

The Busy Little Bee

A Play for Children

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CHARACTERS

FLOWER	A bright cherry flower and our humble narrator. (Preferably male.)
BEBE	A honey bee with a penchant for daydreaming.
WORKER BEE	A critical, fellow honey bee.
BUMBLE BEE	A motorcycle driving no-funny-business bee.
LADYBUG	A pretty little bug who speaks Chinese.
SPANISH FLY	A friendly vacationing insect.
POODLE	A snippy (very) French poodle.
GNOME	A kind German-speaking garden gnome.
ITALIAN CHEF	An Italian chef (of course!)
QUEEN BEE	A queen, naturally.

SETTING

The countryside surrounding BEBE's hive.

WORDS LEARNED IN THIS PLAY

CHINESE

Ni hao = Hello

Xie xie = Thank You

SPANISH

Hola = Hello

Me llamo... = My name is...

FRENCH

Bonjour = Good day

GERMAN

Wunderbar = Wonderful

ITALIAN

Grazie = Thank You

AT RISE: A FLOWER stands before the
audience.

 FLOWER
One particularly warm summer day, a little bee set out as
usual into the bright, sunny world.

 (BEBE flies through the scene skipping lazily
and humming to herself.)

 FLOWER
She was a honey bee, and, in this case, she was a worker
bee. At least, she was supposed to be a worker bee. But
every day, and on this day in particular, this worker bee
managed to avoid work all together.

 BEBE
What a glorious day! How wonderful would it be to just go
to the beach and build a sandcastle....

 FLOWER
Every day BeBe's daydreaming got in the way of her pulling
her weight back at the hive, and the other bees were
starting to take notice.

 WORKER BEE
 (A bit of a school marm, sweeping up
 around her as she flies.)
You might try doing some work once in a while!

 BEBE
Oh! You startled me.

 WORKER BEE
You know, the queen's not too happy with your performance,
BeBe.

 FLOWER
All worker bees live in a hive. Every day they collect
pollen to take back to the hive and together they make it
into honey. This honey is their food. The boss of all
worker bees is the queen bee - there can only be one queen.
She's the only bee allowed to just stay at home. She's the
queen!

 BEBE

Didn't you ever feel as though you wanted to take a day off?

WORKER BEE

No. I'm a worker bee. There are no days off for worker bees. Worker bees work every day of their lives, even in winter when they're hibernating. *Worker bees work.* That's what we do. All 50,000 of us in the hive -- except for YOU.

BEBE

I do my share.

WORKER BEE

It takes 556 worker bees to make one pound of honey. Do you know how many flowers we have to visit in order to make one pound of honey?

BEBE

Um....

FLOWER

Does anyone out there know how many flowers 556 bees would have to visit to make one pound of honey?

(FLOWER takes suggestions from the audience.)

Two million. 556 worker bees have to visit two million flowers to make just one pound of honey. That means they have to fly over 55,000 miles!

WORKER BEE

Do your share, BeBe. Or we're going to have to kick you out of the hive.

BEBE

Kick me out of the hive!

WORKER BEE

I overheard one of the queen's attendants talking about it. She said if you don't put in a hard day's work collecting pollen today, you're out.

BEBE

Oh, no!. Where would I go?

WORKER BEE

Get to work so you don't need to find out. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to get back to work.

BEBE

But...but...how do I start?

WORKER BEE

Are you kidding me? Go where the flowers are!

BEBE

But...where are they?

WORKER BEE

They're everywhere. But if you want my recommendation, I'd start by going west. Now it's time for me to buzz off.

FLOWER

And the worker bee flew off. And BeBe decided that no matter what it took, she was going to go west, and find herself a flower. She started off confidently, in a westerly direction, or so she thought. And after a little while, she wondered if she was flying west after all.

BEBE

Hmmmmmm... Well, if the sun rises in the east, and I can see it rising now...then that way must be east. But...how does it work.

(She points, and keeps getting it all wrong.)

It's north, south, east, and west. Right?

FLOWER

I think BeBe is going to need our help.

(He turns around so that he is facing the same direction as the audience.

He points in the direction as he announces it.)

North, South, East, West. Try it with me, and move your arms. North, South, East, West.

(This should go on until the FLOWER thinks

All of the kids have gotten it.)

Should we try to help BeBe?

BEBE

This way's North, right?

(Here, the flower encourages the audience's help.)

This way? Did you say this way? Then which way is south? East? That means, this way must be west! Thank you so much!

FLOWER

And she flew off, feeling more optimistic than ever. But still, no flowers. After feeling a little lost, she decided she'd ask for directions.

(Beat.)

But first, maybe you can help me *announce* our next visitor. You all know what sound a bee makes, right? Bzzzzzzzz. That buzzing sound is its wings flapping 200 times per second. Do you know how many wings a honey bee has? They have four wings total. Two on each side. You know how to make a buzzing sound. Let's make the biggest buzz we can. Ready, on three. One, two, three!

(When the audience is buzzing loudly,
BEBE flies up next to a thuggish BUMBLE BEE,
who is riding a loud "buzzing" motorcycle.
BEBE runs next to him to keep up.)

BEBE

Excuse me!

(Panting.)

Excuse me!

BUMBLE BEE

You talkin' to me?

BEBE

Yes! I wanted to know if you could point me towards a flower to pollinate.

BUMBLE BEE

I'm busy.

BEBE

Oh, please! I have to make some honey and I was hoping you could help me. We are cousins after all.

BUMBLE BEE

(Stops riding.)

Look...I know being a honey bee you're so worried about honey and all that, but...I'm not as busy as you are. I'm trying to enjoy my day and take it slow. So...if you don't mind...*buzz off*.

BEBE

Wait...why are you so...hairy?

BUMBLE BEE

Because I'm a bumble bee. We're hairy. I make honey, too. But not like my life depends on it like you do. I don't live in a hive. I live...underground.

BEBE

Yes. I've heard about you. You can be very dangerous.

BUMBLE BEE

Danger's my middle name, Babe.

BEBE

Yeah. Okay, well...in that case, I'll let you...get on with your day.

BUMBLE BEE

(Revs up his engine.)

Just do me a favor. Don't mistake us again. You and me...we're not the same.

FLOWER

(To audience.)

Are bumble bees the same as honey bees? Why or why not?

(The BUMBLE BEE takes answers and then...)

BUMBLE BEE

I gotta buzz off. See ya around. Maybe.

FLOWER

And he flew off.... And Bebe vowed to never mistake a bumble bee and a honey bee for the same ever again. After all, they were very different creatures. The bumble bee was much larger than the honey bee. And, as Bebe noted, covered in hair. But the bumble bee's main goal in life wasn't to make honey. And that's the main difference. Did you know that honey bees are the only insect that makes food humans can eat? Every insect serves its purpose in nature. Some of them are actually very pretty to look at.

(BEBE stumbles upon a LADYBUG admiring herself in the mirror.)

BEBE

Hello.

(The LADYBUG looks BEBE's way, and then dismisses her with a "humph".)

BEBE

Well...you don't need to be like that.

(LADYBUG isn't listening, she's making
cooing faces at herself in the mirror.)

BEBE

Excuse me...

(No response.)

Excuse me!

(Exasperated, the LADYBUG turns to BEBE.)

BEBE

I was wondering if perhaps you could help me. I'm a honey
bee, and I'm looking for a flower to pollinate.

LADYBUG

(Turning only slightly away from her mirror.)
Do I *not* look like I'm busy?

BEBE

No. You don't.

(Beat.)

Aw, who am I kidding. A little beetle wouldn't know
anything about pollinating flowers.

LADYBUG

(Appalled.)
Who are you calling a beetle? I am a *ladybug*. And I
demand that you treat me like a lady.

BEBE

Well, I'm a lady, too.

LADYBUG

No you're not. You're a honey bee. A worker bee no less.
While you're working, why don't you run to the store and
fetch me some lipstick.

BEBE

Hey! I'm not your slave.

LADYBUG

You are so a slave. You're a slave to your queen. Now run
along...*worker bee*.

BEBE

I will not run along...*beetle*.

LADYBUG

Don't you call me a beetle!

BEBE

I will if I want to.

LADYBUG

You fly around all day and...do what? Collect pollen to make honey? So...?

BEBE

Well, I'll have you know that until today, I haven't even done that! I'm usually daydreaming. Like you!

LADYBUG

Not at all like me. People are afraid of you. They see you coming and they scream, "Oh, no! Somebody save me! It's a beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" But they see me and they're happy. They put me on their finger and they blow and I fly off. You know why? Because the ladybug is a symbol of good luck.

BEBE

Some people think that bees are a sign of good luck, too.

LADYBUG

No, way.

BEBE

Yes, way! It's said that if a bee flies into your house you shouldn't kill it because it's a prosperous sign.

LADYBUG

Really?

BEBE

Yup.

LADYBUG

Well...I beat my wings 85 times a second.

BEBE

(Looks at audience and winks.)

He, he...

FLOWER

(To audience.)

Does anyone remember how fast a honeybee beats its wings every second? Is it a hundred times per second? 200 times per second? Or 300 times per second? It's 200 times.

LADYBUG

200 times per second? Well...I admit that's fast...I guess...but...did you know that I can bite?! Yes. I can. I'm not just a pretty face.

BEBE

Do the bites hurt?

LADYBUG

Well...not exactly. I mean, if a human being squeezed me my only defense would be to bite them. But...I'm afraid I'm too small for my bite to hurt.

BEBE

Bite? Are you kidding me?

(BEBE waves her stinger at LADYBUG in a taunting dance.)

LADYBUG

Oh, drat. I give up.

BEBE

Truth is...this isn't a contest. You and I are very different bugs.

LADYBUGS

I guess. Where are you from?

BEBE

(Thinks, and points.)

East.

(To audience.)

Is that east?

LADYBUGS

Oh, no. I meant...where did you originate from?

BEBE

Well...honeybees were brought to the United States from many other countries. My ancestors are from China.

LADYBUGS

Mine, too!

BEBE

Well, it looks as though we have something in common after all.

LADYBUGS

Do you know how to speak Chinese?

BEBE

Are you kidding? I could never speak Chinese.

LADYBUGS

Of course you can. You can learn anything you want to if you take it slow. Let's start with something very simple. Ni hao.

(Beat.)

Don't be afraid. Just take it sound by sound.

FLOWER

Let's help BeBe learn to speak Chinese. Let's take it one word at a time. The first is Ni. Say it with me. One, two, three.

(They repeat.)

Good. And now for the second part: hao.

(They repeat.)

Let's put the two together. And because in English we have words that are so similar, let's remember them like this. Ni.

(He points to his knee.)

And "hao".

(He makes a questioning gesture with his arms and cocks his head to the side.)

Repeat it with me.

(The audience and the actors repeat the word a few times.)

BEBE

I think I have it down now. But what does it mean?

LADYBUG

It means...hello.

BEBE

I can't believe even I can speak Chinese!

LADYBUG

It's not hard if you just take your time.

BEBE

How do you say "thank you"?

LADYBUG

Xie xie. It's easy. Sounds just like you're saying the letter "z" twice.

FLOWER

Let's all thank the lady bug together. The word is xie xie, just like the letter "z". On three, ready? One, two, three.

LADYBUG

And I think you'll find some flowers by flying that way.

BEBE

Thank you so much. Xie xie!

LADYBUG

I'm even going to let you blow on me and make a wish for good luck.

FLOWER

Let's all do this together. On three, we'll all make a wish...you got your wish? And we'll blow on the ladybug together. Ready? One, two, three!

(The crowd and BEBE blow at the LADYBUG
and she pirouettes off stage.
A fly comes onto the scene, taking
pictures with a camera.)

BEBE

Oh, great! This guy looks like he can help me. Excuse me, sir!

SPANISH FLY

(Focusing on a photo he's taking.)

Yes?

BEBE

Would you by chance know of any flowers nearby that I might be able to pollinate?

SPANISH FLY

What do I look like?

BEBE

An insect?

SPANISH FLY

That's right. But I don't pollinate flowers. Rather, I eat flowers.

BEBE

You do? Why?

SPANISH FLY

Because I get hungry, that's why. Just because I'm an insect doesn't mean I pollinate like you. You are a honey bee.

BEBE

So, what are you?

SPANISH FLY

I...

(He strikes a triumphant matador-like pose.)

Am a Spanish Fly.

BEBE

A Spanish Fly? But...what's your real name?

SPANISH FLY

Spanish Fly.

BEBE

And why do they call you that?

SPANISH FLY

Because I am Spanish. And I am a fly.

BEBE

So, you live in Spain?

SPANISH FLY

Yes! That is why I am a Spanish Fly.

BEBE

Then what are you doing here?

SPANISH FLY

What do you think? I'm on vacation!

BEBE

Oh, I see. Are you having a good time?

SPANISH FLY

Oh, yes. This is such beautiful countryside! I hope you don't mind if I take some pictures while we're talking. When I see something fun or interesting, I just have to capture it with my camera. Oh, look at this interesting thing over there!

(He goes into the audience.)

I've never seen a creature like it!

(He snaps a picture with his fake camera.)

Remarkable! Are you an insect, too?

(The SPANISH FLY improves his way taking
Pictures through the audience.)

SPANISH FLY

This is an amazing place! So many insects I've never seen before!

(He gestures to the audience.)

BEBE

Do you miss Spain?

SPANISH FLY

Of course I miss my home. The best thing about it is my family. I know they miss me, but it's good to meet new people and be introduced to so many new experiences. That's one of the best things about traveling.

BEBE

That's true. It's important not to get so focused that you forget to have fun...and make friends. Tell me something about Spain!

SPANISH FLY

Spain is a remarkable country. The capital of Spain is a city called Madrid. We're a very festive culture, known for our dances and celebrations, like the flamenco.

(He does a little sample of a dance.)

In May there is one very special festival in honor of the patron saint of Madrid. Can you guess what the festival is for?

(He puts his head down, using his antenna like horns, and pretends to charge BEBE, who falls into matador mode.)

FLOWER

Do you know what the fly is supposed to be? A bull!

SPANISH FLY

Bullfighting is a tradition in Spain. And for two weeks in May there is a festival to celebrate it.

BEBE

That's amazing. Say, as you've been traveling the countryside, would you happen to know of any pretty flowers nearby?

SPANISH FLY

Si, si! There are some of the prettiest flowers I have ever seen just that way.

BEBE

Thank you so much. Wait! I don't even know your name.

SPANISH FLY

(Holds out his hand for her to shake.)

Hola. Me llamo Carlos. That means: Hello. My name is Carlos.

FLOWER

Can you help Bebe learn how to speak Spanish? Let's try the first part together. Hola!

(Pause.)

Now, the second part. Let's take it slow. Me llamo. That means, "my name is..." Let's try is together.

(Pause.)

Does anyone feel comfortable trying this on their own?

(After FLOWER has worked with the audience, he addresses them for a last time.)

FLOWER

Gracias, everyone.

BEBE

Hola. Me llamo Bebe!

(She shakes the SPANISH FLY's hand.)

Now, I must be off. I have to pollinate some flowers today.

SPANISH

Well, it was very nice to meet you Bebe. But before you go, can I take your picture?

BEBE

Sure!

SPANISH FLY

Strike a pose!

(She does.)

Gracias! Goodbye!

BEBE

Goodbye!!!

(Beat.)

Now...let me think...did he say the flowers were this way? Or that way?

FLOWER

She flew around and around and around...and after a little while, not used to all that hard work, she sat down for a rest.

(BEBE sits down next to a sleeping French poodle.)

BEBE

Boy...collecting pollen sure is hard work. I never thought trying to find a flower would be so exhausting. Maybe I'll just have a rest right here, where it's warm and comfy.

FLOWER

And she lay down...it sure was warm and comfy all right. For a little while.

(BEBE is snoring quietly in unison with the sleeping dog. Still in sleep mode,

the dog opens one eye and watches BEBE
sleeping, before jumping up into fighting mode.)

BEBE

What the... Oh, hello!

POODLE

(Sadistically.)

Bonjour.

(The POODLE takes off chasing BEBE,
yippling and growling.)

BEBE

Wait, this is silly, can't we just be friends?

(As BEBE comes towards the dog, she
becomes suddenly afraid, and whiningly
runs away from the bee.)

BEBE

Wait! Wait! I just need to know where there's a flower!
Can you please help me?

(The dog looks at BEBE, puzzled. BEBE holds
out a hand to shake.)

BEBE

My name is BEBE.

POODLE

(Lifting a paw in "shake" mode.)

Bonjour.

BEBE

What?

POODLE

(In thick French accent.)

Bonjour! I am a French poodle. And in France, we say,
"bonjour".

BEBE

I've never heard that word before. Can you say it with me?

FLOWER

Would you like to know how to say "hello" in French? Let's practice together. Let's try it in two parts, "bon", which means good. And "jour", which means day. Then you put them together. Repeat after me, "bonjour!"

BEBE

Bonjour! What a beautiful word! Now I can speak French.

POODLE

Oui! (That means, yes!)

(Beat.)

Wait...aren't you going to sting me?

BEBE

Sting you? Why would I want to do a thing like that?

POODLE

Because...that's what bees do. *They sting.*

BEBE

Oh, no. That's what most people think. But it's really not true. You see, bees like me only sting when we think we're in danger. Usually that comes when someone is scaring us by swatting and screaming. What most people don't realize is, our bodies are not meant to sting anyone. Once we sting someone, we die. So, we don't want to do it. Only when we feel we really, really have to -- because we're in danger.

POODLE

Really?

BEBE

I promise.

POODLE

Ooh, la la!

BEBE

I hope this means we can be friends.

POODLE

But of course! Now that I know you don't want to sting me. Stop by any time. I would love to have you in my home.

BEBE

Oh, thank you. Now I must be on my way.

POODLE

Merci! Au revoir!

FLOWER

Bebe continued on, until she found a large meadow with nothing in it but burnt yellow grass and the sound of the wind.

BEBE

Wow...I wonder what this place used to be.

(She spots a GARDEN GNOME, posed and smiling.)

BEBE

Excuse me, Sir...would you happen to know where I might find a flower to pollinate?

(He doesn't answer, and she flies around him, trying to catch his eye.)

Excuse me? Hello? Um...bonjour?! Bonjour?!

BEBE

(Frustrated, leans up against the gnome.)
Aw, he's nothing but a silly garden gnome.

GNOME

(Springing to life.)
Hallo!

BEBE

(Screams, startled.)
Oh, my...you can talk.

GNOME

Ja! Ja!

BEBE

Oh, no...you speak a whole other language. Where are you from?

GNOME

Germany.

BEBE

Germany?! That's an awfully long way to come and stand in an open field.

GNOME

(With German accent.)

But when I came, three short years ago, this was not an open field. It was a farm. A watermelon farm.

BEBE

I loooooooooooooooooove watermelon! How do you say watermelon in German?

GNOME

Wassermelone! It is a wonderful word.

BEBE

It is. But what happened to them?

GNOME

Well...perhaps I should be asking you.

BEBE

Pardone moi?

GNOME

Well, it's because of the honey bees. They didn't come around last year. And, as you know, when a honey bee extracts pollen to take back to the hive, they "exchange" with the flower. This pollination process is the only way seeds can grow to become fruits and vegetables. But without it, crops will die. Just like this one.

BEBE

That's terrible. I feel so selfish. I knew I had to collect pollen to make honey for our queen, but I never thought about how important my job was for all the people out there who eat watermelon—

GNOME

And broccoli.

BEBE

And carrots—

GNOME

And apples--

BEBE

And cherries—

GNOME

And almost any kind of berry.

BEBE

Are there more?

GNOME

Much, much more.

BEBE

(Beat.)

Well, it was wonderful to meet you, Mr. Gnome. But I think I must be on my way. I have a lot of crops to save!

GNOME

In my native Germany, we don't say wonderful. We say wunderbar!

BEBE

Wunderbar! I could say that all day long!

FLOWER

(To audience.)

Let's try it together, ready? Wunderbar! Now you know how to speak German, too.

BEBE

Goodbye! Until we meet again!

GNOME

Goodbye, Bebe! Auf Wiedersehen!

(BEBE now flies with definite direction.)

FLOWER

BEBE now flew around with purpose. Knowing how important her job was, she was determined to find a flower to pollinate. And when she found that flower, the two would meet and—

(FLOWER and BEBE meet, and lock eyes.
Just like in West Side Story, they circle
around one another, love locked.
Eventually, they break into a balletic

duet that resembles something like Swan Lake.)

FLOWER

(Dramatically.)

What happens now, my lovely little bee?

BEBE

I must...I must leave you...

FLOWER

Must you?

BEBE

I must. But not for long. Before you know it...I will return.

FLOWER

Return to me...my little bee.

FLOWER

And though the flower was in love with the bee, he let her go. For a little while.

(Beat.)

You see...when a bee finds a flower to pollinate, their job is to fly back to the hive as fast as they can...

(BEBE puts on aviator glasses, tucks and flies.)

And their job is to alert the other bees as to exactly where this flower is. You know how?

(BEBE, with her back to the audience,
spins around and performs an elaborately
choreographed hip hop routine.)

FLOWER

Dancing. That's right. You wouldn't believe me, but the honey bee who has found the flower does a dance. In the bee world, it's called a wiggle dance. It make just look like a lot of random buzzing around to you and me, but this dance is very precise. It gives exact directions as to where the flower can be found. That bee then becomes the hero for the day.

(FLOWER is interrupted by an ITALIAN CHEF,
screaming, running through the scene.)

FLOWER

Wait...did you all see something?

(He asks the audience. BEBE stands looking, not sure what she saw, either.)

FLOWER (cont.)

Well, as I was saying—

(The CHEF runs through the scene again, screaming. He comes back around, huffing and puffing, addressing the audience.)

CHEF

You won't believe what I just saw. I was minding my own business, looking at the beautiful flowers and then a swarm of bees came rushing towards me and...and...oh! It's so horrible.

(He collapses on the ground in horror.)

BEBE

(Going to him to comfort him.)

So, what did you do?

CHEF

(Not looking at her.)

I did what was natural, of course. I screamed, flailed my arms around and...

(He looked up at BEBE, finally noticing she's a bee.)

Ran!

BEBE

No! No, wait!!!

(CHEF runs, BEBE runs after him in an attempt to calm him down.)

BEBE

Stop!

CHEF

Get away from me!

BEBE

Please! Let me explain!

CHEF

(Stops running, assumes a karate chop pose.)
I should warn you - I know karate. And I'm not afraid to use it!

BEBE
I don't want to sting you!

CHEF
I bet that's what you say to all your victims!

BEBE
No, really. Please-

CHEF
Don't come any closer!

BEBE
How can I make you understand?

FLOWER
(To audience.)
Let's help the chef learn what we learned today, all right?
Yes or no...when you see a bee you should scream, wave your arms and run.

(Pause.)
The answer is no. Bees will get scared.

CHEF
Really? Do bees have feelings?

BEBE
Of course we have feelings. I'm an animal, too, you know.

CHEF
I never thought of it that way.

BEBE
What are you doing out here anyway?

CHEF
Well, I came from Italy to start my own restaurant. I grow all of my vegetables right over there in my garden.

BEBE
Oh, you have a garden!

FLOWER

(To audience.)

What do we know about bees and garden vegetables?

(Pause. Takes answers.)

Without bees, we wouldn't even have vegetables. Because it's the pollination process that makes vegetables grow. And that's what bees are responsible for.

BEBE

So, you see, we were friends long before we met.

CHEF

I really didn't know how much I needed you...until now.

(He holds out his hand for her to shake.)

Thank you so much. Or, as we say in Italian, grazie!

BEBE

Grazie! What does that mean?

CHEF

It means "thank you."

FLOWER

Can you say thank you in Italian? Let's try it together. Grazie!

(All of a sudden, the low hum of "God Save the Queen"—the ceremonial march—can be heard. In walks the QUEEN BEE, waving in that stiff, queen-like wave.)

BEBE

Oh, wow! The Queen Bee!

(She curtsy's and lowers her head.)

QUEEN BEE

Bebe...you have made me so proud of you. You really are incredible. Look at what a difference a day makes. You went from being a lazy bee, to a real worker bee. I would like to crown you...Queen Bee for A Day.

FLOWER

Yay Bebe!

(FLOWER applauds and encourages the audience to do the same.)

(BEBE shrieks as if she's just won a beauty pageant. A tiara is placed over her head, and she's given a bouquet of flowers. She walks forward, waves, and prepares to speak.)

BEBE

I want like to thank my family, for making this moment possible. Without your support—all 50,000 of you—this moment never would have been possible. I would also like to thank all of the wonderful and interesting friends I met along my journey. Wunderbar! And I would most of all like to thank Miss Worker Bee who, at the start of the day, encouraged me to go out there and make something of myself. It's thanks to her that I learned how important it is for each and every one of us to do our share. Not just for ourselves, but because we all have an opportunity to make a difference in this world. It may seem small, but many small efforts add up to one big effort. And I'm delighted to be a part of it.

QUEEN BEE

It's important to remember that every day, every single person has a chance to make a difference in their own way. The little things you do add up to be great things. Whether it's studying hard at school, or helping clean up, or even just being kind to someone. It's very, very easy to make a difference in the world.

BEBE

Now I know. I'm going to try to do something good every single day.

QUEEN BEE

Yes, well...don't forget...you're only queen for the day. So...tomorrow you'll have to go out and work again.

BEBE

I'm looking forward to it, Your Majesty.

ALL TOGETHER

And they all lived happily ever after. The end!

END OF PLAY