



ONE WITH NOTHING

by Jeff Dunne

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ONE WITH NOTHING

By Jeff Dunne

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CHARACTERS

- SHIMATI A man on the long and lonely road to enlightenment.
He is quick to anger and aggressiveness.
- JASON A laid-back fellow who is much, much further along
that road.

(Note: Either gender could be changed with appropriate tweaking of a few words/pronouns.)

SETTING

A present-day mountain top in the late afternoon.

SCENE

(It is the top of a mountain. A guru, Shimati, is sitting cross-legged, eyes closed and meditating. After a few moments, Jason approaches. He is a little winded from getting to the top. Shimati opens an eye to notice that Jason has arrived, then closes it again, returning to his meditation. Jason takes a moment to catch his breath, and then looks over at Shimati. Shimati opens an eye again, then closes it again.)

JASON

Hey there.

(Shimati opens an eye, looks, closes it.)

Nice day, huh?

(Again, Shimati opens an eye, then closes it.)

I'm Jason.

SHIMATI

Okay, what gives?

JASON

Sorry?

SHIMATI

Do you want something, or what?

JASON

I—

SHIMATI

I mean, here I am being one with the universe, and you barge in like some kind of spastic rhino and start asking all kinds of questions. Like I have nothing to better to—

JASON

One.

SHIMATI

What? One what?

JASON

Just one question. Well, I guess two if you count when I said “Sorry?”, but...

SHIMATI

Will you *please* shut up?!

JASON

Right. Sorry. You're at peace.

SHIMATI

(With great exasperation...)

Duh!!

JASON

Didn't mean to interrupt.

(Shimati closes his eyes again. Jason sits down nearby and takes out a bag of Doritos. He opens it. Shimati opens his eyes again, glares at Jason, then closes them. Jason notices, looks a little sympathetic, and then starts eating some chips. Crunch, crunch, crunch.)

SHIMATI

Dude!!!

JASON

What?

SHIMATI

One with the universe over here!

JASON

I didn't say anything.

(Shimati gestures angrily at the bag.)

Oh.

(Shimati regains his composure. He closes his eyes. Then... crunch.)

SHIMATI

Oh, for Christ's sake!

JASON

I was in the middle of chewing that one from before.

SHIMATI

Are you finished now?

(Jason quickly finishes chewing.)

JASON

Yeah. Now I am.

SHIMATI

You're sure?

JASON

Well, that chip anyway.

SHIMATI

And I suppose you're planning on masticating your way through the rest of the bag like some Adidas-clad construction machinery?

JASON

It was a pretty long hike, and, well, I'm kinda hungry.

(Shimati glares at him.)

Want one?

(Jason extends the bag. Shimati glares more, then reaches over and takes the bag. He puts it on the ground like he is going to take one, then suddenly ruins all the chips by smashing the outside of the bag with his palm. Then he hands it back to Jason.)

SHIMATI

No. Thanks.

(Shamati closes his eyes again, and starts to meditate. Jason looks a little confused. He reaches over, and using just a finger he slides the bag back to him. He looks inside, thinks about it for a moment, then picks the bag up and shakes out the chip crumbs into his mouth. Alas – for Shamati – this is not substantially quieter.)

Okay, that's it. What's the deal?

JASON

Nothing. I was just—

SHIMATI

You know there are like a dozen peaks around here. Why the hell did you have to come up here and annoy me?

JASON

I didn't know you were up here.

SHIMATI

I come up here every day. Every day, bud.

JASON

Jason.

SHIMATI

Whatever. Every day, do you hear me? Every god damned day. Same spot.

JASON

You must really like it.

SHIMATI

Not when some idiot like you shows up and interrupts my meditation.

JASON

Sorry.

SHIMATI

Damn well should be.