

~~MADRID~~ REXY

*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.

START

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?

TRACY. Oh Eddie, don't tease me now.

EDDIE. Listen darlin', I'm sure we had fun, but I'm sterile. The kid ain't mine.

TRACY. Eddie, it's me, you great big goose! Your cousin *(Whispers.)* Bobby.

*Eddie removes his sunglasses and takes Tracy in.*

EDDIE. Bobby?

TRACY. Yes, but I told you over the phone, darlin', it's Tracy when I'm at work. Miss Tracy Mills. Well here we are, as promised: two drag queens, special delivery.

EDDIE. Well shit.

TRACY. We've barely had a moment to shake the dust off our heels but I wanna talk about when / you think we could start redecorating and gettin' the show up and running.

CASEY. Eddie, what the hell's going on here?

EDDIE. Look, Casey. I was fixin' to tell you after your show tonight.

CASEY. Tell me what?

EDDIE. I, ah...well, I'm making some changes 'round here.

CASEY. What kind of changes?

EDDIE. My cousin Bobby here—

TRACY. Tracy, darlin', when I'm at work...

EDDIE. He, ah...

TRACY. She.

EDDIE. I said I'd let him...er, um, I'd let her and her friend here...

*Eddie stares for a moment at Rexy.*

REXY. *Enchanté.*

EDDIE. I said I'd let them do their act here at Cleo's. So, um, we're gonna try that for a while.

CASEY. What about my act?

EDDIE. We're not gonna be doing that no more.

CASEY. But I just bought a new jumpsuit. And the opening number really landed last night.

EDDIE. For seven people.

END  
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