

SIDE 1: 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?

But *my hand to God*,
After the wedding,
The bees stopped making honey.
Got sick.
Nearly died——

———until my mother brought the bees
The wedding album
And showed it to them.

They recovered.
That time, they recovered.

All those years,
I never said a word to them.

Nothing.
Like they were wallpaper.

Right, so,
If I had to pick a relationship to mend...
That was the question, right?

If my mother was alive...
But——

Or maybe...

Maybe
It's
The bees

SIDE 2: ZORA & PILAR

*Nighttime. A dead pig in the lab. The bees are not swarming.
Zora examines the carcass and Pilar takes notes.*

ZORA.

We'll have to test the particulate count but—

PILAR.

Pigs are a no.

ZORA.

Did you pull that enzyme panel from last week?

PILAR.

It's the third page.

ZORA.

Right.

Okay...

So.

We're pretty much back to where we started before the flowers—

Zora cross-checks some old notes.

PILAR.

Gwen put in a request for flower funding.

Like, officially.

So maybe that'll help...

ZORA.

Do you have the—thanks.

I know this cuts into a lot of free time.

PILAR.

I don't have a lot going on, otherwise.

I went vegan a few months ago.

That's pretty much...the biggest event of my year so far.

Don't you have
Things to do?

Like, hobbies.

ZORA.

My hobby is bees.

PILAR.

It can be hard when you make a living from something you love.
Did you know that the word amateur means—"lover of"?

So when you go from being a lover of something to a professional
of something...

It can really

Suck

The joy out of it.

Like being a professional adult
is basically
the worst thing that can happen to you.

Zora begins packing up the pig.

I can take her.

ZORA.

I got it.

PILAR.

You've done all of them so far.

ZORA.

It's really okay.

PILAR.

I can bury her if you just tell me where.

ZORA.

I don't bury the animals.

PILAR.

Then what do / you—

ZORA.

I incinerate them.

PILAR.

You WHAT?!?!?!?

ZORA.

What did you think I've been doing?

PILAR.

Burying them!!!!!!!

ZORA.

You'd have to dig at least four feet deep—

PILAR.

How are you incinerating them?!

ZORA.

Someone at Townsend owes me a favor.

PILAR.

You're doing this at Townsend?!?

ZORA.

I told you I would take care of it.

PILAR.

All of them, incinerated?!

Even the guinea pig????

ZORA.

It's standard practice for these types of experiments.

You're upset.

PILAR.

I'm not upset!!!

I just—

I think I should be there!

See things through!

ZORA.

There's really no need—

PILAR.

I was here when you did the

Injection and I should be here when you—

Incinerate them.

ZORA.

I don't think it's a good idea.

I don't want my friend at Townsend to think there's anything

—Organized—

Happening.

PILAR.

I think your friend would be relieved.

Like,

"O good, Zora isn't killing these animals all by herself.

There's a plan here."

ZORA.

What if—instead—

You said a few words.

Before I took her away.

A private goodbye

Between you and—her.

PILAR.

I could do that.

Okay.

Yeah, I could.

ZORA.

Sort of—

Complete the process.

PILAR.

I could do that.

I could do that.

I'm not squeamish about the incineration or anything,

I was just surprised, is all.

ZORA.

Of course.

SIDE 3: BRITTA [KATE] / ROTHMUND [SAM]

3.

The apartment and Bill are gone, replaced by a Forest.

Kate is now Britta, a half-ghost gatekeeper in Ghost Forest.

Sam is now Rothmund. A mixed martial artist and Ghost Hunter.

BRITTA:

You'll have to run faster than that, hunter if you want to keep up with me.

ROTHMUND:

You cheated! You used magic. You must have.

BRITTA:

I'm a half-ghost, Rothmund. I don't need magic to outrun a mortal like you.

ROTHMUND:

Don't forget who you're talking to. I'm a—

BRITTA:

A ghost hunter. Your father was a ghost hunter and his father before him, and on and on for centuries before. How could anyone forget with you constantly reminding us. Did you hear that, everyone?

Rothmund Hines, of the legendary Hines family has come to our forest to hunt us all!

ROTHMUND:

Not too loud. Remember, no one must know I'm here.

BRITTA:

Don't worry. The spirits don't come to this part of the forest. They fear it.

ROTHMUND:

Fear it? Why?

A long series of knowing glances.

She bites her lip.

Turns away.

He touches her shoulder.
She shudders.

BRITTA:

It is not for me to say, Rothmund Hines.

He moves away.
Another series of knowing glances.
Drama.

ROTHMUND:

I did not come here for you, Britta Blackwell. Or your family.

BRITTA:

Not anymore, you mean.

ROTHMUND:

I—

BRITTA:

You don't need to explain anything to me, ghost hunter. I am not your enemy. I want to be free of this place. I don't belong here, I know that.

ROTHMUND:

And what do I have to do with that?

BRITTA:

You'll see, hunter. You'll see.

She begins to go.
He hesitates.

BRITTA:

Are you coming?

ROTHMUND:

The popcorn's ready.

BRITTA:

What?

ROTHMUND:

It's at 3 seconds.

BRITTA:

What are you talking about?

4.

SIDE 4: BECKY / BILL / KATE / SAM

BILL:

What do you want to drink? I think I might have some beer...

BECKY:

Ummm, hello. I'm like, 16, Bill.

(Can you believe him? Oh my god.)

BILL:

I think I have some Kool-aid.

BECKY:

Fine. Whatever, Bill. Just go make us some kool-aid. I don't care, just give me like five seconds *please*. Please please please please please, *BILL, PLEASE*. If you're my friend, please just—

He exits.

BECKY:

Sorry about him. He's totally weird.

SAM:

Becky—?

BECKY:

Becky Park. I'm the founder and moderator of "The Forest Guard"—

SAM:

Cool, Becky. This is serious—

BECKY:

Only the largest group of Ghost Forest fans in the entire world, you probably knew that you're so smart, but like I thought, I can't do ghostforest.com because obvi that's taken, and yeah it's a little hokey, but people really like it, y'know? And weirdly dot com was taken so I had to make it dot net, but that totally works better anyway because we are more like a network, right?

SAM:

I don't know how you know that man in there but—

BECKY:

We met on the ForrestGaurd.net. It's not like just some lame fan site either, I have this really great blog on it where I—

KATE:

Hello, hello, child? We have been kidnapped, do you get that? We are not here for your amusement, your friend in there did not win a radio contest, we are tied to these fucking chairs. And he could literally kill us any moment now, so if you could please stop talking about your fucking website for a second and get us out of here—

BECKY:

That attitude is like, so uncalled for. Of course I know you're kidnapped. It's all over the news and I'm not *blind*. I'm sorry, I was just so excited to meet you guys, and like, I didn't mean to offend you. *Sorry*.

SAM:

Are you scared? Of him? You don't have to be. You just need to untie us and we can all get out of here together.

BECKY:

Ew, scared of Bill? Please. The only person that should be scared of Bill is [a piece of cake].

SAM:

Hurry, if he comes back—

KATE:

Becky, do you know what that man in there is about to do to us?

BECKY:

How should I know? I'm just glad you're here.

SAM:

He could be getting ready to to murder us, Becky. Maybe even you.

BECKY:

He would never.

Bill enters, carrying a tray of Kool-aid.

BILL:

It's cherry, I hope that's okay.

BECKY:

Bill, are you like, totally going to murder us now or what?

BILL:

What? No. I would never.

BECKY:

See?

KATE:

Then why are we here?

BILL:

I did it for Becky.

Beat.

SAM:

Oh Bill, this isn't like... You two aren't—?

BILL:

What?

KATE:

This isn't a... *thing*, is it?

BILL:

What are you saying?

SAM:

It's just, the two of you, it doesn't seem—I mean, you're... You, and she's—

KATE:

— It's weird, Bill! It's weird. I mean, it was weird before, but this is taking it to a whole second level of weirdness, are you— in love with her or... Whatever?

BECKY:

Oh my god, no! Bill isn't like that. We're just internet friends.

BILL:

Best internet friends.

BECKY:

Sure.

SAM:

Then why did you do this? Because it's feeling a little John Hinckley Jr-y—

BILL:

God, no! She was so upset about the break-up, and wrote all these blog posts about how the next movie would be ruined, and how-and how if she could just get you together in a room, she would take care of everything. So I did it— I mean, we could be heroes! To everyone.

5: BURIED CHILD SIDES

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.