

COP OUT

Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville...loves its police force!

(Pull back to show the city framed in the window of a police station. Pan across the room; cops are answering calls and escorting suspects back and forth.)

Narrator: A group of hardworking men and women doing their best to keep Townsville safe.

(Stop on one cop at his desk, his back to the camera. He reaches into a nearby box of donuts and brings one to his mouth in slow motion; he is old and fat, with sunglasses and a white mustache.)

Narrator: *(accusatory)* Except for this guy.

(Cut to a donut shop, where the cop is picking out his favorites.)

Narrator: Officer Mike Brickowski! The worst cop on the force!

(Cut to a woman screaming on the sidewalk, pointing o.c. at an unseen miscreant. Two cops rush past; pull back to show Brickowski, just standing there eating a donut.)

Narrator: He makes no effort to fight crime—

(Cut to a cat stuck in a tree. A boy points to it frantically as Brickowski gets ready to down another sinker.)

Narrator: —or help the citizens of Townsville.

(Cut to several cops straining to tip a squad car up onto its side; pan over to Brickowski, standing apart from them with a donut in hand.)

Narrator: He'd rather let his fellow officers do all the work.

(We see him and his partner pulled up outside a donut shop. He comes out with a fresh box.)

Narrator: He likes things easy.

(Around the car, the scene changes to two other shops; Brickowski does the same at each. Side view of the pair driving along. He starts eating another donut.)

Narrator: Enjoy your ride while it lasts, Officer Brickowski—

(Close-up of him, sleeping in the car while his partner reads a newspaper.)

Narrator: —'cause you're in for a rude awakening!

(An alarm goes off. Pull back to show them parked outside a bank.)

Dispatcher: *(over radio)* Car Eleven, come in.

(Long pause; Brickowski continues his nap. His partner jumps out and runs up next to the front window, staying out of sight of the people inside and drawing his gun.)

Partner: Ready, partner?...Mike?

(Brickowski is still snoring.)

Partner: Oh, man! *(into his radio)* This is Perez. *(Overhead view of Brickowski; he continues from outside the car.)* I'm responding to a two-eleven here at Townsville National. *(Back to him, peeking into the bank.)* Perpetrator is armed.

[Note: "Two-eleven" is a widely used police radio code for robbery.]

(Inside the bank, across from the window. A hand is pointing an automatic weapon at a man crouched on the floor.)

Partner (Perez): Well armed!

(The gun is cocked and pointed at the window, and a string of shots cracks out. Outside, Perez ducks back as the window shatters.)

Perez: I need some backup, man! *(Brickowski continues to sleep.)*

Dispatcher: *(over car radio)* Roger that, Car Eleven. Backup's on its way.

(The air fills with the scream of sirens, and a phalanx of squad cars pulls up to surround the bank. Guns are drawn and leveled, and crime-scene tape is strung up. A bullhorn is switched on, and the Chief of Police steps into view, carrying it. Brickowski is asleep in the background.)

Chief: *(through bullhorn)* This is the Townsville Police Department! *(Pan across the other cops; he continues o.c.)* You are surrounded! Drop your weapon and come out with your hands up!

(The Chief looks disgustedly back at the lazy officer. Side view of Brickowski, seen from the driver's seat. The Chief steps to his window.)

Chief: *(through bullhorn)* BRICKOWSKI!! Brickowski, get your fat butt up, man! We have a situation here, and you're just sitting around! *(Pan to the car radio as he keeps yelling.)*

Dispatcher: *(over radio)* Stand by, stand by. We have word from the Mayor's office. The Powerpuff Girls are on their way.

(The girls zip over the Chief's head.)

Chief: *(through bullhorn)* Huh? *(They fly past Perez and into the bank. He has put his radio away.)*

Perez: Yeah!

(The sound of a swift and harsh beating is heard, and the robber is flung out onto the sidewalk. Head-on view of Perez pointing his gun at the man, the girls hovering above.)

Perez: Freeze, buster!

(A flashbulb pops; cut to a group of photographers snapping away by Brickowski's car. He is still asleep. The girls float past, their backs to the camera. A news van is on the scene.)

Buttercup: Enough pictures already!

Blossom: How'd you guys get here so fast, anyway?

(A reporter and cameraman back into view.)

Reporter: Hey, Chief, was it a tough fight today? *(The Chief steps into view, facing the two.)*

Chief: Not at all, thanks to those Powerpuff Girls! *(The three walk o.c.)*

(Behind Brickowski, the news van rolls away and the robber is thrown into a paddy wagon and carted off. Perez climbs into the car and starts driving; after a few blocks, his partner finally starts to wake up.)

Perez: *(excitedly)* Hey, partner, you missed it! There was a robbery, and the Powerpuff Girls!

(Brickowski reacts to this news groggily at first, but soon snaps to full consciousness. He begins to rant, sounding like a Chicago native when the Bears are having a bad season. Perez eyes him nervously from the driver's seat.)

Brickowski: Powerpuff Girls? Hey, let me tell you somethin', Perez: those girls are lousy good-for-nothin's! *(Perez sighs as the car rounds a corner.)* They're always takin' work away from good cops. They're nothin' but little jerks! *(pointing excitedly)* Ooh! *(The flashers and siren are turned on.)*

Perez: *(wearily)* I know.

(Cut to inside a donut shop. The machinery behind the counter is in top gear.)

Brickowski: *(voice over)* First hot donut of the day!

(Close-up of a donut being plucked from a conveyor belt and held aloft by a waitress.)

Brickowski: *(voice over)* You know I'm up for a promotion any day now—

(Outside the shop, we see the waitress holding the donut out through the drive-up window.)

Brickowski: *(voice over)* —but those girls keep stealin’ my spotlight!

(Head-on view of the squad car; Brickowski’s hand emerges from his window.)

Brickowski: *(voice over)* But today’s my day, Perez. You’ll see!

(He grabs the donut as he rolls past. Cut to the exterior of the station house, then to him at his desk, about to bite down.)

Brickowski: Ohhh...they’re good when they’re hot.

Chief: *(from o.c.)* Brickowski! My office! Now!

(He crosses the squad room, carrying his donut.)

Brickowski: D’up. Promotion time. *(He steps into the Chief’s office.)* Hey, man.

Chief: Don’t “man” me. Sit down. *(He does so; we see him from the Chief’s perspective.)*

Brickowski: So what’s up, Chief?

Chief: You’re fired, Brickowski.

(Cut to outside the office window, the blinds closed; the Chief opens them and looks out.)

Chief: I want you out of here immediately. *(Side view of Brickowski.)*

Brickowski: *(laughing)* Chief, you crack me up. *(The Chief leans over the desk, furious.)*

Chief: This is no joke, Brickowski! *(Close-up of him; the Chief points and continues o.c.)* You are the worst, most incompetent officer I have ever known!

(Cut back and forth between the two men.)

Chief: Now hand over your badge.

Brickowski: *(stunned)* You...want my badge?

Chief: Did I stutter? Now hand it over.

(Close-up of Brickowski’s hand extending the badge; the Chief reaches into view and takes it.)

Chief: *(from o.c.)* Good. Your sunglasses?

(They are offered and taken away; we hear them being folded up. Brickowski’s hand next appears holding his gun, but the Chief stops him.)

Chief: *(from o.c.)* No, no, you can keep that. Little souvenir for you. *(pointing)* That donut’s looking good, though. *(Brickowski offers it and the Chief accepts.)* Ohhh, yeah.

(Cut to the Chief’s side of the desk.)

Brickowski: Hey, I know what this is really about. (*Zoom in slowly on him.*) It's those Powerpuff Girls' fault! They do all the work, and now you gotta make cutbacks, so you're layin' off good ol' Brickowski! (*standing up*) Well, I think that stinks!

(*Quick pan to a picture on the wall, showing the Chief with the girls. The caption reads "SWEARING IN 1994." Brickowski's fist slams into the picture, shattering its glass cover and knocking it down. Pan back to the Chief, looking toward the open office door as it slams behind the former officer.*)

Chief: Son of a gun.

(*Cut to the exterior of a run-down apartment building in the evening. Sirens and barking dogs can be heard in the distance. Zoom in slowly toward one of the upper floors. Inside, Brickowski is sitting in a recliner, now wearing only his underclothes. The chair has an evidence tag attached, as do the light fixture and ashtray that are also in view.*)

Brickowski: (*muttering to himself*) Lousy little girls.

(*He turns on his TV—which has a giant screen, as we see when the camera shifts to behind him. A news broadcast is running, with a graphic of the girls next to the anchor.*)

Anchor: The Powerpuff Girls were in the news again today—

(*Side view of the room; every item has an evidence tag.*)

Anchor: —as they foiled yet another bank robbery.

(*The program cuts to the crime scene, where the reporter who was interviewing the Chief picks up the story.*)

Reporter: Live at Townsville Bank, where earlier today—

(*Close-up of Brickowski; the report continues in the background.*)

Brickowski: (*with mounting fury*) Powerpuff Girls. Powerpuff Girls! What about Officer Mike Brickowski?

(*Back to the screen; two cops are escorting the robber away.*)

Reporter: (*voice over*) —with the Powerpuffs on the beat, Townsville's police department can just relax. (*Cut to Brickowski sleeping in his car; the reporter laughs.*) Looks like this guy's got the right idea. (*Away from the TV to him, shocked and angry; the report is still heard.*) Back to you there, Kevin.

Anchor (Kevin): (*on TV*) Great piece, Maggie. (*Pull back.*) In other news, the Powerpuff Girls defeated another giant monster—

(Brickowski rushes toward the camera, snarling. Cut to outside the building; the TV crashes through the window. The report continues as it falls, and the picture of the girls is still visible on the screen.)

Kevin: *(voice over)* —put out a fire, stopped Mojo Jojo, foiled a heist, saved the world from utter annihilation, and still had time to volunteer at—

(The TV smashes to pieces on the ground. Cut to Brickowski at the remains of his window; pull back slowly.)

Brickowski: Starting tomorrow, you girls are not gonna be on the air no more!

(The exterior of Townsville Hall. Inside, the Mayor is standing on his desk, practicing his putting, with a water glass turned on its side for a hole. He is interrupted by a set of running footsteps and the sound of the office door opening. Brickowski bursts in, dressed in his uniform.)

Brickowski: *(panicked)* Mr. Mayor! Mr. Mayor! Criminals are attempting to rob the police department's confiscated-weapons warehouse! Who knows what terrible villainy may ensue? I mean, whatever can we do? Whoever can we call?

(Very long pause.)

Mayor: Uh...the Powerpuff Girls?

(Close-up of Brickowski, on his way out.)

Brickowski: Ooh, that's a good idea! *(He steps out into the hall.)* See, that's why you're the Mayor. *(He laughs, but only briefly, then spits angrily as he walks away.)* And I'm just some jerk without any sunglasses!

(Close-up of the hotline in the girls' house as it goes off. Pull back to show them across the bedroom, playing a board game. Cut to the exterior of the house.)

Blossom: *(from inside house)* We're on our way! *(They take off through the roof.)*

(Cut to above them as they fly across Townsville. A speck by one building draws Blossom's attention.)

Blossom: I see him!

(On the ground, Brickowski calls and waves to them.)

Brickowski: Yoo-hoo! Over here, girls! *(They swoop down in front of him.)*

Blossom: Hello, Officer. Where are they?

Brickowski: *(pointing o.c.)* They're in there.

Blossom: Good work. We'll handle it from here.

(They zip away in the direction he has indicated. Close-up of him, an evil gleam in his eye.)

Brickowski: *(softly, to himself)* Oh, and, uh...do be careful, girls.

(He walks away. Zoom in on an alley behind him. Perez is there, parked in a squad car with his radio in hand.)

Perez: This is Perez.

(Cut to inside a warehouse; the girls are searching among piles of crates. A crane is parked by the far wall, with a large concrete block hooked to it and a vat of green liquid nearby.)

Perez: *(voice over)* That was a good hunch. He's definitely up to something.

(Close-up of a sign stuck to a gate in a chain-link fence.)

Blossom: *(from o.c., reading)* "Mojo Jojo's Confiscated Weapons." *(Pull back; the girls are just outside the gate.)* In here! *(They enter the enclosure.)* We'll have to use our super vision.

(Her eyes glow green, and the view shifts to the girls' perspective and pans across the enclosure as they scan it with X-rays. The following two items come into view as they are named.)

Buttercup: Look! There's Mojo's robot walker!

Bubbles: And his giant log!

(This appears to be a gas cylinder with a clown's head mounted on top, not unlike the sort used by street vendors to fill helium balloons.)

Blossom: Huh? Isn't this from our birthday party adventure? *(Head-on view of the girls, now all inside.)*

Buttercup: It doesn't look familiar.

Bubbles: Yeah, that's when we sang our song.

(Close-up of a hand carrying a remote control and moving toward the gate.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c., singing)* Love, love, love makes the world go round.

[*Note: Blossom and Bubbles are referring to "Birthday Bash" and "Mime for a Change," respectively.*]

(Inside the enclosure again; a shadow is at the entrance. We hear the gate swing shut, and the girls turn in surprise.)

Blossom: Huh?

(The remote is activated, and the gas cylinder begins to spew forth its contents. The girls choke and cough as the cloud envelops them. Dissolve to an extreme close-up of Blossom, groggy and disoriented. Pull back to show all three of them chained to the concrete block—and a donut being held between them and the camera. Blossom is the first to come around.)

Blossom: *(disbelieving)* Officer! You? *(Camera turns around to show Brickowski.)*

Brickowski: You got it.

(He bites into the donut, then pulls the remote out of a holster on his belt and pushes a button. The camera pulls back, and we see that the block is being lifted by the crane. Cut back to him.)

Brickowski: And, uh, don't bother struggling. These restraints are from Mojo Jojo. They'll hold you.

(The crane swings the block over the vat.)

Blossom: Officer! This is madness!

Buttercup: Yeah, what's gotten into you?

(Brickowski addresses himself to the girls in midair. The vat has a label: "ACID.")

Brickowski: With you girls always around, savin' the day and whatnot, you make us cops look like bums!

Bubbles: No! That's not true! *(Focus shifts to the window on the far wall; Perez is watching.)*

Buttercup: We need you guys!

Blossom: Yeah! You guys are an important and integral part of—

Brickowski: SILENCE!!

(He pushes a button on the remote, and the crane begins to lower the girls toward the acid. Their screams are answered only by his chuckling. Pull back to show a group of cops behind him, along with the Chief and his bullhorn.)

Chief: *(through bullhorn)* Mike Brickowski, you are under arrest!

(Perez steps into view, takes Brickowski's remote away, and cuffs him. Cut to the girls.)

Blossom: Good work, everybody. Now get us out of here!

Perez: *(studying remote)* Hmm.

(He aims it at the block and pushes a button. Nothing. He tries again.)

Perez: Come on, come on!

(Cut to two other cops, not looking or sounding too bright.)

Cop 1: Maybe the battery's dead

Cop 2: Try all the buttons. (*Overhead view of the vat.*)

Girls: Hurry!

(*Close-up of the remote, which has a power gauge on the side. It fills up to show full charge.*)

Perez: (*from o.c.*) No, the battery's fine. The battery meter is full.

(*The girls continue to scream as the block nears the acid.*)

Chief: (*through bullhorn*) Perez, try pointing it at the crane!

Blossom: Turn it off! (*Perez follows the Chief's advice.*)

Perez: Okay!

(*The block descends into the acid, and the girls' screams are submerged. All the cops recoil in horror, not wanting to see the aftermath.*)

Perez: (*sheepishly*) Um...

(*He finally gets the remote to work. The chains are hauled out of the vat; the concrete block has been eaten away, but the girls are still alive—though they look rather the worse for wear and Blossom's hair bow is now only a red nub.*)

Chief: Sorry about that, girls. Are you all right?

Blossom: What do you know? I guess acid *can't* hurt us.

(*The exterior of the warehouse, with squad cars pulled up and sirens blaring. Close-up of one car as Perez loads Brickowski into the back seat.*)

Brickowski: This is just another story of a good cop gone bad. (*The girls fly into view.*)

Blossom: You're not a good cop gone bad—you're a bad cop gone worse!

(*The background for the end shot comes up.*)

Narrator: (*laughing*) Bad cop gone worse! (*composing himself*) Sorry, Officer Brickowski. No donuts in jail! So once again the day is saved—

(*The girls appear in their usual pose.*)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls—

(*They are replaced by a group of cops.*)

Narrator: —and the fine upstanding men and women of the Townsville Police Department!