

-M O O N L I G H T I N G-

"ATOMIC SHAKESPEARE"

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CONTINUED:

realization on Petruchio's face...Kate RUNS across the room and OUT the door...and Petruchio smiles...

PETRUCHIO

Tally-ho!

...and he RUNS after her...

CUT TO:

THE STAIRWAY

...as Kate almost reaches the bottom...running...and Petruchio appears at the top...running after her...she looks back up at him nervously...then continues on...and he SLIDES DOWN THE BANNISTER into...

THE ALCOVE

...and Petruchio CHASES Kate around a LARGE SOFA...around and around...neither gaining ground...until...they STOP ON OPPOSITE SIDES of the sofa...both slightly out of breath... but neither taking his or her eyes off the other...and as they talk, they feint one way...then the other...slowly circling around the sofa...

PETRUCHIO

You buzz around like an angry bee. Better, as I look at you, a wasp.

KATE

If I be waspish, best beware my sting!

PETRUCHIO

My aim is to pluck it out!

KATE

Ay, if the fool can find it...

PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp wears her sting. In her tail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATE

And how might the likes of
you pluck it out?!

PETRUCHIO

With my charming tongue.

KATE

(disgusted)

Your tongue in my tail?

PETRUCHIO

(shrugs)

Hey, it's in the play. So
is "bearing" asses, pin pricks,
and a hen and her combless cock.

(and then)

Thought I'd do 'em all at once,
make it easy for the censor...
But now...

...and he LUNGES across the sofa at Kate...but she gets out
of the way just in time, and he lands on the floor...and she
RUNS OFF, as we...

CUT TO:

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CONTINUED:

NARRATOR'S VOICE (O.C.) (cont'd)
in fact, she cleaneth...she
dusteth...she even cooketh,
for her detherving spouth...
uh, her deserving spouse...

...and the CAMERA PULLS BACK into the room, revealing...

KATE

...at the oven...her back to us...tasting something she's
taken out...

NARRATOR'S VOICE (O.C.) (cont'd)
And truth be known, she couldn't
be blamed. For who could
resisteth a loving husband
such as Petruchio had become...

SHOCK CUT TO:

THE FRONT DOOR

...as Petruchio bursts in...in tattered clothers and a
FEATHERED CAP...and carrying a BRIEFCASE with CHICKEN FEET and
FEATHERS sticking out the side...he's the nine-to-five husband
come home to roost...

(CONTINUED)