifler. Stifler cheerses back.

Stifler looks to Oz in the kitchen. They cheers.

Stifler looks over at Kevin still sipping a soda. They cheers.

Stifler looks over at a SWEATY Finch sipping whiskey on the couch. They cheers.

Stifler looks over at Matt, now GRINDING on Becca. Stifler shakes his head with a laugh, then the two CHEERS each other.

Finally, Jim's Dad emerges from the kitchen with a slice of apple pie. Stifler cheerses him. Jim's Dad sweetly holds up his pie as the song ECHOES through the house...

FADE OUT...THEN-

EXT. WOODS - MIDNIGHT

A small fire is off in the distance. ANGLE ON a candle, then another, then another. A CIRCLE OF CANDLES sit in a clearing. In the center of them the Milf Guys sit deep in meditation.

INT. ASTRAL PLANE - WHITE VOID

Stifler's mom sits, running her finger along the lip of a tumbler when the door creeps open.

MILF GUY #2
Excuse us, ma'am.

MILF GUY #1
Can we come inside?

Stifler's Mom waves them in.

STIFLER'S MOM
You bet your ass you can.

The Milf Guys stand in the doorway, eyes widening, jaws dropping, pants tightening. As light explodes out of them--

CREDITS.