

WINTER & HAWK

Written by

Yenny Coll

EXT. PARIS PARK - DAY

WINTER (33), broad-shouldered and statuesque in a fashionable summer dress and a clutch purse that dangles from one shoulder, walks down the park path. She passes by a couple wearing jackets and scarves. They watch her as she sits at a cast-iron table with a newspaper and a hot coffee.

She removes the lid and sips the coffee, leaving behind a red lip mark on the rim. She taps her right ear and snaps open her newspaper. A device inside her ear BEEPS softly to life.

WINTER
You got eyes, Hawk?

The smokey voice of HAWK, mid-20s, gender unknown, comes through.

HAWK (V.O.)
Don't I always?

WINTER
ETA?

Winter turns the page of her paper and examines it.

HAWK (V.O.)
Two minutes. Fifty bucks says he'll enter through the north gate.

WINTER
No dice.

Over the earpiece, Hawk sucks in their teeth.

HAWK (V.O.)
Why not?

WINTER
Because your surveillance states he enters through the north gate 89% of the time. Not much of a bet.

HAWK (V.O.)
Spoilsport.

Winter smirks and takes another sip of coffee. She scans her surroundings.

HAWK (V.O.)
Huh. That's weird.

WINTER
What is it?

HAWK (V.O.)
He sent his bodyguards away.

Winter lays her newspaper flat on the table. From her clutch, she pulls out lipstick and a compact mirror.

WINTER
How many?

HAWK (V.O.)
Two.

Winter opens the mirror and applies her lipstick. She positions the mirror so she can see over shoulder.

WINTER
That's less than his usual.

HAWK (V.O.)
And why would he go in without at least one guard?

MAN #1, tall wearing sunglasses and a dark suit, enters Winter's field a vision. He looks in her direction. Winter snaps her mirror shut.

WINTER
Hawk, listen to me very carefully.

Winter returns the lipstick and mirror to her purse. She pulls out an ice blue hard candy and pops it in her mouth.

WINTER (CONT'D)
We're gonna need a new plan.

HAWK (V.O.)
Have we been made?

Winter stands and tucks the newspaper under her arm. She takes the coffee and the clutch and starts down the park path.

WINTER
Where is the target now?

HAWK (V.O.)
Shit! I lost him.

MAN #2, stockier and also in sunglasses and a suit, spots Winter. He walks towards her. Behind her, the tall man follows.

WINTER
Find him. Now.

Man #2 puts up a hand towards her.

MAN #2
Excuse me, miss?

Winter splashes her coffee at the Man. He yowls in pain and stumbles back, hands to his face.

Winter inhales deeply and blows at him. A gust of freezing, blue wind freezes the Man so his hands are stuck to his face.

MAN #1
Hey!

Man #1 runs towards Winter.

HAWK (V.O.)
Winter! I got him!

She whips her head at Man #1 and tosses the newspaper so it litters the park path. Man #1 slips and lands face first, unmoving.

Winter drops to the ground and sweeps Man #2's feet from under him. He lands on his side.

Winter grips her clutch and runs down the steps to her right and past the park gates.

WINTER
Where?

HAWK (V.O.)
300 meters southwest. Between Rue
de la Croix and Rue Gerbier.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

GUSTAVO (48), plump and balding, sweats through his tracksuit as he jogs. He grips a silver suitcase in one hand and a handkerchief in the other.

He stops suddenly and shivers. He looks around as a mist surrounds him. He turns fully to look behind him.

Winter strolls towards him, the CLACKING of her heels echoing in the alleyway.

GUSTAVO
No! Stay away!

He turns to run away but loses his balance. He looks down. Ice encases his right foot and ankle.

A layer of ice on the asphalt leads from Gustavo's leg to Winter. Her eyes glow an icy blue. Gustavo grabs his knee and tugs.

WINTER

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

The ice creeps further up his leg. Gustavo grips the suitcase and swings. He strikes the ice.

Once. Twice. On his third swing, Winter seizes the suitcase. She smiles and grips Gustavo by the neck.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Did you really think you could get away from me?

Gustavo gasps and watches as Winter opens the suitcase. Inside are three blue hard candies behind bulletproof glass. Winter glares at Gustavo.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Is this all you have?

GUSTAVO

Yes! That's All they gave me.

Winter tightens her grip. Blue mist emanates from her fingers. Gustavo's neck grows pink, and icicles form on the corners of Gustavo's eyes and nostrils.

WINTER

Where are the black ones?

EXT. PARIS STREET - CONTINUOUS

Winter exits the alleyway, briefcase in hand. She makes a sharp left and saunters down the street. When she reaches the corner, she stops and sighs.

HAWK (V.O.)

(softly)

Winter?

Winter looks up at the sky.

WINTER

Don't worry, buddy. I'll get you out of there. I promise.

HAWK (V.O.)

I know you will.

