

JOSEPHINE

(as Penny transforms into the fictional Mascu-Lynette)

When it came to looks, poor Lynette was not only batting average; her masculinity was no masquerade. A diamond in the rough is one thing, but a gal can only act so rough on the diamond before folks start questioning her...value. The net result? That diamond got cut from the League.

(as Penny transforms into herself—or, rather, a knockout knockoff)

If only that dame had done the same as Penny, a shiny and shining example of ladylike likability. She treats each period of play not as an inning but as a femininning. And how could she not, with that killer-diller figure? Observe as she swishes past us in her Sonja Henie hemline, proving — without question—that Penny’s from Heaven.

(Penny demonstrates.)

Atta girl. You’re really cooking with gas. You’ve got a real nice swing, you know that?