

BREAKFAST IN THE AIR

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FADE IN:

INT. F18 FIGHTER JET (IN FLIGHT) - DAY

Desert landscape reflects in the glossy blue helmet visor of pilot ANDREW WILDBERGER, 42.

Under the glass dome of the confined cockpit, pressed into the seat, his right hand holds the control stick in front. He wears a flight suit, oxygen mask, headphones.

WILDBERGER (all via comm radio)
Zero Zero Mustache Umbrella, can
you hear me out there?

GROUND CONTROL
Commander Wankjerker. Nice to hear
from you. You're heading toward
Afghan mountainside. Be careful to
not enter Pakistani airspace, copy
that.

WILDBERGER
Righty right, chief. I got the
dirty laundry in the bag, time to
wash my socks over that nest.

GROUND CONTROL
Positive, Wankjerker. Over.

On Wildberger's shoulder pats the glove of co-pilot JAY GAMBIT, 33, who sits in second row.

GAMBIT
Seriously, why let them call you
Wankjerker, pal?

WILDBERGER
It's an in-joke. You wouldn't
understand.

He pulls up his visor and off the oxygen mask, revealing his stupid looking brickface.

WILDBERGER
Don't need that shit.

The babyfaced Gambit does likewise.

GAMBIT
No, seriously, Commander...

WILDBERGER

Wildberger, my name is Wildberger.
Get it now?

GAMBIT

Not so-

WILDBERGER

Hell, Gambit, Wildberger sounds
very similar to Wankjerker. That's
funny.

Gambit rolls his eyes.

GAMBIT

Not sure about an uncanny
resemblance here. I'd rather
conclude they just disrespect you,
Commander.

WILDBERGER

Whatever, Gambit. If you feel
disrespected for being called
wankjerker, then the army isn't the
right place for you.

Wildberger removes all of his seatbelts while alarm signals
shrill from everywhere.

He slams his fist against some consoles and buttons.

WILDBERGER

Shut up, motherfucker!

The alert shuts up.

GAMBIT

What the hell are you doing?

WILDBERGER

Breakfast. Can't eat when my balls
are strapped to that seat. Take
over, Gambit.

Gambit shivers like a leaf as he grasps his control stick.

Wildberger grabs a ham sandwich from under his seat, puts it
to his rectangular jaws.

WILDBERGER

Yummy. Nothing better than a pork
sandwich in the Middle East. God
Save the Australian Queen.

GAMBIT
Isn't that a little racist?

WILDBERGER
Surely not more racist than
throwing some loads on their houses
you would think...?

The jet jerks to the side.

WILDBERGER
Hell, keep that plane straight. If
I bite my tongue, I'll come for
your balls, Gambit.

Wildberger laughs at himself.

WILDBERGER
I think we just found your pilot
nickname. Rosy balls Gambit. Hell
yes. God Save The Australian Queen.

GAMBIT
Yeah, thank you. What's that shit
about the Australian queen? You
have British ancestors, Commander?

WILDBERGER
No Brits. No Aussies. Just working
as a double double triple agent for
the Australian queen. Now you know.

GAMBIT
Pff. Sure. Then how the hell you
got in an American F-Eighteen jet?

WILDBERGER
The Australian queen sent me on a
secret mission to infiltrate

GAMBIT
Whom?

WILDBERGER
Australian queen said so.

GAMBIT
To infiltrate whom? Me?

WILDBERGER
Hell, rosy swollen motherfucking
balls Gambit, you really have no
clue what a double double triple
agent is, do you?

GAMBIT

Never heard of it, no.

WILDBERGER

Now you get it. It's so secret that not even myself knows my mission. Only the Australian queen does.

GAMBIT

You mean the British queen. MI Six and such.

WILDBERGER

Nope. Only Australian queen. British queen is not informed about my mission.

GAMBIT

But the British and Australian queen are the same person.

WILDBERGER

Cannot confirm that. It's high politics that you don't understand, Gambit.

The jet makes an erratic turn, shaking the cabin.

Wildberger jolts up, inadvertently bangs his head against the glass canopy.

He turns to Gambit, strikes at his crotch, over and over.

GAMBIT

Ouch, Ow, stop that, I'm sorry.

As Wildberger gives him rest, Gambit's gaze remains ahead, straight directed over Wildberger's shoulder.

His eyes get wider and wider.

WILDBERGER

What?

GAMBIT

Flying objects ahead, Commander!

Wildberger jumps back in his front seat.

Gazillion of feathers spread over the glass dome.

WILDBERGER

Shit. Afghan geese attack.

Bang, Boom - tons of geese crash against the jet canopy while alarm signals shrill louder and louder.

More and more feathers cover the sight.

GAMBIT

What the hell is going on?

WILDBERGER

We're moving within a swarm of Afghan Himalaya geese. Deadly pricks they are.

An egg explodes on the windshield.

WILDBERGER

(shouts)

They're laying their eggs. Gambit, open up fire. And God Bless The Australian Queen.

Beads of sweat pour over Gambit's forehead. Consternated, his eyes move from left to right.

More and more eggs splatter against the glass dome: scrambled eggs, fried eggs, hard-boiled eggs, poached eggs, Eggs Benedict, egg salad, omelets.

GAMBIT

We got no chance, Commander. These geese are laughing at us.

FADE OUT.