

i will eat you alive.

PERUSAL COPY

a dinner party for 3 fat women+

by

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take my fat
and call it glory
call it supper
call it a meal
you'd ask for
on your knees
take this
bread
it is my body
now turned
yours
-“Communion”
Yesika Salgado

“I’m bigger than I look, you piece of shit.
Bigger than the walls, the lights, your ego.
I will eat you alive.”
-*Women Laughing Alone With Salad*
Sheila Callaghan

CONTENT WARNING:

explicit talk of disordered eating and bulimia, diet talk, fat-shaming, sexual assault, negative self-talk

CAST*:

Fat Woman 1
Fat Woman 2
Fat Woman 3

**this play uses female-gendered identifiers, but casting should be open to include all marginalized genders, including non-binary people, who are open to playing female-identifying characters. For the February 2020 workshop production, all actors cast were white, and in their 20s-30s, but that need not be true for the next production.*

**all actors should self-identify as fat.*

PRE SHOW

*we are at an elegant dinner party
to celebrate something fancy
not just like a shitty keg party
but we don't yet know
what or who we are celebrating.*

*there is a huge white table set for 20 people.
there are plates, forks, knives, a whole set up for each guest
there are also place cards/programs at each seat welcoming everyone
including appropriate warnings about the content, food splash-age, allergies, all
that good stuff.*

*most of the food is already set on the table.
covered.
on shining, silver platters.*

there is fancy dinner party music playing in the house.

*we are having a lovely time.
we are having lovely conversation.
we are grinning and bearing it at all costs.*

this artificial mask clings tightly over the room.

*when the show is about to begin,
lights go down. the music changes.*

maybe now we hear something different,

*a small taste of the vitriol that eventually explodes later,
maybe we hear a taste of fat bottomed girls,
and maybe its ugly or distorted some how.*

*then.
music out.*

*we hear a tap on a water glass.
lights up.*

*at the head of the table stands
3 FAT WOMEN, all in white.
the way they are standing together looks something like fat charlies angels.*

*FAT WOMEN 2 and 3 hold the remaining
large covered trays/platters of food for the party*

*they are all smiling the same, horrible gleaming smile
accentuated by blood red lipstick.*

*the play begins.
the smiling doesn't stop.*

FIRST COURSE

FAT WOMAN 1

wow.

hello all,
welcome.

welcome
welcome
welcome

i am so thrilled to see you all here.

to be honest when i posted the invite on facebook
i had no idea what the turn out would be!

i gotta say
i'm a little overwhelmed!

as you all know
(from my statuses)
i've been having a difficult time lately
so, i'm truly happy to see so many smiling faces at the table tonight.

though,
obviously,
not everyone got the memo about
wearing white

but that's okay
we're here to celebrate
after all!

you see

i've come to learn something about myself.
and it's something i've been wanting to get off of my chest for awhile now.

and i don't want to make a big deal out of it
and i don't want praise
or sympathy
or comments
or likes
or thoughts or prayers

no no no

i just want you all to know it
to put it out there
so that we can finally take a breath
move forward
and put this behind us.

oh and before i forget
i'd like to thank these 2 fabulous women for helping me prepare tonight's meal
and for giving me the courage to speak out.

she claps.
FAT WOMAN 2 AND 3 are proud.

so
where do i start.

you know
i gotta say

i was prepared to just keep on
living my life

until i was approached by these two
fabulous amazing true true friends

talk about women helping women!
talk about selflessness and virtuousness!
talk about knowing when to insert yourself into someone else's life!

i didn't know how bad I had gotten
how:
out of control and dangerous
my life path had become

they were so right to remind me that my health should come first
they were so right to remind me how important my appearance is.
and i'm so appreciative that they took it upon themselves
to sit me down
and tell me what a problem i was
to them
to myself
to everyone

yes,
friends,

i
am

fat.

FAT WOMEN 2 AND 3 have a negative vocal reaction.

i'm ashamed to say it,
but we're all thinking it
so there it is.

and i thought i was okay!
i mean i've been like this my whole life

who cares that i skip zumba every now and then
who cares that i eat white bread instead of wheat
who cares that sometimes i get whole milk in my latte instead of skim.

apparently-
everyone!

so i apologize to you all
i realize what a burden it must have been
to watch me
just exist
to insult you all

with my unhealthiness

so tonight
we are here to celebrate

my return to health.

yes, friends
i have decided

to lose weight!

FAT WOMEN 2 AND 3 clap excitedly.

and i am so thrilled
to celebrate my decision
with all of you here tonight.

i am thrilled to
finally be able to:

sit in a booth in a restaurant
buy a pair of jeans in a store
take the morning after pill
post a picture online
just basically do anything as a human person who deserves respect
without fearing embarrassment and failure

so
let us feast
in the name of health
in the name of wellness
in the name of *your* happiness

FAT WOMAN 1 raises a glass

NOTHING tastes as good as skinny feels.

*FAT WOMAN 2 AND 3 stand with their glasses.
maybe the audience stands.
they repeat the mantra back.*

i promise

to make myself smaller
for you.

everyone drinks.

and don't forget to follow my journey on FACEBOOKINSTAGRAMANDTWITTER!!

everyone sits except for FAT WOMAN 2.

FAT WOMAN 2

so for tonight
we have prepared for you
a couple of our
most specialest
meals
to celebrate
this beautiful declaration of
willpower,
wealth,
status,
and privilege,

but most of all
weight loss

because who doesn't LOVE celebrating weight loss!?!?!?!?!?!?

FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

no one.

FAT WOMAN 3

this evening we're starting out with a personal favorite of mine
you may have seen this before but trust me you've never had it like this!

*FAT WOMAN 3 reveals the appetizer:
a pile of packets of chocolate-but-not-really-chocolate meal replacement powder.*

FAT WOMEN 1 AND 2 clap.

*FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3 inhale the smell of the packets
and fawn over it like it's a roast fresh from the oven.
("mmm" "yummm" "omg this is too much!" "my fave!" etc.)*

FAT WOMAN 1 takes the platter and places a packet lovingly on each person's plate. The other FAT WOMEN help as needed.

there are definitely tongs.

aren't the little packets so cute?
don't you feel special?
like this was made just for you and no one else?
a little pocket of magic.
full of guarantees and promises of self worth

a dish that says
yes you can have it all
yes you can carry your breakfast lunch AND dinner in your purse!

on your plate is my childhood shame served at room temperature.
meant to be sprinkled on absolutely nothing
or
if you're feeling indulgent,
mixed into water and chugged so fast that you can't even taste it!
delicious!

*the 3 FAT WOMEN have finished serving the packets
they return to their seats
they all sit at the same time
they all look at each other
they joyfully rip their packets open at the same time*

bon appetit all!

*the 3 FAT WOMEN dump out the powder onto their plates
they pick up their knives and forks
and dig in to the elaborate meal
(it's just fucking powder)
they love it, and we hear that they love it.*

*for a while all we hear is
the sound of forks and knives on plates.*

*then
lights change*

all 3 FAT WOMEN slam down their knives and forks.

it's desperate and loud.

FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3 (*fast fast fast word vomit*)

things that taste as good as skinny feels:

chocolate
FAT WOMAN 1

pizza
FAT WOMAN 2

california rolls
FAT WOMAN 3

butter pecan ice cream
FAT WOMAN 1

campfire hot dogs
FAT WOMAN 2

burgers fresh off the grill
FAT WOMAN 3

with ketchup and mayo and mustard
FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

churros
FAT WOMAN 1

funnel cake
FAT WOMAN 2

mom's meatloaf
FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

with mashed potatoes and gravy and peas
FAT WOMAN 1

cream cheese
FAT WOMAN 2

gushers
FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

heath bars	FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3
fresh squeezed lemonade	FAT WOMAN 1
chicken burrito bowls from chipotle	FAT WOMAN 2
with extra guac	FAT WOMAN 1 AND 2
yes i know it costs extra	FAT WOMAN 2
coke and sprite and doctor pepper	FAT WOMAN 3
hot chocolate	FAT WOMAN 1
cheese	FAT WOMAN 2
cheese	FAT WOMAN 3
CHEESE	FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3
the love of my father	FAT WOMAN 1
the respect of my workplace	FAT WOMAN 2
fresh laundry	FAT WOMAN 3
fresh flowers	FAT WOMAN 1

fresh fish
FAT WOMEN 1 AND 2

holding hands
FAT WOMAN 2

coronas on the beach
FAT WOMEN 2 AND 3

laughing with my friends
FAT WOMAN 3

that way you look at me and only me
FAT WOMEN 1 AND 3

hearing the words i believe you.
FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

cheese
FAT WOMAN 1

cheese
FAT WOMAN 2

cheese
FAT WOMAN 3

cheese.
FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

*the women snort the powder off their plate like it's a line of cocaine
lights return to normal.*

*they politely dab their faces with their napkins
nothing weird just happened.*

FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3
(at the same time; overlapping each other)

oh
how could i have any more!
i'm stuffed!
how is this stuff low cal????

YUM!

beat.

SOUP COURSE

FAT WOMAN 2

see?

losing weight can be delicious AND fun AND so so easy!
i can feel the pounds dropping already.

are we feeling skinny ladies?

FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

omg so skinny!
i'm literally shrinking!
bye bye belly!

FAT WOMAN 2

for our next course i'm bringing it way way back.
a childhood favorite if you will.

this is a dish my mom used to make just for me
almost everyday

wow

i can just see my mom, dad, my dog, my little sister all sitting around the table.
eating something different than me,
but who am i to complain
when i get something so special!

when i eat this
i feel good
i feel empty
i feel healthy
i feel
thin.

it's....

*FAT WOMAN 2 reveals the meal.
it's a big bowl of broth
it has small pasta letters in it.
the only letters are "F" "A" and "T".*

it would be cool if it's steaming for the big reveal.

broth.

yes, plain vegetable broth,
from a microwavable box!
from the grocery store!!

FAT WOMEN 1 and 3 ladle the soup into everyone's bowl over the following:

i know i know i know
i might have gone a little overboard here.
but this is a special occasion!

annnd
i have taken the liberty of putting my own little spin on it.
look at me
being bad!

FAT WOMEN 1 and 3 laugh.

i've added in
the first pair of pants i had to buy from the "misses" section as a child
all the unwanted lumps and bumps and curves and hips of puberty
and just a dash of the burgeoning understanding that the most important thing for me in
life is to look good for men even though i'm only 11 years old!

FAT WOMEN 1 2 and 3 all "chef's kiss" at the same time.

i'm telling you this is my childhood in a bowl!
dig in!

*FAT WOMEN 1 2 and 3 sit.
they all inhale the smell of the soup
and make noises that show how appreciative they are.
they slurp the soup and maybe that's funny.
it's for sure too hot to eat
but they all try their best.
burning their mouths.
smiling at their guests.*

*lights come down.
there is only light on FAT WOMAN 1.*

*FAT WOMAN 1 drops her spoon.
she dips her finger into the soup.
it is holy water.
she performs the sign of the cross.
she prays.
she's not good at it.*

the following is punctuated by loud slurps from the 3 FAT WOMEN.

FAT WOMAN 1 (*as a child*)

hi
it's me

i uh

know that we don't talk much but

i just wanted to

i don't know

i guess i have like

a question

if that's okay?

just
why did you make me like this?

i mean like

my body

what did i do to deserve this?

mom says i need to eat more salad

but salad is gross

and it's embarrassing that i can't eat the same things as my friends
i hate going to lunch and recess.

they laugh at me sometimes.

i don't know.

i just want to be skinny.

like belle.

like jasmine.

like ariel.

like snow white.

like pocohantas.

why can't i be like them?

why do i have to look like ursula?

she's mean.

she's bad.

i don't want to be mean.

i don't want to be bad.

am i bad?

why does there have to be so much of me?

i just want to be like my sister.

it's not fair.

i feel so weird.

like an alien.

are you listening?

i just want to look like the other girls.

hello?

i know you see me.

everyone sees me.

please make me normal.

please make me good.

please make me enough.

i'll do anything.

*FAT WOMAN 2 drops her spoon
and stands.*

FAT WOMAN 2 (*as a teenager*)

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

*she dips her finger into the soup.
sign of the cross.
she prays.
she is also bad at it.*

hey.

it's uh me.

listen.

i'd really love it if you could help me out
with this audition.

i know it's just high school and

i know i don't talk to you as much as i should

but i feel like i need all the help i can get.

i really want this part.
i really want to play juliet.
i know i don't look like juliet

but i know i can do it...

please help me?

i want this so so so bad.

are you listening?

i

just for once let me be the beautiful girl.

*she goes back into the monologue
she is at the audition:*

What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot
Nor arm nor face nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O be some other name.
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

thank you.

beat.

oh god.

they're laughing.

they're laughing at me.

i shouldn't have even tried.

i am fat and nothing else

hello?

are you there?

please help me.

why did you make me like this?

why can't i look like her?

i want to be juliet

i want to be an actress

what am i supposed to do with this body??

FAT WOMEN 1 AND 2

please make me normal.

please make me good.

please make me enough.

i'll do anything.

ANYTHING.

*FAT WOMAN 3 rises.
she stands on her chair.
she is our god.
she is our lord and savior.
she is
jenny craig.*

*maybe the commercial jingle plays but it is loud and holy.
she is wearing a halo made of measuring tape.*

FAT WOMAN 3

anything
you say?

FAT WOMAN 1

who are you

FAT WOMAN 3

why it's me my child,
i am here to save you

FAT WOMAN 2

are you
are you god?

FAT WOMAN 3

why no my child
god doesn't care about you

but i do.

i am here to finally make you enough.
i am here to make you the thin, blonde, beautiful cheerleader of your dreams.

my name is

jenny craig.

FAT WOMAN 1

wow
so

you're who my mom and her friend worship
when we go to those meetings
at that place

FAT WOMAN 2

i didn't know you were a real person

FAT WOMAN 3

oh
i am not a real person.

i am your savior.
i am the answer to your prayers.
i am the only solution you need
and you both need a solution.

FAT WOMEN 1 and 2

we do.

FAT WOMAN 3

great.

here's my plan for you both:

a
LIFESTYLE
CHANGE:

eat only what i tell you.
absolutely nothing else.
never anything else.

snacks are bad.
bread is bad.
candy is extra extra bad.

and neither of you want to be bad
do you?

FAT WOMEN 1 and 2

no

FAT WOMAN 3

good.

now, this is going to be very very expensive
so you'll have to ask your parents.
but trust me it's worth it.

you'll finally fit in,
and your parents will finally feel proud of you.
they'll no longer have to feel embarrassed about who you are
and they'll finally be able to love you

when you're thin

FAT WOMEN 1 and 2

when i'm thin

FAT WOMAN 3

that's right.

you'll be thin.
just follow me.

food is the enemy.

you'll want to eat, but don't trust yourself.
never trust yourself
and you will prosper.

FAT WOMAN 2

but we should eat when we're hungry, right?
isn't it dangerous to not eat?

FAT WOMAN 3

oh no, my child
quite the opposite.

it's healthy.

FAT WOMEN 1 AND 2

healthy

FAT WOMAN 3

oh yes just ask any doctor
or any trainer
or any man.

i mean,
if you want to
ask god.

gluttony
is a sin
after all.

it's time to totally obsess over which foods are evil
and which foods are righteous

it's time to enter the world of weight loss
and never ever exit.

it's important to never stray from the path.

from my path.
from my lite.

(and that's L-I-T-E, lite, child)

because if you keep trying and trying and trying and trying
and trying and trying and trying and trying and trying

maybe
one day
you can finally start your life.

you'll finally be juliet
you'll finally be belle and jasmine and ariel and snow white and pocohantas.

FAT WOMAN 1

it sounds hard.

FAT WOMAN 3

well
our website does say it's only appropriate for ages 13 and up
buttttt

YOU have to start now.
because right now YOU are different,
and we need to make you like everyone else.

what do you say kids,
are you with me?

or are you disgusting,
gluttonous sinners?

FAT WOMEN 1 AND 2

we're with you jenny

FAT WOMAN 3

good.

repeat after me:

i devote my life to dieting

FAT WOMAN 1 and 2

i devote my life to dieting

FAT WOMAN 3

i devote my life to obsession and perfection

FAT WOMEN 1 and 2

i devote my life to obsession and perfection

FAT WOMAN 3

i devote my life to taking up less and less space until i disappear completely.

FAT WOMEN 1 and 2

i devote my life to taking up less and less space until i disappear completely.

FAT WOMAN 3

forever.

FAT WOMEN 1 2 and 3

forever.

FAT WOMAN 3

and so it shall be.

amen.

FAT WOMEN 1 2 and 3

amen.

*the 3 FAT WOMEN all dunk their heads into their soup.
they are being baptized.
they are being cleansed.*

*then
they are drowning.*

*they finally come up for air.
lights are normal.
we are back at the dinner party.*

nothing weird happened.

*but there's a moment of acknowledging that this promise
this wish
this prayer
very much didn't come true.*

the 3 FAT WOMEN wipe their faces with their napkins.

FAT WOMAN 2

yum
broth,
right?

FAT WOMEN 1 and 3

YUM!!!
so so good.

FAT WOMAN 2

what a
walk down
memory lane

FAT WOMEN 1 and 3

oh yeah
so nice
so good
i love broth
yum yum yum

SALAD COURSE

FAT WOMAN 1

so i have a little surprise for the next course....
this one is your favorite
it's every woman's favorite
a true American staple

FAT WOMAN 1 picks up the platter and reveals what's inside:

it's
salad!

*FAT WOMEN 1 2 and especially 3 have a total fangirl melt down over salad.
bigger than before.*

*clapping
exclaiming
cheering
screaming
omg omg omg*

they can't believe their eyes.

*FAT WOMAN 1 begins to put the salad on people's plates with tongs.
maybe FAT WOMAN 3 helps.*

i hope it's okay,
i already dressed it
i know it's
more attractive
to do dressing on the side,

but i thought we could splurge a little.

it's lite!
don't worry!
like
l - i - t - e
lite
well
and also
light
l-i-g-h-t
light
hahahahahahahahaha

i wouldn't let any of those sneaky calories get by me!
that's where the calories are ya know

(serious) dressing.

*the salad is made of
printed screenshots
of real fatphobic comments from
instagram/facebook/reddit
cut into the shapes of leaves.*

the comments should be apparent and easily readable.

FAT WOMAN 3

you said it!!

i just love salad
like

the way it feels in my mouth

crunchy
green-tasting
a little wet

so much health.

FAT WOMAN 2

now before we dig in,
can we all just take a moment to
THANK the salad?

i mean
where would we be without salad?

am i right ladies???

FAT WOMAN 1 2 AND 3

um absolutely no where
is where!

FAT WOMAN 3

*FAT WOMAN 3 raises her fork.
she encourages the audience to do the same.*

to salad.

thank you salad!

FAT WOMEN 1 2 and 3 (*also raising their forks*)

thank you salad!

*but this isn't just a mindless repeat.
it's a deep meaningful emotional thank you
the way you'd thank an organ donor for saving your life.*

FAT WOMAN 2

let's dig in.

*the 3 FAT WOMEN take a moment to prepare
like they're going to devour their salad in one bite.*

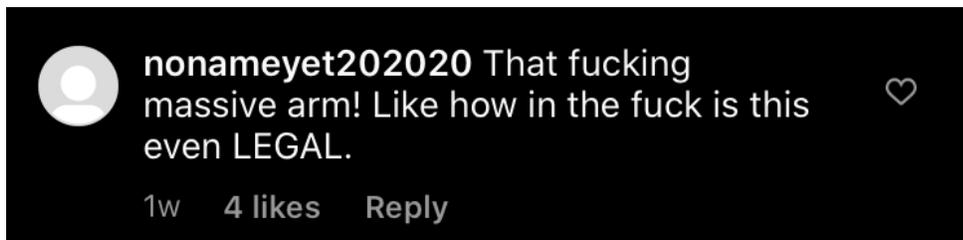
*they all take a deep inhale
then they all put their forks down next to their plates
they all pick up a piece of "lettuce" from their plate
they rotate reading the comments on each piece with glee.
(all comments are REAL posts pulled from various fat inflencer's facebook's,
instagrams, etc.)*

*this continues.
this is how they eat salad.
it's not weird.
they enjoy each "mouthful"*

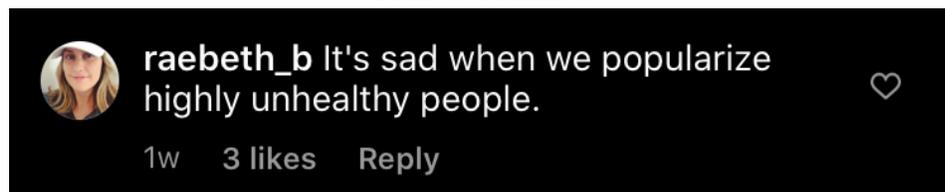
FAT WOMAN 1



FAT WOMAN 2



FAT WOMAN 3



FAT WOMAN 1

 **jc_hern1373** DIABETES, HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE 

19w 11 likes Reply

FAT WOMAN 2

 **darth_news** sweetheart, ya need to lose weight. I'm just lookin out for you. 

18w 10 likes Reply

FAT WOMAN 3

 **my_life_allie** I'm all for body positivity, but how can one be body positive if they don't treat their body positively? Remember your body is your temple and putting crap into your body is like allowing negativity in. Support your body and support your life. #prolife 

25w 6 likes Reply

FAT WOMAN 1

 **akvoorhies.style** Cheesy Gordita crunch babyyyyyyyy 

25w Reply

FAT WOMAN 2

 **jomtien_chonburi_2002** Genuine thought here: is it not difficult for a Male to penetrate this woman's vagina in the regular missionary position? Jesus, it'd be super difficult rolling back the flag to even reach the vagina... 🤢🤔🤔 

26w 1 like Reply

FAT WOMAN 3

 **gorgelifts** I just wanna eat until my arteries are all clogged up and I die too!! 

25w 30 likes Reply

FAT WOMAN 1

 Fat ass dumb bitch. Die already.

FAT WOMAN 2

You and Tess Holiday and Whitney Thore, I wish I had three hollow point bullets and a clear line of sight, I'd rid the world of the three little pigs, or rather big fucking pigs, you three are a disgrace to womenkind and humanity. You're gluttonous sows, the only comfort and pleasure I take is knowing that all three of you will not make it to 50, I on the other hand am extremely fit and healthy and I will delight when I hear you guys dropping like flies from your morbid obesity. I laugh when I hear about obese individuals dying from their own sinful stupidity, you deserve a miserable life and a painful death, that's why I change my mind, I wouldn't put a bullet in any of you and your fellow fat asses, that's too easy of a death, I want you and Tess and Whitney to die by your own hands, eating yourself to a slow and painful death. Rot in hell you disgusting pig. I severely hate you all

FAT WOMAN 3

oh wow
so tasty!!!!!!!

but

you know.....

i
uh

i know it's terrible to say this

but

i
i

i could really go for

just

a little more dressing....

FAT WOMAN 1 and 2 gasp.

just like a
teensy
teensy
teensy
amount!!!

do you have any of that olive oil spray?
that's like nothing
right?

FAT WOMAN 2

um
no

no oil.
ever.

but..

well.....

there are
some lemon slices on the table

use those.

FAT WOMAN 3

oh great!

like i said
just a teensy bit
just a little bit

just a
a misting
a dusting
a sprinkling
a --

*FAT WOMAN 3 lifts the lid of another platter
it's not the lemon slices.*

*it's a speaker and a pair of sneakers.
they have been lightly charred on the grill.*

LOUD cardio music comes on immediately.

*lights change.
we are at a cardio dance class.*

*the 3 FAT WOMEN all stand
and take off their dresses at the same time
revealing workout clothes:
white yoga pants and a tight white shirt underneath.
these outfits are purposefully unflattering
and the 3 FAT WOMEN know that.
they have feelings about that
but they are not in control
they are obeying the force of the cardio music
like they KNOW they have to.*

*they get up on the table.
they start class.*

*the 3 FAT WOMEN follow along
they do the routine rather unenthusiastically.
they're trying, but it's boring,
mechanical*

*but something starts to change.
the women start enjoying the mostly cardio, slightly sexy exercise moves.
they realize that they rarely get permission to move like this
and take up this much space.*

*slowly they start getting more and more into it.
hitting the moves a little harder.
getting sassier and sassier
as they get more into it they start feeling themselves more.*

then.

lights change. music gets louder/changes/something.

*these women are now performing
a fully choreographed pussycat dolls-esque style routine.
and they are filling all of the moves.
inviting the gaze.
flirting with the audience.
they are in a club and all eyes are on them and they know it.*

*they are feeling sexy.
maybe for the first time ever.*

*they fucking go for it.
they are supporting each other and feeling each other.*

then.

*the 3 FAT WOMEN are feeling extra bold.
they start to do a little strip tease for the audience.*

*they take off their shirts
revealing white sports bras underneath*

*against their flesh
against their stomachs
against their fat.*

*the music goes out
the lights change again*

*there is screaming and laughing
it fills the room
it's painful.*

*the 3 FAT WOMEN scramble for their shirts
they look at the audience as if it's them who are laughing
they put their shirts back on
they try to hide themselves
they try to block out the noise.*

*FAT WOMAN 2 finally covers the speaker platter back up
sound stops.*

*lights return to normal.
FAT WOMAN 3 lifts the lid of a different platter.*

FAT WOMAN 3 (*trying to recover*)

oh

found the lemon slices.

FAT WOMAN 2 glares at FAT WOMAN 3.

silence.

FAT WOMAN 1

...

are we ready for the main course?

FAT WOMAN 3

how many more courses are there?

FAT WOMAN 2

just 2 more... main course,
and then
of course

dessert.

FAT WOMAN 3

....
dessert?

FAT WOMAN 2

yes dessert
dessert is always allowed!

in moderation of course.

it's important to treat yourself.

you deserve it.
you deserve dessert.

in moderation of course

FAT WOMAN 3

i deserve dessert.

FAT WOMAN 1

in moderation of course.

FAT WOMAN 2

yes
you deserve dessert.

FAT WOMEN 1

in moderation.

FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

of course.

FAT WOMAN 3

good
i gotta say
i am
still
a little hungry

FAT WOMAN 2 helps FAT WOMAN 3 back to her chair

*she sits her down.
she looks at her.
she smiles at her.
encouraging her to smile back.
that same horrible smile.
we're not going there.
FAT WOMAN 2 holds her shoulders
maybe a little too tightly.*

*FAT WOMAN 3 smiles back.
she tries to play along.*

but that means it's working, right?

FAT WOMAN 2

right.

it's a good feeling.

FAT WOMAN 3

it's a good feeling.

FAT WOMAN 1

yeah,
remember:

nothing tastes ...?

FAT WOMAN 1 AND 2

as good as skinny feels.

FAT WOMAN 2

right?

FAT WOMAN 3

right.

i feel
skinny.

i feel
good.

FAT WOMAN 1 AND 2

good.

MAIN COURSE

FAT WOMAN 1 (*clearing her throat, getting back on track*)

well, friends,
the moment you've been waiting for.

the main course.

this is a staple in any smart, beautiful, hardworking woman's diet
just the trick to keep that waist line super tight
and those hunger cues stuffed way way down where you can't hear them.

plus
it's oh so tasty!

*FAT WOMAN 2 reveals the main course
it's a platter full of atkins bars.*

mmmm, ah yes,
it has that awkward, chalky texture
that we all know and love

and literally feels like eating dirt.

ugh
i just love it!

friends,
i am ecstatic and privileged to say
that on your plate we have:

local cage free organic

soy protein isolate
gelatin
whey protein concentrate
a pinch of polydextrose
delicious and organic
vegetable glycerin
organic

palm oil
organic
soy lechitn
and
lightly toasted
organic
cellulose powder

FAT WOMAN 2

oooh
and don't forget those natural flavors!

FAT WOMAN 1

oh yes!
i love those
natural flavors
they're just so

natural!

oh!
and as an extra little treat
we have

water
with lemon
obviously

*a look is thrown towards FAT WOMAN 3
who is very much still not engaged*

and a very exotic mysterious delicious rare prized addition from overseas:

FAT WOMAN 1 picks up the cayenne that is with the lemon slices.

it's cayenne!!!!

*she smells it
meaning well
to put on a show
but it fucking hurts
she coughs and coughs
she tries to cover*

turning into a weird, horrific laugh.

isn't that so special!
and so exotic!

it hurts going down so you get that refreshing burst of water right along with that little spicy kick reminding you that you deserve to suffer.

FAT WOMAN 2

oh yes!
always remember:

FAT WOMAN 1 AND 2

you deserve this.

FAT WOMAN 3

i deserve this.

FAT WOMAN 1

oh wow
am i excited for this,

huh?

*FAT WOMAN 1 and 2 walk around with the lemons and cayenne
placing each in everyone's waters.
they try to bring the mood back up and interact with guests.*

lights shift to FAT WOMAN 3

*FAT WOMAN 3 takes a huge drink of water trying to get it together
when she puts her glass down the atmosphere changes
we are somewhere else.
we are at a bar.*

*FAT WOMAN 3 is transported into this memory.
she takes it all in for a second.
she works her way into this.*

*eventually FAT WOMAN 1 and 2 sit back in their chairs.
enjoying their protein bar with their knife and fork.*

FAT WOMAN 3

i am sitting at my favorite bar
waiting for something to happen
waiting to get distracted
or maybe or hopefully i'll get too drunk to care

im waiting for someone to realize that i don't want to be alone right now
but no one comes over.
no one wants to talk to the sad fat girl.
i know this.

but i can't pretend to be happy right now
i can't make a joke or lift the mood or listen while you talk endlessly about your own
problems.
i'm too sad.

the bartender comes over and offers me a shot
ah,
recognition
we do the shot

it doesn't help
i still remember your eyes
i still remember being on top
i still remember the weight of your hands on my skin

i feel like nothing.

the bartender gives me another shot

maybe if i wasn't so big this would have worked out
maybe if i wasn't so big you'd've wanted to hold my hand in public
maybe if i had played more sports in high school i'd be married by now

another shot

but now you're gone.
and i'm alone.
and i know i know i know that if i was smaller if i was prettier if i looked good in a messy
bun and sweat pants i wouldn't feel like this.

another shot.

i deserve this.

this feels correct.

another shot.

why does the bartender keep giving me shots?

eventually everything gets fuzzy

the world flips upside down.

and i give in to the darkness.

a moment of darkness.

i wake up the next morning and i feel awful

no surprise there

i usually feel awful

but on top of the emptiness and the hangover and the pain

i feel something else

guilt

confusion

worry

anxiety

what happened last night

to find out someone did something to you

and you can't remember it

and you didn't say it was okay

you thought you were in a safe place

but someone saw sad fat girl and thought

bingo.

she'll be happy for it.

(beat)

i decide to tell my friends.

i get in the car

all FAT WOMEN stand.

FAT WOMEN 1 and 2 are the friends.

i tell them:

someone put their hands on me
someone put their hands in me
uninvited in the darkness

beat.

there is an exchange that happens where we understand the news has been shared.

there is a concerned look.

FAT WOMAN 1 and 2 go to FAT WOMAN 3.

there is a hug.

there is a moment.

they pull away from each other.

for a moment we think they are there to support her.

FAT WOMAN 1 and 2

“oh that’s so great! I’m so glad you moved on so quickly!!! omg i’m proud of uuu! you go girl!”

beat.

FAT WOMAN 3 (*to self/audience*)

wait

what

the moment before repeats exactly.

FAT WOMAN 1 and 2

“oh that’s so great! I’m so glad you moved on so quickly!!! omg i’m proud of uuu! you go girl!”

FAT WOMEN 1 and 2 exit.

beat.

FAT WOMAN 3 decides how to move forward.

FAT WOMAN 3

great.

glad.
proud.

huh.

so i was wrong
this was a good thing
this deserves to be celebrated
guess I'm actually fine
nothing to see here
thanks for being there for me
friend

but

would you be saying that if i wasn't fat?
if i was in a body that you deemed deserving of respect?
would you be congratulating me for being violated if i looked like you? or her?

but because I'm fat I should be lucky for whatever i get huh.
NO ROOM FOR THE FUPA IN THE #ME TOO MOVEMENT APPARENTLY

i could've told him to fuck off right
i could've tried to fight
the same way i could have stuck harder to my diet plan
or stayed an extra hour at the gym
right
it's my fault

i'm screaming for help
but no one can hear me
because it's buried
under all this

fat.

i feel empty and lost but at the same time so full
uncomfortably full
too much feeling
and there's nowhere for it to go so it's just screaming at me

(screaming with FAT WOMEN 1 and 2:)
FEELINGS

FEELINGS
FEELINGS

beat.

do you know what it feels like to make yourself throw up.
to hate feeling full so much that you will stick your finger down your throat and make
yourself choke.
to fear getting bigger so much that you will drink enough water to make yourself sick in a
dirty restaurant bathroom and then go back to your friends and pretend like nothing
happened.

this becomes my life.

a cycle

filling and emptying
and filling and emptying
and filling and emptying.

it's called bingeing and purging and for some reason those words don't feel like they
capture the experience well enough.

it feels like the only thing i can do to make myself feel better.
and it does make me feel better.
it feels fucking incredible.

i have power again
i can make myself smaller
i can make myself disappear
and no one has to know

and in reality everyone fears getting bigger this much
right?
you may not stick your finger down your throat
but you opt for the vegetable of the day instead of the fries
you buy a gym membership at the beginning of the year
and you make another goddamn resolution to finally lose that 20 pounds

but
i haven't gotten smaller
so no one says anything

and honestly i'm afraid if i told someone they would congratulate me again
for finally doing something
about
this weight

for finally doing something
for my health

(beat).

in a moment of bravery i tell someone that i have a problem
and they believe me
and i start treatment

it sucks to be the big girl in treatment

i'm trying to get better and meanwhile everyone else is talking about how much they
don't want to be me, how far they'll go not to be me.

well i don't want to be myself either and hearing this everyday is hard.

but in treatment i learn how to tolerate
and
i learn that i am worthy of love
in this body and any body.

love.

that's a hard one for me.
and i'm still working on it,

but
i feel okay
and okay is better than empty.

beat.

we ran into each other recently
i see you smile from across the room and i'm reminded of all the times that smile was for
me and how good it made me feel to be seen as i was
i don't say hello
i turn away
but then

i feel hands on my shoulder
and that weight is so familiar and specific that i don't need to turn around to see who it is.

but i do

*FAT WOMEN 1 and 2 appear.
they are the couple FAT WOMAN 3 sees.*

and you're with her

the girl you left me for

oh my god

she's belle and ariel and jasmine and snow white and pocohantas.

she smiles at me

and i smile back

and all i can think

is

“oh my god”

“i'm so fat”

FAT WOMAN 3 begins singing “FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS” by Queen.

*but it is slow
it is mournful
it is angelic
it is full of pain and loneliness
it is not recognizable as Queen's lovable song.*

*the 3 FAT WOMEN all know this song.
they are no longer character's from the previous story.
this is something different.*

*they are all the same broken heart.
they are all the same body that has been
put down and put down and put down.*

they all sing together and back each other up when it feels right.

Are you gonna take me home tonight?
Ah, down beside that red firelight
Are you gonna let it all hang out?
Fat bottomed girls
You make the rockin' world go 'round

FAT WOMAN 1

Hey I was just a skinny lad
Never knew no good from bad
But I knew life before I left my nursery, huh
Left alone with big fat Fanny
She was such a naughty nanny
Heap big woman, you made a bad boy out of me

FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

Hey hey!

FAT WOMAN 2

I've been singing with my band
Across the wire, across the land
I seen every blue eyed floozy on the way, hey
But their beauty and their style
Went kind of smooth after a while
Take me to them dirty ladies every time

FAT WOMAN 3

C'mon!

FAT WOMEN 1 2 AND 3

Oh, won't you take me home tonight?
Oh, down beside your red firelight
Oh, and you give it all you got
Fat bottomed girls, you make the rockin' world go 'round

FAT WOMAN 3

Fat bottomed girls, you make the rockin' world go 'round

*the 3 FAT WOMEN all very solemnly make their way back to their seats.
lights change back hard and fast*

*we are back at dinner.
and we are avoiding talking about what just happened
as hard as we can.*

*we ROCKET into dessert.
there is no time or space
to really feel.*

DESSERT COURSE

FAT WOMAN 2

OKAY
HOW ABOUT SOME DESSERT?

FAT WOMAN 1

OH YES
FINALLY

YUM

*FAT WOMEN 1 AND 2 clear and then reset everyone's plates.
FAT WOMAN 3 helps, but she's still not fully there.*

FAT WOMAN 2

BECAUSE WE DESERVE DESSERT

FAT WOMAN 1

YES WE DESERVE DESSERT

FAT WOMEN 1 AND 2

BUT IN MODERATION OF COURSE

HA HA HA HA HA HA

FAT WOMAN 1

i just want to thank everyone again
for
coming to celebrate with me

losing weight is hard
you know

in fact
a lot of the time
it fucking sucks dick

but it's made easier

with friends like you
only complimenting me when i look smaller
only taking notice when order a large fry instead of a medium

i feel so good about
my decision
to make myself smaller
and more digestible for you all.

i can't wait to see what doors finally open up for me
once i can comfortably wear
high waisted jeans and a crop top
and not feel disgusting.

but before we bring out the final course...

FAT WOMAN 2

i hope you all saved room by the way!
ha ha!

FAT WOMAN 1

i want to once again thank these 2 fabulous women
for helping me prepare this meal

wasn't it delicious??

??????????????

*FAT WOMAN 1 applauds
she makes FAT WOMAN 3 applaud
FAT WOMAN 1 applauds maybe a little too hard.
she applauds until the audience does the same.*

FAT WOMAN 2

oh please
i'm just here to help!

i truly believe that the world will be a better place
when we are all
finally

thin.

*she picks up the final platter.
she puts on a little show.*

now what i have prepared for our dessert.
for our celebration of lifestyle changes
that we all deserve
because we all deserve dessert

FAT WOMEN 1 and 2

in moderation of course
HAHA

FAT WOMAN 2

yes what i have prepared
is the perfect meal
for a perfect body
perfect mind
perfect life

with this meal you are granted
love,
acceptance,
and praise.
with this meal
you are complete.

*she lifts the cover of the platter to reveal dessert.
it is absolutely nothing.
FAT WOMAN 1 cheers
she is almost on the brink of tears.*

*FAT WOMAN 3 stands
she can't believe it.*

yes friends
it is

nothing.

*FAT WOMAN 3 storms out.
she's done.*

to remind us

that in this fat body we are in
we are nothing
and we deserve nothing

but also remember:

nothing tastes as good as skinny feels,
right?

FAT WOMAN 1

right!
nothing tastes as good as skinny feels.

say it with us!

*FAT WOMAN 2 walks around serving
the nothing
with an elegant serving spoon*

*FAT WOMAN 1 tries to get the audience
to join in on the fun!
she also helps serve.*

*The following chant starts out
cheerleader-esque
but starts to turn more
authoritarian and desperate
the longer they chant.*

FAT WOMEN 1 and 2 (*repeat as long as necessary*)

NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS SKINNY FEELS
NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS SKINNY FEELS
NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS SKINNY FEELS
NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS SKINNY FEELS

*they chant for a long time
a really really long time.*

*they start to become slaves
to this service of nothing.*

*FAT WOMAN 3 enters and disrupts the chanting.
she is carrying*

*a huge and elaborate
many-tiered
red velvet cake with vanilla icing.*

*she walks right up onto the table
she drops the cake
dead center.*

*the chanting stops.
FAT WOMEN 1 and 2 are stunned.*

*FAT WOMAN 3 stands over the cake.
she breathes.
she looks at the audience
she looks at FAT WOMEN 1 and 2*

the temptation of the cake is strong.

*there is a long beat
of not knowing what is coming next.*

*the room is full of both
"no thank you, i'm watching my weight"
and "holy shit i want to fuck this cake"*

*we can see FAT WOMEN 1 and 2 fighting themselves
denying themselves
pleasure
happiness
food with actual real calories.*

but fuck they want it.

FAT WOMAN 2 steps away to take a breath.

*FAT WOMAN 3 drops to her knees.
she grabs a handful of cake.*

*she eats some.
fuck it's good.
she eats some more.
fuck it's really really good.*

FAT WOMAN 3

holy fuck.
i was so hungry.

*she grabs another handful.
and another and another*

fuck
cake has GOT to taste better than skinny feels.

FAT WOMAN 2

get off the table

FAT WOMAN 3

no

cake tastes better than fucking nothing.
no one wants fucking nothing.
i deserve more than nothing.

i deserve cake.

FAT WOMAN 2

no

FAT WOMAN 3

i deserve calories
i deserve sweetness
i deserve fullness
i deserve richness

i deserve pleasure

we all do.

FAT WOMAN 2

no

FAT WOMAN 3

have some

FAT WOMAN 2

NO

FAT WOMAN 3 (*to FAT WOMAN 1*)

have some
join me

it feels so fucking good.

*FAT WOMAN 1 gets up on the table
she grabs a handful of cake*

*then another handful
then another handful*

FAT WOMAN 1

oh my god

FAT WOMAN 3

right?

FAT WOMAN 1

i feel like my mouth is cumming

FAT WOMAN 3

right?

it's delicious.

FAT WOMAN 1

i am delicious.

delicious like:

pizza
thanksgiving dinner
prime rib
mom's lasagna
endless pasta bowls from olive garden
blooming onions
chips and guac
pretzels dipped in ranch
cheese.
cheese curds
cheese fries
cheese danish

cheese burger
cheese steak
cheese cake
cheese whiz
cheese its
cheese sandwich
cheese and crackers
shredded cheese
grilled cheese
parmesan cheese
string cheese
mac and cheese
broccoli and cheese soup in a fucking bread bowl

FAT WOMAN 3

oh hell yeah

and

chicken tikka masala
french toast
mozzarella sticks from double t diner
bagels
bagels
with cream cheese and lox
rice crispies with chocolate milk
oreo cookies
the double stuffed, birthday cake, and mint kind
popcorn at the movies
poundcake
handfuls of trail mix
soft pretzels at the football game
homemade chili
slurpees

FAT WOMAN 1 AND 3

FUCKING BREAD
BREAD
BREAD
BREAD

FUCK

BREAD AND JAM
BREAD AND BUTTER

FAT WOMAN 2

NO.

STOP.

YOU AREN'T DELICIOUS.

YOU ARE FAT.

THAT'S IT.

AND THAT'S ALL YOU'LL EVER BE.

DISGUSTING
DISGUSTING
DISGUSTING.

FAT
FAT
FAT.

FAT WOMAN 3

and what's wrong with that???

isn't fat what fucking tastes good?
why is it a bad thing?

why were we taught to eat this shit instead?

I CELEBRATE OBESITY
FUCK YOUR WEIGHT LOSS

HOW ABOUT WEIGHT GAIN

FUCK MUSCLE BUILDING
WHAT ABOUT MASS BUILDING

AND CERTAINLY
CERTAINLY
FUCK SALAD.

i mean....
isn't butter fucking legendary?

FAT WOMAN 1

i feel butter
i feel pizza
i feel pie and cake and cookies

i feel alive.

(to FAT WOMAN 2)

just have some.
let yourself.

you're allowed.
to feel good.

fuck everyone else.
what do you want.

FAT WOMAN 2 thinks.

*she steps up onto the table.
she approaches the cake with caution.*

*she grabs a handful of cake
she eats it.*

*then another handful
then another handful*

FAT WOMAN 2

holy fuck.

FAT WOMAN 3

right?

*the 3 FAT WOMAN all enjoy the cake together.
it starts to get a little ravenous
a little cannibalistic.*

FAT WOMAN 2

i am a snack
a taste
a whole goddamn meal
i am supersize
a combo meal
so good you can get enough
i am all you can eat

greasy and fried and covered in syrup
i am second servings
and thirds and fourths and fifths

*the 3 FAT WOMEN take off their clothes
down to their sports bra and underwear.*

i am fat.

FAT WOMAN 1

i am fat.

FAT WOMAN 3

i am fat.

*they start rubbing the cake all over their bodies.
it's cleansing
it's freeing
it's a miracle.*

FAT WOMAN 1

bless the fat women with diabetes
bless the women who have let themselves go
bless every stretchmark on the entire goddamn planet

FAT WOMAN 2

bless the women who have had gastric bypass because their doctors scared them into it
bless the fat girls who never got asked to dance
bless the fat femmes who spent hours crying in the mirror

FAT WOMAN 3

bless the women too scared to use the word "fat"
bless all the people with a pair of jeans that they are waiting to "fit into"
bless the man boobs and the side boobs and the back fat and the muffin top

FAT WOMAN 1

BLESS THIS FLESH
BLESS THIS ABUNDANCE

FAT WOMAN 1 2 AND 3

BLESS THIS FATNESS

*FAT WOMAN 1 2 and 3 speak directly to the audience
as they do they repeat the sexy strip tease dance
that got them laughed at during the salad course:*

FAT WOMAN 1

i am fat
i am beautiful
i am enough

FAT WOMAN 2

i am fat
i am strong
i am lovable

FAT WOMAN 3

i am fat
i am free
i am my own

FAT WOMEN 1 2 and 3

i am fat
and i am here.
and i will eat you alive.
all of you.

I WILL ENGULF YOU IN THIS FLESH.
YOU HEAR ME WORLD?
I WILL EAT YOU ALIVE.
YOU HEAR ME JENNY FUCKING CRAIG?
I WILL EAT YOU ALIVE.

a beat.

*the 3 FAT WOMEN come together.
we did it.
we are here.
they sing:*

fat bottomed girls,
you make the rockin' world go 'round
fat bottomed girls,
you make the rockin' world go 'round

*rainbow sprinkles pour from the heavens.
cleansing us all.*

amen.

*lights out.
END OF PLAY.*