



MIRANDA

We need more.

MIRANDA holds up a skirt. Shows it to Nigel.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

What do you think?

NIGEL

You know me. A full ballerina skirt with a hint of saloon and I'm on board.

MIRANDA

Is it too much like the--

NIGEL

--LaCroix from July? I thought of that, but with the right accessories, it could work...

MIRANDA nods. He's right of course.

MIRANDA

Where are the belts for this skirt?

JOCELYN races over and holds up two belts. MIRANDA studies them. ANDY looks at them too. To us, and to her, they look exactly the same.

JOCELYN

Tough call. They're so different.

ANDY lets out a little giggle. And it's like she set off a grenade. Slowly everyone turns to her.

MIRANDA

Is something funny?

ANDY

No, no, no. It's just...

And MIRANDA says nothing. ANDY twists in the wind.

ANDY (CONT'D)

It's just that both of those belts look the same to me. I'm still learning about this stuff, so--

And the silence is deafening. Everyone looks to see what MIRANDA will do.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA

This... stuff? Okay. I understand. You think this has nothing to do with you. You go to your closet and select, say, that lumpy blue sweater because you're trying to tell the world that you take yourself too seriously to care about what's on your body. What you don't know is that your sweater is not blue. It's not even sky blue. It's cerulean. You also don't know that in 2002, De La Renta did a collection of cerulean gowns, Yves St. Laurent showed a cerulean military jacket, Dolce did skirts with cerulean beads, and in our September issue we did the definitive layout on the color. Cerulean quickly appeared in eight other major collections, then the secondary and department store lines and then trickled down to some lovely Casual Corner, where you no doubt stumbled on it.

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MIRANDA (CONT'D)

That color is worth millions of dollars and many jobs. And here you are, thinking you've made a choice that exempts you from the fashion industry. In truth, you are wearing a sweater that was selected for you by the people in this room. From a pile of stuff.

She smiles at ANDY. Who quakes.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

That's all.

ON ANDY at home, pacing. She changes out of her work clothes into sweats while NATE makes her what looks to be the tastiest grilled cheese in history.

ANDY

You should have seen the look she gave me. I thought the flesh was going to melt off her face.

NATE laughs.

ANDY (CONT'D)

It's not funny. She could be the most horrendous person I've ever met. She's not happy unless everyone around her is panicked, nauseous or suicidal. And all the Clackers just WORSHIP her...

(off his confused look)

They call them Clackers. Their stilettos in the marble lobby... clack, clack, clack...

She pulls an ancient Northwestern sweatshirt over her head. She starts eating the grilled cheese, gesturing angrily with it as she talks.

ANDY (CONT'D)

And they all act like they're curing cancer or something. The amount of time and energy they spend on things that DON'T MATTER!!! Poring over these minute details. And for what?

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