

**A
DOUBLEWIDE,
TEXAS
CHRISTMAS**

**BY JESSIE JONES
NICHOLAS HOPE
JAMIE WOOTEN**



**DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.**

A DOUBLEWIDE, TEXAS CHRISTMAS
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A DOUBLEWIDE, TEXAS CHRISTMAS received its world premiere at Theatre Off The Square in Weatherford, Texas, on December 1, 2017. It was directed by Jon R. Kruse; the assistant directors were Roberta Furman, Chuck Hudson, and Wally Jones; the stage manager was Jessica Michel; the lighting design was by Wally Jones and Jesse James; the set design was by Chuck Hudson; the sound design was by Nikolai Braswell; the costume design was by Jessica Michel and Peggy Osburn; the property design was by Jessica Michel and Linda Hudson; the original Jones Hope Wooten show logo was designed by Joe Connor and Mike Stevens. The cast was as follows:

BIG ETHEL SATTERWHITE	Debra Gass
GEORGIA DEAN RUDD	Rebecca Young
LARK BARKEN	Kate Cowling
HAYWOOD SLOGGETT	Dan Parris
PATSY PRICE	Kathy Manning
NORWAYNE “BABY” CRUMPLER	Ray Shannon
JOVEETA CRUMPLER	Megan Hamilton
CAPRICE CRUMPLER	Peggy Osburn
NASH SLOGGETT	Nikolai Braswell

ON LICENSING A *DOUBLEWIDE*, TEXAS CHRISTMAS

Under no circumstances should any female role in this comedy be played by a male, or any male role in this comedy be played by a female.

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All of the characters portrayed in *A Doublewide, Texas Christmas* are fictional creations, and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

AUTHORS' NOTES

We suggest up-tempo Christmas music be played pre- and post-show, at intermission, and especially during scene transitions.

We urge scene changes be made as quickly as possible to maintain a lively pace for the play, especially in Act Two between Scenes 5 and 6.

The actor who portrays Nash can also provide the voice of Harley.

A lifelike doll should portray the “role” of Arden Rose.

The flyers Lark passes out to the audience in Act Two, Scene 1, should be printed with promotional information for relocation to Doublewide.

CHARACTERS

BIG ETHEL SATTERWHITE, 60s

GEORGIA DEAN RUDD, 40s

LARK BARKEN, 20s

HAYWOOD SLOGGETT, 70s

PATSY PRICE, 60s

NORWAYNE “BABY” CRUMPLER, 40s

JOVEETA CRUMPLER, 40s

CAPRICE CRUMPLER, 70s

NASH SLOGGETT, 40s

HARLEY DOBBS, 40s (Voiceover Only)

PLACE

In and around the living room of Joveeta’s mobile home in the trailer park community of Doublewide, Texas. Other locations are indicated by pools of light.

TIME

The present.

The action of the play takes place over two weeks in December leading up to Christmas.

A DOUBLEWIDE, TEXAS CHRISTMAS

ACT ONE

Scene 1

A spotlight comes up downstage center on a lectern. Big Ethel Satterwhite, brusque, down-to-earth, enters stage right in colorful nurse's scrubs, stethoscope around her neck, carries a flashlight, strides to the lectern, addresses the audience.

BIG ETHEL. Well, this is a real good turnout. And I don't care what anybody says, y'all clean up right nice. I want to thank all you residents here at Stairway to Heaven Retirement Village for comin' out to participate in this afternoon's Senior Seminar: "Holiday Buffets—Good Eats or Deathtrap On A Plate?" And for those with short-term memory challenges, let me remind you that I'm Big Ethel Satterwhite, the L.V.N. on duty. Now, with Christmas bearin' down on us, we know full well that your guilt-riddled family members are gonna take you out and wine and dine you so you'll forget you haven't seen 'em in six months. But when you get to your trashy daughter-in-law's house—the one who's got her eye on the family silver—you'll be faced with gooey pies, bowls of congealed mess and platters of Southern-fried artery clog guaranteed to stroke you out by New Year's. Now, if you show a little dietary restraint, you'll have a fair shot at makin' it 'til Easter. You might even live long enough to see your son realize the error of his ways and give that skank the boot! And speakin' of buffets, the folks at the Tabernacle of the Lamb will be sharin' some Yuletide goodies

with us when we caravan over to Fayro in two weeks to attend their annual Christmas Program. And if anyone spots a dish of Sissy Fowler's Dreamy Potted Meat Thumb Rolls, give us a heads up. We can't afford a repeat of the gastrointestinal upset we all endured in the van comin' home from last year's festivities. (*Fans the air.*) Not that I'm mentionin' any names, *Orlene Plunkett!* And that's our official discussion for today. (*Makes sure no other staff members are around. Then, low.*) Now, let's get down to business. Speakin' of *sharin' your goodies*, as the staff medical professional, it's my job to make sure y'all are all enjoyin' a good life. But some of you may be enjoyin' yourselves a little too much. A pair of boxer shorts and a peek-a-boo negligee were found hangin' from the azaleas out by the fish pond. And those are not the first unmentionables found scattered around the property. People, thrashin' through the bushes fueled by raw lust could have dire consequences, especially on a frosty mornin'. Look, everyone loves a little *slap and tickle* now and again. For example, I tolerate a little kiss and a wink from my husband, O.C., once every seven or eight months or so whether I like it or not. Perfectly healthy and even— (*Her attention caught, shines the flashlight on an audience member.*) Now *this* is exactly what I'm talkin' about. Chubby Tate, you keep them wanderin' hands off Miss Inetta! (*Snaps off the flashlight.*) I know everyone here at Stairway to Heaven wants to go out with a smile on your face, but if you people keep this up, y'all may be climbin' them stairs a lot sooner than you counted on. So find yourself some other activities—jog on the treadmill, learn to knit. Or better yet, somebody *please* finish that tacky Thomas Kinkadee jigsaw puzzle in the rec room. (*Sighs.*) But if you're hell-bent on *makin' those bells on bobtails ring*, for the love of Mike, have the decency to stay in your room and lock the door. 'Cause frankly, the less chance one of us staff members has of seein' *you rockin'* around the Christmas tree, the better *our* chances are of sleepin' in heavenly peace! (*Blackout.*)

Scene 2

Later that afternoon. A spotlight comes up downstage left on a bench and a coat rack with a couple of coats hanging on it nearby—the storeroom of Bronco Betty's Buffeteria. Georgia Dean Rudd, gregarious ball of fire, hurries in stage left in jeans, ruffled shirt, fringed apron, cowboy hat, big earrings, neck scarf, all in her signature color, hot pink. Talks on her phone.

GEORGIA DEAN. ...Ozella Smoot, I understand y'all are busy there at the hospital, we're swamped here at the Buffeteria, too—today's lunch rush almost did us in. But I need to know how Earlcody is doing since they hauled him off this morning... *What?!* Another stent? That's got to put him into double digits. Y'all trying to meet a year-end sales quota or something?... Yeah, he collapsed serving up the Smokers Anonymous prayer breakfast. Seeing him face down in the grits upset those weak sisters so bad they all raced outside and sucked down a pack of Camels... Listen, Lark and I are on our way... I don't give a flip about I.C.U. rules, I've worked for Earlcody here at Bronco Betty's since I was sixteen so I *will* get in to see him... *What?!* That's blackmail... Okay, fine. If he's still got a pulse when we show up, I'll have a bear claw with your name on it. *(Hangs up, as Lark, a guileless, bespectacled young woman in an identical uniform, enters stage left.)*

LARK. Sorry it took so long to bus the tables, Georgia Dean, but half of McTwayne County must've eaten lunch here today. The bottomless banana pudding promotion you came up with is really packing them in.

GEORGIA DEAN. *(Removes her apron.)* Yeah, but I doubt we made a profit today, Lark. Once Dessie Murch waddled in here, I knew it would take a cattle prod to get her away from the trough. I swear I saw sparks flying off her spoon.

LARK. I'm so glad we're closing early to go see Earlcody. I know you've been after him to eat healthier. *(Quickly removes her apron.)*

And in his defense, he *did* put a leaf of lettuce on his double cheese-burger yesterday.

GEORGIA DEAN. That won't cut it. He needs to clean up his act. Earl Cody's promised the buffeteteria is all mine when he retires, but I don't like walking around thinking I'm just one chicken-fried steak away from owning this joint.

LARK. I know you worry about that sweet old man, but when you *do* take over this place, it'll be awesome. That's bound to be a dream-come-true for you.

GEORGIA DEAN. Yes, ma'am. I'm finally inching up on happiness. I love my work, my home, my friends, I've got it all. (*Grabs both their coats.*) And it only took surviving forty-five-plus years, ditching two deadbeat husbands and cultivating a natural talent for thrifty and dramatic accessorizing to make it happen.

LARK. I'm finding my bliss, too. In fact, my aura has been predominantly orange for a while now. You gave me this job, then I met everyone in Doublewide and had my baby. And with the little exception of losing my new husband in that tragic sky-diving accident, it's been a really great year.

GEORGIA DEAN. And I swear this coming year will be even better.

LARK. Hey, it's almost Christmas, maybe Santa will bring you Mr. Wonderful.

GEORGIA DEAN. At this point I'd settle for Mr. Good-Enough-In-A-Pinch or, heck, during a *really* lonely stretch, I'd take Mr. Finally-Working-A-Job-And-Hasn't-Violated-Parole. (*Sighs.*) No, the last Mr. Wonderful in my life was your daddy. But Nash Sloggett was the one who got away. (*They put on their coats.*)

LARK. He got away from me, too—never even knew I was born. But I'd sure love to know him and let him meet his granddaughter and see the people who've been so good to me since I came here from Oregon. That's my Christmas wish.

GEORGIA DEAN. That's a good one. And *mine* is the same thing every woman over forty wishes for—one good cycle through the clothes dryer. (*Off Lark's puzzled look.*) 'Cause then we'd come out wrinkle-free and two sizes smaller! (*They laugh and exit stage left. Blackout.*)

A DOUBLEWIDE, TEXAS CHRISTMAS

by Jessie Jones, Nicholas Hope, Jamie Wooten

3M, 6W

In this outrageously funny comedy, it's Christmas-time in the newest—and tiniest—town in Texas. And it's beginning to look a lot like trouble in Doublewide. Not only are the trailer park residents dealing with the stress of the holiday season, but they've just discovered that Doublewide is being doubled-crossed by the County. With their official incorporation papers in jeopardy, this band of eccentric Texans throw themselves into taking on the "Big Guys." Determined to bolster their legitimacy, they first set their sights on the County-wide "Battle of The Mangers" competition. They conspire to win this smackdown with their "Nativity At The Alamo" entry...by any means possible.

In addition to that shaky undertaking and trying almost single-handedly to keep the new town afloat, Mayor Joveeta Crumpler has to wrangle her celebrity-obsessed mother, her beleaguered brother who's being bullied by a pack of vengeful raccoons, *and* her demoralized best friend who's at the end of her rope from dating every loser this side of the Rio Grande. To make matters worse, Joveeta finds herself increasingly wary of the newest resident, Patsy Price. Patsy, fresh out of the local mental institution, clearly has her own devious agenda and the County competition over in Fayro is just the place for her to settle an old score.

By the time this full-tilt rocket ride of lunacy climaxes in a what-else-can-go-wrong live television presentation, you'll have doubled your Christmas spirit. So spend the Yuletide in Doublewide and let this hilarious Jones Hope Wooten Comedy make your Christmas merry and bright...because there's no place like a good ol' Texas-sized mobile home for the holidays!

Also by Jones, Hope, Wooten
DEARLY BELOVED
THE RED VELVET CAKE WAR
'TIL BETH DO US PART
and others

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

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