BREAKFAST IN THE AIR
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 Wildberge'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.