

# Does This Show Make My Butt Look Fat?

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# DOES THIS SHOW MAKE MY BUTT LOOK FAT?

by

Joni Hilton

## CAST

WOMAN: Any woman with an ample figure can play this part. Or the script can be divvied up between as many as six actresses. This script is written for six, but could be performed by fewer if need be.

### Time

Present day.

*Setting: There are chairs and boxes to sit on. Upstage we see a row of wooden lawn ornaments, all cut to look like a woman bending over, wearing bright bloomers, in front of a white screen. A garbage can is on stage as well.*

*At Rise: Suddenly several of the bent-over women stand up. They're actually the stars of the show. They turn around to face the audience.*

WOMAN #1: You weren't looking at my butt, were you? Good. See, the way to look thinner is to hang out with people who are fatter than you are. *(takes off bloomers, shorts are underneath)* Some of us women have, on rare occasion, asked if something makes our butts look fat. And heaven help you if you have posed this question to a man. Because suddenly they turn into Honest Abe Lincoln, and it's as if they're hooked up to a lie detector, right? We do not want bold honesty, here. Men, you are not under oath. *(beat)* Although you are sort of on trial.

WOMAN #2: Here's the worst answer a man can give: *(she says nothing for a moment)* That's right, silence. Because we know you're thinking yes, but trying to figure out how to say no. The second worst answer is, "Mmm, not really." Whaddaya mean, not really? Just sort of? We don't want to look sort of fat. It's not as if this is chubby versus obese, and we need an accurate evaluation. The best answer is, "What butt?" Act surprised that we would even ask something so ridiculous. Here are some more good choices: "Honey, nothing could make your butt look fat." "Fat? That tiny little thing?" "You're joking, right? Because if anything, you're too skinny."

WOMAN #1: So let's just rehearse the shortest answer, to help out the men in the audience. Guys, repeat after me, "What butt?" (*waits for men to comply*) Once again: "What butt?" See? It even rhymes; what could be easier to remember? Now you have already received more than the ticket price in helpful information.

WOMAN #3: Okay, we need three female volunteers. You do not have to have a big butt to do this, but I'll feel better if you do. (*brings volunteers up onto stage, hands them each a large balloon*) Okay, now blow up the balloon to match the size of your own butt. Whoever comes closest gets a box of candy.

*(Five minutes of ad-lib while volunteers blow up balloons. Another five minutes for audience to vote on whose is the best match. Prize is presented, volunteers return to seats.)*

WOMAN #4: Why are women obsessed with their butts? We're more concerned with our butts than men are! Actually, that would be impossible. We're obsessed with our butts because we know MEN are obsessed with our butts. How much money do you think women spend every year, on butt control? Think about it: Diets, exercise classes, home gyms, girdles, body-slimming clothes. (*sits in a chair*) What we should really do is just sit down. Then no one can see it! (*stands*) You think all those women in wheelchairs are crippled? Who are you kidding? It's all a big scam: They're just women who are smarter than the rest of us! (*beat*) AND they get better parking spots.

WOMAN #5: (*lifts bustle out of box*) Don't you wish bustles would come back into fashion? (*ties one on, including skirt, as slides of Victorian-era women wearing bustles, appear on the screen*) I'm telling you, those gals were onto something big. Big being the operative word. (*takes off bustle, puts it back in box*) Okay, now I need two men to volunteer. And this has nothing to do with the size of your butts, gentlemen. Everybody knows a man's butt stays put. (*Gets two men to come up on stage. Gives them each a suitcase containing women's clothes.*) Okay, men are natural competitors, right? So we're going to have a race. And we're also going to show men what we go through. Gentlemen, open your suitcases and when I say go, you have to put on everything in your suitcase. (*Five to ten minutes as the men struggle to put on a gigantic bra, a girdle, a huge flowery dress, high heels, hat and purse. First one to finish wins prize—a box of candy, of course. Men go offstage, undress and return to their seats.*)

WOMAN #6: Why do we listen to the fashion dictators? They design clothes that only a 12-year-old can wear, and we struggle to fit into them. If the designers announced tomorrow that clown shoes were the latest fad, we'd buy them! And wear them! Like idiots. (*slides of magazine covers touting current fashions appear on the screen*) We grab magazines that say "What's In This Season?" and frantically make sure we have all the right colors and styles. As if we'd be clueless what to put on, without some pointy-shoe-wearing trend-setter on Madison Avenue telling us what to wear! What gets me is that a lot of these guys would love to be women, but if they were women, they wouldn't put up with this! (*the screen goes blank*)

WOMAN #3: How many of you have tried to lose weight more than once? How many have tried to lose weight more than five times? More than ten times? More times than you can count? Ever tried the cabbage soup diet? You eat cabbage soup every day, for every meal, for an entire week. I tried that one. Prisoners eat better than that. I was so angry at every person I spoke to, especially the idiot who told me about the diet in the first place. This nearly became the homicide capital of the world.

WOMAN #1: And how about those great pills you can buy over the counter? Those ones with speed in them? They revved me up, alright. But they didn't make me lose weight; I just wanted to eat faster!

WOMAN #2: And the ones you have to order from an 800 number? Why not just swallow dollar bills? Just wad them up and take them with a glass of water. Hey, you know, that might work...

WOMAN #4: If only I could lose weight as often as I lose my glasses, my car keys, my mind. I went to Walgreen's and bought that Alli one. I was holding an ice cream cone and had to ask the cashier to hold my ice cream for me while I wrote a check for my diet pills. I think she noticed the irony, not sure. Ever tried those diet drinks in a can? You know, you can not drink those along with your regular meals. They have more calories than a milk shake! I personally think they increase your appetite, because by lunchtime, I am ready to eat everything on the menu, at any restaurant. And you know what else is suspicious? They give those drinks to older people who need to gain weight.

**END OF FREEVIEW**

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