

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

(Footage from Casino Royals or some other footage of car crashing)

A sports car drives at high speed down a lonely road. Suddenly it swerves to miss a person. It goes out of control, flipping, over and over again and finally coming to a halt, upside down, smoke billowing from it's carriage.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Our hero, JAMES BLOND, awakes, bound to a table.(this footage is shot from a security camera.)

BLOND
Where am I?

A disembodied voice fills the room.

BLOHARD (O.S.)
Wouldn't you like to know, Mr. Blond.

BLOND
Blohard.

BLOHARD
That's Professor Blohard von Dusselsteinundfreulicheweinachtenspielberg to you!

BLOND
Professor (butchers name)?

BLOHARD
Never mind! Just call me Blohard.

BLOND
You'll never get away with this, Blohard.

BLOHARD
Never is a very long time, Blond. Besides, I'm already getting away with it. Why at this precise moment 30 nine year-olds are starting their field trip to Ft. Knox.
(MORE)

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

What you and everybody else doesn't know is that I have put modified nitro glycerin into their juice boxes and after they finish their lunches I will detonate the children at the same time creating a massive crater into the gold depository which is underneath the cafeteria. Finally, I will have all the gold in Ft. Knox! I expect only one thing from you.

BLOND

I guess you expect me to talk?

BLOHARD

No, Mr. Blond, I expect you to d...

Suddenly a phone rings(maybe ringtone is cat related).

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

FART! Right in the middle of my speech.

(answers phone)

Yes?

Another screen comes on. It's Blohard's cat sitter, Claire.

CLAIRE

Hi, Professor (mutilates name)

BLOHARD

Blohard, Blohard, just call me Blohard.

CLAIRE

Hi, Blohard. Look, I've got some bad news. I can't cat sit this week.

BLOHARD

What?! But I need someone to watch Kitler this weekend. I have a very important heist, Claire. I told you that.

CLAIRE

I know and I feel terrible but do you remember that play I told you I auditioned for?

BLOHARD

Of course I don't.

CLAIRE
I booked it!

BLOHARD
Yipee.

CLAIRE
I know, right?!
(distracted)
Oh, look. A squirrel is outside my window. Any way, so I'm afraid I have to fly to Portland tonight.

BLOHARD
I would be afraid of that as well. Well, Claire, before you go, might you be able to recommend someone else?

CLAIRE
Not really. I mean, you've pretty much killed every cat sitter I know.

BLOHARD
Speaking of which, could you look at that squirrel at your window?

CLAIRE
Yes. He's so cu...

Blohards pushes a button (perhaps labelled squirrel?). Claire is killed by a laser. There's just a puff of smoke where her body was.

BLOHARD
Poop on my life.

Blohards returns to his video conference with Blond. We see that Blond has a martini.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)
Where was I? Wait, how did you get that martini?

BLOND
Shaken, not stirred.

BLOHARD
That's not what I meant! Never mind, where was I?

BLOND
I said, "You expect me to talk?"

BLOHARD

That's right, that's right. No, Mr. Blond, I expect you to...know a cat sitter.

BLOND

I'm sorry, what?

BLOHARD

Do you know a cat sitter? I'm in a real bind.

BLOND

I'm sorry but that's not the kind of kitty with which I'm familiar.

BLOHARD

Ewww, gross. How do you still have a job when you say misogynistic stuff like that?

Blond makes to answer.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

Rhetorical question...Enough! You prepare to die. I need to make some phone calls.

Blohards makes a phone call. A woman comes on screen. She is very exotic looking, perhaps a tad too much makeup, and a ridiculous headdress. This is MADAME MERCILESS(too on the nose?)

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

Merciless, long time no speak.

MERCILESS

Yeah, for a reason. What do you want?

BLOHARD

I always admired your disdain for small talk.

MERCILESS

I have disdain for anything small. That's why we broke up.

BLOHARD

Fair enough. I'll get to the point. Would it be possible for you to cat sit Kitler for me?

Merciless rolls her eyes and sighs.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

It would only be over the weekend and I'll pay you double what I pay normally. I just have to go to Tennessee this weekend...

MERCILESS

Are you trying to break into Ft. Knox again?!?! Give it up, man. It's not even that big a deal to break into Ft. Knox anymore. The sixties called they want their heist back.

BLOHARD

Haters going to hate. Oprah says, "surround yourself with only those who are going to lift you higher".

MERCILESS

Which is why you are alone right now. Look, Kitler is loud and needs a lot of attention. I am not available.

The phone clicks and we hear a dial tone.

BLOHARD

Okay. Nice talk.

Blohards' phone rings. The screen comes on and reveals a UPS/FEDEX/AMAZON delivery guy.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

What?

DELIVERY GUY

Yeah, I've got about 100 stolen gold containers for delivery.

BLOHARD

Oh, yes, of course. Could you leave them at the back delivery dock, please?

DELIVERY GUY

All of them?

BLOHARD

No. Just the ones for gold. Of course, all of them.

DELIVERY GUY

No need to be rude.

BLOHARD

Listen, butt brains, I went to
villain school with your boss, Jeff
Bezos. Don't make me call him.

Blohارد hangs up. Checks back in with Blond. Blond now has a
sexy blond woman in the cell with him.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

Are you prepar...what the what!
Who's that?

BLOND

I don't know her name.

BLOHARD

Hey, bimbo, get your butt out of my
torture cell.

Bimbo goes to leave.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

Oh, wait. Do you cat sit?

Bimbo shakes her head no.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

Okay, continue getting your butt
out.

She exits.

BLOND

Still can't find a sucker, huh?

BLOHARD

Oh, wait, I think I know someone.
Prepare to die, blah, blah.

He exits Blond and makes phone call. The video comes on with
what seems to be a steroid-ravaged Eastern European woman(?).
This is Olga the Vulga. She speaks with a deep, Russian
accented voice while she eats a whole chicken.

OLGA

(very deep Russian voice)
Dah.

BLOHARD

Hello, Olga.

OLGA

Hey, tiny tally!

BLOHARD

Blohards.

OLGA

Not too hard or it blow away.

She laughs.

BLOHARD

Olga, darling, would you, perhaps, be able to cat sit Kitler for me?

OLGA

Yes, of course, I watch cat for you.

BLOHARD

Oh my god, Olga you are a lifesaver.

OLGA

Brutus, love cat. No Brutus?

The camera moves to show her dog, Brutus. He is laying there with what appears to be pieces of fur and bones.

OLGA (CONT'D)

Dah, he LOVE cat.

BLOHARD

You know what, I think I got it covered, Olga. Nice to talk to you.

(makes phone interference sound)

Oh, I think I'm losing you...

He quickly hangs up.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

What was that!? I would never leave you with her, my little Fur-or. Heil, you.

Blohards phone rings again. Video comes up. It's Blond, but from a very odd angle that is not the security camera.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)

Wait, how are you calling me? That's a really weird angle.

BLOND

Don't worry about it.

BLOHARD
It's almost as if your being filmed
from your crotch. Wait, is that
camera your...?

BLOND
Maybe.

BLOHARD
Inappropriate.

BLOND
Listen, I can cat sit.

BLOHARD
I know I should be suspicious but
I'm desperate. Let me print out
Kitler's instructions...

Without warning, Blond gets hit by a laser and turns into
smoke.

BLOHARD (CONT'D)
What?! How?!

We see a cat paw on a button (a literal button?).

BLOHARD (CONT'D)
Kitler!! What are you doing?

Cat paw, button, squirrel, Blohard, smoke.

Kitler speaks directly to camera.

KITLER
Now, is the time my feline hordes.
The world will be our litter box.

Kitler laughs maniacally. We hear lasers and the screen goes
black.