

**KATBOT**  
"The Mark of Curd"  
By John P. McCann  
723A-114 Revised Final-OA

FADE IN:

**EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - DAY**

ANGLE UP ON FRONT OF HOUSE, from the street. As we TRUCK IN TOWARD KATBOT'S WINDOW we see A LARGE, VERY LONG AUTOMATED TELESCOPE SNEAKING up toward Katbot's window, just UNDER CAMERA, and a little faster.

1            PROFESSOR MEEW (O.S.)  
Katbot, where have you been? I was  
about to send Katatonian troopers  
down to rattle your food dish!

**INT. KATBOT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Katbot talks on her "laptop" with PROFESSOR MEEW. She is slopping down a tuna melt.

2            KATBOT  
<CHEWING> Way to overreact, sir.  
I've been busy doing stuff.

3            PROFESSOR MEEW  
Oh really, what sort of "stuff?"

4            KATBOT  
You know, stuff-stuff.

5            PROFESSOR MEEW  
Stuff-stuff?

6            KATBOT  
Thing-stuff.

7            PROFESSOR MEEW  
Thing-stuff?!

8            KATBOT  
Junk-stuff.

9            PROFESSOR MEEW  
(did I hear this right?)  
What stuff?!

10          KATBOT  
You know, stuff-stuff.

11 PROFESSOR MEEW  
(slow burn)  
Kat-boooooot!

From o.s. there's a <TAP - TAP> of metal on the window.

ON KATBOT, as she quickly looks toward the window, alarmed.  
ZIP TO WINDOW. The telescope is bumping up against her  
window. <TAP - TAP>

BACK ON KATBOT.

12 KATBOT  
<ANNOYED CAT-GRR> Not the  
ridiculously-long telescope  
againnn...

+

+

+

Katbot <FZZZTS> her antennae and her hypnofacade changes to  
**KATERINA.**

13 KATERINA  
Sorry Professor, I've gotta go take  
care of something.

She steps off toward the window.

ON MEEW, as he looks, straining to see her as she walks away.

14 PROFESSOR MEEW  
(really annoyed)  
More terribly important "junk" and  
"stuff" no doubt?! Oh meow for  
now!

Meew's image VANISHES.

ANGLE WINDOW, as Katerina steps up. Marcella's eye appears  
in the end of the telescope, huge. It <BLINKS> a couple of  
times.

15 KATERINA  
(aggravated)  
Marcellaaa...

She throws up the window.

16 KATERINA (cont'd)  
(shouting out the window)  
Have you even heard of the word  
"privacy?!"

KATERINA'S POV -- as with a ELECTRICAL WHIR the telescope quickly retracts, disappearing into a bush in the middle of the sidewalk with a <RUSTLE>.

17 MARCELLA (O.S.)  
 (RIDICULOUSLY BAD BIRD-  
 CALL, THEN:)  
 No one here but us birdies!

+

+

The bush scuttles away, bumping into a car parked at the curb and setting off its <CAR ALARM>.

18 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
 STUPID PARALLEL PARKING!

The bush corrects its course and scuttles away toward Marcella's house.

ON THE VERY VEXED KATERINA.

19 KATERINA  
 <FRUSTRATED CAT GROWL> How's a  
 girl supposed to get any junk and  
 STUFF done around here?!

+

+

+

She SLAMS her window.

+

WIPE TO:

**EXT. FLAT HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY**

To establish.

20 CAFETERIA KIDS (O.S.)  
 <LUNCH WALLA>

**INT. FLAT HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS**

A full house. Katerina ENTERS FRAME carrying a tray filled with cartons of milk and a bowl. WALLA CONTINUES THROUGHOUT. Junior enters next to her (don't reveal what's on his tray yet).

+

+

+

20A JUNIOR  
 Whoa, Kat, that's a lotta lactose!

+

+

21 KATERINA  
 It's comfort food. Marcella's been  
 rubbing my fur the wrong way even  
 more than usual lately. It's  
really starting to get to me.

+

+

+

+

22 JUNIOR  
 The Curd is harmless. 'Cept for how  
 she's bent on your ruination. Hey,  
 where're we gonna sit?

+

23 KATERINA

Hm, we could sit with the jocks.

ANGLE ON JOCK TABLE: JOCK KOWALKSY, with a MASSIVE LUNCH in front of him, sits next to JOCK SCHMIDT, who has a MASSIVE LUNCH. They PUNCH EACH OTHER ON THE SHOULDER every time they have a line.

24 JOCK KOWALSKY  
I love food!

25 JOCK SCHMIDT  
Food rocks!

26 JOCK KOWALSKY  
Go, food!

27 JOCK SCHMIDT  
Eat food!

ON KATERINA AND JUNIOR. Junior looks wary.

28 JUNIOR  
Nah... those guys'd eat my mashed  
potatoes...

He raises his tray to reveal his tray, with a plate loaded +  
with a big, bone-in ham-sized-and-shaped lump of mashed +  
potatoes. +

28A JUNIOR (cont'd) +  
...which I've carefully crafted in  
the shape of a ham.

29 KATERINA  
What about over there?

ANGLE ON NERD TABLE where DERWOOD DRIPLEY is speaking to  
PURNELL ELLPURN.

30 DERWOOD  
So theoretically, Purnell, given  
the proper conditions, anything  
could become a gas.

31 PURNELL  
Except gas, Derwood. It is already  
a gas and therefore would become a  
liquid.

32 DERWOOD  
Touché Proffesoré.

33 DERWOOD/PURNELL  
We are the square radicals!

They attempt to give each other five but miss each others'  
hands. Purnell <SPLATS> his hand in a bowl of chocolate  
pudding, flipping it over with a <CLATTER> and Derwood slaps  
himself in the face, knocking off his own glasses.

34 DERWOOD  
(nerdy grumble)  
Chaos theory proven.

+

BACK ON KATERINA AND JUNIOR. Junior has picked up his mashed potatoes by the "bone" end and taken a chomp out of it, which he's chewing.

35 JUNIOR  
Nah, those brainy guys are dumb.

36 KATERINA  
(spies something O.S.)  
All right, then, the Elf Hat Club.

Junior looks.

She starts o.s.

ON A TABLE of BOYS and GIRLS wearing ELF HATS. (DESIGN --  
can we get a nerdier, more Keebler or pixie-like model  
(doesn't have to be pointy-ears though, can be floppy with  
big lobes like Dopey the dwarf) for the elf-hat boy -- he's  
too cute and normal looking.)

37 DELETED

38 DELETED (cont'd)

Katerina steps up with her tray.

39 KATERINA  
Hiya, Elf-Hat Club! Mind if we sit  
with you?

FISH EYE LENS: All the elves turn to her and speak in  
unison.

40 ELF HAT CLUB  
(creepy, high-pitched)  
Noooooooooooo.

BACK ON KATERINA, suddenly very creeped out.

41 KATERINA  
Funny. 'Cause -- suddenly I do.

Junior steps up next to her, dejected.

42 JUNIOR  
Still no place to sit.

43 KATERINA  
(sees someone o.s.,  
getting a crafty notion)  
Unless we sit next to... her.



QUICK BLUR PAN to DRAMATIC ANGLE on MARCELLA CURD, seated alone at the end of a long, empty table, surrounded by yellow HAZMAT TAPE. MUSICAL STING.

CLOSER reveals Marcella is talking into a TAPE RECORDER while eating a sandwich, inadvertently firing out enough FOOD PARTICLES to ensure privacy.

44 MARCELLA  
(Chewing and spitting.) Marcella  
Curd here, about to open my new,  
technically-advanced lunch box.

Marcella quickly opens the lid. A BLUE RAY fires OUT of the Lunch Box and strikes an empty chair, causing it to melt. Marcella nods in satisfaction.

45 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
That'll keep 'em away from my  
PB&BBQ sandwich.

+  
+

BACK ON KATERINA as she cranes her neck, suddenly very curious.

46 JUNIOR  
But that's Curd Country. Why would  
you wanna sit with the Curd?

+  
+

47 KATERINA  
Well I wouldn't. But still, ya  
know? We've gotta sit somewhere.  
And seein' as how she keeps buttin'  
into my business -- why not go butt  
into hers for a change? C'mon.

+  
+  
+  
+  
+

She heads toward Marcella.

NEW ANGLE as Katerina sits down at Marcella's table. (Her lunch box is open but not shooting any laser right now.) Marcella ANTICS in alarm.

48 KATERINA (cont'd)  
Why hello, Marcella.

49 MARCELLA  
You can't sit here. These seats are  
taken. TAKEN I TELL YOU!

50 KATERINA  
That's weird, 'cause I don't see  
anyone else. ANYONE ELSE I TELL  
YOU!

+  
+

(sitting up to see in)  
(MORE)

KATERINA (cont'd)  
So what's in the lunch box? Can I  
look? Huh? Huh? Can I? Huh?

+

+

Marcella slams the lunch box closed.

51 MARCELLA  
Nosey invader from afar, that's  
private! Mind your own sneezewax!

Marcella grabs the tape recorder and lunch box and rushes  
O.S. Junior approaches and sits.

52 JUNIOR  
Ah the joys of Curdless innovation!  
Kat, my friend...  
(starts carving a thick  
slice from his "ham")  
...you just earned yourself a  
savory slice o' spuds!

53 KATERINA  
(mulling it over,  
grinning, SATISFIED,  
SAVORING, "MULLING IT  
OVER" PURRING)  
I really got to Marcella, didn't I?

54 JUNIOR  
(serving slice into Kat's  
bowl)  
Uh, Marcella's gone. So let's talk  
about something more appetizing.  
(cheerful suggestion)  
Like mildew!

55 KATERINA  
(not listening, still  
grinning, with catlike  
savor)  
...I do believe I've activated my  
curiosity circuits... Buggin'  
Marcella was fun... It's like --  
payback... And if a little payback  
was fun... <CAT-WOMAN-LIKE  
RROWWWwww>

56 JUNIOR  
Uh-oh. Kat? (SOTTO) Your pointy  
teeth are showing.

57 KATERINA  
(relishing the idea,  
building)  
...Maybe it's time for a lot of  
payback...  
(MORE)

KATERINA (cont'd)  
In fact I think it's time this  
alien invaded a certain someone's  
very personal space...  
(beat, normal)  
I'm talking about Marcella.

+

+

ZIP PAN TO:

**EXT. FLAT HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL - OUTSIDE - DAY**

ON KATERINA, standing next to a video camera that's been set  
up on a tripod, FACING CAMERA. She talks to someone PAST  
CAMERA.

58 KATERINA  
 So I'm collecting information about +  
 Marcella, and since you're the only  
 kids who've actually been seen  
 "hanging" with her...  
 (looks down, into +  
 viewfinder screen, really  
 probing, leading)  
 Can you tell me something, y'know, +  
private about her? Something +  
embarrassing? +

CUT TO CAMCORDER VIEW -- ON BRACES BOY, who trembles, eyes wide, looking like a deer in the headlights.

59 KATERINA (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Maybe something she wouldn't want  
anyone to know?

60 BRACES BOY  
 (after a beat, mousy --  
 kind of like Chief  
 Wiggums' son on the  
 Simpsons)  
 Light bulbs scare me.

CUT TO CAMCORDER VIEW, GEEK GIRL #2 (we'll call her... hmm... how about... KRISTIN!). This particular Kristin seems to think she's "all that." She talks and moves with a blend shameless dorkiness and the attitude of a tramp from the Jerry Springer show.

61 KRISTIN  
 Her look, her moves, her style --  
 SHE STOLE 'EM ALL FROM ME, baby!

CUT TO KIP, who stares AT CAMERA with a droopy, open-mouth smile (like he's drooling, only there's no drool.)

62 BOY #2  
 You're purdy...

ZIP PAN TO:

# EXT. MARCELLA'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE MARCELLA'S FRONT DOOR. <SMACK!> a rolled up newspaper +  
 hits it and falls on the front step. WIDEN TO REVEAL A WEE +  
 LITTLE PAPERBOY (grade school age) on a bicycle (wearing a +  
 helmet) rides across the front lawn of Marcella's house.

ANGLE to show Marcella <BURST> out of a bush pushing a  
 POWERFUL MAGNET attached to the carriage of a barbecue grill.

63 MARCELLA  
You there! Off my grass!

She <FLICKS> a switch and the magnet makes <EERIE MAGNETIC WAVE SOUNDS>, and magnetic waves emanate.

THE BIKE'S FRONT WHEEL freezes to a stop! The boy and the rest of his bike flip over (the front wheel stays on the ground) and he's <SLAMMED> onto the grass.

64 BIKE BOY  
<OOUGH!>

ANGLE MARCELLA, pulling out a garden hose with a nozzle on the end, immediately starting to blast PAST CAMERA toward the unfortunate lad.

65 MARCELLA  
That lawn belongs to me. Scram!

ANGLE THE KID, getting blasted with water, as he fumbles to his feet and rushes away with his bike.

66 BIKE BOY  
<SPUTTERING, FOLLOWED BY FRIGHTENED WHIMPER> Sorry mister!

+

Marcella finishes squirting with one hand. With the other she's holding a POLAROID-STYLE CAMERA to her face, which she <FLASHES!> and a photo rolls out of the front, featuring the terrified Bike Boy.

67 MARCELLA  
I'm starting a file on you. Cross me again and you'll pay!

ANGLE TO SHOW Katbot, smirking in the B.G. bushes, as she rises up, spying Marcella.

+  
+

KATBOT'S POV: The Robo-Grid, as Marcella starts cranking up the hose on a hose reel.

+  
+

67A ROBO BRAIN (V.O.)  
Target acquired: Marcella Curd.  
Species, uncertain. Commence snooping, phase two.

+  
+  
+  
+

BACK ON KATBOT, as <FZZT!> She uses her antennae to change her hypnofacade to **KATERINA** and brings a camcorder to bear.

+

ANGLE MARCELLA, cranking up her hose. Katerina steps up behind her, taping her.

68 KATERINA  
Hey Marcella...

69 MARCELLA  
(jumping)  
WAAH!

She turns around, coming face-to-lens with Kat's camcorder.

70 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
What the?!



71 KATERINA  
Anything you'd like to say for the  
file I've started on you?

72 MARCELLA  
Hey! This was a private matter  
between me and my trespasser!  
(abrupt shift, raps  
camcorder with knuckles)  
Is this thing on?

72A KATERINA  
(comically over-sly,  
clever)  
Oh, it is on, girlie. As is the  
game. Is on. The game is onnnnn.

+  
+  
+  
+  
+

ZIP PAN TO:

**EXT. FLAT HILLS BASEBALL DIAMOND - POV KATERINA**

VIDEO CAMERA POV ON BRACES BOY--

73 KATERINA (O.S.)  
(more into it, crafty  
prying)  
If Marcella were an animal...  
(quick, as though trying  
to catch them off-guard)  
...what would she be?

+  
+  
+  
+  
+  
+

74 BOY #1  
A -- lightbulb?

CUT TO KRISTIN.

75 KRISTIN  
A mosquito -- who sucked all her  
cool moves...  
(sticks teeth out, does  
some really intense,  
dorky, uncool moves)  
...offa ME, baby!

CUT TO KIP.

76 BOY #2  
A monkey that hits.  
(beat, suggestive smile)  
When you try and kiss it.  
(MORE)

BOY #2 (cont'd)  
(raises eyebrows a couple  
of times)

ZIP PAN BACK TO:

**INT. MARCELLA'S HOUSE - MARCELLA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Marcella types furiously on her laptop.

77 MARCELLA  
(sotto)  
The nerve of that peeping tomcat!  
(MORE)

MARCELLA (cont'd)  
 First she invades our planet, AND  
 now my privacy? I'd better  
 increase surveillance on her.  
 (yelling)  
 Mother, I'm leasing bandwidth on an  
 intelligence agency secret spy  
 satellite! It's expensive!

78 MAMMA CURD (O.S.)  
 Do whatever you like, sweetie.  
 Momma needs her lie down.

<TWIG SNAPPING> Marcella freezes.

79 MARCELLA  
 What was that?

She rapidly CROSSES TO THE WINDOW and throws it open.

REVERSE ON MARCELLA as her narrowed eyes suspiciously swivel  
 back and forth and back again.

80 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
 Is the uncrackable Marcella Curd  
 cracking at last?

**(ACTION DELETED)**

81 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
 No aliens better be spying on me,  
 'cause I'll find out! Then the Fun  
 House of Revenge will open its  
 merry little doors!

82 KATBOT (O.S.)  
 (distant, BAD BIRD CALL)  
 No one here but us birdies!  
 <SNICKER>

83 MARCELLA  
 <UPSET GROWL>

She <SLAMS> her window, retreating inside. PAN TO SHOW  
 KATBOT is on the roof, with a sneaky smile, next to  
 Marcella's window.

84 KATBOT  
 And so the huntress slinks through  
 the night, cunningly stalking her  
 prey... ooooh, Katbot's instincts  
 like-ee! <DOES BIRD CALL AGAIN>

+  
 +  
 +  
 +  
 +

Abruptly a big, weird-looking BIRD flutters down and lands next to her, looking up at her with big, loving eyes, and <SQUAWKS BACK AT HER> just like she squawked, raising its eyebrows a couple of times.

84A BIG, WEIRD-LOOKING BIRD  
<BIRD CALL, LIKE KATBOT'S>

Katbot loses control and lunges after it with a hungry MEOW, The bird flies o.s. in fear and Katbot flies o.s. We hear a series of GRUNTS as she presumably rolls and bounces down the roof, then a loud <CLATTER> as she lands in a trash can below.

84B KATBOT  
<HUNGRY LUNGING MEOW, followed by two GRUNTS as she falls and rolls down the roof o.s., then a BIG REOWWWWW as she lands loudly in a TRASH CAN o.s.>

WIPE TO:

**INT. LEBORE LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Junior sits on the couch eating CHIPS. Junior holds up a chip.

85 JUNIOR  
Y'know if you stare at a chip long enough you see a face. (TO CHIP)  
Hello Mister Chip, why so sad today? Fear not, I shall spare you.

WIDER TO INCLUDE KATBOT AS SHE ENTERS. (Note, Katbot's starting to act more and more obsessed -- more like Marcella, but not too far yet.)

86 KATBOT  
You're all heart, Junior, but listen to this: my plan is totally going according to plan! Marcella is freaking out! She hated me before, but she really hates me now!

87 JUNIOR  
Maybe 'cause you're spying on her?

88 KATBOT  
I'm not spying. I'm teaching her a  
valuable lesson about invading  
someone's privacy.

89 JUNIOR  
By being a Curd-Clone. +

90 KATBOT  
I'm not a Curd-Clone! No, it's  
totally different. See, Marcella is  
following me around with her nose  
in my business. I'm following her  
around with my nose in her business  
but this time it's me. Get it?  
It's so obvious.

She swaggers out of the room. Junior holds up his chip.

91 JUNIOR  
(to the chip)  
Did you get that, Mister Chip?  
(beat, listens to chip, +  
reacts)  
What?! You callin' me stupid? You +  
shall pay the ultimate price! +

He vindictively <CRUNCHES> it in his mouth.

ZIP PAN TO:

**EXT. FLAT HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL - POV KATERINA**

CAMCORDER POV -- ON BRACES BOY, still looking terrified. +  
 Katerina even sounds more into it. +

92 KATERINA (O.S.)  
 So, video subjects, any final words  
 to add to my dossier on the evil, +  
evil Marcella Curd? +

93 BRACES BOY  
 I'm also scared of fluorescent  
 lighting. And trees. And milk  
 shakes. They're too thick, too +  
thick I tell you! +

CUT TO CAMCORDER VIEW OF KRISTIN.

94 KRISTIN  
 Watch out for her, yo? She got no  
 respect for no-body. You know what  
 I'm sayin'.

CUT TO CAMCORDER VIEW OF KIP.

95 BOY #2  
 She's a treacherous, treacherous  
 woman.  
 (nerdy sexy-guy turn-on  
 grin)  
 Just the way I like 'em.

ZIP PAN TO:

**EXT./INT. MARCELLA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Marcella stands at a CHALK BOARD DIAGRAM. Very intricate.  
 She has designed some kind of trap involving a FALLING NET.

96 MARCELLA  
 Very well, if Katerina Botenski +  
 wants to play my game, I shall be +  
 only too happy to oblige her. I +  
 will use her alien arrogance to +  
 capture her in an elaborate trap +  
 and be rid of her once and for +  
 evermore! Bwa ha-- +

<FLOOR BOARD CREAK> She ANTICS in fear.

97 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
 (yells)  
 Mother, was that you?  
 (MORE)

MARCELLA (cont'd)  
Because FYI, I'm being spied upon  
by person or persons unknown and  
I'm preparing unpleasant counter-  
measures!

+

98 MAMMA CURD (O.S.)  
 You go, sweetie. Momma's beyond  
 tired.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. CURD HOUSE - DAY**

KATERINA, hidden in a bush with a tape recorder, watches  
 as...

Marcella darts behind trees, bushes, parked cars, trying not  
 to be seen.

99 MARCELLA  
 (a little too loud)  
 Well, I'm off to a variety of  
 stores to purchase many strange and  
 secretive things. (LOUD CAREFREE  
 HUMMING, THEN:) I hope no one sees  
 me for that would ruin everything!

+

100 KATERINA  
 (into tape recorder)  
 Katbot here. The Curd girl is soooo  
 transparent trying to lure me into  
 tailing her. (BEAT) And yet...I  
 can't resist it!  
 (a la Marcella, with lisp)  
 Stupid cat curiosity! Tail her I  
must!

+

+

+

+

She heads after Marcella.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

Marcella peeks out from behind a NEWSPAPER BOX. She creeps  
 off to:

A STORE ENTRANCE. She looks left and right.

101 MARCELLA  
 (to herself)  
 Here kitty kitty kitty kitty...

A bunch of <MEWING> STRAY CATS run up and start rubbing  
 against her ankles.



102 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
Not you, ya mangy alley cats!  
(shakes one off her foot)  
Get away from me!

Marcella ducks inside the store: WHEEZER SPORTING GOODS. HOLD ON ENTRANCE A BEAT as Katerina darts INTO FRAME. The kittens <MEW> woefully at her.

103 KATERINA  
 Strong language, my feline friends, +  
 but for Curd those surly words are +  
 deserved. I'm off! +

She sneaks into the store, stalking Marcella.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY**

Marcella carries a bag. Marcella slows then . . .

She suddenly pivots, running back the way she came as if hoping to catch some elusive pursuer.

TILT UP to show Katerina, poised on a window ledge, watching. She nimbly leaps DOWN INTO FRAME like a cat and then follows Marcella.

WIPE TO:

**INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY**

Marcella pushes a cart decisively down the aisles. She holds a SHOPPING LIST and her RECORDER in one hand and pushes the cart with the other.

Eyes on her shopping list, Marcella fails to notice Katerina's head IN VIEW watching her from between two large CANS of olive oil. We leave Katerina behind as CAMERA FOLLOWS Marcella.

Marcella grabs a JAR off the shelf.

104 MARCELLA  
 (whisper into recorder)  
 My foolproof plan is working  
 without proving me a fool!

She resumes down the aisle.

105 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
 (into recorder)  
 Soon, I'll be rid of this pesky  
 puss, and nothing will separate me  
 from the tingly presence of Junior  
 Lebores.

She pulls out Junior's PICTURE and starts kissing it.

106 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
<KISS! KISS! KISS!>

Then she <SLAPS> her own face, stopping.

107 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
Stop it Marcella! Scheme now,  
romance later.

She takes a breath and tosses more stuff in her cart.

108 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
(a little too loud)  
Milk, sardines and sticky clam  
jelly - check!  
(loudly into recorder, bad  
acting)  
My supply gathering is complete! I  
sure hope no one has seen me!

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Marcella pushes her cart to the checkout stand.

109 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
(whispers into recorder)  
If Miss Alien pants wants to follow  
me, then she'll walk right into my  
trap. <LOW SINISTER CHUCKLE>  
(to O.S. CLERK)  
Slow down, sister. I have clam  
jelly coupon.

TILT UP to FIND KATERINA, clinging to the CEILING of the store by her fingers (like claws), keenly observing the transaction below.

110 KATERINA  
(to self)  
<intrigued "Hmmm" purr>

WIPE TO:

### **INT. JUNIOR'S ROOM - EVENING**

Junior lays sprawled across the floor with headphones on listening to music, when **KATBOT** BURSTS INTO FRAME carrying a LARGE BROWN PARCEL.

She cat-leaps over Junior and CROSSES to the window, peering out at Marcella's house O.S. Junior reacts by pulling off his headphones. (Board: This enables him to hear what she's about to say.)

+

+

+

111 KATBOT  
 Marcella was at the sporting goods store. Then she bought a bunch of food. Good food. Yummy food. Stuff I like.

Katbot tears open the parcel. Her hands TRANSFORM INTO VARIOUS TOOLS (SCREWDRIVER, PLIERS, POWER DRILL) as she rapidly assembles some kind of LONG CYLINDER that fits on a TRIPOD. (We aren't quite sure what it is yet.)

112 KATBOT (cont'd)  
 She has a plan of some sort. I don't know what it is, but I *will* know, soon enough.  
 (a la Marcella, no lisp)  
 Oh yes, and when I know, then I'll know all there is to know! Bwa ha ha ha!!

Katbot sets up the item she's been working on. We now see it's a big COLLAPSIBLE TELESCOPE mounted on a tripod.

113 JUNIOR  
 Aw Dude, you've gone all Curdly on me.

114 KATBOT  
 Oh, right. I'm the one who's spying, slinking, sniffing out her every move, interviewing everyone who's ever known her, making her life miserable. Cool telescope, huh?

Junior faces her, sternly.

115 JUNIOR  
 Kat... I'm gonna tell you...a story. About a little...cat...who did something the same as an...evil little person and learned a valuable lesson in...not doing stuff the same as someone else... 'cause it's bad. The end.

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116 KATBOT  
 (SNIFF SNIFF)  
 Do you smell sardines?

117 JUNIOR  
 That would be my laundry hamper.

118 KATBOT  
 (SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF)  
 No, it's definitely sardines.  
 (SNIFF SNIFF, toward  
 window)  
 And something tells me it's coming -  
 - from her house!  
 (whips out recorder)  
 Katbot here. The Curd girl's  
 strange and mysterious plan seems  
 to be in motion. I'm off to  
 investigate!

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She scuttles out.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - YARD FACING MARCELLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Katbot follows a trail of sardines to a ground-level window in Marcella's house.

119 KATBOT  
 Hmmm... a tantalizing trail of  
 salty sea-treats. How suspiciously  
 suspicious... (GIVING IN TO  
 SCINTILLATING MORSELS) And  
 delectably delicious.

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She tosses one into her mouth with a look of bliss.

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119A KATBOT (cont'd)  
 Mmmm... MMMMM...  
 (suddenly SPITS IT OUT)  
 Focus Katbot, FOCUS!  
 (SLAPS HERSELF TWICE)  
 Snoop now, snack later.

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She <ZAPS> herself into **KATERINA**. Then she stoops to push open the window.

**INT. MARCELLA CURD'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

**KATERINA** drops in through the window, landing on all fours, ultra-alert. She gets up, pressing herself against the wall in a super-sleuthing pose.

KATERINA'S POV -- Sardines lead to the center of the floor, where A FLOOR LAMP shines on a chalk circle. In the center of the circle is a LARGE TOY CHEST. A ROPE hangs above the chest, suspended from the ceiling.

NEW ANGLE, as Katerina enters... carefully walks up to the chest...

120 KATERINA  
(sotto)  
Hmm, a diabolical plot, or a peace offering? Let's find out.  
(calls out softly)  
Marcella?  
(abrupt shift)  
Hey, Marcella!

Marcella POPS UP from inside the box and <FLASHES> a snapshot of Katerina, who ANTICS WILDLY, reacting from the flash!

121 KATERINA (cont'd)  
WAAAGH!

122 MARCELLA  
There! How's it feel, you  
Unidentified Prying Object?! Proof  
that you are here as a spy for your  
dastardly leaders! But! What you  
don't know, is that I have a direct  
line to the government of Earth.

+

She produces a CORDLESS PHONE, and hits <SPEED DIAL>

123 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
Hello, government? Send back-ups,  
I have the alien in my basement!  
(to Katbot)  
Ha ha, no way you can beat THAT!

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124 KATERINA  
Ha HA!  
(whips out communicator  
device, HITS <SPEED  
DIAL>)  
What you don't know is that I have  
a direct line to the government of  
my planet--

125 MARCELLA  
(leaning in, eyes wide  
with freakish  
anticipation)  
Yes? YESSS??? Government of your  
WHAAAAAAT?!

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125A KATERINA  
(to herself, slowly coming  
around)  
I can't believe I almost revealed  
everything... I've been acting like  
such a creep...

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126 PROFESSOR MEEW (V.O.)  
(over phone, still pissy)  
Hello? Now what is it? More  
"junk" and "stuff" I suppose?

Katerina stares, frozen, aghast at what she almost did.



127 KATERINA  
Uh... wrong number!

She <SNAPS> her phone shut.

128 MARCELLA  
Give in to the urge, alien. You  
and I -- the huntress and the  
hunted -- we're two sides of the  
same sweaty coin! Join with me.  
Tell me your secrets.  
(MORE)

+

MARCELLA (cont'd)  
 Together we'll be unstoppably  
 obnoxious!

129 KATERINA  
 You're wrong, Marcella. I'm not  
 like you. I have my own life --  
 and I'm not about to give it up so  
 I can spy on someone else's.  
 You're on your own.

She turns to leave.

130 MARCELLA  
 Oh I beg to differ...

Marcella quickly yanks the rope and leaps back in triumph.

131 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
 <GLEEFUL CACKLING -- get long>

TILT UP ALONG THE ROPE to show:

ON OVERHEAD PIPE: the rope is secured to a BUCKET OF WATER.  
 The bucket tips and water pours DOWN INTO:

A SHOVEL BLADE. As the blade fills with water, the shovel  
 handle raises, flipping a BASKETBALL across the basement  
 where it strikes a:

METAL BARBECUE GRILL. The basketball bounces off the grill  
 and UP where it trips the release for a: HUGE VOLLEYBALL NET.  
 The net swings down toward:

The net closes on Marcella, trapping her.

132 MARCELLA (cont'd)  
 <STOPS CACKLING ABRUPTLY>  
 (deadpan)  
 Why didn't I anticipate this?

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. FLAT HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL - SCHOOLYARD - DAY**

Katerina and Junior relax behind a tree, sitting on the  
 ground.

133 KATERINA

I'm glad that's over. From now on,  
no more stickin' my whiskers into  
other peoples' business -- it's  
just askin' for trouble. Thanks  
for unsuccessfully trying to  
explain that.

134 JUNIOR  
It's what I'm here for.

Katerina peers around the tree to see Marcella chatting with Braces Boy, Kristen and Kip.

135 KATERINA  
Anyway, something good seems to have come of it - Marcella's reconnected with her old friends.  
(beat; frustrated)  
I only wish I could hear what they're saying!

136 JUNIOR  
(warning)  
Dude...

137 KATERINA  
Psyche!

SWISH TO:

Marcella grilling the three interviewees.

138 MARCELLA  
So...did the obsessive alien ask you anything about me?

139 BRACES BOY  
I like aliens.

140 KRISTIN  
Represent, girlfriend. Uh-uh! You stole that alien conspiracy noise from me!

141 KIP  
I always thought YOU were the alien...  
(CLOSER, raising eyebrows)  
And I'm up for an alien abduction, if you know what I mean.

142 MARCELLA  
WHAT a bunch of LOSERS. May they someday follow in my footsteps -- and become half as cool as me!  
Curd out!

WIPE TO BLACK.

**END OF SHOW**