

CLEMENTINE

Written by

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THE ROAR OF A MOVING CAR THAT HAS SOMEPLACE TO FUCKING BE --

INT. DISCO'S ESTATE CAR - MORNING (MOVING)

Flickering dawnlight hastens over wide-eyed CLEMENTINE, 25, sitting in the backseat. She's Colombian, aged with stress, her face features a pale SHINER and BUSTED LIP.

A GERMAN VOICE from the front --

JAKE (O.S.)
(German: English sub)
This isn't exactly the best time to
break in some green bitch.
(to the driver; English)
Right here. Right here.

He SNIFFLES. HACKS UP something questionable. Allergies.

The car comes to a STOP.

Clementine finds DISCO'S eyes in the rearview mirror, staring back. The driver. He's 30, a nobody who wants to keep it that way. He dons a SKI-MASK that'll certainly help.

JAKE, also 30 and deeply experienced in the ensuing craft. His German-green eyes stare back at Clementine.

JAKE
Cover up.

Clementine throws on a pair of sunglasses, then veils the bottom half of her face with a skull & bones bandana.

Jake puts on a respirator/beanie combo.

CLACK-CLACK goes his HANDGUN. They all have one. They burst out of the car, onto --

EXT. SHIT NEIGHBORHOOD STRIP MALL - MORNING

Quiet as hell. Jake, Disco, and Clementine hustle under a set of awnings to their destination: a freshly opened PAWN SHOP

And they --

INT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

KICK THE DOOR IN. The "OPEN" sign flies off. Jake already has his gun on the OWNER, 60, behind the glass counter --

JAKE
You move and I'll shoot your dick
off. Hands up, right now.

Owner obeys. Hands up.

JAKE
Check behind the counter.

Clementine vaults the counter, upends crates, bags, shakes
out their contents, worthless crap jangles across the floor.

Disco moves for the back door.

OWNER
You're looking for the Gambino
money?

JAKE
We're looking for your wife. Shut
your fucking mouth.

Clementine peels a section of loose floorboard, reveals
packaged stacks of money.

CLEMENTINE
Got something.

OWNER
That's not even theirs. That's just
mine for the shop.

JAKE
Last time! Shut the fuck up!

OWNER
You know, you're making a big
fucking mistake, pal --

Jake snatches Owner's balding head and slam-dunks it into
the glass counter. Goodbye glass. Goodbye nose.

OWNER
Ack! You broke my nose! You broke
my fucking nose, you piece of shit!

As he cries, Clementine unfurls a velvet bag from her back
pocket and stuffs money into it. Everyone hears --

Disco trying to open a door in the back to no avail. He
KICKS it.

Owner holds his nose --

OWNER
You need the keys, limp dick.

JAKE
Where are they?

OWNER
By the fucking register. Ack!

Jake nods to Clementine. She searches around the register, hidden under a makeshift cardboard shelf.

She finds the keys, snatches them --

She also finds shotgun ammo.

BLAM! A SHOTGUN BLAST ERUPTS from behind the backdoor. Disco's hurled into oblivion. Jake pivots for the giant hole in the door -- he **SHOOTS** at it --

Owner draws a handgun for Jake -- Clementine fumbles hers out, it hits the floor -- useless --

Jake turns back to Owner, they both --

BANG!-BANG! each other. Jake's scalp opens. Blood geysers.

He gets one more **SHOT** off as he falls over and puts bullets through Owner's neck and head. Owner shoots wayward bullets, shatters the ceiling mirror as he falters.

Jake, Disco, Owner are all down. No telling the status of whatever's behind door number death.

Clementine hyperventilates. Her million-yard stare fixed on the ceiling.

RIK-KIK-KIK-KIK-KIK the back door creaks open.

The shotgun muzzle pokes through the new hole in the door.

Now or never. Clementine clambers up, leaps over the glass counter -- **BLAM** -- she's tagged in the side by the shotgun from the other side of the room.

Clementine scrambles to open the front door. Fresh blood all over the glass and handle. Hers.

EXT. SHIT NEIGHBORHOOD STRIP MALL - MORNING

She escapes -- **BLAM** -- another shotgun blast sends glass after her.

And she runs for her life.

Runs...

Runs...

Down the street.

A GUNMAN, 40, limps out from the Pawn Shop, lifts his shottie just as Clementine --

Turns the corner.

And runs...

Runs...

CLEMENTINE

And she runs, through a --

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBOHOOD - MORNING

Hotels turned apartment complexes, graffiti adorns age-tinged walls, discolored lawns. Her shoes crunch glass as she runs.

Dogs bark, because she makes them nervous.

She palms the wound in her side, masked by waning adrenaline. She looks back. It's clear, but somehow not clear enough.

She faces forward as she runs. Her breath stutters: endurance and fear vying for her lungs.

She veers again...

EXT. SOMEWHAT COMMERCIAL STRIP - MORNING

Filthy streets lined with more strip malls marred by ancient fires. She continues...

She runs, and she...

Smacks herself against the entrance of a small pharmacy. She raps the door frantically.

CLEMENTINE

Help! Let me in, let me in -- help,
help me.

A PHARMACY EMPLOYEE (woman, 20s) stands in an aisle at a loss for words. She points to her watch.

CLEMENTINE

Let me in!

Clementine smacks the door.

CLEMENTINE

Please!

The Pharmacy Employee shuffles for the door, shakes her head.

PHARMACY EMPLOYEE

Miss, we open in five minutes.
Just -- oh god!

Clementine pulls up her hoody, reveals the wound.

Pharmacy Employee stands there petrified. This is a first.

Then she pukes.

Clementine paces, holding her wound. The rush dials down. She keels over as the delayed brunt creeps in. A grunt.

She uses the outside wall to hold herself up.

She closes her eyes. Has a moment.

A BELL RINGS -- the pharmacy door swings opens. Clementine hurries back. Pharmacy Employee lets her into the --

INT. SMALL PHARMACY - MORNING

Clementine makes a beeline for gauze, grabs two boxes. She goes around looking for --

CLEMENTINE

Alcohol.

PHARMACY EMPLOYEE

Yeah. Here.

Pharmacy Employee moves out of the way as Clementine snatches a bottle of alcohol -- it tumbles to the ground.

Not in a position to crouch for shit, she grabs another from the shelf.

CLEMENTINE
I need tweezers.

PHARMACY EMPLOYEE
Um, w-we don't...

Pharmacy Employee's about to puke again. Hang on, sweetie.

PHARMACY EMPLOYEE
I have one. I have one in my purse.

She leads Clementine for the counter and goes around.

She drops everything on the counter.

PHARMACY EMPLOYEE
I feel like I should call the ambulance --

CLEMENTINE
Tweezers. Please. I'll pay you for them.

Clementine places a bloody twenty dollar bill onto the counter. From her own pocket.

Pharmacy Employee rings everything up.

PHARMACY EMPLOYEE
You can have the tweezers.

Clementine realizes: *the fuck is she waiting for?*

She collects everything and shoves it into her velvet bag.

CLEMENTINE
Keep the change.

PHARMACY EMPLOYEE
You want the tweezers, right?

CLEMENTINE
Hurry. Hurry. Hurry.

Pharmacy Employee rifles through her purse. Dumps it out. Items all over the floor -- she finds the tweezers and hands them to Clementine.

Clementine rushes for the door, bloody shoe-prints trail her. She exits --

EXT. STRIP MALL - STREET - MORNING

Clementine pushes out, frightens someone's grandma just outside.

Clementine jogs away, glances back. Everything's clear-ish.

She runs....

And runs...

Her run downgrades to a power-jog. Her breath labors, dry as hell. She should've grabbed water.

She continues...

More ground covered. She has to keep going.

The power-jog downgrades to a regular jog.

The regular jog, to a brisk gait. She turns a corner...

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - MORNING

Another swath of crusty complexes. Clementine slows to a stop, hunches over to take a breath.

A whimper... she lets it out.

But briefly.

She gets going again, wipes her tears, leaves bloody smears, then uses her sleeve for the blood.

She jaywalks for a small red motel on the other side of the street and pulls out keys for the gate.

She opens it.

EXT. RED MOTEL - MORNING

Clementine enters, heads up an exterior metal staircase. Leans against the parapet on her way to room number 211.

A few more breaths. She can barely keep her eyes open.

She opens the door and heads in.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Three sets of recently doffed street clothes strewn over the bed. Unused duffel bags, each lain on either side of the room. Two other phones on the dresser --

Clementine slams the door closed, then removes her hoody as she stumbles for the...

BATHROOM

She chucks the hoody for the bathtub, rolls up her bloody T-shirt to address the bloody disaster.

She sets the velvet bag onto the sink, digs in, finds the tweezers and alcohol. An idea hits her, she exits --

MOTEL ROOM

And opens the nearest dresser. She hears a phone ringing. She hesitates... but ignores it, she finds a fresh roll of packaging tape, then totes it back for the --

BATHROOM

Clementine places the tape onto the sink.

She clenches the handle of a hairbrush with her teeth. Then...

She pours alcohol onto the wound, grunts with pain, cries real tears. Might as well be on fire.

Then she uses the alcohol to sanitize the tweezers... and she digs it into the wound, removing pellets.

One by one, it's excruciating.

CLINK. They hit the sink. As many as she can see, get out, and withstand without passing out.

The phone in the other room buzzes... a reality that briefly washes over her. But first thing's first.

She's done, she thinks. Blood oozes out. She rips a portion of tape, lays it out over the sink, but leaves for the --

MOTEL ROOM

And steals a random shirt from off the bed, then goes back into the --

BATHROOM

Where she wraps the shirt around her wound, ties a tight knot in the back, then places tape over it.

Next, she unravels the gauze and wraps it around her stomach/shirt combo several times, fastens it as tight as possible, then tapes that as well.

She leans over the sink... steels, slows her breath.

She turns the faucet on, cups water into her hands, then nearly drowns her face in it.

She leaves...

MOTEL ROOM

Clementine pulls a water bottle from the dresser-drawer, cracks it open and chugs, chugs, chugs.

The phone buzzes. She has to face this. She presses her head against the wall.

The phone buzzes. She can't escape this call.

BUZZZZZ. BUZZZZZ. BUZZZZZ. It repeats.

Clementine rounds the end of the bed, for the dresser on the other side. She snatches a BURNER PHONE as it cries, and sits on the bed.

It vibrates in her trembling hands. MARTIN is the caller I.D.

It stops vibrating.

Clementine sits and breathes...

BUZZZZZ. BUZZZZZ. It's piercing...

She answers, reluctantly eases the phone to her ear.

MARTIN (PHONE)
Where's the money?

The words have to fight out of her throat.

CLEMENTINE

I was getting it. And the people I was with... the people at the store, they... th-they attacked us.

MARTIN (PHONE)

Are you saying you don't have it?

CLEMENTINE

They shot me. I need help --

MARTIN (PHONE)

Are you saying you don't have it?

CLEMENTINE

I have a few hundred --

MARTIN (PHONE)

So, you don't.

CLEMENTINE

Martin... please.

MARTIN (PHONE)

I've heard that before. A hundred thousand dollars today or --

CLEMENTINE

No-no-no-no-no. Martin, Martin. They knew. They knew we were coming.

MARTIN (PHONE)

You had plenty of chances before you got roped into having to do that job. This is your fault. This is it.

CLEMENTINE

(crying)

My... daughter's --

MARTIN (PHONE)

I know your daughter's sick to hell. I know about the divorce you can't handle. Your papers. I have your shit memorized.

Clementine sobs.

MARTIN (PHONE)

Speaking of which, I'm sending someone to pick up your kid.

Clementine finds a new level of terror.

CLEMENTINE
Not my little girl, please --

MARTIN (PHONE)
You're getting off lucky --

CLEMENTINE
Don't touch her! Don't fucking
touch her -- !

MARTIN (PHONE)
Or what?! WHAT?!

Clementine quick-thinks.

MARTIN (PHONE)
You're done. You're fucking d--

Clementine hangs up. She gets up, heads for the --

BATHROOM

Where she pulls her PERSONAL PHONE (the color pink) from her hoody. She finds a number, dials it.

She flinches when a shadow crosses the bathroom window. She looks out. A bird... most likely.

The line rings... she paces.

The burner phone BUZZES from the other room.

The line on her personal phone rings.

CLEMENTINE
C'mon. C'mon.

She grabs the hoody, uses one hand to put it on --

Someone answers!

NICOLE (PHONE)
Clementine --

CLEMENTINE
Nicole. Where's Sandy?

NICOLE (PHONE)
She's here, why?

CLEMENTINE

Call a car and send her to Carlo's place.

NICOLE (PHONE)

Yooo, why are you buggin'? That's mad expensive.

CLEMENTINE

Then get a friend to drive her there. Or I'll pay you back. Whatever.

NICOLE (PHONE)

What's going on?

CLEMENTINE

Both of you just leave, just go to Carlo's. I'll explain to you later.

NICOLE (PHONE)

The hell -- ?

CLEMENTINE

Stop fucking talking, Nicole! Go! Go!

Clementine goes back into the --

MOTEL ROOM

With her free hand, Clementine digs through other clothes, looks for something...

NICOLE (PHONE)

Clemmy, you're freaking me out, yo--

A MAN'S VOICE chimes in from Nicole's side of the call.

MAN (PHONE)

Hold up, that's Clementine?

Clementine pauses.

CLEMENTINE

What's he doing there?

NICOLE (PHONE)

He...

Nicole sighs...

NICOLE (PHONE)
He had got her new stuff for school
and wanted to drop it by.

CLEMENTINE
I have a restraining order, Nicole.

MAN (PHONE)
Fuck you, bitch! Fuck you!

A child cries in the background.

CLEMENTINE
(re: cry)
Sandy...

NICOLE (PHONE)
It was 'spose to be quick. He
leavin' soon. You said you didn't
have nothin' for her school and he
do, so I mean --

CLEMENTINE
Get him out of there. I want him
away from her. I'm coming to get
her. I'm taking her.

MAN (PHONE)
She comin'? She fuckin' comin'?

NICOLE (PHONE)
Yo Rico, fuckin' relax, dude --

Clementine ends the call, she frantically searches all of
the pairs of jeans throughout the room.

She checks every drawer.

She doesn't find what she's looking for.

An idea comes to her. She has to steel yet again. She pulls
her own cash from her pocket. Nearly a hundred bucks. She
collects the burner phone --

And she heads for the door, exits --

EXT. RED MOTEL - MORNING

We follow her down the metal steps. Teenagers play soccer in
the parking lot. They hit the ball against a gray 2000s
Toyota set for Craigslist.

Clementine locates the manager's office, she knuckles the door... waits...

MOTEL MANAGER (woman, 50s) opens the door --

CLEMENTINE

I need your car for the day, here's eighty dollars and I'll bring it back.

MOTEL MANAGER

I... what's going on?

CLEMENTINE

I have to go pick up my daughter. Please, I really need a car. I will bring it back to you by noon, okay?

MOTEL MANAGER

No, s-sorry --

Motel Manager closes the door --

Clementine smacks her hand against it, keeps it open.

CLEMENTINE

Please... I have more money. A thousand dollars.

MOTEL MANAGER

I have --

CLEMENTINE

Two thousand. You want two thousand dollars?

Clementine shows Motel Manager the contents of her velvet bag.

Motel Manager wants zero part of that. She --

Clementine forces her way in --

INT. MOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING

And moves for the desk in the middle -- she swipes folders to the ground, locating a lanyard with car keys attached.

CLEMENTINE

(re: keys)

These are yours?

MOTEL MANAGER
I'm calling the police!

CLEMENTINE
Okay, bitch!

Clementine moves past her, back for the --

EXT. RED MOTEL - MORNING

Parking lot. Clementine thumbs the fob, BEEP, the Craigslist Toyota perks up.

She slices through the teenage soccer game, lands at the car, gets in.

INT. TOYOTA - MORNING

Clementine plugs the key in, ignites the car, and motivates it for the driveway --

The soccer ball appears ahead, a kid chases it down and almost gets hit, but Clementine thunder-stomps the brake.

She HONKS, sees Motel Manager on the phone, probably with authorities.

Clementine roars the car around the kid and glides over the driveway. He flashes the bird as he rejoins his buds.

She speeds down the first street.

A phone buzzes. She doesn't check to see which one.

BUZZZZZ. BUZZZZZ.

The phone buzzes. The car gargles. Clementine stifles a breakdown.

She bobs with anxiety as she drives. She taps her thumbs across the wheel.

A quick left. She spots a traffic light hitting yellow ahead, she speeds under its transition to red.

Didn't really make it. Doesn't really care.

Another BUZZZZZ. Both phones vibrate.

Clementine uses her 10 o'clock hand to answer the personal phone.

RICO (PHONE)
So, you comin' over to Nicole's,
huh?

CLEMENTINE
You're not supposed to be there.
You're not supposed to be around
me, and you're not supposed to go
near our daughter.

RICO (PHONE)
What kind of shit you been sayin'
to her?

CLEMENTINE
The truth!

RICO (PHONE)
That I don't love her and shit?
That's the truth? Huh? In whose
head, yo? In your head? That's what
you think?

CLEMENTINE
You're violating the
restraining -- you're
violating the restraining
order and putting everything
at risk -- I don't want you
near her.

RICO (PHONE)
And what the fuck are you
gonna do? Call the cops? You
really want them pig
motherfuckas all up in your
business? Or you wanna play
it cool.

Clementine runs a red light.

CLEMENTINE
Who do you think brings up the
bruises? Huh? It's Sandy, asking
"Why does daddy hurt you?" I got
pictures of her marks, too --

RICO (PHONE)
What about mine, huh?

CLEMENTINE
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!

RICO (PHONE)
How many times I sit and I'm tryn'a
talk to you -- just like I am
now -- okay?

CLEMENTINE
You're in the wrong, you're not
supposed to be there.

(MORE)

CLEMENTINE (cont'd)
I'm coming to get her and you have
to leave. Okay?

RICO (PHONE)
Whatchu mean "okay?" Nah. You got
me fucked up --

Clementine hangs up, then dials a new number as the burner
calls for her.

CLEMENTINE
(to burner phone)
Shut up! SHUT UP!

Nicole picks up.

NICOLE (PHONE)
Yo, what the fuck?

CLEMENTINE
Open the door.

NICOLE (PHONE)
...Are you fucking here?

CLEMENTINE
Buzz me in.

She screeches to a haphazard double-park and rushes out.

EXT. REALLY SHITTY STREET - MORNING

Clementine sprints for a four-story apartment complex. She
tries the lobby door. Nada. Still on the phone.

CLEMENTINE
(into phone)
Let me in. Buzz the fucking door
and let me --

DRZZZZZZZZZZ -- the front buzzer dins something horrible.
But she yanks it open and thunders in --

INT. FOUR STORY COMPLEX - MORNING

Clementine bounds up the stairs.

CLEMENTINE
I'm coming up. Tell Rico I'm not
fucking around.

She hits the --

THIRD FLOOR

And bangs the door for apartment 3A. A cocktail of toddler-cries and adult-arguing resounds from behind it.

She bang-bang-bang-bangs again. The female voice approaches --

NICOLE (O.S.)
I'm coming!

The door vooshes open, revealing a scrawny Colombian girl with party-circles around her eyes. NICOLE, 21, can barely get a word out before Clementine walks through her --

CLEMENTINE
Why'd you let him in here?

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Clementine charges into a fucking pigsty deluxe: alcohol and drug paraphernalia occupy space with dingy college textbooks. Crap hidden in the carpet will carve up your feet.

Clementine whirls in the haze, follows sounds to the kitchen, she crosses two broken T.V.s on her way there.

KITCHEN

Where she locates SANDY, 5, in the jail-molded bicep clutches of RICO, 32, as he provides her a shot of insulin. His knuckles feature broken skin.

CLEMENTINE
What are you doing?

RICO
(re: insulin.)
What it look like?

CLEMENTINE
You're not supposed to be around her.
(to Nicole)
Why'd you let him in here with her?
You're supposed to be giving her the shot, not him.

NICOLE
I...

Nicole completes the thought with a shrug.

CLEMENTINE

What are you two doing?

Rico repackages Sandy's insulin into a ziplock bag.

RICO

I'll leave in a moment, aight? When I go to work.

CLEMENTINE

You go to work in an hour. I don't have an hour.

RICO

...The fuck are you talking about?

CLEMENTINE

Just give me Sandy. You're not supposed to be with her until we figure out what we're gonna do in court.

RICO

I know what you're gonna do in court.

CLEMENTINE

We don't have time for this.
(to Sandy)
Sandy, you wanna come with mommy?

Sandy shakes her head a definitive YES.

RICO

You know she's gonna say that!

CLEMENTINE

Why do you *think* she always says that?!

RICO

Yo, why are you even here? It's early as fuck.

NICOLE

You sound scared, what the fuck is going on?

CLEMENTINE

(to Nicole)

Can you please stop cursing around her? And go get the rest of her meds.

NICOLE

Okay but why you rushin' to get her out and freakin' us out?

CLEMENTINE

Because he's here.

NICOLE

No, you called me before you knew he was here. Why?

CLEMENTINE

...I don't have to explain anything to you. Go get her meds, please.

(to Sandy)

Honey, tell daddy to let you come to mommy --

RICO

Somethin' you don't want us to know? Some shit you don't want to get brought up? Might lose the case?

CLEMENTINE

Rico, I will explain everything to you when I have a chance. But I have to go.

SANDY

Mommy.

CLEMENTINE

Yes, sweetie?

SANDY

What's that?

Sandy points to mommy's pant leg, half of which is doused in blood.

RICO

(re: blood)

Yo, what the fuck?

NICOLE

Are you bleeding?

CLEMENTINE

I'm fine. Give me Sandy. Let me go,
I will tell you everything when
it's the right time.

RICO

Explain to me why right now is not
the right time?

Clementine can't articulate much of anything right now.

She inches forward, reaches out for Sandy.

CLEMENTINE

I'm taking her.

RICO

Is somebody comin' here or
somethin'?

NICOLE

Wait. Someone's coming here?

Rico sets Sandy down, onto her feet.

RICO

I gotta --

SANDY

Mommy!

Sandy rushes for Clementine, both Clementine and Rico
react -- Rico pulls Sandy away roughly, then grabs
Clementine by the throat and pins her against the fridge!

NICOLE

Yo. Yo. Yo! Yo!

Rico shoves Nicole into the living room. He chokes
Clementine, has her pressed against the fridge...

Sandy SHRIEKS from the kitchen floor. Her face drenched with
tears.

RICO

What did you do?!

Sandy SCREAMS. Nicole sneaks back into the kitchen to grab
her, gets her out of there.

RICO

The fuck you got us into, yo?!

Clementine's eyes bulge, her face is blue. She fights his massive arms. Can't.

Rico doesn't have any more words. He doesn't want any more.

He crushes her throat.

CLICK.

The muzzle of her handgun creeps up to his temple.

A few seconds take a few years to creep by...

He lets her go, places his hands in the air. She gasps for Oxygen, coughs as it forces its way in.

RICO

You happy -- ?

She pushes him back into the kitchen counter, uses the gun to keep him there.

He laughs as she collects the insulin.

RICO

You fucked up --

CLEMENTINE

Shut up. She's never gonna see you again.

The words make him want to jump at her again, even if she has a gun. But he doesn't...

CLEMENTINE

We're leaving.

Clementine keeps the gun on him, and backs her way into the --

LIVING ROOM

Still backing up, she finds Nicole covering Sandy's ears on the sofa.

Clementine extends her free hand to Sandy.

CLEMENTINE

C'mon, baby.

NICOLE

You're holding a gun.

CLEMENTINE
(to Sandy)
C'mon.

Sandy tentatively gets out of the sofa and stands by Clementine.

CLEMENTINE
(to Nicole)
Put her stuff in a bag and bring
it. Now. Don't forget her pills.

Nicole hesitates...

CLEMENTINE
Now!

Nicole erupts from the sofa and dashes for her room.

Rico glares at Clementine from the kitchen.

Clementine notices something... a smell. She looks around.

She sees a condom wrapper jutting from a crevice of the sofa.

She does the math. Nicole returns with a small bag. Clementine places the insulin into the bag, then straps it.

Nicole follows Clementine's look to the sofa. She sees the condom wrapper, too.

Clementine chokes up.

CLEMENTINE
How long has that been going on?

Nicole answers with silence.

With the gun held on Rico, Clementine backs into the hallway that leads to the front door. She spins and goes for it with Sandy's hand in hers --

Rico appears in the living room at the other end of the hallway.

Clementine opens the door.

CLEMENTINE
Go, go, go.

She pushes Sandy through, keeping the gun on Rico.

INT. FOUR STORY COMPLEX - MORNING

Clementine tucks the gun away and helps Sandy down a few steps. Clementine glances back.

They hear another argument explode from behind the door. Rico and Nicole at each other's throats.

Clementine picks Sandy up, carries her down the rest of the flight.

Then down another flight. She hears the fighting crescendo.

Sandy whimpers into her mother's arms.

Clementine carries her to the lobby -- BANG -- the door upstairs bursts open. Rico's angry VOICE tumbles down onto our eardrums just as Clementine pushes out --

EXT. REALLY SHITTY STREET - MORNING

Clementine hustles Sandy toward the Craigslist Toyota. She opens the backdoor, leads Sandy in --

CLEMENTINE
Buckle yourself.

Sandy does as Clementine runs for the driver's side and gets in. In the side mirror, she sees...

A demented-looking SICARIA (woman, 40s) with one helluva scar across her face and neck, she stalks for the car.

Clementine fights the key into the ignition, she drops it! As she scrambles to pick it back up --

Rico crack-thunders from the apartment complex, tomato-red, wielding a pistol of his own.

He spots the car with her in it, moves for it --

Clementine looks back as...

Sicaria appears behind Rico and **BLOWS** his brains out. She dumps two more rounds in him, then marches back for her own car: an all-black Jeep Wrangler.

Sandy SHRIEKS. Clementine fights the key into the ignition again.

Success! She lights it up and SKIRRRRRRRRTS away. Both Sandy and the car cry.

Clementine speeds. For their lives.

SANDY
Mommy! Mommy! I'm scared!

CLEMENTINE
Keep your head down, Sandy. Okay?.

Sandy does, awkwardly, as she whimpers.

CLEMENTINE
We won't have to be scared much longer, sweetie.

Clementine drives into an elongated alleyway that separates four complexes.

The Jeep Wrangler turns into the same alleyway...

AFTER THEM.

CLEMENTINE
Stay down. Stay down. Okay?

Clementine guides the car into innocent traffic, uses the wrong lane to overtake several cars at a red light.

She nearly gets hit.

She pushes it twenty knots past the speed limit.

The Jeep Wrangler calmly trails her. She banks a sudden right onto another street, pushes the car faster.

The Jeep Wrangler follows.

Another swift left, the Toyota can barely keep from rolling over --

SANDY
Mommy!

CLEMENTINE
I know, baby! I know!

She cuts over an intersection, drives down another street --

She stops! Backs it up! Then turns into another alleyway.

On her way to another street --

BASH! She's T-boned by a car backing out of its garage! The airbag knocks her unconscious. Both cars stall.

Sandy hyperventilates; a ten-thousand yard stare comes over her face.

SANDY

M... mommy?

The DRIVER of the other car (male, 50) pops out and throws an animated fit.

Clementine groans, wakes up.

CLEMENTINE

Sandy, Sandy... what... ?

She comes to. Barely. And looks in the rearview. No threat there... yet.

She looks back to see Sandy completely petrified. Frozen.

CLEMENTINE

Baby, are you hurt?

Sandy doesn't answer.

Clementine examines her, lifting her shirt, this reveals a surgical scar along Sandy's chest as well as a metal glucose monitor attached to Sandy's waist.

Clementine turns back to try the car. It doesn't start up.

CLEMENTINE

C'mon. C'mon.

Clementine tries the car again. It lets her down again.

CLEMENTINE

Shit!

She smacks the dashboard. Needs a sec to regain composure.

She checks her mirrors again. Clear.

The other Driver paces around the car, looking for acknowledgement.

CLEMENTINE

Okay. Okay -- we have to go.

Clementine gets out...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING

Driver berates her --

DRIVER

Yo! What the fuck. Are you doing?

Clementine, hurt as hell, sees a front tire irreparably punctured by a chunk of the now-dangling grill.

She opens the back door to collect a limp Sandy, as well as the bags.

Clementine rubs Sandy's face, kisses her forehead.

Sandy doesn't respond to the affection.

DRIVER

Jesus, you had a kid in the car?

Clementine guides Sandy away from the wreck, down the alleyway towards the nearest street.

DRIVER

Hello?! You're about to fucking walk away? What the hell...

Driver reaches into his car to grab his phone.

Clementine doesn't look back to notice the Jeep Wrangler easing through an adjacent nook.

It quickly reverses into the alleyway. *Has it spotted them?? Or just the car??*

Clementine pulls Sandy onto the --

EXT. SHIT NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

Clementine tries to hustle on foot, but Sandy shuts down, barely hangs on.

Clementine picks her up, throws her onto her shoulder.

She runs, with Sandy in her grasp. Driver appears on the sidewalk with his phone; other hand in the air, in disbelief.

Sicaria **SHOOTS** him in the head. He crumples. She follows up with **POP-POP** as --

Clementine turns a corner. Picks up speed. She glistens with sweat.

Down a full block, she flashes over the crosswalk. A glance back. Nothing followed her around the corner.

She runs...

Runs...

Runs...

Another turn, onto --

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - MORNING

A slew of abandoned warehouses/factories near a murky river dock, teeming with foliage with glass on the ground.

She enters --

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MORNING

A main hall and two retired kitchens. Clementine sets Sandy onto her feet and leads her to an --

OFFICE

With a desk and couch. She sets the bags onto the desk.

CLEMENTINE

Hold on.

Clementine finds a contractor's broom, uses it to swipe dust and debris off the sofa.

She claws off her hoody, uses it to pound remaining dust out of the sofa. There's a small cloud, but it dissipates.

She shakes the hoody, places it over half the sofa, then places Sandy onto it.

CLEMENTINE

You're shutting down on me again.
I'll get you out of this, I
promise. I'm sorry.

Clementine caresses Sandy's face.

Then she digs a boy's shirt out of her velvet bag. Throws it on. Baggy, but it works --

Glass CRUNCHES outside. Clementine listens.

Clementine comes back out to the --

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Where she sidles for the window, placing her hand on her gun.

She peers out.

The black Jeep Wrangler moves slowly through the parking lot.

BUZZZZZ. The burner phone goes off again. She flinches, then hits the ignore button to shut it up.

She watches.

The Jeep Wrangler continues through the lot.

One warehouse garners its interest...

...but for a moment.

The Jeep screech-swirls around -- Clementine ducks under the window, out of sight, and listens as the car roars out of the lot, back into civilization.

The roar diminuendos...

Into nothing.

And for the first time... silence.

Clementine lets the respite wash over her. She sighs, her eyes close.

A CREAK. Her eyes snap open to find Sandy standing in front of her... staring at her.

Clementine tucks the gun away.

CLEMENTINE

Why'd you come out here?

Clementine sits on the ground with her weary eyes on Sandy. She reaches out for her.

CLEMENTINE

Come.

Sandy doesn't.

CLEMENTINE

You know you can trust mommy.
C'mon.

Sandy stands there. But she at least blinks.

Clementine grunts as she scoots across the ground and wraps Sandy into an unreciprocated hug.

CLEMENTINE

We'll get you out of this. I
promise. Did you take your morning
pill?

Sandy fidgets.

Then she finally shakes her head slightly. A "no."

Clementine grunts as she uses the nearby table to get up.

We stay with a blank Sandy as Clementine goes into the office and retrieves meds from the bag.

She returns, picks up Sandy and carries her into the...

FACTORY KITCHEN

Where she marks a water hose hung over a double-basin sink, follows it to a valve against the wall.

She turns the valve, hears water come out the other end.

She comes back to find water pouring into the left basin.

She drinks from the hose.

Seems fine. She beckons Sandy to drink as well.

Sandy hesitates.

CLEMENTINE

Drink up.

Sandy doesn't.

CLEMENTINE

Sandy. Please.

Sandy... finally does. But only for a few seconds before she reels away.

Clementine sets Sandy down so that she can open the bottle, pour out a pill, and break it in half.

CLEMENTINE

Here.

Sandy won't take it.

CLEMENTINE
Sandy, come one!

She won't.

Clementine would force it down... but now's not the time.

CLEMENTINE
Maybe later, okay?

Without getting a reply, Clementine drops the hose back into the basin and motions for the other end to shut the valve.

She returns to Sandy and uses the newly appropriated boy-shirt to dry each of their faces.

She crouches by Sandy and looks into her face. Sandy bows her head, staring a hole through the floor.

CLEMENTINE
Wanna color? Hm?

The slightest shift in Sandy's posture is enough for Clementine to know.

CLEMENTINE
That's a yes. C'mon.

Clementine picks Sandy up and totes her out of the kitchen.

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Back through the warehouse, and back into the --

OFFICE

Where she sets Sandy onto the couch.

Next, she gathers Sandy's bag, pulls out a SKETCH BOOK.

Its cover is opaque sky-blue, with WILDLY IMPRESSIVE SKETCHES of human faces and inanimate figures all over it.

CLEMENTINE
Sandy. I have a question. What comes after the letter T?

Sandy doesn't want to participate, at first. But her legs swing before she even realizes she's pondering.

SANDY

Mmm...

While she does that, Clementine leafs through the sketchbook, bypasses a myriad of immaculately-detailed drawings, all sullied with artless coloring. Collaborations, it seems.

SANDY

Double-U?

Sandy pipes up! Clementine hides her glee.

CLEMENTINE

Noooo. That's close, though.

Clementine smiles over the drawings. As pages flip by, the coloring becomes more precise and inside the lines.

Whoever's coloring, they've gotten better over time.

Clementine realizes something.

CLEMENTINE

Did Nikki... ?

Clementine flips the book upside-down. Doesn't find what she's looking for.

SANDY

Ess!

CLEMENTINE

Nuh-huh. S is before T, mamma.

Clementine digs into Sandy's bag again. She pulls out a dozen color pencils bundled together with erasers in rubber-band.

She sits in the chair at the desk.

CLEMENTINE

You give up?

Sandy shakes her head no, with a slow grin.

Now we can tell that she's going through the whole alphabet. As she does...

Clementine sketches onto a previously blank page. A technical approach. She cross-hatches as easily as she breathes.

SANDY

U!

CLEMENTINE

Very good!

SANDY

...Are you gonna do the number thing now?

Clementine squints toward Sandy. Thinking...

Then she goes back to drawing.

SANDY

I'm thinking of a number between nine and...

Whatever Clementine sketches, she does so with an effortless, poetic stroke.

CLEMENTINE

Say... fifteen.

Sandy ponders again. She has the most adorable thinking face.

CLEMENTINE

I'm almost done, by the way.

SANDY

Eight!

CLEMENTINE

I said I was starting from nine!

SANDY

D'oh!

The burner phone BUZZZZZZZes. Clementine shakes it off. Nearly done.

CLEMENTINE

It's okay, my number was twelve. You were off by...

SANDY

Fffff --

CLEMENTINE

Four minutes. You usually get fifteen minutes to color, but we're minusing four from that. You okay with that?

SANDY
I know the rules, mommy.

Clementine gets up and brings the sketchbook to the couch. She hands the sketchbook to Sandy, open to her drawing:

A MAJESTIC UNICORN.

SANDY
It's a unicorn!

Clementine smiles, and plays with Sandy's hair.

CLEMENTINE
It's a unicorn. For *my* unicorn.

SANDY
I'll color it pink.

CLEMENTINE
Really? That's your first choice?

SANDY
I like pink.

CLEMENTINE
What about the horn and the eyes?

SANDY
Hmmm, I'll think about it.

CLEMENTINE
How about green for the eyes?

SANDY
I'll think about it!

CLEMENTINE
(chuckles)
Alright.

Clementine takes a pink color-pencil out from the bundle and hands it to Sandy, ceremoniously.

Sandy accepts the color pencil. Ceremoniously.

CLEMENTINE
You can start now.

Sandy starts with light shades of pink across the unicorn's hind parts.

Clementine watches.

The phone BUZZZZZZes.

SANDY
Somebody's calling.

CLEMENTINE
Keep coloring.

Sandy does. Clementine watches. Lost in watching Sandy work.
Her eyes well. This moment can barely exist. But it does.
Sandy colors...

Clementine sighs. There's something she has to do.

CLEMENTINE
Okay. Keep working. Okay?

Sandy too busy to reply.

Clementine gets up, grabs her personal phone on her way out
of the office.

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Clementine slips a card out from the phone's casing. There's
a name and number neatly written.

"A. Cain."

She dials...

The line is busy.

CLEMENTINE
(sotto)
Shit.

She pulls another from the case.

"Mikey Z."

And she dials...

The line rings... and rings... and rings...

She heaves a deep breath. It's answered by an automated
messaging system --

VOICEMAIL MACHINE
The number you have dialed is not
available --

She hangs up on it.

Disappointment. She tries another card. The cleanest handwriting.

"Johnny Copper."

She dials his number, presses the phone to her ear, glances toward Sandy in the office. Sandy's occupied.

The line rings... and rings...

CLEMENTINE
C'mon... c'mon --

CLICK. She hears movement and breathing on the other line.

CLEMENTINE
Hello?

A DEEP VOICE vibrates in. JOHNNY.

JOHNNY (PHONE)
Who is this?

CLEMENTINE
It's Clementine.

JOHNNY (PHONE)
Oh shit. Let me sit up for this
shit right here.

CLEMENTINE
I need your help. I'm calling in a
favor. Officially.

JOHNNY (PHONE)
That's what the line is for. What's
going on?

CLEMENTINE
I didn't get to pay up to Martin in
time. The job didn't go well...
three other people got shot...
killed, and... and I never got the
money... this was it for me.
They're trying to take Sandy away
now.

Hearing it out loud bugs Clementine. She shuts her eyes, tries to compose.

JOHNNY (PHONE)
Huh... so you fucked.

CLEMENTINE

...Yeah.

JOHNNY (PHONE)

What you tryn'a do?

CLEMENTINE

I need to get her out of here. I'm asking you to take her someplace far.

JOHNNY (PHONE)

Where at?

CLEMENTINE

We'll figure it out. She just can't be here.

JOHNNY (PHONE)

And what about you?

CLEMENTINE

I'm not sure, I...

Clementine keeps more of her anguish at bay.

CLEMENTINE

I... I think they'll find me. Whether I pay up or not, I don't want her to be around when they do. She goes. I'll do something else.

We hear Johnny SIGH on the other end.

Silence ensues: he thinks.

CLEMENTINE

Johnny -- ?

JOHNNY (PHONE)

Where are you?

CLEMENTINE

By the river, near Poloma. We're in the factory, I think it's the most Northern.

JOHNNY (PHONE)

...I'll be there in a few.

CLEMENTINE

How long -- ?

CLICK. Johnny ends the call.

SANDY (O.S.)

Mommy?

Clementine shuffles back for the --

OFFICE

And finds Sandy in the couch, coloring. Clementine appreciates the image.

SANDY

I can't color anymore 'cause I'm starving to death.

Clementine comes in and checks Sandy's eyes, and also sees her lips thinning.

CLEMENTINE

It's your blood sugar.
(sotto)
Fuck. Fuck.

SANDY

Nuh-uh, it's my tummy.

CLEMENTINE

Auntie Nicole didn't feed you this morning?

Sandy shakes her head, no.

Clementine paces, rubs her neck. Nervous. She checks the bag again. No food.

Her eyes dart about with options. Options she doesn't love. She's three seconds from a meltdown --

SANDY

I'm getting sleepy --

CLEMENTINE

I know, I know. You need to eat.

Tears appear in Clementine's eyes. Ones she can't hide. She wipes away.

CLEMENTINE

You know what? There's a store not too far from here. We can go get breakfast. How does that sound, Sandy?

SANDY

Yeah!

Sandy tosses the sketchbook and other tools aside, slides gingerly off the sofa and stands in front of Clementine. Ready.

CLEMENTINE

But we have to move quick. No dilly-dallying.

SANDY

(annoyed)
Okay!

Clementine kisses Sandy's cheeks. Then presses her forehead against hers...

For forever. They exhale together...

Then she guides Sandy out of the office --

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Clementine moves for the window and looks out. Literally nothing has changed.

With her hand around Sandy's, she pushes the door ajar...

It's fine. It's fine. It's fine.

She opens it, they exit --

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - DAY

She tugs Sandy along to an opening in the gate. They hit the sidewalk of the --

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - DAY

Where Clementine and Sandy march by a dilapidated building.

The surrounding neighborhood is too quiet. No commotion, other than the two of them.

They hit the edge of the sidewalk --

A black car flies out from the adjacent street -- startles Clementine. She stops.

Just a Nissan. It goes down the street. Gone.

Clementine keeps on with Sandy. They turn, and land on a --

EXT. SECOND INDUSTRIAL STREET - DAY

Business is scarce but it features a bike shop, a hardware store, and a dance studio. Clementine's head swivels.

It's fine. It's fine --

SANDY
Mommy, slow down.

CLEMENTINE
Look.

They land at a bodega.

CLEMENTINE
You remember this place?

Sandy nods.

They go in together.

INT. BODEGA - DAY

A typical, abundant selection of healthy foods -- sike, it's Lays and Oreos for days.

SANDY
Goldfish!

CLEMENTINE
You can have it, but you're not eating that first, Sandy.

Clementine shuffles for the counter where she's greeted by the STORE CLERK, 60 and balding. He flashes a smile to Sandy.

CLEMENTINE
Two egg sandwiches, please.

STORE CLERK
Not a problem.

CLEMENTINE
Can you put ketchup on hers? And I'll take a tangerine.

Sandy looks up toward the ceiling. Clementine follows her attention to the T.V., faced with news...

"Deadly Pawn Shop Robbery. Two dead."

CLEMENTINE
 (to Sandy)
 Go get your goldfish. Okay?

Clementine releases Sandy, lets her prance into the junkfood wilderness.

Clementine brings her attention back to the Store Clerk as he works.

Wait a minute...

She looks up at the T.V. again.

"Deadly Pawn Shop Robbery. Two dead."

Two dead.

Clementine does the math. It's not adding up.

BUZZZZZZ from the phone. Again.

This time she collects it. The burner phone. It's not ringing.

She glances at Sandy, who weighs her goldfish options.

STORE CLERK
 She's adorable. Truly.

Clementine draws the other phone. Her personal phone. It's lit, ringing, with a name.

DISCO.

Disbelief pulls color from her face.

She takes the call, moves for a corner of the store opposite Sandy's shopping spree.

DISCO (PHONE)
 Clementine!

CLEMENTINE
 ...Disco.

DISCO (PHONE)
 You're alive! Fuck! Hahahaha!
 You're fucking alive.

CLEMENTINE
 Disco. How... ?

DISCO (PHONE)
Big man with the shotgun went after
you. I got up, crawled out the
back. Everything hurts.

CLEMENTINE
You --

DISCO (PHONE)
I got the money.

Clementine goes completely numb...

Sandy appears by Clementine's leg with five bags of
goldfish. Clementine gestures for her to wait a minute.

CLEMENTINE
(to phone)
How much?

STORE CLERK (O.S.)
Miss?

Clementine turns to see Store Clerk place two wrapped
sandwiches and a tangerine on the counter.

DISCO (PHONE)
A little over one-hundred thousand.
'Bout the same as a share. I didn't
have time for much anything else.

Clementine's speechless.

DISCO (PHONE)
This is fucking crazy.

CLEMENTINE
What are you going to do with it?

DISCO (PHONE)
I'm down to split it, if you meet
up with me. I'm taking seventy,
though.

CLEMENTINE
Disco, I... I...

DISCO (PHONE)
Where are you?

STORE CLERK (O.S.)
Miss?

Clementine thinks...

CLEMENTINE
 (to phone)
 Text me where to find you.

DISCO (PHONE)
 I will. I promise. See you soon.
 And be careful.

Clementine hangs up. Shook.

She looks down to see Sandy cradling a county of goldfish.

CLEMENTINE
 Not all of that, Sandy. I said one
 thing of goldfish.

SANDY
 No you didn't! You just said to get
 it!

CLEMENTINE
 You know I meant one. Pick one and
 put the others back.

Clementine pads for the counter where Store Clerk finishes a
 separate transaction with another customer.

CLEMENTINE
 (to customer)
 Excuse me. Can I?

She displays a ten dollar bill and stamps it on the counter.
 Then she takes the sandwiches, offers Sandy the tangerine.

CLEMENTINE
 Sandy. Come on.

SANDY
 Can I have the goldfish?

CLEMENTINE
 After you eat your breakfast. Not
 right now.

Time for a tantrum.

SANDY
 BUT YOU SAID I COULD HAVE GOLDFISH!

CLEMENTINE
 You can eat it with your sandwich
 or I can put the goldfish back.
 Deal? Work with me here.

Sandy, with a conflicted pouty face, considers the deal as Clementine unpeels the tangerine.

She accepts a piece of, eats it. They leave.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - DAY

Clementine picks Sandy up and carries her back, bagged sandwiches in the other hand.

Sandy eats.

As Clementine treks back, she can't ignore Sandy's pout.

CLEMENTINE

You're not going to say thank you?

SANDY

Thank you, mommy.

CLEMENTINE

Uh-huh. You mad at me?

Sandy shakes her head no.

CLEMENTINE

You loooooove tangerine, don't you?

Sandy answers by continuing to eat.

CLEMENTINE

Good girl.

Clementine bypasses the dance studio, still closed. But the manager of the bike shop opens the gate for business. He nods to Clementine and Sandy.

CLEMENTINE

Hey.

Clementine makes it back to the corner, picks up pace for the industrial pier.

She looks around.

It's fine. They're almost back.

Sandy's content with her tangerine, resting her head on Clementine's bouncing shoulder.

SANDY

Mommy. Are we in trouble?

Clementine comes to a halt. She looks at Sandy, who averts eye-contact.

She doesn't have the words.

She kisses Sandy's face again, then crosses the street for the warehouses.

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - DAY

Another halt. She notices...

A black SUV hanging at the far end of the parking lot. It wasn't there before.

Clementine hides her panic.

She lets Sandy down to her feet, and pushes her to the side of the building.

Then she crouches before Sandy, sets the bag on the ground.

CLEMENTINE

Sweetie.

She sighs...

CLEMENTINE

I need you to promise me something.
If for any reason you hear me say
to run, you have to promise me that
you'll drop everything and run and
ask for help. Okay?

SANDY

What's wrong?

CLEMENTINE

I only want to hear promises. It's
very important. It means everything
to me. Promise me.

Sandy hesitates... then nods in agreement.

CLEMENTINE

You're my unicorn. Stay here and
listen.

Clementine gets up, eases around the building and approaches the entrance to the factory.

Her hand jitters as she draws her gun.

She looks in through the window. The factory is clear...

She opens and goes in...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Where her stuttered-breath faintly breaks the deafening silence. She slinks in and notices...

Big, incomplete boot-prints in the dirt.

A NOISE from the office yanks on her anxiety.

She eases for it, gun fully drawn, two hands on it...

She reaches the doorway.

Clementine's terrified -- she lurches for the door --

OFFICE

With her gun pointed at a black man with a red high-top and eyeliner, his swimmer's physique takes up half the couch. With her sketchbook in his lap, he looks up at Clementine. This is JOHNNY COPPER, 27.

Under the sketchbook, he has his handgun pointed at the door, just in case.

CLEMENTINE

You didn't tell me when you were coming.

JOHNNY

I said I'd be here in a few.

Johnny sets the sketchbook aside and holsters his gun. He nods toward hers, she puts hers away as well.

JOHNNY

Ya'll alright?

CLEMENTINE

Sort of.

JOHNNY

She here?

CLEMENTINE

Yeah.

Clementine backs out of the office --

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Heads for the exit --

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - DAY

Goes around and finds Sandy sitting on the ground in place.

CLEMENTINE

C'mon, baby.

Her phones vibrates as she grabs the bag, pulls Sandy up.

She can't help but check her personal phone. There's a text from Disco.

"524 S 75th. Let me kno when ur comin."

She tucks the phone back and brings Sandy back into the --

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Johnny fools around with a swiss army knife at the table in the middle.

He doesn't say anything, just grins, and puts his knife away.

CLEMENTINE

(to Sandy)

You remember Johnny?

Sandy nods as she nibbles her tangerine.

CLEMENTINE

I wanna talk to him alone. Take your food in there. C'mon.

Sandy skips off for the office...

Clementine sits on the opposite side of the table from Johnny...

A moment, as she nearly fidgets her fingers off...

JOHNNY

I'm listening.

Clementine sighs...

CLEMENTINE

Her diabetes lead to heart failure. Rico worked for Martin, but he didn't wanna be in debt to him. I borrowed the money for Sandy's surgery without telling him.

Clementine exhales.

CLEMENTINE

It was seventy grand. I paid half of that off, but there's interest, now it's at a hundred-thousand. I'm long out of time. It's been really hard.

Ideas swirl behind her red eyes.

CLEMENTINE

I think... maybe I can get the money. From a guy I did the job with. Disco. Maybe I can talk to him somehow. I don't know. But I need to make sure that she's safe first. You know?

JOHNNY

Where to?

CLEMENTINE

My aunt on my mother's side, Gloria, has a house in Idaho. It's peaceful. It's in the middle of nowhere. They shared the same mother but were adopted to different families, didn't know the other existed until five years ago, it was just before my mother died. Also diabetes.

Clementine cries without warning. She unleashes it all.

CLEMENTINE

I just didn't want to lose somebody else to it.

JOHNNY

I feel you. I feel you.

CLEMENTINE

I'm sorry.

JOHNNY

It's all good. Shit sounds crazy.
But Idaho, though? Goddamn.

CLEMENTINE

(wipes tears)
You think you can?

JOHNNY

It's a hot minute, but... you know,
compared to shit I've driven for in
the past... ain't nothin'.

CLEMENTINE

I'll give you instructions for her
meds. She's gonna give you a hard
time.

JOHNNY

If I'm not being shot at, it's not
a hard time. I'll deal. We gon' be
best friends by the end of it.

Johnny plays with his knife again.

CLEMENTINE

...Thank you.

JOHNNY

Does your Aunt know yet?

CLEMENTINE

Not yet. Maybe you can take a
message for me? I'm not sure if I
have time to tell her anything.

Johnny nods. He thinks on something.

JOHNNY

You 'spose to get it to them today,
right?

Clementine nods again.

But something bugs her about that question.

CLEMENTINE

Did I tell you it was due today?

Johnny reclines in his seat.

JOHNNY

Well, yeah.

CLEMENTINE
I don't remember telling you.

JOHNNY
It don't really matter.

Clementine frowns at the non-answer.

Johnny's phone lights up on the table -- he lightning-snatches it before Clementine can see the name.

JOHNNY
(re: phone)
Gotta take this real quick.

CLEMENTINE
Yeah.

Johnny gets up, paces with the phone to his ear.

JOHNNY
(to phone)
Wassup wit' you, man?

SANDY (O.S.)
Mommy?

Clementine gets up and motions for the --

OFFICE

Sandy displays the fully-colored unicorn, with a half-eaten half-sandwich by her side. Clementine leans against the doorway and observes with a smile.

SANDY
You like it?

CLEMENTINE
It's beautiful, Sandy.

Behind Clementine, Johnny gets off his phone call.

She notices, and makes space for him in the doorway.

JOHNNY
You ready?

Clementine nods.

CLEMENTINE
I want her away from here.

JOHNNY

I'm gonna go pull up the car.

As Johnny swings the exit door open --

POP!-POP! Two shots fly through his head! He drops!

Sicaria charges in!

CLEMENTINE

Sandy, run!

Clementine runs for her --

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Clementine grabs at Sicaria's gun just as she raises it.

As they tussle for control, we see the tattoos and scars that decorate Sicaria's soulless face.

CLEMENTINE

Please! No! No-no-no -- !

Sicaria replies with fight. It's her language.

CLEMENTINE

Sandy! Sandy, run!

Sandy does run...

Into the fight! She hits Sicaria with a flurry of punches.

SANDY

Leave mommy! Leave my mommy!

She's fought for her mother before. She fights now.

CLEMENTINE

Run!

Sicaria's training kicks in, but barely, there's only so much you can do against a desperate mother.

However...

Sicaria lowers the gun...

For Sandy.

Sandy steps back. Defiant.

SANDY
Leave Mommy!!

POP! Sandy falls to the ground.

CLEMENTINE
NO!

Clementine CRIES as she FIGHTS. Sicaria SWEATS as she FIGHTS.

They trip over Johnny's body, tumble to the ground together, wrestle for the gun, wrestle for the upper hand, claw at each other's face.

Fatigue becomes an enemy.

Sicaria grabs Clementine, digs her thumb into Clementine's left eye! Blood leaks out. Clementine WAILS like a newborn, swats Sicaria's arm, tries to get it off..

She can't... she can't...

Sicaria gets the gun and aims at Clementine -- Clementine claws for her --

CLEMENTINE
I know where the money is! I know
where it is -- please-please-
please.

Can't get a hold --

CLICK -- Sicaria's out of bullets. Clementine leaps up --

Sicaria cracks Clementine's face with an elbow. Instant wooziness.

She straddles Clementine, goes for her neck. Clementine gets one of Sicaria's fingers and breaks it. Sicaria GRUNTS. But...

She gets the upper hand, wraps her hands around Clementine's throat, choking her.

Clementine suffocates, pulls at Sicaria's hands.

She can't do anything. She can't get Sicaria's hands off.

CLEMENTINE
Please...

Sicaria slams Clementine's head against the floor,

Clementine cries as she's killed...

SICARIA

Ssh... ssh...

Clementine's last tears fall...

Her hands fall off...

Sicaria cracks Clementine's head against the floor again.

No response. Clementine's eyes go dead.

Sicaria hangs on to her throat to make sure...

We witness every second of it...

Until Sicaria finally lets go, favoring her broken ring finger.

Clementine's lifeless face stares upward...

Sicaria checks Clementine's wrist, gets the signal she wants.

She's gone. Clementine is gone.

And we follow Sicaria...

As she gets up and evaluates her crooked fingers. She snaps them back in place. "Ouch" is very much apparent on her face.

A moment, Sicaria composes.

She searches Clementine's body, finds her handgun in the waistband. Curious. She checks the magazine of the gun.

It's empty. It's been empty the whole time.

Sicaria places it back into Clementine's hand. She loots Clementine some more, and finds both phones.

The personal phone lights up with a text from Disco. Sicaria opens it, reads...

"Moneys split up. Waiting 4 u. Hurry."

It hits Sicaria. *Clementine wasn't lying.*

Curious. She stuffs the pink phone into her back pocket, then moves on for Sandy, on the ground.

Sicaria lifts Sandy's shirt and checks her wound.

Only it's not a wound. The bullet is stuck in Sandy's glucose monitor.

And Sandy's stomach moves up and down. She's alive.

Sicaria picks Sandy up, hoists the girl over her shoulder, takes her out --

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - DAY

And brings Sandy to her Jeep, not too far from Johnny's SUV.

There, she pops open the backdoor, places Sandy in as she awakes -- freaking out.

Sicaria zip-ties Sandy's hands to the passenger side headrest.

She equips duct tape, throws it over Sandy's mouth, muffling her just as she CRIES out loud.

Sicaria shuts the door and trudges back for the warehouse. She glances around. No one's around.

She reenters --

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Johnny and Clementine still lie there. Sicaria moves for the--

OFFICE

And finds the velvet bag, Sandy's bag, the sketchbook, the color-pencils, the meds.

She throws it all back into Sandy's bag -- then checks the velvet bag and sees a few thick wads of fresh cash.

She straps both bags, then snatches the other half of Sandy's sandwich, takes two bites as she heads out with both bags --

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Out to the --

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - DAY

She takes them for her car. Sandy's MUFFLED CRIES clarify as Sicaria gets closer.

She opens the cargo and throws the bags in.

She slams it back and pulls her own phone out. Dials. It rings. We still hear Sandy's CRIES during this call:

UNKNOWN MAN (PHONE)
(Spanish: English sub)
What's up?

SICARIA
(Spanish: English subs)
My friends partied hard and don't
have cash for an Uber. You down to
come pick them up?

UNKNOWN MAN (PHONE)
(Spanish: English subs)
Where are they?

SICARIA
(Spanish: English subs)
By the pier. The orange building.

She sees Johnny's SUV here.

SICARIA
(Spanish: English subs)
The boyfriend drove here, but
they're too drunk to drive back.

UNKNOWN MAN (PHONE)
Got it.

Sicaria ends the call and reenters her Jeep.

INT. SICARIA'S JEEP - DAY

We hear Sandy's MUFFLED CRIES... Sicaria lights the vehicle up and pushes it back onto the street.

She's a stone-cold monster that respects a random Sedan's right-of-way.

She drives. We can't tell if Sandy's CRIES annoy her.

She rummages through her seat console, finds valium, and pops two into her mouth like grapes.

Sandy CRIES.

SICARIA
(sotto)
Shut up. Shut up.

Sandy CRIES.

Sicaria turns the radio on: a corrido BLASTS out of the speakers. She turns it up, drowns Sandy out... somewhat.

She drives and sings to the music, tries to stay composed.

A turn.

She drives. She sings.

Another turn. She drives. She sings.

A few minutes down the street...

Her GPS signals that her destination is upcoming, on the left.

She pulls the vehicle uphill, through a swanky neighborhood where each house is hidden behind mammoth hedges.

She hits a clicker for the gate to one house in particular.

It opens, invites her to push through, toward a white-clay house that features a fountain in the front courtyard.

The house's garage door opens and invites the car. Two HENCHMEN await inside.

She goes in, turns the music down, subjects her ears to Sandy's whimpers.

The Henchmen open the door, cut the zip-ties, yank a kicking Sandy out of the back door.

Sicaria gets out --

INT. GARAGE - DAY

She goes around, heads for the --

INT. CLAY HOUSE - DAY

She's not far behind the Henchmen who take Sandy through a door, down the stairs for the --

BASEMENT

Sicaria follows the Henchmen through a wealthy man-cave with lavish furnishing.

Four SUITED MEN watch soccer. They roister, and pass cash amongst each other.

Sicaria and the Henchmen move Sandy into --

MARTIN'S OFFICE

Tight quarters. MARTIN, 50, bald and jaded with young wrinkles, writes checks at his desk.

He orders the Henchmen to place Sandy in a nearby closet full of meticulously-folded clothing.

She's zipped-tied to a shelf.

Sicaria comes back out and addresses Martin as he breaks off from paperwork to roll a joint.

MARTIN

(Spanish: English subs)

She say anything about the money?

SICARIA

(Spanish: English subs)

She claimed she knew where it was.

MARTIN

(Spanish: English subs)

Did you believe her?

SICARIA

(Spanish: English subs)

Was it my job to?

...Martin sighs.

MARTIN

(Spanish: English subs)

Did she at least put up a fight?

Sicaria pulls Clementine's pink phone halfway out of her back pocket...

But she changes her mind, and pushes it back in instead.

SICARIA

(Spanish: English subs)

Anything else?

Martin thinks...

His thinking makes him get up from his seat. He pads for the closet and looks in.

Sandy is silent. Shaken. Numb.

Martin drags his joint.

MARTIN

(Spanish: English subs)
Looks like we'll be using her to pay the money back. She may not last long but... everybody's inconvenienced at this point.

He comes back, pulls a drawer open at his desk, pulls out a thick envelope and hands it to Sicaria.

He tightens his grip around it... doesn't let go.

MARTIN

(Spanish: English subs)
You weren't able to get any other information from her?

SICARIA

(Spanish: English subs)
I was able to do my job and get the kid.

MARTIN

(Spanish: English subs)
...On your way out, tell Margarita to bake something sweet for the girl. She's ours now. We need to get through to her. Did you bring her meds?

SICARIA

(Spanish: English subs)
I'll tell Margarita where they are.

Sicaria pulls the money from Martin's grip and leaves --

BASEMENT

She ambles by the suited men enthralled in soccer.

She goes up stairs --

CLAY HOUSE

And finds the illustrious kitchen, where MARGARITA, 50, oversees catering. She's wise, with a blind eye.

SICARIA
(Spanish: English subs)
Martin wants you to bake something
for a small girl.

Sicaria's about to leave --

MARGARITA
(Spanish: English subs)
How old is this one?

Sicaria pivots.

SICARIA
(Spanish: English subs)
Maybe five. Six. She has meds in
the Jeep. Go get them.

Sicaria leaves...

HALLWAY

On her way to the garage, she stops to make eye-contact with Martin's SON (8) as he stares at her from the doorway of his bedroom.

She continues into the...

GARAGE

She approaches car keys hung on hooks on the wall. She swaps the Jeep Wrangler's keys for something else, then totes the new set toward a 2018 Honda Civic.

She opens the car, pops the trunk, there's an AK-47 inside. She checks it. Loaded. Ready to fuck shit up.

Content, she goes around and gets into the car.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

The seat's too far back; someone much taller drove this prior.

She adjusts, then pulls Clementine's phone out and relocates Disco's text.

"Moneys split up. Waiting 4 u. Hurry."

She texts back...

"On my way."

As she plugs his address into the car's GPS, we see a tattoo on her forearm: the face of a young boy, with dates underneath. *Jan 11th 2010 - June 9th 2019. R.I.P YUSEF.*

The route appears. The garage door rolls up.

She backs the car out onto the courtyard, swings it around and pushes it down the driveway.

Back into civilization. She vrooms...

The corrido pours from the radio. Another form of medication for her.

She hits a red light. It's here that she cracks open the seat console and finds ammo.

She sings as she reloads her handgun. She gets lost in the action... she breathes the music in... closes her eyes. More work to be done --

HONK!! A car behind disrupts her moment. She moves on. The other car overtakes her and the driver flips her off.

She curses in Spanish at them. But shrugs it off with a grunt as she makes a turn.

Another turn...

Last one...

The destination appears within arms reach in her GPS. CLICK-CLACK goes her gun. A deep breath.

She peers out the passenger side window to see a rundown apartment with rubble across its foundation.

All seems normal. Clementine's phone buzzes. Sicaria reads it. From Disco...

"See you in a bit."

Sicaria rides the car into a vacant, foliage-ridden parking lot. She holsters the gun and gets out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sicaria marches across the street for a collection of apartment complexes separated by narrow driveways.

APARTMENT COMPLEXES/STREET

She hustles through a driveway, climbs over the gate, lands in someone's backyard.

BACKYARD

Unkempt, littered with tools and broken hex-tables.

She leaps over another fence.

ANOTHER BACKYARD

Three times shittier. Sicaria wades overgrown grass.

She lands at a fire escape in the back of a three-story complex.

She hides beside a window on the ground floor, tries to peer in but the windows are grimed to hell.

She motions around to the side of the building, sees the side door is ajar...

Interesting.

She eases for it, pushes it further open and peers inside. Darkness. Silence.

She slinks in -- her slender frame barely touches the door.

INT. DISCO'S GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

The makings of a hoarder's nest. Stacks of clothes, old takeout, century-old condiments.

Sicaria melts into the nearest shadow. Gun drawn.

Silence.

She moves further in... has to step over heaps of empty moving boxes.

The living room is ahead, a light is cast from inside. She approaches...

LIVING ROOM

Sicaria sees...

Disco, in a bloody heap, dying on a layer of loose-leaf pages scattered about.

There's a giant, gushing red mass along his clavicle. Fresh.

He can barely move his hand as he reaches for any sign of help.

She peeks into the nearby bathroom, sees dozens of thousands in cash spilling out of a duffel bag on the floor. Unattended.

A SMALL LIGHT appears in the foyer and garners Sicaria's attention. A BUZZZ. Sicaria looks at Clementine's phone...

It's a text from Disco's number... but obviously not from him.

The small light from the foyer vanishes.

Sicaria eases for the foyer.

She steps over junk.

BLAM!! A SHOTGUN BLAST obliterates the wall behind her -- she retreats and **BANG-BANG-BANGS** into the darkness --

She trips over crap, knocks a lamp over. Its light reveals --

The Gunman from the Pawn Shop! He's hit twice, he shambles into the living room, raises his shotgun again --

POP! POP! Sicaria sends two more bullets through his skull. He falls to his knees... falls on his face. Dead.

Sicaria heaves thirty quick breaths. Sweat apparent on her forehead.

She climbs to her feet, checks herself.

A chunk of her earlobe is removed. Blood runs down her neck.

But money calls.

She takes a step forward and --

Hears a faint sound coming from Disco's mouth. He still reaches out for any help possible.

She responds, and **POP-POPS** him out of his misery. Two down. None to go.

She hustles for the --

BATHROOM

Where she embraces the money. Lots of it, over half of which is already placed in the bag.

Sicaria gets to work, crams the rest of it in.

The zipper's caught. *Really?* Sicaria has to fight with it.

Back it up, try again, back it up, try ag--

She snaps to the Gunman, dead in the living room. *Right?*

Right. Sicaria fights the goddamn zipper more...

She fights. Fights.

This. This is the thing that flusters her.

Finally! The bag zips up. Closed. Sicaria throws it over her shoulder and bounds over the heaps, en-route to the exit. She punches out --

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Out of the side door. She runs back for the backyard, through the overgrown grass.

She chucks the duffel bag over the fence. THUD. She climbs after it...

BACKYARD

She lands, collects the bag and moves across the backyard, headed for the backyard gate.

Again, she chucks the bag over. THUD. She climbs over...

EXT. STREET - DAY

And lands in the driveway. She collects the bag, throws it over the shoulder and takes off for the home stretch.

Her phone BUZZZZZes. She ignores the call, dashes across the street, headed for the --

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The trunk for the Honda Civic pops open. Sicaria opens it fully and dumps the duffel bag in.

She shuts the trunk. Relieved. She takes a moment to catch her breath.

Her phone BUZZes. She answers Clementine's phone. Wait, wrong one.

She switches, and answers her own phone on the way to the driver's seat where she gets in --

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

She starts the car.

SICARIA
(Spanish: English subs)
How are my friends doing?

UNKNOWN MAN (PHONE)
(Spanish: English subs)
You said two, right?

Sicaria straps her seatbelt. Ready to go.

UNKNOWN MAN (PHONE)
(Spanish: English subs)
We only found one.

Sicaria pauses...

SICARIA
(Spanish: English subs)
Which one?

UNKNOWN MAN (PHONE)
(Spanish: English subs)
Boyfriend. Red hair?

All feeling leaves Sicaria's face. She stares ahead...

UNKNOWN MAN (PHONE)
(Spanish: English subs)
Hello?

SICARIA (PHONE)
(Spanish: English subs)
You're saying the girlfriend wasn't around?

UNKNOWN MAN (PHONE)
(Spanish: English subs)
She must've gotten her own ride or
something.
(a moment...)
You may wanna check up on that.
Find out how she's doing.

Sicaria visibly shakes.

She hangs up, ROARS the car in reverse and storms down the street...

She drives frantically, pops pills as she does it.

Tires SCREECH for each hastened turn.

She hits the worst red light ever. Fuck it, she cuts under it. Cars WAIL.

She powers down one of the final roads.

Almost there, her grip squeezes the wheel to death. Sweat rolls into her eyes.

She punches it into the parking lot of the industrial pier.

Johnny's SUV is missing.

Sicaria thunders out --

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - DAY

And she troops in. The area is clear and scrubbed; no sign of Johnny or Clementine. Glass cleaned up. It's like nothing ever happened.

Sicaria looks around for clues.

She investigates the --

OFFICE

No sign of anyone ever being there.

A JANGLE from elsewhere in the factory snags her paranoia.

She comes out --

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

And goes into the --

KITCHEN

Where she shimmies along the wall. She sees...

Faint shoeprints leading to the fridge. It's big enough to fit a small woman.

She approaches the fridge. Slowly. Gun in hand.

She opens it.

Nothing.

She leaves that behind, and moves for the bathroom, looks in. Empty.

She whirls around for any fucking sign. Nada.

She makes for the exit. Back out to the --

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - DAY

She continues for the Honda Civic and climbs into the driver's side.

She pulls the visor down, observes herself in the mirror, then acquires makeup from the seat console and gets to work, putting layers on.

She cracks open red lipstick, considers.

There's a faint WHEEZE from the backseat...

What. Is. That?

CLICK.

Sicaria looks in the rearview mirror to see...

Clementine! With a gun pointed at the back of Sicaria's headrest!

Clementine wheezes as she breathes through permanent damage done to her trachea.

Raspy words come out of her mouth.

CLEMENTINE

Where is she?

Sicaria stays collected.

SICARIA

Your gun isn't loaded.

Clementine shoots Sicaria's hand, sends fingers flying.
Sicaria SCREAM-GRUNTS.

CLEMENTINE

It's Johnny's, you dumb bitch.
Where is my daughter?

Sicaria holds her hand. Still defiant.

SICARIA

Even if you went there, what are
you going to do? He has men there.

CLEMENTINE

I don't give a fuck! Where?!

Clementine doesn't notice...

Sicaria uses her other hand to discretely pull another gun
from the door compartment.

SICARIA

You did this to her. You fucked her
life up for good. This is you.

The words seep into Clementine. She tries to hide the guilt.
She can't.

SICARIA

For what? To save a little brat? To
give her a chance in *this* world?
(scoffs)
Not this world.

CLEMENTINE

Enough with the sh--

Sicaria aims her gun backwards -- Clementine barely dodges
as Sicaria **SHOOTS** -- her back window's blown out and --

BANG! BANG! Clementine sends two through Sicaria's newly
caked face. Her mind's all over the windshield and
dashboard.

Clementine trembles, the gun falls from her hand.

She has a moment... needs a moment...

She SCREAMS something straight from a horror movie. But it breaks up due to her crushed throat.

She gets out --

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - DAY

And vomits. SPLAT against the asphalt.

She falls to the ground with her back against the Honda Civic. A cold look.

She wheezes.

Irreparable damage. Inside and out.

She closes her eyes, attempts to steel.

Her moment gives way to brainstorming. An idea comes to her.

She climbs to her feet and opens the driver side door, letting Sicaria's body spill out.

It's only halfway, Clementine pulls the rest of her out onto the ground. Next to the puke.

Clementine appropriates the car.

Wait -- she leans back out and loots Sicaria for car keys.

Then she finds her pink phone in Sicaria's possession. In hand again. Still working.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Clementine starts the car. The GPS awakens.

She thumbs through the destination history.

The most recent address... *524 S 75th St.*

A familiar address... ideas churn in her mind.

She checks her phone, brings up the message thread she had with Disco.

She confirms: it's the same address. And below her last response are a few other texts that we know weren't hers.

More ideas. She presses the trunk release. KA-THUNK. It's open.

Then she gets out...

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PIER - DAY

And moves toward the trunk, swings it open and finds the duffel bag, next to an AK-47 and drum full of ammo.

Clementine unzips the duffel bag. The cash hibernates inside. Here it is. What she's needed...

She makes a call.

It's answered.

MARTIN (PHONE)
(Spanish: English subs)
Who is this?

CLEMENTINE
...Clementine.

MARTIN (PHONE)
Clementine is dead.

CLEMENTINE
I'm not. Where's Sandy? Where's my
little girl? Is she okay?

Martin snickers...

MARTIN (PHONE)
Do you know what the term
"gobsmacked" means -- ?

CLEMENTINE
I have the money. I'm looking at
it.

MARTIN (PHONE)
Enough with that bullshit --

CLEMENTINE
It was in the trunk of your
Sicaria's car.

A moment of silence...

CLEMENTINE
She's dead now. Good riddance.

MARTIN (PHONE)
What kind of car?

CLEMENTINE
Honda. Silver. X9U2A2.

We hear a sigh from Martin...

CLEMENTINE
It's in the bag that was given to
Disc--

MARTIN (PHONE)
How much? All of it?

Something that hadn't occurred to Clementine.

CLEMENTINE
Put her on the phone.

MARTIN (PHONE)
For the fifth time today, do you
have it?

CLEMENTINE
Tell me she's okay!

MARTIN (PHONE)
I'm currently using her as a
bargaining tool to get my money. So
what do you think? You want her
back, right?

Clementine places the phone on speaker, sets it aside, and
counts the money as quickly as possible.

MARTIN (PHONE)
Hello?

Clementine counts... counts... counts...

MARTIN (PHONE)
I arranged for her to be
transported in ten minutes. Men are
on their way. But I can make a
phone call.
(a beat)
Do you have all of it?

Clementine's eyes stretch impossibly wide. She doesn't.

MARTIN (PHONE)
I don't have time for this --

CLEMENTINE

Wait -- !

CLICK. Call over.

She stifles a freak-out. A trillion thoughts cycle around in her head, about to explode out of her skull.

Speaking of exploding skulls, Clementine looks over at Sicaria, who rests in pieces on the ground.

Her looks goes between Sicaria and the Honda Civic.

Sicaria. Honda Civic.

Clementine picks up the AK-47. Unsure. She plays with the slide, pulls the magazine out to see that it's full.

This gun may be included in her new, desperate idea.

She brings it to the drivers side as she gets in --

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

And places it in the backseat.

She checks the list of destinations in the GPS again. The second-most recent address... that must be it.

She quick-thinks, then pumps the ignition.

She closes her eyes...

Then closes the door and takes off. Back onto the road.

The radio comes back to life with the corrido. Clementine doesn't dig it, so she rotates the dial across a few channels, landing on upbeat Mariachi.

She knows this one. Her eyes glimmer with memories. With fear. With uncertainty.

She flies down the street, leaves the industrial corner of the city behind, cuts through several acres of poverty-stricken abodes.

The music calms her.

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)

My baby. I hope you will still love me.

Clementine motions the car through a more vibrant neighborhood. She looks around at the varicolored houses... homes, where residents enjoy their respective lawns.

She cuts through; there are fewer cars. The road is hers now.

She punches the gas, gains ground as the Mariachi song hits the bridge. She sings as she speeds.

A police cruiser appears in the rearview mirror and hits the sirens.

Maybe they took notice?

Clementine adds another dozen mph to the speedometer. She veers twice to get out of sight, and into...

The swanky neighborhood. Hedges galore. She looks at the GPS. Her destination is less than a minute away, to the left.

She searches the seat console and equips the gate clicker.

Here it is, mere feet ahead. She approaches, clicks the gate open... it squeals...

She turns the music down, looks out both windows, the right side is clear.

The left side, the police cruiser motions down the street in clear view, coming this way.

Gate's open-enough, she charges through, enters the courtyard of the clay-white house, on her way to the garage.

She glances back as the cruiser glides by the gate. Her hand flips over the visor where another fob for the garage is. She uses it.

Another glance back as the garage opens she settles the car in, joins three others: a Mercedes, a Tesla, and the Jeep Wrangler.

The garage door closes behind her.

She breathes...

She wheezes...

Then she reaches back to retrieve the duffel bag, straps it.

Then she collects the AK-47, holds it awkwardly.

She surveys the garage, seeing nothing but tools, the cars, motorcycles, mechanical parts, mint-condition sporting gear.

POP. She opens her door, sticks her head out and observes the ceiling.

There's an oscillating surveillance camera pointed away from her for a second. It turns back --

Clementine hides in the car, out of sight. She waits...

Then pokes out again as the camera turns the other way --

She spills out of the car --

INT. GARAGE - DAY

And scuttles for the corner, just under the camera.

It turns for the car again, facing away from the door that leads to the rest of the house.

She moves around a massive tool cabinet and hides beside it. In a blind-spot again.

It's there that she notices...

The Jeep Wrangler GARGLE-HUMS softly. It's running, unmanned.

Clementine takes that as a clue. She eases for the door... scared, very scared.

MUSIC on the other side becomes clearer. She reaches for the handle...

Then grabs it and charges in --

CLAY HOUSE

Down a hallway with the AK-47 leveled and loaded.

"Still Phasing" by De Lorra THRUMS throughout.

Clementine peeks into various rooms --

A RATTLE behind her snags her fear. She whirls, and trains the AK-47 on... empty space.

She turns back --

Margarita appears at the end of the hallway with a gold platter full of snacks. Shocked. She drops everything.

CLANG!

Clementine throws a SSSHHH-finger over her lips, and uses the AK-47 to motivate Margarita back into the --

KITCHEN

Where she pushes Margarita against the fridge.

Clementine immediately notices Sandy's bag on the counter with her meds lined up alongside the stove.

CLEMENTINE

She here?

Margarita mutters in Spanish.

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)
Tell me where she is.

MARGARITA

(Spanish: English subs)
She's... She's...

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)
Listen to me.

Margarita's eyes roll back. She fucking faints.

Clementine scrambles to keep Margarita from hitting the ground hard. It's awkward.

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)
Fuck. Goddammit. Fuck.

Clementine throws the meds back into the bag, throws the bag over her shoulder and moves on, into the --

LIVING ROOM

Pristine and posh, cartoons emit from an eighty-inch 8K plasma television. Landscape paintings bedeck the walls.

One in attendance. Martin's Son.

The sight of him freezes Clementine.

He notices her and freezes, himself.

A moment.

Clementine lunges for him -- he gets up and runs --

SON

Papa -- !

Clementine snatches him by the mouth and pulls him back onto a sofa. He fusses, but she pins him into the cushion.

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)

Quiet. Or you'll get yourself hurt.

Son quiets.

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)

Is Martin Candejo your father?

Son affirms with a nod.

CLEMENTINE

You're going to show me where he is. Alright?

Son hesitates, nearly jitters out of his shoes.

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)

Now. Get up.

They get up, onto their feet.

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)

Show me.

They shuffle together, out of the living room --

CLAY HOUSE

And continue down the hallway.

They move for a black door, where the music bumps from.

Closer...

SON

(Spanish: English subs)

He's downstairs.

CLEMENTINE
(Spanish: English subs)
You're coming with me. Open the
door.

Son glances up at Clementine with his freaked-out face.

CLEMENTINE
(Spanish: English subs)
Open the door or get hurt. Which
one is it?

He jitters his hand out for the door...

BANG! It opens, throws him back onto the ground. Clementine
reels when...

Two Henchmen emerge, they drag a slumped Sandy across the
ground.

Son gets away from Clementine's grasp! He runs for his
bedroom across the hallway --

Both Henchmen realize Clementine. A second.

One draws his gun -- KAKA -- Clementine takes him down.

The second Henchman runs for the basement -- KAKA-KAKA,
Clementine tags him. He tumbles down the steps.

Clementine closes the basement door. She swirls around,
locates a nearby dresser and pulls it up against the door,
the vase atop the dresser falters and CRASHES to the ground.

Then she dashes for Sandy's side. Sandy doesn't move.

CLEMENTINE
Sandy. Sandy. Baby. Are you okay?
Sandy?

Nothing. Clementine shakes her.

CLEMENTINE
Sandy. Sandy!

She sees the bullet hole in Sandy's shirt, lifts it to see
the bullet lodged in her glucose monitor.

Mindfucked, she checks Sandy's pulse with a terrified gulp.

She exhales. Thank god.

Then she takes off the duffel bag and plops it onto the
dresser... leaves the money there...

She slips on Henchman's blood as she collects Sandy from the ground.

Sandy in one arm. The AK-47 in the other. A BANG at the basement door pushes against the dresser she placed there.

She goes into the -- GARAGE Where she fobs the Honda Civic awake. She places Sandy in the backseat, then hops into the driver's side.

Wait, an idea -- She clicks the garage door open as she spills back out and pushes the large tool cabinet over, props it against the door. Tools jangle across the floor.

A PULSATING RED LIGHT COMES OVER THE WHOLE GARAGE!

A security alert BLARES. The garage door goes back down!

CLEMENTINE

No! No!

She runs back into the car and tries to reverse it against the closing garage door. She dents it significantly with the bumper, but it closes fully... she's stuck inside.

Another idea -- a really crazy one that she's not sure of. She moves -- And removes the tool shed, slips back out --

CLAY HOUSE

And sprints for the --

SON'S BEDROOM

A vibrant royal blue, full of action figures. She looks under the full-sized bed. A SCREAM comes from under it as she pulls Son out and drags him --

CLAY HOUSE

Just as other Henchmen push the dresser aside and get free from the basement -- She drags Son into the --

GARAGE

And takes him into the corner.

CLEMENTINE

Stay here! Stay there...

She places the tool cabinet against the door again.

VOICES in the hallway, the Henchmen saw everything.

Clementine makes for the running Jeep Wrangler and hops in.

She drives it up, slams it into the tool cabinet, now there's an extra few-thousand pounds against the door. Just as --

VOICES press against it. Banging. Wanting in.

MARTIN (O.S.)
Miguel? Miguel?!

SON
Papa!

Clementine trembles. She gets out of the Jeep Wrangler and approaches Son. He squirms away.

CLEMENTINE
(Spanish: English)
I promise I won't hurt you. I
promise you.

Clementine sees shadows sweep under the indented garage door. Men outside.

MARTIN (O.S.)
Miguel!

CLEMENTINE
(Spanish, to Son)
I want you to know something about
me. I would never do this. But I'm
scared. I've been strangled. I've
been shot today.

She shows him her wound, the burgundy shirt/gauze combo around her abdomen.

CLEMENTINE
(Spanish: English subs)
The cries you heard, that's my
daughter, my favorite person in the
world, the person I care most
about. When you're grown up, you'll
see, when you have your own child
one day, you'll see, and you'll do
anything for them.

CLEMENTINE

Just like your father will do
anything right now for you. I will
do anything for her. Okay?

Son sniffle-nods.

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)

This isn't fair. I know. I promise,
I won't hurt you.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Clementine! I know you're in there
with him!

Clementine ignores him, and brings Son to the other side of
the Honda Civic.

She gets into the backseat where she sulks over Sandy, who
lies unconscious.

CLEMENTINE

Sandy. Child. Wake up.

Sandy squirms ever so slightly...

Martin YELLS from outside the door.

CLEMENTINE

Sandy. My darling.

She takes Sandy's hand, notices Son watching...

Clementine sniffles.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Listen. Listen, Clementine. Just...
don't hurt him. Let him go. Please.
We can work something out.

She gets out of the car and moves for the door.

CLEMENTINE

Well I'm listening, you piece of
shit.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Look... none of this was personal,
okay? I have reputations to uphold.
I've done worse to people for much
less. You had your chances and
you--

CLEMENTINE
Do you feel desperate?

A long silence...

MARTIN (O.S.)
Just give me my son back and we can
all walk away from this.

CLEMENTINE
Open the garage door and let us
out. Now.

MARTIN (O.S.)
I don't think I can do that. Not
until I see him.

Clementine looks back at that security camera.

CLEMENTINE
You can see him, through the
cameras.

MARTIN (O.S.)
How do I know that you don't drive
off with him?

CLEMENTINE
Because I don't want him.

MARTIN (O.S.)
You have him.

CLEMENTINE
I wanted her.

MARTIN (O.S.)
You have her too.

CLEMENTINE
Open the garage!

Another silence...

MARTIN (O.S.)
It's not that simple.

CLEMENTINE
You have men outside. Have them go
away.

MARTIN (O.S.)
I have them there in case you try
anything.

CLEMENTINE

What do you think happens if they try anything?

MARTIN (O.S.)

You have my word. It's just in case.

CLEMENTINE

Open the garage door and the front gate. I'll leave him at a street corner and I'm gone. Me and my girl, we're gone. We're gone from here and you will never see us again. We're driving far away, and you'll never hear from us again.

MARTIN (O.S.)

It's not that sim--

CLEMENTINE

I just told you why it's simple. This is it, Martin. Do you want to see your son again?

Martin's final silence... sounds like a resounding "yes."

He talks to his men. Clementine sees the shadows dissipate. For now.

Reluctantly...

MARTIN

What corner?

Clementine's in shock. This is her moment.

CLEMENTINE

Um... what, where are... ? Uh...

MARTIN

Greene and Hassbrook, those are the cross streets.

CLEMENTINE

When I get out, I'm going right. That was closer.

MARTIN

That's Greene.

CLEMENTINE

Greene.

MARTIN

...So, is that it? Are you taking him to Greene and letting him go?

CLEMENTINE

Yes. I'll take him there. I promise you, he'll be okay. And we'll be gone, and you have the m--

MARTIN

I don't give a fuck about the money right now. Give me a second...

Clementine steps from the door and paces. She lands at the Honda Civic, opens the backseat door and pulls Son out.

SON

(Spanish: English sub)
Am I going back to papa?

CLEMENTINE

(Spanish: English subs)
In a second. Just be quiet and you'll be fine. Here.

She guides him into the passenger side seat, buckles him in.

Then she comes back for Sandy, still unconscious in the back.

She caresses Sandy's face.

CLEMENTINE

It's okay, baby. It's okay. It's almost over.

KGGGGG -- a jolt of the garage door. It opens! Daylight slices in.

Clementine hurries around the vehicle, into the driver's side again.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Where she straps in, pulls out the handgun and places it in her lap. Just in case.

SON

(Spanish: English subs)
Are we going somewhere?

CLEMENTINE

You'll see.

The garage door fully opens, the red lights drown under bright sunlight.

Clementine looks out the back window. The courtyard is clear.

She reverses the car out. Son whimpers, doesn't like this at all.

SON
(Spanish: English subs)
Where are we going?

Clementine moves the car for the front gate.

It's not open. She looks ahead and sees...

Martin, waiting just outside the house's front door with a half-dozen armed Henchmen behind.

He glowers hard enough to pierce ten souls.

SON
Papi! Papi!

Clementine rolls the window up.

MARTIN
Are you okay?

SON
(Spanish: English subs)
Papi, I want to come back! I want to come back!

Son unbuckles the belt and pulls at the door handle.

Clementine grabs his hand. This makes henchmen step forward. Martin keeps them back.

CLEMENTINE
(Spanish: English sub)
Shut up! Shut up! Stop it! Do you want to get hurt?!

SON
No!

CLEMENTINE
(Spanish: English subs)
Then stop it! Behave! I promised you, right? Right?

Son shakes his head, confirms that she did.

CLEMENTINE
 (Spanish: English subs)
 Okay. So you have to help me, and
 you will be okay.

Son calms down.

The gate still isn't open. And --

They hear a moan. Coming from Sandy.

CLEMENTINE
 Sandy?
 (to Martin)
 Open the gate! Open the gate!

She honks.

SON
 Open the gate!

Clementine glances at son. She opens the window so Martin
 can hear him.

SON
 Open the gate! Open the gate!

This perks Martin up. He signals to a Henchman standing
 beside the gate.

They push a button to open it! Clementine reverse out...

CLEMENTINE
 Okay. Okay. Okay...

SON
 (Spanish: English subs)
 The gate is open. Can I get out?

CLEMENTINE
 (Spanish: English subs)
 Almost... almost, almost, almost.

They're out! And onto the street!

And --

The cop car appears behind her! WOOP goes the siren.

For her.

CLEMENTINE
 No. No...

She looks ahead and sees the street sign. Greene Blvd.

COP (BULLHORN)
Pull over!

Clementine eases the car to the corner of the street. As promised.

SON
(Spanish: English subs)
Can I get out?

Clementine looks into the side-mirror's reflection as COP, 35, gets out of his patrol car.

SON
(Spanish: English subs)
I wanna get out. You said you would let me.

CLEMENTINE
(Spanish: English subs)
I will.

Son claws at the door, unlocks and opens it! Clementine reaches over him and snatches the door back.

Cop saw that.

COP
Hey! No getting out of the car! I want your hands on the dashboard, right now!

CLEMENTINE
(to Son)
You have to wait!

SANDY (O.S.)
Mama... ?

CLEMENTINE
Sandy... Sandy.

COP
I said dashboard! Right now!

CLEMENTINE
Okay. Okay --

SON
(Spanish: English subs)
I want you to let me go! You said you would let me go!

CLEMENTINE
 (Spanish: English subs)
 You have to wait, and you have to
 calm down. Please. While the police
 man is here.

In the rear view mirror, Clementine sees...

Martin emerges from his driveway, talking into his phone.
 Furious.

Cop appears by her window.

COP
 What did I say?!

CLEMENTINE
 Sorry. Sorry --

Clementine places her hands on said dashboard.

COP
 Why is the door opening when I'm
 approaching the vehicle?

CLEMENTINE
 I...

COP
 You what?

CLEMENTINE
 I --

COP
 License, right now. Slowly. This
 your car?

CLEMENTINE
 This isn't my car.

COP
 Is that your son? Why is he opening
 the door?

CLEMENTINE
 No. Yes. He's...

A suspicious Jeep Cherokee with tinted windows pulls up to
 the corner of the adjacent street and doesn't go through the
 green light.

Instead, it waits.

COP
I'm gonna need you to get out of
the car.

CLEMENTINE
What? Why?

COP
You don't know if that's your son
or not. Out. Now, please.

CLEMENTINE
Those men --

COP
Or would you rather be pulled out?

Clementine's frozen. Another Police Tahoe glides up next to
the original, locking her in...

CLEMENTINE
I can't --

Cop reaches in to unlock her door -- !

COP
I said -- !

VROOM! Clementine takes off with Cop's arm clinging to the
door, he's dragged.

COP
Stop! Stop right now!

The Jeep Cherokee lurches forward, cuts her off -- BANG! --
metal meets metal! Her abrupt stop flings the Cop!

Son unbuckles himself and stumbles out -- Clementine reaches
after him --

CLEMENTINE
(Spanish: English subs)
No!

But he's out, he runs back for his house.

Shots burst out from the Jeep Cherokee, blasting the
windshield.

Clementine brings the AK-47 up front and KAKAKAKAKAKAS at
the Jeep Cherokee in response. She simultaneously --

-- reverses backwards and RAMS the backup Tahoe! Nowhere to
go as --

SHOTS RING OUT from both bookends: Henchmen spill out of the Cherokee, they're hit as they shoot.

Police pop out and back pedal for cover behind their car, not before they're tagged with bullets. Holes populate across the cop car's hood.

Everyone's fucked.

CHAOS.

Clementine leaps into the back for shelter, she covers Sandy as she SCREAMS. They're in the middle of this shootout.

Two Henchmen appear behind the other cop just as they radio the mess in -- pop-pop -- they're executed. The same Henchmen make for Clementine and the Civic.

She grabs the AK and SHOOTS the back window out, takes one down. The other scrambles back for the house.

Clementine climbs back for the wheel, tries the gas, but fails to wiggle out.

The original Cop appears from behind the Cherokee. He and a bloody Henchman surprise each other -- they SHOOT -- both go down.

Clementine gets out of the car --

EXT. GREENE STREET - DAY

And crouches for the police Tahoe. The keys are there...

MARTIN (O.S.)
Clementine!

Clementine feels Martin's presence on the other side of the Tahoe, near his driveway, armed with a gun behind cover.

That Martin can tell where she is. He comes out of hiding and scuttles for the other side of the Police Tahoe as...

Clementine crouch-walks back for the Civic.

She lands at the driver side door, folds the seat and tugs on Sandy. Sandy barely interacts.

CLICK.

Clementine finds Martin beside the Police Tahoe with a gun trained on her.

MARTIN

You think I'm going to let you walk away?

CLEMENTINE

He escaped. He's fine.

MARTIN

He's not fine.

CLEMENTINE

You know they radioed backup. I can just... let us go.

MARTIN

You think it's that easy?

CLEMENTINE

Of course it is.

MARTIN

How can I tell my peers that I had a little girl in custody, and her mother broke into my house and held my son hostage?

CLEMENTINE

Tell them whatever you like. I don't care about your reputation. I care about her!

SIRENS heard in the distance, approaching...

CLEMENTINE

Please, put the gun down. You have your son. You have the money.

MARTIN

It's not about what I have, Clementine...

He's not putting the gun down...

Clementine tenses up...

Martin raises his gun and SHOOTS -- Clementine KAKAKAs as she falls back, bullets fly through Martin.

He's down, officially dying...

SIRENS grow closer...

Clementine checks herself. She's not hit. Quickly, she reaches into the car to collect Sandy out from the backseat.

Sandy doesn't move. At all.

Clementine checks Sandy's pulse. The results aren't apparent in her eyes.

An unsure moment passes as she double and triple-checks with a quivering, blank face.

That moment feels like forever.

She snaps out it, and puts Sandy's arm over her shoulder on her way to the Police Tahoe.

CLEMENTINE

It's alright. Everything's okay
now. Everything's okay now, baby.

With crazed eyes, Clementine places Sandy into the vehicle. Then gets in herself --

INT. POLICE TAHOE - DAY

Clementine closes the door. It's already running...

A few breaths. Unblinking.

She ROAR-SCREECHES the car down the street.

She finds the lights, cuts them on.

She flips on the SIREN. It WAILS, and pushes other cars out of her way.

She speeds. Tears leave her blank eyes as they focus ahead.

The roar of the engine cuts away. It's just us and the sound of Clementine breathing. She wipes those tears goodbye.

Clementine speeds. The lights pulsate...

The engine ROARS... lights pulsate...

Lights pulsate...

FADE OUT.