

A draped mall kiosk selling bath salts and lotions. A sign reads 'Salt Dream.'

At rise: PONOPLY stands at the kiosk as LENNY crosses the stage.

PONOPLY

Excuse me, may I ask small question?

LENNY is stunned by her beauty.
PONOPLY sports a large smile.

LENNY

Wow.

PONOPLY

You need special present for special someone. I am of assistance, yes?

LENNY

Yes...

PONOPLY

Good boy come to right place. Present for girlfriend?

She caresses him. He shudders.

LENNY

It's our second anniversary. Yesterday. How did you know?

PONOPLY

I always know. Good looking as you must be taken. We find extra special present from extra special lover.

LENNY

Wait a minute. This isn't one of those weird bath product stands is it? I'm sorry, but my girlfriend doesn't like expensive soap or other things she could get cheap at K-Mart.

He starts to leave, but PONOPLY holds him. She dips her finger.

PONOPOLY

Smell my finger.

He smells her finger.

LENNY

Mmmm.

PONOPOLY

Does special friend not like smelling nice?

LENNY

Oh, she's allergic to a lot of--

PONOPOLY

Does special friend not like beautiful nails?

LENNY

She cuts them pretty short and--

PONOPOLY

Does special friend not like enriching body with forty-two nourishing minerals from dream-like salts of Mediterranean?

LENNY

I'm tight on cash and I think--

PONOPOLY

(a finger over his mouth)

No more thoughts. I show you, okay.

LENNY

Okay.

PONOPOLY

So now you do me, okay.

LENNY

Okay?

PONOPOLY

Do not be afraid. I show you. Cream. Massage here, here, here.

PONOPOLY marks areas on her own shoulders and back using a red pen. She puts cream in LENNY's hands and guides his hands under her top to these areas, down her back on either side of his spine, slowly around to her stomach, and back up. She gives small murmurs of pleasure. The first time LENNY completes this path he gives an involuntary moan. Suddenly music plays. PONOPOLY rips off LENNY's shirt. The kiosk dances.

PONOPOLY

Yes LENNY! Take me! Take me now on the kiosk!

LENNY

Okay!

PONOPOLY teases him with the red pen, dodging his advances, stroking herself with it, and moaning. LENNY manages to smack the pen away, lifts her up onto the kiosk and tries to kiss her. She holds him and starts to lick him ferociously. He tries again to reciprocate but she smacks him to the ground and dominates him. She's about to take off his pants, when she suddenly becomes very monotone.

PONOPOLY

Sir? Sir? Sir? Sir?

With each 'sir', LENNY spins until he and PONOPOLY are back in the massage position. His clothes remain as they are, but his eyes are closed. He is awkwardly patting her back.