

Bee Movie

By Jerry Seinfeld

NARRATOR:

(Black screen with text; The sound of buzzing bees can be heard)

According to all known laws  
of aviation,

:

there is no way a bee  
should be able to fly.

:

Its wings are too small to get  
its fat little body off the ground.

:

The bee, of course, flies anyway

:

because bees don't care  
what humans think is impossible.

BARRY BENSON:

(Barry is picking out a shirt)

Yellow, black. Yellow, black.

Yellow, black. Yellow, black.

:

Ooh, black and yellow!

Let's shake it up a little.

JANET BENSON:

Barry! Breakfast is ready!

BARRY:

Coming!

:

Hang on a second.

(Barry uses his antenna like a phone)

:

Hello?

ADAM FLAYMAN:

(Through phone)

- Barry?

BARRY:

- Adam?

ADAM:

- Can you believe this is happening?

BARRY:

- I can't. I'll pick you up.  
(Barry flies down the stairs)

:

MARTIN BENSON:

Looking sharp.

JANET:

Use the stairs. Your father  
paid good money for those.

BARRY:

Sorry. I'm excited.

MARTIN:

Here's the graduate.

We're very proud of you, son.

:

A perfect report card, all B's.

JANET:

Very proud.

(Rubs Barry's hair)

BARRY=

Ma! I got a thing going here.

JANET:

- You got lint on your fuzz.

BARRY:

- Ow! That's me!

JANET:

- Wave to us! We'll be in row 118,000.

- Bye!

(Barry flies out the door)

JANET:

Barry, I told you,  
stop flying in the house!

(Barry drives through the hive, and is waved at by Adam  
who is reading a  
newspaper)

BARRY==

- Hey, Adam.

ADAM:

- Hey, Barry.

(Adam gets in Barry's car)

:

- Is that fuzz gel?

BARRY:

- A little. Special day, graduation.

ADAM:

Never thought I'd make it.

(Barry pulls away from the house and continues driving)

BARRY:

Three days grade school,  
three days high school...

ADAM:

Those were awkward.

BARRY:

Three days college. I'm glad I took  
a day and hitchhiked around the hive.

ADAM==

You did come back different.

(Barry and Adam pass by Artie, who is jogging)

ARTIE:

- Hi, Barry!

BARRY:

- Artie, growing a mustache? Looks good.

ADAM:

- Hear about Frankie?

BARRY:

- Yeah.

ADAM==

- You going to the funeral?

BARRY:

- No, I'm not going to his funeral.

:

Everybody knows,  
sting someone, you die.

:

Don't waste it on a squirrel.  
Such a hothead.

ADAM:

I guess he could have  
just gotten out of the way.

(The car does a barrel roll on the loop-shaped bridge and  
lands on the  
highway)

:

I love this incorporating  
an amusement park into our regular day.

BARRY:

I guess that's why they say we don't need vacations.

(Barry parallel parks the car and together they fly over the graduating students)

Boy, quite a bit of pomp...  
under the circumstances.

(Barry and Adam sit down and put on their hats)

:

- Well, Adam, today we are men.

ADAM:

- We are!

BARRY=

- Bee-men.

=ADAM=

- Amen!

BARRY AND ADAM:

Hallelujah!

(Barry and Adam both have a happy spasm)

ANNOUNCER:

Students, faculty, distinguished bees,

:

please welcome Dean Buzzwell.

DEAN BUZZWELL:

Welcome, New Hive Oity  
graduating class of...

:

...9:

:

That concludes our ceremonies.

:

And begins your career  
at Honex Industries!

ADAM:

Will we pick our job today?

(Adam and Barry get into a tour bus)

BARRY=

I heard it's just orientation.

(Tour buses rise out of the ground and the students are automatically loaded into the buses)

TOUR GUIDE:

Heads up! Here we go.

ANNOUNCER:

Keep your hands and antennas  
inside the tram at all times.

BARRY:

- Wonder what it'll be like?

ADAM:

- A little scary.

TOUR GUIDE==

Welcome to Honex,  
a division of Honesco

:

and a part of the Hexagon Group.

Barry:

This is it!

BARRY AND ADAM:

Wow.

BARRY:

Wow.

(The bus drives down a road and on either side are the  
Bee's massive  
complicated Honey-making machines)

TOUR GUIDE:

We know that you, as a bee,  
have worked your whole life

:

to get to the point where you  
can work for your whole life.

:

Honey begins when our valiant Pollen  
Jocks bring the nectar to the hive.

:

Our top-secret formula

:

is automatically color-corrected,

scent-adjusted and bubble-contoured

:

into this soothing sweet syrup

:

with its distinctive  
golden glow you know as...

EVERYONE ON BUS:

Honey!

(The guide has been collecting honey into a bottle and  
she throws it into

the crowd on the bus and it is caught by a girl in the back)

ADAM:

- That girl was hot.

BARRY:

- She's my cousin!

ADAM==

- She is?

BARRY:

- Yes, we're all cousins.

ADAM:

- Right. You're right.

TOUR GUIDE:

- At Honex, we constantly strive

:

to improve every aspect

of bee existence.

:

These bees are stress-testing

a new helmet technology.

(The bus passes by a Bee wearing a helmet who is being smashed into the

ground with fly-swatters, newspapers and boots. He lifts a thumbs up but

you can hear him groan)

:

ADAM==

- What do you think he makes?

BARRY:

- Not enough.

TOUR GUIDE:

Here we have our latest advancement,  
the Krelman.

(They pass by a turning wheel with Bees standing on pegs,  
who are each

wearing a finger-shaped hat)

Barry:

- Wow, What does that do?

TOUR GUIDE:

- Catches that little strand of honey

:

that hangs after you pour it.

Saves us millions.

ADAM:

(Intrigued)

Can anyone work on the Krelman?

TOUR GUIDE:

Of course. Most bee jobs are  
small ones.

But bees know that every small job,  
if it's done well, means a lot.

:

But choose carefully

:

because you'll stay in the job  
you pick for the rest of your life.

(Everyone claps except for Barry)

BARRY:

The same job the rest of your life?

I didn't know that.

ADAM:

What's the difference?

TOUR GUIDE:

You'll be happy to know that bees,  
as a species, haven't had one day off

:

in 27 million years.

BARRY:

(Upset)

So you'll just work us to death?

:

We'll sure try.

(Everyone on the bus laughs except Barry. Barry and Adam  
are walking back  
home together)

ADAM:

Wow! That blew my mind!

BARRY:

"What's the difference?"

How can you say that?

:

One job forever?

That's an insane choice to have to make.

ADAM:

I'm relieved. Now we only have  
to make one decision in life.

BARRY:

But, Adam, how could they  
never have told us that?

ADAM:

Why would you question anything?  
We're bees.

:

We're the most perfectly  
functioning society on Earth.

BARRY:

You ever think maybe things  
work a little too well here?

ADAM:

Like what? Give me one example.

(Barry and Adam stop walking and it is revealed to the  
audience that  
hundreds of cars are speeding by and narrowly missing  
them in perfect  
unison)

BARRY:

I don't know. But you know  
what I'm talking about.

ANNOUNCER:

Please clear the gate.  
Royal Nectar Force on approach.

BARRY:

Wait a second. Check it out.  
(The Pollen jocks fly in, circle around and landing in  
line)

:

- Hey, those are Pollen Jocks!

ADAM:

- Wow.

:

I've never seen them this close.

BARRY:

They know what it's like  
outside the hive.

ADAM:

Yeah, but some don't come back.

GIRL BEES:

- Hey, Jocks!

- Hi, Jocks!



(The Pollen Jocks hook up their backpacks to machines  
that pump the nectar  
to trucks, which drive away)

LOU LO DUVA:

You guys did great!

:

You're monsters!

You're sky freaks!

I love it!

(Punching the Pollen Jocks in joy)

I love it!

ADAM:

- I wonder where they were.

BARRY:

- I don't know.

:

Their day's not planned.

:

Outside the hive, flying who knows  
where, doing who knows what.

:

You can't just decide to be a Pollen  
Jock. You have to be bred for that.

ADAM==

Right.

(Barry and Adam are covered in some pollen that floated  
off of the Pollen  
Jocks)

BARRY:

Look at that. That's more pollen  
than you and I will see in a lifetime.

ADAM:

It's just a status symbol.

Bees make too much of it.

BARRY:

Perhaps. Unless you're wearing it  
and the ladies see you wearing it.

(Barry waves at 2 girls standing a little away from them)

ADAM==

Those ladies?

Aren't they our cousins too?

BARRY:

Distant. Distant.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

Look at these two.

POLLEN JOCK #2:

- Couple of Hive Harrys.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

- Let's have fun with them.

GIRL BEE #1:

It must be dangerous  
being a Pollen Jock.

BARRY:

Yeah. Once a bear pinned me  
against a mushroom!

:

He had a paw on my throat,  
and with the other, he was slapping me!

(Slaps Adam with his hand to represent his scenario)

GIRL BEE #2:

- Oh, my!

BARRY:

- I never thought I'd knock him out.

GIRL BEE #1:

(Looking at Adam)

What were you doing during this?

ADAM:

Obviously I was trying to alert the authorities.

BARRY:

I can autograph that.

(The pollen jocks walk up to Barry and Adam, they pretend  
that Barry and

Adam really are pollen jocks.)

POLLEN JOCK #1:

A little gusty out there today,  
wasn't it, comrades?

BARRY:

Yeah. Gusty.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

We're hitting a sunflower patch  
six miles from here tomorrow.

BARRY:

- Six miles, huh?

ADAM:

- Barry!

POLLEN JOCK #2:

A puddle jump for us,  
but maybe you're not up for it.

BARRY:

- Maybe I am.

ADAM:

- You are not!

POLLEN JOCK #1:

We're going 0900 at J-Gate.

:

What do you think, buzzy-boy?

Are you bee enough?

BARRY:

I might be. It all depends  
on what 0900 means.

(The scene cuts to Barry looking out on the hive-city  
from his balcony at  
night)

MARTIN:

Hey, Honex!

BARRY:

Dad, you surprised me.

MARTIN:

You decide what you're interested in?

BARRY:

- Well, there's a lot of choices.

- But you only get one.

:

Do you ever get bored  
doing the same job every day?

MARTIN:

Son, let me tell you about stirring.

:

You grab that stick, and you just  
move it around, and you stir it around.

:

You get yourself into a rhythm.  
It's a beautiful thing.

BARRY:

You know, Dad,  
the more I think about it,

:

maybe the honey field

just isn't right for me.

MARTIN:

You were thinking of what,  
making balloon animals?

:

That's a bad job  
for a guy with a stinger.

:

Janet, your son's not sure  
he wants to go into honey!

JANET:

- Barry, you are so funny sometimes.

BARRY:

- I'm not trying to be funny.

MARTIN:

You're not funny! You're going  
into honey. Our son, the stirrer!

JANET:

- You're gonna be a stirrer?

BARRY:

- No one's listening to me!

MARTIN:

Wait till you see the sticks I have.

BARRY:

I could say anything right now.

I'm gonna get an ant tattoo!

(Barry's parents don't listen to him and continue to  
ramble on)

MARTIN:

Let's open some honey and celebrate!

BARRY:

Maybe I'll pierce my thorax.

Shave my antennae.

:

Shack up with a grasshopper. Get  
a gold tooth and call everybody "dawg"!

JANET:

I'm so proud.

(The scene cuts to Barry and Adam waiting in line to get  
a job)

ADAM:

- We're starting work today!

BARRY:

- Today's the day.

ADAM:

Come on! All the good jobs  
will be gone.

BARRY:

Yeah, right.

JOB LISTER:

Pollen counting, stunt bee, pouring,  
stirrer, front desk, hair removal...

BEE IN FRONT OF LINE:

- Is it still available?

JOB LISTER:

- Hang on. Two left!

:

One of them's yours! Congratulations!  
Step to the side.

ADAM:

- What'd you get?

BEE IN FRONT OF LINE:

- Picking crud out. Stellar!

(He walks away)

ADAM:

Wow!

JOB LISTER:

Couple of newbies?

ADAM:

Yes, sir! Our first day! We are ready!

JOB LISTER:

Make your choice.

(Adam and Barry look up at the job board. There are  
hundreds of constantly  
changing panels that contain available or unavailable  
jobs. It looks very  
confusing)

ADAM:

- You want to go first?

BARRY:

- No, you go.

ADAM:

Oh, my. What's available?

JOB LISTER:

Restroom attendant's open,

not for the reason you think.

ADAM:

- Any chance of getting the Krelman?

JOB LISTER:

- Sure, you're on.

(Puts the Krelman finger-hat on Adam's head)

(Suddenly the sign for Krelman closes out)

:

I'm sorry, the Krelman just closed out.

(Takes Adam's hat off)

Wax monkey's always open.

ADAM:

The Krelman opened up again.

:

What happened?

JOB LISTER:

A bee died. Makes an opening. See?

He's dead. Another dead one.

:

Deady. Deadified. Two more dead.

:

Dead from the neck up.

Dead from the neck down. That's life!

ADAM:

Oh, this is so hard!

(Barry remembers what the Pollen Jock offered him and he flies off)

Heating, cooling,

stunt bee, pourer, stirrer,

:

humming, inspector number seven,

lint coordinator, stripe supervisor,

:

mite wrangler. Barry, what

do you think I should... Barry?

(Adam turns around and sees Barry flying away)

:

Barry!

POLLEN JOCK:

All right, we've got the sunflower patch  
in quadrant nine...

ADAM:

(Through phone)

What happened to you?

Where are you?

BARRY:

- I'm going out.

ADAM:

- Out? Out where?

BARRY:

- Out there.

ADAM:

- Oh, no!

BARRY:

I have to, before I go  
to work for the rest of my life.

ADAM:

You're gonna die! You're crazy!

(Barry hangs up)

Hello?

POLLEN JOCK #2:

Another call coming in.

:

If anyone's feeling brave,  
there's a Korean deli on 83rd

:

that gets their roses today.

BARRY:

Hey, guys.

POLLEN JOCK #1 ==

- Look at that.

POLLEN JOCK #2:

- Isn't that the kid we saw yesterday?

LOU LO DUVA:

Hold it, son, flight deck's restricted.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

It's OK, Lou. We're gonna take him up.

(Puts hand on Barry's shoulder)

LOU LO DUVA:

(To Barry) Really? Feeling lucky, are you?

BEE WITH CLIPBOARD:

(To Barry) Sign here, here. Just initial that.

:

- Thank you.

LOU LO DUVA:

- OK.

:  
You got a rain advisory today,  
:

and as you all know,  
bees cannot fly in rain.

:  
So be careful. As always,  
watch your brooms,

:  
hockey sticks, dogs,  
birds, bears and bats.

:  
Also, I got a couple of reports  
of root beer being poured on us.

:  
Murphy's in a home because of it,  
babbling like a cicada!

BARRY:

- That's awful.

LOU LO DUVA:

(Still talking through megaphone)

- And a reminder for you rookies,

:  
bee law number one,  
absolutely no talking to humans!

:  
All right, launch positions!

POLLEN JOCKS:

(The Pollen Jocks run into formation)

:  
Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz! Buzz, buzz,  
buzz, buzz! Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz!

LOU LU DUVA:

Black and yellow!

POLLEN JOCKS:

Hello!

POLLEN JOCK #1:

(To Barry) You ready for this, hot shot?

BARRY:

Yeah. Yeah, bring it on.

POLLEN JOCK's:

Wind, check.



:  
- Antennae, check.  
- Nectar pack, check.  
:  
- Wings, check.  
- Stinger, check.  
BARRY:  
Scared out of my shorts, check.  
LOU LO DUVA:  
OK, ladies,  
:  
let's move it out!  
:  
Pound those petunias,  
you striped stem-suckers!  
:  
All of you, drain those flowers!  
(The pollen jocks fly out of the hive)  
BARRY:  
Wow! I'm out!  
:  
I can't believe I'm out!  
:  
So blue.  
  
:  
I feel so fast and free!  
:  
Box kite!  
(Barry flies through the kite)  
:  
Wow!  
:  
Flowers!  
(A pollen jock puts on some high tech goggles that shows  
flowers similar to  
heat sink goggles.)  
POLLEN JOCK:  
This is Blue Leader.  
We have roses visual.  
:  
Bring it around 30 degrees and hold.  
:  
Roses!

POLLEN JOCK #1:

30 degrees, roger. Bringing it around.

:

Stand to the side, kid.

It's got a bit of a kick.

(The pollen jock fires a high-tech gun at the flower, shooting tubes that suck up the nectar from the flower and collects it into a pouch on the gun)

BARRY:

That is one nectar collector!

POLLEN JOCK #1==

- Ever see pollination up close?

BARRY:

- No, sir.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

(Barry and the Pollen jock fly over the field, the pollen jock sprinkles pollen as he goes)

:

I pick up some pollen here, sprinkle it over here. Maybe a dash over there,

:

a pinch on that one.

See that? It's a little bit of magic.

BARRY:

That's amazing. Why do we do that?

POLLEN JOCK #1:

That's pollen power. More pollen, more flowers, more nectar, more honey for us.

BARRY:

Cool.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

I'm picking up a lot of bright yellow. could be daisies. Don't we need those?

POLLEN JOCK #2:

Copy that visual.

:

Wait. One of these flowers seems to be on the move.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

Say again? You're reporting a moving flower?

POLLEN JOCK #2:

Affirmative.

(The Pollen jocks land near the "flowers" which, to the audience are obviously just tennis balls)

KEN:

(In the distance) That was on the line!

POLLEN JOCK #1:

This is the coolest. What is it?

POLLEN JOCK #2:

I don't know, but I'm loving this color.

:

It smells good.

Not like a flower, but I like it.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

Yeah, fuzzy.

(Sticks his hand on the ball but it gets stuck)

POLLEN JOCK #3==

Chemical-y.

(The pollen jock finally gets his hand free from the tennis ball)

POLLEN JOCK #1:

Careful, guys. It's a little grabby.

(The pollen jocks turn around and see Barry lying his entire body on top of one of the tennis balls)

POLLEN JOCK #2:

My sweet lord of bees!

POLLEN JOCK #3:

Candy-brain, get off there!

POLLEN JOCK #1:

(Pointing upwards)

Problem!

(A human hand reaches down and grabs the tennis ball that Barry is stuck

to)

BARRY:

- Guys!

POLLEN JOCK #2:

- This could be bad.

POLLEN JOCK #3:

Affirmative.

(Vanessa Bloome starts bouncing the tennis ball, not

knowing Barry is stick  
to it)

BARRY==  
Very close.

:  
Gonna hurt.

:  
Mama's little boy.  
(Barry is being hit back and forth by two humans playing  
tennis. He is  
still stuck to the ball)

POLLEN JOCK #1:  
You are way out of position, rookie!

KEN:  
Coming in at you like a MISSILE!  
(Barry flies past the pollen jocks, still stuck to the  
ball)

BARRY:  
(In slow motion)

Help me!  
POLLEN JOCK #2:  
I don't think these are flowers.

POLLEN JOCK #3:  
- Should we tell him?

POLLEN JOCK #1:  
- I think he knows.

BARRY:  
What is this?!

KEN:  
Match point!

:  
You can start packing up, honey,  
because you're about to EAT IT!  
(A pollen jock coughs which confused Ken and he hits the  
ball the wrong way  
with Barry stuck to it and it goes flying into the city)

BARRY:  
  
Yowser!  
(Barry bounces around town and gets stuck in the engine  
of a car. He flies  
into the air conditioner and sees a bug that was frozen  
in there)

BARRY:

Ew, gross.

(The man driving the car turns on the air conditioner which blows Barry into the car)

GIRL IN CAR:

There's a bee in the car!

:

- Do something!

DAD DRIVING CAR:

- I'm driving!

BABY GIRL:

(Waving at Barry)

- Hi, bee.

(Barry smiles and waves at the baby girl)

GUY IN BACK OF CAR:

- He's back here!

:

He's going to sting me!

GIRL IN CAR:

Nobody move. If you don't move, he won't sting you. Freeze!

(Barry freezes as well, hovering in the middle of the car)

:

GRANDMA IN CAR==

He blinked!

(The grandma whips out some bee-spray and sprays everywhere in the car, climbing into the front seat, still trying to spray Barry)

GIRL IN CAR:

Spray him, Granny!

DAD DRIVING THE CAR:

What are you doing?!

(Barry escapes the car through the air conditioner and is flying high above

the ground, safe.)

BARRY:

Wow... the tension level out here is unbelievable.

(Barry sees that storm clouds are gathering and he can see rain clouds

moving into this direction)

:

I gotta get home.

:

Can't fly in rain.

:

Can't fly in rain.

(A rain drop hits Barry and one of his wings is damaged)

:

Can't fly in rain.

(A second rain drop hits Barry again and he spirals downwards)

Mayday! Mayday! Bee going down!

(WW2 plane sound effects are played as he plummets, and he crash-lands on a plant inside an apartment near the window)

VANESSA BLOOME:

Ken, could you close the window please?

KEN==

Hey, check out my new resume.

I made it into a fold-out brochure.

:

You see?

(Folds brochure resume out)

Folds out.

(Ken closes the window, trapping Barry inside)

BARRY:

Oh, no. More humans. I don't need this.

(Barry tries to fly away but smashes into the window and falls again)

:

What was that?

(Barry keeps trying to fly out the window but he keeps being knocked back

because the window is closed)

Maybe this time. This time. This time.

This time! This time! This...

:

Drapes!

(Barry taps the glass. He doesn't understand what it is) That is diabolical.

KEN:

It's fantastic. It's got all my special skills, even my top-ten favorite movies.

ANDY:

What's number one? Star Wars?

KEN:

Nah, I don't go for that...

(Ken makes finger guns and makes "pew pew pew" sounds and then stops)

:

...kind of stuff.

BARRY:

No wonder we shouldn't talk to them.

They're out of their minds.

KEN:

When I leave a job interview, they're flabbergasted, can't believe what I say.

BARRY:

(Looking at the light on the ceiling)

There's the sun. Maybe that's a way out.

(Starts flying towards the lightbulb)

:

I don't remember the sun having a big 75 on it.

(Barry hits the lightbulb and falls into the dip on the table that the humans are sitting at)

KEN:

I predicted global warming.

:

I could feel it getting hotter.

At first I thought it was just me.

(Andy dips a chip into the bowl and scoops up some dip with Barry on it and is about to put it in his mouth)

:

Wait! Stop! Bee!

(Andy drops the chip with Barry in fear and backs away. All the humans freak out)

:

Stand back. These are winter boots.

(Ken has winter boots on his hands and he is about to smash the bee but

Vanessa saves him last second)

VANESSA:

Wait!

:

Don't kill him!

(Vanessa puts Barry in a glass to protect him)

KEN:

You know I'm allergic to them!

This thing could kill me!

VANESSA:

Why does his life have  
less value than yours?

KEN:

Why does his life have any less value  
than mine? Is that your statement?

VANESSA:

I'm just saying all life has value. You  
don't know what he's capable of feeling.

(Vanessa picks up Ken's brochure and puts it under the  
glass so she can  
carry Barry back to the window. Barry looks at Vanessa in  
amazement)

KEN:

My brochure!

VANESSA:

There you go, little guy.

(Vanessa opens the window and lets Barry out but Barry  
stays back and is  
still shocked that a human saved his life)

KEN:

I'm not scared of him.

It's an allergic thing.

VANESSA:

Put that on your resume brochure.

KEN:

My whole face could puff up.

ANDY:

Make it one of your special skills.

KEN:

Knocking someone out  
is also a special skill.

(Ken walks to the door)

Right. Bye, Vanessa. Thanks.



:  
- Vanessa, next week? Yogurt night?

VANESSA:

- Sure, Ken. You know, whatever.

:  
(Vanessa tries to close door)

KEN==

- You could put carob chips on there.

VANESSA:

- Bye.

(Closes door but Ken opens it again)

KEN:

- Supposed to be less calories.

VANESSA:

- Bye.

(Closes door)

(Fast forward to the next day, Barry is still inside the house. He flies

into the kitchen where Vanessa is doing dishes)

BARRY==

(Talking to himself)

I gotta say something.

:  
She saved my life.

I gotta say something.

:  
All right, here it goes.

(Turns back)

Nah.

:  
What would I say?

:  
I could really get in trouble.

:  
It's a bee law.  
You're not supposed to talk to a human.

:  
I can't believe I'm doing this.

:  
I've got to.  
(Barry disguises himself as a character on a food can as Vanessa walks by again)

:  
Oh, I can't do it. Come on!

:  
No. Yes. No.

:  
Do it. I can't.

:  
How should I start it?  
(Barry strikes a pose and wiggles his eyebrows)  
"You like jazz?"  
No, that's no good.  
(Vanessa is about to walk past Barry)  
Here she comes! Speak, you fool!

:  
...Hi!  
(Vanessa gasps and drops the dishes in fright and notices Barry on the counter)

:  
I'm sorry.  
VANESSA:  
- You're talking.

BARRY:  
- Yes, I know.  
VANESSA:  
(Pointing at Barry)  
You're talking!

BARRY:  
I'm so sorry.  
VANESSA:  
No, it's OK. It's fine.  
I know I'm dreaming.

:  
But I don't recall going to bed.  
BARRY:  
Well, I'm sure this  
is very disconcerting.  
VANESSA:  
This is a bit of a surprise to me.  
I mean, you're a bee!

BARRY:  
I am. And I'm not supposed

to be doing this,  
(Pointing to the living room where Ken tried to kill him  
last night)  
but they were all trying to kill me.

:

And if it wasn't for you...

:

I had to thank you.

It's just how I was raised.

(Vanessa stabs her hand with a fork to test whether she's  
dreaming or not)

:

That was a little weird.

VANESSA:

- I'm talking with a bee.

BARRY:

- Yeah.

VANESSA:

I'm talking to a bee.

And the bee is talking to me!

BARRY:

I just want to say I'm grateful.

I'll leave now.

(Barry turns to leave)

VANESSA:

- Wait! How did you learn to do that?

BARRY:

(Flying back)

- What?

VANESSA:

The talking...thing.

BARRY:

Same way you did, I guess.

"Mama, Dada, honey." You pick it up.

VANESSA:

- That's very funny.

BARRY:

- Yeah.

:

Bees are funny. If we didn't laugh,  
we'd cry with what we have to deal with.

:

Anyway...

VANESSA:

Can I...

:

...get you something?

BARRY:

- Like what?

VANESSA:

I don't know. I mean...

I don't know. Coffee?

BARRY:

I don't want to put you out.

VANESSA:

It's no trouble. It takes two minutes.

:

- It's just coffee.

BARRY:

- I hate to impose.

(Vanessa starts making coffee)

VANESSA:

- Don't be ridiculous!

BARRY:

- Actually, I would love a cup.

VANESSA:

Hey, you want rum cake?

BARRY:

- I shouldn't.

VANESSA:

- Have some.

BARRY:

- No, I can't.

VANESSA:

- Come on!

BARRY:

I'm trying to lose a couple micrograms.

VANESSA:

- Where?

BARRY:

- These stripes don't help.

VANESSA:

You look great!

BARRY:

I don't know if you know  
anything about fashion.

:  
Are you all right?  
VANESSA:  
(Pouring coffee on the floor and missing the cup  
completely)  
No.  
(Flash forward in time. Barry and Vanessa are sitting  
together at a table  
on top of the apartment building drinking coffee)

:  
BARRY==  
He's making the tie in the cab  
as they're flying up Madison.  
:  
He finally gets there.  
:  
He runs up the steps into the church.  
The wedding is on.

:  
And he says, "Watermelon?  
I thought you said Guatemalan.  
:  
Why would I marry a watermelon?"  
(Barry laughs but Vanessa looks confused)

VANESSA:  
Is that a bee joke?  
BARRY:  
That's the kind of stuff we do.  
VANESSA:  
Yeah, different.

:  
So, what are you gonna do, Barry?  
(Barry stands on top of a sugar cube floating in his  
coffee and paddles it  
around with a straw like it's a gondola)

BARRY:  
About work? I don't know.  
:  
I want to do my part for the hive,  
but I can't do it the way they want.  
VANESSA:  
I know how you feel.

BARRY:

- You do?

VANESSA:

- Sure.

:

My parents wanted me to be a lawyer or a doctor, but I wanted to be a florist.

BARRY:

- Really?

VANESSA:

- My only interest is flowers.

BARRY:

Our new queen was just elected with that same campaign slogan.

:

Anyway, if you look...

(Barry points to a tree in the middle of Central Park)

:

There's my hive right there. See it?

VANESSA:

You're in Sheep Meadow!

BARRY:

Yes! I'm right off the Turtle Pond!

VANESSA:

No way! I know that area.

I lost a toe ring there once.

BARRY:

- Why do girls put rings on their toes?

VANESSA:

- Why not?

BARRY:

- It's like putting a hat on your knee.

VANESSA:

- Maybe I'll try that.

(A custodian installing a lightbulb looks over at them but to his perspective it looks like Vanessa is talking to a cup of coffee on the table)

CUSTODIAN:

- You all right, ma'am?

VANESSA:

- Oh, yeah. Fine.

:  
Just having two cups of coffee!

BARRY:

Anyway, this has been great.  
Thanks for the coffee.

VANESSA==

Yeah, it's no trouble.

BARRY:

Sorry I couldn't finish it. If I did,  
I'd be up the rest of my life.

(Barry points towards the rum cake)

:  
Can I take a piece of this with me?

VANESSA:

Sure! Here, have a crumb.

(Vanessa hands Barry a crumb but it is still pretty big  
for Barry)

BARRY:

- Thanks!

VANESSA:

- Yeah.

BARRY:

All right. Well, then...

I guess I'll see you around.

:  
Or not.

VANESSA:

OK, Barry...

BARRY:

And thank you  
so much again... for before.

VANESSA:

Oh, that? That was nothing.

BARRY:

Well, not nothing, but... Anyway...

(Vanessa and Barry hold hands, but Vanessa has to hold  
out a finger because

her hands is too big and Barry holds that)

(The custodian looks over again and it appears Vanessa is  
laughing at her

coffee again. The lightbulb that he was screwing in  
sparks and he falls off

the ladder)

(Fast forward in time and we see two Bee Scientists testing out a parachute in a Honex wind tunnel)

BEE SCIENTIST #1:

This can't possibly work.

BEE SCIENTIST #2:

He's all set to go.

We may as well try it.

:

OK, Dave, pull the chute.

(Dave pulls the chute and the wind slams him against the wall and he falls

on his face. The camera pans over and we see Barry and Adam walking together)

ADAM:

- Sounds amazing.

BARRY:

- It was amazing!

:

It was the scariest,  
happiest moment of my life.

ADAM:

Humans! I can't believe  
you were with humans!

:

Giant, scary humans!  
What were they like?

BARRY:

Huge and crazy. They talk crazy.

:

They eat crazy giant things.  
They drive crazy.

ADAM:

- Do they try and kill you, like on TV?

BARRY:

- Some of them. But some of them don't.

ADAM:

- How'd you get back?

BARRY:

- Poodle.

ADAM:

You did it, and I'm glad. You saw



whatever you wanted to see.

:

You had your "experience." Now you can pick out your job and be normal.

BARRY:

- Well...

ADAM:

- Well?

BARRY:

Well, I met someone.

ADAM:

You did? Was she Bee-ish?

:

- A wasp?! Your parents will kill you!

BARRY:

- No, no, no, not a wasp.

ADAM:

- Spider?

BARRY:

- I'm not attracted to spiders.

:

I know, for everyone else, it's the hottest thing, with the eight legs and all.

:

I can't get by that face.

ADAM:

So who is she?

BARRY:

She's... human.

ADAM:

No, no. That's a bee law.

You wouldn't break a bee law.

BARRY:

- Her name's Vanessa.

(Adam puts his head in his hands)

ADAM:

- Oh, boy.

BARRY==

She's so nice. And she's a florist!

ADAM:

Oh, no! You're dating a human florist!

BARRY:

We're not dating.

ADAM:

You're flying outside the hive, talking  
to humans that attack our homes

:

with power washers and M-80s!

That's one-eighth a stick of dynamite!

BARRY:

She saved my life!

And she understands me.

ADAM:

This is over!

BARRY:

Eat this.

(Barry gives Adam a piece of the crumb that he got from  
Vanessa. Adam eats  
it)

ADAM:

(Adam's tone changes)

This is not over! What was that?

BARRY:

- They call it a crumb.

ADAM:

- It was so stingin' stripey!

BARRY:

And that's not what they eat.

That's what falls off what they eat!

:

- You know what a Cinnabon is?

ADAM:

- No.

(Adam opens a door behind him and he pulls Barry in)

BARRY:

It's bread and cinnamon and frosting.

ADAM:

Be quiet!

BARRY:

They heat it up...

ADAM:

Sit down!

(Adam forces Barry to sit down)

BARRY:

(Still rambling about Cinnabons)

...really hot!

(Adam grabs Barry by the shoulders)

ADAM:

- Listen to me!

:

We are not them! We're us.

There's us and there's them!

BARRY==

Yes, but who can deny  
the heart that is yearning?

ADAM:

There's no yearning.

Stop yearning. Listen to me!

:

You have got to start thinking bee,  
my friend. Thinking bee!

BARRY:

- Thinking bee.

WORKER BEE:

- Thinking bee.

WORKER BEES AND ADAM:

Thinking bee! Thinking bee!

Thinking bee! Thinking bee!

(Flash forward in time; Barry is laying on a raft in a  
pool full of honey.

He is wearing sunglasses)

JANET:

There he is. He's in the pool.

MARTIN:

You know what your problem is, Barry?

(Barry pulls down his sunglasses and he looks annoyed)

BARRY:

(Sarcastic)

I gotta start thinking bee?

JANET:

How much longer will this go on?

MARTIN:

It's been three days!

Why aren't you working?

(Puts sunglasses back on)

BARRY:

I've got a lot of big life decisions  
to think about.

MARTIN:

What life? You have no life!

You have no job. You're barely a bee!

JANET:

Would it kill you

to make a little honey?

(Barry rolls off the raft and sinks into the honey pool)

:

Barry, come out.

Your father's talking to you.

:

Martin, would you talk to him?

MARTIN:

Barry, I'm talking to you!

(Barry keeps sinking into the honey until he is suddenly  
in Central Park

having a picnic with Vanessa)

(Barry has a cup of honey and he clinks his glass with  
Vanessas. Suddenly a

mosquito lands on Vanessa and she slaps it, killing it.

They both gasp but

then burst out laughing)

VANESSA:

You coming?

(The camera pans over and Vanessa is climbing into a  
small yellow airplane)

BARRY:

Got everything?

VANESSA:

All set!

BARRY:

Go ahead. I'll catch up.

(Vanessa lifts off and flies ahead)

VANESSA:

Don't be too long.

(Barry catches up with Vanessa and he sticks out his arms  
like an airplane.

He rolls from side to side, and Vanessa copies him with  
the airplane)

VANESSA:

Watch this!

(Barry stays back and watches as Vanessa draws a heart in  
the air using

pink smoke from the plane, but on the last loop-the-loop she suddenly crashes into a mountain and the plane explodes. The destroyed plane falls into some rocks and explodes a second time)

BARRY:

Vanessa!

(As Barry is yelling his mouth fills with honey and he wakes up, discovering that he was just day dreaming. He slowly sinks back into the honey pool)

MARTIN:

- We're still here.

JANET:

- I told you not to yell at him.

:

He doesn't respond to yelling!

MARTIN:

- Then why yell at me?

JANET:

- Because you don't listen!

MARTIN:

I'm not listening to this.

BARRY:

Sorry, I've gotta go.

MARTIN:

- Where are you going?

BARRY:

- I'm meeting a friend.

JANET:

A girl? Is this why you can't decide?

BARRY:

Bye.

(Barry flies out the door and Martin shakes his head)

:

JANET==

I just hope she's Bee-ish.

(Fast forward in time and Barry is sitting on Vanessa's shoulder and she is closing up her shop)

BARRY:

They have a huge parade

of flowers every year in Pasadena?

VANESSA:

To be in the Tournament of Roses,  
that's every florist's dream!

:

Up on a float, surrounded  
by flowers, crowds cheering.

BARRY:

A tournament. Do the roses  
compete in athletic events?

VANESSA:

No. All right, I've got one.  
How come you don't fly everywhere?

BARRY:

It's exhausting. Why don't you  
run everywhere? It's faster.

VANESSA:

Yeah, OK, I see, I see.  
All right, your turn.

BARRY:

TiVo. You can just freeze live TV?  
That's insane!

VANESSA:

You don't have that?

BARRY:

We have Hivo, but it's a disease.  
It's a horrible, horrible disease.

VANESSA:

Oh, my.

(A human walks by and Barry narrowly avoids him)

PASSERBY:

Dumb bees!

VANESSA:

You must want to sting all those jerks.

BARRY:

We try not to sting.

It's usually fatal for us.

VANESSA:

So you have to watch your temper  
(They walk into a store)

BARRY:

Very carefully.

You kick a wall, take a walk,

:

write an angry letter and throw it out.

Work through it like any emotion:

:

Anger, jealousy, lust.

(Suddenly an employee(Hector) hits Barry off of Vanessa's shoulder. Hector

thinks he's saving Vanessa)

VANESSA:

(To Barry)

Oh, my goodness! Are you OK?

(Barry is getting up off the floor)

BARRY:

Yeah.

VANESSA:

(To Hector)

- What is wrong with you?!

HECTOR:

(Confused)

- It's a bug.

VANESSA:

He's not bothering anybody.

Get out of here, you creep!

(Vanessa hits Hector across the face with the magazine he had and then hits

him in the head. Hector backs away covering his head)

Barry:

What was that? A Pic 'N' Save circular?

(Vanessa sets Barry back on her shoulder)

VANESSA:

Yeah, it was. How did you know?

BARRY:

It felt like about 10 pages.

Seventy-five is pretty much our limit.

VANESSA:

You've really got that  
down to a science.

BARRY:

- Oh, we have to. I lost a cousin to Italian Vogue.

VANESSA:

- I'll bet.

(Barry looks to his right and notices there is honey for

sale in the aisle)

BARRY:

What in the name

of Mighty Hercules is this?

(Barry looks at all the brands of honey, shocked)

How did this get here?

Cute Bee, Golden Blossom,

:

Ray Liotta Private Select?

(Barry puts his hands up and slowly turns around, a look of disgust on his face)

VANESSA:

- Is he that actor?

BARRY:

- I never heard of him.

:

- Why is this here?

VANESSA:

- For people. We eat it.

BARRY:

You don't have

enough food of your own?!

(Hector looks back and notices that Vanessa is talking to Barry)

VANESSA:

- Well, yes.

BARRY:

- How do you get it?

VANESSA:

- Bees make it.

BARRY:

- I know who makes it!

:

And it's hard to make it!

:

There's heating, cooling, stirring.

You need a whole Krelman thing!

VANESSA:

- It's organic.

BARRY:

- It's our-ganic!

VANESSA:



It's just honey, Barry.

BARRY:

Just what?!

:

Bees don't know about this!

This is stealing! A lot of stealing!

:

You've taken our homes, schools,  
hospitals! This is all we have!

:

And it's on sale?!

I'm getting to the bottom of this.

:

I'm getting to the bottom  
of all of this!

(Flash forward in time; Barry paints his face with black  
strikes like a  
soldier and sneaks into the storage section of the store)  
(Two men, including Hector, are loading boxes into some  
trucks)

:

SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEE==

Hey, Hector.

:

- You almost done?

HECTOR:

- Almost.

(Barry takes a step to peak around the corner)

(Whispering)

He is here. I sense it.

:

Well, I guess I'll go home now

(Hector pretends to walk away by walking in place and  
speaking loudly)

:

and just leave this nice honey out,  
with no one around.

BARRY:

You're busted, box boy!

HECTOR:

I knew I heard something!

So you can talk!

BARRY:

I can talk.

And now you'll start talking!

:

Where you getting the sweet stuff?

Who's your supplier?

HECTOR:

I don't understand.

I thought we were friends.

:

The last thing we want

to do is upset bees!

(Hector takes a thumbtack out of the board behind him and sword-fights

Barry. Barry is using his stinger like a sword)

:

You're too late! It's ours now!

BARRY:

You, sir, have crossed

the wrong sword!

HECTOR:

You, sir, will be lunch

for my iguana, Ignacio!

(Barry hits the thumbtack out of Hectors hand and Hector surrenders)

Barry:

Where is the honey coming from?

:

Tell me where!

HECTOR:

(Pointing to leaving truck)

Honey Farms! It comes from Honey Farms!

(Barry chases after the truck but it is getting away. He flies onto a

bicyclists' backpack and he catches up to the truck)

CAR DRIVER:

(To bicyclist)

Crazy person!

(Barry flies off and lands on the windshield of the Honey farms truck.

Barry looks around and sees dead bugs splattered everywhere)

BARRY:

What horrible thing has happened here?

:  
These faces, they never knew  
what hit them. And now

:  
they're on the road to nowhere!  
(Barry hears a sudden whisper)  
(Barry looks up and sees Mooseblood, a mosquito playing  
dead)

MOOSEBLOOD:  
Just keep still.

BARRY:  
What? You're not dead?

MOOSEBLOOD:  
Do I look dead? They will wipe anything  
that moves. Where you headed?

BARRY:  
To Honey Farms.  
I am onto something huge here.

MOOSEBLOOD:  
I'm going to Alaska. Moose blood,  
crazy stuff. Blows your head off!

ANOTHER BUG PLAYING DEAD:  
I'm going to Tacoma.

(Barry looks at another bug)  
BARRY:

- And you?

MOOSEBLOOD:  
- He really is dead.

BARRY:  
All right.  
(Another bug hits the windshield and the drivers notice.  
They activate the  
windshield wipers)

MOOSEBLOOD==  
Uh-oh!  
(The windshield wipers are slowly sliding over the dead  
bugs and wiping

them off)

BARRY:  
- What is that?!

MOOSEBLOOD:  
- Oh, no!

:  
- A wiper! Triple blade!  
BARRY:  
- Triple blade?  
MOOSEBLOOD:  
Jump on! It's your only chance, bee!  
(Mooseblood and Barry grab onto the wiper and they hold  
on as it wipes the  
windshield)  
Why does everything have  
to be so doggone clean?!

:  
How much do you people need to see?!  
(Bangs on windshield)

:  
Open your eyes!  
Stick your head out the window!  
RADIO IN TRUCK:  
From NPR News in Washington,  
I'm Carl Kasell.  
MOOSEBLOOD:  
But don't kill no more bugs!  
(Mooseblood and Barry are washed off by the wiper fluid)  
MOOSEBLOOD:  
- Bee!  
BARRY:  
- Moose blood guy!!  
(Barry starts screaming as he hangs onto the antenna)  
(Suddenly it is revealed that a water bug is also hanging  
on the antenna.

There is a pause and then Barry and the water bug both  
start screaming)  
TRUCK DRIVER:  
- You hear something?  
GUY IN TRUCK:  
- Like what?  
TRUCK DRIVER:  
Like tiny screaming.  
GUY IN TRUCK:  
Turn off the radio.  
(The antenna starts to lower until it gets to low and  
sinks into the truck.  
The water bug flies off and Barry is forced to let go and

he is blown away.

He luckily lands inside a horn on top of the truck where he finds

Mooseblood, who was blown into the same place)

MOOSEBLOOD:

Whassup, bee boy?

BARRY:

Hey, Blood.

(Fast forward in time and we see that Barry is deep in conversation with

Mooseblood. They have been sitting in this truck for a while)

BARRY:

...Just a row of honey jars,  
as far as the eye could see.

MOOSEBLOOD:

Wow!

BARRY:

I assume wherever this truck goes  
is where they're getting it.

:

I mean, that honey's ours.

MOOSEBLOOD:

- Bees hang tight.

BARRY:

- We're all jammed in.

:

It's a close community.

MOOSEBLOOD:

Not us, man. We on our own.

Every mosquito on his own.

BARRY:

- What if you get in trouble?

MOOSEBLOOD:

- You a mosquito, you in trouble.

:

Nobody likes us. They just smack.

See a mosquito, smack, smack!

BARRY:

At least you're out in the world.

You must meet girls.

MOOSEBLOOD:

Mosquito girls try to trade up,

get with a moth, dragonfly.

:

Mosquito girl don't want no mosquito.

(An ambulance passes by and it has a blood donation sign on it)

You got to be kidding me!

:

Mooseblood's about to leave

the building! So long, bee!

(Mooseblood leaves and flies onto the window of the ambulance where there are other mosquito's hanging out)

:

- Hey, guys!

OTHER MOSQUITO:

- Mooseblood!

MOOSEBLOOD:

I knew I'd catch y'all down here.

Did you bring your crazy straw?

(The truck goes out of view and Barry notices that the truck he's on is pulling into a camp of some sort)

TRUCK DRIVER:

We throw it in jars, slap a label on it,  
and it's pretty much pure profit.

(Barry flies out)

BARRY:

What is this place?

BEEKEEPER 1#:

A bee's got a brain  
the size of a pinhead.

BEEKEEPER #2:

They are pinheads!

:

Pinhead.

:

- Check out the new smoker.

BEEKEEPER #1:

- Oh, sweet. That's the one you want.

:

The Thomas 3000!

BARRY:

Smoker?

BEEKEEPER #1:

Ninety puffs a minute, semi-automatic.  
Twice the nicotine, all the tar.

:

A couple breaths of this  
knocks them right out.

BEEKEEPER #2:

They make the honey,  
and we make the money.

BARRY:

"They make the honey,  
and we make the money"?

(The Beekeeper sprays hundreds of cheap miniature  
apartments with the

smoker. The bees are fainting or passing out)

Oh, my!

:

What's going on? Are you OK?

(Barry flies into one of the apartment and helps a Bee  
couple get off the  
ground. They are coughing and its hard for them to stand)

BEE IN APARTMENT:

Yeah. It doesn't last too long.

BARRY:

Do you know you're  
in a fake hive with fake walls?

BEE IN APPARTMENT:

Our queen was moved here.

We had no choice.

(The apartment room is completely empty except for a  
photo on the wall of  
the "queen" who is obviously a man in women's clothes)

BARRY:

This is your queen?

That's a man in women's clothes!

:

That's a drag queen!

:

What is this?

(Barry flies out and he discovers that there are hundreds  
of these

structures, each housing thousands of Bees)

Oh, no!

:  
There's hundreds of them!  
(Barry takes out his camera and takes pictures of these  
Bee work camps. The  
beekeepers look very evil in these depictions)

Bee honey.

:  
Our honey is being brazenly stolen  
on a massive scale!

:  
This is worse than anything bears  
have done! I intend to do something.  
(Flash forward in time and Barry is showing these  
pictures to his parents)

JANET:

Oh, Barry, stop.

MARTIN:

Who told you humans are taking  
our honey? That's a rumor.

BARRY:

Do these look like rumors?  
(Holds up the pictures)

UNCLE CARL:

That's a conspiracy theory.  
These are obviously doctored photos.

JANET:

How did you get mixed up in this?

ADAM:

He's been talking to humans.

JANET:

- What?

MARTIN:

- Talking to humans?!

ADAM:

He has a human girlfriend.  
And they make out!

JANET:

Make out? Barry!

BARRY:

We do not.

ADAM:

- You wish you could.



MARTIN:

- Whose side are you on?

BARRY:

The bees!

UNCLE CARL:

(He has been sitting in the back of the room this entire time)

I dated a cricket once in San Antonio.

Those crazy legs kept me up all night.

JANET:

Barry, this is what you want  
to do with your life?

BARRY:

I want to do it for all our lives.

Nobody works harder than bees!

:

Dad, I remember you  
coming home so overworked

:

your hands were still stirring.  
You couldn't stop.

JANET:

I remember that.

BARRY:

What right do they have to our honey?

:

We live on two cups a year. They put it  
in lip balm for no reason whatsoever!

ADAM:

Even if it's true, what can one bee do?

BARRY:

Sting them where it really hurts.

MARTIN:

In the face! The eye!

:

- That would hurt.

BARRY:

- No.

MARTIN:

Up the nose? That's a killer.

BARRY:

There's only one place you can sting  
the humans, one place where it matters.

(Flash forward a bit in time and we are watching the Bee News)

BEE NEWS NARRATOR:

Hive at Five, the hive's only  
full-hour action news source.

BEE PROTESTOR:

No more bee beards!

BEE NEWS NARRATOR:

With Bob Bumble at the anchor desk.

:

Weather with Storm Stinger.

:

Sports with Buzz Larvi.

:

And Jeanette Chung.

BOB BUMBLE:

- Good evening. I'm Bob Bumble.

JEANETTE CHUNG:

- And I'm Jeanette Chung.

BOB BUMBLE:

A tri-county bee, Barry Benson,

:

intends to sue the human race  
for stealing our honey,

:

packaging it and profiting  
from it illegally!

JEANETTE CHUNG:

Tomorrow night on Bee Larry King,

:

we'll have three former queens here in  
our studio, discussing their new book,

:

Classy Ladies,  
out this week on Hexagon.

(The scene changes to an interview on the news with Bee  
version of Larry

King and Barry)

BEE LARRY KING:

Tonight we're talking to Barry Benson.

:

Did you ever think, "I'm a kid  
from the hive. I can't do this"?

BARRY:

Bees have never been afraid  
to change the world.

:

What about Bee Columbus?

Bee Gandhi? Bejesus?

BEE LARRY KING:

Where I'm from, we'd never sue humans.

:

We were thinking  
of stickball or candy stores.

BARRY:

How old are you?

BEE LARRY KING:

The bee community  
is supporting you in this case,

:

which will be the trial  
of the bee century.

BARRY:

You know, they have a Larry King  
in the human world too.

BEE LARRY KING:

It's a common name. Next week...

BARRY:

He looks like you and has a show  
and suspenders and colored dots...

BEE LARRY KING:

Next week...

BARRY:

Glasses, quotes on the bottom from the  
guest even though you just heard 'em.

BEE LARRY KING:

Bear Week next week!

They're scary, hairy and here, live.

(Bee Larry King gets annoyed and flies away offscreen)

BARRY:

Always leans forward, pointy shoulders,  
squinty eyes, very Jewish.

(Flash forward in time. We see Vanessa enter and Ken  
enters behind her.

They are arguing)

KEN:

In tennis, you attack  
at the point of weakness!

VANESSA:

It was my grandmother, Ken. She's 81.

KEN==

Honey, her backhand's a joke!  
I'm not gonna take advantage of that?

BARRY:

(To Ken)

Quiet, please.  
Actual work going on here.

KEN:

(Pointing at Barry)  
- Is that that same bee?

VANESSA:

- Yes, it is!

:

I'm helping him sue the human race.

BARRY:

- Hello.

KEN:

- Hello, bee.

VANESSA:

This is Ken.

BARRY:

(Recalling the "Winter Boots" incident earlier)  
Yeah, I remember you. Timberland, size  
ten and a half. Vibram sole, I believe.

KEN:

(To Vanessa)  
Why does he talk again?

VANESSA:

Listen, you better go  
'cause we're really busy working.

KEN:

But it's our yogurt night!

VANESSA:

(Holding door open for Ken)  
Bye-bye.

KEN:

(Yelling)  
Why is yogurt night so difficult?!

(Ken leaves and Vanessa walks over to Barry. His workplace is a mess)

VANESSA:

You poor thing.

You two have been at this for hours!

BARRY:

Yes, and Adam here  
has been a huge help.

ADAM:

- Frosting...

- How many sugars?

==BARRY==

Just one. I try not  
to use the competition.

:

So why are you helping me?

VANESSA:

Bees have good qualities.

:

And it takes my mind off the shop.

:

Instead of flowers, people  
are giving balloon bouquets now.

BARRY:

Those are great, if you're three.

VANESSA:

And artificial flowers.

BARRY:

- Oh, those just get me psychotic!

VANESSA:

- Yeah, me too.

:

BARRY:

Bent stingers, pointless pollination.

ADAM:

Bees must hate those fake things!

:

Nothing worse  
than a daffodil that's had work done.

:

Maybe this could make up  
for it a little bit.

VANESSA:

- This lawsuit's a pretty big deal.

BARRY:

- I guess.

ADAM:

You sure you want to go through with it?

BARRY:

Am I sure? When I'm done with  
the humans, they won't be able

:

to say, "Honey, I'm home,"

without paying a royalty!

(Flash forward in time and we are watching the human  
news. The camera shows

a crowd outside a courthouse)

NEWS REPORTER:

It's an incredible scene  
here in downtown Manhattan,

:

where the world anxiously waits,  
because for the first time in history,

:

we will hear for ourselves  
if a honeybee can actually speak.

(We are no longer watching through a news camera)

ADAM:

What have we gotten into here, Barry?

BARRY:

It's pretty big, isn't it?

ADAM==

(Looking at the hundreds of people around the courthouse)

I can't believe how many humans  
don't work during the day.

BARRY:

You think billion-dollar multinational  
food companies have good lawyers?

SECURITY GUARD:

Everybody needs to stay  
behind the barricade.

(A limousine drives up and a fat man, Layton Montgomery, a  
honey industry

owner gets out and walks past Barry)

ADAM:

- What's the matter?

BARRY:

- I don't know, I just got a chill.

(Fast forward in time and everyone is in the court)

MONTGOMERY:

Well, if it isn't the bee team.

(To Honey Industry lawyers)

You boys work on this?

MAN:

All rise! The Honorable  
Judge Bumbleton presiding.

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

All right. Case number 4475,

:

Superior Court of New York,  
Barry Bee Benson v. the Honey Industry

:

is now in session.

:

Mr. Montgomery, you're representing  
the five food companies collectively?

MONTGOMERY:

A privilege.

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

Mr. Benson... you're representing  
all the bees of the world?

(Everyone looks closely, they are waiting to see if a Bee  
can really talk)

(Barry makes several buzzing sounds to sound like a Bee)

BARRY:

I'm kidding. Yes, Your Honor,  
we're ready to proceed.

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

Mr. Montgomery,  
your opening statement, please.

MONTGOMERY:

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,

:

my grandmother was a simple woman.

:

Born on a farm, she believed  
it was man's divine right

:

to benefit from the bounty  
of nature God put before us.

:

If we lived in the topsy-turvy world  
Mr. Benson imagines,

:

just think of what would it mean.

:

I would have to negotiate  
with the silkworm

:

for the elastic in my britches!

:

Talking bee!

(Montgomery walks over and looks closely at Barry)

:

How do we know this isn't some sort of

:

holographic motion-picture-capture  
Hollywood wizardry?

:

They could be using laser beams!

:

Robotics! Ventriloquism!

Cloning! For all we know,

:

he could be on steroids!

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

Mr. Benson?

BARRY:

Ladies and gentlemen,  
there's no trickery here.

:

I'm just an ordinary bee.  
Honey's pretty important to me.

:

It's important to all bees.  
We invented it!

:

We make it. And we protect it  
with our lives.

:

Unfortunately, there are



some people in this room

:

who think they can take it from us

:

'cause we're the little guys!

I'm hoping that, after this is all over,

:

you'll see how, by taking our honey,  
you not only take everything we have

:

but everything we are!

JANET==

(To Martin)

I wish he'd dress like that  
all the time. So nice!

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

Call your first witness.

BARRY:

So, Mr. Klauss Vanderhayden

of Honey Farms, big company you have.

KLAUSS VANDERHAYDEN:

I suppose so.

BARRY:

I see you also own  
Honeyburton and Honron!

KLAUSS:

Yes, they provide beekeepers  
for our farms.

BARRY:

Beekeeper. I find that  
to be a very disturbing term.

:

I don't imagine you employ  
any bee-free-ers, do you?

KLAUSS:

(Quietly)

- No.

BARRY:

- I couldn't hear you.

KLAUSS:

- No.

BARRY:

- No.

:  
Because you don't free bees.  
You keep bees. Not only that,

:  
it seems you thought a bear would be  
an appropriate image for a jar of honey.  
KLAUSS:  
They're very lovable creatures.

:  
Yogi Bear, Fozzie Bear, Build-A-Bear.  
BARRY:  
You mean like this?  
(The bear from Over The Hedge barges in through the back  
door and it is  
roaring and standing on its hind legs. It is thrashing  
its claws and people  
are screaming. It is being held back by a guard who has  
the bear on a  
chain)

:  
(Pointing to the roaring bear)  
Bears kill bees!

:  
How'd you like his head crashing  
through your living room?!

:  
Biting into your couch!  
Spitting out your throw pillows!  
JUDGE BUMBLETON:  
OK, that's enough. Take him away.  
(The bear stops roaring and thrashing and walks out)

BARRY:  
So, Mr. Sting, thank you for being here.  
Your name intrigues me.

:  
- Where have I heard it before?  
MR. STING:  
- I was with a band called The Police.

BARRY:  
But you've never been  
a police officer, have you?

STING:  
No, I haven't.

BARRY:

No, you haven't. And so here  
we have yet another example

:

of bee culture casually  
stolen by a human

:

for nothing more than  
a prance-about stage name.

STING:

Oh, please.

BARRY:

Have you ever been stung, Mr. Sting?

:

Because I'm feeling  
a little stung, Sting.

:

Or should I say... Mr. Gordon M. Sumner!

MONTGOMERY:

That's not his real name?! You idiots!

BARRY:

Mr. Liotta, first,  
belated congratulations on

:

your Emmy win for a guest spot  
on ER in 2005.

RAY LIOTTA:

Thank you. Thank you.

BARRY:

I see from your resume  
that you're devilishly handsome

:

with a churning inner turmoil

that's ready to blow.

RAY LIOTTA:

I enjoy what I do. Is that a crime?

BARRY:

Not yet it isn't. But is this  
what it's come to for you?

:

Exploiting tiny, helpless bees  
so you don't

:  
have to rehearse  
your part and learn your lines, sir?  
RAY LIOTTA:  
Watch it, Benson!  
I could blow right now!  
BARRY:  
This isn't a goodfella.  
This is a badfella!  
(Ray Liotta loses it and tries to grab Barry)  
RAY LIOTTA:  
Why doesn't someone just step on  
this creep, and we can all go home?!  
JUDGE BUMBLETON:  
- Order in this court!  
RAY LIOTTA:  
- You're all thinking it!  
(Judge Bumbleton starts banging her gavel)  
JUDGE BUMBLETON:  
Order! Order, I say!  
RAY LIOTTA:  
- Say it!  
MAN:  
  
- Mr. Liotta, please sit down!  
(We see a montage of magazines which feature the court  
case)  
(Flash forward in time and Barry is back home with  
Vanessa)  
BARRY:  
I think it was awfully nice  
of that bear to pitch in like that.  
VANESSA:  
I think the jury's on our side.  
BARRY:  
Are we doing everything right, you know, legally?  
VANESSA:  
I'm a florist.  
BARRY:  
Right. Well, here's to a great team.  
VANESSA:  
To a great team!  
(Ken walks in from work. He sees Barry and he looks upset  
when he sees

Barry clinking his glass with Vanessa)

KEN:

Well, hello.

VANESSA:

- Oh, Ken!

BARRY:

- Hello!

VANESSA:

I didn't think you were coming.

:

No, I was just late.

I tried to call, but...

(Ken holds up his phone and flips it open. The phone has no charge)

...the battery...

VANESSA:

I didn't want all this to go to waste,  
so I called Barry. Luckily, he was free.

KEN:

Oh, that was lucky.

(Ken sits down at the table across from Barry and Vanessa leaves the room)

VANESSA:

There's a little left.

I could heat it up.

KEN:

(Not taking his eyes off Barry)

Yeah, heat it up, sure, whatever.

BARRY:

So I hear you're quite a tennis player.

:

I'm not much for the game myself.

The ball's a little grabby.

KEN:

That's where I usually sit.

Right...

(Points to where Barry is sitting)  
there.

VANESSA:

(Calling from other room)

Ken, Barry was looking at your resume,

:

and he agreed with me that eating with

chopsticks isn't really a special skill.

KEN:

(To Barry)

You think I don't see what you're doing?

BARRY:

I know how hard it is to find  
the right job. We have that in common.

KEN:

Do we?

BARRY:

Bees have 100 percent employment,  
but we do jobs like taking the crud out.

KEN:

(Menacingly)

That's just what

I was thinking about doing.

(Ken reaches for a fork on the table but knocks it on the  
floor. He goes to  
pick it up)

VANESSA:

Ken, I let Barry borrow your razor  
for his fuzz. I hope that was all right.

(Ken quickly rises back up after hearing this but hits  
his head on the  
table and yells)

BARRY:

I'm going to drain the old stinger.

KEN:

Yeah, you do that.

(Barry flies past Ken to get to the bathroom and Ken  
freaks out, splashing  
some of the wine he was using to cool his head in his  
eyes. He yells in  
anger)

(Barry looks at the magazines featuring his victories in  
court)

BARRY:

Look at that.

(Barry flies into the bathroom)

(He puts his hand on his head but this makes hurts him  
and makes him even  
madder. He yells again)

(Barry is washing his hands in the sink but then Ken

walks in)

KEN:

You know, you know I've just about had it

(Closes bathroom door behind him)

with your little mind games.

(Ken is menacingly rolling up a magazine)

BARRY:

(Backing away)

- What's that?

KEN:

- Italian Vogue.

BARRY:

Mamma mia, that's a lot of pages.

KEN:

It's a lot of ads.

BARRY:

Remember what Van said, why is  
your life more valuable than mine?

KEN:

That's funny, I just can't seem to recall that!

(Ken smashes everything off the sink with the magazine  
and Barry narrowly  
escapes)

(Ken follows Barry around and tries to hit him with the  
magazine but he  
keeps missing)

(Ken gets a spray bottle)

:

I think something stinks in here!

BARRY:

(Enjoying the spray)

I love the smell of flowers.

(Ken holds a lighter in front of the spray bottle)

KEN:

How do you like the smell of flames?!

BARRY:

Not as much.

(Ken fires his make-shift flamethrower but misses Barry,  
burning the

bathroom. He torches the whole room but loses his  
footing and falls into

the bathtub. After getting hit in the head by falling  
objects 3 times he

picks up the shower head, revealing a Water bug hiding under it)

WATER BUG:

Water bug! Not taking sides!

(Barry gets up out of a pile of bathroom supplies and he is wearing a chapstick hat)

BARRY:

Ken, I'm wearing a Chapstick hat!

This is pathetic!

(Ken switches the shower head to lethal)

KEN:

I've got issues!

(Ken sprays Barry with the shower head and he crash lands into the toilet)

(Ken menacingly looks down into the toilet at Barry)

Well, well, well, a royal flush!

BARRY:

- You're bluffing.

KEN:

- Am I?

(flushes toilet)

(Barry grabs a chapstick from the toilet seat and uses it to surf in the flushing toilet)

BARRY:

Surf's up, dude!

(Barry flies out of the toilet on the chapstick and sprays Ken's face with the toilet water)

:

EW,Poo water!

BARRY:

That bowl is gnarly.

KEN:

(Aiming a toilet cleaner at Barry)

Except for those dirty yellow rings!

(Barry cowers and covers his head and Vanessa runs in and takes the toilet cleaner from Ken just before he hits Barry)

VANESSA:

Kenneth! What are you doing?!

KEN==



(Leaning towards Barry)

You know, I don't even like honey!

I don't eat it!

VANESSA:

We need to talk!

(Vanessa pulls Ken out of the bathroom)

:

He's just a little bee!

:

And he happens to be

the nicest bee I've met in a long time!

KEN:

Long time? What are you talking about?!

Are there other bugs in your life?

VANESSA:

No, but there are other things bugging  
me in life. And you're one of them!

KEN:

Fine! Talking bees, no yogurt night...

:

My nerves are fried from riding

on this emotional roller coaster!

VANESSA:

Goodbye, Ken.

(Ken huffs and walks out and slams the door. But suddenly  
he walks back in

and stares at Barry)

:

And for your information,

I prefer sugar-free, artificial

sweeteners MADE BY MAN!

(Ken leaves again and Vanessa leans in towards Barry)

VANESSA:

I'm sorry about all that.

(Ken walks back in again)

KEN:

I know it's got

an aftertaste! I LIKE IT!

(Ken leaves for the last time)

VANESSA:

I always felt there was some kind  
of barrier between Ken and me.

:  
I couldn't overcome it.  
Oh, well.

:  
Are you OK for the trial?

BARRY:

I believe Mr. Montgomery  
is about out of ideas.

(Flash forward in time and Barry, Adam, and Vanessa are  
back in court)

MONTGOMERY--

We would like to call  
Mr. Barry Benson Bee to the stand.

ADAM:

Good idea! You can really see why he's  
considered one of the best lawyers...

(Barry stares at Adam)

...Yeah.

LAWYER:

Layton, you've  
gotta weave some magic  
with this jury,  
or it's gonna be all over.

MONTGOMERY:

Don't worry. The only thing I have  
to do to turn this jury around

:  
is to remind them  
of what they don't like about bees.  
(To lawyer)

- You got the tweezers?

LAWYER:

- Are you allergic?

MONTGOMERY:

Only to losing, son. Only to losing.

:  
Mr. Benson Bee, I'll ask you  
what I think we'd all like to know.

:  
What exactly is your relationship  
(Points to Vanessa)

:  
to that woman?

BARRY:

We're friends.

MONTGOMERY:

- Good friends?

BARRY:

- Yes.

MONTGOMERY:

How good? Do you live together?

ADAM:

Wait a minute...

:

MONTGOMERY:

Are you her little...

:

...bedbug?

(Adam's stinger starts vibrating. He is agitated)

I've seen a bee documentary or two.

From what I understand,

:

doesn't your queen give birth

to all the bee children?

BARRY:

- Yeah, but...

MONTGOMERY:

(Pointing at Janet and Martin)

- So those aren't your real parents!

JANET:

- Oh, Barry...

BARRY:

- Yes, they are!

ADAM:

Hold me back!

(Vanessa tries to hold Adam back. He wants to sting Montgomery)

MONTGOMERY:

You're an illegitimate bee,

aren't you, Benson?

ADAM:

He's denouncing bees!

MONTGOMERY:

Don't y'all date your cousins?

(Montgomery leans over on the jury stand and stares at Adam)

VANESSA:

- Objection!

(Vanessa raises her hand to object but Adam gets free. He flies straight at Montgomery)

=ADAM:

- I'm going to pincushion this guy!

BARRY:

Adam, don't! It's what he wants!

(Adam stings Montgomery in the butt and he starts thrashing around)

MONTGOMERY:

Oh, I'm hit!!

:

Oh, lordy, I am hit!

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

(Banging gavel)

Order! Order!

MONTGOMERY:

(Overreacting)

The venom! The venom  
is coursing through my veins!

:

I have been felled  
by a winged beast of destruction!

:

You see? You can't treat them  
like equals! They're striped savages!

:

Stinging's the only thing  
they know! It's their way!

BARRY:

- Adam, stay with me.

ADAM:

- I can't feel my legs.

MONTGOMERY:

(Overreacting and throwing his body around the room)  
What angel of mercy  
will come forward to suck the poison

:

from my heaving buttocks?

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

I will have order in this court. Order!

:  
Order, please!  
(Flash forward in time and we see a human news reporter)  
NEWS REPORTER:  
The case of the honeybees  
versus the human race

:  
took a pointed turn against the bees  
:  
yesterday when one of their legal  
team stung Layton T. Montgomery.  
(Adam is laying in a hospital bed and Barry flies in to  
see him)

BARRY:  
- Hey, buddy.

ADAM:  
- Hey.

BARRY:  
- Is there much pain?

ADAM:  
- Yeah.

:  
I...  
:  
I blew the whole case, didn't I?

BARRY:  
It doesn't matter. What matters is  
you're alive. You could have died.

ADAM:  
I'd be better off dead. Look at me.  
(A small plastic sword is replaced as Adam's stinger)  
They got it from the cafeteria  
downstairs, in a tuna sandwich.

:  
Look, there's  
a little celery still on it.  
(Flicks off the celery and sighs)  
BARRY:  
What was it like to sting someone?  
ADAM:  
I can't explain it. It was all...

:

All adrenaline and then...  
and then ecstasy!

BARRY:

...All right.

ADAM:

You think it was all a trap?

BARRY:

Of course. I'm sorry.

I flew us right into this.

:

What were we thinking? Look at us. We're  
just a couple of bugs in this world.

ADAM:

What will the humans do to us  
if they win?

BARRY:

I don't know.

ADAM:

I hear they put the roaches in motels.  
That doesn't sound so bad.

BARRY:

Adam, they check in,  
but they don't check out!

ADAM:

Oh, my.

(Coughs)

Could you get a nurse  
to close that window?

BARRY:

- Why?

ADAM:

- The smoke.

(We can see that two humans are smoking cigarettes  
outside)

:

Bees don't smoke.

BARRY:

Right. Bees don't smoke.

:

Bees don't smoke!

But some bees are smoking.

:

That's it! That's our case!

ADAM:

It is? It's not over?

BARRY:

Get dressed. I've gotta go somewhere.

:

Get back to the court and stall.

Stall any way you can.

(Flash forward in time and Adam is making a paper boat in the courtroom)

ADAM:

And assuming you've done step 29 correctly, you're ready for the tub!

(We see that the jury have each made their own paper boats after being

taught how by Adam. They all look confused)

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

Mr. Flayman.

ADAM:

Yes? Yes, Your Honor!

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

Where is the rest of your team?

ADAM:

(Continues stalling)

Well, Your Honor, it's interesting.

:

Bees are trained to fly haphazardly,

:

and as a result,

we don't make very good time.

:

I actually heard a funny story about...

MONTGOMERY:

Your Honor,

haven't these ridiculous bugs

:

taken up enough

of this court's valuable time?

:

How much longer will we allow

these absurd shenanigans to go on?

:

They have presented no compelling evidence to support their charges

:  
against my clients,  
who run legitimate businesses.

:  
I move for a complete dismissal

of this entire case!

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

Mr. Flayman, I'm afraid I'm going

:  
to have to consider  
Mr. Montgomery's motion.

ADAM:

But you can't! We have a terrific case.

MONTGOMERY:

Where is your proof?  
Where is the evidence?

:  
Show me the smoking gun!

BARRY:

(Barry flies in through the door)

Hold it, Your Honor!

You want a smoking gun?

:  
Here is your smoking gun.

(Vanessa walks in holding a bee smoker. She sets it down  
on the Judge's  
podium)

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

What is that?

BARRY:

It's a bee smoker!

MONTGOMERY:

(Picks up smoker)

What, this?

This harmless little contraption?

:  
This couldn't hurt a fly,  
let alone a bee.

(Montgomery accidentally fires it at the bees in the  
crowd and they faint

and cough)

(Dozens of reporters start taking pictures of the



suffering bees)

BARRY:

Look at what has happened

:

to bees who have never been asked,  
"Smoking or non?"

:

Is this what nature intended for us?

:

To be forcibly addicted  
to smoke machines

:

and man-made wooden slat work camps?

:

Living out our lives as honey slaves  
to the white man?

(Barry points to the honey industry owners. One of them  
is an African

American so he awkwardly separates himself from the  
others)

LAWYER:

- What are we gonna do?

- He's playing the species card.

BARRY:

Ladies and gentlemen, please,  
free these bees!

ADAM AND VANESSA:

Free the bees! Free the bees!

BEES IN CROWD:

Free the bees!

HUMAN JURY:

Free the bees! Free the bees!

JUDGE BUMBLETON:

The court finds in favor of the bees!

BARRY:

Vanessa, we won!

VANESSA:

I knew you could do it! High-five!

(Vanessa hits Barry hard because her hand is too big)

:

Sorry.

BARRY:

(Overjoyed)

I'm OK! You know what this means?

:

All the honey  
will finally belong to the bees.

:

Now we won't have  
to work so hard all the time.

MONTGOMERY:

This is an unholy perversion  
of the balance of nature, Benson.

:

You'll regret this.

(Montgomery leaves and Barry goes outside the courtroom.  
Several reporters  
start asking Barry questions)

REPORTER 1#:

Barry, how much honey is out there?

BARRY:

All right. One at a time.

REPORTER 2#:

Barry, who are you wearing?

BARRY:

My sweater is Ralph Lauren,  
and I have no pants.

(Barry flies outside with the paparazzi and Adam and  
Vanessa stay back)

ADAM:

(To Vanessa)

- What if Montgomery's right?

Vanessa:

- What do you mean?

ADAM:

We've been living the bee way  
a long time, 27 million years.

(Flash forward in time and Barry is talking to a man)

BUSINESS MAN:

Congratulations on your victory.

What will you demand as a settlement?

BARRY:

First, we'll demand a complete shutdown  
of all bee work camps.

(As Barry is talking we see a montage of men putting  
"closed" tape over the

work camps and freeing the bees in the crappy apartments)  
Then we want back the honey  
that was ours to begin with,

:

every last drop.

(Men in suits are pushing all the honey of the aisle and  
into carts)

We demand an end to the glorification  
of the bear as anything more

(We see a statue of a bear-shaped honey container being  
pulled down by  
bees)

than a filthy, smelly,  
bad-breath stink machine.

:

We're all aware  
of what they do in the woods.

(We see Winnie the Pooh sharing his honey with Piglet in  
the cross-hairs of  
a high-tech sniper rifle)

BARRY:

(Looking through binoculars)

Wait for my signal.

:

Take him out.

(Winnie gets hit by a tranquilizer dart and dramatically  
falls off the log

he was standing on, his tongue hanging out. Piglet looks  
at Pooh in fear

and the Sniper takes the honey.)

SNIPER:

He'll have nausea

for a few hours, then he'll be fine.

(Flash forward in time)

BARRY:

And we will no longer tolerate  
bee-negative nicknames...

(Mr. Sting is sitting at home until he is taken out of  
his house by the men  
in suits)

STING:

But it's just a prance-about stage name!

BARRY:

...unnecessary inclusion of honey  
in bogus health products

:

and la-dee-da human  
tea-time snack garnishments.

(An old lady is mixing honey into her tea but suddenly  
men in suits smash  
her face down on the table and take the honey)

OLD LADY:

Can't breathe.

(A honey truck pulls up to Barry's hive)

WORKER:

Bring it in, boys!

:

Hold it right there! Good.

:

Tap it.

(Tons of honey is being pumped into the hive's storage)

BEE WORKER 1#:

(Honey overflows from the cup)

Mr. Buzzwell, we just passed three cups,  
and there's gallons more coming!

:

- I think we need to shut down!

=BEE WORKER #2=

- Shut down? We've never shut down.

:

Shut down honey production!

DEAN BUZZWELL:

Stop making honey!

(The bees all leave their stations. Two bees run into a  
room and they put  
the keys into a machine)

Turn your key, sir!

(Two worker bees dramatically turn their keys, which  
opens the button which  
they press, shutting down the honey-making machines. This  
is the first time  
this has ever happened)

BEE:

...What do we do now?

(Flash forward in time and a Bee is about to jump into a  
pool full of

honey)

Cannonball!

(The bee gets stuck in the honey and we get a short montage of Bees leaving work)

(We see the Pollen Jocks flying but one of them gets a call on his antenna)

LOU LU DUVA:

(Through "phone")

We're shutting honey production!

:

Mission abort.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

Aborting pollination and nectar detail.

Returning to base.

(The Pollen Jocks fly back to the hive)

(We get a time lapse of Central Park slowly wilting away as the bees all relax)

BARRY:

Adam, you wouldn't believe how much honey was out there.

ADAM:

Oh, yeah?

BARRY:

What's going on? Where is everybody?

(The entire street is deserted)

:

- Are they out celebrating?

ADAM:

- They're home.

:

They don't know what to do.

Laying out, sleeping in.

:

I heard your Uncle Carl was on his way to San Antonio with a cricket.

BARRY:

At least we got our honey back.

ADAM:

Sometimes I think, so what if humans liked our honey? Who wouldn't?

:

It's the greatest thing in the world!  
I was excited to be part of making it.

:

This was my new desk. This was my  
new job. I wanted to do it really well.

:

And now...

:

Now I can't.

(Flash forward in time and Barry is talking to Vanessa)

BARRY:

I don't understand  
why they're not happy.

:

I thought their lives would be better!

:

They're doing nothing. It's amazing.  
Honey really changes people.

VANESSA:

You don't have any idea  
what's going on, do you?

BARRY:

- What did you want to show me?

(Vanessa takes Barry to the rooftop where they first had  
coffee and points  
to her store)

VANESSA:

- This.

(Points at her flowers. They are all grey and wilting)

BARRY:

What happened here?

VANESSA:

That is not the half of it.

(Small flash forward in time and Vanessa and Barry are on  
the roof of her

store and she points to Central Park)

(We see that Central Park is no longer green and  
colorful, rather it is

grey, brown, and dead-like. It is very depressing to look  
at)

BARRY:

Oh, no. Oh, my.

:

They're all wilting.

VANESSA:

Doesn't look very good, does it?

BARRY:

No.

VANESSA:

And whose fault do you think that is?

BARRY:

You know, I'm gonna guess bees.

VANESSA==

(Staring at Barry)

Bees?

BARRY:

Specifically, me.

:

I didn't think bees not needing to make honey would affect all these things.

VANESSA:

It's not just flowers.

Fruits, vegetables, they all need bees.

BARRY:

That's our whole SAT test right there.

VANESSA:

Take away produce, that affects the entire animal kingdom.

:

And then, of course...

BARRY:

The human species?

:

So if there's no more pollination,

:

it could all just go south here, couldn't it?

VANESSA:

I know this is also partly my fault.

BARRY:

How about a suicide pact?

VANESSA:

How do we do it?

BARRY:

- I'll sting you, you step on me.

VANESSA:

- That just kills you twice.

BARRY:

Right, right.

VANESSA:

Listen, Barry...

sorry, but I gotta get going.

(Vanessa leaves)

BARRY:

(To himself)

I had to open my mouth and talk.

:

Vanessa?

:

Vanessa? Why are you leaving?

Where are you going?

(Vanessa is getting into a taxi)

VANESSA:

To the final Tournament of Roses parade  
in Pasadena.

:

They've moved it to this weekend  
because all the flowers are dying.

:

It's the last chance

I'll ever have to see it.

BARRY:

Vanessa, I just wanna say I'm sorry.

I never meant it to turn out like this.

VANESSA:

I know. Me neither.

(The taxi starts to drive away)

BARRY:

Tournament of Roses.

Roses can't do sports.

:

Wait a minute. Roses. Roses?

:

Roses!

:

Vanessa!

(Barry flies after the Taxi)

VANESSA:



Roses?!

:

Barry?

(Barry is flying outside the window of the taxi)

BARRY:

- Roses are flowers!

VANESSA:

- Yes, they are.

BARRY:

Flowers, bees, pollen!

VANESSA:

I know.

That's why this is the last parade.

BARRY:

Maybe not.

Could you ask him to slow down?

VANESSA:

Could you slow down?

(The taxi driver screeches to a stop and Barry keeps flying forward)

:

Barry!

(Barry flies back to the window)

BARRY:

OK, I made a huge mistake.

This is a total disaster, all my fault.

VANESSA:

Yes, it kind of is.

BARRY:

I've ruined the planet.

I wanted to help you

:

with the flower shop.

I've made it worse.

VANESSA:

Actually, it's completely closed down.

BARRY:

I thought maybe you were remodeling.

:

But I have another idea, and it's greater than my previous ideas combined.

VANESSA:

I don't want to hear it!

BARRY:

All right, they have the roses,  
the roses have the pollen.

:

I know every bee, plant  
and flower bud in this park.

:

All we gotta do is get what they've got  
back here with what we've got.

:

- Bees.

VANESSA:

- Park.

BARRY:

- Pollen!

VANESSA:

- Flowers.

BARRY:

- Re-pollination!

VANESSA:

- Across the nation!

:

Tournament of Roses,  
Pasadena, California.

:

They've got nothing  
but flowers, floats and cotton candy.

:

Security will be tight.

BARRY:

I have an idea.

(Flash forward in time. Vanessa is about to board a plane  
which has all the  
Roses on board.

VANESSA:

Vanessa Bloome, FTD.

(Holds out badge)

:

Official floral business. It's real.

SECURITY GUARD:

Sorry, ma'am. Nice brooch.

=VANESSA==

Thank you. It was a gift.

(Barry is revealed to be hiding inside the brooch)

(Flash back in time and Barry and Vanessa are discussing their plan)

BARRY:

Once inside,  
we just pick the right float.

VANESSA:

How about The Princess and the Pea?

:

I could be the princess,  
and you could be the pea!

BARRY:

Yes, I got it.

:

- Where should I sit?

GUARD:

- What are you?

BARRY:

- I believe I'm the pea.

GUARD:

- The pea?

VANESSA:

It goes under the mattresses.

GUARD:

- Not in this fairy tale, sweetheart.

- I'm getting the marshal.

VANESSA:

You do that!

This whole parade is a fiasco!

:

Let's see what this baby'll do.

(Vanessa drives the float through traffic)

GUARD:

Hey, what are you doing?!

BARRY==

Then all we do  
is blend in with traffic...

:

...without arousing suspicion.

:

Once at the airport,  
there's no stopping us.

(Flash forward in time and Barry and Vanessa are about to get on a plane)

SECURITY GUARD:

Stop! Security.

:

- You and your insect pack your float?

VANESSA:

- Yes.

SECURITY GUARD:

Has it been

in your possession the entire time?

VANESSA:

- Yes.

SECURITY GUARD:

Would you remove your shoes?

(To Barry)

- Remove your stinger.

BARRY:

- It's part of me.

SECURITY GUARD:

I know. Just having some fun.

Enjoy your flight.

(Barry plotting with Vanessa)

BARRY:

Then if we're lucky, we'll have just enough pollen to do the job.

(Flash forward in time and Barry and Vanessa are flying on the plane)

Can you believe how lucky we are? We have just enough pollen to do the job!

VANESSA:

I think this is gonna work.

BARRY:

It's got to work.

CAPTAIN SCOTT:

(On intercom)

Attention, passengers,  
this is Captain Scott.

:

We have a bit of bad weather  
in New York.

:

It looks like we'll experience

a couple hours delay.

VANESSA:

Barry, these are cut flowers  
with no water. They'll never make it.

BARRY:

I gotta get up there  
and talk to them.

VANESSA==

Be careful.

(Barry flies right outside the cockpit door)

BARRY:

Can I get help  
with the Sky Mall magazine?  
I'd like to order the talking  
inflatable nose and ear hair trimmer.

(The flight attendant opens the door and walks out and  
Barry flies into the  
cockpit unseen)

BARRY:

Captain, I'm in a real situation.

CAPTAIN SCOTT:

- What'd you say, Hal?

CO-PILOT HAL:

- Nothing.

(Scott notices Barry and freaks out)

CAPTAIN SCOTT:

Bee!

BARRY:

No,no,no, Don't freak out! My entire species...

(Captain Scott gets out of his seat and tries to suck  
Barry into a handheld  
vacuum)

HAL:

(To Scott)

What are you doing?

(Barry lands on Hals hair but Scott sees him. He tries to  
suck up Barry but  
instead he sucks up Hals toupee)

CAPTAIN SCOTT:

Uh-oh.

BARRY:

- Wait a minute! I'm an attorney!

HAL:

(Hal doesn't know Barry is on his head)

- Who's an attorney?

CAPTAIN SCOTT:

Don't move.

(Scott hits Hal in the face with the vacuum in an attempt to hit Barry. Hal

is knocked out and he falls on the life raft button which launches an

infallible boat into Scott, who gets knocked out and falls to the floor.

They are both unconscious.)

BARRY:

(To himself)

Oh, Barry.

BARRY:

(On intercom, with a Southern accent)

Good afternoon, passengers.

This is your captain.

:

Would a Miss Vanessa Bloome in 24B please report to the cockpit?

(Vanessa looks confused)

(Normal accent)

...And please hurry!

(Vanessa opens the door and sees the life raft and the unconscious pilots)

VANESSA:

What happened here?

BARRY:

I tried to talk to them, but then there was a DustBuster, a toupee, a life raft exploded.

:

Now one's bald, one's in a boat, and they're both unconscious!

VANESSA:

...Is that another bee joke?

BARRY:

- No!

:

No one's flying the plane!

BUD DITCHWATER:

(Through radio on plane)  
This is JFK control tower, Flight 356.  
What's your status?

VANESSA:

This is Vanessa Bloome.  
I'm a florist from New York.

BUD:

Where's the pilot?

VANESSA:

He's unconscious,  
and so is the copilot.

BUD:

Not good. Does anyone onboard  
have flight experience?

BARRY:

As a matter of fact, there is.

BUD:

- Who's that?

BARRY:

- Barry Benson.

BUD:

From the honey trial?! Oh, great.

BARRY:

Vanessa, this is nothing more  
than a big metal bee.

:

It's got giant wings, huge engines.

VANESSA:

I can't fly a plane.

BARRY:

- Why not? Isn't John Travolta a pilot?

VANESSA:

- Yes.

BARRY:

How hard could it be?

(Vanessa sits down and flies for a little bit but we see  
lightning clouds  
outside the window)

VANESSA:

Wait, Barry!

We're headed into some lightning.

(An ominous lightning storm looms in front of the plane)

(We are now watching the Bee News)

BOB BUMBLE:

This is Bob Bumble. We have some  
late-breaking news from JFK Airport,

:

where a suspenseful scene  
is developing.

:

Barry Benson,  
fresh from his legal victory...

ADAM:

That's Barry!

BOB BUMBLE:

...is attempting to land a plane,  
loaded with people, flowers

:

and an incapacitated flight crew.

JANET, MARTIN, UNCLE CAR AND ADAM:

Flowers?!

(The scene switches to the human news)

REPORTER:

(Talking with Bob Bumble)

We have a storm in the area  
and two individuals at the controls

:

with absolutely no flight experience.

BOB BUMBLE:

Just a minute.

There's a bee on that plane.

BUD:

I'm quite familiar with Mr. Benson  
and his no-account compadres.

:

They've done enough damage.

REPORTER:

But isn't he your only hope?

BUD:

Technically, a bee  
shouldn't be able to fly at all.

:

Their wings are too small...

BARRY:

(Through radio)

Haven't we heard this a million times?



:  
"The surface area of the wings  
and body mass make no sense."...

BOB BUMBLE:

- Get this on the air!

BEE:

- Got it.

BEE NEWS CREW:

- Stand by.

BEE NEWS CREW:

- We're going live!

BARRY:

(Through radio on TV)

...The way we work may be a mystery to you.

:  
Making honey takes a lot of bees  
doing a lot of small jobs.

:  
But let me tell you about a small job.

:  
If you do it well,  
it makes a big difference.

:  
More than we realized.  
To us, to everyone.

:  
That's why I want to get bees  
back to working together.

:  
That's the bee way!  
We're not made of Jell-O.

:  
We get behind a fellow.

:  
- Black and yellow!

BEES:

- Hello!

(The scene switches and Barry is teaching Vanessa how to  
fly)

BARRY:

Left, right, down, hover.

VANESSA:

- Hover?

BARRY:

- Forget hover.

VANESSA:

This isn't so hard.

(Pretending to honk the horn)

Beep-beep! Beep-beep!

(A Lightning bolt hits the plane and autopilot turns off)

Barry, what happened?!

BARRY:

Wait, I think we were  
on autopilot the whole time.

VANESSA:

- That may have been helping me.

BARRY:

- And now we're not!

VANESSA:

So it turns out I cannot fly a plane.

(The plane plummets but we see Lou Lu Duva and the Pollen  
Jocks, along with

multiple other bees flying towards the plane)

Lou Lu DUva:

All of you, let's get  
behind this fellow! Move it out!

:

Move out!

(The scene switches back to Vanessa and Barry in the  
plane)

BARRY:

Our only chance is if I do what I'd do,  
you copy me with the wings of the plane!

(Barry sticks out his arms like an airplane and flys in  
front of Vanessa's  
face)

VANESSA:

Don't have to yell.

BARRY:

I'm not yelling!

We're in a lot of trouble.

VANESSA:

It's very hard to concentrate  
with that panicky tone in your voice!

BARRY:

It's not a tone. I'm panicking!

VANESSA:

I can't do this!

(Barry slaps Vanessa)

BARRY:

Vanessa, pull yourself together.

You have to snap out of it!

VANESSA:

(Slaps Barry)

You snap out of it.

BARRY:

(Slaps Vanessa)

:

You snap out of it.

VANESSA:

- You snap out of it!

BARRY:

- You snap out of it!

(We see that all the Pollen Jocks are flying under the plane)

VANESSA:

- You snap out of it!

BARRY:

- You snap out of it!

VANESSA:

- You snap out of it!

BARRY:

- You snap out of it!

VANESSA:

- Hold it!

BARRY:

- Why? Come on, it's my turn.

VANESSA:

How is the plane flying?

(The plane is now safely flying)

VANESSA:

I don't know.

(Barry's antennae rings like a phone. Barry picks up)

BARRY:

Hello?

LOU LU DUVA:

(Through "phone")

Benson, got any flowers

for a happy occasion in there?

(All of the Pollen Jocks are carrying the plane)

BARRY:

The Pollen Jocks!

:

They do get behind a fellow.

LOU LU DUVA:

- Black and yellow.

POLLEN JOCKS:

- Hello.

LOU LU DUVA:

All right, let's drop this tin can

on the blacktop.

BARRY:

Where? I can't see anything. Can you?

VANESSA:

No, nothing. It's all cloudy.

:

Come on. You got to think bee, Barry.

BARRY:

- Thinking bee.

- Thinking bee.

(On the runway there are millions of bees laying on their backs)

BEES:

Thinking bee!

Thinking bee! Thinking bee!

BARRY:

Wait a minute.

I think I'm feeling something.

VANESSA:

- What?

BARRY:

- I don't know. It's strong, pulling me.

:

Like a 27-million-year-old instinct.

:

Bring the nose down.

BEES:

Thinking bee!

Thinking bee! Thinking bee!

CONTROL TOWER OPERATOR:

- What in the world is on the tarmac?

BUD:

- Get some lights on that!

(It is revealed that all the bees are organized into a giant pulsating flower formation)

BEES:

Thinking bee!

Thinking bee! Thinking bee!

BARRY:

- Vanessa, aim for the flower.

VANESSA:

- OK.

BARRY:

Out the engines. We're going in on bee power. Ready, boys?

LOU LU DUVA:

Affirmative!

BARRY:

Good. Good. Easy, now. That's it.

:

Land on that flower!

:

Ready? Full reverse!

:

Spin it around!

(The plane's nose is pointed at a flower painted on a nearby plane)

- Not that flower! The other one!

VANESSA:

- Which one?

BARRY:

- That flower.

(The plane is now pointed at a fat guy in a flowered shirt. He freaks out and tries to take a picture of the plane)

VANESSA:

- I'm aiming at the flower!

BARRY:

That's a fat guy in a flowered shirt.

I mean the giant pulsating flower made of millions of bees!

(The plane hovers over the bee-flower)

:  
Pull forward. Nose down. Tail up.

:  
Rotate around it.

VANESSA:

- This is insane, Barry!

BARRY:

- This's the only way I know how to fly.

BUD:

Am I koo-koo-kachoo, or is this plane  
flying in an insect-like pattern?

(The plane is unrealistically hovering and spinning over  
the bee-flower)

BARRY:

Get your nose in there. Don't be afraid.  
Smell it. Full reverse!

:  
Just drop it. Be a part of it.

:  
Aim for the center!

:  
Now drop it in! Drop it in, woman!

:  
Come on, already.  
(The bees scatter and the plane safely lands)

VANESSA:

Barry, we did it!

You taught me how to fly!

BARRY:

- Yes!

(Vanessa is about to high-five Barry)  
No high-five!

VANESSA:

- Right.

ADAM:

Barry, it worked!

Did you see the giant flower?

BARRY:

What giant flower? Where? Of course  
I saw the flower! That was genius!

ADAM:

- Thank you.

BARRY:

- But we're not done yet.

:

Listen, everyone!

:

This runway is covered  
with the last pollen

:

from the last flowers  
available anywhere on Earth.

:

That means this is our last chance.

:

We're the only ones who make honey,  
pollinate flowers and dress like this.

:

If we're gonna survive as a species,  
this is our moment! What do you say?

:

Are we going to be bees, or just  
Museum of Natural History keychains?

BEES:

We're bees!

BEE WHO LIKES KEYCHAINS:

Keychain!

BARRY:

Then follow me! Except Keychain.

POLLEN JOCK #1:

Hold on, Barry. Here.

:

You've earned this.

BARRY:

Yeah!

:

I'm a Pollen Jock! And it's a perfect  
fit. All I gotta do are the sleeves.

(The Pollen Jocks throw Barry a nectar-collecting gun.  
Barry catches it)

Oh, yeah.

JANET:

That's our Barry.

(Barry and the Pollen Jocks get pollen from the flowers  
on the plane)

(Flash forward in time and the Pollen Jocks are flying

over NYC)

:

(Barry pollinates the flowers in Vanessa's shop and then heads to Central Park)

BOY IN PARK:

Mom! The bees are back!

ADAM:

(Putting on his Krelman hat)

If anybody needs

to make a call, now's the time.

:

I got a feeling we'll be working late tonight!

(The bee honey factories are back up and running)

(Meanwhile at Vanessa's shop)

VANESSA:

(To customer)

Here's your change. Have a great afternoon! Can I help who's next?

:

Would you like some honey with that?

It is bee-approved. Don't forget these.

(There is a room in the shop where Barry does legal work for other animals.

He is currently talking with a Cow)

COW:

Milk, cream, cheese, it's all me.

And I don't see a nickel!

:

Sometimes I just feel like a piece of meat!

BARRY:

I had no idea.

VANESSA:

Barry, I'm sorry.

Have you got a moment?

BARRY:

Would you excuse me?

My mosquito associate will help you.

MOOSEBLOOD:

Sorry I'm late.

COW:



He's a lawyer too?

MOOSEBLOOD:

Ma'am, I was already a blood-sucking parasite.  
All I needed was a briefcase.

VANESSA:

Have a great afternoon!

:

Barry, I just got this huge tulip order,  
and I can't get them anywhere.

BARRY:

No problem, Vannie.  
Just leave it to me.

VANESSA:

You're a lifesaver, Barry.  
Can I help who's next?

BARRY:

All right, scramble, jocks!  
It's time to fly.

VANESSA:

Thank you, Barry!

(Ken walks by on the sidewalk and sees the "bee-approved  
honey" in  
Vanessa's shop)

KEN:

That bee is living my life!!

ANDY:

Let it go, Kenny.

KEN:

- When will this nightmare end?!

ANDY:

- Let it all go.

BARRY:

- Beautiful day to fly.

POLLEN JOCK:

- Sure is.

BARRY:

Between you and me,

I was dying to get out of that office.

(Barry recreates the scene near the beginning of the  
movie where he flies  
through the box kite. The movie fades to black and the  
credits being)

[--after credits; No scene can be seen but the characters  
can be heard  
talking over the credits--]

You have got  
to start thinking bee, my friend!

:

- Thinking bee!

- Me?

BARRY:

(Talking over singer)

Hold it. Let's just stop  
for a second. Hold it.

:

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, everyone.

Can we stop here?

SINGER:

Oh, BarryBARRY:

I'm not making a major life decision  
during a production number!

SINGER:

All right. Take ten, everybody.

Wrap it up, guys.

BARRY:

I had virtually no rehearsal for that.