

CHRISTIAN. (*Incredulous.*) Does he want you to go back there?

SMALL ALISON. I- I guess.

CHRISTIAN. Why?

SMALL ALISON. I don't know.

BRUCE. (*Getting cross.*) Alison!

*Small Alison enters the room where Bruce is at work on a cadaver. She's never seen a dead body before.*

Hand me those scissors on the tray.

*She hands him the scissors, then waits for him to give her more instructions. But he just keeps working. She has no idea what she's supposed to do.*

SMALL ALISON. Is that all?

BRUCE. What? Oh, yeah.

*Small Alison leaves the embalming room and fetches her diary. She writes. Alison reads over her shoulder.*

START → ALISON. "Dad showed me a dead body today."

*Small Alison mulls over what to write next. Then:*

"Went swimming.

Got a new Hardy Boy book.

Had egg salad for lunch."

*Small Alison closes her journal and leaves.*

What was that about, Dad? Why did you call me back there? Is that the way your father showed you your first dead body? Was it some Bechdel rite of passage? Or, am I reading too much into this? Maybe you just needed the scissors.

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*SHIFT to a door marked "GAY UNION." Medium Alison reaches for the doorknob then loses her nerve. JOAN breezes past her, casually giving her the lesbian nod.*

END.

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\*NOTE: The following paragraphs to be read back to back as a single monologue.

ALISON. Caption... Caption... Uh... Clueless in New York. In denial in New York. Family Fun in New York. Child neglect in New York. I don't know...

ALISON. Okay... Sleeping bags. Shopping bags. Window was open. Really hot. Stinky- no, no... *Humectant*. "*The humectant air*." Something on "*The humectant air*." Good phrase. Okay, good.

ALISON. Oh my sleeping bag, I *loved* that sleeping bag. Kids In Bags. And... *four locks* on the front door. Amazing. Oh yeah. Coat hook with jackets piled like...twenty deep on the one hook. Crazy. Oh yes, that basket with the *Village Voices*.

ALISON. Caption: Dad goes out. Dad gets a newspaper. Dad goes...cruising? Dad picks up a hustler? No he didn't. Maybe he did. I don't really know. Who knows?