

# Automata Deserve Humanity Too

❖ **Author:**

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❖ **Series:**

Automata Deserve Things Too (Part II)

[Part I](#) • Part II

see also: [Visiting an Ancient Library](#), which takes place in the same continuity but which is not part of this series

❖ **Tags:**

[A4A] [automaton listener] [overworked listener] [human speaker] [noble speaker] [stern but gentle] [forced relaxation] [comfort] [platonic] [lore]

❖ **Date:**

03 June 2024

❖ **Words:**

2,400 spoken words

❖ **Summary:**

*You're a Class I automaton who takes immense pride in your work, even more than most. It's what you were built for: your purpose is to be useful. But yesterday, you were approached at the Recommission Centre by a noble who disagrees and is concerned that you are incredibly overworked. They hire you for a rather unusual job with the distinct purpose of giving you time off. You're initially resistant to the idea, but you also don't really have a choice. Today's your first day... "on the job?"*

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❖ **Editing:**

Small changes to the scripts are okay, but please ask before making any major line changes, additions, deletions, gender swaps, etc. Vocal cues and sound effects are suggestions, so feel free to be creative with those!

❖ **Other notes:**

I find it easier to write the listener's dialogue rather than keep track of half of a conversation, so their lines are given for context but aren't meant to be voiced. The word counts given only include the spoken text.

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## Characters:

- **Kalani (speaker)** – A noble who has heard stories about the listener and is concerned for their well-being. Generally an advocate for automaton rights and conditions, they take particular interest in the listener due to their unusual level of commitment and lack of self-valuation. They decide to "trap" the listener in a contract wherein they are forced to put themselves first, though it's hardly malicious. Kalani is easy-going and confident, and while they can be a bit manipulative, they are also very caring and genuine.
  - **unnamed automaton listener** – The overworked Class I automaton whom Kalani takes interest in, model SFLS-PR02. Even beyond most automata, they consider their work to be of ultimate importance, leading them to prioritise it over even their own well-being. They are extraordinarily diligent and efficient, highly obedient—except when instructions are standing between them and their job.
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## Formatting Guide:

### spoken text (Kalani)

(tone marker)

[...] = a short pause

*[This is a stage direction and/or SFX.]*

« example listener dialogue, not intended to be voiced »

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[The listener's bedroom at Kalani's manor, the morning following part 1. Kalani and the listener shared the bed, with Kalani cuddling the listener. Kalani woke up a few minutes ago and continues to spoon the listener, content. Now, the listener awakes, slightly disoriented by the new location.]

(lightly, softly) **Good morning. Did you sleep well?**

« (confused) I...? »

(giggling) **A bit confused, are we? Do you remember where you are, or are your thoughts still a bit foggy on account of only just waking up?**

« This... This is one of the bedrooms of your manor. »

**That is correct, though you needn't be so plain about it. This is your bedroom, at least for the duration of your contract with me.**

**But more to the point... (gently) Did you sleep well? I know it can be somewhat awkward, if not difficult, to sleep somewhere new.**

« Yes, Master. I did sleep well. I appreciate your concern. »

**Good. You seemed quite comfortable, but I did want to confirm with you, just to be sure.**

(hesitantly) **I hope my cuddling wasn't too off-putting or overbearing or the like?**

« No, not at all. You wish it, Master. I have no qualm with it, if it should please you. »

(sighs) **You're lucky that it's far too early for argument, though I'll remind you that (playfully) you have autonomy, you stubborn automaton. Automata deserve humanity too, you know.**

**I'm going to stop you from overexerting yourself while you're here... but aside from that and the standard prohibitions of conduct in pursuant to law, your contract grants you—requires of you, even—a wide berth of independence.**

« But— »

**Ah ah ah. (gently) You are not subject to all my whims.**

« (bashfully) ...Yes, Master. I shall strive to act accordingly. »

**Good. Now... I was thinking about showing you around the manor today, as I only gave you a brief overview last night. As I said, I expect that you'll quite like the library here.**

**Does that sound good to you?**

« Yes, that sounds nice. »

Alright... Do you want to go now, (playfully) or are you too cosy and warm as my little spoon and so perhaps we ought to wait a few moments?

[The listener, too embarrassed to admit to this, remains silent.]

(giggling) I'm going to take your silence as a "yes, I'm too cosy right now". (teasingly) Am I wrong?

« ...No. »

I thought so.

[There's a momentary lull while Kalani and the listener continue to lay together.]

(softly) ...This is nice, isn't it? Just laying here like this?

« It is. It is quite comfortable. »

(reminiscently) I have a younger sister. She doesn't live here anymore—she's off in Renseria performing some diplomatic business—but she and I used to cuddle like this when we were younger... so this is really comfortable for me, almost nostalgic...

« Is it? I would think it rather strange for you to feel that way on account of our relative lack of acquaintance. Is it not strange to be so intimate with someone you do not know well? »

Hm... Perhaps. There are not many whom I know who would find this comforting, but... (sighs) I am simply an affectionate person, a fact which (annoyed) some of the nobility judge me for, thinking me too "soft" or "naïve". (mumbled, with disdain) Perhaps mere consequence of the court being such a patriarchal system, too concerned with an appearance of so-called "strength".

« You seem to rather dislike the court? »

No, I don't hate the court, per se... though it's true that I don't enjoy its game of politics, and I think its fascination with mere tradition and appearances is misplaced.

I'm sure you've enough experience with the nobility to know what I mean. (nonchalantly) I'm just not that well suited to it.

But enough serious talk at such an hour. I do know several quite lovely nobles whom I am glad to call my friends, however, though most of them are not eldest-born. Perhaps I shall introduce you to them at some point, assuming you're not already acquainted?

« That would be nice. Even if we have been acquainted, I'm sure it would be fine. »

*(excitedly)* **You think so? Then perhaps I'll organise some sort of gathering with them before the end of your contract... I'm sure Lady Islington would jump at the opportunity to attend a tea party here... (trails off)**

*[There's a short lull in the conversation after Kalani trails off, lost in thought.]*

*(playfully)* **Anyway, are you awake enough for me to show you the library now?**

« Yes, I am. We can go now. »

**Alright, then... let's go.**

*[Kalani and the listener get up from the bed and start to leave the room before Kalani stops them.]*

**Oh, would you like to change clothes beforehand? You need not if you do not wish to—this wing of the manor is off limits at this hour to all but my personal attendants, so you need not be concerned with... a sense of propriety or the like, if you should be more comfortable without.**

« ...No, that is quite alright, in that case. »

**No? I'm glad you seem to find those clothes rather comfortable. They are— (slightly embarrassed) Forgive me for my rambling. I am rather excited that you are here and simultaneously not yet fully awake, my mind not yet conscious enough to temper my thoughts.**

**But I will not delay us any further. Follow me.**

*[Kalani leads the listener out of the bedroom and down the hallway. As they walk:]*

« Nn, it does not bother me. Such is also very understandable, as one's mind is never fully functional upon waking up. »

*(still somewhat embarrassed)* **Well... I'm glad that my ramblings do not bother you too much, but... it certainly would be nice to actually be awake when you wake up.**

*[Kalani and the listener soon reach a staircase near the end of the hallway. There's a door at the end of the hallway which does lead to the library, but Kalani decides to instead lead her to another entrance, upstairs.]*

**Just up these stairs...**

« May I ask about that door there? »

*(playfully)* **Oh, that door? It's a secret for now, but you'll see soon enough.**

« (confused) ...Okay? »

[Kalani begins guiding the listener upstairs.]

**But... will you humour my curiosity for a moment?**

« Of course, Master. »

**Do Class I automata also have that slow wake up experience since you're meant to be the most humanlike of the four classes, or was that deemed unnecessary and undesirable in the aim of sophistication, or does it depend on the model?**

« It depends on the model. There is a rationale for whether or not it is included in most cases, though I'm not sure if that's of particular interest. »

**I see. And which sort of model are you?**

« (somewhat surprised by the question) I am an SFLS-PR model. »

*(slightly exasperated)* **No, not your model number. I mean...**

« (with realisation) ...whether I also experience that particular phenomenon. »

**Mhm.**

« I do. SFLS models generally have a high fidelity to human design. »

**Huh. Interesting. Good to know.**

[Having reached the top of the stairs, Kalani guides the listener down the short remainder of the hallway to a door leading to the library.]

**Alright, here's the library. *(gesturing to the door)* Go on, go inside.**

[The listener does as instructed, opening the door in front of them and entering the library—a large, two-storey room where the upper floor is mostly open, comprising essentially of a wide balcony around the full perimeter of the room. Bookshelves line the walls floor-to-ceiling on both floors, with plenty of comfortable seating on both levels. A staircase inside the room allows access between the floors.]

*(with pride)* **What do you think? That door from earlier is actually *(gestures)* that door down there, but I thought it might be better for your first impression to be from up here, where you can look down at this massive room from the upper floor.**

« It's... very impressive... »

*(slowly, hesitantly)* **You... know I have some reservations about my titles and the consequences thereof, but I take great pride in this library, *(warmly)* and it pleases me immensely to hear that you also appreciate it.**

*« Of course. The scale is impressive, and this is simultaneously not the sort of collection which garners much competition. »*

**Well, it is true that I'm thought often a bit strange, but do you suppose having Ainzela's second-largest book collection might play into it as well?**

*« Possibly. I won't pretend to truly understand the motivations of humans, but it doesn't seem unreasonable that that might be the case. »*

*[Kalani begins walking to the fireplace on the adjacent (east-facing) wall.]*

*(thoughtfully)* **Hm... *(nonchalantly)* Eh. Either way, it matters little. The books are here, and I don't foresee their numbers declining.**

*« Why is that? »*

*[As they continue speaking, Kalani starts a fire in the fireplace, its crackling soon audible throughout the conversation.]*

**Perhaps you've heard, but there has been some talk of the monarchs expanding and centralising the massive royal collection of books and similar for archival purposes. Due to logistical concerns, though, I don't expect it to happen any time soon.**

*[There's a brief lull before Kalani speaks again.]*

**Anyway, I'm going to make some breakfast. What would you like?**

*« *(confused)* You're going to... make breakfast? »*

*(with realisation)* **Oh, yeah. I guess you'd be confused. "You're not going to have one of the staff make it?"**

*« ...Yes. That is, indeed, why I was surprised by your comment. »*

**Well... I could, I guess. Haiza is a very talented cook, and I'm sure you'll enjoy what she makes for us later, but—**

*« If you're not going to have one of your staff make it, then allow me to do so, master. »*

**...You?**

*« *(flatly)* Yes, master. »*

I... N-No, that won't be necessary. Actually, I—

« Nor is it "necessary" for you to make breakfast for yourself, and particularly for me. That need not be your responsibility. »

(slightly exasperated) Perhaps. But neither is that your responsibility. Besides—

« You are my master, per the conditions of the contract, and thus— »

(firmly) No, it is not your responsibility. You are not burdened with every conceivable task which might seem to be inconvenient for me, nor are you expected to assist the other staff with their tasks as you might otherwise see fit.

I don't like playing this card, but I will remind you—not that you seem to need reminding—that I am your master for the duration of your contract here, and if I have to explicitly forbid you from performing such tasks, then I will, and simply rely on your instincts to do as instructed, too afraid to step out of line.

« (hesitantly, timidly) ...Do you not value my skills, automata's skills? »

Hm? Oh, no, of course not! You know full well that our workers in the mines are mostly Class III and IV automata, Haiza is Class II... and I've never had any real issue with any of them. You, my friend, are a Class I, and a rather skilled one at that. Of course I trust your skills.

In fact, I've no doubt that you could outperform several of them on your own if I let you, nor do I doubt that you're a better cook than I am. That said—

« Then why— »

(firmly) That said... if I might say it this time?

« (bashfully) I'm... sorry... »

(gently) Nn... you needn't apologise. I know that this is something you're passionate about, and I know that I might well be being a bit too harsh about it... If so, I apologise...

« No, it is okay. You are not at fault here. I... »

But the other thing I want to say on this topic is that I am aware that Haiza, or you, or many of the other staff here would be able and even willing to make breakfast for us, and many in my position would take up that offer—implicit or otherwise.

But I like cooking, and though I know you mean no malice to your comment, it serves to imply that I should not engage in activities I enjoy... (giggling) a proposition which seems perhaps a bit hypocritical of me to make here, given that I am preventing you from doing the same for... what I believe to be fundamentally similar reasons... Though I also suspect that this hypocrisy is effective in illustrating my point.



« I... see. I suppose that makes sense. I am sorry. I shall not infringe upon your desires, master. »

**As I said, you need not apologise. I know you mean no malice by it, but the contrary.**

« (bashfully) ...Is there something you would like me to do? »

**(gently) I would like you to stay here in the library and try to find at least one book you'd like to read while I make breakfast for us.**

« Understood. »

**Is there a particular genre of book you're particularly interested in? Fantasy, history, adventure, poetry, ...?**

*[The listener gives an answer.]*

**(brightly) Ah, good choice. You're obviously free to look around any section of this library and choose whatever piques your interest, but (gestures cross the room) those are in that area.**

**Once you've chosen something—and you needn't limit yourself to only one—take a seat over here by the fire. We have some wondrously comfortable seats... Just... enjoy the warmth and the relaxing crackling of the fire or the view out the window here, lose yourself in the book... whatever you like. And I'll come back with breakfast in a bit, okay?**

« Understood. I can do that. »

**Good. Is there anything specific you'd like for breakfast, or would you prefer me to choose?**

« Choose what you prefer, master. »

**Okay. Then I'll surprise you.**

*[Kalani exits. Time skip, approximately half an hour. During this time, Kalani heads to the kitchen and makes tea and breakfast while the listener looks around the indicated area of the library, selects a couple books, then returns to sit in front of the fire as directed. Fade in from skip as Kalani re-enters the room, carrying a tray with two plates of food, two cups of tea, and silverware. The cat, Little Meow, walks in behind Kalani.]*

**(warmly) I return with food... and a cat, since she wanted to follow me here.**

*[Kalani sets the tray on the table in front of the fireplace. The cat briefly investigates the tray before moving over to rub against the listener's legs with a meow. She sits at the listener's feet, purring throughout the scene.]*

**(giggling) She really does seem to like you.**

« You think she really does, even after I seemed to scare her last night? »

**Yeah. Which is a bit strange, since even though she's usually curious about anyone she's meeting for the first time, she's also usually really timid and wary about them.**

« That makes sense. Cats are usually fairly wary of new people. »

*(brightly)* **But she looks to be pretty attached to you. Right from the start for some reason. *(jokingly)* You don't have catnip running through you, do you?**

*[The listener, despite the obvious insincerity of Kalani's comment, responds flatly and genuinely.]*

« No, of course not. »

*(awkwardly, caught off-guard by the listener's sincerity)* **Ah, of course not. How silly of me.**

*(after a moment)* **Anyway, I'm aware that, as an automaton, you don't need food, strictly speaking, but that doesn't mean you can't have food, so...**

« This is true. Many automata enjoy food greatly, as much as—sometimes far than—humans do. »

**Mhm. But I made something I think you'll like... Along with some sweet peach tea, I made these.**

« What are they? »

**I'm probably not the first person to make them, so they might have another name, but I call them "fluff-crepes". They're like regular crepes, but they use a thicker batter. *(brightly)* They're soft and fluffy and just perfect for adding things to the batter for more flavour. I made these ones with amelynia berries.**

*[Kalani hands a plate and silverware to the listener.]*

**Here. I know it might be a bit awkward without a proper table, but I trust you not to make a mess even without one. Go ahead and try them.**

*[Kalani and the listener each begin eating.]*

« But... aren't those rather rare and expensive? »

*(lightly)* **Well, they're not common in general, but when you have massive ainzine mines anyway, it only makes sense that we'd also have massive amelyn farms. An interesting plant of particular interest to the automata for... obvious reasons, of course.**

« On account of how they process ainzine, yes. »

(chuckling) But as a **food**, rather than a **research subject**, what do you think?

[The listener hesitates, unsure how to answer the question.]

« I... »

(gently) You needn't temper your response simply to be polite. If you don't like it, then say as much and we can certainly find something else for you to eat if you'd prefer.

(anticipating the listener's counter) And no, before you say it, I would take precisely zero offense to you not liking what I've made. Several of Haiza's favourite dishes to make, I'm not particularly fond of, and it's a complete non-issue. (gently) And it's the same here.

« (hesitantly) Nn... it's not that. I... think... I like it? But... »

(gently, understanding) Ah, I see. Well, for one, I'm glad that you at least don't **dislike** it. I recognise that it's something of an atypical food, which is always something to get used to, and about half of those whom I've offered it to have said even to my face that they don't much like it—(laughing) with one going so far as to say, and I quote: "This abhorrent dish is purely distasteful in both senses of the word, neither something which could please even the man who has not eaten in near a week, nor something by any means in accordance with Ainzelan tradition, the least one ought expect of a noble (according to Kalani's gender:) man/woman."

« (surprised) Someone said that to you directly? »

Well... admittedly, **that** was not said to me directly, though it is a precise phrasing as best as I can know it. You might well guess which nobleman said as much, though it was to a close acquaintance of mine in the court who herself relayed it to me in confidence later.

« ...I see. It's certainly not a polite thing to have said. »

(nonchalantly) Indeed, though it's so... pompous a position that I can't help but laugh at it. It doesn't bother me. (gently) But my point amidst the rambling is that I do not think you could offend me in this regard even if you were to try. So worry not.

« I've no intention to try to offend you, master. Rather, I believe that I am simply largely indifferent. »

(giggling) Nor would I expect you to try. I suspect that your relative indifference is unfeigned, but I can see the hints of a smile on your lips. You can't fool me.

« (confused) What do you mean? »

(warmly) Put simply, although I can tell you're a bit restless, you're also enjoying this more than you realise.

« You think so? »

**Mhm. [...] Would you like another fluff-crepe?**

*[The listener hesitates slightly.]*

« ...Yes, please. »

**I made a couple without the berries too, if you'd prefer one of those?**

*[The listener makes a decision, taking one of the fluff-crepes or the other. Kalani takes one off of the tray and places it on the listener's plate.]*

**Alright... here you go. And I'll take... this one.**

*[Kalani and the listener eat their remaining fluff-crepes in silence, the crackling fireplace and the cat's purring still audible. Once they've finished:]*

*(contented sigh)* **I can't possibly eat any more. Are you finished as well?**

« Yes, master. »

**Okay. Go ahead and put your plate on the tray here, and it'll be taken care of later.**

*[The listener places their plate on the tray on the table and retakes their seat. This movement jostles the cat, but also frees up the listener's lap, which the cat is keen to take advantage of ^\_^]*

*(laughing)* **And the moment your lap is free, she jumps up onto it. It's interesting. She's not like this with almost anyone else, especially not at first. *(thoughtfully)* I think... maybe it was Haiza? that she took a quick liking to, but even then, it was nothing like this.**

« That is really strange. I don't really mind it, though. »

*(slightly teasingly)* **And it's particularly interesting if you consider that you stood up quite abruptly last night with her on you. You seem to have earned her forgiveness if she's so comfortable nuzzling into you like that, though I wouldn't push your luck.**

« *(slightly bashfully)* ...I won't. »

**Good. And I'm glad she's not bothering you too much.**

**Would you mind handing me that book that's next to you? I started reading it the other day and left it in here.**

« Yes, master. »

*[The listener hands over the book from the table.]*

**Then... *(warmly)* Are you two comfortable over there?**

« Yes. I am rather comfortable. »

**I told you these chairs are comfortable, didn't I?**

« You did, yes. »

*(giggling)* **And was I wrong? *(dreamily)* Such soft chairs... in front of a warm fireplace... a purring cat nuzzled into you...**

« *(after a moment)* ...What now? »

**Hm? "What now?" Well... you can sit here and relax, read your books, pet Little Meow, just enjoy the fireplace... Whatever you want, really. *(gently)* That's all I need from you right now. Okay?**

« Understood. »

*(softly, gently)* **I'm sorry if I've come off as a bit too harsh and admonishing. But... that is all I want from you right now. Just... relax and enjoy yourself. Okay?**

« Yes, master. I appreciate it. »

**Good. And when you want to do something else, then... well... we can do that. But for now... *(trails off)***

*[Kalani and the listener begin reading. Long fade out to close the scene, with the sounds of the fireplace, the cat's purring, and the occasional sounds of pages turning as they read.]*