

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:

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

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

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