

All the Best Prophets Have Daddy Issues

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Draft 3

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FADE IN:

INT. WAITING ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

Six people sit in a waiting room that is sterile in appearance. There is only one door exiting the room and no natural light. BROTHER PASSION, 45, Mississippi's sleaziest serpent handler, covered in fresh snake bites, attempts to flex his preaching prowess and gain appeal with his unenthusiastic audience.

BROTHER PASSION

Brother Passion can't keep the ol' tongue tied. No, no, no. I'll tell ya why we hurr. All y'all gonna burn if ya don' give ya self up. Brother Passion giv'n himself up - all day, ever'day!

BROTHER PASSION falls to his knees, reaching for the sky in front of DELILAH, 25, a tastefully provocative woman sitting patiently. The door to the waiting room opens and a SoCal valley girl, KASSANDRA SADIE, 22, stands at the threshold.

KASSANDRA

Is there like a - Delilah here?

Delilah raises her hand, and she guardedly moves toward the door. Brother Passion gets up from his knees to gripe.

BROTHER PASSION

This seductress 'fo Brother Passion?
Brother Passion been waiting foreva
an'a day!

KASSANDRA

Sir. We totally appreciate your
patience.

(to Delilah)

Follow me.

BROTHER PASSION

Listen, Missy. Thur ain't no way.

Delilah and Kassandra exit the waiting room and the door slams in Brother Passion's face.

BROTHER PASSION (cont'd)

A sheep goes before the farmer.

Turning around, defeated to face his flock. One of those waiting, a foreign Buddhist monk, BHIKKHU, 65, snaps out of his mediation and offers words of encouragement.

BHIKKHU

Ass - hole.

INT. HALLWAY - UNKNOWN TIME

Delilah looks around the one-way hallway Cassandra has led her to. One direction, nothing. The other, a narrowing hallway that leads to a single door. A few paces ahead, Cassandra irritably looks at the uneasy Delilah to catch up.

DELILAH

...I honestly didn't think he was going to die. It was just a haircut, y'know?

KASSANDRA

Right.

DELILAH

It was just a mistake.

KASSANDRA

I don't want to sound like a bitch - but you should totally save your breath for him.

DELILAH

Him?

KASSANDRA

Don't you read?

Kassandra and Delilah have reached the end of the hallway and stand in front of the single door. Cassandra looks up and down her body.

KASSANDRA (cont'd)

Times don't change.

Kassandra begins to walk back toward the waiting room. Confused, Delilah looks at her body and back to Cassandra.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - UNKNOWN TIME

THE MAN, 60, fat and bald, contemplates as he lightly touches three items on his desk: a belt, a plastic bag, and a tourniquet. Over an intercom: PETE, 35, The Man's assistant, startles The Man.

PETE (V.O)

Sir, your next consultation insists on seeing you. She's tenacious--

THE MAN

Goddamn it.

PETE (V.O)

Is that an order, sir?

THE MAN

...She?

INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE - UNKNOWN TIME

On the phone, Pete, dressed like yachtsman, sits at his desk in a dilapidated, EPA red-flagged warehouse. There are no machines or employees, just Pete. On Pete's desk sits an old computer, a dot matrix printer, a phone, a box cutter, three yachting magazines, and a picture of a boat. Next to Pete's desk is a coat hanger with a bloody hazmat suit and a mop/bucket.

Sitting in front of Pete's desk on a trash couch is Delilah, now sporting some heavy cleavage. Behind her is the door to the hallway; to her left is The Man's private office door; to her right is a weathered door with a flickering light above. However, on the ground is a mopped over trail of blood leading to the weathered door.

PETE

(quietly)

I'm trying save you time, sir...
Regardless if she's fruitful...yes,
sir.

Pete hangs up the phone and rolls his eyes. Delilah looks around her surroundings with a wary eye. Gazing at the picture of the boat, the box cutter and the trail of blood, Delilah can't piece it together until Pete's expression doesn't change as he stares at her.

DELILAH

...Do you like boating?

Pete's hard expression softens. The Man exits his office, and he immediately notices Delilah's cleavage.

THE MAN

Good golly! She's more than fruitful,
Pete!

Pete stands. Repulsed, Delilah remains seated and covers up a bit.

PETE

Sir, this agitator seems persuasive.
I respectfully--

The Man pushes Pete aside as he approaches Delilah.

THE MAN

Print out her background check, Pete.
It'll give me enough time.

DELILAH

That was unnecessary - some would
say.

Pete appreciates Delilah's comment as he gets up.

PETE

I'm fine - but, thank you.

The Man smacks Pete.

THE MAN

Shut up and print the background
check before I turn into silly putty,
yacht boy.

DELILAH

Don't abuse your worker.

Pete commands print. The dot matrix printer starts printing.

THE MAN

Abuse? My worker is lucky to still
have a job. Isn't that right, Pete?

PETE

...Lucky is my middle name, sir.

Delilah and Pete start making eyes at each other over The
Man's outrageousness.

THE MAN

See, people only listen if they're
fearful, intimidated, or you take
away their dreams of owning a boat!

The Man grabs the picture of Pete's dream boat and taunts
him with it. Pete reacts and is visibly upset when The Man
carelessly throws the picture on his desk, breaking it.
Walking casually to the couch, The Man plops next to
Delilah.

THE MAN (cont'd)

Ask me how hard it is.

The background check finishes printing just as The Man is creepily close.

DELILAH

Please, verify that background check and then we can - uh, move forward?

THE MAN

Oh, hot. You're all business for a woman - just like me. Two become one.

Pete and Delilah find this phrasing curious, as The Man gets up to check the printout. Pulling out his bifocals, The Man quietly mouths the background results. While The Man reads, Pete makes eye contact with Delilah - he mimes that she needs to get up and run to the weathered door. The Man interrupts before Delilah can decipher.

THE MAN (cont'd)

You're the harlot that killed my boy Samson!

Delilah bites the bullet, and she stands to confess against Pete's silent advice.

DELILAH

...I am - but I was trying to make a living and survive. Sam was just so trusting.

THE MAN

Fuckingdumbshit is the word I would use.

DELILAH

Right. Okay. Sure. Just, please forgive me. I let greed get the better of me. But, I'm not a criminal.

THE MAN

That's not how this works, Delilah. You're denied. Pete.

Pete takes off his yacht hat, and he begins putting on a bloody hazmat suit.

DELILAH

Whoa! What could I have done differently?

THE MAN

Where to begin: greed, whoring, stealing, abuse...I could go on.

DELILAH

You yourself are guilty of all of those things.

THE MAN

Yeah, but I'm The Man. Pete!

Unafraid and proud, Delilah marches up to The Man. Pete intently listens to the debate.

DELILAH

You created the game. Rigged the game. And now you punish those that played the game?

THE MAN

Hey! Cool it, woman. I only came out here to give you a shot at this - you should feel special.

DELILAH

I should feel? You're a sleazy hypocrite!

THE MAN

What did I do? I'm saying you're hot - you should smile more.

DELILAH

You started it. You're the reason why we're subjugated and abused. The lesser sex. Ha. You're a monster - not a man worth devotion.

Pete zips up his hazmat suit and picks up the box cutter as The Man is taken aback at Delilah's honesty, as she walks toward the weathered door.

THE MAN

Goddamn it! Deny her, Pete and - I'll let you have longer bathroom breaks!

Turning around, Delilah proposes to Pete.

DELILAH

I have no clue what's on the other side of that door, but any place is better than here, Pete.

Pete walks toward Delilah. The Man becomes desperate.

THE MAN

...I'll let you unionize, Pete!

Just the thought of unionization disgusts The Man, but Pete stops and turns around.

PETE

Best of luck in your future endeavors, sir.

THE MAN

...I'll buy you that stupid boat, Pete.

DELILAH

Don't listen to him - there's no water anywhere.

PETE

...And you'll start treating me better? Stop calling me yacht boy?

THE MAN

We can collectively bargain that. Just deny her.

DELILAH

Forget this. I'm going.

Delilah starts walking toward the weathered door.

PETE

...Hey, Delilah...

Pete turns around, and he walks toward Delilah, disappointing The Man. Suddenly, Pete stabs Delilah in the stomach repeatedly with the box cutter. The Man gets excited by the cruel violence, and he approaches. Pete holds Delilah close. Broken and in pain, Delilah is on her last breaths as The Man gets right in her face with a smile.

THE MAN

Denied.

Delilah spits blood in The Man's face. Conflicted, but loyal, Pete twists the blade, killing Delilah.

PETE

For the yacht.

The Man wipes Delilah's blood off his face; Pete softly rests her on the ground. Pulling on her arm, Pete drags Delilah toward the weathered door.

THE MAN

No. Prop her up behind the couch.

PETE

She'll begin to rot and stink, sir.

THE MAN

Let her be an example to anyone that questions me.

PETE

You got what you wanted and she suffered. Just let her be reborn and live out her existence in that hellhole.

THE MAN

Do you want your boat?

Pete nods his head shamefully as The Man sits in Pete's chair and puts his feet up on the desk.

THE MAN (cont'd)

Then grow the fuck up and make her my scarecrow.

Pete begins to struggle dragging Delilah to the back of the couch as he casually thinks out loud.

PETE

I'll tell you one thing, sir. I still don't know why some people are so stubborn? For all of our sake, have a moment of introspection, and accept the way you've conducted yourself is what failed. Go away, keep your mouth shut, and accept the punishment you deserve.

THE MAN

...Shut up and do your job, Pete.

Disheartened, The Man gets up and walks back to his office reflecting on his personal parallels to what Pete unintentionally said. Pete finishes balancing Delilah when the entrance door opens and Brother Passion bursts through.

BROTHER PASSION

Ohhhhhh, lord! My race is run - I made it to the HOLY MOLY!

Brother Passion is frightened by The Man's scarecrow.

BROTHER PASSION (cont'd)

Ah! I knew she was a temptress! I knew it, lord!

THE MAN

Pete. Denied.

Pete rolls his eyes -just another day on the job.

BROTHER PASSION

Denied?! But lord - I've devoted my whole life to your great word! I am you - you are me!

Pete guides Brother Passion toward the blood trail. The Man turns around to look Brother Passion in the eye.

THE MAN

That's great. Denied.

Scarecrow Delilah sits centered in the warehouse against the couch as Pete stabs and drags Brother Passion toward the weathered door and The Man retreats to his office. Just another day in paradise.

FADE OUT.

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