

FREEDOM CORPS.

EPISODE 001

"MADE IN JAPAN"

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FADE IN:

EXT. HUDSON STREET - DAY

To establish.

INT. HUDON STREET, PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

A Light comes on revealing JON - lanky, mid twenties, sociology major. He is in front of a blackboard. We hear AUNT SALLY's VOICE.

AUNT SALLY (VO)

You have three minutes. Go!

JON

Okay, ah... welcome class. Today we'll be talking about surviving a terrorist attack from the air.

WIDEN to reveal Jon is in a SWAT-type practice room teaching to a class of stuffed dummies. AUNT SALLY - a grizzled ex-soldier with graying hair and a mastiff physique- sits in the back, timing him.

On blackboard behind him is written "The purpose of a terrorist act is to create terror. World Trade Center: Yes, David Hasselhoff: Double yes. Theft of the Enola Gay: No"

JON

There's a lot of things an ordinary citizen can do to counter even a well-organized terrorist attack. Let's start with helicopters.

(beat)

Now, I'm just a volunteer for Homeland Defense, so I don't actually know how to fly a helicopter, but there's a lot of...

AUNT SALLY

(Sits up in shock)

What? What do you mean you can't fly a helicopter? How can you talk about terrorism and not fly a helicopter? Come with me!

Aunt Sally grabs two dummies under his arms and stalks out

of the room.

JON

Okay, but I don't...

INT. HUDSON STREET, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Aunt Sally strides down the hall, We see glimpses of the other recent college graduates in similar practice rooms, teaching to dummies.

AUNT SALLY

Harris! Lisa! The rest of you, get in here!

INT. HUDSON STREET, CAFETERIA - DAY

The FREEDOM CORPS KIDS are lined up like a military review: HARRIS - R.O.T.C. dropout, DAVE - computer science rock star, SIM - scion of a fireworks dynasty, VAL - beauty school graduate, LISA - premed, TOM - vo-tech underachiever and Jon. Aunt Sally faces them, still with the two dummies under his arms.

AUNT SALLY

Who else doesn't know how to fly a helicopter?

Looking at each other for reassurance, they all raise their hands.

AUNT SALLY

(continuing)

Ugh, it's gonna be a long day.

INT. HUDSON STREET, HANGAR

AUNT SALLY stalks towards TUMBLEWEED, their broken-down Russian Hind Hi-24 helicopter. The rest of the kids straggle behind him. Jon is trotting to keep up.

JON

But Aunt Sally, I don't want to be a pilot! I'm a Sociology major! I got into Freedom Corps to help train civilians, not this! Besides, I know way too much about this helicopter. It's not a very

safe design, I don't think a beginner should really...

AUNT SALLY throws the dummies in the crew compartment, and steps up on the ladder.

AUNT SALLY

Don't worry, I'll get her up in the air. You can take over after that.

The kids look up at him dubiously.

DAVE

Do we all have to go? I mean, no offense, Jon, but I don't really...

AUNT SALLY

(Glowers at them.)

Yes, you all have to learn to trust each other, with the lives of your teammates on board. Not just civilians.

(jerks his thumb at the dummies.)

The kids climb aboard, dragging their feet.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

TUMBLEWEED buzzes the water, heading out over the lake.

INT. TUMBLEWEED, CREW CABIN - DAY

The kids, except Jon, sit on the benches.

VAL

I don't know about you guys, but when I joined Freedom Corps, this isn't what I had in mind.

SIM

That's what I'm saying! If Aunt Sally wants to take us on his little secret missions, that's fine, but I don't see why he can't fly the helicopter.

HARRIS

What if he gets hurt? Who'll fly it then?

DAVE

Stop defending him. We're more likely to get hurt flying in this helicopter than by any terrorists. It's big, slow, awkward...

TOM

That's nothing. Did you know that if you bank an Mi-24 too hard, the rotors hit the tail boom and that's it for you?

HARRIS

Okay, fine, we're all going to die.

INT. COCKPIT

Aunt Sally stands over Jon in the pilot's seat.

AUNT SALLY

Okay, soldier, just ease back on the stick. Keep her level. We've all played video games, right?

JON

Actually...

AUNT SALLY

Ugh. You call yourself an American?

JON

Okay, I'll let that go if you'll tell me what this green thing is?

AUNT SALLY

That's your radar, son.

JON

I know that, I mean this thing on it.

AUNT SALLY

Hmm. looks like a Zeppelin. Just relax, and keep us well above her.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

We see, traveling out of Chicago, a grimly futuristic

airship floating over Lake Michigan.

BINOCULAR POV

We see the stern of the airship where the words "Floating Island, Tokyo" are printed.

BACK TO SCENE

Shadows in a zodiac raft look up at the airship through powerful binoculars. These are DONALD DE LA MANCHA and NEVILL PEIRCE. They wear wetsuits and flippers, and are assembling a neutron device. It looks like a cross between a flashlight and a bazooka.

DONALD

Now...how does this fuzz bomb work?

NEVILLE

(reading instructions.)

It's easy. When the beam activates, it'll knock out all electronic functions in the affected area. They'll be helpless.

DONALD

And exposed as the thieves they are. Are we on?

NEVILLE

Yes, all we have to do is line up with the airship...

They both are attempting to hold the device and aim it.

DONALD

Neville, you're wasting time. Give it here, I'll do it.

NEVILLE

No wait, I've got it! Fire Device!

Donald punches the button and the air crackles with energy. The lights on the airship go out.

DONALD

We did it! Radio headquarters and tell

them we're going to...

NEVILLE

We can't, our radios are out too.

DONALD

Of course.

Donald looks up to see the helicopter swooping into range.

DONALD

What's that?

INT. TUMBLEWEED COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Jon is starting to relax in the pilot seat.

JON

You know, this isn't really that hard.

AUNT SALLY

That's the spirit!

Suddenly, the power goes out. The helicopter shudders. Everyone falls over.

AUNT SALLY

Okay, Jon, don't get cocky.

JON

No, we've lost power! I can't do anything!

AUNT SALLY is framed in the window behind Jon.

AUNT SALLY

Jon! Where's that Zeppelin?

JON

Uh... below us and to the right.

AUNT SALLY

Okay, son, I want you to land on the Zeppelin!

JON

You what? I can't land on a tarmac and

you want me to...

AUNT SALLY

Do it, it'll support us easy.

OUTSIDE

The nose drops

BACK TO SCENE

The airship looms large in the window.

JON

We're gonna hit it!

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - CONTINUOUS

The rotors tear through the fabric of the airship as the helicopter drops into it.

The two ships fall out of the sky and splash down in the middle of the lake. We back off to the shadows in the zodiac, looking in awe at the destruction they've wrought.

NEVILLE

Oh, dear.

INT. TUMBLEWEED - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter is practically upside down and everyone is in shambles.

DAVE

Okay... Jon doesn't get to drive anymore.

LISA

Is everyone all right?

Aunt Sally crawls up behind Jon from the crew compartment. Jon is rubbing his head.

AUNT SALLY

Are you okay?

JON

I think we're double parked, but other than that... sure.

AUNT SALLY

Well come on, then. I don't have to remind you this thing doesn't float.

JON

(looking out the cockpit)
Uh sir, is that what I think it is?

THEIR POV

Out the cockpit window we see, nestled amid the twisted girders big as life, the Enola Gay.

AUNT SALLY

You don't see that every day.

INT. THE FLOATING ISLAND ENVELOPE - DAY

Freedom Corps climbs out of the helicopter's cargo bay to find themselves in the airship's cavernous interior. They stand on the disappearing island of their helicopter.

TOM

Man, look at that scratch. That's never gonna come out.

LISA

Quit complaining, we could have come out worse.

They look around the blimp.

AUNT SALLY

This is ugly.

SIM

Oh I know, it'll definitely need a new coat of paint. Maybe green.

AUNT SALLY

No, this is it. We're boned, boys. I don't see how we're gonna get out of this one.

LISA

I think you're overreacting a bit.

AUNT SALLY

Am I? Tell you parents I'm sorry, If you get the chance.

HARRIS

Why hasn't anyone come to talk to us?

AUNT SALLY

Probably because they, whoever they are, stole the Enola Gay.
(taps his VISOR)
Snipe One calling Hudson Street.

We HEAR the VOICE of MAGNUS, OVER.

MAGNUS

(filtered, over visor)
Where are you?

AUNT SALLY

We crashed into a... uh... an airship, and we're stuck inside.

MAGNUS

How embarrassing.

Our guys start to notice a few people creeping around in the shadows.

AUNT SALLY

Look, here's the deal. The airship's sinking. Is there any chance you could get a rescue chopper out to us pronto?

MAGNUS

I'll call the Coast Guard.

AUNT SALLY

Oh, and one more thing. The Enola Gay's in here, too.

MAGNUS

Very funny.

AUNT SALLY

I'm serious.

MAGNUS

I'll call you back.

FUTURISTIC JAPANESE SOLDIERS

We'll call them Manga Soldiers -- steal in from side compartments and catwalks to surround the helicopter and its occupants.

THE FREEDOM CORPS KIDS

notice Japanese technicians running around and thrashing about in the water.

DAVE

Hey, man, check out all the little Japanese guys.

TOM

Are you guys okay?

AUNT SALLY

(noticing the Manga soldiers)
No, they have us surrounded!

HARRIS

Look out!

The Manga Soldiers, YUNGUY, YOTA and RYOKO, and a few B.G. flunkies are between Freedom Corps and the Enola Gay.

It's a standoff.

AUNT SALLY

So... we're all kind of wondering why you stole the Enola Gay.

He gets no answer, only defiant stares from the Japanese.

AUNT SALLY

(continuing)
I guess it doesn't matter. In a few minutes, all of America will find out about your little sneak attack.

He draws his sidearm, and the Manga Soldiers cover him, but at a signal from Yota, don't fire.

A beat, then THE ZODIAC carrying Donald and Neville floats through one of the holes in the zeppelin.

DONALD

Is anyone hurt?
 (sees the tense situation)
 Oh, terribly sorry.

VAL

Who are you?

NEVILLE

Uh... witnesses.

RYOKO

Why did you crash into us?

NEVILLE

I don't think it was intentional. We saw the whole thing. The two of you just collided.

DONALD

(to Val)
 Who are you?

YOTA

you attacked us, and now all of you are in Japanese Territory, trespassing!

AUNT SALLY

Oh, come off it.

SIM

We lost power!

RYOKO

You lost power? We lost power.

DAVE

That's curious.

Both groups look at Donald.

NEVILLE

(eyeing the Enola Gay)
Well, we just wanted to see if anyone
was hurt, so...
(makes to leave. Donald is
impatient. He doesn't want to go.)

JON

(with realization)
You wanted it too.

YOTA

The plane belongs to us!

AUNT SALLY

(to everyone)
We're going to have to ask you all to
stay.

DONALD

(To Neville)
Look, are we doing our job or not? They
stole the thing. Let's take it back.

AUNT SALLY

Excuse me?

SIM

You gotta be kidding.

YOTA

(draws his sword)
Come and take it, gaijin!

HARRIS

Wait a minute...

JON

All right, before we get any further,
how about we just put our guns down and
talk like civilized paramilitary groups?

YOTA

That's not what we're paid for!

JON

I know, I'm not very comfortable with it
either. I know Aunt Sally's prone to

physical violence, but I feel we could accomplish much more through discussion.

NEVILLE

(to Aunt Sally)

What branch of the government are you from?

AUNT SALLY

The kind that gives you one chance to talk before I smoke you all. The kind that deals in black ops, black holes, black death and black Sabbath. The kind that, if I disappear, it will bring a rain of fire on you that will make Hiroshima look like a... a...

SIM

Fizzing Whizbee?

AUNT SALLY

Thank you!

The MANGA soldiers look at YOTA. He nods. They grudgingly stand down.

Yota is broken and walks to the back of his camp of other Mangas. Yunguy comes up to him.

YUNGUY

Sensei, are you okay? I'm sorry, I should have gone faster. I'm sorry.

YOTA

No, no. It's not you. It's me. I should have known better than to trust our supplier.

(looks down at his sword)

I can't re-sheath my sword until it has tasted blood. I'm going to commit seppuku.

He walks a little farther past them, and disappears.

INT. FLOATING ISLAND ENVELOPE - LATER

The Manga Soldiers are queued up in front of Val.

VAL

Now I want you all to write down your names and phone numbers on this notepad. Please print clearly.

In another corner, Aunt Sally and Jon talk to the two men from the zodiac.

AUNT SALLY

(staring at their flippers)
So... why are you clowns here?

DONALD

Well, it looks as though the cat's out of the bag. We've come for the Enola Gay.

NEVILLE

Right.

AUNT SALLY

Haven't seen it. That solves that.

Aunt Sally turns to go. The zodiac men and Jon look confused.

JON

(after Aunt Sally has left)
You're the Smithsonian Secret Service, aren't you?

NEVILLE

We're... fishermen.

DONALD

...pleasure boaters.

JON

Whatever.

DAVE AND HARRIS intercept Aunt Sally

DAVE

Aunt Sally?

AUNT SALLY

What is it, boys?

DAVE

(pointing to Yunguy)
That little guy says the zeppelin's owned by a company called Manga. They're a huge publishing conglomerate back in Japan.

HARRIS

It's not actually a company, it's more of an institution. They make all those weird little books the teenagers read. I've always been suspicious about their influence on our youth.

AUNT SALLY

Okay, let's have a word with Mango.

HARRIS

Manga.

AUNT SALLY

Whatever.

We HEAR a BEEP, and see a flashing light on Aunt Sally's visor.

AUNT SALLY

(tapping his visor)
We're a little busy right now, Magnus.
When does the transport get here?

MAGNUS

In a little, but never mind that. You've got new orders. The thing with the Enola Gay...

AUNT SALLY

Yeah?

MAGNUS

You have to let them take the plane. They bought it. It's going to be the centerpiece of their headquarters lobby.

AUNT SALLY

You can't be serious.

MAGNUS

Dead serious. I brokered the deal. Make

sure they get home with it, and make sure no one finds out about it.

AUNT SALLY

I'd rather paint it pink and plant it on the White House lawn.

MAGNUS

Do what you want. It's your butt, not mine. You're acting alone.

Aunt Sally takes a moment to let this sink in.

AUNT SALLY

(it sinks in)

I knew it.

(to Manga)

I'm going to talk with my team for a moment, so... don't go anywhere.

He glares at them all, then gathers his team.

INT. FLOATING ISLAND ENVELOPE - LATER

VAL AND JON approach Ryoko.

JON

Hey, look. We're sorry about the whole crashing your blimp thing.

RYOKO

What?

VAL

Yeah, we didn't mean to put you out, you know?

RYOKO

Why are you being nice to me all of a sudden?

JON

Well, see, we made a bit of a mistake.

VAL

Turns out the plane IS yours, after all, and we... uh, have to help you get it out of here.

RYOKO

So basically, you're working for us,
now, is that it?

VAL

Not really...

JON

Well, yes.

RYOKO

Good. I could use a few servants.

Jon and Val look at each other. Oh boy.

INT. TUMBLEWEED COCKPIT - DAY

Harris and Dave sit oddly atilt in the helicopter's radio booth.

HARRIS

We've got to block transmissions. Every second they have them screws us a little deeper. I wish we could just bash all their cell phones, but you know we'd miss a few.

TOM comes into the cabin with the neutron device.

TOM

Maybe this will help.

HARRIS

What is it?

TOM

I don't know. I stole it off the Smithsonian. But I got the impression, the way they were talking about it, that it's what killed our power. Should be good for knocking out communications... and everything else in a ten block radius. Here ya go, Dave, have fun.

He is leaving as AUNT SALLY is coming into the cabin. Aunt Sally stops him.

AUNT SALLY

Change of plans, Tom. I want you to sneak below. That Yota creep's disappeared and I want to know what he's up to, understand?

TOM

Uh, okay.

Tom takes off.

AUNT SALLY

Harris?

HARRIS

Yeah?

AUNT SALLY

Son, the time has come to cash in the favor of helping you pass R.O.T.C. in college. This may be the most important thing I ever ask of you. I've been thinking about this some more, and I've pretty much decided that Japan shouldn't get the Enola Gay.

HARRIS

(in on it)

What do you have in mind?

AUNT SALLY

I want to help the Smithsonian, but they can't know about the deal. So this is the plan...

INT. FLOATING ISLAND, ENVELOPE - DAY

Harris approaches Donald, who sits dejectedly and alone on a partially submerged girder.

HARRIS

How you doing?

DONALD

Well, considering. Thank you.

HARRIS

Listen, I've been talking with Aunt

Sally, and this is where we are. We...
that's us personally, don't have the
authority to take the Enola Gay, because
this airship is considered part of
Japan.

DONALD

I understand.

HARRIS

(discreetly flashes a piece of the
Fuzz Bomb)

Why don't you come up top and show me
how this thing works, and I'll tell you
what I'm thinking?

DONALD

(slowly breaking into a wide, Don
Quixote grin)

You're on!

EXT. FLOATING ISLAND ROOF - DAY

Harris and Donald stand to one side as Dave and Neville are
setting up the fuzz bomb.

NEVILLE

(to Dave)

So if we direct it outwards, it should
make communications sketchy.

DAVE

Right on.

HARRIS

So... this is what we're going to do.
You have to convince them that you're a
part of the American Resistance
Movement, are you getting this?

DONALD

(not really)

I see...

INT. FLOATING ISLAND, ENVELOPE - DAY

Donald sneaks over to talk to Ryoko, who is busy bossing Val

and Jon about disentangling the Enola Gay from the girders that entrap it...

DONALD

(whispering)
Japanese girl?

RYOKO

Yes?

DONALD

I am an emissary from A.R.M., and I have a message for you.

RYOKO

Why doesn't your arm just tell me itself?

DONALD

No, no. The American Resistance Movement. We are...
(unfolds a piece of paper)
...a domestic terrorist organization based in northwest Michigan.

RYOKO

Oh.
(jerks a thumb at Aunt Sally)
How did you get past the feds?

DONALD

We told them we were the Smithsonian Secret Service here looking for the plane.
(chuckles uncomfortably)
Listen, The Enola Gay is a bomb, a Trojan Horse the Government fed you to finish off the prominent Japanese businessmen that belong to Manga.
(winging it)
They've never really forgiven you for the sympathy you receive over Hiroshima, and your subsequent success.
(beat)
They let you steal it.

RYOKO

(confused)
But we didn't detect any bomb in the plane.

DONALD

Exactly. So how could you possibly diffuse it? The best suggestion I can give you would be to "accidentally" drop it into the water. Whatever you do, you must act wisely; the American government is not as dumb as you'd think.

RYOKO

Why do you want to help us?

DONALD

This is against everything we stand for. We're for America. But sometimes it has to be saved from itself.

RYOKO

I see. Thank you. I think.

OVER BY THE ENOLA GAY

Aunt Sally and Val are talking to Yunguy.

YUNGUY

So, how will we be transporting our Enola Gay?

AUNT SALLY

(grudgingly)

We'll rig it for airlift. That's the best way.

YUNGUY

I just like to say that. Our Enola Gay.

Aunt Sally grits his teeth. Ryoko joins them.

RYOKO

We have a transport coming to pick us up and take us to the Japanese Embassy. They will have seen our crash.

AUNT SALLY

If the press is coming, we're going to have to find a way to camouflage the Enola Gay.

RYOKO

Our transport has a crane.

AUNT SALLY

Fine, fine! When can they be here?

RYOKO

I don't know, we've been having some trouble raising them on the radio.

AUNT SALLY

(knowingly)

Is that so?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EVELOPE

Dave is talking to Neville.

DAVE

Look...you'll be able to "rediscover" it later. It'll be fine!

NEVILLE

But it's an important American artifact! We can't just send it to the bottom of Lake Michigan!

DAVE

(impatient with the older generation)

Just think of the patriotism its "loss" will stir. Think how many more people went to see the crown jewels after they were stolen. You could come out quite well financially from all this.

Ryoko observes these two talking.

RYOKO

(sotto)

Why would a terrorist and a government agent stand around chatting?

RYOKO sneaks back to talk to Donald.

RYOKO

You risked your life to get us this message. You will not be forgotten.

DONALD

Thank you.

RYOKO

But let me ask you, what will become of you and your teammate after this is over?

(Gently)

Don't you think they'll detain you?

DONALD

(uncomfortable)

Yes, well, I suppose you're right. I hadn't really thought about that.

RYOKO

(Very carefully)

Do you want political asylum?

DONALD

I'm sorry?

RYOKO

We can offer you protection. They won't challenge us.

DONALD

I hadn't considered that.

RYOKO

(eyeing him)

They'll do anything to placate us. Did you know they stole the old plane for us and sold it to us? We didn't have to lift a finger.

DONALD

(sputtering)

They what? Our government... stole the Enola Gay? For Japan? That's atrocious! That's treason! I'll... I'll...

He storms off and she watches him go.

INT. ENOLA GAY - DAY

Harris and Aunt Sally sit in the cockpit.

AUNT SALLY

So how are we going to camouflage this thing? For the "airlift?"

HARRIS

What about the fabric from the blimp?

AUNT SALLY

That might work.

HARRIS

You know, it's weird to think that these windows overlooked the deaths of something like 120,000 people. Probably the biggest single-event death toll in history. Makes you wonder why we want it so bad. An instrument of mass murder. I mean, when you sit here like this...

DONALD appears in the doorway.

DONALD

You sold them our plane!

HARRIS

(sotto, to Aunt Sally)

Tag team!

He taps Aunt Sally on the shoulder and goes out the hatch.

DONALD

I... I demand that plane back or I'll tell the world who the real thieves are!

AUNT SALLY

Look, we like you and all, but we'll kill you and expose Smithsonian for using a terrorist weapon if you don't keep quiet. Besides, you'll get the plane back in a few months. Just stick to the plan.

DONALD

(darkly)

I don't think it'll be the same plane.

INT. THE ENVELOPE - CONTINUOUS

Donald wanders off by himself and collapses dejectedly by the helicopter.

RYOKO watches him from where she is sitting near Jon while he uses a blow torch to cut a girder binding a wing of the Enola Gay.

RYOKO

So your helicopter. That's a Hind M.i.-
twenty four, am I right?

JON

Very good.

RYOKO

So, how did a secret group like you wind
up flying a beat up old Russian
helicopter?

JON

Well, that's...
(he notices her watching him with
interest)
...kind of a cool story.

INT. FLOATING ISLAND, PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

The Cabin is posh, with elaborate oriental décor. Tom creeps about, looking for anything out of place.

TOM

Find Yota. No sweat. He should be just
hanging around the cabin, right?

INT. FLOATING ISLAND, COCKPIT

Tom pokes his head in tentatively.

TOM

Anyone here?

HIS POV

He sees an instrument panel with a lever labeled 'giant

robot.'

BACK TO SCENE

TOM

Giant robot lever? Aw this is too cool!

TOM'S IMAGINATION

He pictures the blimp turning into a giant robot, sailing triumphantly out of there with him at the controls!

BACK TO TOM

Big grin on his face. He slams the lever forward.

TOM

Giant robot, go!

There is a shudder and We HEAR the SOUND of GRINDING GEARS.

INSERT

A dozen error messages flash on the screen. A graphic of the twisted blimp structure, trying unsuccessfully to transform.

MECHANICAL VOICE

Structure compromised. Unable to transform. Water level rising.

INSERT

Water pours in through the joints that are now jammed open.

BACK TO SCENE

TOM

(backs out of the control room,
trying to act innocent.)
Whoops! Um... never mind!

INT. FLOATING ISLAND ENVELOPE - CONTINUOUS

Everything shifts as the airframe twists. We HEAR the GROAN of TWISTING METAL UNDER WATER. The deck tilts wildly, and the water starts to come in faster and swallow the dry area.

AUNT SALLY

Okay, this is it, boys. Let's move to the high ground.

They all move towards the back where the Enola Gay is. All except for Donald. He stays where he is seated, the water rising around his waist.

JON

(shouting)
Donald, come on!

LISA

Something's wrong, the ship's sinking too fast!

AUNT SALLY

(Taps his visor.)
Magnus, where is that Sky Crane?

MAGNUS

(filtered, over visor)
It's on its way, but it has to come from Detroit. You're on your own, buddy.

AUNT SALLY

So what else is new?

HIS POV

He looks up at the Enola Gay and sees a mental readout of all that added weight.

BACK TO SCENE

AUNT SALLY

Ryoko, we can't wait for the transport. We've got to offload that plane now. It's weighing us down.

RYOKO

What? We can't!

AUNT SALLY

Do you want it to decorate your watery grave instead of your lobby? It has to go. Now.

DONALD still hasn't budged.

JON

(to Aunt Sally)

I'm going to go get him.

AUNT SALLY sees this from where he is disconnecting cables on top of the plane.

AUNT SALLY

Leave him, Jon, we need you up here!

JON

Ryoko, could you...?

(jerks his head towards Donald)

Ryoko nods, an understanding passes between them. Sim kicks at the plane's tires.

SIM

I can't get it loose from these bindings!

The Freedom Corps kids strain at the gears and tail, trying to push the plane free.

AUNT SALLY

Keep pushing!

JON

You know... oof... I'm really getting to... uff... hate this plane!

Slowly, the plane grinds free. In slow motion, it rolls down the deck.

INTERCUT

Ryoko drags an unresponsive Donald to safety.

THE PLANE

plunges into the water.

They all watch as the Enola Gay sinks. Tom arrives on scene, joins them.

TOM

Hey Guys!

AUNT SALLY

Where have you been?

TOM

Me? Nowhere. I mean, fine. How have you been?

EXT. FLOATING ISLAND - DAY

They're standing outside the airship now, the surface rapidly disappearing. The half-emerged head of the airship's giant robot form looms above them.

AUNT SALLY

Well boys, I hope everybody has their swimming badge.

Suuddenly, THE MANGA TRANSPORT - a ground effect platform - arrives.

HARRIS

(enviously)
Great.

RYOKO approaches Aunt Sally.

RYOKO

The Enola Gay is unsalvageable. It is your fault this happened. We're leaving, and the Smithsonian employees are coming with us. They have requested political asylum.

AUNT SALLY

Uhh...
(not sure whether to address Donald or Ryoko)
...you can't do that.

RYOKO

(looking at Jon)

We expect your helicopter to be in our transport as well. We demand compensation.

AUNT SALLY

(looks from Ryoko to Jon with realization)

Jon... what did you tell them?

JON

Just what you told us, how you escaped an underground base with nothing but a horse and a hand grenade...

AUNT SALLY

(to Ryoko)

Not our helicopter.

Donald stands with Ryoko.

DONALD

(coldly)

We all have to make our sacrifices.

EXT. FLOATING ISLAND - LATER

THE MANGA TRANSPORT leaves with the helicopter in tow. A wave of media, boats and helicopters, are descending on them. The Freedom Corps kids are standing on the partially exposed head of the airship's giant robot form, the only thing above water at this point.

TOM

Well, that's that.

DAVE

What d'you think they're gonna do about...

AN UNDERWATER EXPLOSION

A shock wave of bubbles and debris fill the frame.

THE FREEDOM CORPS KIDS

stagger on the rocking deck as pieces of the Enola Gay float to the surface. Along with the two dummies from their helicopter.

LISA

Whoa!

HARRIS

What the?

SIM

Was that... the Enola Gay?

DAVE

Holy... you don't suppose there really was a bomb on board?

JON

Did Magnus put it there?

LISA

Or did Manga blow it up?

AUNT SALLY

Fish sucking Bastards!

They all watch the pieces settle.

SIM

It's sad to see her go.

LISA

Well, she was always meant to be expendable.

SIM

Just like us. Isn't that right, Aunt Sally?

(Aunt Sally says nothing.)

Aunt Sally?

EXT. HUDSON STREET - DAY

to establish.

INT. HUDSON STREET, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

They are in debriefing, listening disenchanted as MAGNUS drones on.

MAGNUS

So, to sum up... excellent job.

INSERT

News footage of the wreck. We HEAR MAGNUS'S VOICE OVER.

MAGNUS (V.O.)

All the press saw was an airship accident, and they don't trust airships anyway.

BACK TO SCENE

AUNT SALLY

(dispassionate)

Thank you, sir.

LISA

Sir, was there really a bomb on the plane? Were you trying to blow them up, or did they do it?

MAGNUS

I'm not at liberty to discuss that, Lisa.

LISA

Figures.

MAGNUS

Of course, we don't have the budget to replace the helicopter you lost.

AUNT SALLY

We understand.

MAGNUS

So if there's nothing else, I suppose we're done here.

Dave raises his hand.

DAVE

We need to get drunk immediately, sir.
Is that in the budget?

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO BAR - NIGHT

To establish.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The team relaxes and knocks back a few. Sim brings a new round of drinks to the table. He sits down with them and makes a toast.

SIM

Here's to the patriots. May they all be defective.

(They all toast.)

What happened today? I can't tell if we lost or what. I mean, we accomplished our mission. I guess.

JON

Not if you mean learning to fly the helicopter, because I put a big fat check in the crash column

VAL

It's true, he did.

DAVE

We lost. Because Manga got what they wanted. Did you see how smug they were?

LISA

It's the perfect snub. They blew up the plane that blew them up.

AUNT SALLY

We should have just beat the crap out of them to begin with.

SIM

And they're over at their embassy right now, smoking cigars and laughing at

America.

TOM

Yeah, I suppose they have our helicopter
down there too.

DAVE

What's that, like, three blocks from
here?

Everyone tenses.

TOM

Let's go get 'em. Right now.

SIM

Yeah, show 'em what America means!

They all look to Aunt Sally.

HARRIS

Let's do it!

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

They're in the Wyllis, driving fast and changing lanes.
Aunt Sally is at the wheel, a grim smile on his face.

SIM

Bring it on, Tonka Tim!

DAVE

(with irony)
Yee-ha!

FREEZE FRAME and...

FADE OUT

THE END