DREAMS

written by Richard Bouskila

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 (0.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 (0.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 (0.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