

Dante & Delilah
(or *Inferno*)

written by

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Dante & Delilah / Inferno Treatment:

Dante Rossi drifts through life clinging to small-time crimes and the loyalty of his partner, Sanchez. They rob small businesses, hustle for scraps, and survive job to job. Dante craves something more—respect, power, meaning—but it's easier to stay trapped in petty violence and broken loyalty. Delilah Grace, meanwhile, suffocates in her own quiet despair. A college dropout with a murky past, she numbs herself with distractions. She dreams of escape—but like Dante, she's too tangled in self-destruction to break free. Their worlds are parallel, heading toward collision.

The robbery at Eastern Credit Union changes everything. Dante and Sanchez's plan unravels: a silent alarm trips, police are en route, chaos erupts. In desperation, Dante snatches Delilah—an innocent bystander—as an impromptu insurance policy. This act triggers their true antagonist: Mr. White, a sophisticated and ruthless loan shark to whom Dante and Sanchez are indebted. White sees their blunder as a breach of contract and dispatches Vince, Marco, Tristan, and a growing network of killers to retrieve his money—and send a message. Now Dante has a clear goal: survive the fallout and fix the mess he's made. Delilah's goal: stay alive, find leverage, escape.

Hunted across a city spiraling into violence, Dante and Delilah form an uneasy alliance. They clash—she challenges his impulsivity, he mocks her naiveté. Their bond deepens into something raw and complicated—part attraction, part survival. Meanwhile, Sanchez unravels: addiction, paranoia, betrayals. As the heat from White's enforcers intensifies, the trio fractures. Every moment is a fight for survival. Dante's recklessness and broken loyalty threaten to destroy him. Delilah's growing cunning becomes her weapon—but it also puts her at odds with Dante's spiraling rage.

At their lowest point—bloodied, abandoned, hunted—Dante and Delilah confront the truth: The world they believed in (loyalty, codes, survival) was always a lie. There's no honor among thieves and no redemption without sacrifice. They must choose: continue the cycle and die meaningless deaths—Or break the rules and carve out a new fate. Dante sees, finally, that the future he longed for was never waiting at the end of a gun barrel. Delilah realizes that survival sometimes means becoming the very thing you feared.

Facing the culmination of betrayal, rage, and survival instinct, Dante and Delilah confront Mr. White's forces. Whether they live, die, or destroy each other will be determined by one thing: Not how much they can fight— But whether they can let go of the lies they built their lives on.

Character Breakdown:

DANTE ROSSI (Late 20s) - Protagonist; handsome, tattooed, buzz-cut, fit. Impulsive, violent, street-smart but deeply flawed. Lives by a broken, outdated moral code rooted in loyalty and honor. Haunted by past betrayals and failures; feels invisible and disposable in the system. Seeks respect, freedom, and some shred of human connection—but doesn't know how to earn it. His volatile relationship with Delilah exposes both his capacity for care and his dangerous instability.

DELILAH GRACE (20s) - Protagonist; african american or any race, attractive, bleach-blond hair. Smart, jaded, rebellious college dropout. Fiercely independent but emotionally wounded beneath her defenses. Captivity strips away her illusions; forces her to use her instincts to survive. Both a victim and a player—she navigates her situation with a mix of wit, empathy, and opportunism. Seeks freedom on her own terms and refuses to be anyone's pawn.

SANCHEZ (VIRGIL SANCHEZ OR "TRAMP") (Late 20s) - Black or african american, fit. Dante's partner-in-crime; volatile, coke-addicted, and reckless. Often the voice of chaotic "reason," though he's just as broken as Dante. Deep fear of losing control leads him to act violently, selfishly, and sometimes cowardly. Symbolizes the fraying bonds of loyalty among criminals.

MR. DORIAN WHITE (Late 50s) - Primary Antagonist; salt and pepper hair, handsome, wears fine Italian suits. Cold, calculating, manipulative crime lord. Hides brutality behind a veneer of sophistication. Respects loyalty only when it serves his ends—otherwise sees people as disposable assets. His patience is lethal: calm, methodical, and ruthless when crossed.

VINCE (30s) - White's top enforcer; cold, precise, and remorseless. Loyal only to power. Represents the unstoppable force pursuing Dante and Delilah.

MIRANDA (Late 20s-30s) - Mr. White's mistress; beautiful, poised, trapped. A silent observer of White's cruelty. Symbolizes survival in a gilded cage—she stays alive by staying quiet but notices everything. Holds quiet contempt for the men around her but suppresses it to survive.

TRISTAN (30s) - Second enforcer under White. Sadistic tendencies hidden beneath calm obedience. Takes pleasure in violence but never breaks White's code.

MARCO (30s) - The muscle. Large, silent, intimidating presence.

Not stupid—reads situations carefully but speaks rarely.
Loyal as long as he's paid; detached from moral judgment.

JAY (30s) - Old friend of Dante; Pale, slimy and lustful.
Works as a costumed character for kids events which serves as
a front for his sick perversions. Inexperienced hustler
trying to make a name for himself. Thinks he's smarter than
he is.

FADE IN:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

DELILAH (20s, attractive in a quiet, classic way, messy bleached hair) stands at the counter of a shabby convenience store. She sets a cup of sorbet and two waters down for a bored FEMALE CASHIER (mid-20s).

DELILAH
How are you?

CASHIER
(bored)
Is that it?

DELILAH
Yup. I think so.

The cashier starts scanning the items. Delilah glances around, cautious.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
\$4.58. Cash or card?

Delilah glances behind.

DELILAH
Cash. I only have nine dollars and eleven—

DANTE (O.S.)
Whats the matter babe? Having a little trouble?

DANTE ROSSI (late 20s, shaved head, unkempt, heavily tattooed) walks up and hugs Delilah from behind. He's holding a large black duffle bag and an armful of snacks. Dante leans in for a kiss—Delilah pulls away.

DELILAH
(smiles)
Nope. All good.

Dante hands the cashier a bill and shoves both his and Delilah's items forward. The cashier inspects the bill, makes change, and hands it over.

CASHIER
(as she bags the goods)
Will that be all, sir?

DANTE
(hands change back)
Give it to charity.
(beat)
One last thing... Lemme get a box
of Newports.(points behind her)

The cashier turns to grab the cigarettes. Dante pulls out a pistol and presses it to the back of her head. She turns—muzzle in her face.

DANTE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Take all the money out of the
register and throw it in here.

He tosses the duffle onto the counter and unzips it.

DANTE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
No calls. No games. Just the money.

He nods at Delilah. She walks to the entrance, standing guard.

The cashier, eyes locked on the gun, opens the register and starts stuffing bills into the bag—slow, nervous, eyes darting between Dante, the gun, and the door.

DANTE (CONT'D)
(impatient)
Hurry up.

She picks up the pace.

DANTE (CONT'D)
And the money from the safe in the
back.

CASHIER
(trembling)
This is my first week. I wasn't
told the code yet.

Dante studies her. She's telling the truth. He glances at the door.

DANTE
Fuck it. Don't worry about it.

He snatches a lollipop off the counter, unwraps it, pops it in his mouth, then studies the cashier as he zips the duffle.

DANTE (CONT'D)
You're not taking me for a fool
right.

The cashier shakes her head, averting his eyes.

DANTE (CONT'D)
 ...Because I hate to be taken for a
 fool.

Dante backhand slaps the cashier, blood spilling from her mouth onto the counter.

DANTE (CONT'D)
 (to Delilah)
 Let's go, babe.

Delilah stares at the blood--frozen.

DANTE (CONT'D)
 What are you doing? Let's roll!

Dante grabs Delilahs, pulling her to leave. She's frozen.

Delilah's POV: the room SPINS.

Play something like "Save Me" by Remy Zero or "Trouble" by Elvis Presley.

WE FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE: DANTE & DELILAH

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. EASTERN CREDIT UNION / BANK - EARLIER - DAY

Matching industrial blue and white walls. Furniture, appliances, and employee uniforms blend into a cold, sterile palette. All of the patrons and building employees are face down on the ground, hands behind their heads.

Dante (long hair) wears black workman's attire, disguised in a woman's wig and makeup. In one hand, he holds a large black duffle, in the other he grabs one of the patrons wrist--Delilahs, pulling her to leave. Their eyes lock--their fates sealed.

Sirens blare in the distance.

SANCHEZ (O.S.)
 Who tripped the alarm?
 (to a nearby teller)
 Was it you?

This is SANCHEZ or CHEZ (black, late 20s, twitchy coke addict) who also wears black workman's attire and holds a black duffel, but wears prosthetic old-man makeup and carries a cane. Sanchez is Dante's best friend since they were teens. He doesn't disclose his first name--everyone just calls him by his last name.

He kicks a terrified PATRON.

PATRON

No!

SANCHEZ

"Lady", c'mon let ro--
(sees Dante)

The fuck are you doing?

Note: Dante calls Sanchez "Tramp," and Sanchez calls Dante "Lady", their aliases.

DANTE

Insurance policy.

Sirens grow louder. Closing in.

SANCHEZ

Leave the fucking girl, before you
get my black ass locked up.

DANTE

Trust me "Tramp".

BANK TELLER

You assholes better make a
decision!

SANCHEZ

(to the teller)

Shut up!

(to Dante)

Asshole!

Sanchez storms out.

Dante raises his pistol toward the patrons, backing toward the exit with Delilah.

One of the guards reaches for his gun, but Dante catches him. He puts his gun to Delilah's head.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Don't be a hero, mall cop. We don't
want anyone getting hurt.

The guard stares at him... then complies, placing his hand back behind his head.

Dante pushes the door open, they slip out.

EXT. EASTERN UNION / BANK - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez tosses his duffel in the trunk of Dante's 2000s Mustang, slams it, rounds the car, and jumps in the driver's seat.

Dante shoves Delilah into the backseat—then the bag—then himself.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - CONT.

Sanchez turns the ignition. It sputters.

SANCHEZ
Really wish you hadn't done that!

DANTE
Too late!

SANCHEZ
Got it all?

DANTE
Most of it.

SANCHEZ
Good enough.

Delilah struggles to escape against Dante's vice grip.

DELILAH
HELP!!! SOMEONE HELP ME!!!!

SANCHEZ
WILL YOU SHUT HER UP!!!!

Dante covers her mouth. The car starts.

EXT. GETAWAY CAR - CONT.

Tires screech, they speed off.

END FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Faded wallpaper, dim lights, roaches scuttering to-and-fro---welcome to The Grand Motel. A no-rate, cheap shit hole of an establishment.

Dante enters, duffel bag in hand, into a filthy two-bedroom room—empty beer cans, takeout boxes, and supplies from the robbery litter the room.

Sanchez snorts a line of cocaine through a rolled-up \$100 bill on top of the dresser. Their score laid out in front of him.

SANCHEZ
(still snorting)
Where you been?

Dante locks the door and latches the chain.

DANTE
Making a withdrawal. How's Delilah?

SANCHEZ
Who? Oh—the girl? She's fine.

DELILAH
Who?

Delilah sits in a chair, hands and feet duct-taped. She glares at them both.

Sanchez turns and spots the duffel in Dante's hands.

SANCHEZ
Dante... what's in the bag?

DANTE
Don't worry about it.

Dante tosses himself—and the bag—onto one of the beds. He unzips it and pulls out a box of hair clippers.

SANCHEZ
Nigga... don't tell me you robbed a barbershop?

DANTE
Korean supermarket. We were running low. I had to re-up.
(gestures to coke)
I know you did, Chez.

SANCHEZ

That's different! We're already laying low, and only an idiot like you thinks "making a withdrawal" is a good move right now. Shit!

He snorts another line.

DANTE

~~Don't-call-me-an-idiot!~~

SANCHEZ

That's what you are!

DELILAH

Will you guys chill?!?

DANTE

(to Delilah)

Stay out of it.

(to Sanchez)

That's the thanks I get, Mr. Holier-Than-Thou? We've got more money to coast for the next couple of days, and you're lecturing me like you're Saint Francis?

SANCHEZ

(giving up)

Whatever. You're buggin' out, man. You don't listen anymore.

DANTE

Will you chill? We haven't been caught. A couple extra thousand gone ain't hurting anybody. No witnesses. No one got hurt.

SANCHEZ

White called. He wants you to call him back.

DANTE

I'll take care of it.

SANCHEZ

You better. That ain't a man you want pissed off. Remember what he did to Michael C.?

DANTE

You're telling me.

Dante pulls out a cigarette and checks his pockets for a lighter.

DANTE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Should've grabbed a lighter.

DELILAH
Who's White?

Dante lights the cigarette using the stove burner.

DANTE
Sanchez and I had a buddy—Michael Carbone. He owed White a couple grand but kept dodging him. White didn't like that. He's the kind of guy who wants his money when it's owed. Had his guys throw Michael off a rooftop. His wife found him on the pavement outside their apartment. Flat like pancake—she was coming home from picking up dinner.

SANCHEZ
(flatly)
For two thousand dollars.

DANTE
A lousy 2 Gs. I've stiffed my grandma for 2 Gs.

DELILAH
Do you guys... owe him money?

DANTE
You could say that.

DELILAH
How much?

DANTE
Don't worry about that. Just rest your pretty little head while I think.

DELILAH
Can I at least call make a phone call? I have a cat and she needs to be fed twice a day. My neighbor could--

Sanchez laughs.

SANCHEZ
Keep dreaming, princess.

DELILAH
When I'm rescued, you two--

SANCHEZ
Rescued? You don't leave unless we say you do.

DANTE
Lay off her, will you?

SANCHEZ
You like the girl or somethin'?

DANTE
You remember those numbers you gave me? The ones you passed off like leftovers? One had a limp. Another had hair on her lip. And the other? Straight-up psychotic. At first, she seemed sweet. So I took invited her to a party. We were having a great time. Then some dude I knew from juvie shows up—we start talking. He's trying to sell me shea butter, said it helps exfoliate. Anyways... this chick thinks I'm ignoring her and walks off. So I follow her. She starts screaming... crying... and drops to the ground. People start watching. Then she crawls away. I shit you not. Crawls. I try to help—she shoves me off and walks away like nothing happened. And to think that I was planning on sleeping with her that night. Right then and there... I learned never to trust a woman. So-- to answer your question, no, I don't like her. Just take it easy, though.

Sanchez mumbles something unintelligible.

DANTE (CONT'D)
(point to score)
How much did we make out with, anyways?

Sanchez finishes a line.

SANCHEZ
Huh...oh, about \$26K.

DANTE
That not even close to enough...

Dante's phone buzzes. The caller ID: VINCE.

He lets it go to voicemail.

DANTE (CONT'D)
(pensive)
Fuck.

SANCHEZ
Everything alright?

DANTE
Everything's fine.

Dante lights a cigarette and takes a long pull.

CUT TO:

INT. DORIAN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

NOTE: We never see Mr. White's full face; just his mouth, back, or hands.

Scarlet drapes, beige table tops and sets, paintings of "The Old Country" (Italy) line the walls--welcome to "Dorian's".

Devil's Trill Sonata plays in the background.

DORIAN WHITE (or MR. WHITE) (late 50s, salt and pepper, expensive Italian suit, in charge), puffs a cigar, dining on Cacio e pepe and white wine.

He owns Dorian's, but his real hustle is loaning money to people who, most of the time, cannot pay him back on time.

At his table are his mistress, MIRANDA (drop-dead beauty, late 20s, brunette) and goon, VINCE (30s, Italian, lethal). Miranda apathetically pours herself a generous serving of wine.

ON THE T.V PLAYS Animal Planet; a black widow spider spins a an insect (fly, white locust) in a web.

As Dorian's closes for the night; bussers wipe tables, sweep floors. As customers leave, they walk over to White, paying their respect. One pats him on the back, another shakes his hand. He laughs with another.

The door swings opens, and MARCO (30s, a brutal-looking man whose silence speaks louder than his fists) enters. He walks to White and whispers in his ear. White nods.

Marco exits the restaurant, and he and TRISTAN (30s, Italian, deadly) carry in JOHN (30s, Hispanic, anxious). John approaches White's table.

JOHN

Thank you for seeing me, Señor White.

(pauses, waits for White—
nothing)

I know that I was supposed to bring your money today, but everything's been crazy at our shop. We had a new car lift delivered to us that we needed to install. It took out of our savings. And, you know my wife, Martha? She's about to have the niño. Please, Señor White... I'm gonna need a little more time.

White stops eating.

WHITE

(slowly)

More time?

JOHN

(nervous)

Yes. Maybe a week or two. I'll pay you back, I swear. With interest.

WHITE

(long beat)

Done.

JOHN

(surprised)

Really?

WHITE

(calmly)

I don't repeat myself.

White continues eating. John is off the hook. He shakes White's hand vigorously.

JOHN

Gracias, Señor White. Thank you. My family greatly appreciates your generosity.

White stops his eating to look at the black widow devouring its prey.

WHITE
Magnificent creatures. Don't you think?

JOHN
(confused)
Err... yes. Very pretty. Thank you.

White motions for him to leave. Marco and Tristan lead John out, followed by Vince. White continues to eat his dinner. We hear two loud... BANG! BANG!

The table, unmoved, continues eating, drinking, and watching the television.

Vince—suit bloodstained—and Marco—spotless—reenter.

VINCE
What do you want us to do with the body?

WHITE
Gift wrap it and send it to my mother... what do you think? Get rid of it!

VINCE
Yessir.

Marco nods. They exit the restaurant.

MIRANDA
His wife was pregnant.

WHITE
Do I look like a fucking pediatrician?

Miranda stares daggers at White but remains silent and leaves the table, heading into the kitchen.

White changes the channel and is about to again but stops.

On the screen is a news report displaying mugshots of Dante and Sanchez: *POLICE SEARCH FOR ARMED THUGS, ROB CREDIT UNION, WOMAN KIDNAPPED*. He makes a call.

INTERCUT - WHITE / VINCE

WHITE (CONT'D)

Vince, remember those two idiots
that still owe me that 300 large?

(beat)

Put out the word. It's \$50,000 for
both of them. I want you and Marco
to check out the hotels, motels,
crack houses—I don't give a fuck. I
want to find these idiots and get
back my money...

(eyes on TV)

...before the authorities do.

Miranda returns with a bowl of gelatto and spoon and places
it before White.

VINCE

Dead or alive, sir?

CU of White's mouth as he takes a bite, swallows.

MR. WHITE

Remember the fly?

VINCE

Got it.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sanchez watches cartoons on the T.V., counting the stolen
money.

Delilah sits in her chair, one arm free, eating a pizza roll.

Dante exits the bathroom, smoking a cigarette, in the middle
of shaving his head.

SANCHEZ

What were you planning on doing
with the girl?

DANTE

We'll leave her here after we
split.

Delilah listens.

SANCHEZ

Didn't you say she was going to be
our "insurance policy"?