

SPLINTER CELL

Written By

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Productions

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I. EXT. IN THE MIDDLE OF A STREET - DUSK

SPLINTER CELL lies in the street holding WOMAN, who is obviously dead and bloody. The SPLINTER CELL is shouting and sobbing inaudibly. The camera zips by several people while focused on the SPLINTER CELL holding the limp WOMAN.

II. INT. WOMAN'S APT

Both SPLINTER CELL and WOMAN stand slow dancing in the WOMAN'S apartment.

Both simultaneously stop dancing. The SPLINTER CELL grabs his phone from his belt and reads a text message and leaves abruptly, quickly kissing his lover goodbye.

The camera focuses on the WOMAN'S left hand ring finger. The camera closes in on an engagement ring with the door SPLINTER CELL just walked out of lingering in the background unfocused.

III. EXT. CROWDED STREET - DAYTIME

The SPLINTER CELL races down the road on his motorcycle with a rectangle shaped bag/case strapped across his back. He nearly swerves off the road as he barely misses a yellow light.

IV. EXT. BALCONY OVERLOOKING STREET CORNER -DAYTIME

The street is barely populated. The camera snaps from several different faces to that of the SPLINTER CELL staring through the scope of a SC20K with a sniper attachment equipped.

He picks up his cell phone which has just lit up with the text:

BALD, MID 30s, MAROON  
SUIT -Lmbrt

The SPLINTER CELL immediately recognizes his target, MAROON SUIT, standing at the corner of the street curb. MAROON SUIT holds a small brief case and seems like he's waiting for someone as he stands.

SPLINTER CELL pulls down his three-lensed goggles and switches to thermal vision. The screen lights up with many different shades of green, blue, yellow, orange, and red. MAROON SUIT'S briefcase is creating an aura of dark red, though the contents of the briefcase are dark blue; which

are the polar ends of the thermal spectrum. SPLINTER CELL, with the twist of a small dial, changes to EEV vision (infrared). Dazzling pale blue now engulfs the screen with crackling spots of white. The briefcase glows an erratic bright white, the SPLINTER CELL zooms out and the case is still incredibly bright.

The WOMAN walks quickly on the sidewalk approaching MAROON SUIT. She arrives behind him and raises a silenced Beretta M96FS to the back of MAROON SUIT'S head.

SPLINTER CELL watches helplessly as the WOMAN, whom he loves, pulls the trigger, causing MAROON SUIT to collapse straight to the ground in a smoke of pink mist. A few people who noticed this run away frantically, though the scene does not cause mass hysteria.

The WOMAN picks up MAROON SUIT'S briefcase and stares right at the SPLINTER CELL'S position on the fourth floor balcony of the angled building across the street.

He is still shocked and motionless.

She fires at him without remorse, he ducks as brick and drywall explode around his head.

SPLINTER CELL holds his position in cover for a beat after the firing stops. He then repositions himself for a glimpse through the scope of his SC20K.

The WOMAN is running down into a crowd of people not aware of the events unfolding.

#### V. INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL

SPLINTER CELL hurriedly bolts clumsily down the stairs with his SC20K openly strapped to his back and his modified FN Five-sevenN holstered on his tactical belt. His goggles flop around as they are barely secured to his head.

#### VI. EXT. STREET - DUSK

The adrenaline is pumping, the camera is shaky at high speed, the ambient noise is distant and muffled. SPLINTER CELL runs out heading across the street. A car halts instantly as he dashes in front of it, the horn fades off in to the abyss of sound swirling around this moment.

SPLINTER CELL regains his composure and everything in the world is pulled back to reality. Now focused on his intent to find out what the fuck is going on, he dashes through a crowd that had briefly shielded his line of sight with the WOMAN.

He runs around a corner, then another. No sign of his new target.

He decides to try his luck with his tri-lensed goggles. SPLINTER CELL pulls them down secure around his eyes. He sees surrounding plainly until he flicks the little switch located on the middle right of the side head piece. First clicking night vision on his way to clicking thermal.

He is able to see a faint trail from whatever is contained in the recently deceased MAROON SUIT'S briefcase.

SPLINTER CELL follows the trail from a back alley back to the streets. As soon as he steps on the side walk he sees the WOMAN 35 yards away with a hostage. One second after registering her distance she fires at SPLINTER CELL barely missing his head and hitting a fleeing bystander running away from the showdown.

The SPLINTER CELL immediately realized the miss was intentional, though he's confused as to why. She had so plainly shown that she had no problem murdering a person in cold blood, as well as even taking a few pot shots at him previously. Why now let down her offensive.

She fired twice more this time hitting SPLINTER CELL in the left leg and grazing his right shoulder. He immediately fell immobile on the ground. He had realized how she could miss the first time, but it was not intentional. Her hostage was struggling, he had not assessed the situation long enough to realized this. If the hostage had not been flailing so much in captivity, the last shot from the WOMAN might have been her fatal stroke.

But, had she realized it. Had she realized that she had grazed him the second hit. SPLINTER CELL contemplates this, his head is facing the opposite direction of her. The WOMAN releases the hostage and begins repeatedly firing at the SPLINTER CELL'S only visible body part, his back. She unloads her last five bullets saving two left in her fifteen round clip.

She approaches boldly, she believes the final shots to the back were overkill because the SPLINTER CELL did not flinch at any of the back penetrating shots.

The shot is angled so the SPLINTER CELL'S face, eyes closed and a cringe of pain remains, takes up most of the frame with the unfocused silhouette of the WOMAN approaching her quarry.

The SPLINTER CELL, in a matter of half a second, withdraws his FN Five-seven modified pistol from his holster and unloads on the WOMAN. More than enough to immobilize her.

The WOMAN falters to the ground and stares empty toward the overcast skies.

SPLINTER CELL rolls flat on his stomach and slides a small flat reinforced Kevlar plate from a slit in the back of his tactical suit. Bullets have visibly penetrated the material and rich blood coats the mushroomed ammunition.

He crawls over to his dead fiancé.

VII. EXT. IN THE MIDDLE OF A STREET - DUSK

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**THE END**