

Start
→

ACT TWO, SCENE FIVE

CALLAHAN is hosting a CHAMPAGNE party for his victorious team.

CALLAHAN lofts a champagne flute to the legal team.

CALLAHAN

To Emmett. For decisively turning the case around and for nailing the pool boy.

WARNER

Emmett nailed the pool boy.

EMMETT

Well... I have to share this victory with Elle.

ELLE smiles.

ENID

To Emmett and — I can't believe I'm saying this — to Elle.

ALL toast and clink.

ELLE, ENID, CALLAHAN, EMMETT, VIVIENNE

To Elle!

WARNER

Yeah... since when did finely-tuned gay-dar qualify as a legal victory?

CALLAHAN

But without that "gay-dar," 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.

(turns to Warner)

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.

(beat)

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.

2/6

CALLAHAN

Ms. Woods, could I have a word?

ELLE

Of course.

(to EMMETT as he exits)

I'll catch up with you in a second.

(back to CALLAHAN)

And 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 laughs.

ELLE

Don't worry: your secret's safe with me.

CALLAHAN laughs.

But I really appreciate this opportunity to work with you. I've learned so much...

CALLAHAN

What you've learned isn't the point. You've got instincts.

WARNER appears in the doorway holding a coffee. He takes a step back, slightly hiding himself so he can overhear.

And instincts, legal or otherwise, can't be taught. Trust your instincts.

He kisses her. VIVIENNE approaches as Warner exits. ELLE slaps Callahan, and Vivenne quietly shuts the door.

I thought you were smarter than that..

ELLE

Is this the only reason why you gave me an internship?

CALLAHAN

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

End

228

Colla voce

229

230

START →

say you teach a class at Har-vard Law School.. A po - si - tion that you're just - ly proud a -

231

232

233

bout. But a girl on whom you call Has - n't read the case at all. Should you

234

235

CALLAHAN:
236

let it go, or...

VIVIENNE:

No, I'd throw her out.

Huh... ..All right then:

4/6

13. #5-BLOOD IN THE WATER

Legally Blonde

(Down 1/2 step)

poco a poco accel.

P/V

237

Slow swing 4

238

239

240

You heard your class - mate.

You have just been killed.

She

STUDENTS:

Ooh...

Ooh...

F13

/G

/Ab

/A

Bb13

/G

/Db

/D

241

242

243

244

Rit.

cut your throat, so grab your coat,

Yes, you've got guts, But

now they're spilled! Your...

Ooh, But

now they're spilled! Your...

Eb13

/F

/Gb

/G

AbΔ9

Ab9/C

Dbm7

8va

Gb7+

245

Strut!

246

247

poco accel.

248

Tempo

Blood's in the wa - ter.

So would you please with - draw?

And

Blood's in the wa - ter,

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

G7

Am11

Bbm6

G7/B

Cm

G7/D

Cm/Eb

Ab13(b5)

V.S.

5/4

248 **Big hard swing**

250 251

if you re - turn, — Be rea - dy to learn. — Or is that un - fair, — Oh, wait,

Bb⁶/F Fb⁰7

252 253 254

I don't care. That's just how I rule, — In life as in school, with

Ooh... Ooh...

Eb^Δ7 D7

255 256

fear and shock and awe! — You're

Ooh, Awe!

Gm⁹ Gm⁹ D7/A Gm E⁰7 C9

END

Song #2

6/4

76

TART → Whipped In - to Shape. If there's a brain in that hair, Tell it that I am the key: It's a plea

p
Bm

78 79 80

Or the chair. See, when I talk to her I get nei-ther plea nor plan nor a - li - bi. To

Em6 Bm/D A/C# G/B F#m/A

81 82

quote from our de - fen - dant's tape: I want her "Whipped in - to Shape"!

mf E/G# Em/G *sfz* *mf*

83 Slight lift, back to rock feel

84 85 86 87 88 **END** (to 93)

CALLAHAN: "To the jail!" CALLAHAN (O.S.): "Enid!"

p

Gtr + hihat or other funky pattern, no kick drum