LEGALLY BLONDE: THE MUSICAL

Audition Piece 1

ELLE. Girls, must we all descend into madness?

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

*The DELTA NUs surround ELLE and try to cheer her up with the stack of magazines. ELLE listlessly leafs through an issue of “Town and Country” magazine.*

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

MARGOT. Well then sweetie, you’re just gonna hafta hold on ’cause the new 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” then SCREAMS BLOODY-MURDER.*

MARGOT. What? Don’t tell me ponchos are back in.

ELLE jerks to attention, holds up the magazine.

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

*MARGOT and SERENA inspect the photo and collectively CRINGE.*

MARGOT. She’s not wearing eye shadow.

SERENA. *(horrified)* 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 even when nobody’s dead. Girls, I have a completely brilliant plan.

Audition Piece 2

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

ENID. *(grudgingly)* Enid.

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

ENID. *(sarcastic)* Oh my god, we’re, like, practically twins!

*Other STUDENTS snicker.*

EMMETT. *(coming to 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. I was also Sig Ep Sweetheart and founded the charity Shop for a Cause.
EMMETT. *(encouragingly, a good section leader)* Huh.

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

EMMETT. I did not know that.

*Stunned, awkward silence.*

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

EMMETT. Well, we’re all heading there, so I’m sure someone would be happy to—

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

EMMETT. ...show you? *(he sighs and points the way)* It’s in Hauser. Over there, second building on the left.

ELLE. Thanks.

EMMETT watches as ELLE slings BRUISER back over her shoulder.

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

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

ELLE. Warner!

*ELLE weaves through the singing line to reach him.*

WARNER. ELLE?!

ELLE. Ohmigod, Warner! That’s so weird, I totally forgot you go here!

WARNER. What are you doing here?

ELLE. I go here.

WARNER. You got in to Harvard?

ELLE. What? Like it’s hard?

EMMETT. I think this is yours. *(reading)* Woods, comma, Elle...

ELLE. Is this my social agenda?

EMMETT. No, your academic roster.

ELLE. Right. There’s that. *(to WARNER)* Let’s totally catch up after class.

EMMETT. Who is she?

WARNER. My ex-girlfriend.

*ELLE is about to take a seat in the front row.*

VIVIENNE KENSINGTON, in the last row, sees her. If anyone ever personified the tasteful Talbots blueblood, it’s VIVIENNE. She spots ELLE and her head to toe pink.

VIVIENNE. All that pink you’re wearing. Is that even legal?

ELLE. Pink’s my signature color.

VIVIENNE. So I gathered.
EMMETT. Everyone take your seats. Callahan should be here any second.

EVERY STUDENT BUT ELLE opens up a laptop computer.

EMMETT watches ELLE, laptopless, pull out her pink fuzzy pen and pad.

EMMETT. Three years ago I was sitting right where you’re sitting and I’d heard the same rumors I’m sure you’ve heard too. Callahan’s ruthless, he bathes in the blood of sheep, blahblahblah. Only partly true. What you really need to know is —

EMMETT falls silent as CALLAHAN enters.

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

Audition Piece 3

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

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

VIVIENNE walks out of the classroom, overhears.

EMMETT. (confused) Yeah… come back tomorrow and make sure you’ve done your reading?...

ELLE. Okay. (sees VIVIENNE) Excuse me, but why would you do that to another girl?

VIVIENNE. Do what?

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

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

EMMETT. So I’ll give you ladies a moment then.

EMMETT creeps back into class

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

WARNER exits the class.

WARNER. Hey! —

ELLE. Warner! Thank god you’re here.

ELLE goes up to a stunned WARNER, 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.
LIGHTS CHANGE and GREEK CHORUS enters. As VIVIENNE and WARNER freeze.

ELLE. GIRLFRIEND?!?!?!!

GREEK CHORUS. (beautiful minor chorus note) AAAAAHHH!

ELLE. Margot, Serena, Pilar. Girls, what’s going on?

SERENA. Honey, this is a tragedy and every tragedy needs a Greek Chorus.

GREEK CHORUS. Greek Chorus!

MARGOT. Elle, we’re here to help.

SERENA. But we’re not actually here here. We’re just in your head.

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**Audition Piece 4**

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

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

ELLE. Make me a brunette.


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 tits?

ELLE. She’s (air quotes) “serious.”

PAULETTE. Seriously, she have three tits?

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

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

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**Audition Piece 5**

HARVARD STUDENT. Whoa. Check out Miss October.

WHITNEY. Oh my god.

ELLE holds her head high, searches fro WARNER. She spots him near the bar. His eyes just about pop out of his head when he sees her in costume.

ELLE. Hi, stranger.

WARNER. (appreciatively) Elle! Man!...What’s with the costume?
ELLE. Can’t a girl shake things up?

WARNER. Yeah but why couldn’t you have worn this when we were going out?

ELLE. Because I guess you never asked.

WARNER. Which will now rank as the greatest regret of my entire life. (smiles) I still can’t get over the fact you’re here at Harvard... Back at U.C.L.A. I never would’ve guessed it. Sometimes I miss the old days...

ELLE. (wounded) 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. (VIVIENNE looks her bunny costume up and down.) Even if you keep going... and going... and going... (Chuckles of amusement, everyone is watching this exchange.) Face it, bunny: One of these things is not like the other. (gestures to the crowd) Someday, we’ll nominate Supreme Court justices... And you’ll... tan. (Collectives ‘ooohs’ from the party.) Run home, Elle, and change out of your skank costume.

ELLE takes a moment.

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

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

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

ENID’S furious, like a mad dog.

ENID. Who’s calling Gloria Steinem a skank?

ELLE. (points to VIVIENNE) She is!

VIVIENNE fumbles as ENID and the crowd turn on her.
Audition Piece 6

A DUMPY TRAILER has appeared. ELLE, with EMMETT by her side, turns to PAULETTE.

ELLE. Paulette, are you ready?

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

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

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

PAULETTE. (displays cake) 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.

PAULETTE POUNDS on the trailer door.

Meet DEWEY. He sees PAULETTE, opens the door and stands in the door frame.

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. (taunting, sings) It's your birthday, it's your birthday... Well, you can't see him, Jelly Gut! (DEWEY takes the bone cake) Best decision I ever made? Throwin' you out!

DEWEY slams the door.

PAULETTE'S breaking down.

PAULETTE. Can you believe I lived with that for 10 years? That cheap-skate never even got me a ring!

EMMETT pulls ELLE aside.

EMMETT. Elle, they lived together for 10 years —

Instantly, ELLE gets where he is going.

ELLE. Of course! Emmett, you're a genius!

Emboldened, ELLE knocks on the door again. DEWEY comes out of the trailer.

DEWEY. Now what?

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

DEWEY. (nervous) Lawyers?

ELLE. (marginally meandering) 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 looks to PAULETTE.

ELLE & PAULETTE. We're taking the dog!

DEWEY. Whatever.

PAULETTE. Oh, Rufus, my angel! I love you! Oh, Elle, look at this face! This is the nicest thing anybody's ever done for me, bar none...
ELLE looks right at happy RUFUS, and something dawns on her.

ELLE. Wait - was that LAW? IS THIS THE POINT OF LAW? I'M FEELING KIND OF...HIGH...

EMMETT. You okay?

ELLE. THIS IS WHY WE ALL STUDY AND SLOG: TO HELP THE UNDERDOG! I SO IDENTIFY!

AARON enters, interrupting.

AARON. Hey, guys! Callahan got a big murder trial defending exercise queen Brooke Wyndham and needs extra help. He's posting his internship today!

Everyone chatters, excited.

CALLAHAN. Ladies and gentlemen, I need the best and the brightest. Congrats to the choice few. And as for the rest of you, welcome to the middle. Emmett, I’m making you my co-counsel on the Wyndham trial. Prove yourself here and the term “associate” isn’t far off.

EMMETT. Yes, sir!

CALLAHAN. We start Monday, 9:00 a.m. sharp.

CALLAHAN slaps the Internship List on the wall; everyone’s crazed to see who made the cut.

CALLAHAN. Make sure everyone dresses appropriately.

Callahan strides off.

ELLE. Emmett, that’s so great! I’m so proud of you.

ELLE and EMMETT have a moment.

ENID. Yes! Score!

VIVIENNE sees the list, SQUEALS, sees WARNER enter.

VIVIENNE. Oh, Warner! We got Callahan’s internship!

WARNER. What?

VIVIENNE. It’s just like we planned!

WARNER. Babe, this is just the beginning. It’s perfect. Make this the happiest day of my life.

WARNER gets down ON ONE KNEE BEFORE VIVIENNE!

VIVIENNE kisses him, accepts, they hug. VIVIENNE examines her ring, shines it right in ELLE’S eyes.

VIVIENNE. Oh, Warner, it’s absolutely stunning!

WARNER. Marry me?! Yes.

VIVIENNE. Yes.

Everyone congratulates WARNER and VIVIENNE as ELLE is clearly destroyed.
Audition Piece 7

PRISON GUARD. Wyndham! You got some visitors!

CALLAHAN exits, leaving BROOKE with ELLE, EMMETT, WARNER, VIVIENNE, and ENID.

EMMETT. Hi, Mrs. Wyndham. I'm Emmett Forest. I'm co-counsel with Stidwell, Zyskowski, Fox and Callahan. These four interns are the cream of the crop at Harvard Law and we’re here to “whip up” your legal defense. *(Brooke is silent, unimpressed.)* Incidentally, my mom’s a big fan of your DVDs. Credits you with her nutcracker butt. Her words. *(Again nothing.)* Anywho, we’d love to discuss your case and go over a few choices. We want to free you as soon as possible, so you can bring your message back to your fans.

BROOKE. That’s all I want...This should be easy.

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

BROOKE. Not gonna happen.

EMMETT. Even though it could save you?

BROOKE. Yep. Put me on the stand and I’ll be forced to lie.

WARNER. Ok. Ms. Wyndham, if we can’t hear an alibi, you should accept a plea bargain.

BROOKE. And admit to something I didn’t do?

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

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

ENID. *(to Elle)* Oh, she’s tough. *(woman power fist)* Yo! Sister —

BROOKE. Yo! Not related! *(BROOKE thrusts a militant fist in Enid’s face.)* I need a defense team who knows I’m innocent. Get out of here. All of you. Guard!

*The interns file out, defeated. Everyone’s out of the room, Elle’s last in line.*

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

BROOKE. Shut up!

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

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

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

BROOKE. I can’t tell it.

ELLE. Everyone has their secrets. For years i denied my highlights.

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

ELLE. I will Double Delta Nu Sister Swear.

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

ELLE. What?...

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

ELLE. Brooke, you’re going to have to speak up, I can’t —
BROOKE. (bursts like a geyser) LIPOSUCTION! MINIMALLY INVASIVE, OUTPATIENT LIPO, BUT LIPO!
ELLE. (gasps) Oh, my god!

A Prison Guard enters.
PRISON GUARD. Ms. Wyndham, your time is up.

BROOKE. I had to do it. Serious cottage cheese was showing up on MY ass!
ELLE. Your secret’s safe with me.

BROOKE. (screams as she’s being pulled out) My fans are counting on me, I can’t let them down! You gotta take care of me, Elle! You swore.

Audition Piece 8

...THE HAIR AFFAIR, where ELLE gets a manicure from PAULETTE.

PAULETTE. There. Now you’re ready for your big trial. You sure you don’t want me to paint little gavels on ‘em for ya?
ELLE. It’s okay, Paulette. That might be a bit too much.

PAULETTE. Classy lawyer pink it is. When the jury people see those nails, they’ll know they can trust ya.
ELLE. Which is more than my team is doing. They’re all over me to give up Brooke’s alibi.

PAULETTE. Including your (does air quotes) “friend” Emmett?
ELLE. Well... he IS on the team too...

PAULETTE. Yeah, in more ways than one. I see the way he looks atcha.
ELLE. Paulette, he’s just my friend.

PAULETTE. Right. And I could use a friend like that.

PAULETTE suddenly sees KYLÉ and is instantly mute.

KYLÉ. I’ve got a package. For Miss Paulette Buonufonte.

PAULETTE goes limp at the sight of him, but manages to raise a weak hand. Her hand remains in the air as KYLÉ approaches.

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

ELLE grabs the stylus and signs for the package herself.

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

PAULETTE nods awkwardly as KYLÉ saunters out of the salon.

PAULETTE. God, the new UPS guy’s like walking porn.
ELLE. So talk to him already.

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

MUSIC CUE as PAULETTE BENDS over..picks up the package and straightens: SNAP!

CHORAL MUSIC and LIGHTS reveal the GREEK CHORUS, striking a tableau of awe...

MARGOT. Oh my god!
PILAR. Did you see that?

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

MARGOT, PILAR, SERENA. You’re a natural! Hi, Paulette!

PAULETTE waves back slowly, freaked.

PAULETTE. I see dead people.

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

PAULETTE. But I haven’t had any Jager.

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

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

ELLE. (demonstrating) The Bend…and Snap! (the GIRLS ad-lib reaction to her Bend and Snap) It’s a move invented by U.C.L.A. cheerleaders to break the will of the opposing team. (ELLE looks around, cloak and dagger) But it also has real world applications: the Bend and Snap is 99.99% effective on straight men.

PAULETTE. Yeah, and I’ve got a great track record with those.

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

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

MARGOT, PILAR, SERENA. Go Bruins!/Alright!/Bruin Power!

PAULETTE. Cheerleaders scare me!

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

PAULETTE. Because you jump around showin’ your panties?

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

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

SERENA. You’ve got the pompoms. It’s time to shake ‘em. READY? OK-AY!
CHARACTERS

Audition Piece 1
Elle
Margo
Serena
Pilar

Audition Piece 2
Elle
Enid
Emmett
Warner
Vivienne
Callahan

Audition Piece 3
Emmett
Elle
Vivienne
Warner
Serena
Margot

Audition Piece 4
Paulette
Elle

Audition Piece 5
Harvard Student
Whitney
Elle
Warner
Vivienne
Enid

Audition Piece 6
Elle
Paulette
Emmett
Dewey
Aaron
Callahan
Enid
Vivienne
Warner

Audition Piece 7
Prison Guard
Emmett
Brooke
Emmett
Warner
Vivienne
Enid
Elle

Audition Piece 8
Paulette
Elle
Kyle
Margot
Pilar
Serena