Frills of Fury

$FRILLS

LOGLINE

A frilly-dressed girl with a machine gun and her squad of pistol-packing kittens race through a stark white geometric city to plant a flag, while shadowy ninja cats leap between floating blocks and spray bullets. Every rooftop perch turns into a frantic capture-the-flag standoff where the cats treat stealth and suppressive fire like playful yarn. The whole absurd war feels like a tea party that suddenly requires body armor and spawn points.

THE FILM

Lulu Frill adjusted the lace ruffles of her dress where they met the canvas straps of her machine-gun sling, the white fabric already smudged from three prior drops. Her squad-Mittens, Velvet, and Sir Pounce-checked their tiny pistols by the edge of Teacup Tower's uppermost platform, the floating marble block bobbing slightly under their weight. Below them the Grid of Porcelain stretched in perfect right angles, every surface the same eggshell white, every seam a potential spawn point marked by a tiny pink bow. The objective flag, a starched linen doily on a silver toothpick, waited in its case between Lulu's patent-leather shoes. They pushed off together. Sir Pounce's first burst stitched a line of black holes across an oncoming block; the ninja cat that had been crouched there toppled, its fish-bone shuriken clattering away like dropped teaspoons. Velvet used the recoil to flip onto the next platform, landing in a teacup saucer that still held a single sugar cube. She batted the cube into the air and fired through it, scattering sweet dust that hung in the windless space. Mittens stayed low, treating every leap like a game of chase-the-yarn, rolling behind a floating chess-piece rook before popping up to lay down covering fire with the rest of the squad. Halfway across the open gap called the Sugar Bowl, the first reversal hit. A fresh wave of shadow-striped ninja cats materialized from the dollhouse doors that served as spawn points, their pistols already raised. One round took Sir Pounce through the ear; he spun once and vanished in a puff of white lint. The remaining two kittens flattened themselves against a drifting block of bathroom tile while Lulu raked the newcomers with sustained fire, the muzzle flash turning the ruffles of her sleeve orange. They reached the halfway ledge with the flag case still sealed and only two cats left. On the Rooftop of the Perpetual Nap, the fight turned into a pure capture standoff. The central flagpole rose from a cluster of miniature armchairs arranged for an interrupted tea. Lulu set the case down and began the thirty-second arming sequence, the doily inside unfolding with mechanical clicks. Velvet and Mittens took opposite corners, treating the chairs as both cover and playthings-Mittens batting a tassel to draw fire, Velvet answering with precise headshots that dropped the enemy cats mid-pounce. For a moment the only sounds were the mechanical purr of reloading pistols and the soft thump of bodies hitting porcelain. Then the dark interval arrived. A larger ninja cat, its bandana printed with tiny strawberries, dropped from the ceiling block above and pinned Mittens beneath a paw. The kitten's pistol skittered away across the tiles. Lulu watched the timer on the flag case tick past twenty seconds with no way to intervene without exposing the objective. She fired anyway, emptying the last belt into the attacker, but Mittens did not get up. The surviving enemy cats pulled back, leaving the rooftop empty except for the two living squad members and the half-deployed flag. Lulu knelt, removed her own bonnet, and placed it over Mittens' body. She reloaded from the spare drum Velcroed beneath her petticoat, then nodded once to Velvet. They finished the arming sequence together. The doily snapped open at the top of the pole, its edges catching the flat light. Far below, every remaining spawn point sealed itself with a soft ceramic chime. The Grid of Porcelain went still, the floating blocks settling into new, fixed positions as if the match had simply ended. Lulu stood at the pole with the machine gun lowered, the ruffles of her dress stirring once in the artificial breeze that always followed a capture. Velvet sat beside her, methodically cleaning her pistol with a torn piece of napkin. Neither spoke. The white city continued its silent rotation around the new flag, waiting for the next round to begin.

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