

IMAGINARY FIEND

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline, from a distance, in the morning.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! *(Pull back to the suburbs as he continues.)* A friendly place that awakens every morn with the friendly sound of friendly children, heading off to a friendly day of education.

(We have now pulled back quite some way, far enough to show one of the roads leading from the city. The girls fly across the screen, and a herd of kids stampedes out of one of the side streets and turns onto this road, cheering and yelling. Some seconds after they have run o.c., a single child emerges from one of the houses and walks slowly along. The kids run down the block, their enthusiasm still high, as the girls fly past overhead. Again the lone child trails them considerably; now we are close enough to see that it is a small boy with his head down, carrying a lunchbox. The kids charge past a third time as the girls fly along above them, this single boy still lagging well behind. His face is now clearly seen—very worried and nervous, and not exactly looking forward to the whole experience of education.)

(Cut to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten as the bell rings. The kids pile in through the front door right on time, but the boy is well behind them. He walks up the path to the door and looks at it; cut to above and in front of him. He looks up at the camera rather pitifully. After a long moment, the door opens and throws a rectangle of light onto him. Ms. Keane's shadow is thrown in front of him. She waves in welcome.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* Well, hi there. We've been expecting you. *(Pull back to the school exterior; she continues from inside as he steps in.)* Come on in. Don't be shy.

(Inside, she addresses the class.)

Ms. Keane: Good morning, children.

Class: Good morning, Ms. Keane!

Ms. Keane: Now, class, I have a little surprise for you.

Blossom: You're getting a nose job?

Bubbles: You're getting married?

Buttercup: You're getting fired?

Ms. Keane: *(looking rather nonplussed)* No, not that kind of surprise. *(smiling)* Today we have a new student. *(Tilt down to her feet as she continues.)* Everyone, I'd like you to meet Mike. Mike Believe...Mike? Mike?

(She steps to one side, revealing the boy, Mike. He looks absolutely terror-stricken and wastes no time in ducking behind her again.)

Ms. Keane: Uh, now, Mike... *(She sidesteps and he hides behind her again.)* Okay, Mike. Just take a seat.

(He slowly steps out from behind her; cut to him as he walks past the girls' desk, the camera following. Buttercup and Blossom watch him with some trepidation.)

Bubbles: *(waving)* Hi, Mike. I'm Bubbles. It's very nice...to meet...you.

(He has taken no notice of her greeting. Close-up of him, now seated at a desk. Pull back slowly to show him by himself at the back of the room. The other kids are looking at him intently. Dissolve to a long shot of him in the sandbox on the playground. Kids run past, laughing and playing, but he does and says nothing. Pan left across the yard to the girls; Blossom and Buttercup are swinging a jump rope for Bubbles. These first two look in Mike's general direction.)

Buttercup: What's wrong with that kid? He won't play with anyone.

(Close-up of Bubbles, who stops jumping and floats above ground as the rope twirls around her.)

Bubbles: He's probably just shy. I like him.

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Bubbles! *(Pull back.)* You're forgetting to jump again!

Bubbles: Oops. Sorry.

(Back to Mike in the sandbox. A strange sound is heard briefly—it is similar to the transporters in Star Trek—and then dies away. The boy looks up in surprise.)

Mike: *(looking around)* Wha—? Huh? Who said my name? *(He fixes his attention on an empty space to his left and smiles.)* Oh. Hi there. How did you know my name?... You want to be my friend? Okay. What's your name?

(On the end of this, pull back to show the girls watching him.)

Buttercup: See? I told you that kid's weird. He's talking to himself.

Bubbles: There's nothing wrong with talking to yourself.

(She begins to turn her head back and forth as she continues—having a debate with herself and growing increasingly animated.)

Bubbles: Well, I don't know about that... What do you mean?... It's kinda weird... Is not... Is too... Is not!... Is too!... Is not!

(The bell rings, ending the discussion rather suddenly. Cut to the door; Ms. Keane leans out, hand cupped to her mouth.)

Ms. Keane: Children! Recess is over!

(The kids cheer and charge back inside, the girls flying above them, as Mike watches from nearby. She follows them in, leaving him standing alone on the playground. He addresses himself to the whatever-it-is, which is now apparently standing next to him.)

Mike: I gotta go now... *(brightening)* Really? You want to come to class with me? *(taking it by the "hand," heading in)* Okay! Let's go!

(Inside, Ms. Keane addresses the class.)

Ms. Keane: Okay, class. Do you know what it's time for?

Class: RECESS!!

Ms. Keane: That's right. It's arts-and-crafts time. So let's all get our—

(She is cut off by loud laughter from the o.c. Mike. Cut to a long shot of him from the front of the room. He is just barely visible through the kids and chairs; these move aside slightly as the camera zooms in on him. He is laughing up at his invisible companion.)

Mike: That's funny... Yeah, I think girls are gross too.

(His eyes open in surprise when he realizes that everybody is staring at him.)

Ms. Keane: Mike...um...who are you talking to?

Mike: My new friend, Patches.

(He points at the empty air next to him and gets a gale of laughter from the class in return. Blossom and Buttercup join in the merriment, while Bubbles looks at them worriedly. Even Ms. Keane finds this situation amusing, but she cuts herself off and regains her composure after a moment.)

Ms. Keane: Uh, now, class, there's nothing wrong with having an imaginary friend. But let's keep it down, okay, Mike?

Mike: Yes, Ms. Keane.

(Dissolve to Ms. Keane, working at her desk, then pan slowly across the room to the sound of Mike's laughter. The kids are busy drawing.)

Mike: *(from o.c.)* No way!... Wow, that's cool...*(He laughs.)* Oh, Patches... *(now in view)* What? *(Camera stops.)* Yeah, school is kinda dumb.

(As the camera passes the girls' table, Buttercup looks toward him with unease. Close-up of Bubbles. She puts her crayons down and is hit in the head by a wad of paper a moment later.)

Bubbles: Ow! Hey! Who threw that?

(She turns in her seat to glare at Mike, the camera quickly pulling back to behind his desk as she does so. He laughs.)

Mike: That was funny, Patches. *(Bubbles flies to the front desk.)*

Bubbles: Ms. Keane! Mike threw a paper ball at me. *(She moves aside; both glare at Mike.)*

Ms. Keane: Mike, Bubbles said you threw something at her.

Mike: *(smiling)* I didn't do it. Patches did. Bubbles is lying.

Ms. Keane: Mike, Bubbles never lies about anything. *(Bubbles nods in agreement.)*

Mike: But I didn't do it.

Ms. Keane: *(sternly)* Now, Mike, you can't go blaming other people for your own actions. Now get back to work. *(Mike sighs deeply.)*

(After a few moments, he looks up, surprised. Cut to a close-up of a girl with her hair in two long braids. She is happily employing a paintbrush on the sheet of paper in front of her. One braid is straightened out, its end being pulled left o.c. The hair dips up and down, and squishing sounds are heard as her eyes go wide open. She looks to her right, our left; pan to that end of the table to show Mike in the seat next to her. A jar of paint sits next to him, and he has the end of her braid—soaked in that color—in his hand. He laughs nervously. Pull back.)

Girl: MS. KEANE!

Ms. Keane: *(gasping in shock)* Mike! Just what *are* you doing?! *(Close-up of Mike.)*

Mike: P-P-Patches was dipping her hair in the paint— *(Pan to the girl, thoroughly unconvinced; he continues o.c.)* —and I was just trying to stop him.

Ms. Keane: That's enough, young man.

Mike: But really, I—

Ms. Keane: Sit down, Mike.

Mike: But—

Ms. Keane: Sit, Mike.

Mike: But—

Ms. Keane: Sit!

Mike: But—

Ms. Keane: Sit!

Mike: But—

Ms. Keane: Sit!

Mike: But— *(The girls fly up next to Ms. Keane.)*

Buttercup: Oh, will you sit down already? *(to her)* Ms. Keane, you want us to take care of him for you?

(Long silence, during which Ms. Keane directs a hard glance at her.)

Ms. Keane: Sit.

Buttercup: Gotcha. *(The girls zip back to their seats.)*

(Another long pause, after which Ms. Keane brightens.)

Ms. Keane: Now, class, it's time for our spelling lesson. Who would like to come to the board and spell a word?

(With the sole exception of Mike, all the kids raise their hands and clamor for the honors.)

Ms. Keane: Hmm—how about Blossom...

Blossom: Yes! *(She spikes an imaginary football; her sisters look dejected and angry. Stay on the class as she flies o.c.)*

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* ...and Mike?

(Mike swallows very hard and sweats. His face clearly indicates that this exercise will be torture for him. Ms. Keane stands at the side of the room.)

Ms. Keane: Now, everyone, Blossom and Mike will spell the word on the board while you spell at your desks. The word is—"cookie."

(Blossom flies past and Mike shuffles by during this line. Cut to them at the chalkboard.)

Blossom: Sweet!

Mike: Uh...Ms. Keane? I don't spell so good.

Ms. Keane: Try your best, Mike. Class, begin.

(The other kids begin writing industriously; at the board, Blossom does likewise. Mike, meanwhile, just stands in place as if frozen, his chalk shaking in his hand. Finally he begins to scrawl out a letter in wobbly strokes. The tip of his chalk cracks and crumbles as he does so—the letter he is forming is a K. After a long moment, cut to an extreme close-up side view of him; he has "KOOK" written down.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* Time's up!

Blossom: Finished! *(She has the word right.)*

Ms. Keane: Now, class, did everyone spell the word "cookie"?

Class: Yes! *(They hold up their papers, all bearing the right spelling.)*

Ms. Keane: And how about you, Bloss—

(She drops her clipboard and gasps, clapping her hands to her mouth. The rest of the class is similarly stunned. Blossom is still at the front of the room, her back to the board and a proud smile on her face. Behind her, though, a downstroke has been added to her efforts, turning the word into "dookie.")

Blossom: I spelled it...What?

(She looks at the board and gasps as well, covering her mouth. Zoom in on the altered word in steps, then then cut to Mike, backed up against the wall in Ms. Keane's shadow.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* Now, Mike, just because you can't spell doesn't mean you can ruin it for Blossom. I think you need a time-out.

(Dissolve to him, seated on a stool in the corner and looking rather miserable.)

Narrator: Hmmm...that Mike Believe is turning out to be one bad dookie! *(Pull back.)* I...I mean cookie. One bad cookie!

(The other kids are seated on the floor and gathered around Ms. Keane. She sits in a chair, with a book in her hands.)

Ms. Keane: Class, are we ready for story time?

Class: YEAH! *(Zoom in Bubbles as they cheer. She starts to look very puzzled.)*

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* This story is a fairy tale—

(Pull back. Ms. Keane is now standing up; the chair slides back as she continues and Bubbles watches.)

Ms. Keane: —and I think you’ll like it very much. *(starting to sit down)* It’s called “Little Red Riding Hoo—”

(She trails off into a yell of surprise as she falls through the empty space where the chair was and tumbles to the floor. Everybody laughs at her, dazed and propped up on one arm. When her head clears, she becomes very angry.)

Ms. Keane: Mike! *(She glares at him in the corner.)*

Bubbles: Mike didn’t do it. I saw the chair move all by itself.

(On the next line, an apple floats off Ms. Keane’s desk. This surprises everybody but Blossom, who does not notice immediately.)

Blossom: Bubbles! You and your imagination! Sometimes you just take it too far. *(The apple hits her in the head.)* Ow!

Bubbles: Told you.

(A chair is now seen floating in midair. The class looks in bewilderment.)

Ms. Keane: Look! It’s floating by itself!

Buttercup: It’s a ghost! *(The chair flies past her.)*

Blossom: It’s a witch! *(She dodges a flying jar of paint.)*

Bubbles: No! It’s Patches! *(to Mike)* Isn’t it, Mike?

Mike: Uh-huh.

(Cut to Blossom and Buttercup, hovering near the board.)

Blossom, Buttercup: *(pointing)* Look!

(They move aside as the camera zooms in. The following message appears on the board: “Ha Ha Ha Ha—You can’t stop me!!” Cut to Ms. Keane and the girls.)

Ms. Keane: Girls! You have to do something! He’s disrupting the classroom!

Blossom: Don’t worry, Ms. Keane. We’ll get him! *(They zip away.)*

(Their first clue as to his location is a jar of paste floating across the room from them.)

Blossom: Look! There he is!

Buttercup: I'll get him!

(She moves in toward the jar. At the last moment, though, it ducks out of her way.)

Buttercup: *(surprised)* What? *(She crashes through the wall.)*

Blossom, Bubbles: Buttercup!

(Mike points toward the coat rack, the contents of which are being dumped on the floor.)

Mike: Look over there! He's messing up the coat rack!

Blossom: My turn!

(Now she closes in to take down this adversary as more coats are thrown down. When she is almost to the rack, though, she trips over an unseen obstacle.)

Blossom: Whoa!

(She tumbles to the ground and skids across the room to plow into the coats and the rack.)

Bubbles: Blossom! Are you okay?

(Blossom is in the middle of the pile, rubbing her head. She wears a red coat, yellow mittens, and a blue and yellow knit cap in the style of South Park's Eric Cartman.)

Blossom: Uh...he tripped me. Seriously. *(Back to Mike, pointing o.c.)*

Mike: Look!

(Pan left to show the board, now covered with scribbles and being erased. Bubbles moves in for a go at the opponent.)

Bubbles: I'll get you, you evil Patches!

(When she reaches the board, she is enveloped in a cloud of chalk dust and begins to cough and choke. The erasers are being clapped in her general direction.)

Bubbles: I can't see anything! *(She is hit by the unseen miscreant.)*

Blossom, Buttercup: Bubbles!

(Now all three girls are assaulted repeatedly. Bubbles' punishment includes a chair being slammed into her face, while that for Blossom features a full bookcase tipped onto her. Close-up of the three, lying semiconscious in a heap; pull back to show the rest of the class looking on in great consternation.)

Ms. Keane: Girls! Are you okay?

(Cut to Mike, pointing at the board again. As he speaks, writing appears and the camera zooms in, putting him o.c.)

Mike: Ms. Keane! He's writing on the chalkboard again!

(The complete message reads as follows: "Poor little Powerpuffs! Can't you be more creative than that? I'm waiting...")

Ms. Keane: Girls...what are we going to do? We can't even see him!

Buttercup: Can't Mike just make him go away?

Mike: I already tried. I'm sorry. I didn't know he would be evil.

Bubbles: *(sadly)* Well, girls, I imagine we've finally met our match.

Blossom: *(jumping up)* Bubbles, that's it! We have to use our imaginations! We need to think up a good imaginary friend to combat the evil Patches. *(Close-up of Bubbles.)*

Bubbles: I know the perfect friend for the job!

(In a thought balloon by her head, the creature "Koosy" appears. Those of you who watch Dexter's Laboratory on a regular basis will recognize it as one of Dee Dee's imaginary friends. For the benefit of everybody else, Koosy is a dinosaur-like beast that stands on two legs. It is light yellow, with a big pink heart on its chest. Its tail and bulbous nose carry rainbow stripes, and its ears flop out from beneath a small green hat. The end of its tail has plumes of the same color. It wears glasses and has tiny pink wings.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* No way! Nobody likes that Koos jerk! *(The balloon pops.)*

(Cut to her, the stem of a large balloon appearing above her head as she speaks.)

Buttercup: This imaginary friend has to be different.

(Pull back to show the balloon above the heads of all three girls.)

Buttercup: This friend has to be strong and big. *(A large horned beast appears.)*

Blossom: It has to be smart. *(It acquires glasses and a pile of books under one arm.)*

Bubbles: I want it to be a bunny. *(It loses the accessories and becomes a rabbit; the other two are surprised at this.)*

Buttercup: It has to be vicious! *(The rabbit bulks up and gains huge, sharp teeth.)*

Blossom: It can be strong, but not vicious. *(It returns to normal and takes on glasses and a lab coat.)* It should be a scientist.

Bubbles: Well, I want it to be cute— *(The lab coat gives way to a flowered dress; a bow appears on the head.)* —with a pretty dress. *(Again the others are dismayed.)*

Buttercup: And combat boots! *(These appear on the feet.)*

Blossom: *(sullenly)* Fine.

Bubbles: *(happily)* Fine!

Buttercup: Fine!

Girls: Let's do it!

(They concentrate as hard as they can, and their creation appears in midair, within a thought balloon, and walks across the room toward the front desk. Cut to here; an apple is being eaten. The new imaginary friend steps into view, and the balloon surrounding it expands to envelop the eater. Now this individual is seen for the first time—a skinny fellow lying on the desk. He wears a court jester’s outfit with pieces of cloth sewn all over it and has a serious case of five o’clock shadow. This is Patches. The rabbit addresses him in a calm female voice.)

Rabbit: Hello, Patches. Nice to finally see you.

Patches: *(jumping off desk, dropping apple)* Yikes! Who are you?

Rabbit: Your worst imagination.

(He looks rather uneasy at this statement. The rabbit jumps at him and plants a boot in his face, driving him into the surface of the desk. All that Ms. Keane and the kids see is the desk being crushed into kindling wood.)

Class, Ms. Keane: Ooooh!

(Patches takes several kicks to the face; tilt down to show Buttercup in control of this segment of the beating, kicking at the air. He next gets a couple of knuckle sandwiches and has two big hands slammed into the sides of his head; all the class sees is a streak of light flashing back and forth around the classroom. Now the rabbit kicks and uppercuts Patches, then pulls the corners of his mouth wide open and catches him with a shoulder charge that would have made William “Refrigerator” Perry proud. The poor jester is then jumped on and subjected to repeated punches in the face. Tilt down during these to show all three girls calling the shots. Finally the rabbit grabs him by the arm and blows into his hand as if inflating a balloon. He swells up as if he were only a rubber skin; his assailant regards him for a moment, then lets go of the arm. Patches sails crazily around the room and out of sight, the air hissing out of him, as the rabbit waves and the girls watch. Finally it turns back to them. Blossom and Buttercup are happy and grateful, but Bubbles looks very downcast.)

Blossom: Thanks.

Buttercup: You’re cool!

Rabbit: You made me that way. Well, I better go.

Bubbles: Wait! I’m gonna miss you.

Rabbit: Don’t worry, Bubbles. I’ll still be in your imagination, hanging out with all your other imaginary friends.

Bubbles: *(brightening)* Oh! Then do I have the perfect friend for you! *(The rabbit looks rather taken aback on the end of this.)*

Rabbit: You mean that Koos jerk? No thanks! *(winking out)* Bye.

(Bubbles is left looking somewhat puzzled and dejected by this response. Dissolve to the girls, Mike, and Ms. Keane standing with the rest of the class.)

Ms. Keane: Well, girls—job well done.

Mike: I’m sorry I caused you so much trouble.

Bubbles: It wasn't your fault. He was evil to begin with. (*Close-up of the two.*)

Mike: I just really wanted a friend.

Bubbles: (*taking his hand*) We'll be your friends.

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) Yeah. (*Pull back.*)

Buttercup: But from now on...um...from now on...um...uh...I can't think of anything!
(*Everybody else laughs.*)

(*The standard end shot comes up.*)

Narrator: Buttercup without a witty retort? Huh! Imagine that. So once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! At least I think so.