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10 Things I Hate About You

By Gil Junger

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)

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.

:

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.

:

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 ?

:

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.

:
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
loungue 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.

:
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.

:

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?

:
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?

:

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.

:

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.

:

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

:
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

:

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

:

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

:

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.

:

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.

:

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?

:

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.

:

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.

:

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?

:

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.

:

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? 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 --

:

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?

:
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.

:

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.

:

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?

:

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.

:
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

:

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.

:

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.
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.

:

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".

:

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.

:

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.

:

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.

:

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.

:

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.

:

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?

:

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.

:
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

:

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.

:
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

:

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?

:
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. 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."

:
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-

:

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.

:

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.

:

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.

:

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

:
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.

:

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?

:

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 schmooze 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.

:
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.

:

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?

:
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?

:

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?

:

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

:

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?

:
PATRICK
I told you

:
KAT
You don't care if I die

:
PATRICK
Sure, I do

:
KAT
Why?

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

:
KAT
Like you could find one

:
PATRICK

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

:

KAT

Just let me sit down.

:

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

:

PATRICK

How's that?

:

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

:

PATRICK

(continuing)

Jesus. You're like a weeble

:

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

:

PATRICK

(continuing)

Why'd you let him get to you?

:

KAT

Who?

:

PATRICK

Dorsey.

:

KAT

I hate him.

:

PATRICK

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

:

KAT

(holding up a
drunken head)

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

:

PATRICK

(slightly
sarcastic)

I thought you were above all that

:

KAT

You know what they say

:

He stops the swing

:

PATRICK

No. What do they say?

:

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

:

PATRICK

(continuing)

Shit!

:

He drags her to her feet and starts singing loudly.

:

PATRICK

(continuing)

Jingle Bells! Jingle Belles! Wake up
damn it!

:

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

:

PATRICK

(continuing)

Kat! Wake up!

:

KAT

(waking)

What?

:

He sighs with relief.

:

PATRICK

I thought you were...

:

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.

:

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

(continuing)

Cameron?

:

He stops. She gives him a helpless smile.

:

BIANCA

(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.

:

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

:
PATRICK
Busy

:
KAT
Were you in jail?

:
PATRICK
Maybe.

:
KAT
No, you weren't

:
PATRICK
Then why'd you ask?

:
KAT
Why'd you lie?

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

:
KAT
(continuing)
I should do this.

:

PATRICK

Do what?

:

KAT

This.

:

She points to the radio

:

PATRICK

Start a band?

:

KAT

(sarcastically)

My father wouldn't approve of that that

:

PATRICK

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

:

She turns to look at him.

:

KAT

Oh, so now you think you know me?

:

PATRICK

I'm gettin' there

:

Her voice loses it's venom

:

KAT

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

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

:
PATRICK

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

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

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

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

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

:
PATRICK
Who?

:
KAT
BIANCA

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

:

Kat stares at him with new admiration.

:

KAT

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

:

She leans drunkenly toward him.

:

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

:

PATRICK

So, I'll see you in school

:

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

:

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?

:
BIANCA thinks a minute

:
He pulls up in front of the house

:

 CAMERON
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
 (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.

:

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

(continuing)

Derek?

:

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

:

DEREK

(reading; in his

Rasta stoner drawl)

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

:

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.

:

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

:

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.

:
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

:
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 --

:

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.

:

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.

:
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.

:

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.

:

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?

:

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.

:

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.

:

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.

:

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...

:

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.

:

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.

:

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

:

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.

:

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

:

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.

:

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?

:

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

:

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?

:

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.

:

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?

:

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.

:
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.

:

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!

:

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.

:

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?

:

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 - - -

:

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?

:

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.

:
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.

:

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. . .

:

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.

:
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: