

# MIND OVER MATTER

A Dramatic Skit

by  
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*(Cast can be two men, two women, or man and woman.)*

## CAST:

BRAIN-an intellectual. Has a tall, slender body. Has a very haughty look on face. Wears a gray leotard.

STOMACH-a robust worker, slightly overweight and paunchy. Wears a pink leotard.

**AT RISE:** *BRAIN is reclining on the top of a stepladder. STOMACH is sitting on floor and is sorting out many colored items spread out on the floor. A shovel is nearby. STOMACH puts some items in imaginary pigeon holes nearby, and shovels the rest occasionally.*

*(There is a slight churning noise in the background.)*

STOMACH: Look at what he's drinking...

BRAIN: *(sarcastically)* The fun begins!

STOMACH: He has a green soda with artificial colors!

BRAIN: Don't bother me. I'm working on a calculation.

STOMACH: What a nerd!

BRAIN: Mutual.

STOMACH: Mutual for me as well...whatever that means.

BRAIN: *(rolls eyes)* Your lack of vocabulary is deplorable. It's what comes from eating rather than thinking.

STOMACH: Hphmmm!

BRAIN: I suppose I should pity you.

STOMACH: Maybe you should thank me.

BRAIN: For what? Disturbing me as I was doing important mind work?

STOMACH: Hey, buddy! You're not as high and mighty as you think. Just because you're the brains of this operation...

BRAIN: Means I don't have to take advice from the resident stomach. *(pauses...under his or her breath)* What a pathetic existence.

STOMACH: You're a know-it-all jerk, but I don't have time for you right now.

BRAIN: Good!

STOMACH: Our human is starting with the artificially flavored barbecue nachos. *(fans face)* These junk food fumes and preservatives drive me crazy. What's the expiration date on that bag?

BRAIN: 2008

STOMACH: Can you imagine how many chemicals are used to preserve something for that long? And then it's my job to sort and process them into the body.

BRAIN: Must you complain so?

STOMACH: *(looks up at brain)* You'd complain too, if you were down here getting things thrown at you all the time.

BRAIN: *(haughtily)* But I am *not* down there...I am above the common element...this has been clearly established.

STOMACH: *(sorts out small items on floor)* Big deal.

BRAIN: I am at the very top of this structure...at the head. Which of course is the rightful place for a delicate, sensitive, brilliant mechanism such as I.

STOMACH: Yeah, Brain. Terrific. But can't you pitch in with a little teamwork?

BRAIN: *(sighs)* There is absolutely no sense in discussing the finer, more intellectual aspects of life with a plain, unimaginative worker such as you.

STOMACH: At least I *work*...I accomplish something around here!

BRAIN: You think I don't accomplish things? Reclining up here year after year...thinking about great and lofty matters?

STOMACH: *(grumpy)* Great and lofty matters. *(stands up and starts shoveling items on ground)* Have you ever tried to move along huge globs of food all day long?

BRAIN: Please, Stomach...spare me the details of your obnoxious little labors.

STOMACH: And how about separating nutrients and getting them categorized properly...and getting food particles into the right condition...and then getting the right juices flowing!

BRAIN: Disgusting.

STOMACH: Listen, you! I'm hard working, I do a good job, and I'm proud of what I do!

BRAIN: Where is the gentleness of your soul...where is the beauty in your life?

STOMACH: There's plenty of beauty in the way I operate my shop down here!

BRAIN: But you're always grumbling, making awful noises, and acting up!

STOMACH: You'd act up too if you had pizza and anchovies thrown on you day after day. I've told you that Jerry is eating too much...can't you communicate with him and get him to understand?

BRAIN: I've given up trying to communicate with Jerry.

STOMACH: The man's innards are breaking down. There are signs of break-down all over his body.

BRAIN: Oh, drivel with the body!

STOMACH: (**holds head in hands**) Frankly, I can't cope with this crazy overeating. I wish the man had some common sense.

BRAIN: Well, leave me out. I don't deal in common anything.

STOMACH: I can only talk to him in rumblings and slight pains. It's your job to actually *talk* to him.

BRAIN: He's never listened to me, and I've given up trying. He leaves 90 percent of me unused. (**pinches arm**) His body is actually getting flabby from not being used.

STOMACH: Take a look outside...what he's done today.

BRAIN: (**peers down from ladder**) He played games on the computer and watched TV...there's an empty pizza box on his table...half eaten jalapeno peppers on a plate.

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