

Turn ①
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Turn ②
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Turn ①
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Turn ⑤
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OFF

Turn ⑤
OFF

Turn ③
ON

They attack each other, pawing at one another. Then:
I love you, Casey.

CASEY. I love you, Jo.

They go back to kissing.

Scene 2: Backstage at Cleo's

*Casey is in his filthy dressing room, practicing an Elvis number in his new jumpsuit, music coming from an old boom box. We catch the very tail end of it.**

Eddie enters from the parking lot. He's the owner of the bar and he's in a foul mood. He keeps his dark sunglasses on throughout the scene.

CASEY. Hey Eddie, you got a minute?

EDDIE. Not now, Casey, I got a migraine startin' / and I gotta lay down.

CASEY. I was hoping I could talk to you / about some ideas I have for—

EDDIE. Casey, seriously, my head's about to explode.

CASEY. I just wanted to talk about—

EDDIE. Have you ever had a migraine, Casey?

CASEY. I don't think so.

EDDIE. It's like giving birth out your eye socket. Can you imagine pushing an eight-pound baby out your eye socket?

CASEY. No, but speaking of babies, Jo and I / just found out—

EDDIE. I gotta go lay down in my office. We'll talk before your show tonight.

CASEY. Yeah, okay.

Eddie charges off into the bar. Casey checks himself in the mirror, does one last Elvis move, then heads off to the bathroom. From offstage...

* See Note on Songs/Recordings on page 69.

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TRACY. (Off.) Pick up the pace, REXY, we're here!

The parking lot door opens to reveal Miss Tracy Mills, an elegant drag queen, fresh from the road. A smile as wide as the Grand Canyon across her face. Then she takes a few steps into the dressing room and sees the state it's in. The smile remains but there's a lot more effort to keep it up.

Okay. Right. I can make a silk purse outta this.

REXY enters behind her, huffing and puffing as she drags an enormous suitcase behind her. She is also a drag queen but not an elegant one.

REXY. Oh my God...I cannot carry...this bag...any further.

REXY takes one look at the dressing room and turns right back out the door.

Oh no, no, no, no, no.

TRACY. REXY, get back here!

REXY. Miss Tracy Mills, what is this hellscape I see before me?

TRACY. It's our new home!

REXY. Do not tell me that we raced throughout the night to get to this shithole.

TRACY. Oh come on now, / REXY...

REXY. Don't you "come on REXY" me, Tracy. Is this how far down the scale we have slid?

TRACY. It's not that bad.

REXY. Bitch, Anne Frank woulda said "hell nah" to this place. Couldn't we try Atlanta again?

TRACY. GIRL!!!!

The Civil War was child's play compared to the bridges you left burning up there.

REXY. Well then Miami.

TRACY. And how do you plan on driving there, Miss Daisy? That car is being held together by duct tape and optimism. We coasted into that parking lot on fumes. Instead of complaining, why don't we thank our lucky stars that my cousin is givin' us this opportunity and let's get to making something of it? Finally a chance to



build something from the ground up. Now isn't that worth just a little bit of discomfort while we find our path to happiness? Okay, you get to unpacking. I'll start tidying. All it needs is a coat of paint and a roach bomb. Maybe some curtains. Yes, this'll do nicely.

Rexy notices Casey's jumpsuits hanging on the rack.

REXY. What's all this shit?

TRACY. Eddie said he had an Elvis impersonator he was getting rid of.

REXY. Elvis? Girl, I hope you packed the bleach wipes.

Rexy grabs Casey's jumpsuits and drops them onto the floor.

Casey reenters, still in his jumpsuit.

CASEY. Hey!

Tracy and Rexy scream.

What are you doing?

REXY. Girl, I do not think Elvis has left the building.

CASEY. Who the hell are you?

TRACY. How do you do, hon? I'm Miss Tracy Mills and this here's Miss Anorexia Nervosa.

REXY. It's Italian.

TRACY. You just come by for the rest of your stuff? / Come on, Rexy. Let's give him some space.

CASEY. Rest of my stuff? What are you talking about?

REXY. Tracy, girl, I do not think he knows.

TRACY. I was just having the same thought.

CASEY. Knows what? What is going on here?

EDDIE. (Off.) Casey, goddamnit, keep that racket down!

TRACY. (To Rexy.) That's Eddie!

Eddie enters. Tracy rushes to him, throwing her arms around him.

Eddie! Gimme some sugar, darlin', how long has it been?

EDDIE. Lady, do I know you?

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CASEY. You can't even get through a show without passing out drunk.

REXY. Never mistake my personal failings for a lack of devotion. I didn't choose to be a drag queen, baby, I was born one. I don't get to opt out when the going gets tough.

CASEY. You have no idea what this means to me.

REXY. Baby, you have no idea what this *means*.

You ever been to Houston? Miserable town for a little gay boy to come up in. Only place in the world I felt safe was inside a bar called the Montrose Mining Company. That's where I put on my first face. So this one night between shows, I walk out to my car to get my cigarettes when a brick materializes out of nowhere and hits me in the face.

(*Pointing to the scar.*) Right here. Then another brick hits me in the back of the head.

(*Pointing to the back of her head.*) Right here.

By now, I'm on the ground and I look up to see two of Houston's most promising young citizens preparing to kick the living shit out of me. I get to my feet, I face my attackers and I say "Well, mother-fuckers: Show me what you got." They did, all right.

(*Pointing to the scar.*) Seven stitches.

(*Pointing to the back of her head.*) Eighteen.

(*Pointing to her nose.*) Broken.

(*Pointing to her lip.*) Busted.

(*Pointing to her teeth.*) False.

I was sixteen years old.

And I still have the guts to walk out to my car every night as I am, even in this shitty, homophobic town. Because I'm a drag queen, bitch.

Drag ain't a hobby, baby. Drag ain't a night job. Drag is a protest. Drag is a raised fist inside a sequined glove. Drag is a lot of things, baby, but drag is not for sissies.

Tracy's number ends. Cheers offstage for her.

EDDIE. (*Off.*) And now hide your wallets and your teenaged sons. Here comes tonight's guest star, direct from rehab, Miss Anorexia Nervosa.

REXY. That's me. Who the fuck are you?

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Rexy's music starts to play. She exits to the stage.

Casey stares at himself in the mirror. A deep, hard stare. He then starts to quickly undress and get into drag.

Tracy enters from the stage in her most beautifully elaborate outfit yet. Eddie enters directly behind her.

CASEY. I'd like to go on next if that's okay.

EDDIE. It's Tracy's show. That's her call to make.

CASEY. There's a room full of people who came to see Georgia perform tonight.

TRACY. Well then you best get to it.

CASEY. Thank you.

Crew enters to help Casey into wig and makeup.

EDDIE. What song should I play, Casey?

CASEY. I don't need music. Just introduce me.

EDDIE. You got it.

Eddie exits.

TRACY. Is this your last one?

CASEY. I don't know.

TRACY. Well.

Don't forget to tilt your head up while you're singing. You want the light to catch your eyes. There's no sense going to all that trouble working on your eyes if they're just gonna be sitting in shadows.

By now Georgia is ready.

EDDIE. Ladies and gentlemen, she just couldn't stay away. Quite simply, Miss Georgia McBride.

Lights shift. We are onstage. Georgia is caught in a spotlight, holding a guitar.

GEORGIA. Hi y'all. Sorry I'm late.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD. We love you, Georgia!

GEORGIA. And I love you too, baby. With all my heart. We're gonna do something a little different tonight. I hope you like it.

Georgia strums the guitar. Then, in her own voice, Georgia sings:

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