

## The Devil Wears Prada

- Andy: She hates me, Nigel.
- Nigel: And that's my problem because....? Oh, wait, no, that's not my problem.
- Andy: 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.
- Nigel: So quit.
- Andy: What?
- Nigel: Quit.
- Andy: Qu..wha?
- Nigel: I can get another girl to take your job in 5 minutes—one who really wants it.
- Andy: But I...I don't want to quit. That's not fair. But, I, you know, I'm just saying that I would just like a little credit for the fact that I am killing myself trying.
- Nigel: Andy, be serious. You are not trying. You...are whining. What is it 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?" Hm? Wake up, 6. 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? Hallston, Langerfield, 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 is just a magazine? Hm? 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 legends have walks 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. (Pause) 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.

Andy: Okay, so I'm screwing it up. Bu...mm.. I don't want to, I just wish that I knew what I could do to...

Nigel... Nigel, Nigel, Nigel...

Nigel: Hmm...Hmmm....No.

Nigel: I don't know what you expect me to do. There is nothing in the whole closet will fit a size six. I can guarantee you. These are all sample sizes, two and four...All right, we doing this for you, and...

Andy: A poncho?

Nigel: You'll take what I give you and you'll like it...We are doing this Dolce for you.

Andy: Hmm!

Nigel: Annnnd...Shoes....Jimmy Choo's

Andy: Hmm.

Nigel: Manolo Blanik

Andy: Wow!

Nigel: Nancy Gonzalez, love that. Okay, Narciso Rodriques, this we love. Uh, this might fit, it might.

Andy: What?

Nigel: Okay. Now, Chanel. You're in desperate need of Chanel. Darling, Shall we? We have to get to the beauty department, God knows how long that's going to take.

Andy: All right.