

DOWN N' DIRTY

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline in the afternoon. The buildings are spotlessly white.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville!

(Pan right a short distance and dissolve to ground level. Pan along a street; people are sweeping and cleaning.)

Narrator: A tidy town where the Townsville townies take pride in keeping their tiny town tidy.

(Tilt up to show more people washing and scrubbing in the windows of one building, and pan slightly to the right. We hear a punch land, and Buttercup sails into view. She crashes through a building, slams into an oil tank on a roof, and is doused with the contents, which leave her tinged with gray. Wiping her eyes, she dashes back into the fray. Cut to Blossom and Bubbles, floating in midair and eyeing their o.c. adversary; Buttercup zips past them, her own emissions tinting them gray as well. Camera pans right to show the foe—a creature made of brownish-gray vapor. It has two holes in one of its hands, but these quickly heal. The monster laughs as Buttercup flies in. The light trail behind her is gray and sludgy.)

(She punches into the midsection and emerges from the back, but the hole quickly seals itself. Next she flies in a tight circle, creating a small tornado, and moves over to the monster. It is sucked in, and the tornado takes off into outer space. When Buttercup stops flying, the vapor cloud disperses. She flies back to her sisters only to find every building in the city covered with slop. Blossom nods, satisfied, but her expression quickly changes when she sees the squalor.)

Blossom: What a mess! *(sheepishly)* Well, guess our work's done here. Come on! *(She takes off.)*

(Close-up of Bubbles in flight.)

Bubbles: Oh...I feel so dirty! *(Pull back to bring the others into view.)*

Buttercup: I know. Isn't it great?

(Cut to the exterior of their house as they fly in. Close-up of a full bathtub, the Professor reaching into view to check the water temperature.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Welcome home, girls.

(Pull back; they are at the bathroom door, and he is by the tub.)

Professor: I ran a nice hot bath for you. *(Close-up of them.)*

Blossom, Bubbles: *(happily)* A bath!

Buttercup: *(sullenly)* A bath?

(Blossom and Bubbles are in the tub in an instant; they jump and splash around, laughing, as the Professor leans into view. His hair is soaked, and he too is happy. Buttercup is still at the door.)

Blossom: *(giggling)* Come on in, Buttercup!

Bubbles: *(giggling)* The water's fine!

(Close-up of Buttercup, still not enthused.)

Buttercup: Don't you know that only big fat sissies take baths?

(She floats away. Close-up of Bubbles; only her head is visible above the water.)

Bubbles: I'm not fat.

(Dissolve to the skyline of Townsville. A large, greenish-brown elephant beast with several eyes rears up, trumpeting loudly. It begins to shoot globs of snot from its trunk, splattering several buildings. Cut to a close-up of Blossom and Bubbles.)

Blossom: Ugh! This is gonna get nasty! *(Buttercup flies up between them.)*

Buttercup: *(eagerly)* It sure is! *(She charges.)*

(The elephant grabs hold of the top of a building and blows into it. Snot floods from all the windows and into the street. As Buttercup approaches, it fires a glob at her, knocking her down. The other girls are hit by the splatter.)

Blossom, Bubbles: Ewwwwww!

(Buttercup peels herself up off the ground, licks the snot off her face, and spits it away—now she is tinted yellow-green. She grins wickedly and flies up toward the sun, silhouetting herself against it in the manner of Batman's emergency signal. Now she begins a spinning descent toward the elephant, and she catches it in the eye with a flying kick. The eye ruptures and releases a torrent of goo, and the beast falls backward in slow motion, knocking over buildings and throwing up a cloud of dust.)

(Pull back to show the silhouettes of the girls at a safe distance in midair, then close-up of Buttercup's back. A cloud of fumes hovers around her, and snot streaks her hair and arms.)

Buttercup: And stay down, sucka! *(turning around)* Let's go! *(She takes off; pull back as the others do likewise.)*

(Cut to Buttercup in flight, trailing fumes, and pan left to her sisters. They fly behind her, covering their noses.)

Blossom: *(to Bubbles)* Is it me, or does Buttercup stink? *(They fly o.c.)*

(Extreme close-up of a small tugboat floating on the water. Behind it, something large breaks the surface—it is Bubbles, doing her best Godzilla impression in the tub and attacking a toy boat. She stands up to her full height and roars down at the boat; pull back to show her and Blossom enjoying another bath. Buttercup floats into view at the doorway and stops short, glaring. The other two stop splashing at the sound of her voice.)

Buttercup: What are you doing?! *(Close-up of her.)* Don't you know you're just gonna get dirty again tomorrow? Sheesh! *(She floats out of view.)*

(Cut back to Blossom and Bubbles, exchanging a worried glance, then to the Professor as he walks through the living room. He passes behind Buttercup, seated at a table and still emitting fumes. Close-up of his face; he gets a whiff and spits out his pipe, and his eyes glaze over. He runs outside and taps on the window. It is now nighttime.)

Professor: *(through window)* Buttercup, you stink. Take a bath.

(Pull back to bring all three girls into view: Buttercup at the table, Blossom and Bubbles still in the tub.)

Buttercup: *(groaning)* What's the sudden interest in my personal hygiene? I'm not taking a bath! And if you don't like it, throw me out!

(The exterior of the house. Buttercup is at the edge of the street—she has been ejected. The front door slams.)

Buttercup: Fine. Who needs 'em? *(She floats o.c.)*

(The sky fades into morning as a rooster crows. Blossom and Bubbles fly out the front door and across the city.)

Blossom: I just hope Buttercup remembers to get to school on time.

(They fly past their sister, who has engaged a large Cyclops. It throws two punches, but she dodges and it hits buildings instead. Roaring, it throws another punch; she jumps onto the fist and runs up the arm toward the head. She throws several punches and finally knocks it off with a right hook. The head sails away in slow motion; close-up of it as it hits the ground and bounces a time or two. The eye opens and looks back nervously, and the head sprouts a pair of small legs and runs away.)

(From her perch on the shoulder, Buttercup watches it go, but her reverie is interrupted by a great shaking and cracking. Pull back quickly to show the body splitting down the middle. The hands slam together and turn her into a pancake, and she crashes to the ground. When she comes to, she sees each half of the body open a pair of eyes at the shoulder and a mouth under the arm. They begin slamming their fists down to try to crush her as she dashes away, and they hop after her in pursuit. One half spots a tanker truck parked by a row of portable toilets; the

side reads “BOB’S SEPTIC WORLD—We’re full of it!” It smashes the tanker, releasing a gush of sewage that knocks Buttercup flat.)

(When she stands up amid the muck—now with a brownish tone all over her—she looks back and sees one of the halves bearing down on her, with the other close behind. She dodges swing after swing in midair until the two arms are tied in a knot. Pull back to show her hovering above them; they pull at each other in an attempt to get free, but end up tearing their arms off instead. Buttercup has a good laugh about this as they hop away in retreat.)

(Wipe to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. Buttercup flies into view. Inside, Ms. Keane is at the blackboard, which shows a bunch of grapes.)

Ms. Keane: Now, grapes are green— *(She writes the word “green” below the picture.)* —and what else is green? Grass, that’s right.

(The top of Buttercup’s head passes behind her; fumes rise up.)

Ms. Keane: Now an apple is red— *(She draws an apple and writes “apple” and “red” by it.)* — who can tell me what else is re—ewww...

(She gets a noseful of the fumes, stops short, and turns around to find the source. Camera swivels as Buttercup floats across the room, a pleased expression on her face. Every kid’s eyes pop wide open at her approach. She sits down.)

Buttercup: Sorry I’m late, Ms. K. I was just stopping an evil monster.

(Cut to Ms. Keane, now standing by the fire alarm switch with a twisted grin frozen on her face. She punches out the glass cover, and the alarm goes off.)

Ms. Keane: Well, what do you know, kids, a fire drill. I guess we all better get out of here.

(The kids cheer and rush for the door. Ms. Keane goes with them, holding her nose.)

Ms. Keane: *(nasally)* Buttercup, you stay.

(Close-up of Buttercup; pull back to show her alone in a roomful of empty desks.)

Buttercup: *(groaning)* Who needs ’em?

(Dissolve to two dogs sniffing each other’s hindquarters in the park. Pull back to bring several other dogs into view, all doing the same thing. Buttercup comes into view in the distance, and they run like mad. Close-up of her as she surveys their reaction angrily, then cut to a slow pan across a couple of bums sleeping in an alley. They are fairly ripe, but her approach is too much even for them to bear and they run off. She groans and takes to the air, trailing fumes.)

(The sky darkens into evening. As she flies across the city, the stench settles on the buildings and causes their inhabitants to cough and choke and plants to wilt. Cut to the Mayor's office, looking out the window. Ms. Bellum is there, watching Buttercup's flight. The sounds of ringing telephones and the Mayor's coughing can be heard. Tilt down to his desk to show him fielding several calls at once.)

Mayor: Yes... Yes, I know... I smell it too!... Do you think I'm blind? Of course I smell it!
(hanging up one receiver) Yes... Yes... Uh-huh... I know, yes... *(hanging up another receiver, coughing)* Something must be done!

(Cut to the suburbs; Buttercup flies overhead and lands in the street. She looks around, but no one else is nearby. Close-up of her.)

Buttercup: *(scratching her head)* Hey... where'd everybody go?

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* THERE SHE IS!! *(She starts in surprise.)*

(Pan quickly over to an angry mob carrying torches and led by the Mayor. It advances slowly on Buttercup, and she begins to back up nervously. One of the men looks like Don Shank.)

Mayor: Buttercup! Thank goodness we found you. As Mayor of Townsville, I feel it is my sworn duty to tell you that... YOU STINK! YOU SMELL! YOU REEK! You're stinking up the whole town! So either take a bath or take a hike!

Man: Enough talk!

Woman: It's bath time!

(Buttercup flees the scene, running through the woods with the mob on her heels. She jumps over a pipeline and tears her dress on a hanging branch, then looks back to see that they have brought a team of attack dogs along—and they are closing in fast. A puddle is splashed, first by Buttercup and then by the mob. Finally she skids to a stop in a clearing.)

Buttercup: Wait! What am I doing?

(She takes to the air, leaving the mob wondering where she went. Pull slowly back from them in an overhead view, in the middle of the woods. Dissolve to a cliff overlooking the water at sunrise the next day. Buttercup is sitting at the edge, moping. Zoom in on her.)

Buttercup: Hmph. First my family, then my friends, and now Townsville. I mean, what does being clean have to do with being a superhero anyway? *(angrily)* Who needs 'em? As long as I can fight monsters and stuff, I ain't never coming clean!

(Camera shifts to behind her. Something very large rises to the surface and begins to emerge, throwing a long shadow over her. Overhead view of her looking up, then turn around and tilt up from the level of the cliff to reveal the source of the shadow. It is a huge serpent-like beast, and it sucks in a huge breath and belches out a cloud of fire. Overhead view of Buttercup again.)

Buttercup: *(ecstatically)* Now that's what I'm talking about!

(She flies up to take on the monster. Again it inhales deeply and spits fire, pushing her back. Extreme close-up of her.)

Buttercup: *(with effort)* You...gonna have to do...better than that!

(She beats back the fire until she reaches the mouth. The monster inhales again, more deeply than before. We see trees and the roof of a nearby house torn loose. Buttercup does her best to resist being sucked in, but to no avail; she disappears into the nose. The monster's eyes open wide in surprise, fumes issuing from its nostrils. It shrieks in pain and begins to pick at its nose.)

Monster: Get it out! Get it out, get it out!

(Side view inside the nose; Buttercup is stuck at a turn in the nasal passage. A claw snakes into view and hooks her. Outside, the monster snorts in a big breath, plugs one nostril, and blows. She flies out amid a shower of snot and skids across the clifftop face first. She gets up and flies back to the edge.)

Buttercup: Hey, wait! Where you going?

(The monster is on its way back into the water.)

Monster: *(turning around)* Uh...I was gonna go home.

Buttercup: Why?

Monster: Oh, I don't know, maybe because... YOU STINK!

Buttercup: WHAAAAATTTT?!?

(She throws a fit, yelling incoherently and punching and kicking at the air. When it runs its course, she finally gets ready to face the inevitable.)

Buttercup: All right! I'll do it! I'll take that stupid—

(Cut to her in the tub at home. Her sisters are standing over her and wearing gas masks.)

Buttercup: —bath.

(Soap, sponges, and scrub brushes are applied to every square inch of Buttercup's filthy body. She does not enjoy the experience a bit. Blossom and Bubbles dunk her head under the water, then pull the drain plug to empty the tub. Now several towels come into play. Blossom dries Buttercup's body, standing behind her and pulling the towel taut as if shining a shoe, and Bubbles blow-dries her hair with enough force to knock her off her feet. When the bath is finished, she stands before her sisters, wrapped in towels and still looking very put out.)

Bubbles: Now, then. See, Buttercup? Don't you feel better now that you're all squeaky clean?

Buttercup: *(imitating Bubbles)* "Now that you're all squeaky clean"— *(angrily)* SHUT UP! I only took this stupid bath so I could fight monsters again.

Blossom: You know, Buttercup, you may be clean, but your attitude still stinks!

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Narrator: Ripe you are, Buttercup!...I mean, right you are, Blossom! And so the day is bathed—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!