

KATY KEENE

40

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

40

Katy runs across the street to Guy, about to duck into his TOWN CAR.

KATY
Hey! Hey! YOU!

Katy SLAMS Guy's car door shut, so he can't get in.

GUY
Wow, do I need a restraining order?

KATY
That's the last thing you need, because you'll never see me again after tonight. I just have one last thing to say to you --
(barbed:)
Your work at Karloff... was *totally overrated!*

Jorge, Pepper and Josie -- across the street, watching -- stare in shock. Katy's shocked at herself, until Guy smiles.

GUY
That's the first honest thing I've heard all day. I was starting to wonder if the old New York was gone forever. The city I grew up in, people told you what they really thought. No matter *who* you were.

KATY
I grew up here, too. Lower East Side.

GUY
So tell me what you really think. What do you care if I go with Lacy's or not? Aren't you just an assistant there? Isn't it just a job?

KATY
It's not just a job for me. Lacy's is my whole life. It is for a lot of us. I wish you could see it through my eyes... it's -- *magic.*

Katy sways, lost in her drunken vision.

SCENE
1

GUY
LAMONTAGNE
SIDES

Sides by Breakdown Services - Actors Access

(CONTINUED)

1/4

GUY
So show me.

KATY
What?

GUY
Show me your Lacy's. Give me a
tour. My driver will take us.

He opens the car door, motions Katy inside. She looks over to
Jorge, Pepper, and Josie.

KATY
We're not going anywhere without my
friends.

Guy smiles. OFF Katy, getting some traction --

ANGLE ON Katy and Guy in the WOMEN'S HAT DEPARTMENT --

SCENE
2

KATY

Mrs. Lacy sold Jackie O her first pill box hat at this very counter. When you buy something at Lacy's, you're engaging with *history*, creating a memory.

GUY

So, tell me yours.

KATY

When I was six my mom bought me this sweater -- seventy percent off because it had a hole in it.

(baring her soul)

She said: "Its imperfection makes it special." I'll never get rid of it. Because it's...

GUY

A part of who you are.

Katy nods, emotional. GUY is moved despite himself. He pulls a worn, old leather WALLET out of his back pocket.

GUY (CONT'D)

I was 15 when my grandfather bought me my first leather wallet. At Sears. I've carried it ever since.

KATY

See? No one is going to have a story to tell about your clothes if they're just clicking them into a digital cart.

Guy takes a deep tortured breath. He knows she's right.

KATY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something? *Why did you leave, Karloff?*

GUY

I've been asking myself that same question. It was a great job -- it was safe, familiar. It's where I blossomed, as a person, as a designer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUY (CONT'D)

But after a while, I realized that I was designing for the company, not for myself. I wanted to build something of my own. Something difficult. Something people don't think I'm capable of.

(notices her emotions:)

That sound familiar?

KATY

I, um... I recently left my high school boyfriend. Sometimes, I don't even know why.

GUY

Half the time, I think leaving Paris was the worst decision I've ever made.

(vulnerable:)

A year ago, I was *so* desperate to break out on my own. Assert my own identity. But now... I don't even know what that is.

KATY

(an idea forming...)

I don't think either of us made a mistake. We just need to find our voices.

(fresh energy:)

I have an idea.