



Sample Pages from
Body Body: Competition Length Version

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BODY BODY

COMPETITION LENGTH VERSION

A DRAMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



Body Body Competition Length Version

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Characters

Madeline Flather

17 years old. She thinks she's overweight. She does not necessarily have to be overweight. She should not, however, be model thin.

Tummy

Female. Nurturing figure.

Butt

Female. Petite. Younger than other fats.

Chin

Female. Plays beautiful sister. Should be tall.

Right Thigh

Male. Comedic.

Left Thigh

Male. Comedic.

The Fats are acrobatic; always crouching, stretching, leaning or moving.

Setting

A bare stage. A table and two chairs.

Author's Note

This is a shorter version of the original *Body Body*. This way you can use the play in competition without cutting. Enjoy!

A spotlight comes up onstage. MADELINE appears in the light. Her eyes are closed.

MADELINE: What if it's just a suit? It's just a suit I can take off. I can take it off, look at myself and not feel so – not feel so... What if it's just a suit and I can take it off and the zipper's not broke and I can look at myself and not feel so... so...

Lights come up full as the FATS leap onstage to scare MADELINE.

FATS: AHHHHH!!!

MADELINE: (*screaming*) Waah!

The FATS laugh all over themselves.

BUTT: HA HA!

CHIN: That was priceless!

RIGHT THIGH: Look at her face!

TUMMY: BOO!

LEFT THIGH: Got ya!

MADELINE: How did you find me?

CHIN: Followed the trail.

BUTT: Like Hansel and Gretel.

RIGHT THIGH: Breadcrumbs right to you.

LEFT THIGH: Candy wrappers. Chocolate. Chip bags.

TUMMY: You always eat when you're nervous.

MADELINE: I do not.

BUTT: Or worried.

CHIN: Or scared.

RIGHT THIGH: Or depressed.

LEFT THIGH: Or mad.

BUTT: Or bored.

MADELINE: I DO NOT!

CHIN: (*imitating*) I DO NOT!

RIGHT THIGH: Oh that's right...

FATS: Somebody's on a diet!

LEFT THIGH: It won't last.

BUTT: They never do.

TUMMY: We know all about the chocolate in your backpack.

RIGHT THIGH: That's some diet you're on.... Fatty Flather.

The FATS all snicker.

MADELINE: I'm not fat.

FATS: Fatty Flather.

MADELINE: Stop that!

FATS: (*closing in on MADELINE*) Fatty Flather! Fatty Flather!

MADELINE: Get away from me.

BUTT: She's so hostile.

TUMMY: If you're not fat, how come you're on a diet?

LEFT THIGH: That's right!

RIGHT THIGH: What's up with that?

FATS: Hmmmmmm?

MADELINE: I'm trying to be healthy.

BUTT: And you're on the right track.

TUMMY: Chocolate is very healthy.

MADELINE: I'm trying to make a change.

TUMMY: What did you have for lunch today?

MADELINE: Some carrots.

The FATS applaud.

CHIN: Very good!

LEFT THIGH: Bravo!

RIGHT THIGH: If you starve yourself that weight'll come off in no time.

TUMMY: But I'll bet you're pretty hungry right about now.

BUTT: I'll bet you're dying for some chocolate.

MADELINE: No.

RIGHT THIGH: Madeline... Oh Madeline...

TUMMY: Feed me Madeline...

MADELINE: No, no, no. I'm not going to let you win this time. I'm not going to beat myself up. I'm not going to fight myself. (*walking away shaking her head, talking to herself*) Crazy girl talking to her fat. What is wrong with me? I'm a smart girl. I'm at the top of my class and yet here I am in a dark room, talking to my fat. Crazy.

BUTT: (*sidling up and wrapping herself around MADELINE*) We're not beating you up.

TUMMY: (*wrapping herself around MADELINE*) We love you.

CHIN: (*wrapping herself around MADELINE*) We're all around you Madeline.

LEFT THIGH: (*wrapping herself around MADELINE*) We're never going to leave.

RIGHT THIGH: (*wrapping herself around MADELINE*) We are you.

There is a pause as MADELINE sees herself surrounded by her FAT.

MADELINE: Who am I kidding? (*she sighs*) I look like an elephant. I'm fat.

TUMMY: Yes you are.

CHIN: How about some chocolate?

BUTT: I'll get it! (*she skips over to the backpack*)

MADELINE: (*weakly*) No. I don't want any... Really...

BUTT: Whatcha gonna do? Outrun me? (*She opens the bag and pulls out a journal*) Hey. What's this?

MADELINE: It's nothing.

BUTT: (*flipping through the pages*) Looks like a whole lot of nothing. (*to the FATS*) Look at this. (*the FATS join her*)

MADELINE: Don't! It's personal.

CHIN: It looks like you're writing a play.

LEFT THIGH: A play?

MADELINE: It's really nothing.

TUMMY: You never told us. You know we don't like secrets, Madeline.

MADELINE: It's stupid. Can I have –

BUTT: You know it looks like it's about... about... (*she gives the page she's on a closer look, gasps.*) Look what it's about! Us!

The FATS gather round and gasp. They look up at MADELINE, back down at the page and gasp again.

LEFT THIGH: How dare you!

MADELINE: It's nothing. I just wanted to get my feelings out.

CHIN: You're trying to work out your feelings?

LEFT THIGH: How dare you!

RIGHT THIGH: You're supposed to work out your feelings with us.

TUMMY: With food.

BUTT: With chocolate, pizza, and French fries.

LEFT THIGH: With candy and Rocky Road ice cream.

TUMMY: (*to MADELINE*) We can't let you get away with this.

MADELINE: I didn't do anything. It's a stupid play.

TUMMY: Diets are one thing, working out your feelings is asking for trouble.

LEFT THIGH: We should write our own play.

BUTT: A better play.

RIGHT THIGH: I'm sure this one's no good.

LEFT THIGH: It stinks! We should change it.

MADELINE: You can't do that.

TUMMY: We'll write a play for you Madeline.

RIGHT THIGH: It'll be all about you.

CHIN: All about how fat you are.

BUTT: What a failure you are.

LEFT THIGH: Ooh Ooh Ooh! We'll call it Madeline's Failure.

TUMMY: Good title!

LEFT THIGH: You like? It just came to me. (*he snaps his fingers*)

RIGHT THIGH: We should do some scenes right now!

CHIN: Let's get started!

BUTT: I'm so excited!

MADELINE: Don't I get a say?

TUMMY: No need, dearie. We'll speak for you. Consider it research for your (*she laughs*) play.

MADELINE stands with her eyes clenched shut.

MADELINE: If I think positively they'll just go away. On the count of three I'm going to open my eyes and they'll all be gone. One... Two... Three...

LEFT THIGH: Maddie!

RIGHT THIGH: Maddie!

MADELINE: What?

LEFT THIGH: You're five years old today.

MADELINE: I am? How come?

LEFT THIGH: 'Cause I said so.

RIGHT THIGH: Look Madeline – cake!

*RIGHT THIGH and BUTT bring a table centre stage.
This represents the cake.*

BUTT: Whooooo cake.

MADELINE: That's the biggest cake I've ever seen. It smells...

Everyone takes in a big sniff. They groan. They circle the table.

MADELINE: Chocolate. I love chocolate. It's so absolutely... chocolaty.

BUTT: Don't you just want to dive in?

RIGHT THIGH: Take the biggest bite you can.

MADELINE: I can't. I'm not allowed.

LEFT THIGH: Sure you are.

MADELINE: No. I'll get in trouble.

LEFT THIGH: From who?

MADELINE: That cake has trouble written all over it.

LEFT THIGH: Today is your birthday.

TUMMY: Balloons!

RIGHT THIGH: Pin the tail on the donkey!

CHIN: Hot dogs!

TUMMY: Chips!

FATS: CAKE.

MADELINE: Look. The whole neighbourhood is here. Hi guys!

LEFT THIGH & BUTT & CHIN: Hi Madeline!

MADELINE: Thanks for coming to my party.

CHIN: I heard there's gonna be cake.

MADELINE: Only the biggest cake you've ever seen.

BUTT: (*behind MADELINE's back*) Fatty fatty two by four.

LEFT THIGH: (*behind MADELINE's back*) Can't get through the kitchen door.

MADELINE: Who said that?

CHIN: Look Madeline – cake!

MADELINE: Mom spent a whole week putting it together. (*to TUMMY*)
Can I lick the bowl? Please let me lick the bowl. Please? Please?

TUMMY: You can have some at your party.

MADELINE: Pleeeeeeeease.

TUMMY: Don't beg Madeline. It's un-ladylike.

RIGHT THIGH: (*from under the table*) Madeline... Madeline...

MADELINE: Who's there?

RIGHT THIGH: (*he rattles the table*) It's me, the cake.

MADELINE: What do you want?

RIGHT THIGH: I'm so lonely, Madeline. All this chocolate and no one to share it with. Wanna bite?

MADELINE: No I don't think so. I'll get in trouble.

RIGHT THIGH: No one will notice if you take a small piece from the bottom.

MADELINE: No one will notice if I take a small piece from the bottom.

BUTT: Madeline! Where are you?

RIGHT THIGH: From the corner.

MADELINE: From the corner.

CHIN: Madeline!

RIGHT THIGH: It's so big there's lots for everyone.

MADELINE: Lots for everyone.

RIGHT THIGH: No one will notice.

MADELINE: No one will notice.

TUMMY: MADELINE!

CHIN: Look at her!

LEFT THIGH: Chocolate all over her face.

RIGHT THIGH: Fatty Fatty two by four!

CHIN & BUTT: Fatty Flather! Fatty Flather!

TUMMY: How dare you? How dare you humiliate me like that!

MADELINE: I'm only five. I don't know any better.

TUMMY: Get upstairs to your room.

MADELINE: But what about the cake?

TUMMY: There will be no cake for you. No party, no supper and no cake. I am very disappointed in you Madeline. You're going to have to learn to control yourself. A lady must have control.

MADELINE: I'm only five years old. I don't care about being ladylike. I care about cake.

BUTT: Awwwww. Poor Madeline. No cake.

RIGHT THIGH: Awwwww. Poor Madeline. No food.

TUMMY: *(breaking character)* Oh that was so much fun.

BUTT: Your mother must really hate you.

MADELINE: That's not true. She loves me.

LEFT THIGH: She loves Emily. Emily is a star.

TUMMY: Emily is the best.

CHIN: You're a disappointment.

BUTT: And at such an early age.

RIGHT THIGH: Again, again! Let's do another scene!

*They spin MADELINE around. The lights change.
BUTT runs centre and drags MADELINE with her. She plays a friend of MADELINE's. The others watch the scene.*

TUMMY: Madeline...

CHIN: You're ten years old.

MADELINE: Did anyone see you?

BUTT: Uh Uh.

MADELINE: Did you get it?

BUTT: *(she pulls out a magazine)* Ta Da!

MADELINE: Cosmo. Let me see!

BUTT: Ah ah ah. Not so fast. Did you stick to the pact?

MADELINE: Of course.

BUTT: What did you eat for dinner?

MADELINE: Baked potato. No butter. Yick.

BUTT: I had carrot sticks at lunch and today was even hot dog day. All the kids were stuffing their faces.

MADELINE: I love hot dogs. My mom said my face looked thin this morning.

BUTT: My mom's all in a tizzy 'cause I kind of fainted in gym class.

MADELINE: Everyone had roast beef and mashed potatoes and gravy at dinner.

BUTT: We don't care, remember? Shannon said...

MADELINE: There's apple pie in the fridge.

BUTT: Shannon said we'd never be good enough, we don't have it in the looks department and we'll always have big butts. We have to prove her wrong. We're going to be models and this is what everyone does to be models.

MADELINE: Ok. Ok. *(she sighs)* I still want apple pie.

BUTT: We made a pact. *(holding up the magazine)* Do you see any fat people in Cosmo?

MADELINE: No.

BUTT: Do you want to be the odd one out?

MADELINE: I don't know.

BUTT: Do you want the whole world to laugh at you?

MADELINE: I don't know. Just shut up about it. *(she pushes BUTT)*

BUTT: You're never going to be in Cosmo. Shannon was right about you, Fatty Flather.

MADELINE: Shut up!

BUTT: Fatty Flather! Fatty Flather!

MADELINE: I'm not fat!

LEFT THIGH: *(out of the scene)* Hee hee. Fatty Flather. I'll never get tired of that.

CHIN: I can't believe you ruined a friendship because you wanted pie.

MADELINE: That's not the way it went.

LEFT THIGH: That's exactly how it went.

TUMMY: Sad and tragic.

MADELINE turns to head offstage but LEFT THIGH holds her back.

LEFT THIGH: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where ya going?

MADELINE: I don't feel well. I want to go home.

BUTT: You want ice cream, don't you? You feel so bad you want to eat the fridge I'll bet.

TUMMY: Soon enough.

LEFT THIGH: But not yet.

CHIN: You're twelve years old Madeline.

MADELINE: I don't want to be.

TUMMY: Too late.

They spin MADELINE around. The lights change. A school bell rings. MADELINE is in a school bathroom. She looks around in a panic. TUMMY, CHIN and LEFT THIGH step forward and push MADELINE to the ground.

LEFT THIGH: Well, well, well. What do we have here?

CHIN: Looks like a dog.

TUMMY: Dog's hiding in the bathroom?

LEFT THIGH: Not from us.

TUMMY: Looks like.

CHIN: *(to the others)* Dog tried to look pretty today.

TUMMY: Dog got a haircut.

LEFT THIGH: Too bad it didn't help.

MADELINE: *(very weakly)* Don't....

TUMMY: Did you say something, Dog?

MADELINE: Why don't you just leave me alone? Please.

LEFT THIGH: You're so pathetic.

MADELINE: Please.

TUMMY: Sure Dog, go ahead.

MADELINE starts to scramble away. LEFT THIGH trips her.

TUMMY: Going somewhere, Dog?

CHIN: Gonna cry? Gonna tell?

TUMMY: Oh poor little doggie.

LEFT THIGH: All that whining makes me want to kick the poor little puppy.

MADELINE: Why are you doing this?

TUMMY: Because you're ugly. Fat and ugly.

CHIN: (to TUMMY) Why don't she have a boyfriend?

TUMMY: 'Cause she's ugly. She's a dog. Who's gonna date a dog?

LEFT THIGH: Not me.

TUMMY: You think you're ugly don't you?

CHIN: Say it!

MADELINE: No.

TUMMY: You better say it or we're gonna beat the crap out of you. Say it. I'm ugly. (*she twists MADELINE's arm behind her back*) Say it!

MADELINE: No.

TUMMY: Do you want me to hurt you?

MADELINE: No!

TUMMY: Then say it.

MADELINE: I'm ugly.

TUMMY: You're a big fat slob. You'll never be like us. Just a big fat pig.

CHIN: Hey she's a pig and a dog. She's a pig dog.

TUMMY: Ha, ha! Say it. Say I'm a pig dog.

MADELINE: I'm a pig dog.

TUMMY: Louder.

MADELINE: I'm a pig dog.

CHIN: (*looking offstage*) Hey, hey. Teachers.

TUMMY: Today's your lucky day pig dog. I'd run home as fast as you can, if I were you.

LEFT THIGH: See ya pig dog.

The three exit making barking and oinking noises. The lights change. The FATS come together to congratulate themselves.

LEFT THIGH: Now is that a play or is that a play?

CHIN: No wonder she's screwed up.

TUMMY: Children can be so cruel.

RIGHT THIGH: It's not our fault at all. We had nothing to do with that.

MADELINE: I want to go home.

TUMMY: One more scene.

LEFT THIGH: And then we eat the fridge.

MADELINE: No.

TUMMY: Isn't Emily in your little skit? Isn't it all about her? Your pretty perfect sister? Don't you want to see her one last time?

MADELINE: No.

TUMMY: Sure you do. Consider it research.

The lights change. CHIN sits at a chair beside the table. TUMMY pushes MADELINE toward CHIN. MADELINE moves slowly into the light. She is fifteen years old. There is a moment of silence as CHIN brushes her hair and MADELINE stands there. Finally CHIN looks over at MADELINE.

CHIN: What do you want?

MADELINE: Nothing.

CHIN: Then go away. I'm busy.

MADELINE: You have a date tonight?

CHIN: (*as if stating the obvious*) Yes. Do you? Of course you don't.
Another Friday night at home. How boring. Don't pick your face
like that. You'll get scars.

MADELINE: Sorry. Are you seeing Gord?

CHIN: Frankie. Gord was too... (*she makes a vague distasteful gesture*)

MADELINE: Oh.

CHIN: What do you care? Are you keeping score?

MADELINE: No. Your hair looks nice.

CHIN: It does, doesn't it.

MADELINE: I like your dress.

CHIN: Thank you.

MADELINE: I like your shoes.

CHIN: What do you want, Madeline? You're so annoying. Always
lurking around. No wonder you don't have a boyfriend. Boys
don't like girls who skulk.

MADELINE: I'm sorry.

CHIN: And don't whine. "I'm sorry." You're not a baby.

MADELINE: I know.

CHIN: Do you want something or are you just skulking and moping, as
usual.

MADELINE: No. I... I wanted to ask you a question.

CHIN: This isn't a facts-of-life question, is it? I have neither the time
nor the inclination to explain sex to you.

MADELINE: Does it hurt?

CHIN: Does what hurt?

MADELINE: Throwing up.

CHIN: Do I look like an expert on vomiting?

MADELINE: I heard you on Sunday.

CHIN: Heard what?

MADELINE: Sunday after dinner. I heard you. And tonight. Ten minutes ago.

CHIN slams the hairbrush down. She drags MADELINE centre stage.

CHIN: What are you doing, spying on me?

MADELINE: I'm not, I'm not!

CHIN: What are you doing?

MADELINE: Nothing. Nothing. You're hurting me!

CHIN lets go of MADELINE roughly. MADELINE rubs her arm.

MADELINE: My bedroom is right next to the bathroom. I'm not deaf.

CHIN: Have you told anybody?

MADELINE: No.

CHIN seems to calm down. She goes back to her chair and continues brushing her hair.

CHIN: Don't worry about it. It doesn't concern you.

MADELINE: I'm not worried.

CHIN: If you tell anyone, I'll just deny it.

MADELINE: I don't want to tell anyone. I want to know how you did it.

CHIN: *(she looks long and hard at MADELINE before speaking)* Why?

MADELINE: Because.

CHIN: Because why? Because you want to?

MADELINE: I don't know. *(pause)* I can't lose weight. I try and I try but nothing works. I always screw it all up. I hate being fat.

CHIN: You're not terribly fat.

MADELINE: Everyone says I'm never going to be as skinny as you.

CHIN: You'd never have the nerve.

MADELINE: I do to! I could do it.

CHIN: You kneel in front of the toilet. You stick your finger down your throat –



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