

# T5

BUT I FEEL PANIC  
I FEEL PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANIC  
I FEEL PANIC, PANIC, PANIC, PANIC  
PANIC, PANIC, PANIC, PANIC, PANIC  
SOMEBODY STOP THIS PANIC!

*(Song ends. Black-out. Lights up on Jeannie, still stuck on her porch, but now huffing and puffing, trying to get Duke behind Pippi's door.)*

PIPPI. Jeannie?

START

JEANNIE. Pippi! Oh, Pippi, I got locked outside my trailer 'cause this crazy guy came lookin' for you and —

PIPPI. I know, it's Duke. And he's fixin' to shoot up this entire trailer park so now would be a really good time for you to get on outta here.

JEANNIE. I gotta be inside. Pippi, can I come inside your trailer?

PIPPI. Jeannie, I'm serious. I know Duke, and you do not wanna mess with him when he's been shoppin' at Costco.

JEANNIE. But I get these awful panic attacks and —

PIPPI. Jeannie! We do not have time for this. You can stay or you can go. It's your choice, but me? I gotta go pack. *(Pippi turns to go into her trailer.)*

JEANNIE. You're leavin'? You bring that psycho crazy man into our trailer park and then you leave?

PIPPI. Look. If I leave, Duke will follow. And I can handle him better than ya'll.

JEANNIE. But what if you're wrong? What if he don't follow you?

PIPPI. Well, gee, Jeannie. Thanks for bein' concerned about my well-bein'. I guess noone's gonna miss the town slut so how 'bout I just take one for the team and ya'll don't have to bother sayin' thanks.

JEANNIE. Thanks? Thanks for what? Blowin' into Starke and blowin' everything in sight? *(Pippi drops her bag.)*

PIPPI. Easy, Jeannie. *(The Girls enter with their suitcases still in hand.)*

GIRLS. I cannot believe we have to get outta here. ~~That mental man's gonna miss~~  
~~check in it. (Ex.)~~

JEANNIE. Oh, Betty, thank God. I got locked outta my trailer. Do you have a spare key?

BETTY. Sure, here I always carry the spare. *(Betty pulls out the Master Key for Jeannie.)*

PIPPI. Not so fast. *(Pippi rips the key out of Betty's hand.)*

BETTY. Hey, give me that key!

PIPPI. No, I got somethin' to say, Betty. *(To Jeannie.)* Let me tell you wha — *(Pippi turns to the other Girls.)* No, let me tell ya'll what. I have been on my own since the age of sixteen, woman. Takin' care of myself, by myself. See, I don't have

friends to go run my errands for me or a husband to take care of me.

JEANNIE. Husband?! Why get your own husband when you can just steal somebody else's?

LIN. ~~Oh, snap. Did you hear that? (The Girls are laughing and find it funny.)~~

PIPPI. I didn't exactly wrestle Norbert to the ground, Jeannie. The way I see it, Norbert made a choice. Seems he'd rather go two-steppin' ... *(Indicates Jeannie's crazy.)* ... than twelve-steppin'? *(The Girls are amused by this one.)*

JEANNIE. You wanna see crazy? Just step in a little closer, Pippi. I'll show you crazy. *(Pippi saunters over to Jeannie.)*

PIPPI. I ain't afraid o' crazy, Jeannie. I been doin' crazy my whole life. So I hardly think I'm gonna be intimidated by a woman who wouldn't so much as step outside her own front door while her man's out with another woman paintin' the town red.

JEANNIE. More like painting the town red neck. *(The Girls murmur louder. Norbert runs in.)*

NORBERT. ~~Jeannie, Jeannie, I got a little thing for you. (He looks at Pippi.)~~ *(He looks at Pippi.)* ~~ing each other down.)~~ Oh hell. *(Pippi looks over her shoulder at Norbert, then back to Jeannie. She then places her high heels deliberately on Jeannie's porch step.)*

GIRLS. ~~Wh-oh, gettin' ugly ... (Etc.)~~

NORBERT. Oh no. Not the step ... *(Jeannie shoves Pippi. The Girls vocally react. Pippi pushes Jeannie and the Girls react more. Jeannie and Pippi lunge at each other. Excited instrumentation of "Storm's a Brewin" comes in as they tumble into the Garstecki trailer and brawl. The trailer shakes like crazy — glass breaks, fur flies. Then, suddenly:)*

PICKLES. Help!!! Help!!! Oh God, help!!! *(Music out.)* You're not gonna believe this, but I think I'm really havin' a baby! *(Pandemonium. Everyone gathers around Pickles, shouting all at once. They huddle around her, continuing to yell until we hear a baby cry. Everyone clears to reveal Pickles, a very black baby, held by Betty.)*

BETTY. Pickles, you got somethin' you wanna tell us?

PICKLES. *(Innocent.)* That ain't mine.

LIN. Well it didn't come out of my vagina. *(Pandemonium ensues again as everyone shouts at everyone, until ... Gunshot. Everyone stops. Duke stands there, gun pointed at all of them.)*

PIPPI. Duke!

DUKE. That's right. And I am here to take you down. *(Everyone takes out their individual guns and aims at Duke.)* Mine's loaded. *(Everyone puts their guns away, chatting uncontrollably.)* I am in charge, now! I am in control! *(Everyone shuts up.)*

PIPPI. Duke, come on. Put the gun down. You don't even know how to use it.

END