

## **THREE GIRLS AND A MONSTER**

**Transcribed by Alan Back**

*(Opening shot: a black-and-white newspaper picture of the city skyline, with the caption “THE CITY OF TOWNSVILLE” beneath it.)*

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville...

*(Pull back to reveal the picture as part of the front page of the Townsville Tribune, with the banner headline “THE CITY OF TOWNSVILLE WINS TEAMWORK AWARD.”)*

**Narrator:** ...wins teamwork award!

*(Pull back again to show the paper in the hands of a man, who crumples it up and tosses it over his shoulder. A woman on a nearby bench moves a trash can to catch the paper, without looking up from her own reading, then sets it back in place. Next a garbageman picks up the can and empties it into his dump truck. He drives off, revealing a man being held up by a masked robber. Close-up of these two; the robber is pointing a banana at the man, who points this fact out. They have a good laugh, after which the robber pulls a gun on the man.)*

*(Pan over to an intersection, where a Boy Scout is helping an old woman cross a busy street. When they reach the other side, she collapses to the ground. Two paramedics run up with a stretcher, put her on it, and load her into an ambulance. They zoom off into the countryside; in the distance, we can see the frame of a house being put up. Close-up of this work, where a group of men—apparently Amish—are raising one of the walls. The man on top pounds some nails into place, then stops to wipe his forehead and take a cold drink. As he relaxes, the camera tilts upward until it is pointing at the sun, then zooms in.)*

*(Pull back to the sound of seagulls calling to one another. When the camera tilts down again, it is pointing along the dock and over the water. After a few moments of quiet, a small patch begins to churn and bubble. Side view of the dock; something very large and loud is emerging. There is a quick shot of the dock from above, and we can see a swath of scaly hide. The camera returns to ground level and pulls back slightly to show what might be two thick legs and a tail covered with spikes. We hear a screeching roar throughout the emergence.)*

*(Cut to the woman on the bench, still reading. A sudden tremor shakes the book out of her hands and into the trash can. The man who threw the newspaper away comes into view, looking worried. The trash can is picked up by the same garbageman and emptied into the dump truck, but a second tremor causes him to drop it in along with the trash. The robber is still pointing his gun at his intended victim, only to lose hold of it when a third tremor strikes. The man grabs it and points it at the robber, who puts his hands up.)*

*(Cut to the Boy Scout and the old woman, who is now on the ground again. When a fourth tremor occurs, he shrugs his shoulders in resignation—no paramedics this time. In the countryside, a fifth tremor causes the house frame to collapse as the workmen look on, stunned.)*

*(Cut to the exterior of Townsville Hall, zooming in, then dissolve to an extreme close-up of a finger running around the rim of a partially filled goblet. We hear a high-pitched humming, and the finger moves to play notes from two other glasses. In an overhead shot, we see several such glasses and two hands moving among them to play music. Finally, in a shot from behind, the performer is revealed to be the Mayor, sitting on a stool in his office so he can reach the table.)*

*(Close-up of him, still playing. The note from one glass causes him to stop, surprised. He drinks a little bit from it and tries again, then repeats the procedure. Now he has it right, and he raises the glass.)*

**Mayor:** Mmmm! Apple juice!

*(He sets it down and prepares to start again, but a tremor shakes all the glasses on the table. Extreme close-up of one glass, in which a drop jumps up and falls back to cause ripples, then of the Mayor's monocle. Cut to the exterior of Townsville Hall, which is crushed when a huge foot stomps on it. We hear people screaming and sirens blaring as its owner roars.)*

*(Close-up of the hotline as it begins buzzing, then pull back to reveal the kindergarten classroom. Bubbles and Blossom are sitting at a table in the foreground, drawing. The left side of the table is o.c.)*

**Blossom:** Buttercup! Hotline!

*(Quick pan to the left side; now we see Buttercup and Bubbles. The former is also drawing.)*

**Buttercup:** I'm not getting it. You get it.

*(Shift back and forth between the two girls with each successive line. Bubbles' eyes follow.)*

**Blossom:** I'm busy drawing up new tactical maneuvers.

**Buttercup:** Well, I'm busy drawing the carnage from my last battle.

**Blossom:** Nobody cares to see your gore. Now answer it!

**Buttercup:** Well, your plans stink. You answer it!

*(Close-up of Bubbles, who now begins turning her head to follow the argument as if watching a tennis match.)*

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* You're just a big bully!

**Buttercup:** *(from o.c.)* And you're Little Miss Bossy Boots!

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* Oh, yeah?

**Buttercup:** *(from o.c.):* Yeah!

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* Oh, yeah?

**Buttercup:** *(from o.c.)* Yeah!

*(On the end of this exchange, Bubbles flies out of her seat and over to the hotline to answer it. Camera shift: now she is in the foreground and her sisters are at the back.)*

**Blossom:** Oh, yeah?

**Buttercup:** Yeah!

**Bubbles:** Hello, Powerpuff Girls hotline.

*(Through the phone we hear a loud roar, and Bubbles has to hold the receiver at arm's length. Close-up of Blossom, her face brightening.)*

**Blossom:** Ah! Opportunity to put my plans into action! *(She takes off. Cut to Buttercup.)*

**Buttercup:** No way! It's booty-kicking time! *(She takes off as well.)*

*(Cut back to Bubbles, still holding the receiver and looking up o.c. after her departing sisters. She drops her head sadly, hangs up, and takes off after them; quick flash of the school exterior as she leaves. Cut to Blossom and Buttercup in flight; Bubbles catches up to them after a moment. Suddenly she stops short, and the other two do likewise. She shrieks.)*

**Bubbles:** Birds!

**Blossom:** What?

*(They are momentarily engulfed by a large flock of screeching birds and cry out themselves. Bubbles looks after them as they fly away, while Blossom and Buttercup are still ducking and covering.)*

**Blossom:** Everyone okay?

**Bubbles:** They're scared!

**Buttercup:** They're scared of the monster. Well, I'm not scared of any monster. Are you?  
*(Bubbles shakes her head.)*

**Blossom:** Well, then, come on! Let's go!

*(Cut to a "driver's seat" view of the road unwinding toward the camera; after a moment, the girls pull into view and zoom ahead. Next they are seen from above, surveying the scene as they approach. From the ground, we see a section of highway at rush hour and hear car horns honking. The camera tilts up to an electronic message sign that reads "MONSTER ATTACK," and changes to "EXPECT DELAYS" as the girls fly over it. They continue across Townsville, passing a group of helicopters hovering around a burning building, and finally land facing the camera—first Blossom, then Buttercup, and finally Bubbles. They look up o.c., and Bubbles shrieks again.)*

**Bubbles:** People!

*(A mob stampedes past them as they throw up their arms to protect themselves. After the dust clears, the ground shakes. The girls look up o.c. again in surprise, and the camera moves behind them as we hear the same roar that Bubbles heard over the hotline. Pull back slowly to reveal a*

*truly colossal lizard creature with spikes all over its head and running down its back. It roars again.)*

*(Extreme close-up of the monster's foot as it is lifted up, leaving a depression in the sidewalk and revealing the girls standing at a distance and looking up o.c. Zoom in on them.)*

**Girls:** *(softly, in awe)* Whoa...

*(The foot descends toward the girls.)*

**Blossom:** Attack pattern Alpha-Omega-Atari! Go!

*(They scramble just before the foot hits the pavement and begin skimming the street and the sides and roofs of the buildings. When they reach the monster, they fly up towards its head, again just inches from its hide. Buttercup zig-zags through the spikes on its back before the girls make their final approach to the head. Extreme close-up of the monster's eye as it narrows, then cut to Blossom. She stops short, gasping in surprise, and is knocked out of the air by a swing of its arm. When she hits the ground, she cuts a furrow in the pavement as she skids to a stop face first. She looks up to see Bubbles and Buttercup firing their eye lasers at the monster, but with no apparent effect. They too are batted down to smash into the pavement next to her.)*

*(As the monster roars and stomps along in the background, the camera shifts to inside the crater that Bubbles and Buttercup have just made. Blossom jumps into view—apparently, their impact knocked her into it. Sirens are heard in the background.)*

**Blossom:** Alternate group plan attack G-Thirty-Seven! Ready! *(Buttercup jumps into view.)*

**Buttercup:** Hold it! We're not pulling no G-Thirty-Seven!

**Blossom:** We're not?

**Buttercup:** We didn't even get a chance to attack him! *(Bubbles appears in the background.)* So instead of just buzzing around him in some fancy pattern, we're gonna hit him head-on and kick some monster butt! *(She takes off.)*

*(Blossom and Bubbles look at each other; Bubbles hangs her head and goes after Buttercup. After a moment, Blossom follows suit and the girls close in again. Buttercup throws a long flurry of punches and kicks, then rears up and delivers a final crushing headbutt. She backs up to where her sisters have been watching—but when the dust clears, the monster is still standing there and facing them, completely unscathed. It roars and knocks them aside again; they smash through a row of buildings before finally landing on the pavement. The sirens continue.)*

*(Close-up of Blossom, flat on her back. The camera placement makes her look upside down.)*

**Blossom:** *(sarcastically)* Well, *that* worked.

*(Quick pan to Buttercup, also on her back. We see that Bubbles is between her and Blossom; both are framed upside down.)*

**Buttercup:** Zip it, Red! Just a minor setback. I'll get him this time!

*(She tries to take off, but is stopped by a pair of hands grabbing her foot.)*

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* Oh, no, you don't!

*(Pull back to reveal the hands as Blossom's. Bubbles watches in the background.)*

**Buttercup:** What are you doing?

**Blossom:** *(pointing at her)* You don't want to do it the proper way, then you don't do it! *(taking off)* Come on, Bubbles! *(After a moment, Bubbles follows.)*

**Buttercup:** Fine!

*(Overhead view of Blossom and Bubbles flying up in a corkscrew formation, then cut to a close-up of the monster at head level. It smashes them between its hands when they get high enough; one girl ends up stuck to each palm. They come loose and free-fall to the pavement; when they hit, vehicles go flying and yet another pothole is formed. Buttercup steps to its edge.)*

**Buttercup:** Blossom...are you all right?

**Blossom:** *(sitting up in hole)* Yeah, I think so.

**Buttercup:** *(laughing loudly)* You dork! You couldn't beat an egg with one of those moves! *(Bubbles, dazed, pops her head out of the rubble next to Blossom.)* I guess I'll have to take care of this myself. *(taking off)* Come on, Bubbles! *(After a moment, Bubbles follows.)*

*(Close-up of the two of them in flight; they stop at the monster's hide and begin pounding. Pull back slightly as one of its hands reaches into view and flicks them away. Back on the ground, Blossom is out of the hole and watches as Buttercup skids to a stop face first, cutting another furrow in the street. She waits for her sister to pick her head up out of the pavement, then leans over to do a little gloating of her own.)*

**Blossom:** Who's the dork now? I told you it takes a tactical plan to take down a monster.

*(Buttercup climbs out of the furrow.)*

**Buttercup:** Are you out of your mind?! You know darn well it takes good old-fashioned butt-whooping!

*(Cut to just behind Bubbles' head as she too slides in on her face to stop in front of her sisters.)*

**Blossom:** That kind of brutality doesn't work. It never works!

**Buttercup:** Oh, yeah? Says who?

**Blossom:** Says me! *(Close-up of her; she produces a set of diagrams.)* Just look at these plans. They're foolproof!

*(On the end of this line, pan from her to Bubbles, who has just peeled herself up and looks somewhat the worse for wear, and over to Buttercup.)*

**Buttercup:** *You're the fool! (She flexes her arms.)* Look at these muscles. This is what fighting is all about!

*(She kisses her hand loudly. Cut back to Blossom, still holding her diagrams.)*

**Blossom:** Brains! *(Back to Buttercup.)*

**Buttercup:** Brawn!

*(Pull back to show the two arguing, Bubbles sitting between them and looking very worried.)*

**Blossom:** Brains!

**Buttercup:** Brawn!

**Blossom:** Brains!

**Buttercup:** Brawn!

**Blossom:** It's the brains and I'll prove it to you! *(She takes off.)*

**Buttercup:** *(calling after her)* Oh, no, you don't! You're not stealing all the glory! *(She takes off.)*

*(Bubbles is left sitting by herself. Cut to a side view of the monster, looking very bored. Blossom flies all around it in various patterns, while Buttercup pounds it from various angles. After several seconds of this, pull back to show Bubbles watching from the ground. She turns around sadly.)*

**Bubbles:** *(sighing)* Three...two...one... *(Zoom in on her as she counts.)*

*(Just after "one," two crashes shake the camera. Pull back to show a pair of smoking craters in the street, with Bubbles standing between them. Blossom and Buttercup climb partway out and moan woozily. After a moment, they become alert and very angry.)*

**Blossom, Buttercup:** *(pointing at each other)* YOU—!!

*(Zoom in slowly on Bubbles as they argue. She still looks very worried. The camera movement gradually puts the others out of view.)*

**Blossom:** This is all your fault!

**Buttercup:** My fault?

**Blossom:** If you would have just stayed out of the way, my plan could have worked!

**Buttercup:** You were in my way!

**Blossom:** Your way won't work!

**Buttercup:** Baloney! It's your way that won't work!

**Blossom:** Well, if mine won't work, then neither will yours!

**Buttercup:** Well, yours certainly won't!

**Blossom:** Yours won't!

**Buttercup:** Yours won't!

**Bubbles:** QUIET!!

*(Pull back quickly to show all three sisters again. Blossom and Buttercup have been stunned into silence; Bubbles has her arms crossed and an angry, fed-up expression on her face. Without another word she flies up. The camera follows her flight, which stops at the level of the monster's head, then shifts to behind her. The monster roars at top volume, but Bubbles does not move. Cut to a close-up of her as she addresses it, acting just as you might expect a nervous little kid to act in front of a grown-up—fidgeting, stammering, scuffing her toes against the “ground”—and being as polite as she can.)*

**Bubbles:** Um...excuse me, Mr. Monster? Um, I was wondering if you would, uh, be so kind as to stop destroying Townsville. We like our town very, very much, and I would appreciate it if you would just...leave. Pretty please with sugar lumps on top?

*(Side view of the monster's head, with Bubbles still holding her ground. Long pause. Pull back. Another long pause. Finally the monster turns around and stomps o.c. Cut to behind Bubbles as it goes back into the water; after it has submerged, close-up of her.)*

**Bubbles:** *(calling after it)* Thank you! *(She giggles.)*

*(Now she does a happy backflip and flies down to her sisters, who have been watching the whole proceeding in a state of total shock.)*

**Bubbles:** *(satisfied)* There. *(full volume)* THAT'S HOW YOU GET RID OF A MONSTER, YOU BIG FAT DOO-DOO-HEADED WEENIES!! *(She glares at them angrily and floats off.)*

**Buttercup:** Well, geez, I coulda done that.

**Blossom:** Really? That's the easy way.

**Buttercup:** At least I was trying to do it the right way.

*(They float off; their voices fade as they move away.)*

**Blossom:** You mean, with a well-formulated plan.

**Buttercup:** No, with muscle.

**Blossom:** Nuh-uh. Plan.

**Buttercup:** Muscle.

**Blossom:** Plan!

**Buttercup:** Muscle!

**Blossom:** Plan!

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

**Narrator:** And so once again the day is saved—

*(Bubbles appears front and center, looking very pleased with herself. Blossom is in the bottom left, Buttercup in the bottom right, and both are visibly dejected.)*

**Narrator:** —thanks to Bubbles!