

DELILAH AND NAPOLEON

A Screenplay by

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OVER BLACK, we HEAR...

DELILAH (V.O.)

I'm sure you guys already know this, but, the greatest love stories have always ended in tragedy. It can be traced as far back as Adam & Eve, Romeo & Juliet... even Bonnie & Clyde."

FADE IN:

A sports car sits idle in the middle of a highway, surrounded by giant Redwoods. A thunderous, torrential downpour pounds the metal frame of the car.

A **MAN** and **WOMAN** sit fearfully in the front seats, studying each other's faces. Their faces are illuminated, momentarily, with each flash of lightning.

The woman is **DELILAH**, the voice from, "OVER BLACK, we HEAR...", an alluring redheaded stripper, with blue eyes and porcelain skin. In her mid-20s, she's covered in tattoos. Mixed with appeal, resolve, and savvy, she's every man's dream chick.

The man is **NAPOLEON**, a Greek Gypsy, in his late-20s. Handsome, a few tattoos, gutsy, and a charmer. Well dressed, with a heavy gold chain and cross around his neck.

DELILAH (V.O.)

"...and like Adam and Eve, my husband and I are carbon copy, originals. Our love is as passionate as Romeo and Juliet's. And, we're as much outlaws as Bonnie and Clyde.

(beat)

So, let me tell you our love story.

(beat)

I'll begin, where it all ended... on a rainy night, driving down a dark highway, hunted, and cornered by the law."

INT. CAR - SOMEWHERE IN OREGON - NIGHT

Luxury interior. Large display on dash.

Heavy rain pummels the windshield.

Miles away, through thick Redwoods, countless red and blue lights flash.

NAPOLEON

...damn it, baby. Only one of us
can make it outta here.

DELILAH

One of us? You're fuckin crazy if
you think we're splitting up.

NAPOLEON

Look... I'm gonna cause a
distraction and you're gonna run
into the woods.

He points towards the Redwoods.

DELILAH

No!

NAPOLEON

Yes! Gotta face the facts, we're
running out of time.

Napoleon points to the flashing lights in the distance.
Delilah looks at them, concerned.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

There's a blockade up ahead, full
of cops. We only have a few minutes
before the rest of em' catch up
from behind. We're trapped... out
of options.

DELILAH

We still have the option to stick
together.

NAPOLEON

No, we don't, Delilah.
(beat)
You gotta go!

He leans over, pushes her door open. Without missing a beat,
Delilah slams it shut.

Napoleon throws his hands up in defeat. He turns off the car
and jumps out into the pouring rain, keys in-hand. Delilah
follows suit.

EXT. CAR - SOMEWHERE IN OREGON - CONTINUOUS

Rain continues pouring down as Delilah and Napoleon shout
across the roof of the car.

DELILAH

We can both make a run for it.

NAPOLEON

We can't. And, I can't stand here arguing with you anymore.

Napoleon clicks the car's smart key button. All the doors lock.

DELILAH

Don't do this to us, baby.

Unlocking only driver's side door, Napoleon jumps in and locks the door behind him.

Delilah attempts to open the passenger side door; it's locked.

She bangs on the window.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Let me go with you!

INT. CAR - SOMEWHERE IN OREGON - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon cracks open the driver's side window.

NAPOLEON

I'm sorry, baby. This is how it has to be.

EXT. CAR - SOMEWHERE IN OREGON - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

It doesn't have to be this way, Napoleon.

INT. CAR - SOMEWHERE IN OREGON - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon nods his head.

NAPOLEON

It does!

A short beat, before the window closes.

Napoleon firmly grips the steering wheel. With resolve, he takes in a deep breath. After a short beat, he pulls out a large caliber handgun from the center console and places it on his lap.

He reaches in again, removes a marijuana joint and lighter. He lights the joint, takes a hit, blows out ring-shaped clouds of smoke, poking his index finger through each ring.

Delilah darts around to the driver's side.

EXT. CAR - SOMEWHERE IN OREGON - CONTINUOUS

Delilah places her hand on the wet glass.

INT. CAR - SOMEWHERE IN OREGON - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon places his hand on the window, covering hers.

A beat, before his hand slowly falls from the window.

Resolute, Napoleon cocks the gun and holds it up. He stares at it, for a quick beat.

NAPOLEON

Fuck it!

He points the gun at the windshield. Closing one eye, he lines up the barrel to the flashing lights in the distance.

Delilah smacks the window.

DELILAH

Napoleon... I love you!

Napoleon lowers his gun. He gives Delilah one last look.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SOMEWHERE IN OREGON - CONTINUOUS

As the car zooms off, we SEE: Personalized license plate reading, "DA LURE".

Delilah is left wailing in the middle of the highway.

An extended beat before-

A barrage of gunshots, followed by a crash and an explosion, in the distance.

Delilah falls to her knees in agony.

A beat, before she makes her way to her feet, staggers to a nearby Redwood tree and vomits.

Delilah looks down at her thigh.

Blood streams down her white leggings.

Delilah touches the blood. She inspects it.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Loud Hip-Hop music. Chic couches, plush booths, Persian rugs, chairs and end tables, accent a large room. In the center of the room, an elevated dance stage with a stripper pole.

The place is packed with clients.

Napoleon strolls through the club, plops down in a secluded booth.

A voluptuous, blonde, **WAITRESS**, in her 20s, approaches Napoleon.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything, handsome?

NAPOLEON

A beer, please.

WAITRESS

What kinda beer?

NAPOLEON

Surprise me.

WAITRESS

Okay, I'll get that surprise for you. Be right back.

Napoleon checks out her ass, as she walks away.

NAPOLEON

(to himself)

Damn!

He settles in and scopes out the club, for a beat.

He notices a beautiful, redheaded stripper on stage. It's Delilah. She's topless as she inverts on the pole; slides down, gripping the pole with only her thighs.

A beat, then, their eyes meet.

Napoleon takes a deep breath in. Delilah pushes a deep breath out.

Napoleon swallows hard. Delilah blinks slow.

Napoleon licks his lips. Delilah bites down on her lip.

With blinders on, Napoleon walks over to the dance stage to meet Delilah. She dances, eyes locked on Napoleon. He approaches. She squats.

Napoleon tucks a \$50 bill inside Delilah's bottoms.

DELILAH

Thank you, handsome. You in here to see a particular girl?

NAPOLEON

I wasn't when I walked in here.

DELILAH

And now?

NAPOLEON

Now, after watching you slide down the pole like that... I'm hoping you come see me when you're done with your set.

DELILAH

For sure. Let me finish this dance and I'll come find you.

NAPOLEON

Cool. I'll be the dude in the back, waiting impatiently.

DELILAH

You won't be waiting long... promise.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

A **PACK OF STRIPPERS** wait in a cramped dressing room. Several vanity mirrors, a stripper pole, and a sofa highlight the room. Hair weaves, stilettos, lingerie and liquor bottles are scattered throughout.

Delilah struts in, energetic.

DELILAH

You bitches won't guess who just stuffed a fifty down my panties?

One of the strippers is **ADELINE**, thick, brunette, late-20s.

ADELINE
Your fiancé!

Delilah flips her off.

DELILAH
Why do you always have to spoil
shit Adeline? Did you not have any
friends growing up... oh wait, you
still don't have any fuckin
friends!

The other strippers find it amusing.

Another stripper, **CHANNEL**, dime piece, African-American, 18,
gives Delilah dap.

CHANNEL
That's right girl.

Delilah picks up a liquor bottle, sitting on a vanity mirror.

She pours a shot, chugs it. Shakes it off. Pours another
shot, chugs that one, too. Shakes it off, again.

A beat, while she looks into the mirror, fixing her hair and
touching up her make-up.

She stops, stares at her reflection and takes a deep breath.

DELILAH
(to herself)
Don't fuck this one up.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon checks his watch. The Waitress drops off his beer.
He hands her a \$20 bill.

NAPOLEON
All you.

The Waitress leans in for him to stuff it down her bra. He
complies. She smiles, grabs the cash from her bra.

WAITRESS
Thank you, handsome.

The Waitress walks off as Delilah approaches. Napoleon
stands, gives her a short embrace and gentlemen's kiss on the
cheek.

He holds her hand, waits for her to take a seat.

DELILAH

A gentleman. You're off to a good start, baby.

NAPOLEON

What do they call you?

DELILAH

They call me by my name... Delilah.

NAPOLEON

Beautiful name.

(beat)

I think Delilah means delicate woman, if I'm not mistaken.

He studies her body.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

But you ain't delicate, huh?

DELILAH

No, I ain't. But, how do you know what my name means?

NAPOLEON

I read a lot.

DELILAH

I see. If I don't look delicate, what do I look like?

Napoleon slowly traces a tattoo on her shoulder. She looks on, captivated.

NAPOLEON

Dangerous... like your looks could kill.

She looks up at Napoleon, with goo goo eyes.

DELILAH

What do they call you?

NAPOLEON

Napoleon.

DELILAH

Can I ask you something, Napoleon?

Delilah places both legs on Napoleon's lap. He caresses them.

NAPOLEON

You just did.

DELILAH
Hah, hah. No, really, where you
from?

NAPOLEON
From all over.

DELILAH
All over, huh?

Delilah grabs his gold cross.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Why so much gold?

NAPOLEON
I'm a Greek Gypsy. We wear lots of
jewelry.

DELILAH
Greek Gypsy? Aren't Gypsy's those
people that travel everywhere,
stealing things, and begging for
money outside grocery stores?

NAPOLEON
I don't beg!

DELILAH
Then, what do you do for a living?

He takes a drink of beer.

NAPOLEON
Let me put it this way. I get large
donations for consulting with the
leaders of different churches, from
time to time.

Delilah scowls.

DELILAH
That's vague as hell.

She removes her legs from his lap.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Listen, I have guys comin in here
talkin about they deal drugs,
launder money. I once gave a lap
dance to a guy that said he went to
outer space. Explained
weightlessness to me the entire
night.

NAPOLEON

You gave Buzz Light-Year a boner?

Delilah giggles, measures with her fingers.

DELILAH

Little one.

Adeline appears, hovering.

ADELINE

(locked on Napoleon)

So, this is the \$50 dollar guy?
Damn, baby, if she don't want you,
come see a bitch.

Delilah flips off Adeline, again.

DELILAH

Don't listen to her. I was just
explaining to the girls how a fine
looking guy stuffed me with a \$50
bill.

Adeline rolls her eyes, walks off.

NAPOLEON

Don't worry, baby. Some women are
salty when they meet a woman with
more brains and beauty than their
own.

DELILAH

That's a good way of putting it, a
salty bitch!

NAPOLEON

Wanna know why she's so jealous of
you?

DELILAH

Why?

NAPOLEON

Because you have it all.
(touches her temple with
his finger)
You have the brains...
(outlines her face with
his finger)
...the beauty...
(outlines her curves with
finger)
...and the body.

Delilah releases a slight breath before placing her legs back on Napoleon's lap.

DELILAH
So, what brings you to Santa
Barbara?

NAPOLEON
Work.

DELILAH
The work you won't tell me about?

NAPOLEON
It's a bit tricky. My job requires
a quiet tongue. Not the kinda
conversation I wanna have in a
club.

DELILAH
Come on, tell me. Pleeeeeease.

NAPOLEON
Why do you need to know so badly?

DELILAH
Cuz, I find you intriguing.

Napoleon looks around.

NAPOLEON
Shit, I can't believe you got me
talkin about this in a club.

Napoleon takes a drink of his beer.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Alright. I'll give you a quick
rundown. But, whatever I end up
telling you, there's no saying shit
to anyone! Can you promise me that?

Delilah slowly sucks on her entire pinky finger; holds it
out.

DELILAH
Pinky promise, I won't say
anything.

NAPOLEON
In that case...

Napoleon leans in, speaks softly.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

... I con sinful and powerful men
out of their money. These are
Pastors, Preachers, Reverends...
men of so-called faith.

DELILAH

Okay. I get that part. But what's
the con? How do you get their
money?

NAPOLEON

I catch these Bible thumpers in bed
with women who aren't their wives.
These are men who use their
church's money to fuck strippers.
So, I take graphic photos of them
and the stripper simulating sex.
Then, I convince them to pay up. If
they don't, I release the pictures
to everyone they know.

DELILAH

Sounds complicated... and
dangerous.

NAPOLEON

It's not dangerous, if you know
what your doin'. And I've been
doin' it for a while now.

DELILAH

Ever been caught?

NAPOLEON

Not planning on that ever
happening.

He leans in, stuffs a \$50 bill in Delilah's bra.

DELILAH

What's this for?

NAPOLEON

A timeout.

Napoleon stands.

He hands her another \$50 bill.

DELILAH

And this?

NAPOLEON

Just a little incentive, in case another guy tries to step to you. Now you can tell him to go fly a kite.

Delilah stashes the cash in her bra.

DELILAH

Baby, I promise you, I would sit here and wait for you free of charge.

(taps the cash)

But, I'll keep all this generosity in mind for later tonight.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

An upscale restroom. A courteous, **ATTENDANT**, male, Middle Eastern, 60s, stands by a sink. He waits to pass out paper towels.

A large assortment of cologne sits on a countertop, alongside a tip jar.

Napoleon takes a long piss at a urinal. Another **CUSTOMER**, male, Indian, early-40s, wears a turban. He pisses alongside Napoleon.

Napoleon looks down at his junk.

NAPOLEON

Don't fuck this one up!

The other Customer, still holding his junk, looks at Napoleon.

CUSTOMER

You too?

Napoleon nods.

NAPOLEON

I think so.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon settles back down alongside an eager Delilah.

DELILAH

So, you have an accomplice in this thing?

Napoleon takes a gulp of his beer.

NAPOLEON

Partner! In order to pull off a lure you need a partner, not an accomplice.

DELILAH

Do you have one now?

NAPOLEON

(heavy hearted)

Not right now. I had one... a good one. But, she, ahh... she couldn't do it anymore.

(beat)

Anyway, that was a while ago. I'm out here now looking for the next one.

DELILAH

What happened to her?

NAPOLEON

Damn, you're nosy.

DELILAH

Sorry, nothing this interesting ever happens in Santa Barbara.

NAPOLEON

Look... she just couldn't do it anymore. Nothing bad happened to her. She just wasn't the one.

DELILAH

The one, huh? How long have you been looking for her replacement?

NAPOLEON

A while now.

Napoleon grabs Delilah's legs and places them on his lap. He caresses them.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

(smirks)

But, who knows, maybe I've already found her, just don't know it yet.

DELILAH

(smirks)

Maybe.

Napoleon kisses her shoulder. Delilah takes pleasure in it.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

So, basically you catch these bad dudes at a club with a stripper. Then, you take pictures of them in bed having sex?

NAPOLEON

No! No sex is ever involved. I take the freaky pictures using their own cell phones and I angle it so only titties are exposed.

DELILAH

What a gentleman!

NAPOLEON

You asked.

DELILAH

Okay. So, what do you do with the pictures?

NAPOLEON

That's the extortion part of it. I persuade them to pay up by threatening to distribute the pictures for the whole world to see. I'm talkin about Instagram, Facebook, SnapChat, Twitter... the entire World Wide Web.

Napoleon takes a drink of beer.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Then, there's their phone's contact list. So, when I threaten them with an SMS to wifey, SMS to kids... they always fold.

DELILAH

They always pay up?

NAPOLEON

Always! If they don't, there's gonna be alimony and child support payments. Then, overnight their faithful followers would flee the flock, and these guys would go broke.

DELILAH

How much are the takes?

NAPOLEON

Just enough so the fish doesn't get caught. Cuz if they get busted, we get busted.

DELILAH

So, like how much are we talkin about?

NAPOLEON

Depends. Let's say there's a Preacher who has 2,000 faithful followers, and his church rakes in \$1 million annually...

(beat)

... we'd demand a \$50,000 donation, via wire-transfer.

DELILAH

But, how do you get these guys into bed in the first place?

NAPOLEON

Well, that's where you come in.

DELILAH

Me?

NAPOLEON

Ya. Someone beautiful. Someone seductive. Someone tatted from head to toe. The kinda chicks these guys like.

He erotically traces a tattoo on Delilah's thigh. She allows Napoleon to part her legs. She pushes out a sigh.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

The perfect lure.

DELILAH

Lure?

NAPOLEON

It's called the Gotham City Lure. You would be my lure. I'm the reel and the person we set up is called the fish.

DELILAH

Who's Batman?

Napoleon smirks.

NAPOLEON
You got jokes! I like that.

Napoleon stands and reaches for Delilah's hand.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Enough talk. Let's take this to
VIP.

She grabs his hand and stands.

DELILAH
How long you wanna spend in there?

NAPOLEON
How much does forever cost?

Without missing a beat.

DELILAH
Usually it costs about five grand,
depending on the size of the rock.

NAPOLEON
Okay. How much for fifteen minutes?

DELILAH
\$550 bucks... plus tip.

NAPOLEON
Done! Let's go.

Delilah leads him to the VIP section.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - VIP SECTION - CONTINUOUS

A small VIP room with a couch, a few framed posters, and an end table.

Delilah removes her high heels.

DELILAH
I work better without these.

Delilah pushes Napoleon up against the wall. Looking up at him, she presses her knee against his dick.

NAPOLEON
Shit, skip the flirting. Get
straight to the seduction.

Napoleon goes in for a kiss. It lands short, as Delilah turns her cheek.

She wags her finger at him.

DELILAH

None of that baby. No kissing.
Grabbing... yes. Licking.... maybe.
But kissing, that's a no-no.

NAPOLEON

You actually have a no-kiss policy?

DELILAH

It's not that. It's that I don't
wanna do something regrettable
right now.

A very quick beat.

Napoleon sneaks in a persuasive kiss.

NAPOLEON

Regret that?

Delilah smirks.

DELILAH

Not sure.

They go at it again, grabbing and kissing.

Breathless, Delilah pushes Napoleon away.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

No, no... I can't. I'm engaged!

Without missing a beat.

NAPOLEON

Congratulations.

DELILAH

No, really! I'm getting married.

NAPOLEON

Then why'd you kiss me?

DELILAH

You kissed me, remember!

(beat)

Shit, what did I just do?

She pounds her fist into her palm and cracks her knuckles.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

He's gonna kill me.

NAPOLEON
Baby, take it easy.

Napoleon sets his hands on her shoulders.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Nothing bad happened. We shared a
passionate kiss... with some
electricity. No harm, no foul.

Napoleon grabs her ring finger.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Why aren't you wearing an
engagement ring?

DELILAH
I... I left it at home.

NAPOLEON
(smiles)
I... I don't believe you.

Delilah fixes her hair, picks up her shoes.

DELILAH
I need to go freshen up. You got me
all messy. Please don't leave yet.
Okay?

NAPOLEON
Okay. I'll step outside for a
smoke. We reconvene back here in
ten?

DELILAH
Okay. I'll come find you.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

All the strippers are huddled around Delilah, as she measures
with both hands.

DELILAH
...it's a thick, 7, probably 8. I
felt it on my thigh.

Adeline rolls her eyes.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A large, well-dressed, Samoan, **BOUNCER**, 30s, stands underneath club's neon advertising sign.

Napoleon removes a joint and lighter from his shirt pocket. He holds it up.

NAPOLEON

Hey! My man! Cool if I smoke this out here?

BOUNCER

Go ahead. Police roll up... you're on your own.

NAPOLEON

Cool. Thanks.

Napoleon lights the joint and takes a hit. He looks up at the night sky and blows out ring-shaped clouds of smoke. Pokes his index finger through each ring.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon's back at his seat. The Waitress brings him another beer. He places a \$20 bill on her tray.

NAPOLEON

Keep it.

WAITRESS

Thanks, darling.

The Waitress walks away, as Delilah approaches.

Delilah sits on Napoleon's lap.

DELILAH

So, where did we leave off on that Gotham City thing?

NAPOLEON

Not sure.

DELILAH

I think I asked you how you know what type of women these freaks are into?

Delilah hops off. Puts her legs back on his lap.

NAPOLEON

That's easy. All these guys lead a dull life. They go home after a long day of hypocrisy and might have sex with their wives... every single time in the missionary position. All men love doggy style. Wives don't do doggy style.

Delilah laughs.

DELILAH

How you know that?

NAPOLEON

A couple different wives told me.

DELILAH

How many times you been married?

NAPOLEON

No, no. Not my wives, other people's wives.

Delilah giggles.

DELILAH

So, you're a player, huh?

NAPOLEON

I was.

(beat)

Until I locked eyes on you.

He caresses her cheek with the back of his hand.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

This porcelain face...

He caresses her inner thigh with the back of his hand. Delilah opens her legs, slowly.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

...and these sexy ass tattoos you got.

Napoleon takes a drink of beer and clears his throat. Delilah recomposes herself.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

These guys love strippers. They see you as the women they could never have... forbidden, like an apple in the Garden of Eden.

DELILAH
Garden of Eden? Where's that?

NAPOLEON
You know, from the Bible. The whole Adam and Eve thing, with the apple, the tree, and the snake?

DELILAH
Ya, ya. Okay. Go on.

NAPOLEON
So, someone like you, a seductress, intoxicates him. You take him to his hotel room at the end of the night and undress him. Then, I sneak into the room. You grab his cell phone, throw it to me, and I take the pictures of the two of you in bed. Then, BOOYA... we get paid.

DELILAH
There's no actual fucking involved, right?

NAPOLEON
No. But, listen, if we were to do something like this, you would have to be my lady. So, no, ain't nobody fuckin my girl... ever!

DELILAH
That's reassuring.

NAPOLEON
Part of the rules. No luring without someone that's willing to jump on a grenade for...

Delilah leans in.

DELILAH
(whispers)
I'm in, baby!

Napoleon pulls away, cradles her face.

NAPOLEON
Really?

DELILAH
Ya! Just get me outta this fuckin town.

NAPOLEON

Cool.

(beat)

We leave tomorrow.

DELILAH

What?

NAPOLEON

Ya. I have a lead on a Pastor from Riverside. He's traveling sixty miles to East L.A. to visit some of his favorite strippers.

Napoleon sits back, excited.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

You'll just have to get a job dancing at the club that night. I mean, who wouldn't hire you?

Napoleon throws his arms in the air and pumps his fists to the rhythm of a Hip-Hop song.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Then, we party and bullshit... get ourselves some new tattoos.

DELILAH

Tattoos? Who are we supposed to be, Bonnie and Clyde?

NAPOLEON

No baby, we would be Adam, Eve, Romeo, Juliet, Bonnie, and Clyde-

Napoleon makes the "big picture" gesture.

- "Delilah and Napoleon."
Sounds nice, right?

A **DJ** makes an announcement.

DJ

Gentlemen, it's 1:30AM and closing time is near. Order your last round, tip the ladies, and get your asses home safe.

DELILAH

Looks like they're kicking us out. What are you doin' after you leave here?

NAPOLEON
Walking back to my hotel room.

DELILAH
You didn't drive?

NAPOLEON
Nah.
(smiles)
I'm stranded.

DELILAH
Stranded, huh? I can drive you to
your hotel... if you want?

NAPOLEON
Really? You'd drive me back? You're
not worried I'm Ted Bundy or Green
River?

DELILAH
Hope not. I just know you as a
gentleman, and the best kisser I've
ever locked lips with.
(beat)
I just need to get changed.

NAPOLEON
Alright.

DELILAH
Meet you by the beat up white sedan
in the parking lot?

He nods and starts to head out. She calls after him.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Napoleon! Just don't lean on it,
she might fall apart.

Napoleon smiles and walks off.

Delilah rushes to change into street clothes.

EXT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon stands next to Delilah's car, smoking a joint.

Delilah walks out in sweat pants, and a sweat shirt. She
carries a backpack.

Napoleon throws down his joint, steps on it.

DELILAH

Where to?

Napoleon points to a hotel, across the street.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Stranded? Really? You're quite the comedian.

Napoleon smirks.

NAPOLEON

Can I still get a ride?

Delilah side eyes him, plays along.

DELILAH

Come on, get in.

She opens up the passenger door, using a key.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Sorry, no automatic door locks.
She's vintage.

INT. DELILAH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Delilah's car pulls up to Napoleon's ritzy hotel. She puts the car in park.

NAPOLEON

You comin in for a nightcap? I think we got a lot more to discuss.

DELILAH

Sorry, baby. I don't think I can do this.

NAPOLEON

What the fuck! Why?

DELILAH

Listen, I've never kissed anyone in the club before. There's this thing about you, that does something to me. Like, I can't even think straight around you. But, baby, I ain't never been in trouble before. What you do is fuckin dangerous.

Napoleon hops out of the car, holds the door open.

NAPOLEON
I guess we got our signals crossed.
(beat)
Remember...

He points at her.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
...quiet tongue.

DELILAH
I won't say shit, promise.

NAPOLEON
Is Delilah even your real name?

DELILAH
Come on, I haven't lied to you.

NAPOLEON
Until now!

DELILAH
It's not a damn lie, okay! I'm just
scared. Sorry, if I'm not a fuckin
outlaw, like you.

Napoleon shakes his head.

NAPOLEON
Why are we even arguing? We don't
even know each other well enough to
have a disagreement.

DELILAH
Plus, I have a fiancé.

NAPOLEON
Then there's that.
(beat)
So, what does this fiancé of yours
have, that I don't?

DELILAH
Nothing. Trust me, baby. But he
gets really jealous, and I don't
want to make more trouble for myself.

NAPOLEON
You scared of him?

DELILAH

No, not everyday. Anyway, I have a life, a family, here. I can't just up and vanish.

NAPOLEON

Let me get this straight... you have a boyfriend who scares you. He probably makes you to strip, then takes your money. And, a few minutes ago you told me this town's sucking the life outta you. I'm standing here, offering you a way out.

(shakes head)

I never clocked you for a chicken shit.

DELILAH

Trust me, I ain't no chicken shit! But, I'm comfortable here. I know what I have in Santa Barbara...

Delilah points outside.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

...out there, with you, I don't know what's around the corner.

Napoleon's had enough.

NAPOLEON

Alright. If you change your mind, I'll be in room 112. Knock twice. You won't regret it.

He closes the door.

Delilah waves, through the open passenger side window.

DELILAH

Goodbye, Napoleon

He blows her a kiss. She catches it and pounds it to her chest, twice.

Napoleon walks away defeated.

INT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - LATER

Delilah opens up the front door to an apartment. It's cramped and disorganized. Several beer cans lay empty on the floor.

LEON, Delilah's fiancé, Hispanic, early-30s, small beer belly, stands up against a wall. He holds a beer can in one hand, cell phone in the other.

Delilah enters and begins picking up the beer cans.

DELILAH
Hey, babe. How was your day?

LEON
Why are you late?

DELILAH
I'm not late, babe.

Leon checks his phone.

LEON
Bitch, it's 2:47 AM. You're always home by 2:30. Where'd ya go?

DELILAH
I just took one of the girls home tonight. Her car was in the shop.

LEON
What girl?

Delilah cowers.

DELILAH
Adeline. I took Adeline home, okay. Stop trippin and enjoy your beer, babe.

LEON
(enraged)
Trippin? I'm trippin? I'm the one trippin?

Leon motions for Delilah to come closer. He grabs her by the shoulders.

LEON (CONT'D)
Bitch, you wanna see trippin?
Here's trippin!

Leon places one foot behind Delilah's heel and shoves her. She falls back hard, hitting the back of her head.

Leon smiles down at her.

LEON (CONT'D)
Gimme' your phone!

Delilah relinquishes her cell phone.

Leon attempts to unlock it.

LEON (CONT'D)
Bitch, you change your password
again?

He hurls her cell phone. She covers up. It misses her head by inches. The phone shatters.

INT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A poorly lit room with a full-size bed. Music posters on a wall. A gaming system on the floor. A ceiling fan spins.

Delilah lays motionless. Leon holds her down by her limp wrists. She's spread out on the bed, arms out to her side.

He fucks her hard and without regard for a very short beat, climaxes quickly. He falls on top of Delilah, breathing heavy.

A single tear rolls down Delilah's cheek. Her eyes, fixated on the spinning fan above, for a beat.

INT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Light sneaks in through window blinds.

Leon snores. Delilah, wearing only a t-shirt, creeps out of bed. She scoops up a pair of shorts and flips off a sleeping Leon.

INT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah tip-toes through the living room, puts on her shorts, picks up her shoes, and grabs her car keys. She escapes through the front door.

INT. DELILAH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Delilah sits in her car, removes a key from a keychain. She leans over and rolls down the passenger side window, manually. She hurls the key out.

DELILAH
(yells)
Here's your key, asshole!

The car takes off. With her left arm out the window, she gives the bird.

INT. HOTEL FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER

Delilah stands in front of room 112, shivering. She knocks twice.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A luxurious hotel room. Modern furniture. Large big-screen television.

Napoleon, wearing only a pair of boxers, looks through a peep-hole. He spots Delilah.

Napoleon swings the door open. The pair face each other, motionless, for a beat.

NAPOLEON

What are you doing here?

DELILAH

I left him.

Napoleon grabs Delilah by the hands. He pulls her into the room, landing her directly into his arms.

NAPOLEON

Where's your stuff?

DELILAH

I didn't have time to grab anything.

She puts her arms on his shoulders, stands on her tip-toes, and smiles.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

So, is it too late to be your lure?

NAPOLEON

Of course not, baby. I fell asleep listening for those two knocks. Didn't think you'd ever show.

Napoleon kisses Delilah passionately. He lifts her up in his arms and carries her over to the bed.

They quickly undress each other and go at it, for a beat.

He flips her over on her stomach, her bare ass in the air.

He removes his gold chain and cross. With chain and cross in hand, he sensually traces the tattoos on Delilah's body, for a beat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Light creeps in between drawn curtains. A messy scene. Clothes scattered everywhere. Left-overs, spread on a white-linen table.

Napoleon sleeps. Delilah is awake, reading the hotel room Bible: Old Testament. She turns to Genesis, the story of Adam and Eve, reads for a beat.

She gets out of bed wearing only a bed sheet. She sits at the table, scarfing down food.

Napoleon wakes up.

DELILAH

Good morning, baby. Rise and shine that fine ass over here. I wanna a kiss.

Napoleon leans back on both elbows, smiles.

NAPOLEON

Ain't you worn out from last night?

DELILAH

Ya! But a girl has to eat. Replenish the calories I burned from two orgasms.

NAPOLEON

Only two?

Delilah smiles.

DELILAH

That I can remember.

Napoleon hops out of bed and puts on his boxers, exposing his ass.

NAPOLEON

What's for breakfast?

DELILAH

Leftovers.

An assortment of food sits on the table.

Napoleon picks at it.

NAPOLEON

You sure you can eat all this?

Delilah, has her mouth nearly full.

DELILAH

Yes.

Napoleon stands behind her, as she swallows her food.

Delilah looks up. He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Oh, and before I forget. I read about Adam and Eve this morning. It's a pretty cool story.

NAPOLEON

I'm glad you liked it.

DELILAH

I just don't know about that whole "rib thing." Eve was created from Adam's rib? Really?

(beat)

And... get this, I read that God intentionally made childbirth painful on women, as punishment for Eve's sins. I guess some snake told her to eat an apple from a tree, and God got pissed.

Napoleon smiles at her assessment.

NAPOLEON

The tree of knowledge of good and evil... that's what it's called. But, I don't know how accurate these old stories are.

(beat)

I think part two of the Bible is supposed to be non-fiction.

Napoleon kisses her on the forehead, again.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go shower.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A well lit bathroom. Maze of mirrors. Running water, from a shower.

NAPOLEON
(yells)
Baby, we have to go get your stuff
from the house.

Delilah hurries into the bathroom and peeks behind the curtain.

DELILAH
I can't go back there.

NAPOLEON
Why not?

DELILAH
He has a gun.

NAPOLEON
A gun?
(beat)
Go look in my suitcase.

DELILAH
For what? Did you hear what I just
said? He has a gun.

NAPOLEON
Delilah, please go look in my
suitcase.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah opens Napoleon's suitcase. Inside she finds a large caliber handgun and a box of bullets. She picks up the gun. It looks enormous in her hand.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah walks in with the gun to her side. Flings shower curtain open, holds up the gun.

DELILAH
Why do you have a canon in your
suitcase?

NAPOLEON
For protection.

DELILAH
I thought we didn't hurt people.

NAPOLEON
We don't. It's not loaded.

DELILAH
I saw the bullets. Don't be cute!

NAPOLEON
The safety is on?

Delilah giggles.

She drops her sheet and hops in the shower with Napoleon, gun and all.

After a short beat, through a small crack in the curtain, Napoleon's hand places the gun gently on the bathroom floor.

INT. - HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Napoleon gets dressed in front of a closet mirror.

Delilah puts on the same outfit she showed up in.

NAPOLEON
I'm gonna take you to get some nice clothes. You can pick out whatever you want. We'll go to one of those fancy places with couches and booze.

DELILAH
Sounds nice, baby. But you don't have to spoil me.

NAPOLEON
It's just a few nice outfits. I want you to look good, feel sexy.

He grabs her hand, spins her around three times, before she falls into his arms.

DELILAH
Okay. Maybe just a couple.

EXT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Napoleon stands aside, as Delilah rings the door bell to the apartment.

Leon opens door, holding a beer can.

LEON

Well, well. Who do we have here? My girlfriend with her new boyfriend?

Napoleon steps up.

NAPOLEON

Look bro, we're here to pick up her shit. We'll be done in five minutes. I don't want any trouble.

Leon pulls a compact size gun from his waist, holds it to his side.

LEON

Is this the trouble you're talking about?

A beat.

NAPOLEON

Okay... I see how you wanna play this.

(beat)

How about we play a game of rock, paper, scissors?

LEON

What the fuck you talkin about? You don't see this gun I'm holding?

Napoleon reaches behind and pulls out his gun. He places it at his side.

NAPOLEON

(locked on Leon)

If this was rock, paper, scissors, you'd be dead motherfucker, right now!

Leon slowly puts his gun back into his waistband, reluctantly moves aside. Delilah enters and heads to the back bedroom.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

She's with me, now.

LEON

You can have her.

NAPOLEON

Wasn't asking permission.

Napoleon motions with his gun for Leon to go inside.

He complies.

INT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Holding a backpack, Delilah rummages through a closet. She throws clothes inside her backpack, opens and closes drawers, grabs valuables.

INT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A standoff in the living room, as Napoleon and Leon stand guard, their guns put away.

Delilah hurries back in.

NAPOLEON

You got everything, baby?

LEON

Oh it's baby already? You work fast, you little whore.

Napoleon lunges at Leon. Delilah stops him.

She kicks Leon in the groin, hard.

He collapses to his knees and drops his gun. Delilah kicks gun aside.

DELILAH

(in Leon's face)

BOOYA!

NAPOLEON

That's my line.

DELILAH

I'm just borrowing it, baby.

Keeping the gun on Leon, Napoleon grabs Delilah and gives her a passionate kiss, for a beat.

Delilah picks up Leon's gun.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Just in case?

NAPOLEON

Okay. Let's just get the fuck outta here.

DELILAH

Wait, can I tell this asshole
goodbye?

NAPOLEON

Be my guest.

Delilah flips Leon off, with both hands.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

High-end boutique. Large dressing room. Champagne bottle sits chilled on white linen, accompanied by two glasses.

Delilah tries on a sexy outfit. She looks in the mirror, turns to the side, pushes up her boobs, tucks in her stomach. She turns her back to mirror, looks back, checks out her ass and shakes it, for a quick beat.

INT. BOUTIQUE - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A large rack with women's clothing, several white sofas, framed paintings, glass tables, and a large glass chandelier, accentuate the room.

Delilah spins in front of Napoleon, showing off her outfit.

He sits on a couch, drinking champagne, from a bottle.

A **SALES ASSOCIATE**, Caucasian, in her 40s, watches nearby.

DELILAH

What do you think baby? How do I
look?

NAPOLEON

You look absolutely beautiful...
and sexy... and cute... and
dangerous. We'll take it.

Delilah leans in and whispers into Napoleon's ear.

DELILAH

I forgot to grab panties. Should we
buy me some?

NAPOLEON

Nope!

SALES ASSOCIATE

You do know, that entire outfit
you're wearing costs \$800?

Delilah stares her down, desperately wanting to flip her off.

SALES ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)
Are you guys here to buy anything?

DELILAH
Baby?

Napoleon takes a sip from the champagne bottle.

NAPOLEON
Ya, baby.

DELILAH
Are we buying anything?

NAPOLEON
We're buying everything you want.

DELILAH
Did you hear that?

SALES ASSOCIATE
Yes, I did.

DELILAH
Then, can you please go and grab
the other outfits from the back?
We'll take them too.
(tugs on her top)
This sexy number, I'm wearing out.

The Sales Associate walks to the dressing room to fetch the outfits.

Delilah jumps onto Napoleon's lap, spilling his champagne.

NAPOLEON
Thank you, baby! I love all of em'.

EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Napoleon holds the trunk open with one hand.

DELILAH
What are all these trash bags...
laundry day?

NAPOLEON
Hah, hah. There's a comedy club
around here somewhere. I can drop
you off so you can practice.

DELILAH
Hah, hah. So funny, I almost forgot
to laugh.

They meet in the middle for a quick kiss.

Napoleon snatches up her bags, stuffs them in the trunk, and
slams it shut.

INT. CAR - DAY

From the back seat of the car, Delilah gives Napoleon a
shoulder rub. Delilah digs in.

DELILAH
Is this too hard?

NAPOLEON
No, that's perfect. But can you
massage a few inches lower.

DELILAH
(complies)
There?

NAPOLEON
Lower.

DELILAH
Now?

NAPOLEON
Ya, right there.

Delilah continues massaging.

DELILAH
Okay, baby, you gotta tell me
what's up with the trash bags?

NAPOLEON
It's clothes and blankets, we gotta
drop off.

DELILAH
For who?

NAPOLEON
Some homeless people I know.

DELILAH
You know homeless people?

NAPOLEON

Ya. Why? Homeless people can't have friends?

DELILAH

Baby, I didn't mean it like that. I've just never heard of anyone doing something like that.

NAPOLEON

Ya, well, the real reason is more vain than you'd think. I'm not that nice a guy.

DELILAH

And modest! You just keep getting better and better.

NAPOLEON

Look, once in a while we do bad shit to people, right? So, we have to atone for our sins. We have to come clean with God... or Goddess, who's to say? So, I pass stuff out to the homeless. That's how I atone for all the bad shit I do.

Delilah stops massaging and climbs into the front seat.

She rests her head on Napoleon's shoulder.

DELILAH

I love you.

NAPOLEON

I know.

Delilah playfully slaps Napoleon's arm.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

I love you too.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

An orange and purple glow, as the sun falls off the horizon. Waves crash onto the shore. It's windy and cold.

A homeless encampment with more than a few pitched tents sit closely together, up against a public restroom.

Napoleon holds a trash bag in each hand. Delilah carries blankets in her arms.

Napoleon leans over and scratches at a tent.

NAPOLEON
Hey, Olly! You in there?

Someone inside, slowly unzips the tent.

Sporting a dirty beard and wearing a torn beanie, **OLLY**, a homeless man, Native American, 40s, crawls out on all fours. The fourth is a prosthetic.

He stands, slowly. Napoleon helps him up. Gives him a hug.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Olly! My man. How you been? Missed you, bro.

Olly clings to Napoleon.

OLLY
Napoleon! Man, am I glad to see you.

Napoleon pulls away to get a good look at him.

NAPOLEON
Why, what's wrong?

OLLY
No, nothing. You know how it is out here... cold, broke, and hungry.

NAPOLEON
Ya, man.
(motions to Delilah)
That's why Delilah and I are here.

Delilah waves.

OLLY
Hi, Miss.

DELILAH
Hi, Olly.

Delilah extends a blanket to Olly.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Here you go Olly. Something to keep you warm.

Olly's face lights up. A child-like joy, filled with infinite gratitude.

OLLY
Thank you, Miss.

DELILAH
You're welcome, Olly

Napoleon opens a trash bag, shows Olly the contents and hands it off. Olly bows, slightly.

OLLY
Thank you.
(to Delilah)
This man here is my saint. For years now, he's been checking up on me... helping me out. He doesn't even...

Olly takes a beat to stop his emotions.

OLLY (CONT'D)
(swallows)
...he doesn't even know what he means to me.

DELILAH
Ya, that's my Napoleon.

Napoleon grabs Olly's hand and places five \$100 bills in his palm.

NAPOLEON
For food... whatever. Maybe rent a hotel room, take a warm shower. Get yourself some good rest.

Olly clings to the money with both hands.

OLLY
I will. Thank you a million times for all this, Napoleon. I don't know where I'd be without your help.

NAPOLEON
No worries, buddy. You have any friends we can give the rest of this stuff to?

Napoleon lifts the other trash bag.

OLLY
Ya, leave it here. I'll pass it out to everyone who needs it. Pay it forward, right?

NAPOLEON
That's right.

Napoleon gives Olly a big hug. Delilah follows suit.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
We gotta go, buddy. But, I'll be
back soon.

OLLY
Okay.

DELILAH
Bye, Olly.

OLLY
Bye, Miss.

Napoleon and Delilah walk away. Delilah's arms, wrapped
around his waist.

She turns back to take one last look at Olly.

Delilah spots Olly, holding a trash bag, scratching on his
neighbor's tent.

She turns back around, looks up at Napoleon.

DELILAH
Why do you do this, baby?

NAPOLEON
So he knows that there's someone on
this planet that gives a shit
whether he lives or dies.

Napoleon's eyes fill with tears. Delilah kisses his arm.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Music plays on the radio. The windows are down.

Delilah raises both hands through the sunroof, feeling the
wind whip through her fingertips.

DELILAH
Where to now, baby?

NAPOLEON
Home.

DELILAH
How far?

NAPOLEON
Rosarito.

DELILAH
Mexico?

NAPOLEON
Yup, that Rosarito.

DELILAH
Then why are we going North?

NAPOLEON
We're headed to the Marina.

DELILAH
What?

NAPOLEON
We're taking a boat to Rosarito. I
don't like crossing the border
through TJ.

DELILAH
Really?

NAPOLEON
Ya. Plus, down there, we stay low-
key. The Federales are too busy
with the Cartels to look for
troublemakers like us. So, Rosarito
is safe haven.

Delilah turns the radio up. She removes her seatbelt, leans over and kisses Napoleon's neck.

She whispers in his ear.

DELILAH
Can I sit on your sombrero?

She lifts her right leg, straddles Napoleon, blocking his view of the road.

Napoleon struggles to see around Delilah.

Delilah slides his pants down. She reaches back and lifts her skirt, no panties. She slowly settles on Napoleon's jock.

Napoleon closes his eyes, for a beat.

The car swerves. Delilah laughs, as Napoleon corrects the steering wheel.

NAPOLEON
Baby, you're crazy!

DELILAH
No, baby... we're crazy!

Delilah throws both hands through the sunroof.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Faster, baby! I wanna cum doin 90.

The car accelerates.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA MARINA - NIGHT

Delilah and Napoleon walk on the deck of a Marina. They make their way around a maze of boats. She carries her backpack and shopping bags, while Napoleon pulls his luggage.

Napoleon stops in front of a 10-foot boat, with oars.

He holds his hand out to help Delilah into the boat.

She looks at the boat, for a beat. Looks back at Napoleon.

DELILAH
Baby, sorry to tell you this, but
this thing ain't making it to
Mexico. Not with me in it.

NAPOLEON
Look to your right.

Delilah turns.

A 25-foot boat. Sleeps two comfortably. "THE LURE" is painted on its stern.

DELILAH
The lure? Is this supposed to be
our little love boat?

NAPOLEON
It's my grandfather's. But, he's
too old for it now. I use it to go
back and forth.

Delilah grabs Napoleon's hand and vaults aboard.

EXT. ABOARD THE LURE - DAY

A picture-perfect morning on the Pacific.

On the bow, Delilah lays on her stomach. She wears only the bottom half of a two-piece bathing suit.

Napoleon, dressed in swim trunks and a tank top, approaches from port side. He holds two mimosas.

NAPOLEON

Here you go baby. Drink up so I can take advantage of you later.

DELILAH

Why wait? Ravage me now!

Napoleon leans in for a kiss, spills the drinks.

Delilah giggles.

Napoleon does his best to clean up the mess, while Delilah puts on her top.

After a short beat, Napoleon resumes navigating the boat.

Delilah creeps up from behind and wraps herself around him.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

How much longer?

NAPOLEON

(points)

See that spec, way out there?

Delilah struggles, trying to locate source.

DELILAH

No.

(beat)

Wait... I think I see it.

NAPOLEON

That's us. That's home.

He reaches around and playfully slaps Delilah's ass.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Get down there and get dressed. We make landfall in twenty minutes.

Delilah walks backwards, entices him to join her below deck.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Don't you ever get tired?

DELILAH
Nope!

NAPOLEON
My kinda chick... now go!

EXT. PRIVATE DOCK - LATER

A small, hidden dock. A remote beach house in the distance.

Napoleon secures the boat to the dock. Delilah gazes at the beach house.

In the distance, an old man, **GRANDPA CHRISTOS**, 80s, waits by the front door.

DELILAH
Baby?

NAPOLEON
What's up?

DELILAH
Is that Grandpa Christos, at the door?

NAPOLEON
Yup. You'll like him.

DELILAH
Oh, I'm not worried about me liking him. I'm worried that he won't like me!

NAPOLEON
Like you? Baby, he's gonna love you.

A beat.

DELILAH
Okay... maybe you're right. I'm gonna go say hi.

Delilah heads off to the house, leaving Napoleon behind to finish securing the boat.

Napoleon watches Delilah as she extends her hand, only to have Grandpa Christos pull her in for a long embrace.

NAPOLEON
(talking to himself)
Damn! I'm in love with a stripper!

INT. PRIVATE BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Small kitchen, painted in blue and white stripes throughout.
Greek trinkets, scattered around.

The trio sit at a kitchen table. Each is drinking a Greek
beer.

NAPOLEON
So, Grandpa. How you been managing?

GRANDPA CHRISTOS
(speaks with thick Greek
accent)
Things have been quiet here. I have
been fine. Resting a little.
Reading a lot.

DELILAH
Grandpa Christos, can I ask you a
question?

GRANDPA CHRISTOS
You just did, my darling. Want to
ask another?

Delilah giggles.

DELILAH
I see where Napoleon gets his sense
of humor.
(beat)
But, I just wanted to know if you
have any good stories of when
Napoleon was little?

GRANDPA CHRISTOS
Well, I have a good story of him at
nine or ten years. If you want to
hear it?

DELILAH
Of course, please. He hasn't told
me anything.

Grandpa Christos leans over and taps Napoleon's knee.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS

Sorry, son. I have to tell her
about the BB gun.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS (CONT'D)

When Napoleon was about ten years
old, his father... my son...

(crosses himself)

...his father bought him a BB gun.
He was very excited with it, until
a boy in the neighborhood took it
from him. He was too scared to get
his gun back. So, my son tells him
that if he does not go and retrieve
his BB gun, he will never be
respected by the kids in the
neighborhood.

NAPOLEON

Grandpa, I don't remember it that
way.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS

I'm old, but my memory is good...
so, after his father spoke with
him, Napoleon went outside to get
his BB gun back.

Grandpa Christos takes a sip of beer.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS (CONT'D)

Napoleon is standing in front of
the other kid, when suddenly, the
boy raises the gun and points it at
him. Napoleon leans in, his
forehead resting on the barrel of
the gun. A few seconds later, the
other kid handed Napoleon his gun
back.

Delilah slaps Napoleon's thigh.

DELILAH

My little outlaw!

Napoleon smiles and stands up.

NAPOLEON

Okay, guys. I gotta go rest my
eyes. We can tell more little
Napoleon stories later.

DELILAH

Baby, why you getting mad? Let Grandpa tell me as many stories as he wants. I could sit here and listen for hours.

NAPOLEON

Okay. I'm going to get some rest.
(to Delilah)
We have to prepare tomorrow.

Delilah salutes.

DELILAH

Yes Sir! Captain of the boat, Sir!
Permission to stay up late?

NAPOLEON

At ease, private. Permission granted.

Napoleon kisses Grandpa Christos and Delilah on the cheek.
Retreats to a bedroom.

DELILAH

So, Grandpa, can you tell me a little bit about Napoleon's parents? I'm afraid to ask him.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS

Yes, of course. But first, you need another beer, darling?

Delilah chugs down whats left in her bottle.

DELILAH

Yes, please.

Grandpa Christos grabs two beers from the refrigerator and hands one to Delilah.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS

What would you like to know?

INT. PRIVATE BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Grandpa Christos and Napoleon cook breakfast.

Delilah enters in on old pair of pajamas, covered in small Greek flags.

DELILAH

Morning you two. Something smells delicious.

NAPOLEON

Morning, beautiful.

(smiles)

Where'd you get those cool pajamas?

Delilah kisses Napoleon.

DELILAH

Funny guy. How long you been up?

NAPOLEON

Few hours. Couldn't sleep, so Grandpa and I were just discussing the lure.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS

Yes, and my grandson tells me you are as tough, as you are beautiful.

DELILAH

Well, I think he likes to over-exaggerate, sometimes. I guess I can be a little mean at times. But, I'm not that tough.

NAPOLEON

She's being modest, Grandpa. You should've seen the way she pushed me aside and kicked her ex-boyfriend's ass.

DELILAH

He deserved it!

NAPOLEON

I know he did, baby. I'm just saying, most chicks can't handle themselves the way you do. You get this, "I don't give a fuck" look in your eyes.

(beat)

Tell me you don't?

DELILAH

I do!

NAPOLEON

I rest my case.

Napoleon hands Delilah a plate, with all the fixings.

INT. PRIVATE BEACH HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - LATER

A room filled with books and reminders of Napoleon's past. Old photographs, generations of Napoleon's ancestry, hang on the walls.

Delilah inspects each photograph in great detail.

She reaches and touches one. Her finger lingers.

After an extended beat, Napoleon walks in.

DELILAH

Baby, you look just like your dad.
The resemblance is crazy.

NAPOLEON

Ya, everyone has always told me
that.

Napoleon stands alongside Delilah, both looking straight ahead at separate photographs.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

We're only gonna have three days to
run these practice drills, before
we lure L.A.

DELILAH

I'm ready.

NAPOLEON

(looks at Delilah)
You sure?

DELILAH

(looks at Napoleon)
I'm sure, baby.

Napoleon grabs Delilah's hand. The pair sit on the edge of the bed.

NAPOLEON

Okay. I'll play the role of the
fish. This first guy's name is
PASTOR JONES. He travels over sixty
miles from the suburbs of Riverside
to go to this one particular club
in East L.A.

DELILAH

Why so far?

NAPOLEON

They're paranoid someone will recognize them. Now, you're main objective in the Gotham City Lure is to get the cellphone away from the fish, and into my hands.

DELILAH

How?

NAPOLEON

Carefully.

DELILAH

Okay.

NAPOLEON

Listen, this Pastor is a white dude. He's slim, in his 30s. He drinks whiskey. Let's hope he's sloppy by the time you get him into his room.

(stands, paces)

Now, he'll make the first move. He needs to know you're a stripper and an escort. Make him show you the cash. Tell him it costs around \$500 bucks for a night with you. Then, tell him anything goes!

Napoleon sits.

DELILAH

Anything goes?

NAPOLEON

Ya, that will throw any man off his game.

DELILAH

Okay. How much is the take?

NAPOLEON

This one is thirty five grand. But, the one after, in Newport... that one's fifty G's.

(beat)

Now, try to steal my cell phone, without me noticing.

DELILAH

That'll be too easy. I already know you carry your cell phone in your right pocket.

Napoleon removes his cell phone, shows it to her. He places it in the opposite pocket.

NAPOLEON

(smirks)

Does that make it harder for you.

Delilah pushes Napoleon onto his back.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Also, your new lure name is going to be **JULIET**.

DELILAH

Juliet? Why Juliet?

NAPOLEON

So we don't give away our real names. I'm **ROMEO**.

DELILAH

Okay. I like it.

Delilah goes straight into character. She mounts Napoleon, rubs his chest with both hands.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Thanks for buying me all those drinks tonight.

NAPOLEON

You're welcome, sweetheart.

DELILAH

Can I pour you a nightcap?

NAPOLEON

Please do.

Delilah stands and simulates pouring a drink in her hand, extends it to Napoleon.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

(accepts)

Thanks.

Napoleon yanks Delilah by the arm. She falls on top of him, ass up.

DELILAH

(looks back)

Hey!

NAPOLEON

Sorry, Juliet. But, this is how these guys operate. They're not gonna treat you like a princess. Remember, you're not their wife, you're their pornstar.

DELILAH

Pornstar? Okay. Juliet can do pornstar.

They both sit up, back in character.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Let me help you off with your shirt. I'm gonna give you a quick shoulder rub. Loosen you up before we fuck.

NAPOLEON

Shit... okay, that'll work too.

Napoleon pretends to unbutton his shirt and discards it. Turns onto his stomach.

Delilah rubs his shoulders.

DELILAH

You're so tense in your shoulders.

Delilah massages lower.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Let's see how tense you are in your hips.

(speaks into his ear)

After all, if you're gonna fuck me right, you'll need all your strength down there.

Napoleon swallows.

Just then, Delilah swipes Napoleon's cell phone from his left pants pocket.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(holds up phone)

BOOYA! I heard you swallow when I said, "fuck me right."

Napoleon slaps Delilah's thigh.

NAPOLEON

Up! We're done with this part.

Delilah jumps off his back.

DELILAH
Okay. So what's next?

NAPOLEON
Now that we have his cell phone,
it's time to pose him.

DELILAH
The naked stuff?

Napoleon nods.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
(points to her vagina)
My vajayjay doesn't touch his
package, right?

NAPOLEON
No, baby, you're vajayjay will not
be touched, teased or tapped. But,
we do have to get him completely
naked. I'll take pictures from
different angles to make it look
like you're riding his cock. We'll
also blur your head, make you
unrecognizable. But, your titties
will have to be in the shot. That's
the money shot.

DELILAH
Juliet's cool with titties.

Grandpa Christos walks in.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS
How is everything?

DELILAH
We're fine Grandpa. Just practicing
the part where we gotta pose the
fish.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS
Ah, yes, the money shot. Good. I'll
let you two practice some more.
And, darling, please do not be
scared. My grandson knows what he
does.

DELILAH
I'm not scared Grandpa. Just a
little nervous.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS
That will go away.

DELILAH
I hope so.

GRANDPA CHRISTOS
It will.
(beat)
I have to rest now. I will see you
two later.

Delilah gives Grandpa Christos an affectionate hug and kiss
on his cheek.

DELILAH
See you later Grandpa.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Napoleon drives around a barrio, searching for a parking
spot.

The neighborhood is intimidating. Buildings covered in gang
graffiti, gang bangers, packing heat. A couple low riders
with hydraulics, bounce up and down.

NAPOLEON
This is why I hate L.A... never any
parking.

A sign on the sidewalk reads: "DIRTY DANCING CLUB: PARKING
\$10"

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Here we go. Finally.

Napoleon turns into a parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A small parking lot full of Chevy Impala's, El Camino's and
motorcycles.

Napoleon sits on the hood of the car. Delilah leans back
against him. He takes a hit of a joint and holds in the
smoke.

Delilah turns and opens her mouth. He blows the smoke into
her mouth. She slowly exhales, through her nose.

NAPOLEON

You ready?

Delilah pulls Napoleon off the hood. She jumps on him, legs wrapped around his waist.

DELILAH

He's a slim white guy, in his 30s. He drinks whiskey. He's probably gonna make the first move. He needs to know I'm serious. Make him show me the cash. Tell him anything goes!

Delilah kisses Napoleon on his neck, repeatedly.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I know what to do, baby.

She lets go of his neck and inverts. She yelps.

Napoleon pulls her back up and sets her down on the ground.

NAPOLEON

(chuckles)

Why are you so crazy?

DELILAH

(smirks)

That's the way Goddess made me.

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Formerly a diner, this place is completely remodeled.

It's cramped, dark, and rowdy. A stage and stripper pole highlights the middle of the room.

Stools surround the stage. A few feet from the stools are a handful of non-private, face-to-face VIP booths. The traditional table between the benches has been removed.

Scattered around are Latina strippers and Vato gangsters. All are tattooed from head to toe with gang affiliations.

Delilah scurries to the back of the club, with a backpack over her shoulder.

Napoleon sits at a stool, alongside a Vato, **LITTLE CASPER**, 40s, shaved head, covered in tattoos. A large, number "18", tattooed on his forehead. Two tear drop tattoos on his cheek. He's a killer.

Little Casper downs a shot of tequila.

LITTLE CASPER
What's up, ese?

NAPOLEON
What up?

LITTLE CASPER
I like the chain, holmes.

Napoleon holds up his cross.

NAPOLEON
This chain? You mean my great
grandfather's chain? You like this
chain?

LITTLE CASPER
Take it eaaaaaasy, ese. Don't trip!
I was just complementing your
jewels.

NAPOLEON
My bad. Ain't stepped foot in the
barrio in a minute. Forgot my
manners.

LITTLE CASPER
It's okay, ese. Let me buy you a
drink... calm your hydraulics.

NAPOLEON
Alright. Sounds good.

EULALIA, a sexy, Latina bartender in her 40's, leans on the
bar, nearby.

LITTLE CASPER
Eulalia, grab me and this puto a
cerveza!

She complies. Hands him and Napoleon a beer.

NAPOLEON
Gracias.

LITTLE CASPER
So, tell me holmes, what brings you
to the barrio?

NAPOLEON
My lady's here making us some extra
cash, before we hit the road.

LITTLE CASPER

I don't get you people, ese. If I saw my old lady on stage shaking her tamales to the Vato's, I'd stab the bitch.

Napoleon changes subjects.

NAPOLEON

Listen, man, I'm looking for a tall, skinny, white dude. He's a Pastor... comes in here at night. You ever see him?

LITTLE CASPER

Maybe...

A beat.

LITTLE CASPER (CONT'D)

...tell you what, ese. I'll tell you about the Pastor. But, that kinda information doesn't come gratis around here.

Napoleon pulls out a wad of cash, wrapped in a rubber band. Slaps down two \$100 bills.

LITTLE CASPER (CONT'D)

Okay, ese. I guess now I can remember him more better. They call him Pastor Jones, right?

NAPOLEON

Right.

LITTLE CASPER

He shows up here sometimes. He loves dancing with our ladies.

Delilah walks up from behind Napoleon. Wraps her arms around his waist. She's dressed, ready to dance.

DELILAH

I'm in baby. I'm next.

NAPOLEON

Good.

DELILAH

What are you two bad boys talking about?

NAPOLEON

Me and my new amigo here were just talking about Latinas and the barrio.

LITTLE CASPER

Ya. We decided that Latinas are nice. But, brown gets old, sometimes. Sometimes, you need some red wine in your cup.

Delilah giggles.

Napoleon doesn't find it amusing, gives Little Casper a dirty look.

LITTLE CASPER (CONT'D)

Chale, holmes. Didn't mean disrespect. Sometimes my jokes suck.

NAPOLEON

It's all good.

Napoleon gives him dap.

Delilah kisses Napoleon on the cheek and excuses herself, shaking her hips as she walks away.

LITTLE CASPER

You're a crazy ass Vato, you know that?

(gawking at Delilah)

But, your haina's still fine as hell, ese!

Undisturbed, Napoleon peeps out the club. He spots someone resembling the fish, sitting at the other end of the bar.

NAPOLEON

Hey, is that him over there?
(motions with his head)

LITTLE CASPER

That's him, ese.

NAPOLEON

Thanks.

LITTLE CASPER

Why you so interested in the pastor?

Napoleon sips his beer.

NAPOLEON

No reason.

A beat.

LITTLE CASPER

Ahh, I get it, ese. Business shit!

NAPOLEON

Business shit, ya! Always business shit.

LITTLE CASPER

I never asked you your name, ese.

NAPOLEON

Napoleon.

LITTLE CASPER

I'm **SMILEY**. But everyone calls me **LITTLE CASPER**.

Napoleon raises his beer to toast with Little Casper, who responds in-kind.

NAPOLEON

To the barrio!

LITTLE CASPER

Orale! To the barrio, ese!

INT. STRIP CLUB - BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Delilah puts on make-up, while **SEVERAL CHOLA STRIPPERS**, looking like they just stepped out of a Low Rider Magazine, stare in spite.

LECHITA, early-40s, thick and curvy, tattoos, too much eyeliner- has something to say.

LECHITA

(speaks out loud)

Pinche roja! Where she thinks she is, Kansas and shit!

Delilah stands, abruptly.

DELILAH

Did one of you putas say something?

LECHITA

Claro! It was me. I was just thinking in my head, why a white girl like you would be dancing on our pole.

Delilah steps up to Lechita.

DELILAH

Don't fuck with me. And Kansas... that's Dorthy bitch. I'm Juliet. I'll fuck you up!

CARMELITA, mid-20s, thin, painted eyebrows, tattoos.

CARMELITA

Lechita, you gonna let this gringa talk to you like that?

LECHITA

No, no. Valiente, con lengua venenosa.

(throws hands up)

Okay, chica. You got cojones. Take it easy. I was only kidding.

Delilah looks her up and down.

DELILAH

Wasn't funny!

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon drinks his beer. Little Casper speaks to Eulalia.

DJ #2, makes an announcement over the PA:

DJ#2

Okay, putos. Time to put your eyes to the stage and give it up for Juliet. She's not from around here, ese's. Her first time, hilado con nuestro polo. So, you Vatos show her some love.

(beat)

And **SMOKEY**, no more throwing change on the stage, ese. **BABY JOKER's** gonna kick you out.

Delilah, slithers around the pole, for a beat. She puts on an explicit performance.

All the Vatos in the club give Delilah their undivided attention.

Delilah notices Pastor Jones on a bar stool, feet from the stage. She struts over, leans in closer to him.

PASTOR JONES
Well, well. What do we have here?

He flicks Delilah's hair.

PASTOR JONES (CONT'D)
A little mermaid.

DELILAH
Hey, daddy! What's your name?

PASTOR JONES
Call me Pastor Jones.

DELILAH
I'm coming back for you, Pastor.
Don't you leave!

PASTOR JONES
I'll be waiting. Hurry your little
ass back.

Delilah retreats to the pole.

INT. STRIP CLUB - BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Delilah walks in. Goes straight for the mirror and freshens up.

LECHITA
Saw you up there, just now.

She sips from a tequila bottle.

LECHITA (CONT'D)
You put on a good performance,
roja.

DELILAH
Thanks. Can I get a shot of that
tequila, por favor?

Lechita hands Delilah the bottle.

LECHITA
You earned it, chica.

Delilah takes a swig from the bottle. Shakes it off.

CARMELITA

Who taughted you how to dance like
that, anyway?

Delilah pushes up her bra.

DELILAH

I taughted myself.

Delilah struts out.

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Delilah approaches Pastor Jones, who sits on a stool. He opens his arms, inviting her to sit on his lap.

Delilah hops on and kisses his cheek.

DELILAH

Hey! Missed you, daddy!

PASTOR JONES

Missed your redheaded ass too,
sweetheart.

Delilah giggles. She feels Pastor Jones' jock.

DELILAH

Wow! Big boy, huh?

Pastor Jones quickly removes Delilah's hand.

PASTOR JONES

Damn girl, slow down, we got all
night.

DELILAH

Sorry. You just smell so good and
feel so big.

Delilah sniffs Pastor Jones' neck.

He shakes off the alluring gesture.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

If you like that, daddy, why don't
we step into a booth? \$100 for 4
songs, tonight.

Pastor Jones lifts Delilah off his lap.

PASTOR JONES

Let's go.

INT. STRIP CLUB - VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A small, non-private booth, with two benches that face one another.

Pastor Jones sits and sips whiskey, while Delilah dances and rubs her ass against his dick.

Two Vato's sit close by, watching the pair go at it.

VATO #1, early-40s, covered in tattoos, hair slicked back.

VATO #2, late-20s, covered in tattoos, muscular, sporting a shaved head.

VATO #1

(looks at Delilah)

Hey, ese, would you tap that?

VATO #2

(looks at Delilah)

Orale. Brown, black, white. I don't discriminate, ese. I'd fuck little red riding hood over there, too.

Pastor Jones grabs onto Delilah's hips and slaps her ass. He pushes on her back. She falls into the doggy style position.

PASTOR JONES

You like doggy style?

DELILAH

(looks back)

Every woman likes doggy style, haven't you heard?

He grabs her ass.

PASTOR JONES

Damn! You making me horny, bitch!

Delilah turns back around. She mounts Pastor Jones. She grinds back and forth on his junk, for a quick beat.

DELILAH

I can feel you getting horny, daddy? If you have another \$500 bucks, we can take this grinding shit back to your place. Play, which hole feels best?

Pastor Jones moves Delilah aside and stands.

PASTOR JONES
Damn! You're nasty... let's go!

Delilah holds her hand out.

DELILAH
First the cash!

PASTOR JONES
What? Why?

DELILAH
So I know you ain't bullshitting
me.

Pastor Jones pulls out a cell phone and some cash from his front pants pocket. Counts out the money.

PASTOR JONES
100, 200, 300, 350, 400, 450. \$450
bucks is all I have.

Delilah snatches all the cash.

DELILAH
That'll do. You drive.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

In an unsightly motel hallway, Delilah stands, calm. Pastor Jones glances around, unbalanced.

He hands a key to Delilah.

PASTOR JONES
Here you go, sweetheart. I can't do
this shit, right now.

Delilah grabs the key and unlocks the door. She escorts him inside.

Before making her way in, she slaps a large piece of tape on door jam.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon jogs from around a corner and presses his ear to door. Checks his watch.

INT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Cheap, rancid, hotel room. Old television set. Wooden table. Bedding from the 90's.

Pastor Jones downs a couple hotel sized bottles of alcohol.

Delilah, wearing the stripper outfit from earlier, stands, leans against a wall.

DELILAH

Do you have any clue what's about
to happen to you in about five
minutes, daddy?

PASTOR JONES

Ya, I'm gonna be knee deep in that
pussy. Now bring that fine ass over
here.

Delilah climbs onto Pastor Jones' lap, starts grinding.

She feels for Pastor Jones' pants pockets.

PASTOR JONES (CONT'D)

Hold on. I can do it.

He throws Delilah off his lap, removes his pants.

Tosses pants on the floor. His cell phone falls out.

Delilah eyes the phone.

Pastor Jones pulls out a small baggie of cocaine, from shirt pocket. Holds it up.

PASTOR JONES (CONT'D)

Wanna rail?

Delilah contemplates, for a beat.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon slowly opens the hotel room door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon hides behind a wall, pops his head out, and spots the cell phone laying on the floor.

He goes for the phone, grabs it.

Napoleon pulls his gun from the small of his back and points it at Pastor Jones.

NAPOLEON
Hey, Pastor Jones!

Pastor Jones is startled, throws Delilah off his lap.

PASTOR JONES
Who the fuck are you?

NAPOLEON
I'm Romeo. I'm the guy with the gun.
(beat)
And, you're R. Kelly.

PASTOR JONES
What?

Napoleon lowers the gun to his side.

NAPOLEON
Look, you're fucked! What we're about to do to you, could ruin the rest of your life. But, it doesn't have to. It's gonna be your choice.

PASTOR JONES
What the fuck you talkin about?

Napoleon looks at Delilah.

NAPOLEON
Juliet, I think this asshole is skeptical. Let's show him what we do.

Delilah removes her bra, breasts out.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
So, this is how it's gonna go down Pastor. We're gonna take some friendly photos of you fucking Juliet here.
(points gun at him)
Obviously, you're not actually gonna fuck her.

Without missing a beat.

DELILAH
He wishes.

NAPOLEON

Then, after our photo session,
we're gonna distribute the photos
to everyone on your contact list.

(beat)

Your wife, she'll probably want a
lot of alimony after she sees the
pictures. And the kids, you have
four of em', right? That's a lot of
child support.

DELILAH

Romeo, don't forget to tell him
about the social media shit, too.

NAPOLEON

That's right, Juliet. Thanks for
reminding me.

(beat)

Not just family, Pastor. No,
everyone on your Instagram feed
will see the pics. Facebook.
Twitter. SnapChat. Everyone's gonna
know you're a hypocrite and a
thief... paying for your fetishes
with holy money. Of course, when
all your parishioners find that
out, they'll leave you too. Then,
who's gonna pay for your strippers
and liquor?

Napoleon taps Pastor Jones' knee cap, with the barrel of his
gun.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

So, now do you see the pickle
you're in?

PASTOR JONES

Yes, yes! Please! What do you want
from me?

NAPOLEON

That's the exact question I wanted
to hear from you, Pastor. We want
money. Exactly \$35,000. And you
don't have a lot time. Noon
tomorrow. And before you say "I
can't get that kind of money," keep
in mind, I know you have it.

Napoleon hands Pastor Jones a piece of paper.

PASTOR JONES

What's this?

Taps barrel of gun to the piece of paper.

NAPOLEON

That there dumb ass, is a nine digit, encrypted bank account number. Call it our donation plate!

PASTOR JONES

Okay. How do I get my phone back after you get your money?

NAPOLEON

You don't.

PASTOR JONES

Then how am I gonna be sure you're not gonna release the pictures?

NAPOLEON

You won't. You just have to believe and pray.

Napoleon attempts unlocking the phone. It's locked.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

What's the code?

Paster Jones hesitates, a beat.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Code!

PASTOR JONES

Ok, ok! It's 6666.

NAPOLEON

Really? All 6's.

(beat)

No shame, huh?

Napoleon shakes his head.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Take off your boxers!

PASTOR JONES

What? Why?

NAPOLEON

Juliet, can you please help this asshole with his underwear.

PASTOR JONES
No, I got it!

He removes boxers and lays down on bed.

Delilah climbs on top.

A beat, while Napoleon takes several photos.

NAPOLEON
(looks at cell phone)
BOOYA! Money shot.

DELILAH
Let me see?

NAPOLEON
No time. Let's go.

Delilah jumps off, gets dressed.

Napoleon taps his gun against the cellphone.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Noon!

The pair flee.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walking with purpose and holding Delilah's hand, Napoleon leads the way.

NAPOLEON
(motions with his head)
Elevator!

DELILAH
We're gonna make it!

NAPOLEON
Not yet. Keep your head down.

The pair wait for the elevator, for a beat.

Delilah fidgets with excitement.

Napoleon motions her to settle down.

Elevator doors open. It's empty. The pair step inside.

INT. MOTEL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon goes in for a kiss, but notices a white substance around Delilah's nostril.

He licks his finger, swipes the residue with it. Holds it up.

NAPOLEON

What the fuck is this, Delilah?

DELILAH

(hesitates)

Might be coke.

NAPOLEON

Might be coke?

DELILAH

Okay, it is coke. I snorted a line of coke. Why's that a big deal? We smoked weed earlier.

NAPOLEON

Weed ain't the same. It doesn't stimulate, like coke does. Coke makes you do stupid shit. You always have to be level headed during a lure... no mistakes, ever!

DELILAH

Okay! Okay! I get it.

NAPOLEON

You ever do some shit like this again, I swear, I'll turn my back on you. Drop you off in the middle of the fuckin ocean.

DELILAH

What the fuck did you just say to me?

NAPOLEON

I said I'll turn my back on you if you do this shit again.

DELILAH

No, I heard that part. It's the part about me being thrown overboard that I missed.

The elevator doors open.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Napoleon drives. Delilah ignores him, gazes out her window.

NAPOLEON
I wasn't really gonna feed you to
the sharks.

Smirk forms on Delilah's face.

DELILAH
(looks at him)
I know, baby.

NAPOLEON
And, I know you won't do coke
again.

DELILAH
Never!

NAPOLEON
Good.

Delilah leans over, puts her head on Napoleon's shoulder.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A clear night in Los Angeles. The city skyline, illuminated.

A fancy hotel suite with gigantic windows.

Perched high above L.A., Delilah, dressed in panties and a bra, gazes out at the city below.

DELILAH
Baby, I'm kinda exhausted from
today. Let's just snuggle tonight,
ya?

Napoleon removes his pants and shirt, hops into bed.

NAPOLEON
Alright, we can spoon.

Delilah climbs into bed, settles her ass on Napoleon's junk.

DELILAH
Do you think the Pastor's gonna
pay?

NAPOLEON
I hope so.

Delilah reaches around, grabs Napoleon's hand. She wraps it around her waist.

DELILAH
Love you!

With his free hand, Napoleon squeezes her butt.

Delilah slaps his hand away.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Go to sleep!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Blinds wide open, room filled with light. View of Los Angeles skyline on a sunny, 80 degree day.

Delilah and Napoleon lay awake in bed. Delilah has her head on his chest. He's looking at his phone.

DELILAH
Baby?

NAPOLEON
Ya?

DELILAH
What are we having for lunch?

NAPOLEON
(distracted)
Hold on.

Napoleon moves Delilah off him. Checks his phone.

On the phone screen, we SEE: "BANK TRANSFER - Total amount - \$35,000."

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
We got it! We got the cash!

Delilah stands on the bed.

DELILAH
What? All of it?

NAPOLEON
All of it, baby.

She bounces with excitement.

Napoleon watches her for a beat, then pulls her down on the bed, rough.

DELILAH
Ooh, baby! I like this 50 Shades
shit.

NAPOLEON
I knew you would.

He kisses her passionately for a short beat, then abruptly pulls away.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Ready to go get some new tats?

DELILAH
Hell ya!

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - AFTERNOON

Tattoo guns buzz over Rock music. A few **TATTOO ARTISTS** are working, in separate stations.

A **TATTOO ARTIST**, early-30s, African-American, with a blonde mohawk, is hunched over Napoleon's right wrist. Delilah watches eagerly.

A beat, before the tattoo artist wipes away ink.

TATTOO ARTIST
All done, my friend. Let me know
what you think.

Napoleon inspects his new handcuff tattoo. The name, 'Delilah' written inside the handcuff.

DELILAH
Let me see!

Delilah grabs Napoleon's hand.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Wow! This is so cool.

Napoleon gets up from the chair.

NAPOLEON
Baby, this tattoo is as close as
I'm ever gonna get to an alter.

Delilah hangs off his neck.

DELILAH
 Wait... is this your way of
 proposing?

NAPOLEON
 I guess so.

DELILAH
 Then I do! A billion times, I do.

She kisses him repeatedly, then hops into the empty chair and extends her left arm.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
 My turn!

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Napoleon drives as Delilah rests her feet on the dashboard, staring out the window.

BEGIN PASSAGE OF
 TIME MONTAGE

The camera pans around the car, focusing in sequence on (1) the front windshield (2) the front passenger window (3) the rear passenger window (4) the rear window (5) the rear driver's side window (6) the front driver's window and (7) the front windshield, again.

Each time we shift focus to a new window, Napoleon and Delilah are seen in new outfits and at a different times of the day.

A total of one full rotation around the exterior of the car gives seven unique views, symbolizing the passage of seven days.

END PASSAGE OF
 TIME MONTAGE

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Music plays on the radio. We come up on a sign that reads: "Welcome to Newport Beach. Population 85,326."

Napoleon drives with one hand, Delilah holds the other, looking out her window.

NAPOLEON
 Baby?

DELILAH

Ya.

NAPOLEON

We're in Newport!

Delilah gives Napoleon, the look!

DELILAH

Finally! I was getting bored.

Delilah smiles, leans over, and unzips his pants. Bends her head down into his lap and proceeds to give him a blowjob.

Just then, a bus full of High School kids, pulls up alongside.

Napoleon makes eye contact with a **TEENAGE BOY**, male, Caucasian, 18, has Down syndrome.

Napoleon smiles, holds the wheel with one hand and presses other hand down on Delilah's head.

The Teenage Boy's jaw drops.

TEENAGE BOY

(mouths)

Holy, Shit!

The car accelerates.

INT. CAR - LATER

Delilah and Napoleon sit idle in the car. A neon advertising sign for a gentleman's club, flashes.

NAPOLEON

Remember, this lick is for fifty grand. This guy doesn't drink as much as the other guy, so it might be harder to entice him. You might need to be extra nasty.

DELILAH

Juliet will take care of that. Don't worry, we've gone over every possible scenario with this guy. He's a Preacher. His name is **LESANE**, forty five, black... I'm ready, baby!

NAPOLEON

That's right. You're strong. You're fearless. And, you're gorgeous as hell. Remember that!

(beat)

Also, I'm guessing this guy is into face and feet, not ass and titties. So accentuate your makeup and leave your heels backstage.

DELILAH

How the hell you know that?

NAPOLEON

His wife has "noazatol."

(beat)

She has, no-ass-at-all.

Delilah giggles and slaps his arm.

A short beat.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

(more serious tone)

Okay. You ready to do this shit?

DELILAH

Hell, ya. Let's do it.

Napoleon blows her a kiss.

She catches it and pounds her fist to her chest, two times.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Hip-Hop music blares in this fancy, dimly lit, high-end gentlemen's club. Clients scattered around.

Napoleon sits at a bar, sipping a glass of water. He watches a stripper work the pole.

DJ#3 makes an announcement over the PA:

DJ#3

Alright, gentleman. Next up is Juliet, a fine looking redhead. It's her first go-around here, so show her some love. Let's make it rain for her!

Delilah struts on stage in a sexy outfit, barefoot. She wears exaggerated black make up around her eyes.

Napoleon glances around the club and spots the fish, who has a birds eye view of the stage. He's drinking a beer.

Delilah gets freaky with the pole.

A beat.

She spots Lesane and crawls on all fours to him.

Lesane makes it rain, with a stack of \$1 bills. Delilah throws some of the money in the air.

DELILAH

Hey, babe!

LESANE

Hey, gorgeous. What's your name?

DELILAH

Juliet. What's yours?

LESANE

Lesane.

Napoleon takes a sip of water.

DELILAH

Lesane. I like that. Can we talk when I get off stage?

LESANE

Shit, we can do more than just talk, sweetheart.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Delilah sits alongside Lesane, chatting.

Napoleon looks on.

DELILAH

So, tell me, what brings you in tonight?

LESANE

I'm here on business.

DELILAH

What type of business?

LESANE

I do God's work.

DELILAH
I don't follow.

LESANE
I'm a Preacher.

DELILAH
Preacher? I've never danced for a
Preacher before.

LESANE
First time for everything,
sweetheart.

Delilah stands, extends her hand out for Lesane to grab.

DELILAH
How about we go to the VIP section.
\$300 bucks for five songs tonight.

LESANE
(scopes out Delilah's
body)
Five it is.

Lesane grabs onto Delilah's hand.

They walk off to the VIP booth.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A VIP booth, spacious, with a couch, small table, and a chandelier.

Lesane remains standing, as Delilah dances for him. She feels him up and down, brushing over his coat and pants pockets.

Lesane grabs her ass and lifts her leg to his side.

She let's him. He goes for her titties. She slaps his hand away.

DELILAH
That's extra!

LESANE
Okay. Good to know. I have cash and
a hotel room.
(beat)
Maybe we take this party to my
place?

DELILAH
Wow! You work fast.

LESANE
Not always.

Delilah giggles and rubs his dick.

DELILAH
Wow!

LESANE
You like it?

DELILAH
Oh, ya. How big is this thing?

LESANE
Let's leave now, and we can measure
it together.

Delilah chuckles and removes her hand.

DELILAH
If you're serious about this, I
don't go nowhere until we figure
out cost.

LESANE
Cost? How much cost are we talkin
about?

DELILAH
Since you're a man of faith, I can
do as little as \$900 for three
hours. Ecstasy's guaranteed!

LESANE
How much for one hour?

DELILAH
No such thing, darling.

LESANE
Three hours, huh?

DELILAH
Ya, three long hours.

Delilah licks her middle finger and swipes at her vagina.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
I'm gonna make you wanna marry this
pussy.

Lesane is eager.

LESANE
Let's go!

DELILAH
\$900?

LESANE
\$900!

Delilah holds out her hand.

DELILAH
Show me!

Lesane pulls out a large stack of cash from his pants pocket.

LESANE
(counts out loud)
100, 200, 300, 4, 5, 6, 7, 800.

LESANE (CONT'D)
Hold up! I know I got more.

He searches his other pocket. Pulls out another \$100 bill.

LESANE (CONT'D)
\$900 dollars.

Delilah snatches up the cash.

DELILAH
Let's go! You drive.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Delilah stands behind Lesane, holding her backpack. Lesane inserts card key and opens the door to a room on the second floor.

LESANE
Ladies first.

She doesn't have an opportunity to place tape over the door jam.

She enters, concerned.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small, boutique hotel room, with a large king sized bed, refrigerator, nightstand, and big-screen television.

Lesane sits on the bed, having difficulty removing his coat.

Delilah sets her backpack down against a wall.

She notices Lesane struggling with his coat. She helps him.

Delilah moves her hands over the coat pockets and feels a cell phone inside. She swipes it, as Lesane is distracted unbuttoning his shirt.

Delilah gets on her knees, removes Lesane's shoes. Sneaks his phone underneath the mattress.

Lesane removes his shirt and pants. He sits eagerly in his boxers.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon creeps up from around the corner and walks to the hotel room door.

He presses his ear against door, checks his watch. He attempts opening the door. It's locked.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah kicks off her shoes and places her foot against Lesane's chest. She pushes him backwards. He pops back up.

LESANE

Oooh. Juliet likes it rough!

DELILAH

She likes it rough and hard. But, first let me go freshen up for you.

Lesane grabs a hold of a fleeing Delilah.

LESANE

Where you gonna go?

DELILAH

You got me all wet. Now, how about you let go of my arm so I can go freshen up.

LESANE

No! Fuck freshening up. I'll fuck you the way you are.

Lesane forcefully pulls her towards him. He gropes her breasts with his free hand.

DELILAH

Let me go. What the fuck you doin'?

Delilah attempts to break free. He's too strong.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

You small dick, motherfucker. You think you're gonna talk to me like that?

LESANE

You said you like it rough, bitch.

Delilah pushes against his face with her free hand. She breaks loose.

She crawls to her backpack. Lesane clutches onto her foot.

She grabs the backpack, quickly opens it. She pulls out Leon's gun.

The pair struggle, for a beat.

Delilah points the gun at Lesane.

BANG, shoots him in the head.

Lesane's face falls forward, into Delilah's lap.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Standing by the door in the hallway, Napoleon panics. He hears what sounds like a scuffle.

Then, a gunshot! Instinctively, he points his gun at the door. He's about to shoot his way in, when the door knob turns.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Holding Leon's gun at her side and wearing some blood, Delilah slowly opens the door. Napoleon spots the blood on her.

NAPOLEON
Baby, you hit?

DELILAH
No, I'm fine.
(points)
But he's dead.

NAPOLEON
I can see that. What the fuck
happened in here?
(beat)
Gimme' the gun.

She hands off the gun. He tucks it into his waistband.

DELILAH
It didn't exactly go according to
plan. That fat fuck got aggressive.
I had to shoot him, baby. Self-
defense, right?

NAPOLEON
Ya, baby... self-defense. He's
probably already in hell now.

DELILAH
Oh, and he wasn't a face and feet
guy? Asshole went straight for my
ass and titties.

NAPOLEON
My bad on that.
(kisses her cheek)
I'm just glad you didn't get hurt.
But, right now, we need to get the
fuck outta here.

DELILAH
Don't we need to wipe down for
prints or something?

NAPOLEON
No time. We gotta go!

The pair flees.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The duo race down the hall. Napoleon, gun in hand, pulls Delilah.

From an adjacent room, a **CLEANING LADY**, late-50s, Hispanic, nervously peeks into the hallway.

The pair blaze by her, making eye contact.

The Cleaning Lady spots Napoleon's gun and the blood on Delilah.

CLEANING LADY
(to herself)
Dios mio!

Delilah looks back and sees the Cleaning Lady cautiously making her way into Lesane's hotel room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Cleaning Lady spots Lesane's bloody body. She screams.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Other guests begin popping out of their rooms.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cleaning Lady tip-toes around Lesane's body and makes her way to the window. Peeking through the window blind, she watches Napoleon and Delilah get into their car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Delilah slides into the passenger seat. Napoleon jumps in the driver's side. He starts the car.

Delilah immediately gets on her knees, reverses in her seat. Holds onto the headrest and looks through the rear windshield. She quickly scans the second floor windows.

She spots the Cleaning Lady standing behind a blind.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Cleaning Lady stands at the window and removes one of a few markers, from her uniform's breast pocket.

She squints, trying to make out a license plate.

She writes on the window: "da lure"

A **MALE GUEST**, 60's, British, enters, wearing a robe. He holds a cell phone.

He looks at Lesane's body. He sees the writing on the window.

MALE GUEST
What happened in here?

CLEANING LADY
(broken English)
I don't not know. I think a man and woman shoot him.

She points at body.

CLEANING LADY (CONT'D)
Pero, I see license plate.

She taps the writing on the window.

The Male Guest dials 911.

MALE GUEST
Yes, hello! I'm calling to report a death.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Car races off. Delilah settles back into her seat.

DELILAH
Baby?

NAPOLEON
Ya, baby.

DELILAH
The Cleaning Lady saw our car from the window. She probably got our plates.

NAPOLEON
Probably. Nothing we can do now. We just have to get the hell outta here.

DELILAH
Where we gonna go?

NAPOLEON
Back to Santa Barbara. It's a couple hours from here.

(MORE)

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

We'll take the boat to Rosarito. We should be safe there for a while.

INT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

MALE GUEST

I called it in. Did you see their faces?

CLEANING LADY

Si... I mean, jess, I saw faces.

MALE GUEST

Okay. Good.

CLEANING LADY

Police coming?

MALE GUEST

Yes, yes, they should arrive shortly.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA MARINA - NIGHT

Napoleon hastily pulls the luggage out of car trunk, as Delilah waits, impatiently. She holds open the entrance gate to the marina.

DELILAH

Hurry up, baby.

NAPOLEON

I'm tryin.

Napoleon slams the trunk closed.

Walking briskly, he reaches Delilah and grabs her hand. They run down a ramp, into the marina.

INT. ABOARD THE LURE - LATER

Panic subsided, they are in planning mode. Both have changed clothes.

Napoleon is navigating the boat.

Delilah sits on the floor, braiding her hair.

NAPOLEON

Good idea, with the hair, baby.

Delilah smiles, continues braiding.

A beat.

DELILAH
They're gonna be on our ass now,
huh?

NAPOLEON
Yup. If security camera's didn't
see us, the Cleaning Lady sure did.

Delilah stands up. She makes out a light in the distance.

DELILAH
(points)
What is that over there?

Napoleon looks through binoculars.

NAPOLEON
Shit! That's the fucking Coast
Guard.

DELILAH
Are we screwed?

NAPOLEON
I don't think so. Their probably
just doing their regular patrol.
But, we can't take any chances.

DELILAH
So, what now?

NAPOLEON
Now? Now, I think we should
probably head back to dry land.
(beat)
Hold on, baby.

A drastic turn, as the boat leans.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA MARINA - MORNING

Luggage in hand, Napoleon pulls Delilah in the direction of
their parked car.

DELILAH
Slow down. I'm going to need my
arm.

Napoleon lets go of her hand.

NAPOLEON

Sorry. You gotta pick up the pace,
baby.

Delilah speeds up.

The duo reaches the car. Napoleon throws the luggage into the trunk. The car doors open simultaneously. They hop in. Doors close simultaneously.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Large Redwood trees blanket both sides of the road.

Napoleon drives with one hand on the steering wheel, the other on a sleeping Delilah.

Gas gauge lights up, followed by Amazon's **ALEXA** voice.

ALEXA

Only 70 miles of gas remain. The
nearest gas station is
approximately 17.9 miles away.
Would you like for me to guide you
there?

Delilah is startled. Rubs eyes with her index fingers.

DELILAH

Where are we?

NAPOLEON

Somewhere in Northern, Cali. We
have to find a gas station.

DELILAH

How long I been asleep?

NAPOLEON

I don't know. Maybe, an hour or so.

Delilah sits up, looks in the visor mirror and adjusts her braids.

A beat.

Delilah suddenly grabs at her belly. She curls into a ball, experiences horrible stomach pains, for a beat.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

What's wrong? What just happened?

DELILAH
(grimaces)
I don't know what this is.

Delilah rocks back and forth, as the pain slowly subsides.
She relaxes and lets out a big breath.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
That was weird.

NAPOLEON
What?

DELILAH
The pain. I never felt anything
like that before.

NAPOLEON
What's it from, you think?

DELILAH
I don't know. Probably something I
ate. Let's just get to the gas
station. Maybe I can find something
for my stomach.

Napoleon places his hand on Delilah's tummy.

The car accelerates.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

A roadside gas station that's been around since the 80's. No
customers inside.

Napoleon fills the gas tank. Delilah sits in the car and
yells through the open driver's side window.

DELILAH
When can we go inside?

Napoleon positions gas pump to pump automatically and leans
into the open window.

NAPOLEON
Let's go. We're gonna need some
food and water... and Twizzlers.

Delilah exits, walks around the front of car and grabs
Napoleon's hand.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon, holding a pack of Twizzlers and a couple sandwiches, searches a refrigerator for water bottles.

Delilah holds onto a pink medicine bottle. She browses a couple aisles and glances over at the clerk, who is distracted by his cell phone.

She grabs a pregnancy test kit, opens it, and places the stick in her back pocket.

LANCE, male, 18, Asian, stands behind a sales counter, dressed in lumberjack attire.

Holding a cell phone, Lance scrolls through his screen.

On the phone's screen, we SEE:

-An Instagram photo of the Lance playing a flute.

His finger scrolls up.

-A sketch of Napoleon and Delilah's likeness with the caption: "BREAKING NEWS: Lovers on the run after killing of Preacher. License Plate reads DA LURE."

Lance looks up. Eyes Napoleon. Eyes Delilah.

Lance looks down at his cell phone.

Napoleon picks up on Lance's concerned look. Pulls his gun, points it at him.

NAPOLEON

Don't!

Lance slowly raises his hands.

DELILAH

Baby, don't shoot him. He's young.
Probably hasn't even had time to
lose his virginity yet.

Delilah, approaches Lance, slow and sexy.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Look, sweetheart. He isn't going to
shoot you.

She stares back at Napoleon and motions for him to lower his gun.

Napoleon complies, reluctantly.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Now, sweetheart, what's your name?

LANCE
Lance.

Delilah's hands caress the counter.

DELILAH
Lance, huh? Well, Lance, my name is
Juliet and that guy over there
holding a gun, is my husband,
Romeo.

Delilah leans in closer. Lance stares at her cleavage.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Lance, have you ever had a
girlfriend?

LANCE
Ya.

DELILAH
Have you ever, fucked her?

Lance swallows, hard.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a no. Tell you
what, baby. Give me your phone and
I'll take a sexy picture for you...
use it later, do whatever comes to
mind.

Lance slaps his phone down on the counter and throws his
hands up.

Delilah picks up the phone.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Put your hands down. No one is
gonna shoot you.

Looking directly at Napoleon, Lance slowly lowers his hands.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Get closer.

Lance leans in.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Closer.

Lance scoots in, again. They're face to face now.

Delilah runs her finger over his lips. She drops her top, for a quick beat. With her outstretched hand, she snaps a picture. She pulls her top back up as quickly as she dropped it.

Delilah inspects the picture, shows phone to Lance.

On the phone's screen, we SEE:

-A photo of Delilah, smiling. Her breasts are out. Lance is distracted. He's looking down at Delilah's breasts, licking his lips.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
You want this?

Lance nods.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
If I give it back to you, will you call the cops?

LANCE
No way.

Napoleon gets uneasy. He checks outside.

NAPOLEON
Baby, what are you doing? We gotta go.

DELILAH
(locked in on Lance)
I'm just gonna leave clerk Lance here with a little reminder of me. That way, instead of calling the cops on us, he'll use my picture to jerk off to.
(beat)
Ain't that right Lance?

Lance quickly nods.

Delilah hands Lance his phone back.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Just don't cum on my face. You'll ruin your screen.

LANCE
I won't... I mean, I probably will, but not on my screen.

Delilah turns to Napoleon. Raises her index finger.

DELILAH
(mouths)
One sec.

Lance is distracted by Delilah's photo.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Lance!
(slaps her hands together)
Pay attention. This is important.

Lance looks up.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
You see those security cameras?

Delilah points at two old security cameras hanging on the wall.

Lance looks at both cameras, concerned.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Well, if I were you, I wouldn't
call the cops, now.

LANCE
Why?

DELILAH
Well, unfortunately, you're an
accomplice now. You didn't try to
stop us. You just wanted pictures
of my titties.

Delilah starts walking backwards, in the direction of the door.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
(waves)
We're leaving now, Lance.
Remember... no cops!

Delilah and Napoleon race out.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon quickly removes the gas pump.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

From the passenger seat, Delilah waves to Lance, who's watching from the window.

She brings her index finger to her lips.

DELILAH

Shhhh!

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Lance waves back at Delilah and gives her a thumbs up, smiling. He walks away, eyeing his cell phone.

Grabs an entire box of tissues from a shelf.

He holds the tissue box in one hand, the cell phone in the other.

He gawks at his cell phone, as he walks underneath a sign that reads: "Restroom."

He pushes a door open.

INT. CAR - LATER

Napoleon drives, bites into a Twizzlers.

NAPOLEON

We're famous now!

DELILAH

Yeah, I know.

(beat)

So what now?

NAPOLEON

We keep driving North. Find somewhere to hide until I can figure this shit out.

DELILAH

Okay.

NAPOLEON

And, what the hell was that back at the station?

DELILAH

What do you mean?

NAPOLEON
You seduced that kid.

DELILAH
How else was I supposed to convince
him not to call the cops?

Napoleon nods.

NAPOLEON
Okay. I guess you're right.

Napoleon holds up a Twizzlers to the rear view mirror.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
It looks like your hair!

Delilah snatches the Twizzlers.

DELILAH
My Twizzler now!

She bites into it, as Napoleon looks into the mirror.

NAPOLEON
Hold up, I think I just saw where
we can hide out for the night.

DELILAH
Where?

NAPOLEON
In the woods.
(beat)
Hold on!

Napoleon busts a U turn.

INT. CAR - MORNING

The car sits tucked underneath a Redwood tree.

All the windows are fogged up. Light rain bounces off the
windshield.

Seats are reclined.

NAPOLEON
How's your stomach feeling?

DELILAH
Better.

NAPOLEON

Good.

Napoleon grabs Delilah's hand.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, baby.

DELILAH

Sorry for what? My stomach ache?

NAPOLEON

No, not that. I'm sorry that you're sitting in a car, underneath a tree, hiding from the cops. I'm sorry that you were forced to shoot someone. I'm just really sorry that I got you mixed up in this crap.

DELILAH

Baby, I don't give a fuck about that. All I care about is us!

She kisses Napoleon's hand.

NAPOLEON

You know, I've always done bad shit. Right now got me wondering, what it would have been like if I had led a normal life.

DELILAH

Fuck normal, baby. I had a normal life. It's depressing. It's just hanging on one day at a time. We're living and breathing in every second. We feel everything.... the love, the passion, the pain!

(beat)

I want this life with you.

NAPOLEON

I'm glad you feel that way.

He points outside.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

The road out there is the only one going North. That's pretty much our only option now.

DELILAH

Canada?

NAPOLEON

We don't have enough gas to get us to Canada. Plus, I'm guessing all the gas stations are swarming with cops by now.

DELILAH

Then, what do we do?

NAPOLEON

The way I see it, we have only two options. Either we board a bus going North, or, we steal a car and try to make our way North that way.

DELILAH

Let's try the bus.

NAPOLEON

Okay.
(beat)
Hey, Alexa!

ALEXA

Yes, how can I help you?

NAPOLEON

Where is the nearest bus station?

ALEXA

There is a bus station twenty three miles North of you. Would you like for me to guide you there?

NAPOLEON

No, I got it. Alexa off.

DELILAH

Hey, Alexa!

ALEXA

Yes, how can I help you?

DELILAH

Can we make it to Canada?

ALEXA

Canada is 893.6 miles North of you. It is a 14 hour drive. Would you like for me to guide you there?

DELILAH

Alexa, off.
(beat)

(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, baby, we're making it to Canada. I can feel it.

NAPOLEON

From your mouth to God's ears.

DELILAH

(squeezes legs together)
Okay. But first, I have to pee. I can't hold it anymore.

NAPOLEON

Go, but be careful. It's wet and muddy out there.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Delilah closes the car door, carefully. Unfazed by the light sprinkles, she distances herself from the car.

She takes the pregnancy stick out of her back pocket and pulls her bottoms down. She squats, places the stick under her urine stream.

She pees on it, for a beat, before removing it. Pulls her bottoms back up.

Delilah squats again as she waits for the results. She wipes the rain from her face. She bounces up and down, trying to shake off the cold.

She shakes the stick.

DELILAH

Come on. Show me something.

Then, a deep, loud, thunderous roar, behind Delilah causes her to jump up.

She drops the pregnancy stick.

She turns to see a bear standing on its rear legs. His 5-inch razor sharp claws, exposed.

Delilah freezes in terror.

Napoleon hears the bear's roar. He slowly exits the car and walks non-threateningly to Delilah.

NAPOLEON

Good bear. Nice bear. Big bear.

Delilah reaches her hand out. Napoleon grabs it.

They creep backwards, to the car.

The bear falls back on all fours.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Delilah looks out the window. The bear hovers near the pregnancy stick.

Napoleon starts the car and pulls out, slowly.

NAPOLEON

I should've shot that bear when I had the chance.

DELILAH

Why? We're in his woods. He probably felt threatened by us.

NAPOLEON

That bear didn't look one bit threatened. He looked hungry and pissed!

DELILAH

Let's just go find that bus station.

NAPOLEON

Okay. Hey, Alexa!

ALEXA

Yes, how can I help you?

NAPOLEON

Take us to the nearest bus station.

ALEXA

Okay. Which station do you prefer? AM or FM?

They both giggle.

EXT. BUS STATION - MORNING

A small, roadside bus station, bustling with travelers. A **GROUP OF LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS**, wearing khaki colored shirts and dark green pants are huddled around a squad car in the parking lot of the station. On the hood is a large map.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Delilah and Napoleon sit idle in the car, safely hidden, North of the station. The pair sit on their knees, in reverse. Both grip the headrest.

DELILAH
Baby?

NAPOLEON
Ya, baby.

DELILAH
You think those cops are planning on how to catch us?

NAPOLEON
Close... those are Sheriff's, not cops.

DELILAH
How can you tell the difference?

NAPOLEON
I'm a thief, remember? City cops wear dark blue. Highway Patrol rides in tan colors.
(points)
And, those fucks... they're the Sheriff's Department. Khaki shirts and those ugly ass, green trousers.

EXT. BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

A **SHERIFF'S OFFICER**, male, Caucasian, tall, 50s, points and touches several areas on the map.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Delilah and Napoleon turn back around, simultaneously.

DELILAH
Let's get outta here?

NAPOLEON
Let's go!

The car slowly climbs back onto the paved highway, continuing North.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Napoleon scrolls through his cell phone with one hand and steers with the other.

DELILAH
What are you doing?

NAPOLEON
Looking for somewhere with a lot of parked cars.

DELILAH
To steal?

NAPOLEON
Ya. They have a BOLO out for this car. We have to dump it.

Delilah starts to experience anxiety.

DELILAH
BOLO? What the hell is a BOLO? And, now you want to add grand theft auto to the murder charge? That's 3-5 more years, on top of the rest of our lives.

NAPOLEON
What are you talking about? 3-5 doesn't matter. We're looking at the death penalty.

Delilah's anxiety evolves into nervous hysteria.

DELILAH
(frantic)
Well, it kinda does matter... to me!

She nervously taps her temple, twice.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Think about it. We meet, fall in love, fuck, and then we kill someone. Now we're on this fuckin road trip, headed to nowhere.

She kicks the dash board with both feet.

NAPOLEON
Okay, okay. I get it, you're scared.

DELILAH

No. I'm annoyed! I have no idea where the fuck I am, Napoleon.

(beat)

And I got these tight ass braids on my head.

She flicks a braid.

NAPOLEON

Okay. But, that kinda talk only invites a bad outcome.

After a beat, Delilah slowly calms her nerves.

DELILAH

This just scares the shit out of me.

NAPOLEON

I know, me too.

They approach a sign that reads: "Oregon Rest Area: 20 miles ahead."

He gestures to the sign.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

We can pull into that rest area, change clothes, freshen up.

DELILAH

Let's just pray there's no cops there.

He grabs her hand.

NAPOLEON

Okay. Let's pray. Close your eyes.

DELILAH

Like, for real? Pray?

NAPOLEON

Ya. Let's just see if there's someone up there that can help us.

DELILAH

(laughs)

You're absolutely crazy... but, okay. Guess a little prayer can't hurt.

Delilah slowly lowers her head, closes her eyes.

NAPOLEON

God. I want to pray to you right now. I know this may sound like small talk to you, but, we kinda need some luck right now.

(beat)

You remember that time in Vegas, when seventeen black came up four times straight on roulette, and I won big?

(beat)

Well Lord, can we please get a seventeen black, right now? We really need it. Thanks. Amen!

DELILAH

Amen!

(opens eyes)

That's how you pray?

NAPOLEON

Why? Something wrong with the way I pray?

DELILAH

No, it just sounded kinda casual, like you were talking to your best friend.

NAPOLEON

I don't know, that's just how it came out. I don't think there's a right way or wrong way to pray.

DELILAH

I ain't never prayed. So, I guess I shouldn't be the one giving you a sermon.

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT

Light rain begins to fall. In a roadside rest stop, several 18-wheelers sit, parked.

Napoleon parks the car in front of a restroom.

He surveys the area for law enforcement, doesn't find any.

Two **RED-NECKS**, male, enjoy beer under a covered picnic area.

An **OLD LADY**, holding an umbrella, struggles walking to her car.

Napoleon and Delilah hurry into an open restroom.

INT. REST STOP - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Napoleon grabs a jacket from his luggage and throws it on. He zips it all the way up.

Delilah, squatting, rummages through her backpack. Decides on **WHITE LEGGINGS** and a **HOODIE**.

Napoleon hands Delilah a sandwich. Delilah devours it, for a beat. She continues changing her clothes.

NAPOLEON

We can't steal a car from here...
too many people.

DELILAH

I know. I saw.

NAPOLEON

We gotta keep going in our car.

DELILAH

Okay.

With his finger, Napoleon cleans mustard from the edge of Delilah's mouth. He licks the finger.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Heavy rain pounds the pavement.

Napoleon drives. Delilah sits, eyes closed. Her hoodie hides part of her face.

DELILAH

Baby?

NAPOLEON

Ya, baby.

DELILAH

Will you tell me the truth?

NAPOLEON

About what?

DELILAH
Our chances.

NAPOLEON
Our chances?

Napoleon pulls the car over to the side of the road.

Delilah sits up. He leans in.

His hand under her chin.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Always keep this chin up. Keep your
head up and don't give up. Keep
moving forward, no matter what
happens to me.

Delilah grabs Napoleon's hand.

DELILAH
I'm never letting go of you.

Napoleon shakes his head, pulls car back onto the road.

NAPOLEON (O.S.)
You're gonna have to let go
sometime.

DELILAH (O.S.)
Wanna bet?

The car accelerates.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Torrential rain pours from the sky, followed by lightning.

The car makes its way down a dark highway, for an extended
beat.

Napoleon slams on the brakes. The car screeches to a stop, in
the middle of the highway. It sits idle, surrounded by giant
Redwoods.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

We're back to the BEGINNING of the opening scene:

FADE IN:

"A sports car sits idle in the middle of a highway,

surrounded by giant Redwoods. A thunderous, torrential downpour pounds the metal frame of the car.

*A **MAN** and **WOMAN** sit fearfully in the front seats, studying each other's faces. Their faces are illuminated, momentarily, with each flash of lightning."*

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Picking up where we left off at the END of the opening scene:

"Blood streams down her white leggings.

Delilah touches the blood. She inspects it."

Over a torrential downpour, the sound of an 18-WHEELER, slowly fades in.

Delilah looks down at the blood on her right hand. The intensity of the rain, slowly washes away the blood.

After a long beat, she hopelessly makes her way to the center of the highway. She faces South, in the direction of a fast approaching 18-wheeler.

She looks up to the heavens. Rain bounces off her face.

She flips the hoodie over her head and spreads her arms out to her side.

INT. 18-WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Country music blasts inside the cabin of an 18-wheeler. A female, **TRUCK DRIVER**, buzz cut, 50s, desperately attempts to wipe fog off the windshield.

The road is barely visible now.

Only the painted yellow lines and BOT dots on the highway can be made out.

The 18-wheeler swerves a little, left to right.

The Truck Driver is unaware Delilah is now standing just yards away.

CRASH! The 18-wheeler slams head-on into Delilah.

She's sucked underneath.

The scene is gruesome. Blood, hair, and skin splattered across the broken windshield.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The 18-wheeler comes to a long screeching stop.

Delilah's mangled body sits in the middle of the bloody highway, broken.

A long beat.

From the side of the road, a large snake appears. It slithers over Delilah's corpse.

DELILAH (V.O.)

"So, like I told you in the beginning, the best love stories always end in tragedy. Ours was no different.

(beat)

Napoleon and I met, fell in love, and in just a few short weeks, we shared a love affair not many experience in a lifetime.

(beat)

It only ended when we met up with death... on a cold, rainy night, somewhere in fuckin Oregon"

FADE TO BLACK.