

SO UM THANK YOU  
by Sheila Callaghan

A small town somewhere in the Pacific Northwest. Early evening. Rain is heard outside against the window.

About thirty-five barefooted audience members sit on yoga mats, waiting. Prior to entering, they were told they may be doing some yoga during the performance, but are welcome to simply remain on their mats and watch if they like. They were asked to remove their shoes and socks and place them in a cubby by the entrance of the room, along with their belongings.

Each audience member has a full set of yoga props: two blocks, a bolster, a blanket, and a strap.

The room is more like a small multi-purpose space in a community center than a genuine yoga studio; vinyl flooring, fluorescent lights, small sink and cabinets in the back, folded tables and chairs off to the side, small platform stage, etc. Water cooler with Dixie cups. A sign somewhere reads "HOPEWELL CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER."

A beat-up skateboard is propped against the wall.

Finally, LEIGH, mid-30s, enters calmly, yet she is flushed and soaking wet. She wears an oversized hooded sweatshirt, duck boots, and leggings with basketball shorts over them. She carries a giant duffel bag that is very very beat up and worn.

At immediate glance she does not seem to have a typical “yoga body,” but it’s difficult to tell through the baggy clothes.

She is awkward, but yet somehow radiant and warm. She drops her hood and regards the students.

*[Actor/director note: italicized dialogue and notes in brackets are meant as fluid suggestions. If a more appropriate response is warranted based on the exact nature of the interaction, please feel free to discover/create alternate text. This material should connect/converse/address the specific needs of the immediate moment and/or situation without interrupting the momentum. However, real genuine audience connection is the goal in such circumstances.]*

*Additionally, if someone is not doing what she asks in one of the poses, the actor may feel free to give whatever verbal cue suits her.]*

#### LEIGH

I am so sorry I’m late. The buses were a mess. I left my place an hour ago. Shoulda walked. *[“Boy, there’s a lot of you!” -or- “What an intimate little gang!”]* This is awesome.

I’m the instructor. I’m subbing for Linda. She has bronchitis. Juuuuust need a sec.

She drops her stuff in the corner of the room. Retrieves a small gym towel from her duffel and pats herself dry.

Get comfortable...

Removes her duck boots, then her giant woolly socks.

If you didn’t sign in don’t sweat it. This is a community class.

Pulls a small pack of foot wipes from her duffel. Wipes down the soles of her feet.

I've never been part of a community before... I mean, there's like the "yoga community," but. Whatever. This is like, *actual* community. In an *actual* community center...

She looks around the room for a trash. She has clearly never been in this place before.

Notice your breathing... Is there a trash, or...? Oh.

She drops the wipes into a large trash can. She finds a mat and calmly drags it to the platform.

Deepen your inhales and exhales... Temperature ok?

She waits for an answer.

*[(...if yes) "Ok, good." (if no...) "I don't know how to fix it. I'm sorry."]*

She carefully adjusts her mat so that it is directly perpendicular to the students' mats.

Is anyone here new to yoga? *[(if yes) "SO much gratitude to you for diving in." (if no) "Rad."]* Anyone pregnant?

She waits for an answer.

*[(...if yes) "Congratulations!" (if no...) "Me neither!" (if a man says he is) "A comedian! Save it for the club. This is yoga."]* Breathing innn....

She then grabs some props: two blocks, a strap, a blanket and a bolster.

Breathe ouout... Any peg legs, false limbs?

She waits for an answer.

*[(...if yes) "Gosh, wow. Thank you for being here." (if no...) "Perfect."]*

She places the blocks at the front of her mat on the highest setting, perfectly parallel to one another.

What about injuries? Joints, bones, muscles...? *[(if no one answers) "You guys are healthy!" (if someone answers) "Ok. Yikes."]*

Loops the strap to the exact width of her shoulders. To someone specific.

What's your name?

Person says their name.

*[Repeats name.]* I dig it. You got nothing? Low back, hips?

She waits for an answer.

*[(...if yes) "Ok. Just take it easy." (if no...) "Great."]*

She rolls her strap and places it to the side. To someone.

And your name?

Person says their name.

Any issues in the tissues, *[name]*?

She waits for an answer.

*[(...if yes) "Oof, wow." (if no...) "Dope."]*

She unfolds the blanket and re-folds it so the creases are perfect. She points to someone else.

And yours?

Person says their name.

Got cramps? Soreness? *[(if yes, she listens, then) "Bummer. Thank you for sharing." - or- "Are you taking anything for that?" (...if yes) "Ok, good" (...if no) "Maybe you should see a doctor."]*

She smooths the blanket out, then folds it again and lays it to the side. She places the bolster on top of the blanket and grabs her duffel, listening and nodding and asking names and

commenting and ad-libbing to any other injuries in the room.

Anyone else? Last call...

She pulls out eight fake candles and methodically places them in front of the platform.

I know a few of have injuries and are afraid to say anything. That's totally ok. Just make sure you don't get like, *more* hurt.

She presses a button on a small remote. They light up and flicker.

Boom. Atmosphere. I know, fake candles, whatever. But you know. Don't wanna burn the place down. Almost did that with my last, um. My last studio.

She drags her duffel back to the corner.

My name is Leigh. As in "bulimia." Which I don't have. Eating disorders are very serious and very common in my profession. And tragic. But "strong is the new skinny," so.

Small beat.

I feel like I should— before we start—like, maybe do an intro? Do you guys do that?

She waits for an answer. Probably won't get one.

I'm new here. Just moved a week ago. I'm shocked they called me. Guess they were desperate! I am totally digging all the rain. We don't have weather in LA. And people are so fucking nice here! A cop waved at me in the street! Who does that? I mean I was blocking traffic, but. And the lady at the bookstore— Lekeisha? Do you know her?

She waits for an answer.

'Bout yay tall, big bright eyes? Missing a thumb?

Nope.

Anyway. I bought a bunch of books. Mostly travel books. I don't travel. I just like to read them. Those have the funniest names, don't they? *Sally Forth. Let's Jam. Asia Through The Back Door.* I thought that was for gay dudes. I'm a front-door person. Not like, sex or— I mean—uh...

From her duffel she pulls a water bottle with the word "NAMASTE" on it.

I mean I like to follow rules. I enter through the entrance. I park in the parking lot. I study the study guide. I had a traumatic experience in Los Angeles. But now I'm here.

She takes a swig.

This is a yoga class, it's not about trauma, but it is about trauma, 'cause we're working through it! Uh let's have some music.

She places her bottle back in her duffel and retrieves a bluetooth speaker and her iPhone. Sets them up on the bench.

I said the word "fucking." I'm sorry. That's like, the opposite of yoga. I'll try to keep my swear words down.

She presses play. "Rolin" by Limp Bizkit accidentally blasts, mid-song. She quickly turns it off.

Whoa! Ha! Yikes! No we are not doing yoga to Limp Bizkit. That's my playlist for when I rage-clean my apartment at 4am. Something more chill...

Searches her phone.

Uhh..... does anyone have the WiFi password?

She waits for an answer. Nope.

S'ok, I have minutes.

She scrolls through some playlists.

Ok we got "Ambient Chill Zone," "Chillout Lounge Café," or "Spa Chillwave Trip." Are we a zone, a café, or a trip?

She waits for an answer. If no one answers, or if she doesn't like the answer, she asks someone specific.

[*"Which one? -or- "What do you think?"*]

She listens to the answer.

Great. [“Zone” -or- “Café” -or- “Trip”] it is.

She chooses. A soothing yoga-friendly instrumental song starts to play, very quietly. Leigh relaxes. She places a block in the center of her mat and sits on it, crossing her legs. Closes her eyes. Rests the backs of her hands on her knees, palms up. Takes a deeeeeeeep breath. Holds. Exhales slooooooowwwwwly. She is immediately centered and calm. Opens her eyes brightly and smiles.

Let’s begin.

This pose is called *Sukasana*. *Sukha* means “happy.” But also “easy.” So if this isn’t easy for you, you’re really bad at yoga. Just kidding! No one is bad at yoga. Relax your shoulders, pull your navel to your spine, float your heart up through your um thing... if you’re not comfortable we’ll fix that... props, adjustments...

Except I’m not making adjustments. I don’t know what Linda does, but I don’t touch people. Also I’m gonna try not to demo. Which means you have to *listen* and *feel*.

She scans the students. Spots someone who clearly needs help. Their blanket is a mess.

How do you feel?

Person answers.

Well you look terrible. Sit on your blanket.

The student struggles with the blanket.

Ok that’s— No. Unfold it once. Now fold it again. Long then wide. Hotdog hamburger. Ok gimme.

She jumps off the platform and fixes the student’s blanket. Hands it back.

Here. So the fold side goes—the fringe faces away. Like towards the— yes. Now sit on the fold part. On the actual fold. I’m not touching you.

To everyone.

Props are your *friends*. If you have low back issues or bad knees, do that, or sit on your bolster, or on a block, like this...

Heads back to her mat. Sits in *Sukasana* on her block, palms up.

Palms up. We're gonna recalibrate the room's vibrations.

Does not demo the following.

Press the flattest part of your tongue against the roof of your mouth, and then stick the pointiest part right behind your teeth, so like, you're making a kind of tapered bowl, like a bad little clay bowl your kid would make... I don't have kid, and, and then, like then you hum with the back of your throat. It's non-traditional.

Go on...

She watches them hum. If they don't hum, she encourages them, ad-libbing.

The music stops abruptly. A ringtone is heard through the speaker.

Sorry. Cable guy is coming today. Keep humming.

She jumps off the platform and checks her phone. Declines the call. Music comes back on.

To everyone.

You can stop now, nice humming.

They stop humming. Re: the phone.

It's nothing. A person. It's fine. We're drowning out the noise in our brain to make space for our breath. Sit up tall... pull your shoulder-blades up and down—

She sets her phone to vibrate.

I mean, up and then *back*...

She grabs a small sip of water.

Now *melt* them down your spine...



She rifles through her duffel.

Really *melt*. Like your shoulders are uh two slices of American cheese on two hot ground beef patties.

Finds a pack of gum. Pops a piece into her mouth. Spots one person who is doing great.

Good work, uh...

She snaps her fingers at the person, cueing them to say their name. They do. She repeats the name a few times.

...got it. What a rad name. Are you named after anyone?

The person answers.

*[(if no) "Is anyone here named after anyone?" (if yes) "Awwwww. I love learning things about people." (if no) "Bummer."]*

Ok now pretend there's um an invisible string glued to the crown of your head, like your scalp, not your hair, cause, um hair would hurt, but it doesn't pull hard enough to lift you off the ground, it's not actually designed for that, it just wants you to sit up straight.

To a woman.

What's your name?

She answers.

Yes, *[name]*. Get reeeeeaaaaal tall. And don't shove your chest out like you're inviting a rape.

Oops.

Oh my god. I don't, I don't mean— it's about posture, ok. Like, as women. Um we have trouble with—I mean, not *all*. But some of us have bad posture because we're constantly navigating a conversation between our chests and the world. Stick 'em out, "look at me," cover 'em up, "don't look at me..." Like, we never get to just *have* a chest and like, not think about it...

Hence the rape comment. So.

She spits her gum out and returns to her mat.

This is the brain noise I'm talking about? Ha! Ok, quickie *mudra* and then we'll jump into some breathing.

Sits on her block in *Sukasana*.

Palms face up. Touch the tip of your thumb to the tip of your index finger.

This is the *Gyan Mudra*. The Mudra of Knowledge.

*"Mana eva manushya— shyanammmmm..."* I forget the rest, but basically it's about the ideas of bondage and liberation. They aren't real. They are in your mind. So like, if you feel bound, you're bound. If you feel liberated, you're liberated. The things outside you neither bind nor liberate you; it's your attitude that does.

To someone.

Do you feel bound?

They answer.

*[(if no or indifferent) "No biggie." (if yes) "What are you bound by?" (if indifferent) "I'll ask again later" (if they have an answer, ad-libbed response congratulating the person for recognizing their limitations.)]*

Tall spine. Yoga voice.

Time to breathe. Inhale. Hold. Rain on the window, my voice in your ears...

Exhale.

AND inhale... how long can you hold?

Holding...?

Holding...?

AND exhale.

Ok now we're gonna extra extra exhale like *whoa*. Inhale...

AND let it go.

*[(if someone says "whoa") "Don't say 'whoa.'"]*

Ok, how about *all* of us try to make our exhales audible? Inhale... AND out.

Ok, great. This is great. On the journey together.

She pulls back the right sleeve of her hoodie. Words are written on her wrist. She squints at them, reading. Pulls it back down.

I wrote my sequence on my body so I wouldn't fuck it up. Grab your blanket and place it on your mat like this...

Grabs her folded blanket and places it in the center of her mat parallel to the front.

Now kneel on the blanket, knees touching each other. Sit back onto your heels, or on a block, or two blocks, or you can stick a bolster between your ankles like this...

She moves her bolster into place.

Hands rest on your knees or thighs. This time I want you to picture... with your eyes open, I want you to picture the um, the air around you like cool clean crisp transparent immaculate unsoiled sparkling, uuhhhh...

Music stops, phone vibrates loudly. Long buzzes throughout the following.

Ignoring. Ok so you have two nostrils and two sparkling pristine tubes of blue air and they are like...waiting by your nose, and all you need to do is suck 'em in. Like quick sucks. Like quick short sucks. Go on. Suck suck suck suck. Really hard through your nose. Allow those amazing tubes of beautiful pristine air, let 'em just shoot into your face. Without your face. Let 'em scour your insides and scrub you out. Stop when you get dizzy...

They do.

Phone finally stops vibrating. Music comes back on.

Ok great!

That was "breath of fire." I was taught to do it with exhales not inhales, but. It works both ways, I think. Either way, it's good to scrub out the stuff that gets stuck between your tiles. Like. Your impossible family, your bad period acne, the oreo cupcake you ate at

midnight, the terrifying odor in your new apartment, the toxic person from your past who won't stop calling you in the middle of yoga class, ha, yeah that's me...

She checks the writing on her other wrist. She moves her bolster, grabs her blocks, and places them on the highest setting at the top of her mat.

K, if you're on a bolster, move it to the side. Grab both blocks and put 'em here-ish... Step your right foot forward, drop your back knee to the ground. Front knee and ankle are stacked like this, boop boop. Blocks for support, or hands on your thigh. Square your hips forward, pull your belly button in, now leaaaannnn into that hip.

She immediately feels it.

Yikes ok so this is *Anjaneyasana*. Warning: hip openers can get emotional. Hips are like the junk drawer of the body. It's where we dump all our feelings when we don't know where else to put them. So when we stretch 'em out, all the stuff we shoved into the back of the drawer just...

Music stops, phone vibrates loudly again, long buzz.

I can decline calls all day.

With studied nonchalance, she strides to the phone and declines the call. Music continues. She grabs her water bottle from her duffel bag.

Switch sides. Tailbone down, chest lifted.

She takes a small sip of water.

Fun fact: back when we were primates we had this mechanism that got triggered when we fell out of trees... like our hip flexors got super tight real quick, and yanked our ribs down to protect our organs. Babies still have it.

She walks around with her water bottle, checking bodies, taking tiny sips. To someone.

Chin up. Shoulders soft. Heart open. Hips square. Breathe regular. Swag.

To everyone.

Switch sides again. This time, lift your back knee. Hands on blocks or thighs. So when we stopped falling out of trees and started walking, the flexor muscles— this area, right here, look at me— it remained the center of our fight or flight response.

To someone.

Watch your lower back.

To everyone.

Ok, left hand down onto the mat or on your block, right arm opens to the sky, hips square to the front, strong back leg... Inhale reach...

So whenever we feel threatened, this hip flexor right here, look at me— this area gets all charged up so the legs can... can run... or... kick...

Exhale. Switch sides. Right foot steps, no I mean left, opposite leg, back knee comes off the blanket, hands on blocks or thighs...

... if you feel shaky right now, that means a long time ago your flexors got triggered and you didn't run or kick anyone. So you stored the charge like a battery for later. And now you're letting it go.

That's what makes people cry in yoga. Cool, right?

Ok left hand down on the mat no sorry, right, left arm opens to the sky, hips square, inhale reach...

To someone.

You're a mess! Drop your tailbone, square your hips, yank your belly in, melt your collarbone, soften your face. *Soften*. YES. Nice [*leggings/pants/pedicure/whatever*].

Annnnd release. Come down to your knees and sit up on a block.

She heads to her duffel bag. Drops her water bottle inside. Searches.

You learn the dopest stuff in training. Anatomy, philosophy, physiology, psychology even... I'm such a nerd! I bought like eight different color highlighters.

Finds gum.

Tanya thought I was nuts. Tanya's my dad's girlfriend. *Was*. He's not alive. It's ok, it happened over six years ago. Plane crash. Everyone has their thing.

Places three pieces of gum in her mouth, one after the other.

She's the one who keeps calling.

She's younger than me.

Heads back to her mat, chewing, determined. Drops to her knees.

K. Move the block. Spread your knees wide on the blanket and make your toes touch like this...

She demos.

...drop your hips waaaaaay back. Place your forehead on the mat, or maybe a block, or like, on the mat, I said that, ha, or you can rest your forehead on your fists like a hand-pillow, or grab your bolster and lay on top of it, or just... do whatever feels good in your body. And if nothing feels good in your body, do nothing. Live in your truth.

She stretches her arms forward.

Now stretch your arms forward... nice and looooooong... really reeeeach your fingertips... like you're trying to touch a thing you want really really bad but some dick keeps yanking it away from you....

She stretches her arms forward. Pose starts working on her.

Hips baaaaaack... So good you guys. Oh yeah. *Balasana* with wide knees. Biiiiig hip opener...

She can't take it. She jumps up.

I'm just gonna walk around. Not touching you.

She walks around, looking at people's poses.

Boy are you guys tight! It's not your fault. We're humans. We tell ourselves the threats around us aren't real, then we surf the net or whatever.

Same pose different legs. Blocks and bolsters to the side. Knees together this time. Forehead back on the mat. Arms reeeeach.....

And so all the shit that floods our muscles— the juice from our adrenal glands, the tightness, the increased blood flow, it just like, stays there.

She observes.

Man, this one adjustment I could do right now— the instructor comes up behind you and digs the heels of her hands into the backs of your hips, and your lumbar spine opens up and you're like HOLY MOTHER OF CHRIST YES.

Release. Come on up. Thighs parallel. Block or two between your ankles. Sit.

They do. She grabs her water bottle and takes a small sip.

Did you know we're the only animals who hold on to stuff in our bodies? It's true. All the other animals do this:

She makes her entire body shake. For maybe too long. It would be scary to be in a class with. But funny for us. Maybe.

You know? Then they go back to playing in the sun or rolling in the grass or licking the genitals of their siblings. Clasp your hands behind your back. Or a strap. Shoulders move towards one another, soft bend in your elbows, reach baaaaaack...

Music softens for just a half-second, accompanied by a short buzz.

Ha, now she's texting. Great. Do we breathe through the texting, or do we lose the phone?

To someone.

What do you think?

The listens to the answer.

Right? Switch your grip. But like, isn't that like the whole point of the practice?

Long neck, belly button in, soft collarbone. What's the phrase... *yogas citta vrtti nirodha*. "Yoga is the ceasing of the fluctuations of the mind." The harder the world tries to invade, the more we gotta work to breathe it out.

Let's try that. *Sukasana* again. Crisscross applesauce. Sit up on the fold of the blanket. Everyone on blankets. Your butt is on the fold part. Right on the fold.

She re-folds people's blankets the correct way, ad-libbing about the fringe, about hotdog-hamburger, leggings, etc. She makes sure everyone is on the fold.

She sits on her blanket fold in *Sukasana*.

Hands on knees, spine long, eyes closed, breathe.

*Bzzt.*

Breathe.

*Bzzt.*

Breathe.

*Bzzt.*

Release. Really, Tanya?

She stands and grabs her phone. Shakes her head at the texts.

"I can't find the spare keys."

She scrolls. She reads.

"What do I do about the phone bill?"

She scrolls. She reads.

"Are you ok?" She looooves asking me if I'm ok...

She scrolls. Scrolls. Scrolls. A lot of texts.

Ok! Silence!

Unplugs her phone from the speaker and tosses it into her bag. Returns to the platform. Tries not to demo.



I'm not gonna show you this next one. You gotta listen. Technically I'm not supposed to demo anyway. I'm supposed to give clear verbal cues and do hands-on adjustments. But I don't do adjustments.

Grabs her bottle, takes a small sip.

This one instructor I know adjusts people with his *torso*. Like, he'll come up behind you and lay face down on your back. Like his body weight sinks you deeper into the pose. And he kind of grinds you. And he's sweaty. And like, *laying* on you.

Tanya got adjusted ALL THE TIME.

Make sure your *left* shin is in front. Blocks under your knees if you need 'em.

She helps people set up their blocks. To someone specific.

What's your name?

Person says their name.

[*Name,*] your hair smells amazing. That was creepy. Pretend I didn't do that.

To everyone.

Ok. Make your um *right*, no, your *left* hand into like a little teepee and place it on the mat behind you by your tailbone.

To someone.

That's it. Right by your crack. Sweet.

To everyone.

Now press your finger tips down and uuuuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh shoot.

She drops into the pose.

Grab your um right no *left* knee with your *right* hand. Keep your head turned forward the whole time. Inhale grow tall....

Everyone inhales.

Aannnnnd exhale twist to the right.

She twists.

No, left, sorry, left. Twist left. Eyes on me.

You guys ever heard of the two primary principles of the universe? The yoga version, I mean? *Purusa* and *prakriti*?

To someone specific.

Have you?

Listens to the answer.

*[(if no) "Right. Why would you?" (if yes) "Really? What are they?" (if they are right) "Wow! How did you know that?" (they explain) (if they are wrong) "Nope! Anyone else?"]*

To everyone.

Again. Inhale lift....

Everyone inhales. She still demoes.

Aannnnnd exhale twist. Here's the super simple version. *Purusa* is our eternal consciousness. When our past and future merge into our present.

To someone specific.

It's happening right now, in this room.

One more, inhale lift....

And... exhale twist. We're connected to one another through a shared experience. We're a "we," not an "I". *Purusa* encompasses time, space, mankind, consciousness. It's the unchanging everything.

Other side. Um *right* shin in front, *right* teepee behind you, *left* hand on *right* knee. Oh boy. Inhale lift...

Aannnnnd exhale twist. Chin up, eyes on me.

*Prakriti*, on the other hand, that's like, the material world. The ego. Nature. The fluctuating mind. It's our inner voice at full volume. It tells us we're totally alone in the world.

Again, inhale lift, head forward, eyes on me....

Everyone inhales.

Aannnnnd exhale twist. *Prakriti* is a tiny baby bird flapping just its wings, flapping and flapping. We identify with one or the other. Tonight, you guys chose *purusa*. Because you're here.

One more, inhale lift...

Aannnnnd exhale twist. But sometimes we make the opposite choice. We root ourselves in *prakriti*. Which is— well that's what we try to breathe out.

Ok release. Next pose. No demos. I'm serious.

She stands and attempts to talk the students through the next pose without demo-ing.

For this one we'll start with the pubis in front and the tailbone in back equidistant from the mat, with the perineum approximately parallel to the floor and the pelvis in a neutral position.

Got it?

Nope.

Ok. Put your feet, um the soles of your two feet together, the bottom side foot is touching the other bottom side foot, the mat side, like she's doing, now open your feet like you're reading a book, and if your feet are dirty it's a dirty book, ha, maybe a terrifying book about incest from your childhood.

This is *Baddha konasana*. Bound Ankle pose.

*Angle*. Not ankle.

Ok... now make your hands into a... I dunno, like a kind of woven, just interlace—

She interlaces her hands.

Right. So your feet are uuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhh... a butterfly and your hands are a net, you catch your butterfly in the net... micro-bend your elbows... MICRO. MICRO.

Good, now blocks beneath your knees for support. Do you feel it in your hips? No? Yes? Lower back?

That's bad. Don't do that.

Ok everyone. Sacrum up. Up. Up. Up. Up. Up. Up.

Up.

Sacrum up.

*Sacrum*. This part.

She points to her her sternum.

*Sternum*. Duh.

Ok... Now leeeeeaaaaannnnnnn forward.....

Leeeeeaannnn.... Doooowwwwnnnnnnnnn...

Too far, come back.... Lose the struggle. Meeeeeellllt into the stretch.

Jesus christ this is exhausting.

She grabs a small sip of water.

But fun! I dig it! I love teaching. In LA I had an office job. I worked for this total scumbag. He chewed tobacco and spit in all the trashcans. The whole office stank like his dirty mouth juice. I put scented candles everywhere to mask the smell. Didn't work.

One time he told me I had a face for data entry.

People react.

Thank you for that.

Ok, now, come back up slowly one vertebrae at a time, like Legos...no like Jenga blocks. You're like a tower of Jenga bricks. Solid like wood but you could also fall apart at any minute, that's the human condition. Straighten both legs in front of you. Spine long. Make your body into a capital L. Now slide the flesh of the buttocks outward on the blanket so you can sit directly on your sitting bones.

Buttock flesh out.

Just grab the buttock flesh and move it. In an outwardly direction.

Cool. Now grab your strap. Here.

She hands people their straps.

**THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!!**  
**It's also not quite published.**  
**email [info@sheilacallaghan.com](mailto:info@sheilacallaghan.com)**  
**to read more**