

SIDE #1

Doublewide, Texas

CAPRICE, GEORGIA DEAN, JAVEETA, LOMAX, BIG ETHEL, LARK, BABY

CAPRICE. Hope Joveeta's found something today that'll help those of us who *aren't* moving to Galveston.

GEORGIA DEAN. I'm not worried. I know she's going to make sure she's not leaving us in some weird position. *(Just then, the front door flies open as Joveeta and Lomax struggle to get through it at the same time.)*

JOVEETA. Out of my way, Lomax! *I'm family and I've got important news. (Wedged in the door, each tries to push through.)*

LOMAX. I'm here with *official* information for everybody.

JOVEETA. So am I! *(She pushes through.)* I'm first! I win! I – *(sees Caprice, shrieks.)*

CAPRICE. That's right, kiddo! We're not in Kansas anymore.

JOVEETA. What, no Toto?

CAPRICE. Had to make a choice. *(Gets a beer from the basket, pops the top.)* Beer trumps dog every time. Cool one for you, Lomax?

JOVEETA. And *this* is why I don't live here. This place is a nuthouse!

GEORGIA DEAN. *(Miffed.)* Excuse me, *best friend*, but my home is *not* a nuthouse. *(Baby screams, races in from the hallway, Big Ethel in hot pursuit.)*

BIG ETHEL. Get back here! I'm gonna shave them hairy legs of yours if it's the last thing I do! *(Lark moves quickly toward the kitchen door.)*

LARK. Excuse me, but I better start burning that sage right now. The aura in this room has just turned a deep purple. *(Exit into kitchen.)*

JOVEETA. *(To Georgia Dean.)* Nut. House. *Nuthouse, nuthouse, nuthouse.*

LOMAX. Clearly I'm interrupting something that ... I don't understand – and probably don't want to – but – *(steps in front of Joveeta.)* as City Manager, I've got information you all should know.

JOVEETA. You've got no horse in this race, Lomax. *(Steps in front of him. Tops him.)* Now I have a source who told me the City *does* have -

JOVEETA and LOMAX. *(Compete.)* The right to annex this property if – *(Big Ethel pulls them apart.)*

BIG ETHEL. Okay, nix the chin music! Our future depends on us gettin' good information, so you two act like human beings and show some courtesy! Deal? *(They both nod.)* Good. Now spit it out and do it fast. Ladies first.

JOVEETA. *As I was saying*, technically Tugaloo *can* annex us, but only if there are hearings and adequate notice - which there wasn't. Annexing this property has *never* been on the council's agenda. So this goes way beyond the Sloggett's doing. The real info we need is who's pushing this and *why*.

LOMAX. Still working on that. And forget about lawsuits – the sad reality is, the town can outspend you and outmaneuver you. When you're broke and exhausted, they'll annex you anyway. Sorry, but there's nothing you can do.

BABY. They just want us to roll over and play dead? That's nothin' but wrong! *(Hands on his hips.)* What kind of man would I be if I didn't say so!

CAPRICE. Baby's right! *(Arm around Baby.)* Surely there's something nice, normal people like us can do to stop this thing. *(The others stare.)*

JOVEETA. *(Low to Georgia Dean.)* Nut. House. *(Turns to the others as Lark reenters from the kitchen.)* I *do not* agree with Lomax. There's got to be something we can do to stop this. And we have to do it fast because they're trying to annex us by *Friday*. *(Everyone reacts)*

LARK. Friday?! That's day after tomorrow.

GEORGIA DEAN. They're steamrolling us! Can they really make us live in town if we don't want to?

CAPRICE. This isn't just about higher taxes, we all know what's next. With Satan's little helper, Sloggett, leadin' the charge, they'll get rid of us! It's on the news everyday – land-grabs all over the country – people's little houses gettin' bulldozed do fancier houses or stadiums or shoppin' malls can go up. That's exactly why every town's startin' to look alike.

BIG ETHEL. Hell, this is Texas! The land of rugged individualism!

BABY. Yeah! If we wanted to live where every house looks the same and everyone drives the same car, we would! But people like us keep Texas interestin'! We're colorful! It's time to fight for our freedom to be different! We're not about to fall for – *(Falls out of sight behind sofa.)* I'm good.

LOMAX. So ... what are you going to do?

JOVEETA. We're going to stop Tugaloo in its tracks! And we'll do it before Friday – which will be just in time for me to save my new job.

BIG ETHEL. Yeah, We're gonna win this one for the little guy. We'll all pitch in and do what has to be done! Lark, you with us?

LARK. *(On the spot.)* Uh ... of course I'm behind you. But, well, since I'm new here, I'm not sure Aurora Borealis and I should get involved.

BABY. (*Struggles up from behind sofa.*) Y'all, if I can't work Minona's high heels, am I the right person for pageant? Should I just withdraw?

GEORGIA DEAN. That's it! *Withdraw!* We're goin' to do what every red-blooded Texan is hard-wired to do!

CAPRICE. Barbecue everything and watch football 'til our eyes bleed?

GEORGIA DEAN. The *other* thing – secede!!

LARK. From what?

BIG ETHEL. McTwayne County!

BABY. Why stop there? From Texas! Heck, the whole, dang U.S.A.!

BIG ETHEL. He's right! If they think they can run over us because we're just a bitty ol' trailer park, we'll become our own *country!* Annex *that!*

BABY. I say let's start our own army! Cousin Belita's got rocket launchers half-off this week.

GEORGIA DEAN. Forget becomin' our own country. Bein' as how there were six flags over Texas, surely one of those places will want us back!

BIG ETHEL. Let's hook up with a country that owned Texas before we stole the land away from 'em! How about Spain? We all love Spanish rice.

JOVEETA. Look, every couple of weeks some wild-haired Texan brings up the idea of secession. People will think we're crazy!

LOMAX. (Re: Baby.) And they could make a pretty good case. Besides, it would only draw unwanted media attention. This is just a bad idea.

JOVEETA. Well, if *you* think it's a bad idea that must mean it's a *great* idea! (*Comes around.*) And media attention is *exactly* what we need! This is about speaking up for what's right and not letting the system crush us.

CAPRICE. And never forgetting *there's no place like home!* (*They all shoot her a look.*) Oh, come on, y'all. You *knew* I was bound to say it.

GEORGIA DEAN. We're up to the challenge!

JOVEETA. That's right! Sometimes you just have to decide to stand up for yourself, no matter what. We'll make Tugaloo wish they'd never tangled with us! We're not afraid of them, we're not afraid of anything!

BABY. Actually, I'm scared of frogs ... and Methodists.

JOVEETA. Not now, Baby. *(To Lomax.)* We're all doing this! *(All cheer.)*

LOMAX. All right then. If you're determined, I say good luck to you.

GEORGIA DEAN. Nice to know you're in our corner. *(Gives him a peck on the cheek. He starts away, stops; they're drawn magnetically toward each other's lips. Joveeta, appalled, gets between them, pushes them apart.)*

JOVEETA. Do you mind?! We're in the middle of a revolution here.

LOMAX. All right. Then as the City Manager, it's my duty to let Mayor Pudney know he's underestimated you if he thinks you're not going to put up a fight. I'll tell him you won't take this lying down. *(Exits front door.)*

JOVEETA. Okay, Georgia Dean, get on your computer and find the numbers for the foreign embassies of every country that ever owned Texas. Then Mama, I want you to – oh, wait! Baby, catch Lomax and tell him to keep trying to find out who pushed the annexation through so fast and why.

BABY. Will do! I'll – *(lurches behind sofa, falls from view.)*

GEORGIA DEAN. You good?

BABY. *(Unseen, from behind sofa. Weak.)* I been better.

LARK. I'll go! *(Exits front door as Baby struggles up from behind sofa.)*

JOVEETA. Okay, group huddle. I'm coming up with a plan.