

PAGE NINE

CLINT and CHERRY, lit by Kate's TAILLIGHTS, stare at their wheelman leaving them out to dry.

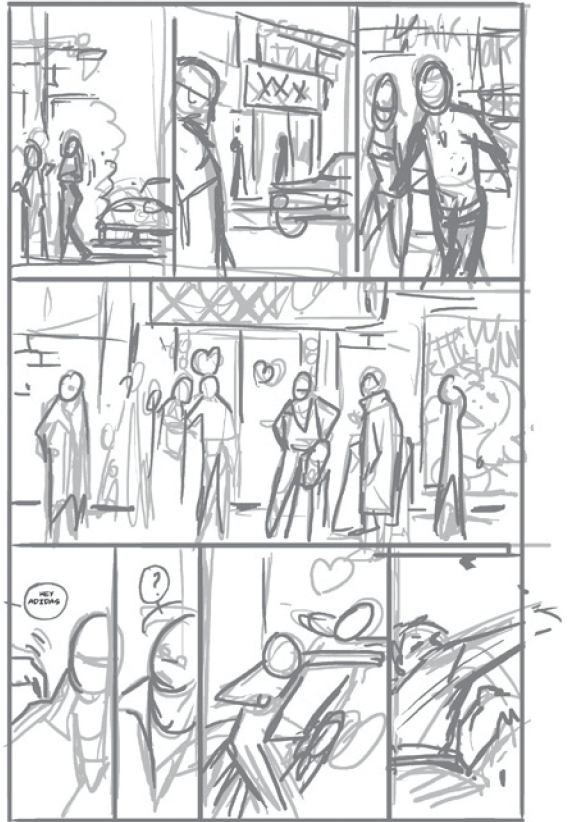
They look at each other.

CLINT stomps across the street, CHERRY waiting in the shadows. A TRACKSUIT stands outside, not noticing. A couple other STRIPPERS, a few PATRONS mill about the front door of the club. We can all but hear the OONTZ OONTZ music from within.

The TRACKSUIT is bro-ing at one of the strippers as CLINT stomps up, shouting HEY ADIDAS —

— and PUNCHES THE [REDACTED] out of him, knocking the big guy off his stool.

The guy GETS UP in time for CLINT to HIT HIM BACK TOWARDS THE DOOR with that stool, hard —



ISSUE 8, PAGE 9 PENCILS



ISSUE 8, PAGE 9 PARTIAL INKS

