

(The GIRLS bust in... but ELLE is not there.)

SERENA

Guys, she's not here.

(BRUISER the Chihuahua sits on a chair.)

MARGOT

(spoken)

Bruiser, where's Elle?

BRUISER

(Yaps)

MARGOT

She doesn't have an engagement outfit?

BRUISER

(Yaps)

MARGOT

She's totally freaking out?!

BRUISER

(Yaps)

MARGOT

She's trapped in the old valley mill?!!

BRUISER

(Yap, Yap)

MARGOT

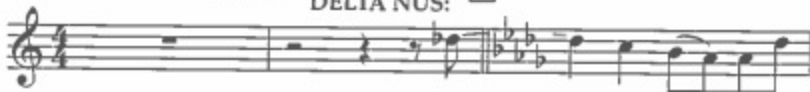
Oh sorry, the Old Valley Mall.

(#2 - OMIGOD YOU GUYS (PART 2) begins.)

OMIGOD YOU GUYS (PART 2)

(All relieved. Then gasp.)

DELTA NUS: 3



Oh ————— My God, — O-mi-



god you guys. — Fa - shion cri-sis to su-per-vise! — No



— one should be left a-lone to dress and to — ac - cess -

PILAR

Tell me those are fun-sized.

(ELLE comes out of her room.)

ELLE

Girls, must we all descend into madness?

PILAR

Oh, honey, so good to see you... Look! We brought you new magazines. We've got *Town and Country* and your favorite, the one they named after you, *Elle* magazine.

(The DELTA NUs surround ELLE and try to cheer her up with the stack of magazines. ELLE listlessly leafs through an issue of Town and Country magazine.)

ELLE

Thanks, Pilar. But it's gonna take more than *Elle* and *Town and Country* to bring me back from my shame spiral.

MARGOT

Well then sweetie, you're just gonna hafta hold on 'cause the new *Vogue's* not out 'til next week.

(The GIRLS make a triangle symbol and look heavenward. ELLE smiles despite herself and flips through Town and Country then screams bloody-murder.)

SERENA

What? Don't tell me ponchos are back in.

(ELLE jerks to attention, holds up the magazine.)

ELLE

No, worse! It's Warner's brother – Peyton Huntington the Fourth and his bride! Pictures from his wedding! LOOK!

(MARGOT and SERENA inspect the photo and collectively cringe.)

SERENA

(horrificed)

Muffy Vanderbilt?!

MARGOT, SERENA & PILAR

Muffy?!

ELLE

Wait a sec! That's the kind of girl Warner wants! Someone serious!

CALLAHAN

Only if she has a licensed attorney to supervise and without me, she does not.

EMMETT

Yes she does. I'm licensed, your honor. I'll gladly supervise.

CALLAHAN

You work for me, remember?

EMMETT

No. I work for myself.

(to CALLAHAN)

And I don't have to hit on interns, Professor.

(ELLE turns to EMMETT, shocked. CALLAHAN exits.)

ELLE

Thank you, Emmett.

EMMETT

Did you think I was actually gonna let you just get away?

JUDGE

Uh – Ms. Woods? Any day now... You may proceed.

(bangs the gavel)

Call your first witness.

ELLE

We call Chutney Wyndham to the stand.

(# 35 – CHUTNEY WYNDHAM begins. CHUTNEY WYNDHAM, the victim's daughter by a previous marriage, is sworn in. She has a total Michael Jackson 'fro. SERENA and MARGOT gasp as they take in CHUTNEY's hair.)

SERENA

Omigod.

MARGOT

T.T.P.

PILAR

Total Tragic Perm.

ELLE

Miss Wyndham, what was your relationship to the deceased?