

# HONEY SPOT

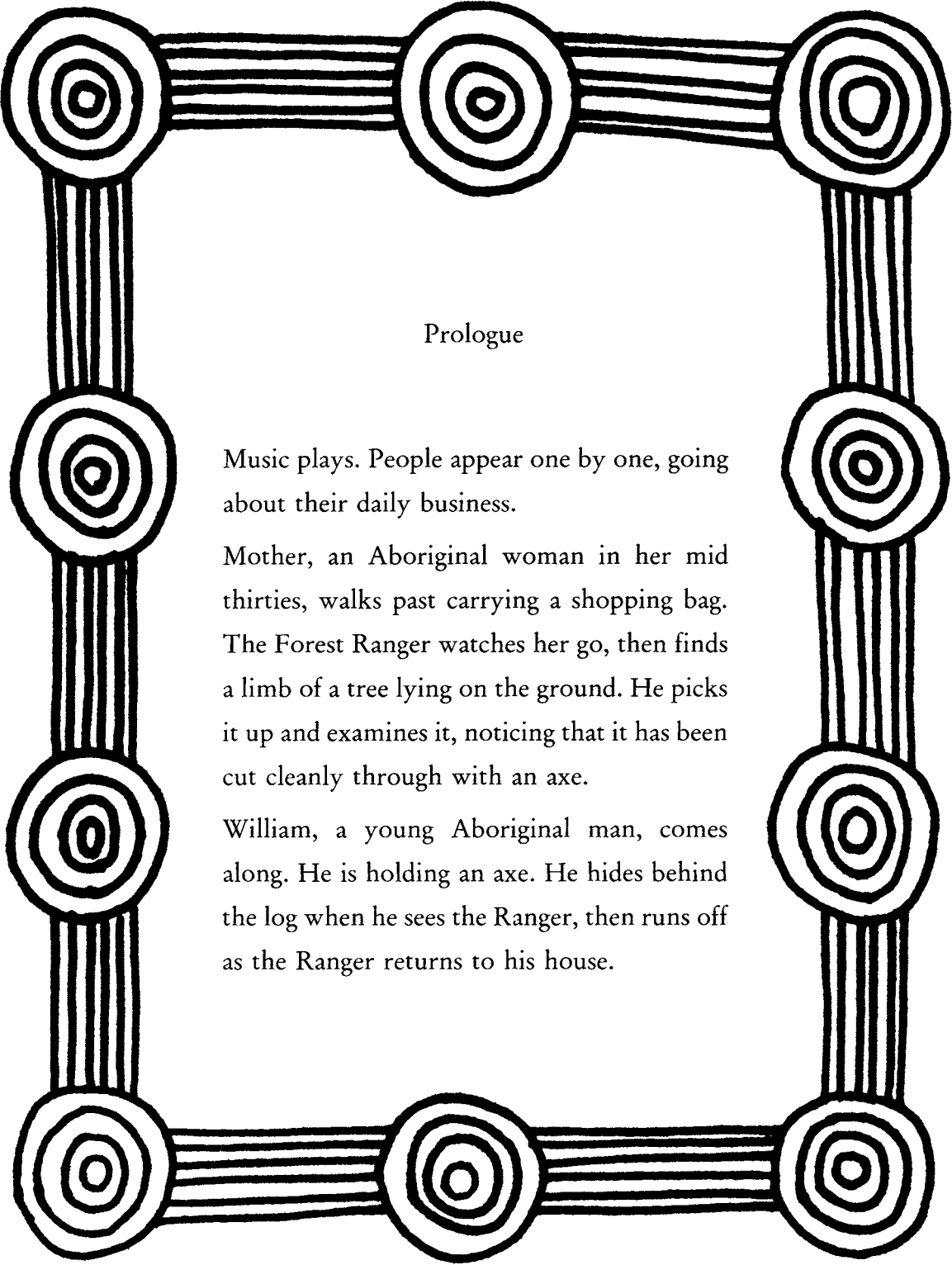
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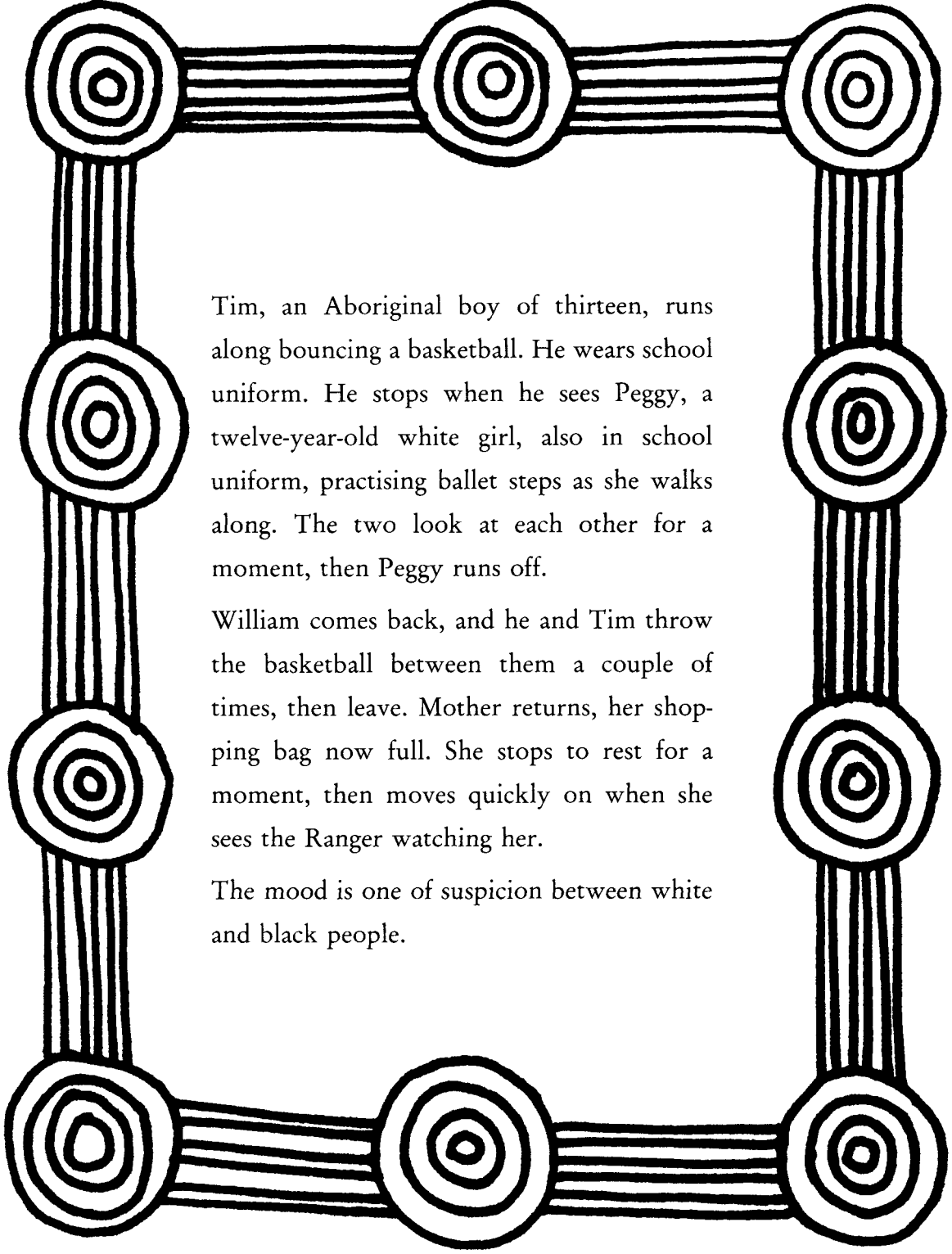


## Prologue

Music plays. People appear one by one, going about their daily business.

Mother, an Aboriginal woman in her mid thirties, walks past carrying a shopping bag. The Forest Ranger watches her go, then finds a limb of a tree lying on the ground. He picks it up and examines it, noticing that it has been cut cleanly through with an axe.

William, a young Aboriginal man, comes along. He is holding an axe. He hides behind the log when he sees the Ranger, then runs off as the Ranger returns to his house.



Tim, an Aboriginal boy of thirteen, runs along bouncing a basketball. He wears school uniform. He stops when he sees Peggy, a twelve-year-old white girl, also in school uniform, practising ballet steps as she walks along. The two look at each other for a moment, then Peggy runs off.

William comes back, and he and Tim throw the basketball between them a couple of times, then leave. Mother returns, her shopping bag now full. She stops to rest for a moment, then moves quickly on when she sees the Ranger watching her.

The mood is one of suspicion between white and black people.



It is a hot afternoon in a state forest. Tim arrives, eating a piece of honeycomb which he is holding on a scrap of bark. A small tomahawk is stuck in the band of his school shorts. He sits on the log.

Peggy arrives, returning home after a ballet class, practising a step as she walks. She is carrying a school bag. When Tim sees her he hides behind the log, but she has heard a noise and comes back to see who is there. Tim tries to bury himself in the ground but she has seen him.

PEGGY

Hello?

TIM

Go away!

PEGGY

What for?

TIM

Go away!

PEGGY

Are you all right?

TIM

Yeah.

PEGGY

What's wrong with you?

TIM.

Nothing. Mind your own business.

PEGGY

Are you hiding from someone?

[Tim springs to his feet, threatening her with his tomahawk].

TIM

Clear out, will ya.

[Peggy sees that he has honey all over the front of his shirt.]

PEGGY

Yuk! You've been lying in something.

TIM

Stop being a sticky beak, will ya?

PEGGY

It's honey.

TIM

No, it's not.

PEGGY

I know what you've been doing.

TIM

What?

PEGGY

And I know who you are. You're new at our school, aren't you?

[Tim nods his head.]

Are you in Mr Barker's class?

TIM

Mrs Porter's.

PEGGY

Mrs Porter's? That's only Year Six! How old are you?

TIM

Thirteen.

PEGGY

You can't be.

TIM

I am.

PEGGY

You can't be thirteen in year six. I'm only twelve and I'm in Year Seven.

[Tim shrugs his shoulders.]

TIM

I missed some school when we lived up at Moore River.

PEGGY

Where'd you get the honey?

TIM

I'm not telling you.

PEGGY

Why not?

TIM

'Cause this is a State Forest and your dad's the Forest Ranger!

PEGGY

Did you get the honey out of trees?

[No answer.]

Did you cut them down?

[No answer.]

'Cause if you did you'll be in trouble. If you cut down trees in a State Forest the police can get you and . . .

TIM

I don't cut down trees. I just cut holes in 'em. If you cut down a honey tree, there'd be no more honey. Look — there's a honey tree.

[He points upwards.]

You climb up and make the opening to the hive bigger . . .

[He sees that Peggy has become aware that there are bees flying around her.]

What's the matter?

PEGGY

Look out, there's bees!

[She tries to swipe them with her school bag. One lands on her arm and stings.]

Ooh, ah, it bit me!

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TIM

Don't squeeze it. You'll squeeze all the venom in!

PEGGY

It hurts!

TIM

Let's have a look.

[He extracts the sting with the blade of the tomahawk.]

There — it's out.

PEGGY

Rotten bees.

TIM

I told you to clear out.

PEGGY

If you hadn't taken their honey they wouldn't have bitten me.

TIM

They don't bite, they sting.

[Another bee circles them.]

PEGGY

Look out, there's one in your hair!

[Tim gently picks it out and shows her.]

TIM

They don't sting me.

PEGGY

Step on it!

TIM

No, they're my brothers.

[He cradles the bee in his cupped hands, then releases it into the air.]

PEGGY

Who?



TIM

The bees. They're my totem.

PEGGY

Your totem?

TIM

When I was born, a bee came and dropped some honey in my hair. Now I am brother to the plura.

PEGGY

What's the plura?

TIM

The bees. That's our law, Nyoongah way.

PEGGY

Gee, you sure got a lot of brothers.

TIM

Yeah, Nyoongahs got big families, eh?

PEGGY

Thanks for getting the sting out.

TIM

Is it swelling up?

PEGGY

A bit, and I've got ballet again tomorrow.

TIM

Here, take some honey.

PEGGY

No, no, I don't want any.

TIM

Go on, try it. It's just like a Crunchy Bar, only better.

[Peggy tries some honey.]

Like it?

PEGGY

Mmmm.

TIM

Then take it. I can get more, easy.

PEGGY

Thanks.

[She takes the honey and moves off.]

TIM

Hey, your name's Peggy Summers, isn't it?

PEGGY

Yeah, what's yours?

TIM

Tim.

PEGGY

Tim what?

TIM

Tim Winalli.

[The conversation is becoming a bit embarrassed, but both want it to continue.]

PEGGY

Hey, will I see you tomorrow?

TIM

Maybe at the bus stop.

PEGGY

Do you live around here?

TIM

We just moved into that Forestry cottage down Acacia Rd.

PEGGY

Does your dad work for the Forestry too?

TIM

Nuh. Ain't got no dad. Forestry just said we could live there. See ya!

[He runs off. Peggy calls after him.]

PEGGY

At the bus stop tomorrow, OK?

[But he is gone. A bee flies around her, she waves it away gently.]

Bye, plura.