

Snatch Squad

by

JtF

(c) Feb 2025 Tournament Round 1

FADE IN:

INT. USAF X-25 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Two helmeted pilots DESTINY and ANGEL (both late 20s) sit side by side in this small supersonic craft.

DESTINY
At this altitude we're
technically astronauts.

ANGEL
Slowing from Mach 3. Levelling at
120,000 feet.

DESTINY
Jumpmistress, have your Drop team
be ready in five.

EXT. USAF X-25 - NIGHT

The striated cherry red jet cones throttle back. Dancing white wisps trail from the air brakes and wing tips.

INT. USAF X-25 UNDERBELLY - NIGHT

The dim lighting changes to RED. The JUMPMISTRESS, KYM and GINA (all late 20s) wear supplemental Oxygen masks. The HALO Jumpmistress addresses her hi-tech team on Comms.

JUMPMISTRESS
Final Equipment check!

The Jumpmistress straps in. Kym and Gina make their checks. Gina briefly regards herself in the reflection of a shiny soup spoon, which she then zips into an arm pocket.

KYM
Good to go.

GINA
Good, I'm ready.

Kym's excitement mounts behind her clear face mask.

KYM (V.O.)
When you love what you do you
never have to work a day in your
life. What boundaries hold you
back? A house, a mortgage, a
dreary relationship. I'm more of
a free spirit but you've guessed
that. I don't respect
conventional boundaries aside
from right and wrong.

KYM(cont'd)

Life's never quite as simple as
red or black.

Gina bumps up behind her, nudging, urgently impatient.

KYM (V.O.)

Life's about what's possible,
about actions and results. I have
a confident self belief balanced
by a healthy skepticism.
Who guards the guards? We do -

The red light starts to flash.

JUMPMISTRESS

Sixty seconds to drop.

KYM (V.O.)

We're not gonna beat Felix's 840
m.p.h. drop but in this thin air
we'll get close. It's four
minutes straight down.

GINA

You ready Kym?

KYM

Always. Try to keep your head
down and legs closed. You'll go
faster!

GINA

I thought that was why you're
packing those extra pounds.
Oh - if I don't stop from 820
m.p.h. before you, just send me
home in my lid.

The belly of the aircraft starts to open.

The red light turns green.

JUMPMISTRESS

GO!

Kym then Gina leap into the darkness. Only their dimly lit
faces are visible (within their masks) as they plummet down
head first.

KYM'S POV - Her headup display shows Altitude, drop speed,
directions/range to target and a countdown to chute
deployment.

GINA'S POV - Her headup display (same) shows her following
Kym, trying to overtake - pulling back - the groundscape and
flashing target getting ever closer.

EXT. HILLTOP MANSION - NIGHT

Resembles a Disney castle. Its manicured front grounds and gardens are patrolled by TWO separate WARDENS.

KYM'S POV - Her deploy signal FLASHES accompanied by a gentle alarm CHIME. She yanks the rip cord and watches her black silk chute billow then WISP taunt above her. A heartbeat later -

GINA'S POV - an identical flawless performance. They quickly descend noiselessly upon -

Kym descends diagonally down behind Warden 1, latching onto her neck with her bent legs, diverting the chute at the last moment to jackknife the target to the ground, braking the neck in the process. Kym then pivots to end up atop the dead warden, as the black chute softly cocoons them. Kym snaps off her harness and emerges, making sure the evidence is completely hidden.

Gina does the same to Warden 2, her attack speed somewhat faster.

GINA
Got ya! Ouch! You fucker.

EXT. MANSION GARDEN - NIGHT

Kym moves quietly towards Gina.

KYM
You hurt?

GINA
No. Ended up with that bony
bitch's sharp chin up my ass!

KYM
We're on the clock - let's go.

EXT/INT. MANSION SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

They quickly force an entry. Creep towards a Security office. Kym chucks in a gas bomb.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONT

Two female GUARDS lie slumped in their military style Go-Go outfits. Kym pulls one away from her computer, her fingers dance over the keyboard and turn off the external security system. Gina pulls the other guard over to a fortified door.

She takes the spoon from her pocket, plucking out the guard's eyeball which she raises to an iris scanner. The heavy internal door slides back.

KYM'S POV - Her display shows a wireframe of the building. The Rec Room is indicated nearby. Both move towards it.

INT. REC ROOM - CONT

Five female guards are eating snacks while shouting encouragement to a blindfolded girl who's attempting to pin a tail on a large poster of Brad Pitt.

FEMALE GUARDS
(shouting)
Prick him! Prick him!

Gina snicks open the door to lob in a pink bombe. It fizzes and gushes gas rendering the guards inert.

KYM'S POV - Her wireframe display indicates the basement.

INT. HALL - STAIRS - TRAVELLING TO BASEMENT - CONT

They reach the laboratory.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Kym moves towards a very large fridge.

KYM
(to Gina)
Get the data, then trash the system.

Gina plugs a device into a futuristic computer system.

GINA
On it.

Kym opens the fridge. It's completely stocked with pink bottles of Britney perfume. She takes two - pockets them.

Reveal - the end of the Lab is a floor to ceiling observation tank. Britney's of all ages and sizes are tethered submerged in a lilac liquid by a cat's cradle of tubes and wires.

KYM
Jesus! There's an army of 'em.

Her fist hits a large RED BUTTON marked Drain. The fluid level drops. The previously inert Britneys now writhe like manic puppets.

Kym runs her fingers across the smooth surroundings and finds the secret button to open a side hatch. About 20 gallons of the lilac liquid splashes out.

KYM
Does that smell like bubblegum to you?

GINA
Almost ready.

Kym reaches into the tank pulling out a 20s Britney, whose tongue lolls from her wide twitching mouth. Kym withdraws a red lollipop (with a white swirl) from a thigh pocket, whips off the cover and pushes it between Britney's teeth.

KYM
Stuxnet deployed.

GINA
Virus is trashing system.

She unplugs her device, beams triumphantly.

KYM
Our work is done here.

Kym and Gina regard the lifeless Britney for a heartbeat.

GINA
You hear that?

SFX: Muffled shouts - an argument between two women.

KYM
Yeah - I hear something.

GINA
Let's take a quick look?

INT. HIDDEN CELL BEHIND LAB TANK - CONT

HARPO 50s, holds her expensive robe open. She stands nude over a kneeling terrified teen schoolgirl Britney.

HARPO
Please me good, girl. Now no biting or I'll knock those pretty white teeth clean out.

KYM
You two need a minute?

FADE TO BLACK.