TEN THINGS I HATE ABOUT YOU

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based on 'Taming of the Shrew" by William Shakespeare

Revision November 12, 1997

PADUA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

PADUA HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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

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

RIDER
Hey -- sorry.

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

KAT
Leave it

He persists.

KAT (continuing)
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 lounge on the grass. A cloud of pot smoke hovers above them

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

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

MICHAEL
(continuing)
Derek - save some for after lunch, bub?

DEREK
(very stoned)
Michael, my brother, peace

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

CAMERON
So where do you fit in all this?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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 cakes 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 0.

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 schmoozee 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

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

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

JOEY
Hey, sweet cheeks.

BIANCA
(not looking at him)
Hi, Joey.

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

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

JOEY
(continuing)
Listen, I want to talk to you about the prom.

BIANCA

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

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

JOEY
Your sister is going.

Bianca looks at him, surprised

BIANCA
Since when?

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

JOEY
I'm taking care of it.

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

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

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

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

KAT
(frowning)
What are you doing here?

PATRICK
I heard there was a poetry reading.

KAT
You 're so --

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
(0. 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 (0. 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
(0. 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 - "0 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 (0. 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'11 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