

**Bee Stings** (working title)

Monologue for Try Arts

Set- Bees on stool in foreground close to audience. Plainly visible to audience. J. seated at small table center mid stage. Lights up.

**Piss Monologue**

*Personalization - Pam or Anne or speak to David who is sitting 2nd or third row in audience.*

*Tone is conversational*

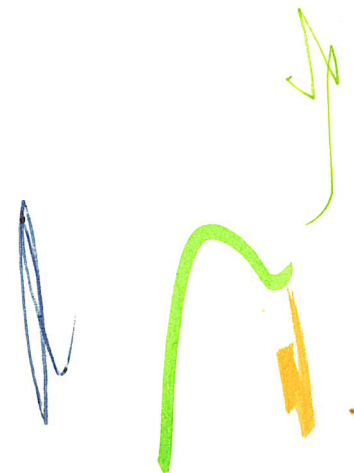
I'm just so tired all the time. No pep. I've got to rest. It's okay. You're allowed to rest sometimes. Carol said so, you're not a human doing, your a human being. (I goes to chair stage center, Picks up yogurt container and starts to eat it with spoon, from her packet) I hate that. This new age crap. Affected and where does it get you? You end up just blaming yourself for your troubles.

I'm not doing the creative visualization right. That's why I keep getting sicker... oh and I have to forgive everybody. You're not supposed to carry around any anger because it destroys your immune system. I would like to have some one else to blame besides me... damnit.

God I'm always forcing myself to do things, like be here for instance in front of you. What if I wet myself? What if I end up wetting myself right here on this stage? You know that's one of the things about this disease - Bladder problems

One time it actually did happen... I mean I wet myself during a performance... and I thought I was going to throw up then too. Well I worked it into the piece. I had to pee

I'm Just so Tired -  
Human doing / human being -  
YOGURT.



and I said to myself. Shit!, what am I going to do now...Wet myself on stage? Anyway, I decided to just leave the stage and do it. just walk off. I had to go right. I didn't know what to do but I knew I had to go and that whatever I did, I'd have to make it look like I was doing it on purpose. so I just walked off the stage very determinedly... I really had to piss, so I left the stage.

It got the stage hands and tech people pretty nervous I'll tell you. One of them followed me. He actually saw me doing it...peeing ....

I had picked up an empty yogurt container on the way and I just peed into that.--there I was with my legs spread apart and holding this cup between them.. , shit. Embarrassing.. and the stage hand, he saw me in this very compromised position.

Then I took off my underpants because I had wet on them, though the outside of my costume was perfectly dry so I left that on.

*(Imagine stage hand lurking in the shadows watching.)*

Then I went back on stage sans underpants and finished the scene -- but performance is a little like childbirth, you lose your shame when you're in labor, you don't care who looks between your legs.

Yeah, so, I had this intense whee . It was quite satisfying really. and then very deliberately and determinedly I walked back on stage. Just like that. Like I had left on purpose and it was part of the piece. Then I just went on with it continued with my lines.

and my friend Ellen, she came up to me after the show and she said how much she liked it and all, and she said "you know that part where you

just walk off the stage, had to go right.

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cup between legs. He saw wet my underpants.

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you lose your shame in  
suppman -  
It's the chickin' it h + labor.  
during labor you don't care  
who looks between  
your legs

Satisfying WHEE

BU EN



walk off the stage... it was sooo powerful" I didn't let on... I never told a soul-- until now , of course.

J. (steps forward on stage) What are you doing? (To imaginary person on front row.) I'll teke those. (grabs bee jars.) really need those bees.

Takes jar back to table and sits down to do stinging. Has tweezers, ice, cloth, tongs. (Activity = stinging)

You know I really didn't feel like getting up this morning. Couldn't I have just one morning, one week, one month, when I didn't have to force myself to do stuff all the time. Sometimes when I get up and try to move my legs in the morning, I wish I would just die, that God would take me. A hand would come down and remove me from the earth... God hates me, I know that --but of course I couldn't end it-- what about my kid. A terrible thing to do to a kid... but still... -- *Sting*

Sometimes I even leave my back door open at night... You see I live in one of those borderline neighborhoods and I leave the back door open at night while I'm asleep. I'm sort of hoping someone will break in and kill me. Or at least rape me.. Then I would at least feel something... not nothing. Anything's better than being numb...

*sting*

then at least I could live out this drama with the perpetrator of the crime. I'd say.... "what more can you do to me that life hasn't already done. Do your worst. You can't hurt me any worse than I already have been. *Sting*

Once I drove in this rural part of the pine woods in N.J. I heard there

or I'll take those bees now

212

getting up  
morning

suicide

Back Door

NUMB

perpetrator

pine woods



was a bee keeper out there . I called him up..after tracking him down through the beekeeper's assn. He gave me directions on how to get to his place, a farm. Really remote--out in the pine barrens. I drove for a long time and I never saw another car. No other lights any where. I thought, "Some people are afraid to go to NYC but I'm not, and I'm not afraid of this either",

*Sting*

Then I started thinking about my car breaking down or running out of gas and I started to almost welcome it. I mean I didn't care anymore. At least I was doing something... not just sitting idly by and letting this disease take me over. At least if you are doing something, you're fighting--You know you're alive.

*stings*

No. Not me nnnnno way. I don't want to lie around and have people clean up after me. Pissing and shitting in bed. I'd rather die in some freak car accident, more glamorous... than slowly, deteriorating away, in spit and urine, dying one cell at a time.

Skinny and unsexy. *Sting*

I want to die sexy!

so anyway here I was driving through the pine barrens to get bees and it was dark and it was lonely and I was proud of myself. I stopped the car. I turned off. the key I half thought it wouldn't start up again but what the fuck. I had to.... just to listen to the darkness and the sound of the leaves rustling and see the stars twinkling and all. It was so dark and I was so alone... like illness itself really.

but of course I had the car... my car. But I don't have my cure. You see, the cure which i don't have for this fucking disease and well I got

*not afraid*

*NYC. I'm not afraid of the  
barrenness either*

*Car breaking down  
at least I'm alive,  
in fighting*

*Dying one cell at a time*

*skinny + unsexy*

*I want to die sexy*

*But I was proud of myself  
& got through pine barrens*

*It was so dark, I was so  
alone, swelled for earth,*

way in there into the pine woods and I found those bee people and had a nice visit with them.

I guess they are ready now.

*Starts Removing stingers and saying different things.* Yeah my new lover just moved out of my life. He's protecting himself. He's doing what he has to do. He's detaching. *(yank)*

And my fucking ex-husband is sleeping with his secretary. Couldn't he be a little more creative Sleeping with your secretary. He didnt even have to cross the street to get laid.

*(yank)*

And I lost my job. Laid off And I'm broke. Goddamn it. *(Yank)*

I have to take any job now, at least until my house taxes are paid.

*(yank)*

God damn it, I hate it that I have this disease. I want it to go away. I want to get well. I'm just so tired no pep. *(yank)*

It's okay, you dont have to do stuff all the time. You're allowed to rest sometimes. Carol said so, you're a not a human doing, you're a human being. I hate that. This new age crap. Affected and where does it get you? You end up just blaming yourself for your troubles.

LOVER probably self

Peter x arya -

Jobs .

Top interviews

all the labor  
about this delirium  
workouts  
interviews  
all your troubles