

Black & Wellies
S01E01
"Pilot"

By
Rumps

based on a true story

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EXT. BAGHDAD, HARLEM - DAY

The camera pans across a shot of Baghdad, Harlem as Middle-Eastern music plays, interspersed with "yeah"s and "yeah nigga"s. The subtitle reads BAGHDAD, HARLEM. 1987.

EXT. BAGHDAD, HARLEM, STREET - DAY

Black squats in the centre of the street, gun at the ready.

BLACK

Look, brothers. Just hand over the
dirty bomb and nobody gets hurt.

The camera cuts to Terrorists #1, #2 & #3.

TERRORIST #1

Yo homie, you just take your honkey
ass outta here afore I blow your
infidel all from here to Mecca, ya
dig?

Black sighs.

BLACK

I was hoping it wouldn't come to
this.

The camera zooms into Black.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Alpha-One, take these guys out.

There is a static hiss over the radio.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Alpha-One? Alpha-One?!

EXT. BAGHDAD, HARLEM, ROOFTOP - DAY

The hiss of static plays as the camera pans over Alpha-One's body, slumped beside his rifle with a knife in his back.

BLACK

(V.O., over radio)

Alpha One? Any time you're ready...

EXT. BAGHDAD, HARLEM, STREET - DAY

The camera cuts to a view of the three terrorists.

TERRORIST #1
Yo, let's smoke this cracka. Allāhu
mothafuckin' Akbar

Black is shot repeatedly and falls to the floor. As he lays on the dusty street floor, blood pouring onto the ground, he murmurs.

BLACK
N-no...the dirty bomb...

The camera cuts to the three terrorists. Terrorist #1 stays behind whilst Terrorists #2 & #3 walk off.

TERRORIST #1
Yo homie, there's only one thing
dirtier than this bomb.

The camera cuts to Black again.

BLACK
W-what?

Back to Terrorist #1.

TERRORIST #1
Yo mama! Ahahahah!

Terrorist #1 laughs as he walks away. The camera cuts to Black again and zooms into his face.

BLACK
Noooooooooooo!

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Black awakes with a scream and fires his machine gun wildly. The helicopter begins to shudder and fall as sirens go off wildly. The Co-Pilot shouts from the cockpit.

CO-PILOT
The pilot's hit, we're going down!
Buckle your seatbelts everybody!

Wellies and Black buckle their seatbelts whilst M-0085 closes the door to his dog kennel and latches it. The shot shakes violently and flies around the helicopter interior as Black and Wellies hold onto their harnesses as tightly as

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they can. The camera glides into the cockpit and past the frantic co-pilot, showing the ground rapidly racing up towards the windscreen. There is a crash, and everything goes dark.

EXT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, HELICOPTER CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The camera slowly pans past the helicopter wreck, the rotors still lazily spinning past. As it pans, Black and Wellies appear in the foreground, looking away from the crash site.

WELLIES

The co-pilot's dead, you idiot.

BLACK

Look, Wellies, I know you're just another civvie but you have to get used to the facts of war if you're going to live this life. Soldiers die, and you just have to move on.

WELLIES

But you shot hi-

BLACK

It's not about who shot who, it's only about who got shot, whose team they were on and how the cookie crumbles at the end of the day, now shape up soldier, we're Oscar Mike.

Black moves off out of shot. Wellies looks down and the camera pans down to show a panting M-0085, his tongue wagging adorably. It cuts back up to Wellies.

WELLIES

I'm not going to make it home, am I?

The camera pans back down to M-0085.

M-0085

Bark!

M-0085 backflips.

EXT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

The trio sit on logs around a blazing fire. Black hold a knife in his hand and stares at the log to his side before lunging with the knife. He draws it back and there is a large bug skewered on the end. He eats it without hesitation.

BLACK

It's about time you got briefed,
I'd say.

The camera cuts to Wellies.

WELLIES

That would be fabulous.

The camera cuts back to Black, who is now standing in front of a whiteboard holding a stick. On the whiteboard is the face of Dr. Molesto, and a small drawing of a cock in the bottom corner. Black points the stick at Dr. Molesto.

BLACK

This is our target, Dr. Molesto.
Originally a CIA deep-cover agent
tasked with uncovering an
underground terroristic child
molestation ring, the Yanks forgot
to conduct a background check or
even just look at his name once. He
went rogue a few years back, killed
his handlers and disappeared.

WELLIES

What's happened now?

BLACK

He's resurfaced. One week ago, the
top brass received a message from
his old transmitter. It asked for
help but was cut off before they
could get anything more. They
managed to trace the signal here,
to what we believe to be Dr.
Molesto's personal island.

WELLIES

What's the island called?

BLACK

Dr. Molesto's Island.

Wellies sighs. Suddenly, a twig snaps in the surrounding forest. The three look around startled.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK
(whispering)
Everybody, get down!

Black throws himself to the floor whilst M-0085 cowers with his front paws over his head. Wellies is nowhere to be seen.

BLACK
(whispering)
Wellies? Wellies?!

Two armed child goons emerge from the surrounding forest and make their way slowly and cautiously towards the fire.

GOON #1
They were here only recently.

GOON #2
Yeah, they can't have gotten far.

The shot is at ground level, with the prone Black in the foreground, a log behind him and the two goons towering over it. There is strange scratching sound and Goon #2 goes rigid. He slowly and awkwardly lifts his gun up to Goon #1 and fires, Goon #1's corpse splaying over the log and bursting into the foreground. Black flinches away from it. Meanwhile, Goon #2 begins to shake and shudder before exploding into a cloud of gore. Wellies remains where he had been.

WELLIES
It's okay, you can come out now.

Black stands up and looks quizzically at Wellies.

BLACK
How did you do that just then?

Wellies walks over to her log and sits down, staring into the fire.

WELLIES
They didn't tell you about me, did they?

As Black moves over to Wellies, there is a wobbly flashback transition.

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY

A picturesque shot of the Scottish Highlands.

WELLIES

(V.O.)

It all started with my father, Alex
Salmond.

EXT. EDINBURGH STREET CORNER - DAY

A shot of Alex Salmond speaking atop a soapbox to an
enraptured crowd.

WELLIES

(V.O.)

With his boundless charisma and
undefeatable rhetorical abilities,
it was only a matter of time before
he succeeded in creating an
independent Scotland. It was his
greatest dream.

INT. SALMOND RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A shot of Alex Salmond masturbating tearfully in a darkened
room over a Scottish flag with *Braveheart* facepaint.

WELLIES

(V.O.)

However, Hell hath no fury like a
sovereign state scorned...

EXT. SALMOND RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A shot of a house at night nestled in the Scottish
Highlands. An SAS soldier moves into the foreground,
followed by others. They converge on the house.

WELLIES

(V.O.)

I was just a baby...

Gunfire lights up the house through the windows. Then the
soldiers run out of the house, the first carrying a baby.

WELLIES

(V.O.)

They subjected to me so much...

INT. LABORATORY TESTING ROOM - DAY

Various shots of experiments, including one in which Wellies is set on fire, a centrifuge ride and being shot right in the face.

WELLIES

(V.O.)

After years of this, they came up with something. They crossed my genes with those of a pair of Wellington boots...

A shot of them rubbing a Wellington boot on Wellies' face.

WELLIES (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

...in an effort to create the ultimate all-terrain warrior.

A shot of her walking up a gentle hill as scientists scribble frantically on their clipboards. The flashback ends and returns back to the campfire with another wobbly transition.

EXT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

The camera is close on Wellies' face.

WELLIES

They saw the monster that they had created, and they saw my potential as a weapon. That's how I got assigned to this detail.

The camera cuts to Black, who looks expectantly for more, then back to Wellies, who stares forwards. It cuts between them again before settling on Black.

BLACK

Well, um, thanks for that, but how did you do that possession stuff? That was my question.

It cuts back to Wellies.

WELLIES

Oh, right. I've just always been able to vibrate through solid matter. Dunno why.

Back to Black.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK
Oh. And tha-

Wellies.

WELLIES
Not lead though.

Cut to Black, pause. He's about to say something and it's back to Wellies.

WELLIES
Lead's got too many atoms.

The scene fades to black.

EXT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, JUNGLE CLEARING - MORNING

The shot fades in, close on Wellies' sideways sleeping face, whilst *Morning Wood* by Edvard Grieg plays. It is early morning. Suddenly, Black jumps into shot and kicks her in the face.

BLACK
Get up, soldier! Move it, move it,
move it!

Wellies groggily gets up, rubbing her face. She looks around at the ash where the fire had been and M-0085, who barks and backflips. Black's legs pan into shot. The camera pans up to his face.

BLACK
Move it, move it, move it!

WELLIES
What is WRONG with you?

BLACK
Soldier, if I bitched and whined
about ever little scratch I've ever
had in this line of work do you
think I'd have ever got anything
done?

WELLIES
Bu-

BLACK
As I thought, now move it! We move
out in 5.

(CONTINUED)

Black walks away as the camera zooms in on Wellies' angry face.

WELLIES

I hate him.

The camera cuts to M-0085, who barks and backflips.

EXT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, THICK JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

Various shots of the trio hacking their way through dense jungle.

EXT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

The trio burst out of the jungle and find a paved road laid out before them. A bus drives across the shot and the camera follows it on as it stops at a bus stop. The camera cuts back to the trio.

WELLIES

I guess Dr. Molesto appreciated the value of civic infrastructure.

Wellies steps forwards, but Black puts an arm out to stop her.

BLACK

Careful, it could be a trap.

WELLIES

You think so?

BLACK

I saw it in a movie about a bus that had to speed around the city, keeping its speed over fifty, and if its speed dropped, the bus would explode! I think it was called "The Bus That Couldn't Slow Down."

WELLIES

That's a joke from *the Simpsons*.

BLACK

Regardless, there's no telling if there's a bomb on that bus.

WELLIES

I'm willing to take the change. Who knows, maybe the blast would kill you before it hit me.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK

Now that's the kind of can-do
attitude this outfit needs more of.
You hear that, M-0085?

The camera drops down to show a panting M-0085, who barks
and backflips.

BLACK

You said it, M-0085.

The trio walk towards the bus.

INT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, BUS - AFTERNOON

The shot is down the aisle of the bus. The trio are the only
passengers, and they jauntily sing the ridin' on the bus
song.

EXT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, DR. MOLESTO'S LAIR - AFTERNOON

The bus drives off to the side, leaving the group standing
away from the camera, looking up at the elaborate carving of
Dr. Molesto's face. They make their way inside.

INT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, DR. MOLESTO'S LAIR - AFTERNOON

Staffed entirely by children, the trio go through the shower
scene from *Dr. No*. Eventually, they are led to the main
control room and shown to Dr. Molesto, trapped in one of the
cells that line the room.

BLACK

Look at him, he's fine. Why are we
even here?

DR. MOLESTO

Fine? Fine?! Do you know how much
of my own urine I have been forced
to drink in here?

BLACK

Somebody call the whaaaambulance.
Who hasn't had to drink a few mugs
of warm piss in order to avoid
freezing to death like their
comrade and best friend did just
minutes ago during an
ill-thought-out mission deep into
the Antarctic where you weren't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BLACK (cont'd)
told a damn thing about any need to
bring winter clothes? You look over
at your buddy, face frozen in a
grimace of pain tinged with Death's
mocking smirk, wearing only his
trunks and t-shirt, and you curse
the bastards that sent you there as
you knock back another steaming mug
and begin to wonder just how much
longer it'll be before you have to
start eating him.

During this scene, the camera slowly zooms in on Black's
face, rotating slightly and darkening as it goes on, whilst
Black looks on with a thousand-yard stare. The camera cuts
to the shocked Wellies, then the shocked Dr. Molesto, then
the unaffected M-0085, who barks and backflips. It cuts back
to Black, who looks at the astonishment on their faces.

BLACK
Five minutes. It was like pork.

The camera cuts back to a disgusted Wellies, and then to Dr.
Molesto.

DR. MOLESTO
I'm just glad I haven't had to do
anything like that to get by in
here...

The camera peers past Dr. Molesto slightly, at a skeleton
leaning against the back wall of the cell, a knife and fork
sticking out of his ribcage. It pulls back to frame Dr.
Molesto in shot.

DR. MOLESTO
You have to help me though!

BLACK
What happened?

DR. MOLESTO
It's those damned children. Those
damned sexy, sexy children. Those
damned sexy, sexy, sultry chil-

BLACK
Yes, we all get it. Move on.

DR. MOLESTO
Okay. They rose up and overthrew
me, chucked me in here and threw
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. MOLESTO (cont'd)
away the key! I don't know why,
they just went mad!

WELLIES
Could it be because you molested
them?

DR. MOLESTO
No, don't be dumb, they love it.
Look at them, acting all slutty.
So, will you help me get free or
not?

The group stares. Dr. Molesto sighs.

DR. MOLESTO
I think they might also be
terrorists.

BLACK
Well why didn't you say so earlier!

A long montage of the graphic butchery of seemingly-armed children follows. When they're done and the trio at standing atop a pile of bodies, Black sees one final child, wounded, reaching into their coat. He shoots their entire head off, but their arm rolls out. In their hand is clutched a toy gun. He looks around and sees no weapons, only toys. These shots are intercut with shots of Black's increasingly horrified face. He drops to his knees and pounds the corpse pile with his fists.

BLACK
These weren't terrorist children!
These were just children children!
That maniac! We blew them up! Ah,
damn him! Goddamn him to Hell!

WELLIES
He lied to us. He, who seemed so
trustworthy.

BLACK
He has to answer to this. Come on!

Black strikes a dramatic pose, and then looks unsurely down the corpse pile. The camera lingers as the trio make tentative steps and try to climb down it.

INT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, DR. MOLESTO'S LAIR - AFTERNOON

The trio arrive at Dr. Molesto's cell, only to find it empty. Dr. Molesto appears behind them and the camera swings around to show him pointing a gun at them. He motions towards the cell and the trio move into it, although Dr. Molesto stops M-0085 with his foot.

DR. MOLESTO
You're cute. I'm keeping you.

M-0085 looks worried as Dr. Molesto locks the cell door.

DR. MOLESTO
I must thank you for your help. Now
that the island is mine once again,
I can go back to molesting all of
these children, just as God
intended!

Dr. Molesto laughs evilly as he walks off. M-0085 steals a glance back at the pair before hurrying after him. The camera move into the cell.

BLACK
Wellies, I...If we don't make it
out of here alive, I just want to
say...

WELLIES
What is it, Black?

BLACK
I just want to say...you really
dropped the ball here, letting him
get the drop on us like that.

Wellies pauses.

BLACK (CONT'D)
Can't you vibrate out of the cell
and free us to atone for your
failures?

WELLIES
No. It's lined with lead. I'm stuck
in here with you.

The camera zooms in on Wellies' face as the realisation hits her. It then cuts to Dr. Molesto sitting away from it in his evil chair, a cage of gimpsuited children in the foreground. The camera cuts to his front, as he strokes M-0085 on his lap.

(CONTINUED)

DR. MOLESTO
So, little doggy, what's your
story?

M-0085 looks stunned as the camera slowly zooms in on his face, flashes of his backstory appearing and disappearing as the camera rotates slightly and the colour seeps out of the shot. A droning slowly intensifies in the background and there are occasional snippets of voices from the flashbacks. Suddenly, the camera rapidly pulls back, straightens and the colour returns.

M-0085
Bark!

M-0085 backflips, then sticks his tongue out and pants.

DR. MOLESTO
I guess not a lot, huh? Ah well,
I'm off to bed.

Dr. Molesto gets up, leaving M-0085 on his chair. He walks away, stops at the cage, picks out a child and places them under his arm, and walks off. The camera cuts back to M-0085's face as dramatic music kicks in. M-0085 looks around before the camera settles on a keyring on the desk in front of the chair. M-0085 scrabbles his way up to them and carries them in his mouth over to the cell. He unlocks it and Black and Wellies come out.

BLACK
Stellar job, soldier.

Wellies pats M-0085's head as she goes past. They rush over and grab their weapons, then make their way to the door to Dr. Molesto's room. There are sounds of bedsprings squeaking and other unknowable horrors. They slowly approach the door until they can see through the opening a shadow of Dr. Molesto reaching his arm up and snapping a rubber glove onto it. They get closer to the door. Suddenly, Dr. Molesto appears in the doorway in a dressing gown.

DR. MOLESTO
What?! How did you get out?!

Black and Wellies raise their weapons.

BLACK
I'm afraid your cheque...has
bounced.

Won't Get Fooled Again - The Who blares as the trio open fire. Dr. Molesto is shot to pieces and staggers backwards,

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towards a large open window. He teeters on the edge. The camera cuts to Black as everything goes silent except for Dr. Molesto's raspy breaths. He raises his gun to aim at the camera in a shot reminiscent of *The Great Train Robbery*.

BLACK

Do you feel lucky...punk?

Black shoots Dr. Molesto in the head and he arcs backwards in slow motion, blood trailing from the bullet hole. He falls back through the window and plummets to the ground, the camera watching from the window. He hits the ground with a thump, then the camera cuts to Black.

BLACK

It's finally over.

Black turns around and sees the cage full of children, their faces pressed against the railings. Wellies also turns. The camera pans past the children's faces, each sadder than the last, then cuts to Black.

BLACK

Well...we may have to murder all these kids. They'll only starve to death in that cage.

Wellies looks at the children with a softened face.

WELLIES

I feel a strange feeling in my rubber-lined uterus. I think it may be my motherly instinct. I am taking all of these kids.

She walks towards the cage as Black shrugs and looks down at M-0085.

BLACK

Up to her, I guess.

M-0085 barks and backflips.

EXT. DR. MOLESTO'S ISLAND, DR. MOLESTO'S LAIR - AFTERNOON

The group exit the lair out of the front. As they walk, Black stops and looks aside. There is a large blood patch on the ground, but no body. Black stares, shrugs, and moves on.

INT. AIRPORT, ARRIVALS - DAY

Black steps off of the plane along with M-0085. Then come a flood of children, followed by a frazzled-looking Wellies.

WELLIES

Wow, kids are super annoying.

Black turns around.

BLACK

Kill them after all then? Or
release them into the wild?

Wellies ponders.

WELLIES

No. No, I have a better idea...

INT. SALMOND RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The shot opens on a picture of a young Wellies before pulling back to reveal it is a framed picture held by Alex Salmond. He sits with his arm around his wife, Moira Salmond. They weep with much emotion and speak in subtitled Scottish Gaelic.

ALEX SALMOND

Oh, how I wish we still had our
child! How I wish I could see her
little smile and walk the beautiful
Scottish highlands with her!

MOIRA SALMOND

Oh, woe is us!

ALEX SALMOND

She was my daughter. We raised her
in secret because I would not share
her with an English lord. They
stole her to get to me.

MOIRA SALMOND

I know, Alex, I know what the
English dogs did to our baby girl,
but she's gone now and I'm barren
and you're firing blanks!

Suddenly, there is a knock at the door and they cease their weeping.

EXT. SALMOND RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A shot at the front door of the house. Alex Salmond opens the door.

ALEX SALMOND
Who could be knocking at this
ungod-

Salmond's breath is taken away. Moira Salmond appears beside him.

MOIRA SALMOND
Who is i-

She is similarly awestruck. The camera pans back to reveal the legion of children standing in front of them. Moira moves closer to Alex and he puts his arm around her. The camera cuts to behind them, looking out and up at the starry night sky, as a shooting star flashes across and flares before disappearing.

ALEX SALMOND
God bless ye, Wellies my girl.

EXT. AGENCY HQ - DAY

An establishing shot of the AGENCY HQ. Birds fly across and a flag flutters in the breeze.

INT. AGENCY HQ - DAY

The camera pans across a crowd of assembled G-Men and the wall of the fallen, containing pictures of the pilot and co-pilot from the beginning, and over to Black, Wellies and M-0085 on the right and The Chief on the left.

THE CHIEF
I am proud to announce that your
inaugural mission was a complete
success! As a result of this, the
mayor has given me leave to instate
your team as a permanent fixture
here at the AGENCY. In honour of
your service, I now present you all
with the Medal of Honor.
Congratulations!

The Chief pins the Medal of Honor on Black and Wellies' chests and drops it in front of M-0085, who begins chewing on it. The camera cuts to a front view of the trio. Black

(CONTINUED)

looks down at the medal and back forwards, then jumps in the air with a "yeah!", bending his legs back behind him. The shot freezes with him in mid-air as the credits roll.