

One Wild Season at the Lamplight Café: The story of Buddy the Bee and Marla the Moth

by

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this is part of my
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams
series

I never did finish Buddy.
And I'm likely never going to.
Sort of...

Oddly enough, the originations for this story go back to at least 2004, probably even earlier. So, it's one of the earliest stories I ever tried to write. And for whatever reason, I'm fairly well certain that I never will write the story of Buddy the Bee. So much so, I've already written a short story, which outlines the basic premise behind Buddy and explains why I'll never write the full version. And that story might (or might not) be available wherever I have my short stories posted.

Anyway, feel free to enjoy these notes for what they're worth or go back to sniffing pollen -- at your own discretion.

But if you like what you see,
and want to finish it,
or transform it into something else?
I can be bought!
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Take One

###

*Being the tragic love story of two miss-matched insects over
the course of a brief but....*

What the --- are you writing?

Just a little flavor text.

Why the --- didn't you write that down?

What sweetie?

We've got to come to an understanding right her and now.

What sweetie?

If I say something you write it down.

OK.

Write it down.

Write what down?

Buzz?

Yeah. Buzz. Buzzing buzz buzz buzz.

*Happy? I don't see how all this foul language will help the
children.*

The sooner they learn life buzzing sucks. The better off they'll be.

Oh, you're just being maudlin.

Whatever. You want to hear this?

Yes sweetie, I love to hear you talk.

Then you got to promise, whatever I say, you'll write down.

OK I promise.

Everything

Everything. Every word (and then some).

###

Chapter 1

In which Buddy tells of his childhood.

I haven't said anything yet.

It just says chapter 1. Relax, sweetie.

The first thing you need to know is you only get one season, if you're lucky maybe two. Learn from these words, because I won't be there when you're growing up. See I'm a bee, Buddy the Bee. It took me my entire life to figure out what is important (*like love and friendship*). But all you have to do is read and follow my advice.

This here is the story of Buddy the Bee (*with asides by Marla the Moth, secretary, stenographer, fact checker and....*)

What the buzz are you writing? I stopped talking ages ago.

Look. You want to do this?

You know I can't write.

Oh yeah, I forgot. That's why I'm doing it. Writing takes longer. I got to remember how to spell words and stuff.

Un huh.

Yeah. Every now and again I've got to look buzz up in the dictionary to see if I've spelled it right.

OK. I'm sorry. This being on my deathbed thing is making me a little moody.

You're not the only one dying here.

I'm sorry. I glad you're here. I mean as long as we got to die, I glad we'll die together.

I love you.

I love you too Marla. Marla the buzzing Moth.

Be nice.

I'm just saying who would have thought at the beginning of the season I'd be here with you a moth.

We beat the odds Sweetie.

Yes we did. And that's what it's all about beating the buzz-flapping odds (*and being with the one you love*).

Chapter 2 Buddy's Childhood

I'm a bee. I was born into a hive. That's the way of bees. No secret there.

*And that's the end of my first attempt.
It really is hard to explain why I stop sometimes.
Just didn't feel right.
Too Buzzing This or That.*

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Take Two

Forget everything you know about the first take.

So this is where I end up. The throne room, the mating chamber. Fucked the queen and now I've got what 10hrs, 10 days whatever. Doesn't matter. Most of the will goes when you cum, if you're a bee, which I am.

Buddy the bee. Born, bred, and raised for what thirty seconds. Would've thought it would've lasted longer. Marla would've made it last longer. What a stupid fucking moth. Marla the moth, Brain dead, a moron. But flap those wings, she'd use her antenna, go down on a guy for hours. Hours, I'm not shitting you.

All night. Whatever. She had no dignity, no self-respect, a full out slut.

We spent the season together at the lamp light café. When you're a bug a season is all you get. If you're lucky maybe two. We only got the one. I spent mine with Marla. She wasted hers with me. I used her, used her up, I'm a bee, a drone, some would say a guy, a bud, a bee, what to you expect?

And now I'm done, bitter, in this death chamber. But we had our season. One grand season at the lamp light café.

But we had each other and that made it worthwhile...

"You getting all this marla?"

"Yes"

"You sure. When I talk sometimes you don't write, and when I done talking sometimes you keep on writing"

"You want to do this?"

You sure you getting it all, not taking stuff out or adding any extra crap.

"I'm writing every word you say my darling," and then some.

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Scratch Pad

Being the ideas I sometimes write out to outline a story. Most times I just ignore the outline. But sometimes it's a good anchor. If I'm on a roll, what it does is give me something to launch into. Once I'm up and running, I can usually keep on keeping on.

It's the starting that's hard.

And the continuing on.

And the making sense when it's all over.

And being able to reread it the next day not not be convinced it sucks, which after six odd years, I really am wondering why I stopped writing this. I sort of like the conceit. But

then, maybe that's it. I had the idea for the conceit, but no idea how I was going to pull it off...

Anyhow, I promised you the scratch pad.

One Wild Season at the Lamplight Café

Voice

Buddy

With Marla Asides

Buddy dictates to Marla

You Writing everything down?

I'm writing everything you say (and more)

Why you keep writing after I'm done talking, *he's such a bully*

You want to do it?

Chapter Heading Summaries by Marla

Characters at Lamplight

Arnie the Ant, fellow hive drop out

Betsy the Butterfly, *everyone wanted to be like her,*

gorgeous, stole the show, one week appearance

Buddy the Bee, Hedonistic, disillusioned bee

Chris the Cricket, in band, rhythm

Gary the Grasshopper, hipster, in band, lead guitar

Larry the Lightning bug, "Larry the lovesick lightning bug"

Marla the Moth, wants to be a star

Stan the Stink Beetle, Fate, predestination, cigar, smell, fat

Wendy the Wasp, quick to anger, drunk

Daddy long legs, chapter wants to join

Steve the stick bug, see Steve the Stick bug, no big deal

I never saw you

I tend to hang out with Larry the Leaf bug

Who

Me that's who, on Steve's shoulder, Geez

The Lamplight Café

It's like I ended up in some kids ABC book, everyone was here

In eve of a house, with a Christmas light in corner

“What outside, in the wild” are you crazy (bats, birds, ants, and wasps)

Spider, we can't have a spider, you trying to get rid of me?
Says Stan

Short Outline

Buddy is Born

Buddy is told the ways of the hive

Buddy says fuck that

He goes to the wild

Meets ants, spiders, no good

Meets Grasshopper, gives him name

Finds out about lamplight, maybe from grasshopper

Goes to lamplight

You a nice bug

I've got pollen

Everyone stares

Gary Grasshopper introduces, “hey buddy”

Pollen, honey, queens nectar

Molly comes in (*I guess Marla's name changed somewhere along the line*)

Molly sings the blues

Wants pollen for makeup

Molly & Buddy come to arrangement

Side stories??

Introduce ABC of Lamplight

Daddy Long Legs

Oh, no (says Stan, Stinkbug, no spider in here
Next thing you know I'm out of here
Dan, Daddy long legs, I'm a scavenger
Only dead bugs
Wasp comes to door
Dung Beetle and Stink bug make her change her
mind
Betsy the Butterfly comes for a show
Road trip, where do they go??
Fourth of July

Year goes by, need more filler?
Side Story

Year ends, Leaves start to change,
Molly, "we could always fly south"
We're not birds
"we could do something"

Buddy race
Goes to finish
One bee hits him, you need this
The other bee hits him, & you need this
Oh, back for more
I've got this and this
Why didn't you say so

Tags queen
Marla sneaks in

Buddy dies in her arms
She plants seed in the hive

Marla the Moth and Buddy the Bee (short synopsis)

Marla Nightclub Dancer at Torchlight Café, drawn to the bright lights of the big city.

Dreams of being a butterfly, uses makeup, etc to be butterfly on stage,

Buddy a slacker drone, still living in the hive on occasion.

Big pockets, droopy cargo pants, riding down his stinger.

Seller of Honey and other illicit goods

A tale of woe. Marla in love with Buddy.

Story starts outside of nightclub, focus on billboard, on Marla dancing??. Buddy outside in alley selling Honey, pollen, & royal jelly, "I got what you need right here

Things Buddy would say

Fuck the hive.

Buzz you.

Buzz off.

No buzzing way.

Things Marla would say

All you need is love.

I love you buddy.

I want to be a star.

And the next generation, skip ahead, and his son, out on the street, under the bright lights, selling the good stuff, the pure stuff, straight from the hive, just like his old man; and you just know, there's got to be a moth in there somewhere...