

*A department store.
Women's section.
EDIE and DREA are shopping.
They don't know each other.*

Hmn? EDIE

Sorry, I didn't/ mean to... DREA

No that's—I just didn't hear what you said. EDIE

“How'd you do?” How'd you make out. D'you find anything? DREA

No. EDIE

Just...uh... (...)

This? (*presents a yellow dress*)

That's nice. DREA

You think? EDIE

I think. Yeah. I think that will look cute on you. DREA

They don't have my size. EDIE

Maybe you could take it in. DREA

Take what in. EDIE

DREA

The sides. What size are you?

EDIE

What's the opposite of taking in?

DREA

Letting. I think that's what they say. You let out the seam?

EDIE

I'd have to let out the whole dress to like. Someone else. To this whole other person who could fit into it. Like you. Do you work here?

DREA

(takes the dress)

Let me see that.

(looks at the tag)

You can totally fit into this. And no, I don't work here. I'm just nosey. Go try it on.

EDIE

Even if it fits look at this neckline. It's a plunging neckline. It plunges too low. An audience can smell desperation. They'll know I'm trying too hard.

DREA

Are you a singer, or...?

EDIE

Gah, no, it's just this thing.

They shop a little.

EDIE

It's just some *thing* I'm doing.

DREA

Oh?

EDIE

It's stupid. It's *so* stupid I've spent over a month stressing over what I'm gonna wear.

DREA

Ha.

EDIE

I saw this girl today, on the train, she was one of Those Girls. Know who I'm talking about? She had this manicure—listen to this—her manicure was the same shade of yellow as the strap on her shoulder bag. It was not an accident. Nothing about her was an accident. It wasn't just yellow either. It was like jasmine or saffron and it matched, dude. Everything about her matched: her dogs match, her parents match, her childhood, her college, her study abroad experience. *She* could wear this dress.

DREA

(not smiling)

You're funny.