

BRUCE, HELEN
ALLISON

MEDIUM ALISON. (*Dumbfounded.*) Our yard guy? Our
babysitter???

HELEN. What do you think he was doing when he went out
in the middle of the night, or taking his "trips"? One
time he came back with body lice. It's been going on
for years. For our whole marriage, actually.

MEDIUM ALISON. Why are you telling me this and not Dad?

HELEN. Your father? Tell the truth? Please.

SHIFT to:

JOAN. No. What? Your *dad???* Oh my god. Are you okay?

MEDIUM ALISON. I'm fine.

JOAN. Are you sure? Do you need to talk about it?

MEDIUM ALISON. No. No, I don't want to talk about it, I
don't want to think about it. I want to— I don't know.
Let's go see what's happening at the Gay Union.

JOAN. (*Holding up a joint.*) Wanna go to my room? Smoke
a joint?

MEDIUM ALISON. Yes I do.

ALISON. Caption: My newfound queerness was— No. Unable
to process this tsunami-like revelation from my father—
Tsunami-like???

Bruce smashes down his tool bag in frustration.

Caption: I leapt into my new life with both feet— and I
blocked out everything that was happening at home.

Helen is preparing to leave the house for school.

Bruce searches through the bag for a tool.

BRUCE. Where the hell are John and Christian???

HELEN. John's at Cosgrove's probably.

BRUCE. Why?

HELEN. (*Taken aback.*) Because... He works there.

ALISON. I should have been paying attention *Caption!* I
should have been paying attention.

BRUCE. Since when?

HELEN. He's been working there almost a month.

BRUCE. Oh.

START

ALISON. And I— *Caption!* I was, I guess I was *mad* at you, Dad.

BRUCE. Well, where's Christian?

HELEN. At Doug's probably. What do you need?

BRUCE. Nothing. Nothing. I'll do it myself.

ALISON. My life had just started to open.

BRUCE. (*Muttering to himself, still searching for the missing tool.*)
Dammit! Goddammit!

ALISON. I didn't know, Dad, I had no way of knowing that my beginning would be your end!

Helen sees a broken painting.

HELEN. Oh my god. The Brinley. Oh my god, what happened? Did it fall?

He keeps banging around the tool bag, but doesn't answer.

Bruce, the painting. What happened?

BRUCE. I threw it down the fucking stairs.

HELEN. Why??

BRUCE. I don't // know why!

HELEN. Bruce I don't know // what's—

BRUCE. Because no one fucking helps me around here! Because I can't stand the sound of your hectoring, // shrewish voice, your histrionics, your—

HELEN. You *stop*. You're blaming *me*? After what you've put me through? // I'm on edge every minute. You're so—

BRUCE. Every single person in this town knows what kind of a man I am! *You're* the one with the problem!

HELEN. I have to go to school. I'll be at meetings until late.

Helen exits.

ALISON. I'm drawing. I'm drawing. I'm just drawing. I'm remembering something, that's *all*.

END

SHIFT to Medium Alison and Joan, in their winter coats, with backpacks and a duffle bag, approaching the house.