



Audition Page

1

Elle and Warner

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

ELLE. Oh, Warner. Tonight's just perfect.

WARNER. No, you're perfect.

ELLE. No, you are.

WARNER. No, YOU are.

ELLE. No, you.

WARNER. No, you.

ELLE. You.

WARNER. You.

ELLE. You. Okay, I've even irritating myself.

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

ELLE. I never thought that –

WARNER. Uh, honey, I'm not finished.

ELLE. Oh, sorry! Go on.

WARNER. But, Pooh-Bear, as a future attorney, I'm going to need someone serious by my side. You know, less of a Marilyn and more of a Jackie. Somebody classy and not too tacky.

ELLE. What?!?!

WARNER. Okay, that came out wrong. You see, Pooh-Bear, I think we should break-up.

ELLE. You're breaking up with me? I thought you were proposing.

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

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

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

WARNER. Elle, if I'm going to be a senator when I'm thirty, I need someone serious.

ELLE. I'm not serious? But I'm seriously in love with you.

(ELLE comes from out of her room. The GIRLS instantly quiet.)

ELLE. Girls, must we all descend into madness?

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

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

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

*(The GIRLS make a triangle symbol and look heavenward. ELLE smiles despite herself and flips through "Town and Country". **Suddenly, she screams bloody murder.**)*

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

(ELLE holds up the magazine.)

ELLE. No, worse! It's Peyton Huntington the Fourth – Warner's brother! Pictures from his wedding. LOOK!

(The GIRLS inspect the photo and collective cringe.)

MARGOT. She's not wearing eye shadow!

SERENA. Muffy Vanderbilt?!?

MARGOT, SERENA & PILAR. Muffy?!?

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



Audition Page **3**

Elle, Enid and Emmett

(ELLE turns to ENID.)

ELLE. I love your top! It's so fatigue chic. So how psyched are you guys? Snaps, our first day at Harvard Law. *(Long silence.)* Hi, I'm Elle Woods. And this is Bruiser Woods.

ENID. *(Grudgingly.)* Enid.

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

ENID. *(Sarcastically.)* Oh my God, we're, like, practically twins!

EMMETT. *(Coming to the rescue.)* We're just going around the circle...tell us something about yourself.

ELLE. Me? Okay. So I'm a Gemini with a double Capricorn moon and I have a Bachelors from UCLA where I was president of Delta Nu Sorority and Sig Ep Sweetheart.

EMMETT. *(Not sure what to say.)* Huh.

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

EMMETT. I did not know that.

(Awkward silence.)

ELLE. Do you know where I can find Criminal Law 101 with Professor Callahan? And Warner Huntington III?

EMMETT. It's in Hauser. *(He points the way.)* Over there, second building on the left.

ELLE. Thanks. *(ELLE starts to leave, BRUISER in tow.)*

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

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



Audition Page

4

Elle, Emmett, Warner and Vivienne

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

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

ELLE. Law career? Not the problem. Listen, I need to get back into class with Warner. Can you help me?
(VIVIENNE walks out of the classroom, overhears.)

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

ELLE. Okay. *(Sees Vivienne.)* Excuse me, but why would you do that to another girl?

VIVIENNE. Do what?

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

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

EMMETT. So I'll give you ladies a moment then. *(EMMETT creeps back into class.)*

VIVIENNE. Aren't there girls going wild somewhere without you?

(WARNER exits the class.)

WARNER. Hey! –

ELLE. Warner! Thank god you're here. *(ELLE goes to WARNER and starts dragging him away. WARNER stops ELLE.)*

WARNER. Elle, I'm sorry –

ELLE. Sorry about what?

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

ELLE. Do you know her?

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

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

VIVIENNE. He said I'm his girlfriend.

ELLE. GIRLFRIEND?!?!?!?

(ELLE sits in the salon chair. PAULETTE enters.)

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

ELLE. Make me a brunette.

PAULETTE. Brunette? What? *(Gesturing to ELLE's hair.)* And change this, a genetic lotto win? Alright, back up. Paulette's listenin'. Spill.

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

PAULETTE. That's a good school!

ELLE. I know, right? Anyway, I did it to follow my one true love Warner out here and now he's . . . *(gagging)* he's dating this evil preppie.

PAULETTE. So what's she got that you don't got? Three boobs?

ELLE. She's *(air quotes)* "serious."

PAULETTE. Seriously, she have three boobs?

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

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

Elle, Warner, Vivienne and Enid

WARNER. I still can't get over the fact you're here – at Harvard. Back at UCLA I never would've guessed it.

ELLE. Warner, don't forget I got into this school too. And now we're here together, studying law. Maybe we'll both get Callahan's internship and work together.

WARNER. Whoa. Wait a second, Elle. You get kicked out of class, like, every day. You don't actually believe you have a chance of getting the internship?

ELLE. *(Wounded.)* Of course.

WARNER. Everyone in the class wants it, nobody more than me. It's a guaranteed career. You're practically partner before you have a job offer.

(VIVIENNE appears)

VIVIENNE. Elle. You're looking...fluffy. As usual.

ELLE. Hello, Vivienne. Thanks for your great tip on the "costume party." I see you came as Last Year's Sample Sale.

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

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

VIVIENNE. You're not going to make it through the semester, let alone get Callahan's internship. *(Looking at ELLE's costume.)* Even if you keep going . . . and going . . . and going . . . Face it, bunny: One of these things is not like the other. Someday, we'll nominate Supreme Court justices . . . And you'll... tan. Run home, Elle, and change out of your skank costume.

ELLE. *(After taking a moment to collect herself.)* Oh, is THAT what you see, Vivienne? How unfortunate. *(ELLE whips out glasses and puts them on.)* Because I am Gloria Steinem undercover, circa 1963, researching for her feminist manifesto 'I Was a Playboy Bunny.' Are you calling Gloria Steinem a skank?
(ENID is furious, like a mad dog.)

ENID. Who's calling Gloria Steinem a skank?



Audition Page

7

Elle, Paulette, Emmett and Dewey

(A dumpy trailer. ELLE pounds on the door with PAULETTE and EMMETT by her side.)

ELLE. Paulette, are you ready?

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

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

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

PAULETTE. It IS shaped like a bone.

ELLE. And that kind of devotion cannot be ignored.

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

(ELLE pounds on the door again. DEWEY enters.)

DEWEY. Crap, not you again! Paulette, get your fat ass offa my property!

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

DEWEY. Well you can't see him, Jelly Gut. Best decision I ever made. Throwin' you out!

PAULETTE. *(Breaking down.)* Can you believe I lived with that for 10 years? The cheap-skate never even got me a ring!

(EMMETT pulls ELLE aside.)

EMMETT. Elle, they lived together for 10 years –

ELLE. Of course! Emmett, you're a genius! *(She marches over to DEWEY)* Mr... Dewey, we are Ms. Buonofuonte's legal team.

DEWEY. *(Nervous.)* Lawyers?

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

DEWEY. Huh?

ELLE. Translation:

(ELLE exchanges a look at PAULETTE.)



Audition Page 9

Elle and Brooke

(ELLE and BROOKE are "Delta-Nu-snapping" and laughing.)

ELLE. *(Introducing herself.)* Delta Nu's former U.C.L.A. President Elle Woods! I knew I recognized your mug shot!

BROOKE. Shut up!

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

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

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

BROOKE. I can't tell it.

ELLE. Everyone has secrets. For years I denied my highlights.

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

ELLE. I will double Delta Nu Sister Swear.

BROOKE. You're hardcore. Okay. On the day my husband was killed, I had... *(whispers silently)* Lipo.

ELLE. What?

BROOKE. *(Again, quiet.)* Lipo.

ELLE. Brooke, you're going to have to speak up, I can't –

BROOKE. *(Bursts out loudly.)* LIPOSUCTION! MINIMALLY INVASIVE, OUTPATIENT LIPO, B BUT LIPO!

(ELLE gasps.)

ELLE. Oh my god!

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

ELLE. Your secret's safe with me.

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



Audition Page

10

Elle and Emmett

(EMMETT and ELLE are left alone.)

ELLE. Emmett, I'm sorry –

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

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

EMMETT. No, but it sure would help.

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

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

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

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

ELLE. And jeopardize your client's trust and our integrity?

EMMETT. Well, when you put it that way.

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

EMMETT. Butthead? Really?

ELLE. Yes, really. C'mon, let's get out of here.

EMMETT. Why do you always have to be right?

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

EMMETT. Okay, how?

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

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

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

EMMETT. Thanks a lot.

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

EMMETT. . . .



Audition Page 11

Elle, Paulette and Sorority Girls

(PAULETTE bends over and picks up the package and then straightens up. The GREEK CHORUS enters in awe.)

MARGOT. Oh my god!

PILAR. Did you see that?

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

MARGOT, SERENA, PILAR. She's a natural!

PAULETTE. (*Freaked out.*) I see dead people.

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

PAULETTE. But I haven't had any vodka.

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

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

ELLE. (*Demonstrating.*) The Bend...and Snap! (*The girls ad-lib reaction of approval to her Bend and Snap.*) It's a move invented by U.C.L.A. cheerleaders to break the will of the opposing team. (*ELLE looks around, very discreetly.*) But it also has real world applications: the Bend and Snap is 99.99% effective on straight men.

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

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

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

MARGOT, PILAR, SERENA. Go Bruins! Bruin Power! (*etc.*)

PAULETTE. Cheerleaders scare me!

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

PAULETTE. Because you jump around in short skirts?

SERENA. Yes. And because we demand and command attention.

PILAR. For real. You must become the cheerleader you fear.



Audition Page

12

Riley, Nikos, Callahan, Brooke and Elle

(DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOYCE RILEY holds something in her hand.)

RILEY. So, Mr. Argitakos, could you explain to the court what Exhibit A is?

(She opens her hand, revealing a thong.)

NIKOS. That was my uniform.

RILEY. Was it Brooke's idea to have you wear this "uniform"?

NIKOS. Yes.

RILEY. And could you please tell the court exactly what your relationship was to the defendant?

NIKOS. Brooke and I were lovers.

(The court gasps.)

RILEY. No further questions.

(CALLAHAN is furious. To BROOKE.)

CALLAHAN. He was your lover?

BROOKE. Oh no. A Delta Nu would never sleep with a man in a thong! I just liked to watch him clean the filters...

CALLAHAN. Unbelievable! You're all making me look like an ass up there! Why didn't I know about this disaster?!

BROOKE. Why is it so important?

CALLAHAN. It's motive, Brooke. *(CALLAHAN stands and speaks to the judge.)* Your honor. I request a 10-minute recess.

ELLE. But Professor, Nikos couldn't have had the affair with Brooke! I just did the Bend and Snap in front of him and he did nothing. Clearly he must be gay.

BROOKE. Nikos did leave a Cher CD in the pool-house once...

CALLAHAN. You can't build a legal strategy on the... Bend and Snap. We need a defense, not a dance move. You can't prove it. If you're not right, we look desperate and homophobic.

(The legal team is celebrating the victory with champagne. WARNER doesn't like the attention going to ELLE.)

WARNER. Since when did a finely-tuned gay-dar qualify as a legal victory?

CALLAHAN. But without her, we wouldn't be celebrating with champagne, we'd be dead in the water. Elle Woods trusts her gut and has shown more legal smarts than most on my staff. She won this round, making her a good lawyer. And while we'd still love to hear that alibi she got, by keeping it, she's never compromised the client's trust, making her a great one. Which is more than I can say about you, Warner. Be useful. Go get me a coffee.

WARNER. But we're drinking champagne!

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

(Everyone goes. ELLE is the last out.)

CALLAHAN. Ms. Woods, could I have a word?

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

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

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

CALLAHAN. You've got instincts. And instincts, legal or otherwise, can't be taught. Trust your instincts.

(CALLAHAN goes in to kiss ELLE. She backs away.)

CALLAHAN. I thought you were smarter than that...

ELLE. Is this the only reason you gave me an internship?

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

Elle, Chutney, Warner and Judge

(CHUTNEY WYNDHAM is on the stand, being questioned by ELLE.)

ELLE. Miss Wyndham, what was your relationship to the deceased?

CHUTNEY. He was my father.

ELLE. Did you actually see his murder take place?

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

WARNER. Oh boy, we're screwed.

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

CHUTNEY. *(Sarcastically.)* Suspiciously hanging around my shower?

ELLE. No before that.

CHUTNEY. I was out getting a perm.

ELLE. *(Puzzled.)* And then you came home and took a *shower*?

CHUTNEY. *(Duh!)* YES. I was in the *shower*.

ELLE. *(Lightbulb moment.)* Your Honor. I would like to go to the bathroom.

JUDGE. Shouldn't you have gone before the murder trial?

ELLE. No. Your Honor, I would like us all to go to the bathroom together.

WARNER. Why do girls always do that?...

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

JUDGE. Denied, Ms. Woods.

ELLE. *(Re-grouping.)* Now, Miss Wyndham, you claim on the day of the murder, you got a perm. Was this your first perm?

ELLE. Interesting. Now, one more time for the jury, you didn't see the murder or hear the gunshot because you were where?

ALL. In the shower!!!

ELLE. Thank you. But you see, you can't get a perm wet for 48 hours because water deactivates the perm's ammonium thioglycolate and completely ruins it. It's the cardinal rule of perm maintenance. Your perm is still intact so you couldn't have showered that day. Why would you lie about being in the shower?

CHUTNEY. I was –

ELLE. Why would you lie about NOT hearing the gunshot?

CHUTNEY. But I –

ELLE. Why would you –

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