

"Donut Force Action Squad"

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based on totally-'sweet'  
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INTENDED FOR A HALF-HOUR  
ANIMATED CHILDREN'S TV PILOT

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INT. DONUT FACTORY - LATE NIGHT

--- BEGIN BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK SEQUENCE ---

A massive industrial machine GRINDS and GROWLS, strapped with dozens of conveyor belts.

CLOSER INSPECTION reveals the stamping-out of thousands of 'donut holes' and their journey on the belt system.

Trickling down various chutes while running in-and-out of the machine, they make their way towards the far, darker-end of the room.

Finally, they all gather on one belt in particular which is heading back towards a massive drop-off into a dough-mixing colander.

A shadowed FIGURE, somewhat resembling a twisty-type donut, stands on a catwalk just above the mix. He works frantically to collect the donut holes as they fall from the end of the belt.

FIGURE

Don't worry little ones. I've got you.

Struggling as his hands fill up way too fast, he rapidly stuffs a backpack full of the little dough balls.

SECURITY (O.S.)

Hey! You over there! What are you doing in here?

A large SECURITY GUARD, resembling a large apple fritter-type donut, steps up on a nearby catwalk. He spies the donut-man stuffing the pack and quickly heads towards his position.

The dark figure ducks a little lower and continues stuffing.

The security guard arrives machine-side, but the man is gone.

A loud BUMP from above.

The security guard notices the culprit climbing up a ladder and out onto another catwalk.

SECURITY GUARD

Stop! Hey you, stop! You can't be in here.  
(pausing)  
It's not safe up there! Come down right now!

Not listening, the man continues on across the catwalk.

The guard takes up the ladder after him.

INT. CATWALK

The shadowed figure finally steps into some light. He is a twisted donut with a sinister pointy-beard and tiny eyes. He looks very-old, very-wise, and very-Asian...for a donut.

Reaching the center of the catwalk, he hears a loud BANG!

The catwalk gives way, nearly tossing the old man off the edge. He grabs the rails with all his might.

A small tear in his pack allows a couple of the dough balls to roll free and on down the catwalk, then disappear as they roll off the edge.

Plummeting straight into a massive vat of boiling oil, they release a loud HISS!

The catwalk dips again, bouncing the man.

Falling back, his pack breaks free and slides down the catwalk towards the edge.

It snags a piece of jagged metal and dangles from the edge, just above the boiling liquid.

The security guard arrives. He is scared stiff and hugs the railing with his eyes closed.

SECURITY

C'mon, buddy! We...need to...get  
outta here. This whole place could  
come down.

The wise-man lets go and spins to slide head first down the steel towards his pack.

Just as he reaches the end, the pack breaks free and falls.

IN SLOW MOTION the man grabs the end of the scaffolding with one hand and reaches for the bag with his other.

His finger tips graze the bag, but it's not enough.

The bag slips his grip and heads to the abyss below.

INT. DONUT FACTORY

FROM BELOW, we see the bag fall right into a huge, boiling pot. It is marked with an overly-obvious label: 'COOKING OIL'.

When the bag hits, a massive HISS rings out along with what appears to be dozens of little individual SCREAMS.

IN THE BACKGROUND, the wise man is seen pulling himself up onto the catwalk, then looking back with sad eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. COOKING OIL OUTLET

A conveyer belt moves along slowly as it delivers various goods from within the boiling oil pot.

The man arrives just in time to see the tiny, round 'children' emerge a crispy golden brown. Only thirteen have survived...and barely.

He tenderly scoops them up into his arms.

FIGURE

I will fix this. To you I vow  
this...my 'children'.

--- END BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK SEQUENCE ---

FADE TO:

EXT. TAIWAN CAPISTRANO CITY - DAY

WIDE SHOT of the entire city-scape: tall buildings and landmarks with a slight resemblance to New York City. The architecture does have one distinguishable difference, a donut/bakery theme.

Off to one side, the famous 'STATUE OF BAKERY'. A mock of the 'Statue of Liberty' only resembling more of a 'Mrs. Butterworth'-style character.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(deep-voice / confident)

Taiwan Capistrano. Some call it  
paradise. Some their own personal  
Utopia. A plethora of happiness  
and glee...if you will.

Interrupting, a LOUD FEMALE SCREAM and SHATTERING GLASS rings out.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Uhm...as I was saying...a safe haven...uhhh...for families of the world...to raise their young ones in peace and harmo...

Another interruption, this time a LOUD MALE SCREAM and a LARGE EXPLOSION.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Okay.  
 (pause)  
 You know what? Forget it...it's not really all that beautiful at times and not really all that safe either. Heck, lately it's been downright 'dog-nasty'.

CUT TO a small, chocolate-eclair-dog squatting behind a box in an alley looking to do his business in private.

MUTT  
 (dog voice)  
 Huh?

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Hey! Not what I meant. Focus, will you?

CUT TO:

EXT. TAIWAN CAPISTRANO - CITY HALL

Hundreds of citizens run about in chaos. Arms flailing, people trampling each other, and some just roll right by...yes, rolling. All of the citizens of Taiwan Capistrano are various types of donuts and bakery goods.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 I know what you're thinking. Well, maybe not...anyway, this 'is' the true Taiwan Capistrano.  
 (pause)  
 Fear! Danger! Spookiness-ness!  
 And, yes...full of glaze!

A PASSING CITIZEN, resembling a plain-cake donut, stops and presses his face up against the SCREEN.

PASSING CITIZEN

Oh, no! Not glaze!

NARRATOR

Yes! That's right! I said...  
(slight pause)  
GLAZE!!!

The passing citizen runs off SCREAMING.

A MONSTROUS ROAR tears through the crowd. Everyone freezes in their tracks.

One MAPLE BAR stands alone on the massive staircase leading to the doors of city hall.

A dark shadow falls over him as he looks up in fear. He begins to tremble uncontrollably.

ZOOMING OUT, he is over-towered by a huge T-Rex dinosaur with massive teeth. Totally out of place, he is not donut-based at all...he is a real T-Rex! Very out-of-place.

BYSTANDER #1 (V.O.)

Oh my, gosh! It's Chomp-  
Chompzilla!  
(pause)  
Ruuuuuuuuuun!

The citizens return to running around in utter-chaos.

MAPLE BAR

(under his breath)  
Chomp...Chomp...Zil...ahhhhhhhh!

Chomp-Chompzilla leans down and swallows the bar with one large GULP!

Tapping his chest with his tiny little arms, Chompzilla lets out a loud BURP.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A year ago, this would have been a really, really serious problem... but that was before 'they' arrived.

Chompzilla snatches up another citizen as he runs by.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Uhm...before 'THEY' arrived.

Chompzilla eats another, this time a jelly filled that leaves him with a nice, bright-red lipstick job.

Chompzilla LOOKS AT US and puckers up. He bats his eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
THEY!...THEY!...THEY!...Yo, that's  
your cue!

BOOM! A huge brick wall explodes out into the street,  
leveling half the citizens in it's path.

THROUGH THE SMOKE, we see the silhouettes of four. All are  
donuts. All are superheroes.

The smoke clears and is overlaid with the TITLECARD: 'DONUT  
FORCE ACTION SQUAD'.

--- BEGIN QUICK-CUT INTRODUCTION SEQUENCE W/ TITLECARDS ---

Each character, one-by-one, leaps into the air and becomes  
stationary as the background streaks behind them. Very  
Japanese anime-style.

Their leader, the 'DONUT OF TRUTH', is very muscular and  
overly confident as he puffs his chest up. Basically, the  
'Superman' of Taiwan Capistrano.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
The 'Donut of Truth'. Team leader  
and superhero extraordinaire. He is  
the backbone to this precision  
team. Harnessing the strength of a  
hundred-and-one donuts...but,  
barely the brains of one...okay,  
maybe one-and-a-half.

His sidekick, 'GLAZE', is a typical glazed donut who doesn't  
much look the part of a 'super'-hero. He wears tights and a  
vest that is stitched with a large 'G'.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Next, his trusty sidekick, 'Glaze'.  
He may not look like much, but he  
is the donut you want by your side  
in times of need. Count on him to  
get the job done.

The colorful one of the crew, 'SPRINKLES'. She is a  
chocolate covered donut laced with rainbow sprinkles.  
Wearing only a basic eye-mask to help hide her true i-donut-  
y.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Great looks and sass to go  
with...'Sprinkles'.  
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This sultry vixen keeps the team in check and egos at bay...even if it means tossing around a few razor-sprinkles to do the deed.

With a flick of her wrist, the screen is SHATTERED by her daggers of colorful sugar.

'POWDER', the messiest of the crew. Everywhere he goes is a trail of white powdered sugar.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

'Powder'. Sure, often sloppy and leaves trails of powdery-mess...he still is the right guy for the right job. When we find out what that is...you'll be the first to know. Okay, maybe second...he will most likely be the first to know.

The BACKGROUND still blurs by, but no characters are ON SCREEN.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And finally...uhm...finally...every time. Why do these guys find it so difficult to be here every time I do my introductions. Oh, well...we'll just save them for another time I guess.

-- END QUICK-CUT INTRODUCTION SEQUENCE --

Back to the team standing in the brick rubble, the largest of the group sports a cape that WAVES WILDLY in the wind.

DONUT OF TRUTH

(looking to his left)

Do you mind?

Being that there is no real wind, a ECLAIR-GARDENER stands just off to the side using his leaf blower to flow the cape.

ECLAIR-GARDENER

('sorry' in Spanish)

Lo-siento...

The Donut of Truth LAUNCHES from the group in a powerful forward flight. The background blurs with 'awesome-ness'.

Barreling right towards Chompzilla, he extends his 'awesome-powerful' fist.

Chompzilla turns to flee, but is too late.

KA-POW! The Donut of Truth slams into Chompzilla creating a spiral of COLOR AND STARS.

BACK TO NORMAL, our hero stands atop the large beast who is in a pile and out cold.

CLOSER inspection shows a TRAPPED CITIZEN with his leg stuck in Chomp's mouth. Even knocked out, this creature is vicious.

The little donut guy yanks too hard and his leg pops off. Chompzilla sucks it up like a strand of spaghetti.

CITIZEN

Aww, man! Not again...

The donut man props himself up and rolls OFF SCREEN with the sound of a SQUEAKY-WHEEL.

All of the citizens who did not get eaten CHEER!

Back at the brick wall, the other three heroes still stand in position. They never even had a chance to even react. Sprinkles is filing her donut-fingernails.

Two more smaller donuts arrive at DOT's side. They are the super-duo known only as 'THE DUDES'. Separate, they go by DUDE #1 and DUDE #2.

DUDE #1

Dude! Put us in because-

DUDE #2

(finishing #1's sentence)

...we're ready to kick some booty!

Everyone stops to just look at the two surfer-type party dudes. They're obviously young and have a lot to learn.

GLAZE

Guys...seriously?

DUDE #2

(smelling his own armpit)

What? Do I smell?

SPRINKLES

You guys should know the drill by now.

DUDE #1

We did it again, huh?

GLAZE

Yep.

DUDE #1

Man, I can't believe-

DUDE #2

(finishing)

...how we always miss the good stuff.

DONUT OF TRUTH

Fret none, my brothers in justice. 'Better late than never' is my motto.

SPRINKLES

I thought your motto was, 'Truth, Justice, and the Donut Way'?

DONUT OF TRUTH

Oh...yeah...uhm, that was last week's motto. Yeah...

The DOT looks around to avoid the uncomfortable situation.

SPRINKLES

(mocking under her breath)

Let's move out team...

DONUT OF TRUTH

(to everyone)

Oh, yeah...Let's move out team!

CUT TO:

EXT. DONUT FORCE ACTION SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Resembling the 'Hall of Justice' from an old Superfriends episode, this place has all the trimmings of donut-based decor.

NARRATOR

Home to our heroes. The Donut Force Action Squad's main headquarters. The base station for all that is good...all that is justice...and all that is right.  
(pause)  
As night falls...

The scene stays in daylight.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
 (coughing for attention)  
 As 'night falls'...uhm,  
 Marty...that's your cue.

The bright day sun INSTANTLY falls to night and with a TING!  
 A full-moon then snaps into place.

MARTY (O.S.)  
 Sorry, boss.

NARRATOR  
 Thank you. As I was saying...as  
 night falls a meeting has been  
 called in question of a missing  
 hero.

INT. DONUT FORCE ACTION SQUAD HEADQUARTERS

Everyone sits at the 'round-table' like King Arthur's  
 knights. The table has a hole in the middle where Sprinkles  
 stands, addressing the crew.

GLAZE  
 I haven't seen him since this  
 morning. He seemed very  
 distracted.

POWDER  
 Yeah...I kind of felt that too.

Powder shuffles in his chair, covering his surroundings in  
 white powder.

SPRINKLES  
 This just isn't like him. He never  
 misses macaroni night.

CLOSER INSPECTION shows everyone with mounding plates of 'mac-  
 and-cheese'.

The two-dudes are off in their own world, grubbing the food  
 down and flashing each other cheese-mustaches.

GLAZE  
 We should go out and look for him.  
 What if he is in danger and needs  
 our help.

SPRINKLES  
 Good point. Everyone spread out  
 across the city and report back in  
 one hour with your findings.

Everyone hops up from the table and jets out the door...except for the two-dudes who are still playing with their food.

DUDE #1  
Check this out.

He takes a bite of the mac and then with a deep breath, proceeds to shoot the tiny shells out his nose like a machine-gun.

DUDE #2  
Dude! That's like totally a super-power! You could use that to foil bad guys and stuff.

DUDE #1  
Sweet! But where do I keep the macaroni?

DUDE #2  
Just put some in your pocket, dude.

DUDE #1  
Nice...

He grabs a mushy handful of the orange goop and stuffs it into his donut-pocket.

DUDE #2  
Yes!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Donut of Truth is perched on a ledge, sitting next to a donut-ized version of a gargoyle statue. He sits in the 'thinking-man' position.

NARRATOR  
Unbeknownst to our other heroes, the D.O.T. merely needed some time to ponder the universe that surrounds him.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
Shhh. Can you please be a little quieter with the narrations. I'm trying to take some time to ponder the universe that surrounds me.

NARRATOR  
 (whispering)  
 Sorry. My bad...

BEHIND the DOT, a shadow comes to life and approaches.

Realizing he has company, the DOT spins around and flies up onto the roof, landing hard-fixed in a defensive position.

Looking around, he sees nothing.

A COUGH from below gains his attention.

GLANCING DOWN, he is confronted by a round little donut hole wearing a martial arts headband and sporting a ninja sword.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Oh...hi, there. Well aren't you  
 the cutest thing.

In a cunning display of accuracy, the donut hole leaps to the sky and BOPS the DOT right on the head giving him a small lump.

DONUT OF TRUTH (CONT'D)  
 Ow. Take it easy little fella.  
 Let's talk it over or something.

This little donut-hole ninja is known as D-HOLE. Behind him, a dozen more look-a-likes appear from the shadows to have his back.

D-HOLE  
 There will be no talking. Only  
 pain and suffering...for you. We  
 are the Baker's Dozen and serve our  
 master...the Bakers Man. He has  
 sent us to destroy you.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Oh, no! Not the Bakers Man!

D-HOLE  
 Yes! The Bakers Man!

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Sorry...oh, wait. I thought you  
 said the Bakers Ham. Sorry...never  
 heard of the Bakers Man...but if  
 you guys get a chance, you should  
 really try some of the Bakers Ham.  
 You can get some over at Willy's on  
 4th and Toaster.

D-HOLE  
 (angered)  
 ENOUGH of your mockery!

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Uhm...okay.

In a WHIRLWIND of fury, the thirteen little ninjas give him a beat-down he had not expected. Darting in-and-out, they deliver blow after blow to our hero.

DONUT OF TRUTH (CONT'D)  
 (to the sky)  
 Yo! A little help here!

NARRATOR  
 Sorry. Not aloud to get involved.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Can't you just...help-a-donut-  
 out...maybe, say something like...  
 (mocking the narrator)  
 'Suddenly, the remaining members of  
 the Donut Force Action Squad  
 appear. They have arrived to even  
 the score'.

NARRATOR  
 Sorry. Union rules. I'm not aloud  
 to change the story just to 'help-a-  
 donut-out'.

The DOT struggles to fight off the horde, but is not fairing too well.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Sometimes I really don't like  
 you...

NARRATOR  
 (interrupting)  
 Suddenly, the remaining members of  
 the Donut Force Action Squad  
 appear. They have arrived to even  
 the score. IT'S PAYBACK TIME!

The ninjas all stop beating the DOT to brace for an attack, but nothing happens.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Huh?

NARRATOR

Just kidding...  
 (snapping back into narration)  
 The horde of ninjas continue to  
 beat our hero to the brink of doom,  
 pinning him to the ledge of a  
 twelve-hundred-story building.

The DOT stands up and disperses all of the ninjas like rag dolls.

DONUT OF TRUTH

Hold up! There are no twelve-  
 hundred-story buildings.

SLIGHT PAUSE of SILENCE as the characters await a response.

NARRATOR

Oh, yeah...well, for your  
 information smarty-pants..there is  
 one...today!

ZOOM OUT to show the DOT on the edge of a building that is so high, there is no bottom in sight.

ZOOM IN to the DOT gripping the edge in fear.

DONUT OF TRUTH

Darn, you! Foiled again!

The DOT is finally backed up to the ledge, badly beaten and very weak.

D-Hole stands strong as his sword glistens in the moonlight. Behind him, the dozen stand ready to finish the job.

NARRATOR

(interrupting)  
 Little did our hero know, but his  
 attackers were more than vicious  
 donut-hole ninjas bent on  
 destruction of all donut-kind...  
 they were also...'family'.

DONUT OF TRUTH

Family?

NARRATOR

Yes...'family'. And each donut  
 hole, stamped from his brother, was  
 cast away to the streets to fend  
 for shelter and food.

D-HOLE

No...no we weren't. Most were re-mixed to become donuts and the rest of us were taken in and raised by a very wise and evil master. We were all taught the ways of the ninja and driven down a path of revenge against all of those who cast us out. We seek retribution for the resentment we feel.

NARRATOR

Whoa...getting a little deep aren't we. Sounds like someone might need a little nappy-wappy...

DONUT OF TRUTH

(catching his breath)

Seriously? I...have a... brother...? That's...way...cool...

D-HOLE

Correction. 'Had' a brother and yes...it would have been 'way cool'. But, your brother has died long ago my friend...I mean, my 'not-friend'...'not-brother'...oh, you know what I mean!

DONUT OF TRUTH

D-Hole...it doesn't have to end like this. We could be one again. The greatest 'dynamic-duo' ever. Like...ever-ever. Like...ever-ever-ever.

(pausing)

Wait, that may be taken...oh, I know. We could be the greatest 'Dynamic-Duo' ever. Oh yeah, much better.

D-HOLE

If we were one...you dufus, you would no longer be the 'Donut of Truth'. You would be the 'Donut-Hole-Filled-Donut-of-Truth'.

(pausing)

Actually, that's kind of catchy.

(pausing)

No, I would still go unnoticed... once again a nobody. Known to no one.

DONUT OF TRUTH

Well, you're really not known by anyone now...

D-HOLE

What?!? What are you saying?

DONUT OF TRUTH

Seriously? You're a ninja, dude. No one is supposed to know you... isn't that the whole idea.

D-HOLE

Stop! Stop twisting everything... you're making my head hurt.

DONUT OF TRUTH

(reaching out)

Please...brother. Take my donut-hand.

D-Hole steps to him, but does not take his hand.

D-HOLE

(mocking the movie '300')

This is how it ends...and how it ends now! This city is ours!

(pause)

THIS...IS...TAI-WAN-CAPISTRANO!

IN SLOW MOTION, He kicks the DOT from the ledge and off into the darkness.

PEERING OVER THE EDGE, we see the DOT's dumbfounded face falling into the nothingness.

DOT'S POV shows a line of donut holes peeking over the edge like a bunch of little 'KILROYS'.

INT. DONUT FORCE ACTION SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The entire crew minus one sits around the round-table. They are all tired from searching and half asleep.

Suddenly the door burst in. It is the DOT, only in bad shape...seriously, he's like almost square or something.

SPRINKLES

Oh my gosh, DT...what...what happened?!?!

Powder runs up to help him.

He collapses onto Powder with a PUFF of powdered-sugar-cloudy-sweetness.

Everyone runs to assist the battered harbinger of justice.

INT. DONUT FORCE ACTION SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - INFIRMARY

The DOT lies in a round hospital-type bed. His body full of tubes.

Maple syrup drips from an IV that traces to his arm.

GLAZE

A brother? Seriously? That's is so cool. Wait a minute...if he is your brother, then what happened to the rest of...

Glaze looks down to the empty center of his own chest.

GLAZE (CONT'D)

You mean...I could have a brother too?

SPRINKLES

Yeah. That also means there could be thousands more of those angry d-hole-things looking to get back at us any moment.

As usual, the two dudes arrive late to the room.

DUDE #1

Hey...what's up fellas. We playin' doctor again or what?

Dude #2 pops up in through hole that is in the middle of the hospital bed. He is basically standing in the center of the DOT.

DUDE #2

Whoa! DT! Dudes...what did we miss?

DUDE #1

Man...you look like poo.

DONUT OF TRUTH

(still weak)

Thanks.

SPRINKLES

Where have you guys been? I've been trying to call you two dweebs all morning.

DUDE #1

We ran into a small issue on the way to library.

SPRINKLES

The library? Seriously? What could you two possibly doing at the library?

DUDE #2

Well, it was kind of like this see...

DUDE #1

So, there we were...hanging out at the Circle-D...while on our way to the library.

--- BEGIN BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK SEQUENCE---

EXT. CIRCLE-D CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

The Two-Dudes are hanging out in front of the store just like Jay & Silent Bob from the movie 'Clerks'. Dude #1 leans back against the glass, while Dude #2 dances it up like a total SPAZZ to the old school track, 'Funky Town' by Lips Inc.

Suddenly, SIRENS and WARNING LIGHTS go off.

The two are over-shadowed by something huge as they cower together in fear.

--- END BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK SEQUENCE---

SPRINKLES

Sorry, boys. Looks like you'll have to save that for another time...it's CRIME-FIGHTING TIME!

Everyone stands in a wash of red light as the headquarters is engulfed in warning SIRENS and flashing warning beacons.

Glaze now stands at a nearby computer console.

GLAZE

Fufa Park! It's under attack!

NARRATOR  
 (interrupting)  
 Don't look at me...I didn't name it  
 that...

The DOT hops from his bed and tears away his wires and tubes.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Everyone to the dynamic Don-O-Jet!  
 Now!

SPRINKLES  
 Uhm...DT..you might want to put on  
 your suit first.

The DOT stands tall, with his donut-butt-cheeks sticking out  
 he back of his hospital gown.

POWDER  
 Nasty...

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Oh...yeah...uhm...Right!

SPIN TO:

EXT. FUFA PARK - DAY

SCREAMS and EXPLOSIONS ring out as citizens run about in a  
 wild frenzy.

The Don-O-Jet flies in and stops to hover about fifty feet  
 above the park's main fountain. It is a massive aerospace  
 creation resembling a shiny, steel donut-plane.

A large bay door on the bottom opens and out flies the team:  
 DOT, Sprinkles, Glaze, and Powder.

BOOM! They slam to the concrete below, all ready for combat.  
 Oddly, Sprinkles faces away from the fountain as everyone  
 else is towards it.

SPRINKLES  
 Look! Over there!

Everyone but Sprinkles turns completely around in a  
 choreographed unison. Obviously this is not the first time  
 they have been 'ready for action'...in the wrong direction.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 (sprinkles)  
 Sorry...still need to work on that  
 one.

A massive EXPLOSION rings out, rocking the crew. It nearly sweeps them off their feet as the ground below them jumps.

Once settled, EVERYONE appears ghostly as they have all been covered with powdered sugar from Powder.

DONUT OF TRUTH (CONT'D)  
Dude...seriously?

SPRINKLES  
I thought we talked about this.

Powder stands just off to the side, totally trying to appear non-obvious.

POWDER  
What?

BOOM! Another explosion followed by a massive rush of air blasts our crew completely clean again.

Everyone looks themselves over and are actually pleased with the results...well, except for one. Powder was also blown clean and now looks like a plain, cake donut. He quickly crosses his legs and arms as if naked and inches OFF SCREEN.

POWDER (CONT'D)  
Eew! Could have went a lifetime without seeing that one.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
(interrupting)  
Holly powder-less donut that has burned my retinas! It can't be!

He points up ahead in an almost 'olympian'-type pose.

GLAZE  
I...I thought...he was dead.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
Ah, yeah...me too. I only through him into a 'totally-infininitely-deep-abyss where he was to be forever doomed to spend an eternity paying for his sins against donut-kind'.

NARRATOR  
(COUGHING / interrupting)  
Hey! Lets leave the overly exaggerated commentary to the professionals, will ya.  
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I'll be the one who tells of the tales of bad guys being cast to abyss' and the likes...thank you.

DONUT OF TRUTH

(looking around)

Uhm...sometimes that voice can be kind of creepy...

Powder steps back INTO FRAME and is fully covered with powder sugar, once again ready for action.

POWDER

(to the sky)

No doubt. That omnious voice-guy that guides our destiny and spreads the tales of our triumphs can be kind of weird at times.

NARRATOR

Excuse me. I think it's time you focus on the task at hand little round donut-guy...or else.

POWDER

(puffing up his chest)

Or else...what? We're the heroes. You just stick to the commentary tales of our awesomeness.

ZAP! A huge bolt of lighting blasts Powder, knocking his white coating completely off again. He crosses his legs and arms and quickly inches OFF SCREEN again.

POWDER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sorry.

NARRATOR

Don't mention it.

SPRINKLES

Oh...no...

NARRATOR

(snapping back into mode)

Suddenly our crew is faced once again with a peril from their past. Something so massive...so awesome...so exaggerated that ever citizen in site is instantly vaporized with fear.

All of the scattering citizens suddenly stop in their tracks.

ALL CITIZENS  
 (panic-stricken)  
 WHAT?!?!

POOF! The park is filled with tiny vaporized piles of donut dust as every citizen is reduced to rumble.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Ow...that had to hurt.

SPRINKLES  
 (to Powder O.S.)  
 C'mon! Stop playin' around and get  
 in formation.

Powder flies in and lands 'ready'. His eyes slightly roll up in fear of another bolt strike.

SPRINKLES (CONT'D)  
 Ready, team?

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 I'm ready! Lets do this!

Sprinkles rolls her eyes at the macho goombah.

A massive shadow falls over our team and they all release a huge GULP!

SPINNING AROUND, we see a massive twenty-foot tall, BEAR CLAW donut with fangs like pearl-razors. He is slightly fuzzy and nothing but nasty.

NARRATOR  
 After a long hiatus, he has  
 returned. The creature of  
 legend...of nightmare...and tales  
 of grandeur...of sugar-coated candy  
 dreams...of cute little bunnies  
 frolicking in the park...

A couple of small pastry-bunnies frolic by, but are quickly smashed under the creatures huge feet.

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 (to narrator)  
 You seriously need to work on that  
 whole descriptive thing a bit.  
 Getting a little excessive.

NARRATOR

Sorry. Got carried away.

(pause)

Like I was saying...of every child  
in Taiwan Capistrano's nightmares.

SPRINKLES

Sometimes that guy is so annoying.

POWDER

(nervously looking up)

No. No he's not. He's great.  
He's awesome and he's cool too.

SPRINKLES

Suck up.

The creature spies the team and steps forward to confront them.

The team snaps to a 'ready' position.

NARRATOR

The team trembles with fear as  
their own nightmares have come to  
life...now confronted...by 'BEAR-  
CLAW', the most ferocious beast in  
all the land.

A totally staged pyro entrance as Bear Claw does some little  
'Ali'-type boxing moves.

SPRINKLES

Okay. We get the point...and we're  
not trembling with fear so if you  
can please...for now...let's us  
handle this.

Another lighting bolt rings from the sky and barrels right  
for Sprinkles.

With the flick of her wrist, she sends little sprinkle-  
daggers to intercept. They cause the bolt to veer off into  
Powder.

ZAP! Once again his is coating-less. He covers up and moves  
OFF SCREEN.

POWDER

Are you kidding me? I'm starting  
to get real tired of this...

SPRINKLES  
 (towards the sky)  
 This is how you want to play it,  
 huh?

NARRATOR  
 Uhm...no. Sorry. My Bad. Won't  
 happen again. Uhm...it 'was the  
 one armed man'?

SPRINKLES  
 Whatever. Just shut your trap for  
 a minute and let us handle this.  
 Capesche?

The Donut of Truth takes a slight step back as he wants  
 nothing to do with the wraith of Sprinkles.

NARRATOR  
 Sorry...

SPRINKLES  
 Shhh!

NARRATOR  
 Oops...

SPRINKLES  
 Say something one more time. I  
 dare you. Say something just one  
 more time. I'm double-daring you.

Everything goes silent except for one little pastry-cricket  
 down by her feet.

She looks down with fury at the little bug.

Realizing his life may actually be in peril, he instantly  
 goes QUITE.

SPRINKLES (CONT'D)  
 Can we do this now or what?

DONUT OF TRUTH  
 Yes! Let's do this!

She glances to him with frosty eyes.

DONUT OF TRUTH (CONT'D)  
 (under his breath)  
 Sorry...

The two dudes finally arrive.

DUDE #1  
Dudes! Sorry we're late. What  
did...

DUDE #2  
(finishing)  
...we miss?

GLAZE  
Nothing actually. For once, you're  
right on time.

Dude #1 looks over to see the massive Bear Claw beastie.

DUDE #1  
Oh...

Dude #2 is already long gone. He is quickly followed by Dude  
#1.

GLAZE  
Figures.

Suddenly, Bear Claw gets the party started by lunging forward  
at the team. He jumps high into the air.

The team responds with a leap of their own.

A stationary image of everyone in near collision is backed by  
streaks of razor-lines and color.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: 'DONUT FORCE ACTION SQUAD'

CUT TO BLACK:

END.