

<del>HELEN.</del>	<del>ROY.</del>	<del>BRUCE.</del>	<del>KIDS.</del>
<del>I want</del>	<del>I know this type</del>	<del>I -</del>	<del>ba ba ba ba</del>
<del>I want</del>	<del>this type of</del>	<del>might still</del>	
<del>I want</del>	<del>married guy</del>		<del>ba ba ba ba</del>
<del>I -</del>	<del>I could just give him the slip but why it's not a big deal, I know</del>	<del>break a heart or two</del>	<del>ba ba ba ba</del>
<del>La la la</del>	<del>he wants just</del>	<del>I want just</del>	<del>ba ba ba ba</del>
<del>Me and him</del>	<del>Me and him</del>	<del>Me and him</del>	
<del>Me and him</del>	<del>Me and him</del>	<del>Me and him</del>	
<del>Me and him</del>	<del>Me and him</del>	<del>Me and him</del>	

Medium Al,  
Joan

**SHIFT to:**

— **START HERE**

**MEDIUM ALISON.** Dear Mom and Dad,

Thanks for the care package. I was running out of granola bars so it came right in the nick of time. They sell a kind here that I swear is made of paste.

*Joan enters and gives Medium Alison the lesbian nod.*

*(Finishing her letter.)* Nothing else worth writing home about (Har har) Al.

*(To Joan.)*

I can draw you some posters.

**JOAN.** Nah, we need 'em tomorrow night.

**MEDIUM ALISON.** I'll do it right now.

**JOAN.** Really?

**MEDIUM ALISON.** Just some simple drawing, right? Sure.

*She sits on her bed to sketch.*

So you want it to say...

**JOAN.** We just need really good "No Nukes" posters.

MEDIUM ALISON. (*Sketching.*) Right, okay, so something like maybe...

JOAN. Oh, that's funny.

(*Leaning in to look.*)

That's really good.

MEDIUM ALISON. (*Confident of her ability, but flustered by Joan's nearness.*) This? No. This is just quick and stupid.

*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.

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.

— END