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NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE II

Second Draft Screenplay

by

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NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE II

FADE IN

1 EXT. MAIN GATE - FABER COLLEGE 1

A lovely autumn evening, just before dusk. A white Mercedes 240SL convertible glides past the statue of Emil Faber and into Fraternity Row.

SUPERIMPOSE:

EMIL FABER COLLEGE
Homecoming Week
October, 1967

CUT TO

2 INT. THE MERCEDES 2

Doug Neidermeyer is at the wheel. He wears a First Lieutenant's uniform (Green Beret). His hair is military length. Next to him sits his wife, Tinky. She is pretty and wears a lime skirt, a pink cableknit cardigan and a pink ribbon in her hair.

TINKY

I don't believe how nervous I am,
Doug.

DOUG

Relax, honey. These are your kind
of people.

CUT TO

3 EXT. FRATERNITY ROW 3

A banner spans the street: "Welcome Back, Faber Alumni." The Mercedes drives beneath it and proceeds past the trim frat houses, from which flags are flying. Doug pulls up directly in front of Omega House. He gets out and goes around to open the passenger door for Tinky.

A black midget in a Beefeater outfit is the parking attendant. He steps in the car and drives off. The car appears to be driverless since his head is below the window.

DOUG

Ready?

CONTINUED

3

CONTINUED

3

She takes Binaca out of her Nantucket wicker handbag and sprays some into her mouth.

TINKY

Ready.

CUT TO

4

EXT. OMEGA HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

4

Doug's younger brother, Brad, the President of the House, opens the door. His date, Rosalie, is a younger version of Tinky.

BRAD

Dougie! Tinky! We've been waiting for you! I'd like you to meet Rosalie Bradstreet. Rosalie, this is my brother, Doug, and Tinky, my favorite sister-in-law.

TINKY

He's only got one.

They all chuckle.

BRAD

Come on in, come on in.

CUT TO

5

INT. ENTRANCE TO OMEGA LIVING ROOM

5

Young and old Omegas crowd the room, some in tweed jackets, some in blazers with red or yellow pants. A combo is playing a bad piano bar version of "Yesterday". The Neidermeyer group stands in the doorway and surveys the crush. Doug points and salutes at several pals around the room.

ROSALIE

The place is just crawling with famous alumni. God, it's terrifying!

BRAD

(nodding
smugly)

Even Mr. Vanderslaag came back.
First time in years.

ROSALIE

(to Tinky)

They say he's worth a jillion.

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

5

BRAD

Look, I've got to get him some chow,
but you guys go grab drinks.

(to his
brother)

The fellows really want to meet you,
Doug. They've never met a Green
Beret before.

CUT TO

6

POINT OF VIEW

6

Handheld camera is a person walking into the party. Guests are looking respectfully into the camera at the unidentified arrival. Several guests greet "him" warmly. "He" continues to wind through the crowd. "He" walks towards Doug. Doug has a Scotch in one hand and an elbow on the mantelpiece; he is holding a small group spellbound. Tinky gazes at him as though she'd never heard this story before.

DOUG

-- And so when we brought that
copter in we counted twenty-two
holes in the fuselage. We patched
her up with mud and spit and made
another four runs.

Low whistles from the crowd.

BRAD

It must have been hell.

DOUG

It was. But what kept me going was
the knowledge that I was fighting --
(a sweep of
the hand)
-- for this.

Doug looks up and sees "him" coming towards him. He puts his drink down, straightens up and salutes "him". He puts out his hand and they shake hands. We see hand reach out from the camera.

DOUG

It's been a long time, sir.
(a beat)
Too long.

"He" continues to circulate through the crowd eliciting
"hellos" as he goes.

7

MILTON VANDERSLAAG

7

A jowly tycoon in his late sixties. Surrounded by a group of admiring young Omegas, he is watching a mahogany-encased TV in which LBJ is defending his Vietnam policies.

VANDERSLAAG

Trouble is that goddamn Texan is too soft. If Goldwater had been elected we'd be selling Coca-Cola in Hanoi today. We should send in B-52s and bust their asses off the map. In this world you have to be a prick --

(looks up and
recognizes "him";
looking straight
into the camera)

My God, it's great to see you....

Vanderslaag reaches out to shakes "his" hand. Camera pulls back and we see:

CUT TO

8

DEAN VERNON WORMER

8

The aforementioned "he" and "him". He shakes hands with Vanderslaag.

WORMER

(smiling)

Milt, it's great to see you, too.

CUT TO

9

EXT. OMEGA HOUSE

9

Dean Wormer and Vanderslaag are leaving the House. We hear Lettermen music in b.g.

VANDERSLAAG

This is the place to be, Vern, the place to be. It's always a pleasure visiting and speaking with these kids and old Omega pals. Always a pleasure.

WORMER

You've given a lot to Omega, Milt, a great deal. And speaking of giving, I want to show you where some of the money you've given Faber in the past has gone to.

CONTINUED

They are at the edge of a yard. There is a manure pile with garbage on top, and a small garden identified by packet-marked stakes which lead to a neat, white building, although not as attractive as Omega House. It is the Delta House redone tremendously.

VANDERSLAAG

(with fright)

Delta House!

WORMER

It's all right, Milt. Quite harmless now. It was part of my four-year plan to clean up Faber. I took away their charter for four years. For four years there was no recruiting of Deltas. No young slime and living fungus on campus. By the end, there was no Delta at all. This year, I filled the House with students I chose. The wimpiest, sorriest bunch of cretan twinkies Faber has to offer. I cut off the balls of Delta Tau Chi...and replaced them with my own.

Vanderslaag smiles broadly.

WORMER

Your money helped us make that change. And while we're on the subject, Milt, I just want you to know how grateful I am that you are considering Faber for your 50,000 dollar matching funds grant. It is a great honor indeed, and the money can be useful.

VANDERSLAAG

Hold your squirt gun, Vern. Oscar Wilde University has been asking about the grant, too. I spent two years there in graduate school, you know. Old alma mater.

WORMER

Oscar Wilde University? Why those faggots haven't done a thing in years. Please forgive me, but think of the Vanderslaag Gymnasium.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED - 2

9

VANDERSLAAG

That's what I like to hear, Vern.
But I'm going to keep my eyes open
around here before I make my final
decision.

WORMER

Appreciate it, Milt.

They smile and shake hands.

VANDERSLAAG

(looking at
Delta House)

You're positive there'll be no
trouble from them?

WORMER

Don't worry, Milt, they're my little
idiots now.

They walk back to the Omega House.

CUT TO

10

INT. DELTA HOUSE - SAME TIME

10

The limp strains of "Dominique" by the Singing Nun come from a cheap portable radio in the living room. The place is furnished with secondhand sofas, chairs and tables. A portrait of Wormer dominates the room. Like the exterior, the interior has been restored to minimum standards for student housing.

Harold Dimmler, the current Delta President, a preppy nurd in madras jacket, yellow wing-collar shirt, baby-blue slacks and brown tie shoes, is setting out bowls of dry roasted peanuts. Rashid Ramani, a foreign-exchange student from Pakistan dressed in Red Cross hand-me-downs, runs an old upright vacuum cleaner.

A lone Delta alumni is sitting on a couch holding a drink. He looks like he's a hundred years old and comatose. Rashid vacuums around him, then lifts his legs to vacuum underneath him. He wears a pin that says, "Faber '06".

VOICE

(from upstairs)

Turn down the music, please! Some-
one has a physics midterm in two
weeks!

Harold lowers the volume on the radio. Rashid turns off the vacuum. Heavy footsteps pound down the stairs.

CONTINUED

10

CONTINUED

10

HAL

(to old
alumni)

So, you were President of the Deltas
in 1906.

Old man stares blankly ahead.

CUT TO

11

BUBBA WILKES

11

a six-foot-six, 240 pound black Delta, dressed in a rayon
shirt, black pants, platforms and a N.Y. cowboy hat. He
comes lumbering down the stairs, reaches the bottom, adjusts
his collar and his nuts, and glances at Hal and Rashid. Hal
smiles respectfully.

HAL

Hi, Bubba...Hey...we're having a
little party for the Delta alumnis.

(bigger
smile)

You're welcome to join us.
(afterthought)

If you want.

Bubba shakes his head and chuckles to himself.

BUBBA

Shee-it.

He exits.

A beat later, Byron Volgelberger comes down the stairs.
Byron is a physics major, short, thin, with a zoo shirt, tan
slacks and black-rim glasses. A classic nurd.

BYRON

(hands on
hips)

I hope these alumni guys realize we
can't party every night. I'm not
paying 2,268 dollars a year tuition
to get bombed out of my gourd and
stay up till ten o'clock.

The front door opens and Walker Barnes, a long-haired child
of the soil, comes in wearing flannel shirt and dungarees.
He's angry.

WALKER

That's it. The Omegas threw trash
on my manure pile and it looks like
shit!

CUT TO

12 EXT. FRATERNITY ROW

12

Music over -- "Day Tripper" by the Beatles.

We see wheels spinning. Pan up to the side of a bright red Cadillac.

CUT TO

13 VARIOUS STUNNING EXAMPLES OF FEMALE BEAUTY

13

stopping on the sidewalk to smile at the occupants of the car.

CUT BACK TO

14 SIDE OF THE CADILLAC

14

Pan upwards slowly.

VOICE

Five years and the place still looks the same.

It's Otter and Boon. Boon sighs. They pass a trim brick house.

OTTER

There's old Lambda Pi. The Hong Kong whorehouse. You remember, Alpha Gotta Bangem.

BOON

(knowingly)

The house that always sleeps. God, I miss Katie.

Otter pats his shoulder.

OTTER

Boon, in four years you're gonna be thirty and before you know it you'll be forty. You won't be able to keep your booze down or your tool up. Live now!

BOON

I love Katie, Otter. I can't live without her.

OTTER

Sure you can. You love your mother and you've been living without her for years!

CUT TO

15 EXT. DELTA DRIVEWAY

15

Otter's Cadillac pulls in. Boon and Otter climb out.

OTTER

They got the old place looking
pretty slick.

Boon sniffs suspiciously and glances at the compost heap.

16 EXT. THE DELTA FRONT PORCH

16

Otter and Boon stand at the front door. Otter puts an arm
around Boon's shoulder, smiles.

OTTER

For me, okay?

17 INT. DELTA FOYER

17

The doorbell rings. The door flies open. Otter and Boon
release the tabs on two cans of beer and holler, "Delta!" as
foamy jets of beer spray around the living room. The new
Deltas stare at them, stunned. Otter and Boon exchange a
look. They nod.

BOON/OTTER

Dorks.

CUT TO

18 INT. GREYHOUND BUS - HOOVER

18

A pained expression on his face which is pushed tightly
against the window distorting his features. He sits scrunched
up next to the open window of the bus. It thunders past a
road sign that reads "Faber 5 miles." Sitting next to him
is his wife, Janie, who is singing along to a passed-out
drunk's radio which is playing "Snoopy and the Red Baron".
She is a sweet, sincere, button-cute, curly-haired woman in
her midtwenties. Both hold paper bags. All over the bus are
drunks, crazies and pure sleaze. The drunk who owns the radio
is resting his head on Janie's lap, she is almost oblivious.
Behind them sits a middle-aged Lady carrying an assortment of
bags and a nasty little dog in her lap that keeps yapping and
nipping at Hoover's ears.

JANIE

Is everything okay, honey?

HOOVER

(concerned and
annoyed about dog)

Well, darling, the...I didn't want
to say this before but the motel

CONTINUED

18

CONTINUED

18

HOOVER (Cont'd)

room is a little more expensive than we had planned to spend. It's thirteen dollars a night.

Dog nips.

HOOVER

Oowww!!

JANIE

(earnestly)

It won't break us, Bob.

HOOVER

Yeah...but....

JANIE

Let's splurge.

Hoover smiles at her. She grabs his arm and scrunches her face lovingly.

JANIE

(continuing)

After all, this is our honeymoon.

HOOVER

(resolute)

You're right, honey. You only get married once....

They are about to kiss when the snout of the nasty dog is shoved in between them.

LADY

Excuse me, but would you nice people mind my dog for just a moment while I go to the lavatory.

HOOVER

(dismayed)

Okay, but please don't be too long.

LADY

I won't.

She gets up and goes to the lavatory. Hoover gives the dog a hostile look, and hands him to Janie. Hoover unwraps his bag and begins eating his lunch, constantly being stared at by the dog who is growling.

JANIE

It was so thoughtful of you to want me to spend our honeymoon at your alma matter. I can't wait to meet your friends.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED - 2

18

Hoover laughs nervously. He starts to take a bite from his sandwich when suddenly the dog leaps at it. Hoover pulls the sandwich out of the dog's reach.

HOOVER

(continuing)

Hey, cut that out!

The dog retreats for a moment but is poised for the kill.

HOOVER

(continuing;
still slightly
disgusted)

Nice doggie.

Like a stone from a catapult, the dog now leaps at the sandwich, misses and flies out the open window. The two look at each other in shock.

CUT TO

19 EXT. DELTA FRONT YARD

19

A Chevy van with psychedelic paintings on either side comes barreling down the street, makes a sharp turn, bumps over the sidewalk and makes several circular turns. It then faces off the Delta front door, revs up and zooms up the front stairs, stopping directly in front of the door.

20 INT. THE DELTA LIVING ROOM

20

A Perry Como song plays on the radio. A despondent Boon sits down at one end of the sofa. He looks pained.

BOON

Perry Como...Jeeze, even the Omegas
didn't listen to Perry Como...The New
Christy Minstrels...The Young Americans
...The Singing Nun...The Singing Nun?
This is depressing. Can't you get any-
thing else?

He looks up and sees the portrait of Wormer, puts his head in his hands.

BOON

(continuing)

That does it.

A loud thump is heard. The doorbell rings. A curious Rashid opens the door.

CUT TO

21

INT. THE FOYER

21

RASHID

What can I do for you?

It's D-Day with a long Beatle haircut and a Zapata mustache, wearing a white shirt buttoned to the top, red corduroy pants and cowboy boots. Boon comes rushing in. The headlights of the car can be seen.

BOON

(excited)

A sight for sore eyes!

(howls with
delight)

D-Day! My man!

D-Day lets out his infamous cackle, now twice as maniacal since his obvious conversion to the high life. They give each other a bear hug. Hal timidly walks over.

HAL

(extending
his hand)

Harold Dimmler, Chapter President.

D-Day takes his hand, checks him out from head to foot and cackles.

BOON

(to D-Day)

They're reverting. Going backwards.
Nothing that can't be cured.

D-DAY

(puts his arm
around Hal)

Don't worry, Hal. It's high time.

He whips out a Tampax-sized joint from his vest.

HAL

(looks mystified
at joint)

My mother uses those when she gets
cranky.

D-Day and Boon just look at each other incredulously.

CUT TO

22

EXT. AN EXXON STATION

22

on the highway. An old beat up Volvo convertible is being

CONTINUED

22

CONTINUED

22

serviced. Pinto sits behind the wheel. He is dressed somewhat similar to D-Day. Long Beatle haircut, black turtleneck, blue jeans, black Beatle boots and a "Draft Beer, Not Students" button. Next to him sits Liz Banderslaag, a truly stunning blonde with long straight hair. She's wearing a gray sweatshirt, a skirt and a black beret. She is half radical political activist, half hippie earth mother and all bitch. Pinto's lips are pursed; he looks uphappy, pissed and more than slightly pussy-whipped.

LIZ

I hope this fraternity of yours is integrated. I'd hate to think you were connected with anything racist.

PINTO

Why get angry before we even get there. I'm sure Delta is a model United Nations.

LIZ

Civil rights is no joke, Larry. Everyone must strive for harmonious relations.

PINTO

Yes, I know.

LIZ

(fans herself
and grimaces)

I'm hot.

She leaps over the closed door. She is always barefoot, disdaining the oppressiveness of shoes. She pulls off her sweatshirt. Pinto is visibly embarrassed.

Liz continues to remove her sweatshirt to reveal a black leotard top covering her healthy torso. The Attendant removes the gas hose and is so shocked, forgets to turn off the gas. It streams out into the station. She hops back into the car as the startled Attendant leans in through the driver's window with a clipboard and a credit card.

ATTENDANT

(looking at Liz
admiringly)

Sign here. And here's your...body.

Hands her the card...still staring. Pinto smiles weakly and sighs.

CUT TO

23

INT. DELTA HOUSE

23

Otter and Boon are in one of the bedrooms. Otter is unpacking his doctor's bag. He holds up the bag. On it is stenciled lettering that says, "DR. ERIC STRATTON, GYNOCOLOGIST, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA." As Boon looks at it, Otter smiles.

OTTER

It gives women a certain sense of security.

BOON

(continues
to pack)

I'm leaving.

OTTER

What d'ya mean, you're leaving.
Where are you going?

BOON

Back to New York. To see Katie.
I've got to talk to her, to try to
patch this thing up.

Otter takes two handfuls of birth control pill packets out of the case -- holds them up so we see that they say, "Birth Control Pills -- Doctor's Sample" and tosses them on the bed.

OTTER

Leave it alone. Give it time to
quiet down. She'll cool off. Tell
me, how'd you screw up?

BOON

What! Me? I didn't do a thing. It's
just that Katie wants me to work at my
writing more. She thinks being a
New York cab driver isn't enough.

Otter takes a huge gallon jar of vaseline out of the case and tosses it down next to the pills.

OTTER (o.s.)

She wants you to write. Why don't
you? You could be somebody. You
could be a contender.

BOON

I've written short stories.

OTTER

Yeah, about what?

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED

23

BOON

About you and D-Day and Flounder,
Pinto.

OTTER

(smiles)

Hey, great. The old college
reminiscences.

BOON

Remember the time the guys brought
the horse into the Dean's office at
night and the damn thing died of a
heart attack?

Otter removes five tubes of vaginal cream from the case.

CUT TO

24

CLOSEUP - VAGINAL CREAM

24

OTTER (o.s.)

Christ, yes.

25

BACK TO SCENE

25

BOON

I wrote a short story about it. Sent
it to Playboy. They sent it back.
Said it was too hard to swallow.

OTTER

See, see how good you feel, talking
about old times. That's what this
homecoming is all about. See the
old place. Meet the old people.
Talk about the old times.

BOON

Yeah.

(then shakes
his head)

No, I gotta get back to New York. I
should never have left Katie in the
mood she was in.

OTTER

(takes some French
ticklers out of the
case)

Boon, Boon, Boon. I spent nearly
four years in college telling you to

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

OTTER (Cont'd)
forget about roots. You know what
your problem is? You made 20,000
dates with the same woman.

CUT TO

26 CLOSEUP - TICKLERS

26

27 BACK TO SCENE

27

BOON
(grins)
All right, I'll stay 'til the
homecoming party.

Otter takes out a vibrator and runs it under his arm.

OTTER
(tosses a
vibrator
on the bed)
I knew you wouldn't let me down.

28 CLOSEUP - VIBRATOR

28

29 BACK TO SCENE

29

Otter takes out a transparent baby doll nightgown and holds
it up to the light.

BOON
Yours?
OTTER
For someone I might run into.
(puts an arm
on Boon's
shoulders)
Now you're talking. You stick
around for a few more days and I
promise you something perfectly
ridiculous will happen.

The door opens. Flounder walks in, complete with Nehru
suit, gold peace sign medallion, gold Rolex and aviator
glasses. He's as fat as ever and has a bad '67 haircut with
sideburns. He beams.

FLOUNDER
Eric! Don!

OTTER
(to Boon)
Now aren't you glad you stayed?

DISSOLVE TO

30 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MORNING

30

We see a sign on top of the stadium which reads "Vanderslaag-Wormer Stadium." We then see the statue of the two men with their arms around each other's shoulder. The inscription reads "Knowledge is Good -- But Winning Football is Better." We then see the dog from the bus walk up to the statue and piss on it.

CUT TO

31 ANGLE ON WORMER

31

WORMER

I mean it, Milt, it really is an honor to have you here at Vanderslaag/Wormer Stadium.

Wormer smiles and shoots a glance at Marion; he nudges her.

MARION

(big, phony smile)

Ditto.

Vanderslaag nods thanks.

VANDERSLAAG

(extremely crusty)

Well, I stopped coming to these alumni celebrations for a damned good reason. They made me sick to my stomach.

DOUG

Sir, if I may say so ---

VANDERSLAAG

(ignoring him)

Things just don't seem like they used to. Kids are getting too damned independent.

WORMER

Faber's different. We're reestablishing the standards you set back in your day. I assure you that the late 1960's will see a return to the peaceful, golden years on campus.

The cafeteria cook passes with a tray of Bloody Marys. She serves Vanderslaag, Niedermeyer, Wormer and Marion. Vanderslaag sips his, makes a face and sets it down.

CONTINUED

31

CONTINUED

31

VANDERSLAAG

You watering your booze, Vern?

Wormer shoots the cafeteria cook a nasty glare and reaches for Vanderslaag's drink.

WORMER

That's Marion's. Excuse me.

He sets the drink down before Marion and reaches for her glass. She grips it tightly.

MARION

Touch this drink and you'll be holding your nuts for a week.

Wormer is shocked.

Wormer then hands another drink to Vanderslaag.

WORMER

Oh, by the way the football team is working out on Thursday.

Vanderslaag drains his drink; Marion licks her lips.

VANDERSLAAG

Great! I'm looking forward to watching that colored boy everybody's talking about. I hear he hits like a mack truck.

MARION

(winks)

That's what I hear, too.

WORMER

(ignoring her)

Yes, he's a good one, Milt. In fact, I'm sure he could make good use of that gym I've been talking to you about.

VANDERSLAAG

Fine. You just might get it. But we've still got a week ahead of us, and by God I'm not taking out my checkbook again till I'm damn sure I can wear a Faber necktie without people snickering at me.

CONTINUED

31

CONTINUED - 2

31

DOUG

Faber has become a first-class
second-rate school, sir.

VANDERSLAAG

(ignoring him)

Do you read me, Wormer?

WORMER

Milt, I am confident that in the
days ahead you won't find one thing
on this campus, anywhere, you
couldn't point to with a sense of
pride.

CUT TO

32

CLOSEUP - A LARGE CRACKED CHINA PLATTER

32

with a beat-up cover on it. A hand lifts the cover ---

OTTER (o.s.)

Voila!

-- to reveal a dozen or so pieces of both long and round
sausages assembled in the shapes of little human figures.
At breast level on each figure are two sunnyside-up fried
eggs, so that the figures look like girls with huge
yolk-colored nipples and white breasts.

OTTER (o.s.)

(continuing)

Eggs Delta! Dig in, gentlemen.

Pull back to reveal that we are in the Delta taproom. Otter
has made an effort to recreate it from the ruin and neglect
of the past decade, but without much luck. In the b.g.,
furniture lies wrecked and ruined. The radio is playing Pat
Boone's "When The Swallows Come Back To Capistrano". Boon
fiddles with the dials in disgust. The Deltas sit around an
old door, which serves as a table. Beside each plate is an
empty beer stein. Otter stands at one end serving up the
eggs. Boon sits at the other end, his head held glumly in
his hands. Flounder sits beside him, bright-eyed and
alert. D-Day sits across from him. Otter takes his beer
mug and ladles it full of a frothy pink liquid which fills a
garbage can beside his chair.

OTTER

And to wash them down, I mixed us up
some Siamese Pencil Sharpeners. Just
like the old days, huh?

CONTINUED

OTTER (Cont'd)

(smiles broadly
at Flounder)

Flounder! Look at Flounder here, a
changed man. What's the story, Kent?

FLOUNDER

Three little letters, Eric.

D-DAY

L.S.D.?

FLOUNDER

S.A.P. Strongly Assertive People.
Eric, SAP showed me I have the power
within myself to become anyone I
chose.

OTTER

And this is who you picked, huh?

FLOUNDER

(enthusiastic)

Yup! Yes, Eric. I'm a SAP.

OTTER

Maybe you can do something with
Boon. There's a guy who needs some
positive thinking.

Hoover sticks his head down through the doorway, grinning.

HOOVER

Hiya, fellas.

Janie sticks her head out over his.

JANIE

Hi!

OTTER

(to Boon)

Excuse me.

(to the others)

Gentlemen, former President Hoover!

Boon grabs Hoover on the shoulder warmly and turns to leave.

BOON

Great to see you, Hoov. Right
back. Love life's on the line.

HOOVER

(bewildered)

Hey, Boon ---

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED - 2

32

OTTER

Boon, where are you going?

BOON

Phone call.

He shakes hands with Hoover, smiles at Janie and turns and leaves. The jukebox dies once and for all. An embarrassed silence.

FLOUNDER

(wistfully)

Love. It can be life's brightest moment or a living hell.

A fried egg flies from across the room and hits him in the face.

CUT TO

33 EXT. THE DELTA FRONT PORCH

33

Pinto and Liz come up the steps.

LIZ

This is a tragic waste of time.
There are children starving in
Alabama ---

PINTO

(contemplates this)

Tragic?

(a beat)

Liz, let's let the cause go on for a
couple of hours without us, okay?

LIZ

I grew up going to establishment
cocktail parties. Why can't we go
somewhere where we can breathe some
clean air?

Boon forlornly walks out the door, hands in his pockets,
head slumped between his shoulders.

BOON

My God, Pinto!

PINTO

Boon! Hey, how you doin'?

They embrace.

CONTINUED

33

CONTINUED

33

BOON

Oh, some problems with my old lady.

Pinto makes an outward thumbs sign for breaking up.

PINTO

(incredulous)

You and Katie?

BOON

(sighs sadly)

Yeah.

PINTO

(shocked)

Wow!

34

CLOSEUP - LIZ

34

LIZ

I guess you guys are learning that women problems don't just mean we're on the rag anymore.

CUT TO

35

INT. A BEDROOM

35

in a small apartment in Greenwich Village in New York. Exposed brick and a lot of hanging plants, Katy sits in bed, surrounded by various sections of The New York Times. A shoebox full of photographs lies on her lap. She holds one in her hand and speaks into the phone, concerned.

KATY

Boon, are you all right? Where are you?

(expression changes)

Oh, I'll bet. Just awful.

(pauses, listens)

Boon, you said you wouldn't put me through this anymore! It's over. Go get drunk with Otter, tell a bunch of dirty stories, puke your guts out and you'll feel great, guaranteed.

She bangs down the phone.

A beat, then she looks at the photograph she's holding. It's a silly shot of her and Boon, taken during happier times. She sighs.

KATY

(continuing)

Shit....

CUT TO

36

INT. THE GREASY SPOON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

36

The Greasy Spoon Restaurant is ugly, slimy and disgusting with sleazy waiters and customers. At one table we spot a disgusting looking bag lady munching on a hamburger. With each bite oil and juices ooze out all over the lady and table. At the next table sit Pinto, Hoover, Janie, Liz and D-Day. Their plates are empty or near empty. D-Day sucks on a beer as he listens to the conversation.

PINTO

Well, I was a conscientious objector, so I drove an ambulance for two years. Then I was in the Peace Corps for another two years where I...

(smiles)

...introduced the Frisbee and The Lovin' Spoonful to the natives of Borneo. Recently I've been organizing for voter registration in Mississippi.

JANIE

(wide-eyed)

That sounds fascinating.

(proudly)

Bob's a lawyer....

CUT TO

37

HOOVER

37

with two French fries stuck in his mouth like a vampire.

HOOVER

I'm going to get you!!!

He begins to ravish Janie's neck a la Dracula. She giggles wildly. Pinto and D-Day both chuckle along with this show of affection.

LIZ

(crudely)

A lawyer? Far out. Ambulance chaser? Corporate hack?

Janie is taken aback by Liz's rude manner. The two French fries fall from Hoover's mouth.

JANIE

Oh, no. Bob works for the Drug Enforcement Agency.

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED

37

With this, D-Day inadvertently spits his beer out onto the face of the bag lady who continues to eat her hamburger as if nothing happened. D-Day begins to choke and cough.

D-DAY

A narc?

HOOVER

(slapping him
on the back)

Are you all right? I don't enforce
the law. I just interpret it.

JANIE

And what do you do, Daniel?

D-DAY

(calm now)

Lawn renewal, botany, pharmacology.
I've diversified over the years.

JANIE

Lawn renewal. How nice.

38

INT. THE DELTA LIVING ROOM

38

Harold, Walker and a giggling Rashid sit on the sofa, leaning forward eagerly toward Otter, who relaxes in an armchair. Several other current Delta wimps are arrayed behind the sofa. All hold beers.

HAL

C'mon, Otter, what's it like?

WALKER

Yeah, yeah, c'mon.

OTTER

(slow and
straight)

Look guys, all I can tell you is
that gynecology isn't what it's
cracked up to be.

Boon's face goes long at Otter's bad joke. The others miss it completely..

BOON

C'mon, Otter, you have to have some-
thing perverted to satisfy these
young degenerates' avid imaginations.

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED

38

OTTER

(stands up,
faking
annoyance)

Look, it's no fun. How would you
guys like to spend ten hours a day
between the upraised spread-eagled
legs of some Hollywood starlet
probing, prodding, poking?

The Deltas start to perspire and froth at the mouth.

OTTER

(continuing)

I mean imagine my embarrassment at
having to ask some sweet, blonde
sixteen year old from Beverly Hills
High School to have to strip com-
pletely, get up on a table, put her
feet in stirrups and submit to a
thorough physical examination.
It's not an easy job, but someone
has to do it.

Boon grins. Harold pales, Rashid is drooling. Walker's
mouth drops open. Byron looks faint.

39

INT. OMEGA LIVING ROOM

39

Doug and Vanderslaag sit on a sofa surrounded by Omegas who
are listening intently. All hold brandy snifters. There is
very mellow, "nice" easy listening music in the b.g. The
music is cut into by a voice from over the radio.

D.J.

This is WVD-Vanderslaag radio saluting
our very own patron of the arts, Milton
Vanderslaag, and the Omega Fraternity.
And now, back to The Mormon Tabernacle
Choir.

DOUG

So, the strike was called for just
before dawn....

Brad walks over to Vanderslaag.

BRAD

Do you hear what's playing sir? Your
radio station. The pride of the Omegas...
the pride of Faber....

VANDERSLAAG

Sounds good to me.

CUT TO

40

INT. DELTA'S LIVING ROOM

40

Walker is playing "Greensleeves" on the recorder. Boon is at the radio fiddling with the stations as an easy listening song is on.

BOON

What is this shit? All I'm getting is fucking muzak.

HAL

It's the new radio station built by Vanderslaag and the Omegas. They've jammed the whole area so all we can get is their station. I play a lot of chess so I listen to it.

BOON

I can see we're in for an evening of stimulation and titillation.

We hear the sound of the recorder going off key.

CUT TO

41

D-DAY AND FLOUNDER

41

D-Day is rolling a joint as Flounder talks to him.

FLOUNDER

So, what I'm saying, Dan, is, drugs are okay as a crutch. I oughta know, I've blown some heavy weed in my day. But when you're totally in touch with who you are and what you are, then you won't need them anymore.

D-Day considers this, nods thoughtfully, then puts the joint in his mouth to light it. Hoover walks into the room.

HOOVER

Hi, guys, whatcha doing?

D-Day sucks the joint into his mouth, almost choking.

FLOUNDER

(continuing)

I think it was the poet Milton who said....

D-DAY

(garbled)

I gotta take a leak.

He rises, walks past Boon who is smashing his fist on the radio. He is still getting easy listening music.

CUT TO

42 EXT. BACK DOOR - DELTA HOUSE 42

It bangs open and D-Day comes out zipping down his fly singing, "I Get A Kick Out Of You". He walks over to the fence.

CUT TO

43 EXT. BACK DOOR - OMEGA HOUSE 43

Door opens and out comes an Omega carrying two large bags of garbage.

CUT TO

44 D-DAY 44

still singing song. Suddenly, a pile of garbage lands on top of him.

45 OMEGA 45

He is about to enter the house when garbage, manure and a mass of junk comes flying back and buries him.

CUT TO

46 INT. DELTA LIVING ROOM 46

Walker continues playing the recorder and Rashid sings and dances a Pakistani folk tune. The recorder goes off key with a high shrill. All in room react in agony and moans except Rashid.

BOON

Yo, Sinatra, cut the crap!

WALKER

When all the world goes affray, this gives us inner peace.

BYRON

I have a very sensitive inner ear canal.

RASHID

I like it. Let us continue.

HAL

Oh, you're a nut.

RASHID

You are sacred cow shit!

CONTINUED

BYRON

You're all looney.

WALKER

Peace, brothers!

The young Deltas all begin to defend their views yelling wildly and excitedly. D-Day enters pulling up his fly. He is still humming the song. He sits down, picks up a joint, throws it into the air and catches it in his mouth and watches the younger Deltas. It is all unintelligible to the older Deltas who stand agape watching the ridiculous sight of ludicrous people yelling. Boon begins to shake visibly and can no longer handle it.

BOON

I can't stand it anymore!!!

Boon suddenly jumps on top of the group and begins to go crazy. The older Deltas pull him off. The younger Deltas are totally shocked.

BYRON

Well, excuse me for living.

BOON

I'm sorry, I really am. I lost my head.

OTTER

(incredulously)

Who are you? What are you? Why are you? How did you ever become Deltas?

A sudden hush.

HAL

(matter-of-factly)

Through the Dean's office. We were all put in here by Dean Wormer.

WALKER

The Dean likes to call it artificial insemination.

D-DAY

Wormer always did like to fuck Deltas.

OTTER

You were handpicked by Wormer?

CONTINUED

46

CONTINUED - 2

46

Suddenly, a flaming coat rack comes crashing through the window and lights up the curtains. The younger Deltas scream and react quickly in putting it out.

PINTO

(calmly)

Does this flaming coat rack belong to someone, or can anyone have it?

The younger kids put out the flames.

D-DAY

I think that's mine, but we can share.

CUT TO

47

INT. OMEGA LIVING ROOM

47

All are chuckling as Brad is helped on with his jacket.

DOUG

That was a heck of a toss, Brad. I can see you weren't third team all-American Honorary Mention for nothing.

(clips him on the shoulder)

These minor, playful skirmishes are great once in a while, especially when you bust the asses of punks like them.

CUT TO

48

DELTA LIVING ROOM

48

Fire has been put out. Harold is straightening up.

HAL

This isn't the first time something like this has happened. They pick on all of us, except for Bubba.

BOON

Well, why don't you just fight back? ...Let Byron build a Gemini rocket and blast them off campus.

HAL

With money, Wormer and manpower behind them, we don't really stand a chance.

CONTINUED

48

CONTINUED

48

Otter goes over and puts an arm around Harold.

OTTER

But we have something that they
don't have.

HAL

What?

OTTER

A complete lack of responsibility!!!

The older Deltas nods in agreement.

OTTER

(continuing)

But, we ought to be more refined,
remember, some of us are adults.

Boon winces.

OTTER

So we must execute something clever,
and artistically pleasing, yet with
the gaiety of our younger years....

He looks at Boon.

OTTER/BOON

(in unison)

Destroy the radio station!

D-DAY

That's refined and worthy of an
adult.

HOOVER

Otter, Boon, let's be nice. I don't
want to get my wife killed on our
first day here. There's still so
much more I want her to live for.

OTTER

Hoov, remember what you and I used
to say: 'Don't let a yak fart in
your living room if you can't stand
the smell.'

HOOVER

We never used to say that. What
does that mean, Otter?!

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED - 2

48

OTTER

It means, in the name of honor,
principles and Chuck Berry, let's
go!?

The intro of "Johnny Be Good". They exit, followed by
excited young Deltas.

CUT TO

49 EXT. WVDS

49

It is an attractive and efficient-looking building with
"W.V.D." emblazoned over the door and a placque that reads
"Sounds good to me -- Milton Vanderslaag."

Cut over two or three hundred yards from the station and
pick up:

50 TWO-HUNDRED-FOOT TRANSMITTING TOWER

50

It is evening and we see Pinto, Otter, Flounder, D-Day,
Hoover, Janie dressed in black, approaching the tower.

BOON

The way I figure it is if we can
short out the power, the station
goes dead and the rock station from
Huntsville comes in on the same
wave-length.

PINTO

What do we do? How do we do it?

D-DAY

(pulling pliers
and knife from
black bag he
is carrying)

It's very simple. All we do is clip
a few wires and the power goes
dead. Nothing to it.

He takes a wirecutter out of the bag and snaps a wire. The
following happens in rapid order:

A bolt of electricity runs up the wire into a fuse box which
explodes, four other wires leading from the box go up in
flashes of electricity.

A huge bolt travels up the antenna and down the tower.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

There is a thunderous noise, as though the tower is collapsing.

The group let out yelps, turn and run like hell.

The tower collapses in a mass of burning and twisted metal.

CUT TO

51 OMEGA HOUSE

51

They are sitting and chatting, listening to Anka music. Suddenly there is sputtering and loud noises coming from the radio. They react. The sputtering subsides and rock and roll music blares from the set. The song is "Gloria" by Them.

VANDERSLAAG

My station. What are they playing?

DOUG

That's not Vic Damone!

CUT TO

52 D-DAY'S VAN

52

packed with Deltas. They are all singing "Gloria" to the accompaniment of the car radio.

ALL

'G-L-O-R-I-A.'

The van speeds down the road with everyone laughing and singing "Gloria".

OTTER

(to D-Day)

Old buddy, I don't know what you did but it worked like a charm.

D-DAY

Listen, don't you think I learned anything in three and a half years at college?

CUT TO

53 INT. DELTA LIVING ROOM

53

D-Day now sits on a keg at the table deftly rolling a joint. He blocks Hoover's view of the marijuana by placing a briefcase on the table. Otter stands behind him, shakes his head admiringly, as Hoover joins him with a beer. Flounder drinks from a huge mug.

CONTINUED

HOOVER

Otter, don't you think we oughta see what happened to them? Wormer wanted to see them as soon as we got back on campus.

OTTER

(shakes
his head)

Trial by fire. If there's no word in a day or two, we'll notify the next of kin.

A commotion at the front door. Harold, Rashid, Walker and Byron come around the corner; they look awful.

PINTO

There they are!

BOON

Aw-right!

A Delta cheer, cut short as Wormer steps in frame behind Rashid.

WORMER

Well, well. Good evening, gentlemen.

D-Day gags and sweeps his drugs off the table into the case. Flounder squeaks and ducks behind a lamp. Hoover and Pinto gulp, Boon stares amazed and Otter beams.

OTTER

Vern! Christ, it's good to see you,
Vern. My God, it's been four -- five.

WORMER

(viciously)

Can it, Stratton. I'm not in the mood.

OTTER

(concerned)

Gee, would you like a drink?

BOON

Or a mint.

WORMER

You finished? Good. Then listen because I'm going to make this short. I know you're responsible for what happened to the radio station. Any more nonsense and I'll have you thrown in the clink. Got it?!

BOON

Got it!

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED - 2

53

OTTER

Got it!

D-DAY

(folding arms
around his case)

Got it!

FLOUNDER

(newly assertive,
arm around Wormer)

Vern, let's talk.

Wormer pushes him away. He looks at his portrait which is now covered with darts. He blanches.

WORMER

Yes. And another thing, these hapless idiots are students here....

HAL

(whispers
to Byron)

I think he means you.

WORMER

(continuing)

...and I can make their lives a living hell. So keep your noses clean. Got it!

OTTER

Gosh, I think so. Any questions, guys?

BOON

How's the wife?

Rashid begins to giggle.

WORMER

(doesn't hear)

Go ahead -- be clever. I feel like kicking ass and you're the asses I have in mind.

He turns on his heel and storms out. The door slams behind him.

OTTER

You know, in a changing world it's nice to see some things remain the same.

Harold sobs.

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED - 3

53

PINTO

So what'd he do to you guys?

BYRON

He put us on probation! All of us!
And he was only that nice because he
has no proof we did anything.

OTTER

(arm around
his shoulder)

Well, that's the price you pay when
you become a man, Byron. When we
were in school we were on probation
all the time.

BYRON

What happened?

PINTO

We got kicked out.

Byron pales.

HAL

But now it's on my record! Now I
won't get into law school!

Harold pulls away and joins his dismal buddies; Flounder,
now a little drunk, addresses them, gesturing expansively,
drenching everyone with beer.

FLOUNDER

Now you can learn from this. You see,
you're you, the way I'm me and you
made you do what you did because you're
you. Being you is what counts. After
all, if you're not you, who are you?

Flounder stares. The stare blankly; Flounder pauses.

FLOUNDER

(continuing)

Hey, we're all a little tired, huh?
I'm going to give a training seminar
tomorrow at the student union.
Why don't you drop by?

BOON

You know, I have a feeling we may
have started something here...

(a long beat)

Again.

DISSOLVE TO

54 INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM

54

There is much activity going on. We see cheerleaders in end zone going over cheers led by Rosalie and Tinky. All the cheerleaders are doing totally different steps but are all very into it.

CUT TO

55 FOOTBALL PLAYERS ON THE FIELD

55

They are working out psyching each other by slapping each other on the helmet and butting heads. A ball player runs up to a huge player, who we have seen before as an Omega, and slaps him on the head. The player turns around and punches him in the face. His hand becomes caught in the other player's face protector.

CUT TO

56 OTTER AND D-DAY

56

who have set up a picnic table in the end zone. It is very elaborate with candles, good food, etc. D-Day is searching through the basket. He reaches for a bottle of wine.

D-DAY

(pulls out cork
from wine and
smells)

Hmm. Aged. Eight weeks old. You
can still smell the feet. Must be
expensive stuff.

CUT TO

57 COACH

57

in huddle with Players. Wormer stands nearby with Vanderslaag.

The Players come and gather around a green blackboard. It has various football patterns with X's and O's. The Coach takes a piece of white chalk and makes an X.

COACH

(continuing)

Bruiser, I want you to block this
way.

(draws another
white X)

Jonesy, go this way.

(draws a
white X)

Brad, you hand ball off to...

CONTINUED

57

CONTINUED

57

COACH (Cont'd)

(draws a black X)

...Bubba who goes up the middle.
Let's do it.

Vanderslaag looks on, smiling paternally. The Players all cheer and break for the field, still hitting each other, etc. Bubba suddenly appears. He is late. He is smiling blithely.

BRAD

How come you're always late?
Perhaps we should have a little class on how to tell time. When the little hand is on the one and the big hand on the twelve, it's one o'clock. That's what time practice was called for; even for apes on scholarship.

He turns and walks away. Bubba stands and stares at Brad and he walks away. He is steaming. His eyes are huge; he is ready to kill.

PLAYER #1

Brad is always needling Bubba.

PLAYER #2

I don't think Brad likes him because Bubba is...
(looks around
and mouths)
...a Negro.

PLAYERS

Yyyeaaaaahhhh....

They are jumping up and down and getting into position.

BUBBA

(contemptuously)

Sheeit.

CUT TO

58

END ZONE

58

Rosalie, Tinky and the cheerleaders are standing next to Otter's table.

CUT TO

59

THE FIELD

59

where the ballplayers are lined up and in position except for Bubba.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

BRAD

One...sixteen...down...thirty-seven
...orangutan...

(sneers at
Bubba)

...hut, hut, hut...Hike!

60 BRAD

60

fades back to hand off to Bubba who grabs Brad's head and proceeds to run with it with Brad's legs trailing. Camera zooms in on a surprised Brad, screaming. Brad is still holding the ball.

CUT TO

61 TABLE IN END ZONE

61

where the girls are horrified while Otter and D-Day are loving it.

CUT TO

62 AERIAL VIEW OF FIELD

62

Bubba is running a serpentine pattern all over the field in fast motion while all other Players are in slow motion.

CUT TO

63 FIELD LEVEL VIEW

63

where we see ballplayers beginning to pile up.

BRUISER

(yelling)

Stop him!

The group begins to get bigger as everyone is just piling on.

CUT TO

64 COACH

64

screaming to lone, frightened Player.

COACH

Stop him, boy...Stop him!!!

CUT TO

65 BUBBA

65

with twenty ballplayers on both sides clinging on to him or to others holding on. There is a path trailing him where the dragged ballplayers have picked up the dirt.

CUT TO

66 FRIGHTENED PLAYER AND COACH

66

who is on the field with him.

COACH
(compassionately)
I understand your feelings, son.
Intense pain is a very difficult
concept to grasp.

CUT TO

67 A CHARGING BUBBA

67

CUT TO

68 FRIGHTENED PLAYER

68

with gallons of sweat coming from out of his helmet.

CUT TO

69 BUBBA

69

CUT TO

70 BRAD'S FACE

70

under Bubba's arm and in shock.

CUT TO

71 A CHARGING BUBBA

71

CUT TO

72 BALLPLAYER #3

72

still on top of Bubba.

PLAYER #3
I think I can, I think I can, I
think....

CUT TO

73 FRIGHTENED PLAYER

73

CUT TO

74 BUBBA

74

CUT TO

75 COLLISION 75
There is an explosion and smoke.

CUT TO

76 BUBBA 76
still running.

CUT TO

77 LONG SHOT OF BUBBA 77
who crosses the goal line, crashes through the table sending the girls flying and then proceeds to spike Brad, holding him high in the air and flinging him to the ground. The ball bounces out of Brad's arms and rolls out of the end zone.

CUT TO

78 WORMER AND VANDERSLAAG 78
looking on in utter amazement.

CUT TO

79 OTTER AND D-DAY 79
who are holding their wine glasses and bottles and are themselves unscathed.

OTTER

(shaking
his head)

It's always funny till someone gets hurt.

CUT TO

80 AERIAL VIEW OF FIELD 80
where we see bodies everywhere and a bent goalpost with Bubba standing in the middle of it all and Otter and D-Day to the side sipping wine.

CUT TO

81 INT. AUDITORIUM 81
Flounder is conducting his consciousness-raising seminar before a small audience of Faber students, including Hal, Walker and Rashid. He affects the air and manner of a TV preacher.

CONTINUED

81

CONTINUED

81

He has drafted Byron to act as his out-of-the-audience participant. Byron stands stiffly beside Flounder. A number of Omegas are in the audience.

FLOUNDER

Right now, this young fellow and I are going to have what we call real speak. He will openly and honestly attack my weaknesses and I his.

(turns to Byron
and gives him
the nod)

Pick out something about me you dislike and say it.

BYRON

I can't do that. I....

FLOUNDER

(smiles under-
standingly)

I'll begin.

(beat)

You have dandruff. Lots of it.

Byron brushes his shoulders.

FLOUNDER

(continuing)

All right. Your turn.

82

BOON AND OTTER

82

They enter the auditorium from the rear and move down to the front.

FLOUNDER (o.s.)

Come on, think of something that's wrong with me. Think hard.

1ST OMEGA

(cups his hands
to his mouth)

You're fat.

Flounder's eyes bulge at the insult. He glances at Otter and Boon who sit helplessly.

FLOUNDER

No coaching, please.

2ND OMEGA (o.s.)

I dreamed I saw you in a Maidenform bra.

CONTINUED

82

CONTINUED

82

The audience begins to titter. A tiny giggle from Rashid. Flounder tries to ignore the heckling.

FLOUNDER

(to Byron)

Now, I'll go...You're....

1ST OMEGA (o.s.)

My God! It's the blob!

2ND OMEGA (o.s.)

Dorfman pisses sitting down.

The titters turn to laughter.

FLOUNDER

This is designed as a one-on-one exercise!

83

GIRL

83

stands.

GIRL

Who cuts your hair? Ray Charles?

84

FLOUNDER

84

He runs his fingers through his modern haircut. He's begun to panic.

FLOUNDER

You're all missing the point!

OMEGA (o.s.)

It's a bird! It's a blimp! It's Dorfman!

BYRON

I don't feel a thing.

Flounder can't take any more. He runs off the stage in humiliation.

HOOVER

(to Pinto)

I don't think he was meant to be assertive.

PINTO

(shrugs)

He wanted to be someone else.

CUT TO

85

INT. HALLWAY

85

Otter pounds on Flounder's door. Boon stands at his side.

OTTER

Hey, Flounder! It's time to party!

No answer. He looks at Boon, who opens the door and peers in.

BOON

Flounder?

86

INT. FLOUNDER'S BEDROOM

86

It's dark. The shades are drawn. Flounder is lying fully clothed on the bed, facing away from Boon and Otter. Boon fumbles with a lamp and turns it on.

FLOUNDER

I'm not going.

BOON

Why not?

FLOUNDER

Because I'm fat and now I'm totally aware of it.

OTTER

That's all? Hey, Mussolini was fat, but he made it to the top.

Flounder nods seriously.

87

INT. DELTA STAIRCASE

87

Byron is walking up to the second floor. He is carrying more books than he is capable of holding. When he gets to his door it takes him more than a few seconds to figure out how to open it. When he finally does, with much difficulty, he stumbles in to find an elaborate laboratory set up complete with smoking test tubes. D-Day is busily at work in the lab. Byron drops the books along with his jaw.

BYRON

What are you doing with my equipment?

D-DAY

I'm preparing a substance that in large quantities could single-handedly save mankind.

BYRON

What's that?

CONTINUED

87

CONTINUED

87

D-DAY

Liquid Tetrahydrocannabinol. Honest to goodness THC. The active ingredient in all cannabis products. Essence of marijuana. I've succeeded in isolating it.

BYRON

(nervously)

Marijuana! But that's illegal!

D-Day puts his arm around Byron half-brotherly, half-forcefully; stares Byron right in the face.

D-DAY

Yes it is. And that's why we can't tell anyone what we're doing.

BYRON

What we're doing?

D-DAY

That's right. Hey, it's your room, your equipment. If anyone found out, you could be facing ten to twenty in the pokey for manufacture with intent to distribute a controlled substance.

BYRON

(freaking out)

But, but I haven't done a thing.

D-Day pulls Byron closer. Byron grimaces.

D-DAY

Prison can be a pretty tough lot for a young college kid like yourself. I'd keep this under your tortoise shells.

(holds up
a test tube)

A few drops of this stuff could cause a town the size of Pittsburgh to see God.

BYRON

But isn't that dangerous?

D-DAY

Nah...the worst that could happen is an epidemic of munchies.

He lets out a maniacal cackle.

88

CLOSEUP - D-DAY'S WIDENING EYES

88

D-DAY

But I have my own plans....

CUT TO

89 EXT. THE DINNER DANCE - AFTER

89

There's a huge tent abutting a dock on the riverside.

In the river, rowboats have been transformed by use of papier-mache into artificial looking gondolas. They are manned by Omegas giving rides to friends and alumni. Further to the right stands an old boathouse surrounded by bushes and shrubs.

Alumni in white dinner jackets are beginning to arrive with wives in gowns. In the b.g. young Omegas in gondolier costumes are giving boat rides. The band is playing "Stardust" but only a few couples are dancing at the periphery of the dance floor.

CUT TO

90 BUFFET TABLE

90

Otter smoking, Boon finishing off a Scotch and soda, Flounder troweling in cannelloni from a large plate. The band is playing "People."

BOON

(surveying
the field)

A lot of good-looking women here.

OTTER

(hits Boon
on the arm)

Hey, that's the spirit!

(turns to
Flounder)

Flounder -- glad you came?

Flounder continues eating, flutters his hand, "comme ci, comme ca."

BOON

Okay!

(sings with
the music)

'People who like people are the
luckiest people in the world.'

Otter walks off toward the dance floor.

91 THE DANCE FLOOR

91

Doug is "pumping" his way around the floor with Marion, who looks bored and pissed off. Otter cuts in.

OTTER

Hi, Doug. Give someone else a break,
you devil.

Otter sweeps Marion off, leaving Doug gaping.

DOUG

Stratton!

92

OTTER AND MARION

92

dancing cheek to cheek.

OTTER

Mrs. Wormer, great to see you again. You know you still move like a tigress in heat.

MARION

Yeah, and you're the great white hunter. I remember you when you were in college, buster.

The song ends; light applause.

OTTER

We had some great times. Can I get you a drink?

MARION

Unh-unh. You can get me two.

93

THE BUFFET TABLE

93

Flounder is still shoveling in the cannelloni. A cute Young Woman in a sexy party dress comes up to him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hi! Remember me?

Flounder shakes his head, wipes his mouth.

YOUNG WOMAN

(continuing)

Naomi Greenspan? From this afternoon?

A look of pain and fear comes onto Flounder's face.

NAOMI (YOUNG WOMAN)

(continuing)

I had to leave before the session started. God, it really sounded great!

Flounder looks relieved. Naomi slips her arm in his.

NAOMI

(continuing)

I wish you'd fill me in on what I missed.

CONTINUED

93

CONTINUED

93

Flounder registers wide-eyed amazement and puts down his plate.

FLOUNDER

(with newfound
confidence)

Well, it's like this....

94

LIZ AND PINTO

94

passing under the welcoming banner. Pinto is neatly dressed in a jacket and jeans. Liz has "thrown together" a leotard, a scarf and a full peasant skirt to make an outfit that is unconventional but stunning. She, as usual, is barefoot.

LIZ

Larry, I've been going to these stupid parties my whole life. Isn't there anything better we can do with our lives.

(sexy)

Like find a quiet spot for just the two of us?

PINTO

Liz, indulge me for one weekend. The revolution won't start without us.

LIZ

Well, I'm gonna go get drunk.

She saunters off haughtily. Pinto stands there looking distressed. Suddenly someone grabs him from behind. It's Hoover and Janie. Janie is giggling.

HOOVER

(to Pinto)

C'mon. They're doing the Hokey Pokey.

PINTO

Hoov, I really don't want to....

Pinto gets pulled into the line. The band plays the Hokey Pokey. "You put your right foot in, you put your right foot out, you put your right foot in, and you shake it all about...." Pinto lamely joins in. Hoover and Janie are having the times of their lives. The camera pulls back to show Liz shooting down shots of punch, watching Pinto and getting more distressed.

CONTINUED

94

CONTINUED

94

A black Waitress in servant's attire walks around distributing punch glasses to all the guests. She takes a glass from the tray and offers it to Marion. Instead, Marion takes the glass-laden tray.

MARION

Thank you.

The Waitress' jaw drops.

CUT TO

95

THE WAITRESS

95

walks over to Doug and Brad. Brad starts to take the one glass of punch she is holding.

DOUG

What are you doing, mister?

BRAD

One drink, Doug?

Doug takes the drink out of Brad's hand and hands it back to the Waitress.

DOUG

I believe you're in training.

BRAD

You're right.

(turns to
Waitress)

You ought to know better than to offer me a drink. I'm in training.

Wide-eyed and ashamed, the Waitress walks away. She walks back to the serving area where a black Waiter is arranging hors d'oeuvres.

WAITRESS

They got some of the strangest honkies I've ever seen.

WAITER

(laconic)

Tell me about it.

She takes a sip of the punch.

WAITRESS

This is some righteous shit.

CUT TO

96

D-DAY

96

walks through the room offering drinks to various people. Vanderslaag is standing with Wormer. He calls to D-Day mistaking his white outfit for that of a waiter's.

VANDERSLAAG

Waiter. Oh, say, boy. Give me one of those!

D-Day smiles and offers the tray. Vanderslaag takes one. Wormer looks at D-Day with disdain and refuses a proffered glass.

WORMER

This is Daniel Simpson Day, a Delta who was thrown out of school five years ago.

VANDERSLAAG

(quaffs huge
gulp of drink)

Aaaahhh.

(shudders)

God, that's good!

(looks at
D-Day)

A Delta, eh? Never was a Delta worth the pot an Omega pisses in.

D-Day stares at him, not a blink.

VANDERSLAAG

(continuing; eyes
cross slightly)

I was an Omega. Still am an Omega.
Once an Omega, always an Omega.

D-DAY

I know, sir. We've always felt that way.

VANDERSLAAG

Never was the day that the Deltas could beat the Omegas at anything. Omegas have the best scholars, the best athletes.

He finishes his glass and takes another from D-Day's tray.

VANDERSLAAG

(continuing)

The best people.

CONTINUED

He takes a large swallow.

D-DAY

(takes a
drink)

Well, sir. I don't know. We've had
some terrific Deltas.

Otter joins them. He has heard the last part of the
conversation.

OTTER

So, sir. You think the Omegas are
the best at everything.

WORMER

Has there ever been any doubt?

Vanderslaag finishes his drink and takes another.

VANDERSLAAG

(slurs his words)

I'd bet my life on it.

D-Day downs the drink; lights up. He's a gambling man.

D-DAY

Well, that sounds like fun. Could
we increase the wager?

OTTER

(puts an arm
around D-Day)

Excuse me a second, gentlemen.

Wormer and Vanderslaag stare at them as Otter and D-Day walk
off a few feet and talk to each other in whispers. Vanderslaag
takes another swig and is now visibly zonked. D-Day and Otter
return to them. D-Day takes another drink and is also feeling
it.

OTTER

(continuing)

Sir. We have decided to throw down
the gauntlet.

CONTINUED

D-Day grins broadly. Vanderslaag and Wormer laugh insidiously.

VANDERSLAAG

Some sort of contest. A little
wager. Great! Great!

OTTER

My friend here, Mr. Daniel D. Day is
a man of means. And, of course, we
know you have great wealth. He'd
like to bet you ten thousand dollars
on the outcome of a series of events
between the Delta undergraduates and
alumni and the Omega undergraduates
and alumni.

Two Delta undergraduates stumble by, very drunk. They bump
into our foursome who are so preoccupied they don't even
notice them.

WORMER

(stares
at them)

Who picks the events?

OTTER

(looks at
D-Day)

The only fair way. We pick...

(thinks)

...three events. We each pick one
and an impartial judge picks the
third.

VANDERSLAAG

(slaps Wormer
on the back)

An Omega-Delta Olympics...
Grrreeaaaattt!

WORMER

(winces)

I don't like the smell of this.

OTTER

Dean Wormer. The Greek Wars. It'll
be a terrific event.

VANDERSLAAG

(to D-Day)

Let's make it more interesting. Can
you dig up twenty-five thousand for
the bet?

CONTINUED

D-Day pulls a huge wad of big bills out of his pocket. A crowd is gathering now.

D-DAY
(takes another
drink, shudders)
How about thirty-five thousand?
I'll put mine down in cash.

VANDERSLAAG
(grins
maniacally)
Forty. Check or credit card. I
never carry cash.

D-DAY
(stoned)
Fifty!

OTTER
Hey, hold it, fellows. I'm feeling
weak.

WORMER
I don't like this.

VANDERSLAAG
(grabs D-Day's
hand and shakes it)
You have a bet, my friend. Fifty
thousand dollars. We put the money
up in advance so no one can back out.

The crowd cheers. Vanderslaag turns to Wormer.

VANDERSLAAG
(continuing)
Omegas better...
(hic)
...win! That's your \$50,000 grant I
just bet.

Vanderslaag and D-Day shake hands. Otter and D-Day walk off.

OTTER
(smiles
weakly)
Hey, great. Fifty grand. Fifty
grand and they have all the best
athletes and scholars.

CONTINUED

96

CONTINUED - 4

96

D-DAY

Except Bubba.

OTTER

(lights up)

Except Bubba. Riight.

CUT TO

97

BUBBA

97

is standing off to a side of the dance floor. A Black Cheerleader-type rushes up to him excitedly.

BLACK CHEERLEADER-TYPE

You're Bubba Wilkes! I think you're the greatest! Are you planning to play professional football?

BUBBA

(thinking)

I don't know sunshine. My head's not really into football.

98

THE WAITRESS

98

with a new tray of drinks, walks around the room distributing them.

CUT TO

99

EXT. DANCE FLOOR

99

Wormer and Vanderslaag are standing on the periphery of the floor, Wormer is almost holding Vanderslaag in an upright position.

The sound of "Torchy Blues" explodes from the bandstand.

WORMER

What the hell is that?

The Blues grows louder. Vanderslaag stands up for a better look.

CONTINUED

99

CONTINUED

99

VANDERSLAAG

Great gods and little fishes! It's
Marion!

WORMER

What!

He lunges toward the bandstand.

100

THE BANDSTAND

100

Marion, unbuttoning her blouse like a stripper, is belting
out a raunchy blues.

MARION

'I'm a meat-grinding mama, grind my
papa's meat all day....'

Applause, laughter, rhythmic clapping from the crowd.
Wormer storms on, his face distorted in a terrible grimace.
Waving and smiling, he pulls Marion off. Boos, catcalls,
more applause.

101

PARKING LOT

101

Wormer pulls a giggling Marion by the wrist. Bystanders
gape and chuckle. Wormer whispers viciously.

WORMER

You're going home is where you're
going! And then you're going on a
little trip!

MARION

Aw, screw off!

She laughs wildly. Wormer sees Bubba leaning against a
tree, drinking chianti.

WORMER

Oh, Wilkes. Would you do me a
favor, my boy? Mrs. Wormer is, uh,
a little under the weather. Would
you take her home?

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

101

He hands him keys to his car. Bubba is stunned. Marion looks at Wormer and leers at Bubba.

MARION

God, you're the biggest, blackest, most beautiful thing I've seen in years.

WORMER

That'll be enough, Marion. Would appreciate it, Wilkes.

Wilkes takes the key and walks off toward the parking lot. Marion, laughing, walks after him.

MARION

(calling out
after him)

Wait up...you hunk.

Wormer stands and looks at them.

WORMER

Bubba. They have Bubba for those goddamn Olympics.

102 THE BUSHES

102

to one side of the boathouse. Naomi is unbuttoning her dress. Flounder's trying to pull his pants over his shoes.

NAOMI

I went with a guy who did speed for a while, but I never got any sleep. Then I lived with a rock star who ate psylocybin mushrooms for breakfast, which was weird, and a couple of dudes who were into reds which was a downer. But I think self-help is the wave of the future.

(smiles

lasciviously)

I've always wanted to get it on with a guy who was into straight encounter stuff.

She drops her dress, revealing an amazing body. Flounder's eyes bulge.

FLOUNDER

(to himself)

Oh boy, is this great!

CUT TO

103 VARIOUS PARTYGOERS

103

It's evident that a certain aura has come over the dance. The band is playing rock'n roll, which seems strange coming from an accordion and saxophone combo. People are starting to boogie on the dance floor. The '06 Delta alumnus is sitting glassy-eyed next to the band. There are assorted people out under the tables.

CUT TO

104 INT. DANCE

104

Liz walks over to the punch bowl where Otter is conversing with a beautiful girl. She angrily fills up several glasses full of punch and drinks them quickly in succession.

OTTER

(to girl)

I'll need to examine you thoroughly
for my diagnosis to be correct.

(sees Liz)

Excuse me.

Liz grabs a couple of glasses. She sees Otter.

LIZ

Hey, Otter, how'd you like to have a
drink?

Otter shrugs and smiles. Pinto is on the dance floor, semi-stuperous, dancing with a beautiful girl. Liz fumes.

CUT TO

105 LIZ AND OTTER

105

walk down to the riverbank. People around them are getting stoned from the punch. She downs both drinks. She is wrecked.

OTTER

Feeling better?

LIZ

(spaced out)

Shit, that river looks so inviting.
I could do with a dip right now.

OTTER

Please -- be yourself.

Liz whips off her scarf and lets her hair flow freely.

CONTINUED

105

CONTINUED

105

She hands the scarf to Otter. She unhooks her peasant skirt and then slips out of her leotard, again handing both to Otter. She is standing stark naked.

OTTER

(continuing)

There. Now don't you feel better?

(looks her

up and down)

I know I do.

Two elderly women walk by and gasp at Liz's nudity. Liz leaps into the river. A crowd starts to form. A middle-aged alumnus strips down to his jockey shorts and jumps in after her. The crowd applauds. An elegantly dressed woman peels off her gown to catcalls and whistles from the crowd. Once she is down to her underwear she jumps into the water. The young members of the crowd have started to shed their clothes.

CUT TO

106

BOON

106

walks by the bandstand. The musicians are all asleep slumped over their instruments. He walks up to a small hi-fi setup and looks through several 45's but can't seem to find one he likes. A hand clutching a 45 single extends from out of frame. Boon smiles. The camera pans back. It's D-Day.

BOON

Thanks.

Boon places the single on the turntable and cranks the volume. It's "Wooly Bully" by Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs.

'Hally told dada

It's a crazeeee song....'

D- DAY

Watch this.

D-Day flips a switch next to the record player. All of a sudden all kinds of psychedelic lights turn on, swathing the proceedings in flickering, colored swirls.

BOON

Far out.

D-Day cackles. The music drives the crowd into even a greater frenzy. People are stripping and jumping into the river. Wormer is standing with several campus security guards.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

106

WORMER

We have to stop this. They've gone insane.

The security guards are transfixed by the abundance of female flesh. Wormer's instructions go over their heads.

WORMER

(continuing)

Go out there and stop them. Make them put their clothes back on.

CUT TO

107 PINTO

107

He is under a table talking to someone who we never saw. It is a closeup of his face.

PINTO

(very stoned)

I know I've been talking your ear off about Liz for the last few minutes but it's just so crazy and you've been great about the whole thing.

VOICE

I'm enjoying myself.

PINTO

Really? That's nice...I don't know...I love her, man. I really do. I know sometimes she can be a jerk and a prissy, self-centered bitch but beneath that is a really very nice, and caring girl. She can be so loving and cute. And so good to me. It's her background that screws her up, she's in constant rebellion. Cigarette?

VOICE

No, thank you. I don't smoke.

PINTO

She's done so much for me. I know that's a cliché and everything, but it's true. She's helped me be what I want. Given me strength. I'm happy being me.

VOICE

Go to her, Lawrence. Love her. If you don't this silly feud may break

CONTINUED

107

CONTINUED

107

VOICE (Cont'd)

you up forever and that would be the end, and a terrible shame.

PINTO

Yeah, but....

VOICE

Pride is the ruin of more good men than any other disease.

PINTO

You're right. You're absolutely right. Christ, that's exactly what I'm going to do. Wow. Hey, thanks a lot, really...uh....

VOICE

Pendelton...Spot Pendelton.

Pinto grabs for his hand.

PINTO

Thanks a lot, Spot.

Camera pulls back to reveal Pinto shaking hands with the dog we have seen throughout.

CUT TO

108

A CONGA LINE

108

is being formed. Deltas join with others.

CUT TO

109

VANDERSLAAG

109

comes stumbling towards the riverbank. He is in awe of the spectacle. He walks up to one naked blonde girl whose back is turned. She is knee-deep in the water and he wades into it to get to her. He taps the girl on the shoulder.

VANDERSLAAG

You have the nicest....

The girl whips around. It's Liz.

LIZ

Daddy!

VANDERSLAAG

Elizabeth!

Liz gets dragged back into the water by some enthusiastic swimmers. Vanderslaag shakes his head in disbelief and attempts to get out of the water. He trips and falls face first.

CUT TO

110 DOUG AND BRAD

110

who are covered with towels, are standing on the banks.
Doug has a megaphone.

DOUG

Get-out-of-the-water! You-are-in-
violation-of-public-decency-statutes.
I-repeat: Get-out-of-the-water!

By this time total pandemonium has broken out. To the strains of "Wooly Bully" people are skinny-dipping or standing on the banks enjoying the spectacle. Some are still drunkenly dancing.

DOUG

(continuing; losing
his cool, still
with megaphone)
Hey, get the hell outta there!
And I mean nowwww....

The conga line of semi-clad, deliriously stoned people come into view, bumping and grinding. The dancer in the front grabs Doug by the hips and dances him into the water. The conga line follows into the river.

CUT TO

111 A LOW TREE LIMB

111

On it are a bra, undies and a huge pair of polka dot boxer shorts.

NAOMI (v.o.)

Oh, Kent!

FLOUNDER (v.o.)

Oh, boy!

CUT TO

112 BRAD

112

is running down the riverbank. We closeup on his face as it turns from concern to horror.

113 ANGLE

113

There, naked in the river are Tinky and Rosalie. He runs into the river, whips off his jacket and drapes it around Rosalie.

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

113

BRAD
(in Neidermeyer-
clenched-teeth
fashion)

Are you girls insane? Tinky, my
brother will kill you if he catches
you in your birthday suit!

Doug comes up out of the water like a whale coming up for
air. His clothes are torn and in disarray. He sees Tinky
and screams in rage and horror.

CUT TO

114 BEAUTIFUL GIRL

114

is in the water up to her waist. She jumps and lets out a
yelp of pleasure unlike Doug's scream. She has been grabbed
in a vulnerable place. She likes it.

GIRL

Ooooooh!

Otter leaps out of the water and extends his hand.

OTTER

Eric Stratton. Damn glad to meet ya.

CUT TO

115 BOON AND D-DAY

115

are standing on the bank enjoying the view.

BOON

I guess that stuff in the punch
really worked.

D-DAY

(picks a bra
off the ground)

I don't know why you'd say that?

Hoover walks over to them carrying Janie over his shoulder.

HOOVER

This is crazy. It's like one of
those Swedish movies or something.

(pats Janie
on the butt)

Would you mind giving us a ride back
to the house? I think Janie's had
it.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

D-DAY

Sure.

The camera pans the entire river. It is a tableau of naked people, assorted clothing and frantic security guards. In other words, complete pandemonium.

WORMER

(to himself)

It's like clockwork. Whenever those guys are around, the shit always lands right in my lap.

We see Vanderslaag, clutching a wooden busboy's table, floating down the river. He is talking quietly to himself.

VANDERSLAAG

(drunkenly)

My own daughter. It was my own daughter -- without her clothes on.

He sees something.

VANDERSLAAG

Help! Help me!

It's '06 floating by, sitting upright and comatose in a chair.

116 EXT. THE RIVER BANK

116

Wormer is standing by a police car whose searchlight is beamed on the river. A police boat is making circles offshore.

WORMER

Keep looking, dammit! He's got to be out there somewhere.

A frogman surfaces with a martini shaker and a cummerbund.

CUT TO

117 EXT. WORMER'S HOUSE - JUST BEFORE DAWN

117

Vanderslaag plods up the driveway, still in his tux, drenched and shivering.

CUT TO

118 EXT. FRONT DOOR

118

A plaque: "Dean's Residence." Vanderslaag fumbles for his key.

CUT TO

119 INT. AN UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

119

A bedroom door opens and Bubba tiptoes out, his shirt open, his jacket over his shoulder. In the b.g. we see Marion in a negligee. She laughs and waves good-bye.

MARION
(in a drunken
sing-song)
Thanks for the ri-ide...Hunk.

CUT TO

120 INT. THE FOYER

120

Vanderslaag closes the door behind him and mutters to himself. In the b.g. we see Bubba sneaking down the stairs. Seeing Vanderslaag, he starts, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. Vanderslaag sees him and jumps. They stand frozen, then Vanderslaag slowly puts up his hands.

VANDERSLAAG
(strangled voice)
Please -- just don't hurt me.

CUT TO

121 INT. D-DAY'S VAN

121

D-Day and Hoover are driving back to Delta House with D-Day at the wheel. Janie is passed out and is wedged between the two of them with her legs upstretched on the dashboard. All we see are D-Day and Hoover's faces and Janie's high-heeled feet. D-Day and Hoover are talking. They are a little stoned from the dosed punch. The van is dark. Their faces are half-lit by the highway lights. We only see their full profiles when the lights of a car pass by. A car passes by and Hoover looks out the window.

HOOVER
So you bet Vanderslaag fifty grand
that we could beat them in a Greek
War.

D-DAY
Yup....

HOOVER
Wow. That's about eight years of
income for me! Guess I just never
really made it big.

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

121

D-DAY

You're a good man, Hoov. Don't sweat it.

HOOVER

(smiles shyly;
appreciatively)

Thanks.

They hit a bump and Janie's foot flies into Hoover's face. He gently moves it back to the dashboard.

HOOVER

(continuing)

Thanks.

Hoover furrows his eyebrows and reflects into the distance. D-Day pulls a joint out of his pocket and lights it. He takes a toke and hands it to Hoover. Hoover looks at it, takes a drag off of it and holds it, still staring out into the highway. D-Day clears his throat.

HOOVER

(continuing)

I was meant for Legal Aid or something, some way I could help people.

D-DAY

I think that's admirable, man.

D-Day takes the joint that Hoover's been smoking. He takes a hit off of it and puts it back in Hoover's hand, which hasn't moved from its original position. Hoover, who previous to this hasn't blinked an eye about the fact that he's been smoking a joint, examines the reefer.

HOOVER

You know, the creeps I work with would give me life in prison if they could see me now.

(turns and

looks at D-Day)

You know what I do, who I work for. Why'd you light the joint?

D-Day

(shrugs)

Hey man, this is us.

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED - 2

121

HOOVER

You know I've never smoked this stuff before.

D-DAY

(smiles)

I know.

HOOVER

You're in the business, huh?

D-DAY

Yup.

Hoover smiles back at D-Day and turns and stares out the window.

He takes a big toke off of the joint and grins broadly. Janie's foot hits him in the face again.

CUT TO

122 EXT. THE HIGHWAY

122

The van speeds into the darkness. The sound of two men cackling is heard.

CUT TO

123 DELTA FRONT YARD - NEXT DAY

123

Otter is walking Boon back toward the house, an arm around his shoulder.

OTTER

Sure I could've let you leave, but then you would have missed the big surprise.

BOON

But I called her and she wasn't home! Where could she be at seven thirty? Where -- what big surprise?

OTTER

You just go up to your room and wait. There's someone special coming, and she should be here in just about an hour.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

123

BOON

You -- you don't mean Katy?

Otter smiles and gives a little, "Hey, you never know" -- type shrug.

CUT TO

124 CLOSEUP - OTTER

124

smiling, talking on the phone.

OTTER

Hello, Lampda Pi? Is Gracie Maroni there...Eric Stratton.

(laughs as
voice booms
in from other
end of phone)

Gracie, how many years have you been at Faber now? Eight. Well, that's what happens when you go through college horizontally.

(giggling from
the other end)

Gracie, I need a favor. Do you still do those Burmese nozzle jobs? No, not for me. I'd like to give one to a needy friend as a gift.

Pinto paces in the b.g., waiting for the phone.

CUT TO

125 INT. DELTA LIVING ROOM

125

Otter and the young Deltas sit around waiting for the next happening. Pinto passes in the foyer.

PINTO

See you later. I've got to mend a fractured relationship.

He walks away.

OTTER

Swell! We'll go for a ride. Onward, men!

BYRON

(whining)

But I have to feed my mouse.

CONTINUED

125

CONTINUED

125

The wimps leap up and tumble toward the door.

As they buzz happily we hear Byron's voice again, whining.

BYRON

(continuing)

I've got to study. You're not born knowing biophysics.

PINTO

(holding his
hands in a
stop motion)

Hey, Otter! Otter!

126

THE FOYER

126

Otter hurries everybody out the door. He sees Bubba, puts an arm around his shoulder and walks out with him after the others.

Bubba, Otter, Rashid, Hal, Byron and Walker are seen walking towards Flounder's car.

127

FLOUNDER'S CAR

127

parked out front. Flounder looks at himself in the rearview mirror.

FLOUNDER

(smiles)

Not too bad.

Otter jumps in on the driver's side and shoves him over.

FLOUNDER

(continuing)

Hey ---

Then everybody else starts piling in the other doors.

FLOUNDER

(continuing)

Hey!

Otter turns the ignition and the car leaps forward with a tearing screech.

128 EXT. FRATERNITY ROW

128

The car barrels down the street. Across from the Omega House, a group of Omegas are beginning to construct a bonfire out of railroad ties.

FLOUNDER (v.o.)

Hey, take it easy!

OTTER (v.o.)

Can't. Your brakes don't work.

FLOUNDER (v.o.)

What?!

The car rounds the corner with a squeal, passing a sports car coming up the other way.

CUT TO

129 INT. BOON'S ROOM

129

He's straightening up, smoothing down the bed, muttering nervously.

BOON

Everything is gonna work out fine.
We'll talk, and then we'll make
love. Then we'll talk some more.
Then we'll make love some more.

(holds up a
wallet-sized
picture of Katy)
God, she's beautiful.

Push in on the picture, then ---

DISSOLVE TO

130 CLOSEUP - GRACIE MARONI

130

About twenty-six, good-looking in a tough way, she has definately been around. Gracie sits at the wheel laying on thick smears of lipstick. The car stops.

CUT TO

131 EXT. MOTEL

131

Liz's Mercedes is parked outside a room.

CUT TO

132

INT. LIZ'S ROOM

132

Liz is in bed sleeping. She's tossing and turning and moaning, "Larry! Larrrreee!". Someone knocks on the door. She gets out of bed wearing a man's shirt and underpants. As she opens the door she excitedly yells "Larry!" and throws her arms around the person outside. It's not Larry, it's Vanderslaag.

VANDERSLAAG

(surprised)

Whaa!?!?

LIZ

(equally
surprised)

Daddy! You're not Larry.

VANDERSLAAG

(composing
himself)

May I come in?

Liz opens the door as they step inside.

VANDERSLAAG

(stern)

I have to have a little father-to-daughter chat with you, young lady.

Vanderslaag stands ominously as Liz takes a seat on the bed.

VANDERSLAAG

This reckless behavior has to stop,
Miss Elizabeth Bentley Vanderslaag.
If your mother knew....

LIZ

Daddy, Mother is in Buenos Aires
with your accountant.

VANDERSLAAG

(clears his
throat nervously)Yes, well never you mind. This life
of yours, this, this lack of respect,
this...nakedness....Vanderslaag looks at Liz's bare legs. She grabs the sheet
from the bed and covers herself.

VANDERSLAAG

And this boy you've been running
around with...

CONTINUED

VANDERSLAAG (Cont'd)

(pulls out a
mile-long
sheet from his
jacket pocket)
Lawrence Kroger, alias 'Pinto.'
(says this
last name as
if he had
said Krushev)
I had the security boys at the
company do a check on him.
(reads from
the sheet)
'Students For a Democratic Society
...Student Non-Violent Coordinating
Committee...'
(reads the
next one with
true disgust)
'Toys for Tots...'
(shakes his
head and goes
into a rage)
Elizabeth, you're consorting with a
known revolutionary Marxist!

ELIZABETH

He is not, Daddy! He just cares
about people. And if he ever talks
to me again I'll tell him how much I
really love him.

VANDERSLAAG

(completely
flustered)
Elizabeth!!!!

LIZ

(stands up
resolutely,
breasts firmly
pointed)
Daddy, I am not your little girl
anymore.

Vanderslaag looks uncomfortable and clears his throat.

LIZ

(grabs her
wallet from
the night table)
And you can have these! Diners
Club, American Express....

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED - 2

132

Liz throws dozens of credit cards on top of him.

LIZ

(wistful,
looks upward)
Love really is all you need.
(resolute again)

Now if you don't mind, I'm getting
dressed to tell Larry Kroger that
he's the cutest and sweetest con-
firmed political agitator that I've
ever walked a picket line with.

She storms into the closet. Vanderslaag sits for a few
uncomfortable moments in the chair then gets up and knocks
on the closet door.

VANDERSLAAG

(browbeaten)
Elizabeth, honey, I'm going to use
the bathroom.

Vanderslaag goes into the bathroom.

CUT TO

133 EXT. FLOUNDER'S CAR

133

OTTER

Road trip!

He guns the engine and puts it in high gear.

CUT TO

134 INT. FLOUNDER'S CAR

134

Otter, Bubba, Hal, Byron, Flounder, Rashid and Walker are on
a road trip. "Tequila" by the Champs is blasting from the
car radio. Otter is driving in his usual hairpin style.

Otter smiles to himself. "Tequila" ends as we hear the
opening strains of "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky-Tonk
Angels" by Kitty Wells. The boys pull up to a ramshackle
roadhouse called "The Bloody Bucket". Neon beer signs
flicker in the windows.

OTTER

Now this looks like the proper
establishment to introduce you
neophytes to the joy of drinking.

BYRON

It looks a little rough, Otter.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

134

OTTER

Not to worry. They can't touch us.
You guys are college students.

The younger Deltas exchange nervous glances. They all get out of the car except for Bubba.

HAL

Aren't you coming, Bubba?

BUBBA

Nah, I'm gonna babysit the hubcaps.

OTTER

You sure?

135 EXT. LIZ'S ROOM

135

Pinto knocks softly.

PINTO

Liz. Liz. It's me. Larry.

Pinto checks the doorknob. The door's unlocked. He walks in. He's carrying some flowers.

PINTO

Liz....

Unbeknownst to Pinto, Liz is still in the closet and Vanderslaag is still in the bathroom. Pinto puts his ear to the bathroom door and hears sounds. He smiles and tiptoes over to the bed. He takes all his clothes off and hops under the covers. He chuckles to himself. The toilet flushes and he looks up. As the door swings open Pinto leaps up on top of the bed and throws the covers down.

PINTO

Liz!!!

From a perspective behind Pinto we see his bare ass and Vanderslaag's shocked face. They both gasp in complete disbelief. At that moment, Liz steps out of the closet fully dressed. She realizes what has happened and starts laughing. Pinto and Vanderslaag remain frozen.

LIZ

(laughing)

I see you two have met.

136 EXT. THE BLOODY BUCKET ROADHOUSE

136

Otter and the Deltas head toward the front door. As they approach it, someone is being thrown out head first. As this happens we see Bubba slink down into his seat.

WALKER

(scared)

Otter -- this is a honky-tonk.

OTTER

(a little worried,
but resolute)

No balls, no glory.

137 INT. THE BLOODY BUCKET ROADHOUSE

137

They walk through the front door. The interior of "The Bloody Bucket" is the quintessential honky-tonk: rednecks, women with beehive hairdos, country band...Our heroes are met at the door by a six-foot-seven redneck Bouncer.

BOUNCER

Ah'm gonna hafta search you, boys.

He frisks them. When he comes to Rashid he furrows his eyebrows.

BOUNCER

(continuing)

What in the name of Jim Crow are you?

RASHID

Please, sir. I am Indian.

BOUNCER

(smiles)

Oh, that's all right. I'm one-eighth Cherokee, myself.

He frisks Rashid. Rashid giggles. They all stand in front of the bar. On the bandstand finishing up "Honky-Tonk Angels" is Sherry Bouffant and the Wrhythm Wranglers. Sherry is cut from the Tammy Wynette mold while the Wrhythm Wranglers resemble the sodomists from "Deliverance" dressed in matching imitation Nudie suits. Our heroes quickly head to a dimly lit table in the back. The band shifts their heads in unison to watch them. They are playing a steel guitar instrumental. Once they're seated a young pretty gum-popping Waitress walks over.

WAITRESS

Name your poison, boys.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

137

OTTER

We'll have five Jack Daniels on the rocks.

(pause)

No ice.

Otter winks at the Waitress. The Waitress winks back and smiles. She goes to get the order. The boys are getting progressively bad vibes from the cracker crowd. Couples on the dance floor are staring at them and whispering among themselves. Their faces are a cross between a Fellini movie and a James Agee photo essay.

138 EXT. THE BUCKET OF BLOOD - FLOUNDER'S CAR - THE DASHBOARD POINT OF VIEW

138

Bubba is still in the car, slinked down in the front seat. All we see are the whites of his very scared eyes.

139 EXT. THE BUCKET OF BLOOD

139

Assorted redneck patrons enter and exit the club.

140 FLOUNDER'S CAR - BUBBA

140

slumps another inch at the sight of them.

CUT TO

141 INT. THE BUCKET OF BLOOD

141

The Waitress returns to the table with the drinks. She places the drinks on the table.

WAITRESS

Five Jacks straight up.

(looks at the
boys curiously)

Who are you fellas, anyway?

OTTER

I'm Second Lieutenant Douglas C.
Neidermeyer of the United States
Special Forces.

The younger Deltas look up.

OTTER

(continuing)

These are my fellow Green Berets.

Pan to each Delta looking bewildered.

CONTINUED

141

CONTINUED

141

OTTER

(continuing)

Sergeants Walker, Dimmler,
Vogelberger and Colonel Ramani.
There would've been more with us
here tonight, but we lost a couple
over in 'Nam.

WAITRESS

(impressed)

Why I'm...I'm speechless. You boys
oughta be proud of yourselves.

OTTER

Yes, darlin', it hasn't been easy
but someone has to defend the honor
of our country. And what with all
these protestors on the college
campuses these days, it's a
thankless job.

WAITRESS

I'll tell ya, a couple of them
college boys come in here last week
and if they weren't a-lucky to get
outta here without their heads
blowed off.

Pan to the younger Deltas who are sweating and gulping,
still staring at their drinks.

The Waitress leaves.

OTTER

(sagelike)

Now boys, there's a fine art to the
recreational intake of the alcoholic
beverage. Firstly, one must stay
away from your so-called 'sissy'
drinks. Your Sloe Gin Fizz, your
Black Russian. Anything with a
cherry in it is immediately suspect.
The experienced connoisseur rarely
has a drink mixed with anything more
than water or club soda. A good
Irish whiskey. A fine, blended,
aged Scotch. Tennessee sour mash
whisky is always a safe bet.

WALKER

(looks at
his drink)

Otter, won't these make us sick?

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED - 2

141

OTTER

Ah, good question. The time-worn problem of tossing your proverbial groceries. Boys, you have to control your booze, not let it control you. Now, follow what I do. Stare into your glass.

They all stare into their glasses.

OTTER

And repeat after me, 'I will not puke, I will not puke'.

ALL

I will not puke. I will not puke.

They sit staring at their drinks.

CUT TO

142 OTTER AND WAITRESS

142

who are face-to-face like an old World War II movie romance. Otter is repeating a Neidermeyer anecdote verbatim.

OTTER

-- and so when we brought that copter in we counted twenty-two holes in the fuselage. We patched her up with mud and spit and made another four runs.

WAITRESS

It must've been hell.

OTTER

It was. But what kept me going was the knowledge that I was fighting --
(leans in
to kiss her)
-- for this.

They kiss and passionately embrace. The music swells to an overwhelming crescendo.

CUT TO

143 EXT. THE BUCKET OF BLOOD - FLOUNDER'S CAR - THE DASHBOARD
POINT OF VIEW

143

Yes, folks, even the mighty Bubba has a discernible fear quotient. He's gotten so paranoid of the redneck population that he sees a man in white sheets carrying a burning cross walk by his car.

144 BUBBA

144

He blinks and the apparition disappears. He lets out a quiet "Whooo!" and slinks down in his seat, completely out of sight.

CUT TO

145 INT. DELTA'S TABLE IN THE BLOODY BUCKET

145

The table is littered with empty shot glasses. All are visibly drunk except for Otter who is charmingly tipsy.

OTTER

(to Rashid)

How ya feeling, Colonel?

Rashid is weaving in place. He's shit-faced.

RASHID

(eyes closed)

I will not puke. I will not puke....

CUT TO

146 THE BANDSTAND

146

The Waitress is talking to Sherry Bouffant, the lead singer of the band. We can't hear what she's saying. Sherry starts to sniffle. She leans over and says something to the band. They start to weep, too. She tearfully speaks into the microphone.

SHERRY

Friends and neighbors, we have some very special guests in the audience. Men who have been in a foreign land, putting their lives on the line so that you can drive the pickup of your choice. Let's have a hand for the members of the Green Beret.

A spotlight goes on Otter and the boys. The crowd turns to them and gives them a standing ovation. Hal is passed out nose first in a shot glass. The boys are all taken by surprise by the audience's adulation. Otter stands up and bows. In an effort to raise Hal's head off the table he pulls his hair back. The shot glass is stuck on Hal's nose.

CUT BACK TO

147 SHERRY

147

SHERRY

We'd like to send a song out to these noble men.

148 CLOSEUP - SNARE DRUM

148

The drummer plays a military roll.

149 BACK TO SHERRY

149

Sherry raises her hand in a salute and begins to march in place. The band, all crying and sniffing, go into "The Ballad of the Green Berets".

SHERRY

'Fighting soldiers from the sky,
Daring men who do or die...' (etc.).

150 A SNUFF QUEEN-TYPE

150

from the audience walks over to our heroes and pulls a drunken Byron from the table onto the dance floor. She's several inches taller than him and holding him up. His face is buried in her breasts.

CUT TO

151 THE BAR

151

Several oversized rednecks are drinking and taking in the whole scene. They are centered around the burly "Neck" by the name of Big Red.

REDNECK

What'ya make of this shit, Red?

BIG RED

If them boys are Green Berets, I'm
Tiny Tim.

CUT TO

152 THE DANCE FLOOR

152

By this time all the boys are on the dance floor dancing drunkenly with various "townie" women with the exception of Hal who is still passed out nose first in a shot glass.

CUT TO

153 THE BAR

153

REDNECK

What'ya make of this shit, Red?

BIG RED

If them boys are Green Berets, this
is one war we're gonna lose.

CUT TO

154 EXT. THE BLOODY BUCKET - FLOUNDER'S CAR - VIEW OF THE DASHBOARD

154

Bubba is unseen. We hear him whistling "Dixie" very softly.

CUT TO

155

INT. THE BLOODY BUCKET - DANCE FLOOR

155

Byron's dance partner is acting as if she were dancing with Fred Astaire. She's leading him wildly across the floor, doing twirls and kicks. Without thinking he pulls off his sweater and continues dancing. Big Red and the boys take notice from the bar. She gasps and backs off...The crowd notices and gasps.

OTTER

(to himself)

Oh, no.

Byron is standing drunkenly in the middle of the dance floor by himself. The band has stopped playing. All eyes are on Byron who continues dancing. The joint is deathly quiet. Emblazoned on his T-shirt in bright purple letters is "FABER COLLEGE CHESS TEAM".

REDNECK

What'ya make of that shit, Red?

BIG RED

I knew it. Them's college boys.

Big Red and his cohorts head towards our heroes. Byron is still dancing.

RASHID

(to Otter)

What do we do now, fraternal physician Otter?

OTTER

(cool)

Stay calm, don't lose your cool, keep smiling.

Pause. Big Red is inches away. Otter is still calm.

OTTER

(continuing)

And get your ass outta here as quickly as possible.

Otter and Rashid duck as a chair goes flying over their heads. All hell breaks loose. Rednecks are lunging towards our boys. Rashid is being throttled. The Band starts to play the "Star Spangled Banner" in an effort to end the fight. It's to no avail. Rashid is beating his little fists against a huge adversary who lifts him off the floor.

RASHID

(choking)

Let me down, you nasty big man.

CONTINUED

155

CONTINUED

155

Hal awakens from his stupor, realizes what's going on and promptly passes out again. Otter is valiantly doing his best to fend off the attackers. He is throwing punches left and right. He throws a right and we pan to see he's punched the Waitress by mistake. He grabs the falling Waitress.

OTTER

I'm sorry, darling....

A fist comes from nowhere and knocks him in the face. Byron is on top of the bar inviting all comers, with drunken bravado, to fight him.

BYRON

C'mere ya big bullies! I'll show ya! I'll show ya!

Big Red walks up to him and picks him up by the legs. Byron looks down surprised. Big Red drapes Byron over his shoulder. Byron is beating his little fists against Big Red's back to no avail. He's carried off. Walker is wandering aimlessly through the melee pleading for a ceasefire.

WALKER

Sisters and brothers, sisters and brothers. Why are we fighting? Why are we fighting?

One redneck confronts Walker.

WALKER

(flashes the
peace sign)
Peace, brother.

Redneck punches Walker out.

Flounder stands to one side beseeching all to stop.

FLOUNDER

Someone's going to get hurt!

A guitar flies from o.s. and hits him in the head. He feels his head.

FLOUNDER

It's me! I'm hurt!

CUT TO

156 EXT. THE BLOODY BUCKET - OTTER'S CAR

156

Hearing the noise coming from the club, Bubba rises slowly in his seat. He is thinking, slowly realizing that his fellow Deltas are in deep trouble. He looks resolute. He opens the car door. He backs off. He closes the car door. He considers the situation again. He becomes resolute once again. He opens the car door and stands up tall and proud.

The camera angle makes him look like a giant saint. Bubba kneels in front of the front door in a scrimmage stance.

Music over -- Bugle cavalry charge.

BUBBA

Seventeen! Twenty-five! Eighty-seven!
Hike!

Bubba charges the door and breaks it off its hinges. He plows into the club.

157 INT. BLOODY BUCKET

157

The place is complete pandemonium. The fight is no longer necessarily the Deltas vs. the Rednecks. It's a free-for-all. A couple of women are tearing each other's hair out. Bubba throws a couple of punches on his way over to Otter who is successfully fending off several attackers. Bubba and Otter give each other the thumbs-up sign. Otter throws a punch and downs another guy.

CUT TO

158 THE BANDSTAND

158

The camera pans the bandstand. They've given up on the National Anthem method. The steel player is cowering under his instrument. Sherry is fleeing the stage. The bass player is batting brawlers in the head, using his axe as a club.

159 FLOUNDER

159

wanders through the fight dazed from the last punch. He inadvertently steps into the middle of a fistfight. Fists come from opposite sides of Flounder.

CUT TO

160 CLOSEUP - FLOUNDER'S FACE

160

being squashed by the impact of the two fists. He stumbles over to where Bubba is thwarting the advances of the enemy.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED

160

Suddenly, a neck with a chair in tow comes aiming for Bubba's head. He misses and creams Flounder. Bubba whirls around, appraises the situation and knocks the perpetrator unconscious. He kneels down and helps Flounder up from the floor.

BUBBA

Are you all right, little brother?

Flounder shakes himself. Bubba holds him up.

BUBBA

That chair was comin' right at me.
You saved my life, little brother.

Bubba continues to hold him up with one arm as he throws a punch.

CUT TO

161 CLOSEUP - BYRON'S FACE

161

upside down. He's screaming. He's being held aloft by two brawlers. Bubba charges over and thunks heads together Three Stooges-style. They're knocked out. They drop Byron whose head goes thunk on the floor. Rashid and Walker are being swung into the camera under each arm of a gigantic truck driver.

RASHID/WALKER

Whoaaaaa!!!!

The truck driver swings around with Rashid and Walker still in tow. Bubba punches him in the face and knocks him out. He drops Rashid and Walker to the ground. Hal is still passed out in the shot glass. Bubba grabs the door he previously knocked off the hinges.

As Otter watches in amazement, Bubba uses the door as a shield and pushes the remaining collected brawlers against the wall with a mighty thrust. They are all knocked out. Bubba gathers Hal and Byron and drapes them over his shoulders. The other Deltas straggle out.

OTTER

(smiles to
himself)

I love it.

162 EXT. BLOODY BUCKET

162

They leave the club just as police sirens can be heard. They place the prostrate young Deltas in Flounder's car.

CONTINUED

162 CONTINUED

162

Bubba and Otter jump in the Cadillac. Otter turns on the ignition and starts to split.

OTTER

(to Bubba)

Where'd you learn to fight like that?

BUBBA

I'm from Mississippi. I used to sit in the front of the bus.

They pull out like gangbusters just as the cops arrive.

CUT TO

163 EXT. DELTA HOUSE - SAME TIME

163

A taxi pulls up in front of the house. Katy gets out and heads up the walk with her overnight bag.

CUT TO

164 INT. BOON'S ROOM

164

Boon is standing by the window. Gracie is putting on her clothes.

GRACIE

Jeez, it's really weird.

(slips on

her bra)

The one thing the girls of Alpha Gotta Bangem never get is rejection.

BOON

Hey, I'm not rejecting you, Gracie. I'm rejecting the concept of solving one's problems with one's tool.

GRACIE

You want me to tell Otter you got laid anyway?

Boon shakes his head no.

GRACIE

Just a little lie for the sake of my reputation?

He shakes his head no and smiles.

165 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

165

Katy reaches the top of the stairs and heads down the hall. Katy and Gracie pass each other, bump into each other.

CONTINUED

165

CONTINUED

165

Gracie helps Katy with fallen suitcases. Katy starts for Boon's room.

GRACIE

Hey, are you going in there?

KATY

Yes.

GRACIE

Don't bother. He's got such hots for his wife he won't touch another broad. First guy who ever turned me down.

KATY

Really!?

GRACIE

Hard to believe, right?

Katy grins and hurries to Boon's room.

CUT TO

166

EXT. THE DELTA HOUSE

166

A gold cart with a sign on it reading, "Faber Homecoming '67" pulls up in front of the Delta House. Wormer is at the wheel. With him are Doug and Brad Neidermeyer and Bruiser, another Omega.

WORMER

Spiking the goddamn punch and destroying the alumni dance was the last goddamn straw. These bastards think they're cute. Well, I've had it with them and those retards I put in this House. I'm going to shut this place down once and for all.

BRAD

Right you are, sir. It must be something in the blood. Once you become a Delta you become totally uncontrollable.

DOUG

Delta should become a forgotten name on this campus.

167

EXT. DELTA HOUSE FRONT PORCH

167

Wormer and the rest peer through a front window. Wormer walks over to the front door and starts banging on it.

WORMER

Come on out of there you mongrels!
You hear me? Get out here this
minute!

DOUG

The place looks empty, sir. I think
the yellow bastards made a run for
it.

There is a crash from behind them as logs crumble in a huge
homecoming bonfire across the Quad.

Wormer looks at the bonfire and smirks. Doug looks at the
bonfire and smirks. Brad looks at the bonfire and smirks.
Bruiser looks at the bonfire and shrugs, not knowing what
they have in mind.

WORMER

I think the time to get rid of that
vermin is now!

DOUG

No Delta House, no Deltas.
(turns his
head to Brad)
Brad!

Brad runs to the bonfire and pulls out a flaming log, then
runs back to the porch. The flame from the log lights up
their faces as they smile huge, evil smiles.

WORMER

No Delta House.

BRAD

No Deltas.

DOUG

No Deltas. We win the Olympics. By
default.

WORMER

Vanderslaag wins his bet and we get
out matching funds.

Bruiser finally catches on. He grins broadly. They all
grin broadly.

168

EXT. THE MAIN STREET THROUGH FABER

168

Flounder's car comes cruising down the street. An empty
beer can is tossed out, misses a litter basket, and lands in
an empty baby carriage. The rear end of the car is totalled.

169 INT. THE CAR

169

Flounder's at the wheel. Everybody's holding beers and singing raucously.

ALL

'It's only me from over the sea!'

RASHID

(heavy Pakistani
accent)

'Said Barnacle Bill the sailor!'

ALL

'I got a pole to shove up your hole!'

RASHID

'Said Barnacle Bill the sailor!'

OTTER

Hey, the kid's a natural!

Rashid giggles drunkenly, then begins to wretch and sticks his head out of the window to get air. Ahead of them, the sky glows pink, and black smoke billows upward.

HAL

Jesus. Look at that.

FLOUNDER

They must have lit the bonfire early.
Great, I love a good bonfire.

A siren wails behind them, and a fire engine streaks past them heading toward the campus. We see the reflection of the fire in the windshield. It is done in such a way that the fire grows until it consumes them. Otter's face clouds, then he shakes his head.

OTTER

Nah...It can't be the Delta House.

170 EXT. THE DELTA HOUSE

170

It is consumed by flames. Several fire engines are parked in the driveway, and a team of firemen are pumping water into the building.

A hook-and-ladder truck comes rambling over. Firemen, out of uniform, come running toward the House with expectant glee.

OFF-DUTY FIREMAN

(to Fireman #1)

We just got off duty when we heard
about this one.

CONTINUED

170

CONTINUED

170

They run over and join everyone in breathing the fumes. Wormer is to the side posing for photographers with burning building in b.g. The Deltas are absolutely shocked. Flounder's car pulls up behind the trucks where we see a wide assortment of vendors; hot dogs, gifts, balloons, etc. The Deltas gape and slowly climb out of the car.

D-Day's van screeches to a halt. He runs out frantically and joins them.

HAROLD

My God....

BYRON

My mouse....

D-DAY

My drugs....

OTTER

My Boon!!!

Otter lunges toward the building, but two Firemen grab him, both of whom are very high.

FIREMAN #1

Wooo, slow down there, guy. Where's the fire?

OTTER

My best friend's in there.

FIREMAN #1

If he's in there, he's had it.

Otter sags.

FIREMAN #2

What does he have?

FIREMAN #1

Who?

Rashid joins Otter.

FIREMAN #2

...I don't know.

RASHID

What is wrong, fraternal brother Otter?

CONTINUED

170

CONTINUED - 2

170

OTTER

Boon's in there being burned alive.

RASHID

I have relatives who do that for a living.

There is a rumbling sound and a side of the house comes tumbling down exposing Boon's room where Boon and Katy are in bed patching things up. The Crowd reacts.

CROWD

(in unison)

Hi, Boon.

Katy quickly covers up. Boon smiles and waves.

OTTER

Boon, you're alive. And, hey, Katy, Katy. Hey, it's been ages. How are you?

She nods.

OTTER

(continuing)

Great. You guys know there's a fire going on?

KATY

I thought I smelled fire.

BOON

(to Katy)

I thought it was us.

They kiss and the Crowd reacts.

CROWD

Aaawww....

We see some couples in the crowd smiling, some holding hands and some kiss.

Firemen enter Boon's room and battle fire with hose and hatchet.

FIREMAN #1

(climbing
all over them)

Excuse me, pardon me...

(looks at Boon,
then Otter)

Hey, is this your friend!!

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED - 3

170

FIREMAN #1 (Cont'd)

(to Boon)

He was really worried about you. So
was I....

Boon smiles and nods.

OTTER

Glad to see you so happy. We were
worried. You realize this is the
Delta House going up in smoke?

Wormer walks toward Otter.

WORMER

Well, well, well, you know you boys
should be more careful, this thing
might have spread to someplace where
real humans live.

Otter turns as:

A VOICE

Hey, Stratton!

171 EXT. THE OMEGA YARD

171

The Omegas have moved their lawn furniture down to the edge
of their property. They sit around, sipping Stingers; several
have stuck marshmallows and hot dogs on the end of pool cues
and they're roasting them over a burning beam.

Nasty laughter from the Omegas. Neidermeyer pulls a cue back
and takes a hot dog off the end.

DOUG

Hey, Stratton, want a hot dog?

He gives Otter the finger with it. More roars of laughter.

172 CLOSEUP - OTTER

172

His face is a mask of anger and frustration. A loud crash
from the House. Camera pulls away from Otter, burning
building and crowd, who at this point, have linked arms and
are singing: "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight."

CUT TO

173 INT. THE DELTA LIVING ROOM

173

A ruined wreck. The door frame and the front door are still
standing, as well as the staircase and part of the second
floor. But the walls are gone, and exposed beams are every-
where. Pools of water dot the floor. There are ducks swim-
ming in the pools of water. Pinto and Hoover are throwing
bread crumbs at the ducks, bemoaning the situation.

CONTINUED

173

CONTINUED

173

HOOVER

I knew it. I knew it. Everyone, I
knew it.

The rest of the Deltas, plus Katy, are sitting around what's
left of the House.

D-Day is sitting in the corner with what is left of his
suitcase and pot.

D-DAY

This sucks.

Bubba is rummaging frantically behind a couch.

BUBBA

Where the fuck...Oh, no!

Bubba picks up an odd, misshapen LP at least eight inches
thick.

BUBBA

(continuing)

Every James Brown album ever made.
Goddamn.

He hurls the mess across the room.

Pan:

174

THE DELTAS

174

More gloom.

OTTER

We can't let this beat us. We're
acting like a bunch of yellow-bellied,
quitting assholes.

BUBBA

Who are you callin' an asshole?

OTTER

I meant the white guys.

BUBBA

Why would they do this?

FLOUNDER

(walking
toward him)

What did you say?! What did you say?!
You just asked the magic words. 'Why
did they do that...?'

CONTINUED

174

CONTINUED

174

BUBBA

Who?

FLOUNDER

They did what they did because they're them. And we can't change them...so we won't. So they act like themselves because they are them.

BUBBA

You talkin' to me?

FLOUNDER

You have to be you, like they have to be them and I have to be me.

HOOVER

Do you really have to?

FLOUNDER

(ignoring Otter)

Look, Bubba, you're a great football player and that's what you should be. Be you!!

The thought begins to sink into Bubba and he thinks about it.

BUBBA

Well, you know, I don't really want to be a football player.

FLOUNDER

No? Then do what you want to do.

BUBBA

Yeah?...I've always been interested in aerodynamics.

FLOUNDER

Well there you go, Bubba.

BUBBA

My real name is Winthrop.

FLOUNDER

Kent.

He sticks his hand out.

BUBBA

(shakes
his hand)

Kent.

CONTINUED

174 CONTINUED - 2

174

FLOUNDER

Hey, Winthrop, what do you say we go
upstairs and talk about this.

They go upstairs to what is left of the second floor. We
hear Flounder's voice trailing off.

FLOUNDER

(continuing)

So, tell me about Negro consciousness.

TIME PASSAGE

175 INT. BURNED-OUT DELTA HOUSE

175

Hal walks in with beers for everyone.

KATY

It's never dull around here, is it?

BOON

(nuzzling
up to her)

Would you want it any other way?

Katy giggles at Boon's show of affection.

OTTER

I hate to break up the party, folks,
but Wormer's burned us again. So to
speak.

D-DAY

We have to fight fire with fire.
(manically)
Retaliation! Revenge!

JANIE

(puts her little
hands on her
little hips)

Well, you still have the Greek Wars.

OTTER

That's right.

CUT TO

176 BUBBA

176

walks down the staircase followed by Flounder who is
bubbling over with happiness. Bubba has changed, obviously.

CONTINUED

176

CONTINUED

176

He no longer is a rugged and tough football player, but has become very genteel. He has "found" himself. He is carrying an attache case and a burned suitcase. He is clean-shaven and his hair is no longer an Afro, but curly a la Flounder. He also speaks perfectly. All are flabbergasted.

BUBBA

I'm applying to MIT, and plan to attend.

He walks over to Otter and Boon.

BUBBA

(continuing)

Brother Eric, Brother Don, I'm so happy you found the time to revisit Faber. Please don't be a stranger whenever you're in the Boston area.

OTTER

What happened?

FLOUNDER

We went upstairs to find Bubba.

BOON

Bubba looked for himself and found out he was Flounder.

BUBBA

(gets up)

Well, I hate to leave you guys like this, but I'm taking off for MIT... It's time for a new me at a new school.

OTTER

Bubba, you can't do this to us. We need you for the Greek Wars. You're our star.

BUBBA

Sorry, Doctor Stratton, but physicality is in my past. I'm no longer going to be the lumbering brute of yesterday. This is the new me. A man who lives by his brains and not by his brawn.

D-DAY

Good-bye fifty big ones.

Flounder cringes.

CONTINUED

176

CONTINUED - 2

176

BUBBA

And I have to thank Kent. You made
the new me. You're a true friend.

D-DAY

(to Flounder)

Couldn't you have waited a couple of
days before you changed him?!

FLOUNDER

I -- I. Well. If it's gotta be,
it's gotta be. A man's no bigger
than a new challenge.

They all stare at him, except Bubba who gets up, picks up
his suitcase and walks to the door.

BUBBA

Good-bye, gentlemen. I've got to
get my papers transferred. I'll be
leaving tomorrow.

(to Flounder)

Little brother, I'll never forget
this. If you ever need a friend
...just call.

Bubba leaves.

FLOUNDER

(looks at
Deltas)

I made a terrible mistake, didn't I?

They all stare at the door as it closes. Then they stare at
Flounder who squirms. They sit in utter despair.

HOOVER

(suddenly snaps
out of it)

Hey! C'mon guys! What about...

(looks around
him)

What about the House?

Ash and plaster fall on top of him. He is oblivious.

HOOVER

(continuing)

Don't we owe...the House...more
than self-pity? Doesn't...the House
...mean more than a mere physical
structure? We have to win the Greek
Olympics for the House!

CONTINUED

176 CONTINUED - 3

176

He grabs a piece of wood from the remains of the wall and gestures with it. The remains of the wall collapse. The rest of the Deltas looks at each other. The music builds in tension.

HOOVER

...to the Delta House.

WALKER

...to the House.

RASHID

...to the House.

BYRON

...to the House.

HAL

(stands
resolutely)

To the House!

Otter, Boon, Katy, Flounder, Pinto, Janie and D-Day all smile at each other. B.g. stirring music.

OTTER

I for one...am damn proud.

177 INT. WORMER'S OFFICE - DAY

177

WORMER

(on telephone)

Hello, Milt. Great news for you.
You can start counting that fifty
thousand dollars now. I just got a
call from the Registrar's Office.
Bubba has transferred to MIT...

(pauses,
listening)

God, I don't know why. He's as
crazy as the rest of them. But I do
know that without Bubba there is no
way they can win the Greek Olympics.
No sir. No way. There isn't a jock
in the lot. We have all the aces.
All the muscle.

(pauses
to listen)

Yes, Milt. I know you like to win.
And by God, you're going to win.
It's the Omega way, Milt. Remember
win, any way you can.

CONTINUED

177 CONTINUED

177

Wormer hangs up and smiles.

WORMER

(to himself)

No Bubba. They don't have a chance.
Not a chance. Now, let's see. What
should we have for our event? That
should be easy. What the hell are
they going to pick for theirs?

178 EXT. STADIUM - EARLY AFTERNOON

178

A large banner announces: "Omegas VS Deltas."

179 STATUE OF VANDERSLAAG AND WORMER

179

Dog walks over and pisses on it again.

180 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

180

There is a table in the center of the field with a man in a
referee suit sitting in the middle. His back is to camera.

CUT TO

181 VANDERSLAAG, NEIDERMEYER AND A FEW OTHER OMEGAS

181

They are walking towards the table.

CUT TO

182 D-DAY, OTTER AND BOON

182

They are coming from the other side of the field towards the
table.

CUT TO

183 AERIAL VIEW OF FIELD

183

Both groups are closing in on each other. Theme from "High
Noon" starts playing, as the two groups get closer.
Finally, they meet and are in the middle of the field.

184 BACK TO FIELD

184

The tension suddenly breaks as Otter and Boon begin to shake
hands with all. They are doing it all at about the same
time with Boon only a couple of beats behind Otter.

CONTINUED

188

CONTINUED

188

D-DAY

Great, no Bubba and now this.

WORMER

(grins)

We just want a fair game.

VANDERSLAAG

I trust Vern, profusely.

DOUG

No doubt about it. I bet the dean
will be another Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WORMER

All right men, you are ready to proceed?

OMEGAS

(nodding
their heads)

Yes.

DELTAS

(shaking
their heads)

No.

WORMER

Good. Now. The games that are to
be played. Both sides will choose
one game. An impartial source will
pick the third. The side that wins
two gets the \$50,000.

(to Omegas)

Begin, gentlemen.

VANDERSLAAG

The Omegas have chosen tug-of-war, a
game that goes back to the ancient
Babylonians.

WORMER

(writing
it down)

Tug-of-war. Good.

(to Deltas)

Marshmallows? And what will your
sport be? And it better be legal in
this state, buster.

OTTER

We wish to practice the ancient art
of conceptual fornication.

DOUG

What are you talking about?

184

CONTINUED

184

OTTER
 (to Brad)
 Eric Stratton, damn glad to
 meet you.
 (to Vanderslaag)
 Eric Stratton, damn glad to
 meet you.
 (to Omega)
 Eric Stratton, damn glad to
 meet you.
 (to D-Day)
 Eric Stratton, damn glad to
 meet you.
 (to Boon)
 Eric Stratton, damn glad to
 meet you.

BOON
 That was Eric Stratton, he
 was damn glad to meet you....
 That was Eric Stratton, he
 was damn glad to meet you....
 That was Eric Stratton, he
 was damn glad to meet you....
 That was Eric Stratton, he
 was damn glad to meet you....
 Oh look, Eric Stratton is damn
 glad to meet me.

The two of them look at the man sitting at the table and are
 taken back.

BOON
 My God! Wormer!

CUT TO

185

WORMER

185

He is the man in the referee suit.

186

BACK TO SCENE

186

D-DAY
 What are you doing here?!

WORMER
 I'm the referee.

187

NEIDERMEYER AND VANDERSLAAG

187

with smug grins.

188

BACK TO SCENE

188

OTTER
 Wait, we protest!

VANDERSLAAG
 No Wormer, no games.

CONTINUED

189 CLOSEUP - D-DAY

189

D-DAY

Fucking!!!

190 BACK TO SCENE

190

VANDERSLAAG

What!!! This is preposterous.

DOUG

F-f-f-u-c-k-i-n-g is not a game.

OTTER

You're right, there's no fun in f-u-c-k-i-n-g, so Tinky's been telling everyone. Nevertheless, as a game f-u-c-k-i-n-g is quite competitive.

BOON

So f-u-c-k you!

VANDERSLAAG

That's all right. We'll play their little game.

OTTER

Little? Speak for yourself, sir.

WORMER

All right. Now we have to select the third event. I, being an impartial judge, have selected myself to pick that game. And I have chosen touch football.

BOON

That's not fair. They have most of the varsity football players.

VANDERSLAAG

No touch football, you default. I get the money.

Omegas laugh.

BOON

(to Otter
and D-Day)

Call it silly, call it crazy. I just don't like these guys.

CONTINUED

190 CONTINUED

190

VANDERSLAAG

Is it settled?

D-DAY

(uneasily)

Touch football?

WORMER

Let the games begin.

CUT TO

191 SIGN SPANNING STREET

191

It reads: "The Greek Wars: Omegas vs. Deltas."

192 OMEGA

192

wearing ancient Greek garb. He is carrying a torch and running a la the opening of the Olympics. He is having many problems as the fire keeps going out, and every time he runs, his skirt flies up and his ass is in view of everyone.

CUT TO

193 EXT. LAMBDA PI

193

Sign reads: Greek Wars
Conceptual Fornication Event
Sponsored by Splitzer's Delicatessen

194 INT. LAMBDA PI

194

The House is dark. Hippie women, in tie-dyed shirts reading "Splitzer's Delicatessen" and peasant shirts are lounging around. On the walls are psychedelic posters of Jimi Hendrix, Andy Warhol and other '60s posters. One of the girls takes a hit off a pipe, hands it to another girl, and proceeds to dance quite boldly in front of Byron, who is shaking uncontrollably, and Otter who is leafing through a book of Kama Sutra. Both are seated on a couch. Otter smiles at Girl and points to some pictures in the book.

GIRL

I lived through the Summer of Love.

OTTER

I lived through the Fall of Rome.

The Girl licks her chops. On the other side of the room are the two Omega opponents wearing sweatsuits and doing warm-up exercises and stretches.

CONTINUED

OTTER

(puts his hands
on Byron's
shoulder)

Hey, you all right?

BYRON

I've never done anything like this
before. I've seen movies in
biology, but....

OTTER

You're gonna have fun, honest. We
would never let anything happen to you.
Hey, if it will ease your mind any,
just think of Benzoin condensation-
catalysis by thiamene.

BYRON

What does a carbon bond formation
have to do with what I'm about to do?

OTTER

Because, when a thiamene meets a
benzoin, maybe they'll hit it off.
Catch a flick, go out to a nightclub
with their other atom and molecule
friends. Maybe go absolutely nuts
and hang out with a few enzymes, who
knows. And before you know it, if
they really like each other, there
just might be a little benzoin.

BYRON

The parallels are remarkable.

OTTER

It's all chemistry.

Gracie and Crazy Alice enter the room. Gracie is wearing a
white science smock with a black negligee underneath. Crazy
Alice is wearing a tie-dyed shirt with only her breast area
dyed. Both carry clipboards. Crazy Alice is a real space
cadet with long, frizzy hair.

GRACIE

Otter, hello. I see you had no
problem getting here after all these
years.

OTTER

(giving her
a hug)

Gracie, you know there's never a
problem coming here.

CONTINUED

GRACIE

This is my friend, Crazy Alice.
She's going to assist me.

CRAZY ALICE

I just want you to know I don't
ordinarily do this sort of thing.
But I think Faber is such a wonderful
institution for higher and lower
education, and I think what you're
doing is an inspiration to all Faber
undergraduates, white and Negro,
liberal or fascist, Muslim or
Judeo-Christian...For I have a dream,
that one day....

GRACIE

(interrupts)

Can it, Alice, fuck -- don't preach.

She waves the Omegas over.

CRAZY ALICE

Hi, Chipper. Hi, Binky.

The Omegas nod, keeping their distance from Otter and Byron.

GRACIE

All right, let me repeat the rules.
We will score on a point scale with
the two of us keeping score. First
place will get 100 points, second
place fifty, and if anyone dies we
deduct seventy-five points from
their team. Any questions? Good.

Crazy Alice takes Byron's hands. Byron lets out a scream
and takes his hand away. He walks to Otter questioningly.

BYRON

Do I have to go through with this?

OTTER

Do you want everyone to think you're
a three dollar bill?

Byron shakes his head no feverishly. Byron is again taken
by the hand and led into Crazy Alice's room while, at all
times, looking back at Otter. Gracie walks up to Chipper.

GRACIE

All right, Bucko, let's go.

She leads him into her room.

CUT TO

195 CLOCK ON THE WALL 195
Five seconds tick off.

196 BACK TO SCENE 196
Gracie's door reopens as Chipper walks out, tucking his shirt in.

GRACIE
(from inside)
Next!

Otter walks to the door.

OTTER
A man's gotta do what he's gotta do.
(enters
the room)
Gracie, so nice of you to have me.

He closes the door.

CUT TO

197 WALL CLOCK 197
It reads ten o'clock. The minute hand begins to spin.

CUT TO

198 OPEN FIELD 198
There are four huge Omegas holding onto a rope. Follow the rope across a mud-filled ditch to the four Deltas, Rashid, Walker, Hal and Flounder, who we see is chained to a tree. Hoover and Janie are to the side as cheerleaders jumping and yelling "tug that rope, tug that rope", with the Delta boys smiling widely.

CUT TO

199 A WORRIED BOON 199
He is talking to D-Day.

BOON
We are going to lose.

CUT TO

200 GRACIE'S DOOR 200
GRACIE (v.o.)
(from inside)
Oh, Otter....

CUT TO

201 CLOCK 201
still spinning.

CUT TO

202 CRAZY ALICE'S DOOR 202
which is next to Gracie's door.

203 INT. CRAZY ALICE'S ROOM 203
Crazy Alice is lying on her side reading a book and looking thoroughly disgusted. There is a lump in the middle of the bed. It is Byron.

BYRON
(under the
sheets)
This is amazing, just amazing. Why,
there's fauna and flora life here
that I never knew existed...Darn,
I've lost my glasses. Now where
have they gone.

Byron begins to grope around visibly. Crazy Alice drops her book and begins to light up and get excited.

BYRON
Oh, here we are. I've found them.

Crazy Alice, disappointed, hits him over the head with the book.

CUT TO

204 OPEN FIELD 204
Wormer on the field.

WORMER
When I drop the flag we'll begin.

CUT TO

205 HOOVER, D-DAY AND BOON 205
exhorting Flounder on.

BOON
All right, Kent, we're counting on
you!

HOOVER
You're our man in the pinch!

BOON
Let's go! We're gonna pull!

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

205

D-DAY

We're gonna heave!

HOOVER

We're gonna do a real good job!

BOON

(pointing
to Omegas)

Christ, those guys are wimps!

D-DAY

Straight out of the closet!

HOOVER

You can still smell the mothballs.

BOON

Don't give an inch, Kent!

D-DAY

You're the man who can carry us,
Kent!

HOOVER

Do it, Kent! Do it!!

FLOUNDER

I'll do it!! I'll do it!!

CUT TO

206 WORMER

206

He drops the flag, shielding it from the Deltas.

207 BACK TO SCENE

207

With one tug by Omegas, all four Deltas are easily pulled
into the ditch, including tree which is still connected to
Flounder. All that we see in the ditch is the tree, no
Deltas.

CUT TO

208 CRAZY ALICE'S DOOR

208

Door opens and Binky staggers out. He is bleeding and
bruised and collapses on the floor.

CUT TO

209 GRACIE'S DOOR - CLOCK ON THE WALL 209

The minute hand is still spinning wildly.

CUT TO

210 TREE IN DITCH 210

A beat. Then, the tree is thrown off from top and Flounder crawls out from under. We then see Hal get out, then Walker, and then Pinto, as if they had been stacked one on top of the other.

CUT TO

211 EXT. CAMPUS - MIDNIGHT 211

CUT TO

212 INT. LAMBDA PI ROOM 212

Clock reads twelve o'clock. Byron and the two Omegas still passed out, are now joined by Wormer, the Omegas and the Deltas. They are eating donuts, drinking coffee and pacing the room.

WORMER

(exasperated)

What do two people do together for fourteen hours?

BOON

Otter has tremendous staying power.

Byron is surrounded by Hal and Walker and others.

WALKER

How was it? How were her tits?

HAL

Did you see her nipples? 'Cause if you didn't see her nipples then it doesn't really count.

BYRON

Boys, let me tell you it was wonderful. Just terrific. And you know, even more important, she's a nice person.

The door to Gracie's room opens. Otter comes out.

OTTER

Top of the evening to you, gentlemen.

CONTINUED

212

CONTINUED

212

D-DAY

Otter!

BOON

Otter, so nice of you to come up for
air. Doughnut?

OTTER

No thanks, couldn't eat another
thing.

Gracie comes walking out.

GRACIE

The Deltas win! A perfect score.

The Deltas cheer and hoot.

CRAZY ALICE

Yeah...the funny little boy with the
glasses was terrific. Where is he?

Crazy Alice looks around. Byron beams.

BRAD

All right, Stratton, you've won this
round. But we'll see you on the
football field.

WORMER

(to Brad)

Get some rest, son.

The Omegas exit.

OTTER

They're the kind of guys who make
you just not want to get laid
anymore.

D-DAY

Boys, we're in serious trouble.
We're playing football without
Bubba, the only one of us who plays
football.

CUT TO

213

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

213

The Omegas are already on the field working out. Wormer and Vanderslaag are walking on the sidelines.

WORMER

I'm telling you, Milt, this will be a red-letter day in Omega history. We're going to beat these guys and put them down once and for all.

VANDERSLAAG

You just better make sure of an Omega victory, Vern.

WORMER

Milt, we can't lose. With Bubba Wilkes out here, there's just no way we can lose. So enjoy yourself.

CUT TO

214

FOOTBALL FIELD

214

It is quiet with only the sound of the Omegas working out before a few interested bystanders. Suddenly the sound of engines. Then, around a bend come the Deltas, led by a small ensemble band, which includes Rashid playing an oversized tuba. The band is playing "Frere Jacques".

Suddenly, the Deltas come in force. They are led in by D-Day on his motorcycle, with Boon riding on the back. Following them is Otter, in his red convertible filled with the other Deltas, the old man and cheerleaders situated on everyone's shoulders and lap except for Hoover, who has Janie on his lap.

D-Day disperses the band by driving in through them. They all park on the side. The cheerleaders gleefully jump out of their car, followed by Otter, carrying his little black doctor's bag.

OTTER

Thank you, girls, and remember, those pills are just for dieting.

CUT TO

215

HOOVER

215

He is wrestling with the keg. Finally, he puts it down with a clang, puts one foot on top and yells ---

CONTINUED

215 CONTINUED

215

HOOVER

I claim this land in the name of my
Queen, Isabella.

216 BACK TO SCENE

216

JANIE

(laughing)

Oh, Bob.

She gives him a hug.

Referee. He motions the captains to the midfield. Brad and
an Omega walk up together. D-Day drives Otter and Boon up
on his bike.

WORMER

We're playing five Mississippi, two
hands touch. No kicking, mugging or
maiming allowed. Besides that, we
will play by regulation football
rules, including a half-time.

Ref takes a coin and tosses it high in the air.

BRAD

Heads.

REF

(palming coin
without
showing it)

Heads. Omega ball.

BOON

Can anyone ball, or just Omegas?

They break up and walk back to the sidelines.

OTTER

All right, men, remember that old
axiom. Never say die and never say
we can't cheat well. Because, we
can cheat well.

CONTINUED

216

CONTINUED

216

He looks across the field. The Omegas are disrobing. They are wearing T-shirts with Omegas emblazoned over strongly muscular biceps.

OTTER

(continuing)

Let's beat these bastards!

He rips off his jacket defiantly. Under it, is a T-shirt. It has emblazoned on it a left hand with the thumb and index finger forming an "O" with the right index finger inserted in it. The rest of the team does the same and wears the same type of shirt. Flounder's shirt is, of course, too small, and on backwards. '06 is wearing a vintage football uniform bearing the numbers '06. He is still totally out of it.

The Referee signals the start of the game. A Delta throws off to the Omegas and falls down after the throw. The ball sails down the field where Brad takes it. He fakes right and spins to his left. He eludes a number of tags, picks up a few brutal blocks and is loose down the sidelines with a few Deltas trailing. He turns and smiles at the runners far behind.

BRAD

Suckers!

TIME LAPSE CUT TO

217

GAME - LATER

217

Deltas have the ball.

OTTER

(to opposing
players)

You guys better watch it, 'cause
Kent here is going right around end
with this one.

FLOUNDER

Otter, let it be a surprise.

Otter calls signals, gets the ball and hands it to Flounder, who immediately gets creamed. Flounder is rammed to the ground.

CUT TO

Flounder is stretched out on the ground. The Deltas gather around him.

FLOUNDER

(out of it)
What happened?

BOON

They were more assertive than you.

PINTO

It's all right, just take a few more classes.

Otter comes rushing over with his black doctors kit.

OTTER

Out of my way, out of my way. I'm a practicing gynecologist. Out of my way.

He gets to Flounder's side.

OTTER

Christ, you look terrible.

He puts his doctor bag down, he starts taking out dildos, French ticklers, rubbers, etc.

OTTER

I've gotta have a Band-Aid somewhere. I don't have the proper equipment. Get this man to a hospital for X-rays.

BOON

How is he?

OTTER

(yells)
Get the ambulance!

BOON

Get the ambulance!

HOOVER

Get the ambulance!!

An ambulance comes speeding up to the field. It stops abruptly. Two attendants jump out, open the back door, bring out a stretcher and put it to the side of Flounder. The two roll him into it, lift the stretcher. It rips leaving Flounder exactly where he was.

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED

218

The attendants, oblivious to having never picked him up, put the stretcher into the ambulance, close the back doors, drive off ten feet, stop, come back ten feet, get out, open the back door again and go over to Flounder. They try to lift him up, but they can't. So everyone else picks him up while the two open the door for the others. The doors are closed and the attendants drive off.

HOOVER

(to Omega
football player)
This is touch football?

OMEGA

I touched him, didn't I?

CUT TO

219 BRAD

219

He is on line.

BRAD

One Mississippi, two Mississippi,
five Mississippi.

He charges.

CUT TO

220 FIELD

220

Brad scores touchdown, with bodies strewn in a trail behind him.

CUT TO

221 OTTER

221

fades back to throw.

CUT TO

222 HOOVER IN MIDFIELD

222

HOOVER

(whispering
so as not to
be heard)

Otter...Otter...excuse me, Otter...
But when you get a chance, I'm
free. Take your time.

CONTINUED

222 CONTINUED

222

The ball is thrown to Walker who is free and scores.

HOOVER

(continuing)

That's all right, he was free,
too...Good choice. I wasn't as
close to a home run as he was.

223 SCOREBOARD

223

It reads: Omegas 38, Deltas 27. There are two seconds left
in the half.

224 FIELD

224

The Varsity is on the Delta two yard line, and about to
score. Brad gets the ball and fades back. He sees an open
receiver in the end zone and passes the ball.

225 RECEIVER

225

Wide open.

226 BRAD

226

jubilant.

227 BALL

227

in air.

228 RECEIVER

228

229 BRAD

229

with horrified look on his face.

230 TUBA

230

with ball lodged in hole. Camera pans to show Byron's tuba
and the band marching on the field in front of the receiver,
playing away, led by Gracie. She is wearing a racy one-strap
tank top; a massive tit hangs out, a tassled pasty swings
back and forth. A "Miss Faber Alumni" banner spans her chest.

She holds a regal staff.

231 BACK TO GAME

231

Brad is furious and screaming. Band marches on field past and through players, hitting some in the head with their instruments.

REFEREE

And that's the half!

CUT TO

232 ALUMNI LOCKER ROOM

232

They are all dejected and sitting around except for Otter. Old man sits in the middle.

BOON

We suck.

OTTER

What are you talking about? We're doing great.

BOON

Look at the score, we're losing.

OTTER

Don't get excited. It's close and we're moving the ball.

PINTO

Yeah, it's close. We can win it in the second half.

OTTER

We'll win.

D-Day has Rashid in a corner.

D-DAY

We need somebody who can run!

RASHID

We never run in my country.

D-Day holds his palm open. In it is a huge pill. He grabs Rashid's nose and pops the pill down his mouth. Rashid is stunned.

RASHID

What was that?

D-DAY

You'll run now.

CUT TO

233 OMEGA SIDELINES

233

There is a long line of hot, tired, sweaty players waiting on line for the water cooler with cups in hand. Walker, hot and grimy, cuts in front of all, rips the lid off the cooler, dunks his head into the cooler, swishes it around, takes his head out and wrings out his beard, sighs, and walks away refreshed. The others grimace sickly and put down their cups and walk away.

CUT TO

234 BACK TO GAME - AFTER HALF-TIME - ON OTTER

234

He fades back to throw. A number of Ben Davidson-Ray Nietzsche-type players all go up for the ball in slow motion. They are tipping ball in the air with their fingertips, as if it were a balloon in a water ballet. The players are very graceful.

CUT TO

235 D-DAY, HAROLD AND SECURITY COP

235

They are smoking a joint. D-Day is deep in thought.

D-DAY

Ever notice how ordinarily sanitary people don't mind putting their mouth on the same joint as everyone else.

CUT TO

236 FIELD

236

Water ballet is still going on. Finally, ball lands on an ungraceful Walker who scampers for the goal line, trips, gets up, continues to score.

CUT TO

237 OTTER

237

He is back to throw. All Deltas are trying to get free, but to no avail. They keep just running back and forth. After a while, some of them sit down from pure exhaustion. With this, Otter is being rushed by Brad, he puts his arm back and Rashid, now very much on speed and glassy-eyed, comes out of nowhere, grabs the ball from Otter, bowls over Brad, continues to run to touchdown and never stops as he just keeps running.

CUT TO

238

FIELD

238

An Omega player races through the field, past Otter, for a touchdown.

BOON

Why didn't you grab him?

OTTER

After where these hands have been, I should touch that.

Otter walks by a cheerleader.

OTTER

(continuing)

And what's your name?

CUT TO

239

HAL

239

He is carrying football and is screaming wildly as he is being chased by large Omega. He runs the wrong way.

CUT TO

240

WORMER AND VANDERSLAAG

240

They are sitting in stands.

VANDERSLAAG

Vern, I'm enjoying myself!!

CUT TO

241

INT. BUBBA'S CAR

241

Bubba is driving his car along a highway. He is singing along with the radio to the tune "Tramp", by Otis Redding and Carla Thomas. Suddenly, he looks to the shoulder of the road and sees the ambulance has broken down. The two attendants are sitting on the gurney, chatting and smoking cigarettes while Flounder, in bandages, is changing the tire.

CUT TO

242

BUBBA

242

BUBBA

(worried)

Little brother?!

He cuts the car, zig-zagging across the grain of traffic to get over to the shoulder.

CUT TO

243 ANOTHER OMEGA PLAYER

243

He is scoring with Boon hanging on his back.

BOON

I touched him! I touched him!

CUT TO

244 DELTA SIDELINES

244

The players are dejected and hurt. There is a time-out on the field. The score is 54-49 in favor of Omegas.

245 THE CLOCK

245

reads "30 seconds".

CUT TO

246 BALL ON DELTA'S TWO-YARD LINE

246

OTTER

We definitely need Bubba.

Suddenly, the roar of an engine. Bubba's car comes racing onto the field. It makes a short stop, a beat, then Bubba jumps out of the driver's seat. Flounder, in the passenger's seat, waves him off.

The clock is still moving with only a few seconds left to go.

BUBBA

I'm back.

BYRON

I thought you decided to quit school?

BUBBA

I changed my mind. I'm reinstating myself at Faber. I came back 'cause they hurt my friend Kent.

Flounder grins broadly.

247 WORMER AND VANDERSLAAG

247

They register wide-eyed amazement and almost fear.

CUT TO

248

CLOCK

248

One second to go.

CUT TO

249

FIELD

249

The Deltas are ecstatic. They greet Bubba excitedly. They line up on the line of scrimmage with Bubba cocked to receive the ball. He begins yelling out numbers. Bubba takes the snap and fades. Pinto runs as Bubba is being rushed. Bubba eludes a few players through Nijinsky-like moves, then ducks another who flies by him.

CUT TO

250

PINTO

250

He races down the sidelines, eluding Omegas as he goes.

251

BUBBA

251

He is now surrounded by five Varsity players and pinned into a corner of the end zone. He winds up like a baseball pitcher, lifts a leg high in the air, we hear the splitting of his pants, and lofts the ball for down-field.

CUT TO

252

CROWD

252

Their eyes gazing upwards to follow the track of the ball. All begin to stand in unison.

253

ONE FAN

253

puts mustard on the head of a bald man in front of him.

254

ANOTHER FAN

254

slowly dribbles Coke down his shirt-front.

255

ANOTHER FAN

255

lighting a cigar, is fascinated by the flight and ignites the person next to him.

256

THE BALL

256

soars up and up.

- 257 WORMER AND VANDERSLAAG 257
shaking their heads, "No, please."
- 258 CROWD SHOTS OF FANS 258
following ball.
- 259 PEOPLE ON STREET CORNER 259
Gaze up.
- 260 BLACK SHARECROPPERS 260
stop working and follow ball.
- 261 A NEW YORK CITY TRAFFIC COP 261
stops directing traffic to gaze. We see a major accident in
b.g.
- 262 BALL 262
It descends. Pinto is now some 130 yards from Bubba, in the
end zone, comes to a screeching halt.
- 263 PINTO'S POINT OF VIEW 263
We see all the other players. They look tiny. We also see
the football coming to him. It looks like a spaceship in
reentry. It is very fast and burning.
- 264 PINTO 264
The ball arrives with a thud and hits him in the stomach,
sending Pinto flying. He lands on top of the ball, but
with his hands cradling it. He gets up, holds the ball. It
is perfectly flat. The scoreboard reads: Deltas-56
Omegas - 54.

Time runs out and the Deltas have won and they go crazy.
They are jumping up and down and into one another's arms.
The spectators empty out onto the field. The small band
begins to play as they march onto the field. There is total
mayhem.

The dog that has been pissing on the statue comes by and
sits down by a dejected Wormer who puts his arm around the
dog and looks onto the field.

265 FIELD

265

Everyone is going wild. Deltas, including the old man, '06, are being carried atop the shoulders of students and alumni. Katy and Boon are off alone in a corner, tenderly kissing. Flounder is surrounded by a bevy of cheerleaders who are kissing him wildly. Janie and Hoover are hugging each other. She, half his size, has her legs two feet off the ground. Rashid races by.

CUT TO

266 VANDERSLAAG, LIZ AND PINTO

266

VANDERSLAAG

Damn fine catch.
(puts his arm
around Pinto)
Son.

PINTO

Thanks...
(looks
at Liz)
Dad.

Pinto and Liz hug and kiss. Flounder walks by with Naomi on his arm. He leans over to Pinto and Liz.

FLOUNDER

Remember, a relationship is two
separate but equal halves forming a
whole. Right, Naomi?

NAOMI

Oh, Kent! You're so profound!

They kiss and hug.

CUT TO

267 INT. OTTER'S CAR

267

Rashid, Byron, Hal and Walker are in the car with the cheerleaders and Gracie, who is all over Byron. They are driving around in circles, drinking champagne.

268 OTTER

268

He has the beautiful cheerleader against a post and is kissing her. He is still holding his little black doctor's bag.

269 D-DAY

269

He is surrounded by football players, students and alumni. In one hand he holds the check for \$50,000. He and Bubba give each other a "Victory" handshake.

CUT TO

270 EXT. DELTA YARD - SUPER - SIX MONTHS LATER

270

There is a huge white tarp draped over the house. A podium sits to the side, and a number of people are mingling and sipping drinks.

Otter takes the podium.

OTTER

Ladies and gentlemen. We are here for the official opening of the new House for the Delta Tau Xai Fraternity. Special thanks go to Mr. Day, whose courage in the face of monetary loss and belief in this fraternity helped bring this project to fruition. May I add that Mr. Day personally supervised the design of the new House.

D-Day takes a bow to one and all. Everyone applauds.

OTTER

(continuing)

And now, Mr. Day, if you will cut the string on the tarp, we shall unveil the new Delta House. Mr. Day.

D-Day takes a huge sword and with one swing cuts the rope. The tarp slowly rises.

CUT TO

271 VARIOUS SHOTS OF FACES IN THE CROWD

271

Their eyes begin to widen.

PINTO

(teary-eyed)

It's beautiful!

A shriek from the old Deltas as they start yelling, laughing and jumping up and down.

CUT TO

272

DELTA HOUSE

272

It has been transformed into old splendor of years ago. It's dirty, the windows have been smashed, the paint is peeling, various shingles are almost falling. It is as it was in the first movie. The Deltas rush to the porch as Janie takes their pictures.

They line up in various positions, arms around each other, laughing, carrying on, all drinking beers. There is a snap of the camera, then:

FREEZE FRAME

Theme music comes up.

ALTERNATE ENDING

They line up in various positions, arms around each other, laughing, carrying on, all drinking beers.

Otter jumps on top of the hood of a car and joyfully hoists his glass in a toast.

OTTER

To Bluto!

As the music swells, Boon, D-Day, Pinto, Flounder and Hoover, with the younger Deltas joining in, lift their glasses and individually send a hardy toast to Bluto.

Theme music comes up.