

GETTING PERSONAL

Written by

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(A Dramatic Male Monologue)

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INT. GYM - AFTERNOON

JOHNNY, a personal trainer, speaks to an imaginary trainer in the audience.

JOHNNY

What's the craziest thing I'd to get someone to train with me?

He thinks for a moment, then continues.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Well, a few years ago, when I worked for a corporate gym, I gave this fitness orientation to a stay-at-home Mom. Thirty something, Jewish, with a severe weight problem--- like Kirstie Alley if she got stung in the face by 1,000 bees type of weight problem. So I take her around the gym, ya know, show her how to use the machines and whatnot before I bring her back to the office to sell her training. So after I show her our prices, she just... lost it. She told me our prices were outrageous and that she's only here because of the Zumba classes. And you know what? She was right. The prices were too high and our Zumba classes were pretty dope. But she needed the training and I needed the sale so I let her speak her mind. And when she was finished, I reached into my desk, grabbed a hand mirror and asked her to tell me what she sees when she looks into it. Well, that just pissed her off even more. So I said, "Tell you what, let me tell you what I see when I look at you." So I did. I told her that I saw a woman who told herself that this year was gonna be her year, the year where she wouldn't feel tired all the time. Tired of walking up the stairs and being short of breath. Tired of people looking at her body and saying, "Man, I hope I don't ever look like that." Tired of her husband pretending to enjoy himself when they make love, that despite her weight gain, he still loves her for who is she.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Or who she was. Tired of wondering if he'll have to raise their daughter by himself because Mommy was too lazy to save her own life. That's when the first tear fell from her face. But I didn't stop there! No! I made her face the facts, how she was thirty eight percent body fat, an asthmatic, hypertensive and above all, a poor representation of what an Upper East Side housewife should look like. More tears start to run down her face. And at that moment, I grabbed the mirror from the table, stuck it right in her big, fat, tearful face and asked her, "Are you happy with *this*? Are you happy with who you see, with who you've become? Because if you are, fine, more power to you. But if you not, then let's meet next week and do something about it." The following week I find out she killed herself.

A beat.

JOHNNY

Nah, I'm just playing! I gave her tissue and watched her buy fifty sessions on her husband's AMEX card.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END