

# START

MONICA

And that's as good as you're gonna get. You have no discipline --

JORDAN

So teach me. I will "Believe, Achieve" my guts out if you tell me to. I need this.

MONICA

Why?

Jordan's reluctant, but Monica's fixed stare demands honesty.

JORDAN

When I was eleven, Danny Gibson nicknamed me Kimchi Lee. Told everyone I smelled like pickled cabbage. He was a racist little shit and I hated his guts.

MONICA

This isn't convincing me.

JORDAN

One day, our class went to the zoo, and little asshole Danny was mugging at a lion so hard... he fell in. Simba pounced on Danny like a mid-day snack.

MONICA

Jesus.

JORDAN

I jumped in the cage without thinking. Like I was born for it. And when I was pulling Danny out of that lion's mouth, he didn't care if I was (ethnic group) or any of it. He just saw a hero.

(then)

This college loves to try and label you. Put you in a box. Diverse. Legacy. Freshmen. 'Hero' is the only one I care about.

MONICA

(beat, then)

We start tomorrow at sunrise.

As Monica exits, Jordan smiles, calls out --

