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TEN THINGS I HATE ABOUT YOU

written by Karen McCullah Lutz & Kirsten Smith

based on 'Taming of the Shrew' by William Shakespeare

Revision November 12, 1997

PADUA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Welcome to Padua High School,, your typical urban-suburban high school in Portland, Oregon. Smarties, Skids, Preppies, Granolas. Loners, Lovers, the In and the Out Crowd rub sleep out of their eyes and head for the main building.

PADUA HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

KAT STRATFORD, eighteen, pretty -- but trying hard not to be -- in a baggy granny dress and glasses, balances a cup of coffee and a backpack as she climbs out of her battered, baby blue '75 Dodge Dart.

A stray SKATEBOARD clips her, causing her to stumble and spill her coffee, as well as the contents of her backpack.

The young RIDER dashes over to help, trembling when he sees who his board has hit.

RIDER

Hey -- sorry.

Cowering in fear, he attempts to scoop up her scattered belongings.

KAT

Leave it

He persists.

KAT (CONTINUING) (CONT'D)

I said, leave it!

She grabs his skateboard and uses it to SHOVE him against a car, skateboard tip to his throat. He whimpers pitifully and she lets him go. A path clears for her as she marches through a pack of fearful students and SLAMS open the door, entering school.

INT. GIRLS' ROOM - DAY

BIANCA STRATFORD, a beautiful sophomore, stands facing the mirror, applying lipstick. Her less extraordinary, but still cute friend, CHASTITY stands next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA
Did you change your hair?

CHASTITY
No.

BIANCA
You might wanna think about it

Leave the girls' room and enter the hallway.

HALLWAY - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Bianca is immediately greeted by an admiring crowd, both boys and girls alike.

BOY
(adoring)
Hey, Bianca.

GIRL
Awesome shoes.

The greetings continue as Chastity remains wordless and unaddressed by her side. Bianca smiles proudly, acknowledging her fans.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CAMERON JAMES, a clean-cut, easy-going senior with an open, farm-boy face, sits facing Miss Perky, an impossibly cheery guidance counselor.

MISS PERKY
I'm sure you won't find Padua any different than your old school. Same little asswipe mother-fuckers everywhere.

Her plastic smile never leaves her face. Cameron fidgets in his chair uncomfortably.

MISS PERKY
(continuing)
Any questions?

CAMERON
I don't think so, ma'am

MISS PERKY
Then go forth. Scoot I've got deviants to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron rises to leave and makes eye contact with PATRICK VERONA, a sullen-looking bad ass senior who waits outside Ms Perky's door. His slouch and smirk let us know how cool he is.

Miss Perky looks down at her file and up at Patrick

MISS PERKY
(continuing)
Patrick Verona. I see we're making
our visits a weekly ritual.

She gives him a withering glance. He answers with a charming smile.

PATRICK
I missed you.

MISS PERKY
It says here you exposed yourself
to a group of freshmen girls.

PATRICK
It was a bratwurst. I was eating
lunch.

MISS PERKY
With the teeth of your zipper?

She motions for Patrick to enter her office and Cameron shuffles out the door, bumping into MICHAEL ECKMAN, a lanky, brainy senior who will either end up a politician or game show host.

MICHAEL
You the new guy?

CAMERON
So they tell me...

MICHAEL
C'mon. I'm supposed to give you
the tour.

They head out of the office

MICHAEL
(continuing)
So -- which Dakota you from?

CAMERON
North, actually. How'd you ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

I was kidding. People actually live there?

CAMERON

Yeah. A couple. We're outnumbered by the cows, though.

MICHAEL

How many people were in your old school?

CAMERON

Thirty-two.

MICHAEL

Get out!

CAMERON

How many people go here?

MICHAEL

Couple thousand. Most of them evil

INT. HALLWAY - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Prom posters adorn the wall. Michael steers Cameron through the crowd as he points to various cliques.

MICHAEL

We've got your basic beautiful people. Unless they talk to you first, don't bother.

The beautiful people pass, in full jock/cheerleader splendor.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Those 're your cowboys.

Several Stetson-wearing, big belt buckle. Wrangler guys walk by.

CAMERON

That I'm used to.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but these guys have never seen a horse. They just jack off to Clint Eastwood.

They pass an espresso cart with a group of teens huddled around it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

(continuing)

To the right, we have the Coffee Kids. Very edgy. Don't make any sudden movements around them.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Michael continues the tour

MICHAEL

And these delusionals are the White Rastae.

Several white boys in dreadlocks and Jamaican knit berets lounge on the grass. A cloud of pot smoke hovers above them

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Big Marley fans. Think they're black. Semi-political, but mostly, they watch a lot of Wild Kingdom, if you know what I mean.

Michael waves to DEREK, the one with the longest dreads.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Derek - save some for after lunch, bub?

DEREK

(very stoned)

Michael, my brother, peace

Cameron turns to follow Michael as they walk into the cafeteria.

CAMERON

So where do you fit in all this?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Loud music and loud students. Michael sits with a group of studious-looking teens.

MICHAEL

Future MBAs- We're all Ivy League, already accepted. Someday I'll be sipping Merlot while those guys --

He points to the table of jocks, as they torture various passers-by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL
 (continuing)
 are fixing my Saab. Yuppie greed
 is back, my friend.

He points proudly to the ALLIGATOR on his shirt.

Cameron stops listening as BIANCA walks by, and we go SLO MO. Pure and perfect, she passes Cameron and Michael without a look.

Cameron is smitten

CAMERON
 That girl -- I --

MICHAEL
 You burn, you pine, you perish?

CAMERON
 Who is she?

MICHAEL
 Bianca Stratford. Sophomore. Don't
 even think about it

CAMERON
 Why not?

MICHAEL
 I could start with your haircut,
 but it doesn't matter. She's not
 allowed to date until her older
 sister does. And that's an
 impossibility.

ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

A room full of bored seniors doodle and scare off into space MS. BLAISE, the one-step-away-from-medication English Teacher, tries to remember what she's talking about.

MRS. BLAISE
 Well, then. Oh, yes. I guess that
 does it for our analysis of The Old
 Man and the Sea. Any other
 comments?
 (with dread)
 Kat?

Kat, the girl we saw as we entered the school, slowly takes off her glasses and speaks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAT

Why didn't we just read the Hardy Boys?

MRS. BLAISE

I'm sorry?

KAT

This book is about a guy and his fishing habit. Not exactly a crucial topic.

The other students roll their eyes.

KAT

(continuing)

Frankly, I'm baffled as to why we still revere Hemingway. He was an abusive, alcoholic misogynist who had a lot of cats.

JOEY DORSEY, a well-muscled jock with great cheekbones, makes fun of her from his row.

JOEY

As opposed to a bitter self-righteous hag who has no friends?

A few giggles. Kat ignores him. A practiced gesture

MRS. BLAISE

That's enough, Mr. Dorsey.

Really gets fired up now

KAT

I guess the school board thinks because Hemingway's male and an asshole, he's worthy of our time

She looks up at Ms. Blaise, who is now fighting with her pill box.

KAT

(continuing)

What about Colette? Charlotte Bronte? Simone de Beauvoir?

Patrick, lounging in his seat in the back row, elbows a crusty-looking crony, identified by the name SCURVY, embroidered on his workshirt.

PATRICK

Mother Goose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The class titters. Kat wears an expression of intolerance

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Kat now sits before Miss Perky.

MISS PERKY

Katarina Stratford. My, my.
You've been terrorizing Ms. Blaise
again.

KAT

Expressing my opinion is not a
terrorist action.

MISS PERKY

Well, yes, compared to your other
choices of expression this year,
today's events are quite mild. By
the way, Bobby Rictor's gonad
retrieval operation went quite
well, in case you're interested.

KAT

I still maintain that he kicked
himself in the balls. I was merely
a spectator.

MISS PERKY

The point is Kat -- people perceive
you as somewhat ...

Kat smiles at her, daring her to say it.

KAT

Tempestuous?

MISS PERKY

No ... I believe "heinous bitch" is
the term used most often.

She grimaces, as if she's referring to a medical condition.

MISS PERKY

(continuing)

You might want to work on that

Kat rises from her chair with a plastic smile matching the
counselor's.

KAT

As always, thank you for your
excellent guidance.

INT. SOPHOMORE ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Bianca ignores the droning teacher as she writes a note in big flowing handwriting.

TEACHER (O.S.)
I realize the language of Mr.
Shakespeare makes him a bit
daunting, but I'm sure you're all
doing your best.

Bianca folds the note and passes it behind her with a flip of her hair to CHASTITY. Chastity opens the note and reads:

INSERT - "JOEY DORSEY SAID HI TO ME IN THE HALL! OH! MY

GOD!"
Chastity frowns to herself.

TEACHER (O.S.)
(continuing)
Ms. Stratford, do you care to
comment on what you've read so far?

Bianca looks up and smiles the smile of Daddy's little girl.

BIANCA
Not really.

The teacher shakes her head, but lets it go.

MANDELLA. a waif-like senior girl who sits off to the side trying to slit her wrist with the plastic spiral on her notebook, looks up and raises her hand.

TEACHER
Mandella -- since you're assisting
us, you might as well comment. I'm
assuming you read the assignment.

MANDELLA
Uh, yeah, I read it all

TEACHER
The whole play^

MANDELIA
The whole folio. All the plays.

TEACHER
(disbelieving)
You've read every play by William
Shakespeare?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANDELLA

Haven't you?

She raises a challenging eyebrow. The stunned teacher doesn't answer and goes to call on the next student.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Mandella and Kat sit down in the quiet corner. They are eating a carton of yogurt with gusto.

MANDELLA

Your sister is so amazingly without. She'll never read him. She has no idea.

Kat attacks

KAT

The fact that you're cutting gym so you can T.A. Sophomore English just to hear his name, is a little without in itself if you ask me.

Kat's attention is caught by Patrick as he walks by with his friends, lighting up a cigarette. Mandella notices her staring.

MANDELLA

Who's that?

KAT

Patrick Verona Random skid.

MANDELLA

That's Pat Verona? The one who was gone for a year? I heard he was doing porn movies.

KAT

I'm sure he's completely incapable of doing anything that interesting.

MANDELLA

He always look so

KAT

Block E?

Kat turns back to face Mandella and forces her yogurt into Mandella's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAT
(continuing)
Mandella, eat. Starving yourself
is a very slow way to die.

MANDELLA
Just a little.

She eats. Kat sees her wrist

KAT
What's this?

MANDELLA
An attempted slit.

Kat stares at her, expressionless.

KAT
I realize that the men of this fine
institution are severely lacking,
but killing yourself so you can be
with William Shakespeare is beyond
the scope of normal teenage
obsessions. You're venturing far
past daytime talk show fodder and
entering the world of those who
need very expensive therapy.

MANDELLA
But imagine the things he'd say
during sex.

Thinks a minute

KAT
Okay, say you do it. You kill
yourself, you end up in wherever
you end up and he's there. Do you
really think he's gonna wanna dace
a ninety pound compulsive who
failed volleyball?

Mandella's attention is struck by Bianca

ACROSS THE COURTYARD
As she and Chastity parade by Joey
and his COHORTS One of the
cohorts elbows Joey.

COHORT
Virgin alert.

Joey looks up and smiles at Bianca.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOEY

Lookin' good, ladies.

Bianca smiles her coyest of smiles.

BACK TO KAT AND MANDELLA Still watching.

MANDELLA

Tragic.

Doesn't respond

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael and Cameron observe Joey's leers at Bianca from their bench in another corner. Cowboys eating cue of a can of beans linger on the grass behind them.

CAMERON

Why do girls like that always like guys like that?

MICHAEL

Because they're bred to. Their mothers liked guys like that, and their grandmothers before them. Their gene pool is rarely diluted.

CAMERON

He always have that shit-eating grin?

MICHAEL

Joey Dorsey? Perma-shit-grin. I wish I could say he's a moron, but he's number twelve in the class. And a model. Mostly regional stuff, but he's rumored to have a big tube sock ad coming out.

The BELL rings, and the cowboys stand and spit into their empty bean cans. Cameron and Michael rise as Cameron tries to catch a glimpse of Bianca as she walks back inside.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

You know French?

CAMERON

Sure do ... my Mom's from Canada

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHAEL

Guess who just signed up for a
tutor?

CAMERON

You mean I'd get a chance to talk
to her?

MICHAEL

You could consecrate with her, my
friend.

Cameron watches as Bianca flounces back into the building.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Kat and Mandella walk toward Kat's car. Joey pulls up beside
her in his Viper.

JOEY

(re her dress)

The vintage look is over, Kat.
Haven't you been reading your
Sassy?

KAT

Yeah, and I noticed the only part
of you featured in your big Kmart
spread was your elbow. Tough
break.

JOEY

(practically spitting)

They're running the rest of me next
month.

He zooms away as Kat yanks open the door of her Dart.
Mandella ties a silk scarf around her head, as if they're in
a convertible.

KAT

The people at this school are so
incredibly foul.

MANDELLA

You could always go with me. I'm
sure William has some friends.

They watch Joey's car as he slows next to Bianca and Chastity
as they walk toward the school bus.

ON BIANCA AND CHASTITY

JOEY
Need a ride, ladies?

Bianca and Chastity can't get in Joey's car fast enough. He pulls away with a smile.

BACK TO KAT AND
MANDELLA

Mandella lowers her sunglasses to watch.

MANDELLA
That's a charming new development

Kat doesn't answer, but reaches over and puts a tape in the tape deck. The sounds of JOYFUL PUNK ROCK fill the car.

As they pull out, Michael crosses in front of them on his moped. Kat has to SLAM the brakes to keep from hitting him

KAT
(yelling)
Remove head from sphincter! Then
pedal!

Michael begins fearfully, pedaling as Kat PEELS out, angry at the delay.

Cameron rushes over

CAMERON
You all right?

He slows to a stop

MICHAEL
Yeah, just a minor encounter with
the shrew.

CAMERON
That's her? Bianca's sister?

MICHAEL
The mewling, rampalian wretch
herself.

Michael putters off, leaving Cameron dodging Patrick's grimy, grey Jeep -- a vehicle several years and many paint jobs away from its former glory as a REGULATION MAIL TRUCK -- as he sideswipes several cars on his way out of the lot.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE - DAY

SHARON STRATFORD, attractive and focused, sits in front of her computer, typing quickly. A shelf next to her holds several bodice-ripper romance novels, bearing her name.

Kat stands behind her, reading over her shoulder as she types.

KAT

"Undulating with desire, Adrienne
removes her crimson cape, revealing
her creamy --"

WALTER STRATFORD, a blustery, mad scientist-type obstetrician, enters through the front door, wearing a doctor's white jacket and carrying his black bag.

WALTER

I hope dinner's ready because I
only have ten minutes before Mrs.
Johnson squirts out a screamer.

He grabs the mail and rifles through it, as he bends down to kiss Sharon on the cheek.

SHARON

In the microwave.

WALTER

(to Kat)
Make anyone cry today?

KAT

Sadly, no. But it's only four-
thirty.

Bianca walks in.

KAT

(continuing)
Where've you been?

BIANCA

(eyeing Walter)
Nowhere... Hi, Daddy.

She kisses him on the cheek

WALTER

Hello, precious.

Walter kisses Bianca back as Kat heads up the stairs

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAT
How touching.

Walter holds up a letter to Kat

WALTER
What's this? It says Sarah
Lawrence?

Snatches it away from him.

KAT
I guess I got in

Sharon looks up from her computer.

SHARON
What's a synonym for throbbing?

WALTER
Sarah Lawrence is on the other side
of the country.

KAT
I know.

WALTER
I thought we decided you were going
to school here. At U of O.

KAT
You decided.

BIANCA
Is there even a question that we
want her to stay?

Kat gives Bianca an evil look then smiles sweetly at

KAT
Ask Bianca who drove her home

SHARON
Swollen...turgid.

WALTER
(to Bianca; upset)
Who drove you home?

Bianca glares at Kat then turns to Walter

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BIANCA

Now don't get upset. Daddy, but there's this boy... and I think he might ask...

WALTER

No! You're not dating until your sister starts dating. End of discussion.

BIANCA

What if she never starts dating?

WALTER

Then neither will you. And I'll get to sleep at night.

BIANCA

But it's not fair -- she's a mutant, Daddy!

KAT

This from someone whose diary is devoted to favorite grooming tips?

WALTER

Enough!

He pulls out a small tape recorder from his black bag.

WALTER

(continuing)

Do you know what this is?

He hits the "play" button and SHRIEKS OF PAIN emanate from the tape recorder.

BIANCA AND WALTER

(in unison, by rote)

The sound of a fifteen-year-old in labor.

WALTER

This is why you're not dating until your sister does.

BIANCA

But she doesn't want to date.

WALTER

Exactly my point

His BEEPER goes off and he grabs his bag again

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALTER

(continuing)

Jesus! Can a man even grab a sandwich before you women start dilating?

SHARON

Tumescent!

WALTER

(to Sharon; as he leaves)

You're not helping.

INT. TUTORING ROOM - DAY

Cameron sits with an empty chair beside him. Bianca arrives in a flurry of blonde hair.

BIANCA

Can we make this quick? Roxanne Korrine and Andrew Barrett are having an incredibly horrendous public break-up on the quad. Again.

CAMERON

Well, I thought we'd start with pronunciation, if that's okay with you.

BIANCA

Not the hacking and gagging and spitting part. Please.

CAMERON

(looking down)

Okay... then how 'bout we try out some French cuisine. Saturday? Night?

Bianca smiles slowly

BIANCA

You're asking me out. That's so cute. What's your name again?

CAMERON

(embarrassed)

Forget it.

Bianca seizes an opportunity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA

No, no, it's my fault -- we didn't have a proper introduction ---

CAMERON

Cameron.

BIANCA

The thing is, Cameron -- I'm at the mercy of a particularly hideous breed of loser. My sister. I can't date until she does.

CAMERON

Seems like she could get a date easy enough...

She fingers a lock of her hair. He looks on, dazzled.

BIANCA

The problem is, she's completely anti-social.

CAMERON

Why?

BIANCA

Unsolved mystery. She used to be really popular when she started high school, then it was just like she got sick of it or something.

CAMERON

That's a shame.

She reaches out and touches his arm

BIANCA

Gosh, if only we could find Kat a boyfriend...

CAMERON

Let me see what I can do.

Cameron smiles, having no idea how stupid he is

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS

A frog is being torn asunder by several prongs and picks. Michael and Cameron go for the spleen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

You're in school for one day and you ask out the most beautiful girl? Do you have no concept of the high school social code?

Cameron grins away

CAMERON

I teach her French, get to know her, dazzle her with charm and she falls in love with me.

MICHAEL

Unlikely, but even so, she still can't go out with you. So what's the point?

Cameron motions with his head toward Patrick, a few lab tables away. He's wearing biker glasses instead of goggles as he tries to revive his frog.

CAMERON

What about him?

MICHAEL

(confused)

You wanna go out with him?

The others at the lab table raise their eyebrows

CAMERON

(impatient)

No - he could wrangle with the sister.

Michael smiles. Liking the intrigue.

MICHAEL

What makes you think he'll do it?

CAMERON

He seems like he thrives on danger

MICHAEL

No kidding. He's a criminal. I heard he lit a state trooper on fire. He just got out of Alcatraz...

CAMERON

They always let felons sit in on Honors Biology?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

I'm serious, man, he's whacked. He sold his own liver on the black market so he could buy new speakers.

CAMERON

Forget his reputation. Do you think we've got a plan or not?

MICHAEL

Did she actually say she'd go out with you?

CAMERON

That's what I just said

Michael processes this.

MICHAEL

You know, if you do go out with Bianca, you'd be set. You'd outrank everyone. Strictly A-list. With me by your side.

CAMERON

I thought you hated those people.

MICHAEL

Hey -- I've gotta have a few clients when I get to Wall Street.

A cowboy flicks the frog's heart into one of the Coffee Kid's latte. Cameron presses on, over the melee.

CAMERON

So now all we gotta do is talk to him.

He points to Patrick, who now makes his frog hump another frog, with full-on sound effects.

MICHAEL

I'll let you handle that.

INT. WOODSHOP - DAY

Boys and a few stray girls nail their pieces of wood

Michael sits next to PEPE, a Coffee Kid, who holds out his jacket like the men who sell watches in the subway. Inside several bags of coffee hang from hooks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEPE

Some people like the Colombian, but it all depends on your acidity preference. Me? I prefer East African and Indonesian. You start the day with a Sumatra Boengie or maybe and Ethiopian Sidamo in your cup, you're that much farther ahead than someone drinkin' Cosia Rican or Kona -- you know what I mean?

Michael nods solemnly.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Patrick sits at a table with Scurvy, making something that looks like a machete out of a two-by-four.

Cameron approaches, full of good-natured farm boy cheer

CAMERON

Hey, there

In response, Patrick brandishes a loud POWER TOOL in his direction.

Cameron slinks away.

CAMERON

(continuing)

Later, then.

Michael watches, shaking his head.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Joey and his pals take turns drawing boobs onto a cafeteria tray with a magic marker.

Michael walks up and sits between them, casual as can be

MICHAEL

Hey.

JOEY

Are you lost?

MICHAEL

Nope - just came by to chat

JOEY

We don't chat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Well, actually, I thought I'd run an idea by you. You know, just to see if you're interested.

JOEY

We're not.

He grabs Michael by the side of the head, and proceeds to draw a penis on his cheek with the magic marker. Michael suffers the indignity and speaks undaunted.

MICHAEL

(grimacing)

Hear me out. You want Bianca don't you?

Joey sits back and cackles at his drawing.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

But she can't go out with you because her sister is this insane head case and no one will go out with her. right?

JOEY

Does this conversation have a purpose?

MICHAEL

So what you need to do is recruit a guy who'll go out with her. Someone who's up for the job.

Michael points to Patrick, who makes a disgusted face at his turkey pot pie before he rises and throws it at the garbage can, rather than in it.

JOEY

That guy? I heard he ate a live duck once. Everything but the beak and the feet.

MICHAEL

Exactly

Joey turns to look at Michael.

JOEY

What's in it for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

Oh, hey, nothin' man Purely good
will on my part.

He rises to leave and turns to the others.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

I have a dick on my face, don't I?

INT. BOY'S ROOM - DAY

Michael stands at the sink, trying to scrub Joey's artwork
off his face as Cameron watches.

CAMERON

You got him involved?

MICHAEL

Like we had a choice? Besides --
when you let the enemy think he's
orchestrating the battle, you're in
a position of power. We let him
pretend he's calling the shots, and
while he's busy setting up the
plan, you have time to woo Bianca.

Cameron grins and puts an arm around him

CAMERON

You're one brilliant guy

Michael pulls back, noticing other guys filing in.

MICHAEL

Hey - I appreciate gratitude as
much as the next guy, but it's not
gonna do you any good to be known
as New Kid Who Embraces Guys In The
Bathroom.

Cameron pulls back and attempts to posture himself in a manly
way for the others, now watching.

INT. KENNY'S THAI FOOD DINER - DAY

Kat and Mandella pick apart their pad thai. Mandella is
smoking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAT

So he has this huge raging fit about Sarah Lawrence and insists that I go to his male-dominated, puking frat boy, number one golf team school. I have no say at all.

MANDELLA

William would never have gone to a state school.

KAT

William didn't even go to high school

MANDELLA

That's never been proven

KAT

Neither has his heterosexuality.

Mandella replies with a look of ice. Kat uses the moment to stub out Mandella's cigarette.

KAT

(continuing)

I appreciate your efforts toward a speedy death, but I'm consuming.

(pointing at her food)

Do you mind?

MANDELLA

Does it matter?

KAT

If I was Bianca, it would be, "Any school you want, precious. Don't forget your tiara."

They both look up as Patrick enters. He walks up to the counter to place his order.

Mandella leans toward Kat with the glow of fresh gossip

MANDELLA

Janice Parker told me he was a roadie for Marilyn Manson.

Patrick nods at them as he takes his food outside.

KAT

Janice Parker is an idiot

INT. MISS PERKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Patrick sits before Miss Perky, eating his Thai food

MISS PERKY
(looking at chart)
I don't understand, Patrick. You haven't done anything asinine this week. Are you not feeling well?

PATRICK
Touch of the flu.

MISS PERKY
I'm at a loss, then. What should we talk about? Your year of absence?

He smiles his charming smile

PATRICK
How 'bout your sex life?

She tolerates his comment with her withering glance.

MISS PERKY
Why don't we discuss your driving need to be a hemorrhoid?

PATRICK
What's to discuss?

MISS PERKY
You weren't abused, you aren't stupid, and as far as I can tell, you're only slightly psychotic -- so why is it that you're such a fuck-up?

PATRICK
Well, you know -- there's the prestige of the job title... and the benefits package is pretty good...

The bell RINGS.

MISS PERKY
Fine. Go do something repugnant and give us something to talk about next week.

INT. TUTORING ROOM - DAY

Several pairs of tutors and students sit at the various desks.

Mandella sits with TREVOR, a White Rasta. She attempts to get him to do geometry, but he stares at her, as if smitten

MANDELLA

Look, it's really easy.

TREVOR

You're a freedom fighter. Be proud, sister.

Mandella sets down her pencil and closes the book.

MANDELLA

(rotely)

It's Mandella with two L's. I am not related to Nelson Mandela. I am not a political figure. I do not live in South Africa. My parents just spent a few too many acid trips thinking they were revolutionaries.

TREVOR

But you freed our people

MANDELLA

Your "people" are white, suburban high school boys who smoke too much hemp. I have not freed you, Trevor.

(grabbing his arm
dramatically)

Only you can free yourself.

ACROSS THE ROOM Bianca and Cameron sit side by side, cozy as can be

BIANCA

C'esc ma tete. This is my head

CAMERON

Right. See? You're ready for the quiz.

BIANCA

I don't want to know how to say that though. I want to know useful things. Like where the good stores are. How much does champagne cost?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Stuff like Chat. I have never in my life had to point out my head to someone.

CAMERON

That's because it's such a nice one.

BIANCA

Forget French.

She shuts her book and puts on a seductive smile

BIANCA

(continuing)

How is our little Find the Wench A Date plan progressing?

CAMERON

Well, there's someone I think might be

--

Bianca's eyes light up

BIANCA

Show me

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cameron and Bianca lean against the wall -inconspicuously. Bianca plays it cool.

BIANCA

Give me a sign when he walks by. And don't point.

The bell RINGS. Kids flood past. Then Patrick saunters by with Scurvy. Cameron nudges Bianca.

CAMERON

There.

BIANCA

Where?

Out of desperation, Cameron awkwardly lunges across Patrick's path. Patrick shoves him back against the wall without a thought. Cameron lands in a THUD at Bianca's feet.

CAMERON

I guess he didn't see me
(calling after Patrick)
Some other time --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bianca watches Patrick, a wicked gleam in her eye.

BIANCA

My God, he's repulsive. He's so perfect!

INT. GYM CLASS - DAY

Several volleyball games are being played.

Joey and a member of his hulking entourage, approach Patrick, who still manages to look cool, even in gym clothes. They pull him aside roughly.

PATRICK

(shrugging them off)
What?

Joey points

JOEY See that girl?

Patrick follows his line of vision to Kat as she spikes the ball into some poor cowboy's face.

PATRICK

Yeah

JOEY

What do you think?

Kat wins the game and high fives the others, who are scared of her.

PATRICK

Two legs, nice rack...

JOEY

Yeah, whatever. I want you to go out with her.

PATRICK

Sure, Sparky. I'll get right on it.

JOEY

You just said

PATRICK

You need money to take a girl out

JOEY

But you'd go out with her if you had the cake?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patrick stares at Joey deadpan. His dislike for the guy obvious.

PATRICK
(sarcastic)
Yeah, I'd take her to Europe if I
had the plane.

Joey smiles.

JOEY
You got it, Verona. I pick up the
tab, you do the honors.

PATRICK
You're gonna pay me to take out
some girl?

JOEY
I can't date her sister until that
one gets a boyfriend. And that's
the catch. She doesn't want a
boyfriend.

PATRICK
How much?

JOEY
Twenty bucks each time you take her
out.

PATRICK
I can't take a girl like that out
on twenty bucks.

JOEY
Fine, thirty.

Patrick raises an eyebrow, urging him up

JOEY
(continuing)
Take it or leave it. This isn't a
negotiation.

PATRICK
Fifty, and you've got your man.

Patrick walks away with a smile

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD - DAY

Kat and the rest of the team go through a grueling practice session. Kat spares no one as she whips the ball all over the field.

Patrick sits on the bleachers nearby, watching. A cigarette dangles from his mouth. His pal, SCURVY is next to him.

MR. CHAPIN, the coach, blows the WHISTLE.

MR. CHAPIN
(proudly)
Good run, Stratford.

Kat nods in response, and the girls leave the field. Patrick hops down to follow.

PATRICK
Hey. Girlie.

Kat stops and turns slowly to look at him.

PATRICK
(continuing)
I mean Wo-man. How ya doin'?

KAT
(smiles brightly)
Sweating like a pig, actually. And yourself?

PATRICK
There's a way to get a guy's attention.

KAT
My mission in life.

She stands there undaunted, hand on hip.

KAT
(continuing)
Obviously, I've struck your fancy. So, you see, it worked. The world makes sense again.

Patrick's eyes narrow. He steps closer.

PATRICK
Pick you up Friday, then

KAT
Oh, right. Friday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK backs up a little. He uses his most seductive tone

PATRICK

The night I take you to places
you've never been before. And
back.

KAT

Like where? The 7-Eleven on
Burnside? Do you even know my name,
screwboy?

PATRICK

I know a lot more than that

Kat stares at him.

KAT

Doubtful. Very doubtful.

She walks away quickly, leaving him standing alone.

PATRICK

(calling after her)
You're no bargain either,
sweetheart.

Scurvy appears at his side

SCURVY

So I guess the Jeep won't be
getting a new Blaupunkt.

ACROSS THE FIELD Cameron and Michael watch.

MICHAEL

He took the bait.

STRATFORD HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kat washes her face at the sink. Bianca appears behind her,
and attempts to twist Kat's hair into a chignon.

She wacks Bianca away.

BIANCA

Have you ever considered a new
look? I mean, seriously, you could
have some potential buried under
all this hostility.

Kat pushes past her into the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAT

I have the potential to smack the
crap out of you if you don't get
out of my way.

BIANCA

Can you at least start wearing a
bra?

Kat SLAMS her door in response.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Patrick, Scurvy and some other randoms head for the exit

SCURVY You up for a burger?

Patrick looks in his wallet. It's empty.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kat stands at her locker, gathering her books. Patrick
appears at her side, smiling.

PATRICK

Hey

Kat doesn't answer

PATRICK

(continuing)

You hate me don't you?

KAT

I don't really think you warrant
that strong an emotion.

PATRICK

Then say you'll spend Dollar Night
at the track with me.

KAT

And why would I do that?

PATRICK

Come on -- the ponies, the flat
beer, you with money in your eyes,
me with my hand on your ass...

KAT

You -- covered in my vomit.

PATRICK

Seven-thirty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She slams her locker shut and walks away

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Kat emerges from a music store carrying a bag of CDs in her teeth, and fumbling through her purse with both hands. She finds her keys and pulls them out with a triumphant tug.

She looks up and finds Patrick sitting on the hood of her car

PATRICK

Nice ride. Vintage fenders.

Kat takes the bag out of her mouth.

KAT

Are you following me?

PATRICK

I was in the laundromat. I saw your car. Thought I'd say hi.

KAT

Hi

She gets in and starts the car.

PATRICK

You're not a big talker, are you?

KAT

Depends on the topic. My fenders don't really whip me into a verbal frenzy.

She starts to pull out, and is blocked by Joey's Viper, which pulls up perpendicular to her rear and parks.

Joey and his groupies emerge and head for the liquor store

KAT

(continuing)

Hey -- do you mind?

JOEY

Not at all

They continue on into the store. Kat stares at them in disbelief...

Then BACKS UP

Her vintage fenders CRASH into the door of Joey's precious Viper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patrick watches with a delighted grin Joey races out of the liquor store.

JOEY
(continuing)
You fucking bitch!

Kat pulls forward and backs into his car again. Smiling sweetly.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter paces as Kat sits calmly on the couch.

WALTER
My insurance does not cover PMS

KAT
Then tell them I had a seizure.

WALTER
Is this about Sarah Lawrence? You punishing me?

KAT
I thought you were punishing me.

WALTER
Why can't we agree on this?

KAT
Because you're making decisions for me.

WALTER
As a parent, that's my right

KAT
So what I want doesn't matter?

WALTER
You're eighteen. You don't know what you want. You won't know until you're forty-five and you don't have it.

KAT
(emphatic)
I want to go to an East Coast school! I want you to trust me to make my own choices. I want --

Walter's BEEPER goes off

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

Christ! I want a night to go by
that I'm not staring a contraction
in the face.

He walks out, leaving Kat stewing on the couch.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Patrick shuts his graffiti-encrusted locker, revealing Joey's
angry visage, glowering next to him.

JOEY

When I shell out fifty, I expect
results.

PATRICK

I'm on it

JOEY

Watching the bitch trash my car
doesn't count as a date.

PATRICK

I got her under control. She just
acts crazed in public to keep up
the image.

Joey sees through the bluff

JOEY

Let me put it to you this way, if
you don't get any action, I don't
get any action. So get your ass on
hers by the end of the week.

Joey starts to walk off

PATRICK

I just upped my price

JOEY

(turning)
What?

PATRICK

A hundred bucks a date.

JOEY

Forget it.

PATRICK

Forget her sister, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joey thinks for a frustrated moment, PUNCHES the locker, then peels another fifty out of his wallet with a menacing scowl.

JOEY

You better hope you're as smooth as you think you are, Verona.

Patrick takes the money with a smile.

INT. TUTORING ROOM - DAY

Cameron runs a sentence past Bianca.

CAMERON

La copine et I 'ami? La diferance?

Bianca glares at him.

BIANCA

A "copine" is someone you can count on. An "ami" is someone who makes promises he can't keep.

Cameron closes the French book

CAMERON

You got something on your mind?

BIANCA

I counted on you to help my cause. You and that thug are obviously failing. Aren't we ever going on our date?

He melts

CAMERON

You have my word. As a gentleman

BIANCA

You're sweet.

She touches his hand. He blushes at her praise and watches her toss her hair back

CAMERON

(appreciative)

How do you get your hair to look like that?

BIANCA

Eber's Deep Conditioner every two days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA (CONT'D)

And I never, ever use a blowdryer
without the diffuser attachment.

Cameron nods with interest.

CAMERON

You know, I read an article about
that.

Bianca looks surprised.

BIANCA

You did?

INT. BOY'S ROOM - DAY

Patrick stands at the sink, washing his hands Michael and
Cameron cower in the corner, watching him.

PATRICK

(without turning around)
Say it

MICHAEL

(clearing his throat)
What?

PATRICK

Whatever the hell it is you're
standin' there waitin' to say.

Cameron bravely steps forward

CAMERON

We wanted to talk to you about the
plan.

Patrick turns toward them.

PATRICK

What plan?

MICHAEL

The situation is, my man Cameron
here has a major jones for Bianca
Stratford.

PATRICK

What is it with this chick? She
have three tits?

Cameron starts to object, but Michael holds up a hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I think I speak correctly when I say that Cameron's love is pure. Purer than say -- Joey Dorsey's.

PATRICK

Dorsey can plow whoever he wants. I'm just in this for the cash.

Cameron starts choking at the thought of Joey plowing his beloved Bianca.

MICHAEL

That's where we can help you. With Kat.

PATRICK

So Dorsey can get the girl?

MICHAEL

Patrick, Pat, you're not looking at the big picture. Joey's just a pawn. We set this whole thing up so Cameron can get the girl.

Patrick smiles. He likes the idea of Joey being a pawn in this game.

PATRICK

You two are gonna help me tame the wild beast?

MICHAEL

(grinning)
We're your guys.

CAMERON

And he means that strictly in a non-prison-movie type of way.

PATRICK

Yeah -- we'll see.

He swings the door open and exits, leaving Michael and Cameron grinning at each other.

MICHAEL

We're in.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CU on a party invitation as it gets handed out. "Future Princeton Grad Bogey Lowenstein proudly presents a Saturday night bash at his abode. Casual attire".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael holds the invitation up to Cameron.

CAMERON

This is it. A golden opportunity.
Patrick can ask Katarina to the
party.

MICHAEL

In that case, we'll need to make it
a school-wide blow out.

CAMERON

Will Bogey get bent?

MICHAEL

Are you kidding? He'll piss
himself with joy. He's the
ultimate kiss ass.

CAFETERIA - DAY

Michael hands a jock the party invite as they pass each other
at the trash cans.

INT. GYM CLASS - DAY

The jock calls a fellow jock

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Jock whispers to a cheerleader

COURTYARD - DAY

The cheerleader calls a White Rasta that she's making out
with, showing him the invite.

TRACK - DAY

The White Rasta tells a cowboy as they run laps during track
practice.

INT. SHOWERS - DAY

The cowboy Cells a Coffee Kid, as he shields his java from
the spray of the shower.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joey stands ac his open locker with Bianca. The locker is an
homage to Joey's "modeling" career. Cheesy PRINT ADS of him -
- running in a field of daisies, petting a kitten, etc. --
adorn the locker door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

Which do you like better?

INSERT - HEADSHOTS of Joey. In one, he's pouting in a white shirt. In the other, he's pouting in a black shirt.

BIANCA

I think I like the white shirt

Joey nods thoughtfully.

JOEY

It's more

BIANCA

Expensive?

JOEY

Exactly

(beat)

So, you going to Bogey Lowenbrau's thing on Saturday?

BIANCA

Hopefully.

He gives her his best flirtatious smile

JOEY

Good, 'cause I'm not gonna bother if you won't be there.

He taps her on the nose and she giggles

INT. TUTORING ROOM

Bianca sits across from Cameron, who's transfixed, as always

BIANCA

Have you heard about Bogey Lowenstein's party?

CAMERON

Sure have.

BIANCA

(pouting)

I really, really, really wanna go, but I can't. Not unless my sister goes.

CAMERON

I'm workin' on it. But she doesn't seem to be goin' for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He fishes.

CAMERON
(continuing)
She's not a...

BIANCA
Lesbian? No. I found a picture of
Jared Leto in one of her drawers,
so I'm pretty sure she's not
harboring same-sex tendencies.

CAMERON
So that's the kind of guy she
likes? Pretty ones?

BIANCA
Who knows? All I've ever heard her
say is that she'd dip before dating
a guy that smokes.

Cameron furiously takes notes

CAMERON
All right. What else is she
partial to?

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Patrick plays pool with some random deviant cronies.

He looks up when he hears a COMMOTION at the door. LOU the
bouncer is in the midst of throwing Michael and Cameron out.

PATRICK
Lou, it's okay. They're with me.

Lou looks at Patrick, surprised, then reluctantly lets our
two non-deviants pass through.

Patrick guides them to a table and sips from a beer.

PATRICK
(continuing)
What've you got for me?

CAMERON
I've retrieved certain pieces of
information on Miss Katarina
Stratford I think you'll find
helpful.

Cameron pulls out a piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

(to Patrick)

One question before we start --
should you be drinking alcohol when
you don't have a liver?

PATRICK

What?!

MICHAEL

Good enough.

Cameron looks up at Patrick.

CAMERON

Number one. She hates smokers

MICHAEL

It's a lung cancer issue

CAMERON

Her favorite uncle

MICHAEL

Dead at forty-one.

Patrick sits up

PATRICK

Are you telling me I'm a -
(spits the word out)
"non-smoker"?

MICHAEL

Just for now.

CAMERON

Another thing. Bianca said that
Kat likes -- pretty guys.

This is met with silence. Then:

PATRICK

What? You don't think I'm pretty?

Michael smacks Cameron

MICHAEL

He's pretty!

CAMERON

Okay! I wasn't sure

Cameron goes back to the list.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERON

(continuing)

Okay -- Likes: Thai food, feminist prose, and "angry, stinky girl music of the indie-rock persuasion".

PATRICK

So what does that give me? I'm supposed to buy her some noodles and a book and sit around listening to chicks who can't play their instruments?

MICHAEL

Ever been to Club Skunk?

PATRICK

Yeah.

CAMERON

Gigglepuss is playing there tomorrow night.

PATRICK

Don't make me do it, man

MICHAEL

Assail your ears for one night.

CAMERON

It's her favorite band.

Patrick groans

MICHAEL

I also retrieved a list of her most recent CD purchases, courtesy of American Express.

He hands it over.

PATRICK

(smiling)

Michael -- did you get this information "illegally"?

Michael puts a finger to his lips.

MICHAEL

I prefer to think of it simply as an alternative to what the law allows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PATRICK
I'm likin' you guys better

He looks down at the list of CDs.

PATRICK
(continuing)
This is really music?

INT. KAT'S ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC BLARES in a room with minimalist decor splashed with indie rock band posters and flyers.

Kat and Mandella dance as they dress and apply make-up Bianca enters, interrupting their fun.

BIANCA
Can you turn down the Screaming
Menstrual Bitches? I'm trying to
study.

Kat doesn't move, so Bianca crosses to the stereo, turning down the volume.

BIANCA
(continuing)
Don't tell me you're actually going
out? On a school night, no less.

Kat shoots her a glare

BIANCA
(continuing; excited)
Oh my God, does this mean you're
becoming normal?

KAT
It means that Gigglepuss is playing
at Club Skunk and we're going.

BIANCA
(disappointed)
Oh, I thought you might have a date
(beat)
I don't know why I'm bothering to
ask, but are you going to Bogey
Lowenstein's party Saturday night?

KAT
What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA

I think you're a freak. I think you do this to torture me. And I think you suck.

She smiles sweetly and shuts the door behind her. Kat doesn't bat an eye. She grabs her purse and opens the door

KAT

Let's hit it.

EXT. CLUB SKUNK - NIGHT

A happy black and white neon skunk sprays fine mist on the line of kids below.

INT. CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

Kat and Mandella walk in, Mandella nervously pulling out her fake ID. The giant, afroed bouncer, BRUCE, looks typically mono-syllabic.

MANDELLA

(whispering to Kat)

You think this'll work?

KAT

No fear.

They approach Bruce. Kat puts on her happy, shiny face

KAT

(continuing)

Hello! We'd like two for Gigglepuss!

Bruce looks the girls up and down.

BRUCE

I can count.

He looks at their IDs. Mandella gently moves Kat aside, wearing a face that could only be described as "I AM a Victoria's Secret model."

MANDELLA

I'll bet you can..

She sticks out her chest and licks her lips. Bruce stares at her deadpan and hands her back the IDs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Go ahead.
 (to Mandella)
 And you

MANDELLA

(all come hither)
 Yes?

BRUCE

Take it easy on the guys in there.

Mandella winks at him and sashays inside Kat: follows behind, shaking her head.

EXT. CLUB SKUNK - NIGHT

Patrick's mail truck clatters to a stop out front.

INT. CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

Patrick walks up to Bruce, who's frisking a badly mowhawked PIERCED EYEBROW BOY. Bruce pulls a SWITCHBLADE out of the boy's inside pocket.

BRUCE

Next time, leave the Bic at home,
 Skippy.

SKIPPY

It's a bottle opener.

Bruce pushes him inside the club, then sees Patrick.

BRUCE

Verona, my man.

They shake.

PATRICK

Always a pleasure, Brucie.

BRUCE

Didn't have you pegged for a
 Gigglepuss fan. Aren't they a
 little too pre-teen belly-button
 ring for you?

PATRICK

Fan of a fan. You see a couple of
 minors come in?

BRUCE

Never

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Padua girls. One tall, decent
body. The other one kinda short and
undersexed?

BRUCE

Just sent 'em through.

Patrick starts to go in

BRUCE

(continuing)

Hey -- what happened to that chick
you brought last time? The one
with the snake?

Patrick laughs and goes into the club

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Onstage, the all-female band GIGGLEPUSS is parlaying their
bad girl sass into a ripping punk number.

Near the stage is a joyful mass of pogo-ing teens AT THE BAR

Patrick bellies up and looks around the club. Gigglepuss
finishes a song.

LEAD SINGER

Hello, out there. We're Gigglepuss
and we're from Olympia.

A teenage boy in the audience takes the opportunity to
scream.

BOY (O.S.)

Pet my kitty!

LEAD SINGER

Meow

They rev into their next song.

NEAR THE STAGE

Mandella and Kat glow with sweat.
When they hear the opening chords
of the song, they look at each
other and scream with glee as they
begin to dance. They couldn't be
having a better time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AT THE BAR

Patrick signals to get the bartender's attention and looks across the bouncing surge of the crowd. He spots Kat and Mandella singing along.

HIS POV

The gleeful Kat -- dancing and looking completely at ease. None of her usual "attitude". Patrick is transfixed. And most definitely attracted.

NEAR THE STAGE Kat looks at Mandella.

KAT

(shouting)

I need agua!

She makes her way through the crowd to the bar. AT THE BAR

She made it. She signals for the bartender and as she's waiting, looks around. She spots Patrick a few feet away

KAT

(continuing to herself)

Shit

She sneaks a glance. He's staring, but this time he looks away before she can. Despite herself, she's miffed.

The bartender arrives

BARTENDER

(shouting)

What can I get you?

KAT

Two waters.

She looks at Patrick again. He's completely absorbed in the band. She scowls. The bottled water arrives and she marches off, forgetting to pay.

She walks up to Patrick.

KAT

(continuing)

You're not fooling anyone.

Patrick looks at her, surprised

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATRICK
(yelling)
hey. Great show, huh?

KAT
(yelling)
If you're planning on asking me out
you might as well get it over with.

PATRICK
(yelling)
Excuse me?

KAT
(yelling)
That's what you want, isn't it?

PATRICK
(yelling; gesturing toward
the band)
Do you mind? You're sort of
ruining it for me.

Kat steams. And watches him watch the band

KAT
(yelling)
You're not surrounded by your usual
cloud of smoke.

The band takes a break, so they can stop yelling now

PATRICK
I know. I quit.

He leans back, making no attempt to hit on her. She moves
closer.

KAT
Oh, really?

He motions toward the stage

PATRICK
You know, these guys are no Bikini
Kill or The Raincoats, but they're
right up there.

KAT
You know who The Raincoats are?

PATRICK
Why, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She's completely taken aback. He uses the moment to his advantage and brushes her hair back as he speaks right into her ear.

PATRICK
(continuing)
I watched you out there I've
never seen you look like that

Kat steps away, brushing the hair back that he just touched
Her cheeks pinken.

His cocky side is back in a flash

PATRICK
(continuing)
Come to that party with me.

At that moment, the band starts another SONG

KAT
(yelling)
What?

The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER
(to Kat, yelling)
You forgot to pay!

PATRICK
(yelling)
I got it, Rick.

He tosses some bills on the bar

Rather than thank him, Kat simply watches him, trying to figure out his motive.

PATRICK
(continuing; yelling)
Nine-thirty then.

A few people have gotten between them at the bar and she can't hear a word he's saying. She gives him one last look and heads back into the crowd.

Patrick smiles. She didn't say no this time.

EXT. CLUB SKUNK - NIGHT

The crowd files out of the club, Kat and Mandella amongst them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A^ they're walking toward the parking lot, Patrick coasts by in his truck. The gears GRIND. He yells out the window.

MANDELLA
What'd he say?

KAT
Who cares?

Mandella watches Kat as she stares after Patrick

MANDELLA
Has he importun'd you with love in
honourable fashion?

Kat glances sharply at her.

MANDELLA
(continuing; off her look)
Don't be Cruella with me. I'm in
favor of romance. You're the one
that wants to march on Washington
every five minutes.

Kat pokes her, then looks back at the club dreamily.

KAT
Gigglepuss was so beyond.

Mandella nods.

MANDELLA
They were. I only wish William
could have been here to witness the
rebirth of punk rock with us.

Kat links her arm through Mandella's and they head for the car.

KAT
So true.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cameron and Michael are at Michael's locker.

CAMERON
So, then she says that she almost
didn't wear the Kenneth Coles with
that dress because she thought she
was mixing, you know, genres. And
the fact that I noticed -- and I'm
quoting here - "really meant
something."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameron looks At Michael expectantly

MICHAEL
You told me that part already.

CAMERON
Hell, I've just been going over the
whole thing in my head and -

Joey appears over Cameron's shoulder.

JOEY
Hey. Dingo Boingo

Cameron and Michael look at each other And turn around slowly

JOEY
(continuing; to Michael)
I hear you're helpin' Verona.

MICHAEL
Uh, yeah. We're old friend*

JOEY
You and Verona?

MICHAEL
What? We took bathes together when
we were kids.

It's incredibly obvious that he's lying. Joey eyes him then
turns to Cameron.

JOEY
What's your gig in all this?

CAMERON
I'm just the new guy.

Joey turns back to Michael, grabbing the alligator on his
shirt and twisting it.

JOEY
You better not fuck this up. I'm
heavily invested.

MICHAEL
Hey -- it's all for the higher good
right?

Joey lets go of Michael and SHOVES Cameron against a locker
for good measure, as he walks away-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERON

Is it about me?

EXT. MISS PERKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Kat sits outside waiting for her appointment, bored and annoyed.

The door opens and Miss Perky escorts Patrick out

MISS PERKY

You're completely demented.

PATRICK

(cheery)

See you next week!

Kat stands and Patrick sees her.

Miss Perky watches in horror

MISS PERKY

You two know each other?

PATRICK/KAT

Yeah/No.

Miss Perky grabs Kat and shoves her into her office.

MISS PERKY

(to Patrick)

Dear God, stay away from her. If you two ever decided to breed, evil would truly walk the earth.

Patrick gives Kat one last look before the door shuts, then smiles-

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are on, illuminating the yard

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bianca and Chastity stand outside Kat's room. MUSIC is blaring and the door is shut. Bianca looks at her watch

BIANCA

She's obviously not going.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Across the carpet, two pairs of teenage girl feet sneak past. Bianca and Chastity, teddy bear purses in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FROM THE KITCHEN A RUSTLING is heard. The girls freeze.

Walter emerges from the kitchen with a mile-high sandwich. The girls are like statues. Walter jumps.

BIANCA
Daddy, I --

WALTER
And where're you going?

BIANCA
If you must know, we were attempting to go to a small study group of friends.

WALTER
Otherwise known as an orgy?

BIANCA
It's just a party. Daddy, but I knew you'd forbid me to go since "Gloria Steinem" over there isn't going --

She points to Kat -- Walkman blaring -- who comes downstairs, wearing a baby tee and battered Levis. Her relaxing-at-home look is about 400 times sexier than her at-school look. She wanders toward the kitchen.

Walter directs his attention toward Kat.

WALTER
Do you know about any party?
Katarina?

Kat shrugs as she comes back out of the kitchen with an apple.

BIANCA
Daddy, people expect me to be there!

WALTER
If Kat's not going, you're not going.

Bianca turns to Kat, eyes ablaze

BIANCA
You're ruining my life' Because you won't be normal, I can't be normal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAT

What's normal?

BIANCA

Bogey Lowenstein's party is normal,
but you're too busy listening to
Bitches Who Need Prozac to know
that.

WALTER

What's a Bogey Lowenstein?

Kat takes off her earphones, ready to do battle

BIANCA

Can't you forget for just one night
that you're completely wretched?

KAT

At least I'm not a clouted fen-
sucked hedge-pig.

Bianca tosses her hair.

BIANCA

Like I'm supposed to know what that
even means.

KAT

It's Shakespeare. Maybe you've
heard of him?

BIANCA

Yeah, he's your freak friend
Mandella's boyfriend. I guess
since I'm not allowed to go out, I
should obsess over a dead guy, too.

WALTER

Girls

Kat stares Bianca down

KAT

I know about the goddamn party.
I'm going.

Bianca and Chastity look at each other, thrilled, and burst
into gleeful screams.

A startled Walter clutches Bianca in a protective hug.

WALTER

Oh, God. It's starting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BIANCA
It's just a party. Daddy.

Walter looks dazed.

WALTER
Wear the belly before you go.

BIANCA
Daddy, no!

WALTER
Just for a minute

He rushes to a cupboard and pulls out a padded faux-pregnancy belly.

WALTER
(continuing)
I want you to realize the weight of
your decisions.

He hangs the belly on her as she stands mortified.

BIANCA
You are so completely unbalanced.

KAT
Can we go now?

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WALTER
(to Bianca)
Promise me you won't talk to any
boys unless your sister is present.

BIANCA
Why?

WALTER
Because she'll scare them away.

Kat stomps to the door, grabbing her car keys off the hall table and a sweater from the coat rack. She flings open the door and...

There stands Patrick.

PATRICK
Nine-thirty right?

Kat's in shock

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PATRICK
(continuing)
I'm early.

She holds up her keys

KAT
I'm driving.

He peeks in behind her.

PATRICK
Who knocked up your sister?

INT. BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOGEY, a short Future MBA in a tux, greets his guests like a pro, handing out cigars and martinis.

BOGEY
Nice to see you. Martini bar to
the right, shots in the kitchen.

The house is filled to capacity with Padua High's finest Kat pushes through the crowd. Patrick saunters in behind her

INT. BOGEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joey lines up a row of shots amid much whooping and hollering within the jock crowd.

Kat enters, then quickly tries to make an about face. Joey sees her and rushes over to block her, standing in the doorway.

JOEY
Lookin' fresh tonight, Pussy-Kat

Kat gives him a death look and then stops and points at his forehead.

KAT
Wait -- was that?-- Did your
hairline just recede?

He panics, whipping out a handy pocket mirror She's already walking away.

JOEY
Where ya goin?

KAT
Away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY
Your sister here?

Kat's face shows utter hatred

KAT
Leave my sister alone.

JOEY
(smirking)
And why would I do that?

A RUCKUS sounds from the next room

JOCK
A fight!

The other jocks rush to watch as two Coffee Kids splash their cupfuls on each other.

COFFEE KID #1
That was a New Guinea Peaberry, you
Folger's-crystals-slurping-
buttwipe.

Caffeinated fists fly. Joey slithers away from the door to watch, giving Kat one last smirk, just as Bianca walks into the kitchen.

JOEY
Just who I was looking for.

He puts his arm around Bianca and escorts her out

KAT
BIANCA

Bianca keeps walking, ignoring Kat

A GUY pouring shots hands Kat one She downs it and accepts another.

GUY
Drink up, sister.

Patrick walks up

PATRICK
What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAT

(mocking)

"I'm getting trashed, man." Isn't that what you're supposed to do at a party?

PATRICK

I say, do what you wanna do.

KAT

Funny, you're the only one

She downs another.

INT. BOGEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cameron and Michael enter. Cameron looks, around for his beloved, while Michael schmoozes with all in attendance and dishes dirt simultaneously.

MICHAEL

(high-fiving a jock)

Moose, my man!

(to Cameron)

Ranked fifth in the state.

Recruiters have already started calling.

Cameron nods intently

MICHAEL

(continuing; grabbing his belt)

Yo, Clem.

(to Cameron)

A Patsy Cline fan, but hates the new Leanne Rimes.

(with a Jamaican swagger)

Ziggy, peace, bra.

(to Cameron)

Prefers a water pipe, but has been known to use a bong.

Michael spots Bianca and Chastity, watching the skirmish, and points Cameron's body in her direction.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Follow the love, man

ON BIANCA AND CHASTITY Bianca cranes her neck

BIANCA

Where did he go? He was just here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 CHASTITY
Who?

 BIANCA
Joey.

Cameron walks over.

 CAMERON
Evening, ladies.

Bianca turns and graces him with a pained smile.

 BIANCA
Hi.

 CAMERON
Looks like things worked out
tonight, huh?

Bianca ignores the question and tries to pawn him off

 BIANCA
You know Chastity?

 CAMERON
I believe we share an art
instructor

 CHASTITY
Great

 BIANCA
Would you mind getting me a drink,
Cameron?

 CAMERON
Certainly Pabst? Old Milwaukee?
RaiJieer?

Bianca gives him a tense smile.

 BIANCA
Surprise me.

He heads for the kitchen. Joey walks up and grabs her around
the waist.

She giggles as he picks her up and carries her off -- just as
Cameron returns, a beer -- complete with a napkin and straw --
in his hand.

Chastity glares with a jealous fury after Bianca and Joey,
then gives Cameron the once-over and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Michael appears.

MICHAEL
Extremely unfortunate maneuver.

CAMERON
The hell is that? What kind of
'guy just picks up a girl and
carries her away while you're
talking to her?

MICHAEL
Buttholus extremus. But hey,
you're making progress.

CAMERON
No, I ' m not.

He smacks himself in the head

CAMERON
(continuing)
She used me! She wants to go out
with Dorsey. Not me. I'm an
idiot!

Michael pats him on the shoulder.

MICHAEL
At least you're self-aware

BOGEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kat and a crowd of White Rastas and Cowboys stand in a
drunken group hug singing "I Shot the Sheriff". Kat has
another shot glass in hand.

Patrick is showing a scar to an inebriated, enraptured
cheerleader. He looks up at Kat and smiles meets his eyes
then looks away.

INT. BOGEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca stands next to Joey, sipping from her beer

JOEY
So yeah, I've got the Sears catalog
thing going -- and the tube sock
gig " that's gonna be huge. And
then I'm up for an ad for Queen
Harry next week.

BIANCA
Queen Harry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

It's a gay cruise line, but I'll be, like, wearing a uniform and stuff.

Bianca tries to appear impressed, but it's getting difficult.

BIANCA

Neat...

JOEY

My agent says I've got a good shot at being the Prada guy next year.

He looks over her shoulder and waves at someone. Bianca takes the opportunity to escape.

BIANCA

I'll be right back.

INT. BOGEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bianca shuts the door and leans on it with a sigh. Chastity applies lip-gloss in the mirror.

BIANCA

He practically proposed when he found out we had the same dermatologist. I mean. Dr. Bonchowski is great an all, but he's not exactly relevant party conversation.

CHASTITY

Is he oily or dry?

BIANCA

Combination. I don't know -- I thought he'd be different. More of a gentleman...

Chastity rolls her eyes

CHASTITY

Bianca, I don't think the highlights of dating Joey Dorsey are going to include door-opening and coat-holding.

BIANCA

Sometimes I wonder if the guys we're supposed to want to go out with are the ones we actually want to go out with, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHASTITY

All I know is -- I'd give up my
private line to go out with a guy
like Joey.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Bianca opens it to find a very
drunken Kat.

KAT

Bianca, I need to talk to you -- I
need to tell you --

BIANCA

(cutting her off)
I really don't think I need any
social advice from you right now.

Bianca grabs Chastity's arm and they exit

INT. BOGEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

Patrick tries to remove a shot glass from Kat's hand.

PATRICK

Maybe you should let me have it.

Kat is fierce in her refusal to let go

KAT

I want another one

Joey enters, grabbing Patrick by the shoulder, distracting
him from his task.

JOEY

My man

As Patrick turns, Kat breaks free and dives into the sea of
dancing people in the dining room.

PATRICK

(annoyed)
It's about time.

JOEY

A deal's a deal.

He peels off some bills

JOEY

(continuing)
How'd you do it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Do what?

JOEY

Get her to act like a human

A very drunken Kat jumps up onto the kitchen island and starts dancing by herself. She lets loose, hair flying. She's almost burlesque.

Others form a crowd, clapping and cheering her on

She swings her head around BANGING it on a copper pot hanging from the rack above the center island. She starts to sway, then goes down as Patrick rushes over to catch her.

The others CLAP, thinking this is a wonderful finale. Patrick sets her down on her feet, holding her up

PATRICK

Okay?

KAT

I'm fine. I'm

She tries to push him away, but staggers when she does grabs her again, bracing her.

PATRICK

You're not okay.

KAT

I just need to lie down for awhile

PATRICK

Uh, uh. You lie down and you'll go to sleep

KAT

I know, just let me sleep

PATRICK

What if you have a concussion? My dog went to sleep with a concussion and woke up a vegetable. Not that I could tell the difference...

She tries to sit on the floor

KAT

Okay, I'll just sleep but stay awake, okay?

He pulls her back to her

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATRICK
C'mon, let's walk

INT. BOGEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As Patrick walks Kat through the dining room, Cameron grabs his arm.

CAMERON We need to talk.

PATRICK
Cameron, I'm a little busy

CAMERON
It's off. The whole thing.

Kat slides down to the floor and Patrick struggles to get h back on her feet.

PATRICK
What 're you talking about?

CAMERON
She's partial to Joey, not me

Patrick doesn't have time for this.

PATRICK
Cameron -- do you like the girl?

CAMERON
Sure

PATRICK
(impatient)
Then, go get her

Patrick continues walking an oblivious Kat outside. Cameron stands there, unsure how to make use of this advice

EXT. BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick marches Kat around the yard, holding her up

KAT
This is so patronizing.

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

KAT
Why 're you doing this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
I told you

KAT
You don't care if I die

PATRICK
Sure, I do

KAT
Why?

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

KAT
Like you could find one

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

KAT
Just let me sit down.

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

PATRICK
How's that?

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

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

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

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

KAT
Who?

PATRICK
Dorsey.

KAT
I hate him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATRICK

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

KAT

(holding up a drunken head)

Hey man. . . You don ' t think I can be "cool"? You don't think I can be "laid back" like everyone else?

PATRICK

(slightly sarcastic)

I thought you were above all that

KAT

You know what they say

He stops the swing

PATRICK

No. What do they say?

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

PATRICK

(continuing)

Shit!

He drags her to her feet and starts singing loudly.

PATRICK

(continuing)

Jingle Bells! Jingle Belles! Wake up damn it!

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

PATRICK

(continuing)

Kat! Wake up!

KAT

(waking)

What?

He sighs with relief.

PATRICK

I thought you were...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They share some meaningful eye contact. And then she PUKES on his shoes.

INT. BOGEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kat washes her face and grabs a bottle of Scope, taking a big swig.

A KNOCK sounds at the door

KAT

Go away

Bianca opens the door and looks at her sister with the smuggest of all possible grins.

BIANCA

Dinner taste better on the way out?

Gives her a "don't even start" look.

BIANCA

(continuing)

I don't get you. You act like you're too good for any of this, and then you go totally apeshit when you get here.

KAT

You're welcome.

She pushes past her and leaves the bathroom.

KAT'S CAR - NIGHT

Kat's in the driver's seat. Patrick leans in and takes the keys out of the ignition.

PATRICK

Cute

BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kids loiter on the lawn. Bianca and Chastity walk outside
Joey catches up to them.

JOEY

A bunch of us are going to Jaret's house. Wanna come?

Chastity looks at Bianca, who wears a pained expression. She looks at her watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA
I have to be home in twenty
minutes.

CHASTITY
(eagerly, to Joey)
I don't have to be home 'til two.

JOEY
Then, c'mon.
(to Bianca)
Maybe next time --

They head back into the party, leaving an astonished Bianca
Cameron exits the party and stops when he sees Bianca
standing alone.

CAMERON
(slightly accusatory)
Have fun tonight?

BIANCA
Tons

He starts to walk on

BIANCA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Cameron?

He stops. She gives him a helpless smile.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Do you think you could give me a
ride home?

INT. KAT'S CAR - NIGHT

Patrick drives as Kat sits in the passenger seat, fiddling
with the radio dial. She finds a SONG she's happy with and
Patrick quickly changes it.

PATRICK
I'm driving, so I get to pick the
tunes.

She changes it back to her song.

KAT
It's my car.

He changes it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
And I'm in control of it.

KAT
But it's Gigglepuss - I know you
like them. I saw you there.

Patrick doesn't have an answer for this, so he let's her
listen to her song.

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

PATRICK
Busy

KAT
Were you in jail?

PATRICK
Maybe.

KAT
No, you weren't

PATRICK
Then why'd you ask?

KAT
Why'd you lie?

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

KAT (CONT'D)
(continuing)
I should do this.

PATRICK
Do what?

KAT
This.

She points to the radio

PATRICK
Start a band?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAT
(sarcastically)
My father wouldn't approve of that
that

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

She turns to look at him.

KAT
Oh, so now you think you know me?

PATRICK
I'm gettin' there

Her voice loses it's venom

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

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

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

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

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(continuing)
So what 's up with your dad? He a
pain in the ass?

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

PATRICK
Who?

KAT
BIANCA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PATRICK

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

Kat stares at him with new admiration.

KAT

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

She leans drunkenly toward him.

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

PATRICK

So, I'll see you in school

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

CAMERON'S CAR - NIGHT

Bianca and Cameron ride in silence. He finally breaks it.

CAMERON

I looked for you back at the party,
but you always seemed to be
"occupied".

BIANCA

(faux-innocence)
I was?

CAMERON

You never wanted to go out with
'me, did you?

Bianca bites her lip.

BIANCA

(reluctant)
Well, no...

CAMERON

Then that's all you had to say.

BIANCA

But

CAMERON

You always been this selfish?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA thinks a minute

He pulls up in front of the house

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Just because you're beautiful,
doesn't mean you can treat people
like they don't matter.

She looks at him for a moment -- then grabs his face and gives him a kiss on the lips. He draws back in surprise, then kisses her back. She smiles, then gets out of the car without another word.

Cameron grins and drives away

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(continuing)
And I'm back in the saddle.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Kat sits at her desk, burying her face in a book as the others enter. The White Rastas are first.

DEREK
Kat, my lady, you sway to the
rhythm of my heart.

He grabs her hand and kisses it as she pulls it away.

CLEM, a cowboy, enters, high-fiving Derek with new-found friendliness.

CLEM
Yippe kai-aye, bra.
(to Kat)
Dance for me, cowgirl.

He sits next to Derek

CLEM
(continuing)
Okay, now tell me again why he
didn't shoot the deputy?

DEREK
Because the deputy meant him no
harm, my friend. It was only the
sheriff that was the oppressor.

Joey saunters in and takes his seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

Kat, babe, you were on fire.

Mrs. Blaise enters and sits at her desk

MRS. BLAISE

Well now, did everyone have a good weekend?

JOEY

Maybe we should ask Verona

Patrick enters, late, and slinks to his desk. Kat looks up, down and around, everywhere but at Patrick.

Mrs. Blaise tries to remember what she's supposed to talk about.

MRS. BLAISE

Okay then. Well.

(beat)

Oh, yes

She clears her throat.

MRS. BLAISE

(continuing)

I'd like you all to write your own version of Shakespeare's Sonnet #141.

Groans.

MRS. BLAISE

(continuing)

Any form you'd like. Rhyme, no rhyme, whatever. I'd like to see you elaborate on his theme, however. Let's read it aloud, shall we? Anyone?

The class is frozen in apathy.

MRS. BLAISE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Derek?

Ms. Blaise hands him the sonnet. He shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Then grins.

DEREK

(reading; in his Rasta stoner drawl)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEREK (CONT'D)

In faith, I do not love thee with
mine eyes/ For they in thee a
thousand errors note/ But 'tis my
heart that loves what they despise/
Who in despite of view is pleas 'd
to dote.

In the back of the room Clem raises his hand

CLEM

Ms. Blaise, can I get the bathroom
pass? Damn if Shakespeare don't
act as a laxative on my person.

INT. KENNY'S THAI FOOD DINER - DAY

Kat and Mandella scrape the peanuts out of their sauce.

MANDELLA

You went to the party? I thought
we were officially opposed to
suburban social activity.

KAT

I didn't have a choice.

MANDELLA

You didn't have a choice? Where's
Kat and what have you done with
her?

KAT

I did Bianca a favor and it
backfired.

MANDELLA

You didn't

KAT

I got drunk. I puked. I got
rejected. It was big fun.

Patrick enters, walking to the counter to order. He sees Kat
and smiles.

PATRICK

Hey

She gathers her things and bolts out the door. Patrick looks
at Mandella, who shrugs and follows Kat.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY Cameron and Michael flank Patrick at
his lab table

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

So you got cozy with she who stings?

PATRICK

No - I've got a sweet-payin' job that I'm about to lose.

CAMERON

What'd you do to her?

PATRICK

I don ' t know.

(beat)

I decided not to nail her when she was too drunk to remember it.

Michael and Cameron look at each other in realization, then turn back to Patrick.

CAMERON

You realize this puts the whole operation in peril.

PATRICK

No shit. She won't even look at me

CAMERON

Why can't you just tell her you're sorry?

Patrick's expression says that this is not a possibility. Michael makes a time out sign with his hands.

MICHAEL

I'm on it

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mandella is at her locker. Drawings of William Shakespeare adorn the door. She looks at them with a sigh, then ties her silk scarf tightly around her neck, in an attempt to cut off her air supply.

Michael walks up.

MICHAEL

Hey there. Tired of breathing?

MANDELLA

(shyly, as she loosens the scarf)

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL
Cool pictures. You a fan?

MANDELLA
Yeah. I guess.

MICHAEL rocks. Very hip.

MANDELLA
You think?

MICHAEL
Oh yeah.

She looks at him suspiciously

MANDELLA
Who could refrain that had a heart
to love and in that heart, courage
to make ' B love known?

Michael thinks for a minute.

MICHAEL
Macbeth, right?

MANDELLA
(happily stunned)
Right.

MICHAEL
Kat a fan, too?

MANDELLA
(puzzled)
Yeah...

He leans in close to her, conspiratorially

MICHAEL
So, listen... I have this friend

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD - DAY

Cameron sits next to Patrick on the bleachers as they watch
Kat's practice.

CAMERON
She hates you with the fire of a
thousand suns . That's a direct
quote

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
 She just needs time to cool off
 I'll give it a day.

A PUCK flies at them from the field, narrowly missing their heads.

PATRICK
 (continuing)
 Maybe two.

He looks at Cameron.

PATRICK
 (continuing)
 You makin' any headway?

CAMERON
 She kissed me.

PATRICK
 (eyebrow raised)
 Where?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Chastity rounds the corner and bends down to get a drink from the water fountain.

NEARBY
 Joey stands talking to two JOCK
 COHORTS. The guys don't see her.

JOEY
 Don't talk to me about the sweetest
 date. That little halo Bianca is
 gonna be prone and proven on prom
 night. Six virgins in a row.

The cohorts chortle Chastity keeps drinking from the fountain

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Joey leans against Patrick's Jeep. Patrick is inside.

PATRICK
 I don't know, Dorsey. ..the limo.-
 the flowers. Another hundred for
 the tux --

JOEY
 Enough with the Barbie n' Ken shit.
 I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls out his wallet and hands Patrick a wad of money

JOEY
(continuing)
Take it

Patrick does, with a smile, as he ROARS out of the parking lot.

INT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Kat and Mandella deface a prom flyer.

KAT
Can you even imagine? Who the hell would go to this a bastion of commercial excess?

MANDELLA
Well, I guess we're not, since we don't have dates .

KAT
Listen to you! You sound like Betty, all pissed off because Archie is taking Veronica.

MANDELLA
Okay, okay, we won't go. It's not like I have a dress anyway

KAT
You ' re looking at this from the wrong perspective. We're making a statement.

MANDELLA
(unconvinced)
Oh, good. Something new and different for us.

EXT. ARCHERY FIELD - DAY

Mr. Chapin patrols as boys and girls shoot arrows at targets

Joey swaggers up to Bianca, who is taking careful aim. Chastity watches from across the row.

JOEY
Hey, sweet cheeks.

BIANCA
(not looking at him)
Hi, Joey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

You're concentrating awfully hard
considering it's gym class.

She lets the arrow go and turns to look at him.

JOEY

(continuing)

Listen, I want to talk to you about
the prom.

BIANCA

You know the deal. I can ' t go if
Kat doesn't go --

In the background, a RASTA crumples to the ground. Hit A
casualty of Gym. Mr. Chapin scurries over.

JOEY

Your sister is going.

Bianca looks at him, surprised

BIANCA

Since when?

Joey takes the bow and arrow from Bianca's hand. He draws
back and takes aim.

JOEY

I'm taking care of it.

Chastity looks over from her spot on the field, but keeps
lips firmly shut.

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

Kat browses through the feminist lit section Patrick appears,
through a hole in the books.

PATRICK

Excuse me, have you seen The
Feminine Mystique? I lost my copy.

KAT

(frowning)

What are you doing here?

PATRICK

I heard there was a poetry reading.

KAT

You 're so --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
Pleasant?

Kat stares at him, deadpan.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Wholesome.

KAT
Unwelcome.

PATRICK
Unwelcome? I guess someone still
has her panties in a twist.

KAT
Don't for one minute think that you
had any effect whatsoever on my
panties.

PATRICK
So what did I have an effect on ?

KAT
Other than my upchuck reflex?
Nothing.

She pushes past him and heads out the' door Pat looks down at
the book he's been holding in his hand: Taming of the Shrew.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Cameron and Michael flank Patrick as he shovels food into
mouth.

PATRICK
You were right. She's still pissed.

MICHAEL
Sweet love, renew thy force!

PATRICK
Man -- don't say shit like that to
me. People can hear you.

CAMERON
(exasperated)
You humiliated the woman! Sacrifice
yourself on the altar of dignity
and even the score.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Best case scenario, you're back on
the payroll for awhile.

PATRICK

What's the worst?

CAMERON

You get the girl.

Patrick thinks for a minute

PATRICK

If I go down. I'm takin' her with
me

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Kat and the other students sit at their desks, taking a quiz
Patrick's seat is conspicuously empty.

From outside, we hear the soft, unsure beginnings of a SONG.
Kat looks up, then out the window, HORRIFIED.

The song grows louder until we realize it's The Partridge
Family's "I Think I Love You". Being sung by Patrick.

PATRICK

(O. S.)

"This morning, I woke up with this
feeling, I didn't know how to deal
with, and so I just decided to
myself--"

The STUDENTS rush to the window. OUTSIDE Patrick stands
beneath the window, crooning.

Scurvy is next to him, keeping the beat on the bongos and
doing backup vocal s.

PATRICK

"I'd hide it to myself. And never
talk about it. And didn't I go and
shout it when you walked into the
room --"

He makes quite a sarcastic show of it.

IN THE CLASSROOM

Mrs. Blaise touches her heart, as
if the song is for her. Kat slowly
walks to the window, peeking below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OUTSIDE

Patrick smiles at her as he finishes the verse with a big finale.

PATRICK

(continuing)

" I think I love you I "

INSIDE

The other students laugh, clap, cheer, etc. Kat sinks down, mortified, but with a slight smile

INT. DETENTION HALL - DAY

Patrick and several other miscreants sit quietly, mulling over their misfortune.

MISCREANT

Nice song, Verona.

PATRICK

Flog me.

He makes the appropriate hand gesture

Mr. Chapin, the gym teacher, sits at the desk in front, ignoring them while he reads a girly weightlifting magazine

KAT (O. S.)

Excuse me, Mr. Chapin?

Patrick looks up at the sound of her voice and sees Kat standing in the doorway. She gives him a smile and he perks up a little.

Kat walks into the room and addresses Mr. Chapin again. He turns fully to face her.

KAT

Sir, I'd like to state for the record that Mr. Verona ' s current incarceration is unnecessary. I never filed a complaint.

MR. CHAPIN

You didn't have to. He disrupted a classroom.

Kat glances over at Patrick and motions her head toward the window.

Patrick shrugs, not knowing what she ' s talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She motions again, and looks toward the window with an expression that says, "Make a break for it, moron."

Kat brings her attention back to Mr. Chapin while Patrick inches out of his seat toward the window.

The other miscreants watch with glee.

KAT

But, Mr. Chapin, I hardly think a simple serenade warrants a week of detention. There are far more hideous acts than off-key singing being performed by the student body on a regular basis.

Patrick is halfway out the window now. And none too happy about it, considering they're on the second floor.

He eyes a large TREE a few feet away from MR. CHAPIN. He starts to turn away from Kat

MR. CHAPIN

You're not gonna change my mind,
Kat. Rules stick.

Kat starts to panic, as Patrick has yet to make the jump for the tree.

KAT

Wait, Mr. Chapin. There's something I've always wanted to show you.

He turns back toward her again, the very second before he would have spotted Patrick.

Kat glances toward the window. Patrick's just about to make the jump.

MR. CHAPIN

What?

KAT

These.

From behind, we see her lift up her shirt and flash her bra at Mr. Chapin, just as Patrick makes the Jump.

The miscreants cheer, for both the daring' escape and the flash of skin.

Mr. Chapin reddens and tries to be stern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. CHAPIN

I'm going to let that slide,
Katarina. But if I catch you doing
that again, you'll be in here with
the rest of these guys.

He motions to the remaining detention prisoners, without
noticing Patrick's absence.

Kat smiles at him.

KAT

Thank you, Mr. Chapin.

Kat bolts out the door. Mr. Chapin goes back to his muscle
mag, wiping the sweat from his brow.

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS LAWN

Kat arrives at the tree. looking around breathlessly, seeing
no one.

KAT

He left! I sprung the dickhead and
he cruised on me.

PATRICK

(O. S.)
Look up, sunshine

She does. He's still in the tree

PATRICK

I guess I never told you I'm afraid
of heights.

KAT

(smiling)
C'mon. It's not that bad

PATRICK

Try lookin' at it from this angle

She assesses the branch structure

KAT

Put your right foot there --

PATRICK

Forget it. I'm stayin'.

KAT

You want me to climb up and show
you how to get down?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
(voice trembling)
Maybe.

She sighs and dose so. When she gets to his level, she perches on the branch next to him. He grins at her.

Then swings himself down with the grace and ease of a monkey, leaving her sitting there, realizing she's been duped.

KAT
You shit!

She climbs down after him

EXT. OUTDOOR ARCADE - DAY

Patrick and Kat walk amongst the games

KAT
The Partridge Family?

PATRICK
I figured it had to be something ridiculous to win your respect. And piss you off.

KAT
Good call.

PATRICK
So how'd you get Chapin to look the other way?

KAT
I dazzled him with my wit

She stops and picks up a toy gun that SHOOTs water at giggling hyenas and wails on it. The barker hands her a stuffed animal as her prize. She hands it to the small KID next to her and they continue walking.

PATRICK
(sarcastic)
A soft side? Who knew?

KAT
Yeah, well, don't let it get out

PATRICK
So what's your excuse?

KAT
Acting the way we do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Yes

KAT

I don't like to do what people expect. Then they expect it all the time and they get disappointed when you change.

PATRICK

So if you disappoint them from the start, you're covered?

KAT

Something like that

PATRICK

Then you screwed up

KAT

How?

PATRICK

You never disappointed me.

She blushes under his gaze

PATRICK

(continuing)

You up for it?

KAT

For. . . ?

He motions to the SIGN for a paint-ball game. She grins

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The two of them creep through the paint-ball course, stealthy and full of the desire to best the other.

Patrick nails Kat in the back with a big glob of red paint
Kat gets him in the chest with a glob of blue.

Patrick returns fire with a big yellow splat to the side of her face.

Kat squirts a green shot to his forehead After a few more shots, they're both covered in paint

She tries to shoot him again, only to find that her gun is empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAT
(continuing)
Damn it!

Patrick grabs her in a victorious tackle. They land, laughing.

It's hard to even recognize them, as their hair and faces are so smeared with paint globs, but they still manage to find each other's eyes.

He wipes a smear of blue paint away from her lips, as he goes to kiss her.

NEARBY The kid with the stuffed animal, points

KID
Look, Mom

His mother hurries him away. What's started as a tackle has turned into a passionate kiss

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick pulls up in Kat's driveway. Their paint wardrobe has dried by now and they look like refugees from some strange, yet colorful, war.

KAT
State trooper?

PATRICK
Fallacy.

KAT
The duck?

PATRICK
Hearsay.

KAT
I know the porn career's a lie.

He shuts off the car and turns to her.

PATRICK
Do you?

He kisses her neck. It tickles. She laughs.

KAT
Tell me something true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

I hate peas.

KAT

No -- something real. Something no one else knows.

PATRICK

(in-between kisses)

You're sweet. And sexy. And completely hot for me.

KAT

What?

PATRICK

No one else knows

KAT

You're amazingly self-assured. Has anyone ever told you that?

PATRICK

Go to the prom with me

Kat's smile disappears.

KAT

Is that a request or a command?

PATRICK

You know what I mean

KAT

No.

PATRICK

No what?

KAT

No, I won't go with you

PATRICK

Why not?

KAT

Because I don't want to. It's a stupid tradition.

Patrick sits quietly, torn. He can't very well tell her he being paid to take her.

PATRICK

People won't expect you to go...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kat turns to him, getting angry.

KAT
Why are you doing this?

KAT
All of it -- what's in it for you?

He sits silently, not looking at her, confirming her suspicions.

KAT
(continuing)
Create a little drama? Start a new rumor? What?

PATRICK
So I have to have a motive to be with you?

KAT
You tell me.

PATRICK
You need therapy. Has anyone ever told you that?

KAT
(quietly)
Answer the question, Patrick

PATRICK
(angry)
Nothing! There's nothing in it for me. Just the pleasure of your company.

He takes out a cigarette. She breaks it in half before she SLAMS the car door and walks into the house.

Patrick PEELS out of the driveway. Kat turns at the front door and watches him go

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Patrick pulls up to a stop light and waits for .the green

He glances over at A DRUNKEN HOMELESS GUY in the median, who has decided that he doesn't need to wear pants.

Patrick pulls out his wallet, takes the wad of money Joey gave him and hands it to the homeless guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
cover that up

The light turns green and Patrick pulls away

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kat stands at the sink, scrubbing paint off of her face
Bianca TAPS on the open door.

BIANCA
Quick question -- are you going to
the prom?

Kat pushes the door shut with a SLAM

INT. STUDY HALL - DAY

Cameron and Bianca sit together at their study cubby. She
fingers a strand of her hair.

BIANCA
Then Guillermo says, "If you go any
lighter, you're gonna look like an
extra on 90210."

CAMERON
No...

Bianca stares at him for a moment.

BIANCA
do you listen to this crap?

CAMERON
What crap?

BIANCA
Me. This endless ...blonde babble.
I'm like, boring myself.

CAMERON
Thank God! If I had to hear one
more story about your coiffure...

He mock stabs himself with a pencil as she giggles and smacks
his hand away.

CAMERON
(continuing)
I figured you'd get to the good
stuff eventually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA
What good stuff?

CAMERON
The "real you".

BIANCA
Like my fear of wearing pastels?

He looks stricken.

BIANCA
(continuing)
I'm kidding.
(beat)
You know how sometimes you just
become this "persona"? And you
don't know how to quit?

CAMERON
(matter of fact)
No

BIANCA
Okay -- you're gonna need to learn
how to lie.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mandella struggles with the lock on her locker. Finally, it opens.

Hanging inside is a beautiful DRESS, inspired by the 16th Century. Mandella slowly unpins a NOTE from the dress.

INSERT - "O FAIR ONE. JOIN ME AT THE PROM. I WILL BE

WAITING. LOVE, WILLIAM S."
Mandella's agog. Trevor walks by
and sees her holding the dress.

TREVOR
You're gonna look splendiferous in
that, Mandella.

Mandella looks up sharply, shaken from her reverie.

TREVOR
(continuing)
that's cool to say.

Mandella grins It is

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANDELLA
INT. STRATFORD HOUSE/DEN - DAY

Sharon is at her computer, Walter at his exercise bike

SHARON
Would you rather be ravished by a
pirate or a British rear admiral?

WALTER
Pirate -- no question.

Bianca enters and walks over to Walter

BIANCA
Daddy, I want to discuss the prom
with you. It's tomorrow night --

WALTER
The prom? Kat has a date?

BIANCA
No, but

WALTER
It's that hot rod Joey, right? That
's who you want me to bend my
rules for?

BIANCA
He's not a "hot rod". Whatever
that is.

WALTER
You're not going unless your sister
goes. End of story.

BIANCA
Fine. I see that I'm a prisoner in
my own house. I'm not a daughter.
I'm a possession!

Bianca storms out.

WALTER
(calling out)
You know what happens at proms?

Sharon stops her typing and looks up at Walter

SHARON
They'll dance, they'll kiss,
they'll come home. Let her go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER

Kissing? Is that what you think happens? Kissing isn't what keeps me up to my elbows in placenta all day.

INT. BIANCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca lies on her bed. MTV blares. A KNOCK sounds.

BIANCA

Come in.

Kat enters and sits down on the bed, muting the TV.

KAT

(kindly)

Listen, I know you hate having to sit home because I'm not Susie High School.

BIANCA

Like you care.

KAT

I do care. But I'm a firm believer in doing something for your own reasons, not someone else ' s .

BIANCA

I wish I had that luxury. I'm the only sophomore that got asked to the prom and I can't go, because you won ' t.

Kat clears her throat

KAT

Joey never told you we went out, did he?

BIANCA

What?

KAT

In 9th. For a month

BIANCA

(confused)

Why?

KAT

(self-mocking)

He was, like, a total babe

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIANCA
But you hate Joey

KAT
Now I do. Back then, was a
different story.

BIANCA
As in...

Kat takes a deep breath.

KAT
He said everyone was doing it. So
I did it.

BIANCA
You did what?

KAT
(continuing on)
Just once. Afterwards, I told him
I didn't want to anymore. I wasn't
ready. He got pissed. Then he
broke up with me.

Bianca stares at her, dumbfounded

BIANCA
But

KAT
After that, I swore I'd never do
anything just because "everyone
else" was doing it. And I haven't
since. Except for Bogey's party,
and my stunning gastro-intestinal
display --

BIANCA
(stunned)
Why didn't you tell me?

KAT
I wanted to let you make up your
own mind about him.

BIANCA
No. you didn't! If you really
thought I could make my own
decisions, you would've let me go
out with him instead of helping
Daddy hold me hostage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kat stands up slowly

KAT
That's not

BIANCA
I'm not stupid enough to repeat
your mistakes.

KAT
I guess I thought I was protecting
you.

BIANCA
God, you're just like him! Just
keep me locked away in the dark, so
I can't experience anything for
myself

KAT
Not all experiences are good,
Bianca. You can't always trust the
people you want to.

BIANCA
I guess I'll never know, will I?

She rises and holds the door open for Kat, then slams it
behind her.

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE - DAY

A sprinkler cruises the lawn.

INT. KAT'S ROOM - DAY

Kat lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. She rolls over and
picks up the phone.

BIANCA'S ROOM - DAY

Bianca, still in her pajamas, eats a bowl of cereal while
watching "I Love Lucy" reruns.

A KNOCK sounds

BIANCA
Come in.

Kat opens the door and peers in with a grin

KAT
Feel like shopping?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bianca looks up, hopefully.

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter and Sharon are in front of the television. Walter has the TV Guide in hand, glasses on.

WALTER

What do you wanna watch? We've got
crap, crap, crap or crap

SHARON

Dr. Ruth?

Bianca walks into the living room. She's wearing a prom dress.

BIANCA

Hi, Mommy.
(looking away)

WALTER

Walter scurries takes off his
glasses and looks from Bianca to
Sharon.

SHARON

Honey, you look beautiful!

BIANCA

You like? My date should be here
in five.

WALTER

I'm missing something.

BIANCA

I have a date, Daddy. And he ' s
not a captain of oppression like
some men we know.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Bianca runs to open it. There stands CAMERON. He takes in Bianca's outfit.

CAMERON

Wow

BIANCA

Let's go.

Walter rises. Sharon pulls him back down on the couch

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON
(to Bianca)
Have a great time, honey!

WALTER
But -- who -- what --?

The door SLAMS. As Sharon looks at Walter with a grin, a blur rushes down the stairs and out the door. The blur has Kat ' s voice.

KAT
Hey, guys. I'm going to the prom.
See you in a few.

The door SLAMS again. Walter and Sharon 'are alone

WALTER
What just happened?

SHARON
Your daughters went to the prom.

WALTER
Did I have anything to say about
it?

SHARON
Absolutely not.

WALTER
That ' s what I thought

The DOORBELL RINGS again. Walter opens it to find Joey on the porch, wearing a tux.

JOEY
I'm here to pick up Bianca.

WALTER
late

He SLAMS the door shut

EXT HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kat pulls up in her car, emerging resplendent in an ice gown.

Patrick sits on the steps, waiting. In a tux.

KAT
How'd you get a tux at the last
minute?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

It's Scurvy's. His date got convicted. Where'd you get the dress?

KAT

It's just something I had. You know

PATRICK

(smiling)

Oh huh

KAT

Look, I'm -- sorry -- that I questioned your motives. I was wrong.

Patrick winces slightly, but covers it with a smile

PATRICK

No prob.

He remains seated. Kat fidgets nervously.

KAT

are you ready?

He rises and stares at her, taking in her image appreciatively. She blushes and turns away.

KAT

(continuing)

C'mon. Let's get this over with.

INT. PROM - NIGHT

A hotel ballroom transformed into a fantasy world. Patrick and Kat enter, Kat attempting to deny the romance of it.

KAT

Quite the ostentatious display

A cowboy two-steps by them, dragging some poor girl around

PATRICK

Look, Clem even wore his good boots

Kat steps forward, looking around and spots Cameron and Bianca dancing cheek to cheek. She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE ROOM

Mandella enters nervously, in the long Elizabethan gown, hair piled on top of her head. She spots Kat and hurries over.

MANDELLA

Have you seen him?

KAT

Who?

MANDELLA

William - he asked me to meet him here.

KAT

Oh, honey -- tell me we haven't progressed to full-on hallucinations.

Patrick looks toward the door and taps Kat. She turns and points Mandella the same way.

Michael - in full Shakespearean dress with a new goatee on his chin - bows in their direction. Mandella's grin couldn't be bigger.

Michael swashbuckles over to them, taking Mandella's hand and leading her onto the dance floor.

MICHAEL

Mi' lady.
(to Patrick)
Good sir.

Patrick rolls his eyes.

INT. PROM - NIGHT - LATER

Kat and Patrick dance to a slow SONG. Whatever he's whispering into her ear is making her laugh.

Cam and Bianca dance nearby, glowing with happiness. She whispers something in his ear and heads for the ladies' room

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca walks in, positively radiant. Chastity emerges from a stall.

BIANCA

(surprised)
What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chastity checks her hair in the mirror, aloof.

CHASTITY

You think you 're the only
sophomore at the prom?

BIANCA

I did.

Chastity maintains her snooty tone.

CHASTITY

And just so you know, my date isn't
planning on spending most of the
night in his backseat.

BIANCA What're you talking about?

CHASTITY

Joey Dorsey is only after one thing
- - your cherry. He practically
made a public announcement.

Appalled, Bianca storms out. Chastity tries to backpedal.

CHASTITY

(continuing)

I wanted to tell you

INT. PROM - NIGHT

Joey, drunk, disorderly and pissed off, walks in with a few
stray jocks - also dateless. He zeroes in on Cameron, now
consoling a pissed-off Bianca.

Patrick and Kat continue to slow dance, oblivious to the evil
about to erupt.

PATRICK

My grandmother's .

KAT

What?

PATRICK

That's where I was last year.
She'd never lived alone -- my
grandfather died -- I stayed with
her. I wasn't in jail, I don't
know Marilyn Manson, and I've never
slept with a Spice Girl. I spent a
year sitting next to my grandma on
the couch watching Wheel of
Fortune. End of story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a breath and looks away, not meeting her eyes. Kat stares at him for a moment and laughs a delighted laugh

KAT

That ' s completely adorable!

PATRICK

It gets worse -- you still have your freshman yearbook?

He's interrupted by Joey's hand on his shoulder.

JOEY

What's Bianca doing here with that cheese dick? I didn't pay you to let some little punk ass snake me.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Michael spots the altercation and dances Mandella over to Cameron and Bianca.

MICHAEL

(to Cameron)

Feces hitting fan. C'mon

Michael takes Cameron aside, leaving Mandella and Bianca staring after them.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Michael and Cameron approach Joey as he continues to taunt Patrick who keeps quiet, realizing the weight of this situation.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Joey, pal, compadre. Let's take it easy.

Joey turns toward Michael and Cameron.

JOEY You two are in big trouble

Cameron faces Joey.

CAMERON

Admit it. You lost. Be a man.

Joey PUNCHES Cameron in the face, taking him by surprise
Cameron holds his nose as it bleeds onto his tux

The various cliques descend angrily and Joey is soon surrounded by seething Cowboys, Coffee Kids and White Rastas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEREK
Very uncool, my brother

JOEY
I'm not your brother, white boy.

The other Rastas GASP, as if stung by the realization that they're white.

Joey turns back to Patrick and Kat.

JOEY
(continuing)
Just so you know -- she'll only
spread her legs once.

Kat looks from Joey to Patrick, not sure what she's hearing. Joey pushes through the crowd but a HAND drags him back. It's Bianca. And she BELTS the hell out of him

BIANCA
That's for making my date bleed

She BELTS him again

BIANCA
(continuing)
That's for my sister.

And AGAIN

BIANCA
(continuing)
And that's for me.

Cliques now descend on Joey, punching him wildly.

COWBOY
And that's for the fourth grade,
asshole.

HOTEL - NIGHT

KAT runs down the stairs, Patrick chasing her

PATRICK
Wait I...

KAT
You were paid to take me out! By --
the one person I truly hate. I
knew it was a set-up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
It wasn't like that.

KAT
Really? What was it like? A down
payment now, then a bonus for
sleeping with me?

PATRICK
I didn't care about the money.

He catches up to her now

PATRICK
(continuing)
I cared about --

She turns to face him with a countenance more in sorrow than
in anger.

KAT
You are so not what I thought you
were.

He grabs her and kisses her to shut her up. After a second,
she jerks away and flees down the stairs and out of sight.

Bianca stands at the top of the stairs, watching. She's
never looked more guilty.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE - DAY

Kat is sprawled on the couch in sweats, wrapped in a blanket,
watching "Sixteen Candles". When Molly Ringwald leans across
the birthday cake to get a kiss from her dream date, Kat
changes the channel disgustedly, settling for an infomercial

The phone sits next to her. Not ringing. Bianca breezes in,
bearing a cup of tea.

BIANCA
Are you sure you don't want to come
with us? It'll be fun.

Kat takes the tea and gives a weak smile.

KAT
I ' m sure .

Bianca sits down next to her

BIANCA
You looked beautiful last night,
you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAT

So did you

Bianca gives her a squeeze, then jumps up when the DOORBELL rings, opening the door to a waiting Cameron. He peeks his head inside.

CAMERON

She okay?

BIANCA

I hope so.

The door shuts behind her as Walter enters.

WALTER

Was that your sister?

KAT

Yeah. She left with some bikers
Big ones. Full of sperm.

WALTER

Funny.

Walter sits down on the arm of the chair and watches the infomercial with Kat.

WALTER

(continuing)

I don't understand the allure of
dehydrated food. Is this something
I should be hip to?

KAT

No, Daddy.

WALTER

(dreading the answer)

So tell me about this dance. Was it
fun?

KAT

Parts of it.

WALTER

Which parts?

KAT

The part where Bianca beat the hell
out of some guy.

WALTER

Bianca did what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAT
What's the matter? Upset that I
rubbed off on her?

WALTER
No -- impressed.

Kat looks up in surprise.

WALTER
(continuing)
You know, fathers don't like to
admit that their daughters are
capable of running their own lives.
It means we've become spectators.
Bianca still lets me play a few
innings. You've had me on the
bleachers for years. When you go
to Sarah Lawrence, I won't even be
able to watch the game.

KAT
(hopeful)
When I go?

WALTER
Oh, Christ. Don't tell me you've
changed your mind. I already sent
'em a check.

Kat reaches over and gives him a hug

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY Kat stands grabs a box of cornflakes
from the food line.

CAMERON (O. S.)
Katarina?

She turns and looks at him

CAMERON
I'd like to express my apologies.

KAT
For what?

CAMERON
(looking down)
I didn't mean for you to get --
When Bianca asked me to find you a
boyfriend, I had no idea it would
turn out so -- ugly. I would never
have done anything to compromise
your - - -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He trails off when he realizes she's thrown her food tray against the wall and marched off -- the old "kill, kill" look back in her eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kat stomps up the hallway, full of menace

CLASSROOM - DAY

Bianca's English teacher perches on the edge of a desk, open book in hand.

TEACHER

Who can tell me at what point
Lucentio admits his deception?

The door of the classroom FLIES open and an angry Kat stalks in, yanking Bianca from her chair and dragging her toward the hallway.

KAT

(to the teacher)
Family emergency.

HALLWAY - DAY

Bianca tries to pull away as Kat drags her by the hair between two rows of lockers.

BIANCA

Let go!

KAT

You set me up.

BIANCA

I just wanted --

KAT

What? To completely damage me? To
send me to therapy forever? What?

BIANCA

No! I just wanted

Miss Perky walks up

MISS PERKY

Ladies? Shall we take a trip to my
office?

INT. MISS PERKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Perky stares at both sisters as they sit before her, then focuses on Bianca.

MISS PERKY
So you're the real bitch

BIANCA
Yes! Okay? Yes -- I'm the real bitch. I wanted her to get a boyfriend so I could. Apparently, this makes me a horrible person. I'm sorry.

She turns to Kat.

BIANCA
(continuing)
I swear -- I didn't know about the money. I didn't even know Joey was involved. I would never intentionally hurt you, Kat.

MISS PERKY
(to Kat)
Do you care to respond?

KAT
Am I supposed to feel better? Like, right now? Or do I have some time to think about it?

MISS PERKY
Just smack her now.

Bianca rises, taking Kat by the arm.

BIANCA
(to Miss Perky)
We'll be getting back to you.

MISS PERKY
What, no hug?

HALLWAY - DAY

And Bianca leave Miss Perky's office

BIANCA
Is that woman a complete fruit-loop or is it just me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAT
It's just you.

ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Mrs. Blaise faces the class

MRS. BLAISE
All right. I'm assuming everyone
found time to compose, their poems.
Except for Mr. Dorsey, who's still
in ICU.

Nerds in the back high-five each other.

MRS. BLAISE
(continuing)
Would anyone care to read theirs
aloud?

No one moves. Then Kat slowly stands up.

KAT
I'll go

Patrick looks up.

MRS. BLAISE
Oh, Lord.

She downs a couple Prozac

MRS. BLAISE
(continuing)
Please proceed.

Kat stands, puts on her glasses, and takes a deep breath
before reading from her notebook.

KAT
I hate the way you talk to me/ and
the way you cut your hair/ I hate
the way you drive my car/ I hate it
when you stare.

She pauses, then continues

KAT
(continuing)
I hate your big dumb combat boots/
and the way you read my mind/ I
hate you so much it makes me sick/
it even makes me rhyme.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes a deep breath, and looks quickly at Patrick, who stares at the floor.

KAT

(continuing)

I hate the way you're always right/
I hate it when you lie/ I hate it
when you make me laugh/ even worse
when you make me cry/ I hate it
that you're not around/ and the
fact that you didn't call/ But
mostly I hate the way I don ' t
hate you/ not even close, not even
a little bit, not even any at all.

She looks directly at Patrick. He looks back this time. The look they exchange says everything.

Then she walks out of the room The rest of the class remains in stunned silence.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Kat walks to her car alone. When she opens the door, she's greeted with a Fender Stratocaster guitar, reclining in the front seat.

She picks it up slowly, inspecting every detail, then spins around.

Patrick stands there, smiling.

KAT

A Fender Strat. You bought this?

PATRICK

I thought you could use it. When
you start your band.

She doesn't answer, but hides a smile, so he walks closer.

PATRICK

(continuing)

Besides, I had some extra cash.
Some asshole paid me to take out a
really great girl.

KAT

Is that right?

PATRICK

Yeah, but then I fucked up. I fell
for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blushes and looks down.

PATRICK

(continuing)

You know -- it's not every day you
find a girl who'll flash her tits
to get you out of detention.

Looks up. surprised and embarrassed that he found out

He takes her upturned face as a sign to kiss her and he does
She lets him this time.

Then breaks it off

KAT

You can't just buy me a guitar
every time you screw up, you know.

He grimaces.

PATRICK

I know

He quiets her with another kiss Which she breaks off again.

KAT

And don't just think you can

He kisses her again, not letting her end it this time.

STRATFORD HOUSE - SUNSET

We hear the sounds of MUSIC and LAUGHTER.

STRATFORD HOUSE/BACKYARD - SUNSET

Patrick is at the barbecue grill, flipping burgers. Kat
watches.

KAT

Why is my veggie burger the only
burnt object on this grill?

PATRICK

Because I like to torture you.

KAT

Oh, Bianca? Can you get me my
freshman yearbook?

PATRICK

Don ' t you even dare. . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON BIANCA AND CAMERON As they argue on the patio.

CAMERON

They do to!

BIANCA

They do not!

Rises to get the yearbook.

CAMERON

Can someone please tell her that
sunflower seeds come from
sunflowers?

ON MICHAEL AND MANDELLA

Severely making-out in a lawn
chair. She comes up for a breath.

MANDELLA

I can't remember a word of
Shakespeare right now. Isn't that
weird?

Michael pulls her back down for another round ON KAT AND

PATRICK

She tries to keep him from grabbing
the yearbook that Bianca now hands
her.

KAT

You're freaked over this, aren't
you?

Bianca hands her the yearbook

BIANCA

He's more than freaked. He's froke

Flips to a page.

KAT

I'd like to call your attention to
Patrick Verona's stunning bad-ass
look of 1995 ---

INSERT - A horrifically nerdy freshman year picture Glasses,
bad hair, headgear -- the works.

She holds up the picture for all to view. Patrick cringes and
throws a handful of pretzels at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BIANCA

Patrick -- is that- a.

KAT

Perm?

PATRICK

Ask my attorney.

Kat and Bianca huddle over the picture, giggling -- as we CRANE UP and hear a GIRLY PUNK version of The Partridge Family's "I Think I Love You".

FADE OUT:

END