

ALISON - #2

Alison wheels around to face her father.

ALISON. *(Fierce.)*
What did it feel like to
step in front of a truck,
Dad? What did it feel like
to see it coming right at
you and not move? And
just let it hit you? Why?
Was it because of me? Did
it have *nothing* to do with
me? *What Happened?*

(PAUSE)

*Alison returns to her
drawing table, to her work.*

ALISON. Caption.

Caption.

(PAUSE)

I'm the only one here.

*She drops her pen. She picks up a stack of useless
drawings.*

This is what I have of you:

(Paging through them.)

You ordering me to sweep and dust the parlor.
You steaming off the wallpaper.
You in front of a classroom of bored students.
Digging up a dogwood tree.
You working on the house, smelling like sawdust
and sweat and designer cologne.
You calling me at college to tell me how I'm
supposed to feel about Faulkner or Hemingway.

The next one blindsides her.

ALISON. *(cont.)* You...standing on the shoulder of Route 150
bracing yourself against the pulse of the
trucks rushing past.

*And the next one...is of the one thing she's ever
really wanted from him.*

You...*succumbing* to a rare moment of physical
contact with me.