

AGENT ELEVEN: OPERATION SHITSTORM

Written by

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(c)2019

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAY

A tiny passageway opens over a grassy lawn. Its iron grill door opened...

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Agent 0-0-Eleven? Do you copy?

INT. MUNICIPAL WATER SYSTEM - MAIN SEWER - DAY

A deep stream of filthy water runs amid stone walls coated by layers of muck and icy slag.

AGENT ELEVEN, early 40s, impeccably dressed, strolls along holding a briefcase, sunglasses on.

He talks to his radio-watch as he walks:

AGENT ELEVEN
I'm heading towards the exchange
loc-- Shit!!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
What?! Something happened?!

Eleven's eyes widen. He looks at his foot. A small puddle of shit lies under his expensive leather shoe. Smashed.

AGENT ELEVEN
Ew, I stepped on a shit...

A relief sigh emerges from the watch.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Next time you do a mission in a
sewer I'll remind you not to bring
your Louboutin's.

INT. MUNICIPAL WATER SYSTEM - LATERAL SEWER - DAY

Eleven waits in the middle of a faintly illuminated tunnel. In the background, the sound of water running.

Three people step in, weapons in their waistbands.

DR. UBEL, 30s, a short German with a pronounced bald head and huge black-rimmed spectacles is escorted by two big dumb thugs, STAN and OLIVER.

He carries another briefcase, like Eleven. This one has a label on its side: OPERATION SHITSTORM.

Dr. Ubel is striding towards Eleven when his foot stomps in another puddle. Brownish water splashes all over his shoe and pants.

DR. UBEL

Shit!!

A slight smirk plays on Eleven's lips.

AGENT ELEVEN

I know the feeling.

Dr. Ubel looks up.

DR. UBEL

Mr. Chipman, I suppose.

AGENT ELEVEN

You are late.

DR. UBEL

Did you bring the money?

Eleven opens up the briefcase. It's filled with folded banknotes wrapped in rubber bands.

He closes it.

AGENT ELEVEN

Your turn.

Dr. Uber leaves his briefcase on the floor. He kneels and snaps it up, revealing:

INSERT - BRIEFCASE CONTENTS

A book listing of classified locations, a manila folder with instructions for use and a four-by-five-inch card with codes.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. UBEL

Alright, let's do the exchange. I can't stand the smell of this place. It stinks.

Eleven and Dr. Ubel swap their briefcases.

DR. UBEL (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. Chipman. You've been of great help.

He turns to Eleven with an evil smile on his lips.

DR. UBEL (CONT'D)
Such a pity you should be...
eliminated.

At Dr. Ubel's sign, Oliver and Stan cock his guns and point them at Eleven, who raises his hands.

He keeps a strange, cool demeanor. Not a bit of doubt in his face. Dr. Ubel notices.

DR. UBEL (CONT'D)
You don't appear to be worried.

Suddenly, AGENT TWELVE, a young blonde on a suit, pops up. Out of nowhere. All in her screams "badass".

She holds a gun in each hand, both threateningly pointed to Oliver and Stan.

AGENT ELEVEN
Let me introduce you to Agent
Twelve. She, my friend, is the
reason I wasn't scared...

Eleven takes his gun out, points it to Dr. Ubel.

AGENT ELEVEN (CONT'D)
...and why you are going to spend
the rest of your lives behind bars.

AGENT TWELVE
Thanks for the intro, Eleven.

AGENT ELEVEN
You're welcome, Twelve.
(to Dr. Ubel)
You've been played.

A shadow crosses Twelve's face. She turns and points both guns to Eleven.

AGENT TWELVE
...but I'm afraid you're wrong. The
only person here who has been
played is... you.

DR. UBEL
Ha!

For the first time, Eleven's face pales. He looks like he's shitted in his pants!

AGENT ELEVEN

Wait! What?! You are a double agent?

Her awkward expression tells it all.

AGENT ELEVEN (CONT'D)

Damn! I knew that stepping on a shit was a sign of bad luck...

DR. UBEL

Well done Twelve, the big boss will be pleased.

(turns to his thugs)

Stan, Oliver, search him!

The thugs frisk Eleven's pockets and spread the contents over the floor: a pair of swimming goggles, an exquisite fountain pen, a whistle...

Dr. Ubel and Twelve observe them, astounded. They don't have a clue of what all those things are.

STAN

No weapons.

OLIVER

He's clean.

Oliver takes the whistle. He looks at it with curiosity.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Oh, a whistle. I always wanted one of these...

He approaches it to his mouth.

DR. UBEL

No! Don't do it, stupid!

Too late. He's already blowing it. There's a high pitch note, then a beep. The whistle starts to tick...

AGENT TWELVE

It's a bomb!

Eleven uses the confusion to kick Stan in the ribs. Stan doubles in pain as Eleven takes back his goggles and fountain pen in a single swift movement. He moves away just before--

The whistle EXPLODES.

The blast sends everyone flying into the air, except for Eleven who just moved out of the explosion range.

He takes the briefcase with the codes and stares at the waters of the filthy deep stream.

Eleven steps back, repulsed by the smell.

AGENT ELEVEN
I'm not jumping, no fucking way...

All of a sudden, a shot explodes near his foot. Then another. And another. He turns.

Twelve, Stan and Oliver fire at him.

Eleven glances at the swampy waters, again.

AGENT ELEVEN (CONT'D)
Okay, I take it back.

He stretches the fountain pen out, transforming it into a breathing tube and puts it in his mouth.

Then, he puts the goggles on and jumps into the stream, clutching his nose.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH - DAY

A crystal clear day. The smooth sand is crowded with families and couples in a jovial mood.

INTO THE OCEAN

Something resembling THE CREATURE OF BLACK LAGOON comes out of the water, holding a briefcase.

It's Eleven, victoriously buried in shovelfuls of solid dirt.

AGENT ELEVEN
(to himself)
I knew that stepping on a shit was
a sign of bad luck...

He walks towards the shore as everyone runs away from the stinky monster, both disgusted and terrified.

FADE OUT.