

MOOSELIGHT SERENADE

Original story and screenplay

by Ronald V. Micci

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MOOSELIGHT SERENADE

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NORTHEAST - MORNING

July. Plenty of heat. And two teenage brothers on the move hefting backpacks -- PETE and JARVIS HEFFERNAN -- en route to summer school.

Past grassy lawns. Under leafy trees.

Jarvis has a laptop computer tucked under his arm.

TRUMPET FANFARE: WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE

JARVIS (V.O.)

It all began, not so innocently, with this teacher,
who was a real hottie.

A hot car zooms up beside them. A Corvette. With damaged pop-up lights and SALSA MUSIC BLARING from the radio. The driver is an awesomely built, voluptuous woman in her 30s -- MISS RODRIGUEZ. This year's designated summer school proctor.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Hiya, babies.

She nails it and the Vette SCREECHES out of sight.

JARVIS (V.O.)

A computer gone haywire --

The LAPTOP under his arm begins to SHAKE, CRACKLE and shoot off weird SPARKS. He juggles this hot potato, manages to subdue it.

JARVIS (V.O.)

And an older brother who questioned the
feasibility of divine intervention.

He and Pete exchange suspicious looks.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Armageddon. The big bad apocalypse. Or, as
I had come to call it -- the Big Event. Just
your typical end to Western civilization as we
know it.

He throws us an exaggerated smile. They continue on their way.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Not exactly what you might expect on the first day of summer school, but then isn't that what we're all really hoping for -- something larger than life, something that will change the whole equation?

They pass two of their schoolmates, TED WILLIS and PERRY KING, who are lounging decadently in lawn chairs sipping mint juleps.

TED

Hey, look at Jarvis. Hey Jarvis?

He flips him the proverbial bird. Laughs derisively.

JARVIS

I need this?
(a beat)
Hey Punkoid?

He pops him the bird.

JARVIS

And, of course, there were the usual temptations.

A pair of teenage sweeties, LUCY and ANDREA, are clinging to the front stoop, somewhat seductive in their aimlessness.

LUCY

(waving)
Hiya, Jarvis.

She slides her tongue salaciously over her lips.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Anyway, that's what we were hoping for on this torrid July morning -- something that would upset the apple cart, overturn the status quo and deliver us from this terrible fate. And we were about to get it, oh yeah. We were about to get it in spades. One thing you could most assuredly say -- big bad Armageddon was on the way.

His computer acts up again -- SPUTTERS, throws off sparks.

JARVIS

Shit.

He struggles to control it. Turns to Pete.

JARVIS

It's been doing this since yesterday. I don't know what's going on, but it's beginning to freak me.

The computer has fallen silent.

PETE

Let me take a look at it.

He appropriates the computer. Pauses a careful beat. Looks inside. ZAP! SPUTTER! WHAM! The thing's going crazy again, and there's a LARGE, DARK, OMINOUS CLOUD on the screen. He wants no part of it, snaps it shut. Throws a look at Jarvis. Hands it back.

A moment.

JARVIS

So come on, what does it mean?

PETE

Don't look at me.

JARVIS

Computers don't just explode. You saw that dark wave.

PETE

Yeah. And some things maybe it's better we don't know. Come on, let's get going.

They start on their way.

JARVIS

On the other hand, this might be something good. I mean, in a perverse way. Consider this could well be the long-awaited big event. Some sort of cataclysm.

PETE

And that's good?

JARVIS

For screw-ups like us, this could be our big chance. You know, something that levels the playing field.

Pete is skeptical.

JARVIS

You're not buying it?

There is a slight pause.

JARVIS

You'll see.

They've reached the intersection. Across the way is the modern brick edifice known as SOMERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

A familiar white Corvette takes the corner and THUNDERS to a stop directly in front of them, cutting off their path.

Out pops Miss Rodriguez, ample breasts bouncing, briefcase in hand.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Hiya, babies.

She throws them a hot little wink, starts up the walk. Meanwhile, a bunch of other guys gathered on the lawn catch sight of her and go heavy on the CATCALLS.

She gives them provocative winks, working every ample inch of hips and thighs, and she disappears inside the place.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

A burly looking SECURITY COP is stationed at a desk inside the entranceway next to a metal detector. Kids are jostling for position on line to pass through.

SECURITY COP

Hey, no pushing.

Jarvis and Pete appear, eye the proceedings.

The Cop addresses the first guy in line.

SECURITY COP

Dump it out.

He empties his backpack on the table. The Cop quickly goes through it, nods. Waves the kid through. Then hands him the backpack once he has cleared the metal detector.

Jarvis and Pete step forward.

SECURITY COP

All right -- let's go.

As Jarvis deposits the contents of the backpack, he slips a BUCK ROGERS PLASTIC LASER GUN out of it and hides it behind his back.

The Cop sorts through the debris. Waves him through.

SECURITY COP

Okay.

With laser gun hidden, Jarvis clears the metal detector. The Cop hands him his backpack.

SECURITY COP

Next.

Jarvis and Pete high-five it down the hall, as Jarvis stashes the laser gun in the backpack.

INT. THE CLASSROOM

About a dozen disgruntled kids, most of them guys, stream in, bang around, stake out seats. Pete and Jarvis are among them.

PETE

Back there.

They take their seats.

PETE

Hey?

He points. Up front, Miss Rodriguez is fooling with a cheap plastic TRANSISTOR RADIO she has removed from her briefcase. Those breasts are abundantly on display.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

All right, babies, Miss Rodriguez says it's get-down time.

She snaps on the radio and FIERY SALSA MUSIC explodes from it. She gets into it, hips swaying, breasts bobbing, doing a provocative little dance.

Jarvis opens his laptop.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Yeah, things were getting pretty crazy, and suddenly there was an urgent message beaming in on my computer screen.

COMPUTER SCREEN: ATTENTION GUYS! HELP. HURRY. MEET BY THE LAKE. HEAD HONCHO ARMED AND DANGEROUS. COME QUICKLY. MOOSE LAKE. SWEET SIXTEEN AND ACHING TO BE KISSED -- ADDIE AND JADE -- THE GIRLS OF CAMP WACHUMEE

JARVIS (V.O.)

And I was starting to put two and two together. A call for help from a couple of camp cuties somewhere in the wilds.

The laptop RUMBLES. That familiar DARK WAVE appears on the screen. Marches toward the email message, threatening to engulf it.

JARVIS (V.O.)

An ominous dark cloud bearing down on them. It was all making sense, all right. And there was only one thing to do. It was come-to-the-rescue, breakout time, babies.

He seizes his backpack. Roots around inside it. Finds his trusty laser gun.

JARVIS

Yoo-hoo, teach -- question?

Miss Rodriguez lowers the volume on the radio.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Yes, baby?

JARVIS

What did the camshaft say to the out-of-control drive train?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

I don't know.

He takes aim at the overhead fluorescents --

JARVIS

Gimme a -- break!

And FIRES! The laser beam sizzles through the air. Nails those vulnerable overheads -- SMASH! -- and a blinding shower of glass sprays everywhere.

Kids break wildly for the exits.

The light fixtures have begun to rock back and forth, threatening to break loose.

And they do, pulling away from the ceiling, crashing down on the fleeing kids.

An astonished Miss Rodriguez looks on helplessly.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Babies, babies????

But a certain pair of mischievous babies have already beat it out of there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEFFERNAN HOUSE - DAY

Two COPS ring the front doorbell. Pause. The door opens, and GINGER HEFFERNAN, fortyish mother to Jarvis and Pete, greets them.

COP #1

Yeah -- this the Heffernan residence?

GINGER

That's right.

COP #1

Nice place. That the doc's office over there?

Ginger doesn't like the sound of this.

GINGER

What is it you want?

COP #2

Nice guy, the doc. I've heard only good things about him.

(to Cop #2)

You?

COP #2 nods.

COP #1

But, about the two boys, I don't know.

This is rubbing Ginger the wrong way.

GINGER

What is this?

COP #2

They home?

GINGER

No, they haven't come back from school.

COP #1

Speaking of which, you hear what happened? They really broke up the place.

GINGER

What are you talking about?

COP #2

A little glass flying everywhere. Oh, this time they did a real job. Those kids of yours.

(several beats)

So when they get back, we want to hear from you -- real fast. Got it?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - HEFFERNAN HOUSE

Ginger is miffed. Knows the kids have screwed up again. She angrily stomps down the hall to a door marked PRIVATE. BANGS on it.

GINGER

Open up, Fred!

She slips into an adjacent LINEN CLOSET. Peers through a secret PEEPHOLE she's created there that gives her a view of one of the examining rooms.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM

DR. FRED HEFFERNAN, fair-haired, fortyish, prepares to wrap a pressure gauge around MRS. FIGUEROA's arm. His cute office nurse, SUSAN, is standing by.

FRED

What's new, Mrs. Figueroa?

MRS. FIGUEROA

Oh, I'm a wreck, I'm a wreck.

BANG! BANG! On the wall. Susan picks up on the banging.

SUSAN

Freddie?

FRED

It's okay. Hold still, Mrs. Figueroa.

He wraps cuff around her arm, pumps it up.

BANG! BANG!

MRS. FIGUEROA

Someone's banging on the wall.

FRED

I know. Just ignore it.

MRS. FIGUEROA

My sister had that same problem. You know what it turned out to be? Mice.

BANG! BANG!

SUSAN

Heavy-handed little mice.

She and Fred share a sneer.

MRS. FIGUEROA

(to Fred)

So?

FRED

Your blood pressure's a little high. As in, it gets any higher, you'll need radar to track it. Ha-ha-ha!

BANG, BANG, BANG on the wall.

SUSAN

Fred?

FRED

(to Miss Rodriguez)

Don't go anywhere.

He motions Susan to one side.

FRED

(re: Ginger)

Let's give her a treat.

He slides his hand around Susan's derriere, gives it a sweet little pat. She does likewise.

This brings FURIOUS POUNDING from Ginger.

Susan and Fred hold a smile.

BACK TO GINGER

who stomps down the hall, through the living room and out of the house.

EXT. HEFFERNAN HOUSE

A fuming Ginger cuts across the lawn heading for Fred's office headquarters.

INT. WAITING ROOM

A handful of OLD FOGIES are sitting around, thumbing through magazines, adjusting their pacemakers. Ginger comes storming in. Fred emerges from the office and meets her halfway.

FRED

Now, I can explain.

GINGER

I haven't even said anything.

FRED

You'll find something, I know --

GINGER

I should say you found something -- I saw it, I saw what you groped.

Fred smiles, a wicked little smile.

GINGER

But that's only the least of it. The kids screwed up again. I'm really furious. I need something -- what can I throw?

She picks up magazine from table.

FRED

Ginger, please --

GINGER

I am furious, positively furious.

FRED

Take it easy.

GINGER

I need someone to strangle. Oh, you're right here.

FRED

Now, come on. You know what the doctor said --

(aside)

A little joke.

(back to Ginger)

Now you remember what I told you when you hyperventilate -- walk it off, walk it off.

She circles, fuming.

FRED

Couldn't we deal with this problem later?

GINGER

No. I've got witnesses. Our boys screwed up, they royally screwed up. How many times do they have to screw up before you take the bull by the horns?

(a beat)

The police were here. We all know it's not Halloween and they were not collecting for UNICEF. The boys demolished a classroom and they're in trouble, and when they're in trouble --

FRED

I know -- I'm in trouble.

(to patients)

We really should apologize for this -- I know how embarrassing it must be.

Ginger grabs him by the collar.

GINGER

Bottom line -- you are going to have it out with them. And another thing -- that little cutie in there -- hands off, do you read me?

(to patients)

Little nursie has her eye on the doc. She better watch her step. Goodbye, everyone.

She starts to exit, pauses to adjust an old-timer's hearing aid. Throws a sarcastic smile, and stomps out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEWSPAPER STORE - MAIN STREET - DAY

Little green awnings and tabloid display racks decorate the exterior. A familiar Corvette zooms up to the curb and Miss Rodriguez slides out. She turns to us, winks.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Hiya, babies.

Only it isn't us she's winking at, it's two familiar kids in hiding behind some bushes in the park across the street.

A pair of BINOCULARS takes in her arrival.

PETE

You'll never guess who just pulled up.

Jarvis is preoccupied with his laptop, which has begun to SNAP CRACKLE.

JARVIS

Shit.

PETE

You're not gonna believe it.

JARVIS

Damn it!

The laptop is too hot to handle -- he drops it. Pauses a beat. Picks it up. Opens the lid -- it's charred inside.

JARVIS

Great.

He discards it.

PETE

You gotta see this.

JARVIS

We've gotta reach those girls.

PETE

(motions)

Hey?

Jarvis shrugs. Joins his brother in the bushes.

Takes the binoculars. Peers through them in time to catch sight of Miss Rodriguez's provocative rear end as she disappears into the store.

JARVIS

Nice.

INT. NEWSPAPER STORE

Miss Rodriguez's butt protrudes as she leans over the newspaper stacks, making her selection. The COUNTERMAN takes in the glorious view.

She turns, hands him a dollar.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

That's for the paper.

She slaps his face.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

That's for your dirty thoughts.

She slides her tongue salaciously along her lips.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Bye.

She winks, goes out.

EXT. BUSHES

Pete's got the binoculars. Jarvis aims his laser gun.

PETE

Acquire target.

JARVIS

Target acquired.

PETE

Ready one, and fire!

Jarvis fires -- WHIZ! The laser beam sizzles and nails Miss Rodriguez, and she howls, and the boys scamper out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT WINDOW - HEFFERNAN HOUSE - DAY

Binoculars peer through the window taking in the street, as Ginger watches and waits, not about to let the kids sneak past her.

IN THE BUSHES ACROSS THE STREET

another pair of binoculars stares back. Pete pauses behind those lenses to FLASH a "go" signal with a pocket mirror to Jarvis, who is watching the house from another vantage point behind the garage.

Jarvis breaks for the back door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ginger anticipates Jarvis' move and heads for the kitchen.

AT THE BACK WINDOW

Ginger's binoculars can be seen peering out, as Jarvis presses himself against the door.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Pete presses the doorbell.

IN THE KITCHEN

Ginger takes the bait and starts for the front door, as Jarvis slips in the back way and quickly makes his way upstairs to his room.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM

Jarvis hurriedly comes in, closes the door behind him.
The place is a mess, with papers and books scattered on the beds.

He immediately boots up his computer, parks down in front of it.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK at the door.

JARVIS

Yeah?

PETE (O.S.)

Open up.

Jarvis moves to the door, opens it. Pete comes in.

Jarvis returns to the monitor. Punches in an email message.

COMPUTER SCREEN: WACHUMEE. WE READ YOU. WILL COME IMMEDIATELY. NEED YOUR COORDINATES.

He hits the send button.

Then he feverishly keys WACHUMEE into the search engine.

The computer begins to RUMBLE.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

JARVIS

Bingo! -- Camp Wachumee, a coed's delight
on the shores of friendly Moose Lake in the
wilds of Maine.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

JARVIS

Just a minute.
(to Pete)
What do I do?

Pete shrugs. Jarvis thinks for a beat. Moves to the door, opens it.

JARVIS

Hi, Mom.

She enters the room. Circles. Murder in her eyes.

JARVIS

Sorry, the room's a little messy.

GINGER

You screwed up.

JARVIS

Look, I can explain.

GINGER

(to Pete)
And you screwed up.

PETE

(weak smile)
Two of a kind.

JARVIS

Mom, I know you're pissed off. It was an
accident. The thing slipped out of my hand.
Let's put it behind us, please, 'cause we need
your help.

GINGER

You want my help?

JARVIS

Dad can smooth it over. But now, we have really important things to attend to.

GINGER

You do, huh?

(spies computer)

Well, what have we here?

JARVIS

(blocking her view)

What we're trying to say is, we've got to get up to Moose Lake. And get there fast. You gotta lean on Dad, tell him we need a vacation.

GINGER

On what pretext?

JARVIS

It'll give us all a chance to clear the air. Family bonding. We've gotta get to Moose Lake, there are people in danger there. This is our chance to do something good and noble for a change. You want good and noble, right?

GINGER

What I wouldn't give for good and noble.

JARVIS

Then tell Dad -- we're driving up to the lake tomorrow. Some fresh air, some family fun. The earlier, the better. We'll take care of the rest.

Ginger mulls this over.

GINGER

What lake?

JARVIS

Mom, please? Moose Lake.

PETE

(pushing her toward the
door)

In the wonderful wilds of Maine. Thanks,
Mom, we knew we could count on you.

GINGER

Hey?

He pushes her into the hallway, closes the door.

PETE

Phew.

They park down in front of the computer.

ON THE MONITOR

a group of cute Camp Wachumee coeds smiles for the camera.

JARVIS

Wow -- look at that. . .

He turns to Pete.

JARVIS

By the shores of Camp Wachumee --

PETE

By the shining deep sea waters.

JARVIS

Lived a maiden fair and winsome.

PETE

Two.

The computer BEEPS. Jarvis switches seats with Pete, clicks on the email prompt.

COMPUTER SCREEN: MOOSE LAKE -- MAINE, DUMMIES. COME QUICKLY. WE'RE INCREDIBLY CUTE AND FUN TO BE WITH. ADDIE AND JADE. THE GIRLS OF CAMP WACHUMEE

JARVIS

Wachumee, Wachumee!

They slap high fives.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEFFERNAN HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Lights can be seen in an upstairs window.

INT. BATHROOM

Fred is busy at work brushing his teeth.

KNOCK, KNOCK at the door.

He rinses, spits out. The door pushes open. Jarvis is standing there.

JARVIS

Let's get an early start, okay?

Fred shuts the door on him. It opens again.

JARVIS

You know, the earlier we get started, the more fun we'll have.

Again that door is pushed shut, but not for long. Jarvis appears again, smiles one of those self-satisfied smiles.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

A calculating Jarvis pads down the hall to the bedroom and finds Pete standing in the doorway. Jarvis thinks for a minute, then shushes his pal and quietly tiptoes downstairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Thumbing through the family phone book, he finds what he's looking for and dials out.

JARVIS

(into phone)

This is Dr. Heffernan's answering service. I'll be out of town for a few days, so Dr. Ramarian will be covering for me. Have a nice day.

CLICK -- he sets down the receiver.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Another CLICK can be heard, the click of an eavesdropping FRED as he picks up the phone. He dials out.

FRED

(into phone)

Dr. Heffernan here. Scotch the earlier message. I will have office hours both today and tomorrow. Repeat, no vacation for me.

He smiles and replaces the phone.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

But Jarvis gets the last laugh, with an even bigger smile spreading across his face. He dials out.

JARVIS

(into phone)

This is the doc again. Change of heart. I'm gonna take that long overdue vacation after all. Moose Lake in Maine. Give my regards to Dr. Ramarian -- and good luck for the rest of your life.

INT. BEDROOM

Ginger is sitting in bed dressed in her night clothes reading a book. Fred enters, crawls in beside her.

FRED

Whatcha reading?

She shows him book. A beat.

GINGER

Fred?

FRED

You're not going to change my mind. Don't even start.

Ginger lets it ride a beat.

GINGER

I know how you feel. But it would be sort of nice to get away. And it's been ages since we had a vacation.

FRED

Yes. But you know this is me. Disgustingly, relentlessly dedicated. You know I don't take vacations.

GINGER

True, but --

FRED

They bribed you, didn't they?

GINGER

Oh Fred.

FRED

What did they promise?

She goes back to her book.

FRED

I hate the outdoors. I am not driving hundreds of miles to Maine. I have a patient list as long as your arm. And I'm going to sleep.

He slips down under the covers.

FRED

Besides, I sense an ulterior motive in this.

Ginger decides to try another tack.

GINGER

(sweetly)
Freddie boy?

FRED

I hate fresh air. I hate those kids. I will not be manipulated. I'm going to say it over and over.

GINGER

Freddie????

FRED

No amount of sweet talk will change my mind.

Ginger sets down the book, moves to him. Cuddles him.

FRED

My resolve is like cement.

She slips her hand under his pajamas. His resolve is slipping.

FRED

Wet cement?

GINGER

Freddie?

FRED

Oh God. No. . . I will not under any
circumstances --

(but he's weakening)

No way, absolutely will not succumb to your
blandishments or their devious schemes and
drive you guys to Maine in the morning.

She's on top of him now, kissing and caressing him.

FRED

No, no, no.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOVING MINIVAN - THRUWAY - DAY

The Heffernans and their belongings are jammed into their minivan, which weaves in and out of traffic.

Fred and Ginger are up front, Jarvis and Pete in back. Jarvis is fooling with his slingshot.

FRED

I hate this, I hate this. You took advantage of
me.

GINGER

I did not.

FRED

You should have seen her -- hands all over me. I'm such an innocent, I didn't stand a chance.

(to Jarvis)

I was seduced into this, but you're not gonna get away with it. I know there is an ulterior motive here. Now come on, level -- what's on Moose Lake? You didn't coerce me up here just to take in the scenery.

JARVIS

But Dad?

FRED

I know there's something out there, and I am going to keep my eye on you. Another screw-up and I will personally strangle you.

CHIRP! CHIRP! His portable cell phone is ringing.

FRED

Oh no.

CHIRP! CHIRP!

GINGER

Oh yes. I wonder who it could be.

CHIRP! CHIRP!

GINGER

Aren't you going to answer it?

FRED

No. And you know why.

GINGER

You bet I do.

CHIRP! CHIRP!

FRED

(answers phone)

Hello?

SUSAN'S VOICE

Hello, Freddie?

FRED

Goodbye.

He quickly hangs up.

GINGER

Give me that phone.

FRED

Now, come on.

GINGER

I know who it is. And let her just try it again.
The phone, Fred.

Fred reluctantly hands it over.

FRED

(an appeal to Susan)

Please don't call, please don't call.

CHIRP! CHIRP! CHIRP!

GINGER

(into phone)

Hello, philandering little skunk.

SUSAN'S VOICE

Who is this?

Fred grabs phone.

FRED

It's nobody, we're not here, don't call back.
Goodbye.

He hangs up. CHIRP! CHIRP!

Fred is resigned. Hands the phone to Ginger.

GINGER

(into phone)

Yes?

SUSAN'S VOICE

I want to know who you are.

GINGER

You do, huh? You little --

The phone line BUZZES with STATIC.

SUSAN'S VOICE

Freddie? Freddie???

It goes DEAD.

SUSAN'S VOICE

Hello? Hello? Freddie? Oh Freddie?

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT

Susan slams down the phone in frustration. Grabs her pocketbook. Exits.

EXT. CONDO PARKING LOT

Susan's car spins out of the lot and thunders down the road.

BACK TO SCENE

GINGER

You are in big trouble.

FRED

She said, after I sacrificed myself and toiled up the road through the wilds of Maine very much against my better judgment. Come on, haven't I made a sacrifice?

JARVIS

Dad?

FRED

No.

JARVIS

Quick.

The glint of sunlight off the water can be seen through the trees. It's out there all right -- Moose Lake.

JARVIS

Pull over.

FRED

No.

JARVIS

Come on, hurry up!

(elbows Pete)

That's it -- that's Moose Lake.

EXT. THRUWAY

The minivan works its way through the flow of traffic into the right lane and pulls off on the shoulder of the road.

IN THE MINIVAN

Jarvis already has his hand on the door handle and pushes it open.

AT THE GUARDRAIL

the boys hop over and scurry down the embankment.

EXT. SHORELINE - MOOSE LAKE

The kids come scrambling down the hill and emerge by the lake. And what a lake it is -- wide and still and pristine, with tall majestic trees on all sides.

JARVIS

Wow.

Pete grabs a fistful of stones and flings them into the water, sending little ripples across the lake.

PETE

Awesome.

But Jarvis hasn't lost his sense of the urgency of time.

JARVIS

The map?

Jarvis hunts in his pocket, produces map.

JARVIS

Okay.
(studies map)
This is Camp Wachumee. Where are we?

Pete points on map.

PETE

Here.

JARVIS

We've gotta get all the way across the lake.
We can't do it on foot.

Pete looks around. There's an old rowboat tethered to a dock up the way.

PETE

Hey?

He points. They set out at a run for the dock. Pile into the boat.

JARVIS

Wachumee! Wachumee!

The boat owner, an old-timer named GEORGE PEYSER, appears suddenly out of nowhere.

GEORGE

Hey?

PETE

Oh shit. Hurry up, get the oars.

Jarvis grabs the oars as Pete casts off the line.

They push off, head out onto the lake.

BACK TO FRED AND GINGER

Fred is pacing beside the car.

FRED

How did I let them out of my sight?

Checks his watch.

FRED

Come on.

They hop the guardrail and head down the embankment.

As they emerge again beside the lake, they catch sight of Pete and Jarvis.

FRED

There they go. Come on.

They're off at a run for the landing, where they confront the Old Man.

GEORGE

That's my boat.

FRED

You got another boat?

GEORGE

It took me five years to save up for that.

FRED

I'm sorry, okay. But we need another boat -- fast.

GEORGE

I'm gonna trust you?

FRED

I'm a doctor. Look.

He reaches for his wallet. Takes out a wad of cash.

FRED

Here.

George eyes the cash.

FRED

And there's plenty more, just please get us the boat.

George eyes him suspiciously.

FRED

Hurry!

GEORGE

Gimme a minute.

George starts off. Fred turns to Ginger.

FRED

Okay -- where are they headed?

GINGER

Fred --

FRED

No games, tell me.

GINGER

I promised.

FRED

You break it. Are you going to take their side or mine?

GINGER

There's a camp out there -- a girls' camp.

FRED

Oh God.

He goes down on one knee, folds his hands.

FRED

Please, don't let terrible things happen to me.

EXT. BOAT - MOOSE LAKE

The shoreline has begun to recede, and Pete and Jarvis are slowly being enveloped by the surrounding peace and tranquility of the lake.

Pete waves to Fred from the back of the boat.

PETE

Goodbye, Freddie, see you around. Poor Freddie.

(several beats)

And now, we turn our attention to the lake.

He surveys the opposite shore. Smoke drifts up from the trees above Camp Wachumee.

PETE

Up there -- there's something on the hill up there. There's smoke.

(beat)

You know what they say -- where there's smoke, there's fire.

They slap high fives.

JARVIS

Wachumee!

PETE

Wachumee!

BACK TO THE LANDING

Fred paces nervously.

On the lake, a creaky old wooden ROWBOAT powered by a tiny outboard motor COUGHS and WHEEZES its way around the bend and pulls up to the dock.

Fred helps the old-timer out of the boat. He climbs in, extends his hand to Ginger.

FRED

Hurry.

GINGER

Fred, I don't like the looks of this.

FRED

(to old-timer)

This thing seaworthy?

GEORGE

(sadistic grin)

Of course.

GINGER

I just have this sense of disaster.

FRED

I'll give you a hand.

Fred reaches out his hand; she takes it. The boat is shifting uneasily side to side.

FRED

Easy --

As she plants her foot, she throws too much weight on it, and the boat pitches suddenly to one side, tossing her into the drink.

FRED

Great.

He leaps into the water after her.

EXT. BOAT - PETE AND JARVIS

Jarvis catches sight of Fred and Ginger floundering in the water.

JARVIS

Hey?

PETE

Way to go Fred.

He turns his attention to shoreline.

PETE

That's Camp Wachumee -- I'd bet on it. I don't quite get the smoke.

MUSICAL CUE: INDIAN DRUMBEAT AND WAR MUSIC

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the far shoreline and holds on WACHUMEE POLE, a carved totem pole overlooking the main compound of Camp Wachumee.

GRADUALLY TRACK UPWARD and over the mountain, so that we can see dust coming up from a distant valley.

TRUMPET FANFARE: WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE

CLOSE SHOT -- moose stampeding down the mountain. Hundreds and hundreds of them. Mean. Determined. Relentless.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADE GROUND - CAMP WACHUMEE

About 100 Wachumee coeds, the entire camp population, is arrayed in exercise formation under the hot sun, dressed in Wachumee tees and shorts.

DORIS STEVENS, chunky camp director, 40s, barks through a BULLHORN, while her second in command, massive Aryan swim instructor HERMANN WERKBINDER, looks on, giant upper torso poured into tiny swimtrunks.

DORIS

It's the Wachumee exercise hour, babies -- it's get down time!

ADDIE and JADE, a pair of coeds, are in disbelief.

Doris begins to sway her hips provocatively, if such could be said about this rather clunky beast.

DORIS

Get down, get down, rock it around, get down, get down, rock it around. Come on now.

The none too happy campers follow suit.

DORIS

Get down, get down, rock it around, get down, get down, rock it around.

She throws a lustful little look at massive Hermann.

DORIS

(as if mesmerized by her own voice, beginning to wander)

I'm saying get down, get down, rock it around, get down, get down, rock it around.

She continues to wander, oblivious to the fact that the girls have stopped mimicking her and are simply taking this spectacle in.

Doris plays up to Hermann, with more "get down" jive. She realizes she no longer has a following.

DORIS

Something the matter, babies? Come on, you don't want to get down?

ADDIE

If I may speak for the entire camp population, no, we don't want to get down. It's six hundred degrees out here, and what is this girlie girlie stuff?

DORIS

Bad, bad, bad.

ADDIE

You're right -- I've crossed the mighty Doris Stephens. What are we going to do about that, girls?

(she throws a cynical look
at Jade, begins to chant)

Wachumee! Wachumee! Wachumee!

The others chant -- Wachumee! Watchumee! Watchumee!

Addie motions to them, and begins to exit the parade grounds, the others following.

DORIS

Just a minute.

They halt.

DORIS

Exercise hour is not over. I give the orders around here.

(to Addie)

You, are in trouble.

(generally)

Someone among us has been sending out disparaging emails with respect to a certain member of camp management. That person probably didn't think she was being monitored.

(MORE)

DORIS (cont'd)

(glares at Addie)

Ergo, effective immediately, all camp email privileges will be revoked.

ADDIE

You can't suspend our emails.

DORIS

Wrong.

ADDIE

That's our lifeline to the outside world. Come on, give us a break.

DORIS

You should have thought of that before you started sending out your derisive little messages.

ADDIE

What's the matter, you can't take a little ribbing? Get real.

This elicits a dirty look.

ADDIE

Oh, I forgot, you enjoy oppressing people.

DORIS

You watch your mouth. I'm warning you. All right, girls, lunch break. Dismissed.

The girls disband. Addie isn't letting this drop.

ADDIE

We paid to come here. You can't take our privileges away.

DORIS

Rule breakers must pay.

ADDIE

You want to cut us off from the outside world?

DORIS

I want to make it tough to communicate with your white knights.

ADDIE

Look, one of the reasons I reached out was because something is wrong here, there's just this terrible sense of foreboding. I think we're in danger. I don't know why, but I think we are all in danger, and my instincts are usually good.

DORIS

I am so not sympathetic. And there's always the telephone.

ADDIE

Listen -- this morning, in the middle of the camp compound, I saw a moose. When was the last time you saw a moose around here?

DORIS

Uh, yesterday.

ADDIE

Not in the woods -- in the camp compound. Something isn't right. If anything happens to us because you've cut us off from the world, remember who's responsible.

DORIS

Addie -- please. Go and enjoy your lunch.

She turns, moves to Hermann. Hungrily nibbles on the golden hairs that sprout from his massive chest.

ADDIE

Disgusting.

She turns to her friend JADE, an Asian girl.

ADDIE

Now we're really cooked.

(to Jade)

Come on.

She and Jade start off.

ADDIE

Maybe, just maybe, there's still a chance.

They head out in the direction of the recreation hall.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - RECREATION HALL

Half a dozen kiosks with PCs. Addie and Jade enter and make a beeline for the nearest PC.

Park down. Boot up. The monitor flickers to life.

Addie works the keys, tries to access her email, but an ACCESS DENIED sign pops up.

ADDIE

Damn.

The computer begins to RUMBLE. A DARK WAVE appears on the screen and begins a sinister march through cyberspace.

ADDIE

It-t-t's ba-a-a-ck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIRE TOWER - DAY

A forestry observation tower is perched in the treetops above Moose Lake.

INT. TOWER

A couple of rangers, ED BOSTICK and PETE FOWLER, call this station home. But it's sparsely furnished -- a couple of desks, a telephone, a computer.

PETE -- fair, thirtyish -- is surveying the scene through binoculars. ED, the older of the two, is seated at his desk working a crossword puzzle.

ED

Okay, nine letters -- someone who takes the blame. . .

PETE
Eddie?

ED
(shakes his head)
No. . .

PETE
Eddie, come here. . . Eddie?

Pete crosses to his friend.

PETE
Hey, you think I'm calling you for my own
amusement? You gotta look at this.

They cross back to window. Pete hands him the binoculars.

PETE
What does that look like?

Eddie scopes the scene below.

ED
Fire?

PETE
Smoke. But Billy would have called us,
wouldn't he?

He moves to the phone. Dials out.

PETE
(into phone)
Billy? We're seeing smoke down there. What
do you mean it's not a fire? What the hell is
it? . . . What? That can't be. Yeah, we're going
to check it out.

He hangs up.

PETE
Scapegoat. That's it.
(MORE)

PETE (cont'd)
(off a puzzled look)
Someone who takes the blame.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The forestry JEEP rumbles down the hill. Ed's at the wheel; Pete's next to him.

ED
I don't know if I ever shared this with you, but you know one of the great sadnesses of my life was I didn't make Eagle Scout. No, I made First Class but then I lost the damn card, and it's one of the great regrets of my life. You never make up for a missed opportunity like that, you know.

The jeep reaches a stop sign at the bottom of the hill.

PETE
I never got into that stuff.

Ed swings the jeep into the turn.

SUSAN'S ESCORT

is coming from the opposite direction and has strayed too far into the left-hand lane.

PETE
Look out!

Ed cuts the wheel to avoid her and both vehicles swerve off to their respective shoulders of the road, come to a stop.

Ed quickly turns the jeep around, pulls up alongside the Escort. He and Pete jump out.

Susan is unharmed, dazed behind the wheel. Ed opens the door.

SUSAN
Anyone know the way to Moose Lake?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DINER - DAY

Susan's Escort turns off the road into the parking lot.

INT. DINER

A typical diner with Formica lunch counter, tables and chairs, greasy booths. The place is empty except for one or two customers.

MACKIE O'GRADY, a scruffy, nervous little Irishman in his fifties, is wiping down plates behind the counter.

Susan enters, heaves a sigh, then crosses to the counter and parks herself down.

She looks around. Several beats. Mackie comes over.

MACKIE
What can I get you?

SUSAN
Coffee.

He deftly pours her a cup of coffee, sets it down. He slides a menu in front of her.

MACKIE
You might want to consider the chicken pot pie. That's my own special recipe.

Susan studies the menu for a beat.

SUSAN
You ever have one of those days? You know, where you thought you had a good idea, and before you know it, everything just sort of blew up in your face? That's the kind of day I'm having. I mean, like, I don't know where the hell in creation I am. Make me a hamburger.

Mackie heads for the grill.

The front door opens and who should come in but Miss Rodriguez. She's holding the transistor radio in her hand, and it's BLARING LOUD MUSIC.

Mackie turns, eyes her. Looks at Susan.

Miss Rodriguez makes for the counter.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Hiya, babies.

She sits down.

Susan gives the radio a dirty look.

Miss Rodriguez lowers the volume on it.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

(to Susan)

Hiya, baby.

(to Mackie)

You like to dance, baby?

MACKIE

Me?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Sure you do. Come on.

She moves around behind the counter.

MACKIE

No, no -- I got work to do.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Baby?

She takes his hand, leads him out behind the counter.

Pauses. Goes back and turns up the volume on the radio. They move together into the middle of the room.

They dance together to hot SALSA MUSIC, grinding their hips, matching move for move.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

Moose are thundering across the road and down the mountain in a veritable torrent, kicking up a cloud of dust. This to strains of the WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE.

Ed's forestry jeep rumbles into view.

PETE

Eddie, pull over.

Ed pulls the jeep to a halt.

PETE

What in the name of -- ?

They get out of the jeep. Move closer. Take in the spectacle.

PETE

Billy was right. It's not a fire, it's like a stampede.

(several beats)

Better call Sakes.

He starts back to jeep. Ed follows him.

ED

You know, this is just like what that guy Nostradamus predicted. He said there was going to be a big cataclysm and then the end of the world.

PETE

Which really isn't helpful right now.

He grabs jeep mike.

PETE

(into phone)

5-Pete-44 to Lloyd. Lloyd, do you read me?

ED

What Nostradamus said was, and I think I'm quoting exactly -- "There will be a pestilence of antlers on the land." Do you believe it?

He nudges his friend.

ED

Hey -- there's a girls' camp down there.

WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE strains up and under.

Moose continue to thunder down the mountain.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - SUSAN, MACKIE, MISS RODRIGUEZ

Susan is behind the counter cooking a hamburger on the grill.

Miss Rodriguez and Mackie continue to dance with wild abandon to the SALSA MUSIC.

Susan works the burger with a spatula, giving it one last squoosh, then scoops it up and deposits it on a roll. Puts it on a plate and sets the plate down on the counter.

BACK TO DANCE FLOOR

Miss Rodriguez checks her watch.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Baby, I gotta go. I promised my niece.

She moves to the counter, reclaims the radio. Mackie follows her.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

What's the matter, you disappointed, baby?

She stuffs the radio in her pocketbook.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Next time.

Susan takes a bite of her hamburger.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Ooooooh, that looks good.

SUSAN

It is good.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

If I weren't in such a hurry.

She starts to exit.

SUSAN

Hey, wait. You know your way around up here?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

A little.

SUSAN

You mind?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Come on.

Susan digs in her purse for cash.

SUSAN

(to Mackie)

I'll take it with me.

She follows Miss Rodriguez, who waves a sexy little goodbye to Mackie.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT

Susan and Miss Rodriguez emerge from the diner.

SUSAN

I'm not exactly sure where I'm going.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

You come with me.

They get in the Corvette. The Corvette zooms out of the parking lot, heads down the road.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

A POLICE CRUISER speeds along.

INT. POLICE CRUISER

A young cop, DOUG BRADY, is on the radio mic.

BRADY
5-Brady-41, 5-Brady-41, calling 1-Lloyd-50.

Static.

BRADY
Come on, central.

More crackling.

BRADY
Piece of shit.

He slams down phone. Surveys the road. Spies Mackie's diner.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DINER

Brady's cruiser pulls into the lot. He gets out.

INT. DINER

Brady is in a rush. He enters, moves to the counter.

BRADY
Mackie, you got a cell phone? Mine's broken.

MACKIE
What's the matter?

BRADY
Just give me the phone.

Mackie hands over his cell phone. Brady makes a call.

BRADY
Come on, Sakes.

Several beats.

BRADY
This is Brady, Lloyd. We got an emergency.
Call me as soon as you get this.

He hands back phone. Moves back to lunch counter.

MACKIE

What's going on?

BRADY

There's a shitload of moose coming down
Hunter Mountain -- I mean, a virtual stampede.
You know anyone who lives between Hunter
and that girls' camp, you have them get the
hell out of there, you hear me? I don't know
what the hell's up with Sakes.

He starts to leave.

MACKIE

Brady, wait a minute. You've gotta be kidding --
a stampede of moose?

Brady imitates a moose with his hands for antlers.

BRADY

M-O-O-O-O!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOAT - FRED AND GINGER

Fred is working the small outboard motor while Ginger sits up front. He's got a smile on his face.

FRED

Now we'll see who's so smart.
(waving to Pete and Jarvis)
Yoo-hoo.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - PETE AND JARVIS

Jarvis continues to labor at the oars. Pete watches from the rear of the boat.

PETE

Shit.

BACK TO FRED AND GINGER

FRED

I know you and the kids think I do nothing but work, work, work all the time and could care less about other things. But you're wrong. Okay, I succumbed to your little con job about a vacation and clearing the air. But I'll catch them, just wait. And when I do, they're in for their little moment of reckoning.

GINGER

Take it easy, Fred.

FRED

I can't wait to get my hands on those little monsters.

GINGER

I think maybe we should try to give them the benefit of the doubt.

FRED

Are you kidding?

GINGER

They said they had something to prove, and that when they did, you would be proud of them.

FRED

They want to prove they can outsmart me again and create another catastrophe, that's what they want to prove. But we'll just see about that.

The outboard SPUTTERS. Fred throws it a nervous look.

GINGER

What's the matter?

FRED

I don't know.

SPUTTER. SPUTTER.

GINGER

On a brighter note, Fred, wanna hear my moose calls? Oh boy. These are great. Here -- first, the traditional moose call at sunset.

(cups her hands)

M-O-O-O-O!

The outboard motor continues to SPUTTER.

GINGER

The wild bull moose mournfully calling to its mate -- M-O-O-O-O! M-O-O-O-O!

(a beat)

Moose on the run -- M-O-O-O-O! Moose having fun -- M-O-O-O-O! Big moose, small moose, anything at all moose.

FRED

Dear?

GINGER

And my all-time favorite -- Moose appealing to a higher authority.

The motor dies -- THWUNK.

FRED

Uh, I think we might have a problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - PETE AND JARVIS

Fred's misfortune hasn't gone unnoticed.

PETE

Hey -- hey look.

Jarvis looks up.

PETE

They're slowing down. Way to go, Freddie.

(he waves)

Bye-bye.

(MORE)

PETE (cont'd)

And so two intrepid explorers continued their trek through the wilderness in pursuit of the wild Wachumee.

(slaps high fives)

Wachumee, Wachumee!

He surveys the shoreline.

PETE

I still see smoke coming from up there. Gotta be Wachumee. That dark cloud on the computer screen, you don't think -- ?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOOSE LAKE - DAY

Brady's police cruiser comes down the street and pulls up in front of the sheriff's office. He gets out.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

It's wood-paneled, with a couple of large desks and chairs, and gun cabinets stocked to the hilt.

The man in charge here is sheriff LLOYD SAKES, a hot-headed, chunky little hombre in his fifties.

At the moment, he's in a crouch, sighting down an AK-47 assault rifle, on his knees behind the desk. Brady rushes in.

BRADY

Chief?

SAKES

Hold it.

This momentarily freezes Brady.

BRADY

What the hell are you doing?

Sakes is up from his crouch.

SAKES

Scared the crap out of you.

BRADY

Lloyd, I don't know if you're aware of this but there are about fifty thousand moose blowing down Hunter Mountain and they are going to crush everything in their way.

SAKES

Don't get excited -- I got the heads-up.

BRADY

Well, you better do something about it.

SAKES

Take this.

Sakes hands him the AK-47.

BRADY

Lloyd --

SAKES

Admit that has a nice feel.

BRADY

This could be a disaster.

SAKES

I got a whole crate of them in back, and we are gonna have a hot time.

Brady hands back gun.

BRADY

I don't think you're taking this seriously. You better alert the people on the lake. And there's a girls' camp down there.

SAKES

I know.

BRADY

Well, did you call them?

SAKES

Yup. No answer.

BRADY

Better try again.

SAKES

Brady, these are works of art.

Brady ignores him, moves to phone, dials out.

BRADY

I don't like this crazy gun stuff, Lloyd. You're getting bored again, and that's very dangerous.

(a beat)

Number for Camp Wachumee? . . . Thank you.

(to Sakes)

By the way, those are hot, you know.

SAKES

You know, I really don't think you really appreciate the beauty of a gun.

BRADY

You need a long vacation, Lloyd, preferably in a nuthouse.

He dials number. Listens.

SAKES

You and I are going try these out, Brady, against those moose.

BRADY

Isn't there a broad in charge up there?

SAKES

Doris Stevens. You don't want to mess with her.

BRADY

Why isn't she answering?

Sakes paces.

SAKES

Tell you what we're gonna do. You go out,
round up some recruits, we'll load up the guns
and go moose hunting.

BRADY

You're nuts.

SAKES

They say it's really fun this time of year.

BRADY

You're gonna face off with a stampede of
moose -- that's insane.

SAKES

You want that promotion?

BRADY

You can't blackmail me, so forget it.

SAKES

You'll get it. But you gotta throw in with me
on this one. Now, go round up those men and
meet me out front. We're gonna take a stand
for Old Glory.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM - CAMP WACHUMEE RECREATION HALL

On a cot in Doris' room, DORIS and HERMANN are passionately rolling in
each other's arms -- kissing and moaning and groping each other.

DORIS

Oh Hermann, Hermann. . .

PULL BACK to reveal two figures in hiding in an adjacent alcove -- Addie
and Jade -- who delight in taking this all in.

The telephone in the alcove has begun RINGING, but Doris and Hermann
are oblivious to it.

Addie shushes Jade and slips back to answer it.

ADDIE

Yes? Yeah, this is Wachumee. No, she can't come to the phone right now. Well, I can't explain, it's just not a good time. Yes, I will. Urgent? Yes. Okay. Goodbye.

She replaces the phone, crosses back to Jade.

ADDIE

Trouble.

Jade throws her a questioning look. Addie shrugs.

CAMERA PANS to Doris and Hermann rolling on the cot making passionate love, oblivious to the rampaging moose, as we bring up strains of WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE.

INTERCUT:

- 1) RAGING MOOSE STAMPEDE
- 2) DORIS' LOVEMAKING
- 3) FRED LABORING AT THE OARS

CUT TO:

INT. SAKES' OFFICE

Brady is leaning in disgust against the desk.

BRADY

I'm not gonna do it.

SAKES

Hey, come on.

BRADY

Are you crazy? You think I'm gonna risk my neck for a bunch of moose?

SAKES

Look, all you gotta do is round up a few good men. Eddie'll be backing us up all the way.

BRADY

That's reassuring.

Sakes takes Brady aside.

SAKES

He's got a helicopter gunship. Boom, boom!
His nephew's in the Guard.

BRADY

You can't just walk in there and start shooting.

SAKES

Where's your sense of adventure? All we need
is a few good men. Come on. Tell them we'll
give them a hundred bucks a piece. And we
can go to war.

BRADY

Sakes, you're out of your mind.

SAKES

Or would you rather not get that promotion I
promised you?

Brady has a sinking feeling.

SAKES

I knew you'd see it my way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MAIN STREET - DAY

The street outside Sakes' office is cluttered with cars and pickups. These belong to Brady's RECRUITS, an emaciated, decrepit bunch of old-timers, who now gather in front of the place.

Brady comes up the steps to join Sakes on the porch.

BRADY

This is the best I could come up with. And
they weren't happy, so you better come up with
that money.

SAKES

I will.

BRADY

What about the girls' camp?

SAKES

Nothing.

Brady disappears inside.

Sakes clears his throat, confronts his men.

SAKES

All right men, form up. Come on.

The old-timers struggle into feeble formation.

SAKES

We're on a mission, men, a crusade, never forget it. Our intent: to demolish a bunch of frenzied moose who have gotten entirely too big for their britches. I've got guns back there, plenty of guns. All you gotta do is supply the gumption. Are you up to it? Can you handle it? . . . That's right. Now, I want everyone to stand at attention.

The old-timers snap to attention, weak knees trembling.

Sakes goes among this feeble lot, sizes them up. First stop, a gray-haired geezer named JESSE STEWART.

SAKES

Jesse Stewart. You fought in the Great War, didn't you? Sure you did. And there's no way you're gonna kowtow to a bunch of moose. You're proud.

He thwacks the old-timer in the gut; Jesse doubles over with a grunt.

His next candidate, PAPPY JONES, is also white-haired and feeble looking.

SAKES

Pappy Jones. Loving grandfather of four.
(MORE)

SAKES (cont'd)

World War II vet. You've seen a thing or two in your time, and you're not going to let a bunch of moose intimidate you. No, you're going to march right up there and give those moose what for. And I respect you for that.

FIRST VOICE IN THE CROWD

Question -- do you really feel you stand a snowball's chance in hell against such a fierce and marauding contingent of moose?

SAKES

You bet I do.

SECOND VOICE IN THE CROWD

Question -- given the potential for bloodshed here, wouldn't it be wiser to strive to achieve your goal by peaceful means?

SAKES

Negotiate with a bunch of moose? Are you crazy?

THIRD VOICE IN THE CROWD

They have antlers, you know.

FOURTH VOICE IN THE CROWD

And very bad tempers.

SAKES

Well, we've got guts and determination. And we've got something else, my friends. A secret weapon.

FOURTH VOICE IN THE CROWD

You care to share that with us?

SAKES

You'll see.

(beat)

All right now, men -- I want you all to form up behind the hardware store on the double. Let's go.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Sakes makes his way through the office to a loading dock out back. Brady's on the phone trying to reach the camp.

EXT. LOADING DOCK

There's a large crate packed with AK-47s. Sakes takes one from the pile, sights with it.

Brady comes out.

SAKES

You remember the Boy Scout motto -- be prepared.

He flips Brady an AK-47.

SAKES

Admit it -- that feels great.
(several beats)
Pull the truck around.

BRADY

Lloyd, you know this is going to end disastrously. It always does. This is just going to blow up in your face.

SAKES

We're wasting time.

BRADY

I am appealing to your sense of reason. Please don't go through with this.

SAKES

More and more I'm getting the message -- you are a coward.

He flips on his walkie-talkie.

SAKES

(into walkie-talkie)
This is Sakes to Eddie, Sakes to Eddie -- do you read me, Eddie?

INT. ATTACK HELICOPTER

Forestry Ed works the controls with a reluctant Pete riding shotgun as they cruise the skies over Moose Lake. He grabs the radio phone.

ED

Yeah, I read you, Lloyd.

SAKES

So, what are we looking at?

ED

We're looking at moose -- lots and lots of moose.

SAKES

And what are you making in terms of time of arrival?

ED

I'd say you got about 45 minutes, all things being equal.

SAKES

That doesn't give us much time. How you fixed for armaments?

ED

Hard and heavy, Lloyd, hard and heavy.

SAKES

I knew I could count on you, Eddie. Keep me posted. Over and out.

He hangs up.

BRADY

Why don't you just have him go in there and warn the girls to get out?

SAKES

That would spoil everything.

BRADY

You don't want to get them out of there.

(MORE)

BRADY (cont'd)

You just want to get your jollies shooting those guns.

ED

Now, Brady.

(with a sneaky little look)

And where does it say we can't have a little fun?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOAT - FRED AND GINGER

Fred has abandoned his attempts to restart the engine and taken up the oars. The strain of it shows in his sweat-drenched face.

GINGER

You can do it, Freddie, you can do it.

FRED

(in agony)

Ohhhh. . .

GINGER

You can do it, I know you can.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT - CAMP WACHUMEE

The air is filled with the glee of the girls of Wachumee cavorting in the water or gossiping on beach blankets. This is their daily free swim recreation period.

Most of the activity is taking place in the water, between two docks separated by a couple of hundred feet.

All of this busy activity is presided over by Hermann perched atop a lifeguard chair. Naturally, Doris hovers nearby.

Hermann scans the horizon through a pair of binoculars.

EXT. BOAT - PETE AND JARVIS

Pete's is standing up in the front of the boat.

PETE

Hey, get a load of this. There they are.

(waving)

Hiya gurlies. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LANDING - MOOSE LAKE

The vast shoreline of Moose Lake conceals some oddities, and right now one of them -- a round METALLIC SUBMERSIBLE -- is preparing to push off from its berth, a wooden landing hidden in the crook of a small cove.

This is a floating research laboratory manned by a couple of Cornell grad students in their 20s -- JEFF KLEIN and DANNY MELTZER, identifiable by their Cornell tee-shirts.

They cast off the ropes to the submersible, and one by one slither through a hatchway into the heart of the ship.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

It's a netherworld of glowing instrument panels, computer monitors, sonar equipment. There are racks of labeled test tubes containing water samples.

The guys take their seats at computer consoles, and Jeff flicks a switch, heaves a sigh.

The submersible's engine HUMS to life.

EXT. SUBMERSIBLE

Propeller blades in the rear spin and spit water and the craft moves out into the lake.

BACK TO SCENE

There's a portal above the main console, and water rises above that portal as the submersible descends into the murky depths of Moose Lake.

JEFF

What some people won't do for a Ph.D.

He punches a button -- the SONAR SCREEN glows, its beam of light sweeping round and round.

JEFF

Why is it that thing goes round and round and nothing ever shows up on the screen?

DANNY

You're asking me?

Jeff shrugs.

JEFF

Why should today be any different?

DANNY

What I want to know is, why are we wasting our summer this way? I mean, what do they expect to find in these water samples anyway?

The SONAR begins to BEEP.

JEFF

Wait a minute. We got something.

DANNY

Right. Flying saucers.

The beeps get faster and faster.

JEFF

No, there's something there. All right.

He punches in data.

JEFF

Animal, vegetable or mineral?

COMPUTER SCREEN: ANIMAL

JEFF

The Loch Ness monster or just your garden variety sunfish?

COMPUTER SCREEN: MOOSE

JEFF

Don't get cute. There are no moose down here.

COMPUTER SCREEN: NOT DOWN HERE, STUPID!

JEFF

All right. Up there -- wherever. What are we talking here?

COMPUTER SCREEN: MAJOR STAMPEDE!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REAR LOT - HARDWARE STORE

Sakes' truck pulls up to the loading bay piled high with sandbags. Other cars and trucks have gathered there.

He and Brady scoot down from the cab.

SAKES

All right, help them get these loaded up. I'll square up with Charlie.

He goes inside.

INT. HARDWARE STORE

The proprietor of the place, CHARLIE FUCHS, is demonstrating something to a CUSTOMER at the front counter as Sakes comes in.

SAKES

Charlie, we're loading up. Wish us luck, huh?

Charlie flashes an OK sign. Sakes goes out.

Charlie turns to customer.

CHARLIE

Total nut.

EXT. REAR LOT - HARDWARE STORE

Sakes emerges from the store and crosses to the truck, where Brady is helping the old-timers load the last of the sandbags into the back.

BRADY

These are heavy, Lloyd.

SAKES

Just hurry it up.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Sakes climbs in behind the wheel. Brady joins him.

SAKES

Ready? Okay, we're off to war.

He throws it in gear.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HUNTER MOUNTAIN - DAY

The stampeding moose continue to tear down the mountain to raging strains of the WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE.

INTERCUT: THUNDERING HOOVES of rampaging moose and the ROLLING WHEELS of Sakes' convoy.

The convoy rumbles down the road. Smack dab ahead of them is Miss Rodriguez's stalled Corvette with the hood up. The radiator is shooting steam.

INT. TRUCK CAB - SAKES AND BRADY

Sakes can't believe his eyes.

SAKES

Shit.

He nails the brake. He and Brady get out.

EXT. STALLED CORVETTE

Miss Rodriguez and Susan look helpless. Sakes and Brady approach.

SAKES

You picked a bad time for a breakdown.

He checks under the hood.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

We were driving along, baby, just minding our own business, and suddenly -- poof!

SAKES

Radiator leak. Brady, give me a hand.

He moves to driver's side of Corvette, gets in.

SAKES

All right.

Brady leans in, pushes the car off the road. Sakes gets out.

SAKES

We'll call a towtruck. It shouldn't be long.

He starts back to truck.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

We don't want to be towed, baby, we want to go with you.

SAKES

No.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Come on, baby, take us with you, please?

SAKES

We're about to engage in battle. You don't want any part of that.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Oh, but we do.

SAKES

Sorry.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Please, baby, please? And by the way, where are you going?

SAKES

None of your business.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Please, baby?

SAKES

We're going to Camp Wachumee, what do you think of that?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

That's where I'm going. My niece is there, baby.

SAKES

I'm happy for her. Now, step aside.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Baby, please -- I can be very convincing.

SAKES

Yes, I'll bet you can. All right -- hurry up and get in.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Oh thank you, baby -- thank you, thank you.

She goes around to the other side of the truck. Climbs in. Brady climbs in after her. Susan realizes she's odd man out.

SUSAN

Hey, what about me?

BRADY

You'll have to ride in the back.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Miss Rodriguez gets comfortable beside Sakes.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Cozy, huh, baby?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT - CAMP WACHUMEE

At the base of the lifeguard chair, a flirtatious Doris Stevens tries to get Hermann's attention, tickling his toes.

DORIS
(calling sweetly)
Hermann????

He throws her a smile.

She feels a tug on her arm. Turns. Is confronted by Addie and Jade.

ADDIE
Miss Stevens? I feel duty-bound to convey an important message. The police called.

DORIS
The police? What did they want?

ADDIE
They wouldn't tell me. They just said it's urgent and you should call them back.

DORIS
Message conveyed.

ADDIE
And Miss Stevens -- I want to say I'm sorry. I'm sorry for those emails, and to show you how bad I feel, I want to ask you to bury the hatchet.

DORIS
You want to make up with me?

ADDIE
That is correct.

DORIS
As long as you realize and take responsibility for what you did.

ADDIE
Of course. Can we shake on it?

Addie extends a handshake. Doris reaches out, and Addie retracts her hand, gives her the "sucker" sign.

ADDIE
Sucker.

She and Jade turn and head back down the beach.

ADDIE

Ain't I adorable?

But they don't get very far. JESSICA, a friend, comes running toward them.

JESSICA

Addie -- come quick!

They dash toward the water.

JESSICA

Look at that.

IN THE BOAT

Pete and Jarvis wave to the girls.

Addie and company wave back frantically.

A PAIR OF BINOCULARS

takes in this exchange of pleasantries. They belong to Hermann. Who scrambles down from his lookout.

HERMANN

Fraulein?

He points. Passes the binoculars to Doris. She looks for herself.

DORIS

The gun, Hermann, quick.

Hermann deftly moves that huge frame around back of the lifeguard chair and comes up with a shotgun.

DORIS

We like to give our male visitors a warm
Wachumee welcome, don't we?

Addie spots her, horrified.

ADDIE

No!

And bolts from the water.

Doris starts down the landing. Halts. Raises the gun to fire.

DORIS

Thank you for choosing Camp Wachumee.
We hope you enjoy your stay.

IN THE BOAT

Pete spots the gun.

PETE

Get down!

He pulls Jarvis down. A SHOTGUN BLAST rends the air.

Pellets EXPLODE in a shower against the side of the boat.

Addie confronts Doris, trying to wrestle the gun away from her.

ADDIE

Stop it!

Hermann comes between them, snatches the gun away.

DORIS

Hermann?

He backs away.

DORIS

Give me that gun.

ADDIE

Don't do it, Hermann.

DORIS

Hermann?

Hermann shakes his head.

ADDIE

Good boy, Hermann.

DORIS

The gun.

ADDIE

Don't let her have it.

DORIS

Hermann?

ADDIE

(to Hermann)

You show her.

Doris lunges for the gun, grapples with Hermann.

MEANWHILE -- IN THE BOAT

Pete and Jarvis are huddled together on the floor.

JARVIS

Not exactly a pleasant welcome.

There is a pause as they catch their breath.

PETE

Now what do we do?

Jarvis thinks for a moment. Pokes his head up. Looks around. Then drops back down.

PETE

Well?

JARVIS

I think we can do an end-around.

PETE

I don't know.

JARVIS

We didn't come this far to bail out now.

(extends high five)

Wachumee forever?

PETE

Wachumee forever.

Jarvis pokes his head up again. The coast is clear.

He cautiously resumes his rowing duties, maneuvering the boat out of harm's way.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - FRED AND GINGER

Fred continues to lean into his rowing chores.

GINGER

Fred, did I or did I not just hear a gunshot?

FRED

I don't know, I don't care. I'm exhausted, I can't row anymore.

At that moment a metal SNOUT has appeared in the water off the port side. In fact, it's the nose of a PERISCOPE from the Cornell submersible.

GINGER

Fred?

FRED

No, please?

GINGER

Fred, there is something in the water.

FRED

Don't -- please?

GINGER

We'll see about that.

She stands up in the boat.

FRED

No, please?

GINGER

Give me that oar.

FRED

No.

GINGER

They think they can spy on us. Give me the oar!

FRED

Ginger -- please, I beg of you.

She reaches for it. He realizes it's no use fighting it. Surrenders it.

GINGER

Now they'll see how spies get treated.

She lifts the oar over her head.

FRED

No dear, please? It's just going to make things worse.

The SNOUT suddenly disappears below the surface.

GINGER

Very cute.

She looks around. The scope has resurfaced on the other side of the boat.

GINGER

Aha! . . . Now, just hold still.

She shifts her weight to the other side of the boat.

FRED

Oh God, don't do this.

Ginger raises the oar over her head.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

Jeff takes in the scene through the periscope.

GINGER'S OAR IS POISED TO STRIKE

JEFF

Look at that, will you? They want to get tough?
Prepare to surface.

He throws a switch. The submersible begins to rise.

BACK TO SCENE

GINGER

Come and get it, baby.

She brings the oar down with a SWOOSH on that mettlesome snout, only the boat suddenly LURCHES to one side.

The SUBMERSIBLE begins to rise like some giant behemoth out of the water.

A stunned Fred and Ginger are helpless against the forces of this mighty behemoth, which rises out of the water bearing their tiny boat on its back.

The boat flips over and deposits Fred and Ginger in the drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WACHUMEE POLE - DAY

Addie and Jade have positioned themselves at the base of this enormous carved eighth wonder of the world. With hands folded in prayer, they seek its counsel.

ADDIE

Wachumee Pole, sacred Indian symbol of the spirit of Camp Wachumee, we kneel before you in our hour of need. Or crouch, or something. You've always been there for us, Wachumee Pole, when we were in a tight spot. Don't let us down now.

(to Jade)

Pretty good, huh?

(turns back to Wachumee pole)

Bad things are starting to happen, Wachumee pole, real bad things. So if it's all the same to you, save us harmless, Wachumee Pole, could you? And as a token of our appreciation, I give you my necklace.

She removes a gold necklace from around her neck and carefully drapes it on the pole.

ADDIE

There's our offering. And hey, thanks,
Wachumee Pole.

They head off in the direction of the beach.

No sooner have they vacated their spot than there are RUSTLINGS in the bushes and an OLD BULL MOOSE trots out.

He takes in the scene, then lets out a LOUD MOOSE CALL, signaling the others -- M-O-O-O-O!

IN THE WOODS

another MOOSE picks up the call, turns and relays it ahead to the troops -- M-O-O-O-O!

ON THE MOUNTAINTOP

the LEAD MOOSE turns to the vast troops below him and lets out a M-O-O-O-O!, and with this the stampeding moose come to a HALT.

There is a terrific silence.

THE FIRST MOOSE

sniffs around the Wachumee Pole, appropriates Addie's necklace, and retreats into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRUCK CONVOY

Sakes' armed convoy rumbles down the road in the direction of Camp Wachumee.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Miss Rodriguez is trying to make herself real cozy with Sakes.

His radio mike BEEPS! He picks up.

SAKES

Yeah?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Ed on the phone.

ED

Lloyd, we might have a problem.

SAKES

And what would that be?

ED

The moose -- they've stopped.

SAKES

You want to run that by me again?

ED

The moose that once were stampeding have come to a dead stop. They're just sort of standing around.

SAKES

Well what in the world is that about?

ED

I don't know. But there's a sense they might be waiting for something.

SAKES

What would they be waiting for? . . . It might be some sort of a trick. Well, we're not going for it. We move forward as planned, got it?

ED

Got it.

SAKES

You just keep on keeping on, Eddie, and keep us informed. Over.

BACK TO SCENE

BRADY

So, the enemy had a change of heart.

SAKES

The enemy is shrewd. But they don't fool me.

BRADY

Always the big build-up, always the fizzle out. Face it, Lloyd, you're cursed.

Sakes goes back to his driving chores for several beats.
A hand reaches for his.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Don't worry, baby.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - CAMP WACHUMEE

Sakes' convoy rumbles through the front gate into the parking lot. Car doors slam, men assemble.

SAKES

Okay, Brady's in charge. Get those bags in the compound.

(to Brady)

You see they get bunkered up. I'll try to find that broad.

He starts off, AK-47 in hand. Miss Rodriguez is close on his heels.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Baby?

SAKES

This is not the time.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

I want to go with you, baby. Besides, my niece is here.

SAKES

You stay here. There's no telling what we might find. Good girl.

EXT. RECREATION HALL

The main lodge and central hub of Camp Wachumee. A moose is sniffing around the screen door.

He hears a RUSTLING SOUND and retreats around the side of the building.

Sakes appears -- tense, rifle in hand. Surveys the scene. All's quiet.

He makes his move, darting for the screen door and pressing himself against it, rifle poised. He sniffs the air.

The moose sniffs the air.

Slowly, deliberately they move toward each other. Sakes takes a step; the moose takes a step.

They both make a sudden move, come face to face, and Sakes beats a panicked retreat into the rec hall.

THE RECREATION HALL

is a dank, musty place with cathedral-like rafters, ping-pong tables.

Sakes hides behind a pillar, breathing heavily, gun at the ready.

SOUNDS from without. He tenses. The screen door CREAKS open. In walks -- Brady.

BRADY

Lloyd, what are you doing?

Sakes heaves a sigh of relief.

SAKES

I thought you were one of the moose.

BRADY

I think this thing is making you crazy.

SAKES

They're out there. I saw one of them.

Brady surveys the scene.

BRADY

Where is everybody? I'll look around.

He starts off to check the various rooms. Moves deeper into the lodge, looks left, looks right.

Pauses at the entrance to computer room, briefly sticks his head in. Shrugs.

He rejoins Sakes. Shakes his head.

BRADY

Maybe they evacuated.

SAKES

I'm going to try the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. COVE - MOOSE LAKE

The boys' rowboat pulls into the shallows. They hop out. Addie and Jade are taking this in from the bushes.

ADDIE

What do you think?

JADE

I don't know.

ADDIE

I'm getting cold feet.

JADE

What if they're dorks?

ADDIE

I've got an idea. C'mon.

CUT TO:

EXT. WACHUMEE POLE

Once again, Addie and Jade find themselves in the presence of this sacred icon.

ADDIE

Wachumee Pole, once again we prostrate ourselves before you. We beseech you and throw ourselves on your mercy. If this is a dumb question, forgive me. Those two guys who just came ashore? Thumbs up or down?

Silence.

ADDIE

Failure to respond could mean you need further inducement.

JADE

No, it probably means they're dorks.

Addie hunts in her pockets.

ADDIE

I don't know if I have anything left.

But something has come to Jade's attention.

JADE

Addie -- wait a minute. Your necklace, it's gone.

Addie looks around.

ADDIE

Greedy little Wachumee Pole.

JADE

It just up and disappeared. What the heck's going on?

She looks around, spies moose tracks in the dirt.

JADE

Look -- tracks.

ADDIE

Let's see where they lead.

They follow the moose track into the woods. But it is lost when come upon a patch of undergrowth.

ADDIE

I'm gonna play a hunch. Whatever is behind all of this is at the top of that mountain. Are you with me?

They start out through the woods that lead up the mountain.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - ADDIE AND JADE

They continue their trek up the mountain. Thread their way through trees and rocks and underbrush.

FARTHER UP THE MOUNTAIN

they're beginning to slow, sweating hard. The terrain is getting rockier.

Jade is falling behind, struggling to keep up. She twists her ankle, stumbles, lets out a GRUNT.

JADE

Addie?

She comes to a halt.

ADDIE

What's the matter?

JADE

I think I twisted it.

ADDIE

Over there.

She helps her friend to a seat on a log.

ADDIE

I didn't think it would be this rough. Look, you stay here. I'll go check it out. I'll come back for you.

JADE

Addie?

ADDIE

Don't be frightened. It's gonna be okay.

Addie resumes her journey.

The terrain is steeper now, and rocky. Addie claws her way forward, sensing the nearness of the summit.

She pauses, takes a deep breath, then pushes on. With one last powerful surge, she bursts forth from the woods into the clearing at the top of the mountain.

What she beholds is a vast carpet of moose blanketing the valley below her. Their LEADER, poised not more than seventy-five feet away, eyes her warily.

They hold a look for a long, tense moment, and then the moose lifts his head and lets out with a monster rallying cry -- M-O-O-O-O!!

Addie freaks, beats it out of there.

HER LEGS

pump furiously, as she scrambles back down the hill.

And returns to the spot where she left Jade.

ADDIE

Jade -- get up.

She attempts to help Jade up.

JADE

What?

ADDIE

We've gotta get out of here.

JADE

I don't think I can.

ADDIE

You've got to. Come on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND

Sakes' truck is parked in the middle of the compound. The men are offloading the last of the sandbags and depositing them in the horseshoe shape of a makeshift bunker.

CHARLIE PHIPPS, one of the more able-bodied types, slides a sandbag off the truck, hefts it to the bunker and flops it down.

CHARLIE

Where's Brady?

He starts up the compound, encounters Brady.

CHARLIE

I've had enough of this. Gimme my money, I want out.

BRADY

You're sticking until Sakes gives the word.

CHARLIE

The hell I am.

BRADY

(to himself)

What am I saying?

He spies Sakes.

CHARLIE

Sakes -- I want my money.

SAKES

Later.

CHARLIE

Now. This whole thing is a charade. There aren't going to be any moose.

SAKES

Charlie, now take it easy.

CHARLIE

(to Brady)

I don't know why I listened to you. Well, I'm telling both of you -- if there are moose, which is doubtful, and they do show up, I'm outta here. Got it?

He moves off.

SAKES

(to Brady)

I'll check the beach. You button this up.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Pete and Jarvis crunch along through the darkness and emerge into daylight at the edge of the compound.

They behold the imposing presence of the Wachumee Pole across the way.

JARVIS

Hey, look.

(a beat)

Come on.

They dart across the compound, pause at the foot of the Wachumee Pole.

PETE

Whoa.

Jarvis looks around, glimpses the GIRLS' DORM through the trees.

JARVIS

Hey?

They set off at a run.

INT. DORM

It's dark. An open bay of bunks and footlockers and wood rafters.

The guys enter. There's NOISE from without.

They scamper down the aisle and take refuge behind the bunks. Who should appear in the doorway but Miss Rodriguez.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

(sweetly)

Oh babies?????

In the shadows, the guys exchange incredulous looks. They size up the scene -- there's no escape route out the back.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

I know you're in here.

Several beats as the tension builds. What the heck are they gonna do?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Come out, come out, you can't fool me, babies.

She starts forward.

Jarvis looks around, spies a woman's purse on the bunk across the aisle. He also spies a bra hanging from a wall peg. He crouches, moves quietly through the darkness to the other bunk.

Digs in the purse. Comes up with a beaded necklace.

He removes the bra from the wall. As Miss Rodriguez comes down the aisle getting ever closer, Jarvis breaks the beaded necklace. He stuffs a fistful of beads into the bra.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Momma's gonna get you, babies. You might
as well surrender. . . Ha, I see you!

But perhaps a beat too late. Jarvis takes aim. Pulls back on the elastic, and lets fly!

Beads **SIZZLE** through the air. Miss Rodriguez tries to duck, but can't elude the fusillade.

And the boys skedaddle up the aisle and out of there.

EXT. DORM

The boys look around for a quick instant, head for the safety of the woods.

They're on the move again through the darkness, heading parallel to the compound toward the beach.

The sound of **GIRLS' VOICES** stops them dead in their tracks. They hunker down, peer through the bushes. Wachumee girls are cavorting in the water.

JARVIS

Whoa.

Sakes appears and makes his way toward the water.

SAKES

All right -- everyone out.

Puzzled murmurs go up.

SAKES

You heard me -- out of the water -- vite, vite!

Doris enters the scene.

DORIS

What's going on here?

SAKES

You ought to try answering your phone.
Come on, girls, hurry up, we don't have all
day. Out of the water.

DORIS

Hey, hey -- back off, I'm in charge here.

SAKES

The heck you are. Come on, girls.

DORIS

Wait a minute.

SAKES

You want a bloodbath on your hands?

DORIS

And just what is this all about?

SAKES

Any minute now about a thirty thousand moose
are gonna come screaming through here.
Anyone standing between the moose and the
lake is in real deep trouble.

DORIS

You can't be serious. What are you telling
me, there's a moose stampede?

SAKES

That's exactly what I'm telling you.

Sakes' walkie-talkie BEEPS!

SAKES

Yeah?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Ed on the phone.

ED

Lloyd -- they're on the move again.

SAKES

What?

ED

You better get ready.

SAKES

All right, wait for me to give the signal.

BACK TO SCENE

SAKES

All right everyone, time for the big show.

He starts up the compound.

Pete and Jarvis are taking this all in, baffled.

No sooner has the beach emptied of Wachumee girls than out of the water straggle Fred and Ginger, dazed and dripping wet.

The boys can't believe their eyes.

FRED

Oh God. . . Oh God. . .

GINGER

Freddie?. . .

FRED

I think I'm dead. I know I'm dead. I'm dead.

He flops down in the sand. She flops down beside him. He's moaning.

GINGER

It's okay, Freddie. It's okay.

He's still breathing heavily.

FRED

Not that I really want to know but -- where are we?

Ginger looks around.

GINGER

I don't know. It looks like a camp of some kind.

FRED

I was hoping for the far shore, the eternal resting place.

Ginger rises, trudges to lifeguard stand. She sees Camp Wachumee stenciled there.

GINGER

My God, it's Camp Wachumee.

IN THE BUSHES

Pete and Jarvis can't believe their rotten luck.

JARVIS

I don't believe it.

There is a pause.

PETE

Now what do we do?

JARVIS

Where there's a will, there's a Wachumee.

There's a sudden CRUNCH in the bushes behind them.

They slowly turn. Freeze.

A MOOSE is watching them. Suspiciously. There is a long, nervous moment.

Jarvis comes tentatively forward. Pauses a tense beat. Extends a welcoming hand.

JARVIS

Nice moosie, nice moosie.

(pets moose)

Now there, see that -- man's best friend. Well, sort of.

But Pete is apprehensive.

JARVIS

Come on, he's not going to bite you.

Pete approaches.

PETE

Nice moosie. . .

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP

Hundreds and hundreds of determined male moose are storming over the crest of the hill, kicking up dust, beginning their descent on Camp Wachumee.

IN THE WOODS

Jade struggles, slips to the ground. Moose have begun to stream by.

JADE

Addie?

ADDIE

Come on, Jade, you've got to get up.

She looks around frantically. Spies a tree.

ADDIE

In the tree. Come on.

ELSEWHERE ON THE MOUNTAIN

the moose pound through the woods, shoulders down, crushing everything in their path.

WITH ADDIE AND JADE

Addie's hands are cupped and she's giving a reluctant Jade a boost into the tree.

ADDIE

All right, I got you. Now come on, you can do it. Pull yourself up. Go on.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND

Brady and the men are idly killing time around the bunker. Sakes hurriedly approaches.

SAKES

All right everybody -- places. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Let's go.

BRADY

Lloyd, what's going on?

SAKES

We're on again. Baby, it's show time.

BRADY

Eddie said it was off?

SAKES

Eddie lied. Well, not exactly. The moose are on the move again, I got the word. Now everyone, grab a gun and get bunkered up. Let's go.

CHARLIE

(to Brady)

He serious?

Brady shrugs.

CHARLIE

I ain't sticking around. See ya, Lloyd.

He exits.

JESSE

I'm outta here.

He leaves.

SAKES

Hey, what is this? You bunch of cowards.
You can't walk out like this.

The others have begun to desert the compound.

BRADY

Be seeing you, Lloyd.

He starts to exit.

SAKES

Brady?

BRADY

If you're smart, you'll get out while there's still
a chance.

SAKES

You're not getting that promotion, Brady, do
you hear? The rest of you, you're not getting a
dime.

But it's too late.

SAKES

You cowards!

Sakes now finds himself alone in the middle of the compound.

Moose have begun to filter out of the woods and are racing for the lake.

Miss Rodriguez appears.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

(sweetly)

Ba-by? Guess who I found?

SAKES

Get in the bunker -- quick!

He takes her hand and drags her into the bunker. They scrunch down behind the sandbags.

Up the way, Fred and Ginger have appeared. Sakes sees this.

SAKES

What in the world?

Susan suddenly bursts forth out of nowhere and makes a mad dash for Fred.

SUSAN

Freddie?!

She throws her arms around him, smothering him with kisses.

SUSAN

Oh Freddie, Freddie!!!

He tries to fend her off. Ginger goes after her.

GINGER

You little creep!

SUSAN

I love you, Freddie, I love you.

Susan and Ginger lock arms, furiously wrestle each other to the ground. Fred tries to separate them.

FRED

Hey, hey --

Sakes abandons the bunker, joins the fray. Manages to separate Susan and Ginger.

SAKES

Hey, come on, stop it. You gotta get out of here. All of you.

GINGER

(to Susan)

Why I ought to --

SAKES

Hey, hey, hey. There's about to be a stampede. You gotta get out of here.

GINGER

I don't get it.

SAKES

Look around.

Ginger looks around.

GINGER

Oh my God.

SAKES

Vamoose!

Fred grabs Ginger's hand. They make for the woods.

Susan dashes for cover.

Sakes retreats to the bunker, grabs his AK-47.

SAKES

Okay baby, now here's all you gotta do -- shove
in a clip like this. And just hold it and take
aim.

He hands her the loaded AK-47.

SAKES

Stay down.

He pokes his head up, sights on the moose --

SAKES

All right, babies, it's killing time.

He fires -- CLICK. The gun has jammed.

He tries again -- CLICK. Flings it aside.

Ducks down and grabs another one. Loads it.

He's up again.

SAKES

If at first you don't succeed, babies.

He aims, squeezes the trigger -- CLICK.

SAKES

Shit.

And dives for cover, narrowly avoiding moose that have begun to leap the barricade.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Jade and Addie are literally up a tree. They managed to climb up to a notch about fifteen feet above the ground.

A blinding streak of moose can be seen thundering beneath them.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM

Jessica watches the moose stampede from the dorm window, perched on an upended footlocker. The other girls are anxiously huddled in groups.

CATHY tugs on her foot.

CATHY

What do you see?

JESSICA

Don't ask.

CATHY

Bad?

JESSICA

Yeah.

Pete and Jarvis now appear in the doorway. Cathy tugs on that foot again.

CATHY

Jessica?

Jessica turns, sees the boys. She quickly scrambles down, moves to them.

JARVIS

We're looking for Addie and Jade.

JESSICA
Anyone see Addie and Jade?

She shakes her head.

JARVIS
Great.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER

The compound is now literally besieged with stampeding moose. Sakes continues to wage war, or at least try.

He sticks his head out and unleashes occasional barrages with the AK-47:
BADA-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

SAKES
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
(ducks down)
That'll show 'em who's boss.

He sticks his head out again. BADA-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! But the onslaught is overwhelming. He ducks down.

SAKES
There are more than I expected.

He sticks his head up again.

MISS RODRIGUEZ
Baby, be careful.

Sakes tries to fire. A moose leaps the barricade and grazes him, knocking him down.

MISS RODRIGUEZ
Baby, baby -- are you all right?

SAKES
I think so. This is pretty bad, isn't it?

She nods.

SAKES

We need our secret weapon.

He grabs his walkie-talkie.

SAKES

Eddie, come in, Eddie? Eddie, you gotta bail us out. It's do or die time, Eddie. Bring it and bring it hard. Do you copy, Eddie?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Ed is on the phone.

ED

I copy, Lloyd. We're coming in with all barrels smoking.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVING HELICOPTER

It comes in from the lakeside heading for the compound, ROCKET LAUNCHERS ominously slung from its underbelly.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Ed is singing to himself.

ED

Don't throw bouquets at me. . . Don't laugh at my jokes too much. . .

THE HELICOPTER

swoops low over the moose-choked compound.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Ed continues to sing happily.

ED

Don't talk to my folks too much. . . People will say we're in love. . .

(he pushes launch button)

Whammo!

A rocket EXPLODES from the underbelly of the copter and SIZZLES through the air.

WITH THE ROCKET

as it comes in high, whizzing above the heads of the onrushing moose, and scores a DIRECT HIT on the recreation hall, creating a THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION.

ED

Whoops!

The COPTER swoops around, doubles back to make another pass.

CUT TO:

INT. RECREATION HALL - DORIS AND HERMANN

Doris is frantically dialing for help.

DORIS

Operator? Operator?

A thunderous EXPLOSION shakes the lodge, and the walls begin to buckle.

DORIS

Oh my God.

She drops the phone. She and Hermann look around. Bolt for the front door.

Beams and rafters are collapsing everywhere, and fire has broken out.

A rafter comes crashing down, blocking their path. The sense of shock and terror is absolute.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER

Eddie's misfire has not gone unnoticed, and Sakes frantically works the walkie-talkie.

SAKES

Eddie? Eddie, what the hell was that?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Ed responds.

ED

A screwup, Lloyd. Not to worry, we'll get 'em next time.

SAKES

We're being crushed, Eddie. You gotta deliver -- come on.

ED

Sit tight, buddy. We're coming on in.

EXT. HELICOPTER

It drifts back toward the lake, makes a turn and swoops in over the compound.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Ed's singing again.

ED

Just once in a lifetime. . .
Fire two!

THE ROCKET explodes out of its bay, sizzling in low again, but this time it veers to the left and grazes the top of the GIRLS' DORM!

IN THE DORM

the rafters are shaking and shuddering, and the Wachumee coeds are huddled together, screaming in terror.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - EDGE OF THE COMPOUND

Pete and Jarvis are watching the stampede in awe from the vantage point of the bushes.

Fred pops out of hiding.

FRED

Aha!

They're off and running again, disappearing into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER

Sakes is now plenty frustrated, what with that second rocket wide of the mark and moose continuing to flood through the compound.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

We're gonna get trampled, aren't we, baby?

SAKES

Naw, probably just squashed and mutilated.
Next time I get a really stupid idea like this,
please clobber me.

The moose continue to leap the barricade.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Hold me, baby, I'm frightened.

They find each other in an embrace. This continues for several beats, but now Sakes senses something changing.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

What is it?

He shrugs. Pokes his head up. Looks around in disbelief. The moose have evaporated.

SAKES

This is our chance -- come on.

He takes her hand and they make for the woods.

He whips out his walkie-talkie as they hunker down.

SAKES

Eddie, it's suddenly very quiet.
I don't know what to make of this.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Eddie's on that phone again.

ED

What can I tell you, Lloyd, they stopped again.
But this time we might have another problem.

SAKES

What's that?

ED

A couple of girls in a tree.

SAKES

What -- what girls?

ED

There appear to be two girls clinging to a tree
up here, Lloyd. I'm thinking, what happens if
they come down and the moose start running
again? I'm thinking, this could be a bad thing.

SAKES

Shit.

ED

We're bailing, Lloyd.

SAKES

Eddie? What do you mean you're bailing?

ED

You're on your own. We tried, we gave it our
all.

SAKES

Eddie? . . . Eddie?

BACK TO SCENE

Sakes turns to Miss Rodriguez.

SAKES

Great. There are a couple of girls trapped up
there. Now what am I gonna do?

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

A fearful Addie and Jade cling to each other in a tree. The silence on all sides is deafening.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECREATION HALL

Flames lick hungrily from the windows and doors.

INT. RECREATION HALL

A terrified Doris and Hermann find themselves trapped, with fallen beams and smoke and fire running wild all around them.

DORIS

The back way.

They start for the back exit, carefully working their way among the wreckage of fallen timber, as well as choking smoke and fire.

They reach the back door. Doris tries the handle. No good.

She pounds on the door.

DORIS

Help! Help! Please?

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - PETE AND JARVIS

Our heroes are hiding in the shadow of a tree near the rec hall. Fred and Ginger have appeared at the edge of the compound.

The muffled sound of Doris' pleas for help can be heard, but it's hard to make out exactly where those sounds are coming from.

Pete and Jarvis exchange concerned looks.

PETE

You distract him.

Jarvis bolts out into the open.

JARVIS
Yoo-hoo -- Freddie????

He's off and running. Fred gives chase.

Meantime, Pete hotfoots it to the back door of the rec hall, frantically works the handle.

Jarvis comes racing out into the open and disappears into the woods again, with Fred giving chase.

INT. RECREATION HALL

Doris continues her desperate pleas for help.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete is working the handle. It won't give.

Jarvis returns.

PETE
Won't budge.

He spies a slab of charred timber on the ground.

PETE
Come on.

They move to piece of fallen timber.

PETE
Grab the end.

They appropriate the slab of timber, ready it for use as a battering ram.

Fred has reappeared in the compound, rejoining Ginger. He throws up his hands in frustration.

But after a short pause, he spots the kids again. He's ready to pounce. But Ginger restrains him.

GINGER
No.

She realizes the kids are engaged in some sort of rescue.

He throws her a questioning look -- she shakes her head.

Fred tries to break free again. She shops him.

The boys are now ready to make their assault.

PETE

Count of three. One, two -- go!

They race forward, heads down, battering ram tucked under their arms, and hit the door with a crunch. It won't give.

PETE

Try it again.

They make a second run at it, driving forward with all their might into that stubborn door. Still no dice.

IN THE RECREATION HALL

a desperate Doris and Hermann are fighting for breath as smoke and flames envelope them.

DORIS

Oh God -- help us, somebody, please???

BACK TO SCENE

The building is shaking on its foundations, about to give way.

PETE

This time for all the marbles.

They race forward with all their might, ramming the wooden beam into that reluctant door, and with a THUD it gives way. But just a tad.

PETE

Come on -- push!

They throw their weight against the door. It crashes in.

A shell-shocked Doris and Hermann stumble out into the sunlight.

DORIS

Oh my God -- we're alive.

(MORE)

DORIS (cont'd)
 (to Pete and Jarvis)
 Oh God, thank you, thank you, thank you. . .

She recognizes him.

DORIS
You!

JARVIS
 Oops.

They beat it out of there.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Addie and Jade cling to that tree. But it has now become apparent that the stampede has ended.

Addie motions to Jade. They start back down the tree.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - FRED AND GINGER

The kids' noble rescue deed has not gone unappreciated, but now Fred is once again in search and destroy mode.

GINGER
 Tell me you're not proud of them, Fred. Tell me they're not heroic.

FRED
 All right, they're not heroic. One little deed does not a reputation make. All I know is, they're nearby, I can smell it.

Fred feels a tap on the shoulder. Turns.

JARVIS
 Yoo-hoo -- hi, Freddie.

He's off and running. Fred starts out after him.

The boys are chugging along through the woods, evading Fred.

TRUMPET FANFARE: WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP

The LEAD MOOSE rears back on his hindquarters, lets out a ferocious rallying cry: M-O-O-O-O!, and goes tearing down the mountain, leading a fierce rampage.

REACTION SHOTS:

PETE and JARVIS exchange looks.

ADDIE and JADE freeze in their tracks as they reach the forest floor.

FRED halts in his pursuit, looks around.

SAKES and MRS. RODRIGUEZ are frozen in fear.

Sakes' walkie-talkie BLEEPs. He is fearful, slowly answers it.

SAKES

Yeah?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Eddie is on the phone again.

ED

The moose are coming, Lloyd. No joke, they're on their way.

SAKES

The girls, Eddie?

ED

Bad, Lloyd, bad. They're no longer in view.

SAKES

You know who they're going to blame.

Doris appears.

DORIS

They're going to blame me. And you know something, I deserve it. If it wasn't for the way I treated those girls, they probably wouldn't be up there.

SAKES

I have no idea what you're talking about. Any suggestions?

DORIS

Yeah -- let's pray.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - ADDIE AND JADE

Terror is mounting as Addie and Jade realize their blunder and struggle down the mountain.

WITH THE MOOSE

as they continue their ferocious descent, hooves pounding, trampling everything in their path.

A HOBbled JADE

trips and falls to the ground, grimacing in pain.

Addie frantically tries to help her up. Moose have begun to streak past them.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM

Doris faces the frightened girls.

DORIS

All right, I want everyone to gather round.

The girls gather together.

DORIS

Most of you may realize by now that Addie and Jade never came back to the dorm.

(MORE)

DORIS (cont'd)

They're up there on the mountain. I know what you're thinking, and of course I am very frightened too, but maybe if all of us pray and pull together, they will come out of this safely. I want you to know that if anything should happen to them, I take full responsibility. I should have listened to them and I didn't.

Pete and Jarvis step forth.

PETE

Excuse me.

DORIS

Oh my God.

PETE

All right, listen. We're going up there after them. I know it's incredibly noble of us, but we've got to try. So everyone, wish us luck.

DORIS

Wait -- if you go up there, you could be killed.

PETE

Yes. And if we don't, well, we'll be doomed in another way. We have to go for it.

He crosses his fingers.

PETE

(to Jarvis)

Come on.

EXT. DORM

Pete and Jarvis emerge from the dorm, look around. Moose have begun to appear once again in the compound.

JARVIS

How are we gonna make our way through that?

PETE

I've got an idea.

He leads the way as they sprint across the compound and plant themselves at the base of the Wachumee Pole.

PETE

It's a long way up -- here goes.

He begins his climb.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOOSE STAMPEDE

The moose are pouring down the mountain ferociously.

ELSEWHERE IN THE WOODS

Addie and Jade struggle to make it to safety, but Jade collapses to the ground.

JADE

It's hopeless.

ADDIE

Get up, Jade.

JADE

I can't.

ADDIE

Yes, you can.

CUT TO:

EXT. WACHUMEE POLE

Pete has now climbed high up on the Wachumee Pole. He gazes out over the compound. Cups his hands. Lets out a pretty impressive rallying cry: M-O-O-O-O-O!

The call ECHOES through the compound.

WITH SAKES AND MISS RODRIGUEZ

as they react to this, more than a bit confused.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete clambers down the pole.

PETE

Come on.

He and Jarvis set out on the run for the center of the compound.

As they arrive there, a familiar moose trots into view. They approach the moose.

PETE

All right, old friend, we're counting on you.

FRED

Aha!

He's got his arms around Jarvis.

JARVIS

Let go of me. Dad, please?

FRED

No way.

JARVIS

Dad, please?

FRED

You're not getting away this time.

JARVIS

Dad, there are girls up there and they're in danger.

PETE

We've got to try to save them.

FRED

A likely story.

JARVIS

It's the truth. This is a chance to redeem ourselves. Come on, Dad, give us a break.

FRED

No.

JARVIS

They'll be killed if we don't get up there.

FRED

And you'll be killed if you try to escape from my clutches -- you've done enough damage.

JARVIS

Dad, please?

An exhausted Addie and Jade have staggered out of the woods. All around them moose are streaming into the compound.

JARVIS

Oh my God.

Fred turns, catches sight of this, can't believe his eyes. He releases Jarvis.

FRED

Go!

Addie and Jade stumble forward, helpless.

Jarvis and Pete mount up on mooseback -- YAH! -- and they're off to the races.

RAGING MUSIC -- WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE

Addie and Jade are completely exhausted and collapse to the ground. They cling to each other in terror as stampeding moose streak by.

FRED'S FACE

is a mask of horror, as at any moment the girls will be crushed, and he imagines the worst.

FANTASY SEQUENCE

Addie and Jade let out SHRIEKS of terror as they are engulfed by the moose, obliterated, mercilessly trampled.

BACK TO SCENE

Fred rubs his eyes, snaps back to the present.

Meanwhile, the girls are huddled together, tearful and terrified. Addie catches sight of the BOYS ON MOOSEBACK and a sudden flash of hope crosses her face.

ADDIE

Oh my God -- come on, Jade -- get up, get up!

JADE

Addie???

ADDIE

You've got to get up! You can do it.

Addie manages to get Jade to her feet.

The boys are closing fast.

They swoop in low, arms extended. Scoop the girls up, narrowly eluding the onrushing moose. And ride-'em-cowboy, heading down the compound on mooseback in the direction of the lake.

They come to a halt in a safe part of the beach.

There is a long moment as everyone regroups, and there are audible sighs of relief. Pause.

The riders dismount. Addie folds her hands in prayer.

ADDIE

I think this merits a moment of prayer.

She and Jade cup hands.

ADDIE

Well, come on.

The boys cup hands as well.

ADDIE

All-powerful Wachumee god, you who have brought us to safety here on the shores of

(MORE)

ADDIE (cont'd)

Moose Lake -- we thank you copiously, abundantly, and mightily. As for the guys, well, we have to admit, they were brave and cool.

(a beat)

Okay. We've appeased the spirits. Now for the fun part. What do you say, guys?

PETE

Wow!

ADDIE

(to Jarvis)

You?

JARVIS

Wow.

ADDIE

Very guys-like, I have to admit. Well, I'm Addie, that's Jade. You're --

JARVIS

Jarvis. That's Pete.

ADDIE

That was some entrance, guys.

PETE

Shucks.

ADDIE

And it wins you the right to escort us up the compound. If you please.

She takes Pete's arm.

Jarvis extends his arm -- Jade takes it.

They start up the compound.

JARVIS

Wait. Gotta thank our friend.

He retreats to moose. Pets him fondly.

JARVIS

Nice work, moosie.

Up the way, Doris and the rest of the Wachumee coeds have gathered to await the girls' arrival.

They applaud as Addie, Jade, Pete and Jarvis come into view.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Peace has once again returned to Camp Wachumee, as several pairs of lovers sit dreamily in lounge chairs around the campfire:

Fred and Ginger have once again been restored to marital bliss.

Sakes and Miss Rodriguez bask in their newfound love.

Pete and Jarvis, Addie and Jade hold hands.

And Susan and an improbable Hermann have paired up, and sit peacefully side by side.

Dreamy-eyed love is everywhere in the air.

GINGER

Peaceful, huh, Fred?

FRED

Yeah. I like peaceful.

It's Pete and Addie's turn.

PETE

I like peaceful, too. So, have you made any plans?

ADDIE

No. You?

PETE

I don't know, I thought we might invite a couple of -- friends -- to join us as our house guests.

ADDIE

You did, huh?

She puts her hand on his.

Meanwhile, Miss Rodriguez and Sakes are wrapped up in their own little cocoon of love.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

The moose brought us together, baby, so maybe they're not all bad. We're going to be happy, aren't we, baby?

Susan and Hermann are also in that realm called love. She mischievously tickles him.

SUSAN

Hermann???

And they share beaming looks of love.

BACK TO FRED AND GINGER

as Ginger's hand reaches for Fred's, and she looks longingly in his eyes, and we go round robin.

GINGER

Oh Fred --

FRED

Oh Ginger. . .

HERMANN

Oh Susan --

SUSAN

Oh Hermann. . .

JARVIS

Oh Pete --

PETE

Oh Jarvis. . .

BACK TO FRED AND GINGER

FRED

Well, it's been quite a day, and I have to admit, you boys did yourself proud.

PETE

Thanks, Dad.

FRED

It is so darn peaceful out here that I seriously doubt anything could shatter this tranquility.

(a beat)

Of course, if you believe the Indian stories, you might think differently.

GINGER

Fred?

FRED

See, the Indians believed that the ghosts of maligne spirits haunted these woods at night, out for revenge. I doubt there's anything to it, but that's what they believed.

GINGER

Maligne spirits?

There's a RUSTLE in the bushes.

GINGER

What was that?

FRED

What?

GINGER

A sound -- in the bushes.

FRED

That was nothing. As I was saying, the Indians believed that the ghosts of maligne spirits haunted these woods, and I suppose that after today, some of those maligne spirits could well be moose. I mean, if they felt mistreated.

GINGER

Fred?

FRED

Of course, that's ridiculous.

There's another CRUNCH in the bushes.

GINGER

Fred, tell me you didn't hear that? I'm beginning to get a little frightened.

FRED

Honey, you don't believe those Indian stories?

GINGER

Fred?

FRED

You don't really believe that stuff? 'Course, the Indians had no reason to lie.

A MOOSE CALL is heard -- M-O-O-O-O!

GINGER

Oh my God, it's the spirits, it's the spirits of those moose, Fred.

FRED

Honey, I'm telling you, you have absolutely nothing to worry about. There is nobody here but us moose -- M-O-O-O-O!

BURST OF WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE!

RAMPAGING MOOSE come crashing out of the bushes toward them and rend the fabric of the movie screen.

FREEZE FRAME.

THE END