



Please do not impersonate the actor's representation of the below character in the film or television version.

When A Man Loves A Woman

Written By Ronald Bass & Al Franken

Alice

Hi, I'm Alice...I'm an alcoholic. *(Smiles)* I've been sober for 184 days. I drank my first beer when I was nine years old. My father was an alcoholic, so my mother liked to blame my problem on his bad example, that way she could hurt us both at once. Anyway, I liked my beer and the ones that followed. And about a year ago I got drunk...and I couldn't stop. It's never quite happened like that before, and I still don't know why. I've lied to everyone I know, everyone I loved. I was ashamed, terrified and humiliated everyday. One day I got out of the shower, grabbed a towel and decided to go get the paper. It's a good thing no one saw me go out the door or at the curb, because I went out there with the towel in my hand. I know how lucky I've been. Because there were times I drove my little girls around just ripped out of my mind. One Saturday I took my baby girl on errands and when I got home I realized she wasn't with me. I had left her somewhere. And since I couldn't remember where I'd been, I had no idea where so, I spent the next few hours calling every shop I'd ever been to, until finally, the tile guy rang my door bell. He had found my address on one of my checks. I rewarded him of course, by never going back to his store. My bottom was 184 days ago, when my little girl watched me chase aspirin with vodka. And then I hit her. And when I passed out, she was alone with me. And she thought I was dead. In all my life I will never know what that did to her. But I have to forgive myself for that and I have to forgive myself for what I did to my husband. It's amazing how much you can hate yourself for being low and weak and he couldn't save me from that. So I turned it on him and I tried to empty it onto him, but there was always more, you know. When he tried to help I told him he made me feel small and worthless. But nobody makes us feel that way, we do that for ourselves. I shut him out, because I knew that if he really saw who I was on the inside...he wouldn't love me. And we're separated now. He's moved away and it was so hard not to beg him to stay. And I don't know if I'm going to get another chance, but I have to believe, that I deserve one. Because we all do.