

THE MANE EVENT
Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville... *(Pan across the suburbs to the girls' house.)* ...where at this very moment our girls are tangled in another hair-raising situation!

(Inside, the girls are asleep in their bedroom. For once, Blossom is not wearing her hair bow; this will be true through the next two sequences. Sunlight steals across the scene, illuminating them. Close-up of the top of Bubbles' head, the rest covered by the blanket. She sits up, and we see that her hair is a total wreck. Cut to the other side of the bed, where a ragged patch of black can be seen. Buttercup wakes up yawning and patting her hair, which also looks a mess. Pull back to bring the whole bed into frame; the two look at each other with sleep-clouded eyes, then down at the top of Blossom's head between them.)

(Close-up of her as the covers slide away from her head and she slowly opens her eyes. Her sisters watch in disbelief as she sits up and loosens her hair, letting it fall free behind her. Unlike the other times we have seen her sleeping, she does not wear her bow. She swings her head from side to side, her hair looking quite presentable. The other two exchange a knowing glance while Blossom floats above them, still swinging that curtain of hair.)

(Dissolve to the girls, now clothed and cleaned up, at the end of the bed. Bubbles and Buttercup are brushing Blossom's hair.)

Bubbles: Oh, Blossom, your hair is soooo beautiful.

(As she says this, cut to a close-up of the hair on her side and pan to the ends; they curl and shine when she brushes them. Cut to Blossom.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Yeah. All you need are a couple of barrettes— *(Pan over to her; she snaps clips into place.)* —and some of this for hold.

(She produces a can of hairspray and applies it liberally, causing Blossom to cough.)

Buttercup: And there you have it. A racetrack with hairpin turns!

(She has constructed a figure-eight track on which several toy cars race around. Bubbles flies into view to look at it.)

Bubbles: That's stupid!

Buttercup: *(pointing o.c.)* Oh—

(Cut to a rabbit made of hair, with two flower clips for eyes and a heart barrette for a mouth.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* —but Fluffy the Hair Bunny is cool? *(Bubbles flies into view.)*

Bubbles: *(hugging rabbit)* Yes. Blossom loves Fluffy. Don't you, Blossom?

(The end of the bed again. Bubbles and Buttercup are enjoying their creations, but Blossom looks quite annoyed. Quick zoom in on her.)

Blossom: CUT IT OUT!!

(Each of the others is surprised by her reaction.)

Blossom: And give me a *real* hairdo.

Bubbles: *(combing)* Sure, sure. Just gotta comb out a few tangles.

Buttercup: *(pulling, straining)* And get rid of a...couple of...knots!

(She pulls harder and harder at a matted strand. Suddenly a flash of light fills the screen, and a loud ripping sound is heard. She finds herself staring at a large handful of red-orange hair. Bubbles floats into view next to her; both look very worried. Camera turns around, and we see the source of their anxiety: a large bald patch at the back of Blossom's head. Zoom in on this briefly, then back to the other two. Buttercup drops the hair.)

Bubbles, Buttercup: *(clapping hands to mouths)* Oh!

(They look at each other. Camera turns around again.)

Blossom: What's going on back there? *(Buttercup appears with scissors.)*

Buttercup: Uh—nothing. *(Bubbles appears with scissors.)*

Bubbles: Uh—just gotta trim a few split ends. *(She giggles nervously.)*

(The two of them go to work; scraps of hair fly everywhere and collect on the floor by the bed. When they finish, close-up of them, hands to chins in nervous thought. Long silence as they turn their eyes to each other. The buzzing of the hotline breaks their pensive mood. Close-up of it.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* I got it!

(She reaches into view to answer the call, and the camera tilts up to her face. Her hairline is not visible above her eyes.)

Blossom: Yes, Mayor?...Whoa. No way!...Right. We're on it!

(Cut to the other two standing at the foot of the bed, to the sound of the phone being hung up. Her shadow advances into view, her hair looking decidedly odd.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Girls! Trouble! Move out!

(Their cheeks swell up with laughter they are trying desperately to suppress. Extreme close-up of Blossom; pull back to show all of her. Her hair has been randomly chopped short, there is nothing left on top but a single long tuft, and her bow is missing. Long silence.)

Blossom: What?

(Cut to behind her; we see the others to either side. They shake their heads, still struggling not to laugh out loud.)

Blossom: Whatever. *(Camera shifts to between Bubbles and Buttercup.)* Sometimes you guys are so weird. Come on! *(She takes off.)*

(Cut to them again, zooming in slowly as bits of hair drift down from above. After a few more seconds of stifling their laughter, they finally let it go. Cut to Blossom in flight.)

Narrator: Go, girls! Go! *(He too starts to laugh.)*

(Bubbles and Buttercup fall in behind Blossom, giggling. In the city, something large, black, and round rises slowly into the sky. People watch, frozen with fear, as its shadow falls over them. The object stops directly in front of the sun, blocking it out entirely. After a long silence, it opens a single huge, glowing blue eye; now the people scream and run. The ball fires a beam from its eye and destroys a building. Several other structures receive the same treatment. Next a bridge is demolished, followed by a gasoline refinery—Gas Is Best. A tanker on the water is hit, as is the water itself; the tanker is wrecked, and the water evaporates to leave the ship in dry dock.)

(Two fighter jets fly toward the monster.)

Pilot 1: *(over radio)* Roger, Bravo Delta, this is Sitting Duck. I have bogey clean in my sights, and I'm, uh, gonna shoot bullets at it now.

(The monster opens dozens of eyes all over its surface. A beam strikes the jet and blows it out of the sky, with the pilot bailing out.)

Pilot 2: *(over radio)* Did you get him?

(The second jet is also blasted, and the creature floats away over the city. Cut to the crowd, looking up in terror.)

Woman: I can't believe it!

Man 1: I think this is the end!

Man 2: Ay-ay-ay!

[Note: Read these lines out loud for full effect.]

(The girls fly in over their heads—Blossom in the lead, Bubbles and Buttercup behind her, smiling.)

Blossom: I'm gonna teach you a lesson— *(They stop before the main eye.)* —Mr. Evil Eye! So, you think you can just roll into town and start vaporizing everything in sight?! Well, look here, buddy, you can't!

[Animation goof: Buttercup is briefly seen in a pink dress during this sequence.]

(The screen is briefly filled with images of her—the world from the monster's point of view.)

Blossom: *(echoing)* This is a happy and peaceful place—

(Normal perspective and sound again: extreme close-up of Blossom, moving about to see various parts of her head.)

Blossom: —and folks here don't take kindly to this type of behavior. *(Shift to behind her.)*
Now— *(Her perspective of the creature.)* —I'm gonna give you a chance to stop this senseless destruction, once and for all.

(On each of these last four words, cut to an extreme close-up of a different part of her head. Pull back to show all three girls.)

Blossom: So, champ— *(Behind her; pull back.)* —what's it gonna be?

(A pause, after which the monster begins to laugh— softly at first, then louder; with its eyes squeezed shut all along. Close-up of Blossom.)

Blossom: *(surprised)* What?

(The crowd on the ground also breaks into laughter.)

Blossom: What?

(Her sisters are laughing again.)

Blossom: What's so funny?

Bubbles, Buttercup: *(pointing)* You!

Blossom: Me? But what's so funny about—

(She cuts herself off, gasping in shock. Pan left slightly to show a building's window, in which she sees her reflection for the first time since the World's Worst Haircut. She screams and flees the scene.)

Bubbles: Blossom, wait! It's not that bad! *(She starts laughing, and Buttercup joins her.)*

(The crowd continues to laugh along with them and the monster, which floats slowly down until it is behind the two girls. Suddenly all its eyes pop open, but it takes everyone a moment to notice

this. The two turn around to face it just in time to get blasted into the pavement. They quickly climb out of their craters to attack again as the monster floats along, firing beams in all directions. It turns to face them and shoots them down again.)

(Overhead view of the street, with two holes side by side. The following three lines are delivered from inside them.)

Buttercup: Bubbles...this isn't working. We need to—

Bubbles: Try a sneak attack?

Buttercup: Bingo!

(They take off in opposite directions. Bubbles removes the wrecking ball from a crane and takes cover among a group of buildings, waiting for the right moment to strike. She swings the ball on the end of its chain and prepares to heave it, only to have it blasted out of her hands. Buttercup flies to a water tank and tears it loose to use as a spear. As she closes in, the monster retreats behind a building and fires a beam, destroying the tank and spilling the water all over her.)

(Bubbles flies to a building and tears the spire from its roof; it is blown away before she can use it. Pull back slightly to show this scene framed on a TV screen, then cut to a news room. Stanley Whitfield is at the anchor desk, with a graphic of the monster and the words "Eye Carumba" displayed next to him.)

Whitfield: This has been the scene all afternoon.

(Side view of Blossom, sitting by herself in a darkened bedroom at home and watching the broadcast. She has a blanket pulled up around herself to hide her hair.)

Whitfield: It seems the monster's ability to see everything at all times has virtually eliminated any chance of attack by the Powerpuff Girls. *(Close-up of Blossom, looking very despondent; the TV is still heard.)* At this time, all we can do is wait for our tragic, inevitable doom.

Blossom: Oh... *(She pulls the blanket tighter around herself.)*

Whitfield: *(on TV)* But as we do, let's remember the things that brought us joy, like...Blossom's haircut! *(Her eyes pop open.)* What's the matter, Blossom? Did you get in a fight with a pair of scissors and lose? *(He laughs; she pulls the blanket tighter and hangs her head.)*

(Camera shifts to point at the open door. The Professor walks by and sees Blossom.)

Whitfield: *(on TV)* Boy, did she look stupid.

Professor: *(leaning in)* Blossom?

Blossom: Go away!

(The end of the bed.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* What's the matter, honey? *(walking into view)* Why are you sitting here alone in the dark? *(sitting down next to her)* Are you okay?

Blossom: *(voice quivering)* I'm fine!

Professor: You don't sound fine to me. Now come out from under there and show me a smile.

Blossom: No!

Professor: Aw, come on, Blossom. I bet it can't be *that* bad.

(She glares at him and removes the blanket, exposing her hair. He recoils in shock.)

Professor: Whoa! *(She puts the blanket back in place.)* I mean, uh...oh! You've...cut your hair?

Blossom: No, Bubbles and Buttercup butchered it. And they and Townsville and even the monster all laughed at me. I'm never going outside again.

(Camera shifts to behind the two; we see the other girls being blasted on TV.)

Professor: But, Blossom, your sisters need your help. *(Head-on view of him and Blossom.)*

Blossom: But everyone'll laugh at me.

Professor: And that's a bad thing? Blossom, you need to turn this hair-*don't*— *(uncovering her head)*—into a hair-*do*. Understand?

(She thinks for a moment, and her face suddenly brightens.)

Blossom: Yes! *(zipping out through door)* Thank you!

(After she is gone, he starts to snicker and snort, and finally dissolves into a gale of laughter.)

(In the city, the monster is again wiping out one building after another. Bubbles and Buttercup hide behind one only to have it destroyed a moment later. They take cover behind a school bus, then a pile of concrete blocks, then a STOP sign; each piece of cover is blown away. Bubbles' pigtails try to beat their own retreat after the blocks go. Finally they perch side by side on a pair of girders sticking out from a building under construction. A completed structure is next to them.)

Buttercup: *(panting)* It's no use! We can't hide!

Bubbles: Oh, no! Look!

(The building is vaporized, and the monster looms up over them and prepares to finish them off.)

Narrator: Oh, myopia! It looks like this is it for our girls! Oh, I can't bear to watch!

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Hey, four-hundred-eyes!

(It grunts in surprise and turns its eyes to the left. Pan over to show Blossom hovering near it in all her ragged glory.)

Blossom: What do you think? Toupee or not toupee? *(The monster laughs; she swings her head back and forth, throwing bits of hair about.)* All these dreaded locks. I can't do anything with 'em! *(The monster laughs harder.)* So, I went to the doctor to get some medicine. He said, "What's the problem?" And I said, "Doc, I have this terrible coif!"

(The monster now roars with laughter, all its eyes squeezed shut; pan back to Bubbles and Buttercup on the girders. Buttercup is also laughing, but Bubbles is watching the whole situation intently.)

Bubbles: *(softly, pointing)* Buttercup! Look!

(They see that the monster is off guard and nod to each other. Bubbles fires her eye lasers overhead, cutting a girder loose. Buttercup catches this, pulls it back over her shoulder, and swings with all her might. She connects, and the monster—still laughing—sails into outer space.)

(On the ground, the two girls join the laughing crowd. A moment later, Blossom lands next to them, looking quite tired of the whole situation.)

Blossom: Okay, okay, I know. My hair looks stupid.

Buttercup: *(laughing)* No, Blossom. We're laughing 'cause we're happy.

Bubbles: *(laughing)* Yeah. We thought we were goners!

Buttercup: But we're all really sorry we laughed at you.

Bubbles: Yeah.

Blossom: Really? *(laughing)* But still, I do look really stupid!

Buttercup: I'll say! *(laughing)* Stupid.

Bubbles: *(laughing)* So we're even?

(Blossom thinks for a moment; a wicked grin comes over her face. She fires her eye lasers at her sisters; close-up of them, their hair fried and their eyes wide open in shock.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Yeah. We're even.

Narrator: Who says justice is blind?

(The background for the end shot comes up.)

Narrator: So once again the day is shaved—

(The girls appear: Blossom on the left, laughing at an angry Buttercup and Bubbles on the right. All three are still sporting their mangled hairstyles.)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!