

BRUCE  
SMALL ALLISON<sup>36</sup>

FUN HOME

MEDIUM ALISON. It is.

*Joan considers kissing her. Medium Alison wonders whether she's about to be kissed.*

JOAN. So. I should probably go.

MEDIUM ALISON. 'kay.

JOAN. So... Will I see you at the Union meeting tomorrow afternoon?

MEDIUM ALISON. Yeah I'll be, uh, yeah, I will come to the meeting. I'll bring these posters. Finish 'em up.

JOAN. Cool. I'll see you then. Bye, Alison.

MEDIUM ALISON. Bye, Joan.

*Joan exits. Medium Alison collapses, face-down, onto the bed. Alison crumples as well.*

*SHIFT to Bruce, dressed in a suit, holding a pair of patent-leather Mary Janes as Small Alison, tears around in an awkwardly fitting party dress she's covered up with a boy's t-shirt and sneakers.*

START — BRUCE. Oh no you don't. T-shirt off.

*Small Alison grudgingly takes off the t-shirt. Bruce re-ties the sash.*

Look, you've messed this up already. Where's your barrette?

*Small Alison hands it over. He puts it in her hair.*

SMALL ALISON. Ow!

BRUCE. Sneakers.

SMALL ALISON. Why??

BRUCE. Because you're going to a party.

*(Holding out the Mary Janes.)*

Here.

SMALL ALISON. I don't want to wear those.

BRUCE. Tough titty.

END