

PET FEUD

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville...

(As he continues, pan slowly along the buildings. In the windows of one of them, we see people sleeping in beds, in armchairs, at desks.)

Narrator: ...where most folks, after being put through the paces of daily life, have put their dogs up and called it a day.

(Stop on the girls' house in the distance and zoom in.)

Narrator: But for one man— *(Close-up of the Professor, seen through a window; he paces with pipe in mouth.)* —science marches on. *(Pause.)* How goes it, Pro—

(He glares at the camera and pulls the shade down.)

Narrator: Oh! Well, sir, I can't rightly blame him for wanting his privacy.

(Dissolve to the lab door and pull back as he continues. The sound of tools at work comes from within; the hallway is dark.)

Narrator: For you see, old Professor's been locked up in that lab going on a week now, working on his latest pet project.

(Dissolve to the open door of the girls' bedroom and zoom in as he continues.)

Narrator: And though they understand the importance of his work—

(Inside, the girls are sitting up in bed. They look sadly at the doorway and each other.)

Narrator: —our girls are growing a little concerned.

(Dissolve to the lab door again.)

Narrator: Not to mention— *(Pull back; the girls stand in front of it, blankets in hand.)* —lonely.

(Dissolve to the girls asleep on the floor, with their blankets pulled up. Now the hallway is lighted—morning has come. They are shaken awake by the sound of a tremendous explosion from inside the lab; a moment later, the door falls off its hinges and crashes to the floor. The Professor, covered with soot from head to toe, does likewise. His eyes are wide open.)

Professor: *(dazed)* Girls...girls... *(fully conscious, holding up one hand)* I've done it!

(As he says this last, zoom in on the upraised hand. A small ball of red fur sits on this; it has tiny feet, a big smile, and eyes that dart all over the place.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* I've created the perfect pet!

(It jumps to the floor in front of the girls, its eyes still moving everywhere. They look down at it with some puzzlement for a moment, but this quickly gives way to smiles and squeals of delight. It follows suit, and they bend over for a closer look as it bounces up and down.)

Blossom: Oh, Professor, he's perfect!

(The Professor has recovered from the aftereffects of the explosion and is now standing up.)

Professor: Yes, the Biogenetically Engineered Experimental Bipedal Organism, or BEEBO as I like to call him, is perfect in every way.

(The little furball starts bouncing into and out of view around him as he continues, and the tops of the girls' heads move after it.)

Professor: He knows a variety of tricks, he makes no waste, he will never grow old, he's playful, loving, and not to mention one of the cutest little guys in the world.

(On the latter part of this, it and the girls stop. Now he holds out one hand and becomes stern; the creature jumps onto his palm as he continues.)

Professor: But, girls, there's one thing you must remember about BEEBO. *(Cut to his perspective of them.)* You must only feed him *once!* Do you understand? *(They nod.)* Good. *(Side view of him, smiling again.)* Now get out of here, you little scamps.

(He drops BEEBO to the floor, and the camera tilts down to follow it. It bounces o.c., and the girls zip after it.)

(Wipe to the bedroom, where Blossom is hard at work in front of the mirror. She wields ribbons and cosmetics at lightning speed for a while, then stops and thinks very hard. Her face brightens—she has the idea she has been groping for—and she reaches o.c., coming up with a small yellow bow. She sets this in place, and now we see what she has been working on: a makeover for BEEBO. Its fur is now in ringlets, and it wears makeup; the bow sits on top, after the fashion of Blossom's hair. She looks down lovingly at her work—“aw, ain't that cute?”—and is rewarded for it when BEEBO jumps into her hands. She cradles it happily, but the joy gives way to concern when she looks down at it. Now it looks rather miserable and pitiful; she thinks for a second, and she smiles and snaps her fingers. She zips away.)

(Cut to BEEBO on the kitchen floor, still looking unhappy. Pull back and pan right to the sound of plates and silverware rattling, and stop at the refrigerator. Blossom is digging around inside, and

she comes up with an apple. The creature brightens at the sight of this and jumps up to eat it out of her hand. The whole thing is gone in an instant; it chews happily as she watches. Suddenly its size increases slightly, surprising Blossom for a moment, but she soon cuddles it happily again.)

(Wipe to Buttercup standing outside the house and zoom in on her. She throws BEEBO against the wall; it lands feet first and bounces back toward her. Jumping up to catch it in midair, she lets fly once again. The solo game of catch goes on for some time, after which she drops to the ground and rubs the ball's top portion vigorously. BEEBO appears to enjoy the entire experience. Buttercup stands up and laughs silently to herself, but then becomes concerned; we see that the pet looks unhappy again.)

(The scene dissolves around it to the kitchen floor; the sound of plates and silverware is heard, and Buttercup's shadow falls across the view. BEEBO's face instantly brightens at her approach. She is holding a cake, which is promptly devoured in no time flat. BEEBO sits on the empty plate, chewing happily; after a moment, it grows again. The increase in weight causes the plate to tip in her hands and a surprised expression to appear on her face, but she lifts it back to the horizontal and smiles.)

(Wipe to the bedroom. Now it is nighttime, and the camera zooms in slowly on Bubbles, who is fast asleep. A shadow advances across her; her eyes pop open in surprise, and on the floor is BEEBO, that same miserable look appearing again. Back to the kitchen floor a third time, but now BEEBO looks quite happy and is chewing on a midnight snack. Pull back to show Bubbles sitting next to it, with an empty refrigerator behind them. A pizza box is off to one side with several slices tumbled out onto the floor. BEEBO gets a little bigger, now perhaps half the size of Bubbles; she is surprised for a moment, then smiles and gives it another slice, which it promptly devours. Now it is her turn to love this thing to death.)

(Wipe to the exterior of the house at night. As the Narrator speaks, fade to morning, then to night, and finally to morning again.)

Narrator: And so, as the days pass [*sic*], the girls' love for BEEBO just grew and grew.

Blossom: (*from inside house*) Okay, BEEBO. Come find us!

(Inside, a very large ball of red fur pokes its eyes around a doorway. The whole of BEEBO jumps out and enters the room—it has grown considerably since we saw it last and has now sprouted stubby arms and legs. It looks back and forth, and the camera cuts to its perspective and pans slowly across the room. Blossom is the first to be seen, standing on a table with a lampshade on her head. Next is an armchair, with Buttercup's head poking out among the cushions. Finally we see Bubbles standing on her head on another table; a flower stands up between her feet—she is doing her best vase impersonation.)

(Back to BEEBO, its face breaking into a big smile. It zips up and takes a chomp from Blossom's lampshade; she laughs, and it jumps o.c. from the table.)

Blossom: Okay, BEEBO, you found me.

(Now it runs over to the other table and starts eating this. Bubbles stays in “character” for as long as she can, but finally breaks when it has almost reached her end.)

Bubbles: You found me—eeeeeeek!

(On the end of this, she goes spinning o.c. and BEEBO grabs the flower in its mouth. Pull back to show her on the floor and Blossom still wearing the munched lampshade. The armchair is in the background; BEEBO is nowhere in sight. Around them, the room is a shambles. Zoom in on Buttercup’s hiding place as the sound of something very large falling is heard. BEEBO lands next to her, opens its mouth very wide, and lashes its tongue out like a frog. It pulls the entire chair toward itself, and Buttercup screams in fright.)

Buttercup: Okay! You found me!

(She jumps clear just before the chair is swallowed whole. The creature rumbles a bit and grows once again; now it stands almost up to the ceiling. The girls land in front of it.)

Blossom: Okay, BEEBO. Now you hide, and we’ll seek. *(It runs o.c.)*

(Head-on view of BEEBO running down the hall; its eyes dart back and forth, and it turns left o.c. Its footsteps thunder away, then return as it crosses to the other side of the hall.)

Girls: *(from inside room)* Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred! Ready or not, here we come!

(They fly out into the hall and approach the camera. Looking in both directions, they turn right and fly o.c.; cut to a doorway as they pass it. A picture in the room is missing a corner and has been knocked askew. They back up and gasp in shock; cut to a slow pan across the room. Huge bites have been taken out of everything—pictures, chairs, tables, the TV, the bookshelves. The far wall shows a huge hole in an instantly recognizable shape, as do the walls of the next several rooms in line. After the camera has panned across the entire room, it quickly moves back to this.)

(The girls fly through the hole, and the camera cuts to a side view of them and follows as they float through room after room. Each has been ransacked and its contents used for a light snack. They stop at the smashed wall separating the living room and the front yard and gasp; cut to the Professor as he pokes his head around a doorframe.)

Professor: Oh, girls, it’s time for—hoOOOOOOOLLLYYY COW!!

(On the end of this, pull back quickly through all the holes BEEBO smashed in the walls on its way out. Bits of the house now litter the yard and the street. Back to the living room, where the Professor confronts the girls.)

Professor: Girls, what is this hole?!

Girls: What hole?

Professor: Don’t play dumb. *(His perspective of the girls.)*

Bubbles: We’re not. We’re playing hide-and-seek with BEEBO. *(Blossom nods at this.)*

Professor: And where *is* BEEBO?

Bubbles: Well, if we knew that, it wouldn't be *hide-and-seek*.

(The Professor looks rather nonplussed, then lets out a weary sigh.)

Professor: Okay. Just answer me this. Did you remember to feed BEEBO only once?

Girls: Yes! *(Close-up of Buttercup.)*

Buttercup: I did. *(Pan to Blossom.)*

Blossom: I did. *(Pan to Bubbles.)*

Bubbles: I did? *(Pull back.)*

Girls: Whoops.

Professor: *(kneeling)* “Whoops” is right. You see, girls, by feeding BEEBO more than once, you've tricked his brain into thinking it needs to constantly eat. I designed BEEBO to need to eat once and only once in his entire lifetime. But now that you've triggered this compulsive eating habit, there's no telling what he'll do.

Buttercup: Duh! He'll eat! What's so bad about that?

(Cut to a handful of screaming people being lifted into BEEBO's mouth. A passenger train barrels down the track and meets a similar fate, rolling straight into the mouth as if entering a tunnel. Now the creature clamps its lips around a building and tears the upper portion loose, swallowing this in one monstrous gulp and looking rather happy about it. The observatory is next to get chomped, followed by another building and a busload of people. The bus has been torn in half; BEEBO eats the people by shaking them out as if tipping out potato chips from a bag.)

(Cut to a close-up of the hotline in the living room as it begins to buzz. Part of Bubbles' head can be seen at left.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Um...maybe he just, uh— *(Pull back to show the girls and the Professor.)* —wants to say hi? *(She laughs nervously.)*

(Blossom picks up the call.)

Blossom: *(stammering)* Hello?

Mayor: *(over hotline)* Hi, Blossom. How are you?

(She lets out a relieved sigh, smiles, and looks back at her sisters, who pick up on her mood.)

Blossom: I'm fine. And how are you?

Mayor: *(over hotline)* Oh, I'm great. Just great. In fact—

(Ms. Bellum interrupts him and blows her cool for the first time since this series began.)

Ms. Bellum: *(over hotline, yelling)* What do you mean, just great?! What about that giant furbag that's eating the town? What's wrong with you? Why do you think you called the girls in the first place? The town is in danger! We need their help!

(The following two lines are said at the same time.)

Blossom: Is everything okay, Mayor?

Ms. Bellum: *(over hotline)* Sometimes I wonder how you ever got elected— *(under the next line)* —and why I need to keep covering for you!

Mayor: *(over hotline)* What? I can't hear you. Ms. Bellum is yelling.

Ms. Bellum: *(over hotline)* I'm yelling 'cause we're about to be—

(Over the line, we hear her scream and a great commotion in the office, coupled with a loud animal sound. The noise lasts for some seconds.)

Mayor: *(over hotline)* What? *(Now he screams; more commotion is heard.)*

Blossom: Mayor?...Mayor?...Mayor? *(to her sisters)* Powerpuff Girls! Move out! *(She drops the receiver, and they take off.)*

(Cut to Townsville Hall, where BEEBO has the dome's spire in one hand and its other plunged inside, feeling around. Ms. Bellum and the Mayor are lifted out—his head and her legs protrude from the closed fist.)

Mayor: Should we call the girls?

(Cut to the girls in flight, approaching the overgrown pet.)

Blossom: No, BEEBO! Don't eat— *(It devours the two adults; the girls stop short.)*

Girls: Mayor! Ms. Bellum!

Buttercup: That's it! Let's get him!

Bubbles: No! Don't hurt him! I love him.

Buttercup: But—

Blossom: Bubbles is right. He's our pet. It's our fault he's like this. Let me talk to him. *(She flies o.c.)*

(Cut to an extreme close-up of her in flight, pulling back.)

Narrator: And so, with her ultra-super-negotiating powers, Blossom tries to soothe the savage beast. *(She flies o.c.)*

(Cut to BEEBO, with a piece of a building in hand.)

Blossom: *(flying up to it)* BEEBO...

(Long pause, after which it leans forward and eats her. Pan quickly to the other two, looking on.)

Bubbles, Buttercup: Blossom!

[Animation goof: Bubbles' mouth does not move on this line.]

Buttercup: That's it! *(She charges.)*

Bubbles: No!

(Long overhead view of one street. Buttercup flies along it.)

Buttercup: You hungry, BEEBO? *(turning up toward camera)* How about a knuckle sandwich?

(Just as she is about to hit the camera, her eyes go wide with surprise. She has just enough time to gasp before flying directly into BEEBO's open mouth.)

Bubbles: Buttercup!

(Now it turns around and charges down the street. Her pigtailed standing on end, she screams and takes off, but its footsteps—heavy enough to register at least a 2.0 on the Richter scale—quickly thunder up behind her. As BEEBO chases this would-be bite to eat, its stomach begins to rumble and it looks a bit sick, moaning softly. Bubbles ducks into an alley and finds herself backed up against a brick wall. She gasps as the colossal shadow falls on her and its owner licks its chops. Zoom in slowly on her.)

Bubbles: No, BEEBO, no! I love you!

(Cut back and forth between close-ups of BEEBO and Bubbles three times. The creature's expression changes from avarice to confusion to affection; Bubbles' face shifts gradually from fear to love. Side view of the two, smiling broadly at one another for a long moment. The mood is spoiled when BEEBO lashes out its tongue and swallows her.)

Narrator: Oh, no! With the girls devoured, could this be Townsville's darkest hour? *(BEEBO stomps o.c.)* Oh, I hope everything comes out good in the end.

(It leaves the alley and heads off down the street, but does not get very far before its stomach starts to rumble again. Now it is in severe distress, and it stops. It begins to swell out of all proportion, becoming a huge ball of fur that stands taller than the buildings on either side and wide enough to block the entire street. Finally it disappears in a mushroom cloud that bathes the entire block in a sick glare.)

(All the things and people BEEBO ate tumble to the ground, landing every which way in the street. The buildings are covered with muck. Pan right across the chaos; a dog drops into view and lands in the wreckage. Stop on the girls, lying on their stomachs on the pavement and looking very bewildered. Ms. Bellum sits on an upturned car nearby; the Mayor hangs by his coattails from a bent STOP sign. Long silence, during which the girls look at each other.)

Girls: *(sadly)* BEEBO go boom.

Ms. Bellum: *(pointing right o.c. with leg)* Wait, girls. Look!

(They look off to that side; camera shifts to point straight up from the ground. Hundreds of smaller copies of the pet are tumbling from the sky.)

Girls: *(from o.c., happily)* It's raining BEEBOs!

(Cut to an empty patch of sky. Pairs of hands reach up into view and catch the creatures. The first several to do so each cry out, "I want one!"; this gives way to excited chatter and soothing words to the new pets. Cut to the girls, the Mayor, and Ms. Bellum at the front of the crowd. All have BEEBOs in hand—or on head, in the case of Bubbles and the Mayor. The latter is now on the ground. The happiness is cut short by the Professor's hand being lifted into view.)

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

(Head-on view of him, slumped over in the street and out of breath.)

Professor: I got here as fast as I could...hold on...give—give me a sec... *(standing up)* Okay. When I heard the explosion, I knew that could only mean one thing: that the Biogenetically Engineered Experimental Bipedal Organism, or BEEBO, must have eaten too much and thusly exploded! *(smiling)* But thanks to the failsafe I built into his system, instead of ceasing to exist, he just broke into the many cute little guys you hold in your hands.

(Now he drops into doomsayer mode.)

Professor: But heed my words, citizens of Townsville. *(His perspective of the crowd, panning across as he points at them.)* If you plan to keep the BEEBO as a pet, you must remember—*(Close-up of him.)* —to feed him once— *(holding up one finger)* —and only once! *(He holds up the same finger on the other hand.)*

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* Professor? You're holding up two fingers. *(The second finger is lowered.)* Oh, okay, I get it. Once a day.

Professor: No...*once!*

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* Right. Once in a while. *(The Professor becomes greatly irritated.)* Got it. Cool.

(Side view of the Professor next to the crowd. He grabs hold of the BEEBO in the Mayor's hands.)

Professor: Mayor, you can't have one. *(snatching it away)* Give me those!

(He and everyone else laugh, including the Narrator. The Mayor looks sad at being the butt of the joke. After some seconds, the Narrator cuts himself off.)

Narrator: Hey! What's so funny? I didn't get one either.

(The standard end shot comes up.)

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