

EXT. BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick marches Kat around the yard, holding her up

KAT

This is so patronizing.

PATRICK

Leave it to you to use big words when you're shitfaced.

KAT

Why 're you doing this?

PATRICK

I told you

KAT

You don't care if I die

PATRICK

Sure, I do

KAT

Why?

PATRICK

Because then I'd have to start taking out girls who like me.

KAT

Like you could find one

PATRICK

See that? Who needs affection when I've got blind hatred?

KAT

Just let me sit down.

He walks her over to the swingset and plops her down in a swing, moving her hands to hang onto the chains.

PATRICK

How's that?

She sits and looks at him for a moment with a smile. Then FALLS over backward.

PATRICK  
(continuing)  
Jesus. You're like a weeble

Patrick rushes to right her, then starts pushing her on the swing to keep her entertained.

PATRICK  
(continuing)  
Why'd you let him get to you?

KAT  
Who?

PATRICK  
Dorsey.

KAT  
I hate him.

PATRICK  
I know. It'd have to be a pretty big deal to get you to mainline tequila. You don't seem like the type.

KAT  
(holding up a  
drunken head)  
Hey man. . . You don ' t think I can be "cool"? You don't think I can be "laid back" like everyone else?

PATRICK  
(slightly  
sarcastic)  
I thought you were above all that

KAT  
You know what they say

He stops the swing

PATRICK  
No. What do they say?

Kat is asleep, her head resting against the swing's chains.

PATRICK  
(continuing)  
Shit!

He drags her to her feet and starts singing loudly.

PATRICK  
(continuing)  
Jingle Bells! Jingle Belles! Wake up  
damn it!

He sits her down on the slide and shakes her like a rag doll.

PATRICK  
(continuing)  
Kat! Wake up!

KAT  
(waking)  
What?

He sighs with relief.

PATRICK  
I thought you were...

(BEAT) (Stares each other in the eyes for a moment)

KAT  
(continuing)  
When you were gone last year -- where  
were you?

PATRICK  
Busy

KAT

Were you in jail?

PATRICK

Maybe.

KAT

No, you weren't

PATRICK

Then why'd you ask?

KAT

Why'd you lie?

He doesn't answer, but instead, frowns and turns up the music. She bobs her head drunkenly.

KAT

(continuing)

I should do this.

PATRICK

Do what?

KAT

This.

She points to the radio

PATRICK

Start a band?

KAT

(sarcastically)

My father wouldn't approve of that that

PATRICK

You don't strike me as the type that  
would ask permission.

She turns to look at him.

KAT

Oh, so now you think you know me?

PATRICK

I'm gettin' there

Her voice loses it's venom

KAT

The only thing people know about me is  
that I'm "scary".

He turns to look at her -- she looks anything but scary  
right now. He tries to hide his smile.

PATRICK

Yeah -- well, I'm no picnic myself.

They eye each other, sharing a moment of connection,  
realizing they're both created the same exterior for  
themselves.

Patrick pulls into her driveway and shuts off the motor. He  
looks up at her house.

PATRICK

(continuing)

So what 's up with your dad? He a  
pain in the ass?

KAT

He just wants me to be someone I'm not.

PATRICK

Who?

KAT

BIANCA

PATRICK

No offense, but you're sister is  
without. I know everyone likes her and  
all, but ...

Kat stares at him with new admiration.

KAT

You know -- you're not as vile as I  
thought you were.

She leans drunkenly toward him.

Their faces grow closer as if they're about to kiss And then  
Patrick turns away

PATRICK

So, I'll see you in school

Kat stares at him, pissed. Then gets out of the car,  
SLAMMING the door shut behind her.