

## **DREAM SCHEME**

**Transcribed by Alan Back**

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

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville, in all of its glory.  
It is the setting of this little story.

*(Dissolve to an outer-space view of Earth, with latitude and longitude lines. It goes through half a rotation during the next line.)*

**Narrator:** Let us begin on the back of the globe.  
*(Dissolve to a Japanese family, their clothes changing from everyday wear to sleep attire.)*  
Where people are dressed in PJ and robe. *(They yawn and stretch.)*  
They kick off their slippers and climb into beds,  
Fluff up their pillows and lay down their heads.

*(During these two lines, the father, son, daughter, and mother perform these actions in sequence. Cut to the father and mother in their bed.)*

**Narrator:** Now everyone is ready to sleep for the night.  
*(Pan to the window, where a glowing silhouette hovers.)*  
Enter the Sandman to do them up right.

*(On the end of this line, cut to a close-up of the figure: a blue-skinned, bearded fellow in nightshirt and cap. He looks rather weary, with dark circles under his eyes. This is the Sandman.)*

**Narrator:** Reaching into his bag with his free hand,  
He pulls out a magical brown grain of sand.

*(He performs these actions in time with the lines; the “bag” is his lower eyelid. He aims and flicks the sand off his finger.)*

**Narrator:** A piece in the eyes— *(Cut to the mother.)* —the left and the right,  
*(Her eyes are hit by the sand, and she closes them and begins to snore.)*  
And out goes the victim, asleep for the night.

*(Cut to the Sandman, floating across the countryside. Lights wink out as he passes.)*

**Narrator:** And so on to every home in every city,  
The Sandman does his job, singing his ditty.

*(Close-up of him. His voice sounds a bit like Scatman Crothers.)*

**Sandman:** *(to the tune of “I’m a Little Teapot”)* I’m the little Sandman, that’s no doubt,  
*(throwing pinches of sand)* Putting you to sleep is what I’m about.  
When your eyes get heavy, don’t you pout,  
I’ll show up and put you out.

*(He punctuates these last three words with armpit farts, then hums in the same tune and floats o.c. Pan slowly across the landscape, bringing him into view again. He is wiping his hands.)*

**Narrator:** The Sandman finishes with no time to spare.  
And poof! He disappears back to his lair.

*(He winks out of sight at the appropriate moment. On the end of this line, cut to a large chamber with a skylight dome and clocks all over the walls; each of these bears a label. He reappears.)*

**Narrator:** Just as soon as the Sandman gets back,  
He scratches his fanny and heads for the sack.

*(During this line, he does the indicated actions and starts across the room, the camera following. The end of his bed comes into view.)*

**Narrator:** But before he can reach that place so desired— *(Alarms and buzzers go off.)*  
Again he must go where sleep is required.  
Clang, clang, clang goes the alarm. Oh, what a pain!

*(Close-up of a clock; its label, “Ukraine,” is flashing.)*

**Narrator:** *(Russian accent)* It seems they’re going to bed in Ukraine.

*(Cut to a Russian city, with the Sandman floating above. The windows go dark.)*

**Narrator:** *(normal voice)* That task done, it’s time to get going.  
*(Close-up of the Sandman’s eyes, very bloodshot.)*  
Look at those eyes. I think that’s fatigue showing.

*(Back to his lair; the camera points through the vertical bars of his bed’s headboard toward the clocks. Tilt down toward the pillow.)*

**Narrator:** So, back to the sanctity of his lair, *(He lies down.)*  
For some well-deserved sleep. It’s only fair. *(He closes his eyes.)*  
As he’s about to catch up on the sleep that he’s missed—  
*(A beeping noise begins, and he jumps out of bed and lands sprawled on the floor.)*  
Off goes the mini-alarm he wears on his wrist.

*(We can see that he wears a wristwatch with a flashing light. This is the source of the beeping. Zoom in slowly.)*

**Narrator:** Who is it now, pulling him away from his home?  
(Close-up of the watch, marked "Rome.")  
Why, it's the Italians, going "el snoozo" in Rome

*(Cut to the Sandman floating above the Roman skyline, the Colosseum visible in the distance. The lights begin to go out.)*

**Narrator:** Adhering to the schedule he is stuck to—

*(He winks out of sight. On the next line, dissolve to a long shot of a city in the desert.)*

**Narrator:** Off he goes to put them asleep in Tim-buc-too.

*(He appears on a ridge overlooking the city. Cut to him floating out in space, looking down at the spinning globe.)*

**Narrator:** Hitting every city in the world, it's no joke,  
London, Paris, Cairo, even Royal Oak.

*(The scene dissolves around him to each of these three cities and an ordinary house in the suburbs in time with this line. Cut to him as he floats past a row of houses, the camera following. Lights go out as he passes.)*

**Narrator:** So it goes, twenty-four hours a day without pause,  
Three hundred sixty-five nights a year—  
(Cut to Santa Claus, fast asleep in his bed at the North Pole.)  
Unlike that Santy Claus.

*(Fade briefly to black, then in to the Townsville skyline. It is now nighttime.)*

**Narrator:** Meanwhile, back in the city we all love and know,  
(Cut to the exterior of the girls' house.)  
More specifically, the Utonium chateau—

*(Inside, the girls are playing baseball in the bedroom. Bubbles pitches, Blossom catches, Buttercup bats.)*

**Narrator:** Where the girls are still making a clatter,  
(Buttercup gets a hit. Cut to the bedroom door.)  
In pops the Professor— *(He peeks in and ducks; the ball just misses him.)*  
To see what's the matter.

*(Pull back. He looks in again, the girls facing him. He has his pajamas on.)*

**Professor:** Girls, what's the noise? It's time for bed.

**Bubbles:** We're not sleepy.

**Buttercup:** We want to stay up instead.  
**Professor:** Well, you know, that's all dandy and fine. (*becoming stern*)  
Into bed—that's the bottom line.  
**Girls:** But, Professor—  
**Professor:** No buts, and I mean it. (*Bubbles holds up a sack of peanuts.*)  
**Bubbles:** Does anybody want a peanut? (*Rim shot.*)  
**Professor:** I want you in bed. That's my final warning.  
Don't you know I've got work in the morning?

*(Cut to just outside the room, in the darkened hallway. The girls look rather dejected; the Professor shuts the door on them, blacking out the screen, on the next line.)*

**Narrator:** And with that, he closes the door tight—  
*(Snap to an overhead view of him in bed, pulling up his blankets.)*  
And tucks himself in to sleep for the night.

*(Dissolve to an overhead view of the Sandman, also in bed. He does likewise.)*

**Narrator:** Back at his lair, the Sandman tries the same. (*The alarms shatter his calm.*)  
But off goes the alarm. (*Close-up of the Townsville clock.*) Townsville to blame.

*(Cut to the Sandman and follow him as he crosses the room. He is fed up.)*

**Sandman:** That's it! No more! I quit!  
I never get to sleep, and I'm tired of it! (*He stops.*)  
Wait! I've an idea that just might work.  
**Narrator:** He said with an evil, toothy kind of smirk.  
**Sandman:** I'll fill the machine. Oh, this is so clever! (*Extreme close-up of his narrowed eyes.*)  
A machine that will put them all to sleep forever!

*(On the end of this line, pull back to a long overhead shot of him facing the walls of clocks. Lightning bolts flash across the screen and give way to the base of a bizarre-looking contraption that might be made of old-style wrought iron. Tilt up slowly to the machine's top section, where a scoop piled high with sand protrudes.)*

**Narrator:** And so it is built, just as he planned.  
*(Cut to the Sandman; a control panel slides up to him, and he starts to operate it.)*  
A machine to sprinkle the world with his sand.  
He punches the numbers and pulls down the handle—  
*(The rig kicks into gear; from outer space, we see the planet enveloped in light.)*  
Out goes the world, just like a candle.

*(Cut to a group of Japanese tourists, then dissolve to an Italian family and next a group of witch doctors around a fire in the jungle. All are fast asleep. From this last shot, dissolve to a traffic circle in Townsville; it is choked with cars that are going nowhere fast. Back to the Sandman, looking quite triumphant.)*

**Sandman:** I did it! I did it! Now I can hit the hay!  
I think I'll sleep an extra seventeen hours a day.

**Narrator:** But before he can enjoy the fruit of his pains—

*(The alarms sound again, ruining his jubilation. The background fills with scrolling lines of text: "CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!")*

**Narrator:** Off goes the alarm. Someone remains.

*(The Sandman looks at his control panel.)*

**Sandman:** Oh! Who's still awake?

**Narrator:** He said with remorse.

*(On the monitor, the girls have resumed their baseball game. Now Blossom is pitching to Bubbles, with Buttercup catching.)*

**Narrator:** Why, it's the Powerpuff Girls with insomnia, of course.

**Sandman:** Oh, those brats are ruining my ploy!  
By staying awake, they're stealing my joy!  
I'll pay them a visit, a little house call, *(He starts to glow.)*  
And take care of this matter once and for all!

*(On the end of this line, he fades away. In the bedroom, the girls have switched to football. Bubbles is ready to hike the ball to Blossom; Buttercup is set to tackle one or both of them.)*

**Narrator:** Back in their room, the girls continue playing,  
When all of a sudden they hear someone saying—

*(We hear the Sandman wink into view. The girls look o.c. toward him.)*

**Sandman:** *(from o.c.)* You three girls are ruining my plan!  
Now get into bed as quick as you can!

**Buttercup:** Who are you to make us?

**Narrator:** Buttercup did exclaim. *(Cut to the Sandman, floating in midair.)*

**Sandman:** Why, I'm the Sandman, the one and the same.  
I come to you now with only one dream,  
Which is why I hatched up this wonderful scheme.  
I want to sleep and doze and slumber and nap,  
So I put the world to sleep. It was a snap! *(He snaps his fingers.)*

*(Pull back as he descends to the floor.)*

**Sandman:** Forever they'll sleep, that I've no doubt— *(He settles in front of the girls.)*  
And you three girls I'll also put out!

**Blossom:** (*jumping up*) We've got to stop this awful oppressor!  
Bubbles! (*She jumps up.*) Buttercup! (*She jumps up.*)  
Wake the Professor!

**Sandman:** (*sliding in front of door*) You can try and wake him, try as you might—  
(*Close-up of the Professor, mounds of sand on his eyes. He drools slightly.*)

**Sandman:** (*from girls' room*) But I guarantee you he's out like a light.

(*Back to the bedroom. The girls size up the Sandman.*)

**Narrator:** To put them to sleep is the reason he came. (*He pulls a blaster on them.*)  
So he pulls out his weapon and takes sharp aim. (*The girls take to the air.*)  
The girls fly up in typical formation,  
To stop the Sandman and his evil creation.

(*The crosshairs of his gun slide into view and center themselves between the girls. This is the Sandman's perspective.*)

**Sandman:** Hold still now! I've just about enough!

**Blossom:** You can't hurt us, 'cause we're the Powerpuff—

(*She is cut off by a beam that nails her and the other two—direct hit. When it fades, they tumble down o.c. on the next line.*)

**Narrator:** But before the girls can finish their call,  
The Sandman finishes *them*, once and for all. (*Cut to him.*)

**Sandman:** Victory is mine! I've won, that's who!  
Now there's only one thing left for me to do. (*He disappears.*)

**Narrator:** And with that, he vanishes in thin air,  
Most likely to sleep back at his lair. (*Pan across the room.*)  
So I guess that's it. What can I say?

(*Stop on the girls, fast asleep: Blossom on the floor, Buttercup over a chair, Bubbles on her head.*)  
Oh, who would've thought it woulda ended this way?

(*Tilt up from them as thought balloons form above their heads. These merge into a single large balloon, in which the girls appear, floating against the white background. Their voices echo slightly, as if they are speaking to each other across an empty stage.*)

**Buttercup:** Hey, what are you two doing in one of my dreams?

**Bubbles:** We're all in each other's, or so it seems.

**Blossom:** This is a power I never knew we had.

**Bubbles:** It's totally cool!

**Buttercup:** Yeah, it ain't half bad.

**Blossom:** But let's get down to the matter at hand—  
How to defeat that dispenser of sand.

**Buttercup:** Why don't we just go and beat him right up?

**Blossom:** Always the violent way, eh, Buttercup? (*Buttercup looks a bit put out at this.*)

**Bubbles:** I've got an idea. It's way out of sight.  
We'll infiltrate *his* dreams and give him a fright!

**Blossom:** Yes, scare him so bad that he'll never  
Want to sleep again. Bubbles, you're clever!

*(Bubbles sticks her tongue out at Buttercup.)*

**Buttercup:** Careful, Bubbles, your ego is showing.

**Bubbles:** What? Where?

**Blossom:** Come on, let's get going! *(They take off, winking out of sight.)*

*(Cut to the Sandman, fast asleep in his bed. The camera points toward his head from the footboard. Zoom in slowly to an extreme close-up of his face, then dissolve to a peaceful fantasy countryside, panning across. This is his dream. Stop on him, sitting in the middle of a bunch of flowers and looking very content and happy. Birds are singing, and everything looks as tranquil as can be.)*

*(After a few seconds, however, the sky darkens and black clouds hide the sun. The Sandman looks up in alarm; tri-colored lightning bolts crack across the sky, and he finds himself looking up at three gargantuan Powerpuff Girls. They look as if they have him right where they want him. He looks around and begins to run, the background behind him turning to vertical black stripes on a white field. Pull back to show him running in very slow motion down a long corridor with these stripes on the walls. This shot is seen as if it were a photographic negative—white becomes black, blue becomes orange, and so on. The accompanying music sounds as if it is being played backwards.)*

*(When he has nearly reached the camera, the view shifts to behind him. The end of the corridor begins to recede and fade from sight as he keeps running. He looks back over his shoulder, panicked and terrified, and the camera turns around to show the girls floating toward him with evil smiles on their faces. They are in normal color. He runs on, still looking back for a while before turning to see ahead of himself. The door finally comes into view; he runs head-on into this, normal color and motion returning.)*

*(He tumbles backward to the floor and looks up at the door, then reaches up and opens it. It swings open to reveal a huge pink eye blinking at him from a pink face. The features around the eye socket suggest feathers. The Sandman recoils in shock at the apparition and starts running back up the corridor at top speed. Around him, the walls, ceiling, and door fall away like oversized playing cards, leaving the floor floating in space. Side view of him as a giant pink chicken with a black stripe around its midsection and red tail feathers—Blossom—gives pursuit. Behind them, surreal colors and shapes float past. The camera follows the two. It strikes at him twice with its beak, the background exploding briefly with each peck.)*

*(Suddenly he stops short and runs in the opposite direction as a light blue chicken with a black stripe and yellow tail starts after him. Now Bubbles has joined the chase. She tries to peck him once, the background exploding again, before he jumps into a hole in the path. Buttercup's poultry equivalent, sporting a black tail, runs up and plunges its beak in after him; the*

*background changes briefly to show a praying mantis during this digging. The Sandman is yanked out as the original surreal pattern reappears, and Buttercup throws him down the path. All three begin to peck at him, throwing feathers everywhere. Now the backdrop goes into an insane swirling motion.)*

*(When the feathers clear, the girls—now back to their normal selves and sizes—are pounding on him with pillows. A large, glowing vortex is seen behind them; this grows gradually until it fills about half the screen. Buttercup and Blossom fly in and hit him at point-blank range, and Bubbles throws her pillow. It floats against a white background as the Sandman's head moves into view to rest on it. The scene dissolves around him to his bed; he is sleeping peacefully, with no sound but the ticking of a clock.)*

*(After a moment, he sits up suddenly and looks around himself. He smiles, relieved that his ordeal is over. However, the bed begins to shake and rattle, telling him that he is not out of the woods yet. Its legs begin to grow, elevating him toward the dome of his lair. He breaks through it; cut to outside as he is lifted high above its surface. The bed pulls its legs out through the hole and plants them around it, and he wobbles back and forth in midair. Close-up of him as he begins to look slightly seasick.)*

*(Around him, the scene dissolves to an expanse of water; his bed becomes a large wooden crate, with a pillow for his head. The background takes on a weird yellow-orange color, as of the sunset reflecting off the ocean. Pull back somewhat to the sound of seagulls calling to one another. A yellow fin breaks the surface and begins to circle the makeshift raft. The Sandman watches nervously as it moves behind him and disappears from sight. Pull back again as a huge head with a mouth full of deadly pointed teeth surfaces. The creature, which has Bubbles' hair, roars at a deafening volume and swallows the raft whole. When it dives, we see that it is indeed Bubbles—the fin was one of her pigtails.)*

*(The Sandman slides down her gullet at high speed and lands on a pile of sand. More of this begins to spill onto his head, burying him; pull back to show him trapped within an hourglass. The girls fly into view to watch him, with various clocks and timepieces in the background. Blossom looks down at a watch on her wrist. Zoom in on its face; the Sandman is now being used in place of Mickey Mouse, his arms rotating to show the time. These meet at 12:00, and the camera cuts to the face of an alarm clock in his lair. Tilt up to show him mounted on top as the bell, with the striker poised next to his head. He looks quite nervous at the prospect that lies before him. The striker hits him, and we hear the bell ring. Pull back to show an ordinary alarm clock ringing on his nightstand, then pan quickly to the bed. He sits bolt upright and screams.)*

**Sandman:** I'm awake! Please stay out of my dreams!  
Never again will I hatch any schemes!

*(He runs to the control panel and starts to work it, smiling nervously back over his shoulder.)*

I'm throwing the switch and hitting the number  
And awaking them all from eternal slumber.

*(Cut to him, no longer at the panel. He looks at his watch.)*

Oh, would you look at the time? I gotta get cracking!

People are waiting! My, I've been slacking! *(He vanishes.)*

**Narrator:** And off he goes, off to his job,  
Never to sleep again, the poor slob.  
*(Cut to the Japanese tourists. They wake up and begin taking pictures during the next line.)*  
The world awakes without missing a beat,  
Unaware of the Sandman's defeat.

*(The Italian family comes around next and instantly starts arguing. Next are the witch doctors, who start dancing happily around their fire. The clogged Townsville intersection is revived; the cars do not move, but we hear them honking. Finally, the girls awake.)*

**Bubbles:** Yay!  
**Buttercup:** We did it!  
**Blossom:** We're awake!  
**Bubbles:** I'm pooped.  
**Buttercup:** Let's hit the hay.  
**Blossom:** For goodness' sake.

*(Dissolve to an empty patch of the bedroom. The girls float into view, looking wiped out. Camera follows them to the bed as the Narrator speaks.)*

**Narrator:** And finally, for all their troubles,  
They deserve the sleep—  
*(Overhead view of Buttercup resting her head on her pillow. Pan to the others in turn; each does likewise.)*  
Buttercup, Blossom, and Bubbles.

*(Pull back; they are now under the covers and sleeping like logs. Pan slowly to the windows. The sky lightens and a rooster crows in the distance—morning has come. The alarm clock goes off, the door opens, and a very perky Professor looks in on them.)*

**Professor:** It's morning, girls! Oh, how the night sure flies.  
Wake up and rub the sand from your eyes!

*(Cut to the bed, pulling back to show him at the door.)*

**Narrator:** Oh, Professor, perhaps you'd better turn around.  
Because while the rest of us were sleeping sound,

*(The view from outer space again; the planet turns on its axis.)*

**Narrator:** The earth was saved just as it twirls—

*(The standard end shot comes up.)*

**Narrator:** Thanks again to the Powerpuff Girls!