

**DAYLIGHT SAVINGS**  
**Transcribed by Alan Back**

*(Opening shot: the city skyline at night. A crescent moon hangs over the scene.)*

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville! *(Pull back slowly as he continues.)* A city where villainy exists twenty-four/seven! But don't be alarmed, for the Powerpuff Girls always spring into action!

*(An enormous pink creature, with a single horn on its head and accordion-like arms that end in square claws, rears up and roars. It begins to stomp down the street, tearing holes in the buildings. Cut to Blossom in flight; the monster stops short at her arrival. She deals it a quick string of crushing blows, and it falls to the pavement in slow motion.)*

**Narrator:** Face it. *(Pan to a nearby clock shop.)* These girls'll clean their clocks!

*(On the end of this line, zoom in on a clock that hangs over the street corner. Cut to a jewelry store whose front window has been smashed; an alarm screams through the night, and a masked robber flees the scene. He carries a bag of loot in one hand and fires a gun behind himself with the other. Buttercup dives in, ready for a flying kick, and lets him have it in spades. He collapses to the ground, with his left arm extended ahead of himself so that we can see his wristwatch. Zoom in on this during the next line.)*

**Narrator:** Watch as they wind up the crime every time!

*(Cut to a barnyard in which a few cows are grazing contentedly. A flying saucer hovers above them. After a moment, an alien creature materializes on the ground; it looks very much like a fugitive from a bad sci-fi movie—short, huge head, bulging eyes, and the like. It holds a device of some sort in one hand. One of the cows takes sudden notice of the new arrival and starts running across the yard, with the alien close behind. The device is pointed at the animal's hindquarters—a probe perhaps. Bubbles arrives on the scene and has no trouble beating the alien into submission; her last blow, a flying uppercut, propels it straight up to crash through the underside of the saucer. She grabs the edge of this and hurls it like a discus, sending it over a clock tower and out of sight.)*

*(On the next line, tilt down to the base of the tower. Blossom and Buttercup stand in front of it, and Bubbles joins them.)*

**Narrator:** It's a lucky stroke for us that these are no secondhand heroines that keep our city safe— *(They take off across the city.)* —deep into the night and into the wee hours of the morning!

*(The sky begins to lighten behind them—daybreak is coming.)*

**Narrator:** And on a school night, even. *(They fly o.c.)*

*(Cut to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten as they fly in.)*

**Narrator:** Speaking of school...

*(Cut to Ms. Keane at the front of the classroom; she is teaching a bit of picture recognition. Next to her is an easel with a picture of a ball.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Class, can you tell me what this is a picture of?

**Class:** *(from o.c.)* BALL!

**Ms. Keane:** Very good! *(removing picture, exposing one of a dog)* And this is a...

**Class:** *(from o.c.)* DOG!

**Ms. Keane:** Very good.

*(The next picture she shows is one of an automobile engine. Various parts are labeled.)*

**Ms. Keane:** And this is a...

**Class:** *(from o.c.)* FOUR-STROKE INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE!

**Ms. Keane:** Very good!

*(Now she shows a saw cutting through a log.)*

**Ms. Keane:** And this is a, is—is a...

*(The sound of snoring is her reason for trailing off, and she looks around herself in puzzlement to try to find its source. The bell, the hotline, the pencil sharpener, the butt of a fat kid, Twiggy the hamster—none of them are causing the interruption. Cut to a close-up of the girls, panning slowly across their desk. They are fast asleep and sawing toothpicks, with their heads down.)*

*(Ms. Keane regards them with surprise for a moment before grimacing and reaching for a book on the shelf. This slams flat onto the desk, startling them out of their nap in an instant. Each blurts out a random fact in hopes of being right on her last question.)*

**Bubbles:** George Washington!

**Blossom:** Pi R-squared!

**Buttercup:** Borscht!

*(Everybody but a visibly irritated Ms. Keane laughs at them, but stop when she speaks.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(dryly)* It's nice of you to join us, girls. This is the third time this week you've fallen asleep in class. *(They look and sound very groggy.)*

**Blossom:** We're sorry, Ms. Keane. We can't help it.

**Bubbles:** We wouldn't be so tired if we weren't out every single night—

**Buttercup:** —keeping Townsville safe from crime for you and its citizens.

**Ms. Keane:** Mmm...yes, well, that—that's true, I did forget that part. *(sternly)* But that does not excuse you from your responsibilities at school.

**Bubbles:** You're right. *(She goes face first on the desk.)*

**Buttercup:** We're sorry. *(She does likewise.)*

**Blossom:** It'll never happen again. *(Ditto.)*

*(All three girls begin to snore again; Ms. Keane eyes them warily.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(to herself)* No, it won't. It certainly won't.

*(Fade to black.)*

*(Fade in to the exterior of the girls' house that afternoon as they float down to the front door.)*

**Narrator:** Later that day... *(The Professor meets them at the step.)*

**Professor:** Oh, hello, girls. Home from school soOOOOOOO—

*(On the end of this, he recoils as if seeing some unimaginable horror. The camera zooms in.)*

**Professor:** JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT! WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?!

*(He points down o.c. on the end of this line, and we see the cause of his terror—a note pinned to Blossom's dress. It is nearly as big as she is. With shaking hands, he lifts it for a closer look.)*

**Professor:** *(reading)* "Parent-teacher conference"? *(Pull back into the sky.)*

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

*(As he screams, the following sequence of shots is seen: a horse whinnying and rearing up, a wave crashing over the dock, a lightning strike, a can of soda being opened and spewing its contents, and a golf ball rolling past the hole on a putting green. Finish on a shot of him, sitting outside a door marked "MS. KEANE"—her classroom—as he finally quiets down. He looks very nervous and uneasy, and his mood is not helped by the sound of hysterical crying from inside. The door opens to admit a sobbing woman and her husband; they stumble away, and a beaming teacher pokes her head out.)*

**Ms. Keane:** You're next, Professor. *(He swallows hard.)*

*(Inside, she walks across the room, clipboard in hand, and he follows. Now he is doing his best to smile cheerfully. They stop at one of the children's desks. It has two chairs—one adult-sized, one child-sized—at opposite ends. Ms. Keane sits in the former; the Professor stands nervously by the latter.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(gesturing at small chair)* Please. Have a seat.

*(He does so, and she begins to write on her clipboard. He moves his leg and bumps the desk.)*

**Professor:** Oop, ah...sorry.

*(He sets it back in place and laughs nervously; she only nods and smiles. Now she goes back to her writing. Close-up of the Professor, panning to Ms. Keane and back. His smile gives way to a more anxious expression several seconds after the camera returns to him. Cut back to her; she underlines a piece of writing four times, after which we see the Professor drumming his hands on his knees. She continues writing, her polite little smile never leaving her face and her eyes never meeting his. He is much less composed, though, and sweat starts to pour from his forehead as his eyes dart back and forth. She jots down one more thing before finally looking up from the board and speaking—it has been just over forty seconds since she sat down. The Professor reacts to her voice as if it were a live electrical wire in his hand.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Well—

**Professor:** I didn't do it! *(He falls over backwards, then props himself up.)* Uh, um—you needed to speak to me about the girls?

**Ms. Keane:** Yes, Professor. I'm very concerned. They've been falling asleep in class, and their participation is slipping.

**Professor:** Well, what do you suppose the reason is, Ms. Keane?

**Ms. Keane:** I believe all of this late-night crime-fighting is to blame.

**Professor:** Well, they *are* superheroes, you know, and saving the world's a big responsibility.

**Ms. Keane:** But education is a bigger responsibility. *(Pause.)*

**Professor:** *(smiling, cowboy twang)* Yep, that am true, Ms. Keane. *(serious again)* But—what do you propose?

**Ms. Keane:** Well, I suggest you set... *(her face hardening)* ...a curfew!

*(Cut to the girls in their bedroom, looking up at the camera with shocked expressions.)*

**Girls:** A curfew?! But, Professor!

*(He is in the room with them; through the windows, we see that it is now dusk.)*

**Professor:** No buts, girls. You're to be home by seven-thirty.

**Girls:** Seven-thirty?!

**Buttercup:** But the juicy stuff doesn't even start until at least nine!

**Bubbles:** Seven-thirty isn't as dark as nine, though. *(Buttercup glares at her.)*

*(The hotline goes off, and the girls brace for action.)*

**Blossom:** The hotline! Professor, we gotta go. *(They take off, but he blocks their path.)*

**Professor:** *(sternly)* Girls, don't forget. Seven-thirty.

**Girls:** *(floating sullenly o.c. past him)* We won't.

*(Cut to the city skyline, which appears very much at ease—but not for long. Mojo Jojo floats up into view, holding a blaster and using a craft that consists of a glass-and-metal bubble with holes cut in it for his arms and legs. A propeller on top keeps him aloft. He flies over the city, firing shots in all directions; whatever happens to be in the path of the beam gets a neat hole cut all the way through it. One shot takes out a store window and reveals a stunned deli clerk with a*

*piece of Swiss cheese in his hand. Mojo now lands and lets loose with another barrage as people run in all directions; it is a total panic. The Narrator screams in terror.)*

**Narrator:** Mojo Jojo is turning Townsville into Swiss cheese! *(A man points into the sky.)*

**Man:** Look sharp, everyone! It's the Powerpuff Girls, here to save us! *(They move in.)*

**Narrator:** You said it, Jack! It'll be a Brie-ze for our girls to cream that Muenster Mojo!

*(Mojo is now on the sidewalk and blasting a man whose shirt reads "PROV.")*

**Narrator:** Things aren't looking too Gouda for you, Mojo! So leave that Prov alone [Provolone] and prepare to be shredded!

*(Mojo takes off, his blaster at the ready. He and the girls charge toward a head-on confrontation; the camera cuts back and forth between the sides three times, zooming in each time, then pulls back to a long shot of the block as they approach. Before they meet, though, cut to the Professor at the front door of the house. He has his hand cupped to his mouth.)*

**Professor:** GIRLS! IT'S SEVEN-THIRTY! *(Back to them; he continues o.c.)* TIME TO COME IN NOW! *(The girls hang their heads and moan.)*

**Blossom:** Sorry, Mojo, but we've gotta go.

**Bubbles:** We've got school in the morning.

**Buttercup:** Yeah, we gotta be in bed by seven-thirty.

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* GIRLS!

**Girls:** *(wearily)* Coming, Professor. *(They take off.)*

**Narrator:** Now what will happen to Townsville without its heroes to protect it? *(Mojo's eyes narrow.)* Oh, I Camembert to watch!

*(Fade to black.)*

*(Snap to the girls, now dressed for bed and tucked in. They do not look happy.)*

**Girls:** But— *(Pull back; the Professor stands by the bed.)*

**Professor:** No buts, girls! You've got school in the morning, and you need your rest.

**Blossom:** But what about Townsville?

*(Cut to one of the bedroom windows, in which the city is visible. The Professor leans into view next to it and smiles calmly.)*

**Professor:** Townsville's fine. *(framing window in his hands)* Oh, just look at it. So quiet, so peaceful.

*(He turns away from the window; the skyline instantly erupts in flames, and distant screams and sirens make themselves heard. However, he is completely oblivious to the new crisis.)*

**Professor:** Thanks to you, Townsville's as safe as safe can be.

*(Back to the girls, who have been watching with their hands to their mouths.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* So you shut those sleepy eyes and— *(walking across)* —hop aboard the Dreamland Express.

**Girls:** But— *(Cut to him, now at the door.)*

**Professor:** *(angrily)* Hop aboard the Dreamland Express!

*(They instantly close their eyes, and he smiles.)*

**Professor:** That's better. *(He turns off the lights, blacking out the room.)* Good night, girls. *(He shuts the door.)*

*(The girls, now visible in the light from the windows, are wide awake and very dissatisfied. The Professor's footsteps die away in the hall outside, after which more footsteps—many more, and large ones—approach the general area.)*

**Blossom:** You hear that?

*(They zip over to the windows; cut to outside the house at second-floor level. One girl pops up at each window. Pull back and drop to street level as the footsteps grow louder. After a few seconds, a procession of unsavory characters of all sorts marches across the screen. Mojo has a baton in hand and is acting as the drum major. The following are also part of the parade: the Gangrene Gang, Fuzzy Lumkins, the Amoeba Boys, Mr. Mime, and Princess Morebucks—wearing a royal cape whose train is being held up by a prisoner. Various criminals, prisoners, and an enormous reptilian creature whose steps shake the camera make up the rest of the group.)*

*(Back to the level of the windows.)*

**Buttercup:** Oh, no! It's—

**Bubbles:** *(happily)* A parade!

**Blossom:** Not just any parade, Bubbles, but a parade of villainy. And it's marching straight into Townsville!

*(Cut to inside the room; she turns away from her window. The commotion dies away over the next few lines.)*

**Blossom:** PROFESSOR! *(He is descending the stairs.)*

**Professor:** Go to bed, girls! *(Back to them.)*

**Buttercup:** *(to Blossom)* Oh, this makes me sick to my stomach! What are we gonna do?

**Blossom:** There's nothing we can do. *(The two float to the bed; Bubbles stays at her window.)* Except try to go to sleep and hope that Townsville is still there in the morning.

**Bubbles:** That's it? The parade's over? *(turning away from window)* Where's the floats? Where's the giant 3-D cartoon character endorsement balloons?

*(On the end of this, the eye of the giant reptile appears at the window. The beast roars; Bubbles manages a terrified squeal—her pigtails standing on end as they did in “Insect Inside”—and dives under the covers, landing in her section of the bed.)*

**Girls:** PROFESSOR!

**Professor:** *(from downstairs)* GO TO SLEEP!!

*(They sit in stunned silence for a moment, but the buzzing of the hotline puts smiles on their faces as the camera pulls back to show it. The Professor is about to settle into his favorite chair when he catches wind of it. In the room, Blossom has picked up the call.)*

**Blossom:** *(hushed)* Yes, Mayor...Okay. We'll be right the—

*(A rectangle of light falls across the room, with the Professor's shadow visible within it—he is checking on them. Blossom quickly changes gears.)*

**Blossom:** Uh... *(rapid fire)* No thanks, we're not interested in buying the paper, thank you.

*(Cut to the exterior of the house; we see flashes of light in the bedroom windows and hear crackling sparks and the hotline's buzzer, ending with a snap. Inside, the Professor leaves the room, with the disconnected phone in his hands. The severed cord still sparks and snaps. The girls watch him go in shocked silence.)*

**Professor:** Good night, girls.

*(Wipe to him downstairs, relaxing by the fire. He has his feet up and the paper in his hands, and he looks quite content—peace and quiet at last.)*

**Professor:** Ahhhh...

*(He starts to read the paper, but his face almost immediately goes slack at what he sees—a front-page photo of the burning city, with a two-word banner headline: “TOWNSVILLE DOOMED!!” The paper is promptly crumpled up and thrown into the fireplace; the Professor sits frozen for a moment, chewing his lower lip, then looks over at a radio near his elbow. He switches this on and is rewarded with a program of soft Latin music—bossa nova, perhaps. This relaxes him again.)*

**Professor:** Ahhhh... *(An announcer breaks in, shattering his calm.)*

**Announcer 1:** *(on radio)* We interrupt this program for this special bulletin.

**Radio reporter:** *(panicked)* Townsville is under attack! *(The radio is thrown into the fire.)* We need the Power—

*(She trails off into unintelligible noise, as if her report was being played from a phonograph record on a slowing turntable. The Professor hunches his head down between his shoulders for a moment before coming up with a remote control. He turns the TV on with this and gets a nature program—a lion chasing an antelope. A forced, frozen grin gives way to a relaxed smile.)*

**Professor:** *(leaning back)* Ahhhh...

*(Close-up of his hand. He strikes a match and lifts it to his pipe as a news report breaks in.)*

**Announcer 2:** *(on TV)* We interrupt this program for this special report.

*(On screen, a reporter stands before a group of burning buildings.)*

**TV reporter 1:** Help! Townsville's burning down!

*(Back to the Professor; the pipe shoots from his mouth.)*

**TV reporter 1:** *(on TV)* And the Powerpuff Girls are nowhere in sight! *(He fumbles for the remote.)* Things are looking—

*(He changes channels and hits an opera performance. This soothes him.)*

**Professor:** Whoo...

*(Another news flash. This time, two monsters are ravaging the city behind the reporter.)*

**TV reporter 2:** Townsville's being eaten!

*(A channel change, another report, with flying saucers blasting the buildings.)*

**TV reporter 3:** Townsville's being invaded!

*(Back to the Professor; he switches channels, but only hears more reports of chaos; zoom on him with each change. He is growing increasingly frantic.)*

**Various reporters:** *(on TV)* Rioting!...Mayhem!...Utter annihilation!...El muerte!

*[Note: This last is grammatically incorrect. In Spanish, "muerte"—the word for death—is a feminine noun, which means it takes the definite article "la." "El" is the article for the masculine nouns.]*

*(Zoom in one more time—now we are at an extreme close-up of his eyes. The next reporter we hear is very calm, so much so that he could be mistaken for dead, given the broadcasts that have just been heard.)*

**TV reporter 4:** *(on TV)* Welcome to the Time Channel— *(Side view of the Professor, now leaning almost into the screen.)* —where we give you up-to-the-minute time, twenty-four hours a day. *(He relaxes.)* Up next, the current time.

*(Now he is seen on the TV screen—white button-down shirt, bow tie, square glasses, hair in a pompadour that recalls Johnny Bravo. Next to him is a graphic: a white box with the word “TIME” on it in black letters.)*

**TV reporter 4:** Hello. I’m Sonny Dial, here to bring you the latest time. But first, I hope all of you remembered that last night was Daylight Savings, which means everyone sets their clocks back by one hour. That makes our current time six forty-one. *(Inside the box, “TIME” dissolves to this.)* I’ll be back at six forty-two with the up-to-the-minute time.

*(This bit of news hits the Professor like a baseball bat to the head. He looks around the room; every timepiece he sees, analog or digital, shows the time as 7:41. Even his watch is an hour off. He finally realizes...)*

**Professor:** Crikey! I forgot to set the clocks back!

*(Cut to inside the girls’ bedroom. He kicks the door open, turns on the lights, and dashes over to the bed. They are fast asleep.)*

**Professor:** *(pulling covers away)* Girls, wake up! **GIRLS, WAKE UP!!** *(slamming hotline receiver in cradle)* Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! *(grabbing side of mattress)* Get out of bed! Now!

*(He flips the mattress, dumping the girls onto the floor, and jumps over to them.)*

**Professor:** *(frantically)* Daylight Savings...clocks wrong...forty-five minutes, save Townsville now!

**Blossom:** But what about our curfew?

**Professor:** *(grabbing her)* No time! Go! Go! Go!

*(On each “Go!” he throws one girl o.c. as hard as he can. Blossom is first, then Buttercup, and finally Bubbles. They crash through the bedroom wall. He pants for a moment, then runs out and skids back to his chair. Picking up the paper, he is greeted by the headline “TOWNSVILLE SAVED!!” above a photo of the restored skyline. He grabs the radio out of the fire and shakes it, and it begins to work again despite the flames licking at its housing.)*

**Radio reporter:** And so, in a flurry of Powerpuffery, the city of Townsville seems to be getting back to normal.

*(He smiles upon hearing this and leans toward the TV. He switches to the first reporter, behind whom the girls are working so fast that they appear only as light blurs.)*

**TV reporter 1:** Townsville is saved once again!

*(Extreme close-up of the Professor’s eyes, pulling back as he switches channels. Now a look of shaken relief is on his face.)*

**Various reporters:** *(on TV)* A-OK...Peachy keen...Jim-dandy...Okey-dokey...Muy bueno!  
Viva la Powerpuff! *(The Professor relaxes into his chair.)*

**Professor:** Ahh, them's my girls.

**Narrator:** It sure is nice to have the girls to fall back on, eh, Professor?

*(The background for the end shot comes up.)*

**Narrator:** And so once again the day is saved—

*(Benjamin Franklin appears, holding a pocket watch by its chain between two fingers.)*

**Narrator:** —thanks to Benjamin Franklin's suggestion of setting clocks back during the winter for extra daylight to conserve economic spending on candles—

*(He is replaced by the girls in their usual pose.)*

**Narrator:** —and the Powerpuff Girls!