

# Z O L A

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Based on the Rolling Stone article

## ***"Zola Tells All"***

by

DAVID KUSHNER

& on the inimitable Twitter feed of

AZIAH "ZOLA" WELLS

Draft: 24 June 2018

ON BLACK:

The following was tweeted by @\_zolarmoon in 148 tweets on October 27, 2015.

The events portrayed in this film are inspired by true events. Names have been changed out of respect.

1

INT. NAVIGATOR- DAY

1

CLOSE on the white screen of a rose gold iPhone 5. A cursor blinks next to a message that reads **WHAT ARE YOU DOING?** (This is *Twitter* for the layfolk in the room).

SLOW ZOOM OUT from phone. Phone cradled in the hands of a girl. Her thumbs suspended in air-

We are in the backseat of an SUV barreling down a highway.

ON ZOLA- 19, BLACK, wide-eyed and mostly sure of herself.

Next to her: STEPHANIE- 22, WHITE, shifty-eyed and ratchet. Arms flailing in the air; a tad off tempo.

In the passenger seat reclined, BENJY- 40s, BLACK, enigmatic and hard to read.

At the wheel DERREK- 24, WHITE, dopey-eyed and unsteady. Eczema on both palms. A Red Bull between his thighs. On his neck a tattoo.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Y'all been requestin' it all day,  
dis da joint right here- comin' in  
it at number 1-

If we can afford it, we prolly can't, Jay-Z and Rick Ross;  
*F\*ckwithmeyouknowgotit* on radio.

STEPHANIE

My dude- I- am tel-ling you- it was  
crazy! This bitch- yo- I was like-  
(rolling her neck)  
- LOOK - if you gon slide up and  
down a pole all night in some doo-  
doo ass drawers- have you some wet  
wipes on standby cos aint nobody  
lookin' to get GIARDIA ON ACCOUNT A  
NO HOE. OH NO! Oh- no- Fool me once-

Lyrics on radio kick in.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Yassssssssssssssssssssss!

Stephanie reaches to turn the dial up high.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
(with the radio)  
I just landed in Europe, *nigga*  
Shoppin' bags, I'm a tourist, *nigga*  
Money talk, I speak fluent, *nigga*  
Reeboks on, I just do it, *nigga*  
(to Zola)  
Look at me, I'm pure, *NIGGA*

FREEZE FRAME. (Basically we want any song here that a white would **die** to rap "*nigga*" to- so- like- all of the rap songs.)

Stephanie- mouth agape, tongue mid- NIGG, eyes rolled back in revelry.

We take in the rest of the car. You know how on **Google Maps** you can do a street view, it's photo realistic- kind of jank but also dope? This moment is that.

Center console littered with candy wrappers and cigarettes and cereal.

We land on Zola. The look on her face says total disgust.

ZOLA (V.O.)  
Y'all wanna hear a story about why  
me & this white bitch fell  
out???????? It's kind of long...  
but it's full of suspense.

*Twitter whistle.\**

*\* An aural device, when a line in the script is identical to one of @\_zolarmoon's tweets. Pays homage.*

As the below unfolds we take Zola in tip to tail: Her HAIR, wavy and laid, her NAILS (gel'd for the GODS), her belly button pierced and bejeweled...

ZOLA (V.O.)  
So I met this white bitch at  
Hooters. I was her waitress. She  
came in with this old ass big ass  
black dude.

*Twitter whistle.*

So you know as a Hooters girl we  
have to talk to our customers.

(MORE)

So I sit with them & we get to  
talkin & she tells me she dances!  
So I'm like-

*Twitter whistle.*

Oh yes bitch me too! Then she tells  
me this hulking black man is her  
sugar daddy & I'm like oh yes  
bitch. My SD at home. I feel it, I  
feel it-

*Twitter whistle.*

So we vibin' over our hoeism or  
whatever- whatever. & we exchange  
numbers!!

*Twitter whistle.*

So the Next day, I get a text like,  
BITCH LET'S GO TO FLORIDA. & I'm  
like huh??? She's like "I'm going  
to dance in Florida, let's go!!"

CLOSE-UP on Zola in profile; piercing.

2

INT. HOOTERS DINING ROOM - DAY

2

Zola, from behind. CAMERA with her.

We are met by a sea of buxom women all choreographed to a  
tee: blondes, dyed blondes, brunettes. Each breezy and  
bashful. From the tips of their tongues a symphony.

*"How you doin' sugar?"/ "What can I get you darlin'/?/ Baby,  
I'll get that right in!" /"Honey, I'll get that right out!"/*

Zola arrives at a table, at it a lone man. His breath is  
trash and his face is red.

ZOLA

Welcome to Hooter's. What can I get  
you?

TRASH BREATH

Anybody ever tell you, you look  
just like Beyonce?

Zola tightens then immediately softens with a light giggle.

3 INT. HOSTESS STAND- LITTLE LATER 3

Zola punches in an order at the computer. The HOSTESS- GAIL-  
20s applies lip gloss.

GAIL

His mouth was so nasty. You could taste that shit before he walked in the door. It was fart and vinegar and egg... Whatchu call it when they skin is red like that? It's not pimples. It's a disease. I saw it on TV.

We're still talking about the man with sea breath.

ZOLA

Rosacea.

GAIL

YUP! That's the one. That's what he got. Why it's like that?

ZOLA

I wish I had an answer for you.

INT. HOOTERS - KITCHEN - DAY

Line cook, grill cook, fry cook, prep cook- men in aprons and baseball caps ready and plate an assortment of fried foods and slop.

Zola mostly out of the way, TAKES SELFIES near a dishwasher. An array of \*THOT SHOTS.

\*(THOT: that hoe over there)

She scrolls through what seems like a DOZEN IDENTICAL PHOTOS. Not totally satisfied, she takes another.

CLOSE ON: A vat of CHICKEN WINGS coming out of the fryer.

Zola picks up her order and heads for the double doors.

4 INT. DINING ROOM- LATER 4

**ZOLA SETS DOWN A CHECK FOR \$55. A HAND PLACES \$59 IN CASH IN HER HAND.**

5 INT. DINING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

5

Zola sits with 2 men who look like they don't like Obama but who do look like they could like Zola. Both open carry guns; 1 gun small/ 1 gun large.

OPEN CARRY LARGE

(midpoint)

Gotta get a guy in there who has no fear. A guy who can clean up the border. Bring back the jobs. All these people come here, they walk in- they steal- they rape- they don't pay rent. They feed off tax payer dollars. My hard earned money. They don't live like us, they don't like how we live.

ZOLA

Mmmm-

OPEN CARRY SMALL

I'ma have a Philly cheese steak with the side salad, a tortillas and guac. And a big glass a water.

Open Carry Small vacillates between Zola's breasts and sucking on a toothpick. He can't do both at the same time.

OPEN CARRY LARGE

Let me get a Texas melt, a root beer float and a small chilli with cheese and sour creme.

OPEN CARRY SMALL

You know who you look like?

ZOLA

...

OPEN CARRY SMALL

What's her name- from the show- don't she look like-

He snaps his fingers hoping something will spark.

CUT TO:

6 INT. DINING ROOM- LATER

6

**ZOLA SETS DOWN A CHECK FOR \$120. THEY LEAVE A \$5 TIP.**

7

INT. HOOTERS - DINING ROOM

7

Zola stands above a man, a woman and their parallel tandem stroller. The woman in the pair JOAN, chews gum while rocking the stroller. The man in the couple, WYATT, reads the menu to himself with his index finger. From the stroller a coo.

JOAN

Wyatt. Wyatt. Wyatt.

Wyatt looks up. Index finger still on the menu.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You see what you want?

Wyatt's mouth opens but nothing comes out.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Baby you gotta hurry it up.

Zola peeks over at the stroller, attempting a smile.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(to Zola)

Don't scrunch your face at my baby like that.

ZOLA

I was smiling.

Joan looks at Zola like she just spit in her face.

JOAN

Wyatt-

Wyatt looks up at Joan.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Did you hear how she talked to me?

WYATT

I didn't.

Wyatt looks up at Zola who is looking away.

ZOLA

I think you two need a little more time.

Zola spots a WHITE HOOTERS GIRL.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

I'ma get my girl Jessica over there  
to take your order, k?

CUT TO:

8 INT. DINING ROOM- LATER 8

**ZOLA SETS DOWN A CHECK FOR \$20. QUARTERS RAIN DOWN.**

9 INT. HOSTESS STAND- LATER 9

Zola punches in an order at the computer. Gail, Next to her  
filing her nails.

ZOLA

Every table in my section is Fruit  
Loops.

GAIL

I hate to be the one that has to  
break it to you- but that is your  
specialty.

ZOLA

Is broke my specialty too?

GAIL

How 'bout I put you on Seal and  
Heidi?

Gail points into the dining room. Zola looks over.

10 INT. HOOTERS - DINING ROOM 10

Zola stands across from a chocolate SUGAR DADDY and  
STEPHANIE, who looks quieter than she did when we met her 6  
pages ago.

Stephanie swipes through what seems like a million selfies  
absentmindedly on her phone-- her jewelry sparkling.

The SUGAR DADDY looks a lot like the man we saw behind the  
wheel (Benjy). Is it him? Maybe you're just racist?

SUGAR DADDY

I'm not the first to say this shit.  
Closer you are to a city, the  
prettier the girl. I don't know  
why. Prolly somethin' in the water.  
Prolly hormones?

(MORE)

You know they got hormones in food!  
I bet you they got it in water.  
Chicken taste like real chicken--  
it's not chicken. Mendecito?

ZOLA

Right. Right. I hear that.

Zola doesn't hear that but what is she suppose to do.

SUGAR DADDY

I want wings. What platters you got  
with wings?

Stephanie still on her phone.

ZOLA

The Buffalo Shrimp with 6 Boneless  
Wings and 6 Original Wings is one  
of our most popular.

SUGAR DADDY

That's what I want.

STEPHANIE

You got Jalapeño poppers?

ZOLA

We don't.

Stephanie looks up. It's as if the moment were destined.

STEPHANIE

Damn bitch, you got perfect  
titties. I wish I had titties like  
that! They look just like apples.

Zola blushes. The attraction is mutual.

ZOLA

Thank you.

SUGAR DADDY

Oh so you just gonna do that dyke  
shit right in front a me and not  
include me?

STEPHANIE

You so dumb. Why you so dumb?

He grips her shoulder.

ZOLA

Anything to drink?

SUGAR DADDY

Margarita.

STEPHANIE

Sangria.

SUGAR DADDY

She like blood.

They laugh, Zola joins in with a chuckle.

ZOLA

I'll get that order right in.

Stephanie watches Zola until she leaves the dining room.

11 INT. HOOTERS - HALLWAY - LATER

11

Waitresses and busboys hustling to and from the kitchen as they dodge patrons who are heading for the bathroom.

From the hallway we see Zola clearing a table. She heads for the kitchen, plates in hand. Stephanie exits the bathroom.

STEPHANIE

I feel like we met before.

ZOLA

Why white people always say dumb  
shit like that?

STEPHANIE

I seen you dance.

ZOLA

Where?

STEPHANIE

Some place.

ZOLA

When?

STEPHANIE

Few months back.

ZOLA

Wasn't me. I don't do that anymore.

Zola looks down at the dishes in her hand.

STEPHANIE

How's the money here?

ZOLA

Depends.

STEPHANIE

I'm thinkin' of changing careers.

ZOLA

They're hiring here.

STEPHANIE

Cute.

Stephanie takes a curly fry from one of the plates that Zola is holding. We follow the fry from the plate to her mouth. Zola is filled with both surprise and shock.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing tonight?

Zola hands her plates to a passing busboy.

ZOLA

Nothin'.

STEPHANIE

You want to go somewhere with me?

Stephanie takes a step closer to Zola. They stand in this charged tension before Stephanie takes Zola by the hand.

We follow their legs, gliding into-

12 INT. PANTHEON CLUB - NIGHT 12

Zola and Stephanie in a mirrored hallway, hands intertwined. They make their way past a wall of men who are staring at them. We make our way towards a stage.

13 INT. THE PANTHEON CLUB STAGE- CONTINUOUS 13

Blue and green lights marry. (There is no NEON PINK in this film that shit is DONE). The deep bass of whatever song is coming through the loud speakers vibrates. Dollar bills float up, meaning they do not fall from the sky.

A pair of legs move through the air: ZOLA. On her feet, glass slippers. Just like Cinderella.

Zola slides down spinning, whipping her hair as she descends. She climbs back up, her legs in rhythm with the music. Athletic.

**ZOLA IS REALLY GOOD AT THIS.**

In an impressive feat she spins and contorts down the pole.  
Her signature move: *the bird of paradise*.

Dollars fill the stage-- every inch covered.

Across the room, on another stage connected by a catwalk, we see Stephanie walking in a circle. She whips her hair.

Bills fall all around her.

**STEPHANIE BARELY HAS TO TRY BUT GETS THE SAME AMOUNT OF PRAISE.**

Stephanie struts from her stage to Zola's.

IN SYNC the girls move together like two snakes: their white and black shoulders rubbing against each other as Stephanie throws an arm around Zola, a black thigh meets a white torso as Zola wraps her leg around Stephanie's waist.

14 INT. PANTHEON CLUB VIP AREA - CONTINUOUS 14

Stephanie sits with a group of high rollers, their faces obscured, she laughs uproariously. They do a shot. Zola just off to the side. Stephanie pulls her close.

On Stephanie's lower back a tattoo of a Tasmanian devil.

2 MAGNUM BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE arrive followed by a small parade of women with SPARKLERS.

15 EXT. PANTHEON CLUB PARKING LOT- NIGHT 15

Zola and Stephanie sitting on the hood of Stephanie's car. An older BMW. Stephanie chain smokes.

ZOLA

Why you taggin' me in your pictures?

STEPHANIE

Why you following me on Twitter?  
Why you all up in my Instagram? Why you likin' my Facebook?

ZOLA

Same bitches that be nice to your face- is the same bitches that be talkin shit behind your back.

(putting on a voice)

(MORE)

*Oh I love you girl. Where you get that skirt? How you do yo makeup?*

STEPHANIE

(also is a voice)

*I would never dance to make money.*

(voice dropped)

*Bitch- if you can't afford to get your teeth and titties done- do not come up in my face and talk to me.*

ZOLA

I missed this.

She knew she missed dancing but she didn't know that it would feel like she had been missing a part of herself.

STEPHANIE

Cute.

Stephanie's phone vibrates, it's on the hood of the car between them. Her and Zola look down, before Zola can see who it is-

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Gotta get home. It's a school night.

INT. STEPHANIE'S CAR - LATER

Stephanie speeding. Zola in the passenger seat scrolling through baby pictures on Stephanie's phone.

ZOLA

She has your face.

STEPHANIE

You think so? I think she look like her daddy. He got obesity in his family. I hope she don't get that.

ZOLA

Word.

STEPHANIE

You got any?

ZOLA

No, but I'm the oldest of 8.

(beat)

A right here.

Stephanie makes a right.

STEPHANIE  
Your ma had 8 kids?

ZOLA  
8 girls.

STEPHANIE  
Damn!

ZOLA  
I'm on the left. There.

Stephanie slows the car down, stopping at the curb.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
Tonight was dope.

STEPHANIE  
Put your number in.

Stephanie hands Zola her phone. Zola hands Stephanie her phone. Their faces illuminated by the glow of their iphones.

Stephanie finishes first. Zola still typing. Stephanie gives a look that says: *Why you in my phone so long?*

They pass their phones back, they've exchanged 313 numbers.

ZOLA  
You got my tumblr, my twitter, my  
Facebook-

STEPHANIE  
Follow for follow, bitch.

16 INT. THE CRIB - NIGHT

16

Zola slides into bed Next to a sleeping lump of a man. She looks at him for a moment before wrapping her hair in a silk head scarf.

She slides low into bed beneath the covers. He turns to her, she backs her ass into his crotch. He wraps his arms around her.

17 INT. DINING/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

17

The sound of cereal crunching. We see SEAN- 23, Italian and also Jewish, studiously staring into a large bowl of Lucky Charms. As advertised they are magically delicious.

We pull back to reveal the crib. Furniture looks like a department store set.

SEAN

I don't feel like cookin. Outback  
for lunch?

ZOLA

...

SEAN

Cheesecake Factory?

ZOLA

...

SEAN

Did I do something?

ZOLA

I'm not hungry.

SEAN

You still gonna come with me  
though?

ZOLA

...

Sean takes her silence as consent.

SEAN

Do you know how pretty you are?

Zola bristles.

18

INT. CARABBA'S DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

18

From afar we hear Sean's voice, but all we see is Carabba's through Zola's eyes: waitresses who look like older versions of herself serving women and men who look like bloated trout.

When we see Zola and Sean they are seated center of the dining room. Zola pushes her food from side to side, a loose fitting engagement ring sparkling just above her fork.

SEAN

Have you heard anything I have  
said?

ZOLA

No.

SEAN  
(with attitude)  
Your Ma wants us to start narrowing  
down venues.

Zola squints- what the fuck is this dude talkin' about.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
There's that one spot that she  
thinks you'll like- she sent it in  
an email- you check your email-

ZOLA  
Why you talkin' to my mom on the  
phone?

SEAN  
Because-

ZOLA  
Because, because, because-

SEAN  
- she said you haven't been trying  
to make any decisions--

ZOLA  
I'd have time to *make any decisions*  
if I was working less-

SEAN  
Why you looking at me like that?

Zola rolls her eyes.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Am I missing something here?

ZOLA  
I want to go back to dancing.

SEAN  
You want to have this conversation  
here? Okay. Did I ever say anything  
to you to make you stop dancing?

ZOLA  
You've been trained to know better.

SEAN  
Oh so I'm trained?

ZOLA

When a man doesn't have anything to say about how you make your money- it's because he don't like it.

SEAN

So what if I don't. I'm entitled to that. You know I'm working on gettin' a better job for us.

OFF Zola not having it.

19 INT. ZOLA'S BEDROOM- LATE NIGHT 19

The analog clock above the TV strikes **10:35 PM**.

Sean asleep on the couch as the Powerpuff Girls plays on TV.

Zola works out on a stripper pole that is propped up in their living room.

OFF SCREEN the sound of an incoming TEXT. Zola looks over.

20 INT. STEPHANIE'S PLACE - NIGHT 20

During the following Stephanie and Zola, break the fourth wall, as they speak their TEXT CONVERSATION.

CLOSE ON STEPHANIE who is chewing gum and smoking. She looks like she was just crying.

STEPHANIE

(speaking her text)

Hey!

INTERCUT:

21 INT. ZOLA'S CRIB - CONTINUOUS 21

CLOSE ON ZOLA, still on the pole.

ZOLA

Hey?

STEPHANIE

You know who this is right?

ZOLA

You saved your number in my phone.

STEPHANIE

Listen. I'ma cut to the chase. Last month I went dancin' at this cute spot in Florida where my roommate's girl makes like 5 thousand a night.

Zola comes off the pole.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

My roommate just told me he was going down there to visit her tomorrow-

Zola goes to turn down the TV.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

-and he asked me if I had any friends who wanted to make some money and you were the first bitch I thought of.

Sean stirs awake.

ZOLA

Friends? Damn- bitch- we just met and you already tryin' to take hoe trips together?

SEAN (O.S.)

Who you texting?

Zola walks away from him and into the kitchen. He follows.

ZOLA

When we leaving?

STEPHANIE

BE READY BY 8.

ZOLA

Who's all going?

STEPHANIE

BE READY BY 8.

ZOLA

I said who's all goin.

STEPHANIE

Me- my boyfriend and my roommate.

Stephanie pauses... the embodied version of our iPhone texting ellipses "..."

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Last time I was there I met a  
rapper who had a song on the radio--

SEAN  
(off-screen)  
Hey, who is that?

ZOLA  
Meet you outside mine at 7:59.

STEPHANIE  
Bet. Text me your address.

ZOLA  
You was just here the other night.

STEPHANIE  
You think I remember. Bitch I don't  
know where I am right now.

ZOLA  
I'ma have to fuck my nigga calm.

STEPHANIE  
Cute.

Zola sets down her phone and looks up at Sean. She's excited.

SEAN  
What's that look on your face?

ZOLA  
I'm going to Florida tomorrow to  
dance.

SEAN  
Since when?

Zola heads for their bedroom. Sean follows.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Who you goin with?

ZOLA  
My friend.

SEAN  
What friend?

ZOLA  
You don't know her.

Zola pulls clothes off hangers.

SEAN

You can't go. I don't want you to.

Zola goes for her panty drawer.

22

INT. ZOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

On bed, FROM ZOLA'S POV. Sean on top. Slow and connected.

ZOLA

I'm going.

SEAN

Okay.

ZOLA

Is that yours?

SEAN

That's mine.

Sean's chest moving wildly.

ZOLA

I can't hear you.

SEAN

That's mine.

Zola tightens her thighs around his waist.

ZOLA

You like that?

SEAN

I do.

Sean breaths heavy. Zola brings his face to hers. Their foreheads almost touching. His eyes flutter.

ZOLA

Not yet.

A simple balletic choreographed move has Zola on top of Sean.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

I'm going to Florida. In the morning. With this white girl I met at Hooters. We're gonna dance. And I'ma come back with a few stacks. When I am back we'll not only look at venues. We'll put down a down payment.

SEAN

K... Are you close?

Zola puts her hand in Sean's mouth.

ZOLA

No. Fuck me like you miss me.

23 INT. THE CRIB- MORNING 23

Off screen the honk of a car. Digital clock reads 8:02.

Zola stuffs her luggage with toiletries.

24 EXT. THE CRIB - MORNING 24

A BLACK NAVIGATOR waits in the driveway. Stephanie jumps out with a big ol' smile for Zola. They embrace.

STEPHANIE

This is gonna be fun.

Derrek gets out of the backseat and grabs Zola's roller suitcase. Hoisting it up and carrying it to the trunk.

He offers Zola his hand but avoids eye contact.

Zola looks down at his hand, taking note of the flaky patch of lifted palm skin. In return she offers him a dead hand, the softest of all the shakes.

Zola climbs into the backseat (where we met her). Next to her Derrek (where we met him).

In the drivers seat a man who looks a lot like the SUGAR DADDY from the other day. Is that him? Are you racist?

He puts the car in reverse. A sly smile on his face. This is NOT the man from Hooters. This is Benjy.

**IN THE BACKGROUND:** Sean's face in the window as he watches the Navigator pull out into the street.

25 INT. NAVIGATOR- CONTINUOUS 25

Zola goes for her phone. She types out a message. As she finishes a BEEP is heard. Benjy grabs the phone and looks at it.

**TEXT:** Another sugar daddy? U got a type bitch!

*Twitter whistle.*

BENJY  
I'm using her GPS.

Zola a little mortified.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
I'm not her sugar daddy. I'm her  
roommate. Das her sugar daddy-

Benjy points at Derrek. Derrek smiles one of those smiles you can hear.

Derrek extends his hand for a shake, sheepish. Zola makes a face that says didn't we already do this- you betta get that flaky palm away from me. But really she just grins and looks down hoping that he'll pull his hand away quick.

DERREK  
Derrek. D-E-R-R-E-K.

OFF Stephanie's sparkling eyes.

HARD CUT TO:

**ON SCREEN: HOUR TWO OF TWENTY-TWO.**

INT. NAVIGATOR- DAY

On the radio: Migos "HANNAH MONTANA"

X rappin' hard, Stephanie twerkin' hard, Derrek boppin' hard and Zola keepin' it cool but singing a long.

EVERYBODY  
Hannah Montana, Hannah Montana,  
Hannah Montana, Hannah Montana  
I got Molly, I got white  
I got Molly, I got white  
I been trappin', trappin',  
trappin', trappin' all damn night  
Hannah Montana, Hannah Montana,  
Hannah Montana, Hannah Montana  
Hannah Montana, Hannah Montana,  
Hannah Montana, Hannah Montana

This is the most fun we will ever have in this car.

STEPHANIE  
(to Zola)  
I thought you said you was comin'  
to dance bitch!

Zola makes a stank face and begins to dance her ass off.  
Again this is the most fun we will ever have in this car.

HARD CUT TO:

**BLACK ON SCREEN: HOUR FOUR OF TWENTY-TWO.**

26

INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

26

Derrek on his phone, laughing with all his might.

DERREK

OH shit. Oh shit. Oh shit... You  
gotta see this-

Derrek slides to middle of the back seat. He and Zola's  
thighs touch. Zola don't want none of that.

Derrek holds his phone up in front of Stephanie. On it a **VINE  
VIDEO** of a guy slapping his soft dick on the forehead of a  
sleeping guy, ad infinitum at 6 second intervals.

DICK IN THE FACE    DICK IN THE FACE    DICK IN THE FACE

DICK IN THE FACE    DICK IN THE FACE    DICK IN THE FACE

STEPHANIE

I'm dying. Show Zola.

He holds the phone in Zola's face and the loop continues.

DICK IN THE FACE    DICK IN THE FACE    DICK IN THE FACE

ZOLA

I'm dead.

DERREK

Yo I gotta start my own Vine.

STEPHANIE

He be doin' the funniest shit Zola.

27

EXT. GAS STATION/ CRACKER BARREL PARKING LOT - DAY

27

Benjy, fills the tank with gas. Slow dancing to the music on  
the radio.

Derrek sets his phone on a self timer and takes a picture of  
himself \*planking on a trash can.

\* Planking: the act of laying flat and face down on anything and then taking a picture of said act.

Derrek's nose starts bleeding.

**IN THE BACKGROUND:** a billboard that reads "GOD IS WATCHING".

28 INT. CRACKER BARREL BATHROOM - DAY

28

Zola and Stephanie rush into the bathroom and take to separate stalls.

CAMERA above and on Zola. She pulls down her panties and hovers slightly above the seat. We feel her back.

CAMERA on a slider, moves from Zola to Stephanie's where she's happily sitting on the toilet peeing.

STEPHANIE

I'm so hungry I could eat a dick  
right now.

CAMERA moves back to Zola who is finishing and reaching to grab toilet paper only to realize there is basically none.

ZOLA

Hey... You got tissue?

On Stephanie who is pulling her pants up; sans wipe. She grabs a bunch of toilet paper to hand over beneath the stall.

29 INT. NAVIGATOR - NIGHT

29

Derrek behind the wheel, exhausted. Zola behind him, in the back seat, playing a game on her phone. Stephanie next to her, asleep. Benjy in the passenger seat, eyes closed but awake.

DERREK

You been together 7 years?

ZOLA

Off and on since we were 12.

DERREK

You all live together?

ZOLA

For about a year now.

DERREK

That's what I'm working on. I want to get us a little house. A 2 bedroom. I'm savin' up. Slowly but surely.

Zola still focused on the game on her phone.

DERREK (CONT'D)

She's my best friend. I would do anything for her. She need a kidney- she got it. A lung, a eye- whatever, she can have it.

Benjy turns the radio up.

HARD CUT TO:

**ON SCREEN: HOUR SIXTEEN OF TWENTY-TWO.**

30 EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAYS - MORNING 30

The NAVIGATOR rockets past a sign that reads: *"Welcome to Florida: The Sunshine State!"*

31 INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY 31

Outside the whole palate is different. If this were Bosch's "THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS", we'd be entering panel 2.

STEPHANIE

(rolling her neck)

- LOOK - if you gon slide up and down a pole all night in some doo-doo ass drawers- have you some wet wipes on standby cos aint nobody lookin' to get GIARDIA ON ACCOUNT A NO HOE. OH NO! Oh- no- Fool me once-

This picks up where we started. Lyrics on radio kick in.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Yassssssssssssssssssss!

On the radio, "F\*ckWithMeYouKnowIGotIt" (if we can afford it). Stephanie rapping along. She turns the radio dial up high.

RADIO/ STEPHANIE

I just landed in Europe, nigga  
 Shoppin' bags, I'm a tourist, nigga  
 Money talk, I speak fluent, nigga  
 Reeboks on, I just do it, nigga  
 Look at me, I'm pure, nigga

Stephanie tries to get Zola to sing with her. Zola's got a-  
 it's too late to turn back face on.

RADIO/ STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I bet the hoes on my tour, nigga  
 I don't bop, I do the money dance  
 My bitch whip cost a hundred grand-  
 Sexy bitch, I hope she 'bout it  
 Sexy bitch, I know she 'bout it  
 Fuck with me, you know I got it

The car comes to a stop at a light next to a trailer park.

STEPHANIE

We bout to make that schmoney  
 honey!

Zola's focus drifts from Stephanie to her window.

Outside her window two little girls chase each other with a  
 stick.

**IN THE BACKGROUND:** Confederate flags wave high up above them.

32

INT. NAVIGATOR- EARLY EVENING

32

Outside things go from seemingly polished to putrid.

Derrek at the wheel. Benjy checks his teeth in the sun visor  
 mirror. Stephanie and Zola both on their phones, necks  
 curved.

On the RADIO: 2 Chainz "WATCH OUT".

BENJY

(to Derrek)

Ey- slow down bro. Slow down.

Benjy snaps his fingers.

BENJY (CONT'D)

Here. Here. Turn here. Right here.

33

EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- EARLY EVENING

33

The NAVIGATOR pulls into a littered parking lot of a two-story motel. Zola's face turns sour. This is RAGGEDY. Not what her or Derrek were expecting. Stephanie applies lipstick.

DERREK  
(puzzled)  
What's this?

BENJY  
It's just for a few hours.

DERREK  
For me? I don't need it.

BENJY  
I thought you was tired.

DERREK  
I'm not tired.

STEPHANIE  
Baby you look tired.

DERREK  
I guess I am a little tired.

BENJY  
I'ma get you a room key. Get you  
all set up.

Benjy hops out of the car.

STEPHANIE  
I heard they made Miami Vice around  
here.

ZOLA  
Where did you hear that?

Zola perplexed- what the fuck is goin' on.

STEPHANIE  
I love Will Smith. He so good.  
Ain't he so good.

It is Jamie Foxx who is in Miami Vice not Will Smith.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
You remember that movie baby?

DERREK

Yeah I love Keanu Reeves.

It is Colin Farrell who is in Miami Vice not Keanu Reeves.

Benjy makes it back to the car.

34 EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- CONTINUOUS

34

Derrek gets out the car looking dazed. Stephanie cozies up to him.

We see a stray dog and HOMELESS PAIR in lawn chairs.

As Zola exits the car...

**IN THE BACKGROUND:** a POCKMARKED MAN in a speedo and Timbs crosses. He is followed by a RED-HAIRED GIRL who is fumbling through her purse. They feel cracky. "Where my Kools at?"; "I thought you wanted Newports". An argument ensues and some racist shit flies out one of their mouths about Assalamualaikum's (Arabs). They arrive at their door. He pushes her and she spits in his face. "You want to spit bitch?". It's a solid vibe.

Above this chilling piece of theatre 2 kids dribble a basketball back and forth.

35 INT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- LATER

35

Broken blinds, wall paper comin' off the walls, matted rug. (Reference: Taryn Simon's "Larry Mayes Scene of Arrest".)

Zola stands out of the way with all her stuff, looking like a Dorothy from Oz. Benjy, Stephanie and Derrek are moving luggage into the room. We pull focus from them to Zola.

As though from a radio in another room we hear a rendition of "EASE ON DOWN THE ROAD" from The Wiz.

ZOLA (V.O.)

So we get to Florida and show up at this nasty motel on the side of street.

*Twitter whistle.*

ZOLA

And the white bitch, pulls me to the side and is like-

EXTREME CLOSE UP of Stephanie, lookin' a little like a demon.

STEPHANIE

We gon' be at the club all night.  
This room is for Derrek not us! Do-  
not- trip. Don't trip.

*Twitter whistle.*

The closet door falls open with a THUD- all but Benjy jump-  
as Derrek attempts to put their things away.

DERREK

(voice cracking)  
I don't want to stay here.

BENJY

(slapping his chest)  
Ey, ey... you only have to be here  
till the girls get done with what  
they gotta do.  
(smooth and pointed)  
Our room aint ready. Whatchu want  
me to do? I can't make it be ready.  
The girls gotta work right now. It  
don't make much sense to put a  
bunch of money into a room that  
you're gonna be in all alone?

Derrek unsure. Zola confounded.

BENJY (CONT'D)

So we save money today. Get to the  
pool and the piña coladas tomorrow.

DERREK

But can't I just--

Stephanie goes to him and takes his face in her hands.

STEPHANIE

Baby... Hi. It's not so bad, is it?

Stephanie, shakes his head side to side, getting him to say  
No.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

We won't be gone long, right?

Stephanie, moves his head up and down, getting him to say  
yes. Derrek bummed.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

We'll be back so soon.

OFF Derrek, lookin' like a pound puppy.

36 EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- CONTINUOUS

36

Zola, Stephanie and Benjy walk away from the motel and back to the car. Zola in the rear with a purse and overnight bag. Stephanie in the middle with a plastic bag. Benjy in the lead.

ZOLA

That place look like it got roaches. I don't fuck with roaches.

STEPHANIE

(to Zola confident)

We're not staying there girl.

(to Benjy less confident)

We're not staying there, right?

BENJY

Nah. This is just for Derrek. I got you girls a real nice spot. It's on the other side of town.

Zola slightly suspect.

ZOLA

And when we are coming back for our bags? I don't really like my things being so far away from me.

They arrive at the Navigator. All aboard!

**IN THE BACKGROUND:** Derrek's face in the window as he watches the Navigator pull out into the street.

37 INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

37

On stage an older curvier woman picks up her tips from the stage. A woman under 5ft, let's call her Skipper- that's Barbie's tiny friend, cleans the pole down with wet wipes.

Under 20 patrons. We are between sets.

Zola stands along the wall, PULSING LIGHTS playing off her face. She's *feeling the music*. Still optimistic.

**IN THE BACKGROUND:** Stephanie at the bar chatting with Benjy and THE FLORIDA MANAGER- 50s. Benjy points at Zola. The Florida Manager grins. Benjy leaves. Stephanie gestures for Zola.

STEPHANIE

We back here.

ZOLA

Where'd your boy go?

STEPHANIE

He had to go see his girlfriend.  
He'll be back when we're done.

38

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

38

Wall to wall carpet, lockers, mirrors, mix and match seating (bistro chair/ folding chair/ patio chair/ stools).

Stephanie disrobes out of her street clothes, stripper wear already on.

A group of about 8 women in various stages of undress holding hands in prayer, (Age Range 22-52). The leader of the pack, a woman with a body made for KING magazine, HOLLYWOOD. Prayer is underscored with roars of *Yes Father* and *Thank you Jesus*.

HOLLYWOOD

Heavenly father we gather here  
today to thank you for the bounties  
you have bestowed upon us. *Ass,*  
*Titties, Face, Weave.* Father, we  
call on you to ask you for your  
blessings. We pray that you hear  
us. Send us niggas that can pay  
rent. Send us niggas wit' nice  
cars. Send us niggas that got  
boats. Niggas wit' condos. Niggas  
that got ocean views. Niggas wit'  
taste and culture. NO more fart ass  
niggas. NO hoodlums, NO thugs, NO  
scammers. Father God hear us, send  
us your angels to encamp around us.

Zola unpacks from her overnight bag.

ZOLA

Who you gonna be tonight Zola?

Zola in the mirror holding one of her outfits up. CUE a light change, Zola's reflection refracted and multiplied in mirrors behind and around her. (Reference: Yayoi Kusama's Infinity room.)

She slips into a miniskirt, in the mirror a BARBIE ZOLA futzes with her bangs (blonde wig/ high pony/ pink monokini).

All of the other women in the room have faded to black, we are only with Zola and Barbie Zola.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
 (to an imagined customer)  
 Barbie needs a Ken. Is that you?

**ENTER, A PARADE OF ZOLA'S: Preppy Zola, Kitty Zola, Bunny Zola, Sporty Zola, Army Zola, Pirate Zola, Nurse Zola... etc.**

Reference: Lil Kim through all of the 1990s

*As each of the Zola's move they glitch and twitch like a GIF.*

The Zola's model and mug in the mirror. Our Zola adopts something from each of them: a gesture, a wig, the flourish of an eyeliner. Zola stares at the mesh body stocking on BUNNY ZOLA, it excites her. She takes the one from her bag.

**Moment interrupted by Stephanie. CUE LIGHTS!**

STEPHANIE  
 You need these.

Stephanie hands Zola a pair of pasties.

ZOLA  
 For what?

The Parade of Zola's have seemingly disappeared.

STEPHANIE  
 This is a pasties and panties joint.

ZOLA  
 A what?

All the women in the room turn.

ALL THE WOMEN  
 Pasties and Panties!

Zola in shock.

STEPHANIE  
 You gotta have a permit in Florida for anything else.

ZOLA  
 Baby somebody got me twisted... I am a full nude type a bitch.

*Twitter whistle.*

STEPHANIE  
 Not tonight.

The parade of Zola's all walking away until the only Zola left is PASTIES AND BOY SHORTS ZOLA.

ZOLA

How they expect us to make shit in this?

STEPHANIE

Easy. We're the sexiest bitches in here.

She's not wrong. They're the sexiest bitches in there. Stephanie wraps an arm around Zola and pulls out her phone.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Pose up.

Stephanie raises her phone to snap a pic. She presses down.

**ON SCREEN** the message: STORAGE ALMOST FULL.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Fuck. I gotta delete some pics.

She deletes. They pose up again.

**FLASH:** A PIC OF THEM IN THE MIRROR FACE AND BODIES PRESSED CLOSE, BIG SMILES.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Cute.

*They twitch and glitch for a moment like sexy GIFs.*

ENTER Florida Manager.

FLORIDA MANAGER

(to Zola and Stephanie)

You two.

39

INT. STRIP CLUB HALLWAY - EVENING

39

Zola and Stephanie walking towards the stages. Stephanie's long patent heel stepping in time with Zola's equally long and precarious patent knee highs.

Music loud and percussive; it scores this journey and our Next.

40 INT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- NIGHT 40

Through his open door we see Derrek alone in his room. He picks at the eczema on his hands. On his phone a VINE VIDEO loop of a guy getting kicked in the chest.

41 INT. STRIP CLUB STAGES - CONTINUOUS 41

Zola ascends the stairs in front of her and sees the pole shining like an old friend.

She jumps the pole and begins an athletic climb to the top. Heels CLANKING.

Once at the top she throws herself into an impressive back bend. She rotates, her hair flies out. She inverts herself, her legs wide.

DOLLAR BILLS ON HER THIGHS. Between her thighs we see Stephanie on the opposite stage not bothering with the pole as more than a place to lay her back as she shakes her hips.

42 INT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- CONTINUOUS 42

Derrek, pacing and biting his nails. Phone to his ear.

STEPHANIE

(voicemail)

Hi it's Stephanie. I'm not here right now. I'm busy. Leave a message... after the beep, if you don't, I- ain't- your- friend!

Message ends with a big cackle. He hangs up, tries again.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(voicemail)

Hi it's Stephanie. I'm not here right now. I'm busy. Leave a message... after the beep, if you don't, I- ain't- your- friend!

Message ends with a big cackle.

DERREK

Call me when you get this.

Derrek falls onto the bed. As the music increases in volume he shakes. His feet kicking; his arms pounding. Full tantrum.

43 INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS 43

Zola slams her legs shut. She gears her body up for the move she's missed performing the most: THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

She opens up her legs and with impeccable grace she slides down the pole into a split. Without breaking a sweat she begins to POP POP POP. She looks over her shoulder with a playful smile. A man with RADISH HANDS stuffs her panties with singles.

RADISH HANDS

Anyone ever tell you, you look just like Whoopi Goldberg?

SONG comes to an end. Zola stands. She looks down at the meager earnings her impressive display have garnered her. She sweeps them into her hand and walks off the stage.

44 INT. DRESSING ROOM- LATER 44

Zola seated at a vanity counts the dollars she just collected: REALLY?

ENTER Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

Where you been?

ZOLA

Where you left me.

STEPHANIE

The manager wanted me to tell you there's this dude here that wants you to do a private dance.

ZOLA

I don't do that.

STEPHANIE

He used to play football. He's from Brompton. Now he makes money with dogs.

ZOLA

Yeah- I don't do that. Call your boy. I'm ready--

STEPHANIE

Cool. Take another pic with me real quick.

Stephanie pulls Zola close again. They POSE TOGETHER for another picture in the mirror.

**ON SCREEN:** CANNOT TAKE PHOTO.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck! I need a new phone.

Delete, delete, delete. She deletes a barrage of PHOTOS. Stephanie pulls Zola in again. They take an albums worth of pictures, no flash. Per click, subtle changes in pose.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Cute. I'm texting these to Benjy.

As Stephanie punches out this text, Zola stares at her.

ZOLA  
(suspicious)  
Why you doin' that?

STEPHANIE  
So he can come get us.

ZOLA  
What's the deal wit your boy- your  
"roommate"?

*Twitter whistle.*

STEPHANIE  
He's cool. We cool. It's cool.

ZOLA  
You cool?

STEPHANIE  
He used to take care of me.

ZOLA  
Right- yeah- I'm not tryin' to fuck  
with that.

STEPHANIE  
With what?

ZOLA  
Is he your pimp?

STEPHANIE  
It's not like that with us.

ZOLA  
Okay. Too vague.

STEPHANIE  
He just takes care of me.

ZOLA  
You in day care?

STEPHANIE  
(pouty)  
I don't want beef with you.

Stephanie gets a text.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
(reading the text)  
He'll be here in 30.

Our first moment of tension. Stephanie grabs her things.  
They're in a plastic bag. She exits. Zola watches her go.

45

INT. STRIP CLUB - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

45

Zola, in her street clothes, walks through the club with her  
purse and overnight bag. She spots Stephanie at the bar with  
some BRO. Zola approaches.

STEPHANIE  
Last time I was in that club-  
somebody stole my purse. I do not  
go there unless I have to. Those  
bitches are nasty. They all got  
diarrhea. They need Tylenol.

ZOLA  
Yo- where your dude?

STEPHANIE  
(to Bro)  
Try me later k-

Stephanie dismisses him with a kiss on the cheek.

ZOLA  
Who that?

STEPHANIE  
He was just telling me about club  
we could go dance at. But you gotta  
do private dances there though-

ZOLA  
Next subject.

STEPHANIE  
You make any money?

ZOLA  
Yeah, why?

STEPHANIE  
He's gonna ask.

ZOLA  
Ask what?

STEPHANIE  
You'll see.

ZOLA  
We'll see.

STEPHANIE  
I would hide it.

ZOLA  
I don't gotta hide what's mine.

OFF Stephanie's knowing smile.

46

EXT. PARKING LOT OF STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

46

Benjy puts their bags in the trunk. Zola and Stephanie in the back seat.

BENJY  
What y'all make?

Stephanie turns to Zola- *What I tell you?*

STEPHANIE  
Nothin'.  
ZOLA  
Nothing.

Zola eyes Stephanie; this nigga has gotta be your pimp.

BENJY  
My other girl had a bad night too.

Zola's mind racing- *other girl? What does that mean? It does not sound right.*

ZOLA  
I need a aspirin.

Benjy in the drivers seat. He's got an idea.

BENJY  
Nobody made shit. Y'all wanna trap?

STEPHANIE  
What you got for us?

Zola trying to follow along. Stephanie avoiding eye contact.

BENJY  
I set you both up on Backpage.

Stephanie slips into the front seat, her ass in Zola's face.

STEPHANIE  
Cute.

Zola's head splitting.

BENJY  
Yous about to get you some.

ZOLA  
Excuse me?

Benjy hands Stephanie a phone.

BENJY  
Take the trap phone.

ZOLA  
Come again?

Zola zeroes in on the phone and reaches for it.

STEPHANIE  
Good lookin' out.

Zola scrolling.

BENJY  
You know I always got you.

ZOLA  
(to self)  
Hold up- these the photos you took  
in the dressing room.

Stephanie checks her self out in the cars' visor mirror.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
Wow. Shit. Okay. Look I watch a lot  
SVU, I get it- trust- I do it's  
just- y'all got me confused.  
(clapping it out)  
(MORE)

You must be out of your goddamn  
minds. I gots to go. Time to go.

Zola opens the back door of the still idling car. Benjy  
punches the arm rest of the center console. Zola jumps.

BENJY  
(in Nigerian accent)  
Shut the fucking door- bitch!

ZOLA  
Where the *fuck* you from- nigga? You  
from Africa?

BENJY  
(in Nigerian accent)  
Nigga- where the fuck you from? Get  
your ass back in this car! Oh I'ma  
put you ass in this car.

Zola pulls the door shut. Benjy looks at her in the rearview.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
I picked you up at your house. I  
know where you live. I know where  
you work. Next time you fix up your  
mouth to talk to me, remember that.

Zola shook.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
Put yo seat belt on bitch.

Zola puts her seat belt on. He turns to her, smile on.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
(accent gone, steady )  
I got you girls a real nice spot.  
It's on the other side of town.

Zola zeros in on his mouth, the way his lips move- the  
yellowness of his teeth.

47 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATE

47

CAMERA booms down from a chandelier.

Benjy, Stephanie and Zola walking through a lobby. Zola:  
boiling. Her purse in hand. Stephanie carrying a plastic bag.

Fake floral arrangements throughout.

Zola tries to catch Stephanie's eyes. Benjy leads them into the elevator-- he is the picture of nonchalance.

As the doors to the elevator close an arm reaches in.

ENTER 2 drunk men (TWINS) in town on a bachelor's weekend. Both in polos and khakis. From a Galaxy Note "WONDERWALL" by Oasis plays. One of them hones in on the girls.

TWINS IN POLOS

(singing loud)

Backbeat the word was on the street  
That the fire in your heart is out  
I'm sure you've heard it all before  
But you never really had a doubt  
I don't believe that anybody  
Feels the way I do about you now

Zola stares at Stephanie, willing her to look her way. Stephanie looks up and immediately withers.

TWINS IN POLOS (CONT'D)

And all the roads we have to walk  
are winding/ And all the lights  
that lead us there are blinding  
There are many things that I would  
like to say to you but I don't know  
how/ Because maybe, you're gonna be  
the one that saves me/ And after  
all, you're my wonderwall

48 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY- NIGHT

48

Elevator doors open. Benjy in the lead. Stephanie just behind him, seemingly unscathed. Their steps in sync. Zola in the rear and many feet away. *Wonderwall* fading behind us.

We arrive at their room. Benjy uses the KEY CARD. He holds the door open for Stephanie and Zola.

49 INT. HOTEL ROOM- CONTINUOUS

49

OFF SCREEN a long thick stream of urine hitting a toilet bowl. Benjy in the bathroom, door open.

Stephanie and Zola in the room, on opposite ends, silent.

OFF SCREEN a flush. Benjy enters and gives a long look around, finally landing on Stephanie. He points from Zola to her.

BENJY

You invited this girl down here.  
Show this bitch how we do.

Benjy heads for the door. Stephanie goes to him, her eyes begging him to stay. His phone rings. "I gotta take this". He cradles her face. She leans into his hand. He kisses her on the mouth and with that he is out the door. She knows what's coming-

ZOLA

(screaming)

Bitch, you got me fucked up! You  
had me thinking we was 'bout to  
dance at the fucking Tampa KOD-

**KOD**, King Of Diamonds a Strip Club in Miami. Rick Ross, Drake, and Young Jeezy have all referenced it in song.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

-When the okeydoke was your bum ass  
thought I was one of these hoes out  
here poppin' pussy for pennies  
while I bide my time to make the  
real money ass up/ face down. And  
listen baby- no shade, no shame- do  
you- but that IS NOT what you told  
me I was gettin' myself into.

Zola on her feet, jabbing a finger in Stephanie's face.

STEPHANIE

(soft)

Are you gonna hit me?

ZOLA

I should punch you in that goddamn  
throat.

Stephanie takes a step back.

STEPHANIE

I don't wanna fight.

ZOLA

(doing her best Becky)

Okay- cool.

STEPHANIE

I wasn't tryin' to fuck with you.

ZOLA

Then what was you tryin'?

Stephanie doesn't know what to say.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
You're sittin' up here ackin like  
this is cool. This is messy. You  
are messy. Your brain is broke.

Zola grabs her shit.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
Bye-bye, I done. Be safe. Wear  
condoms.

Zola walks to the door and swings it open. At the end of the  
hall is Benjy, on a phone call, near the elevator bank.

STEPHANIE  
(desperate)  
Zola don't go. Please.

Zola looks at her, pained: *You called yourself my friend.*

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean to bring you into  
this. I swear. I swear on my life.

Stephanie starts CRYING. Crying with her voice, not with her  
face. Zola disarmed.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
I didn't know it was gonna go like  
this. You're my friend. I'm so  
scared. I don't want to be alone.

ZOLA  
What is that? Are you cryin'? I  
hate that. That is not cool.

Stephanie down on her knees, crawls to Zola.

STEPHANIE  
I didn't want to take this trip. I  
had to take this trip. He knows  
where I live- where my daughter  
lives. This trip is for my baby. I  
do it all for my baby.

WE PULL BACK to see Stephanie watching MAURY . KYRON on the TV reads: *I've had sex with 8 men, I don't know which one is the father. Stephanie's baby is strapped in a car seat.*

MAURY

(on TV)

This is a classic case of he said, she said. Jolene says Bobby is the father. Bobby says he only ever had sex with Jolene twice and he aint never got no one pregnant. Bobby says Eddie had sex with her for months. Eddie says he wasn't in town when she coulda got pregnant-

Baby wails. Stephanie turns up the volume on the TV.

STEPHANIE

Damn GURL. SHUT. UP.

51 INT. HOTEL ROOM- WHERE WE JUST WERE

51

Stephanie is blowing her nose in the bathroom. Zola on the bed in the suite.

STEPHANIE

All you do is check'em in- make sure it's not a cop-type thing. You know? Make sure they don't got a wire or a knife, or a gun, or whatever.

(beat)

And get money out of the way at the top otherwise they act like they don't have it.

Zola stares out, calculating, doing the math on the situation: her friendship with this woman + how she got here ÷ (divided) by what she should do Next.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

He's not gonna force you to trap.

ZOLA

(tense)

Oh, bitch, I know he not.

(trying to believe this)

If he try and run up on me again like he did- BET.

TRAP PHONE beeps. Stephanie looks at it.

STEPHANIE

There's a guy on his way up.

Zola measures; *I should really leave.*

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You want me to beg?

ZOLA

I'ma stay with you 'til I get my stuff from that dingy ass motel. Tomorrow you take my ass to the train or the bus or-

Stephanie gives her peck on the lips.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

What do I have to do?

Stephanie hurries off into the bathroom to finish getting ready. Zola left alone in the bedroom. Her NERVES kick in.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

(like a grocery list)

You get the money. You pat them down. Make sure it's not a cop type thing. Check for a gun, or a knife, or a taser... Some of these guys like to get freaky. Keep it light. Keep it quick. They take advantage if it feels amateur.

Stephanie comes out of the bathroom in a school girl look. Her demeanor has transformed in an instant. Zola sees her in a whole new light.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You like?

Zola says nothing, she just watches. Stephanie fastens the strap of her Mary Jane heels.

A KNOCK at the door. Stephanie slip into the bathroom shutting the door behind her. Another KNOCK, Zola frozen.

Stephanie pops her head out.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Let him in.

On an inhale Zola goes for the front door. Stephanie slips back into the bathroom.

At the door a PLUS-SIZE JOE (WHITE) takes a step in and stops short, in his hand a CVS bag.

Zola stares at him. He stares back. She's already forgotten how this is supposed to go.

PLUS-SIZE JOE  
How old are you?

ZOLA  
19.

PLUS-SIZE JOE  
I ordered a white chick.

Zola can't find her words. He waves in her face. Something clicks her in.

ZOLA  
Motherfucker, you think I don't know? Up against the wall.

All the aggression she had been saving starts to come out as her hands roughly pat this Joe down.

PLUS-SIZE JOE  
Woah, woah, woah! What's going on?

Zola taps on the bathroom door.

ZOLA  
He's good...

Plus-Size Joe recoils, "Not again", as though Chris Hansen is about to appear with the Tampa PD. Stephanie comes out of the bathroom sucking on a lollipop. Plus-Size Joe looks from Zola to her- we sure this isn't an episode of *Catch a Predator*.

PLUS-SIZE JOE  
(on guard)  
How old are you?

STEPHANIE  
22.

Stephanie licks her lollipop.

PLUS-SIZE JOE  
I brought you chocolate.

He hands Stephanie the CVS bag. She hands it to Zola.

STEPHANIE  
 (to Zola)  
 You got the money honey?

No she did not! FUCK ME!

ZOLA  
 Back against the wall!

He hesitates but does as he is told.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
 Wallet.

PLUS-SIZE JOE  
 I- I know how much is in here.

ZOLA  
 Good for you.

He HANDS OVER HIS WALLET. And, with that, he UNBUCKLES.

We follow him and Stephanie to the bed. His pants come off. They immediately START TO SEX\*. It's sloppy and slow and wet. Zola watches. There is no real way to get away from it. She goes for the bathroom. The sound is inescapable. Each moan making Stephanie more and more foreign to her.

\*There is a good deal of sex in this film. It is after all a film about sexual violence. It's worth noting that most of the sex is meant to be seen through the female gaze. What does that mean Janicza? Great question. It means more dicks- less chicks. When we see women in this environment- they are small and powerless. They are objects. Rather than objectify our women who are victims of a world that has failed them let us objectify the victimizer; the men who participate. So we treat sex as a transaction.

52 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 52

CLOSE ON ZOLA: Overwhelmed. This dudes wallet in her hands. What did she get herself into. This is depressing.

GROANS off-screen pour through the walls. If we didn't know it was sex we might think it was the slaughter of a lamb.

Zola runs her hands under water in the sink. The ding of an incoming text. She looks at her phone. It's a TEXT FROM SEAN.

53 INT. ZOLA'S HOUSE- NIGHT 53

CLOSE on Sean looking his SADBOI best. THIS IS A TEXT. Like when we text with Stephanie and Zola. Sean speaks his text. Reference: Drake in any situation during the *Take Care* era.

SEAN

Yo. Text me back. I'm worried about you. I wanna know you're okay. I haven't heard from you since you left. You alright? I miss you. I love you. Heart emoji. Heart emoji. Rose emoji. Rose emoji.

Sean lowers his gaze-- casually seductive.

54 INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT 54

The pang of missing him moves through her. She hangs on this feeling for a beat.

She begins to respond to his text. The groans come to a stop.

55 INT. HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER 55

Zola enters, a tad timid. Stephanie and Plus-size Joe have their backs to each other, they're getting dressed.

Plus-size Joe takes his wallet from Zola. Zola looks at Stephanie, trying to connect.

Plus-size Joe counts out the 3 FIFTIES. He hands them to Stephanie who places them on the night stand Next to her. Zola stunned by the transaction.

Plus-size Joe buckles his belt and is out the door.

Zola is still looking at Stephanie who is now fully dressed and fixing her hair.

ZOLA

What the fuck?

STEPHANIE

Yes?

ZOLA

That dude just gave you 150 bucks.

STEPHANIE

(defensive)

Yes.

ZOLA

Twenty minutes on the pole is damn near 150!

STEPHANIE

On a good night.

ZOLA

Word.

(beat)

Pussy is worth thousands, bitch!

*Twitter whistle.*

STEPHANIE

I don't set the price.

ZOLA

(an idea)

Hand me your phone.

STEPHANIE

No.

ZOLA

Hand me your phone.

STEPHANIE

What if he gets mad?

Zola takes the TRAP PHONE away from Stephanie.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I don't think we should.

Stephanie sits Next to her.

ZOLA

It's all about the photos.

Zola goes through the phone. She lands on the Backpage ad. Zola shows her the pics on the ad. Their shoulders touching. While all of this is off this part is nice.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

Look at this. No. And this? What is this? No. Who likes this? No.

Zola takes Stephanie by the arm and stands her in some decent light. Stephanie tries to fight it but seeing Zola's energy relaxes her.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

If a nigga like the picture he don't look at the price. Put your arm up.

She does as she is told. Zola snaps a few shots.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
Chest up. Bite your lip. Stick your  
hip out a little. Like this.

Zola demonstrates.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Don't smile. They don't like  
teeth.

STEPHANIE  
Benjy says I gotta get my teeth  
done so I can suck dick better.

Zola sets down the phone, looking at Stephanie concerned,  
almost like a big sister.

ZOLA  
(changing the subject)  
I'ma make you a new page. If you  
gon' do this shit, let's do this  
shit right.

Stephanie likes being cared for.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
Who you doing this for?

Stephanie not sure what the right answer is and then:

STEPHANIE  
(lying)  
My baby.

ZOLA  
Ok then. It's gon' be 500 a pop.

STEPHANIE  
That's too much.

ZOLA  
It's not.

STEPHANIE  
Nobody's gonna call.

**PING!** A MESSAGE ON BACKPAGE.

ZOLA  
(showing her the phone)  
See?

Smiles start to cross both of their faces.

STEPHANIE

Oh my God, Zola.

The trap phone starts BLOWING UP with requests!

ZOLA

See that. I got you a nigga comin'  
up here, RIGHT NOW, payin' 500 for  
15 minutes a pussy.

They bout to make BANK!

On the bedside table Stephanie's phone vibrates. As the girls celebrate CAMERA pushes past them and onto THE PHONE.

56 INT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- DEEP NIGHT 56

We catch back up with Derrek. Still trying to call Stephanie.

DERREK

(into the phone)

Stephanie, it's me Derrek. Where  
you at? Seems like the club should  
be closing soon. Call me back- yo.

Derrek hangs up and calls again.

DERREK (CONT'D)

Baby. It's me Derrek. Call me when  
you can alright? I love you baby.

Derrek blows kisses into the phone, it's TRAGIC.

57 EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- LITTLE LATER 57

Derrek wanders. The BLACK DUDE WITH DREADS from earlier  
lingers on the 2nd floor landing. Derrek and he lock eyes.

A beat later a GIANT WHITE DUDE comes outta one of the rooms.  
Derrek watches them slap hands and EXCHANGE MONEY.

Derrek keeps his head down as he hurries away from them.

58 INT. 7-ELEVEN - LATE NIGHT 58

Fluorescent lights. Derrek tries Stephanie again. He walks  
the beer aisle, sipping on a Slurpee. Arms loaded with junk  
food.

DERREK  
(into phone)  
FUCK, Stephanie. Pick up the phone!

He hangs up and finds himself standing face-to-face with the DREADS DUDE from the motel. This is DION, his teeth are GOLD.

DION  
What up?

DERREK  
Nothin'- what up with you?

DION  
Didn't I see you earlier? Wasn't you at the motel across the street?

Derrek slurps on his Slurpee.

DION (CONT'D)  
You was with some pretty girls. Had a bunch bags. There was a Black one with a big ass and a blonde one?

DERREK  
The blonde ones' my girlfriend.

DION  
You in from outta town.

DERREK  
Detroit.

DION  
Whatchu y'all doin' here?

Derrek happy to have what feels like a connection.

DERREK  
Makin' money. They went dancin'. I'm waitin' for them to come back.

DION  
This- yo first time in Tampa?

59

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

59

A RUSSIAN WITH DEAD EYES hands Zola his wallet. He walks over to Stephanie who is on the bed looking expectant.

Zola looks down at the wallet in her hand.

The room is pointedly silent, save for grunts. The RUSSIAN runs his fingers through Stephanie's hair.

This takes us into a SERIES OF MEN, a pageant if you will of wallets and DICKS (a diversity of shades, shapes and sizes).

A pair of SMALL HANDS help Stephanie out of her top (no breasts). A pair of HAIRY HANDS pull down her skirt (no crotch). A pair of LONG HANDS play with her feet. A pair of BIG HANDS flip her onto her stomach. A pair of THIN LIPS kiss her bottom. A MOUTH takes a bite of her shoulder. Nails down her back, they leave a mark.

Stephanie in bed under a man in a shirt, jacket and tie.

Zola is seated in a corner. Her face lit by her phone.

ZOOM to Zola, glacially. CAMERA passes over the sex in bed as it nears to Zola.

Zola scrawls out a long text message to SEAN.

ZOLA

Sean, saw you texted. Been a long day and my phone didn't have good service. Everything's okay. It's good. That white girl set us up with a real nice spot. Five stars. IRL. The club was lit too, but I'm tired. I can barely keep my eyes open. Gotta cop some Z's. LOL. IDK. I love you. I miss you. XO. XO.

STEPHANIE

Did I say you could cum on me?

OFF Stephanie wiping JIZZ off of her face, (don't be scared, it will be tasteful).

ALT.

OFF the hotel door slamming shut.

60

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEAR DAWN

60

Stephanie and Zola stand over the bed, it's covered in \$\$\$.

STEPHANIE

How many was that?

Stephanie eating the chocolate Plus-size Joe brought.

ZOLA

18. Your boy sent 3.

Zola organizing bills in stacks of 1s, 5s, 10s, 20s, 50s.

Stephanie's phone RINGS. CAMERA pushes to her phone, still on the night stand.

STEPHANIE

(panicking)

It's Derrek-

ZOLA

And?

STEPHANIE

(whispering)

*He doesn't know...*

(to Derrek)

Babe.

Zola rolls her eyes. Stephanie has Derrek on SPEAKER PHONE.

DERREK

Where the fuck are you? I been callin' you all night.

STEPHANIE

I don't think my phones workin'. To be honest with you service down here is trash.

DERREK

The club closed 3 hours ago.

STEPHANIE

We went to another club.

DERREK

What club?

STEPHANIE

A 24-hour spot.

DERREK

What spot?

STEPHANIE

I didn't tell you about it?

Stephanie is frantically PANTOMIMING to Zola for help. Zola looks back at her annoyed but pulls out her phone.

DERREK

You didn't.

STEPHANIE

I did. It's the one that's right by-  
ummm- that nice McDonald's I showed  
you- it's called- ummm

Zola GOOGLES "24-hour strip club Tampa" and comes up with a  
hit. Holding it out to Stephanie to read.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

... Chubby's.

DERREK

Chubby's?

STEPHANIE

Chubby's.

DERREK

Don't you fuckin' lie to me.

STEPHANIE

(turning smug)

I'm *not* fuckin' *lying* to you. Look  
it up. It's by the McDonald's.

DERREK

Stephanie. If you went home with a  
dude tonight, you're dead. You hear  
me- dead. I'm not playin' wit' you.

STEPHANIE

I told you where I am. Why are you  
trippin'?

DERREK

Put Zola on.

ZOLA

(whispers)

What this got to do with me?

Stephanie mouths *Sorry* as she puts the phone in Zola's hand.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

Derrek- hey.

DERREK

(voice cracking)

Where the fuck you at, Zola? Don't  
lie, Zola. Don't be a hoe like her!

ZOLA

My dude I don't have any reason to lie to your ass. But if you do decide to talk to me like that--

CLICK! Derrek hangs up.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

Did this motherfucker just hang up on me? I swear to God... I'm a end up *killin'* somebody this weekend.

*Twitter whistle.*

STEPHANIE

He's bipolar. He can't control it.

Zola puts her hands up.

ZOLA

I am at the end of my rope, if I kill a white person it's not on me.

61 INT. BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS 61

Stephanie washes her face with a bar of soap. This is her first time alone since getting to Florida. She takes a little soap off the bar with a nail and runs it across her teeth with a finger as though brushing her teeth.

62 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING 62

Zola and Stephanie asleep; their limbs entwined. A long beat before their covers are pulled off. Rise and shine!

Stephanie comes too, groggy but alert.

STEPHANIE

How long you been here?

BENJY

A hour.

Zola waking.

BENJY (CONT'D)

How much you make last night?

STEPH

8-thousand!

ZOLA

Nothing.

Zola cranes her neck, jaw dropped.

BENJY  
(jaw clenched)  
What you said?

Stephanie goes for the money, it's in the dresser.

STEPHANIE  
That's all from *me*.

He's impressed and dumbfounded.

BENJY  
Is that right?

STEPHANIE  
(little nervous)  
Zola made me a whole new page.

Stephanie shows Benjy the page. Benjy's eyes on Zola. Zola eyes on him; a mix of fury and fear.

BENJY  
You did that?

ZOLA  
I did that.

BENJY  
So you think you can do my job  
better than me?

ZOLA  
(paced)  
Look ... your clients were cheap.  
You get what you pay for. I was  
just tryin' to help this bitch out.

Benjy applauds. Her audacity tickles him. Stephanie chuckles, not sure why. Zola not laughing, these people are not unwell.

BENJY  
You're tellin' me y'all made 8  
grand just fuckin in 1 night?  
(to Zola)  
And you didn't fuck.

Benjy starts to put cash in his pockets. Zola shakes her head. He peels off a small wad and tosses it in front of her.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
You earned it.

STEPHANIE

And me?

BENJY

You did good. I'm proud of you.  
Look at all this money you made.

Benjy kisses Stephanie on the mouth. She holds out a hand, as if asking for money.

BENJY (CONT'D)

You owe rent- and food. And gas for the car. It's not cheap to get down here, you know?

STEPHANIE

I know.

Zola can't believe her ears or eyes. Benjy pockets what's left of the cash. Stephanie bags her things in a plastic bag. Zola just watches.

We hear a POUNDING SOUND in pre-lap.

63

EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- LATE MORNING

63

Benjy POUNDS on Derrek's motel door. Zola and Stephanie in tow.

BENJY

Yo, Derrek! Wake da fuck up, bro.

STEPHANIE

(pointing)  
He's down there.

They all turn to find Derrek in the parking lot. Derrek laughing and gesticulating to himself.

DERREK

I love magic.

BENJY

What the fuck is wrong with that nigga?

ZOLA

I have been askin myself this from the get.

Benjy takes the stairs, two-at-a-time. Derrek sees him coming.

DERREK

Yo. Here they come now.

BENJY

Here who come? You gettin' cabin  
fever out here?

Suddenly, Dion appears from around the corner. He walks past them and up the stairs.

BENJY(CONT'D)

(surprised)

Who the fuck is that?

Dion turns back showing his sparkling teeth.

DERREK

That's my friend. It's chill.

Is it chill? Benjy stares up at Dion. Dion slips into his room.

BENJY

What's your friend name?

Derrek can see by Benjy's face that he's fucked up.

DERREK

I don't remember.

BENJY

You don't remember your friend  
name?

DERREK

I didn't ask. It was chill.

64 INT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- CONTINUOUS

64

Inside the room, things are more rekt than when we saw it last. Mattress on the floor, mirrors on the ground.

Benjy lays into Derrek.

Stephanie standing in the middle of the room. Zola sits with her head in her hands. She never did get that aspirin.

BENJY

(in Nigerian accent)

Why the fuck would you tell that  
nigga we got bitches stayin' here!

DERREK

I told him my girl went to work- He saw us when we got here. I didn't tell him nothing he didn't know.

Benjy SLAPS DERREK in the face. Zola and Stephanie shrink.

BENJY

Where you told him your girl work?

DERREK

... Ummm.

Slap again.

BENJY

So now this nigga know we got *money* in here!

DERREK

We don't got money in here. We not stayin' here. You said we was goin' to the nice place today. I didn't tell him we was goin'.

Benjy acts as if he's going to slap him again. Derrek flinches.

BENJY

That nigga could come back here wit' a whole crew right now to slit our throats.

ZOLA

What!?!?

DERREK

He's not like that. I'm tellin' you. We was like fam.

BENJY

And you don't know fam name.

Benjy turns to the girls. CLOSE on Benjy.

BENJY (CONT'D)

Get your bags. Les go. We leaving.

Silent and tense. Reflections of Tampa in the windows. Zola in the back seat with Derrek. Stephanie in the front with Benjy. Just like when we first met.

STEPHANIE

Where we goin?

BENJY

It's a surprise.

ZOLA

When can I go home?

BENJY

When I tell you.

Outside the car we're in the middle of an 813 RIDE OUT. We are surrounded by ATVs and street bikes and dirt bikes. They stuntin' and flexin' and ridin'. #BANSHEELIFE.

Reference: Nationwide BikeLife and 12 O'clock Boys.

66 EXT. MERIDIAN HOTEL - AFTERNOON

66

The Navigator pulls into the circular driveway of the MERIDIAN HOTEL. UNIFORMED VALETS, DOORMEN and BELLBOYS scurrying about.

Zola and Derrek perk up. This is luxury treatment.

BENJY

I told Derrek I was takin' him on a trip to Florida that he'd never forget. We got to do it right.

A VALET opens Stephanie's door. A VALET opens Zola's door. A BELLHOP goes for their luggage.

BENJY (CONT'D)

It's cool. We got it.

Benjy gestures to Derrek. Derrek's got it.

67 INT. MERIDIAN HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

67

A tracking shot brings them into to the lobby. Derrek in the rear struggling with luggage. Zola stops center, impressed.

Benjy picks up the keys at the front desk. Zola painfully aware of her attire as women and men walk by, their lingering eyes leaving an impression. Near her Stephanie and Derrek have an explosive but quiet argument. Derrek pulls at his hairs.

A hand on Zola's shoulder. She turns, Benjy towering over her.

68

INT. MERIDIAN SUITE - DAY

68

OFF SCREEN a long thick stream of urine hitting a toilet bowl. Benjy in the bathroom, door open, sunglasses still on.

Zola, Stephanie and Derrek in the suite, each in their own corner, silent. OFF SCREEN a flush.

Benjy enters and gives a long look around, finally landing on Zola. He points from Zola to Derrek and Stephanie.

BENJY

You in charge. Keep an eye on Derrek.

ZOLA

Oh is this my "look-out" promotion?

BENJY

Yeah this your promotion.

Benjy's phone rings. "I gotta take this". He leaves. As soon as the door closes, Derrek looks to Stephanie. Zola unpacks.

STEPHANIE

Why you looking at me like that?

Zola finds a bathing suit in her bag and heads for the bathroom.

DERREK

You told me you were gonna stop.

Stephanie brings him in. He pulls away.

STEPHANIE

I want to. I do. You know I do.

DERREK

You got marks all over you. I,-- I smell other dudes on you.

Stephanie gives him a NUZZLING KISS. He drops his head. She picks it back up. He kisses back. It's long and sopping.

Zola at the door, she doesn't need this.

STEPHANIE

Where you going?

ZOLA

I'm going to the pool. Shit, I *am* in Florida.

*Twitter whistle.*

STEPHANIE

Cute.

With that, Zola is out. Derrek moves a hand to her breast and a hand to her ass. She grabs his crotch.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Whose is that?

Stephanie is referring to his dick in her hand.

DERREK

Yours.

She takes his hand off of her breast and puts it in her mouth, her tongue between his fingers.

DERREK (CONT'D)

I missed you so much.

69 EXT. MERIDIAN POOL - DAY 69

CLOSE on Zola, she floats in and out of our frame in a bikini on a floatie. Her sunglasses on.

70 EXT. MERIDIAN POOLSIDE - DAY 70

Zola lounging in a deck chair by the pool. Frozen drink on a table Next to her.

**Moment interrupted** by an INCOMING FACETIME CALL from Sean.

Zola hesitates over the "Accept Call" button.

ZOLA

(putting on her best)

Hey.

SEAN

Hey. That's all I get? You said you was gon' call.

ZOLA

I know. I'm sorry. We got a late start-

SEAN

Where you at?

Zola flips her camera and shows him the pool, in it speedo-clad boys and bikini-clad girls. A palatial hotel looming.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(a bit disappointed)  
DAMN.

ZOLA  
Why you say it like that?

SEAN  
I wish I was Next to you right now.

ZOLA SEAN (CONT'D)  
... Oh it's like that.

**Moment interrupted** by Benjy, whose shadow blocks out the sun. In his hand a tiny Victoria Secret bag.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
When you back?

BENJY  
(mouthing)  
Who is that?

Zola turns inching her way into some sun.

SEAN BENJY (CONT'D)  
Am I gonna have to come get (mouthing)  
you? I said who is that?

ZOLA  
Hey- let me call you back- my ride  
just got here.

SEAN  
I can stay on the line.

ZOLA  
I gotta call you back.

Zola ENDS SEAN'S CALL.

BENJY  
That your man?

ZOLA  
Why? You jealous?

BENJY  
Very.  
(beat)  
I got you something.

Benjy hands Zola the Victoria Secret bag.

ZOLA

Thank you.

BENJY

Look inside.

Inside a wad of CASH. Zola sits up.

ZOLA

What's this for?

BENJY

Respect.

ZOLA

Do I get to go home now?

BENJY

Nah.

Zola scoops the cash into her bag. Benjy sits on the end of her deck chair.

BENJY (CONT'D)

I'ma need you to do what you did last night.

ZOLA

(slowly like he don't  
speak English)

I appreciate your confidence in me  
BUT I came down here to dance.

BENJY

We not dancin no more. That's done.

ZOLA

Well- then- looks like I'm sittin'  
my ass right here.

(dismissive)

Now, if you don't mind, you are in  
my sun nigga.

Zola adjusts to lie down, Benjy GRABS HER BY THE WRIST. She winces. A waiter stops in his tracks.

BENJY

(in Nigerian accent)

You watch your mouth when you speak  
to me.

Waiter enters. Benjy releases her.

WAITER  
Miss- may I help you?

BENJY  
She don't need help.

WAITER  
Miss?

BENJY  
Do it look like she need help.

ZOLA  
I'm good. We good. Thank you

Waiter looks to Benjy then to Zola. He thinks twice, then goes.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
I don't want to be here.

BENJY  
Seems to me like you coulda left  
this morning if that is how you  
really feel, guess- it is not- cos  
you're still here *and* on my dime.

Zola doesn't respond, that's not fair.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
Now- when I stand up- you stand up.

Benjy stands, Zola stands.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
Go upstairs- get our girl ready.  
(sotto voce)  
We doin' outcalls tonight.

Benjy pushes up his sunglasses.

71 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

71

Zola alone in the elevator. A towel wrapped around her waist, she is shooketh. DING! Elevator doors open on her floor. She doesn't get out. Doors start to shut. She looks at the control panel and presses **L** for **LOBBY**.

DING! Lobby. She takes a step out of the elevator and sees Benjy, his back to her. She jumps back in the elevator. Was it Benjy? Maybe it was a man that looks just like him? Are you racist?

72

INT. MERIDIAN SUITE - DAY

72

Stephanie on the couch, in a waist trainer. Sipping sangria. Derrek, Next to her. Eating candy. Both on their phones.

Half eaten room service though out.

Enter Zola.

ZOLA

(to Stephanie)

Yo I gotta talk to you. Can you come in the bathroom with me?

STEPHANIE

Can we do it in 5?

ZOLA

No. I gotta get you ready.

DERREK

Ready for what?

STEPHANIE

Baby you should take a walk.

DERREK

Why? I don't want to walk.

Stephanie doesn't have an answer.

DERREK (CONT'D)

(heartbroken)

I thought you were done with this.  
I didn't come to Florida for this.

*Twitter whistle.*

DERREK (CONT'D)

This what you came here for Zola?

ZOLA

No, I did not come to Tampa for this. She said we was comin here to dance.

DERREK

WOW! You set a friend up- again.

Zola taken aback, did she hear him right?

STEPHANIE

Don't listen to anything he says  
Zola. I told you he crazy.

DERREK

I am not crazy. Bipolar runs in my family.

ZOLA

Again?

73 INT. MACY'S MAKEUP COUNTER- DAY

73

HOW YOU TRAP A GIRL IN 5 SENTENCES OR LESS. This will move like TUMBLR. WE WILL SCROLL FROM ONE SCENE TO THE NEXT.

Stephanie getting her makeup done by a pretty red head.

STEPHANIE

Damn bitch, you got perfect titties. They're like lil cherries. I just want to take a bite.

INT. LITTLE CAESAR'S- DAY

Stephanie in line for pizza, bottle of 2 liter soda under her arm. In front of her a young brown girl.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Damn bitch, you got perfect titties. They're like lil oranges. I just want to take a bite.

74 INT. MALL- DAY

74

Stephanie on an escalator. Behind her a pretty little Asian girl, flat chested.

STEPHANIE

Damn bitch, you got perfect titties. They're like lil kiwis. I just want to take a bite.

75 INT. SUITE BATHROOM - DAY

75

Stephanie in the mirror attaching her weave in. Cigarette in her mouth. Zola on the edge of the bath tub bathing suit on.

STEPHANIE

I didn't do anything wrong.

Zola watches her in the mirror.

ZOLA

How many other girls were there?

Derrek tries to open the bathroom door. It's locked. He tries harder. The knob rattles.

STEPHANIE

He's bipolar. It runs in his family. That's why he acts like a bitch. He basically has no dick.

CAMERA moves away from them towards and through the key hole. We peer out into the suite from the bathroom.

Derrek is sitting on the floor on his phone, face contorting. Reference: Francis Bacon's Study for a *Self-Portrait-Triptych*.

ZOLA

This nigga lost in the sauce.

CAMERA comes to a stop. Derrek appears motionless like a photograph. It ought to feel like a **MEME**.

CAMERA pulls back into the bathroom, back through the key hole. Stephanie still putting in her weave.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

And his bitch lost in the game!

CAMERA comes to a stop Stephanie appears motionless also like a photograph. Another **MEME**.

Zola falls back into the empty tub.

Stephanie wets a washcloth. With it between her legs and under her arms.

DERREK (O.S.)

(screaming)

Everybody knows you're a ho now.

*Twitter whistle.*

76

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

76

Stephanie enters. Zola close behind. Derrek on the bed, a mischievous look on his face.

DERREK

Everybody knows you're a ho now.

*Twitter whistle.*

He throws his phone at Stephanie. On it: her Facebook and a status of her BACKPAGE AD!

DERREK (CONT'D)

I should've known you was shit when you was rubbin' up on me talkin' about limp dick dudes and how you love givin' head while your baby at home with her daddy.

Stephanie drops the phone.

STEPHANIE

Oh my God!

DERREK

(impression of Stephanie)

I don't like gettin' my ass eatin out but I do enjoy bragging about it.

ZOLA picks up the phone and sees the post.

STEPHANIE

You know my baby is with my mom this week! My whole family is on here.

DERREK

I'm trying to help you.

STEPHANIE

I don't need help.

DERREK

I'm trying to save you.

STEPHANIE

I'm not asking to be saved.

ZOLA

(to Stephanie)

That's the most real I would ever give you, you get a whole 100 on that. Perfect score.

Derrek and Stephanie not clocking Zola at all.

DERREK

I fucking love you.

STEPHANIE

I should've known you was a PETTY MAGGOT, WHEN I LET YOU FUCK ME- AND YOU CRIED.

Door bursts open. Zola jumps.

Enter Benjy and his FIANCÉE. Benjy'S FIANCÉE- 40s (White, Thick, a Bad Bitch) in head to toe latex. Air of Coco-T, wife of rapper Ice T. On her forefinger a canary diamond.

Benjy charges at Derrek and grips him by the neck. Derrek's feet not on the ground. Stephanie relived but also panicked.

Zola transfixed by Benjy's Fiancée, she is just so much.

BENJY

Did you put this on the Internet?

DERREK

It don't have nothing to do with you.

BENJY

I ask you a question. Did- you- put this on the Internet?

DERREK

Fuck you, *nigger!*

BENJY

What you said boy?

Derrek tightens his mouth. Temperature in the room: NEGATIVE.

BENJY (CONT'D)

That's not my name. You know my name. What's my name?

Derrek murmurs something inaudible.

BENJY (CONT'D)

I can't hear you. You know my hearing is- just not what it was.

Derrek murmurs some more inaudible shit.

BENJY (CONT'D)

Try it with me-

BENJY (CONT'D)

Abe-gun-de... Ola-wa-le

DERREK

Abe-gun-de... Ola-wa-le

BENJY

Everybody wit' me.

BENJY/ FIANCÉE/ STEPHANIE/ DERREK

Abegunde Olawale.

CAMERA rushes to Zola who is having a moment of:

ZOLA  
(to no one in particular)  
Oh so that is what you are called.

CAMERA whips back to Benjy.

BENJY  
I should really kill yo ass.

*Twitter whistle.*

DERREK  
(tears coming)  
You don't need to do that.

Benjy's Fiancée pulls out a handgun. Derrek in hysterics.  
Zola's jaw dropped. Stephanie frozen.

FIANCÉE  
(slow and soft)  
U want to bae or what? Fuck him. He  
did OUR girl so wrong.

*Twitter whistle.*

DERREK  
I'm sorry!

BENJY  
It's a little late for that.

STEPHANIE  
(to Benjy)  
He's sorry. Isn't that enough?

BENJY  
It is not.  
(ALT)  
Naw I am gon' kill his manhood  
though-

*Twitter whistle.*

Benjy sit on the edge of the bed. He calls for his Fiancée.  
She comes to him. He takes the gun from her and points it at  
Derrek who squeezes his eyes shut.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
(to Derrek)  
Sit down in front of me.

Derrek kneels in front of him. Benjy's Fiancée still Next to  
him.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
Delete the post. And give me your  
phone.

Derrek takes the phone from his pocket. POST DELETED. He hands it to Benjy, who hands it to his Fiancée. She drops it and steps on it with her heel.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
Come here baby.

Stephanie goes to him, zero hesitation. Benjy's unbuckles his pants. Stephanie on her knees, near to Derrek.

Zola's hasn't moved. She is locked in place, still at the door. Stephanie takes Benjy in her mouth.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
(deep Nigerian accent)  
I'ma spend the night with my  
Fiancée. She makin us a dinner. We  
need that alone time. That 1 on 1.  
We been busy. We been stressed.

Stephanie going at it, head boppin up and down. Derrek looks away.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
Ey- look this way. YOU gon' take  
her to her outcalls.

Derrek wretches.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
You hear me?

Derrek wretches again.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
Any questions?

*Twitter whistle.*

Zola blurts out a laugh. What else is she supposed to do?

CAMERA holds on Derrek who SHOVES 2 FINGERS DOWN HIS THROAT. BIG VOMIT. They all gag. We have now entered the 3rd panel of The Garden of Earthly Delights.

Derrek cleans up his vomit with a bar of soap, a glass of a water and a couple of hand towels.

Stephanie enters in a robe and crosses to the dresser, on it her plastic bag of goodies.

Benjy's Fiancée is parked in front of the TV.

On the TV: BET AFTER DARK. The Music video for "**NOOKIE**" by **Jackie-O plays**, in it a sexy black woman lounges in a floatie in a pool as she speaks into a Nokia.

Benjy hands Zola the trap phone, on it the clients and addresses.

DERREK

Can I go home?

BENJY

Nah nigga YOU gotta work. You already cost me a lot of money, not to mention pain and suffering.

Zola raises an eyebrow at Benjy: "*pain and suffering?*"

BENJY (CONT'D)

(to Zola)

Can I have a word with you.

Benjy and Zola have a moment away from the group. Benjy hands Zola her purse. Zola looks at him and her purse like *when did you get ahold of this?* There's a weight to it. She looks in it.

ZOLA

Oh no- I don't need this.

Inside the bag a handgun. Zola tries to hand Benjy the gun back, not even really wanting to touch it. He doesn't take it.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

I don't know how to use this.

BENJY

I'm trusting you wit my bitch Zola.

ZOLA

I've never held a gun in my life.

BENJY

If anything goes left. You know what to do.

ZOLA

I actually don't. In my humble opinion there are people better than me for this kind of work.

Benjy completely ignoring her.

BENJY

(to his Fiancée)  
Ey, it's time.

His Fiancée slinks on over; the rubbery sound of her latex thighs rubbing together echo.

BENJY (CONT'D)

Call me when you done.

They're out the door.

On the TV: An ad for an adult chat line. *"Want to heat up the night? Want a woman that wants you? Call a dream girl in your area now. 5\$ for the initial call. 3\$ for every minute after. No rejections. No turn downs. 24 hours a day."*

78

INT. NAVIGATOR- NIGHT

78

The first outcall. Absolute quiet in the car.

Stephanie in the back. Zola in passenger seat. Derrek behind the wheel, on edge.

Zola, uneasy, shifts in her seat as she tests the weight of the gun in her purse.

We make our way down a busy street. All the lights are green.

EXT. MANSION- NIGHT

House at the end of a cul de sac.

Car pulls close to a curb. Derrek turns off the headlights. Zola and Stephanie step out. Street tranquil. Derrek sits, idling.

Zola and Stephanie walking in step. Stephanie looks over to Zola, begging Zola to notice her with her eyes. Stephanie takes her by the hand. Zola let's go.

ZOLA

You're a snake.

They arrive at the door and ring the bell. A buff SAMOAN in a suit waves them in. They enter. He peers out before shutting the door.

CAMERA outside the shut door.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
I'm cool.

ZOLA (O.S.)  
What does that mean?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
It means you can go. I got it from here.

Zola opens the front door. Stephanie shuts the door behind her. We hear Stephanie's heels as she walks away from the door. We hang on Zola and the house for a moment.

Zola, a 19 year old girl in middle of Tampa, Florida. Alone.

79

INT. NAVIGATOR - MOMENTS LATER

79

Zola opens the door to the car.

Derrek watches a VINE on his phone. In it a guy screams, "NO" in a loop as his leg goes up in flames. Derrek holds it out for Zola.

ZOLA  
I seen this one.

DERREK  
This dudes hilarious. This how he makes his money. I'ma do this.

ZOLA  
What's your hook? You gotta have a hook.

DERREK  
I skate some. I could learn more tricks. I rap a little. I could put a couple songs up on my Soundcloud.

He doubles over and starts to choke up.

DERREK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
I just- I'm trying to distract myself.

ZOLA

It's cool.

DERREK

I see these men throwing her  
around. Using her. I can't take it.  
I'm bipolar. I'm very bipolar.

ZOLA

Were you home schooled?

DERREK

You think I'm stupid? I look  
fuckin' stupid, don't I?

ZOLA

What do I look like?

DERREK

Do you think I was born in the  
wrong era?

OFF Zola- "That's a question only white people think about."

80 EXT. MANSION- NIGHT

80

Stephanie's face, drained, as the door to the large house  
shuts behind her. She takes a second with herself and cleans  
dirt out from under her nail beds.

The cars headlights are switched on.

82 INT. NAVIGATOR- LATER

82

The GPS pipes up. CAMERA hangs on the navigation.

GPS

Turn right on Oakwood Ave in 800  
feet. Turn left on Main Street in  
200 feet. Turn right on North Grand  
in 500 ft. Destination is on your  
left.

Derrek's hands on the wheel like a choreographed ballet.

83 INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

83

Wall to wall carpet. Creams and greens throughout. Framed  
paintings of flowers and pastoral scenes.

Three men play cards at a dining room table, JACKIE, MARCO and SAL. Sal is in a wheelchair. Immobile from the waist down. All in their 40s.

JACKIE

I know what I'm talking about.  
Black women ain't the same as white women.

MARCO

There's a slight difference.

**NOTE: THIS IS AN INTERPOLATION OF A DELETED SCENE FROM QUENTIN TARANTINO'S "RESERVOIR DOGS."**

JACKIE

You know what I'm talking about.  
What a white bitch will put up with  
a black bitch wouldn't put up with  
for a minute. They got a line and  
if you cross it they will fuck you  
up.

OFF-SCREEN a moan.

SAL

I gotta agree on that one.

MARCO

Ok well why is it that EVERY NIGGER  
I know treats his woman like a  
piece of shit?

OFF-SCREEN a grunt.

JACKIE

I'll make you a bet that those same  
damn niggers that were showing  
their ass in public? The minute  
their bitches get them home they  
chill the fuck out.

Marco plays a hand.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Let me tell you a story. At one of  
daddy's clubs there's a black  
cocktail waitress named E-LOIS.  
Every guy who ever saw her had to  
jack off to her at least once. I  
come into the club one night and  
there's- Carlos, the bartender.  
He's a Mexican. A friend of mine.

OFF-SCREEN, Stephanie in ecstasy "Oh my God".

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I say to him: where's E? E was married to a real piece of dog shit, a real animal. He used to do things to her.

MARCO

Like what? What would he do?

OFF-SCREEN the sound of a bed post hitting a wall.

JACKIE

I don't know. He just did things. So one night she plays it real cool. She waits for him to get drunk. He falls asleep on the fuckin' couch. She sneaks up on him, puts some glue on his dick... and glues his dick to his belly.

OFF-SCREEN, Stephanie in pleasure "Yes, baby, cum for me".

SALVATORE

Jesus Christ!

JACKIE

They had to call the paramedics to cut the prick loose.

OFF-SCREEN a door shuts.

MARCO

Was he all pissed off?

Enter Stephanie. The 3 men look in her direction. She is wiping herself between the thighs.

JACKIE (O.S.)

How would you feel if you had to do a fuckin' handstand to take a piss?

CAMERA pans with Stephanie as we take her to the door. On a sofa next to the door is Zola. Face lit by her phone.

(If you are asking yourself was Zola in the room while the conversation unfolded- you are right she was).

Back on the road. Stephanie in the backseat applies foundation to a purple bruise on her thigh.

Derrek at the wheel, bites his cuticles. Zola- phone to her ear, her headaches back.

BENJY  
(on phone)  
You got the address I sent?

ZOLA  
It's gettin' late.

BENJY  
We got a hit for 2 more.

Car comes to a stop at a light.

ZOLA  
She tired-

STEPHANIE  
I'M NOT TIRED!

BENJY  
She not tired.

Zola looks back at Stephanie. Derrek's focus out the window.

EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS

2 cop cars pulled over on a side walk. Their blue lights circling. 4 white cops surrounding a car. The driver a lone black man. His arms are up in the air yet he is violently yanked from his vehicle and slammed onto the pavement. One officer kicks him in the back. The others join in.

85 INT./EXT. SHACK- LATE NIGHT

85

A beat down house. Flavor profile: Nightmare on Elm St. The light on the front porch covered in moths. Lawn overgrown.

Stephanie, determined, walks up to the front door. Zola behind her. Her face grim. Stephanie turns to Zola swiftly.

STEPHANIE  
(whispering)  
Zola... Fuck-- Listen. I'm... I--  
uh-- I never meant for this--

The door opens. At it a LATINO MAN in boxers. Further in and somewhat obscured another Latino man.

LATINO MAN  
¡Mierda, cabrón! Mandaron 2.  
(translation)  
Shit motherfucker. They sent 2.

Stephanie first. Then Zola.

STEPHANIE  
Is that Italian?

Zola hugging the front door. Stephanie led by the hand. Zola watches her as she disappears into a room. Zola lags.

Is this a horror?

INT. PARLOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Old black and white photos of mostly women and farm life. Presumably their Abuela in the old country. A 3 piece Victorian style couch set is covered in plastic.

Catholic iconography throughout: Crucifix, saints on candles, the Virgin Mary, a black Christ.

LATINO MAN  
So- your man said that it was 200  
hundred each for head and 400  
hundred each for a gang bang.

ZOLA  
He didn't say that.

LATINO MAN  
He said that.

ZOLA  
When you talk to him?

Zola reaches for her phone to call Benjy.

LATINO MAN  
Before.

He looks to Stephanie.

LATINO MAN (CONT'D)  
Right mami?

STEPHANIE  
I don't set the price.

LATINO MAN

I don't need a gang bang-- I'm fine  
with head

No answer. Zola dials again.

STEPHANIE

(to Zola)

Maybe he gave a group rate.

CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW 180° turn.

LATINO MAN 2

I was hopin' I could get butt.

Zola still on the phone.

ZOLA

She don't do that.

LATINO MAN 2

We savages, Miss. We ain't proper.

He pulls a bunch of crinkled money out from his pockets,  
mostly small bills.

STEPHANIE

I don't take the cash. She takes  
the cash.

They shove the money in Stephanie's hands, she drops it.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Can you count it Zola?

ZOLA

That don't look like enough.

Stephanie sways back and forth to the music in her head.

ENTER 5 OTHER LATIN MEN. Also in boxers. Stephanie gets down  
on all fours. She crawls to the center of the room. She comes  
up on her knees. Her hands move up to her breast. The men  
GRUNT and take step in closer to her.

On the low type in GANGBANG AMATEUR on XVIDEOS it might make  
you sad (that's a good thing), this is the ENERGY we're going  
for here BUT with our clothes on.

STEPHANIE

(yelling out)

No, no, no, no, no- HOE!

CAMERA now ON STEPHANIE.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Wanna hear a story 'bout why me and this bitch aint friends? It's long but I'ma speed it up.

CAMERA follows her as she leads us through a door and into a pool of light.

**STEPHANIE'S STORY.** THIS TAKES PLACE IN HYPERDRIVE. IT SHOULD MOVE WITH THE NAUSEATING REGURGITATION OF A Facebook RANT. (Reference: Victor's European trip, "Rules of Attraction")

86

INT. HOOTERS- NIGHT

86

A demure version of Stephanie and the "sugar daddy" who in this narrative goes by Jonathan. Stephanie is in what looks like "good girl" drag.

STEPHANIE

We meet at Hooter's. I was with my community leader- Jonathan. He has been helping me with the custody of my baby. Anyways this very RATCHET and very black woman comes to take our order.

Zola, looking TRAP AF, as she slides into their booth.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

And, listen, I know these girls are supposed to be flirtatious but not like she was.

Zola flirts with them. They are uncomfortable.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I'm a Christian. I fear God.

Zola's pushing forward so her cleavage shows. It's messy.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I tell her that I go to church so we exchange numbers. THE NEXT DAY she calls me and is like "I'ma ex dancer. I'm broke. I need welfare". And I tell her I don't fuck with that life no more and she was like- who do you fuck wit- and I was like I fuck wit JESUS my lord and savior. But I did tell her about my Florida trip and she just sort of forced her way into it.

87 EXT. ZOLA'S HOUSE- DAY

87

The Next morning they pull up outside of ZOLA'S CRIB. ZOLA COMES OUT LOOKING ROUGH AF, in some basic leggings and a short nappy wig on. Her luggage is black trash bags.

Stephanie outside the car.

STEPHANIE

I told her that my good friend Abegunde Olawale who is a promoter in Tampa had invited me and my boyfriend down to Tampa to be his guests for the weekend. And she was like let me dance at that club that he promote at. And I was like is that how that works? Cause I don't know how that works.

88 INT. STRIPCLUB TAMPA- NIGHT

88

Stephanie at the bar. Stage behind her.

STEPHANIE

In Tampa the club doesn't let her dance because she's dirty but everybody loved me. Reason to be a jealous bitch number 1. So she takes all of these pictures and pops off a Backpage ad. And I was like- Backpage Ad? Huh? What is that? I have never heard of that.

89 INT. HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

89

Stephanie looks frightened and cold. Zola is barely in clothes.

STEPHANIE

At the hotel I stay with her cause I'm worried about her safety. She wasn't gettin very many calls so she put my picture up with her picture. She didn't even ask. I was very put off. Nobody liked her, she had made 1 dollar. Everybody loved me. Reason to be a jealous bitch number 2!

We see man after man at the door of the hotel room. Many familiar faces.

90

INT. PARLOR ROOM - STEPHANIE'S VERSION

90

Where we last were before Stephanie took over. Zola and Stephanie have swapped positions.

Stephanie on the phone and off to the side.

Zola on all fours and center of the room. She comes up to her knees. Her hands move up to her breast. The men GRUNT and inch in closer. Feels ritualistic and dark. Remember we are 7 DUDES deep.

They grunt and get close. They grunt and get close. Close until she is fully engulfed. Their hands everywhere. They flip her on her stomach.

CLOSE ON ZOLA'S MOUTH.

ZOLA

That's not how it went.

Everything comes to a halt. WE REWIND. The men come off of Zola. Stephanie and Zola switch back to where we were when this story was being manned by our faithful narrator.

Stephanie on her knees and Zola on the phone.

Latino man pulls a bunch of crinkled money out from his pockets. Mostly small bills.

STEPHANIE

I don't take the cash. She takes the cash.

He shoves the money in Stephanie's hands, she drops it.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Can you count it Zola?

CLOSE ON STEPHANIE.

ZOLA

You said we were friends.

CLOSE ON ZOLA.

STEPHANIE

Are you gonna cry?

(ALT)

It is not my fault you wasn't raised with a daddy.

PING! (Like from a slot machine) In the middle of Stephanie's forehead: 1 POOP EMOJI. Across her brow a few POOP emojis.

On her eyes a row of POOP emojis. THEN A CASKET EMOJI, A CRYING EMOJI, A SKULL EMOJI, A SICK EMOJI, A EGGPLANT EMOJI and so on until her face is full cartoon. Reference: Yung Jake, Emoji Art

91 EXT. HIGHWAY- NIGHT 91

Navigators headlights light the way. Mostly an empty road. Faint radio off screen.

Trap phone rings.

92 INT. NAVIGATOR- NIGHT 92

Derrek's eyes on the road. Zola head resting on window. Stephanie in the back, smoking. Her eyes glazed.

Benjy on speaker phone.

BENJY  
5,000 for 2 bitches. 2,000 for 1.

ZOLA  
We don't have 2.

BENJY  
It's 4 dudes.

Derrek looks back at Stephanie.

STEPHANIE  
(small)  
Last one?

BENJY  
Last one.

STEPHANIE  
K.

BENJY  
Set.

ZOLA  
We on our way.

Zola hangs up.

DERREK  
(to Stephanie)  
I could drive home-

## STEPHANIE

Home- where?

He doesn't have an answer. Car comes to a slow.

93 EXT. WATERSIDE MARRIOTT HOTEL - NIGHT 93

A valet opens Stephanie's door. Stephanie steps out smiling at the valet who is graciously reaching for her hand.

Zola gets out on her own accord.

94 INT. WATERSIDE MARRIOTT HOTEL LOBBY- CONTINUOUS 94

Zola and Stephanie push through revolving doors.

In the lobby we are met with locals and tourists. A boozy bunch. Considering how late it is there shouldn't be this many people up.

Lobby connected to a CASINO. A live band plays something old.

Zola and Stephanie make their way to the elevator bank. Some eyes on them.

95 INT. ELEVATOR- CONTINUOUS 95

Zola and Stephanie across from each other. Between them a man with a large belt buckle and a woman in an ill fitting wrap dress. The mans arm around her waist. She reads like a ghost of Christmas future (i.e. What Stephanie could become).

The only thing that cuts through the silence is a Jazzy elevator ditty.

MAN WITH A LARGE BELT BUCKLE

(to Zola, accented)

Anybody ever tell you- you look  
just like Janet Jackson?

Off his grey teeth.

96 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT 96

Under the soft amber light of an expensive hotel.

Zola and Stephanie out of step as they walk the hall. Zola in the lead.

Door after door after door. 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121...  
They land at: 1122.

Zola about to knock notices that Stephanie is trembling. Is  
it nerves?

ZOLA

You cold?

STEPHANIE

A little.

Something passes between them that's reminiscent of what it  
was connected them in the first place.

ZOLA

Let's just go. You don't gotta do  
this. You got some money on you  
right now- you can stretch that out-

Stephanie not so sure.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

We go now. We call your mom. Clear  
all the shit up. You see your baby.

Stephanie looks like this is exactly what she needs to hear.  
There's a beat. THEN she turns to knock. Zola crestfallen.

MANS VOICE

Who is it?

STEPHANIE

In-call.

The door FLIES OPEN. A pair of BLACK HANDS REACHES OUT,  
belonging to a GIANT BLACK DUDE. Zola gets out of the way,  
landing her on her side.

ZOLA

Whoa, whoa, whoa...

Stephanie is taken by THE NECK. She screams.

GIANT BLACK DUDE

Shut up bitch!

Stephanie's eyes plead for HELP and her legs kick out.  
Another GIANT DUDE pushes out into the hallway, this one  
white, we'll call him GIANT WHITE DUDE. Zola starts backing  
up. He grabs her by an ankle. With the heel of her other shoe  
she stomps into his knee, his thigh, his shin. She gets him  
good, he let's go of her. She runs away as fast as she can.

Giant White Dude opens the door to the room. A SCREAM!

WHITE DUDE  
I didn't get the black one.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (O.S.)  
WE GOT WHAT WE NEED.

The voices growing fainter the farther we get from the door.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
THE NEW MOTHERFUCKING TRAP QUEEN A  
TAMPA!

Another scream. Zola panicked at the end of the hall.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
SHUT THE FUCK UP BITCH! YOU SEE  
WHAT TIME IT IS. People sleep.

Zola doesn't look back. She arrives at the elevator bay and cringes immediately at the thought of waiting. She runs towards the stairwell and bursts through the door.

97 INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS 97

A winding stairwell, used only in case of emergency. Zola in heels running it as fast as she can. On her phone.

ZOLA  
Can you hear me?

BENJY  
You- cuttin- out-

ZOLA  
We got a problem.

BENJY  
You got--- a--- wha-

Zola looks down. No service. One of her heels snaps off. She abandons the shoe.

98 INT. TAMPA WATERSIDE MARRIOTT HOTEL LOBBY-- CONTINUOUS 98

Zola enters from the stairwell. She's looking broke down as fuck. Trying to play it off so as to not call too much attention to herself.

Phone alarms. **AMBER ALERT**. Every phone in the hotel lobby goes off. It is blaring and deeply unsettling.

ON SCREEN: TAMPA, FL AMBER Alert: LIC/6LOW079 (FL), 2007 TAN KIA SORRENTO, 4 door

Zola pushes through the revolving door.

99 INT. NAVIGATOR / EXT. BURGER KING DRIVE THRU - 99

Meanwhile, Derrek is ordering fast food at a drive-thru.

BURGER KING CASHIER (V.O.)  
Will that be all?

His phone rings.

DERREK  
A ranch sauce and a barbecue sauce.

Derrek answers.

ZOLA  
I'm lookin for you. Where are you?

DERREK  
I'm at a gas station. I got thirsty.

*Twitter whistle.*

BURGER KING CASHIER (V.O.)  
Will that complete your order?

ZOLA  
They snatched her dude!

DERREK  
What?

BURGER KING CASHIER (V.O.)  
Will that complete your order?

DERREK  
(to cashier)  
Hold on.

ZOLA  
Who is that?

DERREK  
The gas station. Where are you?

ZOLA  
I'm outside the hotel. Should I call the police?

DERREK

Don't call them. Call Benjy. I'm coming.

Derrek accelerates, then brakes abruptly. He pulls out of the drive-thru line and into a squealing u-turn.

BURGER KING CASHIER (V.O.)

That'll be \$8.50 at the first window.

100 EXT. WATERSIDE MARRIOTT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 100

Zola walking away from the hotel. Behind her a car pulls up to the valet.

ZOLA

Hello? HELLO? I can't understand you. Your connection. I'm outside the hotel? I don't know what you're sayin'. No- I can't hear you! I CAN'T HEAR YOU! JUST GET HERE.

A couple gets out of their car. They take note of her. Zola looks down and remembers she lost her shoe in the stairwell.

101 EXT. PARKING LOT NEXT TO MARRIOTT - LATE NIGHT 101

Zola slips her phone into her purse. Her fingers graze THE GUN. She forgot she had that. She opens her purse wide and looks at it, but only for a moment.

Benjy's Navigator pulls in and haphazardly parks.

DERREK

Where is she? What the fuck happened? Where is she?

ZOLA

They just grabbed her up and they were trying to grab me and--

DERREK

What did they do-

ZOLA

They took her by the neck and- and- then I heard her scream.

DERREK

FUCK dude! FUCK!

Derrek's taken on a new quality. He's still scared but the boy who said he'd do anything for her is right there.

A black BMW speeds into the parking lot, it's Benjy.

BENJY  
(Nigerian accent)  
Yo! What the fuck?

ZOLA  
We gotta call the cops.

BENJY  
They can't do nothing for us. We go up- we get her.

ZOLA  
We? WE didn't have nothing to do with this shit. These niggas was giants- they was like tanks.

BENJY  
I don't give a fuck about these niggas. Come on!

Zola doesn't move. Benjy grabs her up by the arm and moves her. Derrek not sure what he should do or say.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
How the fuck I know you ain't in on this?

ZOLA  
I'm not!

BENJY  
Then how the fuck you got out while she got hemmed up? You were supposed to watch out for her Zola.

ZOLA  
And who watchin' out for me?

Benjy drags her towards the hotel. Derrek in tow.

BENJY  
You still got that piece?

ZOLA  
I don't want it.  
(ALT)  
I want my mom.

DERREK

What about me? Shouldn't I have a piece?

102 INT. MARRIOTT HALLWAY- LATE NIGHT

102

The three of them walking away from the elevator bank.

BENJY

These niggas lay one finger on her head. They dead. You hear me?

(he looks at Zola)

And if I find out you had one thing to do with this. You dead too.

Door after door after door. 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121-

Benjy has his GUN out at his side. He creeps up to 1122. He gestures to Zola and Derrek so that they hug to the wall.

CAMERA hugs the wall too, Zola's POV.

Benjy POUNDS on the door. Nothing. Benjy POUNDS again.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (O.C.)

Who is it?

BENJY

Motherfucker, you know who this is! Open the door! I want my bitch!

HOTEL ROOM MAN

Which bitch?

BENJY

My BITCH.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (O.C.)

Ain't no bitch that fit that description in here, bruh. No bitches I know in Tampa go by "MY".

Zola exhales, quietly coming undone.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You expect me to let you inside while you waving that piece around?

Benjy holds his gun up to the peephole. He takes the clip out and holds it up again, now in 2 pieces in front of the PEEPHOLE.

The DOOR OPENS. Slowly. A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN slowly dances out through the threshold, now pointed at Benjy's belly.

BENJY

It was you. Motherfucker.

Derrek pulls from the wall to see who it is.

DERREK

(softly)

Oh no.

Zola pulls off the wall, "Oh Shit." It's DION... THE NIGGA FROM THE MOTEL. THE NIGGA FROM BEFORE! Derrek's friend.

DION

Who else got a gun?

Benjy holds up his hands. Keeping them visible. He gestures for Zola to walk over to Dion. She does. Dion asks her to do a spin. She does.

BENJY

The bitch don't got shit.

Zola's eyes flick towards her bag.

DERREK

I thought we were homies.

DION

We not. You got a gun?

DEREK

No.

X

He ain't carryin'.

DION

Bullshit. Take off your clothes.

DERREK

I don't have nothin'?

BENJY

Do what he says.

Derrek strips down to his briefs. Proving he's unarmed.

DION

ALL off.

DERREK

But--

Benjy nudges him. Derrek looks to Dion, trying to appeal to him. It doesn't work. Derrek takes his underwear off, his hands cover his dick.

DION

All good.

Dion ushers them in. As Zola passes Dion, Benjy WINKS AT HER.

103

INT. ROOM 1122- CONTINUOUS

103

Inside the room are the GIANT BLACK DUDE that got a hold of Stephanie AND the GIANT WHITE DUDE Zola got with her shoe. Both are cradling rifles.

Room is cozy: 2 twin beds, a sofa, a small desk. ON the coffee table Dairy Queen takeout.

DION

(to Zola and Derrek)

You two go over there. By the bed.

Derrek and Zola do what they're told. Derrek dresses. Zola sits on one of the beds. Giant White has a rifle pointed at Zola. Giant Black has a rifle pointed at Derrek. Benjy clocks where everything is, he notices a leg peeking out of the closet.

BENJY

You said you was 4.

DION

Relax big man. Don't you worry 'bout that.

Dion's gun still pointed at Benjy.

DION (CONT'D)

(to Zola)

What's your name baby?

Dion gets close to her. Zola turns away from him.

ZOLA

Get outta my face.

DION

Why is you so bitter?

DERREK

What the fuck man?!

DION

It's Dion okay. I don't know you.  
You don't know me. Do not get  
delusions of motherfucking grandeur  
when you standing with 3 niggas  
holding guns... Sit.

Derrek sits on the bed Next to Zola. Zola takes note of the closet in the room, the door not all the way closed.

BENJY

Ey yo! Let's do this.

DION

I am trying to be a hospitable  
host.  
(beat)  
Which is incredibly kind of me, you  
could say.

Zola gets a good look at the closet; a leg peaking out.

BENJY

I don't got time for this.

DION

I don't know what they do where  
you're from. But HERE You're not  
suppose to go into another niggas  
backyard and pull your pants down  
and start pissin'.

With that, Dion reaches for a leather bag filled with BILLS.

DION (CONT'D)

I got you 20 thousand for the girl.  
All is forgiven. You are dismissed.

He tosses the bag at Benjy's feet.

BENJY

Motherfucker. The bitch can bring  
in twenty grand on a weekend by  
herself.

DION

She don't belong to you no more.  
You are dismissed.

Benjy unmoved.

DION (CONT'D)

Hello? Is you deaf. Was you kicked  
in the head?.

BENJY  
Stand up, Zola.

Zola doesn't. Derrek holds her hand.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
I'm talking to you Zola. Stand up.

Benjy GRABS ZOLA by the neck and lifts her up onto her feet, her purse still on her shoulder. One gun on Derrek and one gun following Zola. Zola wriggling around in Benjy's grasp.

ZOLA  
I don't want to play this game.

Derrek gets a good look at the closet; a leg peaking out.

BENJY  
50 thousand! And you can have this one too.

Benjy walks Zola right up to Dion. Dion looks her up and down. He takes his free hand and reaches into her shorts. His other hand has a rifle in it. Zola closes her eyes.

Benjy slips his hand into Zola's purse. Dion pulls his fingers out and puts them in his mouth.

DION  
Bitter. Just like I had thought.

CLICK! Dion stops short. Zola between them. Giant White points his gun at Benjy. Giant Black points his gun at Derrek.

BENJY  
Drop your gun and tell your boys to drop they guns.

DION  
There has been a grave misunderstanding--

BENJY  
There has. Drop your gun and tell your homeboys to drop they guns.

Dion drops his gun. Both dudes got their guns on Benjy. Benjy presses his gun into Dion's crotch. Zola still between them.

DION  
DROP YOUR GUNS.

Both Giants drops their guns. Derrek goes for the gun closest to him.

BENJY  
Gimme that.

Derrek tosses it to Benjy. Benjy now holding 2 guns, 1 on Dion and 1 one on the giant white dude.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
You see her?

Derrek goes for the closet.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
Zola grab that.

Benjy pushes Zola to grab the gun that is near to her. She does.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
(to both giants)  
On your knees.

Both big dudes get on their knees.

BENJY (CONT'D)  
(to Zola)  
Point it at him.

Zola points her gun at the Giant Black. SHOOK.

DION  
You ain't gon' shoot me. Plenty a niggas and bitches have tried before you. I dare you.

BLACK DUDE  
Hey man. I live with my girl and her baby, they expectin' me-

Stephanie in the closet, legs out in front of her looking black and blue. Derrek with her. She starts to wake.

DERREK  
I got you.

Stephanie puts an arm around his neck. He has her.

DION  
My dude downstairs not gon' just let you walk out wit her like that.

BENJY

We'll see.

Benjy shoots Dion in the head! HE'S DOWN.

ZOLA SCREAMS. STEPHANIE SCREAMS. DERREK SCREAMS. The Giant White darts to run. 2 gunshots. He's down. Giant Black cries.

BLACK DUDE

(arms up)

I got my grandma I take care of-  
she don't got nobody- nigga don't  
do me like dis. Please.

(ALT)

I don't even like guns.

SOUND DROPS OUT. Benjy spares him but takes the guns and cash.

Zola frozen. Benjy grabs her by the wrist.

104 INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS 104

Zola, Derrek, Stephanie and Benjy running as if their lives are on the line. Benjy with cash in hand. Derrek's arm around Stephanie.

105 INT. ELEVATOR- CONTINUOUS 105

Zola in an elevator with a pimp, a sex worker and that sex workers boyfriend. This is not how this was supposed to go.

Elevator door opens. A man enters with a woman in a wheelchair. The man is the fella with the large belt buckle from the night before. The woman he is with is not the one he was with. She takes his hand in hers, their matching wedding bands touch. Benjy slips on his sunglasses.

Zola remembers that she's only in a single shoe. Elevator doors open. Benjy is the first to step out.

106 EXT. NAVIGATOR -DAYBREAK 106

NAVIGATORS POV. We are speeding down a highway. OCEAN on both sides. In our periphery the sun rises.

Wind blowing intensely.

107 INT. NAVIGATOR- CONTINUOUS 107

The passenger seat window rolls down. Benjy hands Stephanie one of the sawed off rifles. She throws it from the car.

108 INT. BENJY'S CONDO IN A HIGH-RISE - MORNING 108

White, bright, lacquered and marble. Ocean view. Floor to ceiling windows and sliding glass doors that lead out onto a balcony. A STUDIO PORTRAIT of Benjy and his Fiancée prominently featured.

Benjy's Fiancée at the stove in a negligee. A cigarette dangling from her mouth. Vitamix loaded with fruit.

The front door swings opens. In Benjy's hand the bag of money. He goes to his Fiancée. Close behind Stephanie and Zola. Stephanie black and blue.

Benjy and his Fiancée share a kiss. CLOSE on his lips. She stuffs melon in his mouth. He hands her the bag of money.

Derrek the last to enter, tripping on entry.

BENJY

Shut the fucking door! This is not a zoo.

Derrek shuts the door. Zola anxious what next?

BENJY (CONT'D)

Y'all want breakfast?

STEPHANIE

Bacon.

Stephanie now at a stool at the counter top. Derrek goes for the fridge. Benjy's Fiancée hands Stephanie a plate of bacon.

ZOLA

(to no one in particular)  
I hate to break this up but I'd like to get home.

Derrek at the open fridge. He takes a KRAFT single out of it's wrapper, leaving the wrapper behind on the counter. Benjy and his Fiancée zeroing in on the wrapper.

FIANCÉE

You know where the trash is.

Derrek throws the wrapper away in the trash. Benjy's Fiancée takes the cash out of the bag. She lays the cash out in stacks of 20s, 50s and 100s.

ZOLA

Hello-

BENJY

Relax I'ma get you a ticket outta here.

ZOLA

When?

BENJY

When it's time.

DERREK

And us?

BENJY

I'ma get you a ticket outta here too.

Derrek takes Stephanie's hand.

BENJY (CONT'D)

She not goin' with you. You think she goin' with you? We got money to make. She got a daughter to get. How you do that without resources?

Derrek can't hold in his tears.

DERREK

Then I'll stay.

ZOLA

I can go.

BENJY

No- I don't need you here anymore. All you're doing is dragging us down and costing me money when I'm trying to make money.

Zola mouths a *Wow* to herself.

STEPHANIE

I'll be home in 3 days.

BENJY

Something like that.

DERREK

I'm gonna to kill myself.

(beat)

I'm gonna kill myself. You hear me?

Stephanie unmoved. Zola raises her hand.

ZOLA

You mind if I wait in the car?

DERREK

I was gonna get your face tattooed  
on my neck.

Derrek takes OFF running for the open balcony. Without an ounce of hesitation- he goes FLYING OVER the railing.

CAMERA goes flying over the railing with him. Giving us the full VERTIGO EFFECT of the fall.

CAMERA pushes in on Zola.

ZOLA

I swear to GOD. Bible. This nigga  
fucking jumped.

Stephanie runs for the balcony. X can't believe his eyes. His Fiancée still sorting bills, nonplussed.

Derrek face down on the balcony of the apartment just below.

109

INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

109

HIGHWAY. CLOSE on X who is at the wheel. **AC** on **HIGH**.

BENJY

What the fuck is wrong wich you?

Zola in the backseat. Derrek beside her. His forehead split open and bleeding. Stephanie in the front.

BENJY (CONT'D)

Are you retarded? There are  
families there bro! I live there  
bro. People know me bro. That's my  
home. I'm about to own that spot.  
You know how much money me and my  
Fiancée put into that spot?

Zola feels her phone vibrating in her pocket. She holds it in her hand, it's SEAN. A sudden rush of emotions. She tries to hold back tears. And again, we are reminded that she is a 19 year old girl in the middle of Tampa, Florida. **Alone**.

