

# APPENDICES



**Appendix 1: The Conversations and the Setting Taken from the Original Script of  
“Bee Movie”**

**CONVERSATION 1**

*EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS*

**BARRY** : Wow. The tension level out here is unbelievable. I've got to get home.

*As Barry flies down the street, it starts to rain. He nimbly avoids the rain at first.*

**BARRY (CONT'D)** : Whoa. Whoa! Can't fly in rain! Can't fly in rain! Can't fly in--  
*A couple of drops hit him, his wings go limp and he starts falling.*

**BARRY (CONT'D)** : Mayday! Mayday! Bee going down!

*Barry sees a window ledge and aims for it and just makes it. Shivering and exhausted, he crawls into an open window as it closes.*

*INTRODUCTION. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS*

*Inside the window, Barry shakes off the rain like a dog. Vanessa, Ken, Andy, and Anna enter the apartment.*

**VANESSA** : Ken, can you close the window please?

**KEN** : Huh? Oh.

**KEN** : *(to Andy)* Hey, check out my new resume. I made it into a fold-out brochure. You see? It folds out.

*Ken holds up his brochure, with photos of himself, and a resume in the middle.*

*ANGLE ON: Barry hiding behind the curtains, as Ken closes the window.*

**CONVERSATION 2**

*Barry looks around and sees the light bulb fixture in the middle of the ceiling.*

**BARRY** : *(re: light bulb)* Oh, there's the sun. Maybe that's a way out.

*Barry takes off and heads straight for the light bulb. His POV: The seventy-five watt label grows as he gets closer.*

**BARRY (CONT'D)** : I don't remember the sun having a big seventy five on it.

*Barry hits the bulb and is knocked silly. He falls into a bowl of guacamole. Andy dips his chip in the guacamole, taking Barry with it.*

*ANGLE ON: Ken and Andy.*

KEN : I'll tell you what. You know what? I predicted global warming. I could feel it getting hotter. At first I thought it was just me.

*Giant human mouth opening.*

KEN (CONT'D) : Wait! Stop! Beeeeeee! Kill it! Kill it!

*They all jump up from their chairs. Andy looks around for something to use. Ken comes in for the kill with a big timberland boot on each hand.*

KEN : Stand back. These are winter boots.

*Vanessa enters, and stops Ken from squashing Barry.*

VANESSA : *(grabs Ken's arm)* Wait. Don't kill him.

*CLOSE UP: on Barry's puzzled face.*

KEN : You know I'm allergic to them. This thing could kill me.

VANESSA : Why does his life have any less value than yours?

*She takes a glass tumbler and places it over Barry.*

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.

*Barry looks up through the glass and watches this conversation, astounded. Vanessa rips Ken's resume in half and slides it under the glass.*

KEN : *(wistful)* My brochure.

*There's a moment of eye contact as she carries Barry to the window. She opens it and sets him free.*

VANESSA : There you go, little guy.

### CONVERSATION 3

*Stacks of law books are piled up, legal forms, etc. Vanessa is talking with Ken in the other room.*

KEN : Look, in tennis, you attack at the point of weakness.

VANESSA : But it was my grandmother, Ken. She's 81.

KEN : Honey, her backhand's a joke. I'm not going to take advantage

of that?

**BARRY** : Quiet please. Actual work going on here.

**KEN** : Is that that same bee?

**BARRY** : Yes it is.

**VANESSA** : I'm helping him sue the human race.

**KEN** : What?

*Barry enters.*

**BARRY** : Oh, hello.

**KEN** : Hello Bee.

*Barry flies over to Vanessa.*

**VANESSA** : This is Ken.

**BARRY** : Yeah, I remember you. Timberland, size 10 1/2, Vibram sole I believe.

#### CONVERSATION 4

**KEN** : Why does he talk again, Hun?

**VANESSA** : (*to Ken, sensing the tension*) Listen, you'd better go because we're really busy working.

**KEN** : But it's our yogurt night.

**VANESSA** : (*pushing him out the door*) Oh...bye bye.

*She closes the door.*

**KEN** : Why is yogurt night so difficult?!

*Vanessa enters the back room carrying coffee.*

**VANESSA** : Oh you poor thing, you two have been at this for hours.

**BARRY** : Yes, and Adam here has been a huge help.

#### CONVERSATION 5

**VANESSA** : I'm telling you, I think the jury's on our side.

**BARRY** : Are we doing everything right...you know, legally?

**VANESSA** : I'm a florist.

**BARRY** : Right, right.

*Barry raises his glass.*

BARRY (CONT'D) : Well, here's to a great team.

VANESSA : To a great team.

*They toast. Ken enters.*

KEN : Well hello.

VANESSA : Oh...Ken.

BARRY : Hello.

VANESSA : I didn't think you were coming.

KEN : No, I was just late. I tried to call. But, *(holding his cell phone)*  
the battery...

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

BARRY : Yeah.

KEN : *(gritting his teeth)* Oh, that was lucky.

VANESSA : Well, there's still a little left. I could heat it up.

KEN : Yeah, heat it up. Sure, whatever.

*Vanessa exits. Ken and Barry look at each other as Barry eats.*

## CONVERSATION 6

BARRY : So, I hear you're quite a tennis player. I'm not much for the  
game myself. I find the ball a little grabby.

KEN : That's where I usually sit. Right there.

VANESSA : 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 : Hey look, I know how hard it is trying to find the right job. We  
certainly have that in common.

KEN : Do we?

BARRY : Well, bees have 100% employment, of course. But we do jobs  
like taking the crud out.

KEN : That's just what I was thinking about doing.

*Ken holds his table knife up. It slips out of his hand. He goes under the table to pick it up.*

### CONVERSATION 7

VANESSA : Ken, I let Barry borrow your razor for his fuzz. I hope that was alright.

*Ken hits his head on the table.*

BARRY : I'm going to go drain the old stinger.

KEN : Yeah, you do that.

*Barry exits to the bathroom, grabbing a small piece of a variety magazine on the way.*

BARRY : Oh, look at that.

*Ken slams the champagne down on the table. Ken closes his eyes and buries his face in his hands. He grabs a magazine on the way into the bathroom.*

### CONVERSATION 8

*Barry exits to the bathroom, grabbing a small piece of a variety magazine on the way.*

BARRY : Oh, look at that.

*Ken slams the champagne down on the table. Ken closes his eyes and buries his face in his hands. He grabs a magazine on the way into the bathroom. Ken enters, closes the door behind him. He's not happy. Barry is washing his hands. He glances back at Ken.*

KEN : You know, I've just about had it with your little mind games.

BARRY : 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 any more valuable than mine?

KEN : It's funny, I just can't seem to recall that!

*Ken whacks at Barry with the magazine. He misses and knocks everything off the vanity.*

*Ken grabs a can of air freshener.*

KEN (CONT'D) : I think something stinks in here. He sprays at Barry.

BARRY : I love the smell of flowers.

KEN : Yeah? How do you like the smell of flames?

*Ken lights the stream.*

BARRY : Not as much.

*Barry flies in a circle. Ken, trying to stay with him, spins in place.*

ANGLE ON: *Flames outside the bathroom door.*

*Ken slips on the Italian Vogue, falls backward into the shower, pulling down the shower curtain. The can hits him in the head, followed by the shower curtain rod, and the rubber duck. Ken reaches back, grabs the handheld shower head. He whips around, looking for Barry.*

ANGLE ON: *A WATERBUG near the drain.*

WATERBUG : Waterbug. Not taking sides.

*Barry is on the toilet tank. He comes out from behind a shampoo bottle, wearing a chapstick cap as a helmet.*

BARRY : Ken, look at me! I'm wearing a chapstick hat. This is pathetic.

ANGLE ON: *Ken turning the hand shower nozzle from "gentle", to "turbo", to "lethal".*

KEN : I've got issues!

*Ken fires the water at Barry, knocking him into the toilet. The items from the vanity (emery board, lipstick, eye curler, etc.) are on the toilet seat. Ken looks down at Barry.*

KEN (CONT'D) : Well well well, a royal flush.

BARRY : You're bluffing.

KEN : Am I?

*Ken flushes the toilet. Barry grabs the Emory board and uses it to surf. He puts his hand in the water while he's surfing. Some water splashes on Ken.*

BARRY : Surf's up, dude!

KEN : Awww, poo water!

*He does some skate board-style half-pipe riding. Barry surfs out of the toilet.*

BARRY : That bowl is gnarly.

*Ken tries to get a shot at him with the toilet brush.*

KEN : Except for those dirty yellow rings.

*Vanessa enters.*

VANESSA : Kenneth! What are you doing?

KEN : You know what? I don't even like honey! I don't eat it!

VANESSA : We need to talk!

*She pulls Ken out by his ear. Ken glares at Barry.*

*CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS*

VANESSA : 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 rollercoaster.

VANESSA : Goodbye, Ken.

KEN : Augh!

VANESSA : Whew!

*Ken exits, then re-enters frame.*

KEN : And for your information, I prefer sugar-free, artificial sweeteners, made by man!

*He exits again. The door slams behind him.*

VANESSA : *(to Barry)* I'm sorry about all that.