

ZORA.
Sure, or—
Sure.

PILAR.
But what if nobody says anything?

ZORA.
It's just a framework for whatever comes up
For anybody.
If anybody comes.
...
.....
What about you?

PILAR.
My—

ZORA.
Have you thought about—
Your funeral at all, or—

PILAR.
It's always been funny to me that we have funerals
For just one person.
Death is everywhere, all the time,
Like you can't even keep up with it, so—

I kind of thought I'd just get swept up with the bees one day.
Put me in a trash bag.
No fuss or anything.

I dunno.
I never thought about anything like that for me.

CECE.
When it's quiet, I can hear it—
This humming.
Problems with my ears, they said.
It's always there—

But in the dream
I realize the hum is coming from outside.
So I follow it.
I go over these hills—
In the dream, I go over the hills—
And the hum is getting louder and louder and louder.....

Then I see it.
Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of bee hives—
And that was the hum I had been hearing
My whole life—

And everybody I had ever known was there—
My mother was there—Jonah was there—
And everybody was talking to the bees,
Telling them everything—!!!!!!—

So I knock on one of the hives.
I start with the big things—and then the little things creep in—
The details of my whole life.

But it isn't just my life,
I'm telling the story of my mother's life and she's telling the story of
her mother's life, and we're all there together,
Telling the bees everything
And they can hold all of it.
Everything.

And after I had talked so long I couldn't talk anymore—
I said to the bees—
Before I go, what can I do to thank you?

And they told me—