

@ZOLA

Written by

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Based on the Rolling Stone article

"Zola Tells All"

by DAVID KUSHNER

& on the inimitable Twitter feed of

AZIAH "ZOLA" KING

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ON BLACK:

On October 27, 2015 @_zolarmoon tweeted the following in 148 tweets.

Most of what follows is true.

1 INT. NONDESCRIPT LOCATION- TIME OF DAY UNKNOWN 1

A mirrored room, much like a little girls jewelry box. A warm buzzy yellow light reflected throughout.

ON ZOLA, (Black, 20s), wide-eyed and mostly sure of herself and STEPHANIE; white, shifty-eyed and ratchet.

Both women are side by side. CAMERA makes 180 degree turn. Starting on their backs.

They're choreographed and mostly in sync. They ready themselves. Their eyes penetrating. Both seemingly possessed. Hair did. Nails did. Lipstick on. Each woman sucks on the index finger of their right hand, making sure that there are no remnants of lipstick left on their teeth. Their ritual closes with each using a tooth brush dipped in gel to lay their baby hairs.

****Baby hairs are the wispy hairs that grow around the hairline.**

ZOLA

(to camera)

Y'all wanna hear a story about why
me & this bitch here fell
out????????? It's kind of long...
but it's full of suspense.

*Twitter whistle.**

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

2 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY 2

We are met by a headless buxom women carrying a personalized cake that reads "Happy Birthday Jerry"; in it a lit candle. We follow her to a table. At it a group breaks out into "Happy Birthday".

We leave them and find ourselves with another headless buxom woman who is clearing plates. We follow her towards the kitchen. But before arriving at the kitchen's double doors we cross paths with Zola. We follow Zola from behind as she effortlessly moves through the dining room; choreographed.

ZOLA

Darling- What can I get you started with.

LONE MAN

Anybody ever tell you, you look just like Beyonce?

OFF Zola, smile tight.

3 INT. HOSTESS STAND- LITTLE LATER

3

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

GAIL

You could taste that shit before he walked in the door. It was egg. It was fart. It was nasty. Whatchu call it when they skin is red like that? I saw it on TV.

We're talking about the lone man whose order Zola just took.

ZOLA

Rosacea.

GAIL

YUP!

ZOLA

Every table in my section is Fruit Loops.

GAIL

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

Zola prints out a check.

GAIL (CONT'D)

I need a break. I'm tired.

4 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

4

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.

5 INT. DINING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

5

Zola with 2 men, A. CARRY and B. CARRY. She holds out a tray of cakes; carrot cake, chocolate cake, cheesecake and key lime pie. Both men open carry guns.

A. CARRY

(midpoint)

So- he asked if he could up one of the medications. Thinks it's better before my next surgery which is a good thing because I'm tolerating it better than I was- when I had had the 2nd surgery- when I got the eye surgery. Sugars high. Pressures low. Insurance won't pay for two pills even though they help keep me awake. They only wanna pay for one.

ZOLA

Carrot cake, chocolate cake, cheesecake, key lime pie.

B. Carry sucks on a toothpick.

6 INT. DINING ROOM- LATER

6

Zola stands above a man, a woman, a baby and a stroller. The woman in the pair JOAN, looks like she's been crying for days. The man in the couple, WYATT, scans the menu with his index finger.

JOAN

Wyatt. Wyatt. Wyatt- you see what you want?

Wyatt's mouth opens but nothing comes out. Index finger still on the menu.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(through her teeth)

You- gotta hurry it up. You- can't be here all day.

A small sound comes from Wyatt's mouth. Zola peeks over at the baby, attempting a smile.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(to Zola)

Don't look at my baby like that.

ZOLA

I was-

JOAN

You hear how she just talked to me?

Wyatt looks up at Zola, his mouth opens again. Zola spots another waitress.

ZOLA

I'ma get my girl Jessica to ugh-

7 INT. HOSTESS STAND- LATER

7

Zola at the computer, menus under her arm. Gail, next to her filing her nails.

GAIL

I didn't like that place. It didn't have good air flow. I didn't tell you? Something wasn't right with it. It had a feeling. You know I always get my feelings.

ZOLA

I do. What table am I at?

8 INT. DINING ROOM- LATER

8

Zola stands across from JONATHAN (Black, 40s), a sugar daddy, and Stephanie.

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

JONATHAN looks a lot like the man we saw behind the wheel (X). Is it him? Maybe you're just racist?

JONATHAN

Look- closer you are to a city, the prettier the girls. I don't make the rules. They got hormones in food. I bet you they got hormones in water. Chicken taste like real chicken-- that's not chicken.

ZOLA

Right. I hear that.

She does not hear that.

JONATHAN

What platters you like with wings?

Stephanie still on her phone.

ZOLA

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

JONATHAN

I want that.

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

(quiet)

Thank you.

JONATHAN

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

STEPHANIE

You so dumb. Why you so dumb?

Zola shrugs- *she don't why he so dumb.*

ZOLA

Anything to drink?

STEPHANIE

Large cranberry juice.

JONATHAN
Margarita, extra sweet.

Zola flashes a smile. Stephanie watches her until she leaves the dining room.

9 INT. RESTAURANT PREP AREA - LATER 9

Waitresses and busboys hustling in and out. Zola spoons soup into a bowl.

STEPHANIE
I feel like we met.

ZOLA
When?

STEPHANIE
Before.

ZOLA
Where?

STEPHANIE
I don't know. You dance?

ZOLA
(with holding)
It's been a minute.

STEPHANIE
I dance.

ZOLA
Okay bitch. Me too.

They share a laugh.

STEPHANIE
Cute.

Stephanie gets close.

ZOLA
You not suppose to be back here.

Stephanie dips a finger in a container of ketchup. We follow her red tipped finger to her mouth. Zola in awe.

STEPHANIE
What are you doing tonight?

ZOLA
Nothin'.

STEPHANIE
You want to go somewhere with me?

Stephanie takes Zola by the hand.

10 INT. DETROIT CLUB - NIGHT 10

Zola and Stephanie in a mirrored hallway, hands intertwined.

****Reference: Yayoi Kusama's Infinity room.**

11 INT. DETROIT CLUB STAGE- CONTINUOUS 11

Blue and green lights marry.

****There is no NEON PINK in this film that's DONE.**

The deep bass of whatever song is coming through the loud speakers vibrates.

A pair of legs move through the air: ZOLA. On her feet, glass slippers. Just like Cinderella. Zola slides down spinning into a split, whipping her hair as she descends. Athletic.

ZOLA IS REALLY GOOD AT THIS.

Zola shakes her butt. Dollars fill the stage-- every inch covered.

ENTER Stephanie; slowly slinking towards center. She grips the pole and deliberately strokes it up and down. A man in the crowd goes mad. She does a spin.

Bills fall down on her.

STEPHANIE IS ALSO GOOD AT THIS (IN A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAY).

Zola climbs up to the pole, in rhythm with the music.

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.

12 INT. DETROIT CLUB VIP AREA - CONTINUOUS 12

Stephanie and Zola sit center; flanked by a group of high rollers whose faces are obscured.

STEPHANIE

Same bitch that would never dance
to make money is the same bitch
that be out on the block.

ZOLA

Same bitch that be smilin' in your
face- be the same bitch that gon'
come for you later.

This feels good. Each feels seen. Each feels heard.

Enter a women performing with FIRE.

13

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

13

Stephanie smoking, pacing. Zola seated. Both hyped up
listening to music from Stephanie's phone.

Lit by the headlights of Stephanie's car.

ZOLA

Same bitch that be smilin' in your
face- be the same bitch that gon'
come for you later.

STEPHANIE

Like- why you on my Twitter? Why
you on my Tumblr? Why you on my
Facebook?

ZOLA

Why you tagging me in pictures- if
you don't fuck with me?

Stephanie's phone vibrates; NO CALLER ID. Her focus shifts.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

You want to answer?

STEPHANIE

Nah. It's my roommate.

On the home screen a baby.

ZOLA

She has your face.

STEPHANIE

You think so? I think she look like
her daddy. He got one lazy eye. I
hope she don't get it.

ZOLA

Cool.

STEPHANIE

You got any?

ZOLA

No, but I'm the oldest of 6.

STEPHANIE

Your ma had 6 kids?

ZOLA

6 girls.

STEPHANIE

Damn!

Stephanie's phone vibrates again. She looks at it.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Gotta get home. Put your number in.

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

ZOLA

Tonight was dope. I missed that.

Stephanie finishes first. Zola still typing. They pass their phones back, they've exchanged 313 numbers.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

You got my twitter, my tumblr, my Facebook-

STEPHANIE

Follow for follow, bitch.

Both girls get into Stephanie's car. The car pulls out.

14 INT. THE CRIB - NIGHT

14

Zola enters. We see SEAN- 23, Italian and also Jewish, plopped down in front of the TV playing a video game.

SEAN

Ey, you wanna play? Jump on this.

ZOLA

Ugh...

SEAN
Oh shit- man!

15 INT. DINING/LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 15

The sound of cereal crunching. Sean studiously staring into a large bowl of Lucky Charms. As advertised they are magically delicious.

SEAN
I don't feel like cookin' dinner.
Where you wanna go?

ZOLA
...

SEAN
You want me pick?

ZOLA
...

SEAN
Did I do something?

ZOLA
...

SEAN
Have you heard anything I said?

16 INT. DINER - NIGHT 16

From afar we hear Sean's voice. But all we see is the diner through Zola's eyes. A black waitress who looks like an older versions of her clears their table.

Zola and Sean seated in a booth. A loose fitting engagement ring sparkling on Zola's forefinger.

SEAN
Yo- have you heard anything I 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.

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

SEAN
She sent it in an email- you check
your email?

Zola makes a face that says why are you emailing with my mom.

SEAN (CONT'D)
We gotta start makin' decisions.

Sean fingers graze her hand.

ZOLA
I'd have time if I was working less-

SEAN
You'd have time to check your email
if you were working less?

Zola not having it.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Why you looking at me like that?

Zola buries her head in her phone.

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

ZOLA
Yeah. A lot.

SEAN
You want to have this conversation
here? We cud have this conversation
here but you not gon' like it.

17 INT. ZOLA'S CRIB- LATE NIGHT

17

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.

18 INT. STEPHANIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

18

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:

19 INT. ZOLA'S CRIB - CONTINUOUS

19

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

Who you texting?

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

ZOLA

When we leaving?

STEPHANIE

BE READY BY 2.

ZOLA

Who's all going?

STEPHANIE

BE READY BY 2.

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

Hey, who is that?

ZOLA

Meet you outside mine at 1:59.

STEPHANIE

Bet. Text me your address.

ZOLA

You just dropped me off 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.

20

INT. ZOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

20

BED. Close on Sean and Zola. Sean on top. This is a sex scene, we don't see from the shoulders down. This is a shoulders up sex scene.

SEAN

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- he don't like it.

SEAN

So what if I don't. You know I'm working on gettin' a better job.

Zola brings his face to hers.

ZOLA

You like that?

SEAN

I do.

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

ZOLA

I'm going to Florida tomorrow with this white girl I met at work. We gon' dance. And I'ma come back with a few stacks. When I'm back we'll look at venues. Good?

SEAN

Good.

Zola smiles.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Are you close?

ZOLA

No.

SEAN

Okay...

OFF the pair laughing.

21 INT. THE CRIB- DAY 21

OFF SCREEN the honk of a car. Digital clock reads 2:02.

Zola stuffs her luggage with toiletries. Zola kisses Sean goodbye.

22 EXT. THE CRIB - CONTINUOUS 22

A BLACK BENZ BOX waits in the driveway. Stephanie jumps out with a big ol' smile. Her and Zola embrace.

STEPHANIE

This is gonna be fun.

The driver behind the wheel, X (Black, 40s) looks a lot like the sugar daddy from the restaurant. Is that him? Are you racist? He checks Zola out.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

This my bitch Zola.

X

Hey bitch Zola.

Freeze frame on X's face.

ZOLA (V.O.)
It'll be 48 hours 'til I know this
niggas name.

DERREK (WHITE, 20S), Stephanie's boyfriend, dopey-eyed and unsteady gets out of the backseat and grabs Zola's bags. He offers Zola his hand but avoids eye contact.

Zola looks down at his hand. In return she offers him a dead hand, the softest of all the shakes.

Zola climbs into the backseat. Next to her Derrek.

X puts the car in reverse. A sly smile on his face. This is NOT the man from the restaurant.

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

23 EXT. ROAD- DAY 23

We drive by a sign that reads *JESUS SAVES, try him. Believe this!*

24 INT. BENZ BOX- CONTINUOUS 24

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

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

Twitter whistle.

X
I'm using her GPS.

Zola a little mortified.

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

X 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.

HARD CUT TO:

ON SCREEN: HOUR TWO OF TWENTY-SIX.

25 INT. BENZ BOX - DAY

25

On the radio: Migos "HANNAH MONTANA"

X rappin' hard, Stephanie twerkin' hard, Derrek boppin' hard
and Zola keepin' it cool (hard) and 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.

EVERYBODY (CONT'D)

I got molly, I got white I got
molly, I got white I been trapping,
trapping, trapping, trapping all
damn night.

ZOLA

Hannah Montana I'm selling them
bricks out the Phantom.

DERREK

Bricks, Bricks, Bricks.

STEPHANIE

Got Hannah Montana I'm drinking the
lean out the Fanta.

DERREK

Lean. Lean. Lean.

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-SIX.

26 INT. BENZ BOX - NIGHT 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.

Derrek holds his phone up in front of Stephanie. On it a VINE
VIDEO of a guy rolling down a hill with a large barrel of
hay, ad infinitum at 6 second intervals.

STEPHANIE

I'm dying. Show Zola.

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

ZOLA

I'm dead.

STEPHANIE

He be doin' the funniest shit Zola.

ZOLA (V.O.)

I ain't see him do no funny shit
yet.

27 EXT. GAS STATION/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 27

Derrek washes the windshield of the car, Red Bull in one
hand. X in the passenger seat, slow dancing to the music on
the radio. His eyes follow the girls as they head for the
bathroom inside.

Derrek's nose starts bleeding.

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

28 INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 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 EXT. BENZ BOX- NIGHT 29

Benzo whizzes down a highway.

30 INT. BENZ BOX - DAWN 30

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

DERREK

You been together 7 years?

ZOLA

Off and on since we were 12.

DERREK

You 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.

Zola still focused on the game on her phone.

DERREK (CONT'D)

She's my best friend. I would do
anything for her.

X turns the radio up.

HARD CUT TO:

ON SCREEN: HOUR SIXTEEN OF TWENTY-SIX.

31 EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAYS - MORNING 31

The BENZ BOX rockets past a large memorial made of flowers in the shape of a cross; from it a single low hanging helium balloon dangles.

32 INT. BENZ BOX - DAY 32

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

STEPHANIE

My dude- I- am tel-ling you- Swear on my life! Swear on my mom's life! I cud not believe my eyes. Like what? Like huh? Like? This dookie ass bitch with a nappy ass head - was all up in my face - I was like no no no no -

(rolling her neck)

- LOOK - if you gon slide up and down a pole all night in some doo-doo ass drawers- clean your butt - have you some wet wipes boo-boo cos ain't nobody lookin' to get GIARDIA ON ACCOUNT A NO HOE. OH NO! Not again. Den dis bitch was up in my face and I was like, look bugger bitch, you best get your ghetto ass up out my face. It's not my fault you're nasty. It's not my fault I make more money than you.

DERREK

Clean your butt.

Lyrics on radio kick in.

STEPHANIE

Yassssssssssssssssssss!

DERREK

Clean yo' butt.

Stephanie reaches to turn the dial up high. Derrek excited. 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.

ZOLA

Word.

33 EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAYS- LATER 33

The BENZ BOX rockets past a rebel flag; *Welcome to Florida.*

34 INT. BENZ BOX - EARLY EVENING 34

Outside things go from seemingly polished to putrid.

X at the wheel. Stephanie in the passenger seat. Zola in the back. Derrek next to her asleep. Both girls on their phones, necks curved.

On the RADIO: 2 Chainz "WATCH OUT".

35 EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- EARLY EVENING 35

The BENZ BOX pulls into a parking lot of a motel. Zola's face turns sour. What dis is? Stephanie applies lipstick.

X

Yo- Derrek.

Derrek waking.

X (CONT'D)

We here.

DERREK

What's this?

X

Just a few hours.

DERREK

All of us?

X

I thought you was tired.

DERREK

I'm not tired.

STEPHANIE

You look tired.

DERREK

I guess I'm tired.

X hops out of the car. Zola follows him with her gaze; perplexed. Silence starts to set in and then-

OUTSIDE THE CAR, a RED-HAIRED GIRL enters fumbling through her purse. Her hair wet. She is followed by HEE a striking man. CAMERA INSIDE the car.

RED-HAIRED GIRL

Where the Kools at?

HEE

I already told you I got you Newports.

RED-HAIRED GIRL

That's that other bitch smoke Newports.

HEE

How many times I gotta tell you I'm not with her no more.

RED-HAIRED GIRL

You and dem Assalamualaikum's always tryin' to rob me a my peace.

She storms off.

HEE

I'm not doing this with you.

Hee follows her. Inside the car we's distressed. And then-

STEPHANIE

You know they made Miami Vice around here.

DERREK

They did?

STEPHANIE

Yup. You remember that movie?

DERREK

I don't.

X makes it back to the car with a room key and an oscillating fan.

36 EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- CONTINUOUS 36

All out of the car and at the trunk. Stephanie on her phone. Derrek grabs his and Stephanie's things. Zola is the last to grab her hers.

All head for the room. Zola and Derrek the only ones weighed down by luggage and heat. X in the lead holding only a fan.

Above this riveting piece of theatre, two kids dribble a basketball.

37 INT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- LATER 37

Inside the motel looks like outside the motel.

Zola stands out of the way with all her stuff, looking like a IG version of Dorothy from Oz meets Dalí's *Girl at Window*. Derrek moves luggage into the room. X finds a place to plug the fan in. Stephanie packs a go bag.

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 t.

Twitter whistle.

ZOLA

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

EXTREME CLOSE UP of Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

(almost a whisper)

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

Twitter whistle.

A door resting on a wall falls with a THUD- all but X jump.

DERREK

(voice cracking)

I don't want to stay here.

X

Ey, ey ey... I don't want to see your face like that. You only have to be here till they get done with what they gotta do.

(smooth and pointed)

Our room ain't ready. What can I do? I'm not a hotel. I can't make it ready. The girls gotta work right now. It don't make sense to put a bunch a money into a room that you gon' be- in- all alone.

Derrek unsure.

X (CONT'D)

You not gonna enjoy that?

Is this a trick question. Zola confounded.

X (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

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

DERREK

It kinda is.

Stephanie, shakes his head side to side, as if to say No.

STEPHANIE

We won't be gone long.

Stephanie puts a hand on his heart.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Whose is that?

DERREK

(quiet)

Yours.

Stephanie puts the same hand on her heart.

STEPHANIE

Whose is this?

DERREK

Mine.

X

Yo I'm hungry.

OFF Stephanie's sparkling eyes.

38 EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- CONTINUOUS

38

Zola, Stephanie and X 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. X in the lead.

ZOLA

That place look like it got roaches.

STEPHANIE

We not staying there.

Zola slightly suspect.

ZOLA

And when we coming back for our bags?

STEPHANIE

You ask a lotta questions.

They arrive at the Benz Box. All aboard!

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

Enter a BLACK DUDE with a face tattoo. This is DION. We'll meet him again.

CAMERA hangs on him until he disappears into a room.

39 INT. TAMPA CLUB - NIGHT

39

On stage a petite woman, let's call her SKIPPER- that's Barbie's little sister - cleans the pole down with Windex.

We are between sets. Under 20 patrons.

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

IN THE BACKGROUND: Stephanie at the bar with X and TONY, the Florida Manager. X points at Zola. Tony grins.

STEPHANIE

We back here.

ZOLA

Your boy stayin'?

STEPHANIE

Nah he gotta go see his fiancée.
He'll be back when we done.

40 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

40

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 5 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. Father
God, we call on you to ask you for
your blessings. We pray that you
hear us. Send us niggas with good
credit. 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. None of them
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. The HOUSE MOTHER, sets
up a spread of fruits and veggies.

ZOLA

Who you gonna be tonight Zola?

Zola in the mirror applies makeup. CUE a light change, Zola's
reflection refracted and multiplied in mirrors.

**** Reference: closing frame of All About Eve.**

Zola in a miniskirt, BARBIE ZOLA futzes with her lashes
(blonde wig/ high pony/ pink monokini).

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

ZOLA (CONT'D)
Who you gonna be tonight?

LIGHTS FADE: Kitty Zola. LIGHTS FADE: Bunny Zola. LIGHTS FADE: Sporty Zola. LIGHTS FADE: Sailor Zola. LIGHTS FADE: Nurse Zola. LIGHTS FADE: Hooters Zola.

****Reference: Lil Kim through all of the 1990s.**

On our final Zola we glitch and twitch like a GIF.

Moment interrupted by Stephanie's disembodied arm holding out a pair of pasties.

STEPHANIE
You need these.

CUE LIGHTS! Stephanie hands Zola pasties.

ZOLA
For who?

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.

ZOLA

How they expect us to make shit in this?

STEPHANIE

Easy. You a sexy bitch, I'ma sexy bitch. We gon make money. Period.

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 Tony Florida Manager.

TONY FLORIDA MANAGER

You.

Camera pushes to him.

41 INT. TAMPA STRIP CLUB HALLWAY - EVENING 41

Zola walks towards the stage in precarious patent knee highs.

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

42 INT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- NIGHT 42

Derrek on his phone watching a VINE VIDEO loop of a guy getting kicked in the chest.

43 INT. STRIP CLUB STAGES - CONTINUOUS 43

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 go wide. Between her thighs we see Stephanie sitting on some dudes lap.

44 INT. BATHROOM RAGGEDY MOTEL- CONTINUOUS 44

Derrek washes his hands and forearms. His phone on speaker on the bathroom sink.

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 and tries her again right away.

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. BEEP.

DERREK

Call me when you get this- babe.

CAMERA follows Derrek out of the bathroom. Music off screen increases in volume and he falls onto the bed. The beginnings of a spiral.

45 INT. TAMPA STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS 45

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

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 grim. A man with cold hands stuffs her panties with singles, KAY.

KAY

Anybody every tell you- you look just like Whoopi Goldberg?

OFF Zola's tense smile.

46 INT. DRESSING ROOM- LATER

46

Zola seated at a vanity counts the dollars she just collected: REALLY? House Mother cleans up her station.

ENTER Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

Where you been?

ZOLA

Here.

STEPHANIE

The manager wanted me to tell you that issa dude here that want you to do a private.

ZOLA

Pass.

STEPHANIE

He used to play football.

ZOLA

Tell your boy I'm ready to go--

STEPHANIE

Let's take a pic 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 album's worth of pictures, no flash. Per click, subtle changes in pose.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I'm texting these to him.

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

ZOLA

Why?

STEPHANIE

So he can come get us.

ZOLA

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

Twitter whistle.

STEPHANIE

We cool.

ZOLA

You cool?

STEPHANIE

He used to *take care* of me.

ZOLA (V.O.)

Take care of me in stripper
language means he was her pimp.

STEPHANIE

He just takes care of me that's
all.

ZOLA

Okay. Too vague.

Our first moment of tension. Stephanie grabs her things.
They're in a plastic bag. A text comes in.

STEPHANIE

(reading the text)

He'll be here in 30.

She exits. Zola watches her go.

ZOLA

Girl.

47

INT. TAMPA STRIP CLUB - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

47

Zola, in her street clothes, walks through the club with her
purse and overnight bag. She spots Stephanie in a booth with
Kay, the man with cold hands. Zola approaches.

KAY

I got a time share by Disney World.
You ever been to Disney World?

STEPHANIE

I ain't been.

ALT EXCHANGE.

KAY

You know Sea World?

STEPHANIE

I love whales.

Stephanie feels Zola. Zola's arms are crossed.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(to Kay)

Be right back-

Kay hands her some money. She walks towards Zola. Another girl takes her spot.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I heard about a club we could go
dance at but you gotta do private
dances.

ZOLA

Next subject.

STEPHANIE

How much you make?

ZOLA

Why?

STEPHANIE

He gon' ask.

ZOLA

Ask what?

STEPHANIE

You'll see.

ZOLA

We'll see. Nope.

48 EXT. PARKING LOT OF TAMPA STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

48

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

X
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.*

X
My other girl had a bad night too.

Zola's mind racing- *other girl? What does that mean?*

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

X (CONT'D)
Nobody made shit. Y'all wanna trap?

STEPHANIE
What you got for us?

Zola trying to follow along. Stephanie avoiding eye contact.

X
I set you both up on Backpage.

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

ZOLA (V.O.)
Backpage is where you buy and sell sex. Strike 2.

X
Yous about to get you some.

ZOLA
Excuse me?

X hands Stephanie a phone. Zola's head splitting.

X
Take the trap phone.

ZOLA
Come again?

Zola zeroes in on the phone and reaches for it.

STEPHANIE
Good lookin' out.

Zola scrolling.

X
You know I got you girl.

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

Stephanie checks her self out in the car's 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)
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. X punches
the arm rest of the center console. Zola jumps.

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

ZOLA
Where the *fuck* you from- nigga?

X
(in Nigerian accent)
Nigga- where the *fuck* you from? Get
your ass back in this car, Or I'ma
put you ass back in this car.

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

X (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.

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

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

X (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 bottom row of his teeth.

49 EXT. HOTEL ONE FOUNTAIN - LATE 49

Inside a woman runs on a treadmill, frame right. Enter TWINS wrestling and shoving in polos and khaki shorts. They're in town on a bachelor's weekend.

Enter X, Stephanie and Zola. We take the garden path as an alternate route to avoid the twins. Zola: boiling. Her purse in hand. Stephanie carrying a plastic bag. It feels like Stephanie's been here before. Has she?

X ahead. He is the picture of nonchalance. Stephanie close behind. We enter an atrium.

50 INT. HOTEL ONE ELEVATOR- CONTINUOUS 50

Twins sing. From a Galaxy Note "WONDERWALL" by Oasis plays.

TWINS IN POLOS
 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

Zola tries to catch Stephanie's eyes.

TWINS IN POLOS (CONT'D)
 I don't believe that anybody
 Feels the way I do about you now

One of the twins hones in on Stephanie.

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

X looks the twins up and down.

TWINS IN POLOS (CONT'D)

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.

51 INT. HOTEL ROOM- CONTINUOUS

51

On a door, that's very ajar, the sound of a long thick stream of urine hitting a toilet bowl. On X's back.

Stephanie standing. Zola standing. A continent between them.

OFF SCREEN a flush. X enters, Stephanie goes to him. He points from Zola to her.

X

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

X heads for the door. Stephanie goes with him, her eyes begging him to stay. His phone rings. "I gotta take this". He cradles her face. She leans into his hand. 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 boo-boo no shade, no shame- do you- but that IS NOT what you told me I was gettin' myself into.

STEPHANIE

Are you gonna hit me?

ZOLA

I should punch you in the throat.

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. Be safe. Wear condoms.

Zola walks to the door and swings it open. At the end of the
hall is X, 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
mother's life.

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

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

Stephanie now cries with her face. Zola disarmed.

ZOLA
That is not cool.

STEPHANIE
(slobbering)
I didn't want to take this trip. I
had to take this trip.
(MORE)

This trip is for my baby. I do it
all for my baby.

CLOSE ON: A BABY CRYING LOUD.

52 INT. STEPHANIE'S HOME IN DETROIT -- MORNING 52

CLOSE ON A BABY on a twin bed. CAMERA dollies. Derrek at a
desktop PC. We find Stephanie on her phone engrossed.

53 INT. HOTEL ROOM- WHERE WE JUST WERE 53

Stephanie in the bathroom readying herself. Zola in the
suite, just outside of the bathroom.

STEPHANIE

All you have to do is check'em in.

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.

TRAP PHONE beeps. Stephanie hands it to Zola

STEPHANIE

A guys' on his way up.

ZOLA

I'ma stay with you 'til I can get
my other bag from that nasty ass
motel.

STEPHANIE

Okay.

ZOLA

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.)

Say hi. Be nice. Make'em feel
welcome.

Stephanie comes out of the bathroom in a school girl look. Her demeanor has transformed in an instant.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You like?

Zola says nothing. Stephanie fastens the strap of her Mary Jane heels.

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

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 JOE, long haired and scruffy. He takes a step in and stops short, in his hand a CVS bag.

Zola stares at him. He stares back.

JOE

How old are you?

ZOLA

How old are you?

JOE

I ordered a white chick.

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

ZOLA

Motherfucker get your hand up out of my face.

Zola pushes him.

JOE

Woah, woah, woah!

ZOLA

Ready!

ENTER Stephanie sucking on a white lollipop.

STEPHANIE

Hi.

Joe recoils slightly spooked.

JOE
(on guard)
How old are you?

STEPHANIE
Old enough.

JOE
I brought you something.

He hands Stephanie the CVS bag. In the bag: chocolate.

STEPHANIE
Cute.

We follow him and Stephanie to the bed. His hand on the back of her neck. Stephanie crawls onto the bed. Her back to us. His back to us. Joe slips out of his shoes. Stephanie starts to turn to him.

JOE
Stay like that.

He walks to the front of the bed. He takes a good look. He undoes his belt. He removes his shirt. He walks around the bed and plants himself in front of her. She looks up at him.

JOE (CONT'D)
Stay like that.

She drops her head. He peels out of his pants and underwear slowly before kneeling down in front of her. He brings her face to his and goes for her neck.

Zola watches. There is no real way to get away from it. Zola still by the door in the corner of the room.

SLOW ZOOM TO ZOLA: What did she get herself into?

ZOLA (V.O.)
They start fucking, it was gross.

The DING of an incoming text. It's a TEXT FROM SEAN.

54 INT. ZOLA'S HOUSE BEDROOM- NIGHT

54

CLOSE on Sean in bed 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.
(MORE)

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.

55 INT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- DEEP NIGHT

55

We catch back up with Derrek; he's still with us. Now on the bed. Leaving a VOICEMAIL.

DERREK

Hi? It's me Derrek. Obviously. You good? You get my calls? I'm worried about you. Haven't heard from you since you left. Let me know you're good. Okay? I'm gonna step out and get some food. You eat yet? I can wait. Should I wait? I'll wait.

56 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

56

Stephanie and Joe, at the bed, getting dressed. Their backs to each other.

JOE

50, 80, 95, 120. 150.

He hands Stephanie 150\$. Zola, still standing, stunned by the transaction.

Joe buckles his belt and is out the door.

ZOLA

That dude just gave you 150 bucks.

STEPHANIE

Yes.

ZOLA

Twenty minutes on the pole is damn near 150!

STEPHANIE

On a good night.

ZOLA

Pussy is worth thousands, bitch!

Twitter whistle.

STEPHANIE
I don't set the price.

ZOLA
Hand me your phone.

STEPHANIE
...

ZOLA
Hand me your phone.

Zola takes Stephanie's phone away from her. Zola goes through the photos. Stephanie sits next to her. Their shoulders touching. While all of this is off, this part is nice.

ZOLA (CONT'D)
Look at this shit. No. Come on.
What is this? Who likes this? No.

Zola takes Stephanie by the arm. Stephanie tries to fight it but Zola's energy relaxes her.

ZOLA (CONT'D)
If a nigga like the picture he
don't look at the price.

Stephanie smiles.

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

STEPHANIE
X always says I use too much teeth
when I suck dick.

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
My baby.

ZOLA
500 a pop.

STEPHANIE
That's too much.

ZOLA
It's not.

PING! A MESSAGE ON BACKPAGE.

Smiles start to cross both of their faces. The trap phone starts BLOWING UP with requests!

ZOLA (CONT'D)
See? 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.

57 EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- LITTLE LATER

57

Derrek wanders out of his room, still on the phone.

Dion the BLACK DUDE with the face tattoo lingers on the ground floor landing with Hee. The two whisper.

Derrek and Dion and Hee lock eyes.

DERREK
Stephanie, it's me again. What's chillin'? Call me back- ok.

A black dude comes outta one of the rooms. Derrek watches as Dion and this Dude slap hands (EXCHANGE MONEY).

Derrek keeps his head down as he hurries away.

DERREK (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Steph- it's me, Derrek. Call me when you can, alright? I love you.

DION
Say, say, you got a lighter?

DERREK
(shaking his head)
There must be somebody.

58 INT. LIQUOR STORE- LATE NIGHT

58

Fluorescent lights. Derrek walks the rum aisle, sipping on a Gatorade. Arms loaded with many other liquids. CAMERA behind.

He feels someone encroaching and turns suddenly. Spooked. Now standing face-to-face with Dion, the DUDE from the motel with the face tattoo. His teeth are GOLD.

DION

What up?

DERREK

Nothin'- what's up with you?

DION

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

Derrek drinks from the Gatorade.

DION (CONT'D)

You was with some pretty girls. Had a bunch bags. There was a Black one wit' a big ol' ass and a blonde one wit' a nice face?

DERREK

The blonde ones' my girlfriend.

DION

Cool. 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.

DION

This- yo first time in Tampa?

DERREK

It is.

DION

You gotta let me show you around.

OFF Dion's golden smile.

59 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

59

A MAN WITH BLACK EYES hands Zola 500 in cash. He walks over to Stephanie who is waiting on the other opposite end, like before.

The room is pointedly silent. Now on the bed. On Stephanie. The Man With Black Eyes sucks on her neck. She zeroes in on a spot on the ceiling.

A pair of HANDS help Stephanie out of her top (bra on), her back to us. A pair of HANDS pull down her skirt (panties on). A pair of HANDS undoes one of her Mary Jane's. A pair of HANDS flip her onto her stomach. A pair of HANDS pull her by the ankles. A set of LIPS kiss her bottom. A MOUTH sucks on her fingers.

This takes us into a SERIES ON MEN, a pageant if you will of faces and penises. An array of shades, shapes and sizes.

Zola seated at the farthest possible seat in the room. Her face lit by her phone.

CAMERA passes a man thrusting with all his might. As we near Zola, she scrawls out a long TEXT 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.

OFF the hotel door slamming shut.

60 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEAR DAWN

60

Stephanie and Zola stand over the bed, it's covered in \$\$\$; organized bills in stacks of 1s, 2s, 5s, 10s, 20s, 50s.

STEPHANIE

How many was that?

Stephanie eating the chocolate Joe brought.

ZOLA

18. Your boy sent 3.

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.

61 EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

61

On the Derrek side of the call we are also on SPEAKER. Derrek walks away from the motel. Dion behind him out of focus.

DERREK
Where the fuck are you? I've 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?

Dion egging Derrek on.

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

Well- 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)

... Ding Dongs.

DERREK

Ding Dongs?

DION

That's not a spot.

STEPHANIE

Ding Dongs.

ALT NAMES for TAMPA STRIP CLUB: Dickie's, Dongers, Pluto's, Pricks, Dicks, Butchers, Knobbers, Toppers, Honkers.

DERREK

You're fuckin' lying to me Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

(turning smug)
I'm *not* fuckin' lying to you.

DION

She lying to you.

STEPHANIE

Look it up. It's by the McDonald's.

DERREK

If you went home with a dude tonight, you're dead. You hear me?

STEPHANIE

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

DERREK

Put Zola on.

ZOLA
(whispers)
What's this got to do with me?

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

ZOLA (CONT'D)
Derrek.

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

ZOLA
My dude I don't have any reason to
lie to you. But if you do decide to
talk to me sideways--

DION
Hang up.

CLICK! Derrek hangs up.

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

Twitter whistle.

62 INT. BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS 62

Stephanie washes her hands and forearms with a bar of soap.
She pulls the stopper on the sink. The bowl fills with water.
She lowers her face in.

This is her first time alone since getting to Florida.

63 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING 63

Zola and Stephanie asleep; limbs entwined. Both in bra and
underwear. A long beat before their covers are pulled off.

Stephanie comes too, groggy but alert.

STEPHANIE
You been here long?

X
A hour.

STEPHANIE

Can I get some too?

X

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

X kisses Stephanie on the mouth. Stephanie in a whisper asks
for some money.

X (CONT'D)

We got rent for the place. And gas
for the car. It's not cheap.

Zola can't believe her ears or eyes.

X (CONT'D)

Time to go.

X 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.

64 EXT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- LATE MORNING

64

X POUNDS on Derrek's motel door. Stephanie taps her nails on
the window. Zola off to the side disassociating.

X

Yo, Derrek! Wake da fuck up, bro.

STEPHANIE

(pointing)

He's down there.

They all turn to find Derrek walking out of Dion's below
them. Derrek laughing and gesticulating to himself.

DION

You gotta see this trick we do with
a card.

DERREK

I love magic.

X

What the fuck is wrong with that
nigga?

ZOLA

I have been askin myself this from
the get.

DERREK

They're here. You gotta meet'em.

X

You gettin' cabin fever?

Suddenly, Dion appears next to him.

DION

Catch you later man.

Dion turns away from us. X stares at him. Dion slips into his apartment.

X

(surprised)

Who the fuck is that?

Derrek can see on X's face that he's fucked up but he's not sure why.

65 INT. RAGGEDY MOTEL- CONTINUOUS

65

Inside the room, things are rearranged from when we saw them last. All furniture in one room. Derrek has made a fort.

X lays into Derrek. Stephanie and Zola stay out of the way.

X

(surprised)

Who the fuck is that?

DERREK

That's my friend. It's chill.

X

What's your friend name?

DERREK

Ugh... I don't remember.

X

You don't remember your friend name?

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

X (CONT'D)

(in Nigerian accent)

My dude- 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.

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

X

Where you told him your girl work?

DERREK

... Ummm. I told him-

X

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'.

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

X

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

ZOLA

What!?!?

On Stephanie chewing gum. (Where and when did she get gum?)

DERREK

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

X

And you don't know fam name.

X turns to the girls. CLOSE on X.

X (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 X. Just like when we first met.

Outside the car we're in the middle of an 813 RIDE OUT. Outside Zola and Stephanie's window we see street bikes and dirt bikes; stuntin' and flexin' and ridin'. #BANSHEELIFE.

**** Reference: Nationwide BikeLife and 12 O'clock Boys.**

Zola opens her window. X closes her window.

67 EXT. HOTEL 2 - AFTERNOON

67

The Benz pulls into the driveway of a 4 STAR HOTEL.

Zola and Derrek perk up.

X

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. X hands a valet and heads for the hotel lobby.

Zola lingers outside with her bags.

Stephanie and Derrek have an explosive but quiet argument. Derrek pulls at his hairs.

X enters and places a hand on Zola's shoulder. She turns to him.

68 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

68

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

Zola and Stephanie in the suite. Derrek on the balcony. OFF SCREEN a flush.

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

X

You in charge. Keep an eye on Derrek.

ZOLA

Oh is this my "look-out" promotion?

X

Yeah this your promotion.

X'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

Babe.

DERREK

No. 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.

Stephanie lays her hand on Derrek's heart.

STEPHANIE

Whose is that?

DERREK

Yours.

Stephanie puts the same hand on her own heart.

STEPHANIE

Whose is this?

DERREK

Mine.

She takes his hand and puts it in her mouth.

DERREK (CONT'D)

I missed you so much.

Zola at the door.

ZOLA (V.O.)

They start fucking, it was gross.

70 EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

70

Zola lounging in a deck chair by the pool.

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 X, whose shadow blocks out the sun. In his hand a tiny Victoria Secret bag.

SEAN (CONT'D)
When you back?

X
(mouthing)
Who is that?

Zola turns inching her way into some sun.

SEAN X (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.

X
That your man?

ZOLA
Why? You jealous?

X
Very.
(beat)
I got you something.

X hands Zola the Victoria Secret bag.

ZOLA
Thank you.

X
Look inside.

Inside a wad of CASH. Zola sits up.

ZOLA
What's this for?

X
Respect.

ZOLA
Do I get to go home now?

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

X
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.

X

We not doing that 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 sunlight nigga.

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

X

You watch your mouth when you speak to me.

Waiter enters. X releases her.

WAITER

Miss- may I help you?

X

She don't need help.

WAITER

Miss?

Waiter looks to Zola.

ZOLA

I'm good. We good. Thank you

Waiter thinks twice, then goes.

X

Now- when I stand up- you stand up.

X stands, Zola stands. X pushes up his sunglasses.

X (CONT'D)

And when I walk- you walk.

He walks, then she walks.

ZOLA (V.O.)

I don't want to be here.

X (V.O.)

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.

(MORE)

Get your ass upstairs- get our girl ready. We doin' outcalls tonight.

71 INT. HOTEL 2 SUITE - DAY

71

Balcony. Stephanie in a waist trainer sitting on Derrek's lap. Post-coital. His lips pressed against her back.

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
Babe you should take a walk.

DERREK
I don't want to walk.

Stephanie doesn't have an answer. The vibe kicks up to TEN.

DERREK (CONT'D)
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
OH! 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

(at the top of his voice)
I am not crazy!

ZOLA

Again?

72 EXT. BACKDROP- DAY

72

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

Medium on Stephanie; pony tail high baby hairs laid. For each of the below her lip color and top change. As well as the hue of the backdrop she is seated in front of.

STEPHANIE

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

73 EXT. BACKDROP- DAY

73

Medium on Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

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

74 EXT. BACKDROP- DAY

74

Medium on Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

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

OFF Stephanie's sparkling smile.

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 nothing wrong.

Zola watches her in the mirror.

ZOLA

How many other girls were there?

STEPHANIE

He's bipolar. It runs in his family. He basically has no dick.

CAMERA pulls away from them and pans to suite.

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.

Twitter whistle.

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

CAMERA pulls away from the suite and into the bathroom. Stephanie still putting in her weave.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

And his bitch lost in the game!

Twitter whistle.

Stephanie appears motionless also like a photograph; another MEME. Zola falls back into the empty tub. Stephanie wets a washcloth and wipes under her arms.

DERREK (O.S.)

Everybody knows you're a ho now.

Twitter whistle.

76

INT. BEDROOM OFF BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS

76

Derrek enters; a mischievous look on his face.

DERREK

Everybody knows you're a ho now.

Twitter whistle.

Derrek holding the phone close.

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 mans'
at home.

Derrek holds the phone up high; out of Stephanie's reach.

On it: her Facebook and a status of her BACKPAGE AD!

STEPHANIE

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

Stephanie tries to grab the phone away from him.

DERREK

(impression of Stephanie)
I don't like gettin' my ass eatin
out but I do enjoy bragging about
it.

STEPHANIE

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

Derrek throws her phone into the suite. Stephanie goes after
it. Derrek follows her.

DERREK

I'm trying to help you.

STEPHANIE

Don't say shit to me.

Zola watches from the suite. Stephanie sits.

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 ass 100
on that. Perfect score.

Derrek and Stephanie not clocking Zola at all.

DERREK
I fucking love you.

Door bursts open. Zola jumps.

Enter X and his fiancée, BABY, (White, Hot, a Bad Bitch); in head to toe latex. On her forefinger a canary diamond.

ZOLA (V.O.)
It'll be 24 hours before I hear
this bitch voice.

X charges at Derrek and grips him by the neck of his shirt. Stephanie somewhat relieved. Zola riveted.

X
You put that shit up on the
Internet?

ZOLA
That was fast.

DERREK
I did.

X
Why you put it up?

DERREK
Somethin' to do.

X
After everything I have done for
you.

X lets go of him.

X (CONT'D)
I should really kill yo ass.

Twitter whistle.

Baby pulls out a little handgun.

DERREK
Hey- hey- hey-

X takes a seat.

STEPHANIE
He's sorry. Tell them you sorry.

DERREK
Hey man- come on man.

X

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

Derrek murmurs something inaudible.

X (CONT'D)

WHAT?

Derrek murmurs some more inaudible shit.

STEPHANIE

Just say it Derrek.

DERREK

I don't know how.

X

Abe-gun-de.

DERREK

Abe-gun-de.

X

Abegunde Ola-wa-le.

DERREK

Abegunde Ola-wa-le.

X gestures to the room as if conducting an orchestra.

EVERYBODY

Abe-gunde Ola-wale.

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 to X. X takes the gun from Baby and points it at Derrek who squeezes his eyes shut.

X

Delete the post and gimme your phone.

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

X (CONT'D)

(to Derrek)

Sit the fuck down.

Derrek sits on the floor. X goes to Stephanie.

Zola locked in place; at the doorway. Derrek locked in place; on the floor. Baby locked in place; near the entryway.

X's palm on Stephanie's chest.

X (CONT'D)
Whose is that?

STEPHANIE
Yours.

X
Whose is that?

STEPHANIE
Yours.

X
Whose is that?

STEPHANIE
Yours.

Derrek wretches.

X
I'ma spend the night in. We been busy. We been stressed. We need that alone time. That 1 on 1. Y'all gotta work.

Derrek wretches again.

X (CONT'D)
Any questions?

Twitter whistle.

CAMERA holds on Derrek who VOMITS. They all gag. We have now entered the 3rd panel of *The Garden of Earthly Delights*.

77 INT. HOTEL SUITE- LATER

77

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.

Baby parked in front of the TV.

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

DERREK

Can I go home?

X

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

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

X (CONT'D)

(to Zola)

Can I have a word with you.

X and Zola have a moment away from the group. X hands Zola her purse. Zola looks at him and her purse like- *where was I when you got in my purse*. 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 X 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.

X

I'm trusting you wit my bitch Zola.

ZOLA

I've never held a gun in my life.

X

If anything goes left. You know what to do.

ZOLA

I actually don't.

X completely ignoring her.

X

(to his Baby)

Ey, it's time.

BABY

Bet.

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

X

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."*

CUT TO:

78 INT. NONDESCRIPT LOCATION- TIME OF DAY UNKNOWN 78

Back in the mirrored room that started us off. The lighting harsher this go around. Zola and Stephanie are out of step. There is a gulf between them. Zola touches up her manicure. Stephanie braids her hair. The trap phone rings.

ZOLA (V.O.)

First client calls and says he's ready.

79 INT. BENZ BOX- NIGHT 79

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.

80 EXT. BENZ BOX- NIGHT 80

Benz from the REAR makes it's way down a dark black road.

81 EXT. MANSION- NIGHT 81

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 tries to take her by the hand.

ZOLA

I'm done.

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.)

Alright.

ZOLA (O.S.)

What does that mean?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

It means okay I'm done. You can go.

Zola opens the front door. The door shuts 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's phone vibrates. She answers.

ZOLA

Mom. Hi. I'm okay. I'm kind of in the middle of something- though. Let me call you back.

82 INT. BENZ BOX - MOMENTS LATER

82

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 chest goes up in flames. Derrek holds it out for Zola. Zola looking away.

ZOLA

I seen this one.

DERREK

This dude is hilarious.

ZOLA

Yeah.

DERREK

I'ma make shit like this.

ZOLA

...

DERREK

You know I skate- right.

ZOLA

I didn't.

He doubles over and starts to choke up.

DERREK

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I just- I'm
trying to distract myself.

He takes a big breath.

ZOLA

Were you home schooled?

DERREK

You think I'm stupid? I look
fuckin' stupid. Don't I?

Derrek trying to believe that.

ZOLA

What do I look like?

An understanding of sorts shared between them.

DERREK

You think I was born in the wrong
era?

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

83 EXT. MANSION- NIGHT

83

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.

84 INT. BENZ BOX- LATER

84

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.

85 INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

85

Wall to wall carpet. Warm tones throughout. Framed paintings of flowers and pastoral scenes. Dim lighting.

Three men play cards at a dining room table. A man in a wheelchair; immobile from the neck down. A man in sunglasses and a man in scrubs who holds court, ROSEN. All in their 40s.

ROSEN

She wasn't from here. She was from out of town. Brooklyn? Chicago? Atlanta? I don't know. She has an attitude right away. No manners. Talkin' fast. Rollin' her eyes. I tell her to slow down. Cause I could barely keep up. She comes in because she's having trouble breathing and got pain all over.

OFF-SCREEN a moan followed by sound of a bed post hitting a wall.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

So I ask her on a scale 1-10- how bad's the pain? 20. I ask where it hurts most. She doesn't know- but she's gotta see a doctor bad. So I ask her when's the last time you took a shit?

OFF-SCREEN a grunt. The man in sunglasses plays a hand.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Bitch hasn't shit in 12 days. What? Eat a banana- take a shit. Sit yourself down on whatever hole it is you call a toilet. And shit. I don't got time for this. I got a room full of real people with real problems.

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

ROSEN (CONT'D)

We don't admit her. And she wont go. She parks herself in the waiting room. She wants x-rays and scans and blood work. For what? Next morning- they find her right out in front the hospital. She was sitting with her hands clasped in front of her.

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

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Couple weeks later- this other woman comes in. Kelly? Karen? Elizabeth? Same story. She's having trouble breathing. She's got pain all over.

OFF-SCREEN a door shuts.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

So I ask her on a scale 1-10- how bad's the pain? 20. I ask where it hurts most. She doesn't know- but she's gotta see a doctor bad. We admit her.

ENTER Stephanie. The men look in her direction. 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).

86 INT. BENZ BOX - LATE NIGHT

86

Side on the road. Stephanie in the backseat applying foundation to a bruise on her thigh. Derrek at the wheel, biting his cuticles. Zola- phone to her ear, head aching.

X

(on phone)

You got the address I sent?

ZOLA

It's gettin' late.

X

We got a hit for 2 more.

ZOLA

We tired-

STEPHANIE
I'M NOT TIRED!

X
She not tired.

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

87 INT. BENZ BOX- CONTINUOUS 87

Car approaches a light.

A cop car pulled over across the street. It's blue lights circling. 2 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 other joins in.

Light turns green. Car drives past the scene.

88 INT./EXT. SHACK- LATE NIGHT 88

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... Listen. I-- I-- uh-- I
never meant for--

The door opens. At it a Latino man in boxers, we'll call him JUAN. Further in and somewhat obscured another Latino man, we'll call him ALSO JUAN.

JUAN
¡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?

89 INT. PARLOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

89

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 covered in plastic.

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

JUAN

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.

JUAN

He said that.

ZOLA

When you talk to him?

Zola reaches for her phone to call X.

JUAN

Before.

He looks to Stephanie.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Right- mami?

STEPHANIE

I don't set the price.

JUAN

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

No answer. Zola dials again.

STEPHANIE

(to Zola)

Maybe it was a group rate.

CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW 180° turn.

ALSO JUAN

Yo- I was hopin' I could get butt.

Zola still on the phone.

ZOLA
She don't do that.

ALSO JUAN
We savages, Miss.

JUAN
We ain't proper.

ALSO JUAN (CONT'D)
We ain't proper.

Juan and Also Juan pull a bunch of crinkled money out from their boxers, 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
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.

CAMERA HIGH ANGLE on Stephanie.

STEPHANIE
Wanna hear a story 'bout why me and
this bitch here fell out? 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".**

90 INT. RESTAURANT- NIGHT

90

A demure version of Stephanie and Jonathan. Stephanie is in what looks like "good girl" drag.

STEPHANIE

We meet at the restaurant she work at. 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 with- and I was like I fuck with JESUS my lord and savior. But I did tell her about my Florida trip and she just sort of forced her way into it.

91 EXT. ZOLA'S HOUSE- DAY

91

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.

92 INT. STRIPCLUB TAMPA- NIGHT

92

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?

93 INT. HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

93

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!

The film reel rolls out to white.

94 EXT. HIGHWAY- NIGHT

94

Benzo's headlights light the way. Mostly an empty road. Faint radio off screen.

X on speaker phone.

X (V.O.)
5,000 for 2 bitches. 2,000 for 1.

ZOLA (V.O.)
We don't have 2.

X (V.O.)
It's 4 dudes.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
(small)
Last one?

X (V.O.)
Last one.

Zola hangs up.

DERREK (V.O.)
I could drive home-

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
Home- where?

95 EXT. HOTEL 3- DRIVEWAY 95

Derrek pulls into a spot off the driveway. Stephanie and Zola step out. The cars lights go off. All are drained. No words are exchanged.

96 INT. HOTEL 3 LOBBY- NIGHT 96

Zola and Stephanie push through a set of glass doors.

In the lobby we are met with a concierge. Zola goes to the front desk. Concierge points her in the right direction.

Lobby connected to a restaurant. A man on steel drums plays *Sleepwalk* by Santo and Johnny.

Zola and Stephanie make their way through the lobby.

97 EXT. OUTDOOR POOL- CONTINUOUS 97

Zola and Stephanie enter. A suited and DISTINGUISHED MAN stands on the edge of the pool admiring a swimming woman. She reads like a mermaid.

The only thing that cuts through the silence is the low hum of the music inside coming through speakers.

DISTINGUISHED MAN
(to Zola)
Anybody ever tell you- you look
just like Janet Jackson?

OFF his playful smirk.

98 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

98

Under soft amber light.

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

Door after door after door. 217, 218, 219, 220, 221... They land at: 222.

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-stretch that out-

Stephanie not so sure.

ZOLA (CONT'D)
Call your mom. Clear all the shit up. 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. Zola gets out of the way, landing her on her side.

ZOLA
Whoa, whoa, whoa...

Stephanie is snatched. She screams.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (DION)
Shut up bitch!

A BIG BLACK DUDE pushes out into the hallway, CEE CEE. Zola starts backing up and falls. The dude grabs her by the ankle. With the heel of her 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.

He opens the door to the room. A SCREAM!

CEE CEE
I didn't get the black one.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (DION)
WE GOT WHAT WE NEED.

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

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

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

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

Zola doesn't look back. She runs towards the stairwell and bursts through the door.

99 INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

99

Zola in heels runs as fast as she can. On her phone.

ZOLA
Can you hear me?

X
You- cuttin- out-

ZOLA
We got a problem.

X
You got--- a--- wha-

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

100 INT. 2 STAR HOTEL LOBBY-- CONTINUOUS 100

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

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 (CA), 2006 BLACK TOYOTA SCION, 4 door (Personal License Plate of one Janicza Bravo, is that allowed?)

Zola pushes through the glass doors.

She calls Derrek. He answers.

ZOLA

I'm lookin for you. They snatched her dude! I'm outside the hotel. I'm right by the car.

Zola looks down and remembers she lost her shoe. How did she get here? Her phone rings.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

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.

101 INT/EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 101

Derrek across the street from the motel. In his hand a monster energy drink.

102 EXT. FAR PARKING LOT AT HOTEL - LATE NIGHT 102

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.

The Benz BOX pulls in and haphazardly parks.

DERREK

Where is she? What the fuck happened?

ZOLA

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

DERREK

What did they do-

ZOLA

They took her 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 mint condition vintage Lincoln Town Car speeds into the parking lot. Baby behind the wheel, X next to her. Her vanity plate reads *BABY*.

BABY

You know I'd kill for you.

X

I know you would.

X steps out of the car.

X (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

ZOLA

We gotta call the cops.

X

We go up- we get her.

DERREK

Yes.

ZOLA

We? WE didn't have nothing to do with this shit. These niggas was giant.

X

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

DERREK

Let's go.

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

X
How the fuck I know you ain't in on this?

ZOLA
I'm not!

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

ZOLA
And whose lookin' out for me?

X drags her towards the hotel. Derrek in tow.

X
You still got that piece?

ZOLA
I don't want it.

DERREK
What about me? I should have a piece.

103 INT. HALLWAY- LATE NIGHT

103

X, Derrek and Zola walking in step.

X
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: 217, 218, 219, 220, 221...

X has his GUN out at his side. He creeps up to 222. He gestures to Zola and Derrek so that they hug the wall.

CAMERA hugs the wall too, Zola's POV.

X POUNDS on the door. Nothing. X POUNDS again.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (O.C.)
Who is it?

X
Motherfucker, you know who this is!
I want my bitch!

HOTEL ROOM MAN
Which bitch?

X
My BITCH.

HOTEL ROOM MAN (O.C.)
I ain't met a bitch named My yet.

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?

X 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 X's belly.

X
I knew 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?

X 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.

X
She don't got shit.

Zola's eyes flick towards her bag.

DERREK
I thought we were homies.

DION
We not. You got a gun?

DERREK X
No. He ain't carryin'.

DION
Bullshit. Take off your clothes.

DERREK
I don't have nothin'?

X
Do what he says.

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

DION
Spin around.

Derrek does a spin.

DION (CONT'D)
Again.

Derrek does a spin again. Dion ushers them in. As Zola passes Dion, X WINKS AT HER.

104 INT. HOTEL ROOM- CONTINUOUS

104

Inside the room CC cradles a big gun.
Room is odd: colors run from the rug up the walls.
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. CC has a shotgun pointed at Zola and Derrek. X clocks where everything is, he notices a leg peeking out of the closet.

X
You said you was 4.

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

Dion's gun still pointed at X.

DION (CONT'D)
(to Zola)
What's your name sweetheart?

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

ZOLA
No thank you.

DION
Why you so bitter?

DERREK
What the fuck man?!

DION
It's Dion okay. That's my name. I
don't know you. You don't know me.
Do not get delusions of
motherfucking gander when 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.

X
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.

DION (CONT'D)
I don't know how they do where
you're from. But where I from you
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 X's feet.

X
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.

X unmoved.

X
Stand up, Zola.

Zola doesn't. Derrek holds her hand.

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

X grabs Zola by the back of 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 X's grasp.

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

X (CONT'D)
50 thousand! And you can have this
one too.

X 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 gun in it. Zola closes her eyes.

X 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. CC points his gun
at X.

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

DION
There has been a grave
misunderstanding--

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

Dion drops his gun. Now both dudes got their guns on X. X presses his gun into Dion's crotch. Zola still between them.

DION
DROP YOUR GUNS.

CC drops their guns. Derrek goes for the closet.

X
Gimme that.

Derrek goes back for the gun.

CC
It's right there.

DERREK
Thank you man.

Derrek hands it to X. X now holding 2 guns. Derrek goes for the closet.

X
(to CC)
On your knees.

CC on his knees.

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

CC
Hey man. I live with my grandma, she expectin' me-

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

DERREK
I got you.

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

DION
You think you just gon' walk outta here?

X
I do.

X shoots Dion in the neck! HE'S DOWN.

CC SCREAMS. ZOLA SCREAMS. STEPHANIE SCREAMS. DERREK SCREAMS.
Zola runs. Derrek and Stephanie run. X follows.

CC
(to Dion)
You alright bro?

Dion bleeding out from the neck.

105 EXT. OUTDOOR POOL- DAWN 105

Zola, Derrek, Stephanie and X running as if their lives are on the line. X with cash in hand. Derrek's arm around Stephanie. X makes it out in front of all of them.

106 INT. HOTEL LOBBY- CONTINUOUS 106

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

The Distinguished Man from the night before checks out at the front desk. He locks eyes with Zola. She remembers that she's only in a single shoe.

DISTINGUISHED MAN
Safe travels.

107 EXT. BENZ BOX -DAYBREAK 107

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

Wind blowing intensely.

108 INT. BENZ BOX- CONTINUOUS 108

The passenger seat window rolls down. X hands Stephanie one of the guns. She throws it from the car.

109 INT. X'S CONDO IN A HIGH-RISE - MORNING 109

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 X and Baby prominently featured.

Baby at the stove in a negligee. A cigarette dangling from her mouth. Vitamix loaded with fruit.

The front door swings opens. In X's hand the bag of money. He goes to Baby.

X kisses Baby on the cheek. CLOSE on his lips on her face. She stuffs melon in his mouth. He hands her the bag of money.

BABY
You want a smoothie?

X
I'm good.

ENTER Stephanie and Zola. Stephanie black and blue. Derrek the last to enter, tripping on entry.

Zola anxious what next?

BABY
You want bacon?

Stephanie sits on a stool at the counter top. Baby hands her a plate of bacon. Derrek goes for the fridge.

ZOLA
(to no one in particular)
I hate to break this up but my time has come to a close.

Derrek at the open fridge. He takes a KRAFT single out of it's wrapper, leaving the wrapper behind on the counter. X and Baby zero in on the wrapper.

Derrek throws the wrapper away in the trash. Baby takes the cash out of the bag; stacks of 20s, 50s and 100s.

Zola waves at X.

X
I'ma get you a ticket outta here.

DERREK
And us?

X
I'ma get you a ticket outta here too.

DERREK
We get to go home, cookie.

Derrek takes Stephanie's hand.

X

She not goin' with you. You think she goin' with you? We got money to make.

DERREK

Then I'll stay.

ZOLA

I can still go.

X

I don't need you here. You dragging us down and costing me money when I'm trying to make money.

Zola mouths a *Wow* to herself.

DERREK

I'm gonna to kill myself. You hear me? I'm gonna kill myself!

Stephanie unmoved. Zola raises her hand.

ZOLA

You mind if I wait in the car?

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 whips to Zola.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

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

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

CUT TO:

110 EXT. CONDO - CONTINUOUS

110

ECU of Derrek.

DERREK

Wanna hear a story 'bout how me and these...

**The events portrayed in this film were tweeted by @_zolarmoon
in 148 tweets.**