

QUEEN BEE

Written by

Robert Campbell

11102 Riverside Dr., North Hollywood, CA 91602
818-752-4391

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DAVID walks in the front door to see RACHEL in the middle of the living room wearing a bee costume.

RACHEL
Hey there my little pistil packer.
Is that a stamen in your pocket, or
are you just glad to see me?

DAVID
What the...?

RACHEL
You said you wanted to experiment.
I'm the slutty honey bee, and
you're the dirty pollen-covered
flower.

She pours some sugar into her hand, and blows it in his face.

DAVID
(puts a hand to his eye)
Ow!

He backs up too fast, and smacks his head into the door.

RACHEL
Oh! Are you okay?

DAVID
No! I've got sugar in my eye--

RACHEL
It's pollen.

DAVID
Whatever! I've just given myself a
concussion, and you're dressed in
some weird bee costume.

RACHEL
Slutty bee costume.

She sidles up to him, and starts buzzing and kissing him.

RACHEL
Bzzzz.

DAVID
Rachel.
(she keeps buzzing)
Rachel! Stop!

He pushes her back a step.

DAVID

When I said I wanted to experiment,
I was thinking we'd, I don't know,
get a porno or something.

RACHEL

Oh! I got one.

She runs to the coffee table, and grabs a DVD. Runs back,
and hands it to him.

DAVID

David Attenborough presents, *The
Lives of Bees*.

She snuggles up to him again.

RACHEL

Bzzzzzzzzzz.