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Family Plays

The Beeple

A Play for Young People

By

Alan Cullen



The Beeple

The Beeple - Musical. By Alan Cullen. *Cast: 12m., 6w., or can be played by 13 (7m., 3w., 3 either gender) with doubling, or up to 25+ (7m., 5w., 13 either gender) extras optional.* From England, The Beeple is an utterly ridiculous fantasy about honor among the bees. John Willy Entwistle, of Oswaldtwistle, crash-lands in the kingdom of Hex to find Queenbee arranging a royal marriage of convenience between Princess Sweebee and Captain General Glorybee. Modest little Humble, a Techbee, is hopelessly smitten with the princess, but dares not lift his eyes so high—until Captain Glorybee proves traitor, conspiring with the enemy to kidnap the princess and hold her for ransom in exchange for the golden secret of Hex. Prodded by John Willy, Humble undertakes to rescue the princess, and the capricious Fuzzbuzz attaches himself to this cause. Though a most unreliable ally, Fuzzbuzz has an uncanny way of turning up when needed and doing the right thing by accident. Between them, they succeed in rescuing the princess and saving the kingdom. *Four suggested settings. Fantastic costumes. Approximate running time: 2 hours. Code: BF1.*

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(THE BEEPLE)

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“Produced by special arrangement with
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Characters

HUMBLE

JOHN WILLY, of Oswaldtwistle

SWEEBEE

GLORYBEE

HEBE, major-domo to Queebec

TWO CHARBEES

QUEEBEE

POTMAN

FDOODLERS

WOSSUP THE TERRIBLE

ORNT THE HORRIBLE

BLACK BEEDLE

THE FUZZBUZZ

MISS WEBB

TWO WARBEES

FLURRYMEN and Other Beeples

Scenes

We travel with John Willy and Humble
From the Nectarium,
To the Palace of Hex,
Through the Wilderness,
To the Paper Palace of Wossup the Terrible.

Following is a copy of the programme of the first performance of *The Beeple*, as presented at the Sheffield Playhouse, Sheffield, England, 24 December, 1966:

The Sheffield Repertory Company Limited
(In association with The Arts Council of Great Britain)

Presents

John Willy and the Bee People

By ALAN CULLEN

With music by RODERICK HORN

Directed by COLIN GEORGE

Settings by EDWARD FURBY

Costumes designed by SARAH MORTON

and created in the theatre workshop by MADGE D'ALROY

Music and dances arranged by RODERICK HORN

HUMBLE	Christopher Wilkinson
JOHN WILLY	Barrie Smith
SWEEBEE	Myra Frances
GLORYBEE	Peter Denyer
HEBE	Glen Walford
TWO CHARBEES	Zibba Mays Dorothy Vernon
QUEEBEE	Marika Mann
POTMAN	John Pickles
FIDOODLERS	Michael Andrews Frank Hatherley Roderick Horn
WOSSUP THE TERRIBLE	Anthony Douse
ORNIT THE HORRIBLE	Alan Cullen
BLACK BEEDLE	Geoffrey Wareing
THE FUZZBUZZ	Roderick Horn
MISS WEBB	Rosemary Towler
TWO WARBEES	Frank Hatherley Robin Hirsch
FLURRYMEN AND OTHER BEEPLE	Michael Andrews Neil Boorman Caroline Findlay Tina Heaf Robin Hirsch

FOREWORD

"The Beeple" results from some probably erroneous impressions remembered from Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee", read on some wet winter afternoon before the Flood. I was, perhaps, ten, and have not read it since.

So if you want to know why there are no drones among the Beeple, why they don't use their stings instead of making do with swords, what happened to the Royal Jelly, and the reasons for all the other entomological liberties, the answer is that I don't know. I don't know whether they are bees who think they are people, or people who think they are bees. Either way, they are bound to be pretty confused, and this does not set out to be a Natural History lesson.

It is a fantasy, and if you have any disbelief to suspend, suspend it willingly or you are lost. Any questions you may have should be referred to the children who have brought you. They will explain everything if you ask them nicely.

—ALAN CULLEN

Some Notes on Beeple

- JOHN WILLY: Ah! I know what you are now. It's struck me all of a sudden. You're a bee, aren't you?
- HUMBLE: I have the privilege to belong to the great race of Beeple.
- JOHN WILLY: You mean Bee People?
- HUMBLE: No, I don't. I mean Beeple.
- JOHN WILLY: Oh well, have it your own way—but you look very much like a bee to me.

- When the Lord God created BEEPLE the devil tried to make some, but he couldn't, he could only make wasps.—*Hungarian Folk Tale*.
- BEEPLE are said at Christmas-time to hum a Christmas hymn. A man of the name of Murray, in Northumberland, told that on Christmas Eve the BEEPLE assemble to sing a Christmas hymn, and that his mother had distinctly heard them do this on one occasion when she had gone out to listen for his return. It is mentioned by Hutchinson that in Cumberland BEEPLE are said to sing at midnight as soon as the day of the Nativity begins, and that the oxen also kneel in their stalls on the same day and hour.—*Folklore of the Northern Countries*, by G. Henderson (1879).
- "I think", he said to her, "that the QUEEBEE is an excellent example for a wife". "What is the business of the QUEEBEE?" asked the young wife. "The QUEEBEE", replied Ischomachus, "keeps always in the hive, taking care that all the BEEPLE which are in the hive with her are duly employed in their several occupations: and those whose business lies abroad she sends out to their several works. The BEEPLE who stay at home she employs in disposing and ordering the combs, with a neatness and regularity becoming the nicest observation and the greatest prudence."—*Economics*, by Xenophon.
- For so work the BEEPLE.
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a QUEEBEE, and officers of sorts
Where some like magistrates correct at home.
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the ten-royal of their EMPRESS.—*Henry V*, by Shakespeare.
- Let us picture (the hive) to ourselves—not as it appears to the BEEPLE, for we cannot tell in what magical fashion things may be reflected in the 6 or 7,000 facets of their lateral eyes and the triple cyclopean eye on their brow—but as it would seem to us, were we of their stature.
From the height of a dome more colossal than that of St. Peter's at Rome, waxen walls descended to the ground, balanced in the void and the darkness; gigantic and manifold, vertical and parallel geometric constructions, to which, for relative precision, audacity, and vastness, no human structure is comparable.
Each of these walls of virginal, silvery freshness, contains thousands of cells stored with provisions sufficient to feed the whole people for several weeks. Here, lodged in transparent cells, are the pollens, love-ferment of every flower of Spring, making brilliant splashes of red and yellow, of black and mauve. Close by, sealed with a seal to be broken only in days of supreme distress, the honey of April is stored, most limpid and perfumed of all, in twenty thousand reservoirs that form a long and magnificent embroidery of gold, whose borders hang stiff and rigid.—*Life of the BEEPLE*, by Maeterlinck (1901).

Act One

(The curtain opens on a darkened stage. There is a loud descending whine, followed by a hissing noise, and silence.)

The lights go up on the set, a plantation of gigantic flowers. Strong sunlight, and the hum of insects. Centre back, a newly-arrived small rocket-ship sits among the broken foliage with wisps of vapour around it.

An agitated buzzing noise breaks out from one of the huge flowers, where the back end of HUMBLE, who is half-man, half-bee, can be seen protruding from it, legs thrashing).

HUMBLE. Bzzz! . . . Help! . . . Bzzz! . . . Assistance! . . . Help! . . . Bzzz! . . . Help me out! . . .

(The hatch of the rocket opens, and JOHN WILLY extricates himself. He is a pleasantly ugly, unsophisticated young man with a noticeable North Country accent, dressed in casual clothes. He looks round, and scratches his head).

JOHN WILLY. Well, I'll go to our house! . . . I've landed. Ee, fancy — John Willy Entwistle conquers outer space. I wonder if I can send my Mum a postcard . . .

HUMBLE. Help! . . . Bzzz! . . . Help me out!

JOHN WILLY. You what?

HUMBLE. Help!

JOHN WILLY *(looking)*. Where the —! Oh, it's you.

HUMBLE. Get me out!

JOHN WILLY. Aye, well I will if I can . . . Keep still a minute . . .

(JOHN WILLY gets hold of Humble's ankles).

That's it — now shove at your end — go on, shove . . .

(He pulls Humble out of the bell of the flower. They both fall, sit up, and look at each other).

Who are you, then?

(HUMBLE stares at him, scrambles up, and backs away, ready to escape. He is a rather precise little Tecbee, a scientific worker, with huge round spectacles over his already huge eyes. A small case of instruments is on the ground by his side).

Nay, you've no need to be afraid of me. I'm John Willy. John Willy Entwistle. From Oswaldtwistle . . . I expect you've heard of Oswaldtwistle?

(HUMBLE shakes his head).

In Lancashire?

(HUMBLE shakes his head).

Never heard of Lancashire?

(HUMBLE shakes his head).

You haven't lived . . . England? . . . Europe? . . . The Earth?

(HUMBLE shakes his head to each of them).

The Solar System?

(HUMBLE shrugs).

You're dead ignorant, you.

(JOHN WILLY gets up, dusts his knees and looks round).

I'll tell you what, though — you've got some prize blooms here, you have an' all. Are you going in for a competition?

(HUMBLE stares at him).

Proper little chatterbox, aren't you? . . . Is this your allotment?

HUMBLE *(clearing his throat)*. You are clearly a stranger here. This is the Nectarium of the Glorious City-State of Hex.

JOHN WILLY. Oh, you can talk, then.

HUMBLE. If you wish to inspect the Nectarium, you should apply at the Palace for the necessary permit.

JOHN WILLY. Oh, it's like that, is it?

HUMBLE. Yes. Now if you will just wait there a minute, I have work to do. Excuse me.

(HUMBLE picks up his instruments and turns to the flowers, carefully taking samples of the pollen).

JOHN WILLY. Yes, well, don't mind me, will you? I mean I've only come millions of miles. I say I've only come . . .

(HUMBLE ignores him, passing to the next flower).

Yes . . . Funny how it happened, you know. I mean, I'm not a proper astronaut or anything. It was this Do-It-Yourself Kit that started it.

(HUMBLE makes a little gesture of impatience, and turns away. JOHN WILLY follows).

Aye. You see it was the Teak-Finish Sideboard I sent for, actually. We had the cocktail cabinet and the coffee table, all in the teak finish, you know, so my Mum said how about

tackling the sideboard. Well, it was like Swedish, you know, and very nice, and my Mum thought it would set it all off, so —

HUMBLE (*pushing past him*). Excuse me.

JOHN WILLY. Sorry. Now whether I filled the form in wrong or whether it was their mistake, I don't know, but I'd half-built it when my Mum says "You know, John Willy," she says, "it's going to be a funny sideboard" —

HUMBLE (*occupied*). Tweezers, please.

JOHN WILLY. You what?

HUMBLE. Tweezers.

JOHN WILLY. Oh.

(*Passes the tweezers*).

HUMBLE. Thank you.

(*Continues*).

JOHN WILLY. You're welcome. And she was right. It was a funny sideboard. In fact, it wasn't a sideboard at all . . . I say, what are you doing with them nasturtiums or what they are?

HUMBLE. Cross-pollinating.

JOHN WILLY. Oh. Handy with your fingers, aren't you? Cross what?

HUMBLE. Pollinating.

JOHN WILLY. What does that do?

HUMBLE. It improves the yield. Of nectar. To make honey.

JOHN WILLY. Ah! I know what you are now. It's struck me all of a sudden. You're a bee, aren't you?

HUMBLE. A what?

JOHN WILLY. A bee. A honey-bee.

HUMBLE. I have the privilege to belong to the great race of the Beeple.

JOHN WILLY. You mean Bee People?

HUMBLE. No, I don't. I mean Beeple.

JOHN WILLY. Oh well, have it your way, but you look very much like a bee to me.

HUMBLE. We just happen to be superior to all other species on this planet, that's all.

JOHN WILLY. Fancy. You're very big for a bee.

HUMBLE. I'm average in size, I hope.

JOHN WILLY. Very big. That was what first made me suspicious about the sideboard—it was too big. And it wasn't in teak. Anyhow, I got it finished, more to find out what it was than anything. And that was it—a superdrive rocket. I reckon I made quite a good job of it, though, don't you?

(A sound of singing off).

HUMBLE. It has a certain functional appeal, I suppose.

JOHN WILLY. Who's that singing?

HUMBLE *(with a sigh)*. That will be the Charbees. They'll be fussing about all over the place any second. Excuse me, but I must get on.

(HUMBLE goes back to work. The CHARBEES bustle in. They are the manual workers, dumpy and plain. Some of them collect pollen, scooping it into little baskets, whilst others collect nectar, extracting it from the flowers with syringes and squirting it into little buckets, getting in HUMBLE's way. Their gait is a rapid waddle, and they are constantly on the move. They ignore JOHN WILLY entirely).

CHARBEES *(Bustling in, and singing as they work)*.

(BEEPLE POLKA)

Fussabout, buzzabout, hum tra-la-la,
Buzzy little busy little bees we are.
Dashabout, rushabout, hum tra-la-la,
Gathering the pollen and the sweet nectar.
We buzz, buzz, buzz,
We fuss, fuss, fuss,
There really is no holding us;

- (1) We're sent . .
By the scent . .
Of the rose in bloom, by the mad perfume
Of a rippling field of clover;
- (2) We're wild . .
But just wild . .
For a bank of thyme, while a blooming lime
Has us quivering all over.
- (3) If you ask why
We buzz, buzz, buzz,
The reason simply is becuz
We're high
As the sky
With the vibrant hue of the cornflower blue
And the thrill of the ultra-violet.
Fussabout, etc.

(JOHN WILLY tries to engage individuals in conversation as they work, but each ignores him).

JOHN WILLY. Hello . . . I say . . . nice afternoon . . . I'm John Willy . . . All work, love, in't it? . . . I say it's all . . .

(He gives up).

Ee, they're not like Lancashire folk, are they?—They don't bother with anybody.

(One of the CHARBEES blows a whistle. They all bustle off).

Where have they gone now, then?

HUMBLE. To the next section, I suppose — the hybrid teas.

(He stops work).

There, that seems to be it. Now I think you'd better come and see the Queebie.

JOHN WILLY. You mean the Queen Bee?

HUMBLE. I mean the Queebie. She will have to decide on your punishment, for one thing.

JOHN WILLY. Punishment? Why, what have I done?

HUMBLE. What have you done?—A, you have invaded the City-State of Hex, and B, you have damaged a portion of our crop by settling on it in your cocoon.

JOHN WILLY. Well, I didn't do it on purpose, you know. I didn't think I was —

HUMBLE. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. I'm afraid this is a matter for the Queebie. Follow me.

JOHN WILLY. Like heck I will.

HUMBLE. I beg your pardon.

JOHN WILLY. I said like heck I will.

HUMBLE. I do hope you're not going to be difficult.

JOHN WILLY. What will you do about it if I am?

HUMBLE. I shall have no alternative but to use force.

JOHN WILLY. Oh? Such as what?

HUMBLE. I shall send for the Warbees.

JOHN WILLY. And who are they when they're at home?

HUMBLE. You will soon find out.

(HUMBLE goes to a bell-like flower, and pulls a tendril. It rings).

JOHN WILLY. Yes, well, I think it's time I was off.

(He goes to the rocket).

HUMBLE. Where are you going?

JOHN WILLY. Back to Oswaldtwistle.

(He finds the door closed).

Hey, who shut that door?

HUMBLE. How should I know?

JOHN WILLY *(looking at it. There is no handle)*. Well, I'm sure I didn't.

(Turning away).

You haven't a tin-opener, have you?

(Two WARBEES enter, in strange armour, and carrying swords).

HUMBLE. Now perhaps you will follow me.

JOHN WILLY. Just one thing — can they sting?

HUMBLE. In an emergency — yes.

JOHN WILLY. Now I come to think of it, I've always wanted to meet a Queen Bee. After you.

(They set off. Suddenly, HUMBLE stops).

HUMBLE. Wait!

JOHN WILLY. What's the matter?

HUMBLE *(beginning to tremble)*. She's coming this way — I know she is.

JOHN WILLY. Who? The Queen?

HUMBLE. No, no.

JOHN WILLY. Who, then?

HUMBLE. I shall faint, I know I shall.

JOHN WILLY. Faint? A great big bee like you?

HUMBLE *(distressed)*. I mustn't faint . . . she must never know . . . please, will you . . . will you hold me up?

JOHN WILLY. Well, I —

HUMBLE. It's my knees, you see; when she . . . when she — oh, my goodness, she's here.

(The PRINCESS SWEEBEE enters, escorted by a very handsome young OFFICER of the Warbees. They stroll across).

SWEEBEE. And what did you do then, Captain-General?

(The WARBEES present arms, the OFFICER casually acknowledging their salute. HUMBLE gives a sigh, and collapses at the knees. JOHN WILLY holds him up).

GLORYBEE. What could I do? I whipped out my sword, and snip-snap—two of their heads rolled on the ground.

SWEEBEE (*agog*). Two at once?

GLORYBEE. Two. And the rest of them turned and fled.

SWEEBEE. Amazing.

GLORYBEE. Oh, there's no arguing with termites. Cut 'em down and ask questions afterwards is what I say.

SWEEBEE. And I'm sure you're right, Captain-General.

(*They go off. HUMBLE collapses, overcome.*)

JOHN WILLY. What's up, then? You've gone all over peculiar.

HUMBLE. I'll be all right in a minute. It makes me feel such a fool, but I can't help it, really I can't. Every time she comes near me I just melt. Don't you think she's wonderful?

JOHN WILLY. I suppose she is if you like that sort of thing. I mean, she's not my type, but . . . Who is she, anyway?

HUMBLE. That was Sweebee, the Crown Princess of Hex. I think if she ever spoke to me, I'd just die. But then she never will, of course. She's far, far above me.

JOHN WILLY. Oh, I see. Like that, is it? And who was that with her?

HUMBLE. What? Oh, that was Glorybee, the Captain-General of the Powers of Hex, M.I.I.

JOHN WILLY. M.I.I.?

HUMBLE. Most Important Individual. Also P.C.

JOHN WILLY. Privy Counsellor?

HUMBLE. No. Possible Choice.

JOHN WILLY. Possible Choice for what?

HUMBLE (*gloomily*). Royal Consort. Sweebee will be the next Quee-bee, and he will be chosen to marry her—and—
(*miserably*).

I wish I was dead.

JOHN WILLY. Nay, you mustn't take it like that.

HUMBLE. How else can I take it? There's no hope for me.

JOHN WILLY. Get off. You'll soon forget her when you find somebody else.

HUMBLE. Somebody else? What on earth do you mean by that?

JOHN WILLY. Well, there must be plenty of other lady-bees or whatever it is, and when you've got over this, well . . .

HUMBLE. Plenty of others? You must be mad.

JOHN WILLY. No others?

HUMBLE. Of course not.

JOHN WILLY. You mean Sweebee is the only — like, she's the only girl-bee, as you might say?

HUMBLE. Naturally.

JOHN WILLY. And there's no others at all?

HUMBLE. Not now there aren't.

JOHN WILLY. What happened to them, then?

HUMBLE. Well, she had the usual five or six sisters, and she quite properly eliminated them.

JOHN WILLY. Elim-! You mean killed them?

HUMBLE. Of course. She was the eldest.

JOHN WILLY. That's a nice how-do-you-do, isn't it?

HUMBLE. You obviously know very little of the ways of the Beeple.

JOHN WILLY. I don't know as I want to know much more . . . Polished 'em all off, eh? — I can't get over it. Poor little things.

HUMBLE. They died for the Beeple. And after all, they would have done the same to her.

JOHN WILLY. Would they?

HUMBLE. Oh yes.

JOHN WILLY. What a rotten lot. I'm glad I'm not a bee.

HUMBLE. Anyhow, there it is. She's the only one, so as far as I'm concerned, it's quite hopeless.

JOHN WILLY. You should think yourself lucky. She might take it into her head to eliminate her husband as well.

HUMBLE. Oh, she will.

JOHN WILLY. What?

HUMBLE. It's only to be expected. He won't last long after the wedding.

JOHN WILLY. Well, I'll go to our house!

HUMBLE. Not before you have seen the Queebee. And we'd better leave—I have a thousand other things to do.

JOHN WILLY. Why, how many little brothers have *you* got to eliminate?

HUMBLE. What?

JOHN WILLY. Nothing. Lead on.

(They move off, HUMBLE leading, the WARBEES following).

(Front-cloth of giant grasses and common plants. HUMBLE, JOHN WILLY and the WARBEES re-enter. John Willy is talking, but HUMBLE is scarcely listening).

JOHN WILLY. Mind you, I never thought it would work, you know. I got the shock of my life when I got in and pressed a button that said Superdrive and we shot off. I did an' all; you could have knocked—

HUMBLE. You know, I've just been thinking.

JOHN WILLY. Eh?

HUMBLE. What did you say your name was?

JOHN WILLY. John Willy.

HUMBLE. Yes. Well, there's something I think I should say to you, John Willy.

JOHN WILLY. Oh? What's that?

HUMBLE. Well, alien intruder or not, you have twice been of assistance to me, and I feel I should help you in return.

JOHN WILLY. You going to let me go?

HUMBLE. Well no, I can't go as far as that.

JOHN WILLY. Oh.

HUMBLE. But it might help you if I were to tell you how best to approach the Queebie. She can be a little formidable, you know.

JOHN WILLY. So can my Mum.

HUMBLE. Your what?

JOHN WILLY. My mum. She can be a Tartar when she's that way out.

HUMBLE. Yes, well, I've always found flattery to be a great help when dealing with a female.

JOHN WILLY. Oh yes, a bit of soft soap works wonders.

HUMBLE. Quite. But one must be subtle. Don't over-do it, or it will make her worse than ever, you understand?

JOHN WILLY. Oh, don't worry. I can be proper subtle when I try.

HUMBLE. Good. I just thought I'd tell you.

JOHN WILLY. Thanks very much.

(They continue off).

(The Throne Room of the Palace of Hex. Everything is pale-gold, shining, and hexagonal, from the comb-like hanging screens to the dais and throne in the centre, and the gleaming well-waxed floor-tiles.

Two CHARBEES are engaged in rubbing and polishing the throne and dais. To them enters HEBE, a female major-domo and personal assistant to the Queebee).

CHARBEE 1. Mind you, it's all according to your joints.

HEBE. What is?

CHARBEE 1. Rheumatism.

HEBE. Oh, is it?

CHARBEE 1. Well, it's bound to be, isn't it? The more joints you have, the more rheumatism you're going to get, aren't you?

HEBE. I suppose you are. I hadn't thought of it like that.

CHARBEE 1. It stands to reason.

CHARBEE 2. I think it's all according to the small of your back.

HEBE. How do you mean?

CHARBEE 2. When the small of your back's too big, there's bound to be trouble sooner or later.

CHARBEE 1. I've always had a very good small of me back.

CHARBEE 2. How do you know?

CHARBEE 1. Well, of course I know.

CHARBEE 2. Have you ever seen it?

CHARBEE 1. No.

CHARBEE 2. Well, then.

(Pause. They polish in silence).

HEBE.	} (together)	Mind you—
CHARBEE 1.		O' course—
CHARBEE 2.		O' course—

CHARBEE 1. What were you going to say?

HEBE. I was going to say a headache is something else again.

CHARBEE 2. Oh, you don't have to talk to me about headaches. I know all about headaches.

CHARBEE 1. It's a vicious circle.

HEBE. What is?

CHARBEE 1. Headache. It's when your eyeballs swivel too far round one way.

CHARBEE 2. Is it?

CHARBEE 1. Yes. Then they have that much further to swivel back, and your brain gets confused.

HEBE. Fancy.

CHARBEE 1. Then you get headache.

CHARBEE 2. There's always something, I know that.

CHARBEE 1. We keep living, though, don't we?

CHARBEE 2. Yes, we keep living.

CHARBEE 1. If we don't all get murdered in our combs.

HEBE. The less said about that the better. He's on the rampage again, you know.

CHARBEE 1. He isn't!

HEBE. He is.

CHARBEE 1. He oughtn't to be allowed.

CHARBEE 2. No, he shouldn't.

CHARBEE 1. He should be put a stop to.

HEBE. And what are they doing about it, I'd like to know?

CHARBEE 2. Talk.

CHARBEE 1. They're all talk.

CHARBEE 2 (*admiring her polishing*). There now, how's that?

HEBE. Lovely, dear. It's really lovely.

CHARBEE 1. Rampaging about . . .

CHARBEE 2. Murdering beeples.

CHARBEE 1. Robbing beeples of their hard-earned honey.

HEBE. He'll not be satisfied till he's been the ruin of us all.

CHARBEE 2. Down with Wossup the Terrible, I say.

CHARBEE 1. So do I. Down with Wossup the Terrible.

CHARBEE 2. Yes.

HEBE. And all his works.

CHARBEE 1. That's right.

(*Three buzzes on a distant buzzer*).