

## EMILY AND MADELINE

PLAY: Body Body  
 GENRE: Drama  
 TIME: 4:30

## DESCRIPTION

Emily sits in her bedroom preparing for a date. She is 18 years old and, on the surface, is very sure of herself. Madeline, her younger sister, enters tentatively. She is 16.

## ACTING HINTS

Madeline and Emily do not get along. It takes a great deal of courage for Madeline to approach Emily; reflect this in how Madeline moves and speaks.

Emily seems like she's in control but her eating disorder indicates this is not so. Choose a moment in the scene to show that loss of control.

We learn later in the play that Emily dies from her eating disorder.

*MADELINE hovers at the doorway to EMILY's room. She moves forward and back as she decides whether she's going to enter.*

EMILY: What do you want?

MADELINE: Nothing.

EMILY: Then go away. I'm busy.

MADELINE: You have a date tonight?

EMILY: *(as if stating the obvious)* Yes. Do you? Of course you don't. Another Friday night at home. How boring. Don't pick your face like that. You'll get scars.

MADELINE: Sorry. Are you seeing Gord?

EMILY: Frankie. Gord was too... *(she makes a vague distasteful gesture with her hand)*

MADELINE: Oh.

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EMILY: What do you care? Are you keeping score?

MADELINE: No. I... I wanted to ask you a question.

EMILY: You want to ask me something.

MADELINE: Yes.

EMILY: This isn't a facts-of-life question, is it? I have neither the time nor the inclination to explain sex to you.

MADELINE: I just wanted to know... does it hurt?

EMILY: Does what hurt?

MADELINE: Throwing up.

EMILY: What on earth are you asking me for? Do I look like an expert on vomiting? You're such a [REDACTED] idiot. [REDACTED] No wonder you never have a date.

MADELINE: *(fast, bursting out)* Lola Mittler called you "Upchuck" in the bathroom today.

EMILY: What?

MADELINE: I was in the stall and she was talking to someone, I don't know who, and she said her sister was on the same floor as you in your dorm and they were laughing about how you think you're keeping it a secret but everybody knows. You're Upchuck Emily and how could you think you're fooling anyone when you disappear after dinner? That's what she said.

EMILY: Patty's just jealous. I went out on a date with a guy she's been drooling over. She's jealous and she made up something to make me look bad. What would I need to throw up for? I've never had a problem with my weight, have I?

MADELINE: No.

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EMILY: Do I look sick? Do I look like I have a problem? Do I?

MADELINE: No.

EMILY: No. Patty lied to her sister and told her to make sure you overheard. Lola must have known you were in the stall. That's all there is to it. Just a bunch of lies to make me look bad. Vicious lies. Just wait until I see Puddy Patty again. I'm gonna look so good her eyeteeth are going to fall out of her head.

MADELINE: I heard you on Sunday.

EMILY: Heard what?

MADELINE: Sunday after dinner. I heard you. And tonight. Ten minutes ago. And during spring break you said you were sick but I -

*EMILY gets up and crosses as if she is looking to see if anyone is in the hall. Satisfied no one is there, she drags MADELINE centre stage.*

EMILY: What are you doing, spying on me?

MADELINE: I'm not, I'm not!

EMILY: What are you doing?

MADELINE: Nothing.

EMILY: What do you want?

MADELINE: Nothing. You're hurting me!

*EMILY lets go of MADELINE roughly. MADELINE rubs her arm.*

MADELINE: My bedroom is right next to the bathroom. I'm not deaf.

EMILY: Have you told anybody?

MADELINE: No.

EMILY: Have you said anything to Mom and Dad?

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MADELINE: No.

EMILY: Don't worry about it. It doesn't concern you.

MADELINE: I'm not worried.

EMILY: You're not going to say a word about this. If you tell anyone, I'll just deny it. No one believes you anyway.

MADELINE: I don't want to tell anyone. I'm not going to tell.

EMILY: (she looks at MADELINE) If you're not going to tell, why are you here?

MADELINE: I wanted to know how you did it.

EMILY: Why?

MADELINE: Because.

EMILY: Because why? (MADELINE doesn't answer) Because you want to?

MADELINE: I don't know. (pause) I can't lose weight. I try and I try but nothing works. I always screw it all up. [REDACTED]

MADELINE: Everyone says I'm never going to be as skinny as you and I just thought...

EMILY: You'd never have the nerve.

MADELINE: I do to! I could do it.

EMILY: You kneel in front of the toilet. You stick your finger down your throat -

MADELINE: I can't do that! I'll gag.

EMILY: That's the point.

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MADELINE: I can't.

EMILY: Suit yourself.

MADELINE: Do you do it a lot?

EMILY: Of course not. It's a quick fix that's all. A problem I take care of. There's something in my stomach and I get rid of it. Easy as pie.

MADELINE: But you're nowhere near fat.

EMILY: And I'd like to keep it that way.

MADELINE: Are you bulimic?

EMILY: Don't be stupid. What would make you say that?

MADELINE: Isn't that what bulimics do? Throw up?

EMILY: It doesn't hurt me. I know what I'm doing.

MADELINE: It doesn't hurt? It's ok for you?

EMILY: You better start growing up real fast. College is going to eat you alive. You think high school is so easy. All you have to do is be nice to the teachers and they give you good grades. Last semester I sat in a room of 500 and the teachers didn't even know our names. They didn't care if you were nice. They expect you do to all this work. You have to keep your grades up. And there's always more work. And there's no "Mom" to tell you do to anything. No one to nag you, no one to tell you to eat properly. Who's gonna know if you eat French fries for dinner every night? I've always been able to eat what I want. I hate it. Hate it! (there is a pause as she collects herself) Want to know a secret? You can't tell Mom or Dad...

MADELINE: I promise.

EMILY: I went into a modeling agency last week.

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MADELINE: You're going to be a model?

EMILY: Wouldn't that put Patty Miltler in a tizzy. Modeling will be a lot more fun instead of sitting in stuffy classrooms all day long.

MADELINE: Why did you do it on Sunday?

EMILY: What? Oh... aren't you full of questions. The modeling agency said I have to lose 10 pounds and then one of the agents will meet with me. It's practically a done deal. They oooohed and awed over my bone structure and my skin. You need to start taking better care of your skin. If you keep picking those zit you'll get scars.

MADELINE: I guess it's ok as long as you don't hurt yourself.

EMILY: You are such a bizarre child. Where's my lipstick?

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