

TINK AUDITION READ (Page 11)

TINK: (In her wheelchair, Drinks to the dregs. Directly to the audience.) Would you look at all this junk. What a dump! I think we're having a yard sale—in Appalachia. Shit! I hope they're not selling me. I could demand a pretty penny, you know. I knew somebody who knew somebody who was sold into white slavery once. She was sold as a virgin to a sheik over in one of those Arab countries. I hope he got his money's worth. If she was a virgin I'm ready to be beatified by the Pope. How old am I? How long have I been out here? Are we still on Earth?

It's bloody hot out here, I'll tell you that. You can't stick an old lady in a wheelchair made of metal and plastic, cover her up with an old, smelly, blanket, shove her out in the sun, and then expect her to be happy about it. No! I am not one bit happy. Hello. Hello? Is there intelligent life out there? Is my mouth moving? (She smiles, raises her arms heavenward, closes her eyes and drops her head. Her arms stay raised in the air.)