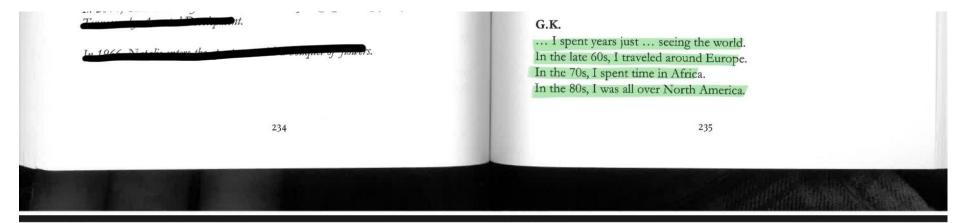
Monologue #1 G.K.



G.K. (continued)

And the writing never stopped.

Those were the years when the stories ...

[G.K. rubs her hands]

I could write anywhere, any time.

I carried these tiny notebooks with me.

I used to be so ... rigid, you know?

Couldn't leave my typewriter for too long.

Could only write at my desk. Blah, blah, blah ...

But when I left the city in the 60s ... I had to find a way to create while in motion.

And, shit, that damn typewriter I lugged around was heavy.

The men laugh.

G.K.

You young boys don't know about that, but those shits were hea.vy. You press those keys, you needed muscle in your hands. Now you have those itty bitty laptops. I bet your hands are weak. [to Griffin] Give me your hand.

Griffin does.

G.K. feels for the muscle in Griffin's hand.

G.K.

See, look at that ... weak hands.

Stokes is stunned.

Stokes.

I am ... I writing a novel now, but ... well, been painting for a long time. How did you

G.K.

It's in the muscle.

=.=

You might do alright at the ty. Strong hands.

Maybe you can come visit me a you can paint my portrait?

Stokes.

I would ... yes! Absolut I would love to.

G.K.

Remind me your es again?

Stokes.

Stokes.

G.K.

Monologue #2 Stokes

Riley.

What stopped you?

Stokes.

Tami stopped me.

ley.

Sto

She s

I went house in a rage.

I though were there.

Riley

I was

St

I and that out.

didn't know where were either.

at she sent you a text.

And you replied.

Riley.

=,=

Stokes.

I had been calling you non-stop for two days. And you write back to Tami in two minutes. "I'm fine. Staying with my friend in San Rey."

=,=

=.=

She showed me your message.

I sat on her couch. And I couldn't move.

It felt like my heart was climbing up my throat.

=.=

Tami sat with me while I caught my breath.

Tami did that.

She called Griffin to come over.

And they sat up with me all night.

=.=

Stokes. (continued)

=.=

Why did you disappear on me?

Riley.

Deeded space.

To think ...

Sto

We a ed: no more distance no mo ilence...

Riley.

I know...

Stokes.

Then why disa My baby's come months, Riley.

Riley.

It's just yours? Nob Our baby. It's <u>our</u> okes.

Stokes.

Is this how it's go to be.
You coming and the ng where you feel like it—

Riley.

No...

tokes.

Iow can I tr

iley.

ecause I ca back.

n back. I'r

vant to rai a good kid. With you.

Stokes oves this wo san. He can't help it.

Monologue #3 Riley

Riley. (continued)

Ever since I was a kid.

Do you realize how many douches there are in tech?

Socially awkward white boys, dismissive Asian guys,

and there's always the lone white woman who's afraid to talk to me

because

she doesn't want to appear weak in front of the other guys?

That shit is hard.

And I'm Black.

And I'm from a small mid-western town.

And I didn't grow up with a lot of money.

And my aunt was the only person in my family who encouraged me.

Nothing in my pedigree suggests I would be accepted into tech society.



Riley.

I've been rejected a million times.

More than a million.

But I said: fuck you, nut stain, I have every right to be here.

I can code. I can reroute an x23c fucking blindfolded—

Monologue #4 Griffin

Griffin.

I have access to money from my mom's insurance policy.

I earmarked those funds to help raise a kid. My kid.

It didn't even occur to me that money would get eaten up

by the attempt to simply have one.

=.=

At this point, it's cheaper to fall in love.

=.=

Your poem sits in my heart today.

[recites G.K.'s poem]

"A universe blooms inside you.

I wait. I am patient next to you at night as we rest in bed.

I am patient as I type. As you thread.

We wonder how long.

How long before this house of string collapses from the weight of our silence?

I write an instructional poem: how to catch creation.

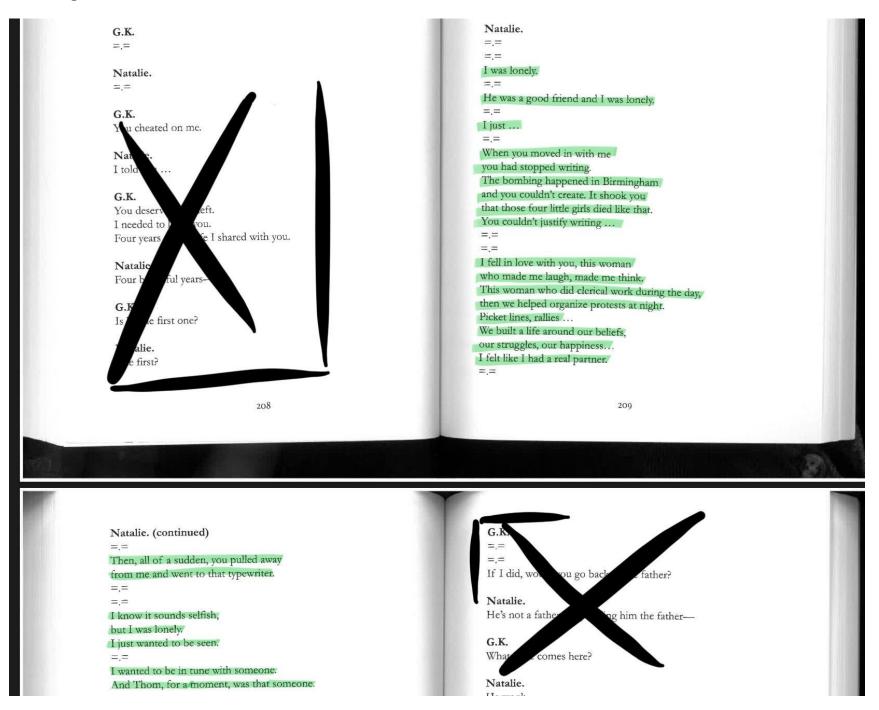
I type the steps: one, two, three, four, and so on.

You glance at the paper, then say to me: there are no instructions here.

Only a list of numbers.

I tell you I know.

Monologue #5 Natalie



Monologue #6 Tami

Tami. sarcastic There's only so many hours in the day live life who can squeeze in m Ril ike it's a hobby You Tami. For some p Riley. That's not yo Tami. No? W nakes you so su Rile now it. ou remember that painting you pointed out on my office wall? Tami.

-

I thought I wanted to raise a family with Stevie.

I loved her. And I thought she could be a good mother.

We could be better to each other if she and I had a ...

But it didn't work out like that.

=.=

When I finally got the courage to leave

I called Griffin's mom in tears.

She was like a mother to me.

I told her what happened. She listened to me with no judgment.

She paid for a one-way flight from Philly back here to The Bay.

And she let me sleep on her couch for months.

When Stevie called, Natalie told her to fuck off.

=,=

That woman was so good to me when I probably didn't deserve it.

Riley touches Tami's hand. Tami accepts it.

254

255

Tami.

You're the first woman I've ... been close to who's having a kid.

For the first time, I was feeling the real possibility of motherhood in

my life.

I'd be at the office,

in my car, in bed with you,

imagining what it would be like,

what having a child could look like ... for me,

=.=

= =

I shouldn't wait for you while you figure things out with Stokes, should

15

GK

Yo did. And I appreciate is

Griffin.

It was an it wase by part.

The decision e here.

G.K.

Why are still explang what's already come to be?

Griffi

I just needed ... I needed to can someone.

I thought of you.