

**TOO POOPED TO PUFF**  
**Transcribed by Alan Back**

*(Opening shot: the city skyline in the afternoon.)*

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville...is in need of some—

*(Close-up of a terrified woman. An alarm is heard ringing.)*

**Woman 1:** HEEEEELLLLLLPPPPPPP!!

*(As she screams, pull back quickly to show the scene as a bank lobby and her as a teller. Two masked robbers brandish guns and hold bags of money. A crash shakes the camera; Blossom lands, her back to us, and she and her sisters go to work on the thugs. After several seconds of pounding, cut to another close-up of the teller, triumph and relief on her face.)*

**Woman 1 (Teller):** Hooray!

*(Pull back to the sound of cheering from the other tellers. The girls stand atop the defeated criminals. Cut to outside the bank entrance, where a police car is parked. The doors open, and the girls carry the robbers out. Cut to behind them, the camera pointing at the car's hood—where its driver is lounging and eating a donut. Zoom in slowly on him.)*

**Policeman:** Hey, uh...uh, Powerpuff Girls, uh...thanks for catchin' those crooks. We, um...  
*(biting into donut)* ...we couldn't a done it without youse. *(Another bite.)* Mmmm...oh, man, this is good. Oh, um...while you're at it, would you, uh, mind, uh...bookin' 'em, too?

*(The girls trade a disgusted look. Their thoughts are interrupted by another woman's voice.)*

**Woman 2:** *(from o.c.)* Powerpuff Girls... *(Close-up of her.)* HEEEEELLLLLLPPPPPPP!!

*(Pull back as she screams; she is in the window of an apartment building engulfed in flames. The other inhabitants join her in her cry for help as fire-engine sirens approach.)*

**Kid 1:** Help! *(He is whisked away.)*

**Woman 2:** Help!

**Woman 3:** Help! *(These two are pulled from their windows.)*

*(Now the girls go to work at full speed, carrying the rest of the residents to safety and flying in tight circles around the building, from the roof down. By the time they reach the ground floor, the fire is out. Close-up of a woman with her hair in curlers.)*

**Curler woman:** Hooray!

*(Pull back; the other tenants, gathered around her, cheer as well. Among them: two kids, an old man, a fellow with a towel around his waist and a scrub brush in his hand, and a Japanese geisha. The girls land in front of them. Cut to a bored-looking fireman.)*

**Fireman 1:** Oh, great job, girls. I didn't even have to move a muscle. Oh, and, uh, while you're at it—

*(Pull back. He is lounging on the back of a fire engine; a Dalmatian sits nearby.)*

**Fireman 1:** —would you mind walking Spot over here? He needs to go.

*(Again the girls look rather disgusted at this show of apathy, and again their stewing is cut off by a cry for help—this time a man's.)*

**Man 1:** *(from o.c.)* Powerpuff Girls! HEEEEELLLLLLLLPPPPPPP!!

*(Snap to black. A squeak of metal against metal is heard, and after a moment, the screen is illuminated by the glow of a light bulb—the sound came from it being screwed into its socket. Cut to outside a nuclear power plant. One darkened window lights up; this is where the bulb was put in. Inside, a technician leans back in his chair, near a set of control panels. He is the one who called for help.)*

**Man 1 (Technician):** Gee, thanks, Powerpuff Girls. It would have taken us minutes to screw in that light bulb!

*(Cut to them, now looking a little more fed up than before, with the light shining behind them.)*

**Technician:** *(from o.c.)* You know, us guys at the power plant aren't cut out to handle these kinds of situations.

**Man 2:** *(from o.c.)* Powerpuff Girls! *(Cut to him; he appears to be a mechanic.)* HEELLPP!

*(Pull back; he is standing in a kitchen, by the sink, and looking quite bored—he is a plumber, but not exactly an ambitious one. Blossom and Bubbles stand in front of him while Buttercup works on the pipes under the sink. Cut to a man in his car.)*

**Driver:** Powerpuff Girls! HEELLPP!

*(Pull back. The girls are changing a flat for him. Buttercup holds up one end of the car, Bubbles holds the flat tire, and Blossom puts a new one in place. Cut to an old woman.)*

**Old woman:** Powerpuff Girls! Help!

*(Pull back. They are in her home. Bubbles cleans out a cat's litter box, holding her nose as she does so. The user of said box looks on happily; her sisters are rather less enthused. Now we see a quick series of minor crises.)*

**Kid 2:** Help! (*An untied shoelace.*)

**Woman 4:** (*from o.c.*) Help! (*A fly in a bowl of soup.*)

**Man 3:** Help! (*Pushing on a door marked "Pull."*)

**Man 4:** Help! (*Struggling to open a jar.*)

**Woman 5:** Help! (*A spilled carton of milk at her feet.*)

**Ms. Keane:** Help! (*Clapping her erasers to clean them.*)

**Mayor:** (*from inside bathroom stall*) Help! (*Trying to grab a runaway roll of toilet paper.*)

*(Cut to the Professor on the living room couch. He is wearing his underclothes and a faceful of stubble. Snacks and drinks are all around him, including two cans of his favorite beverage mounted in a helmet he wears. He has one arm stretched out.)*

**Professor:** Girls...help...

*(Pan in the direction of his arm toward the other end of the couch, where the remote sits on the armrest out of his reach.)*

**Girls:** (*from o.c.*) No! (*Pan back to him.*)

**Professor:** Huh? (*The girls.*)

**Girls:** We said no! (*Close-up of each in turn.*) No, no, no!

*(They hover just in front of his face. He slides down in his chair during the following tirade.)*

**Blossom:** We're sick and tired of doing everything around here!

**Professor:** But—

**Blossom:** It's "Powerpuff Girls, this," and "Powerpuff Girls, that." We've had enough!

**Professor:** But—

**Blossom:** That's it! We're not gonna take it anymore! You can just do it all yourself!

**Professor:** But—

**Girls:** But what?!

**Professor:** (*straining toward remote*) But I can't reach it.

*(The girls groan o.c.; cut to them.)*

**Buttercup:** Let's get out of here. Come on! (*She and Blossom take off through the ceiling.*)

*(Bubbles stays put and looks sadly up after them. Cut to the couch; she stands at the end opposite the Professor, with the remote next to her. He smiles pleadingly toward her, and after a moment, she picks it up and holds it out to him. She smiles as well. Instead of giving it to him, though, she drops it on the floor at his feet; his face falls. A moment of silence, and she takes off. Fade to black.)*

*(Fade in to an overhead view of her lying on her back against a white field. As she speaks, pull back slowly to show the other two girls similarly disposed.)*

**Bubbles:** Do you think we were too hard on the Professor?

**Buttercup:** No way. (*Pull back farther; they are lying on a cloud high above Townsville.*)

**Blossom:** He and the rest of them need to learn to do things for themselves.

*(Side view of them. As Blossom continues, tilt down to street level, putting her o.c.)*

**Blossom:** Let's just see how Townsville likes it when we're not here to pick up after them.

*(The words are barely out of her mouth when a huge green creature slams its foot down into the street. A man and a woman shout in surprise; tilt up quickly to show the monster as a sort of lizard, with a piece of the clock tower in its hand. Back at street level, the two onlookers' reactions change to indifferent little sighs, and they continue about their business. A couple and their son stop to watch; they do not seem particularly worried either.)*

**Father:** Why, look, son. A giant monster's destroying Townsville.

**Son:** Can we take him home, Dad?

**Father:** No, we better leave him alone. *(The three start to walk away.)* The Powerpuff Girls'll take care of him.

*(Just after they move o.c., it spits a blast of fire over the buildings. A helicopter flies near it and has its tail rotor knocked off and its main rotor damaged by one swing of its arm. The chopper stops in midair.)*

**Pilot:** *(laughing)* Oh, playful critter. *(He drops like a rock.)*

*(Now the beast chomps into a building and tears away the corner of one apartment. Inside, two women sit gossiping and drinking coffee. They pay no mind to what has just happened. Long shot of the monster as it begins to eat the masonry again. On the next line, pull back slowly to show the view as that through the window in the Mayor's office. He looks on, also rather nonchalant.)*

**Mayor:** Oh, look. If it isn't another naughty little monster. *(laughing)* He must be hungry. *(walking to hotline, the camera following)* Well, I guess I'll just call the Powerpuff Girls, let them take care of things.

*(He picks up the receiver; we hear the phone ringing on the other end. After the second ring, there is a click.)*

**Mayor:** Oh, hello, girls. I— *(Blossom cuts him off, surprising him.)*

**Blossom:** *(over hotline)* Hello.

*(Cut to the hotline in the living room and follow the cord connected to it as the girls speak. This runs out along the table and snakes around the floor.)*

**Blossom:** *(recording)* You've reached the Powerpuff Girls hotline.

**Bubbles:** *(recording)* Leave a message after the beep, and we'll get back to you— *(Stop on an answering machine.)*

**Buttercup:** *(recording)* —when we feel like it! *(The machine beeps.)*

*(Cut to a homeboy and his lady in a convertible, which is being held aloft by the monster.)*

**Homeboy:** Yo, yo, be careful with the G-ride. *(to lady, as monster opens mouth)* Yo, B, I think he's about to get jiggy with us.

*(The car is promptly devoured whole. The girls watch from their cumulus vantage point as more of the city is roasted.)*

**Bubbles:** Can't we do something?

**Blossom:** No, Bubbles, not this time.

**Buttercup:** Yeah. Let 'em figure it out for themselves.

**Woman 6:** *(from o.c.)* Hey, look! *(Pull back to street level; she and a crowd look up at them.)* The Powerpuff Girls! There they are! *(Overhead view of the crowd.)* Woo-ooo! Oh, woo-ooo! Powerpuff Girls! In case you haven't noticed, there's a monster destroying our town.

*(It roars o.c. as she speaks.)*

**Man 5:** Hey, why don't you little ladies just scoot on down here and take care of this little mess, huh? *(Pull back to just above the girls.)*

**Blossom:** Take care of it yourselves.

*(Close-up view of the crowd, dumbstruck by this suggestion; pan across them slowly as the Narrator speaks.)*

**Narrator:** Did we hear correctly? "Take care of it yourselves"? What will Townsville do now?

*(In answer to his question, the people scream in panic and run in all directions as the monster rears up behind the buildings. The two words that best describe their reaction are "total hysteria." They run along a street, just barely keeping ahead of the beast's footfalls, then back and forth across the screen in a field outside the city proper, still just staying ahead of the feet. After several passes, they run o.c., but no giant green foot comes down after them. They run back into view and look up with some degree of surprise. Pull back to show the monster tangled in a set of telephone lines and struggling vainly to pull loose. The various members of the crowd address themselves to the girls on their cloud.)*

**Man 6:** Powerpuff Girls! Help us! The monster's stuck in the telephone wires!

**Blossom:** That's good!

*(Long silence. Back to the crowd.)*

**Crowd:** Hooray! We destroyed the monster!

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* Uh...no, you didn't. *(Their faces fall. Another long silence.)*

**Crowd:** Help! Help! Destroy the monster!

**Blossom:** We're not gonna destroy the monster, *you* are!

**Man 7:** Okay! Let's get him!

**Crowd:** Yeah, let's get him! Go!

*(They charge o.c.; the monster's roar is heard, and after a moment, they scurry back into view, their resolve gone.)*

**Man 7:** Uh...how do we do that?

**Bubbles:** Well, how do you think?

**Woman 7:** I would use my superpowers!

**Man 8:** Or heat ray!

**Man 9:** I could use my ice breath!

**Buttercup:** You townspeople don't have superpowers like us, so you have to use your own *normal* powers. Now, how do you get a monster to stop destroying your town?

**Man 10:** Destroy him!

**Crowd:** Yes! Destroy him!

**Bubbles:** *(looking a bit weary)* Good. But *how* are you gonna destroy him?

**Man 10:** Mmmm, uh...we don't know!

**Crowd:** Yes! We don't know!

**Bubbles:** Well...the monster is stuck in the electrical wires, so what doesn't mix well with electricity?

**Man 11:** Uh...feet!

**Woman 8:** Frankorstein?

**Man 12:** I know! A rubber chicken!

*(The other people in the crowd talk excitedly about these suggestions as the girls flop onto the cloud face first, frustrated.)*

**Bubbles:** *(to her sisters)* This is gonna be tougher than I thought.

*(The monster roars again and pulls against the wires that ensnare it.)*

**Blossom:** Let's try this another way. *(to the crowd)* Hey! Why shouldn't you put a toaster in a bathtub?

**Man 13:** Well, duh! You wouldn't be able to make toast in the kitchen!

**Woman 9:** Yeah! You would have to go to the bathroom every time you wanted toast. What a waste of time!

**Blossom:** Why shouldn't you put a *toaster* in a bathtub full of *water*?

**Man 9:** Because your toast would get soggy! *(The crowd cheers this idea.)*

**Man 13:** So, if we can get the monster to take a bath, his toast will get soggy!

**Man 10:** Yeah, that's how we destroy him! Make his toast soggy!

**Buttercup:** No, no, *no!* What would happen if *you* were in a bathtub when the toaster fell in?

**Man 14:** Um...you, uh...get...shocked?

**Girls:** Yes! Now you have it!

**Man 13:** So, if we can get the monster to take a bath—then he will get shocked!

**Woman 9:** But where are we going to find a bathtub to fit the monster?

**Man 14:** And where do we get a toaster?

**Man 13:** Do you have a toaster?

**Kid 3:** I don't have a toaster.

*(Pan across the crowd as they begin to ask one another if anybody has a toaster on hand. No luck, of course.)*

**Man 9:** I could be soggy toast.

*(The girls have had it up to their eyeballs with these people's obtuseness.)*

**Blossom:** There's another way! You already have your toaster. It's the electrical wire wrapped around the monster. Now, what do you fill a bathtub with?

**Crowd:** Water?

**Blossom:** Very good!

*(Cut to a fireman holding a dripping hose.)*

**Fireman 2:** Where the heck are we gonna get that much water? *(Back to the girls.)*

**Girls:** FIGURE IT OUT!

*(The fireman begins to think very hard—as hard as his functioning brain cells will allow, that is—with the hose still dripping in his hand.)*

**Voice:** Pssst!

*(He looks around himself to find the source of the voice. One man points toward his own open hand, which he is holding in a position similar to that of the fireman's hand with the hose. This latter points at the hose in his own hand, bewildered, and gets a big nod of approval. He nods back, then points the nozzle at the still-entangled monster and opens it up full force. When the stream of water hits the wires, the monster is enveloped in a blinding flash of electricity. It jerks back and forth, screaming at insane decibels, as the people watch in total shock and awe.)*

**Crowd:** Ooooh...Ahhhh...Ohhhh...

*(The beast finally explodes from the voltage it has absorbed. When the dust and debris clear, we see that the townspeople are festooned with globs of green sludge and various monster bits. Pan across them as they talk excitedly; the city comes into view, the surrounding area also covered with slop.)*

**Girls:** You did it! You did it!

**Crowd:** *(puzzled)* Did what?

**Girls:** *(frustrated)* Destroyed the monster! *(Brief silence.)*

**People at front of crowd:** Hooray! We destroyed the monster! *(The rest cheer, and all run back toward Townsville.)*

**Woman 8:** Who needs those Powerpuff Girls?

**Woman 9:** We can take care of things on our own!

*(From their cloud, the girls watch them go.)*

**Blossom:** I'm beat.

**Buttercup:** Yeah, let's go home.

**Mayor:** *(from o.c.)* Woo-hoo!

**Bubbles:** It's the Mayor! *(Pull back; he is on the ground, calling up to them.)*

**Mayor:** Powerpuff Girls, would you come down here, please? *(They do so.)* Oh, hello, girls. I want to thank you for teaching the people of Townsville a very important lesson today. I can't quite remember what that was right now, but...oh, well, I gotta get to that party! Later! *(He starts off toward Townsville.)* Oh, and, girls...

*(Close-up of them, again looking quite peeved.)*

**Mayor:** *(from o.c, echoing and fading)* ...would you mind cleaning up Townsville? It's a major pigsty. Thanks a bunch. Woo-hoo! Par-tay!

*(The standard end shot comes up.)*

**Narrator:** So once again the day is saved—with no thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! Hey—I did that all by myself!