

# MERCEDES

6.

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MERCEDES AND ELLE'S APARTMENT - TWO WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

Looks like Barbie's crash pad. Dressed in gray, her hair a mess, and a large half eaten Whitman Sampler at her feet, Elle sprawls on the couch, watching CNN. Bruiser is curled up next to her. Mercedes enters and Elle mutes the TV.

MERCEDES

I was totally meant to be Jewish.

ELLE

Your Kabbalah class was good?

MERCEDES

Amazing. It's teaching me to remove all the shallowness from my life. And Demi Moore was there today!

(beat)

What are you watching?

ELLE

Nothing.

Mercedes takes the remote and turns the SOUND back on.

MERCEDES

Not again! I mean, how many times a day can this show even be on?

ELLE

The news is not a "show." Anyway, there was a really important story about an uprising in Chiapas. The indigenous people are rebelling over land reform and labor issues.

MERCEDES

Obsessively tracking civil unrest in random European cities is a sign of depression, Elle.

ELLE

Chiapas is in Mexico.

MERCEDES

Who cares! News is boring. It's for old people and invalids...and the seriously depressed.

Elle reacts. Mercedes plops down on the couch next to her.

LEGALLY BLONDE

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MERCEDES (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what's, like, wrong in this world...when you need cheering up from me. It's always been the other way around. Remember March 1998? Total crisis mode? My arm lipo rippled outside the Delt house, pre-formal?

ELLE

(fondly remembering)

We made sleeves out of a garbage bag and told everyone it was from the Milan collection.

MERCEDES

I'm convinced Versace ripped us off with those puffy shirts in 2001.

ELLE

I had such good fashion instincts back then. Now, I don't have any instincts, period.

MERCEDES

You so do!

ELLE

Trust me, I don't. I ordered a sweater off of QVC today.

MERCEDES

No!

ELLE

(miserable)

I know. It had snowflakes on it.

MERCEDES

Elle, you haven't left the house in two weeks. You've got to start going out. How about we go get chopped salads at CPK?

ELLE

How can I enjoy crisp lettuce, succulent tomatoes and those smoky little bacon bits when there's suffering in the world?

MERCEDES

Okay, I never thought I'd say this but, maybe you should get a...a job. I mean, you studied for months for that bar exam, you passed in New York and California, and now it's all going to waste.

LEGALLY BLONDE

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# MERCEDES

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ELLE

When you're a lawyer, you have to rely on your intuition every day, and that's something I'm seriously lacking.

MERCEDES

Come on, Elle. Where's that "the sun'll come up, tomorrow" attitude? Slip on your Jimmy Choos and let's go...

END

Suddenly, something on TV catches Elle's eye.

ELLE

It's Ingrid! My old housekeeper!

Bruiser POPS his head up.

INTERCUT ANGLE ON TV

A shot of INGRID, a blonde Swedish woman in her 40's, dressed in an orange prison jumpsuit, being led out the back of a courtroom and loaded into a waiting police van.

MERCEDES

Yeah, I heard something about that. She stabbed her ex-boyfriend to death. They found his body in his steam-room.

ELLE

What? There's no way! Ingrid couldn't even bring herself to cut the Thanksgiving turkey.

The TV shifts to COLE MITCHELL, 30s, handsome and well-dressed, standing on the steps of the Beverly Hills courthouse. He's talking to reporters.

COLE

There's no doubt in my mind that we'll win this appeal. The police's search warrant was invalid, and the alleged murder weapon found in my client's possession was therefore inadmissible.

ELLE

Why's he talking about the search warrant? That's what they do when the defendant's guilty. He should be out looking for evidence to clear her!

Elle rewinds the report with her Tivo remote, and goes back to the shot of Ingrid.

LEGALLY BLONDE

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