

BARRIE SPENCER—female, Black/Latinx, Mid 40's

Wife to Dennis Spencer, she too has an addiction. Her shopaholism is driving Dennis to the poorhouse and is the cause of many of their brawls. It was during one of these donnybrooks that Dennis attacked her, and then shed a lot of crocodile tears as he called 911, reporting an intrusion, and begged the EMTs to save her. Alas (for Dennis), they saved her life, but left Barrie in a coma, which she recovers from midway into the series. She has total amnesia, and not only cannot recognize Dennis, but furthermore remembers little but getting lost all these months in a Neiman Marcus Christmas catalogue.

AUDITION SIDE

OMG! The secretarial pool DREAM! Not only married, but married to a guy with a degree, and not only a degree but a DOCTOR!! Well, not what most people call a doctor, but a tooth kind of doctor. Not a mere "dentist," but an endodontist! You have no idea. Every single tooth in your head has these messy insides, you see, with nerves and things, and as we get older they get all rotten and squishy, so who do you go to when your face is achy and all swollen up? Not a "dentist"—no, someone who is licensed to get inside, look under the hood, you might say, drill, drill, drill and hit real pay dirt at the end of the day. Those patients literally do pay through their teeth. And Dennis brings home all that moolah, and just about pours it at my feet—do you like these Manalo Blahnick's? I couldn't decide between the red or the beige, so I bought both. Now the problem is where to store everything—the Manolo's, the Gucci's, the Harry Winston's, the fur coats, the high-fashion lingerie—so I just figured that he really didn't need that man cave of his—can you call it a cave if it's on the third floor?—anyway, I just called in the carpenters to redo his man cave into another walk-in closet. They're up there now, ripping out, adding in—bang, bang, bang all day long—it's exhausting, just to listen to. I think I'll give Chelsea a ring and see if she can fit me in for a facial. Maybe a mani-pedi while she's at it. I deserve some relaxation after the exhausting day I've put in with supervising the renovations. Dennis will be so surprised!