

Cinematic - Varia Chernova

Cinematic from an original sci-fi action concept *Space Junk*

Context: The Rebel Squad has hijacked a space waste truck which has granted them entry to one of the docking bays in the Regime's Waste Sorting Facility. With Cap (45, ex-Regime modified human soldier) calling the shots from behind the wheel, their mission is to clear out the guards before they can sound the alarm.

H.A.M. (7ft robot with hydraulic hammers for fists), Pip (3 ft alien, resembling a human child but with razor-sharp steel jaws), and Sling (36, human female warrior with thick bracers fitted just beneath her elbow, which house carbon steel cables with hooks she wields as weapons) all sit in the back of the truck as it pulls up to the dock.

INT. HIJACKED TRUCK/WASTE ACCUMULATION AND SORTING FACILITY - NIGHT

H.A.M., PIP, and SLING are in the back of the truck, preparing for the ambush.

H.A.M.

Mission summary: Infiltrate target facility.
Dispose of security before the alarm..

SLING

No alarm. We got it. Right, Pip?

PIP

Fast. Kill fast... ye, yeAARGH!

Pip is clawing at the safety belts on the makeshift booster seat she is strapped into.

PIP (CONT'D)

Let me go! Why'd you put me
in this bullshit?!

H.A.M.

Safety takes precedence.
Please, refrain from biting.
Simply press the release button
when it is "go time".

Pip, slamming her jaw shut mid-bite, begins to bash the release button unsuccessfully.

PIP

Argh-gnaah-fukhen safety...
I'm the only one strapped in!?

SLING

They mean **our** safety.

CAP (OVER COMMS)

This is your audaciously stunning Capt'n speaking,
we are T minus... any minute now, so shut yer yaps,
and listen out for the signal.

PIP

Signal?!

SLING

Cap, you didn't tell us the signal.

H.A.M.

How will we know when it is "go time"?

CAP (OVER COMMS)

Oh, you'll know.

INT. WASTE ACCUMULATION AND SORTING FACILITY/ CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

The truck docks into one of the sorting bays. Two armored guards head over to the cockpit on either side and two more walk around to the back, waiting for an "all-clear" to open the cargo hatch.

The lid of the cockpit begins to lift.

GUARD 1

(Without looking up from a tablet)
Sorting number?

CAP, in the driver's seat, lifts his head up and points a finger-gun at the guard. He makes a shooting sound and winks. The guard takes a beat to process and then shakes his head at his comrade on the other side.

GUARD 2 scowls at Cap and reaches to grab him. Cap whistles and nods towards his other hand. Guard 2 follows his gaze and sees that Cap's other finger-gun is pointing at him from under his armpit. The fingertip flips open and a bright-blue ball of energy begins to coalesce there. Guards 1 and 2 exchange a confused look. Cap smiles and goes to make another gun sound effect.

CUT TO

GUARD 3 is leaning against the cargo hatch of the truck, distracted by a mark on his uniform sleeve. Suddenly, he hears two loud blasts. Behind him, we see Guard 1 get thrown back from the cockpit by a massive explosion of light. Guard 3 meekly shuffles over to look towards the noise. A tablet with a large red "ALARM" button on the screen slides next to him and comes to a stop. He looks at it and slowly reaches down towards it.

H.A.M (FROM INSIDE THE TRUCK)
"Go time"?

SLING (FROM INSIDE THE TRUCK)
Now!

PIP (FROM INSIDE THE TRUCK)
I'm stuck!
Release! RELEASE! RELEASE!!

The truck hatch drops down on top of the Guard 3, sending the tablet sliding once again. Out charges H.A.M., scanning for targets. Camera pans to GUARD 4 standing against the other side of the truck, bamboozled. H.A.M. rotates and moves towards him, as the camera pans back to the truck hatch.

H.A.M. (OFF-SCREEN)
Greetings!

Sling's two hooks shoot out and attach to either side of the truck's open hatch from within. SLING slingshots out, whipping her cables around mid-air to target a cluster of armed guards, knocking them down, and ripping one who is about to pick up the tablet to shreds. She uses one of her hooks to pierce the tablet, lifting it to her face, before seeing a dozen more guards in front of her.

SLING
Pip?

PIP (OFF-SCREEN)
FUCK SAFETY!

Pip runs out on all fours, the booster seat still attached to her rear. Crazed, she begins to maul the guards' ankles in a tornado of blood, bones, and steel jaws. As the guards drop down around her screaming out in agony, she continues to spin on her chair, as it comes to a stop with Pip clawing at the straps.

H.A.M. smashes three charging guards into the side of the truck stapling them to the hull with their hydraulic fists. They look up to see guards rushing to a platform above towards a control panel. H.A.M. goes to move just as they are overrun by six more guards.

H.A.M.
Sling, no alarm!

Sling looks up and sends her cables up into the ceiling, launching herself into the air, grappling at pipes as she slinks towards the guards on the platform. She goes into a spin, slinging her cables out.

We see the control panel and behind it, five guards are running towards it. In slow motion, Sling's cables pierce through them one by one with expert precision. They are yanked off the platform revealing the next guard behind until there is only one left - furthest away from the panel.

Sling lands back on the ground catching her breath. She sees the guard and shoots her cables upwards to pull herself into the air again. She launches but is abruptly stopped as she gets slammed into the ground. A 10ft MECH pins her down.

Seeing this, H.A.M. looks at the platform with the guard running towards the panel. They see one of the pillars holding up the platform and charge towards it. Before H.A.M gets there, they are rammed into a wall by another mech that begins to bash their head in leaving dents. H.A.M. manages to flip around, but the mech is grappling them, pinning one arm. H.A.M's free fist charges up with burning energy and rapidly hammers the mech's helm.

H.A.M.
Sling!

Sling is still pinned down by the first mech. She jams one of her hooks underneath the helm, the mech catches it, wrapping it around its arm and ripping it off. Sling looks up to see the guard getting close to the alarm panel. Unable to break free, she looks to the side and sees Pip, still battling with her belts.

CUT TO

The guard is rushing towards the alarm button on the control panel looking over his shoulder, when he has to duck out of the way of something that lands right between him and the alarm.

He looks down and sees Pip in her seat, facing him. There is a soft *click* as her seatbelt finally releases. She bares her steely jaw in a joyous smile. The terrified guard reaches his arm out to the button.

MATCH CUT TO

The guard's severed arm drops onto the floor next to H.A.M., as they pick off bits of mech metal from their fist. Sling joins in, her cable dragging a still sparking mech helm behind. Pip leaps down between them. Battered and bloody, the Squad look over the eviscerated bodies at their feet.

Cap saunters over to them, picking up the limp arm on the way.

CAP

(Using the arm to point)

Not bad. H.A.M., could have used some flare.

Sling, good job, not enough blood.

Pip, inspired work!

SLING

(Mimicking cap)

Cap, late as usual...

CAP

Let's clear the perimeter and check
for anything useful on these fucks...

Cap's orders are cut short as a laser blade is pushed through the back of his head and into his mouth.

KILLER (OFF-SCREEN)

Welcome home, Cap.

The Squad watches on in a shockwave of horror and disbelief.

Cap drops to his knees, revealing the KILLER, satisfied grin peeking from underneath the hood.

KILLER

You've brought friends.

END OF WRITING SAMPLE

Character Bios - Varia Chernova

Character bios from an original sci-fi-action adventure concept *Space Junk*

CHARACTER BIO: H.A.M. (They/Them), robot, 5 years since assembly.

Hydraulic Annihilation Machine, or H.A.M., is a 7ft robot welded together from various space scrap and tubing, the latter stretching out from the back of their shoulders to their wrists. H.A.M. is rather bottom-heavy, with their tiny head having been quite obviously swiped from one of Regime's ScholarBots. Originally designed for the simultaneous reading of multiple alien texts, H.A.M.'s eyes make up the majority of their surprisingly expressive and inviting face. However, it is a feeble diversion from the hefty hammer fists menacingly hanging on either side of their body.

H.A.M. is a beloved creation of the Rebel Squad's best and only engineer, Janya. Unable to join the cause on the battlefield, she sends them in as her proxy. Though the giant walking hammer is a formidable foe, H.A.M.'s prime directive is to keep their comrades safe, which they, of course, take very seriously, often persuading their squad to wear appropriate safety gear despite the incessant protests. Sometimes via force.

Hard-wired for the cold-blooded dispatchment of Regime scum, H.A.M. has no issue harming those who stand in the way of Rebel missions. However, they would never put anyone else at risk without a direct order to do so. However, they have been known to resist even in that case, possibly due to a fault in their programming. Something Janya has been meaning to look into.

CHARACTER BIO: Sling (She/Her), human, 36.

Seasoned warrior of the Rebel Squad, Sling is highly revered for her killing abilities, which is why most are surprised to learn of her pacifist roots. Forced to abandon her community's ways when her two younger siblings were, as she believes, brainwashed by the Regime to enlist in the Young Cadets Program, she joined the Squad in hopes of bringing them back.

Tall, slender, and agile, Sling's professional attire is close to that of an aerial gymnast, her leotard, of course, being significantly more death-proof. Instead of circus silks, her weapons of choice are her carbon cables with hooks at the end that shoot out from the thick bracers she wears on each arm. Her dark skin is adorned with deep scars that sit in the middle of her throat and stretch down to her chest and up the sides of her face. Speculation has it that those were inflicted by cables, not unlike her own.

Even after 18 years, Sling hasn't abandoned hope to one day find her siblings and rescue them from under the Regime's influence. She has been successfully going down the list of those responsible for the "Program," though finding very little evidence to suggest that the cadets are subject to any mental intervention. She would never admit it, but she fears her siblings might not have needed all that much convincing to do what they did.

END OF WRITING SAMPLE