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 weebles

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.