

BUZZ & BUD

BUD (*alone on stage*)

He said he might come by
by ten o'clock. It's noon.
He has no sense of time.
I hope he gets here soon.

It's not like I've got plans
or anywhere to go.
He's got so many friends
he needs to see and so

I wait for him to come.
It's lame, I know, but who did
I think I was to him?
He's flighty and I'm rooted.

The world is wide.
The world is full of stuff.
But speaking for myself
I've got enough:

A little spot of light that suits
my canopy, a little plot
of earth where I can set down roots.
I'm fixed with what I got.

My friends say I'm a fool
he uses for convenience.
I *do* feel like a tool
sometimes, but I find lenience

is easier than fighting.
He'll come and I'll forgive.
Besides, he's so exciting
and sharp. It makes me shiver

just to be around him.
So what if I am...where?...
twentieth on his list?
I'm fairly *lasse faire*

besides we're only friends
with benefits that suit
his busy schedule
and multiple moods.

The world is big
The world is full of jerks.
My friend is a pig.
But, weirdly, this thing works.

[Buzz enters. Too cool for words.]

BUZZ

Bizz bizz bizz buzz.
What's happening, cuz?

BUD

Buzz!
You're here already? Is it ten?
I was so busy, I really had no idea.

BUZZ

What's happening, Bud, how's it hanging?
I was cruising through the hood, gang-banging.

BUD

You mean you were spending time with all your other friends.

BUZZ

Buddy! Bud! They be my crew.
But I flew here to be with you.

BUD

I guess I should be honored.

BUZZ

What's with all this jive?
A bee's gotta be with his hive.

BUD

You certainly are a social insect.

BUZZ

Yessir! I really been flying!
I woke up with a hot dandelion.
Then had myself a private little talk
in the trellis of one cool hollyhock.

BUD

How nice that you could find some time for me.

BUZZ

Bud! My buddy, all them others
don't mean no nevermind to me.
You're the only place I wanna be.

BUD

With all the friends you got, it must be hard
to fit little me into your big dance card.

BUZZ

You know I always save the best for you.
You're who I be thinking of
when I'm busy with the lily and the foxy foxglove.
With them it's only business.
With you, my Bud, it's love.

BUD

Spare me the schmooze.
Why don't you go back to your cruise?
I feel like taking a snooze.

BUZZ

Whoa! Bud, what's been screwing with your head?
You wake up on the wrong side of the flower bed?

BUD

I know you see other flowers, I mean you're a bee.
You've only got so much time for me.
And it takes, what?, a thousand blooms for just one taste of honey?
Funny.
I thought you were different from other bees.

BUZZ

I is! I am!
Oh man, believe me.

BUD

I'd like to, Buzz, but it grieves me
to be treated like dirt.

It hurts.

BUZZ

I do just like all the other fellows.
Wait a minute, Bud...you're jealous!

BUD

Don't be absurd. I've got no right
to tell you how to live your life.

BUZZ

You got *that* right!
So now that we got that all settled
let me check out your petals.

BUD

Don't be lewd.

BUZZ

I'm in the mood!

BUD

I don't mean to be sullen.

BUZZ

Gimme a little pollen!

BUD

Hey! I said no.
I think you should go.

BUZZ

It ain't like I was gonna kiss you.
Man oh man, have you got issues!

BUD

Right. It's my fault. You're just perfect.
I'm wrong for wanting to put down roots.
I need my space. I need my turf.
Exactly what you're not into.
I try to grow the gifts I'm granted.
My motto's always been: bloom where you are planted.

BUZZ

Don't be such a stick in the mud.

BUD

Don't be giving me a lecture!
What am I here for? to perfect your
ego's sense of architecture?
Use me like a door then shut
me up when you got what your want?
Am I a stone? Am I a plinth?
Go find yourself a nice hyacinth.

[Buzz goes to leave. He stops in his tracks, angry now, and turns on Bud.]

BUZZ *[this is very hip hop, it has to have that hip hop syncopation]*

You don't wanna bumble with the bee.
We take our love for free.
We take what we want on the wing.
It's our thing.
And we don't need no talking.
We got a sting.
Don't be giving me no lip now, cuz.
Ain't you heard the buzz?
The fuzz can't catch us.
Ain't none to match us.
Just searching for a mattress.
Address unknown.
Don't need a nest, I'm a loner.
Can't be owned, I'm a roamer.
Summer, spring, winter, fall
ain't got no chains on me at all
The flowers I visit, it's kismet,
Don't ask me what is it, just kiss it.

BUD

Yo! chill with this homeboy crap.
You grew up in the suburbs, pap!
*[This should be the funniest line in the play.
It deflates Buzz completely so that from this point on
he begins to be who he is instead of the pose he assumes.]*
You think you're so down, you're all that,
it's just silly.
You're about as ghetto as a calla lily.
I love ya, man, but that being said,
you ain't got the least bit of street cred.

BUZZ

Whoa!

That's hurts, bro.

BUD *[angry]*

Word up.

BUZZ

If that's how you feel.

I guess I should be going.

BUD *[not even looking at him]*

Keep it real.

[Buzz moves off, singing to himself]

BUZZ

Bizz bizz buzz
went all my cells
unheard by Bud
when I got near.

Bizz bizz buzz.

This is, this was
the one I'm meant for.
One who's dear.

I strut. I preen.

I put on the dog,
pretending to be
out of Bud's league.

I never stopped
to think that Bud
would suffer this
battle fatigue.

That he'll get sick
of my old tricks
and kick me out because
of the jerk I is, I was.

O bizz, bizz, buzz.

[Buzz comes back to Bud]

BUZZ [hesitant]

Hi again, there, Buddy, old Bud.

BUD [ignoring him]

I think a storm is coming.

I can hear the wind buzzing.

BUZZ

Oh come on, don't be like that.

BUD

Yes, just the wind. A lot of hot air.

BUZZ

Bud! Come on. Give me a break.

[Buzz takes Bud's face in both his hands and draws it near his.]

BUD

Excuse me, but I believe you have my face in your fist.

[Bud shakes himself loose of Buzz.]

Perhaps you mistook me for a Bleeding Heart
or Dutchman's Britches.

I don't hang that way.

BUZZ

Don't be mad!

BUD

Excuse me, do I know you?

BUZZ

Yes...no!

No, you don't know me at all.

BUD

I didn't think so. Well, this has been nice.

But I'm a morning bloomer. Time to close.

BUZZ

Please, I mean it. You don't really know me.

Let me introduce myself: I'm Buzz.

BUD *[playing along]*
Charmed, I'm sure.

BUZZ
Nice pad you've got here.

BUD
Pad! I'm not a lily. I'm a orchid.

BUZZ
Oh yeah, I should have known.
You've got that whole high school prom thing going on.

BUD
So...tell me about yourself.

BUZZ
Stop me if you've heard this story:
Single bee seeks open flower.

My name is Buzz.
I was born in April.
I like to take long walks
across the picnic table.
I love gooey apples and maple syrup
and all things that are sweet.
I've got loads of acquaintances
but I'd really like to meet
a flower I could call my friend.

I'm fit and athletic.
My weight: oh point two grams.
My waist is microscopic.
My stinger ten millimeters long.

[Bud gives him an unbelieving look.]

Well, three.
But it ain't the stinger. It's the sting.
Gee, I never met a flower
that could make me sing.
Til you.

My name is Buzz.
I like long talks on the window sill till dusk.

BUD

I'd like one friend to call my own.
Who doesn't?
I don't want to wind up all alone
when the blush is off my bloom.

BUZZ

You'll always be that little Bud to me.
I'd love to see you go to seed,
and your petals drop and your leaves turn brown.
I will still be around
waiting for you to bloom again.
Cause I'm your friend.

BUD

I don't have time
for players and flyers.
Life is too short
for cheaters and liars.

So we can hang around.
We can spend some time.
But don't you dare tell me
that everything's fine.

Don't you dare try and say
that after this fling
you won't up and fly away.

BUZZ

But I can't! I can't!

BUD

You say that now.
But tomorrow comes.
A red bud opens,
a lilac blooms.
And suddenly you find
you need more room.

BUZZ

Bud! you're not being fair!

Bud.....you are being fair.
You're right. I am a liar.

BUD

This is a new approach.

BUZZ

It cuts to the quick.
Cause everything you said,
you don't know the half of it.
You don't know who I am.

BUD

You're Buzz, the bee with a million things to do.
You're Buzz, the bee with a thousand flowers to woo.
You're Buzz the bee....

BUZZ

I ain't no bee!

BUD

What?

BUZZ

I don't go see
no hollyhocks or roses.
Don't know no dandelions.
Don't hang out with the posies.
Those were all lines.

BUD

So you're saying you're a loser of a bee?

BUZZ

No bee at all. I'm a hornet.

BUD

Hornet?

BUZZ

It gets worse.
I have never been with any flower except you.

BUD

You mean...we are exclusive?

BUZZ

It gets worse.
I can never be with any flower except you.

BUD

So you and me...

BUZZ

We're bound together.
The orchid and the hornet
were made for each other.
I know it's idiotic,
to pretend I see another
cause we are symbiotic.

BUD

Symbiotic?

BUZZ

The emptiness I feel
exactly fits
the fullness that you are.
And no one else
will ever be a match.

BUD

Dear God! We're hitched!

BUZZ

Bizz bizz buzz
went all my cells
unheard by you
when I got near.

BUD

Bizz bizz buzz.
This is, this was
the one I'm meant for.
One who's...

BUZZ *[by his look you can tell he's daring Bud to a game of "Bizz Buzz" {Bizz Buzz is a children's counting game and also a college drinking game} This goes really, really fast. They can speak this.]*

One!

BUD

.....Two?

BUZZ
Bizz!

BUD
Four?

BUZZ
Buzz!

BUD
Bizz!

BUZZ
Seven

BUD
Eight

BUZZ
Bizz

BUD
Buzz

BUZZ
Eleven

BUD
Bizz

BUZZ
Thirteen

BUD
Fourteen

BUZZ & BUD
Bizz Buzz!

Bizz bizz buzz
went all my cells
unheard by you
when I got near.

Bizz bizz buzz.

You is, you was
the one I'm meant for.
One who's dear.

BUD

You have no idea how much this means to me! *[beat]*
Well. This has been nice. Good night.

BUZZ

What?

BUD

I am a morning bloomer.
It's time for me to go to bed.

BUZZ

But you are always in your bed! *[Making as if to join him]* Move over.

BUD

No.
It's time for me to go to bed.
It's time for you to fly.

BUZZ

Bud, you're giving me the brush off?

BUD

No. I'm telling you to go.

[Buzz starts to sadly walk away.]

Hey, Buddy Buzz.
Did you forget already?

We're bound together.
The orchid and the hornet
were made for each other.

But that doesn't mean that we are glued to each other.

I have roots,
so that there is always a permanent place we call our own.

You have wings,
so that you can fly off see the world
and then return to me.

Here, take this.

[Bud pulls out a bag of yellow powder.]

BUZZ

Pollen!

BUD

The very best.

Go share this with your friends,
the hip-hop crickets and the be-bop bees.
And when the morning sun hits the trees
come on back to me.

BUZZ

Bud! You are great!

See you here tomorrow at eight!

BUD

Good night.

BUZZ

Umm...better make that ten.

BUD

It's a deal. See you then.

[Buzz flies off.]

BUD

He said he would come by
by ten o'clock...or noon....or two...
He has no sense of time.
Doesn't matter. He is mine.

The world is wide.
The world is full of stuff.
But speaking for myself
I've got enough.

[lights]