

Wobie: Isn't this great? It's the first day of Spring and our Queen, Queen Beatrice is coming to officially announce the opening. The place is just buzzing! It's a hive of activity. Oh Hello Morag, how are you today?

Morag (*a highland cow – a hairy coo head over a wall her lines are all* **SFX**): Moo-ving on Wobie. Fit like yersel? Chavin awa?

Wobie: Hmm? It's really difficult to understand that cow. She's very nice but it's difficult to work out what she's saying. She's speaking in Scottish Doric. Oh, here comes my Mum; Mrs Bumble, Hello Mum! Isn't it a lovely day for Springtime?

Mrs Bumble: (*strict & nagging*) Woebegone Aloisius Bumble – where have you been? I've been looking everywhere for you. You've been off smelling the roses again haven't you? (*Wobie looks sheepish*)

Wobie: But Mum.....don't drone on. You've always got a bee in your bonnet. Nice hat Mum.

Mrs Bumble: Don't you "but Mum" me, and don't try to get round me by complimenting my new Spring hat. If you don't stop sneaking off to smell the roses you'll never become a waggledance bee, you'll always be a worker bee and I'll never be able to retire in the manner in which I'd like to become accustomed. Just think of it (*dreamily*), a soft, fluffy, pollen filled petal to sleep on. No more buzzing from flower to flower. Sigh....

Wobie: (*sad*) But Mum, I'm not a good enough dancer to be a waggledance bee; and you know I've got no sense of direction, how could I tell everyone where the good pollen is if I get lost on the way back.

Mrs Bumble: Don't be so negative Wobie. Just try to bee-leive in yourself. I know you could learn to dance.

Wobie: I've been winging it so far. But thanks Mum. (*smiles again*)

Barnabee: Hello everybody! Have you heard the buzz, the Queen is nowhere to be found.

punches Wobie's arm, clearly not hard but Wobie reacts as if it were) Hiyah Bro! Go You!

Wobie: Ouch, thanks for your support. But what are we going to do about the Queen?

Mrs Bumble: I don't know Wobie. It's all very worrying dear. And, some of our little honey bees are disappearing too.

Wobie: More bees gone? Have they?

Mrs Bumble: Didn't you notice? No of course you didn't, your head's in the clouds as usual. Barnabee, where was Queen Beatrice last seen?

Barnabee: I last saw her over by the lavender bush, beside the roses.

Wobie: Where? *(Wobie & Mrs B are looking out and everywhere and end up over beside Morag's wall)* I can't remember where that is.

Barnabee: Come on dancing bees, let's show Mum and Wobie where with our waggledance routine!

Mrs Bumble: Oh look everyone, here comes the Queen's butler, Mr Beazley. He's a fine figure of a man. And he's brought all the under butlers - look how they hang on his every word.

Mr Beazley: *(The Queen's Butler, he speaks in a very pompous fashion):*— Hear Ye, Hear Ye! Queen Beatrice has been kidnapped by Bizzy Lizzy the Wasp. I repeat, Queen Beatrice has been kidnapped by Bizzy Lizzy the Wasp.

Under Butler Glunch: Is she the evil Queen wasp Mr Beazley?

Mr Beazley: The very same young Under Butler Glunch, oh she's a baddie. Make a note to increase the Queen's security detail. *(they all scribble on notepads)*

Under Butler Glunch: Isn't it a bit late for that? Bolting the hive door after she's gone?

Mr Beazley: *(getting flustered)* Don't bother me with silly questions just now. *(they all scribble notes. They do this every time Mr Beazley speaks)*

Mrs Bumble: Oh Mr Beazley, not Bizzy Lizzy, she's terrible. What is bee-ing done to find her?

Mr Beazley: *(shaking his head sorrowfully)* Nothing can bee done Mrs Bumble, there's no sign of her. Just a note left in her bee-doir saying, "I'm keeping Queen Beatrice and all the bees I can kidnap until I have 5,000 tubs of Royal Jelly."

Pesticide: It's all your fault Insecticide – You were meant to be taking notes.

Insecticide: Pesticide, you know I can't spell – It was your turn anyway.

Swatt: I should not have trusted you two with Bizzy Lizzy's instructions. Honestly you two are beyond thick. No wonder you're named after deadly poisons: Insecticide & Pesticide.

(As the next bit of dialogue happens Bizzy Lizzy enters USL, carrying a tin of peas, listening and looking furious.)

Pesticide: Oh but Swatt, I'm really fed up with Bizzy Lizzy. She's a nasty old wasp and we shouldn't have to do what she says. *(grumble grumble)*

Insecticide: Yeah, she's mean and always shouting at us. Just coz she's immune to all the things that kill bees. *(ad lib grumble grumble)*

(Swatt has seen Bizzy Lizzy approaching and is desperately signalling them to shoosh)

Pesticide: *(Spots the signalling & stops mid grumble)* She's behind me isn't she?

Insecticide: Who cares if all the bees are going missing? I don't like bees. Nasty buzzy things. *(shudders)*

Swatt: I'm not really very fond of them either but we do need them for all the pollinating.

Pesticide: The polla-wha?

Swatt: If there were no bees, the plants would stop growing, and there would soon be no food and all those two legged types out there would have nothing to eat.

Insecticide: *(rising panic)* No! Really? No grapes?

Swatt: Nope

Pesticide: *(more panic)* No apples?

Swatt: Nope

Insecticide: *(further rising panic on the verge of tears)* No fruit for muffins?

Swatt: Nope

Pesticide: *(with extreme horror)* No muffins? !!!!

Swatt: Nuffin

Insecticide: No apples or grapes? That means no cider - no wine. Well that's it for me, I can handle being shouted at, but no wine?!? I don't want to be a baddie any more, in fact I'm going to change my name; I am now called Blossom.

Pesticide: Me too, no muffins – huramph - I think not. I don't want to be called Pesticide any more, you can now call me Clover.

Swatt: *(Shaking their head)* Well if you're turning good, I'd better be good too. You would get into way too much trouble without me. Come back here you two.

Dizzy Fizzy: Oh Lizzy!
(Lizzy groans and sighs)

Bizzy Lizzy: Urrgh! My twin sister - Dizzy Fizzy. Just because she's twenty minutes older, she thinks she's better than me.

Swatt: She's certainly different from you. *(Lizzy glares, Swatt hides behind I&P)*

Dizzy Fizzy: *(entering SR)* Oh Lizzy darling! You forgot your stinger again dear. *(the stinger is a sceptre type thing)* How can you hope to rule the garden without your, um, stick.

Bizzy Lizzy: This stinger is the symbol of my power, watch everyone TREMBLE BEFORE ME!

Dizzy Fizzy: We're not trembling dear, it's you - you have put too much caffeine in your nectar again.

Bizzy Lizzy: It's not nectar. It's Royal Venom Infusion - actually.

I & P: Ooooo, fancy. *(Lizzy scowls and they hide behind Swatt)*

Bizzy Lizzy: I am feared across the garden!

Dizzy Fizzy: *(snorts)* You chased a lawnmower and lost.

Bizzy Lizzy: It was... It was a strategic retreat! Nasty, noisy things - urgh.

Pesticide: When do we get paid? We must be due some sugar lumps for all this kidnapping.

Swatt: Ah yes, got them right here. Hold out your hands. *(they try to hold out four)*
No, just one hand each.

Insecticide: Bother! Worth a try, he's just too clever for me.

Swatt: Ok, one for you, one for you, and one for me. Two for you, two for you, and one, two for me. Three for you, three for you, and one two, three for me.

Pesticide: Hang on, hang on. You've got heaps more than us.

Insecticide: Has he?

Swatt: Let's start again. *(quickly repeats as above, I&P can do some banter with the audience)*

Pesticide: Seems legit *(Insecticide nods and they walk off counting and much head scratching)*

Swatt: It doesn't seem fair does it *(shrugs)* never mind they should've gone to school. If you pay attention in school, nobody can cheat you.
Here's a trick you can do. I am a nine legged spider! See *[holds arms out & counts]*
this arm is number 8 – 7 – 6 – 5 – plus 4 more makes 9.
I think I'll try it out on that pair of numptys. Maybe I can win some sugar lumps back.

Under Butler Glunch: Right-o, Under Butler Glaur and Under Butler Gype, let's get this table set up for Mrs Bumble and Mr Beazley.

(They move the table forward scraping and bumping)

Under Butler Glunch: Careful you two, now hurry up and take your time.

Under Butler Gype: Make up your mind. Do we hurry or take our time?

Under Butler Glaur: Oi Glunch, I do more work by accident than you do deliberately.

Under Butler Gype: Working with you two is like working alone - but harder.

Under Butler Glunch: Let's just get it all set up.

Under Butler Glaur: Is this going to be all right Under Butler Glunch? It's usually Queen Beatrice who makes the royal jelly.

Under Butler Glunch: I don't know Glaur; can Mrs Bumble cook?

Under Butler Glaur: Be careful you nearly dropped that bowl!

Under Butler Glunch: Does that make me a 'fumble bee'?

All: Urgh!

Under Butler Gype: Hang on this is a theatre, how's this *(over dramatically)* TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE.

Under Butler Glaur: Not 2B. I prefer to use an HB pencil myself.

Under Butler Glunch: Not a pencil, it's Shakespeare, you know, Alas poor Yorick and all that.

Under Butler Glaur: Oh you mean like Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Mrs Bumble: Stop blustering Mr Beazley. We don't have time, we still need to make sure all the baby bees are fed before we go and find Bizzy Lizzy, and rescue our Queen Beatrice.

Mr Beazley: And what are you going to feed them Mrs Bumble? Baby bees need Royal Jelly.

Mrs Bumble: Don't worry, I've got the Queen's Great Kiwi Bake Off recipe book here and, of course I am known throughout the hive as a fantastic cook. *(Mr B and the butlers look doubtful)* My raspberry honey buns have often been admired. *(Mr B looks even more doubtful)* Don't look so doubtful - Of course it'll work Mr Beazley, I may not be a Queen Bee but I am told that I am very glamorous. *(preens)*

Mr Beazley: Who told you that? *(incredulous)*

Mrs Bumble: *(stropky)* My reflection in the mirror!

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Polly & Ellen together: Happy First Day of Spring your majesty.

Queen B: Happy Spring Day to you too. I love Springtime, all the flowers coming into blossom. Have you got my new dress ready yet? I want to look my best for all my wonderful bees at the Spring Ceremony.

Polly: Yes your majesty. You will look fabulous.

Queen B: Polly, your hair is all sticky, what happened?

Polly: I meant to use a brush, but instead I used a honeycomb.

Ellen: Icky sticky yucky.

Queen B: Sticky. Yucky, indeed.

Polly: It's ok, I washed my hands before touching your dress. Everything is ready for the ceremony.

Ellen: And who knows there may be a handsome bee in the crowd who you can choose to be your King. Buzz Buzz Buzz *(giggle buzzing with Polly & Petal)*

Queen B: I would love there to be. But there just doesn't seem to be any bee who isn't intimidated by a strong woman. I need a fella who will stand alongside me and be strong enough to support me but not try to take over. Those are very rare types of bees. Eh ladies?

Wobie: *(feeling inspired)* Since you're here, would you be able to use your magic to help us get the letters back so we can open Bizzy Lizzy's puzzle lock and rescue our Queen?

Fairy: Of course I can young Wobie but you already have everything you need to get the letters back. *(All look puzzled)*

Barnabee: I don't understand, what do we have?

Fairy: We can use the Hive Mind. All the girls and boys here can help you to remember. Can't you? Maybe not him in the front row; but I think the young man in the 13th row could be especially helpful. *(waves)*

Our quest team asks the audience to remember what the letters were, Barnabee gathers them. A huge hexagonal shaped lock is flown in

Under Butlers: We've done it!

Wobie: Thank you Hive Mind. All we needed was to work together.

Fairy: Well done everybody. Now Wobie, next time you are unsure of yourself, I want you to do this; say out loud to yourself – I CAN DO THIS THING. And you will find that you are able to.