

The Assignment
Alex Whitmer

FADE IN

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Deserted.

Birds chirp. Twigs snap.

From under the brush comes ROBERT, late teens, with a small jar. He scans the forest floor.

He bends down, moves a few leaves, sees ...

... a BEETLE.

He turns, yells ...

ROBERT

Hey guys! Over here!

From under the brush MIKE, early 20s, and SAM, early 20s burst on the scene.

MIKE

What ya got?

ROBERT

One of them pinchy things.

SAM

Beetle. It's called a beetle. Read the list, man.

ROBERT

Ok, Poindexter dude. Beetle.

MIKE

Pick it up.

ROBERT

I ain't touchin' it.

SAM

Jesus guys. It's just a bug.

He reaches for it, gets pinched.

SAM

Holy shit!

Robert jumps back, grabs a big stick and beats the spot out of the beetle.

SAM

Man, what are you doing? That's our sample. Been here like, four stupid hours looking for that.

They all look at what remains of the bug.

MIKE

Nice two-dimensional effect!

ROBERT

Mr. Putz didn't say nothing about it being in good condition.

SAM

Kinda self evident, dude. Ain't like you can turn in some trilobite and skate.

ROBERT

Why not?

MIKE

You got a trilobite?

ROBERT

No I aint got a trilobite. I mean, why cant we just sorta, make our own.

MIKE

What?

ROBERT

Look, all I'm sayin' is we can piece these things together. It's not like there's a lot of parts.

(a beat)

Where's the list?

Sam pulls out a piece of paper.

SAM

One red ant, one beetle, one dragon fly, one night crawler, and one daddy long-legs. Not even remotely similar to each other.

MIKE

Ain't it more work to just collect what we're supposed to?

ROBERT

Just -- scoop up a load a dirt and let's see what we get.

CUT TO

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dark except for a few lights hung over a table where the three sift through the dirt.

With a pair of tweezers, Sam extracts a worm from the dirt.

Robert flips through an insect book, finds a picture of a dragon fly.

ROBERT

Good. Now cut it in half.

SAM

I ain't cutting it.

MIKE

Don't look at me. Against my religion. I swear!

ROBERT

Jesus. I ain't gonna squirt or nothing.

He dashes up the stairs, returns with a cleaver.

MIKE

Isn't that just a little overkill?

ROBERT

Hey, this way your hands will
never have to touch it.

The cleaver comes down. Wham. Robert picks up the half
worm with tweezers.

ROBERT

Got our worm, and ...

He shows the picture of the dragonfly.

ROBERT

... our abdominal segment for the
dragonfly.

MIKE

They have wings. Hence dragon --
fly!

ROBERT

Where are those house flies at?

Sam hands Robert a small Dixie cup of flies.

SAM

Here. Courtesy of the screen
window.

Robert pours them out, then pulls off the wings with
tweezers. Then, like a practiced surgeon, Robert pulls a
magnifying glass down over his eye, and ...

ROBERT

Gorilla glue!

Mike hands Robert the glue, and Robert proceeds to glue
fly wings to the worm body.

MONTAGE

The three guys work fast and furious to assemble five
samples and mount them.

END MONTAGE

Robert holds up the finished product; a board covered in fabric with five samples pinned down and labeled. Clean and professional.

ROBERT

Who's the man!

MIKE

That would be you.

CUT TO

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Robert, Mike, and Sam stride toward the school.

SAM

Really think this is going to work?

ROBERT

Relax. Got it handled. All we got to do is explain where we found em'. Students are going to be like ten feet away.

As they enter the building ...

MIKE

Can we go over the speech one more time?

TIME JUMP

The guys exit the school with mixed emotions. KYLE approaches.

KYLE

What's up? How'd bug day go?

MIKE

Well, we got an A for discovering five new species.

SAM

And a capital F for overall comprehension of objectives.

ROBERT

We didn't know.

SUPER: NO REAL BUGS WERE KILLED IN THE MAKING OF THIS
FILM'