

8 CONTINUED:

8

SHERRY holds up her finger to stop ANDY talking.

SHERRY

I have two positions available. One is assistant to the road test editor of Auto Universe magazine.

ANDY

(forces a smile)  
And the other one--?

9 INT. RUNWAY RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

9

Sleek, elegant, hard-edged chic. Behind the reception desk is an elegant logo that says RUNWAY. ANDY walks over.

ANDY

Hi, I have an appointment with Emily Charlton--

EMILY (O.S.)

Andrea Sachs?

(EMILY (and MIRANDA, later) pronounce ANDREA Ahn-DRAY-a. ANDY refers to herself as AN-dree-a.)

ANDY turns and sees a taller, thinner and, amazingly, more groomed CLACKER. This is EMILY. She looks the part of the sleek fashionista, but is propelled by a core of barely tamped down anxiety. She examines ANDY.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Human Resources certainly has a bizarre sense of humor.  
(sigh, annoyed)  
Follow me.

10 INT. RUNWAY HALLWAY -- DAY

10

EMILY briskly walks ANDY down the hall.

EMILY

Okay, so... I was Miranda's second assistant, but her first assistant recently got promoted so now I'm the first...

ANDY glimpses an office in front of them, seductively bright.

ANDY

And you're replacing yourself.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I'm trying. Miranda sacked the last two girls after only a few weeks. We need to find someone who can survive here. Do you understand?

ANDY

Yes. Of course. Who's Miranda?

EMILY

(eyes widening)

You didn't just ask me that. She's the editor in chief of Runway. Not to mention a legend. Work a year for her and you can get a job at any magazine you want. A million girls would kill for this job.

ANDY

Sounds great. I'd love to be considered.

She smiles. EMILY tries to think how to break it to her.

EMILY

Andrea, Runway is a fashion magazine. An interest in fashion is crucial.

ANDY

What makes you think I'm not interested in fashion?

EMILY gives her a look. ANDY smiles, like she has no idea what EMILY could mean.

Suddenly, EMILY'S Blackberry goes off. She gasps.

EMILY

Oh my God. No. No, no, no.

ANDY

What's wrong?

11 EXT. ELIAS-CLARKE -- DAY

11

A black sedan pulls to a sudden stop outside the building.

12 INT. RUNWAY - BULLPEN - DAY

12

EMILY begins rapid-fire dialing four digit extensions.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY  
(all but screaming)  
She's on her way -- tell everyone!

Just then a dapper man of about 40 walks briskly by.

NIGEL  
I thought she was coming in at 9.

EMILY  
Her driver text-messaged. Her  
facialist ruptured a disk. God, these  
people!

NIGEL turns and sees ANDY. Looks at EMILY. Who is that?

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I can't even talk about it.

No time to discuss. NIGEL calls down the hallway.

NIGEL  
All right, everyone. Man your battle  
stations!  
(beat, bewildered)  
Did somebody eat an onion bagel?

Behind him, ANDY tries not to look guilty.

13

EXT. ELIAS-CLARKE -- DAY

13

The sedan door opens. We see only flashes of MIRANDA, what  
she's wearing, not the complete picture yet...

...Manolos, Chanel jacket, Van Cleef earrings...

14

INT. RUNWAY - BULLPEN -- DAY

14

ASSISTANTS frantically push clothing rails out of the way.  
EDITORS race into their office.

ANDY peers in. One of the EDITORS changes from kitten heels  
to sky-high stilettos...

...another pulls on a body shaper under her dress...

...another hurriedly dumps the remains of her breakfast --  
some cubes of cantaloupe -- into the trash...

15 INT. ELIAS-CLARKE LOBBY -- DAY 15

We watch MIRANDA walking through the lobby. We see PEOPLE react to her--

GUARDS, ASSISTANTS and SECRETARIES cower, DISTINGUISHED EXECUTIVES bow their heads in respectful greeting.

MIRANDA maintains a high rate of speed towards the elevator.

She gets in. The CLACKER inside immediately leaps out.

CLACKER  
Sorry, Miranda.

MIRANDA doesn't acknowledge her existence.

16 INT. RUNWAY - BULLPEN -- DAY 16

EMILY races to the kitchen (right near their bullpen). Gets a glass, reaches into the fridge, pours a Pellegrino. Races into MIRANDA'S office. Races back out. Grabs an armful of magazines and newspaper from her desk and runs back into MIRANDA'S office.

17 INT. RUNWAY - RECEPTION AREA -- DAY 17

...MIRANDA steps out of the elevator and for the first time we see her head-on.

MIRANDA'S look is so distinctive you can spot her a mile away. She is unlike any other beautiful woman, singularly MIRANDA.

18 INT. RUNWAY - BULLPEN -- DAY 18

EMILY types frantically into her computer, presses print, stands by the printer waiting, takes the paper out of the printer, puts it on a clipboard. Notices ANDY.

EMILY  
Oh no. You're still here. Go.

ANDY gets up.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
No, stay. I don't want you walking past her. Just sit there and I'll pray she doesn't notice you marring the area.

ANDY sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY  
(to herself)  
Wow, this is like self-esteem camp.

The rest of the office continues its hubbub...

INT. RUNWAY - HALLWAY -- DAY

..until the moment MIRANDA enters the office from reception.

Instantly, a quiet falls. Everyone looks calm and professional. Or fakes it.

EMILY, phony smile on her face, trots down the hall to walk MIRANDA to her office.

MIRANDA  
I don't understand why it's so  
difficult to confirm an appointment.

EMILY  
I'm so sorry, Miranda. I did confirm  
last night, but--

MIRANDA  
The details of your incompetence do  
not interest me.

MIRANDA gestures impatiently. EMILY hands her the clipboard.  
MIRANDA peruses it as they walk down the hall.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
Tell Simone I'm not approving the girl  
she sent in for the Brazil layout. I  
wanted clean, athletic, and smiling  
not dirty, tired and paunchy...

EMILY follows her.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
RSVP yes to the Michael Kors party --  
the car will drop me at 9:30 and wait  
until I leave at 9:45... Tell Natalie  
at Glorious Foods for the fortieth  
time -- no, I don't want the tortes  
filled with warm rhubarb compote. I  
want the chopped almonds.

EMILY jots everything down.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Call my ex-husband and remind him the Parent-Teacher conferences at Dalton are tonight. Then call my husband and tell him to meet me for dinner at that place I went with Massimo...

EMILY

Right.

MIRANDA

And tell Richard I saw the pictures of for the feature on female paramedics and they're all so unattractive. I don't understand. How hard is it to find a decent-looking paramedic?... Also, I need to see what Nigel has called in for Gwyneth's second cover try...

MIRANDA stops at EMILY'S desk, takes off her coat, dumps it on EMILY'S desk, walks past ANDY, seeming not to notice her.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Who is that?

Damn. Did notice her. EMILY follows MIRANDA.

19A INT. RUNWAY - MIRANDA'S OFFICE

19A

EMILY

Nobody. Human resources sent her up about the assistant job and I was pre-interviewing her for you, but--

MIRANDA

I'll do it. The last two you sent me were total disappointments. Send her in.

19B INT. RUNWAY - BULLPEN -- DAY

19B

EMILY walks out of MIRANDA'S office. Points at ANDY.

EMILY

She wants to see you.. Go go go....

And before ANDY walks in, EMILY takes ANDY'S hideous briefcase and chucks it under a desk.

20

INT. RUNWAY - MIRANDA'S OFFICE -- DAY

20

ANDY walks in. MIRANDA'S office is chic, clean, walls lined with photos by Avedon, Penn, Testino and Meisel.

We see large framed photo of MIRANDA, her husband STEPHEN and her twin GIRLS, CASSIDY and CAROLINE, in the Hamptons.

The iced Pellegrino sits on a coaster on the desk. A pile of magazines is fanned out precisely on a table.

MIRANDA

Who are you?

ANDY hands her resume to MIRANDA. MIRANDA ignores it.

ANDY

My name is Andy Sachs. I recently graduated from--

MIRANDA

What are you doing here?

ANDY

I think I could do a good job as your assistant and--

MIRANDA gives her a look.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(fast, blurting)

I came to New York to be a journalist and I sent letters to everyone and I finally got a call from Elias-Clarke and met with Sherry in Human Resources and basically it's this or Auto Universe.

ANDY stops, can't quite believe she said that. MIRANDA takes in this burst of honesty.

MIRANDA

So you don't read Runway?

ANDY

No.

MIRANDA

And before today, you had never heard of me?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

No.

MIRANDA

And you have no style or sense of fashion.

ANDY

That depends on--

MIRANDA

That wasn't a question.

ANDY

I was Editor in Chief of the Daily Northwestern. I won a national competition for college journalists with a series on the janitor's union --

MIRANDA holds up her hand.

MIRANDA

That's all.

ANDY, startled by the abruptness, keeps talking.

ANDY

--that uncovered the exploitation of--

MIRANDA stares. ANDY abruptly stops talking. Heads for the door. Then she stops and turns.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Okay, you're right. I don't fit in here. I'm not glamorous or skinny and I don't know much about fashion. But I'm smart, I learn fast and I will work very hard.

And... MIRANDA says nothing. Just then we hear a voice, someone heading into MIRANDA'S office.

NIGEL

We got the exclusive on the yellow Cavalli for Gwyneth, the one he showed with a huge feathered headpiece, but she'll look like she's working the mainstage at the Golden Nugget, so instead...

NIGEL stops when he sees ANDY.

(CONTINUED)



ANDY  
(to MIRANDA)  
Thank you for your time.

She summons all her dignity and exits, walking past NIGEL, who looks at MIRANDA.

NIGEL  
Who IS that sad little person? Are we doing a Before and After piece I don't know about?

21 INT. ELIAS-CLARKE LOBBY -- DAY

21

ANDY staggers out of the elevator, catching her breath. Suddenly she hears someone calling.

EMILY  
Andrea!

ANDY turns. And sees EMILY.

22 INT. NATE'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

22

Nothing fancy. The kind of place that refills your Sprite.

ANDY is with two of her friends, DOUG and LILY. DOUG is built like a linebacker and very sweet. And her boyfriend, NATE, great looking, no vanity. He's the kind of guy who had his own radio show in college and played intramural rugby.

It's the end of NATE'S shift and he's wearing his kitchen whites. There are just a few people left in the restaurant and at the bar.

NATE  
Wow. You got a job at a fashion magazine.  
(beat)  
Was it a phone interview?

ANDY laughs, smacks him playfully.

ANDY  
Don't be a jerk.

DOUG  
Miranda Priestly is famous for being unpredictable.