

MED. ALISON

BRUCE

~~FOUR CLIMAX~~
MEDIUM ALISON. (*She reads:*)

"Dear Al,

"Sorry I've been out of touch for a bit. Big week here at Fun Home. Couple of kids from Lock Haven wrapped their car around a tree and I ended up working two eighteen-hour shifts. Bad for my blood pressure. Oh, by the way, we got your letter. Well, kid, talk about a flair for the dramatic."

Bruce enters, picking up the letter where she left off. Medium Alison stays in the scene with Joan.

BRUCE. As far as I see it the good news is, you're human.

MEDIUM ALISON. What does that mean? What else would I be?

BRUCE. Your mother's pretty upset though-- not surprisingly, I guess. But I'm of the opinion that everyone should experiment.

MEDIUM ALISON. (*Grossed-out.*) Seriously?

BRUCE. I can't say, though, that I see the point of putting a label on yourself. There have been a few times in my life when I thought about taking a stand, but I'm not a hero. Is that a cop out? Maybe so. It's hard sometimes to tell what is really worth it.

He exits.

MEDIUM ALISON. (*Angry, outraged, hurt.*) God, I just--

~~FOUR CLIMAX~~
MEDIUM ALISON. The *tone* is what I can't stand. It's so typical. So all-knowing. He has to be the expert. Lots of wisdom and advice about things he doesn't know anything about! I'm gay. Which means I'm not like him, and I've *never* been like him, and he can't deal with that. He still wants to be the...the intellectual, broad-minded, liberal, *bohemian* but he can't pull it off because he can't deal with me, and you know what? He never could. He never could.

~~STILL TO BE DONE: Put in and finish Alison's letter
to her. Bruce needs to photocopy it~~