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She 's the Man

By Ewan Leslie

She shoots, she scores! Goal!

- What? That's right! Give it!

- Nice kick.

- Very nice kick.

- Give me the ball!

Justin!

- Drop... Put me down!

- OK. Down like...

Oh, sorry.

- Goodness.

- Hey!

Hi.

- OK, you are really getting good.

- You too.

I mean, when we first started going out,
you couldn't kiss at all.

- I meant at soccer.

- Really?

Absolutely. You're...

...probably already better
than half the guys on my team.

Probably more than half.

What do you mean,

I couldn't kiss at all?

Don't worry. I've taught you well.

I know.

OK, but seriously, don't you think
you'd get more playing time
at a school like Michigan?

Maybe, but it's always been
about being a Tar Heel for me.

I'm gonna wear that Carolina blue.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, baby!

OK, what is the lacrosse team
doing on our field?

- The school cut our team.

- Wait, what?

- Not enough girls signed up.

- So they just cut us?

They can't do that.

OK. This is not over.

Hi, girls. I heard the bad news.

"Bad"? It's a disaster.

Now college scouts
won't even get to see us play.
I know. If there's anything I can do,
just say the word.
Matter of fact, there is.
We wanna try out for the boys team.
Anything besides that.
Coach, come on!
You know that we're good enough.
I don't know that
that's a thing that I know.
What?
All we're asking for is one shot.
- Yeah.
- Girls,
we have two weeks before school starts.
Then we open against Illyria.
A rivalry game. We have to win.
And we can help you win.
- Hey, baby.
- Hey.
What's going on, coach?
The girls here want
to try out for the team.
- You're not serious.
- All right, all right!
You're all excellent players.
- But girls aren't as fast as boys.
- Right.
- What?
- Or as strong. Or as athletic.
This is not me talking.
It's a scientific fact.
Girls can't beat boys.
It's as simple as that.
OK. Justin, you're the team captain.
What do you think about it?
I think the coach said it all.
Yesterday you told me that I was better
than half the guys on your team.
What?
I never said that.
What are you talking about?
Why are you lying?!

Viola! End of discussion.
Yeah, tell her, man.
Fine. End of relationship.
- Come on, let's go.
- Baby, don't be like that. I...
I just don't want to see you get hurt.
You are so full of...
Back to practice.
Sebastian.
Sebastian?!
Sebastian! Jeez!
It's you.
God, you and your brother
look scary alike from the back.
I think it's your total lack of curves.
Hi, Monique.
It's so good to see you too.
I'm looking for Sebastian. Where is he?
I don't know.
Just remind your brother
how lucky he is to be in my life.
And tell him to give me a call
if he wants to stay in it. OK?
OK. Does he have your number?
1-800-BEYOTCH?
She will do great things.
I have a surprise for you!
And this is why
I don't bring friends over.
Mom, not now.
I had a really bad day, so...
This is just the thing
to just perk you up.
- Hold on.
- OK.
Keep your eyes closed.
- Eyes closed, closed, closed, closed.
- They're closed.
All right. Surprise!
Beautiful gowns
for my darling debutante.
Mom, have I not
told you a thousand times?
I have no interest in being a debutante.

It's totally archaic.
How could I wind up with a daughter
who only wants to kick
a muddy ball around a field all day?
Well, the world has been set right, Mom.
They cut my team.
- What? No soccer?
- Yeah, that's right. No soccer.
- How sad.
- Yeah, I can see you're all torn up.
Well, Justin's gonna love you in this.
Yet another reason not to wear it.
I dumped him.
- What? Why?
- I don't wanna talk about it.
He's so handsome and rugged
and chiseled and great.
Then why don't you date him, Mom?
No, I couldn't.
- Hey, Sebastian.
- Hey.
You OK?
Monique was looking for you.
Why do you even date her, anyway?
She's hot. It's a guy thing.
But she's so awful.
Hey, you know,
you could use the front door.
And Mom can't see me.
She thinks I'm staying at Dad's.
Dad thinks I'm at Mom's.
In two days they both think
I'm going away to school.
- That is the beauty of divorce.
- Where are you going?
London for a couple of weeks.
As in London, England?
Yeah, my band got a slot
in a music festival there.
OK, what are you gonna do about school?
Yeah, I was kind of hoping
you could help me with that.
Could you just, like, pretend to be Mom,
call Illyria, tell them I'm sick?

Something that sounds like it
would last for two weeks, like mad cow.
Sebastian, you just got kicked out
of Cornwall for skipping.
This is not exactly the way
you want to start out.
I want to be a musician.
Last time I heard,
they don't need to know trigonometry.
Besides,
if you want to chase your dreams,
sometimes you gotta
break the rules, right?
You know the percentage of bands
that make it to the big time?
Probably the same
as female soccer players.
I will see you in two weeks.
Sebastian.
- Sebastian!
- Were you talking with your brother?
No. Yes.
On the phone. He's at Dad's. Bye, Dad.

Picture this:

We're at the country club,
they call your name,
and you emerge in this.
No. Sorry, Mom.
I have a strict no-ruffles policy.
Sometimes I just think you
just might as well be your brother.
You know what?
If you can't join them, beat them.
You want me
to turn you into your brother?
That's right.
I'm going to Illyria as Sebastian.
I'll make the boys soccer team, and in
12 days beat the Cornwall boys team.
You've taken too many
soccer balls to the head.
You know I can do it, Paul.
Except for the voice, mannerisms,

the breasts, the mentality and...

It doesn't matter. Nobody at Illyria has even met Sebastian.

- They won't know the difference.

- They'll know he's a girl.

- Oh, come on, Paul.

- Yeah, come on, Paul.

Yeah, come on, Paul.

OK. OK. I'll see what I can do.

Yes!

Where are you going?

Mom, I told you!

I'm going to Dad's house for two weeks.

No, you didn't. And you're not going.

We've hardly spent

any time together this summer.

Now go upstairs and unpack.

OK, Mom, I thought about what you said.

And you know Monique is gonna

be there 24/7 with Sebastian,

so, I don't know, I was just thinking

that maybe she'd show me the ropes

on the whole debutante thing.

- This is so exciting!

- Isn't it?!

You're gonna have so much fun.

There's the formal ball.

And the luncheon.

And, oh, did I mention

the fundraiser next week?

It's gonna be a carnival!

Look out!

Your brother promised to be there,

so remind him when you see him.

Oh, my little girl.

You're finally gonna be a lady!

Are you sure I can do this?!

Oh, yeah. Absolutely.

What's up?

Oh, my God, he knew!

- I wanna go home!

- Relax. He was being friendly!

We're not going home! Stop it!

I did not spend all this time...

- It's your fault! Drive home!
- My idea?! You asked me!
- I did your hair and makeup!
- Reverse!
- I want to go!
- You're being a girl!
- We're not going.
- Come on! Drive!
- He was being friendly.
- All right!

Let's run through it one more time.

Let me hear the voice.

Hey. What's up? I'm Sebastian.

OK. Now show me the strut.

Now, hawk a loogie.

I'm so proud!

- Get off me!

- Remember,

inside every girl there's a boy.

That came out wrong.

But you know what I mean.

Vi.

Be a good boy.

See you guys.

I can do this. I am a dude!

I am a hunky dude!

I'm a badass hunky dude!

Hey! Hey! What up?

You must be my roommates.

What's your name?

- Sebastian Hastings.

- Duke Orsino.

OK.

OK, OK, OK.

This is Andrew and Toby.

They live next door.

Yeah. Freshman dorm's

that-a-way, twiglet.

Seriously, how old are you?

I skipped a couple grades.

I'm brilliant.

Anyway, do you know

when soccer tryouts start?

Noon. You play?

Absolutely. Center forward.
You know it, bro.
So you play the beautiful game... bro?
Brothers? Brethren?
Yeah, I'm a striker.
Andrew and Toby are halfbacks.
Schveet.
OK, why do you have tampons
in your boot?
I get really bad nose bleeds.
So, you stick them up your nose?
Yeah.
What? You've never done that?
Oh, my... Beckham does it all the time.
- Seriously?
- Yes.
Look. I'll just show you how to do it.
Take that off and...
...whatever that is.
And you stick it right in.
It absorbs right up.
- Are you kidding me?
- That's disgusting.
Oh, my God, your roommate's a freak.
That's so disgusting.
Let's start the season
how we finished the last.
Sharp!
What are you, the runt of the family?
OK, shirts and skins.
Pardon me, sir. I have to be a shirt.
- What?
- I'm allergic to the sun.
You're allergic to the sun?
Very, very, very deathly,
deathly allergic.
We like to accommodate here at Illyria.
So I'll follow you around
with a parasol. All right, Nancy boy?
You're a shirt.
OK, guys, let's go.
One, two, three!
One, two, three! One, two, three!
At ease, gentlemen.

I've seen a lot of energy
and commitment out there today.
And that makes a coach proud.
Now, I want to split us up
into first string and second string.
You second-stringers,
don't take it too hard.
You're just as much part of this team
as the first-stringers.
Apart from, of course,
playing the game part.
Schuler.
Haims.
Potensky.
Donner.
Hastings.
Second string.
The rest of you, congratulations.
First-stringers.
Now, hit the showers.
Shower time.
Shower time?
- Hastings! No shower for you.
- OK.
Principal Gold wants
to see you in his office.
I'm over. It's done. They know.
Sebastian's file.
Sebastian...
Could it be any bigger?
Mr. Hastings.
Horatio Gold...
...headmaster.
So very pleased to meet you.
So very, very pleased.
Hello, sir. Heard you wanted to see me.
I'd like to say welcome.
I just wanted to have you in
to say welcome.
See how you're doing.
Yeah, I'm doing great, you know?
Just... busy being a guy.
Being a guy. Yeah.
Let's take a look at your file,

Sebastian. And...
Seems to be... stuck a bit.
There we go. All right.
OK. Well...
OK, you're busted.
You don't wanna talk to the headmaster.
But I won't take no for an answer.
Now, have a sit in the
headmaster's chair. Come on, have a sit.
Sit it.
So, Sebastian Hastings.
- How do you like campus?
- Beautiful.
You've been inspired by the
charcoal black and candy apple red?
- You know it.
- Hey!
Don't touch it. Ever. Ever.
Do not do that.
You know, Sebastian,
I was a transfer student myself...
...once upon a time.
Back when dinosaurs roamed the earth.
So I keep a special interest
in the transfer students
that come to this school.
Act as a... unofficial big brother.
Don't be surprised if I just pop in
unannounced just to check up.
Yeah, I look forward to it.
Now scoot!
Sorry.
- Don't worry about it.
- My fault.
What is?
Getting to know the opposite sex,
are we?
Male-female dynamics.
All that sexual tension.
It's all part of the high school
experience. So continue. Please.
But keep it clean, though. OK.
Abstinence is key. Abstinence is...
The best way to not is to not.

Yes.

Is he always that friendly?

Are you kidding? That's him being rude.

All right. Cute shoes.

You think so?

I got them at Anthropologie.

- No way! They have shoes there?

- Oh, yeah. Right by the accessories.

Here are your books.

- Thanks.

- Well, I guess I'm gonna,

you know,

go take care of some guy stuff.

OK.

There you go.

Have a great apple and sandwich.

Hi! I would love a...

- No.

- But...

Hey, dudes. Mind if I join?

Thanks.

So those soccer tryouts were bogus, huh?

I mean, second string? Come on, that's

ridiculous. Am I right? Am I right?

So the game against Cornwall,

that should be interesting.

And why would that be interesting?

Well, my sister goes there, and she

used to date that tool Justin Drayton.

I know him.

- I made him cry once during a game.

- Wait.

- That was you?

- Absolutely.

- That was so funny.

- Wow.

Is your sister hot?

I guess so.

She's got a great personality.

Incoming.

Oh, yeah! Check out the booty

on that blondie.

Don't talk about her that way.

Is that your girlfriend?

He wishes.
She was dating this college guy,
but he dumped her.
I hear she's a total mess now,
really vulnerable.
Confidence, self-esteem is way down.
- In man words, it's time to pounce.
- Exactly.
I hate that guy.
Did you know bologna
is 38 percent hoof?
Thanks, Malcolm.
Looks like you got some competition.
- It's just Malcolm.
- Total geek.
She looks so sad. It's heartbreaking.
It... it's just...
I can relate, you know?
I mean, I just got out
of a bad relationship too.
I mean, you think you know someone.
And you realize it's all been a big lie.
Every touch.
Every kiss.
Plus, you know,
you can never get chicks to shut up.
All right, guys,
catch up with you later.
Empty shower.
Yes!
I get to take a shower.
I get to take a shower.
Malcolm Festes, dorm director.
Shower shoes are to be worn
in the bathroom at all times
except when in the actual shower.
Did you not read
your Dorm Life pamphlet?
It was in your cubby.
Wassup, dawg?
Yeah. OK, homey.
Later.
Hey. You forgot... this, Coolio.
Word, G-Money.

OK, Hastings, you're up!
Hastings, are you deaf?!
Come on, let's go!
Get your butt out there! Come on!
Get out!
Jesus!
Come on, baby. Come on.
Rise and shine.
Wait! Let go!
Let go!
Welcome to hell!
Gentlemen! Let me present
this year's soccer newbies!
First, you must remove your clothes!
Remove their clothes!
Remove their clothes!
Take your clothes off now!
Remove their clothes!
Hello. My life sucks.
- I'm done!
- What?
Everybody thinks I'm a loser deviant.
I'll never see the field
against Cornwall.
And I smell so bad
I'm convulsing people.
Pick me up, take me home and make sure
I never do anything like this again.
Look, Vi, I don't know what to tell you
about the whole soccer team...
...but as for the social stuff,
I got an idea.
- You do?
- Yeah.
We're gonna show everybody
the man that you really are.
How are we gonna do that?
Go, Viola.
High five. Nice.
Man. Look who's here.
Foxy mama.
Don't look at him.
Maybe he won't see us.
Spread out so it looks like

we got no room.

- What's up?

- What's up?

Go, Kia.

- Hey, Sebastian.

- Kia.

Hey, girl. How you doing, baby?

- Not the same without you.

- I know. I'm sorry.

New school, new babe pool.

I miss you, Sebastian.

I've been thinking about you a lot.

- Especially at night.

- Sweet.

- And late.

- Even better.

Did she just say that to Sebastian?

- What just happened?

- Oh, Sebastian.

OK, big, mournful sigh.

Bittersweet farewell.

You're his plaything, baby.

It was really great to see you,
Sebastian.

Call me anytime.

I'd tap that.

Thank you, Kia.

You're gorgeous. And go, Yvonne.

Women.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, you know what I'm saying?

Sebastian? Is that you?

Hey, what's going on, Yvonne?

- Who's this one?

- Nothing.

I mean, our school lost its top gun,
Sebastian Hastings.

Well, time comes for a man
to move along, Yvonne.

I know, Sebastian.

In the end I wasn't
woman enough for you.

No, you weren't.

That's something

I'll always have to live with.

- It just hurts, that's all.

- Love is pain.

Just know I'll never forget you,
Sebastian.

Ever! Never!

Needy.

OK. We might need

to do a little reevaluating here.

- Yeah.

- Hey there, pretty lady.

What? What are you, hitting on me?

- I was just...

- "I was just..."

OK, let me put a stop

to that little brain fart right now.

Girls with asses like mine do not talk
to boys with faces like yours.

I'm looking for my boyfriend Sebastian
Hastings. Have you guys seen him?

Sebastian?

Don't let her get too close,
she'll recognize you.

What am I gonna do?

- Keep away from me!

- I beg your pardon?!

Pretty ladies.

OK, don't come any closer, Monique.

- Sebastian!

- It's over!

What are you talking about?!

- I don't want to talk to you!

- Sebastian, come back here.

You're hot, Monique. Smoking hot.

Come here. Get! Get! Get!

- But there are plenty of hot girls.

- Come back here.

And the truth is, you have absolutely
nothing else to offer.

And when my eyes are closed,

I see you for what you truly are,

which is ugly! We're done!

That was amazing!

You the man!

What's wrong with you guys?
Make some room for the man.
Sit down!
You're officially my idol now, man.
There he is.

- What's up?
- What's up, brothers?
- Hey, Sebastian.
- Lovelies.
- Holler at your boy.
- Yo! Yo! Sebastian!

Can you get out of my way right now?
I need your advice. I got lady troubles.
I'm here for you, bro.
I got a lifetime of knowledge.
How long did you date?
Too long. Ball and frickin' chain, man.
Dude.
Justine.
Chick won't stop dogging me, man.
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
She's in our class.
Dude, quit blushing. That's lame.
Shut up. I'm not blushing.
Everyone, please take a slip
and read off the name
of your lab partner.
"Eunice Bates."
You got to be kidding me.

- Be nice.
- Yeah.

She got something-something.
Yeah, asthma and headgear.
"Olivia Lennox."
- You know her?
- I talked to her for a second.
About what? She gave you the nod.

- She did a good one.
- She gives good nod.

Could everybody calm down?
I can't believe you got her
as a lab par... Switch with me.
I can't. I said her name out loud.
Some guys just walk in the light,

you know?

- Hello, again.

- Hello.

I don't think we introduced ourselves before. I'm Sebastian.

Olivia.

I'm gonna be the best lab partner you ever had.

Cool.

I gotta be completely honest.

The whole dissecting thing kind of freaks me out.

So, think you may have to take the reins on this one.

Wow. Most guys would never admit that.

Oh, crap, you're right.

No, don't worry.

I think it's refreshing.

- You do?

- No paper near the Bunsen burner.

- Wait.

- What's this? Poems?

Lyrics. They're his...

My... my old stuff.

"Wake up, I've been waiting for you."

Those are really good. So honest.

I know. I keep telling him...

me... meself... my... myself...

I write songs too, Olivia.

- Really? Wonderful.

- Check it out.

You, you sit.

You, go. Go!

- Did you say anything about me?

- No. Was I supposed to?

Come on. This is perfect.

You get to spend an hour with her every other day.

You can convince her to go out with me.

She had that option

for three and a half years.

I'll tell you what. You do this,

I'll work with you on your soccer.

I'll make you good enough

to make first string.

- By the Cornwall game?

- Absolutely.

OK, yeah. You got a deal.

- You're the man.

- Yes, I am.

Right.

Oh, for the love of God! It burns!

It just isn't fair, Malvolio.

I wait three years for Olivia,
and then some transfer student comes in
and suddenly she's acting like some...

...obsessed, love-struck teenager.

I'm not gonna take that lying down,
Malvolio!

Yeah, I know. I know.

You're absolutely right.

I'll do some digging,
I'll find out what it is,
and I'll nip his chances
with Olivia right in the bud.

What's that? Oh, yeah, sure.

A walk. Sorry. Come on.

You are so smart.

Hello.

- Miss me?

- What's going on?

What's wrong with your voice?

I just have a little bit of a cold.

So... I'm still a little phlegmy.

- Call my school?

- Yeah.

It's all taken care of. Just make sure
you're back by the 12th.

It was so cool, Vi.

We went on a couple days early,
and the crowd flipped for us.

They wanted an encore, so we
did one of my songs acoustically.

- They went nuts for my lyrics.

- Oh, that's so cool.

And you were right about Monique.

She's history.

- She really is, isn't she?

- I got to go. I'll talk to you later.

OK. Bye.

Trouble with your wig, Hastings?

No, I actually...

I have a scalp condition.

- No, you don't.

- Yeah, I do.

I really do.

It's really acting up during the...

No, you don't.

You've got male pattern baldness.

Scoot over, kiddo.

I don't know if you've realized,
but recently I've started
to thin out myself.

I've tried all the creams
and the butters,
and I still can't seem to stop
Mother Nature's vindictive fury,
and neither can you.

There's gonna be a time
when you'll have to come out
of the closet and just
accept yourself for who you are.

A baldy. OK?

But it's gonna be all right. OK?

Oh, and between you and me,
chicks dig it.

Hang ten. Yeah.

Hi, Olivia. I don't want you
to be worried, but Malvolio's missing.

- Oh, no!

- Yeah.

If you see him, don't feed him.

He has an irritable bowel.

Yeah. 'Cause that
would be my very first instinct.
To feed the tarantula.

Here's a wild idea.

Have you ever thought
about going out with Duke Orsino?

I see that.

- Duke?

- Yeah.

- No.
- Yeah.
- No.
- Yeah.
- Yeah?
- No!

I mean,
he's good-looking and everything,
but he's just not the guy for me.
I don't know.

Think there may be more to him
than you think there is.

So you're telling me
he's not just another dumb jock
who wants to hook up with me so
he could tell his friends, but too?

- Insecure to treat you as an equal?
- Exactly.

Tell me about it.

You're the first guy at school
who hasn't tried anything with me.

Trust me, you're not my type.

Well, why not?

You know, it's just...

...I don't think of you in that way.

We're friends, you know.

You're actually one
of the few people here
that I feel comfortable around.

I feel the same way about you.

Good. Then just take my advice.

Go out with Duke.

I'll consider it.

So, what is that exactly?

I think that's the spleen.

OK, who's your daddy?

I got her to agree to consider you.

You're halfway in.

All right, OK. So should I ask her out?

No. You don't want to freak her out.

You got to have
a casual conversation first. Hello.

Why do I get the feeling
you don't do this very often?

Man, I just...

I'm not really good at talking to girls.

- Why? You're hot!

- What?

You know, you're an appealing guy...

Man... guy... guy-man.

Look, I don't know.

I just always say the wrong...

I just always say the wrong thing.

OK. All right. Come on. Let's get up.

I want to try something. I'll act like a girl, and you're going to talk to me.

Do I have to?

Yes! Because I'm Viola.

- Duke? Nice to meet you.

- That was creepy.

You really just sounded like a girl just then.

I used to imitate my sister all the time.

I got really good at it.

Come on. And get up!

Come on. Ask me some questions, and if the chemistry's right, things'll just start flowing.

- Questions about what?

- Anything. Ask me if...

...I like...

...cheese.

OK. Do you like cheese?

Why, yes I do. My favorite's Gouda.

- I like Gouda too.

- See?

- See what?

- We're flowing.

We're talking about cheese.

So what? Flow is flow.

What? What's that?

What is that?! It touched me!

It touched me!

It's Malcolm's tarantula! Get it!

- You get it!

- You're the guy!

The bigger guy.

Sorry!

You don't ever,
ever do that girl voice again!

- Freaked me out!

- My bad.

Sebastian, honey, this is your mother.

I'm calling to remind you
about the carnival tomorrow.

You and your sister promised
you'd both be there. Bye-bye.

Crap! Forgot about that!

- Wait, your mom's in Junior League?

- Yeah. How'd you know?

So is mine. I gotta go too.

I can't deal with this right now.

I have soccer to worry about.

Not gonna be that bad.

Olivia's gonna be there.

It's a perfect opportunity
for me to lay some groundwork.

Oh, Olivia's gonna be there.

And my sister.

And Monique. And you.

And my mom.

Great.

Dunk toss.

Hey, dude!

I will cut you, man.

I'll tell you the truth.

I never really liked carnivals.

Hey. I'm working the kissing booth.

Come see me.

I love carnivals, man.

- Hey, Duke, where you going?

- Where do you think I'm going?

- What's up?

- Oh, nothing.

Just my psycho ex.

I don't really wanna deal with her.

So if you guys don't mind,

I'm gonna lay low for a little while.

- Cool. Catch you later.

- OK.

Up you go!

I see a kitten...
...gasping for air.
Sorry. Pretty urgent.
It's all yours.
Hi, Mom!
You look like such a lady.
It's a miracle.
- It really is.
- So Monique's getting you
all excited about being a debutante?
Super-duper excited.
Have a good carnival.
My little petunia.
Where do you think you're going?
You have the next shift
at the kissing booth.
And your brother's late
for the cotton candy cart.
I'm gonna go look for him. Bye.
- Sorry.
- Excuse you.
- Wait, do I know you?
- No.
Excuse me.
Viola! Hey, hey, hey.
Where you been?
I've been calling and calling.
I miss you. We need to talk.
We've talked, Justin.
All the talking is done.
Look, no one breaks up
over a stupid soccer issue, OK?
Can you just be a girl for five seconds?
For five seconds?
OK, first of all,
it's not a stupid soccer issue,
and you're a jerk.
Oh, look at that! Time's up!
Excuse me. Sorry. One, please.
Stay in school.
Sebastian? Sebastian!
- Monique's behind me.
- Where are you going?
- We're on it.

- Sebastian!

Excuse me. No one over 8 years old
is allowed inside the Moon Bounce.

- I just saw my boyfriend go in there.

- The correct term is "ex-boyfriend."

No relationship is over
until I say it is. Understand?

You're still not getting
on that Moon Bounce.

Fine.

- What's that?

- Kia, don't look.

God!

- She's gone.

- Thank you.

- So are we having fun?

- Oh, yeah, definitely.

What do you think it will be like?

Duke, you look at me.

I know it's gonna
be really, really special.

I mean, she's only kissed
like 350 guys at this point.

I just think we need
to acknowledge the moment.

After four years, Duke
is finally gonna fulfill his destiny.

Life is good.

Life is fair. Life is just.

Hi, I'm your relief.

- And yet...

- Thank God.

I can't catch a break.

Beware of the old guy chewing gum.

It's not gum.

- Do I know you?

- No.

That's just my luck.

No. No, no, no.

I mean, I didn't mean it like that.

It's just, you know,
she's, you know... No. OK.

I mean, on the other hand,
you're, you know, also...

- I am? Thanks, I guess.

- Yeah.

You don't have to flirt with her first,
genius. You're paying for it.

Why don't you just... relax.

Maybe I should kiss you now.

I gave that girl my ticket,
and I waited in line.

Well, it's the least I can do.

OK. Here I go.

OK, I think that was one ticket's worth.

No, you get a little bit more.

Excuse me.

The motel's across the street.

- Viola, what the hell is this?!

- Back of the line, buttbball.

Excuse me, doofus.

You're making out with my girlfriend.

Ex-girlfriend.

Whoa, you're Sebastian's sister?

And you're about to die.

Are you gonna drown me in your tears?

I did not cry.

I had something in my eye.

You know what, guys?

Can we just dial it down?

And just step away, OK?

She's right.

I'll see you on the soccer field,
and we'll settle this all then.

OK, Duke.

Or we can straighten it out right here.

Justin! Stop it! Guys!

Stop it! Justin!

Guys! Stop it!

Justin, get off!

Where's my daughter?!

Excuse me. I'm so sorry.

Viola! Stop! This isn't ladylike.

There is no room for violence here!

This is a lovely children's carnival,
goddamn it!

Both of you, out! Now!

Where were you at today?

You just disappeared.
Ran into my psycho ex. Had to bolt.
Oh, my God! Is that a?
What? Yeah.
I hope you don't mind.
I kind of borrowed one of your...
Yeah. And you're right, by the way.
These things actually work.
Oh, my God, you're bleeding.
Are you OK?
I mean, suck it up! Be a man!
Rub some dirt in it!
OK, I'll rub some dirt on it.
So, what happened?
I got into it with your sister's ex.
Wait. Really? Why?
He saw me and her kind of
making out at the kissing booth.
Wait. You kissed her?
Yeah, man, I'm... I hope that's OK.
It was for charity.
Oh, no, I mean, dude, I mean,
if you want to kiss her,
you go right ahead and you kiss her!
I mean, knock yourself out.
I mean, you just...
you take her and then kiss her
and kiss the crap out of her!
OK.
So...
...do you like her?
I don't know.
Can we not talk about this?
She's your sister. It's kind of weird.
No. Right. Right.
Just... You know,
I was just thinking that,
if you liked her then...
...maybe you should ask her out.
And just, I don't know,
forget about Olivia?
Well, I mean,
speaking as a completely objective
third-party outsider with absolutely

no personal interest in the matter,
I am not sure that you and Olivia
really mesh well together.
You know? I mean...
But you and Viola...
...I mean...
...be magic.
I don't know.
What does your heart tell you?
I mean, which one would you
rather see naked?!
Why do you? Why?
Why do you always do that?
Why do you always talk about girls
in such graphic terms?
You know what? You... you have issues.
You're a really sensitive guy,
aren't you?
What? No. No, it's just...
I don't know. I just think that
relationships should be more
than just the physical stuff.
Don't get me wrong,
that stuff's important,
but when I'm with someone,
I want to be able
to talk about other stuff.
Like, I don't know, serious stuff.
Stuff I can't talk about,
you know, with anyone else.
Yeah, like...
...what kind of stuff?
I don't know, just stuff.
Like, whatever stuff there is.
Like... this kind of stuff?
Yeah.
But what I just told you
is for your ears only.
If you tell anyone, I'll kick your ass.
Yeah. No.
I got your back, man.
It's cool.
How's your sister?
Good. Why?

I don't know.
I kind of was thinking
I might ask if she wanted
to grab dinner at Cesario's tonight.
You were? Really? I'd love to.
What?
I'd love to give her your phone number.
Hastings!
Yeah, coach?
You're first string
for the Cornwall game.
- Really?
- No.
I was joking, you idiot.
Dude, that's awesome.
Dude.
- So, you want me to spot you?
- No.
- Isn't he cute?
- Duke? Yeah.
No. Sebastian. He's so cool.
But he said I'm not his type.
- Impossible. You're everyone's type.
- Not his.
I could tell you what us mere mortals
would do in this situation.
- What?
- Make him jealous.
So, what do you do?
You just pretend to like somebody else?
And then use him shamelessly.
Wow.
So, you should call Viola up.
Yeah. I think I will.
Hey, Duke.
- Sebastian.
- Olivia.
Olivia.
What're you bench-pressing these days?
225. Very impressive.
Thanks.
So, Duke, about that call
that you were gonna make.
- You gonna make that?

- Yeah. Thank you.
So how many reps
can you do with that 225?
Like 20... 20.
225 is more than twice what I weigh.
How many reps could you do with me?
Forty.
Hello?
Hi, it's Viola.
Sebastian told me to call you.
- I'd love to go to dinner.
- Yeah. What?
Can I call you back?
Because I gotta...
...change my feet.
So, do you have any plans tonight?
My bad.
What about the thing that we talked
about that you were going to do later?
What thing? I'm thingless.
Great! Then it's a date.

Cesario's, 8:

- I'll see you there.
- OK.
- Bye, Sebastian.
- Later.
Yeah!
You did it.
I'm goin' out with Olivia.
What the hell?!
I thought you liked Viola now!
Dude, come on. You're a guy.
What would you do
if the hottest girl in the school
came up to you
and asked you on a date?
I'll be right back.
Olivia? Hi.
Can I talk to you for a second?
Moi? Whatever for?
It's about your date with Duke.
I know! I am so glad I listened to you.
You're right. He's awesome.

And he looked so good
in those shorts.
He's not a piece of meat, Olivia.
He's a man. A man with feelings.
And I'm a woman with feelings.
And my feelings seem to match his.
You know what?
Speaking as a completely objective
third-party observer
with absolutely
no personal interest in the matter,
I'm not so sure that you
and Duke are a good idea after all.
Well, thank you for your concern.
And if you're so worried, maybe
you should come to Cesario's tonight,
just to keep an eye on me.
We could double.
I bet Eunice is available.
I'm so there, it's insane.
So do you like... cheese?
- Hey, you two, what's going on?
- You're here...
...with Eunice.
Mind if we join?
- No. Sit down.
- No, no, no.
Lady pterodactyl.
Waiter!
Help.
So...
...I was just telling Duke
how great it is
to meet a real man at this school.
You were?
Well, I was just about to.
Isn't it great to have
a real man around, Eunice?
Oh, yes.
A real man is difficult to find.
So difficult.
Sebastian's with Eunice.
She must be hotter than I thought.
How come when I wanted

to ask out Eunice everyone made fun?
Sebastian likes her,
suddenly she's cool?
Screw you guys. I hate high school.
Eunice! Hands!
You know what? This has been real fun,
but I have to go...
...shave.
OK.
Well, this has been lovely.
Let's do it again sometime.
- What?
- Soon. Bye.
So...
...do you like cheese?
More than almost
any other animal byproduct.
Yeah, check please.
Hey Monique, it's Sebastian.
I don't know
if Viola told you I'm in London,
but I'm heading home a day early.
Listen, I've been thinking,
and we really need to talk.
Ladies...
Ladies...
Ladies.
Welcome.
My name is Cheryl Lancaster,
president of the Stratford Junior League
and coordinator
of this year's debutante season.
Oh, please.
Thank you. Today we're
gonna go over the guidelines
for a graceful,
ladylike entre into society.
Son of a...
Hello.
Hello there.
- Hi.
- Make sure she's in the back
for the group photo.
Thank you for joining us, Viola.

Now, who's ready to come out?

Kill me.

Viola? Darling.

Remember, chew like you have a secret.

Excuse me.

Ladies.

- Hi.

- Hey.

Hey! You're the one that saved me
in the kissing booth that one time?

- Hi.

- Hi.

Oh, what a small world. I'm Viola.

Olivia.

- Nice to meet you.

- You too.

So...

I know it's none of my business,
but you went out
with that Duke Orsino guy, right?

Yeah. Once.

- Did you kiss him?

- No, why?

Oh, no. It's nothing, but...

Just try to postpone it
as long as possible.

He has this salivary gland condition.

Yeah. He doesn't
really like to talk about it,
but it felt like I was drowning.

Really?

- Oh, my God.

- I know. It was repulsive.

But, hey, every happiness to you both.

No, actually, I don't really like Duke.

I have this huge thing
for his roommate, Sebastian.

And I was just trying
to make Sebastian jealous.

Oh, boy.

Yeah, I know it's really wrong
to use a person this way,
and I feel really terrible about it.
But I really, really like Sebastian.

He's so handsome,
not the goonish handsome
you see in a lot of guys.
He's a delicate, like,
even refined handsome, you know?
Oh, and when he smiles,
I just can't stop looking at him.
He's just so wonderful.
You know, Olivia...
- It's Olivia, right?
- Yeah.
I'm gonna give you just a little advice.
- OK.
- Enough is enough!
You are weaving a really tangled web.
Like really, really tangled.
And, honey... you got to stop!
OK? So you just
gotta tell everybody the truth.
Be very, very honest.
Just let the chips fall where they may.
- You're right.
- I know.
The next time I see Sebastian
I'll march right up to him.
- You march!
- And I'll tell him how I feel.
You tell him.
Then I'll kiss him so passionately,
that even the people
he hates will feel pleasure.
Hello, Viola.
Oh, this is not good.
And hello to you,
you little homewrecker.
- Who are you?
- I am Sebastian's girlfriend.
Ex-girlfriend.
OK, everybody's got to stop saying that.
You were the one he dumped
in the pizza parlor the other day.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.
He did not dump me.
We're just going through

a little bit of a rough patch.
I heard he dumped you.
He dumped you big.
It was just like a big, huge dumping.
Are you crazy?! Are you OK?
Get out!
You are messing with the wrong man!
Get off me! Get off of me!
- Get off of her!
- Let go of me!
Ladies! Ladies, stop!
Please!
When debutantes disagree
they say it with their eyes.
Well, Hastings.
Why is it that I always find you
in the middle of a tussle?
Bad timing?
I am convinced he's hiding something.
Nonsense, Malcolm.
He may be a little lost and confused,
but deep down he's an all-American,
red-blooded male.
- Just like yourself.
- Mom, I will pick out
my own dress.
And no, I will not wear heels.
Because heels are a male invention
designed to make
a woman's butt look smaller.
And to make it harder
for them to run away.
Malcolm, have you ever tried
to run away in high heels?
- No, sir, I wouldn't...
- Not that easy. Not that easy.
Don't forget your guitar, Mr. Hastings.
Just do it.
Just close your eyes and kiss him.
Sebastian.
"Wake up. I've been waiting
for you to open your eyes
so I can tell you I think I'm ready.
I'm ready to free-fall

into the unknown."
I'll see you at the game tomorrow.
I think I'm gonna like this school.
Monique, it's Sebastian.
I don't know if Viola
told you I'm in London,
but I'm heading home a day early.
Listen, I've been thinking.
We really need to talk.
London?
Hey, brother.
Dinklage was looking for you, man.
Dude. Hello!
You know, it's... crazy
how wrong you can be about a person.
It's crazy.
You think they're one thing,
and then they turn out
to be the exact opposite.
- What are you talking about?
- You're gonna sit there
and act like you don't know
what I'm talking about?
and act like you don't know
what I'm talking about?
OK.
All right. OK.
I wanted to tell you, Duke, but...
...you have to know...
...I love soccer more
than anything else in the world,
and I had a point to prove.
What?! So you're telling me
that you used me
to help you with soccer,
and then you turn around
and stab me in the back?
Wait, what? Now I really don't know
what you're talking about.
Save it, man. I saw you with her.
- With who?!
- Who?! Olivia, that's who!
- You kissed when you got out the cab!
- What cab?!

- We were supposed to be friends!
- We are!
- You don't know the meaning!
- Olivia never liked you, OK?!

She was just using you
to make me jealous.
But Viola, she's crazy about you,
since the first moment
that you kissed her.
I bet that's part of your plan. Distract
me so you can move in to Olivia.

- That is not what happened!
- You and your sister have a good life!
"The Hastings twins
couldn't be more opposite."
- Twins?
- Sebastian?
Sebastian?
Sebastian, open up!
It's Monique!
You have got a lot of explaining to do,
followed by a very long night
of groveling!
He's not here!
Take his stupid cell phone.
Justine calls every ten seconds.
This isn't Sebastian's phone.
God! Sebastian!

- Sebastian!
- Can I help you?
- Hello?
- Viola. Hey, baby.
It's Justin. You know,
the big game is tomorrow and...
Viola.
Allow me to introduce myself.
2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007...
Nice night...2008.
Hey, Eunice.
Sorry about running out on our date.
That's OK.
My intensity scares some people.
Yeah.
Is something wrong?

Got thrown out of my room.
You mean... you need a place to sleep?
I really do.
The Cornwall game is tomorrow.
I've never had a roommate before.
Wow. Vi, you set up all my stuff.
Thanks.
- You're absolutely certain about this?
- Yes, sir, we are.
- Dude, what are you doing?!
- Sebastian, the game's about to start!
Get out of bed
and get over to the soccer field, man!
The soccer game?
That's what that girl was talking about.
Sebastian! You're next. Hurry up.
Come over here, and I'll do you.
OK, ladies, listen up.
Where's Hastings?
Euni...
Eunice! Why didn't you wake me?!
You looked so serene.
I made breakfast, darling.
Pardon me. Pardon me.
What is the big emergency?
I canceled my squash game for this.
I don't know.
All that Principal Gold said
was that we were needed
at Sebastian's soccer game.
Hasn't Viola said anything
to you the past couple of weeks?
How should I know?
She's been living with you.
Hasn't she?
- Excuse me.
- This is so exciting, guys.
Welcome, ladies and gentlemen.
The biggest rivalry
in our district is afoot.
Illyria versus Cornwall.
It's gonna be something else,
and the atmosphere is crazy!
Afternoon, gentlemen.

Handshake, please.
All right, your call.
Heads.
Heads it is.
We'll stay as we are.
Good game, gentlemen.
How's your jaw?
All right, let's get it on!
Way to go, boys.
Listen to me.
We can do this. Today is the day
- Cornwall beats Illyria.
- Yeah!
I ain't got much to say to you.
- Who's gonna bring blood and pain?!
- Black and red!
- This ain't no game. This is a war!
- Yeah!
Who's gonna bring that blood and pain?!
One, two, three! Cornwall!
All right, boys, here we go!
Hastings! Pass it off!
Pass it off! Hastings!
What in the hell is going on?!
Nice move, moron.
What?
This can't be happening.
Sebastian?
Get the ball! Get the ball!
Get up, get back in there!
Get the ball!
Oh, my God, this is my game!
What the hell am I doing?
This isn't fun.
You look like Bambi on ice, boy!
Sebastian!
Sebastian!
Can I get a timeout, please?
A pause? One brief halftime?
Stopping the clock.
That's it. Stop the clock.
What the?
I don't know the technical lingo.
Armadillos. Fighting Armadillos, please.

I need... Gather around.
I played soccer as a young man.
Was it chess?
- Is there a problem, principal?
- Yes. Unfortunately there is.
But I think it's only right that
Sebastian Hastings tell you himself.
Sebastian? Son? Or...
Do you have anything you'd like to say?
I'm sorry I'm not
a very good soccer player.
I see.
Well then,
please know that what I say,
I say with a heavy heart.
Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed alumni,
friends and family
of Sebastian Hastings,
I am grievously sad...
...to inform you that Sebastian Hastings
is... a girl.
Sorry, it's for your own good.
You'll thank me for it someday.
Oh, OK. Certainly. Yes.
Excuse me. I'm not a girl.
Hello! Yes.
In fact, yes, he is. He's a big girl.
He's actually specifically
his own sister, Viola,
who's been impersonating him
for reasons which will become very clear
after extensive psychoanalysis.
Folks.
I'm a boy. I promise.
- Prove it.
- OK.
God! I saw it.
Nice work, Paul. Wow.
That's my boy.
Kevin, close your eyes.
Soccer is the world's favorite sport.
Thank you. Thank you.
Nothing to see here. No offense.
Folks, please, hang on for one second.

Just talk amongst yourselves
for a second.

Malcolm!

Can you shed some light
on the current situation?

Not any more
than has already been shed, sir.

OK, lads, listen up now.

Now that we've established this boy...

...is a boy...

...is it possible
we can get back to our game?

Yes. Enjoy. That was a skit we...

OK. Yes.

Let's get to it, guys. Come on.

- I know, let's play.

- Waste of time.

Baby. Baby, baby, baby.

I have missed you so much.

Oh, my God, we are both so dead.

We're over, Monique. Done.

God! Not again!

Good work, Hastings.

Bench.

Good one!

Halftime, gentlemen.

Sebastian!

- Vi?

- Yes.

Why do you look like me?!

I pretended to be you
the last two weeks
to prove I could play
in the boys soccer team.

- Yes.

- OK. OK, cool.

- No, wait! What?!

- I don't have time to explain!

Why are you wearing my uniform?

I came to find the girl
that kissed me last night.

- Who kissed you? What girl?

- Check it out. That one.

Olivia?

She was all over me. She kissed me
and recited my own lyrics.
Vi, this may be the girl of my dreams.
That's the kiss that Duke saw.
Wait, are those real?
Yeah. I'm growing sideburns.
No! Please stay hidden
until the end of the game.
And give me my uniform back right now!
We start the second half.
Illyria, zero, Cornwall, zero.
Nothing but a couple of goose eggs.
- Coach, I'm ready to play.
- Is that what you call it?
I've seen little girls in tutus
kick the ball better.
I've changed.
Come on, coach,
give me one more chance.
All right. Go.
Kick. Kill!
Yeah! Now that's Viola!
You couldn't score on me
in the first half.
You ain't going to score on me this
half, baby! I'm ninja! Ninja goalie!
Come on, guys!
Duke! Duke! I'm open!
Give me the ball! Duke! Hey, over here!
I'm open!
Duke! Get back! Get back!
No!
Yes, Dan-O, way to go, baby!
Cornwall's right back in it with a goal.
- What's the matter?! Sebastian's open!
- Rather lose the goal?!
Shut up, man.
Duke, I know you're mad at me.
Don't talk to me. Get out of my face!
Nothing is going on with me and Olivia!
When the game is over I'll explain!
For right now, you don't have
to like me, but I'm your teammate, OK?!
I want to beat these guys!

I have to beat these guys!
If we're not disturbing you,
we have a soccer game to finish.
Get back in the net, man.
Or you'll hit my fist
with your face again?
Do you want to see me do it? Let's go!
Duke, come on. Stop it.
- Come on!
- Duke, stop it.
Sebastian!
Duke! Stop it!
Come on!
OK!
Stop it! Oh, my God!
If you want to roughhouse,
take it at least 500 yards
- away from the stadium grounds.
- Break it up! Break it up!
OK, tough guys.
You want to box?
You get out of my stadium.
Otherwise, get on with the game.
Come on, now, Armadillos of Illyria.
That goes for the rest of you!
Now get on
and play some real football!
- Like a bunch of girls.
- OK.
The rest of you, let's play some
real football like a bunch of girls.
- All right?
- You suck!
It's not football, it's soccer.
That's what we call it in the States.
- Sebastian! Are you OK?
- No, Olivia, Not now.
Try to tell me again
there's nothing going on.
There is nothing going on!
- What about last night?
- I didn't lie to you, Duke.
I did, but not about this.
Here's the truth.

I love you.

I beg your pardon?

What? All right... What're you?

That's just a little weird.

OK, you know what?

I can't do this anymore.

Everybody, I have something to tell you.

I'm not Sebastian.

I'm Viola.

Wait. You're not Viola.

- Yes, I am.

- No, I know Viola.

- I... I kissed Viola.

- You kissed me.

What are you talking about?

I didn't kiss you.

The girls team at Cornwall got cut.

The guys wouldn't let me
go out for their team.

So I've been pretending
to be my brother

while he was in London
for the past two weeks...

...so I could make the team
and beat Cornwall.

But my brother came home early.

And that's who you saw kissing Olivia
and that's who played the first half.

Because you wear a wig
doesn't prove you're a girl.

OK, then.

Merciful Jesus.

Yeah!

- Viola?!

- Is it just me

or this soccer game

have more nudity than most?

All right, so everybody understand?

- Yeah. I get it.

- OK.

Wait a minute. If I kissed your brother,
where is he?

Probably halfway to China. He

showed his willis and doodleberries...

- Present.

- Hi.

What the?

OK, this is freaking me out.

Ladies and gentlemen, I hate to say "I told you so," but I just...

See, Duke? I didn't betray you.

I'm sorry.

This isn't how I wanted it to happen, and I didn't want to hurt you.

But I just wanted to prove that I was good enough.

All I'm asking for is a chance.

Duke?

It's just like what coach says before every game:

"Be not afraid of greatness.

Some are born great.

Some achieve greatness.

And some have greatness thrust upon them."

I think the best chance for us to be great here today is to have you play.

- Yeah!

- All right!

Yeah! Yeah! No!

No playing!

You have to forfeit.

There's no girls in this league.

Look in the manual.

What manual?

Listen, pal. You're in Illyria.

We don't discriminate based on gender.

All right.

That's gonna bruise.

Fine. You really think you can beat us with a girl on your team?

This should be fun.

Go.

I get to say the last word, not you. Go.

OK, team...

...let's go kick! Kill!

- Yeah!

Come on! Come on!

Well, folks, this is a real nail-biter.
It's a tie score at the bottom
of the second half.
Come on, come on! Open up!
What?
Foul? That's not a foul!
He got all ball!
And the penalty kick
will decide the game.
Where you gonna kick it? Right here?
I know you're gonna kick it there.
Am I in your head? Am I in your head?
You see the goal? It's getting
smaller and I'm getting bigger.
Come on.
I love you.
Concentrate. Don't kick like a girl.
Guys are better. It's not gonna happen.
You're a loser! This is my house!
You're pathetic! I'm in your head.
Yeah!
- That's my girl!
- Mine too!
It's not fair! It's not fair!
That was a lucky shot!
I never wanna see you again! You suck!
- You did it, Vi!
- You were so awesome!
- I am so proud of you.
- It's over.
You scored the game-winning goal.
Say something.
Mom? Dad?
- That was really something.
- Thanks, Dad.
- You did all this to play soccer?
- I told you, it's important to me.
If Viola was here pretending to be you,
- where were you?
- Oh, he was...
I was in London playing my music.
- London?
- It was important to me.
- You should call before you...

- How did you?
Mom, Dad... Hey!
Why don't we go to dinner? As a family?
- Maybe tomorrow?
- I suppose I could fit that in.
Would you like
to have my cell phone number?
- Let me give you my e-mail.
- All right.
Yay!
- Good job.
- Thank you.
Oh, wait! There is somebody
I want you to officially meet.
Sebastian Hastings, Olivia Lennox.
- It's very nice to meet you.
- You too.
So I heard you like my lyrics.
- Eunice?
- Toby?
I have something to say.
I think you are...
...amazing.
And I'm not ashamed of it.
I know tricks.
Oh, Eunice.
Hey, roomie.
This is for you.
"The Stratford Junior League invites you
to the 38th Annual Debutante Ball."
- He still could show, you know.
- You didn't see his face.
I found the perfect dress.
Thanks, Mom, but I don't think
I'm gonna get a chance to wear it.
Nonsense.
You don't need a man
to wear a beautiful dress.
But it doesn't hurt.
Viola Hastings, it would be
my honor to escort you tonight.
Thanks, Paul. That's really sweet.
Caterpillars! My precious caterpillars.
In 20 minutes

you'll all be beautiful butterflies.

- Caterpillars!

- Butterflies!

You look beautiful.

I just... I gotta get some air.

I didn't think you'd show up.

It really means a lot to me
that you're here.

- Say something.

- I gotta turn the sprinklers on.

Sorry.

- Hi.

- Hi.

So, what brings you here?

Well, a few days ago,

I kissed this girl at a kissing booth.

And now I just can't seem
to stop thinking about it.

Neither can she.

Plus, I miss my roommate.

I really liked him.

Well...

...he's right in here.

Listen, I know I should've
told you who I was, but...

...I was afraid.

- Sorry.

- Well,

you know, maybe

if I'd have known you were a girl,
we wouldn't have talked like we did
and got to know each other
the same way.

And that would have been a shame.

Just so you know,
everything you told me
when I was a guy just...

...made me like you
so much more as a girl.

OK, but just from here on in,
everything would just be a lot easier
if you stayed a girl.

I promise.

Monique Valentine,

escorted by Justin Drayton.

Justin, you're the man!

Olivia Lennox,

escorted by Sebastian Hastings.

Viola Hastings,

escorted by Paul Antonio.

Viola Hastings.

This is typical. Well, where is she?