

THE LEGEND OF GEORGIA McBRIDE

Rexy^{74.}

REXY

Tell me everything you know about Stonewall. Mattachine. Act Up. Could you even find Christopher Street on a New York City map?

CASEY

I get it, Remy. You know more about drag than I do.

REXY

This ain't about knowledge, baby. This is about respect. Heritage. Lineage. We ain't runnin' a fucking community theatre here. This shit is life and death.

CASEY

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

Start

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.

Casey returns to cleaning.

REXY

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 my first face on. 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, motherfuckers: 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)

REXY (CONT'D)

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'S VOICE

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?

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

Casey stands there with a box full of drag paraphernalia. He stares at himself in the mirror. A deep, hard stare. He then starts to quickly undress and put on his padding and stockings. He's getting into drag. This is another moment where our dressers can come out and help him. It's the fastest transition yet.

Tracy enters from the stage with Eddie directly behind her. They spot Casey. We continue to dress Casey throughout this.

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 out there who drove for miles to see Georgia perform tonight.

TRACY

Well then you best get to it.

Stop

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