

COVER UP

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville...

(Cut to the Townsville Bank, its front window smashed. An alarm is heard. As the Narrator continues, three robbers run out, jump into a convertible, and speed off.)

Narrator: ...where we can be confident in the security that we will be kept safe from crime, thanks to...the Powerpuff Girls!

(Pan to the girls on the end of this line; they close in. Buttercup hoists the getaway car into the air and flips it upside down, dumping them out. She throws it aside and charges at them; they brandish a chain, club, and gun, but are no match for her. Blossom and Bubbles watch as she goes to work, hitting two of them and twisting the third and smallest like a top. When she lets go of him, he unwinds and she drills him with a flurry of kicks. She then grabs him by the head, stopping his upper body from spinning, and his legs whirl like helicopter blades. He is picked up and used against one of the other robbers like a high-speed flail.)

(Buttercup throws the smallest man into the air and pounds on the other two. The other girls sit on the fender of the upturned car, watching, and Bubbles files her nails while doing so. When the airborne robber comes down, Buttercup kicks him into the heads of the others, and he sails through a window of the Townsville Jail. She then picks up the other two, swings them in a circle, and knocks them into the prison as well. Inside, the three robbers cry in their cell. At the scene, Blossom and Bubbles cheer Buttercup's efforts.)

Narrator: Ah, yes. *(Cut to the exterior of their house; they fly in through the front door.)* That Buttercup sure can kick some tail.

(Night fades into morning, and the buzzing of the hotline is heard. Cut to an extreme close-up of the receiver; the Mayor's voice is heard indistinctly over the line. Pull back to show Blossom at the phone.)

Blossom: A monster? *(Pull back again; Bubbles is next to her.)* We're there!

(Bubbles flies o.c., and Blossom hangs up and follows her.)

Blossom: *(calling behind her)* Let's go, Buttercup! We've got a call!

(They continue flying across the bedroom for several seconds, then stop.)

Blossom: *(irritated)* Where is she?

(Cut to the closet, its door closed. Blossom and Bubbles call to Buttercup—first from o.c., then as they float into view by the door. Blossom floats slowly over to grasp the knob, but is stopped when Buttercup bursts out, slamming the door behind her and barricading it with her body.)

Buttercup: Hi, girls! *(laughing nervously)* Uh, well, let's go!

(Pan quickly to a screaming, terrified crowd in the street. A robotic monster towers above them; around it, the city is in flames. The beast has one eye, claws at the end of its arms, and a long, flexible neck. It roars, sounding as if it could use a little oil, and spits an energy beam at a building. All that is left after it hits is a charred hole in the ground. Another building has its middle section blasted; the upper floors collapse as well, and the monster roars again.)

(The girls close in, with Buttercup leading the charge. She pounds the enemy mercilessly; again, her sisters watch, reclining in midair to make themselves comfortable. She lands a series of kicks to the midsection, working her way up, then delivers a final devastating kick that reduces the monster to scrap metal. The explosion is seen in slow motion.)

(Cut to the girls in flight. Buttercup looks quite proud of herself.)

Blossom: All right, Buttercup! *(They fly o.c.)*

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Yeah! You rock!

(Wipe to the exterior of the house in the morning. The hotline is heard buzzing, and the receiver is picked up.)

Blossom: *(from inside house)* Hello?

(Inside, she is at the hotline, with Bubbles beside her.)

Blossom: We're on our way, Mayor!

(Cut from the phone to the two in flight. After a few seconds of flying across the bedroom, they stop.)

Blossom: *(irritated)* Now where's Buttercup?

(A crash shakes the camera as the glare from an explosion outside plays over the girls. Looking out the window, they see the silhouette of a monster in the distance, with a cloud of smoke rising next to it from the blast it has just caused.)

Blossom: There's no time to wait. Let's go!

(Cut to outside; they take off through the window. In the city, a bug-eyed monster with serrated pincers for hands is at work. Its body is covered with horizontal stripes in various shades of green. It screams, sounding a bit strangled, and chops through a railroad track. The lead car of an oncoming train is cut loose and stuffed into the creature's mouth, and it starts chewing.)

(Blossom and Bubbles arrive on the scene and try to pull the train car free, but without success. The monster reaches its pincers toward them.)

Bubbles: We need Buttercup!

(As if on cue, Buttercup flies in, then does a steep climb to silhouette herself against the sun after the fashion of Batman's emergency signal.)

Bubbles: *(relieved)* Buttercup!

Blossom: *(impatiently)* It's about time!

Buttercup: Sorry I'm late.

(She dives on the monster, ready to deliver a flying punch. She connects with the back of the monster's head, and it spits the train car out. Now she grabs one of its arms and positions it so that the pincer will close on the other one. Flying around the back, she grabs the tail and lays it across the electrified third rail of the train tracks. The resulting shock causes the open pincer to snap shut, cutting off the other one; it falls to the ground, snapping and twitching. Buttercup picks this up and slices the monster neatly along the stripes with it. She is left with a head sitting atop a pile of slices and the tail and legs still attached the bottom end. This latter runs off.)

(Blossom and Bubbles set the train car back on the tracks as the people inside and on the ground cheer. Buttercup throws the severed pincer aside, and the three head back. Cut to them in flight; she again has that look of pride on her face.)

Blossom: *(dryly)* Just in time, Buttercup?

Bubbles: Yeah! Where were you?

Buttercup: Who cares? I showed up, didn't I? *(She flies o.c.; the others look at each other worriedly.)*

(Wipe to the exterior of the house. Again the Mayor's voice can be heard over the hotline. Inside, Blossom is taking the call.)

Blossom: Be there in a sec, Mr. Mayor! *(She hangs up.)*

(Cut to Bubbles, standing in the living room and waving. Camera rotates until the couch and TV are seen, then reverses direction and goes past her to the front door. Cut to Blossom, looking as if she is about to blow her top—we can hear the kettle singing in her head. Finally she snaps; pull back to show both girls.)

Blossom: BUTTERCUP!! *(Bubbles recoils slightly at the force of her yell.)* Where is she every time there's a distress call?!

(They fly down the hall, looking for her.)

Blossom: Buttercup!

Bubbles: Hey! Buttercup! *(They reach the bathroom.)*

Blossom: Buttercup! *(They reach the study.)*

Bubbles: Buttercup? *(They enter the bedroom.)*

Blossom: Buttercup? Come on! We're gonna be too late! *(They stop.)*

Bubbles: Shhh! Listen!

(Cut to the closet, its door again closed, and zoom in. A voice can be heard whispering inside. The two girls float into view, cocking their heads to listen, and Blossom opens the door. Camera shifts to inside the doorway, looking out, and pulls back quickly. Buttercup is sitting on the floor, cradling a green blanket.)

Buttercup: *(whispering)* I am a good fighter. I am a good fighter.

(A look of total shock comes over her sisters' faces. She looks up hastily, guilt written all over her own, as the lights come on. She whips the blanket behind her back as they go inside.)

Blossom: What are you doing?

Buttercup: *(nervously)* I was, uh...uh...just um, uh...practicing my spelling.

Bubbles: *(flying behind her)* What's behind your back? *(Buttercup moves the blanket.)*

Buttercup: Nothing.

Blossom: Come on! Show us!

Buttercup: No!

(She flies away with the blanket, but the others are not far behind. They chase her all over the house until Bubbles finally grabs hold of her. Blossom takes the blanket away and looks at it, puzzled.)

Blossom: Huh? What's this for? *(Buttercup struggles and breaks free of Bubbles' hold.)*

Buttercup: It's my blanket! It gives me the strength to be a great fighter!

(Blossom and Bubbles giggle at this.)

Buttercup: *(angrily)* What? What's so funny?

Blossom: That's ridiculous. You don't need a stinky old blanket to fight!

(Bubbles keeps giggling; Buttercup glares at her, then turns back to Blossom.)

Buttercup: Oh, yeah? *(snatching blanket back)* I'll show you!

(Cut to the street; the house is visible in the distance. Buttercup takes off through the bedroom window, the others following.)

Narrator: Well, it's about time, girls! Go get 'em!

(A monster's roar is heard o.c., then the sound of a few punches being landed and the cheer of a crowd. Day fades into night, and the girls fly back into the house through the windows. Zoom in slowly; inside, they are about to go to sleep.)

Bubbles: Thanks for saving the day again, Buttercup.

Blossom: Yeah, you really rocked!

Buttercup: Yeah, well, like I said— *(pulling out blanket)* —I owe it all to my blankie.

(Dissolve to the exterior of the house the next morning. Once again the Mayor is heard over the hotline. Inside, Blossom is taking the call, with Bubbles next to her.)

Blossom: Mr. Mayor, we'll be there as soon as we can.

(The words are barely out of her mouth when an agonized scream is heard from the o.c. Buttercup. Camera turns around to show the rest of the bedroom and pans across it as crashing and banging are heard. Books, toys, and clothes have been flung randomly everywhere, the nightstands have been overturned, drawers stand open, and the bed is flipped up onto its side. Stop on the closet, from which more items are being thrown out, to the sound of Buttercup's shriek. Cut to inside, pointing out the door at her; her face registers total panic.)

Buttercup: Where is it?!

(She flies down the hall and through another door; the camera shakes from an impact. Inside, the room has been ransacked.)

Buttercup: It's gotta be somewhere in this stupid house!

(She flies to the laundry room and starts searching through a basket of clothes on the floor. Finding no blanket, she next attacks the kitchen. As Blossom and Bubbles float in, she bursts into tears and collapses face down on an empty shelf, pounding it in frustration.)

Buttercup: Where's my blanket? *(The others take her arms.)*

Bubbles: We don't have time for this, Buttercup. *(They pull her up.)*

Blossom: Townsville is in trouble! *(They lead her away.)*

Buttercup: *(losing it completely)* NOOOOOOOO!! I NEED MY BLANKET!!

(Wipe to a group of trashed, burning buildings; a siren wails in the background. A reptilian beast, looking something like a cross between King Kong and a largemouth bass, looms up into view. Gibbering and drooling, it looks around as if trying to decide what to attack next. The girls fly in and assess the situation. Pull back from the monster to show it standing on top of a trash can—it is only slightly bigger than the girls—and a crowd of screaming people around it.)

Buttercup: *That's* a monster?

Blossom: See? You really don't need your blanket now.

(The monster takes a deep breath and roars, spitting out a beam that slices through a row of buildings. Long shot of the city; a mushroom cloud goes up. Cut to the girls as they are enveloped in a cloud of dust and fall to the ground.)

Buttercup: *(getting up, scared)* Nooo... *(The others fly up behind her.)* What am I gonna do?

Blossom: You're gonna fight, like always. Come on!

(She takes Buttercup's hand and leads her into the fight, with Bubbles trailing them.)

Buttercup: *(without fire)* Well, here goes nothing.

(She flies up to the monster and throws two weak hooks, which it dodges easily. It hauls off and lands three devastating punches, sending her flying. The other girls gasp in shock, and the beast inflates its lungs and spits another beam that hits her dead center. Buttercup is propelled across the pavement, touching down and bouncing up again like an airplane landing on the runway. Finally she skids to a stop.)

Blossom: I'll be right back! *(She takes off.)*

(The monster approaches Buttercup from behind as she struggles to lift her head from the pavement. She turns over and finds herself in its shadow, and she holds up one arm to protect her face.)

Buttercup: *(weakly)* Nooo...

(Close-up of the monster, ready to do its worst and with foam dripping from its jaws. Zoom in slowly, then pull back to show it standing over Buttercup. Blossom lands between them.)

Blossom: Back off, Shrimpy! *(pulling out blanket)* It's beddy-bye time!

(Buttercup is instantly revitalized. She seizes the blanket and cuddles it, letting out a shuddering sigh of pleasure; close-up of her rubbing the nap against her face, then zoom in for an extreme close-up. Pull back; her old fighting spirit has returned, much to the surprise of the monster. She hits it with a single uppercut and launches it down the block, then pulls ahead of it to deliver more punishment. Finally she winds up, spinning her arm so fast that her fist starts to glow from friction with the air, and again knocks the beast down the street. It falls o.c.; a crash is heard, and another mushroom cloud rises to the sound of cheering.)

(Buttercup joins her sisters on the ground, in the middle of a celebrating crowd. She picks up the blanket and waves to them. Again she cradles it to her face; around her, the scene dissolves to the bedroom. Now she is in her nightgown and sitting up in bed. After some seconds, pull back to show the other girls, also dressed for sleep. Bubbles is playing with Octi, while Blossom sits on the end of the bed, reading a book in Chinese. She looks nervously back over her shoulder, with some irritation as well.)

Buttercup: Pretty awesome blanket, huh? And the fact that I kicked butt *after* I got it back proves its power.

Blossom: (*groaning*) Buttercup, I have to tell you something. That's not your real blanket. It's just a fake blanket I found to get you through the fight. And since you fought just as well as ever, it obviously worked!

Bubbles: Yeah!

(*Buttercup looks down at "her" blanket with great unease for some moments. Now she starts to boil over.*)

Buttercup: You tricked me! Why, I'm gonna— (*She cuts herself off, then continues nervously.*) But...if this isn't my real blanket, then...where...ooh...

(*She lets loose another tortured scream and starts tearing through a chest of drawers in the corner. Next she searches the kitchen and laundry room again. She ends by throwing herself on the bed in front of Blossom and Bubbles, crying and pounding the mattress.*)

Buttercup: WHERE'S MY BLANKET?!

Professor: (*from o.c.*) Oh, hello, girls. (*Cut to him at the door, with a basket of clothes.*) I brought you some clean laundry.

(*Buttercup lifts her head and looks behind her, and her face brightens. Zoom in on the basket; now we clearly see her blanket on top of the pile. She zips across the room and grabs it.*)

Buttercup: (*hugging blanket*) Oh, blankie, I love you, I love you, I love you, I—

(*She cuts herself off and looks over her shoulder, grinning nervously. Bubbles and Blossom watch her from the bed, their arms folded and their faces showing disapproval. She hangs her head and lets the blanket drag the ground.*)

Buttercup: (*sighing softly*) Here, Professor. (*holding up blanket*) You can have this.

Professor: (*taking it*) Why, thank you, Buttercup! Thanks to this baby, I've just completed my greatest experiment ever! (*softly, cradling blanket to face*) I am a good scientist. I am a good scientist. I am a good scientist. (*The girls laugh at the sight.*)

(*He continues repeating the mantra under the Narrator's next line.*)

Narrator: (*laughing*) Oh, Professor, you superstitious kook!

(*The standard end shot comes up.*)

Narrator: And so once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! (*softly*) I am a good narrator. I am a good narrator. I am a good narrator. I am a good narrator. I am a good narrator.