**CANDY COTTINGHAM Audition Monologue (Woman 3)**

I think of myself as an upper-class working girl. The press calls me a “socialite”, which is just another name for a well-dressed fund raiser. To me, fundraising is like candy. You get to talk with fascinating people and promote causes you love. What could be more delicious than that? I began in the eighties, I gave a party in Washington, DC for Nicaraguan refugee children—it wasn’t for the Contras, although I’m sure that would’ve been fun too. But fundraising is work. It’s hard to separate people from their money. There is finesse to approaching a potential donor. I never bring up money when I first meet someone. It’s not like it’s a secret. I mean, they know why I’m there. But sometimes I like to see how long I can go before I ask for a gift. Call me a tease.

The other day, I was riding around New York in a limousine during a hotel strike, and there was nowhere to go, and I though, “Now I know what it feels like to be a bag lady.” You can’t just go around, pick up every homeless person you see and bring them home with you. But if you can help by saying something entertaining, you bring a light into their eyes. Maybe that’s what the word “social-lite” means.