

Hot Fudge Warriors, Episode 2

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HOT FUDGE WARRIORS! - Episode 2

TEASER

EXT. MCCONNELL LAND THEME PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK, MID-OCTOBER, 20 YEARS BEFORE PILOT EPISODE

MUSIC CUE: Pipe organ of carousel.

Colossal statue of McCONNELL LAND CLOWN presides over entrance of McConnell Land Theme Park.

In the distance, park's Magic Castle sits majestically. In flashbacks to this era, castle is bright blue, not gray, and its lawn is green and manicured, not tall, brown weeds.

Between colossus and castle, KIDS of all races skip, laugh and enjoy Ferris wheel, bumper cars, zoo and carnival games.

SUPER: Twenty years before the Hellfire War.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

Twenty years ago, folks called McConnell Land Theme Park "The Happiest Place on Earth." Like most of America, the park suffered years of strife to become someplace people of every race, religion, sex and sexual orientation could play, work or even live in peace.

On park walkway, ANIMATRONIC KIDS resemble ones from Disney's "It's a Small World" ride. They smile, shake hands and hug by banner saying "COMING SOON: 'IT'S A SMALL PLANET' RIDE."

ANIMATRONIC KIDS

(musically chanting)

It's a small planet, you know? It a small planet, you know?

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

The park was 200 square miles of rides, shows and attractions interspersed with prime real estate where people could live utopian visions of the distant future --

In residential area with view of Castle, chubby WHITE HUSBAND in spacesuit waters lawn of futuristic, bubble-shaped home.

Nearby, ROBOT BUTLER serves lemonade to BLACK WIFE in lawn chair and to BIRACIAL KIDS IN SPACE HELMETS in kiddie pool.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... Or the distant past.

Musketeers, Assemble!

In another residential area, with view of Castle, muscular BLACK HUSBAND dressed as Pharaoh waters lawn of Pyramid, and squirts lounging WHITE WIFE who laughs and kisses him.

Nearby, ROBOT MAID serves iced tea to BIRACIAL KIDS IN EGYPTIAN HEADGEAR in kiddie pool.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Any vision of reality was within
driving distance. So, for a while,
the park felt like its own small,
close-knit planet.

Back on park walkway, ANIMATRONIC KIDS hug each other.

ANIMATRONIC KIDS
It's a small planet, you know?

Past ANIMATRONIC KIDS, a clown, DEACON BUBBA from Pilot Episode, makes balloon animals for tourists.

Farther away, Apocalypse-themed CAROUSEL OF FATE spins, with kids riding Four Horses of Apocalypse and related beasts.

Thirty feet from that, DANCERS of all races wear lederhosen and do Bavarian folk dances near OKTOBERFEST banner and six-foot-tall JACK O' LANTERN.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)
But not everyone was happy with
this new, growing diversity.

Nearby, SKINHEADS' picket signs say: "KEEP OKTOBERFEST ARYAN!" COPS stand between them and other park attendees.

On opposite side from dancers, Arab royal family enjoys show. KING MUTADAYIQ and his wife QUEEN ZAWJA (both 30s), are dressed in ornate robes and turbans with gold crowns.

Royals smile and clap to music, but scowl at protestors.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yes, McConnell Land Theme Park was
much happier back then -- before
that infamous bombing.

KING MUTADAYIQ pulls out cigar and lighter, and he ignites tall, bright flame.

END OF TEASER

Musketeers, Assemble!

ACT ONE

MUSIC CUE: Carousel's pipe organ.

KING MUTADAYIQ is about to light cigar, when white, female dancer PEGGY MOSS (25) angrily shouts at him.

PEGGY

Hey! No smoking in the park!

PEGGY grabs spray bottle from pavement, and squirts KING MUTADAYIQ in face to drown cigar. Skinheads CHEER. Surprised king coughs water and fumbles cigar.

KING MUTADAYIQ

Hey! Stop that! Security!

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS in dark suits rush between PEGGY and KING to break up argument. AGENT YITZHAK GADOL (late 20s) whips out gun and badge, and knocks bottle from PEGGY's hand.

COPS brandish batons to force SKINHEADS away. They retreat.

AGENT GADOL

Ma'am, I'm Secret Service. Step away from this dignitary, who's on a diplomatic visit.

PEGGY

Oh? I don't care if he's the Prince of Persia! I'll water-board any terrorist who smokes near my kid!

KING MUTADAYIQ

I'm no terrorist! And no prince!
I'm King Mutadayiq of the 90 Oases!
And you ruined a \$50 Cuban cigar!

QUEEN ZAWJA puts hand on KING's shoulder to calm him.

QUEEN ZAWJA

Darling, our imam says you should quit smoking anyway: our bodies are Allah's temple. And we must follow the park's rules like anyone else.

KING MUTADAYIQ

I didn't know the no-smoking rule, Zawja, but I'm sure the park has rules against racism too.

AGENT GADOL

I apologize, Your Majesty. We'll ensure your attacker is punished.

Musketeers, Assemble!

AGENT ICHABOD BAXTER (late 20s), frisks PEGGY, snatches her wallet, and tosses it to AGENT PETER CHAPEL (late 20s), who scans her driver license's bar code with his cell phone.

Meanwhile, AGENT BAXTER handcuffs shocked PEGGY.

AGENT BAXTER
Sorry for this, ma'am.

PEGGY
Wait! My 10-year-old son, Porky, is riding that carousel with classmates I'm babysitting! I can't leave the kids here!

AGENT CHAPEL reads digital dossier on PEGGY on his phone.

AGENT CHAPEL
Her story checks out: This is Peggy Moss, age 25, park employee, single mother of Percival "Porky" Moss, age 10, whose father is unknown.

PEGGY
You got all that from a bar code?

AGENT CHAPEL
It links to databases on you.

QUEEN ZAWJA
Poor girl. At age 14, you were pregnant with a bastard child. Please point out your little Porky.

INT./EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Carousel is full of Arab kids, but four U.S. kids stand out.

They're cute, white geek MILLICENT SARAH EPHEMUS (10); cute, Latina tomboy TAKOTA SMYRNA-RODRIGUEZ (10); fat, white PORKY MOSS (10); and white SURLY TEEN (18) too big for kiddie ride.

They ride Four Horses of Apocalypse: MILLICENT rides white horse; TAKOTA rides red horse; PORKY rides black; and SURLY TEEN rides behind them on pale, sickly, greenish-gray horse.

SURLY TEEN frowns at PORKY, who eats cotton candy, bucket of popcorn and messy, chili-covered hotdog at same time.

PORKY's school uniform is covered in food stains. MILLICENT and TAKOTA, in spotless uniforms, roll eyes at him.

Musketeers, Assemble!

MILLICENT

Porky, how can you eat all that stuff while balancing on a horse?

PORKY

I'm hungry!

TAKOTA

But you'll spill food on the floor.

PORKY

So? I follow the 5-second rule.

Porky spills hotdog's chili on his horse. He licks it off.

MILLICENT

Eww! You don't know what germs are on that from weird strangers!

PORKY

Germs from weird strangers are no worse than germs from anyone else.

Porky looks around for weird strangers, and sees SURLY TEEN, who uses marker to scrawl word "DEATH" on his own horse.

SURLY TEEN is chalk-white and wears all black, including gloves. Hoodie covers his eyes. His shirt says THYATIRA under picture of red, seven-headed dragon playing guitar.

PORKY (CONT'D)

Hey, weird stranger! Do you have worse germs than other people?

SURLY TEEN

You don't have to fear strangers if they're white men -- but foreigners are from the Devil.

Arab kids glare. They include CROWN PRINCE SARDIS (8), dressed in white. He rides giant grasshopper that has gold crown, hair like medieval woman, and iron breastplate.

PRINCE SARDIS

Really? I'm prince of a U.S. ally.

SURLY TEEN snarls, hisses and reveals green, VAMPIRE FANGS. BLACK GIRL riding white lamb behind Sardis is repulsed. She clutches CRUCIFIX that hangs on her neck beside a KEY.

BLOND GIRL behind her only faintly notices commotion, as blonde rides gray lamb that has forked tongue like snake.

Musketeers, Assemble!

Behind her, gorgeous, redheaded WOMAN IN RED-AND-PURPLE DRESS smiles with fangs, but leans timidly from crucifix. She resembles OUR LADY OF PROSPERITY statue from Pilot Episode.

WOMAN IN RED-AND-PURPLE DRESS drinks red wine from gold cup and spills some on her ride: a red, seven-headed dragon with 10 horns, like the one on roller coaster in Pilot.

TAKOTA expresses disgust at SURLY TEEN.

TAKOTA

Your teeth look awful. Do you clean them with a toilet brush?

MILLICENT

That would fit the crap spewing from his mouth.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

QUEEN ZAWJA

(smiles at Peggy)

Your son, Porky, and his little friends look adorable. But who's the bigger boy dressed in black?

PEGGY

I never seen him before.

QUEEN ZAWJA

(to King)

Love, don't let police arrest her.

KING MUTADAYIQ

What if she sprayed me with poison?

AGENT CHAPEL walks up, holds Peggy's spray bottle high.

AGENT CHAPEL

I checked for chemical, biological and radioactive dangers, but this is vaudeville seltzer water.

QUEEN ZAWJA

See! She's just an overzealous mom. There aren't hidden assassins here.

Agents uncuff PEGGY, and cautiously return her spray bottle.

Meanwhile, behind Arabs and agents is a high wall, behind carnival-game booth that sits idle. Sign on its ring-toss game says TEMPORARILY CLOSED.

Musketeers, Assemble!

Secret, revolving door opens, which spins ring-toss game behind wall, so ice-cream truck can exit hidden passage.

SFX: Mechanical gears quietly BUZZ as revolving door spins.

When truck is out, ring-toss game revolves back into place.

Truck is labeled "CAPTAIN FUDGE'S ICE CREAM: Clean and Friendly Service." Truck drives slowly toward Arabs and agents without anyone noticing.

INT./EXT. ICE-CREAM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN DAVID FUDGE (40s), a muscular, black man, drives. His son, MIKEY FUDGE (15), rides shotgun. (Mikey will grow up to be Colonel Fudge from Pilot Episode.)

Father and son wear white, military-style uniforms. Father wears captain's bars, and son wears private's stripe.

DAVID FUDGE

See, Mikey: This truck's hybrid engine is so quiet no one hears us. I wish I'd had one of these in Iraq with armor and a Gatling gun.

David Fudge BEEPS truck's horn. Startled King spins to him.

KING MUTADAYIQ

Great Sinbad's beard! How did this truck appear from thin air?

Secret Secret agents point guns and badges at David Fudge and Mikey, who raise hands in startled bemusement.

AGENT GADOL

Put your hands up!

DAVID FUDGE

We did. You want our feet up too?

GADOL peers over sunglasses and smiles with recognition.

AGENT GADOL

I know you! You're Captain David Fudge, U.S. Army, 82nd Airborne, with Mideast anti-terrorism!

DAVID FUDGE

Yes, and you're Sergeant Major Yitzhak Gadol, Army, 101st Airborne, Mideast anti-insurgent.

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

DAVID FUDGE (CONT'D)

But you're a U-S-D-A ice-cream inspector now? Tell your milkmen to stop pointing guns at my kid.

AGENT GADOL

At ease, agents. These folks are no danger. And Captain Fudge, I'm with Secret Service now, not U-S-D-A.

DAVID FUDGE

Good, because my heavenly hash expires today, and I don't need to get busted for possession.

KING MUTADAYIQ

You assume this man in a paramilitary uniform is safe -- because he's your Army buddy? And you told me your name's Zack Grand, not Yitzhak Gadol! Your government sent a Jew to protect Arabs?!

AGENT GADOL

Your Highness, I'm a religious liberal with no racism or Islamophobia. In fact, Captain Fudge and I earned medals for protecting Muslim civilians. So, I translated my name from Hebrew to English to avoid worrying you.

KING MUTADAYIQ

Regardless, your Captain Fudge could've had a truck bomb. How did he sneak here undetected?

AGENT GADOL and KING MUTADAYIQ approach truck window.

DAVID FUDGE

I drove here through a hidden tunnel. The park is full of them, for moving workers quickly.

KING MUTADAYIQ

But why does he even need an ice-cream truck when most vendors here sell food from concession booths?

MIKEY

It's consumer psychology. Kids and parents are more eager to buy ice cream from a truck because they're scared it will drive off.

Musketeers, Assemble!

DAVID FUDGE

He's right. This is my son, Mikey.
He helped me do market research for
the park owner, Old Man McConnell.

AGENT GADOL

But isn't driving a truck in a
crowded park dangerous?

DAVID FUDGE

Yes, so we don't move 'til kids are
on rides and distracted. But the
thrill of the ride ends --

END MUSIC CUE: Carousel music slows to stop.

SFX: Sound of carousel gears winding down and powering off.

INT./EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Children SIGH as ride ends. Carousel's dragon, which had
WOMAN IN RED-AND-PURPLE DRESS, is empty, with her gone.

INT./EXT. ICE-CREAM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

DAVID FUDGE

... And that's when we give kids
the new thrill of ice cream.

David Fudge flips switch on his dashboard and...

MUSIC CUE: Ice-cream truck plays instrumental of "Jesus Loves
the Little Children" on cheerful, tinkling bells.

INT./EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Children's faces brighten as they hear and see ice-cream
truck. Kids eagerly dismount horses and other creatures.

PORKY

Yippee! The ice-cream man!

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

PORKY waddles off carousel with his other food. PEGGY runs
with spray bottle, pulls washcloth from pocket, and stops him
to wash food off his face and shirt. This annoys him.

PORKY

Aw, mom! I'm gonna miss ice cream!

Musketeers, Assemble!

KIDS (but not Millicent and Takota) race past Porky to truck.

INT./EXT. ICE-CREAM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

DAVID FUDGE
Agent Gadol, I've got work to do.

AGENT GADOL
By all means, proceed.

DAVID FUDGE
And remember, Mikey, we're not just selling ice cream; we're selling excitement. This is showbiz.

MIKEY
O-K, Dad!

INT./EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

MILLICENT and TAKOTA pause to lick their lips, comb their hair, and gaze at ice-cream truck from beside their horses. Carousel is empty except for them and Surly Teen.

TAKOTA
Porky will break his own neck getting to the ice-cream man.

MILLICENT
I'm more excited to see the ice-cream man's son, Mikey. He looks delicious, and he's nerdy like me.

MIKEY, seen from carousel, yells through bullhorn.

MIKEY
Ice-cream! Ice-cream! Bippity-bop!
Get a cone! Get a pop! From my pop!

TAKOTA
I do love myself a man in uniform.
Mikey reminds me of my late father.

MILLICENT
Hmm! Mikey is everything my father isn't, but should be: kind, smart, patient ...

MILLICENT and TAKOTA start walking to get ice cream. As they leave, SURLY TEEN scribbles graffiti on their horses. Millicent notices and turns to confront him.

Musketeers, Assemble!

MILLICENT (CONT'D)
Hey! Don't write graffiti here!

SURLY TEEN
Up yours, brat!

Takota bravely steps toward him into karate stance.

TAKOTA
Gringo, pull your foot out your
mouth before I add mine to it.

SURLY TEEN balls fists, and stands taller in overhead light. Light on gaunt face reveals he has blue left eye and brown right one. He bares fangs again. Takota is mildly spooked.

TAKOTA (CONT'D)
Let's go, Millicent, before Mikey
leaves.

MILLICENT
But what about this vandalism?

TAKOTA
You want to see Mikey, right?

Millicent nods and retreats. Takota backs away, staring at SURLY TEEN's blue and brown EYES.

He goes back to his graffiti. Takota rushes after Millicent.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

Millicent and Takota join ice-cream line.

INT./EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

SURLY TEEN has written CONQUEST on white horse, and is darkening the word "WAR" on red one.

INT./EXT. ICE-CREAM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

David Fudge spies Millicent and Takota, and ribs Mikey.

DAVID FUDGE
Here come your secret admirers!

MIKEY
Aw, Dad, stop encouraging those
fifth-graders! I've started high
school!

Musketeers, Assemble!

DAVID FUDGE

But you gotta hype your crowd, son.

DAVID FUDGE ignores MIKEY's plea, steals his bullhorn, and invites MILLICENT and TAKOTA to the front of the line.

DAVID FUDGE (CONT'D)

Ladies and gents, we have celebrities here: the stars of McConnell Land Theme Park's newest TV ads! I present Millicent Ephesus, winner of the Little Miss Jubilation Pageant! And Takota Smyrna-Rodriguez, champion of the Tiny Tigress Kung-Fu Contest! Let's give them applause, and welcome them to the front of the line!

Crowd claps as Millicent and Takota walk by. Millicent bows humbly, while Takota proudly displays karate kicks.

PRINCE SARDIS

Such beauties!

PORKY

But Mom, I want my Bomb Pop now!

PEGGY

Just wait, Porky! Millicent and Takota are local celebrities!

MILLICENT

I'm sorry for your wait.

TAKOTA

Porky can miss a meal. Or ten.

Other kids LAUGH. Porky hides face. Millicent pats his arm.

MILLICENT

Don't be mean to Porky.

Porky smiles at Millicent.

TAKOTA

Focus on Mikey.

MILLICENT and TAKOTA gaze lovingly at MIKEY. He looks away. PORKY frowns at him in jealousy.

DAVID FUDGE

What do you cover-girls want? It's free, if you sign autographs for fans.

Musketeers, Assemble!

TAKOTA

(pulls pen from purse;
starts signing)

I want something chocolate, like
Mikey. So, how 'bout a Choco-Taco?

MILLICENT

A chocolate milkshake, please...

Families offer MILLICENT notepads to autograph, but she
fidgets with hair and falls to one knee, earnestly.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

And I want to marry Mikey! I love
him!

MIKEY

(facepalms)
Oh, here we go.

MIKEY tries to hide under the counter, but DAVID FUDGE pulls
him back up and sets him on the counter.

DAVID FUDGE

Really? But your friend, Takota,
said she wants to marry him too?

TAKOTA

I do, but he'll come to me in time.

MIKEY

No way! You kids are five years
younger than me.

DAVID FUDGE

That's a big difference now, but it
won't be when you're all adults.

MILLICENT

Yes! And Takota and I can share
Mikey, like a king's harem in the
Bible.

TAKOTA

That could work, if it preserves
our friendship with each other.

DAVID FUDGE

It could!

MIKEY

Dad, be serious! No one has harems
in these enlightened times!

Musketeers, Assemble!

KING MUTADAYIQ

So, you're calling me
unenlightened? I have four wives!

MIKEY

Oops! I apologize, Your Highness!

DAVID FUDGE

My son meant no offense.

QUEEN ZAWJA

And I agree with him. I clean up
after the three younger wives, who
think they're Kardashians. And now,
they're in Switzerland, begging for
asylum if he doesn't up their
allowance to \$6 million a week.

KING MUTADAYIQ

Ha! They'll get it over my dead
body! But don't interrupt when I
chastise Western scapegoats.

MIKEY

I'm sorry, sir! I wasn't speaking
against your culture! I only
referred to Western traditions.

KING MUTADAYIQ

Western traditions cause trouble
where unwanted. Yet your West woos
me to join your "war on terror," an
alleged war on Islam, and a war I
should possibly oppose militarily.

AGENT BAXTER and PEGGY smirk.

AGENT GADOL

(fearful)

No, Your Highness! America respects
Islam! We have millions of
respected Muslim citizens, who have
included humanitarian and boxing
champ Muhammad Ali, hip-hop
producer D-J Khaled, Nobel Prize
winning chemist Ahmed Zewail. Our
Constitution protects religious
freedom, and we promote freedom
worldwide in the United Nations.

DAVID FUDGE

Yes! And to show that harems aren't
inherently bad, my son is going to
give both of these girls a kiss!

Musketeers, Assemble!

MIKEY's eyebrows raise in terror. Crowd of kids GIGGLE.

MILLICENT
Be still, my heart!

TAKOTA
Oh, joy! But don't smear my makeup!

MIKEY shakes his head no, but DAVID FUDGE whispers to him.

DAVID FUDGE
Son, national security is at stake.

INT./EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Surly Teen has finished writing graffiti on Four Horses, including "Famine" on black horse Porky rode. Surly Teen smirks triumphantly and puts away marker in backpack.

Backpack has pipe bomb inside. Surly Teen pulls out cigarette lighter and tries to spark flame for fuse -- unsuccessfully.

In background, WOMAN IN RED-AND-PURPLE DRESS watches impatiently, again atop her dragon, as it exhales smoke.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK, BETWEEN TRUCK AND CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Thirty-feet from carousel, crowd of kids gather as MIKEY climbs out of truck and nervously prepares to kiss girls.

Royal family and Secret Service watch with interest as both girls close eyes, lean back heads and pucker.

MILLICENT
Be gentle, my love.

TAKOTA
No additional kisses 'til the 12th date. Even then, my mom can veto.

MIKEY stalls, with hands in pockets. He pulls out coin.

MIKEY
I'll -- flip a coin to see who gets kissed first.

INT./EXT. CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Surly Teen on carousel shakes cigarette lighter, and tries again to spark flame. He lights bomb, closes it in bag.

Musketeers, Assemble!

Surly Teen walks off carousel, drops bag on pavement nearby.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK, BETWEEN TRUCK AND CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS

Twenty feet away, PORKY, impatiently waits for ice cream, but notices that SURLY TEEN dropped bag.

PORKY and SURLY TEEN make eye contact. SURLY TEEN's brows raise. He walks hurriedly past WOMAN IN RED-AND-PURPLE DRESS, who pats his shoulder approvingly, and sips her gold cup.

PORKY

Hey, vampire-bigot! You dropped
your bag!

Surly Teen runs, shoving bystanders. MILLICENT and TAKOTA each open one eye to peek at commotion. Hood falls from Surly Teen to reveal bald skinhead. MIKEY prepares to flip coin.

Porky starts walking toward bag, but PEGGY notices sparks and smoke coming from it, and SIZZLING NOISE.

MIKEY

(tosses coin)
Call it.

PEGGY

Porky! No! It's a bomb!

AGENT GADOL

Hit the deck! Bomb alert!

KING MUTADAYIQ, QUEEN ZAWJA and PRINCE SARDIS fall to ground, as agents GADOL and CHAPEL use own bodies to shield them.

Everyone else looks confused. MIKEY dives to ground, pulls MILLICENT and TAKOTA with him, protectively. DAVID FUDGE shields all three kids.

PEGGY runs in SLOW MOTION to snatch frozen, wide-eyed PORKY, but bomb EXPLODES.

END OF ACT ONE

Musketeers, Assemble!

ACT TWO

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK, NEAR CAROUSEL - DAY - 20 MINUTES LATER.

Ambulance, four JUBILATION CITY POLICE cars, and vans marked CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION, ATF, FBI COUNTER-TERRORISM and SWAT sit by carousel, which is roped off behind yellow tape.

Cops question kids and parents next to ice-cream truck.

David Fudge and Mikey stand outside their truck, comforting Millicent and Takota, who squeeze Mikey's hands.

The four look worriedly at paramedics treating Porky.

Paramedics strap moaning Porky to stretcher, as PEGGY holds his hand. Porky has bandages over upper-left part of his face, including eye, and all over his left arm and left leg.

PEGGY

Will he be all right?

PARAMEDIC

We won't know 'til we do X-rays.

Paramedics wheel Porky toward ambulance past horrified QUEEN ZAWJA, PRINCE SARDIS and his younger siblings. Farther in background, KING MUTADAYIQ argues with FBI at their van.

PEGGY points accusing finger at QUEEN ZAWJA.

PEGGY

This is your fault, I bet!

QUEEN ZAWJA

No! We're praying to Allah for your child! Allah loves little children!

PRINCE SARDIS

All the children of the world!

QUEEN ZAWJA and her children drop to their knees in prayer, as angry PEGGY climbs into ambulance with PORKY. Paramedics drive away with SIREN blaring.

MILLICENT

I wish I could help Porky. That bomb could've killed all of us.

AGENT GADOL

I think the bomb was too poorly constructed to cause more than flesh wounds. Baruch ha-Shem!

Musketeers, Assemble!

TAKOTA

Barack has what?

AGENT GADOL

"Bah-rook ha-Shem" is Hebrew for
"Praise God."

MIKEY

Yes, praise Him for keeping Porky
alive. But who would want to murder
kids at a theme park?

AGENT BAXTER

An Arab terrorist group called
police to claim responsibility.

AGENT GADOL

But we haven't confirmed if that
call was authentic!

AGENT BAXTER

Yeah? The call came at the exact
time of the explosion, and the
terrorists are former associates of
our sultan frenemy, King Mutadayiq.

MILLICENT

That can't be right. I heard Porky
yell that a "vampire-bigot" dropped
the bag with the bomb in it. I
think he meant this bigoted white
guy we met on the carousel. When
Porky yelled, I peeked in his
direction, and saw the bigot run
away, like he was guilty.

TAKOTA

You mean the guy dressed in black?
He was no Arab. He was white.

MIKEY

I saw the white guy in black run
away. I didn't see his face, but he
was a pale skinhead. He ran past a
friend in a red-and-purple dress.

MILLICENT

Yes! And the skinhead was white
with blue eyes.

TAKOTA

Actually, he had one blue eye and
one brown. On the carousel, I saw
him closer than Millicent did.

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

TAKOTA (CONT'D)

His hood maybe covered one eye from her view.

MILLICENT

It did. He had green fangs, too.

AGENT BAXTER

Fangs? Don't make up stories! This is a serious investigation.

MIKEY

The bomber may have been disguised. We're a few weeks from Halloween; so, he might have been wearing colored contact lenses and fake vampire teeth. Kids win them here as prizes for carnival games.

AGENT BAXTER

Hogwash! The bomber was Muslim! Police got a call from Omar al-Aswad himself.

AGENT GADOL

Omar al-Aswad?

DAVID FUDGE

You mean "Omar the Devil"? I fought his mercenaries all over the world, and they're never this clumsy!

AGENT BAXTER

Oh, really? You're saying you have personal knowledge of Omar al-Aswad's habits? Did you fight him with your ice-cream truck?

DAVID FUDGE

No, with Army Delta Force, assisting the CIA.

CAPTAIN FUDGE reaches into ice-cream truck and pulls out framed, 8-by-10 photo of himself with machine gun and dressed in Army uniform with green beret. He shows photo to Baxter.

AGENT GADOL

Yeah, Bax! Captain Fudge trained me for my first Mideast tour.

DAVID FUDGE

Selling ice-cream is my retirement gig, something to do with my son that spreads joy, not bloodshed.

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

DAVID FUDGE (CONT'D)

But based on my anti-terrorism experience and the girls' testimony, I say the bomber is an American with an anti-Arab hate group. He could be a white supremacist, like the Oklahoma City bomber, Timothy McVeigh, and like skinheads who were here earlier.

AGENT BAXTER

Now you're a profiler too? I'm not impressed with you Delta operators. I was a Navy SEAL; so, I know the Pentagon only calls Delta Force when the Alpha, Beta and Gamma forces are too busy. So, let me handle this investigation, and you get back to selling popsicles.

Agent Baxter pulls \$5 bill from pocket, and tosses it derisively at David Fudge.

AGENT BAXTER (CONT'D)

Fetch me a snow-cone, Mister Softee, and keep the change.

AGENT GADOL

Baxter, are you crazy?

Bill lands on ground near David Fudge's combat boots. He looks down at it, annoyed, grits his teeth, and flexes fists.

MIKEY's eyes widen as he anticipates fight. AGENT GADOL and AGENT CHAPEL looks equally tense. But David Fudge takes deep breath, and whispers prayer.

DAVID FUDGE

Father, forgive them. They know not what they do.

David Fudge stoops down, picks up money, smiles at AGENT BAXTER, and starts walking into backdoor of ice-cream truck.

DAVID FUDGE (CONT'D)

One snow-cone coming up.

Mikey rushes after David Fudge, dragging MILLICENT and TAKOTA behind him.

AGENT GADOL

(worriedly to Baxter)

You should back off! I saw Fudge kill a man with his bare hands.

Musketeers, Assemble!

AGENT BAXTER

That's a good excuse to shoot him.

EXT./INT. ICE-CREAM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

MIKEY

You're going to let some cop talk to you like that? You're a black belt in six martial arts, and you won the Silver Star in combat!

CAPTAIN FUDGE

And we're surrounded by children and foreign diplomats who were just exposed to a bombing and racist propaganda. They don't need to see more violence that feeds stereotypes about angry black men.

MIKEY

You have a right to be angry!

David Fudge avoids that fact as he scoops shaved ice.

DAVID FUDGE

I do. But sometimes we must "turn the other cheek," as Jesus said in the Bible's Matthew 5:39. Besides, I can't raise you from prison, which is where I'll go if I stomp a federal agent at a bomb scene and obstruct his investigation. Besides, I saw his combat record, and he can't fight worth crap, despite calling himself "Bad Bax."

David Fudge squirts red flavoring onto snow-cone.

DAVID FUDGE (CONT'D)

But that Baxter gets trigger happy, and I don't want you kids to get shot by stray bullets. Remember Trayvon Martin and Tamir Rice?

MIKEY

But --

DAVID FUDGE

(finger on Mikey's lips)
No buts. I'll train you to fight another day.

Musketeers, Assemble!

MIKE

You already taught me to fight --
with fists, feet and guns.

DAVID FUDGE

But not at the Sun Tzu level of
psychological warfare. You need
strategic alliances for that. So,
I'll train you and your girls.

MIKEY

They're not my girls!

MILLICENT

But you saved our lives -- and
you're holding our hands!

TAKOTA

I told you he'd come to me.

MILLICENT

To both of us! We'll be one happy
family!

Mikey lets go of girls, but they grab him with both hands.

MIKEY

Dad! Tell them that's impossible!

DAVID FUDGE

(laughs)

Yes! Polygamy is illegal in
America. Even in the Bible, God
created one man for one woman in
the Garden of Eden, and later
polygamy caused problems. So,
someday, Mikey must choose between
you girls. But I want all three of
you to choose the common good.

The girls nod reluctantly, but Mikey looks confused.

MIKEY

What common good?

DAVID FUDGE

In every crisis like a bombing,
fearmongers like Baxter stir bigots
against folks who are "different."
The Bible predicts in the books of
Daniel and Revelation that this
will someday cause all good people
to suffer persecution. So, I want
you to be ready when that happens.

Musketeers, Assemble!

MILLICENT

But I don't like fighting. I'd rather take care of injured kids, like Porky.

MIKEY

Sometimes the best way to help injured kids is to knock down bullies that injure them.

DAVID FUDGE

But the best way to knock down bullies and keep them down is with your mind. Spiritual warfare.

TAKOTA

I say we spit in that dude's cone.

DAVID FUDGE

Not this time. My ice-cream truck promises "clean, friendly service."

AGENT BAXTER

Hey, where's my cone, G.I. Joe?

DAVID FUDGE

(loudly; marches outside)
Coming right up, Officer Cartman!

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

DAVID FUDGE

(mimicking Cartman from cartoon "South Park")
We respect your "au-thor-i-tay."

Agents GADOL and CHAPEL laugh at Agent Baxter, as do parents and kids. BAXTER sheepishly takes snow-cone. MIKEY smiles.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

Little did I know, at age 15, that the bombing that day would change the lives of everyone I knew around McConnell Land Amusement Park.

Agent Baxter scowls as he bites his snow-cone.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That bigoted Agent Baxter kept repeating accusations that Arabs set the bomb. And a sleazy politician named Mortimer exploited anger and fear to win voters.

Musketeers, Assemble!

As FBI agents examine crime scene, MORTIMER (30s) barges in, followed by news cameras and political supporters.

Supporters hold up banner that says "RE-ELECT MORTIMER FOR STATE SENATE." Mortimer spouts bombast at TV cameras.

MORTIMER

This bombing is a radical Muslim attempt to force Sharia law on Christian Americans. We must stop that conspiracy with military force -- to avenge little Porky Moss.

Mortimer holds school photo of Porky over heart. Kids and parents nod agreement. But Millicent, Takota, Mikey and David Fudge -- though sympathetic -- look skeptical.

MILLICENT

How did this politician get here so fast with campaign banners?

TAKOTA

And where did he get a photo of Porky so fast?

MIKEY

And where was Agent Baxter during the bombing?

DAVID FUDGE

And who made the fake call to cops?

AGENT BAXTER applauds Mortimer's tirade. King Mutadayiq and his family grow concerned.

MORTIMER

It's too coincidental that King Mutadayiq is here. This Muslim was suspiciously near when a bomb hurt an American child. And the king's boyhood mentor, Omar al-Aswad, claims responsibility! So, the fact the F-B-I is questioning King Mutadayiq means he's a suspect!

KING MUTADAYIQ

(storms from F-B-I to Mortimer)

That's a lie! Omar and I parted ways decades ago over his support of terrorism! Now I'm sharing intel with the F-B-I to track a bombing suspect who threatened my children, including Crown Prince Sardis!

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

KING MUTADAYIQ (CONT'D)

(turns to TV cameras)

So, I hereby call on the U.S. military to avenge my honor. If America wants more help from my country in your war on terror, then I invoke our multinational-defense treaty, so that America must find and kill Omar al-Aswad!

King Mutadayiq shoves past reporters back to FBI agents. News reporter rushes in front of the cameras.

REPORTER

That's breaking news! The war on terror will expand to new targets! King Mutadayiq, a top OPEC oil minister, calls America to attack Omar al-Aswad. State Senator Mortimer, do you have any comment?

MORTIMER

Not at this time. We just need to guard our Christian civilization.

MORTIMER's cell phone RINGS. He pulls it out, retreats from reporters and waves back their microphones.

MORTIMER (CONT'D)

No further questions! I need to answer a private call involving national security.

Reporters back off. Mortimer retreats alone into carousel.

Mortimer looks at his phone's screen, which shows image of Illuminati's All-Seeing Eye atop Great Pyramid, as seen on back of U.S. one-dollar bills.

Text message under Pyramid says: "Oil prices and related stocks are soaring on new war news! So, the Illuminati thank you for goading King Mutadayiq."

Mortimer smiles, but types: "How's the injured boy?"

Response appears: "If he dies, your re-election chances double. Shall we kill him? And his mom to eliminate witness?"

Mortimer winces, trembles, and slaps hand over mouth. He types: "Let me think first."

Mortimer puts phone in pocket, wipes brow, and leans against red carousel horse marked WAR.

Musketeers, Assemble!

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)
Security video confirmed that a skinhead set the bomb, but cops said the black-and-white footage was too grainy to identify his face or ethnicity. And no camera saw the Woman in the Red-and-Purple Dress.

QUICK FLASHBACK compares MILLICENT's prior view of SURLY TEEN running past WOMAN IN RED-AND-PURPLE DRESS to side-by-side view of monochrome, security-camera footage without her.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Meanwhile, anti-Arab propaganda was already driving national leaders...

David Fudge returns to serving kids ice cream, but his cell phone RINGS. When he checks Caller I.D., it says "PENTAGON." He reluctantly answers, standing at attention.

DAVID FUDGE
Yes, Colonel Thorne... Oh? So you're promoting me to major again? I wonder why... No, no hard feelings. I'll report at once.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)
Before anyone knew better, the Army sent Dad back to the Middle East for more anti-terrorism missions.

DAVID FUDGE
Son, I need you to take over here.

MIKEY takes his dad's place scooping ice cream, as David Fudge explains. Slow ZOOM to Mikey removes dad from picture.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)
So, I ran the ice-cream truck myself through the rest of high school, R-O-T-C, and college classes in weapon engineering.

TIME LAPSE: Mikey grows taller and more muscular to age 20, and wears sergeant's stripes on white uniform. TEEN MILLICENT and TEEN TAKOTA (14) fade in by him, in white uniforms with Army privates' stripes, and hand out ice-cream.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To my chagrin, the park hired young Millicent and Takota -- or Milkshake and Taco -- to help me.

Musketeers, Assemble!

TIME LAPSE: Mikey's shoulders and biceps, and girls' figures, swell in mid-motion as years pass. Sun rises from MORNING to NOON, as park visitors stream by in fast motion.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We worked together for years, as we learned Dad's combat philosophy and spiritual wisdom online. Soon, I was ready to join Dad in battle.

TIME LAPSE: Clean-shaven Mikey takes off apron, in muted, LATE-AFTERNOON daylight, and walks to backdoor of truck, now labeled "MAJOR FUDGE'S ICE CREAM: Friendly Service!"

As Mikey exits, sky behind truck grows dark, except for neon of rides. Off-camera SUNSET bathes truck in reflected orange.

Mikey (21) now has a light mustache, and he wears Army uniform with second-lieutenant bars and desert camouflage.

Mikey carries Army duffel bag, as Teen Millicent and Teen Takota (both 16) tearfully wave good-bye.

Mikey smiles, turns to walk toward bright orange sunset, but the girls jump over service counter to chase and hug him.

Teen Millicent impulsively gives Mikey quick, innocent kiss on lips, and blushes after. Mikey playfully tweaks her nose, and pats her head, meaning she's still a too-young child.

Teen Takota snatches Mikey, bends him over backward, and kisses him passionately on the lips.

TEEN TAKOTA

Give me one reason why we can't drive over the state line, to where 16 is the age of consent, for us girls to give you a threesome?

MIKEY

(shocked)

Federal Mann Act! Uniform Code of Military Justice! And the Bible says, "Flee fornication," First Corinthians 6! Plus, Dad would kick my butt if I got y'all pregnant.

Mikey struggles to his feet. Teen Millicent kisses his cheek.

TEEN MILLICENT

Then, please don't run off with some G.I. Jane before we're 18.

Musketeers, Assemble!

TEEN TAKOTA

Or we'll hunt her with sniper
rifles like your dad taught us.

MIKEY

O-K! O-K! You've got customers!

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - TWILIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Girls look back, see giggling kids at truck. TEEN MILLICENT
and TEEN TAKOTA rush to serve them, blow kisses at Mikey. He
catches invisible kisses, puts them in all his pockets.

FX SHOT: Long, dark shadows stretch from Mikey to ice-cream
truck, as he fades away. Teen Millicent and Teen Takota watch
sand and tumbleweeds blow past where he was.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

As war raged, the amusement park
suffered. First, the bombing and
copycat threats reduced tourists.

FX SHOT: As Teen Millicent and Teen Takota hand ice cream to
customers, customers FADE away, dropping dessert to pavement.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And a pandemic of Mississippi-
mutant virus shut the park
sometimes.

Teen Millicent and Teen Takota wear surgical masks and face-
shields as they sweep fallen trash. Carousel beside truck
stops spinning, and its lights go out.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Night falls quickly, as Ferris wheel and other rides stop,
arcade lights go out, and park plunges into total darkness.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

Then, the oil that people were
fighting for in the Middle East
caused global warming that closed
the park for good. What happened
next shocked everyone.

END OF ACT TWO

Musketeers, Assemble!

ACT THREE

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - MONTHS LATER

Abruptly, a blinding sun erupts flames in a bright, red sky.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)
Global warming heated the park's
subtropical climate faster and more
severely than expected, drying up
half the town's freshwater supply.

EXT. WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD ON WOODED HILL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Forest fire consumes mansions and luxury cars. White JOHNSTON FAMILY from Pilot Episode stuffs belongings into minivan, as neighbors and fire trucks speed past in opposite directions. SKIPPY JOHNSTON is 45; BETTY JO is 45; and BILLY JOE is 25.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)
Forest fires, tornadoes and
economic depression hit. Overnight,
a half-million people fled forever,
leaving behind the 80,000 poorest.

Fire fighters spray water on flames. Vans and cars escape down mountain to amusement park, miles away.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

But the park below is a wasteland of cracked pavement, blowing sand, shriveled trees and dilapidated rides.

The carnival arcade near the carousel has turned into a strip of liquor stores, gun stores, pawn shops and nail salons. The ice-cream truck is absent.

Someone heaves a brick through pawn-shop window with CRASH. Burglar alarm RINGS. Sweaty looters of all races rush into building and carry out electronics.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)
Riots and looting broke out, and
Milkshake and Taco found themselves
in desperate situations.

Teen Millicent (18) drives to crime scene on scooter marked "POLICE TRAINEE." Its SIREN sounds like braying donkey.

Teen Millicent wears blue uniform, with badge and hat marked "CADET," and with short pants, ankle socks and sneakers.

Musketeers, Assemble!

She turns off siren, fumbles for whistle hanging around neck, and blows it, making weak TWEET. Looters ignore her.

TEEN MILLICENT

Attention, citizens! Please stop in the name of the law.

Looters run in and out of stores, collecting merchandise.

TEEN MILLICENT (CONT'D)

Please cease and desist, or I'll use pepper spray. It's annoying in this 115-degree weather.

Looters still ignore her.

One looter, DEACON BUBBA, wears clown makeup, a Confederate-flag ballcap, and a T-shirt that says "AVENGE PORKY!" over a photo of Porky with bloody bandages over the boy's eyes.

Deacon Bubba pushes loaded shopping cart, and talks on cell phone, which he pats with clear bag of ice. He pauses by Millicent's scooter and scribbles on lengthy SHOPPING LIST.

BUBBA

(to phone)

Do we need more smartphones? I grabbed a dozen, and six tablets... You said get toilet paper? There's a run of it because of terrorism?

Bubba tries to add to shopping list, but his pen is dry.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

(to Teen Millicent)

Pardon me, Officer, can I borrow your pen? Mine dried in this heat.

Teen Millicent SIGHS, and hands Bubba pen from shirt pocket.

TEEN MILLICENT

Mister Bubba, you don't live in a disaster area. Why are you looting?

BUBBA

As political solidarity. Anarchy is the basis of comedy, and comedy is my life. I'll get this pen back to you shortly. I just need a pedicure brush for the Missus.

Bubba pulls brick from shopping cart, SMASHES nail salon's door, and pushes cart through.

Musketeers, Assemble!

TEEN MILLICENT
(pulls out Taser)
Stop! I don't want to use my Taser.
(murmurs)
Of course, I can't use it, because
heat killed the battery, like it
killed my radio, so I can't call
backup. I should've wrapped it in
ice, like Bubba did his phone.

Looters run back and forth past her.

TEEN MILLICENT (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Come on, stop, folks! Help me out!
The sheriff locked all trainees'
guns in his personal riot shelter!

Teen Takota (18) runs from pawn shop in orange jumpsuit
marked JUBILATION JAIL. She carries flat-screen TV over head.

LOOTER IN BATHROBE tries to take Teen Takota's TV, but she
roundhouse kicks him and knocks him to ground.

TEEN TAKOTA
Get your own! I need this to pay
mom's hospital bills!

Teen Takota bumps into Teen Millicent's scooter.

TEEN MILLICENT
Taco? Is that you?

TEEN TAKOTA
Milkshake?

They're thrilled to see each other. As LOOTER IN BATHROBE
stumbles to his feet, Teen Takota blindly throws aside the
TV, hits him with it, and knocks him unconscious under it.

Teen Takota and Teen Millicent hug with tears of joy.

TEEN MILLICENT AND TEEN
TAKOTA (CONT'D)
I'm glad to see you!

TEEN TAKOTA (CONT'D)
But you left town for nursing
school!

TEEN MILLICENT
You left for cooking school!

Musketeers, Assemble!

TEEN MILLICENT AND TEEN
TAKOTA (CONT'D)

(sigh in unison)
I ran out of money.

TEEN MILLICENT (CONT'D)
The Army has new scholarships for
online, accelerated classes, and we
both wanted to join to find Mikey.

TEEN TAKOTA
Your folks said the Army is too
dangerous.

TEEN MILLICENT
As opposed to my current job?

TEEN TAKOTA
Exactly! No offense, but your
trailer-park dad only disses Mikey
because he's black.

TEEN MILLICENT
(embarrassed)
Yeah. Speaking of parents: Did your
mom recover from the pandemic?

Teen Takota shutters. Her lips quiver.

TEEN TAKOTA
I -- I couldn't save her.

Teen Millicent GASPS. They hug tighter.

TEEN TAKOTA (CONT'D)
Every time I tried to take her to
the hospital, she screamed and
physically pushed me away. Then,
one morning I found her white as
chalk. She was weak and delusional.
I drove her to the E-R, but she was
too far gone. For weeks, I watched
her die. It was worse than watching
Papa die on our homemade boat from
Cuba. I was only a few years old
then, and mom hid what happened.
But I watched Mom suffer. I should
have forced her to a doctor sooner.
Before that, I should have forced
her to get vaccinated. But how does
a kid force her mom to act grown
up? I'm a kung-fu champ, but I
wasn't strong enough to smack sense
into the person who needed it most.

Musketeers, Assemble!

TEEN MILLICENT

No one could expect you to physically coerce your own mom.

TEEN TAKOTA

But it was the only way I could have saved her. She fought me like a demon to stay away from the hospital, all while I kept telling her I loved her and wanted her to be O-K. I thought she loved me too.

TEEN MILLICENT

She did, but a new study confirmed this week that hyper-aggression is a symptom of the virus.

TEEN TAKOTA

That explains some of her behavior... But after Mom died, I found her diary. I learned that everything I knew about her, and myself, is a lie.

TEEN TAKOTA's knees buckle. She falls, as TEEN MILLICENT tries to catch her. They fall together.

TEEN MILLICENT

What do you mean?

TEEN TAKOTA

I can't tell you. I'm still wrapping my head around being alone. And homeless. I live in mom's car, 'til the bank takes it. I wonder if life is worth living.

TEEN MILLICENT

God Almighty! You're staying at my place. I'm getting you a hot meal and new clothes, and we're seeing my pastor for counseling tonight.

TEEN TAKOTA

I'm not worthy to see a pastor. I do anything to survive. Bad things.

TEEN MILLICENT

But God loves us even while we're sinners, and He proved that love by sending His Son, Jesus Christ, to die for our sins. The Bible says that in Romans 5:8 and John 3:16.

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

TEEN MILLICENT (CONT'D)

Plus, the National Institutes of Health says hundreds of studies prove that spirituality helps beat depression. Faith in God helps you survive tragedy and avoid suicide.

TEEN TAKOTA

Maybe. But I just want to join the Army and find Mikey. I need to skip town anyway, before the jail sees I'm missing.

TEEN MILLICENT

I'll drive us to an Army recruiter.

TEEN TAKOTA

No, if you take me, you could get in trouble for obstructing justice.

TEEN MILLICENT

I don't know that! I'm a trainee. As far as I know, I'm only aiding and abetting a jaywalker... who may or may not have a receipt for a TV you're leaving here. Regardless, my job is to serve and protect, not just to arrest. Thus, if taking you to the Army serves your legit needs and protects the public, then I've done my job. Hop on my scooter.

Teen Takota gets on back of Millicent's scooter, and grabs her around waist, as they ride away together.

BUBBA chases them with shopping cart, as he waves stolen pack of unopened Bic pens in the air.

BUBBA

Wait, Officer! You forgot your pen!
Also, did you see this news online?
(holds up smartphone)
Cable news says Omar al-Aswad just
bombed more U.S. civilians!

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN DESERT - DAY - MONTHS LATER

SUPER: Ten months later.

Mikey (24) stands in front of his Army tent amid sand dunes, palm trees and assault vehicles. He wears Army uniform with first-lieutenant bars and Ranger patch.

He's at table with models of satellite and missile.

Musketeers, Assemble!

Nearby laptop shows designs of missile and satellite. Mikey tightens screw in blue, handheld device labeled LION 1. He uses device to control test flight of missile model.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

I was in a special-operations program for field-testing new technology --

Suddenly, TEEN MILLICENT and TEEN TAKOTA (19) run up to Mikey. The young women wear Army uniforms with private-first-class insignia as they kiss and hug him. He's surprised.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... But somehow my friends tracked me down to join my unit.

TEEN MILLICENT

We missed you so much!

TEEN TAKOTA

Every moment!

MIKEY

I missed y'all too -- surprisingly! How did you find me?

TEEN MILLICENT

We only had to survive basic training, jump school and Ranger school -- the most hellish months of my life.

TEEN TAKOTA

I survived worse before. Ranger school was nothing, Mikey, knowing I'd see you at the end.

Takota lustfully pushes Mikey into tent. Millicent worriedly looks around for witnesses, races behind friends, shuts door.

INT. MIKEY'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Mikey's tent is the orderly home of an Army engineer, with blueprints, tools and technical manuals.

Takota pushes Mikey toward his neatly made bunk, pulls out two condoms, and pulls down her uniform's pants to reveal garter belt, latex bikini bottoms and fishnet stockings.

Mikey is shocked and hesitant, but doesn't look away from her shapely legs. Millicent is shocked too, but toys with her shirt button, unsure if she will join her friends in sex.

Musketeers, Assemble!

TEEN TAKOTA

We girls are 19; so, you can deploy your missile to our virgin silos.

TEEN MILLICENT

Oh, my! I wasn't prepared for sex. I want it. But what would Jesus do?

MIKEY

Ladies, I'm honored, but --

Abruptly, Col. ARTEMIS THORNE (who is General Thorne in Pilot), barges into tent in uniform. She carries clipboard in one hand and swagger stick in the other.

ARTEMIS THORNE

Attention! Snap inspection!

Mikey, Millicent and Takota all snap to attention side-by-side, though Takota's pants hang around her ankles.

MIKEY

Colonel Artemis Thorne! What a surprise!

Thorne frowns, marches around trio. Mikey looks straight ahead with discipline. Teen Millicent looks prayerfully heavenward. Teen Takota winces. Thorne checks clipboard.

ARTEMIS THORNE

P-F-C... Takota... Smyrna-Rodriguez. Your uniform is not regulation.

TEEN TAKOTA

Sir, yes, sir!

ARTEMIS THORNE

Are you aware this is an elite unit that requires soldiers to stay in uniform at all times, even when walking to and from showers?

TEEN TAKOTA

Sir, no, sir! I'll be mindful, sir!

ARTEMIS THORNE

(smacks Mikey's bottom with stick)

Lieutenant Michael Fudge, you're fraternizing with enlisted personnel. That violates Article 134 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

Musketeers, Assemble!

MIKEY

Sir. Yes. Sir.

TEEN MILLICENT

No, sir! He's not "fraternizing"!

MIKEY

Hush, Milkshake. I take full responsibility.

ARTEMIS THORNE

(checks clickboard)

P-F-C Millicent Sarah Ephesus, you expect me to disregard evidence!

TEEN MILLICENT

Sir, yes, sir! The term "fraternize" comes from the Latin word "frater," meaning "brother," and refers only to relationships between men. But Private Taco and I are women, or "sorors." So, the lieutenant couldn't commit "fraternization," only "sororization," which isn't mentioned in regulations.

ARTEMIS THORNE

Not by that name. But you're quoting the difference between "horse crap" and "equine excrement." Irrelevant, because the rule is intended to be gender neutral. Isn't that right, maggots?

MIKEY, TEEN TAKOTA AND TEEN MILLICENT

Sir, yes, sir!

ARTEMIS THORNE

I'm tempted to court-martial all three of you. But I like the brains in P-F-C "Sororization," alias "Milkshake." You have police experience, Milkshake?

TEEN MILLICENT

Nothing I'd brag about.

ARTEMIS THORNE

Your commander said you were brave enough to help people as an unarmed trainee, as your city crumbled.

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

ARTEMIS THORNE (CONT'D)
Meanwhile, Lieutenant Fudge has won a bronze star for valor in combat, and the Army fast-tracked some of his inventions into new missiles, which is rare for a junior officer. As for P-F-C "Taco": She has the best marksmanship and martial-arts skills I've seen in a new recruit.

TEEN TAKOTA
Sir, thank you, sir!

ARTEMIS THORNE consults clipboard.

ARTEMIS THORNE
P-F-C Taco, this says that while you worked as a cantina cook, you broke up a fight between three men, breaking their arms, ribs and jaws.

TEEN TAKOTA
Sir, yes, sir!

ARTEMIS THORNE
Impressive! But didn't you go overboard? Police charged you with attempted manslaughter.

TEEN TAKOTA
Sir, they stole my tip jar, when I needed money to save my sick mom and me from homelessness. And they insulted the Cuban soccer team.

ARTEMIS THORNE
(writes on clipboard)
P-F-C Taco, your medical history says you had a history of nervous pants-wetting later than most kids. Would that be a reasonable explanation for your latex panties?

TEEN TAKOTA
Would that save us from court martial?

ARTEMIS THORNE
If I believe your garter belt is meant to hold up pants that fell accidentally. And if I believe you three are alone for an innocent chat on --

THORNE points to nearby missile blueprint.

Musketeers, Assemble!

ARTEMIS THORNE (CONT'D)
... "Stealth-missile technology."

MIKEY
Sir, we would all appreciate your believing that, sir.

TEEN TAKOTA AND TEEN MILLICENT
Sir, yes, sir!

ARTEMIS THORNE
That would be equine excrement. But P-F-C Taco's plea deal says that if she leaves the Army in less than 10 years, for any reason but grave injury, then she goes to prison. Normally, the Army doesn't make such Dirty Dozen deals anymore, but I signed this one, because I like recruits who are motivated to obey.

TEEN TAKOTA
Sir, yes, sir!

ARTEMIS THORNE
You other two could end up in the brig, when all three of you should be officers.
(checks watch)
So, I say these ladies haven't been on base long enough to undermine "good order, discipline, authority, or morale." Thus, I'll be merciful. Not because I like you, but because Lieutenant Fudge's father, David, saved my life in combat one more time than I saved him. And I hope to recruit you three for the top special-forces team: Delta Force.

MIKEY AND TEEN TAKOTA
Thank you, sir!

TEEN MILLICENT
But the Deltas don't recruit women.

ARTEMIS THORNE
Not yet. But I was one of the first women to join Special Forces and lead Green Berets in combat. So, I want other qualified women to surpass me. I want more, qualified black and brown men to do the same.
(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

ARTEMIS THORNE (CONT'D)
So, I'll overlook today's
infraction. But to keep P-F-C Taco
out of prison, I order her to stay
farther than 10 feet from
Lieutenant Fudge at all times.

TEEN TAKOTA
But I joined the Army to be near
Mikey! So, I -- I can't obey that.

ARTEMIS THORNE
Can't obey? Do you know the
consequences of willfully
disobeying a lawful order, in
violation of Article 90 of Military
Justice? I should handcuff you now!

MIKEY
Sir, please don't, sir!

MILLICENT
She's our best friend!

TAKOTA falls to her knees, and grasps ARTEMIS THORNE's boots.

TAKOTA
Please, sir! Punish me any way you
want, except keeping me from Mikey!

ARTEMIS THORNE
Unhand me! I'm protecting you! So,
I order you to stay 50 feet from
Lieutenant Fudge, and not to speak
to him or P-F-C Milkshake for six
months except during missions!

TEEN TAKOTA
I can't talk to Milkshake either?
But I'm all alone in the world!

ARTEMIS THORNE
Then make it five years! War will
keep you company. I wouldn't be the
success I am if I hadn't loved war
and patriotism more than any lover.
Now get out! You're dismissed.

TEEN TAKOTA looks tearfully at MIKEY and TEEN MILLICENT, who
show sympathy and caring.

ARTEMIS THORNE (CONT'D)
Don't look at each other!

Musketeers, Assemble!

MIKEY and TEEN MILLICENT look away sorrowfully, as TEEN TAKOTA crawls out of the tent on her hands and knees. ARTEMIS THORNE follows her to door to shout after her.

ARTEMIS THORNE (CONT'D)
You'll thank me, Taco! The fire of loneliness, grief and anger will forge iron in your fighting spirit and make you a goddess of war!

TEEN MILLICENT quietly weeps. MIKEY grits his teeth firmly.

TEEN MILLICENT
I don't want to be a war goddess.

ARTEMIS THORNE
But your last name is Ephesus, and ancient Ephesians worshiped the war goddess Diana, or Artemis, my namesake. Bible says so in Acts 19.

TEEN MILLICENT
But I worship Jesus, Prince of Peace, as the Ephesus church did in the Bible book of Revelation.

ARTEMIS THORNE
Well... I won't blaspheme Jesus. So, Milkshake, your compassion will make you a better medic than most, and I'll have an easier time convincing brass to accept female medics into Delta Force. Anyhow, you're both dismissed. Get out.

TEEN MILLICENT flees. MIKEY hesitates.

MIKEY
But, uh -- sir -- this is my tent.

ARTEMIS THORNE
No! This whole camp is mine! I am a U.S. Army colonel, Special Forces, NATO Code O-F 5, working with the mutha-humpin' C-I-A! I command 5,000 soldiers, plus support staff! So, if I dismiss you from this tent, your boots or your government-issue Underoos, then get out, so I can finish my inspection!

MIKEY
(rapidly marches out)
Sir, yes, sir!

Musketeers, Assemble!

ARTEMIS THORNE

(paces; eyes heavenward)
I try to be Christian to these
kids, but they're gonna muck around
and make me mutha-humpin' cuss 'em
out -- excuse my French. They don't
know how gangsta this sister gets.

She softens as she sees photo by Mikey's bunk. It's of Mikey
and his father, smiling in military uniforms, next to their
ice-cream truck. Thorne caresses both men's images.

ARTEMIS THORNE (CONT'D)

David, we both know I could have
been Mikey's mother if I hadn't
hurt you and your career. Someday,
I'll apologize. But meanwhile, I'll
protect your boy, in case God gives
me a second chance with you.

THORNE's eyes water, but she wipes them quickly.

EXT. DESERT CAMP AROUND MIKEY'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Thorne marches out of tent with head high and chest out.

Mikey and Teen Millicent gaze fretfully into the distance,
but they both jump to attention when Thorne appears.

ARTEMIS THORNE

At ease.
(pulls pack of gum from
pocket)
You kids like Hubba-Bubba bubbles?

Mikey and Teen Millicent silently shake heads no. They fidget
uneasily until they and Thorne all look toward Teen Takota.

She crawls on hands and knees in distance where her friends
had gazed moments earlier. She's covered in sand and sobbing.

She crawls past tanks to firing range where men shoot paper
targets shaped like armed men.

Thorne pops gum in mouth, chews vigorously, watches with
interest.

Teen Takota looks at stack of rifles, forces herself up to
her knees, and uses a rifle as a cane to get to her feet.

MIKEY

Sir, she'll hurt herself. Let me
stop her.

Musketeers, Assemble!

ARTEMIS THORNE

No. Watch. That's an order.

Takota stumbles to firing range, wiping eyes. Tears and sand mix into mud. Soldiers move aside, sensing she's deranged.

ARTEMIS THORNE (CONT'D)

Let the hate flow through you.

MIKEY

Sir, are you quoting Emperor Palpatine from "Star Wars"?

Thorne blows bubble.

Teen Takota lets out a loud PRIMAL SCREAM and SHOOTS the heads off every target on the firing range.

THORNE's BUBBLE POPS simultaneous with Teen Takota's gunfire. Thorne smiles, and nods toward Mikey and Teen Millicent.

ARTEMIS THORNE

See? She'll be fine. As for you other two, if you fall in love, just be careful about it. Unlike this colonel I know.

Thorne strides away casually, twirling swagger stick.

FX SHOT: Teen Takota shooting targets CROSS-FADES to her in...

EXT. VILLAGE WAR ZONE STREWN WITH BODIES - DAY - LATER

Teen Takota and Mikey fight side-by-side, blasting guns at armed, advancing enemies in an epic bloodbath. Teen Millicent bravely helps wounded soldiers and civilians in background.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

Since Taco could only see Milkshake and me in combat, Taco grew addicted to going on kill missions. The enemy feared her savagery as much as folks on both sides of combat admired Milkshake's compassion. Although Thorne forced Milkshake and I to ostracize Taco, Thorne decided that we "three musketeers" worked best together. So, I was trapped between an angel of mercy and an angel of death.

END ACT THREE

Musketeers, Assemble!

ACT FOUR

EXT. MIDDLE EAST - NIGHT - FIVE YEARS LATER

Super: Five years later.

Fudge (29) and Milkshake (24) kiss under crescent moon with minaret in background. He's a major and she's a captain.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

Despite my resistance, Milkshake and I fell in love, after years of working together as adults. I loved her kind spirit, how she cared for injured kids from every background. And with help from online college and battlefield promotions, Milkshake was now an officer.

INT. COL. FUDGE'S TENT - DAY - LATER

Fudge and Milkshake hold hands as they talk to Taco (24 and a captain), who tries to smile through confusion.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

Out of respect for Taco, we told her first about our romance, and we explained that Milkshake and I were in an exclusive relationship.

MAJOR TACO

But -- all three of us will still be -- close, right?

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

Of course! You're our best friend!

EXT. AMERICAN CHURCH - DAY - YEARS LATER

The small, pretty church has a white steeple, cross and street sign that says, "FUDGE-EPHESUS WEDDING TODAY."

MUSIC CUE: Joyous wedding recessional.

COLONEL FUDGE (V.O.)

And years later, Milkshake and I got married -- as virgins.

Musketeers, Assemble!

INT. CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Col. Fudge (32) and Major Milkshake (27) kiss at wedding. She wears white gown. He wears dress uniform with colonel's eagle insignia. His father beams, in a lieutenant colonel uniform.

Major Taco (27), maid of honor, watches with melancholy.

Major Milkshake throws bouquet, and Major Taco brutally elbows other women to grab it from the air.

Yet as she watches Col. Fudge and Major Milkshake kiss, Major Taco tearfully drops bouquet and walks away alone.

Col. Fudge and Major Milkshake observe this sadly, but friends and family urge them to smile and pose for photos.

MONTAGE OF WEDDING-ALBUM PHOTOS

Col. Fudge removes Major Milkshake's white garter.

Col. Fudge throws the garter.

His father, David, now gray-haired, catches garter, as Artemis Thorne -- in brigadier general uniform -- observes nearby with quizzically raised eyebrows.

Artemis Thorne attempts to flirt with David, to his alarm.

He flees, as Artemis Thorne looks disappointed.

Artemis Thorne sits at table, alone and sour-faced, with mascara running, as she eats tub of chocolate ice cream.

Col. Fudge and Major Milkshake cut wedding cake, and feed slices to each other.

Major Milkshake graciously offers a slice to Major Taco, who looks both surprised and grateful.

Major Taco runs tearfully away with her cake.

Col. Fudge hugs sad Major Milkshake to comfort her.

They kiss.

He carries her away to hotel-room door marked HONEYMOON SUITE inside giant red heart.

Close-up of DO NOT DISTURB sign on room's doorknob.

End MUSIC CUE.

MUSIC CUE: Porny sounding music on bass guitar.

Musketeers, Assemble!

MAJOR MILKSHAKE (V.O.)
(moaning passionately)
Oh, baby! Yes!

COLONEL FUDGE (V.O.)
Yeah, girl! Like that! Like that!

SFX: Door creaks open.

MAJOR TACO (V.O.)
Surprise! Can I join in?

SFX: Record-scratch sound.

End MUSIC CUE.

COL. FUDGE AND MAJOR MILKSHAKE (V.O.)
What the --?

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)
Get out! Now!

End montage.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Fudge and Milkshake are in heart-shaped, water bed, surrounded by seven, thick candles that each say ETERNAL LOVE. Crystal goblets are on their nightstands.

Fudge and Milkshake clutch red sheets around their bodies to hide from Taco, who wears Cupid costume: a white, toga-style teddy with wings. Taco holds archery bow with arrow drawn.

MAJOR TACO
(disappointed)
Clearly, we had a misunderstanding when we agreed to stay close and to promote the common good. But what's the worst that could happen now that I'm here?

Taco accidentally fires arrow. Fudge and Milkshake dodge as arrow hits water bed between them, springs leak.

Fudge crosses arms and fumes as water sprays in air, all over him, Milkshake, Taco, and six candles, extinguishing them.

Milkshake grabs seventh, lit candle in her right hand, and protects it under a goblet with her left, as she holds blanket over her bosom with her biceps.

Fudge looks at Milkshake, questioning her concern for candle.

Musketeers, Assemble!

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

(smiles weakly)

One candle of love can relight
others.

Milkshake bites lip, and looks back and forth between Fudge
and Taco. Fudge glares at Taco, who winces, as bed deflates.

MAJOR TACO

Destroying your bed is an accident.
But -- the three of us are sharing
our first shower, and it hasn't
hurt your commitment to each other.

Bed shrinks 'til Fudge and Milkshake sit on floor in drenched
sheets. Fudge pulls arrow from bed, and stares at arrow.

Milkshake puts her candle on the floor, still glowing. She
slides closer to Fudge, and hugs him under their wet sheets.

Fudge looks up at mirrored ceiling, and beholds full scope of
the mess. Taco looks up, stepping into mirror's image.

Milkshake looks up too, and points at writing above them,
which is backward from camera's bird's-eye view.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

Hmm. It says, "Objects in mirror
are closer than they appear." So,
Mikey, though Taco can't have sex
with us, we three are close enough
that you and I should support our
best friend during this transition.

COL. FUDGE

Support how?!

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

I don't know. A 12-step program?

COL. FUDGE

Step one is out of our bedroom.

MAJOR TACO

My bad. I have separation anxiety.
So, I'll sleep in the adjoining
room of your suite.

COL. FUDGE

Next door?!

MAJOR TACO

Yeah, I lost my wallet, because
this outfit doesn't have pockets.

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

MAJOR TACO (CONT'D)

So, you're not going to throw your old pal in the street, are you?

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

No, we can't do that!

MAJOR TACO

Great! I brought my own pillow.

COL. FUDGE

Wait! That other room has a dry bed, where we stacked wedding gifts. So, if anyone sleeps there, then it should be Milkshake and me.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

But we aren't going to make Taco sleep on this wet bed, are we?

COL. FUDGE

Why not? It's her fault!

MAJOR TACO

Oh, no! This is like the time I wet the bed at summer camp! Twice! I was a laughingstock for years!

MILKSHAKE leaps up to hug Taco, and reveals that Milkshake is wearing lingerie resembling a Wonder Woman costume.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

You'll be O-K! We'll work through this.

MAJOR TACO

You dressed as Wonder Woman for your honeymoon? I thought you preferred Marvel Comics over D-C.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

Don't judge. Mikey and I were acting out my Marvel-D-C crossover fantasy about Black Panther.

MAJOR TACO

Oh! You mean that nasty fan-fiction you wrote during boot camp?

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

Hey! How did you know about that? It's in my diary!

Musketeers, Assemble!

MAJOR TACO

Again, my bad. I feel... insecure
when I'm excluded from your lives.
(bursts into tears)
I'm a horrible person!

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

No! You're just lonely!

Milkshake hugs Taco, then grabs the one burning candle and one extinguished candle. She hands Taco extinguished candle.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE (CONT'D)

The New Testament of the Bible uses three, ancient Greek words for "love." The word for sexual love is "eros," the root word of "erotic." Pagans wrongly worshiped Eros as the false god Cupid in public orgies. But the Bible says that eros should be private, between only a husband and wife.

Milkshake smiles as she snatches off Taco's Cupid wings, sets fire to them with candle, and tosses wings on bed. Fudge, in boxer shorts, hurriedly uses wet blankets to smother flame.

COL. FUDGE

These aren't the hot wings I
ordered from room service.

Taco looks disappointed, but Milkshake smiles as she uses her lit candle to relight Taco's candle.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

But we can share other forms of love with you. One is called "phileo," love that brothers and sisters share. "Phileo" is part of the name "Philadelphia": "City of Brotherly Love." We also give you the third kind of love, "ah-gah-pay." That love is holy, unselfish, unconditional love from the one true God. So, Mikey and I love you as a sister, and we have God's love for you. Those loves burn brightly.

MAJOR TACO

(touched)
Thank you.

Musketeers, Assemble!

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

And, Taco, you're not horrible.
Right, Mikey?

COL. FUDGE

(guilty)

You're not horrible. You've just
had a tough life. And we didn't
help you enough with it before we
got married.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

Yeah. We should let her hang with
us the days we're all off work!

COL. FUDGE

During our honeymoon?

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

We'll put her out during sex, but
we spend some hours eating daily,
and she can hang with us then.

MAJOR TACO

Just hours? And where did we say
I'm sleeping tonight? And tomorrow?
I'll repay you for room and board
by cooking you three meals a day!
You just can't cut me off again or
-- I think I might slit my wrists.

FUDGE and MILKSHAKE's eyes widen with alarm.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

Despite counseling, Taco fell into
clinical depression.

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN TOWN - MONTHS LATER - DAY

American soldiers engage in firefight with enemies who are in
Arab home surrounded by palm trees.

The Americans -- Colonel Fudge, Milkshake, Taco, Slusher,
Whip, Hibachi and Pizza -- take cover behind assault vehicles
as they fire machine guns at enemies.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

But Colonel Thorne -- who was now
Brigadier General Thorne --
insisted that Taco continue combat
duties, and that Milkshake and I
protect her in the field.

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All three of us had made it into
Delta Force, but Milkshake and I
were the only people who could keep
Taco functioning.

COL. FUDGE
My informant tells me Omar al-
Aswad's deputy is in that house.

CAPTAIN PIZZA
Then, why doesn't Thorne order a
missile strike?

COL. FUDGE
The deputy has kids inside as
slaves. Also, this is our best
chance to find intel on Omar.

Taco abruptly runs into the open without firing.

MAJOR TACO
I'll draw the enemy's fire!

FUDGE and MILKSHAKE rush after her, firing at enemy.

COL. FUDGE
You'll get killed!

MAJOR TACO
Hopefully.

COL. FUDGE
Milkshake, cover her! Everyone
else, we're taking the house! Aim
high to avoid hitting kids!

FUDGE and soldiers charge, shooting foes in windows.

TACO never raises her gun, as enemy bullets hit dirt near
her. Worried MILKSHAKE shoves TACO behind trees for safety.

INT. TERRORIST'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

FUDGE kicks open door and tosses in flash grenade. He and his
soldiers split into two teams that run opposite directions
along room walls to find and disable any surviving foes.

FUDGE shoots and tramples armed ENEMY FLUNKY. FUDGE and PIZZA
meet at closed door on opposite end of room.

COL. FUDGE
Room clear on your side?

Musketeers, Assemble!

CAPTAIN PIZZA
Just dead bodies.

COL. FUDGE
(to door, in subtitled
Arabic)
Surrender and you'll live!

GUNSHOT fires through door from opposite side.

Col. Fudge and Captain Pizza strafe door and surrounding walls with guns aimed high. Soldiers hear THUD of fallen body, then silence. Col. Fudge kicks open door, enters room.

TERRORIST LEADER lies dead with bullet in face. Beside him, three, gagged CHAINED GIRLS in hijabs, and a SHEEP in lipstick and bow, are chained to furniture. They squeal.

COL. FUDGE (CONT'D)
(in subtitled Arabic)
We're here to help! Stay calm!

FUDGE finds cellphone in TERRORIST LEADER's pocket.

COL. FUDGE (CONT'D)
Bingo! Our target has a cellphone!
We can use call-data telemetry to
find other terrorists he contacted!
Milkshake, come check these girls
for injuries while I upload data!

SGT. WHIP
(enters room, distraught)
Sir, let me do it! Milkshake is
busy with Taco's injury!

EXT. TERRORIST'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Fudge bolts outdoors, where Milkshake bandages Taco's bloody forehead next to tree.

MAJOR TACO
Your wife pushed me into a tree!

MAJOR MILKSHAKE
To save your life! But you beat
your own head on it 10 times!

MAJOR TACO
Why shouldn't I?

MAJOR MILKSHAKE
You'll give yourself a concussion!

Musketeers, Assemble!

MAJOR TACO

So?

COL. FUDGE

Self-harm is a crime under military law. You want Thorne to imprison you? Plus, we're on the verge of ending the war, if this phone has intel I hope it does! Slusher, prep your Lion for upload!

SGT. SLUSHER

(races inside assault vehicle)

Sir, yes, sir!

Col. Fudge pulls blue, handheld device labeled LION 1 from pocket, and connects it to terrorist's cellphone. Screen on LION 1 lights up and says, "Downloading and decrypting data."

COL. FUDGE

Slusher, Lion 1 is transmitting to your Lion 2.

INT./EXT. ARMY ASSAULT VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Slusher looks at yellow computer showing data from phone.

SGT. SLUSHER

We've got call logs, deleted texts, G-P-S history! I'm cross-referencing with recent bombing locales and uploading to Alura!

Slusher taps keyboard, and satellite dish atop assault vehicle swivels into transmitting position.

EXT. MILITARY SATELLITE - CONTINUOUS

Green satellite labeled "Alura/Lion 3" orbits Earth.

ALURA SATELLITE

(synthesized female voice)

Transmission received. Comparing to N-S-A data. Relaying targets to Lion 4 for further analysis.

INT./EXT. STEALTH BOMBER ABOVE DESERT ROADS - CONTINUOUS

Bomber streaks across sky as CO-PILOT looks at red monitor's aerial view of cars and trucks below.

Musketeers, Assemble!

PILOT

This is Lion 4. Alura says Omar al-Aswad was below our position 30 minutes ago. So, we're replaying drone video to find him.

CO-PILOT

Omar had to be in one of four trucks that met at Target 1. The trucks left in four directions, but we should probably bomb all four.

PILOT

Right. Lion 5, prep Blazing Swords.

INT./EXT. U.S. NAVY WARSHIP IN PERSIAN GULF - CONTINUOUS

Ship thrusts through waves, as crew prepares to launch black, 18-foot-long missile, marked "Blazing Sword," which resembles model that Mikey designed earlier.

Ship CAPTAIN with handheld radio oversees crew action.

CAPTAIN

(to radio)

As soon as the Castle commands, mega-thrusters are go for kill.

ARTEMIS THORNE (V.O.)

(over radio)

This is the Castle. Abort launch.

EXT. TERRORIST'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

COL. FUDGE

(to radio)

Abort? But why, General Thorne!

INT. ARMY BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Artemis Thorne and aides watch aerial video from drones.

ARTEMIS THORNE

Before we jeopardize civilians, we need visual confirmation of Omar's position from the ground. Or else, we could kill someone who found a burner phone that Omar dumped.

Musketeers, Assemble!

EXT. TERRORIST'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Col. Fudge nods reluctantly as he listens to radio.

ARTEMIS THORNE (V.O.)
So, Colonel, take a team to the
closest target to look for Omar.

Milkshake looks worried as she finishes bandaging Taco and gazes at the three chained girls and sheep from house.

COL. FUDGE
Sir, yes, sir! But -- our sniper,
Major Taco, is injured, and we've
got three chained girls here who
were victimized by Omar's deputy.
Can't you send another unit?

ARTEMIS THORNE (V.O.)
No! You're my best team, and you
may be only 10 clicks from Public
Enemy Number 1! So, patch up Taco,
and bring the chained girls to milk
them for intel! But don't unchain
them 'til after the fight, in case
Stockholm Syndrome makes them turn
on you. And send each vehicle in
your caravan to check a separate
target.

COL. FUDGE
Sir? You want us to split up?
That's more dangerous.

ARTEMIS THORNE (V.O.)
Not as dangerous as Omar surviving.
I'll send you air support for
protection. Over and out.

Fudge sighs. He gazes at Chained Girls. Sheep BLEATS.

CHAINED GIRL 1
(in subtitled Arabic)
We're happy to guide you to Omar,
and we understand why you can't
unchain us 'til you kill him.

COL. FUDGE
You know English?

Chained Girl 1 looks confused, turns to sheep, which BLEATS.
Girl nods at it.

Musketeers, Assemble!

CHAINED GIRL 1
(in subtitled Arabic)
No, I don't know English. The sheep
does. Please adopt him after you
return us girls to our families;
otherwise, they will eat him.

Sheep nods in fear. Fudge, Milkshake and Taco gape.

INT./EXT. FUDGE'S ASSAULT VEHICLE ON ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Fudge drives to rural hill. Milkshake hugs Taco behind him.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE
Taco, please stop pulling suicidal
stunts. Our team loves you.

MAJOR TACO
I'm an instrument of death for an
unjustified war. We know Omar al-
Aswad never hurt Porky.

COL. FUDGE
But Omar and his goons kill
thousands of other innocent folks,
and they abuse women and kids.

The following conversation is in subtitled Arabic.

CHAINED GIRL 2
(squeezes Taco's hand)
I wish I were a soldier like you. I
would be a tiger.

MAJOR TACO
Tigers are a vanishing species, an
irrelevant fairytale now.

CHAINED GIRL 2
You don't believe in things once
they're invisible? What about God?

MAJOR TACO
I don't seen any miracles.

CHAINED GIRL 1
Then your eyes are too old.
Terrorists abused my friends and me
for using a phone app that teaches
girls science on a frequency too
low for old clerics to hear.

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

CHAINED GIRL 1 (CONT'D)

Middle-age adults can't hear a frequency below 20 Hertz, but we children hear 17 Hertz. So, we learn from a larger world than the one your senses have shrunken into.

Sheep BLEATS. Chained Girl 3 laughs.

CHAINED GIRL 3

Yes! Our sheep quotes the prophet Issa, whom Christians call Jesus. Jesus said, "Having eyes, do you not see? And having ears, do you not hear? And do you not remember?"

MAJOR TACO

You and your sheep are crazy.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

No, girls. I remember, when we were younger, my friends and I saw a lady at a bombing when no adult or camera saw her: a lady in red and purple who encouraged the bomber.

CHAINED GIRL 1

The Vampire Queen of Babylon? That demon directs terrorists here too! But they don't see her either!

Taco, Milkshake and Fudge trade stunned glances.

COL. FUDGE

(in English)

I hate to interrupt, but our target is over the hill ahead. I'll approach on foot, so terrorists don't see or hear us coming.

Fudge, Whip and Slusher exit vehicle with guns.

EXT. HILL OVER TERRORIST TRAINING CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Fudge and his crew climb over hill on bellies. Fudge uses binoculars to peer past nearby trees to pavilion below. Pavilion has metal roof, but no walls, and many armed men.

COL. FUDGE

(describes scene to radio)

I see hundreds of men with machine guns, under terrorist banners.

(MORE)

Musketeers, Assemble!

COL. FUDGE (CONT'D)
Their pavilion hides a training
camp. Let me focus my binoculars on
their center of attention.

EXT./INT. TERRORIST-TRAINING PAVILION - CONTINUOUS

View from Fudge's binoculars focuses on turbaned and bearded cleric OMAR AL-ASWAD wearing bullet belts and red robe.

COL. FUDGE (O.S.)
That's him! Omar al--

Abruptly, TERRORIST GUARDS step into view extremely close up, and look startled, then angry.

Fudge drops binoculars, raises gun. Terrorist Guards have already raised theirs, but Slusher and Whip SHOOT guards.

In pavilion, Omar al-Aswad points at fight, and commands followers to attack as he flees, shouting in Arabic. Hundreds of armed men turn to run in Fudge's direction.

On hill, closer to Fudge, dozens more terrorist guards, who were hidden among trees, emerge to attack. Fudge, Slusher and Whip retreat and FIRE GUNS behind them.

ARTEMIS THORNE (V.O.)
Colonel, repeat last transmission!

COL. FUDGE
Unsheathe Blazing Swords!

EXT. DECK OF U.S. NAVY WARSHIP IN PERSIAN GULF - CONTINUOUS

ARTEMIS THORNE (V.O.)
Fire! Carpet bomb that valley!

Captain with radio gives thumbs up to crew who FIRE Blazing Sword missiles. Missiles streak to land, trailing fire.

INT./EXT. FUDGE'S ASSAULT VEHICLE ON ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Fudge, Slusher and Whip dive aboard as Milkshake drives them backward from fight. Five enemy trucks race after them.

MAJOR MILKSHAKE
Carpet bombs won't hurt us, right?

COL. FUDGE
Not if we're a mile from here in 40
seconds. But Omar could kill us.

Musketeers, Assemble!

MAJOR TACO

(at Gatling-gun controls)

No! I don't care for my life, but
he won't hurt my family!

Taco targets enemy truck's engine and FIRES. Truck EXPLODES. Milkshake pumps brake, slams steering wheel left to spin assault vehicle in direction of retreat, hits gas, peels off.

Second enemy truck has caught up beside them on right. Fudge FIRES GUN out window, kills enemy driver, whose truck collides with third enemy truck. Those enemy trucks CRASH.

But enemies aboard last trucks pull out grenade launchers. One enemy FIRES and misses, causing EXPLOSION. Taco SHOTS him with Gatling gun, but another enemy fumbles to aim.

COL. FUDGE

(to radio, as he shoots)

Where's our air support? We need
help against pursuers!

INT./EXT. STEALTH BOMBER ABOVE VEHICLE CHASE - CONTINUOUS

PILOT

We're closing in! But we have to
avoid bombing you, and have to
dodge Blazing Swords!

Stealth bomber banks to avoid Blazing Sword missiles headed opposite direction toward pavilion. Bomber FIRES on enemies.

INT./EXT. ENEMY TRUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Enemy trucks EXPLODE from Stealth bombing.

EXT. TERRORIST TRAINING PAVILION - CONTINUOUS

Blazing Sword missiles rain into valley and incinerate terrorists with EXPLOSIONS. But Omar al-Aswad isn't visible.

INT./EXT. FUDGE'S ASSAULT VEHICLE ON ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bomb blasts fill the horizon behind the fleeing soldiers. Shock wave hits their vehicle, shaking and bouncing it.

MAJOR TACO

Can we go home now?

END OF ACT FOUR

Musketeers, Assemble!

ACT FIVE

EXT. MCCONNELL LAND AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - MONTHS LATER

Blinding red sun ravages a bleak landscape where theme-park rides crumble, and so do the utopian homes among them.

In residential area, skinny WHITE HUSBAND in space helmet and BLACK WIFE on lawn chair sweat on dead, brown lawn as adult kids and small grandkids pant in half-empty kiddie pool.

Down the street are skinny BLACK HUSBAND in Pharaoh headgear and WHITE WIFE on lawn chair. They too sweat on dead lawn as adult kids and small grandkids sit in half-empty kiddie pool.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

Back at McConnell Land, families were losing hope amid the heat, recession and crime. My family was having its own crisis that I'll discuss later, but we decided the best way to cope was to help bring smiles to other people.

MUSIC CUE: Ice-cream truck's jaunty tune.

Both families smile, and more families stream out of homes to wait for Fudge's high-tech, mechanized truck from Episode 1.

Fudge and Milkshake drive up, followed by other food trucks driven by Taco, Pizza and Hibachi. Customers line up to eat. Kids also line up to pet smiling SHEEP that Milkshake holds.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our ice cream brought coolness back to families who could barely afford air conditioning, and our other food trucks brought low-cost meals to folks in need.

Pizza and Hibachi hand out mail and packages.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We were also the delivery service for packages in many neighborhoods.

Worried GRANNY from Episode 1 approaches Pizza and Hibachi with inquiry. They shake heads no; so, she goes to Fudge.

GRANNY

Does your truck have a package from the pharmacy today? My high-blood-pressure meds are overdue.

Musketeers, Assemble!

COL. FUDGE

No pharmacy package, but I can take you to get an emergency refill.

GRANNY

No, that's all right. I'm sure I can go a day without pills.

Her granddaughter Phoebe (8) frowns, as she licks ice cream.

PHOEBE

Are you sure, Granny?

MAJOR MILKSHAKE

Ma'am, do you want me to check your blood pressure before you decide that? I'm a medic.

GRANNY

(smiles)

I don't want to inconvenience you. Besides, you may tell me something I don't want to know. Come, Phoebe.

Granny leans on Phoebe as they walk home.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

That was a bad decision.

End MUSIC CUE.

INT./EXT. COL. FUDGE'S ICE-CREAM TRUCK - DAY - TWO DAYS LATER

Granny lies on stretcher in back of truck, as Milkshake checks her blood pressure. Phoebe and Governor McConnell worry nearby. Fudge drives faster and faster.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.)

Two days later, that old lady fell ill and had a stroke. I was in the middle of helping her and her granddaughter, Phoebe, but suddenly the president of the United States ordered me and my crew to help our governor fight domestic terrorists: white supremacists pretending to be Christians were overthrowing state governments and attacking the U.S. Capitol. So, that brings the story back to today.

The truck speeds down desolate streets, and passes a pair of militia sympathizers waving handguns and Confederate flags.

Musketeers, Assemble!

Major Taco, Captain Pizza and Captain Hibachi follow Col. Fudge's truck in their own assault vehicles.

COL. FUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My family is fighting another war,
this time on American soil, when we
thought we could focus on selling
ice cream in the park. But at least
things can't get worse, right?

EXT. SCORCHED RUINS OF TERRORIST CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The former metal roof and pillars of the pavilion are a pile of twisted, half-melted rubble in a valley of burnt trees, blackened skeletons, and broken, abandoned weapons.

Wind kicks up dust and ash, and carries it way from the hill that Col. Fudge climbed months earlier and toward a mountain on the opposite side of the valley.

The mountain looks like solid rock, but the sound of mechanical gears echo inside it, and a boulder swings aside to reveal a wide, hidden door.

A purple Tesla Roadster sports car pulls out, driven by a clean-shaven, Westerner tycoon in a black cowboy hat. Beside him rides turbaned, bearded Omar al-Aswad in a red tuxedo.

INT./EXT. TESLA SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

TYCOON
War made us trillions, but we need
you to sell an additional product
to embarrass Governor McConnell.

OMAR AL-ASWAD
You demonized me for years, but the
Illuminati wants my help now?

TYCOON
Only Nixon could go to China. And
we'll let you attack the king and
his new pals, Fudge and Milkshake.

OMAR AL-ASWAD
Oh? Then that sounds fun!

Tesla speeds away. Boulder swings back over door, revealing WOMAN IN RED-AND-PURPLE DRESS drinking wine. She LAUGHS.

END OF EPISODE TWO

Musketeers, Assemble!