

Disney's
KATERINA
"What's the Point?"
723A-142 V.2

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKY'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

As we push in on the GARAGE we hear what sounds like someone DROPPING AN ELECTRIC GUITAR on the floor. <BWAANGG!> Then we hear someone drawing a VIOLIN BOW across the HIGH STRINGS of another ELECTRIC GUITAR. <FWEEE-RRARR!> <BWAANGG!>

INT. ROCKY'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

JUNIOR and ROCKY stand in rock-god poses with guitars. Junior punches his with a boxing glove. <BWWANNG!> Rocky drags an archery bow over his. <FWEEE-RARR!> They bow and wave.

ROCKY
THANK YOU, FLAT HILLS!

JUNIOR
WE LOVE YOU!!!
(catches himself)
Uh - you know, as in how rock dudes
love a town, not as in like hearts
and flowers love-love.

*
*
*

REVERSE ON KATERINA and PAULA sitting on folding chairs.

*

PAULA
(rolls her eyes)
We know what rock stars mean by "we
love you", Junior. What we don't
understand - is your "music".

KATERINA
No, I liked it! It was... loud
and... very, very... loud. And
also really... happy!

*

PAULA
Boys are always happy when they can
make noise.

JUNIOR
See, P-dude, you do understand it!
We're a skate-dude guitar noise
duo!

ROCKY
Better known as...

Rocky and Junior JUMP FORWARD and strike a rock pose.

ROCKY/JUNIOR
BOARD SILLY!

KATERINA
Oh, I get it! Like skateboards
and... and you guys - good name!
Have you been playing long?

*

ROCKY
(proudly)
Nope! But we been a band for,
like, ever! See...

Rocky points to PHOTOS ON THE WALL: Rocky and Junior as BABIES gumming an electric guitar; as TODDLERS each drooling on their own guitar; as TWEENS exactly as they are today.

ROCKY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Me and Junior been kickin' out the
jams ever since we first picked up
guitars and never bothered to learn
to play 'em!

PAN TO JUNIOR AND ROCKY "posing" exactly as in the photo.

JUNIOR
And in one week all our not-real-
hard work pays off, as Board Silly
realizes their rock and roll dreams
by performing live for a screaming
crowd at the Flat Hills--

*

Junior holds up a flier: "FLAT HILLS HUMDINGER FEST!"

JUNIOR/ROCKY
(metal-esque scream)
HUM-DINGER!

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Amateur Band and Corn-Dog Festival!

ROCKY
You girls gotta come scope us, yo.

JUNIOR
And be part of the crowd that
drenches us with adulation and much
clap-age.

WIPE TO:

EXT. ROCKY'S GARAGE/SIDEWALK - DAY

GUITARS KER-ANG in the garage as **KATERINA** and Paula leave it. *
 Katerina holds the FLIER. Paula wiggles a finger in her ear. *

KATERINA *
 The Humdinger Festival sounds huge.
 Wouldn't you love to play there?

PAULA
 No offense, Kat, but I'm working up
 a good excuse just to miss having
 to be there. My ears will thank me.

KATERINA *
 I'd love to jam like Junior and
 Rocky - I'm a pretty good drummer.
 I've got a built in metronome!

PAULA
 You should join their group. They
 could use a musician in the band
 who-- well, they could use a
 musician in the band.

KATERINA *
 I don't want to crash their thing.
 I need a band of my own.
 (brightening)
 Hey, how about you and me--

PAULA
 Sorry! Strumming a guitar will
definitely ruin my nail extensions.

She holds out her hands for Katerina to see. *

CLOSE ON PAULA'S NAILS - they're extra long with what looks
 like little gold bars painted on them.

KATERINA (O.S.) *
 Oooh, pretty. Are those gold bars?

PAULA (O.S.)
 Tiny pound cakes. A dessert
 favorite of mine.

KATERINA *
 Fashion dilemma understood. I'll
 just put a band together myself!

WIPE TO:

ECU ON POSTER: "DRUMMER NEEDS BAND". It features a photo of **KATERINA** playing the drums, biting her lip in dorky drummer fashion. Her arms are JUST A BLUR, moving too fast to be captured on film. PULL BACK to reveal we are...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

KATERINA holds the POSTER against a TELEPHONE POLE. She places her THUMB against it and - KER-CHUNK! - staples it with her built-in THUMB-STAPLER. KER-CHUNK! KER-click. She frowns. *

KATERINA
Drat, out of robo-staples. Oh
well. I think I got the word out. *

PULL BACK AGAIN to REVEAL there are a half-dozen posters on every TELEPHONE POLE, FENCE and MAIL BOX on the street.

KATERINA (cont'd) *
Now to get back to the garage and
wait for the auditions to roll in.
May the best band win!

WIPE TO:

EXT. LEBORE GARAGE - DAY

KATERINA walks up to the LeBore garage, drumsticks in hand.

KATERINA *
<RANDOM HAPPY WHISTLING>

She PULLS UP the GARAGE DOOR - it rises to REVEAL THREE GOTH KIDS IN BLACK standing stoically just inside. Kat <SHRIEKS> and LEAPS UP onto the BASKETBALL HOOP hanging above the door.

KATERINA (cont'd) *
<CAT SHRIEK!>

HIGH ANGLE as VLAD, FAUST and LILITH - pale skin, messy hair, black clothes and eye shadow - step BLINKING into the sun, shielding their eyes. They speak in a studied monotone.

LILITH
Interesting reaction.

FAUST
A little too spirited perhaps, but
unexpected. One must embrace the
unexpected in this dreary world.

KATERINA

*

What... er... world are you guys from, exactly?

VLAD

(to the others)

She's odd. That's promising.

(to Kat)

I am Vlad. These are my cohorts in gloominess, Lilith and Faust.

LILITH

Your poster drew our attention. I liked your non-blonde pointy hair.

VLAD

I liked your glib 'tude.

FAUST

(with sweeping gesture)

We... are your new band.

Katerina SWINGS down and hangs from the hoop by her hands.

KATERINA

*

Listen, love the positive attitude, but you guys should know you are only my first audition!

FAUST

And your last.

Faust pulls a big STACK of Kat's POSTERS from under his cape.

KATERINA

*

Alllllll-rightie then.

WIPE TO:

INT. LEBORE GARAGE - DAY

KATERINA takes her place at her drums as the Goths look on.

KATERINA

*

Okay - so, what kind of music do you guys like?

VLAD

We're way into Lucretia Corrosion.

KATERINA

*

Never heard of her.

LILITH
 <GASP!> Lucretia is the lonely
 goddess of the deep, sad realms.

Lilith bends over and flips her COAT TAILS over her head. We
 see a LARGER THAN LIFE PORTRAIT of LUCRETIA painted on the
 inside lining (think Lydia Lunch meets Courtney Love).

VLAD
 Her songs are sputumy screams into
 the face of conformity.

FAUST
 (excitement seeping in)
 And she's hosting this year's
 Humdinger Fest - which is why we
 absolutely must perform there!
 (catches himself)
 Not that we, you know, care deeply
 about something other than misery
 and gloom, of course.

*
 *
 *
 *

Lilith whips out an MP3 PLAYER and plugs into Katerina's amp.

*

LILITH
 Listen. And be forever changed.

Lilith presses play and a SYNTHESIZER DRONE blares out of the
 amp with LUCRETIA CORROSION speaking in monotone over it.

LUCRETIA CORROSION (V.O.)
 MOTHER SAID EAT ALL THE FOOD ON
 YOUR PLATE/
 YOU DON'T WANT TO WASTE IT/
 BUT IF YOU EAT ALL THE FOOD ON YOUR
 PLATE/
 YOUR BODY JUST MAKES IT INTO WASTE
 ANYWAY!/
 CLEAN PLATE, SCHLEAN PLATE!

Lilith stops the music. Katerina seems perplexed.

KATERINA
 She doesn't sound too awful happy.

*
 *

VLAD
 What's the point in being happy?

KATERINA
 (sincerely tries)
 The point? Um... gimme a sec...
 because it's, um, well--

*

LILITH

Take the dinosaurs! One minute
they're standing around, happily
grazing on leaves or each other,
the next minute--

(slams fist into palm)

Bang. And asteroid hits the planet
and...

FAUST

O-bliv-ee-on.

KATERINA

<GULP> Yikes....!

VLAD

Then there's Pompeii - a thriving
center of art, culture and vicious
gladiator fights. Then one day VA-
FOOM - a volcano decides to blow
sky high and... <FFFT!> Gone.

Katerina stands and starts pacing.

KATERINA

I get it - like Planet Gloo-On!
One second it was there, then the
war-like Dog-A-Zoids needed a
parking lot for their battle
cruisers and - pfft! - gone.

FAUST

I haven't seen that movie, but it
makes the point perfectly - that
there is no point.

KATERINA

(covering)

Oh right, it was a good... "movie".

VLAD

It's like Lucretia sings in *Fall*
Above, Rise Below--

VLAD/LILITH/FAUST

(in unison, monotone)

PEOPLE ARE SHEEP, LIVING IN A BARN
OF COMPLACENCY. SHOVE THEM OUT THE
OPEN BARN DOOR OF "TRUTH."

KATERINA

Lucretia's right! Someone's got to
spread the message - to tell the
truth - to wake the people up!

CLOSER ON KATERINA - scheming.

KATERINA (cont'd)

And me and my new band - What's the
Point - are just the ones to do it!

WIPE TO:

CLOSE ON KATERINA now sporting a HIP GOTH HYPNO-FACADE -
complete with Robert Smith hair, eye shadow and black garb
(GOTH KATERINA).

KATERINA (O.S.) (cont'd)

Hey, What's the Pointers! Ready to
rock out and transmit our sonic
message of apathy and self-
loathing?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL SHE'S pushing a LARGE ALIEN-LOOKING
AMPLIFIER across the floor of the...

INT. LEBORE GARAGE - DAY

She "presents" the weird AMP with a Vanna White gesture.

KATERINA

With this! It's a HYPNO-FIER -
kind of like an amplifier, but...
more convincing.

FAUST

We're not gear geeks. But it looks
loud.

LILITH

We do like loud.

KATERINA plugs something into the amp and SWITCHES it on - we
hear a low <BWWWAZZZ> of energy as she does. She JUMPS
behind her drum kit...

KATERINA

Feel free to jump in and start
jammin'!

She CLICKS OFF A FOUR COUNT then plays an energetic, precise
DRUM BEAT. She looks up after a few bars - and STOPS.

HER POV: Vlad, Lilith and Faust stare quizzically, unmoved.

FAUST
How very strange.

VLAD
Katerina, what are you doing?

KATERINA
Um... playing the drums?

LILITH
Drums are Control Nine on your
keyboard.

*

*

*

They all whip LAPTOPS and TRIPODS out from backpacks or under capes. They extend the tripods and open the laptops.

VLAD
(deadpan)
Now we rock.

They each tap a key on their computers and a <SYNTHESIZED DRONE> pours out.

KATERINA
(dawning on her)
Ohhhhh... Control Nine on the
keyboard! Got it!

*

Kat pulls out her K-LAPTOP. She hits a key and a TYMPANIC THUMPING is added to the DRONE. Vlad, Lilith and Faust nod.

FAUST
Nauseating. You know, cool.

KATERINA grabs a mic and, standing still, begins to sing:

*

KATERINA
(moany monotone)
I GOT A QUESTION/
A QUESTION FOR YOU.

*

*

VLAD/LILITH/FAUST
WHAT'S THE POINT? WHAT'S THE POINT?

ANGLE ON KAT'S WEIRD AMP - the screen on the front vibrating with the loud music.

*

*

KATERINA (O.S.)
THE QUESTION IS SIMPLE/
SIMPLE, BUT TRUE.

*

*

*

EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see STRANGE SOUND WAVES drift out of the garage. PAN OVER *
TO... where they seem to penetrate THE HOUSE. *

VLAD/LILITH/FAUST (O.S.)
WHAT'S THE POINT? WHAT'S THE POINT?

INT. LEBORE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DICK sits at the table reading the paper while DELORE glues a picture of a flower to a piece of wood for decoupage.

DELORE
Oh, Dick, isn't that nice? The young people are playing their popular music!

DICK
Catchy! Reminds me of my first garage band, the Future Veterinarians!

*
*

VLAD/LILITH/FAUST (O.S.)
WHAT'S THE POINT? WHAT'S THE POINT?

DELORE
(cocks an ear; frowns)
Dear me, it's not terribly peppy.

Delore stands to take her MUG to the sink. She stops.

DELORE (cont'd)
My, that's a good question, what is the point? I mean why wash dishes? They'll just get dirty again.

DICK
Really, man. And the Kenyon's monkey is just going to eat more cigarette butts - what's the point of pumping his little stomach?
(lays head on table)
<SIGH> Nighty-night now.

DELORE
Why stand? I'm just gonna plop right down on the floor!

As Delore sinks to the kitchen floor, CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND WAVES waft across the lawns as A MALE AND FEMALE JOGGER run by. *

VLAD/FAUST/LILITH (O.S.)
WHAT'S THE POINT? WHAT'S THE POINT?

As the weird waves wash over them, they're jaws fall open and they stop jogging. *

MALE JOGGER
You know, my feet are killing me. *

FEMALE JOGGER
We run and run and never get
anywhere! *

They both PLOP down on the curb, hangdog. *

ZIP PAN DOWN SIDEWALK as a KID in PROTECTIVE GEAR skateboards up a home-made half-pipe, arcing through the air, DIRECTLY THROUGH the emanating weird sound waves and off screen. *

VLAD/FAUST/LILITH (O.S.)
WHAT'S THE POINT? WHAT'S THE POINT? *

He doesn't come down. CAMERA READJUSTS to find the kid lazing in the crook of a tree. *

SKATE KID
(bored sing-song)
What goes up always comes down.
I'm so over it. *

ZIP TO A TREE where a FAMILY OF BIRDS sits in their nest, happily <CHIRPING!> away.

VLAD/FAUST/LILITH (O.S.)
WHAT'S THE POINT? WHAT'S THE POINT? *

The Birds stop chirping, looking sad.

BIRDS
<CHIRPING... TRAILS OFF SADDLY> *

WIDER on the neighborhood as the WEIRD MUSICAL WAVES WRAFT... *

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

JUNIOR (O.S.)
 (top of his lungs)
 HEY, YO, KAT!

*

INT. LEBORE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Junior enters wearing BIG HEADPHONES with his GUITAR plugged into a WALKMAN-STYLE AMP hanging on his hip. He slashes a few unplugged (to us) chords as he SPEAKS TOO LOUDLY.

*

JUNIOR
 D'JA NOTICE EVERYBODY ACTING KINDA
 WEIRD-HICKY AROUND HERE LATELY?

He spots **KATERINA** lying on the couch with her own MP3 PLAYER HEADPHONES on and her GOTH HYPNO-FACADE.

JUNIOR (cont'd)
 (points at her get-up)
 WHOA - EVEN YOU'RE ACTIN' ALL WEIRD-
 HICKY!

KATERINA
 WUZZAT?!

*

JUNIOR
 SAY WHUT?

KATERINA/JUNIOR
 (points to her/his head)
 HEADPHONES!!

*

They both TAKE OFF their headphones.

JUNIOR
 Yo, what's with the dark and somber
 thread-age?

KATERINA
 I've turned my back on conformity.
 Haven't you heard the Truth
 emanating from the garage?

*

JUNIOR
 Nope - did sniff something
 emanatin' from the vet clinic--

*

*

KATERINA
 I'm talking about my new band.

*

JUNIOR

Ah, sorry - no have heard-o. Had
my 'phones on practicing up for--
(metal-esque scream)
HUM-DINGER!
(beaming)
You're playin', huh? Cool. You'll
dig it! Loud music, screaming fans
and all-one-can-eat corn-dog-age!

KATERINA

*

Junior, Junior, Junior... you're
far too excited about stuff.
(offers headphones)
Here... put these on and listen to
Lucretia Corrosion's message of
ennui, loathing and gloom--

JUNIOR

Maybe later! I gotta practice my
strum-n-point!

KATERINA

*

Yer-what-now?

*

JUNIOR

My strum-n-point! Dude, you know,
strum--

He STRUMS a weird noisy chord (it bleeds from his phones).

JUNIOR (cont'd)

N' point at the crowd.

He points to an imaginary audience, WINKS and head-bobs.

KATERINA

*

You poor... sad... happy fool.
Don't you see there is no point?

JUNIOR

Um, DUH there is!
(wiggles finger; points)
"The point" is this thing where I
aim my finger at somethin'! CHA!

KATERINA

*

No, you don't understand, what I'm
trying to get through to you is--

HER POV: Junior, tongue out like a puppy, BLINKS dumbly.

KATERINA (cont'd) *
 Oh, never mind.
 (walks off, shaking head)
 Clueless little lamb, will you
 never open your wooly eyes and see
 the open barn door of Truth...?

KATERINA exits. Junior puts his PHONES on - again SHOUTING. *

JUNIOR
 THESE WOOLY EYES'LL SEE YA AT THE
 BIG SHOW, KAT!
 (slams an odd chord)
 FLAT HILLS, ARE YOU READY TO ROCK!?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLAT HILLS CITY PARK BANDSHELL - DAY

A banner drapes the BANDSHELL: FLAT HILLS HUMDINGER FESTIVAL!
 Drums and amps crowd the stage. An enthusiastic AUDIENCE
 packs the lawn before the stage - kids, adults, bikers,
 seniors, hippies, yuppies. Many have corn-dogs.

AUDIENCE
 (chanting)
 Hum-ding-er! Hum-ding-er! Etc.

INT. BANDSHELL BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

PAN BANDS waiting backstage. Four MIXED ROCK TEENS; three
 pot-bellied MIDDLE-AGED GUY ROCKERS; four MIXED KIDS in
 MARCHING BAND UNIFORMS; Rocky laces up Junior's boxing glove;
KATERINA and What's the Point, in all their Gothic glory.

LILITH
 Look at these silly bands -
 propagating happiness, ignorance
 and bright colors.

VLAD
 When will they learn that it's all
 a futile, useless waste of time?

KATERINA *
 As soon as we hit the stage, my
 cohorts in gloom, as soon as we hit
 the stage.

They all share a crooked, satisfied grin.

EXT. FLAT HILLS CITY PARK BANDSHELL - CONTINUOUS

ON STAGE, LUCRETIA CORROSION steps behind the mike.

LUCRETIA CORROSION

(deadpan)

I am Lucretia Corrosion and I suppose I welcome you to the Humdinger Festival. I trust you are all enjoying the <GAG!> corn-dogs. I am contractually obligated to tell you there are seventeen corn-dog manufacturers represented here today. Clap if you will.

AUDIENCE

<CHEERS!>

LUCRETIA CORROSION

Now swallow your enthusiasm and prepare yourselves for our first local band, the cynical synth-goth-throb of... What's the Point.

She gestures to **KATERINA** and the Goth Kids as they step up to their laptops. APPLAUSE. KATERINA FLIPS A SWITCH on the strange alien AMP. Their INDUSTRIAL DRONE begins. WAVES emanate from the stage.

*
*
*

ON AUDIENCE, SMILING, as they start to bob to the beat.

TEEN GIRL #1

Good beat!

OLD MAN

It's helping my neck!

ON KATERINA as she begins to sing/moan in her monotone.

KATERINA

YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH/
BUT THEY ALL DECAY/
YOU WASH THE CAR/
IT RAINS THE NEXT DAY

VLAD/FAUST/LILITH (O.S.)

WHAT'S THE POINT? WHAT'S THE POINT?

ON THE AUDIENCE, smiles fading. They turn to each other as the band's TWISTED SOUND WAVES wash over them.

*
*

KATERINA (O.S.)
 YOU EAT YOUR DINNER/
 THEN CRAVE A SNACK/
 YOU MOW THE LAWN/
 AND IT JUST GROWS BACK

VLAD/FAUST/LILITH (O.S.)
 WHAT'S THE POINT? WHAT'S THE POINT?

TEEN GIRL #1
 Wow, um, yeah. What is the point
 exactly?

OLD MAN
 Say... who cares about these
 disgusting corn-dogs?

He tosses it over his shoulder. It hits a MAN behind him.

MAN #1
 AAK! Mustard!? My shirt's ruined!
 (then blankly)
 But I could care less.

WOMAN #1
 Who cares about this show? I may
 have nothing better to do - but I'm
 gonna go do it... slowly.

WIDER as the AUDIENCE wanders away from the bandshell.

AUDIENCE
 <DEPRESSED EXIT MUMBLING>

ANGLE ON EDGE OF STAGE where Lucretia watches the show. The
 other BANDS shuffle off in the b.g.

LUCRETIA CORROSION
 (nods, satisfied)
 Bleak, joyless, depressing. Nice.

*

ON STAGE as Kat and her band wrap up their song.

KAT/VLAD/FAUST/LILITH
 WHAT'S... THE... POINT?!

The MUSIC ENDS. Silence. Katerina puts a hand to her ear.

KATERINA
 Listen. That silence means our
 message was received, loud and
 murky. Our work here is done.
 (into mic)
 (MORE)

*

KATERINA (cont'd)
 You're welcome, Flat Hills! We
 reject you and your societal mores!

The all four turn and walk off stage.

*

INT. BANDSHELL BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

KATERINA and the Goth Kids PASS Junior and Rocky with their
 guitars, boxing glove and archery bow, heading for the stage.

*

ROCKY
 All right - we're on next!

VLAD
 You might as well go home.

LILITH
 Yes, silly skate-dude guitar noise
 duo - there is no longer any point.

JUNIOR
 The point - oh spooky ghost chick -
 is to ROCK OUT!

ROCKY
 (holds up his guitar)
 We come slinging massive axe-age!

JUNIOR
 And wield it brutally we shall!

They SLAP a high five and CHARGE out onto the stage.

FAUST
 Two more poor sheep in the barn.

*

*

VLAD/FAUST/LILITH
 <DERISIVE CHUCKLE>

*

*

KATERINA
 Odd - it's almost as if the music
 we played had no effect on them.

*

*

*

Katerina turns and goes to the edge of the stage, curious.

EXT. FLAT HILLS CITY PARK BANDSHELL - DAY

ON STAGE, Junior and Rocky jump in front of mics, pumped up.

JUNIOR
 Hello, Flat Hills! We are BOARD
 SILLY!

ROCKY

Are you ready to not be!?

They look out at the crowd - their faces fall.

THEIR POV: THE EMPTY, CORN-DOG-STREWN LAWN spreads before them. Way at the back a lone JANITOR stabs trash with a stick. He drops the stick and calls out from a distance:

*

JANITOR

Why not? No point cleanin' up.

*

Junior and Rocky's poses sink into defeated postures.

*

JUNIOR

Aw man, there's no crowd-age.

ROCKY

No screaming fans waving corn-dogs aloft in classic concert fashion.

JUNIOR

Maybe... Katerina was right about all that "no point" jazz-a-ma-raz.

ROCKY

Maybe... our life-long rock and roll dream really is over...

They look at each other solemnly.

ON KATERINA, glancing away, wondering the same thing.

BACK ON ROCKY AND JUNIOR as they BREAK INTO HUGE SMILES.

ROCKY/JUNIOR

NOOOOOOOO WAY!

JUNIOR

We came to rock, and rock savagely we will! A ONE-!

ROCKY

A TWO-!

ROCKY/JUNIOR

A ONE, FIVE, NINE, THREE!

Junior and Rocky JUMP up into the air and STRIKE LOUD CLANGING CHORDS and ANNOYING NOISY NOTES. It AIN'T MUSIC, but they flail away on stage with all their heart!

INT. BANDSHELL BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

ON KATERINA watching. The Goth Kids step up to watch. *

LILITH
The sad, pathetic skater-dudes are
playing anyway.

FAUST
To no one. How terribly amusing.

VLAD
They're just too dense to get it.

KATERINA
(wheels on them)
They are not! Rocky and Junior have
a dream - and they're living it! I
don't think they're dense, I think
they're brave and amazing... and
cool! *

VLAD
You're more deluded than they are.
Perhaps we were wrong about you.

KATERINA
Perhaps you were.
(getting an idea)
Perhaps everybody was. *

Katerina rushes O.S. *

ANGLE as Katerina sneaks over to her HYPNO-FIER. She plugs
something into it and sneaks off, unspooling more chord... *

NEW ANGLE/MIXING BOARD - as Katerina steps up to the MIXING
BOARD and plugs in her chord. As she starts TWIDDLING dials: *

KATERINA (cont'd)
Now to broadcast this signal over
every frequency known to cat - let
every piece of metal ring with the
rock stylings of Board Silly! *

EXT. FLAT HILLS CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

THE BANDSHELL VIBRATES with the STUPID GUITAR NOISE MUSIC as
NEW, GOOFY-LOOKING MUSICAL WAVS emanate from the shell. *

ON THE FROWNING CROWD as they shuffle away from the
bandshell.

They stop, as the GOOFY WAVES reach them - and they hear Junior and Rocky's MUSIC more clearly. They blink and look around. *

ZIP PAN TO THE PAIR OF JOGGERS, sitting on a curb, looking depressed. As the WAVES reach them, they look up, hearing the STUPID GUITAR NOISE MUSIC. Smiles slowly come back to them, they stand, limber up and JOG OFF. *

ZIP PAN TO TREE where the Kid in protective gear lounges. As the WAVES pass over him the TRUCKS ON HIS SKATEBOARD VIBRATE and he hears STUPID GUITAR NOISE MUSIC, he LEAPS to his feet on the branch, DROPS HIS BOARD onto the branch and KICKS OFF - jumping out of the tree... *

... and onto the home-made half-pipe below. *

SKATE KID
Yeah! Stupid is as stupid does! *

ZIP PAN TO A TREE where the Bird Family sadly sits in their nest. A CAR drives by below, its radio playing STUPID GUITAR NOISE MUSIC. The Birds start <CHIRPING!> happily. *

EXT. FLAT HILLS CITY PARK BANDSHELL - CONTINUOUS

A smiling AUDIENCE pours back into the park lawn.

AUDIENCE
<HAPPY WALLA/DIGGING THE MUSIC>

ON STAGE ROCKY and JUNIOR rock out with eyes closed. Katerina runs on stage excitedly.

KATERINA
Look, you guys! They're back! The crowd is back! *

Junior and Rocky swing around and see the crowd filing in. They STOP PLAYING and stare in awe.

JUNIOR
Whoa! Kat, did you work some crazy robo-mojo?

KATERINA
Maybe a little. Anybody with dreams as big as yours deserves a crowd! Life without dreams is-- *

She glances over at the puzzled Goth Kids in the wings.

KATERINA (cont'd)
Well, just dreary black and white. *

AUDIENCE
<PLAY ANOTHER ONE!/ROCK AND ROLL!>

JUNIOR
Care to sit in with us on our
colorful second rock number?

ROCKY
Yeah, Kat, hit the skins for us!

KATERINA
<MEOW!> It'll be a dream come true!

*

Katerina LEAPS BEHIND a DRUM KIT and picks up some sticks, as
she CLICKS them together...

KATERINA (cont'd)
A ONE, SEVEN, FOUR, EIGHT!

*

They slam into RIDICULOUS NOISE with a BEAT! With the drums
behind them, Junior and Rocky's GUITAR NOISE makes slightly
more musical sense; I dare say it... ROCKS.

AUDIENCE
<CHEERS WILDLY!>

ANGLE ON WINGS: Lucretia loses herself and DANCES WILDLY to
the music. The Goth Kids stare in disbelief.

VLAD/LILITH/FAUST
Lucretia!?

LILITH
You're... dancing? To this?

LUCRETIA CORROSION
That bleak sad goddess business is
all just an act - I love this stuff
almost as much as I do banjo music!

The Goth Kids all exchange a stupefied look. Lilith smiles.

LILITH
Thank goodness! I'm free!

She whips off her WIG - she's a BLONDE! She starts DANCING
with Lucretia. With a shrug Vlad and Faust join in.

CUT TO:

INT. LEBORE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dick and Delore, dressed in black, turn in unison to the FRIDGE, which vibrates and plays the STUPID GUITAR NOISE MUSIC. Shaking their heads, they snap out of their torpor.

DICK

What... what just happened?

WIDER as they take in their surroundings, finding themselves in a MESSY KITCHEN overrun with ANIMALS.

DELORE

Why is the house such a mess?

DICK

Why are all my patients loose?

They then look at each other - horrified.

DELORE

Dick...? Why are we wearing black?

CUT TO:

EXT. LEBORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DICK/DELORE

<LONG SCREAM OF HORROR!>

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW