READER: "Elle marches out, but once out of sight, she deflates. As she walks, giving in to despair, she passes Emmett."

EMMETT: "Hey, Whoa, Elle, what's up, doc?"

ELLE: Love. I put my faith in love; I followed where it led.

EMMETT: 'scuse me?

ELLE: To my personal circle of hell. It has not worked out well. I wish that I were dead. Cause instead

EMMETT: Love led you here?
Legally Blonde

of a wedding and love, I'm flunking out of school, A

total laughing stock! Someone he and his friends can just mock!

So go on, here's my head. Just hit it with a rock...

Wait, go back.
EMMETT:
You came out here to follow a man? Harvard Law was just part of some "plan"?

ELLE:
Malibu?

EMMETT:
Man, what rich romantic planet are you from? Instead of lying outside by the pool, you stalk some guy to an Ivy League school. That's the weird
Well, why'd YOU come?

I grew up in the Roxbury slums. With my Mom and a series of bums.

Guys who showed me all the ways a man can fail. I got through...
Legally Blonde

Chip On Shoulder

-5-

law school by busting my ass. Worked two jobs in addition to class. So forgive me for not weeping at your tale.

ELLE: Excuse me, you're being kind of rude. EMMETT: I'm sorry, I know.

EMMETT:

But there's this Chip On My Shoulder. And it's big as a boulder. With the chance I've been given, I gotta be driven as hell! I'm so
Legally Blonde

ELLE: I don't think you know me well enough to wait, two jobs? Plus law school? How did you do it?

EMMETT: Well, I don't go to parties a lot. Not good use of the time that I've got. Can't spend hours doing my hair, or stay in shape.

ELLE (muttering): I don't spend hours...
Legally Blonde

EMMETT:

But I know it'll all be worth while When I win my first lucrative trial!

ELLE: That's so sweet...

EMMETT:

And buy my mom that great big house out on the Cape! Well, that's the

Chip On My Shoulder. I hugged my Mom and told her: With the chance I've been given,

F/A

Bb²

C7sus4

Dm7

F/A

I'm gonna be driven as hell! though I can't take the day off, I
**Legally Blonde**

**Elle:** I don't need a chip on my shoulder! I just need to prove to Warner that I'm serious...

**Emmett:** In your bunny suit.

**Reader:** We have reached Elle's dorm room.

**Elle:** Damn. Hold on... Okay, the bunny suit was a mistake, but...

**Emmett (interrupting):** Where are your law books?

**Elle (O.S.):** What?

**Emmett:** Law books!

**Elle (O.S.):** They're under the...

**Emmett (looking):** Under the...

**Elle (O.S.):** Pile of...

**Emmett:** Pile of...

**Elle (O.S.):** There!

**Reader:** *Elle lifts a pile of clothes off her dressing table. There is nothing underneath.**

**Emmett:** May I make a suggest.

**Elle:** (leery) Sure?

**Emmett:** Well, this vanity's real picturesque, but it started its life as a

**Elle:** Huh. Could a sworn...
Hey, what are you doing?

desk. Clear it off and find some room for books instead.

It's for hair!

Can you live without this? Can you live without that? I don't know what this is. Wear a hat. Spend your time improving what's inside your head...
Legally Blonde

EMMETT:

Out! Out! Put it in storage. Sell it on e-Bay. Leave it behind!

(mf) Db/Eb Ab/Eb Abm/Eb Eb

(digging in)

Out! Out! What are you, angry? Good, so get angry! You may find a

(mf) E7sus4 A/E E7sus(b9) E

ELLE:

Ugh!

Hey!

EMMETT:

Chip On Your Shoulder. Ooh, the room just got colder...

But with the

E F/A B♭
ELLE:

Yes, fine, I know: "Driven as hell."

EMMETT:

chance you've been given, Driven as hell! Look, There's

READER: "The book is still wrapped in plastic."

EMMETT:

FOUND IT!

good way around it; Got-ta plow thru till you...

ELLE:

Been reading it hard, I can tell...
READER: "As Emmett opens the book, GREEK CHORUS GIRLS cross, trying to read law books and hating it."

GREEK CHORUS:

Daughter of Delta Nu,

MARGOT:

How do you stay awake? Reading these boring books! How long does law school take?

READER: "Weeks have passed. The girls reveal ELLE's room, stripped of all of Elle's belongings except for a pink stuffed bear on her desk. EMMETT and ELLE re-enter, dressed for colder weather, and with shopping bags of school supplies."

EMMETT:

We got paper, a printer and ink;
EMMETT:

And some highlighter pens in, yes, pink. New computer, which goes here...

ELLE:

DON'T MOVE MY BEAR.

EMMETT:

Which goes there. Now you're a student instead of a stunt.

You deserve to be sitting up front! So all those who mocked the
ELLE: Very funny. Now?
EMMETT: Thank you. Now.

ELLE (typing): "Margot! O.M.G.! Bought new computer! It's gr-8!"
(Show phone to Emmett, who bursts out laughing.)

ELLE: Only with thumbs.
Now we take notes. You know how to type, right?

Safety
ELLE: What? What? Again with the mocking! After a while that
ELLE (Calling out window): ByeWarner! Have a great Thanksgiving! Say hi to your family for me!

EMMETT (prompting): An act prohibited by...

ELLE: Prohibited by law! Like jaywalking! Or chewing gum in Singapore.

ELLE (packing): Okay! “Malum prohibitum” is uh...

EMMETT: Okay. Explain “malum prohibitum”:

ELLE: chip on shoulder...
Legally Blonde

EMMETT: Therefore "Malum in se" means:

EMMETT (noticing packing): Good. Where you going?
ELLE: Home of course. Thanksgiving break, remember?

EMMETT: Ah.
ELLE: What... You think I should stay?

EMMETT (shrugs) Not as much?...
ELLE: Oh, man!

READER: "ELLE throws her bags back down.
Time passes to Christmas Break."

GREEK CHORUS:
Don't you miss Malibu!
Take Christmas Break and leave! And her HAT makes me want...

GREEK CHORUS:

HEAVE!
Glo... o... o... o... o...

READER: "Elle has a book in one hand, her cell phone in the other."

ELLE: (yelling out window) Bye Warner! Merry Christmas! Enjoy Vail!

In excelsis Deo...

Immediate segue to CHIP ON MY SHOULDER PART 2
Chip On My Shoulder PART 2
(Emmett, Elle, Greek Chorus, Warner, Callahan, etc.)
11/29/05

READER: "Elle has a book in one hand, her cell phone in the other."

ELLE: (yelling out window) Bye, Warner! Merry Christmas! Enjoy Vail!

READER: "Emmett enters, looking tired, dressed as Santa."

EMMETT: Hey.

ELLE (off his costume) Well ho ho ho there. (holds up law book) Look, Santa, I've been a good girl! How were the kids at Filene's Basement?

EMMETT (searching for right word) ...Heavy. Obesity really is a problem in America... Merry Christmas!

READER: "Elle opens the present."

EMMETT: It's a real timesaver: shampoo and conditioner in one!

ELLE (horrified): Aaaaaaaaaagggghhhhh... noticing Emmett's face...hahaha! Thank you!

READER: "ELLE hugs him. The door flies open and WARNER enters."
Legally Blonde

READER: "Elle leaps away from EMMETT."

WARNER: Elle, hey, you seen Viv?
Uch, we're gonna miss our flight...

ELLE: What?... Um, yeah. I mean, huh uh, no.

EMMETT: ...Uh, Elle?

WARNER (to Emmett) ...Hey, nice suit. Yo, Viv!...

READER: "Warner exits."

EMMETT: Safety vocals last X

know if you noticed before, But each time
Warner walks through the door, Your I.

ELLE: (still staring after
Warner) Huh?

EMMETT:

Q. drops down to forty, maybe less.

Though it's

hardly my business to say, Could it be, the real thing is your way

Is the
ELLE:

Fine. There! That was his sweat-shirt. This is his picture. Hide it for now!

No more mooning and lurking; I should be working, showing him how this chip on my shoulder makes me smarter and bold.
Chip On Shoulder PART 2

Legally Blonde

er! I am not just a giv-en: I can be dri - ven too f
er!

Am C/E F G7sus4

ELLE:

Let him try to en tice me! But it's no more Mis ter Nico

C D/F Gb² E♭/G F²/A

Me! I got a Chip On My Shoul - der... And it's gon-na make me a star!

Bbm Ebm/F Gb C² Ebm/Bb Gb A♭/sus4
ELLE:

Greek Chorus:

Daughter of Delta Nu!

Greek Chorus:

Chip on her shoulder.

Don't let em step to you!

Daughter of Delta Nu!

er...

Got a chip on her shoulder!

Will ya hand her that fold-
"We are in Callahan's class."

WARNER: Well, according to Sweeney v. Newburg. Sweeney, who was also a private sperm donor, was allowed visitation rights --

--- so if we're sticking to past precedent, Mr. Lattimer wasn't stalking. He was clearly within his rights to ask for visitation.

CALLAHAN: But Sweeney was a one-time sperm donor. And in our case defendant Lattimer was an habitual sperm donor, who also happens to be harassing the parents in his quest for visitation.

WARNER: Well yeah, but without Lattimer's sperm, the child in question wouldn't exist.

CALLAHAN: Now you're thinking like a lawyer.

ELLE timidly raises her hand.

CALLAHAN (cont) Yes, Ms. Woods?

ELLE: Although Mr. Huntington makes an excellent point..."
ELLE (cont): I wonder if the defendant kept a log of every sperm emission made throughout his life.

CALLAHAN: Interesting. Why do you ask?

ELLE: Well, unless the defendant tried to contact every sexual encounter to find if a child resulted in those unions, he has no parental claim over this child whatsoever. Why now, why this sperm?

CALLAHAN: I see your point.

ELLE: And by Mr. Huntington's standard, all masturbatory emissions where the sperm was clearly not seeking an egg could be called reckless abandonment. *(Attaca bar 100)*

CALLAHAN: Ms. Woods, you just won your case. *(singing quietly thru a big smile)*

ELLE:

Oh my god...

GREEK CHORUS:

Wait, hold on, we just won the case?! Elle got all up in

GREEK CHORUS:

Oh my god...
Oh my GOD!

GREEK CHORUS:
Warner's face!
I am starting to like this place!

EMMETT:
Oh my god.

AARON:
Oh my god!

ENID:
Oh my god!

VIVIENNE:
Oh my god.

WARNER:
Oh my GOD.
Holy crap!

Oh my g...
CALLAHAN: Excellent work today, Ms. Woods. I assume you're applying for my internship. Do you have a resume?

ELLE: I'm one step ahead of you. Here you go and thanks in advance for your consideration.

Elle whips out a pink resume and strides off. Callahan and Emmett watch her teeter away, curious and oddly amused.

CALLAHAN (smells resume) I think this is scented...

Elle Woods never ceases to surprise me.

Safety vocals last X

EMMETT:

Guess she got a

Chip On Her Shoul-

der. Maybe some wise man told her: "With the chance we've been given, we gotta

A tempo

be driven as hell."

She was something to see there; I'm just
EMMETT:

hap-py I could be there! First big test and she aced it.

so close she can taste it! And that Chip On Her Shoul-der...

never can toll...

EMMETT:

p With lit-tle Miss Woods, com-ma Elle!
GREEK CHORUS 1:
Elle Woods! Woods comma Elle!

EMMETT:

GREEK CHORUS 2:
Got-ta Chip on her Shoul-

GREEK CHORUS 3:
Little Miss Woods, lit-tle Miss Woods, lit-tle Miss Woods, lit-tle Miss Woods comma Elle!

EMMETT:
No you der!