

STING LIKE A BEE

Written by

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BLACK

Sounds of cheering slowly fade in. They becomes louder, growing to a nearly unbearable roar.

A single noise eventually cuts through it all.

Ding.

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

The final round. Two fighters stand opposite from each other. Their faces are beaten so badly its hard to distinguish one from the other. Eyes are swollen shut, lips are torn, sweat is mixing in with the blood.

The ring is shrouded in a menacing smoke and darkness. The canvass is damp. The lights above create a repugnant heat.

The cheering audience from beyond the ring is violent, euphoric. It is hard to distinguish them. There could be 100 people here or over 1,000. All we know is, they came to see blood.

We finally close in on one of the two boxers. He is lean, but muscular. This is our protagonist, RAYMOND CHAVEZ (19).

He stands defensively against the other boxer, FELIX CRUZ (20).

Everything begins to slow down. As it does, the only noise we hear is Raymond's breathing, muffled by a swollen nose and damaged throat. It doesn't look good.

As he stares menacingly at his opponent we...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE UNIVERSE - CONTINUOUS

Space. Little white stars freckle the otherwise black sky.

It is quiet and serene. A complete juxtaposition from the ring we were just at. Over the nothingness...

RAYMOND (V.O.)

Did you know that the center of our galaxy smells like raspberries?

We then cut to another image of the stars. This one more colorful than the last.

RAYMOND (V.O.)
No really. The center of the Milky
Way is made up of *Ethyl Formate*,
the same compound that gives
raspberries their taste.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING - CONTINUOUS

We are now back in the match. The other boxer, Felix, begins rhythmically bouncing up and down. Up and down.

Raymond lifelessly stares at him, preparing himself.

RAYMOND (V.O.)
When I was a kid I wanted to be an
astronaut. Not because of Neil
Armstrong. I didn't want to be the
first man on Mars or anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE UNIVERSE - CONTINUOUS

The images of space have now become even more colorful, surreal in their composition. Pictures that put the Hubble telescope to shame.

RAYMOND (V.O.)
I wanted to be left alone. Where
everything was quiet and no one
could bother me.

The pictures begin to fade away.

RAYMOND (V.O.)
...and where everything smelled
like raspberries.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING - CONTINUOUS

Back in the ring, slow motion. Felix launches himself towards Raymond, screaming, muscles rippling. It looks like he's about to kill him.

Raymond closes his eyes, bracing himself.

RAYMOND (V.O.)

Oh. And that special compound,
Ethyl Formate, that gives
raspberries their taste?

Felix bashes Raymond in the face, hard. Raymond slams to the floor. He lands on his back, staring at the roof.

RAYMOND

It's also the ingredient found in
bee stingers.

Black.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Go figure.