

The Fat Lady Sings

Video Contest

What to do

*It's simple. On pages 52–54 of Charlie Lovett's novel young adult *The Fat Lady Sings*, Aggie (our heroine) delivers a monologue from a play she is writing.*

Your mission: *make a video of yourself delivering the monologue (printed below) and post it on YouTube. Be creative!*

Rules

- 1) *Because the text is under copyright you must give credit where credit is due, so your video must include (in either text or speech): "Aggie's monologue from the novel *The Fat Lady Sings*, by Charlie Lovett."*
- 2) *At the end of the video, you must post the words:
The Fat Lady Sings, by Charlie Lovett
Available from Pearlsong Press or Amazon.com*
- 3) *Once you have posted the video to YouTube, post the link on the Facebook page for *The Fat Lady Sings* and share your video with your friends.*
- 4) *The first fifty videos will be entered into a contest to be judged by the author and a panel of theatre teachers. The winner will be notified via Facebook and will receive \$100 and an autographed copy of *The Fat Lady Sings*.*

Are you Tim? Hi Tim, I'm Aggie. I'm your two o'clock. Oriental hot stone massage—that's me. I guess you're wondering why I'm standing here wrapped in a shower curtain instead of lying on the massage table. It's a funny story, actually.

Well, maybe not "funny." I guess "pathetic" is a better word. That's where you laugh and break the tension, but

instead—awkward silence. Oh, well.

You see, I came here with my friend Suzy. You probably saw her in the lounge. She's the perky one. Every part of her is perky. Her knees are perky! Anyhow, Suzy, she's my best friend. Surprise, I know—the prom queen and the fat girl, who would think, right? So for my birthday Suzy says she's going to give me a spa day, and I figure a manicure and a yogurt shake or something like that. I mean, I've never been to a spa, so I say "sure." So we get here this morning and we have our manicures and our yogurt shakes and then Suzy wants to take our clothes off and go into a steam room.

Are you self-conscious, Tim? Probably not—what am I saying? I mean, look at you—you're practically a god. I mean, are those muscles even real? Sorry. Anyway, where was I?

Oh, right, so we're sitting in this steam room, naked. Naked! And of course Suzy is perky—I mean, her ankles are perky and her—well, you know. They're extremely perky. But not me. "Droopy" would be a better word for me. If I were a dwarf, I'd be Droopy the Dwarf. I know, I know—I'm not exactly a dwarf.

So we're sitting there and I'm hoping maybe Suzy will think my cheeks are bright red because of the heat, not because I'm mortified with embarrassment to be naked in front of another human being, especially a perky one. And Suzy's just talking! Just chattering on like we were fully clothed and eating hamburgers. And I'm just wondering if it would be socially acceptable for me to wrap my towel around myself—although to be honest, Tim, I am not sure it would fit. I mean, have you seen the towels in this place? They are not made for coverage, I tell you. When I buy a towel, I want acreage. These things are Lilliputian.

So just when I don't think I can stare at the wall any longer pretending not to see Suzy's body and hoping, please God, that she's not looking at mine—though honestly how can you miss it—the door opens and this other woman steps in. A complete

stranger. And she's naked. And she's perky! And that's it for me—I rush out, clutching the towel to try to cover at least some of my lack of perkiness, but as soon as I'm in the hall I see a woman walking towards me and she is wrapped in one of your towels, so you can imagine how tiny she is. So I turn the other way and there you are and—well, you know what you look like, I'm sure. I mean, there are mirrors all over this place. I know—I've been trying to avoid them all day.

Now I'm trapped, so I open this door and hide in this room. You know this room. And then of course I hear the handle turning, so I make a dash for the shower in the corner there, and that's when I drop my towel—not that it was doing me much good. And then you come in and the other lady comes in and—well, I guess you know what happened after that. I mean, you were here. What was that, like, a ninety-minute massage? Must have seemed a lot longer for you the way she rattled on and on about her husband and his poker club. Does everyone talk through the whole thing like that?

Anyway, after ninety minutes you start to forget that you're naked in a shower listening to someone else's massage. So when you leave, and then she leaves, I step out and I am just stretching because ninety minutes standing still on a tile floor is not great for my back—since I'm not thin or perky— and my sweaty foot slips on the tile and I grab the shower curtain and there is this brief Psycho moment when I hear the rings popping off the rod and I imagine you finding my body sprawled on the floor. But I'm OK. I mean until a second later, when I hear you coming in I'm OK.

Then I panic and wrap myself up in the shower curtain, which I have to tell you fits a lot better than those towels, and so now here I am. Your two o'clock.