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Legally Blonde 2: Red, White & Blonde

By Kate Kondell

Look, her first high-end retail shopping experience.

Her nanny tried

to take her to Baby Gap...

but she'd just cry and cry.

She was a professional shopper at age three.

Oh, wow!

Remember when she was on the cover of "Seventeen"?

She had so much potential back then.

Look at her. She could have been a Playmate by now.

Hello! She's a lawyer.

- That's way better.

- Why?

There she is!

You always said she has the perfect shaped head... for a tiara!

Look at that slime dog!

It was so nice of you to make this for Elle's wedding shower.

I can't scrapbook worth a damn.

I took a class on it at community college.

- She got a "B."

- Plus!

The day she passed her LSAT!

I swallowed

some of that Silly String.

It wouldn't be the first time.

Look at that.

Her first day at Harvard.

Unbelievable. Awesome.

The Bend and Snap!

I love that.

I did it last night naked.

- You did not.

- Yes. I busted a window.

Oh, my God, there's

Bruiser's first highlights.

Is this the key to

her first office at the firm?
Remember that Caribbean decor?
It was genius.
Look, there she is
with Congresswoman Rudd...
when they started the Harvard
alumni women's event.
- Yeah.
- That's two kick-ass women.
I like them. I really like them.
The first day they met!
Emmett loves her already.
You can see it in his eyes.
Emmett and Elle.
They're truly Romeo and Juliet
without the dying.
Paulette?
Oh, my God!
Girls, I think it's her.
- Quick! Lights out!
- OK!
Paulette?
I thought we were supposed
to be at the movies by 9:00.
Surprise!
We got her!
Oh, my God! Margot, Serena,
I cannot believe...
you guys flew
all the way here!
- No biggie.
- On the contrary.
It's a huge biggie.
Thank you.
You guys are the best.
Speaking of biggies,
can we see your ring again?
Not your Delta Nu ring, Elle.
You mean, this one?
Clarity between F.L. And V.V.S.
Nice girdle diameter.
Cut impeccable.
It's a keeper.
Thanks!

Oh, my gosh, it's from Emmett!
That's me and Emmett
on Fenway baseball field.
It's his favorite place
in the whole world.
I love snow globes.
I can hear the ocean.
Listen, honey,
you're a full-time bride now...
so you'll need
a whole new wardrobe.
I'm not quitting my job,
you guys.
Do you guys remember
that feeling we used to get...
during a really intense
Spinning class?
That we feel so truly amazing
about ourselves?
That's how I feel
being a lawyer. I love it.
I have this huge
annual review coming up...
so keep 'em crossed, girls.
Crossed!
Congratulations, you did it.
With three wrong answers,
you've managed to undermine...
the entire foundation upon which
our legal system's built.
And by the way...
it only took me
two wrong answers.
Sweetie, you customized my ring?
Again?
Emmett, you are never
going to believe my news!
- What?
- Fenway Park!
You, me, two rings, and
one recently ordained umpire...
right on the entry field!
Infield.
What are you talking about?

It turns out the starting
pitcher for the Red Sox...
has an unfortunate
unibrow problem.
He goes to Nadia, my waxer...
so the team pulled some strings
with the site manager...
and we're getting married
at Fenway!
Are you serious?
Are you sure
this is what you want to do?
I can married anywhere
and it wouldn't matter.
That's a lie.
I'm getting married
under the Green Monster!
Yes!
And in just
three months and four days!
Emmett, we have so much
to talk about.
I want everybody
who matters to us to be there.
Oh, my God! I almost forgot!
You want me to what?
You want me to what?
A biological
birth parent search.
For your dog.
For my Chihuahua-American
Bruiser Woods.
I found him abandoned years ago.
Miss, I'm the highest-paid,
most sought after...
private investigator
in the greater Boston area.
That's precisely why
we came to you, Detective.
It is absolutely vital that
we find Bruiser's mother pronto.
His father might be
more difficult. You know dogs.
May I ask why?

Of course.

"Martha Stewart Weddings"...

recommends a 4 to 6-week

window for RSVPs...

and I can't send the invitation

without an address.

And the sooner I get started on

the calligraphy the better.

You want to send an invitation

to your wedding...

to your dog's mother.

And you're serious?

Detective,

if I have to make room...

for my second cousin's

vegan diet coach...

you better believe

I'll make room for the mother...

of the one loving creature

who's always been there for me.

In fact, I can't believe

I haven't done this sooner!

I'm thinking the same thing.

- Elle!

- Hi, Mr. Blaine.

- The client is thrilled.

- Good!

How you seamlessly

negotiated that deal?

- It was simply magnifique.

- Thank you.

Big staff meeting today, kiddo.

All right.

I got my fingers crossed.

Milton, two shots, extra foam.

- Wow. Thanks, E.W.

- No problem!

- Go get 'em today.

- Thanks.

Soy for you, honey. No dairy.

That's right. Thank you.

Your call list is endless.

- It is?

- We better get right on it.

Kevin, you shouldn't have!
I'm not sure they're giving me
the promotion today.
It's just a widespread
yet credible rumor.
It's from me and the girls.
Oh, right!
Now do me.
I feel like the luckiest girl
in the world.
- Me, too!
- You do?
I had no idea
I could be this happy...
without accruing
credit card debt.
Already?
Well, Miss Woods,
even the weird ones get cracked.
- You ready?
- Yes!
Bruiser Woods...
meet your mom.
Bruiser... your cheekbones.
And it's all in there.
Good luck finding whatever
it is you're looking for.
Oh, my God!
She's a Bostonian!
Bruiser, we're here!
As your adoptive mother,
I'm sure you're nervous...
about meeting
your birth mother...
but hear her out, OK?
I'm sure she had her reasons.
Bruiser,
your mother lives at...
the top secret
Versace think-tank!
I told you they had one!
No, ma'am.
Unless you have a pass,
you cannot go up there.

Lucky I always keep it on me.
Hold on. It's right here.
There you go.
What is it?
It's my double platinum
V.V.I.P. Versace...
Preferred Customer
identification card.
Available only to those that've
shopped on five continents.
If that fails to satisfy you,
you can also contact...
Billy Dailey,
head of customer relations.
You got the wrong VERSACE, lady.
Really? Donatella's not here?
Bruiser, where are you going?
Bruiser!
Ma'am!
Bruiser?
Get back here!
Where are you going?
Bruiser, I didn't know
you were so athletic.
What is it?
Oh, my God!
You, come here!
Come on!
Open this door immediately!
What are you doing here?
You have my dog's mom,
and I need her right now!
Absolutely not.
I'm not authorized to release...
any subjects
from their containment units.
I'm not even allowed
to have a key.
Swallow the thing one time,
and all of a sudden...
you're the weird key swallower
who can't be trusted.
I don't think
you're understanding me.

I'm willing to pay for her.
These animals
aren't for sale, ma'am.
They're the legal property
of this facility.
What kind of facility is this?
Mr. Livermore, I'm so sorry!
Elle, this VERSACE
is a cosmetic testing facility.
- Oh, no!
- Bruiser's mom's a test subject.
I want her out of there
immediately.
Animal test subjects
can only be surrendered...
on a voluntary basis,
and they're not volunteering.
After I get through with them,
they'll be begging.
And I'm not just taking
Bruiser's mom.
I'll bust all those dogs
out of that doggie dungeon.
"Research Science
and Critter Exploitation"?
This VERSACE's owned by the
C'est Magnifique Corporation!
That's fantastic!
Our law firm
represents C'est Magnifique.
We can tell them to fix this.
I can't wait to take this
to the partners.
But how are you
going to convince them?
Presenting...
Abandoned at birth, I was
on my own at an early age...
fighting for survival on
the streets of Beverly Hills...
making his way down
the boulevard of broken dreams,
turning tricks
at Hollywood and Vine...

yet even when
I found a loving mother...
I couldn't shake this
nagging emptiness in my heart.
It was like a void.
When I looked in the mirror...
who was it
that was looking back at me?
This is Bruiser's question.
And in a way,
aren't we all Bruisers?
I think yes. Thank you.
Ms. Woods,
this is a law firm...
not an animal rights
advocacy group.
We're lawyers.
We have to fight for justice.
And this is definitely unjust.
In this case, the cost of beauty
is way too high.
I can't believe I said that,
but it's true.
What we fight for...
is our clients
and their best interests.
But isn't doing the right thing
in everybody's best interest?
I think you're confusing
the right thing and the law.
You didn't think
they were the same, did you?
Why don't
we get back to business...
and discuss
your very bright future?
Pardon me,
I don't mean to interrupt...
but I just--
What you're saying is...
if C'est Magnifique
follows the letter of the law...
even if it ends up
hurting living beings...

we're just doing our job?
I'm sorry, Mr. Blaine...
I don't think I can work
with people who believe that.
You know what? You're right.
Thank you, Mr. Blaine.
You shouldn't have to work
with people who believe that.
Absolutely.
I knew you would understand.
You're fired, Elle.
What?
We only have room
for serious lawyers here.
Take the rest of the day
to clear out your things.
But the secretarial pool
already gave me a balloon.
Keep the balloon, if you wish.
Please, Emmett, just go away.
Why don't you come on out,
sweetie?
I know Bruiser
doesn't blame you.
But I'm all he has to speak
for him in this world...
and I have
completely failed him.
You know what I thought
the first time I saw you?
"God, that woman
wears a lot of pink"?
No. I thought...
"That woman is really special."
"She believes she can make
a difference and she will."
So... come on out
and let's talk about it.
No.
We could go over
some wedding details.
How about that? It revolves.
And it illuminates.
It's even

got the Red Sox colors.
That's fantastic, honey!
Speaking of red socks...
you're not getting
cold feet, are you?
About what?
How's it going to look?
A Harvard law professor...
married to a lawyer who
got fired from her first job.
Fired for something
she believes in.
It's going to look like...
"There goes the luckiest guy
in the whole world."
Thanks.
Holy crap!
It's gorgeous!
The material
keeps falling apart.
No!
Amy, is something wrong?
You can't do a scallop trim
on the outer hoop skirt.
The material's too delicate.
It'll just fall apart.
But in two out of three
home tests it held.
I am so sorry, Elle.
No biggie.
I guess I don't need...
a scallop trim
on the outer hoop skirt.
I'll be fine.
What is it that you said
back when I couldn't...
fit into my white spandex
pantsuit for my wedding?
If the fabric
doesn't work with you...
don't work with it.
It's one of
my favorite mantras.
That is so true, and I know

the most perfect organza!
Or something
really classy like...
like white leather!
I'll call the guy
that did my car seats.
Wait... that's it.
Don't fight the fabric.
Change it.
OK, but white leather?
If the law is what's keeping
Bruiser's mother locked up...
I shouldn't be fighting it,
I should be changing it.
Everybody, I'm going to make...
animal testing
for cosmetics illegal!
I know that making a dog wear
mascara and blush is wrong...
This isn't just about
Bruiser's mom anymore...
this is about the fact
that every day...
that I put on my Gold Goddess
luminescent blush...
some poor little innocent animal
might be suffering for it.
You don't realize
how horrible something is...
until it happens to you
personally.
Like breastfeeding.
And if I want to give
a voice to Bruiser...
I have to go to the place
that gave a voice to the people!
Oh, my God! The headquarters
of "Cosmopolitan" magazine!
Better! Ladies...
I'm going to Washington!
D.C., here I come!
If anybody can handle this,
it's you, honey.
I got a call from the Delta Nu

Your apartment's all set.

- Great!

- Elle!

Oh, my God! You look like
the Fourth of July!

Makes me want a hot dog
real bad.

Yeah, OK.

You got to get going, honey.

OK.

- Elle, look at this.

- What's that?

According to

"Animal Fair" magazine...

your new boss is the best
groomed woman in Washington.

Her beagle's name

is Dolly Madison...

which is my grandma's
stripper name.

Isn't that a good sign?

Oh, my gosh. A job with
a brilliant congresswoman...

who's also

a fellow Harvard alum.

You'll do great, Elle.

It's destiny.

But isn't planning

the wedding of the century...

and changing the law

kind of hard?

Paulette, I taught Bruiser
how to shop online.

I think I can handle Congress.

See ya.

Home sweet home. You ready?

OK.

Welcome to

the Wellington, ma'am.

It's a thrill to be here!

Time to legislate!

No.

Too Nancy.

Too Hillary.

Too Monica.
Too perfect for words!
Hi!
Good morning,
fellow public servants.
It's my first day.
Nice briefcase.
Huh? Thank you.
Hi!
Last item on
our agenda--Elle Woods.
Personal Rudd hire,
taking up a bill...
on animal testing
in the cosmetic industry.
I'm sorry,
Rudd's backing that?
Matter of conscience,
whatever.
Who knows? Maybe it'll boost
our female demographic.
The point is
we're animal lovers now.
If this is so important to Rudd,
shouldn't I be handling it?
No, Timothy,
not when we have a woman...
who according to Rudd,
is one of the shrewdest...
legal and political minds
of our time.
Hello, patriots!
I don't think
I've been this excited...
since Gucci became
a publicly traded company.
Oh, my God,
it's Capitol Barbie.
She's so shiny.
So where should I start?
Excuse me, sweetie?
Intern orientation
is down the hall in Room 216.
That's before 217 and after 215.

Oh, my God!
That is so sweet of you!
You think I'm an intern?
That anti-wrinkle
all-salmon diet really works.
Who are you?
- I'm sorry--
- Elle Woods, welcome!
I haven't seen you
since the alumni meeting!
- I know! How are you?
- Good!
This is Elle Woods, everyone.
Basically me
when I first came to D. C...
so make her feel at home.
You ready to hit
the ground running?
Are these not
my comfortable heels?
- Cute shoes.
- Thank you. They are comfy.
Here's Bruiser. Welcome.
Oh, you little sugar!
Back her up, people.
This is the most collaborative
bunch on the Hill...
So gather them together...
talk strategy as soon as
you get settled in.
- And, Elle?
- Yes?
- Welcome to Washington.
- Thank you!
Okey-dokey.
I missed the part about
where my office is.
The desk. Right here.
All righty. Then I'm going
to need a glue gun...
some pinking shears, and
five yards of grosgrain ribbon.
Yeah, that'll do it.
Well, look at you.

You can run your wedding
coordinator business...
during all that
legislative downtime.
Don't be silly, Grace.
This is to plan
my own wedding to Emmett.
See, this is us.
He had this made for me.
That's him,
and that's me smiling.
Maybe he'll make one
of you and me.
You'll be talking
and I'll be throwing up.
Speaking of nuptials,
wait till I tell...
the congresswoman
that I was invited...
to John McCain's
nephew's wedding.
He's really quite a sweet kid.
Tell me something, Timothy...
is it difficult for you
to breathe with...
your mouth flat
against your employer's butt?
I don't know, Grace.
Is it difficult to see...
with your head in
the Minority Whip's lap?
It was the distinguished
gentlemen from Iowa.
His wife had recently left him
and we just talked.
Right. Because if
you did "visit" his district...
you should've gotten
some legislation out of it.
How would you even know...
when you're busy chasing
interns on a skateboard?
Excuse me? Who wants
to talk animal testing?

Write a bill, Britney.
I don't have a car!
Snap Cup time
Gather ye round
Friends and foes together
United and bound
Pass it to your neighbor
Instead of blowing up
And we'll find
harmony and love
In the Snap Cup!
Don't tell me you don't know
what a Snap Cup is?
OK, I'll explain it.
You are going to write down
an anonymous praise note...
on a little warm fuzzy.
Warm fuzzy?
Yes. Compliments
about your co-workers.
Just something nice.
Then you deposit them
in the sacred vessel.
The Snap Cup is essential to
any bipartisan environment.
Consider 1998 Spring Carnival.
The Delta Nus partnered
with the Kappa Kappa Gammas...
on Project Kissing Booth.
Big problems.
Go ahead, write.
So, a whole heated
debate transpired...
over the whole
tongue-no tongue policy.
I think you know what side
the Kappas were on.
Anyway, it really helped us
move past the conflict...
and I think
it can help us today.
Let's just try this, OK?
Thank you, Reena. Thank you.
Thanks for that.

Thank you, Timothy.
So now, the Snap Cup
mistress--me--recites.
Good, I got mine.
"Grace always has the confidence
to speak her mind.
"Plus, she looks terrific
in charcoal."
And, voil, snaps for Grace!
You see? Our first Snap Cup!
This is so exciting!
I wonder what'll happen next?
All right, this is...
"What do Elle Woods and
the Snap Cup have in common?"
A riddle. That's so cool.
I love riddles.
"They're both..."
"stupid."
Enough already.
Maybe we can do something
actually worthwhile...
like attend the hearing
of the committee...
you need to crack.
I'll take you myself.
Thank you, Grace.
That's very generous of you.
See, I think
the Snap Cup really works.
Wow.
Good morning.
This is just like on C-SPAN
except I'm not bored.
You're in the wrong room,
sweetheart.
Intern orientation
is in room...
Thank you.
Hi, I'm Elle Woods.
I'm not an intern.
Rob Cole. Me, neither.
I'm the new legislative aide
to Congresswoman Rudd.

I'm an old congressman
from Delaware.
I've been to Delaware!
No sales tax. Good one, sir.
Committee is called to order.
Welcome to
the special meeting of the...
Excuse me. Sorry.
Committee
of Energy and Commerce.
Before we turn
to our official agenda...
are there
any introductory remarks?
Madam chairwoman...
Grace Rossiter,
chief of staff...
Representative Rudd,
Massachusetts.
As our newest
legislative assistant...
will be spearheading a campaign
under your committee...
I'm sure she'd love the floor.
Thus I yield to my colleague,
the lady in hot pink.
You have the floor,
lady in hot pink.
Me?
Would you care to more
specifically identify yourself?
Oh, sure!
My name is Elle Woods,
Boston by way of Bel Air.
And as my surname
would suggest...
I am a passionate advocate
for everything in nature...
and a contented citizen...
until my shorthaired
Chihuahua, Bruiser...
brought me face-to-face with
the animal testing issue.
You're out of order,

Miss Woods.
This is
a fuel efficiency hearing.
I don't see anything in
the agenda about animal testing.
Will you yield the floor?
Absolutely. I'm almost done.
So, in conclusion,
I just want to say...
that I am so excited
about the day...
that I get to march up
those grand Capitol steps...
and drop
that very bill in the...
What's it called?
It's like a shiny,
mahogany box thing?
The hopper.
Exactly! The hopper!
How could I forget?
It's like a bunny.
Perfect for animal testing.
And I want
to let everybody know...
that I'm having
a post-hopper tapas party.
I'm making sangria.
It's really yummy.
My, my, how very interesting
that all sounds.
It'll be fun.
However, the next time
you consider...
attending a hearing
over which I preside... don't!
Committee is called to order.
OK.
Welcome to the special meeting
of the Committee...
of Energy and Commerce.
For the record...
would the secretary
please make note that...

Welcome to the Wellington,
ma'am.
Seventeen-B?
You have a package.
Inside that box are the most
perfect wedding shoes ever.
Both visually stunning
and clefted.
And I won't be able
to wear them...
since I obviously
won't make the date...
for Emmett's fantasy
baseball wedding...
given that I don't have
a chance of getting...
those important congresspeople
to co-sponsor my bill...
which I need to get a hearing
to stop animal testing...
in order to reunite Bruiser
with his mother...
in order to have them
at my wedding...
in which
I was going to wear...
the most perfect
wedding shoes ever...
right inside that box.
They never covered this
in the handbook.
They're something, all right.
You think?
Oh, I'm sorry.
Elle Woods,
legislative aide...
to Congresswoman Rudd,
Massachusetts.
Sid Post. Doorman.
That door.
All day I've felt like white,
open-toed shoes after Labor Day.
I hate that feeling.
Whatever that means.

I better get going.
If I'm going to pass a law...
I have to work up
some plan of attack...
with the Committee
of En and Ron or whatever.
Bye, Sid.
- Comm.
- What'd you say?
It's called the Committee
of Energy and Commerce.
Oh, yeah. Right. Thanks.
This is really
important to me, Grace.
They wouldn't cover
my nana's anti-itch cream...
which means she only has
one free hand for bingo.
- Lf I could get a hearing--
- Where's your bill, Reena?
The staff lawyers couldn't
draft it for six weeks...
but if you could talk to
the congressman's aide...
I could get on the agenda.
We pushed
prescription drugs last term.
I have a lot of issues
that come first.
Reena, if Grace finds herself
otherwise prioritized...
maybe you could talk
to this aide yourself.
Or better yet,
directly to the congressman.
Don't you have something
to alphabetize?
In fact,
now that I think about it...
with Reena's clear passion
for the project...
who better to
write this bill than Reena?
Me?

It's like I always say--
Why let someone else do for you
what you can do for yourself?
Except in the case
of eyebrow maintenance.
We always say follow protocol.
It's worked
for the past 200 years...
OK, Miss Snap Cup?
Stick it out with the lawyers.
They'll get to you eventually.
This is the new
congressmember roster.
Just a dollar.
Don't you believe
in helping a guy out?
What I do believe in, sir...
is an honest day's work
for an honest day's pay.
Not rewards for idleness.
- 50 cents?
- Leave me!
- Just a quarter.
- Go bother someone else!
People here
have no common courtesy.
Want to get a hearing
for your bill?
Get Congresswoman Hauser.
She needs a political makeover.
Sidney?
Who needs a what?
Hauser.
Tough redhead on En and Comm.
If she can put her name
on something warm and fuzzy...
something like puppies,
that could do the trick.
Really? What if I showed
Hauser the photos...
of what they're doing
to these animals?
That'd work...
with someone with a heart.

Hauser responds to facts,
figures, and demographics.
You gotta do your homework.
How did you learn all this?
I have been stationed
on the forefront...
of all major political
and social scandals...
for the past 30 years.
You worked in the White House?
No, at the Wellington.
After Hauser,
you'll need Stanford Marks...
Alabama Republican.
A real hard-ass.
Sidney, you are,
without a doubt...
the most useful person
I've met in Washington.
Hauser's margin
in the last election?
Four points. 52-48.
Hauser's chief?
Hall, Ted.
- Marks' aide?
- Murphy. Conservative, tougher.
- I think you're ready.
- Thank you, Sid.
For shizzle... my ezzle.
I borrowed this.
Excuse me!
Given the historical
tendencies...
of the congresswoman's
voting pool...
animal testing is the very issue
your platform needs.
Which brings me to my
demographic breakdown target.
Which brings us to the end
of our time, but good stuff.
I'll bat it around
with my colleagues.
I'm not done

with my presentation.

- Is Friday good?

- Absolutely.

The second one in November,
and the line starts down there.

But wait!

I won't be here in November.

I'm getting married.

If you insist Congressman Marks
is unavailable...

perhaps you could look at...

my alternative testing
economics incentive chart.

But it's pop-up.

I will read this homeowners
legislation this weekend.

Five more minutes and

I'm due in committee. Reena.

Well--

Reena's prescription drugs
for the elderly amendment--
rejected during mark-up session.

Sorry, Nana.

- Where are we with the animals?

- Still not on the calendar.

So we're nowhere.

Grace, help Elle with this.

Let's get going.

I'll see you all later.

Grace...

I think I can get a meeting
with Hauser's aide.

Please.

You could have 100 meetings...
and it still wouldn't matter.

This is Washington politics...

not warm fuzzies
and kissing booths.

It takes savvy
and street smarts.

I've seen thousands of
polite, idealistic girls...

just like you traipse
up and down this Hill...

and go home empty-handed
with blisters on their feet.
Thank you, Grace.
You actually reminded me
of something really important.
I came here
to give my dog a voice...
and I'd forgotten about my own.
So you can do it
the Washington way.
But I'm going to do it
the Elle Woods way.
Time to get serious.
Time to get serious.
Subject--Congresswoman
Libby Hauser.
Came of age in Post-War boom...
typified by 1951
Charles Jourdan stiletto heel.
Moving up to the Texan's head,
which is red...
suspect chemical assistance.
Must pursue.
Hit me, Post.
a 10-mile radius...
broken down
by color expertise...
and philosophical approach
to hair maintenance and style.
I didn't know you could have
a philosophy of hair.
Oh, yeah.
Maybe that's where I went wrong.
Go for Woods.
It's just as you suspected.
She's at a moderate
conservative salon...
founded on
the principles of Vidal.
In fact, it was one
of our case studies...
last year at Hair University.
That was right
before they flunked me.

Paulette, they weren't ready
for your vision.
I know you'll make
your mark hair-wise.
Sorry.
- You got a pen?
- Yes.
It's at Constitution and 12th.
The Salon Bontempo.
Don't you just love a salon day?
Yes, so peaceful and quiet.
Makes it so much easier
to talk that way.
They have rules about that here.
I know. That's why
I called to make sure...
they used PETA-approved
hair care products.
When you think about what
they do to those animals--
Which is why
I don't think about it.
Does the trick.
Excellent bobby pin handling.
Thank you, Frederic.
Looks great.
Isn't it
so comforting to see...
they use eco-friendly
foil technology here?
Every planet needs a friend,
that's what I always say.
If I wanted to talk about
the emotional life of a rock...
you'd know it by now.
Until this day,
I'd held the highest opinion...
of redheads as a fellow
hair minority group.
I heard quite enough
of your politics...
at the committee meeting,
thank you very much.
When was the last time you wore

the yellow tea rose?
I'm sorry?
What did you just--
When was the last time
you wore your yellow tea rose?
On the night of my initiation.
Wasn't the passing of the secret
scented eternal flame...
of the goddess Delta Nu
not the most moving experience?
Especially the part
where we sipped...
from the secret
pink chalice of sisterhood!
Yes!
Delta who?
Delta Nu!
Delta-Delta boo-gah-loo
Nu Nu Delta
Theta, Beta
Lambda, Mu
Ooh-aah, Delta Nu!
Libby Hauser, Texas.
Planning a wedding?
That "I do" updo
looks like heaven on you.
Thank you.
Who is he?
Zeta Lambda Nu, I hope.
Actually, I'm marrying
outside the Greek system...
but he's totally letter-worthy.
But how is D.C. Elle-worthy?
I'm here to speak for those
who can't speak for themselves.
How interesting.
It's more than interesting.
It's practical.
Strictly a numbers game
as far as you're concerned.
your district with dog licenses.
unemployed scientists...
with the skills to develop
alternatives to animal testing.

And finally, 6285--the ID number
of my dog's captive mother.

I'm not sure
I followed all that...
but you got my attention.

If there's one thing
I know how to do...
it's rinse and repeat.

Shall we?

Excuse me,
do you happen to have a--

- Get lost!
- Excuse me, sir!
- Do you have a--
- No, I'm busy.

Sir, could I use a section
of your newspaper?

We're late for
your doggie spa appointment.

- Here you go.
- Thank you, young lady.

No problem. What kind
of world would this be...
if we didn't help each other out
every once in a while?

Have a good day.

What do you want, Bruiser?

Bruiser, honey, come on.
We have to go. We're late.

We have to get to
the doggie spa, remember?

Will it be Swedish
or shiatsu massage today?

Come on.

Come on. We gotta get you
to the puppy pretty parlor.

Redhead, down.

Up next is Stanford Marks...

Southern conservative,
NRA spokesman.

How about tulips?

No, no, the calla lily
is this year's tulip.

- For weddings?

- It's all about the calla.
What would I do without you?
I couldn't do anything
without you, Sid.
You're going to get
this bill through, Elle.
An honest voice
is louder than a crowd's.
Just trust your voice.
Bruiser? Oh, my God.
I'll be right back.
Pilates for Poodles?
That's Tuesday at 2:30.
Pilates for Poodles?
That's Tuesday at 2:30.
- The page said it was urgent!
- They said it was urgent.
- Please tell me he's OK.
- What's wrong with Leslie?
We have it under control now...
but your Rottweiler
has been humping...
your little dog,
and vice versa.
Your Chihuahua's quite
the little leaper, young lady.
Takes a running start.
Hell, what can I say?
My Rottweiler's a stallion.
In our household, we fully
support a healthy curiosity.
Testosterone is natural.
Wait. Did you say stallion?
Wait a minute. Your dog...
the one wearing that ridiculous
pink skirt in the park?
Why would she have testosterone?
That wasn't a skirt,
it was a skort.
- Men wear skorts.
- Uh-huh.
What the heck is a skort?
And what does a man wearing one
got to do with it?

All right! Leslie is a Les.
The Rottweiler is a guy...
and Bruiser is a male dog
who enjoys wearing pastel.
The canines are both male.
Your dogs are gay.
All the signs were there.
I just didn't see them.
Most dogs
like to chew your shoes...
and Bruiser liked to wear mine.
I just thought
he liked the height.
You just want
what's best for them.
Doesn't matter
if they're the smartest...
or the strongest
or the best diggers.
As long as they're happy.
Why me? Why my dog?
I told Doris not
to buy it in Dupont Circle.
That damn homosexual
puppy boutique.
Stanford Marks, by the way.
You can call me Stan.
Elle Woods.
Very nice to meet you.
You're the girl with
the perfumed poo baggies.
I'm the woman with
the scented waste receptacles.
Wait!
Congressman Stanford Marks?
As in the Southern
conservative...
NRA spokesman Alabama
Republican Stanford Marks?
One and the same.
It's a pleasure
to make your acquaintance.
No, Congressman,
the pleasure is all mine.

- Well...

- Believe me.

Here's to getting things
done the Washington way.
Your chief of staff
has just gotten herself...
a meeting with--wait for it--
Chairman Stan Marks...
in just four short weeks.

- Congratulations, Grace.

- Yes!

Oh, yes.

OK, who wants to bet...
over-under
on Ms. Woods departure?
Right now it's at six days.

- Reena?

- No, thanks.

- Reena?

- No, thanks.

Come on. Anybody?

Who wants to take
over six days?

I'll take it, Grace.

I've been so busy.

I'm sorry I'm late.

Reena, could you be a pal
and just tell me...

what I'm doing

a week from tomorrow?

By the way, that outfit
looks fantastic on you.

It really brings out
the color in your eyes.

Thanks.

It's on my "I brake for
sample sales" bookmark.

wedding cake frosting.

rehearse hearing speech.

Commerce committee hearing.

exfoliating treatment--

Go back to that one at 11:00.

Commerce committee hearing.

That's what it says.

I'm going to be appearing
before ranking member...
Libby Hauser,
Chairman Stanford Marks...
and the entire Committee
of En and Comm.
A hop, skip, and a jump
away from a floor vote.
Nice try, but you
have to get a bill...
before you have a hearing.
Like this one?
It's like I was saying
to the congresswoman...
the other day over
caramel macchiatos.
"Is bill writing
super fun or what?"
I think so.
Where is that Elle Woods?
Oh, my God.
- Libby just told me the news.
- She did?
Never underestimate a woman...
with a French manicure
and a Harvard law degree.
Thank you, Victoria.
That's very sweet of you...
but I couldn't have done it
without your inspiration.
I'm honored.
This girl is special.
Actually, I didn't do it alone.
The entire team helped me.
It was really a group effort.
Good work, guys.
Really good work.
- You.
- Thanks.
Thank you, Reena.
You're a sweetheart.
And I guess I will see you
at the hopper.
Ask not what your best friend

can do for man...
but what you can do
for man's best friend.
The Committee
on Energy and Commerce...
will now come to order.
HR 2562,
aka Bruiser's Bill--
Representative
Victoria Rudd, sponsor...
proposing a ban
on animal testing...
in the cosmetics industry.
I'd like to welcome
you all today as we begin...
consideration of
this very important issue.
This week, you will hear
testimony from both sides...
and I ask that you keep
your ears and your minds open.
This is my first
congressional hearing.
Can you believe it?
And so I come to you today
as a citizen...
and a scientist with
the National Institute of Health
for 25 years,
during which time...
it's become increasingly clear
that these supposed alternatives
to animal testing
aren't alternatives at all.
I took this office to represent
my two-legged constituents.
Recently, I saw an item in
a pet store with the label...
"This product
is tested on humans."
That's a problem
worth discussing.
All the bleeding hearts...
will try to distract us

from the facts...
with their saccharine talk
of wagging tails...
cold noses, and other
sentimental mumbo jumbo.
Consider this--where we see
softness of heart...
we often see softness of mind.
And so to move on such a bill
at this juncture in time...
would wreak havoc
on already unstable...
local economies
across the country.
Now, that's a problem
worth discussing.
You know
I'd do anything for you...
but I got to tell you,
that is one tough room.
- Better be prepared tomorrow.
- All right.
Excuse me, ladies.
Good evening.
I know you've had
a bad day in court before.
It's the same thing.
They make their case,
we make ours.
Yes, but that was bad.
They're mostly posturing for
their constituents back home.
I think we have the votes
in committee...
even without your testimony.
But they have scientists
and economists and facts.
So do we.
Elle, listen to me.
Go home.
Have an early evening.
Sorry.
Victoria Rudd. Yes.
Hang on one minute, will you?

Go home. Try to relax.

And don't think like them.

Think like you.

OK. Thanks.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Bob, how are you?

I'm leaving the Capitol
right now.

- Thanks. Nice work.

- Oh.

Sid?

I'm sorry about that.

This happens all the time.

My break is almost up...

but I wanted to get you this
before tomorrow.

Great. Let's walk.

Sidney, this is brilliant.

How did you know all this?

Hundreds of dogs walked and
thousands of plastic baggies.

This is perfect.

This is exactly what I need.

Well, of course

I appreciate your support.

Why wouldn't it continue?

I'm already on record
on that issue.

All right.

I'll do what I can.

Don't push me, Bob.

I'll do what I can.

All right. Good night.

- I need to call in my favor.

- I'm listening.

I've changed my position
on Bruiser's Bill.

A man who controls
a political machine...

Boy, he's good.

He is really good.

I'm really glad
we're watching this.

This is good for you.
He promised to break me in two.
I'm starting
to worry about...
getting all
this wedding planning done.
Elle, I want you to follow
my lead in Washington.
And always make sure
Bruiser wears a sweater.
- Is that Sean Connery?
- No, it's not.
Powerful enough
to control congressmen...
Seriously, honey, don't worry
about the wedding research.
Just give 'em hell tomorrow.
The chair now recognizes
legislative aide Elle Woods.
Thank you, Mr. Chairman.
There she is!
Guys, she really did it.
Miss Woods?
Well, I'll be damned.
Representative Kroft...
that lip gloss looks absolutely
sensational on you.
I'm sorry, what?
It's Raspberry Macaroon
number 156.
Company shall remain nameless,
is that correct?
Well, yes. But how did you--
What if I told you,
Representative Kroft...
that you owe that
special bounce in your step...
that only comes from finding
the perfect lipstick...
to the pain and suffering
of innocent animals?
What if I was to tell you...
Congresswoman
Madeline Melanie Kroft...

that you owe
your Raspberry Macaroon...
to him?
My best friend.
Bruiser.
How many times
has he acted on my behalf?
Countless.
But today, I get the opportunity
to speak for him.
Who do you speak for?
Congressman Fuchs...
the next time you reach for your
overnight moisturizing gloves--
By the way, it's nothing
to be ashamed about.
More men should use them.
Consider asking yourself what
you're willing to sacrifice...
in the name of
beauty and soft cuticles.
Are you willing to sacrifice
animal welfare?
Or how about
the welfare of one animal?
Like Jelly,
your childhood pal...
that striking
retriever-black lab mix.
You know about Jelly?
When all the other children
refused to play Lone Ranger...
who was it that was
always your Tonto?
Jelly Belly.
Mr. Chairman...
when you look in those
snap-worthy almond eyes...
of your Rottweiler Leslie...
does it not make your heart
glow with warmth?
With due respect, Ms. Woods,
I wouldn't go that far.
But when he learned

to differentiate...
between seven different
kinds of pipes...
and fetch each one on command,
did you not swear...
to protect him
with every shotgun...
in your charming little
ammunitions case?
It wouldn't come to that.
This is a dog
we're talking about.
But if you could speak
for Leslie...
what would you say?
What would Leslie want you
to say for him, Mr. Chairman?
Stan.
To hell with it.
My Rottweiler Les is
of the homosexual orientation.
I've said it. I'm out.
My name is Stan Marks,
I'm a conservative Republican...
NRA spokesman,
and my dog is gay.
And guess what?
I couldn't be prouder
of the little flamer!
I don't care
how good my hair looks...
slicked back with
some high-dollar pomade.
Just one long stare into
that sweet sissy dog's eyes...
and I know no cosmetic
could ever be worth it!
Bruiser's Bill.
Bruiser's Bill!
We did it! Bill passing!
Bruiser's Bill!
Important legislation
for our time.
Bruiser, good work, little guy.

I would like
to conclude this hearing...
by thanking you all
for your testimony--
Mr. Chairman, sir...
The chair recognizes...
the gentlewoman
from Massachusetts.
Mr. Chairman,
committee members...
I would like to thank you for
your consideration of this bill.
However,
after further reflection...
on the budgetary realities
of this fiscal year...
I feel I must withdraw
my support for Bruiser's Bill.
- What?
- I concur!
Everybody, calm down.
I'm sorry, Bruiser.
I'm sorry, too, Elle.
I know you think
I've let you down.
Believe me, I thought
about your reaction...
maybe more than I should have.
You were outmaneuvered...
by Grace.
Grace?
For the last two sessions
she's been pushing...
this homeowners incentives bill.
This morning she struck a deal.
I withdraw my support
for Bruiser's Bill.
Homeowners incentives
comes to a vote.
That was the price
and I paid it.
That's all just deals
and trades and secrets.
That's not what people want.

Elle... I'm sorry.
Government of the people...
by the people, for the people.
So what's your story?
Were you even honest?
I guess you were.
If you didn't play games...
then you were probably
the only one.
I just don't know how
you did it.
I don't even mean
wearing that silly hat...
because that was really brave.
But...
Just trusting your country.
Trusting this system...
Trusting yourself.
I did.
Go on.
It's full of warm fuzzies.
With extra fuzz.
"Elle Woods has amazing
lateral delts."
That was my target
muscle group of the month.
Snaps for Elle's lateral delts.
"Elle Woods inspires us."
We even put little hearts
over the "Is".
- I see that.
- It was my idea.
Thank you, Timothy.
Thank you, everybody.
This is really nice.
But I just don't think
I'm cut out for this.
Elle, we have a plan.
Two words for you--
Discharge petition.
With a couple hundred
signatures...
we can spring Bruiser's Bill
from committee...

straight to the House floor
for a vote.
I don't know.
That sounds really complicated.
You've come
farther than any of us...
while maintaining
your bounce and sparkle.
We never sparkle.
None of us thought one person
could make a difference...
until you came along.
If I remember correctly,
isn't that 218 signatures?
It's not that hard.
Yeah.
Yeah.
I guess I know women
with more shoes than that.
Wait, that's me.
Elle...
it's time to finish
what you started.
OK, people,
a lot on the agenda today.
Reenie, I'm still waiting on
those one-minute floor speeches.
Timothy, I need recon on that
campaign finance reform hearing.
Grace, status meeting
in my office right away.
I said now.
Where's my staff?
They quit, without notice.
Why?
Marks and Hauser
just filed a petition...
to discharge Bruiser's Bill.
I'm pretty sure
that's where your staff is...
led by their commander
Sorority Sue.
Petition to discharge HR 2652,
aka Bruiser's Bill...

carried with no objections.
The petition is filed
and available for signature.
Actually, we are strictly...
"bring your own"
on the discharge petition.
But it's pink... and scented.
Gives it something extra,
don't you think?
We've both signed it,
as you can see.
I believe we're being dismissed.
Thank you.
There will be others
to come and sign.
- Don't you like pink?
- Come on!
Up on your feet, people.
Discharge petition time.
Upsy-daisy.
We have our work
cut out for us. Let's go.
OK, we have two signatures.
I'll break up the country
into color codes.
Timothy, you're teal.
Reena, you're magenta.
And Elle is marigold.
And I've got
the Wellington covered.
Sid Post, 37.
Congress adjourns in 3 weeks.
We can't do this alone.
That's why I'm calling in
reinforcements.
I hope we're talking...
the brightest political
minds in the country.
We're here!
Oh, my God!
Oh, gosh, we can't wait
to see the Mall.
And the Statue of Liberty.
Everybody, these are

my Delta Nu sisters.
This is Margot and Serena.
Josh made the cruise boat
pull over in Puerto Vallarta.
I left L.A.
Right after landing...
a lateral split in
the third quarter dance break.
It was awesome.
I went "Yah!" and "Haah!"
- That's so great.
- Yeah, thanks.
So, is it time?
Oh, no, it's not time yet.
Hello? You're here?
We'll meet you in the lobby.
Let's go.
Everybody, this is
the final member of our team...
Paulette Parcelle.
Who's ready to discharge?
And proposition a bill
and... whatever.
Let's hit the Hill.
If I could have
a moment of your time--
You could consider something--
Quadrant 4, corridor 6,
have lost one.
Sorry. How are you?
If I could have a minute
of your time?
Reena, how are you?
Has anybody told you
about Bruiser's Bill?
Is it trivial,
Congressman Hannenfeld?
Animals don't have
the same reactions...
to drugs that humans do.
It's like the time...
my trainer's sister's
cousin's girlfriend...
gave her overweight Yorkie

some phen-fen...
because she was
a little bit fat...
and it gained three pounds.
Desired result?
I don't think so.
You know?
Oh, my dear, gifted woman...
you tell that Bruiser Woods...
he can count on
the Sunshine State.
Thank you, Ohio.
Thank you, Atlanta!
Who's next?
You're next!
We're gonna do it.
Serena...
why do they keep
sending us to Room 216?
"Intern Orientation."
Margot, you're a genius.
If this doesn't get
more signatures...
I don't know what will.
Intern class of 2003 on deck!
Remember, flexibility counts.
Ready? OK!
Dogs of the world unite!
Sign the petition, win a date!
Go Bruiser's Bill, go!
Well, I'm signing.
Yes, Bob,
I know what you're reading.
Are you kidding?
Your support has been
invaluable to me.
If it weren't for you,
I'd be painting my own posters.
I don't care
if she has two weeks left.
She could have two years left.
She won't pull this off.
I will not be outmaneuvered
by this silly little blonde.

Don't worry, Bob.
I'll get her...
and her little dog, too.
Even with
the entire Wellington...
and 68 life-changing haircuts
under Paulette's belt...
we're still not even close.
We got a problem here.
The bad news is...
Reena.
Wow. You look amazing.
It's just layers
and highlights...
and a cellulose
finishing rinse.
I did it.
Cool.
What is the bad news?
We lost Hannenfeld.
We were planning on him...
to bring Felsen, Parks,
and Janowitz on board.
What are you talking about?
I talked to Hannenfeld myself.
I confirmed with his aide
this morning over breakfast.
I don't know. Somebody must've
got to him at lunch.
It's Grace.
- Please make sure.
- I will. Two weeks?
I'm looking for Grace Rossiter.
I just want to know
if she's coming back soon.
Elle. Hi.
Oh, hi.
I was going to call you.
I was looking for Grace.
The discharge petition.
We lost Hannenfeld...
and I was wondering
if Grace knew anything about it.
None of that

is important anymore.
Could I speak with you
for a moment?
Sure.
You did it, Elle. You won.
You can collect Bruiser's mom
anytime you like.
What?
If you promise not to be
disappointed in me again...
I'll tell you.
I pulled a few strings.
C'est Magnifique is releasing
all of their test animals.
All of them?
All of them.
And what's more...
they have been so impressed...
with how you've handled
yourself down here...
they want you on board as
head of their legal department.
It's a very generous offer.
I don't know.
You did it.
You did what
you came here to do.
Yeah, but what about
the discharge petition?
This isn't
about just one animal...
it's all of the animals.
I agree, but you've got
a great team in place.
They can carry on without you.
C'est Magnifique wants you
up there by Monday.
You can go home.
Congratulations, Elle.
Wow. Thank you.
Thanks for doing that.
Well, sure.
We have to stick together,
us Washington blondes.

Do you know who
Representative Hannenfeld...
had lunch with today
in the members dining room?
I skipped lunch today.
Had a facial.
OK. Thanks.
I'll call you about that.
Yeah.
Emmett, I know you're probably
in Case Law class right now...
but call me back
when you get this.
I think I'm coming home.
But it's a good thing.
Maybe. Call me back.
Will you leave us alone now?
Excuse me?
I know you've been
working against us...
and I know
somehow it's personal.
- You don't like me.
- Clearly.
If I leave Washington,
will you call off the fight...
and let Bruiser's Bill
have a fair shot?
Your bill is trivial to me.
I have my own agenda.
Like the homeowners bill you
pushed through at our expense?
That's all I'm asking, Grace--
Homeowners incentives?
I wouldn't touch that bill.
It's a tax break
for the wealthy.
Haven't you been pushing it
for the last two sessions?
Victoria has a live interview
with Connie Chung in an hour.
I don't have time for this.
That's the interview
she's preparing for?

She's in makeup right now.
She's in makeup?
Mike test, 1-2-3.
Is Miss Chung available?
I'd like to go over
some ground rules
before we go on live,
for goodness sakes.
Yes, OK. Thanks.
Doesn't she have
a beautiful complexion?
She's like a PSA for SPF.
Thank you, Elle.
I thought you were gone.
Home? No, no, no.
I'm not ready yet--
Epidermally speaking,
that is.
I'm actually feeling
a little bit muddy.
I need a light exfoliation...
followed by
super rich hydration...
and I thought, Victoria will
have a good recommendation.
Sweetie, this really
isn't the best time.
I know you're very busy...
so I already called
your facialist.
The thing is she said
you didn't come in today.
Oh, no, no.
I went someplace else.
Someplace new. Is that all?
No, that's not all.
Every woman knows
that a good facial...
can be a painful experience
if done properly...
resulting in red blotchy areas
all over your skin...
swelling, tenderness
in your T-zone area.

Even more so if your facialist
is Eastern European...
as so many of the best are.
Payback for the fall
of Communism, I like to say.
What on earth
are you talking about?
Isn't it
the first rule of facials...
that there's a 24-hour window
between a facial...
and any major occasion
such as a date or a dance...
or maybe an interview
with Mrs. Maury Povich?
I don't think that's a rule...
the most well-groomed woman
in Washington would forget.
This is ridiculous.
Could we clear this room?
You lied to me
about your lunch hour.
Why? Because you were having
lunch with Hannenfeld?
You've been lobbying
against us all this time.
For God's sakes, enough.
Thank you. Out, out, out.
Thank you.
I'll be with you in a moment.
Yes. I lied to you.
I killed Bruiser's Bill.
But you're an animal lover.
What about Dolly Madison,
your beagle?
Not mine. I borrowed it.
And it reeked.
Looked good on the sofa.
We've been through
all of this before.
I traded your bill
for the homeowners bill...
that Grace had committed me to.
That's a lie.

Grace never wanted that.
You blocked this bill
and I want to know why.
- Why?
- Yes, why?
Why does anything happen
in Washington? Survival.
You have no idea what it takes
to get here and stay here.
The money it takes.
It just so happens that
my chief financial contributor
purchased half share
in a major cosmetics company...
and they want to continue
testing on animals...
so much so
that they're willing...
to bankroll my opponent
in next year's elections...
if I did not kill your bill.
I trusted you.
I looked up to you.
I can't do anyone any good
if I'm no longer here.
But you're not doing
anybody any good.
Nobody in your district,
not even yourself.
And I'm sorry,
but I can't let that happen.
You can't prove
why I changed my vote...
or how I blocked your bill.
It's your word against mine...
and I've spent 20 years
building up my credibility...
in this town and back home.
I'm not going to the press.
I don't believe in blackmail.
But I do believe
in the people...
and I'm going to take
Bruiser's Bill to them.

The people believe
what we tell them to believe.
It'll never work, Elle.
You can't get
the people to care.
Watch me.
Ladies...
it's time.
You mean...
Are you sure?
As sure as I am that nobody
looks good in paisley.
Are you with me?
I think so. Serena?
Yeah. Yes.
We're with you, Elle.
Go for it.
Oh, my God!
Delta Nu president,
Chapter 2-6...
I.D. Number 097435.
Third from the top.
fifth from the top...
calling to activate
phone tree number 255.
Call to activate
phone tree 255!
This is not a fire drill.
I repeat, this is not a drill!
Sisters mobilized.
E.T.A. 0800 hours.
- Hi, Heather, it's Buffy.
- Hi, Kiki, it's Tiffani.
- Hi, Amber, it's Becky.
- Hi, Audrey, it's Melanie.
- Hi, Jos, it's Breena.
- Hi, Courtney, it's Veronica.
- Hi, Christy, it's Nat.
- Hi, Binky, it's Nicki.
- Hi, Jill, it's Jojo.
- Hi, Allison, it's Cookie.
You will never believe
what happened.
Elle just called

and she needs our help...
Suzy, we're taking it
to Defcon One.
There's a crisis right now.
Where the president is.
Exactly.
There's an emergency
in Washington.
Road trip?
OK, see you in Washington.
Save Bruiser's mom!
Save Bruiser's mom!
Help me out, tell a friend.
Save Bruiser's mom!
I like your necklace.
Gay Dogs of America
support Bruiser's Bill!
We're gonna tee it

around 12:

Miss, save me a good one.
Full-color big picture
of Bruiser.
Emmett!
What are you doing here?
Wedding research.
What?
Elle, your work is here now
and it's important.
So I'm bringing
the wedding to you.
First step,
get groom to Washington.
But what about Fenway Park?
Look, I don't care
where I marry you...
just as long as I do.
I do. I do. Feels good.
So what's Step Two?
That's Step Two.
Save Bruiser's mom!
Save Bruiser's mom!
Save Bruiser's mom!
Save Bruiser's mom!

Colorado. Photo ops after.
Grace, are you all right?
Save Bruiser's mom!
Save Bruiser's mom!
Save Bruiser's mom!
Rutherford. Check.
Porter. Check.
Hutchins. Check.
Uh-oh. That's it.
It's not enough.
Tomorrow's a wash.
It's National Education Day.
Got a meeting of both Houses,
ceremonial speeches--
there's no time for politicking.
Sorry, Elle, we tried.
We have to keep trying.
Hello?
You want those
last fifteen signatures?
Grace?
It'll take
something extraordinary.
You'll have to pull something...
no regular citizen
would ever dream of.
Fine, but how am I
going to do that?
You're going to address
the entire Congress...
and I know just the person
to make it happen.
Who? Is that even possible?
Look, Elle,
you may be above blackmail...
but I'm not.
Grace, why are you helping me?
Because once upon a time
I loved politics...
and I want to do some good.
What has that got to do with me?
Look, those silly girls
that I told you about...
with the blisters on their feet?

I was one of them.
We have celebrated today
elementary education...
secondary
and higher education...
and now...
Don't even think about it.
And now...
This is
a little unconventional.
With the Speaker's...
and the president
of the Senate's permission...
please indulge me
as I share the floor...
with my constituent...
who in the spirit
of education...
would like to educate us all
on a vital issue...
facing us today.
Ladies and gentlemen
of both Houses...
I give you Ms. Elle Woods.
It's all yours.
Thank you, Congresswoman.
Hello, everyone,
my name is Elle Woods...
and I'm here
to speak to you today...
about a piece of legislation
called Bruiser's Bill.
But you know...
today is supposed to be
about education.
So instead, I want to tell you
about the education...
you all have given me
over the past three months.
What about Bruiser's Bill?
We still need 15 signatures.
She's blowing it.
I came to Washington
to help my dog Bruiser...

and somewhere
along the way...
I learned
a really unexpected lesson.
I know what you're thinking--
Who is this girl?
And what could this simple,
small-town girl from Bel Air...
have to say to all of us?
I'll tell you.
It's about something
that's bigger than me...
or any single act
of legislation.
This is about a matter
that should be at...
the highest importance
to every American--
My hair.
There's this salon
in Beverly Hills.
It's really fancy and beautiful.
It's impossible
to get an appointment.
Unless you're Julia Roberts
or from "Friends"...
you can just forget it.
But one day, they called me.
They had an opening.
So I was going to finally
get the chance...
to sit in one of
those sacred beauty chairs.
I was so excited.
Then the colorist...
gave me Brassy Brigitte
instead of Harlow Honey.
The shampoo girl washed my hair
with spiral perm solution...
instead of color-intensive
moisturizing shampoo.
Finally, the stylist...
gave me a bob... with bangs.
Suffice to say,

it was just wrong.
All wrong. For me, you know?
First I was angry.
And then I realized my anger
was completely misdirected.
This wasn't the salon's fault.
I had sat there and
witnessed this injustice...
and had let it happen.
I didn't get involved
in the process.
I forgot to use my voice.
I forgot to believe in myself.
But now I know better.
I know that one honest voice
can be louder than a crowd.
I know that
if we lose our voice...
or if we let those
who speak on our behalf...
compromise our voice...
then, this country...
this country is in
for a really bad haircut.
So speak up, America.
Speak up!
Speak up for the home
of the brave.
Speak up for the land
of the free gift with purchase.
Speak up, America. Speak up!
And remember...
you are beautiful.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Everyone, it's time I spoke up.
I think Timothy's smoking!
I'm married.
Thank you.
You didn't! Thank you!
Thank you!
Thank you.
What is this? Oh, my God!
That's so perfect!

This week,
Congresswoman Libby Hauser...
finished decorating
her house...
sent her son off to college...
and negotiated a settlement...
between the San Antonio
labor unions...
and the Department
of Sanitation.

Snaps for Congresswoman Hauser!

Now that we're married,
where do you want to live?

Beverly Hills? Boston?

Washington?

- I know just the place.

- Yeah?