

LOS DOS MOJOS

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline during the day. Part of a piece of machinery is visible at the bottom edge of the screen.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville...

(Tilt down slightly; the machinery is the pulley of a crane, and the lower portions of the buildings have their structural ironwork exposed.)

Narrator: ...is under renovation!

(Close-up of one building, panning across it as he continues. People are seated at office desks and trying to do work, even though the wind blows all their papers away from them. One man, just arrived at his job, braces himself against the gusts.)

Narrator: But that doesn't hinder the daily life of its citizens. No, sir!

(At a street corner, people are waiting for a bus. As the Narrator continues, it rolls up—its outer body is gone, leaving only the seats and chassis—and everybody gets on.)

Narrator: Yes, the hustle and bustle of life goes on as usual. *(The bus rolls away.)*

(Cut to Mojo Jojo, piloting a small hovercraft among the buildings.)

Narrator: Even the evil Mojo Jojo maintains his daily routine of evildoing. *(He speeds o.c.; cut to the girls in flight.)* But thankfully, the Powerpuff Girls also stay right on schedule—and on Mojo's trail. *(They fly o.c.)* Go, girls! Go!

(Mojo rockets along, passing a crane with a beam suspended high above the ground; the girls are in hot pursuit. He laughs to himself for several seconds, then stops suddenly. Surprise registers on his face.)

Mojo: Huh? *(He stops his craft just short of a wall of girders.)* Dead end?! I can go no further! It is the end of the line!

(As he speaks, the girls' reflections appear in the rear portion of the glass dome—they are approaching from behind.)

Blossom: We've got you now— *(Pull back; now we see them, and he has turned around.)*

Buttercup: —Mojo—

Bubbles: —Jojo!

Blossom: Power up, girls!

(One by one, they warm up their eye lasers; all three then cut loose against the hovercraft, but are unable to damage it. Mojo laughs back at them.)

Mojo: You cannot hurt me with your puny eye beams! *(Close-up of a button on his control panel; he continues o.c.)* But why don't you try on *this* I-beam for size?

(On the word "this," he reaches into view and presses the button. A cannon on the edge of the craft fires a laser blast that slices neatly through the cable holding up the girder on the crane. It plummets toward the girls, who are still firing; Blossom cuts off her lasers and looks up, with Buttercup following suit. Bubbles pays no attention.)

Blossom: Scramble! *(She and Buttercup dive aside.)* Bubbles! Look out!

(Bubbles finally stops her assault and looks up just in time to be smashed down o.c. by the girder.)

Blossom, Buttercup: Bubbles!

(Overhead view of the fallen girl, lying in the middle of the street. The girder lies nearby. Zoom in slowly, then cut to a view from street level as Mojo's hovercraft descends. He laughs in triumph, inspecting the damage he has inflicted. Extreme close-up of his face, panning across.)

Mojo: I, Mojo Jojo, have knocked you out! I have put you in a state of unconsciousness! *(His perspective of her.)* Ha-ha! I laugh at your pain! *(She forces her eyes partway open.)* I make a sound of pleasure at your shortcomings!

(Extreme close-up of her; now we can see Mojo's reflection in her eyes, which are fully open.)

Mojo: I do this because— *(Her perspective of him, her eyes partly open again.)* —I am bad! I am evil! I am... *(Her eyes start to close.)* ...Mojo Jojo!

(The name echoes as she passes out; now the screen is completely black. Fade in to an extreme close-up of her, now with bandages wrapped around her head. She forces her eyes open, and they go wide with shock as the camera pulls back quickly. She is back at home, alone in the girls' bed. She looks around, seeing a bookshelf loaded with books and toys, then a pile of stuffed animals across the room from her; each sight inspires fear and terror in her. Now we see quick flashes of the table, another group of toys, and the hotline. Back to the bed, pulling back slowly; the covers have been thrown off, and Bubbles' bandages are scattered about where she was lying. She, however, is nowhere to be found, as we see when the camera pulls back through the bedroom window and away from the house.)

(Dissolve to one of the many construction sites; a crane swings a girder over the yard as the camera pans to the observatory. Zoom in slowly on this and dissolve to its interior to the sound of a running shower. The camera reaches the bathroom, which has clouds of steam rising from behind the bathtub's shower curtain. A bit of tuneless humming and a familiar silhouette on its other side reveal that Mojo is cheerfully hosing himself down. The curtain has bananas all over

it. He shuts off the water and reaches toward a nearby towel rack, retrieving towels marked “MINE”; still humming, he wraps himself up and pushes the curtain aside. One towel is wrapped around his waist, while another covers his brain.)

(Mojo steps out of the shower and pads wetly over to a closet whose door handles are shaped like bananas. When he opens the doors, all he finds are a couple of bare coat hangers—no clothes at all. He looks inside, at a complete loss for words, as a large and roundish shadow falls over him. Now he turns around in fear; cut to a long shot of the observatory. We hear a blow land, and Mojo does a fair impression of a human cannonball, soaring gracefully off the mountaintop and over the meadow. He even makes a perfect one-point landing—on his head—while still wearing only his towels. Fade to black.)

(Snap to the exterior of the house.)

Buttercup: *(from inside, groaning)* Where could she be?

(Inside, she has found the discarded head wrappings.)

Buttercup: These are her bandages! *(Pan to the other side of the bed; Blossom emerges from under the covers.)*

Blossom: She’s not under here. This isn’t like her.

(The hotline starts to buzz o.c., interrupting her musings. She gasps.)

Blossom: The hotline! *(She flies to it and answers.)* What is it, Mayor?

(The Mayor, on the other end, is in his office—which is also being renovated. A car is parked across the street from what used to be the back wall.)

Mayor: Blossom! Mojo Jojo is destroying Soho with his Robo Jojo, and that’s a big no-no! So hurry up and go-go!

(During this line, the car is smashed flat with a huge mallet and then run over by a vehicle so big that only its tank treads can be seen. Back to Blossom, who has now hung up.)

Blossom: Oh, no! *(Pull back; a pile of toys is behind her, and she addresses it.)* Buttercup! Let’s move out!

Buttercup: *(popping out of pile)* But what about Bubbles?

Blossom: We don’t have time for that now. Townsville’s in trouble again! *(They take off; cut to outside and follow them to the city.)*

Narrator: Hurry, girls! Hurry! Mojo’s got a big, mean destruction machine!

(On the end of this line, cut to the machine itself, which is making the camera shake as it rolls through the streets. Its top half looks very much like that of the walking robot Mojo used in “The Rowdyruff Boys,” but the broad arms have been replaced by jointed ones. A large claw is

attached to one, a mallet to the other. The machine is mounted on huge tank treads. A Mojo-shaped silhouette is at the controls.)

(The girls gasp in shock, and the robot rolls over a parked car and breaks off the top half of a building with its claw. A newsstand is pounded flat; now we see a closer shot of the figure at the controls, though it is still only a silhouette. The girls prepare to make their stand on the sidewalk as the camera keeps shaking.)

Buttercup: That's Mojo Jojo, all right.

Blossom: Yes. He's certainly outdone himself this time. *(The robot rumbles toward them.)*

Buttercup: Here he comes!

Blossom: Hold your ground!

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Boy. *(They turn toward his voice, stunned.)* This situation would be much more menacing if it were actually *me* in there...

(Pan quickly to him—still sopping wet and wearing only his towels.)

Mojo: ...wouldn't it?

Blossom, Buttercup: Mojo Jojo?! *(Buttercup charges down the street.)*

Blossom: Buttercup! Wait!

(Her sister now has Mojo on the ground and is starting to smack him back and forth.)

Buttercup: Take this! And that! And some of this! And one of those!

Blossom: Buttercup! *(The beating stops.)* If Mojo Jojo is here, then he can't possibly be the one destroying Townsville!

Buttercup: Then who is in the Robo Jojo?

Mojo: *(pointing)* Why don't you see for yourself?

(The craft rumbles toward the two girls and throws its shadow over them; it grinds to a halt just inches from where they float above the sidewalk. As they look up toward its pilot, the figure descends from its seat at the controls; the camera tilts down slowly toward the front to the sound of footsteps echoing on metal. Stop at a hatch set between the treads. It hisses open, and a huge cloud of steam pours out, obscuring the individual. The steam clears after a few seconds, but the figure is still only a silhouette—with a pair of recognizable pigtails on the sides of its head. Finally the lights come up on it to reveal that wearing Mojo's usual outfit, including the braincap, is none other than...)

Blossom, Buttercup: Bubbles?

Narrator: Bubbles?!

Mayor: *(hiding behind girder)* Bubbles?

Talking Dog: Bubbles?

Crowd: Bubbles?

Mojo: Bubbles.

(For obvious reasons, she does not wear the gloves. She begins to speak, but not in her usual sweet tone—she is doing the best Mojo impersonation she can. The accent is a bit off, but she has the speech patterns down fairly well. She speaks in this manner until otherwise indicated.)

Bubbles: I am not Bubbles! Bubbles is not who I am! I am the one, the only, single solitary doer of dastardly deeds! Purveyor of pestilence! Interloper of lawlessness! Menace to mankind! I am bad! I am evil! I am Mojo Jojo! *(She laughs.)*

Mojo: *(irritated)* I do not talk like that! The way I communicate is much different. I do not reiterate, repeat, reinstate the same thing over and over again. I am clear, concise, to the point! I—

(He is zipped off his feet and given another overdose of Buttercup's tender mercies.)

Buttercup: Take this! And that! And some of this! And one of those! *(Blossom flies up; Buttercup keeps beating.)*

Blossom: What kind of evil have you bestowed upon our sister?

Mojo: *(now standing up; Buttercup lays off)* You've got to be kidding. I'm wet. I'm naked. Your sister is wearing my clothes. And this is all part of some evil plot...**TO RULE THE WORLD AS A SOGGY CHIMP IN MY BIRTHDAY SUIT?!**

Blossom: Buttercup, I don't think Mojo is behind this one. That bonk to Bubbles' head must have led her to believe that she is Mojo Jojo!

Mojo: *(sarcastically)* No. Really? Do you think?

(An irked Bubbles addresses the other three.)

Bubbles: Enough of this tomfoolery! Cease and desist! And furthermore, shut up!

Blossom: Okay, Bubbles. Quit monkeying around. This isn't funny!

Bubbles: *(walking to her)* For the last time, I am not Bubbles! I am... *(socking her)* ...Mojo Jojo!

(Blossom goes flying across the construction site and slams into a retaining wall. She sticks there, stunned and with her hair bow in slight disarray.)

Narrator: Uh-oh. Bubbles done a bad thing.

(Blossom blows her stack and charges across the site, but is stopped by an uncharacteristically pacifist Buttercup just before she can retaliate against Bubbles.)

Buttercup: Blossom, wait! She's our sister!

Blossom: Yeah, but that really hurt.

Buttercup: I know, I know. But two wrongs don't make a right. She hits you, you hit her. Suddenly we're all hitting each other, then we'll all be right back where we started.

Bubbles: What's the matter, Buttercup? 'Fraid I'll whup the skirt off you?

(Buttercup's attitude goes sour in a hurry, and she and Blossom exchange a long glance before she comes up with a new approach.)

Buttercup: All right, let's kick her butt.

(She gets ready to throw down, but Blossom grabs her foot to stop her from flying in. Buttercup keeps trying to pull loose during the next line.)

Blossom: No, Buttercup. You're right. She is our sister. And as sisters, we have an intrinsic duty—

(Close-up of Buttercup, who stops struggling and folds her arms sullenly.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* —to uphold peace. Not only for the city of Townsville, but amongst ourselves.

Buttercup: *(groaning)* Why'd I have to open my big trap? *(Cut to Bubbles.)*

Bubbles: Enough of this chatter! It's time to meet your maker! *(Back to the other girls.)*

Blossom, Buttercup: You leave the Professor out of this!

(Bubbles roars in fury and hurls herself at them. She lands a long string of blows to each, alternating her attention between them. From this, she grabs the semiconscious Blossom in a flying tackle and pounds her in the solar plexus five times. Now we see her with Buttercup in hand; she lands a string of five right hooks to the unfortunate girl's jaw. As Mojo watches, completely bewildered, Bubbles picks up a school bus and hoists it into the air. The other girls start to come around, their eyelids fluttering and then snapping open in shock. The bus is thrown at them, but they have no time to move aside before it slams into them and then crashes into a brick wall. The vehicle sticks there, its rear half protruding; the two targets poke their heads up from the window in the emergency door. Now they look very woozy indeed.)

(Bubbles rises into the air and gathers her strength to create several energy bolts that radiate out from her. A blast roars toward Blossom and Buttercup and catches them dead center; there is nothing they can do to stave off the onslaught. Mojo watches from the ground as his "doppelganger" makes progress toward the goal he has been unable to achieve by himself. The glare from Bubbles' energy beams plays over his face, and he blinks in amazement. When she finally stops, her sisters hurtle senseless to the street and land near Mojo, smashing two craters into the pavement.)

(Cut to just below street level as he walks up and peers over the edge of each crater, then back to above ground as he raises his arms in triumph.)

Mojo: RIGHT ON! We did it! *(Pull back; smoke rises from the craters.)* We finally destroyed the Powerpuff Girls! Now there is no one to stop us! *(Bubbles watches him from midair.)* Hand in hand, we can work together. We can rule the world! Just you and me, Bubbles!

(On the end of this line, she lands facing him. Her cape waves across the scene, which then cuts to her. She is still quite angry, even though the other girls are out of commission.)

Bubbles: I'm not Bubbles! Bubbles is not my name! For the name "Bubbles" is not a correct name to address me by, because it is not my name! (*Extreme close-up of her face, panning across.*) If you were to address me by the name "Mojo Jojo," that would be correct. For my name is Mojo Jojo! (*Long shot of her and Mojo by the robot.*) And I will only be addressed by that name, which is Mojo Jojo! (*Cut to just behind him.*) And furthermore, it is not *we* who will rule the world, it is *I!*

(Close-up of a rather disgruntled Mojo.)

Bubbles: (*from o.c.*) I, being Mojo Jojo, who is *not* Bubbles— (*Back to Bubbles, panning away from her to him.*) —shall rule this world alone, which is to say, without anybody else! (*Close-up of her.*) And without anybody else shall I rule this world!

(Back to him; now he really looks fed up with her tirade.)

Bubbles: (*from o.c.*) And when this world is ruled by only one person, and not a collective group— (*He walks o.c.*) —that one person who shall be ruling the world will be none other than me! (*Back to her.*) Mojo Jojo!

(Having finally said her whole piece, she laughs maniacally. Cut to an extreme close-up of Mojo.)

Mojo: Oh, shut up!

(Pull back; he has an I-beam slung over his shoulder—it might be the same one that started this whole mess. He swings for the fence, and the end whistles through the air in slow motion and catches Bubbles upside the head. The braincap, knocked loose, tumbles gracelessly through the air in slow motion. Cut to an overhead shot of her, now lying unconscious between the two craters, and zoom in slowly as the sound of the impact dies away. The camera rotates slowly as it moves in.)

(Now Mojo retrieves the cap from its resting place on the pavement and sets it in place on his head. His gray matter squishes a bit in the process. He stands erect and begins a rant of his own; pull back slowly as he does so. The towel he had had wrapped around his head is now tied at his neck for a cape, and he stands atop the Robo Jojo's dome.)

Mojo: That's all just well enough, because in reality there is only room enough in this world for one Mojo Jojo. One shall be the number of Mojo Jojos in the world, and the number of Mojo Jojos in the world shall be one. Two Mojo Jojos is too many, and three is right out! So the only Mojo Jojo there is room for in the world shall be me!

(Now his voice echoes slightly over the distance, and Bubbles' head comes into view. She is still knocked out in front of the machine.)

Mojo: And being the only Mojo Jojo in the world, I will rule the world in which there is only *one MOJO JOJO!!*

(He laughs insanely as the camera shifts to a close-up overhead view of Bubbles and zooms in. She starts to regain consciousness and speak in her normal voice again.)

Bubbles: What? What happened?

(Pull back. She stands up and starts to look around herself: the Robo Jojo, the fallen girder, the smashed ironwork, her sisters still in their craters. Finally she gasps—she is making her way back to the reality of who she is—and righteous anger settles on her face.)

[Animation goof: When she looks into the craters, she is seen in her everyday dress, not Mojo's outfit.]

Bubbles: There's only one evildoer in the world who could have done this to Townsville. And that's...

(Back to Mojo, still laughing like a pirate king on top of the dome.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* ...MOJO JOJO!

(She takes off, shedding the monkey's clothes in an instant and revealing herself in her usual outfit. Mojo has just enough time for a stunned look down at her before he is whisked from his perch and given a thorough drubbing. He finds himself suspended in midair, with Bubbles pummeling him from all sides and visible as nothing but a light blue blur.)

(Blossom and Buttercup finally climb out of the craters and take in the new development.)

Buttercup: *(pointing)* Look!

Blossom: It looks like Bubbles is back to her sweet old self again.

Buttercup: That's good. 'Cause there certainly isn't enough room in the world for *two* Mojo Jojos.

Blossom: I heard that!

Narrator: Yeah, yeah, so did we, about a million times. We get it already!

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Narrator: And so once again the day is saved—thanks to Mojo Bubbl...uh...the—the Powerpuff...ah, heck, the day was saved. So says me, the Narrator. *(slipping into Mojo mode)* So called because I speak the narrative of the story. I advance the plot. I begin and end each episode of *Powerpuff Girls!* Me! The Narrator!