

DELTA PI

By

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INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- DAY

JORDAN PERRY (17,) stands in the middle of a bedroom that looks like it was copied from a designer showroom, except for the boxes on the floor.

She packs with the same flair -- studying the next object and then finding the perfect place for it in the open boxes.

AMANDA PERRY (40s,) 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.

Amanda pulls a stack of recipe cards out of her pocket and hands them to Jordan.

AMANDA

The girls at Gamma Sigma will love you after you cook these for them.

Jordan flips through the cards.

JORDAN

Plum lamb chops, sweet and sour chicken, apple rice pudding...

She turns that card over.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Nutmeg. I knew it. Your secret ingredient. I can't wait to...

Jordan freezes and then hands the cards back to her mother.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I have to focus if I'm going to get into a good law school.

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Maybe the dorms would be better for me.

AMANDA

These are supposed to be the best years of your life. Why don't you try to fit in and have some fun?

Amanda opens one of the already sealed boxes a crack and slides the recipe cards in before heading for the door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Brunch in an hour.

Jordan nods as Amanda leaves. Jordan packs 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
pets in the sorority 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 won't fit in.

She picks him up and places him on the floor as she heads out 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 -- CONTINUOUS

It's like the last supper -- the table overflows with a celebration feast. Jordan picks at her food, but her father, PAUL PERRY (40s) 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 beginning of the best
years of your life.

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

PAUL (CONT'D)
What time are you 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 orange.

She turns to her mother.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Orange is the new red.

The tender moment is interrupted by the loud arrival of STANTON PERRY (20s.) He's everything a parent dreams of -- 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?

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, turd-face. Okay, get it out of you.

He motions to Jordan.

JORDAN

Most wanted list, list of dumbest criminals, 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. PERRY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jordan loads the dishwasher as Amanda enters the kitchen with
a huge stack of dishes. She sets them on the counter with a
crash. She looks at the mess and starts to cry.

JORDAN
Mom?

Jordan moves close to her mother.

AMANDA
I wanted this day to be special for
you. He always does this.

JORDAN
It will be special.

Jordan puts a hand on her mother's arm.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
We've got a couple hours and I'm
all packed, so how about we make
some Heavenly Bars for the girls?

Amanda perks up. She moves over to her recipe cupboard and pulls out stacks of cards.

AMANDA
Those are perfect. Few
ingredients, twelve minutes to
cook...

She finds the recipe card that she needs and is suddenly a bright ball of fire as she gets out bowls, pans, and runs over to the refrigerator.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I wanted to be a chef, did you know
that?

Jordan shakes her head.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Your father thought that getting my
degree in education would be better
for raising kids. No late nights...

Amanda begins to tear up again.

JORDAN
Do you think I could have that
recipe? I could make those...

Amanda is already dashing over to the cupboard.

AMANDA
I have extra copies that I give out
during cookie exchanges. We'll put
a plate of these in the Gamma Sigma
kitchen and...

She stops and looks at Jordan.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
This is going to be such a fun day.

Jordan hugs her mom.

JORDAN
Best day ever. If dad came, he'd
just want to get there...

AMANDA
So he could hurry and get back.

They laugh together.

NT. JORDAN'S ROOM AT GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE -- DAY

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

AMANDA

The memories...they take my breath away.

Amanda sits down on the bed.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I can't believe how great my old room looked downstairs.

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 next week, you'll have new friends that will last a lifetime.

Amanda looks around the room.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I know it's small, but Allison and I pulled a lot of strings to get you a room here instead of the dorm until you're invited to pledge.

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.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I want you to get home before it
gets dark.

AMANDA
Are you sure? What about dinner?
Do you have the number for the
pizza place? What about in the
morning? I wanted to show you how
to walk to Campus Coffee.

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN
Allison just texted me. She's back.

Amanda gives Jordan a huge hug.

AMANDA
Remember to have fun, for both of
us?

Jordan nods.

INT. ALLISON'S ROOM GAMMA SIGMA -- DAY

Jordan finishes putting up curtains as Allison flips through
a magazine with her legs propped up on the desk.

JORDAN
Well?

ALLISON
Looks nice.

JORDAN
You didn't even look.

Jordan shakes her head as she pushes one of Allison's tanned
legs aside and sits on the bed.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
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
back.

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 starts folding a big pile of clothes dumped out on the bed. She holds up a tiny, tiny, thong bikini.

JORDAN

Seriously? Where did you plan to wear this?

Allison snatches it.

ALLISON

We're painting the outside of the house tomorrow...

Jordan stands up.

JORDAN

Why didn't you tell me? I need to plan, get supplies...

She heads for the door, and Allison, calls out to her.

ALLISON

Make sure you wear the yellow one, it makes you look less like an albino.

EXT. GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE -- DAY

It's still a warm day and the perfect opportunity to repaint the sorority house before autumn sets in. 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, Jordan loads a power sprayer with lavender paint. Wearing a painter's cap, overalls, and mask, Jordan 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 a group of fraternity brothers distract them by YELLING and waving from the house across the street.

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

Not one drop of paint manages to make it onto 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 -- 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 Allison's back 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.
Air pressure fifty PSI, wind at
seven knots, less than eighty
percent paint volume...

ALLISON

Using a power sprayer was the
problem.

Jordan shakes her head.

JORDAN

Fourteen girls, three stories,
twenty-eight hundred square feet,
plus another six hundred linear
feet of trim --this project
required a power sprayer if you
wanted to get it done before rush
week.

ALLISON

That's not why we were painting the
house today. That's not why I had
you move into the house early.

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 breaks loose, 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. I applied
online, but here's a printout.

STACIE

Rushing us? Seriously?

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 sports shoes. She loses her balance and lands on her butt.

Jordan tries to help her up, but Stacie pushes Jordan's hand aside. Allison GIGGLES as she pulls Jordan away.

STACIE

Are you crazy? Did you notice that we're all lavender? We'll be lavender at the rush parties. We'll be lavender when school starts next week. We'll have to vote to change the school colors to lavender so that we'll blend in at graduation.

Stacie yells after the fleeing pair.

STACIE (CONT'D)

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

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

A young man, BRANDON (20,) rushes into the Delta Pi frat house. He's a mini former President Donald Trump in a designer suit, and even with a thick head of hair, he's managed to do a "comb over" with his golden locks.

Three other frat brothers, JOSH, MALCOLM and FRANKLIN sit at the table, waiting.

BRANDON

You're late.

The three look at each other and then at Brandon in amazement.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Time is money. I wanted these applications downloaded to my computer last night.

He picks up the stack of applications and tosses them aside.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Loser, loser, loser.

He picks up some more applications and quickly scans them.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Look at this - twin wrestlers.

He shows a picture 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 rush parties bring in
the wrong type of applications.

He feathers his hair with his fingers. He puckers his lips
to get the "Trump look."

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Achievement, drive, breeding -- a
Delta Pi man is a cut above the
rest.

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

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Where are the real men?

EXT. GAMMA SIGMA SORORITY HOUSE -- DAY

Jordan packs up her power sprayer while Allison watches.

JORDAN

The third-floor bathroom needs another coat of paint, and I almost have the curtains done for my room.

Allison gets up and helps Jordan.

ALLISON

I thought you'd get invited to pledge. There were some empty rooms, 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. I tried to get Stacie...

Jordan tries to hide her watering eyes as she slumps to the ground.

JORDAN

My mom was a Gamma Sigma. Her mom pledged too. My dad was over at Delta Pi.

Her head drops down, and the tears start flowing.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I can't go home.

Allison pulls her up.

ALLISON

Let's go get some pizza, then I'll get Stacie to let you stay for a few weeks.

Jordan wipes her cheeks.

JORDAN

A few weeks.

She lets out a big breath and cheers up.

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
Jordan Perry. Anyone know him?

The group is silent.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Perry. Sounds familiar.

FRANKLIN
One of the founding brothers was a
Perry.

Josh pulls the application up online and scans it.

JOSH

Dude's old man is at Duncan Morgan.
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 prez my
freshman year. Made my life hell.

Brandon tosses Jordan's application into the accepted pile.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Paybacks are hell, and it will be
fun to torture Stanton's little
brother and your little brother,
Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Troy is in?

Brandon nods.

BRANDON

Along with Jordan Perry. For now.

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 him self in there -- he's turned out the lights -- Stand back!

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

See, no monster. An iguana. This is St. Thomas Aquinas. 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...

Jordan gestures toward the window.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

...sucked the door closed. Aquinas' 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 toward Jordan.

STACIE

What are you and that thing doing
here?

Jordan gestures toward 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 now. Out! Out!
Out!

Jordan holds Aquinas close as she heads toward her door.

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

Jordan scans Craigslist on her computer as Allison moves some boxes off of Jordan's bed.

ALLISON

Anything? You have to leave by
tonight.

Jordan shakes her head.

JORDAN

Dorms are full. I'll run over my
limit on my VISA in two weeks, and
my folks would find out that I'm
living in a hotel. I'm not going
to be the first Perry in five
generations that didn't get into a
Greek house.

ALLISON

What did your mom say?

Jordan shakes her head. Allison comes over and hugs Jordan.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
It's going to be alright, but
you're going to have to tell them.

JORDAN
And listen to 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 continues packing. She holds up a letter.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

JORDAN
Before she threw me out, Stacie
made me enter an application for
Brandon's little brother on the
Delta Pi's website.

ALLISON
Yup, dirty pledge work.

Jordan nods.

JORDAN
I thought I'd enter my own stuff
first, just to get familiar with
the online form and not mess up the
other...and then I hit send
accidentally.

Allison reads the letter.

ALLISON
They accepted you, and you printed
this out?

JORDAN
I thought when I go home, I could
show Stanton how lame his old frat
was.

Jordan shakes her head.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Delta Pi. The one place on campus
that wants me is the one place I
can't go.

Jordan takes the letter. She's smiling and excited.

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 grabs Allison and pulls her up and hugs her.

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. She looks at the letter again.

ALLISON
It's for real. You can rent a room
over there for a few weeks. Stacie
always told me to be careful when
sending acceptance letters.

JORDAN
It's a binding offer.

ALLISON
But you'd be better off in a cheap
hotel than living with a bunch of
naked guys burping and farting.

JORDAN
I have a plan. A new Delta Pi.

She taps on the Craigslist page.

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 toward Mrs. Torrey.

JORDAN
I need to talk to the person in
charge.

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 pledged Delta Pi? Never heard
 of a girl trying to bust into a
 fraternity like Delta Pi. A
 hundred years of men only.

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? Lavender robes and
 all?

Jordan ignores his jab. He's heard about the painting at
 Gamma Sigma.

JORDAN
 You're the Delta Pi representative
 on Greek council. I found a house
 to rent, but I need a charter to
 get them to lease it to me.

Franklin shakes his head, no.

FRANKLIN
 I'll make you a deal. I'll check
 out this house and research getting
 a charter.

He takes Jordan's letter.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
 But I want you to accept this offer
 from Delta Pi and move in. You
 live here for one month and then
 get kicked out.

JORDAN
 Why?

FRANKLIN
 I want my little brother to get in.
 If you move in, there will be so
 much attention on you, he'll slip
 by unnoticed. He's not the type
 that fits in easily.

Jordan holds up her fist for a bump.

JORDAN
 Deal.

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 backward 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 were full, and the
sorority kicked me out. I have
nowhere else to go.

MRS. TORREY
Ain't no way these guys are going
to let a girl live here.

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
It will be up to Brandon.

Mrs. Torrey turns to go.

MRS. TORREY (CONT'D)
Reasonable men. Oldest oxymoron on
the planet.

JORDAN
Brandon? Stacie's Brandon? Lizard
Brandon?

Mrs. Torrey turns back.

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 a lavender bedspread that she hugs and smells at the same time. The recipe cards that her mother stuffed inside the same box fall out of a fold.

Jordan smiles as she flips through the cards, remembering some great home-cooked meals.

She sets the cards aside and starts spreading the lavender bedspread, but stops and folds it back up. She goes into the closet and pulls out a plain brown plaid spread, and uses that instead.

She grabs an empty box from the top shelf of the closet and stuffs the lavender spread and the recipe cards into the box and back into the closet.

She looks around the plain room and takes a deep breath before leaving the room.

JORDAN

(to herself)

Got to fit in. One month.

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 smells it.

JORDAN
Sounds delicious.

She frowns after she scoops up a spoonful.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I think I could get more
nourishment from biting my
fingernails. What is this?

MRS. TORREY
Like I said, Curried Chi Tan Noodle
soup. I've got a large enough
vocabulary to give that same slop a
new name every day.

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 toward the kitchen door as Mrs. Torrey and Jordan come bursting through with two steaming plates of food.

Jordan sets down one of the plates, and takes a seat at the opposite end of the table. Brandon stares at Jordan.

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

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

JORDAN
Jordan Perry, 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
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.

BRANDON
Pre-law frat brothers. Brothers,
guys, real men.

He slaps away her hand.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Get out, you ugly little piece of
shit.

Jordan runs out of the room. 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.

Brandon then reverts back to his polished Presidential Trump look.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I try to learn from the past, but I plan for the future by focusing exclusively on the present.

After he leaves, Malcolm looks at Josh.

MALCOLM
Focusing? "Numb nuts" and the "hell out of here" I understand.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Malcolm and Josh stand in the doorway. Jordan grabs a box from stack and opens it.

JORDAN
Are you guys here to help?

Josh nods and picks up one of the boxes and grunts.

JOSH
What do you have in here, bricks?

JORDAN
Close. Look at this.

Jordan brings over a decorating magazine.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
It's a photo layout of Trumpy's private apartment at Trump Towers.

Malcolm looks with interest.

MALCOLM
A round bed. If he's having sex and he's on top...

Josh pushes him.

JOSH
We're supposed to help her move
out.

Jordan shakes her head.

JORDAN
I want you to help me do this.

Jordan points at the magazine. Josh looks closer.

JOSH
A black door?

Jordan nods.

JORDAN
Black mirrored door. I went to my
favorite design store and they just
got these in.

Jordan taps on one of the boxes.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I've been waiting for Brandon to go
out so we can get this done. Is he
gone?

Josh puts the box down.

JOSH
I'm not sure about this. Brandon
said to get you out of here.

JORDAN
I have no place to go. You'd have
to move me into the street.

MALCOLM
He'll kill us if we don't get you
out of here.

JORDAN
What will happen if he finds out
that he had a chance to have the
exact same door that the former
President Trump has at the entrance
to his penthouse in New York?

Josh and Malcolm think about this and pick up the tile boxes.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Let's have some fun.

Malcolm grunts as shifts the weight of his boxes.

MALCOLM
You certainly have a bizarre
concept of fun.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The door is magnificent. Black mirrored tile with gold streaks. It looks like something you'd see in a Las Vegas whorehouse or Trump Tower.

Jordan finishes polishing the mirror as Josh and Malcolm carry away the boxes. They turn and run back toward the door and turn off the hall light.

JOSH
He's coming.

The three duck around a corner as Brandon gets close to his door. He stumbles a little -- it looks like he's been drinking. When he gets to the end of the hallway, he walks right into the door and falls backwards.

BRANDON
My nose!

He holds his bleeding nose as Jordan runs up to him and Josh and Malcolm run away. At the sight of Jordan, he looks back at his door.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
What the hell?

JORDAN
Do you like it? Let me see your
nose.

Brandon harshly pushes her away.

BRANDON
I want you out of here, you fucking
bitch!

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jordan runs into her room and throws open the closet door. She grabs an empty box and starts throwing stuff into it.

Jordan flings open the bathroom door and SCREAMS. TROY STEIN, 19, SCREAMS and spits out his toothbrush and sprays toothpaste juice all over the mirror and Jordan.

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

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. 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 days
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 BATHROOM -- NIGHT

As Jordan washes her face, the water seems to prime the pump
that's holding back her tears. She opens up the faucet to
drown out the SOBS.

The light clicks off and she GASPS. She turns the light back
on and spots Aquinas the iguana on the toilet. He bobs his
head.

Jordan picks him up and kisses him on the nose.

JORDAN
We're not quitting, Aquinas. If I
can love you, they can tolerate me.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

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 Troy is safe.

FRANKLIN
You weren't supposed to tell him.

JORDAN
You didn't tell me that.

FRANKLIN
Of course I did. Even if I didn't,
it's implied that I wouldn't want
him to know. Troy is special.

There is a POUNDING on the wall.

TROY (O.S.)
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 Aquinas.

TROY
Your roommate unlocked the bathroom door.

Aquinas bobs his head before running up the side of the bed and sitting 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
There is no way...

TROY
I meant without an iguana.

Troy points to Aquinas who bobs his head.

TROY (CONT'D)
See, he agrees.

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

It takes a majority vote to get us out once we've been invited to pledge.

TROY

Brandon -- he's the majority.

JORDAN

I found the by-laws last night and no matter how hard he tries to boot us out, he has to call a vote. The soonest he can call a vote is at the next board meeting -- which is next Sunday and by then, I'll have...

Jordan spins back around and flips over a sheet of paper.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

...this house running like a five star hotel. The other frat brothers won't want me to ever leave. 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.

TROY

Do either one of you know what a decoy really is? It's used to attract a duck so it can be shot and killed.

Jordan gathers up her books.

JORDAN
 Let's go or we'll be late for
 Layton's class.

TROY
 Class? You've got Layton?

Jordan leads Troy toward 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
 A law sorority? That's what you
 want to start? That was your deal
 with Franklin?

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
 What would they do, try to change
 the judge's robes from black to
 lavender?

JORDAN
 I'm talking about a serious
 sorority and I need your help.

TROY
 My help?

JORDAN

If I can stay in Delta Pi for one month, Franklin will go to the Greek council and help me get the new sorority.

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 high school...or even junior high? No, more like...

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 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 (60s.)

PROFESSOR LAYTON

Although, according to you I'm not necessary -- I do get paid to teach. If this episode of the Queer Eye Makeover, 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)

I thought I'd make a plan. Here's the list of all the Delta Pi officers, members, pledges and some key alumni. I'm also made of list of all the things that need fixing around the house.

TROY

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 having fun around here?

Jordan nods and 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, Brandon will leave you alone and concentrate on me.

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

Who says this can't be fun?

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?

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

Cool Mrs. T.

MRS. TORREY

Don't you go thinking that I'd do such a stupid thing.

(MORE)

MRS. TORREY (CONT'D)
It was your new frat brother. Or
should I say, sister?

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 (CONT'D)
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 toward 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. That can be fun, too?

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.

Malcolm watches her head towards the door.

MALCOLM

Low blood-sugar.

Jordan grabs Tiffany by the hand and pulls her onto the couch.

JORDAN

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

Malcolm SHRUGS.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
It means you're watching a reality
show about marrying a millionaire.

Malcolm takes offense. Jordan straddles Tiffany. Now she has his attention.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
You're not a millionaire and you
need some lessons in reality.

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. You don't play
video games.

Jordan looks deeply into Tiffany's eyes. She places her hand behind Tiffany's head. She moves in closer. They are starting to kiss.

Jordan flips over and sits next to a stunned Tiffany.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
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.

But she pauses, then looks back and Tiffany and Malcolm are locked in a passionate kiss.

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jordan goes down the hallway toward 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. Then I found this AI site and now I 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. Make it fun.

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 her 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.

Next, a scraping and clicking sound and the door unlocks. Jordan comes into the room holding a nail file.

TROY
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. It was
that whole thing on the bed.

JORDAN
I know exactly what you're talking
about.

She grabs him by the arm.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
And I know 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.

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've heard him say that a billion
times.

TROY

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

JORDAN

Figures. Everything is falling
apart. This place is like a money
pit. Franklin is always telling
Mrs. T, to cut expenses.

TROY

Why would a frat house this old
need money? They turn away
pledges, they probably own the
place, and they charge more for a
room than any other frat house.

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 pulls back. Their eyes lock. Jordan moves in closer, but
Troy turns around, excited.

TROY (CONT'D)

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

He gathers the papers together. Jordan is still dazed by the
look. 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 toward 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
 orange? It's the new red.

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 her 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 looks at one of the recipe cards.

JORDAN
I know. I can't believe it myself.
Food. Food will be the fifth
thing. 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 toward 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, Bud.

JOSH

Plus, everyone likes having Jordan around. She does our laundry, helps us with our homework and the chicks, cleans the toilets and now her cooking is...

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, kid.

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 toward Allison.

STACIE

What do you think of your little buddy being 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 and watch reruns of the Apprentice streaming. Jordan stands close to the doorway with an eye on the front door. Josh comes up next to Jordan.

JOSH
He's never our apprentice night.

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 does his little Donald Trump hand point into her face.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
You're fired!

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 toward 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 the 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 looks over at Jordan.

FRANKLIN

We haven't had Hell Week for a few years, but it's still in the by-laws.

Brandon comes over 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

Jordan sits at her desk and looks up at Franklin while Troy stands in the doorway.

JORDAN

Climate change?

Franklin nods. He holds out a paper bag and digs out a tiny bikini top.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I have to put on a fundraiser with a theme of Climate change and wear this? 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 fraternity.

JORDAN

And Troy?

Franklin digs into the bag and pulls out another bikini top.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

But it's forecasted to be freezing this weekend.

EXT. DELTA PI HOUSE - DUNK TANK

We see Jordan and Troy sitting with their bikinis tops on, shivering on the bench of a dunk tank. Signs litter the lawn with messages like "It was 80 degrees today last year" and "What will do and the oceans rise?" A bucket sits next to the tank "\$5 to fight Climate Change."

MONTAGE:

- 1) Kids start to gather, bundled in winter gear.
- 2) First donation, and Troy gets dunked and SCREAMS.
- 3) Tiffany drags Malcolm out of the frat house while putting a bikini on him.
- 4) More girls showing up holding bikini tops and dragging their boyfriends.
- 5) A dry Jordan, is replaced by Malcolm who immediately gets dunked and pushed back up by Tiffany.
- 6) A long form lines of guys wanting to get dunked and girls waiting to put money in the bucket.
- 7) An exhausted Jordan and Troy flop down on his lavender bedspread and both fall asleep wearing blankets around themselves.

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 toward Jordan and Troy.

BRANDON
This is for them. A little award for one of the biggest fundraisers ever.

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 fundraiser test,
but no way will they get through
the kegger.

Tiffany pulls him down toward 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 toward 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 toward 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.

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 -- still wearing jogging suits. Jordan leans in close to Troy.

JORDAN

We can do this. We finally have an advantage.

STROY

Advantage?

Troy pats his rear.

TROY

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 grape is 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 stop. 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 toward 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 rescued you from
 those animals and now you're
 turning us down?

JORDAN
 I'm staying in Delta Pi. I've
 worked my butt off. 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 and we went over the property line 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
Why are you helping me?

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

PROFESSOR LAYTON
This is a fight worth fighting. "A long habit of not thinking a thing wrong gives it a superficial appearance of being right."

JORDAN
Thomas Jefferson?

PROFESSOR LAYTON
Thomas Paine. Go and be a pain, it's what you're good at.

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 toward 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
You're fired.

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. BOY'S DORM ROOM FLOOR -- DAY

Jordan goes down the dorm room hallway, opening each door and alternating between a GASP and LAUGH.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jordan comes into her room 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. Turkey hits me harder. Can't wait for Mrs. T's big Thanksgiving feast next week.

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 Thanksgiving break?

JORDAN

As long as you're still driving. I can't have my mom pick me up here.

She throws her duffel in the back.

ALLISON

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 lite beer for mine.

INT. PERRY DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

The table almost sags from an abundant Thanksgiving feast. Stanton enjoys the position at the head of the table as he carves the turkey.

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 takes her seat and reaches for some sweet potatoes.

JORDAN

I also have some news to tell you.

She makes a big pile on her plate.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm over at Delta Pi.

Jordan looks over at Stanton. He nods.

AMANDA

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

Amanda looks over 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.

Jordan shakes her head.

JORDAN
My own good?

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

PAUL
The traditions, the honor, the majesty of the brotherhood. I owe a lot to that frat house.

Paul picks up the paper, smooths 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, let your mother make some calls and move into a sorority or even a hotel -- 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 do it right after he
got the email.

Jordan looks around and starts picking her things up.

JORDAN
My dad.

TROY
Not a pleasant turkey day 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 should 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.

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Your dad. That's it. Your dad
does all the firm's pro bono work.
He knows how to fight for the
underdog. I'll call him tomorrow
and set it up for us to meet with
him.

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 CHUCKLES at his little joke.

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 shakes his head, no.

MR. STEIN
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 prepare you for the real world -
help make you strong. What really
happened is that a bunch of guys
that didn't have the brains or guts
to make it got to go right to the
top -- only because they got into a
top fraternity.

JORDAN
Like Brandon, Stanton, and even my
dad.

MR. STEIN
Are you ready to pull the tail of
that tiger?

Jordan gets up and throws her backpack over her shoulder.

JORDAN
I'm just getting started. I might
not make my dad proud, but I'll
finally get some attention.

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
Finals. 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)
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 sue.

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 toward 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 sips a cola while two burly detectives, SHORTY and BART stand with their arms crossed.

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

JORDAN
I'm not talking.

Jordan gets up and crosses her arms.

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 toward 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.

Jordan pushes her cola can toward Shorty and waves goodbye.

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 final 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, Jordan.

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 federal land?

JORDAN

You think I burned 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 burned it down?

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 flowers.

JORDAN

I thought cigarettes were the traditional items to bring prisoners.

TROY

Cigarettes would require matches.

JORDAN

Funny. So why are you here?

TROY

These flowers were on my lavender bedspread in my dorm room.

JORDAN

Lavender is the new blue.

She pulls him inside.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I need your help. I think I know who did this.

As he goes to sit down on the bed, he spots a ledger and a pile of files.

TROY

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

(softly)

I was outside waiting for you after your biology final. 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)

A long habit of not thinking a thing wrong gives it a superficial appearance of being right.

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

INT. DELTA PI FRAT HOUSE KITCHEN -- DAY

Mrs. Torrey is busy cleaning up some of the mess when 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)

Let's see if these books can talk.

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 final to burn down my
frat house.

The phone RINGS. Eldon picks it up and listens for a few
minutes before hanging it 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 toward Jordan.

PAUL
You have proof for all this?

Jordan nods.

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Brandon, Franklin, Malcolm and Josh sit at the corner table as Jordan and Troy come strolling 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 toward Malcolm and Josh, LAUGHING.

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?
Daddy throw some big bucks at the judge?

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

JORDAN

You see, 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

You got nothing but 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.

Jordan pulls out her sweater.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Remember this? You left it next to your stupid gas cans.

BRANDON

Exactly -- it proves you did it. It's your sweater. 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 a stupid sweater?

JORDAN

It belonged to my grandmother.

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 and Troy step 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 burned it down, or proud that...

Paul hugs Jordan.

PAUL

I'm just proud of you.

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. Allison takes one look at it 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 final. The student council was voting on our charter. I had to get a charter to sign the lease for this.

TROY

Charter?

JORDAN

The first coed fraternity-sorority. 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.

She looks at the old house.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

They even volunteered to help me paint it.

TROY

No 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 toward the house.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

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: