

Monologue #1 G.K.

Thompson by 4 and 1/2 inch. I don't paint.

In 1966, Nolan enters the studio and the designer of jeans.

234

G.K.

... I spent years just ... seeing the world.
In the late 60s, I traveled around Europe.
In the 70s, I spent time in Africa.
In the 80s, I was all over North America.

235

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 heavy.
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'm writing a novel now,
but ... well, I've been painting for a long time.
How did you ...

G.K.

It's in the muscle.

=.=

You might do alright at the typewriter.
Strong hands.

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

Stokes.

I would ... yes! Absolutely.
I would love to.

G.K.

Remind me your name again?

Stokes.

Stokes.

G.K.

Monologue #2 Stokes

Riley.

What stopped you?

Stokes.

Tami stopped me.

Riley.

Stokes.

She stopped me.

I went to her house in a rage.

I thought she was there.

Riley.

I was.

Stokes.

I said that out.

I didn't know where you were either.

But 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.

I needed space.

To think ...

Stokes.

We agreed: no more distance.

No more silence...

Riley.

I know...

Stokes.

Then why disappear?

My baby's coming in two months, Riley.

Riley.

It's just yours? Nobody else's?

Our baby. It's our baby, Stokes.

Stokes.

Is this how it's going to be?

You coming and going whenever you feel like it—

Riley.

No...

Stokes.

How can I trust that?

Riley.

Because I can't back.

Go back. I'm here.

I want to raise a good kid. With you.

Stokes loves this woman. 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.

Tina:

Did you hear that? "I'm Black."

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

G.K.

=.=

Natalie.

=.=

G.K.

You cheated on me.

Natalie.

I told you ...

G.K.

You deserved to be left.

I needed to know you.

Four years of my life I shared with you.

Natalie.

Four beautiful years—

G.K.

Is she the first one?

Natalie.

Is she the first?

208

Natalie.

=.=

=.=

I was lonely.

=.=

He was a good friend and I was lonely.

=.=

I just ...

=.=

When you moved in with me

you had stopped writing.

The bombing happened in Birmingham

and you couldn't create. It shook you

that those four little girls died like that.

You couldn't justify writing ...

=.=

=.=

I fell in love with you, this woman

who made me laugh, made me think.

This woman who did clerical work during the day,

then we helped organize protests at night.

Picket lines, rallies ...

We built a life around our beliefs,

our struggles, our happiness...

I felt like I had a real partner.

=.=

209

Natalie. (continued)

=.=

Then, all of a sudden, you pulled away
from me and went to that typewriter.

=.=

=.=

I know it sounds selfish,

but I was lonely.

I just wanted to be seen.

=.=

I wanted to be in tune with someone.

And Thom, for a moment, was that someone.

G.K.

=.=

=.=

If I did, would you go back to the father?

Natalie.

He's not a father. Calling him the father—

G.K.

What comes here?

Natalie.

.....

Monologue #6 Tami

Tami.

[sarcastic]

There's only so many hours in the day
to live life who can squeeze in mothering ...?

Riley.

You treat it like it's a hobby.

Tami.

For some people it is.

Riley.

That's not you, no.

Tami.

No? What makes you so sure?

Riley.

I just know it.

Tami.

=.=

You remember that painting you pointed out on my office wall?

254

Tami.

[redacted]

=.=

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.

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

I?

G.K.

You did. And I appreciate it.

Griffin.

It was an impulse on my part.

The decision was made here.

G.K.

Why are you still explaining what's already come to be?

Griffin.

I just needed ... I needed to call someone.

I thought of you.