

**PLEASE BE AWARE THAT  
THIS PLAY IS FULLY PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT**

All plays, books, music and other materials published by Heartland Plays, Inc. are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries which the United States has reciprocal relations including, but not limited to all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, The Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention. All rights to the plays and materials on our website are strictly reserved including, and without limitation, professional and amateur performance rights; motion pictures; public reading; radio and television broadcasting; audio and video recording and reproduction of any type known or yet to be invented; information storage and retrieval systems of any type known or yet to be invented; and the rights of translation into any and all languages. No individual or organization whether amateur or stock may perform this or any play published by Heartland Plays, Inc. without first obtaining advance permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. and paying the appropriate fees including Royalties and Single-Use Copyright fees. Heartland Plays, Inc. collects royalties on behalf of the Playwrights whose plays it publishes. Unauthorized copying, transcribing or reproduction of this or any play or excerpt, or storage or transmittal in any form and by any means whether known or yet to be invented, is strictly forbidden except as provided by Agreement with Heartland Plays, Inc. Any unauthorized use is a violation of copyright laws and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

**FIVE SIMPLE RULES TO REMEMBER**

1. DO take advantage of the free online perusal of our plays to help you make the best choice for your particular needs or production.
2. DO enjoy the convenience of our online purchase application for performance rights and single-use copyright.
3. DO understand that this play and all plays and materials on our website are controlled by Heartland Plays, Inc. and fully protected by copyright.
4. DO NOT attempt in any way to copy, transcribe or reproduce this play by any means or perform this play or use any play or material from our website without first receiving permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. Any attempt to use this or any other work without first obtaining permission is a violation of copyright and punishable by law.
5. DO NOT rob this Author or any of the Authors we represent of their right to be paid for the use of their property. It is a crime and it is wrong!

**Product Code A01002-SP**

# **Workers of the World**

A Short Comedy

by

**Ross Peter Nelson**

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED  
REPRODUCTION WITHOUT SPECIFIC WRITTEN PERMISSION PROHIBITED**

**Performance Rights Available Exclusively through  
Heartland Plays, Inc. at [heartlandplays.com](http://heartlandplays.com)  
[playsnow@heartlandplays.com](mailto:playsnow@heartlandplays.com)  
customer service: 406-431-7680**

**Copyright © 2021 by Ross Peter Nelson**

# Workers of the World

by Ross Peter Nelson

## **CHARACTERS**

3F / 1M

BIANCA *f. A worker bee, revolutionary*

BARBIE *f. A worker bee, traditionalist*

BIJOU *f. A worker bee, French accent*

DURAN *m. A drone*

## **SETTING**

*A barracks*

## **TIME**

*Now*

## **NOTES**

*The workers should wear identical uniforms of yellow and black. They are not military-style, perhaps more like a nurse's uniform. The drone should also wear yellow and black, but a dandy-ish outfit of some sort. The "bee nature" of the characters should not be apparent at first, so they should not have wings or antennae. Both BARBIE and BIJOU carry knives in a way that is not visible most of the time.*

**Workers of the World**  
by Ross Peter Nelson

AT RISE:                    *BIANCA awakens in a room with  
several bunk beds. She is alone.*

BIANCA  
Morning, ladies. ... Hello? ... Hey, where is everybody?

*Surprised no one else is around, she  
wanders into other similar rooms,  
calling out.*

BIANCA, *Continued*  
Hey! Anybody out there? ... Hel-lo-o. ... If this is a joke, you can stop now. It's starting to creep  
me out. ... Hello?

*BARBIE runs in.*

BARBIE  
Oh, Bianca! You're here!

BIANCA  
Where else would I be?

BARBIE  
Gone. Gone like half the world.

BIANCA  
What are you talking about? Who's gone?

BARBIE  
So many. Just as it was foretold!

BIANCA  
There must be some explanation. Who else have you found?

BARBIE  
I just saw Bijou a minute ago.

BIANCA  
Let's go find her, maybe she knows something.

*DURAN enters. He's carrying a box.*

Duran! I'm so happy to see you!

BARBIE

Hey, bay-bee.

DURAN

Since when do you hang out with drones?

BIANCA

We're just friends.

BARBIE

*DURAN smirks, making it clear that's not true.*

Don't you have some other place to be?

BIANCA

Nope. The queen is gone.

DURAN

Not Queen Beatrice, too!

BARBIE

*DURAN and BARBIE make some sort of salute. BIANCA pointedly does not join in.*

All hail the queen.

DURAN / BARBIE

Go get Bijou.

BIANCA

*BARBIE exits.*

What are you doing here, anyway?

BIANCA, *Continued*

Just looking out for Barbie while everything's in an uproar.

DURAN

Looking out how?

BIANCA

DURAN

*(Holds out the box)*

I brought her something to eat.

*BARBIE and BIJOU run in.*

BIJOU

Bianca, *ma petite!* I knew you'd stay.

*BIJOU kisses BIANCA on both cheeks in the French manner.*

BIANCA

I didn't have much choice. It all happened while I was asleep. Where were you?

BIJOU

Kitchen duty. Word came down that the queen was going to split the hive and if we wanted to leave with her we should go immediately. I had a pollen soufflé in the oven. I couldn't leave that!

BARBIE

No one gave me a choice. I was out gathering nectar and when I came back, the place was half empty.

DURAN

You must be hungry, baby. I brought you this.

*DURAN hands BARBIE the box.*

BARBIE

Thank you, Duran. You're so thoughtful.

*BARBIE opens the box and pulls out a jar of jelly.*

BARBIE, *Continued*

Oh my god! Royal jelly!

BIANCA

Where did you get that?

DURAN

Queen's quarters.

BIANCA

That's theft.

DURAN

She won't be needing it.

BIJOU

With half the hive gone, we're going to need all the supplies we have. There are a lot of mouths to feed.

BIANCA

I should have you arrested.

DURAN

Well, you're not in charge, are you?

BARBIE

Don't fight. I'll share. Everyone have some.

*BARBIE opens the jar. She, BIANCA, and BIJOU all pull spoons from their pockets, and take a bite.*

DURAN

*(To BARBIE)*

That was supposed to be for you.

BARBIE

It's OK, honey.

*The three workers take another bite, then BARBIE passes the jar back to DURAN. BIANCA struts a bit, BIJOU strikes a "Rosie the Riveter" pose, and BARBIE adjusts her bra for maximum effect.*

BIJOU

*Zut alors!* That shit is good.

BIANCA

It's a crime that only the queen and a chosen few get this. Everyone in the hive should share.

BARBIE

Who is going to be in charge now?

BIJOU

We need a new queen.

BIANCA

No we don't.

What? BARBIE

This is our chance to remake the government. BIANCA

You can't change the way things are meant to be. DURAN

Who says that's the way it's meant to be? BIANCA

The monarchy rules by divine right. BARBIE

Once you're in power, it's very convenient to say that god put you there. BIJOU

But who makes the decisions if there's no queen? BARBIE

We create an anarcho-syndicalist commune and make decisions as a collective. BIANCA

We all do! BIJOU

The drones will not accept that. We serve the queen. DURAN

The queen abandoned us. BARBIE

Who needs a queen? It's the workers who make everything run. BIANCA

We make the food. BIJOU

We clean the hive. BIANCA

We raise the larvae. BIJOU

We guard the honey. BIANCA

BARBIE

We collect the nectar.

BIANCA

And what does the queen do for us?

DURAN

She gave birth, to you, for one thing.

BIANCA

Well, sure, but who wants to live in a world where your mother makes all the rules?

BIJOU

It's time for the sisterhood to take over. *Liberté. Egalité. Sororité.*

DURAN

Sounds lovely, but it's not going to happen.

BIJOU

*Pourquoi pas?*

DURAN

Because right now several of your (*Airquote*) sisters (*Airquote*) are training right this moment for the succession flight. The worker who flies the fastest will become the new queen.

BIANCA

It's a stupid system. The fastest-flying bee is not necessarily the most suited for an administrative role.

BIJOU

You might as well have a woman rise from a lake and toss a sword to someone.

DURAN

I brought you the royal jelly to build your strength for the flight, baby. Those who've eaten will have the best chance of winning the race.

BARBIE

You're such a sweetie.

*DURAN holds out the jar and motions to BARBIE to eat more. She does.*

BIANCA

You don't have to do this, Barbie.

BARBIE

The queen gets to choose her mate, doesn't she?

DURAN  
You bet, babe.

BARBIE  
Then I'm going to fly for you.

DURAN  
That's my girl.

*BARBIE and DURAN exit.*

BIJOU  
Well, looks like we're back to the same old, same old. ... Are you going to try and stop them?

BIANCA  
No. I've got a better idea. They can have their mating flight. But while they're away, we can organize the workers. You can't govern without the consent of the governed.

BIJOU  
But the drones will support the new queen.

BIANCA  
The workers outnumber them. We can rise up against the one percent.

BIJOU  
Raise the consciousness of our class.

BIANCA, *Singing – Les Miz*  
*Do you hear the workers sing*  
*It is the buzz of angry bees*

BIANCA / BIJOU, *Singing together*  
*It is the music of the workers*  
*Who won't drop down to their knees*

*They fist bump.*

BIJOU  
What if not everyone buys into your plan?

BIANCA  
We can strike. Refuse to work. Bring the activity of the hive down to zero until they give in to our demands.

BIJOU  
Exactly who is "we?"

BIANCA

You're not backing out, are you?

BIJOU

*Non, non, non.* But there are thousands of workers out there that you haven't spoken to yet.

BIANCA

Sure, but they'll see that our solution is more fair. A monarchy is not a just form of government.

BIJOU

I don't know. A lot of them loved the queen. Old habits die hard.

BIANCA

Maybe we can ease them into it. Perhaps we could make the queen a ceremonial position with no real power.

BIJOU

That might work.

*BARBIE enters. She's carrying a bloody dildo in one hand and wearing a coronet.*

BARBIE

Hello, girls.

BIJOU

*Sacre bleu!*

BIANCA

What the hell is that?

BARBIE

Oh, this? A little memento of Duran. Drones die after mating, you know. Their dicks fall off.

*BARBIE tosses the dildo aside.*

BIJOU

Mating? Does that mean you're the new queen?

BARBIE

Bow before her majesty.

BIANCA

Oh good. I'm glad it's you. Someone we can reason with.

*BIANCA goes to hug BARBIE, and as she does, BARBIE stabs her.*

BIANCA

Et tu, Barbie?

*BIANCA collapses.*

BIJOU

What have you done?

BARBIE

Any worker who's eaten royal jelly can become a queen. I don't intend to have any rivals.

BIJOU

Bianca wasn't a rival. She wanted to create an equitable form of government, with the resources shared more evenly.

BARBIE

And why, as queen, would I want to give anything up?

BIJOU

What about justice? *Liberté. Egalité. Sororité.*

BARBIE

You had some of the royal jelly, too, didn't you, Bijou?

BIJOU

Only a tiny bit.

BARBIE

I'm sorry, Bijou. No competition.

BIJOU

Please. *Non.*

*BARBIE lunges at BIJOU, but with her last dying breath, BIANCA grabs BARBIE's leg, tripping her. As BARBIE falls, BIJOU pulls her knife and stabs BARBIE, who screams.*

BIJOU

You forget Barbie, I have a sting as well.

*As BIANCA and BARBIE expire, BIJOU takes the crown from BARBIE. After some thought, she*

*puts it on her own head. She picks up  
the dildo, examines it, then shouts  
into the barracks.*

BIJOU

Drones! Are you ready to make the ultimate sacrifice for my love?

**END OF PLAY**