

Disney's  
KATBOT  
"Tell-Tale Katbot"  
Written by Mert Rich  
723A-140 V.2

\*

FADE IN:

**EXT. FLAT HILLS MALL - DAY**

A large, busy, single story structure. Above the entrance is a sign proclaiming it; "THE FLATTEST MALL IN AMERICA." We HEAR:

JUNIOR (O.S.)  
NO WAAAYYY, DUUDDE!!!!!!

CUT TO:

**INT. "CHEAPSHAKES" SHAKE SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

It's a typical looking ice cream shop. A sign READS: "CHEAPSHAKES, HOME OF THE WORLD'S CHEAPEST SHAKE." FIND JUNIOR and KATBOT at the counter, arguing. The gruff, middle-aged OWNER waits stoically at the register with TWO SHAKES.

KATBOT  
Yes, way. It is your turn to pay.  
And stop calling me dude!

JUNIOR  
Sorry, duuuuuuuuu--  
(desperately thinking)  
--girl, but recall if you will, I  
paid for slushies yesterday.

KATBOT  
True. With money you borrowed from  
me!

JUNIOR  
And I fully intend to pay you back,  
but I will have difficulty counting  
out my money without the sugar rush  
from a Cheapshakes brand malted  
coursing through my system, so if  
you could pay just this once I--

KATBOT  
But, Junior. This is just enough  
for that new "Spud Monkeys" CD that  
comes with the free julienne french  
fry maker, that you know I've been  
dying to get my paws on...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OWNER  
 Hey, you two, somebody pay me for  
 the shakes already--  
 (jabs his thumb aside)  
 --while they're young.

They turn to see:

A line of ANGRY KIDS stretching out the door, looking impatient.

Katbot turns back to the Owner.

KATBOT  
 Yes, sir. Sorry. Junior, pay the  
 man--

She turns to Junior and WE SEE that he's no longer beside her.

She then SEES Junior on his board in full crouch, SLALOMING  
 between the line of KIDS heading out of the shop with his SHAKE in  
 hand. He bumps into a few as he goes.

JUNIOR  
 <SLURP!> Excuse me, brah...  
 Pardon... Nice kicks, yo!

OWNER  
 (yelling)  
 Stop harassing my customers!

The owner gives Katbot a mean look. Katbot pays him with a five.

KATBOT  
 Here you go, sir. Sorry about  
 Junior - if he's not continuously  
 moving he'll spontaneously combust.

The owner takes her money and quickly makes change. He hands her  
 the change as she lifts her own shake.

OWNER  
 That happens, you clean it up. And  
 kid - Strawberry Cheesecake and  
 Tuna?

KATBOT  
 Don't knock it 'til you tried it.  
 <SLLLLURRRRRP!>

WIPE TO:

# **INT. MALL - DAY**

Katbot and Junior SEE PAULA exit "The Gup", a hip clothing store.

PAULA  
 (spreading her arms)  
 Well, well, well - if it isn't my  
two best friends!

Katbot and Junior stop with their shakes.

KATBOT  
 Okay, Paula - what do you want?

PAULA  
 I'm shocked that my best friends  
 think I'm being nice just because I  
 want something from them!

KATBOT  
 Well don't ya?

PAULA  
 Okay - you wanna make it all about  
 that, fine. There is this  
 painfully cute little top I want to  
 get for my aunt's pending divorce,  
 but I'm five dollars short!

\*

KATBOT  
 How much is it?

PAULA  
 Five dollars.

JUNIOR  
 (like "whoa")  
 Choa! I'm totally tapped.

KATBOT  
 Wish I could help but I only have  
 three. See.

Katbot pulls out her money to SEE a FIVE DOLLAR BILL sitting right  
 on top of two ONE DOLLAR BILLS.

PAULA  
 (condescendingly)  
 Okay Kat, here on Earth we try not  
 to lie to our best friend's face.

KATBOT  
 Huh?

Paula's hand reaches out for the bill.

JUNIOR  
 Cool, that cranky shake shop dude  
 gave you the wrong change-age!

\*

Paula retracts her hand.

PAULA

Ew! Okay, no thanks. I could never face my aunt with a top bought with tainted money. You have to return that, Kat.

KATBOT

I do--?

JUNIOR

Don't be wackadoodle! It's an unwritten law - "He who makes incorrect change-age shall suffer the truth and consequences."

Paula and Junior turn to Kat and await her decision. She looks at the money.

KATBOT

Well he was kinda mean to us...

Then pockets the cash.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - DAY**

PAULA, JUNIOR and KATBOT approach -

KATBOT

Um, I can almost taste those Spud Monkey fries already.

PAULA

(concerned)

Don't go there, Kat. Trust me. I speak from experience.

Junior rides his board past her.

JUNIOR

Why not lighten up on the Katster, Paula. And bask in the totality of her good fortune.

KATBOT

(defensive)

Yeah, take a chill pill!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PAULA

Okay, well, you might be feeling pretty happy now. But wait till the guilt starts.

JUNIOR

<BELCH! LIP-SMACKS...>

(as if tasting fine wine)

You mean the guilt that got us those free malted milk shakes with the subtle pepperoni notes... and an elegant gumball finish?

PAULA

(to Katbot)

Let me explain this to you. Once I went to the Flat Hills Ninetyplex to see a movie and a girl asked if the seat next to me was taken. I told her it was and as she walked away she tripped and spilled her mega-bag of butter popcorn all over the floor and ran out of the theater crying.

KATBOT

Why would you feel guilty about that?

PAULA

(intense)

Don't you see? I lied. The seat wasn't taken... I just like to put my feet up! Her sobs haunted me for months.

Junior wizzes by on his board again.

KATBOT

But I didn't steal anything! I just--

JUNIOR

Forget her. Eating spilled popcorn is cool. Extra nourishment in every bite.

JUNIOR hits a tiny PEBBLE.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!

The board launches out from underneath him <WHOOSH>, and he falls with a SPLAT!

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
Ow! I fell on my phone.

\*  
\*

Off Kat's concerned look.

WIPE TO:

**INT. PROFESSOR MEEW'S OFFICE - DAY**

PROFESSOR MEEW talks to Katbot on his laptop.

KATBOT  
If I hadn't counted my change in  
the first place, no one would even  
know!

PROFESSOR MEEW  
But now that they do, you're  
feeling your first rumblings of  
something called... guilt, right?

KATBOT  
Yes! That's it! A teensy bit.  
Can you advise?

PROFESSOR MEEW  
Hmm, not really. We don't  
experience that here. In Katatonia  
robot cashiers never give the wrong  
change!  
(leans into screen)  
Erm... what is that in your hair?

KATBOT  
Strawberry, cheesecake, tuna  
milkshake.

PROFESSOR MEEW  
That should make grooming fun!  
Meow for now.

**INT. KAT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Diving for the laptop to stop him.

KATBOT  
Wait Professor--! What about my  
guilty conscience?! I--

\*

But it's too late. Professor Meew has signed off. Kat SLAMS her  
laptop closed <THWACK>. More worried than before.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The house in complete darkness. Push in on Katbot's room...

CUT TO:

**INT. KAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Katbot tosses and turns in her bed, unable to sleep. She sits up and looks toward her dresser. The five dollar bill lies there. She <GULPS>. Suddenly, the bill begins to PULSATE and GLOW. MUSIC UP: "Hail to the Chief" filling the room.

Katbot is spooked as a spectral five dollar bill RISES from her dresser (as if projected holographically from the actual bill). ABE LINCOLN turns to her with penetrating eyes.

ABE LINCOLN  
Katbot, I know what you did...  
(calling back into bill)  
Hey in there, cut the music or get  
something more contemporary?

The MUSIC stops. Katbot sits up on the edge of her bed.

KATBOT  
You're Abe... Lincoln?

ABE LINCOLN  
That's honest Abe Lincoln!

KATBOT  
Oh, I... I... I...

ABE LINCOLN  
What's the matter, cat got your  
tongue? \*

KATBOT  
You could just be a side effect of  
that strawberry cheesecake-tuna  
shake I had today.

ABE LINCOLN  
That you didn't pay for?

KATBOT  
But I did pay for it! It was that  
cranky owner who made the mistake.  
Like five dollars can mean that  
much to the guy? \*

ABE LINCOLN  
It's the principle, Katbot.

KATBOT

Um... look, I'd love to chat but I  
have a math test tomorrow and I  
need my sleep.

ABE LINCOLN

Fine by me. I got all night.  
(recites dramatically)  
Four score and two milk shakes  
ago...!

Tight on KATBOT looking determined.

KATBOT

I gotta nip this in the bud.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Katbot kneels on the grass, patting down a mound of freshly dug up earth.

KATBOT

(pats down soil)  
That... should... do it! <WHEW!>

She sits back on her feet and wipes her brow.

ABE LINCOLN (O.S.)

(muffled voice)  
--Our forefathers brought forth  
upon this foodcourt, a new taste  
treat... Mmmmmmmmm-milkshakes!

KATBOT

AHHHHH!

Katbot quickly uses her front paws to DIG UP the bill, jumps up and runs back inside with it.

WIPE TO:

**INT. KATBOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Katbot paces the floor with the five dollar bill in her hand. The SPECTRAL BILL hovers right behind her, prattling on.

ABE LINCOLN

You chose the wrong bill to mess  
with, Missy. Honesty is always the  
best policy.

\*



KATBOT  
 Why couldn't I have been given a  
 ten dollar bill instead. What  
 could Alexander Hamilton do to me?

ABE LINCOLN  
 Don't even go there.

Katbot SPINS around and drops the bill on the floor.

KATBOT  
 Sorry about this, Abe, but --

\*

ROBO-VOICE  
 Loading, Katatonian Amber Ray.

\*

\*

ABE LINCOLN  
 Uh-boy - that sounds harsh.

Katbot ZAPS the bill - encasing it in an orb of AMBER.

\*

WIPE TO:

**EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Katbot affixes the AMBER ORB to a SMALL FUTURISTIC ROCKET LAUNCHER  
 on the Lebores' roof.

KATBOT  
 Nothing can penetrate Katatonian  
 amber, especially when it's  
 launched millions of miles into  
 space. Later, Abe-y baby.

Katbot hits the launch button, shooting the amber sphere, in a  
 midst of smoke and fire, up into the stars. She grins.

KATBOT (CONT'D)  
 Why didn't I think of this first?

CIRCLE WIPE TO:

**INT. KATBOT'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

An ALARM goes off. Katbot wakes up with heavy bags under her eyes.

KATBOT  
 <RRROW!>... what a nightmare!

ABE LINCOLN (O.S.)  
 It was no nightmare, girly!

Katbot looks around the room, her eyes wide in shock.

KATBOT

You!?

ABE LINCOLN (O.S.)

I may be sky high - but I can still  
see your house from here!

CUT TO:

**INT. LEBORE KITCHEN - DAY**

DELORE expertly FLIPS an omelette and turns to the table where  
JUNIOR and DICK sit as Katbot RUNS through and out the door.

DELORE

Katrina! No time for my Peruvian  
goat omelette? It's an experiment!

KATBOT (O.S.)

Save it for dinner!

SLAM! The door closes and she's gone.

DELORE

It won't keep!

JUNIOR

Cool, moms, hook me up with another  
bodacious splat. It's not that  
baaaaaaad (LIKE A GOAT).

On a concerned look from Delore and Dick we...

WIPE TO:

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

Katbot's SPACE SHIP comes upon the amber sphere floating in the  
void. A ROBOTIC ARM extends from the ship and grabs it - TINK!

WIPE TO:

**INT. KATBOT'S SPACESHIP - DAY**

Katbot flies her ship through space; the Spectral Bill hovers  
beside her in the cockpit.

KATBOT

(angry)

You made me miss breakfast.

ABE LINCOLN

They won't let you miss breakfast  
in jail.

(MORE)

\*

ABE LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Every morning they'll wake you up  
and force you to go to the mess  
hall! Neat, huh?

\*

KATBOT  
I told you, I didn't steal the five  
dollars - it was a mistake! Why  
are you doing this?

ABE LINCOLN  
I'm not doing anything. It's all  
going on...  
(taps her head)  
... right... up... here. Me? I'm  
just a little change you carry  
around in your wallet.

\*

Katbot REACTS and eyes the spectral bill slyly.

KATBOT  
A little change I carry around...?  
That's true - you've been my  
property since yesterday. Hang on!

Katbot leans into her steering wheel and the ship VEERS O.S.

ABE LINCOLN  
Whoa, Nellie!

\*

WIPE TO:

### **EXT. BURP N' SLURP - DAY**

Katbot walks up to the mini-mart, the spectral bill at her side.

ABE LINCOLN  
Ahhh, "Burp N' Slurp" - some sort  
of general store! You're buying me  
a treat? You are full of  
surprises!

KATBOT  
You have no idea.

Katbot pushes the door open...

### **INT. BURP N' SLURP - CONTINUOUS**

Katbot walks in, grabs a FRUIT PIE of a rack without looking at it  
and STEPS IMMEDIATELY to the COUNTER.

ABE LINCOLN  
Whadja get? Is it sasparilla  
flavored? I'm nuts about  
sasparilla!

\*

Katbot places the fruit pie on the counter. A TEEN CLERK drones:

CLERK  
Welcome to Burp N' Slurp - your  
junk food Valhalla. Will that be  
all?

The Spectral Bill peers over Katbot's shoulder.

ABE LINCOLN  
Ooooh, a lemon fruit pie!

\*

KATBOT  
(losing it a bit; at  
Lincoln)  
Shhhhhh-QUIET!

CLERK  
(thinks she's addressing  
him)  
Um, okay...?  
(whispers)  
That'll be one dollar?

She hands the Clerk her FIVE. The Clerk takes it and puts it in the register. As he closes the drawer and hands her CHANGE:

ABE LINCOLN  
Of all the lowdown dirty tricks!

WIPE TO:

### **EXT. BURP N' SLURP - DAY**

Katbot exits with four DOLLAR BILLS fanned out in her hands. Happy at last.

KATBOT  
I cannot tell a lie - George  
Washington I love you!

She kisses the bills and we--

WIPE TO:

### **INT. KATBOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE UP of Katbot's crazed tension-filled face - eyes swinging back and forth. PULL BACK to reveal FOUR GEORGE WASHINGTON SPECTRALS standing around her.

GEORGE WASHINGTON #1  
Sure I chopped down a cherry tree,  
but at least I came clean and told  
my dad!

GEORGE WASHINGTON #2  
I didn't cross the Delaware in the  
dead of winter so you could pocket  
five bucks, kid!

GEORGE WASHINGTON #3  
Hey, did Lincoln bad mouth me?

WIPE TO:

**INT. FLAT HILLS MALL - DAY**

JUNIOR and KATBOT walk along a familiar route. Katbot strides with purpose - a five dollar bill in her fist.

KATBOT  
I should have done this in the  
first place! Just go right back to  
that store and return the money!

JUNIOR  
Whatever. I'm without clue-age  
as to why I had to come. I slept  
fine and aced my math test - cha!

\*  
\*

They come upon "Cheapshakes". Katbot tries the door but it doesn't open.

KATBOT  
That's weird. Closed?

Junior calls her over to the store front.

JUNIOR  
Hey check it, Kat.

Katbot sees a sign in the window: "OUT OF BUSINESS". Katbot's jaw drops open HYDRAULICALLY.

KATBOT  
Out of business!? We're... we're  
too late!  
(looks up, imagining)  
This... this is horrible...!

As we push in on her horrified expression we...

RIPPLE TO:

**INT. "CHEAPSHAKES" - DAY**

A LARGE MAN in a black suit towers over the OWNER. In the b.g. a BIG MOVER wheels boxes by on a handtruck.

OWNER

Please don't do this! This place  
is my life - I live to sell kids  
cheap milkshakes and malteds!

BLACK SUITED MAN

You signed the lease, Gorbhanifar.  
You didn't pay your rent.

OWNER

But I'm only five dollars short!

BLACK SUITED MAN

You know the rules!

The large MAN grabs hold of the OWNER, picking him up by his  
jacket and throwing him O.S.

**EXT. MALL DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The Owner flies out the door and into the snow outside.

OWNER

Ooof! <SPITS OUT SNOW>

The black suited man appears in the open doorway.

BLACK SUITED MAN

(over-the-top evil)

Ha-ha-ha-HA! Now make your icy  
cool shakes with that!

(his mean voice echoes)

-with that! -with that! -with that!

RIPPLE BACK TO:

**INT. FLAT HILLS MALL - DAY**

JUNIOR shaking a zoned-out Katbot's shoulder.

JUNIOR

Hey Kat...hey Kat...hey Kat...

KATBOT

(coming out of it)

Mrrrrreow--!?

JUNIOR

Ohhhh well! You tried. Guess you  
keep the five bucks now!

\*

KATBOT

Are you blind?! Don't you see,  
I've ruined Mr. Cheapshake's life.

(MORE)

KATBOT (CONT'D)  
I have to find him or I'll never be  
able to handle money again! <SOBS!>

Katbot runs off, sobbing.

JUNIOR  
His name is actually Mr.  
Cheapshakes? Whoa. Dude found  
just the right line of work!

\*

WIPE TO:

**EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

Katbot has a computer satellite dish set up with information being  
fed in by her plugged in finger. Junior is at her side.

KATBOT  
From a fingerprint I scanned off my  
milkshake cup, my Kata-tracker Mark  
II informs me that Mr. Cheapshakes  
has moved to Florida... and that  
his real name is... George Lincoln.  
Go figure.

JUNIOR  
So what are you going to do about  
it?

KATBOT  
We are going to go hunt him down in  
Florida and return that money!

JUNIOR  
Whoa Katerina - my conscience is  
clear and this is one dude who  
doesn't travel well. I miss my  
pillow too much. And TV.

\*

Katbot reaches into the bushes and pulls out a jet-propelled  
SCOOTER.

KATBOT  
That's too bad because I could use  
someone with your skills to drive  
this Katatonian sonic sled.

JUNIOR  
My little robo-pal's been holdin'  
out on me! Time to fire up this  
bad boy and make it purr.

Katbot nods assuredly. Junior and Katbot hop on the scooter, don  
HELMETS, and are off in a <WHOOSH!>

CIRCLE WIPE:

**EXT. USA MAP**

A RED TRAVEL LINE starts out from Flat Hills, Ohio, making it's way due south.

CUT TO:

**FRONT SHOT KATBOT AND JUNIOR ON SCOOTER - DAY**

Katbot drives at great speed. Junior holds on, looking around.

JUNIOR  
Wow, this is one beautiful country!

JUNIOR'S POV: EXTREME BLURRINESS as the scooter's travelling at such great speed.

CUT TO:

**FRONT SHOT KATBOT AND JUNIOR ON SCOOTER - DAY**

This time Junior drives and Katbot holds on for dear life.

JUNIOR  
Now that's what I'm talkin' about.  
Sonic sleddin'!

\*  
\*

KATBOT  
Junior, remember to keep your nose  
up.

JUNIOR  
Right, got ya!

Junior lifts his head, looking skyward, taking his eyes off the road.

KATBOT  
Junior, watch out - it's the mighty  
Mississippi!

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. USA MAP**

The TRAVEL LINE has made a sharp left and begins moving along the Mississippi River.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER - DAY**

Junior and Katbot jet ski along the river. Terrified, Katbot's CLAWS are dug into Junior's back (painlessly) and her tail is POOFED OUT. They shout over the sound of the jet ski.



JUNIOR  
This is the bomb! Why didn't you  
tell me this thing was a jet ski  
too?

KATBOT  
(scared out of her wits)  
It's not! Hellooo! Water and  
robotic cats don't mix! Find land  
QUICK!

JUNIOR  
Sure thingy - My bad!

\*

Junior makes a sharp TURN. Kat looks like she's gonna pass out.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. OLD FASHION GAS STATION - DAY**

Katbot and Junior EXIT with SODAS in their hands as a puzzled gas  
station ATTENDANT holds a GAS HOSE looking for the scooter's tank.  
Katbot and Junior hop aboard and take off in a <SWOOSH> of power.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. USA MAP**

The TRAVEL LINE finally makes it's way to FLORIDA, and moves down  
the coast to MIAMI BEACH.

\*

\*

WIPE TO:

\*

**EXT. COOLCASH COUNTRY CLUB - POOLSIDE - DAY**

At a ritzy resort, Katbot and Junior approach the Owner, GEORGE  
LINCOLN, eyes closed, sunning himself. Their shadows fall on him.

GEORGE LINCOLN  
Finally, you've come with my drink.

George puts out his hand and brings it back in with the five  
dollar bill in it.

GEORGE LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
(opening his eyes)  
What's this--?

George looks over to see Katbot and Junior at his side.

KATBOT  
It's the five dollars you  
accidently gave me and caused you  
to lose your milkshake store.

GEORGE LINCOLN

My store?

JUNIOR

Look your shakieness, she can't  
take like all the blame - I  
royally egged her on - but  
returnin' the incorrect change was  
the right thing to do, I guess.

\*

GEORGE LINCOLN

You came all the way from Flat  
Hills for this?

Katbot and Junior beam with pride.

GEORGE LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Screwy, kids. Step aside, yer  
blockin' my rays.

Junior and Kat step away a few feet into a two shot.

JUNIOR

See, I told you it wouldn't mean  
anything to this hombre--

\*

KATBOT

(defiant)

Know what? It's okay. I finally  
feel better - and the voices are  
gone - I think that kinda means  
that being honest is just as much  
about not hurting yourself as it is  
about not hurting others.

\*

GEORGE LINCOLN (O.C.)

<SNIFF! SNIFFLE!>

They turn to see George Lincoln on the edge of his chaise, lip  
quivering, practically in tears.

GEORGE LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Kid... <SNIFF!> that's beautiful!

JUNIOR

(aside to Katbot)

Now who's screwy?

(to George Lincoln)

Nice to see you again, dude, sir.  
But we got to mojamatize - mom's  
making couscous tonight!

WIPE TO:

**INT. LEBORE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The family sits around the table finishing dinner when a news story blares over the television.

NEWSCASTER

And in local news, George Lincoln,  
retired owner of Flat Hills'  
"Cheapshakes" turned himself into  
Florida authorities...

CLOSE UP Television screen: a MUG SHOT of GEORGE LINCOLN.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

...confessing to shortchanging  
thousands of children over the  
twenty-five years he ran his "shake  
down" shop. We go now to tape.

CUT TO TAPE: George being led away in handcuffs.

REPORTER (O.S.)

What made you turn yourself in?

GEORGE LINCOLN

The honesty of one little girl and  
her goofy friend made me see the  
error of my ways!

BACK ON KATBOT and JUNIOR.

JUNIOR

OH yeah, it's just like I always  
say - "honesty is the best  
policy!"

\*

Katbot nonchalantly lifts her plate of COUSCOUS and MASHES it into  
Junior's face.

FADE OUT.

**END OF SHOW**