

FUTURE: HEALING

You, Herald, and your friend are walking in the park.

HERALD

Here it is! The future. And look! A healing hive.

*In the close distance you hear a group of voices humming
and singing together.*

FRIEND

(To you)

Oh! Let's join! Have you ever done one? MNA's—Mid North-Americans—love a Healing Hive.

Your friend pulls you over to the healing hive bench.

Oh I love this song deconstructed.

(Sings)

AWAKEN

(Speaks)

So you know that story? The sleeping twins story? Cool-tight—so MNA's version is the ma lulls her kids to sleep because the world scared them. So question: Why does she keep singing? If she stopped, they'd wake up, right? Wrong. It's because the only thing keeping her daughter from screaming the awful things she sees in her head is the ma's lullaby. So she thinks: If I sing about beautiful things to my daughter, she'll wake up. Then I can stop singing, letting my son wake up. So the point of these healing hives is to wake up the daughter. Quiet all the voices making the nightmares real. Let's join. Grab my hand.

(Beat)

Oh don't close your eyes. We're trying to wake the daughter up. We stop singing once they open their eyes because they don't need a lullaby anymore. Make sense? Cool-tight.

HERALD

I love a healing hive. Thanks for trusting me with a folklore throughout time. And remember, never worry about the many pathways you'll travel for healing, just get there. I hope you did today.

END OF PLAY.