

New York International Fringe Festival

The Miss Education of Jenna Bush

School starts in less than 24 hours for the wild First Child. Now if you'll excuse her, she has an outfit to pick out.

By Joe DeLessio



Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of Jenna Bush's life. Tomorrow, she'll be standing in front of a classroom full of students, her first day on the job as a responsible teacher. But that's tomorrow. Because tonight, in Melissa Rauch's riotously funny one-woman show, she's still the ditzy, hard-partying wild child whose over-the-top exploits have landed her on every tabloid page. See Jenna drink. See Jenna smoke. Then see Jenna drink some more. Everything is fair game for Rauch, whose merciless mockery doesn't stop with the show's title character. The entire Bush clan gets skewered, from papa George down to twin good-girl sister Barbara. Daddy's friends, like the Cheney's and Dr. Condoleezza Rice, get theirs, too. But the star here is Jenna (or perhaps more accurately, Rauch's outrageous exaggeration). Skipping any bottom-of-the-keg epiphanies, *The Miss Education of Jenna Bush* is a sarcastic, relentless, mean-spirited but deliciously guilty pleasure.