

ALISON #1

ALISON. Did you ever imagine *I'd* hang on to your stuff, Dad? Me neither. But I guess I always knew that someday I was going to draw you. In cartoons. Yes, Dad, I know you think cartoons are silly, but I draw cartoons. And I need real things to draw from because I don't trust memory.

Re: an identical metal coffee pot she's taken from her box.

*But god, this thing is ghastly!
You were so ecstatic when you found it at a yard sale
No, no, wait—
In Mr. Gibbons barn
It all comes back,
There's you
And there's me
But now I'm the one who's forty-three
and stuck
I can't find my way through
Just like you
Am I just like you?*

(Bruce lies on the ground and pushes Small Alison up into a game of airplane. Overjoyed, she laughs as she flies.)

ALISON. Caption: My dad and I were exactly alike.

SMALL ALISON. I see everything!

ALISON. Caption: My dad and I were *nothing* alike.

SMALL ALISON. I'm Superman!

ALISON. My dad and I... My dad and I... (PAUSE)

ALISON. Caption: Sometimes my father appeared to enjoy having children, but the real object of his affection was his house.