

CHARLIE

And Simon ... That's right, Simon ... When you show up at the airport, try to look something like your passport photo. Yes? For both our sakes.

LOLA stares at him, angry, nonplussed, destroyed ... SHE fades back and away ...

PAT chases after LOLA.

CHARLIE snatches the re sewn boot away from TRISH.

This is shite. Do it again.

TRISH

You're out of your bloody mind.

CHARLIE

This is for Milan!

TRISH

Milan. Milan! You don't even know what Milan is. You never been there. You're just guessing. And I'm going home.

CHARLIE

I don't have to guess to know what's good.

TRISH

They'd be good enough for your father.

CHARLIE

I am not my father.

TRISH

Truer words were never spoke.

CHARLIE

Do it again.

TRISH

(staring him down)

As the sayin' goes—you want something done your way ... Have at it.

(To the other workers)

What say we clear out and leave the man from Milan to his stitching.

THE WORKERS all begin shutting down their machines and exiting.

CHARLIE

(Pleading to their backs)

We've all these samples to make and no time. If you go home now, what have we been working for? Pete? Marge? Trish ... ? George! George?

END

START