

WELL, SHITE

Written by

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*Mrs. Doubtfire goes postal*

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FADE IN:

**INT. SINGLE-PERSON OFFICE - DAY**

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

Seated behind the Toscano *Lord Raffles Lion* executive wooden desk is British housewife HARRIET HOUSEFIRE who does in fact, look like Mrs. Doubtfire. With a pink sweater buttoned to her neck overtop a flowered dress, she wears granny-glasses on a lanyard and is writing 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

Uh, Dock-tore Smirnov?

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

HOUSEFIRE

End of the hall, dearie.

RUSSIAN

Spasibo.

HOUSEFIRE

Happens all the time, luv.

Russian leaves closing the 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 it.

It sticks in the wall beside him.

The wall's maroon classic Damask wallpaper around the pen now melts from *sizzling* acid.

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 in a new one.

**IN 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 its secret compartment.

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

#### **INT. HOUSEFIRE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Russian pulls back on 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 hallway.

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 its same hole.

The Russian grenade's *explosion* blows the office front door outside with 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 in sniper position. He unslings a snub *Kalashnikov RPL-20* machine gun from under his jacket and *fires* its 200 bullets in seconds.

Russian ejects gun's 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 grenade launcher.

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

RUSSIAN

Umri, umri, moya dorogaya.

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

Housefire disappears back down behind her armored desk.

Russian gun's 5.45 x 39mm rounds *ricochet* off its top.

Housefire's just-fired tear-gas grenade hits Russian in his chest knocking him back and down sitting against the wall.

Its *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 another 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. The bolt's *squelch* pins his head to the wall.

**POV:** Russian's good-eye's last sight is Housefire aiming her empty tactical crossbow at him. His good-eye turns glassy.

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

HOUSEFIRE

Dearie me, such a kerfuffle.

**INT. UNKNOWN RUSSIAN'S DEATH WALL - IMMEDIATELY**

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

Housefire recognizes these *sounds*.

HOUSEFIRE

Oh, bugger.

**INT. HOUSEFIRE'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS**

RDX Detonation Cord *explodes* on other side of the Russian's wall in a large rectangle *explodes* wall so it falls into her office. Section of wall falls *crushing* Russian's corpse.

TWO 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.

UNKNOWN TWO hip-aims a *Milkor MGL* 40mm six-shot revolver-type grenade launcher. Its six 46mm grenades, fired one-by-one, destroy 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 reloaded his *SAW's* clip and pulls back on loading bolt, *Thock*, then hip-aims again also.

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

Unknowns *tongue-trill* behind their gas-masks then 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 its floor, *Bang*.

Housefire now stands out of this 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 up and 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.

HOUSEFIRE  
Chuck some tunes, please.

A record scratches on of a British band playing through the 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* along perfect with the 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.

Both record and Housefire *scratch* to a halt.

HOUSEFIRE

Blimey.

**INT. HALLWAY'S ELEVATOR - IMMEDIATELY**

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

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOUSEFIRE'S FORMER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

Housefire back-elbows nearby Fire Alarm Pull Station glass and her knobby fingers yank down its manual call point lever.

HOUSEFIRE

Bob's your uncle.

**INT. HALLWAY'S ELEVATOR - IMMEDIATELY**

Four Assassins are reloading new clips when they hear four *explosions* above on their elevator's heavy hoisting cables.

The Four Assassins look up. Their LEADER is Australian.

ASSASSIN LEADER

Crikey.

Loud metallic *Thangs* as high-tensile support wires separate. Their elevator free-falls with Four Assassins *firing* inside.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOUSEFIRE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

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

Housefire walks to open elevator and presses simultaneous on all four corners with both thumbs and forefingers of recessed glass-front fire extinguisher box next to it. The box rotates within its 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 elevator shaft face-first.

Sounds of her gunshots *echo* from inside its concrete shaft.

**INT. HOUSEFIRE'S BUILDING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

A long narrow marble hallway with high ceiling. Its elevator doors *Ding* then open to a crushed elevator with Assassins dead bodies inside.

Housefire rappels through its open roof hatch to release her 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.

**IN SLO-MOTION:** Two clips *bounce* off the car's steel 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 to *double-rack* their slides then daintily steps over the Four Assassins bodies.

HOUSEFIRE

Sorry for the bother, can I get through?

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

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

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

**INT. HOUSEFIRE'S BUILDING EXIT - MOMENTS LATER**

Housefire stops just inside a 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.

ONE 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.

**IN SLO-MOTION:** Her cut carnation *bounces* off the tile floor losing a few petals.

Housefire back-trips the Faking Ninja so he falls past her. She pulls her wristwatch's stem out to reveal a 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 carrousel opening.

Housefire kicks Faking Ninja's head inside as the carousel rotates partway then stops blocking the compartment. White acid-gas smoke fills it and the 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, stuffs hanky away, shrugs both shoulders, primps her hair again, then smiles most lovingly.

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

SON/DAUGHTER

Mummy!

Passenger door mechanically self-opens to now reveal her HUSBAND, an African-American from New Jersey, USA. A former underwear model with perfect straight hair and teeth, he smiles perfectly perfect. His teeth star-gleam, *Ding*.

HUSBAND

Honey Luv!

Housefire dips to the side waving *happy*, then throws a kiss. Husband catches it. She enters to close her 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 most interesting thing occurring in your day, turtle dove?

HOUSEFIRE

Well ...

Husband and 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 their army of soon-to-be-dead in front of them. Husband's Jersey Boy up-bringing now emerges.

HUSBAND

Fogetaboutit.

**EXT. FRONT VIEW OF HOUSEFIRE'S MINIVAN - SAME**

Her 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 while aiming *M-60* machine guns hung from overhead slings like in UH-60 Blackhawk helicopters.

Their sunroof opens and Housefire stands out. She yanks off her wig and uses it to wipe off her heavy white make-up. She pulls off her hair net and beautiful long wavy blonde hair falls in perfect strands right from the beauty shop. She vogue-poses as old-style photographer flash-bulbs "pop" 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 CAPTION UNDER:** "*Glory to Ukraine, Bitches!*"

**EXT. MINIVAN'S REAR END - IMMEDIATELY**

Their minivan's rear wheels *spin* smoking then launch toward the Four *Soldiers of Misfortune* who cower.

**EXT. MERCENARIES VANS - SAME**

Their MERCENARY LEADER is German and lowers his weapon stoic.

MERCENARY LEADER  
Velllll ...Scheisse.

CUT TO BLACK.

Sounds of *gunfire* and *explosions* echo aplenty.