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TO BEE
OR NOT TO BEE
(THAT IS THE QUESTION)



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TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE?
(THAT IS THE QUESTION)

written by

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Synopsis

Casey is an actress with big dreams of making it on Broadway. So why is she stuck in this enormous, uncomfortable bumblebee suit? In this hilarious 10 minute monologue Casey will recount her path to making her dream a reality, and the roles she regrets along the way. This comedic monologue allows the actor great opportunities for characterization and physical comedy and leaves the audience laughing as they see “whatever will bee, will bee.”

Cast of Characters

CASEY — One male or female. (If male, all gender specific pronouns and mentions of acting roles should be changed to reflect male roles.)

ACT I

Scene 1

Setting: The stage is empty.

At Rise: Performer enters, waddling out in a bee costume (for competition purposes, the actor can waddle out as if wearing an uncomfortable and cumbersome costume.)

CASEY

(striking a dramatic, Shakespearean pose, as if holding a skull and talking to it)

To be or not to be, that is the question. Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer—

(drops arm and turns to face audience dejected)

I've always thought no one could possibly have endured more suffering than poor old Hamlet. Then again, Hamlet didn't have to squeeze himself into this enormous, uncomfortable bumblebee suit to make a living. I mean, sure, everyone he knows and loves dies. Hamlet himself dies after he gets scratched by a poisoned sword. But at least he wasn't wearing a bumblebee suit! I sure as heck never thought I would be wearing one. Then again, nothing's really turned out the way I thought it would.

When I was in high school I was the queen bee of my drama group—I got every lead, sang every solo, won medals and trophies at every competition. I was the Witch in Into the Woods, Maria in West Side Story, and Blanche in a Streetcar Named Desire. I was Lady Macbeth! There was so much buzz about my talent on the stage that when it came time to think about my future, I had one plan and one plan only—

(holds up her hands and looks up, as if seeing her name in lights)

—to see my name in lights. I didn't care if it was on the Great White Way of Broadway or on a marquee in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. I just knew that one way or another I was going to make it as an actress. So as soon as I stepped off the stage at graduation I hopped on a plane for New York City.

CASEY (CONT)

I may not have known where to get the best falafel or which hot dog cart would give me a side of salmonella with my steamin' weenie, but one thing I did know was that I would need an agent. So the first thing I did in New York was to visit Broadway Barb's talent agency.

(thinking)

Well I guess technically Broadway Barb's was in New Jersey, just east of the turnpike off Highway 49. You know, that tiny red building right next to the overpass? The one with all the broken statues of Greek gods and garden gnomes? Yep, that's the one. Anyway, Broadway Barb's slogan was "An acting job within three days or your money back" so that's where I went.

(as Broadway Barb, in thick, New Jersey accent)

Come on, honey, give me a twirl.

(indicates with her finger to twirl in a circle)

No not like that. What's the matter with you? You ain't no ballerina. Like this.

(demonstrates very dramatic fashion model twirl, with possible runway walk as well)

You know what? I think I have just the job for you! You're going to be—

(as girl/boy, tap dancing awkwardly; in a glum tone)

A dancing tube of toothpaste. Yep. That's me. Crammed right in between the floss and the toothbrush.

(aside)

Who, if I might add, is a little handsy— if you know what I mean. Now everyone knew the dental floss was the star of that ad, but I couldn't really complain. Broadway Barb's agency had a three and one third star rating on Yelp.

(looks down and shakes her head, discouraged)

If only I had known that all six reviews were from family members of Broadway Barb.

(thoughtfully)

Of course that means that members of Broadway Barb's family were less than thrilled with her work. That really says something, doesn't it? But as Shakespeare would say-

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CASEY (CONT)

Now I know what you're thinking— it's the classic clown car gag. I bet her boss told the driver to pick up all eleven clowns and she was squished in that car all the way to the party. But no— it was just me, white face clown, tramp clown, and that darned mime!

(agitated)

Have you ever been trapped in a VW Beetle with a mime? And this was a full on, method actor, beret wearing mime.

(acts like a mime; more agitated)

After twenty minutes of that stupid mime pretending to get stuck in a stupid box, I wanted to grab his stupid invisible ladder and climb out of that stupid car! Needless to say, that was my last gig as a clown. No sooner had we arrived at the party then I used that tramp's bindle to poke that mime

(acts out poking mime)

and his invisible box right out of the car. I grabbed his invisible rope-

(acts out tying him to tree)

-tied him to the nearest tree and left him for dead.

(sheepishly)

Don't look at me like that. Of course I didn't really leave him for dead. But I did leave him at the mercy of twenty over-sugared seven year olds, which might actually be a fate worse than death. He deserved it, I swear. Not having any other options, I used all my clown money to book myself a one way ticket straight back home.

Which leads me to this bumblebee suit. I believe it was Shakespeare who said

(dramatically, in Shakespearean pose)

"Get thee to a nunnery!"

(thoughtfully)

Or maybe it was my dad when he realized that I was now twenty three and living in my old bedroom again. In any case, I was a long way from my dreams of stardom, and yet I found myself right back where those dreams began— in my childhood bedroom. I was at my lowest point— yes, even lower than the time I played Mrs. Phlegm in an ad for cold and flu medicine. I don't think I have to tell you how many times I had to shampoo my hair before all of that green goop came out. But back in my

CASEY (CONT)

bedroom, looking at photos of myself taking a bow in front of adoring audiences, I knew I still had the acting bug inside of me. So when my mom told me about a three week acting job down at the local mall, I couldn't believe my luck. A three week run! I'd found my honey pot at last!

(sighing, dejected)

Now here I am, standing here in this ridiculous bumblebee suit. It turns out the three week run just happens to be the three weeks leading up to Easter. And the acting job— bumblebee number four in the springtime garden display for the Easter Bunny meet and greet and photo-op. My job is to entertain the crying, snot faced children and their exhausted, angry parents who have to stand in a too long and too hot line all so that their bratty kids can sit on the lap of a creepy Easter bunny and get their picture taken.

(aside)

Have you actually ever seen a mall Easter bunny? With their humongous all seeing eyes and weird toothy grin? Do me a favor, when you are home later, look up "scary mall Easter Bunny" on the internet. You will never be the same again— I promise you that. These mall bunnies have been scaring the bobbie socks off kids since 1965, and that makes me ask one very important question—

(dramatically)

—why can't it be me? I'm stuck here being a bumblebee when I could be the original monster himself— the mall Easter bunny! Every actress knows the best place to get your start is in a low budget horror film. And nothing gets more low budget than a mall Easter display— I mean, this isn't Santa we're talking about. But no, I'm the bumblebee.

(points to head)

I've got these stupid antenna-

(points to her back)

-and silly wings. But the worst part of all- the piece de resistance—

(turns around and points to her bottom)

—the stinger. After a hard day at work, irritating kids and parents alike, all I want to do is sit down in the break room and eat the egg salad sandwich my mom packed me for lunch. But nooooo! Not with this monstrosity protruding from my rear. They'll be no sitting for this bumblebee today.

CASEY (CONT)

So here I sit— or rather stand— trying to decide my fate. Do I stay here in this bee costume and give up on my dream of stardom or do I head back out to the great unknown and give acting another chance?

(in dramatic Shakespearean pose)

To bee or not to bee? That is the question.

(pauses and turns, as if speaking to someone)

You have my paycheck?

(takes paycheck and looks it over, shocked)

Being a bumblebee pays this much?

(turns to audience)

I believe it was Shakespeare who said "we know what we are, but we know not what we may be." Well to Shakespeare I say-

(points to herself)

-this girl right here— she's gonna be…

(smiles)

…a bee.

(smugly)

Doesn't that just sting?

(End of scene.)



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