

Sanguine

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OVER DARK:

The sound of darkness. Cicadas crack through the silence.

BLAST FROM DARKNESS ONTO:

1 EXT. LARGE, OPEN PRAIRIE HOME - NIGHT. 1

In the distance, a CHALET is dimly lit. It sits in the middle of nowhere, seemingly.

A SPECIAL FORCES OPERATIVE (30s) sits in the driver's seat of a GOVERNMENT VEHICLE. She rolls down a BALACLAVA to mask her face.

The Spec-Ops woman exits the car, flips down her NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. She then cocks her pistol, slides it back in her holster, carefully sneaks forward, slips her SUB-MACHINE GUN forward, at the ready.

She creeps by a pack of trees, brandishing an MP5-SD loaded to the teeth. Laser, optics, fore-grip. The works. As she moves tactically past the trees, she comes upon a GUARD.

Our Spec-Ops swiftly swings her sub-machine gun behind her back with the sling, cracks his skull with a jab of her palm as we-

SMASH TO BLACK:

SANGUINE.

FADE IN:

2 INT. CHALET - NIGHT. 2

SANGUINE (30s) furiously rifles through her tactical bag. She's our SPECIAL FORCES OPERATIVE from before, a hard-ass who harbors an inner fury.

LUCIEN (30s) crosses the threshold of the door. He's Sanguine's husband, terse but somehow a pushover.

LUCIEN
You're leaving again.

SANGUINE
I have to, it's sensitive.

LUCIEN

It's one thing to say the words, but it's another to have to watch you leave, to spend all this time apart.

SANGUINE

We either stay together for them or we endure. I won't leave.

LUCIEN

But you do, time and time again.

SANGUINE

I can't argue about this now. We'll pick this up when I return.

LUCIEN

No, we do this here and now. You can get a good job here, close by. I can't keep doing this over and again.

SANGUINE

We both know what we signed up for.

LUCIEN

Seeing you go is hard enough. Not knowing if you'll come back is another thing entirely. The uncertainty, the possibility that it might be the last time. It's too much. It kills a part of me every time. The kids wouldn't even know. But I would. And I have to carry that pain. I'm the one who has to explain it to them!

SANGUINE

You think you're the only one? You think it's easy for me?

Sanguine lifts her tactical bag and barges through the door right past Lucien.

LUCIEN

Those bags seem awfully light for you as you cross through that door!

Lucien chases after her. She halts at the front door.

SANGUINE

You don't know how it is for me, and you never will. You couldn't.

Lucien lets himself feel the sting of it.

SEVERINE (CONT'D)

You know I'm always going to choose
the safety of the nation over us.

LUCIEN

If that's what you decide, I can't say
the same for us.

Sanguine opens the front door, turns to him.

SEVERINE

Keep the kids close for me, will you?

She makes her way out the door, slams it behind her.

Lucien's eyes well up as he stares at the door, wishing she
was still standing there...

3 INT. BAR - NIGHT.

3

We close in on Sanguine sitting at the bar, nursing an adult
beverage.

AN ADVENTUROUS MAN (40s) makes his slow approach to her. He
attempts to be suave. She sees it coming. Not impressed.
Sanguine doesn't bat an eye.

The man, annoyed with her indifference, begins--

ADVENTUROUS MAN

I'd offer to buy you a drink, but it
seems you already have one.

SANGUINE

Your skills in observation are
unmatched.

ADVENTUROUS MAN

I observe those who are worth
observing...

She rolls her eyes.

ADVENTUROUS MAN

Your observer has a name, you know.

She takes a healthy sip of her drink. Still paying him no
mind.

ADVENTUROUS MAN
Name's Bill.

Beat.

BILL
What is it you do, Ms...?

SANGUINE
Sanguine.

BILL
Sure is an interesting name. An
uncommon one, to be sure.

Beat.

BILL
What do you do, Ms...Sanguine?

SANGUINE
Home security.

BILL
Home security, huh? Like ADT, and
that?

SANGUINE
For your purposes, sure.

BILL
I've never had much use for it, but
I'd certainly let you...put it in at
my house.

This finally attracts a look from Sanguine. It's not one of
intrigue...

SANGUINE
You can't protect your own home then?
Hm?

BILL
You ought not to insult your own
customers, you know.

SANGUINE
And you ought not be so insecure.

BILL
Well, that's what I have you for,

isn't it?

SANGUINE

Would you be so kind as to allow me to have my drink in peace?

BILL

Peace is all I want in my home.

SANGUINE

You'd better watch your next step, you might not like where you'll be next.

BILL

Or what? ADT will have the police come down on me? That it?

SANGUINE

Why don't you heed my warning? See where you'll end up if you don't.

BILL

I'm willing to take my chances on you tonight.

SANGUINE

You've made many mistakes. Don't misstep.

BILL

Look, miss. You're alone, in a bar. You've got a ring.

We focus on the ENGAGEMENT RING as both side-gance it.

BILL

But that doesn't mean anything, you don't come in here with a man on your arm. We both know you're here for one thing...and one thing only--

Bill touches Sanguine's shoulder--

She pulls his hand back to his wrist, cracks it back up, punches through his hand to smash himself in the face with it.

Bill collapses to the floor. Sanguine twists his arm behind his back, fully extended, kicks his face to the floor, and keeps her foot there. Still holding his twisted arm up...

SANGUINE

Very few people talk to me like that and walk away from it. I'm not feeling homicidal tonight, Bill. Take that as a rebirth. Would you, please?

Sanguine twists his arm back around. Bill groans. She helps him up in one fell swoop. As she pulls him close-

SANGUINE

I don't think your wife would condone your behavior tonight.

She glances at his WEDDING RING. He does too...

BILL

We're kindred spirits on a parallel path.

SANGUINE

I doubt that.

Sanguine shoves him towards the door.

SEVERINE

Kiss your wife like you've never kissed her before, tonight, Bill.

Bill, horrified, checks his wounds, spins himself around and barges out the door.

The BARTENDER (50s) sends Sanguine a glare.

A BOUNCER (30s) who would rival DAVE BAUTISTA approaches. Maybe he is Dave Bautista?

Sanguine flashes a BADGE. The Bartender and Bouncer frown.

SANGUINE

You didn't see what he did.

BARTENDER

You can handle yourself.

SANGUINE

To put it lightly.

Bartender nods to the Bouncer who retreats to his corner. Sanguine reclaims her seat back at the bar. She downs her drink.

SANGUINE
Hit me again.

The Bartender silently obeys. He doesn't want to defy her.

BARTENDER
I can't have ya comin' down here and
roughin' up fellas.

SANGUINE
Their mamas shoulda taught 'em
manners.

BARTENDER
Just...don't make it a habit.

Sanguine can't help but smirk at that one. He slides her the
drink.

4 INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - LATER. 4

Sanguine glides down a large office with CLERICAL WORKERS
typing furiously and shuffling paperwork.

She ignores the frantic pencil pushing around her as she
reaches a--

5 INT. MISSION PREP ROOM - CONT. 5

A WAR-ROOM riddled gadgets, computers, and a DIGITAL
CONFERENCE TABLE in the center.

Her handler, RIGGS (50s), stands at attention, as if waiting
for her. He's gruff but could be convinced to have a soft
side...for her, maybe.

RIGGS
Sanguine.

SANGUINE
Riggs.

RIGGS
Thanks for coming in.

SANGUINE
You cut into my leisure time.

RIGGS
I'd like to say, time enough for that
later. But you know better than

anyone, there's always a situation that demands attention.

SANGUINE

What was so worthy of diving my attention?

Riggs directs his attention to the Digital Conference Table. It features a FLOATING TOUCH SCREEN INTERFACE.

RIGGS

Recon picked up a distress beacon over the Balkan Peninsula. One of our operatives had been placed there on a sensitive diplomatic mission.

SANGUINE

I've never known our directives to be diplomatic, sir.

RIGGS

Officially, it's diplomatic. Off the books, we can't just say it's... espionage.

SANGUINE

I'm all ears.

Riggs points at a RED BLIP on the FLOATING MAP.

RIGGS

So, as you are aware, the distress signal is only a direct result of the operative manually triggering it. We're fearing the worst at this point.

SANGUINE

Can you tell me exactly what he was doing there?

RIGGS

Strictly speaking, no. I can't release all of the details, but...what I can tell you is that anything he might have seen or heard cannot fall into the wrong minds.

Sanguine studies the Operative's last known location...

RIGGS (CONT'D)

I'm aware his last known location is

far from a helpful lead, but... you're resourceful enough and I'm certain you'll be led to the general vicinity, at the very least. You'll see very quickly that he was...on to something.

SANGUINE

Do I at least have the means to identify him?

RIGGS

His name is Craig James. Codename: Vulture. He'll respond accordingly to our safe words.

SANGUINE

And if plans don't go accordingly?

RIGGS

Proceed as you see fit. I trust it won't come to that.

Sanguine hangs on that a beat.

SANGUINE

How under the radar are we going here?

RIGGS

This must be handled with the utmost discretion.

SANGUINE

That's the only way I operate.

RIGGS

We can't drop you at an advantageous location--

The map shifts on its axis, revealing the drop location and rendezvous point.

RIGGS

...so a healthy amount of travel will be required to hit your rendezvous point.

Sanguine examines it closer.

SANGUINE

I can handle it.

RIGGS

I know.

SANGUINE

Who's our contact?

RIGGS

We couldn't pull our nearest deployed operative, so this will be a joint agency operation.

SANGUINE

How reliable?

RIGGS

Let's just say, keep your wits about you. Trust your instincts.

Sanguine lets out a nervous, sharp breath.

SANGUINE

Okay. Anything else I should know?

RIGGS

She'll give you a run for your money.

Sanguine raises an eyebrow at that one.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

One more thing...

She leans up against the table and studies the map a bit more.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

We can't afford any single trace that we were ever there. No trail of bodies...nothing that can identify us.

SANGUINE

I thought that went without saying...

RIGGS

This is different. If anyone dies... it has to be our man on the inside... or you.

Sanguine takes in that realization...

RIGGS

If failure is an option...fail with

grace.

She nods. Riggs analyzes her expression...

6 INT. PREPARATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER. 6

Sanguine gathers her gear. She packs her tactical bag with GADGETS, WEAPONS, AMMO, GRENADES, ETC.

She studies the FLOATING TOUCH SCREEN above her wrist. Sanguine then fiddles with the HEADS-UP DISPLAY built in to her NIGHT VISION/INFRARED GOGGLES.

She packs her UTILITY BELT snug with MAGAZINES for her pistol, CLIMBING/TACTICAL ROPES, and EMP GRENADES.

Sanguine then cocks back her SUPPRESSED SIG P-226 and locks it tight in her holster.

She then swings her MP5-SD on her back and dons her BALACLAVA.

7 EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT. 7

Sanguine trots up to the PAVE-LOW HELICOPTER and squeezes herself in.

8 INT. PAVE-LOW - CONT. 8

She grabs her seat and throws a THUMBS-UP to the Pilot. The Pilot nods and they lift off.

9 EXT. HELIPAD - CONT. 9

The Pave-Low maintains a low altitude, so as to stay below radar. It cuts through the night as it nearly glides across the OCEAN.

10 EXT. BALKAN PENINSULA - LATER. 10

The Pave-Low zooms from the water to a deserted BEACH. The helicopter hangs low for Sanguine to zip down onto the sand.

Sanguine tucks and rolls as she hits the ground, the rope is sucked back up into the Chopper as it hurls into the night away from the land.

She carefully jaunts from the sand to the tall grass. Sanguine creeps from the tall grass to a PARKED CAR. It's seemingly abandoned when--

click Sanguine raises her arms slowly.

A GUN is pointed at the back of her head.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Miles to go before I sleep?

SANGUINE
And many more before I wake.

The gun is lowered. Sanguine lowers her arms, turns to find Serbian Special Agent ALEKSANDRA PETRA (20s). A battle hardened bitch with a touch of blind hope and naivete. She pats Sanguine on the back.

ALEKSANDRA
C'mon, let's go.

SANGUINE
You driving?

ALEKSANDRA
Long trip. I know the land better than you.

SANGUINE
I can look at a map.

They come upon the rendezvous vehicle.

ALEKSANDRA
Not a chance. Get in.

Sanguine obeys, possibly against her better judgment...

11 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - MOMENTS LATER. 11

We follow the Operatives' vehicle from above, navigating the dimly moonlit Countryside.

12 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - HOURS LATER. 12

Aleksandra and Sanguine pull up to the SAFE HOUSE.

Sanguine lugs her gear from the car. Aleksandra lights up a cigarette casually as they approach the house.

ALEKSANDRA
I'll show you to your room.

SANGUINE
Not much in the way of that.

Aleksandra leads the way. Sanguine crosses the threshold of the door.

ALEKSANDRA
You make do, no?

Sanguine begrudgingly keeps to herself.

13 INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONT.

13

Sanguine examines the contents of the Log Cabin. Not much. Aleksandra presents her bedroom to her.

ALEKSANDRA
We won't spend much time here, but you should get as much shut eye as you can while you can.

SANGUINE
Don't have to tell me twice.

ALEKSANDRA
I can wake you if you need.

SANGUINE
Listen, honey. It's not my first rodeo.

ALEKSANDRA
Rodeo?

SANGUINE
I've been around the block a time or two, okay?

ALEKSANDRA
You've been to Bloc?

SANGUINE
Forget it.

Sanguine pulls the door closed.

SANGUINE (O.S.)
I'll see you bright and early.

ALEKSANDRA
Sure. See you. Break of dawn.

Aleksandra looks suspiciously at the door.

14 INT. SANGUINE'S ROOM - CONT. 14

Sanguine tosses her bag in the corner. She sits on the bed in silent reflection...

15 INT. SAFE HOUSE - EARLY MORNING. 15

Aleksandra cooks herself breakfast. Sanguine patters outside her door.

ALEKSANDRA
Good mornink. I put coffee on.

SANGUINE
Thanks.

ALEKSANDRA
I made eggs, you want some?

SANGUINE
I'm vegan.

ALEKSANDRA
I'm Aleksandra. Petra. Nice meeting you.

SANGUINE
No, I mean-- that's not... never mind.

Aleksandra stares in confusion. She pours a couple mugs of coffee.

ALEKSANDRA
Cream? Sugar?

SANGUINE
Black.

ALEKSANDRA
My kind of girl.

Sanguine raises an eyebrow at that.

Aleksandra makes herself a plate then sprawls out a MAP on the kitchen counter.

ALEKSANDRA

So. We located compound.

SANGUINE

How do we know he's there?

ALEKSANDRA

Well...we don't. But, if he was taken by Bosnian government...this is where he would be held.

SANGUINE

We're going into a maximum security compound and we don't even know if he's there for sure, or not.

ALEKSANDRA

Okay. We make plan.

SANGUINE

I don't need a plan. I work alone.

ALEKSANDRA

If we are to make this to work. We do this job together.

SANGUINE

All right. Ground rules. You do your thing and I'll do mine. As long as you don't get in my way, we'll be fine. You got that?

ALEKSANDRA

You Americans. Always stubborn as jackass.

SANGUINE

I just don't want anyone or anything holding me back.

ALEKSANDRA

This isn't just your cross to bear. We bear it. You and I. Beat.

SANGUINE

Shit hits the fan, I will serve my own interests. You understand?

ALEKSANDRA

Shit hits fan?

SANGUINE

Seems I have my work cut out for me.

Aleksandra ignores. Sanguine takes note.

ALEKSANDRA

Point of insertion. Here.

(points at map)

I will circle around back. I cut the power when you make entry.

(her finger guides her path)

You have to find out where he is held.

If not, you gather intel. This is big compound. If shit hits fan, as you say, this is where we regroup.

(points at blue dot)

We have planted jeep here. This should mask our extraction. Got it?

SANGUINE

Yeah. Understood.

Sanguine studies her.

SANGUINE

Listen to me.

Aleksandra shifts her attention from the map.

SANGUINE

You're young. I've been through this many times before. You can pick up a thing or two from me.

ALEKSANDRA

Clearly you're not familiar with Serbian training.

SANGUINE

Experience trumps all the rigorous training in the world. Just follow my lead, sweetie.

ALEKSANDRA

I don't need your condescension.

SANGUINE

Just watch my six. I'll take care of the rest.

ALEKSANDRA

After operation. I hope to never see you again.

Aleksandra picks up her food and brings it elsewhere.

SANGUINE

Oh, feeling's mutual. Believe me.

Sanguine rolls her eyes as she takes a hefty sip of coffee.

16 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DUSK.

16

Sanguine and Aleksandra load up the car with their gear. Aleksandra slams the trunk shut. Sanguine slides in shotgun.

Aleksandra slips in the driver's seat. They look over at one another as Aleksandra turns the key. It's a hard glance. They both stare forward, poker faces.

17 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - LATER.

17

They sit in silence as Aleksandra navigates the Bosnian countryside.

Aleksandra focuses only on the road. Sanguine sulks. The silence is piercing. Awkward. For a moment...

ALEKSANDRA

Listen. We need to work t--

SANGUINE

I don't need your lectures. Beat.

ALEKSANDRA

Vegan. Must you make so difficult. We will not make it if we are not cohesion as team.

SANGUINE

Cohesive.

ALEKSANDRA

Sorry. Second language.

Sanguine smiles through her pursed lips. Aleksandra softly chuckles, glances to her. Their eyes meet.

Aleksandra focuses back on the road.

SANGUINE

And my name's not vegan, by the way.

ALEKSANDRA

What is your name, then?

SANGUINE

I don't tell anyone my real name.

ALEKSANDRA

What do I call you, then?

SANGUINE

Sanguine.

ALEKSANDRA

That is real name?

SANGUINE

Code name.

ALEKSANDRA

Okay, well. I call you Vegan. That name is nightmare.

Sanguine softly chuckles. Aleksandra half smirks.

ALEKSANDRA (CONT'D)

(shaking her head)

Sanguine.

SANGUINE

What?

ALEKSANDRA

Nothing.

Beat.

ALEKSANDRA

What was your life like back at home?

SANGUINE

Why do you ask?

ALEKSANDRA

Curious.

SANGUINE

I'm sorry. I just think it best we not get to know each other.

ALEKSANDRA

We have to be able to trust each other, you know.

Sanguine hangs on that a beat.

SANGUINE

I don't talk about it...a lot.

ALEKSANDRA

Why not?

SANGUINE

No one really asks me about it. And I don't bring it up. Frankly... I try not to think about it too much.

ALEKSANDRA

In our line of work...you meet very few without a troubled past. We're all trying to escape something.

SANGUINE

When fate calls...someone has to answer.

Aleksandra half smiles to her. Sanguine nods. They focus on the road again...

18 EXT. COMPOUND - LATER.

18

Aleksandra and Sanguine park the car a safe distance away from the compound, behind a tall razor wire fence. They both rush to the trunk, don their gear.

ALEKSANDRA

See you on the other side.

Sanguine nods to her. Aleksandra trots off around the fence towards the other side of the Compound. She watches her go.

The bitter cold bites her face. Sanguine sees to that by rolling the Balaclava over her skin.

Sanguine approaches the fence. She paints the fence with an ADHESIVE that disintegrates it within seconds... She crawls through the hole in the fence she made. Sanguine weaves in and out of the maze that is the-

- 19 EXT. COMPOUND - GROTTO - CONT. 19
- Sanguine jumps from cover to cover, dodging guards as she does.
- She slips in a safe zone, seemingly, from other guards. Sanguine looks up. Perfect for repelling. She tosses her rope and hook up, it locks on the ledge.
- She checks for patrolling guards, coast is clear, for the time being...
- Sanguine climbs up, repels, cloaked in darkness...
- 20 EXT. COMPOUND - ROOF - MOMENTS LATER. 20
- She helps herself up and regathers her rope and gear. Sanguine then locates a ventilation shaft, lowers herself down...
- 21 INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER. 21
- Sanguine crawls through the claustrophobia that is the ventilation system...
- She finds a suitable grate for her to burst through, drop down and--
- 22 INT. COMPOUND - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER. 22
- Sanguine ninja rolls after her drop down from the ceiling. She swiftly pulls up her handgun and checks her corners.
- All clear.
- She pushes her way through the bathroom and out the door.
- 23 INT. COMPOUND - HALLWAYS - CONT. 23
- Sanguine half reveals her face around a corner, pistol at the ready. Anyone in her line of sight would be toast...
- 24 INT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER. 24
- Sanguine sneaks by a guard and silently crouch-leaps into a large, official-looking-
- 25 INT. OFFICE - CONT. 25
- Sanguine ducks and rolls behind a desk with a high-tech computer. She bypasses the log-in and checks a--PRISONER LOG.

COMPUTER FACE: Prisoner List: 1 - 42 A whole lot of nothing. CRAIG JAMES or anything related to VULTURE are absent from the list.

SANGUINE

Shit.

(radios to Aleksandra)

He's not here.

Sanguine pauses for Aleksandra to respond. She doesn't.

SANGUINE

Aleksandra, do you read? Come in, over.

Sanguine desperately looks around. Nothing.

She closes up shop and quietly creeps out the room.

26 INT. COMPOUND - HALLWAY - CONT.

26

Sanguine creeps down the Hallway a piece before--

WHAM!

She's knocked in the back of the head, planted on her ass. Lights out.

SMASH TO BLACK:

27 INT. PRISON CELL - LATER.

27

Sanguine groggily wakes up next to--

You guessed it: ALEKSANDRA. Cell mates. How fun.

ALEKSANDRA

It was a set up. They had to know we were here.

SANGUINE

But how? How would they know?

ALEKSANDRA

I haven't the faintest clue.

SANGUINE

None of that matters right now. First and foremost, we need to get outta here.

ALEKSANDRA

I agree, but... Not so loud. Please.

SANGUINE

(sharply, but softer)

Well, fuckin' obviously!

(beat)

Okay, right. Anyway. More important matters at hand. Do you know this place better than I do?

ALEKSANDRA

Yes, like the back of my hand. But I never imagined it from a prisoner's perspective.

SANGUINE

Might've been a wise scenario to plan ahead for.

ALEKSANDRA

Hind sight. Besides, you were the one who didn't want a plan.

SANGUINE

Okay, well, fuck, woman! We can dwell on all that if we want, but what good will it do?

ALEKSANDRA

All right. All right. Let's think, yes?

SANGUINE

I might have something. Hear me out, you trust me?

ALEKSANDRA

No, but I'm all ears.

Sanguine stares her down as if telling her to 'fuck off.'

28 INT. PRISON CELL - MOMENTS LATER.

28

A PRISON GUARD (30s) rests outside their cell. He has an AK-47 at the ready.

Suddenly, a SCREAM is heard from the cell.

The Prison Guard practically jumps from his shoes, loses his hat, and rests his AK against the wall.

He juggles with his keys and flings open the cell door to find--

ALEKSANDRA seemingly unconscious on the floor.

SANGUINE

Guard! You have to help her. I don't know what happened. She just--

The Guard rushes inside, gets down on one knee next to Aleksandra.

GUARD

(speaking Russian)

Just, calm yourself. I get help.

He gently slaps her on the face in an attempt to wake her up. No reaction.

The Guard spins around and heads for the door when he's- JUMPED by ALEKSANDRA. She wraps her arm around his neck in a choke hold.

Sanguine holds down his arms he's attempting to flail in a last resort effort.

He slowly loses consciousness, before--

The Guard regains it! He elbow jabs Aleksandra in the gut. He releases her hold on him and jets for the door when he's-

KICKED in the sternum by Sanguine. He staggers backwards, right back into Aleksandra's clutches.

She goes for round two with the sleeper hold on him. The Guard slaps away Sanguine's arms as she tries to force him to submit.

In their struggle, he backward runs Aleksandra into the ground.

Sanguine pounces on him. Aleksandra uses both arms to get a firm grip on his throat. Sanguine pushes his face back. His head hits the floor.

Sanguine holds his legs down with her knees and clutches his arms down with her hands. It takes a very solid moment to drain him of air.

She eventually releases the life from him.

Aleksandra delivers a devastating blow with the snapping of his neck.

They both slide him under a bed and rush out the door. Aleksandra swings up the AK-47 and pulls back the bolt without missing a beat.

Sanguine raises an eyebrow to that.

Both operatives storm through the hallway with purpose.

29 INT. COMPOUND - HALLWAYS OUTSIDE PRISON WARD - CONT.

29

Aleksandra carefully peeks around the corner.

Sanguine hangs back, wisely. She needs a weapon.

Aleksandra points the AK-47 in a battle-ready position. Sanguine pushes the barrel of Aleksandra's AK down.

SANGUINE

No. We can't go loud. No body count.

ALEKSANDRA

The operation's fucked anyhow.

SANGUINE

I can't face my handler if we do this.

ALEKSANDRA

There won't be anyone to face if we don't. We go loud or we don't make it. Simple as that.

SANGUINE

We can still escape undetected. We don't have to go this route.

ALEKSANDRA

Okay. We grab our gear. But if anyone gets in my way, I'm dropping them.

Sanguine begrudgingly nods.

SANGUINE

Where do you think they stowed our gear?

ALEKSANDRA

Check the supply room.

SANGUINE
Think they have an armory?

ALEKSANDRA
Good chance. It's likely there.

SANGUINE
Cover me.

Aleksandra keeps her gun trained on the open area. GUARDS file through periodically.

ALEKSANDRA
Go. Now.

Sanguine takes her chance, darts out to the nearest cover.

AN UNSUSPECTING GUARD paces by. Aleksandra holds fast. Sanguine motions to Aleksandra who follows, slides in right beside her.

SANGUINE
Where to now? Do you remember the map?

ALEKSANDRA
I tried to memorize it.

SANGUINE
Try to draw it from memory.

ALEKSANDRA
Why don't you, hmm? Ms. Vegan, I do not need plan--

SANGUINE
Don't get like that.

Aleksandra ponders. Sanguine eggs her on.

SANGUINE
We need to move.

ALEKSANDRA
I know, I'm thinking.

Sanguine eagerly looks around the corner. No one, for now. Aleksandra digs deep.

SANGUINE
Well...?

ALEKSANDRA

You think remembering schematic is so easy? You do it.

SANGUINE

You said you knew this place like the back of your--

ALEKSANDRA

I know, I know. Shut your mouth.

Sanguine rolls her eyes.

SANGUINE

Let's just keep moving forward.

ALEKSANDRA

Be my guest.

Aleksandra takes aim around the corner. Sanguine prepares to dart out from cover. They nod to each other. Sanguine bolts around the corner. Aleksandra scans for enemies.

AN ALARMED GUARD appears in the corridor adjacent to Sanguine as she scurries forward. She freezes. Aleksandra's eyes snap to the GUARD. Her reflexes snap to squeeze the trigger.

The silence is shattered. She lets loose a BURST of rounds and cuts him down where he stands. He collapses to the floor.

Sanguine's eyes dart from the corpse to Aleksandra. Their glance holds on each other for a brief moment. Sanguine takes off down the hall.

Aleksandra slips out and jets close behind her. Sanguine slides to the GUARD's corpse and swings up his rifle.

Aleksandra catches up with Sanguine.

SANGUINE

Well, that plan went to hell.

ALEKSANDRA

Suppose you wanted to die instead.

SANGUINE

We'll improvise.

ALEKSANDRA

Very appreciative.

SANGUINE

Yeah, thanks.

Aleksandra's eyes wander to Sanguine, then focuses back on the long hall ahead...

30 INT. CORRIDOR - CONT. 30

Shouting GUARDS come upon the dead body. A GUARD who appears to be a LEADER is shouting and pointing frantically in all directions.

AN ANXIOUS GUARD sprints to the wall and jabs an ALARM that BLASTS a recurring, insufferable NOISE.

31 INT. HALL - CONT. 31

Back to Sanguine and Aleksandra. The ALARM startles them with flashing RED and the awful HONKING sound.

They come upon a 'T' in the hallways. Which way to go?

SANGUINE

There it is.

ALEKSANDRA

Like we didn't expect it.

They slide to cover, parallel to one another.

Both peek around each respective corner.

It appears to be clear. They nod to each other.

They peek back to find--

SOLDIERS flooding the halls.

They stare wide-eyed at one another. Where did they come from?

Sanguine and Aleksandra come up GUNS BLAZING. Herds of Soldiers drop instantly.

Stragglers dive into cover in side doors and offices. Return fire PUMMELS the walls and windows next to them like HAIL.

SANGUINE

We can't get them all, we'll run out of ammo.

ALEKSANDRA

I know. I know.

Aleksandra looks to the window at the 'T' of the hallway just next to them. Sanguine thinks she knows what she's thinking.

ALEKSANDRA

Improvise, like you said.

Sanguine nods. They both turn to the window, unleash hell on it. The window shatters.

Aleksandra and Sanguine DIVE out the window.

32 EXT. COMPOUND - CONT.

32

Sanguine gracefully ninja rolls out of the dive. Aleksandra doesn't quite stick the landing. She slides after biffing it flat on her face.

SANGUINE

I didn't see anything.

ALEKSANDRA

Sure you did. Let's not talk about it.

Sanguine lends her a helping hand.

SANGUINE

Buy a round for me?

ALEKSANDRA

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Aleksandra accepts her hand. She pulls her up. A STORM of BULLETS flings snow up right near them. Lead ricochets all around them.

Sanguine pulls Aleksandra, nearly flings her forward. They both put their heads down and barrel away.

HURRIED SOLDIERS swarm outside and take pot shots at them.

33 EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE COMPOUND - CONT.

33

Sanguine and Aleksandra storm out into the woods, dodging trees.

Weaving in and out of cover, Sanguine comes upon--THE GETAWAY VEHICLE.

She turns around to find Aleksandra lagging just behind. Sanguine lays down the last bit of ammo for covering fire. It's short-lived.

SANGUINE

Shit.

Aleksandra trudges through the heavy snow.

ALEKSANDRA

Start the car!

Sanguine tosses the rifle aside, slips in the driver's seat. Aleksandra labors to the car, dives in the backseat.

ALEKSANDRA

Go. Now!

Sanguine floors it. The tires struggle through the snow, it flies up behind them.

Bullets scatter about them, flinging up snow, gravel, and tree bark.

The Getaway Car slides across the road, before it FISH-TAILS.

Sanguine over-corrects. It's fatal. The car spins, flips, cascades into the ditch alongside the road.

HURRIED SOLDIERS gain ground as they press through the snow, following right in their tracks.

Aleksandra groans, pulls herself up. She opens the side door to the car. It leads on top of the car as it rests on its SIDE.

34 EXT. WOODS - CONT. 34

The SOLDIERS lumber down to the road, rest at cover, take aim at the car.

35 EXT. FLIPPED CAR - CONT. 35

Aleksandra climbs up, flings open the driver's side door. She lifts Sanguine's hand with all her might. She pulls her up, rests her on the side of the car.

Just as she does-- HELLFIRE rains down on them. Aleksandra shoves Sanguine off the car, she cascades to the ground. Aleksandra turns and lets loose the rest of her magazine at the SOLDIERS.

The Soldiers bury themselves deeper into cover. Aleksandra runs out, she tosses the AK aside, slides down with Sanguine.

SANGUINE
Thank you for that.

ALEKSANDRA
I hope that wasn't sarcastic.

SANGUINE
You understand sarcasm?

ALEKSANDRA
Fuck you.

Aleksandra pulls her up, and drags her along.

ALEKSANDRA
Come on.

Sanguine lags behind, Aleksandra crouch runs as fast as her beaten body will allow...

The Soldiers peek back out from cover. They're gone. A LEADER nods his head and barks orders to the group. They all lumber behind the Leader who dusts off.

36 EXT. DEEP FOREST - CONT.

36

Aleksandra and Sanguine bob and weave through the trees as the wooden world around them is crashing down.

Bullets wreck through branches, tossing around snow and broken bark in their path.

Aleksandra and Sanguine shield their eyes with their hands through it all.

After much effort, they reach a STEEP HILL. They look at each other and nod.

Both Operatives jump and slide down the hill. Aided and guided by the snow, they pick up speed.

37 EXT. STEEP HILL - CONT.

37

The Soldiers arrive at the top of the hill, aim down and unleash a salvo of rounds on the Operatives.

38 EXT. STEEP HILL - CONT.

38

We follow Aleksandra and Sanguine in their steep, dizzying slide.

They aim themselves to dodge and nearly miss trees and shrubbery along the way as they further themselves down the hill...

ALEKSANDRA

(labored)

Not exactly what I had in mind!

SANGUINE

(labored)

We're getting proficient at this improvisation thing!

SANGUINE POV: blurred trees and rocks zip by her face.

END SANGUINE POV-- Aleksandra and Sanguine look concerned and frantic, but are somehow also enjoying this...

39 EXT. TOP OF HILL - CONT.

39

The Soldiers desperately search for the Operatives. The LEADER wipes the concern from his face, turns around.

LEADER

(in Russian)

They can't have made it through. No one can survive such a fall.

(gestures to his team)

Come on, let's go. Someone will find their bodies at the bottom of the hill.

Soldiers turn away once their curiosity is satisfied. The Leader guides his team from the forest.

40 EXT. BOTTOM OF THE HILL - MOMENTS LATER.

40

The hill shoots Sanguine from it, sending her to skid across the level ground.

Aleksandra somehow angles her boots in a way which props her on her feet, stumbles a bit, but regains her balance.

ALEKSANDRA

I guess we're a bit even, then.

SANGUINE

Yeah. Let's let that remain a secret
between us, shall we?

Aleksandra scoffs, chuckles a little, then smiles. Sanguine can't help but smile either.

They eye a WINDING ROAD which couldn't be more silent, save for the occasional gusts of wind.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

Well, what now?

Aleksandra assesses the situation. She shrugs.

SANGUINE

Shit. Fuck.

Aleksandra mosies on over to Sanguine, helps her to her feet.

Sanguine dusts herself off. Aleksandra puts her hands on her hips, scans the land.

Aleksandra shakes her head. Sanguine regains her breath. Sanguine seems to spy something. Aleksandra tries to read her, she can see it on her face.

SANGUINE

I think I've got something. Follow me.

Aleksandra pensively follows behind Sanguine who softly moves across the street to the dark woods on the other side.

41 EXT. DARK WOODS - MOMENTS LATER.

41

A SNOWMOBILER inches forward, the light dimly illuminating his path.

He lowers his Snowmobile Goggles and squints ahead.

A SHADOWY FIGURE waves her arms for the Snowmobiler to see. He kicks his leg around to dismount and apprehensively approaches-

Aleksandra who stumbles forward, begging, pleading...

ALEKSANDRA

(heavier accent)

Please, mister. You have to help us.
Something just--

WHAM! He ragdolls to the snowy ground. Sanguine reveals herself from behind him, wielding a sizable log. She promptly drops it next to his unconscious body.

ALEKSANDRA (CONT'D)

You didn't even let me finish.

SANGUINE

That was easier than I thought.

ALEKSANDRA

Come on, we're not out of the woods yet.

Sanguine raises her eyebrows at that.

They climb on the Snowmobile and putt away.

The Snowmobile slowly disappears from view.

42 EXT. LARGE, OPEN FIELD - LATER.

42

Sanguine and Aleksandra cut a path through the virgin snow across a vast, wide plain.

SANGUINE

Do you know where the rallying point is?

ALEKSANDRA

I thought you said you didn't want to face your handler.

SANGUINE

I don't think we have a choice.

ALEKSANDRA

There's always a choice.

SANGUINE

You're not suggesting...

ALEKSANDRA

I am. Beat.

SANGUINE

No, we can't.

ALEKSANDRA

Listen, I'm dead if I go back. And I know you might be too.

SANGUINE

Not an option.

ALEKSANDRA

We can disappear together.

SANGUINE

You've gone insane.

ALEKSANDRA

You're insane for wanting to go back.

SANGUINE

Why don't we just link up with our ride out of here and we'll go from there?

ALEKSANDRA

You're telling me you have a plan?

SANGUINE

No, but-- I just don't think they'll execute us for a failed mission. I think I can convince Ri-- my handler...he'll understand. He has to.

ALEKSANDRA

You really believe that?

(beat)

I know I can't go back. They gave me this--

(presents cyanide capsule)

--in case of capture.

SANGUINE

But you didn't.

ALEKSANDRA

No, I didn't.

Aleksandra cranes her neck and looks to her, knowingly. Sanguine feels a sting of guilt.

SANGUINE

Where will you go?

ALEKSANDRA

I don't know. I haven't figured that out just yet. You?

SANGUINE

I have to go back. I'm sorry.

ALEKSANDRA

I understand. Duty is important for you. Just-- don't rule out the possibility your country might turn its back on you. I know my country wouldn't have mine.

SANGUINE

You're expendable.

ALEKSANDRA

So says they. And what do you say?

Sanguine remains silent. Aleksandra takes that as an answer.

The Snowmobile rips through the fresh snow from a distance...

43 EXT. RALLY POINT - LATER.

43

A SILHOUETTE OF A MAN leans up against a PROP PLANE on a small TARMAC.

Aleksandra cuts the power to the Snowmobile. Sanguine unstraddles the machine. Aleksandra follows suit close behind.

The Silhouetted Man does not move a muscle, arms folded. He is their EXTRACTOR (30s). A cocky, suave man who isn't nearly as tough as he thinks he is.

EXTRACTOR

Miles to go before I sleep?

SANGUINE

And many more before I wake.

EXTRACTOR

How we doin'?

ALEKSANDRA

Worse than you, better than we could hope.

EXTRACTOR

I don't know if I like that answer.

SANGUINE

You won't like the other ones we have for you, either.

Sanguine and Aleksandra climb in the plane, The Extractor helps guide them in.

EXTRACTOR

I imagine not. How about you hop in anyway?

He climbs in just behind them.

The Prop Plane coughs smoke before struggling to spin the propellers.

It rolls forward before gaining momentum and lifts itself into the air...

44 EXT. PROP PLANE - NIGHT.

44

The Prop Plane flies at a respectable altitude, nearly perfectly balanced over the cold, unforgiving Ocean.

45 INT. PROP PLANE - CONT.

45

Aleksandra and Sanguine are packed sardines, whether they like it or not. It's cooped up, claustrophobic.

The Extractor guides the plane in the cockpit, more comfortable than our Operatives...

EXTRACTOR

So I notice you don't have our man.

Sanguine and Aleksandra remain silent.

EXTRACTOR

Care to fill me in on the details?

SANGUINE

I would care to.

A cold beat.

EXTRACTOR

Ya gotta give me somethin'.

ALEKSANDRA

He wasn't there.

SANGUINE

It was a fuck-up.

Extractor looks suspicious in the rear-view.

EXTRACTOR
How did it go to shit?

SANGUINE
It was a shit op from the start.

ALEKSANDRA
We got poor intel.

EXTRACTOR
How do you know that?

ALEKSANDRA
I have a feeling.

EXTRACTOR
So we go with gut feelings now, huh?

SANGUINE
Only way you make it in this line of
work, you should know that.

EXTRACTOR
The female intuition...
(beat)
Just tell me something solid.

ALEKSANDRA
Vulture doesn't exist.

Sanguine contorts her face in confusion. She stares at Aleksandra with a curious awe.

EXTRACTOR
What makes you say that?

ALEKSANDRA
It was a false distress signal. This
operation was made to erase us from
existence.

The Extractor feels a sharp pang in his gut.

EXTRACTOR
You've got a paranoid mind...but--
You're right. I'm supposed to see to
that.

SANGUINE
What?

EXTRACTOR

My orders are to dump you both over
the Ocean. Here and now.

Aleksandra looks to Sanguine, unsurprising. Sanguine fights
in her mind to make sense of it.

EXTRACTOR (CONT'D)

You weren't supposed to make it. But,
here we are.

The Extractor sharply swings the controls down and away.

46 EXT. PROP PLANE - CONT. 46

The Plane NOSE-DIVES down and to the right. A full-on FREE-
FALL.

47 INT. PROP PLANE - CONT. 47

The Extractor turns his body to fling open the door. He
pushes a button--

The seatbelts snap off of Sanguine and Aleksandra. Extractor
swerves sharply to the left--

Sanguine props herself to gain leverage, pushing herself away
from the door best as she can.

Aleksandra slides towards the exit door--

Sanguine jabs her leg to stop her in her tracks.

Aleksandra pulls herself away from the door with all her
might.

Extractor looks back to them, time to step up the
maneuvers...

48 EXT. PROP PLANE - CONT. 48

The Plane spirals out of control, barreling towards the dark
abyss of water...

49 INT. PROP PLANE - CONT. 49

The Extractor jabs the steering control to the right, then
immediately to the left--

Sanguine is thrown into the right wall then tossed into the
left wall right by the wide open door...

Aleksandra slides towards the cockpit, then is dropped right on top of Sanguine.

Sanguine forces her arm to block the doorway, and wraps her other around Aleksandra.

Aleksandra gives a look of thanks to Sanguine, then directs her attention to the cock pit.

The Extractor lifts the plane back up to--

50 EXT. PROP PLANE - CONT. 50

--just skid over the water and shoot back into the air, nose to the sky...

51 INT. PROP PLANE - CONT. 51

Sanguine and Aleksandra are deposited clear to the back of the plane with multiple THUDS.

The Extractor levels the plane out.

Aleksandra gains her bearings, Sanguine tends to her wounds briefly, then barely lifts herself...

Extractor jabs to the left, right, and then does a LOOP. Sanguine and Aleksandra are tossed around the plane like ragdolls.

52 EXT. PROP PLANE - CONT. 52

The Prop Plane completes its loop, then levels out.

53 INT. PROP PLANE - CONT. 53

Aleksandra and Sanguine moan and groan on the floor. Sanguine staggers to her feet. Aleksandra weakly lifts herself off the floor...

The Extractor looks back. He jerks the plane to the right. Aleksandra grabs the seat for dear life. Sanguine braces. Sanguine holds her arms out to be ready for impact.

She strongly props her legs to stabilize her body. Sanguine slowly staggers forward like a Frankenstein monster...

Extractor snaps his head around to find-- Sanguine's fist clobbers his face.

His head flings backward. Blood spews from his nose. She

grips his neck from behind. He flails his arms in desperation...

Sanguine cowers behind the pilot's seat.

The water approaches rapidly until-- IMPACT. Extractor's head whiplashes forward.

Aleksandra hangs on tight, but slides violently forward across the floor all the way to the cockpit.

Water fills the broken glass in the cockpit and the side door.

Sanguine checks herself, nothing broken. Aleksandra, still breathing. She thinks...

SANGUINE

Are you all right?

Aleksandra stirs.

ALEKSANDRA

Is there a distress beacon in here?

Sanguine searches all around her. She pulls a FLARE GUN out of the broken emergency box.

SANGUINE

This'll do nicely.

ALEKSANDRA

Let's get out of here.

Sanguine points at a LIFE RAFT RING.

SANGUINE

Grab that first.

Aleksandra snatches up the Life Raft Ring.

Sanguine is pushed back by the rushing water.

Aleksandra swims to the side door, grabbing Sanguine by the hand, she yanks her out. They both swim out together. The Extractor floats lifeless away through the hole in the cockpit.

Sanguine and Aleksandra tread water as best they can. They look all around them. Nothingness.

Sanguine pulls the FLARE GUN up, she pops off the protective sleeve/cap.

She shoots below them. The water illuminates below.

ALEKSANDRA

What did you do that for? That's the wrong direction!

SANGUINE

It's not. Trust me.

ALEKSANDRA

Our salvation comes from above, not below.

They tread water for several beats. Aleksandra looks like she could kill a bitch. Sanguine remains confident.

WHOOSH! SPLASH! A SUBMARINE surfaces after a tense stare-down between the two.

SANGUINE

I beg to differ.

ALEKSANDRA

I might owe you that drink after all.

Sanguine raises one eyebrow to her. They help each other swim aboard the SUBMARINE.

SANGUINE

I'm gonna hold you to that.

A SKIPPER (50s) emerges from the top hatch. He's a battle hardened veteran with a rough exterior but a softy on the inside.

SKIPPER

Miles to go before I sleep?

SANGUINE

Just let us the fuck aboard.

The Skipper glares them down a moment. He shrugs.

SKIPPER

Good enough for me.

Aleksandra and Sanguine lean on each other as they stumble over to the hatch. The Skipper eases them down...

54 INT. SUBMARINE - MOMENTS LATER.

54

Aleksandra, Sanguine, and the Skipper all climb down the ladder, in that order.

They are immediately greeted with towels. They cease their shivering after drying off a bit.

SKIPPER

What brings you ladies aboard?

SANGUINE

It's a helluva story.

SKIPPER

I got time.

ALEKSANDRA

We would really appreciate some rest,
if that could be possible.

The Skipper stares them down a beat.

SKIPPER

Yeah, yeah! By all means. Please.

He shows the way to their QUARTERS.

Other SEAMEN gawk as they pass on by. The women are probably few and far between maritime...

55 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER.

55

Skipper shows them to their beds. Aleksandra plops right down. Sanguine stands by her bed, smiles and nods to the Skipper.

SKIPPER

Here you are. Let me know if there's
anything I can do. Give any of us a
holler.

SANGUINE

Much obliged.

ALEKSANDRA

Thank you.

SKIPPER

I'm not gonna let you get away with
it, though.

Aleksandra and Sanguine exchange glances.

SANGUINE

Sorry, what?

SKIPPER

You owe me that story when you're rested.

SANGUINE

Oh. Heh-heh. Right. Of course.

SKIPPER

Can't help myself. Anyway, sorry. I'll leave ya to it. Seriously, you need anything. Let me know.

ALEKSANDRA

Thanks.

SANGUINE

Appreciate it.

The Skipper seals the door shut. Sanguine and Aleksandra meekly glance to each other.

Sanguine makes her bed. Aleksandra cozies up to hers.

ALEKSANDRA

Do you have a man back home? Family?

SANGUINE

Yeah. I do. A son and a daughter. My husband, he-- He told me they might not be there when I get back.

ALEKSANDRA

I'm sorry to hear that.

Sanguine sorely rolls into her bed. Aleksandra props herself up a bit.

SANGUINE

Eh, it was bound to happen. Those types of things just don't last. Not with what we do... (beat) What about you?

ALEKSANDRA

No. Not for me.

(beat)

How long have you liked women?

SANGUINE

(taken aback)

What? Me? No. No, I--I think you've got it all-- you're mistaken.

Aleksandra's stare pierces through her soul.

SANGUINE

I told you, I have a family.

(beat)

How did you know?

ALEKSANDRA

I can tell these things.

Sanguine rises from bed, paces across the small, confined room, sits on Aleksandra's bed who watches her all the way.

SANGUINE

I...don't have a preference.

ALEKSANDRA

Now you're talking.

Aleksandra sits up, caresses Sanguine's face with her hand for a soft beat. She goes in for a passionate kiss.

Sanguine's into it. She pulls her closer, tighter.

Neither woman can keep their hands off each other.

They tear off each other's clothes.

Sanguine pounces on her. Aleksandra squeezes her ass tightly. Sanguine feels her body up and down.

Aleksandra turns the tables. Now she's on top. She dives back in for an aggressive kiss.

Sanguine forces herself to be on top again. She slides herself down Aleksandra's body.

She goes down on her as we pull away...

56 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - MUCH LATER.

56

Sanguine cuddles with Aleksandra who props up on one elbow,

softly stroking Sanguine up and down her body...

ALEKSANDRA

No preference?

SANGUINE

I don't prefer one over the other.

ALEKSANDRA

So both, then?

Sanguine nods.

ALEKSANDRA

You must enjoy one more than the next.

SANGUINE

Men. Women. All the same to me.

Beat.

ALEKSANDRA

I think I always knew I liked girls.
Not to mention, less complicated.

SANGUINE

Men are simple. But we know ourselves.

Aleksandra huffs.

ALEKSANDRA

Right.

Sanguine lightly chuckles. Aleksandra's hand goes further south this time...

SANGUINE

Mm. Don't tempt the beast. It's insatiable.

ALEKSANDRA

I don't tempt.

Aleksandra might have slipped a finger in...

SANGUINE

Mmm. Tease, then.

ALEKSANDRA

Am I...teasing you?

She starts massaging her...

SANGUINE
You are such a fucking asshole.

ALEKSANDRA
Don't threaten me with a good time.

Sanguine raises her eyebrows to that.

SANGUINE
Ooh.

We leave them as Sanguine moans, they start making out...

57 INT. SUBMARINE - MORNING.

57

Skipper checks in with his crew who slave away at their stations.

Aleksandra and Sanguine march to the Control Room where Skipper stands at attention for them...

SKIPPER
Ladies.

SANGUINE
Man.

ALEKSANDRA
Sir.

They look at each other and chuckle.

SKIPPER
Right...

They immediately feel the guilt and stop.

SKIPPER
I'm gonna get right down to it... we can't bring you in just yet. As it so happens, we're on a sensitive mission ourselves.

ALEKSANDRA
Okay.

SANGUINE
What's the objective?

SKIPPER

It's uh...classified.

SANGUINE

You're really not going to tell two covert operatives the objective of your mission?

SKIPPER

All due respect, it's just not information I'm at liberty to divulge, to anyone. Unfortunately, present company included.

ALEKSANDRA

Well...Can we help in any way?

SKIPPER

Ah, we've got it covered, but... we'll be sure to keep you in the know.

Puzzled, Aleksandra and Sanguine glance at one another.

SANGUINE

All right. Well...we'll be here. Not goin' anywhere, I don't think.

SKIPPER

Heh. Yeah, I imagine not...

ALEKSANDRA

Only one place to go.

SKIPPER

Ha! Right! That's good.

(to Sanguine)

She's good.

SANGUINE

Well. You know where to find us.

SKIPPER

That I do. By the way, we'll be sure to whip up some grub for ya. You've got to be hurtin' for some sustenance.

SANGUINE

We're indebted to you.

ALEKSANDRA

Truly grateful.

Skipper nods to them as they turn down the hallway.

SKIPPER
 (to his crew)
 All right, set a course. Let's get a
 move on, gentlemen!

Sanguine nods her head to Aleksandra to follow. They march
 back to their Quarters.

58 INT. QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER.

58

Aleksandra seals the door shut behind her.

SANGUINE
 Does that feel right to you?

Aleksandra sensually rubs Sanguine's arms as she softly
 approaches her.

ALEKSANDRA
 You feel right to me.

SANGUINE
 I'm serious.

Aleksandra backs off, stands down.

ALEKSANDRA
 After our extraction, I'm hesitant to
 place trust in anyone at this point.

SANGUINE
 What's our move, then?

ALEKSANDRA
 I mean, what is there to do? We're
 trapped in a steel tube deep beneath
 the sea.

SANGUINE
 I know, that's my point. I don't like
 this one bit. We need to do something
 about our current predicament.

ALEKSANDRA
 Given the circumstances, what is our
 choice? We can't just commandeer a
 sub.

Sanguine raises an eyebrow to that.

ALEKSANDRA
No, are you mental?

SANGUINE
You can't be sane in our line of work.

ALEKSANDRA
Even so...

SANGUINE
Follow my lead.

ALEKSANDRA
I will not. That is asking too much.

Sanguine gives her an urging look.

ALEKSANDRA
We don't even have any weapons!

SANGUINE
Weapons on a sub is dangerous anyhow.

ALEKSANDRA
You don't have to tell me...

SANGUINE
Just...trust me. Okay?

ALEKSANDRA
What did we just say about trust?

SANGUINE
We're all we have left. No one else.
You know this. That's all there's
been. You and me.

Aleksandra ponders this...

59 INT. SUB - MOMENTS LATER.

59

Sanguine and Aleksandra emerge from their Quarters.

They pace on by SEAMEN who slave away at their stations.

Sanguine side-glances a HENCHMAN who sports a SUBMACHINE GUN slung over his shoulder, armed at the ready.

She throws her glance to Aleksandra who catches it... They do not slow their pace as they approach Skipper.

SKIPPER

Ladies, to what do I owe the--

Sanguine knees Skipper in the GROIN.

Aleksandra swiftly knees the Henchman in the GUT. She swings the Submachine Gun around him, jabs it up to his neck.

The Henchman gasps for breath, clutching at his neck as he falls to his knees.

Sanguine pulls Skipper around, using him as a human shield. She spins him in the direction of a RUSHING HENCHMAN from the other side.

Aleksandra aims her newfound Submachine Gun towards the Rushing Henchman who slams on the brakes. He takes aim at her...

SANGUINE

Drop the gun, lest you want your
Skipper's brains to scatter the
floors.

The Rushed Henchman's eyes dart to the Crew who all beg and plead with their eyes.

He reluctantly coughs up the Submachine Gun, offers it to Sanguine on the floor towards her feet.

Sanguine nods her head to the gun. Aleksandra fetches it for her.

She shoves Skipper to the Henchman, they awkwardly bump into each other.

Sanguine kicks up the SMG and aims it at the Skipper.

SANGUINE

This is our ship now. Anyone who has
an issue can eat a bullet.

The Skipper wears a Poker face, assures his crew with his calm, cool collection.

The Crew all nods, takes a breath, returns to their work. Still apprehensive, like they can feel a presence lurking towards them from behind...

SKIPPER

You know what you're doing here?

SANGUINE

We'll ask the questions here.

A tense beat as they stare each other down...

ALEKSANDRA

What's the mission? For the last time...

The Skipper looks around to his men--

SKIPPER

Our orders were to bring you in, if we found you.

SANGUINE

You were in touch with our contact?

SKIPPER

He was to deposit you in the water, a radius of 30 nautical miles around here. We were instructed to gather your bodies... dead or alive. Seems he didn't fail his task, necessarily...

Aleksandra and Sanguine briefly glance at one another, guns still trained on the Skipper...

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

Nevertheless, Imagine our surprise when you were climbing aboard our ship, still drawing breath.

ALEKSANDRA

What were your orders following achieving your objective?

The Rushed Henchman quietly presses a distress beacon behind his back...

SKIPPER

We had to show proof-- of your custody...

60 INT. TORPEDO ROOM - SECONDS LATER.

60

A TORPEDO ROOM GUARD looks up from his work to find-- A BLINKING RED LIGHT. A silent alarm...

He arms his SUB-MACHINE GUN at the ready, cocks it back...

61 INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

61

Skipper continues--

SKIPPER
--or your time of death.

The Rushed Henchman releases a drawn-out breath when he realizes...Sanguine and Aleksandra didn't see... Aleksandra and Sanguine side-glance one another. Do they waste this fool?

SANGUINE
Who were you ordered to bring us to?
When it was all done.

Skipper takes a deep breath...

Sanguine cocks back the gun, sharply points it at him.

SKIPPER
Who do you think set this all in
motion?

She is seething internally. Aleksandra can see it. She lowers Sanguine's gun roughly, then smoothly.

Sanguine allows it. Aleksandra shakes her head. Not today...

Someone emerges from behind Skipper and the Henchman-- It's the TORPEDO ROOM GUARD.

TORPEDO GUARD
Move!

They part. He takes aim at them--

Aleksandra's eyes light up. Sanguine raises her gun- The Control Room ERUPTS with GUNFIRE.

Bullets scatter about, ricochet across the room- The Henchman catches one on the forehead. He slinks lifeless to the floor.

Sanguine dives out of the room, takes cover behind the wall in the next room.

Skipper rushes to cover. The Guard suppresses Sanguine's position for him.

The Guard slips the magazine out, reaches for another--

Sanguine peeks out from cover, sees Skipper--

She unloads her magazine on his position, he cowers deeper into cover.

Sanguine spies the Guard who slaps the fresh magazine in--

She hauls back, unleashes her gun through the air--

It SMACKS the Guard in the face, his body launches back--

Sanguine sprints towards him, his head pops up--

She smashes his head against the floor, punches his face, then grabs ahold of his head, forces it to the right, then jams it into a VALVE to the left, crushing his skull. A fatal blow...

Suddenly, she's grabbed from behind-- it's Skipper. She clutches at his arms, he squeezes her tighter.

Sanguine tries to pull him over her head, he resists. She elbows his gut, little to no effect.

Sanguine's losing breath, she's running out of options... She desperately spins him 180 degrees--

A GUNSHOT POPS OFF. A penny-sized hole rips through Skipper's forehead. Blood spews behind his head. He thuds to the floor.

Sanguine looks down at the ground below her, just by the doorway- It's Aleksandra. And she's hit...

Sanguine looks to a CREWMAN who eyes the Guard's SMG on the ground...

They both dive for it. He has it in his clutches... She tugs it back towards her, he tries to snag it back--

Sanguine shoves the butt of the gun at his face, it CRUNCHES his nose. Blood flows from it...

She drives a forceful kick to his chest, he stumbles backward.

Sanguine pumps TWO in his chest, ONE to the head. He slumps lifeless to the floor.

She rushes to Aleksandra's side, who's pouring blood... The rest of the CREW are too horrified to move. They're frozen in their seats. Necks craned to them.

SANGUINE
Aleksandra.

ALEKSANDRA
(weakly)
Your suspicions were correct.

SANGUINE
I'm sorry. I didn't want to be right.

ALEKSANDRA
Like I said, only one way to go...

SANGUINE
It didn't have to...it shouldn't--

The tears take over her. The life is drained from Aleksandra...

ALEKSANDRA
(weakly)
Vegan...You have to go.

Sanguine almost laughs through the tears.

SANGUINE
I can't let you...you can still-- I can--

ALEKSANDRA
Don't let them own you.

SANGUINE
Aleksandra...it's Severine. My name is Severine.

Aleksandra weakly smiles. It quickly fades.

Sanguine is an emotional trainwreck.

Aleksandra's last breath slips from her. She stiffens.

Sanguine is overcome with emotion.

The CREW looks to one another. Should we make a move?

SANGUINE
No...don't--

CREWMEMBERS slowly rise from their seats...

Sanguine feels a presence, she quickly snaps around--
 She sharply points Aleksandra's SMG towards them.

SANGUINE

Not a move. I'm warning you.

Sanguine cocks it back, a casing flies from the chamber, it dances to the floor. The only sound that echoes about the room...

She side steps towards the TORPEDO ROOM end of the Sub...
 Sanguine backs up, away from the Crew who have their hands up, eyes darting to each other...

62 INT. TORPEDO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

62

Sanguine spies multiple CREWMEMBERS who stare at her as she backs into the room.

She seals the door shut, slams the lock home. Sanguine spins to find--

A TORPEDO OPERATOR. He freezes in his tracks. She aims the gun right at him. His arms fly up--

SANGUINE

I'm getting out of here. And you're gonna help me.

His mouth agape, he nods hurriedly.

63 INT. TORPEDO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

63

Sanguine now dons a SCUBA SUIT and awaits the Operator to prepare the torpedo tube for her.

He loads up a MINI-SUBMERSIBLE VEHICLE into the tube. It looks just like a TORPEDO with room for a pilot to steer and a propeller.

Sanguine finishes donning her gear. She fastens a light to her head, goggles, mask, and holsters an UNDERWATER PISTOL.

He locks in the vehicle in the torpedo bay and gives a thumbs up to Sanguine. She nods to him and loads herself in. The Operator turns a lever, a knob, cranks a pressurizer.

A RED LIGHT flashes. It promptly turns GREEN. Ready to fire. He smashes the button.

64 EXT. SUBMARINE - CONT.

64

Sanguine's submersible jets out the front of the long tube. She pilots it forward through the dark, cold, still water.

Lights flicker on from the front, illuminating the abyss. Bubbles fade from the torpedo bay. The Sub remains still as Sanguine's tiny sub juts forward...

Sanguine's scuba flippers flop and whoosh behind the submersible in the dim and steady glow of the dark Ocean slightly illuminated by the forward lights of the sub from whence she came..

65 EXT. DEPTHS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DEAD OF NIGHT.

65

The submersible slowly putts forward. Sanguine steadily guides it along.

Nothing awaits Sanguine ahead, save for a school of fish that bubbles ahead...

They scatter at the sight of her.

Sanguine searches for any dangers that might loom ahead...

She finds nothing. The calm emptiness of the Ocean is no comfort to her, it's actually quite unsettling...

The water, the dark abyss is completely still, empty a moment.

Sanguine squints ahead, sure to find something.

Specks float in the water, lit up by the torch. Bubbles rise from the Trench to the surface.

A faint silhouette sways from side to side, rushing towards her.

The headlights flicker until they die. Pitch black.

The engine sputters and dies. She smacks the side of the submersible, with no effect.

The lights beam back on to show--

A SHARK with its mouth wide, ready to consume her whole.

Sanguine swipes for her HARPOON slung over her back. She slips, clutches it back. She raises it to--

The Shark rams her with its nose. The point of the harpoon stabs the shark, but it bounces off and dives to the Ocean floor.

Sanguine regains her composure after being thrust back by the Shark's blow.

The Shark spins around for another go at her...

She yanks up the underwater pistol--

The Shark opens up, sporting razor blade teeth.

Sanguine takes aim--

The Shark lunges at her--

She lets loose as many rounds as her trigger finger can pull--

The Shark is peppered with rounds...it staggers backwards.

The pistol is emptied of all bullets, the slide catches.

Rejuvenated, the shark makes another pass--

Sanguine tosses the pistol into the shark's mouth.

The Shark takes a sharp turn, down and away from Sanguine. Bigger fish to fry? Perhaps.

She makes a break for the surface--

66 EXT. SURFACE OF THE OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

66

Soft splashes and sounds of the choppiness of the ocean.

It's quiet, but the constant noise of the ocean is heard.

A SPLASH. Sanguine emerges from below.

She takes off her scuba goggles and removes her oxygen tube from her mouth as she wades in place.

Sanguine pulls an inflatable RESCUE RAFT from her gear.

She yanks a LEVER which instantly inflates and expands the raft.

Sanguine pulls herself up and squirms, wiggles into it.

SANGUINE
Ugh. Shit. Fuck.

She gains her bearings, cozies up to a corner.

Sanguine is too exhausted to guide the raft. She lets it drift along the ocean waves...

67 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN. 67

Sanguine groggily wakes before--

SHUDDERING. She frantically searches around her. Just a lot of water. And nothingness for miles...

She pulls a WATER BOTTLE from her tactical bag. She sips it, careful to ration it out.

Sanguine lets out a sigh, an exasperated groan.

68 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - RAFT - LATER. 68

Sanguine tries to guide the raft as best she can.

She fishes out an MRE from the bag. It has crackers with jam, a ranger bar, chili with beans, a spoon, and a flameless heater.

Sanguine prepares the meal, she devours it. But is sure to leave the ranger bar and crackers with jam for later...

She washes it down with a little bit of her water before--

A larger wave smacks the side of the raft--

Sanguine is pushed to the side, the water spills a bit.

The crackers are washed away. She desperately searches the raft for the ranger bar.

It's gone. Her heart sinks.

SANGUINE
Fucking...fuck!

Aerial view of Sanguine in her tiny raft, with no one and nothing around her for as far as the eye can see...

69 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - RAFT - LATER. 69

Sanguine is sprawled out on the raft, sun beating down on

her.

The raft is carried by the occasional wave.

She lifts the water bottle to her mouth, a wave crashes down upon her. Filling the water bottle with Ocean water.

Sanguine tosses the water bottle out.

SANGUINE

Jesus fuck!

She pouts alone in her raft. She looks about her. Only the horizon can be seen.

Sanguine lets out a long sigh. She might die out here.

70 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - RAFT - LATER.

70

Sanguine lazily looks out towards the endless horizon of salt water.

A SWORDFISH dives out of the water, startling her. It dives back down into the water.

It jumps back out, stabbing the raft with its pointed bill, popping the raft.

The raft rapidly deflates, displacing Sanguine back in the water.

She treads it weakly, but just barely keeping herself afloat.

Sanguine struggles, groaning, moaning and grunting to keep her mouth above the water.

SANGUINE

Eh! Ugh! Help!

No one is around to hear her. She fights the pull of the water, her head bobbing up and below the surface.

She tries to calm herself down, reminding herself of her training.

Sanguine talks herself down from her mini panic attack.

She calmly accepts her fate.

Sanguine then feels a presence about her. She spins her body to allow her head a 360 radius, range of sight.

She sees something. What is it?

SANGUINE (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey! Over here!

Sanguine waves her arms as high as she can above the water.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)
Help! Please!

Off in the distance, faintly, A YACHT presents itself.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)
Hello! Over there! Over here! Please!
Help me!

Sanguine frantically waves her arms, a last ditch effort.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)
Heeeyyyyy!!!!

The Yacht redirects course. Is it heading towards her?

71 EXT. YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

71

The Yacht pulls up next to Sanguine. She lets out a sigh of relief as it does.

SANGUINE
Ugh. Please, can I come aboard?

A CAPTAIN (30s) of the Yacht presents himself, hands on his hips. He's quite proud to be her salvation...

CAPTAIN
What brings you out to these dangerous waters?

SANGUINE
Help me aboard your ship, and I'll tell you.

CAPTAIN
Come on, I'll pull you in.

He extends a helping hand. She grasps it and climbs aboard.

72 EXT. YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

72

Sanguine, wrapped in a towel, sits on a poolside chair on the bow of the ship.

The Captain reclines in his seat, sipping an exotic beverage.

SALLY (30s) carries a glass of water to Sanguine. She's the Captain's wife, a rich hag. Not much better than the Captain himself...

SALLY

My god, you must be exhausted.

SANGUINE

You have no idea.

CAPTAIN

So, tell us about it.

SANGUINE

I really can't.

CAPTAIN

You know, I did save you...

SANGUINE

I work for the US government. Covert affairs.

The Captain leans forward in his chair, intrigued.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

I was on a sensitive diplomatic mission...everything went wrong. When you found me, I was stranded. On a raft. In the middle of the fucking ocean...it was--

Sanguine is choked up before she can continue...

SALLY

Oh, dear...

Sally consoles Sanguine as best she can, she rubs her back, looks to Captain who shakes his head...

SALLY (CONT'D)

You don't have to tell us.

CAPTAIN

No, I'd like her to go on...please.

Sally throws him a glare. He shrugs, eggs her on.

SANGUINE

There's really not much more I can tell you.

The Captain yanks up a SIX-SHOOTER, pulls back the hammer.

CAPTAIN

You will.

SALLY

Are you fucking serious?

SANGUINE

It's fine.

Sanguine assures Sally.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

You're not the first person to point a gun at me today. God, I think it was today...

CAPTAIN

I'll be the last if you don't tell me what the fuck happened.

Sanguine holds on that a beat...

SANGUINE

My own government has turned on me. I'm on the run. I don't know where to turn. Even my own saviors serve me the wrong end of the barrel...

CAPTAIN

Tell me more.

SANGUINE

I was on a joint operation with Bosnian special forces. Aleksandra, was her name. We were-- our objective was to rescue, or kill, code name Vulture.

The Captain's eyes light up.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

We never found him. He was supposed to be--

BANG! The Captain lets loose a round that catches Sanguine on

the chest.

She slumps backward off the chair and topples to the deck.

SALLY

Ah! Oh my god! What have you--

BLAM! Sally instantly thuds to the floor, her lifeless head snaps backward, her eyes roll into her head, a dime sized hole in her forehead.

The Captain inches forward, revolver pointed at Sanguine's motionless body.

He towers over her, studies her eternal rest.

STAB! The Captain's eyes flare up, his mouth agape. Sounds barely escape as he's breathless...

Sanguine yanks her knife from his BALLS with a SLICE.

The Captain topples to the floor with a thud.

Sanguine pulls herself off the wood, pinches the slug from her Kevlar.

She crushes his wrist with her foot, yanks the revolver from his hand.

CAPTAIN

Ugh!

Sanguine studies the Six-Shooter. Admires it, even.

SANGUINE

Captain, is it? Or should I call you...

He looks up with disdain, and excruciating pain...

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

Craig? James? Or, was it-- Vulture?

VULTURE

You weren't supposed to--

SANGUINE

I know, I know. Everyone's been telling me. How did you do it?

VULTURE

I made myself scarce.

SANGUINE

I can see that. Started a life for yourself.

VULTURE

You and that operative were going to do the same, weren't you?

SANGUINE

You know...we weren't even going to escape. We were going to do our job, as we were called upon.

VULTURE

I saw the writing on the wall. I had to get out.

SANGUINE

I'm starting to see that myself.

VULTURE

Why don't you?

SANGUINE

You pulled me back in.

VULTURE

I didn't do anything.

SANGUINE

Agh. My husband wanted me out. I couldn't stay away. I told him--

VULTURE

Country before everything. Even family.

SANGUINE

Essentially.

VULTURE

Hmm. Riggs won't allow you to escape.

SANGUINE

He's determined. I know.

VULTURE

But yet, you do his bidding.

SANGUINE
You forced my hand.

VULTURE
Call it what you will.

SANGUINE
It's what it is.

Beat.

VULTURE
What will you do now?

SANGUINE
I'm gonna drive your yacht back
ashore. I've had enough of the ocean.

VULTURE
And then?

SANGUINE
I have to confront Riggs.

VULTURE
If he wants you dead, you're dead.

SANGUINE
You evaded his grasp, for a time.

VULTURE
You saw to that.

SANGUINE
Hmm. Which way's shore?

VULTURE
I have GPS. We're not in the dark
ages, you know.

SANGUINE
In a sense, you're wrong.

Beat.

VULTURE
Will you kill me?

SANGUINE
You didn't leave me with a better
alternative, incidentally.

VULTURE

Get on with it, then.

Sanguine looks all around her. No witnesses.

She clicks the hammer back--

SANGUINE

You have no one to blame but--

He swipes her feet out from underneath her. She falls flat on her back.

Vulture pounces on her. He squeezes her neck tight.

Her soul escapes her, she tightly pulls the revolver up slowly, but he's crushing her...

Sanguine's face becomes redder as veins show on his face, pressuring her as much as he can with his body weight.

The revolver comes up to an angle which--

POW! lines right up with his chin. The bullet travels through his skull and out the top of his head. Brain and skull fragments fly out and spray about.

Vulture slumps forward, off Sanguine. She rolls away, gasping for air.

Sanguine finally catches her breath after taking oxygen in deeply.

73 INT. YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

73

Sanguine finds herself at the controls.

A GPS map shows the coast of Florida is 967 miles away.

She plots a course. The engine smoothly guides her forward.

74 INT. YACHT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

74

Sanguine throws open the REFRIGERATOR door, scours it for food.

She sets her sights on some fruit. She scarfs it down, washes it down with water.

Sanguine busts into a coughing fit. She ate too fast.

She slides to the floor, leaning up against a cabinet.

Sanguine catches her breath a moment.

She lets herself revel in the silent a moment, save for the soft humming of the ship.

Sanguine allows herself to feel her emotions. After wallowing, she breaks down. Buries her face in her hands, sobbing.

A wave of memories wash over her. She can't take it.

75 EXT. YACHT - DUSK.

75

Sanguine tosses Sally overboard. She watches her body sink into the Ocean.

SANGUINE

You didn't deserve this. Rest easy.

She then turns her attention to Vulture.

Sanguine props up his body, carries him over her shoulders.

She drops him over the side, he careens off the starboard hull.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

Good fuckin' riddance. Prick.

Sanguine looks to his dive into the depths with disdain.

76 EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - THE NEXT DAY

76

Sanguine eases the Yacht into the harbor.

Some DOCK HANDS assist in bringing the Yacht to a stop and tie it up.

Sanguine glides down the ramp and sets foot on the dock.

SANGUINE

Thanks.

The Dock Hands nod to her, but expect a tip. They'll get none.

SANGUINE (cont'd) Sorry, I would, but...I don't have any money.

They examine the Yacht and look back to her in confusion.
She knows how it looks, but struts on...

77 EXT. CUSTOMS - MIAMI BEACH - CONT.

77

Sanguine approaches a BORDER PATROL GUARD. He frowns at her.

SANGUINE

Morning, sir.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Let's see some identification.

SANGUINE

I didn't wanna do this, but...I don't need it and you don't wanna go through this, either.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

I do. It's required by law--

SANGUINE

I'm with the NSA. Code name: Sanguine. Go ahead, call it in.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Not every day you get that. (radios in)

I'm gonna need some backup here.

SANGUINE

Backup? What are you--

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Relax, Miss. Standard operating procedure.

SANGUINE

Look, I don't have time for this.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

I've got plenty of time.

SANGUINE

Ugh.

Sanguine knows it's about to be hours before she gets what she wants...she shifts her weight on her other leg and places her hands on her hips.

The Border Patrol Agent folds his arms, his eyes narrow on her...

78 EXT. CUSTOMS - LATER.

78

The Border Agent's CAPTAIN (40s) stands by, on a satellite phone. Awaiting confirmation.

BORDER CAPTAIN

Okay. Checks out. You're free to go.

SANGUINE

Thanks, guys. Another win for border safety.

She rolls her eyes and scoffs.

BORDER CAPTAIN

Proper channels next time, ma'am.

SANGUINE

Ugh, if you only knew.

Sanguine stomps off toward the parking lot. She looks about her.

79 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONT.

79

Sanguine scampers off toward an UNSUSPECTING MAN in his car.

She approaches the driver's side door.

SANGUINE

Sir, I'm gonna need your car.

UNSUSPECTING MAN

Um, what?

SANGUINE

I'm with the NSA and it's important business. The government is in need of your car.

UNSUSPECTING MAN

I'm not just gonna let you--

Sanguine slams his head into the steering wheel, blood pours from his nose.

SANGUINE

Next time I ask isn't gonna be so

nice.

UN SUSPECTING MAN
Jesus H. Fuck--

Sanguine tosses him from his car and slides in the driver's seat.

UN SUSPECTING MAN (CONT'D)
God damn, lady!

She screeches off in the car, the unsuspecting man begging and pleading from the asphalt.

80 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT.

80

Sanguine drives up the highway, weaving around cars. She's a woman on a mission...

A HELICOPTER appears from above. A SPOTLIGHT shines down upon her.

She's swarmed by BLACK UNDERCOVER VEHICLES, flashing RED AND BLUE lights.

They box her in. Nowhere to go.

SANGUINE
Of course.

ARMED AGENTS surround her car, pointing AR-15s at her.

She raises her arms in surrender.

81 INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER.

81

Sanguine sits alone at a barren table and cold steel seat.

Her arms are folded, impatiently waiting what's to come.

The door swings open--

It's RIGGS.

SANGUINE
I was coming to see you anyway.

RIGGS
I figured.

SANGUINE

But, here you are. You came to me.

RIGGS

I couldn't keep you on the loose.

SANGUINE

Why did you do it?

RIGGS

We're fazing out our operatives. One by one.

SANGUINE

You could have done this in a simpler way.

RIGGS

I needed you to take out Vulture for me. Or bring him to me. You achieved that.

SANGUINE

Congratulations. You used me. You got what you wanted. Now what?

RIGGS

You know, you could prove yourself useful yet. I'm not so ready to lose you.

SANGUINE

Give it a rest. Just do it.

RIGGS

There is one thing I can use to keep you in the game. RIGGS (cont'd) I'm not prepared to go so low, but I am willing to spring it on you if need be.

SANGUINE

You wouldn't.

RIGGS

Oh, I think we both know, I would.

A stare-down.

SANGUINE

Just tell me what it is you need and

let's get on with it.

RIGGS

I need you to complete the list.

SANGUINE

I can't do that.

RIGGS

My best operatives are waiting for my go-ahead, and they'll be at your residence in an instant. A snap of my fingers, and it's done.

SANGUINE

You want me to take care of all of the agents in your outfit, or you'll murder my family in cold blood?

RIGGS

You put it so simply. But in so many words, yes.

SANGUINE

Does that include the operatives who are waiting to storm my house with your blessing?

RIGGS

Oh, no. I couldn't afford to lose them. I just told you, they're my best.

SANGUINE

So, I'm not your best, huh? You wound me, Riggs.

RIGGS

Oh, don't take it so personal. I just might reinstate your good name if you do this wonderful favor for me, my sweet.

SANGUINE

You're disgusting.

RIGGS

Honey, you've got a thing or two to learn about the way this works. You think you're tough, hot shit. But girl, you've got a ways to go.

SANGUINE

You got names and locations, or shall
you go on with your insults?

RIGGS

My team will provide the infil/exfil.
You take care of the rest.

SANGUINE

Consider it done.

RIGGS

That's my girl.

Sanguine glares him down. Riggs wears a shit eating grin...

82 INT. UNDERCOVER VEHICLE - NIGHT.

82

Sanguine rides bitch with heavily armored AGENTS at her side.
They're completely masked up, armed to the teeth.

She sits bound, cuffed and chained to a metal bar that sits
at her feet.

Sanguine stares dead forward, as does her riding companions.

SANGUINE

Where are we headed?

The DRIVER (30s) eyes her in the rear-view. He's a wise-ass.

DRIVER

You let us worry about the
destination, you concern yourself with
the...neutralization of your targets.

She shuts herself up. Dumb question.

Sanguine looks to each Agent flanking her on both sides.

They continue to stare ahead. Brick walls.

The Undercover GMC Yukon creeps to a halt. Have they arrived?

DRIVER (cont'd) Okay, don't move a muscle. We're at the
insertion point. Sit tight.

Sanguine remains silent. She awaits their freeing her.

The Driver gets out, pops the trunk.

DRIVER (O.S.)
 We'll turn ya loose. But you gotta
 promise to behave.

She nods. The Agents unhook her cuffs.

Sanguine swiftly snatches up the metal bar the cuffs were
 chained to--

She swipes, smacks the Agent to her left who grunts. She
 smashes the Agent to her right in the throat, who moans.

The Driver slams the trunk and sprints to the passenger door.
 He swings it open when she--

JABS the metal rod in his face. He flies backward.

She pulls the rod back to hold the other two Agents in their
 seats, she swings under it, and pushes it to align with their
 throats.

Sanguine uses all her might to CRUNCH their Adam's apples.

Blood oozes from their mouths, she delivers a crushing blow
 with it to both.

She kicks the door back open, pounces on the driver who grabs
 her leg.

Sanguine brings the rod down on his face. She jabs, jabs,
 jabs once more until his face CAVES IN.

Satisfied, she drops the rod on the ground with the cuffs.

Sanguine stomps to the trunk, lifts it open. Plenty of
 weapons, gear and ammo for her. It's to her liking, she
 smiles.

83 INT. UNDERCOVER VEHICLE - LATER.

83

Sanguine drives on, with purpose. Speeding. Glaring into the
 darkness barely illuminated ahead. We know where she's
 headed.

84 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER.

84

She creeps ahead a bit and slowly places the vehicle in park.

Sanguine slides out and makes her way to the rear. She opens
 up the trunk, dons her gear, locks and loads her weapons.

85 EXT. COUNTRY SIDE OUTSIDE HER CHALET - EARLY MORNING. 85

We return to Sanguine from when we joined her in the beginning...

Armed to the teeth, she sneaks on past a grouping of trees.

She creeps up behind an OPERATIVE, cocks back the butt of the gun with her arms, and jams it in the Operative's face.

His head flies back, and he tumbles to the grass.

Sanguine pounces on him and finishes the job with another blow.

She creeps forward, guided by her night vision.

Sanguine moves swiftly about the yard, tactically.

86 EXT. CHALET - MOMENTS LATER. 86

An UNSUSPECTING AGENT paces in her front yard, guarding, but bored.

He cranes his head to her direction when--

PFFT! His head flings back as a bullet whizzes through it.

She slides, catches his body before it crumbles to the dirt.

Sanguine drags the body behind a bush, searching for other operatives.

87 EXT. CHALET - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER. 87

An UNENTHUSIASTIC OPERATIVE takes a nice drag of a cigarette next to the backdoor of the house.

PEW! His head is tagged by her suppressed weapon and he tumbles into the bushes.

She tiptoes to the backdoor, catches it to silently open it, and swings herself in, guiding the door softly shut.

88 INT. CHALET - SCREEN PORCH - SECONDS LATER. 88

Sanguine flips up her night vision and slips in the house through the screened in porch.

89 INT. CHALET - CONT.

89

Sanguine creeps in and immediately sees a SURPRISED OPERATIVE. In a flash, his mouth opens, he swings his weapon--

PFFT! PFFT! Chest and head shots respectively. He goes down. Bullet casings dance on the floor below her.

An ALERTED OPERATIVE raises his weapon and takes aim at Sanguine.

She snaps her head to her left, spots him down the hallway.

The Alarmed Operative is able to get a round off before--

Sanguine lets loose three **PFFT PFFT PFFT!** Chest, chest, head.

She clutches at her arm, it grazed her shoulder and punctured the wall behind her.

SANGUINE
(sharp whisper)
Agh! Fuck! Shit!

Sanguine hears whispers from upstairs--

AWARE OPERATIVE (O.S.)
Go check it out!

She desperately searches for a cloth to wrap her shoulder with.

The soft footsteps pattering down the stairs cut her search short.

Sanguine dives past the kitchen, through the doorway which provides an advantageous view of the stairs coming down...

THE AWARE OPERATIVE shows himself through the railing, spying the dead Operative, and the dim light coming from the kitchen.

Sanguine takes aim at him as he clears the room.

PEW, PEW! Both shots just miss him, but it draws his attention to her.

SANGUINE
Shit!

He lays down suppressive fire on her position. She dives deeper into cover.

The bullets pepper the wood and drywall all around her, discombobulating her.

She leans back out, fires a couple shots that land behind him as he slides into cover behind some furniture.

Sanguine pops her head up, he's still behind his cover.

She lets loose all over the couch, hoping to penetrate.

The casings ring as they clatter on the floor.

BUH-BOOM. The body crumbles to the floor and the sub-machine gun crashes to the ground.

The rounds went through the couch and caked the **ALARMED**

OPERATIVE.

Sanguine peeks around the corner to make sure. Just as she does--

TWO MORE SPRINTING OPERATIVES rumble down the stairs.

Sanguine swipes up her SIDE-ARM and unloads several shots to protect her movement behind the TV stand clear across the room.

She dives behind the cover as they litter the walls around her with rounds.

SPRINTING OPERATIVE

Go around, she's exposed!

One stays behind the couch, the other takes off to the kitchen to flank her.

SANGUINE

Fuck!

Sanguine slides toward the stairs by the couch with the dead Operative.

PEFF PEFF PEFF! Shots land on the shocked operative behind the couch, but whiff on the other.

The Sprinting Operative scoots through the kitchen, out of her view.

She scurries to the doorway he will inevitably come out of--

He peeks around, creeps toward the doorway, now aware she's changed positions...

SPRINTING OPERATIVE

Gunther?

The Sprinting Operative crosses the threshold of the doorway, apprehensively...

Sanguine points her gun at what will cross through--

He rolls through the doorway, spraying in the direction he thinks she is--

Sanguine, startled, kicks him across the face by reflex.

He throws her against the wall. She picks herself up.

The Operative goes for his SMG on the ground, she stomps on it, brings a punch down on him. He tumbles backwards.

Sanguine swings her pistol, aimed right at his face.

He clutches her with both feet, legs, tosses her over him.

She crashes into the TV, which cascades to the floor, shattering.

Sanguine lifts herself off the TV stand, but is pummeled by the Operative, tackling her to the floor.

She struggles to bring up her defenses, he throws a right hook across her face.

Slightly incapacitated, she feels the life being choked from her as he grasps her throat.

Sanguine flails her arms, for anything around her.

SANGUINE POV: Her vision begins to go blurry...

She looks on the ground to her left, an uncapped PEN.

Sanguine swipes at it, misses. She reaches with all her might, grasps it, swings it up, jabs it into his ribs.

SPRINTING OPERATIVE

GAH!!!

The Sprinting Operative gasps for air, it punctured his lung.

Sanguine tosses him off her, lifts herself up, also digging deep for air.

She recomposes herself, swipes the pen from his side.

Sanguine lifts it above her head, and JAMS it in his eye.

Blood pools around his head as he loses movement...

She regains her breath, her stamina, stumbles over behind the couch, and lifts up the SMG left by the Dead Operative.

Sanguine directs her attention to the stairs. She uses the help of the railing to prop herself up and stagger up the stairs...

90 INT. CHALET - UPSTAIRS - CONT.

90

Using the railing and the SMG for balance, Sanguine labors up the stairs.

Whimpers, yelps, and cries for help can be heard from what she knows to be her family, and coming from the Master Bedroom.

She crawls up the last step, using her elbows and her knees to struggle to the door.

Light shows beneath the crack of the door, the occasional shadow passing by.

A BOOM and a SHOUT is heard behind the door.

Sanguine picks up her pace. She reaches the door.

She holds back her emotions with all her might.

Sanguine hovers her hand over the door, she can hardly bring herself to do it.

The commotion within the room becomes increasingly intense...

She raises herself up, prepares her weapon.

With a mighty kick, she bashes the door open and throws herself at the wall next to the door.

91 INT. CHALET - MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.

91

Lucien, HENRY and DANIELLE (14 and 12) are tied up, beaten, and bloody to the left of the bed.

The STARTLED OPERATIVE spins to Sanguine, stumbles backward, tripping over to the right side of the bed.

Sanguine barrels in the room, smacks against the wall, slides down the wall, and squeezes the trigger, and unloads the entire magazine at the STARTLED OPERATIVE across the room--

The wall behind, lamp, and pillows on the far side of the bed are masticated by the bullets.

The Operative lets loose his rounds, but miss high above Sanguine as she slid down the wall.

Both of their magazines are emptied.

Lucien, Henry, and Dani are all whimpering, breathing heavily, in nervous anticipation as--

The Startled Operative loads in a fresh magazine.

Sanguine furiously raises herself up, storms across the room, and dives at the Startled Operative.

She pins him against the wall, the SMG tossed to the ground ahead of the bed.

Sanguine uses all her energy to pummel his face with her bloodied and bruised fists.

She fixes her eyes on the broken LAMP. Curls her fingers around it, lifts it above her head, and brings it down on his face.

Sanguine shatters the bulb on his face, which tears and bloodies it further...

She bashes it again and again and again on his head for good measure...

He's gone. She stumbles backwards and plops to the ground.

Sanguine props herself up on the dresser behind her.

Her family, in complete shock and horror, gaze upon her from across the room.

Still panting from the action. Sanguine has yet to acknowledge them. She's totally out of gas...

LUCIEN

Honey, are you all right?

SANGUINE

What does it look like, babe?

Lucien nervously laughs. The kids are still shaken up.

LUCIEN

You wanna, untie us, hon?

SANGUINE

Oh, yeah. Of course.

She struggles across the room, crawling, reaching.

Sanguine tends to the kids first. Releasing Henry, then Dani.

LUCIEN

How was your...trip?

SANGUINE

Eventful.

LUCIEN

Huh. I bet.

Sanguine unties Lucien. She solemnly smiles to him. He also lets out a nervous smile.

SANGUINE

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry this happened to you.

LUCIEN

Babe. It's okay. We're fine.

LUCIEN

(laughs through a cry)
We're alive.

SANGUINE

I know, I know.
(breaking down)
I can't believe it.

She turns her attention to the kids.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

My sweet-- are you guys okay? Are you all right?

HENRY

Yeah, mom. We're okay.

DANI

We're fine.

Sanguine holds back some tears.

SANGUINE

Good. Good. I'm so sorry, you guys. Seriously. This is all mommy's fault.

LUCIEN

No, no. Don't ever-- no.

SANGUINE

Oh my god.
(her eyes welling up)
I can't even protect my own--

LUCIEN

Stop saying that. You saved us, you--

CRASH! The glass shatters. A bullet whizzes through.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

What the--

Another bullet zips through Lucien's neck. He gurgles blood and crashes to the floor.

SANGUINE

Oh my god! Oh my god, Lucien. Oh--

Sanguine desperately searches for where the bullet came from.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

Fuck. Shit. Where did that--

She pushes Henry and Dani to the floor.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

You guys need to stay down. Okay?

Henry and Dani whimper and cry as they press their bodies down to the floor.

Sanguine crawls, searching for a weapon. She grabs up her empty SMG.

She crawls to the door where she hears--

Footsteps approaching up the stairs.

Sanguine stops in her tracks.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)
Guys, hide.

Henry and Dani crawl to the closet.

RIGGS (O.S.)
Sanguine, darling.

SANGUINE
Riggs?

Riggs reaches the top of the stairs.

RIGGS
I thought I was very clear in my instructions.

SANGUINE
You were. Didn't matter.

RIGGS
Get up.

Sanguine raises herself up, hands up, drops the weapon.

She falls to the floor.

ZIP! The Sniper takes another shot. It rips right through Riggs' chest. He is flung back, hits the wall, and tumbles down the stairs.

Sanguine rolls herself over, looks to the window. Three bullet holes, distinctly different spots.

She lets out a sigh.

SANGUINE
You guys okay in there?

HENRY
Yeah.

DANI
Yeah, mom.

SANGUINE
Is dad--?

DANI
No, mom.

HENRY
Dad's gone.

SANGUINE
Okay, guys. I'm sorry, but we can't
help daddy. Okay? We just-- we can't.
We're still in danger.

Sanguine lets a tear roll down her cheek. But she knows, she must be strong for her children...

SANGUINE (CONT'D)
(wipes her eyes)

All right. We need to get out of here,
but remember. It's important you stay
low to the floor. Got it?

HENRY
Got it.

DANI
We got it, mom.

SANGUINE
Okay. Come to me.

Sounds of scooting across the floor is heard from the Master Bedroom as Sanguine crawls to the stairs.

She looks down, sees Riggs lifeless corpse sitting below.

Sanguine directs her attention to her kids, crawling to her.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)
That's it, keep comin'.

She leads them on. They continue crawling. Dani cries the whole way. Henry labors on, holding back his fear.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)
It's okay, guys. I've got you.

Henry and Dani reach Sanguine. She guides them down the stairs, hovering her hand above them, keeping them low to the floor.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

Stay away from windows, okay? This guy can shoot.

DANI

Who are these people, mom?

SANGUINE

I don't know, Dani. But-- some are from work.

HENRY

People from your work are trying to kill us?

SANGUINE

I know, honey. That's why we have to be careful.

DANI

Mom, I'm scared.

SANGUINE

I know, me too. But we need to remain strong. We can get through this. Henry, you need to be strong for mommy too, all right?

HENRY

Okay, mom. I'll try.

SANGUINE

Good. Guys, you're doing great. Just stick with me.

Sanguine, Dani, and Henry near the bottom of the steps.

DANI

Mommy, there's a dead man there.

They all come upon Riggs' corpse.

SANGUINE

I know, baby. He's actually gonna help us get out of here, okay?

DANI

Um, okay, mom.

Sanguine lifts Riggs' dead weight, props him up, pushes him in front of the big windows in the living room next to the front door.

CRASH! A bullet from the sniper zips through Riggs corpse as he drops to the floor.

Sanguine throws open the front door. Pushes Dani and Henry out the front door.

SANGUINE

Okay, guys. Run! Go! Out the front door!

She crouch runs in front of Dani and Henry.

92 EXT. FRONT YARD - CHALET - CONT.

92

Sanguine guides her hand to keep Dani and Henry behind her.

SANGUINE

Stay low! Behind me! Go!

ZOOM! Dirt kicks up where the Sniper nearly missed...

The three reach a giant TREE. Sanguine keeps them in cover.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

All right. I'm gonna draw his fire. You guys need to run as fast as you can for that car across the street.

Sanguine points to one of the UNDERCOVER CARS parked along the side of the road.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

Once you get there, you need to jump in the back seat. And remember, you have to stay low to the ground. Got it?

Dani and Henry nod.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

Good. Now wait for my signal. When he shoots at me, you need to run. Faster than you ever have before.

DANI

Mom. Don't do this! I don't want you to die too.

SANGUINE

I won't die. Don't worry. You just need to stick to the plan. Okay?

Sanguine peeks around the tree, throws her head back behind the tree. He didn't take the bait.

SANGUINE (cont'd) Are you guys ready?

HENRY

Yeah.

DANI

I don't know, mom. I can't do it.

SANGUINE

Yes, you can, sweetie. Remember, stay strong for your mom and your brother. Dad would want us to carry on.

Sanguine readies herself to run out of cover...

SANGUINE (CONT'D)

Wait for my signal.

They nod to her.

Sanguine rushes out from behind the tree, stops on a dime, jets right back for the tree.

A shot cracks right next to the tree, dirt and bark kick up from it.

SANGUINE

Go!

Dani and Henry bolt to the car across the street.

Sanguine sprints around the driver's side.

CRACK! A shot crashes through the rear windshield, shattering the glass.

SANGUINE

Get in! Get in!

Henry swings open the door. Dani dives in on the floor.

Sanguine throws open the driver's side door. The door flings--
BANG! A shot breaks the driver's side door window.

Henry climbs in the door, slams it.

Sanguine jumps in the driver's seat. She searches for the keys.

SANGUINE (cont'd) Guys, where are the keys? Can you find the keys?

HENRY
Uh, I'll look for them.

Sanguine curls up, slouches in her seat to stay low.

SANGUINE
Guys, don't forget. Stay. Low.

Dani still laying on the floor in the middle row.

DANI
Got it, mom.

Henry scours the back seat for keys.

Sanguine pensively reaches up to the flip down mirror for the keys.

BOOM! It's shot clear off.

Sanguine snatches her hand back right away.

HENRY
Mom. I'm not finding them!

SANGUINE
Keep looking!

DANI
I don't see anything, either!

SANGUINE
It's okay. They've gotta be here.

Sanguine knows deep down, they're in the pants pocket of a corpse in her house...Her heart sinks.

She checks the center console. Whole lot of nothing.

SANGUINE (CONT'D)
Guys, I think they might be inside. I
have to go back.

DANI
Mom. Don't! You'll die!

SANGUINE
Guys, I'll be fine. I can handle it.

HENRY
Mom, I can do it.

SANGUINE
No. Absolutely not!

Sanguine desperately searches the front passenger seat and
glove compartment. No sign of any keys.

HENRY
Mom. Wait.

SANGUINE
Henry. What?

HENRY
Push to start.

She snaps her head to the ignition. Sure enough. Push to
start.

SANGUINE
Still needs the key fob.

HENRY
Mom, just try it.

Sanguine pushes her finger to the button. It starts. They
have lift off.

SANGUINE
Ugh, thank God. Or whatever. Whomever.

HENRY
God exists, mom.

SANGUINE
That's a discussion for later. Guys,
seriously. Stay low. Keep your heads
down, okay?

Dani still has her face down to the carpet.

DANI

Okay, mom.

Sanguine jams her foot down on the pedal, floors it.

The car skids off. Sanguine steers, not even looking.

PA-TING! Another shot punctures the rear of the SUV.

SANGUINE

Here we go, guys. Hang on.

She takes off on down the road. Barely raising her head above the dash, careful not to bring it too far up...

SANGUINE (V.O.)

I didn't know where we would go.

The car swerves from one side to the other. She corrects. It levels out.

SANGUINE (V.O.) (cont'd) I couldn't believe I put my children in harm's way. That we would encounter such tragedy. Such terror.

We raise up towards the clouds, still focused on the Undercover SUV barreling down the country roads...

SANGUINE (V.O.)

I knew then I couldn't do a thing about our current situation. Except to drive as far away as humanly possible. I didn't care where. As long as it was nowhere near here. It saddened me to not be able to call it home anymore. But the people I trusted most took it away from me. And I can never forgive them. That organization. Those devils who took my husband. Who took my lover. I'm not proud of everything I did. But I had to survive. I had to protect my children. I couldn't save everyone I loved. But I did everything I could. I did what I had to do.

The vehicle begins to disappear from view...

SANGUINE (V.O.)

What will happen next from here? I

have no idea. But I do know, that it
will be with my children. And whoever
gets in my way...just hope they pray
to whatever god they believe in.
Because I won't show any mercy.

The sun slowly starts to rise over the horizon as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

SANGUINE.