

T1

BETTY.

WELL I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THAT IT'S NEITHER
SO LET'S LAY DOWN THE FACTS THAT WE LIVE
THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS, WE LIVE
THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS
WHERE IT'S HOTTER THAN HADES
AND IN A HEAT LIKE THIS IT'S HARD TO
ACT LIKE LADIES WHEN YOU'RE
THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS
WE LIVE A LIFE OF GLAMOUR TO THE MAX
AIN'T THAT RIGHT?

PICKLES and LIN.

IT'S A FACT!

ALL THREE GIRLS.

HERE ON THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS

START

BETTY. *(To audience.)* Well, hello there! Ya'll must've taken a wrong turn off o' Highway 301 because you are in Starke, Florida, and this here is Armadillo Acres, North Florida's most exclusive manufactured housing community.

LIN. It's a trailer park.

BETTY. Well, the mortgage ain't bad and the weather is kind. Beautiful day, huh girls?

PICKLES.

It's kinda hot.

LIN.

You could fry an
egg on my ass.

BETTY. 'Course it's the humidity that makes people forget their manners. In fact just the other day I was conversatin' with someone at lunch. When I told him I lived in a trailer park he said, "Honey, this here's White Castle ... not White Trash."

LIN and PICKLES. Of all the nerve, that ain't right ... *(Etc.)*

BETTY. First off, I do not work on my tan near three hundred and sixty-five days a year to be called white anything.

PICKLES. What did you say back?

BETTY. Nothin'. *(Music out.)* It's not my fault that cock-smokin', tongue-waggin', cheese-suckin' dick-in-a-bag doesn't know a lady when he sees one. *(Music back in.)*

AND MY TITLE'S NOT EASILY WON

I'VE LIVED IN ARMADILLO ACRES SINCE 1973

OH YEAH

I BEEN A CARETAKER, HOMEMAKER

~~_____~~
EARTH SHAKER, SEX FAKER, HEADACHER
AND THAT'S JUST SCRATCHIN' THE SURFACE
OF A TRAILER TRASH BRIDE LIKE ME
AND I LIVE THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS
ALL THREE GIRLS.

WE LIVE THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS
WE ARE POOR AND WE'RE TIRED
THAT'S THE TOP TWO THINGS
THAT ARE REQUIRED HERE ON
THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS
WE'RE WHAT SOCIETY LET SLIP
THROUGH THE CRACKS
BUT WHO CARES? WE DON'T, WE LIVE
~~THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS~~

LIN. My friends call me Lin, but my full name is Linoleum because my mama gave birth to me on the kitchen floor. My husband Earl's been on death row at the Florida State Prison for eight years now. The whole thing's got me so ... so ... What's the word I'm lookin' for?

PICKLES. Horny?

LIN. That's it. The prison has an electric chair we call "Ol' Smokey," which don't work a hundred percent unless most of Starke's electricity is turned off, so I spend my time makin' sure everybody's electricity stays on all the time. Because enforcing cruel and unusual punishment on a man for doin' wrong is not the job of the government. *(Music out.)* It is the job of a wife. *(Music back in.)*

~~EVERYBODY KEEP YOUR LIGHTS ON~~
SO THE PRISON TURNS OL' SMOKE OFF
BURN THE MIDNIGHT OIL
EVEN IF YOUR LOVERMAN WANTS TO BOFF
I BEEN ON THIS CRUSADE OF JUSTICE

~~TO CLEAR MY NAME OF WHAT HE'S DONE~~
(Spoken.) Earl was right to shoot that son-of-a-bitch. *(Music out.)* He was in the wrong lane. *(Music back in.)*

~~SO UNTIL MY MAN'S BACK HOME IN BED~~
~~EVERY LIGHT IN THE TOWN IS CONTROLLED~~
~~FROM MOON TO SUN~~

PICKLES. My real name is Donna, but everybody calls me Pickles 'cause I'm pregnant.

BETTY and LIN. Uh ... I don't think so, no you're not ... *(Etc.)*

PICKLES. Alright. I ain't pregnant for real. Doctors call 'em "hysterical pregnancies." That means even though they ain't real or nothin', you do get symptoms. For example, I eat lots of food and then I get fat. I'm seventeen and my husband is a fancy guy from Jacksonville.

BETTY and LIN. I love Jacksonville, that's no joke, big city ... *(Etc.)*

END

PICKLES. He likes foreign beers and cheese that smells like urine. *(Sings.)*

AND THAT'S OKAY WITH ME

THEM PEOPLE DON'T FIT MY IDEA

OF A LOVIN' FAMILY

I GOT MY MAN, I GOT MY FRIENDS

AND SOMETHIN' ON THE WAY

SO IF ME AND MY MISTER KEEP ON TRYIN'

WE MIGHT GET IT RIGHT SOMEDAY

AND WE'LL LIVE

THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS, WE'LL LIVE

THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS, WE'LL HAVE A

LOVELY ADDITION

LIN.

THERE'S JUST ONE THING MISSIN'

FROM YOUR CURRENT CONDITION HERE ON

ALL THREE GIRLS.

THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS

PICKLES.

I GET A LOT OF WEAR OUT OF MATERNITY SLACKS

BETTY and LIN.

WHERE FROM?

PICKLES.

OFF THE RACK

ALL THREE GIRLS.

HERE ON THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS

(Norbert Garstecki storms out of his trailer. He wears a plain work uniform and has a lunch pail. His wife Jeannie appears in the door.)

JEANNIE.

NORBERT GARSTECKI,

DON'T YOU DARE GO OFF IN A HUFF

GIRLS. *(For the audience.)*

THAT'S JEANNIE, NORBERT AND JEANNIE