

Disney's
Katbot
"CLAW & ORDER"
John P. McCann
723A-134

FADE IN:

INT. LEBORE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON A MENACING SAINT BERNARD, holding a school book report in its mouth.

1 SAINT BERNARD
<GRRRRR GRRRRR! Get lots>

WIDEN TO REVEAL Junior, enticingly waving a can of bean dip in front of the dog.

2 JUNIOR
Here doggy doggy. Give Junior his
book report and he'll give you his
yummy can of nacho cheeseburger
bacon bean dip.

3 SAINT BERNARD
<MORE FORCEFUL GROWLING>

3A JUNIOR
(tiny voice)
And a can opener.

3B SAINT BERNARD
(shakes paper)
<MORE FORCEFUL GROWLING YET>

4 JUNIOR
(still pleading)
Aww -- I'm late for school! Thanks
to the thirty-three strikes and
you're out policy, I'm in for a
mega-detention!

5 KATBOT (O.S.)
<RRRRREEOW!!!>

Katbot POUNCES UP holding her backpack, squaring off in front of the dog.

5A KATBOT
BACK THAT BUS UP, DAWG!

The dog continues to growl, looking meaner.

6 SAINT BERNARD
<MEANER GROWL>

7 KATBOT
(to Junior, just checking)
You -- don't want the dog to eat
your homework?

7A JUNIOR
Not this time.

7B KATBOT
(COOL, EASTWOODESQUE) Very well.
I'll handle this. You just start
walkin' to school.

8 JUNIOR
But--

9 KATBOT
Do it!
(to dog)
And as for YOU, dog...
(she raises her hackles,
squaring off against
him...)
<growing rrrrrrrRRRRRRRRROWWWWW--->

She STOPS growling abruptly and <ZAPS> herself into **KATERINA**.

The dog gapes at her, flabbergasted, dropping the paper.

9B SAINT BERNARD
<FREAKED OUT "HUH?" NOISE>

Katerina swiftly swats the paper out of the air, stuffs it into
her backpack, and throws her backpack onto her back.

9C KATERINA
See ya!

Her backpack <IGNITES> and she <ROCKETS> for the door.

Just as Junior opens the front door she jets through it, grabbing Junior under the shoulders and shooting outside. (NOTE: Per S&P, Junior should now be holding his helmet in this shot.)

10 JUNIOR
Huh? Whoahhhhhh...

ON THE SAINT BERNARD, who watches, slack-jawed: blink, blink. The exhaust clouds rapidly disperse, and Dick walks in.

11 DICK
Muzzles, there ya are!
(leads him out, SNIFFS)
WHEW boy, you need a bath! Have
you been rolling in jet fuel again?

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY OVER FLAT HILLS - DAY

Katerina jet-packs through the sky, holding Junior under his arms. Junior holds his backpack (**and, per S&P, Junior and Katerina wear their helmets**).

12 JUNIOR
Dude! You saved me! But -- aren't
you worried someone might see you
flyin' and they'll know you're an
alien and then they'll tell and
you'll have to leave earth like
forever?

13 KATERINA
You wanna get detention?

14 JUNIOR
KEEP ON FLYIN'!

Junior's backpack slips a little and a hoagie falls out, its wrapper flying off.

15 JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Woops. Dropped my hoagie.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

MARCELLA walks quickly down the street carrying an OVERSIZED BAG, her hair blown dry on one side and wet and limp on the other.

16 MARCELLA

(mutters)

A hair dryer should not explode and
set the shower curtains on fire! I
shall sue the manufacturer to the
ends of the earth!

Junior's hoagie FALLS FROM ABOVE FRAME, and it <SPLATS> in
Marcella's hair.

17 MARCELLA (CONT'D)

OW! What's this?

(picks up piece of
sandwich)

A sandwich from the skies?

(shaking fist at sky)

I shall sue the sandwich
manufacturer to the--

(sees something, startled)

Huh?!

Her irritation changes to astonishment.

POV MARCELLA - UP ANGLE ON **KATERINA (in helmet)** AND JUNIOR, as
they fly toward school.

18 MARCELLA (O.S.)

Oh, Garden of Fate! Oh, Heavenly
Boon!

MARCELLA pulls her microcassette recorder and VIDEO CAMERA out of
her bag, looking skyward and walking hurriedly down the sidewalk
as she speaks.

19 MARCELLA

(INTO RECORDER) Marcella Curd here.

The arrogant alien Katerina
Botenski has carried off my beloved
Junior LeBore the way a condor
seizes a pig. I must track their
trajectory and obtain video
evidence that will send our little
Extra Terrestrial back to the
blackness of space.

She raises her video camera to record, just as she blindly runs
into a TRASH CAN and falls head first into it, knocking it over!
<CRASH!> <SLAM!>

20 MARCELLA
<REVERB> GRUNT! Stupid trash can!

She quickly gets up, shucking it off <CRASH!> and sprinting o.s.

21 DELETED

EXT. FLAT HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Marcella runs into the school parking lot, searching the skies.
She <SLAMS> into a light pole and loops dizzily onward.

22 MARCELLA
Stupid light pole! (SEARCHING SKY)
Oh alien bogey, where have you
gone?!

ON HOMECOMING FLOAT: Big flowery rendition of a large WINGED BOOK.
Underneath is a sign: STUDENT PRIDE FLOAT. Marcella RUNS INTO
FRAME, peering skyward.

23 MARCELLA
I must get higher!

Still peering skyward she scrambles UP the float, STOMPING flowers
and delicate decorations in the process. The float wobbles
precariously as she mounts the top.

24 DELETED

<KERCHUNK!> A chunk of the float under her feet gives way and she
sinks into it up to her waist.

25 MARCELLA
STUPID STUDENT PRIDE FLOAT!
(SUDDEN) Hark -- they approach!

She raises her camera and tapes.

OTS MARCELLA - She shoots skyward as KATERINA AND JUNIOR fly over
the school and disappear behind the office.

ECU RECORD BUTTON as Marcella's FINGER presses the button.

26 MARCELLA (O.S.)
And... CUT!

ON MARCELLA, as she gleefully lowers the camera.

27 MARCELLA (CONT'D)
 Bwa ha ha! I have done it! AT
 LONG LAST I HAVE DONE IT!

Suddenly the whole float seems to TREMBLE. It <RUMBLES>.
 Marcella looks down.

28 MARCELLA
 Talk about shoddy workmanship.

With the sound of <SNAPPING PLYWOOD> she suddenly falls down,
 o.s., as the float collapses beneath her <CRASH!> (o.s.). A cloud
 of DUST fills frame.

ON MARCELLA - as the dust clears. She sprawls in a pile of
 scattered flowers and general float wreckage. She still holds her
 camera.

29 MARCELLA
 Holy mackerel! I've destroyed the
 Flat Hills Middle School Student
 Pride Float!

The <BELL RINGS> o.s.

29A MARCELLA
 (eyes shift a beat)
 Better scuttle while the scuttlin's
 good.

She scuttles away.

WIPE TO:

INT. FLAT HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Junior and Katerina sit together. ROCKY is behind them.

30 STUDENTS
 <AUDITORIUM WALLA>

31 JUNIOR
 (sotto to Katbot)
 Only one minute late today. And no
 detention! Kat, my friend, you
 rule all time and space.

32 KATERINA
(sotto and serious)
Actually, that's handled by the
Department of Controls on Trinax 3.
(to Rocky)
Where's Paula?

32A ROCKY
She got called home by her Aunt
Tushka.
(sarcastic, like it's the
most unlikely story he's
ever heard)
She says she got hit on the head by
a "falling banana." Now she's
scared to go outside.

Kat casts Junior an accusing look. He looks back, shrugging, with
an innocent "who me?" smile.

ON STAGE. The PRINCIPAL looks grim as he CROSSES TO a stand
microphone. <WALLA QUIETS DOWN>

33 PRINCIPAL
Students, welcome to our annual
Student Pride rally to kick off
Flat Hills Student Pride Week.

34 STUDENTS
<ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE, WHISTLES
ETC.>

34A ENTHUSIASTIC STUDENT IN CROWD
STUDENT PRIDE WOOO!

35 PRINCIPAL
(AHM) Unfortunately, I have just
received some dastardly news. Our
Student Pride Homecoming Float,
"Winged Knowledge" which most of
you worked long, hard hours on--

36 STUDENTS
<ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE, WHISTLES>

36A ENTHUSIASTIC STUDENT IN CROWD
STUDENT PRIDE WOOO!

37 PRINCIPAL
--Has been thoroughly destroyed.

38 STUDENTS
<OUTRAGED, SURPRISED WALLA>

38A ENTHUSIASTIC STUDENT IN CROWD
STUDENT PRIDE WOOO!

39 PRINCIPAL
I expect the guilty party to turn
themselves in...
(looks at watch)
riiiiiiiiiight...
(sudden, GOTHCHA!)
...Now!

Sudden silence. THE STUDENTS suspiciously look around at each other.

40 MARCELLA
<GUILTY GULP!>

ON PRINCIPAL.

41 PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)
Very well. Until someone does
confess, I shall begin
(OVERENUNCIATING) ree-vokinng phu-
rive-ileg-ez. Starting today: the
cafeteria will replace tuna melts
and chili dogs:... with fresh fruit
and salad!

42 STUDENTS
<UPROAR WALLA "NO!">

43 PRINCIPAL
YES! I am leaving now to set the
slow-moving kitchen bureaucracy
into motion!

He marches off.

The students are still in an uproar.

43A STUDENTS
<EMOTIONAL "ANYTHING BUT THIS!"
"WHAT A DISASTER!" WALLA>

43B BRACES BOY
PLEASE PEOPLE! IDENTIFY
YOURSELVES! I CAN'T EAT FRUIT!

43C JOCK SCHMIDT
(weeping)
CAN WE FRY IT?!

ON PALE THIN GIRL (there is no model for this), weak with stringy, straggly blonde hair. She musters a weak smile, truly overjoyed.

43D PALE, THIN GIRL
(weak voice)
I have waited for this day for so long!

WIDEN AS PURNELL leans in, next to her, furious.

43E PURNELL
WHAT?!

43F PALE, THIN GIRL
(intimidated)
I mean ohhhh... boo... Who wrecked the float?

43G PURNELL
(like a madman, toward the room)
CONFESS, FLOAT WRECKER! CONFESS!
CONFEEEESSSSSS!!!!

ON MARCELLA nervously looking around. She gets a sudden sneaky inspiration, and talks into her tape recorder.

44 MARCELLA
Marcella Curd here. I have had a brainstorm. What if I blame Katerina Botenski? She will be humiliated, shunned, leave the planet, and then Junior LeBore will be mine! Advantage, Curd? Most definitely.

Marcella leaps to her feet.

45 MARCELLA (CONT'D)
I CONFESS! I CONFESS!

Everyone immediately shuts up and looks at her.

45A MARCELLA
...That Katerina Botenski wrecked
the float! I. SAW. HER!

46 STUDENTS
<ANGRY, SHOCKED MURMUR>

Katbot jumps to her feet.

47 KATBOT
WHAT?! But I didn't!

Junior jumps to his feet.

48 JUNIOR
She did not!

Rocky jumps to his feet. But says nothing.

Kat and Junior look at him quizzically.

49 ROCKY
Well, if everyone's jumping up...

ON DARCY DUVET as she also jumps up.

50 DARCY
As Student Council President, I'm
calling a special session for
tomorrow morning. We will have a
trial, I will assume the role of
"Judge Darcy" and I'll wear
something fun and cute for judging.

51 STUDENTS
<ANGRY "SOUNDS GOOD" WALLA>

SLOW PUSH IN ON MARCELLA smiling wickedly, wringing her hands.

WIPE TO:

EXT. FLAT HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL - BLEACHERS - LUNCHTIME

On the outside bleachers, Katerina worries, circling and sitting
over and over like a nervous cat. Junior stretches out, relaxed.

52 KATERINA
 Trial... I can't have a trial.
 What if I lose and they send me
 to...float wreckers' jail?

53 JUNIOR
 Chill. Going to court rocks. Watch.

He whips out a folding Gameboy-sized mini DVD player and turns it on.

54 JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 I learned everything I know about
 the law from watching this:

ON TV SCREEN as we see the serious graphics for "CLOWN COURT."
 <SERIOUS, PEOPLE'S COURT-LIKE MUSIC.>

55 ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 (serious, like People's
 Court announcer)
 "Clown Court!"

INT. CLOWN COURT SET - DAY

Looks like a regular courtroom. ON JUDGE MILTON FATNOSE as he
 bangs his gavel <SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK> (**BOARD: SCENE 62, PANEL 1**)

55A ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Featuring Judge Milton Fatnose,
 defender of Juvenile Slapstick
 Stupidity!

A LITTLE CAR speeds from BEHIND CAMERA, into the courtroom <AH-
 OOOGA, AH-OOOGA>, settling in front of the judge.

A normal-sized PLAINTIFF CLOWN (Squirty McBiglips) and a DEFENDANT
 CLOWN (Buster Lardpants) jump OUT INTO VIEW. They jostle each
 other as the They stand before the CLOWN JUDGE.

The Plaintiff Clown pulls out a bicycle horn and starts honking it
 as if speaking. <BEEP-BEEP-BEEPBEEP-BEEP>

56 ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 (tucked in, serious, like
 he's reporting from the
 courtroom, quickly)
 (MORE)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (cont'd)
In today's case, Plaintiff Squirtee
McBiglips claims that her neighbor,
one Buster Lardpants, stole her
custard pie.

%
%
%
%

The Judge nods to Defendant Clown.

56A ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Judge Fatnose calls on defendant
Lardpants to make his case.

%
%
%

The defendant clown pulls a SEAL and a BANK of HORNS out INTO
VIEW. The Seal starts <BEEPING> the horns.

57 ANNOUNCER V.O. (CONT'D)
Defense produces a witness who
claims Lardpants wasn't even in the
Big Top when the pie was taken.

%
%
%
%

QUICK CUT TO Plaintiff Clown holding up a photo. FAST TRUCK IN to
show the Defendant Clown sneakily eating the pie.

58 ANNOUNCER V.O. (CONT'D)
Devastating! This security camera
still shot proves he's lying!

%
%
%

The Clown Judge squirts the Defendant Clown with a seltzer bottle.

59 ANNOUNCER V.O. (CONT'D)
Guilty as charged! And Justice
prevails again!

%
%
%

RETURN TO SCENE. Katerina gets excited.

60 KATERINA
<purrr-like rrowwww> What was I
worried about? This justice thing
is easy!

%
%
%

60A JUNIOR
You tell 'em counsellor!

60B KATERINA
All you've gotta do is get evidence
and dress like a clown!

61 JUNIOR
Actually -- just get the evidence.
Dressin' like a clown'll come back
on ya.

62 PRINCIPAL (V.O.)
(over p.a. system)
Attention students: Enjoying your
salads? From now on there will be
no salad dressing or croutons!
(beat) Until Katerina Botenski
confesses.

%
%
%
%
%

Some KIDS walk by.

63 BOY #1
Thanks a lot, Katerina Float-
trasher-inski!

64 GIRL #1
Just confess, FLOAT TRASHER!

65 BOY #1/GIRL #1/GIRL #3
Float trasher! Float trasher!
Float trasher! (get lots)

66 KATERINA
 (yelling after them)
 I didn't trash the float!
 (to self, determined)
 And after school, I'm goin' out and
 provin' it.

67 JUNIOR
 I'm right there with ya, dude.

As they walk off CAMERA CATCHES MARCELLA, as she creeps up in foreground. (FLOAT TRASHER chant continues in b.g.)

68 MARCELLA
 Hmmm, my good fortune multiplies
 like mold in a springtime petri
 dish. Just listen to that angry
 mob! I say forget the trumped-up
 charges.
 (pulls out video camera,
 strokes it like a pet)
 Tomorrow's trial will be the
perfect place to surprise them all
 with my videotaped evidence. And
 when I do, they'll tear Miss Alien
 Pants into unidentified flying
objects! HAPPINESS!
 (abrupt shift)
 What an odd sensation.

WIPE TO:

EXT. FLAT HILLS PARKING LOT - AFTER SCHOOL - DAY

ON THE FLOAT MESS, surrounded by caution tape. No other kids are around. Junior and Katbot approach like a couple of crime scene detectives. They stop, glance around suspiciously, then stoop under the tape and approach the mess.

Junior walks around, looking at the ground, climbing up onto some of the debris, then back down onto the pavement. Then spots something. He urgently taps Katbot's shoulder then points significantly to the ground. Katbot looks down.

ON A SHOE PRINT.

BACK ON JUNIOR.

68A JUNIOR
 Our first clue, Katbot.
 (very significantly)
 The print -- of a shoe.

Katbot uses her LASER EYES to scan it.

Katbot's POV -- ROBOTIC GRID: as the laser scans up and down the print. The print flashes brightly, as though locked on.

ON KAT, GRINNING SLYLY. She starts talking all sly and mysterious like David Caruso from CSI Miami.

68B KATBOT
 (sly)
 Target locked.
 (TSK TSK TSK)
 Sloppy, sloppy criminal. Let's see
 where you lead me...

Katbot walks on, scanning the ground. Junior stays where he is.

HER POV -- Robotic GRID continues as she walks along, following a trail of the same footprints, each FLASHING as they come onto the grid.

68C KATBOT (O.S.)
 (clever, nice n' easy)
 That's right toughstuff... I'm on
 your trail... You feel the heat?...

They go up onto the float debris, loop around, then stop at a pair of feet.

68D KATBOT (O.S.)
 Heh heh heh heh heh heh. Well
 lookie here. It's our clever,
 clever mastermind.

QUICK PAN UP to REVEAL IT'S JUNIOR.

68E KATBOT
 GOTCHA!

He smiles and waves.

68F JUNIOR
 Gesundheit.

ON KATBOT. She grimaces.

68G KATBOT
<GRUMBLY GROWL>

WIPE TO:

Atop the pile of rubble. Katbot and Junior reach in and probe around.

69 KATBOT
(Caruso-like, mysteriously
clever, probing)
My suspicion (grunt) Junior --
is that somewhere - deep inside --
this nasty pile of rubble -- we --
will strike ----
(bingo -- a very satisfied
grin spreads across her
lips as she seems to find
something with her hand)
--gooolllld.

She pulls out...a mouse! She holds it, wriggling, by the tail, and hungrily starts to put it in her mouth, until Junior grabs her wrist and stops her.

70 JUNIOR
Priorities, Kat! Truth before
snackage.

71 KATBOT
Of course, Junior.
(to the mouse)
<LOW GROWL> You've won this round,
punk, but I catch you 'round here
again? You're mine.

She sets it free with a tough look and it runs away frantically,
<SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK>

She puts the mouse down and it scampers away <SQUEAK SQUEAK>. She watches it longingly.

WIPE TO:

CLOSEUP of a dollop of yellow stuff on a broken board-end sticking out of the rubble. IN FG Katbot's finger comes into frame. The tip opens up <WHIRRR> and a little Q-tip attachment emerges straight out. She swabs the yellow stuff onto the Q-tip.

WIDENAtop the debris pile Katbot gingerly picks up a dollop of yellow stuff on her finger. Junior leans in and they both squint at it.

ROBOTIC POV: A CRAWL of COMPLEX CHEMICAL SYMBOLS down screen as if she were performing spectrographic analysis.

72 ROBO VOICE (V.O.)
Substance identified.

BACK ON KATBOT AND JUNIOR. They share a grin.

72A KATBOT
Bingo.

73 ROBO VOICE (V.O.)
Processed cheese spread. Source,
Junior's hoagie sandwich.

74 KATBOT
What?!

74A JUNIOR
<funny "HEHHHHH" uncontrollable
urge sound>

Junior grabs Katbot's wrist and desperately tries wiping the cheese spread onto his tongue. She grabs his wrist with her other hand, restraining him.

74B KATBOT
Junior -- priorities! Truth before
snackage!

75 JUNIOR
(reluctantly relents)
Of course, Kat.
(talking tough to cheese
spread)
You've won this round, salty
snackfood, but...
(beat, loses control,
lunges at it)
<Same funny uncontrollable urge
sound.> Give it to me!

They fall to the rubble heap, wrestling, rolling on it, as though for a gun.

75A KATBOT/JUNIOR
<GRUNTS, SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE, CAT
NOISES>

(SCENE DELETED)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLAT HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Setup like a COURTROOM. There is a COURT REPORTER KID, BAILIFF KID, etc. Darcy sits behind a "judge's bench" made out of a cafeteria table.

In the audience, Marcella pushes a KID away from two seats she is taping off with a sign that reads, "RESERVED FOR THE GOVERNMENT."

91 (DELETED)

ON PURNELL (our bailiff) as he steps forward.

91A PURNELL
Hear ye, hear ye, The right
honorable and vanilla-scented Darcy
Duvet calls this court to session!

Darcy bangs her gavel. <BANG! BANG!>

92 DARCY
Ready? Okay!

PULL BACK to show Katerina sitting before Darcy. Junior sits nearby.

93 DARCY (CONT'D)
Katerina, you are charged with
maliciously destroying the school
float. Would you like to confess
now so some of us can go to the
mall?

Katerina stands. A hush falls over the room.

94 (DELETED)

94A (DELETED)

94B (DELETED)

94C (DELETED)

95 KATERINA
<AHM> Your honor, fellow
students, I would like to say that--

%
%
%

96 (DELETED)

97 JUNIOR
(JUMPING UP) INNOCENT! And we are
going to prove it!

98 CROWD
<DISAPPOINTED GRUMBLE WALLA>

98A KID (O.S.)
Let's put LeBore on trial!

99 BOY #5
Float-trasher-lawyer!

100 ROCKY
Vile turncoat!

101 JUNIOR
Rock?!

102 ROCKY
Brah, that was a compliment!
Wasn't it?

103 JUNIOR
Oh. Right on!

They bump fists. Katerina steps up next to Junior.

104 KATERINA
Junior -- you don't really have to
say anything. (warning) I mean,
this could get pretty melodramatic.

%
%
%

105 JUNIOR
Kat, if there's one thing I learned
from clown court, whether it's
custard pie or your Flat Hills rep
-- even non-funny folk have gotta
stand up for themselves -- and for
the people they believe in.

106 KATERINA
(profound, realizing)
Of course. Or the Big Top of
justice -- will collapse!

107 DELETED

108 JUNIOR
(apruptly turning to
Darcy, sticks on clip-on
tie)
Your hotterrr! - hon-- honor! -- We
now present-- OUR EVIDENCE!

109 KATERINA
(to Junior)
We -- don't have any evidence.

110 JUNIOR
Oh yeah.

110A MARCELLA
(leaping up)
HA HA!! Did you hear that?! She
has no evidence, which proves she
is guilty! And if you thought that
was bad, just wait till you see--

110B KATERINA
OBJECTION!

110C MARCELLA
Wha?!

110D JUNIOR
(aside)
Ooh, good one, Kat. You been
watchin' some Hobo Court on the
side?

At this point, Katerina steps forward, acting the rest of her
dialogue in a funny, overdone, dramatic-lawyer fashion (playing to
the jury, etc.)

110E KATERINA
Judge Darcy, if it pleases the
court -- it was my turn to talk.

110F DARCY
(bored, limply flopping
gavel around at the
wrist)
Go ahead float-trasher.

110G KATERINA
Thank you.
(looks down a beat, chin
in hand, as though in
deep thought, suddenly
looks up)
Good afternoon, kids. How ya
doin'? This auditorium hot enough
for ya?

110H COURT CROWD (O.S.)
<MURMURED, VERY SUBDUED CHUCKLE OF
AGREEMENT>

ANGLE CROWDED SEATS, FAVOR BRACES BOY AND GLASSES BOY, sweaty, slowly fanning themselves with binders. They chuckle slightly, glancing at each other with a slight shrug.

BACK ON KATERINA, who nods with a sympathetic "whadaya gonna do?" grin, then moves on, slowly walking in front of the crowd, as though talking to a very big jury.

110J KATERINA
Now I admit -- I am a foreigner.
Maybe I do act a little "weird"
from time to time -- but hey, I
love floats, and -- prideandYES,
(HOMESPUN CHUCKLE) even chili dogs.

ON PURNELL, who gets a sappy grin on his face.

Back to Kat.

110K KATERINA
Thissss--

She suddenly, confrontationally strides up to Marcella, who flinches, startled.

110L KATERINA
--"Marcella Curd!" A moment ago
she said something that I found --
well let's just say... (drawn out,
milking it) interesting.

Darcy stops flopping her gavel around and listens interestedly.

110M KATERINA
She would have me produce evidence
that I did NOT trash the float.
Well I say to you that she hasn't
provided a single shred of evidence
that I did!

Kids look at each other, murmuring concernedly.

110N COURT CROWD
<CONCERNED MURMURING>

BACK ON KATERINA, who's shaking her head at them disappointedly.

110P KATERINA
(disappointed)
School pride. How can you have
pride in a school -- that allows
such a mockery of its mock trial?
(suddenly spins to Darcy)
Innocent your honor! Innocent of
ALLLLL charges!
(to the crowd)
UNTIL! -- PROVEN! -- GUILTY!

110Q COURT CROWD (O.S.)
<UPROAR HUBBUB>

Darcy <BANGS HER GAVEL REPEATEDLY>.

Marcella leaps up to the front of the auditorium.

111 MARCELLA
HEY! QUIET!
(they hush)
Who cares about a stupid school
float anyway? YOU won't, fellow
students, when you see that I,
Marcella Curd, have brought
videotaped evidence that an ALIEN
is in our MIDST! LIGHTS!

The LIGHTS DIM.

Marcella presses the PLAY button on her camcorder, which we see is
hooked up with a long cable to a big TV screen at the head of the
auditorium.

ON THE TV SCREEN. It GLITCHES a couple of times then plays. THE FOLLOWING PLAYS OUT OVER JERKY VIDEO FOOTAGE -- SOME SIDEWAYS, SOME UPSIDE DOWN, SOME UNFLATTERING CLOSEUPS OF MARCELLA'S FACE, ETC. -- BASICALLY IT'S A REPLAY OF THE FLOAT-COLLAPSING SCENE FROM EARLIER, ONLY SHOT BY MARCELLA WHO DIDN'T KNOW HER CAMERA WAS ON.

114 MARCELLA (O.S.)
And... CUT!
(beat)
Bwa ha ha! I have done it! AT
LONG LAST I HAVE DONE IT!

Everything trembles and <RUMBLES>.

115 MARCELLA (O.S./CONT'D)
Talk about shoddy workmanship.

ON JUNIOR AND KATBOT, who glance at each other: what's this?!

BACK ON TAPE: With the sound of <SNAPPING PLYWOOD> the image goes crazy, jerking around amidst pieces of the collapsing float.
<CRASH!>

116 MARCELLA (O.S./CONT'D)
Holy mackerel! I've destroyed the
Flat Hills Middle School Student
Pride Float!

The TAPE STOPS suddenly. The lights come back on.

ON MARCELLA, finger on the stop button, eyes wide in frozen realization.

117 MARCELLA
Could it be that I pressed record
instead of pause when I meant to
pause instead of record? <AUDIBLE
GULP!>

She turns, petrified, to face the crowd.

They're glaring at her.

118 MARCELLA
Better scuttle while the scuttlin's
good!

She grabs her camera and beats it for an exit. The kid-crowd runs after her.

119 STUDENTS
<ANGRY MOB "GET HER" WALLA>

PAN TO MEN IN BLACK, who get up.

120 (DELETED)

121 (DELETED)

122 STUDENTS
<ANGRY MOB "GET HER" WALLA>

They head for the exit and we PAN TO KATBOT AND JUNIOR, who smile and share a hackneyed law-show high-five. FREEZE FRAME. HOLD.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP STILL OF MARCELLA:

123 ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(same guy from Clown
court)

Marcella Curd was transported to
the Flat Hills Cafeteria, where she
was sentenced to three months of
hard tofu.

FADE DOWN, FADE UP STILL OF KATBOT:

124 ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Today Katbot lives in Ohio, where
she's napping and dreaming of
rodents.

TO THE ECHOING SOUND OF GAVEL (A LA "LAW AND ORDER")...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW