

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Except for the normal woodland sounds, all's quiet.

Camp fire light flickers across the front of a mosquito netted tent

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The campfire flickers shadows across the tent face. The other sides are dark.

A COYOTE HOWLS and human silhouette, SAMANTHA, bolts upright. The COYOTE HOWLS again and she shakes JAKE, boy friend.

SAMANTHA
Jake! Jake wake up, what was that?

Dead tired, Jake just wants to sleep.

JAKE
Sam.

An OWL HOOTS.

SAMANTHA
And that?

JAKE
Sam, that's just an owl.

SAMANTHA
No not that, listen!

Grumbling, Jake's shape gets up and listens.

Crickets chirp, mosquitoes whine, and leaves rustle breeze.

JAKE
Sam. That's just bugs. The leaves.

SAMANTHA
No, something's out there! Wolves maybe!

She drops with a squeak, covering up.

JAKE

Sam. Please. There are no wolves here--

SAMANTHA

Well, bears then! A mosquito net can't stop them!

JAKE

Samantha, listen. We're perfectly safe. Any animal with a brain big enough to want in, is scared of fire and that's why-- Sam, what are you doing!?

SAMANTHA

(little girl voice)
Hiding.

JAKE

In your bag?

SAMANTHA

I felt something.

JAKE

Sam!

SAMANTHA

Will you look?

JAKE

Sam--

SAMANTHA

Please.

After several beats of nothing but CRICKET and MOSQUITOS Jake grumps.

JAKE

All right. All right, fine. Fine.

Jake searches.

Lifting a flashlight he accidentally blinds himself.

EXT. TENT - NIGHT

Jake fumbles for the zipper.

JAKE

I'm telling you, Sam.

He pokes his head out, blinking vision clear.

JAKE

You gotta get a grip--

He stops.

Several LAB COATED HUMANS with CHEESY MOSQUITO HEADS HUM/ARGUE.

Jake stares.

An ANGRY HUM approaches.

Jake's jaw drops.

A MOSQUITO GENERAL wearing a silver George Patton helmet approaches. A LIUTENANT MOSQUITO follows.

The General jabs two arms and quirts at the tent, humming he wants to know the reason for the invasion is delayed.

A SCIENTIST MOSQUITO hums answer, gesturing at a chalkboard with a WILE E. COYOTE type plans.

The General looks at the other scientists.

Their snouts all jiggle confirmation.

The General grumps a hum and spins angrily.

Jake stares as basketball size eyes lower to examine.

The General doesn't notice Jake though, prodding the net with synchronized quirts.

The scientists wait.

The Lieutenant stands at attention.

Finally the General stands, and spinning, HUM/BARKS an order.

The Lieutenant snaps of a crisp double salute and hums "SIR, YES SIR!" and leaves.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Well?

Jake shines his light after the Lieutenant.

SAMANTHA

I said well, Jake.

Mosquito soldiers lay around like an army waiting for orders to invade.

JAKE

Huh?

Some play cards and smoke.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Is it bears?

Some write home and read letters.

A soldier cleans its mouth tube with a gun cleaning rod.

Jake glances back inside. He knows he can't tell the truth.

JAKE

No. No bears.

He pulls back inside.

JAKE

Now go to sleep.

The light snaps off.

The End

FADE OUT.