

Delta Pi

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DELTA PI

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, AUSTIN -- DAY

For a town that is known for being high-tech and musically hip, the University of Texas campus in downtown Austin is all about tradition.

The bronze statues, waterfalls and tall brick buildings scream big, ambitious and bold -- just like the fraternities and sororities on the heavily treed streets close to the campus.

They are a strong reflection of the generosity of those Longhorns who attended generations ago. Close to the campus, is a three story fraternity house that looks more like a southern plantation estate than any of our fond memories of *Animal House*.

A few frat brothers come out of the house to check out the activities going on across the street.

EXT. GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE -- DAY

It's a sizzling hot Texas summer day and the perfect opportunity to repaint the Gamma Sigma sorority house before the start of a new school year.

Young coeds wearing bikini tops and cutoff jeans draw the attention of passing cars as drivers honk and wave.

Perched on ladders and step stools, the sorority sisters look more like they are posing for a tool calendar than getting any real work done.

Fortunately, along the side of the house one serious worker, JORDAN PERRY, loads a power sprayer with lavender paint.

Wearing a painter's cap, overalls, and mask, this girl is all business as the sprayer comes alive with the loud sound of its generator.

The girls on the ladders appear concerned when they hear the noise, but the group of fraternity brothers distract them by yelling and waving from the stately house across the street.

As the sprayer kicks into high gear the wind picks up. The streams of paint are carried towards the flirting girls. The lavender paint covers the lawn, shrubs, ladders, and the screaming sorority girls.

Not one drop of paint manages to make it on the house as Jordan drops the sprayer in shock. The air-powered hose takes the form of an evil serpent, twisting and spraying lavender paint at the fleeing girls.

INT. GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE HALLWAY -- DAY

It's chaos as the lavender-covered sorority sisters try to shower and scrub off the paint. Their screams are mingled with cries of pain.

Only Jordan is calm and unpainted as she rubs the back of her best friend, ALLISON with a rag.

ALLISON

That hurts.

Jordan dips the rag into a metal bucket.

JORDAN

Exterior paint won't come off without a solvent.

Even covered with lavender paint, Allison is a stunning contrast to Jordan's no-frills seriousness.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I don't know what was the problem. Fifty pounds per square inch, wind at seven knots, less than eighty percent paint volume...

ALLISON

Using a power sprayer was the problem.

Jordan shakes her head.

JORDAN

Six hundred linear feet. We have to use a power sprayer if we want it done before recruitment week.

ALLISON

That's not why I asked you to help.

Allison takes the rag from Jordan's hand and dabs a tiny spec of paint from Jordan's cheek.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

It takes a little longer for you to fit  
in.

A tear tries to break lose, but Jordan quickly wipes it away.  
A beautiful lavender coed, STACIE, comes over and points at  
Jordan.

STACIE  
Why is she still here?

Jordan eagerly pulls an application from her inner pocket,  
unfolds it and tries to hand it to Stacie until she notices  
Stacie's lavender hand.

JORDAN  
I'm rushing Gamma Sigma.

STACIE  
Rushing us?

Stacie grabs the application from Jordan and it sticks to her  
painted hand. She tries to crumble the application, but that  
only makes it stick more.

Jordan tries to help her, but Stacie pulls away. Stacie finally  
gets the application loose, throws it to the ground and stomps  
on it.

Jordan looks over at Allison for help.

JORDAN  
Maybe I should start looking for some  
other sororities to rush?

Now Stacie tries to get the application off her painted sport  
shoes. Jordan reaches down to help, but Stacie ends up riding  
Jordan's head like a bucking bull.

The giant bell tower on campus starts ringing the hours and  
Stacie falls off of Jordan onto her butt. Jordan jumps up and  
tries to help her up, but Stacie pushes Jordan's hand aside.

STACIE  
Are you crazy? Did you notice that  
we're all lavender?

Allison pulls Jordan towards the stairs.

STACIE (CONT'D)

After everyone gets done laughing at us, you'd have a better chance getting into a fraternity.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- DAY

The young men sitting at the rich mahogany table all look uncomfortable in their suits -- all except their leader at the head of the table, BRANDON.

He is everything a mother dreams of in a son -- perfectly groomed hair, bright straight teeth, and recently manicured fingernails.

Without even standing, he seems to look down at the three other frat brothers, JOSH, MALCOLM and FRANKLIN as he picks up the stack of applications and tosses them aside.

BRANDON

Losers and misfits. Twin wrestlers?

He shows a picture clipped to the applications of the two in their wrestling shorts.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

This is why some people shouldn't breed.

FRANKLIN

We still have to get about ten new frat brothers this year to make budget.

BRANDON

How many do we have so far?

He impatiently snaps his fingers as Franklin quickly counts the small pile and glances at the big pile of rejects.

FRANKLIN

Three.

Brandon gets up and paces around the room.

BRANDON

This is my last year. I want to leave as my legacy the best group of brothers that have ever been initiated into Delta Pi.

Brandon catches his reflection in the frame of a portrait.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

These drunken recruitment parties  
bring in the wrong type of  
applications.

He feathers his hair with his fingers.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Achievement, drive, breeding -- a  
Delta Pi man is a cut above the rest.  
We dress better, we study harder, we  
are this city's future lawyer, judges,  
and politicians.

He grabs the pile of applications and dumps them in the trash  
before leaving.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Get me some real men, men that follow  
the traditions of this house and all  
of our Delta Pi brothers that came  
before us.

INT. GAMMA SIGMA HOUSE THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Jordan comes out of the bathroom on the highest floor of the  
sorority house -- the refuge of the newest sorority sisters.  
She bumps into Allison who stands in the hallway, staring at  
her feet.

JORDAN

This bathroom needs another coat of  
paint, and I almost have the curtains  
done for my room.

ALLISON

I thought you'd get invited to pledge.  
These rooms up here were still empty,  
so I figured it was okay for you to move  
in early.

JORDAN

I have to live here.

Allison shakes her head.

ALLISON

You can't.

Jordan slumps to the hallway floor.

JORDAN

My mom was at Gamma Sigma. Her mom pledged too. My dad was over at Delta Pi. I can't drive in from Houston every day.

Allison joins her on the floor and puts her arm around Jordan.

ALLISON

Stay away from Stacie for the rest of this week and I'll try again after she cools down.

She pulls Jordan up.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Speaking of cooling down, let's take one more spin around the lake before things get crazy around here.

EXT. LAKE TRAVIS MARINA -- DAY

Stacie and Brandon are the last to arrive to what looks like the boating party of the year. Only a childhood beauty queen can pull off the cover up of lavender paint that Stacie has achieved with a combination of makeup, scarves, and dark sun glasses.

Brandon takes "business casual" to a whole new level with his all white attire. The others on the yacht wave their welcomes as a crew member helps Stacie step from the dock to the yacht.

EXT. ALLISON'S BOAT ON LAKE TRAVIS -- DAY

Allison helps Jordan adjust her ski boot before she pulls her ski over the side of the boat and sits on the edge.

JORDAN

The cove?

Allison shakes her head, no. Jordan jumps into the water as Allison takes the wheel.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Please?

ALLISON

You'll stay behind the boat?

Jordan nods as she grabs the rope.

EXT. WATER OUTSIDE ALLISON'S BOAT -- DAY

Jordan is a fantastic water skier; cutting back and forth across the boat and taking air whenever she crosses the wake. Jordan pulls out to the right of the boat coming even with it as Allison cuts the boat sharply to the left.

Jordan leans heavily back into her ski causing a tall rooster tail of water. Allison makes a circular gesture and points to the right as she steers the boat into a cove.

Jordan moves behind the boat and they enter a cove with glassy water and a wide sandy beach. Close to the shore is the yacht filled with Stacie, Brandon and the other party-goers.

As she turns the boat to leave the cove, Allison looks back at Jordan who makes a circular motion to go around again while holding the rope with one hand.

Allison shakes her head and turns back to the opening to the cove, but gasps as she spots a cigarette boat heading towards them. Allison cuts her boat sharply to the left, just as Jordan leans heavily back into her ski and causes a tall rooster tail of water.

She cuts back into the turn and the spray covers the yacht with the most water hitting Stacie who screams.

EXT. YACHT ON TRAVIS LAKE -- DAY

Even the expert makeup job cannot withstand the deluge of water from the Jordan's rooster tail. With the scarves off and makeup running down her face, arms, and summer dress, Stacie looks like a lavender zebra.

Her screams are more like a jackal as Brandon pulls her down the stairway.

INT. YACHT BATHROOM -- DAY

Brandon tries his best to keep his white things white, but he is no match for an out of control, Stacie.

STACIE

I saw her! It was her!

BRANDON

Who?

STACIE

The lavender girl.

Stacie searches around for a towel and discovers that Brandon already has all of them. He uses them to dry off a stack of papers.

STACIE (CONT'D)

You brought Delta Pi applications?

BRANDON

All these guys have sons that will be attending the "U". Willis, Decker, Senator Morgan.

STACIE

Morgan? His kid is only five years old.

BRANDON

Never too early for quality Delta Pi material.

Brandon folds up a few applications and places them in Stacie's purse.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Be a dear and type this up for my kid brother later tonight. I emailed you all the information.

Stacie's jaw drops.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I know, I know -- we had planned on drinks at Oasis later -- but seriously.

Brandon turns her towards the mirror.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

There is no way you'd want to go out looking like that. I'll get one of the boys to drive you home.

INT. GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE -- NIGHT

Stacie sits at the dining room table across from Allison. She looks like a lavender wet cat. She shoves some drawings back towards Allison.

STACIE

I wouldn't care if she were Christopher Lowell, I'm not letting her in.

ALLISON

The house could really use a makeover. Think of the big alumni party -- freshly painted walls, window treatments.

Stacie looks up. Her eyebrows are gone. There are still streaks of lavender paint across her face and hair.

STACIE

Makeover? You call this a makeover? I didn't plan on spending my last year at college hiding from cameras.

Allison glances away and notices a stack of forms next to an old typewriter.

ALLISON

Delta Pi applications?

STACIE

I think I'm the last person who owns a typewriter. Brandon wants his little brother's application to look professional.

ALLISON

Blood-sucking lawyer want-to-be freaks. Who the hell wears a suit when it's over a hundred out?

STACIE

Delta Pi was founded to prepare men for law school. Brandon demands excellence and he gets what he wants.

ALLISON

Including keeping Delta Pi as the only  
fraternity that hasn't gone coed.

Allison gets up and pulls out Jordan's crumpled and lavender  
application.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Don't you want that over-achieving  
asshole that you drool over to stop  
criticizing how this place looks?

STACIE

That asshole has a name -- it's Brandon  
Tyler Nellesen the third.

Stacie realizes that she has called the object of her affection  
an asshole and in anger she snatches Jordan's application.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Jordan Perry will never get into Gamma  
Sigma.

She tears Jordan's application into little pieces. Stacie  
looks at the Delta Pi application and back at the pile of torn  
pieces of Jordan's sorority application. Allison starts to get  
up, but Stacie grabs her by the arm.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Jordan. Sounds more like a guy's  
name.

ALLISON

She was named after her grandfather -  
five generations of her family were  
either at Delta Pi or Gamma Sigma.  
You've got to let her in.

Stacie lets Allison go and touches a missing eyebrow before  
putting a Delta Pi application into her old typewriter.

STACIE

Give me a few weeks to think about it.

Allison runs towards the stairs.

ALLISON

This is fantastic. I'll let her know.

Stacie nods as she concentrates to put the pieces of Jordan's application back together like a jigsaw puzzle. She starts typing on the Delta Pi application, while glancing back and forth at Jordan's application.

STACIE

(to herself)

Nobody appreciates a typed application as much as Brandon.

INT. GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jordan rolls her suitcase into the hallway. Allison helps with another bag.

JORDAN

Think about it?

ALLISON

For Stacie that means "yes." She'd blow a fuse if she had to think a full thought.

JORDAN

I'll miss all the other sorority recruitment parties if I go home now and pack.

ALLISON

I don't think they were an option -- we're all lavender. This way you'll stay out of Stacie's way.

JORDAN

You think I'm in?

Allison nods.

ALLISON

Nobody says no like Stacie. Just ask Brandon that. For Stacie, the lack of a no is a yes.

Jordan hugs her.

JORDAN

I'll be the best Gamma Sigma sister. I'll bring back all my extra latex

paint, brushes, sponges, glazes --  
this place will be a showplace.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM IN HOUSTON -- DAY

Jordan's room looks like it was copied from a designer showroom. She packs with the same flair -- studying the next object and then finding the perfect place for it in the open boxes.

AMANDA PERRY, comes in with a few rolls of toilet paper. It's easy to tell where Jordan gets her beauty, and her mother's face shines with kindness and warmth. She pats the bed and gestures for Jordan to sit down.

AMANDA

How about Susan Milstone's daughter,  
Brittany? Did you see her?

Jordan turns her attention to the stack of toilet paper. She finds room for one in a nearby box.

JORDAN

I was very busy. The house needed  
painting, the bathrooms were gross.

AMANDA

You need to have some fun, make more  
friends.

JORDAN

Not if I want to get into law school.  
I've been thinking that maybe the  
dorms would be better for me.

Amanda gets up and hugs Jordan.

AMANDA

Dorms? You silly. There has never  
been a Perry in the dorms.

JORDAN

I didn't expect it to be so hard to fit  
in.

AMANDA

Be yourself. These are the best years  
of your life and these friendships  
will last forever.

Amanda turns towards the door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Brunch in an hour.

Jordan nods as Amanda leaves. Jordan is down to packing the last roll of toilet paper as she squeezes it into an open box. The box starts shaking.

JORDAN

Aquinas?

Jordan looks into the box and pulls out a two foot long green iguana. She gives him a little kiss on his crusty green forehead.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I told you that I couldn't have any  
pets in the house.

She gently sets him down on the pillows at the head of the bed. Jordan takes a long hard look at the iguana and then shakes her head.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You wouldn't fit in.

She picks him up and places him on the floor as she heads out of the door with one of the boxes.

The iguana sprints back into the box with the toilet paper. This time the box is perfectly still.

INT. PERRY DINING ROOM -- DAY

It's like the last supper -- the table overflows with a celebration feast. Jordan picks at her food, but her father, PAUL PERRY holds up a glass of milk in a mock toast. He is confident and obviously proud of his only daughter.

PAUL

Here's to the twenty-third Perry at  
the "U".

Small wrinkles are starting to appear on his stressed face, but he's still a handsome man. He looks at his watch.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What time can you start moving into the house?

JORDAN

Anytime after four. I'm all packed. I can't wait to show you my room. I'm going to paint it burnt orange.

She turns to her mother.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Burnt orange is the new red.

The tender moment is interrupted by the loud arrival of STANTON PERRY, 26. He is the full package -- great looks, a strong build, and the kind of bright white teeth that will take him anywhere he wants to go in life.

STANTON

I did it.

JORDAN

Number one or number two? Did you remember to flush?

Stanton frowns at Jordan and prepares for a battle, but then remembers the source of his joy. He pulls out a sheet of paper.

STANTON

I made the list.

He decides to cut Jordan off at the pass. He shows it to her.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Associate candidates, not the most wanted list, not the list of dumbest criminals, not the worse dressed list...

Jordan holds up her hands innocently, as Paul jumps up and grabs the paper from Stanton's hand. He studies it.

PAUL

Duncan, Ellis, and Myers are all on the associate selection committee.

Amanda perks up.

AMANDA

Pete Ellis? Kirk Myers? Weren't they at Delta Pi with you?

Paul nods smugly and winks at Stanton.

PAUL  
Nothing like the fraternity of brotherhood to get you what you want.

Paul puts his arm around Stanton.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Let's go into the den. We need a strategy. Ellis is going to be your problem.

Jordan stands up and starts clearing the table.

JORDAN  
We're still leaving at two?

Paul looks over at Amanda.

PAUL  
You drive her. It will give you girls time to talk about all that sorority stuff.

Jordan hides her disappointment by quickly taking the plates into the kitchen.

INT. GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE -- DAY

Jordan carries a box into a small room with her mother following.

AMANDA  
The memories of this place takes my breath away.

Amanda sits down on the bed. Jordan starts unpacking. Aquinas the iguana manages to sneak out of the box and runs under the bed.

Jordan pulls open a drawer on the desk and it falls to the ground.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
You'll have this place fixed up in no time.

JORDAN

Peeling paint, rotting decks, and I think I saw vinyl in the bathroom. Even the dorms are better than this.

Amanda gets up and puts her arm around Jordan.

AMANDA

Forget the dorms. After you rush Gamma Sigma next week, you'll have new sisters that will help you get this house in shape.

Amanda looks around the room.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I know it's small, but next year you'll be on the second floor.

JORDAN

Small? Just because I'll be rearranging the furniture every time I bend over -- I wouldn't call it small.

Jordan gives her a kiss on the cheek and guides her mother out the door.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM AT GAMMA SIGMA -- LATER

Jordan paints the walls another coat of burnt orange as Allison pokes her head into the room and looks around.

ALLISON

I thought my roommate was ugly.

Jordan's iguana sits with an opened book on the other bed. He looks like he's reading it.

JORDAN

Did you ask her?

ALLISON

She's not around.

Allison ventures into the room, goes over to the iguana and flips the page. The iguana's bobbing head looks like a gesture of thanks.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You know you can't have pets, right?

JORDAN

He hid in one of my boxes.

ALLISON

Until I get your pledge invitation,  
make sure nobody sees you or your  
roommate.

INT. FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- DAY

Brandon flips through a stack of new applications. Josh, Malcolm and Franklin have proud looks on their faces as Brandon nods and places a few in a pile.

BRANDON

Better. You're meeting my objectives  
this time. How'd you do it?

Josh smiles proudly.

JOSH

Went to the library. Passed out  
applications.

MALCOLM

Did you know that the library stays  
open all summer? Some freshmen were  
already in there studying.

Brandon continues through the stack, but stops and frowns at one application.

BRANDON

Troy Stein. Your geeky brother?

Franklin drops his head, but then pats the small pile again.

FRANKLIN

Only eight and we still need ten. The  
house needs cleaning. Troy is a hard  
worker.

Brandon tosses the application into the reject pile and looks hard at Franklin.

BRANDON

He's not Delta Pi material. You were a stretch, Frankie.

Franklin grabs the reject pile.

FRANKLIN

What about those twin wrestlers?

One remaining application is in Brandon's hand.

BRANDON

Typed. Impressive. Jordan Perry. Anyone know him?

The group shakes their heads.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Perry. Sounds familiar.

FRANKLIN

One of the founding brothers was a Perry.

Josh grabs the application and reads it.

JOSH

Dude's old man is at Duncan Morgan in Houston. I don't want to step on the toes of a guy who can give me a job someday.

BRANDON

Perry -- now I know where I've heard that name.

Brandon holds up the application.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Stanton Perry was the frat president my freshman year. Made my life hell.

Brandon tosses Jordan's application into the accepted pile.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

It will be fun to torture Stanton's little brother. What comes around...

MALCOLM

Like the circle of life, right?

FRANKLIN

What about Troy?

Brandon shakes his head.

BRANDON

We're not that desperate.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM AT GAMMA SIGMA -- DAY

Jordan finishes putting up curtains as Allison reads a magazine with her legs propped up on the desk. Jordan shakes her head as she pushes one of Allison's tanned legs aside to pick up a pile of mail.

JORDAN

What a tan -- you must have ate, slept,  
and whatever on the beach.

ALLISON

Didn't do much whatevering, but I did  
meet a nice lawyer on the plane home.

JORDAN

You with a lawyer? No way.

ALLISON

That's what I said after I found out  
he had a turd in his pocket.

JORDAN

A turd?

ALLISON

It's this new airline rule that makes  
everyone carry a picture ID.

Jordan tosses the mail at Allison.

JORDAN

My mom sent me all my mail today. I'm  
still getting about five credit card  
applications a day.

She gathers the letters up and starts to toss them into the trash, but something catches her eye. She plucks one envelope out of the pile.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Weird - it's from Delta Pi.

ALLISON

I bet it's your pledge invitation. Stacie was probably too cheap to buy envelopes this year and stole some from the guys.

JORDAN

It's about time. I was getting worried. I went over to the dorms and student housing today -- everything is filled up. No apartments, no rooms in town -- nothing.

Jordan rips open the letter and quickly scans it. She bites her lip as she hands it to Allison.

INT. GAMMA SIGMA TELEVISION ROOM -- DAY

Allison storms into the room holding the letter. Stacie and a group of sorority sisters watch a soap opera. Allison thrusts the letter in front of Stacie.

ALLISON

This was cruel.

Stacie sticks out her leg from under a lap blanket. It's slightly lavender.

STACIE

This was cruel. That was a joke.

ALLISON

You said you'd think about letting her pledge.

STACIE

I didn't say here. You're the one who said they wanted the best over at Delta Pi. Let her go over there and paint them pink.

ALLISON

What will your precious Brandon think when he finds out you did this?

STACIE

Brandon has a sense of humor.

ALLISON

Yeah, right. It's about the same size  
as his...

Stacie tosses a pillow that hits Allison before she can finish  
the sentence.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM AT GAMMA SIGMA -- DAY

Jordan scans the classified section of the paper as Allison  
comes back in and sits next to her.

ALLISON

You okay?

She nods.

JORDAN

Guess I better find a new place to live  
before Stacie kicks me out.

Allison smooths out the Delta Pi letter.

ALLISON

If you get desperate, this pledge  
offer is for real. You can even rent  
a room over there.

JORDAN

Me live with a bunch of naked guys  
burping and farting?

ALLISON

It says four rooms are available and  
at half of what it costs over here.

Jordan highlights a few want ads.

JORDAN

I can't afford any of these  
apartments, but if I can get some other  
girls together, there are a few houses  
that I can rent.

Allison leans over and reads the advertisements.

ALLISON

You and your ten closest friends. How are you going to get your folks to pay for that?

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN

I have a plan.

EXT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- DAY

Jordan stands on the doorstep of the Delta Pi frat house with the letter in her hand. She is met at the door by a plump, yet serious MRS. TORREY. She is the beloved, yet feared housemother.

MRS. TORREY

Why the hell are you knocking? Door was open.

JORDAN

I didn't know it was okay to come in.

MRS. TORREY

(mumbling)

We buy 'em the books and send 'em to school, and they can't even figure out to open the damn door?

Jordan thrusts the letter towards Mrs. Torrey.

JORDAN

I need to talk to Franklin Stein.

Mrs. Torrey ignores the letter and turns around.

MRS. TORREY

Third door on your left.

INT. FRANKLIN'S ROOM -- DAY

Franklin has a seriousness to him that comes partly from his geeky appearance and the other part from the mound of papers that surround his computer.

Jordan taps on the partially open door, but doesn't wait for an invitation as she tosses the letter on Franklin's desk.

JORDAN

I'm Jordan Perry.

Franklin leans back and admires Jordan's spunk.

FRANKLIN

You're Jordan Perry?

She nods.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

You're trying to rush us? Never heard of a girl trying to bust into a fraternity like Delta Pi. Over a hundred years of men only. Tried to go coed in the eighties and a few campuses broke down and let the girls in - but this is Texas.

JORDAN

Stacie over at Gamma filled out my application. I guess as some sort of twisted revenge.

FRANKLIN

The lavender girl.

A smile breaks out across his face, but Jordan doesn't notice as she pulls out the classified section of the newspaper from her backpack.

JORDAN

I'll make you a deal. I'll tear up this letter if you help me start a law sorority sponsored by Delta Pi.

FRANKLIN

A law sorority? Doesn't sound like much fun.

Jordan ignores his smirk.

JORDAN

You're the Delta Pi representative on Interfraternity Council. I found a house to rent, I need a Greek charter for the landlord to rent it to me next month with the money I have.

Franklin shakes his head, no.

FRANKLIN

I'll make you a deal.

He takes Jordan's letter and the classified section.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I want you to accept this offer from Delta Pi and move in. You live here for one month and then I'll talk to the council about your sorority.

JORDAN

Live here? Why?

FRANKLIN

I want to prove a point and you're going to help me.

JORDAN

How?

FRANKLIN

I want my little brother to get into Delta Pi. If you move in, then Brandon will get his nose rubbed in the mistake he made.

She crumples up the letter and crams it into her pocket.

JORDAN

Thanks a lot for comparing me to a pile of shit. No deal.

INT. GAMMA SIGMA HOUSE THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jordan climbs to the third floor and is almost knocked down by screaming girls fleeing the rooms beyond hers. After she recovers, she is almost knocked down by Brandon running past her up the stairs.

When the girls see a hunk like Brandon, they turn around and follow Jordan and Brandon back up to the third floor. Brandon freezes when he reaches the top step causing Jordan and the other girls to step back down a few steps.

There at the end of the third floor hallway is Aquinas the iguana. It looks like a shoot out at the OK Corral. Brandon faces Aquinas and the iguana bobs his head in defiance.

Brandon squats low as he approaches the iguana. Aquinas looks for an escape route to the left and right. There is one open door -- the bathroom, but Brandon now holds that position.

Brandon looks like he's ready to block a hockey puck as he closes in on Aquinas. With a lunge, he grabs onto the lizard and then screams in pain. Aquinas darts between his legs, runs into the bathroom, and closes the door.

With a click, we hear the door shut and then another click and the lights go out. Brandon grabs the door handle.

BRANDON

Damn thing has locked himself in there and he's turned out the lights. Stand back. It's one of those poisonous Texas Horned Lizards.

Brandon steps back and charges the door. It's the kind of door from an era when real wood was used. It doesn't budge. He grabs his shoulder in pain.

Jordan reaches around him and up on the trim above the door and pulls down a key and unlocks the door.

She flicks on the light, reaches in and picks up Aquinas from the top of the toilet. She shows him to the girls.

JORDAN

Our state reptile, the Texas Horned Lizard is not poisonous. Sure people hurt themselves by stepping on them, but this is an iguana. Like his cousin he's harmless.

BRANDON

He locked the door and turned off the light.

Jordan reaches down and jiggles the door knob.

JORDAN

The door locked itself when his tail swished by and the wind from the open window sucked the door closed. His tail clicked the light off when he jumped on the toilet. Your screaming scared him.

BRANDON

He bit me.

JORDAN

You grabbed his spines. Iguanas  
don't bite.

By now Stacie has ventured onto the third floor and runs immediately to Brandon who holds his hand and shoulder. After comforting him she turns in anger towards Jordan.

STACIE

What are you and that thing doing here?

Jordan gestures towards Brandon.

JORDAN

I wouldn't call him a thing. Poor guy  
couldn't beat up a lizard, but he  
probably still has feelings.

Stacie points at Aquinas.

STACIE

That thing. I want you and that  
lizard out of here in the morning.

Jordan holds Aquinas close as she heads towards her door.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM AT GAMMA SIGMA -- DAY

Jordan packs her stuff into a few bags as Allison packs some boxes.

ALLISON

What did your mom say?

JORDAN

I didn't call her. One more time that  
I didn't meet the standards for being  
a Perry.

ALLISON

Maybe being a Perry isn't where you  
should set the bar.

Allison comes over and hugs Jordan.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

It's going to be alright. I've got a few bucks left over from the summer and that along with your credit cards -- we can get you into a hotel for now and figure out what to tell your folks later.

JORDAN

I'm on the wait list at the dorms, and I put up some flyers for a roommate.

Allison holds up the crumpled Delta Pi letter.

ALLISON

You want this?

Jordan takes the letter and smooths it out.

JORDAN

Delta Pi. The one place on campus that wants me is the one place I can't go.

She reads the letter again.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Delta Pi. Between my dad, grandpa, and Stanton -- that's all I heard growing up. The honor, the friendships that last a lifetime.

Jordan starts pacing.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Even if I'm only there for a short while, I can put it on my resume. I'm Jordan Perry, I was at Delta Pi with your son.

Now she is excited.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It's the key to getting into the best law schools, the best jobs -- even making partner.

Jordan starts packing faster.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Delta Pi. It's where I belong.

Allison is shocked as she looks over at the iguana. He's bobbing his head in agreement.

EXT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- DAY

Jordan starts to knock on the door, but instead manages to put one of her bags under her arms and twist the door knob open. She falls backwards onto the porch.

Mrs. Torrey comes out, helps Jordan up and grabs one of the bags as Jordan grabs the rest.

MRS. TORREY

What worthless frat brother makes his  
little sister schlepp his luggage?

Jordan sets down one of the duffel bags and pulls the letter from her pocket.

JORDAN

I'm a new frat brother.

Mrs. Torrey sets down the bag inside and puts both hands on her hips.

MRS. TORREY

I'm getting old, little girl, but  
these eyes can see that you are no frat  
boy.

Mrs. Torrey picks the bag up and sets it back out on the porch.

MRS. TORREY (CONT'D)

I'm too busy for these Hell Week  
pranks. Get lost.

Mrs. Torrey slams the door in Jordan's face.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- DAY

Franklin comes up behind Mrs. Torrey.

FRANKLIN

Was that Jordan?

MRS. TORREY

Heck if I got her name, I've got lots to do.

Franklin opens up the front door. Jordan still stands there until Franklin pulls her inside. Jordan hands Mrs. Torrey the letter and puffs out her chest.

JORDAN

I have an invitation letter.  
Franklin verified it.

Mrs. Torrey holds up her hand to silence Jordan as she examines the letter. She turns on Franklin.

MRS. TORREY

What were you thinking? I'm old, but even I can see she's a girl. Is this your new way to get chicks?

Now she turns her attention to Jordan as Franklin tries to slink out of the room. Mrs. Torrey manages to grab Franklin by his ear, causing him to scream as she berates Jordan.

MRS. TORREY (CONT'D)

What girl in her right mind would want to live with a bunch of smelly, puke-encrusted animals?

JORDAN

The dorms are full and my sorority kicked me out. I have no where else to go.

MRS. TORREY

Ain't no way these guys are going to let a girl live here. This ain't New York City.

JORDAN

They probably won't even notice me and if they do, I'll be so helpful -- they'll let me stay. They have to be reasonable.

Mrs. Torrey gestures for Jordan to follow her inside as she shakes her head and releases poor Franklin. He dashes down the hall.

MRS. TORREY

Reasonable men? Oldest oxymoron on the planet. Brandon is everything but reasonable.

JORDAN

Brandon? Stacie's Brandon? Lizard Brandon?

MRS. TORREY

Little piece of advice. Don't talk about lizards around Brandon. Don't know why, but that's all he's been talking about is how much he hates those things.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM IN THE DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- DAY

The tiny room isn't much to work with, but Jordan unpacks her paint brushes, a few cans of paint and some curtains.

She takes some measurements, makes some sketches and then takes a deep breath before leaving the room.

JORDAN

(to herself)

Got to fit in.

Aquinas the iguana comes out from underneath the bed and bobs his head as he watches her go.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE KITCHEN -- DAY

Jordan finds her way to the kitchen. An exhausted Mrs. Torrey sits at the cutting table pulling the skins off some onions.

MRS. TORREY

Don't get in my way little girl. If I don't feed those animals soon, they'll start eating the furniture.

JORDAN

If you hate these guys so much, why do you work here?

MRS. TORREY

Fantastic pay, short hours, great incentives and benefits.

JORDAN

I never would have thought that.

MRS. TORREY

Neither do these animals. I get  
shitty pay, they hate my food and I  
work my ass off.

Mrs. Torrey pulls out a knife and starts to chop up the onions  
with finesse.

MRS. TORREY (CONT'D)

The only good part of the job is that  
I always get my way.

Mrs. Torrey points the knife at her.

MRS. TORREY (CONT'D)

Never underrate that, little girl.

Jordan looks at a large bubbling pot.

JORDAN

What's this?

MRS. TORREY

Let's see it's Tuesday, so Curried Chi  
Tan Noodle soup.

JORDAN

Sounds delicious and healthy.

MRS. TORREY

I get more nourishment from biting my  
fingernails, but these guys don't give  
me much of a budget to work with.

Jordan smells the soup and wrinkles up her nose.

JORDAN

What is in this?

Mrs. Torrey smiles.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I don't want to know?

MRS. TORREY

You're learning, little girl.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Brandon, Josh, and Malcolm sit at the dining room table.

BRANDON  
Grub is late again. Where is that old  
lady?

Brandon looks towards the kitchen door as Mrs. Torrey comes bursting through with the steaming pot. Jordan follows her carrying a stack of bowls. Brandon stares at Jordan.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Lavender lizard girl. What the hell  
are you doing here?

He turns to Mrs. Torrey.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
I didn't authorize you to hire help.

Jordan gets up and approaches Brandon. She sticks out her hand.

JORDAN  
Jordan Perry, a new pledge.

Brandon pushes back his chair and looks at Josh and Malcolm.

BRANDON  
This some kind of a joke?

MALCOLM  
I remember a Jordan Perry. Guy's dad  
is at Duncan...

BRANDON  
Guy -- I approved a guy.

Jordan sets the bowls down next to the pot and Mrs. Torrey starts filling each one as Jordan sets them in front of the hungry guys.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Pre-law frat brothers. Brothers,  
guys, real men.

JORDAN  
You approved me -- a pre-law major just  
like you. Delta Pi was founded as a

place for pre-law majors to gather and study together.

As she sets a bowl down in front of Brandon, Jordan's iguana creeps into the room. Brandon jumps and the bowl spills hot soup into his lap. The bowl bounces to the floor and ends up on the iguana's head as it darts towards the kitchen.

BRANDON

I want you and that ugly lizard out of here tonight.

Jordan runs after her iguana. Brandon gets up and glares at Josh and Malcolm.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

This was your fault. You two were supposed to screen those apps. You two numb nuts make sure she gets the hell out of here before I get back.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jordan runs into her room, holding her iguana and throws open the closet door. She grabs an empty box and starts throwing stuff into it. The iguana gets covered in panties, socks, and t-shirts. There is a tap on the door.

Jordan flings it open to a smiling Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Fantastic. Amazing. What a performance.

JORDAN

Amazing how one person can be thrown out of two Greek houses in one day?

FRANKLIN

You did it. Brandon admitted that he screwed up and he's letting Troy move in tomorrow.

Jordan sinks onto the bed.

JORDAN

At least I can stay here tonight.

FRANKLIN

Tonight? You get to stay for at least two weeks. After you get invited to pledge, they have to vote you out after recruitment and hell weeks are over.

Jordan jumps up.

JORDAN

I'm getting out tomorrow. We had a deal. Troy got in, I'm getting out.

FRANKLIN

I need you to stay. Troy didn't get invited to pledge - Brandon said he could stay here for recruitment week and if they don't find anyone better...

JORDAN

Better? That's how the Greek system works?

FRANKLIN

Yeah it sucks, but Troy is going into law and he needs Delta Pi. You need a cheap place to live while I help you drum up renters for your house and get your charter approved. Next council meeting is in one month.

JORDAN

So it's deal or no deal?

FRANKLIN

Exactly. You be the decoy for Troy and Brandon will be spending so much effort getting rid of you, Troy will slip by.

JORDAN

You ever seen what happens to the decoy when it is mistaken for the real duck? I'm not sure I want to have my head blown off.

INT. JORDAN'S BATHROOM -- DAY

A sleepy Jordan walks into her bathroom. TROY STEIN spins around and spits out his toothbrush and sprays toothpaste juice all over the mirror and Jordan. They both scream.

Troy chokes for a minute on the toothpaste, then recovers.

He is not at all like his geeky brother, Franklin. If he were taller, he could pass for a male model. His boyish good looks are hidden by a mass of hair stuck in a perpetual bad hair day mode.

JORDAN

What are you doing?

TROY

My brother said you were smart.

Troy picks up his toothbrush and shows it to her.

TROY (CONT'D)

Can't even figure out what I'm doing with this?

JORDAN

Who are you and what are you doing in my bathroom?

TROY

Our bathroom. My room connects through there. I'm Troy Stein, your new bath mate.

JORDAN

Franklin's brother. The one I'm a decoy for.

TROY

Decoy? Like a duck?

JORDAN

Exactly. For the next few weeks they'll be hunting Jordans instead of Troys and it's already open season on Jordans.

Jordan pushes him back to his bedroom and slams the adjoining door shut.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

This deal sucks.

She locks the door.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- DAY

Jordan flicks on her computer and opens her Internet browser. There is a pounding on the door. Jordan reaches over and turns the knob, letting a very angry Franklin in.

FRANKLIN

Decoy? What were you thinking?

Jordan studies the computer.

JORDAN

That was the deal. Heat goes on me and your little brother is safe.

FRANKLIN

You weren't supposed to tell him.

JORDAN

You didn't say that.

FRANKLIN

It's implied that I wouldn't want him to know. Troy is special.

There is a pounding on the wall.

TROY (O.S.)

Special, not deaf. I can hear you.

Franklin yells at the wall.

FRANKLIN

Not special in a bad way. I didn't mean that. I meant that you're special, sensitive, smart -- very smart. I know how much getting into Delta Pi meant to you -- that's why I did it. I didn't mean any harm.

TROY

I know.

Franklin and Jordan jump. Troy stands right next to them.

JORDAN

How did you get in here?

Troy points at the iguana.

TROY

Your roommate unlocked the bathroom door.

Aquinas bobs his head before he runs up the side of the bed and sits on Jordan's pillow. Troy pulls up a chair and sits next to Jordan.

TROY (CONT'D)

As long as we're both in this together, let's figure out a way to work this out.

Jordan taps on the computer screen.

JORDAN

That's what I'm trying to do. I'm on the Delta Pi website...

Troy gets up and heads back to the bathroom door.

TROY

I meant work out the bathroom schedule. I like to shower at seven -- and I like to shower alone.

JORDAN

How dare you think that I would want to shower with you.

TROY

I meant without an iguana.

Troy points to Aquinas who bobs his head.

TROY (CONT'D)

See, he agrees.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- DAY

Brandon sits across from Franklin.

FRANKLIN

It takes a majority vote to get her out once she's been invited to pledge.

BRANDON

She. Didn't you hear yourself? It is a she.

FRANKLIN

I looked in the by-laws, there is no restriction on sex and you have to call a vote to uninvite a pledge. The soonest you can do that is at the next board meeting -- which is on the first of next month.

BRANDON

Two weeks. What if an alumni stops by? I'd be the biggest fool. I can't have her living here. I can't force her out, but she can leave on her own.

FRANKLIN

We're still on suspension for hazing last year.

Brandon stands up.

BRANDON

I've never needed any mud, piss, beer, or ants to get rid of a chick.

He leaves the room.

FRANKLIN

(to himself)

Yup, girls find you repulsive without any help.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- DAY

Jordan paces impatiently in front of the bathroom door and finally the shower stops.

JORDAN

Are you almost done?

Troy steps out of the bathroom door wearing only a towel. Jordan's eyes linger for a moment, and then Jordan sits at her desk while Troy looks over her shoulder.

TROY

Okay, let's hear it.

Jordan smiles and nods as she spins around.

JORDAN

I want to start a law sorority. I stay here for a month, running interference for you, and then Franklin will help me get it going.

TROY

A law sorority?

JORDAN

Exactly. Look at the partners at our dads' firm -- all Delta Pi. Law review editors -- Delta Pi. Top ten percent of the law school -- Delta Pi. The frat brothers study together, and stick together -- even the law professors -- all Delta Pi. So I thought -- I wonder if there's a law sorority?

Troy laughs.

TROY

Sororities are about parties and saving fuzzy animals.

JORDAN

I'm talking about a serious sorority to get me into law school and I need your help.

TROY

My help?

Jordan grabs her backpack.

JORDAN

I'll explain later. Let's go or we'll be late for Layton's class.

TROY

Class? You've got Layton?

Jordan leads Troy towards the bathroom door and pushes him into the doorway.

JORDAN

I do now. You left your schedule in the bathroom. Last night, I logged onto the student services website, made three class changes and...

INT. LECTURE HALL -- DAY

Jordan and Troy sit together in a large lecture hall. Troy studies Jordan's notebook.

TROY

This is your plan?

JORDAN

I get the frat house running like a five star hotel. Two weeks from now, Brandon calls a vote and the other frat brothers won't want me to ever leave.

TROY

You want to stay in Delta Pi?

JORDAN

No, silly. I want to show everyone how good I can run a house. Some of you might want to move over to my house.

TROY

I don't think they'd want to put on their resume that they were in a sorority even if they got the chance to get away from Brandon.

Jordan closes her notebook and smiles.

JORDAN

I'm not giving up on Brandon either, and even if I fail again, Brandon is still only one vote.

TROY

A big ugly mean vote. What am I supposed to do?

JORDAN

Like your brother planned, I'll be the decoy and you just lay low. No quacking. I studied the by-laws and the fact that you're being allowed to live in the house implies an invite. If they forget to vote you out -- you're in.

Jordan studies Troy and then pulls out his shirt that was tucked in his pants.

TROY

What is wrong with you?

JORDAN

That is so nineties.

She reaches behind him and pulls out the back of his shirt. He tries to fight her, but she seems to be enjoying the struggle.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The button down is retro, but the tuck in is so yesterday.

TROY

I don't need you and Franklin to protect me, and I don't need you to teach me how to dress.

Troy pushes her away.

TROY (CONT'D)

In fact, I don't need anybody to teach me anything.

A shadow comes across the papers on Jordan's desk. The duo notice that the room is quiet except for them. They turn around and jump at the sight of PROFESSOR LAYTON.

PROFESSOR LAYTON

Although, according to you I'm not necessary -- I do get paid to teach. If this episode of the Queer Eye for the Straight Guy is over, I'd like to get started.

The class breaks out in laughter.

EXT. LECTURE HALL -- DAY

The lecture hall empties out and Jordan tries to catch up with Troy, but he has disappeared into the crowd of students and is gone.

INT. TROY'S ROOM -- DAY

Troy puts his books down on his desk as Jordan bursts into the room, carrying the mail.

JORDAN

Mail is here.

Troy spins around, shocked. Jordan places some letters on his desk. She sits down and opens her notebook.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Let's work on my plan. Here's the list of all the Delta Pi officers, members, pledges and some key alumni. I've also made of list of all the things that need fixing around the house.

TROY

What plan? Why are you in my room? You got my mail? Why are you getting my mail?

JORDAN

The person who sorts the frat house mail doesn't place it fully in every slot. I merely take the mail out of each cubby, arrange it by size and place it back into each cubby -- perfectly even with the edge. Easy for each guy to pick up and with each item arranged by size they can look at the letters first, then the advertisements and magazines.

TROY

This is your idea of fixing things around here?

Jordan hands him a list.

JORDAN

Here's your chores for next week.  
Lots of nasty cleaning to do, but if  
the other frat brothers see how hard  
you work...

Troy looks at the list, crumples it and tosses it into the trash.

TROY

I don't know who has made me feel like  
a bigger loser -- you or Franklin. As  
soon as a place opens in the dorms, I'm  
moving out and forgetting about Delta  
Pi.

Troy grabs a book from the shelf and walks out of his room,  
leaving Jordan standing there. For a moment, she is frozen in  
thought, but then she surveys the room. It is a mess. She  
starts unpacking boxes and putting stuff on the shelf.

The whole process brightens her face until she glances at her  
notebook.

JORDAN

Better get busy if I'm going to have  
to do all this alone.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT

Josh and Malcolm stand in the laundry room.

MALCOLM

Right here, now it's gone.

JOSH

No way would someone steal your  
stinky, smelly clothes.

Mrs. Torrey comes into the laundry room holding a full laundry  
basket.

MRS. TORREY

This yours?

Malcolm grabs it. He flips through the neatly folded clothes.

MALCOLM

What happened to my clothes?

MRS. TORREY

This is what your laundry looks like if you take it out of the dryer during the same lifetime you put it in.

MALCOLM

I can't wear this stuff. It smells foofie.

He holds up a t-shirt and jeans.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

My stains are gone. There is a crease in my jeans. Hell, I'll look like a geek.

INT. OUTSIDE FRAT DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM -- DAY

Josh comes out of the bathroom and bumps into Malcolm.

JOSH

It's all working again. No more being plugged up.

MALCOLM

Way too much information, but I told you Dr. Pepper would work.

JOSH

The toilet, you idiot. It's flushing again.

Malcolm sticks his head inside the bathroom door. He gasps.

MALCOLM

Use the fan, dude.

JOSH

You're the idiot. Next time take my word about the toilet being fixed.

MALCOLM

Jordan?

Josh nods. Malcolm has on the perfectly laundered clothes. He smells his shirt.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Wish I hadn't yelled at her about my laundry. This is nice. I'm starting to like this new brother.

They both look around alarmed.

JOSH

Don't let Brandon hear you or you'll be the next thing plugging up the toilet.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE HALLWAY -- DAY

Jordan walks out of the upstairs toilet, removing her rubber gloves and putting them in her cleaning basket. Franklin passes her and holds his nose.

FRANKLIN

What is that smell?

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN

Bug bombs.

She pulls out a sheet of paper from her pocket.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I figured out a faster way to get all these toilets running better.

She also pulls out a bug bomb.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I drew a diagram of the sewer system. This house has a fault on each floor. See that curve?

She points to the paper.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I stuff one of these in each toilet and it clears that blockage in each curve. I've already done it here, here, and here.

Franklin looks at the paper and back at the toilet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The pressure from the bug bomb in the toilet works perfectly. I was thinking of using a tire inflator, but it requires that you hold the nozzle. The bug bomb is perfect - I cut off the water, flush, and then point the bug bomb down. Wait fifteen minutes and all clear.

Franklin shakes his head.

FRANKLIN  
Your planned is slightly flawed.

He traces the system downward.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)  
What if someone at the bottom level flushes the toilet during those fifteen minutes?

JORDAN  
There is one toilet on the bottom level and I locked that door.

FRANKLIN  
Mrs. Torrey has a toilet in her room. You missed that on your diagram.

Jordan runs towards the stairs and Franklin calls after her.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)  
Won't be a problem unless she flushes.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE KITCHEN -- DAY

The screams in the kitchen are a lot easier to take than the sight of Mrs. Torrey covered in sewage and bug bomb spray. The smell is overwhelming as Malcolm and Josh run out holding their noses and mouth.

MRS. TORREY  
You find me who did this or I'll personally feed this to you for your dinner!

Jordan stands meekly by the door.

JORDAN

It was me.

Mrs. Torrey grabs a knife, but then reconsiders.

MRS. TORREY

What were you thinking, little girl?  
Was this planned for Brandon?

Jordan pulls out her diagram but then realizes that Mrs. Torrey's glasses are partially covered in the crud.

JORDAN

I wanted to win them over. I wanted  
to fix things.

She collapses into a chair and groans.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I've messed up everything.

Mrs. Torrey sighs and sits down next to her. The crud drips onto the floor, but she doesn't seem to mind.

MRS. TORREY

There is a lot more things around here  
that need fixing than the laundry,  
plumbing and my cooking. Why don't  
you go teach those boys something they  
really need to learn.

INT. DELTA PI HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jordan comes in with a stack of books and pauses in the doorway to the front room. Malcolm sits in front of the television, clicking through channels.

A beautiful Gamma Sigma coed, TIFFANY, sits on the couch with an open book in her lap. She's still lavender, but doesn't seem self-conscious about it as she gets up and struts her tiny shorts between the television and Malcolm.

Malcolm strains to see around her as she passes.

Frustrated, she picks up her backpack and passes in front of Malcolm again. She tucks her book away.

TIFFANY

Later.

Malcolm perks up.

MALCOLM

You going? I thought we were going over to the Alpha Gamma party.

TIFFANY

I'm tired.

She's gone with a slam of the door before Malcolm can set down the remote. Malcolm looks up and notices Jordan.

MALCOLM

Low blood sugar.

JORDAN

Happens a lot to "E" girls.

MALCOLM

Huh?

JORDAN

Girls with names that end in E sound. Buffy, Bitzi, Suzi. Cute little names, cute little bodies, but can't speak in full sentences. They need a two-by-four to get through to guys like you.

Malcolm gets up and confronts Jordan.

MALCOLM

Guys like me? My name doesn't end in an "E" and Tiffany spells her name with a "Y."

Jordan walks over and picks up the remote and shows it to Malcolm.

JORDAN

You know what it means when a girl showers her boyfriend with kisses and hugs?

Malcolm shrugs.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It means you're watching a reality show about marrying a millionaire.

Malcolm takes offense.

MALCOLM

I get all the loving I need.

JORDAN

You're not a millionaire and you need  
some lessons in reality.

Jordan takes him by the hand and leads him to the couch and pulls  
him down next to her.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

When a girl comes over here to study,  
you sit with her on the couch.

She tosses the remote on the coffee table. Malcolm reaches for  
it. She slaps his hand.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You don't watch TV.

Malcolm pulls his hand back. Jordan takes it.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You hold her hand. You look over her  
shoulder at what she's reading. Act  
interested.

Jordan releases his hand, moves over a few feet and lays down.  
She kicks off her shoes and puts her feet in his lap.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You rub her feet.

Malcolm obeys and starts rubbing her feet. He looks up and sees  
Troy standing in the doorway. He winks at him. Troy turns and  
heads up the stairs.

Jordan yanks her feet back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Not my feet. You rub her feet. Do  
you get it now?

MALCOLM

It helps her blood sugar?

Jordan gets up and shakes her head as she heads out of the room.

JORDAN

(to herself)

I give him a drink from the fountain  
of knowledge and he gargles and spits  
it out.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jordan goes down the hallway towards her room and as she turns  
the corner, bumps into Josh. His stack of books and papers fall  
across the floor.

Jordan leans down to pick up some of the mess. She looks at  
one of the papers with a big red "D" scrawled on the top.

JORDAN

Ouch.

Josh snatches it back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You'll never get into law school if you  
can't pass freshman English.

JOSH

He accused me of "cutting and pasting"  
off the Internet for all my papers. I  
guess he has this new software program  
that can spot it. I bought another  
term paper off of the Internet and now  
I hear his software can spot that too.

Jordan nods.

JOSH (CONT'D)

How the heck am I supposed to write a  
paper if I can't use someone else's  
stuff? My professor says that  
everything in the world has been said  
before -- but he won't let me use it.

JORDAN

The art is in how you say it again.

Jordan pulls him into her room just as Troy comes around the  
corner.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jordan gathers a large stack of papers and hands it to Josh.

JORDAN

Medieval sheep breeds. Two thousand words.

JOSH

What? I was supposed to write something about the American Revolution and money? I don't remember anything about sheep. But then again, I don't remember anything about this paper.

He flips through the pages.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Hey, I remember this.

JORDAN

Exactly. I broke your task of defining how the collapse of the European economy contributed to the American Revolution into five questions, which you researched, wrote, and I compiled into this.

She pats the thick paper.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It's like decorating. Look at this room. Most people would find it overwhelming -- but I break it down into walls, window treatments, flooring, artwork, and bedding.

Josh sits down and bounces on her bed.

JOSH

Bedding I understand. Everything else you've said tonight is Chinese. One thing I do know is five ways to make a girl feel good.

He pulls her down next to him and tries to give her a kiss, as Troy comes in through the bathroom, glares at Jordan and then slams the door.

Jordan pulls away, sending Josh tumbling to the floor.

INT. TROY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Troy studies at his desk. There is a knock at the door, which he ignores. The knob twists, and he turns around and glances at the locked door.

There is a clicking sound and the door unlocks. Jordan comes into the room holding a nail file.

JORDAN

Your door was stuck.

TROY

Not stuck, locked. It was locked for a reason.

JORDAN

I finally figured out what this is all about. You're jealous.

TROY

Jealous? It never ceases to amaze me how crazy you are.

JORDAN

I can understand why.

Jordan scans his room.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Here I am fixing everything and everyone else and I haven't spent any time on your room.

Jordan starts fussing with his bedspread.

TROY

I don't want you to fix me.

JORDAN

I know, I know.

She grabs him by the arm.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Let's go get you exactly what you need.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jordan pulls him up the last flight of stairs and opens the single door on the landing.

TROY

Where are you taking me?

JORDAN

It's my special place. Don't worry nobody will find us and it's very private. We'll be alone to get you what you need.

Troy has a puzzled yet excited look on his face as Jordan opens the door.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE ATTIC -- NIGHT

The old attic is crowded, disorganized, and dusty. Troy coughs.

TROY

What was wrong with my room?

Jordan is already behind boxes tugging at some stuff. She pulls up a brass headboard.

JORDAN

Like you said -- the whole bed thing. You must have felt naked with your bed right up against the wall.

Troy collapses on a stack of boxes.

TROY

You dragged me up here for a stupid headboard?

Jordan manages to get the thing out and into the open area.

JORDAN

Not just any headboard. This is from the fifties. It's retro. A classic. A wonderful piece.

TROY

Do you have to call furniture "pieces" and curtains, "window treatments?"

Troy shifts to get more comfortable and the boxes beneath him fall apart and tons of records fall out. Jordan jumps on the mess and starts neatly stacking the papers.

JORDAN

Look at this. It's the original blueprints and plot map for the house. These are fantastic.

Jordan holds up the drawings.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Hand drawn -- everything is done by computer now. I must get a copy of these made and in a frame. I think the dining room wall would be perfect with a black lacquer frame.

She turns them around.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Weird. They must be reversed. The addition is on this side.

Troy pays more attention to a thick file.

TROY

What's Brandon's last name?

JORDAN

Nellesen. Two l's and all e's. I can't believe you haven't heard him correct everyone when they say Nelson.

TROY

Nellesen Construction did the new addition. Brandon's dad is a lawyer, but this must be some other relative.

JORDAN

Figures. Everything on that side of the house is falling apart. That addition is like a money pit. Franklin is always telling Mrs. T, to cut expenses.

TROY

Why would a frat house this old need money?

Troy pulls out some pages.

TROY (CONT'D)

Take a look at this. It's the paperwork on the addition. There was a fifteen year warranty on that work. The frat house has been "thousand dollared" to death for repairs to the roof, plumbing, and electrical in that addition.

Troy jumps up and hugs Jordan.

TROY (CONT'D)

If we can make the contractor pay for that work, we'll be heroes.

He kisses her. The kiss takes her by surprise but she enjoyed it.

TROY (CONT'D)

They'll want us to stay. We'll belong.

He gathers the papers together. Jordan is still dazed by the kiss. Troy doesn't notice and tugs at her arm.

TROY (CONT'D)

Let's go show this to Franklin.

Jordan snaps out of it.

JORDAN

You take it to him. This one is for you. I haven't given up on winning these guys over -- my way.

Jordan picks up the headboard.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm just happy we found the solution to your whole bed problem.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- DAY

Franklin, Brandon, Josh and Malcolm study a few pages sprawled out in front of them.

FRANKLIN

Before I tell you where I got this information, you've got to admit, these are some impressive numbers.

BRANDON

I don't have to admit shit. So what if the repairs to the addition should have been made for free? What's that cost a year, three or four hundred dollars? Big deal.

Brandon crumples up the page in front of him and tosses it against the wall.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I know exactly where you got this stuff -- it's that Perry chick. She's trying to fix everything around here and I don't like it. She's out on Sunday after the board meeting.

Franklin takes a deep breath.

FRANKLIN

If you look at the rental income column, it might not be a good time to...

Brandon jumps out of his chair. Franklin stands his ground.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Many of the pledges have already paid for the dorm and can't come into the house until next semester.

BRANDON

I decide who the hell lives here.

Brandon turns towards Josh and Malcolm.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You let everyone know that I expect the vote to go my way.

Brandon looks over at Franklin.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Get me some of those rejected applications. What about those twin animals? Means I need to get rid of two pledges to make room for them.

Franklin retreats.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You thought I had forgotten about that twit brother of your's. On Sunday, he's out of here too.

Brandon storms out of the room.

INT. TROY'S ROOM -- DAY

Jordan is in heaven as she polishes the headboard. Troy comes in and throws the thick file on his bed.

JORDAN

Victory? I bet we get bigger rooms next year. What do you think of purple? It's the new blue.

Troy looks down.

TROY

They are going to vote both of us out on Sunday.

Jordan comes over to comfort him.

JORDAN

Don't give up, you've got Franklin on your side.

Troy shakes his head.

TROY

Brandon is threatening anyone who doesn't vote his way.

Jordan sits down on his bed.

JORDAN

Sunday. I'm running out of things I can do to win over these guys.

Troy sits down on his bed and opens a can of cola. It splashes on the spread. The iguana rushes out from the bathroom to lap up the excess. Troy looks at the lizard.

TROY

What does he do in there all day?

Jordan goes into the bathroom to cut through to her bedroom.

JORDAN (O.S.)

He was probably in my room but he can hear a coke can open a mile away. I've got another bedspread in here.

Jordan comes back in with a lavender bedspread.

TROY

Not that.

Jordan shakes her head as she removes Troy's wet spread and replaces it with her lavender one. A few recipe cards fall across the floor. Jordan picks them up and starts flipping through them.

Troy stares in shock at his new bedspread and headboard.

TROY (CONT'D)

It's unbelievable.

JORDAN

I know. I must have packed these recipe cards by mistake. You're probably thinking there isn't anything I can't do -- decorate, organize, and yes...

Jordan holds up one of the recipe cards.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

...cook. I don't know why I didn't think of it sooner. By Sunday, they'll be begging me to stay.

As Jordan pulls Troy out of the room, he stares at the bed spread as he leaves.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Jordan holds a bottle of olive oil while Mrs. Torrey guards her stove. Troy stands safely out of the way of both women.

MRS. TORREY

I work alone.

JORDAN

You said that you were overworked and underpaid. Why don't you take a break out on the cool porch while I finish dinner?

Mrs. Torrey holds her ground until Jordan pours her a glass of wine and hands it to her. Mrs. Torrey softens and heads for the porch.

MRS. TORREY

Just don't let him touch anything.

Mrs. Torrey gestures towards Troy, but it's the iguana next to him that she's pointing at.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Malcolm takes his first bite as Josh anxiously takes his plate from Jordan.

MALCOLM

This is great. What's this red stuff?

JORDAN

Chilean peppers. I sauteed them first to keep the flavor...

Her cooking dissertation is interrupted by Brandon entering the room. Brandon pulls the plate away from Malcolm. Malcolm looks like a wounded animal. Brandon confronts Jordan.

BRANDON

Bribing stupid animals with food isn't going to work. By Sunday, I'll have you kicked out of here.

JORDAN

You can't kick me out. First, it takes a majority vote of the members to remove someone you invited to pledge.

Jordan rushes back to her spot at the table and pulls out a folder.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Second, according to your by-laws a pledge can then be offered a room in the house. You offered, I accepted. Now we have a binding rental contract. Third, a pledge remains a pledge unless he violates the by-laws...

Malcolm slowly moves the plate back in front of him. He takes a bite and gives the same smile that a baby does when he's passing gas.

BRANDON

Lying about your sex is one hell of a violation.

JORDAN

I never lied. You assumed.

With a mouth-full Malcolm nods.

MALCOLM

She's got a point there.

JOSH

Plus, everyone likes having Jordan around. She does our laundry, helps us with our homework and the chicks, cleans the toilets and now with this cooking -- we want her to stay.

Brandon grabs his plate and hurls it against the wall. He storms out.

Two new pledges, DIRK and DEREK, the wrestling twins come into the dining room. They take one look at the plate of food on the floor and dig in.

INT. DELTA PI KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Josh and Malcolm each hand Jordan a stack of plates. Jordan stands in front of a foamy kitchen sink.

JOSH

I've never seen him that pissed off.

JORDAN

Get used to it. He's going to have to deal with me. I have a right to be here.

Josh and Malcolm head for the door and almost collide with Mrs. Torrey who comes bustling in with a few of the empty serving platters.

JOSH

Later.

MRS. TORREY

Sure, don't give us any help, we're just doing fine here.

MALCOLM

I could help Jordan...

Jordan shoos him away.

JORDAN

Tiffany is out there waiting.

Malcolm smiles.

MALCOLM

Good to keep the chicks waiting.

Jordan crosses her arms.

JORDAN

Didn't you learn anything?

MALCOLM

That foot thing worked real good -- that's why she's out there waiting for me. Time to even up the power.

Jordan guides him to the door.

JORDAN

Final lesson -- you have no power. Now go enjoy it.

Jordan pushes him out of the door.

MRS. TORREY

They never finished my grub before.  
Never offered to help. Don't know how  
you did it, little girl.

Mrs. Torrey sets the platters down next to Jordan.

JORDAN

It might help to call your meals  
something other than grub?

Jordan finishes washing the final dishes and hands them to Mrs.  
Torrey who dries them.

MRS. TORREY

At least they didn't throw my grub on  
the wall. I guess not everyone liked  
your food?

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN

He'll come around. My momma always  
said, "feed a man and you'll have a  
friend for life."

MRS. TORREY

I think that saying was about dogs.

Jordan winks and walks out of the kitchen.

INT. GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE -- NIGHT

Tiffany plops down on the couch next to Allison and Stacie.

TIFFANY

Jordan said this and Jordan said that  
---that's all Malcolm talked about  
tonight.

ALLISON

You should be happy that he's moved up  
from grunting to full sentences.

Stacie turns towards Allison.

STACIE

What do you think of my cruel joke now?  
Your little buddy is the hit of Delta  
Pi.

ALLISON

Even Brandon has started treating you better. Or he's spending so much time trying to boot her out that he doesn't have time to criticize you.

Stacie smiles as she twists her hair.

STACIE

Maybe we'd all better see that doesn't happen.

INT. DELTA PI FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

The frat brothers crowd around the television. Jordan stands close to the doorway with an eye on the front door. Josh comes up next to Jordan.

JOSH

He's never missed "Deal or No Deal."

Jordan stretches and yawns.

JORDAN

I'm out of here.

JOSH

You're giving up?

JORDAN

Not giving up, just going to bed.

Jordan takes a few steps up the stairs as the front door bursts open and a drunken Brandon stumbles in. He spots his prey.

BRANDON

Hey, wait for me.

Brandon heads for the steps and roughly grabs Jordan.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Time for your in-depth interview, pledge.

Jordan pulls her arm back.

JORDAN

Let go of me.

A group of frat brothers gathers at the base of the stairs.  
Brandon lunges for Jordan.

BRANDON

Let's see if our new frat brother is  
really a girl.

Jordan dodges Brandon and he falls on a step. Josh comes to  
his aide.

JOSH

Time for bed, bro.

BRANDON

That's what I've been trying to do.  
Best way to see if she's Delta Pi  
material -- if you know what I mean.

Brandon gives Jordan a wicked smile. She turns and stomps up  
the stairs. Brandon gives chase and reaches her on the landing.  
Brandon pushes her against the wall and tries to kiss her. She  
turns her face.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Just what I thought -- all talk, no  
action.

He holds up his hand.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

No deal!

Jordan ducks the hand and starts to fall down the stairs. She  
grabs for Brandon.

He stumbles back a few steps against the opposite wall of the  
landing and smacks his head. He slumps to the floor but it's  
like the hit either sobered him up - or he was faking his drunken  
state.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You're out of here. Striking a  
brother is a violation of our by-laws.

Brandon struggles to get up. He looks at the group at the bottom  
of the stairs.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You all saw it. She struck a brother.

Jordan runs up the stairs. The group, ignoring Brandon, heads back towards the TV room.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jordan throws herself onto the bed and sobs. Aquinas the iguana licks her salty tears with delight. The flick of his tongue causes her sobs to turn to giggles.

Aquinas runs down the bed and sticks his nose into her pockets and now the giggles turn into hearty laughter.

JORDAN

Stop it. I give up.

Jordan reaches into her backpack and pulls out a candy bar and opens it. The iguana snatches it and runs away.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Everybody loves a Snickers bar.

She brushes away the remaining tears and pulls out her notebook and starts making notes.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- DAY

The dining room table is overflowing with plates of various chocolate bars. Jordan walks in carrying one more platter of chocolate delights and places it next to Josh, Franklin and Malcolm.

JORDAN

Found the best one yet?

Malcolm smiles with a chocolate covered mouth.

MALCOLM

Not for lack of trying. What do you have there?

Malcolm digs into the newest platter and gobbles up the treats. Brandon stumbles into the dining room. His eyes are swollen.

BRANDON

Coffee.

Jordan promptly places a steaming cup in front of him.

JORDAN

How do you like your eggs?

Brandon squints as he looks up at Jordan.

BRANDON  
Attached to my...

Josh stands up, interrupting.

JOSH  
You're being real rude, dude.

BRANDON  
Shut up or I'll get rude on your fat  
face.

No amount of anger from Brandon can destroy the look of pure satisfaction from Malcolm as he stuffs another candy bar in his mouth.

MALCOLM  
Jordan invented our own candy bar.

FRANKLIN  
We could make enough money where  
nobody will have to pay rent again.

Brandon confronts Jordan.

BRANDON  
Don't you ever give up?

Jordan stands her ground.

JORDAN  
It's a vote on Sunday, not your  
opinion.

Brandon looks at Josh and Malcolm.

BRANDON  
I don't have to wait until Sunday --  
tell her that you're voting with me.

Josh and Malcolm both look down at the table. Brandon grabs a candy bar and throws it at Malcolm. Malcolm catches it in his mouth and gobbles it down.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You worthless little piggies. I remember how you both squealed during Hell Week...

Brandon freezes. He looks at Josh and Malcolm and then over at Jordan and smiles.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I've got an idea -- Hell Week is going to start a little early this year.

FRANKLIN

Our suspension?

Brandon ignores him as he comes close and stares into Jordan's eyes.

BRANDON

Your stinking girly stuff won't help you now. You'll be gone in the first few days.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Franklin holds a paper bag while Jordan studies a long list.

JORDAN

How do you expect me to get all of this done and keep up with my cooking and schoolwork?

Franklin opens the bag and pulls out a toothbrush.

FRANKLIN

With this.

JORDAN

No way.

FRANKLIN

Way.

JORDAN

This wasn't our deal.

FRANKLIN

Our deal didn't involve you pissing off Brandon or telling Troy. You get Troy through this week, and I'll work

on the other guys to vote you in. Once you're officially in Delta Pi, Brandon will do everything possible to get Greek council to approve your sorority.

JORDAN

And Troy?

Franklin digs into the bag and pulls out another toothbrush.

INT. DELTA PI HOUSE - CLEANING MONTAGE

We see Jordan and Troy cleaning the frat house with the tiny toothbrushes.

- 1) Washing the walls.
- 2) Waxing the wood floors.
- 3) Troy holding his nose while he scrubs the toilet. Jordan pulls out a bug bomb and he runs out of the bathroom.
- 4) Jordan smiling as she uses the same toothbrush to clean the drinking cup on the bathroom counter.
- 5) The duo pauses, looks at the toothbrushes in a cup and switches them with their cleaning toothbrushes.
- 6) A dust cloth attached to the iguana's long tail as he sprints down the hallway.
- 7) An exhausted Jordan and Troy flop down on his lavender bedspread and both fall asleep fully dressed.

INT. FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- DAY

Jordan and Troy clear the dinner dishes as Brandon comes in with a keg of beer. Malcolm and Josh perk up.

MALCOLM

Kegger? Tonight?

Brandon gestures towards Jordan and Troy.

BRANDON

This is for them. A little reward for cleaning so hard.

MALCOLM

No way. There's enough there for all of us.

BRANDON

It's exactly the right amount for our new pledges.

He slams two mugs on the table.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Phase two of Hell Week. I want it all gone by dawn.

INT. DELTA PI FRONT ROOM -- DAY

Malcolm rubs Tiffany's feet as she studies. He leans over for a kiss, but she pushes him away.

TIFFANY

How is Hell Week going for your two new pledges?

MALCOLM

They passed the toothbrush test, but no way will they get through the kegger.

Tiffany pulls him down towards her and gives him a passionate kiss and then pushes him back.

TIFFANY

If there is one thing you're good at, it's emptying a keg. Go help them, darling.

Malcolm happily sprints towards the dining room.

INT. FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jordan and Troy are passed out as Malcolm comes into the room. He tips the keg, shakes his head, and then pushes them awake.

MALCOLM

It's almost half full, you wimps.

They moan for a moment and sit up as Malcolm looks towards the door. He smiles and lifts the keg above his head and starts drinking like he just arrived from the Sahara desert.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- LATER

Brandon and Josh survey the mess. Malcolm, Troy and Jordan are passed out.

BRANDON

He was supposed to watch them.

Josh inspects the keg.

JOSH

They did it -- it's empty.

BRANDON

Get them to bed.

Josh is surprised.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I didn't say whose bed.

INT. LECTURE HALL -- DAY

Jordan wakes up, snuggling a teddy bear. She looks across at Troy who snores softly. She pushes him awake.

JORDAN

What are you doing in my bed?

Troy moans, stretches out and turns over away from Jordan. Jordan grabs him by the shoulder and pulls him back toward her.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What happened last night? Did we?

Troy turns onto his back and rubs his eyes. He slowly opens them and gasps.

Troy and Jordan sit up and look around in horror at a full lecture hall. A shadow comes over both of them as Professor Layton towers over Troy.

PROFESSOR LAYTON

Looks like today we should discuss  
what constitutes sexual harassment.

INT. FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- DAY

Jordan and Troy are still in their pajamas, very hung over, as Brandon, Malcolm, and Josh come in from the kitchen carrying bowls of grapes.

BRANDON

Since the two of you are getting so chummy and all, I thought you'd want to be on the same race team tonight.

JORDAN

Race?

Brandon sets the bowl of grapes in front of Jordan.

BRANDON

You better practice -- it's much harder than it looks.

INT. FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Drunken frat brothers fill the dining room as the pledges stand near one end of the table in jock straps, cowboy boots, and Stensons.

Two big blocks of ice are on each end of the table with a grape on the block of ice closest to the line of frat pledges.

Jordan and Troy stand at the end of the line -- wearing jogging suits. Jordan leans in close to Troy.

JORDAN

We can do this. We finally have an advantage.

TROY

Advantage?

Troy pats his rear.

TROY (CONT'D)

My butt is frozen.

JORDAN

Exactly. Don't let them see that ice pack in your pants.

The first pledge jumps up on the table, squats over the block of ice and picks up the grape in his butt cheeks. He starts to lift up, but his bottom is stuck to the ice. He screams in

pain as he falls from the table with the ice attached to his rear.

BRANDON  
Another block of ice.

He spots Jordan and Troy and points to them as another block of ice and a grape are lifted onto the table.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
I want them next.

Jordan and Troy shed the jogging suits and kick them aside. Jordan shocks everyone by wearing a jock strap and Troy starts shivering as he goes to the other end of the table.

Jordan jumps on the table and expertly grasps the grape between her butt cheeks. She wobbles to the other end and daintily drops the grape onto Troy's block of ice. The frat brothers CHEER.

Troy also picks up a grape between his butt cheeks and repeats the feat. Brandon is furious.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Something is wrong. Let me feel that ice.

He jumps up on the table and drops his pants and pulls down his designer boxers. He tests the ice with his raw cheeks. They stick.

He tugs, pulls, and gets more angry until the block slides off the table with Brandon's bare butt attached to it.

EXT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- DAY

Brandon, Malcolm, Franklin and Josh stand in front of Jordan and Troy. Brandon has a football in his hand and he holds a running water hose that creates a large mud hole.

He tosses the football at Jordan.

BRANDON  
Shirts and skins. You and the geek are skins.

JORDAN  
Me?

FRANKLIN

Come on, Brandon.

BRANDON

It's always this way, first team is skins. She put on a show last night -- thought she wanted to be treated just like everyone else.

Jordan stares at Brandon as she strips off her t-shirt down to a sports bra.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I said skins.

Troy pulls off his t-shirt as Jordan sloshes her shoe in the growing mud puddle. Finally she turns around, pulls off the bra and falls into the mud. When she turns around, she's covered in mud.

JORDAN

Let's play ball.

Brandon tugs at the hose as he starts to turn it on Jordan. The water trickles and then stops. He turns and faces Allison, Tiffany, Stacie and some other sorority sisters.

STACIE

Stop.

Stacie has pinched the hose off.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Pick up her shirt and hand it to her.

Tiffany comes face-to-face with Malcolm and then pulls him to the side by his ear to chat with him. Brandon turns his attention to Stacie.

BRANDON

Butt out. Go home.

STACIE

You will never tell me what to do again.

Allison picks up Jordan's t-shirt and hands it to her as Stacie takes the hose from Brandon. She points it at him and releases the crimp.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Game's over.

Brandon is hit at full spray and then falls into the mud puddle. Jordan puts on the shirt and follows the girls over to their house. Troy starts to follow. Stacie turns and confronts him.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Get lost. I'm sick of you frat boys.

Troy starts to argue and looks towards Jordan for help, but she merely shakes her head.

Franklin nods at Josh and Malcolm and they grab Troy and put their arms around him.

JOSH

Kegger over at Alpha Gamma. That's just the thing to fix what ails you.

After they leave, the wrestling twins spot Brandon in the mud. They tear off their shirts and jump in.

DEREK

Mud bowl!

INT. GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE DINING ROOM -- DAY

Jordan sits around the table with the Gamma Sigma sorority sisters.

JORDAN

I can't join Gamma Sigma. I don't belong here.

STACIE

Are you crazy? We rescue you from those animals and now you're turning us down?

JORDAN

I'm staying in Delta Pi. I've worked my butt off. I froze my butt off. I made it through Hell Week. There is no way they can kick me out.

ALLISON

Are you forgetting that all you wanted was a place to live? Stacie is offering you that.

JORDAN

For how long? Until I burn dinner, spill a coke, or wear the wrong shade of nail polish?

Jordan gets up to leave.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You've lost sight of the reasons why we have fraternities and sororities.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jordan returns to her room and is shocked to find Stanton sitting at her desk going through some files.

JORDAN

What are you doing here?

Stanton gets up and puts up his arms for a hug.

STANTON

Can't a guy stop by and see how his baby sister is doing?

JORDAN

Not you.

STANTON

I'm serious. I swung by Gamma Sigma looking for you...

JORDAN

Stop right there. You mean you went trolling for college chicks at Gamma Sigma under the pretense of checking up on your dear baby sister?

Now Stanton puts up his hands in surrender. He taps on the folders.

STANTON

This is the file on the addition that was done while I was president. What are you up to?

Jordan studies Stanton for a moment, and maybe sees a spark of sincerity. She pulls out the drawings.

JORDAN

The plans were reversed. Do you know why?

STANTON

Sure, we didn't have clearance on this side to a city easement, so we had to build it on the other side of San Jacinto and we went over into the university property by a foot.

JORDAN

So you covered it up by reversing the plans?

Stanton shakes his head, no.

STANTON

That was Brandon's older brother's idea and he was the one who got his family to do the work. I came up with the idea to get the college to give us a free lease on the land.

JORDAN

Free? Completely free?

Stanton smiles proudly. Jordan hugs him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You are fantastic.

Stanton hugs her back and then steps away.

STANTON

Watch it there. Wouldn't want anyone to know that I'm not the self-serving arrogant son-of-a-bitch that Dad raised me to be.

Jordan grabs the files and runs out the door.

INT. LAW LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Jordan studies some thick documents, mumbling to herself. A shadow comes over her and she jumps when she turns around and sees Professor Layton reading over her shoulder.

JORDAN

Sorry, I didn't know anyone was here.  
I'll be quiet.

Professor Layton doesn't say a word as he sits down next to her and takes the thick folder from Jordan and starts flipping through the documents.

PROFESSOR LAYTON

I think you're right. One key of law is to understand and prove what the writer intended.

JORDAN

It's never been used for anything except women's athletics.

PROFESSOR LAYTON

That's how precedents come to be.  
Someone has to be first.

EXT. LAW LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Jordan walks out of the library with Professor Layton.

JORDAN

I can't believe you're helping me.  
I've disrupted your class -- twice.

The professor taps the thick folder in Jordan's arm.

PROFESSOR LAYTON

This is a fight worth fighting. I was at Delta Pi many years ago.

JORDAN

Painful memories? Was it the hazing?

He winks at her.

PROFESSOR LAYTON

Good memories, but they would have been fond memories if we had frat brothers like you.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

The dining room is packed with frat brothers as Brandon enters and takes a seat at the head of the table. Josh and Malcolm follow him with their heads hung low.

Brandon reads from the page.

BRANDON

The last requirement of Hell Week was to participate in the mud bowl football game. Pledge Jordan Perry refused to play, so she is to be evicted from the house.

There is a slight murmur in the ranks.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Opposed?

Silence. All heads look towards Josh and Malcolm who won't meet their stares. Brandon gets up and looks sternly at the group.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Unanimous. Make sure you put that in the record. I don't want a girl to ever get in this house again.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM IN THE DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jordan sits at her desk, her feet atop of a stack of file folders. Brandon comes into the room without knocking.

BRANDON

Time to pack it up.

JORDAN

I'm getting a bigger room?

Brandon tosses the paper in front of Jordan.

BRANDON

You're out. I want you and your stupid lizard out of here.

JORDAN

I don't think so.

BRANDON

I've got thirty guys down there that agree with me. Get out.

Jordan reaches over and picks up a file folder.

JORDAN  
I've got Title Nine that agrees with me.

BRANDON  
Title what?

JORDAN  
I thought you were pre-law? I suggest you do a little research.

Jordan opens up the file and points to a thick document.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
The lease.

BRANDON  
Delta Pi owns this house.

JORDAN  
Not all of it. You have a hundred year lease on a one-foot section of land that the addition is on. When the contractor built the addition on the wrong side of the house, it had to get a lease from the college.

BRANDON  
So what? Doesn't cost us a penny.

JORDAN  
Exactly. This college accepts federal funds. Delta Pi accepts college funding. I showed this to Professor Layton and Title Nine applies.

BRANDON  
I'm getting real tired of hearing this Title Nine crap.

Jordan flips down a few pages and hands Brandon a legal document.

JORDAN

When I get done, you and the rest of the school will know that Title Nine applies to more than just female athletic programs. They'll also know that your family's construction company made a one-foot mistake and has robbed this house for the past four years -- and there is one more thing, Brandon.

BRANDON

What?

JORDAN

No deal for you.

Aquinas bobs his head in agreement.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Josh, Malcolm, and Franklin sit in the dining room. Franklin studies the file, then slowly closes it as Brandon paces back and forward.

FRANKLIN

If this house sits on University land and we've never paid rent for it, then we're subject to Title Nine. She must be treated equally.

BRANDON

That is not what I wanted to hear.

FRANKLIN

You voted her out because she was a girl.

BRANDON

She didn't make it through Hell Week. That was the reason.

FRANKLIN

You had it put in the minutes. No girls in Delta Pi.

Brandon grabs the file and throws the file against the wall.

BRANDON

This might say we can't blow her out,  
but that doesn't protect her little  
buddy next door who didn't play in that  
game either. I think she stays here  
to be bunking with him.

Franklin bows his head.

FRANKLIN

Troy.

Brandon points to Malcolm.

BRANDON

Go wake up the twins, and don't wake  
anyone else.

EXT. DELTA PI HOUSE -- DAY

Troy stretches as he wakes up. He rubs his eyes and slowly  
focuses on Jordan.

TROY

What are you doing in my...

Troy looks around and he is on the front lawn surrounded by his  
boxes of stuff. She grabs some of his boxes.

JORDAN

I'll help you move back to the dorm.  
I got up early and there are two rooms  
available on the male floor.

Jordan opens her notebook.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

One room you'd have to share with this  
guy who wears jump suits with no  
underwear and the other guy is a little  
odd.

TROY

I'm out?

Jordan nods as she flips over a few pages.

JORDAN

I have a plan.

Troy reaches over and shuts her notebook.

TROY

Give it up.

JORDAN

I'm sure Franklin will...

TROY

No! I don't want Franklin to do anything. I don't want you to do anything. Like they said, I'm not Delta Pi material and you've made it clear that I'm not Jordan Perry material.

JORDAN

Jordan Perry material?

Jordan stares at Troy and appears to be sizing him up. Troy shakes his head and grabs a few boxes and crosses the street as Jordan watches him leave.

INT. LECTURE HALL -- DAY

Jordan takes notes while Professor Layton lectures. She constantly glances from the empty chair next to her to the lecture hall door.

INT. STUDENT HOUSING OFFICE -- DAY

Jordan sits across the desk from a bored student at a computer terminal.

JORDAN

S - T - E - I - N

BORED STUDENT

I don't care how many times you spell it, I can't give out room numbers.

INT. BOY'S DORM ROOM FLOOR -- DAY

Jordan goes down the dorm room hallway, opening each door. She gets a variety of reactions from screams to "come ons." She ignores them both. She is on a mission. From the end of the hallway Troy watches with amusement from the shadows as two security officers call out to Jordan.

That only makes her speed up her inspection.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

An exhausted Jordan comes back to find her room trashed and one of the two wrestling twins, Dirk, asleep on her bed, clad only in boxer shorts. She shoves him.

JORDAN

Get out.

Dirk moans and rolls over. Derek sticks his head in from the adjoining door.

DEREK

He must have taken a wrong turn out of the bathroom.

JORDAN

Why are you using my bathroom?

DEREK

We're you're new bath mates. We moved into the room next door.

Jordan grabs a blanket and storms out of the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jordan curls up at the end of the hallway and tries to fall asleep.

INT. JORDAN'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Jordan steps out of her shower to find Dirk on the toilet. She screams and ducks back behind the curtain.

JORDAN

How did you get in? It was locked.

Dirk jingles some keys.

DIRK

Brandon has a key to everything.

There is a bowel SOUND.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Damn it Derek, that cheap beer you got  
gives me the runs.

Jordan backs into the corner of the shower and holds her nose.

JORDAN

The fan?

DIRK

Can't reach it honey, can you get it?

Jordan gasps.

DIRK (CONT'D)

This is nothing. Wait until I drink  
a whole keg.

Jordan makes a dash for it, escaping the bathroom with just a  
tiny towel.

EXT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- DAY

Jordan sits on the curb with her duffel bag. She reads a thick  
textbook as Allison drives up.

ALLISON

You ready?

Jordan shakes her head and holds up the book.

JORDAN

Those new animals make so much noise  
that I can't sleep or study. If I'm  
lucky, I'll barely pass Layton's  
class.

ALLISON

I meant are you ready for a weekend  
with Mommy and Daddy?

She throws her duffel in the back.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell them about Delta  
Pi?

Jordan nods. Allison notices the bottle that Jordan carries.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Wine? To match how you feel?

JORDAN

I got it for my father.

Allison laughs.

ALLISON

Nice trade. I bet I couldn't get more than a can of beer for mine.

INT. PERRY DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Paul and Amanda sit on opposite sides of the table while Jordan walks around the table giving everyone a carefully folded napkin.

PAUL

I don't want you blabbing it around before the official announcement tomorrow.

AMANDA

Blabbing what?

Amanda looks up at Paul and Stanton. They both look ready to burst.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Associate? They selected you?

Amanda throws her hand over her mouth.

JORDAN

I also have some big news. I'm over at Delta Pi.

Jordan looks at Stanton. He nods.

AMANDA

The frat house? You're not working there are you?

Amanda looks at her husband who seems totally engrossed with the football game that is on television in the next room.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Don't you send her enough money?

JORDAN

I'm a pledge.

AMANDA

You moved out of Gamma Sigma?

JORDAN

Actually kicked out, but I got invited to pledge Delta Pi. That's better. It's pre-law, they need my help....

The television goes to commercial and Paul turns his attention back to the conversation at hand.

PAUL

What about Delta Pi?

JORDAN

I pledged Delta Pi and I'm living at the frat house.

Paul turns angrily to his wife.

PAUL

Why the hell didn't you know about this?

Jordan stands up. She is shaking.

JORDAN

This was my decision.

PAUL

You'll move back into the sorority house on Monday.

He turns to Amanda.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Make some calls. Fix this.

Jordan shakes her head, no.

JORDAN

I've fought hard to stay in this frat house...

Jordan throws down her napkin.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
... and I don't need fixing.

Jordan storms out of the room. Amanda jumps up.

AMANDA  
(calling after her)  
We're not done discussing this.

PAUL  
Let her go. I'll handle it.

INT. PAUL'S HOME OFFICE -- NIGHT

Jordan tiptoes into the darkened office. The football wrap-up show is on the television. She notices her father sleeping in his chair.

She looks at the mantel. There are poised photographs of Paul with Stanton in his football uniform, graduation, and his first day at Duncan Morgan.

She looks around for more photographs and shakes her head in disappointment at finding none of herself. She starts to leave the room when the fax machine catches her eye. She pulls a page out of the sent rack and reads it.

She slumps into the chair at the desk and sobs.

Paul stirs and notices Jordan's sobbing. He flicks on a light.

PAUL  
I had to do it. It's for your own good. It's not important that both of us know that I'm right.

Jordan crumples up the paper and tosses it to the floor.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
The traditions, the honor, the majesty of the brotherhood. I owe a lot to that frat house.

Paul picks up the paper, smoothes it out and places it in a file drawer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I have assured the fraternity that you will not pursue this Title Nine garbage any further.

JORDAN

You can't do that, I'm over eighteen.

PAUL

Stop this nonsense, or you find someone else to pay your college tuition.

EXT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- DAY

Allison and Jordan pull up in her car. She steps out and looks around the yard. There are clothes, books, and makeup strewn across the lawn. Her iguana sits on one pile - almost like he's guarding it.

Troy comes around the corner, carrying a shopping bag. He spots Jordan.

TROY

I wanted to have this picked up before you got back.

Jordan doesn't even notice all her stuff. She smiles at Troy.

JORDAN

You're not mad anymore?

Troy puts a comforting arm around Jordan.

TROY

None of this was your idea. You only wanted a place to live, but I was stupid enough to think I could belong.

JORDAN

We do belong here and I'm going to prove it.

Troy shakes his head.

TROY

Your room is empty. Brandon had those animals move in after he got the fax.

Jordan looks around and starts picking her things up.

TROY (CONT'D)

Not a pleasant weekend visit with the family?

JORDAN

One more place where I guess I don't belong. Stanton is basically an only child in our house.

Jordan digs into her purse and pulls out a credit card.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

At least Mr. Visa still thinks I'm a part of the family.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Troy and Jordan walk into a cheap hotel room carrying Jordan's boxes. Jordan looks around.

JORDAN

Shabby chic.

Troy looks at the floor.

TROY

There are other options.

JORDAN

Gamma Sigma? I painted them lavender, and then turned down their pledge invitation. I don't think that's an option.

TROY

I liked living with you.

JORDAN

I should sue you for disturbing the peace with that snoring of yours.

Jordan brightens.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

That's it. I'll sue them.

Jordan hugs and kisses Troy on the cheek.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

That's one of the options isn't it?

TROY

You want to sue Delta Pi?

Jordan nods.

JORDAN

Exactly -- I'll need your help.  
Where did I put those copies of the  
construction file?

Jordan tears into a box.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'll need a lawyer. Isn't your dad in  
the Duncan Morgan's Austin office?

She looks over at Troy who stands frozen where she hugged and  
kissed him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'll call him tomorrow.

Jordan continues opening boxes as Troy silently leaves the hotel  
room.

INT. LECTURE HALL -- DAY

The lecture is over and Troy closes his notebook and starts to  
leave. Jordan grabs his shirt tail.

TROY

Let go.

She tries to tuck the tail in, but Troy pulls away.

JORDAN

I called your dad and set it up for us  
at one o'clock tomorrow.

TROY

Us? I'm not getting involved in this.

Jordan stands up.

JORDAN

You have to. We have to make this  
right. They tossed you out because I

had a legal right to stay. We can force them to let us both in.

TROY

I don't want to be in a frat house that a girl sued to let me in. This is supposed to be one of the best times of my life and between you and Franklin I've never felt so stupid, awkward, and basically shitty in my life.

Jordan opens her notebook and then closes it as she watches Troy leave. She opens it again, flips a few pages and then closes it and slowly walks out of the hall.

INT. LAW FIRM OF DUNCAN MORGAN -- DAY

Jordan sits across the desk from Troy's father, ELDON STEIN who pages through some legal documents. He pauses and takes off his glasses.

MR. STEIN

You sure this is what you want?

JORDAN

What they did was illegal and unlawful.

MR. STEIN

Know the difference?

JORDAN

Is there?

MR. STEIN

Sure, unlawful is against the law and illegal is just a sick bird.

Mr. Stein shakes his head.

MR. STEIN (CONT'D)

It's my only joke. I wait years for the setup.

Mr. Stein gets up and hands Jordan the document.

MR. STEIN (CONT'D)

Here's your copy of the lawsuit. I'll get it filed before the clerk's office closes today.

JORDAN

How much do I owe you?

MR. STEIN

Nothing. This will settle an old score and piss off some guys that deserve it. I don't have the great Delta Pi memories that your dad has.

JORDAN

Not the best years of your life?

MR. STEIN

The whole Greek system is supposed to make you a better person, but what really happens is that a bunch of guys go right to the top because they got into a fraternity.

JORDAN

Like Brandon, Stanton, and even my dad.

MR. STEIN

Your dad won't be happy about this.

Jordan gets up and throws her backpack over her shoulder.

JORDAN

But he'll finally notice me.  
Everyone will know who Jordan Perry is when I get done with Delta Pi.

EXT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- DAY

Fire trucks surround the frat house as the addition is engulfed in flames. A crowd starts to form. Mrs. Torrey stands outside talking to a POLICEMAN.

MRS. TORREY

Nobody. It was locked up tight.

POLICEMAN

In the middle of the day?

MRS. TORREY

I always go grocery shopping on Thursdays.

POLICEMAN

Where are all the frat boys?

MRS. TORREY

Classes. This place has been like a slice of heaven all week long.

The policeman makes a few notes in his notebook.

POLICEMAN

Any other houses fighting with your boys?

MRS. TORREY

You think someone tried to flambeau it?

POLICEMAN

Flambeau?

MRS. TORREY

You know, torched, fried, barbecued, your basic arson case. What gave them away?

POLICEMAN

The empty gas cans and lighter on the back porch made it kind of obvious.

Mrs. Torrey pauses. She looks around, then leans in close.

MRS. TORREY

They kicked a couple of kids out a few days ago, but neither one of them would do this.

He licks on the end of his pencil.

POLICEMAN

Better give me their names.

INT. LECTURE HALL -- DAY

Jordan sits in her seat watching each student as they come through the door. Instead, the policeman comes through the door.

POLICEMAN

Know a student, Jordan Perry?

Jordan nods.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Know where I can find her?

JORDAN

Yup.

Now he's getting upset. Jordan shakes her head as she now sees Brandon coming into the hall.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Is this about the lawsuit? What are those babies over at Delta Pi saying?

Brandon makes his way to her seat.

BRANDON

Arrest her.

JORDAN

(to Brandon)

It's a civil lawsuit, you idiot. You don't arrest -- you issue subpoenas.

POLICEMAN

Almost burning down a frat house, is criminal not civil.

Jordan jumps up. She's shocked.

JORDAN

Burned? When? Was anybody hurt?  
Where's Mrs. Torrey?

POLICEMAN

Slow down. Why don't you just come with me?

The policeman leads a trembling Jordan towards the door. Troy stands at the door watching her leave.

INT. ELDON STEIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Eldon Stein tosses some papers into his briefcase as Paul comes in.

PAUL  
Got your message Stein, but I already know.

ELDON  
She called you?

PAUL  
She didn't have to, I saw the filing.

Paul sits down in one of the plush chairs and stretches his arms behind his back.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Pretty disappointed with you Stein.

ELDON  
That's not what I called you about.

Eldon snaps the briefcase shut.

ELDON (CONT'D)  
Jordan has been arrested.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Jordan sits with her arms crossed while two burley detectives, SHORTY and BART stand with their arms crossed. It's a stand off.

BART  
This was some kind of a jock prank?  
Who put you up to it?

JORDAN  
I'm not talking.

Jordan gets up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
I already made it clear that I want my lawyer.

Shorty throws down his notebook.

SHORTY

I'm sick of these college pukes. Sick of these pinhead lawyers and their snotty brats.

Jordan smiles and nods towards the door. Eldon and Paul stand in the doorway along with another detective. Shorty turns around and sees them.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

PAUL

Just a couple of pinheads picking up one of our brats. Let's go, Jordan.

INT. ELDON STEIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jordan, Paul, and Eldon sit around a small conference table in the corner of Eldon's office.

JORDAN

I had a biology test at ten.

ELDON

After that?

JORDAN

Noon is lunch. Great class, we get to eat what we dissect.

PAUL

This is no time for jokes.

Eldon looks at his watch.

ELDON

I've got to be in court in a half hour. What did you do after lunch?

JORDAN

I came here to file the lawsuit.

PAUL

Why would you burn down Delta Pi, then file a lawsuit claiming it sits on university land?

JORDAN

You think I tried to burn it down?

PAUL

Whether or not you did it is not important. It's if they can prove it or not. Let's talk about that sweater of yours next to the gas cans.

JORDAN

It's important to me. Do you think I'm guilty?

Paul says nothing and makes some notes on a yellow legal pad.

ELDON

I've got to go, let's meet back here this afternoon and work on our strategy.

Jordan leaves without saying goodbye to either of them.

INT. JORDAN'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Jordan sits at her desk while she unpacks her backpack. There is a knock at the door. She answers it and there stands Troy with some candy bars.

JORDAN

I thought cigarettes were the traditional thing to bring prisoners.

TROY

Cigarettes would require matches.

JORDAN

Funny. So why are you here?

TROY

I missed Aquinas.

He comes over and feeds a candy bar to the iguana. As he goes to sit down on the bed, he spots a ledger and a pile of files.

TROY (CONT'D)

These are the frat house books.

Jordan freezes.

TROY (CONT'D)

What are they doing here?

Troy looks at the pile on the desk and pulls out one of the file folders.

TROY (CONT'D)

This is from the frat house too.

Jordan recovers and comes over to the desk. She pushes the pile onto the floor and exposes a textbook.

TROY (CONT'D)

Why do you have this stuff? It's almost like you knew...

Troy stops in mid-sentence and looks at Jordan.

JORDAN

Knew what? That someone was going to try to burn down the house? You and my dad might as well start a Jordan fan club.

Troy drops his head.

TROY

I was outside waiting for you after your biology test. I wanted to see how you did. You weren't there.

JORDAN

Get the hell out!

Jordan throws the ledger and files into the trash can as Troy leaves. Jordan starts to cry and reaches for a tissue. The box is empty and she angrily throws it into the already full trash can.

She takes out the ledger and files and throws them to the floor. The ledger falls open and gets her attention. She picks it up and starts scanning the entries.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

It's not important that both of us know that I'm right.

She looks over at her iguana. He bobs his head in agreement.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE KITCHEN -- DAY

Mrs. Torrey cleans up some of the mess as Jordan comes in carrying the ledgers.

JORDAN  
I need your help.

MRS. TORREY  
Why should I help you?

Jordan places the ledgers on the kitchen counter.

JORDAN  
You might not like me, but you know I didn't do it.

MRS. TORREY  
Spoken like a woman, instead of a little girl.

She winks at Jordan.

MRS. TORREY (CONT'D)  
You've been the only person around here that recognizes that I know a few things.

Mrs. Torrey opens the ledgers and starts flipping through the pages.

MRS. TORREY (CONT'D)  
Thank goodness not everything is on the computer. These I can read.

INT. ELDON STEIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Eldon Stein doesn't look good. Paul paces back and forth in front of Eldon's desk.

PAUL  
She'll get her ass thrown out of school. It'll be in the papers.

ELDON  
Maybe we should consider a criminal lawyer.

Paul isn't listening.

PAUL

She could have killed someone. I drove by it today, big damn black hole on one side. Five generations of Perry men pledged Delta Pi and we almost lost it forever.

ELDON

I know this looks bad. I don't know why she didn't show up.

PAUL

It's a simple answer -- she ditched her biology test to burn down my frat house.

The phone rings. Eldon picks it up and listens for a few minutes. He hangs up.

ELDON

It was my buddy downtown. Jordan's there talking to the police.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Jordan stands at a dry erase board as Bart and Shorty watch her draw a diagram with interest.

Paul and Eldon burst into the room.

PAUL

This suspect is represented by counsel.

Shorty gets up and puts up a hand to stop Paul's progress into the room.

SHORTY

She called us.

PAUL

This is stupid Jordan -- you're ruining your chances.

JORDAN

My chance to get away with trying to burn down the frat house?

PAUL

Shut up -- don't say another word.

Jordan points at the dry erase board.

JORDAN

Look.

Paul studies the dry erase board. He turns towards Jordan.

PAUL

You have proof for all this?

Jordan nods.

INT. CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Brandon, Franklin, Malcolm and Josh sit at the corner table as Jordan comes in. Brandon spots Jordan.

BRANDON

If you're out on a work release program, I could use some more coffee.

Brandon leans back and puts his hands behind his head.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I just had to be honest with the cops. You hit me, tried to push me down a flight of stairs, and then tried to burn down the house.

Brandon turns towards Malcolm and Josh.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Maybe it was actually one of those fatal attraction things.

He turns back to Jordan and glares.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing out? Did your Daddy put up the bail?

Jordan motions for Franklin to move over and she slides into the booth.

JORDAN

I sneaked a lot of frat house records out of the house since I was suing your fat asses -- to prove that I was right.

Jordan smiles sweetly as Brandon starts to fume.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Records of a new big fat fire insurance policy, records of the financial trouble you were in, records of...

BRANDON

That's a lot of worthless paper.

JORDAN

Paper like a receipt for the gas cans? You are so stupid. You got the house to reimburse you for buying gas cans.

BRANDON

That was for a bonfire.

JORDAN

Tell that to the cops. Along with the fact that you were the only one Mrs. Torrey told that she'd be shopping that day at nine instead of ten. Dirk showed me the keys you have to everything when he busted into my bathroom -- on your orders.

BRANDON

Lots of people have keys. What about your sweater? Stupid to leave that next to the gas cans. Everyone knows the fuss you threw after it was missing.

JORDAN

Missing after your animals threw me out of my room. Missing on a lost and found report I filed at the school.

BRANDON

You filed a report over an ugly sweater?

JORDAN

It belonged to my grandmother, but this was what helped me figure it all out.

She pulls out a piece of paper.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It's a copy of the typewritten note explaining why I was burning down the house. Typewritten. Who in the world owns a typewriter anymore?

Malcolm raises his hand excitedly.

MALCOLM

I know. I know. Stacie has one.

Brandon gets up and gestures for Malcolm and Josh to do the same.

BRANDON

There is no way some little brainless cop is going to put that load of shit together against me.

Jordan steps aside.

JORDAN

Tell that to them.

She points at Shorty and Bart.

SHORTY

You can call us brainless, but it will be from inside of a cell.

Shorty drags Brandon out of the coffee shop. Paul comes up behind Jordan and puts his arm around her.

PAUL

I'm proud of you.

JORDAN

Proud that I stuck it out at Delta Pi, or proud that I figured out that it had to follow Title Nine, or proud that I found who really tried to burn it down, or proud that...

Paul hugs Jordan.

PAUL

I guess it's not important that both of us know why I'm proud. It is enough just to be proud.

He kisses her on the top of her head.

EXT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE -- DAY

Jordan stands on a ladder, painting the trim on the new addition. Allison hands her some more paint.

ALLISON

I can't believe you and Franklin didn't move it back over by one foot.

JORDAN

Keeping it on University land is the best thing for Delta Pi. Even with Franklin as the new president, future generations need to be reminded that at any time girls have a legal right to belong to Delta Pi -- if they want.

ALLISON

Like you?

Jordan shakes her head.

JORDAN

What girl in her right mind would want to live with a bunch of smelly, puke-encrusted animals?

ALLISON

What about the invitation to Gamma Sigma?

JORDAN

What girl in her right mind would want to be bogged down with those tons of life-long friendships? I've gotten by with only one friend -- and maybe I'll add another one someday.

Jordan jumps down from the ladder and pulls out a power sprayer.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Longhorn burnt orange. It's the new lavender.

Allison takes one look at the sprayer and runs away screaming with her hands over her head.

EXT. OLD HOUSE -- DAY

Jordan and Troy stand out in front of an old house that is in need of repairs.

JORDAN

Is this the kind of options you were suggesting?

TROY

I was thinking more of an intimate, yet modern studio apartment.

Jordan grabs his head and gives him a long deep kiss. He's dazed.

JORDAN

Plans change.

TROY

This is ours?

JORDAN

That's where I was that morning instead of taking my biology test. The interfraternity council was voting on our charter. I had to get a charter to sign the lease for this.

TROY

Charter?

JORDAN

The first coed law fraternity-sorority at the "U". I'm going to manage it and make enough to pay my tuition.

TROY

A fratority or a sorornity?

JORDAN

Officially a sorority, sponsored by Allison and the sisters at Gamma Sigma but endorsed by Delta Pi.

She looks at the old house.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

They even volunteered to help me paint it lavender.

TROY

No pre-law guy is going to want to live in a lavender sorority house.

Jordan suggestively strokes his arm.

JORDAN

Are you sure? Late night pillow fights and tiny silk nighties instead of puke on the ceiling and pee on the floor?

Jordan winks at him as she turns around and heads towards the house.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

First, I'll need to find out if you're Delta Gamma Sigma Pi material.

Troy shakes his head in disgust, but then the light bulb goes on when he figures out what she has in mind. He runs up the steps, grabs her and delivers a passionate kiss. As they break apart, Jordan takes a deep breath of air.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You're in, pledge.

FADE OUT: