

Andy Sachs: [*on phone*] Hello Miranda?

Miranda Priestly: [*on the phone from Miami*] My flight has been cancelled. It's some absurd weather problem.

[*a hurricane*]

Miranda Priestly: I need to get home tonight.

[*New York*]

Miranda Priestly: The twins have a recital tomorrow morning at school.

Andy Sachs: What?

Miranda Priestly: AT SCHOOL!

Andy Sachs: Absolutely. Let me see what I can do.

Miranda Priestly: Good.

[*hangs up on her*]

Andy Sachs: [*answering the phone few minutes later*] Miranda, hi, I'm trying to get you a flight but no one is flying out because of the weather.

Miranda Priestly: Oh, please... it's just- I don't know- drizzling.

[*Background in Miami shows a huge storm and smashing thunder*]

Miranda Priestly: 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!

[*hangs up on her*]

Andy Sachs: Oh my God! She's going to murder me.

Richard Sachs: What does she want you to do, call the National Guard and have her airlifted out of there?

Andy Sachs: Of course not!

[*beat*]

Andy Sachs: Could I do that?