

## **SPEED DEMON**

**Transcribed by Alan Back**

*(Opening shot: the city skyline in the afternoon.)*

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville! The happiest, cleanest, safest little town on earth.

*(As he continues, pull back slowly to show the view framed in the window of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. Buttercup looks out, her back to the camera.)*

**Narrator:** Home of the Powerpuff Girls. And the Professor, the Mayor, Ms. Bellum, Ms. Keane, Talking Dog, Mojo Jojo, and the well-meaning but often-imperiled townspeople of Townsville.

*(Buttercup turns her head suddenly, looking impatiently up o.c.)*

**Buttercup:** *(thinking)* Come on, come on!

*(Cut to the wall clock, which shows the time as a few minutes before 2:00. A few seconds tick by, and we see a close-up of Buttercup again. The clock face is reflected in her eyes; the clicking of the second hand is greatly magnified.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(from o.c.)* Buttercup...Buttercup...

*(Pull back to behind the front desk. Ms. Keane has her back to the camera and her hands on her hips.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Buttercup!

**Buttercup:** *(quickly facing front)* Huh? *(Side view of Ms. Keane.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Please, pay attention! Now, where was I? *(turning to blackboard)* Oh, yes.

*(She writes the equation "1 + 1 = 2" as she continues.)*

**Ms. Keane:** If Billy and Sally each had an apple, then that's two apples. *(thinking briefly)* Hmm...but if Billy threw his apple to Sally—

*(Cut to behind her; she begins to fill the board with equations and figures, growing increasingly engrossed in her work.)*

**Ms. Keane:** —at a trajectory of 1.8 meters per second, assuming an Einsteinian universe, the distance between two points remaining constant, space and time being two elements of the same ratio, those elements being the interval between two successive events—

*(Close-up of her, still working intently.)*

**Ms. Keane:** —the quantum rules that govern the subatomic level of the universe—

*(Cut to a slow pan across the class, the girls in the foreground. Everybody looks absolutely mystified.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(from o.c.)* —according to Einstein’s theory of relativity, times the unweighted consonatic quantity when approaching the speed of light.

*(Quick shot of her hand at the board, then pan across it. It is now filled with formulas.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(from o.c.)* Therefore as one approaches the speed of light, the distance between the two successive points shrinks to zero. However, for the people back home, a considerable amount of time would pass— *(Pull back to show her.)* —somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty years. Hm.

*(She chuckles briefly, then realizes that this is completely over the heads of her students and turns away from the board.)*

**Ms. Keane:** But we’ll cover all that later on. *(The bell rings.)* Okay, kids, have a nice weekend. *(We hear the class cheering.)* And don’t forget anything in the coat cupboard.

*(A herd of kids thunders past her. Cut to just outside the door; Buttercup throws it open.)*

**Buttercup:** Free at last!

*(The kids swarm out. Side view of the door.)*

**Buttercup:** *(jumping out of crowd, floating o.c.)* Oh, boy, a whole weekend in the Bahamas! I can’t wait!

**Bubbles:** *(floating across screen)* I’m gonna lay out and work on my tan! *(Pull back; the last kids are leaving. The skyline is seen in the distance.)*

**Blossom:** *(floating out)* And a whole weekend away from...the city of Townsville.

*(Pull back on this last, then zoom in again.)*

**Buttercup:** *(pointing to hotline in window)* And the hotline phone.

**Bubbles:** *(one eye screwed shut, imitating Mayor)* Powerpuff Girls, this is the Mayor. Get over here right away. I seem to have accidentally flushed myself down the toilet!

*(She and Blossom have a good laugh over this. Buttercup flies up to them, looking quite cocky; cut to a close-up of the schoolyard fence.)*

**Buttercup:** *(floating into view)* So—which one of you slowpokes wants to race me home? *(Cut to her sisters.)*

**Bubbles:** Who you calling a slowpoke, fathead? *(Cut to Buttercup, crouched on the ground.)*

**Buttercup:** On your mark! *(Blossom jumps down next to her.)*

**Blossom:** Get set! *(Bubbles does likewise.)*

**Bubbles:** Go! *(They take off. Cut to Ms. Keane at the fence, waving.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Bye, girls!

*(The girls flash down the street; a car in their path is cut in two. A man on the corner watches them go.)*

**Man 1:** Slow down!

*(We see them rocket past Townsville Hall and down a street with a clock tower. The time is just after 3:00; the second hand slows down slightly. The image of the block begins to stretch and warp as if the center part of it is being pulled down a sink drain. It becomes a tunnel, with flashes of light all over its walls; the girls fly along this. Blossom pulls into view first, followed by Bubbles. A moment later, Buttercup roars past them, and Bubbles puts on an extra burst of speed to catch up. The girls fly on, deadlocked; close-up of Buttercup, sweating and straining to get out in front. After a few moments, her body begins to elongate slightly. Pull back to show all three girls, still in a dead tie. Freeze frame, the light trails disappearing. Silence. Extreme close-up of Bubbles, panning slowly across her face, then of Blossom's feet, panning toward her head.)*

**Buttercup:** *(from o.c., echoing)* I told you I'd win!

*(Extreme close-up of Buttercup's face, then cut to behind the girls as the scene accelerates to "normal" time. They race away from the camera and disappear in a flash of light. Now we see them as nothing but three brilliant streaks barreling down the tunnel. An opening appears, with their house just visible through it. Cut to above the fence in the yard; a funnel depression appears, and the girls blast out of this to land on the front lawn. Buttercup is first, then Blossom and finally Bubbles. Behind them, the house is a wreck—the windows are smashed, and there are cracks in all the walls.)*

*(Close-up of Bubbles as she stands up. Buttercup laughs loudly o.c.; cut to her at the front door, opening it.)*

**Buttercup:** I told you I'd win! *(Blossom ducks inside behind her and she follows.)*

*(Cut to them floating down the hall.)*

**Bubbles:** You already said that!

**Buttercup:** No, I didn't.

**Bubbles:** *(shaking with anger)* And besides, you cheated.

**Buttercup:** I didn't have to cheat. *(straightening her hair)* I'm just more aerodynamic than you. I don't have big powder puffs to slow me down.

*(On the words "powder puffs," she thumps Bubbles' hair; a little bit of dust rises from it.)*

**Bubbles:** *(crying)* PROFESSOR!!

*(Cut to inside the lab, darkened, the camera pointing across the room toward the door. The equipment is in a state of disrepair, and there are cobwebs in the corners. The next two lines echo slightly across the space.)*

**Bubbles:** *(from hall, crying)* Professor!

*(In the distance, the door opens and the silhouette of Bubbles' head pokes in. She stops crying, and her sisters peek in next to her.)*

**Bubbles:** Professor?

*(The equipment sparks and crackles, and the camera pans along the room to the far end. In the distance, we can see a work table and the silhouette of a man behind it. Close-up of the corner of the table; a box of sugar and a jar of spice are there, along with a beaker and a few flowers. A cracked voice begins to speak, and as it does, pan slowly along the table to show an old man dressed in rags. He is mixing a concoction in a caldron and holding a flask of some chemical. We only see him from the shoulders down.)*

**Old man:** Sugar, spice, and...powdered rice?

*(He pours the contents of his flask into the caldron, and after a moment, thick gray smoke boils up and obscures him. As he speaks again, tilt up toward his face.)*

**Old man:** No, no! Darn!

*(His perspective of the girls; Bubbles starts in surprise. Buttercup's hair is back to normal.)*

**Old man:** Why didn't I write it down?

*(Close-up of him as the smoke clears; he is bald on top, with long white hair around the edges. He wears glasses and has lost most of his teeth. The eyebrows give him away—this is a greatly aged Professor, who gasps in surprise and looks around himself.)*

**Old man (Professor):** Wha...who's there?

*(He reaches toward his glasses, cut to his perspective as he adjusts them and brings his view into focus. Now he sees the girls. Back to him.)*

**Professor:** *(moaning)* No! It can't be! *(clapping hands to head)* Oh, my mind playing tricks on me again! Why won't you leave me alone? *(Pull back; Blossom and Buttercup fly into view across from him.)*

**Blossom:** But, Professor, it's us, the Powerpuff Girls! *(Bubbles flies up behind him.)*

**Professor:** Stay back! Leave me alone!

*(He swipes at them a couple of times, then rummages around under the table and comes up brandishing a broken cane that has been taped back together.)*

**Professor:** I'm warning you!

*(Cut to the front step; the girls duck quickly out through the door, slam it, and lean against it, panting with their eyes tightly shut. After a moment, they look around and gasp in shock. Cut to their perspective and pan slowly across the subdivision, which now lies in ruins under a blood-red sky—absolute desolation as far as the eye can see.)*

**Bubbles:** Wh...what happened?

*(Long shot of the house; they take to the air and fly across Townsville, which has also been ravaged. One block after another sports nothing but gutted, smashed buildings that stand at crazy angles. After several blocks, the girls stop short.)*

**Blossom:** *(pointing o.c.)* Look! The Mayor's office!

*(Half the dome and one whole wing of Townsville Hall have been demolished. The girls fly inside only to find the office in the same shape as the rest of the city. Another cracked voice, this one belonging to an old woman, begins to speak, catching them by surprise.)*

**Old woman 1:** *(from o.c.)* I told him, you know. *(Pull back to bring her partially into view, her hands folded.)* I—I told him to make the call. *(standing up)* "Call...Call the girls," I said.

*(Cut to the other side of the office, from behind the girls. The old woman stands in front of a shattered window, her face not visible in her tangled hair.)*

**Old woman 1:** "CALL THE POWERPUFF GIRLS!!"

*(The word "girls" echoes twice, and we see close-ups of the hotline, lying broken on the floor, and a portrait of the Mayor. Back to the girls.)*

**Old woman 1:** *(from o.c.)* But they never came. *(Back to her, head in hands.)* Why wouldn't they come? It doesn't make any sense. And now it's too late.

*(Pan quickly to a close-up of the Mayor's top hat, with his sash draped over it.)*

**Old woman 1:** *(from o.c., crying)* He's...GONE! *(She breaks down. Close-up of Blossom.)*

**Blossom:** Ms. Bellum...?

*(The old hag was indeed the late Mayor's assistant. Cut to her, slumped over the desk and fondling the hat and sash.)*

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* What happened here?

**Old woman 1 (Ms. Bellum):** Huh? *(snatching hat to herself)* Keep away! He's mine! *(Cut to the girls; she holds a hand out to stop them and continues o.c.)* Don't come any closer! He's mine! Mine!

*(Cut to outside Townsville Hall; they fly out through the dome as she shouts again.)*

**Ms. Bellum:** *(from inside office)* Mine, I tell you!

*(Dissolve to the girls' shadows cast on the ground as they fly along. Bubbles sobs quietly o.c.; tilt up to them.)*

**Bubbles:** Who could have done this?

**Blossom:** *(pointing o.c.)* It's...our school.

*(Pokey Oaks Kindergarten has been reduced to rubble. The girls land on what used to be the playground. After a moment, the front door blows open and falls off its hinges. Cut to just inside it as the girls advance into the darkness. Another old woman's voice is heard in the background.)*

**Buttercup:** Ms. Keane?

**Old woman 2:** *(from o.c., monotone)* ...waving goodbye...I just stood there waving goodbye...

*(On the end of this, cut to a long shot of the classroom, whose walls have crumbled away; they are at the near end. A figure stands at the far end, its back to the camera and its hand upraised in a wave. Close-up of this hand from the front, the girls in the background, looking on. As the voice continues, pan left slightly to show the speaker as Ms. Keane, her eyes wide and bloodshot and her hair and clothes long since gone ragged.)*

**Old woman 2 (Ms. Keane):** I just stood there waving goodbye, and they raced off... *(Behind her.)* Just stood there... *(The girls move to face her.)* Stood there waving goodbye... *(In front of her.)* ...and they raced off...and raced off—

**Blossom:** But, Ms. Keane, we're right here.

**Ms. Keane:** —and vanished for fifty years...fifty years...fifty years...fifty years...

*(Zoom in closer on her face each time she repeats herself, ending with an extreme close-up of her eyes. Back to the girls, who are completely floored by this pronouncement.)*

**Girls:** *(softly)* Fifty years...?

*(We hear "Him"'s effeminate voice laughing triumphantly, and the camera tilts up from the girls slightly. Behind them, mist begins to swirl around the wreckage.)*

**"Him":** *(voice over)* Don't you know, the faster you go— *(Close-up of Blossom, sweating.)* —time slows down.

*(The mist swirls at her feet as he continues.)*

**"Him":** *(voice over)* Your time stopped for fifty years whilst you were out racing around. *(Pull back as the girls turn around.)*

**Blossom:** I know that voice.

*(As “Him” speaks again, the mist gathers behind Blossom and becomes a lick of flame from which he emerges and floats up o.c.)*

**“Him”:** Seconds, minutes, hours, days, and nights crawled by on hands and knees as you raced the speed of light.

*(Back to the girls, their backs to the camera. They turn in surprise.)*

**Bubbles:** *(gasping, pointing up o.c.)* Look! *(Back to “Him.”)*

**“Him”:** Yes! Coming back now? Remember?

*(Buttercup’s schoolyard challenge to her sisters echoes in her head.)*

**Buttercup:** *(memory)* So—which one of you slowpokes wants to race me home?

**Buttercup:** *(hands to head)* No!

**“Him”:** *(evil voice)* Yes! *(flying up; effeminate voice, to evil)* As you raced through time, the whole world went to heck!

**Blossom:** You lie! Don’t believe him, girls! *(They take off and rush him.)*

*(“Him” laughs effeminately and stands his ground as they approach. They deliver a swift series of punches, after which—with tears streaming from their eyes—they land a triple strike that sends him tumbling to the ground. A cloud of dust and rubble flies up when he lands, and he quickly jumps up to face them again. He snaps his claws a few times; camera pans slowly away from the group as we hear punches being thrown. Tattered posters decorate the remnants of the buildings and show various disparaging comments about the girls, the Professor, and the city. The last two read “Mayor Gone at 83!” and “Who Is Him?” The demon’s shadow is steadily knocked backward across the signs.)*

*(Cut back to the girls, standing over a supine “Him.” After a long moment, he raises his head and smiles.)*

**“Him”:** *(effeminate voice)* Are you finished?

*(Close-up of Buttercup, panning slowly from her to Blossom and Bubbles. All three are sweating.)*

**Buttercup:** No, but you are!

**Blossom:** *(panting)* Don’t you know...you can never beat us! *(Back to “Him.”)*

**“Him”:** Beat you? *(He stands up, his eyes glowing.)* But, girls, don’t you see? *(leaping into air, to evil voice)* I’ve already won!

*(We see his arm turn into black steel, his legs thicken, and his body fade briefly into blackness—the only features visible are his grinning mouth and glowing eyes. Lightning cracks across the sky, illuminating his new physique. He now stands many times taller than before, the pink tulle at*

*his collar and hemline replaced by fur. He leans down to address the girls, his voice taking on a new tone of sheer evil.)*

**“Him”:** The beauty lies in the pain. Because it’s *your* fault for leaving! (*Pan slightly right to show a group of haggard townspeople.*) Just ask your friends.

**Townspeople:** (*monotone*) Powerpuff Girls...

**Man 2:** You did this. (*Cut to the girls; a hand points at them.*)

**Townspeople:** (*from o.c.*) You did this.

**Blossom:** (*voice shaking*) No!

**“Him”:** All I did was take over. It was easy!

**Townspeople:** Why’d you leave us, Powerpuff Girls? Why? You weren’t here to protect us. You weren’t here.

*(Back to the girls, now surrounded by a forest of pointing fingers.)*

**Townspeople:** (*from o.c.*) It’s your fault. Your fault. (*Overhead view of them and the girls.*) Your fault. Your fault.

*(They repeat this mantra as the camera cuts to the girls. They are visibly distraught by the accusation.)*

**Blossom:** Wh...wh... (*looking at hands, voice breaking*) What have we done?

*(“Him” laughs maniacally as the chant continues.)*

**Buttercup:** No...No!...NOOOOOO!!

**Bubbles:** (*sobbing, pulling pigtails*) WHYYYYY?? (*She breaks down.*)

*(The girls, now all screaming, take off and head straight into the sky. From outer space, we see them float away from Earth for a long moment. Next they back away from each other slightly, point themselves down toward the planet, and hit the gas. They jam it across the remains of Townsville and disappear in a flash of light and a clap of thunder.)*

*(Cut to a patch of peaceful sky. The girls appear from nowhere and skid to a stop face first in the grass. Blossom is the first to regain her wits; she stands up and looks around herself in puzzlement. Her sisters come around a moment later, and all three gasp, smiling. Above them, the sun shines down on a subdivision that is completely intact. The man from the street corner is walking his dog.)*

**Man 1:** (*waving*) Hi, girls.

**Girls:** (*flying past*) Hi! (*They pass Ms. Keane in the schoolyard.*)

**Ms. Keane:** (*waving*) Hi, girls.

**Girls:** (*from o.c.*) Hi! (*They pass the Mayor and Ms. Bellum outside Townsville Hall. Both wave.*)

**Mayor:** Hi, girls.

**Girls:** (*from o.c.*) Hi!

*(Cut to them in flight and pan quickly to the Professor in the driveway, next to the fully loaded station wagon. He waves to them.)*

**Professor:** Hi, gir—

*(They plow into him and knock him to the ground, talking rapidly about being glad to see him and everybody else as their normal selves. He regards them with some unease. They back off after several seconds.)*

**Professor:** Okay, okay, okay. But if we don't hurry, we'll miss our flight to the Bahamas.

**Blossom:** Sorry, Professor, but we *can't* leave Townsville.

**Buttercup:** Even for one weekend!

**Bubbles:** Can you imagine what would happen if we weren't here to protect it?

**Professor:** *(laughing)* Well, heck if I know.

**Girls:** EXACTLY!

*(The standard end shot comes up.)*

**Narrator:** *(old voice)* So once again— *(normal voice, laughing)* Psych! So once again the day is, was, and forever will be saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! *(under his breath)* I'm never gonna drive over fifty-five again.