

Audition Script

Penny

Mid 40's-50's.

A candidate. Hypnotizingly watchable.

PENNY. I want to address one of the biggest questions of the campaign so far. Who is Penelope Easter? Me. Who am I? What is she/I about? Is/am she/I the one who will do what I/you want?

Some of ya have no idea.

You might not have followed my success in the professional roller-skating circuit, been affected by my charity work, or you might not have heard a hoot about all the doable plans we've been hatching over in Hays Springs.

You might know what *they* want you to know about me. That sometimes I put my "foot in my mouth." Sometimes I confuse "my grains and what they are sheathed in." And I have a husband who "likes special things." I'm not going to bestow any dignity to the elitist attacker naypeople by addressing their vicious teapot gos- sip. But I will address you, the people of Nebraska, the voters with a choice who are probing their hearts to decide if I am the right candidate to dimple their chad for.

To answer your question I must first ask my own: Who are *you*? Seriously, who are ya? What's your sign? Why did you come here? Wearing those sandals? With that face? Do you think you deserve the great things I could do for you simply because you exist? Because your mommy said you were special? Seriously, what makes you worth fighting for?

A campaign is a date. Between you and me. And we're dancing, we're getting drinks, we're touching each other's shoulders, and our nipples are paying attention, but I need more if we're gonna be an L.T.R. I don't want to be "one of those" couples who are all lovey- dovey until compromise and sacrifice transform them into resentful

sacks. 'Cause let me tell you, if we want a bright future, we're gonna need a more perfect union than that.

For as we can all feel, these are not good times. These are bad bad times. So frippin bad that even the rights we thought were unalienable are under a full assault. *Life* is under attack. Murderers. Viruses. Avoidable accidents. And, of course, all the senseless tragedies like what happened right here in North Platte. Why a shotput? Why a christening? Will we ever be able to bowl the same way again?

I, too, bled with you on that day. I don't think my opponent, with his bulletproof Cadillacs and access to medicine, really understands the corporeal threats day after day and how we all could die (*Snaps fingers.*) just like that. I understand. And I'm not gonna let them get ya. I, Penelope Easter, will fight for your life. Will you fight for mine?

Liberty is under attack. No smoking. No parking. You can't eat that it's got corn in it.

Have you read my opponent's platform? He thinks you gotta think everything he thinks. Now tell me what relationship works well like that? Maybe if you're a servant in his court and this is England. Maybe if you're a prostitute and he's your pimp and you're still paying off your trip from Indonesia.

Unlike my opponent, I don't think you're my whore to keep in line. I respect you, your idiosyncrasissies, your need to put career before family, and I don't give a hoot if you like to drive with or without your seatbelt. For I, Penelope Easter, will fight for your liberty. Will you fight for mine?

And oh boy is pursuing *happiness* under attack. I don't think my opponent believes in mirth. He doesn't want you pursuing anything at all 'cause that makes you free and makes him weak. He wants you believe your dreams are selfish, silly, and unachievable, you're not good enough, you're never gonna get what you desire anyway *so give up*, lay back and submit to the mediocre plan that'll wet the dreams of *Daddy Mister Him*. Well I say we get together and shove my opponent's plans for us up his hoo-ha 'cause I, Penelope Easter, will fight for your happiness. Will you fight for mine?