

The Lazy Laity

Cast:
One functioning alcoholic, of any/all human gender(s), age(s). Actions are emotionally disorganized. Blue jeans, white Fruit of the Loom t-shirt (men's, size large).

Act 1.

Functioning alcoholic enters from stage left. Sitting slightly perpendicular to a blue-inflected Qhalicheh Persian rug is a jaundiced Barcelona chair. Artemesia Ghentileschi's Susanna and the Elders is raised, paint to the ceiling, unframed, upon a pair of sawhorses. It is the central table. Functioning alcohol runs fingers lightly along the painting as they pass. A traditional chakai Japanese tea set, in beige, is nonchalantly placed on this table. A Pendleton blanket is wrapped in a harness holder on the floor against a leg of the sawhorse.

Functioning alcoholic approaches the tea set, pours a cup. The liquid inside is scarlet. Rooibos? Campari? They take a sip. Beat.

FA (with sincere consideration, but meandering, pacing): Yeah, so, I went to see her. She asked whether or not I blamed myself for the affair. *(nodding)* I said that of course I had. I had failed in keeping up the... ummm... *(raising eyebrows)* happiness part. I think she understood that I was talking about fucking because she gave me one of those sly, professional looks. When she said that I realized that had never felt angry about the affair; my guilt had been overpowering and paralyzing. I had seen anger in others, you know, that exuberant anger where you throw your kale juice across the room at a person just hours after you've finished painting the walls white. *(Looking around as if for a specific object, feeling pockets)* God, I'm not made for dealing with this stuff.

FA places empty tea cup on gilded Rococo side table that sits far off in stage right corner. They pull an iPhone from their pocket. Opening an app, they scroll using their index finger. The screen illuminates FA's face.

FA: I made a list of things that are helping me to feel better. "Feelings are not facts," she said when I saw her.

Using the iPhone as a reference, FA speaks, periodically looking up from the device while speaking, with monotony.

FA (slowly): Okay, so. One. [Beat] *(motions in a circle)* The bone is always placed with bitter herbs to its left and charoseth to its right. To the left of charoseth is lettuce.

A gesture is made towards the Frank Lloyd Wright window, hanging at stage rear. FA makes way towards window, pulls it open, upwards. Sits on small sill. The black theatre curtains hang behind the open window.

FA: Two. When wearing a sbai, the garment must always be worn on to fall over and to the back of ones' left shoulder. *(Breathes out, as if meditating.)*

Three. A gombey may not perform within the small confines of the city of Hamilton, Bermuda... but anywhere else on the island it is permitted.

Four. If one's Marimo moss ball does not feel sponge-like when squeezed, it's probably a styrofoam sphere covered with java moss.

Five. Always be mindful of the feng shui trinity -- one's bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen. Purify the air by opening windows, keeping plants, and implementing essential oils.

Six. Secular residential loft spaces are an excellent architectural adaptation to formerly religious, but now obsolete, visually-appealing buildings.

Seven. One must not necessarily have citizenship of a country to perform on its team in the Americas Cup. How very American.

Eight. It's beneficial to use the provided hand sanitizer and a face mask when entering a hospital emergency room, unless, of course, you feel like dying.

Nine. In the discipline of mindfulness, a piece of fruit that is coloured strikingly, with a removeable skin and textured insides, is best used as a meditative object for beginners.

Ten. Dogs make excellent companions. The bigger the better.

FA gets up from the window sill, shivering. Picks up Pendleton blanket, unwraps it carefully on the floor, like a sleeping bag. Finally, they throw it over their shoulders and walk back to sit upon window sill, cocooned.

FA: Eleven. A traditional kimono tan measures 14 inches wide and 12 ½ yards long. It is cut into 4 strips of fabric that are sewn and then taken apart to be re sewn after washing.

FA turns to audience.

Is that good? Do you like it? I can never figure out when my art is ended. If I want to change it, can I change it once I'm done? *(scrunching face, painfully)* Can I?

(Standing) Ultimately, I want that! That. That! To be there, to be the strongest, to be here, getting through wholly, warding off nothing, devouring all, above all eating, before going back to the absolute void.

FA drops blanket to the floor and exits, stage left.