

THE LOVE OF CHEESECAKE

an adult comedy in one act

by Ashley Nader

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Characters:

Arthur – a straight laced man anywhere from late thirties up.

Molly – Arthur's wife – frumpy and slightly tubby, thirties up

Fran - Molly's friend, also thirties up.

Two non speaking men are optional.

Scene: Lounge come dining room with a sofa stage left and a table and chair with fruit, juice and decorations stage right.

(Curtains open from a complete black out, as Molly enters and lights slowly fade in. Molly is wearing a dressing gown and has curlers in her hair.)

Molly: Wake up!!

Arthur: *(enter Arthur)* I'm awake you stupid goat, no need to scream the house down.

Molly: Well, if you responded, I wouldn't need to scream.

Arthur: You're worse then a bloody foghorn, I think you've made my nuts shrink.

Molly: *(Sarcasm)* Wow, you know how to turn me on!

Arthur: I don't have time for this, I need to get to work.

Molly: You never have time for me.

Arthur: Don't start with me. You know things are hectic at the company at the moment with new ownership. I have to be on my best behaviour, otherwise I could be jobless.

Molly: I know, things have been difficult lately. Considering that the younger generation is starting to take over the computer world...

Arthur: Thank you for that motivating speech. Why don't you hand me the razor blades now and I'll start crying in the shower.

Molly: Calm down, drama queen. I was trying to say that I understand it can't be easy and that I'm here for you.

Arthur: Thank you my chicken chop. Is my lunch ready?

Molly: Of course! The same thing everyday. Tuna mayonnaise on brown bread and just to spice things up, I've thrown in a Kiwi.

Arthur: A Kiwi? Haven't had one of those in ages.

Molly: You know what you also haven't had in ages?

Arthur: What?

Molly: Me! Naked!

Arthur: Yup, I feel my nuts shrinking again!

Molly: I'm being serious, when was the last time we were intimate or even passionate with each other?

Arthur: Um? It was...

Molly: Exactly, if you can't remember, then it's been to bloody long. (*Points down to her parts*) There's just cobwebs and dust, like a piece of old furniture or a bicycle thrown in the back of a garage.

Arthur: Really, Molly, do you have to talk like that?

Molly: (*Sarcasm*) I'm sorry "Mister my nuts are shrinking." I want to be loved and have that connection that we used to have when we first got married...

Arthur: That was ages ago, times have changed and things have moved on.

Molly: What are you saying? Do you still love me?

Arthur: Don't be daft, woman. Of course I will always love you. Just that part of me is dead.

Molly: They do have pills for that, you know to put the kick back in your donkey.

Arthur: Not that type of dead, Molly! Just after the twelve hours of work a day and all the commitments and with everything on my mind I just don't feel in the mood.

Molly: Men are always in the mood!

Arthur: This man isn't.

Molly: Are you having an affair?

Arthur: No, don't be daft! Where would I find the time?

Molly: Are you gay?

Arthur: (*Arches his hand*) Of course not sweetie.

Molly: Chronic masturbater?

Arthur: Bye bye, Molly. Have a good day.

Molly: I know, you sold your penis on the black market and you're really a woman.

Arthur: You hit the nail on the head, I'm actually off to get a Brazilian wax, smooth the landing strip. See you later, love.

(*Arthur leaves. Molly looks around her house, gives a sigh*)

Molly: Sexually frustrated or not, things still have to carry

on. I know what would help, music!

(She grabs the remote and points it to the back of the stage and the music starts, something from Abba, and she starts off all sweet and shy putting away cups and fluffing cushions, then she grabs the feather duster and uses it as a microphone and sings to the music. As Molly is dancing her neighbour walks in on the kitchen side with post, folds the post and puts it in her bra, and picks up the spatula and joins in and they go wild and dance with each other. Song gets switched off and Molly catches her breath)

Molly: *(Panting)* Good morning! Bloody hell, I am exhausted.

Fran: I was enjoying that. Put it back on.

Molly: Sure, if you want me to have a heart attack.

Fran: It's all the crap you eat. I swear if you had to donate blood they would find chocolate floating about your veins.

Molly: I eat because I am frustrated.

Fran: Still! No action from Arthur?

Molly: Nothing, I swear I think my business has folded over. I might as well be a mannequin in a shop, no sex!!

Fran: It wouldn't work, you would break the podium.

Molly: Bitch!

Fran; Honesty!!

Molly: I know, I just don't know what to do any more, I

literally threw myself at him this morning and nothing!

Fran: Poor man. I'm surprised his testicles didn't fall off and hide under the couch.

Molly: Why? There's nothing wrong with me.

Fran: You look like Shrek's mother!

Molly: I need to get out of this rutt! What do I do?

Fran: Well, first of all lets take out the 1950 curlers, throw away the chocolates, sweets, cakes and biscuits before you have a sugar induced coma. Then once that is done we are getting you professional help.

Molly: Professional help?

Fran: Yes, someone to help you and Arthur with your "lack of passion" and kick start your passion for each other.

Molly: I don't know? I don't feel comfortable sharing my issues with a stranger. I definitely know Arthur won't either!

Fran: Your choice. Just don't blame me when you flip out and start looking at other avenues to release your frustrations.

Molly: Like what? I know I will be fine!

Fran: Suit yourself, but don't come crying to me, when you begin to hate your husband and turn lesbian like Laura up the road. She flipped out one day, hit him over the head with a frying pan, divorced him and

ended up with her mechanic “Butch Belinda”. How about Karen?

Molly: Oh! I remember she use to give the most amazing back massages.

Fran: Her business was thriving until her sex life took a plunge and now the only thing she massages is her love box 24/7. It got so bad they had to book her into a loony bin.

Molly: They're all tall stories, I don't buy it.

Fran: Fine, believe what you want, yet just make sure you don't become another story.

Molly: Okay, let's say hypothetically I had to go to someone - who would I go to?

Fran: I could recommend someone.

Molly: Really? You and Phillip seem fine, I never hear any complaints from you.

Fran: Only thanks to this lady we went to. A couple of years ago we were having problems. Yet with talking about our wants and needs, we have gotten to a physical place of ecstasy. I know over the years time and effort lapses. Thanks to her she made us find our inner passion. Phillip now definitely has lead in his pencil.

Molly: Well! I guess it can't make matters worse.

Fran: That's the spirit. Oh before I forget this is yours.
(pulls the post out of her bra)

Molly: What else can you shove in there?

Fran: I would show you where I keep my shopping list and my spare change, yet I prefer you still alive.

Molly: Quite talented you are! *(As she begins to open the letter)*

Fran: Good news? Bad news?

(Molly flips through the pages and then drops them on the table. Closes her eyes and puts her hands in front of her mouth)

Fran: What's wrong?

Molly: It's my Aunt Beatrice!

Fran: Is she okay?

Molly: She's losing her sight... *(reads the letter)* "The doctors say they have done everything they can. 'Time has taken it's course my dear Molly. I am trading in my rolling pin for a cane. Will write to you soon, God willing. All my love your Aunty Beatrice. '

Fran: Rolling pin?

Molly: Every summer up until I went to college, I would spend it with her. She loved to bake and we would always be in the kitchen, baking up a storm and trying new recipes. Until she perfected her own. When my Uncle passed away suddenly she found herself in a financial crisis. Her baking kept her stable, emotionally and financially. Her cheesecake was to die for, absolutely mouthwatering. She created her own empire "Beatrice's baked goods." I can't believe it!

Fran: I'm so sorry!! (*Fran comforts Molly*)

(*Lights fade, New scene*)

(*Two men walk in with a long pole and tools*)

Molly: Thanks boys, last room on the left!

Fran: (*Walks in behind them*) I saw the van in the driveway, what's going on?

Molly: Just doing some renovations. You know to improve the bedroom.

Fran: I don't get it. What type of renovations are you doing?

Molly: They are installing a stripper pole for me, to spice things up with Arthur. When he sees me wrapped around that pole I want him to go completely crazy and take me right there on the spot.

Fran: This, coming from the person who gets out of breath from just walking to the post box or dancing to a song. It takes a huge amount of skill and energy to snake up and down a pole. Unless you going to glue your legs around that pole.

Molly: I know I'm not in the greatest shape, but it also shows effort and willingness to try new things. Besides it was one of the less dangerous things to do on the list.

Fran: What list?

Molly: The sex therapist you referred us to, gave us a list of

items to try to spark up our sex lives. Each person's list is private, so I have no idea what is on Arthur's. I can only imagine according to what she put on mine.

Fran: *(Grabs the list out of her hands)* Well, let's have a look shall we. Wow, the stripper pole is quite tame compared to the others. Number 7: Get a naughty piercing on one of your private areas. Is she crazy?

Molly: I can't even put "clips on" on without twitching. Now I'm expected to put rings through my nipples! Never mind my flower patch! There's no way.

Fran: This list is quite heavy. Whips, chains, piercings, melting things on each other...

Molly: We each need to choose three.

Fran: So what did you choose?

Molly: I chose the pole dancing, body massages and feeding each other.

Fran: Sounds quite sensual and erotic if done correctly. When does the magical event take place?

Molly: We're surprising each other tonight. Which gives me plenty of time to play around with the pole and gets some sexy moves going.

Fran: Well, good luck with the body shake, have lots of fun and enjoy yourselves. I want to hear all the dirty details tomorrow. Take care.

(Fran leaves and Molly starts going through some CD's seeing what music she could play while doing her pole dancing)

Molly: Might use that song to shake what my mama gave me.

(The men walk on stage)

Molly: Everything sorted and in place?

(The men nod and leave)

Molly: Thank you, boys.

(Grabs a banana and some other fruit with the CD and goes off stage, as she leaves)

Molly: Let's give it a bash.

(Molly goes off stage, lights fade, music plays. Lights come on, Fran and Molly are at kitchen table. Molly has a bandage wrapped around her head)

Fran: What the hell happened?

Molly: It was such a bloody disaster, I swear I think my sex life is doomed. No matter what we tried to do, it just went all wrong but horribly.

Fran: So, what happened? You look like a train wreck.

Molly: So, he comes home and I'm ready for him in the bedroom. He walks in and I'm laying on the bed in my brand new silky lingerie with the fresh fruit and the body lotion on the bed.

Fran: How did he react when he saw the pole?

Molly: He was a like kid at Christmas time, so excited. So I grab him onto the bed and remove his shirt to massage his chest to find that he pierced his nipple.

