

Alice 1 & Henry 1

HENRY and ALICE sit on the bed with “Sex for Dummies.” HENRY takes ALICE’S reading glasses and puts them on his nose. He peruses the book. ALICE waits as long as she can and then grabs the book and the glasses from him.

Start

ALICE: I’ve marked some really good ones. Look here’s an easy one...personalizing your private parts.

HENRY: Jesus Christ.

ALICE: (*reads*) Lovers often give each other nicknames to facilitate closeness, and add sparkle to sex talk. Try using your lover’s private pet name at a dinner party to titillate your lover.

HENRY: What the hell?

ALICE: For example ... if you’ve called your partner’s joy box –

ALICE gets stuck on the word joy box. She and HENRY look at each other and then she skips to the appendix. Not finding the word there, she skips back to the exercise.

ALICE: I guess that’s a woman’s... you know. I don’t know. I skipped the introduction. If you’ve called your wife’s joy box Wonder Woman – work Wonder Woman into the conversation. Example: Does anybody remember the last time they saw a Wonder Woman cartoon? Or Wonder Woman is fabulous isn’t she? You and your partner can share a secret sexy moment anywhere with your pet names. Use them often.

HENRY: They've got to be kidding. Would Wonder Woman pass the cream corn. Come on.

ALICE: I like the idea. Give me a name.

HENRY: You have a name. It's Alice.

ALICE: Henry we both have to participate if this is going to work.

HENRY: It's asinine. I'm not going to use your "name" at a dinner party or any other place.

ALICE: O.k. I'll give you a name.

HENRY: I don't want a name.

ALICE: I just have to think.

HENRY paces around the room. He stops and sniffs at an aromatherapy pot perched on a stand.

HENRY: What is this stuff again?

ALICE: It's aromatherapy. Arabian Dreams. For ambience.

HENRY: Why does this room have to smell like a third world country?

ALICE: Henry! It's nice. It creates an atmosphere.

HENRY: An atmosphere of—

ALICE: *(interrupting)* Frank.

HENRY: What?

ALICE: That's what I'll call "you".

HENRY: Frank. What the hell kind of name is that?

ALICE: It's a perfect name. It works on different levels.

HENRY: Frank?

ALICE: Frank. As in lay it on the line. Straightforward. Upright.

HENRY plops into another chair, unconsciously placing a pillow over his private parts.

HENRY: Couldn't you think of something a little more...?

ALICE: Frank as in franks and beans.

HENRY: Alice.

ALICE: Frank as in "Frankly my dear I don't give a damn."

HENRY: I don't like Frank.

ALICE lifts up the pillow and whispers.

ALICE: Shh, don't tell Frank that.

HENRY: Alice be serious. Frank doesn't work.

ALICE runs her hand up HENRY'S leg.

ALICE: Oh, Frank just needs a little help getting started.

HENRY: Alice!

HENRY jumps off the chair to get away from ALICE.

ALICE: Well, what would you call it?

HENRY: Not Frank.

ALICE: Well give me a name. Otherwise it's Frank. You agreed to do some of these exercises Henry.

Pause.

HENRY: *(mumbles)* Caesar.

ALICE: What?

HENRY: Caesar.

ALICE: Caesar?

HENRY: Caesar.

ALICE laughs.

STOP

ALICE: That's what you want me to call it - you?

HENRY: I don't want you to call it anything. But for the purpose of ending this ridiculous exercise I choose Caesar.

ALICE bows.

ALICE: Hail Caesar.

HENRY: Exactly.

ALICE: Oh my God Henry.

HENRY: Give me the book. I'm picking.

ALICE: Certainly Caesar.

HENRY: Alice...

ALICE: I'll have a Caesar with no croutons.