

the beginning of

**FOUR EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE WOMEN
SITTING AROUND FANTASIZING ABOUT
RICH ORLOFF** (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 scene begins, we hear a typewriter or computer keyboard clicking away, and we hear a VOICE saying aloud what it is typing:

VOICE

Hmm... Two – no. Three – Better. Four...
Yep... Four extremely attractive women...
sitting around... fantasizing about...
Rich Orloff..... a short play by... Rich Orloff.

The lights go up on:

As the scene begins, we hear a typewriter or computer keyboard clicking away, and we hear a VOICE saying aloud what it is typing:

THE AUTHOR'S VOICE

Hmm... hmm... *hmm*... One woman... nah...
Two women... no... Three attractive women...
Nah... Four – *extremely* attractive women...
sitting around... fantasizing about...
Rich Orloff..... a play by... Rich Orloff.

The lights go up on:

The FOUR WOMEN, who 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 Rich Orloff...

ELIZABETH

If only I could get my arms on Rich Orloff...

CHERRY

If only I could get my flesh on Rich Orloff...

GLORIA

I just want to fuck him.

All four women sigh deeply.

ELIZABETH

I would like to share an erotic fantasy I've had involving Rich Orloff. I am an upwardly mobile, single, professional woman, attractive but shy.

I meet Rich when I'm on a cross-country ski vacation in Lake Tahoe. He skis by me one afternoon on a mountain trail. When he notices me watching him, he turns to get a good look at me. This causes him to lose his balance and fall on his face.

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.

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 great place to hump."

Inside the cabin we find a fireplace, some wood, a bearskin rug, a bottle of cognac and two glasses. Rich 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. Rich 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 that bears wake up from hibernating.

Ever since that afternoon, whenever I see mountains, snow, ski equipment or wood, I think of Rich, 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's not 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 Rich Orloff.

The first week of April, one of my partners gets sick, and I need a replacement, *fast*. I decide to call Rich. Rich says he normally wouldn't, but since he's in a slump – he hasn't had a sexual experience 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 Palace Theater on Broadway, where we become the hottest ticket since CATS.

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

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

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 distinct literary 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 Rich Orloff is."

I learn that Rich has just defected from the Roman army. Rich says, "I have no quarrel with the Goths." 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 Rich 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. Rich can tell. Never the possessive type, Rich suggests I experience both men and then choose between them.

I like that suggestion.

Attila is not bad, although a little fast. Rich is so phenomenal I ask myself why I have bothered with any other man. And I reply, so I would be better prepared for Rich Orloff.

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

Rich stays.

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

LIVIA sighs deeply.