

~~and I'm a man I don't know~~
~~Who am I now? Who am I now?~~
~~I don't know~~
~~I could find my way through~~
~~I might still be a child~~
~~But I don't know what I hit at the end~~
~~at outside times of day~~
~~I can't see this house~~
~~I can't see this house~~
~~Oh my God~~
~~Why am I here?~~

*Glare of headlights. Unbearable, deafening sound
of a blaring car horn.*

And then he's gone.

*Alison, shattered, reflexively returns to her
drawing table, to her work.*

ALISON. Caption.

Caption.

Caption.

Caption. Caption.

She realizes the obvious.

I'm the only one here.

*She drops her pen. She picks up a stack of useless
drawings.*

This is what I have of you:

(Paging through them.)

You ordering me to sweep and dust the parlor.

You steaming off the wallpaper.

You in front of a classroom of bored students.

Digging up a dogwood tree.

You working on the house, smelling like sawdust
and sweat and designer cologne.

You calling me at college to tell me how I'm
supposed to feel about Faulkner or Hemingway.

The next one blindsides her.

ALISON. (cont.) You...standing on the shoulder of Route 150
bracing yourself against the pulse of the
trucks rushing past.

*And the next one...is of the one thing she's ever
really wanted from him.*

You...succumbing to a rare moment of physical
contact with me.

~~She grabs her pen and declares:~~

~~Daddy (singing) hey Daddy
come here ohay (question mark)
I need you~~

~~She then Allison appears.~~

~~ALISON~~

~~Daddy hey Daddy come here ohay I need you~~

~~Me then Allison appears~~

~~ALISON~~

~~At the light
At the light
At the light
At the light~~

~~ALISON~~

~~What are you doing (question mark)
I add
You need to do what I tell you to do~~

~~ALISON~~

~~I need you to do
I add come here!
You need to do what I tell you to do.~~

~~ALISON ALISON~~

~~Listen to me Daddy!~~

~~(Singing) hey hey hey hey
At the light
At the light
At the light~~