

*Another beat.*

*Too long.*

*Shandy stands up and glides toward the audience. His voice gets lower and lower with every line until he is sounds like a bass.*

SHANDY: (out to audience) Your backHANDed comments can't affect my mood today, Chandelle! This gig is mine! What you don't know is I have the upperHAND. I modeled for Twombly Toys twice during the time they were in transition from an adult toy store to a product for tykes. (Please pick up on all the "T" alliteration in that sentence. Spit if you need.) They liked my work so much, they let me HANDpick the proofs we used for merchANDising. They said it was some of the most HANDsome modeling they'd ever seeeeeen. I got a HANDwritten letter from the CEO of the company, along with an expensive bottle of Br..(h)andy and an assortment of cucumber s(h)andwiches.

*He returns to his seat, a fabulous walk with a graceful lowering into the chair.*

*Chandelle looks to him. Daggers. She looks away.*

*He looks to her. Daggers. He looks away.*

*Together they look at the same time. Their eyes lock. Daggers.*

*Together they inhale angrily, together they exhale angrily. This happens again. And again. On the third time, they both exhale until they are completely out of breath.*

*A beat.*

*Then, at rapid speed:*

SHANDY CONT.: For your information, Chandelle, you haven't seen me at auditions because I've been taking on international jobs as of late!

CHANDELLE: Oh, how nice to see you finally br(h)an(d)ching out, dahling. As someone who has been international ALL OF MY LIFE, it's so nice to have a little friendly competition out in the world. One gets tired of getting alllllll the jobs in Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and Australia. And Antarctica. And Handa. And Handan. And Handberg. And Handville-

SHANDY: (breaks character. This is the taking-earrings-out moment) YOU ARE FROM FOOTVILLE TEXAS, CHANDELLE AND EVERYONE KNOWS IT!

CHANDELLE: (huge gasp- much longer and gaspier than you would think ) How DARE you, Shandy Welles! You're just jealous because your hand has more wrinkles than a broom skirt on a high school community theater actress playing a HANDmaiden in a Shakespeare piece!

SHANDY: Yooooou take that back or I swear I'll strike you with sharp end of a cHANDalier!

CHANDELLE: Don't you manHANDle me, Shandy Welles!

SHANDY: YOU have the grace of a HANDyman, Chandelle Barbour!

CHANDELLE: And you, the talent of a stageHAND!

*They inhale/exhale again. And again. On the third inhale, they are interrupted by HANDLEY COVINGTON, clumsily stumbling into the room.*

HANDLEY: Whoa, excuse me!

*Handley is less intense than the other two hand models, almost friendly and earnest. The glove she is wearing is identical to the other characters, but she wears it on the wrong hand.*

HANDLEY: Sorry, my feet sometimes have a mind of their own. Is this the waiting room for the Twombly Toy auditions?

CHANDELLE: The foot models are down the hall, dear.

*She laughs.*

*Shandy joins in.*

*The laughter turns to cackling, from cackling into animal sounds, from animals sounds into insane, synced up breathing, and then, suddenly, abrupt silence.*

*Handley is confused but continues:*

HANDLEY: I'm not here for the foot auditions. I'm a hand model. In the union and everything. Is this a pro HANDshake room or no?