

The Hive

Original Screenplay by

Paul Lankovsky Mono

310.963.6352
pdlankovsky@gmail.com

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THE SOUTHWEST - PRESENT DAY

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - SOFT FOCUS

A WHITE MAN'S HANDS

drag a MALE BODY (Hispanic, 20s) over the dusty sand. The dead Hispanic male's SHIRT is splattered in blood from a SHOTGUN BLAST under the chin.

HEADLIGHTS from a WHITE PICKUP TRUCK illuminate the immediate area as the WHITE MAN'S HANDS drop the dead Hispanic male onto other bloody MALE and FEMALE BODIES stacked like firewood in the truck bed, their BARE FEET hanging over the tailgate.

We can't see the WHITE MAN'S FACE in the semi-darkness.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

Middle of nowhere RED SKY. The WHITE MAN'S HAND pours a JAR OF SPARKLING HONEY over the HISPANIC BODIES now stacked on the sand.

The WHITE TRUCK drives down a DIRT ROAD away from the bodies.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

The WHITE TRUCK stops on a DIRT ROAD in front of a FARMHOUSE.

CUT TO:

INT. BEEHIVE - DAWN

OVERHEAD SHOT - A LONE BEE

much larger than HUNDREDS OF BEES reflected in her BLACK EYES, spins and shimmies amid the bees, telling them she found food.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CLONING ROOM - DAWN - SOFT FOCUS

CAMERA pans across yellow-blue BUNSEN BURNERS eerily backlighting hundreds of liquid-filled TEST TUBES containing WHITE BEE LARVA.

The WHITE MAN'S HAND writes in a JOURNAL in the yellow-blue light.

LATER.

The WHITE TRUCK drives down the DIRT ROAD away from the FARMHOUSE.

In the white truck's dusty wake, the Lone Bee lazily crosses the road in the early morning light -- followed by HUNDREDS OF BEES.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

1950s decor. Bacon and eggs frying, coffee brewing on the stove.

BALLARD HONEY JARS

line wooden shelves around the room, all scientifically labeled.

HANK BALLARD (50s, wire-rims) sits at the kitchen table unwrapping a FRAMED PHOTO of himself and his wife BESSIE (50s) in a Grant Wood vintage American gothic pitchfork pose before the farmhouse.

Bessie pours coffee into a WHITE CERAMIC MUG for Hank.

HANK

Yep, he brought us an anniversary gift alright. Suppose he thinks it's funny, making us look so old.

Bessie leans over to study the vintage-style photo, smiles.

BESSIE

It's sweet of him.

HANK

I look like somebody's grandpa.

BESSIE

You'll be one in a few months.

HANK

You look as sweet as the day we met. I hope you never grow old.

BESSIE

Oh, go on now.

Hank playfully grabs at Bessie who slips away with the coffeepot.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Blazing sun. Melting honey from the jar drools over the dead Hispanic bodies -- the JAR LABEL reads: BALLARD HONEY.

A Lone Bee lands on the bodies, followed by another, then more.

LONG SHOT - EMPTY HIGHWAY

Heat waves ripple across the asphalt. A BLACK CLOUD approaches in the distant waves, humming louder as it draws closer.

A panting SMALL RED DOG crosses the highway, tongue to the asphalt. He sees the BLACK CLOUD, whines, and lopes into an exhausted trot.

INT. FARMHOUSE. HALL - DAY

Hank pounds a NAIL in the wall. He hears HUMMING while hanging the framed vintage photo, and looks around for the source.

Bessie enters to the HUMMING and glances around the hall.

MATCH SOUND TO:

A humming TRUCK ENGINE.

INT. HIGHWAY. RED TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

DARREN MOORE (20s, African American, Midwest) drives past a sign.

WELCOME TO BALLARD

A FRIENDLY PLACE!

He whoops, cranks the country western on the radio up full volume.

DARREN

Civilization two minutes ahead!

A furnace blast of hot air whips through the open passenger window.

CHANDRA MOORE (20s, African American, Midwest) snaps off the radio. She's hot, sweating and PMS.

Darren sees Chandra's reaction, shuts his trap, keeps driving.

RETURN TO SCENE:

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hank enters to the HUMMING sound. Bessie follows him, nervous.

BESSIE

Are they in the walls again?

Hank puts up a hand to quiet her and searches for the origin of the humming sound that grows louder as he reaches the center of the room. He turns around to Bessie.

HANK

Not in the walls.

Hank rolls his eyes up to the ceiling -- they're in the attic.

EXT. DINER. PARKING LOT - DAY

Expensive late-model WHITE TRUCKS line the parking lot spaces.

Darren and Chandra pull their RED TRUCK into an open slot.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT. N-4 SECTOR - DAY

ROWS OF ELEVATED BEEHIVES

are lined up in a fallow field, as far as the eye can see.

BEEES emerge from hives and fly off for their daily pollen search.

Another Lone Bee streaks away in the opposite direction.

INT. DINER - DAY

Darren and Chandra sit in a window booth. Darren lifts a BALLARD HONEY JAR from the table, studies the label, then glances around.

Every booth has the SAME BALLARD HONEY JARS. BALLARD HONEY JARS line display cases behind the counter and beside the cash register.

Chandra sees the Lone Bee buzzing against the window glass. She taps the glass to shoo it away, then eyes Darren's empty plate.

CHANDRA

You inhaled your burger.

Darren greedily eyes the half-eaten CHICKEN on Chandra's plate.

Chandra pushes her plate to Darren. She spoons honey into her glass of ICED TEA as she eyes the red truck in the parking lot.

CHANDRA (cont'd)

You sure it's safe out there?

DARREN

Got my eye on it every second.
It's the only red one.

Chandra stirs the honey into her tea, uneasy.

CHANDRA

You sure your uncle in San Diego
knows we're coming?

DARREN

For the fiftieth time, yeah, he
knows. I got the job. Relax.

CHANDRA

No more Wal-Mart.

DARREN
Not a chance.

CHANDRA
No more General Motors.

DARREN
Ancient history, baby.

CHANDRA
Never do what we don't like, okay?

Off her look, Darren reaches across, squeezes Chandra's hand.

DARREN
Hey sourpuss, where's my pretty
one? Isn't the honey any good?

Chandra softens, turns to watch the Lone Bee buzzing outside.

MATCH SOUND TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The humming grows fainter as Bessie follows Hank to the wall.

Hank puts an ear to the wall and cautiously TAPS it with a finger.

MATCH SOUND TO:

CHANDRA TAPS

harder on the inside glass at the Lone Bee buzzing outside the
window -- the bee looks as if it is dancing on her fingertips.

INT. DINER - DAY

Darren sips his coffee watching Chandra tap the glass, amused.

CHANDRA
I can't help being worried.

DARREN
We had no choice. The jobs are all
gone. What do I always tell you?

CHANDRA
It'll get better.

DARREN
It will get better, okay? Don't
sweat the little things.

CHANDRA
It's the little things that kill
us, you know.

FADE TO BLACK.

MEDIUM SHOT - FROM THE FARMHOUSE ATTIC

down at Hank climbing up through the crawl door, as Bessie wrings
her hands below him.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hank's on a ladder under the ATTIC CRAWL DOOR in the ceiling.

BESSIE
Please be careful.

HANK
Gonna have a look is all.

BESSIE
Hank, don't. Get your suit first.

HANK
It's in the cellar. I know what
I'm doing, won't take but a minute.

Hank pushes up on the attic crawl door -- it's stuck.

The humming grows louder -- Bessie's eyes grow wider.

Hank frees up the crawl door, pushes it over ceiling joists.

INT. DINER - DAY

Waitress MARGE (40s) arrives at Darren and Chandra's table with a
POT OF COFFEE and their CHECK. She gives them a jaded local-to-
outsider once-over while putting the check on the table.

Darren holds up his coffee mug, Marge fills it.

DARREN
Who owns all those trucks?

MARGE
Farmers, mostly.

Darren glances around -- the diner's empty. He looks past the
Lone Bee humming against the window toward the parking lot again.

THE LONE BEE

buzzes against the window as Darren watches Marge leave.

DARREN

Wonder if I could con some free
fries outa that waitress.

Darren eyes Chandra's unfinished PIE PLATE. She pushes the plate to Darren, he forks it down. Chandra eyes the Lone Bee outside.

CHANDRA

What's it so riled up about?

The Lone Bee cocks her head as if she understood what Chandra said, then starts whirling in circles, agitated.

DARREN

Maybe watching you eat its puke.

CHANDRA

Do what?

Darren touches the honey jar with his fork, then her glass.

DARREN

That from there is puke. Billions
of bees puking into tiny wax toilets.
Discovery Channel shit.

Chandra lowers her iced tea. Dips a napkin into her water glass, wrings the cold water over the back of her neck.

CHANDRA

How much farther to San Diego?

DARREN

Couple more hours, honey.

CHANDRA

Don't call me that. Eww.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bessie hears Hank groan in the attic. She starts up the ladder.

The humming escalates to a roar.

BESSIE

Hank? Talk to me, honey!

MEDIUM SHOT - FROM ATTIC

as Bessie reacts to the ROARING HUM above her. She backs down the ladder and into the hall -- and collides with the VINTAGE PHOTO on the wall.

The vintage photo crashes to the floor, breaking glass and frame.

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Bessie enters, grabs the receiver off the WALL RADIO, punches buttons. She panics when the roaring hum enters the hall.

BESSIE
Pick up, please pick up!

Bessie listens to the ring tone -- A MAN'S VOICE answers.

BESSIE (cont'd)
BLAKE!!

The RADIO RECEIVER bounces up and down by the cord as the roaring hum from MILLIONS OF BEES drowns out Bessie's cries for help.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DINER - DAY

Darren takes the check from Chandra, studies it in disbelief.

DARREN
Are you serious? One Mickey-D would
wipe this shithole off the map.

He gets up to leave, grabs Chandra's hand -- but she pulls away.

CHANDRA
Pay it. With a tip.

Marge appears beside Darren, startling him and Chandra.

MARGE
You kids just passing through?

DARREN
There a law against it?

Marge knows baiting when she hears it, but doesn't react.

MARGE
It's a good town, nice and friendly.
No big-city complications. You
probably wouldn't like it.

DARREN
Haven't seen much of it yet.

MARGE
You look kinda Midwest.

CHANDRA
Chicago.

MARGE
Planning a family?

CHANDRA
Maybe. Some day.

Chandra, uncomfortable with Marge's questioning, wants to leave.
Darren looks at the white trucks in the parking lot.

DARREN
Why are they all the same?

Chandra glances at Marge, touches Darren's hand.

CHANDRA
Wallet?

Darren fishes in his pants for his wallet.

MARGE
It gets real hot here. White paint
reflects the sun. Saves gas and
keeps the air-conditioners from
running full blast all the time.
(off Chandra)
You okay, hon? You look flushed.

Chandra flashes Darren an accusatory look.

CHANDRA
Our air-conditioner's broke.

Darren puts a TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL under the check.

MARGE
Tried our local honey yet? Folks
say it's the best in the world.

CHANDRA
Yes. It's very good.

Darren and Chandra rise, head for the door.

DARREN
Thanks. Keep the change.

EXT. DINER. PARKING LOT - DAY

Darren and Chandra walk past the row of white trucks.
Darren sees every truck has the SAME TWO-WAY RADIO on the dash.
Chandra sees Marge eye them from inside the diner window.

CHANDRA
That's so low-rent. A penny tip?

DARREN
Want her thinking we got money?

INT. RED TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Darren backs up and steers the red truck to the parking lot exit,
then turns right onto the street.

A WHITE TRUCK

roars past them, horn blaring, inches away from their grill.

Darren SLAMS on the brakes -- the white truck swerves and fishtails
down the street. The license plate reads CLOVER 2.

Darren leans out the window and flips him off.

DARREN
Asshole!

INT. DINER - DAY

Marge clears off Darren and Chandra's table. She lifts the check,
sees the twenty-dollar bill, and sneers.

MARGE
A penny for my thoughts. Asshole.

CUT TO:

The Lone Bee flies away from the diner window, over the parking
lot and down the street.

LONG SHOT - HIGHWAY

as the Lone Bee flies along the road and vanishes in the distance.

RETURN TO SCENE:

INT. DINER - DAY

JERROD MARTIN

(50s) no-nonsense community leader, enters from the kitchen and walks to the front window. He spins a TOOTHPICK between his teeth as he watches the white truck roar by the red truck, horn blaring.

JERROD

What's Blake Ballard in such an all
fired-up hurry for?

Marge is cursing sotto voce, too busy with the table to notice.

MARGE

They left me a one-cent tip.

JERROD

Hell, you can afford it, Marge.
They say where they were headed?

MARGE

Somewhere away from Chicago.

JERROD

Think I'll head out to Hank's.

INT. HIGHWAY. RED TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Darren drives while Chandra fiddles with the air-conditioner.

DARREN

Whatta dick that guy was.

CHANDRA

That dick had the right of way.
Let it go, you look guilty. I bet
every cop for a hundred miles eats
at that diner. She gets an APB on
us, remembers what we look like --
what you look like maybe -- I was
trying to blend in.

DARREN

You? In this cracker box town?

CHANDRA

Why'd you steal a red truck anyway?
With no air-conditioning?

DARREN

Never mind, I'll buy you a new one.
Open it up.

CHANDRA

How many times you gotta see it?

DARREN

Until I believe it. C'mon.

Chandra sighs, pulls a WHITE PLASTIC BAG out from under the seat, and opens it to show him wrapped bundles of HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS.

CHANDRA

It was a Wal-Mart, Dillinger, not Bank of America.

DARREN

So what, money's the same.

Chandra RIFFLES through a stack of HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP - LONE BEE WINGS

RIFFLE over the HIGHWAY LINE, then turn right on the DIRT ROAD.

Past a WHITE TRUCK parked on the shoulder, both doors wide open.

INT. BEEHIVE - DAY

The Lone Bee stops wriggling and spinning inside the circle of bees, and flies off. The other bees follow.

Thousands of bees fly over a barren, TILLED FARM FIELD.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

DADDY-LONGLEG DIRT ROWS

in a BARREN FARM FIELD race by outside the red truck's window.

INT. HIGHWAY. RED TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Darren watches the daddy-longleg dirt rows freewheeling by while Chandra tunes the radio trying to find anything but country music.

DARREN

Wonder what grows here?

CHANDRA

You could've at least taken one with a CD player. Nothing but --

DARREN

Country hicks and country chicks.

Darren sees a BLACK CLOUD ahead on the highway.

DARREN (cont'd)
What the fuck?

The BLACK CLOUD spirals toward them like a giant drill.

Chandra looks up and sees it too.

WHAM!

THOUSANDS OF BEES slam against the red truck's windshield, smearing instantly into a thick YELLOW PASTE on the glass.

Bees stream into Chandra's partially open window. She cranks it shut, yelping as they buzz around inside the cab.

Darren can't see the road through the bee-spattered windshield.

The red truck swerves off the highway onto a DIRT ROAD.

The engine dies, and the red truck jerks and rolls to a stop.

Bees crawl into Darren's open window. He quickly rolls it up.

CHANDRA
Don't let 'em get me!

Darren takes a MAP off the dashboard, and swats the bees off her.

The BLACK CLOUD of bees corkscrews off toward the horizon.

INT. HIGHWAY. JERROD'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Jerrod taps the MIC SWITCH on his dashboard TWO-WAY RADIO.

JERROD
Clover One to Ballard One, over.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A TWO-WAY RADIO on a TABLE crackles to life with Jerrod's voice.

JERROD (V.O.)
Clover One to Ballard One, come in.

CAMERA pans around the empty room to the LADDER leaning against the wall -- under the CLOSED ATTIC CRAWL DOOR.

CAMERA returns to the two-way radio.

JERROD (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Clover One to Ballard One. You
 there, Hank?

A RED LIGHT

on the two-way radio winks out. A LAMP on the table beside the
 two-way radio shuts off at the same time.

The farmhouse electricity has been cut off.

Jerrod taps his radio mic switch again.

CUT TO:

An abandoned WHITE TRUCK on the DIRT ROAD, both doors wide open.

THE TWO-WAY RADIO

crackles to life on the white truck's dashboard.

JERROD (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Clover One to Clover Two, over.

CUT TO:

Jerrod hangs up the two-way mic -- then sees the BLACK CLOUD OF
 BEES hurtling toward him on the highway.

JERROD (cont'd)
 Holy shit!

Jerrod slams on the brakes, screech-turns the truck around, and
 floors it in the opposite direction down the highway.

INTERCUT.

INT./EXT. RED TRUCK/DIRT ROAD. - DAY

Darren turns the IGNITION KEY -- nothing. The engine's dead. He
 turns on the WINDSHIELD WIPERS and slowly sweeps the thick, yellow
 paste off the windshield.

CHANDRA
 What was that?

DARREN
 How should I know? Suicide bombers.
 Maybe they saw red.

CHANDRA
 That is so disgusting.

DARREN
 Battery's fine, generator and
 alternator work. Got gas too.

Darren turns off the wipers and opens the truck door.

CHANDRA
 You're not leaving me here are you?

Darren turns back to Chandra, holds up two fingers, then lowers his forefinger to leave the MIDDLE FINGER straight up.

DARREN
 Look, I can't handle two problems
 at once. Now stay in the truck.
 And for once, please do what I ask?

CHANDRA
 Whatever.

Darren gets out. A bee floats lazily toward the door. Chandra grabs the door handle and slams it shut before the bee flies in.

Darren motions to Chandra with his hands -- open the hood.

Chandra reaches under the steering wheel, pulls the hood handle.

The hood pops open. Darren reaches his hand underneath to open it -- then yelps in pain, and yanks his hand back out.

CHANDRA (cont'd)
 What!

DARREN
 Goddamn stung me!

Darren pulls the stinger out, tosses it away, and sticks the finger in his mouth to suck on it.

BEES

burst out from under the hood.

Darren jumps away from the grill -- but instead of attacking, the bees fly away toward the BLACK CLOUD OF BEES in the distance.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THE BLACK CLOUD OF BEES

is still visible in Jerrod's REARVIEW MIRROR as he talks on the two-way mic while driving.

JERROD

Clover One to Base, we have a situation in the N-4 sector.

INT. DINER. BACK ROOM - DAY

CHOO WONG (40s) is listening to Jerrod on the two-way radio resting on a table. He studies a SATMAP on a laptop on the table showing the BLUE CLOUD OF BEES on the screen flying north on the highway.

A multinational group of perplexed and worried BEEKEEPERS surrounds Choo -- a United Nations delegation in OVERALLS and STRAW HATS.

CHOO

I see them. They appear to be returning to their sector.

JERROD (V.O.)

Returning, hell, they're chasing me! Anyone know what set them off? Somebody get ahold of Hank Ballard!

Marge enters, pours coffee for Choo who is also perplexed.

CHOO

We tried. No one answered. Got any idea why they swarmed?

JERROD

Negative. Maybe they saw red.

CUT TO:

THE RED TRUCK

parked along the shoulder of the DIRT ROAD.

INT. HIGHWAY. RED TRUCK - DAY

Chandra reaches back for a BAG. Pulls out an OINTMENT TUBE.

CHANDRA

I got some itch cream.

Darren can't hear her outside through the closed windows.

DARREN

What?

CHANDRA

I said I got some itch cream.
(off Darren, shouts)
Where'd they bite you?

Darren holds up his MIDDLE FINGER. Chandra eyes him.

CHANDRA (cont'd)
 Uh huh. Serves you right going
 about flipping that thing at me.

Darren gingerly feels around under the hood, pops it open.

He peers inside the engine compartment -- hundreds of DEAD AND DYING BEES lie burning and smoking on the engine.

He unscrews the AIR FILTER -- it's choked with dead, dying bees.

Darren returns to the cab. Chandra hands him the ointment tube. Darren rubs some itch cream on his bee sting.

DARREN
 They don't act like that at home.
 It's like that bee attacked me to
 let the others escape.

Chandra stares out the window at the endless agriculture wasteland -- there's not a living crop in sight.

CHANDRA
 They're not that smart.

Darren points at the engine still smoking from dead bees.

DARREN
 They plugged up the carburetor,
 like they knew how to kill my ride.
 Where's your cellphone?

Chandra pulls a CELLPHONE out of her purse, punches a phone number, waits for a BEAT -- nothing.

CHANDRA
 Still dead. Wait, no service.

DARREN
 Which is it?

CHANDRA
 Well, if you had yours --

DARREN
 One call from my cell today and I'd
 be in a six-by-nine cell tonight.
 You didn't charge it at the motel?

CHANDRA

With you on top of me all night?
Use the cigarette lighter.

DARREN

It'll run down the battery.

CHANDRA

So what, the engine's dead.

Darren slams the steering wheel, frustrated.

DARREN

I'm not doing time for a shitty ten-grand that Wal-Mart won't even miss.

CHANDRA

Okay, sorry I didn't charge my cell. You're not the only one who hasn't slept a wink the past three nights. All I want is a nice long, hot bath to wash this farm off me.

DARREN

I promise you one of those big hotels on the beach. Maybe a casino.

Darren looks out the window again and sees the BALLARD FARMHOUSE.

DARREN (cont'd)

There's our phone call. C'mon.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Darren and Chandra walk together, hand-in-hand. Chandra carries the WHITE PLASTIC BAG in her other hand.

They see the WHITE TRUCK on the shoulder, both doors wide open.

Darren sees the white truck's CLOVER 2 LICENSE PLATE -- the same truck that nearly T-boned them earlier at the diner driveway.

DARREN

Did that asshole leave his wicked wheels here for me?

CHANDRA

Maybe people trust each other here.

The white truck's floor is covered with DEAD BEES. The same yellow smear of crushed bees coats the windshield.

DARREN

Maybe people are stupid here. Time to trade up -- they'll never notice a missing white truck around here.

CHANDRA

He can't be far, wherever he is.

Darren sees the TWO-WAY RADIO MIC lying on the front seat. He lifts the mic, taps the button.

DARREN

Hello? Anyone out there?

Silence. Chandra crazy-circles her ear with a finger.

CHANDRA

No one out there, no one up here.

Darren tosses the two-way radio mic back onto the front seat. He sees the IGNITION KEY in the steering column, and turns it on.

Nothing -- the white truck's as dead as the red truck.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGHWAY. JERROD'S TRUCK - DAY

Jerrod's driving, one eye on the rearview mirror at the black cloud of bees still tailing him in the distance.

DARREN (V.O.)

Hello? Anyone out there?

Jerrod lifts his two-way mic, pauses a BEAT before answering.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Darren pops the white truck's HOOD LATCH by the steering wheel.

He carefully lifts the hood and sees smoking DEAD BEES all over the engine. He waves his hand over the engine.

DARREN (cont'd)

Still warm. Probably got hit with the same swarm as us.

The TWO-WAY RADIO crackles to life in the white truck.

JERROD (V.O.)

This is Clover One, please identify yourself.

Darren hears Jerrod on the two-way radio, returns to the mic on the front seat. He picks it up, eyeing Chandra.

DARREN
 No one out there, huh?
 (into the mic)
 Hey yeah, our truck broke down.

Jerrod doesn't recognize the voice. He taps the mic, cautious.

JERROD
 What's your 20?

DARREN
 What? Hey man, me and my wife got attacked by a big swarm of bees on the highway. We're on a dirt road by a farmhouse about two miles out of town. It's a red truck. Can you send us some help?

Jerrod reacts to the information, but stays neutral.

JERROD
 10-4, I know where you are. Hang on, I'll call for a tow truck.

INTERCUT -- CONTINUOUS.

INT. JERROD'S TRUCK/DINER. BACK ROOM - DAY

Choo is at the table listening to Jerrod and Darren on the two-way radio, and like Jerrod, reacts with suspicion.

JERROD (V.O.)
 Clover One to Base, go to thirteen.

Choo resets the two-way radio BAND KNOB to 13.

CHOO
 10-4.

JERROD
 Anyone heard from Blake since this morning?

CHOO (V.O.)
 Negative.

JERROD
 N-4 sector was disturbed by two civilians in a red truck.

Marge stops behind the counter when she hears Jerrod.

MARGE

It's that sonofabitch who left me a one-cent tip.

Jerrod remembers. He thinks for a BEAT.

JERROD

Until we know what they're doing here, they don't leave the valley. Does everyone understand?

END INTERCUT.

Darren twists the WING NUT on the white truck's air filter cover.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A WHITE MAN'S HAND

twists a MINI-BLIND WINDOW ROD open -- the blinds open a crack, letting light into the pitch-dark room.

INT. FARMHOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

BLAKE BALLARD (30s) sees Darren removing the white truck's air filter cover while Chandra watches beside him.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

Darren removes the air filter cover -- it's choked with bees.

DARREN

Same thing. No doubt, these bees know what they're doing.

CHANDRA

They're insects, Darren.

DARREN

Then explain it to me, okay?

He turns to the Ballard farmhouse in the deathly still, shimmering heat -- and gets the creepy feeling they're being watched.

INT. FARMHOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

Blake peers out the window between the open mini-blind, sees Darren and Chandra approaching the farmhouse on the dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Darren and Chandra walk hand-in-hand down the road. Chandra still carries the WHITE PLASTIC BAG.

Chandra sees a BLACK PURSE on the ground up ahead. She drops Darren's hand to pick it up, looks inside and pulls out a SMALL GLASS VIAL and a WALLET. She opens the wallet.

CLOSE-UP - DRIVERS LICENSE

we see the driver's name and photo -- ALLISON BALLARD.

CHANDRA

Why would she leave it here?

(beat)

Omygod, I left my purse in the truck.

Chandra stops. Darren grabs her arm.

DARREN

We need water first. We're gonna dehydrate.

CHANDRA

I can't leave my purse --

DARREN

People trust each other here, right?

Chandra scans the fields, nervously holds the white plastic bag.

CHANDRA

I got a bad feeling about here.

Darren wraps Chandra's hands around the plastic bag.

DARREN

This'll make you feel better.

Chandra eyes the IDLE FARM MACHINERY around the farmhouse.

CHANDRA

This isn't like the farms back home.

DARREN

Since when do you know about farms?

Chandra points to the WEEDS growing under the FARM MACHINERY TIRES.

CHANDRA

They've been sitting there for a long time. Look, nothing but weeds

(MORE)

CHANDRA (cont'd)
growing all around us. It's like
the owners just abandoned the place.

Darren eyes the weeds, then the EMPTY FIELDS around them.

DARREN
You'd make a fine country detective,
honeybunch.

CHANDRA
I said I hate that.

DARREN
It's a term of endearment.

CHANDRA
It's a life term if I kill you.

DARREN
Okay, we'll get your purse.

INTERCUT.

INT. HIGHWAY. JERROD'S TRUCK / DINER - DAY

Jerrod glances at his rearview mirror -- the BLACK SWARM OF BEES
is gone. He sighs in relief, picks up the mic.

JERROD
Who all's there, Choo?

Choo leans over the two-way radio on the front counter -- it's
hard to hear Jerrod over the BEEKEEPERS packing the diner.

CHOO
Everyone but Hank and Blake Ballard.
N-1 to N-3 sectors are all saying
their hives are agitated.

Choo looks down at his laptop screen -- the BLUE SWARM has now
joined a YELLOW SWARM.

JERROD
What's their take on it?

CHOO
Some say the floral food formula
ran out in all sectors at the same
time and the bees started foraging
outside their genetic boundaries.

JERROD

How the hell -- that is not good.

CHOO

I won't even attempt a worst case scenario.

JERROD

I'm headed back to Base. Out.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Darren and Chandra start walking back to the red truck when they hear HUMMING.

THE BLACK CLOUD OF BEES

has returned -- and is heading straight for them.

DARREN

MOVE!

They whirl back around and run. Chandra trips and falls.

The black rumbling swarm races past the red and white trucks.

Darren yanks Chandra up -- she drops the WHITE PLASTIC BAG.

The swarm is gaining on them as they run toward the farmhouse.

LONG SHOT - OPEN MINI-BLIND

Blake sees Darren and Chandra run into the yard, up to the porch.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. PORCH - DAY

The black swirl of bees funnels down on Darren and Chandra as they enter the porch and head for the front door of the house.

Darren opens the front door, pulls Chandra inside the house and slams the door -- just as the bees whirl inside the porch and splatter against the windows and walls.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darren finds a roll of DUCT TAPE on a table.

Chandra leans into the door, panting, as Darren runs to a WINDOW.

DARREN

Get the others!

Darren sees the front window is already taped shut. He glances around the room -- all the windows are already taped shut.

CHANDRA

Darren!

Bees are crawling into the room under the door between Chandra's feet. Chandra jumps away.

Darren slaps duct tape along the space under the door.

As Darren seals the last inch of the door frame, a BEE curls its backside around the tape-end and stings Darren's THUMB.

Darren jerks the stinger out and stomps on the dying bee.

DARREN

Fucker.

(to Chandra)

You okay?

Chandra nods, shaky. Darren circles the room, checking for bees.

A bee buzzes lazily toward Chandra. She grabs a MAGAZINE from the coffeetable, rolls it up, and swats wildly at the bee.

DARREN (cont'd)

You're only pissing it off.

The bee stings her arm -- she shrieks and pulls the stinger out.

DARREN (cont'd)

Run some cold water on it. Check in back for the kitchen. Maybe there's some food.

CHANDRA

You ever stop thinking about it for even a minute?

DARREN

(thinks)

No. Come on, you're not gonna die, Chandra, just go look.

Chandra cautiously edges down the hall, and sees Hank and Bessie's smashed VINTAGE PHOTO on the floor.

Darren grabs a FLYSWATTER on an end table and swings it around.

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Chandra enters, rubbing her stung arm. She hits the LIGHT SWITCH -- the room stays dark.

CUT TO:

SLOW MOTION MONTAGE.

Darren swings the flyswatter like a bat at a bee -- and connects.

Chandra hears BUZZING on the floor. She looks down, horrified.

The battered bee hits the top of a chair back, bounces behind it.

RETURN TO SPEED.

Darren watches the battered bee bounce over the chair.

DARREN

Batter swings, it's long, long...and
over the wall! The crowd roars!

Chandra SCREAMS O.S.

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Darren enters. Chandra is backed against the wall, staring down.

BESSIE

lies dead on the floor, half-consumed in a bloody pool of dead bees. A FIRE EXTINGUISHER rests on the floor near her body.

Darren yanks the TABLECLOTH off the KITCHEN TABLE, covers Bessie.

He takes Chandra's cell from her shirt pocket, hits 911 -- nothing.

DARREN

Where's the charger?

CHANDRA

In my purse.

DARREN

In the --

CHANDRA

Truck.

Darren sees the dangling receiver, hangs it back up on the wall unit. He lifts the receiver again, holds it to his ear.

DARREN

Dead.

Darren hits the light switch -- no power. He looks around the room through its heavy, moody darkness.

DOZENS OF BALLARD HONEY JARS

line the kitchen counter. Darren opens a cupboard door -- the shelves are packed with the same honey jars.

He crosses to the garbage disposal switch by the sink, flips it on -- nothing. He turns on the cold water faucet at the sink -- it works. He cups water in his hands for a drink, splashes water over his head, then turns to Chandra.

DARREN (cont'd)

Here, run your arm under this.

Chandra's too scared to cross the room past Bessie's corpse.

DARREN (cont'd)

C'mon, she ain't no vampire.

CHANDRA

How long's she been dead?

Chandra edges to the sink, and sets the BLACK PURSE on the counter.

DARREN

I dunno, blood's still oozing out.

CHANDRA

Do not freak me out. Let's go.

DARREN

Where? You been outside lately?

Darren opens the refrigerator -- it's dark inside.

DARREN (cont'd)

Hey, check it out.

ANTIVENIN GLASS VIALS

are stacked neatly inside the dark refrigerator, scientifically labeled like the honey jars on the shelves.

He pulls out one of the vials to inspect it.

Chandra pulls the ANTIVENIN GLASS VIAL out of the black purse.

CHANDRA
Is it the same stuff?

Darren puts the antivenin vial back inside the refrigerator. He nods to the black purse on the counter, then Bessie.

DARREN
Looks like it. Is that her on the
drivers license?

Chandra can hardly bring herself to look at Bessie.

CHANDRA
She doesn't have a face -- oh God.

Chandra retches in the sink. She turns on the water and rinses her face, then runs her stung arm under it. Grabbing a towel on a wall rack, Chandra turns off the water and turns to Darren.

CHANDRA (cont'd)
What if there are others?

The KITCHEN SINK FAUCET starts drip...drip...dripping.

CUT TO:

Darren heads down the hall. Chandra races after him.

CHANDRA (cont'd)
Where you going?

DARREN
Maybe there's someone else.

CHANDRA
Darren, don't.

DARREN
You just ask me to look.

INT. FARMHOUSE. HALL - DAY

Chandra clings to Darren as they walk past the VINTAGE PHOTO of Hank and Bessie lying shattered on the floor.

CHANDRA
This isn't a fucking joke.

DARREN
Lose two cousins and a brother to
gang-war, get a different take on
life. Are you looking or what?

Darren approaches a CLOSED DOOR down the hall. He turns the doorknob and pushes the door inward an inch.

INT. FARMHOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

Blake closes the mini-blind window rod, the room turns pitch black.

A STREAM OF LIGHT

knives across the floor from the opening door.

DARREN'S EYE

scans the room through the door opening.

DARREN
Anyone in there?

SMASH CUT TO:

The half-eaten Bessie lying dead on the kitchen floor.

SMASH CUT TO:

Hank in the vintage photo next to Bessie.

RETURN TO SCENE:

CLOSE-UP - DARREN'S EYE

widens as he hears someone moving inside the bedroom.

Blake approaches the door, the light from the hall knives across his face as he peers through the door opening.

BLAKE
You're on private property.

DARREN
It's a crime scene now, chief. You got a dead body in the kitchen and it ain't pretty. Now open up.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jerrod pulls his white truck into an open slot. He gets out, shuts the door, then looks around the sky in all directions.

RETURN TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

A blast of hot air hits Darren's face as Blake opens the door.

DARREN
You cremating something in there?

Darren crosses to the window, reaches for the window hasp.

BLAKE
Don't, she's allergic.

Blake grabs Darren -- Darren pulls away, and he's ready to brawl.

A GLOCK 9MM PISTOL

suddenly appears in Blake's hand under Darren's chin.

BLAKE (cont'd)
I said she's allergic.

DARREN
Look, I got no fucking clue who
"she" is. Who the fuck's she?

BLAKE
No, who the fuck are you?

CHANDRA
The bees chased us in here.

DARREN
They killed our ride like that white
truck. Come on, dude. The nine.

Blake eyes Darren a BEAT, lowers the Glock, and turns to the bed.

BLAKE
Allison, come out.

ALLISON (30s, pregnant) emerges from under the bedsheet, fearful.

Chandra matches the drivers license in her hand to Allison.

CHANDRA
I think this is yours.

Chandra hands Allison the drivers license and purse -- Blake still holds the Glock at his side, defensive mode.

DARREN
So we're all good. My name's Darren.

Allison opens her purse, holds the antivenin vial to her heart with one hand, and grasps Chandra's hand with the other.

ALLISON

Thank God. Thank you. This is my husband Blake.

CHANDRA

Chandra. What's happening out there?

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chandra, Allison and Blake, covered in WET TOWELS, sit on a sofa. The room is stifling hot.

Darren enters shirtless, a towel draped around his neck and a WET T-SHIRT wrapped around his head like a turban.

DARREN

Why are they attacking?

BLAKE

Something must've pissed them off.

DARREN

That white truck out there, the one with the smoking bees. Is it yours?

Blake starts toying with the Glock, unloading the magazine, etc.

Darren looks out a window, sees the WHITE PLASTIC BAG on the road shoulder, handles flapping in the breeze, bees buzzing around it.

DARREN (cont'd)

Shit.

Darren turns to Chandra, pissed. Chandra knows why, and hides her face in the wet towel.

Blake sees their exchange.

DARREN (cont'd)

You got a working phone here?

BLAKE

Just two-way radios. Got one in my truck. There, outside.

DARREN

Somebody must know you're here.

BLAKE

Someone'll be around eventually.

Chandra lowers the wet towel from her face.

CHANDRA

Who's the woman in the kitchen?

BLAKE

You cops or something?

DARREN

We need a badge to ask?

Blake rises. Allison puts her hand on Blake's Glock -- enough.

Blake snaps the magazine out of the Glock, drops it in his pocket.

DARREN (cont'd)

What's with the tractor?

Blake follows Darren's thumb to the abandoned TRACTOR outside.

BLAKE

The fuel tank's been drained, but
there's no protection from the bees,
even if we got it to run.

DARREN

What the hell do we do then? We
can't just sit around waiting.

Blake crosses to Darren at the window, and follows Darren's eyes
out to the WHITE PLASTIC BAG.

BLAKE

Not until they calm down. Don't
worry about your stuff, nobody's
out there wanting to steal it.

Chandra covers her eyes with the towel again and starts to cry.

CHANDRA

Can someone please tell me who the
dead woman is?

BLAKE

Her name is Bessie. She's my mother.

FADE TO BLACK.

CAMERA moves slowly forward through backlit GOLDEN HONEYCOMBED STALAGMITES rising from the floor and STALACTITES hanging from the ceiling, as BEES float lazily in the hazy amber light.

BLAKE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Bessie called this morning. It was
the last time I heard her voice.

FLASHBACK:

INT. STREET. BLAKE'S WHITE TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Blake drives the truck, Allison rides shotgun. The two-way radio beeps, Blake taps the mic.

BESSIE (V.O.)
Blake! They're all over, Blake!

Blake floors the truck, horn blaring, and swerves past Darren's RED TRUCK pulling out of the parking lot. He sees Darren in his rear-view mirror leaning out the window and flipping him off.

DARREN (V.O.)
Asshole!

BLAKE (V.O.)
We got here as fast as we could.

RETURN TO SCENE:

On the sofa, Chandra adjusts the wet towel around her neck.

CHANDRA
I'm so sorry.

Blake returns, sits beside Allison, takes her hand.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. DIRT ROAD. BLAKE'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Bees smash into the windshield -- Blake swerves, Allison screams.

BLAKE (V.O.)
We don't know what's happening
outside either.

The white truck bounces over the dirt road leading to the Ballard farmhouse, and coughs to a stop on the shoulder.

Blake turns on the windshield wipers and smears the DEAD BEES.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Allison and Blake run from the BLACK CLOUD OF BEES chasing them.

A Lone Bee lands on Allison's neck. She drops her BLACK PURSE and runs screaming after Blake, leaving her purse behind.

ALLISON (V.O.)

I thought I was dead for sure. I almost died last time I got stung.

Allison and Blake reach the Ballard farmhouse.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allison and Blake enter and slam the front door. They see the LADDER leading up inside the open ATTIC CRAWL HOLE -- and the bees circling in and out of the crawl hole.

Blake climbs the ladder, yanks the attic crawl door closed, and props the ladder against a wall.

Blake and Allison run down the hall. He pushes Allison into the BEDROOM, closes the door behind her. He walks back down the hall.

BLAKE (V.O.)

At that point I was only thinking about Allison. Then I saw Mom.

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Blake enters to find Bessie in her final death throes on the floor, covered in swarming, dying bees.

Blake grabs the FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall and sprays the bees buzzing around Bessie's body -- the bees fall to the floor.

Blake kicks the dead bees away, but it's futile -- his mother is dying, eaten from head to toe.

Bessie gasps a final death rattle, and stops twitching.

Blake hears a humming sound. He grabs a roll of DUCT TAPE from a drawer, and runs into the living room.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blake enters, hears humming in the room -- he sees BEES wriggling under a PARTIALLY OPEN WINDOW. He can't shut the window, so he duct-tapes across the opening.

CLOSE UP - LADDER

Bees are crawling up and down the ladder's struts and rungs.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THE LADDER

still leans against the wall -- but the bees are gone.

RETURN TO SCENE:

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darren crosses to the ladder, sees a thermometer on the wall that reads 90 DEGREES. Darren turns to Blake.

DARREN

How hot's it get around here?

BLAKE

The forecast calls for 110 in the shade. We got lucky today.

Allison squeezes WATER DROPLETS from the towel onto her chest.

Blake squeezes Allison's hand.

BLAKE (cont'd)

You okay, sweetheart?

ALLISON

I have to pee again.

Allison rises slowly, exits to the bathroom.

Darren sees a Lone Bee humming outside the window, then sees his REFLECTION shimmering in her large black eyes.

DARREN

Hey Blake?

Blake sees another Lone Bee humming inside the FIREPLACE HEARTH. He hangs a WET TOWEL over the hearth opening.

BLAKE

Close the flue.

Darren reaches behind the wet towel to close the FIREPLACE FLUE.

INSIDE THE CHIMNEY

FOUR BEES fly down the shaft to the Lone Bee and bang against the wet towel.

One bee lands on the back of Darren's hand -- and stings him.

Darren releases the flue handle, rips his hand out of the hearth.

The flue is still stuck halfway open.

DARREN
I can't close it!

Darren yanks the bee stinger out of his hand -- white-hot pain.

BLAKE
Start a fire.

DARREN
You outa your mind?

BLAKE
Smoke's the only way to keep the
bitches out -- light it!

Darren wads up a NEWSPAPER, stuffs it into the fireplace. Grabs a LONG BIC LIGHTER from the mantle, sticks it behind the wet towel.

INSIDE THE HEARTH

Darren's shaky hand lights the newspaper with the BIC LIGHTER. SMOKE curls up, and the THREE BEES fall into the flames, dead.

But the Lone Bee zips up the chimney shaft ahead of the smoke and safely escapes out the chimney top.

Blake cautiously pulls the towel away from the hearth -- smoke billows into the room.

Darren reaches inside the hearth to open the flue.

BLAKE (cont'd)
No, let it smoke up good first.

Darren closes the flue -- SMOKE pours into the living room.

Chandra moves away, coughing, covering her face with her towel.

BLAKE (cont'd)
Now.

Darren opens the flue -- smoke is quickly sucked up as the newspaper bursts into large flames.

DARREN
I am NOT putting my hand into
anything dark again!

Blake grabs a DINING TABLE CHAIR, smashes it on the floor, and tosses the pieces into the fireplace.

Allison returns to the smoke-filled room.

ALLISON
What's going on?

LONG SHOT - FARMHOUSE

heat waves shimmer on the dirt road leading to the farmhouse.

LONG SHOT - RED TRUCK AND WHITE TRUCK

parked along the dirt road, both simmering in the sun's heat.

LONG SHOT - EMPTY HIGHWAY - BOTH DIRECTIONS

heat roils in waves across the asphalt to the vanishing horizon.

It's deathly silent -- except for the steady HUMMING of bees.

INT. DINER - DAY

Jerrod at on the two-way radio at the counter, listening. BEN AUSTIN (50s) and Choo are beside him eyeing the radio, intense.

CHOO
Anyone answer yet?

Jerrod shakes his head and slowly hangs up the mic.

BEN
Wanna drive out there?

Jerrod glances around the diner -- it's filled with BEEKEEPERS talking to each other. He looks out the window -- BEES are playing tag between the white trucks lined up in the parking lot.

JERROD
No, it'll cause a panic.

CHOO
And in the meantime? They want to
know what happened to their bees.

JERROD
So do I, Choo. So do I.

Jerrod turns to the window again, and mops the sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A DROP OF SWEAT

trickles down Darren's forehead to his nose and dangles there.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A DROP OF WATER

falls from the KITCHEN FAUCET and hits the bottom of the sink.

ALLISON

sits on the sofa dripping water from a WATER BOTTLE over her face.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHAIR WOOD burns in small and smoky coals inside the fireplace.

A CEILING FAN

hangs motionless from the ceiling in the smoky, sun-filtered light.

Chandra is on the sofa next to Allison and Blake, covered in wet towels, half-naked, fanning herself with a magazine. Darren is sitting in an armchair, sweating.

Blake turns from Allison, and locks eyes with Darren.

BLAKE
So what brought you folks to Ballard
all the way from Chicago?

DARREN
I like to know who I'm talking to
before trading life stories, Blake.

BLAKE
Fair enough. Blake Ballard, DEBVD.

DARREN
Say what?

BLAKE
 Doctorate in Entomology, with a
 designated emphasis in Biology of
 Vector-borne Diseases. DEBVD.

DARREN
 So you're Dr. Ballard now?

Allison pushes herself up from the sofa, heads for the hall.

ALLISON
 I'm going to find something to eat.

DARREN
 Good idea.

Allison turns to Chandra, and points to the kitchen.

ALLISON
 The pantry isn't in...there. I
 could use a little help.

BLAKE
 Stay inside.

ALLISON
 We kinda figured that out ourselves.

Chandra rises, joins Allison, and they exit the room.

Blake stokes up the fire with another chair leg.

DARREN
 Why are they attacking us?

BLAKE
 Bees only attack to defend the hive.

DARREN
 Where's that at?

Blake leans down, picks up a DEAD BEE on the floor, crushes it
 between his fingers, and sniffs it.

BLAKE
 The swarm that attacked us came
 from the orange groves north.

DARREN
 How do you figure that?

Blake offers the crushed dead bee to Darren, who carefully sniffs.

BLAKE

Smell the oranges? The hives are placed in groves to pollinate the blossoms into fruit.

DARREN

And you're the guy who makes sure the bees do their job.

BLAKE

That would be me. The bees are hybridized to pollinate specific fruits and vegetables. One that's been engineered for corn won't go anywhere near an orange tree.

DARREN

So what's with all the empty fields?

BLAKE

That's a complicated answer.

DARREN

So simplify it. Blake.

BLAKE

They're smart. They think. They solve problems.

DARREN

Like how to keep us trapped here?

BLAKE

Hank could explain it better. Pop knew more about Africanized hybrids than anyone in this valley.

DARREN

Killer bees, you mean. Not African.

BLAKE

African ancestors. Scientists in Brazil accidentally released them in 1956 while creating a hybrid to increase honey production.

DARREN

Why'd you call them bitches?

Blake examines the crushed dead bee in his fingers.

BLAKE

They're all females. At the end of flower season, they drive all the males from the hives. These girls have some really bad attitudes.

Blake tosses the dead bee into the fire, and from the reflection in his eyes, he watches it ignite.

INT. FARMHOUSE. PANTRY - DAY

Allison and Chandra carefully open the wooden cupboard door -- no bees. They start scrounging through the dry goods.

CHANDRA

I found cookies.

ALLISON

Bessie's. Hank has diabetes. He quit sugar and started raising bees as a hobby. Who thought it would grow into this?

Allison hands Chandra boxes of crackers, sees Chandra's reaction.

CHANDRA

You mean all those bees outside?

ALLISON

No, the honey Hank gets from his bees is so popular they're now selling it all over the world.

CHANDRA

And your luck being allergic.

Allison pulls out a jar of peanut butter, hands it to Chandra.

ALLISON

Ironic, isn't it? I'm anaphylactic shock serious. Antivenin goes with me everywhere, for five years now.

Allison gets tearful.

ALLISON (cont'd)

I can't begin to imagine what it was like for Bessie.

Chandra tries to comfort Allison with a hug.

ALLISON (cont'd)

I sure wish Hank was here now.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blake and Darren sit against the wall, THERMOMETER above them.

Darren, shirt over his head, spreads ointment on his bee stings. He hands the ointment to Blake.

BLAKE

Thanks.

Blake spreads ointment on his bee stings as Darren eyes the fire smoking in the fireplace hearth.

DARREN

How long we gotta keep it going?

BLAKE

Until the heat drives them away.

DARREN

If they're so dangerous, why do you raise them?

BLAKE

Survival.

(off Darren)

Not theirs, ours. The Africanized bees migrated north through Texas, made great honey with our domestics but killed them in the process too.

DARREN

And you keep raising them because...?

They hear humming in the walls and ceiling. Blake eyes Darren.

BLAKE

They're cooling the air with their wings, like tiny air-conditioners.

DARREN

Like they're in the walls and shit?

BLAKE

Maybe. They're really docile now.

DARREN

But they still got gangster in them.

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Blake and Darren are at the closed CIRCUIT BOX. Blake pulls on the stubborn circuit box door -- it's stuck.

Darren picks up a BANANA from a bowl on the counter. Starts peeling it.

Finally the door cracks. Blake and Darren carefully peer in.

DARREN

Holy crap.

The circuit box is packed solid with HONEYCOMB.

Blake tries to reset a CIRCUIT BREAKER -- the switch won't budge.

BLAKE

I can't get it to move.

THE HONEYCOMB

inside the circuit box splits open -- a BEE crawls out from between TWO CIRCUIT BREAKERS. Another bee emerges, then five...a dozen.

Blake slams the circuit box door shut against the bees.

Darren turns to a Lone Bee pounding outside the back door window.

DARREN

Yeah, you stay the fuck out too.

Darren sees the BROKEN POWER LINE attached to a CRUSHED BEEHIVE on the ground outside the window. He takes a bite of the BANANA.

Blake follows Darren's eyes out the window to the power line.

Blake grabs Darren's banana. He quickly opens the back door, tosses the banana out, and closes the door.

The half-eaten banana drops to the ground. Darren and Blake watch a SWARM OF BEES dive for the banana, COVERING it completely.

The bees fly off after a BEAT -- the banana has vanished.

BLAKE

They shouldn't have eaten that.

Darren pulls a BROOM out of a closet and studies the handle.

LATER.

THE BACK DOOR

is partially open and duct-taped around the edges. Bees bang against the opening and get stuck to the duct tape.

Darren finishes taping a COAT HANGER HOOK to the BROOM HANDLE.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THE BROOM HANDLE

pokes out of a hole in the back door along the taped opening.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. BACK DOOR - DAY

The bees quickly attack the broom handle, covering it completely.

The broom handle dips under the weight of the bees. The COAT HANGER HOOK is completely engulfed with bees.

Darren struggles at the back door to raise the broom handle.

The coat hanger hook is just inches away from the power line.

The bees swarm down the coat hanger to the ground -- then LIFT THE POWER LINE and carry it beyond the coat hanger's reach.

DARREN

In-fucking-credible.

BLAKE

I've never seen that either.

DARREN

You never been been around auto workers in your life, have you?

(off Blake)

They know about engines. Electrical wiring too.

Allison and Chandra enter the kitchen.

ALLISON

Blake!

Blake sees Allison point above the door -- dozens of bees are flying through a crack between the loosened duct tape.

Blake slams the door -- but the broom handle stops it from closing.

Darren tries pulling the broom back through the door crack.

Bees circle the ceiling. Allison and Chandra move to the wall.

Darren yanks the broom inside, and Blake slams the door.

Darren swings at the bees flying in the room with the broom.

Dead bees bounce off Bessie's cloth-draped body on the floor.

FADE TO BLACK.

Darren and Blake stand over Bessie's cloth-draped body.

BLAKE
Help me with her, man.

Darren and Blake pull Bessie's draped body into the LAUNDRY ROOM, leaving a trail of blood and dead bees across the kitchen floor.

Blake shuts the door softly, runs his hand down the door.

Darren yanks on the CELLAR DOOR KNOB.

DARREN
Why's this nailed shut?

Blake pulls Darren away from the cellar door.

BLAKE
Don't.

DARREN
Why, what's in there?

BLAKE
A cellar, but if bees are in the walls they're probably down there too, and you can't kill them all.

DARREN
Why'd Hank raise them gangster?

BLAKE
He didn't create gangsters.

DARREN
No? What do you call those then?

They glare at each other -- Allison and Chandra pull them apart.

CHANDRA
Enough, you two!

ALLISON
Everyone, calm down! Listen.

The humming rises again -- a vicious sound from everywhere -- and they all frantically scan the entire room.

Blake quietly removes a FLASHLIGHT from a counter drawer.

BLAKE

They react to noise and light. We
keep it dark and quiet until sunset,
we stand a better chance.

The humming whispers out. Everyone relaxes.

Blake flicks the flashlight on and off, then hands it to Darren.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

DARREN

is on the sofa, flicking the flashlight on and off in his face.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is dark. All the WINDOW BLINDS are shut tight.

Blake tosses another chair leg on the fire in the hearth.

Allison stands at the chairless dining table, eating crackers.

Darren studies the FLASHLIGHT BATTERY CASING, turns to Blake.

DARREN

You know any electronics?

CUT TO:

CHANDRA'S CELLPHONE BATTERY

is checked in an OHMMETER by Blake at the dining room table.

Blake turns around and yanks a POWER CORD out of a wall outlet.

Blake starts stripping WIRE from the power cord casing.

Darren crosses to the wall under the attic crawl door, and leans
the BROOM against the wall. The broom wobbles on the coat hanger.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A PENCIL

turns the blades of a small DESK FAN on the coffeetable -- the
fan blades spin, then slow to a stop.

A DROP OF SWEAT

falls on the pencil and drips onto the fan blade. CAMERA pulls
back to Darren on the sofa, teasing the fan on the coffeetable
with the pencil.

INT. FARMHOUSE. HALL - DAY

Allison and Chandra walk down the hall to the closed bedroom door.

ALLISON

It's all insects all the time with Blake. Day and night, week after week, all year long. Our house is a bug zoo -- jumping, popping, flying everywhere. I hate them.

Allison opens the bedroom door to a blazing sun-heated room.

CHANDRA

Whoa.

Allison and Chandra enter the sweltering bedroom. Allison fans herself as she crosses to the mini-blinds.

Allison shields her eyes against the blinding sunlight shimmering through the open mini-blinds as she closes them.

ALLISON

But he hated bees growing up. He had nightmares of getting stung. Hank tried to break his phobia.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FARMHOUSE. CELLAR - DAY

A dark room filled with serene humming. Hank leads a BLINDFOLDED YOUNG BLAKE (6-years old) down the stairs to the concrete floor.

The humming grows agitated -- bees start flying around the room.

Young Blake clings to Hank's blue overalls in morbid fear as Hank pushes him to the center of the room, then removes the blindfold.

SOFT FOCUS -- YOUNG BLAKE'S POV

sees a golden hazy blur of HUNDREDS OF BEES whirling about a SMALL WOODEN BEEHIVE in the dimly-lit room.

YOUNG BLAKE

No...NO-O-O-O-O...!!

Bees EXPLODE from the hive -- Hank levels the growing swarm to the floor with a billowing BEE SMOKER.

Young Blake sobs in a fetal position on the floor, traumatized.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

Allison and Chandra are lying beside each other on the bed.

ALLISON

I think he's glad I'm allergic. It keeps him away from Hank's bees.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Dry barren fields shimmer in heat waves from the blazing sun.

CUT TO:

D-CELL BATTERIES

are wrapped in electrical tape to a coat hanger and connected to Chandra's CELL BATTERY beside them on the dining room table.

INT. FARMHOUSE. DINING ROOM - DAY

Blake slides the cell battery into the phone, and turns it on -- one GREEN POWER BAR lights up. He hands the cell to Darren.

CLOSE-UP - CELL MONITOR

Darren punches the 911 KEYS as his sweat bounces off the cell.

INTERCUT -- CONTINUOUS.

INT. 911 OFFICE/FARMHOUSE. DINING ROOM - DAY

911 OPERATOR (20s, female) hits the switchboard.

911 OPERATOR

911, what's your emergency.

DARREN

I got her! She's on! Listen, we need somebody out here right now!

911 OPERATOR

Slow down and repeat that, sir.

Chandra's cell beeps against Darren's ear -- then goes dead.

The 911 Operator adjusts her headset.

911 OPERATOR (cont'd)

Are you there, sir?

Darren stares at the dead phone, turns it on again -- nothing.

DARREN

She answered, I heard her!

The 911 Operator taps another button on the switchboard.

911 OPERATOR
911 Operator, what's your emergency.

Darren's ready to throw the cell across the room -- but Blake grabs him first, takes the cell away.

BLAKE
We'll find more batteries.

DARREN
She was on the goddamn line! How --
how could she -- it! Shit!

The 911 Operator sees CHANDRA'S CELL NUMBER on the monitor and types it in -- but the call goes straight to voicemail.

CHANDRA (V.O.)
Hey, it's Chandra. We're living
the good life now! Ciao!

Darren has a meltdown, starts beating his fists against his head.

DARREN
No-no-no -- this isn't happening!

CLOSE-UP - THE 911 OPERATOR'S FINGERS

enters Chandra's cell again -- a code appears on her monitor:

[NJK] 32.82 115. 68 32 49 11 115 40 48

The 911 Operator punches in another number.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. HIGHWAY. PATROL UNIT - DAY - MOVING

A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (30s, sunglasses) gets the 911 call.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Dispatch, Michigan area code, confirm
triangulation. Registered to Chandra
Moore, unknown male placed the call.

MATCH SOUND TO:

THE TWO-WAY RADIO

on the diner counter crackles with the 911 Operator's voice.

INT. DINER - DAY

Choo types the coordinates into the SATMAP on his laptop at the counter, then studies it for a BEAT.

CHOO

That's Hank's farmhouse.

Choo exchanges an uneasy glance with Ben and Jerrod.

BEN

Who do we know from Michigan?

JERROD

She said a male made the call.

CHOO

Anyone from Michigan pass through here today?

JERROD

Midwestern kids damn near T-boned Blake's truck out there this morning.

Marge passes behind the counter with a load of dirty dishes.

MARGE

The wife said Chicago, not Michigan. Left me a penny, the cheapskates.

CUT TO:

THE HIGHWAY PATROL UNIT

speeds by a Lone Bee buzzing around a FLOWER alongside the highway, disturbing the insect in the vehicle's wake.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Lone Bee buzzes across the road to an empty field.

A HUGE BILLOWING TORNADO OF BEES swarms up from the field, joins the Lone Bee, and follows after the speeding patrol unit.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darren finds a window with a screen. He removes the tape from around the edges and pries the window hasp open.

DARREN

Check the others for screens. Let's get some air in here.

Blake and Chandra slowly circle the room, checking the windows.

BLAKE

No screens.

CHANDRA

None on these either.

Darren tries opening the window -- but the frame is painted shut.

DARREN

(sotto voce)

Lazy fucking painter bastards.

INT. HIGHWAY. HIGHWAY PATROL UNIT - DAY - MOVING

The Patrolman sees the farmhouse up ahead -- and a DARK SWIRLING CLOUD heading his way. He reaches for his radio mic.

WHAM!

The patrol unit's windshield is slammed by millions of bees.

The engine dies. The patrol unit coasts past the red truck and white truck on the dirt road, and stops in front of the farmhouse.

The Patrolman glances back through the rear window -- the cyclone of bees has passed behind him, droning on toward the horizon.

He turns back to the bee-smearred yellow windshield, bewildered.

INTERCUT.

INT. HIGHWAY PATROL UNIT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chandra looks out a window at the highway patrol unit rolling to a stop on the dirt road in front of the farmhouse.

CHANDRA

Hey, look!

Allison, Darren and Blake cross the room to the other windows facing the dirt road, and see the Patrolman sitting in his unit.

ALLISON

We have to help him.

DARREN

I'm not saving his sorry ass.

CHANDRA

We have to do something!

Chandra starts banging on a window and shouting.

CHANDRA (cont'd)

Hey! Hey you! Run!

The humming rises in the house again. Blake hears it first.

BLAKE

Everyone freeze! Dark and quiet,
light and noise.

CHANDRA

But he's going to get killed!

BLAKE

Quiet! There's one of him out there
and four of us inside. Do the math.

They listen, struggling with guilt, as the humming dies down.

The Patrolman swats bees away with his hat as he exits the patrol unit and walks on the dirt road toward the WHITE PLASTIC BAG.

Darren sees the Patrolman lift the white plastic bag.

Blake sees Darren react when the Patrolman looks inside the bag.

The Patrolman returns to his patrol unit, sets the white plastic bag on the hood, and reaches inside for his radio mic without seeing the BEES gathering into a BLACK SWARM behind him.

Everyone sees the black swarm of bees from the farmhouse windows.

The Patrolman can't pull the mic out, and steps inside the unit.

He closes the door and sets the mic on his lap. He turns the car key -- the air-conditioning starts up and blows through the AIR VENTS as the Patrolman lifts the mic.

Chandra buries her face in Darren's chest.

WHOOSH!

Bees stream in through the AIR VENTS, engulfing the Patrolman.

Allison, Chandra, Darren and Blake turn helplessly away from the windows as the screaming Patrolman is stung to death and devoured.

Silence for a BEAT. Blake turns first and looks out the window.

The bees swarm over the patrol unit, knock the WHITE PLASTIC BAG off the hood onto the ground, then fly off into the distance.

Blake sees a few CURRENCY BILLS float out of the white plastic bag and settle to the ground. He turns to Darren and smiles.

BLAKE (cont'd)
I'd have used a suitcase. More sturdy, if I were in a hurry.

Darren turns away from the window, wipes the sweat off his brow.

BLAKE (cont'd)
(to Allison)
Darling, fetch us a couple beers.
(to Darren)
I'm afraid they're not very cold.

CHANDRA
I'll go with you, Allison.

Chandra and Allison exit the room. Blake turns to Darren.

BLAKE
I don't care where you came from or what you two did, but when this is over I want both of you gone as far from here as possible. Whatever you did to rile those bees --

DARREN
Me? Where you get off accusing me?

Blake walks away from the window to the fireplace.

BLAKE
Just be gone when this is over.

Darren turns back to the window.

DARREN
Psycho.

INT. FARMHOUSE. HALL - DAY

Allison doubles over in pain beside Chandra, clutching her side.

CHANDRA
You okay?

ALLISON
I just got kicked in the kidney.

Chandra helps Allison walk down the hall again.

CHANDRA

Is this your first?

ALLISON

Yeah. Bessie was so excited --

Passing the kitchen, they see Bessie's bloody trail on the floor. Allison covers her mouth as Chandra hurries her down the hall.

INT. FARMHOUSE. PANTRY - DAY

Allison and Chandra pull FRUIT JUICE and BEER CANS off the shelf.

ALLISON

Bessie didn't say much about Hank's bees, but I knew there were problems the last time we spoke.

CHANDRA

What kind of problems?

ALLISON

Food mostly. Bees are everywhere but Antarctica but don't make honey everywhere because of food sources. Hank was testing alternative food sources for each area. You know, getting bees to eat different things.

CHANDRA

Like a recipe?

ALLISON

(laughs)

Maybe. Hank and Blake are so tight-lipped you'd think they'd stolen the recipe for Coca-Cola. We'd go out to dinner, the four of us, and listen to them whisper and write on napkins. Bessie and I were wallpaper the whole time.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darren finally loosens the screened window. He shoves the bottom pane all the way up, and inhales the air flowing in.

Allison and Chandra enter with JUICE BOTTLES and TWO BEERS. They hear a BUZZING in the room. Allison drops her juice bottles.

Chandra points to a BEE walking on the ceiling.

CHANDRA

There he is!

Darren follows Chandra's arm up to the ceiling and sees the bee.

DARREN

She.

CHANDRA

He-she whatever -- kill it!

Darren takes the broom from the wall, steps up onto the sofa and GRINDS the bee into the ceiling with the broomstick.

DARREN

There.

Chandra gathers up Allison's juice bottles, then helps Allison get her pillows comfortable as he lies down on the sofa.

Allison eyes the crushed bee on the ceiling, apprehensive.

ALLISON

Are there any more?

DARREN

My beer?

Chandra glares at Darren, picks up a BEER CAN beside the juice bottles on the floor next to the sofa and hurls it at him.

Darren catches it -- just before the beer can hits the windowpane.

DARREN (cont'd)

Nice. If we'd practiced more like that, I'd be in the majors now.

Blake enters, stops at Allison, and runs a hand through her hair. Chandra hands Blake the SECOND BEER.

BLAKE

Thanks. You a ballplayer, Darren?

Darren cracks his beer and drinks deeply for a BEAT.

DARREN

Minor team, Ann Arbor. Until shit came up or went down. Whatever.

BLAKE

Thought you came from Michigan. Why'd you lie about it?

DARREN
I didn't lie about anything.

Allison sits up, annoyed.

ALLISON
Can we drop now?

BLAKE
Why'd he say Chicago? I wanna know.

DARREN
I didn't say I lived there. This really interests you, my life?

BLAKE
You got something to say, say it.

DARREN
Okay, it's too hot to argue and I don't like the heat you're packing. So are we okay or what?

Blake eyes Allison -- a paranoid, pistol-packing Minuteman stare.

ALLISON
Get rid of it or I will.

Blake pulls the Glock from his belt in back, pops the MAGAZINE out and tosses it over to Allison.

BLAKE
Better now?

ALLISON
The chamber.

Blake snaps the chamber back on the Glock -- the pistol's empty.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Really, what's gotten into you?

A DROP OF HONEY

lands on the Glock magazine in Allison's hand.

Allison looks up at the ceiling and sees HONEY drip from the CRUSHED BEE HOLE created by Darren's broomstick.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Blake?

Blake eyes the crushed bee hole, turns to the attic crawl door.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Blake, don't. Get your suit.

Blake moves the ladder under the attic crawl door, climbs up, and pushes up on the door, testing it.

BLAKE
I know what I'm doing.

INT. FARMHOUSE. ATTIC - DAY

Dimly-lit and dusty. Blake cautiously lifts the door and sees the floor and walls are covered in HONEYCOMB -- but no bees.

Blake climbs into the honeycomb-laced attic. Darren follows him.

DARREN
Where'd they go?

BLAKE
What you should be asking is, when are they coming back?

DARREN
It's cooler up here.

BLAKE
Tiny air-conditioners, remember?

DARREN
That why the wax doesn't melt?

BLAKE
It melts at a hundred forty-seven degrees, but you'd be dead by then.

DARREN
Everything's got its weaknesses.
We need to find theirs.

Blake scrapes a honeycomb with a fingernail, finds a BEE LARVA.

BLAKE
This is a major nesting site.

Darren digs a finger deep into a different honeycomb, tastes it.

DARREN
Wow, this is sweet, even better than the diner. Try it. It's -- what the hell is that?

Blake follows Darren's eyes to a far corner of the dimly-lit attic.

HANK'S DESICCATED BODY

sits half-eaten and encased in honeycomb against a wall, his wire-rimmed glasses circling EYELESS BLACK HOLES in his exposed skull.

TWO BEES emerge from an EYELESS BLACK HOLE -- they see Blake and Darren and fly out through a WALL VENT above Hank's body.

BLAKE

Oh, shit.

HUNDREDS OF BEES

start pouring through the WALL VENT with a horrific shriek.

Blake and Darren race down the ladder under the attic crawl hole.

Blake pulls down the attic crawl door before the bees reach it.

FADE TO BLACK.

MEDIUM SHOT - FARMHOUSE

Bees swarm into the attic from the outside through the vent.

LONG SHOT - DIRT ROAD

CAMERA pulls back from the patrol unit and the two trucks until they dissolve in the shimmering heat to the sound of humming bees.

INT. FARMHOUSE. HALL - DAY

Allison and Chandra head for the bedroom. Chandra sees a closed door opposite the bedroom door, crosses, and starts to open it.

CHANDRA

Where's this go?

ALLISON

Blake's bedroom when he was growing up but Hank turned it into an office. Nobody's allowed in there anymore.

Chandra moves away from the door, apprehensive.

CHANDRA

Are there...you think someone else?

Allison opens the door a crack and looks inside -- no bees.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - DAY

A scientist's lair. Floor-to-ceiling LIBRARY CABINETS line the walls, RESEARCH JOURNALS stacked neatly on a desk in the center.

Allison enters slowly. Chandra follows her, scared but curious.

Allison paces off the room as she crosses from wall to wall.

ALLISON

Strange, it's smaller than when
Blake lived here.

CHANDRA

But no bees. Keep it that way.

Allison closes the door, but keeps measuring the room in her mind.

Chandra sits down in a chair at the desk, opens a RESEARCH JOURNAL and flips through it. She stops at a HANDWRITTEN PAGE.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

Hank writes on the SAME HANDWRITTEN PAGE that Chandra is reading.

HANK (V.O.)

They've developed a hyper-appetite
and intelligence beyond the European
and Africanized strain that exceeds
even the army ant which can defoliate
an entire forest in search of food.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Chandra reads to Allison from Hank's research journal.

CHANDRA

Listen, the bees think for the colony
like our domestics but perform tasks
independent of the hive. This hybrid
is capable of turning plants, other
insects, and animals into honey.

Allison leans over to study Hank's research journal -- when something else diverts her attention.

ALLISON

Do you hear water dripping?

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN FAUCET

is still drip...drip...dripping in the sink.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Allison picks up Hank's research journal, heads for the door.

CHANDRA

You got good hearing is all.

ALLISON

No, I can feel it.

CHANDRA

Where you going?

ALLISON

Blake needs to see this.

INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blake reads Hank's research journal at the dining table.

Allison and Chandra are on the sofa. Darren stares out a window.

ALLISON

No Blake, that office is smaller than your old room.

BLAKE

Everything seems smaller when you grow up. Now c'mon, let me think.

Allison rises, heads for the kitchen.

ALLISON

Does anyone hear water dripping?

BLAKE

I'm reading. Where you going?

ALLISON

The noise in here bugs me.

SMASH CUT:

MILLIONS OF BEES

pour through the attic vent and land on empty HONEYCOMB CHAMBERS in the attic, their BACK LEGS bulging with a BLOODY RED SUBSTANCE.

RETURN TO SCENE:

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Allison tightens a DISH RAG around the FAUCET SPIGOT at the sink -- then suddenly grabs her stomach in pain.

She opens the refrigerator, takes out a BALLARD HONEY JAR, holds it up to her eyes, and rocks it her hands.

Hank's special honey glows and swirls clear as a vodka martini.

ALLISON'S EYES

are magnified like a Lone Bee's eyes behind the honey jar.

She opens the jar and sniffs it. She takes a SPOON from the drawer and tastes it -- it's the sweetest honey she's ever eaten.

Allison devours spoonfuls of the honey. She closes her eyes, ecstatic, and nearly swoons over this delicious food.

The room begins to spin -- Allison cradles herself and whirls, caught in the rhythmic, rapturous HUMMING SOUND filling the room.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Allison?

CUT TO:

Blake stands by a BROKEN HONEY JAR at the kitchen door. Splattered honey drips down the wall beside him and pools on the floor.

Allison grabs the sink counter -- the room stops spinning.

THE KITCHEN FAUCET

is still drip...drip...dripping.

Blake picks up the BROKEN JAR LABEL, reads it and reacts.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Do you know what you just did?

ALLISON

Fixing the faucet. It leaks.

Blake crosses with the broken jar label, drops it into the sink, then furiously washes his hands under the faucet.

BLAKE

Don't ever touch any honey without asking me first.

ALLISON

Why, what's wrong with it?

Darren and Chandra enter to Allison's dazed face and the splattered honey mess drooling down the wall and onto the floor.

Blake turns off the faucet, snaps the DISH RAG off Allison's shoulder, wraps it around the faucet spigot and tightens it. He grabs a TOWEL and slaps his hands through it.

BLAKE

Dizzy spells. She's pregnant, okay?

Darren eyes the broken honey jar remnants on the wall and floor.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

CLEAR BALLARD HONEY JARS

lined up on Hank's desk in the farmhouse office, glistening.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - DAY

Blake flips through pages in Hank's research journal at the desk surrounded by the CLEAR BALLARD HONEY JARS.

Darren watches Blake read, suspicious, quizzical.

DARREN

What's it say?

BLAKE

That the best honey he made came from the carcasses of cattle.

Blake points to each BALLARD HONEY JAR on the desk.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Leucanthemum, eremurus, anigozanthos. Botanical flower names for ox-eye, foxtail and kangaroo. Hank's new honey has every nutrient a human requires. Guess how many billions -- no, quadrillions -- this is worth. Makes your little plastic bag out there a joke of an effort.

DARREN

Bees can't turn meat into honey.

BLAKE

Didn't you learn anything in biology? They adapted to a higher food chain.

DARREN

And you call that good? That's about the most disgusting thing I've ever heard.

BLAKE

Wrong, the honey got sweeter. Hank gave new meaning to Tupelo honey as his hybridized omnivores evolved in their own exoskeletons. These new hybrids make honey from anything, including Hank himself.

Blake closes Hank's research journal, smiles.

DARREN

That's funny?

BLAKE

You tell me -- how'd ol' Hank taste?

FADE TO BLACK.

MEDIUM SHOT - DINER

as we enter the parking lot filled with white trucks.

INT. DINER - DAY

Ben, Choo and Jerrod are staring out the front window, serious.

A DARK CLOUD OF BEES

is swirling around the white trucks lined up in the parking lot.

JERROD

Which sector are they from?

CHOO

Not a GPS chip among them.

JERROD

All four sectors reported in?

BEN

Yep, locked down and accounted for.

JERROD

Then where did these come from?

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Darren enters, pulling Chandra along with him. She breaks away.

CHANDRA
You're hurting me!

DARREN
Quiet! He's talking real crazy.

CHANDRA
About what?

DARREN
Honey from cows and hogs, chickens
and people and whatnot, shit.

CHANDRA
People? You gone outa your mind?

DARREN
That's one thing I won't lose until
we're outa here.

CUT TO:

INT. 911 OFFICE - DAY

The 911 Operator makes a dispatch call at the switchboard.

911 OPERATOR
Dispatch to 311, come in.

She waits a BEAT, like she's already made this call before.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE FARMHOUSE ROOF

shimmers in the heat waves. A few bees zip quickly by.

The CAMERA zooms into the PATROL UNIT to the TWO-WAY RADIO.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
Dispatch to 311, over.

CLOSE UP - THE DESICCATED SKULL

of the Patrolman has been picked clean. A few remaining bees fly
in and out of his eye sockets and gaping mouth.

CLOSE UP - A BALLARD HONEY JAR

on the patrol unit's passenger seat, its contents as clear as a
vodka martini, glistens in the sunlight.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP - A BALLARD HONEY JAR

glistens in Darren's hand from the sunlight streaming through the back door window into the farmhouse kitchen.

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Chandra crosses the room and snuggles into Darren's free arm as he stands beside the refrigerator.

CHANDRA

Sorry you got cut from the team.

DARREN

Wasn't meant to be.

CHANDRA

What are you doing?

DARREN

Trying to read Latin. All those Italians around the hood, I can't remember a fucking word.

Allison and Blake enter -- Blake sees the jar in Darren's hand.

BLAKE

Don't eat that.

DARREN

Why, are your cousins in it?

Blake takes the jar from Darren, returns it to the refrigerator.

Allison turns to Blake, confused.

ALLISON

What's he talking about?

A DOG BARKS outside. They all cross to the back door window.

INTERCUT.

INT/EXT. FARMHOUSE. BARN/KITCHEN - DAY

The same poor, hot RED DOG seen earlier on the simmering highway slinks into the yard, dragging his sorry-ass tail in the dirt.

CLOSE UP - RED DOG'S POV

hears humans yelling inside the farmhouse. His ears perk up.

Allison and Chandra yell at the Red Dog now wagging his tail.

CHANDRA

He's gonna get killed! Come on
baby, run! Run over here!

MILLIONS OF BEES

circle the yard and create a LIVING NOOSE over the Red Dog's head.

ALLISON

Blake, do something!

Blake whistles sharply, then shouts at the Red Dog.

BLAKE

Barn! GO TO THE BARN!!

The Red Dog hears Blake, sees the LIVING NOOSE overhead, and beats a yelping retreat into the barn.

A Lone Bee SMASHES itself into the kitchen window, startling them. Darren shakes his head, unnerved. Chandra wipes a tear away.

A Lone Bee wriggles out of the edge of the closed CIRCUIT BOX.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Everybody freeze. Dark and quiet.

THE LONE BEE'S FACE

sees BLAKE'S REFLECTION in her black eyes and zips over to him.

CLOSE-UP - BLAKE

as the Lone Bee scrutinizes him. Blake stands motionless -- then the Lone Bee streaks over to Darren.

Blake carefully pulls a TOWEL off his neck and waits.

CLOSE-UP - DARREN

as the Lone Bee hovers before his face, studying his features.

Darren slo-o-o-wly opens Hank's journal and waits. The Lone Bee lands -- Darren SLAMS the journal -- but the Lone Bee zips away.

The Lone Bee zooms over to Chandra and backs her against the wall.

CLOSE-UP - CHANDRA

as the Lone Bee hovers before her face at eye-level.

Blake moves slo-o-o-wly, then SNAPS at the Lone Bee with a TOWEL.

SLOW MOTION - THE LONE BEE

easily dodges Blake's towel snapping at her in the air.

RETURN TO SPEED.

ALLISON

Keep it away from me!

The Lone Bee hears Allison shout -- and zings over to her.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Jerrod sees the Lone Bee banging angrily against the diner window.

JERROD

That's one of Hank's hybrids.

Ben and Choo join Jerrod to watch the Lone Bee at the window.

CHOO

What's she doing here?

RETURN TO SCENE:

Allison slowly inches away -- the Lone Bee blocks her every move.

Blake speaks softly, quietly.

BLAKE

Don't run Allison, you'll be dead
before you hit the floor.

THE LONE BEE

hovers at Allison's eye-level, the stinger darting in and out, as if this particular specimen was something delicately special.

DARREN

What is it?

BLAKE

Hank's super-hybrid. If she smells
fear the rest of the hive will tear
this house down. Allison, whatever
you do, don't move.

CLOSE-UP - ALLISON

freezes as the Lone Bee lands on her UPPER LIP.

The Lone Bee folds her wings and washes her face with her forelegs, her STINGER darting only millimeters away from Allison's skin.

BLAKE (cont'd)
Easy Allison, dark and quiet.

The Lone Bee lifts her proboscis toward Allison's quivering nose, toward a tiny WHITE MIST curling away from her nostrils.

BLAKE (cont'd)
Just close your eyes.

Allison closes her eyes and stops breathing. A TEAR slides away from the corner of her eye and tracks down her cheek.

The Lone Bee zips back to the circuit box and crawls back inside.

BLAKE (cont'd)
It's okay, it's gone.

Allison breaks down in shuddering sobs. Blake crosses to Allison and hugs her.

ALLISON
It touched me! God, it touched me!

CLOSE-UP - ABS AIR VENT

as the Lone Bee dabs Allison's WHITE MIST around the edge of the black ABS air vent rim on the farmhouse roof with her proboscis.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. ROOF - DAY

Bees buzz about the ABS air vent, get a whiff of Allison's WHITE MIST and fly off with the Lone Bee, vanishing into the horizon.

MONTAGE.

The Lone Bee lands beside a HONEY BEE gathering pollen from an alfalfa flower in a FARM FIELD. They both fly away.

DOZENS OF BEES swarm in formation with the Lone Bee over the field.

HUNDREDS OF BEES join in the Lone Bee's ever-growing formation.

THOUSANDS OF BEES join and shapeshift the Lone Bee's formation into a giant horizontal TORNADO OF BEES swirling over the field.

The LONE BEE TORNADO surges through POWERLINES along the highway -- WIRES explode and fall twisting and sizzling to the ground.

ELECTRICAL POWER shuts down along the streets of Ballard.

AUTOMATIC WATER SPRINKLERS stop watering manicured suburban lawns.
 An ELECTRIC CAN OPENER opening a CAN OF PEAS stops halfway through.
 The huge Lone Bee tornado swarm flies over VEHICLES on the highway
 below -- cars look like tiny ants moving along a straight line.

EXT. BARE FIELD - AFTERNOON

A FLOCK OF STARLINGS fly in formation over the tilled dry soil.
 The massive CORKSCREW OF BEES -- a runaway train hammering on all
 cylinders -- rips through the starlings in a head-on collision.
 Hundreds of bees envelop each bird in a millisecond.

Wings wrapped and stung -- paralyzed and weighted down -- the
 starlings plummet to earth as bees strip feathers and sear flesh
 from their carcasses.

The flayed starlings hit the ground and explode into clattering
 puffs of tiny skeleton debris over the dry tilled soil.

The Lone Bee swarm hisses through a stand of trees, stripping the
 branches bare of foliage.

INTERCUT.

INT. 911 OFFICE/DINER - AFTERNOON

All the electricity is off. HALF-COOKED PANCAKES and BACON lie
 unattended on the CAST-IRON GRIDDLE.

Jerrod's on the two-way radio. Ben and Choo are watching the
 bees swarming over the white trucks lined up in the parking lot.

JERROD

When did you dispatch him?

The 911 Operator looks up from her switchboard and sees THOUSANDS
 OF BEES zipping past the window in front of her.

THE PBS BOARD

lights up with 911 calls.

911 OPERATOR

You guys better do something quick.
 We're on overload here.

JERROD

We'll have it under control soon.

911 OPERATOR
 Soon isn't good enough. Now is
 more like it.

Jerrod hits the END button, trying to believe his own words.

JERROD
 Where the fuck are Hank and Blake?

EXT. FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Heat shimmers off Hank's farm machinery -- a blazing inferno.

INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Blake and Allison wet down towels in the sink. Chandra's at the counter capping off gallon jugs of water.

Darren rips off the last piece of DUCT TAPE from the roll. He holds up the EMPTY ROLL, looks at Blake.

BLAKE
 Sorry. That's it.

Darren presses the duct tape on the wall -- his hand disappears into the wall. He pulls his hand out -- it's dripping with HONEY.

A deafening HUMMING sound vibrates throughout the house.

Darren backs away from the undulating wall -- it CRUMBLES into a gooey mass of honeycomb, releasing swarms of FURIOUS BEES.

A giant EVIL EYE created by the bees develops in the center of the swarming ball, and glares down on them.

BLAKE (cont'd)
 Run! The office!

CONTINUOUS - MOVING.

They all run through the living room as the EVIL EYE follows them.

They race down the hall to Hank's office. Blake holds the door open until everyone's inside, then slams it.

The EVIL EYE smashes into the door, bowing it inward.

END CONTINUOUS.

CLOSE UP -- A RED ANT

crawls in the grass near the farmhouse foundation wall.

A BEE

buzzes down, rips the ant's head off with its jaws, flies off.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. FOUNDATION - AFTERNOON

A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER emerges from its den and grabs the headless ant twisting at its doorstep.

A Lone Bee drops down and shears the spider's head off -- head and body go flying, but before the headless spider hits the grass EIGHT LONE BEES grab the spider's EIGHT LEGS and carry it off.

A SINGLE HONEY BEE picks up the SPIDER'S HEAD and flies off.

CAMERA lowers to a FOUNDATION AIR VENT to reveal a NETWORK OF HONEYCOMB coating the entire underfloor of the farmhouse.

INT. DINER - DAY

Ben, Choo and Jerrod are huddled away from the other Beekeepers in the diner, talking low, planning a strategy.

BEN

We need to get out to Hank's farm.

JERROD

And just how? We don't have apiary suits here.

SULLY (30s, cottonseed) approaches, brandishing his cell.

SULLY

My wife just called, she said bees was flying into everyone's houses.

JERROD

But we got all sectors locked down.

Ben opens his laptop and points to the screen for Jerrod.

BEN

Not quite. They're regrouping together from all four sectors.

JERROD

But they're different hybrids. One strain never flies with another.

Choo turns his laptop for Jerrod and Ben to see the SAT MAP.

CLOSE UP - FOUR DIFFERENT-COLORED SWARMS

converge on Choo's laptop screen and start following a WHITE TEARDROP shaped formation.

CHOO

They do now -- in formation. The hive that Hank never told us about.

Jerrod looks out the diner window at MILLIONS OF SWARMING BEES.

SULLY

So if it's all the same to y'all, I'll be going home now.

Jerrod reels around, angry.

JERROD

You're not leaving. Nobody leaves!

Every Beekeeper stops talking -- then they all hear the HUMMING.

JERROD (cont'd)

Look, everything's under control.

SULLY

Good. Then we're leaving.

JERROD

You called your wife? Mine's out there too, but I'm too busy solving this to call. Everyone! Sit tight now, alright? Alright.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Blake and Darren force the door back to keep the bee swarm out.

Dozens of bees slip between the bowed door cracks, stinging Darren and Blake as they push the door back inside the jamb.

DARREN

The desk!

Allison and Chandra shove Hank's DESK across the room. Darren and Blake grab and shove it against the door. Darren puts his ear to the door -- the humming has quieted down.

DARREN (cont'd)

What are they doing?

BLAKE

No, why are they keeping us alive?

MILLIONS OF BEES

are building CASCADING WAX HONEYCOMBS in the hallway on the doors, walls, floor and ceiling thick enough to keep them sealed in.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FARMHOUSE. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Allison dabs ointment on Blake's arms and hands.

ALLISON

Thanks for taking the hit.

Blake gently touches her swollen belly.

BLAKE

Gotta defend our nest egg.

Allison kisses a spot on Blake's face that's not swollen.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Darren sits at the desk, puffy-faced disfigured from bee stings, reading Hank's journal.

Chandra dabs alcohol on Darren's bee stings, he winces.

CHANDRA

Sshh. It's only a little sting.

DARREN

Yeah, little things kill you.

Blake enters from the bathroom and sees Darren with Hank's journal.

Darren lowers Hank's research journal to the desk, suspicious.

Blake crosses the room and takes Hank's journal away from Darren, puts it on a shelf, then taps the journal spine with his Glock.

BLAKE

This isn't for you.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Sully is totally wrapped in TOWELS bound with rubber bands -- he looks like the Michelin Man as he starts to open the front door.

Jerrod grabs Sully by a toweled arm and turns him around.

JERROD

It's suicide out there, Sully.

SULLY

I'll call you from home.

Sully slowly opens the front door, steps outside, and closes the door -- then flees across the parking lot for his white truck.

The swarm descends on Sully, engulfing him immediately -- he falls screaming and writhing on the ground outside the diner.

Jerrod and Choo are at the window watching Sully defend himself against thousands of bees swarming over him in the parking lot.

The other BEEKEEPERS are at the diner window too, watching in stunned silence as Sully is quickly torn to shreds by the bees.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Chandra opens the cabinet under the sink -- something DARK skitters up her arm. She shakes it off, stomps it to death on the floor.

CHANDRA

Stinking! Filthy! Cockroach!

Chandra pulls back the shower curtain and turns on the water.

Chandra steps naked into the CLAWFOOT TUB, scrubs at the imaginary horror that just skittered up her arm, and sits down.

CLOSE UP - THE BEES

crawl up a DRAIN PIPE leading to the tub OVERFLOW GRILL.

Chandra sinks into the soothing cool water, sighing.

LATER.

Chandra pulls out the tub drain and reaches up for a TOWEL on the rack. She steps out of the tub and wraps herself in the towel.

As the water drains from the tub, the bees start crawling and fluttering out of the overflow grill.

Chandra sees the bees, shrieks and twists the SHOWER KNOBS on.

Water sprays down on the bees. They spin in the tub water as Chandra slaps at them with the towel.

CHANDRA (cont'd)

God, why don't they leave us alone?!

Allison enters and sees Chandra beating the bees in the tub with the towel. She crosses the room and pulls a DRY TOWEL off a rack.

A WET, DISORIENTED BEE

flips off the towel, lands on Allison's breast, and stings her.

ALLISON'S FACE

immediately flushes DARK RED -- her eyes roll back and she falls down on the floor in convulsions.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Blake lays the unconscious, sweating Allison on the sofa, unbuttons and yanks open her blouse.

Blake finds the DEAD BEE trapped inside her bra -- he picks it off and hurls it across the room.

CLOSE-UP - THE DEAD BEE STINGER

pumps venom into Allison's skin. Blake yanks it out, spits on it, and throws it on the floor.

Chandra, dressed again, enters with a wet washcloth. Blake watches her put it gently on Allison's forehead.

BLAKE

I'm not a monster, you know.

Blake prepares an antivenin hypodermic from Allison's kit.

Blake shoots the antivenin into Allison's breast.

CHANDRA

Will she be okay?

Blake checks Allison's pulse. He turns to Chandra and shrugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNFIELD - AFTERNOON

The Lone Bee swarm covers the sun as it rumbles by.

RETURN TO SCENE:

THE FARMHOUSE HALLWAY

is sealed in HONEYCOMB by thousands of bees flying everywhere.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Blake is sitting on the floor beside the couch stroking Allison's hair as she slowly regains consciousness.

BLAKE
You okay, baby?

ALLISON
Like my head exploded.

Darren is sitting at the desk, quietly opening drawers. He opens the bottom drawer and discovers another RESEARCH JOURNAL.

Chandra enters from the bathroom, drying her hair with the towel.

BLAKE
Chandra, can you get some aspirin?
Water too, please.

Chandra softens at Blake's "please" and returns to the bathroom.

CHANDRA
Sure, no problem.

Chandra enters the bathroom, Darren waits for Blake to turn back to Allison, then pulls the research journal up onto his lap.

Blake removes Allison's bra -- nice stuff there -- and covers the swollen bee sting area with the wet cloth. He looks up and catches Darren staring at Allison's exposed breasts.

Darren swivels his chair around to the wall and opens the journal.

Chandra hands the aspirin and glass of water to Blake. He lifts Allison's head up to help her swallow the pills with the water.

Darren opens the research journal -- a PHOTO falls to the floor.

CLOSE-UP - PHOTO

of Hank, Blake and a GROUP OF MEN standing around a white truck, SHOTGUNS and 9MM PISTOLS raised in the air, giving each other high signs over a stack of DEAD BODIES lying in the truck bed, their dirty, bloody BARE FEET dangling over the tailgate.

Darren picks the photo up and sees a handwritten caption:

IA TOUR NIGHT

Darren counts the BARE FEET in the photo with a finger, reacts. He turns around toward Blake and holds the photo up.

DARREN
What's IA tour night?

Blake reacts as he helps Allison put her bra back on.

ALLISON
I can do it, please.

BLAKE
Bring it over here.

CUT TO:

DARREN'S FINGER

points to the photo of dead bodies lying in the white truck bed.

DARREN
Who are they?

BLAKE
Parasites with no rights. Just
being here is illegal.

DARREN
Parasites? Rights? Illegal? You're
a bunch of vigilantes.

Darren holds up the photo and reads from Hank's research journal.

DARREN (cont'd)
Ten were imported two days ago.
(to Blake)
Imported? Who are these people?

Allison sees the photo. She turns to Blake, confused.

ALLISON
That's you and Hank.

BLAKE
Allison, I only want the best for
our child. Hank's bees are the New
Wall Street. A New World Order.
Countries and leaders come and go,
but the right to eat -- the right
to put food in your mouth -- is the
only constant the world cannot live
without. And Hank's honey is the
purest form of food in the world.

Blake points to a WORLD MAP FLATSCREEN on the office wall -- every
country is marked with a TINY MULTI-COLORED BEE ICON.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Honey futures are trading faster than oil and grain in six global markets. Investors are pouring in by the tens of thousands. No more insecticides, harvests or worrying about weather ruining crops.

ALLISON

Hank told you to do this?

BLAKE

We had to do what he said, it was part of our contracts.

Blake reaches out to touch Allison -- she recoils.

ALLISON

Who are those people in there?

BLAKE

Look, I was just a sentry.

DARREN

What's IA stand for?

ALLISON

Who are they?!

BLAKE

The primary ingredient in honey production.

A BEAT as everyone reacts.

ALLISON

You fed humans to bees?

Darren locks eyes with Chandra -- I told you so...

BLAKE

Illegal aliens -- IAs. Every country has their undesirables, Allison.

CUT TO:

THE LONE BEE SWARM

has grown into a mile-long tornadic funnel swooping over small hills and valleys lined with tilled rows of dry, barren soil.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

The BEEKEEPERS argue with Jerrod, circling him, jabbing fingers.
One especially large beekeeper HIRAM (30s) confronts Jerrod.

HIRAM
You can't keep us here forever.

JERROD
What do you suggest then, running
around out there like Sully?

HIRAM
No! Call in the Feds, goddammit!

The other angry Beekeepers agree in unison with Hiram.

JERROD
So they can snoop around? Oh no.

HIRAM
Fuck the honey Jerrod, our families
come first, we all voted on it. If
Hank kept a new hybrid hidden from
us, then all contracts are off.

The other Beekeepers agree in unison again. Jerrod shrugs --
he's out-manned. He opens his cell and turns to the Lone Bee
still banging its head against the window.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP - THE LONE BEE

banging its head against the window outside the 911 Operator's
switchboard cubicle.

The 911 Operator hits sees the Lone Bee and reacts -- then turns
to the sound of fierce HUMMING from somewhere in the room.

CUT TO:

Jerrod is on his cell listening to a recorded message.

911 VOICE (V.O.)
We're sorry, all 911 operators are
assisting other callers. If this
is a real emergency, please stay on
the line and --

Jerrod snaps his cell shut, a grim face.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THE 911 OPERATOR

looks in horror over the switchboard cubicle wall -- the humming in the room is deafening, like a runaway freight train.

Then the other 911 OPERATORS start screaming in their cubicles.

MILLIONS OF BEES

swarm in from the CEILING VENTS and dive down into the CUBICLES, covering and stinging the screaming 911 OPERATORS in their seats.

The terrified 911 Operator runs out of her cubicle -- smack into a particularly vicious BALL OF BEES heading straight for her.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Blake sits in a chair in a corner, a total social pariah, rubbing the photo of dead bodies in the white truck bed between his hands.

Allison, Chandra and Darren sit on the couch across the room from Blake. Darren reads Hank's research journal. Allison has her face buried in Kleenex and soft tears while Chandra consoles her.

DARREN

Where'd the bones go? That cop today, the bees left the bones.

BLAKE

Ground into meal and mixed in at our chicken feed plant.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DINER - DAY

Darren greedily eyes the half-eaten CHICKEN on Chandra's plate.

Chandra pushes the plate of chicken toward him, then looks out the window at their red truck in the parking lot.

CHANDRA

You sure it's safe out there?

RETURN TO SCENE:

Darren and Chandra eye each other, sick at the memory.

ALLISON
When did this start?

BLAKE
Hank read a story about Arizona
Minutemen patrolling the border.

ALLISON
You're not a Minuteman.

Blake shrugs -- maybe yes, maybe no...

BLAKE
Every bee attacks foreign objects
entering their territory.

ALLISON
I'm not hearing this. Bees are
your logic for all that?

BLAKE
Most were sent back.

DARREN
What about the ones you didn't?

Blake smiles as he rubs the photo between his fingers.

FLASHBACK:

CLOSE-UP - THE HISPANIC MALE

stands barefoot, bound and blindfolded in the desert sand as he
whispers frightened prayers in Spanish to himself.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN is shoved under the Hispanic Male's CHIN and
cocked by the SAME WHITE MAN'S HAND in the FIRST SCENE.

Bound and blindfolded HISPANIC MALES and FEMALES nearby hear the
shotgun blast and whimper in fear of a similar future.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

An early morning sunrise witnesses the SILHOUETTED DEAD BODIES
stacked like firewood on the desert sand.

CLOSE-UP - GOLDEN HONEY

glistens in the sunlight as it drip...drip...drips off dead fingers, noses and toes as bees dive and strip away the flesh.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Allison shakes her head -- she can't believe what Blake just said.

BLAKE

We can't watch our child grow up surviving on minimum wage.

DARREN

This is about minimum wage? Shit, I got better at Wal-Mart.

Darren realizes too late he just gave away his former employer.

And Blake quickly picks up on Darren's *faux pas* with an evil grin.

BLAKE

That plastic bag outside the house said time to go, right? See Allison, we all have our secrets. Our guests are petty thieves. We feed honey to a starving world.

Blake reaches for Allison, she slaps his hands away.

Blake crosses to the center of the room, stretches out his hands.

BLAKE (cont'd)

By the drum, everywhere. In French baguettes, Russian rye, Chinese sweet and sour. Countries with too many people can avoid starvation by cleansing it for the strongest.

DARREN

You mean someone decides who eats or gets eaten? Who?

Blake opens a ceiling-to-floor bookcase to reveal a HIDDEN DOOR...

BLAKE

A curious mind is a terrible thing to waste. Let's see who.

The HIDDEN DOOR swings open -- CAMERA PANS into the CLONING ROOM.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE SUN

has dipped in the horizon. A wind blows the shimmering heat off the highway, showing us a very long, straight road ahead.

A HIGHWAY SIGN wobbles faintly in the wind along the dirt shoulder:

SAN DIE - 320 MILES

We can barely see the letters "GO" in the word DIEGO.

EXT. DINER - AFTERNOON

The parking lot is empty -- no bees. WHITE TRUCKS are splattered all over in bee litter and smashed insect body parts.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Beekeepers furiously shout at Jerrod, who's blocking their escape out the front door. Hiram is nose-to-nose with Jerrod.

HIRAM

You can't keep us here, there's no bees out there! They're gone!

SMASH CUT TO:

SULLY'S DESICCATED BODY

lies on the asphalt in the late afternoon -- a scattered PILE OF BONES and TATTERED TOWELS amid thousands of dead or feasting bees.

RETURN TO SCENE:

HIRAM (cont'd)

Our families are being attacked in all sectors. We gotta stop them!

JERROD

They're on Choo's SATMAP, you idiot!

CHOO'S LAPTOP

is open on the diner counter to the SATMAP screen -- MULTICOLORED SWARMS are moving all over the laptop screen.

And we can tell from Choo's face that they are seriously fucked.

HIRAM

Fuck that! C'mon, who's for going?

The entire diner breaks out in a big YEAH...! Hiram turns to Jerrod, a superior smile -- get outa my way...

HIRAM (cont'd)
You've just been outvoted.

Hiram shoves Jerrod out of the way, throws the doors open, and steps outside. He turns to the Beekeepers gathered behind him.

HIRAM (cont'd)
Every man for himself -- GO!

SMASH CUT TO:

The Beekeepers pour out of the diner into the parking lot as...

THE SWARM OF BEES

rises in unison from behind the diner roof, darkening the sky above like a GIANT TSUNAMI WAVE.

EVERY BEE

stops mid-air for a BEAT, then dives down as if Hell had opened all its fiery Gates on the Beekeepers racing for their lives and white trucks lined up in the parking lot.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Jerrod starts yanking the diner front doors shut -- but before he closes them, the Lone Bee banging against the window all day zips into the diner unnoticed above his head.

The Lone Bee passes over the COUNTER and into the kitchen.

Ben, Choo, Jerrod and Marge stand at the diner front door watching helplessly as the GIANT TSUNAMI WAVE swoops down and underneath the fleeing Beekeepers, knocking them off their feet.

A BEEKEEPER

slams into the diner door, starts pounding the glass, pulling on the locked door handles. He's covered in BEES from head to toe.

CAMERA PANS the diner windows, viewing the carnage outside as the Beekeepers fight off bees while running for their white trucks.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

CAMERA PANS the backlit BEE ANATOMY PLASMA WALLSCREENS, then down and past flickering BUNSEN BURNERS on long metal tables stacked with hundreds of LIQUID-FILLED TEST TUBES containing HUGE WHITE BEE LARVA that resemble the Lone Bees.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CLONING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Allison leans in to look at a WHITE BEE LARVA TEST TUBE.

ALLISON
What are they?

Blake lights a dark Bunsen burner -- a BEE ANATOMY PLASMA SCREEN on the wall above him glows in an eerie yellow-blue iridescence.

BLAKE
Hank's latest super-hybrids. Know why you're allergic to bees, Allison?

ALLISON
Is this a game to you?

Blake lifts a tiny CAPPED VIAL off a metal table, holds it up.

BLAKE
Tasteless, colorless, odorless. Two drops in your eyeliner is all it takes to create your hypersensitivity.

Allison reaches up and touches her eyes, defensive, confused.

ALLISON
My eyeliner?

BLAKE
Every time you blinked, Hank's serum wound itself deeper into your system.

ALLISON
But the doctor said I was allergic.
(off Blake)
What, the doctor had a contract with Hank too? Why?

Blake smiles and runs his hand over a white bee larva test tube.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Quit fooling with me!

BLAKE
To keep you away while Hank and I fooled with Mother Nature. She decides who eats or gets eaten.

INT. DINER. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The Lone Bee searches around STAINLESS STEEL POTS and PANS, then flies over to the refrigerator and sees what she's looking for.

A SILENT GRILL VENT

above the cold cast-iron griddle still littered with half-cooked bacon and pancakes.

The Lone Bee hangs upside-down from the grill vent. She shoves the GRILL SCREEN off with her PROBOSCIS, and watches it clatter on the cast-iron griddle and half-cooked food below.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - JERROD

hears the grill vent clatter on the cast iron grill. He turns away from the carnage outside the diner window and follows the direction of the sound to the kitchen with his eyes.

RETURN TO SCENE:

The Lone Bee flies up the diner kitchen VENT SHAFT toward sunlight at the top of the vent pipe.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CLONING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Allison folds her arms, livid that she's been lied to for years.

ALLISON

You sick bastard.

BLAKE

The very same bastard who wants his wife to bear the most perfectly-engineered child in the world. The serum also contained hybrid DNA.

Blake returns the capped vial to the metal table, proud.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Natural antibodies are protecting our child. Our child will never be ill, and may never die.

Blake lifts a test tube and studies the white bee larva inside.

BLAKE (cont'd)

You're looking at the end of world disease and even death -- all from honey. I'm sorry that Hank didn't live to see his dream fulfilled.

Blake turns to a large SAFE, spins the lock, and opens the door.

He takes a LARGE BLACK BAG from the safe and puts it on the table.

BLAKE (cont'd)

That's the Ballard family secret.
We'd like to keep it that way.

He opens the black bag and tosses STACKS OF HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS onto the metal table.

DARREN

Money from your honey project?

BLAKE

Nothing sweeter. Control the food source, you control the population. Hank's engineered honey will soon be the world's most common non-synthetic food filler. We're going after the corn industry next. Everything you eat has corn in it. Corn syrup is more chemical than vegetable. Now it will be natural again. What's the harm in that?

DARREN

That's fucked up.

Allison picks up a STACK OF MONEY, throws it in Blake's face.

ALLISON

This is blood money. And I thought you hated bees!

BLAKE

It's money, honey.

Darren hears humming somewhere, quickly searches the room.

DARREN

Where are the bug costumes? She said something about them in the living room.

BLAKE

Apiary suits, headgear and gloves.

DARREN

Where?

Blake sees a Lone Bee land on the wall. He smashes the bee against the wall with a stack of bills, and sweeps the insect off.

BLAKE

I'd hate to be bug-fucked to death.

Darren and Chandra eye each other, then the money on the table.

BLAKE (cont'd)

There's way more there than that
two-bit heist of yours outside.

DARREN

I'll take my chances outside.

BLAKE

Someone's gonna miss that patrolman.
I guarantee they're already looking.
They'll come to the end of the road,
the white plastic bag, and then us.
I'm giving you a choice here, Darren.
Or you can ride it out on your own.

DARREN

Yeah, like the ride your redneck
pals gave those border crossers?

Blake taps the wall beside the smashed Lone Bee.

BLAKE

We're right above the cellar. And
Hank's apiary suits.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DINER. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

It's a massacre. Beekeepers lie writhing and screaming under
mountains of bees between their white trucks.

CUT TO:

HIRAM

manages to get inside his white truck. He slams the door, grabs
a can of WD-40 off the front seat, and starts spraying himself
everywhere while batting the bees off his face and from his hair.

He glances around -- every window is covered outside with angry
bees. Hiram laughs maniacally, sticks the key in the ignition.

Hiram turns on the WINDSHIELD WIPERS, laughs maniacally again as
SMASHED DEAD BEES leave yellow streaks across the windshield.

HIRAM

Ha! Take that, fucking cocksuckers!
Yeah, who's the bitch now?

He puts the truck in gear, turns on the AIR-CONDITIONER, and stomps the gas pedal with another maniacal laugh.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Blake puts his ear against a wall near the bookshelf and listens.

Chandra covers Allison with wet towels on the sofa.

Darren looks out the window -- MILLIONS OF BEES fly everywhere.

DARREN

You knew all along they were in the cellar. You nailed the door shut!

BLAKE

Why would I do that?

ALLISON

Don't believe anything he says, Darren. He's a murdering liar.

BLAKE

Where's your sense of adventure? You know -- be all that you can be?

ALLISON

I already hate what I am now.

BLAKE

I so hate controversy.

SMASH CUT TO:

MILLIONS OF BEES

flow down the diner's OPEN GRILL VENT and spread out over the kitchen in undulating rivulets of wings and stingers.

INT. DINER. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Bees cover every inch of the room -- walls, ceiling, food prep areas, pots and pans, and the cast-iron griddle where the half-cooked bacon and pancakes are quickly devoured.

The Lone Bee flies past the bees to the TAKE-OUT COUNTER.

Ben, Choo, Jerrod and Marge stare out the window in stunned silence at the slaughter in the parking lot -- unaware of their own fate.

EXT. DINER. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

DESICCATED BODIES lie everywhere on the asphalt, covered in dead or dying bees -- NOBODY survived.

Only ONE WHITE TRUCK pulled out of a parking slot -- but it didn't get very far.

CLOSE UP - HIRAM'S SKULL

is covered in HUNDREDS OF BEES busily stripping his flesh in the white truck. His JAWBONE is open, like he's laughing maniacally.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Jerrod hears a HUMMING beside his ear. He turns to see his tiny reflection in the Lone Bee's BIG BLACK EYES before him.

The Lone Bee eyes Jerrod, quizzical. She cocks her head as if mocking and taunting this insignificant creature before her.

Jerrod looks past the Lone Bee to the take-out counter -- and sees the billowing SWARM OF DEATH flow out toward them.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT - OPEN BARN DOOR

bees drone angrily in circles against the black b.g.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Darren stares out the window.

A MOTORCYCLE

is parked beside HAY BALES in the waning sun. Hank's GRANT WOOD PITCHFORK leans against the hay bales.

Darren turns to Blake who's suddenly standing beside him.

BLAKE

Ah, the bike. Haven't ridden it in months. You'd never make it out there without a suit, you know.

Darren sees Allison covering her ears in pain.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN FAUCET

drip...drip...dripping in the sink.

RETURN TO SCENE:

ALLISON

winces in pain as she covers her ears tighter against every hammering, torturous faucet drop pounding inside her head.

ALLISON

Someone please make it stop.

INTERCUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE/BATHROOM/KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Blake goes to the closet and pulls out a TOOLBOX.

Allison can't take the pounding, dripping water anymore. She gets up and crosses the room to the closet, grabs a HAMMER from the toolbox, and races into the bathroom.

BLAKE

What are you doing?

Allison rips back the shower curtain in the bathroom -- no dripping faucet. She spins around to the sink -- no dripping water.

SMASH CUT TO:

WATER DROPS

from the KITCHEN FAUCET hammer down on the porcelain sink like a pneumatic pile driver.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

MATCH SOUND TO:

Allison hammers at the BATHROOM SINK HANDLES and breaks them off. The BROKEN HANDLES gush FOUNTAINS OF WATER into the sink, then slowly taper to a trickle after a BEAT.

The KITCHEN FAUCET stops dripping in the sink too.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Blake enters, yanks the hammer away from Allison.

BLAKE (cont'd)

You realize what you just did?

ALLISON
Silence is golden.

Allison grabs the hammer from Blake and swings it at him -- Blake dodges the hammer but loses his balance and falls in the bathtub.

Darren enters and yanks the hammer away from Allison, who backs up, sits down on the toilet seat, and starts to giggle.

DARREN
Quit this shit -- quit it! Where do you want me to cut the fucking hole in the wall?!

Chandra enters, sees Allison giggling on the toilet seat.

CHANDRA
You cut our water supply?

Allison wags a finger at Blake, scolding.

ALLISON
It's not nice to fool Mother Nature.

END INTERCUT.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Ben and Choo roll and writhe around on the floor screaming bloody murder as thousands of bees sting and devour them alive.

CUT TO:

MARGE

slams the DINER BATHROOM DOOR behind her and leans against it.

INT. DINER. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Marge arms the sweat off her forehead and rests her head against the door, believing she's safe from the bees.

Then she hears humming down between her feet.

MILLIONS OF BEES

stream in under the door, spread across the floor and under the stalls, up the walls and over the ceiling -- EVERYWHERE.

Marge covers her face and starts sobbing out a prayer.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE HISPANIC MALE

standing in the dirt on a DARK DESERT NIGHT, bound and blindfolded, sobbing his final prayer in Spanish.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Marge opens her eyes, looks fearfully around. Then she looks up.

The BEES have curled into a GIANT MASS above her. The mass swoops down to the floor, shapeshifts into a CYCLONIC DRILL, spins under her DRESS and grinds its way up.

Marge reacts to the horror of BEES flowing up under her dress. The velocity forces her up off the ground.

She opens her mouth to scream -- but the CYCLONIC DRILL OF BEES blasts out of her mouth instead.

EXT. BARE FIELD - AFTERNOON

The miles-long Lone Bee swarm blots out the sun on the horizon.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CLONING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Darren puts a UTILITY KNIFE on the floor, and gingerly pulls a rectangular piece of DRYWALL away from the studs in the wall.

He peers through the hole -- the cellar is totally dark below.

DARREN

I need a flashlight. I'm not going
anywhere dark.

Blake holds a finger to his lips at Darren.

BLAKE

Dark or light. Life or death.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

JERROD

crawls his way on hands and knees over RED FLOOR TILES between the STAINLESS STEEL STORAGE CABINETS.

He's six feet away from safety -- A WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR with airtight protection.

Jerrod stops at a HUMMING SOUND overhead. He looks up -- right into his TERRIFIED REFLECTION filling the Lone Bee's black eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM

knives down through Hank's DARK CELLAR to a DUSTY STAIRCASE just below the drywall hole.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CELLAR - AFTERNOON

Creepy COBWEBS. Bees drone lazily between HONEYCOMB STALACTITES hanging down in the FLASHLIGHT BEAM strafing the room below.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE. CLONING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Blake pulls the flashlight out of the rectangular drywall hole.

BLAKE

Yeah, we'll be okay.

MONTAGE.

The massive swarm of bees has flown away from the diner parking lot, leaving the BEEKEEPERS' TWISTED BODIES and SHREDDED CLOTHING strewn everywhere among mounds of dead and dying bees.

Hiram's LAUGHING SKULL and SKELETON sit in his white truck seat amid mounds of dead bees.

BEN and CHOO'S RIBS lie on the diner floor like racks of lamb nestled among mounds of dead bees.

The HEADLESS Marge is still standing, trapped between the door and bathroom sink, with mounds of dead bees at her feet.

Jerrod's SKELETONIZED HAND, surrounded by mounds of dead bees, is just inches away from the walk-in refrigerator door.

END MONTAGE.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CLONING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Darren looks through the drywall hole into the darkness below.

Blake grabs the GLOCK 9MM MAGAZINE tucked under Allison's shirt, and SNAPS it into the pistol.

DARREN
Hey hey, there's no need for that.

BLAKE
You're right, ladies first. Move!

EXT. HILLS - AFTERNOON

The Lone Bee swarm, big as the hills, roars over the landscape and smashes into the CAMERA, smearing yellow paste on the lens.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CLONING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Allison slowly lowers her bulky pregnant body backwards through the drywall hole with Blake's Glock in her face. She feels the stairs under her feet and steps down on them.

Blake tosses the FLASHLIGHT to her, then turns the Glock on Darren.

BLAKE
Slowly. Life or death.

Darren slides through the hole and disappears in the darkness.

Blake turns the Glock on Chandra.

BLAKE (cont'd)
Don't suddenly grow stupid.

INTERCUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE/CELLAR - AFTERNOON

Darren descends the stairs and joins Allison on the floor. She strafes the flashlight around the room.

Blake pokes his head through the drywall hole above them.

BLAKE
Remember, dark and quiet.

Allison shines the flashlight on the center of the room, stops.

Darren sees her reaction, follows the light beam into the room.

DARREN
Holy shit.

Bees drone lazily between the HUGE HONEYCOMB MOUNDS rising from the floor like STALAGMITES.

Bees are working on the HONEYCOMB hanging from the overhead floor beams like STALACTITES.

The walls are covered in multi-layered cascading honeycomb.

BLAKE

What do you see down there?

ALLISON

See for yourself.

ALLISON'S HALOED FLASHLIGHT BEAM

shines on TWO WHITE APIARY SUITS and HEADGEAR on the wall at the foot of the stairs.

Darren walks to the wall and pulls on the two suits. They break away from the honeycomb-coated wall with a CRACK.

Blake waves the Glock at Darren.

BLAKE

Give them to me.

Darren shoves the two apiary suits through the hole to Blake as he keeps the Glock trained on Darren below the drywall hole.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Now the headgear and gloves.

DARREN

Allison has them. Look, this place is one giant fucking hive. There's billions of bees down here. We're in a serious world of shit if we don't get out of here.

BLAKE

You should've taken the money.

DARREN

What?

Allison shines the flashlight at a LARGE HONEYCOMB BOWL rising from the floor on the other side of the cellar.

THE GIANT QUEEN BEE

lies inside the honeycomb bowl, bees circling around her.

ALLISON

Let us up, Blake. Now!

The bees react to Allison's voice, and a low growling HUM starts.

BLAKE

That wasn't very smart.

Bees circle Allison and Darren, they shake bees from their hair.

Blake pulls his head out of the drywall hole -- bees start flying out of the hole into the room.

CHANDRA

Let 'em up, please!

Blake turns to Chandra, smiles.

BLAKE

With only two suits between four?
Let's see how fast they can fly.

Darren sees his opportunity as Blake talks to Chandra -- he grabs the Glock by the barrel and yanks Blake through the drywall hole.

Blake fires the Glock -- Darren ducks to the side.

SLOW-MOTION - THE BULLET

passes Darren's ear by an inch toward a HONEYCOMB STALACTITE.

The bullet BLASTS through the stalactite -- leaving a BIG HOLE through which we see Darren pull Blake down into the cellar.

Blake tumbles down the stairs and crashes onto the floor.

DARREN

The headgear, Allison!

Bees explode from the bullet-pierced stalactite, white-hot fury.

Allison tosses the headgear and gloves up to Darren.

Darren hurls the gear through the drywall hole, then scuttles up and out of the cellar.

Blake shakes his head clear and sees the Glock lying on the floor. He painfully starts crawling toward it.

DARREN (cont'd)

C'mon, Allison!

Allison grabs onto an edge of the drywall hole, bees swarming around her, and reaches up for Darren's hand.

CLOSE-UP - A WHITE MAN'S HAND

grabs Allison's ANKLE and pulls her down onto the floor.

CLOSE-UP - BLAKE'S FACE

is covered with bees gnawing his flesh, stinging his eyes. His EYELIDS flutter madly as STINGERS pump venom into his eyes.

Allison rises from the cellar floor and grabs the Glock.

Blake, blinded and screaming in pain, gropes for the wall.

CHANDRA

Close it, Darren! NOW!

Darren stuffs the drywall square back into the hole.

Allison, covered in BEES, points the flashlight and Glock at Blake as he staggers blindly between the stalactites and stalagmites.

ALLISON

Let's see how fast you can fly!

Darren and Chandra slam a FILE CABINET against the drywall hole.

Darren and Chandra hear the FIRST GUNSHOT behind the wall.

Allison hears a HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM inside the cellar and swings the flashlight around.

THE QUEEN BEE snaps her monstrous, multi-beaked jaws at Allison.

Allison points the Glock at the Queen Bee's face.

Darren and Chandra hear the SECOND GUNSHOT behind the wall.

FADE TO BLACK.

A GARDEN FAUCET PIPE

with a CLUMP OF GRASS growing tightly at the base, rises above ground. A LONG SHADOW from the PIPE trails away on the ground.

MEDIUM SHOT - BARN

as LONG SHADOWS from the walls creep across the ground.

MEDIUM SHOT - CLOTHESLINE

as LONG SHADOWS trail away on the ground from the T-POLES and CLOTHES wafting lazily in the breeze.

LONG SHOT - FIELD

as dust created from the passing Lone Bee swarm blows into tight little DUST DEVILS sailing across the barren soil.

LONG SHOT - SCYTHE

as DAGGER TEETH SHADOWS in the dirt crawl over DIRT CLOUDS away from the IDLE FIELD MACHINERY.

THE SETTING SUN

is a shimmering fiery orb sinking in the horizon. BEE SWARM SILHOUETTES streak across the BLOOD-RED SUN in both directions.

CLOSE-UP - BLAKE'S SKELETON NOSE

serves as a landing field above the exposed upper teeth for bees dive in and fly out of his vacuous nose hole.

A BROKEN STALACTITE HONEYCOMB

drip...drip...drips honey on the floor. Bees drone about, sealing the sweetened wound with wax.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CELLAR - AFTERNOON

Blake's desiccated skeleton and tattered clothes lie at the foot of the stairs in the flashlight's halo as HUNDREDS OF BEES build a honeycomb stalagmite over and around him.

TWO BEES work around the edges of Blake's eye socket, jaws clicking and clamping, waxing the empty orifice shut.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

CHANDRA'S EYE

looks out from behind the APIARY HEADGEAR VEIL as a DROP OF SWEAT trickles down past her eyebrow.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Darren, in white apiary suit and gloves, zips Chandra into her suit. He turns her around, checks for openings in the seals.

CHANDRA

Darren? It'll get better won't it?

DARREN

Don't I always say that? Honey?

Chandra breaks into a grin and mouths the words: I love you.

EXT. BALLARD. STREETS - AFTERNOON

Completely devoid of human life. CARS have crashed through fences and stopped on front lawns, still swarming with bees feasting on the hapless DEAD PASSENGERS inside.

A BABY DOLL

lies on the sidewalk. A Lone Bee lands on the lifelike piece of flesh-colored plastic and stings it, then realizes it's inedible, and flies away.

LONG SHOT - SWARM SHADOWS

cross before the SETTING SUN, blocking the waning light.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. DIRT ROAD - EVENING

The Patrolman's SKELETON lies crumpled in the front seat.

The white plastic bag lies on the ground, flapping in the breeze.

INT. FARMHOUSE. OFFICE - EVENING

Darren and Chandra lean against the wall in apiary suits.

DARREN

All we gotta do is reach that
motorcycle outside, Chandra.

CHANDRA

The bees --

Darren hugs her -- it's not easy through the bulky suits.

DARREN

One crisis at a time, okay?

CUT TO:

The Lone Bee swarm is a half-mile from the farmhouse.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Chandra, in her apiary suit, looks out the window.

CHANDRA

Darren, come look at this.

MEDIUM SHOT - MILLIONS OF BEES

whirl into the yard -- a maelstrom of vicious stinging death.

LONG SHOT - MILLIONS OF BEES

roar in a cylindrical dynamo-mass toward the farmhouse and down through the attic vent.

Chandra looks up and sees PAINT peel from the ceiling as the DRYWALL sags between the attic beams.

The HOUSE FOUNDATION trembles and groans under the weight as the bees move at HYPERSPEED creating and filling more honeycombs.

WINDOWS start snapping and cracking in the living room.

The swarm has returned to the hive.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CLONING ROOM - EVENING

Yellow-blue BUNSEN BURNERS eerily illuminate BLAKE'S BLACK BAG filled with money on the metal table as Darren and Chandra cross to a DOOR at the other side of the room.

Darren opens the door and steps outside -- bees swirl everywhere.

CHANDRA

Wait!

DARREN

They aren't gonna wait, Chandra!

Chandra runs back, grabs Blake's BLACK BAG, then points to the white bee larva test tubes on the metal tables.

CHANDRA

What about them?

Darren grabs a METAL CHAIR against the wall, and rakes it across the test tubes on the metal tables.

SLOW MOTION - THE TEST TUBES

shatter as the CHAIR LEG rips through them and fly everywhere.

WHITE BEE LARVA squirm between spilled liquid and broken glass.

BUNSEN BURNERS shatter, splashing fuel onto the floor and walls. The BOOKCASE and BEE ANATOMY WALLSCREENS burst into flames.

Darren grabs Hank's RESEARCH JOURNAL and IA PHOTO on the table.

Darren and Chandra exit, hand-in-hand, and race for the barn.

CUT TO:

DARREN AND CHANDRA

shut the BARN DOOR as bees start swarming in.

Darren puts Hank's research journal on the motorcycle seat and sits on it. He turns the IGNITION KEY, hits the IGNITION BUTTON.

He cranks the gas grip -- the bike doesn't start. He starts checking the wires, the petcock gas valve, etc.

CUT TO:

THE RED DOG

pokes his head out of a hay pile, straw stuck to his ears, whines.

Darren opens the gas tank, shakes the motorcycle -- the tank's got plenty of gas.

LONG SHOT - SETTING SUN

claws of red waning light grip the purple sky filled with HUMMING.

Chandra sees the Red Dog. She opens the black bag and shifts the MONEY STACKS inside to make room for him.

CHANDRA (cont'd)

Come on baby, come on.

Darren hits the motorcycle's ignition button again -- the engine turns slowly like an old, groaning CD player.

DARREN

C'mon, c'mon!

The Red Dog starts toward Chandra. A BEE buzzes near him and he shrinks back into the hay pile.

THE BLACK CLOUD OF BEES

creates a HUGE BALL around the farmhouse -- bees flow into the house through the attic and foundation vents.

The Red Dog shuffles toward Chandra on his belly, eyes darting nervously for bees.

CHANDRA

Come on sweetie. It's okay.

The engine almost catches, Darren fiddles with the choke.

DARREN
Gimme a fuckin' break!

The motorcycle engine turns over, coughs -- then fires to life.

DARREN (cont'd)
Get on!

CHANDRA
Come on!!

DARREN
Now!

Chandra grabs the yelping Red Dog by the scruff and shoves him into Blake's black bag.

Chandra climbs behind Darren, swings Blake's black bag between them as Darren snicks the motorcycle into gear and guns it.

THE BARN DOORS

bash open as Darren and Chandra ride out on the smoking motorcycle.

They race past the farmhouse and the FLAMES that have just started licking out of the open cloning room door.

CUT TO:

Bees enter the crushed and cracked farmhouse living room windows from every direction.

Darren and Chandra pass the HIGHWAY PATROL UNIT on the dirt road.

SLOW MOTION - DARREN

grabs the white plastic bag off the ground with a gloved hand.

MONEY scatters from the twisting bag and into the air as Darren and Chandra's motorcycle flies past the white truck and red truck in a billowing cloud of dust.

A SPIRAL OF BEES follows them in hot pursuit -- but stops to attack the HUMAN-HANDLED MONEY instead, and rips it to shreds.

INT. FARMHOUSE. HALL - EVENING

Bees swarm and crawl over every inch of the walls and floor.

MEDIUM SHOT - HIGHWAY

Darren and Chandra ride away from the CAMERA on the motorcycle toward the final streaks of light from the setting sun.

The RED DOG sticks his head sideways out of the black bag, his tongue hanging out, ears flapping madly.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CLONING ROOM - EVENING

Bees swarm into the room through the open flaming door and burst into fiery dots on the metal tables covered with BROKEN BURNING TEST TUBES and squirming, dying WHITE BEE LARVA.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - SOFT FOCUS - BEES

float over the Queen Bee's honeycomb bowl in the FLASHLIGHT HALO.

CUT TO:

ALLISON'S FACE

is blank and bee-free. Her eyes are closed in blissful peace.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CELLAR - EVENING - SOFT FOCUS

Allison dances and spins, arms outstretched, in the Queen Bee's honeycomb bowl as bees swirl around her NAKED BODY.

THE QUEEN BEE

shrieks for the last time as she's torn apart by bees on the concrete floor beside the honeycomb bowl.

CLOSE UP - FLAMES

flicker out of the OPEN BARN DOORS and FARMHOUSE WINDOWS. The Ballard farmhouse is engulfed in fire.

INT. FARMHOUSE. CELLAR - EVENING

SMOKE curls into the room from cracks in the floor above and pours down the stairs from under the cellar door.

Allison lies down in the honeycomb bowl as she's pampered and stroked by the bees. Not a single sting marks her perfect skin.

The bees slowly settle down as smoke weaves its way through them around honeycomb stalactites and stalagmites.

LONG SHOT - HIGHWAY - SOFT FOCUS

Darren and Chandra, in their WHITE APIARY SUITS, ride away from CAMERA. The motorcycle engine drones like a bee as the RED TAILLIGHT shrinks to a RED DOT the size of an insect.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - HIGHWAY - SOFT FOCUS

CAMERA pulls back from the blazing farmhouse until it shrinks to a RED DOT the size of an insect.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS - DAY

CAMERA flies past the EIFFEL TOWER and through the CHAMP DE MARS to a cozy French cafe.

MIÈL BALLÁRD

a jar of HONEY labeled in French, sits on a dining table.

INT. PARIS CAFE - DAY

A FRENCH COUPLE are having lunch at a window table.

THE FRENCH WOMAN

breaks a CROISSANT in half as she talks to her MALE COMPANION across the table.

The Woman spreads HONEY on the croissant from the MIÈL BALLÁRD JAR and brings it to her lips -- when something catches her eye outside the window.

A LONE BEE

bangs angrily against the glass outside the cafe. CAMERA pushes in on the Lone Bee's face until her BLACK EYES fill the screen.

FADE TO BLACK.