

INT. SON'S ROOM - EVENING

The DAD enters his son's room. The SON, around 12, is playing a video game.

DAD
Charles, put down the video game.
I need to talk with you.

SON
What's up?

DAD
Well, uhh, your mom and I think I
should talk to you about the bird
and the bees.

SON
Oh, god.

DAD
Yeah.

SON
Can't we just pretend we had this
talk?

DAD
No-can-do. You mother would know.
And then she'll kill me. And she'd
make it look like you did it.
Besides, this is important stuff to
know. I'll make it quick, okay?

SON
Okay.

DAD
So, let's see -- in this world,
there are birds and there are bees.
Now, a bird may look at a bee and
like the way it flies from flower
to flower, and the bee may look at
the bird and like its plumage. You
understand me so far?

SON
I guess.

DAD
This is perfectly natural. Now,
when a bird gets excited, its, uhh,
beak gets really hard.

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

And when the bee gets excited, it produces honey, which it puts in its honeycomb.

UNCLE JIMBO

(OS)

Giving Charles the old talk, eh?

UNCLE JIMBO enters the room.

SON

Uncle Jimmy!

DAD

Hey, Jimbo. Yeah. The old talk.

UNCLE JIMBO

The misses said you could use some help. You mind if I jump in?

DAD

Go ahead.

UNCLE JIMBO

These bees, they get together in these hives, hanging from trees, okay? And they all get together and communicate by dancing. Can you believe it? Pretty stupid, right?

SON

Yeah. Pretty stupid.

UNCLE JIMBO

And all this dancing and buzzing around gets the attention of the birds... only they ain't interested in dancing, if you catch my drift.

The Dad and Uncle Jimbo high-five.

UNCLE JIMBO (CONT'D)

They're interested in those juicy grubs that live in the tree.

SON

What?

UNCLE JIMBO

So, they peck and peck, with their hard beaks into the bark of the tree, getting at those grubs.

(MORE)

UNCLE JIMBO (CONT'D)

These birds just go at it, sucking 'em up, their beaks engorged with blood. And they're just drooling.

SON

But what about the bees?

UNCLE JIMBO

Let me finish. So, the bees, they go from flower to flower, just you know--

DAD

-- pollinating.

UNCLE JIMBO

Yeah! Just pollinating the shit out of these flowers, all the while making this honey. This sweet, sweet honey. And there are hundreds of 'em, flying around. Around this time, the birds start building their nests out of twigs and strings and whatever else can help them make a cozy pad.

SON

Wait-- I'm confused.

GRANDPA

(OS)

That's because these two jackasses ain't telling it right. Learn from the master, kid.

GRANDPA appears from the doorway and comes in.

SON

Grandpa!

DAD

Hey, Dad.

UNCLE JIMBO

Hey, Dad.

GRANDPA

So, the birds, they lay their nest in the proper way, and they're ready to lay their eggs. And the bees, they're just itching to use their stinger.

SON

The birds are the girls and the bees are the boys? I thought it was the other way around.

DAD
It'll make sense.

GRANDPA
So, these birds, they lay their
eggs and they sit on 'em with their
own tuchus to keep 'em warm enough
to hatch. And to guard 'em against
lizards and such, who want to eat
'em.

UNCLE JIMBO
Freakin' lizards...

GRANDPA
And the bees, they can only use
their stingers once. You see, once
they inject their poison in
someone, they die. So, they --

SON
Wait, wait, wait! I'm so confused!
What does any of this have to do
with sex?!?

DAD
Sex? Who said anything about sex?

GRANDPA
Getcher mind outta the gutter!

UNCLE JIMBO
It's the hormones. It's all they
got on their minds at this age...

SON
If this isn't about sex, what the
hell is it about?

ROB LOWE
(OS)
He's young. He'll grow to
understand.

ROB LOWE appears at the door.

SON
Rob Lowe?

ROB LOWE

Yeah. I'll make it simple.
Normally, bees will only sting in
self defense, but a few bees become
corrupted by the dark wizard,
Corthanus, and use their stinger to
inject poison into the bird eggs.
When those eggs hatch, they become
dragons. And you are a
dragonslayer.

GRANDPA

And a werewolf.

ROB LOWE

Right. And a werewolf.

They hand him a sword.

DAD

And now you know.