

# Hi Honey, I'm Home

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Written for 14/48 The World's Quickest Theater Festival,  
performed at ACT Theatre, Seattle.

CHARACTERS:

Honey – housewife  
Tarzan – ad exec  
Sugarmuffin – perfume girl  
Snuggybear – mechanic  
Booboo – typist

*SETTING: An upper middle class 50's living/dining room. There is a couch, an end table, a bar to make cocktails, you get the picture.*

*Lights rise, as the music continues over. HONEY enters with a cocktail shaker, humming and shaking to the music. She puts it on the bar and straightens the glasses. She turns to the living area, fluffs a pillow, arranges it perfectly.*

*Music fades as the front door opens. TARZAN enters wearing a black suit, white shirt, slim black tie, carrying a briefcase.*

TARZAN: Hi Honey, I'm home.

*She smiles brightly and trots over to greet him.*

HONEY: Hi Tarzan. How was work? (kisses him on the cheek.)

TARZAN: The Bob and Dave account is mine.

HONEY: That's wonderful. How did you do it?

*She takes his coat and hat.*

TARZAN: Never underestimate the power of a two martini lunch.

HONEY: Make it a third?

TARZAN: Mindreader.

*Another kiss, this time on the lips. She pops off to the bar and makes the drink, humming all the while. He makes his way to the couch and opens the newspaper.*

This is the good life, right Honey?

HONEY: Shangri-la.

*The front door opens. SUGARMUFFIN enters, dressed in a very fancy dress, long gloves, fashionable purse, and dainty cocked hat with a dash of tool dangling off the side. Her face is highly made up.*

SUGARMUFFIN: Hi Honey, I'm home.

HONEY: Sugarmuffin is back early.

*HONEY quickly toes over to greet her, handing the martini to Don on the way.*

SUGARMUFFIN: Some days it's like they open the zoo right into the front doors of Niemen Marcus.

HONEY: Tough day behind the perfume counter?

SUGARMUFFIN: They gave me time off for good behavior.

*HONEY meet SUGARMUFFIN. They kiss, HONEY takes her bag and hat.*

HONEY: Oooh, smell this.

TARZAN: New perfume?

*He heals over excitedly and takes a big whiff.*

Deeeelectable.

SUGARMUFFIN: It's called cherub.

TARZAN: Cheeky.

*They kiss.*

HONEY: Sidecar?

*TARZAN and SUGARMUFFIN saunter arm in arm to the couch.*

SUGARMUFFIN: Right now all I want is a chaise longue and an evening of prime time color tv. These new heals make my feet feel like I'm walking in a tropical rainforest.

TARZAN: I'll rub them with Epsom salts.

SUGARMUFFIN: That'd be swell.

*He goes to get the goods.*

*The front door opens. SNUGGYBEAR enters. He's dressed in an unbuttoned work shirt, wife beater, and jeans. He wipes his hands with a greasy cloth and hangs it off his back pocket.*

SNUGGYBEAR: Hi Honey, I'm home.

TARZAN / SUGARMUFFIN/ HONEY: Snuggybear!

*HONEY and TARZAN race to the door. They exchange kisses.*

SNUGGYBEAR: Lame duck on the couch.

SNUGGYBEAR flaps over to her.

Quack, quack, quack.

*Kisses her on the top of her forehead.*

What's wrong, Sugarmuffin?

HONEY: Department store Gorillas.

SNUGGYBEAR rubs her back while TARZAN rubs her feet.

SNUGGYBEAR: (to TARZAN) Saw your boss Jake Windsor today. His Imperial convertible blew it's cap this morning. Shame towing a hipster car like that.

SUGARMUFFIN: I know how it feels.

SNUGGYBEAR: I could tune you up?

SUGARMUFFIN: Like one of your Chryslers?

*HONEY wipes SNUGGYBEAR's grimy face with her hanky and a little spit.*

TARZAN: Let me check your spark plugs.

HONEY: I've got the points... After dinner. There's Meatloaf in the oven.

ALL: Mmmmmmm.

HONEY: And it'll be ready in eight minutes.

SNUGGYBEAR: That's enough time.

HONEY: Not enough time.

TARZAN / SNUGGYBEAR/ SUGARMUFFIN: (disappointed) Oh.

*Door opens. BOOBOO enters. She wears a tweed splice skirt, white blouse and scarf. She's a bit disheveled, walking in knee-high socks. She swings a pair of saddleshoes in her fingers.*

*Everyone looks to her, waiting for it... It doesn't come.*

HONEY: Hey Booboo.

BOOBOO: Hey.

TARZAN: How was your exciting day in the typing pool?

BOOBOO: Fine.

SUGARMUFFIN: Jeeze, Booboo, you look like a train wreck.

HONEY: Feeling under the weather?

BOOBOO: I'm fine. I mean, I'm not fine.

SNUGGYBEAR: Rough move to the eighteenth floor?

SUGARMUFFIN: Your team was moving, right?

TARZAN: Heck of a move, huh?

BOOBOO: We didn't move. I mean, I didn't. They did. I wasn't there.

SNUGGYBEAR: Ladies and gentlemen, we are moving to DEFCON 2. Alert. Alert.

*The whole clan flies to her aid. Everyone makes siren noises. They surround her, take her shoes, lift her up and carry her to the couch. They rub her back and feet, and arms and legs for that matter. HONEY gets her a drink, as she hands it to her...*

BOOBOO: No thanks. Stop Snugglybear. Stop. Thank you, Tarzan, Sugarmuffin, Thank you, but stop. No thanks, Honey, I've had enough to drink. You do make the best gimlets.

HONEY: You've been drinking? Before cocktail hour?

TARZAN: Was there a martini lunch?

BOOBOO: I went to Trader Sams with... I had to work up the nerve...

SUGARMUFFIN: What nerve, Booboo?

BOOBOO: I've got something to announce. An announcement. I'm... I'm breaking up with you.

SNUGGYBEAR: With who?

BOOBOO: With all of you.

ALL: What?! Breaking up?! Us?! (etc.)

BOOBOO: I want a divorce. I've met someone.

HONEY: Some... One?

BOOBOO: Yes, one.

SNUGGYBEAR: One?!

TARZAN: Just one?

BOOBOO: Yes. The one.

All: The?