

(EMMETT and ELLE are left alone.)

ELLE. Emmett, I'm sorry –

EMMETT. I don't need you to be sorry. I need you to tell me the alibi.

ELLE. I can't because I gave Brooke my word. Having an alibi isn't the only way to win this case.

EMMETT. No, but it sure would help.

ELLE. Work with me. We'll free Brooke the right way. The noble way.

EMMETT. This isn't a Lifetime Original Movie, Elle. I'm not interested in nobility right now. I'm more interested in saving Brooke's life.

ELLE. No, you're not. You're more interested in impressing Callahan.

EMMETT. Well, he IS my boss. And if I impress him he'll make me associate.

ELLE. And jeopardize your client's trust and our integrity?

EMMETT. Well, when you put it that way.

ELLE. Exactly, you butthead. My word means something. I know yours does too.

EMMETT. Butthead? Really?

ELLE. Yes, really. C'mon, let's get out of here.

EMMETT. Why do you always have to be right?

ELLE. I don't have to be . . . when I'm with you, I just am. Hey, if you want to impress Callahan, I can help.

EMMETT. Okay, how?

ELLE. Listen, I love your scruffy vibe, but "Casual Friday" is so not in Callahan's vocabulary, and you have to dress the part if you want to get ahead.

EMMETT. Elle, didn't your mother ever teach you about not judging a book by its cover?

ELLE. She did. And books with tattered covers stay on the shelf.

EMMETT. Thanks a lot.

ELLE. Emmett, this isn't a perfect world. Think people haven't judged me my whole life? Think it wasn't a good idea to make navy my new pink?

EMMETT. No, that was a good idea. But where are we going?

ELLE. It's called a department store.