

**ALFIE**

## Alfie's Apartment

Alfie

You're lucky, you know. I rarely allow anyone into my flat. I know, I know, I know. Humble digs. Not exactly what you'd call a "panty peeler." Do you know what I mean? But it suits me just fine. To be honest, I rarely spend a night in my own bed anyway. You see, here's my theory: For most women, if a guy's a good provider and generally a nice chap, six-pack abs really aren't a deal-breaker. On the flip side, however, even though the PC boyfriend sat next to you with his arm slung around your shoulder will deny it... And he will deny it. For us boys, it's all about F.B.B. Face. Boobs. Bum. I'm just being honest.

It's been said that clothes speak the international language. And I have to admit; I'm a bit of a fashion whore. Unfortunately, today I've got work, and I have to tone it down a little bit, but that's all right. Gucci. End-of-summer sale. Very understated. Smashing. Now, in the cologne department, most men overdo it. Americans practically spray it on with a crop-duster. My rule: Nothing above the neck, though I do like a little splash on Big Ben. You never know where the day may take you. Almost forgot. New word for the day. "Ostentatious: The attempt to attract attention to oneself." Who? Me? Oh, blimey. I'm so rude. I haven't introduced myself. - I'm Alfie.

Now, back home, you're always hearing tales about some bloke migrating to the States and winding up with buckets of money. So not long ago, I packed up my bucket and headed west. Now, I must admit, I had a second motive. I'd always been told that the most beautiful women in the world... ..resided in Manhattan. And when it comes to shagging birds, it's all about one thing: Location, location, location. God, I love this city. All right, girls. Just look around. I mean, every one of them, unique, special, like snowflakes. And with such a plethora... Calendar word meaning "abundance," of gorgeousness and diversity, well, how could a man ever choose to settle down with just one? I myself subscribe more to the European philosophy of life. My priorities leaning towards wine, women... Well, actually, that's about it. Wine and women. Although, women and women is always a fun option. So... ..to live life to the fullest, I require only enough to cover my modest expenses. I've no desire to be the richest stiff in the cemetery.

Walks out and in again

**Street**

Alfie

10:03 P. M. Do I drag myself home to a cold flat, empty fridge, or nip across town for a hot bath, warm body, breakfast in bed? Hmm... Decisions, decisions... Yeah, I think I'll pay a visit to my semi-regular, quasi, sort of girlfriend. My sweet Julie.

**Julie's Apartment**

Julie

Let me guess. Unexpected last-minute fare.

Alfie

Yeah. She had me going up and down for hours.

Julie

That supposed to be funny? Because it is so very (Alfie kisses Julie)... Not (kisses her again)... (Alfie carries Julie towards the sofa) Hey! I'm not kidding, Alfie! (Puts her down in the sofa and moves above Julie) I'm not kidding. I hate you sometimes.

Alfie

You have a very ostentatious way of showing it.

Julie

Yeah, I sure do. (Kisses her. Julie tries to get his clothes off. Alfie moves a bit away in the sofa).

Alfie

No, darling. Can we hit pause? I just need a second to unwind. Oh, I nicked half a bottle of stoli from the limo. How do you want yours, on the rocks?

Julie

(Bringing Alfie closer) I just want my usual, Alfie. Straight up.

Alfie

No, I'm so totally knackered. I'll make it up to you in the morning. Cross my heart. (Stands up). But tonight, all I'm good for is a bite to eat, hot bath and a nice long sleep. (Starts eating and makes himself a drink. Finds a panty in his jacket and then hides it).

Julie

You know, this isn't a Holiday Inn, Alfie.

Alfie

What's that again?

Julie

(Standing up and walking towards Alfie). Where were you tonight? Really.

Alfie

You've got to open a restaurant. That's seriously delicious. (Eating).

Julie

Thanks, Alfie. It's just chili... Hey. A little eye contact, please... We have something here, or am I just a glorified booty call?

Alfie

Hey. Hey. (Kisses her and hugs her). (To the audience). Here's what she's really saying: She wants me to commit. Translation: Become "domesticated." Now, it doesn't do to become dependent on anybody in this life. (Turns to her and kisses and caresses her). (Back to the public, still hugging her). Change your nature, you're a dead man. (To Julie) Chili, please. (Kisses her) (Releases her from the hug, Julie cleans up in the kitchen while Alfie talks to the audience). Don't get me wrong. She's adorable.. Cute? Absolutely. But is it ever enough? (Throws the panty in the trash while Julie looks away). I told you how we men are. We want showstoppers. And the problem is, Julie hasn't got enough of the superficial things that really matter. (Back with Julie, who serves him chili) Oh! I don't deserve you.

Julie

Yeah, that's probably true. (Near the ear, as in secret). To bad I love you.

Alfie

Ohhh! Thanks, babe.

Julie

Alfie, Alfie...

Alfie

What?

Julie

Alfie. Ooooh! (Alfie looks to the audience and make a face of confusion while Julie covers her head). You're giving me the "Thanks, babe". Uuuh! You're giving me the "Thanks, baby."

Alfie

Calm down.

Julie

(Agitated). Don't tell me to calm down! I know how you feel.

Alfie

Wait, wait a minute. You're gonna wake up Max. (Max wakes up outside the room, Alfie talks to him as if he was offstage). Hey, little man. Did we wake you up? ... Now, lads, learn from my mistake. Never get involved with a single mum. See, they come with accessories, some of which can be... unfortunately, irresistible.