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Kama Sutra Wednesdays

a play in one act

by

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SCENE ONE

Time: Present

Setting: A sleazy hotel room

At Rise:

NORA, fashionably dressed in a business suit that is too expensive for the cheap hotel she is in, fiddles with a power-point presentation on her laptop. She concentrates as if it is an important business project, taking notes from time to time. When she hears someone at the door, she hurries into the bathroom.

Enter LONNIE, handsomely dressed and carrying a large bottle of champagne. He chuckles at the laptop. He removes his sports coat, hangs it on a chair, and looks for something to do. He decides to open the champagne and pour the glasses. His cell phone rings and he answers.

Lonnie

Lonnie Miller. Oh, hello. Where are you? Uh huh. No, I'm still at work. I told you I was working late tonight. Uh huh. Already? You know you're breaking my concentration—seems like I just bought the kids' milk

yesterday. Okay. I'll get it. Yeah. Organic. I only bought that other kind once—it was on sale and I didn't have my debit card on me. Okay. Okay. Mia culpa. Only organic milk. No bad hormones. Yeah, I'll pick some up on my way home. Late. Very late. I've got to get this job done. You want me to do a good job, don't you? Well, I'll try. Okay. Bye bye, honey. You too.

He puts away his cell phone. NORA enters from the bathroom. She is dressed in a seductive lingerie ensemble that is very multi-layered—so layered, in fact, that she looks unintentionally humorous. She presses against the bathroom door, one arm up against the door frame like a Mae West pose.

Nora

And how is Miss Goody Two Shoes?

Lonnie

Be nice, Nora. She's the mother of my children.

Nora

Tonight she doesn't exist. I forbid you to mention her.

Lonnie

Whatever you say. Your wish is my command.

As Nora poses, she gets a "wedgy" in her underwear and quickly readjusts her clothing. Then she reassumes her Mae West pose.

Nora

Well, here I am, you bad boy.

Lonnie

Woof.

Nora

(She growls.) Be careful, I might bite.

Lonnie

Can I count on that?

Nora

Count on nothing. Anticipate nothing. Let yourself feel the moment—and be utterly surprised.

Lonnie

Some champagne, Miss Hilton?

She takes a Paris Hilton pouty pose.

Nora

That's hot. (*He pours; they toast.*) To our Wednesdays...
just you and me in our sleazy, dumpy love dungeon.

Lonnie

You said you wanted a sleazy hotel—you said you wanted it dirty.

Nora

I meant the sex, not the room, Lonnie. No, no, just kidding.
This place is a dive but it's a perfect dive I was afraid to
park my car. There are a lot of questionable people downstairs.
Did you see the hooker at the desk?

Lonnie

You mean the reservationist?

Nora

The "reservations" she's making are paid for by the hour.

Lonnie

You said you wanted to go where no one would recognize us.

Nora

I think you found the perfect place.

Lonnie

Jeez, Nora, if you wanted the Sheridan, you should have told
me. We could have gone there.

Nora

I'm sorry...okay...I'm sorry...I'm not complaining. I did
want to know how the other half lives...although this looks like
the lower one-sixteenth.

Lonnie

No statistics tonight, Mz. Manager-of-the Year. Here.
Drink some more of this and the place'll start to look good.

Nora

To us and our delicious Wednesdays. You remembered
a camera, didn't you?

Lonnie

Did I ever, baby.

Nora

Get a picture of me in this outfit. Cheers! (*She poses and pouts like a model. He clicks away.*) Good. And one of me giving my Kama Sutra presentation.

Lonnie

I don't know if we really need that presentation, baby.

Nora

But that's the whole point. Dirty pictures. A cheap hotel. You, me—it's wrong, so wrong—you away from Sweet Little Wifey-Pooh and me away from Mr. Mow-the-Lawn-Every-Saturday-Come-Hell-or-High-Water.

Lonnie

But it's kind of nice that he mows the lawn every week, isn't it?

Nora

I don't want "nice," Lonnie. I want bad—very bad.

Lonnie

Well, you're gonna get it, baby! Get out of this crap!
(*He tears at her negligee.*)

Nora

This "crap" cost a lot of money, Lonnie!

Lonnie

How much?

Nora

A lot. My husband is going to be pissed when he gets the bill.

Lonnie

Hey, if I'm forbidden to mention my wife, you're forbidden to mention your husband.

Nora

I like mentioning him. I like knowing what we're doing is wrong—so wrong.

Lonnie
Okay. Let's go. I'm ready.

Nora
You are not "ready." We have only begun. Prepare to enter
a world you have never entered before.

Lonnie
I did that when I got us this room.

*Nora clicks on the sound of her laptop and strains of seductive, Kasbah-type music plays.
Using a clicker, Nora shows the first picture and begins a professional presentation.*

Nora
"Since very ancient times, sometimes going back as far
as what we term 'prehistory,' Indian thinkers have asked
themselves questions about the position of Man in creation."

Lonnie
(Spreading himself on the bed) Most men like this position.

Nora
That'd be a good picture. *(She photographs him, then resumes
her presentation.)* Life necessitates three kinds of activities:
survival...nourishment...and reproduction..."

Lonnie
Reproduction...my favorite activity...

Nora
"...and this is represented as three necessities..."

Lonnie
Three activities, three necessities... three kings...three
blind mice...

Nora
...three bears, three pigs...

Lonnie
Three Stooges!

Nora holds up her hand, spreading five fingers.

Nora

Pick two. *(He does. She pretends to poke him in the eyes like in The Three Stooges.)* Pay attention, Moe. Now. “Necessity Number One: Artha, or material goods, assures survival.”

Lonnie

When are the naked handmaidens coming?

Nora

Be patient. More champagne, please. *(He pours. They drink.)*
And Number Three—

Lonnie

What happened to Number Two?

Nora

It doesn't matter how you get to three so long as you get there.

Lonnie

The champagne's getting to you.

Nora

Sorry.

Lonnie

I like it. Have some more.

He pours. They drink. This continues while Nora gives her presentation.

Nora

“The rules of the Kama Sutra are...” *(Lonnie SNORES loudly and pretends he is sleeping.)* Okay, okay, no rules. I'll find something erotic.

Lonnie begins to crawl under her negligee—with the camera.

Lonnie

I'll bet I can find something erotic under here. Woa!
Helloooooo, Kitty! *(He snaps pictures under her clothes.)*

Nora

Are you going to behave?

Lonnie

I didn't meet you here to behave, lady. Say, aren't you overdressed for this party? Take something off...this thing.

Nora

You are sooooo impatient...did you notice my garter belt and stockings?

Lonnie

Perfect! Take them off!

Nora

It took me an hour to get them on!

Lonnie

Then take off the dress.

Nora

It's a negligee! (*While he tries to undress her.*) The Kama Sutra, Lonnie. (*Trying to continue her presentation as he attacks her negligee.*) "Eroticism is firstly a search for pleasure... infinite delight..."

Lonnie

I'm searching, baby, I'm searching!

Nora

(*Clicking away pictures, moving right along but laughing too*) Okay, here, here, here. This one looks interesting. Let me find my notes. Here. "Terminology is often allusive and humorous."

Lonnie

You're still able to pronounce those big words. You need more champagne. (*He pours; she drinks.*)

Nora

"The word 'yoga' means 'sexual intercourse...'"

Lonnie

I gotta sign up for yoga classes.

Nora

(*Click.*) "And 'tantra' means 'technique,'" you know, like sexual technique..."

Lonnie

I'm trying to show you my technique, baby, if you'd only...

Nora

(Click.) "...and 'u—u—panisbad' means 'occult or magical...'"

Lonnie

I'm already under your spell, baby. Jeez, aren't there any naked pictures in there?

Nora

(Click. Click.) You'll find this interesting: "'Svair-ee-nee' means 'lesbian, or corrupt woman.'" Like me! I'm a corrupt woman! Look at me! I guess that means I'm a lesbian then!

Lonnie

You lezzy, you. Got any girlfriends you can invite in?

Nora

Lesbian doesn't mean that here.

Lonnie

Awwwwww.....

Nora

Why? You interested in that?

Lonnie

You and another chick? Are you kidding????? Now THAT would be BAD, baby, like you want it.

Nora

It would, wouldn't it? Hmmm. There are some pictures in here of that. *(She clicks through to find one.)* Here, look.

Lonnie

Babe, I don't need those pictures to...holy shit! Look at that! What are they doing? Uh—is that an elephant??????

He begins to take a position like the picture.

Lonnie (cont'd)

Holy fuck! Let's do that one. ...

He begins ripping off his clothes and grabbing at Nora.

Nora

You want to start off with that one?????

Lonnie

Why not? *(He takes a dog position on the floor.)*

Nora

I was thinking of beginning with something...less strenuous...
more sensuous. Something slow.

Lonnie

I can go slow. *(He rolls over on his back.)*

Nora

I mean slow erotic touch.

Lonnie

Touch me, baby, go ahead. Or maybe you want me to touch
you? *(Her boa gets in his mouth as he grabs her.)* Where the
hell are YOU? Let me get you out of this crap.

Nora falls onto the bed. She suddenly lifts her foot to Lonnie.

Nora

Wait—I've got it—my slippers!

Lonnie

What about 'em?

Nora

You may remove my slippers, slave!

He rips off her slippers so savagely that she bounces off the bed and plops on the floor in a heap.

Nora

Well, that wasn't very erotic!

Lonnie

Sorry, baby, I'm as horny as an alter boy. Let's fuck now
and we can be erotic afterwards. Promise!

He tries to lie on top of her on the floor.

Nora

Lonnie, this is our Wednesday, our special, sloooow, Wednesday—
with many, many more Wednesdays to come. Pace yourself.

Lonnie

I'm trying, baby, I'm trying, but you're kinda giving me mixed
signals here...I mean, I thought you wanted it...

Nora

I do want it, baby, but we don't have to rush.

Lonnie

I'm not rushing...here...just put your legs up on my shoulders
like she's doing.

Nora puts her legs on Lonnie's shoulders but holds her negligee over her vaginal area.

Nora

I don't know, Lonnie. This doesn't feel right...Let's
take it slower. Let's have some more champagne, and...

Lonnie

Champagne's all gone, baby.

Nora

Did you only bring one bottle?

Lonnie

"Only" one bottle? Honey, a magnum is plenty between two
people. We're ready. We don't need any more champagne!

Nora

I do. Order some from room service.

Lonnie

Nora, this is not the Ritz! I don't think they have
room service.

Nora

They have that "reservationist." See if she'll bring some up.

Lonnie

Fine. The lady wants champagne, the lady gets champagne.
(He uses phone.) Ah, yeah, hello. Listen, you have any
champagne down there? You do? Can you rush it up here?

Yeah, I mean personally. Yes, you, personally.

Nora

Who does she think should bring it, the janitor?

Lonnie

Yeah, I realize it'll cost extra. I wasn't expecting it to be free.
Great. This is room...ah—

Nora

—two seventeen—

Lonnie

—two seventeen. And there's a big tip in it if you hustle your buns
and get here fast. Thanks. *(To Nora.)* She's coming, baby.

Nora

Odd. Did she think we didn't know room service was extra?

Lonnie

Who knows what she thought. She sounded half-stoned. Now,
let's get you out of some of this stuff. *(He starts to undress her.)*
Jesus, honey, did you think the room wouldn't have any heat,
or something?

Nora

I am planning to strip for you. Would you like that?

Lonnie

All my life I have wanted you to strip for me!

Nora

You haven't known me all your life.

Lonnie

I dreamed of you, baby, I just didn't know it was you.
But I always thought someday—

Nora

—well, your someday is now, stud.

Lonnie

We need some music...do they have a radio?

Nora

I have a stripping CD in here already.

Lonnie

You're my dream woman! Take it off, baby, take it off!

Nora

The champagne will be here any second, Lonnie.

Lonnie

Just a little preview...one little piece of something. *(To the music)* Bum, bumba bum, bumba bum...

Nora

Well, okay. *(She slips off a little something as she sashays.)*

Lonnie

(Singing loudly) "I wanna fuck you, babbbbyyyyy!!!!!"

Nora

Get a picture of me...no, not my butt, that's not my best feature...

Lonnie

Let me be the judge of that. *(He snaps her like the paparazzi.)*

Nora is now strutting like Gypsy Rose Lee. There is a KNOCK on the door.

Nora

The door, Lonnie!

Lonnie opens it, and PRESHY, one hot-looking girl, comes in with the champagne.

Lonnie

Well, hello, hello. *(He snaps a picture of her immediately This does not go unnoticed by Nora.)*

Preshy

I hustled my buns like you said, sir.

Lonnie

And what lovely buns they are.

Nora

Er...Lonnie...

Lonnie
HMMMMMMMM?

Preshy
Cook's Brut Champagne. Do you want me to pop the cork, sir?

Lonnie
Yes, yes, I do.

Preshy
I'm not too good at this. I don't want to pull too hard because I might break it off.

Lonnie
That's a risk we'll just have to take it.

Preshy
Well, here goes.

Lonnie
Let me get a picture of you pulling hard.

Nora
Don't waste the film, Lonnie!

Lonnie
No problem, it's digital.

Preshy
This is a first. No guy's ever photographed me before—

Lonnie
—oh, I bet a guy has—

Preshy
—pouring champagne, I mean.

Nora
So pour the champagne, then, and leave.

Lonnie
Leave? What's the rush? Ah...what's your name, sweetheart?

Preshy
Preshy.

Lonnie

Preshy.

Nora

Strange name.

Preshy

It's short for "Precious."

Nora

Oh, pleazzzzze.

Preshy

It's my real name. Everyone thinks I made it up, but my mom and dad really wanted me. They were getting older and they thought they'd never—

Nora

Touching. Pour the champagne please.

Lonnie

How sweet, Preshy. Preshy, I'm Lonnie and this is Nora.

Preshy

It's a pleasure to meet you.

Lonnie

The pleasure is all mine.

Nora

I'll pour. You can leave now, Porky.

Preshy

Preshy. But, I thought you wanted my special room service?

Nora

Just your ordinary room service, Pissy—now go.

Preshy

...but...I thought you wanted...I mean...especially when I saw this dirty picture on the wall. I've never seen a porno-power-point presentation before.

Nora

Listen, Peachy, I'm only going to say this one more time:
We don't need you here—get out!

Lonnie

Not yet, Nora! This is perfect—Preshy can join us, like you wanted.

Nora

Like I wanted?????

Lonnie

In the Kama Sutra—two chicks with one guy—remember?

Nora

Hell no—I'm drunk, for crissake!

Preshy

A threesome, huh? I'm down with that.

Preshy studies the slide on the wall. She bends over, copying the position.

Preshy (cont'd)

I've done that before. I didn't know I was doing
the Kama Sutra!

Lonnie grabs the clicker and shows Preshy other slides. She really enjoys them and copies the poses as he clicks away.

Preshy

I can do that...I think...yeah...good thing I do yoga.

Lonnie

I like that one too. *(He gets into the position with her.)*

Preshy

This is a good one. Come on, Nora. We need you here,
and I'll be here—or do you want to me here? And Lonnie
if you bend like this—but this'll cost you double, of
course, cause there's two of you. And we can't take
too long. I still got a couple of rooms to clean. Bend
toward me, Nora. *(She touches Nora sexually.)*

Nora

Get the hell out of here!

Lonnie

Nora! This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity! Our Kama Sutra Wednesday, remember?

Nora

OUR Wednesday, Lonnie, just yours and mine!

Lonnie

It is ours—our dirty, nasty—*threesome—Kama-Sutra Wednesday!*
This is dirty, baby, dirty, just like you wanted it!

Preshy

Oh, you like it dirty, huh? Then you're gonna love this thing I do with my...

Nora

Get your ass back downstairs or I'll notify the manager that he's got a whore working for him!

Preshy

As if he doesn't already know...hey...you're the ones who called me.

Lonnie

Yeah, Nora, we called *her!*

Nora

Get out of here, or I'll—

Preshy

I'm going. Sorry, Lonnie, but I'm going to have to charge your VISA the minimum rate just for my making a call to your room—and then the champagne.

Lonnie

Ouuuuhhhh, Nora, pleazzzzze ?????????????? Let's do her! We have to pay for her anyway!

Nora

Beat it, Pricky.

Preshy

That's Preshy, Nora. Bye, Lonnie. Maybe next time.

Nora slams the door in Preshy's face. She starts gathering up her things.

Lonnie
Where you going?

Nora
Where do you think? Home.

Lonnie
Home? We haven't even done one Kama Sutra position yet!

Nora
Go fuck yourself.

Lonnie
Calm down—come on. I was just kidding. I didn't really like her—who likes a slut like that? It was a joke! Nora?

Nora
You're such a jerk, Lonnie. Goodbye.

She slams into the bathroom with all her stuff in her arms. Stunned, Lonnie sits on the bed.

Lonnie
Jeez....

Nora pokes her head out of the bathroom.

Nora
And don't forget you said you'd pick up a gallon of milk for the kids—and remember what I said—I want *organic* milk!
Asshole!

Scene

SCENE TWO

NORA is in the kitchen of her and Lonnie's home, slicing up carrots. LONNIE enters.

Lonnie
Hi, Honey.

She does not respond verbally but her knife action on the carrots gets stronger.

Lonnie

Hi, Nora. *(No response.)* Now, come on. Are you still mad? *(Still no response.)* Whatcha cookin'?

Nora

French Canadian pea soup.

Lonnie

You mean bean soup.

Nora

I ought to know if I'm making pea soup or bean soup.

Lonnie

But Dutch Schultz said bean soup, Canadian bean soup. Remember him, honey? *(No response.)* Remember that gangster who got shot and said all those crazy things when he was dying? Remember, hon? We read that article about it together—in the Sunday paper? Hon? *(Still no response.)* Remember we laughed cause he said “Talk to the sword” and then he said “French Canadian Bean Soup” and just died? We laughed about that for a month, remember?

He goes to hug her from behind and she swirls around, brandishing the knife.

Nora

Talk to the sword!

Lonnie

Watch what you're doing...someone could get hurt.

Nora

Someone already did. *(She resumes chopping the carrots.)*

Lonnie

I said I was sorry.

Nora

Not *(Chop)* as sorry *(Chop)* as you're gonna be. *(Chop, chop.)*

Lonnie

Nora, this isn't cute anymore. I said I was sorry. What more do you want?

She turns slowly, holds up the knife, and looks at his genitalia menacingly.

Lonnie

All right. Play your little games...you think you're such a player, don't you? Yeah, you love your games... your little power-point presentation on the two million and one sexual positions practiced by ancient Persians... until you have to really play them. Until I call your bluff and then—ooooh—"I'm just an innocent girl and you hurt my virginal feelings."

Nora

Shut up, Lonnie.

Lonnie

You're the one who started the whole damned Kama Sutra thing! You wanted something different—more exciting, you said, something dirty—like fucking in our bed just 'cause it felt good wasn't enough.

Nora

You went for it too! It could have been exciting...it could have been something dirty, something erotic—

Lonnie

—what could be more erotic than a threesome, for crissake?

Nora

You still don't get it, do you?

Lonnie

No, and I haven't gotten "it" for a long time now and I want to know...are you gonna forget all this bullshit or not? Cause I need to get fucked. Plain and simply.

Nora

Not by me you're not. Maybe you need to go look up sweet little Porky.

Lonnie

You know damned well her name was Preshy—and if you are challenging me, babe, don't push me because I just might take you up on it.

Nora
Fine.

Lonnie
Nora, don't push me.

Nora
I'm not pushing. I don't care.

Lonnie
You don't care?

Nora
Nope. I don't care.

Lonnie
Don't say what you don't mean, Nora.

Nora
Go fuck yourself, Lonnie.

Lonnie
I don't have to fuck myself. There are plenty other women who want to fuck me.

Nora
Go find 'em, then.

Lonnie
This is serious now, Nora. Mean what you say or don't say it.

Nora
I hate you. Is that clear enough?

Lonnie
You...hate...me?

Nora
Yep.

Lonnie
You hate me...seriously?

Nora

I said yes.

Lonnie

Jeez, Nora. That's harsh.

Nora

Not as harsh as your husband wanting to fuck another woman right in front of your face.

Lonnie

You're hurt. I understand.

Nora

You don't understand anything. You think you're god's gift to women? You think you're some prize package? There's nothing there, for crissake. These carrots are bigger than you are!

Lonnie

You think...I'm...not...big enough? Where did that come from?

Nora

From me, finally, after eight years of misery.

Lonnie

You've been dissatisfied with me for as long as we've been married?

Nora

Same as you.

Lonnie

I have not been dissatisfied with you.

Nora

That's not what I saw when you got a hard-on for sweet little Porky right there in front of me.

Lonnie

You're not ever gonna forget that, are you?

Nora

Never.

Lonnie

So what's the solution?

Nora

There is no solution.

Lonnie

Nora, we're married with two kids—

Nora

—and two faces.

Lonnie

What the hell is the matter with you? You want to throw everything away?

Nora

No, Lonnie, YOU threw everything away. In that hotel room, that piece-of-crap hotel room—

Lonnie

—you said you wanted it dirty!

Nora

The sex not the hotel room, idiot!

Lonnie

Don't start calling me names.

Nora

Idiot.

Lonnie

I'm leaving. Is that what you want?

Nora

I don't care.

Lonnie

I am going to get a room for the night.

Nora

Oh, I wonder where.

Lonnie

You think I'm going back there?

Nora

Porky will be waiting for you...with her bottle of champagne that she just can't open without your big, strong arms.

Lonnie

I told you I didn't—

Nora

—save your breath.

Lonnie

Do you realize what you are doing?

Nora

I am cutting my losses! Management principle number one—don't throw good money after bad.

Lonnie

I'll be back. Tell the kids Daddy is just spending the night at...uh...Uncle Charlie's house.

Nora

Tell 'em yourself.

Lonnie

Nora, don't upset the kids. You hear me?

Nora

Fine. I won't upset the kids.

Lonnie

I'll see you tomorrow. *(Nora does not answer. He waits for an answer.)* Nora? If you don't want me to go, say so now. *(She still does not answer.)* Well...okay...goodbye.

Lonnie exits. Nora breaks down and sobs inconsolably.

Scene

SCENE THREE

PRESHY is in the hotel room. She knocks on the bathroom door.

Preshy
Are you ever gonna come out of there?

There is no answer but running water is heard.

Preshy (cont'd)
You know, tempest fugets, and all that stuff. I mean, I was happy you called me—kind of surprised, if you really want to know—but, hey, stranger things have happened. But now why are you taking so long coming out? Are you getting shy on me, or what?

The toilet flushes.

Preshy (cont'd)
(Under her breath to herself) Jeez, have you been on the crapper all this time? Be sure to wash your hands before you come out.

The shower is heard.

Preshy (cont'd)
What? Are you taking a shower now? Hon, you know my time costs you money, don't you? *(No answer)*
Fine. Pay me to sit here.

She sits, then opens her purse and takes out a Rubik's Cube. She works it brilliantly. Once it's solved, she holds it out and laughs proudly.

Preshy (cont'd)
Sweet.

The shower stops.

Preshy (cont'd)
Now we're getting somewhere. Okay, sweetheart, come on out. Don't bother to dry off. I like it wet. Don't you?

I said...don't you? Okay. Okay. I can wait...for a while...
but then I'm going to have to get back to the front desk.
I can't keep the phone on voice mail for too long.

The bathroom doorknob moves. Preshy takes a sexy position.

Preshy (cont'd)
Come on out, baby. I'm getting excited just thinking
about you.

The door opens and out walk—NORA!!!!

Preshy (cont'd)
You look good all nicely bathed. *(She smells her neck.)*
Smell nice too. How 'bout if we see what's under this
towel.

Nora clutches her towel closely around her.

Nora
I never did this before.

Preshy
No shit, Sherlock.

Preshy stands in full view of Nora and slowly unbuttons her blouse. Nora is obviously uncomfortable. Preshy takes off her blouse. drops it, and begins to unhook her bra.

Nora
Uh—wait—how about if I just get in bed?

She hurries under the covers.

Preshy
Whatever you want, honey. This is your fantasy.

Nora
What?

Preshy
I said this is your fantasy...I mean...you did call me.

Nora
Yes.

Preshy

What would you like me to do for you? Or to you?

Nora

Ummm...the usual will be fine.

“The usual” strikes Preshy as funny and she laughs. She realizes how nervous Nora is and gets serious.

Preshy

Okay, Nora. Just relax. Let me take over.

Nora

Fine. I’ll just close my eyes.

Preshy

If that’s what you want.

Nora

And could you turn off the light?

Preshy

You want to do this in the dark?

Nora

Yes—no offense. Just turn off the light.

Preshy

All right. Light off. *She turns the light off next to the bed. The stage is dark.)*

Nora

Okay. Do it.

Curtain