

**FLORA MEETS A BEE**

a play for grades K-3

by Morag Shepherd



**PLAN-B**  
Theatre Company



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 and Brenda Hattingh as Bee and the secondary cast of Darby Mest as Bee and Isabella Reeder as Flora.

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CHARACTERS

FLORA, a Latina foster child of 8

BEE, a Bee

TIME

Now

SETTING

The yard of FLORA's new foster family

(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.)

FLORA: Oh. My. Goodness. Gee Whiz.

(BEE tries to hide. FLORA follows her.)

FLORA: Are you a bee?

BEE: Um!

(FLORA starts to cry.)

BEE: 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.

(SHE turns around.)

BEE: 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.

(SHE 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: Sleeeeeep.

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.)

FLORA: 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.)

FLORA: 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.)

FLORA: The only thing I see, is you.

BEE: That's okay. No one can take that, so I'm fine with people seeing me.

FLORA: Can I borrow a joke?

BEE: I don't do borrowing. When borrowing happens, no one knows who owns what, and things get very confusing. When I'm confused, I don't know where to look, and my eyes go like this.

FLORA: Your eyes are purple tulips.

BEE: They are?

FLORA: They look like hands that are covering their faces.

BEE: I can't see it.

(BEE gets angry.)

FLORA: Aww, your eyes are angry flowers.

BEE: I'm not angry.

FLORA: Mi madre dice que solo los reyes y las reinas pueden ver tulpanes morados y, como todo podemos verlos, todos somos realeze. *(My mother said that purple tulips mean royalty and because we can see them, we are all royalty.)*

BEE: My eyes are just black bee eyes. The most boring of all.

FLORA: Your eyes are full of flowers. They're beautiful.

BEE: You shouldn't use make-believe. It doesn't belong to you.

FLORA: I use and borrow things all the time. All these clothes were lent to me by other kids. I borrow twigs. Songs. Words. I even have this.

(SHE pulls out a penny from HER pocket.)

FLORA: Mi madre me to dio el que me fui. Creo que me trae Buena suerte. *(My mother gave it to me before she left. I think it's lucky.)*

BEE: Parece que podria traer suerte. *(It looks like it could be lucky.)*

FLORA: I always keep it in my pocket, and when I get sad or something, I feel it there - and it makes me feel better.

BEE: I have this.

(BEE feels for the honey stick in her pocket, but it isn't there.)

BEE: My honey is gone.

FLORA: You have honey. I have money.

BEE: It must have fallen out of my pocket. I'm the unluckiest bee there ever was.

FLORA: I ate it!

BEE: That's why you're hands are so sticky, you little thief!

FLORA: I didn't mean to. I just saw it sticking out of your pocket, and I couldn't help it. The next thing I knew it was in my stomach and on my hands.

BEE: This is why I don't talk to anyone. Everyone is always trying to take my honey.

FLORA: Will you ever forgive me?

BEE: I'm busy, I have work to do.

FLORA: You're my best friend in the whole wide world.

BEE: You should get out more.

FLORA: Let's flip for it.

BEE: No, I'm not going to flip for it.

FLORA: Yes you will.

BEE: No.

(FLORA flips the coin in the air.)

FLORA: Heads or tails?

BEE: Heads.

FLORA: It's tails. I win.

BEE: You just tricked me into staying friends with you.

FLORA: You want to be friends with me. In three, two...

BEE: Are you using my magic on me?

FLORA: Your mind will be erased in one, two, three.

BEE: You will disappear in four, five...

FLORA: Six.

BEE: You're ruining my magic.

FLORA: Can we just agree that you're not very good at magic?

BEE: I will not negotiate with a child.

FLORA: Just admit that I'm your best friend!

BEE: You're not.

FLORA: And that you need my help to get the nectar.

BEE: I don't.

FLORA: And that you're never going to leave me, like everyone else does.

BEE: I'm leaving right now.

FLORA: No you're not.

(FLORA puts her hands on BEE. They are stuck together.)

BEE: Are you kidding me?

FLORA: I'm not sure I'm good at jokes. Shall I try?

BEE: No.

FLORA: There was an old lady, who swallowed a bee.

BEE: I hate it already.

FLORA: Be honest with yourself, you really like me.

BEE: You're a lot to take.

FLORA: Is that a good thing?

BEE: No!

FLORA: Seeing as though we're stuck together, what should we talk about?

BEE: I want to be angry - quietly.

FLORA: I'm sorry, but that's the most adorable thing I've ever heard, and I can't stay quiet about it. EVERYONE BE ANGRY.

BEE: NOW BE ANGRY QUIETLY.

FLORA: BE HAPPY LOUDLY.

BEE: BE HAPPY QUIETLY.

FLORA: Everyone did such a good job.

BEE: Are you a thief?

FLORA: People have definitely told me that, yes.

BEE: I knew it.

FLORA: I don't do it on purpose. I just see stuff that looks good, and then the next thing I know, it's in my hand.

BEE: Or in your mouth!

FLORA: I've stolen ice-cream, pie, candy - lots, and lots of candy. Suckers.

BEE: Suckers are candy.

FLORA: Bread. Sandwiches. Cake.

BEE: You have problems.

FLORA: If I see a can of soda, I can't even help myself. And I'm going to tell you a secret: soda is the greatest invention that ever ventioned.

BEE: You need help.

FLORA: It's like it's not even me that's doing it, it's the soda.

BEE: Try growing up.

FLORA: I'm trying, believe me, but my age is going very slow. I'm only eight, and I own hardly anything at all.

BEE: You owe me, kid.

FLORA: I can tell you a story.

BEE: I don't have time for a story. We'll be here till the morning. You owe me money.

FLORA: Te daria me centavo, pero no es mio para dar. (*I would give you my penny, but it's not really mine to give.*)

BEE: What do you mean?

FLORA: It was mi madre's, and it was her mother's, and she got it because it fell from the sky right after she threw one into a wishing well. So, I could give it to you, but it might lose its luck, and then it would be worthless.

BEE: When you say it like that, it makes me think I don't own anything at all.

FLORA: Unless it's a rock, you probably don't.

BEE: Great - now I'm worried.

FLORA: The kids don't look worried.

BEE: I guess you're smart, for an eight year old.

FLORA: I don't think I thought of it though. I might have borrowed the idea, or something.

BEE: I need to get away from you.

(BEE tries to get off of FLORA. FLORA tries to hold on to BEE.)

FLORA: You can't leave.

BEE: You can't keep me here.

FLORA: You want to stay, you just don't know it.

BEE: I do know it.

FLORA: You're just grumpy because you're so tired.

BEE: I'm not falling for that again.

(FLORA starts to sing.)

FLORA: Duerme pequeno, En poco mas

BEE: Stop it.

(FLORA continues to sing.)

FLORA: Sobre las nubes, Volando esta.

BEE: It's not fair. It sounds so so good. And you have such a good name. Nooooo.

FLORA: Tell me what you were doing, or I'll never stop.

BEE: I was collecting nectar from that kid right there.

FLORA: I knew it. Let me help you.

BEE: You'll steal it for yourself.

FLORA: I won't. I might. I'll try not to.

BEE: And I have to get it done. Today. Now.

FLORA: How do you carry it?

BEE: I collect it with my tongue. And store it in my honey stomach.

FLORA: You have a stomach just for honey?

BEE: Don't you?

FLORA: I don't think so.

BEE: That's weird.

FLORA: What does it taste like?

BEE: Like sugar. But, better.

FLORA: I want it.

BEE: You don't have the stomach.

FLORA: I want a honey stomach.

BEE: You're not a bee.

FLORA: I want to be a bee.

BEE: You're a kid, kid!

FLORA: And then what do you do?

BEE: When my stomach is full, I carry it back to the hive, and give it to the worker bees, who chew it for about half an hour. They pass it from bee to bee, until eventually it turns to honey. Then they store it in the honeycomb cells, and fan it with their wings to make it dry and more sticky.

FLORA: Like this?

(FLORA waves her hands.)

BEE: No. Like this.

(BEE flaps her hands.)

FLORA: Wow, you're so important. Everyone should help to keep you alive.

BEE: And everyone should help to keep you alive.

FLORA: You love me.

BEE: And, then, when it's ready, they seal it with a wax lid to keep it safe, so no one can take it or steal it. Or eat it!

FLORA: I wouldn't take it. I might. But, I wouldn't steal it.

BEE: A long time ago, before people lived on the Earth, Bees and flowers worked hard to make honey last a lifetime. But they used to just hold the nectar in their mouths, and it would fly out

and get stuck on the night, and that's how the stars are there. They are hardened rocks of honey, that shine like yellow glass. So, now, we swallow it and keep it in another stomach.

FLORA: You're the luckiest, best bee I've ever met. I mean, I've never talked to another bee, so I wouldn't really know. But, I wouldn't want another one - you're the grumpiest, luckiest, sweetest little bee in the world.

BEE: I'm not.

FLORA: You are.

BEE: Look.

(BEE produces a whistle out of thin air. She hands it to FLORA.)

FLORA: How did you do that?

BEE: It's a joke!

FLORA: It's a joke?

BEE: It's funny, huh?

FLORA: I mean. I guess if you blow it for long enough - that could be funny!

BEE: Why would you blow it?

FLORA: It's a whistle. It's for getting people's attention. Or dogs. I don't think it would work for fish though.

BEE: That's silly.

FLORA: Look.

(FLORA blows the whistle. BEE starts to laugh.)

BEE: My joke is funnier than I ever thought.

FLORA: It's not that funny.

BEE: It's the funniest joke that ever happened.

FLORA: I have a joke: EVERYONE SAY, "KNOCK KNOCK."

(EVERYONE says, "Knock knock.")

BEE: What?

FLORA: Say, "who's there."

BEE: Fine.

FLORA: KNOCK KNOCK.

BEE: Say, who's there.

FLORA: No, that's not right.

BEE: Who's, "No that's not right."

FLORA: Forget it.

BEE: You're terrible at telling jokes.

FLORA: No I'm not.

BEE: You are.

FLORA: I'm better than you.

BEE: You're not.

FLORA: I am.

BEE: You're not.

FLORA: I am.

BEE: You're not.

FLORA: I'm not.

BEE: You are.

FLORA: I'm not good at telling jokes.

BEE: You're the best joke teller I've ever heard in my life.

FLORA: I won.

BEE: You tricked me.

FLORA: One time I saw something shiny in a puddle. I put my hand in, and pulled out a piece of gold. And then, I put my hand back in, and guess what?

BEE: Nothing.

FLORA: I pulled out another piece of gold. And so I put my hand back in and pulled out another piece of gold. So, I put my hand in a fourth time, and guess what happened?

BEE: You found another piece of gold!

FLORA: No. I only found three bits, but I learned something important: *de vez en cuando algo puede pasar (anything can happen once)*. A kid and a bee can be the best of friends.

BEE: I wonder if honey will fall from the sky today?

FLORA: Anything can happen once.

FLORA: I won you over, didn't I? We're best friends forever, now. Right?

BEE: Maybe.

FLORA: Yay.

BEE: How long are you going to live here?

FLORA: I stay until they move me. Since I turned five, I've lived with lots of families. I've come and gone so many times that I talk to people like I've already met them. There's no use in waiting to say things, I think.

BEE: Yes, but you shouldn't talk to strangers.

FLORA: You're not a stranger.

BEE: I was.

FLORA: Everyone is, at first.

BEE: That is confusing.

FLORA: Your eyes are full of snapdragons.

BEE: I can't see it.

FLORA: Las flores parecen una boca cuando una abeja aterriza en los petalos. (*Snapdragons look like a mouth when a bee lands on the lip of its flower.*)

BEE: How do you know that?

FLORA: Mi madre told me that you can find comfort and love in the eyes of a flower. They're full of love. And bees. Maybe she was sending me a clue?

BEE: I think you're a magic Flora.

FLORA: You really think so?

(SHE starts to tear up.)

BEE: Don't cry about it.

FLORA: You're crying.

BEE: I'm not.

FLORA: Just, don't ever leave, okay?

BEE: I have work.

FLORA: Visit me.

BEE: Okay.

FLORA: Because, we're friends.

BEE: We're best friends.

FLORA: Yay.

BEE: Don't be so happy.

FLORA: I'll be half-happy.

BEE: Okay. Half-happy can be alright.

END OF PLAY