

MONKEY MIND RUN

**by Jennifer RECK CROWBAIT JULY
2014 WINNER**

**CAST: Middle-age meditator
(female)**

PROP LIST: Meditation Cushion

Scene 1

(A sparse meditation room.)

MEDITATOR

(sitting crossed leg on a cushion, hand
palms on thighs, eyes open staring forward
and slightly down)

(in a dreamy voice) Breathing in, I breathe peace.
Breathing out I -

(looking off to the right - voice changes to distracted)
...wonder where she got that tank top? (sarcastically) It's
so rock and roll. Could she be any skinnier? She's at least
10 years older than me but her arms are way more firm.
Shit.

(Looks down at her own arms which she subtly
shakes a bit and looks to see if they
jiggle. She then looks up "shakes it off"
and returns to meditating.)

Thinking. Thinking. Don't judge - just notice you are
thinking. Practice letting the thoughts go.

(Regaining composure, she turns her palms upwards and gazes
at them)

Breathing in I hold myself in a lotus flower and see, in
the lotus flower, a little me holding myself in a lotus
flower, and inside that flower is -
(looks over as if seeing someone on her left)

I can't believe I hooked up with him. Who sleeps with

someone at a meditation retreat? The entire point is to learn non-attachment - Could I not take that literally? (worried) I wonder if he picks up women at every retreat he goes to? Oh my god - what if he's the same guy that Cathy slept with in Boulder? (stopping herself) That's impossible - Facebook is our friend.

(she is silent for a few moments as she tries to refocus on meditation but fails)

Uhhh - Facebook is not our friend. I should not have posted that (in a voice mocking herself) "Heading toward enlightenment this weekend - plus meeting lots of men" - Oh my god - what a stupid post - it makes me look desperate - or slutty - or worse - desperate and slutty.

(She shakes her head again and rolls her shoulders - adjusts herself for another new start at meditating)

(with exaggerated serenity) Breathing in. Breathing out. Breathing in. Breathing out. (sits in silence for a moment and then looks up confused) Oh yeah! Walking meditation time. My ass is killing me.

(She begins walking in a tiny circle on the stage, rubbing her ass a bit at first, very slow, small steps with a dreamy look on her face)

With each step, I tread softly on the earth. The earth supports me in each step. I walk in love. - Oh my god - he just checked out skinny arms. Right in front of me. That - that really hurts - but you know what, they deserve each other - those two. I prefer a man with a little more meat on his bones - maybe even a little muscle, huh? (looks around) Don't see a lot of that around here. (excited) Wait! Wait. This is it - this is one of the five poisons - one of the afflictions! I'm jealous. (slowly, like she's calculating an important decision) I can keep walking in circles, feeding the jealousy and make myself suffer or I can just let it go. I can label it "thinking", not judge it - and just let it go.

(she walks in silence a moment)

(as though struggling) Thinking.

(She takes her seat on the cushion again and is silent a

moment. She fidgets.)

(agitated) Thinking.

(She looks left and right at the objects of her jealousy and bows her head and shoulders a little looking defeated.)

(Resigned) Thinking.

(Pause)

(Peacefully) Thinking.

END PLAY