

FADE IN:

INT. GETTY AND CHASE DEPARTMENT STORE, HAMPTONS, N.Y. - DAY

Sleek, compulsive, high-maintenance and decidedly nouveau riche HILARY DARLING SWANSON, 52, skims through a rack of dresses. Even at the half-century mark, Hilary's figure has kept pace with the best of them. And she knows it, treating the task at hand like Vera Wang planning her fall line.

Across the rack, Hilary's younger sister ARLENE *putzes* along in a torpor. Arlene wears Goodwill Levis, hiking boots and a Steelers jacket. Unlike Hilary, it's evident that her own humble origins have stalled on that side of the tracks. Just out of curiosity, she grabs a gown, reads the tag.

ARLENE

Incredible.

HILARY

Don't look at the price, Arlene. I told you, it's my treat.

ARLENE

This would have covered my back rent. Why didn't you treat me to that?

HILARY

You're nothing but a pill.

A roving SALESWOMAN espies Hilary chinning a Ralph Lauren satin dinner dress with an exaggerated boatneck.

SALESWOMAN

Very nice. I've got a pair of shoes that would match that to a T.

HILARY

Do you? Well, then. I'll be over in a few.

ARLENE

Hilary, you think she has shoes to match this?

Arlene brandishes a dress that calls to mind the shredded remnants of a power suit worn during a nuclear explosion.

HILARY

That's a mis-rack.

Hilary points to some clearance Halloween costumes on sale nearby. As Arlene reracks the dress:

HILARY
Look over there.

In the accessories department, a pretty ACTRESS with a face familiar to us all is browsing the belts. And she's toting a bag from Saks.

ARLENE
Isn't that -

HILARY
Don't gawk, Arlene. Give her her privacy.

ARLENE
Why? Nobody else is.

Arlene means the TWO UNDERCOVER SECURITY EMPLOYEES staking out the celebrity from different angles.

ARLENE (CONT.)
Boy, that last movie she was in really tanked, poor thing.

HILARY
When you get to her level, it doesn't matter. I'm trying these on.

ARLENE
I bet it matters to her.

While Hilary marches off towards the fitting room, Arlene lingers to watch the actress surreptitiously slip a ruby-studded belt into the Saks bag. The detectives smile. So Arlene resolves to go warn the perpetrator of her doom.

HILARY (O.S.)
Arlene, where are you?

Like a tethered ball, Arlene stops dead in her tracks and the rescue mission is aborted. She grabs the first dress she sees and falls in line.

INT. FITTING ROOM - DAY

Hilary sashays out of her stall in the alluring boatneck. She checks the fit in a full-length mirror. It's perfect. Arlene makes sure the coast is clear before stepping out in her ensemble. Rather than a style of fashion, this number calls to mind a Bavarian windmill. Hilary gives it a perfunctory glance, then focuses on the more appealing image in the mirror.

ARLENE

This is why I shop the boys' department at Sears.

HILARY

You're not serious.

ARLENE

They have husky sizes.

HILARY

So, all you have to do is cut off the little bugle boy. What do you think of this? It's Ralph Loren. I like it.

Without warning, the actress sweeps into the room on a whirlwind. With several selections draped over her arm, she enters the middle of three stalls with an emphatic LOCK of the door. Curious, the sisters retreat back to their stalls on either side.

ARLENE'S STALL

As she redresses, Arlene hears the unexpected sound of SAWING, like a jeweler's file on plastic. Then some fumbling with hangers. Now more sawing. A BEAT. Then the sound of a PURSE UNZIPPING and something being removed. There's a loud POP of a plastic bottle.

HILARY'S STALL

Trying not to pry, Hilary is ignoring the activity next door. Leisurely removing her dress, she stops to wax philosophical over her bust.

HILARY

I could have been an actress.

The sound of something SPILLING next door jars her back to reality. She looks down at the floor. A swarm of little capsules rolls past the divider, right up to her Rockports.

FITTING ROOM

The middle stall opens and the actress flies out, as if late for a curtain call. Her Saks bag is bulging with added merchandise. The sisters emerge from their stalls in unison, check the middle stall. They find a pile of security tags on the bench. Also, that the ruby-studded belt.

HILARY

My God, she's just robbed Getty and Chase. Whatever for?

ARLENE

Remember that time she checked into a psych ward - after the break up with what's his name? She's a sick puppy.

HILARY

Well that doesn't give her the right to - Arlene, what are you doing?

Arlene grabs some tissue paper, scoops up the sawed tags and stashes them into her Steelers jacket.

ARLENE

I don't want her to get caught.

HILARY

This is not your affair, Arlene. Now put those back before a clerk walks in here.

Undeterred, Arlene gathers up their own dresses and other returns in the room. She sticks the whole heap in the middle stall.

ARLENE

Let's go.

Too shocked to argue, Hilary takes her purse and follows Arlene out. Moments later, the one of security guards blasts into the room. He searches the stalls, finds nothing conclusive. He pulls out a two-way radio.

SHOP FLOOR

The second guard is shadowing the actress's getaway when he hears a disgruntled voice on his radio.

FIRST GUARD (O.S.)

Wait for the alarm.

The actress exits the store without a peep.

HAT SECTION

Arlene eyes an ELDERLY MATRON with a saddlebag-sized purse trying a felt hat with feathers. With the old dame distracted, she dumps the tags into the purse.

Meanwhile, the shoe saleswoman we saw earlier is bearing down on Hilary. She waves a pair of high heels in the air. Hilary panics and bolts for the exit. Arlene catches up to her and they exit the store together.

EXT. GETTY AND CHASE - DAY

As the sisters reach daylight, a Jaguar driven by the actress burns rubber past the entrance. The sisters make a dash for a Mercedes parked just up the block at curbside. Hilary activates her remote car keys.

HILARY
Arlene, we could have been arrested.

ARLENE
Hurry up. We're still in present tense here.

The guards emerge from the store in hot pursuit. That is, until the ALARM sounds back at the entrance. They turn back to see the elderly shopper. She looks distraught.

Arlene cringes with guilt as the guards make an about face and go arrest the wrong culprit. Hilary revs up the engine, lurches away from the curb and skids off down the road.

INT. MERCEDES, ALONG HIGHWAY 27, THE HAMPTONS - DAY

Both sisters look back in their mirrors, relax as Hilary changes to the fast lane at a near right angle.

ARLENE
Who says the rich lead blasé,
predictable lives?

HILARY
Of course, we don't. But it doesn't usually involve felonies at the street level. And since when did you become a shoplifter?

Arlene grabs the *New York Times* from the back seat and starts reading the front section.

ARLENE
I don't steal. I wonder what she's doing in the Hamptons.

HILARY
Arlene, don't you know, this is the Beverly Hills of the East Coast.

Hilary points out the palatial estates along the highway.

ARLENE
More like Russia before the Bolshevik Revolution.

HILARY
Russia? What are you talking
about?

ARLENE
I'm talking about that.

Arlene points out an estate with an elaborate manmade
waterfall tucked between Greek columns and statuary.

HILARY
Oh, I know, it's so lacking in
subtlety. Douglas and I looked at
that place.

ARLENE
Speaking of felonies, how's hubby
dealing with the probe?

HILARY
The S.E.C. called yesterday looking
for him. This whole Congo mess has
been a nightmare.

ARLENE
I can't believe people fell for
such a third rate scam. "There's
gold in them there hills."

HILARY
It's not gold. It's called coltan.
They use it to make cell phones and
micro chips.

ARLENE
I know what it is. The warlords
fund their massacres with bribes
from the mining companies.

Again, Hilary's not sure what Arlene's talking about. The
Westhampton Yacht Club rolls into view outside her window.

ARLENE (CONT.)
Anyway, those investors should have
seen it coming.

HILARY
Well, I guess we can't all be geo-
political geniuses like you. So,
Arlene, did you apply for food
stamps yesterday?

ARLENE
The line was too long.

Hilary exits the highway, heads up a long, winding a hill dotted with more palatial estates.

(end excerpt)

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