

INT. MESSY BACHELOR PAD - LIVING ROOM

Takeout boxes and dirty laundry litter every inch of this dumpster of a living space.

The door opens, enter the messy owner KYLE (20s, blissfully ignorant) and his much neater (and prettier) date JENNIFER. Kyle fits the apartment perfectly, while Jennifer doesn't even remotely. *What's she doing here with him?*

KYLE

Thanks again for dinner tonight. That was the best meal I've had in months!

JENNIFER

Thanks for bringing me back to your apartment, it's very...spacious?

KYLE

Hey thanks! I'm gonna grab some drinks in the kitchen, but me casa es su casa, so make yourself at home! Bee are bee.

Kyle trots away. Jennifer's polite smile quickly drops into a serious grimace. ANGLE: she presses her ear, revealing an EARPIECE.

JENNIFER

(under her breath)
Agent J reporting in, I'm in the target's apartment now.

BEGIN INTERCUT

INT. DARK COMPUTER ROOM

Surrounded by monitors, hard drives, flashing LED lights, and other assorted gadgetry sits ALVIN, Jennifer's guy in the chair.

ALVIN

Excellent, Agent J. Do you have the poison?

ANGLE: Jennifer unzips a secret compartment from her JEAN POCKET to reveal a small VIAL OF RUBY RED POISON.

JENNIFER

Affirmative. Once I slip it in his drink, we won't be worrying about Kyle

ever again.

END INTERCUT

Kyle sneaks back in with two beers. Jennifer quickly removes her finger from her ear.

KYLE

Hey were you talking to someone?

JENNIFER

No?

KYLE

Okay! Hope you like Bud Light!

JENNIFER

I do like Bud Light...oh wait, does it contain unfiltered evaporated corn starch?

KYLE

Does it...what?

Jennifer SWIPES both beer bottles from Kyle, turns away from him, swiftly pours the poison into the first bottle.

JENNIFER

This will be just a sec, I gotta...Oh my god what the *fuck*!?

Upon closer inspection, both beer bottles are as dirty as could be, complete with torn labels and spit marks.

JENNIFER

What the hell is this?

KYLE

Oh sorry, I ran out of cups a little while ago, so I've been reusing beer bottles. Hope that's okay.

JENNIFER

(regains her composure)

Oh uh, yeah, of course it's fine, not a problem. Here.

Jennifer attempts to give the poisoned bottle back to Kyle, but it won't leave her palm. It's STUCK.

JENNIFER

Um, why is the bottle stuck to my hand?

KYLE

Oh right sorry, I accidentally spilled some soda on it like a couple weeks ago, so yeah, just give it a good pull, it'll come off.

JENNIFER

I can't; the OTHER bottle is stuck to my OTHER hand.

KYLE

Oh whoops ha ha, sorry. That's quite a pickle you got there.

Jennifer shakes like her life depends on it. However, she shakes a little too hard, and both bottles FLY out of her hands, SHATTERING on the ground.

KYLE

Aw man, those were my last cups.

The bottle with the poison in it leaks out the red liquid, which coincidentally MELTS A HOLE through the living room floor.

KYLE

Huh, weird. Anyway, sorry about that. Let's see what else we got in the kitchen.

INT. DARK COMPUTER ROOM

ALVIN

Dammit! That was your only bottle of poison.

INT. MESSY BACHELOR PAD - BACK TO SCENE

JENNIFER

(aside, whispers)

We're not aborting mission! I'll find some other way.

INT. MESSY BACHELOR PAD - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Just like the living room, the kitchen is a mess. Kyle opens the fridge, rummages through it.

KYLE

I think there's a takeout tray in here somewhere from New Year's Eve.

JENNIFER

It's May.

KYLE

No, I mean from the New Year's before that.

Jennifer shudders in disgust, scans the kitchen. BINGO: she sees the utensil drawer. She sneaks her way towards it.

KYLE

(head in fridge)

Jackpot! Mom left me some chicken parm when she visited.

JENNIFER

(menacingly)

Then we're gonna need some UTENSILS!

Without looking, Jennifer rifles through the utensil drawer, pulls out a knife, and STABS Kyle in the back. Luckily, it's just a PLASTIC one, and it does no harm.

KYLE

(unphased)

We sure are, thanks!

Kyle turns around, swipes the knife from Jennifer. Jennifer takes a hard look at the utensil drawer: ALL of them are plastic.

JENNIFER

Why is everything in this drawer plastic? Where's the silverware?

KYLE

Oh yeah, I totally lost all of them.

JENNIFER

Did...did you try **looking** for them?

KYLE

Yeah, they weren't in the drawer at all!

JENNIFER

...alright fuck this!

Jennifer takes out a GUN, aims it at Kyle.

JENNIFER

You're too dangerous to be left alive,
I'm sorry.

Kyle YELPS, dashes out of the kitchen. Jennifer fires a shot, but misses as Kyle rounds the corner.

INT. MESSY BACHELOR PAD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Jennifer turns the corner herself, she sees just before Kyle ducks into one of the HALLWAY DOORS.

JENNIFER

You can't hide from me!

Jennifer makes her way to Kyle, but has to stop herself; the floor is clearly slippery.

JENNIFER

I'll get to you...eventually. What the hell is wrong with your floor?! Why is it so slippery?

KYLE (O.S.)

Oh, that's where I spilled some spaghetti awhile back.

JENNIFER

Of course you fucking did.

Jennifer struggles along the hallway. Like on an ice rink, she has to cling to the other hallway doors to make her way to Kyle's room.

INT. MESSY BACHELOR PAD - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finally, Jennifer eyes Kyle sitting fetal-position in the bedroom corner; looks like his time is up.

JENNIFER

Alright you bastard, this is it. This wasn't personal at first, but now it sure as hell is.

Jennifer aims her gun at Kyle, begins to squeeze her hand on the trigger. But then, she sees something out of the corner of her eye, SCREAMS, loses all her cool.

JENNIFER

What the fuck is that?!

Resting casually in the other corner of the bedroom is a
LARGE DIRTY RACCOON.

KYLE

(defensive)

What, my cat mittens?

JENNIFER

There's no goddamn way you don't know
that's a raccoon!

KYLE

(self righteously)

Wait is THAT why he doesn't purr?

Jennifer has never been more ready to kill Kyle. However, the
moment Jennifer removes her gaze from Mittens, he STRIKES.

Mittens LEAPS onto Jennifer's face. She SCREAMS a hellish
scream, accidentally THROWS her gun to the floor.

Jennifer and Mittens tussle around the room, until CRASH! The
two fall out of Kyle's BEDROOM WINDOW, FALL straight down to
the city streets below. O.S: the sound of them hitting the
ground, THUMP.

All is quiet. Kyle un-shields himself, discovers what
happened to his former date and former pet.

KYLE

Mittens! Nooooo!

Kyle yells all he can, but Mittens and his date...are no
more. Kyle stands in the center of his room, grasping with
what's happened.

ANGLE: Kyle puts a finger to HIS ear, revealing an earpiece.
He was a spy the whole time!

KYLE

This is Agent K speaking. Operation:
Double Agent was a success.

BEGIN INTERCUT

INT. DARK COMPUTER ROOM

ALVIN

Good work, Agent K. Your country thank you, as does Agent Mittens.

KYLE

(solemn)

Alvin...I'm so sorry. Agent Mittens didn't make it.

Alvin stops speed typing, a grave look grows on his face as he looks to the sky.

ALVIN

My God.

KYLE

He gave his life to complete the mission.

ALVIN

We should all be so lucky. Then I guess there's only one thing left to do, Agent K.

KYLE

Yes sir?

ALVIN

(angrily annoyed)

Can you PLEASE clean your fucking apartment? Jesus Christ, that place is disgusting. How do you *LIVE* like that?!

END INTERCUT

Kyle smirks a bit, looks out over the broken window in front of him.

KYLE

Funny. That's what Mittens used to say.

As the camera zooms out of the disgusting bedroom...

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: Fade up to image of a happy Kyle holding a rabid screaming Agent Mittens. INSERT: IN MEMORY, LT. COLONEL

MAXIMILLIAN "MITTENS" BRADFORD, ??? - 2022, "I HAVE FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT, I HAVE FINISHED THE RACE, I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH.", - 2 TIMOTHY 4:7.

INSERT: "ALSO I FUCKING LOVE GARBAGE"

THE END