

The devil wears PRADA

Good luck.

Hi. Uh, I have an appointment with Emily Charlton?

- Andrea Sachs?

- Yes.

Great. Human Resources certainly has an odd sense of humor.

Follow me.

Okay, so I was Miranda's second assistant...

but her first assistant recently got promoted, and so now I'm the first.

- Oh, and you're replacing yourself.

- Well, I am trying.

Miranda sacked the last two girls after only a few weeks.

We need to find someone who can survive here. Do you understand?

Yeah. Of course. Who's Miranda?

Oh, my God. I will pretend you did not just ask me that. She's the editor in chief of Runway ,not to mention a legend.

You work a year for her, and you can get a job at any magazine you want.

A million girls would kill for this job.

It sounds like a great opportunity. I'd love to be considered.

Andrea, Runway is a fashion magazine...

so an interest in fashion is crucial.

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

Oh, my God.

No! No! No!

What's wrong?

She's on her way. Tell everyone!

She's not supposed to be here until 9:00.

Her driver just text messaged, and her facialist ruptured a disk.

- God, these people!

- Who's that?

That I can't even talk about.

All right, everyone! Gird your loins!

Did somebody eat an onion bagel?

Sorry, Miranda.

Move it! Ooh!

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

I know. I'm so sorry, Miranda. I actually did confirm last night.

Details of your incompetence do not interest me.

Tell Simone I'm not going to approve that girl that she sent me for the Brazilian layout.

I asked for clean, athletic, smiling. She sent me dirty, tired and paunchy.

And R. S. V. P. yes to the Michael Kors party.

I want the driver to drop me off at 9:30and pick me up at 9:45 sharp.

- 9:45 sharp. - Call Natalie at Glorious Foods, tell her no for the 40th time.

No, I don't want dacquoise. I want tortesfilled with warm rhubarb compote.

Then call my ex-husband and remind him the parent-teacher conference is at Dalton tonight.

Then call my husband, ask him to meet me for dinner at that place I went to with Massimo.

Tell Richard I saw the pictures that he sent for that feature on the female paratroopers...

and they're all so deeply unattractive.

Is it impossible to find a lovely, slender female paratrooper?

- No. - Am I reaching for the stars here? Not really.

Also, I need to see all the things that Nigel has pulled for Gwyneth's second cover try.

I wonder if she's lost any of that weight yet. Who's that?

Nobody. Um, uh-

Human Resources sent her up about the new assistant job, and I was pre interviewing her.

But she's hopeless and totally wrong for it.

Clearly I'm going to have to do that myself because the last two you sent me...

were completely inadequate.
So send her in. That's all.
Right.
- She wants to see you. - Oh! She does?
Move!
- This is foul. Don't let her see it. Go! - That's-
Who are you?
Uh, my name is Andy Sachs.
I recently graduated from Northwestern University.
And what are you doing here?
Well, I think I could do a good job as your assistant.
And, um-
Yeah, I came to New York to be a journalist and sent letters out everywhere...
and then finally got a call from Elias-Clarke...
and met with Sherry up at Human Resources.
Basically, it's this or Auto Universe.
- So you don't read Runway?- Uh, no.
And before today, you had never heard of me.
No.
And you have no style or sense of fashion.
Well, um, I think that depends on what you're-
No, no. That wasn't a question.
Um, I was editor in chief of the Daily Northwestern.
I also, um, won a national competition for college journalists...
with my series on the janitors' union, which exposed the exploitation-
That's all.
Yeah. You know, okay.
You're right. I don't fit in here.
I am not skinny or glamorous...
and I don't know that much about fashion.
But I'm smart.
I learn fast and I will work very hard.
I got the exclusive on the Cavalli for Gwyneth...
but the problem is, with that huge feathered headdress that she's wearing...
she looks like she's working the main stage at the Golden Nugget.

Thank you for your time.
Who is that sad little person?
Are we doing a before-and-after piece? I don't know about?
Brown and Law, please? Thank you.
- Andrea. - Hmm?
Wait. You got a job at a fashion magazine?
- Mm-hmm. - What was it, a phone interview?
- Wow. - Ow! Don't be a jerk.
Miranda Priestly is famous for being unpredictable.
Okay, Doug. How is it that you know who she is and I didn't?
- I'm actually a girl. - Oh!
- That would explain so much. - Look, seriously.
Miranda Priestly is a huge deal. I bet a million girls would kill for that job.
Yeah, great. The thing is I'm not one of them.
Look, you gotta start somewhere, right?
I mean, look at this dump Nate works in.
I mean, come on. Paper napkins? Hello.
Yeah. And Lily, she works at that gallery doing, uh, you know-
Oh, I'm sorry. What exactly is it that you do anyway?
Well, lucky for me, I already have my dream job.
You're a corporate research analyst!
- Oh, you're right. My job sucks. - No!
- It sucks. I don't- It's boring. - It's all right. Breathe.
- I'm trying. - Here. Take a drink.
- I will have a drink. I will have a drink. - Ah, yes.
- I'd like to propose a toast. To jobs that pay the rent.- To jobs that pay the rent.
Jobs that pay the rent.
Oh, baby. You should see the way these girls at Runway dress.
I don't have a thing to wear to work.
Come on. You're gonna be answering phones and getting coffee.
You need a ball gown for that?
I think I might.
Well, I happen to think you look great always.

Aww! I think you're full of it.

- Hey. Come on. Let's go home. - Yeah.

I can think of something we can do that doesn't require any clothing.

- Really? - Mmm.

Hello?

Andrea, Miranda decided to kill the autumn jacket story for September...

and she is pulling up the Sedona shoot from October.

You need to come into the office right this second and pick up her coffee order on the way.

- Now? - Now, get a pen and write this down.

- Now? - Now, get a pen and write this down.

I want one no-foam skimmed latte with an extra shot...

and three drip coffees with room for milk.

Searing hot. And I mean hot.

Hello?

- Where are you? - Oh, I'm almost there. Yeah.

Shoot! Oh!

Is there some reason that my coffee isn't here?

Has she died or something?

No. God.

Oh. Bloody time.

- I hope you know that this is a very difficult job--

Mm-hmm.

for which you are totally wrong.

And if you mess up, my head is on the chopping block.

Now, hang that up. Don't just fling it anywhere.

Okay. First of all, you and I answer the phones.

The phone must be answered every single time it rings.

Calls roll to voice mail, and she gets very upset.

If I'm not here-Andrea, Andrea-

you are chained to that desk.

- Well, what if I need to-- What? No.

One time an assistant left the desk because she sliced her hand open with a letter opener...

and Miranda missed Lagerfeld...

just before he boarded a 17-hour flight to Australia.

She now works at TV Guide.

Man the desk at all times. Got it.

- Uh-- Miranda Priestly's office.

No, she's not available.

Who is it?

Yes, I will tell her you called... yet again.

- Right. Remember, you and I have totally different jobs.

I mean, you get coffee-and you run errands.

Yet I am in charge of her schedule...

her appointments and her expenses.

And, um, most importantly, um...

I get to go with her to Paris for Fashion Week in the fall.

I get to wear couture. I go to all the shows and all the parties.

I meet all of the designers. It's divine.

Okay. Now, stay here. I'm going to the art department to give them the Book.

- The-- This is the Book.

Now, it is a mock-up of everything...

in the current issue.

And we deliver it to Miranda's apartment every night, and she retu-

Don't touch it. She returns it to us in the morning with her notes.

Now, the second assistant is supposed to do this...

but Miranda is very private and she does not like strangers in her house.

So until she decides that you are not a total psycho...

I get the lovely task of waiting around for the Book.

Oh, Emily? What do I do-

Deal with it.

Hello. Mrs. Priestly's office.

Hmm. That's what I meant. Miranda Priestly's office.

Um, you know, she is in a meeting. Can I please take a message?

Uh-huh.

Okay. Can you please spell Gabbana?

Hello?

I guess not.

I guessed an eight and a half.

Um, uh, that's very nice of you...
but I don't think I need these.
Miranda hired me. She knows what I look like.
Do you?
Emily.
Emily?
She means you.
- We just cut on the bias.- That's not what I asked you.
I couldn't have been clearer. There you are, Emily.
- How many times do I have to scream your name?-
Actually, it's Andy.
My name is Andy. Andrea, but, uh, everybody calls me Andy.
I need 10 or 15 skirts from Calvin Klein.
- What kind of skirts do you-- Please bore someone else with your questions.
And make sure we have Pier 59 at 8:00 A. M. tomorrow.
Remind Jocelyn I need to see a few of those satchels that Marc is doing in the pony.
And then tell Simone I'll take Jackie if Maggie isn't available.
- Did Demarchelier confirm?- D-Did D-Demarchel-Demarchelier. Did he- Get him on the phone.
Uh, o- okay.
- And, Emily? - Yes?
That's all.
It's just the cavalier disregard for clear directions-
Do you have Demarchelier?
Uh, Demarchelier.
- Leave it.- Do you have-
I have Miranda Priestly calling.
I have Patrick!
Uh, no, she called me in there and-and then she asked me about Pier 59.
And there was something about Simone, Frankie, someone else.
And, um, she needs skirts from Calvin Klein.
And, uh, there was something about a pony.
- Did she say which skirts?- No. No.

- Did she say what kind? Color, shape, fabric?- I tried to ask her.
You may never ask Miranda anything.
Right. I will deal with all of this, and you will go to Calvin Klein.
Eh- Me?
Oh, I'm sorry. Do you have some prior commitment?
Some hideous skirt convention you have to go to?
Uh-
Miranda?
- Are you there? - I'm about to walk in. I'll call you as soon as-
- Hello? Hi.- While you're out...
Miranda needs you to go to Herm? to pick up 25 scarves we ordered for her.
- Okay. - Cassidy forgot her homework at Dalton. Pick that up.
Miranda went out to meet with Meisel, and she will want more Starbucks when she gets back.
- Hot Starbucks. - Can you just repeat that first-
Hello?
Oh, my God.
What took you so long? I have to pee!
What? You haven't peed since I left?
No, I haven't. I've been manning the desk, haven't I? I'm bursting.
Oh, hi.
You do coat. Do the coat!
Okay.
Now, be prepared. The run-through is at 12:30.
People are panicking, so the phone is going to be ringing off the hook.
The ru-The run-through. Right.
Yes. Editors bring in options for the shoot, and Miranda chooses.
She chooses every single thing in every single issue.
Run-throughs are a huge deal. I don't know why you don't know that, Andrea.
- Okay. Are you ready?- Oh, hi, hi.
Right. Well, after the loo, Serena and I are going to

lunch.
- This is her- the new me.- Hi.
- Told you.- I thought you were kidding.
No, quite serious, yeah. I get 20 minutes for lunch, and you get 15.
- When I come back, you can go. - Okay.
What exactly is she wearing?
Her grandmother's skirt.
Hmm. Corn chowder.
That's an interesting choice.
You do know that cellulite is one of the main ingredients in corn chowder.
So none of the girls here eat anything?
Not since two became the new four and zero became the new two.
- Well, I'm a six.- Which is the new 14.
Oh. Shoot.
Oh, never mind. I'm sure you have plenty more polyblend where that came from.
Okay. You think my clothes are hideous.
I get it.
But, you know, I'm not going to be in fashion forever... so I don't see the point of changing everything about myself just because I have this job.
Yes, that's true.
That's really what this multi billion-dollar industry is all about anyway, isn't it?
Inner beauty.
Hello.
Right. Come on.
- Miranda's pushed the run-through up a half an hour. -
Mmm!
- She's always 15 minutes early.- Which means?
- You're already late. Come.- Shoot!
Excuse me.
Mr. Ravitz.
Nigel.
- Issue going well?- Oh, yes. Our best September ever.
Great. Heard Miranda killed autumn jackets and pulled up the Sedona shoot.

What's that costing me?
About 300,000.
Must have been some lousy jackets.
- Irv Ravitz.- Oh, I'm sorry.
This is Andy Sachs, Miranda's new assistant.
Congratulations, young lady.
A million girls would kill for that job.
Bye-bye.
- Hmm?- Chairman of Elias-Clarke, Irv Ravitz.
You know what they say? Tiny man, huge ego.
No. And I've seen all this before.
They skens is trying to reinvent the drop waist, so actually it's-
- Where are all the other dresses?- We have some right here.
- Stand, watch and listen.- And I think it can be very interesting-
No. No, I just-It's just baffling to me.
Why is it so impossible to put together a decent run-through?
You people have had hours and hours to prepare. It's just so confusing to me.
Where are the advertisers?
- We have some pieces from Banana Republic. - We need more, don't we?
- Oh. This is-This might be-What do you think of--
Yeah.
Well, you know me.
Give me a full ballerina skirt and a hint of saloon and I'm on board.
- But do you think it's too much like-- Like the Lacroix from July?
I thought that, but no, not with the right accessories. It should work.
Where are the belts for this dre-Why is no one ready?
Here. It's a tough call.
- They're so different. - Hmm.
Something funny?
No. No, no. Nothing's-
You know, it's just that both those belts look exactly

the same to me.
You know, I'm still learning about this stuff and, uh-
"This... stuff?"
Oh. Okay. I see.
You think this has nothing to do with you.
You go to your closet...
and you select- I don't know-that lumpy blue sweater,
for instance...
because you're trying to tell the world that you take
yourself too seriously...
to care about what you put on your back.
But what you don't know is that sweater is not just
blue.
It's not turquoise. It's not lapis.
It's actually cerulean.
And you're also blithely unaware of the fact...
that in 2002, Oscar de la Renta did a collection of
cerulean gowns.
And then I think it was Yves Saint Laurent- wasn't it-
who showed cerulean military jackets?
- I think we need a jacket here. - Mmm.
And then cerulean quickly showed up in the collections
of eight different designers.
And then it, uh, filtered down through the department
stores...
and then trickled on down into some tragic Casual
Corner...
and then trickled on down in to some tragic Casual
Corner...
where you, no doubt, fished it out of some clearance
bin.
However, that blue represent smillions of dollars...
and countless jobs...
and it's sort of comical how you think that you've made
a choice...
that exempts you from the fashion industry...
when, in fact...
you're wearing a sweater that was selected for you by
the people in this room...
from a pile of stuff.

So then I said,"No, I couldn't see the difference...
between the two absolutely identical belts"...
and you should have seen the look she gave me!
I thought the flesh was gonna melt off her face.
It's not funny.
She's not happy unless everyone around her is panicked,
nauseous or suicidal.
And the Clackers just worship her.
- The who?- They call them Clackers.
The sound that their stilettos make in the marble lobby.
It's like,"Clack, clack, clack. clack, clack."
And they all act like they're curing cancer or something.
The amount of time and energy...
that these people spend on these insignificant, minute
details, and for what?
So that tomorrow they can spend another \$300,000
reshooting something...
that was probably fine to begin with...
to sell people things they don't need!
God!
- I'm not even hungry anymore. - What?
- That is why those girls are so skinny. - Oh. No, no,
no.
Give me that. There's, like, eight dollars of Jarlsberg in
there.
You know what?
I just have to stick it out for a year. One year.
And then I can do what I came to New York to do.
But I can't let Miranda get to me. I won't.
Easy there, tiger.
- Oh, good morning, Miranda. - Get me Isaac.
I don't see my breakfast here. Are my eggs here?
Where are my eggs?
Excuse me!
Pick up the Polaroids from the lingerie shoot.
Have the brakes checked on my car.
Where's that piece of paper I had in my hand yesterday
morning?
The girls need new surfboards or boogie boards or
something for spring break.

- Hello.- The twins also need flip-flops.
- Ow!- Oh, my gosh!
Pick up my shoes from Blahnik, and then go get Patricia.
- Who's that?- Good girl! Good girl! Good girl!
Get me that little table that I liked at that store on Madison.
Get us a reservation for dinner tonight at that place that got the good review.
- Get me Isaac. - Thirty-six thank-you notes delivered today.
- Where is everyone? - Why is no one working?
Get me Demarchelier.
I have Miranda Priestly calling for-Okay.
I have Patrick.
Thank God it's Friday, right?
At least Miranda will be in Miami, so we don't have to be on call this weekend.
You know, my dad's coming in from Ohio.
Yeah, we're gonna go out to dinner, maybe see Chicago.
You doing anything fun this weekend?
Yes.
Yeah, Nate said it was great.
He actually- He applied here, but they wanted someone with more experience.
- Here. - Huh? What's this?
I don't want you to get behind on your rent.
- Dad, how did you-- It's--
I'm gonna kill Mom.
Dad, thank you.
Mm-hmm.
- It's really good to see you.- You too, honey.
So, you want to start grilling me now...
or should we wait till after dinner?
I thought I'd let you at least enjoy the bread basket first.
o, no, no. It's okay. Go right ahead.
We're just a little worried, honey.
We get e-mails from you at your office at 2:00 A. M.
Your pay is terrible. You don't get to write anything.

Hey, that's not fair.
I wrote those e-mails.
I'm just trying to understand why someone who got accepted to Stanford Law...
turns it down to be a journalist, and now you're not even doing that.
Dad, you have to trust me.
Being Miranda's assistant opens a lot of doors.
Emily is going to Paris with Miranda in a few months...
and she's gonna meet editors and writers from every important magazine.
And in a year, that could be me.
- All right? - Mm-hmm.
Dad, I swear, this is my break.
This is my- my chance.
This is my boss.
- I'm sorry, Dad. I have to take this. - Take it. Take it.
- Hello. Miranda? - My flight has been canceled.
It's some absurd weather problem.
I need to get home tonight. The twins have a recital tomorrow morning at school.
- What? - At school!
- Absolutely. Let me see what I can do.- Good.
Hi. Um, I know this is totally last minute...
but I was hoping that you could maybe get a flight for my boss...
from Miami to New York tonight?
Uh-
- It's right here. Thank you. - Yeah, any kind of jet.
- From Miami to New York. - Thank you.
- Yup, I need it tonight. I need it-- Ow!
- I thought you were going out the other-- Sweetie!
No.
- It's over here, honey. - Tonight.
Hi. I'm trying to get a flight tonight-for tonight- from Miami to New York.
Yes, I know there's a hurricane.
Nothing is flying out? What do you mean, nothing is flying out?
It's for Miranda Priestly, and I know that she's a client

of yours.
Yes. Yes, hi. I need a jet tonight from Miami to New York.
Yeah. Sorry. Hold on. Hello? Miranda, hi.
I'm trying to get you a flight, but no one's flying out because of the weather.
Please. It's just-I don't know- drizzling.
Someone must be getting out.
Call Donatella. Get her jet.
Call everybody else that we know that has a jet. Irv?
Call every- This is your responsibility- This is your job.
Get me home.
Oh, my God! She's going to murder me.
What does she want you to do, call the National Guard and have her airlifted out of there?
Of course not. Could I do that?
Come on.
Come on.
The girls' recital was absolutely wonderful.
They played Rachmaninoff. Everyone loved it.
Everyone except me...
because, sadly, I was not there.
Miranda, I'm so sorry.
Do you know why I hired you?
I always hire the same girl-
stylish, slender, of course...
worships the magazine.
But so often, they turn out to be-
I don't know- disappointing and, um...
stupid.
So you, with that impressive r? um?..
and the big speech about your so-called work ethic-
I, um- I thought you would be different.
I said to myself, go ahead.
Take a chance.
Hire the smart, fat girl.
I had hope.
My God. I live on it.
Anyway, you ended up disappointing me more than, um-
more than any of the other silly girls.

Um, I really did everything I could think of.
- Uh-- That's all.
Excuse me! Where do you think you're going?
She hates me, Nigel.
And that's my problem because-
Oh, wait. No, it's not my problem.
I don't know what else I can do because if I do something right, it's unacknowledged.
She doesn't even say thank you.
But if I do something wrong, she is vicious.
- So quit. - What?
- Quit. - Quit?
I can get another girl to take your job in five minutes-
one who really wants it.
No, I don't want to quit. That's not fair.
But, you know, I'm just saying that I would just like a little credit...
for the fact that I'm killing myself trying.
Andy, be serious.
You are not trying.
- You are whining. - I-
What is it that you want me to say to you, huh?
Do you want me to say, "Poor you. Miranda's picking on you. Poor you. Poor Andy"?
Hmm? Wake up, six.
She's just doing her job.
Don't you know that you are working at the place...
that published some of the greatest artists of the century?
Halston, Lagerfeld, de la Renta.
And what they did, what they created...
was greater than art because you live your life in it.
Well, not you, obviously, but some people.
You think this is just a magazine, hmm?
This is not just a magazine.
This is a shining beacon of hope for-
oh, I don't know-
let's say a young boy growing up in Rhode Island with six brothers...
pretending to go to soccer practice when he was really

going to sewing class...
and reading Runway under the covers at night with a flashlight.
You have no idea how many legend shave walked these halls.
And what's worse, you don't care.
Because this place, where so many people would die to work...
you only deign to work.
And you want to know why she doesn't kiss you on the forehead...
and give you a gold star on your homework at the end of the day.
Wake up, sweetheart.
- Okay. So I'm screwing it up. - Mmm.
I don't want to.
I just wish that I knew what I could do to-
- Nigel? - Hmm?
Nigel, Nigel.
No.
I don't know what you expect me to do.
There's nothing in this whole closet that'll fit a size six.
I can guarantee you.
These are all sample sizes-two and four.
- All right. We're doing this for you. And-- A poncho?
You'll take what I give you and you'll like it.
- We're doing this Dolce for you.- Hmm!
And shoes.
- Jimmy Choo's.- Hmm.
- Manolo Blahnik.- Wow.
Nancy Gonzalez. Love that.
Okay, Narciso Rodriguez. This we love.
- Uh, it might fit. It might.- What?
Okay. Now, Chanel. You're in desperate need of Chanel.
Darling, shall we?
We have to get to the beauty department, and God knows how long that's going to take.
I mean, I have no idea why Miranda hired her.
Me neither. The other day, we were in the beauty department.

She held up the Shu Uemura eyelash curler and said,
"What is this?"
I just knew from the moment I saw her...
she was going to bea complete and utter disas-
Miranda Priestly's office.
No, actually, she's not available, but I'll leave word.
Okay, thanks. Bye.
How did-
- Are you wearing the-- The Chanel boots?
Yeah, I am.
You look good.
- Oh, God.- What?
- She does.- Oh, shut up, Serena.
- See you guys tomorrow.- Good night, man. Take it easy.
Take care of that finger, huh?
So, what do you think?
Uh, I think we better get out of here...
before my girlfriend sees me.
The gowns are fabulous.
Mm-hmm. We're gonna use the burgundy.
Gotta find-
So we spent a whole semester on potatoes alone.
You take the fry and squeeze it.
- See how firm that is? - Hey. Oh, I'm so sorry I'm late.
There was a crisisin the accessories department.
- I needed to find a python headband. - Python's hot right now.
I have exciting presents for all of you.
Are you ready?
- What is that? - It's a Bang
har lie Rose sent it to Miranda for her birthday.
I looked it up on line. It's \$1,100.
- What? - Wow!
And I have some products. Mason Pearson hairbrushes.
- A little Clinique. - Ooh!
- Oh, damn it. I love your job. - Oh! One more.
A little thing.
- Do you want it? You want- Oh. - Gimme! Gimme,

gimme, gimme!

- I think she likes it. - Oh, my God! This is the new Marc Jacobs!

This is sold out everywhere. Where did you get this?

Miranda didn't want it, so-

No, no, no, no, no. This bag is, like, \$1,900.

I cannot take this from you.

Yeah, you can.

- Why do women need so many bags? - Shut up.

You have one. You put all your junk in it, and that's it.

You're done.

Fashion is not about utility.

An accessory is merely a piece of iconography...

used to express individual identity.

- Oh! And it's pretty.- That too.

Yeah. But the thing is, it turns out there is more to Runway than just fancy purses.

Look, here's an essay by Jay McInerney ,a piece by Joan Didion.

Even an interview with Christiane Amanpour.

- Looks like someone's been drinking the Kool-Aid. -

What do you-

I got it. It's- Yup, the Dragon Lady.

- Oh, Miranda?- Let me talk to her.

- I need that. - I'll tell her to get her own scrambled eggs.

Lily, no, no, no! Put that thing up! I was gonna answer it!

It's gonna make-Give me the... phone.

Hi, Miranda.

- Ooh. Shh. - Absolutely.

- Shh!- Uh-huh. I'm leaving right now.

You know, you guys didn't have to be such assholes.

Um, excuse me.

I'm looking for James Holt.

Um, that's him right there.

- Oh. Thanks. - No problem.

- I put my stuff out there, and I pray they improve. - Really?

- Excuse me. - Hi.

I'm Andy. I'm picking up for Miranda Priestly.

Oh, yes. You must be the new Emily.

Nice to meet you.

- Oh, let me see that bag. Very, very nice. - Ah.

Distressed, studded leather, pieced by hand, finished with a metallic fringe.

Very nice, indeed. Who made that fantastic thing?

You.

Hmm. Duh. This way.

Uh, here we go.

It's a sketch of Miranda's dress for the benefit.

Also the centerpiece of my spring collection. Top secret stuff.

- I'll guard it with my life. - Please do.

Come on. You're working for Miranda Priestly now.

You must be in desperate need of hard liquor.

Excuse us, girls.

She'll have the punch.

It's deadly. Have fun.

- He's right, you know. - Hmm?

The punch. I drank it at James' last party.

I woke up in Hoboken wearing nothing but a poncho and a cowboy hat.

Ah. Well.

Wise.

- Uh, hi. - Christian Thompson.

Christian Thompson? You're kidding.

No, you're-You write for, like, every magazine I love.

I actually- I reviewed your collection of essays for my college newspaper.

Did you mention my good looks and my killer charm?

- No, but-- What do you do?

Oh. Well, I want to work for somewhere like The New Yorker or Vanity Fair.

- I am a writer too. - Is that right?

- Mm-hmm. - I should read your stuff. Why don't you send it over?

Yeah?

That would be-Thank you. That would be great.

But actually, right now, I'm working as Miranda

Priestly's assistant.

Oh, you're kidding. Well, that's too bad.

That's-Whoa. You'll never survive Miranda.

- Excuse me? - Well, you seem nice, smart.

You can't do that job.

Gotta go.

Okay.

Well, it was very, very nice to meet you, Miranda girl.

Emily?

Call James Holt's office. Tell them I want to move the preview up to today at 12:30.

Tell everybody else. Be ready to leave in half an hour.

But we're not expected until Tuesday. Did she say why?

Yes. Yeah, she explained every detail of her decision making.

And then we brushed each other's hair and gabbed about American Idol.

I see your point.

- What's a preview anyway?- Good morning, Miranda.

Miranda insists upon seeing all the designers' collections...

before they show them.

- Great to see you.- Hello, James.

- And she tells them what she thinks? - In her way.

Uh, this season really began for me with a meditation...

on the intersection between East and West.

There's a scale. One nod is good. Two nods is very good.

There's only been one actual smile on record, and that was Tom Ford in 2001.

An obi belt.

She doesn't like it, she shakes her head.

This is the dress that we have designed specifically and exclusively for you.

Then, of course, there's the pursing of the lips.

Which means?

Catastrophe.

Just, uh- Just go.

- I just don't understand. I'm appalled. - It's absurd. Appalled.

- You deal with it. - I'll talk to him.

So because she pursed her lips, he's gonna change his entire collection?

You still don't get it, do you?

Her opinion is the only one that matters.

- Call my husband and confirm dinner. - At Past is? Done.

And I'll need a change of clothes.

Well, I've already messengered your outfit over to the shoot.

Fine. And, Andrea, I would like you to deliver the Book to my home tonight.

- Have Emily give you the key. - Mm-hmm.

- Guard this with your life. - Of course.

You know, if I can deliver the Book, that means I must have done something right.

I'm not a psycho.

Oh, and, you know, she called me Andrea?

I mean, she didn't call me Emily, which is- Isn't that great?

Yeah, whoopee. Right.

Now, it's very important that you do exactly what I'm about to tell you.

Oh. Okay.

The Book is assembled by 10:00, 10:30...

and you must wait around for it until then.

You will be delivering Miranda's dry cleaning with the Book.

Now, the car will take you straight to Miranda's townhouse.

You let yourself in.

Andrea. You do not talk to anyone.

Do not look at anyone.

This is of the utmost importance. You must be invisible.

- Do you understand? - Uh-huh.

You open the door and you walk across the foyer.

You hang the dry cleaning in the closet across from the staircase.

- Uh-- And you leave the Book on the table with the flowers.

- Shit! - It's that door to the left.
Okay.
Thank you.
- You can give the Book to us.- Shh. Which-Which table?
- It's okay. Come on up. - No, I can't. I can't.
- What? It's okay. - Come on.
- Yeah, come on. It's okay. - Please stop talking.
Or you can bring the Book upstairs. Emily does it all the time.
She does? Right. She does, all the time.
Yeah? Okay.
What did you expect me to do, walk out in the middle of a cover shoot?
I rushed out of an investment committee meeting... and I sat there waiting for you for almost an hour.
I told you the cell phones didn't work. Nobody could get a signal out.
I knew what everyone in that restaurant was thinking- there he is, waiting for her again.
- Okay, okay! Okay, okay. - Oh, no. Shh!
It really wasn't that big a deal. I promise.
The twins said hello, so I said hello back.
- Then I went up the stairs to give her the Book and-- You went upstairs?
Oh, my God. Why didn't you just climb into bed with her and ask for a bedtime story?
Okay, I made a mistake. I know.
Andrea, you don't understand.
If you get fired, that might jeopardize Paris for me.
If that happens, I will search every Blimpie's in the tristate area until I track you down.
She's gonna fire me?
I don't know. She's not happy.
Andrea?
Miranda, about last night, I-
I need the new Harry Potter book for the twins.
Okay. Okay. I'll go down to Barnes
Did you fall down and smack your little head on the pavement?

Not that I can recall.
We have all the published Harry Potter books. The twins want to know what happens next.
You want the unpublished manuscript?
We know everyone in publishing .It shouldn't be a problem, should it?
And you can do anything, right?
Yes, Bobbsey. I know, baby.
Mommy's working very hard to get it for you.
She doesn't get it.
I could call frick in' J. K. Rowling herself .I'm not gonna get a copy of that book.
My girls are leaving on the train for their grandmother's at 4:00...
so the book better be here no later than 3:00.
- Of course! - And I would like my steak here in 15 minutes.
No problem!
Okay. I have four hours to get the impossible manuscript.
Smith
kay. I will be back in 15 minutes.
- Wish me luck! - No. Shan't.
Yes, yes, yes, yes. I've been on hold .It's for Miranda Priestly.
It's very important.
Yes, I know it's impossible to get...
but, well, I was wondering if you could make the impossible possible...
if that's at all possible.
Yes, I'm calling about the Harry Potter manuscript.
Uh, no. Unpublished.
Not a chance?
Tell her that it's for Miranda Priestly.
'Cause I think it makes a difference.
Let me call you back.
You probably don't remember me. We met at James Holt's party.
I'm Miranda Priestly's assistant.
The Harry Potter manuscript? Oh, you're kidding.

Uh, sorry to ask, but I'm desperate.
Just tell her it can't be done. You'll have to come up with a Plan "B."
Well, this is Miranda Priestly we're talking about.
There is no Plan "B." There's only Plan "A."
Is she back? Am I fired?
I rarely say this to people who aren't me...
but you have got to calm down.
Bloody hell!
Coat, bag.
What's that? Oh, I don't want that. I'm having lunch with Irv.
I'll be back at 3:00. I'd like my Starbucks waiting.
Oh, and if you don't have that Harry Potter book by then...
don't even bother coming back.
Hello.
Quit? Are you sure?
I failed. She's gonna fire me anyway.
- I might as well beat her to the punch. - Wow.
Andy, good for you. Congratulations. You're free.
- Yeah. Well, listen, I'll call you later. - Okay.
Hello.
I'm brilliant. No, really.
- Monuments should be erected in my honor. - You didn't.
Oh, yes. A friend of a friend does the cover art...
and she happens to have the manuscript.
Oh, no, 'cause that would mean that I actually did something right.
It's just- Oh!
The thing is, Christian, I was just-
Look, you want this thing, you better hurry. I'll meet you at the St. Regis.
Excuse me.
- Welcome to the St. Regis. May I assist you with anything? - Oh. Yes.
- Uh, I'm meeting someone at the King Cole Bar. - Right this way.
Hi.

- You have one hour. - Thank you.
One copy. What are my twins gonna do with that? Share?
Oh, no, I made two copies...
and had them covered, reset and bound so that they wouldn't look like manuscripts.
This is an extra copy to have on file. You know, just in case.
Well, where are these fabulous copies? I don't see them anywhere.
They're with the twins on the train on the way to Grandma's.
Is there anything else I can do for you?
Mm-hmm. That's all.
Okay.
- Hey. - Hey. I went to Dean
Man, they charge, like, five dollars a strawberry there.
But I figure since you quit your job...
we should celebrate.
- Listen, Nate. - Wait a minute.
You quit your job, but you're still working on the twins' science project?
Well, that's big of you.
Okay, after we talked, I realized...
it doesn't make sense throwing away all those months of hard work.
I just had a moment of weakness, that's all.
Yeah, well, either that, or your job sucks and your boss is a wacko.
All right. Whatever. It's your job.
Nate.
Come on.
I'm still the same person I was.
I still want the same things. Okay?
- Mm-hmm. - I promise. Same Andy, better clothes.
I like the old clothes.
Really?
Well, what about these necklaces? Do you like them?
No? And this dress, it's new.
Eh.

Well, there is one other thing that's new...
that I thought you might like.
But, uh-What about this?
You don't like it .I should better do-
No, no, no, no.
Is this number two look? This is number two?
- Hi. - Hi. All right. Turn around for me, darling.
Oh, I get it. I get it. I get it.
The piece is called "urban jungle," right?
Yes, the modern woman unleashes the animal within to
take on the big city.
Good. Go.
Sometimes I can't believe I talk about this crap all day.
- Bobby, come here. Let me see.- Oh, thank you.
- Make sure Miranda gets these as soon as possible.-
Mm-hmm.
And tell her I switched in the Dior for the Rocha.
- Oh, great. Can't wait .- Excuse me.
- Can we adjust the attitude?- I'm sorry.
- Don't make me feed you to one of the models.- I'm
sorry.
It's a busy day.
My personal life is hanging by a thread, that's all.
Join the club. That's what happens when you start doing
well at work, darling.
Let me know when your whole life goes up in smoke.
That means it's time for a promotion.
No. All right, February, back of the issue.
Did anybody spea kwith Salma's people yet?
Yes, but she'd rather do a summer cover because she
has a movie coming out.
No. Also, I'm pulling the Toobin pieceon the Supreme
Court women-
woman.
And I need to see a new drafto n that piece...
about shopping for a plastic surgeon-It's dull.
And this layout for the Winter Wonderland spread.
Not wonderful yet.
Oh, okay. I-I'll look at it.
What about Testino? Where are we on that?

Zac Posen's doing some very sculptural suits.
So I suggested that, uh, Testinoshoot them at the
Noguchi Garden.
Perfect.
Thank God somebody came to work today.
What about accessories for April?
One thought I had was enamel. Um, bangles, pendants,
earrings.
No. We did that two years ago. What else?
Um, well, they're showing a lot of florals right now, so I
was thinking-
Florals? For spring? Ground breaking.
But we thought about shooting them in an industrial
space.
We thought the contrast between the femininity of the
florals...
and the more raw, rough-hewn background would create
this wonderful tension between-
- No. - Which?
- No. - Which?
No.
Does anybody else have anything I can possibly use?
Antibacterial wipes perhaps?
- How's the cold doing? - Like death warmed up
actually.
Oh, God.
It's the benefit tonight. I've been looking forward to it
for months.
I refuse to be sick. I'm wearing Valentino, for crying out
loud.
Right. Well, everybody will be leaving soon to get
ready...
so I suggest you go and drop Miranda's Fendi bag off at
the showroom...
and then I suppose you can just go home.
Yeah? Oh, well, that is great .Perfect actually.
I need to get to Magnolia Bakery before it closes. It's
Nate's birthday tonight.
So we're, uh, having a little party for him.
Yeah, I'm hearing this, and I wanna hear this.

Bye.

I love my job .I love my job. I love my job.

Hello?

Before the benefit tonight ,I need to make sure...

that you're both fully preppedon the guest list.

But I thought that only the first assistant went to the benefit.

Only when the first assistant hasn't decided to become... an incubus of viral plague.

You'll come and help Emily.

- That's all.- Right.

These are all of the guests. Miranda invites everyone.

We have to make sure that they all think she knows exactly who they are.

And I've been studying for weeks.

I have to learn all these by tonight?

No, don't be silly, Andrea. These too.

Look, you better just start without me, okay? I'll get there as soon as I can.

Andy, come on, it's his birth-

Okay, but hurry.

Oh, please, believe me, I will. This is the last thing that I wanna-

Ooh, I love that. Uh, I'll call you the second I'm leaving, okay?

- Will that fit me? - Oh, yeah.

A little Crisco and some fishing line, and we're in business.

Well, nothing really. I mean, this is-

I mean, really, this is the social event of the season.

Oh, oh, my God. Andy, you look so chic.

Oh, thanks, Em. You look so thin.

- Do I? - Yeah.

Oh, it's for Paris. I'm on this new diet.

It's very effective. Well, I don't eat anything.

And then when I feel like I'm about to faint, I eat a cube of cheese.

- Well, it's definitely working. - I know.

I'm just one stomach fluaway from my goal weight.

That's John Folger, the new artistic director of the

Chelsea Rep.

- John, thanks for coming.- Hey there.

- Oh, thank you. It's always nice seeing you. - Stop fidgeting.

I'm sorry. I'm so late.

Just deal with it. You have to be here.

Emily, come here.

Isn't that Jacqueline Follet from French Runway?

Oh, my God, and Miranda hates her.

She was supposed to arrive after Miranda left.

- I didn't - Oh. - Yeah.

- Miranda, fabulous event as always.- You brought Jacqueline.

- Surprise. - Quelle surprise.

Oh, wonderful. We're so happy you were able to come to our little gathering.

Of course. I plan my whole year around this.

Well, we're so grateful that you do.

- Ciao. - Have you gotten my note?

Yes, I did. We'll discuss it on Wednesday.

- Yes, I agree. No business tonight. - Not tonight.

Enjoy.

Em.

Oh, thanks. Thanks.

Oh, um- Oh, my God .I just can't remember what his name is.

I just saw his name this morning on the list.

It's- Oh, I know this .It's something to do with-

Wait, he was- he was part of the-Oh, God, I know this.

Um-

It's Ambassador Franklin, and that's the woman that he left his wife for, Rebecca.

- Rebecca. Ambassador. - Miranda.

- You look fabulous. - Oh, very kind.

Thank you.

- Look at you. - Hello.

You're-You're a vision.

- Oh.- Thank God I saved your job.

You know, I figured out a few things on my own too.

Turns out, I'm not as nice as you thought.

I hope not.
Well, if it weren't for the stupid boyfriend...
I'd have to whisk you away right here and now.
- Do you actually say things like that to people? -
Evidently.
Well, I gotta go.
Are you sure? 'Cause my editor for New York Magazine is inside...
and, you know, I could introduce you two.
- You sent over your stuff or me to look at? Remember?- Yeah.
All right, I gotta admit, I only read a couple. It was a very large packet you sent.
- Yeah. - But what I did read wasn't half bad.
And, you know, I think-I think you have a talent, Andy. He should meet you.
Why don't you come in? Just for one drink.
Um, okay, yeah. I guess I could for one-
No, I can't. I'm sorry, but I have to go.
All right. Give my best to the boyfriend.
Roy, I'm sorry. Can you go any faster?
I'm sure Nate will understand.
Yeah.
Hey.
Happy birthday.
Nate, I'm so sorry.
I kept trying to leave, but there was a lot going on.
And, you know, I didn't have a choice.
Don't worry about it.
I'm gonna go to bed.
Can we at least talk about this?
You look really pretty.
Andrea?
- Do you have the Book? - Oh. Uh-
Mm.
Paris is the most important week of my entire year.
I need the best possible team with me.
That no longer includes Emily.
Wait. You want me to-
No, Miranda.

Emily would die.
Her whole life is about Paris.
She hasn't eaten in weeks. - I can't... do that.
Miranda, I can't.
If you don't go, I'll assume you're not serious about your future...
at Runway or any other publication.
The decision's yours.
That's all.
Hey, Andy.
- Hey. - You coming to bed anytime soon?
Uh, yeah. Five minutes, okay?
Andrea, don't forget to tell Emily.
Do it now.
Don't pick up.
- Don't pick up. Don't pick up. Don't pick-- Hi.
- Emily. - Hi, hi. Sorry I'm late.
It's just Miranda wanted some scarves from Herm?
And she did tell me yesterday, but I forgot like an idiot.
And so I freaked out, of course.
Emily, Emily, I-I need to talk to you.
I called Martine at home, and she opened the shop early. Whoa! I'm sorry.
She opened the shop early for me, so I got them, which is great.
Okay. Um, Emily, wh-when you come in...
there's something I have to talk to you about.
- Well, I hope it's not another Miranda problem. - Not exactly.
Well, good, because I've got so much to deal with before I go. I swear to God-
Oh, my God!
Emily?
I don't care if she was gonna fire you or beat you with a red-hot poker!
You should have said no.
Emily, I didn't have a choice.
- Oh. Please. - You know how she is.
That is a pathetic excuse.
Thanks.

Do you know what really just...
gets me about this whole thing...
is that, you know, you're the one who said you don't
really care about this stuff.
And you don't really care about fashion. You just wanna
be a journalist.
What a pile of bollocks!
Emily, I know you're mad .I don't blame you.
Face it, you sold your soul the day you put on that first
pair of Jimmy Choo's.
I saw it. And you know what really just kills me about
this whole thing...
is the clothes that you're gonna get.
I mean, you don't deserve them.
You eat carbs, for Christ's sake.
God, it's so unfair!
- Emily. - Just go.
- Emily, I-- I said go!
- You are going to Paris for the couture shows?-
Mm-hmm.
- That's the coolest fashion event of the year.-
Mm-hmm.
- I mean, who are you going to see, Galliano? - Yeah.
- And Lagerfeld and Nicholas Ghesquiere. - Yep.
Yes. Okay, now you're scaring me.
- Hey.- Hey.
- This show is amazing. I am so proud of you.- Thank
you.
Okay, start with the photos in the back and work your
way forward.
That is the way I designed it. It is brilliant.
- You will love it. - Of course.
And you, I have somebody I want you to meet, okay?
Ooh, art and sex. Lead the way.
- See you later .- Okay.
Hey. Hey, Miranda girl.
- Hi.- I was just thinking about you.
Oh, come on.
- It's true.- No.
I'm profiling Gaultier for Interview and, uh, making my

Paris plans.
I found myself wondering if, uh, you were gonna be
there.
Well, actually, um, I am going.
Great. I'm staying in a fantastic little hotel in the
Seventh...
right across the street from the falafel restaurant that
will change your life.
I'm sorry. I'll be too busy working.
You'll have to find someone else's life to change.
Well, that's just it.
I'm beginning to wonder if I can.
Lily.
Lily, he's just a guy I know from work.
- Yeah, that looked like work.- Look, you're making a
big deal out of-
You know, the Andy I know is madly in love with
Nate...
is always five minutes early...
and thinks, I don't know, Club Monaco is couture.
For the last 16 years, I've known everything about that
Andy.
But this person? This "glamazon" who skulks around in
corners...
with some random hot fashion guy?
I don't get her.
- Lily.- Have fun in Paris.
You going to Paris?
Uh, yeah. It just happened.
I thought Paris was a big deal for Emily or-
Great. Now you're gonna give me a hard time too?
Hey, Andy. Andy!
- Andy, what the hell is wrong with you? - I-I didn't
have a choice, okay?
- Miranda asked me, and I couldn't say no. - I know.
That's your answer for everything lately,"I didn't have a
choice."
- Like this job was forced on you. - Nate, I get it,
okay?
Like you don't make these decisions yourself.

You're mad because I work late all the time and I missed your birthday party.

- And I'm sorry. - Oh, come on. What am I, four?

You-You hate Runway and Miranda.

And you think fashion is stupid. You've made that clear.

Andy, I make port wine reductions all day.

I'm not exactly in the Peace Corps.

You know, I wouldn't care if you were out there pole dancing all night...

as long as you did it with a little integrity.

You used to say this was just a job.

You used to make fun of the Runway girls.

What happened? Now you've become one of them.

- That's absurd. - That's okay. That's fine. Just own up to it.

And then we can stop pretending like we have anything in common anymore.

- You don't mean that, do you? - No, I do.

Well...

maybe this trip is coming at a good time.

Maybe we should take a break.

Nate?

I'm sorry. Just... one second?

You know ,in case you were wondering...

the person whose calls you always take ,that's the relationship you're in.

I hope you two are very happy together.

Hello, Miranda.

Pardon. Miranda.

Maestro. Mmm.

How are you? So glad to see you. Thank you for coming.

- You like the collection? - Absolutely. I think it's the best in years.

- This is very important for me. Very, very important.- I'm very happy for you.

- This is my new Emily. - Hello. How do you do?

- I'm good. Pleasure. - Nice to meet you.

You love the show?

Miranda. This way!

Miranda. Nigel. Fashion's great gatekeepers.

Miranda, what is Runway's position on French fashion versus American fashion?

- I've been thinking-- Oh.

- You still owe me for Harry Potter. - Oh, do I?

- Of course you do. Are you working tonight? - Oh!

- No, actually Miranda has a dinner. - Great, you're free.

Oh, but there is the problem of le boyfriend.

Wait, don't tell me. The boyfriend non plus?

Je suis tr?, tr? desol?

Oh, you're so full of it. You're not desol?Wi} at all.

No, not even a little. What time should I pick you up?

- Uh-- I'll call you.

Yeah.

Oh.

Oh, there you are.

We need to go over the seating, uh, chart for the luncheon.

Okay. Um, yeah, sure.

I have it right here.

By all means, move at a glacial pace. You know how that thrills me.

Okay.

So...

first of all, we need to move Snoop Dogg to my table.

But your table's full.

Stephen isn't coming.

Oh, Stephen is-

So I don't need to fetch Stephen from the airport tomorrow?

Well, if you speak to him and he decides to rethink the divorce...

then, yes, fetch away.

You're very fetching, so go fetch.

And then when we get back to New York, we need to contact, um...

Leslie to see what she can do to minimize the press... on all this.

Another divorce...

splashed across page six.
I can just imagine what they're gonna write about me.
The Dragon Lady, career-obsessed.
Snow Queen drives away another Mr. Priestly.
Rupert Murdoch should cut me a check...
for all the papers I sell for him.
Anyway, I don't-
I don't really care what anybody writes about me.
But my- my girls, I just-
It's just so unfair to the girls.
It's just...
another disappointment...
another letdown, another father... figure-
gone.
Anyway, the point is-
The point is-
The point is we really need to figure out where to
place Donatella...
because she's barely speaking to anyone.
I'm so sorry, Miranda.
If you want me to cancel your evening, I can.
Don't be ridiculous. Why would we do that?
Um, is-
Is there anything else I can do?
Your job.
That's all.
Hi. I need Miranda's itinerary for tomorrow.
- Okay. Come on in. - All right? Thanks.
- Who put that together for you? - This?
Oh, it's just-it's just something I threw on.
Turn around. Let me see. Turn.
- Mm. Incroyable. - Yeah?
- It's really just- No, it's- No, gorgeous.- Yeah? Okay,
good.
Really. I think that my work here is done.
Oh.
We're going to celebrate. I'm going to get some
champagne.
Okay. What are we toasting?
We are toasting, my dear, to the dream job.

The one that a million girls wanted.
Which I got months ago.
I'm not talking about you.
Mm-hmm.
- James Holt-- Yeah.
Massimo Corteleoni...
is investing in James's company and taking it global.
- Mm-hmm. - Bags, shoes, fragrances- the works.
And James needs a partner.
And that partner would be me.
- Does Miranda-- No, no, Miranda knows, because-
- Oh.- Oh, she put me up for it. God, no. Can you
imagine?
But- But- But you're leaving.
- Mm-hmm. - I can't imagine Runway without you.
I know, I know, but I'm so excited though.
This is the first time in 18 years I'm going to be able
to call the shots in my own life.
Oh, my God!
I'm going to be able to come to Paris and actually see
Paris.
Well, congratulations.
- Huh? Oh. - Nigel, you deserve it.
You bet your size-six ass.
- Four. - Really?
Cheers.
- Cheers to you.- To us.
Let me see that.
Okay, I just wanna say that yes, there are things
Miranda does that I don't agree with, but-
- Come on. You hate her. Just admit it to me. - No.
She's a- She's a notorious sadist...
and not- not in a good way.
Okay, she's tough, but if Miranda were a man...
no one would notice anything about her, except how
great she is at her job.
I'm sorry. I can't-
- I can't believe this. You're defending her? - Yeah.
The wide-eyed girl peddling her earnest newspaper
stories?

You, my friend, are crossing over to the dark side.
I resent that.
- You shouldn't. It's sexy. - Sexy?
- Really? - Really.
So do you-do you know where we're going?
- 'Cause I'm lost.- Yeah.
Yeah, don't worry. I know this citylike the back of my hand.
It's my favorite place in the whole world.
You know, Gertrude Stein once said...
"America is my country, and Paris is my hometown."
It's true.
What do you do?
Do you just write stuff like that down...
and then file it away to use on us girls?
- I'm Christian Thompson. That's my way. - That's your way. Right.
I work freelance. I have a lot of free time on my hands.
You know, I never understood...
why everyone was so crazy about Paris...
but... it is so beautiful.
Mm. I-I can't. I'm sorry.
I can't. You know, Nate and I just split up a couple days ago, and I can't.
Ooh. I've had too much wine.
And my hearing-vision-judgment's impaired.
No, I barely know you. I'm in a strange city.
I... am out of excuses.
Thank God.
Yes.
Oh, shoot.
Bonjour, madame.
Uh, what the hell is this?
What does it look like? It's a mock-up.
Yeah. Of?
Of what American Runway will look like when Jacqueline Follet is the new editor in chief.
Wh-They're replacing Miranda?
Yeah. And she's bringing me into run all the editorial content.

You're really surprised?
Jacqueline's a lot younger than Miranda. She has a fresher take on things.
Not to mention American Runway's one of the most expensive books in the business.
Jacqueline does the same thing for a lot less money.
And Irv-Irv's a businessman, you know.
Miranda will be devastated. Her whole life is about Runway. He can't do that to her.
It's done. Irv's gonna tell Miranda after the party for James.
And she has no idea?
She's a big girl. She'll be fine.
Shi- I have to go.
Andy.
Andy, it's done.
Baby, it's done.
I'm not your baby.
Allo.
Oh! Oh! Thank God you're there.
- Excuse me? - I need to talk to you right away.
It's about Jacqueline Follet.
Shit! Oh, shit! Shit, shit, shit!
- Yes.- Mr. Ravitz, I'm so sorry to bother you.I was wondering-
Have you completely lost your mind?
- I need to talk to you.- Do not disturb me again.
But, um, it's just for one- Miranda!
Miranda. Miranda. Wait, I need to talk to you.
Irv is making Jacqueline Folletthe editor in chief of Runway.
Christian Thompson told me he's gonna work for her.
Irv is going to tell you today. I thought maybe if I told you, that you could fix it.
Do I smell freesias?
What? No. I-I specifically told them-
If I see freesias anywhere...
I will be very disappointed.
For 72 years, Runway has been more than a magazine.
It has been a beacon of elegance and grace.

Miranda Priestly is the finest possible guardian of that beacon...

setting a standard that inspires people across the globe.

Ladies and gentleman, I give you Miranda Priestly.

Thank you, my dear friend.

Bonjour.

Thank you very much for coming today...

to help celebrate our dear friend, James Holt.

But before I talk to you about James...

and his many accomplishments...

I would like first to share some news with you.

Um, as many of you know...

uh, recently Massimo Corteleoni...

has agreed to finance the expansion of the James Holt label...

transforming the work of this visionary artist...

into a global brand, which is really an exciting enterprise.

Runway and James Holt share many things in common...

chief among them, a commitment to excellence.

And so, it should come as no surprise that when the time came...

for James to choose the new president of James Holt International...

he chose from within the Runway family.

And it's my great happiness today...

to announce to you all that that person...

is my friend and longtime esteemed colleague...

Jacqueline Follet.

Thank you. Merci.

And now to the main event...

our celebration of James Holt.

We at Runway are very proud to have been-

When the time is right, she'll pay me back.

You sure about that?

No.

But I hope for the best.

I have to.

You thought I didn't know.

I've known what was happening for quite some time.

It just took me a little while to find a suitable alternative for Jacqueline.

And that James Holtjob was so absurdly overpaid...

that, of course, she jumped at it.

So I just had to tell Irv that Jacqueline was unavailable.

The truth is, there is no one that can do what I do...

including her.

Any of the other choices would have found that job impossible...

and the magazine would have suffered.

Especially because of the list.

The list of designers, photographers...

editors, writers, models, all of whom were found by me, nurtured by me...

and have promised me they will follow me...

whenever and if ever I choose to leave Runway.

So he reconsidered.

But I was very, very impressed...

by how intently you tried to warn me.

I never thought I would say this, Andrea...

but I really-

I see a great deal of myself in you.

You can see beyond what people want and what they need...

and you can choose for yourself.

I don't think I'm like that.

I-

I couldn't do what you did to Nigel, Miranda.

I couldn't do something like that.

Mm. You already did.

To Emily.

That's not what I-

No, that was- that was different. I didn't have a choice.

Oh, no, you chose. You chose to get ahead.

You want this life, those choices are necessary.

But what if this isn't what I want?

I mean, what if I don't wanna live the way you live?

Don't be ridiculous, Andrea. Everybody wants this.

Everybody wants to be us.

I have to be at work in 20 minutes.

영어자료는 **영공카페**에서 찾으세요!!! <http://cafe.naver.com/ilovespeech>

What's up?
Well, I just-
I wanted to say that you were right about everything.
That...
I turned my back on my friends and my family...
and everything I believed in...
and- and for what?
For shoes and shirts and jackets and belts.
Nate.
I'm sorry.
I-
I flew up to Boston while you were gone.
I interviewed at the Oak Room.
And?
And you're looking at their new sous-chef.
- I'm moving up there in a couple weeks. - That's
great. Congratulations.
I don't know what I'm gonna do without those late-night
grilled cheeses, but-
I'm pretty sure they have bread in Boston.
May even have Jarlsberg.
We might be able to figure something out.
You think?
Yeah.
So, what about you? I mean, what are you gonna do
now?
Actually, I, uh-I have a job interview today.
- Oh, yeah? - Mm-hmm.
That's what you're wearing?
Shut up. I like this.
- Andy, Greg Hill. - Hello.
Come on. These clips are excellent.
This thing on the janitors' union, that's exactly what we
do here.
My only question is, Runway?
My only question is, Runway?
You were there for less than a year.
What the hell kind of a blip is that?
Learned a lot.
In the end though, I kind of screwed it up.

I called over there for a reference, left word with some
snooty girl.
Next thing you know, I got a fax from Miranda Priestly
herself...
saying that of all the assistants she's ever had...
you were, by far, her biggest disappointment.
And, if I don't hire you ,I am an idiot.
You must have done something right.
Miranda Priestly's office.
Hey, Emily, it's Andy. Don't hang up. I have a favor to
ask you.
You have a favor to ask of me?
Yeah. The thing is, I have all these clothes from Paris...
and I don't have anyplace to wear them...
so I was wondering if you could take them off my
hands.
Well, I don't know. It's a huge imposition.
And I'll have to get them taken in. I mean, they'll drown
me.
But I suppose I could help you out. I will have Roy pick
them up this afternoon.
Thanks, Em. I appreciate it. Good luck.
You have some very large shoes to fill.
I hope you know that.
I don't understand why it is so challenging...
to get my car when I ask for it.
Go.