

Alice & Henry CB (dance)

to turn the music off and then hesitates, listening to the music. In this moment HENRY makes a decision. Mustering all his will, he attempts a dance step, tentatively putting one foot out and then quickly pulling it back in. He stops. He tries another. And one more. HENRY very slowly and stiffly begins to dance. First tentatively and then as the music overtakes him in full abandon, combining a series of dance moves that spans many decades. He dances ala Henry, purposefully, then joyfully. Mid dance he grabs the phone, turning the music down with the remote to speak.

HENRY: Hello? This is two-nineteen. Yes, two-nineteen. No, no. The towels are fine. I'd like to order a bottle of champagne. Uh, well what do you have? Uh-huh. Just give me a good bottle. How much is that? Jesus. How about a pretty good bottle? O.k. And two glasses. Chilled. And wait, can you put a flower or something on the tray. A rose, yes, a rose.

Henry Start

HENRY hangs up the phone. He picks up the remote and turns the music back on. Now Henry is in his fantasy dance: a full blowout club dance on the bed with accompanying lights. In the middle of HENRY'S air guitar, ALICE appears in the doorway wearing black sunglasses, a leather trench coat with a black slip and stockings underneath and high heels: dominatrix gear ala ALICE. She strikes a pose and watches HENRY dance. He doesn't see her. She picks up the remote and switches off the music. She goes back to her pose. The lights return to normal. HENRY jumps off the bed, rushing to cover up his dancing. He still doesn't look at ALICE.

Alice Start

ALICE: Hi.

HENRY: (*caught*) I was...

ALICE: You were dancing.

HENRY: I was just fooling around.

ALICE: You're a naughty boy.

HENRY turns to see ALICE in her gear.

HENRY: What?

ALICE: You've been a very bad boy.

ALICE cracks her whip.

ALICE: Get on the bed.

HENRY: Alice! What? Where did you—

ALICE: Get on the bed.

HENRY backs up onto the bed. ALICE takes a few tentative steps toward him on her very high-heels. She wraps the whip around his neck.

ALICE: You want to sit in a lazy-boy recliner or do you want to feel some real leather against your skin.

HENRY: Alice...

(Alice runs her leather whip down the side of Henry's leg.)

ALICE: Are you surprised?

HENRY: I didn't expect this from you.

ALICE moves around the room, enjoying her freedom, but a little wobbly on the shoes and with the whip.

ALICE: Exactly! Let's get physical.

HENRY: Physical?

ALICE: I can be wild Henry. *(She snorts from the aromatherapy.)*

HENRY: Where did you get this stuff?

ALICE: I have contacts Henry. I'm not just a wife. I am a sexual being too.

HENRY: A sexual being.

ALICE: You don't think I'm sexy?

HENRY: I just don't think of you in this way.

ALICE takes off her trench coat revealing a slip and garters underneath.

ALICE: Well maybe you should. There is more to me than meets the eye.

HENRY: I can see that, Alice.

ALICE: I am a woman, Henry.

HENRY: I know that.

She gets on the bed. Walking around him. HENRY is a little afraid of what she's going to do with the whip.

ALICE: I am a woman. Mother, friend, wife, real estate agent—but woman first.

HENRY: I hear you, Helen Reddy.

ALICE: *(cracking the whip)* So roll over bitch.

Stop

HENRY rolls over.

HENRY: You're not going to hit me with that thing, are you?

ALICE pulls off her sunglasses and reassuringly shows him the whip.

ALICE: What? No. It's a prop. It's supposed to be sexy.