

MEDIUM ALISON
+
JOAN

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Medium Alison continues to sketch. Joan looks around her room.

JOAN. Who's this in the photo?

MEDIUM ALISON. My dad.

JOAN. That's your *dad*?

MEDIUM ALISON. Yeah.

JOAN. He looks cool. Did he teach you how to draw cartoons?

MEDIUM ALISON. (*Scoffs.*) Definitely not.

JOAN. Why's that funny?

MEDIUM ALISON. It's not funny, it's just, he's more... I don't know.

(*Dismissive eyeroll.*)

Refined.

JOAN. What does he do?

MEDIUM ALISON. A bunch of things, actually. He's a house restoration, historical society kind of guy, he's a high-school English teacher, he runs the // local-

JOAN. (*Making a joke.*) Did you get to be in his class?

MEDIUM ALISON. (*Earnest.*) I was, yeah.

JOAN. Really?

MEDIUM ALISON. Yeah.

JOAN. I was joking.

MEDIUM ALISON. Oh. Oh. Yes. What I was going to say is that, everyone in Beech Creek at some point is in my dad's English class, and he's known as a great teacher, so...

JOAN. Oh. Cool.

MEDIUM ALISON. Yeah. He sends me books. We talk about them.

JOAN. He sends you books to read on top of your schoolwork?

MEDIUM ALISON. Yeah.

JOAN. That's a little weird.

ALISON. (*Realizing.*) Is that weird? That's really weird.

MEDIUM ALISON. Why?

JOAN. I don't know. Like, what books?

MEDIUM ALISON. Like...

JOAN. Colette??

MEDIUM ALISON. Yeah.

She hands her a book.

JOAN. Your father sent you *Colette*?

MEDIUM ALISON. Yeah. Why?

JOAN. I don't know. It's just... He's like the opposite of my dad. He's just like sending you lesbian books?

MEDIUM ALISON. No! I mean, yes, I guess Colette was a lesbian but-

JOAN. Oh, she was.

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MEDIUM ALISON. Okay, but he sent it to me because he thought I'd be interested in the whole Paris... Arts... Bohemian... Scene.

JOAN. Yeah but he didn't send you a book about Toulouse-Latrec, he sent you Colette. I think it's amazing that he's cool with you being a dyke.

MEDIUM ALISON. What? I don't think so.

JOAN. Oh, he's not?

MEDIUM ALISON. No. I don't know. Can we talk about something else?

JOAN. Sure. Why?

MEDIUM ALISON. Because- I have no idea how my parents feel about- I just figured it out myself.

JOAN. Oh.

MEDIUM ALISON. About two weeks ago.

JOAN. Huh. With who?

MEDIUM ALISON. With who what?

ALISON. (*A wave of retroactive humiliation.*) Oh god.

JOAN. Who were you with?

MEDIUM ALISON. (*Clueless, then getting it.*) Nobody. Nobody! Oh my god, I'm so embarrassed.

ALISON. (*Fresh wave of retroactive humiliation.*) Oh god.

MEDIUM ALISON. I was in a bookstore.

JOAN. In a bookstore? Nice.

MEDIUM ALISON. (*Clueless, then getting it.*) What? NO! Two weeks ago I was downtown and I wandered into the bookstore, I was just browsing around and I picked up this book-

JOAN. Ah, *Word is Out*.

MEDIUM ALISON. And I was like, Oh, interviews. This looks interesting. And then I was like, These people are all-

(*Suddenly worried she doesn't know the right word.*)

Uh...

JOAN. Gay?

MEDIUM ALISON. Gay. Yes. And *then* I was like, "Oh my god! I'm

MEDIUM ALISON.
a lesb-

JOAN.
a dyke

MEDIUM ALISON. Yes. A dyke. Yes. And I totally flipped out and shoved the book back onto the shelf and I left. And then I came back the next day and bought the book. And then I came back the next day bought all the other books in that section. And then I made myself go to the meeting at the Gay Union. And then, and then, it's now. Hi.

JOAN. Hello.

(*A beat.*)

That's a powerful book.