

JUST DESSERTS

Transcribed by Alan Back

[Note: It may be helpful to read the transcript for “Supper Villain” first, since this episode continues the storyline of that one.]

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night.)

Narrator: Last week, in the city of Townsville...

(Fade to black, then in to the exterior of the Smith family home as seen in “Supper Villain.” The sun comes up, and the alarm clock goes off.)

Narrator: Average home.

(Fade to black, then in to Harold Smith inside, sitting up in bed and shutting off the alarm. Marianne, his wife, is still asleep.)

Narrator: Average man... *(He puts on his glasses.)* ...Harold Smith.

(Fade to black, then in to the breakfast table. Buddy and Julie, the two Smith children, sit to either side of Harold. Marianne sets down a stack of pancakes and ducks away.)

Narrator: Average family.

Buddy: This family stinks!

(Fade to black, then in to Harold at his job filling mustard jars.)

Narrator: Average job.

(Fade to black, then in to him ducking into his secret workroom at home.)

Narrator: Average little secret.

(Fade to black, then in to Marianne at the front door, about to let guests in.)

Narrator: Average visit... *(She opens the door, revealing the Professor and the girls.)* ...from not-so-average neighbors...

(Fade to black, then in to a close-up of the girls at the door. This is the start of the dinner party.)

Narrator: ...the Powerpuff Girls!

(Fade to black, then in to Harold’s sweating forehead.)

Narrator: Average tension.

(Fade to black, then in to Buttercup on the couch.)

Buttercup: Villains are stupid!

(Fade to black, then in to Harold's perspective as he runs toward the workroom door.)

Narrator: Average panic.

(Snap to black as the door slams, then fade in to everybody else around the coffee table.)

Blossom: Basically, there's no villain around that could take us. *(The edge of Harold's bath-mat cape moves into view.)*

Harold: Oh, really?

[Note: The girls' reaction shows the same animation goof as before—reversed eye colors.]

(Fade to black, then in to Harold's feet and tilt up toward his head during the next line. He is now in his makeshift villain costume—red thermals, yellow rubber gloves, sparkler on head, holster strapped up, bath-mat cape, goggles.)

Narrator: Average villain...Harold Smith.

(Fade to black, then in to a close-up of a very proud Harold.)

Narrator: Average crime.

Harold: *(drawing weapon)* I'm going to take this raygun— *(Pull back; he puts it to the Professor's head.)* —and melt the Professor's head clear off his shoulders!

(On the end of this line, he leans toward the Professor, so close that his nose folds down over his mouth, and laughs madly. Fade to black, then in to the dinner table where both families are seated. Harold still has his weapon trained on the Professor.)

Narrator: Average dinner...

(Fade to black, then in to Blossom with her dessert—a coconut cream pie—in hand.)

Blossom: Eat up, Harold!

(He is hit in the face. Now the entire group, with the exception of her, is seen in a full-scale food fight. The police kick down the door.)

Policeman: *(Irish brogue)* What's going on in here?

Girls, Professor: *(pointing at Harold)* He's got a gun!

(Harold is driven off toward Townsville in the back of a police car. Marianne watches him go.)

Narrator: ...ruined.

(Fade to black, then in to Marianne as she turns toward the camera, her face set in ice-cold fury.)

Narrator: Average wife.

Marianne: Those Powerpuff Girls *ruined my dinner!*

Narrator: Average anger...revenge.

(Fade to black.)

(Snap to the city skyline during the day.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! *(Cut to the park, panning across it.)* A peaceful city, with peaceful folks having peaceful fun. Eating peaceful food. Shine, peaceful city, shine.

(During this pan, we see people jogging, playing chess, frolicking in a sprinkler, eating lunch. Stop on one man, behind whom the girls are playing.)

Narrator: But what keeps this city shining with peace? *(The man shrugs.)* Oh, come on. You know. *(He shakes his head.)* No? Well, just look behind you.

(He turns his head in the general direction of the girls and smiles—now he gets it. He points with his thumb.)

Narrator: That's right. *(Pan quickly past the girls to...)* The Townsville Correctional Facility!

(The facility in question sits atop a high island of rock just off the coast. Inside, cut to a sequence of convicts in their cells on the next line.)

Narrator: A place to correct the peacefully challenged. *(Overhead view of Harold on his bunk, zooming in.)* Like Harold Smith.

(The bored, bleary expression he wore through most of "Supper Villain" is now gone, replaced by wide-eyed fear. A bell rings, and a guard shouts into a bullhorn. He uses this equipment for all his lines.)

Guard: WAKE UP, MAGGOTS!

(Harold's cell door opens; now we see that his number is 253—the same as that worn by the leader of the impersonators in "Powerpuff Bluff." He stands at the open door, and the scene dissolves around him to the shower room. On either side of him is a large, burly prisoner. The guard walks across the screen, now wearing a raincoat.)

Guard: You'll never guess what's for breakfast.

(Now Harold sits between the two big fellows in the cafeteria. Each man has a bowl of food in front of him. The guard—back in uniform—walks back across the screen.)

Guard: Slop!

(One of the other men takes Harold's food away from him. Dissolve to him at his prison job—making license plates. Blank sheets of metal pass him on a conveyor; he presses one button to imprint the numbers, another to apply paint. The routine is exactly the same as when he worked in the mustard factory. From here, dissolve to him spotting for a fellow prisoner lifting weights, then to him back in his cell. The door slams shut in front of him. One final dissolve sees him back on his bunk, under the covers. Fade to black.)

(After a few seconds, the bell rings and the guard shouts again.)

Guard: WAKE UP, MAGGOTS!

(Snap to Harold on the bunk; around him; the scene dissolves to the cell door. It opens, and the guard steps up to him.)

Guard: Today's the day, Harold!

(The unfortunate man is led down the corridor of the cellblock, with the guard on one side of him and a priest on the other. No words are exchanged, though the other prisoners give him jeering looks as he passes them. The procession approaches a riveted steel door at the end of the hallway—this is the sort of thing you would associate with a death-row convict being led to the execution chamber. Harold's fear is about to get the best of him; now we see the guard by the door. He opens it, revealing blinding white light on the other side, and the camera zooms in on this until the screen is completely filled.)

(Fade in to a close-up of Harold, now standing outside under a clear sky. Birdsong echoes through the air, and butterflies flit around him. Pull back to show the guard looking out the steel door after him; an EXIT sign hangs above. Harold has just been released. After a moment, the guard ducks back inside and slams the door. The newly freed man looks around himself and smiles for the first time as a white rabbit hops up to him. He leaps joyfully into the air, silhouetting himself against the sun; the light fills the screen, hiding him from view.)

(Fade in to the sun and tilt down to the Smiths' house. A car door slams shut during this motion; it is that of a taxi parked by the curb. This rolls away, revealing Harold standing at the end of the front walk.)

[Continuity error: The walk is straight in this shot, whereas it was greatly convoluted in "Supper Villain."]

(He approaches the front door and once again finds the Professor doing a little bit of gardening. When their eyes meet, however, the Professor does not smile or call out, but instead ducks down

until his eyes are just barely visible above the hedge. He inches away, his eyes never leaving Harold as he goes.)

(Inside, the door creaks open and Harold pokes his head in to look around. All clear. He eases in and starts to tiptoe through the house. As he reaches the dining room doorway, though, Marianne's voice freezes him in his tracks.)

Marianne: *(from o.c., icily)* Harold?

Harold: *(stammering)* Marianne?

(His wife is sitting in shadow at the far end of the table. Her eyes glow as two red slits.)

Marianne: Sit down, Harold.

Harold: You know, Marianne, I was—

Marianne: *Sit! (He does so. A brief silence.)*

Harold: Marianne, I'm sorry. I embarrassed our family. I embarrassed you. I couldn't control myself. *(hanging his head)* I'm so sorry, Marianne. I really... *(raising head, crying)* I really didn't handle that situation too well. *(clapping hands to face)* I'm so sorry!

(He trails off into sobbing. Marianne's response is a disgusted snort.)

Marianne: *(standing up)* You should be sorry. But, it is the Powerpuff Girls who will be sorry next time!

(On these last two words, the lights come up and she leans forward. Her old perkiness is gone; now she is out for blood. Her eyes have returned to their normal ice-blue color. Harold wipes his eyes and smiles.)

Harold: Ne...next time?

(Side view of them: him sitting at his end of the table, her atop hers on all fours. Zoom in slowly.)

Harold: *(standing up)* What are you saying, Marianne? *(He gets on the table.)*

Marianne: I'm trying to say, Harold...

Harold: Yes?

Marianne: *(getting to knees)* ...that together...

Harold: Yes?

Marianne: ...we will destroy the Powerpuff Girls! *(She takes his hands during this line.)*

Harold: Oh, Marianne!

(They embrace and kiss passionately for several seconds. The spark of life returns to Harold's eyes when they separate.)

Harold: We haven't kissed like that since 1980! *(They embrace again; she lets out a shuddering sigh.)*

Marianne: Harold... *(hard tone)* Now listen closely, Harold. I have a plan.

Harold: But what about the kids?

(A door slams o.c., and Julie runs screaming and crying into the dining room. She climbs onto the table.)

Julie: Mommy, Daddy! The Powerpuff Girls lost my jacks! *(She cries a moment, then shakes with anger.)* I hate the Powerpuff Girls!

Buddy: *(climbing onto table)* And you know what? I hate everything!

(These displays of seething hostility are music to Harold's ears.)

Harold: Oh, family. *(Marianne leans against him.)* I'm so very proud of all of you. *(Pull back slowly.)* And united, we will destroy the Powerpuff Girls, as the supervillain family... *(All four strike dramatic poses.)* ...*the Smiths!* *(Dramatic pause.)* Suit UP!!

(One by one, the family members soar into the air.)

Julie: Julie Smith!

(A flash of light, and she is clad in a black ballet tutu with spikes around its edge. She wears a matching mask and toe shoes, and she does a quick and lethal pirouette.)

Buddy: Bud Smith!

(Another flash. Now Buddy, a.k.a. Bud, wears a black outfit with mask, blue gloves, and a green cape to match his hair. He throws a couple of punches and then puts up the bullhorns with both hands.)

Marianne: Marianne Smith!

(Another flash. She is in a black bodysuit and thigh-high boots, with a black mask and blue gloves as well. Her hair is slicked back, and she wields two large meat-tenderizer mallets, which she swings about herself before bringing them down in a crushing blow.)

Harold: And Harold Smith!

(One more flash. He ends up in the exact same outfit he used before.)

Harold: The man with a... *(deflating)* ...sparkler on his head. Ohh, criminy. How come you guys get cool supervillain stuff?

Marianne: We've had more time to prepare, dear. But we have a surprise for you.

(Cut to them standing outside the garage, whose door is lowered.)

Marianne: Behold, Harold.

(She presses the button on the remote control; snap to black—the inside of the garage—as the door goes up. The raising is seen three times, zooming in on Harold each time. After this sequence, he licks his lips eagerly.)

Harold: I love you, Marianne.

(We see various parts of a nasty-looking black vehicle as they are described. Flames are painted on the sides of the body.)

Marianne: *(from o.c.)* All-terrain, slash-proof whitewall tires... *(They also have knives mounted on the hubcaps.)* Blinding three-thousand-watt headlights... *(They switch on, filling the screen with light; the bumper has spikes.)* Five turbojet engines for optimum speed... *(They roar to life, spitting flames from the rear end.)* Six liquid-titanium rocket launchers... *(They extend from the sides as she speaks.)* Rotating laser cannon turret... *(It spins through 180 degrees.)*

(The interior of the vehicle, pulling back from the back seat to the dashboard.)

Marianne: *(from outside)* And a spacious leather interior that comfortably seats a family of four. *(Back to her and Harold.)* Harold, I give you... *(A shot of the vehicle; she continues o.c.)* ...the Smith family minivan!

(The whole thing would have made Mad Max proud. Back to the couple.)

Harold: Do you know what this means?

Marianne: Yes, I do.

Harold: It means...it means...picking up the kids from school will be a blast!

(She punches him in the nose.)

Harold: *(nasally)* Oh!...Hey, why did you do that?

Marianne: Why don't we try to be quiet? *NOW LISTEN UP!!*

(The four peek around the corner of the garage toward their neighbors' property.)

Marianne: You see that?

(The girls and the Professor are playing in the yard. He is blindfolded and trying to catch them.)

Marianne: Look at that family unity. It makes me sick!

(Back to the happier of the two families. As she continues, the Professor tries to grab Blossom, then is tagged by Bubbles and chases her. He trips and falls, and Buttercup swoops in and tags him with her foot. Next he chases her and trips again.)

Marianne: *(from o.c.)* Every Saturday morning, they all have a great time playing in the yard. But at precisely eleven AM...

(His watch beeps; he points at it as the girls fly up to him. Car doors are slammed; as Marianne continues, the four pull out. The Professor is still blindfolded.)

Marianne: *(from “o.c.”)* ...they always go grocery shopping. *(The Smiths peek over the hedge.)* Now’s our chance, dear family. And to break a Powerpuff family— *(looking toward the girls’ house, camera panning to follow)* —we must break a Powerpuff home. *(She cackles.)*

(Cut to an extreme close-up of one of the minivan’s headlights and pull back quickly—they are strapped in and ready to go. Harold pulls out of the garage and lays rubber down the street, rolling o.c. After a few seconds, he backs into view and stops in front of the girls’ house. Inside, they bash the door in and Harold laughs dementedly as they stand in the doorway.)

(Cut to the no-longer-blindfolded Professor in an aisle of the supermarket. He is pushing a shopping cart, which begins to fill up when the girls flash past and deposit items in it. Apples, canned tomatoes, and boxes of cereal are whisked from the shelves; next we see each girl in turn flying toward the camera. Blossom carries a loaf of bread, Buttercup a package of eggs, Bubbles a carton of milk. Cut to a cart now piled high with food. Surprised and smiling, the Professor looks out from behind the stack as the camera tilts slowly up to its peak. The girls float just above it, with satisfied looks on their faces, and are nearly at the ceiling.)

(Dissolve to them on the way home; the car pulls into the driveway. The Minivan of Death is nowhere to be seen now. Cut to inside the front door as the Professor’s footsteps approach. What we can see of the house has been wrecked: coat rack torn down, holes in the walls, chairs knocked askew, tiles missing from the floor. The door opens, and the four enter with groceries in hand. They do not immediately notice the ruin. Zoom in slowly on the Professor.)

Professor: All right. Into the kit... *(He opens his eyes; his face goes slack.)* ...chen?

(Now we see what he sees—that every room looks as if somebody set off three or four hand grenades in it. They stand frozen and dumbstruck in the doorway. Dissolve to the Smiths in their own house; they are laughing over the stunt.)

Harold: Those chumps have no idea what hit them! *(He laughs.)*

Bud: They’re probably all sad!

Julie: And worried! *(Both kids laugh.)*

Marianne: They might even have to move! I have *got* to go over and see!

(Cut to outside their house. She emerges, now back in her civilian clothes and carrying a tray; she reaches the sidewalk, and the camera follows her next door. Inside, the doorbell rings. No one answers it, but after a second the door opens and she pokes her head in.)

Marianne: Hello! *(stepping in)* Brought some cookies!

(She feigns surprise at the mess around her; at the far end of the room, the girls are clinging to the Professor for solace. None of them are looking up. She gasps.)

Marianne: *(shocked voice, but smiling)* Oh, my goodness, what happened here?

Professor: Oh...it's awful, Mrs. Smith.

Blossom: Somebody destroyed our home.

Marianne: *(excited)* Really? *(catching herself, faking sadness)* That is awful.

Buttercup: But thankfully, none of us were hurt.

Bubbles: Yes. And as long as we have each other, we're indestructible.

(This catches Marianne off guard. She stands motionless, her eyes wide; after a moment, the tray tips in her hands and the cookies on it slide to the ground.)

Marianne: Harold! *Harold!*

(She pulls the door shut, and her steps die away. The Professor and the girls have some trouble making sense of what comes next—a conversation outside that is audible even from here.)

Harold: What is it?

Marianne: Shut up and get in the car! *(One door slams.)* Bud! Julie! Get in the car! I SAID, GET IN THE CAR! *NOW!!*

(Two more doors slam; Blossom and the Professor look in the general direction of the Smith house with considerable unease. The minivan's engine starts up, and the sound of screeching tires grows from the distance. Now the glare from those high-powered high beams fills the front window, and the vehicle takes down the entire wall. The crash throws the girls and the Professor o.c. Harold is hunched over the steering wheel as if getting ready to run the Indianapolis 500. Marianne, back in her villain outfit, sits in the other front seat; the kids are in the back.)

Marianne: Ram 'em, Harold!

(He hits the gas, and the van roars toward the far wall. The girls pull the Professor to safety just before it hits. Now Harold turns to look out the rear window, but the kids block his line of sight.)

Harold: Bud, Julie, I can't see! *(They duck, revealing the family behind the van.)* Oh, now I see them.

(The transmission is shifted into reverse, and the van screams backward after them. Another dodge, and the Smiths end up backing through the hole they smashed and stopping on the front lawn. They charge into the house again.)

Marianne: Blast 'em!

(The camera follows the van and the girls, carrying the Professor, through the house. The laser cannon on top turns back and forth, firing several shots which are dodged. The girls fly up the stairs; the van simply barrels up and rounds the corner to keep after them. Now the chase moves through the upper-story hall. The girls duck into a room and Blossom pulls the door shut, but the van smashes through after them. Long shot of the hall, with two additional pairs of closed doors;

one of the rear doors is opened, and the girls run the Professor across the hall into the opposite room. Being polite, they open each door to go through it, then close it afterward. The van, however, simply crashes through all of them. The same sequence plays out with the front pair of doors.)

(Cut to inside the bedroom, where the van cuts a donut right through the girls' bed to stay after them, then to the hallway again. They reach the far end—a blank wall—and finally turn around to face their pursuers.)

Blossom: Enough's enough! *(They set the Professor down.)* Time to get Powerpuff tough!

(They charge straight at the van and smash it into oblivion with one good hit. When the dust clears, all that remains of it are the seats—with the Smiths still buckled into them—and the steering wheel in Harold's hands.)

Blossom: What's wrong with you people?! Why are you doing this?

(Cut to Marianne. She undoes her seat belt and stands up. Now some semblance of her original perkiness returns.)

Marianne: Why am I doing this? *(She laughs, then leans into Blossom's face.)* I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'M DOING THIS!! *(standing up, composing herself)* We try and be good neighbors. We invite you into our home. We provide you with food and hospitality, and how do you repay us? You drove my husband insane, you sent him to prison, but on top of all that... *YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BRATS RUINED MY DINNER!!*

(The girls stare back at her in stunned silence for a moment.)

Bubbles: That's it?

Blossom: That's not a good reason at all.

Marianne: Really? *(Buttercup gets ready to unload on her.)*

Buttercup: Really!

(She punches out Marianne, Blossom decks Harold, and Bubbles knocks the kids' heads together. Cut to these last two tottering on their feet, with their parents already down; after a moment, they collapse as well. Around the four, the scene fades to gray.)

Narrator: Well done, girls!

(Pull back; the Smiths are on the floor of a jail cell, whose door slams shut on them.)

Narrator: What a fitting end to such an unfit family.

(The standard end shot comes up.)

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