

MOUSE BOND CUTS THE CHEESE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Thuggish-looking workers fill small bags from drums of cat litter. A huge shadow flashes across the wall, startling the workers. One of them turns and pulls a handgun.

From out of nowhere, MOUSE BOND, about four inches long, plus tail, in a form-fitting cat suit that shows off his considerable package, leaps onto the gunman's face. The gunman screams and fires blind.

Other workers spring into action, as Mouse Bond leaps from face to face, peppering them with fresh mouse droppings.

Some workers struggle to close the warehouse doors as Mouse Bond scurries for the exit. At the last second, Mouse Bond hurls himself through the tiniest crack in the door and hits the button on a hand held detonator.

As the warehouse explodes in a series of fireballs, blowing out windows and lifting the roof, Mouse Bond dusts himself off and calmly climbs into a custom built Run-About Ball.

He rolls away, leaving a trail of mouse droppings.

INT. O'S OFFICE - DAY

Mouse Bond, now dressed in a spiffy Savile Row suit, crosses O's desk and sets down a tiny bag of dust.

MOUSE BOND

A present, O. From the warehouse.

O, a sharply-dressed woman picks up the bag and tastes the contents.

O

Do I detect Parmesan?

MOUSE BOND

Yes, very clever to mix this new explosive with cheese. It hides the scent.

O

And what is it called?

MOUSE BOND

C-9. I'm off to Italy to find where they make the stuff.

INT. JETLINER - DAY

Mouse Bond sits in first class. YOLANDA, a striking, brunette flight attendant, sets a martini on his tray table.

YOLANDA

Here you are. Shaken, not stirred.

MOUSE BOND

And the olive?

YOLANDA

Blue cheese stuffed.

MOUSE BOND

Thank you. Perhaps you would care to join me in Rome on your layover.

He winks at her and adjusts his package. She smiles and her nipples SPROING, nearly puncturing her blouse.

YOLANDA

But I don't even know your name.

MOUSE BOND

It's Bond. Mouse Bond.

Yolanda's nipples seem to adjust their focus.

INT. BLOFELD'S CHATEAU - DAY

A white Persian cat, sits in the lap of a handsome, white-haired man in a suit. The cat scowls at a computer screen on her desk. She is IVANA BLOFELD.

BLOFELD

Yolanda's nipple cams have him in their sights.

The computer screen shows a close up of Mouse Bond nibbling his olive. Blofeld scratches her desk.

BLOFELD (CONT'D)

I knew we should have armed her tits!

INT. CHEESE PROCESSING PLANT - NIGHT

Workers feed blocks of Parmesan cheese into a grinder along with blocks of C-9 explosive.

A huge shadow flashes across the wall, startling the workers. They quickly flip transparent shields down over their faces.

Mouse Bond swings out of the darkness and smacks into a face shield. He slides down the shield, onto the conveyer belt that leads to the grinder.

Blofeld emerges from the shadows, in the arms of her white-haired human.

MOUSE BOND

Blofeld!

BLOFELD

We were waiting for you.

Mouse Bond glances back at the whirling grinder teeth. He runs in place to keep his distance.

MOUSE BOND

Do you expect me to talk?

BLOFELD

No, Mouse Bond, I expect you to grind!

Blofeld laughs maniacally. Mouse Bond smiles and begins pooping prodigiously. Blofeld stops laughing.

BLOFELD (CONT'D)

What - - what are you doing?

MOUSE BOND

Bye bye, Blofeld.

Mouse Bond leaps from the conveyer belt onto a worker's shoulder and pees on his face shield. The worker screams as the shield melts.

Blofeld and her human quickly flee the scene. Mouse Bond pursues.

The mouse droppings hit the grinder teeth.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Mouse Bond sits up in bed, sipping a martini.

MOUSE BOND

It's amazing the chemical reaction one gets when one combines fresh mouse poo with C-9 and Parmesan.

Yolanda stands in the bathroom doorway, wearing a flimsy negligee and panties, but a rather sturdy bra.

YOLANDA

Oh, but when I think of all that
Parmigiano-Reggiano up in smoke.

She sits on the bed. Mouse Bond climbs on to her shoulder.

MOUSE BOND

I pooped on her cheese, but not
before saving this piece for you.

He holds out a piece of yummy Parmesan and feeds it to her.

YOLANDA

Mmmmmmmmmmm.

MOUSE BOND

And now, one last thing.

He scampers into her cleavage.

YOLANDA

Ohhh!

Mouse Bond releases the bra's front clasp and disarms
Yolanda's nipple cams, allowing her breasts to breathe free.

MOUSE BOND

That's better.

YOLANDA

Blofeld will be so disappointed.

Mouse Bond scampers down Yolanda's belly toward her magic
triangle.

MOUSE BOND

She already had a good look at my
package in the cheese plant.

He dives into Yolanda's panties. She gasps, then melts back
into the pillows.

YOLANDA

Ohhh, Mousey!

FADE OUT.

THE END