

KID vs. KAT

(pka "LOOK WHAT MY SISTER DRAGGED IN")

Created by Rob Boutilier



With felines like this, who needs enemies?



SERIES OVERVIEW

Have you ever encountered an animal that just didn't like you? Maybe a dog that barked while you were trying to be friendly? Or a parakeet that nipped your finger instead of the cracker?

How about a cat that steals a truck, adds a 750 hp engine, radios the cops not to respond to emergency calls from your house, then attempts to drive you through the back wall of your garage?

Welcome to Coop Burtonburger's life.

Kid vs. Kat is about the exaggerated conflict between a demonically malevolent cat and the beleaguered ten-year-old boy to whom it has taken an inexplicable demented dislike.



MEET MR. KAT

When **Coop Burtonburger's** spoiled little sister **Millie** brings home a stray kitty of mysterious origin, Coop's idyllic life is turned upside-down.

From the moment that **Kat** entered their home, he had immediate animosity for Coop. Racking his brain to figure out what he did to the animal to earn this antagonism, Coop thinks it could be any number of things...

Did Coop see something he shouldn't have?

Is Kat still mad that he stepped on his tail? Cats *hate* that!

Is Kat staking his claim as the dominant male?

Does Kat want his room? (The sun does shine in the window just right and makes a nice pool of light.)

... or is this cat *not* the innocent kitty everyone else assumes he is and he's here to take over the **Earth?!**



THERE'S SOMETHING SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH MR. KAT

Ever met a cat that wasn't paranoid? Raise a hand to stroke them and they recoil like you're an axe murderer? Set down a bowl of milk with too loud a clink and they run like there are firecrackers beneath their tails?

Kat is no different. Except he's much more clever (and bald) than most cats. Because, you see, he's from an **advanced alien civilization**. Where exactly? Your tiny human mind couldn't comprehend it even if we told you. Just figure it could be in outer space, or beneath the Earth; in another dimension, or in the future... or in that locked room at the back of PetSmart.

Coop doesn't know any of this yet. He also has no idea that when he innocently picked up what *looked like* a TV remote he found outside, **he accidentally started a Self Destruct sequence when he randomly pressed the buttons, which destroyed Kat's only way home.** You could say Kat took that kind of personally. Like personally to the extent of **swearing eternal revenge!**



A lot of people think regular cats are pretty alien as it is. But give a creature that fussy and stubborn a real brain and some extraterrestrial technology and you've really got something to contend with! Meet an animal who doesn't know the meaning of the word mercy. **Until Kat finds a way back to his home, he's stuck here on Earth. And he's going to make Coop pay everyday that he's here.**

AND NOW KAT IS AFTER COOP

It's fairly obvious to Coop from Day One that Kat wants to ruin his life. It's little things... like the way Kat switches his backpack of books for a backpack of leeches. The way Coop occasionally goes to sleep on the couch and wakes up floating on an ironing board in the middle of the Atlantic. The way Kat oh-so-cutely turns the family TV into a death ray, disintegrating half the house.



Coop, no fool, quickly concludes this is no normal cat. It's as if Coop was James Bond and the creature was all 29 Bond villains rolled into one. Coop also senses that Kat's intent goes well beyond his own personal destruction. Coop believes that Kat, like Rupert Murdoch, will destroy anyone who stands in his way.

Kat's arrival has changed Coop's life in a big way. Yesterday, his biggest concern was how far he could jump on his bike. Today he's wondering if he'll live long enough to serve all the detentions he got yesterday when Kat replaced his history essay with 20 pages of the sentence, "Mr. Teacher, you smell like brussel sprouts."

NO ONE BELIEVES HIM

Coop tries to convince his Dad, Millie, friends, or anyone who will listen that Kat is up to downright evil. He's convinced that those naps in the sunbeams are recharging his nemesis with solar energy. His claws are 10 inch long blades of death (when fully extended). That fur ball he just coughed up is really a grenade. **The problem is, he has no evidence to prove it.** The WCD (Weapons of Cat Destruction) are always gone by the time anyone comes onto the smoking, debris-littered scene. As a result, Coop has about as much chance of recovering his once-proud reputation as the conductor of the Titanic's band has of getting his baton back.

In the time-honored tradition of little sisters, **Millie doesn't believe her older brother's ravings about her precious kitty.** She does recognize, however, that Coop is paranoid of Kat to an unnatural degree. She loves to mess with her brother, playing into his fears.

*"I don't know where Mr. Kat is now," she'll say teasingly,
"Last I saw him, he was getting all comfy in your
underwear drawer."*

In her mind, the scariest thing this could imply is some cat pee on Coop's gym pants. But Coop knows better as we cut to him using a ten-foot pole to trigger the Kid Trap that Kat has rigged in his room, powered by a dozen elastic-ankled socks.



His father always blames Coop for Kat's destructiveness. Dad sees that his son's behavior has certainly changed since the arrival of Millie's cat, but he never sees any evidence of Coop's wild claims that "the cat did it!" He only finds Coop standing amidst the devastation – Kat is never anywhere to be seen. He would love to go just one week without having to ground his son for destroying another part of the house and/or neighborhood. Dad doesn't realize that by constantly grounding Coop and not allowing him to leave the house, he puts him in even greater danger of the nefarious Kat.

Old Lady Munson next door is convinced he's a "juvie delinq," and has noticed that a path of destruction seems to follow Coop wherever he goes. And two other neighbor kids have taken to following him around with cameras to see what crazy things he'll do and say next. For them, following the crazy "cat-boy" beats whatever's on TV.

As soon as it started, Coop told his best friend Dennis that Millie's cat was out to get him. Soon this nugget was unintentionally leaked to the rest of the neighborhood. Now, Coop is widely regarded as a bit of a loon. This bothers him immensely. **Dennis believes him,** but he's of little help since he's constantly getting collaterally damaged on their missions. So Coop is pretty much on his own and his reputation is eroding faster than Britney Spears'.

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

So this household operates on a tripod of confusion, with:

- 1) Coop wondering why the cat hates him, and planning both his own preservation and clever anti-cat countermeasures,
- 2) Kat wondering what he can do to destroy Coop's world, and trying to puzzle out what the wily human will do in response, and
- 3) Coop's Dad wondering where his son's mind has gone, and trying to maintain peace in the house.



Until Coop figures out why Kat despises him so vehemently, he has to accept that the evil beast is here to stay, and now he's got to deal with it. The challenge for our intrepid young hero is three-fold:

- 1) - Foil Kat's every attempt to do him in (aka "Live to Be Eleven") and fight back with every resource at his disposal.
- 2) - Expose Kat's true intentions by solving the mystery of what he is and where he came from.
- 3) - Restore his own ever-corroding reputation, with his family, neighbors and schoolmates.

Coop is bright enough to recognize he's up against a creature that's slyer than Sylvester and wiler than Coyote. Now he's found that fear and desperation are the mother of invention. **Luckily, he's got Dad's workshop at his disposal for all the elements he'll need to build ramparts and cat-repelling contraptions.** It's going to be a tit-for-tat, kid-for-kat, no-holds-barred battle of wits with the gloves off and the rule book (and a lot of the furniture) thrown out the window.

Coop believes sooner or later Kat will tip his paw and the truth will be revealed. Parades will be held in Coop's honor! The town will beg on its knees for his forgiveness! He'll receive a Get Out Of Tests Free card from the Mayor! And the entire planet will step-up its vigilance against hairless, purring aliens!

But in the meantime, this feline sleeps only one hour a day instead of the 23 hours that are standard for his kind, so Coop can't be off his guard for a moment. Until he exposes this conniving domesticated-pet-look-alike, it's going to be... Kid versus Kat.

The series is classic Good versus Evil, except to Kat, the "Evil Being" who threatens existence as he knows it is just a 10-year old boy going about his life and the "Evil Being" threatening Coop is...well...an evil being!!! With no language in common, there seems to be no way this paranoid *pas de trois* can end. At least, not for 52 episodes.

THE CHARACTERS

COOP



Until all this happened, Coop was a smart, decent, well-adjusted boy. The kind of kid who delivers your newspaper for two years and you barely notice him. He stayed out of trouble, and pretty much everyone in the neighborhood except for Old Lady Munson liked him (but she'd boo fireworks!). He was by no means the coolest kid but he had no trouble getting picked for teams at school and teachers wished all students could be so enthusiastic.

His family has lived in the neighborhood for generations, and as a result, Coop knows every inch of it. Want to know the fastest shortcut to get somewhere on your bike? Coop's bike *wore* that rut in the old creekside path. But the fateful day Millie brought home that cat, or whatever it is, Coop's Huck Finn childhood went out the window.

He's gone overnight from being Jerry Mathers in "Leave It To Beaver"... to Kiefer Sutherland in "24"... from trying to decide whether to pick the red or the green apples in his backyard...to trying to decide whether to cut the red or the green wire on the device in his gym bag. He'll now need to rely upon all the ingenuity he's got in order to save his life on a daily basis.

Coop's the only one who sees how dangerous Millie's pussycat is. The danger was pretty hard to ignore after he woke up from napping near the cat to find himself wrapped from head to toe in bandages and on display in the Cairo Museum. He's also smart enough to realize the cat wants him out of the way for a reason. But what is that reason? He must gather evidence, make plans, plot his strategy! Coop knows that if he's bumped off, there'll be no one left who knows this Kat is a threat to humankind. What will happen then?! Coop could be the last bulwark against Total Planetary Domination!

Coop's Dad doesn't believe him that the cat is a monster. Who would believe that a cat was building a meatloaf bomb, with an unstable isotope of paprika as the triggering mechanism? Kat's arrival has severely strained his relationship with his normally understanding Dad, who has taken to reading a lot of parenting books to deal with this new adolescent phase.

And Coop's sister Millie is no help. She's the "cute, little one" and is always manipulating their father into getting whatever she wants whether it's the TV show she wants to watch or the pizza toppings she wants to eat. That was annoying even before she brought home "Katzilla."

Coop finds Millie annoying at the best of times, but the best of times are loooong gone. Now that she's got this "Mr. Kat" she's become even worse. She dresses it up in ugly clothes and takes it for rides in her stroller. No *wonder* it wants to kill somebody. But despite viewing her as a spoiled-rotten brat, Coop is protective of his little sister. He knows she isn't colluding with Kat's poisonous plans – she's been fooled just like the rest of the world.

Coop's best friend Dennis is the only one who believes him that this cat's a demented alien MacGyver bent on his destruction. Coop's other friends all say "The joke's gone stale, man." Coop knows he needs solid evidence. He'd take pictures of Kat's evil machinations, but what's the use? He once showed his classmates a digital picture of Kat coming at him with what appears to be a combo lawnmower/guillotine. But they just mocked him, "Whoa, lame attempt at PictureShop, man!"

Things were a lot simpler for Coop when Old Lady Munson was the only mean, furry, wrinkled thing in the neighborhood he had to fear. Kat's violent experiments and devices often destroy Madwoman Munson's rose garden or lawn gnomes, leaving Coop guiltily holding the fuse, the bubbling beaker, or the Gnome Beheading Device.

(MR.) KAT

The Greek dramatist Euripides wrote, “*Whom the Gods would destroy, they first drive mad.*”

His sister must have had a cat like this.



What exactly is this hairless creature that Millie has loosed upon Coop’s idyllic existence? A mutant missing link signaling the rise of a new feline super-race? An alien from outer space? Perhaps it’s a creature of pure evil from the earth’s molten core intent on destroying everything on the surface above? Based on the way it’s behaving these are all valid hypotheses. Two things are certain: 1) it’s vile, and 2) to this hairless cat, Coop is a tailless mouse.

Except... Kat quickly learns his prey is no mouse. Coop is far more resourceful (and less cheese-crazed). But Kat can’t let his secret identity and mission leak out to the rest of the world and this “Coop” kid seems to be onto him.

No inconvenience is too small or too petty for this animal to visit upon his owner’s hapless brother. Kat goes after Coop with everything he’s got. He might try to...

- Ruin his attempts to earn his Senior Citizen Assistance Scout badge while helping Old Lady Munson (and getting him in even deeper trouble with *her*)
- Dig a hole connecting his Science Fair volcano to the earth’s core, so it will spew real lava and rocks
- Destroy all 15 invitations to Coop’s birthday party, one at a time, before they can be read by their recipients
- Get him expelled from school by creating a MySpace page in Coop’s name
- Provoke his only allergy by tricking him into touching cilantro
- Ruin Coop’s perfect school attendance and jeopardize his award
- Destroy his appearance for School Picture Day (and other kids’ for which Coop will be blamed)
- Send an insulting note to everyone on Coop’s email list, which Coop has to run around town deleting before they read them
- Build a FedEx box around him while he sleeps, addressed to a child labor factory in the Philippines

Kat doesn't SPEAK per se, but he does detail his twisted logic for us as he sets up episodes with a V/O diary entry:

“Today I see that the human boy is planning a pleasurable outing. He will need more than an umbrella for the storm I am about to unleash.”

If Kat overhears anything that's meaningful to Coop (“Isn't your school play tonight?” ... “Oh, I left your email account open in case you want to write to anyone” ... “Don't forget, you're allergic to cilantro” ...) his ears prick up. His enemy is on the move! Time to attack!

Advanced lifeform or not, Kat is still primarily a cat. He lies in the sun. He's curious. He climbs stuff without thinking how he'll get down. He leaps straight up in the air and runs around the house for no reason at all. He chases string, sunbeams, and anything small that rolls. The whole cat shtick.

It's often a lifesaver to Coop that Kat has these silly feline compulsions. The Alien never stopped chasing Sigourney Weaver because it heard the can opener in the next room. The Terminator never abandoned his pursuit of John and Sarah Connor to go play in an empty bag. And Hannibal Lecter never spat out a mouthful of stockbroker to go chase a sunbeam. But a solid plot to destroy Coop might easily be derailed by Kat's sudden urge to swat a dangling shoelace and a squirt-bottle can be enough to send Kat scurrying for the basement. Temporarily, anyway. Unfortunately, like all cats, he gets bored easily... and then it's game on again.

Kat (or Mr. Kat as Millie calls him) puts up with Millie, the freckled, bespectacled human girl who cares for him. As she spoon-feeds him, bathes him, baby-powders and hugs him like crazy, Mr. Kat bides his time, bites his tongue and endures the indignities... like a prisoner puts up with the jail guard he's planning to shank during the big riot.

As far as Dad goes, he and Kat have a simple, unspoken understanding: “You stay away from my workshop; I won't poop in your litter box.”

Kat's well aware that old lady Munson adores Millie. As a result, he tactically spares Old Lady Munson herself. Sort of how a Klingon might spare a Romulan because they know they're both really after Captain Kirk. He doesn't spare her property though. He knows she's going to blame all the damage on Coop anyhow.

The Kryptonite for Kat – his major Achilles heel – is a wicker cat bed that he's stupidly in love with. It has a filthy old ragged pillow on it, and it's generally falling apart. But he'd risk life and furless limb for it. Coop, knowing this, uses the basket as bait, to lure Kat to the docks at night or onto a girder covered with superglue, or up the gantry of a rocket about to launch to Mars.

MILLIE



Millie, Coop's eight-year-old sister, is not exactly the Little Girl Maurice Chevalier was thanking heaven for. She's a manipulation machine in a poofy-sleeved dress. The lisp, the wobbly lip, the clasped hands, the big salty tears – to a father, this stuff's like a chloroformed hankie; he's helpless before it.

Millie floats through life on a big puffy cloud of her own inflated self-worth. You can't really blame a little girl for believing what she's been told by every adult since she first smiled adorably out of a bassinet: she's perfect, she's blameless, she's wonderful.

Millie may look harmless but if you try her patience, she'll go from the sugar and spice shtick to Cruella DeMillie in a finger-snap. Her screaming tantrums have been known to set off car alarms in the next town.

Millie likes that Mr. Kat looks and acts differently than any other kitty she's seen; that only makes him more special, and makes her feel more lucky to have found him. And she knows they have a special rapport: if Kat, in a rare self-revealing moment, smashes up Millie's teacup set – why, she was just thinking herself that the china was unacceptable! She should get out “the good stuff.” The curtains Kat tore to shreds? He's absolutely right; they were tacky.

Gallingly to Coop, if Millie finds them together under a heap of debris, she always accuses her brother of playing rough. “Can't you get it through your big dumb boy head that he's just a tiny kitty?”

Millie loves to dress Kat up in little outfits of her own creation, carry him around, bathe him, and have society parties with her dolls and Kat as the debutante guest of honor. Could anyone this deeply involved in fantasy ever believe the truth?

Millie pays no attention to her brother's stupid tales of the mean, evil cat trying to destroy the world and every living thing in it. What video games has he been playing anyway? As far as she's concerned, Coop's just jealous that she has a super-sweet bestest-ever kitty friend and he doesn't.



Every so often Millie will throw Coop off with a truce gesture: “Shake paws with Mr. Kat so he knows you didn’t mean what you said about him. Come on!” Coop puts on falconing gloves and reluctantly shakes. “See? That wasn’t so bad! Now drink this fruit smoothie we made for you. Kitty put his own widdle paw on the blender button!” Coop recoils in horror as Kat grins like Jack Nicholson in “Batman.”

Millie has few close friends. There is a girl named Phoebe, but they’re “geochronological friends” only – Phoebe lives on their street and is Millie’s age. To Millie, Phoebe’s little more than another whim-servant: the girl’s ridiculously insecure, socially inept, needs all the friends she can get, and can be talked into anything. Plus... Phoebe’s got a tiny crush on Coop, which pretty well seals the deal on her gullibility.

Phoebe has a fluffed-up cross-eyed show cat, Honey Fluff, that she enters in cat shows, and is always comparing favorably with Mr. Kat. Mr. Kat exacts his own surreptitious vengeance on the poor purebred Himalayan.

Millie would rather spend time with Old Lady Munson next door. Now there’s a woman Millie can relate to; willful, and take-no-prisoners selfish. Unlike all the other kids in the neighborhood, Millie has a cease-fire with Old Lady Munson and is actually allowed to let her shadow fall over her lawn. Munson spoils Millie worse than Dad does. Millie always leaves her neighbor’s house 5 pounds of cookies heavier. Munson’s beloved idiot son is a police officer, so the soulmates-for-life thing with the old lady is highly tactical on Millie’s part.

DAD

Poor Mr. Burtonburger. Burt's a hard worker who provides for his family and only asks for peace and quiet in return. Everything was going just fine until a few weeks ago, when for some reason his son apparently lost his mind.

Dad runs the business his father started: Burtonburger's House of Swap. It's a glorified auction house / pawn shop / trading post on the edge of town. Its cavernous barn-like interior at any given time houses a wealth of inscrutable objects whose original owners decided for some reason they'd rather own... different inscrutable objects.

You never know what he'll bring home from the House of Swap. He might trade an old lawnmower for a 40-kilo cheese wheel and bring it home for the family to eat. "You'll never guess what this is." "What is it?" "I don't know. I was hoping you'd guess but I'm pretty sure it's cheese." He'll trade just about anything just for the thrill of the deal, to which he will triumphantly exclaim "Good swap!" Millie tends to take any suspect swag over to Old Lady Munson's house in exchange for cookies. Coop culls the new arrivals for anything he can use to defend himself.



Dad's proud of the success of the family business, but it was always sort of a sideline for him. What he *loves* to do is tinker with broken gadgets. Fortunately, his business provides him with an almost unlimited supply of them. But for all his enthusiasm and tinkerer's dedication, Dad's not exactly a whiz with a power-tool. After all his hard work and refinishing, the stuff around their house looks an awful lot like what it was before. That colorful lamp shade? Pretty easy to tell it used to be a collection of clown wigs.

Dad approaches parenting the same way he tackles a DIY project – with the proper manual, surely things will turn out perfect! Dad has a library of child-rearing books that he consults for advice such as *Your Child, But Not Your Fault... From Cradle To Jail...* and *What to Do When Your Kid Asks for Armor Bedsheets*.

Dad gets many ideas for why his son is acting so oddly. He surfs the web, reads a lot of books, goes to seminars, and acts according to the theory-of-the-moment. He may decide Coop's odd behavior is due to:

- Global Warming acting on his head
- a bizarre club initiation ritual
- way too much niacin
- too-tight underpants
- early puberty
- the influence of the Internet
- a girl

Dad's fine with Kat's arrival. Since the kitty showed up, they haven't found a single mouse in their house. Dad sees nothing objectionable about Millie's cat except that it's as ugly as sin. As long as Kat stays off the counters and doesn't miss the litter box, he's A-OK in Dad's book. "Every girl needs a cat. It'll be a good thing for her to have when she's a teenager, instead of boyfriends."



Dad uses a stricter hand with Coop. He expects the boy to take over the House of Swap some day so he's going to have to learn some responsibility. With Millie, Dad's tactic is always to give in. "That always works like a charm." Dad still shivers at the memory of the "super-market yelling incident," when everyone in town thought the dam had burst and they had 2 minutes to get to high ground. Sure he sold 8 rowboats in 15 seconds, but he eventually had to give everyone their hastily-thrust cash back. And he couldn't hear in his left ear for 8 months. If avoiding that again means letting Millie keep her weird, bald stray cat, so be it.



Dad can at least relate to his son's dislike of Old Lady Munson. That old biddy seems to be the same age now as she was when Dad was a kid. Anyone who scared you when you were ten will always have the whammy on you. She's always telling Dad how to raise his son. (It usually involves the word "orphanage.") He spends long hours doing free repair-work on her busted gnomes thanks to Coop's inexplicable recent destructive streak.

OLD LADY MUNSON



Next door, shrouded in weirdness and thick facial creams, lives Old Lady Munson. She's been in the neighborhood for as long as Coop's father can remember, and probably longer than that. He mutters about her all the time saying, "She was probably here in the Neolithic era. There are petroglyphs of her shaking her fist at buffalo on the cliffs outside town." Ringing her doorbell and seeing how long you can stay on the doorstep has been an initiation rite for kids as long as anyone can remember. And don't even think about stealing any of the fruit from her trees.

Because, unlike fruit, this old woman hasn't softened as she's aged. If the urban tales are to be believed, she's like an alligator and can run up to 60 miles an hour over short distances. She throws a tackle worthy of a linebacker. Her thumbs alone could crush your skull. Another rumor says the gnomes in her yard are

her former husbands, shrunken and encased in concrete.

There's nothing that goes on in this neighborhood that Munson doesn't know about. She has a Michelin-sized Rolodex of gossip, whose cards she updates on an old typewriter.

Her garden shed is full of kid's mis-flung balls, pucks and Frisbees. She never liked Coop to begin with, and now, with all this "cat business" going on, she likes him even less. Her timing is horrible for Coop: she seems to know just when to peer out her window as he's hanging from her fence by his underwear. She's always banging her cane on Coop's front door and ranting to his Dad, "Do you know what your brat did to my seventh most valuable gnome, Lord Lamport?!"

As far as Old Lady Munson is concerned, Coop should be "driven into the woods and left there with the rest of the animals." She wonders why troublesome Coop couldn't be more like his "angelic" sister Millie. Now there's a girl she can relate to. She enjoys the time they spend together when Millie comes to collect the wandering Kat from her yard. She doesn't see why people call the delightful little sprite "difficult." Millie reminds her of herself at that age. And if Millie insists that her new cat is "good people," that's good enough for Munson.

She has no respect for Coop and Millie's father. She knew Burt as a young boy, so she's not surprised his son turned out to be a nightmare. She didn't like Dad then, and she doesn't like him now. He's a weak parent, in her opinion. She's always offering unsolicited (and unhelpful) parenting advice.

Old Lady Munson has a dachshund named Growler. Never did a dumber animal draw breath. Growler mostly lies around cross-eyed and grinning like an idiot... until he hears a suspicious noise. Then he goes into attack mode, which involves barking asthmatically and charging straight ahead, no matter what's in front of him. To Kat, Growler is about as scary as a used printer cartridge. Munson might as well have a guard-rabbit.

Munson also has 170 gnomes, individually painted and named. Kat is determined to smash these gnomes one by one, and blame them all on Coop. He'll let this old crone pet him without reprisal (and pretending to purr) as just one more fiendishly-constructed alibi of normalcy.

DENNIS



Dennis Veruptchuk is Coop's best friend. Sometimes Dennis feels like his only friend. Their birthdays are only one day apart, and they always ask for the same thing – ice skates, remote-controlled planes, rollerblades – so they can do it together.

Dennis is the Conspiracy Theorist of the neighborhood, so when Coop shared his suspicions about Millie's cat with his friend, Dennis immediately believed him. Of course, Dennis also believed him 5 years ago when Coop said pigeons drank all of Dennis's chocolate milk when he was in the bathroom. Unfortunately, Dennis is so credulous his eager testimony on Coop's behalf is worthless. He believes in crop circles, séances, Bat Boy, pyramidology and Atlantis.

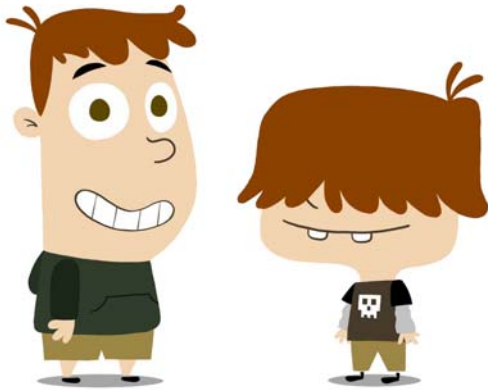
Unfortunately, Dennis's propensity for belief in the unsubstantiated, does not make his unflagging support for Coop's claims any more palatable to others - "That's the kid who thinks barbers work for the government and plant microchips in your head while you're getting a trim!"

The main thing about Dennis is – he wants to believe. He wants it so badly he not only sees subtle phenomena that others miss, he sees stuff that doesn't happen. Others' skepticism only fuels his paranoia that "they're obviously covering it all up!" He believes half the occurrences in the universe are the result of plotting by a group of conspirators called the Trilateral Triad.

Dennis agrees with Coop that sooner or later Kat will screw up and reveal his true self. He's enthusiastic about helping his friend uncover The Truth, but unfortunately Dennis's participation (he's not the best-coordinated or the smartest kid) only gets Coop injured in new and creative ways.

Dennis is Coop's partner on his frequent attempts to trap Kat inside metal cages, under steel nets and on board merchant ships bound for Albania. But their devious plans are usually undone by Dennis's simple-minded amiability, clumsiness and general inability to follow orders.

LORNE AND HARLEY



Lorne (age 10) and Harley (age 9) are brothers and bullies, the lowest of the low, IQ-wise. These two will be reliving the glory days of school well into their fifties because it actually will have been their high point. As adults they'd be the type to believe you really do have to call "in the next 10 minutes!" to get the special price on that haircutting device that attaches to your vacuum cleaner.

Lorne and Harley think if they videotape Coop being "Crazy Cat Boy" they can sell the results to Canada's Wackiest Home Videos and make a mint. They intend to spend the money on Flame decals for the pickup trucks they'll race down the town's main street when they grow up.

Coop fears these guys not just because they're bullies, but because they really do have school cred. The other kids are looking for heroes so desperately that even two muscleheads seem to qualify. Lorne and Harley enjoy this power and they want more of it. Unfortunately for Coop, everything he attempts in order to fight Kat just ends up giving Lorne and Harley more ammunition and more power.

PHOEBE

Eight year old optimist Phoebe is the only girl in the neighborhood close to Millie's age. She's such a giddy platitude-spouting Pollyanna that it's creepy. Whereas Millie does all that goody-goody stuff for effect, with Phoebe it's real.

Coop thinks Phoebe's brain has been affected by smiling idiotically for twelve hours at cat shows. He's also painfully aware that Phoebe really only comes over to see him – and to plan their idyllic lives together as man and wife. Phoebe always brings over little gifts for him. Like a job with her father's firm. Or three yards of material for a wedding tux. She does not approve of Dennis as Best Man and has a list of more suitable candidates.



Phoebe's pet is a large, furry Himalayan cat named Honey-Fluff that has such long hair that she puts rollers in it at night. Phoebe's very proud of the fact that Honey-Fluff is a blue-ribbon winner. When she's old enough, her mother has promised she can show him in all the cat shows. Until then, she can only play with the cat under supervision. At home, when Honey Fluff isn't on display, she's wrapped in a special protective catsuit, or kept in a cat-germ-free bubble. Leaving Mr. Kat alone with Honey Fluff is like throwing chum in a shark tank.

STORY SPRINGBOARDS

LET THE GAMES BEING

Coop's world is turned upside-down when his little sister Millie finds what she believes to be a stray cat. After begging her dad to let her keep him, it looks like the Burtonburger family has a new pet. Coop figures that if Millie has a pet to keep her occupied, maybe she'll stop bugging him. But when Coop finds what appears to be a tv remote and starts pushing buttons, he has no idea that he's just destroyed Kat's only way of getting back to where he mysteriously came from. Now Millie is the least of Coop's worries as he now has a cat hell-bent on revenge after him. Neither Dad, Millie nor any of his friends believe him that this cat isn't normal and he's now been dubbed "crazy cat boy."

DESTROY-IT-YOURSELF

Kat finds one of Dad's mail order catalogs and learns he can order a Terminator-style robot. He promptly sends away for it at the same time that Dad is sending away for a built-it-yourself coffee table. The orders get mixed up in the mail and Kat finds the Norwegian instructions for the coffee table to be more frustrating than building a rocket ship and Dad is on his way to building a Coop-terminating robot.

GHOST CASTLE

Despite Dad forbidding Coop to stay up to watch "Ghost Castle," Coop can't resist watching the scariest ghost movie ever made. When Kat sees that it has scared the daylights out of Coop, he fully exploits this new Achilles heel. After Coop goes to bed he hears chains clanking and mysterious noises throughout the house. When he goes to Dad for reassurance, he's told "I told you not to watch that movie" and "it's all in your imagination." But when Coop discovers that it's Kat haunting the house, he gets his revenge by playing into Kat's biggest fear by convincing Millie that cats love baths.

ME OH ME OH MEOW

After much trial and error, Kat has finally mastered the most annoying meow in a feline's vocabulary and it's sheer torture to the human ear. He quickly puts it to use in an attempt to drive Coop out of the house (and perhaps over the cliff at the edge of town). His endless caterwauling is rewarded when Dad suddenly announces that it's time for the family to visit his great-aunt Beulah and rushes the kids out of the house, leaving Kat alone. Kat's victory celebration is cut short when he realizes that although he can construct an attack plane out of a wagon, bristol board and elastic bands, he's incapable of operating the cat food can-opener.

GNOME SWEET GNOME

When Dad brings home a complicated piece of electronic equipment from the House of Swap, Kat hauls it to the back yard shed and starts building something. It looks like a rocket. Coop's elated! The creature's gonna go back to wherever it came from, out of his life forever! Coop helps out, leaving wire and sheet metal at the door of the shed. But in fact Kat is building a Gnome Harvester, to crush, mangle and bale all of Mrs. Munson's 170 beloved statues while she's on vacation – an assault for which Coop will be blamed. With more stuff from his Dad's store, Coop and Dennis have to build a sophisticated Gnome Defense Vehicle.

FELINE EDUCATION

Using a hypnotic toy mouse, Kat commands an army of neighborhood felines to destroy Coop. They seem to pop up everywhere that Coop tries to go, taunting him at every turn. Dennis believes this must be a government operation as the cats use their midnight wailing on fences to communicate coded messages to each other. When Coop discovers that it's the toy mouse that keeps the cat contingent under a spell, he fights fire with fire as he gets Kat to fall victim to his own weapon.

ANY REPORT CARD IN A STORM

Coop's signed report card has to be returned to school tomorrow or he's in trouble with the teacher. Kat uses slingshots, claws, lasers and other devilish attacks to shave pieces off the report card while Coop desperately tries to hide it. Counter-attacking, Coop and Dennis do the same to Kat's brand new scratching post, while Kat tries to hide it. Report Card and scratching post are both the losers.

DO NOT FORT SAKE ME

When Kat gets stuck up in a tree, Coop sabotages Millie's call to the fire department and plots a leisurely revenge. Unfortunately, it's not just any tree – it's the one with Coop and Dennis's old tree fort in it from when they were eight. It still has their security devices and childish weapons inside, and Kat, though foolish enough to get stuck in a tree, is very resourceful.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PERSECUTED

Kat overhears Mrs. Munson saying if she catches Coop on her property again, his Dad will have to paint her house. During Coop and Dennis's back yard camp-out, Kat moves the entire fence while they're asleep to put them in Munson's back yard. Dad is furious with Coop now that he's stuck painting her house. He's even more furious now that he has to re-seed her lawn after Kat slingshots Coop into Munson's birdbath. The inadvertent trespassing has only just begun, as each opponent ends up in her tub, down her chimney and in her denture glass.

EVERYONE LOVES A LAVA

When Kat drills a hole under Coop's school connecting his Science Fair volcano to the earth's core (ruining his grade and the auditorium), Coop decides to fight rock-on-fire with rock-on-fire by using the lava to fill in Kat's precious wicker cat bed. Kat retaliates by ruining Coop's bed and as each one ups the stakes, no one is going to get any sleep anywhere inside the house or out.

A TISKET, A TASKET

Coop's Dad can't get Kat's wicker basket pad into the washing machine and it's stinking. Coop is sent on his bike to get it professionally drycleaned. He realizes he has the enemy's most valuable possession in his hands. Time to bargain! But Kat grabs Coop's greatest treasure - his favorite action figure. It's time for the two enemies to negotiate a trade, but who's going to give in first?