

Audio file

[119027-LegallyBlonde.mp3](#)

Transcript

Sun's up It's a little after 12 Make breakfast for myself Leave the work for someone else
People say They say that it's just a thing They tell me to act my age Well, I am On this
perfect day Nothing's standing in my way On this perfect day Tomorrow's gonna come
too soon I picked up all my friends In my mercedes-benz Wake up Don't tell me it's just
a dream 'Cause when I'm headed up, you'll hear me say Now don't you try to rain all
night I love that restaurant. I heard Madonna went into labor there. My gosh, I have to go
shopping. Okay, I'll see you tonight. Okay, bye. Bruiser, what's this? Oh, good luck
tonight. Ellen won her forever. That's so cute. Oh, my gosh. You guys are so sweet. But
I'm not positive it's gonna happen tonight. Hello. He just had lunch with his
grandmother. You know he got the rock. Why else would she have flown him from
Newport? It's not like she'd fed us a six-carat diamond. Do you really think? I can't
believe you're getting engaged. Oh, my gosh. You guys have to help me pick out the
perfect outfit. Come on. I think you should go with the red. It's the color of confidence. I
don't understand why you're completely disregarding your signature color. He's
proposing. I can't look like I would on any other date. This is the date. The night I'll
always remember. I want to look special. Bridal. But not like I expect anything. There's
nothing I love more than a dumb blonde with Daddy's plastic. I know he gets excited
when he... Did you see this one? We just got it in yesterday. Oh. Is this low viscosity
rayon? yes, of course. With a half-loop topstitching on the hem? Absolutely. It's one-of-
a-kind. It's impossible to use the half-loop topstitching on low-viscosity rayon. It would
snag the fabric. And you didn't just get it in. I saw it in the June bug a year ago. So if
you're trying to sell it to me for full price, you picked the wrong girl. Ow. Girls, this is it. In
a few hours, I'll be the future Mrs. Warner Huntington the Third. Hello? Wow. You look
so beautiful. So do you. Let's get out of here. It's strange having such perfect eyes. Oh,
you're so wonderful. Elle, thank you. Here's to us. To us. Elle. Yes. One of the reasons I
wanted to come here tonight was to discuss our future. And I am fully amenable to that
discussion. Good. Well, you know how we've been having all kinds of fun lately? Yeah.
Well, Harvard is going to be different. Law school is a completely different world, and I
need to be serious. Of course. I mean, my family expects a lot from me. Right. I expect a
lot from me. I plan on running for office someday. And I fully support that warning. You
know that, right? Absolutely. That's why I think it's time for us. Elle. Pooh Bear? Yes. I
do. I think we should break up. I do. What? Well, I've been thinking about it, and I think

it's the right thing to do. You're breaking up with me? I thought you were proposing. Proposing? Elle? If I'm going to be a senator, well, I need to marry a Jackie, not a Marilyn. So you're breaking up with me because I'm too... blonde? No, that's not entirely true. Then what? My ***** are too big? Holy *****. No, your ***** are fine. So when you said that you would always love me... Well, I do love you. I just can't marry you. have no idea the pressure that I am under. My family has five generations of senators. My brother's in the top three at Yale Law. And he just got engaged to a Vanderbilt, for Christ's sake. Bad salad. Sweetie. Boo Bear? It's not like I have a choice here, sweetheart. Okay, you get the car. I'll get the check. I won't be having a salad. Come on, let me take you home. No! I don't believe me. I never expected to do this. But I think it's the right thing. How can it be the right thing when we're not together? I have to think of my future and what my family expects of me. So you're breaking up with me because you're afraid your family won't like me? Everybody likes me. Well, East Coast people are different. Well, just because I'm not a Vanderbilt, suddenly I'm white trash? I grew up in Belle Airwater, across the street from Aaron Spelling. I think most people would agree that's a lot better than some stee old Vanderbilt. I told you. I need someone serious. But I'm seriously in love with you. Isn't that enough? Pooh Bear, just get in the car. No. You're gonna ruin your shoes. Okay. Morning, Amy. Elle, it's Amy. I'm having trouble with this whole lip liner thing. Sweetie, didn't you hear? Hear what? Oh, it's terrible. He dumped her. Lucky. Because you're not going to remember anything after tonight. Oh, you're wrong. I will remember no matter what. And I'm never gonna lose you again. You couldn't. You're a part of me. I love you. Liar! Honey, you have to leave this room. It's been like a week. So, drink this. What's the one thing that always makes us feel better no matter what? She had eight grilled cheese sandwiches. She stuffed them in her mouth all at once. It was so sad. We all thought she'd be the first to walk down the aisle, and now she's totally adrift. Totally. She hasn't conditioned her hair in, like, a week. Maybe she's going for the grimy look, and, like, her nails are full-on chipped. So trailer park. my God. Do you know who this is? No. That's Warner's older brother. Who? Third year Yale Law student Putnam Bose Huntington III and his fiancée Lane Walker Vanderbilt. First year Yale Law. This is the type of girl that Warner wants to marry. This is what I need to become to be serious. What? Practically deformed? No. A law student. Elle? Law school? It's a perfectly respectable place, Daddy. Honey, you were first runner-up at the Miss Hawaiian Tropics contest. Why are you going to throw that all away? Going to Harvard is the only way I'm going to get the love of my life back. Oh, sweetheart, you don't need law school. Law school's for people who are boring and ugly and serious. And you, Button, are none of those things. Harvard Law School? That's right. But that's a top three school. Oh, I have a 4.0. Yes. But your major is fashion merchandising. Harvard won't be impressed that you aced History of Polka Dots. What are your backups? I don't need backups. I'm going to Harvard. Well then, you'll need excellent recommendations from your professors. Okay. And a heck of an admissions essay. Great. And at least a 175 on your LSATs. I once had to judge a tightly-whitey contest for

Lambda Kappa Pi. Trust me, I can handle anything. Thanks. Welcome. Because I have a metabolism. I have a really high metabolism. Oh, my God. What are you doing? Reading about the LSATs. My cousin had that. Apparently, you get a really bad rash on your-- Oh. The L-sets are an exam. Girls, I'm going to Harvard. You mean, like, on vacay? Let's all go! Road trip! No! No, I'm going to Harvard Law School. Why? L. Now, I know you're upset about all this, but can't you just take a Percocet? OK, once Warner sees me as a serious law student, he'll totally want me back. It's a completely brilliant plan. But isn't it hard to get into law school? Well, I have the highest GPA in Delta Nu. Oh, well, here. You're gonna need this. Your scrunchie? My lucky scrunchie. It helped me pass Spanish. You passed Spanish because you gave Professor Montoya a lap dance after the final. Yeah. Luckily. Oh, hi. My name is Elle Woods, and for my admissions essay, I'm going to tell all of you at Harvard why I'm going to make an amazing lawyer. As president of my sorority, I'm skilled at commanding the attention of a room and discussing very important issues. It has come to my attention that the maintenance staff is switching our toilet paper from Charmin To generic. All those opposed to chasing, please say aye. Aye. A, neither type of opera or neither type of rap is on sale. B, neither type of jazz and neither type of opera is on sale. C, neither type of opera and neither type of sword. Whoo! Honey! Don't do me, we want him! A, mm-mm. Okay, okay. I'm able to recall hundreds of important details at the drop of a hat. Hey, Elle, do you know what happened on Days of Our Lives yesterday? Why, yes, Margot, I do. Once again, we join Hope in the search for her identity. As you know, she's been brainwashed by the evil Stefano. Three, get set, and go! One forty-three. I feel comfortable using legal jargon in everyday life. I object. It's here. What's happening now? And that's why you should vote for me, Elle Woods, future lawyer for the class of 2004. She does have a 4.0 from CULA, and she got a 179 on her LSATs. A fashion major? Well, sir, we've never had one before, and aren't we always looking for diversity? Her list of extracurricular activities is impressive. She was in a Ricky Martin video. Clearly, she's interested in music. She also designed a line of faux-fur panties for her sorority's charity project. Uh-huh. She's a friend to the animals, as well as a philanthropist. Elle Woods. Welcome to Harvard. We're okay, so hey, don't... We could still belong together And together, so much better We're okay, so hey, don't worry Oh, Fraser, it's so exciting. Look! Harper, are you excited? This is our new house for the next three years. Oh, are you thirsty? Okay, let's get you some water. Sweetheart, you just look parched. Hey, Brad, check out Balaboo Barbie. Where's the beach, honey? Here you go. Good boy. Warner's going to be so excited to see you. Guys, this way. Come on, Bruiser. It's going to be so exciting. Now, don't be scared. Everyone will love you. Hi. Woods, comma, L. Class schedule, map, book list. Wait a second. My social events calendar is missing. Your what? Social events. You know, mixers, formals, clambakes, trips to the Cape. Okay. Has Warner Huntington III checked in yet? No. You know, maybe you should check with the cruise director on the lito deck. 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. My name is David Kidney. I have a master's in Russian literature, a Ph.D. in biochemistry, and for the last 18 months, I've been, uh... Deworming orphans in Somalia. Awesome. What about you? Hey, how you doing? I'm Enid Wexler. Got a PhD from Berkeley in Women's Studies, emphasis in the history of combat. And last year, I single-handedly organized the march for Lesbians Against Drunk Driving. Killer. Thanks. Good times. Aaron Mitchell. I graduated first in my class from Princeton. I'm an IQ of 187. And it's been suggested that Stephen Hawking stole his brief history of time from my fourth-grade paper. Cool. Me? Yeah. Okay. Hi, I'm Elle Woods, and this is Breezer Woods, and we're both Gemini vegetarians. I have a bachelor's degree in fashion merchandising from CULA, and I was a Zeta Lambda Nu sweetheart, president of my sorority, Delta Nu, and last year, I was homecoming queen. two weeks ago, I saw Cameron Diaz at Fred Siegel, and I talked her out of buying this truly heinous Angora sweater. Whoever said orange is the new pink was seriously disturbed. Wish me luck, Bruiser. This is my first class as a serious law student. I totally lucked the part. Hi. Hi. Elle? Warner? I totally forgot you go here. What are you talking about? I'm sorry, are you here to see me? No, silly. I go here. You go where? Harvard. Law School. You got into Harvard Law? What, like it's hard? Oh, my gosh, Warner, it's gonna be so great. I'm planning this great mixer. You totally have to help me. I'm thinking, like, a luau or maybe, like, casino night. This is gonna be just like senior year, except for funner. Oh, uh, time to go. I have to go to class, but, um, meet me after on the benches, okay? All right, bye. 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. The seat you have picked will be yours for the next nine months of your life. And those of you in the front row, beware. The law is reason free from passion. Does anyone know who spoke those immortal words? Yes. Aristotle. Are you sure? Yes. Would you be willing to stake your life on it? I think so. What about his life? I don't know. Well, I recommend knowing before speaking. The law leaves much room for interpretation, but very little for self-doubt. And you were right. It was Aristotle. Good job. Now, I assume all of you have read pages one through 48 and are now well-versed in subject matter jurisdiction. Who can tell us about Gordon versus Steele? Let's call on someone from the heart, sir. Al Woods. Oh. Actually, I wasn't aware that we had an assignment. Oh. Vivian Kensington, do you think it's acceptable that Ms. Woods is not prepared? No. I don't. Would you support my decision to ask her to leave class and to return only when she is prepared? Absolutely. No, Miss Kensington. Did diversity jurisdiction exist in this case? No, it did not. Good. I'm up in the case of Owens vs. McCollum. Excuse me. Are you okay? Yeah. Did I just put you on the spot like that, like all the time? The professors, they tend to do that. Socratic method. And so if you don't know the answer, they're just going to kick you out. So you have Stromwell, Yes. Did she do that to you too? No. But she did make me cry once. I mean, not in class. I waited till I got back to my room. But yeah, she's tough. Really tough. All right. Don't worry, though. It gets better. Who else do you have? I have Callahan, Roylton, and Leventhal. Yeah. See, speak up in

Callahan's class. He really likes people that are opinionated. Okay. And in Royalton's class, try to get a seat in the back. He tends to spit when he talks about products liability. And for Leventhal, you know, make sure you read the footnotes, because that's where he gets a lot of his exam questions from. Right. Wow. I'm really glad I met you. Hey. Are you a third year? Hey, Ahmad. Hi. Thanks for all your help. Good luck. Hi, Warner. Hi. So, how was your first class? Oh, it was good, except for this horrible preppy girl who tried to make me look bad in front of the professor, but no biggie. You're here now. So, how was your summer? Good. It's good. Did you do anything exciting? Uh... Hey. Have, uh, we met... Viv? Vian? Oh, hi. Vivian Kensington. Do you know her? She's, uh... I'm his fiance. Uh... I'm sorry. I just hallucinated. What? Yeah, she, was my girlfriend in prep school. And, we got back together this summer at my grandmother's birthday party. Warner told me all about you. You're famous at our club. But he didn't tell me you'd be here. Pooh Bear, I didn't know she would be here. Excuse me. Thank God. Are you free? It's an emergency. Brother. You can't even imagine. Spill. I worked so hard to get into law school. I blew off great weeks to study for the LSATs. I even hired a cobbler to direct my admissions video, all to get my boyfriend Warder back, and now he's engaged to this awful girl, Vivian. So it was all for nothing, and I just wish... I just wish I had never gone to Harvard. You went to all that trouble. He's engaged. She's got the six-carat Harry Winston on her bony, unpolished finger. What am I supposed to do? You're asking the wrong girl. I mean, I'm with my guy 8 years, and then one day it's, I met someone else. Move out. Oh, no. That's awful. Dewey kept the trailer and my precious baby Rufus. I didn't even get to throw him a birthday party. No. I mean, what's a girl to do? He's a guy who followed his ***** to greener pastures. And I'm A middle-aged high school dropout. He's got stretch marks and a fat ***. That's terrible. Yep. Happens every day. So what's this Vivian got that you don't have? She's from Connecticut. She belongs to a stupid country club. She's pretty as you. She could use some mascara and some serious highlights, but she's not completely unfortunate-looking. How you doing, Neptune? Hello, ladies. Hey, there. How you doing? Sign here. Look what I did. See you later. It's okay. Okay. Are you sure this Warner guy is, like, the one? Definitely. I love him. Mm. Well, 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. In addition to competing against each other for the top grade in this class, you will 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. Ms. Woods, would you rather have a client who committed a crime malum inse or malum prohibitum? Neither. And why is that? I would rather have a client who's innocent. Dare to dream, Ms. Woods. Ms. Kensington, which would you prefer? Malum prohibitum. Because then the client would have committed a regulatory infraction as opposed to a dangerous crime. Well done, Ms. Kensington. You've obviously done your homework. Now, let us look at malum prohibitum a little more closely. It has been said. Yes, Ms. Woods. I changed my mind. I'd pick the dangerous one, because I'm not afraid of a challenge. Who is that?

Guys. Hi. Hi, everybody. Elle, what are you doing here? I've come to join your study group. And look, I brought sustenance. Who's first? Mm-mm, mm-mm. Our group is full. Oh, is this, like, an RSVP thing? No, it's, like, a smart people thing. And as Viv said, we're full. Come on, guys, we can make room for one more. Ow. We've already assigned the outlines. The answer is no. Oh, okay. I'll just leave then. Hey, maybe there's like a sorority you could like join instead, like. if you had come to a rush party, I would have at least been nice to you. Hello? Hey, it's me. It's Elle. Guess what I'm doing right this second. I don't know. What? I'm picking up my wedding dress. What? Josh proposed. Did you get the rock yet? almost. Well, hurry up so you can come home. We miss you. I miss you guys too. The people here are so vile. Hardly anybody speaks to me unless... Oh my God. I almost forgot to tell you. What? I got bangs. My hair is so nailed. Really? Yeah. Okay, so just listen to me. Keep June 1st open, one of my bridesmaids, and give Warner our love. Because I'm getting married! I'm getting *****! So don't forget, 8 o'clock at 45 Dunstan Street. It'll be a really nice party. Okay, we'll be there. Oh, and don't forget to bring your own Merlot. Oh, okay. No way. Is somebody at the school actually having a party? Yes. But it's a costume party. You probably wouldn't want to come. I love costume parties. Oh. Well, then I guess we'll see you there. Okay. Oh, at 45 Dunstan Street. Mm-hmm. Okay. Oh, my God. Hey. Take the word semester, okay? This is 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 the winter ovaster. Excuse me. Hey, Warner. Wow. Well, don't you look like a walking felony. Thank you. You're so sweet. Are you having fun? I am now? What, uh... What's with the costume? Oh, I just decided to dress up. Really? You know, I feel like we barely get to see each other since we've been here. Oh, I know. I'm so busy with these case studies and hypos. I know what you mean. I can't imagine doing all this and Callahan's internship next year. This is gonna be so much. Oh, well. Come on, you're never gonna get the grades to qualify for one of those spots. You're not smart enough, sweetie. Wait, am I on glue or did we not get into the same law school, Warner? Well, yeah, but... But what? We took the same LSATs and we're taking the same classes. I know, but come on, Al, be serious. You can do something more valuable with your time. I'm never going to be good enough for you, am I? Al, oh, come on. Just forget it. I'll show you how valuable our woods can be. Don't ask. Wasn't gonna. But I'll prove it I can't conquer anything So from my head to toe I'm taking full control I love this one. It smells. Is she cleaning books? Oh. Girl, you filed a claim. What next? Miss Woods? Don't you need to have evidence? Meaning? Meaning you need reasonable belief that your claim should have, like, evidentiary support? And what kind of evidentiary support does this case require? Don't get on that, okay? Bet you don't think I can make it It won't take long Bet you don't think I can take it And the purpose of diminished capacity is to negate men's ria. Are you ready? No. Yes, yes, you are. Go. You can do this. Listen to me, Dewey. You shut your mouth. You shut your big mouth. I'm doing all the talking. What the hell do you want? We're eating lunch. I just thought that, um, maybe I could... You just thought you could come here and show me

what I'm definitely not missing? That's not why I came by. Hey, Paulette, how many times are you going to come over here begging me to take you back? I was... Dewey Newcomb? Who's asking? I'm Elle Woods, Miss Bonifante's attorney. And I'm here to discuss the legal situation at hand. Come again? Do you understand what subject matter jurisdiction is? No. I didn't think so. Well, due to habeas corpus... You and Miss Bonifante had a common-law marriage, which, heretofore, entitles her to what is legally referred to as equitable division of the assets. Come again? Due to the fact that you've retained this residence, Miss Bonifante is entitled to full canine property ownership and will be enforcing said ownership right now. Tell him, Paulette. I'm taking the dog, *****. We did it! Oh my gosh, did you see him? He's probably still scratching his head. Thank you. according to Swinney versus 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, I mean, Mr. Latimer wasn't stalking. He was clearly within his rights to ask for visitation. But Swinney was a one-time sperm donor. And in our case, the defendant was an habitual sperm donor who also happens to be harassing the parents in his quest for visitation. Well, yeah, but I mean, without this man's sperm, the child in question wouldn't exist. Now you're thinking like a lawyer. Yes, Ms. Woods. Although Mr. Huntington makes an excellent point, I have to wonder if the defendant kept a thorough record of every sperm emission made throughout his life. Interesting. Why do you ask? Well, unless the defendant attempted to contact every single one-night stand to determine if a child resulted in those unions, he has no parental claim over this child whatsoever. Why now? Why this sperm? I see your point. And for that matter, All masturbatory emissions where his sperm was clearly not seeking an egg could be termed reckless abandonment. I believe you've just won your case. Miss Woods, you did well today. Really? You're applying for my internship, aren't you? I don't know. You should. Do you have a resume? Yes, we do. Curtis. It's pink. Oh, and it's scented. I think it gives it a little something extra, don't you think? Okay, we'll see you next class. You think she just woke up one morning and said, I think I'll go to law school today? Well, Matt lapsing judgement aside, I think she's got a lot of potential. Here's the Wyndham file. Smell this. What's that? It's a resume. Smells good. What's going on? Callahan's firm is defending a murder trial? His caseload is so big, he's taking on first-year interns. He picked them already? Oh, my God. I can't believe it, Warner. We got it. That only day's one for... Me! Oh, Warner. Do you remember when we spent those four amazing hours in the hot tub after winter formal? Yeah, no. This is so much better than that! Excuse me, I have some shopping to do. Four hours? You look very nice today, Vivian. Thank you. You're welcome. We're defending Brooke Windham, whose very wealthy husband was found shot to death in their Beacon Hill mansion. Gold digger? You'd think so, since the stiff was 60, but she was rich on her own, some kind of fitness empire. You can buy her exercise tapes on infomercials. Wait, are you talking about Brooke Taylor? Maiden name Taylor. You know her? She's a Delta Nu. She wasn't in my pledge class, but she graduated four years before me. But I

used to take her class at the Los Angeles Sports Club. She's amazing. Amazing? Oh. She can make you lose like 3 pounds in one class. She's completely gifted. Well, in all likelihood, she's completely guilty as well. She was seen standing over her husband's dead body. By who? His 26-year-old daughter and the pool boy. Sorry I'm late. Excuse me. This is Emmett Richmond, 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. Thanks for the introduction. So, what about the murder weapon? The gun is missing. The coroner said he'd been dead 30 minutes when the cops arrived, giving Brooke plenty of time to stash it. I just don't think Brooke could have done this. Exercise gives you endorphins. Endorphins make you happy. Happy people just don't shoot their husbands. They just don't. I didn't do it. I walked in. I saw my husband lying on the floor. I bent down to check his heart, screamed my head off, and then Enrique and Chutney ran inside. Okay, your stepdaughter and the pool boy came in, where they saw you standing over the body, covered in his blood. Why would I kill my husband? Insurance, the love affair, pure, unadulterated hatred. Believe me, the DA will come up with plenty of reasons. I loved him. He was 34 years older than you. That doesn't look so good to a jury. Brooke. I believe you, but a jury is gonna want an alibi. Well, I can't give you that. And if you put me on the stand, I'll lie. Well, then, I guess we're done for today. Hey. Hi. I know you. I'm a Delta Nu, and I'm a huge fan of yours. You took my class in L.A. Uh-huh. You have the best high kick I've ever seen. Are you one of my lawyers? Yeah, sort of. Well, thank God one of you has a brain. I'm the only one that believes her. Callahan totally thinks she's guilty. Afternoon, ladies. Hey, how's it going? Paulette Bonafonte. Oh, my God. I've got a package. He's got a package. How you doing today? Fine. Take it easy. See you later. Take it easy. That's great, Paulette. Is this the only interaction you two have ever had? No. Sometimes I say okay instead of fine. Well, why don't you offer him a cold beverage or a neck massage or something? Oh, come on, what's the point? Trust me, Paulette, you have all the equipment. You just need to read the manual. Do you know what I'm saying? Okay, I'm going to show you a little maneuver that my mother taught me in junior high. In my experience, it has a 98% success rate of getting a man's attention and, when used appropriately, it has an 83% rate of return on a dinner invitation. Wow. It's called the bend and snap. Watch this. I think I dropped something on the floor that I need to pick up. So you bend and snap. See? Come on, you try. Bend and snap. Okay. A little less bend, a little more snap. Like this? Good snap. Come on. You! Come on. You can do it. Bend and snap. You're going to bend. Bend, and snap. Bend, and snap. Good job. A little attitude, please. Now everybody smile. That's very important. Pump, pump, pump, bend, and snap. Good job, everybody. Push it out. Push it out. Wow. So cute. my God, the bend and snap works every time. Well, if Brooke didn't kill the guy, then who did? My money is on the angry daughter or the ex-wife. Chutney has a trust fund. She didn't need the insurance payoff or the inheritance. What about the mother? Covered. She was an Aspen at the time. Vivian, give me some plum sauce. Ten people saw her downing Cosmopolitans at the Caribou Club. Well, all I

know is that's not Brooke. That's touching hell. But we need an alibi. I brought you some necessities, some Calvin Klein 720-count sheets, the entire Clinique skincare line, some aromatherapy candles, a loofah. Oh! And the Bible. You're an angel. So how are you? Are you all right? You look so orange. I'm just glad that it's you and not Callahan. He means well. He's very brilliant. Yeah, he better be for what I'm paying for him. I have to tell you the real reason I came here. Professor Callahan says we really, really need your alibi. Oh, I can't. I mean, you don't understand. Who could understand better than me? It's so shameful. Whatever it is, Brooke, it could save you. No, that's just it. would ruin me. How? I've made my fortune on the ability to perfect women's bodies with Brooke's butt-buster workout. I know. You helped me go from a six to a four. That's great. Um... On the day of Hayworth's murder... I was getting... What? I was getting... Lipos function! Oh, God! I know, I'm a fraud. It's not like normal women can have this ***. If my fans knew that I bought it, I would lose everything. I've already lost my husband. I'd rather go to jail than lose my reputation. Brooke, your secret's safe with me. Thank you. Vivian, grab me some coffee. We got two interviews tomorrow. Gerard and Bobby are going to handle the ex-wife in an hour. And according to this communique from the prison, our client apparently had a visit from her sister. A Miss Delta Nu. Anyone you know? Yes, I went to visit her. What the hell do you mean you went to visit her? I went to get her alibi. Did you get it? Mm-hmm. It's really good. Well, great. What is it? Oh, I can't tell you. Why the hell not? Because I promised her I'd keep it a secret, and I can't break the bonds of sisterhood. This is a murder trial, not some scandal. At the sorority house, I want the alibi. I can't give it to you. But I can tell you, she is innocent. Mr. Callahan, Mrs. Wyndham Vandermark is on line 2 for you. Someone reason with her while I take this. Are you crazy? Just tell him the alibi. No. We're going to lose this case if you don't. Well, then we're not very good lawyers. If you tell him, he'll probably hire you as a summer associate. Who cares about Brooke? Think about yourself. I gave her my word, Warner. So what? The ex-wife seems to be unconcerned with the fact that her interview is today. She's at a spa in the Berkshires. A spa? Isn't that kind of like your mothership? I could go if you want me to. Emmett. Yeah. Go with her. Okay. She seems completely untrustworthy to me. Why? I mean, this is a person who's made her living by telling women that they're too fat. Brooke would never tell a woman that she was too fat. And she seems to me like she's hiding something. Then maybe it's not what you think. Maybe it's exactly what I think. You know, you're really being a butthead. A butthead? Why would you call me that? You know, Emmett, you just need to have a little more faith in people. You might be surprised. I can't believe you just called me a butthead. No one's told me a butthead since about the 9th grade. Maybe not to your fate. So this is what a spa looks like. Wow. How do we find her? I called ahead. She's in the mudroom. She's not naked, is she? Mrs. Wyndham Vandermark. So you found me. Yes. We're from Austin, Platt, Jarrett, and Callahan, and we're here to ask you a few questions. So I hear that little tart from California shot poor Hayworth. Well, that's what we're trying to prove didn't happen, actually. Do you have

any reason to believe that it did? Well, I've never actually met the woman. Now, did your daughter ever mention anything to you about the relationship between Brooke and Hayworth? Well, she did say that they humped like gorillas. I guess it wasn't enough, though, for Brooke. Why do you say that? Haven't you seen the cabana boy? She's lying. And you know this for a fact. Did you see the icky brown color of her hair? No. Now you discriminate against brunettes. Why shouldn't I? I'm discriminated against as a blonde. You know, being a blonde is actually a pretty powerful thing. You hold more cards than you think you do. And I personally would like to see you take that power and channel it towards the greater good, you know? Thanks. I'll see you tomorrow. All right. Hey. Yeah? How do you think I'd look in so blonde, you know? I'm not sure you can handle it. Thanks. Bye. So I called your room last night. I heard. I was thinking maybe we could go out sometime. No, you're a dork. I'm in... Law school? Look, I'm not going to go out with you. I can't believe you'd even ask. Girls like me don't go out with losers like you. Let's get out of here. Excuse me. Why didn't you call me? What? We spent a beautiful night together and then I never hear from you again? I... I'm sorry? Sorry for what? For breaking my heart or for giving me the greatest pleasure I've ever known and then just taking it away? Uh... both? Well, forget it. I've already spent too many hours crying over you. So, when did you want to go out? Come in. Are you done with that deposition yet? Oh, yeah. Here, take it. I've read it like 20 times. Okay. You know, Elle, I still can't believe you didn't tell Callahan the alibi. It's not my alibi to tell. I know. And I thought that was very classy of you. Really? Sure. Thanks. Did you ever notice how Callahan never asks Warner to bring him his coffee? I mean, he's asked me at least 10 times. Well, men are helpless. You know that. I know. Warner doesn't even do his own laundry. I know. He has to have it sent out. I know. Did you know when he first applied? He got wait-listed. What? His father had to make a call. You're kidding. No way. Oh, God, that's such a precious dog. Hi. His name is Breezer. Do you want to hold him? Oh. He's very friendly. Sure. Oh. Look, he likes you. He's giving me kisses. Thanks, Jeff. We're here today covering the trial of Brooke Windham. Now, you may remember, she's charged with the murder of her husband, Boston millionaire Hayward Windham. First to testify are the victim's daughter and ex-wife. The Superior Court of Suffolk County is now in session. The Honorable Judge Marina R. Bickford presiding. You may be seated. And where was she exactly? Standing over my father's dead body. And what was the defendant doing? Well, she was sitting next to the pool, topless, while the Latin boy handed her a drink. Mr. Salvatore, can you tell us what this is? My uniform. This is the uniform that Mrs. Wyndham asked you to wear while cleaning her pool? Yes. And are you or are you not having an affair with Brooke Wyndham? Define affair? Have you and Mrs. Wyndham had sexual relations? Yes. Okay? Yes. Ladies and gentlemen, court will reconvene tomorrow morning at 9:00 a.m. We're adjourned. You know what Delta knew would never say for the man who wears a thong. Never. I just like watching him clean the filter. I know. I believe you, Brooke. Take care of me, Elle. I will. I got a big one for you. Can you sign? I got it. You broke his nose? Oh, I blew it in. My snap was all over the

place. I'll be there right as soon as court is out. We have to cross-examine Enrique. But don't worry, my girlfriend Serena once barfed on a guy during the Blair Witch Project, and they ended up dating for three months. Really? Mm-hmm. All right. Bye-bye. Okay, bye. Don't stomp your little last-season Prada shoes at me, honey. It's not last season. Damn it. He's gay. Enrique is gay. What? Warner, what kind of shoes are these? The black ones. See? What are you talking about? He's gay. He is a Brooks lover. He's making it up. Wait, back up. How do you know that he's gay? Gay men know designers. Straight men don't. Know what? He did leave a share tape in the pool house one time. While I appreciate your masterful legal theory, I have a murder trial to attend to. Emmett. Okay. I'll take care of it. Thanks. Okay. Court will come to order. Mr. Salvatore, do you have any proof that you and Mrs. Wyndham were having an affair? Only the love in my heart. If that's all the proof that he has, Your Honor, I think I'm done here. You may step down. I'd like to ask a couple of questions, Your Honor. Just give me a couple of minutes. Did you ever take Mrs. Wyndham on a date? Yes. Where? A restaurant in Concord where no one can recognize us. And how long have you been sleeping with Mrs. Wyndham? Three months. And your boyfriend's name is... Chuck. Right. Silence. Pardon me. Pardon me. Yes, Mr. Salvatore. I was confused. You see, I thought you said friend. Chuck is just a friend. Okay. You, Chuck, wait. Silence in my court. Sit down, Mr. Salvatore. Silence in my courtroom. How did you miss that? Silence in my courtroom. Good night. Good night. Oh, oh, Callahan asked to see you before you leave. Really? Yeah, you know, he already has his coffee, but maybe he needs a doughnut. Okay. Do you need any help? No, I'm fine. Okay, bye. Come on in. Hi. Hi. Sit down. Okay. Is everything all right? You followed your intuition today, and you were right on target. I should have listened. Thank you. About the alibi. I'm sorry. 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, Al. Smarter than most of the guys on my payroll. Wow. I think it's time to discuss your career path. Have you thought about where you might be a summer associate? Oh, not really. I know it's very competitive. Well, you know what competition's really about, don't you? 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 Ellen go? Mommy? You're a beautiful girl. So everything you just said? I'm a man who knows what he wants. Dad, I thought you were a law student who wanted to be a lawyer. You almost had me fooled. What? Well, maybe you should sleep with the jury too, then we can win the case. Hey. I'm quitting. Why? Law school was a mistake. This whole internship was a mistake. What are you talking about? You earned it. I didn't earn anything, Emmett. Callahan only gave me that internship because he liked the way I looked, which made clear tonight when he tried to feel me up. Callahan did what? Just forget about it. I'm going back to LA. We're boring suits and we're pantyhose and we're trying to be something that I'm just... I'm just not. What if you're trying to be somebody you are? What the hell is Callahan? Stay. Call me if you're ever in California, okay?

What's the point of staying, Paulette? I mean, all people see when they look at me is blonde hair and big *****. No one's ever going to take me seriously. People at law school don't. Warner doesn't. I don't even think my own parents take me seriously. I just felt like, for the first time, that someone expected me to do something more with my life than just become a Victoria's Secret model. I was just kidding myself. Callahan never saw me as a lawyer. He just saw me as a piece of ***. Just like everybody else. Turns out I am a joke. No, you're not a joke. Just brush this ring. For knowing how you're going to discredit Mr. Salvatore. Oh, absolutely. It's a little thing I like to call strategy. You know, Is he always such an ***? He's the top defense attorney in the state. He thinks I'm guilty, doesn't he? That's not what's important, though. If he doesn't trust me, why should I trust him? Ask Al. She looked pretty cozy with him last night. No, you don't even know what the hell you're talking about. What's going on here? Al quit. What? Yeah. Callahan hit on her, so she quit. My God. Oh, God. What? I feel terrible. I made a huge mistake. Well, maybe there's something we can do about it. Thank you. What are you so happy about? You're on trial for murder. Get up. What? You're fired. I have new representation. Who? Excuse you. You're in my way. She's a law student. She can't defend you. Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court ruling 3.03. C. Thank you, David. Counselors, approach the bench. You're not going up there. Oh, yes, I am. I'm sorry, maybe you didn't hear me. You were fired. Counselors, now, all of you. Elle Woods, Your Honor. Rule 3.03 of Supreme Judicial Court states that a law student may appear on behalf of a defendant in criminal proceedings. Your Honor, I have no problem with this. I do. I'm not allowing it. Oh, but you agreed last night in your office when we were discussing my career. The ruling also states that you need a licensed attorney to supervise you. Mr. Callahan. That I won't agree to. Uh, I'll supervise, Your Honor. Well, then, Ms. Woods, proceed. Thank you, Your Honor. Hi. Enjoy prison. Mrs. Windham, you do realize what you're doing. Absolutely. Oh, my God, there she is. Elle! Elle, we came to see your trial. Oh, look how cute. There's, like, a judge and everything, and jury people. Vote for Elle! Ladies, take a seat. Go, girl. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God? I do. Be seated. Ms. Woods, you may begin your questioning. Um... First of all, I would like to point out that... Not only is there no proof in this case, but there's a complete lack of, um, mens rea, which by definition tells us that there can be no crime without a vicious will. I am aware of the meaning of mens rea. What I'm unaware of is why you're giving me a vocabulary lesson when you should be questioning your witness. Yes, Your Honor. Um, Miss Windham, When you arrived back at the house, was your father there? Not that I saw, but like I said, I went straight upstairs to take a shower. And when you came downstairs, what happened? I saw Brooke standing over his body, drenched in his blood. but Mrs. Wyndham didn't have a gun. No, she'd stashed it by then. Who'd to strike that from the record, Your Honor? It's speculation. So stricken. Miss Wyndham, did you hear a shot fired? No, I was in the shower. Okay. So, sometime in the 20 minutes that you were in the shower, your father was shot. I guess. Your father was shot while you were in the

shower. But you didn't hear the shot because... Um... Because you were in the shower? Yes. I was washing my hair. Where is she going with this? Have a little faith, George. Um... Miss Wyndham, what had you done earlier that day? I got up. Got a latte, went to the gym, got a perm, and came home. Were you got in the shower? I believe the witness has made it clear that she was in the shower. Yes, Your Honor. Um, Miss Windle, had you ever gotten a perm before? Yes. How many would you say? Two a year since I was 12. You do the math. You know, a girl in my sorority, Tracy Marcinko, got a perm once? We all tried to talk her out of it. Curls weren't a good look for her. She didn't have your bone structure. But thankfully, that same day, she entered the Beta Delta Pi wet t-shirt contest where she was completely hosed down from head to toe. Objection. Why is this relevant? Oh, I have a point. I promise. Then make it. Yes. Chutney, why is it that Tracy Marcinko's curls were ruined when she got hosed down? Because they got wet? Exactly. Because isn't it the first cardinal rule of perm maintenance that you're forbidden to wet your hair for at least 24 hours after getting a perm at the risk of deactivating the ammonium thiglycolate? Yes. And wouldn't somebody who's had, say, 30 perms before in their life be well aware of this rule? And if in fact you weren't washing your hair, as I suspect you weren't, because your curls are still intact, wouldn't you have heard the gunshot? And if in fact you had heard the gunshot, Brooke Wyndham wouldn't have had time to hide the gun before you got downstairs, which would mean that you would have had to have found Mrs. Wyndham with a gun in her hand to make your story plausible. Isn't that right? She's my age. Did she tell you that? How would you feel if your father married someone who was your age? You, however, had time to hide the gun, didn't you, Chutney? After you shot your father. I didn't mean to shoot him. I thought it was you walking through the door. Order! Order! Order! Oh! Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Bailiff take the witness into custody, where she will be charged for the murder of Hayworth Windham. In the matter of the State versus Brooke Windham, this case is dismissed. Mrs. Windham, you're free to go. Elle, how did you know that Chutney was lying? 'Cause she's brilliant, of course. The rules of hair care are simple and finite. Any Cosmo girl would have known. Elle, Elle, Elle, Elle. What? I just wanted to say that you were so brilliant in there, and that I was wrong. And you are the girl for me. Really? Yes. Pooh Bear. I love you. Oh, Warner. I've waited so long to hear you say that. But if I'm going to be a partner in a law firm by the time I'm 30, I need a boyfriend who's not such a complete bonehead. Thank you, boys. Ladies and gentlemen, I present the graduates of Harvard Law School, class of 2004. I am personally very honored to introduce this year's class elected speaker. After getting off to a quite interesting start here at Harvard, she graduates today with an invitation to join one of Boston's most prestigious law firms. I am sure we are going to see great things from her. Ladies and gentlemen, Elle Woods. On our very first day at Harvard, a very wise professor quoted Aristotle. The law is reason free from passion. Well, no offense to Aristotle. But in my three years at Harvard, I have come to find that passion is a key ingredient to the study and practice of law and of life. It is with passion, courage of

conviction, and strong sense of self that we take our next steps into the world, remembering that first impressions are not always correct. You must always have faith in people. And most importantly, You must always have faith in yourself.

Congratulations, Class of 2004. We did it! Sun's up, sun's up, sun's up. Make that this by myself. Leave the work for someone else. People say, wait, it's the last just Don't forget, it is back on your box. Make sure you're settled on that sofa and ready to see sparks flying in all new Love Island. That's from 9pm tomorrow night here on ITV2. But we're off to see some very dodgy dealings now, with Quagmire offering a helping hand. That's in Family Guy up next. And I christen you Titanic, underestimate and swim I've got the rifle, gonna be myself I've got the rifle, gonna be myself And I'll be everything that I wanna be I am confidence in insecurity I am a voice yet waiting to be heard I'll shoot the shot, bang the junior 'round the world And I'm a one-girl revolution I'm a one-girl revolution I'm a one-girl revolution Some people see the revolution But most only see the girl I can lose my hard-earned freedom If my fear defines my world I declare my independence From the critics and the stones I can find my revolution I can learn to stand alone And I'll be everything That I wanna be I am confident in security I am a voice yet waiting to be heard I'll shoot the sharp bangs that do me around the world I'm a one-girl revolution