

V.I.R.A.L.

By
Guy Noland

EPISODE #1

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT FLAT - NIGHT

Sparse and dreary. No windows. A LAPTOP sits open on a metal table; the "record" light blinks. The computer's camera points toward--

CLEMENTINE JONES(30s), dark and powerful, attends to a skillet of sizzling, smoking meat over the hotplate. She WHISTLES a cheery tune, donning her "Peggy-Sue" apron.

A MOAN interrupts her lively melody. She turns her attention to--

BUTCH, a hulking brute of a man, battered and bloody, tied to a nearby chair.

CLEMENTINE
Well, good morning, sunshine.

BUTCH
(groggy)
Wha -- What happened?

CLEMENTINE
(re: food)
At the risk of tooting my own horn,
I gotta say, this is going to be
tasty.

BUTCH
Where am I? Who the fuck are you?

CLEMENTINE
Of course. You don't remember me.

She saunters over, lifts his chin with her spatula.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
I am the cook.

Butch struggles against his bindings -- a red light pulses under the skin on his wrist.

BUTCH
Cut me loose, bitch.

CLEMENTINE
And I hope you brought your
appetite.

THWACK! Clementine lays a knife-hand strike across Butch's throat. He gasps for air. She bows.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
Namaste, motherfucker.

THUNK! She follows with an upper palm-strike to the nose, launching Butch onto his back, chair and all (the letter "S" inscribed on the bottom of the chair).

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - EARLIER THAT EVENING (FLASHBACK)

A typical LA bar on a weeknight, happily hipster and thinly occupied.

Clementine and JANE sit at the bar, sipping wine.

CLEMENTINE
The original Star Wars trilogy,
Episodes 4,5, and 6.

JANE
Get out!

CLEMENTINE
Look it up.

JANE
How is that possible?

CLEMENTINE
There's only three female
characters in all three films and
they never say a word to each
other.

Butch and KAREN (20's), sit at the far end of the bar. Clementine watches them over Jane's shoulder.

Karen excuses herself, heads to the lady's room.

JANE
Okay, my turn. Run Lola Run.

CLEMENTINE
Really?
(beat; realization)
She only talks to men.

JANE
 Why isn't there a Bedchel Test for
 guys?

Butch looks around, sees Karen is gone. He drops something
 in her drink.

Clementine notices, doesn't let on.

CLEMENTINE
 What would be the point?

JANE
 Right? Okay, so tell me how work's
 going. Anything juicy?

CLEMENTINE
 We're not having this conversation,
 Jane.

Karen returns to her seat, sips her drugged wine. Butch
 signals for the check.

JANE
 Come on. Give me something,
 anything. What are the crazies up
 to?

CLEMENTINE
 They're patients. And it wouldn't
 be ethical for me to discuss their
 cases with you.

JANE
 Be your best friend?

CLEMENTINE
 You already are.

JANE
 Drat.

Butch hands money to the BARTENDER, escorts Karen out.

CLEMENTINE
 Oh no.

JANE
 What? What happened?

CLEMENTINE

(sudden urgency)

You just reminded me, I have a victims' symposium tomorrow that I completely forgot about. I haven't written my speech. I've got to go.

JANE

What? Now?

CLEMENTINE

I know, I'm sorry, hon. I'll make it up to you, I promise.

Clementine throws \$100 cash on the bar.

JANE

Okay, well...

CLEMENTINE

Love you! Bye!

She kisses Jane on the cheek, rushes out.

JANE

K, love you.

She picks up the C-note. Smiles.

JANE (CONT'D)

And I didn't even have to sleep with her.

EXT. BAR - SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Clementine bursts out the door, looks up and down the street.

Butch and Karen walk away arm-in-arm, half a block away.

Clementine follows at a distance.

EXT. STREET

Butch escorts Karen by the arm. She goes weak in the knees.

BUTCH

Whoa. You okay there, babe?

KAREN

Yeah... suddenly I don't... feel so...

She passes out. Butch catches her.

BUTCH
 Couldn't wait 'til we got to the
 car, eh?

He looks around, drags her into an adjacent alley.

EXT. ALLEY

Butch lays Karen down behind a dumpster, pulls her dress up over her head -- parts her legs and kneels; unzips.

BUTCH
 (sotto)
 Good a place as any, I guess.

KAREN
 (half conscious)
 No.

He penetrates Karen with force. She GROANS in pain.

BUTCH
 Shh.

KA-CLICK! The unmistakable sound of a COLT .45 hammer clicking into place. The pistol enters frame and presses into Butch's temple.

Clementine looms, pistol in one hand, an iPhone (recording) in the other.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 Whoa, whoa! This ain't what it
 looks like, sweetheart.

CLEMENTINE
 Good a place as any?

Butch slowly stands -- No sudden movements. He towers over Clementine.

BUTCH
 Look, I found her like that. She
 must have had too much to drink or
 somethin'.

CLEMENTINE
 Uh-huh. And you accidentally
 tripped and fell into her vagina,
 right?

BUTCH
You gonna shoot me?

CLEMENTINE
Nah.

SIGH of relief -- Butch puts a cigarette in his mouth, turns away. He reaches into his coat for a lighter, pulls a firearm instead.

Clementine dashes forward, smashes Butch in the back of the head with her Colt. He drops the pistol.

She leaps onto his back, locks-in a Rear Naked Choke -- squeezes.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
FYI, nobody smokes anymore... Babe.

Butch's eyes roll back. He drops like sack of dirt.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BASEMENT FLAT - RESUME

Clementine lifts Butch off the floor, still tied to the chair, nose broken.

CLEMENTINE
Ooh, you're a big one, aren't ya?

BUTCH
You crazy bitch!

Butch looks down at his blood-soaked crotch.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Holy shit! What'd you do to me?

CLEMENTINE
This ain't what it looks like,
sweetheart.
(beat)
Well, maybe it is.

Clementine retrieves the skillet from the stove. She jams a fork into the meat -- produces a **smoking, blackened penis**.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
Not much of a meal for a guy your
size -- more of an hor d'oeuvres.

BUTCH
Wh-- what're you doing?

CLEMENTINE
Here come da choo-choo!

BUTCH
Oh god, no.

CLEMENTINE
Open wide for mama!

Butch slams his mouth shut, turns his head away. Clementine plows her heel into his crotch. He SCREAMS.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
That's my big boy.

She crams Butch's own cooked penis into his mouth.

ON NEARBY TABLE

A LAPTOP records and uploads the entire event.

SMASH CUT TO:

ON COMPUTER - WEBSITE

The dark-web video of "Namaste Motherfucker" plays on the TOR Network -- Clementine's face is blurred out.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - SAME TIME

Sparsely populated with a few diligent students.

HEIDI (22), a millennial hipster, watches the video on a library computer.

HEIDI
Well, that'll be hard to top.

ON COMPUTER: She scrolls down. Comments read, "So fake!... Wish it was real!... etc." She stops on a comment from BARB101 that reads, "My daughter is being stalked. Our district has no cops. Someone please help!"

HEIDI (CONT'D)
Once begun, half done.

Heidi privately responds: "Barb101, I have a friend who can help with your stalker problem. Send address, please", hits SEND.

She double-checks the BOWIE KNIFE in her backpack, heads for the door.

The Computer POWERS OFF.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE #1

EPISODE II

ON BLACK

SUPER: "Ferguson Effect: The idea that increased scrutiny of police following the shooting of Michael Brown in Ferguson MI has led to an increased murder rate in major US cities, suggesting that police have less vigorous enforcement in situations that may lead to backlash."

FADE TO:

STOCK FOOTAGE

Riots, civil disobedience, and general mayhem.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)

It's been a few years since the "Great Police Riots" took out the pillars of civil courts, public defence, and governmental oversight of law enforcement.

INT. THERAPY CLINIC OFFICE - DAY

ECU on Clementine's eyes. Slow REVEAL: She sits in an armchair, mid therapy session, laptop open on her lap.

A WHINY PATIENT lays on a nearby Chaise Longue.

WHINY PATIENT

... and I guess he just struck a nerve, ya know? Sure, he's got a higher degree, but what about my feelings? So unfair. Anyway, I'm thinking that next time...

The Patient prattles on.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)

Thanks to the Entitled Generation, the "Politically Correct Pendulum" swung back so hard in the other direction, it snapped off. I'm not pointing fingers, I was one of them. What goes up, must come down.

STOCK FOOTAGE

Humanity at it's worst -- flashing images of violence, particularly toward women.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
 Our war on "hurt feelings" only
 managed to eliminate any
 consequence to feelings at all.

Vague FLASHES of Clementine, attacked and molested.

INT. THERAPY CLINIC OFFICE - DAY

Clementine focuses on her patient. She gives only the occasional glance to her laptop.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
 And when the dust settled, the
 authorities had retreated behind
 their ivory walls...

MAP OF LOS ANGELES

The city is cordoned off into "Police Patrol" Districts (Bel Air, Brentwood, Marina Del Rey, etc) and "Zero Patrol" no-man's-lands (South Central, Watts, Compton, etc).

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
 ... leaving the remaining
 communities to police themselves.

STOCK FOOTAGE

Citizens fight back with anything at their disposal -- fists, clubs, guns.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
 Gone are the days when the Justice
 System blindly doled out
 neutrality. Nowadays, justice only
 serves one of two masters: The
 rich...

A LITTLE GUY knocks out a BULLY, a SMALL GIRL grapples a BIG MAN into submission, humanity riots -- people fight back.

INT. THERAPY CLINIC OFFICE - DAY

Now engrossed in her computer, Clementine totally ignores the droning Patient.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
And the dogs of war.

ON COMPUTER: Video of "Namaste Motherfucker" plays. She scrolls down to the comment, "Barb101: My daughter is being stalked. Our district has no cops. Someone please help!" "

WHINY PATIENT
Doctor?

Clementine "bookmarks" the comment -- powers off the computer, smiles at the patient.

WHINY PATIENT (CONT'D)
Are you listening to me?

CLEMENTINE
That's all the time we have for today.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

A PATROL CAR chases a PERPETRATOR down the boulevard, lights and sirens.

The Perp flies past a road-sign that reads, "District border" -- a clear line of demarcation. The **Patrol Car slows to a stop** just before the sign, shuts off lights and Siren.

The Perp disappears in the distance.

Hiedi buzzes past the Patrol Car on her scooter, across the District border.

EXT. "NO PATROL" NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

A small RIOT wreaks havoc in the street. Looters smash windows and set vehicles on fire -- GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS.

Heidi winds through the chaos on her scooter, utterly unfazed.

INT. HEIDI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CRASH! A dinner plate smashes against the wall.

LU-LU (20), heavy-set and Hispanic, wipes the blood from her nose. She picks up another plate.

LU-LU
Joto! Get the fuck out!

She heaves the plate at MARCOS (22), a wiry, tattooed Mexican kid. He dodges the projectile.

MARCOS
(sotto)
Híjole.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - NIGHT

Your typical street kiosk -- wall-to-wall magazines, candy, and smokes -- operated by a typically grizzled NEWSSTAND OWNER.

Heidi hops off her scooter, approaches the kiosk.

HEIDI
(to Owner)
A pack of Reds.

The Newsstand Owner rummages through cartons of cigarettes.

Heidi checks out the Newspapers while she waits: One headline reads, "'Zero Patrol' Districts to Form their Own Task Forces." Another reads, "Vigilante Murder Rate on the Rise."

INT. HEIDI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lu-Lu scrambles for another plate. Marcos grabs her by the throat, slams her against the wall. She spits in his face.

MARCOS
What the fuck?

LU-LU
I should have listened to my mother about you!

MARCOS
You want me to leave? Huh? Is that what you want?

LU-LU
Get out!

MARCOS
I'm not coming back.

LU-LU

Good.

MARCOS

Yeah?

He slams her to the floor -- she loses her breath. **Marcos stomps her torso** with alternating feet.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

FUCK. YOU. BITCH!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Heidi parks her scooter.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER

Heidi enters, approaches the grid of mailboxes. She checks her mail.

INT. HEIDI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Lu-Lu lays in a bloody, blubbering heap on the floor. Marcos stands over her, out of breath.

MARCOS

Why you make me do this? Why?

KEYS JINGLE at the front door -- someone's coming!

Marcos bolts out the window, down the fire escape.

LIVING ROOM

Heidi swings open the front door, steps inside.

HEIDI

Honey, I'm home!

(off silence)

Lu-Lu?

She notices a shattered dish on the floor; turns the corner, into the--

KITCHEN

Lu-Lu lays amidst a pile of blood and debris.

HEIDI

Shit.

She rushes to Lu-Lu's side.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

You okay? Talk to me, girl.

LU-LU

(sobbing; weak)

It wasn't his fault. He didn't mean it.

HEIDI

Piece of shit.

Heidi pulls her phone from her backpack, dials.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

911, what's your emergency?

HEIDI

Yeah, Hi. My friend's been attacked, she bleeding. Lincoln street, #407. Please, send someone.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

Ma'am, you're in a "no patrol" district. I can't dispatch police. I'm sorry.

HEIDI

(panicked)

Yeah, I know, but...

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

I do see that medical is available in your district. Would you like medical?

HEIDI

Yes. Yes. Fucking yes.

She cradles Lu-Lu's head in her lap.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Shh. It's gonna be okay.

Her backpack lay splayed upon the floor -- a gleam from the BOWIE KNIFE catches her eye.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Everything's gonna be fine.

SIRENS in the distance.

INT. GYM - YOGA CLASS - DAY

Typical yoga class -- rows of YOGA STUDENTS stand on their mats, bent over. The YOGA INSTRUCTOR leads from the front.

Clementine and Jane occupy adjoining spots in the back row.

INSTRUCTOR

Good. Now bring the tension from
your toes to your crown...

She slowly stands and lifts her hands above her head.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

And give it back to the universe.
(then)
And... that's it. Good class.

She bows.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Namaste.

A few GIGGLES from the class as they collect their mats.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

Did you see that video?

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

Oh, I couldn't watch.

CLEMENTINE

(to Jane)
Buy you a juice?

JANE

Just one. I'm driving.

INT. GYM - JUICE BAR - DAY

Jane stands by as the GYM CASHIER rings up Clementine's drink order.

GYM CASHIER

Will that be all?

CLEMENTINE

Yeah...

Clementine fishes in her bag for a credit card.

JANE

You still on plastic? Let me get this.

She holds out her arm. The Cashier waves a wand over Jane's wrist -- BEEP! Sale complete.

They move to the end of the counter to wait for their order.

JANE (CONT'D)

Join us in this decade, Clem.

CLEMENTINE

Subdermal microchips? Creepy.

JANE

Better get used to the idea. Plastic and cash are dinosaurs, going extinct.

NEWS plays on a nearby TV monitor.

REPORTER (O.S.)

This latest exodus seems to be the new normal.

ON TV: A REPORTER broadcasts from in front of a gridlock highway -- thousands of REFUGEES pass by in the background.

REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

The recent dissolution of the Electoral College has caused quite a panic in the rural regions. People are piling into the metropolitan areas -- Looks like they want their votes to count.

JANE

Like we have room for them.

CLEMENTINE

More people, more crime.

JANE

And no cops.

IN STUDIO: A NEWS ANCHOR sits behind the News Desk.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Tragic. Tragic. Thanks for that update, Michelle. And now a quick word from our Sponsors.

PROMOTIONAL SPOT: A flashy HEALTH-TEK LABS GRAPHIC flashes across the screen, accompanied by head-banging music.

An ANIMATED SPOKESPERSON (a la Max Headroom) flashes onto the screen, zeros in on Jane.

SPOKESPERSON (ON TV)
Hey-hey, Jane! What's shakin'?

JANE
What's up, weird animé guy?

SPOKESPERSON (ON TV)
Nada! But I can see by your current diagnostics...

A BAR GRAPH pops up on screen with Jane's name and photograph in the header. The graph highlights levels of "Luck/Fortune, Karma, Adversity/Attraction, Persuasion, predacity/prey, and Intuition/Discernment."

SPOKESPERSON (ON TV) (CONT'D)
... You're an inherently gifted Intuit, but your Persuasion and Attraction levels could use a little help. Whattaya say?

JANE
(to Clem)
Maybe it would help with Roger?

CLEMENTINE
Your boss? Oh god, Jane. No.

JANE
Relax.
(to Spokesperson)
I'll pass.

SPOKESPERSON (ON TV)
Bummer. Well, if you change your mind, remember that Health-Tek is the industry leader in Pheromone DNA Sciences! Ciao!

JANE
Later, animé dude.

The programming returns to the News Broadcast.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
Now over to weather. Fritz?

CLEMENTINE

See? Creepy.

JANE

Beats being lonely.

The JUICE BARISTA sets their drinks on the counter.

NEARBY TABLE

Patrons view a monitor. A more subdued Animated HealthTek Spokesperson, accompanied by CLASSICAL MUSIC, speaks with one of the other Patrons.

SPOKESPERSON (ON TV)

... Thanks for speaking with me,
Jim. I'd be happy to take you
through a few of our newest
products ...

EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

Heidi walks out of the ER. She sits on the curb, puffs on a cigarette.

Marcos rumbles up in his tricked-out Dodge Challenger, rolls down the window. Heidi approaches the car.

MARCOS

Hey.

HEIDI

Hey.

MARCOS

She tell you what happened?

HEIDI

She doesn't remember anything.

MARCOS

I'm gonna find whoever who did this
and I'm gonna make 'em pay.

HEIDI

Oh, I don't doubt that.

She flashes him a flirtatious smile.

MARCOS

You want a ride?

HEIDI

Sure.

(then)

Oh, you mean in the car?

MARCOS

Damn, girl.

He unlocks the door. Heidi tosses her backpack on the floor, jumps in.

Marcos hits the gas.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Marcos' Dodge ROARS down the street, passes an--

ALLEY - DUMPSTER

The dumpster rattles; something stirs within.

The lid flips open.

Butch tumbles out, hands and mouth taped, stripped to his wife-beater and blood-stained underwear.

Inch by hard-fought inch, Butch crawls off into the night.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE II

EPISODE III

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Clementine sprawls on the filthy linoleum.

AN OBSCURED FIGURE attacks from behind, ripping her skirt off. He mounts her -- violent penetration.

A chorus of MENS' LAUGHTER pierces the darkness.

MAN #1 (V.O.)

I'm next.

MAN #2 (V.O.)

You'll have to get in line, bud.

Clementine opens her mouth, tries to SCREAM. Nothing.

END SEQUENCE.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clementine lurches awake from the nightmare -- *now* the SCREAM comes. She gasps for breath.

No sooner does she collect her wits, Clementine notices a man's arm draped across her neck. Instinctively, she wraps his elbow into an arm bar and lands on his neck with her knee.

DAVID looks up at her, pinned to the bed.

DAVID

Bad dream?

CLEMENTINE

Who the fuck are you?

DAVID

Really? I didn't think you were that drunk.

She tightens the arm bar.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay! Okay... O'Shaughnessy's, last night... remember?

INT. O'SHAUGHNESSY'S PUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The joint is jumping, way over capacity. The music thumps too loud and the lights pulse too bright.

Clementine sits at the bar, uncomfortably crowded by drunks on either side. A pair of HIPSTER DOUCHES sit nearby, just inside earshot.

HIPSTER #1
(yelling over music)
I mean, just think about everything
we've done to this planet, right?
We're monsters. A plague!

HIPSTER #2
A plague.

Clementine rolls her eyes. DRUNK BRO #1 squeezes up next to her.

DRUNK BRO #1
Hey, you waiting for someone?

CLEMENTINE
Yes. Yes I am.

DRUNK BRO #1
You wanna dance?

CLEMENTINE
No thanks.

DRUNK BRO #1
Well I do.

He launches into a solo dance routine. Clementine turns her back on him, unphazed.

HIPSTER #1
Right? Because think about it, all
these species are going extinct
because we're so self righteous and
think we own the planet. We don't
own the planet.

HIPSTER #2
We're all just animals, bro.

HIPSTER #1
Just a bunch of monkeys with car
keys.

Jane slides in next to Clementine.

JANE

Isn't this great?

CLEMENTINE

Yeah, awesome. Can we go now?

DRUNK BRO #2 sidles up, followed by David.

DRUNK BRO #2

Hey, can we buy you ladies a drink?

CLEMENTINE

No.

JANE

(to Clem)

Not yet, I really need this tonight. Please?

HIPSTER #1

I mean, who are we to sit on our big "human throne" and dictate which species get to propagate and which are wiped from existence, right?

HIPSTER #2

Preach.

JANE

Please, please, please?

DRUNK BRO #2

How about a dance? Would you ladies like to dance?

CLEMENTINE

No. Can you just--

HIPSTER #1

... because when push comes to shove we're really no better than any of the other animals on this planet.

HIPSTER #2

We're all the same, bro.

JANE

Just a few more minutes, please?

DRUNK BRO #2

What are ya, a couple of dykes?

Clementine SNAPS.

CLEMENTINE
Holy shit! Here...

She grabs Drunk Bro #2's drink, downs it.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
There, you bought me a drink. Now
fuck off!
(to the Hipsters)
And you two douches... you really
think Mother Nature's just some
dumb bitch?

HIPSTER #1
Great, here comes the Lilith
lecture.

Clementine flicks a cocktail umbrella, it sticks in his
cheek.

HIPSTER #1 (CONT'D)
Ow... hey!

CLEMENTINE
Maybe it's not our responsibility
to save the planet, ya prick. Maybe
mass extinction is exactly the job
we're here to do -- just Mother
Nature's hitmen, sent to cleanse
the world of shit so she can hit
the reset button. Ever think of
that?

HIPSTER #1
No, but thanks for the philosophy
lesson, Madame Curie.

He reaches for the peanuts with his left hand. In a flash,
Clementine pins his sleeve to the bar with a steak knife.

CLEMENTINE
Over 2500 left handed people are
killed every year from using
equipment meant for right handed
people. Do you know why?
(off silence)
Natural selection.
(to Jane)
You want stay in this dump all
night? Fine!
(to David)
You. Let's dance.

She grabs David by the collar, pulls him onto the dance floor.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
 (over shoulder)
 And Marie Curie wasn't a
 philosopher, she was a physicist,
 ya moron!

DRUNK BRO #2
 Hey, I'm the one that bought the
 drink.

He follows them into the crowd.

Jane turns to the Hipsters; flirtatious smile.

JANE
 So tell me about global warming.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BEDROOM - RESUME

Clementine maintains the arm bar on David.

DAVID
 You drank yourself blind and here
 we are. Ta-da!

CLEMENTINE
 What're you still doing here?

DAVID
 I was kinda drunk and it was kinda
 late.

Clementine releases his arm, leaps out of bed.

CLEMENTINE
 You need to go. Money's on the
 dresser.

DAVID
 I appreciate that, but you know I'm
 not a gigolo, right?

CLEMENTINE
 Right.

She throws on sweats and a T-shirt.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
See yourself out.

She exits.

DAVID
(sotto)
I don't think that was supposed to
turn me on.

BASEMENT FLAT - MINUTES LATER

MONTAGE SEQUENCE: Clementine whales away on a heavy-bag, she alternates from top-mount to arm-bar to triangle-choke on a grappling dummy, she cleans and oils an array of firearms.

Clementine stares at her laptop while sharpening a katana.

ON COMPUTER: "Namaste Motherfucker" plays on the Dark Web site. She scrolls to the bookmark, "Barb101: My daughter is being stalked. Our district has no cops. Someone please help!"

Clementine types a response under the handle "ZCOOK"...

ZCOOK (TEXT)
Address?

She sits back, sips her tea. PING! -- a response.

BARB101 (TEXT)
2505 N. Baker St - my b-friend
molesting her. So scared.

ZCOOK (TEXT)
Can you talk?

BARB101 (TEXT)
Too scared. Please help my baby.

Clementine closes the laptop.

CLEMENTINE
Fuck.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A sterile clinic; after hours. A lone figure, DR. ROBERT ESPINOZA (40's), stands at the nurses station. He scans his tablet -- a patient's chart.

RICHIE WILDER(40's), dressed in coat and tie, enters through the waiting room. He approaches Dr. Espinoza.

RICHIE
How's our boy, doc?

DOC
That's one tough son-of-a-bitch.

RICHIE
Were you able to, uh... save it?

DOC
It was half digested by the time we got to it. Total loss.

Richie grimaces.

RICHIE
Poor kid.

DOC
It's a miracle he survived.

RICHIE
Known him my whole life. He's a different kind of tough.

DOC
Not that. His Luck-Fortune Standards are in the basement. Below 20.

Doc shows Richie his tablet.

ON TABLET: A computer graph, similar to an EKG readout. Diagnostic headings include: Luck/Fortune, Karma, Adversity/Attraction, Persuasion, Intuition/Discernment, and predacity/prey.

RICHIE
A man loses his gear, safe to say he's running low on luck, eh?
(then)
But it's not like it's an exact science, right?

DOC
Actually, it is. We used to think things like luck and karma were superstitious voodoo, but once science discovered they were quantifiable attributes produced by the human body -- game changer.

RICHIE

And if you can measure it, you can change it.

DOC

Exactly.

Richie follows Doc into--

INT. EXAM ROOM

Butch sits on the examining table, bandages on his groin -- A catheter leads to a urine bag tied to his thigh. He stares ahead, nearly catatonic.

Doc performs a final check on Butch's dressings.

DOC

You shouldn't have gotten out of bed this morning.

BUTCH

We done?

Doc hands him a rice cake.

DOC

Here, this should get you home. Eat white, starchy foods -- rice, potatoes. Avoid sunlight. Stay indoors.

RICHIE

Looks like sushi for dinner, buddy.

DOC

The rice will lower your Discernment levels, but we'll have to chance it until your luck returns to a safe gradation.

He studies the tablet diagnostic.

DOC (CONT'D)

With Adversity pheromones like yours, you should probably be avoiding people as well.

RICHIE

Ah, that's genetic, doc. Ain't nothing he can eat's gonna make that go down. Never been one of the popular kids.

DOC
Even if they don't know him?

RICHIE
You've got the chart.

Doc revisits the chart.

DOC
Especially if they don't know him.
But I don't need a chart to tell me
whoever did this definitely didn't
like you.

BUTCH
And she definitely didn't know me,
doc.

Doc retrieves a BADGE AND GUN from the cabinet, hands them to Butch.

DOC
Cut back on alcohol based products -
hair spray, cologne - and no black
licorice. In a day or two, people
should be less intimidated by you.

RICHIE
Intimidation is good in our line,
Doc.

BUTCH
I like black licorice.

DOC
Take it easy, Detective. Doctor's
orders.

BUTCH
Yeah.

Doc scribbles on a prescription note-pad.

DOC
Vicodin should help with the pain
and pheromone enhancement should
help with--

Richie rips the pad from Doc's grip, crumples the prescription.

RICHIE
We were never here.

DOC
You need rest. Counseling.

Butch grabs his coat. He leans on Richie, limps out the door.

BUTCH
I'm good.

DOC
You're welcome.

BUTCH
(over shoulder)
Fuck you very much, Doc.

EXT. CAR REPO GARAGE - NIGHT

A run-down building in a run-down neighborhood. Music BLASTS from inside the garage.

INT. REPO GARAGE

Typical chop-shop. An array of benches and tools frame a row of souped-up muscle cars.

Marcos sits on a bumper at the far end, joint in hand. He watches Heidi seductively sway to the hard-charging MUSIC, backpack slung over her shoulder.

HEIDI
This music. It get's me so... hot.

MARCOS
Yeah?

He slides over, pulls her in by the hips.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
Well, you get me hot, girl.

HEIDI
Is that so?

Heidi pushes him up against the car, pulls the joint out of his mouth. She takes an enviable drag.

MARCOS
Damn, girl.

With a quick thrust, Heidi has him pinned against the fender. She drops her backpack by her feet -- unhitches her blouse, one button at a time.

HEIDI
What about Lu-Lu?

MARCOS
Who's Lu-Lu?

HEIDI
(giggles)
Oh, you remember...

Heidi drops to her knees, Marcos' eyes roll back.

She fumbles with her backpack, comes up with Bowie Knife in hand -- Presses it to his throat. He freezes.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
The woman you just beat half to death?

MARCOS
Whoa, what the fuck?

HEIDI
The one who carries your sorry unemployed ass?

She leans into the blade, almost frantic.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
Pays your rent?

MARCOS
Just... just relax, alright?

HEIDI
The mother of your child?

MARCOS
Wh-what're you gonna do?

HEIDI
What Lu-Lu should have done a long time ago -- cut that shriveled little prick of yours off.

Her hand visibly shakes.

MARCOS
You ever kill a man?

HEIDI
What?

MARCOS
 (re: shaking)
 Your hand.

HEIDI
 Shut your mouth.

MARCOS
 It's a hard stain to live with.

HEIDI
 I said, shut your--

He indicates to someone standing behind her.

MARCOS
 Especially if someone's watching.

Heidi turns to look. Of course, there's no one there.

Marcos cranks her wrist, she drops the blade. **He connects with an overhand right** to the jaw. Heidi hits the floor, hard.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
 Oh, man! The oldest trick in the book!

He lifts her off the floor with minimal effort, slams her face down on the hood.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
 You a broke bitch. You know what happens to broke bitches?

He grabs a LARGE WRENCH off the tool bench.

EXT. CAR REPO GARAGE - SAME TIME

The THUMPING GARAGE MUSIC continues to permeate an otherwise quiet street, the extrusive refrain disrupted only by a faint, underlaying SCREAM.

INT. BUTCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small but immaculate; decorated modern minimalist.

On the shelf, Sobriety Chips/Coins adorn a framed photo of Butch hugging a young girl.

Someone approaches the front door--

BUTCH (O.S.)
It's me. Open up.

A light on the front door flips from red to green. The lock unlatches, the door swings open.

Richie helps Butch inside.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Welcome home, Butch.

BUTCH
Lights.

The interior lights switch on. Butch pulls away from Richie, heads for the kitchen.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
I'm good, bud. I'm good.

He pulls a bottle of Jack Daniels from the cupboard.

RICHIE
Isn't having that in the house a bit of a contradiction?

BUTCH
It's here in case I need to give myself permission.

Butch pours a whiskey, slides it over to Richie.

RICHIE
Cheers.

The RED LIGHT on his answering machine blinks. Butch hits the "Play" button.

MACHINE
You have two messages.

RICHIE
Hey man, 1990 called...

The machine BEEPS; plays first message.

SALESMAN (ON MACHINE)
Hey, Butch! This is Jack from Health-Tek calling to tell you about some great Pheromone deals--

Butch hits "delete."

RICHIE
It wants it's answering machine
back.

BUTCH
Enough out of you.

BEEP!

ALI (ON MACHINE)
Butch, you there? Why aren't you
answering your cell? Goddammit,
seriously? Butch! This is your
weekend-- you know what, you're not
doing this to her again. We're
coming over.

Click.

BUTCH
Shit.

MACHINE
End of messages.

RICHIE
Your weekend with the kid?

Butch pours another whiskey -- stares at it.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Giving yourself permission?

BUTCH
June 6th will be 17 years.

RICHIE
That's a lot of sobriety, bud.

BUTCH
Yeah. Quality of life.

Richie reaches for the drink in front of Butch.

RICHIE
To quality of life.

Butch grabs the glass, brings it up to his lips.

BUTCH
And mine just disappeared. Forever.

RICHIE
 You're right, I'm sure the Ex won't
 mind at all. Hell, the kid probably
 won't even smell it on you.

Butch stops short of the sip -- slides the drink to Richie,
 who pours it into his glass.

BUTCH
 Cheers.

RICHIE
 Could be worse.

BUTCH
 Could it?

KNOCK! KNOCK! -- The front door.

SHEA (O.S.)
 It's me, open up!

The front door swings open. ALI (36), stands in the doorway
 holding a small suitcase. SHEA (7), the girl from the photo,
 rushes in.

SHEA (CONT'D)
 Daddy!

AUTOMATED VOICE
 Welcome home, Shea.

Butch kneels down, stops what would be an agonizing leap into
 his arms. He gently pulls her in for a squeeze.

BUTCH
 Hey, Pumpkin.

ALI
 (to Richie)
 Hey.

Richie raises his glass.

SHEA
 Did you forget about me again,
 Daddy?

BUTCH
 No, Sweet-Pea. Never.

He caresses her hair, holds her tiny chin in his hand.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
You are the most precious thing in
my life.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

A black SUV rolls up, lights out. Parks.

INT. SUV

Clementine, dressed in all black, studies her tablet.

ON TABLET: Google Maps points the way to 2505 N. Baker
Street.

She grabs her gear -- heads out.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - TREE - MINUTES LATER

Clementine sits perched in a tree -- she watches the home
through binoculars.

POV: CLEMENTINE ON HOME WINDOWS (VIA BINOCULARS)

A middle-aged couple, JAY and BARBARA, watch TV in the den.

A few windows over, ASHLEY (16) lays on her bed, listens to
music while typing on her laptop. A KNOCK at her door.
Ashley quickly closes her computer, pretends to be asleep.

Jay opens the bedroom door, steps inside. He closes the door
behind him, turns out the lights.

TREE - RESUME

Clementine lowers her binoculars.

CLEMENTINE
(sotto)
Stay strong, kid. It won't be long.

She hops down and scampers off into the darkness.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE III

EPISODE IV

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The dark-web video of "Namaste Motherfucker" plays.

CLEMENTINE (ON VIDEO)
Here come da choo-choo!

BUTCH (O.S.)
Turn if off.

RICHIE (O.S.)
It's gone viral.

CLEMENTINE (ON VIDEO)
Open wide for mama!

BUTCH (O.S.)
I'm gonna kill that bitch.

The video pauses -- FREEZE FRAME on Clementine stuffing Butch's own genitals into his mouth.

INT. POLICE STATION - BUTCH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Butch and Richie stare at the paused image of Butch's castration.

RICHIE
I don't know what to say, pal. I mean... it's just...

BUTCH
I'm going to fucking choke her with her own fucking gash.

RICHIE
Gotta find her first.
(then)
Anything? Sounds, smells, vibrations?

BUTCH
Never got a good look at anything outside that basement.

RICHIE
And after?

BUTCH
Came-to in a back alley trash bin.

RICHIE

Then I guess that's where we start.

Butch grabs his cane, heads for the door. Richie hits "play" on the screen -- The video continues as they walk out.

CLEMENTINE (ON VIDEO)

That's my big boy.

JITTERY PATIENT (PRELAP)

... She's so awesome. I wish I had
The Cook's courage. I mean, I know
it won't change what happened, but--

INT. THERAPY CLINIC OFFICE - DAY

The JITTERY PATIENT, on-edge and unkempt, drones on.
Clementine snaps to attention.

CLEMENTINE

What did you just say?

JITTERY PATIENT

It won't change what happened to
me, the rape I mean--

CLEMENTINE

No, before that, you mentioned
somebody.

JITTERY PATIENT

The Cook? Oh, she's the shit.

She pulls out her cellphone, shows it to Clementine.

ON PHONE: The Patient pulls up the thumbnail of "Namaste
Motherfucker."

JITTERY PATIENT (CONT'D)

"Namaste Motherfucker." She outed
this perverted dog -- publicly.
Took his tiny little pecker and
turned it into doggy-chow. And
check this out...

The Patient scrolls to the top of the comments section, which
reads, "2117 Comments." She swipes through them -- "Bad
ass!", "The Cook for president!", "We're with you! Fight
on!", Etc...

JITTERY PATIENT (CONT'D)

I mean, everybody wants to know who
this chick is.

(MORE)

JITTERY PATIENT (CONT'D)

There's been rumors, but nobody's actually seen her 'til now. It's insane. Some are even talking about forming their own kitchens.

CLEMENTINE

Kitchens?

JITTERY PATIENT

Yeah, ya know, places where women can come together and learn to "cook" for themselves.

ON PHONE: She scrolls to a YOUTUBE VIDEO MONTAGE - Shots from various security cameras showing women attacked, beaten, and dragged off into dark places.

JITTERY PATIENT (CONT'D)

There isn't a woman in this city who hasn't been victimized in one way or another.

ON PHONE: A patrol car drives by an unconscious woman lying in a gutter.

JITTERY PATIENT (CONT'D)

If the law won't protect us, then what? We protect ourselves -- and each other.

CLEMENTINE

Sounds dangerous.

JITTERY PATIENT

Maybe...

INT. HEIDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

A makeshift bullseye drawn on the wall, riddled with knife marks.

JITTERY PATIENT (OVERLAP)

Point is, if there were more people like her, this city wouldn't be such a shit-stain.

Heidi sits on the floor in the dark, curtain drawn. She holds her Bowie Knife in one hand, a sharpening stone in the other.

MARCOS (PRELAP)

Wh-what're you gonna do?

HEIDI (PRELAP)
 What Lu-Lu should have done a long
 time ago -- cut that shriveled
 little prick of yours off.

MARCOS (PRELAP)
 You ever kill a man?

Heidi dips the stone in water -- methodically drags the Bowie
 blade across the surface.

INT. REPO GARAGE - NIGHT (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

Heidi holds the knife to Marcos' throat. Her hand visibly
 shakes.

HEIDI
 What?

SMASH TO:

Marcos connects with an overhand right.

SMASH TO:

Marcos lifts Heidi off the floor, slams her face down on the
 hood of the car.

MARCOS
 You a broke bitch. You know what
 happens to broke bitches?

He grabs a LARGE WRENCH off the tool bench -- flips it
 around, handle side out.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
 They get worked on.

Yanks her pants down.

HEIDI
 (sotto)
 Oh, god. No.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HEIDI'S APARTMENT - RESUME

Tears stream down Heidi's face. She FLINGS the knife at the
 bullseye -- it sticks hard. She unleashes a PRIMAL SCREAM.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DISTRICT BORDER - DAY

A sign on the roadside reads, "District border." RICHIE'S CAR rumbles past.

INT. RICHIE'S CAR - DAY

Richie steers with one hand, tucks his badge-lanyard into his shirt with the other.

RICHIE
Put away your badge and gun,
partner.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Caution. You are now entering a
"Police Free" Zone.

RICHIE
We're in Indian country.

Butch sits in the passenger seat, unwraps a rice cake. He takes a bite -- winces.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Eat up. Gotta get those Fortune
Standards to a respectable level.

Butch rolls down the window, tosses it out.

BUTCH
I'd rather have bad luck.

RICHIE
And I appreciate you making that
call for the both of us.

BUTCH
Left up here, in that alley.

Richie turns the wheel.

INT. THERAPY CLINIC OFFICE - DAY

Now alone, Clementine surfs the web on her laptop.

ON COMPUTER: Multiple tabs containing MALE PORNOGRAPHY. She clicks the "Facebook" tab, scans group entitled, "Keeping Ourselves in the Kitchen -- 1.2 Million Likes."

She scrolls through a pile of "Girl-Power" memes and tough talk -- shakes her head.

CLEMENTINE

(sotto)

This is gonna be a bloodbath.

She slams the laptop shut, heads for the door.

RECEPTION OFFICE

A sparse room with a few chairs, "Rape Crisis" pamphlets spread across the coffee table.

MISS TIANA (42), a proud woman of color, files her nails at the reception desk.

Clementine exits her office, clipboard in hand.

CLEMENTINE

I'll be out doing rounds, Miss Tiana.

MISS TIANA

(unconcerned)

I'll notify the press.

Accustomed to Miss Tiana's wit, Clementine continues on without response.

INT. RAPE CENTER WAITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Clementine walks through a waiting room filled with victims -- women, teens, children. Most avoid making eye-contact.

She heads through the door, into the--

CLINIC EXAM AREA - HALLWAY

Clementine walks down the hallway, she passes various examination rooms.

In one room, a MOTHER comforts her TEEN DAUGHTER. In another room NURSES examine a screaming, FRIGHTENED CHILD.

Clementine reaches into her pocket, pulls out a packet of Nicorette -- empty. She crumples the package, drops it on the floor.

DR. CASTAN hurries down the hallway.

CASTAN

(in passing)

You on? I could use the help.

CLEMENTINE

Yeah, give me a minute.

She reaches into her other pocket, pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

EXT. RAPE CENTER - BACK STEPS - LATER

Clementine sits on the steps, takes a deep drag from her cigarette.

Jane walks out, dressed in nurse's scrubs.

JANE

You know those things are bad for you?

CLEMENTINE

How'd you know where to find me?

Jane holds up the crumpled Nicorette wrapper.

JANE

Followed the nicotine trail. Got one for me?

Clementine hands her the pack. Jane sits next to her, lights up.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh, almost forgot. These came to my apartment for you...

She pulls a stack of courthouse papers stamped "Divorce Petition," hands them to Clementine.

JANE (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, either give the court your address or sign the damn papers.

CLEMENTINE

He already got his pound of flesh.

JANE

Literally.

Clementine rips up the documents.

JANE (CONT'D)

You're the only therapist I know who's more fucked up than her patients.

CLEMENTINE

Ouch.

She flips-off Jane, walks back into the building.

JANE

Physician, go heal thyself.

CLEMENTINE

Nurse, go fuck thyself.

Clementine disappears inside. Jane smiles; takes another drag.

JANE

Regularly.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Butch and Richie step out of the car. They approach the trash bin.

RICHIE

This it?

BUTCH

That's the one.

They look in the bin. Butch stares at Richie, expectant.

RICHIE

What? You want me to climb in?

BUTCH

Ya mind?

(re: his injury)

Ya know, stitches and all.

RICHIE

Fine.

He climbs into the bin.

I/E. TRASH BIN

Butch waits outside as Richie digs through the rubbish.

BUTCH

See anything?

RICHIE

What're we looking for?

BUTCH

Clues.

RICHIE

Hey, heard they were promoting you
to captain.

BUTCH

Captain Obvious?

RICHIE

Bingo.

He sees something amidst the trash, picks it up -- a crumpled
store receipt.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

May have something here.

(off silence)

Butch?

EXT. ALLEY - TRASH BIN

Richie pops up from inside the trash bin.

RICHIE

What's the matter, you don't love
me any--

A group of BLACK ARMED SOLDIERS, wearing matching camos and
black berets, hold Butch at gunpoint.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

--more?

GREMLIN (20's) steps forward.

GREMLIN

Now ain't that a shame? Looks like
somebody went and threw away a
perfectly good white boy.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Throngs of teens pour through the campus gate and disperse.

Clementine watches the crowd from her car on the far side of
the lot. She zeros in on--

Ashley, who sits alone on the grass, typing away on her
laptop.

A car pulls up -- It's Jay. Ashley hops into the passenger seat. Jay leans in for a hug -- she pulls away.

They drive off.

Clementine follows.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A large space, dark and cavernous -- empty but for a desk with an open laptop.

Butch and Richie sit a few feet in front of the desk, tied to their chairs.

Gremlin and his crew stand guard.

RICHIE

Nice place.

No response.

An Elephant-Door creaks open at the far end. LEON (52), a distinguished black gentleman wearing the same uniform as the others, steps in and approaches.

LEON

Well, well, well, if it isn't Judge Dredd himself.

RICHIE

(sotto)

Perfect.

BUTCH

(sotto)

Nigger in the woodpile.

Gremlin overhears.

GREMLIN

What'd you just say?

LEON

Welcome the People's Republic of South Central.

BUTCH

Nice gang of vigilantes you got here, Leon.

Gremlin steps forward, presses his 9mm to Butch's temple.

GREMLIN

Better watch that big-ass Crisco mouth.

LEON

We prefer the term "Community Patrol."

BUTCH

A rose by any other name...

Leon waves Gremlin off.

LEON

You'll have to forgive my colleague. He's a bit suspicious of cops. The white ones, in particular.

He sits on the desk, next to the laptop.

LEON (CONT'D)

You understand.

GREMLIN

He don't look like no Dredd to me.

LEON

Judge, jury, and executioner -- ain't that right, Detective?

BUTCH

You little scamps and your knitting circles.

LEON

Used to call him "The Butcher."

BUTCH

I just go by Butch now.

LEON

Butch?

He turns the laptop toward Butch -- The video of "Namaste Motherfucker" plays.

LEON (CONT'D)

Or Beatrice?

RICHIE

Ah, hell.

GREMLIN

Oh, shit. That was you?

He takes a closer look at Butch.

GREMLIN (CONT'D)

Taken out by a bitch.

BUTCH

I underestimated her.

LEON

Yes. Yes, you did. Make that mistake with me, it'll cost you more than your little pinky dick.

BUTCH

It wasn't that little.

RICHIE

He's right, it wasn't.

(off silence)

What? We shower together.

(more silence)

I mean, not together, at the gym -- you know what, fuck off.

BUTCH

We think she's in your area.

LEON

Which makes it okay to step out of your jurisdiction--?

BUTCH

I'm LAPD, my jurisdiction extends--

LEON

Wherever suits you today? No, no. You don't get play judge anymore, Butcher. Not here. My district, my rules.

BUTCH

Look, Leon, what happened between me and Little Pony had nothing to do with you or--

Leon SNAPS -- grabs Butch by the throat.

LEON

You never get to say that name. You hear me? Never. We clear?

BUTCH
Crystal.

Leon releases him.

LEON
Now take your boy and get out.

RICHIE
Boy?

GREMLIN
Yo, you letting them go?

LEON
You wanna start a war with the
LAPD?

BUTCH
(to Gremlin)
Best listen to yo Massa, boy.

Gremlin steps toward Butch, Leon intercepts.

LEON
(to Butch)
You're testing my limits.
(then)
Cut 'em lose.

The crew cuts their ropes.

GREMLIN
Man, this some bullshit.

LEON
(to Gremlin)
Ain't you got a beat needs
patrolling?

Gremlin peels off, his crew follows.

BUTCH
Any help on the Cook? You scratch
my back...

LEON
Just stay on your side of the line.

Leon nods to his men. They escort Butch and Richie out.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The small diner buzzes with dinner-time patrons. Barbara straightens her uniform as she flits from table to table, dropping off food and picking up tips.

Heidi watches from a corner booth, laptop open in front of her.

ON LAPTOP: Barbl01's profile. Occupation: Server at Pantry Cafe, Downtown.

Barbara approaches, order pad at the ready. Heidi closes her computer.

BARBARA

How you doin' tonight, hon?

HEIDI

A bit better than you, eh...
(looks at name-tag)
Barbara. This place is insane.

BARBARA

You should see it on Fridays --
crazy as an outhouse rat.

HEIDI

Night's almost over. You can go
home and put your feet up.

BARBARA

(laughs)
You've clearly never been to my
house.

HEIDI

That bad, eh?

BARBARA

Let's just say, I come here to get
some peace and quiet.
(then)
Now, what can I get ya?

HEIDI

Just coffee, thanks.

BARBARA

Coming right up.

She collects the menu and scurries off.

EXT. "NO PATROL" ZONE - STREET - NIGHT

A group of THUGS descend on an innocent HUSBAND and WIFE. Two of the attackers beat the Husband as their accomplices drag his Wife, kicking and SCREAMING, into a nearby alley.

Richie's car motors by without so much as slowing down.

INT. RICHIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Richie drives. Butch sits in the passenger seat, studies the crumpled receipt from the trash bin.

BUTCH

So it's a receipt from the Drug-Co up on Sunset. So what?

RICHIE

Read the items.

BUTCH

(reading)

Iodine, rubbing alcohol, gauze, Wound Seal powder...

RICHIE

Sounds kinda like a shopping list for someone who's--

BUTCH

Planning on doing some home surgery.

Richie's attention shifts to the road ahead.

RICHIE

Ah shit, what's this?

POV: RICHIE ON ROAD IN FRONT OF CAR

A couple of cars form a make-shift roadblock. Gremlin and two of his GOONS stand in the road, guns drawn.

BUTCH

These boys just don't know when to give up. Wait here.

EXT. ROADBLOCK

Butch exits the vehicle, leans on his cane. He approaches Gremlin.

BUTCH
Can we help you boys?

GREMLIN
Yeah, you're going to help us send
a little message to the rest of the
piggies back in your barnyard.

BUTCH
Oh? How so?

GREMLIN
Couple of body-bags should do the
trick.

BUTCH
Whoa, come on, fellas. Leon cleared
us, let us go.

CLICK-CLICK! Gremlin and his Goons lock-and-load.

GREMLIN
Well, what Leon don't know, won't
hurt him.

BUTCH
Well, when you're right, you're
right.

Butch simultaneously draws his gun while hooking Gremlin's
neck with his cane. BLAM! BLAM! He drops the two Goons with
as many bullets.

He slams Gremlin onto the hood of the car, pistol to the
head. Gremlin FREEZES.

GREMLIN
Hold up, man. Hold up! I know this
area. I can help you find what
you're looking for. Just be cool.

BUTCH
Oh, I'm cool. I think.
(to Richie)
Am I cool?

RICHIE
(inside car)
The coolest.

BUTCH
Yeah.

GREMLIN

Please, let me help you fellas.
What do you say?

BUTCH

Well, I'm no Health-Tek scientist,
but I say your black ass is fresh
outa Karma, friend.

BLAM! BLAM! Two in the back of the skull.

Gremlin's body slumps to the ground.

Butch takes two steps; blood spreads out from his crotch. His eyes roll back -- WHUMP! Face-first into the asphalt.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The COOK, a large man in a greasy apron, flips burgers behind the grill. He sets a plate on the counter, RINGS the bell.

COOK

Order up!

Barbara enters, arms full of dirty dishes. She drops them in the sink.

BARBARA

I'm taking my ten, Mel.

COOK

Make it eight.

He rings the bell.

COOK (CONT'D)

Order up!

Barbara heads out the back door.

EXT. DINER - BACK ALLEY

Barbara lights a smoke -- takes a long drag.

CLEMENTINE (O.S.)

You know, those things will kill
you.

Barbara JUMPS; startled.

Clementine steps out of the shadows.

BARBARA

Christ! You scared the shit outa me, lady. What're you doing back here?

CLEMENTINE

Waiting on you.

BARBARA

Me? What for?

CLEMENTINE

It's about a message that was left for The Cook. I know you asked not to make contact, but--

BARBARA

(realization)

Oh, right. I think you want Mel, he's the cook. I'm just a server here.

CLEMENTINE

No. I'm the-- Namaste Motherfucker? The video?

She searches for a glimmer of recognition -- nothing.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Barb101?

BARBARA

I'm sorry, hon. I just have no idea what you're talking about.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, well... okay. Sorry to have bothered you.

She hurries off into the shadows.

BARBARA

Have a nice night!

INT. DINER

Heidi sips her coffee, stares out the window. Clementine hurries past on the other side of the glass -- they make momentary eye-contact. Heidi zeros in on Clementine's leather jacket, looks at her cellphone.

ON CELLPHONE: "Namaste Motherfucker" plays. Clementine is wearing the same leather jacket in the video.

Heidi jumps up and rushes out.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT

Heidi snaps a shot of Clementine's license plate as she peels out of the parking lot.

INT. BUTCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark and Quiet.

BUTCH (O.S.)
Open up.

The front door swings open. Butch limps in.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Welcome home, Butch.

BUTCH
(overlapping)
Lights.

The lights flicker on.

BATHROOM

Butch splashes water on his face, pulls out his Vicodin and pops a few. He grabs another bottle, looks at it.

ON BOTTLE: Label reads, "Rx: Luck/Fortune Attribute Therapy."

Butch drops the bottle into the trash, stares at himself in the mirror; removes the colostomy bag from his thigh.

He sits on the toilet, **puts his head in his hands -- WEEPS.**

SMASH TO BLACK.

END EPISODE IV

EPISODE V

INT. CLINIC WAITING ROOM - DAY

Miss Tiana busies herself with an on-the-job manicure.

Clementine escorts a FEMALE CLIENT out of her office.

CLEMENTINE

(to Client)

I'm very happy with the progress
we're making. We'll pick it up next
week.

The Client exits.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

(to Tiana)

Anymore clients?

MISS TIANA

That was the last one. Good thing,
too. 'Cause I got to pick up my
babies early today.

Clementine notices a rather large box on Miss Tiana's desk
with "RX: Prescription Medication" written in large letters
across the front.

CLEMENTINE

What is that?

MISS TIANA

Looks like medicine to me.

CLEMENTINE

I can see that, thank you. Would
you mind bringing it into my
office?

MISS TIANA

Um, I just done my nails, so...

CLEMENTINE

Right.

Clementine picks up the box, heads into her office.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Whatever would I do without you,
Miss Tiana?

Closes the door.

MISS TIANA

(sotto)

I'm guessing you'd have to clean
them nasty ass coffee mugs your own
damn self.

INT. CLEMENTINE'S OFFICE

Clementine sets the box on her desk, slices into it with a
letter opener.

She sorts through the medication, pulls out bottles of
Pheromone Enhancement labeled, "Luck/Fortune Enhancement,
Karma Detractors, and Predacity/Prey Pheromone."

The instructions read, "Take 1 per day until attributes
return to normal levels."

CLEMENTINE

(sotto)

Or above normal?

She pops a few pills into her mouth -- stuffs the bottles
into her purse.

INT. DRUG-CO STORE - DAY

A line of CUSTOMERS queue up at the register -- A MOUSEY
CASHIER scans their chips as they pass through.

Butch and Richie elbow their way to the front. An ANIMATED
SPOKESPERSON flashes onto a large media screen as they pass.

SPOKESPERSON (ON SCREEN)

Hey! What's up, Butch? Looks like
you're a little low on some
attributes. Well, you've come to
the right place--

Butch waves off the advert, holds up the receipt.

BUTCH

Hi...

(reads her name tag)

Annie. Which register did this come
from?

MOUSEY CASHIER

Um...

BURLY CUSTOMER

Hey, what's the deal-- ?

Richie pulls his coat aside, reveals his revolver.

RICHIE
You a hero, pal?

The man puts his hands up, steps back.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, what?
(off silence)
Yeah, good choice.

Butch slams the receipt on the counter. The Mousey Cashier jumps.

MOUSEY CASHIER
Oh my.

BUTCH
(to Cashier)
Which register?

MOUSEY CASHIER
(visibly shaking)
Oh, gosh...

The STORE MANAGER approaches.

MANAGER
Wow, don't see many paper receipts
these days. Can I help you, fellas?

The Mousey Cashier forces a nervous smile.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - STREET - DUSK

Clementine exits the building, dressed in black with a satchel slung over one shoulder.

She hops into the driver seat of her SUV.

INT. SUV

Clementine closes the door behind her, pulls out her tablet --
licks her thumb

ON TABLET: A Pheromone Graph Chart -- Clementine presses her
thumb onto a "Analysis Square" in the corner of the screen.
The numbers adjust and settle in -- her "Luck" and
"Predacity" attributes score remarkably high, "Karma"
registers low.

CLEMENTINE

(sotto)

Good to go.

She throws the SUV into gear, steps on the gas.

EXT. STREET

Clementine's SUV pulls away from the curb, speeds off. She passes --

Heidi, who waits on her scooter -- She folds the kickstand and drops her visor as the SUV passes.

With a crank of the throttle, Heidi falls in behind Clementine's car.

INT. DRUG-CO SECURITY OFFICE - SAME TIME

A bank of security camera monitors. The Store Manager scrubs through security footage of the cash registers.

MANAGER

This is around the day and time indicated on the receipt.

ON MONITOR: Clementine walks up, places her items on the counter. She pulls her wallet out of her purse.

BUTCH

That's it. That's her.

RICHIE

Looks like those rice cakes are paying off, partner.

BUTCH

Yeah, my appendix is pulling some major OT.

RICHIE

(to Manager)

Do us a favor and pull up her microchip readout.

MANAGER

I'd be happy to...

He hits a few buttons on the keyboard.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

If she had one.

BUTCH
No chip? Who doesn't have a chip?

MANAGER
You'd be surprised. We still get
them every now and again.

ON MONITOR: Clementine lays down a \$50 bill.

RICHIE
And she paid cash.

MANAGER
Which is why we keep the registers.

ON MONITOR: Clementine collects her items, heads toward the
exit.

BUTCH
Any cameras in the parking lot?

MANAGER
Sure.

He taps some keys.

ON MONITOR: A wide angle of the parking lot. Clementine
exits store, climbs into a Prius parked on the far side -- A
row of bushes obscure the license plates.

BUTCH
Can't make out the plates.

RICHIE
Damn the luck.

BUTCH
More rice cakes?

RICHIE
Afraid so, pal.

Butch hands the Manager a business card.

BUTCH
Mind emailing me one of the close-
up frames of her?

MANAGER
Sure thing.

BUTCH
Appreciate it.

MANAGER

Glad to help. Look, I should get
back to the floor.

RICHIE

We know the way out.

The Manager resets the cameras, exits the office.

BUTCH

So we narrow our search to broads
who don't have ID Chips, drive
douche-buggies, and live or work in
the vicinity of that dumpster.

RICHIE

To the Bat Cave.

They exit.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - TREE - NIGHT

Clementine sits perched in her usual spot, binoculars in
hand.

POV: CLEMENTINE ON HOME (VIA BINOCULARS)

Jay and Barbara watch TV in the livingroom. A few windows
down--

Ashley lays across her bed, types away on her laptop. She
bobs to the rhythm of the music in her headphones.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

Clementine pulls out her phone, taps the screen.

ON PHONE: Clementine types a message to "Barb101."

ZCOOK (TEXT)

Still need my help?

She lifts the binoculars, watches Barbara. Nothing.

She flips over to Ashley, who continues to type.

PING! A response.

BARB101 (TEXT)

Yes. Plese.

Barbara hasn't moved from her spot -- Ashley continues typing.

ZCOOK (TEXT)
Do you have cash?

BARB101 (TEXT)
Yes.

ZCOOK (TEXT)
How much? Exact amount.

Clementine watches. Nothing. Then --

Ashley hops off her bed, grabs money from her purse. She returns to her laptop, types.

PING! A response.

BARB101 (TEXT)
\$42.00

CLEMENTINE
(sotto)
You little troll.

Jay gets up off the couch, heads toward Ashley's room. She hears him coming, shuts off the lights. Jay enters, closes the door behind him.

Clementine swings her binoculars back over to Barbara. She notices a dark figure approaching Barbara's flank -- Heidi steps out of the shadows.

Startled, Barbara SCREAMS. She grabs a broom and swings -- CRASH! Hits the lamp, plunges the room into darkness.

Jay hears the commotion, rushes out of Ashley's room.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
Ah, shit.

She scurries down the tree.

SCREAMS and CRASHES emanate from the mobile-home.

INT. MOBILE HOME

Clementine BURSTS through the front door. Darkness and silence.

As her eyes adjust, she notices Barbara lying unconscious on the floor.

JAY (O.S.)
Please, take whatever you want.
Just don't hurt us.

HEIDI (O.S.)
Shut up.

Clementine cautiously moves toward the voices. She passes Ashley who cowers in the darkened hallway -- lifts her fingers to her lips to cue the girl to keep quiet. She rounds the corner to find --

Jay on his back. Heidi straddles him, knife to his throat.

JAY
No, please...

HEIDI
I swear I'll cut that pervert
tongue right out of your mouth.

CLEMENTINE
Hey there.

Heidi keeps the blade firm, doesn't flinch.

HEIDI
What took ya?

CLEMENTINE
You knew I'd come?

HEIDI
I followed you here, did this for
you.

Clementine inches closer.

CLEMENTINE
Thank you. I really appreciate
that, I do. But I need you to let
him go now.

HEIDI
What? Why? He has to pay.

CLEMENTINE
If he's guilty, he will. But we
need to--

HEIDI
HE HAS TO PAY!
(calmer; determined)
He has to pay.

She leans into the blade; Jay winces.

JAY

Oh, god.

Clementine freezes in her tracks.

CLEMENTINE

Okay, okay. Just hold on.

HEIDI

You want to do this, or shall I?

CLEMENTINE

Let's just slow down.

HEIDI

Okay, I guess it's me.

She places the tip of the blade to Jay's Adam's-apple.

CLEMENTINE

No, please... you don't want to do this.

HEIDI

Oh, but I think I do.

CLEMENTINE

You sure about that?
(off silence)
Have you ever killed a man?

Heidi makes eye contact with Clementine for the first time.

HEIDI

What did you say?

CLEMENTINE

If you do this, you can never go back.

Heidi slowly turns back to Jay -- She unceremoniously slides the tip of her Bowie Knife into his throat, up to the hilt.

Jay gurgles and convulses as he struggles for air -- Blood bubbles out of the wound.

ASHLEY

No! Daddy!

HEIDI

Daddy?

Jay goes limp.

CLEMENTINE
(to Heidi)
What have you done?

HEIDI
What did she mean?

ASHLEY
I... I just wanted you to scare
him.

CLEMENTINE
Who is he?

No answer. Clementine grabs her by the collar.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
WHO IS HE?

ASHLEY
(tearing up)
My dad.

HEIDI
What? I thought he was--

ASHLEY
He grounded me for sneaking out --
took away my friends and sat in my
room every night to make sure I
went to sleep. I hated him for it.
(then)
But I didn't think you'd kill him.

HEIDI
You lied?

CLEMENTINE
That's what I was trying to tell--

Out of nowhere, Barbara lets out a HOWL and leaps onto
Heidi's back, into a choke-hold.

Before Clementine can react, Heidi instinctively reaches back
with her blade -- slams it into the side of Barbara's neck.

Barbara reels, arterial blood arcs from the wound.

ASHLEY
Momma!

Clementine rushes to Barbara's side, puts pressure on the wound.

CLEMENTINE
 (to Heidi)
 Get me something to stop the
 bleeding!

Heidi grabs a dish towel from the kitchen -- Clementine applies it to the wound.

Ashley holds Barbara's hand; weeps.

ASHLEY
 Hang on, Momma. Please...

CLEMENTINE
 (to Heidi)
 Call 911.

HEIDI
 This is a No-Patrol District.

She slowly backs toward the door.

CLEMENTINE
 We don't need police, we need
 medical-- Where are you going?

HEIDI
 I'm sorry, I can't...

CLEMENTINE
 You need to pick up that phone and
 you need to dial--

HEIDI
 No... I... I'm sorry.

She bolts out the door.

Barbara locks up; full body convulsions -- Clementine struggles to keep pressure on the wound.

CLEMENTINE
 Damn it!

ASHLEY
 Momma? Momma!

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE V

EPISODE VI

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

The Jittery Patient sits in front of Clementine. Unlike her previous visit, she's well put together, calm -- sure of herself.

CLEMENTINE

You seem much better today.
Different.

JITTERY PATIENT

Oh? How so?

CLEMENTINE

Why don't you tell me?

JITTERY PATIENT

Remember those groups I was telling
you about? The Kitchens?

Clementine nods.

JITTERY PATIENT (CONT'D)

I joined one. And it's been...
(thinking; then)

I don't have to live like a scared
animal anymore, ya know? I can
fight now. And I know I won't have
to fight alone.

(then)

For the first time in my life, I'm
not afraid.

Clementine smiles.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)

She has no idea the meat-grinder
she's walking into... and I'm to
blame.

INT. BASEMENT FLAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Clementine straddles Butch as she shoves the blackened penis
in his mouth.

The "record" light blinks on the computer in the background.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)

He wasn't the first. Just one of many in a long list of deserving assholes. So, why'd I decide to turn the camera on him? Who knows? Maybe I wanted attention.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A group of THUGS drag a FEMALE VICTIM into the darkened alley, KICKING and SCREAMING. Residents close their windows and turn off their lights.

The Victim lay on her back, the men surround her. Frightened, she reaches into her purse.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)

Or maybe... just maybe, subconsciously, I wanted them to see -- to know the possibilities and understand the choice.

BLAM! BLAM! One of the Thugs drops dead, the others scatter. The Female Victim brandishes a smoking revolver in her still shaking hand.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)

It's what comes next that scares me.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A gritty motel room, the kind of place where customers pay by the hour.

Three PROSTITUTED WOMEN surround a laptop screen -- they watch "Namaste Motherfucker."

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)

Hordes of victims, all coming to the same conclusion at the same time.

A SCREAM from outside -- In unison, the women grab their purses and head for the door.

EXT. MOTEL HALLWAY

A PIMP drags a HOOKER out of the elevator, slaps her around -- she YELPS with every strike.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
A false sense of security arising
from strength in numbers.

The Prostituted Women pour out of the room and surround the Pimp.

PIMP
The fuck you hoes want?

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! -- The switchblades come out. The women back him into a corner, proceed to cut him up.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
It can't end well.

The Pimp collapses beneath the onslaught.

INT. MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

Ashley lies in a blubbering heap in the corner.

Clementine drags Jay's body out the door.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
Ashley's family lived in a Zero
Patrol District, so of course,
there was no investigation into the
double parricide.

Clementine returns for Barbara's body.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
I had led the wolf to the rabbit's
den.

INT. CLEMENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ashley stares out the window, hugs her backpack.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
Her world went away that night and
I was to blame.

Clementine brings her a pillow and blanket.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ashley sits alone on the grass, types away on her laptop.

ON LAPTOP: She builds complex computer coding.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
Turns out the kid has mad
programming skills.

Jay pulls up, honks the horn. Ashley closes the computer.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CLEMENTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clementine stands over Ashley's shoulder as she pecks at the keyboard.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
So I put her to work.

ON COMPUTER: Ashley enters the final bit of coding, she clicks "Launch App." A buffering bar creeps from 0-99%, then--

The acronym "**V.I.R.A.L.**" **fills the screen**, followed by the scroll, "Victims of Incest, Rape, and Abuse Liberation."

The cursor hovers over two buttons -- "Help! I'm a Victim!" and "I'm Ready to Fight!"

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
And thus a movement was born.

Clementine beams; a musing smile.

EXT. DOJO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A FIGHTER GIRL concentrates on her cellphone outside the Martial Arts dojo.

ON PHONE: She scans the V.I.R.A.L. App -- clicks "I'm ready to fight."

She drops the phone into her purse, heads into--

INT. MARTIAL ARTS DOJO - NIGHT

The Fighter Girl steps into a room filled with MALE FIGHTERS dressed in GI's -- they all give her the "once over."

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
A small step toward focussing the
rage.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A BATTERED WIFE sits at the kitchen table, presses an ice-pack to her blackened eye.

Her DRUNKEN HUSBAND swills beer and watches the game in the background, as she browses on her iPad.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
And mastering the fear.

ON IPAD: She peruses the V.I.R.A.L. App -- clicks "Help! I'm a Victim!"

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Heidi scans the V.I.R.A.L. App. -- a "Help Needed!" beacon flashes on the map, pointing to a cry for help.

She powers down the computer, wipes the tears away.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
For her and so many others.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

- A collage of muggers, pimps, rapists, and abusers mistreat women.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
Cold is simply the absence of heat.

- A collage of victimized women scan the V.I.R.A.L. App.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
Darkness, the absence of light.

- A collage of different cursors click the "Help! I'm a Victim!" button. ON V.I.R.A.L. MAP: An avalanche of "Help Needed!" beacons swarm the App.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
Evil thrives where no good is found.

- Butch and Richie move from shop to shop. They show Clementine's photo to store owners.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
And injustice fills the void when equality is taken away.

- Chaos in this streets; burnt-out cars and ravaged store fronts. Leon and his crew attempt to quell the bedlam.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
Gone are the days of public
apologies.

- A collage of women in coffee shops, grocery stores, cubicles, churches, etc., gathered around computer screens.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
Gone are the days of social
protest.

- The Fighter Girl leads a Kata drill in a dojo filled with WOMEN FIGHTERS.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
You want to live to see tomorrow?

- A GUN RANGE filled with women popping-off rounds.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
You'd better learn how to survive
today.

- ON COMPUTERS: A collage of cursors click the "I'm Ready to Fight!" button.

CLEMENTINE (V.O.)
And organize.

INT. THERAPY CLINIC OFFICE - DAY

Clementine listens to the Jittery Patient's story.

JITTERY PATIENT
... I don't know what it all means,
but I like where it's going.

Clementine thinks for a moment, then--

CLEMENTINE
I think it may be time to start you
on advanced Aggression Enhancement
Therapy. Yes?

The Jittery Patient smiles. Clementine smiles.

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE VI