

MEAT FUZZY LUMKINS
Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: a shopping center in the afternoon, seen from the parking lot.)

Narrator: Townsville Mall. *(Zoom in slowly.)* The quaint and happy consumer palace is holding their annual jam contest.

(Inside is a stage with a table that displays a banner: “Let’s Get Jammin’.” On the table are three jars of jam.)

Narrator: Let’s join them, shall we?

(The Mayor—a big, fat, silly-looking guy—leaps up, holding a microphone.)

Mayor: Hel-lo-o-o-o, everyone! *(He sounds silly, too.)*

Crowd: Hel-lo-o-o-o, Mayor!

Mayor: Welcome to our annual jam contest! *(overwrought)* It gives me great pleasure to introduce this year’s judges— *(brightening)* —the Powerpuff Girls!

(We hear something approaching fast from outside, and after a moment, three little girls crash through the ceiling. They wear dresses with black belts, white stockings, and black Mary Janes; their heads and eyes are very large, and they have no visible ears, noses, or fingers. The crowd cheers them on.)

Narrator: Yeah! Say hello to Blossom...

(When this name is spoken, cut to a close-up of one of the girls. She has long, red-orange hair in a ponytail with a big red bow on top, pink eyes, and a pink dress.)

Redhead (Blossom): Hi!

(Close-up of another of the girls; her eyes and dress are light blue, and her hair is short and blond, in two pigtails.)

Narrator: Bubbles... *(She giggles.)*

(Close-up of the last girl, whose hair is short and black and done up in a flip. She wears a fierce expression and a light green dress to match her eyes.)

Narrator: ...and Buttercup! *(She shouts and throws a punch.)*

(The girls land on the stage in the same pose they first appear in during the current intro— Blossom in the center, holding hands with the blond Bubbles on her right and the brunette Buttercup on her left.)

Narrator: The Powerpuff Girls!

(Cut to the cheering crowd, then dissolve back to the stage. The girls are now tasting the jars of jam.)

Narrator: And so the Powerpuff Girls begin to judge. *(Slow pan across the spectators; they are sweating, biting their nails, and fainting.)* As the crowd nervously awaits their decision, everyone is freaking out! Except for...

(Quick pan to a big, pink, furry creature with a green nose and two antennae on his head. He is wearing bib overalls and a big grin.)

Narrator: ...this guy. Fuzzy Lumkins. Say, Fuzzy, what's your secret?

Fuzzy: Oh. Well, I'm gonna win 'cause my jam is special. *(He sounds like a complete hayseed.)*

Narrator: How's that?

Fuzzy: *(whipping a steak out of his pocket)* It's made of meat!

(Close-up of jar C, with a glob of jam sliding down the outside.)

Fuzzy: *(from o.c.)* I made meat jam!

Narrator: *(surprised)* Oh! *(Cut back to Fuzzy.)*

Fuzzy: Yep. I can hear it now: "The winner is...letter C!"

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* The winner is... *(Cut to the girls.)*

Girls: Letter A!

(They have put a blue ribbon on the jar. Cut back to a dumbfounded Fuzzy.)

Narrator: Ohhh. Tough luck, Fuzzy.

Fuzzy: I'm not a loser...I'm not a loser...I'm not a loser...I'm not a loser...

(The camera zooms in closer on his face the first three times he says it. The fourth time, cut to the girls in flight.)

Blossom: That went pretty good, huh?

Buttercup: Yeah, all except for that meat jam. It tasted like dog food!

Bubbles: *(putting her hands to her mouth)* Oh, I know! *(They fly o.c.)*

Fuzzy: *(voice over)* It's those Powerpuff Girls who are losers!

(Close-up of him; now he is angry.)

Fuzzy: They laughed at my... *(Close-up of the broken jar, his reflection visible in the shards.)*
...meat jam.

(Back to a 360-degree shot of him, zooming in.)

Fuzzy: But it is I who will laugh last. For I have created...

(We see a computer graphic of a weapon, complete with data readouts. It looks like a small barrel with a rifle stock attached to one end and a dented funnel on the other.)

Fuzzy: *(voice over)* ...the Meat Gun! A gun so powerful, it can turn anything and everything into meat! And with it, I will eat— *(Close-up of him.)* —Townsville!

(A new scene slams into place in two halves, similar to a pair of doors swinging shut. The view is now that of the sun in a clear blue sky; tilt down to Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. Inside, the children are doing normal kindergarten things, which include a bit of shadow boxing in Buttercup's case and playing with a stuffed animal in Bubbles'. In the center of the room is a table with a telephone on it. The phone rings.)

Kids: Phone!

Teacher: *(stepping into view)* Coming, coming.

(She can immediately be recognized as Ms. Keane, even though she is not named in this episode. She looks very much as she does today—orange shirt, red vest, brown pants, short black hair, light blue eyes, but taller. She picks up the phone.)

Teacher: Yes?...Yes...

(Across the room, Blossom is swinging one end of a jump rope.)

Teacher: *(from o.c.)* Yes...Blossom's here. *(calling to her)* Blossom! Telephone!

Blossom: Okay!

(She thinks for a moment: what to do with the rope? Finally she lets go, and the end hangs in the air as she races to the phone. Cut to the teacher.)

Teacher: *(into phone)* Here she comes.

(Blossom grabs her and zips her back across the room to pick up the free end of the rope.)

Blossom: Good!

(She then races back to the phone, making a slow-motion flying catch of the receiver before it hits the floor.)

Blossom: Hello?

(Split-screen view, with a frantic Mayor on the other side. He is at a pay phone.)

Mayor: Blossom? This is the Mayor. You've got to get downtown. Something terrible is happening!

(We see Fuzzy running wild with his Meat Gun.)

Mayor: *(voice over)* There's an evil villain down here, turning everything into—

(Fuzzy blasts a car, then chomps down on it.)

Blossom: *(voice over)* What?

Mayor: *(voice over)* Oh, my gosh! It's just awful! *(Fuzzy bites into an apartment building that is now a steak.)*

Blossom: *(voice over)* Yes?

Mayor: *(voice over, sobbing)* Just awful! *(Fuzzy starts eating a policeman's gun, which has become a pork chop.)*

Blossom: *(over phone)* What? *(Back to the Mayor.)* What's awful?

(He gets blasted and drops o.c.)

Blossom: *(over phone)* What's everything being turned into?

(Tilt down to ground level; now he too is a steak.)

Mayor: Meat.

(Close-up of Blossom, looking shocked.)

Blossom: Not meat!

(Camera pulls back to show the other girls, ready to fly.)

Blossom: Let's roll!

(They start to take off, but the teacher stops them. She is not pleased.)

Teacher: Ah-ah-ah. Now you girls know better than that! What do you say?

Girls: Teacher, may we please be excused to save the world? *(They sound exactly the way you expect a little kid to sound when you tell him to ask politely for something he wants. Cut to the teacher.)*

Teacher: Yes, you may. *(We hear them take off.)* But not through the— *(There is a crash o.c.)* —roof.

Kid: *(tugging on the teacher's shirt)* Teacher, I have to save the world too.

(Cut to the girls flying out to the scene of the crime.)

Narrator: Hurry, girls, hurry! You've gotta get downtown!

(Downtown Townsville has been turned into various cuts of meat, with a crowd looking on.)

Narrator: It's a mess!

Man in crowd: (*pointing overhead*) Look! The Powerpuff Girls!

(*The girls fly in and start cleaning up with blinding speed; a few seconds later, the buildings are back to normal. The crowd cheers.*)

Narrator: (*whooping*) They've rebuilt Townsville!

(*Blossom and Buttercup address the crowd; Bubbles is not with them.*)

Blossom: Now, can you tell us who did this? Was it...

(*Freeze frame of two pieces of lunchmeat dressed as bank robbers.*)

Blossom: (*voice over*) ...the Baloney Brothers? (*The Narrator lets out a yelp. Back to the crowd.*)

Crowd: No.

(*Freeze frame of a large, muscular cow wearing a dress and squirting milk from her udder.*)

Blossom: (*voice over*) All-Beef Patti? (*The Narrator yelps again. Back to the crowd.*)

Crowd: No.

(*Freeze frame of a man wearing a large, bologna-shaped turban and playing a flute, with a string of sausages coming out of a wicker basket like a charmed snake.*)

Blossom: (*voice over*) The Salami Swami? (*Another yelp from the Narrator. Back to the crowd.*)

Crowd: No. (*Back to Blossom and Buttercup.*)

Blossom: Then who? Who could it be? Hmmm...

(*The two begin thinking. A moment later, a black and white dog in the crowd speaks up. This is the now-ubiquitous Talking Dog.*)

Dog: Boy, they sure are in a jam.

Blossom: That's it! (*The dog smiles.*) Come on!

(*Blossom and Buttercup get ready to take off, but stop short.*)

Blossom: Bubbles, what—are—you—DOING?!

(*Bubbles is standing at a wall covered with drawings. She is hard at work with a crayon.*)

Bubbles: Coloring.

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) No time! Let's go!

(We hear the sound of her and Buttercup taking off. Bubbles looks up o.c. sadly, then drops her crayon and follows them. Cut to the first two girls in flight; she catches up after a moment.)

Narrator: Go, girls, go! Go and put a stop to this evil meat bandit menace who is about to set his gun upon... *(Cut to the exterior of the mall in the evening.)* ...Townsville Mall!

(Fuzzy stands in the parking lot with his gun at the ready.)

Fuzzy: So, mall, we “meat” again!

Girls: *(from o.c.)* Not so fast, Fuzzy Lumkins!

Fuzzy: Huh? The Powerpuff Girls?

(He turns around in surprise and finds them right behind him. Without missing a beat, he locks, loads, and starts shooting. The first blast goes between Blossom and Buttercup.)

Narrator: Whoa! Watch it!

(Fuzzy corrects his aim; the next blast misses Blossom by a hair.)

Narrator: Ooh, close!

(Bubbles has to duck and cover to avoid the next shot.)

Bubbles: Hey!

(She dashes in to attack as Fuzzy rolls across the parking lot firing. Alternate between close-ups of her flying in and him shooting, ending with an explosion that throws Fuzzy to the ground. He regains his footing, turns, and fires one final shot that wings Bubbles. She crashes down in slow motion.)

Fuzzy: Ha! Gotcha! *(Cut to Blossom and Buttercup.)*

Blossom: Bubbles!

(The parking lot now has a very large and very new pothole, and Bubbles is lying in it unconscious. She begins to come around as thunder rumbles in the sky. Her right pigtail is now a chicken drumstick.)

Narrator: Oh, no! It, it...it can't be! It's...MEAT HAIR!

(Her new hairstyle causes her visible dismay once she takes note of it.)

Narrator: Oh, this is terrible! People, if you only knew how much pride Bubbles takes in her hair! All the washing and conditioning, and the brushing and brushing and brushing and brushing!

(As the Narrator says this, Bubbles slowly climbs out of the pothole. There is fire in her eyes. Lots of it. Cut to Fuzzy, looking sheepish.)

Fuzzy: It's, uh, very...becoming, it's—

Bubbles: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

(Screaming, she charges straight at Fuzzy, who suddenly realizes what is about to happen to him and tries to run. Too late, though; she plows into him like a runaway freight train. He is kicked, punched, and thrown against the camera hard enough to crack the lens; he takes more blows, one of his legs is broken off, and Bubbles sinks her teeth into his arm. He walks along a sidewalk where she is standing, and she sticks out her foot to trip him. Quick cut to Blossom and Buttercup, who gasp in surprise, then back to Bubbles, who twirls Fuzzy over her head before letting him fly. She picks up the Meat Gun and fires, catching him dead center. Fuzzy turns into a hamburger as the scene dissolves behind him.)

(It is now afternoon, and the burger lands on a barbecue grill.)

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* Well, girls—

(Pull back to show the girls behind the grill, wearing chef's hats. The Mayor, still a steak, is at a picnic table next to them. Bubbles is holding a burger; her hair is back to normal.)

Mayor: —you've done it again. *(Bubbles takes a bite of her burger.)* This charity barbecue idea was grand!

Blossom: Thanks, Mayor. *(Close-up of him.)*

Mayor: One question, though. *(Pull back; Fuzzy's antennae protrude from his burger.)* Why does my burger have dealie-pops on it? *(Back to the girls, giggling.)*

Narrator: *(laughing)* Ah, they'll never tell. *(laughing again)* Well, so once again the day is saved—

(The now-standard end shot comes up. This consists of a pulsating background of concentric pink and red hearts, against which the girls flash into view: Blossom in the middle, Bubbles to her right and Buttercup to her left, all smiling and ready to charge. Gold stars rain down behind them, as they will in most future uses of this shot.)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!