

YOU SNOOZE YOU LOSE
Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night, with a soft glow over the horizon.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville... *(Pan across the city as he continues.)* ...has brushed its teeth and tucked itself into the warm blanket of night. But as the city dreams...

(Stop on the observatory, visible between two buildings, and zoom in slowly.)

Narrator: ...a monkey schemes.

(Dissolve to the shadow of Mojo Jojo cast huge against the wall inside. We hear the scratching of a pencil as the camera tilts down toward the floor. He is working at a drawing board that stands by itself in its particular area of the lair. A single lamp throws light onto his efforts. Zoom in on him.)

Mojo: *(with mounting fervor)* Yes...Yes...Yes! Yes! *(stopping work, looking at design)* No.

(Head-on view of him and his blueprint, zooming in as he continues. The drawing shows a large platform standing on jointed legs, with a large tube connected to its underside and centered over an X on the ground. Stick figures of the girls are drawn in to represent their motion up the tube, where a large blaster points at them.)

Mojo: Something's amiss. Let's see...

(Close-up of the bottom section of the blueprint.)

Mojo: *(from o.c., pointing at X)* Girls stand on X... *(tracing path up to platform)* ...get sucked up to platform, where I sit poised with laser gun. I activate beam, and the girls...

(Back to the girls on the X. Now they look more like their usual selves, and they take off.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* ...fly away. *(He groans loudly; back to him.)* That's where this otherwise brilliant plan falls apart! I must find a way to keep them from flying away! Hmm...Ooh! How about flypaper? *(crumpling up design)* No! That's stupid! *(tossing it away)* No.

(Camera follows the balled-up paper over to a pile of other rejected ideas behind him.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Now, let's see...no...no...

(He tosses two more wads into the pile during this line; dissolve to a much larger collection of garbage. We hear Mojo snoring now, and the camera pans back to the drawing board, over which he has fallen asleep. Suddenly his eyes pop open, and he straightens up.)

Mojo: By gum! I've got it!

(He scribbles a few calculations; close-up of his pencil flying on the paper.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Oh yeah, oh yeah, oooh, that's it! *(Back to him, triumphant.)* Ha-ha! Perfect!

(He kisses the blueprint, reaches down o.c., and comes up with an envelope. Now he addresses it as if it were a beloved child.)

Mojo: Now I'll just keep you safe in here— *(sliding blueprint into envelope)* —until tomorrow, when I shall unleash...

(He seizes the pencil and writes on the front of the envelope. Cut to his perspective of it in his hands; it now bears a title in big black letters.)

Mojo: *(reading)* ...“Mojo Jojo's Best Plan to Destroy the Powerpuff Girls Ever!”

(Cut to him and zoom in as he laughs long and loud over this soon-to-be coup de grace. Still cackling, he runs off across the lair, his shadow looming over the far wall, and through a door that slides shut behind him. Cut to a close-up of him frozen in this same mad glee and pull back; this is a picture that hangs over his bed. Tilt down to show him under the covers, holding the plans in one hand and showing nearly the exact same expression. After a few seconds, he cuts himself off abruptly and falls asleep.)

(At the window, the curtains flutter in a draft from outside. A gust blows the envelope out from under Mojo's arm and carries it away; pan quickly to outside the window as it floats out into the night and toward the park. Cut to the Amoeba Boys, slithering through the area and not looking particularly threatening—as usual.)

[Animation goof: The window is closed when we first see it, but in a subsequent shot, it is open.]

Narrator: *(bored)* Oh, look. It's the Amoeba Boys, Townsville's most pathetic criminals ever. They couldn't commit a crime even if it smacked 'em in the face.

(The plans do exactly that to Bossman. He pulls them away.)

Bossman: Hey! Hmmm...

(Skinny Slim and Tiny, a.k.a. Junior, look over his “shoulders” at this item. All three look rather bewildered. Cut to his perspective, with the labeled side of the envelope facing him.)

Bossman: *(reading, slowly)* “Mojo Jojo's Best Plan to Destroy the Powerpuff Girls Ever!” *(Back to the group.)*

Tiny: Duh—what is it, Boss?

Bossman: *(looking up)* I...have no idea.

(The Boys stand in completely confounded silence for a long moment—so long, in fact, that night fades into morning above them. Skinny is the first to have something resembling an idea.)

Skinny: Duh...uh...uh...maybe we, uh...should, uh...open it?

(Bossman flips the envelope over and sees the flap on the other side, with a clasp holding it shut.)

Boys: *(softly)* Wooooowww...

(The clasp is undone, and the envelope's contents are removed. The plan looks very much like the one Mojo started with, but it does not impress Bossman too much.)

Bossman: I knew it! Just a bunch of fancy words and numbers. *(tossing plans over "shoulder")* Phooey! *(The Boys slither away.)*

(Cut to Buttercup in flight. The paper sails into view and smacks her in the face.)

Buttercup: Hey!

(She stops, pulls it away, and has a look before dropping toward ground level and calling to the Boys from behind. Now she is quite irritated.)

Buttercup: Amoeba Boys! Better watch where you're throwing your trash, or I'll— *(Blossom flies into view.)*

Blossom: Wait! *(taking plans)* Let me see that.

(Bubbles joins her sisters in midair as Blossom inspects the diagram and brightens considerably upon doing so.)

Blossom: Oh, boy! You know what this is? It's a scavenger hunt list! *(Bubbles gasps softly.)*

Bubbles: *(smiling)* A scavenger hunt? *(angrily)* How terrible! I don't believe in hunting scavengers. *(Blossom flies o.c. on the end of this line.)*

Buttercup: No, Bubbles. A scavenger hunt is when you dig up stuff nobody wants. *(She flies o.c.)*

Bubbles: *(floating o.c.)* I know.

(Cut to ground level as Blossom approaches the Boys.)

Blossom: So you guys must be on a scavenger hunt, right?

Bossman: Duh... *(The other girls fly down.)*

Blossom: Great! We'll help! *(looking at plans)* Now, the first thing we have to find is...

(Cut to a long shot of the observatory. Mojo's frustrated roar echoes from inside and can be heard even here, as can the sound of a lair being turned upside down in search of evil plans. Inside, a considerable pile of stuff has been dumped out onto the floor. Items that are visible include a spare braincap, a blaster that looks very much like the one he used against the girls at the end of "Bubblevicious," a voodoo doll in Blossom's image, books entitled "BAD" and

“EVIL,” and a statue that looks very much like the Anubis dog’s head he stole in “Monkey See, Doggie Do”—odd, considering that it shattered over his head at the end of that episode.)

(Pan slowly left as more items are flung into view, including a lit bomb, a brain, and a self-portrait, and Mojo starts to speak.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* I can’t find it! Where is it? I just had it!

(Stop on him at a closet; more items and articles of clothing are thrown out behind him.)

Mojo: Oh, where, oh, where can my perfect plan be?!

(During this line, cut to outside the observatory again as the search continues. Tilt quickly down to the base of the mountain after he finishes; the girls and the Boys are looking over the “scavenger hunt list.”)

Blossom: Hmm. Okay...chewing gum. Anybody have any chewing gum?

(Bossman and Skinny look nervously at each other; the former then looks down at Tiny, who is chewing merrily away at something and not paying any mind. After some seconds, Bossman gets angry and slaps the runt across the “face.” Tiny stops chewing.)

Tiny: I do.

(He opens his mouth, revealing a well-used wad of gum on his tongue. All three girls look slightly ill at the idea of having to actually touch this stuff, but Blossom forces herself to take it. They regard it with no small disgust.)

Blossom: Great.

Bubbles: *(taking plans)* Now we need paper clips. Where can we find paper clips?

(Tiny opens his mouth again; this time, there are several paper clips stuck to his teeth and tongue. These are removed, and now it is Bubbles’ turn to look a little queasy.)

Bubbles: Uh...thanks.

Buttercup: *(taking plans)* A flashlight?

(Once again, Tiny opens wide and reveals exactly what they need. It is already switched on, and Buttercup takes it away and points it at Bubbles, who shields her eyes.)

Blossom: A basketball?

(Sure enough, he has the item, though it takes him some effort to get this one out of his mouth. He finally pushes it free, spit running off its surface. Now the girls pop up, one by one, in time with their next lines. They have clearly warmed up to this whole idea.)

Bubbles: A bathtub?

Blossom: A magnet?

Buttercup: A crustacean?

(Tiny looks around himself uneasily and finally drops his eyes. He has reached the limit of his resourcefulness. The other two Boys glare at him, and Bossman slaps him across the “face” again.)

Blossom: Oh, well. *(The girls take off, one by one, in time with the next lines.)*

[Animation goof: Bubbles’ mouth moves instead of Blossom’s.]

Bubbles: I’ll get the bathtub!

Blossom: I’ll get the magnet!

Buttercup: I’ll get the crustacean! *(She passes the observatory.)*

Mojo: *(from inside)* I’ll get to the bottom of this!

(Inside, he is looking about in various directions. We hear what might be the sound of a weapon being fired as he speaks.)

Mojo: Nope, not in there...nope, not in there...nope, not in there...

(Pull back; he is at the controls of a large laser cannon and cutting holes in his walls. The lair now looks like a piece of Swiss cheese. He cuts one more piece away, and it falls to the floor—no missing plans produced. Now he yells in frustration as the camera pulls back quickly to outside the observatory. It looks just as bad from here.)

(Cut to a long shot of the Boys in the park. Bubbles flies into view above them, carrying a bathtub that happens to be occupied by a very fat woman. She lets go; the tub hangs in midair for a moment before crashing down on them. The woman instantly covers the bits that need to be covered in public and blushes beet red from embarrassment. She too hangs in midair and finds herself right back in the tub when it is pulled off the ground to reveal three slightly flattened Amoeba Boys. Camera tilts up as the tub is attracted to a giant horseshoe magnet in Blossom’s hands. She lets go; cut to ground level as a shadow grows over the Boys and they look up resignedly. The tub, woman, and magnet crash down on them and embed themselves deep into the ground.)

(Cut to Buttercup in flight. She goes up against a giant crab and readily gains the upper hand; a pincer is broken off, one eye takes a hit, and all the legs on one side are snapped through. Now she backs up into the air and dives in for the final blow. Before it connects, though, cut back to the Boys. Blossom now holds the magnet, Bubbles the bathtub; the fat woman is gone. The tub is full of some pink substance now. The Boys have seen better days and are still in the crater left by the impact of the items.)

Blossom: Gosh, we’re sorry, Amoeba Boys. We didn’t know you were under there.

Bubbles: Are you okay?

Bossman: Yeah. We're...

(The remains of the crab fall on the Boys.)

Bossman: *(muffled, woozily)* ...in a lot of pain. *(Buttercup flies down and lifts up the crab.)*

Buttercup: Come on, guys, quit laying around and let me see the list.

(She takes it from Bossman and studies it for a moment as she floats over to her sisters. The camera follows her.)

Buttercup: Hey! You know what? I think we've got everything.

Bubbles: Hooray! We hunted the scavenger. *(Blossom checks the sheet.)*

Buttercup: Great. Can we go?

Blossom: No, wait! There's instructions here. Know what? *(floating toward the o.c. Boys)* I think we're supposed to put all this stuff together. Is that right, Amoeba Boys? We're supposed to build it?

Boys: *(from o.c.)* Duh...

Blossom: Great! Let's get started, girls.

(In a matter of moments, they have put the pieces together. The body of the crab now stands high in the air, with one pincer attached underneath and holding the bathtub upside down. The legs have been attached to the underside, with the joints extended to be nearly straight. A hole has been cut in the center of the shell on top; the magnet points toward this. The tub is still filled with the pink substance that was seen before.)

(The girls land in the shadow of the contraption. Blossom looks at the plans while Bubbles admires the finished product.)

Bubbles: Ooh! It's...

Blossom: Not finished.

(Close-up of the drawing in her hands—her perspective—with the raygun visible on top.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Yeah. The high-tech laser is missing. *(The plans are lowered to show the machine in the distance.)*

Blossom: But who has a high-tech laser?

(Cut to a close-up of Mojo—now borderline psychotic—in his lair. His eyes are very bloodshot, and one pupil is noticeably larger than the other. A twisted smile is frozen on his face.)

Mojo: I know who took my plans!

(He slowly directs his gaze o.c. to his left; we can hear his eyeballs creaking in their sockets. Suddenly he turns to his right and points angrily.)

Mojo: It was you!

(Pan quickly in that direction to the wall. His “suspect” is a bird perched in one of the holes he cut earlier. It chirps innocently. Back to him.)

Mojo: Well, then...it was you!

(He points again and the camera follows, stopping on a telephone. It has nothing to say either. Cut to an overhead view of Mojo, spots of light from the holes falling all over the floor, and pull back quickly on the next line.)

Mojo: It was all of you!

(Cut to floor level again. The camera begins to shake with a series of impacts, and Mojo covers his ears.)

Mojo: Ohh, the pounding, the pounding! Why won't it stop?

(Outside, the girls are at his front door. The source of the tremors is Buttercup's overly enthusiastic knocking, delivered in rhythm with her next line.)

Buttercup: Why—won't—this—guy—answer?! *(Mojo throws the door open.)*

Mojo: WHAAAATTTT?!?

(Cut to his perspective. Bubbles finds herself being pushed in front of him by Buttercup; Blossom remains o.c. She is caught a little off guard by the maneuver, but addresses him as politely as she knows how.)

Bubbles: Um... *(Buttercup backs off.)* Please, Mr. Mojo, sir, could we please borrow your supercharged high-tech laser, please? *(Cut to behind her. A pause.)*

Mojo: Okay, okay. Just don't bother me again. I'm trying to find my plans on how to destroy you.

(Long shot of the observatory as the girls fly a little way down the side of the mountain. A large hatch opens in the rock, and the object of their search—the same laser Mojo was using to open up the walls—is extended out to them on a long, flexible arm. They take hold of it to carry it off.)

Girls: *(flying o.c.)* Thank you, Mojo! *(The arm retracts and the hatch closes as they go.)*

(Dissolve to the upper portion of the machine. The laser has been mounted on top of the magnet. Tilt down to the base, where the two groups are admiring the final result.)

Girls: Ahhh...

Bubbles: Will you look at that?

Buttercup: Yeah...What is it?

Blossom: It looks like some sort of ride. Is that right, Boys? Is it a ride? *(Brief silence from the Boys.)*

Bossman: Duh...

Blossom: Come on, girls. This looks like fun! *(The zip over.)*

(A large X has been marked on the ground beneath the platform. They land on this; nothing happens for a few seconds, however.)

Blossom: *(cupping hands to mouth)* Amoeba Boys! Now what do we do?

(Camera turns quickly to the Boys, all of whom are absolutely dumbfounded. Bossman holds the plans.)

Bossman: Duh...

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Read the instructions! *(Bossman peruses them for a moment.)*

Bossman: Duh...Oh! Go get the bathtub.

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* No, no, no, we did that already! How do we start the ride?

(The Boys lean in to read the plans more closely. Cut to behind Bossman and zoom in on one section; now we can see the directions very clearly: "TO START MACHINE, PUSH RED BUTTON.")

Bossman: *(from o.c.)* Duh... *(Head-on view of the Boys.)* Push the red button! *(Back to the girls.)*

Blossom: Okay!

(The two groups face each other from their respective positions—the girls under the rig, the Boys standing away from it—for a moment. Nothing out of the ordinary happens.)

Girls: *(irritated)* Amoeba Boys!

Bossman: What?

Girls: Push the button!

Bossman: *(getting the idea)* Oh.

(The Boys slither over to the machine and up into the seat behind the laser. A large red button on the control panel is pressed, and the show begins. As the girls look up happily, the bathtub is lowered toward them; they are caught within the pink sludge inside and lifted up.)

Girls: Ewwww! *(From-the-ground view of them being hauled in.)* Whee!

(The tub disappears inside the shell, and the opening closes; inside, the tub is placed against a conveyor belt and pulled away to leave the girls stuck to it. Still encased in the muck, they laugh as they are carried through a tunnel, up an incline, and onto a small platform. Next they are raised into the air, emerging in the center of the upper surface of the crab shell. They have thoroughly enjoyed the experience.)

Buttercup: Wow!

Bubbles: That was fun!

Blossom: Yeah, Amoeba Boys, that was great!

(The happy mood is broken when the laser starts to swing into position and target them.)

Blossom: Oh, no! That laser is coming right toward us! This is no ride—this is a Powerpuff destruction machine!

(Now the weapon has locked onto them, and they struggle to free themselves from the pink glop without success.)

Girls: HELP! *(Cut to the Boys; they continue o.c.)* HELP!

(In the lair, Mojo is still having no luck finding his plans. The bird now sits atop his braincap. As the girls keep yelling, he inspects a sheet of paper, crumples it, and throws it away.)

Girls: *(from outside)* HELP! HELP! HELP!

(Pull back. Mojo is now atop of a pile of papers that stands at least three times as tall as he does.)

Mojo: What's all that racket?

(He grabs the edge of one of the holes in the wall and pulls himself up for a look. He claps his hands to his face in total shock; cut to his perspective of the Powerpuff destructor, just as he designed it.)

Mojo: MY MACHINE!!

(Cut to the Boys at the control panel. Tiny is working the aiming yoke back and forth.)

Tiny: Duh—hey, look, Boss! I'm drivin'! *(Mojo shoves them aside.)*

Mojo: Get out of here! This is my machine!

(He laughs as he takes hold of the yoke to fine-tune the aim.)

Mojo: Now I've got you, Powerpuff Girls! *(The laser tilts down to point right at them.)* And it is my plan that will destroy you! And then I will rule the world!

(The girls are not at all pleased with his sudden hogging of the spotlight.)

Buttercup: Mojo, you creep!

Blossom: This is the Amoebas' plan!

Bubbles: Yeah! You're just jealous! *(Mojo flips out.)*

Mojo: No! No! It is mine, I tell you! I came up with the crab! And the laser! And even the chewing gum that holds you!

Girls: Chewing gum?! *(They smile.)*

Blossom: Girls! "Chew" thinking what I'm thinking?

Bubbles, Buttercup: *(nodding)* Mmm-hmm!

(Now we—and they—know the nature of that pink sludge in the bathtub. They start chomping at high speed, not at all bothered by the fact that this stuff came straight out of the mouth of an overgrown microbe. In seconds they have freed themselves; they fly toward Mojo, each blowing a huge bubble that pops with explosive force. The monkey is knocked from his seat, and the girls serve up their usual all-you-can-eat buffet of physical abuse, ending with a smashing triple punch. Cut to a close-up of a section of the crab's upper surface; Mojo's shadow advances into view in slow motion, and he crashes down after it.)

(Pull back from him. Three very angry girls face three still-puzzled Boys.)

Blossom: Well, Amoeba Boys, playing dumb all these years.

Bubbles: When all the while you were criminal masterminds!

Buttercup: Looks like it's the big house for you!

(Mojo suddenly snaps back to consciousness when he hears these words, and he gets partway up. He is nearly as frantic as when he was unable to find his plans.)

Mojo: But it is I who planned it! I did it, not them! *(Extreme close-up of his face, panning across.)* I am the criminal mastermind! I am the evil genius! I smart! They dumb!

(Long shot of the girls; Mojo reaches into view, jerking a thumb toward himself as he continues.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* I am responsible for trying to destroy you! *(The girls smile.)*

Blossom: Okay. Then you go to jail. *(Back to him.)*

Mojo: *(triumphantly)* That's right!

(The standard end shot comes up.)

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