

## NANCY AUDITION SIDE

*A drugstore magazine aisle. Panny sits on the floor reading a magazine. Nancy, fifteen, blond and pretty, is watching her as she stocks items on the shelf.*

NANCY: Would you put that back?

PANNY: I'm reading.

NANCY: I'll get in trouble. My manager.

PANNY: Do you think I'd look good with this hair?

NANCY: Don't wrinkle it, you're wrinkling it.

PANNY: I'm not.

NANCY: You are. Shouldn't you be home?

PANNY: Home is boring.

NANCY: But the curfew.

PANNY: You're not home.

NANCY: I have a job.

PANNY: Oooh. You know, you used to be fun.

NANCY: I have responsibilities.

PANNY: You work at Walgreens, Nance.

NANCY: Sometimes I think you don't understand anything.

PANNY: Do you want me to wait till you get off work? We could hang out.

NANCY: Hang out? Hello, it's a school night.

PANNY: Yeah, I know, but. It'd be fun. Maybe we could go to Denny's.

NANCY: Denny's?

PANNY: Yeah, they do this thing where you get a free meal on your—forget it.

NANCY: Anyway, Will's picking me up.

PANNY: Oh. How's that going?

NANCY: Good. He's pretty cool.

PANNY: Yeah, he always seemed that way. I mean, just from history class he always seemed...cool.

NANCY: Well, he is.

*Pause.*

PANNY: Nance?

NANCY: What?

PANNY: Are you...never mind.

NANCY: Just spit it out, what?

PANNY: You and Will haven't done it, right? *She looks at Nancy, hard.*

PANNY: Oh my God.

NANCY: What are you oh my God-ing for?

PANNY: You've only been going out for like, a month!

NANCY: A month is a long time. Can be a long time. I mean, do you realize there are insects whose entire life span is, like, three days?

PANNY: What does that have to do with anything?

NANCY: Time is relevant, okay? Things are different now.

PANNY: How?

NANCY: They just are. Could you stop looking at me like that?

PANNY: Like what?

NANCY: Like I'm a big slut all of a sudden.

PANNY: I wasn't.

NANCY: Because it's not a big deal.

PANNY: I think it kinda is. And you used to too.

NANCY: Well, that was before. This is now.