

APIARY MONOLOGUES

CECE

1.

CECE.

Telling the bees.

You knock on the hives—

Knock, like— "*knock knock*" —

And tell the bees

About important events in your life.

Death, marriages, babies,

Whatever.

My mother used to do it.

We had hives in our backyard when I was growing up

And that woman was superstitious, my God—

She told them everything.

When my aunt Paula died, my mother even invited the bees to the funeral.

Turned the hive so they could see the procession.

And when I asked her why

Mama said—

"If you don't tell the bees about important events in your life,

The bees will die

And lay a curse on the whole family."

I didn't believe her—neither did my brother Jonah.

He got married and Mama asked him to tell the bees.

But he didn't.

It was stupid.

Talk to the bees?

Why?

GWEN

GWEN.

He needs to *tell me* they've filled the position.

I should have been involved in that process.

And the fact that he sends someone here today

When I have the quarterly budget meeting—

I mean—

Okay. Okay. Okay. Let me just—reorient—

Hello.

I'm Gwen.

Lab supervisor.

That's Pilar.

She's on hive maintenance—okay yeah so

I'm going to head upstairs to talk to Kyle about this and—

In the meantime—

Pilar just combined two colonies so you can,

You know,

You can just sort of watch what she's doing and take notes.

PILAR

PILAR.

That's another department.

Well, I mean.

It's just Chelsea.

(She's kind of antisocial.)

But you know,

You can make your own opinions about her.....

I just combined two hives because one of them wasn't doing so well.

Whenever we combine a colony we have to do a new baseline, so—

Pilar demonstrates operating the scale, which is built into the hives.

If you hold on to this—

Yeah.

We press this button and we just write down the weight there.

Easy-peasy.

And the time.

Yeah.

KATE AND SAM MONOLOGUES

BECKY:

Ohmigod I can't believe this is happening to me. Am I dead? Oh my god. You are Sam Lewis. What? What. Oh my god. You guys, you don't even understand you don't even understand shut up, I am like your biggest fan. I've seen all the movies, obviously, and like all of them at midnight, and I just think that you Sam are like the greatest actor and you're like so young but you've still like seen everything and done everything and I totally thought you should have won like an academy award thingy or whatever is bigger than an academy award or whatever, but who cares about awards because it's really about the story not the awards and you said once that you were just in it because you loved to act and I like so respected that because if I could choose someone to play Rothmund it would be someone who like loved the craft and not some guy who just like, wanted to be famous and win a bunch of awards and stuff— I mean ideally they would have picked someone with blonde hair curly hair, because it's pretty clear from the text that this is a Hines family trait— but whatever— Your "It Gets Better" video changed my life. I mean it really hasn't gotten any better yet, but I totally believe you, and your music— your music is just like this thing, like do we even deserve your music?

SAM:

Yeah, yeah. And we were running away from this crazy photographer guy. I mean they are just insane over there. And you tripped on whatever monster of a dress they had given you to wear that night and almost fell in the damn thing. And I just picked you up like you were a wounded soldier and just ran with you until we ended up in this alley and we're just laughing. Laughing at this guy, and laughing at your ripped like million dollar dress and just laughing because who the hell are we? Y'know, we're just these nobodies and we're in London and I don't know. I'm not even sure if we were dating at that point. I just looked at you and said it. I just went for it, and I was so freaked out that I said it, but I said it, and you cried and you kissed me. And that was that.

BILL:

—So I knew if maybe I could explain to her, y'know all the things I was feeling. If I could just get her to understand what love was, the love I was feeling was, she would change her mind. So I'd go to try and talk to her, but after awhile they told me I couldn't be there if I didn't have an appointment.

I hurt myself again. Not like the first time though. I made sure I had to get help again. I thought maybe if I started over, I could get more time with her. I told her that too, y'know? I told her that I did it all so I could spend more time with her, and she got that look again. And that's when I realized, that was the real look, you know? That was her. All those other times, she was just pretending.

KATE:

Because. It was supposed to happen eventually, right? That was supposed to happen. That's what I kept telling myself. And you just kept becoming this guy that I should have loved. More and more. This really nice, funny, idiot and I didn't feel a thing.

And I just kept thinking, I must be some kind of monster. I mean, Jesus. Look at him, listen to him.
It has to be him.
It has to be.

Do you know what it's like to hear every day that you don't deserve anything you have? Not your career or your boyfriend— Every single teenage girl's fantasy handed over to the world's biggest fuck up. At first you try not to listen to it, to shake it off. But after awhile you start to believe it yourself, because you can't seem to do anything to prove them wrong. You're the only thing about me anyone ever really liked.
And do you know how much I hated that?
I hated you for that.

BURIED CHILD MONOLOGUES

Sides

Hallie

Then when Tilden turned out to be so much trouble, I put all my hopes on Ansel. Of course, Ansel wasn't as handsome, but he was smart. He was the smartest probably. I think he probably was. Smarter than Bradley, that's for sure. Didn't go and chop his leg off with a chain saw. Smart enough not to go and do that. I think he was smarter than Tilden too. Especially after Tilden got in all that trouble. Doesn't take brains to go to jail. Anybody knows that. Course then when Ansel died that left us all alone. Ansel could've been a great man. One of the greatest. I only regret that he didn't die in action. It's not fitting for a man like that to die in a motel room. A soldier. He could've won a medal. He could've been decorated for valor. I've talked to Father Dewis about putting up a plaque for Ansel. He thinks it's a good idea. He agrees. He knew Ansel when he used to play basketball. Went to every game. Ansel was his favorite player. He even recommended to the City Council that they put up a statue of Ansel. A big, tall statue with a basketball in one hand and a rifle in the other. That's how much he thinks of Ansel. Of course, he'd still be alive today if he hadn't married into the Catholics. The Mob. How in the world he never opened his eyes to that is beyond me. Just beyond me. Everyone around him could see the truth. Even Tilden. Tilden told him time and again. Catholic women are the Devil incarnate.

Tilden

I had a car once! I had a white car! I drove. I went everywhere. I went to the mountains. I drove in the snow. I drove all day long sometimes. Across the desert. Way out across the desert. I drove past towns. Anywhere. Past palm trees. Lightning. Anything. I would drive through it. I would drive through it and I would stop and I would look around and I would see things sometimes. I would see things I wasn't supposed to see. Like deer. Hawks. Owls. I would look them in the eye and they would look back. I could tell I wasn't supposed to be there by the way they looked at me. So I would drive on. I would get back in and drive! I loved to drive. There was nothing I loved more. Nothing I dreamed of was better than driving. I was independent.

Shelly

We just got here. We drove out from New York. Pouring rain on the freeway so we thought we'd stop by. I mean Vince was planning on stopping anyway. He wanted to see you. He said he hadn't seen you in a long time. Pay you a little visit. We were going all the way through to New Mexico. To see his father. I guess his father lives out there. In a trailer or something. We thought we'd stop by and see you on the way. Kill two birds with one stone, you know? *(she laughs, DODGE stares, she stops laughing)* I mean Vince has this thing about his family now. I guess it's a new thing with him. I kind of find it hard to relate to. But he feels it's important. You know. I mean he feels he wants to get to know you all again. After all this time. Reunite. I don't have much faith in it myself. Reuniting. Vince, will you come down here please!

Vince

I was gonna run last night. I was gonna run and keep right on running. I drove all night. Clear to the Iowa border. The old man's two bucks sitting right on the seat beside me. It never stopped raining the whole time. Never stopped once. I could see myself in the windshield. My face. My eyes. I studied my face. Studied everything about it. As though I was looking at another man. As though I could see his whole race behind him. Like a mummy's face. I saw him dead and alive at the same time. In the same breath. In the windshield, I watched him breathe as though he was frozen in time. And every breath marked him. Marked him forever without him knowing. And then his face changed. His face became his father's face. Same bones. Same eyes. Same nose. Same breath. And his father's face changed to his Grandfather's face. And it went on like that. Changing. Clear on back to faces I'd never seen before but still recognized. Still recognized the bones underneath. The eyes. The breath. The mouth. I followed my family clear into Iowa. Every last one. Straight into the Corn Belt and further. Straight back as far as they'd take me. Then it all dissolved. Everything dissolved.

Bradley

You taking him with you? You oughta'. No use leaving him here. Doesn't do a lick a' work. Doesn't raise a finger. Do ya'? 'Course he used to be an All American. Quarterback or Fullback or somethin'. He tell you that? Yeah, he used to be a big deal. Wore lettermen's sweaters. Had medals hanging all around his neck. Real purty. Big deal. This one too. You'd never think it to look at him would ya'? All bony and wasted away. Women like that kinda' thing don't they? Importance. Importance in a man? You're with Tilden? Tilden! She with you? He was always scared! You're scared too, right? You're scared and you don't even know me. You don't gotta be scared.

Dewis

HALIE: Oh Father! That's terrible! That's absolutely terrible.
Aren't you afraid of being punished?

• *(She giggles)*

DEWIS: Not by the Italians. They're too busy punishing each other.

(They both break out in giggles.)

HALIE: What about God?

DEWIS: Well, prayerfully, God only hears what he wants to. That's just between you and me of course. In our hean of hearts we know we're every bit as wicked as the Catholics.

(They giggle again and reach the stage right door.)

HALIE: Father, I never heard you talk like this in Sunday sermon.

DEWIS: Well, I save all my best jokes for private company.
Pearls before swine you know.