

(W)HOLENESS
by Liliana Padilla

About the play (from the playwright):

A support group for sex and love addicts meets weekly to “heal in community.” But is communal healing possible when each person carries different wounds and different privileges? Any illusion of safe space shatters when Matt, a ciswhite guy here on a court order shows up. Ruth Santos knew it was bullshit—in this capitalist patriarchy, you can only trust yourself. Faith, a chemist with a Craigslist addiction, hopes to make strictly platonic friends—maybe even be in a band! The calm-seeming Jace puts up with Matt’s misgendering—to a point. Veena, the intern therapist, is doing her best, but her supervisor abandoned her and her son is googling rape porn. Every Monday and group, they breathe in, breathe out, and try to love in a world that’s taught them hate—especially the kind turned inward.

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MATT—Male. White. Pissed he has to be here, but wants to get his truck back. Loves a good debate. Divorced.

About the scene:

Matt is privileged, abrasive, and new to the therapy group. During a movement exercise, he injured his knee. Hoping to bring the group back to center, the intern therapist, Veena, guides them through a meditation/breathing exercise. She gets the groups attention, and then Matt bursts out with his reaction.

MATT

I have a comment. Yeah. That's the first time I've like meditated. And there was all sorts of talking in my head. Lots of voices. Not like schizophrenic whatever voices. But— And I was like: shut up voices, I'm supposed to be breathing. And I kept wondering if I was meditating right, you know? And then I thought how do I do this right? And then I got really fucking pissed cuz maybe no one does it right, they're just pretending to so they can feel all superior. Like what if monks are full of shit? Like calculus. You know? Anyone study calculus? I took a calculus class when I was in sort of college, you know, thinking it would be interesting and I was thinking pharmacists have dope jobs, but then what the fuck—that shit is so abstract to the point where I was like REALIZATION: this is totally made up. What if all the powerful like MATH people are just all making it up to make the rest of us feel dumb? Total racket, right? So yeah, meditating, I was thinking about how maybe monks don't actually feel the stuff they say they do. Does that make sense?