

**CALLAHAN**

You have guts, Ms. Woods.  
*(looks at class roster and picks another name)*  
Ms. Kensington.

**VIVIENNE**

Yes.

**CALLAHAN**

Let's say you teach a class at Harvard Law School and a girl on whom you call hasn't read the case at all should you let it go, or—

**VIVIENNE**

No! I'd throw her out.

*(#11 – THE HARVARD VARIATIONS begins. CLASS gasps. CALLAHAN points to the door and ELLE leaves.)*

**SCENE FIVE**

*(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? So not the problem. Listen, I need to get back into class with Warner.

*(VIVIENNE walks out of the classroom, overhears.)*

**EMMETT**

*(confused)*

Then 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. WARNER enters.)*

**WARNER**

Hey!—

**ELLE**

Warner! Thank God you're here.

*(ELLE goes up to a stunned WARNER.)*

**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, Vivienne and I went to boarding school together... and she's my girlfriend now.

**ELLE**

I'm sorry. What did you say?

**VIVIENNE**

He said *I'm* his girlfriend.

**ELLE**

GIRLFRIEND?!?!?!?!?

*(#12 – POSITIVE (UNDERSCORE) begins.)*

**SCENE SIX**

*(ELLE is sitting in a salon chair at the Hair Affair.)*

**PAULETTE**

Hey there! Welcome to the Hair Affair.

**ELLE**

Make me a brunette.

**PAULETTE**

What? Brunette? Honey—

*(gestures to her hair)*

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

**ELLE**

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

**PAULETTE**

That’s a good school!

**ELLE**

I know, right? And I did it to follow my one true love Warner out here and now he’s... he’s dating this evil preppie.

**PAULETTE**

So what’s she got that you don’t got?

**ELLE**

She’s—

*(air quotes)*

—“serious” with mousy brown hair. 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?

*(#13 – IRELAND begins.)*

# IRELAND

**(PAULETTE:)** Love!! I can help you.  
I’ve been there before.

The musical notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a whole rest for five measures, indicated by the number '5' above the staff. This is followed by a half note with a fermata, then a quarter note, and finally two eighth notes. Above the first eighth note is the label **(PAULETTE:)**.

See, my

**In 1**



mom was three quar-ters I - tal - ian, And my

fa - ther I... nev-er knew; But my

grand - fa-ther came from I - re-land. The

**ELLE:** Ireland?  
**PAULETTE:** Ireland!

land where dreams come true.


**(PAULETTE:)**



He said all I - rish men are like

he - roes. They're des - cend - ed from po-ets and


**(PAULETTE:)**



kings. So I swore I'd get mar-ried in

See, my


35



I - re-land.\_\_\_\_\_ In a wed-ding like Lord Of The

**A little faster**

39



Rings.\_\_\_\_\_ And— my

**Flowing**

43




red - head - ed\_\_\_\_\_ groom,\_\_\_\_\_ I can see 'im.---

46



As we stroll past the church-es and

49



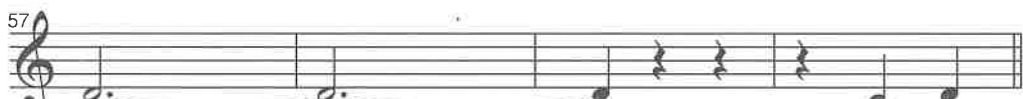
farms.\_\_\_\_\_ He's a sail-or named— "Brend-an!" or...

53



"Li-am!" He can dance with-out mov-in' his—

57



arms!\_\_\_\_\_ In a

Not too fast

61 club once I met this guy — De-wey, Who played

65 drums in a lo - cal band, And he told

69 — me that he was from I - re - land. And I


73 thought he was tru - ly grand. So I

77 let him move in - to my trail - er, and I

81 fol - lowed him 'round — in a fog. 'Till he

85 dumped me for some girl named "Kay - la," Took my

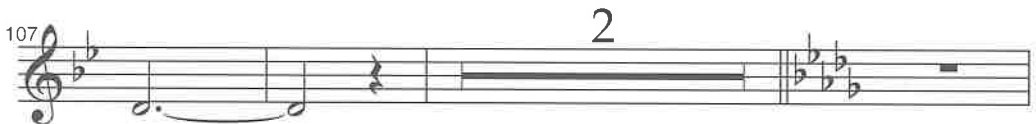
89   
sav-ings and took my dog. My

93   
grand - fa - ther should-a just shut it!

96   
Ev - 'ry sto - ry he told me steered me


99   
wrong! All the dreams that he gave me got

103   
gut-ted. All that's left is this... weird En-ya

107   
song.

(to ELLE)

**Poco rit. A Hair Slower**

112   
But a smart girl like you has a fu - ture.



My



t!



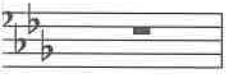
steered me



gave me got



weird En-ya



fu - ture.



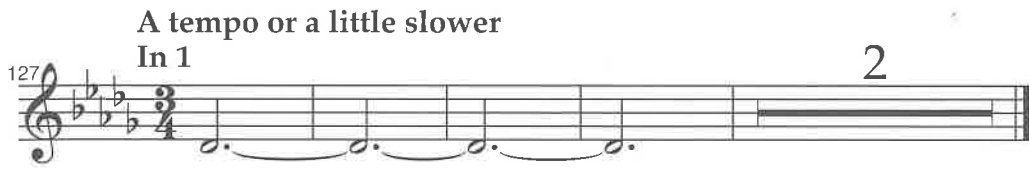
You have hope, as each new day dawns.—



Girls like you al - ways— get to see— Ire-land.



...Give my love to the le - pre -



chauns.—

**PAULETTE**

It's days like today I miss my dog Rufus the most. He's my angel...

*(ELLE looks at the photo.)*

**ELLE**

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

**PAULETTE**

Tell me something I don't know.

*(PAULETTE pulls herself together as VIVIENNE and her FRIENDS enter, talking amongst themselves.)*

**VIVIENNE**

So I'll bring the lobster potstickers.

**WHITNEY**

Perfect. Now that's a party.

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



**ELLE**

*(can't help herself, blurts)*  
There's a party?  
*(sees VIVIENNE)*  
Oh. Hello, Vivienne.

**VIVIENNE**

Hello, Elle.

**WHITNEY**

Yeah...  
*(looks to VIVIENNE, nervous)*  
Next Friday night a few people are getting together...

**PAULETTE**

Hey, maybe that guy you like'll be there, Elle! You should go!  
  
*(Instantly VIVIENNE knows who the guy in question is and embraces this opportunity.)*

**VIVIENNE**

Definitely come. It's a costume party.

**ELLE**

I love costume parties!

**VIVIENNE**

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

**ELLE**

Thanks, Vivienne.

*(VIVIENNE and WHITNEY exit.)*

**PAULETTE**

Now go and do this, honey. 'Cause if a girl like you can't win back your man, there's no hope for the rest of us.

**ELLE**

Thank you for talking me off the ledge, Paulette! You have no idea how much I needed this!

*(ELLE and PAULETTE hug and ELLE dashes out to change.)*

**PAULETTE**

Now you go and fight for him!

*(#14 – HARVARD PARTY MUSIC begins.)*

## SCENE SEVEN

*(A Harvard Law party.)*

**VIVIENNE**

You do know that Whitney's father is next in line to be the Speaker of the House?

**WARNER**

So you've said.

**VIVIENNE**

Just think of it: Future presidents may be in this very room.

**WARNER**

Great.

*(ELLE enters the party dressed as a bunny. She is the only one in a costume. Everyone is silent, stunned. Instantly she realizes she's been duped when she sees VIVIENNE and FRIENDS giggling hysterically at the sight of her.)*

**PADAMADAN**

Whoa.

**WHITNEY**

Oh my God.

*(ELLE holds her head high, searches for WARNER. His eyes just about pop out of his head when he sees her in costume.)*

**ELLE**

Hi, stranger.

**WARNER**

Elle! Man!... What's with the costume?

**ELLE**

Can't a girl shake things up?

**WARNER**

I still can't get over the fact you're here at Harvard...

**ELLE**

Warner, 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...