

SCHOOLHOUSE ROCKED

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline, as it might appear in a video game.)

Narrator: *(mechanical-sounding)* The city of Townsville...is under attack!

(Tilt down to ground level, where Bubbles and Fuzzy Lumkins are nose to nose. Bubbles pounds on Fuzzy for a while, then deals him a flying uppercut that knocks him flat on his back. The next two lines also sound artificial.)

Narrator: Fuzzy—the loser! *(These words appear on the screen; cut to Bubbles.)* Bubbles—the winner! *(These words also appear.)*

(Zoom in on her; the words “GAME OVER” appear.)

Bubbles: Okay!

(Pull back to show that this is, in fact, a Powerpuff Girls video game. Ace plays; Snake watches.)

Snake: Man, Ace, Bubbles sure kicked your— *(Ace socks him.)* Ow! I means, good game, Ace.

Ace: Come on, let's ditch this joint. *(They walk across the arcade.)* Arturo! Big Billy! Move out!

(Close-up of Big Billy, holding something over his head.)

Billy: Duh—just a second, Ace.

(What he is holding is Little Arturo, whom he is using as the basketball in a free-throw game. He shoots and scores.)

Arturo: *(rolling to the front)* Two points!

(The machine spits out a string of prize tickets, which Billy holds up for the others to see.)

Billy: Tickets!

Ace: Yeah, yeah. Any of you goobers seen Grubber?

(Cut to Grubber, seated on a mechanical horse with a scene from a black-and-white Western playing behind him. The rest of the Gangrene Gang walks past him.)

Ace: Quit horsin' around! Come on!

(Grubber slowly climbs down, regards the ride for a long moment, then walks away from it. Cut to a head-on view of the Gang slouching along up the aisle.)

Ace: So now what do youse wanna do?

(They stop suddenly at the sound of a voice—a gruff, no-nonsense, rapid-fire monotone.)

Voice: I'll tell you what you're gonna do, you're gonna listen and listen good!

(Camera turns around and moves up from the feet of the speaker on the end of this line. He wears a gray suit, trenchcoat, and fedora. His face and the set of his jaw mark him as a law enforcement veteran.)

Speaker: Who am I, you ask? Wednesday, Jack Wednesday. I'm a truant officer.

(He leans in closer.)

Speaker (Wednesday): What's a truant officer, you ask? Well, the only way to answer that is to be smart. And you boys aren't very smart, are you? Didn't think so. So how do you become smart? That's right, you go to school. And what would you learn if you went to school? Well, for one, you'd learn what a truant officer is. Now who can tell me what a truant officer does?

(Long silence from the Gang.)

Wednesday: Okay, I'll tell you once more, but this is the last time. A truant officer's job is to make sure punks like you go to school.

(The Gang has a good laugh at this.)

Ace: Aw, man, we ain't never done gone to no school!

Wednesday: You're kidding!

Ace: Naw, we, uh—

Wednesday: Zip it! I was being sarcastic. *(Zoom in slowly on him and a frightened Ace.)* Which is another big word you'll learn in school. But you wouldn't know that, considering you've never attended one of this country's great educational facilities, which is a thought that just sickens me!

(Cut to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten.)

Wednesday: *(voice over)* And when I'm sick, the only cure for my ailments is for me to do my job.

(Inside, we see Wednesday's silhouette through the window of the front door. Now he is haranguing Ms. Keane.)

Wednesday: What kind of kids did I bring to your class today, you ask? Well, you'll find out soon enough.

(He steps out of view; a moment later, she opens the door and enters the room.)

Ms. Keane: Oh, children...

(Quick shot of the class, all beaming. Back to Ms. Keane.)

Ms. Keane: We're going to be having some new students with us, and I'd like you to help me welcome them. *(over her shoulder)* Come in, boys.

(Ground-level shot, with the girls in the background, looking dumbfounded. Silhouettes of the Gang's feet clomp into view. Zoom in on the girls.)

Girls: *(gasping)* The Gangrene Gang! *(Cut to Ms. Keane.)*

Ms. Keane: Class, I'd like you to meet the first of our new guests—Sanford D. Ingleberry. *(Pan to Snake, putting her o.c.)*

Snake: Everyone calls me S-S-Snake, gots-s-s it? *(Pan over and tilt down to Arturo.)*

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* Arturo de la Guerra.

Arturo: Don't mess with me! Okay? Okay. *(Pan over to Grubber.)*

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* Grubber.

Grubber: Pbbpppbbbbbpt! *(Pan to Billy's gut, then tilt up to his face.)*

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* William W. Williams.

Billy: Hi! *(Pan over and tilt down to Ace.)*

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* And last but not least, Ace.

(He introduces himself with a belch. Pull back to show the whole Gang laughing at this, then pan to Ms. Keane, looking at them worriedly.)

Ms. Keane: Hmm... *(The girls fly into view on one side of her.)*

Girls: Ms. Keane! Ms. Keane!

Blossom: This is the Gangrene Gang!

Buttercup: They're one of our worst enemies!

Bubbles: Yeah! They're bad!

(Ace slides into view on the other side and puts his arm around Ms. Keane's shoulders.)

Ace: *(imitating girls)* Ms. Keane! Ms. Keane! *(pleading)* Why, we're not bad guys. We're here to learn. Just give us a chance. I promise we won't let you down.

Ms. Keane: *(to girls)* Aw, see, girls? You just have to give people a chance. *(Ace grins at them behind her back.)* Now why don't we get ready for snack time?

(We see the class react favorably to this announcement.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* Who would like to pass out the milk and cookies?

(Cut to the Gang; all five guys start shouting and waving their arms eagerly. Back to Ms. Keane.)

Ms. Keane: Okay. Boys, go ahead.

(They cheer, Ace grabs the plate of cookies, and they slide o.c. left, chuckling wickedly. The girls fly into view from that side, looking over their shoulders with great suspicion. Cut to a girl's desk. Ace walks up with a cookie in hand, and she reaches for it.)

Ace: Hey, kid! How's about a cookie, huh? *(He spits on it and drops it on the floor.)* Aw, look, I dropped it. But don't worry. A little dirt never hurt nobody, huh?

(He stomps on the cookie and walks away, leaving the girl staring sadly at the crumbs. Blossom flies onto the scene and assesses the damage. Cut to Snake, holding two cartons of milk.)

Snake: How's-s-s about some milk? *(Down to two kids sitting by him.)* Drink up, babies-s-s!

(He pours the milk over their heads, follows with the crumpled-up cartons, and walks o.c. Bubbles flies up and glares after him. Cut to another kid.)

Ace: *(from o.c.)* Hey, kid!

(The kid has to throw his arms up to protect himself from a barrage of cookies. Cut to Ms. Keane's desk; the girls fly up in front of her.)

Girls: Ms. Keane! Ms. Keane! *(Camera turns around.)*

Blossom: The Gangrene Gang is doing something bad! Look!

(They move aside. Zoom in on the Gang, gathered around yet another poor kid. Snake is holding his mouth open, and it is jammed full of cookies.)

Ace: Huh? What'd you say? You want another cookie? All right. Here! *(He stuffs one into the kid's mouth, then realizes he is being watched.)* Oh...

(Camera turns around. Ms. Keane is shocked, but the girls look satisfied.)

Ms. Keane: Oh, my!

Bubbles: See what we're talking about?

Buttercup: Let's get 'em! *(They zip away.)*

Ms. Keane: Wait! Girls!

(Camera turns around again; the girls are about to give the Gang what for. Back to Ms. Keane.)

Ms. Keane: You know the school rule—no fighting in class! Now go back to your seats.

(Back to the Gang and the girls, now separated.)

Ace: Yeah, you heard the teach! *(pointing)* Go back to your seats! *(They float sullenly o.c.)*

Snake: Tough lucks-s-s, s-s-sissies-s-s! *(The Gang laughs.)*

(At their desk, the girls are not pleased with what has just happened. Ms. Keane and Ace are at the front of the room.)

Ms. Keane: Now, I think it's about time for some show and tell. *(The class cheers—all except the girls.)* Why don't we have our new students come up so we can learn something about them?

Blossom: This isn't good.

(Arturo, Billy, and Grubber are gathered by Ms. Keane's desk.)

Ms. Keane: Well, who would like to go first? *(Close-up of Grubber; she continues o.c.)* How about you, Grubber? Do you have anything you can show us?

Grubber: Pbbbpt!

(He steps to center stage and goes to work. First he grabs his head in both hands and hauls upwards, straightening his neck and back; then he stretches his arms. Slow pan across the room as the kids watch, disbelieving, and we hear Grubber pull and twist and stretch. When the camera turns back to him, he is standing upright, his eyes do not bug out, and his tongue is completely in his mouth. He could almost pass for a normal person, except for his green skin, enormous chin, and ragged clothes. His next words are, for once, completely intelligible.)

Grubber: Why, hello there. I'm Grubber. Very nice to meet you all. *(reverting to his normal appearance and voice)* Pbbbbppbbbt!

(Back to Ms. Keane, looking very uneasy.)

Ms. Keane: Why, uh...thank you for sharing that with us, Grubber. Who's next? *(Close-up of Billy; she continues o.c.)* Ah, how about you, Billy? Do you have anything to show us?

(He thinks for a moment.)

Billy: Yeah!

(He lifts the hair away from his face to reveal a single big blue eye. The class screams in terror. Back to him and Ms. Keane, now even more uneasy.)

Ms. Keane: Why, uh...thank you, Billy. We had no idea you were a Cyclops.

Billy: Yeah, I've got one eye.

(The girls at their desk.)

Blossom: This can't get any worse!

(Arturo steps up to the front of the room next to Ms. Keane's desk.)

Ms. Keane: Arturo, you're last. *(He clears his throat. Zoom in slowly on him.)*

Arturo: Today I would like to present to you with someone very, very close to my heart. She was given to me by my Papi, Macho Arturo, just before he went up the river. She always make me look good when I'm in the battlefield. Friends, I'd like you to meet— (*whipping out a switchblade*) —Maria Conchita Teresa Rosalita! But you can just call her— (*Close-up of the knife; he finishes o.c.*) —Maria!

(*The girls do not take this well.*)

Blossom: That's it! Come on!

(*They fly to the front of the room and knock Arturo to the floor as Ms. Keane watches.*)

Ms. Keane: Girls! Girls, girls! No fighting, no fighting!

Blossom: But, Ms. Keane! Arturo's holding a deadly— (*He pushes the release catch.*) —comb.

(*His prize possession is a comb that folds into the body of a switchblade.*)

Ms. Keane: See, girls? You have to be more trusting of our new students. Now go back to your seats.

(*Angry and dejected, they float past her at ground level. Arturo follows, combing his hair.*)

Ms. Keane: I'm sorry, Arturo.

Arturo: S'aright.

(*She paces in front of the class. The girls look warily over at the Gang.*)

Ms. Keane: Now, boys and girls, it's craft time, so get your supplies out. Let's all have fun, okay?

(*The Gang laughs to themselves. They now have jars of paste.*)

Ace: We'll have fun, all right!

(*Globs of paste begin to fly all over the room, and one kid after another takes a hit. The girls, at their desk, have yet to get nailed.*)

Bubbles: The Gangrene Gang's at it again!

Buttercup: Let's fight back!

Blossom: Girls, you know we can't— (*She is hit in the face.*) Let's get 'em! (*They charge.*)

(*At the front of the room, Ms. Keane works as the paste globs fly over her head. She only notices the fight when one of them lands on her papers.*)

Ms. Keane: What?!

(Camera turns around to show the Gang ready to let another volley loose.)

Ace: They started it! *(Pan to the girls, also loaded for bear—Ms. Keane’s perspective.)*

Ms. Keane: Girls! What did I say about fighting in class?

Girls: *(pleading)* But we didn’t start it! The Gangrene Gang did! *(Back to the front desk.)*

Ms. Keane: Well, it doesn’t matter if you didn’t start the fight. It’s just as bad that you fought back. *(sighing)* When are you girls going to learn?

(Back to her perspective; the girls hang their heads.)

Ms. Keane: I am disappointed in you, girls.

(The school bell rings. Back to the front desk.)

Ms. Keane: Now, everyone, it’s time for recess.

(The kids’ heads swarm by in front. Back to Ms. Keane’s perspective of the girls; they start to head out, but stop at the sound of her voice.)

Ms. Keane: Girls, you stay. You’re not going anywhere. You need a time-out!

Girls: But the Gangrene Gang! *(Side view of them floating in front of her.)*

Ms. Keane: No buts, girls! You’ve been very rude to our new students, who you keep saying are bad. But I have yet to see them do anything wrong.

(Outside on the playground. The camera points down at a horde of frightened kids, with the Gang’s shadows looming over them.)

Ace: *(from o.c.)* Well, well, welly, welly, welly, welly, well, class. Looks like it’s just you guys—

(Camera turns around to show the Gang.)

Ace: —and us guys! *(rubbing his chin in thought)* Hm, what shall we play during recess, hm, hm, hm? Oh, I know! How about a well-rounded game of DODGEBALL?

(All five produce balls from behind their backs and start hurling. Kids fly everywhere. During the melee, Ace nails a kid in the back, Grubber spits a ball at another, a throw by Big Billy knocks out a row of four, and Snake throws Arturo—carrying a ball—into the face of yet another sitting duck. The girls watch from the classroom window.)

Girls: Ms. Keane! *(She is reading at her desk, not looking up.)*

Ms. Keane: Quiet, girls. You’re in time out.

(A ball crashes through the window and bounces off her desk; now they have her attention. She rushes over.)

Ms. Keane: What's going on out there?

(Slow pan across the playground, which is littered with victims of the Dodgeball Massacre. Stop on the Gang, laughing over it all and holding the balls. Back to the window.)

Ms. Keane: Oh, girls, what are we going to do?

Buttercup: Come on! Let us fight 'em!

Ms. Keane: I'm sorry, girls, but I just can't allow you to do that. You know there's no fighting in scho— *(She cuts herself off; something has just occurred to her. Stay on her.)*

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* What is it, Ms. Keane?

Ms. Keane: *(as if hypnotized)* Girls, I want you to go outside and play dodgeball.

Blossom: This is no time for us to be playing a game!

Ms. Keane: Girls, you know there's no fighting, so go outside and play *dodgeball* instead. Understand? *(Her meaning dawns on them.)*

Girls: *(nodding)* Uh-huh!

Ms. Keane: Good! Now hurry up. Recess is almost— *(They zip out through the roof.)* —over.

(On the playground, the Gang has a kid cornered. Ace has a ball.)

Ace: Hey, kid, watch out! *(He bounces the ball off the kid's face.)* Whoop! Sorry. *(He does it again.)* Whoop! Sorry. *(Again.)* Whoop! Sorry.

(A ball flies into view and hits him in the face, smashing his sunglasses and blacking his eye. Close-up of him.)

Girls: *(from o.c.)* Whoop! Sorry.

(Camera turns around to show them floating in mid-air; all three are ready to throw.)

Ace, Snake, Arturo, Billy: *(from o.c.)* Uh-oh! *(Grubber blows a raspberry with them.)*

(The girls get into the game and send them flying. Blossom catches Ace in the kidney, Buttercup lands a well-placed hit to Snake's nose, and Bubbles nails Arturo, knocking him into Grubber; the two in turn slam into Billy's gut and bounce back. They are then stopped when she shoves a ball into their faces. Cut to outside the window; Ms. Keane watches as the balls keep rocketing back and forth.)

Ms. Keane: *(with mounting enthusiasm)* Go, girls, go! Go, girls, go!

(She continues to chant as the Gang gets another helping of overinflated red rubber stuffed down their throats. It ends with a triple whammy to Ace's face, and he collapses on top of his buddies. Pull back from the heap to show the girls floating above them as the rest of the class cheers. Ms. Keane is holding a ball.)

Ms. Keane: Girls, I'm so proud of you! Job well done!

Wednesday: *(from o.c.)* I'll bet.

(The four turn around; Ms. Keane is not thrilled at hearing that voice again. Cut to Wednesday.)

Wednesday: You ask why I take care of these boys? That's right, because someone has to. And it's not an easy job taking care of children, making sure they're not getting into trouble, watching out for their well-being. But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

(Cut to the girls and Ms. Keane, looking slightly fed-up, then to a side view of her, Wednesday, and the Gang.)

Wednesday: *(turning to leave with Gang)* Didn't think so. Let's go, boys. Time to go home. *(Camera shifts to behind his back.)* Oh, and Teacher, before you tell me how to do my job, maybe you should figure out how to do your own.

(The ball sails into view and hits him in the back of the head. From the front, we see that he now looks as bad as Ace did. He crumples to the ground. Zoom in on Ms. Keane and the girls. She has her eyes turned up, the picture of innocence, and is no longer holding the ball.)

Ms. Keane: Well, girls, I think Mr. Wednesday taught us a valuable lesson here today.

Bubbles: Education is the progressive realization of our ignorance?

Ms. Keane: No. Don't turn your back in the middle of a dodgeball game! *(They all laugh.)*

Narrator: *(laughing)* Oh, Ms. Keane! Under your rule, school is cool!

[Note: Bubbles' line is a slight corruption of a quote from the American historian Will Durant. "Realization" is replaced by "discovery" in the original.]

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Narrator: So once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!