**The Factory Script**

“July, 1969. A month in time that I will never forget. It was during this very time that I began working as the personal assistant to THE Andy Warhol.”

*Noises of subway station play*

“I got off the subway that sunny morning in Union Square. The adrenaline was rushing through my vines, my heart pounding like a drum”

*Fade subway ambient noise and play heart pounding noise*

*After a few seconds, noise fade out to silence followed by:*

“I decided to take a look at the map that Andy had mailed me. I took it out of my packet and unfolded it”

*Noise of paper being unfolded*

“I looked down at the photo Andy had glued to the map just to make sure I was in the right place…And that was when it truly settled in.”

“I was about to begin working at the hub of artistic inspiration. Back then, they called it The Factory. The Factory was essentially Andy Warhol’s very own workshop. It was where Andy conducted the majority of his most popular art pieces, anywhere from paintings to films. This building was the center of Warhol’s vast imagination.

*Noise of city begin*

“I still remember the feeling that overcame me as I stepped out of the subway station and into Union Square”

“Being a native New Yorker, I had been to Union many times, but this time felt special. It felt… like I was being watched by everyone. But in a good way. I’d compare it best to the way that movie stars are looked at in awe by the public. But the funny thing was, nobody knew who the hell I was back then. After all, I was just an assistant.”

“From the looks of it, I was suppose to first make my down 14th.”

“Leisurely walking down this street made me think about Mr. Warhol as an artist. And how he had reached his peak in popularity around the time I began working for him. Andy was one of the few artists of my time that saw art in the most uncanny places. He truly was a visionary. Andy used his artistic visions to address prominent issues of his time. For example, his famous paintings of canned food was meant to highlight the problem of over-consumption in America.”

*Noise of the city play again*

“I remember taking a right on Union Square West, and stopping for a moment. A looked straight ahead of me and saw it. The Factory. Although Andy had just moved into this location on Union, the very name itself, brought with it a legacy. As I looked at the row of buildings down the street ahead of me, I began to think in my mind about the many stories I had heard regarding the lavish parties Andy would throw at The Factory.”

*Noises of glasses clinking, people talking, laughing, etc (party noises)*

“Each one got crazier as they went on. They got so out of hand that Andy’s landlord had complained to him multiple times, which is maybe a reason why he decided to move the Factory to Union Square Park.”

*Party noises fade*

“For Andy, the Factory was more than just a place for parties. The Factory was a place where he created art. Specifically, Andy loved to create short films in the Factory. Andy’s films, were quite unique to say the least. His films broke the rules of filmmaking and were meant to be looked at as an art piece, rather than a conventional film”.

*Film reel noise*

“I remember stopping at the corner of 15th and Union and deciding to cut through the park.”

*Sounds of leaves moving and children playing overlap with the city noises*

“I looked around me and noticed how truly alive the park was. It made me think of The Factory itself, and how the many artists who entered this building must have replicated the same feeling I had that day; excitement. Andy would only invite guests he believed had potential to become something great one day. One of the most famous artists to ever get their start at The Factory was a band by the name of The Velvet Underground. ”

*Sound of guitar notes being played*

“I remember looking to my right and seeing a man playing a song of Bob Dylan’s. Funny thing is, Bob Dylan was amongst Andy’s favorite guests that he had invited to the Factory.”

*Slowly fades out*

“I made my way out of the park and stopped at 17th. There were police cars surrounding the building itself.”

*Subtle police siren plays (blended with noise of the city)*

 “Which was no surprise to me, after all security needed to be tight after what had happened to Andy merely one year ago.”

“The day I began working for Andy was in fact the anniversary in which Andy got shot in The Factory. From what I had read in the paper, a lady by the name of Valerie Solanas grew angry with Mr. Warhol after he rejected her screenplay that she mailed to him. Furious with Andy, she stormed up to Andy’s office, slammed open the door open *Noise of door being slammed open*  , pulled out her gun, and shot at Andy.”

*Quickly followed by noise of gunshot*

“It was a miracle he survived”

“Essentially, this was why I was hired to work at the Factory with Andy. He was still recovering from his wounds and needed a right-hand man until he was fully recovered.”

“I remember crossing 17th street and staring at the cream-colored building ahead of me. This was it. The Factory.”

“As I recall now, Andy never truly did recover from his wounds. Warhol used to be constantly surrounded by other artists. He would invite them to The Factory to be inspired by them. But, after his wounds, Andy isolated himself and decided to create his art on his own.”

“Today, the factory is but a hallmark of what once was. A hidden gem tucked away in the heart of Union Square Park. A place where the worlds most artistic minded gathered, to share ideas, create new works, party, but above all else… the Factory was the harbor for an artist that changed the way we look at art forever.”