

Cold Mission

by
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'Knit Two, Purl Two & Tennessee'

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EXT. SMALL CRUISER - NIGHT

A muscular black-clad SNIPER (35) closely watches a tiny, svelte black-clad FEMALE SNIPER (25) toss a duffle bag onto the deck and jump on board. The Sniper takes a swig of Tennessee Whisky. Offers it to her. She refuses.

FEMALE SNIPER

Best you save that for later. It's gonna be real cold out there.

SNIPER

Yeah right Mom. Just check your weapons.

He examines his M24 rifle. She reaches into her duffle bag and extracts... her knitting.

SNIPER (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

FEMALE SNIPER

Knitting you a scarf.

SNIPER

Whoa! No way I'm wearin' pink!

FEMALE SNIPER

But fluffy knits keep the chill out. Look big boy, imagine you're taking aim, you squeeze the trigger and then (COUGH, COUGH) you miss. The target lives. You die.

The wind picks up. He SNEEZES.

FEMALE SNIPER (CONT'D)

See, the sniffles already. You don't want that to get any worse. Here, wrap it nice and tight, like this.

She reaches up and winds the unfinished scarf around his neck. She yanks it real tight. He chokes, struggles. She EXPERTLY SPINS the knitting needles in a 'TWIST 'N LOCK'. His eyes bulge. He gasps, collapses. Dead.

She dials her cell phone. A MALE VOICE answers.

MALE VOICE (ON CELL PHONE)

Mission 'Knit Two, Purl Two' completed?

She yanks the mooring rope.

FEMALE SNIPER

Yes sir. Just casting off now.

