

ACT I

Scene 2

Setting: A yoga studio. Simple.

At Rise: JACEY stands holding yoga mat.

JACEY

We're screwed and I can tell you why. Scratch that. Rewind. Not tell-- show. I can show you why we might as well just throw in the towel. Build museum display cases and get taxidermied.

(Freezes in posture of a mannequin.)

"Take a look kids--these humans destroyed civility."

(Releases pose.)

You think I'm exaggerating? Close your eyes. Now take a deep breath and let it out. One more. Yeah, that's it. One more breath in and out. Keep you eyes closed.

(Takes her yoga mat, holds it high and snaps it out-- cracking it like a whip.)

Scared the crap out of you, didn't it? The yoga-mat-snap. The flick. The crack. It's loud. Disruptive. And totally unnecessary! And it's not just young people with Lululemon leggings doing it. It's middle aged teachers and cashiers from Whole Foods. If that doesn't signal the end of civility, I don't what you're waiting for.

I almost quit yoga. If I wanted to be continuously shocked by sporadic bursts of ear piercing sounds, I could just baby sit my nephew. My yoga teacher told me to give it more time. She said I'd develop sympathy for the people ruining my inner peace. I didn't. But I did develop a mild-to-obsessive fixation on the guy in the middle row who comes every Tuesday and Thursday night. He takes his shirt off right before triangle pose. He's sweaty by then. Glistening. Not too hairy. Just muscles. Right where they're supposed to be. He's... beautiful. Like a work of art. Some sort of Greek creation. That's what we've lost. An appreciation of beauty. Of art. Of truth. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." He's been gone for three weeks. I still come to class and sit and wait for him to show up. I guard his spot--I used to put my towel there but now I just glare at people and they back off. I'm really hoping he's just been on vacation. Or traveling for work. Or got a concussion. Mild concussion. Nothing serious. He'll be back. I know he'll be back. I'm waiting for it. I sit here right before class starts and close my eyes. I expect the end of civility.

(Indicates the 'flick' of a yoga mat.)

Or a glimpse at something beautiful.

BLACKOUT.