

Alice 2 & Henry 2

closed sign on the door. And then he takes off his apron and I notice that he isn't wearing anything underneath it. He comes over to the table. He asks me if I would like another coffee. I say no. (*surprised*) Then he bends down and kisses the man sitting beside me—

HENRY: What the...?

Start

ALICE: It's my fantasy Henry. And then they turn to me and I know what they want. And I smile. And they help me with my clothes. I sweep the coffee from the table. And then... (*ALICE searches for the words, not quite able to get graphic with the fantasy.*) we're "together" ...and... well... you know the rest. Henry?

By this time HENRY has his head between his knees.

HENRY: Yes.

ALICE: What is it? Do you want me to fill in more of the details?

HENRY: No. No. I get it. That's fine. Fine.

ALICE: Was it sexy?

HENRY: Sexy. Very sexy.

ALICE: What then?

HENRY: Well, couldn't you just have a regular fantasy. You know a field of flowers, a knight in shining armor or maybe a kind of "From Here to Eternity" waves crashing sort of thing.

ALICE: I think you've confused sexual fantasy with a maxi-pad commercial.

HENRY: Well excuse me if I'm a little surprised that my wife wants to have an affair over espresso with a gay Italian waiter and some guy she's never met!

ALICE: It's a fantasy Henry. It's not an affair.

HENRY: What if someone came in?

ALICE: Came in?

HENRY gestures to "the shop".

HENRY: To the shop while you were...

ALICE gestures to "the sign".

ALICE: The sign is on the door.

HENRY: If they ignored the sign.

ALICE: Well I suppose they could join in too.

HENRY: So now you're in a Goddamn orgy.

ALICE: It's not real, Henry.

HENRY: But this is what you think about?

ALICE: Maybe. If I'm "thinking" like that.

HENRY: Well how am I supposed to compete with that?

ALICE: Compete? You're not. You don't have to compete with what's in my mind.

HENRY: Hah!

ALICE: What?

HENRY: I don't have to compete with what's in your mind?

ALICE: No, you don't.

HENRY: Yes. I do Alice. It's always what's in your mind or on your mind that gets us in trouble.

ALICE: What do you mean?

HENRY: Nothing ever measures up to what's in your mind Alice. And that includes me.

ALICE: That's not true Henry.

HENRY: Yes it is, Alice. You have so many ideas about the way things are supposed to be. I'm supposed to be. You have ideas about how I should hang the towels – two folds not one, make the bed – one fold not two. How long I should watch TV for. What I wear. How much I should eat and not eat. You even have an idea about how I should chew. Ten times and then swallow. Conversation between every bite. I'm supposed to be strong but romantic. Supportive but not controlling. Telepathic. Omniscient. Send you flowers and take you dancing.

ALICE: What's wrong with flowers?

HENRY: Nothing. When they come from me. When I'm not being sent icy telepathic send me flower vibes from you.

ALICE: If I don't tell you, you won't do it.

HENRY: How do you know that?

ALICE: Because you don't.

HENRY: I might. If I had half a chance to think about it. Besides I can't dance. And maybe flowers aren't my thing.

ALICE: You don't even try to dance. And maybe flowers are my thing.

HENRY: Well, I don't see the...

ALICE: Oh God, don't say it Henry.

HENRY: You spend fifty bucks and then they just die.

ALICE: Well I've spent twenty-five years with you and you're just going to die too, but I still like having you around!

STOP

HENRY puts his hand on ALICE'S shoulder.

HENRY: I sent you flowers on your birthday.

ALICE: I know. But it's nice when they're not expected. You know...

HENRY: I know. I know. It's the thought. It's the gesture. It's that I'm thinking of you.

ALICE: You do think of me still, don't you Henry?

HENRY: Of course I think of you.

ALICE: In that way.

HENRY: In what way?

ALICE: In a sexy way. Do you think I'm sexy?