

SLUMBERING WITH THE ENEMY

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline in the morning.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville!

(As he continues, pull back and pan along one street in the suburbs. Drivers and pedestrians are shaking hands; so are birds and squirrels.)

Narrator: A friendly town filled with friendly folks. And who better to be friends with? *(Stop on the girls' house and zoom in.)* Why, none other than the Powerpuff Girls!

(Close-up of the welcome mat at the front door; the morning paper is thrown onto it. The door opens, and the Professor's hand reaches out to get the paper. The door slams; cut to him, shuffling down the hall in his robe and slippers. Camera follows him, his head cut off by the top edge of the screen. The floor is littered with pencils, crayons, and bits of paper; as he moves along, we find the source of the mess—the girls are hard at work in the kitchen.)

Girls: *(waving)* Good morning, Professor!

(He shuffles past them, yawning and mumbling. Back to the girls, at a table cluttered with envelopes. The floor around them is covered with scraps. Each of them in turn puts the finishing touches on an envelope, and all three hold them aloft in triumph. They take off, scattering paper everywhere, and fly off across the suburbs. Cut to a girl eating breakfast; the three fly up to the window behind her and hover there. She stops eating, turns her head slowly, then squeals in delight and upsets her cereal bowl. She is off like a shot, running for the front door. Buttercup meets her there and hands her a piece of a paper with a heart on it. Head-on view of the girl, holding this in front of her face; after a moment, she lowers it and nods enthusiastically. She waves to the girls as they take off.)

(Cut to a swing set, where three girls are swinging in unison, then to Blossom in midair. One of the girls swings up into view and takes an envelope out of her hand before descending again. Now Buttercup flies up and gives an envelope to a second girl when she swings up; Bubbles does the same with the third girl. All three swing back up, papers in hand, and nod. They swing down, and the girls take off.)

(Close-up of the surface of a body of water; the girls' reflections become visible in this. Pull back to show it as a small wading pool in the backyard of a house, with them standing next to it. Blossom carries a sheet of paper. After a moment, a girl pops her head up out of the water; she wears swim goggles and has a snorkeling tube in her mouth. Blossom hands her the paper. Head-on view of her, the sheet hiding her face; she lowers it and nods, the snorkel still in her mouth. The girls take off.)

(Long shot of another house. Blossom lands at the end of the driveway, her back to the camera. Extreme close-up of the doorbell as she rings it, then of an ear perking up. The ear is attached to a head with orange hair and a freckled cheek. Close-up of a hand turning the doorknob, then a head-on view of a girl with a sheet of paper in front of her face, the girls facing her. She has curly orange hair that sticks out past the edges—this is the person whose ears perked up—and after a moment, she lowers the paper and nods. She has fat cheeks and buck teeth; this is Julie Bean, whom we met in “Paste Makes Waste.” The girls take off once again.)

(Camera follows them as they fly across Townsville and past the observatory. Stop on this; the telescope rotates to point after them as they continue o.c., then turns back to the direction they came from. It begins to extend itself, zooming in; cut to Julie, now standing on the sidewalk in front of her house and holding the sheet of paper, as the huge objective lens moves into view behind her. Through the telescope, we see that the paper bears the following message in big black letters: “YOU ARE INVITED TO A SLUMBER PARTY AT THE POWERPUFF GIRLS’ HOUSE!” The girls have been delivering invitations to this event.)

[Animation goof: In this shot, the girl’s hair is brown.]

(Back to the observatory, the telescope still extended. Tilt down to ground level as footsteps echo inside. A hatch opens, revealing the silhouette of Mojo Jojo in the doorway. Cut to behind Julie, camera pointing down at her. She is still looking at her invitation. Mojo’s shadow looms behind her; she turns around and screams in fright. He shouts right back at her. After a moment, cut to the long shot of her house; she runs back in and slams the door, the paper fluttering to the sidewalk. Camera follows it down to the sound of Mojo’s laughter; it lands in his shadow.)

(Dissolve to the exterior of the girls’ house at night. We can hear a lot of little people laughing and cheering. Inside, the Professor makes his way into view in the bedroom, which is crowded with girls. He carries a plate of cookies.)

Professor: Girls? Here’s some fresh-baked cookies.

(The doorbell rings; he turns his head to look and hands the plate to the nearest girl. The cookies are quickly passed out.)

Professor: *(calling o.c.)* Oh, okay. Just a sec. *(Pan left to show him struggling to reach the door.)* Coming! Coming!

(He grabs the knob and pulls at it with both hands; cut to the other side of the door, which opens slightly outward. Grunting and straining, he forces his head and shoulders out, then manages to pull the rest of himself free. He slams the door and leans against it, letting his breath out. Now he descends the stairs and crosses the living room to the front door. Side view of the front of the house; he pokes his head out slowly, and the top of a head piled high with blond hair and braids rises into view. He looks down at this; part of a very Mojo-like face peers up at him.)

Professor: Oh, hello there. Come on in. *(The head moves past him into the house.)*

(Back to the bedroom, still crowded with happy party guests. Close-up of the girls in their nightgowns, not looking at the camera.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Oh, girls? Look who's here. *(They turn toward the camera.)* Your friend...

(They gasp sharply in surprise. Cut to the bedroom door; Mojo stands there, wearing makeup, a blue nightgown with a purple heart on the front, and the blond wig.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* ...Mojicia! *(Back to the girls.)*

Blossom: HUDDLE!!

(They hunch down for a quick conference. Camera shifts to point up at them from the floor.)

Buttercup: Who does Mojo think he's kidding?

(The guests approach Mojo.)

Guests: Hi, Mojicia!

Mojo: *(high voice)* Hi!

(He speaks in falsetto until otherwise indicated. Back to the girls, still in the huddle.)

Buttercup: *(puzzled)* Okay...but what's he up to?

Bubbles: Definitely no good!

Blossom: Right. But we can't let our friends know that he's Mojo, or they'll freak. Let's just keep an eye on him.

(Mojo comes up with a plateful of teacups.)

Mojo: Who wants some tea? It's my great-grandma's secret recipe.

(On the end of this, the guests approach and take cups.)

(Close-up of one cup, its contents bubbling and steaming. The girls gasp, and Blossom zips across the room. Alternate between her and a girl raising the cup to her lips. Blossom plows into her just before she can take a sip, and the cup tumbles through the air in slow motion and shatters on the floor. Cut to Bubbles and Buttercup, facing the camera in the background; Blossom lands in front of them. All three wear fiercely proud looks, but these give way to surprise. Mojo stands in front of the guests, drinking a cup of tea.)

Mojo: Ahhh, delicious! *(Four guests follow suit.)*

Tea drinkers: Mmmm! Delicious!

(Back to the girls, looking down at their own cups in bewilderment. They look up at the others, who nod expectantly. Now they drink; close-up of Bubbles, panning slowly across to Blossom and Buttercup. As each girl finishes her tea, she lowers her cup and smiles. Pull back.)

Blossom: Hey! This is pretty good!

Mojo: *(leaning into view)* Of course it is. What did you think it was? Poisoned? *(He giggles and runs across the room to join the rest of the crowd.)*

Blossom: *(laughing nervously)* Yeah.

Mojo: *(to guests)* Okay. Now who want to play hide-and-seek?

Guests: *(raising hands)* I do! I do! I do!

Mojo: *(tapping two guests on heads)* Okay. We'll hide— *(He points o.c.; pan to the girls, putting him out of view.)* —and you seek.

(The girls look uneasily at one another and turn their backs, covering their eyes. They begin counting; pull back as guests run back and forth behind them, looking for places to hide.)

Girls: One, two, three, four— *(Side view of them.)* —five, six, seven, eight—

(Blossom stops counting and turns her head to look over her shoulder.)

Bubbles, Buttercup: —nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen— *(Mojo leans into view, wagging a finger at Blossom.)* —fourteen, fifteen—

Mojo: No peeking! *(He backs off, and Blossom turns again.)*

Girls: —sixteen, seventeen—

(Long shot of the bedroom door; as they count on, he runs to it and out into the hall.)

Girls: *(from o.c.)* —eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one— *(Side view of them.)* —twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five! *(They turn to face the room.)*

Buttercup: We gotta find Mojo!

Bubbles: And fast!

Blossom: Let's check the lab! *(They zip away.)*

(They fly through the house, guests hidden everywhere, and down the stairs to the lab. Blossom peeks into a cabinet full of chemicals and Buttercup makes her way down a counter stacked with glassware—her image distorting to fit the shape of each vessel. Through a microscope, we see a cluster of tiny organisms; camera shifts to show Bubbles peering into the eyepiece for a moment before flying away. Blossom cuts a hole in a piece of machinery with her eye lasers; finding nothing, she moves off. Cut to an open door, from which flasks and test tubes are thrown into view to smash on the floor. After a moment, Buttercup flies out of the doorway. Close-up of Bubbles, holding something over her head and looking around herself; pull back to show a large cabinet in her hands. She zips away, and this crashes to the floor. Drawers are pulled out and emptied, Buttercup tears open the outer shell of a computer cabinet, and Bubbles slams the door of a storage closet, causing two sets of shelves to fall and spill their contents.)

(Cut to the Professor in the living room, holding a newspaper in front of his face. Headline: "RIOTS!" He lowers the paper when he hears the racket. In the lab, the microscope is flung against the screen of a computer, smashing it. A control panel is torn loose from the wall, and a beaker of liquid is tipped onto a stack of papers whose top sheet reads "IMPORTANT PAPERS." The liquid eats through these and the tabletop on which they rest.)

(Close-up of the Professor.)

Professor: Girls! Girls! Girls, what are you doing?!

(As he says this line, pull back in steps to show him at the top of the stairs. The girls are at the foot; Buttercup holds up a couple of flasks, Bubbles holds a cabinet, and Blossom is burning a hole in the floor with her eye lasers. They stop in surprise, throwing the items aside, and turn to face him.)

Buttercup: We're playing hide-and-peek.

Bubbles: And we gotta find Moj—I mean, Mojicia.

Blossom: Yeah, he—I mean, she's up to something.

Professor: *(sarcastically, pointing)* Oh, like hiding behind the plant in the living room?!

(Cut to outside the open door. The girls fly up next to him.)

Girls: Living room?

(Pull back quickly down the hall. Mojo is there, hunched down behind a large flowerpot. The girls confront him.)

Mojo: *(giggling)* Okay, you found me. Now let's play Pin the Tail on the Donkey.

(Still giggling, he runs up the stairs to the bedroom and slams the door. The girls, at the foot of the stairs, are very puzzled by these developments.)

Buttercup: I don't get it.

Bubbles: He's not doing anything wrong.

(Screams from the bedroom startle them out of their cogitations.)

Blossom: Not yet! Come on! *(They dart up the stairs.)*

(Cut to inside the bedroom door; they burst in, ready for action. They gasp in shock; pull back as Mojo's arm rises into view, holding a long needle. Alternate between shots of running, shrieking party guests and the needle descending toward its target, then of the guests and a blindfolded Mojo running about. Finally we see the crowd from his perspective—or what it would be if he could see—with the needle advancing straight toward them. Snap to black; the noise cuts off.)

(Wipe to a picture of a donkey on the wall, with a cloth tail pinned more or less in the correct position. Tilt down to a couple of guests looking up at it happily, then pull back to show the crowd and Mojo. They cheer his success at the game.)

Mojo: I did it! Ooh, I just love slumber parties! *(He giggles.)*

(The girls, standing in the doorway, are at a loss over what to make of the situation. The cheering continues.)

Buttercup: You know, I think he means it.

Bubbles: Yeah! He's not being bad at all!

Blossom: Well, in that case, there's only one thing to do. *(calling o.c.)* Hey, Mojicia!

Mojo: Yes?

Girls: IT'S PARTY TIME!!

(The view begins to spin and dissolves to a close-up of a record on a phonograph turntable. An organ-heavy melody starts up; it falls somewhere between Ray Charles and the Grateful Dead. Everybody dances to the beat. We see two girls getting down against a background of multicolored polka dots. They dance toward the camera; now Bubbles is lifted into view on Mojo's arm, the backdrop blue with white stars. They drop out of sight, and Bubbles lifts Mojo. Two girls dance, red hearts on a pink field behind them; next Buttercup and Blossom kick in midair, as if doing the backstroke, in front of rainbow stripes. Now we see all three of them with Mojo on the polka dots, in a series of freeze frames.)

(A magazine festooned with pictures of teen idols is lifted into view; pull back to show several of the guests, including Mojo and the girls, looking at it, then pan slowly across the pages. They swoon over various pictures, including caricatures of Craig McCracken and Don Shank; Mojo gets an eyeful of a hairy ape and smiles.)

(A rack of clothes is pulled across the scene, which cuts to the open closet, with Mojo bent over in it and throwing items over his shoulder to form a huge pile. The girls and their guests pop their heads out, laughing. Hairbrushes, mirrors, and cosmetics are seized, and we see a freeze frame of Mojo and the girls dressed up as a quartet of Southern belles. The top of Mojo's hat is cut away to make room for his wig. They next appear in party dresses, as ballerinas, as a bride and bridesmaids, in cheerleader outfits, as a queen and princesses, in swimsuits—with Bubbles pulling down Mojo's bottom—and finally in their regular dresses. Mojo wears a blue one in this last shot. Cut to the exterior of the house, lights flashing from the bedroom windows. Fade to black as the music dies away.)

(Fade in to the bedroom, at the windows, and pan across it. Everybody is asleep; stop on the girls, curled up with Mojo on the other side of the room. After a moment, he opens one eye and looks around himself to make sure they are asleep, then jumps up and quickly slips pillows under them to keep them from hitting their heads on the floor. Cut to the hall; the door opens, and the camera pans left as Mojo's shadow makes its way along the wall. Now we see the Professor's room from the inside. While he sleeps, the monkey's silhouette eases into view and tiptoes past the doorway.)

(Mojo's shadow descends the stairs and crosses the living room, the camera following. Head-on view of the lab door as the shadow looms over it. Inside the lab, the door is thrown open and the silhouetted figure stands at the top of the stairs. As the camera follows, the shadow descends once again and is now cast over rows of shelves laden with bottles of chemicals. Stop on a large round flask labeled "Antidote X.")

(Cut back to the bedroom: a long shot of the door. Everybody is still fast asleep. The door is flung open; zoom in on Mojo, standing in the doorway. He no longer speaks in falsetto.)

Mojo: WAKEY-WAKEY!!

(The girls, sleeping near the doorway, begin to wake up.)

Girls: *(sleepily)* Huh? *(They snap awake and gasp sharply.)*

Buttercup: I knew it!

Bubbles: He is a party-poopier after all!

Blossom: Let's get him!

(They rush at Mojo, but just before they reach him, he pulls out the flask of Antidote X and hurls its contents, dousing them. The splash is shown three times, zooming in closer on the girls each time, after which they tumble to the ground. Close-up of the empty flask, dripping residue, in Mojo's hand. Tilt up to his head as he speaks and lifts the flask.)

Mojo: Thanks to Antidote X— *(Pull back.)* —I have finally defeated— *(Pull back again to show the girls.)* —the Powerpuff Girls!

(He laughs madly; close-up of the unconscious girls, tilting up from them to show the crowd of shocked guests behind. Close-up of Mojo, rubbing the flask lovingly, then tilt down to floor level as three guests approach him on their knees.)

Girl: Why, Mojicia? Why? How could you be so mean? *(Back to Mojo.)*

Mojo: Mojicia? I think you mean—

(Head-on view of the crowd; the blond wig is thrown down in front of them.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* —Mojo Jojo! *(They scream in fear.)*

Guests: IT'S MOJO!!

(They run in all directions, screaming hysterically, while Mojo looks on in delight; he is back in his normal outfit. He advances into the room.)

Mojo: That's right! Scream! Cower! Fear me! Because now that the once-powerful Powerpuffs— *(His perspective of the girls.)* —are now powerless— *(Tilt up to the crowd; he points at them.)* —you have no one to protect you!

(The group again; he leans over them menacingly.)

Mojo: You are without protection! You are sans protectors! *(imitating the girls' powers)* No more flying! No more laser eyes! No more super speed or ice breath! And no more power punches! *(rubbing jaw)* Definitely no more power punches.

(He leans over the girls.)

Mojo: *(mock pity)* Oh, Powerpuff Girls, look at you. You're just like your friends here. *(standing up, gloating)* You are exactly the same as they are.

(Close-ups of Buttercup, Bubbles, and Blossom in time with the next line.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Weak, helpless, and scared! *(Floor-level view of the four.)* You are now—dare I say it? *(leaning over them)* NORMAL LITTLE GIRLS!!

(Cut to a slow pan across the guests, every one of whom looks fighting mad.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Useless, normal little girls who can't do anything, because they are normal!

(Cut back to him; he laughs maniacally. His celebration is abruptly cut short by a pillow slammed into his face. The other guests charge in to attack.)

Narrator: Go, normal girls! Go!

(Mojo, now lying on the floor, finds himself in the shadow of the advancing horde. He is bashed about by pillows from all directions and then begins to get knocked back and forth by two hard-swinging party guests. The girls, lying in the shadow of this punching-bag routine, moan and begin to regain consciousness; when they come to fully, they look with admiration toward their o.c. saviors. Camera shifts to show Mojo, curled up in a ball on the floor and trying vainly to protect himself from the crowd that surrounds him.)

Narrator: So for the very first time—

(The background for the end shot comes up, and the organ music begins again.)

Narrator: —the day is saved—

(Several of the guests appear, flexing their muscles and looking fierce.)

Narrator: —thanks to the normal little girls!