

A VERY SPECIAL BLOSSOM

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline just after sunrise.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville. And it's a beautiful day. *(Dissolve to the suburbs; a tree stands near the camera.)* But not as beautiful as it will be this Sunday, because it's Father's Day.

(On the end of this line, cut to a close-up of a bird in a nest on one of the tree's limbs. It wears a hat and a proud smile and has a pipe in its mouth. Three eggs sit next to it—we have a father-to-be on our hands.)

Father bird: And boy, I can't wait. *(patting eggs)* These little guys are gonna hatch.

(Dissolve to a busy street, with a supermarket visible at the left side of the screen.)

Narrator: Yes, everyone is excited and getting ready—even Professor Utonium and the Powerpuff Girls.

(Close-up of them going along the sidewalk. The Professor has his pipe in his mouth and carries a bag of groceries; the girls float along just in front of him. They pass several shops whose front windows are filled with fatherly-type gifts: cigars, bikes, and so forth.)

Professor: Oh, girls, Father's Day is my favorite holiday.

Bubbles: Why?

Professor: Well, if it weren't for you, I wouldn't be able to celebrate it.

Blossom: Speaking of celebration, what are you making this year?

Professor: Mmmm...my favorite. Liver and onions!

(His idea of a favorite dish makes the girls queasy for a moment. Bubbles whispers to the other two, after which Blossom addresses him.)

Blossom: Well, what do you want for a present?

Professor: Oh, girls, anything you make me'll be fantastic. Besides, you know I don't need material possessions. I've got you. I remember last year, Blossom, you made me that—

Blossom: Ceramic bowl?

Professor: Ceramic bowl.

(A mental picture of a somewhat misshapen bowl appears over his head, and he tries his best to be elated at the memory.)

Professor: Yeah, that was—great. A-And—and Bubbles, with your, uh...uh... *(softly, to her)* what—what'd you make?

Bubbles: Crayon drawling!

Professor: Crayon drawling.

(A rough picture of the Professor, complete with pipe, appears by the bowl.)

Professor: That was wonderful. And—and Buttercup.

Buttercup: *(irritated)* Boxing gloves!

Professor: *(laughing uneasily)* Oh...that—that's right, made out of socks.

(A pair of boxing gloves flicks into view by the other presents. They will never be mistaken for Everlast knockoffs.)

Professor: I remember that. *(The gifts wink out in a puff of smoke.)* You see, girls, those gifts are kind of funky, but they're charming, and— *(Pan ahead of him to the girls; he continues o.c.)* —well, that's all I really ne—

(He abruptly stops speaking. Buttercup looks back at him worriedly and stops; her sisters, however, do not notice until they thump into her.)

Blossom: Professor?

(Extreme close-up of his pipe as it tumbles out of his mouth in slow motion, then follow the groceries, now hurtling toward the ground. The eggs shatter and spray everywhere in slow motion. Back to the girls, now very concerned.)

Blossom: What's the matter?

(Long shot of the Professor, who looks as if someone has hit him over the head with a board—eyes wide, body frozen and rigid. Finally he raises one arm and points ahead of himself.)

Professor: *(hushed)* Look!

(Pan quickly to a sporting-goods store. In the front window is a set of gleaming golf clubs set against a backdrop of a putting green. The bag holding them has the number 2000 emblazoned on it in a single column of large white digits. The three zeroes are interlocked; a golf tee is painted below the bottommost one. A sign next to them advertises the "HOLE IN 1 DEAL." The Professor's silhouette leans into view; his reflection appears across from it in the window. He acts as if he has just found the Holy Grail.)

Professor: The Pro Excellence 2000 golf clubs! *(The girls' reflections appear by his own.)* Only twelve of these sets exist in the whole world! *(Cut to behind the clubs, looking out the window.)* Oh, my game would be perfect if I had these.

(Cut to a close-up of the top of the golf bag.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Oh, my, they are beautiful. *(Tilt down toward the base.)* A true marvel of craftsmanship—oh, dear!

(He—and we—now see the price tag for the set, which retails for two large. Cut to behind the clubs again; now he is as crushed as a little boy who has just spied a wonderful Christmas gift that he badly wants but knows he will not get.)

Professor: No wonder they're called the 2000 clubs. I can't afford these! *(A tear forms in his eye.)* Oh, never mind. *(He wipes it away and starts o.c.)* Come on, girls. We'd better get home before the liver spoils.

(The girls watch him go with great concern, then trade a brief, silent glance. Suddenly all three faces light up with smiles. Fade to black.)

(Fade in to a shot of them outside; the camera points up at them from the ground.)

Blossom: All right, girls. That's the last of the finishing touches.

(Cut to a collection of pipes and sticks poking up from a dented trash can and tilt down slowly toward the base on the next line. The objects are topped with socks, bottles, even a tin can lashed on with rope. Flies buzz around the opening of the can, which has the number 2000 sloppily painted on in the same design as on the bag of clubs. The whole thing is the girls' less-than-brilliant attempt to create a knockoff of the real thing—and, judging from the stagnant liquid that has pooled around the base, not a very sanitary one either.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* The Pro Excellence 2000 golf clubs! *(Pause.)*

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* These stink! *(Close-up of Blossom.)*

Blossom: Come on. Back to the drawing board.

(Fade to black.)

(Fade in to the girls' bedroom. A sheet of paper labeled "IDEAS" is in the hands of one of them. Three entries—"Lemonade," "Cookees," "Brownies"—have been written down and crossed out. During the next line, a fourth entry, "Popsikles," is also struck through.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Look, girls. We're just not going to be able to raise enough money by Father's Day. *(Close-up of her.)* If we had some *real* talent, we could raise money. But we don't.

(Her sisters have been sitting on the bed and listening.)

Bubbles: Fighting crime's a talent.

(Longer shot of Blossom; she is floating in midair and looking fairly frustrated. The hotline interrupts her sulking, and she smiles and turns toward it.)

Blossom: I'll get it! *(She does so.)* Hello? Mayor?

(Split-screen view, with the Mayor in his office on the other side.)

Mayor: Blossom! I need your help. Mojo Jojo is destroying the town!

Blossom: We're on our way! *(She hangs up.)*

Mayor: But—

(Her side expands to fill the screen again.)

Blossom: Girls— *(Back to the others; she continues o.c.)* —we can raise that money! *(They trade a puzzled look.)*

(Wipe to a city in flames, with smoke pouring over the buildings and sirens cutting the air. Pan along one trashed street; firemen are aiming their hoses at several buildings. On the start of the next line, the camera reaches the girls, who are hovering around Mojo. He is cuffed and being watched by two nearby policemen.)

Blossom: All right, Mojo. *(Camera stops.)* How do you explain yourself this time?

Mojo: The hobby store did not have what I wanted, so I lost my temper.

Blossom: Oh, come on!

Mojo: I was looking for a model ship to build! It is my hobby.

Blossom: Take him away, boys!

Policeman: *(saluting, Irish brogue)* Our pleasure, Blossom.

(Wipe to the exterior of Townsville Hall. Peace has been restored.)

Mayor: *(from inside)* Girls, thank you once again for saving the day.

(As he continues, cut to the office. The girls stand in front of his desk. Cut back and forth between him and his perspective of them.)

Mayor: I know there are other things you could be doing on a Saturday, but...crime never sleeps.

Blossom: We don't mind. It's our special talent. *(winking, nudging at Bubbles)* Right, girls?

Bubbles, Buttercup: Right!

Mayor: *(laughing)* That's the spirit! And special talents should be rewarded. *(reaching under desk)* Would you girls like some cookies?

(On the end of this line, he comes up with a plate of them—fresh out of the oven. Bubbles licks her chops at the sight, but Blossom only shows a strange smile.)

Blossom: Mmm—no, thanks. We're not hungry.

Mayor: Oh, but they're fresh.

Blossom: No, thanks. *(This surprises Bubbles slightly. Stay on the girls.)*

Mayor: Well, I'd like to repay you somehow.

(During this line, the sisters look back and forth at each other—an idea is coming to all three at once. After a moment, Blossom speaks again. They adopt the behavior of children asking an adult for a particularly toothsome sweet.)

Blossom: Well, actually, me and the girls were talking, and—we'd like to be paid for our services. *(The back-and-forth cuts resume.)*

Mayor: *(laughing)* That's the spirit! You're very enterprising little ladies. *(pulling out a small coin purse, jingling it)* Well, I think I've got a few nickels here in my change purse. *(opening it)* What are you charging, girls?

Girls: *(cheerfully)* Two thousand dollars!

(The Mayor begins to fish around in the bag; he takes no notice of the grossly inflated figure they have just quoted him.)

Mayor: Ooh, that's reasonable. Let's see. Here's fifteen cents, here's, uh—

(Whatever working brain cells he has finally relay the message, and his hair and mustache nearly explode off his face with alarm.)

Mayor: *(drawn-out)* TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS?!?!?

(He cuts loose with a long, panicked scream as the camera zooms in to an extreme close-up of his monocle. The reflections of three beaming little girls are visible in it as sweat pours down his face. Every alarm in his head is blaring at top volume; after several unbearable seconds—both for him and for us—the monocle shatters.)

Girls: Ooh!

(The Mayor is now a nervous wreck. The monocle frame and bits of glass litter the desk, his hair and mustache are badly disheveled, and his hat looks as if it has been hit repeatedly with a Louisville Slugger.)

Mayor: *(hoarsely)* Oh...Ms. Bellum...my heart pills.

(She walks into view carrying a tray with a glass of water and a prescription bottle on it. As she speaks, she sets this down and he reaches for the glass.)

Ms. Bellum: Sir, I think these little ladies were just having some fun.

Mayor: Fun, nothing. Look. I'm no sugar daddy. Those days are over. *(He drinks the water and falls asleep.)*

Ms. Bellum: Girls...uh, I think you better run along and go clean up Mojo's mess.

(They look up at her for a moment, then scowl and begin to float o.c.)

Girls: Oh, all right. *(Buttercup glares back angrily as she goes.)*

(Cut to another section of the city as the girls fly in and get to work on a little bit of urban renewal. Bubbles blows out a small fire and zips around a corner, and Buttercup empties a dustpan full of broken glass into a handy recycling bin. Blossom, meanwhile, struggles to flip an

upside-down car back onto its wheels. She succeeds, and we now see that the shattered window behind the car contains the golf clubs the Professor covets—this is the sporting-goods store again. The bag now lies on its side.)

(Blossom does not immediately notice the clubs, as she has her back to the window. When she turns to it, feather duster in hand, she gasps softly. The golf bag sparkles before her as the camera pans along its length. Now she has a mental picture of the Professor, who looks down at her with all the persuasion he can muster.)

Professor: *(memory)* My life would be perfect if I had a pair of these.

(The picture evaporates, and Blossom finds herself caught in a moment of indecision. Her mouth begins to wobble as she looks at the clubs, which are now within easy reach. She recalls the Professor again; this time, his image is much larger and he leans down into her face. His eyes now exert a mesmerizing influence over her.)

Professor: *(memory)* Go on. No one's lookin'.

(She throws a hard, sidelong glance at the clubs, and he waits tensely to see what she will do. Finally she flies through the window.)

Professor: *(memory, giving thumbs-up)* That-a girl!

(Cut to inside the window; the clubs are silhouetted in the fading afternoon light. A Blossom-shaped silhouette flies up, grabs them, and stands there for a moment before flying away.)

Narrator: *(somberly)* Well, ladies and gentlemen— *(Outside, she flies over the city.)* —I guess there's a first time for everything.

(Fade to black.)

(Fade in on the father bird—sleeping and wearing a nightcap—in the nest as the Narrator continues. It is now the next morning.)

Narrator: But with a new day, perhaps there's hope.

(While the father snores, the eggs begin to crack. The shells finally give way, and a baby bird pops its head out from each.)

Baby birds: Happy Father's Day! *(The father is jolted awake.)*

Father bird: HEY, SHUT UP! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO SL— *(calming down)* Ohhh...Ohhh! *(The babies start chirping.)* What do you know, folks? I'm a daddy.

(Pan from here to the girls' house.)

Professor: *(from inside)* Ooh, girls, something sure smells good. *(Snap to black; footsteps are heard.)* I hope you didn't go to too much trouble.

Buttercup: We don't mind. We just wish we could've got you those golf clubs.

Professor: Oh, girls, I don't need—

Bubbles: Okay, you can open your eyes now.

(The view comes up as if an eye is being opened partway—this is the Professor's perspective. He sees a breakfast table set in front of him, with a newspaper, coffee mug, vase of flowers, and a plate of food.)

Bubbles, Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Happy Father's Day!

(Head-on view of him at the table, with the two girls on either side. He gasps happily.)

Professor: Oh, my heavens. Brownies! *(They grab his shoulders.)*

Buttercup: Hey, wait! Those aren't brownies.

Bubbles: No. It's liver and onions.

(The idea of eating this particular dish at this particular hour causes him to emit a sick little groan and screw up his face for a second. Close-up of the food, which is emitting typical liver fumes.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* It's your favorite! *(Back to the group; she holds up a forkful to him.)* Don't you want any? *(He waves it back.)*

Professor: *(smiling nervously)* I'd...I'd love some. But I...I can't eat without *all* of you here. Yeah. Uh... *(Bubbles sniffs the liver.)* ...what's taking Blossom so long?

Buttercup: Oh, she said she had a special surprise. She didn't even want to help with breakfast.

(The sound of her voice catches all three completely flat-footed—so much so that her sisters' faces distort into a dumbfounded expression we have never seen before or since.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Ladies and gentlemen! *(Pan quickly to her, standing in front of a curtain.)* May I present...the Father's Day gift extraordinaire!

(Back to the others. The Professor's face is frozen in delight, but the other girls' suspicions are aroused.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* For my favorite person in the whole world! *(Back to her; she flies up to the curtain cord.)* Happy Father's Day!

(She pulls the cord, opening the curtain—which turns out to be the one in front of the screen door—and revealing the golf clubs from the store. The price tag is still attached. She lands by the clubs and gestures toward them as if she were a model on The Price Is Right. Her gift has exactly the effect you would expect—in other words, the Professor is so happy that his face looks as if it might split along his huge grin. Steam erupts from his pipe as he shrieks in delight.)

Professor: *THE PRO EXCELLENCE 2000 GOLF CLUBS!!*

(He shrieks again and jumps the full length of the kitchen, landing by them.)

Professor: Oh, thank you!

(Bubbles and Buttercup exchange looks of total disbelief as he cries out one more time. Now he has Blossom gathered up under one arm.)

Professor: Oh, thank you so much, girls! *(The other two are caught by surprise; now Blossom is back on the floor.)*

Blossom: Oh, no. This gift is just from me. This is *my* special present.

Professor: *(hugging her)* Oh, how sweet!

Buttercup: Wait a minute! How in the heck did you *get* those?

Professor: *(angrily)* Who cares how she got them? *(ecstatically)* Oh, happy Father's Day, indeed!

(Long shot of Bubbles and Buttercup. The heads of the golf clubs are visible in the foreground.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Oh, Blossom— *(Pull back; he is by the clubs and hugging her again.)* —this is the best gift ever!

(He sounds as if he is about to cry. Now he kneels down to her.)

Professor: You know why? *(fiercely)* Because I have a game today with the Mayor. *(patting clubs)* And I'm gonna win with these babies!

Buttercup: But where'd you get the money to buy them?!

Professor: Don't you mind your sisters, Blossom. Girls, money is no object. Now if you don't mind, I'm gonna go outside and— *(standing up, shouldering bag, voice quivering)* —try these beauties out.

(Bubbles and Buttercup hold up the plate of liver.)

Bubbles: Aren't you gonna eat your breakfast?

Professor: Oh! Um...just...wrap that up for me, honey.

(The two girls have a little trouble bending their brains around what has just happened. After the Professor's footsteps have faded away, they glare angrily toward Blossom and land across the kitchen from her.)

Buttercup: All right, Blossom. You've got some explaining to do. Where the heck did you get those clubs?

(Blossom mulls this over for a long, tense moment before coming up with her answer.)

Blossom: I found them.

(The others trade a very uneasy look, and we hear a large blip pop up on their mental radar screens. Cut to the Townsville Golf Course, with carts on the paths.)

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* Can you believe this, Chief?

(During the next line, cut to a close-up of an open newspaper. The front page carries a picture of the clubs and a one-word banner headline: "STOLEN?!")

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* The rare Pro Excellence 2000 golf clubs mysteriously disappeared!

(Pull back; he and another individual are standing on one of the greens, with the paper in front of their faces.)

Mayor: Hmm! That's peculiar. *(He lowers the paper. The other man, the Chief of Police, speaks next.)*

Chief: Yeah, it happened right after Mojo tore up the town.

Mayor: I say—do you think he took them?

Chief: Nah. Little monkeys are too dumb to golf. But whoever did take 'em is one lucky guy.

Mayor: I'll say. *(opening paper; they look at it)* If I only had a pair of these— *(Their perspective of a picture of the clubs.)*—my game would be perfect.

Chief: Me too.

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Me FOOORRREEE!

(The paper is lowered as he continues. He stands across from them, top-flight clubs in hand and wearing a thoroughly silly pair of pants and matching huge, floppy cap.)

Professor: Are you boys ready to be beaten by a *real* pro? *(He chuckles.)*

(Zoom in quickly on the clubs; we see the "2000" logo very clearly now.)

Chief: Well, I'll be bamboozled! *(Back to him and the Mayor; they smile at each other.)*

Mayor: Cuff him!

(One end of a pair of handcuffs is snapped onto the Professor's wrist, next he is seen with both hands manacled and the Chief leaning in on him.)

Chief: You got the right to remain silent, buddy! *(The Professor shivers in fear.)*

(Cut to the hotline in the girls' bedroom. It starts to buzz, and Blossom lowers the newspaper she is reading—the same one the Chief and the Mayor were looking at—and looks nervously in its direction. After several buzzes, she finally flies over to it and answers.)

Blossom: Hello, Powerpuff Girls.

Professor: *(over hotline)* Blossom! It's the Professor.

(The sound of his voice shakes her for a moment, but she regains some semblance of composure.)

Blossom: Oh...hi! How you doing?

Professor: *(over hotline)* Look, I'm in jail! *(She starts to lose it again.)* I've been arrested for stealing!

Blossom: Uh... *(holding receiver at arm's length, shaking)* ...uh...

Professor: *(over hotline)* Blossom, are you there?

Blossom: *(into receiver again, small voice)* Yes.

(Now she curls into a small ball, shaking all over and barely able to hold on to the receiver.)

Professor: *(over hotline)* Listen, I need you down here. I'm scared. They're asking me questions, waving badges, and pointing fingers! *(She drops the receiver.)* I didn't do anything, I'm innocent! Blossom?

(She claps her hands to her face in panic. Close-up of the dangling receiver; we hear her take off.)

Professor: *(over hotline)* Blossom! Blossom!

(Cut to a close-up of an old-style sailing ship. The beeping of the computers in Mojo's lab is heard as a pair of tweezers reaches into view and attaches an anchor—this is a model craft. Pull back; Mojo is in his lair, building a ship in a bottle. He wears a robe and a pair of glasses to improve his vision for the detailed work. He regards the model for a second.)

Mojo: *(putting tweezers down)* Ahhh... *(standing up)* My masterpiece is complete. *(saluting, looking up)* Happy Father's Day...

(His perspective: a painting of a grizzled, white-bearded monkey in a naval uniform. He has one hand tucked inside the front of his jacket after the habit of Napoleon and smokes a pipe. A small plaque beneath the picture reads "1901-1998"—this is Mojo's late father. Oars, a coil of rope, and an anchor are mounted on the walls to either side.)

Mojo: ...my captain. I wish you were here to enjoy—

(Cut to the ceiling as Blossom crashes in through it, cutting him off. He has just enough time for one terrified scream before she zips him out of his chair; the sound of a swift beating is heard, and bits of rubble fly back into view. Mojo is gagged with a strip of tape, and when Blossom takes off, he is nowhere to be seen. It is now evening.)

(Cut to the exterior of the jail. Blossom makes a beeline for the main entrance; inside, it is kicked open and her silhouette appears in the doorway. The girls, the Mayor, the Chief, and the Professor—this last in a holding cell—gasp in shock.)

Buttercup: It's Blossom! *(Now she has moved into the light.)*

Blossom: *(rattled)* Look! I can explain everything. The Professor shouldn't be in jail for stealing any golf clubs.

(On the end of this, cut quickly to the other girls and the Professor. Back to Blossom, now holding a trussed-up Mojo over her head. The bindings and the braincap make him look like a medicine capsule whose halves have been pulled slightly apart.)

Blossom: It was Mojo's fault! He sold them to me! *(He makes a muffled protest. Cut to her perspective of the group.)* I didn't know they were stolen!

Mayor: I say, Chief, we've made a terrible mistake.

Buttercup: Wait a minute! Blossom, you told me you found those clubs. *(Cut to an unnerved Blossom; she continues o.c.)* Which is it? Did you find them, or did he sell them to you?

(Now Buttercup and Bubbles both direct angry gazes at the long-haired larcenist.)

Buttercup: Come on, Blossom! *(Cut to the Professor; she continues o.c.)* Tell the truth! *(Cut to just behind her and Bubbles.)*

Bubbles: Yeah, you big fat liar!

(Blossom stands frozen, still holding Mojo. Her mouth wobbles with fear and indecision. Buttercup moves toward her, with Bubbles not far behind.)

Buttercup: Come on!

(Blossom now begins to sweat buckets as the tension mounts. Cut to inside the cell; the Professor watches the drama unfold. He and the two sisters are seen as silhouettes.)

Professor: *(softly)* Just tell the truth, Blossom...please.

(Back to her; her teeth begin to chatter—she is close to the breaking point. Finally she yells and hurls Mojo toward the cell.)

Buttercup: Watch out!

(She and Bubbles dodge the throw, which connects squarely with the Chief and the Mayor and knocks them away as if they were bowling pins. Now Blossom runs for it.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* She's getting away! *(Buttercup catches up and grabs the ponytail.)*

Buttercup: Get back here and... *(throwing her into a wall, camera following and putting her out of view)* ...quit lying!

(Blossom pulls loose and screams in rage—as she often does when she plows into a piece of masonry—before making another dash for it. She zips past the other girls, and Bubbles now enters the battle, overtaking the fugitive. The two tumble across the floor and crash to a halt; Bubbles has Blossom pinned, but is knocked away with an eye-laser blast. The chase moves back and forth outside the cell and is visible as nothing but three bright blurs as the adults watch, stunned.)

(Blossom barrels along, looking behind herself; Buttercup catches up and throws a punch, but she dodges and the pursuer flies o.c. She sidesteps as Bubbles charges toward her, then makes a break for the open door. Her sisters move in to intercept; there is a flash of light, after which we see them holding her down by the arms. She looks rather disheveled from the brawl.)

Blossom: All right! All right! ALL RIGHT! *(remorsefully)* I did it. I stole the clubs.

(The admission takes the power of speech from the three men for a second.)

Professor: Why, Blossom? *(Her sisters fly up and glare at her.)*

Blossom: Because you wanted them so much. I...just wanted to make you happy. *(Guilt steals over his face.)*

Professor: It's *my* fault. *(starting to cry, sighing)* I put too much value in a material item, instead of the love of you girls.

Blossom: That's what drove me to crime.

Professor: Oh, Mayor, please...go easy on Blossom. She's sorry *(to her)* Aren't you, honey?

Blossom: *(small voice)* Yes.

Mayor: What do you say, Chief? *It is her first offense.*

Chief: It is very sad. *(He sniffles and lets one tear fall, then toughens up.)* But the law is the law!

Blossom: Oh...

(As the Narrator speaks, the scene changes around her to the background for a mug shot—she holds a prison ID number card.)

Narrator: Blossom was sentenced to two hundred hours of community service.

(Dissolve to her, now dressed in orange prison coveralls and a hard hat and picking up trash by the roadside. Two other convicts are at work behind her, near a transport vehicle.)

Narrator: This was a harsh reminder to her and to all that crime does not pay.

Blossom: *(to the camera)* Boy, you can say that again.

Father bird: *(from o.c.)* Crime does not pay.

Blossom: *(looking up in surprise)* What—? *(The bird family watches from their tree.)*

Father bird: Well, it doesn't! *(She puts a hand to her face in surprise.)*

(The background for the end shot comes up.)

Narrator: Once again the day is saved—

(The girls appear. Blossom is in the middle, still in her orange outfit and looking sad and sorry. The others, in their usual positions, look disgustedly over their shoulders at her.)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! *(Bubbles and Buttercup take off.)* Well—two of them, at least.

(Prison bars slam down in front of Blossom.)