

WELL, SHITE

Written by

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Mrs. Doubtfire goes postal...dearies.

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FADE IN:

INT. SINGLE-PERSON OFFICE - DAY

A wood half-glass door opens to two waiting chairs with file cabinets against the wall and a desk at far end.

Seated behind the Toscano *Lord Raffles Lion* executive wooden desk is HARRIET HOUSEFIRE who does in fact look like Mrs. Doubtfire. Her pink sweater is buttoned to around her neck overtop a flowered dress. She is wearing granny-glasses on a lanyard and writes with an inkwell and quill pen.

Door opens. Visitor, RUSSIAN, 60s, fit-for-age, in shiny silk suit, enters wearing sunglasses carrying a scrap of paper.

Housefire looks up overtop of her glasses.

The two stare at each other. Russian looks at his note.

RUSSIAN
Vrach, uh, Doc-tor Smirnov?

Housefire speaks in Mrs. Doubtfire's same wonderful accent.

HOUSEFIRE
End of the hall, dearie.

RUSSIAN
Spasibo.

HOUSEFIRE
Happens all the time, luv.

Russian leaves closing door behind him.

Housefire dips her quill in ink and goes back to writing.

Door opens and Russian re-enters closing it behind.

The two stare at each other again.

Russian replaces sunglasses with yellow shooting glasses.

HOUSEFIRE
Well, shite.

Housefire throws her quill pen at Russian who deflects so it sticks in the wall beside him. Maroon classic Damask wallpaper around the pen now melts to a *sizzling* sound.

Russian pulls an *APS Stechkin Machine Pistol* from a shoulder holster under his jacket and *fires*.

Housefire flips her desk over frontwards to dive behind it.

Russian's 20-round 9-mm clip *empties* in two-seconds hitting, but not going through, Housefire's ceramic-plate desktop.

Russian quick-ejects his spent clip to load a new one.

SLO-MOTION: Russian's empty clip *bounces* on the wooden parquet floor.

INT. BEHIND HOUSEFIRE'S DESK - SIMULTANEOUS

Housefire sits behind her desk listening, hears spent clip *clattering*, then hits the side of a drawer with an elbow.

An *M84* flash-bang grenade pops out of secret compartment.

Housefire catches, pulls pin, and throws it over her desk.

INT. HOUSEFIRE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Russian pulls back his loading bolt when he sees her grenade flying at him. He drops his pistol and dives out the door's top glass breaking through it to outside.

Housefire's grenade *explodes* to a bright flash and loud bang.

Sound of frames falling off the walls with glass *breaking* as file-papers fly. White magnesium smoke hangs in the air.

Russian's fist now breaks through outside hall's drywall and opens. A Russian *RG42* anti-personnel canister-grenade drops from his hand. His fist withdraws back out same hole.

Russian grenade's *explosion* blows front door outside and file cabinets and chairs over.

Russian somersaults in through open door frame and comes up to one knee with opposite leg straight out in front. He unslings a *Kalashnikov RPL-20* machine gun from behind his jacket and *fires* all 200 bullets in seconds.

Russian ejects spent cartridge box to replace with a new feed tray. As he pulls back on his gun's loading bolt ...

Housefire raises from behind her desk now wearing a gas mask and aiming a 40mm single-launcher.

Russian and Housefire fire at each other as Russian *growls*.

RUSSIAN

Umri, umri, moya dorogaya.

TRANSLATION UNDER: "Die, die, my darlingski."

Housefire disappears down behind her desk. Russian's 5.45x39mm rounds *ricochet* off it.

Housefire's just-fired tear-gas grenade hits Russian in his chest knocking him back and down sitting against the wall. The *exploding teargas* round burns Russian's eyes and throat.

Russian pulls on a *PMK-4* full-face respirator from inside his jacket, then yanks a *ZMG-1* grenade from a side pocket.

He is just about to pull his incendiary grenade's pin, when a crossbow bolt goes through one of his gas-mask's triangle eye-ports. Wet sound of bolt's *squelch* pins his head to the wall.

Russian's one-good eye's last sight is of Housefire aiming an empty tactical crossbow at him. His good eye goes glassy.

Housefire sees Russian is deceased and pulls off her own gas-mask then drops her head *exhaling* relieved.

HOUSEFIRE

Dearie me, such a kerfuffle.

INT. UNKNOWN RUSSIAN'S WALL - IMMEDIATELY

Sounds come from behind the wall Russian's body sits against with his head held up by the arrow sticking into it.

Housefire recognizes these *sounds*.

HOUSEFIRE

Well --shite.

INT. HOUSEFIRE'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

RDX Detonation Cord *explodes* on other side of Russian's wall in a large rectangle that implodes falling into the office. The entire wall falls crushing Russian's corpse.

TWO MORE UNKNOWNS in all-black tactical-gear wearing gas masks jump through the wall's hole hip-aiming their weapons.

UNKNOWN ONE *fires* all 200 of his .45 mm rounds from an *M249 SAW* light machine-gun. Its noise is deafening.

When One's SAW *clicks* empty, UNKNOWN TWO hip-aims a *Milkor MGL* 40mm six-shot revolver-type grenade launcher. His six 46mm grenades, fire one-by-one, destroying Housefire's desk and the wall behind it.

Unknown Two turns his cylinder upside down so its six empty shells fall out, then rotates the cylinder loading in six new rounds, *winds* its firing-spring manually, and hip-aims again.

Unknown One has reloaded his *SAW's* clip and pulls back its loading bolt, *thock*, then hip-aims it again.

Unknown One and Two wait for their cordite smoke to clear and see Housefire, her desk, and its wall behind are no more.

Both Unknowns *tongue-trill* behind gas-masks and fist-bump.

UNKNOWN ONE & TWO (MUFFLED)
Leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh, etc!

INT. BEHIND HOUSEFIRE'S NON-EXISTENT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

A thick metal floor-panel where Housefire's desk used to be flips all the way back opening against the floor, *bang*.

Housefire stands out of the hatch aiming an *M72 LAW* rocket launcher across one shoulder and *fires*.

INT. HOUSEFIRE'S FAR WALL - IMMEDIATELY

Unknown One and Two try to fire, but it takes too long for their trigger fingers to relocate from their fist-bump.

Housefire's .66mm anti-tank missile strikes Unknown Two's full cylinder and office-armageddon ensues as Both Unknowns and the two remaining walls disappear in *fire* and *brimstone*.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOUSEFIRE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Smoke and small paper-fires burn in her now wall-less office.

A second metal panel opens in the hall's floor and Housefire exits out. She stands erect straightening her dress, then back-kicks the hatch closed with a heel. She places a red and white carnation in her sweater's lapel and strolls down the hall towards the elevator. She *snaps* her fingers.

A record scratches on of a British band playing through hall's overhead speaker of "*D'ye ken John Peel*" the English hunting song written in 1824 by John Woodcock Graves.

Housefire pulls out a pitch-pipe, blows for correct pitch, then *sings* this British classic.

HOUSEFIRE

"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat
so gay, d'ye ken John Peel at tha
break a' day? D'ye ken John Peel
when he's far far away, with his
hounds and his horn in da mornin'?"

Elevator doors *ding*, then open.

Record *scratches* to a halt.

HOUSEFIRE

Well --*shite*.

INT. HALLWAY'S ELEVATOR - IMMEDIATELY

FOUR ASSASINS, all in black silk suits and black two-hole balaclavas with black sunglasses on, stand inside the elevator with automatic rifles aimed. The front Two Assassins drop to a knee and All Four *fire*.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOUSEFIRE'S FORMER OFFICE - SAME

Housefire side-kicks floor moulding on hallway's only remaining wall.

A bullet-proof lucite panel drops from the ceiling protecting her as all Four Assassins bullets *bounce* off scratching it.

Housefire back-elbows nearby Fire Alarm, then pulls it down.

HOUSEFIRE

Bob's your uncle, dearies.

INT. HALLWAY'S ELEVATOR - IMMEDIATELY

The Four Assassins are reloading new clips when they hear four *explosions* detonate on top of their elevator.

The Four Assassins look up. Their LEADER is Australian.

ASSASSIN LEADER

Well, shite, mates.

Loud metallic *thang* as high-tensile support wires separate.

The elevator free-falls with Four Assassins *firing* inside.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOUSEFIRE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Housefire side-kicks floor moulding again and her scratch-marked plexiglass recedes back up into the ceiling.

Housefire walks to the open elevator and presses simultaneous all four corners by both thumbs and forefingers of recessed glass-front fire extinguisher box next to it. The box rotates within the wall to reveal a climbing rope with descender.

Housefire attaches the rope's carabiner to an eye-hook inside and above the elevator's open doors, holds on to its climbing descender, and drops her rope's coiled bottom down the shaft.

Housefire hooks the descender to the back of her belt, pulls out two .45 caliber Glocks from under her sweater, and leans forward to walk down the inside of the shaft face-first.

Sounds of her gunshots *echo* from inside the shaft.

INT. HOUSEFIRE'S BUILDING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Long narrow marble hallway with a high ceiling. Its elevator doors *ding* open.

Housefire releases rappelling rope from back belt to land on 1918 *Ladies Lancashire Clogs* with wooden soles and heels. She stands primping her hair, then double-ejects both clips from her two .45's.

SLO-MOTION: Her two clips *bounce* off elevator's metal floor.

Two new clips swing out on either hip from under her sweater. Housefire *slams* both empty gun-butts against them to load new 17-round clips. She holds both guns up and *double-racks* their slides, then daintily steps over the Four Assassins bodies.

As Housefire walks down lobby hallway to exit, she *fires* both her guns directly above her at the ceiling.

SLO-MOTION: Her empty bullet casings *bounce* off the mosaic marble floor.

NINJAS dressed in *shinobi shozoku* fall from the ceiling one-by-one. Their *Ninjatō* long swords *clinking* on the marble floor next to their owners bullet-ridden black-robed bodies.

INT. HOUSEFIRE'S BUILDING EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

Housefire stops just inside rotating exit-carrousel's open slot to cross-arm fast-holster both her .45's. She checks her antique gold wristwatch for the time.

HOUSEFIRE

Must scoot to beat the clock.

FAKING-DEAD NINJA jumps up from the floor behind her and attacks with his *Katana* short sword.

Housefire side-steps as Ninja's sword cuts off her carnation.

SLO-MOTION: Cut carnation *bounces* off floor losing a few petals.

Housefire trips the Faking Ninja so he falls past her. She pulls her wristwatch's stem out to reveal piano-wire garrote. She wraps the wire around Faking Ninja's falling throat and pulls hard while pushing a knee into his back.

HOUSEFIRE

Daft and tacky! Shame on you all.

Housefire moves her hands back and forth in a sawing motion.

Faking Ninja's head separates from his body which falls inside the front door's carousel opening.

Housefire kicks Faking Ninja's head inside and carousel rotates partway then stops blocking the compartment. White acid-gas smoke fills it and Faking Ninja melts away.

Housefire releases her watch-stem and it *retracts*. She puts her wristwatch next to an ear, listens, and smiles. She pulls a vintage embroidered hanky out of sleeve, covers her mouth with it, and rotates carousel to step inside its next open slot. She push the carousel fully around to exit building.

EXT. HOUSEFIRE'S BUILDING CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Housefire exits building, puts hanky away, shrugs both shoulders, primps her hair again, and smiles lovingly.

A minivan *screeches* to a stop at the curb. Its side door self-slides open to reveal her tween-age twins; SON, Asian, and DAUGHTER, East Indian, who sit buckled in their back seats.

SON/DAUGHTER

MUMMY!

Passenger door mechanically self-opens to reveal her HUSBAND, an African-American from New Jersey, USA. He is a former underwear model with perfect short hair and teeth. He smiles perfectly perfect. His teeth actually star-gleam, *ding*.

HUSBAND

Honey Luv!

Housefire dips to the side waving *happy*, then throws a kiss. Husband catches it. She enters and closes passenger door.

INT. HOUSEFIRE'S MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Housefire *buckles* her seatbelt and *sighs* content.

HOUSEFIRE
Hello me sweethearts.

Husband leans over. He and Housefire peck, then sit back.

HUSBAND
What was the single interesting
thing occurring in your day today,
turtle dove?

HOUSEFIRE
Well ...

Husband and The Twins *gasp* in horror.

EXT. HOUSEFIRE'S MINIVAN - IMMEDIATELY

Three blacked-out black SUV's *screech* to a stop angled in front of Housefire's minivan. Both SUV's side-sliding doors open and MANY MERCENARIES in city-camouflage gear jump out to form a reversed-V with automatic weapons aimed at minivan.

INT. HOUSEFIRE'S MINIVAN - SAME

All Four Housefires stare at the army of the soon-to-be-dead in front of them. Husband's Jersey Boy up-bringing emerges.

HUSBAND
Fogetaboutit.

EXT. FRONT VIEW OF HOUSEFIRE'S MINIVAN - SAME

Husband grips steering wheel with a determined look as minivan's headlights retract and machine-gun barrels extend.

Both side-doors slide open as Son and Daughter lean out their respective sides now wearing body-armor with ECH helmets and aiming *M-60* machine guns hung from overhead slings like in helicopters.

The sunroof opens and Housefire stands out. She spits, then yanks off her wig and uses it to wipe off the heavy white make-up.

She pulls off her hair net and beautiful long wavy blonde hair falls perfect, right from the beauty shop. She poses. Old-style photographer flash-bulbs now flash *off*.

STILL CUT: A magazine cover spins to a stop. Housefire is really the international Ukrainian lingerie model, CINNAMON.

Cinnamon pulls a Javelin guided-missile system and shoulder-aims at Mercenaries. She now speaks with a Ukrainian accent.

CINNAMON
Slava Ukraini, Blyat!

TRANSLATION UNDER: *"Glory to Ukraine, Bitches!"*

EXT. MINIVAN'S REAR END - IMMEDIATELY

Minivan's rear wheels *spin* smoking, then launches its Four *Soldiers of Misfortune* forward to the attack.

EXT. MERCENARIES VANS - SAME

MERCENARY LEADER is German and lowers his weapon stoic.

MERCENARY LEADER
Velllll, Scheisse.

CUT TO BLACK.

Sounds of *gunfire* and *explosions* aplenty.