

Henry CB 1

HENRY: How much was it?

ALICE: It was on sale. I saved \$150.

HENRY: Is that tight enough?

ALICE: Ow. I can still see. Here...

ALICE moves the blindfold. They speak to one another with blindfolds on.

Start

HENRY: You don't save money by spending money. Look at the world economy. It just isn't working.

ALICE: The world economy. It's a sweater Henry. I wanted it so I bought it.

HENRY: Everything's instant gratification today. And you know what happens when one man gets instant gratification, another man is told to wait a few years. His turn will come. It's a joke.

ALICE removes her blindfold.

ALICE: Henry, you didn't get the partnership.

HENRY: Ryan got it.

ALICE: Why didn't you tell me?

HENRY: With us five years. Ten years younger than me.

ALICE: Henry.

HENRY: It doesn't matter.

ALICE takes HENRY'S blindfold off.

ALICE: It does matter, honey. Why didn't you tell me?

HENRY: I don't know. I was counting on it. I expected it. It was just a matter of course. I've been with them for so long. I felt stupid.

ALICE: It's not fair.

HENRY: His ideas are not grounded in a conservative sensibility.

ALICE: Jack said that?

HENRY: He's willing to try new things.

ALICE: But you have the experience.

HENRY: Ryan impresses them. He's got big ideas. He just came off the Atlas project. He looks at an old building and sees a new one in its place. I look at an old building and see something to work with. It's not exciting.

ALICE: Did you say anything to Jack?

HENRY: What's there to say. It all sounds like sour grapes.

ALICE: Well, you've been there a long time, and you will be rewarded for that. You have been. And ultimately it's a job Henry. A job you do very well. But a job all the same.

HENRY: I know. I'm just sorry.

ALICE: Sorry. Henry, you have nothing to be sorry about. I know how hard you work.

HENRY: The money would have...

ALICE: *(softly)* We have plenty. We're lucky people.

HENRY: You're good about this stuff Al.

ALICE: Come on, let's not let it ruin our weekend.

HENRY moves to put his blindfold back on; ALICE takes his hand.

HENRY: Back to the blindfold?

ALICE: We don't have to. Why don't you tell me a fantasy. A real one this time.

HENRY: Oh, Alice...

ALICE: Shh, close your eyes. What do you see?

ALICE rests her head on HENRY'S shoulder, looking out at his fantasy. As she "sees it" she becomes increasingly uncomfortable.

HENRY: I see...I see a beach. A tropical beach. There's a girl on a blanket. She's laying out a picnic. She's wearing a dress over her swimsuit. The dress slips off her shoulder as she places the picnic on the blanket. She has very smooth skin. I can see the outline of her breast through the fabric—

ALICE: Let's do the blindfold.

Stop

ALICE jumps off the bed.

HENRY: What?

ALICE: I just...you're right. It's weird talking about this stuff.

HENRY: You didn't like My—

ALICE: No, no, I did. I just think the not talking thing is better. Please Henry.

HENRY: O.K. All right. Let's do the blindfold.

ALICE: This will be fun.