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"CHARMS OF VENUS"

Written by

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ACT ONE**SCENE 1** (STRIP CLUB)

TOWARDS THE BACK OF CENTRE STAGE IS A BAR. TO ONE SIDE IS AN EMPTY ARMCHAIR AND COFFEE TABLE. A MALE CUSTOMER ENTERS THE SCENE AND WALKS UP TO THE BAR.

SCENE 2 (LIVING ROOM)

TO ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE IS ANOTHER CHAIR. A COFFEE TABLE SITS BETWEEN THE CHAIR AND A TV. TO ONE SIDE OF THE CHAIR IS A BIN. THIS SCENE IS UNLIT UNTIL THE ALTER EGO MAKES HER APPEARANCE.

**ONLY ONE SCENE SHOULD BE LIT AT ANY TIME.*

BARMAN: *(Stands behind the bar, polishing glasses. when the customer approaches he ignores him for a moment and continues what he is doing. Finally he puts down his tea towel and looks at the customer as though he is interrupting.)*

Yeah, what can I get you?

MARSHAL:

Scotch on the rocks.

(Walks over to the armchair and takes a seat.)

VENUS: *(Enters the scene, stops, takes note of the customer and walks to the bar.)*

BARMAN: *(With a big smile.)*

Hey Venus, what would you like? It's on the house.

VENUS: *(nods at the armchair.)*

Whatever he's having.

(Venus leaves the barman without a second glance and struts over to the customer, sitting seductively on the edge of his chair. She then leans in and whispers something in his ear.)

MARSHAL: *(nods and hands Venus some money.)*

VENUS: *(Puts the money in her garter, and then stands in front of the customer with her hands on her hips. Slowly she rotates swaying her hips until she faces the audience. then as though she were being modest she places her hands crossed over on either side of her shoulders. She sways her hips as she gives a small smile and slowly uncrosses her arms until her hands rest on either side of her breasts. She moves her hands down as though fondling her body until they again rest on her hips. She then places her hands on the customer's knees and sits on his lap, turning so that she is on her side with one leg outstretched and the other knee bent.)*

MARSHAL: *(Clears his throat, and looks around nervously. unsure of where to rest his hands he thinks about placing them on her back and leg, then thinks better of it and takes a firm hold of the chair arms.)*

W-what's your name.

VENUS: *(Smiles knowingly and leans in closer to the customer's chest, tracing his jaw with her finger.)*

Venus, what's yours?

MARSHAL: *(Lifts his hands from the couch and they hover behind her back and over her leg.)*

Marshal.

VENUS: *(Raises an eye brow and shakes her head, giving him the hint to put his hands back on the couch.)*

MARSHAL: A woman like you must have a boyfriend.

(pause)

How does he feel about this?

VENUS: *(Runs her fingers through his hair.)*

He's okay with it, just so long as I give him plenty of attention when I get home.

(Winks to the audience.)

If you know what I mean.

ALTER EGO: *(A light beams onto **scene 2** and we watch as the Alter Ego walks towards the lounge chair. She carries a cat which she is cuddling and patting.)*

Who's a good boy? Monty's a good boy.

*(Light goes out on **scene 2**.)*

MARSHAL:

Do you like being a lap dancer?

VENUS: *(Rolls her eyes.)*

There is no where else I would rather be.

(Light dims on scene 1 and lights scene 2.)

ALTER EGO: *(Flops on the couch, picks up the TV remote and begins to watch TV.)*

MARSHAL:

Why did you pick me, am I special? I mean you could have your pick of guys.

(He puts his hand on her leg.)

VENUS: *(Moves her legs, twisting her body around so both feet are on the ground and her back is pressed against his chest. With her free hand she rubs her thumb and fingers together.)*

Of course you're special,

(Sounds almost offended.)

I don't dance for just anyone you know.

MARSHAL: *(Tries to inconspicuously adjust his crotch.)*

You're so beautiful; you must make heaps of money. I hope you spend it wisely.

VENUS: *(Makes a face suggesting, he shouldn't be giving financial advice.)*

I invest it.

ALTER EGO: *(Enters lounge room carrying an array of shopping bags. She looks tired but content.)*

VENUS: *(Stands places her hands on her hips and flicks her hair around with her head. Then slowly she turns around so that she is side on and holds a pose for a moment, before again assuming the sitting position with one leg outstretched and the other knee bent. She runs her hand slowly from the ankle to the top of her hip of the bent leg. she looks at marshal expectantly.)*

MARSHAL: *(bites his lip and his hands, briefly hover behind her back and over her leg, before he places them on the arms of the chair, squeezing tightly.)*

If I give you my number, will you
promise to put it someplace safe?

VENUS: *(Smiles, knowingly.)*

Sure thing.

ALTER EGO: *(Walks over to a bin and loudly flips open the lid, throwing away a handful of paper.)*

MARSHAL: *(Hesitantly.)*

Do you.

(Pause.)

Do you find me attractive?

VENUS: *(Pushes his head to the side in a gesture of tormented love. While his face is turned she looks to the audience and holds her nose.)*

What, can't you feel the chemistry between us? I thought we had a connection, but if you even have to ask me that question, then obviously we don't. Maybe I should end the dance right now!

MARSHAL:

Oh yes I feel it, sorry, sorry I shouldn't have asked you that. I don't want you to go; please will you keep dancing for me?

VENUS: *(Slowly disentangles herself from him and stands with one hip thrust out and her hands resting on either side of her waist. Her pose is half towards the customer, half towards the audience as though she has yet to make up her mind if she will stay or go.)*

How will you make it up to me if I stay?

MARSHAL: *(Quickly stands, knocking his drink over in the process and pulls out his wallet.)*

Here, I'm sorry, please stay. I'll give you more money.

VENUS: *(Takes the offered money and puts it in her garter. Places her hand firmly on his chest and pushes him back onto the couch. Then spins around and sits squarely on his lap, with her legs on the inside of his, her knees pushing his legs open. She lies back resting her back on his chest.)*

MARSHAL: *(moans.)*

I'm going to dream about you for a week. Will dream about me?

VENUS: (*Smiles.*)

Yes.

ALTER EGO: (*Runs across stage carrying a baseball bat, chasing a guy.*)

MARSHAL:

Do you want to have a drink latter?

VENUS:

Absolutely!

ALTER EGO: (*Sits on the couch in front of the TV, with the cat next to her and the shopping bags at her feet. Pours a large drink out of a vodka bottle and gulps greedily.*)

CURTAIN

