# SCRIPT – NELL AND WENDY

***CAR  
INT (DAY)***

*In the car on the way to an audition.*

**Nell** Aaaahhh!!

*Nell returns to the wheels, while Wendy flops back into the passenger seat. Nell’s anxiety is getting the better of her.*

**Nell** I can’t wear my tap shoes without socks. They’re too big.

**Wendy** You’re getting hysterical, Nell.

**Nell** I’m not!

*Nell and Wendy battle through the traffic.*

**Wendy** Made a decision about the job?

**Nell** Thanks for the offer, but this part I’m going for is MADE for me.

*She begins rehearsing dialogue.*

**Nell** ‘I can’t take it anymore Johnny. You’re always trying to change me into someone I’m not. What’s the point in going on if you can’t accept me and love me the way I am?’.

**Wendy** *Looking at Nell, deadpan…* What happens if you don’t get it?

**Nell** *Undaunted…* Something will come alone… A panto… A commercial…

**Wendy** I don’t know why you don’t just give this whole acting thing a miss. It’s not exactly like it’s paying it’s way…

**Nell** I need to act, Wendy. I need an outlet for my emotions.

**Wendy** *Sardonically…* Why don’t you try living?

**Nell** I did.

*Just in front of Nell, a line of mounted police turn into the road from a side street.*

*Cars are forced to stop while horses move out onto the road. Nell looks at the*

*registration sticker on her car windshield.*

**Nell** *Through clenched teeth…* Put something over the registration…

**Wendy** You still haven’t renewed it? Jesus. See what I mean? You need a steady job.

*As soon as Wendy opens the glove box, a pile of red apples, parking fines and*

*bills spills into Wendy’s lap.*

**Wendy** What do you want me to cover it with? A gas bill or a parking fine?

**Nell** Anything! Quick!

*Wendy shoves the apples and fines back into the glove box and chooses a gas*

*bill. She winds down the window and places the bill under the wiper, over the*

*sticker. It starts to drizzle and without thinking, Nell turns the wipers on. Wendy*

*watches the gas bill get dragged across and windscreen and looks at Nell blankly.*

*Nell turns the wipers off and Wendy leans out, grabs the bill and places it back*

*under the wiper. Nell strains to see out the window. The horses have formed*

*rows which take up the entire width of the busy narrow street. The traffic pace*

*slows to that of a snail.*