

## Bruce, Al, Kids

~~CHRISTIAN. Remember this song?~~

~~(singing)~~

~~"Shit Richie, Shit Richie"~~

~~SMALL ALISON. That was so funny. What about the song about the... tits and ass?~~

~~CHRISTIAN. Oh yeah.~~

~~(Lots of giggling.)~~

BRUCE. Kids, wash up. ← **START HERE**

*Alison focuses her attention on recalling and drawing details from the apartment.*

ALISON. Okay... Sleeping bags. Shopping bags. Window was open. Really hot. Stinky— no, no... *Humectant*. "The *humectant air*." Something on "The *humectant air*." Good phrase. Okay, good.

BRUCE. Get into bed. It's late.

*Small Alison and Christian brush their teeth. There's a big explosion noise outside. A car alarm goes off. John doesn't stir but the other two run to the window. Alison looks as well.*

CHRISTIAN. Whoa! I think somebody blew up that garbage can.

ALISON. (*Remembering.*) Fireworks.

BRUCE. Just homemade fireworks.

CHRISTIAN. There's so many sailor guys.

BRUCE. That's 'cause there's ships here from all over the world.

CHRISTIAN. For the bicentennial?

BRUCE. Yeah.

(*Getting them settled.*)

Come on. Lay down. Go to sleep. Big day tomorrow.

*Alison pulls her attention away from her father and tries to re-focus herself on remembering and drawing things about the apartment.*

ALISON. Oh my sleeping bag, I *loved* that sleeping bag. Kids In Bags. And...*four locks* on the front door. Amazing. Oh yeah. Coat hook with jackets piled like...twenty deep on the one hook. Crazy. Oh yes, that basket with the *Village Voices*.

*Bruce turns out all the apartment lights and heads for the door. Small Alison sits up.*

SMALL ALISON. Where are you going?

BRUCE. Oh. Just out. Just for a minute. What's a matter, you can't sleep? I'm just running out for a newspaper. I'll be back in a sec. You're going to fall asleep so fast you'll be asleep before I get back.

SMALL ALISON. But where are you going?

BRUCE. I said. I'm going out for a paper. Alright?

*Small Alison is unconvinced. A beat.*

You want me to sing to you?

*Small Alison nods and lays down.*

~~Pony girl ride, ride away  
I knew you'd break my heart someday  
Some folks get the call to go  
Some folks are bound to stay  
Oh ride, ride, ride away  
Ride, ride, ride away  
Ride, ride...~~

SKIP

*He checks. Her eyes are closed. He slips out. At the sound of the lock Small Alison sits upright, staring at the closed apartment door.*

ALISON. Caption: Dad goes out. Dad gets a newspaper. Dad goes...cruising? Dad picks up a hustler? No he didn't. Maybe he did. I don't really know. Who knows?

*SHIFT to Medium Alison and Joan. Medium Alison is reading a letter. She's agitated, distressed.*

— END

JOAN. What happened?

MEDIUM ALISON. Dad finally responded to my letter.