

*Back to human time.*

GWEN.  
—FUUUUUUUUCK!

PILAR.  
O my god—

GWEN.  
Who's up there?

ZORA.  
(*In the intercom.*)  
Gwen  
Gwen  
We can explain—

GWEN.  
ZORA?????

ZORA.  
(*In the intercom.*)  
Just listen / to—

GWEN.  
DID YOU MURDER THIS / PERSON???

ZORA.  
No! No / —  
(*In the intercom.*)  
No—no—

*Zora locks the apiary doors.*

GWEN.  
What the fuck is going on????

ZORA.  
(*In the intercom.*)  
Calm down, Gwen—let / me—

GWEN.  
Let me out of here / right this second!!!

ZORA.  
(*In the intercom.*)  
I'm not letting you out until we have a chance to explain.

GWEN.  
I am your MANAGER  
And I am ORDERING YOU to  
Open  
This /  
Fucking  
Door

PILAR.  
No no no no no / no no no—

ZORA.  
(*In the intercom.*)  
Gwen. Listen to me.  
This is how we're keeping the bees alive.  
We have volunteers. /  
Terminal cases.  
We have a pill that stops their heart in twenty-two minutes.

GWEN.  
Open the door.  
Open this fucking door ZORA I SWEAR TO GOD

**ZORA.**

*(On the intercom.)*

If we ever went too long without giving them a body, all / the vitals dropped.

**PILAR.**

I'm gonna throw / up...

**ZORA.**

*(On the intercom.)*

Those little valleys in the data you were seeing after CeCe—  
It's thirst.

**GWEN.**

You've been doing this SINCE CECE??!?!!

**ZORA.**

*(In the intercom.)*

The volunteers are from support groups.  
Counseling for terminal illnesses.

They sign a waiver— /

No one else knows about this—

**GWEN.**

THERE IS FUCKING PAPERWORK?!?!?!!

**PILAR.**

We are so dead.

We are so so so so dead.

**GWEN.**

I knew you would be fucking trouble

I knew you were going to be out of / line—

PhD BULLSHIT!!!

**ZORA.**

*(In the intercom.)*

We had a hypothesis and we followed it and that's the scientific method, Gwen.

And you know what? It worked. IT WORKED.

You said it yourself Gwen the results are

STaaaGGERING!!!!!!

They need—

The bodies

**GWEN.**

Jesus

.....it smells like cough syrup in here

**ZORA.**

*(In the intercom.)*

That's the inner organs.

**GWEN.**

They need the bodies.

**ZORA.**

*(In the intercom.)*

But we can't sustain the bee population you're bringing in.

So we'll end this all right now.

No one has to—

**GWEN.**

End it?

No.

No. No no no no no no.

How many would we need for five million bees?

**ZORA.**

*(In the intercom.)*

Twelve—point five six—donors a week.

**GWEN.**

Okay...!

And they're dying, so.

I mean—

**ZORA.**

*(In the intercom.)*

We're so far outside of what the board would ever—

**GWEN.**

It's a clinical trial.

That's what's happening here.

Very cutting-edge—

and it just costs a dozen bodies a week

—volunteers—

Who want to donate their bodies to science or whatever.

Those waivers better be ironclad.

Please tell me those waivers are from a top-tier New York fuckhead law firm who does not give a shit about anything.

**ZORA.**

*(In the intercom.)*

There's no way—

**GWEN.**

I can sell this.

I can sell this

demented blood sport thing you've been doing—

And if I do—

Okay—

If I sell this—

And we all keep our jobs—

And we don't go to jail—

These goddamn bees need to stay alive.