

## LEGALLY BLONDE

INT. BEAUTY OASIS - DAY

A downscale, blue-collar salon, with five hair chairs and two manicure stations. Old ladies and young waitresses get perms.

PAULETTE (early 40s, lower-middle class, hard-edged, plus-sized) looks up as a defeated Elle sinks into the manicure chair.

The manicure station is plastered with pictures of RUFUS, a big, slobbering pit-bull.

PAULETTE  
Bad day?

Elle holds out her hands. Paulette dips them into a dish of soapy water.

ELLE  
You can't even imagine.

PAULETTE  
Spill.

Elle lets it all out in a rush.

ELLE  
I worked really hard to get into law school. I blew off Spring Break and Greek Week to study for the LSAT's, I completely neglected my Homecoming Queen duties, I hired a Coppola to direct my admissions video -- all so I could get my boyfriend Warner back and now he's engaged to this awful girl Sarah so it was all for nothing! I wish I'd never even come to Harvard.

Paulette dries Elle's hands and begins filing.

PAULETTE  
After you went to all that trouble?

ELLE

Well, what am I supposed to do? He's engaged! She's got the family six-carat on her bony, unpolished finger.

PAULETTE

You're asking the wrong girl. I'm with my guy eight years and then one day it's "I met someone else. Move out."

ELLE

(horrified)

What'd you do?

PAULETTE

Cried a lot and gained twenty pounds. Dewey kept the trailer and my precious baby Rufus. I got jackcrap.

She looks at a picture of the pit-bull.

PAULETTE

(continuing, re: the dog)

I didn't even get to go to his birthday party.

ELLE

No!

PAULETTE

What could I do?

(shrugging)

He's a man who followed his pecker to greener pastures. I'm a middle-aged high-school dropout with stretch marks and a fat ass. Happens every day. At least to women like me.

ELLE

That's terrible!

PAULETTE

So, what's this Sarah got that you don't? Three tits?

ELLE

She's from Connecticut. She belongs to his stupid country club.

PAULETTE

Is she as pretty as you?

Elle looks down.

ELLE

(embarrassed)

I'm not pretty. I ' m genetically blessed.

Paulette rolls her eyes, shaking her bottle of polish and starting on Elle's right hand.

PAULETTE

Is she?

ELLE

She could use some mascara and some serious highlights, but she's not completely unfortunate looking.

UPS GUY (O.S.)

Hello, ladies.

Paulette looks up to see the UPS GUY (a strapping hunk of a man in his late 30's).

Paulette blushes and smooths down her hair, knocking over a bottle of nail polish in the process. Trying to play it off as she signs for the package.

UPS GUY

See ya later.

He goes. Paulette watches him. Elle notices.

PAULETTE

(hating herself)

Could I be anymore goddamn spastic?

(beat)

So you're sure, this Warner guy is "the one"?

ELLE

Definitely! I love him!

Paulette looks at her.

PAULETTE

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. What're you waiting for? Steal the bastard back.