

KAMA SUTRA

By Sarah Quick

Act 1 Scene 1

On stage we see LYNDA, 45. She is curled up with a good book, a half-drunk glass of red wine and some dark chocolate. It is dark; the only light is coming from a reading lamp next to the couch.

Downstage, lights come up on BOB as he addresses the audience. BOB is 52. He works in insurance and looks like he does.

BOB “The extent of the love of women is not known, even to those who are the objects of their affection, on account of its subtlety”.

That is a quote from the Kama Sutra. Part 6 Chapter 2. There are a lot of parts in the Kama Sutra. Both text and body. It is an ancient Sanskrit text about finding emotional fulfillment. (*hesitantly*) There’s also quite a lot in it about ‘sex’, if you’ll pardon the expression.

Up until a month ago I had never heard that quote. I had reached the grand age of 52 never having read the Kama Sutra...or even having looked at the pictures.

But my life has changed in this past month. My life at 62 Maple Crescent. Changed drastically. That’s Lynda. My Lynda. My wife, Lynda. Waiting for me to come home from another day at the office. Waiting for me to come through the front door and shout ‘Honey, I’m home’. I’d always insert some witty repartee at this stage as the smell of something delicious cooking in the oven would assail my nostrils.

Listen. If we're really still, we can hear it. The deathly silence you hear just before the demolition machine flattens your peaceful environment. The calm before the storm as it were. The dramatic pause...

The hounds of fate were waiting for me on Maple crescent that night, and they were not to be denied.

Lights down on Bob

We hear keys turning in the lock. She doesn't react. She is trying to finish her chapter. The front door opens, and BOB enters, home from the office

BOB Hi honey I'm home!

LYNDA Hey.

BOB But I'm guessing you knew that by me unlocking our front door. Not the move of your everyday neighbourhood burglar.

LYNDA No.

BOB Although I suppose I could have been your boyfriend, come to surprise you. Not your hard-working husband, in need of a stiff drink.

LYNDA I haven't given him keys...I don't like surprises.

BOB *(He chuckles)* Funny *(he leans over to give her a kiss)* At least I hope you're joking.

LYNDA *(noticing the time)* It's late.

BOB Meeting went on forever. For-ever.

she listens half-heartedly, more interested in her book. He busies himself fixing a drink

LYNDA Poor thing.

BOB I was losing the will to live

LYNDA There's a casserole on low.

BOB All while discussing life insurance.

LYNDA Ferakh Maamer – it's Moroccan. I'm experimenting.

BOB Then bloody Benny wanted to bend my ear about...nothing

LYNDA Poor Benny

BOB Or anything. Everything. On and on.

LYNDA He's not got anyone waiting for him at home

BOB No, but I do!

LYNDA Poor thing.

BOB And the construction coming off 45, by the new shopping mall they're building, is a joke.

LYNDA Humm.

BOB A particularly bad one. The temporary traffic lights are out of sync.

LYNDA They were like that on Tuesday.

BOB 30 seconds on green our way. Where everyone's coming from.

LYNDA And about 5 minutes on green coming from the school

BOB And about 5 minutes on green if you're coming from the school. Which makes no sense. At this time of night.

(he has his drink and sits down on the sofa)

25 minutes I was stuck there, not moving.

LYNDA Poor thing.

BOB Is there dinner?

LYNDA Ferakh.

BOB Sorry?

LYNDA It's Moroccan. I'm experimenting.

BOB Excellent.

(she gets up to plate his dinner)

And, I pull into my own road, practically to the end of my own driveway and there's more gridlock because doofus next door has his great hulking RV out there again.

LYNDA He was washing it when I got home from work.

BOB Still is. "Departure imminent" he's yelling, completely oblivious to the Ford Focus that almost took my mirror off.

LYNDA Well I'm hoping it's not 'better the devil you know'.

BOB Eh? *(she hands him dinner)* Thank you.

LYNDA They're talking about air b and b-ing the place when they're on their trip. She says he reckons they'll rake it in.

BOB No way.

LYNDA That what she says he reckons.

BOB To who? Who'd want to stay around here?

LYNDA It's nice.

BOB It's hardly Niagara on the Lake is it?

LYNDA We've got a theatre.

BOB Have we?

LYNDA And the new shopping mall is opening on the other side of the park.

BOB Right. We're a tourism mecca!

LYNDA There's a new family moved in on Birch Avenue. New Canadians.

BOB Josh was telling me.

LYNDA I'm guessing I don't want to hear his opinion on the matter?

BOB Probably not.

LYNDA How's his new woman?

BOB There's a *new*, new woman.

LYNDA (*she makes a face of distain*) Don't know how he does it. 50 years old, skinny jeans, constantly borrowing money and about as reliable as a politician. Pre-election.

BOB He's funny.

LYNDA He's a deadbeat.

BOB Women say they like funny.

LYNDA Humm. They also like well groomed, home owners who don't show up three days late and several dollars short.

BOB Ah, but when he shows up he's funny.

LYNDA He's an ass.

BOB I told him it was nice to see some new faces around here.

LYNDA (*she's happy*) Exactly. (*indicating drink*) another?

BOB Erm, sure, thanks. (*He sighs contently*)

LYNDA There's a committee.

BOB Humm?

LYNDA May Walsh got a few Zumba peeps together, and Bev of course. And whaterface from the school, Julie. And they've got a committee for them

BOB For who?

LYNDA The new family. To welcome them. To Canada.

BOB Oh (*beat*) So they're not letting them settle in peacefully then?

LYNDA She was at Cook Club on Wednesday. Haven't seen her husband yet. Three kiddies apparently. And she speaks three languages. Hindi. Urdu. English of course and quite a lot of Gujarati. Ooh! Maybe, I'll make a run to the library and get a book on foreign recipes. That would be a good welcome.

BOB Cook club?

LYNDA Yes, I told you about it.

BOB Right.

LYNDA (*repeating herself*) Instead of having a book club we're having these get-togethers, where we choose a *recipe* book each week and each person cooks a different dish from it. It's the 'new thing'.

BOB And you get to eat them all?

LYNDA I figured you'd like that. You should join me, the more the merrier!

BOB No thanks. I'm not interested in gossip and drama.

LYNDA Its not gossip or drama. Just a group of like-minded people swapping opinions on life. It's nice to be sociable.

BOB Is it?

LYNDA Exactly – you wouldn't know. When was the last time you had a boys night?

BOB I'm not sure you can call them boy's nights when the average age is 50.

LYNDA Guys nights then. Watch some sports, drink some brewskis...scratch your crotches? I don't know!

BOB We do all of that. While wishing we were at home doing it. Alone. In our underwear. You stick to your girl's night Cook Clubs and leave us scratching our crotches in peace.

Though, I'm not sure you can call them Girl's Nights when the average age is 50.

LYNDA 45, thank you!

BOB Women's nights?

LYNDA Nah, to me that's a bunch of bitter harpies frantically knitting pussy hats and complaining about the regression of female rights in a world dominated by misogynist men...(beat) which we *do* do, fairly regularly. But sometimes we do it with make-up and a martini, so I prefer 'ladies nights' k?

And, besides, Cook Club isn't just for girls, I mean ladies. There're men there too.

BOB There are?

LYNDA Uh huh.

BOB At cook club.

LYNDA Men do cook too you know.

BOB Sure...or they use it as a cover to meet women.

LYNDA Don't be crazy.

BOB I'm telling you. One minute they'll be espousing the virtues of a nice vichyssoise the next they're complementing you on your Crustless Quiche and offering to lend a hand with your soggy bottom.

LYNDA Hey! I'll have you know my bottom is crisp and buttery with just the right amount of flake.

BOB Besides I thought you talked about all sorts of things. You know girls talk, women worries...

LYNDA Ladies laments? We do. It's good to have the opportunity. Jainey has been having a rough time of it since Bruce left.

BOB I saw him as I drove through town earlier.

LYNDA Was he with her?

BOB Blond?

LYNDA Yep.

BOB Tall? Good-looking?

LYNDA I guess.

BOB Really striking.

LYNDA OK. Jeeze I guess the answer is 'yes, he was with her' poor Jainey. What do these younger women see in older men?

BOB Money.

LYNDA I guess, but that's not everything.

BOB It's something.

LYNDA And what makes a man give up everything he has. A loving wife, great kids, nice house – why on earth throw it all away? *(he doesn't respond)* Eh?

BOB *(realizes he's supposed to respond)* No idea. *(thinks)* I mean it's probably partly the thrill. It must be thrilling, you know. Illicit sex, sneaking around. Catching stolen moments...wondering if you're going to get caught...

LYNDA Sounds like you've given this a lot of thought!

BOB No

LYNDA Oh really. You've not been thinking about this? About this illicit sex and the thrill of the forbidden?

BOB No! I mean yes, I mean just now – coz you asked me to!

LYNDA Oh. Well stop thinking about it. How's your dinner?

BOB Good. (*she takes away the plate before he's finished – she's distracted*)

LYNDA You should talk to him.

BOB Who?

LYNDA Bruce. Find out why.

BOB Find out why I should leave my wife?

LYNDA No! Find out why he left. Good lord I'm not asking you to go and get tips. Just find out what's been going on.

BOB I can find out from *Josh* why he goes for younger women. He's pretty forthcoming in that department.

LYNDA I don't care what he has to say. And neither should you. I don't want him putting ideas in your head. Besides, I am already younger than you

BOB Humm.

LYNDA Considerably. Younger than you.

BOB Well- (*she glares at him*) Right, seven years, indeed. As you tell everybody

LYNDA I do not

BOB Yes you do. Anyone with whom we have a conversation lasting longer than three minutes is made party to that information.

LYNDA Not true!

BOB Sometimes less...The guy at Starbucks almost wrote it on your cup! Anyway, You don't have to worry about your age. You look great.

LYNDA Thank you.

BOB I don't know why women want to make out that they're younger than they are. Surely having somebody say "she looks great for 50" would be a boost, eh?

LYNDA When I'm 50! Which I am not. Not-

BOB -well-

LYNDA -NOT EVEN CLOSE.

BOB Fairly close. 5 years.

LYNDA SIX! Depending how you count it.

BOB Right. I mean if you count it in years it's five but...

LYNDA It's not 50. That is the point. 45 is young. 50 seems so old!

BOB I believe that 45 is officially the age at which you become 'middle aged'

LYNDA Don't be ridiculous. Besides, it is irrelevant to our lives. We are together. You are my husband. Age is not important. My point was just that, if you were to leave me for someone younger, she would have to be considerably younger and that would just make you look weird. Coz you have to be really wealthy to get away with that. And you're not,

BOB No argument there.

LYNDA So don't. Go off with someone younger. Or older in fact. Or anyone. Promise.

BOB I promise.

LYNDA Jainey thinks it's because they weren't having sex as much.

BOB As much as who?

LYNDA As much as they used to. With each other!

BOB Ahh.

LYNDA We do it enough don't we?

BOB *(feigning trouble hearing)* What's that now?

LYNDA Sex. We have enough sex for you don't we?

BOB Well...

LYNDA Well?

BOB Well, we could do it more.

LYNDA Oh. Really? You've never said-

BOB No.

LYNDA You'd like that? To do it more?

BOB Always.

LYNDA Always?

BOB Al. Ways.

LYNDA I mean, I know that's the cliché but I'd never want to assume-...

BOB Oh, you can assume. Always assume. Make that ass out of you and me till the cows come home.

LYNDA Right. Well, I'm glad I asked. *(she is torn between wanting to put the dishes away and doing it more)* Do you want to now?

BOB Al. Ways.

LYNDA OK then. I would like to...too. *(pause)* We're alright, aren't we? I mean you don't want to be swinging from the chandeliers with someone half your age do you?

BOB Hadn't really thought about it...

LYNDA Well good! Don't. If you're unhappy. If you've got an itch that needs scratching, tell me. I'll itch it...Probably. No, I mean I will. I'll itch it. Providing it's metaphorical. If it's an actual itch you should probably take care of that yourself. We've got to be honest with each other. No surprises. Deal?

BOB Deal.

LYNDA Talk to me. Tell me your needs.

There is an expectant pause.

BOB Right now?

LYNDA Whenever!

BOB Right!

LYNDA And, I'll tell you mine.

BOB *(confident – he already knows!)* I will take the recycling out first thing tomorrow.

LYNDA Noooo. I mean good, but nooooo. I mean sexual things. Sharing...so that there's no need for locking lips or bumping bits with anyone else. OK?

BOB O.Kay. *(he picks up his crossword and begins squinting at it)*

LYNDA *(pause)* Actually, you're right. Let's share now.

BOB I'm right?

LYNDA Absolutely. Strike while the iron's hot. The early bird gets the worm.

BOB Not the *best* analogy in this situation...

LYNDA You go first.

BOB Right now?

LYNDA Right now.

BOB It's just that, having given it more thought, it might work more...in the moment, you know.

LYNDA Right! Right. *(beat)* Only, if we talk about it now then we have time to process and be ready for...the *moment*.

BOB Got ya. I tell you what, why don't *you* go first. Ladies first. Number 1 pick. Come out swinging.

LYNDA *(she looks puzzled at the analogy)*

BOB Not actually swinging. I don't want to swing.

LYNDA Good/

BOB Unless-

LYNDA /No!

BOB Right. *(deflects attention)* now why don't you relax...put your feet up. I'll give them a rub.

LYNDA *(she snuggles in happily) (as if starting a list)* I like it when you give me a foot rub.

BOB check!

LYNDA What else?...I like it when you *(deep in thought, imagining, replaying...smiling, maybe a giggle)* I like it when you... *(beat)* Honestly, I like it when you take it out the night before. So I'm not distracted thinking about it.

BOB I'll do it now.

LYNDA No! No, I'm sorry. Leave it, it's fine. I'm sorry. Here, feet up. Relax. Talk. What do you need? What to you want!? What can I do...for you...

BOB Nothing. I can't think. I'm good. Everything's great.

LYNDA Really? There's nothing? Not a little something that could make it better, something that would really do it for you?

BOB Well.../

LYNDA Hehe! I knew it! Go on

BOB /If you're sure?

LYNDA Yes!!!

BOB Well, you could er, you could move.

LYNDA ? House?

BOB Nooo *(they laugh)* No you could move...more. When we're...you know...

(beat)

LYNDA What!?

BOB You could move mmm- ...oh!

(BOB immediately realizes he has ventured into treacherous territory)

LYNDA I move!!!

BOB Oh shit.

LYNDA I move!! What the hell do you mean "move".

BOB Nothing. I meant nothing. You just said-

LYNDA Move??

BOB Of course you *move*

LYNDA Damn straight!

BOB Just not as much as you used to

LYNDA Oh. My. God. I don't believe this.

BOB It's not a bad thing-

LYNDA I don't move as much as I used to-?/

BOB /You just asked if there was any-/

LYNDA /Listen here mister. If I'm not moving enough maybe it's because you don't give me a heck of a lot of time to!!!

BOB Ooh, shots fired. *(to himself)* this escalated very quickly.

LYNDA One jerk and a quick squirt doth not maketh for much movement!

BOB Hey!! Just calm down.

LYNDA Calm down!?

BOB I knew this would be a bad idea. *We* don't talk about sex.

LYNDA It was your idea!

BOB It was not my idea! Was it? If it was it was a horrible idea! We do not talk about sex. Ever! Never have. We just do it! ...Occasionally.

LYNDA "Occasionally"???

BOB Oh god. Listen, Ok? I'm sorry.

LYNDA For what?

BOB For the thing... For what I said... About you not-...

LYNDA -moving!?

BOB Right. Right. That. I was just trying to make things better. For me and you. Both of us. I mean do you enjoy it?

LYNDA Yes! *(beat)* "occasionally".

BOB Right. Good. And do you...you know? Still...?

LYNDA What?

BOB Do you still have...? Do you have orrrrrrrr-...gasms? Do you?

LYNDA Yes! Oh my God yes! Yes. Jesus. Yes, yes, yes! Oh my God.

BOB Are you...having one now?

LYNDA No I'm not having one now! And yes. Yes, I do still have them.

BOB Good! Good. *(hesitantly as though entering a trap)* And am I there when you do?

LYNDA Yes! ...Occasionally. Oh, I can't believe this. I ask a simple question in the hopes of improving, building on, what I thought was an acceptable sex life with my loving husband.

BOB It is acceptable, it's, it's *more than acceptable*. It's great!

LYNDA Except that I don't move enough, and we do it "occasionally".

BOB I married you because I love you. Not so that I could get sex on tap.

LYNDA Good, because... because, *you* have become an annoying drip.

BOB Oooh! (*sees an opening*) Right! Soooo, we should just go with the *flow*

LYNDA What? Are you-?

BOB No need for a *sinking* feeling.

LYNDA You are! Stop it.

BOB No need to run hot one minute and cold the next. We can just take the *plunge*. Not pull the *plug*...ooh!! Whatever you're *basin* this on, I'm with ya!

LYNDA Is our sex life nothing more than a smutty joke to you!?

BOB I wouldn't call it particularly smutty. But, but that's ok...we're not in our first *flush*

She slams the bedroom door

BOB (cont...) (*calling to her*) Hey! You love my puns, remember? You said it was sexy...my sense of humour. Used to get me out of some great fights, making you laugh. Eh, Lyn...Remember? When we got married? Eh?...remember?

LYNDA Shut up! I can remember when we got married Ok!!...at the moment I just can't remember why.

BOB Oooh (*good one!*). (*calling to her*) Because! We were madly in love.

LYNDA You're sleeping down there.

BOB We couldn't bear to be apart. You, me and my sense of humour. Perfectly entwined.

LYNDA I'm going to spread out all over this bed and not move a goddamn muscle!

BOB I'd get home from work, tell a joke and you'd jump on me. Didn't even give me time to take my sweater off!

LYNDA Yes, well now you'll have time to knit yourself one! Ass!

BOB Lynda. Lyn, I'm sorry. I am. I didn't mean what I said. I love you. And I'm sorry about making fun of the situation. I'll *pipe* down. I can't help it! It comes too easily...*(to himself)* I don't need to *(force it)* faucet *(he chuckles as he starts to undress)*

LYNDA You're a complete prick!

BOB I Love you.

LYNDA Pah!

