

(ELLE sits in the salon chair. PAULETTE enters.)

PAULETTE. Hey there! Welcome to the Hair Affair. You're with Paulette so you're in good hands. I'm sorta like Allstate, but for hair.

ELLE. Make me a brunette.

PAULETTE. Brunette? What? *(Gesturing to ELLE's hair.)* And change this, a genetic lotto win? Alright, back up. Paulette's listenin'. Spill.

ELLE. Okay. I'm Elle Woods, and I came all the way out for Harvard Law School –

PAULETTE. That's a good school!

ELLE. I know, right? Anyway, I did it to follow my one true love Warner out here and now he's . . . *(gagging)* he's dating this evil preppie.

PAULETTE. So what's she got that you don't got? Three boobs?

ELLE. She's *(air quotes)* "serious."

PAULETTE. Seriously, she have three boobs?

ELLE. No, she's a constipated polo shirt with a mousy brown bob. Apparently that's what Warner wants. So, you have to make me a brunette.

PAULETTE. Whoa, whoa, whoa. Do you know the number one reason behind all Bad Hair Decisions? Love!