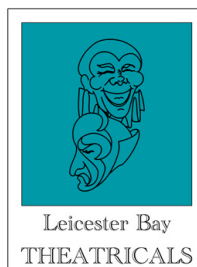


PERUSAL SCRIPT



a play for grades K-3
by Morag Shepherd

From the



Newport, Maine

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FLORA MEETS A BEE

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FLORA MEETS A BEE by Morag Shepherd received its world premiere October 1, 2019-May 29, 2020 as Plan-B Theatre Company's Sixth Annual Free Elementary School Tour, funded in part by an ArtWorks grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Directed by Jerry Rapier, stage managed by Sam Allen & Sarah Meservy and designed by Arika Schockmel.

Featuring the primary cast of

Ariana Broumas Farber as Flora

Brenda Hattingh as Bee

and the secondary cast of

Darby Mest as Bee

Isabella Reeder as Flora.

CHARACTERS

FLORA, a Latina foster child of 8

BEE, a Bee

TIME

Now

SETTING

The yard of FLORA's new foster family

FLORA MEETS A BEE by *Morag Shepherd* 1 Latina (age 8), 1 either gender (can be played by teens/adults) About 30 minutes. Eight-year-old Flora has lived in six foster homes since the age of five. One day Flora meets Bee and their budding friendship changes everything. A humorous and heartwarming tale of foster care, the importance of the hive, and the power of friendship. *For grades K-3 Order #3252*

Originally from Scotland, **Morag Shepherd** is one of the producers and resident artists of Sackerson, and holds an MA in Theatre Criticism from Brigham Young University. She is a member of the Plan-B writers lab, where her play *FLORA MEETS A BEE* (NEA recipient) toured throughout Utah schools, and *NOT ONE DROP* (David Ross Fetzer grant recipient) has performed. Her play *DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME NAKED* (Critics Choice Award, and Best Solo Performance) has performed in Salt Lake City, Tucson, and The United Solo Festival in New York City. Her immersive play, *A BRIEF WALTZ IN A LITTLE ROOM* performed throughout 2019 in Salt Lake City (The Utah Review top ten moments of 2019), as part of a collaboration with Umbrella Theatre Company and the Utah Arts Alliance. Recent writing credits include an adaptation of Italo Calvino's short story, *DISTANCE TO THE MOON* (The Utah Review top ten moments of 2018); *HINDSIGHT*, an immersive theatre piece throughout the streets of downtown SLC; *TRAIN TRACKS* (co-produced with Flying Bobcat); *BURN* (Association of Mormon Letters Award for Best Drama); *THE WORST THING I'VE EVER DONE*; and *POPPY'S IN THE SAND* (Salt Lake City, and San Diego International Fringe Festival). Currently Morag is working on an immersive theatre festival where a new piece, *SIMPLE MACHINES*, will perform. Morag is a member of the Dramatist Guild and the New Play Exchange.

FLORA Meets A BEE

(FLORA enters with a blue sucker.)

FLORA: No puedo creer que suerte la mia, yo encuentre una paleta. Una paleta azul. Mi color favorito. *[I can't believe my luck. I cannot believe out of everything I could find, I found a sucker. A blue one. My favorite color.]*

Pues, es posible que no lo encuentre. Es posible que yo tome la paleta del tarro de dulces. No me importa. Yo soy una buena chica. Ellos no lo saben, pero yo me he portado bien. Yo hice todo lo que tenia que hacer. Tendi mi cama. Creo que si, Creo que tendi mi cama. bien. Yo me porte bien. Y azul es el mejor sabor. *[Okay, so, maybe I didn't find it. Maybe I took it from the candy jar. Whatever. I was good. They don't know it, but I was so good today - I did all the things I was supposed to do. I made my bed. I think. I think I made my bed. Oh, well. I was good. And blue is the best flavor.]*

(BEE enters, and rummages about the yard, looking for something. FLORA watches BEE.)

Oh. My. Goodness. Gee Whiz.

(BEE tries to hide. FLORA follows her.)

Are you a bee?

BEE: Um!

(FLORA starts to cry.)

What are you doing?

FLORA: I'm sorry, you're just so adorable.

BEE: Okay, well - don't do that. That's ... annoying.

FLORA: I want to buzz like a bee. EVERYONE BUZZ WITH ME.

(Everyone buzzes with FLORA.)

BEE: How can you even see me?

FLORA: Easily. I'm good at seeing

(FLORA cries again.)

BEE: Stop that.

FLORA: You're a grumpy bee, that's so cute.

(BEE looks around and behind herself.)

BEE: How many fingers am I holding up?

FLORA: Four.

BEE: Yep. You're right - dang.

FLORA: I'm really good at counting.

BEE: Counting is tricky.

FLORA: One, two, three, four. Easy.

BEE: Can you hear everything I'm saying?

FLORA: Are you a doctor?

BEE: Do I look like a doctor?

FLORA: Yes.

BEE: I'm not.

FLORA: Do you want to see my tongue? Yo encuentre esta paleta azul! Y la chupe hasta que se acabo. *[It's blue. I found a sucker! And I sucked on it till it was gone.]*

BEE: Your teeth will fall out.

FLORA: Are you a dentist?

BEE: Do you have a cold?

FLORA: I have allergies.

(SHE sneezes. BEE gasps, kind of grumpily.)

BEE: I will not bless you.

FLORA: There's another one coming.

(SHE sneezes again.)

FLORA: Oh, dear. I think I'm allergic to you.

BEE: Maybe you should leave.

FLORA: You're funny.

BEE: I'm a bee. An important one, and I don't have time to stand around chatting to some kind of a... whatever, that's allergic to pollen.

FLORA: I'm not a whatever.

BEE: Who are you?

FLORA: Are you grumpy cause you're sleepy?

BEE: I'm busy.

FLORA: Have you lost something?

BEE: No! What made you think that?

FLORA: I saw you looking for something.

BEE: No you didn't.

FLORA: I did.

BEE: You didn't.

FLORA: I did.

BEE: You did not.

FLORA: I didn't.

BEE: You did.

FLORA: Ha!

BEE: Were you spying on me?

FLORA: I could be a spy, do you wanna see me be one?

BEE: You look suspicious. I'm suspicious of you!

FLORA: Are you a bee detective?

BEE: No.

FLORA: You looked like you were searching pretty hard.

BEE: It was nothing. You will see nothing in three, two, one.
(Nothing happens.)

FLORA: Yay, are you doing magic? I love magic

BEE: Your mind is erased.
(Nothing happens.)

FLORA: It's not erased. Boo. That's a shame.

BEE: It never works when people are looking.

FLORA: Do you want me to turn around?

BEE: Yes.
(FLORA turns around.)
You will remember nothing, in one, two, three.
(Nothing happens. FLORA holds up four fingers.)

FLORA: Four.

BEE: Rats!

FLORA: Can I help?

BEE: With what?

FLORA: With whatever you were doing?

BEE: I was doing nothing.

FLORA: Can I watch?

BEE: No. That is a terrible idea. Cover your eyes.

FLORA: Fun.

(FLORA puts HER hands over HER eyes. BEE starts to leave.)

FLORA: I can hear you leaving.

BEE: Plug your ears.

FLORA: Are you trying to escape, you crazy little bee.

BEE: Look, it's too risky.

FLORA: That's tricky. Do you know any tricks?

BEE: No.

FLORA: Make honey appear.

(Quickly.)

BEE: I was not looking for nectar to make honey, in case that's what you were thinking!

FLORA: Honey is my favorite food.

BEE: Mine too.

FLORA: We're twins.

BEE: We're not!

FLORA: Do a spell so I won't lose everything.

BEE: You're not a kid are you?

FLORA: No! What made you think that? Psh. I'm an adult. With a job, that I go to, in my car. That I own, and bought with the money I make from my job.

BEE: What's your job?

FLORA: I make bunny.

BEE: No - I make bunny. Honey. I make honey.

FLORA: That's cool. You're cool. I'm cool. All the world is cool.

BEE: You sound like a kid!

FLORA: I'm an old lady and I drink tea, with other lady-folk, and we chat about books. And they call that, a book tub. Bub. Rub. Flub.

BEE: It's a club.

FLORA: I know!

BEE: I have an appointment I need to get to.

FLORA: For your eyes. Cause you're a bee that needs adorable glasses?

BEE: You should stop guessing, cause you're awful at it.

FLORA: You're not gonna get away from me. I'll stick to you like glue.

BEE: You're a nightmare!

FLORA: Look at your hands. There's something all over them.

BEE: It's pollen. It attaches to me, and then sticks to other plants so they can make fruit, vegetables, and stuff.

FLORA: Ah, so you're an important Bee?

BEE: All I know, is that I have work to get done... and I don't have time for all this chitter, and chatter.

FLORA: Mi madre used to call that: Yo no tengo tiempo para ser chismosa. [*I don't have time to be a busy body.*]

BEE: She's right.

FLORA: You speak Spanish?

BEE: I speak all languages.

FLORA: That's smart. Did you have to go to bee university, and wear a backpack with books and snacks in it? Do you have tiny books that fit into your tiny bee hands?

BEE: I just came that way.

FLORA: Like Santa?

BEE: I'm nothing like Santa. I don't like kids and I don't have time for chats.

FLORA: I have plenty of time to chat! All the time, actually. I have nothing else to do.

BEE: Be gone. Get outta here.

FLORA: Aw, you grump bee. You're just exhausted from being important.

BEE: I am not exhausted.

FLORA: Your little cute face is so squishy and sleepy.

BEE: You're exhausting.

FLORA: See, you're all worn out.

BEE: You're wearing me down.

FLORA: You look all tired, so tired, it's making everything sleeping and cozy.

BEE: You are making me so tired.

FLORA: Here. Sit here. Relax. Belax. Chillax.

BEE: I can't.

FLORA: Do it.

BEE: Need to...

(FLORA starts to sing in Spanish.)

FLORA: Duerme pequeno, Y un poco mas, El viento sopla, Y el te arrullara.

BEE: ...work.

(FLORA sings some more.)

FLORA: Si algo te pasa, Mami estara, Siempre con tigo, Cuidando estara.

BEE: What are you singing? Are you singing straight honey? It sounds like sleep honey is going straight into my ears.

FLORA: Sleeeeeeeep.

BEE: Give me the honey.

FLORA: Close those sleepy sleepy honey eyes.

(BEE falls asleep. FLORA sees a honey stick popping out of BEE's pocket. FLORA tears open the honey stick, eats it, and gets it all over her fingers. BEE wakes up with a jolt, and hurries about.)

BEE: I had a dream that mermaids were singing to me.

FLORA: I am your mermaid.

BEE: If you're a mermaid, I'm an elephant.

FLORA: That's hysterical.

BEE: It's not hysterical. I have things to do.

FLORA: You need to breathe.

(BEE starts to do her things.)

What are you doing?

BEE: Stop interrupting.

FLORA: I'll try, but I'm chattery. They call me a chatterbox

BEE: Stop.

FLORA: I can't.

BEE: Try.

FLORA: I have a lot to tell you.

(They stare at each other. BEE is testing her not to talk.)

You have pollen on your face.

BEE: Do I?

FLORA: Yes, right there... I'll get it.

BEE: No. Stop it. You're distracting me. I'm busy.

FLORA: You're distracting me, I'm so so so busy. I'm a bee and I'm busy - look. Look how busy I am, I'm the queen of France.

BEE: You're making fun of me.

FLORA: Look, I'm a very important bee. Everyone buzz with me.

(EVERYONE buzzes.)

BEE: You're all very loud.

FLORA: You're ignoring me, and people ignore me all the time, because they're busy and stuff, and you're, just. Like. Them!

BEE: I'm nothing like them. How dare you. I'm a bee, and I keep this whole planet alive.

FLORA: Oh, yeah. Well, I'm a kid. I'm who you're doing it for.

BEE: I knew it. I knew you were a kid. You're a sticky, little, get your hands on everything, sticky, get everything sticky, kid.

FLORA: I am not sticky. Look.

(FLORA puts her hand on BEE's arm. They are stuck. They struggle to get unstuck. They get unstuck.)

BEE: Did you steal a honey stick and then get it all over your hands?

FLORA: You're sticky.

BEE: Of course I'm sticky - I make honey - I'm a bee. All you do is get it everywhere.

FLORA: Of course I get it everywhere. I'm eight years old.

BEE: I knew you were eight. I could tell by your face.

FLORA: I could tell you were a bee, because of how you look. And... because you have wings, and are so so so cute. Wouldn't it be darling if you had little bee boots?

BEE: No, it wouldn't.

FLORA: And a tiny bee hat?

BEE: You're a kid, and you're sticky.

FLORA: Everything tasty is sticky, and all the fun things are gluey and glittery.

BEE: I don't have time for sticky kids.

FLORA: You have to give me time, I'm standing right in front of you.

BEE: I have a lot to get done.

FLORA: Okay, well, let me ask you this: are you digging for buried treasure?

BEE: No.

FLORA: Are you burying treasure for a treasure map?

BEE: No.

FLORA: Are you stealing flowers?

BEE: I'm not a thief.

FLORA: So, you're not a pirate?

BEE: Or a doctor!

FLORA: Are you planting seeds?

BEE: Do you just say whatever comes into your mind?

FLORA: Yes. No. Yes. Soda pop. Bubble gum. Blue is my favorite color. And, I lose everyone.

BEE: I'm not going to tell you what it is, cause then you'll want it.

FLORA: I really want honey, is it that?

BEE: Have you ever chatted to a bee before?

FLORA: I was stung by a bee, on my knee, when I was three, and then /another time...

BEE: Where are your parents?

FLORA: I don't have parents. I mean, I do, but I just don't right now. Mi madre had to leave and go back to where she is from, so I have foster parents.

BEE: You don't have a queen?

FLORA: I borrow a family, and they raise me. Or they borrow me. I'm not sure.

BEE: Where is she?

FLORA: She's in Mexico.

BEE: Just go there.

FLORA: Can you?

BEE: Of course.

FLORA: Will you take a message to mi madre? Can you tell her, Te extraño tanto. [*I miss you so much.*]

BEE: You should just go, and tell her yourself.

FLORA: I don't have wings, or money to fly, or a car. I'm just a kid.

BEE: I would let you borrow mine. But, I don't do borrowing. Or lending.

FLORA: Have you seen her?

BEE: I don't even know your name.

FLORA: Florencia. But, everyone calls me Flora. You can call me Flora.

BEE: Your name is Flora?

FLORA: Hi.

BEE: My name is Bee.

FLORA: Your name is the thing that you are.

BEE: You have the best name out of any name. It's almost annoying.

FLORA: You really like it?

BEE: Your name is literally the thing that I try to find everyday.

FLORA: You try to find me?

BEE: Yes.

FLORA: I knew it.

BEE: Well, not you.

FLORA: It's meant to be. You're going to find mi madre and tell her where I am. And we're going to be stuck together for the rest of our lives.

BEE: Nope.

FLORA: Let it happen.

BEE: Back it up, sister.

FLORA: I am your sister.

BEE: I'm a bee.

FLORA: We're twins.

BEE: I'm an actual bee.

FLORA: We're best friends.

BEE: We're not.

FLORA: You're a bee that buzzes around. Buzz with me.

(EVERYONE buzzes.)

BEE: I have a million siblings and I don't have space for friends.

FLORA: Bee, oh bee, I wish I had a million siblings or just a hundred, or fifty, or even just one.

BEE: It's not as good as it sounds.

FLORA: I love sharing.

BEE: I hate it when sticky fingers touch my stuff.

FLORA: I don't really have stuff.

BEE: Well, when you do, you need to hide it, or bury it, so no one else will steal it.

FLORA: I wouldn't mind.

BEE: You're only saying that because you don't own anything.

FLORA: Tell me a joke.

BEE: If I tell you a joke, it no longer belongs to me, it would belong to you, and I'm afraid I just can't do that. If I did, I would own hardly anything at all.

FLORA: Tell me a joke that's not yours.

BEE: I own all of my jokes. I own them most of all.

FLORA: I see.

BEE: What?

FLORA: I see what you mean.

BEE: You didn't see any of my jokes did you?

FLORA: I don't think so.

BEE: Have a look about, and let me know. If ideas, or jokes, and stuff like that start coming out of myself, I won't know who I am.

(FLORA walks around BEE.)

9 MORE PAGES TO END OF PLAY