

Rick Park
Excerpt from *Knock Down, Drag Out*

Lights up to club level—dim, with a red tint. Maybe some small white Christmas lights flashing a bit. We hear the last 20-30 seconds of Wilson Phillip’s “Hold On” and then applause. Over a microphone we hear the DJ.

DJ (voice only)

Thank you for coming to Antoine’s Tribute to the 90s! And let’s give one more round of applause to our beautiful and talented queens! Our resident gender-bender, Mx! (cheers, then we see MX appear in the dressing room) Go against her and you’ll lose your arm--Miss Sharia Law! (cheers, slightly louder, then we see SHARIA appear in the dressing room). And the Queen of Boston drag herself, the one, the only—ZONNA! (Biggest cheers).

(Lights up on the backstage dressing area, where we see ZONNA and SHARIA enter, dressed as the three members of Wilson Phillips. The DJ continues as ZONNA sits and picks up her vape cigarette and SHARIA pulls her phone out of her cleavage and starts typing away)

Please remember as you leave to be considerate of our neighbors and keep extraneous noise down. (We hear a woman whoop). If you had fun tonight, tell your friends. And if you didn’t, what the f*** is wrong with you? Remember, folks—All roads lead to Antoine’s! Good night, everybody!

ZONNA
(Entering) Brutal.

SHARIA
Hmm?

ZONNA
That. Was. Bru. Tal.

SHARIA
Well, yeah. But this whole Wilson Phillips thang, hunty...

ZONNA
Yeah?

SHARIA
Went over like a fart in church, girl. We shoulda done Destiny’s Child like I said...

ZONNA
And have to listen to you and the youngin fight about who gets to be Beyonce? Hell no.

SHARIA
(Almost to herself) Ain’t nobody want to be Kelly Rowlands...

ZONNA

What was that?

SHARIA

We coulda done TLC. En Vogue. Hell, the goddamned Spice Girls woulda been better.

ZONNA

Just thought I would mix it up. Try something... different.

SHARIA

Oh, it was different alright.

ZONNA

The bachelorette party didn't seem to mind.

SHARIA

They all drunk.