

Side 1

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.

It's a trailer park.

Well, I'm the leasing manager of this here establishment and I say the mortgage ain't bad and the weather is kind. Beautiful day, huh girls?

It's kinda hot.

You could fry an egg on my ass.

'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."

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

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.