

**GETTIN' TWIGGY WITH IT**  
**Transcribed by Alan Back**

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

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville! *(Pull back into the suburbs as he continues.)* Home of one of our nation's most prestigious and industrious learning centers.

*(Camera stops pulling back and zooms in on...)*

**Narrator:** Pokey Oaks Kindergarten!

*(Dissolve to the classroom and pan slowly along it as he continues. Two girls are cutting out a decoration for the wall, while others are hard at work cleaning up the place.)*

**Narrator:** Where the students take pride in making their school a better place for all.

*(Stop on Elmer Sglue, who is dumping a bucket of blocks into the toy chest, then cut to Twiggy, the class hamster. It looks up toward the top of its cage and sniffs the air anxiously, then starts jumping up and down as if to get at something. Tilt up slightly to show a hand holding a food pellet just out of reach; pull back to reveal it as Mitch Mitchellson's. He takes no small amount of delight in making the poor animal suffer in this way. Pull back again; the girls are watching the ordeal with considerable displeasure.)*

**Blossom:** Mitch Mitchellson! If you don't stop torturing Twiggy—

*(She is cut off by the ringing of the bell. The kids race for the door, but find Ms. Keane blocking their egress. She clears her throat.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Aren't we forgetting something? It's Friday. Somebody has to take Twiggy home.

*(On the end of this, pan quickly to the hamster in its cage, putting her o.c. It blinks a couple of times, after which the camera cuts back to the class.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Now, which one of you wants to volunteer, hmm?

*(Pan across the kids, all of whom are waving and clamoring for a chance at this job.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(from o.c.)* Hmm, let's see. How about... *(Stop on the girls, then pan quickly back to Mitch. She gasps softly.)* ...Mitch Mitchellson!

**Mitch:** Yeah!

**Girls:** *(shocked)* Mitch Mitchellson?!

**Bubbles:** B-B-But...Ms. Keane...Mitch is mean! *(Pull back to show Ms. Keane by them on this line.)*

**Blossom:** Yeah, he's just gonna torture poor Twiggy.

**Ms. Keane:** Now, now, girls. Why don't you give Mitch a chance?

*(On the end of this, cut to Mitch with his arms around the cage. He smiles beseechingly, and a halo appears above his head. Back to the four, the girls looking rather deflated.)*

**Ms. Keane:** See? He's harmless. *(Mitch runs up, carrying the cage.)*

**Mitch:** Gee! Thanks, Ms. Keane! *(patting cage)* I'll take *real* good care of Twiggy.

*(Cut to a close-up of a very worried Twiggy as he finishes. The hamster then retreats from the camera—now the scene has changed to the sidewalk in front of the school, and Mitch is bicycling away with the cage under his arm. He laughs as he rolls off. Pan to the girls, who are watching him leave.)*

**Buttercup:** I don't trust him.

**Blossom:** Neither do I. Come on! *(They take off.)*

*(Cut to them in flight, keeping pace with Mitch and staying well above him, then to him as he rolls across town. He travels through the suburbs and crosses a set of railroad tracks, beyond which the scenery instantly degenerates into trailer-park squalor. His journey takes him toward the outskirts of this section of town and into the Shady Glenn Estates park; the sign informs us that there are no vacancies. Finally he dismounts, letting his bike fall to the grass, and runs into one trailer. Inside, an old woman dozes in front of a TV showing static.)*

**Mitch:** *(from o.c.)* Hey, Grandma. *(He runs past.)*

*(Now he runs into a room and slams the door. It is covered with signs, one of which marks this as his bedroom. A STOP sign and one that says "GO AWAY" are tacked up as well; an old calendar hangs by the door. Zoom in slowly and cut to a slow pan across the room, which is unkempt and strewn with broken toys, BB-gun targets, hand tools, and other items of interest to a destructive little monster like the one in question. The camera stops on a glass cage with a large snake inside, and Mitch pops into view. He is grinning dementedly and sweating buckets; tilt down slightly to show Twiggy in front of him. The hamster is out of its cage with its back to us.)*

*(Cut to a record player as Mitch reaches into view and sets the needle down. Loud, rowdy surf rock—the sort that was used in Pulp Fiction, only angrier—begins to play, and he reaches menacingly toward Twiggy. The light reflecting from his face makes him look truly psychotic now, and the animal crushes itself into a corner and shakes in fear as his shadow falls over it. He grabs it and lifts it slowly up to his sweating face.)*

*(Cut to outside the trailer. The girls fly into view and stop at a window to look in. Inside the room, we see them at the window, watching Mitch do his thing. They pound on the glass and yell at him, but they are drowned out by the music. For the moment, he does nothing but look at Twiggy with a twisted grin on his face. Suddenly the music ends and his face softens.)*

**Mitch:** Nice hamster. *(holding up a can of food pellets)* Want a hamster treat?

*(This action surprises the girls. Twiggy nods happily at the food; cut to outside the window.)*

**Bubbles:** Gee. Looks like Mitch really is gonna be nice.

**Blossom:** Guess Ms. Keane was right. *(The girls start o.c.)* Let's go.

*(Back inside the room.)*

**Mitch:** Open wide...

*(Twiggy does so, only to get the entire can jammed into its mouth. Mitch cackles at the sight; cut to the girls, flying away from the trailer. The sound of his laughter and the hamster's cries of pain reach them simultaneously and cause them to stop dead. Cut back to the room as the girls fly into view at the window. Now Twiggy is seen zooming around and screeching in terror—it is stuffed behind the wheel of a radio-controlled car and barreling around the room in top gear. The car looks very much like Speed Buggy. Mitch, of course, is the one at the controls; he steers the car into a wall, then backs it up and starts doing donuts on the carpet. After several times around, he sends Twiggy up a ramp built from a board and a concrete block. The car and its occupant go flying in two different directions, the camera following the latter as the girls fly in o.c. with a crash of glass.)*

*(Cut back to Mitch, the girls flying into view next to him. Pieces of the broken window fall to the floor around them. Blossom yanks the controller from his hands, and Bubbles flies across the room to catch Twiggy.)*

**Bubbles:** Poor Twiggy! *(She shoots a dirty look toward Mitch and rejoins her sisters.)*

**Blossom:** *(to Mitch)* If you don't be nice to Twiggy, we're taking him away from you!

**Bubbles:** Yeah! And we'll tell Ms. Keane!

*[Continuity error: In "Stuck Up, Up and Away," the Narrator referred to Twiggy as "she."]*

**Mitch:** *(shaken)* I...I'm sorry, girls. I promise I'll be nice to Twiggy. *(raising left hand, right hand on heart)* Honest! *(He smiles pleadingly.)*

**Blossom:** Well...I suppose. But this is your last chance, mister!

*(Bubbles reluctantly extends the hamster to Mitch, and he takes it back and hugs it.)*

**Mitch:** Thanks, girls. Ohhhh...

*(Cut to outside the doorway as the girls fly out.)*

**Blossom:** *(to Mitch, inside)* Remember, no funny stuff! *(He steps to the doorway to call after them.)*

**Mitch:** I promise. *(He slams the door.)*

*(The girls, still in the hall, have a quick strategy discussion.)*

**Buttercup:** *(whispering)* Psst! I say we keep an eye on him, just in case. *(The others nod.)*

*(Close-up of the knob on Mitch's door, the girls floating slowly into view near its keyhole. Cut to their perspective and zoom in slowly; Mitch has his back to the camera, the cage in front of him, and a cord snaking into view toward his hands.)*

**Mitch:** *(soothingly)* Good Twiggy. Nice Twiggy.

*(Extreme close-up of the keyhole, seen from Mitch's side with Blossom's eye peering in. She blinks and looks quickly to one side. Quick shots of a plug in the socket, two leads issuing from the free end of the cord and into Mitch's hands, and the little sadist himself as he holds up two sparking alligator clips in rubber-gloved hands. These are extended toward Twiggy just before the girls burst in. Pull back from the door as Blossom speaks.)*

**Blossom:** Stop right there, sicko! *(Bubbles flies in and grabs the hamster.)*

**Bubbles:** That's it! We're taking Twiggy!

**Blossom:** Yeah, and we're telling Ms. Keane!

**Buttercup:** We should know better than to trust you, Mitch Mitchellson! *(The girls start o.c.)*

**Blossom:** Let's go, girls!

*(Bubbles sticks her tongue out at Mitch, who starts to cry.)*

**Mitch:** Wait! *(falling to his knees)* Please! I...I'm just a lonely kid! I never had no pets! *(running up to the girls)* I'll be nice this time! I mean it! Please!

*[Continuity error: We have already seen that he keeps a snake in his room.]*

*(The girls mull the plea over very carefully.)*

**Blossom:** Well...I don't know... *(He falls to the floor, his tears forming a puddle around him.)*

**Bubbles:** Gee, Blossom, he does seem really sorry.

*(Mitch has turned on the waterworks full force now, with runners of snot hanging from his nose and tears pouring down his cheeks.)*

**Blossom:** *(rubbing her chin pensively)* I guess if we keep an eye on him... *(He brightens.)*

**Mitch:** Yeah! You can keep an eye on me! *(running to Bubbles)* Thank you, girls!

*(He takes Twiggy back; cut to him across the room from the girls, at the cage.)*

**Mitch:** I'll show you how nice I'll be! *(setting Twiggy in cage)* There, there, Twiggy.

*(Close-up of the animal as he reaches down to pet it.)*

**Mitch:** *(from o.c.)* Good girl. *(Back to him; he holds up the can of food.)* Mmmm. Hamster numnums. Yum-my!

*(The girls' opinion of this budding animal caretaker seems to rise a notch.)*

**Blossom:** Hmm. Looks like he might actually turn over a new leaf.

*(Cut to a view of Mitch from behind and zoom in slowly. He works over the cage.)*

**Mitch:** Now get inside your scamper wheel... *(Front view of him, with a controller in hand.)*  
...and we'll have some fun! *(He presses a button.)*

*(Inside the cage, Twiggy is lashed to a bottle rocket with duct tape. Wires from the controller are connected to the fuse. The girls gasp in shock and terror as the rocket blasts off and starts to fly around the room. They chase it back and forth; Mitch just stands and laughs like a mad king. The rocket sails over his head and through an open doorway, the girls looking after it in total disbelief. Cut to inside the bathroom as the poor hamster flies in from the bedroom and arcs neatly toward the toilet. It splashes into the water; the girls are too stunned to react immediately as Mitch runs up and grabs the flush handle. They fly in.)*

**Girls:** NOOOOOOOOOO!!

*(As they scream, Mitch flushes the toilet and laughs insanely again, the "Junior Lunatic" glint returning to his face. His laughter echoes through the room while Twiggy swirls around the bowl and Bubbles lunges in to try and pull it out. She is a bit too slow, however, and the rocket and its passenger are sucked down the drain.)*

*(Cut to underneath the trailer, with a pipe leading from the spot just beneath the toilet. Pan right through a cutaway view of the layers of earth; the pipe leads through these, and a rattling sound issues from within, marking Twiggy's progress down the drain. The pipe's outlet is in a large sewage tunnel, and after a moment, the rocket tumbles out and down o.c. Glowing green liquid splashes back into view, and the camera cuts to an extreme close-up of the open top of a drum of this material. Pull back slowly to show it as a container of radioactive waste floating merrily along in the sewer. After a long moment, a shadowy hand reaches up, green sludge dripping from the fingers, and seizes the lip of the drum.)*

*(Back in the bathroom, the girls look down into the toilet after the dear departed Twiggy.)*

**Bubbles:** *(gasping, voice shaking)* H...how could you?

**Buttercup:** *(angrily)* You really did it this time, Mitch Mitchellson!

*(They float slowly toward him on the end of this line.)*

**Mitch:** *(smiling nervously)* It...it was an accident? *(They get in his face.)*

**Blossom:** You're an accident, you...you...

*(A tremor shakes her out of the tongue-lashing she is about to inflict upon him. The entire room begins to shake.)*

**Bubbles:** Hey! Wh...what's happening?

*(Mitch's grandmother, still sleeping in front of the TV, does not budge at the minor earthquake that has just begun. Green light begins to issue from the toilet, and glowing liquid splashes into the air. The floor begins to crack, and an enormous, round, hairy shadow begins to extend itself over three disbelieving girls and one scared little boy. Camera turns around and up from the floor to show the source of the shadow—a ten-foot-tall creature that is recognizable as a mutated version of Twiggy. Green foam drips from a huge mouth, tufts of hair stick out all over its body, and it now stands erect, its front paws replaced by hands.)*

*(Its bloodshot eyes dart left and right, locking in on Mitch, and it unleashes a snarling roar at him as the girls clear out. He screams in abject terror and flees the scene at top speed, crashing out through the end wall of the trailer and landing near his bike. The monster is not far behind; it roars in anger and starts toward him, and he begins pedaling for all he is worth. He is just barely keeping ahead of it. The girls fly out to watch. Close-up of Bubbles.)*

**Bubbles:** Should we help? *(Pan to Buttercup.)*

**Buttercup:** Is it the right thing to do? *(Pan to Blossom.)*

**Blossom:** Mmm...no, but we will anyway. *(Pull back.)* Come on! *(They take off.)*

*(Twiggy thunders after Mitch and is now close enough to throw its shadow over him. It reaches out to grab him, but he turns off the street and pedals through a yard to try to get away. He ducks through an opening in a fence, the beast just behind him, and takes down a clothesline with his neck in his frantic attempt to escape. Now he turns back onto the street. Twiggy crashes through a house and charges off after him again, with the girls not far behind. The chase resumes, with everybody putting the pedal to the metal, and Twiggy opens its mouth wide and manages to snag Mitch's rear tire. The rubber shreds instantly, and Mitch starts to lose control and slow down. He pedals for dear life, but the gaping maw advances on him and prepares to swallow him whole. Putting on a final burst of speed, the girls pull ahead of Mitch and carry him to safety just before Twiggy's jaws close on his bike. This is spat out, and the monster reaches into the sky.)*

*(Cut to the girls as they carry Mitch in midair. He is visibly relieved.)*

**Mitch:** Wow! Oh, thanks for helping me, girls.

**Bubbles:** Helping you?!

**Girls:** We're helping Twiggy!

*(They carry him down and hold him just above Twiggy's open, eager mouth.)*

**Mitch:** Nooo! No! No! NOOO!! *(They pull him away an instant before the jaws close.)*

**Blossom:** You see, Mitch, the real monster isn't Twiggy.

**Buttercup:** Yeah! It's a punk named Mitch Mitchellson!

**Mitch:** *(crying)* Please help! Let me go! I'll do anything!

*(A cunning look comes over the girls' faces, and they smile wickedly at him.)*

**Girls:** Anything?

*(Cut to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. The class is visible in the distance; zoom in on them. Ms. Keane stands by the girls.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Well, girls, I should have known. I'm sorry for not trusting your judgment. You were right about Mitch. And I have to admit, your solution is very creative.

*(Close-up of Mitch, running in place with a very frightened expression on his face. Pull back slightly to show him in a giant exercise wheel, then again to reveal Twiggy racing in it behind him. Pull back to bring the rest of the class into view, looking on, as the Narrator speaks.)*

**Narrator:** Hoo! That Twiggy is a biggie!

*(The standard end shot comes up.)*

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