

REDEFINING US

Written by
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(A Dramatic Female Monologue)

Mayamo Jimmy Productions

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MAGGIE (20's), ordinary and to the point, speaks to her husband, NICK. We are midway through this heated conversation.

MAGGIE

I WISH YOU WERE FAT AGAIN! (Beat)
I'm serious Nick. A part of me wishes you didn't look like this anymore. That you didn't have a job that paid for your gym membership, a membership that inspired an addiction that is beginning to cost us our marriage.(BEAT) But a part of me is to blame for this. I am. I was your drug dealer, so to speak. I'm the one that got you your first taste -- the one who told you that maybe if you committed to your health than maybe you could commit to other aspects of your life. And look what happened. You created... *this*.

She stares intently over his new physique.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I mean Jesus, Nick. You body looks like what an orgasm feels like. You're... breathtaking -- every inch of you is sexy. Seriously, your back is so defined that it could be confused for a corn maze.(Beat) But like any maze, there's a chance of getting lost. And you did -- you got lost in your progress. We got lost. We lost time together, Nick, time that we can never get back. Time that use to be spent doing things that bettered us -- not just you. Things like taking walks by the lake or eating Chinese Food on a Sunday afternoon. Shit, when was the last time we did that? The last time you took the chopsticks from our take out order and put them in your mouth like a Walrus? Remember that?

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And you would ask me in some made up Walrus language to rub your chopstick tusks because you said, in that made up language, that it would turn you on? And then I would rub them all suggestively and you would pinch your legs together, like a tail. And pin your hands close to your chest, like they were flippers. And out of no where you would let out this, EPIC walrus moan, while gyrating all across the floor. And sometimes the chopsticks would fall out of your mouth because of the intensity of your walrus orgasm. But you wouldn't break character. Not one bit. You committed fully to that moment, a moment that we happily shared together. (Beat) I miss that. I miss the guy who use to make time for that.

She puts her head down. Thinks for a moment.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Do you love me anymore? Do you think I'm fat. Do you think that I need to change too? Because that's what I think about. Because a part of me thinks I'm not good enough for you anymore. For the first time in my life, I feel ugly. (Beat) You know, as weird as it sounds, I almost feel like you're cheating on me... with your reflection. (Beat) So, who's it gonna be Nick? Me or... you? Who are you willing to make time for? Would you rather lose more weight or lose me? Because I'll tell you what, if this continues to be our life --- if this is who you've now become--- than I'm afraid all that you're gonna have left in this house is the person you see in the mirror.

She leaves him with a cold hard stare.

LIGHTS OUT.

THE END

