

CRISS CROSS CRISIS
Transcribed by Alan Back

[Note: I use the following notation to deal with characters in other people's bodies. When two names are separated by a slash, the first indicates the speaking voice, while the second tells whose body is being used. For example, "Buttercup/Professor" means that Buttercup is speaking while in the Professor's body.]

Act One

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night. After a few seconds, the sun comes up and birds and car horns are heard. It is some moments before the Narrator speaks.)

Narrator: *(tired, yawning)* The city of Townsville, another beautiful morning, same old same old, yadda, yadda, yadda. *(A rattling noise begins; he snaps awake.)* Huh? Wait!

(Pull back quickly to put the city in the background and the girls' house in the fore. A large transmitter tower has been set up next to it; this is the source of the rattling.)

Narrator: What's happening at the Professor's house?

(The tower shakes more violently, and the camera begins to vibrate as well; a low rumbling begins, then grows. A flash of white light fills the screen for an instant, and the shaking and rumbling stop. A few moments later, the sky flashes red once and an energy field begins to radiate out from the transmitter. The waves pass over Townsville Hall, which shakes briefly afterwards. The same occurs at the following locations: the Bank of the Imperial Garden, the Pokey Folks retirement home, Ms. Bellum's house, the Shankaplex cinema—advertising the movie "Freakin' Friday"—and the observatory.)

(Long shot of the city and the suburbs; the energy field is still radiating over the entire view. After a few seconds, the emissions stop and the screen shakes. Long silence.)

Professor: *(from inside house, gasping)* Oh...oh, what have I done?

(Dissolve to inside the girls' bedroom at the windows and pan to the bed. The covers are pulled all the way up; all we see of them are fringes of red-orange and black hair on the pillows.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Girls...girls, wake up!

(They mumble sleepily. Close-up of Buttercup's side of the bed. She yawns.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Buttercup! *(She pulls the covers up and groans sleepily.)* Wake up, Buttercup.

(The covers are thrown back, but the person under them is not Buttercup—it is the Professor, wearing his pajamas and with stubble all over his face. However, the voice is Buttercup's.)

Buttercup/Professor: Professor, it's Saturday! Can't a girl get some sleep? Hmph!

(She pulls the covers back over herself. A moment later, she sits bolt upright.)

Bcup/Prof: *(gasping, shocked)* B-B-B-B...

(She continues stuttering as the camera cuts to her perspective—looking down at the nightgown-clad Buttercup, who speaks in the Professor's voice.)

Professor/Buttercup: Now remain calm, Buttercup.

(Back to Buttercup in bed. She screams and breathes hard, panicked. Holding her hands up in front of herself, she sees that she now has a full set of fingers, which she works back and forth. Her mouth begins to wobble, terror washing over the rest of her face, and after a long moment she breaks down, sobbing and wailing.)

[Animation goof: When her hands are seen for the first time, there are five fingers on each instead of the usual four.]

(A hand reaches into view from the right and socks Buttercup in the shoulder. This hand also has a set of fingers and is attached to an arm with a red sleeve.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Keep it down! I'm trying to sleep!

Bcup/Prof: Hey! *(looking o.c. right, stunned)* Blossom?

(Pull back quickly to show the entire bed, with the Professor looking up over it from the floor. In the center section is Ms. Bellum, wearing a red gown and with her hair a total mess. Of course, her face is not visible under this. She speaks in Blossom's voice.)

Blossom/Ms. Bellum: Professor, what are you doing in bed?

(Close-up of Buttercup, who begins to giggle.)

Blsm/Ms. B: *(from o.c.)* Wait...what's going on?

(Buttercup points o.c.; pan back to Blossom.)

Blsm/Ms. B: What? *(Buttercup reaches into view, holding a mirror up to her.)*

Bcup/Prof: *(from o.c.)* Nice bed head, Blossom!

(Blossom gasps and jumps up, screaming; her hair flies in all directions. Cut to her perspective, looking down at the Professor; now he has a small pipe.)

Blsm/Ms. B: What happened? *(Back to her, standing up in bed.)* I...I...I'm all grown up. *(Down to Buttercup.)*

Bcup/Prof: You're not grown up. You're just inside Ms. Bellum's all-grown-up body. (*Down to the Professor.*)

Prof/Bcup: That's right, Buttercup.

Blsm/Ms. B: (*from o.c.*) Wait! Well... (*Back to her and Buttercup.*) ...if Buttercup's in your body, and I'm in Ms. Bellum's body, then... (*pointing right*) ...who is...

(Blossom reaches to Bubbles' section of the bed and pulls the covers partway down, exposing a pair of hairy feet. She and Buttercup scream in surprise; the Professor approaches the side of the bed.)

Prof/Bcup: Girls, girls, please! It's just Bubbles.

(He pulls the covers all the way down to reveal the pajama-clad Mayor sleeping the wrong way around. The man mumbles in his sleep—in Bubbles' voice—and is still wearing his monocle.)

Prof/Bcup: (*pointing*) In the...Mayor's body.

Blsm/Ms. B, Bcup/Prof: Ewww!

(Bubbles walks across the room in front of the Professor.)

Bubbles/Mayor: (*sleepily*) Good morning, Buttercup.

(In the bathroom, she reaches into the medicine cabinet for the toothpaste, then closes its door. Now her reflection is in front of her, but she seems to take no notice as she brushes her teeth.)

Bubl/Mayor: Good morning, Mayor. (*She brushes some more.*) Oh. Good morning, Bubbles. (*She brushes some more, then stops and eyes herself suspiciously.*) Mayor, what are you doing over at our house? (*shaking head*) Oh. I'm not in your house. You're in my body. (*She accepts this.*) Hmmm!

(She resumes brushing her teeth; several seconds pass before the facts finally sink in. The eye behind the monocle pops wide open. She spits her mouthful of toothpaste at the mirror before going down in a dead faint. Pull back quickly from the bathroom doorway, where she lands, to show the others looking on.)

Blsm/Ms. B, Bcup/Prof: (*to Professor, gasping*) Professor, what the heck's going on here?

Prof/Bcup: (*sighing*) Well, lately I've been working on a way to...

(Dissolve to the lab; he stands on a countertop and addresses the girls, seated on the floor. Behind him is a blackboard; next to him is a glass dome fitted with electrodes and with an apple and orange underneath it.)

Prof/Bcup: ...turn apples into oranges using a new passive nucleic electron alchemy I've devised. (*pacing*) Though my early tests failed to retain cohesion and suffered bipolar reversion—

(Close-up of Blossom and pan across her to the others, looking very confused.)

Prof/Bcup: *(from o.c.)* —I found that I could saturate the nucleo-peptides with theta emissions and stabilize the dormant synaptic cell structure in its formative phase. *(Back to him.)* It worked!

Girls: *(clapping)* Yay!

(Close-up of the two pieces of fruit.)

Prof/Bcup: *(from o.c.)* But...not well enough.

(A knife descends into view and cuts them in half during this line. The apple's interior is that of an orange, and vice versa.)

Bcup/Prof: *(snorting)* Gyped!

Prof/Bcup: Hmm...yes. But I quickly realized that all I needed to achieve total conversion—*(Cut to Bubbles; he continues o.c.)* —was a much larger dose of theta waves.

(Back to the Professor, now standing in front of a large piece of equipment. As he continues, the camera tilts up to the ceiling, where a hole has been cut for the transmitter tower. The movement puts him out of view.)

Prof/Bcup: So I just recoupled the Heisenberg compensators to the radio-frequency array—

(The night sky is seen; pan to images of the house and a man in bed, both floating in midair. Energy radiates out from the transmitter.)

Prof/Bcup: *(voice over)* —to tap the naturally emitting theta waves that occur naturally during REM sleep— *(More energy radiates from the man's nose; the skyline appears behind him.)* —harnessing the neuroelectric power of every citizen in Townsville!

(Back to the lab. Buttercup lets out a low whistle. Bubbles is trying to stand on her head and not having any luck. As the Professor continues, pan from him to the equipment, sparking and shorting. The camera movement once again puts him out of view.)

Prof/Bcup: But unfortunately, I overloaded the power matrix— *(Back to him at the blackboard.)* —causing a negative feedback pulse to discharge back through the frequency array and across Townsville.

(Two pairs of molecules appear, along with a cut apple and orange. As the Professor continues, energy washes over them.)

Prof/Bcup: *(voice over)* Thus, not unlike the apple and orange—

(Now the following pairs appear: Blossom and Ms. Bellum, the Professor and Buttercup, and Bubbles and the Mayor. The energy washes over them, and they trade places. Buttercup gets the Professor's pipe, and Bubbles ends up with the Mayor's monocle and top hat.)

Prof/Bcup: *(voice over)* —our exomolecular constructs were inadvertently interchanged.

(Back to the lab.)

Prof/Bcup: And that's exactly what happened to us! *(Bubbles raises her hand.)* Mmmm...yes, Bubbles?

Bubl/Mayor: Yeah...um...what? *(The Professor sighs.)*

Blsm/Ms. B: *(from o.c.)* Look, Professor— *(Cut to her.)* —it's almost time for us to start saving the day. *(Back to him; she continues o.c.)* So just go ahead and change us back now, 'kay?

(Long silence. Finally he takes his pipe out of his mouth and sighs heavily.)

Prof/Bcup: I don't know how.

(Cut to an extreme close-up of the hotline as it starts to buzz, then pull back. Buttercup reaches out to answer it, her fingers stiff and held together. She raises her hand to her ear, but the receiver stays put.)

Bcup/Prof: Hello? *(She tries again and fails.)* What is it, Mayor? *(holding hand out toward camera)* Professor, your hand doesn't work!

Blsm/Ms. B: *(from o.c.)* Then just put it on screen! *(Close-up of the hotline.)*

Bcup/Prof: *(from o.c.)* Okay!

(The hand slams down on the phone's red light, pushing it in. Camera tilts up to a large video display on the wall behind it. The screen fills with static as the camera pulls back to show all four; after a moment, the image resolves into a close-up of Bubbles. She speaks in the Mayor's voice.)

Mayor/Bubl: Help! We have an emergency situation down here! *(Cut to the Professor.)*

Prof/Bcup: We know, Mayor. We've swapped bodies.

Mayor/Bubl: *(over hotline)* No, no, no! *(Close-up of him, trying to pull on a pair of stockings.)* I've got a run in my stocking!

(Pull back. Blossom is standing on the desk next to him, her face cut off by the top edge of the screen. She speaks in Ms. Bellum's voice. Now the setting is seen as the Mayor's office.)

Ms. B/Blsm: Um—I think what the Mayor means is that it's not just us who switched bodies. *(Display pans to a monitor on her other side, where the bank is seen.)* All of Townsville did!

(Back to the girls.)

Ms. B/Blsm: *(over hotline)* It's mayhem! And someone's taken advantage of the confusion—

(Back to the screen, zoomed in on the bank. Police cars surround it; an alarm is heard.)

Ms. B/Blsm: *(from o.c.)* —and robbed the bank! *(Back to her and the Mayor.)*

Mayor/Bubl: They have?

Ms. B/Blsm: *(wearily)* Yes, Mayor. *(Pull back to show the girls.)*

Mayor/Bubl: Oh, that's terrible!

Blsm/Ms. B: Well, who did it?

Ms. B/Blsm: We don't know! With everyone switched, no one can figure out just who is who!

Blsm/Ms. B: Okay. We'll take care of it. *(Cut to the Professor; she points at him and continues o.c.)* But, Professor, start working on a way to switch us all back. We can't stay this way forever!

Prof/Bcup: Agreed. Mayor, Bellum, I'll need your help.

(He blows bubbles from the pipe. Back to the girls.)

Blsm/Ms. B: I think we better clean up and change first.

Bcup/Prof: *(rubbing stubble on chin)* Right. *(They zip away.)*

(The screen explodes into the background for the end shot. From left to right, we see Buttercup, Blossom, and Bubbles wearing larger versions of the girls' usual attire. Buttercup's hair is done up in a flip contoured to the Professor's boxy head; she wears short white socks and a faceful of stubble. Blossom has black high heels and thigh-high white stockings that stop just short of her hemline. Bubbles' hair is in pigtails, but the top of her head is completely bald.)

(Back to the lab. The camera starts at Buttercup's feet and tilts up toward her head, showing hairy legs and a face covered with tiny bandages—evidently, she ran into some problems while shaving. Blossom is seen in a similar shot. Bubbles is seen last, her head down; the camera keeps tilting up past her head, then snaps back down to it.)

(Blossom and Buttercup take off, the bandages falling away from the latter's face, but stop short. Bubbles is not with them.)

Bcup/Prof: Bubbles! Come on!

Bubl/Mayor: I'm not going!

Blsm/Ms. B: What are you talking about?

Bubl/Mayor: *(softly)* I'm not going out there.

Bcup/Prof: *(snorting)* Why not?!

(Close-up of Bubbles; she begins to sob.)

Blsm/Ms. B: *(from o.c.)* Well?

(Bubbles sobs louder and flips a wall switch, turning on an overhead lamp. She bows her head, the light glaring off it.)

Bubl/Mayor: I'm...BALD! *(Cut to Buttercup.)*

Bcup/Prof: *(groaning)* You're so sensitive! *(Blossom lands next to Bubbles.)*

Blsm/Ms. B: Don't be silly. You're not bald...uh...you have plenty of hair! *(Close-up of Bubbles; she continues o.c.)* See? Look.

(She reaches into view with a comb and scrapes hair from one pigtail across the top of her sister's head.)

Blsm/Ms. B: *(from o.c.)* There! Now you look just like a normal person.

Bubl/Mayor: Really? Do I, Professor?

(Cut to him at the blackboard. Now he is dressed in a small lab coat and black pants. The question catches him completely off guard; he looks nervously around for a moment.)

Prof/Bcup: Um...um...uh, yeah! You look great! *(looking o.c.)* Um, right, Mayor?

(On screen, the Mayor is sitting on the desk, hard at work with curlers, comb, and blow dryer.)

Mayor/Bubl: Uh...yeah, sure, whatever. *(Back to Blossom and Bubbles.)*

[Animation goof: In this shot, he wears Bubbles' nightgown, not her dress as in the previous sequence.]

Bubl/Mayor: Okay. Let's go! *(They take off.)*

(Cut to the girls in flight, then to the exterior of the bank. They crash in through the front wall; cut to them in the lobby.)

Blsm/Ms. B: Okay, everyone. Who's responsible for this crime?

(Camera turns around and pans slowly across the lobby. The vault stands open; near it is a guard, poking his nightstick aimlessly in front of him. A cowboy hunches on the floor next to his horse; a construction worker, an astronaut, a fireman, and a giraffe are behind the teller counter next to a seemingly normal woman. Two small children are present, as well as a creature that looks something like an oversized rabbit. A baby sits on the floor; near him is an old woman. She wears a white blouse, blue skirt, and a purple shawl knotted around her shoulders, and her hair is held in a bun by a pair of knitting needles.)

[Note: The creature is one of the title animals from the anime film My Neighbor Totoro.]

(Bubbles flies up to the guard.)

Bubl/Mayor: Mr. Guard, sir? Do you know who stole all—

(The guard gurgles happily for a moment and spits up. He has traded bodies with the baby. Buttercup approaches the one normal-looking teller.)

Bcup/Prof: Who stole the moneys?!

(The teller answers by jumping onto the counter, barking, and licking her face. Cut to behind Blossom at floor level; she points down at the baby.)

Blsm/Ms. B: Did you see who did it?

Baby: (*grown man's voice*) Lady, I see a lot of things.

Old woman: (*from o.c.*) I saw who did it. (*Cut to her across from the girls.*) Oh, yes. Big furry pink fellow.

Girls: What?!

Old woman: Very concerned about his property.

Girls: Fuzzy!

Bcup/Prof: Thanks, old lady. (*They take off.*)

(We see them in flight, then the exterior of Fuzzy Lumkins' shack as they crash in. Inside, he is lifting a cup of tea to his lips, but Blossom slaps him to the ground. The girls stand over him.)

Blsm/Ms. B: What's your alibi for not robbing the bank, Fuzzy? (*He sits up.*)

Fuzzy: (*British accent*) Now see here. I've been drinking my tea. (*Close-up of his tea set; he continues o.c.*) Earl Grey, hot. (*Pull back.*) And furthermore, I am not a "Fuzzy"!

(An Englishman is in his body. The girls have no response to this for a moment.)

Blsm/Ms. B: Oh...that's funny. Then, if you're not responsible—

(She is cut off by the buzzing of the hotline; close-up of a small wrist-mounted model. Bubbles is wearing it; she answers, holding the tiny receiver to her ear. The Mayor can be heard over the line, talking excitedly.)

Bubl/Mayor: (*holding receiver to mouth*) We're on it, Mayor! (*The girls take off.*)

(We see them in flight again, then a jewelry shop—Julie Jule's Jewels. The front window is smashed, and an alarm screams out. The girls are gathered around the old woman again.)

Old woman: Oh, they were seasick-looking young lads.

Girls: The Gangrene Gang! (*They take off.*)

(Once more we see them in flight; this time, they barge in on the Gang's hideout in the Tonwsville Dump.)

Bcup/Prof: All right! Hands in the— (*Ace's head pops into view.*)

Ace: (*teenage girl's voice, squealing*) Oh, Leo! (*holding up magazine*) What a dreamboat!

(All five are lying on the floor, looking at magazines and giggling like schoolgirls—with whom they have traded places.)

Bcup/Prof: Definitely wasn't the Gangrene Gang.

Blsm/Ms. B: Then who committed these crimes?

Girl 2/Grubber: What about that monkey you're always chasin' around? He seems like a pretty bad guy.

Girl 3/Snake: Yeah. My dad hates him! *(They giggle; the other members join in.)*

Bcup/Prof: Good idea! *(The girls take off.)*

(They are seen in flight yet again, and they crash through the roof of the observatory. Inside, they approach Mojo Jojo. His back is to them, but he turns around, holding a tray out to them.)

Mojo: *(old woman's voice)* Milk and cookies?

(He is not himself, but the girls do not stop to reflect on this. They unload on the monkey; the tray and its load go flying. The cookies and glasses of milk shatter on the floor. The old woman, in Mojo's body, is nearby, with one of Blossom's feet planted on her chest.)

Blsm/Ms. B: Your cookie's crumbled, Mojo! *(Close-up of the woman on the floor.)*

Old woman/Mojo: Mojo? But I'm just an old lady! *(strangled)* And you're crushing me!

Blsm/Ms. B: *(from o.c., removing foot)* Oh! Sorry.

[Animation goofs: In this close-up, Blossom's shoe is red, and she wears no stockings—Ms. Bellum's normal style of dressing. The black shoes and white stockings reappear in the next scene.]

(From-the-ground view of the girls.)

Blsm/Ms. B: Well, if you're in Mojo's body—

Bubl/Mayor: —then Mojo must be in...

(Cut to a vase shop. The front window smashes out, and an alarm goes off. The old woman leaps through onto the sidewalk, holding a vase and laughing madly. Her voice is that of Mojo.)

Mojo/Old woman: A priceless vase, and I have taken it for myself without paying! *(He laughs again.)*

(Fade to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: the vase shop again. Mojo is still holding the vase and laughing. The alarm continues to sound.)

Mojo/Old woman: A priceless vase, and I have taken it for myself without paying!

(He laughs again. The sound of something flying through the air causes him to cut himself off; he cups a hand to his ear.)

Mojo/Old woman: Hey, what's that sound?

(The girls are seen in flight. Cut back and forth between him and them.)

Mojo/Old woman: (*rubbing chin*) Hmm, so familiar... Ahh, it's on the tip of my tongue... (*snapping fingers*) Oh, of course, it's the—

(*An impact fills the screen—the girls slamming into him—and the vase goes flying. Camera follows it in slow motion to the ground, where it shatters. Tilt up from it to Mojo, slumped against a wall.*)

Mojo/Old woman: (*groaning*) The Powerpuff Girls! (*They are across the street from him.*)

Girls: That's right, Mojo!

Mojo/Old woman: Mojo?! (*impersonating old woman badly*) But I'm just an old lady.

Blsm/Ms. B: Ha! Nice try! (*Back to Mojo.*)

Bubl/Mayor: (*from o.c.*) But we know it's you!

Mojo/Old woman: (*own voice*) Well, if you're supposed to be the Powerpuff Girls— (*Pan across them; he continues o.c.*) —you're a little old for kindergarten! (*He laughs.*)

Bcup/Prof: Enough talk! Fight now! (*She leaps at Mojo, her fist cocked back.*) You want proof we're the Powerpuff Girls? Well, here it comes!

(*Mojo lets out a rising groan, and the impact of Buttercup's fist fills the screen. When it clears, we see that she has hit the wall instead of her target; he has tilted his head to dodge the attack.*)

Mojo/Old woman: Hoo! Missed! My turn!

(*He backflips down the street away from her and strikes a fighting pose. Lashing out in several directions, he finally launches a flying kick and catches Buttercup in the face. This strike is seen three times, zooming in closer each time. She loses a few teeth and is then hit in the breadbasket. A stomp on her foot causes her to scream in pain, and Mojo catches her with one more punch and knocks her down the street. He holds the position for a moment, then approaches her.*)

Mojo/Old woman: Pretty good, huh?

Bcup/Prof: Yes, but...

(*She lashes upward with her foot and catches him under the chin; again the blow is seen three times, zooming in. Now it is his turn to sail the length of the block. All three girls get into the act, delivering various blows. Blossom gets down on all fours while Bubbles stands on her back, holding Mojo, and Buttercup uses him as a punching bag. Next Blossom delivers a kick to his face, causing his head to spin through 360 degrees. Buttercup hauls off and lands a punch of her own; his false teeth eject themselves from his mouth. They tumble to the ground, and he lands next to them, groaning. Buttercup slowly wipes the sweat from her face.*)

(*Pull back; the girls are gathered around Mojo in the street. He groans for a moment more, then jumps up.*)

Mojo/Old woman: All right, all right, all right! You want a fight? I'll give you a fight!

(He pulls the knitting needles out of his hair, allowing it to fall loose, and slides them into holsters at his waist. Each holster has a ball of yarn attached. He pulls the needles free and hurls them, trailing yarn, at the girls. They gasp in surprise and quickly find themselves being lashed together as the needles flash and circle around them. They scream.)

Girls: We can't move! *(Mojo approaches them.)*

Mojo/Old woman: It's polyduranium fibroid. You can't break it! You're trapped and TOTALLY HELPLESS!! *(He laughs long and loud.)*

Girls: You forgot one thing, Mojo!

Mojo/Old woman: What?

(They blast him with their eye lasers, burning him black. He stands there for a while, with charred flakes falling from him.)

Mojo/Old woman: *(softly)* Ow...oh...ow...ow...ow...ow...ow...ow...ow...oh...ow...

(The kettle boils over in his head, and he leaps at the girls, screaming at full volume. They can do nothing but look helplessly up at him.)

(Cut to an extreme close-up of a nut labeled "MASTER NUT." A wrench turns it.)

Prof/Bcup: *(from o.c.)* Well, that should do it.

(Pull back quickly; he, Ms. Bellum, and the Mayor are in the lab, gathered around the dome with the apple and orange under it. L to R: Bellum, Mayor, Professor.)

Prof/Bcup: I guess. *(tapping dome with pipe)* But we still need to find the proper frequency.

(Close-up of a knob labeled "YOST FREQUENCY BIAS," with a readout next to it. He reaches into view and adjusts it; cut to a lever on the dome, his hand reaching for it.)

Prof/Bcup: *(from o.c.)* Here goes nothing!

(He pulls the lever. Outside, the transmitter shakes and begins to radiate energy again. The waves travel across Townsville and reach Mojo and the girls just before he lands on them. He freezes in midair, and the screen flashes white. Now the high-strength yarn unwinds onto the ground. Floating above it are a cobra, a Dachshund, and a centipede.)

Dachshund: *(Blossom's voice)* Ha-ha!

Centipede: *(Bubbles' voice)* We're skinny!

Cobra: *(Buttercup's voice)* And free!

Blossom/Dachshund: *(pointing o.c.)* All right, Mojo Jo— *(All three do a double take.)* Whoa!

(A sumo wrestler is descending on them—Mojo's new body. They scramble just before he crashes into the pavement face down, then rush him.)

Blossom/Dachshund: Go, girls! Go!

(Mojo grunts in surprise. Buttercup unfurls her hood and hisses; he screams in fear, and she coils herself around his leg and constricts as hard as she can. Bubbles sails in, rear legs extended, and lands on his nose. She stretches it around by bending and straightening her body.)

Bubbles/Centipede: Take that!

(Mojo tries to shake her off by twitching his nose, but she holds fast. Now Blossom charges in, spread-eagled.)

Blossom/Dachshund: Wiener attack!

(She flies all around him, snarling and snapping; when she moves in, though, he grabs her in one meaty fist. Now he flexes his muscles as tightly as he can and forces Buttercup off his leg; finally, he flicks Bubbles away from his nose. He throws Blossom after them, and all three slam into the pavement and find themselves looking up at a very large and round shadow. Mojo curls himself into a ball and rolls down the street to crush them.)

(Back to the lab. L to R: a little girl, a woman in a halter top and hot pants, an older little girl wearing slippers.)

Prof/Older girl: That's not right.

(He adjusts the frequency knob and pulls the lever. In the street, the energy waves reach Mojo and turn him into a fish. He tumbles along for a distance before flopping to the pavement, groaning. When he looks up, he finds himself surrounded by a chef with a spatula, a fisherman, and an Eskimo with a fishing line. Close-up of each in turn; the background colors show that these three are Blossom, Bubbles, and Buttercup, respectively. Back to Mojo.)

Mojo/Fish: Unbelievable!

(Blossom's spatula slides into view and flips him into the air. Buttercup takes aim and casts her line after him. He stops at the top of his flight.)

Mojo/Fish: Dang!

(The fishhook flies into view and snags him, and he is reeled in and then flung out again on the end of the line. Harpoon in hand, Bubbles takes aim and lets fly. Mojo hits a wall and sticks there, groaning woozily, then screams in terror when he sees the incoming harpoon. He flips his tail out of the way just in time to avoid being speared. Silence. He sweats profusely, then realizes that he is still in one piece.)

Mojo/Fish: Ha! Missed!

(A carving fork is flung into view; it hits him in the head and knocks him silly. He groans and peels loose from the wall, falling down o.c.)

Girls: Ha-ha!

(On the ground, the still-groaning Mojo gets a little tenderizing from the girls.)

(Back to the lab. L to R: a bear, a leprechaun, an ugly baby.)

Prof/Ugly baby: Mmmm...nope.

(He pulls the lever. In the street, the girls and Mojo are transformed into a quartet of monsters. They start beating on one another.)

(Back to the lab. L to R: the leg and trunk of an o.c. elephant, a golfer, a nurse.)

Prof/Nurse: No.

(He pulls the lever again. In the street, we see the following groups fighting: a man and a woman, a karate master and a painter, a boot slamming into a librarian's face, and a bee stinging a hairy shoulder. Pull back to show the victim as a construction worker, who screams in Buttercup's voice. More face-offs: a ballerina against a businessman, a fireman kicking a person's teeth in, one beauty-pageant contestant breaking the arm of another over her knee, a gnat getting stuck in a man's eye—he yells in surprise and pain with Mojo's voice—and four boxers pounding on one another.)

(Back to the lab. Close-up of the Professor; he wears an astronaut's spacesuit.)

Prof/Astronaut: No.

(He pulls the lever. Now a Catholic schoolgirl punches out a hockey player. In the lab, the Professor is a pink octopus-like creature.)

Prof/Pink creature: No.

(He pulls the lever again. A boy kicks a policeman. In the lab, the Professor is now a morbid-looking old woman in a black dress.)

Prof/Morbid woman: No.

(He pulls the lever again. A young woman gives a dowager a black eye. In the lab, we see all three adults again. L to R: a cleaning lady, an angry little girl, and an African tribal chief. Now he begins to pull the lever time after time in quick succession, with various combinations of people and animals appearing. The tempo increases until the changes are almost too fast to follow.)

Professor: No...no...no...no...no...

[*Note: During one attempt, Craig McCracken and Don Shank come up, and Dexter—he with the secret lab—appears just afterward.*]

(The screen flashes white for an instant. L to R: Ms. Bellum, the Mayor, the Professor.)

Professor: Mmmm...no...

(Close-up of the lever as he starts to pull it again.)

Mayor, Ms. Bellum: *(from o.c, frantically)* No, wait! *(Cut to them.)* That's right, that's right, that's right!

(Back to him; he giggles nervously. In the street, the energy washes over a dog, a squat man, and a baby, and they turn back into the girls.)

Girls: Hey!

Blossom: We're back to normal! *(landing by Mojo)* And are you back to Mojo?

Mojo: Of course I am, you stup— *(clapping hands to mouth)* —I mean, uh... *(bad old-woman impersonation)* ...no, uh, I'm the old lady, see?

(The girls exchange a glance and prepare to deliver a crushing blow.)

Mojo: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

(The screen explodes with the impact, and Mojo is flung into a prison cell. The door slams shut on him; pull back slowly.)

Mojo: Dang.

(The scene turns to black and white, and the camera pulls back again to show it as a photo on the front page of the Townsville Tribune. Headline: "POWERPUFF GIRLS SAVE THE DAY!" The Professor is reading the paper; Ms. Bellum, the Mayor, and the girls are with him in the living room of the house.)

Professor: *(laughing)* Well, gang, it looks like we put everybody back in their proper place. *(Close-up of him, with Blossom and Bubbles nearby.)*

Bubbles: *(Narrator's voice)* You said it, Professor!

(She cries out and claps her hands to her mouth; the other two look very shocked. Pull back to frame the entire group, now all laughing.)

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Bubbles: *(voice over)* And so once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!