

# Side 1

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**ELLE**      **WARNER**

*(ELLE and WARNER are in an outdoor courtyard restaurant.)*

**ELLE.**

Oh, Warner. Tonight's just perfect.

**WARNER.**

No, you're perfect.

**ELLE.**

No, you are.

**WARNER.**

No, YOU are.

**ELLE.**

No, you.

**WARNER.**

No, you.

**ELLE.**

You.

**WARNER.**

You.

**ELLE.**

You. Okay, I'm even irritating myself.

**WARNER.**

Elle, I want you to know how happy you've made me. Every guy dreams about finding a girl like you.

*(ELLE beams.)*

**WARNER.**

I can see that we both know why we're here. It's time to get serious...with you.

**ELLE.**

I never thought that I-

**WARNER.**

Uh, honey, I'm not finished.

**ELLE.**

Oh, sorry!

**WARNER.**

My life has been planned out since I was a kid and as a future attorney, I'm going to need someone serious by my side. But, Pooh-Bear, that's why you and I...should break-up.

**ELLE.**

Yes, I will- What??! You're breaking up with me? I thought you were proposing.

**WARNER.**

I did talk to my parents about it, Pooh-Bear, but...they expect a lot from me. I'm going to Harvard Law School and my brother's at Yale Law - so's his new wife, and she's a Vanderbilt for crying out loud.

**ELLE.**

Oh, so I'm not good enough for you? Warner, I'm from Malibu! I'm not exactly trailer-trash here! Richard Simmons is our neighbor!

*(ELLE begins to cry...little puppy-like sniffs.)*

**WARNER.**

Elle, if I'm going to be a senator when I'm thirty, I need to marry a Jackie, not a- Marilyn. Somebody classy who's not too tacky.

**ELLE.**

What?!?!

**WARNER.**

Okay, that came out wrong.

**ELLE.**

What does that mean I'm not a Jackie? I'm not serious-? But I'm seriously in love with you.

**WARNER.**

I thought that you'd understand. Check, please.

## Side 2

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**PILAR      SERENA      MARGOT      ELLE**

*(PILAR and SERENA hold candles. They are outside ELLE's closed door.)*

**PILAR.**

Sweetheart, it's been twelve days!

**SERENA.**

Please let us help you through.

*(MARGOT enters holding a discarded wrapper, horrified)*

**MARGOT.**

She's eating MILKY WAYS!

*(The GIRLS ad lib in horror.)*

**PILAR.**

Tell me those are fun sized.

*(to ELLE, through the door)*

Oh, honey, do you want me to shoot him? I will.

**SERENA.**

Oh, he is so over on this campus. And, honestly, I don't think he's that hot.

**MARGOT.**

I do.

**SERENA.**

Well, you're a slut.

**MARGOT.**

Look who's talking!

**PILAR.**

Three words: Spring Break! Cabo!

*GIRLS resume arguing. ELLE comes out of her room. The girls INSTANTLY quiet.)*

**ELLE.**

Girls, must we all descend into madness?

**PILAR.**

Oh, honey, so good to see you... Look! We brought you new magazines. We've got *Town and Country* and your favorite, the one they named after you, *Elle Magazine*.

*(The GIRLS surround ELLE and try to cheer her up with the stack of magazines. ELLE listlessly leafs through an issue of "Town and Country" magazine.)*

**ELLE.**

Thanks, Pilar. But it's gonna take more than "Elle" and "Town and Country" to bring me back from my Shame Spiral.

**MARGOT.**

Well then sweetie, you're just gonna hafta hold on 'cause the new *Cosmo's* not out 'til next week.

*(MARGOT boops ELLE on the nose. The GIRLS make a triangle symbol and look heavenward. ELLE smiles despite herself and flips through "Town and Country" then SCREAMS BLOODY-MURDER.)*

**SERENA.**

What? Don't tell me ponchos are back in.

*(ELLE jerks to attention, holds up the magazine.)*

**ELLE.**

No, worse! It's Warner's brother - Peyton Huntington the Fourth and his bride! Pictures from his wedding! LOOK!

*(The GIRLS inspect the photo and collectively CRINGE.)*

**SERENA.**

Muffy Vanderbilt?!

**MARGOT, SERENA & PILAR.**

Muffy?!

*(The GIRLS hoot and holler at the absurdity.)*

**ELLE.**

Wait a sec! This is the kind of girl Warner wants! Someone serious! Someone lawyerly! Someone who wears black when nobody's dead. Girls, I have a completely brilliant plan.

## Side 3

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**WINTHROP      LOWELL      PFORZHEIMER**

**WINTHROP.**

So gentlemen, Harvard Law grants acceptance to Adam Cohen and Sundeep Padamadan.

**LOWELL.**

Outstanding.

**WINTHROP.**

And now "Ms Elle Woods."

*(confused)*

...who was kind enough to send in... a headshot.

*(WINTHROP pulls out ELLE's picture)*

**LOWELL.**

She's applying???!!

**WINTHROP.**

Apparently.

**PFORZHEIMER.**

It says here she has a 4.0 average.

**WINTHROP.**

Yes, in *fashion merchandising*.

**LOWELL.**

And she got a 175 on her LSATS...

**PFORZHEIMER.**

There's also the letter of recommendation from *Oprah Winfrey*.

**WINTHROP.**

I'm not arguing Ms. Woods is entirely unqualified, but look at her! Is THIS the face of Harvard Law?

*(WINTHROP presents the photo of ELLE. PFORZHEIMER and LOWELL drool and smile.)*

**LOWELL.**

Multiculturalism!

**WINTHROP.**

Excuse me?

**LOWELL.**

We could admit her for reasons of... um...

**PFORZHEIMER.**

...Multiculturalism!

**LOWELL.**

Exactly.

**WINTHROP.**

Gentlemen, get a hold of yourselves! This is HARvard LAW not "Match dot com." ...Oh, but how about that... What a shame. She didn't bother sending in a personal essay...

## Side 4

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**ELLE      ENID      EMMETT      WARNER      VIVIENNE  
CALLAHAN**

**EMMETT.**

Hello, I'm Emmett Forrest. Class of aught seven. Represent. Welcome to the hallowed halls of Harvard Law. I know firsthand how hard you've all worked to be here today, so let's go around and share a bit about yourselves.

**ENID.**

Enid Hoops. I did the peace corps where I built family clinics from mud and trees. I fought to clean up their rivers, save endangered birds, and then led a protest march against insensitive media.

**EMMETT.**

Pretty impressive, Enid. Welcome to H-

**ENID.**

*(increasing in intensity)*

But now I'm here to be a lawyer because this country's out of whack, and only womyn have the power to fix it. We'll make the government stop hiding the truth, get more people voting for climate control, and really stick it to this phallocentric patriarchy!

*(ELLE sunnily enters Harvard Yard walking Bruiser on a bejeweled leash. She approaches the group, stops near ENID.)*

**ELLE.**

I love your top! It's so fatigue chic. So... how psyched are you guys? Snaps, our first day at Harvard Law.

*(Long silence)*

**ELLE.**

Hi. I'm Elle Woods. And this is Bruiser Woods.

**ENID.**

*(grudgingly)*

Enid.

**ELLE.**

Oh my god, we both have names that start with an E!

**ENID.**

*(sarcastic)*

Oh my god, we're, like, practically twins.

**EMMETT.**

*(coming to the rescue)*

We're just going around the circle... tell us something about yourself.

**ELLE.**

Me? Okay. So I'm a Gemini with a double Capricorn moon and I have a Bachelor's degree from UCLA where I was Sig Ep Sweetheart, president of Delta Nu Sorority and founded the charity Shop for a Cause.

**EMMETT.**

*(encouragingly, a good section leader)*

Huh.

**ELLE.**

Oh! And just last week at Fred Segal, I talked Beyonce out of buying a truly heinous cable-knit tube top. Whoever said tangerine is the new pink is seriously disturbed.

**EMMETT.**

I did not know that

*(Stunned, awkward silence)*

**ELLE.**

Anyone know where I can find Criminal Law 101 with Professor Callahan? And Warner Huntington III?

**EMMETT.**

Well, we're all headed there, so I'm sure someone would be happy to-

*(But the STUDENTS have gotten up and quickly left.)*

**EMMETT.**

...show you?

*(he sighs and points the way)*

It's in Hauser. Over there, second building on the left.

**ELLE.**



Thanks.

*(EMMETT watches as ELLE picks up Bruiser)*

**EMMETT.**

But I don't think dogs are exactly allowed in class.

**ELLE.**

*(smiles a bit)*

Oh, Bruiser's not a dog. Bruiser's family. I'll just drop him off at my room. He'd be happier there anyway: Bruiser loves *Days of Our Lives*. I'll see you later then.

*(ELLE spots Warner)*

**ELLE.**

Warner!

*(ELLE weaves through the students to reach him.)*

**ELLE.**

Excuse me. Pardon me. Coming through!

**WARNER.**

ELLE?!

**ELLE.**

Hmmm? Oh... migod, Warner! That's so weird, I totally forgot you go here!

**WARNER.**

What are you doing here?

**ELLE.**

I go here.

**WARNER.**

You got into Harvard?

**ELLE.**

What? Like it's hard?

**EMMETT.**

I think this is yours. Woods, comma, Elle...

**ELLE.**

Is this my social agenda?

**EMMETT.**

No, your academic roster.

**ELLE.**

Right. There's that.

(to WARNER)

Let's totally catch up after class.

**EMMETT.**

Who is she?

**WARNER.**

My ex-girlfriend.

*(ELLE is about to take a seat in the front row. VIVIENNE sees her. If anyone ever personified the tasteful Brooks Brothers blueblood, it's VIVIENNE.)*

**VIVIENNE.**

All that pink you're wearing. Is that even legal?

**ELLE.**

Pink's my signature color.

**VIVIENNE.**

So I gathered.

**EMMETT.**

Everyone take your seats. Callahan should be here any second. Three years ago I was sitting right where you're sitting and I'd heard the same rumors I'm sure you've heard too. Callahan's ruthless, he bathes in the blood of sheep, blahblahblah. Ahh. Only partly true. What you really need to know is-

**CALLAHAN.**

-you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say will be used against you.

## Side 5

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**EMMETT   ELLE   VIVIENNE   WARNER**

*(ELLE, kicked out of class, walks into the day, stunned. EMMETT leaves class, runs after her.)*

**EMMETT.**

Hey, Woods-comma-Elle! Listen, I was kicked out of class once first year, too. It's awful, but trust me, your law career is NOT over.

**ELLE.**

Law career? Not the problem. Listen, I need to get back into class with Warner. Can you help me?

*(VIVIENNE walks out of the classroom, overhears.)*

**EMMETT.**

*(confused)*

Yeah...come back tomorrow and make sure you've done your reading..

**ELLE.**

Okay.

*(sees Vivienne)*

Excuse me, but why would you do that to another girl?

**VIVIENNE.**

Do what?

**ELLE.**

We girls have to stick together. We shouldn't try to look good by making each other look bad.

**VIVIENNE.**

I didn't make you look bad, you just weren't prepared. Try opening a law book. But I should warn you. They don't come with pictures.

**EMMETT.**

So I'll give you ladies a moment then.

*(EMMETT creeps back into class.)*

**VIVIENNE.**

Aren't there girls going wild somewhere without you?

*(WARNER exits the class.)*

**WARNER.**

Hey! -

**ELLE.**

Warner! Thank god you're here.

*(ELLE goes up to a stunned WARNER and starts dragging him away.  
WARNER stops ELLE.)*

**WARNER.**

Elle, I'm sorry -

**ELLE.**

Sorry about what?

**VIVIENNE.**

Warner, is there something you'd like to share with Elle?

**ELLE.**

Do you know her?

**WARNER.**

Yeah... Elle, you should know. Vivienne and I went to boarding school together... and she's my girlfriend now.

**ELLE.**

I'm sorry. I just hallucinated. What did you say?

**VIVIENNE.**

He said I'm his girlfriend.

**ELLE.**

GIRLFRIEND?!?!?!?!?

## Side 6

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**ELLE PAULETTE EMMETT DEWEY**

(A DUMPY TRAILER. ELLE, with EMMETT by her side, turns to PAULETTE)

**ELLE.**

Paulette, are you ready?

**PAULETTE.**

I don't know, Elle. Dewey scares the crap outta me.

**ELLE.**

And that's okay. Channel that fear and tell yourself you are a strong, independent woman. You MUST be reunited with your dog.

**EMMETT.**

Anyone who bakes their dog a birthday cake deserves nothing less.

**PAULETTE.**

It's shaped like a bone.

**ELLE.**

And that kind of devotion cannot be ignored.

**PAULETTE.**

It's not easy to find dog-friendly chocolate substitutes.

(PAULETTE pounds on the trailer door. DEWEY begrudgingly peeks out the trailer window.)

**DEWEY.**

What in the- Crap, not you again! Paulette, get your fat ass offa my property!

**PAULETTE.**

I wanna see my dog, Dewey! I gotta right! I bet you didn't even know it's his birthday today.

**DEWEY.**

(*taunting, singing*)

Oh! It's your birthday, it's your birthday... Well you can't see him, Jelly Gut. Best decision I ever made? *Throwin' you out!*

*(DEWEY takes the Bone Cake and exits back into the trailer)*

**PAULETTE.**

Can you believe I lived with that for 10 years? That cheapskate never even got me a ring!

*(EMMETT pulls ELLE aside.)*

**EMMETT.**

Elle, they lived together for 10 years -

*(Instantly, ELLE gets where he is going.)*

**ELLE.**

Of course! Emmett, you're a genius!

*(Emboldened, ELLE knocks on the door again. DEWEY comes out of the trailer. He sees EMMETT.)*

**DEWEY.**

Now what?

*(DEWEY turns to see ELLE. He sucks in his gut and flexes.)*

**ELLE.**

Mr... Dewey, we are Ms. Buonofuonte's legal team.

**DEWEY.**

*(Nervous.)*

Lawyers?

**ELLE.**

I don't think you understand that the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts recognizes your 10-year relationship with Ms. Buonofuonte as a Common Law marriage, which entitles her to equitable division of property.

**DEWEY.**

Huh?

**ELLE.**

Tell him Paulette.

*(A still-stunned PAULETTE looks at ELLE then turns to DEWEY.)*

**PAULETTE.**

I'm taking the dog, dumbass.

## Side 7

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**BROOKE    ENID    ELLE    CALLAHAN    GUARD**  
**EMMETT    WARNER    VIVIENNE**

**BROOKE.**

Hi, I'm Brooke Wyndham and welcome to the Wyndham Workout Disc Two Challenge and our commitment to being the best you can be! So grab your CardioWhyp 5000... 'Cause if you want to get ripped? You have to get... Whypped!

*(BROOKE suddenly FREEZES)*

**ENID.**

Aw, why'd you pause it?

*(We are in the CONFERENCE ROOM watching BROOKE'S workout video with CALLAHAN, ELLE, VIVIENNE, WARNER, ENID and EMMETT.)*

**CALLAHAN.**

We have a lot to cover. Meet our new client, Brooke Whyndam. You can laugh, but she got rich off her DVD: "Whyp Your Way To Tighter Buns." She swears she is happily married to a sixty-year old millionaire. She was found by his daughter covered in his blood. If Brooke took a plea, I'd have her out in three to four, but she claims she did not do it. Hands, who thinks she's guilty?

*(EVERYBODY except ELLE raises their hand, including CALLAHAN)*

**ELLE.**

I'm a Delta Nu-

**CALLAHAN.**

Not now. To the jail!

*(BROOKE is seated in front of EMMETT and the interns.)*

**GUARD.**

Wyndham! You got some visitors!

**EMMETT.**

Hi, Ms. Wyndham. I'm Emmett Forest. I'm co-counsel with Stidwell, Zyskowski, Fox and Callahan. These four interns are

the cream of the crop at Harvard Law and we're here to "whip up"  
your legal defense.

*(BROOKE is silent, unimpressed.)*

Incidentally, my mom's a big fan of your DVDs. Credits you with  
her nutcracker butt. Her words.

*(Again, nothing.)*

Anywho, we'd love to discuss your case and go over a few  
choices. We want to free you as soon as possible, so you can  
bring your message back to your fans.

**BROOKE.**

That's all I want... This should be easy.

**EMMETT.**

Great. Callahan briefed me on your meeting and there is a  
significant amount of evidence against you. To free you, the  
jury will need to hear an alibi.

**BROOKE.**

Not gonna happen.

**EMMETT.**

Even though it could save you?

**BROOKE.**

Yep. Put me on the stand and I'll lie.

**WARNER.**

Okay, Ms. Wyndham, if we can't hear an alibi, you should accept  
a plea bargain.

**BROOKE.**

And admit to something I didn't do?

**VIVIENNE.**

But with a plea bargain, you'd get out in a couple years. That  
sounds reasonable, right?

**BROOKE.**

Reasonable to do time for my husband's killer? Not really.

**ENID.**

Oh, she's tough.  
*(woman power fist.)*

Yo! Sister-



**BROOKE.**

Yo! Not related!

*(BROOKE throws a silencing hand in ENID's face.)*

I need a legal defense team who knows I'm innocent. Get out of here. All of you. Guard!

*(The interns file out, defeated. ELLE's last in line.)*

**ELLE.**

*(Introducing herself.)*

Delta Nu's former U.C.L.A. President Elle Woods! I knew I recognized your mug shot!

**BROOKE.**

Shut up!

**ELLE.**

Oh, yeah! Your DVDs got me in shape to be June for the Girls of U.C.L.A. calendar!

**BROOKE.**

That's so great! Thank god someone on this team gets me!

**ELLE.**

Sisterhood's forever. I believe you. And I will fight with everything I have to clear your good name. But that involves an alibi...

**BROOKE.**

I can't tell it.

**ELLE.**

Everyone has secrets. For years I denied my highlights.

**BROOKE.**

It's beyond highlights, Elle. It's a disgrace. My secret is nuclear and if it gets out, I could lose my fitness empire, which means everything to me. If I tell you... will you Delta Nu Sister Swear not to tell anyone?

**ELLE.**

I will double Delta Nu Sister Swear.

**BROOKE.**

You're hard-core. Okay. On the day my husband was killed, I had...  
*(whispers)*  
Lipo.

**ELLE.**

What?

**BROOKE.**

*(again, quiet)*

Lipo.

**ELLE.**

Brooke, you're going to have to speak up, I can't -

**BROOKE.**

*(bursts like a geyser)*

LIPOSUCTION! MINIMALLY INVASIVE, OUTPATIENT LIPO, BUT LIPO!

*(ELLE gasps.)*

**ELLE.**

Oh my god!

*(The GUARD enters.)*

**GUARD.**

Ms. Wyndham, your time is up.

**BROOKE.**

I had to do it. Serious cottage cheese was showing up.

**ELLE.**

Your secret's safe with me.

**BROOKE.**

I can't lose my fitness empire. I'd rather rot in jail! You gotta take care of me, Elle! You swore!

*(BROOKE's gone. Just then, everyone returns.)*

**EMMETT.**

Elle, there you are.

**CALLAHAN.**

Where's Brooke?

**ELLE.**

The guard took her back.

**CALLAHAN.**

Great...

**ELLE.**

But I got her alibi.

**CALLAHAN.**

You're kidding. So. What is it?

**ELLE.**

I'm afraid I can't tell you.

**CALLAHAN.**

Why not?

**ELLE.**

I Double Delta Nu Sister swore not to.

**VIVIENNE.**

Elle, this is not some little sorority thing...

**ELLE.**

Oh, I know. It's a big sorority thing. But don't worry: Brooke really had nothing to do with this. Think about it: Brooke's a fitness queen. Exercise gives you endorphins, and endorphins make you happy. Happy people just don't kill!

*(Callahan is seething.)*

**CALLAHAN.**

Emmett— a word.

*(CALLAHAN drags EMMETT to the opposite side of the stage.  
Focus switches back to ELLE discussing with the interns.  
CALLAHAN and EMMETT heatedly talk amongst themselves, unheard.)*

**VIVIENNE.**

Elle, are you serious? If you don't give up this alibi, we will ALL lose the case.

**ELLE.**

Then I guess we're not very good lawyers.

**WARNER.**

Will you stop being a Marilyn, Elle? Listen, Pooh Bear— Elle. Callahan wants that alibi. Give it to him and you can sail through law school, knowing there's a big fat job offer waiting for you when you get out.

**ELLE.**

But I gave Brooke my word.

**WARNER.**

So what, who cares?

**ELLE.**

Who cares?

*(CALLAHAN and EMMETT approach the interns.)*

**CALLAHAN.**

Emmett, let me be very clear. This is your chance, and I gave you simple instructions - Lead this legal team and get me an alibi. You're zero for two. Everyone, field trip's over. Let's go. Back to work.

*(turning to EMMETT and ELLE)*

Except you two. I'd rather not see ratty corduroy or legally blonde again today.

## Side 8

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**ELLE EMMETT**

**ELLE.**

Emmett, I'm sorry-

**EMMETT.**

-I don't need you to be sorry. I need you to tell me the alibi.

**ELLE.**

I can't because I gave Brooke my word. Having an alibi isn't the only way to win this case.

**EMMETT.**

No, but it sure would help.

**ELLE.**

Work with me. We'll free Brooke the right way. The noble way.

**EMMETT.**

This isn't a Lifetime Original Movie, Elle. I'm not interested in nobility right now. I'm more interested in saving Brooke's life.

**ELLE.**

No, you're not. You're more interested in impressing Callahan.

**EMMETT.**

Well, he IS my boss. And if I impress him he'll make me associate.

**ELLE.**

And jeopardize your client's trust and our integrity?

**EMMETT.**

Well, when you put it that way.

**ELLE.**

Exactly, you butthead. My word means something, I know yours does too.

**EMMETT.**

No one's called me a butthead since third grade.

**ELLE.**

Maybe not to your face. C'mon, let's get out of here.

**EMMETT.**

Why do you always have to be right?

**ELLE.**

I don't have to be... when I'm with you, I just am. Hey, if you want to impress Callahan, I can help.

**EMMETT.**

Okay. How?

**ELLE.**

Listen, I love your scruffy vibe, but "Casual Friday" is so not in Callahan's vocabulary, and you have to dress the part if you want to get ahead.

**EMMETT.**

Elle, didn't your mother ever teach you about not judging a book by its cover?

**ELLE.**

She did. And books with tattered covers stay on the shelf.

**EMMETT.**

Thanks a lot.

**ELLE.**

Emmett, this isn't a perfect world. Think people haven't judged me my whole life? Think it wasn't a good idea to make navy my new pink?

**EMMETT.**

No, that was a good idea.

**ELLE.**

I know.

**EMMETT.**

But where are we going exactly?

**ELLE.**

You trust me, don't you?

**EMMETT.**

Of course.

**ELLE.**

Then don't stop now.

**EMMETT.**

What is this place?

**ELLE.**

It's called a department store.

**EMMETT.**

It's... it's beautiful.

**ELLE.**

Shhhhh...

## Side 9

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**PAULETTE   ELLE   KYLE   MARGOT   PILAR  
SERENA**

*(A funky PORN GROOVE begins. KYLE enters. He moves like a jungle cat, carrying a package. He walks past THE HAIR AFFAIR, where ELLE gets a manicure from PAULETTE.)*

**PAULETTE.**

There. Now you're ready for your big trial. You sure you don't want me to paint little gavels on 'em for ya?

**ELLE.**

It's okay, Paulette. That might be a bit too much.

**PAULETTE.**

Classy lawyer pink it is. When the jury people see those nails, they'll know they can trust ya.

**ELLE.**

Which is more than my team is doing. They're all over me to give up Brooke's alibi.

**PAULETTE.**

Including your "friend" Emmett?

**ELLE.**

Well... he IS on the team too...

**PAULETTE.**

Yeah, in more ways than one. I see the way he looks atcha.

**ELLE.**

Paulette, he's just my friend.

**PAULETTE.**

Right. And I could use a friend like that.

*(PAULETTE suddenly sees KYLE and is instantly mute.)*

**KYLE.**

I've got a package. For Miss Paulette Buonufonte.

*(PAULETTE manages to raise a weak hand as KYLE approaches.)*



**KYLE.**

The name's Kyle. This is my new route and the first stop of the day. Kinda cool karma, huh?

*(ELLE grabs the stylus and signs for the package herself.)*

**KYLE.**

Alrighty, then. Do me a favor? You have yourself a super day.

*(PAULETTE nods awkwardly as KYLE saunters out of the salon.)*

**PAULETTE.**

God, the new UPS guy's like walking porn.

**ELLE.**

So talk to him already.

**PAULETTE.**

Right. I can't talk to guys like that. I'm not like you. I got nothing to offer.

*(PAULETTE BENDS over...picks up the package and straightens: SNAP! The GREEK CHORUS appears, striking a tableau of awe.)*

**MARGOT.**

Oh my god!

**PILAR.**

Did you see that?

**SERENA.**

She's got the most perfect Bend and Snap I've ever seen!

**MARGOT, SERENA, PILAR.**

You're a natural! Hi Paulette!

*(PAULETTE waves back slowly, freaked.)*

**PAULETTE.**

I see dead people.

**ELLE.**

No! It's just my Greek Chorus! I'm so psyched you can see them now, too!

**PAULETTE.**

But I haven't had any Jager.

**SERENA.**

When your Bend and Snap has that much snap, it's been known to alter all laws of physics and logic.

**PAULETTE.**

What are you talking about...Bend and Snap...?

**ELLE.**

*(Demonstrating.)*

The Bend... and Snap!

*(The girls ad-lib reactions to her Bend and Snap.)*

It's a move invented by U.C.L.A. cheerleaders to break the will of the opposing team.

*(ELLE looks around, cloak and dagger.)*

But it also has real world applications: the Bend and Snap is 99.99% effective on straight men.

**PAULETTE.**

Yeah, I've got a great track record with those.

**SERENA.**

I see the problem here...and it's not physical: it's spiritual. Paulette just needs a little... spirit.

**MARGOT.**

And Serena knows about spirit: she's a U.C.L.A. Cheer Team Leader.

**MARGOT, PILAR, SERENA.**

Go Bruins!/Alright!/Bruin Power!(etc.)

**PAULETTE.**

Cheerleaders scare me!

**SERENA.**

Paul-Ette. Do you know why cheerleaders get the guy and keep the guy?

**PAULETTE.**

Because you jump around in short skirts?

**SERENA.**

Yes. And because we demand and command attention.

**PILAR.**

For real. You must become the cheerleader you fear.

## Side 10

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**CALLAHAN ELLE**

**CALLAHAN.**

Ms. Woods, could I have a word?

**ELLE.**

Of course. Thank you, Professor Callahan, for what you said before. It meant a lot.

**CALLAHAN.**

You deserved it. But don't tell the other law students I said so. I have a scary reputation to uphold.

*(ELLE laughs)*

**ELLE.**

Don't worry. Your secret's safe with me. If anyone asks, I'll tell them you're a complete nightmare.

*(CALLAHAN laughs)*

**ELLE.**

But I really appreciate this opportunity to work with you. I've learned so much.

**CALLAHAN.**

What you've learned isn't the point. You've got instincts. And instincts, legal or otherwise, can't be taught. Trust your instincts.

*(He kisses her. ELLE slaps CALLAHAN.)*

**CALLAHAN.**

I thought you were smarter than that...

**ELLE.**

Is this the only reason you gave me an internship?

**CALLAHAN.**

It's been nice working with you, Ms. Woods. You can show yourself out.

# Side 11

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## **JUDGE ELLE CHUTNEY**

**JUDGE.**

Uh- Ms. Woods? Any day now... You may proceed. Call your first witness.

**ELLE.**

We call Chutney Wyndham to the stand.

*(CHUTNEY WYNDHAM enters and is sworn in. She has a total Michael Jackson Off the Wall 'fro.)*

**ELLE.**

Miss Wyndham, what was your relationship to the deceased?

**CHUTNEY.**

He was my father.

**ELLE.**

Did you actually see his murder take place?

**CHUTNEY.**

No ... I was in the shower. But when I got out, Brooke was standing over my father's body, drenched in his blood.

**ELLE.**

Miss Wyndham ... on the day your father was killed, did you see anyone suspicious hanging around?

**CHUTNEY.**

*(Sarcastically.)*

Suspiciously hanging around my shower?

**ELLE.**

No before that.

**CHUTNEY.**

I got up, went to Starbucks, went to the gym, got a perm, and came home.

**ELLE.**

*(Puzzled.)*

And then you came home and took a shower?

**CHUTNEY.**

*(DUH)*

YES. I was in the shower.

*(ELLE has a LIGHTBULB moment, raises her hand.)*

**ELLE.**

Your Honor. I would like to go to the bathroom.

**JUDGE.**

Shouldn't you have gone before the murder trial?

**ELLE.**

No. Your Honor, I would like us all to go to the bathroom together. I mean, I'd like everyone to go back to the bathroom where this alleged shower took place.

**JUDGE.**

I'll allow it, Ms. Woods. Court reconvenes, at the scene of the crime, but I hope she's not wasting my time.

**ELLE.**

*(Re-grouping.)*

Now, Miss Wyndham, you claim on the day of the murder, you got a perm. Was this your first perm?

**CHUTNEY.**

No. I've permed my hair since junior high, about three a year.

**ELLE.**

Interesting. My associate has just gotten a perm herself today. Exhibit B: Ms. Enid Hoopes. Now, Ms. Wyndham, would exhibit B's perm be similar to your own?

**CHUTNEY.**

Duh.

**ELLE.**

And now, one more time for the jury, you didn't see the murder or hear the gunshot because you were where?

**CHUTNEY.**

In the shower!!!

**ELLE.**

Thank you. Ms. Hoopes, would you step into the shower, please?

**CHUTNEY.**

Idiot. You can't get a perm wet for 48 hours-

**ELLE.**

Exactly! Water deactivates the perm's ammonium thioglycolate and completely ruins it. It's the cardinal rule of perm maintenance.

Your perm is still intact so you couldn't have showered that day. Why would you lie about being in the shower?

**CHUTNEY.**

I was-

**ELLE.**

Why would you lie about NOT hearing the gunshot?

**CHUTNEY.**

But I-

**ELLE.**

Why would you-

**CHUTNEY.**

Think I liked being older than my dad's new arm candy wife?!?! I didn't mean to hurt my father! I didn't mean to shoot him ... I THOUGHT IT WAS BROOKE COMING THROUGH THE DOOR!!