

HAVE YOU TRIED MEDITATING? written by Katherine Andrews

INT. TORONTO HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

A handful of women stand, chatting.

CHRISTY (40s, partier) enters with SYLVIA (30s, earthy).

VARIOUS WOMEN  
Christy! Hi! Hey Christy!

CHRISTY  
Hey guys! This is my cousin,  
Sylvia. She's visiting from Tofino.

VARIOUS WOMEN  
Hey Sylvia! Hi! Welcome.

Sylvia smiles serenely.

SYLVIA  
Namaste.

CHRISTY  
Also...

Christy brings out a tray she's been holding behind her back.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)  
JELL-O shooters!!!

The women, mostly sipping wine, smile politely.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)  
No takers? Guess they're all mine!

Christy downs JELL-O shooters as the conversation resumes.  
GLORIA (40s) puts down her wine glass.

GLORIA  
So, we had Carter's birthday party  
at a trampoline spot this year...

CHRISTY  
Bounce City?

GLORIA  
Yeah!

CHRISTY  
That place's great. I've got a  
monthly membership.

SYLVIA

Rebounding is excellent for moving stagnant energy in the body.

Gloria looks perplexed.

CHRISTY

Continue, Gloria.

GLORIA

Anyway, I guess the last time I was on a trampoline, I hadn't had kids yet and...

CHRISTY

You peed your pants! Soaked 'em right through.

GLORIA

Yeah! How'd you know?

CHRISTY

It's not just the kids who need pull ups, ladies, am I right?

Christy lifts a JELL-O shooter, then downs it to a smattering of laughter. Sylvia looks calmly concerned.

SYLVIA

I don't have children, but pelvic floor dysfunction's no joke. Gloria, have you tried meditating?

GLORIA

What?

CHRISTY

Sylvia just took a course.

GLORIA

How would meditating help exactly? With the pee?

SYLVIA

You'd be surprised. Let's take a few breaths together. In through your nose, out through your mouth.

Sylvia closes her eyes as Gloria and the others suppress giggles.

INT. DINING ROOM TABLE - LATER

Women nibble finger food. Sylvia sips tea as Christy downs a few shooters. PENELOPE (40s) waves her hands as she speaks.

PENELOPE

He just never takes the garbage out. I leave him reminders, but it's like he's got a mental block or something.

SYLVIA

I've got the answer.

PENELOPE

Really?

SYLVIA

Have you tried meditating?

Penelope looks at Sylvia, puzzled.

CHRISTY

Or divorce. That's another option.

Awkward laughter.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sylvia sips her tea while a circle of women listen to Angie.

ANGIE

Since my Dad died, if I see some guy in a bow tie, I start bawling.

VARIOUS WOMEN

Aw Ang. I'm sorry, Angie. That sucks.

Sylvia inhales, about to speak. Christy cringes.

CHRISTY

Sylvia, let me get you a drink.

SYLVIA

I'm fine with tea.

CHRISTY

You've gotta try a JELL-O shooter.

SYLVIA

Are you kidding me? The number of known carcinogens in there...

CHRISTY  
Wine then. That's organic.

SYLVIA  
Not always.

CHRISTY  
C'mon, let's go to the kitchen.

SYLVIA  
I'm fine. I'd like to ask Angie...

Christy slide-tackles Sylvia, inadvertently plowing her into the glass coffee table. Sylvia's knocked out cold.

CHRISTY  
Ow!

PENELOPE  
Somebody call 9-1-1! Christy's bleeding pretty bad. Oh and the hippy lady's unconscious.

CHRISTY  
Don't worry, I found some gauze.

Christy has pulled the gauzy white curtains off their rod and wrapped her hand in it. Sylvia sits up, rubbing her head.

SYLVIA  
What happened?

PENELOPE  
Don't worry. Paramedics are on their way.

SYLVIA  
Wait! Before we try conventional medicine...

CHRISTY  
NO! SYLVIA! I need stitches, a good vending machine sandwich and possibly a blood transfusion...I do not need to try meditating!

Two EMTs (male 30s) arrive and approach Christy.

EMT #1  
Lucky for you, we were just around the corner.

CHRISTY

Oh and cute paramedics. I need that too. Hellooooo.

EMT #1

Let's take a look.

The EMT unwraps Christy's makeshift bandage. When Sylvia sees the open wound, she jumps up and starts pacing, anxiously.

SYLVIA

Oh my God! That's so much blood!

EMT #2

(to Sylvia)

Have a seat, miss.

(to Christy)

Are you in much pain?

CHRISTY

Nope. Thanks to some little friends I like to call JELL-O shooters.

EMT #1

The laceration's down to the bone.

SYLVIA

Oh my God! I think I'm having a heart attack. My hands are tingling. Oh my God, I'm having a stroke!

EMT #2

It's just a panic attack, miss.

EMT #1

Looks like we've got a 1096 on our hands, Mike. Restrain and sedate?

EMT #2/MIKE

I wanna try something else first. Learned it in a course.

EMT #2 (Mike) helps a hyperventilating Sylvia into a chair. Once she's settled, he looks at her and says:

EMT #2/MIKE (CONT'D)

Have you tried meditating?