

BEAT YOUR GREENS
Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline in the evening. Pull back slowly.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville.

(A view of Earth from space; pull back.)

Narrator: On the planet Earth.

(Pull back farther; now the moon is also in view, with something hovering behind it.)

Narrator: Out in outer space. *(Zoom in on the moon.)* And not too far out in outer space— *(It slides away.)*—just behind the Earth’s moon, a mysterious craft lies in wait.

(Spinning in place, the craft in question looks vaguely as if it was grown in somebody’s backyard garden. Two alien voices speak from inside.)

Voice 1: Target achieved, Your Highness. Firing sequence ready on your command.

Voice 2: Excellent. Launch the sporepedo.

(The underside of the craft bulges briefly and expels a projectile that resembles a flower which has not yet opened up its petals and bloomed. A spearhead is attached to this. The object hurtles through space and enters Earth’s atmosphere, landing in a farm field with its pod/bloom facing straight up and its base glowing. This swells up for a moment and then bursts; a cloud of green vapor pours out and envelops the entire field. A few seconds later, in a long shot, the miasma dissipates to leave only a spot of pulsing green light where the missile hit. Fade to black.)

(Fade in quickly to a rural setting: farmhouse, barn with crowing rooster on roof, tractor in front. The sun is smiling and chewing a stalk of wheat.)

Narrator: The town of Farmsville! *(Pan across the scene as he continues.)* A quiet, hardworking agricultural community whose residents take humble pride in the most important of duties...

(During the pan, we see your average small town, with more barns, a gas station, a general store, animals grazing, and so forth. Stop on a field, in which a man is using a combine harvester to gather the produce—broccoli.)

Narrator: ...the growing of wholesome, natural foods, which are promptly harvested—

(Zoom in on the broccoli stalks as they enter the machine, then pull back; they are now in crates and being loaded onto a truck.)

Narrator: —packed, and shipped— (*The truck rolls off toward Townsville.*) —to the many hungry and grateful residents of Townsville.

(Cut to a city street, humming with business activity of all sorts, and pan along it.)

Narrator: These busy city-dwellers may have important appointments to keep— (*In an office, two men shake hands over a contract.*) —deals to make— (*The control room of a TV station.*) — information to distribute— (*A building being put up.*) —and constructions to construct—

(Tilt down toward Malph's Market and zoom in slowly as he continues. The truck from Farmsville is parked in front.)

Narrator: —but none of the business that is Townsville could even begin without a trip to the market and a heaping plate full of that nutritious, delicious farm-raised goodness.

(Dissolve to a black woman eating dinner, which includes a healthy portion of broccoli. She eats a forkful and smiles.)

Black woman: Mmm-mmm!

(Pull back; her children—a son and a daughter—are next to her in the family kitchen. They glare at their food with loathing, and their mother is trying to get them to eat it.)

Black woman (Mother 1): Come on, kids, eat your vegetables.

Black daughter: No way, José!

Black son: Yeah. No way, José!

Black daughter: I don't eat broccoli.

Black son: Yeah. I don't eat bloc... (*Both look crossly at him.*) ...lo...ri.

(Cut to a man at the table with his infant son. He is playing around with the child's food, waving a forkful around and trying to steer it in—but with no luck.)

Father 1: Here comes the Broccoli Express... (*He imitates a train whistle.*) ...into the tunnel! (*He laughs.*) Here comes the pirate ship to hide treasure in the secret cave! Here comes the X-Wing space fighter zooming around through hyperspace with proton torpedoes to blow up the Death Star!

(His face falls at his lack of success. Cut to a kid in football gear, with his dinner plate in front of him and his helmet next to him on the table. His plate also has a fair amount of broccoli on it. Chewing sounds are heard o.c.)

Football kid: Yuck! I ain't eatin' that!

Mother 2: (*from o.c., bored*) Why?

Football kid: 'Cause vegetables is for sissies and rabbits. Right, Dad?

(Pan left slightly to bring his father partially into view—a big, beefy fellow with a Marine Corps tattoo on his arm and an entire steak speared on his fork. He is the one chewing. The left edge of the screen cuts off his head.)

Father 2: *(bored)* Right.

Football kid: And eatin' the flesh of stupid lesser beasts makes you strong. Right, Dad?

Father 2: Right.

(Pan left again; now we see the father in all his buzz-cut glory. The mother stands next to him, with a bowlful of broccoli in hand and an annoyed look on her face. He stops chewing after a few seconds and looks at her sheepishly; now he opens his mouth so she can stick a forkful of greens into it. He bites down.)

(Cut to the girls, who are peeking over the edge of the dinner table at a plate of everybody's favorite vegetable.)

Bubbles: Ewww! What's that icky green stuff?

Blossom: It definitely isn't cake.

Buttercup: It ain't a corn dog.

Bubbles: I know it's not a hamster.

Blossom, Buttercup: *(shocked)* You eat hamsters?

Bubbles: No! I like hamsters, and I know I don't like that...stuff!

(Pull back. The Professor is at the table as well; Blossom and Bubbles are perched on booster seats. Buttercup's chair is hidden by its placement and the plate of broccoli.)

Professor: Now, girls, eat your broccoli. It's exactly what growing superheroes need to charge up their powers.

(He flexes his muscles on the end of this line.)

Professor: Oh, it's packed with all kinds of vitamins and minerals, and mmm-mmm! It's so good for you!

Buttercup: Too bad it tastes so nasty. *(Blossom sticks her tongue out at the broccoli.)*

Bubbles: You haven't even tasted it yet.

Blossom, Buttercup: Shhh!

Professor: Well, you're not leaving the table until your broccoli is all gone. *(Zoom in on him and his plate; he spears a forkful.)* And the only way to get rid of broccoli is to eat it all up. Like this.

(On the end of this line, he lifts the fork to his mouth and the camera follows and zooms in. The girls react with fear and revulsion.)

Bubbles: Ewww!

Buttercup: Professor, no!

[Animation goof: Blossom's and Bubbles' mouths both move on Bubbles' line.]

(Extreme close-up of his mouth as the broccoli enters it. Fade quickly to black and tilt up into the stars, where the UFO is still hovering. The first alien voice speaks again.)

Voice 1: Your Highness, readings show the receptor spores have been ingested.

(During this line, zoom in quickly and cut to inside the craft. Its interior also has a very organic motif. The speaker is a giant humanoid stalk of broccoli with a rather nasty-looking face. It and a second stalk are seated at control panels; a third sits behind them on an elevated chair, holding a scepter and wearing a belt with a red jewel. It speaks next—this is the ruler, who has been referred to as “Your Highness,” and who was the second voice heard at the start.)

Ruler: Excellent. *(Zoom in on him.)* The time is ripe to initiate hypno-transmithesis.

(On the end of this line, cut to a close-up of the scepter. He presses a button on its head, and it begins to glow with the same green light as the projectile in the field. Camera follows it as he brings it back in front of his face.)

Ruler: Now the Earth’s barbaric mammal people shall be hypnotized into a vegetable state, allowing my warriors to reap through the Earth’s animal population and weed out all the human beings. Leaving we, the Broccoloid Empire, to harvest the fruits of the earth and plant the seeds of a new empire! *(He laughs evilly.)*

(Dissolve to a close-up of the Professor. His eyes are pulsing with the same light, and his skin has taken on a greenish tint. His face is frozen into a flat mask.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Professor? Professor? Are you all right?

(He crashes to the floor. Pull back; he is as stiff as a board. Blossom and Bubbles stand near him and are visibly distraught.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* You see? *(landing by him)* I told you that stuff was wrong!

Bubbles: *(voice breaking)* Why did you eat it, Professor? Why?

(A faint cacophony of voices starts up, and the girls cock their heads and cup their hands to their ears, listening intently.)

Narrator: Just then, the girls’ ultrasonic hearing is bombarded with cries for help.

Blossom: Sounds like we’re not the only ones in trouble. We gotta find out what’s going on!

(Overhead view of the house as the girls exit through the roof and head into the city.)

Narrator: So the girls head out across Townsville.

(Cut to the black family’s kitchen. The mother is in the same condition as the Professor; her kids are nearby, crying. Blossom flies in through the window.)

Narrator: But everywhere they go, the story's the same.

Black daughter: Our mom was trying to make us eat broccoli, but—

(In another house, Bubbles is on the scene. A woman lies on the floor, with her kid nearby.)

Kid: —I wouldn't, so she ate it and her—

(Buttercup is checking out the parents of the football kid.)

Football kid: —eyes started glowin' and then they just zonked out, man!

(All three girls gather for a conference.)

Blossom: Just like the Professor! *(Pull back; they are in the street, with a crowd of kids around them.)* We've gotta investigate that broccoli! *(They take off.)*

(Cut to them in flight, heading toward Farmsville.)

Narrator: So the girls trace the broccoli back to its roots, in hopes of unearthing some clues.

(They land in one of the fields; cut to Blossom and Buttercup, inspecting the stalks left over from the harvest.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Hey, girls! *(Pan right slightly; she is farther back from them.)* Over here!

(Cut to her; she has found the spent shell and is looking intently at it. Her sisters join her.)

Bubbles: What is it?

Buttercup: Looks like a missile.

Bubbles: Or a weird pea pod.

Blossom: Or both.

(Close-up of Blossom, now looking very closely at it. The highlights in her pupils are glowing slightly; zoom in on the projectile as the Narrator speaks.)

Narrator: Upon closer inspection, Blossom's microscopic vision reveals...

(Dissolve to a magnified view of the surface of the exposed bulb at the center. It is covered with glowing green particles. This is Blossom's perspective.)

Blossom: It was carrying some sort of alien mind-control spores. *(Cut to Buttercup, bent over a furrow in the field.)*

Buttercup: There's spores all over this field! *(Pull back; the others are standing away from her.)*

Blossom: It must have infected the broccoli.

Bubbles: But why? (*A high-pitched humming begins.*) Where did it come from?

(In the sky, the organic flying saucer descends toward the field.)

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) Looks like we're about to get our answer. (*Cut to a nearby scarecrow.*) Quick, hide!

(The girls dive into it and poke their heads out. Top to bottom: Blossom, Buttercup, Bubbles. The craft extends legs and touches down. Its underside bulges and ejects four Broccoloid soldiers armed with blasters made from carrots. The ruler stands in the middle of the group; he now wears a red cape in addition to the belt and still carries his scepter.)

Ruler: Lieutenant, branch out and scout the area for our first wave of invasion. (*The soldiers fan out as he finishes.*)

Buttercup: What?!

[Animation goof: The voice is Buttercup's, but Blossom's mouth is the one that moves.]

(The girls jump down in time with their next lines. Each one ends up with different clothing from the scarecrow—Blossom the hat, Buttercup the shirt, Bubbles the pants and shoes.)

Blossom: Nobody invades Earth—

Buttercup: —without a fight—

Bubbles: —from the Powerpuff Girls!

Ruler: Earth creatures?! (*pointing to scepter*) Why aren't you hypnotized?

Blossom: 'Cause we didn't eat none of your diabolical spores!

Ruler: Well, then, eat THIS!

(He pulls a weapon of his own and fires. The shot vaporizes the hat, leaving only a wisp of black smoke above Blossom's head. The other troops begin shooting; Buttercup jumps out of the shirt just before it is blown full of holes. Bubbles charges at the enemy, still wearing the pants and shoes and taking long, floppy strides to avoid the barrage. Blossom strikes the blaster from a soldier's hands—and, in the same blow, knocks the hands themselves off. Buttercup beheads another with an uppercut, while Bubbles disposes of a third with a high kick. Blossom splits the fourth with a flying karate chop.)

(The battle is not over, however; the four Broccoloids quickly regenerate the body parts they have lost. Even the one Blossom just split regenerates, with each half becoming a new soldier and advancing again. The girls scream and grab each other, and Bubbles jumps out of the scarecrow pants.)

Bubbles: That scared the pants off of me!

Buttercup: How are we ever gonna stop 'em?

(Blossom has a mental picture of the Professor and recalls his words at the dinner table—words that do not put her at ease.)

Professor: (*memory*) The only way to get rid of your broccoli is to *eat it all up*.

(*A Broccoloid jumps at her, snarling; zoom in slowly on a very queasy-looking little girl who does not relish what she is about to do. She finally opens her mouth as wide as she can and slams her teeth together. The enemy is dispatched in four huge bites; Blossom swallows hard and looks a bit ill for the experience.*)

Ruler: Barbarians!

Bubbles: Ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew!

Buttercup: Ugh! Nasty!

Blossom: Swallow your pride, girls! We gotta eat 'em to beat 'em!

(*The Broccoloids yell and charge, and the girls do likewise with their teeth bared. Blossom crunches through the midsection of one, Bubbles eats her way up from the legs of another, and Buttercup takes the head off a third with a single bite. She struggles with the lower half of this one for a moment before finally getting it down. Now Bubbles and Buttercup chomp one from opposite ends and make short work of it.*)

(*Buttercup joins Blossom and Bubbles on the ground; the latter rubs her stomach.*)

Bubbles: Oh...I'm getting full.

Blossom: I think I've got room for one more.

(*She looks o.c. on the end of this line, and the camera pans to follow her gaze. The Broccoloid ruler stands by himself at the entrance to the saucer.*)

Ruler: What? You're getting full already? But that was just an appetizer. (*The sky fills with saucers.*) Here comes the main course! (*He laughs wickedly.*)

(*The girls look into the sky with great apprehension.*)

Blossom: Uh-oh. We're gonna need some help! (*The reinforcements start to land.*)

Ruler: What's the matter? Don't have the stomach for it?! (*He laughs again; the girls take off for the city.*)

Narrator: And with that, the girls retreat back to Townsville to enlist the aid of the other children.

(*Dissolve to the girls in the midst of a crowd of kids.*)

Blossom: So you see? The only way to save the Earth is by eating broccoli! (*Close-up of her.*)

Football kid: (*from o.c.*) Aw, don't believe her! (*Pan to him.*) This is just some kinda trick to get us to eat vegetables!

Buttercup: (*very angry*) What? You doubt the word of a Powerpuff? (*flying to him*) Or maybe you're just scared to eat vegetables. Tell you what. Why don't you just run on home to your mama and see if she'll make you a baloney sandwich? Oh, wait! You know what? *She can't!* 'Cause she's been zapnotized by alien invaders!

(Through this harangue, the kid has steadily backed away from her. Now the camera cuts to a close-up of him, face collapsing into guilt and sadness; he starts to cry and his nose runs as she continues the tongue-lashing.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* But you don't want to help save her 'cause you don't feel like eating a few vegetables!

(He sobs and snuffles for a few seconds before raising his helmet.)

Football kid: Let's do it for the folks!

(His teammates roar and bang their helmeted heads together, and several of the other kids cheer with a new fighting spirit. A huge boy wearing a black T-shirt with the letters "NWO" on its front shoves them aside.)

Huge boy: Lemme at 'em! Lemme at 'em! *(Pan briefly to the girls, who look on in approval.)*

Narrator: And so—

(In the field, armed assault vehicles built from ears of corn and tomatoes roll out of the saucers.)

Narrator: —as the vegetarian forces mobilize for invasion—

(As he continues, two kids put cooking pots on their heads and a third dons a fireman's helmet.)

Narrator: —the children of Townsville gird their loins for battle.

(The helmet has a strobe light on top; the kid presses a button to activate it and a siren. Broccoloid solders rush to parade formation, salute their ruler, and seize blasters. A kitchen drawer is opened; several kids reach in to grab utensils. One boy slides salt and pepper shakers into a bandolier slung across his chest as if they were shotgun shells; a fork is already loaded in. Another boy checks the aim on a bottle of ketchup and drops it into a cowboy-style holster at his belt. The alien ruler, now mounted on a giant carrot creature, gives a signal to the troops, and the march to Townsville begins.)

(Blossom has a set of battle plans spread before her on the ground and is explaining them to a group of kids as Bubbles and Buttercup look on. When she finishes, two of them snap to attention and salute. The assault force approaches the city, but stops at the ruler's command.)

Ruler: Halt! *(to a nearby soldier)* Colonel, let's trim back that overgrown city.

(The soldier, dressed in a military cap and belt, speaks with the first alien voice we heard—the one that addressed the ruler twice before on the saucer.)

Colonel: Artillery, on my mark. *(Cut to a row of assault vehicles; he continues o.c.)* Ready! *(They roll into position.)* Aim! *(The cannons are leveled. Back to him.)* Fire!

(Before anyone can obey the command, though, the vehicle next to him is blown to bits.)

Colonel: Huh?

(Blossom flies overhead, firing shots from her eye lasers and wiping out several vehicles. Her sisters do likewise, after which all three take cover in the city. The ruler looks after them and growls in surprise and fury.)

Ruler: Those little sprouts have pulped my tanks! No matter. *(turning around, to ranks of soldiers)* Infantry! After them!

(The troops run through the streets.)

Ruler: *(from o.c.)* Storm the city!

(They charge down one street but find nothing. Tilt up to an upper-story window in one building; Blossom and a kid watch, keeping as far out of sight as they can. Suddenly she stands up.)

Blossom: Release the cheese!

(Up and down the street, kids tip over huge kettles of melted cheese, and the contents rain down toward the Broccoloids.)

Troops: Huh?

(They scream as the cheese douses them; when the deluge ends, they have been reduced to a dripping yellow mass on the pavement. Cut to a closed door, which bursts open. A horde of kids swarms out, with Bubbles floating above them.)

Bubbles: CHARGE!!

(Buttercup smashes her way through another door, and she and more kids fall on top of the incapacitated invaders. Everybody digs in with great enthusiasm and not a little bit of blood lust, though their table manners could use some improvement—one of them chews with his mouth open far enough to allow us to see the contents.)

(A soldier standing near a trash can is chomped by a kid who pops out from inside it; another one meets the same fate after stepping too close to a basement window. Several others retreat around a corner, firing up the street, but one trips and falls—and is promptly set upon. Now a troop transport made from a pumpkin and tomatoes rolls onto the scene, and a hatch in front opens to allow its occupants to join the battle. They are met by the football team, with Buttercup standing behind them like a quarterback.)

Buttercup: Eighty-two! Thirty-six! Bite!

(They tackle the invaders and chomp away. Now we see a close-up of a soldier advancing down the block, gun drawn, and stopping to look back and forth. No threats in sight. Crunching is heard, and the soldier looks down—the camera following—to find two babies eating it from the legs up. Another enemy has a kid at gunpoint, but promptly gets a faceful of salt and is devoured.)

(The football kid is pinned down and at the mercy of yet another soldier, which laughs at him. Cut to Blossom as she opens a cage of rabbits, which hop over and quickly nibble the threat into submission. Blossom stands next to a boy lying on his back; his belly is greatly swollen, and he sounds very ill and weak.)

“Injured” boy: Forty-seven stalks...the horror...the horror...

Blossom: Stay down, soldier. You’ve seen enough action.

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Blossom! *(Pan left slightly; she stands with several other kids, all looking sick.)* A lot of us are getting really full. I don’t know how much more we can eat!

(The Broccoloid ruler has a quick conference with one of his men.)

Soldier: Sire, their forces are weakening. We have them on the run.

Ruler: Excellent. It’s only a matter of time before—uh?

(A sound like that of a Harley-Davidson starts up in the distance, and the two look toward it. The camera pans in that direction to show a silhouette and a cloud of dust racing toward the battlefield; close-up of a kid wearing sunglasses and a bucket on his head. He holds the horns of an animal, perhaps a goat, and the camera pulls back to reveal that this is in fact what it is. The boy and the goat charge in at top speed, and a second rider appears on the scene. They leap over the ruler and colonel, who look on in total disbelief.)

Narrator: Ha-haw! Here comes the hungry cavalry!

(When they hit the ground, they each do a screaming U-turn and plow into the ranks of surviving troops. Each is seen in turn; the goats eat the bodies and leave pieces of the heads flying, and the riders finish these off. Severed arms and legs fly everywhere during the blitzkrieg. Blossom and several other kids, including the football kid, watch in admiration.)

Kids, Blossom: Hooray!

Blossom: Charge! *(They do so.)*

Ruler: Retreat!

(He does so, but the other Broccoloids are quickly set upon; Blossom takes one out in a single flying bite. The ruler makes a break for it, but finds Buttercup and several other kids blocking his path. They cheer and yell at him, and he directs his mount in a new direction. This time, he runs into Bubbles and still more fired-up defenders. He is knocked to the ground when one of the goats munches the animal, and he raises his scepter to protect himself.)

Ruler: No! No! Leaf me alone! I don’t dessert this!

(The girls' shadows fall over him on the end of this line, and one by one, they open wide for a huge final bite of mutant broccoli. The scepter falls to Blossom's feet and is reduced to mush by one well-placed stomp from her Mary Jane—the invasion is over.)

(Cut to a slow pan down a street full of cheering, celebrating kids. Buttercup is tossing a couple of them into the air, Bubbles is being tossed by two—one of them being the football kid—and Blossom is shaking hands with another.)

Narrator: So, with the Broccoloids devoured—

(Cut to a pan up a street full of recovering adults as he continues. The kids hug them. The football kid's father is a bit befuddled at finding a rabbit in the celebration.)

Narrator: —and the hypno-transmithesizer destroyed, the parents of Townsville awaken. And families once torn apart by war are reunited once again.

(Cut to the Professor and the girls doing some grocery shopping. Bubbles and Buttercup ride in the cart; Blossom floats along above it.)

Narrator: And as normal life resumes, we join the Utonium family on an outing to the supermarket.

Professor: Why don't you girls go pick out some cereal, and I'll meet you in the produce aisle.

Buttercup: *(as the girls zip away)* Okay!

Professor: *(to himself)* We'll see if we can't find some greens they will eat.

(An o.c. commotion brings him up short; in the produce aisle, kids are ferociously digging into the fruits and vegetables on display. The girls are leading the offensive.)

Blossom: Give 'em heck, troops! We'll show 'em who's boss! You can never be too careful.

(The Professor and several parents watch, completely stunned.)

(The background for the end shot comes up.)

Narrator: And so once again the day is saved—

(The girls appear in their usual pose.)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!

(The background is chomped away in three huge bites; it ends up looking exactly as it did before, but now several kids have appeared below the girls.)

Narrator: And the hungry little tykes of Townsville.