

BATTLEFRONT PRIVATES

Written by

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ROUGH DRAFT V6b

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FLANAGAN & BLAKE
In
BATTLEFRONT PRIVATES

CHARACTER LIST

Skip Brown - Eddie Flanagan

Buddy Smith - Tyler Blake

(Roommate) Butch "Mumbles" McVey -

(Roommate) Chip Clark -

Sergeant Amos Brown -

General Andrew Collins -

Administrator George Porter -

Corporal Smokey Roberts -

President Dean Chapman -

(Villain) Agent Walter Davenport -

Lieutenant Henry Watson -

Postman (Mailman) -

Exterior - Skip Brown's House -- 1

The title and credits appear then fades to an army base. Soldiers are marching being lead by their sergeant. The camera then slowly fades from the opening credits and pans down a street then stops at a house and zooms in at the door.

Interior - Skip Brown's House - Kitchen -- 2

Skip Brown is sitting at his kitchen table having breakfast and reading a newspaper when he receives a phone call from his good friend, Buddy Smith. They chat on the phone and make plans for lunch together.

SKIP BROWN:

Hello Buddy, how are you today? Oh, I'm just fine. Lunch today, at noon? Why yes, of course. I'd be glad to join you. The usual spot them? Alright, I'll see you there. Bye now.

Exterior - Sidewalk Café -- 3

At the café, the two men are eating a fine meal reading the newspaper and looking at the scenery. Skip looks up and sees his brother, Sergeant Amos Brown, leading his company with pride and dignity as they March on by the café to make their way back to the base.

SKIP BROWN:

That life isn't for me, Buddy. I'd never make a good soldier as my dear brother has. He's made

a career out of it you know. I myself haven't got what it takes.

BUDDY SMITH:

I guess you're right Skip. I don't think I'm cut out for that as well.

POSTMAN:

Excuse me, gentlemen.

SKIP BROWN:

Oh hello (postman).

POSTMAN:

Good afternoon. I have a telegram for you both.

It looks important, very official looking.

The two men look at the camera, stunned that they have received an important telegram.

POSTMAN:

If you would, please sign here and here.

BUDDY SMITH:

Well then, I guess it must be important.

POSTMAN:

Thank you very much, that ought to do it. Good day to you both.

BUDDY SMITH:

Good Bye!

SKIP BROWN:

Oh mail time, what a nice mailman.

CLOSE UP of the telegram. Skip speaks with Buddy briefly after they receive the telegram stating that they both have been drafted.

BUDDY SMITH:

My Goodness!

SKIP BROWN:

I say! This is madness!

BUDDY SMITH:

Well I never expected this, Skip.

SKIP BROWN:

Neither did I, Buddy.

A man at another table is also having lunch. He seems to be in a good mood after he overhears the two men chatting about being drafted. He gets up from his meal and speaks with them for a short time.

WALTER DAVENPORT:

Excuse me sirs, I couldn't help but to overhear your *great* misfortune. Please allow me to give you each a luck charm, so you may be safe in

your ventures afar.

As the man gives them the luck charms, he drops two small pills or drops or formula in each of their drinks without the two men seeing him do it.

BUDDY SMITH:

Oh! Thank you so much, kind sir.

SKIP BROWN:

We will most definitely wear these as often as allowed of us.

WALTER DAVENPORT:

I hope you will. Now if you'd excuse me. Good day to you.

BUDDY SMITH:

Good day.

SKIP BROWN:

Good day sir.

CLOSE UP of the telegram again.

SKIP BROWN:

Looks like were in a predicament now, Buddy.

BUDDY SMITH:

What do we do now Skip?

SKIP BROWN:

Well, it says here that we must report to the
recruiting station on South Main Street.

Exterior - Recruiting Station -- 4

They both report to the recruiting station but come up with a plan to try to be disqualified during their physicals. As they enter the building they both decide to wear the luck charm Davenport gave them.

SKIP BROWN:

Now remember Buddy, stick to the plan. We want to fail, that way we shouldn't to get in.

BUDDY SMITH:

How do I do that Skip?

SKIP BROWN:

For you, just act natural.

BUDDY SMITH:

Ok Skip, if you say so.

As the doctor checks each of them out, they do a few things to mess with him. Like play with his stethoscope, spit out water when he looks into their ears and kick with the wrong leg for their reflexes.

DOCTOR HYDE:

Hello, I'm Dr. Hyde and I shall be performing your physical today before we proceed to the

next stage.

Later, Sergeant Brown walks into the next room during the weight training session. So Skip gets an idea to try to impress his brother and tries to "fake" it. But they both suddenly perform above and beyond requirements due to Davenport's interference. Unknown to them the daffy General Andrew Collins is watching them from a distance and is very impressed by their performance. He insists that they are to be stationed at his base but Sergeant Brown strongly disagrees and doesn't want them there.

GENERAL ANDREW COLLINS:

Those guys are really gung-ho. I must have them stationed at my base at once. See to it, Sergeant Brown.

After Skip and Buddy are finished speaking with the General they go back into the weight room to see why it was so easy before but now they are unable to lift any weights at all and perform poorly. Skip then sees his brother come into the room, so he asks a few guys to help them out for a bit. Then they "fake" from that point on. Sergeant Brown sees what they are up to and isn't impressed but changes his mind about them coming to the base. So he slowly

walks over to the two and hands them each their paperwork. Then the two men are shipped off to the base.

Most of the physical and weight room scene dialogue will/can be improvised.

Interior - Secret Lab -- 5

Agent Walter Davenport is inside his secret lab experimenting on subjects. He is speaking into a Dictaphone.

AGENT WALTER DAVENPORT:

Experiment Z2276 appeared to be a success. The subjects performed as I had hoped they would. Now commencing with experiment Z2277, the subject appears to be in a normal stage. Now applying formula X. Test subject still appears to be normal. I will now see how it responds to my commands without a transceiver. Turn your head right and look at me. Stand up and walk towards me. Speak, what is your name?

Cut to shot of a rock with the headset on. Cut back to Davenport.

DAVENPORT:

The subject isn't responsive, but appears to be docile. Note to self: Get livelier test subjects...

Davenport looks at the rock for a moment more, then picks it up and puts it into a cage.

DAVENPORT:

Excellent. Now implementing plan 9a.

Pulls out a manila folder with the documents describing plan 9a. Involves hypnotizing president of country.

DAVENPORT:

Bwa. Bwa ha ha ha!

INTERIOR: BARRACKS -- 6

Buddy and Skip arrive in their barracks and sling their packs up on the beds. Two more men walk over and scrutinize them.

CHIP CLARK:

Hey, Mcvey. I think these schmucks are our new bunkmates!

"MUMBLES" MCVEY:

Uhhhnn.

Chip walks over to them, and shakes their hands.

CHIP CLARK:

Howsit goin' boys, I'm Chip. Chip Clark. And over here is my associate, Mumbles Mcvey. He doesn't talk much. So, who are you fellers?

Skip looks at Buddy, then at Chip.

SKIP BROWN:

Well, I'm Skip Brown. And over here is *my* associate, Buddy Smith, who I wish didn't talk much. So, now that we are all properly introduced, What do we do now?

Chip looks thoughtful, then speaks.

CHIP CLARK:

Well, we have roll call in an hour, but until then,
[pulls out deck of cards] Who's up for some Texas Holdem?

Time passes, the four men are seen sitting around a round card table playing poker. The camera slowly swings around the table, and each player is seen. Chip Clark is winning by a wide margin, and it shows. Skip is seen tossing in some dollar bills, and when the camera swings past Buddy, he has nothing, not even the clothes on his back. He is wearing a barrel, just like in classic comedy. A klaxon is heard, so Chip and Mcvey stand up.

SKIP BROWN:

What? What's that?

CHIP CLARK:

That is the call to target practice. Here, take your uniform back. Hope you boys are good shots.

Buddy and Skip exchange nervous glances, then follow their bunk mates out the door.

EXTERIOR: SHOOTING RANGE -- 7

The four arrive at the shooting range just as guns are being passed out. They all get rifles and line up to shoot some targets down-range. Skip takes Buddy aside.

SKIP BROWN:

Listen Buddy, lets try not to screw up out there, I don't want our new friends to find out we don't belong here. Got it?

BUDDY SMITH:

You got it, Skip.

They go and take their places in line, only to screw up almost immediately. Skip loads his gun wrong, and Buddy holds it backwards. Sergeant Amos Brown looks at them, and holds his face in his hand. Skip sees this and looks at Buddy. He rushes over to fix it, and then scolds him.

SKIP BROWN:

I thought I told you to not screw up!

BUDDY SMITH:

Sorry Skip.

SKIP BROWN:

That's OK, but now watch a master at work!

Skip takes aim at a metal target further down the range, and fires, only to have it ricocheted off the target, off a wall, off a car, and finally straight through Sergeant Amos Brown's hat, taking it clean off. Sergeant Amos Brown gets very red as Buddy talks to Skip.

BUDDY SMITH:

So, when is that master arriving?

Sergeant Amos Brown walks over to them and yells.

SGT. BROWN:

Get off my range. NOW! And don't come back until you are properly equipped to shoot a gun!

The two men scramble away, and duck behind a building.

BUDDY SMITH:

Where can we find equipment in a military base?

SKIP BROWN:

I don't know, but it's got to be around here somewhere...

As he says this, the camera pans out to expose a sign on the building they are behind. It reads "Equipment".

SKIP BROWN:

Hmmm... I don't know. But this place seems like a good place to start, eh?

BUDDY SMITH:

I suppose so!

They walk into the building. Fade out.

INTERIOR: EQUIPMENT ROOM -- 8

Skip and Buddy walk in to the building and up to the counter, where two clerks man the desk.

SKIP BROWN:

Hello, good sirs, we've come looking for equipment. Can you point us in the right direction?

One of the men points towards the shelves containing uniforms and the two walk off. When they come back, they are dressed completely wrong. There are two pistols on the desk that the clerk has put

there.

BUDDY SMITH:

We're ready for our weapons, sir!

The two clerks look at each other, then one of them pulls the two standard guns off the desk and replaces them with guns without any ammo.

SKIP BROWN:

Thank you.

As Skip and Buddy walk out the door, they pretend to shoot each other and fool around. After they're gone, the clerk looks at his friend.

CLERK 1:

Why didn't you give them any ammo?

CLERK 2:

Those are the ones the sarge said to look out for. Plus, look at them. Imagine the amount of damage they could do with real guns.

Iris out to scene

INTERIOR: AUDITORIUM -- 9

The whole unit is assembled for a de-briefing in the auditorium tent. Sgt. Brown is standing on a podium and shouts for quiet.

SGT. BROWN:

Quiet! Now, you're all here to serve your country in her time of crisis. As you may already know, it is a time of war in our great nation, and you have enlisted so that you may-

A man in the middle of the crowd interrupts him.

DRAFTEE:

Uh, I was drafted!

The sergeant shoots him a burning glare, and he sits back down.

SGT. BROWN:

Now, as I was saying, so that you may bring us out of this dark time. Now, we have here a slideshow of images detailing our mission here. As you can see here...

The slide show begins, and soon Buddy and Skip are dozing off, much to Sgt. Brown's chagrin. He continues his presentation while looking at the duo, clearly planning to embarrass them later.

SGT. BROWN:

As you must already know, we are fighting a dangerous enemy, the Oslakians, led by this man, Walter Davenport.

The slideshow behind the Sergeant flashes a picture of Walter Davenport.

SGT. BROWN:

Now, he may not look like much, but he is a gifted tactician, and an even smarter scientist. We suspect that he is in the vicinity, cooking up a scheme that will give him an edge in this war. Tomorrow we will be going on a patrol around the perimeter to prevent any sneak attacks of this nature.

An overhead picture of the base flashes with the march trail outlined in red. When the total length of the march is shown, 20 miles, the whole unit groans. Sgt. Brown is not pleased.

SGT. BROWN:

Excuse me, but I thought I was in the presence of
soldiers, not namby-pamby nancys! Private Smith, Private
Brown!

The two awake, looking startled.

BUDDY SMITH, SKIP BROWN: [together]

Yes, sir!

SGT. BROWN:

What do you think of this little idea?

The duo look confused, and they don't know what is going on. They
decide to try to bluff their way out of it. This is just what Sgt.
Brown is expecting. They look around them, and the other soldiers
encourage them that it's a good thing.

SKIP BROWN:

W-Well... I-it's certainly interesting...

BUDDY SMITH:

I-I think it's a lovely idea!

SKIP BROWN: [excited]

Yes, a lovely idea!

Sgt. Brown looks pleased that his scheme has worked, and he winks to the other soldiers.

SGT. BROWN:

Well then, I guess you wouldn't mind leading us in this little excursion, first thing in the morning. Company, Dismissed!

The group moves out, and as they walk away, Buddy and Skip comment to each other.

BUDDY SMITH:

Was there something wrong with his eye?

SKIP BROWN:

I don't know, but I hope he gets better.

Fade to next scene.

INTERIOR: BARRACKS -- NIGHT -- 10

Fade in to see Buddy and Skip laying in their bunks, surrounded by soldiers doing the same. Skip, on the top bunk, is smacked in the face by a magazine by a soldier on an adjacent bunk.

BUNK SOLDIER: [stage whisper]

Hey man! Check out that dreamboat!

SKIP BROWN:

Wait, what?

The soldier hushes him.

BUNK SOLDIER: [stage whisper]

Shhhh! Quiet! Just look at her! If I could bring one thing to a desert island, it would be her, if you catch my drift.

Skip opens the magazine and lets the centerfold fold out.

SKIP BROWN:

Whoah! Oh, I catch your drift.

Shows a close-up of the centerfold, it is a boating magazine with

a big fishing boat as the centerfold 'girl'. Chip Clark leans over and smacks the magazine out of Skip's hands.

CHIP CLARK:

Quit shooting the breeze with this bozo and get some sleep. We're gonna need it.

Fade to scene 11.

EXTERIOR: PARADE GROUNDS -- 11

The company has formed up for a 20 mile march, and Skip and Buddy are just sitting in the middle of the at-attention army. They are playing marbles and army men. The Sergeant comes around and sees them. He gets mad, and walks over towards them. The men around them try to warn them, but they ignore it. When the sergeant reaches them, he hauls them up by their helmets and stares at them.

SGT. BROWN:

Alright boys, do you know why we're here?

Skip thinks for a minute, then answers.

SKIP BROWN:

To march?

SGT. BROWN:[calm]

That's right! Now, what I want you boys to do is...

He gets very loud, and when he speaks the duo are seen getting their hair blown back.

SGT. BROWN:

GET MARCHING! I don't want you to stop marching until we reach the base! You got that?

They both nod their heads vigorously.

SGT. BROWN:

Now, MARCH!

The duo jump to the head of the company and start marching blindly. There is a bend in the road, but they just keep marching across the field and into the woods. They walk into no-man's land and shots ring about them, but they keep marching. Montage of them marching over various terrain.

EXTERIOR: FOREST -- 12

They eventually reach a forest, and a shot blows a branch off a tree. They stop and look at it, and then look at each other.

BUDDY SMITH:

Big mosquitoes here!

SKIP BROWN:

I'd say so!

They march a little bit more until Buddy trips and falls into a pit on the forest floor. Skip looks over the edge of the hole.

SKIP BROWN:

Buddy! Buddy! Are you alright?

Buddy is laying on top of a big hatch.

BUDDY SMITH:

Yeah, I think so... Hey Skip, come down here!

Skip hops down, and they look at the hatch.

SKIP BROWN:

What do you suppose it is?

BUDDY SMITH:

I don't know, but I think that we should investigate!

SKIP BROWN:

Wha- Why?

Buddy points to a sign painted on the metal door. It reads 'Secret Laboratory: 'No Entry'

SKIP BROWN:

Ah! I see!

They both struggle to open the hatch, but to no avail. They rest, and Buddy leans on a branch to relax. The branch is a secret switch, and the hatch opens. The duo looks into the hole, and march bravely in.

INTERIOR: SECRET LABRATORY -- 13

Walter Davenport is conducting his first live test, on a small

white mouse.

DAVENPORT:

Now, if I can only get this test to work, I'll be ready for the Final stage! Now, mouse. I command you to walk to the left!

The mouse doesn't obey, only cocks it's head and looks at Davenport.

DAVENPORT: [Sighs]

Fine. Mouse, I command you to walk to *your* left.

The mouse then obeys, and walks to a small light bulb on the left.

DAVENPORT:

Now, connect the circuits and light the light bulb.

The mouse obeys this order also, and the light bulb comes on.

DAVENPORT:

Yes, yes! You are coming along nicely, my friend. Now, to make sure that it is marketable, I want you to deposit that piece of trash into the garbage can.

The mouse quickly responds, and Davenport's eyes light up with glee.

DAVENPORT:

Very good. Now, I will just get your cage, and we will enact the final stage of the plan.

He walks into the next room to retrieve the cage for the mouse.

INTERIOR: SECRET LABRATORY -- 14

Buddy and Skip are walking through the laboratory, which is filled with all sorts of different test tubes, vials, chemicals, ect. As they walk, Skip looks through the glasses, distorting his face as he converses with Buddy.

SKIP BROWN:

What do you think this place is, Buddy?

BUDDY SMITH:

I don't know, but I don't like it.

They continue until they reach a lab work bench.

SKIP BROWN:

Well, would ya' look at all this stuff!

There are numerous folders containing failed plans, sinister looking devices, and a mouse cage. Buddy picks up one of the devices and examines it, but it suddenly shoots an arc of electricity and he drops it.

INTERIOR: SECRET LABRATORY -- 15

Davenport is seen walking, coming ever closer to the room where the duo are. He is mumbling to himself about his 'rise to power' and his 'day of reckoning'.

INTERIOR: SECRET LABRATORY -- 16

Buddy and Skip continue to look through the assorted items, until one thought sticks out in Skip's mind.

SKIP BROWN:

Wait a minute, wait just a minute! All this seems awfully familiar...

He flashes back to the de-briefing they had earlier, before the march.

SGT. BROWN:[V.O.]

Blah blah blah, led by this man, Walter Davenport...

Images flash in the memory, a picture of Davenport, basically reliving the slide show.

SGT. BROWN:

Blah Blah gifted tactician, and an even smarter scientist...

Buddy look about the room wildly, the camera zooms up on a troop movement plan for the enemy. It also zooms up on a schematic for a strange device, with the words 'Important' and 'Big Science'. The flash-back continues.

SGT. BROWN:

Blah in the vicinity, cooking up a scheme blah blah sneak attacks...

Camera zooms up on a copy of Davenport's Plan 9a, then of Skip's eyes.

SKIP BROWN:

Gasp! Buddy! Hey, Buddy!

Buddy looks over at him, confused.

BUDDY SMITH:

What?

SKIP BROWN:

I know where we are! It's the secret lab of-

Skip stops mid-sentence, and the duo fall over, face first.

Davenport is seen behind them, holding two of his failed experiments, which he had hit Buddy and Skip over the head with.

DAVENPORT:

Agent Walter Davenport!

Davenport puts down the experiments and looks at his victims.

DAVENPORT:

How did these two morons get into my secret laboratory?

I made sure that the sign outside was very clear about

this! Oh well. I've been needing a few new *live* test subjects. Bwa hahahahaha!

Fade out to scene 17.

INTERIOR: SECRET LABRATORY -- 17

Fade in to see Buddy and Skip strapped to examination tables, with a bright light shining in their eyes. Their eyes slowly adjust, and they see Davenport sitting on a stool, looking at them with open contempt. Davenport slowly stands up and fills a syringe with a yellowish opaque liquid.

DAVENPORT:

Ah, it is so good to see that you are both awake from your little nap. We have some business to discuss, you and I.

The duo start to struggle under their straps, but Davenport just chuckles at them.

BUDDY SMITH: [struggling]

Who are you? Where are we?

Davenport suddenly becomes serious, and glares at him.

DAVENPORT:

I will be the one asking the questions here, you ignorant little worm! But, since you asked, I will tell you what your blathering friend over there was about to tell you right before my *ahem* defense systems broke in!

Shot of Skip interrupting.

SKIP BROWN: [Offended]

Blathering? Why I oughta...

Davenport carries on as if he hadn't spoken.

DAVENPORT:

I am Walter Davenport, scientist and tactician extraordinaire! You are trespassing in my lab, so I decided to take justice into my own hands. Now, who are you two?

BUDDY SMITH:

We're New Chaplandic Scouts, patrol B-2.

Skip looks at Buddy and whispers to him under his breath.

SKIP BROWN: [whispering]

Buddy, don't tell this guy anything!

BUDDY SMITH:

But we don't know anything!

SKIP BROWN:

Yeah, but if he knew that, he'd kill us!

BUDDY SMITH:

Oh.

The duo turn back to look at Davenport, stone-faced.

BUDDY SMITH:

We won't tell you anything, villain!

Davenport sighs, and shakes his head.

DAVENPORT:

Chaplandic Soldiers, eh? I thought it might come to this. I am truly sorry to resort to these measures, but

you have left me no choice.

Davenport proceeds to inject each of them with the yellowish liquid, and as their heads start to swim, Davenport continues talking.

DAVENPORT:

What you gentlemen are experiencing is the effect of Agent Walter Davenport's Truth Serum! Patent pending. Now, whenever I ask you a question, you will be forced to answer in the truth, the whole truth, so help you-

Skip interrupts him, hiccupping and laughing.

SKIP BROWN:

Yes, yes. We get it! Why am I-are we so giddy? I feel as though I've had a bit too much *hic* spirits!

Hehehehehehehe!

DAVENPORT:

Yes, that's the patent pending part. The FDA wants that sorted out before it goes into mass production, but you know, I think that they're just stone walling me- Gah! Stop getting me off the subject! Now, back to the

questioning!

He pulls out a clipboard and reading glasses.

DAVENPORT:

Do you two recognize this man?

He holds up a picture of Sgt. Brown.

BUDDY SMITH: [giddy]

I'll say! He is our beloved Sergeant Br-

SKIP BROWN: [cracking up]

No Buddy! Don't tell him, or I'll-Ah ha ha ha!

BUDDY SMITH:

Sergeant Brown, the big man himself, and my friend

here's older brother!

Davenport becomes angered at this.

DAVENPORT:

Sgt. Brown? He has foiled every one of my plans, plans that were within inches of success! What beautiful plans

they were...

Ripple out to flash back scene.

EXTERIOR: ??? (DREAM SEQUENCE) -- 18

Montage of Davenport being bested by Amos Brown, most of them involve Davenport being punched in the face right before he hits a switch, stabs someone, ect.

INTERIOR: SECRET LABORATORY -- 19

Davenport is seen looking off in the distance. Buddy and Skip look at each other and shrug.

SKIP BROWN:

Ah... Hello?

Davenport is startled, and looks crossly over at Skip.

DAVENPORT:

Wha- What? What do you want?

SKIP BROWN:

Um, I believe we were in the middle of an interrogation.

DAVENPORT:

Oh. Right.

Davenport looks at Skip, as if comparing something.

DAVENPORT:

Hmmm... You don't look alike, but none the less, having his brother will just add to the sweetness of my evil revenge pie!

Skip and Buddy look worried, concerned about what is going to happen.

SKIP BROWN:

What are you gonna do to him?

DAVENPORT:

Well, since I've captured you, bound you, and there is absolutely *no chance* of you escaping, I might as well tell you my evil plot.

Davenport looks off in the distance, and gets an evil grin on his

face.

DAVENPORT:

What am I going to do to him, you ask? Well, it's not what will be done to him. It's what will be done to the whole base!

MEH. I DON'T WANNA WRITE OUT THIS SCENE NOW. LATER. NOT NOW. NEXT
SCENE PLEASE!

INTERIOR: SECRET LABORATORY -- 20

The duo are seen still strapped to the interrogation tables, and as they start to come to, Buddy looks depressed.

SKIP BROWN:

Buddy, what's wrong?

BUDDY SMITH:

This is all my fault. If I hadn't wanted to explore, we would never be in this predicament.

Skip attempt to console him, but to no avail.

IP BROWN:

C'mon, it's not all your fault, it's just...

BUDDY SMITH:

Just what? I'm *just* useless. I can't even do anything to help fix the problem *I* made.

As he says this, he pulls his wrists through the restraints to hold his face in his hands. Skip is shocked at this, and tries to alert Buddy.

SKIP BROWN:

Buddy! Look!

BUDDY SMITH:

No! Just leave me alone.

SKIP BROWN: [Exasperated]

Buddy!

Buddy looks up.

BUDDY SMITH: [angry]

What?!

Buddy looks down at his wrists.

BUDDY SMITH:

Oh.

He quickly unties his feet, and hops out. Moving on to Skip, he successfully unties his hands, but leaves the feet tied by accident. When Skip cheerfully attempts to step forward, he falls flat on his face. He gets up and shoots a glare at Buddy while dusting himself off. Buddy just shrugs. They walk to the end of the room and look down the hallway. There are two doorways visible, one on the left and one on the right. They start off in different directions, notice that the other isn't there, and walk back. Just then, a small white mouse scampers up between them.

SKIP BROWN:

Where are you going? The exit is this way.

BUDDY SMITH:

I don't think so. I am almost absolutely sure that it is this way.

The mouse comes up between them and looks at them.

SKIP BROWN:

You knuckle-head! It is obviously the left. I remember.

The mouse scurries over to the left.

BUDDY SMITH:

Oh yeah, how's that? We were knocked out when he brought us in here, so my guess is as good as yours. The right, I say.

The mouse scurries over to the right.

SKIP BROWN:

As good as mine, eh? Are you forgetting that you are the one who got us into this? I'm not so inclined to trust your judgment. Left!

The mouse scurries over to the left again.

BUDDY SMITH:

Harrumph! Are you forgetting that *I* was the one who got us *out* of this? Right!

They get into each other's faces, and as they shout different directions the mouse runs back and forth as each order is unwittingly given.

SKIP BROWN:

Left!

BUDDY SMITH:

Right!

SKIP BROWN:

Left!

BUDDY SMITH:

Right!

SKIP BROWN:

Left!

BUDDY SMITH:

Right!

The mouse, thoroughly tired, decides to take matters into it's own

paws. It scampers into the shadows that are obscuring a third doorway and connects a broken circuit that lights up an exit sign over the previously hidden third door. The duo see the door at the same time and the circuit lights up light bulbs over their heads. They look at each other, nod, and march through the door. The mouse sighs, then follows them up the stairs.

EXTERIOR: FOREST -- NIGHT -- 21

The duo comes up through the same way they entered. The forest is dark, but they rest up for a minute. As soon as they stop, a shot rings out and they get to marching, carrying the small white mouse with them.

EXTERIOR: FOREST -- 22

Shots of the duo marching through the early morning and into the afternoon, crossing a battlefield, and swimming across river. They even climb up a snow-capped mountain and down again. They then head toward the base.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 23

The company is just returning from the two day march, and is

rounding the corner towards the base. Sgt. Brown looks pleased that he lost Buddy and Skip, but just then Buddy and Skip burst out of the woods at breakneck speeds, right in front of the entire company just as they get within eyeshot of the base. General Andrew Collins is at the gate to greet the returning soldiers and sees Buddy and Skip at the head of the company. He assumes that they were at the head of the march the whole time, and congratulates the Sergeant on his success as they pass through.

GEN. COLLINS:

Well Sgt. Brown, looks like you've really shaped these two up with your rough and tumble methods. Good work!

SGT. BROWN:

But sir...

General Collins looks at him sharply, and he lowers his gaze.

SGT. BROWN:

Yes sir. Thank you sir.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE GATE -- 24

Sgt. Brown approaches Buddy and Skip afterwards to straighten them

out.

SGT. BROWN:

Private Brown! Private Smith! A word, please.

The duo walk over and salute.

SGT. BROWN:

I want to know what happened to you. Now.

Buddy and Skip spill into a story, overlapping each other and jumbling words so that nothing they say is understood. Sgt. Brown stops them mid-story.

SGT. BROWN:

One at a time! Private Smith, you first. Slowly, this time. From the beginning.

Buddy takes a deep breath and starts into his tale.

BUDDY SMITH:

Ok. It all started when my Mom met my Dad. They hit it off pretty well, and I wasn't far behind-

Sgt. Brown holds his face in his hand and speaks with barely restrained anger.

SGT BROWN: [teeth clenched]

Today, private. What happened **today**?

SKIP BROWN:

Please sergeant. Let me.

Skip launches into the story, insert time-passing shot to the end of the story.

SKIP BROWN:

And so you see, we think that there is going to be a major attack on the base. We just don't know on what.

Sergeant Brown looks at them for a while with a serious expression, then speaks.

SGT. BROWN:

This story...

Buddy and Skip look at him eagerly.

SGT. BROWN: [angry]

Is the worst excuse for slacking off on a company march I've ever heard! Not only did you embarrass me in front of the general, now you expect me to believe this hogwash?

The duo look at him in surprise, and try to convince him.

BUDDY SMITH:

But sarge, we really-

SKIP BROWN:

We were captured and-

Sgt. Brown cuts them off.

SGT. BROWN:

I don't want to hear it! For this, you're lucky I don't court marshal you! I would've, were in not for our special guest tomorrow. But, because you boys are sooo concerned about the possibility of an attack, you can take the late-night guard shift tonight. Ah ha ha ha!

Sgt. Brown walks away laughing, and leaves Buddy and Skip behind to ponder his statements. All of a sudden, Skip realizes something.

SKIP BROWN:

Wait! That must've been what that kook who captured us was talking about! He's going to attack the president! Amos! Amos, wait!

Buddy stops him from catching Sgt. Brown's attention.

BUDDY SMITH:

Skip, stop! Remember what he said? He doesn't believe us, he'll just think we're trying to cover up our mistakes.

SKIP BROWN:

Then what do we do? We can't just let the president get attacked!

Buddy squints his eyes and looks at Skip.

BUDDY SMITH:

We'll just have to be extra vigilant tonight on duty.

Skip nods in agreement, fade to next scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE GATE -- NIGHT -- 25

The camera fades in to see Buddy and Skip standing guard at the entrance to the base. Very late at night, they have been at high alert for hours and are fading fast. Buddy yawns and Skip throws a rock at him to wake him up, only to yawn himself. Buddy questions their motives.

BUDDY SMITH:

Skip, are you sure that this Davenport fellow is going to attack tonight? No self respecting person should be up this late.

Skip looks at him quizzically.

SKIP BROWN:

Then what does that make us? Besides, this is the best chance for his mind control plot. I just wish he had told us how he was going to do it!

Buddy leans on his chair, then slides down into it, yawning. Skip

sees this, and tries to get him back up.

SKIP BROWN:

Buddy, no! We need to stay *yawn* vigilant and...
vigilant and... My, that looks comfortable.

Skip too falls down into his chair, and in seconds they are both fast asleep. Close up shot of the white lab mouse crawling out of Buddy's pocket and scampering away. At this very moment, Agent Walter Davenport jumps out of a nearby bush, yelling a war cry and striking a karate pose. He looks about him, sees the two fast asleep guards, and laughs quietly.

DAVENPORT:

He he he! Fools! Is this all they could muster against the great Walter Davenport?!

Buddy and Skip turn over in their sleep, so Davenport hushes up and freezes in place. When he sees that they aren't waking, he goes back to the bush and grabs a large cardboard box which he lugs over through the gate and beyond camera range. When he is out of sight Buddy wakes up, looks around, sees that no one is there, and promptly goes back to sleep.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- NIGHT -- 26

Davenport enters and pries open a broom closet door on the outside of a building. He throws his box and a duffel bag in. He then wedges himself in among the brooms and mops to wait for morning light. Fade to scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 27

Shot of the entire base in the early morning, just before dawn. As the sun slowly breaks over the horizon, Taps is heard being played by a lone trumpeter over the intercom.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE GATE -- 28

Buddy and Skip are seen sleeping, until the loud-speaker above their heads blasts them with Taps and they both jolt awake.

BUDDY SMITH: [yawning]

How long were we out?

As Skip comes to, he looks around and looks distraught.

SKIP BROWN: [pacing]

All night Buddy, we were out all night! Oh, this is bad!
What if Davenport snuck right past us? What if he
poisoned the water supply? What if-

Buddy stops him mid-sentence.

BUDDY SMITH:

Listen Skip. There's no use standing here and
speculating about what he did or didn't do. What we need
to do is search the whole base for him, then-

Buddy is interrupted by General Collin's voice on the intercom.

GEN. COLLINS: [V.O.]

Attention all personnel! Report to the parade grounds
immediately!

A large group of soldiers are seen walking past, with Sgt. Brown
among their number. He looks over at the duo arguing and yells
over to them.

SGT. BROWN:

Hey! That means you two dim-wits!

Sgt. Brown walks over and grabs their arms, maneuvering them toward the parade grounds. They try to protest, but they are silenced by Sgt. Brown.

BUDDY SMITH:

But Sarge, we think that Agent Davenport is inside the base! Planning an attack on-

SKIP BROWN:

The President! Amos, if we don't warn him, there could be dire consequences!

Sgt. Brown stops, spins them around so that they are looking at him, and speak angrily.

SGT. BROWN:

Two things. One: If I hear about this madcap plot one more time, I'm going to put you on latrine duty for so long that your hands are going to be pruned for the rest of your life, and two: If you ever, and I mean ever, use my first name in front of the other soldiers, this (waves his gun in front of them) is going to

accidentally discharge into **your foot!** Are we clear?

The duo, by now thoroughly terrified, nod vigorously. The three arrive at the parade grounds.

SGT. BROWN:

Good. Now, be on your best behavior. The president is here.

Hard cut to scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 29

A helicopter is seen soaring overhead, bearing the Chaplandic Seal. It lands among a group of reporters and base personnel. Cut to a shot of The President of New Chapland disembarking from the helicopter, being met by General Collins and Sergeant Brown as he rushes away from the landing zone, being tailed on all sides by secret service. The three of them quickly converse while rushing toward the base.

GEN. COLLINS:

Welcome to our base, sir. It's an honor to have you as our guest. This is my trusted advisor, Sergeant Amos

Brown.

The President and Sgt. Brown shake hands.

SGT. BROWN:

It's a great honor, sir.

The President waves his hand carelessly.

PRESIDENT DEAN CHAPMAN:

Yeah, yeah. Charmed, I'm sure. Now, where are the cameras?

General Collins and Sgt. Brown look confused.

SGT. BROWN:

Ah... Over there, sir. But why-

As soon as Sgt. Brown indicates where it is, the President instantly looks in that direction and is all smiles. Switch to news camera's POV as The President rushes up to it and starts into a cheesy pre-prepared spiel.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

General, the people of New Chapland appreciate your efforts and sacrifices. With your expertise and my guidance, we will put an end to this war and peace in our citizen's hearts. Please, let me shake your hand, as a sign to the people that we *will* send their boys home soon, safe and sound. And with a victory in their pockets.

General Collins slowly extends his hand, and President Chapman grasps it tightly and draws Collins in close for a personal looking handshake. Switch back to normal camera view, and while they are close together, General Collins whispers in President Chapman's ear.

GEN. COLLINS:

Ah... sir? We are months away from any decisive victory, and even then we would need the troops to maintain order for the post-conflict clean-up. It could be years before we fully pull out.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

Yeah, but John Q. Voter doesn't need to know that. It's

the election year. Work with me!

President Chapman looks back to the gathering of reporters with a cheesy smile, and gestures toward the base.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

I will be holding a public address tomorrow afternoon.
Please, see base security about obtaining a press pass.
Thank you.

The President, General Collins and Sgt. Brown walk past the ranks of assorted soldiers toward the base, when the president stops at one of the randomly placed men for another photo-op. It is Skip. President Chapman takes his hand and shakes it.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

Thank you young man, for all your work to protect this fair land of ours.

SKIP BROWN:

T-Thank you sir.

The three men leave, and Skip looks at Buddy with awe in his eyes.

SKIP BROWN:

Hear that Buddy? It was as though he knew that we were trying to save his life! We can't back out now!

Buddy holds up his hands in front of him.

BUDDY SMITH:

Ah... I don't think that this is such a good idea.

SKIP BROWN:

What do you mean?

BUDDY SMITH:

I like my hands un-pruned, thank you.

SKIP BROWN:

Oh, don't be a coward!

Buddy briefly looks at Skip's feet, then reluctantly agrees.

BUDDY SMITH:

Alright, Skip. But I'm not the one who is going to get shot in the foot.

Fade to scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 30

President Chapman is seen walking towards one of the buildings of the base while speaking to one of his Secret Service men. He also wipes the hand that he shook with Skip on his jacket.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

Find me a room in one of these buildings that I can use to prepare for my speech, Rodney. Boy, what a dump. Why am I visiting this run-down base again?

RODNEY:

Well sir, it is an act of faith in our men on the front lines, who are fighting for our country and putting their lives on the line for our safety every day, and-

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

And these ramshackle buildings make *me* look even better in comparison. Good thinking! This is gonna boost my polls through the roof!

Rodney rolls his eyes behind his sunglasses. They pass a man in a janitor's outfit. As they walk past, it is revealed that it is Davenport in disguise. He grins evilly. Fade out.

INTERIOR: BARRACKS -- 31

Buddy and Skip are sitting in the barracks, looking depressed. Chip Clark and Mumbles walk up and see that they look sad.

CHIP CLARK:

Heya, boys. What's with the long faces?

MUMBLES MCVEY: [concerned sounding]

Uhhnnnn?

Skip sighs, so Buddy takes it upon himself to explain.

BUDDY SMITH:

Well, we've been sitting here since the President arrived trying to think of how Davenport could attack him, and our unsuccessful efforts are making Skip depressed, which is making *me* depressed.

Chip looks at them both, then shakes his head.

CHIP CLARK:

Look at you two, like a canary in a cage, not happy, but doin' nothing about it. Why don't you tell someone?

SKIP BROWN:

We've tried, but Sgt. Brown just-

CHIP CLARK:

Nah, forget that square. What you need to do is go *around* him, to someone more powerful, like-

SKIP BROWN:

General Collins! Surely he will hear the voice of reason! C'mon, Buddy, we've got a leader to save! Thank you both for your help.

CHIP CLARK:

What are friends for?

Buddy and Skip rush out the door, leaving Chip and Mumbles behind in the barracks. Chip turns to speak to Mumbles.

CHIP CLARK:

I hope this doesn't come around and bite me in the butt.
Wackos.

Fade to scene.

INTERIOR: PRESIDENT'S TEMPORARY OFFICES -- 32

Fade in to show a somewhat battered room, with a few impromptu desks and some press officers sitting, typing on old-fashioned type-writers. There is a door in the back, with Rodney standing guard. Camera swivels to show a delivery man, who is really Davenport in disguise, carrying a box through the front door. He walks past the camera and trips over a fold in the rug, jostling open the box to reveal a large pile of campaign buttons that show a picture of President Chapman giving the thumbs up sign and a text that says 'Be chaps with your President! Vote Chapman!'. Davenport gets all the way to the back door, only to be stopped by Rodney.

RODNEY:

Excuse me, we weren't expecting any
deliveries. You must be in the wrong place.

Davenport speaks, but with a heavy NY accent.

DAVENPORT:

Look guy, alls I know is that I got a delivery order of campaign buttons to this address, ordered by a Dean Chapman.

RODNEY: [sighs]

You know, he would order something and then not tell *his head of security*. But still, I'm not letting anything through until ordered to. If he wants his campaign buttons so bad, he can come get 'em.

Davenport looks angry under his disguise, then comes up with an idea.

DAVENPORT:

Hey, hows about you try one out? You can see that it's legitimate, and I can get back to my job. I got twenty more packages to deliver.

RODNEY:

Yeah, I guess. Here, let's see it. Although, I can pretty much guarantee that I'm not voting for this guy...

As soon as Rodney puts on the button, he goes wide-eyed and stares straight into the distance. Davenport speaks to him, in his normal voice now.

DAVENPORT:

I have an appointment with the President. You are going to let me in, then go and distribute these boxes of buttons among the base personnel.

Davenport hands a box of buttons to Rodney, who nods and opens the door for him.

INTERIOR: PRESIDENT'S ROOM -- 33

The door is seen opening, with Davenport entering. The president looks vaguely annoyed, until Davenport, still holding a single campaign button, starts speaking.

DAVENPORT: [Ominously]

Hello, sir. Delivery for you.

The door slams shut, fade out to the sound of Davenport's laughter.

INTERIOR: GENERAL'S OFFICE -- 34

Buddy and Skip bust through a door, revealing General Collins' office. General Collins is sitting at his desk, surrounded by paper work. He looks up, and when he sees that it's Buddy and Skip, he lights up.

GEN. COLLINS:

Ah! Just the boys I've been meaning to see! I've heard great things about you two!

They are both offset by this comment, and stammer out a response.

BUDDY SMITH:

Ah... Er... Thanks.

SKIP BROWN:

Yeah, thank you... Sir.

The general turns back to his paperwork.

SKIP BROWN:

Ah, sir? We have something very important to tell you.

It's about the President!

The general gets an annoyed look on his face.

GEN. COLLINS: [under his breath]

Oh yeah? What could be so important about that bag of hot air?

SKIP BROWN:

We believe that there will be an attempt on his life!

The general instantly sits up straight, all annoyance gone, replaced by attentiveness.

GEN. COLLINS:

What? Are you serious?

BUDDY SMITH:

Dead serious, sir.

Both Skip and General Collins shoot sideways glances at Buddy.

BUDDY SMITH:

Sorry. Poor choice of words.

SKIP BROWN:

But there will be an attack on him, we believe sometime today.

The general looks thoughtful, then speaks.

GEN. COLLINS:

Who will attack him? Do you know?

BUDDY SMITH:

It will be *pause* Walter Davenport!

General Collins gasps, then looks at Skip.

GENERAL COLLINS:

Gasp! Who is that, again?

SKIP BROWN:

Erm... We're fighting his armies right now, sir.

GEN. COLLINS:

Oh, that's right! Nasty chap if I ever did see one. Did you say you knew when this attack was going to occur?

The duo shake their heads.

SKIP BROWN:

No sir. That's why we came to you. We were hoping that you could post some guards around him, or perhaps-

At that very moment, Sergeant Brown bursts in the room, yelling an announcement.

SGT. BROWN:

Excuse me, General? The President has just made a sudden announcement about-

Sgt. Brown sees Buddy and Skip, who wave at him.

SGT. BROWN:

What are *they* doing here?

GEN. COLLINS:

Never mind them. Just tell me what this important announcement is.

SGT. BROWN:

The President has moved the public address from tomorrow to this afternoon! He says that there is going to be a big proclamation that will change New Chapland forever.

GEN. COLLINS:

What? We're not nearly prepared! We need to get the troops ready, prepare the grounds, and-

He stops suddenly, and looks at Buddy and Skip. Sgt. Brown looks at them all, then gets angry.

SGT. BROWN:

Wait. I know what this is about. I thought I told you to keep your ridiculous stories to yourself!

GEN. COLLINS:

Sergeant Brown! I know I can get a bit carried away with my story telling, but there was no need for such boorish reprimand!

The sergeant sighs, then points at Buddy and Skip.

SGT. BROWN:

Not you, general. Them. I assume that you've been treated to their story about assassination plots and spies and whatnot?

The general nods.

SGT. BROWN:

Well, that's all they are. Stories. Just an ill conceived tale to get out of their responsibilities. Don't waste your time with them.

The general looks shocked, but then shakes his head as if to clear it, and looks around.

GEN. COLLINS:

Yes, yes you're right. As for you two, I can't believe that you would do something like this. I'm truly disappointed in you. Sgt. Brown, I assume you have an appropriate punishment in store?

Sgt. Brown nods.

GEN. COLLINS:

Good. See to it, then get the troops assembled on the parade grounds.

Sgt. Brown escorts the duo out of the room, leaving the General looking disappointed in his chair.

INTERIOR: LATRINES -- 35

Buddy and Skip are seen scrubbing toilets in the dirty latrines with toothbrushes as Sgt. Brown looks on.

SGT. BROWN:

For your blunder, you will be confined to these latrines until the President's announcement is over, and then afterwards, you are to report to the barracks for the duration of the President's stay. There will be no more warnings for you two. The next step is a court martial.

Sgt. Brown turns on his heel and walks straight out the door.

Buddy and Skip continue cleaning for a few minutes, until Buddy

leans over to Skip.

BUDDY SMITH:

So, Skip? What's the plan now?

SKIP BROWN: [defeated]

What plan? It's over Buddy. Nobody believes us, and I don't blame them. Our story sounds ridiculous even to me!

Buddy looks shocked, then confused.

BUDDY SMITH:

What's this? Coming from the one whose conviction couldn't be shaken?

SKIP BROWN:

I know, I know. But still, we don't know where his lab is, we don't know when or where he's going to attack, we don't even know if he got in the base. It's all a bunch of 'ifs'. We should just forget we even saw him-

At this, Davenport walks in to the rest rooms, whistling and

happy. He still has his delivery man outfit on. Buddy and Skip just stare at him as he walks in, not noticing them. As he looks up, he instantly turns white as a ghost. They stand there for a split second, then Davenport bolts out the door. Skip rushes out the door, followed reluctantly by Buddy. Cut to next scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 36

Buddy and Skip are seen rushing out of the Latrines and in hot pursuit of Davenport. Davenport ducks around a building. The duo are thrown off for a second, then pick up the trail.

BUDDY SMITH:

Look! There he goes!

They too rush around the corner. Cut to next scene.

EXTERIOR: PARADE GROUNDS -- 37

Cut in to see the parade grounds completely transformed from a heli-pad to an oratory platform. There is a small stage with a podium on it, and chairs on the grass in front. There is a roped off section for reporters. As the soldiers start to arrive, about half of them get campaign buttons from President Chapman's press

officers as they begin sitting. The attendants try to give one to Sgt. Brown, but he throws it on the ground and keeps walking. Once they are all seated, the President gets up on the podium to some applause, but not much. He holds up his hands as if there was a lot of noise, then smiles and arranges his papers. Cut to next scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 38

Buddy and Skip are still seen pursuing Davenport, and are starting to gain on him.

EXTERIOR: PARADE GROUNDS -- 39

The president begins his speech, a strange look in his eyes.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

Countrymen, we are assembled to witness a great change in our nation, a change that will be felt throughout the whole world.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 40

Buddy and Skip are rapidly closing in on Davenport, and drawing

steadily near the parade grounds. The duo realizes this, and redoubles their efforts.

SKIP BROWN:

You can't get away from us, you fiend!

Cut to next scene.

EXTERIOR: PARADE GROUNDS -- 41

President Chapman resumes his speech, clearly under Davenport's influence.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

This war we are fighting against the *brilliant* mind of Walter Davenport is pointless!

At this, murmurs begin to circulate among the crowd.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

These military men are prolonging this war for their own selfish reasons! We need to stand up and bring in a new reign to this country!

Close up of one of the campaign buttons. A small light flickers to life, and all the soldiers wearing them sit up straight and look extremely attentive, the signs of mind control. Cut to next scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 42

Resume shot of the chase. They are mere feet from the back of the podium when Buddy and Skip temporarily lose sight of Davenport. They see the president directly ahead, and make a split-second decision.

SKIP BROWN:

He's after the president! We've got to warn him!

They rush towards the president. Cut to see Davenport hiding behind the corner of a building.

DAVENPORT:

Those buffoons are going to ruin my plan!

He quickly follows them undetected and hides around the other side of the stage.

EXTERIOR: PARADE GROUNDS -- 43

President Chapman continues with his speech, and the brain-washed soldiers look on with strange glares.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

We need a leader, who is going to lead us to victory, not only in our petty struggle against Oslakia, but in our conquest for the world!

Cut to a mid shot of the President, then the focus shifts to see Buddy and Skip rushing toward him at breakneck speeds. Rodney, who is standing guard, tries to stop them, but they burst right past him.

SKIP BROWN: [distant]

Mr. President!

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

We need strength, cunning, and the will to do what is necessary! There is only one man who can fulfill these requirements, and who I think should be the next leader of New Chapland. The great and powerful Walter Da-

At that moment, Buddy and Skip crash right into the President,

knocking him off the platform and into a trough of water next to it. Buddy and Skip stop at the top and look down at the president, who is thoroughly soaked and spitting water.

SKIP BROWN:

Uh-oh.

Close-up of President Chapman's campaign button. It sputters, smokes, and then shorts out. The president shakes his head and looks around, very confused.

PRESIDENT CHAPMAN:

Wha- Where am I? What in the world is going on here?

Rodney helps him out, splashing water on his button in the process. They leave, both quite befuddled. Cut back to Buddy and Skip. They slowly turn on their heels, only to see Sgt. Brown standing right behind them, breathing heavily, and beet red. Buddy and Skip look at him sheepishly, until Sgt. Brown grabs them both by their collars and hauls them away. Shot of Davenport around the other side of the stage.

DAVENPORT:

Drat! My plan, foiled! What to do, what to do...

He sticks his hands in his pockets, and gets a surprised look on his face. He pulls out the unstable liquid form of the mind control, and grins.

DAVENPORT:

When one door closes...

He laughs, then rushes over to the mess hall. Cut to next scene.

EXTERIOR: PARADE GROUNDS -- 44

Out in the audience, we cut to Chip Clark and Mumbles. They are standing among other soldiers who aren't wearing buttons.

CHIP CLARK:

Wow. What a crazy day. First those two come up with some nut ball scheme, and now it seems like the whole base is coming apart at the seams!

MUMBLES MCVEY: [agreeing]

Uhhhhnnnn!

Chip takes notice of another group of soldiers, standing directly

across from the one that Chip is in. They are all the soldiers wearing campaign buttons, and they are giving the group without a strange look. Chip alerts the other men with him, then speaks to them.

CHIP CLARK: [friendly]

Heya boys. Makin' a pretty bold statement, wearing those things after what just happened. C'mon, let's head back to the barracks.

One of the men speaks up, still immobile.

CORPORAL ROBERTS:

We don't take orders from you.

CHIP CLARK:

Whoah, buddy. Simmer down. It was only a suggestion.

The group of brain-washed soldiers advance and the group of normal soldiers take a step back. Chip and Mumbles look worried. Cut to next scene.

INTERIOR: KITCHENS -- 45

Buddy and Skip are thrown into the kitchens by a furious Sgt. Brown.

SGT. BROWN:

I warned you two. That was your last warning, and then you went and assaulted the president. The *President!* Is there no limit to what you two will do?

The duo begin to protest, but are cut off by Sgt. Brown.

SGT. BROWN:

NO! I don't want to hear it. You two are going to be *dis*-honorably discharged in the morning, but until then, you can spend the rest of your military careers doing something useful for the army. Cleaning this kitchen. Get to work.

He exits, leaving Buddy and Skip behind in the kitchen with the desert for the night, banana crême pies. They sit there, dejected, and start to scrub the floors. They start to converse.

SKIP BROWN:

Well, we did it Buddy, we saved the president, even if the only people who know are us.

BUDDY SMITH:

I know, Skip, but...

Skip looks concerned.

SKIP BROWN:

But what?

BUDDY SMITH:

I just feel like we left the job half done. Davenport is still out roaming around the base, and we don't even know what his plan of attack was.

Skip looks sad for a minute, then happy.

SKIP BROWN:

Well, we did the best we could. Let's finish our job here then go home.

BUDDY SMITH: [sad]

I am going to miss this place Skip.

SKIP BROWN: [sad]

Me too buddy. Me too.

Skip tears up, and Buddy looks at him.

BUDDY SMITH:

You ok, Skip?

Skip wipes his eyes.

SKIP BROWN:

Yeah, yeah. I'm fine. Let's go get some more soap. I want to show the army that we can do something right.

They leave the room. Right after they are out of sight, Davenport slips in through the back door, not knowing that Buddy and Skip were just there. Going up to the rows of pies, he takes out the bottle and an eye-dropper and starts to put the formula in. Buddy and Skip return as Davenport is about halfway through. Davenport looks up just as the duo pull out their guns from their holsters and aim at him.

SKIP BROWN:

Freeze!

Davenport drops the vial and puts his hands behind his back. Cut to a close-up of his hands, he pushes a button on his mind control remote. Cut to next scene.

EXTERIOR: PARADE GROUNDS -- 46

Chip and Mumbles are seen still backing away from the brainwashed soldiers. All of a sudden, the soldiers look up as they receive the order from Davenport to attack. They turn to face the group of un-buttoned soldiers, then charge. The other soldiers scramble, and as cries are heard all over the base, it is revealed that similar events are occurring with everyone wearing a button.

CORPORAL ROBERT:

Attack! Claim the base in the name of Davenport!

Chip and Mumbles run to an overturned table and hold off there while the brain-washed soldiers try to break through.

CHIP CLARK:

I knew this would come around to bite me in the butt!

Iris to next scene.

INTERIOR: KITCHENS -- 47

Iris in to see Davenport being held up by Buddy and Skip. He laughs nervously, and tries to reason with them.

DAVENPORT:

Long time no see, gentlemen.

SKIP BROWN:

We've got you this time, Davenport.

BUDDY SMITH:

The shoe's on the other foot now, isn't it?

Davenport discreetly grabs a pie behind his back and gives the duo a grin.

DAVENPORT:

It is *indeed!*

Davenport launches the pies into Buddy and Skip's faces and quickly snatches their guns.

DAVENPORT:

Well gentlemen, it's been fun, but I have an important task to complete here. If I'm correct, ***cocks ear, faint sounds of struggle are heard*** my new troops should be assuming control soon, and I wouldn't want to miss this triumphant moment. I'm sorry it had to be like this. Oh wait. No I'm not! Ah ha ha ha! Now, goodbye!

He pulls the trigger, only to find the gun making an empty click. He quickly examines it, aims, and tries again, but to no avail. Thinking quickly, Buddy and Skip nod to each other and vault over a table. They each grab pies in both hands and fire at Davenport. Davenport, covered in pie, also launches over a table and begins firing pies at Buddy and Skip. Cut to next scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 48

Cut back to Chip and Mumbles. The other soldiers have started firing at their table, but they don't fire back. Sgt. Brown scrambles over amidst gunfire.

SGT. BROWN:

Are you hit? Why isn't anyone returning fire?

CHIP CLARK:

No, we're fine. But nobody wants to shoot their friends!

Cut to a shot of other soldiers nearby, they nod in agreement.

Sgt. Brown looks sympathetic, and unholsters his pistol. He fires his clip into the air over the brain-washed soldier's heads.

SGT. BROWN:

That should scare them off, at least for a little while.
We need to figure out how this is happening, or we might
as well give up the base.

As he says this, the small white lab mouse that escaped with Buddy and Skip scurries up to Chip and Mumbles, dragging a campaign button.

CHIP CLARK:

Hey there, little guy. Whatcha got there?

He picks up the button, then throws it on the ground.

CHIP CLARK:

Aw, it's just another one of those stupid buttons. Seems like everyone is wearing them.

The mouse drags the button over to Mumble's canteen and tips it over onto the button.

CHIP CLARK:

Hey, what are you doing? We might need that water!

The button fizzes and shorts out, giving off a cloud of black smoke. Chip's eyes light up with recognition.

CHIP CLARK:

C'mere guys. I think I have the solution to our sticky situation.

He winks at the mouse, which scurries away. Cut to next scene.

INTERIOR: KITCHENS -- 49

Inside the mess hall, the pie fight intensifies, with the addition of a mini-marshmallow gun and a makeshift catapult made out of utensils. Skip gets hit in the face, and he slides down.

SKIP BROWN:

He got me, Buddy... Uhhgg.

Buddy gasps, grabs a helmet of an adjoining table and looks ready for war.

BUDDY SMITH:

Skip! [Looks at Davenport] You!

Buddy starts firing pies at double pace. Davenport is beat back until he hides behind cover. Skip stands up and congratulates Buddy.

SKIP BROWN:

Good work Buddy!

BUDDY SMITH:

Skip! You're alive!

SKIP BROWN:

Of course. It was only a pie, you know.

They are pelted with pies by Davenport, so they return fire and decide to finish the fight.

SKIP BROWN:

Let's finish this bozo, Buddy!

BUDDY SMITH:

Yes, let's!

They duck behind their table. Cut to next scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 50

The barricade where Chip Clark, Sgt. Brown and Mumbles is seen, and the brain-washed soldiers are slowly advancing, wary of more gunfire. They tense up as they see someone rise up, but it is Chip Clark holding a white flag. They look confused, then Chip starts speaking.

CHIP CLARK:

Hey there, boyos. That's right; we're giving ourselves up to the great and powerful Davenport.

The men slowly edge forward, still wary. Chip gives them a reassuring smile. Cut to show Sgt. Brown and Mumbles behind the barricade with buckets of water.

CORPORAL ROBERTS:

What angle are you playing?

CHIP CLARK:

Oh, no angle. But, we do have one request before you take us in.

CORPORAL ROBERTS:

Oh yeah? What's that?

CHIP CLARK:

Well, I could really go for a drink. Couldn't you?

As he says this, Sgt. Brown and Mumbles shoot up and dump the buckets of water on them. Their buttons short out and they stand around, confused. Similar events are seen happening all over the base, and a weary cheer goes up as the New Chaplanders take back the base. Sgt. Brown rushes up to Corporal Roberts and shakes him out of his daze.

SGT. BROWN:

Corporal! Corporal! Where is Davenport? Where is he?

CORPORAL ROBERTS: [dazed]

Uhhh... He's in the mess hall. Having a *pie fight*.

Sgt. Brown looks worried.

SGT. BROWN:

Skip. Buddy. Oh no.

Cut to next scene.

INTERIOR: KITCHENS -- 51

Davenport peeks over his table at Buddy and Skip's table. They aren't throwing pies anymore, and he can't see them. He stands up and taunts them.

DAVENPORT:

Out of pies? Or just giving up?

Buddy and Skip stand up, hefting a huge pie between them.

SKIP BROWN:

Not giving up.

BUDDY SMITH:

Just putting up!

They both launch the pie through the air, and as it sails, Davenport screams and tries to run, but doesn't make it. The pie crushes him, and just as Buddy and Skip start to celebrate, twenty armed soldiers crash in and aim their rifles down on Davenport. Sgt. Brown rushes in after them, and looks down at Davenport.

SGT. BROWN:

Well Davenport, it looks like you just couldn't *cut it*. But don't feel bad. You were bested by *looks at Buddy and Skip* two of the best soldiers I've ever had the pleasure to have served with. Good work.

Fade out from a shot of Buddy and Skip shaking hands.

EXTERIOR: PARADE GROUNDS -- 53

All the men are once again assembled on the parade grounds, for a completely different reason. Both General Collins and Sgt. Brown are on the podium, with Buddy, Skip, Chip, and mumbles standing in front of them. The general comes around to each of them, starting with Chip and Mumbles.

GENERAL COLLINS:

We are gathered here to honor these men's accomplishments. Almost single-handedly, they stopped a major plot and repulsed an invasion.

He approaches Chip.

GENERAL COLLINS:

For razor sharp ingenuity.

He pins a medal onto Chip, then moves to Mumbles.

GENERAL COLLINS:

For bravery in the face of insurmountable odds.

He pins a medal onto Mumbles, then stands in front of Buddy and Skip, looking proud.

GENERAL COLLINS:

And for you two, the greatest heroes of this journey, for unyielding belief in what you knew was right, no matter what others had to say. For this, I thank you.

He pins the medals onto Buddy and Skip at the same time, and the crowd explodes with applause. The duo look out on the crowd, beaming. The general also hands them a set of papers. They look down on it with surprise, then shock as they read.

BUDDY SMITH:

Wha- What are these?

GENERAL COLLINS:

Those are your honorable discharge papers. You've done a great service to the army, but your enlistment is up. It has been an honor serving with you.

The General salutes, then turns on his heel and walks away. Sgt. Brown walks up behind them.

SGT. BROWN:

Technically, your service doesn't run out for three more hours, so how about you do one more deed for the army?

Buddy and Skip both nod.

SKIP BROWN:

Sure, anything.

Sgt. Brown smiles, then iris to next scene.

INTERIOR: KITCHENS -- 54

Buddy and Skip are seen scrubbing the kitchen floors of the pie fight mess. Skip and Buddy converse while cleaning.

SKIP BROWN:

Well Buddy, this is another fine mess we've gotten ourselves into.

The camera slowly zooms out to show that Davenport, in a prison outfit, is also scrubbing the floors with them.

DAVENPORT:

Yeah? What about me?

Sgt. Brown walks in.

SGT. BROWN:

Don't worry. You'll be getting a cozy little cell in the Chaplandic State Penitentiary.

They all laugh, even Davenport, until Sgt. Brown becomes serious again.

SGT. BROWN:

Get back to work.

The three of them begin scrubbing again, fade to next scene.

EXTERIOR: MILITARY BASE -- 55

Fade in to show Buddy and Skip at the gates of the base, waving goodbye to all their friends. Davenport is being loaded into a prison truck, and as He is pushed aboard, he yells out.

DAVENPORT:

I will have vengeance, Buddy and Ski- whoah!

He is forcibly pushed into the van, and Buddy and Skip start down the road toward town, and away from their military adventure. They cross a billboard with a help wanted sign on it, and they pause to

look at it.

SKIP BROWN:

Buddy, I think that we may have found ourselves a job.

Buddy rolls his eyes and they continue walking. Fade out on a shot of them walking down the middle of the road.

THE END

FADE OUT

END CREDITS