

~~CHRISTIAN: [Redacted]~~

~~(Singing)~~

~~"S.M. D.L. Old Time"~~

~~ALISON: That was so funny. What about the song?~~

~~CHRISTIAN: Oh yeah.~~

~~(Lots of giggling)~~

~~BRUCE: Kid, [Redacted]~~

~~Alison focuses her attention on remembering and
discussing details from the abstract.~~

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.

~~CHRISTIAN: Get into bed at 8:30~~

~~When Alison and Christian brush their teeth,
there is a big explosion in the kitchen. Alison
goes off. John doesn't see the situation and
the situation looks as well.~~

~~CHRISTIAN: What I think somebody blew up that garbage~~

ALISON. (Remembering.) Fireworks.

~~BRUCE: Just remember fireworks.~~

CHRISTIAN. There's so many sailer guys.

~~BRUCE: There's a bunch of ships here from all over the
world.~~

~~CHRISTIAN: For the biscuit?~~

~~BRUCE: Yeah.~~

~~(Getting them settled.)~~

~~CHRISTIAN: [Redacted] Big day tomorrow~~

~~Alison will have a momentary moment of
and tries to re-focus herself on remembering and
discussing 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*.

~~Breaks into and all the apartment lights into hands 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 minute. 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. Dad where are you going?

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

~~Small Alison is unconvinced. A beat.~~

~~How about me to sing to you?~~

~~Small Alison nods and lays down.~~

~~Any girl who, like today
I hope you'd break my heart someday
Some girls got the guts to go
Some girls are bound to stay
Oh, ride, ride, ride away
Ride, ride, ride away
Ride, ride.~~

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.~~

~~JOAN. What happened?~~

~~MEDIUM ALISON. Dad finally responded to my letter.~~