

TOWN AND OUT

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: a decidedly un-Townsville-like skyline, with smoke belching into the sky from tall stacks.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* The town of Citiesville.

(Pull back to show the family station wagon rolling toward this locale. The roof rack is piled high with luggage, and the girls' heads are seen through the rear window.)

Professor: *(from inside car)* It's home to the top research lab in the world.

(Cut to inside the car, behind the girls.)

Bubbles: Yeah, but why are we moving there?

Professor: Well, I took a job offer at their lab. And we have to move here for me to work there.

(The girls look at each other with worry and sadness, then direct their gaze toward the camera. Cut to just behind their heads as Townsville recedes into the distance.)

Bubbles: *(softly)* Bye-bye, Townsville.

(Cut to the edge of the city limits. A large billboard displays the message "Welcome to Citiesville," as well as plenty of added graffiti. Garbage is strewn along the side of the road. A bridge leads across a body of water to the city proper; the station wagon heads toward this.)

Professor: *(from inside car)* I tell you, girls, I'm really excited about this move. *(Overhead view of the car on the bridge.)* A new start, new places, new friends— *(chuckling)* —I can't wait!

(They reach the other end of the bridge.)

Professor: *(from inside car)* And if what I've heard is true, Citiesville is a great place to live.

(The family rolls through the streets—which do not exactly form the most inviting milieu for a man to raise three kindergarten-age girls. A dingy, seedy, run-down quality permeates the place, and this is only reinforced by the first place of lodging we see: the Shady Inn Motel. Through the front window, a man is seen slumped over at a desk and watching a TV. Another man, this one wearing a black coat and cap, steps out and addresses himself to the one inside.)

Black-coated man: Hey, I'm going to work, Jim. I'll be back in a while.

(He pulls his cap down over his face—it is actually a ski mask—and pulls a gun out of his coat. Cocking it, he walks o.c. just before the Professor pulls up and stops.)

Professor: Here we are. Looks nice and safe.

(Tilt slowly up from street level as sirens wail and gunshots ring out in the distance. From all visual indications, the Professor is completely off the mark in his assessment of the neighborhood. Helicopter searchlight beams sweep across the building.)

(Snap to black as the jingling of keys is heard. One is fitted into a lock, and the knob is turned. As a light switch clicks, snap to an overhead view of the family at the doorway of a rather squalid room, with garbage in the corner and some unidentifiable liquid splashed on the floor and walls. The Professor has his hand on the switch. Cockroaches scurry away just after the lights come on; the four look around with no small degree of concern.)

(The rest of the room is no better. The only light, from a single naked bulb, illuminates a leaky ceiling and windows with torn curtains. A dirty, bare mattress and cast-iron radiator huddle at the far end; along the left wall are a shattered mirror and an overflowing sink and toilet. A filthy trash can sits near this last. More disgusting pools of liquid line the edges of the floor, and the walls and ceiling are covered with holes and stains.)

(A roach scuttles past in front of the girls. Tilt up from them to the Professor, who seems quite impressed with the circumstances.)

Professor: Wow! This is great! *(Cut to outside their windows, looking in.)* Well, look at that. It's got a bathroom right there in the kitchen!

(Pull back into the city; now it is nighttime, and a police chopper flies past. The sky fades to morning as car horns start to blare. The chopper buzzes the motel again. Inside, Blossom looks out the window and turns back to the camera nervously.)

Blossom: I don't see it.

(The Professor is helping Bubbles get her backpack on; Buttercup already has hers. Blossom flies into view.)

Blossom: Professor, how are we gonna fly to school...if we don't know where it is?

(Wipe to a close-up of the back of a school bus. The girls look dejectedly out the window, at the camera, as the bus rumbles away. Inside, they sit hunched down and look very small on the back seat; Blossom now has her backpack as well. They sigh heavily. A brown-haired girl addresses them; she sounds very much like a valley girl.)

Girl: Hi! You must be the new kids. *(Pause.)* Oh...my...gosh! I just love your matching dresses! *(The girls smile at this.)*

Blossom: Really?

Girl: *(smiling broadly)* No-ooo!

(She laughs at them; each girl's expression changes in much the expected way. Bubbles looks crushed, Blossom shocked, Buttercup angry. Pan slowly toward the front of the bus as the other kids join in the amusement. Even the driver is having a laugh at their expense. Back to the girls; now Blossom looks sad and Bubbles has tears in her eyes.)

(The bus rolls through a gate in a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. Behind this fence is a group of squat, ugly gray buildings that also sport barbed wire. The gate slams shut behind the bus, and the girls look out the window with considerable unease.)

Blossom: *(voice over)* Anyway, there'll just be certain emergencies—

(Cut to them, seen from over a teacher's desk. Bubbles smiles nervously.)

Blossom: —where we'll just *have* to be excused. *(She smiles.)*

(The teacher is now seen from the other side of the desk. He is reading a newspaper, which he lowers to show himself—the very stereotype of the gym teacher who has to give instruction in an academic subject as well. Thickly built, balding, hairy arms, not ready to put up with much garbage. Behind him on the board is the class assignment: “READ CHAPTERS 1-77 QUIETLY!!” Long silence.)

Teacher: Take your seats.

Blossom: But— *(He points out into the classroom.)*

(They float toward the back of the room as the other students snicker and giggle. Close-up of Bubbles at a regular desk, not looking too enthusiastic.)

Voice: Psst!

(She turns to look, and we see the speaker, a boy with a straw near his mouth. He takes a breath and blows, and a spitball catches her in the face. She turns in the other direction.)

Bubbles: You guys! *(Cut to her sisters, covered with spitballs.)*

Blossom, Buttercup: We know.

(The sound of a distant fire-engine siren rouses them from their sulking, and they zip over to the window with smiles on their faces. Cut to just outside; flames are reflected in the glass, then cut to an overhead view of the street as an engine rolls toward a group of burning buildings. The girls turn toward the teacher.)

Girls: Teacher, may we please be excused to save the town?

(He shoots them a very dirty look; cut to them at a table, with their backs to the window. The fire rages behind them, and they do not enjoy the prospect of being unable to do anything about it.)

(Wipe to the Professor in the motel room, reading a paper. The door closes o.c.; the girls stand at it, their faces telling the story of how their day went. He lowers his paper and smiles.)

Professor: Hi, girls!

Blossom: Professor, what do you think of this town?

Professor: *(throwing paper aside, nearly raving)* It's great! *(jumping over to them)* I just absolutely love it! It's like a real city here! And the people...you know what I mean?

(The girls trade a worried look. He opens the window; we hear traffic from the street.)

Professor: Can't you just feel the energy? *(Cut to outside; he pokes his head out.)* I LOVE THIS TOWN!!

(Pull back across the block, his voice echoing in the air over the gunshots and car horns.)

Male voice: Aw, shut up, you jerk! *(Back inside the window.)*

Professor: *(pulling head in, pointing out)* City folk. So how was your day?

(A pause, after which Blossom laughs nervously and starts to trade looks with her sisters.)

Blossom: Um...uh...oh...yeah, great.

(Bubbles and Buttercup make several light, throwaway comments about how well the day went. The Professor smiles.)

Professor: Great!

Bubbles, Buttercup: *(sarcastically, to Blossom)* Great.

(Wipe to the girls in flight.)

Blossom: Look, as soon as we sort everything out with their Mayor, everything will fall into place.

(They fly across the city and arrive at a building with a tall central section, not unlike the seat of government in Los Angeles.)

Blossom: *(voice over)* We're superhero crime-fighters, and since we're new in town—

(Cut to the girls in a well-lit office, addressing themselves to a thin, carefully coiffed man at a desk—the receptionist. He regards them with a big smile.)

Blossom: —we thought we'd drop by and get acquainted with the Mayor.

Receptionist: Uh-huh! Well, that sounds just great. But, since you don't have an appointment—*(his smile vanishing)* —you're going to have to wait over there—*(his smile returning)* —
hmmm?

(He points o.c. at the appropriate moment. Cut to the girls, sitting on a couch in the office and wearing expectant smiles. The only sound is the ticking of the wall clock at the other end of the room. After a few seconds, dissolve to the girls still on the couch, but after a lapse of several hours by the clock. Bubbles and Buttercup are asleep, while Blossom sits with chin in hands. Finally the man speaks again, snapping them to attention.)

Receptionist: *(from o.c.)* Powderpuff Girls?

Blossom: Here.

(Cut to an inner office, done in dark wood paneling. A tall, gaunt, white-haired man sits at a desk at the far end, with a telephone in hand. Behind him is a large window, with a flagpole next to it. A woman and another man—members of his staff—are checking files and looking over documents. As the receptionist speaks, pull back to show a reporter seated on a couch, notepad in hand, and the girls at the edge of the scene.)

Receptionist: *(from o.c., reverently)* The Mayor...will see you now.

(Another man walks into view and gives a file to the female staff member. The man at the desk, the Mayor of Citiesville, calls to the girls; his voice is loud and businesslike—the diametric opposite of the Mayor they left behind.)

Citiesville Mayor: Come on in, boys.

(They step in, the last man crossing in front of them. The first male staff member extends a sheet to the Mayor.)

Male staff member: Here's that very important document, sir.

(He gives the sheet over, and it is promptly signed—and this Mayor does not have to ask how to spell his own name.)

Citiesville Mayor: Okay... *(handing it back)* Now, how can I help you?

Blossom: Actually, Mr. Mayor, we're here to help *you*. You see, we're the Powerpuff Girls, and we're superheroes, and we have superpowers, and we fight crime and beat up bad guys and stuff.

Bubbles: *(striking flying pose)* And we can fly around... Whee! Whoo!

Blossom: And we brought you this hotline phone— *(Buttercup produces it from behind her back.)* —so if you're ever in trouble, you can just give us a call.

(They smile broadly; the Mayor regards them for a moment.)

Citiesville Mayor: Um...okay. Well, I already have a phone, so if you could please get to the point. As you can see, I'm a very busy man.

(Long, nervous silence.)

Blossom: Uh... *(whispering, to her sisters)* Now what?

Buttercup: We're superheroes! We're here to help you fight crime! (*The Mayor's phone buzzes.*)

Citiesville Mayor: Yes. (*pressing button*) Uh, Philip?

(*The voice on the phone is that of the receptionist.*)

Receptionist (Philip): The Chief of Police is on line nine. He says it's urgent.

Citiesville Mayor: What is it, Chief?

Chief: (*over phone*) Tom! The City First Bank was just robbed again! If I don't get more officers, I don't know what! (*Close-up of the girls.*)

Citiesville Mayor: (*from o.c.*) I'm working on the bill as we speak. I don't know what else I can tell you.

Blossom: (*smiling, to her sisters*) The bank's been robbed! This is our chance to prove ourselves! (*Bubbles nods.*)

(*Cut to two crooks speeding down the street. A sack of cash sits between them. They look out behind them, then at each other, and grin broadly. The car lays rubber through Citiesville as several squad cars join the pursuit. One of them skids out and smashes into a parked car; the others continue the chase. A policeman speaks into his radio.*)

Policeman: This is Car Fifty-Four. They just passed the Children's Hospital and they're heading north on Murray. (*The girls fly overhead and assess the situation.*)

Blossom: There they are!

(*The crooks are still ahead of their pursuers.*)

Driver: Watch this!

(*He pulls the gearshift lever and backs the car neatly into a very narrow alley. The cops speed past, and the two men laugh over their foiling of the chase. Close-up of them; the top of Buttercup's head and the edge of Blossom's hair bow are just visible before them. Three familiar voices shake them out of their celebration.*)

Girls: (*from o.c.*) Not so fast, bad guys! (*Pull back to show them standing in front of the car.*)

Driver: Hey, go play somewheres else, you little brats!

Buttercup: Brats?!

(*She slams her hand down on the hood of the car, denting it considerably and damaging the radiator badly enough to make steam rise from it. The crooks look at each other uneasily, then scream in terror and back the car out the other end of the alley. It just barely misses two other vehicles as it does a screeching turn and roars off down the street. The girls give chase, just missing these others as well. A car crashes into one of them. Cut to the girls in flight, approaching the bridge.*)

Blossom: He's heading for the bridge! Quick! Starburst formation!

(They stop in midair and reach ahead of themselves, firing laser beams from their hands toward a point just in front of Blossom. The beams merge into a single broad one that strikes the bridge ahead of the crooks. This is reflected in their windshield just before the bridge disappears in a colossal explosion. Half of it is blown away; the brakes are slammed on as the getaway car zooms toward the broken edge. The slowdown comes too late, though, and the crooks tumble screaming into the air. An expected splash is never heard, as the girls carry the car to safety. Sirens wail through the night as it is set down on the pavement in front of the squad cars. The girls stand by it, looking very proud of their own achievements.)

Blossom: People of Citiesville! Fear no more! Behold your saviors—the Powerpuff Girls! Here to stamp out crime and villainy and bring safety to all! *(A policeman approaches.)* No thanks necessary, Officer, just doing what comes naturally.

(The policeman says nothing, but only stands over them with a zombie-like expression on his face. After a moment, his mouth twists into a grimace and his eyes bug out and become bloodshot. Blossom grins crookedly up at him.)

Buttercup: *(softly)* Hey, let's get outta here! *(The girls take off.)*

(Cut to the Professor, again reading the paper in the motel room. The door opens and closes o.c.; the girls are “home” again and not looking at all happy.)

Blossom: Professor?

Professor: *(almost raving)* What a day! Am I right?

Buttercup: Oh, brother! *(The hotline buzzes o.c.; the girls perk up.)*

Blossom: Well, I...guess it was pretty good.

(Cut to the hotline, sitting in a corner. Blossom slides up to it and answers.)

Blossom: Hello?...Uh-huh...Yes! Okay. *(away from receiver)* It's the Mayor's office. He wants to see us right away.

(Cut to the exterior of the government center, then to the Mayor in his office. He sits on his desk, on the side away from the girls, and turns his upper body so that he faces them. Long silence, during which the camera zooms in very slowly.)

Citiesville Mayor: *(quietly, sternly)* Let me tell you some words. At what point did it seem like a good idea to blow up the Cityville [*sic*] Bridge?

Blossom: Uhh—

Citiesville Mayor: No! *(getting off desk)* Do you realize the two crooks that you caught stole approximately four hundred dollars? *(becoming much angrier)* Do you realize that you did over three *MILLION* dollars in property damage to that bridge?!

(He holds up four fingers on the word “four” and pounds the desk on the word “million.”)

Citiesville Mayor: IT'S NOT REPLACEABLE! (*A scared Blossom blinks up at him; he sighs.*) Also, that bridge is—or *was*—a historical landmark. (*unfurling flag on pole*) I mean, it's on our flag, for Pete's sakes! It's also the main thoroughfare into the city! (*dropping flag*) Nobody actually *lives* in Citiesville! (*sobbing*) They commute!

[*Goofs: The flag suddenly changes from the Stars and Stripes to a blank field. Also, it shows the bridge but gives the city name as Citysville USA.*]

(*He breaks down for a moment, then glares at the girls and holds up a piece of paper.*)

Citiesville Mayor: This is a bill prohibiting the use of superpowers in the town of Citiesville. (*signing it*) You're hereby forbidden by law to use any of your powers within the city limits.

(*He hands the document to the girls.*)

Citiesville Mayor: (*pointing o.c., menacingly*) Now get out of my sight!

(*Cut to them in flight, looking quite dismayed at what has just happened. A police chopper, its siren wailing, pulls ahead and places itself in their path. They stop short.*)

Pilot: (*from inside chopper, over loudspeaker*) Attention! This is the Citiesville Police Department! You are flying in a no-fly zone! Land now! (*They drop to the ground; the chopper flies away.*)

Buttercup: Looks like we're hoofing it.

(*As the girls start o.c., a bus rolls by and spews out a cloud of exhaust that makes Blossom cough. Cut to the three on foot.*)

Bubbles: I guess it could be worse.

(*A pigeon flies over and relieves itself squarely onto her head. She takes this very poorly. They continue down the street and are addressed by a man's gravelly voice after a few steps.*)

Gravelly voice: Hey, ladies.

(*On the end of this, the speaker's figure comes partially into view—long hair, tattoo around one arm, a shirt that does not make it all the way to his beltline. Cut to the view from the street, the camera moving with the girls. He has tinted eyeglasses and a fanny pack turned around to the front, and he looks very much like an aging hippie.*)

Hippie: Nice dresses. (*He laughs sarcastically.*)

(*Cut to the girls on another block. A car speeds past and splashes them with water from a puddle, after which a bum pushes a shopping cart full of his worldly goods across the street in front of them.*)

Bum: Hi, now. I'm trying to get to three million dollars. (*holding out hand*) Can you help me out?

(*The girls give him a disgusted look as they pass. He calls after them.*)

Bum: Ahh, forget you, then! Someday you'll learn the importance of helping others!

(*Wipe to another block, at the corner of 9th and 3rd. Buttercup steps in a wad of gum as the girls trudge along.*)

Buttercup: (*trying to pull free*) Oh, man! (*She succeeds and sighs disgustedly.*)

(*Wipe to them looking in bewilderment at the camera. Long silence.*)

Bubbles: What now? (*Pull back quickly to the far end of the smashed bridge.*)

Blossom: (*echoing*) We live over *there*, remember? (*A foghorn sounds.*)

(*Back to the girls, who are now climbing down the muddy slope and trying not to slide if they can help it. Gravity and a lack of friction defeat them, though, and they end up in a puddle at the edge of the water. Now splattered with muck, they wade in.*)

Buttercup: (*shuddering*) Cold...cold...cold...

(*Wipe to them as they make their way out on the other side. It is now early morning, and they look thoroughly fed up with the prospect of life in Citiesville. They begin to climb the slope on that side. Dissolve to a close-up of a newspaper showing a photo of a man who looks very much like Don Shank. We hear a door being thrown open, and the paper is lowered to show the girls—mud and all—at the entrance to the family's room. Cut to the Professor, paper in hand. Long silence, after which he smiles.*)

Professor: So, how did it go with the Mayor?

Blossom: Professor...we tried to tell you before, but you—

Buttercup: *This place stinks!*

Bubbles: I wanna go home!

(*Back to the Professor, who looks as if he might burst into tears at any moment.*)

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) We tried to tell you, but you wouldn't listen, and we know how much you like it here, and...

(*On the last part of this, his eyes tear up and he reaches up to wipe them.*)

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) Professor?

Girls: Professor?

Professor: (*voice shaking, hand to face*) Oh, girls... (*lowering hand, now ecstatic*) You don't know how happy this makes me!

Girls: Huh?

Professor: Oh, I've been hating it here so much! Hating, hating, hating, hating it! Oh, they pick on me at work, and they call me square, and...oh, so what do you say, kids?

(Close-up of the station wagon's rear window, the camera moving with the car. The reflection of the Citiesville skyline is visible; the girls press up against the glass as it recedes from view. They are happy to see it go.)

Bubbles: *(waving)* Bye-bye, bad old Citiesville! *(Pull back; the car rolls toward their true home.)*

Narrator: And hello, city of Townsville!

(The standard end shot comes up.)

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