

KAMASUTRA

BY

TOM COASH

**Tom Coash
79 Foster St.
New Haven, CT 06511
203 786-5088
thomascoash@sbcglobal.net**

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KAMASUTRA

CAST:

Doris - An older female, 50-65 years old, Married to Harold. From New Jersey.

Harold - An older Male, 50-65 years old, married to Doris. From New Jersey.

SETTING:

A bench on the grounds of the Chandela Temple Complex in India. Site of the famous (or infamous) erotic "Kamasutra" temple carvings.

TIME:

The Present

KAMASUTRA

Doris and Harold, an older American tourist couple, are sitting on a bench at the famous (or infamous) Chandela Temples in India. They are over-dressed in typical American tourist gear. Doris is reading aloud from a guidebook. Harold is turned away, scowling. He is continually attacked by some kind of bugs during the scene. She has no bug problem.

DORIS

Kamasutra...an ancient Sanskrit text giving rules for sensual pleasure, love, and marriage.

HAROLD

Rules!(Snorts in disbelief. Slaps mosquito) There ought to be a rule!

DORIS

From Kama..the God of Love plus sutra, the sanskrit word for rule or more literally thread or string.

HAROLD

Where is that tour bus?!

DORIS

String..path..or rule. The rules of love..of desire.
(Glances over to see if he's taking this in. He slaps his neck...)

HAROLD

Damn these bugs!

DORIS

I wonder if it's like that string theory...that we saw on the science channel?

HAROLD

What?

DORIS

How everything is connected?

HAROLD

Don't be an idiot, Doris!

DORIS

(pause) There was a time when I thought of you as the God of Love.

HAROLD

Ten thousand dollars!

Then you took up golf.

DORIS

Ha, ha!

HAROLD

(Back to book)

DORIS

Built in the 10th century, India's Chandela Temples contain stunning examples of the Kamasutra art...

Porno!

HAROLD

...I beg your pardon?

DORIS

Porno temples!

HAROLD

It's not porno.

DORIS

Airfare..five thousand dollars...

HAROLD

What you've got in the garage is porno.

DORIS

..five star hotels..five thousand dollars..

HAROLD

This is art. Capital A, capital R, capital T.

DORIS

..porno temples..priceless!

HAROLD

Art, you old fart!

(They glare at each other)

Harold

Where's that damn bus! (Slaps bugs away)

DORIS

You should have sprayed.

HAROLD

I should have stayed in Hackensack!

(He turns away, accidentally looks at Temple and disgustedly averts his eyes. Doris continues to read..)

DORIS

There are more than 85 buildings in the Chandela Temple complex.

HAROLD

And not one of them a toilet.

DORIS

Many scholars believe that the temples represent the Tantric Kundalini "path" to attain enlightenment.

HAROLD

The what?

DORIS

Kundalini.

HAROLD

Pasta?!

DORIS

Ha, ha.

HAROLD

Like a big plate of pasta!

DORIS

You're so witty.

HAROLD

All tangled up like that. Linguini with clams!

DORIS

(goes back to reading)
Believing that in this age of Kali..yuga?

HAROLD

Ow! (Slaps leg)

DORIS

Kali Yuga...the present age...

HAROLD

(Slaps neck.) Damn! Damn!!!

DORIS

..the present age...which is...

HAROLD

Jesus!!

(Jumps up and slaps himself several times in frustration!)

DORIS

..represented by mankind gone mad.
(looks at him)

HAROLD

What?! They're not biting you?!

DORIS

You should have brought the spray.

HAROLD

I should have brought a gas can!

DORIS

Gas can?

HAROLD

So I could immolite myself! Isn't that what they do in these
"temples"? Light themselves on fire.

DORIS

Harold!

HAROLD

I can see why, these bugs! Gotta sleep under nets for christ sake!

DORIS

I like the nets! They make me feel romantic.

HAROLD

They make me feel like Charlie the Tuna!

DORIS

Just like that movie...with what's her name and Robert Redford?
Africa something...

HAROLD

We're in India, Doris!

DORIS

I just mean...Out of Africa! That was it. They died in that plane
crash!

HAROLD

Out of India is all I want.

DORIS

Or he did..So romantic.

HAROLD

That and a cold beer!

DORIS
Harold, please?

HAROLD
(slaps leg) Our big anniversary celebration and we can't even get a cold beer.

DORIS
Just sit here in the shade..

HAROLD
Or ice cubes!

DORIS
..and relax...

HAROLD
We could be in Palm Harbour, drinking cold beer and playing golf!

DORIS
..you'll have a stroke or something.

HAROLD
Just let the mosquitos eat me!

DORIS
They're not mosquitos. They look like lady bugs.

HAROLD
Lady bloodsuckers is what they are.

DORIS
I thought this would be fun. Try something new.

HAROLD
Like Malaria?!

DORIS
(giving up and going back to book)
Fine! You old poop!

HAROLD
What?
(looks at her, She ignores him...looks for bus..no bus..)
Great.
(Sits, sighs..)
Ok, ok, read me your book! I'll sit quietly and bleed to death.

DORIS
If you don't want to know anything...

HAROLD

Read the book! Frantic kundalini! Whatever!

DORIS

Tantric..

HAROLD

Looks frantic to me!

(They glare at each other. He backs down first,
looks away, sees the statues...)

Sheesh!

(Turns the other way)

DORIS

(Doris looks at him, a bit sadly turns back to her
book...reads silently..then..)

...the grouping on the north side..(looks up)..north side...

(looks at sun, looks around, looks at Harold. He ignores
her. She licks her finger and holds it up, testing the
wind in some kind of attempt to find north...or maybe just
to get a rise out of Harold)

HAROLD

(Can't take it..)

This is the north side!

DORIS

Thank you...the grouping on the north side..

HAROLD

Groping.

DORIS

I beg your pardon?

HAROLD

Should be the groping on the north side!

DORIS

(Give him a look, then continues..)

The group groping on the north side...

(he looks at her, she sticks her tongue out at him, he
raises his eyebrows in disgust and turns away)

..is thought to represent the Tantric..."Chakra-Puja" ritual of
opening and entering.

HAROLD

String theory!

DORIS

The Chakra...Puja ritual is basic to the awareness of seeing the world and connecting with it. See! Connecting! Everything's connected!

HAROLD

They're connected, all right.

DORIS

Chakra-Puja allows one to see without destroying. Better listen to this Harold. The Chakra-Puja ritual aids in bringing peace and harmony to the practitioner.

HAROLD

And maybe a disease.

DORIS

The prominent figure on the north side..and his...linga...linga? ...are said to symbolize the "Tree of Life".

(Harold shifts uneasily, she marks her place with finger and looks at temple...)

What's a linga?...Harold?

HAROLD

Don't look at me.

DORIS

I wonder if it's like linga franca?

HAROLD

Now what are you talking about?

DORIS

Like on the language channel. It's french something. Linga franca.

HAROLD

What a shocker!

DORIS

What?

HAROLD

That the French would have a word for it!

DORIS

For what?

HAROLD

I don't know for what.

DORIS

You act like you know and that somehow I'm stupid for not knowing.

HAROLD
It's not French!

DORIS
Then what is it?

HAROLD
How would I know? It's Hindustany for god's sake.

DORIS
You always think you know everything. So, what's a linga, Harold?
Explain it to me!

HAROLD
A baby linguine! How the hell would I know? I'm a mobile home
dealer from New Jersey, not the Encyclopedia Britannica.
(Slaps ear)
Ow!

DORIS
You should have...

HAROLD
All right! Give me the goddamn spray!
(She looks at him questioningly)
I know you brought it just so you could say I told you so!

DORIS
Oh?

HAROLD
Just give it to me!
(She gets spray from purse and hands it to him. He sprays
himself all over while she calmly watches.)
Ok, I'll tell you what it is! Vulgar! That's what it is, vulgar!

DORIS
Bug spray?

HAROLD
You know what!

DORIS
So I do know something at least.

HAROLD
You'd be shocked if I said it. Or maybe you wouldn't since you're
the one who brought us to this Hindu mosh pit.

(He doesn't know what to do with the spray...she holds her
hand out for it as they're talking..he hands it to her
very naturally, she puts it away in her purse.)

DORIS
Vulgar as in the magazines you hide in the garage vulgar? Or is it
me that's vulgar?

HAROLD
"Connect" the dots, Doree.

DORIS
What's that supposed to mean?

HAROLD
Vulgar is as vulgar does is what it means.

DORIS
Might not be a bad idea.

HAROLD
What?

DORIS
We're here...might as well do as the natives do...
(Waves her hand indicating the temple)

HAROLD
What?!

DORIS
Immo-late, Harold....Come on baby light my fire?

HAROLD
(pause, he looks at her, she looks back)
Doris, you made a joke.

DORIS
I did, didn't I?! (Quite pleased with herself)

HAROLD
Yes...A ten thousand dollar joke.

DORIS
Burning, burning love?

HAROLD
A ten thousand out of our retirement fund joke...

DORIS
I feel my temperature rising...

HAROLD
A ten thousand, money we'll never get back joke...

DORIS

All right! I..GET..IT!

(They glare. He sits, turns away. She defiantly opens her book, flips a few pages irritatingly to let him know she's reading it. Something catches her eye...it's a triple fold-out page, which she slowly unfolds in amazement... first turning it one way and then another...she looks up at temple...)

Oh my!

(Harold looks at her. She moves book out of his vision, not hiding it, just not letting him have the pleasure of looking. He snorts and turns away. He is starting to feel uncomfortable digestion-wise, putting hand on stomach. Doris ignores him, pulls binoculars from her bag. She searches the temple with the binocs until she finds what she's looking for, then focuses for a closer look...)

Well!

HAROLD

What?

DORIS

I wouldn't call that a baby anything.

HAROLD

(Finally noticing what Doris is doing...)
Binoculars! You brought binoculars!!

DORIS

I didn't want to miss anything.

HAROLD

(snorts) Miss anything!

DORIS

Only now I see I've been missing something for years.

HAROLD

What's that supposed to mean?

DORIS

I'm finding it very educational.

HAROLD

Where in god's name is that bus?!
(adjusting trousers, looking uncomfortable)

Delhi belly?
DORIS

No!
HAROLD

You should have...
DORIS

It's not Delhi belly!
HAROLD

(pause) You know what it means.
DORIS

What?
HAROLD
(She points with the binocs, he finally explodes..)
Know what it means?! I don't know what it means! All I know is that we spent the down payment on a new Ford Fiesta to come halfway around the world to spend two weeks sitting on the damn toilet!

Harold!
DORIS
(trying to shush him..)

When there is one!!
HAROLD

Quiet!
DORIS

Delhi belly and porno temples! Happy Anniversary!
HAROLD

What's the matter with you?!
DORIS

Seven shots we have to get! Just to stay alive! Malaria, diphtheria, hepatitis, cholera! Yellow fever for god's sake! What were you thinking of, Doris?!!
HAROLD

You! I was thinking of you!
DORIS

Me?!
HAROLD

DORIS

You! The way you used to be. The way you used to love me.
 (She starts crying, pulls rumpled kleenex from sleeve)
 It's been three years, Harold!!
 (Harold is shocked)
 I thought this might be romantic!

HAROLD

I..I..(Bug gets him again despite the spray, he slaps at it..) Ow!

DORIS

I thought that maybe we could pick out a good one and try it!

HAROLD

Doris!

DORIS

I thought maybe we could try that one right there! (She points!)

HAROLD

(Harold hesitates, she weeps, he reluctantly looks,
 he looks back at her...)
 They're just holding hands.
 (No answer.)
 Doris, they're just...
 (Pause...He reaches over and grasps her hand. She pulls it
 back, still teary, gets a kleenex out. Pause...)
 I'm sorry....Doree? I'm sorry.

(No answer. He lifts her chin up, she shakes him off, he
 does it again more tenderly, they look into each others
 eyes, searching. She dabs with the kleenex..)

DORIS

What's happened to us?

HAROLD

Delhi belly.

DORIS

(She pulls away and looks at him)
 It's not funny!

HAROLD

I'm sorry.

DORIS

I know I don't look like I used to.

HAROLD

Doree..

I sag. DORIS

So what? So do I! HAROLD

What is it then!? Tell me. DORIS

I...I don't know... HAROLD

Harold, please? DORIS

I..I'm old, Doris. HAROLD

You're not old. DORIS

I've let you down. HAROLD

What are you talking about?! DORIS

I sell mobile homes for not much of a living... HAROLD

You're very successful! DORIS

I'm not Doree. I'm not even a manager. We get by. HAROLD

We get by very well! DORIS

You always said you married me for my potential...and what have I done with it? Sell Airstreams and double-wides. HAROLD

What's wrong with that? DORIS

The cruise. HAROLD

Cruise? DORIS

HAROLD
The South Sea cruise with your sisters and their lawyer-doctor husbands.

DORIS
I don't..?

HAROLD
The cruise I should have taken you on!

DORIS
We couldn't afford it.

HAROLD
I should've borrowed the money! Hocked my damn golf clubs!

DORIS
Harold, that was...

HAROLD
...three years ago.

DORIS
(No answer)

HAROLD
We went to Palm Harbour and you hated it.

DORIS
I didn't hate it.

HAROLD
You hated being stuck there...with me. Mr. Can't Take His Wife on a Cruise.

DORIS
You're wrong.

HAROLD
Am I?

DORIS
I didn't hate it.

HAROLD
Right.

DORIS
I was just..disappointed.

HAROLD
Is that what you call it?

Ok, I was a little mad. DORIS

I knew it. HAROLD

Mad at you. Mad at my sisters. But mostly mad at myself.. DORIS

I was being an old poop. HAROLD

..For feeling that way. DORIS

A cheap old poop! HAROLD

I was the old poop. DORIS

And who wants to make love to that? HAROLD

You had a pulled groin! DORIS

I didn't. HAROLD

From your backswing! DORIS

I lied. HAROLD

Why? DORIS

(shrugs) You had a headache, I had a groin. HAROLD

Oh Harold.. DORIS

I saw it in your eyes. The way you looked at me.. HAROLD

Saw what? DORIS

HAROLD
That I let you down...

DORIS
You didn't..

HAROLD
I did! And I'm sorry!

DORIS
Harold..I..

HAROLD
I don't...I don't want it to be this way.

DORIS
Stop..just stop..please?

HAROLD
But..
(She slaps his neck..)
Ow!

DORIS
(looks at her palm..)
Got him!

HAROLD
Oh. Thank you.
(she giggles)
Don't laugh!
(She smiles)
Doree I...

DORIS
Look...(she points at sculptures)

HAROLD
What?

DORIS
Mr. Can't Take a Hint.
(He looks at temple, then back at her, then kisses her.
A good kiss, then she pulls back...)
You want to know why I really married you?

HAROLD
You were pregnant.

DORIS
And very happily thank you!
(holding his hand)

DORIS (Cont)

Harold, I married you because of the way you touched me...the way you put your hands on me, these hands. You have the warmest, softest, strongest, most knowing hands of any mobile home dealer on the face of this planet! Remember our first night...at the drive-in?

HAROLD

Yes.

DORIS

When you put your hands on my breasts, I thought I was going to melt into a little puddle right there on the back seat.

HAROLD

Doris!

DORIS

You made me a happy woman, Harold! The first night you touched me. We were connected! We were connected right from the start. And we didn't need any Chakra-Puja to do it!

(He kisses her. It's a good kiss. She rests her head on his shoulder. Dabs with the kleenex...)

HAROLD

What are you thinking?

DORIS

Priceless. (They kiss again) What are you thinking?

HAROLD

(Romantically) Where's that damn bus?

(Lights down)

END