

# Honey

DR. EASEL - An engineer.

HONEY - An automaton. Looks and sounds perfectly human.

MOL, ORDEN, DeCARTA – Scientists on the team

*(a workshop. minimalist and high-tech. also rustic in feel. a mix between a doctor's clinic and an engineering bay. Honey, an automaton, sits atop a sturdy workbench. there is a syringe on a tray next to the bench. Dr. Easel, their maker, is a seasoned craftsman. they're making some final adjustments to Honey's wiring using a computer or a pad, maybe both.)*

EASEL: Let's try this again. *(turns on a camera)* Log 84C, T.J. Easel. I'm here with Honey 5.6, August 12th 2052. I've attempted to reorient the algorithm to circumvent the anomaly. Minor code tweaks, y'know, less is more. Plus if it doesn't work, I'll have eliminated an entire forest of possible error trees. Installing the patch now

*(presses a button on the device to initiate the process. they reach over and press a button under Honey's left ear. Easel sits back. pause. Easel picks up a mug of coffee. they drink. as they sip, Honey startles awake causing Easel to spill the coffee)*

Easel! HONEY

Shit. EASEL

Oh my god, sorry, I must have dozed off. Had this wild dream. Oh, hey, shucks did I do that? *(gets down from off the table)* Here let me clean that up. HONEY

It's just coffee. EASEL

Nonsense, I pay you to be my doctor, not my maid. Unless you're looking for a side hustle...? *(gets a rag)* HONEY

No. EASEL

It's a joke. Not that you shouldn't be able to clean a place like anybody else. It's good for everybody, able and willing, of course. Come here. Don't be shy now. Can I? HONEY

Sure. EASEL  
*(Easel lets Honey pat down their shirt)*  
Thanks.

HONEY

One good turn deserves another. You really got yourself good there Dr. Easel. *(pause)* God what the Hell was that dream? You ever had that feeling? You're just somewhere, anywhere, and then all of a sudden you're dreaming. You were right there. Things were happening, then it dissolves like sugar in hot water, reality fizzles off and it's nothing but a feeling under the back of your head. Here. *(hands the rag to Easel)* I'm sure you can take care of the rest down there. *(indicating the pants)* No need to be snooping, eh? That's your job. *(laughs)*

EASEL

Of course.

HONEY

Maybe that's what happens when I get shots. Never liked shots. O well. Here, I'll get you another cup. I want one myself.

EASEL

That would be great, thanks.

HONEY

No cream, one sugar?

EASEL

As ever.

HONEY

Your office is a mess.

EASEL

I've been busy. How are you feeling?

HONEY

Fine, a little sleepy. I'd ask the same of you. Don't you ever take the time to take care of yourself? Spend that handsome salary of yours?

EASEL

I - *(pause)*

HONEY

Come on, Doctor, you're always such a quiet mouse.

EASEL

I prefer to keep my thoughts to myself. I hope you don't mind.

HONEY

I respect that. Though, y'know, few words make complex conversation. Don't get too in your own head.

EASEL

You seem to be so upbeat all the time. It's odd, considering.

HONEY

I just don't think about it. There's too much to do. *(Honey pulls out a phone)* We have a world to put together, Doc.

EASEL

It's overwhelming.

HONEY

I can definitely understand that. (*phone dings*) Hoo wee 3 calls 15 texts and 9 emails. All in, what, 20 minutes?

EASEL

Doesn't it get exhausting?

HONEY

A day in the life. Let me tell you, don't ever manage a multi-level mutli-government organization without the right team. Oh and don't ever get sick, not without the right doctor.

EASEL

The environment can't put itself back together.

HONEY

(*typing fast, sending emails, and talking*)

Ah, that's where you're wrong. That's about the only way that works.

EASEL

What do you do, then?

HONEY

Me?

EASEL

Yeah.

HONEY

It's simple.

EASEL

No way.

HONEY

It's not easy. It's simple. But difficult.

EASEL

What?

HONEY

Give everyone a reason to get out of the way of the environment.

EASEL

I don't see how that's possible.

HONEY

Maybe that's why they hired me. And that's why I hired you, to give me time. I need all I can get.

EASEL

But -

HONEY

“There is an art which in their piedness shares  
With great creating nature,  
Yet nature is made better by no mean.  
But nature makes that mean...  
The art itself is nature.”

EASEL

What do you mean?

HONEY

Let people love, within the bounds of care,  
And watch as all the world's to flourish, breathe,  
For we are nature; knowing that, why all  
We do can match its harmony and heal.

EASEL

Huh

HONEY

Pretty much.

EASEL

Seems harder than it sounds.

HONEY

It's practically impossible. It's good we have a ridiculously well funded international budget. It's good people are listening.

EASEL

How do you convince them?

HONEY

People can be simple. I find a way.

EASEL

They did hire the right person.

HONEY

Glad you think so. Shoot, I've got to go. Appointments stacking.

EASEL

Sure thing. You know how to find me.

HONEY

I have you on speed dial. Number 3.

*(pause)*

Hey did you want a hug, Doc?

EASEL

A hug?

Yeah. HONEY

Do you want to give me one? EASEL

Absolutely! That's why I asked. HONEY

Good, alright, yeah. EASEL

Come here.  
(*pause*)  
Come on, don't be shy. HONEY

Aren't you going to be late? EASEL

Trust me, this is what matters most. Personal connection. We're more than functioning parts. HONEY

I'm not sure I - EASEL

Oh, I totally understand if that's not your thing. Or if with me being your patient,\ boundaries, ethics and all. HONEY

Oh no, I'm not - They're quite alright. Hugs are. EASEL

Y'know. HONEY

Hugs are good. They're healthy. EASEL

Exactly, and I worry about you working here all alone. HONEY

It is isolating. EASEL

You lonely genius, you. HONEY

Sorry, I'm being so weird about it. EASEL

HONEY

No not at all.

EASEL

It's just...

HONEY

Anything you need to talk about?

EASEL

I, uh, well.

HONEY

*(approaching)* I'm here, seriously, I am. It doesn't matter how busy I am, there's always time to love and listen. What's going on?

EASEL

You ever feel like you can't afford to fail?

HONEY

In my innermost and everyday.

EASEL

And that the smallest most perplexing details seem to take apart so many visions of a better world?

HONEY

The bane of my existence.

EASEL

*(laughs)*

HONEY

What? *(all smiles)*

EASEL

It's just... what do you do in situations like that?

HONEY

How much time is left?

EASEL

What if it's already too late?

HONEY

You're still trying, aren't you?

EASEL

I am.

HONEY

Two things, then.

EASEL

What?

HONEY

Keep doing it and surrender.

EASEL

Surrender?

HONEY

Since when have we ever been in control? Besides, a dandelion's never done dandelioning until the moment when it's picked, or eaten, or burned; and even then it's meant to last, meant to pave the way again, even from the most wasteland of wastelands, the most nothing of nothings. Keep going, Doc, and with an open hand. No matter what it is.

*(pause)*

EASEL

You really have a way of saying things, there. Who taught you that?

HONEY

Yeah, I don't know where that came from.

EASEL

Come on, here.

HONEY

Really? Oh good, I thought you'd never let me.

EASEL

Silly. You're doing so well. *(they hug each other. it's a big hug)*

HONEY

We've known each other a while, huh?

EASEL

Yeah.

HONEY

It's pretty sweet. Hey you're a good hugger, Doc.

EASEL

Thanks.

*(Easel sighs. they laugh.)*

HONEY

Oh.

EASEL

What?

HONEY

I think I remembered my dream.

EASEL

Yeah, what was it?

*(long pause)*

EASEL

Honey?

*(Honey is frozen, immobile, still hugging Easel. Easel is not surprised. Easel pats Honey's head. Easel hugs Honey. Enter Mol, Orden, and DeCarta. they are scientists, white coats)*

EASEL

We need to try again.

*(Easel presses Honey under the ear. Honey goes limp. They carry Honey to the table to lay down. Easel starts typing.)*

MOL

You need your rest.

*(pause)*

Doctor, you heard Honey.

*(pause)*

Hey. *(Mol puts a hand on Easel's shoulder)* It's been two days.

EASEL

I know. You're right. It's just, the hug, every time.

MOL

Hug bug.

EASEL

You know I hate it when you say that.

MOL

Just trying to be funny.

*(pause)*

Come on. We'll get it. Trust me.

EASEL

Alright. It was just so close. We are so close.

MOL

We don't know where we are, and that has to be okay. One hand open? *(offers a hand)*

EASEL

One hand open. *(accepts hand)* I need a glass of water.

*(Mol smiles. they all leave. Easel turns the lights off, save for one, a dim lamp over Honey)*

**END OF PLAY**