

NARRATOR

It is 2183, farts have been outlawed.  
Beans are a banned substance. Those  
found in violation of this stringent  
law are exiled to... "The Fart Zone".

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A busy military control room, manned by armed forces in black uniforms. A high-pitched beeping begins to emanate from one of the consoles. COMMANDER PENZORB rushes over to the console, the OPERATOR looks confused.

OPERATOR

Sir, I'm detecting a breach in sector  
F9XZ1.

COMMANDER PENZORB

F9XZ1? But that's impossible...

OPERATOR

I've triple checked the readings, sir.

COMMANDER PENZORB

But that's deep in... The Fart Zone...

Commander Penzorb focuses on the console and has a flashback to the great war.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DYSTOPIAN FUTURE TRENCHES - DAY

YOUNG PENZORB and a platoon are firing laser rifles into a cloud of smoke. The return fire ceases, it's eerily quiet.

YOUNG PENZORB

Hm, they must've run out of ammo...

The PLATOON COMMANDER looks wary, he begins to smell the air.

PLATOON COMMANDER

IT'S A GAS ATTACK!

He collapses into a seizure as the soldiers look on, horrified.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Penzorb shakes himself out of it.

COMMANDER PENZORB

Initiate Golden Cork Protocol. NOW!