

DAILY Actor

FAT PIG by Neil LaBute

CARTER: Dude, I understand. Like, totally. (Beat). I used to walk ahead of her in the mall or, you know, not tell her stuff at school so there wouldn't be, whatever. My own mom. I mean ... I'm fifteen and worried about every little thing, and I've got this fucking sumo wrestler in a housecoat trailing behind me. That's about as bad as it can get! I'm not kidding you. And the thing was, I blamed her for it. I mean, it wasn't like a disease or like some people have, thyroid or that type of deal ... she just shoveled shit into her mouth all the time, had a few kids, and, bang, she's up there at 350, maybe more. It used to seriously piss me off. My dad was always working late ... golfing on weekends, and I knew it was because of her. It had to be! How's he gonna love something that looks like that, get all sexy with her? I'm just a kid at the time, but I can remember thinking that.

TOM: God, that's...

CARTER: Yeah, it's whatever, but ... this once, in the grocery store, we're at Albertsons and we're pushing four baskets around – you wanna know how humiliating that shit is? – and I'm supposed to be at a game by seven, I'm on JV, and she's just farting around in the candy aisle, picking up bags of “fun size” Snickers and checking out the calories. Yeah. I mean, what is that?! So, I suddenly go off on her, like, this sophomore in high school, but I'm all screaming in her face ... “Don't look at the package, take a look in the mirror, you cow! PUT 'EM DOWN!” Holy shit, there's stock boys – bunch of guys I know, even – are running down the aisle. Manager stumbling out of his glass booth there, the works. (Beat) But you know what? She doesn't say a word about it. Ever. Not about the swearing, the things I called her, nothing. Just this, like, one tear I see ... as we're sitting at a stoplight on the way home. That's all.

DAILY Actor

TOM: Wow, I mean...

CARTER: I did feel that way, though. Maybe I shouldn't've yelled or . . . but it was true, what I said. You don't like being fat, there's a pretty easy remedy, most times. Do-not-jam-so-much-food-in-your-fucking-gullet. (Beat.) It's not that hard.