

*AMBER (Any ethnicity female, 20s, Supporting Role): A blunt and honest city girl who aspires to be an art curator. She is Charlie's roommate & best friend.*

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Amber is working behind the information desk at a New York art gallery during a busy opening. Her friend, Charlie, finally shows up and Amber explains that she should to rub elbows with the woman who just brought Charlie's painting.

CHARLIE

Hey. I made it.

AMBER

Charlie! Jesus! I thought you weren't gonna show.

CHARLIE

Sorry. I was painting and...

AMBER

You look great though!

(a beat)

AMBER

You need to go talk to her.

CHARLIE

Uh. Do I?

AMBER

YES.

CHARLIE

What should I say? I mean...?

AMBER

Well, thank her for starters. Look, I asked Albert. Don't freak out or anything but the really big deal is that she use to curate for the Whitney so of course she knows EVERYONE. If she can give you a recommendation at the Metro Art Annex you could get a grant interview! Just try to... bring it up casually. Avec moi, s'il vous plait.

END SCENE

INT. CHOICE SIDES RECORD STORE - DAY

Amber & Charlie are recording hunting. Amber decided to approach the snobby hipster clerks working there.

AMBER

You guys know if you have any 45s from the 1960s?

CLERK 01

Sure. Only about a million. You want the Beatles or Chubby Checker?

AMBER

We'll actually looking for something pretty rare.

CLERK 02

Let me guess, you need The Sloths' Makin' Love 7-inch?

AMBER

No. Southern garage rock. Or are you going to have to look that up?

CLERK 02

Ok. Sure. Turn around, walk back there, and take a look in those boxes your friend has been digging in for weeks.

AMBER

There is nothing in there earlier than 1979. I thought this store specialized in vintage vinyl. Where are the really old records or do you just have 20 copies of every Radiohead release?

The clerks falls silent. Amber waits.

CLERK 03

We ordered some stuff from a guy in Memphis. He might have something.

AMBER

Could ya give him a call?

END SCENE