

Something Borrowed

Written by

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FADE IN:

CLOSE ON A WOMAN'S FACE, BEAUTIFUL AND STRONG. SHE'S CRYING.

INT. KAT'S BEDROOM - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The woman is KAT ELLIS, 30. Tears stream down her face as she sits cross-legged amid the detritus of a packing frenzy. There is an unfortunate green bridesmaid's dress hanging on the back of the door.

Kat's pain is palpable. She buries her head in her lap. Suddenly, the doorbell RINGS.

Kat sits bolt upright, wide eyed. She looks around in disbelief. How did this happen? What is she doing on the floor?

KAT  
(sweetly)  
Hold on!

INT. HALLWAY

A BIKE MESSENGER stands outside Kat's door. He busts a covert ipod dance while he waits.

KAT (O.S.)  
Coming!

INT. KAT'S FOYER

Kat wipes her face and inhales, summoning deep calm.

INT. HALLWAY

The Bike Messenger looks up as the door swings open.

Kat is a changed woman. Nothing like the girl we saw on the floor. You'd never know she had been crying. Or that she even knows how.

KAT  
I'm so sorry. I wasn't quite ready  
for you.

Kat props the door open with her foot as she slides a plane ticket into an envelope. She scribbles a name on the envelope, seals it, and hands it to him.

BIKE MESSENGER

Lady, you said this was a rush. I can't rush anything anywhere if you don't give it to me.

Kat looks down at the envelope, she's still holding on to it.

KAT

It's a plane ticket.

BIKE MESSENGER

So it is.

KAT

For a date.

(beat)

For my date. To my sister's wedding. In London.

(beat)

He's never met my family.

BIKE MESSENGER

I hear that noise.

Kat wills herself to surrender the envelope.

BIKE MESSENGER (CONT'D)

You need to let go.

KAT

Yeah.

(beat)

You're going to have to help me.

The Bike Messenger gently tugs the envelope out of her hand. Kat smiles.

KAT (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The Bike Messenger looks at her with genuine concern.

INT. KAT'S APARTMENT

Racing against time, Kat throws open a linen closet to reveal three neat rows of plastic bins, all perfectly labeled. Kat reaches into the bin marked "TRAVEL" and pulls out a pre-packed toiletry kit.

Kat pulls a box marked "LONDON" out from underneath her bed. She opens it.

Pushing aside an old private school uniform and some letters, she pulls out a worn *London A-Z*, a Ziploc marked "ADAPTERS," and her passport.

She's about to close the box when she sees an old photo. In it, a GORGEOUS GUY kisses Kat on the cheek. He's holding the camera himself -- it's blurred and goofy, but full of love. Kat jams it back in the box and shoves it under the bed.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET

The Bike Messenger darts in and out of traffic, avoiding the throngs of NEW YORKERS enjoying this crisp fall day.

INT. KAT'S APARTMENT

Kat races through her apartment, packing, cleaning, getting ready. Her place is small yet put together. It's Crate and Barrel meets Martha. But in a good way.

INT. KAT'S BATHROOM

Kat, finally still, stares into the mirror as she brushes her teeth. There's a strange intensity to it, like she's scrubbing away the last of her distress.

EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT

The Bike Messenger passes a waiting Town Car as he pulls up to a stoop. He hefts his bike, runs up the stairs, and slips the envelope into the door of...

INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT

A tasteful flat. Stylish yet masculine. A MAN stoops to pick up the envelope. We don't see his face, just his ordered, minimalist apartment as he zips his carry-on and walks out the door.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET

His face obscured, the man steps into the purring Town Car.

EXT. KAT'S APARTMENT BUILDING

A TAXI DRIVER slams his trunk as Kat gets in. Kat's apprehensive face peers out the window as they pull away.

INT. JFK AIRPORT

A ridiculously long line snakes towards the X-Ray machines. Latte in hand, Kat cuts right through the middle.

Irate PASSENGERS scowl at her. Kat does this every day. She should be used to the looks by now. She's not. She pointedly flashes the crowd her AIRPORT EMPLOYEE BADGE as she sails through security.

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE - JFK AIRPORT

Kat enters the Virgin Atlantic customer service hub. It's as cramped as it is busy. A FEMALE EMPLOYEE approaches with a question. Kat puts up her hand.

KAT

I'm off duty. I do not exist.  
Don't even look at me.

The lady backs off. As Kat hurries away, a HARRIED EMPLOYEE matches her step and launches in.

HARRIED EMPLOYEE

I've got a tour group from Taipei trapped in customs, a dead poodle in Cargo parked at T9, and a lost grandmother staggering around International asking for her mommy. Oh, and there's a guy on two who was stuck with his in-laws for a week because we couldn't get him out of Dulles. The in-laws aren't speaking to him anymore and, for some reason, he's pissed.

Kat's trying not to get sucked in.

KAT

I would love to help you. Sincerely. But my sister's getting married this weekend, I haven't seen my family in two years, and my flight leaves in fifteen minutes.

The Harried Employee looks like he's going to lose it. Kat struggles, then caves.

KAT (CONT'D)

You take Taipei. Tammy's schnauzer just had puppies.

(MORE)

KAT(cont'd)

Put her on the dead dog. Park reps with wheelchairs at every john in T8. If Grandma just got off a trans-con, she's gotta go sometime.

Kat starts to walk away.

HARRIED EMPLOYEE

What about line two?

Kat spins around and glares at him.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

On the phone, Kat is in the middle of saying way too much.

KAT

(into phone)

I completely understand, sir. You just want your in-laws to see you the way you see yourself. Or at least the way you *would* see yourself if you didn't feel so victimized by them.

At that moment, a CLIPBOARD manager walks by. He overhears Kat's diatribe and is incredulous.

CLIPBOARD

Hello? Calls may be monitored for quality control?

KAT

Huh?

CLIPBOARD

Over-share!

Kat waves him off. Then, by rote:

KAT

(into phone)

Mr. Rajagopal, we regret that you were snowed in at Dulles but snowstorms fall under a category called *force majeure*. Along with earthquakes, hurricanes, and floods. In short, we're not liable.

Kat checks to make sure the Clipboard has moved on. Then, she continues, softly but very quickly.

KAT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

But just this once, I'm going to refund the full price of your ticket and credit you 10,000 frequent flyer miles. Thank you for calling Virgin Atlantic!

INT. CABIN - PLANE

Kat sits in first class, absently scanning the safety card. A PRETTY WOMAN across the aisle notices and smiles.

PRETTY WOMAN

Your first trip?

Kat realizes she's been reading the safety card. She laughs and puts it back in the seat pocket. As she often does, Kat feels compelled to explain.

KAT

Hardly. My family moved to England when I was fourteen. My stepdad's a professor at University College, London.

(beat)

I'm going back for my sister's wedding...and the best man's my ex. In case I chicken out, I want to know where all the exits are.

Kat eyes the front door, nervously.

PRETTY WOMAN

I don't believe in marriage. I believe in hot sex. Of course, that draws men to me like flies to shit.

Kat doesn't know what to say, but then a HOT GUY walks up the aisle. Kat looks at the empty seat next to her and smiles at him. He returns the smile but sits next to the Pretty Woman.

HOT GUY

Hello, my sweet darling.

He gives the Pretty Woman a "madly in love" kiss. The Pretty Woman rolls her eyes to Kat -- what did I tell you?

INT. GALLEY - PLANE

Kat is hiding out. She tries to calm her nerves as a MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT pours her a cup of water.

KAT

I'm not a knuckler. I fly all the time. In fact, I transferred from Heathrow two years ago and now I run Bags and Nags here at Kennedy, so things are going really well for me. The reason I can't feel my legs is that any minute, my date is going to walk in that door. And I need him to look really, really good today.

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(not listening)

*I wish* I couldn't feel my legs.

Kat peeks around the corner and spots the back of the mysterious MAN from the opening as he loads the overhead bin above Kat's seat. Kat gasps, ducking back.

KAT

Oh, no. He's here.

The Male Flight Attendant looks out at the Man, who leans against Kat's seat as he chats with a FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT. Kat's in a panic.

KAT (CONT'D)

What do you think? Does he look hot, and is it the kinda hot that'll translate overseas?

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I resent your stereotyping of a man in my profession but...

He checks out the guy again.

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

...darling, he'd be hot on Mars. I'd like to unwrap him like a Harrod's gift basket.

Kat smiles, relieved.



INT. CABIN - PLANE

The mystery man is NICK MERCER, 32, commanding and classy, yet somehow totally genuine. He carries his '40s-crooner good looks like he has no idea that men just aren't made that way anymore.

Nick takes two glasses of champagne from the blushing Female Flight Attendant.

NICK  
Thank you, Lisa.

He turns around to take his seat and finds Kat standing there, awkwardly.

KAT  
Hi. Hey.

NICK  
Kat.

Nick kisses Kat warmly on the cheek and hands her a glass of champagne. Nick's totally at ease. This may as well be a candle-lit bar.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Let's sit.

Kat awkwardly negotiates her drink as they take their seats.

KAT  
I'm glad you found it okay. The airport. The plane, I mean.

Nick notices Kat's anxiety, tries to settle her.

NICK  
I really am sorry I couldn't leave earlier. I know you would have loved a few hours to settle in before the party.

Kat melts a little. That's just what she was thinking.

KAT  
Work must be crazy right now.

Nick gives Kat a quizzical look. There's something going on here. Though it's not clear what. Kat fills the space.

KAT (CONT'D)

I've gotta warn you, you know those families where everyone's out of their minds but at the end of the day, they're family, so you love them?

(off his nod)

Mine's not like that.

The Flight Attendant appears with a small tray. Kat notices the woman's cheeks flush as she fumbles Nick's drink.

Nick smiles warmly, but deftly ends the moment. He's like a famous person who has learned to manage his adoring fans with casual grace.

KAT (CONT'D)

I love my dad. But since he's my stepdad, he's technically not family. He's more like a hostage.

Kat tries to find her seat belt. It's under Nick.

She reaches beneath him, tentatively, then pulls back, embarrassed.

KAT (CONT'D)

My seat belt, it's....

Nick pulls out the seat belt and hands it to her. Kat buckles up, checks that it's snug, then checks again.

They sit in silence as the plane starts barreling down the runway.

As they pick up speed, Nick takes Kat's hand. She finds comfort in his touch, her need to talk abates momentarily. She is safe.

Kat closes her eyes as the plane levels off, then peeks over at Nick, who's calmly staring out the window. She closes her eyes again, this time for good.

EXT. LONDON - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - HEATHROW

Nick and Kat wait at the baggage claim. She looks at his tie, then down at her dress. They are the exact same color.

KAT  
(concerned)  
Please tell me you're not wearing  
that tonight.

Her dress is indeed the exact same color as Nick's tie.

KAT  
It's no big deal. Really. It just  
looks like a tailor cut off a yard  
of my dress and made your tie out  
of it.

Nick doesn't get it. He heaves one of Kat's suitcases onto a  
trolley full of matching suitcases.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Don't get me wrong, matching's  
fine. It's "matchy matchy" you've  
got to watch out for.  
(re: outfits)  
*This is matchy-matchy.*

Nick, amused, tugs the last of the bags off the carousel and  
adds it to a pile of what appears to be an entire floor model  
of matching luggage.

NICK  
You think we look like we're trying  
too hard.

KAT  
Exactly. I want us to look like we  
fit, but not like we're trying too  
hard to look like we fit.  
(beat)  
It's welcome cocktails, not prom.  
With this level of matchy-matchy, we  
should be drinking peach schnapps  
under a bleacher somewhere.

Nick laughs at Kat. Then fixes her with an intense stare.

NICK  
I'll teach you a trick. If you  
look people in the eye, they'll  
never even notice what you have on.

Kat, overwhelmed by his charisma, is mesmerized.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What color are my shoes?

KAT  
(dreamily)  
You have feet?

Nick smiles sweetly and touches her cheek.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - OUTSIDE LONDON - DAY

The Heathrow Express thunders towards London.

INT. HEATHROW EXPRESS - [MOVING] - DAY

Nick stands by the W.C., flipping through *Cosmo*. He can do that without looking gay. He talks to Kat through the door.

NICK  
I understand how important this is to you, but you're a beautiful woman and you've got everything in the world going for you. I couldn't care less what you have on.

Kat comes out modeling a black strapless.

KAT  
Don't patronize me.

They've clearly been at this a while.

NICK  
You're funny.

KAT  
Yeah, but I feel like crap. And if you feel like crap, it's way better to look hot while you're doing it.

He checks her out.

NICK  
Mission accomplished.

KAT  
Really?  
(beat)  
Don't get too attached.

She bolts back to the bathroom, nearly knocking over a ZITTY TEENAGER who's waiting his turn.

ZITTY TEENAGER  
I liked the red one better.

NICK  
I'll let her know.

INT. W.C. - HEATHROW EXPRESS

Kat, alone in the W.C., meticulously rearranges a layer of paper towel on the floor so she can step out of her shoes. She expertly slides off the first dress while simultaneously pulling another one on -- not an inch of skin shows.

She struggles as the train rocks back and forth.

NICK (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
I bet you're doing that girl thing,  
where you get undressed without  
showing any skin.

Kat looks around suspiciously.

KAT  
No, I'm not.

How'd he know?

INT. HEATHROW EXPRESS - CONTINUOUS

Kat emerges from the bathroom wearing the new dress. Nick checks it out.

NICK  
Mmm.

KAT  
Mmm, nice dress? Or mmm--  
(British accent)  
Gorgeous, I was insane to let you  
go!

NICK  
Both.

Kat looks to the Zitty Teenager for his opinion.

ZITTY TEENAGER  
I'd do you.  
(to Nick)  
(MORE)

ZITTY TEENAGER(cont'd)

I mean, if it was all right with  
you.

Kat gives the passenger an appreciative smile, then flies back into the bathroom. Nick, amused by her antics, steps closer to the door.

NICK

You know, they say you can tell everything you need to know about a person from the way they act when they're naked.

KAT

(popping her head out)  
I don't do naked. My sister? She does naked.

Kat ducks back into the bathroom.

MUSIC UP. NAKED MONTAGE:

INT. W.C. - HEATHROW EXPRESS

Kat pulls her dress over her head.

MATCH CUT TO:

ANOTHER WOMAN, PULLING OFF HER DRESS.

INT. AMY'S BATHROOM

The woman is Kat's sister, AMY ELLIS, 28. She graces a bath mat in all her infinite nakedness. Totally nude, she gently places her veil on her head and begins the ablutions of a Greek goddess. A dot of bath oil, a pure white towel, one squirt self-tanner, one squirt lotion.

Finally, she pulls out a bottle of olive oil, pours two drops into her hands and rubs them together.

Then she stares in the mirror, regarding herself with a look so blank it could be anything from admiration to revulsion.

Just then, a KNOCK.

The groom, EDWARD FLETCHER-WOOTEN, 31, enters, wearing a robe. He flashes Amy as he does a silly dance then smothers her inside his robe. Amy giggles and tries to break free.

At first she's laughing, but then she turns on a dime and shoves him off more forcefully than she meant to.

She kisses him on the lips, trying to cover, and shoos him out the door.

INT. BUNNY'S DRESSING ROOM

The mother of the bride, BUNNY ELLIS, 60, drops her robe on the floor. She is about to put on a bra when she catches her reflection in a full-length mirror on the door.

She is momentarily surprised by what she sees. She turns and faces her image. This is not the woman she is in her head. This is an old woman with uncooperative skin. With one swift movement, she slams the door.

INT. ELLIS HOUSE - ST. JOHN'S WOOD

The father of the bride, VICTOR ELLIS, 65, wearing only a pair of socks, walks downstairs. He's completely comfortable in his nakedness and trots around as if he's fully clothed.

He sings to himself. The words of the song are incomprehensible but he sings with an unrestrained Sinatra sass.

Victor enters the kitchen, opens the fridge and starts scrounging. Inside the fridge door, Victor bends over and his bare butt sticks out. As he closes the fridge door, we cut to...

A SHOWER DOOR SLIDING OPEN.

INT. JEFFREY'S FLAT

Inside, the best man, JEFFREY JOHNSON, 31, the guy from the snapshot under Kat's bed, glistens with a post-shower flush. Jeffrey towels off with a miniscule washcloth.

Stepping out of the bathroom, Jeffrey notices an 18-year-old NYMPHETTE watching him through her kitchen window. He crosses to the window but instead of closing the blinds, he opens them wider and jumps up onto a pull-up bar.

The Nymphette blushes and looks away. As he starts pumping and his manhood rises dangerously close to frame, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. LANESBOROUGH HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Upscale cars deliver upscale people to this stately hotel in Central London.

INT. LOBBY - LANESBOROUGH HOTEL

Nick pays the BELLHOP, who trolleys away their bags. He turns to find Kat. She's wearing the red dress. The Zitty Teenager was right. It's really hot.

Kat starts doing a yoga breath of fire, trying to relax. Nick takes Kat's hand and pulls her close.

NICK  
You okay, hon?

Kat nods, clearly not okay. Nick smooths a piece of hair behind her ear. There is a practiced intimacy to the way he touches her and Kat is almost settled by it.

KAT  
I'm not sure I can do this.

Nick moves towards Kat as if he's going to kiss her, but then he whispers in her ear.

NICK  
You're never going to be sure of anything, but we still have to go inside.

Just then, Kat's mother appears.

BUNNY  
(singing)  
"Baby love, my baby love."

A few BRITS dart looks at this very American display.

KAT  
Please, Mom. This is not the time to be yourself.

Bunny folds Kat and Nick into a drunken embrace. Bunny gives Nick the once-over.

BUNNY  
(to Nick)  
And who might this be?



Kat's mortified but Nick quickly saves her.

NICK  
I'm the new guy.  
(kissing Bunny)  
It's great to meet you.

Bunny throws Kat an unsubtle, "I'm impressed" look and leads them into the party.

INT. LANESBOROUGH HOTEL

Bunny, Kat and Nick emerge into a sea of Burberry, floppy hair, and unspoken judgments. Bunny turns to Nick and Kat, all business.

BUNNY  
This is a marathon, not a sprint.  
After welcome cocktails, you've got  
the hen party. Tomorrow, there's a  
picnic and the rehearsal dinner and  
since you've conveniently left no  
margin for jet lag--  
(squeezing Kat's cheek)  
I need you to hydrate, baby.

Nick and Kat are stunned. Bunny hops away as Victor approaches. Kat throws her arms around her stepfather.

KAT  
Dad!

VICTOR  
Hi, kiddo.

KAT  
Meet Nick.

NICK  
Sir.

They shake hands. Just then, Kat's sister, Amy, dressed to the nines, strikes a pose in the doorway.

AMY  
I'm getting MARRIED!

As Kat and Amy squeal loudly and hug, Victor leans into Nick.

VICTOR  
I find a good, strong drink helps.

Nick smiles, looks at Victor's glass.

NICK  
Can I get you a refill, sir?

Victor hands Nick the glass.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(sniffing the glass)  
I'm guessing MacCallum, 18 years.  
(beat)  
Neat, with a water-back.

VICTOR  
Is there any other way to take it?

Nick heads toward the bar and Victor turns to Kat.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Where'd you find this guy?

Kat smiles, appreciatively.

KAT  
The Yellow Pages.

Victor laughs. Across the room, Bunny has found a microphone. She taps a knife on the side of a glass to get everyone's attention.

BUNNY  
Welcome, friends and family!

Then she taps the mic, which squeals.

ON KAT, panic stricken.

KAT  
Sweet Jesus, who gave that woman an  
amp?

ON BUNNY, drunk with happiness.

BUNNY  
Victor and I would especially like  
to thank our out-of-town guests for  
coming to celebrate with us as we  
welcome Edward and the Fletcher-  
Wootens into our family.

THE CAMERA ID'S LYDIA and GEORGE FLETCHER-WOOTEN, 60's.  
George shifts uncomfortably. Lydia waves as though  
addressing a room full of her subjects.

ON JEFFREY, searching the crowd for someone. His eyes land on Kat. She doesn't see him. He stares at her meaningfully.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

It's funny. We always thought we'd marry off Kat first. We came close once, but that crashed and burned.

Nervous laughter from the crowd. Kat smiles through the pain. Jeffrey winces sympathetically. His mind working, he spots a piano nearby.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Still, we had reason to hope. She was always one of the more "active" girls at the American school, and that's saying a lot.

Suddenly, a loud, lovely arpeggio from the piano. Bunny looks over, surprised. Then she smiles.

ANGLE ON JEFFREY, sitting at the piano, playing.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. I get the hint! Anyway, imagine our surprise when Ed moved in next door and fell in love with...the girl next door. Our Amy. Lucky for us, he had no idea it was an unforgiveable cliché.

(raising her glass)

A toast to the bride and groom to be. Congratulations, babies!

Everyone claps as Jeffrey plays a final flourish.

INT. NEAR W.C. - LANESBOROUGH HOTEL - LATER

Kat is sneaking towards the ladies room when Jeffrey comes out of the men's room. Their eyes meet. Both stop dead. Neither can find words or even a smile. Kat pretends that seeing him isn't a gut-punch, forces a silly grin.

KAT

Thanks for, you know, with the piano.... It was really.... Hm.

(beat)

I have to pee.

Kat slithers past Jeffrey into the W.C.

INT. W.C. - LANESBOROUGH HOTEL

Kat wills her breath back. She turns on the water as if she were washing her hands. Then she confronts herself in the mirror and applies a coat of lipstick like she's putting on a suit of armor.

INT. NEAR W.C. - LANESBOROUGH HOTEL

Jeffrey, a dashing Brit, is not a man who likes to wait, but wait he has. Kat emerges from the W.C. as if she hadn't seen him before.

KAT  
Why, Jeffrey. Hello.

JEFFREY  
Hello, Katmandu.

As Jeffrey kisses her on the cheek, Kat's eyes close and she takes in his smell. It's like coming home. She doesn't want it to, but something inside her stirs.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
You look well, Gorgeous.

All he has to do is look her in the eyes and her big plans fly out the window. Kat blushes.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
Seeing you again....

KAT  
Yeah?

Just then, TJ, 30, Kat's cousin, appears, wrapping Kat in a hug. TJ's deb-of-the-year perkiness is undercut by her Longshoreman's tongue.

TJ  
Kat Ellis! We live two hundred miles away from each other but I have to fly all the way to London to see you. You haven't visited me once in D.C. Where the hell have you been? I have gynecologists that call more often.

KAT  
You have more than one gynecologist?

TJ  
 Sure. You've got to play them  
 against each other. Otherwise they  
 think you're easy.

TJ turns on Jeffrey like she just realized he was there.

TJ (CONT'D)  
 Hey, asshole, since you dumped my  
 cousin brutally and without cause,  
 you won't mind if I steal her away?  
 I have all kinds of interesting  
 things to tell her.

TJ darts Jeffrey a dirty look and drags Kat away.

INT. LANESBOROUGH HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Arms locked, Kat and TJ rejoin the party.

KAT  
 You didn't have to do that.

TJ  
 I wasn't saving you from him. I  
 was saving you from yourself.  
 You're too fucking nice.

KAT  
 Don't worry. I'm so over him.  
 (beat)  
 By the way, do you know if he's  
 seeing anyone?

They spot Nick talking to Bunny, surrounded by OCTOGENARIANS.  
 He doesn't look the least bit lost. In fact, he's charming  
 the Dockers off them.

TJ  
 Why waste ten more seconds on the  
 slimy limey when Mr. Tie-Me-Up-Tie-Me-  
 Down is waiting for you at the bar?

ANGLE ON NICK, listening patiently as Bunny pours her heart  
 out.

BUNNY  
 After Kat's father died and I  
 married Victor, I was so desperate  
 for my little girl to love him. It  
 never occurred to me that she might  
 love him more.

ANGLE ON KAT AND TJ, still staring at Nick.

TJ  
What's he do anyway?

KAT  
Therapist.

Just then, Nick looks up and gives Kat an intimate, "get over here" look. TJ sighs audibly.

TJ  
I think I just came.

INT. LANESBOROUGH HOTEL - LATER

Nick stands with Kat at the bar. The BARTENDER hands Kat a drink.

AMY (O.S.)  
Can I have that?

Kat looks over and sees Amy. She puts her drink on the bar, but Amy can't quite reach it from her stool. Amy makes an exaggerated reaching gesture and whimpers.

Nick takes note as Kat slides the drink closer. Amy sips it through the straw without picking it up.

AMY  
You know what I love about all this?

KAT  
There's finally a *reason* for the whole world to revolve around you?

AMY  
Exactly! Today's my day. Tomorrow will be my day. And the day after that? My day.

As Amy gloats, Ed dances over. He's a refreshingly unaffected upper-class Brit.

ED  
How's the future Mrs.?

Amy kisses him on the lips.

AMY  
Perfect. All ginny.

KAT  
Except it's Scotch.

AMY  
(ignoring Kat)  
But I'm not taking your name,  
buster. I'm a feminist!  
(shaking her drink)  
I need icy! Mr. husband-man, get  
me more icy!

ED  
All right, then kiss me.  
(she kisses him)  
God, I'm a lucky sod.

Ed lifts Amy off the stool and spins her around. He does an awkward dance move and steps on her toe.

AMY  
See what happens when you put off  
dance lessons til two days before  
the wedding?

Ed looks to Nick for support.

ED  
Who's ever heard of dance lessons  
for a wedding, honestly?

NICK  
Um, just about everyone.

ED  
You are taking the piss?

Ed looks to Kat, who shakes her head.

NICK  
We'll go with you guys tomorrow. I  
suck too. It'll be fun.

Amy kisses Nick's cheek.

AMY  
I don't even know you, hunky-dunky,  
and I love you already.

Kat throws Amy a dark look.

ED  
(to no one)  
Dance lessons. Right.

EXT. BALCONY - LANESBOROUGH HOTEL

Escaping, Nick steps outside and bumps into Jeffrey, who teeters on the railing.

NICK  
Hey.

JEFFREY  
Oh, hello.

Jeffrey looks upset. Nick tries to break the ice.

NICK  
A wedding is a sacrament...a joyous celebration of love and commitment. In Utopia. In the *real* world... it's an excuse to drink excessively and say things you shouldn't say.

JEFFREY  
Ah, a philosopher.

NICK  
Shrink, actually.

JEFFREY  
Crikey.

NICK  
What?

JEFFREY  
Nothing, nothing.

NICK  
No, tell me.

JEFFREY  
You Yanks and your therapy. It's great.  
(beat)  
It's all a bit too touchy-feely for me.

A beat as Jeffrey watches the party. He sees Kat and Amy at the bar and slowly turns to Nick. With difficulty, he begins to unburden himself to his new therapist.



JEFFREY

It's just, there's this girl I care for -- God, I suppose I could even say I love her -- and the bugger is, of course, she's here with someone else. Bollocks!

Nick hides his surprise as Jeffrey raises his glass in a silent toast to his misery. Nick is just clinking glasses with him when Kat appears and slips her arm in his.

KAT

Here you are.

Jeffrey is horrified. Stares at Nick, aghast.

JEFFREY

Hey, Kat.

KAT

Hey, yourself.  
(to Nick)  
I see you've met my ex.

They all stand there, awkwardly.

KAT (CONT'D)

Did I interrupt something?

Jeffrey looks desperately at Nick. Nick hesitates, then covers.

NICK

I was just telling Jeffrey how we met.

Kat gives Nick a confused look. Nick smiles warmly--

NICK (CONT'D)

The Knicks game? We both wanted the last hot dog?

KAT

Oh, yeah.  
(pointedly, to Jeffrey)  
So we split it. You know, as in "share." People do that.

JEFFREY

You hate sports.

Kat squeezes Nick's arm, adoringly.

KAT  
Not when Nick explains them.

Jeffrey's desperate to get out of there.

JEFFREY  
(to Nick)  
Right. I should be going. Good to meet you. Perhaps I'll see you at the stag party. My place.  
(to Kat)  
You know the address.

Kat watches him rejoin the party.

KAT  
Well, he looks miserable. What were you talking about?

NICK  
Love.

Kat and Nick walk back into the party.

INT. LANESBOROUGH HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

They walk arm and arm. After the confrontation with Jeffrey, Kat's excitement is almost manic.

KAT  
Jeffrey knows love like he knows macramé.

NICK  
He was pretty drunk, but I think he's still crazy about you.

KAT  
Of course he is. I'm here with my new man.  
(beat)  
I love it! Your magic's already working. Let the suffering begin.

Nick stops Kat and faces her. He is quiet but intense.

NICK  
The only one suffering here is you. You need to stop worrying about everyone else. You think you can do that?

Kat takes a deep, calming breath.

KAT

No.

She turns and surveys the room, trying to calm down. But then slowly her face begins to tense.

KAT

What did he say exactly? I mean, you don't think he wants me back?

NICK

I don't know.

KAT

What does your gut say?

NICK

You're too good for him.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S WOOD - LATER

Nick drives slowly down St. John's Wood's tree-lined main street. Nick looks out the window as they pass a corner market, a flower shop, pubs, restaurants.

EXT. ELLIS HOUSE - ST. JOHN'S WOOD

A charming period house in a row of identical houses. You'd never know where the Americans lived but for a conspicuous boat trailer parked in the driveway.

Victor and Bunny try to help Nick unload Kat's many bags from the taxi. He won't let them. As Nick lugs the bags up the driveway, he reads the name, "JACK SHIP," off the back of the dilapidated cabin cruiser.

INT. HALLWAY - ELLIS HOUSE

Nick struggles with Kat's many bags as Kat's parents escort them upstairs. Kat stops by her bedroom door, doesn't go in.

KAT

Well, here we are.

They stand there, awkwardly sandwiched into the small space.

NICK  
 (to Bunny and Victor)  
 Thanks again for having me.

BUNNY  
 Don't be silly. It's wonderful to finally meet you. Although, technically, I had no idea you existed because when my daughter turned twelve, she stopped talking to me, except when she needed money. So let me rephrase that. It was nice to discover you existed and then finally meet you all at once. I love surprises.

VICTOR  
 Okay, Bun. That's enough.

Kat gives them a look, but doesn't open her bedroom door.

KAT  
 Where's Nick sleeping?

BUNNY  
 Why, with you.

KAT  
 (not listening)  
 My mother has a rule about men and women sleeping in the same room without a ring in the picture. She thinks it's--

Kat puts her fingers up to do air quotes, then suddenly realizes what her mother just said.

KAT (CONT'D)  
 Huh?

BUNNY  
 (twinkling at Nick)  
 I'm not as square as my daughter thinks.

As Kat's parents walk away, Bunny flirtatiously sidles up to Victor and pulls him into their bedroom.

KAT  
 She must have drowned her rules in the Chardonnay.

With that, Kat closes the door.

INT. KAT'S ROOM

The door CLICKS shut and the happy couple separates instantly. Kat to one side of the room, Nick to the other. Kat's childhood bedroom has an aggressively floral decor.

KAT  
Sorry about the creepy room. I went through a painfully earnest Laura-Ashley phase.

Kat takes a brown envelope out of her purse, opens it, and removes

A STACK OF HUNDREDS.

She hands the pile of money to Nick.

KAT  
Count it. Six thousand even.

Nick doesn't look at the money, just tucks it into his bag.

NICK  
I trust you.

Kat almost lets it go, but then...

KAT  
No, count it, anyway.

NICK  
Why?

KAT  
I'm compulsive and weird?

Nick humors her. Pulls out the stack of bills and counts it.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Six thousand, right?

NICK  
On the nose.  
(beat)  
I tell you what, because you're so cute, I'll take care of our incidentals.

KAT  
How does it feel to get that much money just for being you?

NICK

(wryly)

Great, with the occasional stabs of shame. Now, listen, this covers the weekend, but as we discussed, if you want to be intimate, we talk money before anything happens.

KAT

That won't be an issue, believe me. I find the idea of sex for money morally repugnant.

(realizing)

No offense.

NICK

It's okay. Hell, *I've* never paid for it. But please don't feel like you have to explain yourself to me.

Kat walks over to an old dollhouse. Its rooms have been gutted, their mini furnishings replaced with a teenager's cassette-tape collection.

Kat pulls out Guns and Roses' "Appetite for Destruction" and opens it. There's no tape inside, just some nicotine patches. Nick watches as she opens one up and slaps it on.

NICK

You quitting?

KAT

I'm desperate to start but I don't have an addictive personality. Except for approval. That, I can't get enough of.

Nick notices an '80s poster of two guys with guitars, all big hair and laser light shows.

NICK

Who are they?

KAT

Graham Russell and Russell Hitchcock.

Nick thinks about those names for a second, then his face twists.

NICK

*Air Supply?*

Embarrassed, Kat hastily rips down the poster and stuffs it in the closet.

KAT  
My parents had a German exchange student a few years back.... He must have left it here.

Nick hides a smile as Kat ducks into the bathroom.

INT. KAT'S BATHROOM

Kat has left the door open a crack as she gets ready for a shower. Unbeknownst to her, Nick watches from the bed, enjoying the ritual.

KAT  
(quietly)  
Everyone knows their greatest hits but some of their lesser-known ballads are surprisingly poignant.

Inexplicably, Kat stands on her tiptoes as she looks into the mirror. It's a little thing, maybe the tiles are cold, but it gives her an innocence that makes Nick smile.

KAT  
What?

NICK  
It's cute.

KAT  
What is?

NICK  
You stand on your tiptoes.

KAT  
I do?

Kat looks down, she never noticed before.

NICK  
Is it an old habit from ballet class or a childhood spent walking on eggshells?

She throws him a glance, impressed with the sharpness of his mind.

KAT  
I never took ballet.

She smiles and kicks the door closed with her foot.

INT. KAT'S ROOM - LATER

Nick hangs up his tux. It's definitely not a rental. Kat comes out of the bathroom, drying her hair with a towel.

KAT  
Have you ever done anything like  
this before?

NICK  
A weekend?

KAT  
A wedding.

Nick thinks about that. Kat wonders what's taking him so long.

NICK  
No. Though strangely, I've done  
quite a few funerals.

Kat makes a face.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Not the way you're thinking. The  
women wanted me there for support.  
You can understand that.

KAT  
I think that's disgusting.

Kat immediately backpedals.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Not you. You're not disgusting.  
You're lovely. Just the idea that  
they'd bring an escort. I mean, a  
stranger who, um, didn't...who  
never.... I mean, someone's *dead*.

NICK  
That's right. Imagine facing it  
alone.

Kat blanches.



KAT  
Sorry. I'm a little nervous. I never thought something like this would happen to me.

NICK  
This happened to you?

KAT  
Well, happen, in the sense that I picked up the phone, tracked you down, flew you here and gave you six grand out of my 401K.

Nick laughs at her. Kat pulls something out of her purse.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you something?

Nick sees what she's unfolding. It's a crinkled *New Yorker* article. The artsy photo shows the FACE OF A MAN, blurred against a neon cityscape. The title: "Discretion Assured: Diary of a Male Escort."

NICK  
How did you know that was me?

KAT  
I have a friend at the magazine.

NICK  
(sharply)  
Your "friend" guaranteed my anonymity.

KAT  
If it makes you feel any better, to get your number, I had to cough up two round-trip tickets to Amsterdam and a case of mini-Baileys.

Nick shakes his head at her and pulls off his shirt. Kat instinctively looks away.

NICK  
You can look. It's part of the package.

Kat can't tell if he's joking. She sneaks a look as Nick disappears into the shower. *Wow*. Kat looks down at the papers in her hand. She moves towards the bathroom but at the last minute, shies away.

NICK (O.S.)  
Would you grab my shampoo?

KAT  
Shampoo, got it!

Kat grabs the shampoo and rushes into the bathroom.

INT. KAT'S BATHROOM

Without looking in the shower, Kat hands him the shampoo and hurries out, way too quickly. Nick peeks out of the shower curtain. She's gone. He shakes his head and closes the curtain. Suddenly, Kat reappears. She stands by the door.

KAT  
The part where you were a sexual surrogate and then started to, um, freelance. Is that really how it happened?

Kat pretends to straighten things up as she moves closer to the shower.

NICK  
The real story is that my mother was a hippie. And a stripper. She was insanely inappropriate with me. She used to wash her lingerie in my bathwater. While I was still in the bath.

KAT  
Oh, no.

NICK  
Yeah. As an adult, I needed to find some way to experience intimacy and sex, but with rules that couldn't be violated.

Kat's totally engrossed now. She closes the toilet lid and sits down.

KAT  
Wow.

Nick pokes his head out.

NICK  
Yeah.

Nick sees that Kat's heartbroken for him, feels bad.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I'm just screwing with you.

Kat throws a towel at him.

KAT  
You shit!

NICK  
I have a different story for every woman who asks. I look at her and figure out what she needs to hear to feel okay about being with me.

KAT  
And you thought I'd respond to the hippie stripper with no boundaries?

NICK  
Admit it. You were disturbed, but ultimately moved.

Kat gives him a dirty look, then examines the article again.

KAT  
This part here. You say, and I quote. "Each woman has the exact love life she wants."  
(beat)  
That seems like a pretty broad generalization.

Nick steps out of the shower. Kat, her eyes at the level of his manhood, covers her subtle jaw-drop. Nick wraps a towel around his waist as Kat tries to pull it together. She looks down at the article, tapping it indignantly--

KAT (CONT'D)  
So...what was I...oh, yeah. Do you honestly think that I *want* to be single and miserable? That I *want* to be obsessed with some asshole who led me on for years then -- out of the blue -- shattered my heart.

NICK  
First of all, it's never out of the blue. And second of all--

Nick levels his gaze at her.

NICK (CONT'D)

Yes.

KAT

What?!

NICK

When you're ready to let go, to be  
unsingle and unmiserable, you will.  
Until then....

Nick shrugs and walks out of the room.

INT. STAIRWELL - ELLIS HOUSE - LATER

Nick and Kat walk downstairs, ready for a night out. Kat's wearing an over-the-top sexy golf outfit -- pleated mini skirt, tight white oxford, plaid vest. On the bottom step, Kat stops short.

KAT

(quietly)

Is it always women?

Nick looks at her like she's crazy.

NICK

Are you asking me if I'm gay for  
pay?

KAT

I guess so.

NICK

What do you think?

Nick confronts her. She takes him in.

KAT

Got it.

INT. SITTING ROOM - ELLIS HOUSE

Victor reads a book as Bunny scratches hieroglyphics on a white board featuring an elaborate chart of information. Kat and Nick enter, see the chart.

KAT

(to Nick)

Mom's refining her strategy for D-  
Day.

BUNNY

I'm sure General Eisenhower never had to master the finer points of the seating chart and centerpieces.

(pointing proudly)

Oh, and tomorrow afternoon you are carpooling to the country with the Fletcher-Wootens.

KAT

Sir, yes, sir!

She turns on her heel like a soldier, walks to Victor, and holds out her hand,

BUNNY

Make sure you show Nick Regents Park.

(winking)

It's romantic at night.

Victor doesn't look up, just pulls the car keys out of his pocket and tosses them past Kat to Nick.

VICTOR

Better him on the wrong side of the road than you behind the wheel.

Kat huffs grumpily and they head out.

EXT. ELLIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Kat and Nick walk toward the car.

KAT

So, um. What about testing?

Nick opens Kat's door for her.

NICK

There's a guy on 81st and Madison. You get your results in 24 hours.

(beat)

Do you make your lovers get tested before you sleep with them?

KAT

My sixth-grade science project was entitled, "Love Hurts: The Heartbreak of Human Papillomavirus." Trust me, I'm careful.

Kat gets in the car and Nick shuts her door.

INT./EXT. CAR - LATER

Nick drives while Kat navigates. They crawl down a small street, which bustles with activity. PATRONS of London's many pubs spill out onto the pavement.

NICK  
I love that you're asking questions, but do you really want to get into all of this?

KAT  
This is awkward for me.  
(beat)  
Talking about it makes me feel better.

Nick looks over at Kat, who gets quiet. She picks at nothing on her skirt. The TICK TICK TICK of the indicator fills the silence as Nick changes lanes.

NICK  
Hey.

Kat looks at him.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Don't stop asking questions, okay?

KAT  
Okay.

Kat smiles, but stays quiet. Then--

KAT (CONT'D)  
Do you pay taxes?

49

49

EXT. QUIET SIDE-STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nick holds the door open for Kat as she gets out.

NICK  
(with a laugh)  
I swear. I don't have a signature move.

KAT  
Oh, come on. You're like the Yoda of escorts.  
(MORE)

KAT(cont'd)

Getting you on the phone was harder  
than getting into college.

Nick turns off the car, gets out, walks around, and opens the door for Kat. She gets out and stands by the door.

NICK

I don't have gimmicks or play  
games. It's way more...

Nick rubs two fingers together, he can't think of the word.

KAT

Subtle?

NICK

I disappear. It's not about me.  
It's about you.

Nick is standing very, very close to Kat now. She didn't even see him move but there he is.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's hard to explain.

KAT

Show me.

Nick shakes his head.

KAT (CONT'D)

Come on.

NICK

I've got this bad taste in my  
mouth. What is it? I think it's  
the words: "morally repugnant."

Kat tugs urgently on his waist.

KAT

Show me.

Nick doesn't say anything for a moment. Then he pushes her up against the car. It's a gentle movement, but firm. Kat breathes in sharply from the power of it.

NICK

Close your eyes.

Kat's hesitant. She looks around the empty parking lot but Nick takes her cheek and guides her eyes to his.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Close your eyes.

She does. Nick leans in close and begins whispering into her ear with a hypnotic intensity.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I'm not going to kiss you. You can  
relax. You're safe.

Nick takes Kat's head in his hands and moves his lips across the contours of her face. It's incredibly intimate. His mouth hovers over hers but their lips don't touch. They breathe each other in.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I'm not going to kiss you. Trust  
me. All you have to do is listen  
to my voice.

Kat's body starts to relax. Slowly, she slumps back against the car.

NICK (CONT'D)  
He's going to be so sorry he let  
you go.

He moves his lips across her eyelids.

NICK (CONT'D)  
He'll look at you with your sexy  
dress and your perfect date but it  
won't matter because it's not about  
him. It's about you.

As Nick slowly talks, he moves his lips across Kat's forehead, then her cheek, then her nose:

NICK (CONT'D)  
I want you to let go of the hurt.  
...the insecurity...the past. When  
you do, he'll see you the way I see  
you, and, in that moment, he'll  
finally understand what he lost.

Nick tips Kat's chin towards him. She opens her eyes. Nick is suddenly serious.

NICK (CONT'D)  
But by then, the amazing thing  
is...you won't care.



Kat shudders, and gradually comes to. Her eyes are lazy, she feels off balance.

KAT  
Holy crap. You're worth every penny.

Nick gives her a half smile.

NICK  
You better get going.

Kat is turned on and can't seem to move.

KAT  
Okay, Yoda.

Silence.

NICK  
Go.

Nick turns Kat around and points her toward the bar next door. Wearing an almost doopy look of pleasure, she adjusts her underwear, and stumbles towards the bar. A sly smile creeps across her lips as we...

CUT TO:

A LINE OF TWENTY SHOTS BEING SET AFLAME. WIDEN TO REVEAL --

INT. THE COCK & BOTTLE

Kat passes out the shots to a pack of WOMEN all wearing hybrid golf-slut outfits: ass-tight polo shirts and plaid Capri pants abound. It's "Society Girls Gone Wild."

KAT  
Yo, ladies! Listen up! The bride has made the foolhardy and perhaps fatal request, that we play Pub Golf tonight.

(holding up a shot)  
Behold hole one. There's a two-stroke penalty for failure to finish a hole and a three-stroke penalty for barfing. Yell "Fore!" before you barf and it's only two strokes.

The girls are scared shitless.

KAT (CONT'D)

We've got eight more holes waiting at  
eight more bars, so in the name of  
all things sacred, pace yourselves!

(raising her shot)

To Amy!

Amy loves the attention.

AMY

To me!

Cheering, the girls blow out their shots and do their best to  
down them in one go. Just then, Nick walks in.

All eyes are drawn to him. The WORLD SLOWS as he beelines  
for Kat. He hands Kat her purse.

NICK

I thought you might need this.

Kat gives Nick a shy smile.

KAT

Silly me, where was my head?

Kat can't help noticing that the group of girls has subtly  
clustered around Nick.

TJ

Stay. Have a fiery drink with us.

NICK

I don't know....

A SMITTEN GIRL puts a drink in Nick's hand.

SMITTEN GIRL

Stay.

Nick looks to Kat, she smiles. Amy furrows her brow  
theatrically. Unfortunately, no one sees her.

INT. THE COCK & BOTTLE - LATER

Nick is surrounded by women and completely at ease. Amy's  
drunk and pouty. TJ stands between Kat and Amy. Oblivious  
to the brewing tension, she's eating beer nuts and staring at  
Nick.

TJ  
It's like the director's cut of "9  
1/2 Weeks."

She pops a nut in her mouth.

TJ (CONT'D)  
The thing about Nick is, you're  
either looking at him, or you're  
pretending not to.  
(beat)  
Me? I'm looking.  
(to Amy)  
Can you believe Kat gets to sleep  
with this guy?

Amy sneers. TJ turns back to Kat.

TJ (CONT'D)  
Honestly, you should send God a  
bottle of wine or a muffin basket.

TJ clinks glasses with Kat. Kat appreciates the attention.  
Amy appreciates it less. She suddenly wails.

AMY  
Why is he still here?!

This snaps Kat out of her reverie. She scurries into problem-solving mode.

KAT  
Oh, sorry. You're right. Girls  
only.

Kat turns and throws Nick a look. Nick, ever sensitive to  
nuances, easily catches the hint and puts on his coat to go.

NICK  
Ladies, thank you for granting me  
this rare glimpse into a timeless  
female ritual.  
(raising his glass)  
To the husbands who won you, the  
losers who lost you, and to the  
lucky bastards who have yet to meet  
you.

They all clink glasses. Kat beams, until...

AMY  
(sour)  
And to the cock in the hen house.

Nick kisses Kat on the cheek and smoothly departs. They all watch him walk out. TJ is still watching the door, as if Nick's essence has lingered.

TJ  
I can't believe you met him first.  
It's so depressing. Somebody buy  
my wooha a drink.

Kat raises her drink to TJ's nether region.

KAT  
To TJ's lady business. And to Amy!

GUYS (O.S.)  
To Ed!

INT. JEFFREY'S FLAT - SAME

A DOZEN MEN down their shots. Jeffrey immediately refills their glasses with tequila. Alcohol and alpha abound. Nick walks in the front door. He takes off his suit coat and tries not to feel like the chaperone at a frat party.

Over by the bar, Jeffrey stands with Ed, eyeing Nick.

JEFFREY  
What's his problem?

ED  
What?

JEFFREY  
There's something about him that's  
just a bit odd.

ED  
Other than, he's shagging your ex-  
girlfriend?

JEFFREY  
No, that's not it.

Jeffrey pours Ed another drink.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
You are a tosser.

Jeffrey's suddenly emotional.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Remember when we went hiking in the lake district and Amy was wearing that little bikini thing.

ED

No.

JEFFREY

It was before you started going out. We had lunch at that inn on the lake.

ED

Oh, yes. Right. The Rat and Parrot.

JEFFREY

And Kat was fully clothed.

ED

But, somehow, it was Kat's arse that was stung by nettles. And you rubbed it with a dandelion leaf.

JEFFREY

That's when I realized I wanted to be a doctor.

ED

Oh, shut up. You're an optician.

JEFFREY

*Lasik surgeon*, actually.

Jeffrey takes a thoughtful sip of beer.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I didn't deserve her back then.

ED

And you do now?

Jeffrey looks genuinely pained, then something dawns on him.

JEFFREY

Maybe I hate women.

Nick appears.

NICK

All women or just the two-legged ones who steal your money, screw your friends, and vacuum during the World Cup?

Jeffrey laughs. He has no idea Nick is making fun of him.

ED

Jeff was just reminiscing about your girlfriend's backside.

Ed crosses away and Jeffrey glances nervously at Nick.

JEFFREY

Look, the thing is. About that love-of-my-life nonsense. I would appreciate it if you didn't say anything to Kat. It was silly. It's all rather complicated.

Nick is about to respond when the music CRESCENDOS and a STRIPPER strides in from the back room. Spotting Ed, Jeffrey clothes-lines him and drags him off into a chorus of GUY-HOWLS and CHEERS.

INT. WOODY'S WATERING HOLE - LATER

The bachelorette-party girls CHEER as they down drink number seven at bar number seven, an Australian outback-themed pub. Things have gone way downhill -- or uphill -- depending on how you look at it.

Kat sits at the bar. In the background, Amy dances drunkenly with TJ. WOODY, the dorky, sexy Australian bartender, appears behind the bar with a drink for Kat.

WOODY

This one's on the house.

Kat grabs his sleeve.

KAT

I'm worried. Amy's not good at drinking. She gets sooo drunk sooo fast. Does free alcohol get you less drunk or more drunker?

(to herself)

Is it 'drunker' or 'drunker-er'?

WOODY

Just drunk enough.

Woody dumps out the free drink and exchanges it with a bottle of water.

WOODY (CONT'D)  
If you switch now, you might be  
able to stand up for the ceremony.

Kat looks at him for the first time and realizes she knows him.

KAT  
Woody?

Woody just smiles.

WOODY  
"Not yet..."

KAT  
"...but it's getting there. "

Kat clumsily lunges across the bar to hug him, knocking over a bottle of beer, which Woody deftly catches.

KAT (CONT'D)  
I thought you were living in San  
Francisco. Or was it Nepal?

WOODY  
Close. Sydney. Turns out, I  
missed the rain.

They take each other in. Her smile is bleary.

KAT (CONT'D)  
You look so much better.

Woody's trying not to feel shy around Kat.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Is this what you're doing?  
Bartending?  
(beat)  
Not that it's not great. It's  
just, you used to have dreams and  
plans.

Woody proudly points to Kat's cocktail napkin. It says,  
WOODY'S WATERING HOLE.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Whoa! Good for you!

Woody's weighing something. He decides to say it.

WOODY

I always wondered what happened  
with us.

KAT

(taken aback)

I haven't thought about that in  
years.

Just then, Amy comes up behind Kat.

AMY

Did Kat tell you she dumped you  
because of your funky breath?

KAT

Did Amy tell you she keeps her  
Homecoming tiara by the bed?

To Kat's annoyance, Amy laughs.

KAT (CONT'D)

She's drunk. -er than me. But I  
didn't really dump you, did I?

WOODY

Hard.

Woody smiles, sweetly.

WOODY (CONT'D)

Which was understandable -- you  
were one of the hottest girls at  
the American School, but I sort of  
thought you'd be nicer...at least  
tell me why...'cause we were  
friends first.

Kat's on the spot. Embarrassed. Amy's drunk-dancing and  
mumbling to herself.

AMY

And we know Kat was the hottest ex-  
pat in school because she was voted  
Best Eyes, Brightest Smile, and Most  
Likely to Age Well. No, wait. That  
was me. Never mind.

Kat can't take it.



KAT  
Christ, Amy.

AMY  
Oh, shut up and be happy. It's always  
this or that. You're never happy, you  
frowny-faced Grumplestilskin.

KAT  
Drunk isn't the same thing as  
happy, Amy.

They both know they're serious but Amy pouts and throws her  
arms around Kat.

AMY  
You're my half sister, but I whole  
love you.

Kat's furious but she forces a smile.

KAT  
Why don't you get my half sister  
her seventh hole?

AMY  
Bacardi 151.

Woody disappears just as Amy teeters and catches herself on  
the bar.

KAT  
Are you okay?

Amy's drunkenness turns. Tears well up in her eyes.

AMY  
I don't think I can go through with  
this.

KAT  
Pub Golf?

AMY  
The wedding.  
(loud whisper)  
I am so, so bad! I don't think I  
should be allowed to get married.

Kat is blindsided.

KAT  
What are you talking about?

Then, as quickly as she went into the darkness, Amy pops out. She yells over to TJ.

AMY (CONT'D)  
TJ! Virginia Slim!

TJ comes dancing up, hands Amy a cigarette and a lighter. The crowd watches as Amy puts the cigarette in her lips, pours the shot into TJ's open mouth and lights it on fire with her lighter. Then she leans over and LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE ON THE FLAMES COMING OUT OF TJ'S MOUTH.

The bar erupts in CHEERS but Kat is left worried, troubled by Amy's confession. A beat, then she downs her shot.

EXT. ED'S HOUSE - LATER

The cheers ECHO in the night as Nick helps Ed walk towards his house. Ed navigates the pavement like it's made of water. They reach the front door.

NICK  
(propping Ed up)  
You're okay. You got it.

Ed wobbles, then stands up by himself. Nick unlocks the door.

ED  
Just because some slag's been paid for, doesn't mean you've got to...you know.

NICK  
It's been my experience that the people who hire a prostitute, need a prostitute.  
(beat)  
You did the right thing.

Ed blinks at Nick.

ED  
I think I love you, mate.  
(beat)  
How do you know so much about so much?

NICK  
I'm a hooker.

Ed bursts out laughing, pats him on the back, and walks into his house.

EXT./INT. LONDON STREET [DRIVING] - LATER

The bachelorette girls ride home in "The Pub Prowler." It's a senior citizen med-van that's been pimped out with a full bar and an all-shag-all-the-time interior.

The girls are drunk and rowdy. Kat climbs up behind the DRIVER and taps her on the shoulder.

KAT

Can you pull over at the next seven ATMs?

The Driver gives Kat a dubious look, then pulls up to a bank.

ATM MONTAGE:

EXT. STREET [VARIOUS]

--Kat jumps out of The Pub Prowler and clumsily slots her ATM card into the machine.

--Kat checks her lipstick in the mirrored security camera of a different ATM machine then flips through a stack of credit cards. She pulls out a different card and slips it in.

--ECU on screen: MAXIMUM WITHDRAWAL £200. Kat's at another ATM. In the Prowler, a couple of girls heckle passers-by as Kat rifles through her cards, desperate for some un-maxed plastic.

--The Prowler drops off a couple more girls. Kat walks back from an ATM and gets in.

EXT. TJ'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Kat and Amy wave at TJ as she trips out of the Prowler and stumbles towards her hotel. TJ waves back with a bright, happy smile--

TJ

That was awesome! How much do we rock?

(beat)

Fore!

She whips around and throws up in a topiary. In the Prowler, Amy and Kat wince. TJ whips back up.

TJ (CONT'D)

I WIN!

She waves at Kat and Amy and trots past the STOIC DOORMAN, who holds the door open for her.

EXT. ELLIS HOUSE

Kat and Amy stand in the driveway. They watch as the Prowler pulls away. Amy is about to head next door, when she turns to Kat.

AMY

It was a great party. Thank you.

Amy reaches out to hug Kat. Kat wasn't expecting the hug and it's awkward. Amy senses it and pulls away.

KAT

Do you want to come in for a minute?  
We could talk about--

AMY

When I freaked out at the pub?  
(she hiccups)  
That was nothing, just nerves.  
Don't worry about it.

KAT

But I do. I will. You're my  
sister.

With a post-Bacardi 151 suddenness, Amy's face contorts with shame. She recoils, an angry tear running down her face.

AMY

God, Kat! Please. Don't be nice to  
me. I can take anything right now  
but you being nice to me.

KAT

(wildly confused)  
What? Why? What do you mean?

Amy is suddenly in terrible distress.

AMY

I should get going.

KAT  
Are you sure you're okay?

AMY  
I'm fine. I promise.

Kat wants to say more but Amy is already walking away. Kat turns towards the house and just catches the light shutting off in her upstairs room.

INT. HALL - ELLIS HOUSE

Kat shuts the front door. She leans against it for a moment to get her balance, clear her head.

INT. KITCHEN - ELLIS HOUSE

Kat sits at the kitchen table, a glass of water in front of her. She downs three aspirin and stares into the darkness.

INT. HALL - ELLIS HOUSE - LATER

Kat starts up the stairs. The first step CREAKS loudly. Remembering countless school-age sneak-ins, Kat flattens her foot against the back of each step and soundlessly walks up the stairs.

INT. KAT'S ROOM - ELLIS HOUSE

Nick is asleep in Kat's bed, bare-chested under a single sheet.

The CAMERA FINDS Kat standing with her back to the door, staring at Nick. Nick stirs, opens his eyes, and rises onto one arm.

NICK  
You okay?

Kat walks to him, takes his hand.

KAT  
(whispering)  
Shhhh.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ELLIS HOUSE

Kat leads Nick down the driveway towards the BOAT TRAILER.

On it, the twenty-six-foot CABIN CRUISER with peeling paint.

Kat unbuttons the weathered cover and peels it back. She climbs up a ladder and hoists herself into the boat. Nick smiles at the strangeness of this, then climbs in after her.

INT. BOAT

In the cabin, Kat flicks a couple of switches and a row of lights flicker on. She flicks another switch and a piercing sea-horn BLARES the "William Tell Overture." She scrambles to turn it off and checks the house for activity. A dog BARKS in the distance.

Relieved, Kat pushes a tape into an old radio. MUSIC limps through hollow speakers.

Kat leads Nick into the cabin and onto the bed. Without taking her eyes off him, Kat starts to slowly undress. Her shirt drops to the floor. Then, a moment later, her skirt.

Kat breathes deeply then reaches behind her back and flicks open her bra. We watch Kat's face as she lets it fall to the floor. Kat is indeed a woman who doesn't do naked -- this is killing her.

On the bed, Nick doesn't say anything, just watches. Kat wants to read something into his stare. Longing, desire, anything. But he's utterly inscrutable. It's both unnerving and extremely sexy.

Kat steels herself and removes her underwear. She loses her nerve momentarily and pulls them up again. Finally, she slips them off and tries not to laugh as she scurries onto the bed.

Hovering lazily in the waking dream of interrupted sleep, Nick gazes at Kat. In a trick of light, the cabin windows glow liquid, as though the moon were reflecting off water.

Nick runs his hand across Kat's waist. She's trying to hold back. He knows it and likes it. He takes her face in his hands and kisses her. It's amazing. A different kind of kiss. They pull back and look at each other.

In one swift movement, he flips Kat underneath him. Suddenly, the space between them collapses and they attack each other.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ELLIS HOUSE - DAWN

Kat's house beams in the scarlet light of dawn. Two BIN-MEN walk down the driveway toward the bins. They grab three bins and drag them noisily past the boat parked in the driveway.

INT. BOAT

CLOSE ON Kat and Nick, asleep, their faces pressed up against each other.

We PULL BACK to reveal Kat and Nick entwined, naked. We PULL BACK further to reveal that they're covered with a fleece blanket and a pile of life vests.

Nick opens his eyes and looks at Kat, who is as calm and content as we've seen her. Then, he realizes where he is. It's like waking up in a strange hotel room, only weirder because it's a boat...in a driveway...in London.

Nick carefully extricates himself and begins to dress. We've seen this scene a thousand times before, but Nick's escape is breathtakingly precise and practiced.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ELLIS HOUSE

Nick climbs down the ladder of the boat just as the Bin-Men are returning the empty bins beside the garage. Nick gives them a nod.

NICK

Morning.

The guys nod back and finish their job as Nick sneaks toward the house.

INT. KITCHEN - ELLIS HOUSE

Victor and Bunny sit at the kitchen table. Victor's buried in the *International Herald Tribune* crossword puzzle. Bunny looks out the window and sees Nick creeping towards the house, shoes in hand.

BUNNY

She still thinks we don't know  
about the boat thing.

Victor looks up from his paper. He sees Nick, snorts, and goes back to his crossword.

INT. BOAT - LATER

Kat's eyes flutter open. Her hair is plastered into an impromptu quasi-beehive. She looks down at her "pillow." It's a buoy.

Kat suddenly sits bolt upright. She grabs a life vest to cover her naked chest and looks around in horror. Then her eyes widen as she remembers the rest of the night.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ELLIS HOUSE

Kat slinks towards the house, retreading Nick's walk of shame.

INT. KITCHEN - ELLIS HOUSE

Victor looks up from his paper and sees Kat.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ELLIS HOUSE

Kat's almost to the house when she hears a loud, POUNDING. She looks up to see HER FATHER tapping on the window and laughing at her. Kat's mortified, but can't help smiling. She waves and keeps walking.

CUT TO:

INT. KAT'S ROOM

Kat looks around frantically for something. She finds her purse and checks to see if the ATM money is still there. It is. She breathes a sigh of relief, then, hearing footsteps, hastily stuffs the wad back in.

Nick opens the door, carrying a breakfast-in-bed tray. Kat spins around, guiltily.

NICK

I wasn't sure what works for you, so I've got a pack of Saltines, a bottle of Pedialyte -- preferred by infants and rock stars -- an egg-and-cheese sandwich, a black coffee, and a Bloody Mary.

Kat slumps onto the bed. She hasn't gotten her land legs back yet.



KAT  
 This is really sweet of you, but I  
 need to ask you something.  
 (desperately)  
 What happened last night?

Nick is taken aback. He sets down the tray. He's not sure what to say, then makes a decision.

NICK  
 Nothing.

Kat looks surprised, then skeptical.

KAT  
 Are you sure?

NICK  
 We kissed. Made out a little.  
 Then you passed out.

She stares at him long and hard.

KAT  
 Whether it's true or not, thank  
 you.

Kat disappears and Nick bites into a Saltine as the shower HISSES on. Then something catches his eye. It's Kat's purse lying next to the bed. Stuffed on top,

A WAD OF MONEY. His brow furrows, Nick picks it up and leafs through the stack of pounds and euros.

INT. KAT'S BATHROOM

In the shower, Kat lets the scorching water punish and purify her.

NICK (O.S.)  
 What's this?

Startled, Kat peeks her head out of the shower curtain and sees Nick holding the pile of money.

KAT  
 Oh. Shoot. I--

She retreats into the shower, yanking the curtain closed.

KAT (CONT'D)  
(mouthing words)  
Shit! Shit! Shit!

Nick pulls open the curtain and Kat instantly stops her pantomimed self-flagellation.

NICK  
Is this for last night?

KAT  
Of course not. How...how could it be? Nothing happened.

NICK  
If I was going to charge you, I would have told you beforehand. I thought I explained that.

Naked in front of Nick, Kat is trying not to flinch.

KAT  
I didn't want you to think I was expecting anything to be free or that I was expecting something at all. Well, clearly I was expecting something or I wouldn't have stopped at all those ATMs on the way home.  
(beat)  
By the way, would it have been enough? I mean, if something *had* happened. Which it didn't?

Kat wants to slip down the drainpipe. Nick looks at her, considers his words carefully.

NICK  
Don't they have a limit at those machines?

KAT  
(quietly)  
Not if you take an advance on your credit card.

Now Nick has to really try to stifle a laugh. Nick puts the money on the sink. He goes to leave, then turns back.

NICK  
You're three hundred short.

With that, he walks out. In the shower, Kat gently bangs her head against the tile. She looks down and notices something.

KAT  
 And my Brazilian wax looks like...  
 Brazil.  
 (resting against the tile)  
 Awesome.

INT. KITCHEN - ELLIS HOUSE

Nick and Victor are eating breakfast, the newspaper spread out between them. Victor's still working on the crossword puzzle.

VICTOR  
 What's a four letter word for  
 daughter defiler?  
 (beat, writing it in)  
 Oh. N-I-C-K.

Before Nick can react--

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 You a boating man, son?

Victor's expression is inscrutable. Nick weighs his options and then--

NICK  
 I am now, sir.

VICTOR  
 (laughing)  
 At least somebody's using the damn  
 thing.  
 (beat)  
 I was gonna fix her up but we took  
 one trip and the kids fought so  
 much, we never launched her again.

Just then, Kat walks in with an air of feigned nonchalance.

KAT  
 That's not true. We checked for  
 leaks a few years back.  
 (kisses her father)  
 Good morning.

VICTOR  
 Ahoy!

Kat throws him a look. He chuckles. As Nick gets up to get himself some orange juice, Kat corners him behind the refrigerator door.

KAT

(hushed)

So you're telling me. If something *had* happened last night...it would have cost me fourteen hundred dollars? That's a down payment on a Ford Focus!

NICK

Not dollars. Pounds.

Nick pours a glass of juice and offers it to Kat. Kat shakes her head.

NICK

My rate isn't arbitrary. It was determined by prevailing market conditions. By the way, it includes oral. That's the extra three hundred.... Pounds.

He smiles and sips his juice. She is outraged by his presumption--

KAT

And what if I didn't want you to...to do that to me?

NICK

No, no. The three hundred is for you doing it to *me*.

KAT

*What?*

NICK

Believe me, if anything had happened, that would have been one of the highlights. For you.

KAT

But nothing did.

NICK

Yup. That's why you get to keep your money.

Nick walks away. Sits down next to Victor. Kat glares daggers at him. Nick smiles and toasts her with his juice.

Just then, Amy enters in a flurry of cheerfulness, as if last night never happened. Bunny follows, carrying a clipboard.

AMY

Hey, Ginger! Hey, Gilligan! How much do I love all this? I'm going to get divorced and remarried over and over again so it'll last forever. Kat, be a sweetie, and go help with the rings. No way Jeffrey's going to get it right.

Amy breezes out.

KAT

(to no one)  
I'd be happy to. You're welcome.

BUNNY

Oh, don't be that way.

VICTOR

(sticking up for Kat)  
Come on, Bun. Leave her alone.

BUNNY

(to Kat)  
It's not always about you, sweetie.

Kat's stung. Nick watches out of the corner of his eye.

KAT

How could you say that? Of course it's not about me. It's never about me when she's in the room because you two are on a special team. You might as well have T-shirts made up.

Kat lowers her voice.

KAT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't know why I'm being so sensitive. I just get tired of being odd man out.

Bunny looks over at Victor.

BUNNY

Tell me about it.

Bunny squeezes Kat's cheek and kisses her.

BUNNY (CONT'D)  
 Oh honey, it's not that I love Amy  
 more. It's that she lets me love  
 her.

This flip comment hits Kat hard.

BUNNY (CONT'D)  
 (obliviously)  
 I'm off. Ta-ta!

As Bunny walks out, Victor raises an eyebrow, then goes back to his crossword. Kat stands a moment, feeling awkward.

KAT  
 (to Nick)  
 Okay, then. I'll catch up with you  
 at the dance thing.... Sweetie.

Nick gives Kat a casual nod. She exits. Behind the BUSINESS section, Nick's face is a mask. Then he smiles. This girl is nuts.

A door BUZZES.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - ST. JOHN'S WOOD

Kat enters and approaches SAL, 60, a tough-talking, Cockney teddy bear.

KAT  
 Hey, Sal.

SAL  
 I heard you were back in town,  
 kitty cat. You're here for the  
 highland flings, I bet.

KAT  
 I get all the glamour jobs.

He smiles and heads into the back. Kat casually looks into the counter. Her face is blank as she scans row after row of engagement rings.

Sal reemerges with two ring boxes. Kat takes the rings and smiles.

KAT (CONT'D)  
 Thanks, Sally.

She turns to go.

SAL  
The one I made for you is the  
cherries. You hang onto it or give  
it back?

KAT  
Give it back? Are you nuts?

SAL  
You pawned it.

KAT  
Not exactly. I wear it.  
(defiantly)  
On my right hand. And only rarely.

Just then, the door BUZZES. Kat turns. It's Jeffrey,  
tugging on the handle. Sal scowls.

SAL  
You want I nut him in the boat?

KAT  
Yes? No. *What?*  
(beat)  
Save the patter for the tourists.

SAL  
You want me to let him in?

KAT  
Of course, don't be silly.

Sal BUZZES Jeffrey in and gives him the dirty eye before he  
disappears into the back.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Hey, you!

JEFFREY  
Let me guess. Amy presumed I'd  
forget the rings.  
(off her look)  
I think I'm her least favorite  
person.  
(beat)  
You know, I *am* sorry.

KAT  
(warming)  
Maybe not her least... There's  
always--

KAT/JEFFREY

Ed's mother.

They share a moment.

KAT

So, tell me, how's unmarried life?

JEFFREY

I have regrets.

Kat jumps down his throat, instantly abandoning her false largesse.

KAT

Whoa, Jeffrey. Slow down. You and me, we're the past. I'm not sure if you noticed, but I'm here with someone else.

JEFFREY

Kat, we must talk. This guy, there's something not quite right.

KAT

It's called character. God, you're predictable.

JEFFREY

Is that why you brought him?  
Because of me.

Kat laughs way too hard.

KAT

Don't be absurd.

Kat is about to walk out the door, but she can't help herself. She stops.

KAT (CONT'D)

I brought him here because he's my boyfriend. Because I adore him. Because late at night he takes me in his arms and....

Kat leans in and whispers something into Jeffrey's ear.



KAT (CONT'D)

I'd stick around and explain what that means, but even if I give you the instruction manual, it doesn't mean you've got the tools to get the job done.

Kat tries not to do a little "fuck-you" jig as she walks out the door.

EXT. STREET - ST. JOHN'S WOOD

Kat strides away but Jeffrey catches up to her. She secretly smiles at the power she is exerting over him.

JEFFREY

Kat, wait. I don't want you hating me. We've never had this talk. You know how crap I am at this.

KAT

Um, news flash: I don't give a shit.

JEFFREY

Kat, stop it. You do. You can't even look me in the eye. You went back to the *States* when we split up.

Jeffrey sees Kat flinch. He knows he's hit something. She looks away.

KAT

That was a long time ago.

JEFFREY

It was. And it took your sister getting married to get you back here.

KAT

(wavering)

So, what's your point?

JEFFREY

I should have told you why I broke up with you. I was a coward. You deserve to know.

Just then Nick walks up. He puts a protective hand on Kat's back and shakes Jeffrey's hand.

NICK  
Hey, man.

JEFFREY  
Sorry, can you give us a moment?

NICK  
No, I can't. We're late for a  
dance lesson. I guess you'll have  
to finish up later.

Kat gives Nick an angry look as he pulls her away.

INT. DANCE CLUB STAIRCASE

Kat, furious, charges up the stairs--

NICK  
Hello, goodbye, I want you, I hate  
you. It's all just words. None of  
it means anything. What matters is  
what you *do*. You either stay put  
or you walk away. If you look  
back, you're not walking away!

KAT  
Oh, cut the crap!

NICK  
I just hate seeing you so stuck.

KAT  
He was about to un-stick me!  
(hissing)  
I paid you to help me get closure.

NICK  
You paid me for a lot of reasons.  
Closure wasn't one of them.

Kat is infuriated. She huffs and pushes open the door.

INT. STEP-BALL-CHANGE DANCE CLUB

Nick and Kat burst in, late. Glistening hardwood floors,  
mirrored walls. Eyes closed and hands clasped, Amy and Ed  
stand in a circle with SONJA, late 50's, the melodramatic  
dance teacher. Kat and Nick join the circle.

KAT  
(mumbling)  
Sorry.

Sonja barely tolerates the interruption, closes her eyes and breathes in deeply.

SONJA  
The wedding dance is, *sans doute*,  
the most important dance-moment in  
a person's life.

Ed cracks open his eyes to see if anyone else thinks this is a crock of shit. Nick catches Ed's eye. Amy darts Ed a "pay attention" look.

SONJA (CONT'D)  
A room full of friends, family,  
enemies...watching, smiling,  
betting on how long the marriage  
will last. All you'll have is each  
other and whatever skills you  
acquire today.

Kat's grip on Nick's hand tightens. Ed cracks open his eyes again. This time, he looks unnerved.

SONJA (CONT'D)  
There are people who will tell you  
that the wedding dance is symbolic of  
a couple's compatibility. Of a  
rapport that cannot be faked. That  
an unskilled man on the dance floor  
is a man who lacks grace in bed.  
(beat)  
These people are right.

Sonja claps three times.

SONJA (CONT'D)  
Eyes open and pair off!

They all open their eyes wide.

INT. STEP-BALL-CHANGE DANCE CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Ed and Amy dance awkwardly to a standard as Sonja gives them instructions.

ANGLE ON KAT AND NICK, dancing sedately, if awkwardly. There is still tension between them. Kat, contrite, dares a glance into his eyes.

KAT  
I'm sorry I was such a bitch. I  
really appreciate your doing this.

NICK  
(simply)  
It's my job.

Kat gazes deep into his eyes. A long look. The longest she's been able to sustain since the boat. She can't read him.

SONJA (O.S.)  
(to Amy and Ed)  
She knows you better than anyone.  
You know her better than she knows  
herself. Where does that feeling  
live? I don't care if it's your  
heart, your head, or your crotch.  
Find that place and dance from it.

KAT  
You know what pisses me off? I've  
been spilling my guts all weekend  
but I don't know anything about  
you. Not one thing.

Nick looks down at her, considering.

NICK  
I'm allergic to fabric softener, I  
majored in Comparative Literature  
at Brown, and I think I'd miss you  
even if we had never met.

Kat blinks, the power of his words hitting her hard. They dance a moment in silence.

KAT  
Now will you tell me how you became  
an escort?

Nick smiles enigmatically. Then without warning--

NICK SPINS KAT AROUND, THEN REELS HER IN TIGHT.

In a hyper-romantic cinematic flourish,

THE FLOOR SWELLS AND THE WALLS DISAPPEAR.

The music sharpens as if it's no longer coming from an old record player but from a classic MGM soundtrack.

Nick and Kat are weightless as they glide across the floor. Their eyes stay locked on each other as though it were this connection, and not gravity, that keeps them on earth.

Kat and Nick seem to slow down but the world stays at normal speed.

ON SONJA, astonished. She stops and watches.

ON AMY AND ED, as they notice what's going on. They stop dancing and stare, too, slacked-jawed, as Nick and Kat float past, completely wrapped up in each other.

Nick and Kat are incredible together.

The music CRESCENDOS as Nick gracefully spins Kat to a perfect stop.

ED

So you can't dance, eh? Bloody liar.

Nick and Kat crash back to earth. They stop dancing. The walls close in and the music sucks back into the speakers.

ED (CONT'D)

I thought you said you were crap.

NICK

I had to say something to get you here.

ED

Fair enough, but I'm stepping on toes here and you're waltzing around like...

AMY

Fred Astaire and what's her face!

NICK

It's not me. I swear. It's her. She's magic.

Kat blushes. Sonja claps her hands, happily.

SONJA

And, switch partners!

EXT. STEP-BALL-CHANGE DANCE CLUB - LATER

Nick, Kat, Amy, and Ed walk out of the studio. Ed skips down the steps and onto the street. Then he realizes what he's doing and abruptly stops.

ED

You'd better get going. My parents will be 'round to cart you off to the country.

AMY

Whatever you do, don't mention Italy. Or politics. Or baby buggies.

(beat)

Or Edith Piaf.

ED

Your probably best off pretending you're asleep.

Ed grabs Amy by the neck and pulls her away.

Amy laughs but Kat catches a look on her sister's face. It's not quite nervousness. It's something closer to panic. Amy waves over her shoulder as they walk away.

CUT TO:

A BOAT SAILING ACROSS FRAME, WIDER TO REVEAL--

EXT. KAT'S HOUSE - ST. JOHN'S WOOD

Victor tows the boat with an annoyed Bunny in the passenger seat. As they pull out of the driveway, they wave to Nick, who sits on a stone wall in front of the house.

Nick talks on his cell phone, Kat's bags piled high next to him, as Pigeons walk and flap around him.

Kat appears carrying two bottles of water. When Nick sees Kat, he hangs up too quickly. Kat pretends not to notice. She eyes the pigeons suspiciously.

KAT

Pigeons creep me out. They're like dirty doves...plotting something.

Nick playfully pulls Kat down next to him. Spooked by the increasing number of pigeons, Kat inches away from them and closer to Nick. Kat frowns, suddenly pensive.

KAT (CONT'D)

How do you have real relationships?  
You know, ones you don't get paid  
for?

Nick isn't sure he wants to get into this.

KAT (CONT'D)

You *have* had girlfriends?

NICK

Sure, but it's never easy. They  
say they're okay with it, and they  
are...for a while. Then one day,  
they're not.

They sit in silence. It's not awkward, it's nice. London  
beams under a rare cloudless sky.

NICK (CONT'D)

When I said I'd never done a  
wedding before, I didn't say that  
no one ever asked. I just never  
said yes.

KAT

So, why'd you say yes to me?

NICK

There was something in your voice  
on the phone that day.

KAT

Desperation?

Nick doesn't acknowledge her joke. Kat sneaks a look at him.

NICK

I think it was hope.

Kat hides a smile as her leg touches his. They are both  
keenly aware of the contact.

KAT

What would you do if you weren't an  
escort?

NICK

Make out with you for free.

Nick puts his arm around her. Kat laughs.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 What would you do if you stopped  
 worrying about what other people  
 think?

KAT  
 Spontaneously combust?

They sit in silence a moment. Just then, Ed's parents drive up in a beautiful old Bentley. Ed's mother reaches over her embarrassed husband and HOOTS the horn.

INT/EXT. BENTLEY [DRIVING]- LATER

85 George drives through the lush countryside while Lydia carries on. In the back seat, Kat drops her head on Nick's shoulder; they've clearly been enduring this awhile.

85

KAT, NICK, AND ED'S PARENTS -- SCENE FORTHCOMING.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Nick, Kat, and Ed's parents unload the Bentley and carry their bags up the steps of a stately stone mansion.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - LATER

A small boathouse sits at the edge of a charming lake that borders the main property. Nearby, "Jack Ship" struggles to say afloat as PASTY KIDS sun themselves on the moored junker. Ed mans an elaborate grill as GUESTS in summer hats mill about.

AT A PICNIC TABLE, Victor plays poker with Nick, Kat, and TJ. From the pile of money in front of him, it's clear Victor's kicking ass. Victor throws in ten pounds.

TJ  
 (shrewd poker voice)  
 You know, I might just call you...  
 but if I did...I would lose...  
 because my hand *blows*.

She throws down her cards. Kat studies her hand and tosses in a bill.



KAT

Call.

All eyes are on Nick.

VICTOR

Let's see what kind of a man my  
daughter's found for herself.

Nick looks down at his money. Ten pounds. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a HUGE WAD OF CASH. Everyone is in shock but he doesn't notice. He strips off a hundred, tosses it in the pot, and takes back sixty.

NICK

Raise you thirty.

Victor raises an eyebrow.

ON TJ, looking at Nick. She leans over to Kat and whispers--

TJ

(re: Nick's penis)  
Can I see it? Just for a sec?

Kat laughs and hits TJ.

TJ (CONT'D)

Come on, it's so not fair. At  
least describe it to me.

Just then, Nick's cell phone RINGS. Victor plucks the phone out of Nick's hand. Kat darts a worried look at Nick and reaches for the phone.

KAT

Daddy!

Victor won't give it up. He answers.

VICTOR

(into phone)  
I'm sorry, Nick's about to win a  
pile of my money. He's gonna have  
to call you back.

Kat and Nick are frozen as Victor listens.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Thank you for your understanding,  
ma'am. And good luck putting out  
that fire.

He hangs up the cell phone and looks quizzically at Nick.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
What is it you do again?

NICK  
What would you say if I told you I was a member of an elite task force employed to safeguard our nation's most precious resource: your daughter.

Victor snorts.

VICTOR  
Oh, yeah, shrink. Call.

Kat hides her relief. Victor throws in the cash.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Let me save you some trouble. My old man hit the bottle like it was his job and he had a mean streak as wide as the English Channel. So, me? I drink in moderation and have never raised my voice around a kid.

Kat throws in thirty pounds. Victor lays down a PAIR OF ACES AND TWOS.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
What do you say to that?

NICK  
I say that feeling compelled to do the opposite of your parents is as enslaving as emulating them.

Nick lays down his hand. THREE KINGS. Victor shakes his head. Nick glances at Kat. She twinkles at him, then lays down a LOW STRAIGHT.

VICTOR  
That's my girl!

She does a little dance as she swipes the pile of money toward her. Nick can't believe it.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Best thing about being a dad is when your kid starts kicking your ass--

NICK  
--and the ass of the man who adores  
her.

Nick rises from the table, but his comment lingers. Kat searches his face, wondering if he was serious. He holds her gaze a moment, then begins picking up the cards.

Ed appears holding a plate piled high with bangers.

ED  
Anybody seen my future-wife?  
(re: sausages)  
She'll kill me if I don't serve her  
first.

KAT  
Have you guys ever had a real,  
honest-to-God fight?

Ed thinks about that.

ED  
(lying)  
Of course.

KAT  
Yeah, right.

ED  
I hear that make-up sex is the best  
kind. Unfortunately, I'll never  
know.

Victor calls out to Nick--

VICTOR  
Hey, Sigmund, you think you could  
rustle up the bride and tell her to  
join the party?

NICK  
Will do.

Nick smiles at Kat and heads toward the boathouse. Kat watches with a hint of apprehension.

FOLLOW NICK, walking across a carpet of pine needles. He passes through a latticework of shadows and steps into the boathouse--

INT. BOATHOUSE - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - SAME

NICK'S POV: Amy and Jeffrey, their backs turned, are in the middle of an argument.

AMY  
(pulling her arm away)  
I said no! I'm getting married  
tomorrow! What do you want from  
me?

Amy turns and sees Nick. Her face falls. Jeffrey sees him, too, and blanches, then badly covers--

JEFFREY  
Right, then. I'll get you a  
Tofurky Burger instead.

Jeffrey walks out stiffly and Amy, mortified, turns and stares blankly out the window.

NICK  
Sorry to interrupt. Your dad sent  
me.

AMY  
What for?

NICK  
To make sure you're okay.

Amy turns around and looks at the tiny boathouse. Although it had looked perfect to us before, under her gaze, we see all the cracks and dirt.

AMY  
You know all that "if these walls  
could talk" stuff? Do you believe  
it? That a place has a memory?

NICK  
Actually, I do.

Amy's expression clouds as her eyes fall on the bedroom door. Through the open door, Nick can see a small bed surrounded by bookshelves.

AMY  
This place has been in Ed's family  
forever. We used to spend weekends  
out here every summer.  
(with a sigh)  
(MORE)

AMY(cont'd)

God, I hope it doesn't remember everything.

LAUGHTER floats in from outside, an ironic soundtrack to Amy's desperation.

Nick pushes out the chair across from him. Amy looks at him a moment, then sits down.

EXT. LAKE

Kat is standing with her mother, absentmindedly looking for Nick, when Jeffrey approaches.

JEFFREY

May I have a word? It'll be just a minute.

BUNNY

Let me think. You stole seven years of her life with your charm and your bullshit and now you want a couple more minutes? Sure. Go right ahead.

As Jeffrey walks away, Kat whispers to her mother.

KAT

Thanks for the solidarity, but next time? A little less information.

Kat follows Jeffrey toward the lake.

INT. BOATHOUSE - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Amy is now sitting across from Nick at the kitchen table. Nick is shell-shocked.

NICK

Does Kat know?

Amy doesn't even bother shaking her head.

AMY

It was such a long time ago.

NICK

Still--

AMY

If Ed ever found out....

NICK

Or Kat....

AMY

And she wonders why I swim to the bottom of a Lemondrop every time I see her.

Nick pushes back from the table. He's at a loss for words.

EXT. LAKE

Jeffrey speaks to Kat with disarming sincerity. Kat tries to keep her guard up, but despite herself, she's listening.

JEFFREY

You were so good to me. I swear I never meant to hurt you. We were together what, five years?

KAT

Seven if you count the on-and-off years. Which I do.

JEFFREY

Right. Seven.  
(realizing)  
Christ, that's a long time, isn't it?

KAT

Not for a dog.

JEFFREY

Well, we had a lot of good years, but then...

Jeffrey fumbles.

KAT

Is this supposed to be an apology?

JEFFREY

It's not supposed to be anything, Kat. It's just my rather feeble attempt to.... Oh, I don't know.

(beat)

You see, I thought I could deny my feelings--

Something catches Kat's eye: Nick exiting the boathouse. Even from this distance, she knows that something is wrong.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
You're not even listening.

KAT  
When we were together I was "too  
here," now I'm not here enough.

FOLLOW KAT, as she walks away from Jeffrey through a stand of trees and meets Nick.

In the background, Jeffrey watches, confused, then walks away. Kat reaches out and touches Nick's arm, tentatively.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

Kat's tenderness finds its way into Nick. It takes him a moment to recover.

NICK  
Yeah. You?

KAT  
Yeah.

They look at each other a moment.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Nick and Kat walk back to the main house. Side by side, they cut through a picturesque glen. Nick shoots Kat an anxious glance, deciding whether to reveal what he knows.

Kat catches him and smiles back, sweetly. Nick takes her hand and kisses it, surprising her. His eyes turn back toward the house but he doesn't let go of her hand.

INT. BATHROOM - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - NIGHT

Kat is getting ready. She's up on her tiptoes, doing her make-up in the mirror. The radio is blaring Air Supply. Kat sings along, passionately, embarrassingly.

Kat was clearly lying about not liking the cheesy greatest hits. She knows every word. Somehow, she seems different, freer. She's singing like she means it.

EXT. BALCONY - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Nick and Victor, sipping cocktails, stand on a back balcony overlooking the party preparations. In the backyard below, Bunny zips around, hissing orders at the STAFF.

BUNNY

You, with the hair and all the bright ideas. Paper lantern plus open flame equals no-no.

VICTOR

That woman is insane. God damn if I don't love her.

Nick wants to come clean but can't find the courage. He chooses his words carefully.

NICK

Kat does this thing. She stands on her tiptoes when she's looking in the mirror. You ever notice that?

Victor smiles, he knows what Nick's talking about.

VICTOR

I remember the day I met Kat. It was in New York. I'd been dating Bunny for a few months, and she finally trusted me enough to introduce me to her kid. So I'm over at her place and in walks this little monster that won't stop talking.

(remembering)

She hands me a walkie-talkie made out of an orange juice can and drags me over to her fort. The fort was this lop-sided mess of blankets and the walkie-talkie almost took my ear off, but she was having the time of her life.

(shaking his head)

That was it. I was a goner.

A wave of nostalgia passes over him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

That was the day I became a dad. And from that moment on, I just knew.

(MORE)



VICTOR(cont'd)

I'd give that little girl everything she ever needed, I'd love her unconditionally, and I wouldn't let her out of the house until she was thirty.

Nick laughs.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You think it's going to get easier when they get older. That you're going to worry about them less. Or trust the world more. But that's just not how it goes.

They stand in silence a moment.

NICK

I'm not sure if this is going to make sense to you, Sir, but I'd like to ask permission to date your daughter.

Victor gives Nick an intense but unreadable look.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

The ladies are fond of you, Nick. I can see that. I also see that whatever else you are, you're a helluva good guy.

(beat)

She paid a real price dating Jeffrey. This will be different, won't it?

Nick's not sure what Victor knows. He wants to assure him, to make promises. Instead, he says nothing. Victor and Nick look at each other, a silent understanding between them.

EXT. GARDEN - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - LATER

The rehearsal dinner is underway. Strung with paper lanterns, the yard looks enchanted. The usual suspects are packed around a candle-lit table, absorbed in lively conversation. Jeffrey, brooding, doesn't engage, just drinks heavily.

At the center of it all, Nick is quietly relishing being a part of this family dinner. Kat and Nick make eye contact. They've finally caught up with the couple they were pretending to be at the beginning of the weekend.

Bunny's voice cuts through the din like a knife--

BUNNY  
I blame Tony Pee-Pants!

KAT  
Oh, no.  
(to Nick)  
She tells this story at every major holiday.

BUNNY  
Why should this be any different?  
(taking Nick's arm)  
Besides, I have to initiate Nick into the family.  
(to Nick)  
I blame Tony for why my two girls can't seem to get along.

Kat and Amy moan, here we go.

BUNNY (CONT'D)  
Oh, don't deny it. You barely tolerate each other.

TJ  
It's true. All you have in common is that you both secretly want to be me.  
(raising her glass)  
Cheers.

KAT  
(to Nick)  
She blames Tony Pee-Pants Pinterello for everything. The fall of the British Empire, the Cold War, the internet.

BUNNY  
It was just after we moved here. My little girls got in a fight over Tony Pee-Pants and they haven't made up since.

Amy rolls her eyes, saves them all from Bunny by telling the story herself.

AMY  
Apparently, Kat and I were inseparable.

BUNNY

If Kat ate a banana, Amy threw it up.

TJ

If Amy threw it up, Kat ate it.

Lydia is vaguely disgusted. She pulls a face. Bunny waves a hand in front of her eyes. This story always kills her.

KAT

We were eating and puking together in harmony until one day, Tony walked me home from school. He was my first boyfriend.

(pointedly)

I was fourteen.

AMY

So Tony Pee-Pants starts ignoring Kat. He wanted to play with me.

KAT

You practically bribed him with your erector set.

NICK

(aside, to Kat)

Fourteen and he's hoodwinked by a an erector set?

KAT

I didn't say he was *worth* it.

They share a private smile.

AMY

Whatever. The point is, Tony ended up with a chair in his face.

BUNNY

(in her defense)

It was plastic. And child-sized. But there were some stitches involved.

TJ

Like fifteen.

KAT

Dad made me go over and apologize the next day.

BUNNY

I'm an American and in America,  
people sue. So to prevent a  
lawsuit, I baked a tart. And I  
don't bake.

KAT

So Dad rang the bell and when Tony  
Pee-Pants opened the door, I threw  
the tart at him and popped his  
stitches.

Victor laughs, remembering. Bunny hits him on the arm.

VICTOR

Sorry.

He chuckles again.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You should have seen his face--  
(he makes a surprised  
face)  
Then, boom. Right in the kisser.

BUNNY

(shaking her head)  
What happened to my little angels?

Amy and Kat both ignore their mother, who's misting up.

NICK

And that's when he peed in his  
pants? After the tart?

KAT

He bled a bunch, but no, there was  
no peeing.

NICK

So what's with the nickname?

They all think about that.

BUNNY

I have absolutely no idea.

Everyone laughs.

EXT. GARDEN - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - LATER

Many of the guests have gone. Empty bottles of wine litter the table. Only the immediate family, TJ, Nick and Jeffrey remain. Jeffrey's still drinking heavily and Kat's not at the table.

INT. WINE CELLAR - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Kat pulls a bottle of wine off the top shelf just as someone comes up behind her. Kat feels a hand on her back, spins around and drops the bottle. Jeffrey reaches out and grabs it before it drops. She looks at his somber face, takes the bottle, and sets it back on the shelf.

KAT

Okay, let's do this. What's the big confession?

EXT. GARDEN - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - SAME

Nick looks for Kat. Concern crosses his face as he notices that Jeffrey's gone, too. Nick picks up a couple of empty wine bottles off the table.

INT. KITCHEN - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick drops the bottles into a recycling bin then looks over at the basement door.

INT. WINE CELLAR - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - SAME

Nick stands at the top of the cellar stairs. He's eavesdropping, partially concealed by the half-open door.

JEFFREY (O.S.)

Well, in a way, you were right. The prob was, you were in love. I *wanted* to be. But I wasn't.

INTERCUT WITH JEFFREY AND KAT:

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

If I'd have confessed, you would have forgiven me. But the truth is, I didn't want to be forgiven. I sort of just needed it to end.

Kat processes Jeffrey's words, tries to be open.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
Bollocks, I'm sorry. I had no idea  
this would be so difficult.

KAT  
Relax. Take a breath and just say  
it. It's no big deal. I promise.

JEFFREY  
Brilliant.

KAT  
Well, it was a big deal. As late  
as...yesterday. Or this morning.  
(beat)  
But not anymore.

Nick smiles.

KAT (CONT'D)  
And you were right -- it *is* why I  
brought Nick with me...because I  
wanted to drive you insane. To  
torture you slowly, for the entire  
weekend. But then something  
happened. I started to fall for  
him. And now, and I hope this  
doesn't hurt your feelings, now I'm  
sick of you and me, of our story.

Nick, almost giddy with happiness, moves away from the door,  
then back towards it again. Finally, he closes it quietly  
and leaves.

Downstairs, Kat takes Jeffrey's hand.

KAT (CONT'D)  
It's the past. It's nothing but  
ghosts. So just get it off your  
chest, then let's go back upstairs  
and eat some tiramisu.

JEFFREY  
I slept with your sister.

Silence.

KAT  
I'm sorry?

JEFFREY

I shagged Amy. Two years ago. That's why I ended it. And then, after you left, sod it, we kept at it like rabbits until we both realized it was absolutely mad. And, you know, morally wrong. Then there was that one other time. And that was it.

Kat stares at him, blood pounding in her ears.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Last Christmas when Ed proposed, I realized...I'm in love with her. I can't lose her.

She feels like she's trapped in a horror movie. She's got to get out of here. In a daze, she turns around and heads toward the stairs.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

What? Good lord, say something. You said I should tell you the truth.

Kat stops dead, her jaw stiffens. When she turns and looks at him, her face is filled with loathing.

KAT

I wasted two years grieving *this*?

Kat laughs. It is so close to tears, that the sound catches in her throat. She shakes her head, wearily, and mechanically walks up the stairs.

EXT. GARDEN - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Kat emerges like a sleepwalker. She looks for Nick, doesn't find him anywhere. She drifts toward the table. Jeffrey appears in the doorway behind her.

TJ is the first to look up. She sees Kat's face, sees Jeffrey, and knows what happened. TJ goes to Kat.

TJ

Oh, no. He told you.

KAT

You *knew*?

TJ  
I'm so sorry.

Kat shakes her head and looks past TJ to Amy. Amy meets her sister's gaze and instantly gets it. Desperate to keep this from Ed, she heads Kat off.

AMY  
Please don't say anything.

Kat looks at Amy like they've never met. Amy's eyes are wild, silently pleading.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Please.

Kat has never felt more alone. She looks everywhere for Nick.

He finally emerges from the house and comes to Kat's rescue, folding her in his arms. Kat holds onto him for dear life. Then--

AMY  
(to Nick)  
I can't believe you told her!

Kat pulls away from Nick, confused. As she stumbles backwards, all she sees is Nick's face. All she hears is Amy's voice, miles away.

AMY (O.S.)  
You said your job was discretion.  
You couldn't wait until you got  
back to New York?

Bunny and Victor watch, confused, as Kat runs out. Nick runs after her as Ed approaches Jeffrey.

ED  
What's going on?

Jeffrey looks straight at his best friend.

JEFFREY  
Nothing.

ED  
(skeptical)  
Doesn't look like nothing.

Jeffrey puts his arm around Ed.



JEFFREY

Now is not the time to catch on.  
(re: Ed's empty glass)  
It is, however, time for another  
round.

EXT. FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Kat staggers down the moonlit lane. She's barely staving off  
a breakdown. Nick runs up behind her.

NICK

Kat!

Kat charges forward, blindly, as Nick follows.

NICK (CONT'D)

Come on! Don't be--

Kat's anger swells, she spins around.

KAT

What?! I can't believe I trusted  
you! How could you not tell me!?

Nick sees the pain in Kat's face. It's pain for Jeffrey, for  
the past.

NICK

(angrily)

Jesus, Kat. What did you want me  
to say? That your sister slept  
with your fiancé? That everybody  
knew and no one respected you  
enough to tell you?

Nick is not used to being angry. He grows uneasy, hedges--

NICK (CONT'D)

Besides, you hired me for my  
discretion.

KAT

You've always got that to hide  
behind, don't you? It's just  
business!

NICK

Yeah! For all I know, come Monday  
morning, we'll go back to the real  
world and...and you'll be hiring me  
for your best friend!

Kat's face fills with hurt.

NICK (CONT'D)

I mean, come on. Did you actually think we'd be boyfriend and girlfriend?

This stops Kat a moment, then--

KAT

You let me make a fool of myself! You lied to me! I don't know why that surprises me because lying is what you do. It's your job. It's who you are. How would you even know if something were real?

NICK

You're judging me?! Oh, that's a good one. You're lying to me, you're lying to your family, and you're lying to yourself. But you're going to stand there and point a finger at me? The man you hired to pretend to be your boyfriend?

Silence. Each wants the other to fight for it. But neither does. Kat gives up.

KAT

You're right. I was so desperate to make everyone believe I was happy that I spent six grand on a lie. And after all that? The only one who ended up falling for it was me.

NICK

Go ahead, Kat. Hate me. You were running out of steam on the whole Jeffrey thing. Maybe now you'll be able to hold onto this just long enough to ruin your next relationship.

Nick's had enough. He turns and walks away, leaving Kat stunned.

EXT. FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - LATER

The party is over, the house lights low. Moonlight washes over Nick as he carries his packed suitcase to his car. Ed comes out of the house, jogs up to Nick.

NICK  
I'll just check into a hotel.

ED  
Don't be ridiculous. It's late and the place is empty. Just take my car.

Ed hands him a set of keys.

ED (CONT'D)  
I don't know what's going on with you two, but I'm sure it'll work out. You couldn't be more perfect for her if she picked you out of a catalogue.

Nick smiles, wearily.

NICK  
Thanks, man.

Nick tosses his bag in back and gets in the car.

INT. SITTING ROOM - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - SAME

Kat stands at the window, her eyes puffy. She watches as Nick drives away, then she turns around.

Her mom and dad wait in the darkened living room. Kat tries to be strong, but then she goes to her father, burying herself in his arms. Bunny hides a pang of disappointment as she gently touches Kat's head.

INT. KAT'S ROOM - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - LATER

Kat straightens up her room. A KNOCK on the door and Amy walks in.

AMY  
Hey.

KAT  
Hey.

Kat keeps cleaning up.

AMY

I just wanted to say thank you.  
For not outing me in front of Ed.  
I want to tell him. Just not on  
the night before our wedding. With  
these kind of things, timing is  
everything.

Kat turns on her sister, she's smiling.

KAT

You're right. You should really  
time it right so when he hears that  
you repeatedly screwed his best  
friend, he doesn't feel like the  
world is collapsing around him and  
there's no escape because you  
tricked him into marrying you.

Amy wasn't ready for Kat's intensity, she backs towards the door.

AMY

You know what? I'm not having this  
conversation right now.

KAT

Sure, disappear. We've been  
walking away our whole lives.

Amy turns around and faces Kat, willing to hear anything.

KAT (CONT'D)

I'm not even going to discuss the  
fact that you screwed *my fiancé*  
because you've always been a  
spoiled, amoral, little princess.

Amy looks horrified but Kat's not backing down.

KAT (CONT'D)

But I put up with all of it because  
I really believed that deep down,  
you loved me and you were a good  
person. I really thought you  
deserved someone like Ed. God I  
envied you guys. Somehow, he made  
your selfish bullshit seem okay.  
Almost endearing.

Amy looks at Kat with tears in her eyes.

KAT (CONT'D)

And now I know. You didn't deserve any of it. You were just lucky.

Kat looks at her sister, sadly.

KAT (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Amy. Your wedding will be perfect. Tomorrow, I'll smile and say all the right things and you'll deal with Ed when you're ready. But right now, tonight, I can't pretend it's okay.

Amy, stricken, exits. As she leaves, her shoulders start to shake. She is crying. Kat's reflex is to go to her, but she stops herself. It's too soon to forgive. She walks over and closes the door.

INT. BOATHOUSE - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - SAME

Nick stands, alone in the darkened boathouse, speaking on his cell phone.

NICK

And that's the first flight out?

He writes something down on a piece of paper.

NICK (CONT'D)

All right, thank you.

He hangs up and sits down on the edge of the bed. He looks at the floor. At nothing.

INT. KAT'S ROOM - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Kat lies in bed. She stares at the ceiling. At nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. KAT'S ROOM - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - MORNING

Kat's eyes flutter open. She's not refreshed and she doesn't feel better. The only thing that's changed is that it's morning. Kat looks up at the ceiling.

KAT (O.S.)

I'm okay.

CU ON KAT'S FACE, STARING INTO CAMERA. SHE SEES NOTHING.

INT. HAIR DRESSER - DAY

Kat's make-up is flawless and her hair is perfect but her eyes are clouded with pain and sleeplessness.

BUNNY (O.S.)  
I don't believe you.

Bunny sits next to Kat in a barber's chair.

KAT  
No, I'm fine, really. Nothing a bottle of Jack and a straight razor can't fix.

Kat's trying to be light, but her eyes are a dead giveaway. Kat draws in a long breath, trying to summon some semblance of joy.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Anyway, it doesn't matter. Today's Amy's day.

She braves a glance at her mother's face. Bunny's not buying.

EXT. CAR PARK - HAIR DRESSER

Kat stands in the car park behind the salon, furtively sucking on a cigarette as she pulls off an old nicotine patch. Choking, she throws down the cigarette as the salon door opens and Bunny steps out.

BUNNY  
What's going on with you two?

KAT  
I was pretty hard on her last night.  
(welling up)  
And now she's getting married.

BUNNY  
There's a reason I always tell that Tony Pee-Pants story, you know.

KAT  
Trust me. This is bigger than Tony  
Pee-Pants.

BUNNY  
(pressing on)  
Before Tony, you and your sister  
were best friends. I couldn't  
split you up. If your sister ate  
the spinach, you ate the spinach.  
If you threw up--.

KAT  
Mom, please.

BUNNY (CONT'D)  
Anyway, when that boy came over, it  
was the first time you ever did  
anything without her.  
(beat)  
And Amy wasn't just jealous...she  
was sad and lonely. She missed  
you.

KAT  
She did?

BUNNY  
So she flirted with Tony, and you  
got mad and sent him away. Who did  
that leave?  
(beat)  
You and Amy. Reunited.

Kat stands, stunned, as Bunny brushes her hand against Kat's  
cheek.

BUNNY (CONT'D)  
I wish I had known it would go by  
so fast.

Kat watches, full of emotion, as Bunny leaves with tears in  
her eyes.

INT. CHURCH

A series of images as Wedding preparations transform the  
austere church. A carpet is unrolled down the aisle. A  
bouquet is affixed to a pew. Programs are laid out.

CUT TO:

A HAND ZIPPING UP A SUITCASE.

112 INT. BOATHOUSE - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

112

Bag in hand, Nick locks up the boathouse and sets the keys on top of the door frame.

EXT. FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Limos wait outside both Kat's house and the house next door. Bunny fusses with Amy's dress as they walk toward the car. Victor and Kat follow, arm in arm.

ANGLE ON VICTOR AND KAT. Victor looks at Kat, who is trying to be brave. It's almost working.

INT. ANNEX - CHURCH

Amy nervously fusses with her dress when Kat walks in. Kat stops when she sees her sister, glowing in a beam of dusty light. It takes Kat's breath away.

KAT

Wow. You look beautiful.

AMY

Yeah. Most important day of my life. Whatever. Listen, I chose you to be my Maid of Honor for a lot of reasons: I love you, you're my favorite, and only, half-sister, blah blah blah. But the main reason I picked you is because you've been so miserable for the past few years, I knew you wouldn't outshine me.

(beat)

But here it is, my big day. *My* big day. And something doesn't feel right. Maybe it was that pep talk you gave me last night, I don't know, but your misery just isn't working for me anymore.

Amy tries to keep up her tough attitude but when she levels her gaze at Kat, her eyes cloud with a regret deeper than we thought her capable of.



AMY (CONT'D)  
It was a horrible thing I did to  
you. I'm really sorry.

Amy takes her sister's hand. Then lets it drop.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I know you hate when I get what I  
want. But right now, all I want is  
for you to be happy.

ON KAT as this sinks in.

EXT. CHURCH

Kat pushes open the heavy church doors. Organ music floods  
out as Kat surreptitiously looks up and down the street.

Victor appears behind her. Kat looks at her dad and forces a  
smile. Victor knows she's upset.

VICTOR  
So why'd you let him go?

KAT  
It's complicated, Dad.

VICTOR  
(ironically)  
Oh, well, then. It probably won't  
work out.

Victor stops and faces her, his voice full of meaning.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I read a fascinating article in the  
*New Yorker* once and this guy said:  
"Every woman has the exact love  
life she wants." You know what? I  
agree. And I refuse to believe  
that *this* is what you want.

Kat is overwhelmed but Victor continues.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Ever since you were a little kid,  
you've been trying to please other  
people. And in return for your  
services, all they've done is  
disappoint you.

(beat)

(MORE)

VICTOR(cont'd)

So tell me, is this the guy for  
you?

Kat thinks about this.

KAT

Yeah.

VICTOR

Then for once in your life, do  
something for yourself.

Kat looks at him gratefully and makes a silent decision.

INT. CAR [DRIVING]

Kat speeds down the road in her parents' car. The empty boat  
trailer clatters behind her.

INT. CHURCH

Amy watches through a crack in the door as the GUESTS take  
their seats.

INT. ANNEX - CHURCH

Amy paces nervously. Ed knocks and enters, covering his eyes  
so he doesn't see her dress.

ED

Your mother said you'd like a quick  
word.

Amy takes Ed's hands away from his eyes. From the look on  
her face, Ed knows something is wrong.

INT. WOODS

Kat races through the woods, trying to keep her dress from  
catching on the branches that whip at her on all sides.

INT. CHURCH

The Guests are all seated now, and the organ has begun its  
mood music. In the atrium just outside the church, the  
entire wedding party, minus Amy and Ed, is gathered, waiting.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Kat bursts into the clearing, her hair tousled, her dress nightmarish. She tries to catch her breath as she looks up to the porch of the boathouse. This is supposed to be the part where she sees Nick and they live happily ever after.

INT. BOATHOUSE - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE

Kat desperately searches the rooms of the boathouse. By the time she gets to the kitchen, she knows it's going to be empty. She opens the door, anyway.

Nick's gone. On the kitchen table, a brown envelope. Kat picks it up. Written on the front: KAT. She turns it over to open it. On the back it reads: "IT'S ALL THERE, TRUST ME." Kat laughs at how well Nick knows her. Her eyes fill with love.

INT./EXT. CAR [DRIVING]

Inside the car, Nick's face is stoic as he drives, his carry-on on the seat next to him.

INT. ANNEX - CHURCH

Amy faces Ed, her eyes red and puffy.

AMY

I was too scared to tell you. I thought you'd never speak to me again. I'm so sorry.

Ed is reeling, he just stares at Amy, saying nothing. Amy's finally doing her penance. The silence is killing her.

AMY (CONT'D)

Say something. Please.

ED

I knew you were still seeing someone else when we finally got together. I never in a million years would have dreamt it was Jeffrey.

Ed shakes his head, trying to understand.

ED (CONT'D)  
Does Kat know?

AMY  
Jeffrey told her last night.

ED  
Last night?

Ed winces, remembering, then lets out a growl.

ED (CONT'D)  
That worthless bastard!

Ed staggers towards the door.

INT. CHURCH

Ed slams the door on his way out of the annex. He charges up the aisle, past the pews full of guests.

Guests MURMUR in surprise. Ed picks up speed. He's like a heat-seeking missile that's found its mark:

JEFFREY, stands at the back, chatting up a DUMPY BRIDESMAID. He turns just in time to see Ed running up the aisle. TJ spots Ed, too.

Jeffrey's seen this movie before -- he knows he's about to get his ass kicked.

Jeffrey drops everything and starts running. At that moment, TJ grabs a FLOWER GIRL and uses the little girl to trip Jeffrey. He falls, scrambles back up and keeps running.

EXT. STREET

Kat trudges up the church steps, her head down. Just then, the door bursts open and Jeffrey flies out of the church and races down the street. Moments later, Ed explodes from the church and takes off after Jeffrey.

Kat watches them run down the street, confused, then goes inside.

INT./EXT. CAR [DRIVING]

Nick's staring straight ahead when something

STREAKS PAST HIS WINDOW.

Nick thinks he's seeing things, looks in the rear-view mirror to investigate. Just then, ANOTHER FORM STREAKS PAST.

Nick looks out the back window and sees Ed chasing Jeffrey down the street. Nick shakes his head, but keeps driving. This family is not his problem anymore.

Nick wills his eyes to stay on the road, but then he can't help it. He looks into the rear-view mirror again.

Almost despite himself, Nick throws the car into a U-turn. He catches up and pulls alongside Ed, who's still chasing Jeffrey.

NICK

Hey.

Ed looks over at Nick, but keeps running, his tuxedo flailing. Nick keeps pace.

ED

(winded)

I look like a total wanker, don't I?

NICK

Yeah, kind of.

Ed keeps running.

NICK (CONT'D)

Only way to beat that guy is to take yourself out of the game.

Ed finally stops running. Wheezing, he bends over to catch his breath. Nick pulls over.

INT. ANNEX - CHURCH

Back inside, Amy nervously awaits her fate. Kat enters. She wants to hug Amy, but offers her a tissue instead. Amy takes it gratefully.

INT./EXT. CAR - LATER

Nick and Ed pull up to the church. Nick turns off the car. Neither one of them gets out.

ED

You heading to the train station?

NICK  
I figured you could pick up your  
car tomorrow.

ED  
Yeah.

They sit in silence, the church looming in front of them.

ED (CONT'D)  
I felt sorry for you last night. I  
was sitting there like some smug  
arse thinking how lucky I am.

Ed's clearly struggling. Nick lets him talk.

ED (CONT'D)  
I forgave her when I thought it was  
just some bloke. Bugger it. Why  
Jeffrey?  
(beat)  
I've had her up on a pedestal ever  
since...since the day I put her up  
there. It's going to take a long  
time for me to get over this.

Nick tries to find the right words of encouragement.  
Finally, he takes his best shot.

NICK  
Think about it this way: you get  
to spend the rest of your life  
having make-up sex.

Ed thinks on this a moment. Then he turns to Nick.

ED  
Listen, mate, are you coming to  
this wedding or not?

EXT. CHURCH

Kat pushes open the heavy doors to take one last look. She  
steps outside and the door closes, revealing--

NICK, now dressed in his tux. He smiles at her.

NICK  
Hi.

KAT  
Hi.

They take each other in.

NICK

When we were fighting last night,  
it hit me. No one had ever cared  
about me as much as you cared about  
Jeffrey. *That's* why I was so  
angry. I'm sorry I took it out on  
you -- I didn't mean to hurt you.

(beat)

And then, I was going to get out of  
here and leave you alone, but  
halfway to the station, I realized--

From inside, the WEDDING MARCH begins to play. Nick takes  
her face in his hands.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'd rather fight with you than make  
love to anyone else.

Kat is speechless. Nick leans down and kisses her like he's  
going to keep on kissing her forever. But then, he breaks  
away.

NICK (CONT'D)

I should go.

KAT

What?! No, no. You can't--

NICK

I have to.

(he smiles)

I'm the best man.

INT. HALLWAY - CHURCH

Nick and Kat stand in a dark doorway, facing the closed door.  
They share a secret smile in the dark.

Just then, the USHER opens the door and Nick leads Kat down  
the aisle. As they walk, they exchange sidelong glances.  
Both are as nervous and excited as school kids.

Behind them, Victor and Amy beam as they await their turn.  
Nick leans over and whispers in her ear.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

In the background, Amy and Ed stand at the altar. They hold hands tightly, grateful to have lost and found each other.

Nick and Kat peek across at each other. They both smile.

KAT (O.S.)

"Today is a day for love and for beauty. But most of all, it's a day for truth."

INT. TENT - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Kat speaks into a microphone, trying to deliver her speech. All around her, she sees faces: Mom, Dad, Amy, Ed, TJ. Kat looks down at a crumpled scrap of paper.

KAT

I've been working on this speech since these two got engaged. It was supposed to be touching and funny.

Kat looks at Nick. He doesn't have to do anything. He just *is* support.

KAT (CONT'D)

I thought I'd come back to England and have an epiphany. I'd see Amy and the perfect thing would pop into my head and it would encapsulate how and why I love my sister. But I came home and everything was a mess and the truth and beauty line was all I could come up with.

(beat)

And I think I stole that from the back of an in-flight magazine.

The GUESTS laugh. Kat looks at her mom.

KAT (CONT'D)

A wonderful woman once said about Amy: "It's not that I love her more, it's that she lets me love her."

Kat raises her glass in a toast.



KAT (CONT'D)

(to Ed and Amy)

It can be the scariest thing in the world to let someone love you and to know how to love them back. Take good care of each other. I love you both.

Everyone clinks glasses. A few people sniffle or kiss their dates. Kat and Amy hold each other's gaze. Nearby, Bunny watches her little girls with tears in her eyes.

INT. TENT - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - DUSK

The STAFF has already started packing up. Ed's Father whispers something to the BANDLEADER and pulls his wife out on the dance floor. He spins her around as "Ma Vie en Rose" begins to play. She smiles, happily, as they dance.

Ed tries to keep a very drunk Amy away from the present table. Slouching on the piano, TJ makes out with her date, Woody, the bartender.

The CAMERA FINDS Kat and Nick on the dance floor.

NICK

Nice speech. I thought it was "touching"... and "funny."

KAT

Thank you.

Nick gracefully spins Kat around; they really do dance beautifully together.

KAT (CONT'D)

Since I've generously agreed to go out with you, I think it's only fair that you tell me how you got into the business?

Kat smiles mischievously. Nick pulls her close. He's finally going to tell her.

NICK

You know why I never tell the real story of how I got into this?

Kat shakes her head, "no." Nick swings her around in an elaborate dip and kisses her on the neck.

NICK (CONT'D)

Because it's boring.

(Kat laughs)

Now if you want to hear a good story, let me tell you the one about how I got out of it.

Kat and Nick smile at each other as their dancing grows more effortless. In the background, Ed tugs a half-opened present out of Amy's hands and puts it back on the table. She jumps up on his back and he happily carts her off to the loo.

CUT TO:

A HAND COUNTING MONEY IN THE BROWN ENVELOPE.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - FLETCHER-WOOTEN ESTATE - SAME

A WORKER finishes counting the money, closes the envelope, and tucks it in his pocket.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as he walks over to TWO OTHER WORKERS, who are scraping paint off a hoisted-up "JACK SHIP."

As the first star appears in the night sky, the music swells and we slowly make out the sounds of the greatest make-up sex of all time, echoing in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.