

10 THINGS I HATE ABOUT YOU

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based loosely on "Taming of the Shrew", by William Shakespeare

Well, here it is: The complete transcription of 10 Things I Hate About You from the movie itself. The original script available on the web is about as similar to the final movie as Rocky Balboa is to Rocky the Squirrel. So, by gum, somebody had to get it right. Text found in [brackets] indicates moments where I've guessed what the characters are saying, due to mumbling, or my own lack of hearing, or both.

- Gareth

EXT. PADUA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Welcome to Padua High, your typical upper-middle-class high school in Seattle, Washington.

EXT. PADUA HIGH SCHOOL, THE STREET OUTSIDE - DAY

Two cookie-cutter-cute girls sing along in their car to a bit of popular fluff music.

KAT STRATFORD, eighteen, pretty -- but trying hard not to be (and failing) -- pulls her rundown car up next to theirs and scowls with indignation at their choice of music.

EXT. PADUA HIGH SCHOOL, FRONT STEPS- DAY

Kat hurries toward the front door of what appears to be the Wayne Manor version of an ordinary high school. She approaches another cookie-cutter-cutie pasting an advert for prom on the wall, and tears it down in passing.

PROM POSTER GIRL

Hey!

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CAMERON JAMES, a clean-cut, easy-going new kid at school with an optimistic, innocent face, sits facing MISS PERKY, a conservative spinster stereotype turned on its head. She's in the middle of composing some racy lines from her pulp romance-novel-in-progress on her laptop.

MISS PERKY

So, Cameron. Here you go. (reviews his transcript)
9 schools in 10 years, my my... Army brat?

CAMERON

Yeah. My dad's a...

MISS PERKY

That's enough.
I'm sure you won't find Padua any
different than your old school. Same
little asswipe shit-for-brains
everywhere.

CAMERON

Excuse me. Did you just say... Am I in
the right office?

MISS PERKY

Not anymore you're not. I've got deviants to see
and a novel to finish. Now scoot. Scoot!

CAMERON

Okay. Thanks.

Cameron rises to leave and passes PATRICK VERONA, a smug, longhaired
Australian, who's on his way in.

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 disapproving glance. He answers with a charming
smile.

PATRICK

Only so we can have these moments together.
Should I, uh, get the lights?

MISS PERKY

Oh very clever, kangaroo boy. Says here you exposed yourself
in the cafeteria?

PATRICK

I was joking with the lunch lady. It was a bratwurst.

MISS PERKY

Bratwurst?
(glances at his loins suspiciously)
Aren't we the optimist? Next time keep it in your
pouch, okay? Scoot!

After he leaves, she goes back to writing her novel, adding the word
"bratwurst" to the sentence she's working on.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

MICHAEL ECKMAN, a typical, overachieving, brainy senior with a young
republican's sense of style, introduces himself to Cameron among the
bustle of the hall.

MICHAEL

Michael Eckman. I'm supposed to show you around.

CAMERON

Oh hi.

(seems relieved)

Thank God! You know, normally
they send down one of those audio/video geeks.

MICHAEL

(flustered)

You know, I do. I know what you mean, yeah.

An audio/video geek pushing a cart full of film equipment rolls along
side them.

A/V GEEK

Hey Michael, where should I put those slides?

MICHAEL

(brushes off the A/V Geek)

Michael?!

(Turns back to Cameron)

So, uh,

(checks a piece of paper)

...Cameron. Here's the breakdown:

They begin to walk down the hallway.

MICHAEL

(Continuing)

Over there you've got your basic beautiful people.

Now listen. Unless they talk to you first, don't bother.

CAMERON

But wait. Is that your rule or theirs?

MICHAEL

Watch.

(To an ironically not very good looking jock as they pass)

Hey there.

JOCK

Geek.

MICHAEL

(To Cameron)

See that?

The Jock and his friends glare as if offended as the two walk away.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Groups of students stand around. Michael and Cameron continue their walk.

MICHAEL

(Continuing)

To the left we have the coffee kids.

COFFEE KID 1

Whoa!
(spills his coffee)

COFFEE KID 2

That was Costa Rican, butthead!

MICHAEL

Very edgy. Don't make any sudden moves around them.

They step down and pass a table full of white boys with dreadlocks and prerequisite Jamaican berets.

MICHAEL

And these delusionals are the White Rasta.
Uh, they're big Marley fans. They think they're black.
Semi-political, but mostly...

CAMERON

Smoke a lot of weed?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

They now approach a few kids dressed as urban cowboys.

MICHAEL

(continuing)
These guys...

CAMERON

Wait wait. Let me guess. Cowboys?

MICHAEL

Yeah but, the closest they've come to a cow is
Macdonald's.
(laughs at his own lame joke)
Hah hah...Macdonalds!

They approach a group of studious-looking teens who are bent over textbooks at a table.

MICHAEL

These are your future MBAs- We're all Ivy League accepted.
Yuppie greed is back, my friend.
(to the group)
Hey guys. How ya doin'?

One of them looks annoyed and mutters something about "Bogie". It is, in fact BOGIE LEVENSTEIN himself, leader of the academic geeks. Why does he mutter his own name? Maybe he just likes to speak in the third person...

MICHAEL

(continuing as they walk away)
Yesterday I was their god.

CAMERON
What happened?

MICHAEL
Bogie Levenstein started a rumor that I...that I buy
my Izods at an outlet mall.

CAMERON
So they kicked you out?

MICHAEL
Hostile takeover. But don't worry. They'll pay.
Now over here...

CAMERON
(Suddenly distracted)
Oh my god!

BIANCA, a young cream puff of a blonde girl, walks by in slow motion.
Cameron is in deep smit.

CAMERON
(Continues)
What group is she in?

MICHAEL
The "don't even think about it" group.
That's Bianca Stratford. A sophomore.

CAMERON
I burn! I pine! I perish!

MICHAEL
Of course you do. You know, she's beautiful and deep. Pure.

Bianca walks with her friend, CHASTITY, a cute and seemingly less loquacious
version of herself.

BIANCA
Yup, see, there's a difference between "like"
and "love". Because I like my Sketchers, but I love my Prada
backpack.

BIANCA'S FRIEND
But I love my Sketchers.

BIANCA
That's because you don't have a Prada backpack.

BIANCA'S FRIEND
(Enamored of Bianca's wisdom)
Ohhh!

MICHAEL
(To Cameron)
Listen. Forget her. Incredibly uptight father,
and it's a widely known fact that the Stratford sisters aren't
allowed to date.

CAMERON
Uh huh...yeah. [What if?]

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

A room full of bored seniors doodle and stare off into space.
MR. MORGAN, an educated, no-nonsense man in his early thirties presides.

MR. MORGAN
Okay then. What did everyone think of The Sun Also Rises?

A girl raises her hand and offers her appraisal.

ROMANTIC GIRL
I loved it.
(She sighs)
It was sooo romantic.

Kat, the girl we saw as we entered the school, is wearing a camo top in preparation for her daily war against high school ignorance.

KAT
(disgusted)
Romantic? Hemingway?! He was an abusive alcoholic misogynist who squandered half his life hanging around Picasso trying to nail his leftovers.

The other students roll their eyes.

JOEY DONNER, a slicked-back knock-off of Slater from Saved By The Bell makes fun of her from his row.

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

A few giggles. Kat fumes from her seat without looking back.

MR. MORGAN
Pipe down, Chachie.

KAT
I guess in this society being male and an asshole
makes you worthy of our time.
What about Sylvia Platt or Charlotte Bronte or
Simone de Beauvoir?

Patrick suddenly steps into the classroom, late.

PATRICK
What'd I miss?

KAT
The oppressive patriarchal values that dictate our education.

PATRICK

Good.
(immediately turns and leaves)

MR. MORGAN

(Shouting after him)
Hey, hey!

JOEY

Uh, Mr. Morgan. Is there any chance we could get Kat to take her Mydol before she comes to class?

More snickers from the class.

MR. MORGAN

Some day you're gonna get bitch-slapped and I'm not gonna do a thing to stop it. And Kat. I want to thank you for your point of view.

She smiles to herself, her social indignation justified.

MR. MORGAN

(continuing)
I know how difficult it must be for you to overcome all those years of upper middle class suburban oppression. It must be tough.

She deflates and becomes bitter again.

MR. MORGAN

(continuing)
But the next time you storm around the PTA crusading for better lunch meat, or whatever it is you white girls complain about, ask them why they can't buy a book written by a black man!

Two of the White Rasta kids from earlier take up his cry of inequality.

WHITE RASTA CHORUS

That's right mon!

MR. MORGAN

Don't even get me started on you two!

They grumble apologetically and quickly shut up.
Kat is fuming again.

KAT

Anything else?

MR. MORGAN

Yeah. Go to the office. You're pissing me off.

KAT

What?! Mr. Morgan!

MR. MORGAN

Later!

Kat gets up in a tiff and on her way out hits Joey in the face with her books.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Perky sits in front of her laptop, composing her sleazy novel.

MISS PERKY

Undulating with desire, Adrienne removes her crimson cape...
...excitable, stiff and...
(frustrated, calls to attendant)
Judith!

Judith appears at the door.

MISS PERKY

What's another word for...engorged?

JUDITH

I'll look it up.

MISS PERKY

Okay.
(returns to composing)

Kat approaches the office and overhears Miss Perky searching for the right word.

MISS PERKY

(continuing)
...swollen...turgid...

KAT

Tumescant?

MISS PERKY

Perfect! So I hear you were terrorizing Mr. Morgan's class.
Again.

KAT

Expressing my opinion is not a
terrorist action.

MISS PERKY

The way you expressed your opinion to Bobby Ridgeway?
By the way, his testicle retrieval operation
went quite well, in case you're
interested.

KAT

I still maintain that he kicked himself
in the balls.

MISS PERKY

The point is Kat...

She suddenly makes the connection between Kat's name and the picture of a cat on her coffee mug. She finds it amusing and points to the mug.

MISS PERKY

Cat!

(She giggles, then turns back to Kat)

People perceive you as somewhat ...

KAT

Tempestuous?

MISS PERKY

"Heinous bitch" is the term used most often.

Kat is unflattered.

MISS PERKY

(continuing)

You might want to work on that. Thank you.

Kat rises from her chair.

KAT

(sarcastic)

As always, thank you for your excellent guidance. I'll let you get back to Reginald's quivering member.

Kat leaves the office.

MISS PERKY

(to herself)

Quivering member... I like that.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Joey and his COHORT, a tough-looking kid, are standing around people watching. His Cohort notices Bianca and Chastity entering the courtyard and calls Joey's attention to Bianca.

COHORT

Virgin alert. [Favorite].

Joey turns to look at Bianca. The girls pass by, noticing Joey.

JOEY

Looking good, ladies.

COHORT

They're outta reach, even for you.

JOEY

No one's out of reach for me.

COHORT

You wanna put money on that?

JOEY

Money I've got. This I'm going to do for fun.

Across the way, Cameron and Michael have been watching Bianca and Cameron notices Joey's admiration.

CAMERON
Who's that guy?

MICHAEL
It's Joey Donner. He's a jerkoff. And a model.

CAMERON
He's a model?

MICHAEL
A model. Mostly regional stuff. But he's rumored to have a tube sock ad coming out.

CAMERON
Really?

MICHAEL
Really.

They have a laugh at Joey's expense. Cameron turns back to watching Bianca.

CAMERON
Man, look at her.

MICHAEL
(not impressed)
Is she always so...vapid?

CAMERON
How can you say that? She's totally...

MICHAEL
Conceited?

CAMERON
What are you talking about? There's more to her than you think.
I mean, look... look at the way she smiles.
And look at her eyes, man. She's totally pure. I mean,
you're missing what's there.

MICHAEL
(unconvinced)
No, Cameron. No.
What's there is a snotty little Princess wearing a strategically
planned sun dress to make guys like us realize we can never touch
her, and guys like, uh...

He looks around and notices Joey making his way toward the girls.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
...Joey, realize they want to.
She, my friend, is what we'll spend the rest of our lives
not having. Put her in the Spank Bank. Move on.

CAMERON

No.

MICHAEL

Move on.

CAMERON

No!

You're wrong about her. I mean, you know, uh,
not about the spanking part. But the rest. You're wrong.

MICHAEL

Alright. I'm wrong? You wanna take a shot? Be my guest.
She's actually looking for a French tutor.

CAMERON

Are you serious? That's perfect!

MICHAEL

Do you speak French?

CAMERON

Well no. But I will.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Kat and MANDELLA, her best friend--beautiful and attired in quasi-Renaissance
clothes--walk toward Kat's car. Joey pulls up
beside them in his red sports car.

JOEY

(referring to Kat's camouflage top)
Hey. Your little Rambo look is out, Kat.
Didn't you read last month's Cosmo?

KAT

(barely notices him)
Run along.

She and Mandella continue walking.

Further along, Bianca and Chastity are walking, embroiled in meaningful
conversation.

CHASTITY

I know you can be overwhelmed.
You can be underwhelmed.
But can you ever just be whelmed?

BIANCA

I think you can in Europe.

Joey pulls up alongside them.

JOEY

Hi ladies. Would you sweet young things
like a ride?

They look at each other and immediately hop in, climbing over his upholstery.

JOEY
Careful on the leather.

Across the lot, Kat and Mandella watch this display from inside Kat's clunker.

MANDELLA
(sarcastic)
That's a charming new development.

KAT
It's disgusting.

Meanwhile, Michael has mounted an old motorcycle equipped with a plastic dork basket on the handles. He jets a bit out of control and kills the engine in front of Kat's car. Pissed off, she shouts out the window.

KAT
Remove head from sphincter, then drive!

Michael regains control and pulls out of the way to where Cameron has been watching.

CAMERON
You all right?

MICHAEL
Yeah, yeah. Just a minor encounter with the shrew. Your girlfriend's sister.

CAMERON
What? That's Bianca's sister?

MICHAEL
Mmm hmm. The mewling, rampalian wretch herself.
Stay cool, bro.

He jets off once again, risks another near collision, and ends up flying right off the road and sliding halfway down a grassy hill. Recovering his composure, he realizes half the school is watching from the top of the hill. He raises his hands in the air and gives a victory yell, drawing cheers from the crowd.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE - DAY

WALTER STRATFORD, Kat and Bianca's overly-protective father--an obstetrician--enters through the front door rifling through the mail.

WALTER
(to Kat)
Hello Katarina. Make anyone cry today?

KAT

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

Walter smiles proudly as Bianca walks in and kisses him on the cheek.

BIANCA
Hi Daddy.

WALTER
Hello, precious.

KAT
And where've you been?

BIANCA
(gives Kat a sour look)
Nowhere.

Walter, who hasn't raised his eyes from the mail, is inspecting a letter.

WALTER
What's this? It says Sarah Lawrence?

Kat snatches it away from him and runs across the room in a flurry of excitement, tearing it open and reading the contents silently.

KAT
I got in! I got in!

WALTER
Uh, honey that's great. But isn't Sarah Lawrence on the other side of the country?

KAT
Thus the basis of its appeal.

WALTER
Yeah. I thought we decided you were gonna stay here and go to U Dub like me. Be a husky.

He makes some inspiring growling noises.

KAT
No, you decided.

WALTER
Oh okay. So you just pick up and leave, is that it?

BIANCA
(brimming at the idea)
Let's hope so.

Kat gives Bianca a spiteful look then smiles sweetly.

KAT
Ask Bianca who drove her home.

WALTER
Kat, don't change the...drove?

(to Bianca)
Who drove you home?

Bianca glares at Kat then turns to Walter

BIANCA
Now don't get upset, daddy, but there's
this boy...

KAT
Who's a flaming imbecile.

WALTER
Please...

BIANCA
(continuing)
and I think he might ask me...

WALTER
Please. I think I know what he's going to ask you.
And I think I know the answer: No. It's always no.
What are the house rules? #1: no dating till you graduate.
#2: no dating till you graduate. That's it.

BIANCA
Daddy, that's so unfair.

WALTER
Alright. You wanna know what's unfair?
(to Kat)
This is for you too.
(continues)
This morning I delivered a set of twins to
a 15 year old girl. Do you know what she said to me?

BIANCA
I'm a crack-whore who should have made my sleazy
boyfriend wear a condom?

Walter pauses and thinks for a moment.

WALTER
Close. But no. She said: I should have listened
to my father.

BIANCA
She did not.

WALTER
Well, that's what she would've said if she wasn't
so doped up.

BIANCA
Can we focus on me for a second please? I am
the only girl in school who's not dating.

WALTER

Oh no you're not. Your sister doesn't date.

KAT
And I don't intend to.

WALTER
And why is that again?

Walter is pleased and points to Bianca, expecting Kat to justify him.

KAT
Have you seen the unwashed miscreants that go to that school?

BIANCA
Where did you come from? Planet Loser?

KAT
As opposed to planet "look at me! look at me!"?

WALTER
Okay, here's how we solve this one. Old rule out.
New rule: Bianca can date...

Bianca lights up and Kat looks upset.

WALTER
(continuing)
...when she does.
(points at Kat)

BIANCA
But she's a mutant! What if she never dates?

WALTER
(very pleased with his new rule)
Then you'll never date. Oh, I like that. And I'll get to
sleep at night. The deep slumber of a father who's
daughters aren't out being impregnated.

His beeper goes off and he heads for the door. Kat heads for the stairs.

WALTER
(to Kat)
We'll talk about Sarah Lawrence later.

KAT
Fine.

BIANCA
Wait! Daddy!

WALTER
I gotta go.

He leaves.

BIANCA

Can't you find [a sad enough] retard to take you to the movies so I can have just one date?

KAT

I'm sorry. Looks like you'll just have to miss out on the witty repartee of Joey "eat me" Donner.

BIANCA

You suck.

KAT

(imitating Bianca)

You suck.

INT. TUTORING ROOM - DAY

Cameron sits at a table prepping for the French lesson he has scheduled with Bianca. Bianca arrives and plops down across from him.

BIANCA

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

CAMERON

Oh, yeah, um, okay. I thought we'd start with pronunciation, if that's alright with you.

BIANCA

Not the hacking and gagging and spitting part. Please.

CAMERON

Well, there is an alternative. French food. We could eat some together. Saturday night?

BIANCA

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

CAMERON

Cameron. Listen. I know that your dad doesn't let you date. But I thought that if it was for French class it...

BIANCA

Oh, wait a minute. Curtis...

CAMERON

Cameron.

BIANCA

My dad just came up with a new rule. I can date when my sister does.

CAMERON

You're kidding! Well let me ask you, do you like sailing? 'Cause I read about this place that rents out boats...

BIANCA

A beaucoup problemo, Calvin. In case you haven't heard, my sister's a particularly hideous breed of loser.

CAMERON

Yeah yeah. I noticed she's a little anti-social. Why is that?

BIANCA

Unsolved mystery. She used to be really popular, and then it was like...she got sick of it. Or something. There is a [bet] as to why, but I'm pretty sure she's just incapable of human interaction. Plus, she's a bitch.

CAMERON

Well yeah, but I'm sure, you know, that there's lots of guys who wouldn't mind going out with a...difficult woman. I mean, you know, people jump out of airplanes, ski off cliffs. It would be like extreme dating.

BIANCA

You think you could find someone that extreme?

CAMERON

Yeah sure, why not?

She reaches out and touches his arm

BIANCA

Would you do that, for me?

CAMERON

Oh yes! I mean, you know, I could look into it.

EXT. A STAIRWELL ON CAMPUS - DAY

Michael leads Cameron down a set of concrete steps to a secret gathering of dating candidates for Kat.

MICHAEL

Now, I have gathered a group of guys. Couldn't be more perfect. Padua's finest.

They enter a dank room, wherein waits a very motly crew of the most unlikely specimens one would expect. Cameron shoots Michael an unsatisfied grimace.

CAMERON

Hi. How ya doin'? Would any of you be interested in dating Katarina Stratford?

What follows is a truncated interview process, where each candidate in turn sits in the interview chair and gives his response.

CANDIDATE 1
(laughs hysterically)

CANDIDATE 2
(stares blankly)

CANDIDATE 3
Ho, I've never been that ripped.

CANDIDATE 4
Maybe if we were the last 2 people alive, and
there were no sheep... Are there sheep?

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

Several dissection charts of frog anatomy hang on the walls.
The class is busy dissecting frogs. Michael and Cameron, naturally,
are lab partners. Patrick and his punk rock friend, SCURVY, are
hacking away at their own specimen behind them.

MICHAEL
Did I, or did I not, tell you it was pointless? No
one will go out with her.

Patrick pulls out a butterfly knife and impales his frog violently
with it. Cameron has noticed the display.

CAMERON
Hey, what about him?

MICHAEL
Him? No no. Don't look at him, okay?
He's a criminal. I heard
he lit a state trooper on fire. He just
did a year in San Quentin.

CAMERON
Yeah, well, then at least he's horny.

MICHAEL
I'm serious, man, he's whacked. He
sold his own liver on the black market
for a new set of speakers.

Patrick has taken out a cigarette, but just as he lights
it on the Bunsen burner, Scurvy seizes it and snuffs it out.
Frustrated, Patrick plays with the Bunsen burner instead.

CAMERON
He's our guy.

Patrick notices them watching him and they quickly turn away.

INT. WOODSHOP - DAY

Boys and a few stray girls nail their pieces of wood. Cameron and Michael enter, and Cameron approaches Patrick optimistically.

CAMERON

Hi. How ya doin'? Listen, I...

In response, Patrick brandishes a loud power tool and drills a hole in the middle of Cameron's beloved French book.

CAMERON

(continuing)

Okay... later then.

INT. A HALLWAY - DAY

Michael is staring through the new window in Cameron's French book.

MICHAEL

How do we get him to date Kat?

CAMERON

I don't know. I mean, uh, we could pay him.
But we don't have any money.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, what we need is a backer.

CAMERON

What's that?

MICHAEL

Someone with money who's stupid.

They both look pensive.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Joey and his pals sit at a table while Joey draws a pair of boobs on a cafeteria tray with a magic marker.

JOEY

Oh yeah!

Michael walks up and sits at the table, casual as can be.

MICHAEL

Is that a peach Fruit Roll-Up? 'Cause you
don't see many...

Joey's friend grabs his wrist as he reaches for the Roll-Up.

MICHAEL

(continues)

...oh, okay. Yeah, Alright.

His wrist is released as he withdraws his hand.

JOEY

Are you lost?

MICHAEL

No, actually, I just came by to chat.

JOEY

We don't chat.

MICHAEL

Well, actually, I thought that I'd run an idea by you. Just to see if you're interested.

JOEY

I'm not.

MICHAEL

Well, hear me out. Now...

Joey 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

(continues)

...you want Bianca, right?

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

What I think you need to do is, you need to hire a guy who'll go out with her. Someone who doesn't scare so easy.

Michael points to Patrick, who sits with Scurvy. Patrick spits a stone from a piece of fruit at his tray.

JOEY

That guy? I heard he ate a live duck once.

MICHAEL

Everything but the beak and the feet. Clearly he's a solid investment.

Joey turns to look at Michael.

JOEY

What's in it for you?

MICHAEL

Hey. I'm walkin' down the hall and say hello to you. You say hello to me.

JOEY

Yeah yeah. I get it. You're cool by association. I'll think about it.

Michael looks pleased and bobs his head as if grooving to music.

JOEY

(continuing)
We're done now.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

He gets up and walks to the back of the room where Cameron waits anxiously.

CAMERON

(upset)
What are you doing getting him involved?

MICHAEL

Relax now, relax. We let him pretend he's calling the shots. While he's setting things up, you have time with Bianca.

CAMERON

That is a good idea.

Cameron leaves.

EXT. A HILL OVERLOOKING THE STADIUM - DAY

Bogie Levenstein has gathered his club of future yuppies for a golf lesson.

BOGIE

Now remember guys. Grip it, and rip it.

He hits the golf ball down into the stadium field, where it is collected by a kid holding a basket of balls.

The field is filled with students exercising. The women's soccer team is practicing.

Joey makes his way toward Patrick, who is sitting with Scurvy and smoking.

JOEY

Hey, how ya doin'?

Patrick ignores him completely.

JOEY

(tries to break the ice)
I had some great duck last night...

PATRICK
Do I know you?

JOEY
See that girl?

He turns to see Kat playing soccer on the field.

PATRICK
Yeah.

JOEY
That's Kat Stratford. I want you to go
out with her.

PATRICK
(sarcastic)
Yeah sure, Sparky.

He and Scurvy laugh at the idea.

JOEY
Look. I can't take out her sister until Kat
starts dating. You see, their dad's whacked
out. He's got this rule where the girls...

PATRICK
That's a touching story. It really is.
Not my problem.

JOEY
Would you be willing to make it your problem
if I provide generous compensation?

PATRICK
You're going to pay me to take out some chick?

JOEY
(pleased)
Mmm hmm.

PATRICK
How much?

JOEY
Twenty bucks.

Patrick turns to have another look at Kat. She violently body checks
another girl and knocks her down.

JOEY
(continuing)
Fine. 30.

PATRICK
Well let's think about this. We go to the movies.
That's, uh, 15 bucks. We get popcorn. That's, uh,

53. And, uh, she'll want Raisonettes, right? So, uh, we're lookin' at 75 bucks.

JOEY
This ain't a negotiation. Take it or leave it, trailer park.

PATRICK
50 bucks and we've got a deal, Fabio.

Joey hands him 50 dollars.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Kat and the rest of the team complete their practice session. MR. CHAPIN, the coach, calls the girls in over his megaphone.

MR. CHAPIN
Great practice, everybody.

Patrick snuffs out a cigarette and approaches Kat.

PATRICK
Hey there, girly. How ya doin'?

KAT
Sweating like a pig, actually. And yourself?

PATRICK
Now there's a way to get a guy's attention, huh?

KAT
My mission in life.

She stands there undaunted, hand on hip.

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

She walks away. He follows.

PATRICK
Pick you up Friday, then

KAT
Oh, right. Friday. Uh huh.

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

KAT

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

PATRICK
I know a lot more than you think.

KAT
Doubtful. Very doubtful.

She walks away quickly, leaving him standing alone.

ACROSS THE FIELD Cameron and Michael watch.

CAMERON
We are screwed.

MICHAEL
Hey, no, hey. I don't want to hear that defeatist
attitude. I want to hear you upbeat.

CAMERON
We are screwed!

MICHAEL
There you go.

As they watch, the coach gets hit with a golf ball and falls to the
ground. We cut back to Bogie and his group of MBA nerds.

MBA KID
Run Bogie!

Bogie is motionless, a super-cheese smile glued to his face.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kat washes her face at the sink. Bianca enters behind her.

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

KAT
I'm not hostile. I'm annoyed.

BIANCA
Why don't you try being nice? People wouldn't know
what to think.

KAT
You forget. I don't care what people think.

BIANCA

Yes you do.

KAT

No I don't. You don't always have to be who they want you to be, you know.

BIANCA

I happen to like being adored, thank you.

KAT

Where'd you get the pearls?

BIANCA

They're mom's

KAT

(upset)

And you've been what? Hiding them for 3 years?

BIANCA

No. Daddy found them in a drawer last week.

KAT

So you're just gonna start wearing them now?

BIANCA

It's not like she's coming back to claim them.
And besides, they look good on me.

KAT

Trust me. They don't.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Kat emerges from a store. Patrick is waiting for her, leaning casually against her front fender.

PATRICK

Nice ride. Vintage fenders.

KAT

Are you following me?

PATRICK

I was in the laundromat. I saw your car. I came over to say hi.

KAT

Hi.

She moves to open the door, but he slides over and blocks her way.

PATRICK

Not a big talker, huh?

KAT

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

PATRICK
(seems genuinely intrigued by her resistance)
You're not afraid of me, are you?

KAT
Afraid of you? Why would I be afraid of you?

PATRICK
Well, most people are.

KAT
Well, I'm not.

PATRICK
Well, maybe you're not afraid of me. But I'm sure you've thought about me naked, huh?

He gives her a knowing wink.

KAT
(sarcastic)
Am I that transparent? I want you, I need you,
Oh baby, oh baby.

She opens the door and forces him out of the way.

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

Joey emerges and heads for the stores.

KAT
What is it? Asshole day?
(to Joey)
Hey! Do you mind?

JOEY
Not at all.

He continues on into the store. Kat stares at him in disbelief... then backs up fast.

Her vintage fenders crash into the door of Joey's precious ego-mobile.

Patrick watches with a delighted grin as Joey races back to his car.

JOEY
You bitch!

Kat watches with an innocent look of surprise.

KAT
(sarcastic)

Whoops.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter paces as Kat sits calmly on the couch.

WALTER

Whoops?! My insurance does not cover PMS.

KAT

Well, then tell them I had a seizure.

WALTER

Is this about Sarah Lawrence? Are you punishing me because I want you to stay close to home?

KAT

Aren't you punishing me because mom left?

WALTER

You think you could leave her out of this?

KAT

Fine. Then stop making my decisions for me.

WALTER

I'm your father. That's my right.

KAT

So what I want doesn't matter?

WALTER

You're eighteen. You don't know what you want. And you won't know what you want until you're forty-five. And if you get it, you'll be too old to use it.

KAT

I want to go to an East Coast school! I want you to trust me to make my own choices. And I want you to stop trying to control my life just because you can't control yours.

WALTER

Oh yeah? Well you know what I want...

Walter's BEEPER goes off.

WALTER

(continuing)

We'll continue this later.

KAT

Can't wait.

She heads out of the room and is intercepted by Bianca, who's just off the phone.

BIANCA
(angry)
Did you just maim Joey's car?

KAT
Yeah. Looks like you're gonna have to take the bus.

BIANCA
Has the fact that you're completely psycho
managed to escape your attention?

Kat walks away.

BIANCA
Daddy!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

JOEY
When I shell out fifty, I expect
results.

PATRICK
Yeah, I'm on it.

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

JOEY
If you don't get any, I don't get any.
Let's go get some.

Joey starts to walk off

PATRICK
I just upped my price

JOEY
(turning)
What?

PATRICK
A hundred bucks a date. In advance.

JOEY
Forget it.

PATRICK
Forget her sister, then.

Joey thinks for a frustrated moment, then peels another
fifty out of his wallet.

JOEY

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

Patrick takes the money with a smile.

INT. SHOP CLASS - DAY

Michael and Cameron enter the class. Scurvy brushes by them.

CAMERON

Go.

MICHAEL

No, you go.

CAMERON

I went before.

Cameron makes his way to where Patrick is working at the buffer.

CAMERON

(to Patrick)

We know what you're trying to do, with Kat Stratford.

PATRICK

Is that right? And what do you plan to do about it?

CAMERON

Help you out.

PATRICK

Why's that?

MICHAEL

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

PATRICK

What is it with this chick? She have beer flavored nipples?

CAMERON

Hey!

MICHAEL

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

PATRICK

Look. I'm in on this for the cash. Donner can plow whoever he wants.

CAMERON

Okay. There will be no plowing!

MICHAEL

Patrick, uh, Pat. Let me explain something to you here. We set this whole thing up so Cameron can get the girl. Cameron. Joey's just a pawn.

PATRICK

So you two are gonna help me tame the wild beast?

MICHAEL

(grinning)
We'll do some research. We'll find out what she likes. We are your guys.

CAMERON

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

MICHAEL

Let's start here. Now, Friday night. Bogie Levenstein is having a party. It's the perfect opportunity.

PATRICK

Opportunity for what?

MICHAEL

For you to take out Kat.

PATRICK

I'll think about it.

He walks away, leaving Michael and Cameron grinning at each other.

MICHAEL

(continuing)
And for a little payback. This is gonna be some party.

Close-Up on a party invitation Michael holds up. It advertises a "wine and cheese" party. Transition. The words "wine and cheese" are replaced by "free beer". "Don't call" and "just show up" are printed at the bottom next to Bogie's address in Seattle.

MICHAEL

Let's do this.

Slow motion shot of them dumping a pile of fliers down the school stairwell. Students' hands reach out and grab them as they fall.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joey stands at his open locker with Bianca.

JOEY

Okay now, this is important.
Which do you like better?

He holds up two identical glamour model photos. In one, he's wearing a white shirt. In the other, he's in a black shirt.

BIANCA

Um, I think I like the white shirt better.

Joey nods thoughtfully.

JOEY

Yeah. It's more...

BIANCA

Pensive?

JOEY

Damn. I was going for thoughtful.
So, you going to Bogey Lowenbrau's
thing on Friday night?

BIANCA

Yeah. I might.

He gives her his best flirtatious smile

JOEY

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

The class bell rings.

JOEY

See you there.

BIANCA

Okay.

JOEY

Bye.

She walks away. He turns to a mirror hanging in his locker
and winks at himself, then unhappily adjusts an out-of-place hair.

EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE - DAY

Bianca and Cameron are on a nice walk together. No one else is around.

CAMERON

So have you heard about Bogey Lowenstein's
party?

BIANCA
(pouting)
Yes. And I really, really, really wanna go, but
I can't. Not unless my sister goes.

CAMERON
Yeah I know. I'm workin' on that. But so far she's
not goin' for my guy.

He fishes for information.

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

BIANCA
KD Lang fan? No. I found a picture of
Jared Leto in her drawer once, so I'm
pretty sure she's not harboring same-sex
tendencies.

CAMERON
Okay. So that's the kind of guy she likes?
Pretty guys?

BIANCA
I don't know. All I've ever heard her say
is that she'd die before dating a guy
that smokes.

CAMERON
Okay. All right. What else?

BIANCA
You're asking me to investigate the inner workings
of my sister's twisted mind? I don't think so.

CAMERON
Well nothing else has worked. I mean, we need to
go behind enemy lines here.

INT. KAT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bianca rifles through Kat's drawers while Cameron watches with
notable interest.

BIANCA
Okay, here we go.

As she names off pertinent discoveries, she hands them to Cameron.

BIANCA
(continuing)
Class schedule, reading list, date book,
coffee tickets, um, concert tickets.
Ah ha! Black panties!

CAMERON
What does that tell us?

BIANCA
She wants to have sex some day, that's what.

CAMERON
(flustered by this intimate detail)
She could just like the color...

BIANCA
You don't buy black lingerie unless you want
someone to see it.

CAMERON
(perhaps encouraged by this development)
Oh. So, uh, can I see your room?

BIANCA
No. A girl's room is very personal.

CAMERON
Oh.

EXT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

Michael and Cameron arrive on Michael's dumpy motorbike and
park next to a hard-looking cat on a heavy bike.

BIKER
Nice bike.

MICHAEL
Yeah? You think so?

The biker roars off without answering.

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

Michael and Cameron make their way through the surly denizens
of the saloon, who watch them in wonder.

CAMERON
Wow. Is this what a bar looks like?

MICHAEL
Don't touch anything. You may get hepatitis.

They head toward Patrick, who plays pool by himself. As they
pass another table, Michael picks up the eight ball, ruining the
game-winning shot a tough guy is making, and tosses it back onto
the table without realizing what he's done.

PATRICK
So what've you got for me?

CAMERON

A little insight into a very complicated girl.

MICHAEL

(to Patrick)

Just one question before we start: should you be drinking alcohol when you don't have a liver?

PATRICK

What?!

MICHAEL

Nothing. Nothing.

CAMERON

First thing: Kat hates smokers

Cameron plucks the cigarette out of Patrick's fingers and drops it on the floor. Patrick isn't pleased.

PATRICK

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

MICHAEL

Yeah. But just for now.

CAMERON

And there's another problem. Bianca said that Kat likes -- pretty guys.

This is met with silence. Then:

PATRICK

Are you telling me I'm not a pretty guy?

MICHAEL

He's very pretty! He's a gorgeous guy.

CAMERON

I wasn't sure. I didn't know.

Cameron pulls out a list of information.

CAMERON

(continuing)

Alright. Okay -- Likes: Thai food, feminist prose, and "angry, girl music of the indie-rock persuasion". Here's a list of CDs that she has in her room.

PATRICK

So I'm supposed to buy her some noodles and a book and sit around listening to chicks who can't play their instruments, right?

MICHAEL

Have you ever been to Club Skunk?

CAMERON

Her favorite band is playing there tomorrow night.

PATRICK

I can't be seen at Club Skunk, alright?

CAMERON

But she'll be there. She's got tickets.

MICHAEL

Just assail your ears for one night.

CAMERON

She has a pair of black underwear, if that helps.

MICHAEL

(with a wink-wink-nudge-nudge voice)
Couldn't hurt, right?

INT. CLUB SKUNK - NIGHT

Patrick walks down the hallway toward the stage and is eyed suspiciously by various girls in the hall. He enters, searches the crowd, and finds Kat dancing with Mandella. He sits at the bar.

BARTENDER

Verona! What are you doing here tonight?

Kat stops dancing and shouts at her friends.

KAT

I need agua!

She heads for the bar.

KAT

(to the bartender)
Two waters.

She spots Patrick ignoring her and looks disgusted.

KAT

(to Patrick)
If you're planning on asking me out again, you might as well just get it over with.

PATRICK

(pretending to be absorbed by the music)
Would you mind? You're kind of ruining this for me.

KAT

You're not surrounded by your usual cloud of smoke.

PATRICK

I know. I quit. Apparently they're bad for you.

KAT

(too surprised to be sarcastic)

You did?

PATRICK

You know, these guys are no Bikini Kill or Raincoats,
but they're not bad.

He stands and heads into the crowd. Stunned for a moment, Kat
rushes after him.

KAT

You know who the Raincoats are?

PATRICK

Why? Don't you? I was watching you out there before...

The song ends and there is a moment of silence in the club as he
continues to use his loud-club-volume voice.

PATRICK

(continuing)

I've never seen you look so sexy.

The crowd hears him clearly and laughs. He grins with embarrassment.

PATRICK

(continuing)

Come to Bogie's party with me.

KAT

You never give up, do you?

She begins to walk away through the crowd.

PATRICK

Was that a yes?

KAT

(shouting over her shoulder)

No.

PATRICK

Well, was that a no?

KAT

No.

PATRICK

(shouting after her)

I'll see you at 9:30 then.

INT. STRATFORD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca and Chastity are dolled-up in party clothes and are attempting to sneak down the stairs and out the door. Walter is reading the paper, facing the opposite direction.

WALTER

You should have used the window.

She pretends everything is normal.

BIANCA

Hi Daddy.

WALTER

Hi. Where are we going?

BIANCA

Well, if you must know, a small study group of friends.

WALTER

Otherwise known as an orgy?

CHASTITY

Mr. Stratford, it's just a party.

WALTER

And Hell is just a sauna.

Kat comes walking down the stairs, oblivious of what's going on. Walter directs his attention toward Kat.

WALTER

You know about any party?

Kat shrugs and shakes her head.

BIANCA

People expect me to be there!

WALTER

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

Bianca turns to Kat.

BIANCA

Why can't you be normal?

KAT

Define normal.

BIANCA

Bogey Lowenstein's party is normal.

WALTER

What's a Bogey Lowenstein?

KAT

Bogie's party is just a lame excuse for all the idiots at our school to drink beer and rub up against each other in hopes of distracting themselves from the pathetic emptiness of their...

Chastity and Bianca are familiar with this old rant and chime in to finish her sentence for her.

BIANCA/CHASTITY

...meaningless, consumer-driven lives.

Kat stops short. Surprised she's become so predictable.

BIANCA

Can you, for just one night, forget that you're completely wretched and be my sister? Please? Please?! C'mon, Kat, please do this for me.

She's very sincere. Kat is swayed.

KAT

Fine. I'll make an appearance.

Bianca and Chastity look at each other, thrilled, and burst into gleeful screams, hugging Kat from either side.

WALTER

It's starting.

BIANCA

It's just a party. Daddy.

Walter looks dazed.

WALTER

I want you to wear the belly.

BIANCA

Daddy, no!

WALTER

Not all night. Just around the living room for a minute so you can understand the full weight of your decisions.

He rushes to a cupboard and pulls out a padded faux-pregnancy jacket. Bianca limply holds out her arms in defeat. He hangs it on her.

BIANCA

I am perfectly aware...

WALTER

Listen to me. Every time you even think about kissing a boy, I want you to picture wearing this under your halter top.

BIANCA
You are so completely unbalanced.

WALTER
Uh huh.

KAT
We're going now.

WALTER
(to Kat)
Alright, wait a minute. No drinking. No drugs. No kissing.
No tattoos. No piercings. No ritual animal slaughter of
any kind.
(to himself)
Oh god, I'm giving them ideas...

Kat opens the door, and there stands Patrick.

KAT
What are you doing here?

PATRICK
Nine-thirty right?

Kat's in shock

PATRICK
(continuing)
I'm early.

KAT
Whatever. I'm driving.

He peeks in behind her.

PATRICK
Who knocked up your sister?

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cameron and Michael are preparing to go to the party. Michael employs a variety of questionable beautification techniques.

CAMERON
So, then Bianca says that I was right. That she didn't wear the Kenneth Coles with that dress because she thought it was mixing genres. Right? And the fact that I noticed -- and this is a direct quote - "really meant something."

Cameron looks At Michael expectantly

MICHAEL
You told me that part already.

CAMERON

I've been thinking about it all the time...

MICHAEL

Stop being so self-involved for one minute.
How do I look?

CAMERON

You look like my great uncle, Milton.

MICHAEL

You think I should lose the tie?

CAMERON

(obviously)
Yeah.

MICHAEL

Maybe you're right.
(very flustered and nervous)
I'm just so nervous. You know? And I'm also very
excited. I'm nervous and I'm excited. It's all
very mixed up. I don't know...

CAMERON

Okay, alright. Just calm down. Alright.

MICHAEL

The last party I went to was at Chuck-E-Cheeze. You
wanna talk about some fun?
(he snorts happily)
That's a good time.

EXT. BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A huge pack of party-goers, carrying kegs and ready to have some
fun, charge through the night like hungry wolves, descending on
Bogey's well-lit, upscale, suburban home.

INT. BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOGEY, the leader of the Future MBA's, plays the host to some stiff-looking
kids arranged on some flowery sofas in a very expensive-looking den.
He hands out cigars proudly.

BOGEY

Now remember guys. Don't touch anything.

He spots one of his guests fondling a crystal vase and seizes it.

BOGEY

(continuing)
Oh...what did I tell you?

He puts it back where it came from as the doorbell rings. He lights up and heads for the door.

BOGEY
That must be Nigel with the Brie.

Before he gets to the door, the room is stamped with parties. Within second the house is filled to capacity. A DJ is suddenly spinning and booze is everywhere.

INT. UPSTAIRS BALCONY, BOGIE'S - NIGHT

Michael drifts through an archway with a beer in his hand and bee-lines for a busty blonde.

MICHAEL
(to girl)
You know, I'm thinking about getting a Tercel.
Yeah, that's a Toyota.

She winces and she and her friend start to walk away.

MICHAEL
(shouting after her)
It has dual-side airbags and a spacious back seat.

Across the way, Kat and Patrick come up the stairs to the balcony. Patrick encounters a very drunk and happy girl.

DRUNK GIRL
(to Patrick)
Kiss me!

She embraces him and he turns her around and nudges her into the arms of a lonely guy on a chair.

PATRICK
Kiss him.

She immediately falls upon the lucky guy's lips. He manages to tear himself away for a moment as Patrick passes.

LUCKY GUY
(to Patrick)
Hey, thanks man!

In doing so, he forgets about the girl and drops her on the ground. Meanwhile, Kat has made her way into the next room, where she is met by Joey.

JOEY
Sweet! Lookin' fresh tonight, Pussy-Kat.

Kat gives him a dark look and then stops and points at his

forehead.

KAT

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

He's flustered for a moment. When he recovers she's already walking away.

JOEY

Hey, where ya goin?

KAT

Away.

JOEY

Your sister here?

KAT

Stay away from my sister.

JOEY

(smirking)
Oh I'll stay away from your sister. But
I can't guarantee she'll stay away from me.

A ruckus sounds from the next room and a jock jumps in next to them.

JOCK

Fight!

JOEY

Ooo! Fight!

He and the Jock run off to watch. Two guys are slugging it out in the den.
Bogie watches in horror.

BOGIE

You guys, please! Take it outside!

They wrestle and crash through the bay window onto the grass outside.

BOGIE

Thank you.

Kat pushes through the gathered crowd to get away and encounters Joey
with Bianca on his arm.

JOEY

Hey Kat. Look who found me.

Joey and Bianca walk away. She ignores Kat.

KAT

Bianca, wait!

BIANCA

(annoyed)
Please don't address me in public.

KAT

No wait. There's something I need to tell you.

BIANCA

Look. I am busy enjoying my adolescence, so
scamper off and do the same.

JOEY

(loving this)
Bye bye.

They leave a dejected Kat behind. A guy with a tray of shots
sidles up next to Kat.

SHOTS GUY

Want one?

Patrick appears behind her as she snatches a shot and downs it with
a grimace of intense discomfort.

PATRICK

What's this?

SHOTS GUY

Right on, sister!

PATRICK

(to Kat)
I've been looking all over the place for you.

KAT

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

PATRICK

I dunno. I say, do what you wanna do.

KAT

Funny, you're the only one. Later.

She pushes away into the crowd.

INT. BOGEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael spots another pair of girls and tries his luck again.
He does a weak impression of an Irish jig.

MICHAEL

Lord of the Dance. Hi Heather.

HEATHER

Bite me.

She walks away.

MICHAEL
(undaunted and still quite cheery)
Should have kept the tie.

Cameron comes up behind him.

CAMERON
Hey. Have you seen her around anywhere?

Michael spots Bianca and Chastity coming down the stairs
and points Cameron in her direction.

MICHAEL
Relax. Relax. I'm telling you,
follow the love, man.

Cameron walks over to the girls.

CAMERON
Hi Bianca.

BIANCA
Oh, hi Cameron.

BIANCA
Um, you know Chastity?

A bit uncomfortable, she pushes Chastity between them.

CAMERON
(to Chastity)
Yeah. I think we have art together, right?

CHASTITY
(not amused)
Great.

CAMERON
(to Bianca)
So, uh, you really look amazing.

Chastity shows pitiable disdain at his obvious pass.

BIANCA
(uncomfortable)
Thanks.

Joey comes down the stairs and has overheard Cameron's
compliment. Chastity looks him up and down approvingly.

JOEY
We all know I look amazing.

The girls both giggle.

JOEY
Bianca, let's go. We're all congregating
around Mr. Cuervo.

BIANCA
(to Cameron)
Um, I'll see you around, okay?

Joey and the girls walk away as Cameron stares in disbelief.
Joey looks back just long enough to flash him a thumb's up.
Cameron is crushed.

INT. A ROOM, BOGEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bianca walks next to Joey as he blathers about modeling.

JOEY
So I've got the Sears catalog
thing going -- and the tube sock gig.
That is gonna be huge!

He pauses as someone screams and falls off the roof outside
the window.

JOEY
(continuing)
And I'm up for a hemorrhoid cream ad next week.

Bianca looks truly offended.

JOEY
(continuing)
I know it sounds kind of bogus, but...I get getta
do some acting.

He pauses again, this time to place his empty can of Budweiser
atop a large beer-can pyramid. He then strikes a pose. Bianca
isn't watching.

JOEY
You see what I did there?

BIANCA
Um... uh huh.

JOEY
That was underwear. I'll show you the bathing suit
one next.

It's exactly the same.

JOEY
(continuing)
You see the difference?

She turns away looking disgusted again. He notices her lack of
interest and takes it in stride, turning immediately to someone
behind him.

JOEY
(to other person)
Okay, I'll show you.

Bianca uses the opportunity to slip away.

INT. BOGEY'S DEN - NIGHT

A cowboy sits with another kid chewing tobacco. He unloads a mouthful of it into a nice crystal vase. Bogie takes the vase from them and moans woefully.

Bianca passes, searching the crowd, and spots Joey through an archway striking poses for a crowd. She turns away and faces Cameron, who is obviously not happy with the evening's turn of events.

Bianca decided to avoid the inevitable conflict and pulls Chastity in the opposite direction.

BIANCA
(to Chastity)
Is it just me, or does this party all of a sudden suck?

They walk away. Cameron looks sour.

INT. BOGEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Patrick is searching for Kat. He passes the Drunk Girl and Lucky Guy from earlier, and the guy grabs his shirt.

LUCKY GUY
Really. Really! Thank you!

Patrick gives him a pat on the shoulder and moves on. He spots Kat, who is already very drunk, standing with a fresh shot in her hand. Patrick tries to remove a shot glass from Kat's hand.

PATRICK
Hey hey hey! Why don't you let me have this one, huh?

Kat is fierce in her refusal and pulls the shot away.

KAT
No! This one's mine.

She rushes off.
Joey enters, grabbing Patrick by the shoulder, distracting him from following Kat.

JOEY
My man! How did you get her to do it?

PATRICK
Do what?

JOEY
Act like a human.

They both notice Kat has climbed up on a table in the next room and is dancing. Joey is very pleased and rushes to watch.

JOEY
Yeah! Alright!

Others form a crowd, clapping and cheering her on. Bianca sees her from the balcony and rushes off. Kat completes her dance by falling off the table. Patrick catches her.

PATRICK
Are you okay?

KAT
I'm fine.

She tries to sit up, but falls back again.

PATRICK
You're not fine. C'mon.

He helps her to walk away from the table and down the hall.

KAT
I just need to lie down somewhere.

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

KAT
Sleep is good.

PATRICK
Yeah. Not if you have a concussion.

EXT. BOGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A few partygoers stand around as Patrick guides her toward a stone bench.

PATRICK
C'mon. Here, sit down. Sit.

As Patrick sits Kat down, Cameron comes up next to him.

CAMERON
(to Patrick)

Hey, hey. We need to talk.

PATRICK
I'm a little busy right now.

CAMERON
Can you give me a second?

Patrick steps aside with him.

CAMERON
(continuing)
It's off, okay? The whole thing's off.

PATRICK
What're you talking about?

CAMERON
She never wanted me. She wanted Joey the whole time.

Patrick doesn't have time for this.

PATRICK
Cameron -- do you like the girl?

CAMERON
Yeah.

PATRICK
(impatient)
Yeah. And is she worth all this trouble?

CAMERON
Well, I thought she was. But, you know, I...

PATRICK
Well she is or she isn't. See, first of all, Joey is not half the man you are. Secondly, don't let anyone ever make you feel like you don't deserve what you want. Go for it!

Kat begins to fall off the bench and Patrick catches her again. He stands her up and they walk away.

PATRICK
(to Kat)
C'mon.

Patrick continues walking an oblivious Kat away from the party. Cameron stands there, unsure how to make use of this advice.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE BOGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick marches Kat down the street, holding her up. They head up a hill.

KAT
(annoyed at being held up)
You're so patronizing.

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

She pushes his arm off and tries to walk on her own.

KAT
I don't think so.

She falls down and stands back up again.

PATRICK
Okay...

KAT
Why are you doing this?

PATRICK
I told you. You may have a concussion.

KAT
You don't care if I never wake up.

PATRICK
(he grins)
Sure, I do.

KAT
Why?

They reach a set of two swings hedged by ivy and stop.

PATRICK
Well then, because then I'd have to start taking
out girls who actually like me.

KAT
Like you could find one.

PATRICK
See that, there? Who needs affection when
I have blind hatred?

KAT
Let me sit down for a while.

She walks over to the swings and plops down,
moving her hands to hang onto the ropes.

She sits and looks at him for a moment with a smile. Then
falls over backward, just in time to be caught--again.

PATRICK

Jesus.

Patrick sits on the other swing.

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

KAT
Who?

PATRICK
Joey.

KAT
I hate him.

PATRICK
Well, you've chosen the perfect revenge:
mainlining tequila.

They both laugh.

KAT
Well, 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 rope. He's concerned about her falling asleep with a possible concussion.

PATRICK
(continuing)
No no no no! Kat! C'mon, wake up! Look at me!
Listen to me, Kat. Open your eyes!

He slaps her and she slowly opens her eyes.

KAT
(waking)
Hey. You're eyes have a little green in them.

He sighs with relief and smiles. They make meaningful eye contact, and she then vomits at his feet.

EXT. BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Kids loiter outside. Bianca and Chastity are waiting.

BIANCA
I don't know if we should go...

Joey comes up to them.

JOEY
Hey. A bunch of us are going to Jaret's house. Ready?

BIANCA
Uh, I have to be home in twenty minutes.

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

JOEY
(to Bianca)
One more chance...

BIANCA
(not interested)
Oh, man. I can't. Damn.

CHASTITY
That's a shame.
(to Joey)
Well?

JOEY
(to Chastity)
You wanna go?

CHASTITY
Sure.

BIANCA
Chastity!

CHASTITY
Hey, you passed.

Chastity leaves with Joey.

BIANCA
(to herself)
Bitch.

Cameron exits the party and stops when he sees Bianca standing alone.

CAMERON
(slightly accusatory)
Hey. Have fun tonight?

BIANCA
(unenthused)
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?

He stops, facing away from her. He looks very put-out.

INT. KAT'S CAR - NIGHT

Patrick drives as Kat sits in the passenger seat. She listens to the stereo.

KAT
I should do this.

PATRICK
Do what?

KAT
This.

She points to the radio.

PATRICK
Start a band?

KAT
(sarcastically)
No, install car stereos. Yeah, start a band.
My father would love that.

Patrick pulls up to her house and stops the car.

PATRICK
You don't strike me as the type that
would ask your father's 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".

PATRICK

Yeah, well, I'm no picnic myself.

They eye each other, sharing a moment of connection.

PATRICK
(avoiding the tension)
So what 's up with your dad? Is he a
pain in the ass?

KAT
No. He just wants me to be someone I'm not.

PATRICK
Who?

KAT
Bianca.

PATRICK
Ah... Bianca. No offense or anything, I mean,
I know everyone digs you're sister. But, um...
She's without.

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 pulls away.

PATRICK
Maybe we should do this another time.

Kat stares at him, pissed. Then gets out of the car
and stomps off.

CAMERON'S CAR - NIGHT

Bianca and Cameron ride in silence.
He pulls up in front of her house and finally breaks it.

CAMERON
You never wanted to go sailing with me,
did you?

BIANCA
(lying to be nice)
Yes I did.

CAMERON
No. You didn't.

BIANCA

Well, okay. No. Not actually.

CAMERON
(upset and disappointed)
Well, then that's all you had to say.
You always been this selfish?

BIANCA thinks for a few seconds.

BIANCA
(meekly)
Yes.

CAMERON
You know, just because you're beautiful, doesn't mean you can treat people like they don't matter. I mean, I really like you. Okay? I defended you when people called you conceited. I helped you when you asked me to. I learned French for you! And then you just blow me off...

She looks at him for a moment, then grabs his face and gives him a kiss on the lips. He is stunned. She smiles, then gets out of the car without another word.

Cameron looks as though he's just been told he's inherited a billion dollars as she turns, smiles, and walks away.

CAMERON
(regaining his composure)
And I'm back in the game!

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Kat enters the class. DEREK, a White Rasta, pokes fun at her for dancing at the party the night before.

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

CLEM, a cowboy, chimes in as she makes her way to her seat.

CLEM
Dance for me, cowgirl.

JOEY
Kat, babe, what do we owe you for the table dance?

MR. MORGAN
(to the class)
Alright, not that I care, but how was everybody's weekend?

JOEY
Oh, I don't know.
Maybe we should ask Kat.

MR. MORGAN

Unless she kicked the crap out of your dumb butt,
I don't wanna hear about it. Okay, let's open up
our books to page 73, sonnet 141. And listen up:

He quotes from Shakespeare's sonnet with a modern rapper lilt.

MR. MORGAN

(reciting)

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

(continuing as normal)

Now, I know Shakespeare's a dead white guy.
But he knows his shit, so we can overlook that.
I want you all to write your own
version of this Sonnet.

The class groans in disapproval.

Kat raises her hand. Mr. Morgan is displeased. He's obviously
accustomed to her opposition.

MR. MORGAN

Yes, Miss I-have-an-opinion-about-everything?

KAT

Do you want this in iambic pentameter?

MR. MORGAN

You're not going to fight me on this?

KAT

No. I think it's a really good assignment.

MR. MORGAN

(laughs)

You're just messin' with me, aren't you?

KAT

No. I'm really looking forward to writing it.

MR. MORGAN

(thinks she's mocking him)

Get out of my class.

KAT

What?

MR. MORGAN

Out. Get out!

She looks confused, slowly rises and leaves.

JOEY

Thanks Mr. Morgan.

MR. MORGAN
Shut up.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mandella is at her locker. Drawings of William Shakespeare adorn the door. Michael walks up.

MICHAEL
Hey. That's a cool picture. What's the collar for?
Is it to keep him from licking his stitches?

He laughs at his own joke, then notices her lack of amusement.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
Kidding. No, because I know you're a fan of Shakespeare.

MANDELLA
More than a fan. We're involved.

MICHAEL
Okay.

She continues to ignore him.

MICHAEL
(quoting from Shakespeare)
"Who could refrain that had a heart to
love and in that heart..."

MANDELLA
(finishing the quote for him)
...courage to make love known?

Michael thinks for a minute.

MICHAEL
Macbeth, right?

MANDELLA
(happily stunned)
Right.

MICHAEL
So, listen... I have this friend...

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Cameron sits next to Patrick on the bleachers as they watch the girls practice.

CAMERON

What'd you do to her?

PATRICK
I didn't do anything.
Would've been too drunk to remember.

CAMERON
But the plan was working.

PATRICK
What do you care? I thought you wanted out.

CAMERON
Yeah, well I did, but, uh, that was until she
kissed me.

PATRICK
(grins)
Where?

CAMERON
In the car.

Michael is jogging up to them from across the jogging track. As he
crosses it, he is nearly run over by two joggers.

MICHAEL
Sorry.

JOGGERS
Dweeb! Putz!

MICHAEL
I'm Sorry!

He sits with Cameron and Patrick.

MICHAEL
Alright. I talked to her. I got the scoop.

CAMERON
What did she say?

MICHAEL
Hates him with the fire of a
thousand suns. That's a direct quote.

PATRICK
Thanks, Malcolm. That's very comforting of you.

CAMERON
We don't know. She could just need a day to cool
off.

A soccer ball flies past them from the field, narrowly missing their
heads. Kat stands menacingly glaring at them.

PATRICK

(continuing)
Maybe two.

INT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Kat and Mandella walk. Kat sees a prom flyer and tears it down as the flier posting girl watches.

PROM POSTER GIRL
Hey!

Kat doesn't hear her and just keeps walking.

KAT
Can you imagine who would go to that antiquated mating ritual?

MANDELLA
(raises her hand)
I would. But I don't have a date.

KAT
Do you really want to get all dressed up so some Drakkar Noir-wearing Dexter with a boner can feel you up while you're forced to listen to a band that by definition sucks?

MANDELLA
Alright, alright. We won't go. It's not like I've got a dress anyway.

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

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

EXT. ARCHERY FIELD - DAY

Mr. Chapin instructs as boys and girls shoot arrows at targets. Joey swaggers up to Bianca, who is taking careful aim.

JOEY
Hey there, Cupid.

BIANCA
(not looking at him)
Hi, Joey.

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

She turns to look at him and releases the arrow at an angle. A cry is heard off-camera. Bianca clearly isn't interested in talking to Joey.

BIANCA
Can I help you?

JOEY
I want to talk to you about prom.

BIANCA
Look, you know the deal. I can't go if Kat doesn't go.

In the background, Mr. Chapin crumples to the ground with an arrow sticking out of his rear end. Chastity scurries over to help him.

JOEY
Your sister is going.

Bianca looks at him, surprised

BIANCA
Since when?

JOEY
Oh, let's just say I'm taking care of it.

Joey takes an arrow and hands it to her as he walks away.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joey hands 2 \$100 bills to Patrick.

JOEY
Here. This should take care of the flowers, the limo, the tux, everything. Just make sure she gets to the prom.

Patrick's conscience seems to be bothering him.

PATRICK
You know what? I'm sick of playing your little game.

He hands back the cash. Joey reaches into his pocket again and looks around.

JOEY
You sick of, let's say, 300?

Patrick looks a bit tortured, but eventually takes the money.

INT. GUITAR STORE - DAY

Kat is playing a guitar with headphones on. Patrick comes up behind her, then decides to leave her alone.

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

Patrick scans the store for Kat, sees her, and follows her from the next row of books. When they reach the end of the aisle, he confronts her.

PATRICK

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

KAT

(not pleased)
What are you doing here?

PATRICK

I heard there was a poetry reading.

KAT

You're so...

PATRICK

Charming?

She turns and begins to walk away.

PATRICK

(continuing)
Wholesome.

KAT

(turning back)
Unwelcome.

PATRICK

You're not as mean as you think you are, you know that?

KAT

And you're not as badass as you think you are.

PATRICK

Ooo, someone still has their panties in a twist.

KAT

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

PATRICK

Then what did I have an effect on ?

KAT

Other than my upchuck reflex? Nothing.

She heads for the door, handing him a copy of The Feminine Mystique as she leaves.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Cameron and Michael flank Patrick as he piles food onto his tray.

PATRICK
You're right. She's still pissed.

MICHAEL
Sweet love, renew thy force!

PATRICK
Hey, man! Don't say shit like that to me.
People can hear you.

CAMERON
Look. You embarrassed the girl. Sacrifice
yourself on the altar of dignity and
even the score.

Patrick scowls and walks away.

MICHAEL
Listen. Don't say shit like that to him. People
can hear you.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Patrick hands a wad of cash to a pudgy kid and smiles.

INT. FIELD ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

A pair of hands are scanning the controls for the school stadium's audio setup. One hand holds a cordless microphone, the other turns up the volume on a switch labeled "Field Mic Announce".

EXT. THE BLEACHERS - DAY

Looking down on the field where the girls are practicing soccer, Patrick stands atop the bleachers with the microphone in his hand and begins to sing an old love song to Kat.

He completes the first verse, as everyone watches, then gives a signal to the pudgy kid he met in the hall earlier. The kid is the leader of the school marching band, which then chimes in and begins playing the music for the song. Kat is thrilled.

Patrick continues singing and dancing around on the bleachers, until two cops arrive. They grab him as the soccer team applauds his performance.

He breaks free and continues hamming about, spans an officer's bum as he passes, then runs away. Kat is obviously flattered.

INT. DETENTION HALL - DAY

Patrick and several other miscreants sit quietly, mulling over their misfortune as Mr. Chapin presides. Mr. Chapin tries to sit on the edge of the desk, grimaces in pain from his arrow wound, and someone in the classroom giggles.

MR. CHAPIN
(to a stoner kid)
You look pretty nervous.

STONER KID
Yes sir.

MR. CHAPIN
You're sweating like a pig.

STONER KID
Yes sir.

MR. CHAPIN
Your eyes are all...bloodshot.

STONER KID
Yes sir.

MR. CHAPIN
You've got pot, don't you?

Stoner Kid hands him a bag of weed.

MR. CHAPIN
I'm confiscating this.

He turns around and sees a bag of Cheetos on another kid's desk, which he also takes, revealing possible future plans for his contraband...

MR. CHAPIN
This too.

Kat suddenly enters the room and approaches Mr. Chapin. Patrick looks up and sees her.

KAT
Um, sir? I have some ideas on how we can improve the girl's soccer team.

MR. CHAPIN
Great! Let's talk about it later.

He turns away and she uses the opportunity to motion to Patrick.

KAT
(whispering to Patrick)
The window.
(he doesn't get it)
Window!

Mr. Chapin turns back around and she laughs.

KAT
(continuing to Mr. Chapin)
As you know, we have a really big game with Hillcrest High...

Patrick runs for the side of the room as she distracts Mr. Chapin.
Mr. Chapin begins to turn, but she grabs his arm to stop him.

KAT
(gasps)
You're bicep is huge! Oh my god. The other
one's even bigger. You don't take steroids, do you?
Because I've heard steroids can severely disintegrate
your...package.

The classroom murmurs, including an inexplicable older, balding guy in the
back row, who seems to be a badly cast extra.

KAT
(continuing)
That's not the point.

MR. CHAPIN
Let's hope not.

He hears Patrick make a creaking noise and tries to turn. She stops him.

KAT
The point is, they kick our butts every year. I was
thinking. I devised a plan that will enable us to
finally defeat them.

MR. CHAPIN
Which is?

Patrick is sneaking toward the window behind him, next to
a big sign that reads: "All's Quiet on the Western Front".

KAT
(continuing)
That thing you taught us.

MR. CHAPIN
What thing?

KAT
Misdirection.

MR. CHAPIN
I taught you that?

KAT
Yeah. You, or Siegfried, or Roy. Anyway,
that's not important. The...

He tries to turn again and she grabs his chin to stop him.

KAT
Think about it! Um, they're looking left, and

we're running right. Bang! We score. We win.

Kat starts to panic, as Patrick has yet to make it out the window.

MR. CHAPIN

Okay. But how do we get 'em to look left?

KAT

(in desperation)

Um, like this.

She lifts her shirt just long enough for Patrick to escape.

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

KAT

Okay. Well, now that you've seen...The Plan,
I'm gonna go and show The Plan to someone else. Okay.

She walks away as the classroom applauds.

EXT. IN THE BAY - DAY

Patrick and Kat peddle a small, rented leisure boat. They are laughing together.

PATRICK

I can't thank you enough for helping me sneak out of detention. Very cool.

KAT

No problem.

PATRICK

I thought for sure I was busted when I was climbing out that window, I tell ya. So how did you keep him distracted?

KAT

I dazzled him with my... wits.

PATRICK

(after a pause)
So what's your excuse?

KAT

For?

PATRICK

Acting the way we do.

KAT

I don't like to do what people expect.
Why should I live up to other people's expectations instead of my own?

PATRICK
So you disappoint them from the
start and then you're covered, right?

KAT
Something like that

PATRICK
Then you screwed up

KAT
How?

PATRICK
You never disappointed me.

PATRICK
(after a romantic pause)
Are you up for it?

KAT
Up for what?

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

EXT. PAINTBALL PARK - DAY

They chase each other around and get covered in paint,
having a good time of it. Eventually, they end up
falling down and literally rolling in the hay, caught
in an embrace and a short bit of lip action before the
game continues.

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE - DAY

Patrick pulls up outside Kat's house and they get out. Paint still
streaks their hair.

PATRICK
No. None of that stuff is true.

KAT
State trooper?

PATRICK
Fallacy. Uh, dead guy in the parking lot?

KAT
Rumor. The duck?

PATRICK
Hearsay. Bobby Ridgeway's balls?

KAT
Fact. But he deserved it. He tried to grope me

in the lunch line.

PATRICK
Fair enough.

KAT
The accident?

PATRICK
It's real. I lived in Australia until I was 10.

KAT
With the Pygmies?

PATRICK
Close. With my mom.

KAT
Where were you last year?
I know the porn career's a lie.

PATRICK
Do you?

They pause for a moment, then laugh.

KAT
Tell me something true.

PATRICK
Something true? I hate peas.

KAT
No. Something real. Something no one
else knows.

PATRICK
(in-between kissing her neck)
Okay. You're sweet. And sexy. And
completely hot for me.

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

PATRICK
I tell myself that every day, actually.

He kisses her.

PATRICK
Go to the prom with me

KAT
Is that a request or a command?

PATRICK
C'mon, go with me.

KAT

No.

PATRICK

No? Why not?

KAT

No, I won't go with you

PATRICK

Why not?

KAT

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

PATRICK

C'mon. People won't expect you to go.

Kat turns to him, getting angry.

KAT

Why are you pushing this?
What's in it for you?

He plays the role of the guilty, accused husband, answering with an accusatory question.

PATRICK

Oh, so I need to have a motive to want to be with you?

KAT

You tell me.

PATRICK

You need therapy, you know that? Has anyone ever told you that?

KAT

(suspicious and a little hurt)
Answer the question, Patrick

PATRICK

(angry)
Nothing! There is nothing in it for me.
Just the pleasure of your company, okay?

He takes out a cigarette. She throws it away before she storms off and SLAMS the door to the house.

INT. STUDY HALL - DAY

Cameron and Bianca sit together at a table. She stares at him.

CAMERON

(speaking in French)
May I offer you a parsnip?

BIANCA
(in French)
No, you may not.

CAMERON
(in French)
Where is my uncle's pencil?

BIANCA
(in French, impatient)
I don't know. Perhaps it's up your ass?

CAMERON
(flustered, in English)
Wait. Wait a minute. That, that's not on this page.

BIANCA
(in French, angry)
Let me ask you a question, Cameron. When
are you going to ask me out?

She gets up and storms off. Cameron, perplexed at this development,
obviously didn't understand what she said. He flips through his
French book for an explanation and evidently finds one.

CAMERON
(in French)
Shit.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mandella opens her locker. Hanging inside is a beautiful period-style
green dress with a note. Mandella holds the dress up to read the note.

The note reads: "O Fair One. Join me at the prom. I will be
waiting. Love, William S."

Mandella seems pleased.

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE/PATIO - DAY

Walter does crunches on an abdominal machine. He is struggling
magnificently.

WALTER
(grunting)
Seven!
(He stops and catches his breath)
Good.

He stands up as Bianca enters.

BIANCA

Daddy?

WALTER

Hi, honey.

BIANCA

Um, I want to discuss tomorrow night. As you know, it's the prom...

He has been using a stretchy arm workout device, and it suddenly flies away off the balcony.

WALTER

The prom? Kat has a date?

BIANCA

Well, no.

WALTER

Don't think you're fooling me for a second. I know who you want to bend the rules for. It's that hot rod Joey.

BIANCA

What's a "hot rod"?

WALTER

It's a... If your sister's not going, you're not going. End of story.

BIANCA

Okay, let's review. Kat: not interested. Me: dying to go.

WALTER

You know what happens at proms?

BIANCA

Yes, daddy. We'll dance, we'll kiss, we'll come home. It's not quite the crisis situation you imagine.

WALTER

Kissing, huh? That's what you think happens? Got news for you. Kissing isn't what keeps me up to my elbows in placenta all day long.

BIANCA

Can we for 2 seconds ignore the fact that you're severely unhinged and discuss my need for a night of teenage normalcy?

WALTER

What's normal? Those damn Dawson's River kids sleeping in each other's beds and whatnot?

BIANCA

Daddy, that is so not...

WALTER

Got news for ya. I'm down. I've got the 411.
And you are not going out and getting jiggy
with some boy. I don't care how dope his ride is.

She groans and leaves.

WALTER

(to himself)
My mama didn't raise no fool.

The stretchy arm device now comes flying back onto the patio and lands
in the hot tub.

WALTER

(shouting)
Thanks, Bill.

INT. BIANCA'S ROOM - DAY

Bianca lies on her bed watching The Real World Seattle. A knock sounds.

BIANCA

(annoyed)
Come in.

Kat enters.

KAT

(kindly)
Listen I know...

Bianca isn't listening. Kat turns off the TV.

KAT

(continuing)
Listen, I know you hate having to sit at
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, and
not someone else's.

BIANCA

Well, I wish I had that luxury. You know, I'm the only
sophomore that got asked to the prom and
I can't go, because you don't feel like it.

KAT

Joey never told you that we went out, did
he?

BIANCA
(doesn't believe her)
Yeah, okay.

KAT
In 9th. For a month

BIANCA
(can tell she's serious and is confused)
Why?

KAT
(self-mocking)
Because he was, like, such a babe.

BIANCA
But you hate Joey

KAT
Now I do.

BIANCA
So what happened?

Kat indicates with a nod and a raised eyebrow that they went all the way.

BIANCA
Oh! Please tell me you're joking.

KAT
Just once, right after mom left. Everyone was doing it, so... I did it. Afterwards, I told him I didn't want to anymore because I wasn't ready and he got pissed and dumped me.

Bianca stares at her, dumbfounded

KAT
(continuing)
After that I swore I'd never do anything just because "everyone else" was doing it. And I haven't since. With the exception of Bogey's party and my stunning digestive pyrotechnics.

BIANCA
(stunned)
How is it possible that I did not know about this?

KAT
I warned him that if he told anyone, the cheerleading squad would find out how small his dick is.

BIANCA
Okay. So why didn't you tell me?

KAT

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

BIANCA
(angry)
Then why did you help Daddy hold me hostage?

Bianca stands up slowly

BIANCA
(continuing)
It's not like I'm stupid enough to repeat your mistakes.

KAT
I guess I thought I was protecting you.

BIANCA
By not letting me experience anything for myself?

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

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

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

INT. KAT'S ROOM - DAY

Kat lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. She rolls over and looks out the window. Bianca is looking pitiful in a tire swing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter sits on the couch, transfixed by an ad for an aerosol product that covers baldness.

WALTER
Interesting...

Kat descends the stairs in an elegant blue prom dress and heads for the door.

KAT
Bye, dad. I'm going to the prom.

WALTER
(without looking up, thinks she's joking)
Funny, sweetie.

Kat shuts the door behind her.

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

dress. Walter sees and immediately crosses to where she stands.

WALTER
What's that?

BIANCA
A prom dress.

WALTER
I seem to be hearing that word a lot lately.

The doorbell rings and Bianca opens it. There stands Cameron in a tuxedo. He takes in Bianca's outfit.

BIANCA
Hi.

CAMERON
Wow. I, um... wow.

BIANCA
Bye, daddy.

WALTER
Stop. Turn. Explain.

BIANCA
Okay. Remember how you said I could date if Kat dated? Well, she found this guy who's actually kind of perfect for her. Which is actually kind of perfect for me, because Cameron asked me to go to the prom, and I really really really wanna go. And since Kat went, I guess I'm allowed to, based on the aforementioned rule, and it's previous stipulations, of course.

CAMERON
(extends his hand to Walter)
Nice to meet you.

BIANCA
(intercepting his hand)
Let's go.

They dash away down the walk.

WALTER
(shouting after them)
I know every cop in town, bucko!
(to himself)
This is not good.

INT. PROM/DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A band that does not exactly suck by definition plays to a very responsive crowd.

INT. PROM/BALCONY - NIGHT

Kat ascends the grand staircase and stops. Patrick notices and comes up behind her.

PATRICK

Wow.

KAT

You too.

He hands her a rose.

KAT

Where'd you get a tux at the last minute?

PATRICK

Oh, just something I had. You know, lying around.

KAT

Oh...

PATRICK

Where'd you get the dress?

KAT

Oh, just something I had. You know, lying around.

He smiles.

KAT

Listen. I'm really sorry that I questioned your motives. I was wrong.

Patrick sighs.

PATRICK

You're forgiven.

KAT

Okay. Ready for the prom?

PATRICK

Yes, ma'am.

INT. STRATFORD DOORWAY - NIGHT

Joey arrives in a tux and knocks on the door. Walter opens it.

JOEY

Hi, Mr. Stratford. I'm Joey.
I'm here to pick up Bianca.

Walter gives him an icy glare in silence and then slams the door in his face without saying a word.

INT. PROM/DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Patrick and Kat enter.
Kat steps forward, looking around and spots Cameron and Bianca dancing cheek to cheek.

ACROSS THE ROOM

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

MANDELLA
Have you seen him?

KAT
Who?

MANDELLA
William - he asked me to meet him here.

KAT
Oh, Mandella. Tell me you haven't progressed to full-on hallucinations.

Patrick looks toward the stage and nods. Mandella turns to look.

Michael - in Shakespearean-like attire bows in their direction.
Mandella beams.

Michael makes his way through the crowd over to her.

MICHAEL
Milady.

MANDELLA
Good sir.

Michael kisses her hand in courtly manner.

INT. PROM/DANCE FLOOR - SHORTLY AFTER

Kat and Patrick clap as the band finishes a song. A new song begins and Kat recognizes it. It's by her favorite band.

KAT
Oh me god! It's...

PATRICK
I called in a favor.

Kat stares in honest appreciation as the lead singer of her favorite band appears on stage and makes her way to the crowd to sing directly to Kat. She turns back toward the stage and Patrick kisses Kat. The

music plays.

INT. PROM/LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca is at the mirror. Chastity emerges from a stall.

BIANCA
(surprised)
What are you doing here?

Chastity is aloof.

CHASTITY
Oh, I know you didn't think you were the only sophomore
at the prom? Joey just picked me up.

BIANCA
Well congratulations. He's all yours.

Chastity maintains her snooty tone.

CHASTITY
Very generous, princess.
And just so you know, Joey only liked you for
one reason. He even had a bet going with his
friends. He was gonna nail you tonight.

Bianca, very disturbed, runs away.

INT. PROM/DANCE FLOOR - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Patrick and Kat continue to slow dance in good spirits.

PATRICK
Milwaukee.

KAT
What?

PATRICK
That's where I was last year. I wasn't in
jail, I don't know Marilyn Manson, and I
didn't sleep with a Spice Girl--I don't think.
You see, my grandpa, he was ill, so
I spent most of the year on his
couch watching Wheel of Fortune and making
Spaghettios. End of story.

KAT
(laughs)
No way!

He's interrupted by Joey pulling him aside.

JOEY
(angry)

Hey! What's Bianca doing here with that
cheese dick? I didn't pay you to take out Kat
so that some little punk could snake me with Bianca.

Kat has heard everything. Patrick looks at her pleadingly.

KAT
Nothing in it for you, huh?

She leaves. Patrick follows.

ACROSS THE ROOM

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

MICHAEL
(to Cameron)
The shit has hiteth the fan...eth.

Michael and Cameron leave Mandella and Bianca and head for Joey.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Michael and Cameron approach Joey quickly.

MICHAEL
Joey, pal, compadre. Listen...

Joey pushes him roughly to the ground. Cameron passes Joey to help
Michael.

JOEY
You messed with the wrong guy, and
now you're gonna pay. You, and
that little bitch.

Cameron doesn't like the sound of that. He turns and faces Joey.

CAMERON
Alright, that's enough! Okay?
You crossed the line.

Joey punches Cameron in the face, knocking him to the ground.

JOEY
Oh come on! Get up, you little punk!

He turns around, just in time to catch one in the nose from a
very pissed off Bianca.

JOEY
Shit, Bianca! I'm shooting a nose spray ad tomorrow!

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.

She pushes him onto the ground with Michael and Cameron. She and Mandella help their dates off the floor.

BIANCA
(to Cameron)
Are you okay?

CAMERON
(smiling big)
Never been better.

She kisses him and they begin to dance. Everyone slow dances as Joey groans on the floor and holds his crotch.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWAY- NIGHT

KAT heads for the stairs and Patrick catches up to her as they reach the top.

PATRICK
Would you give me a chance...

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

PATRICK
Kat, it wasn't like that, okay?

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

PATRICK
No, I didn't care about the money, okay?
I cared... I cared about you.

She turns to face him with a countenance of both sadness and anger.

KAT
You are so not who I thought you were.

In desperation, he grabs her and kisses her. After a second, she jerks away and flees down the stairs and out of sight.

Bianca comes running from behind Patrick, sees what has happened, and stops. She seems guilty now for dragging Kat to the prom and into this mess.

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE - DAY

Kat is sitting on the balcony railing with a sketchbook in hand. Bianca breezes in, bearing a cup of tea, and offers it to Kat.

BIANCA
You want?

Kat takes the tea.

KAT
Thanks.

BIANCA
So, you sure you don't want to go sailing with us? It'll be fun.

KAT
No, I'm fine.

BIANCA
Look. I don't know if I ever thanked you for going last night, but it really meant a lot to me.

KAT
I'm glad.

Cameron comes jogging up the steps to the balcony, looking very chipper indeed. He notices the seriousness of the situation.

CAMERON
(to Bianca, quietly)
Hey.

BIANCA
(quietly)
Hey.

CAMERON
You ready?

BIANCA
Mm hmm.

CAMERON
(to Kat)
See you later.

KAT
(waves)
Bye.

Bianca and Cameron walk away from Kat.

CAMERON
(to Bianca, quietly)
Is she okay?

BIANCA
I hope so.

They leave and moments later Walter enters the balcony from the house.

WALTER
Where's your sister going?

KAT
(sarcastic, as usual)
She's meeting some bikers. Big
ones. Full of sperm.

WALTER
(not amused)
Funny. So tell me about this dance.
Was it.. hoppin'?

She smirks at his attempted use of hip, young lingo.

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, surprised at her father's approval.

WALTER
(continuing)
You know, fathers don't like to admit it
when 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 bench for years. And when you go to
Sarah Lawrence, I won't even be able to
watch the game.

KAT
(hopeful)
When I go?

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

Kat, overjoyed, reaches over and gives him a hug.

ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Mr. Morgan stands at a podium and faces the class with an open book
in front of him.

MR. MORGAN
All right. I assume everyone has found
time to complete their poem. Except for
Mr. Donner...

He begins to laugh, very pleased. Joey sulks at his desk behind
a pair of sunglasses.

MR. MORGAN
...who has an excuse.
(to Joey)
Shaft, lose the glasses.

Joey reluctantly removes his shades to reveal severe damage. The
class snickers.

MR. MORGAN
(continuing)
Alright. Anyone brave enough to read theirs aloud?

No one moves. Then Kat slowly raises her hand.

KAT
I will.

Patrick looks up.

MR. MORGAN
(anticipating the worst)
Lord. Here we go.

Kat stands and walks to face the class. She clears her throat
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.

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 pauses, then continues.

KAT
(continuing)
I hate it...
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.

She begins to cry as she continues to read.

KAT
(continuing)
I hate it when 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 at all.

She looks directly at Patrick. He looks back this time, morose,
thoughtful.

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

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTER SCHOOL

Students are leaving school. Kat walks to her car alone. When she
opens the door, she's greeted with the same Fender Stratocaster guitar
that Patrick saw her playing in the store before, reclining in the
front seat.

She picks it up slowly, inspecting every detail, as Patrick leans in
behind her.

PATRICK
Nice, huh?

KAT
A Fender Strat? Is this for me?

PATRICK
Yeah. I thought you could use it.
You know, when you start your band.
Besides, I had some extra cash, you know.
Some asshole paid me to take out a really
great girl.

KAT

(smiling)
Is that right?

PATRICK
Yeah, but I screwed up. I, um...
I fell for her.

He blushes and looks down.

KAT
Really?

PATRICK
It's not every day you find
a girl who'll flash someone to get you
out of detention.

Kat is surprised and embarrassed that he found out about the flashing.

KAT
Oh, god...

She laughs. He takes this as a sign to kiss her and he does.
She lets him this time, then breaks it off suddenly.

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

He winces.

PATRICK
Yeah, I know. But then, you know, there's always
drums and bass and maybe even one day a tambourine.

He gives her another kiss, which she breaks off again.

KAT
And don't just think you can...

He kisses her to shut her up, not letting her end it this time.

As the music plays, we pan out of the parking lot, across to the
school building, and up to where the band is playing on the roof.
The music plays, the credits roll.

THE END