

the beginning of

**FOUR EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE WOMEN SITTING AROUND
FANTASIZING ABOUT (YOUR NAME HERE)**

(a bonus play from **SINFULLY RICH**)

a short comedy by Rich Orloff

The characters: ELIZABETH, modern and chic
CHERRY, an alluring exhibitionist
LIVIA, a classic beauty
GLORIA, an earthy delight

As the play begins, the FOUR WOMEN are all gazing ahead, lost in their rapturous fantasies. In unison, they all sigh deeply.

LIVIA

How wonderful life would be if only
I could get my hands on _____.

ELIZABETH

If only I could get my arms on _____.

CHERRY

If only I could get my flesh on _____.

GLORIA

I just want to fuck him.

All four women sigh deeply.

ELIZABETH

I would like to share an erotic fantasy I have had involving _____. I am an upwardly mobile, single, professional woman, attractive but shy.

I meet _____ during a cross-country ski vacation in Lake Tahoe, when he skis by me on a mountain trail. He notices me watching him and smiles at me. This causes him to lose his balance and fall twenty feet.

As I watch him get back on his skis, I am consumed with a passion I have never before felt without the aid of recreational drugs. I yearn to brush the snow off his body... ever so slowly.

(cont'd)

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

We ski together for awhile, and I am immediately taken by his wit, charm, taste in movies, political views and insight into the human condition. When we pass a deserted cabin, I hear myself say something I've never said before:

"This looks like a nice place to hump."

Inside the cabin we find a fireplace, some wood, a bearskin rug, a bottle of cognac and two glasses. _____ builds a fire, which takes him two hours. My craving for him builds more and more, until I cannot resist ripping his clothes off. His upward mobility points straight at my heart.

Our lovemaking is glorious. _____ finds four erogenous zones I didn't know I had. I lose more and more of my shyness, until I let out such a scream of ecstasy bears wake up from hibernating.

Ever since that afternoon, whenever I see mountains, snow, ski equipment or wood, I think of _____, and it's almost as good as fantasizing being there in the first place.

ELIZABETH sighs deeply.

GLORIA

I just want to fuck him.

CHERRY

I used to be an occupational therapist. Then I changed careers and started to perform in a live sex act show off Times Square. It wasn't my dream, but then neither was being an occupational therapist. It wasn't easy having sex eight times a day, five days a week. The only way I got through it was that each time I pretended I was with _____.

The first week of April, one of my partners gets sick, and I need a replacement, *fast*. I decide to call _____. He says he normally wouldn't, but since he's in a slump – he hasn't had hot sex in over six hours – he's willing. Soon we're backstage, rehearsing our guts out. When we finally perform on stage, it is even better than I imagined. I have such an intense orgasm I could power Staten Island for a month.

We get a standing ovation. Better yet, the theater critic of the *New York Times* just happens to be in the audience and gives us a rave review. Within days, we've moved to the

(cont'd)

CHERRY (cont'd)

Palace Theater on Broadway, where we become the hottest ticket since THE PRODUCERS.

We win seven Tony Awards: for best male performance, best female performance, best choreography, best play, best foreplay, best direction and best erection.

A reporter who is desperate for an interview with _____ asks me how she can get to _____.

I tell her, "Practice."

CHERRY sighs deeply.

GLORIA

I just want to fuck him.

LIVIA

It is a crisp October evening, during the fall of the Roman Empire. I am the most sought-after virgin in the Mediterranean, so sought-after that I have lost my virginity hundreds of times. I've had rich men, poor men, dark men, light men, young and old men, and more than my share of eunuchs, who have learned to use what they have.

I am taking a stroll by the aqueducts. In the distance, I see a handsome gladiator with a generous philanthropic quality about him. I am immediately smitten. I go up to him, point up to the sky, and ask, "Do you know what constellation that is?"

"Sagittarius," he replies.

"You're right," I say.

He looks at me. "If you knew, why did you ask?"

I smile a wicked smile. He smiles an even more wicked smile back.

I tell him, "My name is Livia."

He replies, "My name is whatever the Roman equivalent of _____ is."

I learn that has just defected from the Roman army. "I have no quarrel with the Goths," he says. I offer to give him shelter in my atrium.

When we get there, within minutes, we are naked. I have often admired the pillars of Rome, but _____ puts them all in perspective.

We are about to commence lovemaking when in through the arch storms Attila the Hun. Attila is a massive hunk of meat and flesh. I want him.

_____ can tell. Never the possessive

(cont'd)

LIVIA (cont'd)

type, he suggests I experience both men and then choose between them.

I like that suggestion.

Attila is not bad, although a little fast.

_____ is so phenomenal I ask myself why I have bothered with any other man. And I reply, so I would be better prepared for _____.

Attila leaves humiliated, and in spite, decides to sack and pillage the entire empire.

_____ stays.

Many years later, after _____ dies, I become involved in a new religion called Christianity, and I become their first nun.

LIVIA sighs deeply.

GLORIA

I just want to –

THE OTHERS

We know, we know.

ELIZABETH

You must have some fantasy.

GLORIA

No.

CHERRY

Come on...

GLORIA

Well, one little one...