

OFFSPRING 168

Written by

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**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Clean, white tiled walls lie underneath layers of grime and dirt. The sink is cluttered with over-squeezed toothpaste tubes and stray hairs.

BUZZ, a house fly with large goggles, lands on the leaky faucet then flies to the stained TOILET SEAT.

He rubs his hands together, preparing to scour the porcelain surface for decaying organic matter.

BUZZ

Now this is the good stuff. Much  
better than that processed garbage.

A SHADOW looms over him--THE GUARDIAN, a calico cat, gazes down on him--

SWOOSH! He swipes, Buzz flies upwards escaping when--

Its tail whips into him and sends him soaring away, into--

**INT. CREVICE - SAME**

MUMSCA, a mother fly slightly larger than the others, races past apartments and shops where all kinds of insects have taken refuge.

She runs into a CENTIPEDE holding a briefcase and a coffee.

MUMSCA

Get out of my way!

The centipede grimaces and flips her off with 98 of his legs.

Around a corner--RANDY and MISSY, two old cockroaches, relax in rocking chairs.

MISSY

Mumsca! So good to see you today,  
neighbor!

Mumsca hesitantly slows down and waves.

MISSY (CONT'D)

You're in quite the rush there,  
deary. What's the matter? One of  
the kids again?

MUMSCA

It's offspring number 168--I mean Buzz! He's been a little too adventurous lately...he left The Crevice.

MISSY

Oh dear! He left The Crevice!?

MUMSCA

I've scolded Buzz and the offspring about the dangers of the outside world but they just won't listen--

RANDY

Quit yellin' would ya! Ya woke me up from--holy dung beetles, its a fly!

Randy points to the flaming silhouette of Buzz flying through the air and instantly falls asleep, snoring obnoxiously

Mumsca sighs and glides over to--

**INT. THE FLY'S HOME - SAME**

The Fly's mill about and chat while sipping on steamy, vile substances.

Buzz sits in a corner surrounded by a group of larvae who listen intensely.

BUZZ

Yup, that's right, I made it all the way to the toilet seat. But there was so much more to explore--

Mumsca barges in. The larvae scatter and wiggle away from their angry mother.

MUMSCA

Buzz! Where have you been?!

BUZZ

Nowhere, I--

MUMSCA

Visited the toilet seat? You know you're not allowed there! It's too dangerous for a weakling like you.

BUZZ

What! No! I mean--

MUMSCA  
Your leg is broken. Certainly you  
have an explanation for me?

BUZZ  
It wasn't my fault! It was the  
Guardian.

A hush falls upon the room.

MUMSCA  
The Guardian? Are you sure?

BUZZ  
It was huge and fuzzy and strong,  
it had to be!

MUMSCA  
You fought the Guardian by  
yourself?

She whips out a pad of paper and makes a note--

BUZZ  
Y-yes absolutely I fought him, and  
single handedly!

MUMSCA  
You are brave, offspring 168.  
Possibly the bravest in your  
current 7-10 day life cycle. How  
about you--

BOOM! The Guardian's arm crashes through the roof and screams  
erupt from outside!

Missy enters.

MISSY  
Oh dear! Someone brave must stop  
the Guardian from destroying our  
home!

Everybody looks to Buzz, he gulps.

He pulls his goggles over his eyes, tightening the strap and--

BUZZ  
AHHHHHHHHH!!!!

His gut-wrenching, ear-piercing screech echoes through The  
Crevice

He flies out through the hole in the roof, eyes closed--

**INT. THE CREVICE - SAME**

His eyes blink open--he floats face to face with the Guardian, David and Goliath.

An ethereal third eye opens up on the Guardian's forehead

THE GUARDIAN

Fool.

BUZZ

What the f--

It bats Buzz out of the air, slamming him against the wall.

Mumsca crosses out "OFFSPRING 168" on her pad of paper.

**FIN.**