

The Lonely Beekeeper



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by

DO IT
THEATRE

Designed by Steven Fraser

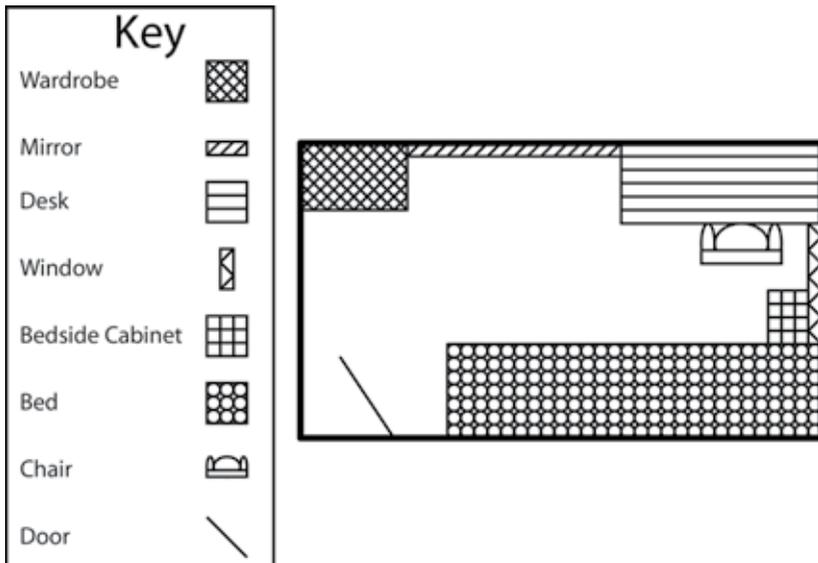
The Lonely BeeKeeper

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

The Lonely Beekeeper is a one man Private Play. A friend will be needed as a foley artist and to turn off your bedroom lights, or you can just perform by yourself in your bedroom and make believe.



The Lonely BeeKeeper

Introduction

Private Plays are short one man/woman plays that participants can perform in their own homes, in their own good time. Acting ability and an audience is not required, just a sense of fun and adventure. Private Plays tend to be adult in nature and are not recommend to be performed in front of children and grandparents.

Premise

An angry and haphazard beekeeper vents their anger.

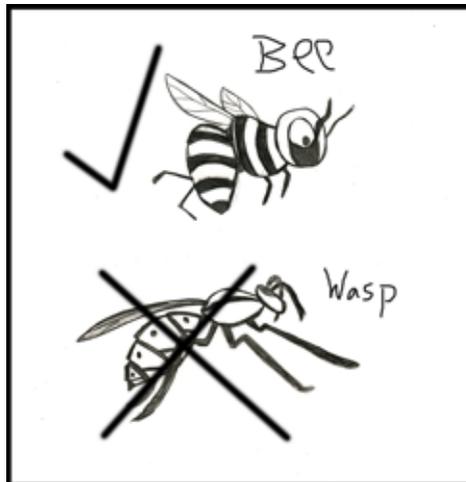
Characters

Alex is a clumsy, angry, beekeeper. Alex can be male or female depending on who is performing the play.

Alex wears an eye patch (if you don't have a patch the same effect can be achieve by closing one eye).

Set and Props

An average bedroom. It will need to have a mirror and a CD player with the album Weald by singer songwriter Rob St. John ready to play. On the mirror a photograph of Ashley will be needed. Ashley can be male or female depending on what sexuality you would like Alex to be.



The Lonely BeeKeeper

Alex swiftly enters his/her bedroom walks over to the CD player and presses play. He/She appears distressed. He/She then walks over to the mirror and stares intently at his/her reflection.

The song Sargasso Sea comes on the CD player. The volume is loud enough to be heard, but not loud enough to drown out the voice. Alex is wearing an eye patch.

Alex: Fucking bees, buzzing around by head. I should have never bought that hive.

Rapping sound at window

Alex: They're coming for me. It's because I squashed The Queen.

Pause as Alex composes himself/herself.

Alex: I could smell the honey. I picked up the cover to the hive with the bees still on it. I tried to lick the thing - I adore honey, but one of the bastards stung me, right in the god dam eye. I fell over in pain and dropped the cover. My initial reaction was shit, the bees are out of the hive. My second reaction was... my bloody eye is sore.

Alex's hips begin to sway with the music as he/she talks.

Alex: I picked myself up and looked down at the broken hive cover on the floor. I could see

her, I could see The Queen. Squashed. A blue ooze, going from her frail skeleton and a loose flapping wing.

Pause

Alex: Three flaps, two flaps, one flap, dead. I gently put my hands out to pick her up. But my depth perception was off and I just slapped the corpse in the face. Insult to fatal injury.

Alex falls to his/her knees.

Alex: Your majesty, oh my god your majesty. Forgive me, forgive my clumsiness. Forgive my stupidity.

(Shouting) Spare me, Spare me from my constant ignorance and my lack of coordination. I am condemned to a lifetime of falling over. I am condemned, I am condemned.

Alex slowly rises to his/her feet.

Alex: That's why Ashley left. I was always falling over. Ashley couldn't take it. We couldn't go out. My two left feet would kick each other and I would spend the evening picking myself up from the concrete.

Alex points at the photo of Ashley on the mirror.

Alex: And you hated Bees. How could Ashley, how could you?

Alex pauses again to regain composure and begins

to readdress the mirror.

Alex: Then I ran. As fast as I could, to the hospital. They gave me a wet paper towel to put over my eye as I waited for Dr Farquhar.

Pause.

Alex: Dr Farquhar entered, smelling of good health. The Doctor looked like medicine personified. I bet Farquhar tasted like Calpol. I decided to flirt, which is hard with one eye.

Alex talks with a sultry tone.

Alex: "Did you know that it's mating seasons for bees right in this very instant of time. They make love with a bit of a sting. Of course bee sex is as sweet as honey..."

Alex talks normal again, addressing the mirror.

Alex: I went on like this for a while as The Doctor injected something into my eye. Fucking sore. And then I was made to swallow some pills and then I had to read out some letters on a board.

Alex talks sultry again.

Alex: "Did you know The Queen has several partners per mating cycle. It's very interesting in fact..."

Alex addresses the mirror as himself/herself again, but sounds frustrated and assertive.

Alex: I've never met an individual so uninterested in my beekeeping tales. Heart breaking, stomach sickening, eye pulsating, boring life.

Alex pauses.

Alex: So why am I telling you this.

Alex points to his/her reflection in the mirror, which points back.

Alex: You can save me. You can stop me from falling again.

Alex puts his/her hand out and gently touches the mirror. It appears as if the hands are touching one another. Alex then swiftly removes his/her hand from the mirror and claps two times.

The house lights go down and the bedroom is in complete darkness.

The music from the CD player continues and after several seconds the lights are turned back on.

Alex is lying on his/her bed. He/She is looking up at the ceiling with his/her good eye and appears content.

Alex: I can tell my mirror my problems and they go away. I realised this today after Farquhar blew me off. I can only love myself. I can only love my reflection. So now you are my only love. Ashley left, the bees hate me and The Queen is

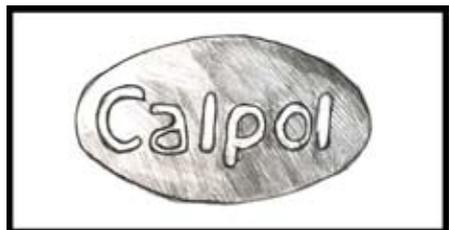
dead. It's just you and me now, just you and me.

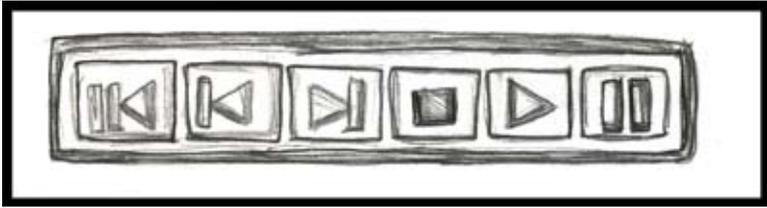
Alex gets up from the bed and stares at the mirror.

Alex: It's just you and me.

There is a rapping sound at the window.

The End





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