

DELTA PI

"Pilot - Where are the Real Men?"

by

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TEASER

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.

ACT ONE

INT. PERRY DINING ROOM -- DAY

It's like the last supper -- the table overflows with a celebration feast. Jordan picks at her food, but her father, PAUL PERRY (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. 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
at all times.

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.

ACT TWO

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.

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 (20,) comes over and points
at Jordan.

STACIE

Why is she still here?

Jordan eagerly pulls the copy of her 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 himself 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.

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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 will 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.

ACT THREE

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 (60s.) 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. Troy is 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 I'm going to...

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
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. What's that?

Troy points at a huge stack of papers on her desk.

JORDAN

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

TROY

Brandon -- he's the majority.

JORDAN

Soonest he can call a vote is at the next board meeting by then, I'll have 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.

As Troy goes back to his room QUACKING like a duck, Jordan reaches up to the closet and takes out the lavender bedspread and recipe cards. She deals them like a deck of cards.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I belong in Delta Pi.

The iguana bobs his head.

FADE OUT: