

The Battle of the Ice Cream Trucks:  
A Tale of Ire and Ice

by

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FADE IN ON:

**INT/EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY**

The sound of children LAUGHING. MUSIC tinkles in the air.

JOSH (18) peeks from the side window. All in white, dressed like a pro - starched everything... complete with a cap. A "Kidz and Conez" logo graces the door.

KIDS scramble for attention outside. Josh holds up an ice cone, extra high.

JOSH

Who ordered the Chocolate Swirl?

CHILDREN

Me, me, me!

Josh hands the cone to a LITTLE GIRL. The girl smiles and chomps down. The friends around her frown.

CHILDREN

Awwwwww.

JOSH

Don't worry. There's more where that came from!

He rummages in the freezer, bending down.

JOSH

One Oreo Crumble. But - where's that Rainbow Rocket? I saw one in here. Somewhere.

Josh's cap slips forward, covers his eyes. Icy steam blasts his face. The Crumble slip-slides in his grip.

And - something else BLASTS outside.

HEAVY METAL PUNK MUSIC. Hiding the "slightest" tinkle of a bell. Josh stands up quick, bumps his head. Kids GIGGLE at his "Three Stooges" routine.

JOSH

Ow!

Josh looks out the window, in time to see...

A NEW ICE CREAM TRUCK slide into a spot across the road. This van has its share of dents. A "Cool N' Tastee" logo on the side. A "Disturbed" bumper sticker in back.

At the wheel: RICK (18) rocks to tunes. He throws the van into park and HONKS the horn.

Several kids run over. Rick cranks open his window. Music vibrates the side door of the van. His disheveled head BOPS to tunes.

RICK

Hey, little Rockers! Who wants Hot Fudge with Sprinkles?

CHILDREN

Me, me, me!

Josh stares across the street, stunned. His Oreo Crumble tumbles down to the sidewalk, sizzles on hot cement.

Putting on a show, Rick juggles cones and soft serve. Josh leans out his window, outrage in his eye.

JOSH

Hey you!

Rick doesn't respond.

JOSH

Mr. Cool - in the van!

Rick pulls out an earplug, and cocks his head Josh's way.

RICK

You say something?

JOSH

This isn't your block. It's zoned for *Kidz and Me*.

Rick shrugs. Keeps doling out the frozen goods.

JOSH

You hear what I said?

RICK

So? That don't mean nuthin'. You wanna keep your street, grow a set, and compete!

Rick cups his balls over his apron and jeans. The parents and kids fortunately don't see.

But Josh does. And really steams.

Josh whips together a sundae - drizzles it with caramel and cream. Then waves the concoction towards young customers.

JOSH

Half off. The first's on me!

Children run Josh's way. Rick snarls at his rival, and slaps together a FOUR LAYER CONE - smothered in fudge.

The kids run back. The "Dessert Hunger Games" begin.

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

An endless parade of children come and go.

Competition between the teens escalates, each dessert splashier than the one before. *Whip Cream Towers. Cookie Dough Delight.*

Kids and PARENTS dash back and forth, lured by each flavor, and tempting sight .

Eventually, the sun sets. The customers fade away.

But Rick and Josh stay parked where they are - neither willing to concede and leave.

**END MONTAGE**

Josh YAWNS and dials a number on his phone.

JOSH

Mom? Don't worry, but I'm not coming home tonight. Something came up at work. Um, yeah. Love n' kisses to you, too.

He hangs up and plugs his iPod into the dash. CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG songs fill the air.

Rick looks up. Arches one eyebrow and smirks.

RICK

You listen to shit like that?

JOSH

Don't be hatin'. It's Dick Van Dyke!

RICK

Yeah, and it's after hours. Time to get real - the little squirts are all gone.

Rick whips out a JOINT, and puffs. He blows a smoke ring Josh's way.

Josh recoils and stares straight ahead. Shivers and hugs himself with skinny arms.

JOSH

(mutters)

Safe place. Safe place. Keep it together,  
Josh. Guys like him don't commit. Hang in  
one more day, and he'll be gone.

Josh's eyes flutter. The second hand marijuana takes effect. Soon, he's fast asleep.

Evil glows on Rick's grinning face.

**LATER**

Josh snores in the driver's seat.

Rick sneaks across the street with a DUFFLE BAG;  
invisible under the dark-chocolate cloak of night.

He jimmys open the back of Josh's truck. Loads unseen gear inside.

RICK

(chuckles)

Chitty Chitty Bang Bang? Wait'll the PTA  
gets a load of THIS! They're gonna shit  
Fudge Ripple bricks!

Rick tiptoes back to his truck, climbs behind the wheel.

He pulls a whiskey bottle from the glove box, and pours himself a stiff - and well-earned - drink.

**LATER**

Josh JUMPS, suddenly awake.

He glances towards Rick. The "bad boy" is out cold; his whiskey bottle cradled like an infant in his arms.

Josh's stomach RUMBLES. He grabs a Spiderman Lunch Pail off the floor, and opens it up, revealing:

Boiled POTATOES and BROCCOLI in Tupperware.

JOSH

Aw, Mom. Not again!

He sneaks a peek at Rick's van.

JOSH  
 I couldn't.  
                   (sudden grin)  
 Yes, I can.

**INT/EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY**

TINKLY TUNES compete for your ears. CHILDREN clamor for ice cream in the street.

But the Battle of the Bands, this is not.

In his truck, Josh straightens his white cap. Plasters a classy smile on his face.

JOSH  
 Okay, kids! Who wants to be first?

Back to the opposite van wall, Josh stands over the freezer. Slides open the side door.

Children and Parents GASP. One WOMAN screams.

WOMAN  
 Oh my God!

JOSH  
                   (grins)  
 Amazing, isn't it? We've got everything  
 your kids could want!

A LITTLE GIRL points past Josh.

LITTLE GIRL  
 Daddy, what us that?

Her FATHER rushes forward, scoops her up. Hides her face.

FATHER  
 Nothing, Darling. Don't even look.

He pin Josh with a death glare.

FATHER  
 I'm calling the police. They're gonna tow  
 your ass away!

Confused, Josh swings around, and sees:

A WALL OF BONDAGE EQUIPMENT. Rick's hung up enough to cover one whole side.

JOSH  
 (stammers)  
 I don't know how this got here...

Josh darts over, and tears gear down. A HUGE PURPLE DILDO wobbles in his hand.

Rick SNICKERS and RINGS his bell. Parents grab their kids and race his way.

Oh-so casual, Rick poses over his freezer like a literally "cool" James Dean.

RICK  
 Forget that loser, come to Rick's.  
 Justice, and dessert is served!

Rick whips open his freezer to find...

All of his Ice Cream replaced with boiled potatoes and broccoli. Rick picks up a green triple cone.

His young customers GROAN in horror.

CHILDREN  
 Yuck!

Fury explodes on Rick's unshaven face. He jumps from his van. Josh does the same.

And grabs a paddle from Rick's bondage gear.

The two meet dead center in the road. Reminiscent of the Wild, Wild West. Anger and blood lust in their eyes.

RICK  
 I can't believe you did that.

JOSH  
 Broccoli's nutritious. Don't you wanna do right by the kids?

RICK  
 What's the right thing to you?  
 (points at the paddle)  
 Giving them a good spanking?

JOSH  
 Admit it, this stuff's all yours. And you carry everywhere - in your car?!? You're bringing down the neighborhood, punk. Get outta my territory, or -

RICK

Or what?

JOSH

I'll, um, make you leave!

RICK

(hisses)

YOU get out. Or I'm gonna shove a  
popsickle stick up your a-

Parents GASP and cover their children's shell-like ears.

Then... a NEW TINKLING sound fills the air.

Everyone swivels around to see...

A pristine VAN with polka dots pulls up across the  
street. The side reads: "Dotties Dippin' Dots".

Gorgeous redhead DOTTIE (18) perched at the wheel.

She leans out the window, calls with an angel's voice:

DOTTIE

Who wants to taste something new?

Kids and parents rush in her direction. Rick and Josh are  
left to steam - alone.

Dottie doles out treats by the handful. And gathers cash  
Quite a lot.

Then turns to the boys, and winks.

DOTTIE

I hope you don't mind the intrusion,  
boys. Word on the street is, this is a  
busy spot. Figured you could use company!

Both teens drool. Rick grabs Josh by the collar.

RICK

Screw the ice cream. I want Dot.

JOSH

"Screw"? That's disgusting! Go have fun  
somewhere else, Broccoli Boy. I'll keep  
your toys, if you don't mind.

The two lock eyes. Ready and eager to battle it out for  
the new prize.

FINAL FADE OUT: