

WARNER

Whoa. Wait a second. Elle. You don't ACTUALLY believe you have a chance of getting the internship?

ELLE

(wounded)
Of course?

VIVIENNE

Elle. You're looking... fluffy. As usual.

ELLE

Hello, Vivienne.

WARNER

Pooh B— Elle... You have to ace his course to get that internship and he's not called "C-Minus Callahan" for nothing.

ELLE

Warner, I'm completely cognizant of both those facts.

VIVIENNE

You're not going to make it through the semester, let alone get Callahan's internship. Face it, bunny: Someday, we'll nominate Supreme Court justices... And you'll... tan.

ELLE

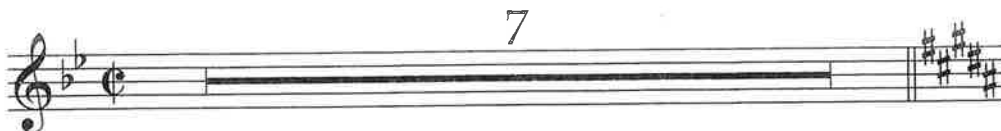
Thanks for your great tip on the "costume party." I see you came as Last Year's Sample Sale.

(#15 – CHIP ON MY SHOULDER (PART 1) begins. ELLE and VIVIENNE face off for a moment, then ELLE marches out. Once out of sight, she deflates. As she walks, giving into despair, she passes EMMETT. The scene shifts to outside.)

SCENE EIGHT

CHIP ON MY SHOULDER (PART 1)

EMMETT: *(shocked to see her bunny suit)* Whoa, Elle... What's up, Doc?



Colla voce, slow

8 ELLE:
Love! I put my faith in Love. I fol - lowed where it

EMMETT:
'Scuse me?

10 led...

(EMMETT:) Wait, go back.

Love led you here? You came

Dictated

13 (EMMETT):
out here to fol - low a *man*? — Har - vard Law

15 — was just... "part of that plan?" Man, what rich — ro - man - tic

18 ELLE: Malibu? (EMMETT):
plan - et are — you from? In - stead of ly -

21
- ing out side— by the pool, You stalk some guy—

23
— to an I-vy League school? That's the weird - est rea-son

Andantino, with a pulse

(EMMETT:) 2
26 I...
ELLE: 2
Well, why'd— you come?


EMMETT:
29 O - kay. I grew up—


31
— in the Rox - bu - ry slums. With my Mom

33
— and a se - ries of bums.— Guys who

35
showed me all— the ways— a man— can fail.

37  I got through

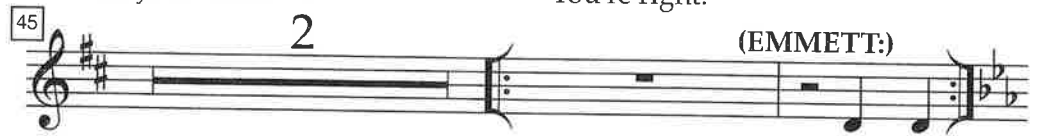
39  Har - vard, I worked like a fool; — Worked two

41  jobs in ad - di - tion to school. — So for-give

43  — me for not weep-ing at your tale.

ELLE: Excuse me! Just because you've got some kind of chip on your shoulder—

EMMETT: (*interrupting*)
You know what?
You're right.

45  There's a

49  chip on my shoul - der, — And it's big as a boul -

52  - der. — With the chance I've been giv - en,

54

I got-ta be driv-en to ex-cel— I'm so

57

close I can taste it,— So I'm not gon-na waste

60

— it. Yeah, there's a Chip On My Shoul -

62

- der;— You might wan-na get one as— well.

ELLE: I'm sorry, but that sounds highly negative...

EMMETT: Hey, I'm just being honest. When you weren't born into privilege, you gotta work twice as hard.

ELLE: Wait. Two jobs plus law school?

65

3

EMMETT: I haven't slept in six years!

ELLE: So, I just need to prove to everyone that I'm serious.

EMMETT: What you need is to get to work.

(ELLE and EMMETT head off to study, the CHORUS crosses and time passes to the Thanksgiving Break.)

69

6 CHORUS:

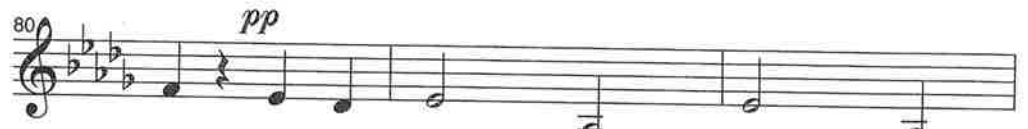
'Tis a

77




gift to be sim-ple, Tis a gift to be

80 *pp*



free. Mm mm mm mm mm mm

83



mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm

(Back in the dorm room, EMMETT sits patiently with a law book as ELLE waves out the door.)

ELLE: (calling out door) Bye, Warner! Have a great Thanksgiving! Say "hi" to your mom and dad for me! And Grandma Bootsie! (ELLE starts packing.)

EMMETT: Define Malum prohibitum.

ELLE: "Malum prohibitum" is...

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

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

EMMETT: Therefore "Malum in se..."


ELLE: Is an action that's evil in itself! Assault, murder, white shoes after Labor Day...

EMMETT: Good. (noticing her packing) Where you going?

ELLE: Home, of course. Thanksgiving Break, remember?

EMMETT: Interesting.

85 ^{3x} (vocals 1st x only) ⁶

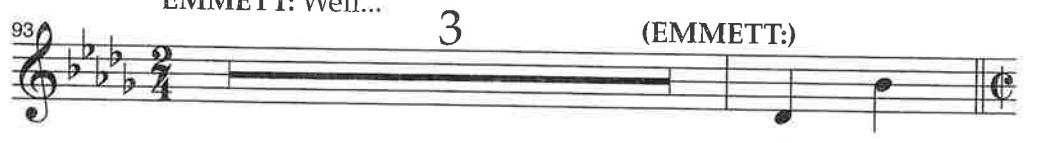


mm... _____

ELLE: What?

EMMETT: Well...

93 ³ (EMMETT:)



I pre -

97 (EMMETT:)

dict you will prob - ab - ly pass... — ...In the

ELLE:

Yes!

bot - tom per - cent of your class. If you're

What?

going for me - di - o - cre, — you've done

(optional spoken)-----

great. Look, they laughed at

ELLE:

That's not fair!

me like they're laugh - ing at you; we can't

107 *p*

 win if we don't fol - low through! Might I ven -

109

 - ture your va-ca - tion plans can wait?—


ELLE: Why do you
 always have to be right?

*(ELLE takes off her coat and returns to work.
 Time passes to the Christmas Break. The
 CHORUS crosses in cute holiday outfits,
 sprinkling snow.)*

112 **2**


115 **CHORUS:**
mp Glo... o...— o... o...— o... o... o...— o... ri - a!

*(Elle's dorm room. EMMETT
 gives a gift to ELLE.)*


119

 In ex-cel-sis De - e - e - o!...—

EMMETT: For you. Not quite as good as going home for Christmas, but...

ELLE: You are TOO sweet!

(ELLE opens the gift.)

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

123 **8**


ELLE: *(horrified)* Aaaaaaagggghhhhh! *(They laugh.)*

Thank you. You are so adorable to think of me.

131 **4**
