



LEGALLY BLONDE

A small, light brown Chihuahua dog is positioned in front of the word 'BLONDE', wearing a pink outfit and a pink collar with a small bell.

The Musical™

AUDITION

PACK

Elle— pg 27—29 & 121—125

ELLE

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

Silence.

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!

Other STUDENTS snicker.

EMMETT

(coming to 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 Bachelors 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 heading there, so I'm sure someone would be happy to—

But the STUDENTS have gotten up quickly and 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 Glee. I'll see you later then.

As ELLE exits, STUDENTS RETURN, singing as they get in line to receive their syllabi from EMMETT. WARNER and VIVIENNE enter the line.

#180 - Chutney Wyndham

CHUTNEY WYNDHAM, the victim's daughter by a previous marriage, enters and is sworn in. She has a total Michael Jackson Off the Wall 'fro.

SERENA, MARGOT and PILAR GASP as they take in Chutney's hair.

SERENA

Omigod.

MARGOT

T.T.P.

PILAR

Total Tragic Perm.

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.

The COURTROOM erupts with this revelation.

WARNER

Oh, boy. We're screwed.

EMMETT

Don't listen to him, Elle. You're fine. Go ahead.

ELLE approaches CHUTNEY.

ELLE

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

CHUTNEY

(sarcastic)

Suspiciously hanging around my shower?

The COURTROOM laughs with her at ELLE

ELLE

No before that.

CHUTNEY

I was out getting a perm.

ELLE

(still 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.

WARNER stands.

WARNER

Why do girls always do that?...

VIVIENNE pulls WARNER down into his seat.

ELLE

I mean, I'd like everyone to go back to the bathroom where this alleged shower took place.

SERENA, MARGOT, PILAR

OMIGOD WE RAWK!

SERENA, MARGOT, PILAR, CHORUS

IT'S THE SCENE OF THE—

JUDGE

HUSH!

ELLE

(to stenographer)

Now would the court stenographer please read that back?

COURT STENOGRAPHER

"Omigod we rawk, it's the scene of the—"

ELLE

(points to steno roll)

No! Before that.

COURT STENOGRAPHER

Witness: "Yes, I was in the shower."

ELLE

Thank you. Now, Ms. 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.

ENID steps forward, her hair permed exactly like Chutney's. PAULETTE fusses around her with a comb.

Thank you, Ms. Buonfonte.

PAULETTE gets out of the way and joins Kyle.

Now Ms. Wyndham, would Exhibit B's perm be similar to your own?

CHUTNEY

Duh.

ELLE

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

The COURT groans, exasperated.

ALL

In the shower!!!!

ELLE

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

ENID enters the shower, closes the shower curtain, turns on the water. After a beat, she re-emerges, her perm stick-straight.

CHUTNEY

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

ELLE

Exactly! Water deactivates the perm's ammonium thiglycolate 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?

ACT ONE, SCENE SEVEN

ELLE sits in the salon chair at the Hair Affair, a slightly run-down salon.

PAULETTE

Hey there! Welcome to the Hair Affair. You're with Paulette so you're in good hands. I'm sorta like Allstate, but for hair.

ELLE

Make me a brunette.

PAULETTE

What? Brunette? Honey,

(gestures to her hair)

you're a genetic lotto win! Alright, something else is goin' on here. Back up. Paulette's listenin'. Spill.

ELLE

Okay. I'm Elle Woods, and I came all the way out for Harvard Law School —

PAULETTE

That's a good school!

ELLE

I know, right? And, I did it to follow my one true love Warner out here and now he's...

(gagging)

he's dating this evil preppie.

PAULETTE

So what's she got that you don't got? Three tits?

ELLE

She's

(air quotes)

"serious."

PAULETTE

Seriously, she have three tits?

ELLE

No, she's a constipated polo shirt with a mousy brown bob. Apparently that's what Warner wants. So, you have to make me a brunette.

PAULETTE

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Do you know the number one reason behind all Bad Hair Decisions?

...from her station.
God, it's days like today I miss my dog Rufus the most. He's my angel...

ELLE looks at the photo.

See? It's our annual glamour shot. We're little sailors.

ELLE

Beyond adorable. And no woman should be denied her dog.

PAULETTE

Tell me something I don't know.

PAULETTE pulls herself together as VIVIENNE and friend WHITNEY enter, talking amongst themselves.

VIVIENNE

So I'll bring the lobster potstickers.

WHITNEY

Perfect. I've got a case of chardonnay. Now that's a party.

VIVIENNE stops in her tracks when she sees ELLE. ELLE can't help but perk up and be hopeful at the mention of 'party.'

ELLE

(can't help herself, blurts)

There's a party?

(sees Vivienne)

Oh. Hello, Vivienne.

VIVIENNE

Hello, Elle.

WHITNEY

Yeah...

(looks to Vivienne, nervous)

Next Friday night a few people are getting together...

PAULETTE

Hey, maybe that guy you like'll be there, Elle! You should go!

Instantly VIVIENNE knows who the guy in question is and embraces this opportunity.

VIVIENNE

Definitely come. It's a costume party.

ELLE

I love costume parties!

VIVIENNE

Of course you do... Next Friday at eight, 243 Mass Ave. See you there.

ELLE

Thanks, Vivenne.

VIVIENNE and Whitney exit.

7a - Ireland (Reprise)

PAULETTE

Oh, you are SO borrowin' my secret weapon costume I got in storage, Elle. I'll just dust off the mothballs, and wait'll you see it... Now go and do this, honey. 'Cause if a girl like you can't win back your man, there's no hope for the rest of us.

LITTLE MISS WOODS, COMING, ELLE

ELLE

I just need to prove to everyone that I'm serious.

EMMETT

What you need is to get to work.

ELLE and EMMETT are in her dorm room. It's a shock of pink. EMMETT is amazed, ELLE heads to the closet to change.

ELLE (O.S.)

Make yourself at home!

— 55

EMMETT

Hello... Kitty...

EMMETT, bemused, takes in this bizarre surrounding.

EMMETT sees empty Red Bull cans littering her desk.

You drink a lot of Red Bull, don't you?

ELLE (O.S.)

It gives me energy!

EMMETT

So you can stay up late *studying*?

ELLE (O.S.)

What?!

EMMETT

I said *studying*!!! You do study, don't you? Where are those law books?

ELLE (O.S.)

They're under the—

EMMETT

Under the —

ELLE (O.S.)

— pile of —

EMMETT

— pile of —

ELLE

(playfully irritated)

There!

ELLE lifts a pile of clothes off her dressing table — there's nothing underneath.

(genuinely confused)

They're here somewhere...

Just then, EMMETT enters the room bearing a gift.

EMMETT

Ho, ho, ho.

ELLE

Emmett! This is my friend, Paulette.

EMMETT

Hi.

PAULETTE

Hey there.

They shake hands, then EMMETT gives gift to ELLE.

EMMETT

For you. Not quite as good as going home for Christmas, but...

ELLE

You are TOO sweet!

She opens the gift.

EMMETT

It's a real timesaver! It's shampoo and conditioner in one!

ELLE

(horrificed)

Aaaaaaagggghhhh...

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

Romantic, slow jam plays as we meet WARNER HUNTINGTON THE THIRD in the Delta Nu foyer. WARNER then leads ELLE into an outdoor courtyard restaurant. A VIOLINIST strolls among the other diners.

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 who looks like you.

(ELLE beams.)

ELLE

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 Chrissake.

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 gonna be a senator when I'm thirty...

Callahan: pgs 108—109

CALLAHAN

To Emmett. For decisively turning the case around and for nailing the pool boy.

WARNER

Emmett nailed the pool boy.

EMMETT

Well... I have to share this victory with Elle.

ELLE smiles.

ENID

To Emmett and — I can't believe I'm saying this — to Elle.

ALL toast and clink.

ELLE, ENID, CALLAHAN, EMMETT, VIVIENNE

To Elle!

WARNER

Yeah... since when did finely-tuned gay-dar qualify as a legal victory?

CALLAHAN

But without that "gay-dar," we wouldn't be celebrating with champagne, we'd be dead in the water. Elle Woods trusts her gut and has shown more legal smarts than most on my staff. She won this round, making her a good lawyer. And while we'd still love to hear that alibi she got, by keeping it, she's never compromised the client's trust, making her a great one.

(turns to Warner)

Which is more than I can say about you, Warner. Be useful. Go get me a coffee.

WARNER

But we're drinking champagne?...

CALLAHAN

Splenda and skim.

(beat)

Everyone else, please go home and get a good night's sleep. I need you all sharp tomorrow morning.

Everyone goes. ELLE is the last out.

CALLAHAN

Ms. Woods, could I have a word?

ELLE

Of course.

(to EMMETT as he exits)

I'll catch up with you in a second.

(back to CALLAHAN)

And 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.

CALLAHAN laughs.

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.

WARNER appears in the doorway holding a coffee. He takes a step back, slightly hiding himself so he can overhear.

And instincts, legal or otherwise, can't be taught. Trust your instincts.

He kisses her. VIVIENNE approaches as Warner exits. ELLE slaps Callahan, and Vivenne quietly shuts the door.

I thought you were smarter than that..

ELLE

Is this the only reason why you gave me an internship?

CALLAHAN

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

Vivienne: pg 51

WARNER

Pooh B – Elle... You have to ace his course to get that internship and he's not called "C-Minus Callahan" for nothing.

ELLE

Warner, I'm completely cognizant of both those facts.

VIVIENNE

You're not going to make it through the semester, let alone get Callahan's internship.

VIVIENNE looks her bunny costume up and down.

Even if you keep going... and going... and going...

Chuckles of amusement, everyone is watching this exchange.

Face it, bunny: One of these things is not like the other.

(gestures to the crowd)

Someday, we'll nominate Supreme Court justices... And you'll... tan.

(Collective 'ooohs' from the party.)

Run home, Elle, and change out of your skank costume.

ELLE takes a moment.

ELLE

Oh is THAT what you see, Vivienne? How unfortunate.

ELLE sees Enid twirling her glasses in her hand, runs up and snags them, and puts them on.

Because I am Gloria Steinem undercover, circa 1963, researching for her feminist manifesto 'I Was a Playboy Bunny.' Are you actually calling Gloria Steinem a SKANK?

ENID'S furious, like a mad dog.

Brooke: pgs 79—80

ELLE

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 DVD's 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 legal 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 their 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!

A PRISON GUARD enters:

PRISON GUARD

Ms. Wyndham, your time is up.

BROOKE

I had to do it. Serious cottage cheese was showing up on MY ass!

ELLE

Your secret's safe with me.

BROOKE

(screams as she's being pulled out)

My fans are counting on me, I can't let them down! You gotta take care of me, Elle!
You swore.

BROOKE's gone. Just then, everyone returns.

Margot, Serena, Pilar: pgs 91—92 (As Serena)

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 too now!

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 reaction 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, and 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 showin' your panties?

SERENA

Yes. And because we demand and command attention.

PILAR

For real. You must become the cheerleader you fear.

SERENA

You've got the pompoms. It's time to shake 'em.
READY? OK-AY!

KYLE displays a stuffed squirrel from the wings. He enters the stage with it and Rufus follows, eager to get at the squirrel. KYLE pets him.

PAULETTE watches wistfully.

KYLE

C'mon, Rufus. Good boy. Sit.

PAULETTE

Wow... He really likes ya.

KYLE

And I like him.

PAULETTE

Thanks for walking Rufus.

KYLE

It was the least I could do. Consider this training a thank you for staying with me at the hospital.

PAULETTE

Trust me: the pleasure was all mine.

KYLE

Well, I should be getting back to my route now. Duty calls.

KYLE exits.

PAULETTE

Duty calls. All that AND he has a job.

(leading RUFUS out)

C'mon, Rufus. It's time for your manicure.

ELLE enters with bags.

ELLE

Paulette, I just came to say goodbye.

PAULETTE

What?! Goodbye??!!

ELLE

I'm going back home to California -