

YOGA PLAY  
by Dipika Guha

*About the play (from the playwright):*

Yoga apparel giant Jojomon are at the top of their game when a PR scandal sends them into freefall. Desperate to stabilize earnings, newly hired CEO Joan stakes everything on a plan so crazy it just might work. This new comedy asks what it takes to achieve enlightenment in a world determined to sell it.

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*FRED—Male, 30s, Singaporean*

*About the scene:*

FRED is eating lunch with his coworker RAJ—kale and carrots and green juice—during a difficult time in the company.

FRED

I have dreams that I'm on a plane and suddenly there's all this turbulence.

*(A moment.)*

RAJ

Then what happens?

FRED

The pilot says that there's a bird caught in the wing. And I'm always like how can one bird cause all this turbulence. And then I look outside and I can see its feathers spewing out of the wing-propeller thing, and the plane is shaking and falling and my stomach is turning and just as I'm about to close down the window I hear this little voice . . . And I look around and there it is . . . the bird sitting next to me.

RAJ

Wearing a seat belt?

FRED

Yeah. Wearing a seatbelt.

And the bird is like, "Want to eat my shit?" And I'm like, "No little white pigeon, no thank you I don't want to eat your shit." And the bird is like, "You're in my sky. You think there's no shit in the sky? Like it or not if you're here you will have to eat my shit."

RAJ

Your dreams have a lot of dialogue.

FRED

... So?

RAJ

Just saying. It's interesting. Mine are more visual.

FRED

Anyway. The next thing I know there's bird shit on my little plastic airplane plate and I've got a fork in my hand and I'm suddenly hungrier than I've ever been before in my life and there I am shoveling bird shit into my mouth and I look around to blame the bird and he's gone.