

DELIVERED

SERIES PILOT:

"Dream Girl"

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FROM BLACK:

Insert: "Destiny grants us our wishes, but in its own way,
in order to give us something beyond our wishes."

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

FADE TO:

INT. A DARK ROOM — NIGHT

As the FULL MOON hovers in the window, the silhouette of a
YOUNG ARTIST works at a lamplit table.

FLASH OF MEMORY:

The STUNNING GREEN-EYES of a YOUNG WOMAN.

BACK TO SCENE:

The artist INKS those same GREEN EYES onto the page.

FLASH OF MEMORY:

The green eyes belong to a YOUNG WOMAN, her face mostly
hidden, working as a nightclub hostess.

BACK TO SCENE:

The artist DRAWS a FULL MOON.

AS ANIMATION:

Those same GREEN EYES APPEAR in the moon, then BLINK.

BACK TO SCENE:

The artist draws a TEARDROP FALLING from ONE EYE.

FLASH OF MEMORY — INT. CAR:

A HAND PENCILS the "hostess girl" on a small pad.

BACK TO SCENE:

The artist inks a TINY FLAME.

AS ANIMATION:

An inferno ENGULFS A CITY BLOCK littered with blackened buildings, smashed windows, twisted car skeletons.

A LIGHTNING BOLT crackles from the sky.

FLASH OF MEMORY — INT. CAR:

The HAND SIGNS the DRAWING of the hostess girl, TEARS THE SHEET from the pad.

BACK TO SCENE:

The artist colors a WOMAN RESEMBLING THE HOSTESS, standing alone amidst the apocalyptic cityscape.

AS ANIMATION:

A SKELETON-FACED KNIGHT on a horse grabs her, gallops off.

FLASH OF MEMORY:

A DIFFERENT HOSTESS, now at the door, takes the DRAWING.

DIFFERENT HOSTESS
(looking amazed at it)
I don't think she's coming back.

BACK TO SCENE:

The artist draws a YOUNG MAN WALKING ALONE on a beach.

AS ANIMATION:

The young man, searching, CALLS TO THE YOUNG WOMAN.

Stopping, he gazes into an ethereal sky — tall clouds, sun, and blue — as the ANIMATION

DISSOLVES TO:

THAT SAME ETHEREAL SKY — REAL LIFE

The sun shines as tall white clouds ENCROACH onto blue.

A STORM IS BREWING.

At the edge of the clouds, a pale CRESCENT MOON hovers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A SOUTH FLORIDA STREET — DAY

Lean and shaggy-haired, JESSE JORDAN (early/mid-20s) drives a not-that-recent black Honda Civic. Along with some dings and dents, the back of the car is covered with trendy band, art, and cartoon stickers.

A GREEN LIGHT turns quickly RED.

Jesse brakes to a stop, scans the scene with a striking pair of deep BLUE EYES that feel many years older than the handsome and seemingly carefree young man they belong to.

Palm trees, a bustling beachside promenade, and the expanse of turquoise ocean dominate the panorama.

In the sky, the STORM CLOUDS SPREAD.

EXT. PIZZERIA BACK ALLEY — CONTINUOUS

Jesse parks the Honda in the alley behind the beachfront LEANING TOWER OF PIZZA.

High above, that CRESCENT MOON SEEMS TO BE WATCHING.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Destiny...

INT. A DARKENED ROOM, PLACE UNKNOWN

A delicate female hand with painted fingernails FLIPS A TAROT CARD showing a skeleton knight — "DEATH."

A pair of INTENSE GREEN EYES draw us in.

VISION FLASH:

A blurred gun barrel wedges against a skull.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Doesn't come easy.

EXT. THE LEANING TOWER OF PIZZA

Jesse, wearing a black "Yoda" t-shirt, hops from the car into a bright shaft of SUNLIGHT. A BURST OF WIND whips his hair.

He hustles through the pizzeria's back screen door. As it SLAMS behind him, a SUN SHOWER PELTS THE ASPHALT.

INT. PIZZERIA - KITCHEN - SAME

OPERA MUSIC HOWLS, as a pot of meatballs SIMMERS on the stove, while ANGELO, the pizzeria's owner, friendly-faced but haggard, GRABS A THICK ENVELOPE from a SKETCHY-LOOKING GUY in a Miami Heat tank-top.

Angelo peeks at the WAD OF CASH inside the envelope.

ANGELO
(to Sketchy Guy, with
thick Italian accent)
Do I need to count?

SKETCHY GUY
(shaking his head "No")
Good to the nickel, my friend.

With the ease of an "insider," Jesse walks up to them.

Seeing Jesse, Angelo's face lights up. He slaps him on the shoulder.

ANGELO
You going in fifteen minutes,
buddy.

JESSE
(sarcastic)
Real big emergency.

ANGELO
Waiting on more guy coming to drop.

JESSE
(grabbing a wedge of bread
off the counter)
Royal ass pain, dude.

ANGELO
(smirking)
Grab something else to eat. You too
skinny.

JESSE
(nodding at the rail-thin
Angelo)
The Incredible freakin Hulk over
here.

Angelo laughs. (The father-son/uncle-nephew dynamic between them is obvious.)

ANGELO
But who's always taking care of
you, eh Jesse? So when you finally
find yourself a nice girl—

JESSE
Maybe I already found one—

ANGELO
I think she's in your imagination.
(tapping his head)
In those pictures you drawing.

FLASH OF MEMORY:

It's Jesse handing the "different hostess" the drawing.

BACK TO SCENE:

Angelo gives Jesse a playful smack on the back of his head.

ANGELO
No money, no honey, *amici*.

JESSE
(walking away, singing, to
the tune of the
children's song)
"One, two, three, four, five..."

Jesse walks toward the swinging "saloon"-style doors leading to the front of the pizzeria.

JESSE (CONT'D)
(still singing)
"...one day I'll catch that fish
alive..."

He pushes through the doors into bright sunshine, a wide view of the ocean.

PIZZERIA – FRONT OF HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Jesse enters the crowded pizzeria, high-fives the TATTOOED COUNTER GUY.

Walking towards the side door, he glances at a THIN BLONDE WAITRESS running a pie to an outside patio table.

INT. THE DARKENED ROOM, SOMEWHERE ELSE

That same hand with painted fingernails flips another tarot card. This time it's "THE LOVERS."

EXT. BOARDWALK PROMENADE – SAME

Jesse sits on the cement wall separating boardwalk from the beach, scans the scene – beach shops, restaurants, CYCLISTS, a ROLLERBLADER.

Watching a huge PELICAN over the water, Jesse grabs a pencil from his pocket, DRAWS the shape of a bird onto the wall.

As the sketched pelican ANIMATES and SOARS, Jesse is startled away from his doodling.

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
(with Caribbean accent)
You! Boy.

Jesse sees BOLIÈRE, a homeless-looking black man with a shamanic bearing, standing sunlit over him.

JESSE
Bolière, man, you gotta stop
scaring the shit out of people.

Bolière's good eye twinkles, the blind one white and dead.

BOLIÈRE
(one eyes gazing, as he
yanks a dreadlock)
Spirits they watching, boy.

Jesse seems unmoved, as if he's heard it a million times.

BOLIÈRE (CONT'D)
Watching you now.

JESSE
 (tucking the pencil into
 his pocket)
 The ghosts. The spirits. God.
 Satan. *Jesus*.
 (keeping hand in pocket)
 How much, Bolière?

BOLIÈRE
 (keeps staring, more
 urgent)
 Dangers everywhere, boy.

JESSE
 (standing)
 I gotta fly. Angelo needs—

From his open palm, Bolière blows a CLOUD OF GLISTENING WHITE
 POWDER over Jesse's head.

JESSE (CONT'D)
 (trying to swat away the
 cloud)
 Keep away with the hoodoo, man.

The cloud HOVERS, GLOWS EERILY in the sunlight.

BOLIÈRE
 To protect. Protect *you*.

Jesse glances at the pizzeria

BOLIÈRE (CONT'D)
 (singing prayer-like in
 native tongue)
 (English subtitles:)
*Do you not see? God brings light
 to the one who carries faith.*

Bolière taps Jesse once on the chest, holds his finger there
 as Jesse's eyes follow.

BOLIÈRE (CONT'D)
 Boy, stay *true*.

When Jesse looks up, Bolière's GONE. Vanished, as if he were
 never there.

INT. PIZZERIA KITCHEN — A FEW MINUTES LATER

Angelo hands Jesse an OVERSTUFFED LARGE PIZZA BOX with two
 \$100 bills lying on top.

ANGELO
Take it to the club. Ray's waiting
for you.

Angelo lights a cigarette, drags deep.

ANGELO (CONT'D)
Capisci?

JESSE
(looking a little spooked)
Crystal.

ANGELO
(nodding at the extra
bills)
On top is for you.

As Jesse pockets his \$200, Angelo throws an arm around his
shoulder.

ANGELO (CONT'D)
Looking a little funny, buddy.
(exhaling smoke)
You just smoking that other shit?

JESSE
(twisting away from
Angelo's arm)
Usual freakshow, dude.

He heads out the door with the pizza box of cash.

INT. THE DARKENED ROOM — SOMEWHERE ELSE

By candlelight, that same hand flips a new tarot card — "THE
TOWER."

CARD INSERT:

People leap from a burning building being struck by
lightning.

EXT. THE FOX AND PUSSYCAT STRIP CLUB — DAY

Jesse zips through the parking lot, parks by a door, hops out
with the pizza box.

"Delivery" in hand, Jesse RINGS the doorbell. A second later
the automatic door BUZZES ajar.

INT. STRIP CLUB OFFICE — CONTINUOUS

As Jesse steps inside the office, RAY, massive with a slicked-back ponytail and high-end clothes, pounds the desk as he glares at a THIN AND SHIFTY DUDE.

RAY
(pointing his finger)
...you'll all be fucking out!

A pair of BOUNCER-TYPES and TWO STRIPPERS look on nervously.

Ray glances at Jesse, opens the door leading to the club, herds the group out.

He SLAMS the door behind them. The office goes QUIET.

RAY (CONT'D)
(sitting at desk)
Manager of my club.

Ray smirks, as Jesse hands him the pizza box.

RAY (CONT'D)
(pulling a large bowie
knife from a drawer)
With these fucking bimbos, having
an orgy on my dime.

Ray knives opens the pizza box top, flings it away. The box is PACKED WITH BUNDLED CASH, a hand-written LOG on top.

RAY (CONT'D)
Nothing walked away, grew some
wings and flew out the window?

JESSE
(rolling his eyes)
Yep, little green birds flapping
everywhere.

RAY
(smirks as he puts away
the knife)
How's pizza-man? Treating you okay?

JESSE
Ange is the man.

Ray puts the log in a folder, dumps the cash inside a drawer.

RAY
No argument here.

Ray slides a few bills across the desk to Jesse.

RAY (CONT'D)
Go buy yourself some art supplies.

Ray leads Jesse toward the back door with a massive arm around his shoulder.

RAY (CONT'D)
(stopping)
Forgot, I want to show you
somethin'.

Ray yanks out his phone, taps the screen, hovers it in front of Jesse's face.

INSERT: A social media post of a sexy black & white drawing of a stripper.

RAY (CONT'D)
These drawings you did of Cinnamon
and Lexxa, they put 'em up on their
fucking Instagram.

Jesse's face lights up.

RAY (CONT'D)
Their business has quadrupled. Now
all the girls want you to do one
for them, too.

JESSE
I wasn't sure if you were gonna be
pissed about that or not.

RAY
(putting his arm back
across Jesse's shoulder)
My advice to you, my young friend,
is don't draw any more pictures for
free.

As Jesse reaches for the door, it opens, as if by some mysterious power.

RAY (CONT'D)
If they can pay for their tits,
they can pay for their portraits.

In struts Ray's partner JESÚS TERRASCO, tan and muscular with a reptilian snarl, a nearly-palpable violence churning beneath his skin.

RAY (CONT'D)
(to Jesse)
Trust me, pal, your windfall is
coming—

TERRASCO
Well, well, if it ain't Jesse
fucking Picasso.

Terrasco strikes an exaggerated "pointed-pinkie" gesture of
"an artiste with paintbrush."

TERRASCO (CONT'D)
(cracking a menacing
smile)
One of my favorite people to see,
because that means Angelo's drop is
here.

Jesse watches Terrasco's face MORPH into a VIPER'S HEAD. Its
FORKED TONGUE FLICKERS before CHANGING BACK TO HUMAN FORM.

TERRASCO (CONT'D)
With no side adventures, I hope.

JESSE
I never ran off, Terrasco.

RAY
That was a fucking year ago.

JESSE
You know I had a flat tire.

Terrasco's menacing eyes soften.

TERRASCO
(to Ray)
All okay with the drop?

Ray nods an "all is cool."

TERRASCO (CONT'D)
(slowly, emphatically)
Best *not* be anything flying.

JESSE
(twisting a strand of
hair)
No little green birds, Terrasco.

RAY
(winking at Jesse)
Make yourself scarce, Picasso.

FADE TO:

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Jesse walks in through the front door, the MOON HOVERING over his shoulder.

For an instant EYES APPEAR in the moon.

INT. THE DARKENED ROOM — SOMEWHERE ELSE

By LIGHT OF THE SAME MOON, the delicate hand flips a new tarot card, its face unseen.

JESSE'S APARTMENT — CONTINUOUS

Jesse switches on the light, illuminating a small space appointed with a drawing table, a futon and a television, a bookshelf packed with art supplies.

One wall is covered with Jesse's art: monsters, figures in action, girls under palm trees, futuristic motorcycles. There's serious talent, but the art feels immature.

THE DARKENED ROOM — SAME

IMAGE INSERT: Tarot card of a young man on horseback, holding a golden cup to the sky.

JESSE'S APARTMENT — CONTINUOUS

Jesse pulls cash from his pocket, counts a few hundred dollars, looking pensive doing so.

He walks across the room, kicks loose a strip of baseboard, lifts out a small metal lockbox.

The box is STUFFED WITH CASH. Jesse adds the new bills, jots the amount on a pad, puts everything back in place.

JESSE'S APARTMENT — A SHORT TIME LATER

Jesse sits on the couch, opens a laptop, clicks on the WEBPAGE OF AN ART SCHOOL.