

PILOT

Little Isidore's atomic conception...

EXT. – BEACH HOUSE – DAY

A bird's eye of a modest beach house. The distant drone of a plane. Camera moves through an open window.

INT. – BEACH HOUSE – DAY

Nylon stockings hang on a makeshift line, a bottle of Jim Beam and a pack of Lucky Strikes on a low table. Behind a paper screen, a silhouetted COUPLE make love. HIS feet, in US Navy slippers, stick out and rhythmically slap the floor. The drone of the plane becomes louder. A blonde bombshell and the words "Aloha May" painted on the side.

EXT. – ALOHA MAY – DAY

The bomb bay doors swing open.

INT. – ALOHA MAY – DAY

The beach house below.

INT. – BEACH HOUSE – DAY

A crescendo of lovemaking. The plane's drone diminishes as it flies away.

MAN'S VOICE

Ay! Ay!! Ay!!!

At the moment of climax, a blinding white flash. The lovers in xray. A single MALE SPERM makes its mighty journey upward. The man rolls off her.

MAN'S VOICE

Ay shall return!

In phosphorescent glow, SHE puts two Luckies in her mouth. She inhales and they self ignite. She hands one to him. He flicks it away and produces a corncob pipe. A faint roar grows louder and the beach house is BLOWN AWAY!...The unfazed lovers smoking in bed.

WOMAN

You sum luvver, McArthursan!