

MO JOB

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline, in the style of a child's crayon drawing and marked with an arrow labeled "Townsville." The sun shines overhead.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville!

(Tilt down slightly to street level to show the girls next to the buildings. They too are labeled.)

Narrator: Where you can plan on seeing the Powerpuff Girls.

(Pull back; we see Princess Morebucks on the other side of the buildings. Labeled "Me," she is cutting through the architecture with a large saw, also marked. The sun has a label as well. The entire diagram is labeled "Big Big Plan, fig. 1.")

Narrator: And drawing upon that fact, the evil Princess saw to a scheme—

(The real Princess reaches into view and pulls the drawing aside, exposing another one underneath it. The buildings now lie on their side in the girls' former location; Princess and the sun both smile at the fact. The toppling is represented by a curved arrow labeled "Fall"; the drawing is labeled "Fig. 2.")

Narrator: —that would leave the girls flat.

(We hear Princess growl shrilly in anger and frustration, and she scribbles all over the page, obliterating it. Pull back; she crumples the paper and hurls it at a wastebasket that is already overflowing with balled-up pages. She is in her bedroom at home, wearing her faux-Powerpuff outfit and with a stack of paper before her. She quickly whips up another schematic, this one showing the girls tied to a large bottle rocket and Princess lighting the fuse. The rocket is aimed at Mars, which is labeled; the girls are marked with the words "I Hate Them." She looks this over, then grits her teeth, crumples it, and throws it away. The entire stack is balled up next.)

Princess: *(lifting huge ball)* I can't think of a good plan!

(She throws it across the room; it ricochets off a lamp, then hits a diploma on the wall—signed by her father—and bounces off the power button of a TV set, turning it on. A news program comes up, with Stanley Whitfield at the anchor desk. Next to him is a graphic of a pink triangle with the program title "Hard-Line" beneath it.)

Whitfield: The Powerpuff Girls defeated?

(Cut to Princess, who turns in surprise, then to the TV again. The girls are laid up in the hospital.)

Whitfield: *(voice over)* Not quite.

(Princess blows a loud raspberry; now Mojo Jojo is shown being led down a prison cellblock.)

Whitfield: *(voice over)* There'll be no more monkeying around for self-denounced simian Mojo Jojo. *(Princess watches, transfixed; a cell door is heard slamming, and we see Mojo in a cell.)* For that dastardly doer of evils, most arch of archenemies, is behind bars now. *(Back to Princess.)* But it was a close call for our heroes. *(Close-up of Mojo.)* For they only narrowly escaped the clutches of the ingenious plan— *(Back to Princess; zoom in slowly.)* —crafted by that best evil plot-planner, Mojo Jojo. How long 'til his evil plans take hold?

[Continuity error: Mojo is in convict stripes when he is led along the cellblock, but he wears his usual clothes once he is in the cell.]

(She smiles wickedly. Dissolve to a jagged hole in the floor and pan along it. Water is heard bubbling, and the following items are seen strewn about: a file and shovel, followed by various pieces of prison-issue clothing. A toilet with a fuzzy top is in the background, and bath towels hang on a rack. One is marked with an M, the other with a J—we are in Mojo's bathroom, into which he has tunneled during a successful escape attempt. Camera stops on the bathtub and tilts up slightly to show his feet protruding from a mound of soap bubbles. He sighs contentedly o.c., and the camera pans to the other end of the tub, where a rubber duckie floats on the bubbles. He pops his head out and blows bubbles happily, then sighs again and sinks down.)

[Note: The number on Mojo's prison uniform is 655321—the same as that assigned to the main character of the film A Clockwork Orange when he is sent to prison.]

(The sound of the doorbell shakes him out of his relaxation. He grunts and glares o.c. toward it, then pulls the towels off the rack and squishes across his lair, wrapped up in them. He opens the door and looks out. No one is there.)

Mojo: What?!

(There is no sound but the chirping of birds. He looks from side to side impatiently. Princess stands at the base of the volcano next to her father's limousine and yells up at him.)

Princess: HEY!

Mojo: You talking to me?

Princess: WHAT?

Mojo: ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

Princess: OF COURSE I AM, YOU NINCOMPOOP! WHO ELSE WOULD I BE TALKING TO?

Mojo: HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW, YOU CRAZY KID?

(Cut to a family having a picnic in the park.)

Princess: *(from o.c., deliberately)* AREN'T YOU THE EVIL VILLAIN MOJO JOJO? *(The family starts in surprise. Back to the two villains.)*

Mojo: WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

Princess: I DO, YOU BUFFOON!

Mojo: I'M NOT A BABOON, YOU INSULTING TWIT!

Princess: I SAID "BUFFOON"! (*Cut to another family; she continues o.c.*) "BUF-FOON"!!

(These people also react in surprise; the child forgets to catch a Frisbee thrown at him, and it hits him in the head. Back to Mojo.)

Mojo: THAT'S IT! I DON'T NEED TO STAND HERE AND BE INSULTED BY AN INSULTER SUCH AS YOURSELF! BEGONE, YOU CHEESE PUFF!

(He turns and goes back into his lair, closing the door behind him.)

Princess: (*from o.c.*) I CAN PAY YOU A LOT OF MONEY! (*The door quickly opens, and Mojo sticks his head out again.*)

Mojo: What?

Princess: (*from o.c.*) WHAT?

Mojo: (*groaning in disgust*) I SAID, "WHAT?!" (*Cut to Princess.*)

Princess: Gee, you don't need to get angry. (*She looks up at the lair.*)

Mojo: WHAT?

Princess: (*deliberately*) OKAY! LISTEN, MOJO! I'M HERE TO HIRE YOU TO HELP ME— (*Cut to a third family, looking on in surprise; she continues o.c.*) —DEVISE A SECRET EVIL PLOT!

(They look behind them toward the volcano. Back to the villains.)

Mojo: (*smugly*) Ooooh, really? Well, I'm VERY GOOD— (*Cut to a man eating a sandwich; he freezes in surprise as Mojo continues o.c.*) —AT EVIL PLOTS! (*Back to the observatory.*)

Princess: DUH! I KNOW!

Mojo: BUT I'M NOT A GUN FOR HIRE!

Princess: BUT YOU NEED TO GIVE ME AN INGENIOUS PLOT AGAINST THE POWERPUFF GIRLS!

Mojo: (*snickering*) YEAH, RIGHT! (*Cut to a group of surprised onlookers; he continues o.c.*) AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D DO THAT FOR YOU? (*Back to the observatory.*)

Princess: 'CAUSE...I CAN PAY YOU A LOT OF MONEY!!

Mojo: Mmm...good point. (*Stay on him.*)

Princess: (*from o.c.*) WHAT?

Mojo: Um...HOW MUCH ARE WE TALKING? (*Cut to Princess.*)

Princess: Daddy?

(Sitting in the limo's back seat, her father presses a few buttons on a control unit; a panel lights up with dollar signs. Back to Mojo, now looking up overhead. A shadow passes over him as the sound of a helicopter in flight is heard. We hear a rope snap, then the sound of something falling. A crash shakes the camera; inside, one panel of the ceiling is gone and a huge box labeled "Morbucks Ton O' Money" sits on the floor. The helicopter flies out of sight, now relieved of this formidable cargo. Mojo turns from the open door to look at this, and the sides of

the box fall away to reveal a solid block of cash. This rumbles softly and spills out to form a flood of greenbacks that reaches all the way to Mojo's feet. Tilt up to him, dumbfounded by this delivery; this look gives way to an evil smile that stretches from ear to ear.)

Mojo: I'll do it!

Princess: (from outside) WHAT?

(Dissolve to Mojo's lab, with a large lighted sign conveniently marking it as such.)

Mojo: (from o.c.) Okay. Here's the plan. (Cut to him hard at work, back in his usual clothes.) I'll make Chemical X to give you Powerpuff powers— (He works a DNA Sewing Machine.) —and then antidote— (Close-up of a flask as it fills with glowing white liquid; he continues o.c.) —to remove the Powerpuffs' powers.

(He reaches into view and picks up the flask, now full; pull back.)

Mojo: I've got it!

Princess: Finally! Okay. Give it to me. Puff me now. Puff me now!

Mojo: Patience. We still need to make the antidote. (Princess sits on a stool, reading a book and looking very impatient.)

Princess: Well, hurry up, then!

(Wearing the sort of gloves and headset used for virtual-reality simulators, Mojo operates the Virtua Neutron machine, twiddling his fingers in midair. Next he adjusts a holographic image of a molecule, then throws a lever back and forth while watching a second flask intently. After a few seconds, this fills with glowing orange liquid; he beams cruelly at it. It is plugged into a panel above a large minus sign. Next to it is the flask of white liquid, marked with a plus sign. Pull back; the panel is part of a large weapon in Mojo's hands. An indicator needle points up at the orange flask. He addresses himself to the o.c. Princess.)

Mojo: Now, with this liquid-electron hypodermic laser set to positive, it will inject you with Chemical X, and with it all the powers of the Powerpuff Girls! (She stands across the lab from him.)

Princess: Great, great. Now let's get going!

Mojo: When I switch it to negative, it will shoot an injection of antidote, sapping the power of its victims...the Powerpuff Girls!

Princess: Yeah, yeah. I got it, monkey boy. Shoot me now, shoot me now, shoot me now!

(Mojo groans, pushes the indicator to the positive end, and takes aim. He fires, catching Princess squarely in the chest and suspending her above the floor. Her arms and legs swell up with new muscles, and she lets off a stifled roar as the effects make themselves felt.)

Princess: I FEEL THE POWER!!

(She drops to the ground and fires off an eye-laser blast that melts a nearby statue—the Venus de Milo, perhaps—into stone sludge. Pull back to bring Mojo into view; he looks on in surprise and shock. Princess watches.)

Mojo: Aw, man!

Princess: Now, all we need to do is sap those Powerpuffs of their powers. And then I'll be the only Powerpuff power around! *(She laughs evilly.)*

(Dissolve to an overhead view of the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. We hear the school bell ringing and kids talking. Inside, Bubbles and Buttercup are at their desk. The talking stops.)

Bubbles: Here.

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* Buttercup? *(Pan to Buttercup; Blossom is on her other side.)*

Buttercup: Here.

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* Blossom? *(Pan to her.)*

Blossom: Here. *(Pan to an empty seat next to her.)*

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* Princess?

(Silence. Blossom looks at the seat with some consternation. Cut to Ms. Keane.)

Ms. Keane: Princess? Wh— *(Back to Blossom and Buttercup; she continues. o.c.)* —where's Princess?

Blossom: Well, knowing Princess, she's probably—

Princess: *(from o.c.)* Help!

Blossom: *(cocking her head)* Wait!

(She cups a hand to her ear, and the sound waves radiate through the air. During the next line, dissolve to Princess, tied to a pillar in Mojo's lair. He has his laser pointed at her.)

Narrator: Using her ultrasonic hearing, Blossom picks up a distress signal.

Princess: Help! I need somebody!

(Mojo smiles at the camera. Back to Blossom, still listening.)

Princess: *(from o.c.)* Help! Not just anybody! *(Back to the lair.)* Help! I need the Powerpuff Girls! *(Back to Blossom; she continues o.c.)* HEEEEELLLLLPPPP!

(Ms. Keane and the other kids are caught off guard. Behind her: the girl who played with Twiggy in "Stuck Up, Up and Away," Harry Pitt, Elmer Sglue.)

[Animation goof: Ms. Keane's red vest is missing in this shot.]

Ms. Keane: Oh, my. Wh—where is she? *(Close-up of Blossom.)*

Princess: *(from o.c.)* I'm being held hostage at Mojo's. *(Pull back.)*

Blossom: *(to Bubbles, Buttercup)* Let's go! *(They take off, scattering papers everywhere.)*

(Cut to the interior of Mojo's lair as they crash in through the ceiling.)

Blossom: Unhand her, Mojo Jojo!

Mojo: *(bored tone)* Oh, no, Powerpuff Girls.

(They fly over to Princess. Blossom and Bubbles start untying the ropes.)

Bubbles: We'll save you!

Buttercup: You're done for, Mojo!

Mojo: *(still bored)* Oh, dear, you've ruined my plan. *(The girls get Princess untied.)*

Blossom: You're free. Let's go!

(They lay hold of her to carry her away and start to fly off. However, they find themselves carrying nothing but air; they stop short and turn back to her.)

Girls: What the—?

Bubbles: Hey, look!

Princess: Thanks for being the heroes...but there ain't enough room in this town— *(Back to the girls; she continues o.c.)* —for four Powerpuff Girls!

Bubbles: *(counting on fingers)* One, two, three...Hey! There's only three Powerpuff Girls! *(Back to Princess.)*

Princess: *(floating into the air)* Not anymore! *(Bubbles gasps, shocked.)*

Blossom: It's a trap!

Buttercup: Get her!

(They charge at Princess and start pounding on her, but the blows have no effect. After a few seconds, she grabs Bubbles and uses her to swat the other two away, then throws her after them. The girls sail across the lab.)

Mojo: Whoo-hoo!

Buttercup: I think it's time to heat things up!

(She slams her hands together and begins to rub them against each other as if trying to start a fire with two sticks. Smoke and sparks rise from her arms, and a fireball bursts forth. She pulls it back over her head.)

Buttercup: Eat this!

(She lets fly; the fireball sails toward Princess, who is sucking in a huge breath. She inhales the whole thing, struggles with it a moment, and spits back a huge cloud of gray smoke. The girls, covered with soot, cough and choke as the fumes hover around them.)

Princess: *(Italian accent, kissing fingers)* Atsa spicy meatball!

[Note: This line was used in an early commercial for Alka-Seltzer.]

Bubbles: *(coughing)* Then...try choking down a little thunder!

(She claps her hands, creating a shock wave that travels across the lab. Every piece of glassware in its path shatters into dust. Princess swings her fist in a circle in front of her and generates a small whirlwind; it flies out from her and runs into the shock wave. The two cancel each other out. Cut to Bubbles, who gasps in disbelief.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Ha! *(Cut to him.)* Faced!

(Cut to Blossom, seen from the shoulders down, shuffling one foot back and forth on the carpet.)

Blossom: Hm. *(Tilt up to her head.)* Not afraid of thunder, huh?

(She touches her hands together, and sparks fly between them. She rises into the air.)

Blossom: How about some lightning?

(On the end of this line, she pulls her hands back over her head and points them ahead. A huge lightning bolt shoots forth. Princess, also in midair, is ready for the attack.)

Princess: I'll give it a whirl!

(She spins in place, reaching a rotation speed that would surely hit the red line on any car's tachometer, and creates a boundary layer of air around herself. The lightning bends around her, following the contour of the layer, and finds its ground in Mojo. He ends up medium well done, collapsed on the floor and groaning weakly.)

Princess: *(from o.c.)* You idiot! *(Cut to her.)* Get them with the laser! *(Back to him; she continues o.c.)* Now!

(He struggles to lift his weapon. Cut to the girls, ready for another go—Buttercup most of all.)

Buttercup: Laser? I ain't afraid of no laser!

(Extreme close-up of the laser's indicator as Mojo pulls it to negative. Back to Princess.)

Princess: Shoot, you idiot!

(He puts his eye to the scope and steadies his aim. Back to the girls; Blossom gasps sharply. Close-up of her, zooming in to an extreme close-up of one eye. We can see Mojo reflected in her pupil; zoom in even closer to a label on the weapon and tilt down slowly. This is Blossom's perspective, magnified with the help of her microscopic vision.)

Blossom: *(reading)* "Special liquid-electron gun specially designed for shooting the antidote of Chemical X at the Powerpuff Girls and eliminating their powers"?!

[Error: “Powerpuff” is written as two separate words.]

(As she finishes, the last four words are highlighted and the rest of the screen is shaded. She blinks; when she opens her eye, we see her again. Pull back slowly to show Buttercup behind her. The action shifts to slow motion.)

Blossom: No! Buttercup!

Princess: Shoot!

(Mojo pulls the trigger, and a blast of orange light issues from the muzzle. Blossom ducks out of its way and watches it pass her.)

Princess: Whoo-hoo!

(Now Bubbles dodges the shot. It continues through the air; Blossom dashes after it. Buttercup, meanwhile, stays in place, pounding her chest and roaring. Blossom pulls even with the beam.)

Princess: Yeah!... *(her face falling)* No!

(Back to Buttercup. Blossom flies into view and carries her o.c., out of the path of the beam. The action returns to normal speed as the wall behind her is blasted. The two girls fly across the lab in front of Princess, who addresses herself to the o.c. Mojo.)

Princess: You missed! Hit 'em, hit 'em, hit 'em!

Blossom: Girls! Don't let the laser hit you!

(Mojo begins firing in all directions, and each girl dodges a shot. As he keeps shooting, they fly around the lab but are brought up short by two shots. Darting in a new direction, they hit the brakes once again and fly o.c. Princess is in the background; a blast slams into the wall very close to her. She regards the hole with great anger and yells at the o.c. Mojo.)

Princess: Watch it! You're gonna hit me! Hit them! Hit them!

Mojo: *(firing several shots)* I'm trying! I'm trying!

(The girls again dodge one shot each; the last one, which Buttercup avoids, sails past her down the length of the lab.)

Princess: Huh? *(The beam continues its flight.)*

Mojo: Uh?

(It enters the bathroom; inside, it ricochets off the tile walls several times before finally connecting with the toilet and blowing it up. Water fountains from the broken pipe. Outside, Mojo groans loudly and slaps his forehead. Cut to the girls, Blossom's head cut off by the top of the screen. Bubbles and Buttercup gasp in surprise. Tilt up to Blossom's face; an idea has just hit her.)

Blossom: Aha! *(She zips away.)*

(Extreme close-up of a tile on the bathroom wall. Blossom reaches into view and pulls it loose. Two more tiles are wrenched away, and she flies back into the lab.)

Blossom: *(throwing two tiles o.c.)* Reflect pattern Omega! *(Cut to Buttercup.)*

Buttercup: *(catching a tile)* Got it!

(Mojo gets ready for another shot. Princess looks o.c. left, then back toward him with worry spreading on her face.)

Princess: No, you buffoon!

(He pays no heed, firing a blast that knocks him off his feet with the recoil. It sails through the air and bounces off the tiles, one in the hands of each girl. The redirected beam continues unchecked; pan right slightly to show Princess trying desperately to keep ahead of it and failing. Close-up of her.)

Princess: *(slow motion)* NOOOOOO!!

(She trails off into a scream as the beam connects with her, and she tumbles to the ground. Cut to Mojo, looking up o.c. for a long moment; we are back at normal speed.)

Mojo: *(smiling strangely)* Newman.

(Princess falls on him. The laser is knocked out of his hands, sailing o.c. We hear a crash; cut to the remains of the weapon on the floor and pan left slightly to show the chemicals leaking out. Back to Mojo with Princess lying unconscious on top of him; he screams in frustration.)

(Dissolve to him in a prison cell, still screaming, and pull back to show the girls and the Professor standing outside.)

Bubbles: It's back to jail for you, Mr. Monkey Man! *(Pan to Princess in the next cell. The girls turn to address her.)*

Blossom: And as for you... *(Close-up.)* ...it should be punishment enough to have known Puff and lost it, than to have never Puffed at all. *(Pan to Princess.)*

Princess: Really? *(Pan to the girls.)*

Buttercup: Yeah, but you can do some hard time anyway, sucker!

(Pan back to Princess, who groans, then pull back to show all six. The family laughs; their laughter is drowned out by the Narrator's words.)

Narrator: Oh, Buttercup, you are one cold mama.

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Narrator: So once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!