

COLLECT HER

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline in the afternoon. Car horns blare softly in the background.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville!

(Tilt down to street level and follow a truck labeled “TOYS” as it rolls down the block. Pan quickly to a store with this same name on the corner; the truck backs up, and a crate slides out the rear end of the trailer. Around it, the scene dissolves to the store interior. It floats peacefully down the length of one aisle, the camera following. Cut to an extreme close-up of the front wheel of a motorized scooter tooling along the sidewalk, then to one of a utility knife in the store as its blade is extended. The knife descends; next we see a close-up of a long brown ponytail on the back of a mostly bald head, the scenery scrolling behind it as it waves in the wind.)

(Back to the scooter, which stops in front of the toy store. Inside, the knife cuts into the tape securing the crate; outside, a pair of fat, hairy legs clad in red shorts and striped tube socks steps in front of the door. One sock has slid down around its ankle, and the owner of said footwear bends over to pull it up. Camera tilts up slightly to show a green belt buckled at the back encircling his waist, and the elastic band of his underwear. This bears the name “Lenny” in black letters; zoom in on it as he brushes himself down.)

(Inside, the crate is being cut open. The door opens, the bell above it jingling, and a broad shadow advances into the store and falls across the tiles. Tilt up from the floor to point straight down the aisle ahead of it, then cut to a side view of Lenny’s legs as he walks along. We now see that the green belt belongs to a fanny pack. Just as he reaches the crate, tilt up quickly to the face of the stockboy opening it. He looks up from his work, then backs up with a scared look and a nervous smile as if to say, “Help yourself, just don’t hurt me.”)

(The crate is yanked open, and an item inside is lifted up to Lenny’s nose in a close-up side view. Now we see that he has beady eyes, glasses, and a scraggly beard and mustache. He sniffs the package and holds it over his head in triumph. Close-up of a cash register readout, panning slowly across it as a purchase is rung up, then of the scooter’s wheels as the engine is started up. The craft puttters and carries Lenny out of view; camera turns quickly to show it rolling down the street and over the horizon. His ponytail flutters in the wind.)

(Dissolve to shelf upon shelf filled with items of Powerpuff Girls merchandise and rotate slowly to show the entire room. Dolls, lunchboxes, carpeting, lamps, posters, bedspreads, mobiles, bobbing heads—the place almost looks like a warehouse for collectibles based on Townsville’s protective triumvirate. Stop on the face of Lenny—with the aforementioned bald pate, ponytail, glasses, and thin facial hair, in addition to a very bad complexion. He wears a satisfied, buck-toothed smile, and he holds up the item he has just purchased for a closer look. When he speaks, it is with a serious lisp and the gravelly tone of a man close to middle age.)

Lenny: And for today’s purchase...

(On the end of this, cut to his perspective of a shelf with two PPG dolls—Bubbles and Buttercup—on it and pan right to the end, which is empty.)

Lenny: ...the poseable Blossom doll with laser light eyes and realistic hair.

(He reaches into view and sets the package on the shelf; it is a doll in Blossom's image. Cut to an overhead view of him in the center of the room, panning slowly across.)

Narrator: Holy hoarders! This has got to be the most complete collection of Powerpuff paraphernalia on the planet! *(Side view of Lenny, laughing dementedly.)*

Lenny: Powerpuffs to the rescue!

(He makes whooshing noises and runs back and forth as if flying. After a couple of passes, the camera follows him to his computer. He hums—very badly out of tune—and regards it for a moment. Cut to his perspective of the keyboard, with candy wrappers and a soda cup scattered on top of it; he reaches into view and sweeps the clutter aside.)

Lenny: Now to log this in my computer...

(On the end of this, tilt up slightly to show the screen. Bubbles and Buttercup figures stand on top of it. The words "POWERPUFF GIRLS CHECKLIST" are typed up, after which we see a close-up of his hand on the mouse. Back to the screen, panning slowly across the words "CHROMIUM ACTION FIGURES" as the CPU kicks into gear. A red X appears next to this entry. Camera turns around and up from Lenny's gut to his face; he has leaned back in his chair, relaxing, as the machinery continues its work. After several seconds, the computer beeps. He opens his eyes slightly, then all the way in surprise.)

Lenny: Huh?

(His glasses slide down his nose, and he pushes them up and leans toward the screen.)

Lenny: This can't be right.

(On the screen, the message "COLLECTION COMPLETE" has appeared—his perspective.)

Lenny: Collection complete?

(Back to him. He begins typing furiously and looking around the room.)

Lenny: The hand-carved headboard?

(Cut to the headboard of his bed, which features pictures of the girls and the PPG heart logo.)

Lenny: *(from o.c.)* Got it.

(Cut back and forth from him to each item he names during the next line.)

Lenny: Egg timer?...Got it...Shoeshine kit?...Got that too...

(Cut to a Hickory Farms-style sampler box, then back to the screen, as he continues.)

Lenny: *(from o.c.)* The Powerpuff cheese and sausage selection... *(The entry is checked; cut to some tri-colored carpet.)* Brightly colored indoor sod... *(Three piñatas.)* Powerpuff piñatas... *(Boxing gloves with Buttercup's face.)* The Buttercup Beat-You-Up boxing gloves... *(A fountain, with water pouring from Bubbles' mouth.)* The Bubbles Spits-a-Lot fountain... *(A row of books with Blossom's face on the cover.)* ...and the Blossom I'm-So-Smart encyclopedia set.

(Extreme close-up of a row of red X's on the screen, scrolling down the list. Now the camera cuts between each item he names and an X on the checklist.)

Lenny: *(from o.c., increasingly frantic)* Stopwatch...measuring cup...spittoon... *(Now the X's do not appear.)* Gravy boat...telephone cozy...golf bag...

(Three more X's flash up. Back to Lenny, zooming in slowly. He looks rather shell-shocked.)

Lenny: This isn't good.

(Cut to the screen, which again shows the "COLLECTION COMPLETE" message, then pull back as he turns around in his chair. Zoom in very slowly as he speaks.)

Lenny: *(breathing hard, stammering)* Now what'll I do? Collecting Powerpuff stuff is my life. I've got every piece of merchandise known to man. My collection...is complete.

(Extreme close-up of his eyes, tilting down to his mouth.)

Lenny: Oh, it's just not enough! *(Zoom in on his tongue until the screen is filled with red.)*

Narrator: Sheesh, buddy! Get a life!

(Pull back; now the patch of red is the sun in a drawing of a tree, with a bird nesting in the leaves and a bunny on the ground. Bubbles is hard at work in the girls' bedroom, her crayons scattered about her on the table.)

Bubbles: I am soooo good!

(Head-on view; she keeps drawing. She moves her free hand and knocks a crayon off the table.)

Bubbles: Oops.

(Camera tilts down briefly as she leans over to pick it up, then up again. The tabletop goes out of view during this movement; when it is seen again, the drawing is gone. Bubbles looks around for the culprit.)

Bubbles: Hey! Who took my drawing?

(Cut to Buttercup, who is throwing punches at something just out of view. Splats and squishes are heard when her blows land. Bubbles flies up behind her.)

Bubbles: All right. Hand it over.

(Side view of Buttercup; she is attacking a slab of beef hanging from a meathook. spurts of blood fly out as she punches. The workout continues during the next lines.)

Buttercup: What over? *(Bubbles flies into view behind her.)*

Bubbles: You know what.

Buttercup: No, I don't.

Bubbles: My drawing! You took my drawing!

Buttercup: Why would I want your crummy drawing?

Bubbles: *(looking proud of herself)* Because it was the most beautiful drawing in the whole world.

Buttercup: Well, I don't have it. Where was it last?

Bubbles: Duh! It was right there on the table— *(Her perspective of the table, now bare.)* —with my crayons.

(Zoom in on the word "crayons," then cut to a close-up of a shocked Bubbles. She gasps and screams.)

Bubbles: My crayons! *(Pull back; she points o.c.)* You stole my drawing *and* my crayons! *(Buttercup flies into view.)*

Buttercup: I didn't steal your things. Now leave me alone, I'm punching!

(She shouts and launches herself o.c. for another strike; a crash is heard. Pan right to her; the side of beef is gone from its hook, and she has punched a hole in the wall. She looks behind herself, surprised. Close-up of the hook, a shred of meat still clinging to it.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Uh...? My meat! It's gone!

(Back to Bubbles; Buttercup confronts her.)

Buttercup: You stole my side of beef!

Bubbles: I did not! I'm a vegetarian! Besides, you took my drawing!

(Pull back across the bedroom to put them in the background. Blossom is at the fore, brushing her hair at the mirror and looking angrily back at them.)

Blossom: Geez, is that all you two do, is blame one another for everything?

(She puts the brush down and looks around the counter, then toward them with a very irritated expression.)

Blossom: All right. Which one of you took my hair clip?!

(She flies up to her sisters, and all three begin arguing as the camera pulls back across the bed. Octi, resting against the pillows, is whisked away. A photo of the Professor and the girls is next to go. Now the camera cuts to the girls and tilts down to the hotline, resting on the floor. It is pulled o.c. by its cord.)

(Cut to the side of beef and pan slowly along the wall as Lenny's shadow looms up and moves along as well. We are now back in his apartment. After a few moments, the camera speeds up and pulls ahead of the shadow. Octi, the hair clip, and the crayons stand on a shelf; next to these are the drawing and the hotline, which sits under a glass dome. Stop on a nail driven into the wall. Lenny reaches into view and hangs the photo on it. Pull back slowly to the sound of his insane laughter to bring him partially into view, then cut to a long shot of him and zoom in slowly. Stop at a close-up as he cuts his laughter off sharply.)

Lenny: But it's still not enough.

(Cut to a view through binoculars of the girls in flight—Lenny is watching them.)

Lenny: I need more, I tell you. MORE!

(The camera points out his window as the girls fly past it, then pans slowly left to his silhouette. He is holding the binoculars, his mouth hanging slightly open in expectation. Cut to a long shot of the girls in flight.)

Lenny: *(from o.c.)* Help! Help! Save me! *(They swoop down.)*

Blossom: Someone's in trouble!

[Animation goof: Blossom's mouth does not move.]

(They approach the source of the call and fly in through the open window. Once inside, they stop short upon finding themselves surrounded by Lenny's trove of Powerpuff collectibles.)

Girls: *(uneasily)* Whoa... *(Each in turn looks at a section of items devoted to her.)*

Buttercup: Oh, this is seven kinds of creepy!

Blossom: Yeah, something tells me this isn't right. *(Long silence.)*

Bubbles: *(enthusiastically)* Cool!

Blossom, Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Bubbles!

Bubbles: Sorry. *(Cut to the group.)*

Lenny: *(from o.c.)* Hello, ladies! *(Cut to him, lounging against the doorframe.)* Let me be the first to introduce you to my collection... *(Close-up of him, in silhouette with his glasses glowing red.)* ...permanently!

(Outside the building, the girls' screams of terror rip through the air. Pan quickly to their house and cut to the Professor, peering into a microscope in his lab. He sits bolt upright.)

Professor: The girls!

(His pipe drops from his mouth; close-up of it as it falls to the floor. We hear his footsteps run off. Cut to inside the Mayor's office as he throws the door open.)

Professor: Mayor! You gotta help! The girls are missing! *(Zoom in on the Mayor at his desk.)*

Mayor: Missing? Aww, well, they know they can visit me anytime.

(He leans back in his chair and appears to go to sleep. The Professor leans across the desk.)

Professor: No, Mayor, the girls are missing! Gone! *(The Mayor starts in surprise.)*

Mayor: Oh! Oh! *(activating intercom)* Ms. Bellum! Call the citizens of Townsville to the Townsville Town Square!

(We see the Professor reflected from the waist up in a full-length mirror.)

Professor: But don't you think this is a bit extreme? *(Tilt down to the Mayor, straightening his tie.)* I thought we could just call the FBI or something. *(The two men cross the office.)*

Mayor: My boy, this is a time of great crisis to the citizens of Townsville.

(On the end of this line, he opens a door and the two step out onto the balcony. As he continues, he climbs a set of steps to reach a podium and the camera shifts to a head-on view of him in his ascent.)

Mayor: And who better to aid us in our time of need than... *(amplified)* ...THE PEOPLE!

(Pull back to show a cheering crowd below the balcony. Silhouettes of the Mayor, the Professor, and Ms. Bellum are seen at the railing. Pan slowly across the scene; a banner depicting the Mayor's face hangs on either side of the trio. Close-up of him, his voice still amplified.)

Mayor: The Powerpuff Girls... *(Zoom in on his monocle.)* ...are missing.

(His eye darts back and forth as the crowd expresses its dismay. Cut to the worried townspeople and pan slowly along them as he continues. Ms. Keane is front and center.)

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* And he who among us, who is *not* among us, surely is the culprit! *(Cut to behind him.)* Now who's not here? Uh...uh, Kensy Matthews! Lloyd Hoopley? Fanny Brown? Goofus McGuirk? Genndy McCracken? Chaim...uh...Ishkabibble?

[Note: The last of these names refers to Ish Kabibble, a member of the big band led by Kay Kyser. Born Merwyn Bogue, he earned his nickname after doing a comedic version of the song "Isch Ga Bibble?" (loosely translated from Yiddish: "I Should Worry?") The term has since become synonymous with a mischievous person.]

(Head-on view of him.)

Mayor: Marjorie Wilson! Where's Marjorie Wilson? *(suddenly angry)* I knew it! Only an evil mind such as hers could do such a diabolical thing!

Woman: *(from o.c.)* I'm right here, Mayor!

Mayor: *(calming down, looking out o.c.)* Oh! Is that you, Marge? *(tipping hat)* How's every little thing? *(Cut to the Professor, worried, and tilt down to him.)* Uh...well...then the only other person it could be is...Lenny Baxter, the Comic Book Geek! GET HIM!!

(Cut to behind him and pan across the crowd, now quite riled up.)

Crowd: Get Lenny! Get Lenny! Get Lenny!

(Cut to Lenny, with Buttercup's head and arm partially visible. He appears distraught. As he speaks, pan left slowly to show more of her.)

Lenny: No, Buttercup, I'm sorry! Please, please don't hurt me! *(He is hit in the face.)* Oh, Buttercup— *(Pan left, putting him o.c.)* —your punches hurt so bad.

(Now we see "Buttercup," actually a hand puppet with jointed arms, which he is working back and forth to throw punches. Pull back; he socks himself several more times as the camera tilts up to a shelf high above him and pans slowly along it. On this shelf are three Powerpuff Girls figures, with very realistic facial expressions and eye movements. Pull back and tilt down slowly as Lenny addresses himself to them.)

Lenny: Hello, girls. Looks like your power-packed punches can't punch their way out of my power packages! *(He laughs crazily.)*

Crowd: *(from outside)* Get Lenny! Get Lenny!

Lenny: What the—?

(The angry chanting continues as he crosses the room to the window and looks out. Cut to his perspective of the crowd, panning slowly across.)

Lenny: *(softly)* Well, paint me green and call me Frankenstein. They're on to me!

(The window is slammed shut and the blinds lowered. A battering ram pounds against the door, smashing it off the hinges after a few hits. Lenny finds himself cornered by an irate mob ready to spill a little blood. Pan across them until the Professor comes into view, then cut to Lenny's face and tilt up slowly. His features are set in stubborn determination, though his mouth wobbles a bit. The Professor's face is shown in the same manner, white-hot anger written all over it. Extreme close-up of Lenny's eyes, panning across; one eyebrow droops in a menacing squint. Again the Professor's face is shown the same way. The standoff is broken by a young voice.)

Kid: *(from o.c.)* Cool! *(Pan quickly to him; he is holding a box with Blossom's picture.)* He's got the limited-edition, trilingual talking Powerpuff dolls! You can't even get these anymore!

(Lenny reaches into view and snatches the box away; pull back to bring him into view.)

Lenny: That's because *I* bought them all!

Kid: But you didn't even open 'em yet.

Lenny: Huh, duh! Hello! *(knocking on kid's head)* Earth to kid! *(Close-up of him, panning slowly to the box.)* Toys are not for playing with. They are an investment. And opening the container of said item would dramatically decrease its collector's value!

(The Professor reaches into view and yanks the box away.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* You mean like— *(Cut to him, hand poised on the box top.)* —this?

(He rips it open; the sound echoes in the air as Lenny clasps his hands to his head in agony.)

Lenny: NOOOOOOOO!!

Professor: Now tell me where the girls are! *(Lenny is slumped against a wall.)*

Lenny: Never!

(Cut to the Professor and pan left as he speaks. Next to him is a row of eager kids.)

Professor: Okay, kids—grab some toys.

(They scatter and seize one package after another from the shelves. Back to the Professor.)

Professor: It's your move, Lenny. *(Pull back; the kids have the toys in hand.)* Tell us—or else.

Lenny: Or else what?

Professor: Billy?

(One boy tears up the box he holds, and Lenny doubles over as if he has just been hit in the gut.)

Professor: Had enough?

Lenny: You won't get them!

Professor: Susie?

(Now a girl opens her package. Lenny screams. Extreme close-up of the Professor's mouth.)

Professor: Now? *(Lenny's eyes.)*

Lenny: No! *(Cut to another boy.)*

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Jimmy?

(The boy rips open his box; Lenny clutches his stomach again. Extreme close-up of the Professor's eyes.)

Professor: Well? *(Lenny's mouth.)*

Lenny: N-N-No! *(Cut to another girl.)*

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Julie?

(She shreds her box, causing a great deal of physical discomfort to the toy collector. He cries out and begins to slump over.)

Lenny: *(weakly)* I think I'm gonna be sick. *(He drops to his knees.)*

Professor: You'll tell us where they are, then?

Lenny: *(defiantly)* N-N-Never!

Professor: Well, suit yourself. Kids?

(Shadows on the wall show one package after another being torn into confetti, and Lenny does not take it at all well. His reactions are similar to those exhibited by criminals who are being soundly thrashed by the girls. Screaming and gibbering, he tumbles to the ground in slow motion. The Professor crosses the room, his head cut off by the top of the screen.)

Professor: Let me tell you something, Lenny. *(stopping at Lenny, kneeling over him)* You may have all of the toys, all of the merchandise, all of the so-called "collector's value." But one thing you don't have, Lenny, is true fandom. *(Zoom in slowly.)* For a true fan wouldn't want to selfishly keep the girls to himself. A true fan would want them to be free.

(He straightens up. The background dissolves to red and white stripes, waving like the American flag, and his figure turns blue.)

Professor: Free to do the things they do best. To do the things we love most about them. *(Normal color returns; he bends down again.)* Now why don't you be a fan...and tell me where they are?

Lenny: *(weakly, pointing into air)* T...the...t...top shelf.

(The Professor looks behind himself to where Lenny has indicated and smiles broadly when he sees the three packages. They are ripped apart in a flash, and the girls fly out and hover over the cheering crowd. Cut to an overhead view of the still-supine Lenny, zooming in slowly. Around him, as a door slams shut, the scene dissolves to a jail cell; he is now standing up and gripping the bars. He wears orange prison coveralls and the same dazed expression. Pull back slowly.)

Narrator: Well, it looks like this criminal has been collected and put into his very own box. A box that won't be opened for a long, long time.

(The background for the end shot comes up.)

Narrator: And so for the very first time, the day is saved—

(The townspeople appear, scrolling across the screen.)

Narrator: —thanks to the citizens of Townsville! Collect 'em all!