

An excerpt from

WOMEN IN HEAT (from **INCREDIBLE SEX**)

a comedy in one act

by Rich Orloff

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Place: The patio of a beachfront condominium in Key West, Florida.

Time: Late morning.

Characters: KIM, a woman in her twenties
MARGE, a woman in her twenties, more shy than Kim
CHARLENE, a woman in her twenties, less shy than Kim
FRED, a man in his twenties

(The backyard patio of a beachfront condominium in Key West, Florida. A few lounge chairs, tables and such. The sounds of a beach.)

(KIM enters from inside the apartment. She wears a light robe and carries a cup of coffee. Not fully awake, she looks like she's sorting something out, something which makes her confused, happy, concerned, a bit nervous, and in a word, overwhelmed.)

(MARGE enters. She's in a jogging outfit and is completely exhausted. No person has ever been covered with more sweat than MARGE is.)

MARGE: It's so hot.

KIM: Your uncle told you Key West was hot in July.

MARGE: He didn't tell me it'd be *this* hot. And humid. It's so humid.

KIM: How was your jog, Marge?

MARGE: Three miles. Three sweaty miles.

KIM: Congratulations.

MARGE: I think I've gone down a dress size from water loss.

KIM: I made some coffee.

MARGE: I just want to rest a bit, grab a book, and go into the refrigerator.

(CHARLENE enters. She wears sunglasses and the kind of short, sexy outfit a woman would wear for a hot night of dancing.)

CHARLENE: It's so hot; I love it!

KIM: Good morning.

MARGE: Are you just getting in?

CHARLENE: Mm-hmmmm.

KIM: Fun night?

CHARLENE: Mm-hmmmm.

KIM: Congratulations.

CHARLENE: Isn't this place great? I think Key West is God's way of balancing Dayton, Ohio.

MARGE: I don't think the Lord works like that.

CHARLENE: Too bad. He'd be more popular if he did.

MARGE: The Lord doesn't do things so we'll be happy.

CHARLENE: I know... He created parents.

KIM: Where were you all night?

CHARLENE: You remember that guy I was dancing with?

KIM: Uh-huh.

CHARLENE: Well, we both got so sweaty dancing that we decided the only way to cool off was with a moonlight swim.

MARGE: There was no moon out last night.

CHARLENE: There was when he took his shorts off.

KIM: You two went skinny-dipping?

CHARLENE: Uh-huh. And I tell you, between the surf and the waves and the stars and the breeze and the rum and his body—

KIM: Did you—

CHARLENE: Mm-hmmmm.

MARGE: In the water?

CHARLENE: Mm-hmmmm.

MARGE: Wasn't it salty?

CHARLENE: So's a margarita, and I never turn those down, either.

KIM: Couldn't wait till you got back on land, huh?

CHARLENE: I could, but apparently time *and tide* wait for no man.

MARGE: Charlene, do you ever think about what you do?

CHARLENE: Of course. That's why I drink.

MARGE: Do you ever wonder if you can *afford* to lose more brain cells?

CHARLENE: No, I've already lost the brain cells that worry about such things.

MARGE: I thought so.

KIM: Now girls—

CHARLENE: And how was *your* evening, Marge?

MARGE: I finished *Wuthering Heights*.

KIM: How was it?

MARGE: It was very insightful and moving.

CHARLENE: And how you plan to use this moving insight?

KIM: *Charlene*.

CHARLENE: Well, she's the first person who's ever come to Key West so she can catch up on her reading.

MARGE: I'm improving my mind. What are you improving?

CHARLENE: My stamina.

MARGE: Have you ever considered jogging?

CHARLENE: Have you ever considered loosening up?

KIM: Girls—

MARGE: You know, when Kim asked if you could come, I said fine, as long as she doesn't start getting on my case—

CHARLENE: I think you started getting on my case first—

KIM: Ladies—

MARGE: I'm just asking questions—

CHARLENE: No, you're judging—

MARGE: Well so are you—

KIM: Will you keep it down? I, I, I... I have company that's still asleep.

CHARLENE: There's someone in your bedroom?

KIM: Mmmmore or less.

CHARLENE: Is he cute?

KIM: More or less.

CHARLENE: Is he decent looking?

KIM: More or less.

MARGE: Is he human?

KIM: More or less.

CHARLENE: An anatomically correct blow-up doll?

KIM: No.

MARGE: A woman?

KIM: No.

CHARLENE: Soooooo?

KIM: "He" has four legs.

CHARLENE: Don't tell me you had a goat; it's been done.

KIM: I.... I had a threesome last night.

(Simultaneously:)

MARGE: You what?! CHARLENE: Right on!

MARGE: And they're still here?!

KIM: Yep.

MARGE: You brought two strangers into my uncle's condo?

KIM: Sorry.

CHARLENE: You agreed we could entertain men.

MARGE: I meant one at a time.

CHARLENE: I give Kim my proxy.

MARGE: You know, I'm responsi—

KIM: I'm sorry, Marge, I just—it just made the most sense at the time.

MARGE: But—

KIM: I knew I'd feel safer here.

MARGE: You really had sex with two guys?

KIM: Uh-huh.

MARGE: But that's not like you.

KIM: I know.

MARGE: You had two guys at the same time?

KIM: Well, some of it was at the same time, some of it was taking turns.

MARGE: I can't imagine doing such a thing.

CHARLENE: That's what's great about drugs. They stretch the imagination.

KIM: I wasn't drunk. Or stoned.

MARGE: What were you?

KIM: Curious, I guess.

MARGE: You know what they said about curiosity.

CHARLENE: It's good for the pussy?

MARGE: Look, just because you don't care about safety—

CHARLENE: I care.

MARGE: Oh, yeah? With your sex life, you could give a yeast infection to the Pillsbury dough boy.

CHARLENE: Look, you little b—

KIM: Will you two cool it?! Do you want to wake one or more of them up?

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