

"LEGALLY BLONDE"

Screenplay by

Karen McCullah Lutz and Kirsten Smith

Shooting Draft July 31, 2000

INT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - DAY

"HEAD OVER HEELS" by the Go-Go's plays as we wind through a flock of abstract, silky, golden strands – PULLING BACK, to discover that the strands are hair on a BLONDE GIRL's head. But not just any blonde girl, a girl in Delta Gamma, the blondest, most beautiful sorority at USC.

We PULL BACK further to see that she's signing a handmade card. She holds it up OVER HER SHOULDER, we see hearts and glitter surrounding and "Good Luck Tonight!" and "Elle and Warner forever!."

She carries the card out of her room and we FOLLOW HER across the hall, into the room of –

THREE BLONDE CHEERLEADERS, who stop practicing their pom-pom routine to sign the card. As they finish, we follow the Card Girl out and into the room of –

A BLONDE GIRL IN A TANK TOP and shorts, working out on a Stairmaster as "General Hospital" plays on a tiny TV. She signs the card while continuing to exercise. We move on, to the room of –

A BLONDE GIRL MAKING OUT WITH HER BOYFRIEND who stops long enough to sign the card, as her boyfriend nibbles on her neck. She hands the card back and we head into the room of –

A BLONDE PARTY GIRL who pours a pink frozen margarita into a glass from the blender, then passes it down to ANOTHER BLONDE GIRL, assembly-line style. The card goes one way, being signed, as the drinks go the other.

Once the card arrives back in the Card Girl's hands, we follow

her out of the room and down the hall until she reaches the very last and biggest door –

She puts a kiss mark on the card, then kneels down and slides the card under the door.

INT. ELLE'S DELTA GAMMA ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The CARD slides into the pink room, hitting the feet of UNDERDOG, a tiny chihuahua who picks it up in his mouth and trots it over to a pair of perfectly pedicured feet in strappy sandals.

An equally perfectly manicured hand with a "Sisters Forever" charm bracelet dangling from the wrist, scoops up Underdog.

As he rises, we RISE WITH HIM, passing toned, waxed, tanned legs in pink Prada pedal pushers and a pair of perky boobs encased in a spaghetti-strap top – until we finally reveal a magnificent head of long blonde hair and a sweet, beautiful face. This is ELLE WOODS, 21, the Goddess Queen of Delta Gamma. She talks on a pink, fuzzy phone.

ELLE
(into the phone)
I love you, too!

Behind her, a "Go USC" banner is pinned to the pink wall. A stack of "Cosmopolitan"s and "Glamour"s teeters on the dresser. The closet overflows with trendy, designer clothes in a predominance of pink.

ELLE
(into phone)
I'll see you tonight.

She hangs up and lets out a squeal of joy, kissing Underdog's head and taking the card out of his mouth. She reads it, touched.

ELLE
"Elle and Warner forever". Aww...

Underdog yips.

INT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

A Delta Gamma/Sigma Chi barbecue in full swing. Beautiful college students drink beer and mingle, trying to figure out who they're going to sleep with next.

The main wall of the living room has been designated as a "Model Wall" of Delta Gamma girls – ELLE smiles at us from a Hawaiian Tropic ad and a Miss June USC calendar photo. A cover of an Italian Vogue shows a blonde sexpot MARGOT; a USC cheerleader poster displays a hard-bodied non-blonde SERENA in a pom-pom pose.

Serena walks up, fending off an admirer.

SERENA

Jeremy, enough! I am not going to formal with you.

Jeremy slinks off as Margot arrives, agitated.

MARGOT

Can someone please tell Rick that he is not the only Sigma Chi with a big penis?

ELLE (O.S.)

You guys are so sweet!

ELLE, a vision of fluffy bloneness, runs down the stairs toward Serena and Margot, holding the card.

ELLE

But I'm not positive it's gonna happen tonight –

SERENA

Hello... he just had lunch with his grandmother. You know he got "The Rock".

MARGOT

Why else would she have flown in from Newport? It's not like she'd Fed Ex a six carat diamond.

ELLE
(excited)
You think?

SERENA
I can't believe you're getting
engaged!

The three girls jump up and down, squealing and hugging.

ELLE
C'mon – you have to help me pick
out the perfect outfit.

As they head toward the door, Elle spots Amy, a shy girl in a delta gamma pledge sweatshirt, standing alone.

ELLE
Amy, what's wrong?

AMY
I don't really – know anyone.

ELLE
(teasing)
That's because you spend too much
time in the library. Come with me.
(to Serena and Margot)
I'll meet you outside.

As they go, Elle leads Amy over to a group of jovial Sigma Chi brothers.

ELLE
Brandon, Jason, Grant – this is
Amy. Why don't you tell her about
the time you guys went golfing naked?

Elle winks at Amy and heads off as the guys launch into their story.

BRANDON
It was classic. Jason hit with wood
all day.

GRANT

And we never ran out of balls –

Amy laughs.

INT. SUNSET PLAZA BOUTIQUE - DAY

Serena and Margot watch as Elle stands in front of a mirror, trying on a Herve Leger white mini-dress. Sexy and ultra-tight.

ELLE

Too demure?

MARGOT

I think you should go with red. It's the color of confidence.

ELLE

Well, I don't want to look like I know what's coming...

SERENA

I don't understand why you're completely disregarding your signature color.

She holds up a tiny pink slipdress.

ELLE

He's proposing! I can't look like I would on any date. This is the date. The night I'll always remember. I want to look special. Bridal... but not like I suspect anything.

ACROSS THE STORE

A SALESWOMAN looks at her cohort.

SALESWOMAN

(sotto)

There's nothing I love more than a dumb blonde with daddy's plastic.

She grabs a dress off the Clearance Sale rack, ripping off the "HALF PRICE" TAG.

ON ELLE AND THE GIRLS

SERENA

I can't wait to see you wearing The Rock!

Elle looks at them, suddenly concerned.

ELLE

What if – you know – it's not the night?

MARGOT

Why else would he be taking you to The Ivy? You've been dating for a year – it's not like he's trying to impress you.

SERENA

Elle, you've heard the man pass gas in his sleep. That practically means you're pre-engaged.

The Saleswoman approaches with the dress, kiss-assy smile on her face.

SALESWOMAN

Did you see this one? We just got it in yesterday.

Elle fingers the dress, then the new price tag, looking back at the saleswoman, excited.

ELLE

Is this a low-viscosity rayon?

SALESWOMAN

Uh, yes – of course.

ELLE

With half-loop top-stitching on the

hem?

SALESWOMAN

(smiling a lie)

Absolutely. It's one of a kind.

Elle hands the dress back to her, no longer pretending to be excited.

ELLE

It's impossible to use a half-loop topstitch on low-viscosity rayon. It would snag the fabric. And you didn't just get this in, because I remember it from the June Vogue a year ago, so if you're trying to sell it to me at full price, you picked the wrong girl.

The saleswoman slinks off, embarrassed.

MARGOT

(to the saleswoman)

Nice try...

Elle shakes her head and turns back to the girls as she slips on her Manolo Blahnik sandals, doing one last mirror check, smoothing down her golden mane.

ELLE

(dramatically)

Girls, this is it. In a few hours, I'll be the future Mrs. Warner Huntington III.

EXT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - NIGHT

An attractive male finger presses the doorbell.

INT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Amy peeks through the peephole and turns.

AMY

(whispering)

He's here!

Elle, standing nearby with Margot and Serena and several other DG's, smooths down her dress and takes a deep breath, opening the door to find –

WARNER HUNTINGTON, III, 21, tall, chiseled and outrageously handsome. He takes her in, a smile spreading across his face.

WARNER
You're beautiful.

ELLE
So are you!

She looks up at him, blushing and completely smitten. They kiss. After a moment, Warner extracts himself.

WARNER
(nervous)
You ready?

Her face is awash with devotion.

ELLE
I am so ready.

EXT. THE IVY - NIGHT

Warner and Elle are seated at a cozy table on the patio.

Elle takes a sip from her freshly poured champagne flute.

Nervous and excited.

ELLE
Here's to us.

Warner is slower to sip his.

WARNER
The reason I wanted to come here
tonight was to discuss our future.

Elle is on the edge of her seat.

ELLE

I'm fully amenable to that discussion.

WARNER

I mean, we're having a lot of fun now – but things are gonna be different when I'm at Harvard. Law school is a completely different world. I need to be serious.

ELLE

Of course.

WARNER

My family expects a lot from me. And I expect a lot from me. I plan on running for office some day.

ELLE

And I fully support that.

WARNER

But the thing is, if I'm gonna be a senator by the time I'm thirty – I can't keep dicking around.

ELLE

I completely agree.

WARNER

That's why I think it's time for us to –

Elle takes a deep breath, filled with anticipation.

WARNER

I think we should break up.

Elle's champagne glass drops from her hand and CRASHES onto the patio.

ELLE

What?

Elle starts to flush, completely caught off guard.

WARNER

I'm sorry, Elle, I just –

ELLE

You're breaking up with me?!
(tearing up)
I thought you were proposing.

WARNER

Proposing?! Elle, if I'm going to be
a politician, I need to marry a
Jackie, not a – Marilyn.

ELLE

(stunned)
You're breaking up with me because
I'm too – blonde?

WARNER

That's not entirely –

ELLE

Then what? My boobs are too big?

WARNER

Elle – no – your boobs are fine –

Her tears start.

ELLE

So when you said you'd always love
me, you were just "dicking around"?

Warner looks around the restaurant nervously.

WARNER

I do love you, Elle. I just can't
marry you. You have no idea the
pressure I'm under. My family has
five generations of senators. My
brother is in the top three at Yale
Law. He just got engaged to a
Vanderbilt, for crissakes.

Elle stares at him aghast, tears streaming down her face, then pushes her chair away from the table and walks out.

WARNER

It's not like I have a choice,
sweetheart.

He follows her out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Elle teeters down the sidewalk as best she can in her three inch heels, sobbing. Warner pulls up alongside her in his convertible Saab.

WARNER

C'mon. Let me take you home.

ELLE

No.

WARNER

Elle – it's twenty miles back to
campus.

Elle stops, thinks a minute, then gets in, still crying.

Catching her poofy little purse in the door. She re-opens it, yanking the purse back in. Warner pulls out.

EXT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - USC - NIGHT

Warner pulls up in front. It's a starry, romantic night.

Everything should be perfect. It's not.

Elle sits, still in shock, as tears continue to eke out.

WARNER

Elle, believe me, I never expected
to be doing this, but I think it's
the right thing to do.

ELLE

How can it be the right thing if
we're not together?

WARNER

I have to think about my future. And
what people expect from me.

ELLE

So you're breaking up with me because
you're afraid your family won't like
me?

(through her tears)

Everybody likes me!

WARNER

East coast people are different.

ELLE

Just because I'm not a Vanderbilt,
all of a sudden I'm white trash? I
grew up in Bel Air, Warner! Across
the street from Aaron Spelling! I
think most people would agree that's
way better than a Vanderbilt –

WARNER

I told you, Elle. I need someone –
serious.

ELLE

I'm seriously in love with you –
Isn't that enough?

He looks away.

WARNER

I'm sorry.

She gets out of the car and drags herself up the stairs to
her sorority house. When she's at the top, she turns back to
look at him. His perfect cheekbones highlighted by the
streetlamp.

He meets her eyes, pained, but determined. Then pulls away,
leaving her there.

INT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - USC - NIGHT

Elle walks down the pink and green carpeted hall, dazed and tear-stained.

Margot and Serena emerge from the bathroom, post-shower. Getting ready for a night out.

MARGOT

Why are you back so soon?

Serena sees Elle's bare hand.

SERENA

Did he forget the ring?

Elle silently walks into her room. Serena and Margot follow, worried.

INT. ELLE'S DELTA GAMMA ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Elle slumps down in an inflatable chair, hugging her knees and cowering in a wretched little ball. Underdog stares at her, concerned.

Serena and Margot stand in the door.

MARGOT

Elle?

SERENA

Where's the Rock?

ELLE

We're not engaged. It's over!

SERENA AND MARGOT

WHAT?!

ELLE

He broke up with me!

Serena and Margot gasp in horror, rushing to her side.

SERENA
Is it a Kappa?

MARGOT
It's not a Theta –

ELLE
No – it's just – not me.

SERENA
I'm canceling the mixer. We'll
blacklist Sigma Chi.

ELLE
Thank you, Serena, but I don't think
it'll do any good.

SERENA
What happened?

Elle starts to lose it again.

ELLE
I don't know! Everything was normal
at first and then he said he needed
someone more –
(sob-choked)
Serious!

MARGOT
Serious?! Who the hell does he think
he is? You're the most popular month
on the USC calendar!

She points to Elle's "Miss June" page, hanging on the wall.

SERENA
Oh, he is so over on this campus.

ELLE
I just don't understand what went
wrong –

MARGOT
Maybe it's the grandmother. Have you

ever met her?

Elle wipes her face.

ELLE

Last month on his birthday. And she liked me! She said I looked like Britney Spears. Why would you say that to someone you didn't like?

They shrug, mystified.

SERENA

How could this happen?

ELLE

I don't know! I don't know anything any more!

(wiping a tear)

I just need to be by myself.

SERENA

Are you sure?

Elle nods. The girls rise, hugging her.

MARGOT

We still love you. Sisters forever!

ELLE

(sniffing)

Thank you. I love you, too.

As they go, Margot looks at Serena.

MARGOT

Oh, God. What if Josh doesn't think I'm serious enough?

SERENA

Hello... you let him have anal sex with you.

(TV VERSION)

Hello... you let him videotape you diddling yourself.

MARGOT
You're right. Phew!

As the girls go, they shut the door behind them.

Elle gets up and grabs a FRAMED PHOTO of Warner, then lies down on her bed, clutching it to her heart. Underdog leaps up and gives her little doggy kisses.

EXT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - DAY

The sun rises on a sad day. "HOPELESSLY DEVOTED" by Olivia Newton-John plays.

INT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Amy knocks on Elle's door.

AMY
Elle?

ANOTHER SISTER passes.

ANOTHER SISTER
(whispering)
Didn't you hear?

She leads a reluctant Amy down the hall.

INT. ELLE'S DELTA GAMMA ROOM - DAY

Spread out on the bed are PICTURES of Elle and Warner: The Sigma Chi formal; their Homecoming Queen and King "wave"; a 60's party; Mardi Gras night; beach weekend at Coronado.

Next to the pictures are thirty dried Ecuadorian long-stemmed pink roses, remnants of their one year anniversary.

In the center sits Elle, wearing Warner's old oversized Sigma Chi t-shirt, clutching a Gund teddybear. Depressed and looking like hell, she speaks to an unseen confidante.

ELLE
I just love him so much! I loved him

the first moment I saw him. He's beautiful and smart and someone I totally respect. And I did everything I could to make him love me, but it wasn't enough. Now what am I supposed to do? I planned my whole future around him. My life was going to be all about Warner. Now what's it going to be about?

She looks up – waiting. Staring back at her is Underdog – who sadly has no answers for her.

INT. ELLE'S DELTA GAMMA ROOM - DAY

Elle remains in bed, Underdog now clutched to her chest, soaps on the TV.

TV SOAP STUD

(on TV)

"Oh, darling. I'll love you forever."

ELLE

(teary)

Bullshit!

Serena and Margot enter, bearing Jamba Juice.

MARGOT

Honey, stop! You have to leave this room – it's been a week.

ELLE

So?

Serena sits down on the edge of the bed, trying to psyche Elle up.

SERENA

What's the thing that always makes us feel better, no matter what?

MARGOT

Cunnilingus?

Elle lets out a wail, realizing what she'll be missing. Serena shoots Margot a stern look.

SERENA

No – the thing after that.

INT. UPSCALE MANICURE SHOP - DAY

A row of uniformed manicurists and their classy clients. Chattering away. Therapy in full session. Serena sits in front of her regular nail technician.

SERENA

It was awful. We all thought she'd be the first to walk down the aisle and now she's totally adrift.

The nail technician shakes her head in shared girl-power angst – looking over at Elle, who sits in the waiting area, shell-shocked, but showered. Elle picks up the only magazine left on the table – "Town & Country". She wrinkles her nose. An OLD LADY next to her reads "Seventeen". Elle looks at her, begrudging the access to teen beauty tips, and flips through "Town & Country" noisily until she freezes on – the Engagement Section. She gasps.

ELLE

Oh, my God!

She looks at a PHOTO of a horse-faced YOUNG WOMAN standing next to a THREE-YEARS-OLDER VERSION OF WARNER. She turns to the old lady next to her.

ELLE

Do you know who this is?

The old lady looks.

OLD LADY

No.

ELLE

It's Warner's older brother!

OLD LADY

Who?

Elle continues, undaunted.

ELLE

He just got engaged to this – this very unfortunate-looking girl.

(reading)

"Third year Yale Law student Putnam Bowes Huntington III and his fiancée Layne Walker Vanderbilt, first year Yale Law."

She turns to the old lady.

ELLE

This is the type of girl Warner wants to marry. This is what I need to become to be serious.

The old lady looks at the picture.

OLD LADY

Butt ugly?

ELLE

No – a law student.

Elle rushes out. Serena looks after her.

SERENA

Elle?

(turning back to her nail technician)

She'll never get him back with those cuticles.

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Elle sits in front of her ADVISOR.

ADVISOR

(flummoxed)

Harvard Law School?

ELLE

That's right.

ADVISOR

But it's a top three school –

ELLE

(offended)

I have a 4.0.

ADVISOR

Yes, but your major is Fashion Merchandising. Harvard won't be impressed that you aced "History of Lycra". What are your backups?

ELLE

I don't need backups. Harvard is the school I'm going to.

He decides to humor her.

ADVISOR

Well, then. You'll need excellent recommendations from your professors, a heck of an admissions essay and at least a one-seventy-five on your LSATs.

ELLE

(confident)

I once had to judge a Theta Chi Tightly-Whitey contest. Trust me – I can handle anything.

INT. ELLE'S DELTA GAMMA ROOM - DAY

Elle sits on the floor surrounded by piles of LSAT prep books, the framed photo of Warner, and Underdog.

There's a KNOCK at the door as Serena and Margot peek inside, gasping in horror at the sight of books.

MARGOT

What are you doing?!

Elle smiles brightly at them.

ELLE

Reading about the LSATs.

Margot looks at Serena, confused.

SERENA

(in a horrified whisper)

My cousin had them. Apparently you
get a really bad rash on your –

Elle interrupts her.

ELLE

The LSATs are an exam.

She takes a deep breath.

ELLE

Girls – I'm going to Harvard!

SERENA

What, like on va-kay?

MARGOT

Let's all go! Road trip!

SERENA

Wait – Cecil has a condo in Tahoe.
Let's go there!

ELLE

No – I'm going to law school at
Harvard.

They look at her, confused.

MARGOT

Why?!

SERENA

I mean, I know you're upset and all,
but can't you just take a sedative?

Elle rolls her eyes at their naivete.

ELLE

Once Warner sees me as a serious law student, he'll want me back. It's a completely brilliant plan!

MARGOT

But isn't it kind of hard to get into law school?

ELLE

I have the highest GPA in Delta Gamma!

Margot pulls something off her wrist and hands it to Elle.

MARGOT

Here. You're gonna need this.

ELLE

Your scrunchie?

MARGOT

My lucky scrunchie. It helped me pass Spanish.

Serena rolls her eyes and looks at Margot disapprovingly.

SERENA

You passed Spanish because you gave Professor Montoya a hand-job after the final.

MARGOT

(duh)

Yeah, luckily.

A MONTAGE OF THE NEXT 3 MONTHS BEGINS WITH...

EXT. WOODS' BEL AIR BACKYARD - DAY

ON VIDEO, Elle sits in a Jacuzzi in her bikini.

ELLE

(to the camera)
My name is Elle Woods and for my admissions essay, I'd like to tell all of you at Harvard why I'm going to make an amazing lawyer.

INT. KAPPA SIG LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The girls watch a horror movie with Kappa Sigs. Eating popcorn and drinking red wine.

Off to the side, Elle reads an LSAT Study Guide.

INT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ON VIDEO, a Delta Gamma chapter meeting takes place.

ELLE (V.O.)

As president of my sorority, I'm skilled at commanding the attention of a room and discussing important issues.

Elle bangs a gavel, as she sits in front of her sisters.

ELLE

It has come to my attention that the maintenance staff is switching our toilet paper from Charmin to generic. All those opposed to chafing, please say "aye".

The sisters "AYE" in unison. Underdog barks his approval.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

"LSAT Prep Course" is written on the board. Elle and forty other law school hopefuls take notes furiously as practice questions are reviewed.

EXT. WOODS BACKYARD POOL - DAY

ON VIDEO, FROM ABOVE, we see Elle as she floats on a raft in her pool, in a pink Versace bikini. She addresses the camera.

ELLE
(to the camera)
I'm able to recall hundreds of
important details at the drop of a
hat.

We reveal Margot on a raft beside her.

MARGOT
(badly acting)
Elle, do you know what happened on
"Days of Our Lives" yesterday?

ELLE
Why, yes, Margot, I do. Once again,
we joined Hope in the search for her
identity. As you know, she's been
brainwashed by the evil Stefano –

INT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elle takes a practice LSAT exam as Serena, Margot and a few
other Delta Gammas do their butt-crunches in the Delta Gamma
living room.

Serena, while clenching her tush, hits a stop watch and Elle
starts writing furiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

Margot is now on all-fours, doing donkey kicks as she grades
Elle's practice exam. She writes "143" on top and holds it
up to Elle.

Elle slumps with frustration.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

ON VIDEO, Elle is rollerblading in shorts and a tank top.

ELLE
(to the camera)
And the laws and bi-laws of civil
obedience are crucial to my life –

Serena skates by and fake-elbows Elle.

ELLE

(calling after her)

No shoving on the skate path! City ordinance 22G!

INT. LIBRARY STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

Elle sits in front of Amy, as Amy quizzes her with practice LSAT questions. Books are piled high around them.

Elle gazes out the window to see – Warner and some BARECHESTED FRATERNITY BOYS carrying a keg across the quad. Her eyes light up and she looks at Amy pleadingly. Amy shakes her head no. Elle slumps, then rises and goes to the window, closing the shades and getting back to work.

EXT. USC CAMPUS - DAY

ON VIDEO, Elle addresses the camera.

ELLE

I feel confident using legal jargon in daily life.

CUT TO:

ON VIDEO, Elle walks across campus with Underdog in her purse, feigning staged innocence. A RANDOM FRAT BOY pinches her butt. She slaps his hand, dramatically.

ELLE

I object!

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

"LSAT EXAM - Sections 1-6" is scrawled on the chalk board. Elle sits in an auditorium with about 90 other students, LSAT booklet open, filling in answers. Concentrating so hard she's practically getting a forehead wrinkle.

INT. ELLE'S DELTA GAMMA ROOM - DAY

ON VIDEO, Elle speaks to the camera.

ELLE
(to the camera)
I've seen every episode of "The Practice" and I'm even on speaking terms with Dylan McDermott.

CUT TO:

EXT. DYLAN MCDERMOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

Dylan McDermott gets into his car and pulls out of his driveway.

VIDEOTAPING MADLY, the girls follow in Elle's Boxster.

SERENA
There he is!

MARGOT
Pull up next to him!

Elle swerves around to pull up next to Dylan McDermott. They scream at him as Serena videotapes.

ELLE
Dylan! We love you!

Dylan McDermott burns rubber as he flees.

EXT. USC CAMPUS - DAY

ON VIDEO, Elle jogs while she addresses the camera.

ELLE
(To camera)
I'm totally focused and goal-oriented.
Plus I'm able to sway people with my very convincing arguments.

She turns to Serena, jogging next to her.

ELLE
Calvin Klein's spring line is atrocious. Don't you agree?

SERENA
(convinced)
Absolutely!

INT. DELTA GAMMA HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Amy rushes in with a stack of mail, waving an LSAT envelope as she calls out.

AMY
It's here!

Elle rushes down the stairs as the other Delta Gammas gather around. Elle takes the envelope and says a quick prayer.

ELLE
One seventy-five... one seventy-five...

She opens it and stares at it for a long moment. Then turns it to the crowd and raises it above her head in triumph. The girls immediately begin jumping up and down as group joy ensues. Underdog yips with pride. The MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. HARVARD LAW ADMISSIONS OFFICE - DAY

ON THE TV, Elle stands up in the Jacuzzi.

ELLE
(on TV)
And that's why you should vote for me. Elle Woods. Future lawyer. For the Class of 2003.

The video is PAUSED, as three ADMISSIONS GUYS in their 4.0's sit at a table piled high with applications, the DEAN OF ADMISSIONS at the head of it. STUNNED SILENCE fills the room.

Finally one of them speaks.

ADMISSIONS GUY #1
That was certainly a very –
(adjusting himself)
Imaginative essay.

ADMISSIONS GUY #2

(to the Dean)

She does have a 4.0 from USC and she got a one-seventy-nine on her LSATs.

DEAN OF ADMISSIONS

A fashion major?

ADMISSIONS GUY #3

Well, we've never had one before... aren't we always looking for diversity?

ADMISSIONS GUY #1

Her list of extracurriculars is impressive.

The Dean looks at her application.

DEAN OF ADMISSIONS

(unimpressed)

She was in a Ricky Martin video –

ADMISSIONS GUY #2

Clearly, she's interested in music...

DEAN OF ADMISSIONS

(reading on; skeptical)

She also designed a line of faux fur panties for her sorority's charity project –

ADMISSIONS GUY #3

Then she's a friend to animals as well as a philanthropist.

ADMISSIONS GUY #1

I think it's obvious that she's a very well-rounded individual.

He points to Elle – freeze-framed in her bikini-top on video, on the TV. The admissions guys look to the Dean. He folds.

DEAN OF ADMISSIONS

Elle Woods – Welcome to Harvard.

EXT. WOODS' BACKYARD - DAY

Elle's parents – DANIEL, in tennis clothes, and the facelifted SAPPHIRE – stare at Elle over juice by the pool.

DANIEL
(frowning)
Law school?

Sapphire puts a hand to her throat in distress. Elle is confused.

ELLE
It's a perfectly respectable place...

DANIEL
Sweetheart, you don't need law school.
Law school is for people who are
boring and ugly and serious. And
you, button, are none of those things.

Sapphire is in agreement.

SAPPHIRE
You were first runner-up in the Miss
Hawaiian Tropic contest. Why throw
all that away?

ELLE
Because this is what I want. I've
worked hard for it. Don't you
understand that this is important to
me?

She looks at her uncomprehending parents.

ELLE
Going to Harvard is the only way I
can get the love of my life back!

Sapphire looks at her, still not getting it.

SAPPHIRE

Can't you just suck his wiener?
(TV VERSION)
Can't you just get your nose done?

Elle reacts to her mother's skewed logic.

EXT. HARVARD DORM - DAY

Pale, studious LAW STUDENTS clad in earth tones, move into their dorm, carrying in their spartan belongings (coffee makers, books, computers). In the distance, a HAPPY POP SONG (perhaps "Heaven Tonight by Hole) is heard. As it gets louder, heads turn to see – A silver, convertible Boxster driving up, Elle at the wheel, MUSIC BLASTING. A large MOVING VAN follows the Boxster.

People lean out of their windows, buzzing with interest as –

Elle's car stops in front of the dorm. She hops out, scooping up Underdog and looking every inch the LA-Fred-Segal glamour-queen, as she looks around with a smile.

Elle looks at Underdog.

ELLE
We're here!

She bends down to pour some Evian into his inflatable doggy dish, inadvertently revealing cleavage to a passing BESPECTACLED BOY (several yards away).

He trips, dropping his IMAC. It shatters into a million pieces.

Not noticing, Elle stands and turns to two MOVING GUYS who are hauling a pink, faux-fur love seat and a potted palm tree out of the truck.

ELLE
This way, guys!

With a beauty queen smile in place, she strides into the dorm as the other students watch in amazement.

HANGING OUT OF THE WINDOW

ARROGANT AARON, a Mensa geek with attitude, turns to his roommate.

ARROGANT AARON

Whose knob did she honk to get in here?

EXT. LAW SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

"Welcome Law Students Class of 2003" banners hang over orientation tables manned by second year law students (2L's) wearing red t-shirts. Club tables with banners that read "Harvard Law Journal" and "Environmental Law Association" are set up nearby.

Elle takes a packet from a fuzzy MALE 2L.

FUZZY 2L

Class schedule, map, book list.

ELLE

Has Warner Huntington checked in yet?

FUZZY 2L

(checking)

Uh, no. Maybe you should try the Lido deck.

She frowns and starts to move on, but then looks through the packet with a frown and turns back.

ELLE

Wait – my social events schedule is missing.

FUZZY 2L

Your what?

ELLE

You know – mixers, formals, beach trips.

FUZZY 2L

(deadpan)
There's a pizza welcome lunch in
twenty minutes. Does that count?

ELLE
(wrinkling her nose)
I guess it'll have to...

The Fuzzy Guy looks at the red-shirted BALD 2L next to him,
as Elle walks off.

FUZZY 2L
What the hell was that?

BALD 2L
(watching her go)
Malibu Barbie lives.

EXT. HARVARD LAW SCHOOL - OUTDOOR GARDEN - DAY

Elle sits at the outdoor table, ignoring her slice of pizza,
as she looks around for Warner. Not finding him, she turns
her attention to the Group Leader, a BURNED OUT 2L in a red
t-shirt.

BURNED OUT 2L
Okay. Welcome to law school. This is
the part where we go around in a
circle and everyone says a little
bit about themselves. Let's start
with you.

He gestures at a guy with glasses, DORKY DAVID.

DORKY DAVID
I have a Masters in Russian
Literature, a Ph.D in Biochemistry,
and for the last eighteen months,
I've been de-worming orphans in
Somalia.

BURNED OUT 2L
Awesome. How about you, Enid?

ENID, a militant feminista, looks up.

ENID

Ph.D from Berkeley in Women's Studies –
emphasis in the History of Combat.
And last year, I led the march for
Lesbians Against Drunk Driving.

BURNED OUT 2L

Killer.

He looks at an intense guy in his late twenties, IVAN.

INTENSE IVAN

I've got an MBA from Wharton, worked
on Wall Street for four years, mushed
in three ididarods and I've figured
out how to crash the stock market in
Sri Lanka if any of you want to get
together later.

BURNED OUT 2L

Sweet. What about you?

He looks at Elle. She sits up straight.

ELLE

I'm a Gemini. I have a Bachelors
degree from USC, where I was Sigma
Chi Sweetheart and president of Delta
Gamma, and last year – I was
Homecoming Queen.

She smiles, as the group leader nods, waiting.

ELLE

Oh!

(dramatically)

Two weeks ago, I saw Cameron Diaz at
Fred Segal – and talked her out of
buying a truly heinous angora sweater!
Whoever said that orange is the new
pink is seriously disturbed.

She looks around, pleased. Enid' snickers as the rest of the
group stares at Elle, dumbfounded.

INT. ELLE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

A grey, dingy, cell-block style room – now crammed with Elle's clothes, the pink fluffy love seat and potted palm, along with an Elliptical Cross-Trainer, pink flamingo party lights and a neon pink margarita glass sculpture.

Elle tries to shove a large law textbook into her tiny Prada backpack to no avail. She gives up and tosses the book onto the bed where Underdog leaps away to miss being squished.

ELLE

Wish me luck, Underdog. It's my first class as a serious law student.

She kisses him and looks down at her completely inappropriate skimpy Gucci outfit, which she accents by putting on trendy, wire-rimmed glasses.

ELLE

(to herself)

I totally look the part!

INT. LAW SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Elle heads for a classroom, amidst a crowd of students who eye her like she's an alien. She rounds a corner, seeing –

WARNER, in all his handsome glory, looking over his schedule.

She starts toward him, as if pulled by a magnetic force.

Arrogant Aaron sees her passing by.

ARROGANT AARON

(seductively)

Hello there...

Elle keeps going, not even noticing him. Eyes only for Warner. Arrogant Aaron stomps away, pissed at the perceived blow-off.

As Elle gets closer to Warner, she opts for wandering past him, seemingly oblivious to his presence.

WARNER
(stunned)
Elle?!

Elle turns, ultra-nonchalant.

ELLE
Warner?! Oh my God, I completely
forgot you were going here!

He looks at her, confused. People walk by, staring.

WARNER
What're you talking about? You're
not here to see me?

ELLE
No, silly. I go here.

WARNER
(still confused)
You go where?

ELLE
Harvard. Law school.

WARNER
You got into Harvard Law?

ELLE
(confused at his
confusion)
What, like it's that hard?

Warner stares at her – completely discombobulated. She smiles sweetly and makes a show of checking her watch.

ELLE
Oops! Time for class. Meet me after?
On the benches?

WARNER
Uh – sure.

She sashays off with a confident smile.

INT. CIVIL PROCEDURES CLASS - DAY

Students file in and take their seats. Elle enters, looking around nervously at the imposing auditorium. Arrogant Aaron, next to her, leans over.

ARROGANT AARON

If you're looking for the best seat,
I hear the front row is the place to
be.

Elle smiles at him.

ELLE

Thanks.

INT. CIVIL PROCEDURES CLASS - DAY - LATER

PROFESSOR ELSPETH STROMWELL, a tough-as-nails Grande Dame in

her 50's , addresses the class. Laptops abound – except for Elle, who has a fuzzy pink notebook and a pen with a pink plastic heart on the end.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

A legal education means you will
learn to speak in a new language.
You will be taught to achieve insight
into the world around you, and to
sharply question what you know.

Everyone soaks this up. Including Elle.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

The seat you've picked is yours for
the next nine months of your life.
Enjoy it. And those of you in the
front row, beware...

Elle, in the front row, between two UNSHOWERED BRANIACS, looks around, panicked. One of the braniacs passes her the seating chart and she has no choice but to sign her name.

In the back, Arrogant Aaron nudges his friend and smiles.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

"The law is reason free from passion."
Does anyone know who spoke those
immortal words?

Dorky David raises his hand.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

Yes?

DORKY DAVID

(confidently)
Aristotle.

Professor Stromwell approaches him the way Cruella de Ville
approaches a puppy.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

Are you sure?

Now he's not.

DORKY DAVID

Yes?

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

Would you be willing to stake your
life on it?

DORKY DAVID

I think so...

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

How about –

She spins around, roughly POKING another student in the head.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

– his life?

DORKY DAVID

(scared)
I don't know.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
Well, I recommend knowing before
speaking. The law leaves much room
for interpretation – but very little
for self-doubt.

As she turns away –

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
And you were right. It was Aristotle.

The class half-laughs in relief.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
I assume you've all read pages 1-48
and are now well-versed in subject
matter jurisdiction.

Elle looks around, surprised, as students open their books.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
Who can tell us about Gordon v.
Steele?

Silence. Stromwell looks down at the seating chart.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
Ivan Greenstein?

Intense Ivan straightens in his seat.

IVAN
Gordon sued her doctors for
malpractice.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
And what did the dispute entail?
(looking at her chart)
Let's call on someone in the hot
zone. Elle Woods?

Elle looks up, distressed.

ELLE

Uh... I wasn't aware that we had an assignment.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
(looking at her chart)
Sarah Knottingham?

SARAH KNOTTINGHAM – a prim and preppy blue-blood brunette, dressed in pearls and a sweater set – looks up.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
Do you think it's acceptable that Ms. Woods is unprepared?

Sarah looks over at Elle. Elle gives her a mortified smile.

Sarah turns back to Professor Stromwell.

SARAH
No, I don't.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
Would you support my decision to ask her to leave and return to class only when she is prepared?

SARAH
Absolutely.

Elle can't believe that this girl would betray her. Having no choice, she gathers her purse and goes, completely humiliated. Professor Stromwell returns to the matter at hand.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
Now, Ms. Knottingham, did diversity jurisdiction exist in this case?

EXT. LAW SCHOOL QUAD - BENCHES - DAY - LATER

EMMETT – a shy and quirkily handsome 28-year-old who could pass for younger – sits on a bench, going over some papers.

He looks up and spots Elle – sitting across from him – looking traumatized.

EMMETT
Are you okay?

Elle looks up, snapping out of her stupor.

ELLE
Do they just – put you on the spot
like that? Like, all the time?

EMMETT
The professors? Yeah, they tend to
do that. Socratic method.

ELLE
And if you don't know the answer,
they just kick you out?

He smiles.

EMMETT
You have Stromwell.

ELLE
(hopeful)
Did she do that to you, too?

EMMETT
No, but she made me cry once. Not in
class – I waited until I got to my
room, but yeah, she can pretty much
shrivel your balls – or you know,
your whatevers.

ELLE
(stricken)
Neat.

EMMETT
Don't worry. It gets better. Who
else do you have?

Elle looks at her schedule.

ELLE

Donovan, Royalton and Levinson.

EMMETT

Speak up in Donovan's class. He likes people with an opinion. Sit in the back for Royalton. He tends to spit when he talks about products liability.

Elle makes a face. He smiles. Liking her.

EMMETT

And make sure you read the footnotes in Levinson's class. That's where all her exam questions come from.

ELLE

Wow. I'm glad I met you.

She smiles at him, grateful.

EMMETT

Oh, and getting one of Stromwell's daily quotes right is almost as important as acing the mid-term. But you didn't hear it from me.

Students trickle out of the building.

ELLE

Are you a third-year?

Warner walks up, behind Emmett, interrupting.

WARNER

Hey.

Elle looks up, pure adoration on her face.

ELLE

Hi!

Emmett rises and walks off.

EMMETT

Good luck.

ELLE

(calling after him)

Thanks again for your help!

Warner remains standing, still somewhat uncomfortable with her presence here.

WARNER

So – uh – how was your first class?

ELLE

Fine. Except for this horrible girl who made me look bad in front of my Civ Pro professor. But no biggie.

You're here now.

(perky)

How was your summer?

She pats the bench beside her. He doesn't move.

WARNER

(distracted)

Good. Good.

ELLE

Do anything exciting?

A female hand snakes around Warner's chest from behind.

Warner turns and brings the owner of the hand around to his side, presenting her.

WARNER

(nervous)

Urn, hey, have you met Sarah?

Sarah, the horrible girl herself, holds out her hand to Elle, full of contempt.

SARAH

Hi. Sarah Knottingham.

ELLE

(to Warner; horrified)
You know her?

WARNER
She's –

Sarah jumps in.

SARAH
– I'm his fiancée.

Elle stares at her. Sarah tucks a piece of her mousy brown hair behind her ear and there it is – The Rock.

ELLE
(in disbelief)
I'm sorry, I just hallucinated.

WARNER
Sarah was my girlfriend at prep school. We got back together over the summer at my grandmother's birthday party.

Elle looks stricken. Sarah gives her a smug smile.

SARAH
Warner told me all about you. You're famous at our Club. She says it in a way that is anything but flattering. In fact, it's completely condescending.

SARAH
(pointedly)
But he didn't tell me you'd be here.

WARNER
I didn't know –

Elle looks from Warner to Sarah.

ELLE
Excuse me.

She rushes off. Sarah watches her go, a smug grin on her face.

SARAH

(to Warner)

I thought you said she was pretty.

EXT. STREET/INT. ELLE'S CONVERTIBLE BOXSTER - DAY

Elle drives, wiping the tears from her face. She spots something off to the side and SWERVES her car toward it, a gasp of hope escaping her lips.

Her car stops in front of a strip mall salon called "Beauty Oasis".

INT. BEAUTY OASIS - DAY

A downscale, blue-collar salon, with five hair chairs and two manicure stations. Old ladies and young waitresses get perms. PAULETTE – early 40s, lower-middle class, hard-edged, plus-sized – looks up as a defeated Elle sinks into the manicure chair. (The manicure station is plastered with pictures of RUFUS, a big, slobbering pit-bull).

PAULETTE

Bad day?

Elle holds out her hands. Paulette dips them into a dish of soapy water.

ELLE

You can't even imagine.

PAULETTE

Spill.

Elle lets it all out in a rush.

ELLE

I worked really hard to get into law school – I blew off Spring Break and Greek Week to study for the LSATs, I completely neglected my Homecoming Queen duties, I hired a Coppola to

direct my admissions video – all so
I could get my boyfriend Warner back
and now he's engaged to this awful
girl Sarah so it was all for nothing!
I wish I'd never even come to Harvard.

Paulette dries Elle's hands and begins filing.

PAULETTE

After you went to all that trouble?

ELLE

Well, what am I supposed to do? He's
engaged! She's got the family six-
carat on her bony, unpolished finger.

PAULETTE

You're asking the wrong girl. I'm
with my guy eight years and then one
day it's "I met someone else. Move
out."

ELLE

(Horried)

What'd you do?

PAULETTE

Cried a lot and gained twenty pounds.
Dewey kept the trailer and my precious
baby Rufus. I got jackcrap.

She looks at a picture of the pit-bull.

PAULETTE

(Re the dog)

I didn't even get to go to his
birthday party.

ELLE

No!

PAULETTE

What could I do?

(shrugging)

He's a man who followed his pecker

to greener pastures. I'm a middle-aged high-school dropout with stretch marks and a fat ass. Happens every day. At least to women like me.

ELLE

That's terrible!

PAULETTE

So, what's this Sarah got that you don't? Three tits?

ELLE

She's from Connecticut. She belongs to his stupid country club.

PAULETTE

Is she as pretty as you?

Elle looks down.

ELLE

(embarrassed)

I'm not pretty – I'm genetically blessed.

Paulette rolls her eyes, shaking her bottle of polish and starting on Elle's right hand.

PAULETTE

Is she?

ELLE

She could use some mascara and some serious highlights, but she's not completely unfortunate-looking.

UPS GUY (O.S.)

Hello, ladies.

Paulette looks up to see the UPS GUY, a strapping hunk of a man in his late 30's. She blushes and smooths down her hair, knocking over a bottle of nail polish in the process. Trying to play it off as she signs for the package.

UPS GUY
See ya later.

He goes. Paulette watches him. Elle notices.

PAULETTE
(hating herself)
Could I be anymore goddamn spastic?
(Beat)
So you're sure, this Warner guy is
"the one"?

ELLE
Definitely! I love him!

Paulette looks at her.

PAULETTE
If a girl like you can't hold on to
her man – then there sure as hell
isn't any hope for the rest of us.
What're you waiting for? Steal the
bastard back.

INT. DORMITORY - WARNER'S ROOM - DAY

Elle knocks on Warner's door, bottle of wine and two glasses
in hand.

ELLE
Warner?

When she gets no answer, she write a message on his memo
board –

CLOSE ON - "Call me! Love, You Know Who".

She leaves the wine bottle and two glasses and goes.

EXT. HARVARD LAW CAMPUS - DAY

Elle is in her push-up bikini, reclining in her beach chair,
pink frozen margarita in one hand, Underdog in the other,
law book in her lap, pretending to study.

We PULL BACK to reveal that she's sitting on the sidelines of a touch-football game that Warner is playing with a group of other 1-L's. Warner scores easily because the other male eyes are all on Elle. He shakes his head and smiles.

INT. CRIMINAL LAW CLASS - DAY

Elle sits, glaring at Sarah, who keeps waving her "The Rock" in Elle's direction, as she plays footsie with Warner.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN – 40s, a big fan of himself, salt and pepper hair, no time for bullshit – stands before the class.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

I should warn you that in addition to competing against each other for the top grade in this class, you'll also be competing for one of my firm's highly coveted four internship spots next year where you will get to assist on actual cases. Let the bloodbath begin. Now, let's commence with our usual torture –

He looks around.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

Ms. Woods –

Sarah and her bitchy, clone-like friend CLAIRE exchange knowing glances.

SARAH

This should be amusing.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

Would you rather have a client who committed a crime malum in se or malum prohibitum?

ELLE

Neither.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

Why not?

ELLE

I'd rather have a client who's innocent.

Elle smiles, proud of her answer. The class snickers. Warner frowns.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

Dare to dream, Ms. Woods. Ms. Knottingham? Which would you prefer?

SARAH

Malum prohibitum. Because the client would've committed a regulatory infraction as opposed to a dangerous crime.

Elle raises her hand.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

Yes? Ms. Woods?

ELLE

I changed my mind. I'd pick the dangerous one.

She looks pointedly at Sarah.

ELLE

I'm not afraid of a challenge.

Sarah glares back at her. Warner looks between the two of them, worried.

INT. STUDY LOUNGE - DAY

The Harvard Public Interest Law Association meeting is underway. Warner listens intently, A few seats away, Elle appears to be taking notes.

CLOSE ON her "notes" – "I'm free for dinner tonight. Meet me at The Cask & Flagon at 8." She folds the note and sticks it in Underdog's mouth, then points him toward Warner. Humiliated but dutiful, Underdog bounds off.

CLOSE ON - Underdog, as he carries forth his mission, arriving at Warner's feet.

UNDERDOG'S POV - Warner discreetly takes the note from him, then looks over at Elle, who feigns interest in the meeting.

INT. CASK & FLAGON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Elle waits for Warner, alone at a table. Checking her watch to see it's 8:45, she tries not to be sad.

INT. HARVARD LAW LIBRARY - DAY

Warner and his study group, Sarah and Claire included, sit at a table, going over their outlines. Elle walks up to the table, holding a basket of muffins, bright smile on her face.

ELLE

I'm here to join your study group.
And look! I brought sustenance!

She holds up the muffins as the others look up, frowns all around.

WARNER

(nervously looking at
Sarah)

Elle, what're you doing here?

Elle pulls up a chair from another table and holds up a muffin.

ELLE

Who's first?

She sits down next to Warner.

SARAH

Our group is full.

ELLE

Oh, God, was this like an RSVP thing?

CLAIRE

No, it's like a smart people thing.
And like Sarah said, we're full.

WARNER

Come on, we can make room for one
more.

Sarah looks at Warner with evil eyes.

SARAH

We've already assigned the outlines,
and everyone has started theirs.

CLAIRE

(to Warner)

Besides, you wouldn't let the fat
guy join.

WARNER

He tried to watch me take a shower!

Sarah looks at Elle.

SARAH

The answer is no.

Warner looks at her, feeling guilty. He shrugs an "I'm sorry",
but Elle's perkiness has gone.

She gathers up her muffins and stands, clutching the basket
to her chest as she goes.

ELLE

Then I guess I'll leave you alone.

She walks away, completely deflated, passing by the RAGING
FEMINIST STUDY GROUP. Enid calls out.

ENID

Maybe there's a sorority you could
join instead.

Elle stops and looks at her.

ELLE

(to Enid)
You know, if you'd come to a Rush party, I would've at least been nice to you.

ENID

Before you voted against me and called me a dyke behind my back?

ELLE

I don't use that word. Only mean people use that word. You must've heard it from Sarah.

She looks back at Warner's table and walks off. As she does, she's nearly mowed down by a gaggle of NERDS led by DORKY DAVID, who knock the muffins out of her hands. She stands there, even more depressed.

INT. ELLE'S DORM ROOM - DAY - LATER

Elle sinks down onto her bed, deflated. She picks up the phone and dials.

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

Serena, with a new hairdo, and Margot are surrounded by wedding dresses. Margot talks on her cell phone.

We INTERCUT.

MARGOT

(to Serena)

It's Elle!

(into phone)

Guess what I'm doing right this second?

ELLE

Power yoga?

MARGOT

Picking out my wedding dress!

ELLE

What?!

MARGOT
Josh proposed!

ELLE
(startled)
No way –

Serena grabs the phone.

SERENA
(into phone)
So, you have The Rock yet?

Elle lies.

ELLE
Almost.

SERENA
Well, hurry up so you can come home!
We miss you!

ELLE
I miss you guys! The people here are
so vile! Hardly anyone even talks to
me unless it's to say something that's
not nice. Law school sucks!

SERENA
Oh, my God! I completely forgot to
tell you!

ELLE
What?

SERENA
I got bangs!

ELLE
(hurt and annoyed)
Really –

Margot grabs the phone back.

MARGOT

(into phone)

Keep June first open – you're one of my bridesmaids. And give Warner our love.

ELLE

I will...

Margot hangs up and Elle follows suit. Even more deflated.

INT. ELLE'S DORM - HALLWAY - DAY - SAME TIME

Sarah and Claire walk past Elle's room, the door of which is ajar.

SARAH

It's not just any Halloween party. It's a "Come as Your Favorite Defendant" party.

CLAIRE

That's genius.

Elle pops her head out of the room.

ELLE

(excited)

No way! Someone at this school is actually having a party?

Sarah and Claire turn around. Elle's face falls when she sees that it's them.

SARAH

No.

CLAIRE

You must've heard us wrong.

SARAH

Sorry. Looks like you'll be staying home tonight. Alone.

They continue on as Elle goes back into her room, snubbed.

INT. ELLE'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elle shuts the door behind her and looks at Underdog.

ELLE

I can't believe this. Not only do I
not have Warner, but I'm unpopular!

The realization hits her hard. Underdog barks. She looks at him.

ELLE

But I wasn't invited.

He barks again.

ELLE

You really think I should?

EXT. OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Two feet in high heels and fishnet hose stride purposefully up the sidewalk.

A perfect butt wearing a bunny tail wiggles up the steps.

INT. OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE - NIGHT

A party filled with people who are no fun to party with.

NAMETAGS denote which famous defendant everyone is dressed as.

Menendez's, Tonya Harding's, and Buttafuco's pepper the room.

Elle, decked out in a Playboy Bunny costume – looking sexy as hell – strides in. People roll their eyes and ignore her. Elle continues on.

NEARBY – Enid, dressed as Lizzie Borden, axe in hand is in the midst of a tirade against some guy dressed like William Kennedy Smith.

ENID

The English language is all about
subliminal domination. Take the word
"semester". It's a perfect example
of this school's discriminatory
preference of semen to ovaries. That's
why I'm petitioning to have next
term be referred to as Winter Ovester.

The guy backs up in fright. As Elle passes, Enid looks over.

ENID

Hey, Elle – I've been meaning to
ask you
(re her boobs)
– are those real?

Elle snorts.

ELLE

Enid, please – silicone is so 90's.

She keeps walking.

INT. INTO THE LIVING ROOM - AT THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sarah – dressed as Hester Prynne – and Claire – as Joan
of Arc – sip wine.

ELLE

(sarcastic)
Thanks for inviting me, girls. This
party is super fun.

They roll their eyes, checking out her Bunny costume.

SARAH

You're supposed to be dressed as a
famous defendant.

Elle smiles at Sarah.

ELLE

I am. Didn't you hear about the

Playboy Bunny who slit her ex-boyfriend's new fiancée's throat with a broken wine glass? It was tragic.

She grabs a glass of wine and moves on.

EXT. OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Elle walks onto the back porch and finds Warner – dressed as O.J. in a USC football uniform, number 32, with a ball and chain on his foot.

ELLE

Hey, O.J.

Warner turns. He looks around for Sarah. Not seeing her, he smiles at Elle, admiring her costume.

WARNER

Wow. You're a walking felony.

ELLE

Thank you. Having fun?

WARNER

(checking her out)

Now I am.

ELLE

(flirty)

I feel like we've barely spent any time together since we got here.

WARNER

That's because I spend all my time with case studies and hypos.

ELLE

Tell me about it. I can't imagine doing all this and Donovan's internship next year.

WARNER

(scoffing)

Elle, c'mon, there's no way you'll get the grades to qualify for one of those spots. You're not smart enough.

She can't believe he's saying this. He realizes he's gone too far, and back-pedals.

WARNER
I didn't mean –

ELLE
(cutting him off)
Am I on glue, or did I not get into the same law school you did, Warner?

WARNER
(covering)
Well, yeah, but –

ELLE
But what? We took the same LSAT, we take the same classes –

WARNER
I just don't want to see you get your hopes up. You know how you get.

She stares at him. Realizing the awful truth.

ELLE
I'll never be good enough for you, will I?

When he doesn't answer, she walks back into the house.

INT. OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME TIME

A group of tipsy 1Ls stand around. One of them holds a salad bowl filled with cash.

ENID
I give her two more weeks.

She throws a twenty into the bowl.

DORKY DAVID
Two and a half?

He throws in his twenty as well.

SARAH
If she spreads her legs, maybe –

ARROGANT AARON
(adjusting his crotch)
Only if I'm feeling generous.

ELLE (O.S.)
What is this?

They turn around to find Elle standing there.

CLAIRE
We're betting on how much longer
you're going to last.

ELLE
(stung)
What?

SARAH
Look around, Elle. Do you actually
think you belong here?

They all stare at her.

ELLE
(hurt)
Why wouldn't I?

ENID
Because the rest of us provide some
worthwhile value to society?

ARROGANT AARON
Hold on, now – every society needs
a bimbo. Who are we supposed to sleep
with after we get rich?

Elle looks like she's been slapped. The others laugh at

Aaron's esteemed wit.

ELLE

You know what? All of you can just
kiss my ass.

She yanks off her Bunny tail and throws it at them. Hurt and
anger in her eyes. Then walks out of the room.

ELLE

(to herself)

You're about to see just how valuable
Elle Woods can be.

She stomps out of the house.

A GIRL-POWER SONG STARTS TO PLAY AS A MONTAGE BEGINS:

INT. HARVARD BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

A hot pink laptop is yanked off the shelf.

CUT TO:

Elle, still in her Bunny suit, minus the tail, stands in
line, paying for the laptop. People gape at her, but she's
oblivious in her resolve.

EMMETT walks up behind her in line. He clears his throat,
trying not to look at her costume.

Elle turns, seeing him.

ELLE

Don't ask.

EMMETT

I wasn't gonna –

She marches off. Laptop in hand.

INT. ELLE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A pony-tailed Elle types a brief, coffee next to her.

Underdog sleeps nearby, belly-up. Legs twitching in a nightmare. Typing furiously, Elle breaks a nail, then struggles to forge on, despite her instinct to stop and repair it.

INT. LAW LIBRARY - DAY

Elle – arms full of books – walks past the Warner/Sarah study group. Sarah and Claire scowl at her, but Elle passes with her head held high.

INT. STUDY LOUNGE - DAY

Enid is surrounded by study materials and notecards. When she gets up to use the ladies' room, Elle casually walks over and slips a notecard into the middle of Enid's stack. Then quickly walks on.

INT. BEAUTY OASIS - DAY

Paulette quizzes Elle from a law textbook as her nails dry. As she waits for Elle's answer, Paulette showers Underdog with kisses, showing him pictures of Rufus.

INT. CRIMINAL LAW CLASS - DAY

Donovan is in the midst of a lecture. He points at Elle.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

And the purpose of "diminished capacity" is?

She swallows nervously, then speaks.

ELLE

To negate mens rea?

Donovan nods affirmatively and continues. Elle hides a smile.

INT. LAW LIBRARY - NIGHT

Elle reaches for a book on a high shelf, but she's not tall enough. She tries a running start and leaps for it. Still missing it. FROM THE LEFT, she runs and leaps again, missing again. FROM THE RIGHT, she runs and leaps again, missing

again. Dorky David walks up and sets down a step-stool at her: feet. Now winded, she smiles her thanks, stepping up to retrieve her book.

INT. STUDY LOUNGE - DAY

Enid flips through her notecards, memorizing, when she comes upon a picture of a NAKED MAN. Oh, the horror. She throws it down in disgust as if her eyes have been burned.

Looking around, Enid sees Elle smiling and waving at her from across the room.

INT. LAW LIBRARY - DAY

Elle walks past Arrogant Aaron, as he sleeps at his study cubicle, head back on the chair.

She stops, backs up, and waves her hand over his face. When he doesn't stir, she takes a magic marker out of her knapsack and leans over to write something on his forehead.

INT. ELLE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Elle works out on her Elliptical Crosstrainer as she listens to a lecture tape and watches Court TV on mute.

LECTURER (V.O.)

"A failure to act can constitute the actus reus for accomplice liability if the defendant has the legal duty to intervene, but fails to do so."

INT. LAW LIBRARY - DAY

Arrogant Aaron wakes up with a start, checks his watch, and rushes off to class. Oblivious to his facial graffiti, which we can't yet read.

INT. CIVIL PROCEDURES CLASS - DAY

Professor Stromwell is in front of the class.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

So you've filed a claim. Now what?

She looks over to see Elle sitting there, typing on her laptop.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
Ms. Woods?

ELLE
Don't you also need to have evidence?

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
Meaning?

Everyone now stares at Elle.

'ELLE
Meaning you need – reasonable belief
that your claim would have, like,
evidentiary support?

Stromwell is somewhat impressed, but doesn't show it.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
And what kind of evidentiary support
does this case require? Let's ask
Mr. Harriman, who clearly believes
that I might be hungry.

She looks up at Arrogant Aaron in the back row. Who unknowingly has "Eat Me" written on his forehead. He looks back at her, confused, as the students around him snicker.

EXT. BEAUTY OASIS - NIGHT

A "Closed" sign is on the door.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we see Elle and Paulette sitting in the empty salon, laughing and clinking cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon as they toast Elle's small victory.

We PULL BACK, leaving them laughing, as the MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. CRIMINAL LAW CLASS - DAY

"THE STATE V. LATIMER" is written on the board. A ponytailed,

less made-up Elle takes notes on her lap-top, as Warner makes an argument.

WARNER

According to *Swinney v. Neubert*, Swinney, who was also a private sperm donor, was allowed visitation rights as long as he came to terms with the hours set forth by the parents. So, if we're sticking to past precedent, Mr. Latimer wasn't stalking – he was clearly within his rights to ask for visitation.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

But Swinney was a one-time sperm donor, and in our case, the defendant was a habitual sperm donor, who also happens to be harassing the parents in his quest for visitation.

WARNER

But, without this man's sperm – the child in question would not exist.

He grins and looks around as the class murmurs their agreement.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

Now you're thinking like a lawyer.

EMMETT enters from the back, holding a file. He stands there quietly, watching. Elle tentatively raises her hand.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

Ms. Woods?

Sarah looks at Claire.

SARAH

(sotto)

The idiot speaks.

ELLE

Although Mr. Huntington makes an

excellent point, I have to wonder if the defendant kept a thorough record of each sperm emission made throughout his life?

The class titters. Elle grows annoyed.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN
(bemused)
Why do you ask?

Elle's hesitancy is replaced by conviction.

ELLE
Well, unless the defendant attempted to contact every single one-night-stand to determine if a child resulted in those unions – then he has no parental claim whatsoever over this child. Why this sperm? Why now?

Emmett's mouth twitches into a smile.

ELLE
For that matter, all masturbatory emissions where his sperm was clearly not seeking an egg could be termed reckless abandonment.

Warner's mouth hangs open. As does Sarah's and the rest of the class. Donovan smiles.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN
I believe you've just won your case.

Elle grins.

INT. DONOVAN'S CLASS - LATER

As the students file out, Elle passes Donovan.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN
You did well today.

She stops.

ELLE

I did?

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

You're applying for my internship,
aren't you?

ELLE

I don't know –

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

You should. Do you have a resume?

ELLE

(excited)

I do.

She pulls a resume out of her briefcase and hands it to him.

He looks at it.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

It's pink.

ELLE

And engraved... Gives it that extra
little something, doesn't it?

(smiling)

See you tomorrow!

She walks on. Emmett walks up, handing the file to Donovan.

EMMETT

I brought you the Windham notes.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

(watching Elle go)

You think she just woke up one morning
and said, "I think I'll go to law
school today!"?

Emmett looks after Elle, bemused.

EMMETT

Aside from that lapse in judgement –
she's got potential.

INT. ELLE'S CAR - DAY

Elle drives. Paulette is shotgun.

PAULETTE

You showed up Warner in class? You're
supposed to be showing up Sarah.

ELLE

I couldn't help it! It was the most
fun I've had since I've been in law
school. Not only was I good enough
for Warner – I was better than him.
He has to see serious I am now. Even
Donovan was impressed, and he's a
total hard-ass.

Elle stops the car and turns off the ignition.

ELLE

You ready?

PAULETTE

No.

ELLE

Yes, you are. Go – you can do this.

She points ahead of them. Paulette goes.

EXT. DEWEY'S TRAILER - DAY

The door opens. DEWEY (40s) and his beer gut emerge. Paulette
is on the porch. Trying to exude confidence, but failing.

DEWEY

(To Paulette)

What the hell do you want? We're
eating dinner.

PAULETTE

I just –

DEWEY

You just thought you'd come over and show me what I'm definitely not missing?

INT. ELLE'S CAR - DAY - SAME TIME

She watches, frowning.

EXT. DEWEY 'S TRAILER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dewey's really having fun now.

DEWEY

What the hell happened to you? You get a job at a donut shop?

PAULETTE

That's not what –

DEWEY

How many times you gonna show up here, beggin' me to take you back?

Paulette reddens – flustered and humiliated. Elle appears next to her.

ELLE

Dewey Newcomb?

DEWEY

Who's askin'?

ELLE

I'm Elle Woods. Ms. Bonafante's attorney.

Paulette looks at Elle in surprise, Elle keeps going.

ELLE

Under state law, you and Ms. Bonafante had a common law marriage which entitles her to the benefits of property law and an equitable division

of assets.

Paulette watches Elle, mouth hanging open.

DEWEY
(Confused)
Come again?

ELLE
Due to the fact that you retained
the residence, Ms. Bonafante is
entitled to full ownership of the
canine property in question and we
will be enforcing said ownership
immediately.

DEWEY
Huh?

ELLE
Tell him, Paulette.

A still-stunned Paulette looks at Elle, then turns to Dewey,
fire in her ass.

PAULETTE
I'm taking the dog dumbass.
(calling into the
trailer)
C'mere, baby, Mommy's here!

Rufus bounds out, licking and kissing Paulette. The love
evident.

INT/EXT. ELLE'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER

Elle, Paulette and Rufus get in.

ELLE
We did it!

Elle high-fives her.

PAULETTE
God, that felt great!

ELLE

Look at him. He's still scratching his head.

PAULETTE

Which must be a nice vacation for his balls...

She turns to Rufus, hugging him.

PAULETTE

And now Mommy's got somebody to eat dinner with again. You don't care what Mommy's butt looks like, do you?

Elle looks over at Paulette, heart going out to her.

INT. CIVIL PROCEDURES CLASS - DAY

Elle turns on her Powerbook as Professor Stromwell faces the class with her morning quote.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

"An image and a good hook can get you into a room – but something has to keep you in that room."

She looks around as hands are raised.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

Mr. Greenstein?

INTENSE IVAN

Judge Sandra Day O'Connor?

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

Close...

Intense Ivan's face falls. She looks around, seeing Elle raising her hand.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

Ms. Woods?

ELLE
Madonna?

The class rolls their eyes and laughs, watching Stromwell.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL
Damn. Thought I'd get everyone on
that one.

The class can't believe Elle is right.

EXT. CRIMINAL LAW CLASS - HALLWAY - DAY

A THRONG of buzzing students is gathered around the bulletin board. Elle walks up.

ELLE
What's going on?

DORKY DAVID
Donovan's firm is defending a major
murder case and his caseload is so
heavy he's taking on first year
interns.

ELLE
He chose them already?

Sarah, at the front of the throng, gasps, then turns to Warner.

SARAH
We got it!

He grins and she kisses him on the cheek. Elle, shoved to the back, tries to get closer, when she hears –

ENID
The competition must not have been
that stiff.

Arrogant Aaron pushes his way to the board.

ARROGANT AARON

Why? Enid got a spot?

ENID

Hey! Watch your hands, Mr. Grabass.

ARROGANT AARON

(ignoring her)

That only leaves one for –

Elle, now next to him, gets a look at the board.

ELLE

(shocked)

Me?!

Everyone REACTS. She turns and faces the throng. They stare back at her in shock. Dignified, she walks through them as they PART for her, stopping in front of Warner and Sarah.

ELLE

(to Warner)

Remember the time after Winter Formal?
When we spent four incredible hours
in the hot tub...?

Sarah looks away.

ELLE

This is way better than that.
(pushing Sarah aside)
Excuse me. I have some shopping to
do.

As she goes, surprised CHATTER overtakes the hallway.

INT. SAK'S - WOMENS' DEPT. - DAY

Elle scans the racks of conservative clothes. She holds up a cashmere twinset and wrinkles her nose, but throws it over her arm anyway.

INT. NORDSTROM'S - HANDBAGS - DAY - LATER

Elle admires a trendy handbag, but then promptly sets it down and picks up a practical leather briefcase.

INT. AUSTEN, PLATT, JARET & DONOVAN - LOBBY - DAY

The elevator door opens and Warner and Elle emerge. Elle is sporting her new, boring "lawyer" clothes. Warner is baffled and impressed by her transformation.

WARNER

You look – nice.

ELLE

Thank you.

She gives him an aloof smile and walks off. Warner watches her go. Sarah stands in the lobby. None too happy to witness this.

INT. AUSTEN, PLATT, JARET & DONOVAN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan strides through the office, his four interns behind him. He points as he walks.

DONOVAN

There's your office, there's the bathroom, there's the coffee machine. There's Gerard, Dick and Bobby.

GERARD, smarmy and trim, DICK, short and bald, and BOBBY, black and bespectacled, wave as the interns pass by.

DONOVAN

They're the other associates on the case. Ask them all your stupid questions, save the smart ones for me.

INT. AUSTEN, JARET, PLATT AND DONOVAN - CONFERENCE ROOM

Professor Donovan opens his briefcase as Elle, Sarah, Enid and Warner hang on his every word.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

We're defending Brooke Windham, whose very wealthy husband was found shot to death in their Beacon Hill mansion.

SARAH
Gold digger?

PROFESSOR DONOVAN
You'd think so, since the stiff was
sixty, but she was rich on her own.
Some kind of fitness empire. You can
buy her exercise tapes on
infomercials.

Elle frowns.

ELLE
Wait a minute – are we talking about
Brooke Daniels?

Donovan checks his papers.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN
Maiden name – Daniels.
(looking up)
You know her?

ELLE
She was a Delta Gamma! Not in my
pledge class or anything – she
graduated five years ahead of me.
But I used to take her class at the
LA Sports Club. She's amazing!

The others looks at each other and roll their eyes.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN
Amazing how?

ELLE
She could make you drop three pounds
in one class. She's completely gifted!

PROFESSOR DONOVAN
Well, in all likelihood, she's
completely guilty as well. She was
seen standing over her husband's
dead body.

WARNER

By who?

SARAH

(correcting him)

Whom?

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

His twenty-seven year old daughter
and the pool boy.

ELLE

Maybe she found him like that.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

That's the story she'll be telling
the jury. We just have to prove it.

Emmett walks in and sits.

EMMETT

Sorry I'm late.

Elle looks at him, confused.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

This is Emmett Kerrigan, another
associate. Top three in his class
and former editor of Harvard Law
Review. You've probably seen him
lurking around campus doing my
research.

EMMETT

Or napping on the quad.

Elle smiles at him. He smiles back. Almost shy.

WARNER

(to Donovan)

What about the murder weapon?

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

The gun is missing. The coroner said

he'd been dead thirty minutes dead
when the cops arrived – giving Brooke
plenty of time to stash it.

ELLE

There's no way Brooke could've done
this – Exercise gives you endorphins,
endorphins make you happy – happy
people don't kill their husbands!

Sarah and Enid snort.

PROFESSOR DONOVAN

You don't really believe she's
innocent?

ELLE

Of course, I do!

Emmett looks at her.

EMMETT

Then we may actually have a case.

He looks over at Donovan, who's not so sure.

EXT. BOSTON JAIL - DAY

Grey and imposing.

INT. BOSTON JAIL - DAY

Donovan sits at a long table, next to BROOKE, a pretty 26-
year-old blonde with a perfect body and a sad face. The
interns and associates sit at the far end of the table taking
notes. A cop stands guard at the door.

DONOVAN

What alibi?

BROOKE

I can't tell you.

DONOVAN

You understand you're on trial for

murder?

BROOKE

I didn't do it! I walked in, saw my husband lying on the floor, bent down to check his heart, screamed my head off and Chutney and Enrique ran inside.

DONOVAN

Where they saw you standing over the body covered in his blood.

She glares at him.

BROOKE

Why would I kill my husband?

DONOVAN

Insurance? A love affair? Pure unadulterated hatred? Believe me, the DA will come up with plenty of reasons.

BROOKE

I loved him!

DONOVAN

He was thirty-four years older than you. That doesn't sound so good to a jury.

Now she's pissed.

BROOKE

Then show them a picture of his cock. They might put a few things together.

Everyone stiffens except for Elle, who laughs out loud.

DONOVAN

Brooke, I believe you. But a jury is gonna want an alibi.

BROOKE

I can't give you that. And if you put me on the stand, I'll lie.

Donovan takes a moment to look at her like she's an idiot.

DONOVAN

Were you with another man?

BROOKE

Go to hell.

DONOVAN

I'll take that as a no.

BROOKE

Are we done for today?

DONOVAN

I believe we are.

He stands. As do his minions. As they file out, Brooke sees Elle.

BROOKE

Hey – I know you.

Elle perks up.

ELLE

I'm a Delta Gamma and I'm a huge fan of yours!

BROOKE

You took my class in LA. You had the best high kick I've ever seen. Are you one of my lawyers?

ELLE

Sort of.

Brooke looks at Elle as if she's her savior.

BROOKE

Well, thank God one of you has a brain.

INT. BEAUTY OASIS - DAY

Rufus sleeps happily on the floor. Elle sits in front of Paulette, nails in the soapy water.

ELLE

I feel so bad for her. I mean, she's in jail! And she's innocent. But I'm the only one who believes her. Donovan totally thinks she's guilty.

PAULETTE

That's because men are big, fat retards who don't – Oh, my God...

ON THE DOOR

The UPS GUY stands in the doorway with a package, sun streaming in around him.

UPS GUY

Afternoon, ladies.

ON ELLE AND PAULETTE

PAULETTE

It's him!

Paulette smooths down her hair.

ELLE

It's who?

She turns to look as we go to –

BUTT-CAM – CLOSE ON the crisp brown shorts of a regulation UPS uniform, as they stretch across the taut, muscular buttocks of UPS GUY, as he strides through the shop.

When the butt stops moving, we WIDEN to reveal the UPS Guy now standing in front of Elle and Paulette.

UPS GUY

I've got a package.

Elle turns to Paulette, eyes wide.

ELLE
(agreeing)
He's got a package.

Paulette is frozen. Blushing and nervous.

UPS GUY
How ya doin' today?

PAULETTE
Fine?

He waits for her to sign. She remains frozen. Elle takes the pen and signs for her, trying to help. UPS Guy smiles kindly at Paulette and heads out.

UPS GUY
Take it easy.

Paulette watches him go, hand over her heart. Elle looks at her, concerned.

ELLE
So, this is the only interaction you
two have ever had?

PAULETTE
No. Sometimes I say "Okay" instead
of "Fine".

ELLE
Have you ever considered asking him
if he'd like a cold beverage? Or
perhaps a neck massage?

PAULETTE
What's the point?
(matter of factly)
Look at me.

ELLE
I am. And I'm looking at a beautiful,

fabulous, sexy woman.

Paulette snorts.

PAULETTE

Good one.

ELLE

Trust me. You've got the equipment,
you just need to read the manual.

Elle stands.

ELLE

I'm going to show you a little
maneuver my mother taught me when I
was in junior high. In my experience,
it has a 98% success rate in getting
a man's attention and when used
appropriately – an 83% rate of return
on a dinner invitation.

The HAIRSTYLISTS and CLIENTS listen, intrigued.

ELLE

It's called the "Bend & Snap".

(acting)

"Oh, look! There's something on the
floor that I need to pick up!" Bend...

She slowly BENDS down, as if to pick up something, sticking
out her tush, knee cocked. She slides her hand down her cocked
leg until her hand touches the floor and she SNAPS back up,
boobs a'bouncing.

ELLE

And snap! Now you try.

Paulette stands up repeating the maneuver.

PAULETTE

Bend... and snap!

It's a spastic version of what Elle just did.

ELLE

Good. Now this time, put a little arch in your back and maybe get your footing more solid.

Paulette does it again. This time, getting it right.

ELLE

Perfect!

A HAIR CLIENT walks over, head full of curlers.

HAIR CLIENT

Like this?

She tries.

ELLE

Good.

She adjusts her like a yoga instructor would.

ELLE

But cock that knee.

ANOTHER CLIENT calls over.

ANOTHER CLIENT

Am I doing it right?

Elle walks over to her.

ELLE

More snap, less bend.

She turns to the rest of the clients.

ELLE

C'mon – everyone try!

Clients hop up out of their chairs as someone reaches over and cranks the transistor radio, blaring "BRICK HOUSE" by the Commodores. All the clients and technicians, no matter what their age, or how many foils are in there hair, are up and doing the "Bend & Snap", repeating the mantra as they

do. Elle walks around them, continuing to adjust them.

ELLE

Now everyone together.

They all bend in unison – going down on "Brick" –

EVERYONE

Bend –

And snapping back up – on "House"

EVERYONE

And snap !

The frivolity continues as the roomful of ladies perfect the maneuver. MAURICE, a male hair-dresser, comes out of the back room, mixing a bowl of bleach as he walks. He stops when he spots the activity.

MAURICE

Oh, my God! The Bend & Snap!

(to an old lady)

Works every time...

INT. AUSTEN, PLATT, JARET & DONOVAN-CONFERENCE ROOM -
DAY

CHUTNEY, 27, curly-haired and bitter, sits in front of Donovan, the FEMALE DA, the associates, the interns and a court reporter, as she's interviewed.

CHUTNEY

I got out of the shower, walked downstairs, saw her standing over my father, and called the police.

DONOVAN

Did she have a weapon in her hand?

CHUTNEY

No.

DONOVAN

Was there any reason for you to

believe she had discarded a weapon?

CHUTNEY

Uh, yeah, because the bitch shot him.

DONOVAN

Was there any evidence that Mrs. Windham shot him?

CHUTNEY

(duh)

His dead body with a bullet in it.

INT. AUSTEN, PLATT, JARET & DONOVAN-CONFERENCE ROOM-
LATER

ENRIQUE, 25, Latino and hunky as hell, sits in the seat that Chutney has vacated.

DONOVAN

What did you see when you entered the house?

ENRIQUE

I saw Mrs. Windham standing over the body of Mr. Windham.

DONOVAN

Was she carrying a weapon?

ENRIQUE

No, she was crying her eyes out.

Donovan smiles.

DONOVAN

So she was distraught that her husband was dead?

ENRIQUE

Oh, yes. Mrs. Windham is the most sweet, wonderful woman I know. I have loved her since the day she hired me. She could never do something

this awful. I know this because we are very close.

The others shift uncomfortably, then look at each other. Then, back at Enrique and his shiny, unbuttoned-to-show-his-pecs shirt. The DA smiles.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Donovan, the interns, and associates sit at a large table.

GERARD

She's screwing the pool boy.

Elle gasps and makes a face.

ELLE

There is no way a Delta Gamma would sleep with a man in a shiny shirt. Warner, back me up here.

Warner shrugs, embarrassed. Sarah looks at Donovan.

SARAH

I hate to agree but I don't see the two of them actually –
(wrinkling her nose)
– doing it.

ENID

Women like that will screw anything.

ELLE

So, because she's beautiful and has a good body, she's easy? What book of feminist theory did you read that in, Enid?

Emmett jumps in before war breaks out.

EMMETT

Okay, if Brooke didn't kill the guy, who did?

ELLE

My money's on the angry daughter or the ex-wife.

DONOVAN

Chutney has a trust fund. She didn't need the insurance payoff or the inheritance.

BOBBY

What about her mother?

DONOVAN

Covered. She was in Aspen at the time. Ten people saw her downing cosmopolitans at the Caribou Club.

ELLE

All I know is – it's not Brooke.

DONOVAN

That's touching, Elle, but we need an alibi.

Elle thinks about this.

INT. BOSTON JAIL - LOBBY - DAY

A nervous Elle stands in front of the burly CHECK-IN GUARD.

She holds a basket of goodies.

ELLE

I'm here to see Brooke Windham.

GUARD

Licensed attorney or family member?

ELLE

Uh – family.

GUARD

Relation?

ELLE

I'm her sister.

GUARD
Name?

ELLE
Delta. Gamma.

He makes a note and buzzes her in.

INT. BOSTON JAIL - DAY

Elle sits at a conference table with her basket. A door opens and a female guard brings Brooke into the room. Wearing a horribly tacky orange jumpsuit.

ELLE
Are you okay? You look so sad... and so orange.

BROOKE
I'm glad it's you and not Donovan.

ELLE
He means well. He's really brilliant and all.

Brooke sits, not looking convinced.

BROOKE
He better be, for what I'm paying him.

Elle pushes her basket forward.

ELLE
I brought you some necessities. Pink sheets. Aromatherapy candles. Loofah. And The Bible.

She holds up a "Cosmopolitan".

BROOKE
You're an angel.

Elle squirms in her seat.

ELLE

But I have to tell you the real reason
I'm here. Professor Donovan says we
really, really need your alibi.

Brooke tears up.

BROOKE

Elle, I can't. You don't understand.

ELLE

Who could better understand than me?

Brooke dabs her eyes with a corner of the pink Ralph Lauren
sheets.

BROOKE

It's so shameful...

ELLE

Whatever it is – it could save you.

BROOKE

That's just it – it would ruin me!

ELLE

How?

Brooke composes herself. Takes a deep breath. Looks at Elle.

BROOKE

I have made my fortune on my ability
to teach women how to perfect their
bodies with the Brooke's Butt Buster
workout.

ELLE

I know! You helped me go from a six
to a four!

Brooke starts to cry again.

BROOKE

On the day of Heyworth's murder, I

was –

She snorts back a sob.

BROOKE
– getting liposuction.

Elle gasps.

ELLE
No!

BROOKE
(completely shamed)
I'm a fraud! But it's not like normal
people can have this ass! If my fans
knew, I'd lose everything. I've
already lost my husband. I rather be
in jail then lose my reputation!

Elle hugs her to her chest, consoling her.

ELLE
Your secret is safe with me.

INT. AUSTEN, PLATT, JARET & DONOVAN - LIBRARY - DAY

The associates and interns sit at a table piled high with
research, as Donovan goes over his notes.

DONOVAN
We've got two interviews tomorrow
that Dick and Bobby are gonna handle,
and the ex-wife in an hour.

He looks up.

DONOVAN
Sarah, can you grab me some coffee?

Sarah rises, and fetches the coffee from the side table.

DONOVAN
And according to this communique
from the prison, our client apparently

had a visit from her sister? A Miss
Delta Gamma –

He looks at Elle.

DONOVAN
Anyone you know?

Elle looks up, caught. The others looks at her.

ELLE
I went to get her alibi.

Emmett looks over, surprised.

DONOVAN
Did you get it?

ELLE
Yes. But I can't tell you what it
is.

The others can't believe this.

DONOVAN
Why the hell not?

ELLE
I promised her I'd keep it secret. I
can't break the bonds of sisterhood!

Now he's pissed.

DONOVAN
Fuck sisterhood. This is a murder
trial, not some scandal at the
sorority house. I want the alibi.

Sarah sets Donovan's coffee down. Watching to see what Elle
will do.

ELLE
I can't give it to you. All I can
tell you is that she's innocent.

An ASSISTANT pokes her head in the room.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Donovan? Mrs. Windham Vandermark is on line two.

Donovan rises, still annoyed.

DONOVAN

Someone reason with her while I take this.

He walks out. The others look at Elle.

BOBBY

Are you crazy? Tell him the alibi.

ELLE

No!

DICK

We're gonna lose the case if you don't.

ELLE

Then we're not very good lawyers.

Emmett hides a smile. Warner leans over to Elle. Sarah is nearby, listening.

WARNER

(quietly)

If you tell him, you'll probably make summer associate. Who cares about Brooke? Think about yourself.

ELLE

I gave her my word, Warner.

Sarah watches – seeing both Warner and Elle in a different light.

Donovan storms back in.

DONOVAN

The ex-wife seems to be unconcerned with the fact that her interview is today. She's at a spa in the Berkshires.

GERARD

A spa?

(to Elle)

Isn't that like, your Mother-Ship?

Elle shrugs and looks at Donovan.

ELLE

I can go if you want.

ENID

Why you?

GERARD

(to Enid)

Have you ever been to a spa?

ENID

And subscribe to the doctrine of self-hatred imposed upon my gender by male delusions of the way women are supposed to look?

(beat)

Twice.

Donovan motions toward Elle. Then looks at Emmett with a pointed "Get the alibi" look.

DONOVAN

Go with her.

INT. EMMETT'S VOLVO - DAY

Emmett drives, Elle is shotgun.

ELLE

Explain to me why you're so anti-Brooke.

EMMETT

Uh, for starters, she won't give us an alibi –

ELLE

Aside from that.

EMMETT

She's completely untrustworthy.

ELLE

Why?

EMMETT

She married an old man, she's made a living on telling women they're too fat, she hawks her crap on the Home Shopping Network...

ELLE

A) He's an old man with a really big penis. B) She never told me I was fat. And C) Victoria Principal sells on that network.

EMMETT

And D) Brooke is obviously hiding something.

ELLE

But maybe it's not what you think.

EMMETT

But maybe it is –

They're quiet for a moment. She looks at him.

ELLE

You're kind of being a butt-head right now.

EMMETT

(amused)

How do you figure?

ELLE

Because people aren't always what they seem to be and you refuse to see that. Have a little faith. You might be surprised.

They're quiet again while he thinks about this. He looks over at her.

EMMETT

I can't believe you called me a butthead. No one's called me a butthead since ninth grade.

ELLE

Maybe not to your face...

She gives him a teasing smile. He smiles back at her, shaking his head.

INT. SPA - LOBBY - DAY

Elle and Emmett are at the desk.

ELLE

We have two o'clock massages. Kerrigan and Woods.

DESK CLERK

Go on back.

Elle starts to go, then stops.

ELLE

Oh, and my friend Katherine Windham Vandermark is here somewhere and I'm supposed to meet her for a Pilates class. Do you have her schedule?

DESK CLERK

(checking)

She's in the mud room until four.

Elle smiles her thanks and walks off with Emmett.

EMMETT

Damn. We can't see her for an hour?

ELLE

No, she can't move for an hour.

She grabs his arm and pulls him down the hall.

INT. SPA - MUD ROOM - DAY

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK, late 40s, brunette, East Coast hoity-toity – lies on a table like a corpse, stiff with mud, cucumbers over her eyes. Elle and Emmett poke their heads in.

ELLE

Mrs. Windham Vandermark?

EMMETT

We're here from Austen, Platt, Jaret
& Donovan –

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

So, you found me.

Emmett looks at Elle.

EMMETT

(sotto)

She's naked.

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

I'm covered in very expensive Egyptian
mud – hardly naked.

ELLE

(to Emmett)

I'll cover her – parts.

Elle settles on three washcloths, strategically placed.

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

So, I hear the tart from California
shot Heyworth.

EMMETT

Well, that's what we're trying to prove didn't happen. Do you have any reason to believe it did?

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

I never met the woman, but from what my daughter tells me, she's quite the cun –

ELLE

(interrupting her)

She's not!

EMMETT

Did your daughter ever say anything to you about Brooke and Heyworth's relationship?

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

Aside from the fact that he found her on an infomercial? She said they humped like gorillas. Chutney could hear them all the way in the pool house.

EMMETT

I'm sure that was very awkward for Chutney.

(sotto)

Much as it is for me, hearing you tell about it.

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

But I guess it wasn't enough for Brooke.

EMMETT

Why do you say that?

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

Haven't you seen the cabana boy?

ELLE

(uneasy)

Yes...

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

Like I said, I've never met Brooke,
but I have seen her from a distance.
When I'd come over to pick up the
alimony check that Heyworth forgot
to mail every month, she'd be out by
the pool, with Mr. Hot Pants hovering
over her with some pink drink.

EMMETT

Hovering?

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

I didn't stick around long enough to
watch him stick his swizzle stick in
her mouth, but I'd bet my next check
that that's where he was about to
put it.

INT. EMMETT'S VOLVO - DAY

Emmett drives, raving.

EMMETT

How can you still believe she's
innocent?

ELLE

You're going to trust the word of a
woman who named her child after a
condiment? She's ly-ing.

EMMETT

And you know this for a fact?

ELLE

Did you see the icky black color of
her hair?

EMMETT

So?

ELLE

I never trust a woman who's not

blonde. Except for my friend Serena, but that's only because she's a blonde at heart. That's the whole reason I'm starting the Blonde Legal Defense Fund.

He looks at her and laughs.

EMMETT

The what?

ELLE

Blondes are discriminated against worldwide! Brooke's a blonde, and people are saying she's sleeping with the cheesy pool boy and shooting her husband. If she was a mousy brunette, it would be, "Oh, the poor widow."

EMMETT

You're serious?

She's fired up now.

ELLE

You should see the way I'm treated in class! I'm a complete source of mockery.

This is why the Blonde Legal Defense Fund is needed.

He goes along with it, won over by her enthusiasm.

EMMETT

Okay, how would it work?

ELLE

It would be a full-service law firm, by and for blondes, providing positive blonde role models and community outreach in high blonde areas. I mean, think about it – name one blonde intellectual role model.

EMMETT

I can't.

ELLE

That is a direct result of anti-blonde discrimination!

EMMETT

Wait – Hilary Clinton.

ELLE

If she were a true blonde, she would've left the cheating bastard. Blondes don't let their husbands get felled by brunettes and live to tell about it.

Emmett frowns.

EMMETT

In that case, maybe Heyworth got felled by a brunette and Brooke caught him.

ELLE

Exactly how much gorilla sex do you think a sixty-year-old man can take?

EMMETT

That's not really a topic that keeps me up at night – but maybe it should.

Elle digs in her purse.

ELLE

Speaking of that – I bought you some seaweed cream while we were at the spa.

She hands it to him. He keeps his hands on the wheel, not taking it.

EMMETT

What the hell is that for?

ELLE

The bags under your eyes. You're an attractive man, but you need to take better care of yourself.

EMMETT

I don't –
(gesturing to the cream)
Do that stuff.

ELLE

Well, you should – If you look good, you feel good and if you feel good, you project joy into the world.

EMMETT

Projecting joy is not my job.

ELLE

(sighing)
Fine. Sorry I brought it up.

She puts the cream back in her purse. They ride in silence for a moment. Then –

EMMETT

You really think I'm attractive?

ELLE

For a butt-head? Yes.

She smiles at him.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS - NIGHT

Elle walks down the sidewalk to her dorm, approaching Dorky David as he tries to ask out a FRESHMAN GIRL who thinks she's a lot cuter than she actually is. She stands with her freshman friends.

DORKY DAVID

So – I called your room last night.

FRESHMAN GIRL

(cold)
I heard.

DORKY DAVID
I was thinking maybe we could go out
sometime.

FRESHMAN GIRL
Uh, no... you're a dork.

Turns back to her FRIENDS who all laugh at him. Elle winces
as she passes.

DORKY DAVID
(hopeful)
I'm in law school –

The Freshman Girl turns back to him.

FRESHMAN GIRL
Look – I'm not going out with you.
I can't believe you'd even ask. Girls
like me don't go out with losers
like you.

Her friends snicker. Elle stops at this and sighs,
acknowledging to herself that she has to help this guy. She
turns and marches back, SLAPPING Dorky David across the face.
Dorky David is stunned, as is the Freshman Girl.

ELLE
(upset)
Why didn't you call me?

DORKY DAVID
What?

ELLE
We spend a beautiful night together
and then I never hear from you again?

DORKY DAVID
– uh –

Elle signals with her eyes for him to go along with it.

DORKY DAVID

I'm sorry?

ELLE

For what? Breaking my heart or ruining sex for me with any other man?

DORKY DAVID

Uh – both?

ELLE

Forget it. I've already spent too many hours crying over you.

She rushes off. Dorky David and the Freshman Girl and her friends watch Elle go. After a moment, the girl turns to David.

FRESHMAN GIRL

So, urn, when did you wanna go out?

ANOTHER GIRL

I'm free on Friday.

Walking away, Elle hears this and smiles.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

People ascend the wide courthouse steps.

BAILIFF (O.S.)

The first district court is now in session. The honorable Judge William R. Ptak presiding.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The DA grills Mrs. Windham Vandermark.

DA JOYCE RAFFERTY

And what was the defendant doing?

MRS. WINDHAM VANDERMARK

Sitting next to the pool topless,

while the Latin boy handed her a drink.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DA Rafferty continues her grilling.

DA JOYCE RAFFERTY
And where was she exactly?

This time – Chutney is on the stand.

CHUTNEY
Standing over my father's dead body.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a tiny Speedo thong.

DA JOYCE RAFFERTY (O.S.)
Mr. Salvatore, can you tell us what this is?

We PULL BACK to reveal that the DA is holding it up as she questions Enrique.

ENRIQUE
My uniform.

DA JOYCE RAFFERTY
This is the uniform that Mrs. Windham asked you to wear while cleaning her pool?

ENRIQUE
Yes.

DA JOYCE RAFFERTY
And are you or are you not, having an affair with Brooke Windham?

Enrique shifts in his seat.

ENRIQUE

Define affair.

DA JOYCE RAFFERTY

Have you inserted your genitalia
into hers?

DONOVAN

Objection –

DA JOYCE RAFFERTY

(to Enrique)

Have you and Mrs. Windham had sexual
relations?

ENRIQUE

Yes! Okay? Yes!

The courtroom gasps. Elle looks over at Brooke, who's shaking
her head, outraged.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone files out. As Brooke is being led away, she turns
to Elle.

BROOKE

I'm not having an affair with Enrique –
you know a Delta Gamma would never
sleep with a man who wears a thong!
I just liked watching him bend over
to clean the filter –

ELLE

I believe you! Don't worry.

Brooke is taken away.

INT. ELLE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Elle, in sweats and a pony-tail, pours over a mammoth-sized
deposition. A KNOCK sounds.

ELLE
Come in.

Sarah enters.

SARAH
(re the depo)
You done with that yet?

Elle hands the deposition over.

ELLE
Take it. I've read it twenty times.

She grabs another one off of the stack and begins reading.

Sarah lingers.

SARAH
I believe her, too. I don't think
she's having an affair with Enrique.

ELLE
Too bad you and I are the only ones.

SARAH
I'm still can't believe you didn't
tell Donovan the alibi.

Elle looks up, defensive.

ELLE
It's not my alibi to tell –

SARAH
(interrupting)
I know. I thought that was very –
classy of you.

ELLE
(surprised)
Really? Thanks.

Sarah starts to go, then stops.

SARAH

Have you ever noticed that Donovan never asks Warner to bring him coffee? He's asked me at least a dozen times.

Elle shrugs.

ELLE

Men are helpless. You know that.

Sarah lingers, leaning on the edge of the couch.

SARAH

Warner can't even do his own laundry.

ELLE

I know. He has it sent out.

SARAH

Did you know he got wait-listed when he applied? His father had to make a call.

ELLE

(stunned)

You're kidding!

A KNOCK sounds on the open door and Margot and Serena poke their heads in.

MARGOT AND SERENA

Surprise!

ELLE

Oh, my God!

Sarah watches as Elle jumps up to hug the girls, who each have a bottle of Veuve Cliquot in their hands.

ELLE

What're you doing here?!

SERENA

We're on our way to the bridal show in New York so we thought we'd rescue

you from law school for the night.

MARGOT

(tempting her)

We have a limo downstairs and lots more of these.

She wiggles her champagne bottle.

ELLE

You guys – I can't. We're in the middle of a trial.

SERENA

Where's Warner?

SARAH

(confused)

At the office.

Margot and Serena look over at her.

MARGOT

Oh, how sweet! You made friends with a nerdy girl.

ELLE

Margot!

SERENA

Bring her, too.

(to Sarah)

C'mon. You can wear one of Elle's outfits.

SARAH

That's okay –

MARGOT

(to Elle)

Speaking of which, can you please put on some party clothes? You look like someone rolled you in something sticky and dragged you through a K-Mart.

ELLE

(torn)

I can't believe you guys are actually here – but this case is important. I'll make it up to you after finals, okay? I – promise. I really want to do a good job.

Margot and Serena stare at her, realizing she means it.

SERENA

Okay... Call us if you change your mind.

They start to head out. Margot hands Sarah the bottle of champagne.

MARGOT

Here.

She spots The Rock on Sarah's finger and grabs her hand.

MARGOT

Jesus. Talk about a Rock. You must be better in bed than you look.

Elle hustles them out the door.

ELLE

I'll call you as soon as it's over, okay? Sisters forever?

MARGOT AND SERENA

Sisters forever.

She shuts the door behind them. Then looks at Sarah.

ELLE

Sorry about that.

Sarah sets down the Veuve.

SARAH

Save it.

She smiles at Elle.

SARAH
We'll drink it after we win.

Elle smiles.

INT. BEAUTY OASIS - DAY

Paulette arranges a nail polish display by the door.

UPS GUY (O.S.)
I've got a big one for you.

Paulette freezes and slowly turns to find UPS Guy holding out a big package.

UPS GUY
Can you sign?

He hands her the computerized tablet and as he does, the pen velcroed to the side falls off.

Paulette watches as it FALLS IN SLO-MO. Realizing that now is the perfect time to try the Bend & Snap.

She bends slowly, tush out, knee cocked. She grabs the pen and as she prepares to Snap back up, UPS Guy leans over to help.

UPS GUY
Got it?

Not realizing he's leaning over, she SNAPS back up –

CLOCKING him in the NOSE with her head.

He reels backward, holding his nose, blood flowing as Paulette stares at him-in horror.

PAULETTE
Oh my God!

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Elle waits in line for the water fountain, talking on her cell phone.

ELLE
(into phone)
You broke his nose?!

We INTERCUT with Paulette as she watches UPS Guy being carried out by paramedics on a gurney. The ladies of the shop flutter around him, concerned.

UPS GUY
I'm okay –

PAULETTE
I think he noticed me, Elle –
(sobbing)
But only because I maimed him!

ELLE
(consoling)
I'll be over right after the trial,
okay? We're about to cross-examine
Enrique. And don't worry! My friend
Serena barfed on a guy during "The
Blair Witch Project" and end up dating
him for three months.

She hangs up. Enrique cuts in front of her in line for the water fountain. She glares at him, tapping her foot.

He finishes getting his drink and turns, looking at her.

ENRIQUE
Don't stomp your little Prada sandals
at me, Miss Thing.

He walks past, as Elle gapes at him. Realizing.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Elle grabs Emmett's arm as he whispers with Donovan.

ELLE
He's gay! Enrique is gay!

EMMETT
What?!

She grabs Warner as he's passing.

ELLE
Warner, what kind of shoes do I have on?

He looks down at her Prada sandals.

WARNER
Pink ones.

ELLE
See?

Donovan frowns, not seeing.

DONOVAN
What are you talking about?

ELLE
He's gay – he isn't Brooke's lover!
He's making it up. Whoever killed
Heyworth is paying him off.

EMMETT
Back up. How do you know he's gay?

ELLE
Gay men know designers. Straight men
don't.

She points at Warner, who shrugs. Brooke leans over.

BROOKE
What's going on?

ELLE
Enrique's gay. I'm sure of it.

BROOKE

He did leave a Cher tape in the pool house once –

Donovan scoffs.

DONOVAN

While I appreciate your masterful legal theory, I have a murder trial to attend to.

He grabs Emmett's arm and pulls him aside as they confer on more serious matters. Emmett looks at her as if to say "Sorry", before he looks back at Donovan. Brooke looks at Donovan, then back at Elle, rolling her eyes.

Elle sits down, pissed. Warner is next to her.

ELLE

Thanks for the backup.

WARNER

How was I supposed to know what kind of shoes you had on?

She looks at him like he's a complete idiot, as the judge takes his seat.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Donovan is in front of Enrique, who is at the stand.

DONOVAN

Mr. Salvatore, do you have any proof that you and Mrs. Windham were having an affair?

ENRIQUE

Just the love in my heart.

Women in the audience openly sigh. Elle makes a puke gesture. Enid concurs.

Donovan smiles a smug smile.

DONOVAN

If that's all the proof that he has,
your Honor, I think I'm done here.

Emmett stands.

EMMETT

I have a couple of questions, Your
Honor?

Donovan glares at him.

EMMETT

(sotto to Donovan)

Give me two minutes.

He approaches Enrique and starts firing questions at rapid
speed.

EMMETT

Did you ever take Mrs. Windham on a
date?

ENRIQUE

Yes.

EMMETT

Where?

ENRIQUE

A restaurant in Oakland. Where no
one would recognize us.

EMMETT

And how long have you been sleeping
with Mrs. Windham?

ENRIQUE

Three months.

EMMETT

And what is your boyfriend's name?

ENRIQUE

Chuck.

The audience lets out a gasp. Elle looks up, shocked, then delighted.

Enrique begins to sweat.

ENRIQUE

I'm sorry, I misunderstood. Chuck is just a friend.

CHUCK, scrawny and angry, stands up in the audience.

CHUCK

If I'm just your friend, why have we been doing the slippy-slap every night for the past six months?

The courtroom ERUPTS and the judge bangs the gavel.

Elle smiles victoriously from her seat. Emmett grins back at her.

Donovan shakes his head, smiling in amazement.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Elle and Emmett walk down the stairs together in high spirits. Donovan catches up.

DONOVAN

Good work today, Ms. Woods.

ELLE

Thank you!

He walks on. She looks at Emmett, excited. He high-fives her.

INT. BEAUTY OASIS - NIGHT

Paulette is closing up as Elle follows her around.

PAULETTE

(in a giddy, rush)

And after they set his nose, he came back for his truck and I offered to drive for him since he was still on pain-killers and we spent the whole afternoon together! He was unconscious for part of it, but it was really fun!

ELLE
(hugging Paulette)
I'm so happy for you!

PAULETTE
How'd it go at the trial?

ELLE
Great. Donovan actually said the words "Good work, Ms. Woods". He takes me seriously! Can you believe it?

PAULETTE
Of course I can believe it. You're going to make a great lawyer.

Paulette looks at Elle. Emotional.

PAULETTE
Elle, you've changed my life. You are the kindest, most wonderful angel. Without you, I wouldn't have Rufus or a dinner date. Now go and share your goodness with the world while I stay here and have my hoo-hoo waxed.

INT. AUSTEN, JARET, PLATT AND DONOVAN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elle passes Sarah, who carries a stack of depositions into the conference room to Dick and Bobby.

SARAH
Donovan asked to see you before you leave.

ELLE

(excited)
Really?

SARAH
He's already got his coffee – maybe
he needs a donut.

They share a smile as Elle walks over to Donovan's glass-walled office and knocks on the door. Nervous.

DONOVAN
Come on in.

He beckons her inside, and she goes, shutting the door behind her.

INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

He's behind his desk. He motions for her to sit in one of the two chairs opposite him.

DONOVAN
Sit down.

ELLE
Is everything okay?

DONOVAN
You followed your intuition today
and you were right on target. I
should've listened.

ELLE
(stunned)
Thank you.

DONOVAN
About the alibi –

She sighs.

ELLE
I'm sorry, but –

DONOVAN

(cutting her off)
I'm impressed that you took the initiative to go there and get it. That's what makes a good lawyer. And on top of that, you gained the client's trust and kept it. That's what makes a great lawyer. You're smart, Elle. Smarter than most of the guys I have on my payroll.

Elle is overwhelmed by his praise.

ELLE

Wow. That means so much to me to hear you say that.

Donovan walks around his desk and sits in the chair opposite her.

DONOVAN

I think it's time discuss your career path. Have you thought about where you might be a summer associate?

ELLE

(still overwhelmed)
Not really. I know how competitive it all is –

He smiles.

DONOVAN

You know what competition is really about, don't you?

Eager for his knowledge, Elle is on the edge of her seat. He leans in.

DONOVAN

It's about ferocity. Carnage. Balancing human intelligence with animal diligence. Knowing exactly what you want and how far you'll go to get it. How far will Elle go?

As he says the last sentence, he SLIDES his hand UP HER THIGH.

OUTSIDE DONOVAN'S OFFICE

Sarah walks down the hallway, glancing in Donovan's office to see –

HER POV –

Donovan's hand sliding up Elle's skirt. She shakes her head in disgust, and heads off – NOT SEEING.

INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE

Elle stares at Donovan in horror, then grabs his hand – stopping its journey upward.

ELLE

(upset)

You're hitting on me?

DONOVAN

You're a beautiful girl, Elle.

ELLE

So everything you just said –

DONOVAN

I'm a man who knows what I want.

Elle rises, stung. She stares at him for a beat.

ELLE

And I'm a law student who's finally realized her professor is a pathetic asshole.

She walks out.

DONOVAN

(calling out)

Too bad. I thought you were a law student who wanted to be a lawyer.

Elle keeps walking.

INT. AUSTEN, JARET, PLATT ETC. - ELEVATOR - MOMENT LATER

Elle is in the elevator. Flushed and upset. As the doors start to close, Sarah sticks her arm in, blocking them.

SARAH

You almost had me fooled.

ELLE

What?

SARAH

Maybe you should sleep with the judge too. Then we can win the case.

Sarah steps back, letting the doors shut.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Elle stomps out of the elevator, as Emmett gets in.

EMMETT

(smiling)

Hey –

ELLE

I'm quitting.

She marches past. He follows, catching up.

EMMETT

Whoa – Why?

ELLE

Law school was a mistake. Getting this internship was a mistake.

EMMETT

What're you talking about? You earned it –

She snorts.

ELLE

I didn't earn anything. I got this internship because Donovan liked the way I looked. Which he made clear tonight when he tried to feel me up.

Emmett looks pissed as he processes this.

EMMETT
(mind reeling)
So now you're – ?

ELLE
Going back to LA. Maybe I can fulfill my destiny as a useless bimbo and join the Swedish Bikini Team. No more navy blue suits. No more pantyhose. No more trying to be something I'm not.

EMMETT
What if you're trying to be something you are? The hell with Donovan. Stay.

She stops, giving him a sad smile.

ELLE
Thanks for not treating me the way everyone else here does. Call me if you're ever in California.

She walks out. Emmett watches her go, hating it.

EXT. BEAUTY OASIS - NIGHT

Elle's Boxster, packed with suitcases and the potted palm, pulls up.

INT. BEAUTY OASIS - NIGHT

Elle sits in front of Paulette, dejected. Not even bothering with a manicure.

PAULETTE
(upset)
You can't go home!

ELLE

What's the point of staying? All people see when they look at me is blonde hair and big boobs. No one's ever going to take me seriously. The people at law school don't, Warner doesn't – I don't even think my parents take me seriously. They wanted me to grow up and become a Victoria's Secret model who marries a rock star. Now, for the first time, it seemed like someone expected me to do something better with my life than wear underwear for a living. But I was kidding myself – Donovan didn't see me as a lawyer. He saw me as a piece of ass just like everyone else. It turns out, I am a joke.

She stands up.

ELLE

The hell with law school. I just came to say goodbye.

IN A NEARBY CHAIR

Professor Elspeth Stromwell spins around, nails drying, facing Elle.

PROFESSOR STROMWELL

If you let one stupid prick ruin your life, you're not the girl I thought you were.

Elle looks at her, shocked, as Professor Stromwell stands and goes.

INT. JAIL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A TV – Donovan is being interviewed is on the evening news.

DONOVAN ON TV

Enrique Salvatore has been discredited
as a witness.

REPORTER #2 ON TV

Did you go in there knowing how you
were going to discredit Mr. Salvatore?

DONOVAN ON TV

Absolutely. It's a little thing I
like to call strategy.

He gives the reporters a smug smile.

IN THE WAITING ROOM

Brooke looks away from the TV. Emmett is next to her, prepping
her for the following day.

BROOKE

Is he always such an ass?

EMMETT

(containing himself)

He's the top defense attorney in the
state. Of course he's an ass.

BROOKE

But is he an ass that's gonna win my
case?

EMMETT

He's an ass that's gonna try.

BROOKE

He thinks I'm guilty, doesn't he?

EMMETT

That's not what's important.

BROOKE

To me it is. He doesn't trust me.
Why should I trust him?

Emmett thinks for a moment. Then looks at Brooke.

EMMETT
You're right. Why should you?

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

People enter. Reporters set up their cameras. Dorky David passes by in a suit and tie.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Donovan and Emmett head into the courtroom.

DONOVAN
Keep that bitch away from me.

EMMETT
She's our client.

DONOVAN
Not Brooke. Elle.

EMMETT
(blatantly pissed)
Funny how a woman can turn into a
bitch just by saying "no".

Donovan glares at Emmett as they continue in.

Behind them – SARAH stops in her tracks, having heard all of this.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan takes his seat next to Brooke. She smiles at him.

DONOVAN
What're you so happy about? You're
on trial for murder.

BROOKE
Get up.

DONOVAN
What?

BROOKE
You're fired. I have new
representation.

DONOVAN
Who?

The door of the courtroom BANGS open and ELLE STRIDES IN, dressed in a Prada mini-dress, Underdog in her purse. She blows a bubble, lets it pop, then sets her briefcase down next to Donovan's.

ELLE
(to Donovan)
Excuse you. You're in my way.

She nudges him aside. Donovan looks at Brooke.

DONOVAN
She's a law student. She can't defend
you.

Dorky David steps up, holding out a marked casebook.

DORKY DAVID
Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court
Rule 3:03.

ELLE
(to Donovan)
See?

JUDGE
Counselors, approach the bench.

Elle starts to head up.

DONOVAN
You're not going up there.

ELLE
Yes, I am.

BROOKE
(to Donovan)

I don't think you heard me. You're fired. She's my lawyer.

JUDGE

Counselors, now. All of you.

Elle, Donovan and Emmett head up, as does the DA. Elle hands the judge the case book.

ELLE

Elle Woods, your honor. Rule 3:03 of the Supreme Judicial Court states that a law student may appear on behalf of a defendant in criminal proceedings.

DA JOYCE RAFFERTY

(stoked)

I have no problem with this.

DONOVAN

I do. I'm not allowing it.

ELLE

(pointedly)

But you agreed last night. In the office? When we were discussing my "career"?

The implication lingers in the air, as Donovan glares at her.

JUDGE

(reading the casebook)

The ruling also states that you need a licensed attorney to supervise you. Mr. Donovan?

DONOVAN

That, I won't agree to.

Emmett steps forward.

EMMETT

I'm supervising, Your Honor.

Elle smiles at him. Donovan looks from Emmett to Elle, completely derailed.

JUDGE

Well, then, Ms. Woods. Proceed.

Elle walks back to the table with a grin. Warner looks shocked.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Paulette beams, the UPS Guy in the nose brace, next to her.

Serena and Margot, now in attendance, STAND clapping and squealing in a completely inappropriate way.

SERENA

Go, Elle!

Donovan takes a seat in the audience. As he passes by Brooke:

DONOVAN

Enjoy prison.

The judge looks at Brooke.

JUDGE

Mrs. Windham, you do realize what you're doing?

BROOKE

Absolutely.

As Donovan sits, Margot leans over.

MARGOT

Don't fuck with a Delta Gamma.

AT THE DEFENSE TABLE

Sarah leans forward to Elle, who gathers her notes.

SARAH

Kick some butt.

Elle looks at her, surprised.

JUDGE

Ms. Woods, call your first witness.

ELLE

I'd like to recall Chutney Windham as a defense witness.

The crowd murmurs. Donovan rolls his eyes.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Chutney takes her hand off of the Bible and sits.

JUDGE

Ms. Woods, begin your questioning.

ELLE

First, your Honor, I'd like to point out that not only is there no proof in this case, but there's a complete lack of mens rea, which by definition tells us that there is no crime without a vicious will.

The DA rolls her eyes, as do the lawyers present.

JUDGE

I am aware of the meaning of mens rea. What I am unaware of is why you're giving me a vocabulary lesson instead of questioning your witness.

Flustered, Elle turns to Chutney.

ELLE

Okay – Ms. Windham, when you uh arrived back at the house? Was your father there?

CHUTNEY

Not that I saw. But like I said, I went straight upstairs to take a

shower.

ELLE

And when you came downstairs, what happened?

CHUTNEY

I saw Brooke standing over his body, drenched in his blood.

ELLE

But Mrs. Windham didn't have a gun?

CHUTNEY

No, she'd stashed it by then.

Brooke rolls her eyes.

EMMETT

Move to strike that from the record, your Honor. Speculation.

JUDGE

Stricken.

Elle mentally kicks herself for not doing this herself. Eirimmitt gives her a reassuring nod. She takes a deep breath, then continues on.

ELLE

Did you hear a shot fired?

CHUTNEY

No. I was in the shower.

ELLE

So at some point in the – twenty minutes you were in the shower, your father was shot?

CHUTNEY

I guess.

Elle paces a bit. Underdog watches from her perch on the table, intrigued by her line of questioning.

ELLE

Your father was shot while you were
in the shower?

Gerard looks at Emmett.

GERARD

Where's she going with this?

EMMETT

Have a little faith.

ELLE

But you didn't hear the shot, because
you were in the shower.

CHUTNEY

(annoyed)

Yes. I was washing my hair.

Elle's onto something, but not sure what.

ELLE

Miss Windham, can you tell us what
you'd been doing earlier in the day?

CHUTNEY

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

ELLE

Where you got in the shower.

CHUTNEY

(impatient)

Yes.

JUDGE

I believe the witness has made it
clear that she was in the shower.

People start to murmur. Donovan snickers. Sarah looks worried.

ELLE

Yes, Your Honor. Had you ever gotten a perm before, Miss Windham?

CHUTNEY
(confused)
Yes.

The beginnings of a smile start to spread across Elle's face.

ELLE
How many, would you say?

CHUTNEY
Two a year since I was twelve. You do the math.

ELLE
You know, a girl in my sorority, Tracy Marcinko, got a perm once. Even though we all told her not to. Curls really weren't the right look for her –
(chummy)
She didn't have your bone structure.

Chutney almost smiles.

ELLE
But, thankfully, that same day, she entered the Pi Kap wet t-shirt contest where she was completely hosed down from head to toe.

Donovan shakes his head at her incompetence.

DA JOYCE RAFFERTY
Objection. Why is this relevant?

Emmett clears his throat, worried. Elle turns around, giving him a "trust me" look. Then turns back to the judge.

ELLE
(to the judge)
I have a point. I promise.

JUDGE

Then make it.

Elle looks at Chutney.

ELLE

Chutney, why is it that Tracy Marcinko's curls were ruined when she got hosed down?

CHUTNEY

Because they got wet.

ELLE

That's right. Because isn't the first cardinal rule of perm maintenance that you are forbidden to wet your hair for at least twenty-four hours after getting a perm at the risk of de-activating the ammonium thiglycolate?

Chutney pales.

CHUTNEY

Yes –

Elle continues.

ELLE

And wouldn't someone who's had thirty perms throughout her lifetime, be well aware of this rule?

Chutney doesn't answer. She just glares at Brooke.

ELLE

And if you, in fact, were not washing your hair, as I suspect you were not, since your curls are still intact, wouldn't you have heard the gunshot?

Chutney continues to glare.

ELLE

And if you in fact, heard the gunshot, then Brooke Windham wouldn't have had time to hide the gun before you got downstairs. Which would mean that you would've had to have found Mrs. Windham with a gun in her hand to make your story sound plausible. Isn't that right?

CHUTNEY

She's younger than I am. Did she tell you that? How would you feel if your father married someone younger than you?

ELLE

You, however, had time to hide the gun, didn't you, Chutney? After you shot your father?

Brooke looks at Chutney in horror, realizing.

CHUTNEY

I didn't mean to shoot him –
(to Brooke)
I meant to shoot you!

Pandemonium erupts. The gavel pounds.

BROOKE

I knew it!

Elle looks at Emmett, elated at what's just happened.

ELLE

(shocked)
Oh, my God!

EMMETT

(even more shocked)
Oh, my God!!

INT. COURTHOUSE FOYER - DAY

Reporters mob Elle and Brooke as they make their way out of the courtroom.

REPORTER

Elle, how did you know Chutney was lying?

BROOKE

Because she is brilliant.

ELLE

(humble)

The rules of haircare are simple and finite. Any Cosmo girl would've known.

The reporters laugh as they snap pictures of her and a happy Brooke.

INT. WOODS' BEL AIR HOME - GYM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON THE TV – the channels change: golf – a commercial –

ELLE IN THE COURTHOUSE.

DANIEL (O.S.)

What the – ?

Daniel, Elle 's father, watches TV as he does his morning workout on the treadmill.

DANIEL

Honey, stop!

(proud)

Ellie's on TV!

He looks next to him, where Sapphire is upside down on a yoga inversion machine.

SAPPHIRE'S POV – THE UPSIDE-DOWN TELEVISION WITH ELLE ON IT.

SAPPHIRE

Oh, my God! What happened to her tan?

INT. COURTHOUSE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

As the reporters continue to mob Brooke, Elle steps aside to talk to Serena and Margot.

SERENA

I wish we could stay longer, but I have a game.

ELLE

I can't believe you're a Laker Girl!

MARGOT

Hello! You're like, a lawyer.

ELLE

(grinning)

Not yet.

Enid walks up to the girls.

ENID

(to Elle)

Even though you knew your shit today – you're still a product of the patriarchy and a creation of the male-dominated media. And so are your friends.

She looks at Serena.

ENID

(to Serena)

Although – you're kinda hot. Call me.

She walks off. Serena looks alarmed.

ELLE

(hugging them)

Don't worry. She's harmless. I'll see you guys soon! Thanks for coming!

She air-kisses them as Margot leads a still shell-shocked Serena away as Emmett walks up to Elle.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY - LATER

Elle looks up at the courthouse as the sun sets behind it. She smiles, proud of herself.

WARNER (O.S.)
You were amazing today.

She turns and finds Warner.

ELLE
Thank you.

He moves closer.

WARNER
It made me realize something. I'm an idiot.

ELLE
Really?

He turns on the charm.

WARNER
I want to be with you, Elle. Forever.

He pulls her close, hand around her waist, kissing her. She looks up at him, a trace of the old love in her eyes. For a moment, she melts.

ELLE
I want to be with you, too, Warner.

After a moment, she steps back, removing his hand from her waist and wrenching it behind his back.

ELLE
In court. On opposing sides.

WARNER
(shocked)
Are you serious?

ELLE

Huh. Imagine that. Looks like I am.

She walks down the steps. Warner watches her go, then turns to see Sarah, who's witnessed the entire episode. She glares at him, then walks past.

WARNER

Sarah – hold on.

She shoves him, knocking him on his ass, then rushes to catch up with Elle.

SARAH

(calling out)

Elle, wait up –

Elle turns.

SARAH

(sheepish)

I'm a bitch.

ELLE

Yes, you are.

SARAH

And Donovan's a scumbag for coming on to you.

ELLE

Yes, he is.

They look at each other in a silent truce.

SARAH

So – can we drink that champagne when I get back from the pawnshop?

She pulls off her engagement ring.

ELLE

You're pawning The Rock?!

SARAH

Hell, yes. We've got finals to study for. In Jamaica.

She smiles and heads off. Elle smiles, processing this as Emmett approaches Elle.

EMMETT

Up for a celebration dinner?

ELLE

Are you asking me on a date?

EMMETT

As long as you realize I'm not just some man-toy you can show off like a trophy.

ELLE

(joking)

Then, forget it. Besides, I have an early class tomorrow.

EMMETT

So Friday at eight?

She smiles at him.

ELLE

Perfect.

She heads down the stairs, stops and thinks a moment, then runs back up – Grabbing Emmett in a hellacious KISS. He kisses her back.

We CRANE UP as they embrace on the courthouse steps.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HARVARD LAW SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

"Welcome Law Students Class of 2004" banners hang over

orientation tables. Nervous first year students stand in line.

We PAN ACROSS a row of club tables – passing "Harvard Law Journal" and "Environmental Law Association" – until we reach a table that proudly bears the banner of "Blonde Legal Defense Club".

Elle, in a red 2L t-shirt, stands behind the table, straightening some flyers. UNDERDOG is plopped down on top of the stack. Elle turns to see EMMETT next to her.

EMMETT
(re Underdog)
Someone missed you.

ELLE
Is he the only one?

EMMETT
What do you think?

They kiss.

EMMETT
(re the crowd)
Looks like you're pretty popular.

Elle smiles, turning back as A NERVOUS 1L GIRL steps up.

NERVOUS 1L GIRL
Do you have to be blonde to sign up?

ELLE
Only blonde at heart.
(to the girl next to
her)
Right?

Elle smiles and looks down at – the NEWLY BLONDE SARAH.

Sarah returns the smile as we PULL BACK to see a CROWD of first year girls gathered around Elle's table, rushing to sign up. Ready to be as blonde as they can be.

FADE OUT:

THE END