Boss Bitch

written by

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INT. OFFICE - MR. BUSINESS' OFFICE

A resume takes up the entire screen and is then placed down on the desk revealing Mitzy behind the resume. She is clearly a dog in a pink suit and fake hands.

MR. BUSINESS
Mitzy, huh?

Mr. Business' face peeks out of the shadows as he begins to talk. He looks like your stereotypical middle-aged, stern man.

MR. BUSINESS (CONT'D)
Well, my name… is Mr. Business. I'll be the one interviewing you today. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Mitzy doesn't answer. She looks like a deer in headlights.

MR. BUSINESS (under his breath)
Oh, brother. Another tongue-tied Gen Z-er…

MR. BUSINESS (to Mitzy)
Listen, kid, this job isn't for the weak. I want someone who can get shit done, you understand? Someone who runs when I say move.

Mr. Business stands up and looks even bigger as he hovers over the desk. He grabs a stress ball from his desk.

MR. BUSINESS (CONT'D)
When I say jump, I want them to ask, "How high?" And when I say, fetch-

Mr. Business throws the ball to finish his speech but to his surprise Mitzy jumps up and catches the ball in her mouth.

MR. BUSINESS (CONT'D)
(gasp) No one's… ever done that before. (pause) While I don't agree with your actions, I do respect your willingness to commit. Consider me intrigued…

Cut to Mitzy panting with her tongue out, a spit-covered ball in front of her. Mr. Business walks over to the window to peer out of it. Mitzy snaps to action and opens up her suitcase to reveal a bunch of those talking buttons for dogs.

MR. BUSINESS (CONT'D)
So tell me… why do you want to work for our company?

MITZY (ROBOTIC)
I WISH TO. INCREASE PRODUCTIVITY. AT YOUR COMPANY? I LOVE. MAKING MONEY. FOR SHAREHOLDERS. I KNOW. WHAT ROI. STANDS FOR.

Mr. Business yawns. He’s become bored with her answers.

MR. BUSINESS
Yes, yes... I've heard it all before! Don't you have anything else? Tell me something new. Tell me something REAL--

MITZY
I WUV YOU!

Mitzy accidentally hits the “I WUV YOU” button. Mr. Business snaps his attention back to Mitzy who already slammed her suitcase shut and is now casually laying on the floor, belly up.

MR. BUSINESS (SOFTENED)
I… haven’t heard that in a while… Thank you. I needed that today. (pause) You know what, kid? I pegged you all wrong. It truly was a pleasure meeting you today. Put 'er here.

Mr. Business reaches over for a handshake but as Mitzy reaches up to shake his hand, her prosthetic hand falls off and plops on the table. There’s a long pause as if Mitzy has finally been busted.

MR. BUSINESS (SLOWLY AND ANGRILY) (CONT'D)
You… I know what you are… You’re…

Mitzy gulps.

MR. BUSINESS (WITH JOY) (CONT'D)
Just like my mother!

Mr. Business shows Mitzy a photo of him and his mom. She looks just like Mitzy, prosthetic hand and all! Written at the bottom of the photo is “I love you, son! I will always remember the times we played fetch together!”

MR. BUSINESS (TEARY) (CONT'D)
Oh, you remind me of her so much. And I'll be DAMNED (slams table) if she wasn't the hardest working son of a bitch out there. You're hired.

Mr. Business reaches out for a handshake to seal the deal only to realize that Mitzy's hand is still on the table.

MR. BUSINESS (CONT'D)
Apologies.

Mitzy places her prosthetic hand back in place and they shake hands triumphantly