



**Sample Pages from  
Body Body**

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://folk.me/p39> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.  
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

# BODY BODY

A DRAMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Lindsay Price*



*Body Body*

Copyright © 2003 Lindsay Price

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

**Theatrefolk**

[www.theatrefolk.com/licensing](http://www.theatrefolk.com/licensing)

[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com)

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above address.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

## **Characters**

2M 4W

### **Madeline Flather**

17 years old. Wants to be an actress.

### **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. Could be good looking. Intense.

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

Madeline *thinks* she's overweight. She does not necessarily have to be overweight. She should not, however, be model-thin.

## **Setting**

A bare stage.

A table and two chairs.

An empty frame which represents a mirror.



*A spotlight comes up onstage. MADELINE appears in the light. She seems to be sneaking away. She has her shoes in one hand.*

*On the other side of the stage, a second light comes up on a shape of figures. There are two figures at a low height, two at a medium height, and one at a high height. The figure at a high height is on the back of a medium height figure. Her arms are up as if they are draped over someone's shoulders.*

*NOTE: if this image isn't clear, it will become so later on in the play.*

*The figure of shapes breathes in and out as if they are sleeping. Perhaps they snore.*

*MADELINE looks over her shoulder at the figure of shapes. She picks up a jacket from the floor and puts it on.*

**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...

*MADELINE freezes as the figure of shapes breathes in and out rather noisily. The figure of shapes settles down again.*

**MADELINE:** 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...

*Blackout on MADELINE.*

*The figure of shapes breathes rather noisily. One of them awakens and stretches. He notices that MADELINE is not there and cries out.*

*Blackout on the figures.*

*A spotlight comes up on MADELINE centre stage. She has a Romeo and Juliet script in her hand. She is practicing one of the Nurse's speeches.*

**MADELINE:** “Well you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! No not he though his face be better than any mans, yet his legs excels all men's, and for a hand, and a foot and a body...” *(suddenly she breaks out of character)* blah, blah, blah. Blah. I hate this part.



*Juliet's famous speech.*) "Romeo, Romeo, Wherefore art thou Romeo. Deny thy father and refuse thy..."

*The FATS leap up with a yell. MADELINE screams and throws her script into the air.*

FATS: AHHHHH!!!

MADELINE: Waah!

*BUTT and CHIN get her on one side.*

BUTT & CHIN: AH!

MADELINE: Oh!

*MADELINE backs up into TUMMY, LEFT & RIGHT THIGH.*

TUMMY, LEFT & RIGHT THIGH: AH HA!

MADELINE: Oh!

*The FATS push MADELINE to the ground and growl over her.*

FATS: ARGGGGGGGH!

*There is a pause. Then the FATS drop their scowling and begin to laugh.*

BUTT: HA HA!

CHIN: That was priceless!

RIGHT THIGH: Look at her face!

TUMMY: BOO!

LEFT THIGH: Got ya!

CHIN: Nah nah!

BUTT: You look like you've seen a ghost!

MADELINE: Not you guys. Not now.

LEFT THIGH: The look on your face.

TUMMY: Priceless. Absolutely priceless.

MADELINE: Is someone going to help me up?

CHIN: What, the floor's not good enough for you?



LEFT THIGH: Ha Ha!

CHIN: Just kidding!

TUMMY: Of course we'll help you up dear.

*TUMMY and RIGHT THIGH each grab MADELINE by an arm.*

BUTT: We'll get the back.

*BUTT, LEFT THIGH and CHIN run around to push from behind.*

MADLINE: Now wait a minute...

RIGHT THIGH: One, two, three!

MADLINE: Whoa!

*TUMMY and RIGHT THIGH pull with all their might. The others push with all their might. This propels MADELINE with great speed offstage. There is the sound of a crash.*

LEFT THIGH: Yikes.

CHIN: That's gotta hurt.

RIGHT THIGH: I've never seen a trash can bend like that.

*The FATS break up into laughter. They only stop when MADELINE comes staggering back onstage. The FATS look at everything but her, as if to say it wasn't their fault.*

MADLINE: That wasn't funny.

BUTT: It sure wasn't.

RIGHT THIGH: Nope.

CHIN: Not in the least.

MADLINE: You can't fling people around like that.

BUTT: You sure can't.

RIGHT THIGH: Nope.

CHIN: Not in the least.

TUMMY: Did you hurt yourself dear?

MADELINE: Yes.

FATS: Awwwwwwwwww.

CHIN: That's awful.

BUTT: Maddie got a booboo.

*The FATS snigger, trying not to laugh.*

MADELINE: How did you find me?

TUMMY: We heard the door slam.

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 bar in your backpack.

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

CHIN: You should write a book.

MADELINE: (*walking away*) I am not having this conversation. I'm not talking to you. I don't see you. You don't exist.

FATS: Awwwwwwwwww.

CHIN: Is that any way to talk to your best friends?

BUTT: We've been with you through thick and thin.

RIGHT THIGH: And thick and thicker and thin and not so thin and thick and halfway between thin and thick, what is that?

BUTT: Thin-ick.

RIGHT THIGH: We've been with you through thin-ick.

CHIN: Who stayed home with you when you couldn't get a date for the prom?

LEFT THIGH: 'Cause you were such a loser?

TUMMY: That was so sad. The look on her mother's face...

BUTT: Emily went to two proms didn't she?

RIGHT THIGH: Who made popcorn with extra butter? If that's not friendship I don't know what is.

CHIN: Ooooooh that was so good. You make the best popcorn.

RIGHT THIGH: You have to layer the butter instead of pouring it all on top. That way all the kernels get covered.

MADELINE: Would you stop talking about popcorn?

BUTT: Ooooooh we made Madeline hungry.

FATS: Popcorn! Popcorn! Popcorn!

MADELINE: I'm not hungry.

CHIN: Are you sure?

LEFT THIGH: What are you holding your stomach for?

FATS: Popcorn! Popcorn! Popcorn!

MADELINE: I want you to get out.

FATS: Get out!

MADELINE: Go home!

FATS: (*mocking*) Go home!

MADLINE: Leave me alone!

FATS: (*mocking*) Leave me alone!

*MADLINE gives a cry of frustration while the FATS laugh.*

TUMMY: Now, now dearie. There's no need to shout. We can discuss this like rational adults, can't we? Take a deep breath love. (*MADLINE does so*) That's good. (*to the other FATS*) You lot could do with a deep cleansing breath as well. Off you go.

*The other FATS take a deep cleansing breath.*

TUMMY: (*to MADLINE*) All better? Now let's be rational about this. (*to the others*) We can be rational can't we?

FATS: (*agreeing noise*) HmMMM-hmMMM.

TUMMY: You must admit. This is all your fault.

BUTT: (*bursting*) Your fault! Your fault!

TUMMY: Now, now. Rational adults.

*The FATS take a deep cleansing adult breath.*

MADLINE: This is the most unrational, irrational conversation I – it's not my fault!

TUMMY: Sh, Sh, Sh. Take a breath, dearie. Take a breath. (*MADLINE does*) Much better. It's all your fault because you tried to leave the house without us. We had to come after you.

MADLINE: (*trying to get away*) I don't know what you're talking about.

FATS: Awwwwwwwww.

TUMMY: Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Trying to ignore us, deny us... that is very irrational.

BUTT: Unrational.

RIGHT THIGH: Anti-rational.

TUMMY: Did you or did you not leave the house without us?

MADLINE: I was only trying –

TUMMY: Were we or were we not with you when you left the house?

MADLINE: No but –

TUMMY: No but. Then you must admit. It's all your fault.

FATS: Your fault! Your fault! (*they move in closer to MADELINE*)

MADELINE: Don't touch me!

RIGHT THIGH: She's so sensitive.

CHIN: Prickly.

BUTT: Sensickly.

TUMMY: Tsk. Tsk. What are we going to do with you?

MADELINE: (*trying again*) Look. You have to go. I'm very busy.

CHIN: Buzz, buzz, buzz, wonder what she does?

MADELINE: I'm trying to rehearse.

TUMMY: Oh that's right; you got the fat part.

MADELINE: I did not!

RIGHT THIGH: If Juliet is the thin part...

BUTT: Then the Nurse must be the fat part.

MADELINE: It's not the fat part.

FATS: Ummmm hmmmm.

MADELINE: It's a comedically demanding role.

CHIN: For a fat actress.

MADELINE: I'm not fat!

*The FATS stand dumbfounded for a moment. Then they start to laugh.*

MADELINE: What's so funny?

LEFT THIGH: You are!

CHIN: You're a scream!

RIGHT THIGH: A hootney!

BUTT: A hoot and a hollar!

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: You used to like it when we snuggled up.

LEFT THIGH: Didn't you say you like being fat? There's more of you to love.

CHIN: Didn't you say you don't mind being fat? Better to have meat on your bones than be a malnourished stick chick.

TUMMY: But what I'm wondering is... if you're not fat, how come you're on a diet?

LEFT THIGH: That's right!

CHIN: How peculiar!

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.

CHIN: That's not what you said before.

LEFT THIGH: You want revenge.

BUTT: Stupid Mr. Whart.

TUMMY: Revenge is very healthy.

MADELINE: I don't want... It's not revenge. I just want to lose some weight. There's nothing wrong with that, no matter what you say.

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.

BUTT: We're not beating you up.

CHIN: We're not doing anything.

MADELINE: I'm going to read my script and if Laura doesn't show up in five minutes I'm leaving. And, I'm going to throw that chocolate bar in the trash.

*MADELINE turns her back on the FATS. She picks up her script and sits downstage. The FATS gather together on the side and confer.*

TUMMY: This is serious.

RIGHT THIGH: Is it?

BUTT: It's not that bad – one second in front of the fridge and she's dead meat.

TUMMY: This is very serious.

CHIN: I don't like this side of her. All that positive thinking makes me nauseous.

TUMMY: This is very very serious.

LEFT THIGH: Stop being a nervous Nelly.

CHIN: I think I'm gonna throw up.

RIGHT THIGH: Hey, hey, hey! Look offstage there. Do you see what I see?

*The FATS take a long look offstage. They all make positive noises.*

LEFT THIGH: Perfectamundo.

TUMMY: Well go get it! Go get it!

*LEFT and RIGHT THIGH run offstage. The others approach MADELINE.*

TUMMY: We're sorry we upset you.

CHIN: Very sorry.

BUTT: Absolutely-dutely sorry.

MADELINE: I'm not upset.

CHIN: You look upset.

MADELINE: I'm not. I'm just trying to make some changes.

BUTT: (*overly enthusiastic*) Sounds great! I love change!

*BUTT is elbowed by TUMMY and CHIN. As they talk to MADELINE, LEFT and RIGHT THIGH wheel in a door-shaped frame. This represents a mirror. The FATS get into position behind it representing the mirror image.*

MADELINE: I want to be healthy. If it turns out that I'm thinner come show time that's fine.

TUMMY: I guess everyone wants to be healthy.

BUTT: Health is overrated.

MADELINE: (*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.

FATS: (*calling to MADELINE*) Yoo hoo! Oh Madeline!

MADELINE: What! What is it, I'm busy.

*MADELINE turns around and sees the FATS. It should be as if she is looking into a mirror and all she can see is her fat. She strikes a pose of fear, which the FATS imitate.*

MADELINE: Oh no. Oh no, no, no. (*She looks at all her problem areas. The FATS imitate.*)

FATS: What's the matter Madeline?



MADELINE: (*she is frozen in place*) Positivity. Positive...

LEFT THIGH: See something you don't like?

MADELINE: No, no, that's not the way I look. (*she turns away from the mirror*)

FATS: Madeline... Oh Madeline... Maddie, Maddie, Maddie...

*The FATS come out of the mirror to surround MADELINE. LEFT THIGH sits at MADELINE's left side and wraps himself around her left leg. RIGHT THIGH does the same on the right. TUMMY stands at the front, wrapping her arms around MADELINE's waist. She sticks her butt out to represent a big stomach. BUTT stands at the back and wraps her arms around MADELINE from the back. She also sticks her butt out to represent a big butt. CHIN sits on BUTT's shoulders and drapes herself around MADELINE's neck.*

*This is the same pose the FATS held at the top of the show. As they move into position, it is as if they are creating a "fat suit" around her.*

MADELINE: Shut up! I'm blocking you out.

FATS: What's that behind you?

MADELINE: (*looking*) Look at my butt! It's so huge.

BUTT: Why does she always pick on me first?

MADELINE: And my legs. My thighs.

RIGHT & LEFT THIGH: Hellooooo!

MADELINE: And my tummy.

TUMMY: No one loves you like we do.

MADELINE: (*touching her chin*) And my chin.

CHIN: Chin, chin, double chin.

MADELINE: I'm fat.

CHIN: Isn't it wonderful?

BUTT: We're all around you Madeline.

LEFT THIGH: We're never going to leave.

RIGHT THIGH: We are you.

MADLINE: Who am I kidding? I look like an elephant.

TUMMY: Good point.

CHIN: How about some chocolate?

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

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

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

MADLINE: It's nothing.

BUTT: *(flipping through the pages)* Looks like a whole lot of nothing.

MADLINE: It's personal.

*By now all the FATS have joined BUTT to look at the journal.*

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

LEFT THIGH: A play?

RIGHT THIGH: Why bother?

MADLINE: It's really nothing.

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

MADLINE: 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 and looks up at the other FATS)* Look what it's about!

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

RIGHT THIGH: I don't believe...

LEFT THIGH: How dare you!

MADLINE: 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.

CHIN: Ooooh, there's Rocky Road?

RIGHT THIGH: I have a hankering for chocolate chip cookie dough.

BUTT: Is there any maple walnut?

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

MADELINE: I didn't do anything. It's a stupid play. I'm not even sure I want to finish it.

TUMMY: Diets are one thing, working out your feelings is just 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.

LEFT THIGH: We can do whatever we want.

MADELINE: But you can't change my play.

CHIN: I thought you didn't like it.

BUTT: I thought you weren't going to finish it.

LEFT THIGH: I thought you wanted to be an actress anyway.

MADELINE: I do... it's just... I was just trying to...

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

RIGHT THIGH: You can be the star.

LEFT THIGH: It'll be all about you.

MADELINE: Me?

CHIN: Uh huh. All about how fat you are.

BUTT: What a failure you are.

TUMMY: We'll show the whole story.

LEFT THIGH: The tragic tale from beginning to end.

MADLINE: You don't know me.

TUMMY: Of course we do.

CHIN: We've only been with you your whole life.

RIGHT THIGH: Your whole miserable life.

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: How do we do that?

RIGHT THIGH: Let's get started!

BUTT: I'm so excited!

MADLINE: Don't I get a say in this?

TUMMY: No need, dearie. We'll speak for you.

CHIN: All you have to do is whatever we say.

*MADLINE stands with her eyes clenched shut.*

MADLINE: 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!

MADLINE: What?

LEFT THIGH: You're five years old today.

MADLINE: 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: Whoooooo cake.

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

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

MADLINE: 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.

CHIN: Smear your whole face with it.

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

LEFT THIGH: Sure you are.

MADLINE: No. I'll get in trouble.

LEFT THIGH: From who?

MADLINE: I don't know yet. But that cake has trouble written all over it.

LEFT THIGH: Today is your birthday.

TUMMY: Balloons!

CHIN: Streamers!

BUTT: Party favours!

RIGHT THIGH: Pin the tail on the donkey!

BUTT: Hats!

CHIN: Hot dogs!

TUMMY: Chips!

FATS: CAKE.

MADLINE: Look. The whole neighbourhood is here.

LEFT THIGH & BUTT & CHIN: (*singing*) Happy Birthday to you, you live in the zoo, you look like a monkey, and you act like one too. (*they blow a raspberry*)

MADLINE: Hi guys!

LEFT THIGH & BUTT & CHIN: Hi Madeline!

MADELINE: Thanks for coming to my party.

BUTT: S'OK. My mom made me.

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: Pleeeeease.

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

BUTT: Chocolate, double chocolate.

CHIN: Strawberry filling.

LEFT THIGH: Triple Chocolate.

MADELINE: It smells so good. I can't sleep, it smells so good. I'm dreaming chocolate. I can't fly but I'm swimming in a sea and it's salty and chocolaty all at the same time. In the middle of the night I wake up and I swear the cake is calling me.

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: Who's going to cause trouble for you? You're the birthday girl.

MADELINE: I'm pretty sure mommy doesn't want me to.

TUMMY: Don't beg, Madeline. It's not ladylike.

MADELINE: I get in trouble for eating.

TUMMY: No you may not have a snack. You don't need it. Your sister doesn't need a snack so why do you?

MADELINE: I get in trouble for not eating.

TUMMY: You are not leaving this table until your plate is clean. Do you understand me?

MADELINE: I never know which is the right one.

LEFT THIGH & BUTT & CHIN: (*singing*) Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday dear Madeline... Madeline?

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

TUMMY: Madeline you come out here this instant!

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!

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!

MADELINE: It smells so good and I just can't wait. I can't wait. I have to have a –

TUMMY: MADELINE!

BUTT: Look at her!

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. Do you hear me? 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. You can't eat whenever you feel like it.

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

TUMMY: You must have discipline. You're going to have to do better.

BUTT: Awwww. Poor Madeline. No cake.

RIGHT THIGH: Awwww. Poor Madeline. No food.

TUMMY: You must learn control. (*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.

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...

RIGHT THIGH: 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: Practically nothing. 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 and there were even seconds. Roger Grieco had thirds!

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. She doesn't think kids should diet.

MADELINE: We're not dieting. We just want to look like that. *(referring to the magazine)*

BOTH: *(with worship)* Cosmo.

BUTT: My sister will kill me if she finds out I took it.

MADELINE: Emily keeps hers under lock and key.

BUTT: We have to be really careful with it. Do you have any gloves?

MADELINE: No. We'll put it in the middle of the floor and turn the pages really slowly.

BUTT: OK.

*BUTT puts the magazine carefully on the floor. They both stare at it.*

MADELINE: Emily says I'm too young to read Cosmo.

BUTT: Emily's a toad face.

MADELINE: She never eats baked potatoes without butter. She could be a model.

BUTT: We're going to be models. We're going to be Cosmo models.

MADELINE: (*looking at magazine*) What do you think goes on in there?

BUTT: Women stuff.

MADELINE: I don't know if I want to be a woman. Everyone had roast beef and mashed potatoes and gravy at dinner.

BUTT: Would you stop talking about food?

MADELINE: But I'm so hungry, Cassie. My stomach is growling all the time.

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.

*The girls stand and look in the mirror. The other FATS stand behind the frame and imitate their pose.*

BUTT: Isn't it worth it? Don't we look good?

FATS: (*syncopated*) Maddie you're so fat. You're huge. You'll never be thin. I don't know why you bother. Maddie... Oh Maddie.

MADELINE: (*cutting them off*) Shut up!

BUTT: (*shoving MADELINE*) What'd you say that for?

MADELINE: Huh?

BUTT: I said we look nice and you screamed at me.

MADELINE: I wasn't talking to... I... Let's look at the magazine. (*They both sit on the floor with the magazine in front of them*) Do you think we can lose thirty pounds in thirty days?

BUTT: Of course. Cosmo wouldn't lie. (*as MADELINE goes to turn the page*) Don't touch! (*BUTT turns the page*)

BOTH: Ooooooh.

MADELINE: Look at her. How did she get into that position?

BUTT: You're not supposed to look at the position. You're supposed to look at the lipstick. (*as if hearing a noise*) What's that?

MADELINE: My stomach. Cassie, I can't do this. I'm too hungry.

BUTT: You can't quit. No one will love you if you're fat. You'll never get a husband or a job.

MADELINE: I want apple pie.

BUTT: We made a pact. We're going to look like models and you're wimping out.

MADELINE: Why do I have to look like a model?

BUTT: 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 kicks at the magazine*)

BUTT: You better not have ripped my sister's magazine or you're gonna pay for another one.

MADELINE: Who cares? I don't want to do this anymore.

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

MADELINE: Shut up!

BUTT: Fatty Flather! Fatty Flather!

MADELINE: I'm not. I'm not fat. I'm not fat. I'm not fat.

RIGHT THIGH: That was so much fun.

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: How sad and tragic.

BUTT: Oh poor Maddie.

CHIN: Poor widdle Maddie.

*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: That rocky road is calling you, isn't it?

TUMMY: Soon enough.

LEFT THIGH: But not yet.

CHIN: You're twelve years old Madeline.

MADELINE: No I don't want to be.

TUMMY: Too late.

*They spin MADELINE around. The lights change. A school bell rings. BUTT and RIGHT THIGH stay behind the mirror. TUMMY, CHIN and LEFT THIGH exit.*

*MADELINE runs on to the stage, she is completely out of breath. She leans against the mirror frame. She is in a school bathroom and is twelve years old.*

*BUTT and RIGHT THIGH appear behind the frame as if they are in the mirror, talking to MADELINE.*

BUTT: Whatcha doin'?

MADELINE: Shhhh.

RIGHT THIGH: What are you shhing us for? There's nobody here.

MADELINE: I'd like to keep it that way. *(she gives a frightened look towards the bathroom door)*

BUTT: What are you doing?

MADELINE: Nothing. Shhhh!

RIGHT THIGH: School's over.

MADELINE: I know that.

RIGHT THIGH: Why don't you go home?

MADELINE: I can't.

BUTT: Why not.

MADLINE: They're out there.

RIGHT THIGH: Sounds scary. "They're out there." Ooooooooooh.

BUTT: Who's they?

MADLINE: Just some kids. Be quiet will you.

RIGHT THIGH: Are you hiding in the bathroom?

MADLINE: If I stay here long enough, they'll get bored and go home.

RIGHT THIGH: I can't believe you're hiding in the bathroom.

BUTT: That's pretty low.

MADLINE: What else am I supposed to do?

BUTT: (*sarcastic*) I don't know. You could stand up for yourself.

MADLINE: I can't. I can't.

BUTT: You're right; you're not good enough to do that.

RIGHT THIGH: Might as well hide in the bathroom.

MADLINE: You don't understand.

BUTT: If you don't stand up for yourself, who will? Are the teachers gonna do anything?

MADLINE: No.

RIGHT THIGH: Are your parents?

MADLINE: No.

BUTT: Looks like it's up to you.

MADLINE: If it's up to me, I'd rather hide till they get bored and go home.

RIGHT THIGH: You're so weak.

BUTT: Are they really that bad?

*TUMMY, CHIN, and LEFT THIGH enter.*

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.

TUMMY: Dog lost the ballgame for us today.

LEFT THIGH: We don't like losing.

BUTT: Come on Maddie.

RIGHT THIGH: Stand up to them.

MADLINE: I can't.

TUMMY: Did you say something Dog?

BUTT: Come on!

MADLINE: Why don't you just leave me alone? Please. I won't say anything.

RIGHT THIGH: You're so pathetic.

LEFT THIGH: You're so pathetic.

BUTT: *(imitating)* "Leave me alone."

CHIN: *(imitating)* "Leave me alone."

MADLINE: Please.

TUMMY: Sure Dog, go ahead.

*MADLINE starts to rush by and LEFT THIGH trips her. They laugh.*

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.

MADLINE: Why are you doing this?

TUMMY: Because you're 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?

MADLINE: (to BUTT) Help me please.

BUTT: We can't.

RIGHT THIGH: They're right. You are ugly.

CHIN: Say it!

MADLINE: No.

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

MADLINE: No.

TUMMY: Do you want me to hurt you?

MADLINE: No.

TUMMY: Then say it.

MADLINE: I'm ugly.

TUMMY: I can't hear you.

MADLINE: I'm ugly.

LEFT THIGH: That's for sure. And fat too.

TUMMY: (pinching MADLINE) Trying to be cool eh? Trying to wear the cool jeans. Trying to be like us.

MADLINE: No I'm not.

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.

MADLINE: I'm a pig dog.

TUMMY: Louder.

MADELINE: I'm a pig dog.

TUMMY: Oh are you crying? Gonna piss your pants? What a baby.

CHIN: Crybaby pig dog.

LEFT THIGH: Stupid fat slob.

TUMMY: What do you think guys? This pig dog's got a pretty dry head don't you think?

LEFT THIGH: Looks really dry.

MADELINE: Don't. Please.

BUTT: (*imitating*) Don't. Please.

TUMMY: Grab her other arm.

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. MADELINE remains on the floor curled up into a little ball.*

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.

LEFT THIGH: Maddie you were fantastic babe, you were right there in the moment, in with the blood, sweat and tears, in with the... Madeline? (*he nudges her with his toe*) Madeline?

CHIN: What's the matter?

LEFT THIGH: I don't know. She doesn't seem to be moving. (*he kicks her*) Or responding.

TUMMY: Is she breathing?

LEFT THIGH: (*moving in close to her mouth*) She is breathing.

CHIN: One out of three ain't bad.



*All the FATS crowd around MADELINE's body.*

FATS: (*syncopated*) Maddie? Madeline? Hello? Madeline? Maddie?

BUTT: You don't think we went too far do you?

FATS: Naaaaaaaah.

TUMMY: Wakey, wakey dearie.

RIGHT THIGH: She's comatose.

TUMMY: Go get a chair.

LEFT THIGH: I can pinch her really hard and she doesn't even flinch.

RIGHT THIGH: She is gone. Out like a light. Dead bread.

LEFT THIGH: Dead bread?

RIGHT THIGH: It's an expression.

TUMMY: On the count of three, we'll move her. One, two, three.

LEFT THIGH: On what planet is dead bread an expression?

*They get MADELINE into the chair.*

TUMMY: There we go.

BUTT: OK. She's sitting. Now what?

CHIN: Come on Maddiekins, snap out of it.

RIGHT THIGH: Maddie waddie? Where's my little Maddie waddie?  
Nothing.

BUTT: She takes everything so seriously.

TUMMY: She must have really been traumatized.

RIGHT THIGH: Drag down, smack down, Evil Knievel tragedy can be  
pretty traumatizing.

TUMMY: Where's that chocolate bar?

CHIN: Maddie... oh Maddie.

BUTT: Want a widdle chocolate?

LEFT THIGH: Chocky chocky?

RIGHT THIGH: Open wide. Say awwwww.

*MADELINE grabs the bar and starts to eat it. The FATS cheer.*

RIGHT THIGH: That's the Madeline we know and love.

LEFT THIGH: She's back, folks. No need to panic.

BUTT & CHIN: Give us an M, an A, and a double D! Give us an I, an...

*MADELINE suddenly gets off the chair and starts to exit.*

LEFT THIGH: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where do you think you're going?

*MADELINE looks at them for a moment, says nothing and turns again to walk out.*

LEFT THIGH: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Not talking to us now?

CHIN: After all we've done for you?

RIGHT THIGH: How can you walk out on your best friends?

*MADELINE keeps walking. LEFT THIGH runs to stop her.*

LEFT THIGH: Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. You can't go. We're not finished.

MADELINE: I'm finished.

LEFT THIGH: You're not the one to decide –

MADELINE: You got what you wanted. I broke. Screwed up again. I'll never be able to lose weight. Doomed to the fat girl parts.

BUTT: Are we overacting just a teensy weensy bit?

MADELINE: You should be happy. You won.

TUMMY: We did go too far.

MADELINE: I'm just a fat girl. A pig dog. Too fat to be of any use to anyone. That's what you want, isn't it? Well you got it.

CHIN: She's always so negative.

RIGHT THIGH: But we were having fun. Don't you want to play with us anymore?

MADELINE: You're right, it is all my fault. There. I said it. I'm going home to eat the fridge. You have fun. Find an old woman to kick, that'll be right up your alley. See you later.

TUMMY: You can't go, we need you.

MADLINE: You need me? That's rich. You need me.

TUMMY: It's true. We don't exist when you're not around.

MADLINE: So what? Don't exist. Fine by me.

CHIN: Unexist.

RIGHT THIGH: Anti-exist.

LEFT THIGH: Shupt!

*MADLINE starts to leave again.*

TUMMY: I have a proposition.

MADLINE: Not interested.

TUMMY: You want to get back at us don't you?

*MADLINE stops.*

MADLINE: What do you mean?

LEFT THIGH: What does she mean?

TUMMY: You want to get back at us. You want something back.

MADLINE: You mean something where I win and you lose.

TUMMY: I have a proposition.

RIGHT THIGH: What, what, what?

LEFT THIGH: Excuse me. Pardon the interruption of this lovely, open, communicado you've got going here. I need to have a word with my associate. Won't be a moment. Don't go anywhere! *(he pulls TUMMY across the stage. The other FATS gather 'round as well)* What are you doing?

RIGHT THIGH: Que pasa mama? *(everyone looks at RIGHT THIGH)* It's Spanish.

TUMMY: I have a plan.

LEFT THIGH: A plan. I don't recall the meeting where we discussed this plan.

CHIN: We have meetings?

TUMMY: It just came to me.

LEFT THIGH: Are you going to share with the group?

TUMMY: I don't have all the details worked out yet. Trust me.

MADELINE: Look you know where I live. You'll probably beat me home.

LEFT THIGH: Whoa, whoa! Don't go! Almost through. *(to the others)*  
Go be nice.

RIGHT THIGH: Do we have to?

*LEFT THIGH gestures violently. RIGHT THIGH, CHIN and BUTT approach MADELINE. LEFT THIGH and TUMMY continue to talk silently.*

CHIN & BUTT & RIGHT THIGH: Hi.

*MADELINE says nothing. CHIN and BUTT elbow RIGHT THIGH; they want him to talk.*

RIGHT THIGH: That's a lovely sweater. I hear puke green is really in this year.

BUTT: That's being nice?

RIGHT THIGH: It's as nice as I get.

BUTT: Puke green?

RIGHT THIGH: I said it was lovely; don't I get any credit for that?

TUMMY: Do you have a better idea?

LEFT THIGH: You don't seem to grasp –

TUMMY: Do you?

LEFT THIGH: *(begrudgingly)* No.

TUMMY: So trust me.

*TUMMY walks over to MADELINE. The other FATS gather with LEFT THIGH.*

LEFT THIGH: *(whiny child to himself)* Trust me. Trust me.

TUMMY: Why don't we have a seat?

MADELINE: I feel like I'm about to be had.

TUMMY: You should know better than that. You've known me your whole life.

MADELINE: Exactly.

TUMMY: Who stayed up with you all night during exams? Don't you remember drinking Cokes and laughing and eating chips till sunup? We even had pizza for breakfast.

BUTT: (*aside*) What is she doing?

LEFT THIGH: Giving me a heart attack.

RIGHT THIGH: You don't have a heart.

LEFT THIGH: It's an expression.

MADELINE: What's your proposal?

TUMMY: Thus far, we've been reliving moments as they happened, correct?

MADELINE: As you say they happened.

TUMMY: And that upsets you.

MADELINE: (*she stands*) I don't need a shrink session.

TUMMY: You said it yourself, we always win and you always lose.

MADELINE: And?

TUMMY: And it's not fair.

MADELINE: And?

TUMMY: And, I'm offering a shift. A change. An opportunity to relive moments the way you really wanted to. Change your past. Do it right.

MADELINE: You can't do that. Can you?

CHIN: Can she?

RIGHT THIGH: I don't know.

TUMMY: Why not?

MADELINE: It doesn't make any sense.

LEFT THIGH: My left arm just went numb.

TUMMY: Everything makes sense in our world. We just do things.

MADELINE: Life isn't like that.

TUMMY: Ours is. Give it a try. What have you got to lose?

LEFT THIGH: Excuse me! Excuse me. Can we just have a little confab over here? *(to MADELINE)* Won't be a moment. Don't go anywhere, everything's just fine. *(to the others)* Get over there.

*The other FATS run to stand beside MADELINE.*

RIGHT THIGH: That's a lovely sweater.

*He gets elbowed by BUTT and CHIN.*

LEFT THIGH: *(in a frantic whisper to TUMMY)* Have you lost your mind?

TUMMY: No.

LEFT THIGH: No. No. *(he gives a panicked laugh and puts his head into his hands)*

TUMMY: Trust me.

LEFT THIGH: That's it? That's all you have to say?

TUMMY: Have I ever let you down before?

LEFT THIGH: No.

TUMMY: Then stop worrying. Who's the nervous Nelly now?

LEFT THIGH: If you're doing this just to prove a point, you've made it.

TUMMY: Don't worry.

LEFT THIGH: *(whining like a child)* Don't worry.

TUMMY: *(walking over to MADELINE)* Well, what do you think?

MADELINE: I think you're trying to trick me.

TUMMY: What for? We want you to stay. We went too far before. It's only fair you get something in return. So?

MADELINE: I still don't trust you. *(she wrestles with the idea)* But...

TUMMY: Yes...

MADELINE: I have always wanted to tell off my first boyfriend.

TUMMY: OK. Then do it.

*The lights change. School bell rings. MADELINE uses the mirror frame to put on lipstick and eyeliner. She is at her locker. She is fourteen. CHIN and BUTT imitate her.*

CHIN & BUTT: Maddie and Gerald sitting in a tree. K-I-S-S-I-N-G.

MADELINE: (*good naturedly*) Shut up.

CHIN: Maddie's got a boyfriend.

MADELINE: Yeah I do, what are you gonna do about it?

BUTT: Someone's feeling feisty.

CHIN: Someone's feeling happy-slappy.

BUTT: You don't think it's because of Gerald do you?

CHIN: Hmmmmm, I don't know.

MADELINE: Don't I look good in this top?

CHIN: I thought your mother won't let you wear make up.

MADELINE: She's not here is she? Besides, everyone in ninth grade wears eyeliner at least.

BUTT: Even the boys?

MADELINE: Don't be stupid.

CHIN: Are you gonna marry Gerald?

MADELINE: Ewwwwwww. Don't be stupid. It's only been two weeks.

CHIN & BUTT: Uh huh.

MADELINE: Only the best two weeks of my life. I'm only going out with a gorgeous football player and everyone knows it.

*All three jump up and down and scream. MADELINE dances around.*

MADELINE: (*singsong*) I've got a boyfriend. And I'm his girlfriend. And we're so happy. La la la la la.

*LEFT THIGH skulks up. He plays MADELINE's boyfriend.*

LEFT THIGH: Hey Maddie.

MADELINE: Oh! (*she stops suddenly and puts on the same slouch, physically and verbally*) Hey Gerald.

BUTT & CHIN: Hi Gerald!

LEFT THIGH: You goin' to History?

MADELINE: Yeah. Sure. You goin'?

LEFT THIGH: Yeah. Sure.

MADELINE: Sure.

LEFT THIGH: Yeah. *(there is a pause)* So we're going now, right?

MADELINE: Oh! Yeah, right.

*They start walking – slowly and with much slouching.*

BUTT & CHIN: Gerald walking Madeline to class. Ooooooooooh.

LEFT THIGH: I gotta sorta talk to you.

MADELINE: OK. Sure. Me too. Not to me, I gotta talk to you. Ha. You go first.

LEFT THIGH: No you go.

MADELINE: It's OK, you can go.

LEFT THIGH: You.

MADELINE: OK. *(she takes a deep breath)* So. I was kinda sorta wondering if you were going to the dance on Friday. I was thinking of goin' and it might be fun. We could go together, you know, and you can totally spend time with your friends and I'll spend time with my friends. We don't even have to dance together. I mean, I like to dance but I don't have to dance. *(she takes a deep breath)* I mean we don't have to go to the dance, I was just thinking it might be fun and –

LEFT THIGH: I can't go to the dance with you.

MADELINE: Oh. *(pause)* Oh. How come?

LEFT THIGH: I'm gonna go with Samantha.

MADELINE: Samantha. Bowen?

LEFT THIGH: Yeah.

MADELINE: Oh. Um, Gerald?

LEFT THIGH: Yeah?

MADELINE: Aren't we supposed to be going out? You and me? Two weeks?

LEFT THIGH: Yeah, I gotta sorta talk to you about that.



MADELINE: You're breaking up with me?

LEFT THIGH: I guess so. Yeah.

MADELINE: Yeah?

LEFT THIGH: Yeah.

MADELINE: Oh. Yeah.

LEFT THIGH: OK. See ya.

MADELINE: See ya.

*He starts to slouch away. MADELINE shakes her head and runs after him. These are the things she never said.*

MADELINE: Wait! Wait. Not "See ya." Not "OK." Why?

LEFT THIGH: Why what?

MADELINE: Why are you breaking up with me, you pinhead.

LEFT THIGH: 'Cause I'm on the football team.

*There is a pause while MADELINE waits for more but none is forthcoming.*

MADELINE: You're going to have to be more specific.

LEFT THIGH: Well, Robert Deakins says you're not girlfriend material.

MADELINE: And you listened to him?

LEFT THIGH: Yeah. He's the quarterback.

MADELINE: And if Robert Deakins jumped off a bridge I suppose you would too.

LEFT THIGH: *(he thinks for a moment)* Yeah. Probably.

MADELINE: So is Samantha girlfriend material?

LEFT THIGH: Yeah.

MADELINE: And what exactly, specifically, is girlfriend material?

LEFT THIGH: Ummmmmm. She's a cheerleader. She's pretty. She's thin. And you're –

MADELINE: Finish that sentence and I'll pop you in the mouth.

LEFT THIGH: Sorry Maddie. It's only been two weeks. You'll get another boyfriend.

*He starts to walk away; MADELINE grabs him by the collar and yanks him back. She faces him and grips his collar tight together.*

MADELINE: Not done yet pinhead. Refresh my memory. You were a football player two weeks ago right?

LEFT THIGH: Yeah.

MADELINE: And you did ask me out, right?

LEFT THIGH: Yeah.

MADELINE: Why?

LEFT THIGH: 'Cause.

MADELINE: (*tightening her grasp*) Specifics please. If I'm everything Skinny-Mini is not, why bother asking me out in the first place?

LEFT THIGH: 'Cause Jason DeLeo said you'd probably be easy. On account of what you look like. (*MADELINE tightens her grip on his collar*) You gonna let go of me now?

MADELINE: No I don't think so.

LEFT THIGH: Maddie, you're cutting off my circulation.

MADELINE: Really how terrible for you. You might not be able to take the pompom queen to the dance. You might not be able to jump off that cliff for your quarterback.

LEFT THIGH: Uh... Maddie?

MADELINE: How blind have I been? Here I was thinking the rules of protocol meant boys asked out girls 'cause they liked them. Am I stupid or what? Am I completely out of my head?

LEFT THIGH: (*now really struggling to breath*) Can't... breathe...

MADELINE: (*letting go*) Aw you're not worth it. I kill you, I go to jail. Do me a favour, if you hear anyone else spreading the fat girl is easy rumour please kindly add the following footnote: If I find out who they are I'm gonna kick them where the sun don't shine. Got it?

LEFT THIGH: Sure. No hard feelings eh?

*He gets away as fast as he can while still slouching.*

MADELINE: (*calling after him*) No. No. There will be hard feelings. Many, many, hard, rocky, concrete, marble, craterous feelings. I hope she gives you a horrible disease.

*The lights change and MADELINE squeals with delight.*

MADELINE: Oh did that feel good! When I think of that stupid, crackerjack, football jerk. That brain-dead jerk flaunting his brain-dead toothpick girlfriend. If only I had done that. If only I hadn't let him make me believe I wasn't good enough. What was the slouch all about? I thought he was so hot. What an idiot.

LEFT THIGH: (*aside*) This is your idea?

TUMMY: Be patient. Wait till you see the big picture.

LEFT THIGH: I'm pretty concerned with the small picture; I don't want it to get bigger.

MADELINE: Can we do that again?

TUMMY: You want another?

MADELINE: I love winning! I don't know why we didn't do this before. It's great!

*LEFT THIGH groans and grabs his chest.*

MADELINE: I want to see my drama teacher. Mr. Whart. Give me Mr. Whart!

*The lights change. There is the sound of a school bell. RIGHT THIGH comes forward as MR. WHARTON. He is distractedly looking through a stack of papers.*

MADELINE: Mr. Wharton?

RIGHT THIGH: Hmmmmm, yes Ms. Flather?

MADELINE: Hi. I uh, wanted to talk to you about the audition.

RIGHT THIGH: Yes, yes, well, come in and sit down.

MADELINE: Thanks.

RIGHT THIGH: You're going to make an excellent Nurse. It's a comedically demanding part.

MADELINE: You said I gave a really good audition. Everyone said so.

RIGHT THIGH: Yes. (*he clears his throat*) Well, you received an excellent part. Not everyone can play Juliet, of course.

MADLINE: Everyone said that Kevin and I made sparks. We made sparks and we were Romeo and Juliet. We were the best.

RIGHT THIGH: Yes, well, there are a lot of factors that go into casting a show. Now, the bell's about to ring and you'll be late for class. Off you go.

*MADLINE looks like she is going to leave but stays to stand her ground. The following is what she never said.*

MADLINE: Laura Taft, aside from being a hundred pounds and having waist-length hair, acts like a piece of wood. Is that part of the process – to have a log-like Juliet with hair?

RIGHT THIGH: Ms. Flather, I don't have to explain my casting process to anyone.

MADLINE: I think you cast Laura 'cause she looks like you think Juliet should look and I don't. Even though I can make sparks. Even though I can act circles around her. She doesn't even like drama. She's hair, that's all she is – a big whack of hair.

RIGHT THIGH: Clearly you don't understand, you can't make an audience believe –

MADLINE: What.

RIGHT THIGH: Ms. Flather, you're going to be late –

MADLINE: You think I'm too fat for Juliet.

RIGHT THIGH: I'm not going to engage –

MADLINE: Say it, you know you want to.

RIGHT THIGH: Yes. Well. I do think that in the general scheme of things your weight is a concern...

MADLINE: The general scheme of what?

RIGHT THIGH: Of things.

MADLINE: Of what things? Say it.

RIGHT THIGH: Ms. Flather –

MADLINE: Go on. Say it.

RIGHT THIGH: This is ridiculous.

MADELINE: Go on! I dare you to.

RIGHT THIGH: All right. You'll never make it as an actress.

MADELINE: I can act. I can make people believe I'm Juliet.

RIGHT THIGH: Good day!

MADELINE: I wanted to earn a part. I wanted you to give me a part because I'm a good actress, not because everyone can't be Juliet. Not because you think my size would frighten an audience. Not because I'm not thin enough to fit some deluded picture in your head.

RIGHT THIGH: Ms. Flather I know the past year has been a difficult one, however –

MADELINE: I'm going to be an actress. A great actress. Nothing you do or say is ever going to stop me. You think you're doing the right thing by trying to warn me away. Maybe I'll get discouraged. Maybe I'll give up. But you're wrong. You're only making me stronger. No matter what you do, no matter how many times you give the good parts to logs with hair, you will never drag me down. Good day Mr. Wharton.

*The lights change. MADELINE jumps up and down and laughs.*

MADELINE: Oh that was so much fun. The look on his face, I can just see the look on his face. If I had done that, if only I had... Huh. If only I would stop listening to people maybe I might get what I want.

LEFT THIGH: I hope this isn't the big picture you were talking about.

TUMMY: (to CHIN) You ready?

CHIN: Ready.

LEFT THIGH: Ready for what?

MADELINE: (still revelling) Good day Mr. Whart! Why am I so afraid to stand up to that worm? He's just a drama teacher. I like this, this, winning thing. I like it! I can't remember the last time I felt so good.

TUMMY: Madeline – look over there. There's another scene for you.

*Lights come up on CHIN. She is sitting, brushing her hair. This is EMILY, MADELINE's sister. MADELINE looks at CHIN – she seems to be frozen to the spot.*

MADELINE: No, no.

TUMMY: What's the matter?

MADELINE: Not her.

TUMMY: Oh come on. Think of how good you'll feel.

MADELINE: I'd rather do something else. Can I go back and tell my mother off? That whole cake thing really screwed me for life, I'm sure of it. I'd love to tell her what I think.

TUMMY: Don't you want to tell Emily what you think?

MADELINE: I don't want to talk to her.

TUMMY: Are you sure? You're doing a lot of talking in your journal.

MADELINE: That's different.

TUMMY: Isn't Emily in your play? Isn't it all about her?

MADELINE: I told you, I'm not going to finish it.

TUMMY: Why not? After all she's done to you? After the way she's made you feel? What a great way to get her back.

MADELINE: She wasn't that bad.

TUMMY: Didn't she make your life miserable? Didn't it bother you that everyone always compared you to Emily?

RIGHT THIGH: Emily was my best student. I'm expecting a lot from you.

BUTT: You're so different from your sister.

MADELINE: Gerald is one thing, but this... does it have to be this moment? Can't it be something younger? How about when we were kids? She looks...

TUMMY: Nineteen. The best year of Emily's life. Isn't that right?

MADELINE: I... I don't know.

TUMMY: Home from college for the summer, dates every night, friends always calling.

CHIN: Why can't you be like Emily?

LEFT THIGH: You're nothing like Emily.

RIGHT THIGH: Emily never disappoints.

MADELINE: I can't do it. I can't. What would I say to her?

TUMMY: Say hi. Ask her about her date.

MADELINE: What if it goes wrong?

TUMMY: Then stop.

MADELINE: I don't know.

TUMMY: Consider it research. Something to write about.

MADELINE: OK. OK. *(she takes a deep breath)* OK.

*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. EMILY considers her sister nothing but an annoyance.*

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 with her hand)*

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: (*imitating*) "I know." Whine. Whine. Whine. (*There is a pause. MADELINE still stands.*) Do you want something or are you just skulking and moping, as usual.

*MADELINE runs out of the light towards TUMMY.*

TUMMY: What's the matter?

MADELINE: I can't. I can't do it.

TUMMY: It's just the past. How can she hurt you now?

MADELINE: I don't know but she does.

CHIN: (*still at her place*) Are we doing this?

TUMMY: Why don't try again?

MADELINE: Why does the past hurt so much?

TUMMY: What can she do to you? Nothing. Don't you want to know?

MADELINE: I...

TUMMY: You'll never find out unless you ask. Instead of asking questions in your journal you could actually... (*she gestures to CHIN*)

*MADELINE turns to stare at CHIN in the light.*

MADELINE: I really want to know. I want to know.

*MADELINE walks again towards CHIN. She is going to try again. There is a moment of silence.*

CHIN: What do you want?

MADELINE: Nothing.

CHIN: Then go away. I'm busy.

MADELINE: You have a date tonight?





[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com) [www.theatrefolk.com](http://www.theatrefolk.com)

## Want to Read More?

**Order a full script** through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).