

**POWERPROF.**

**Transcribed by Alan Back**

Act One

*(Opening shot: the city skyline at peace.)*

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

*(Freeze frame of the park, where families are playing and picnicking.)*

**Narrator:** ...is having quite a lovely Saturday, isn't it?

*(At the beach, we see another family enjoying the day.)*

**Narrator:** Just look at all the townspeople. What a perfect day for an outing!

*(Now a carnival is seen in full swing: cotton candy, rides, the whole deal. As the Narrator continues, dissolve to a man and his son on a fishing trip. Their dog is along for the ride.)*

**Narrator:** *(inhaling deeply)* Ahh, you can just smell all the love and togetherness in the air.

*(Dissolve to the girls, asleep in their bed. Bubbles is cradling Octi, as usual. Zoom in slowly.)*

**Narrator:** And here we find our girls, sleeping in. Anxiously dreaming of their big day off with the Professor.

*(On this last, pan to the bedroom door, where the Professor has poked his head in. He steps in quietly and approaches the bed.)*

**Narrator:** Finally, some quality time to spend with their faithful father figure.

*(He kisses each girl on the forehead; they wake up when he does so.)*

**Narrator:** An opportunity to bond. *(Bubbles.)* To grow. To become closer. *(Blossom.)* To establish ties. *(Buttercup.)*

*(They sit up, stretch, and give him a hug during the next line.)*

**Narrator:** To learn. To love.

*(Dissolve to the kitchen; the girls are eating breakfast, with the Professor at the table as well. Blossom wipes her mouth with her napkin before each bite, and Buttercup slurps the milk from her cereal bowl. After a moment, he looks at his watch and taps it. The girls brighten and zip out of the room, returning a moment later. Blossom is first, wearing a red swimsuit with a white*

cross, and equipped with a rescue float and whistle—she is ready for lifeguard duty. Bubbles appears next, in a light blue suit with a black stripe, wearing her “floaties,” and carrying a pail and shovel. Last is Buttercup, tricked out in a black wetsuit and toting a boogie board. The Professor, meanwhile, has outfitted himself with a snorkel, mask, fins, and an inflatable animal float around his waist. He also wears a T-shirt emblazoned with the words “BEACH BUM.”)

(Dissolve to the driveway, where he is trying to stuff a beach umbrella into the back of the already-jammed car. Blossom flies up and succeeds in stowing it away. Bubbles closes the rear hatch, and Buttercup flies out of the house with the car keys. Just after she gives them to him, the hotline is heard buzzing. Pull back quickly; the phone is seen inside the house at the window. The girls float out of view.)

[Animation goof: In this sequence, Bubbles’ suit is the two-piece she wore in “Uh Oh Dynamo.”]

(Out in the driveway again, the Professor now looks as if all the air has been let out of him. We hear the hotline being picked up and hung up. The girls float past him, back in their dresses and looking equally dejected. Blossom and Buttercup take off; Bubbles waves sadly to him before going after them. He hangs his head and trudges back into the house as the camera pulls back to show its exterior. The door slams.)

(Day fades into night, and the girls float back to the front door and enter the house. Their eyes go wide in surprise and sadness; cut to the dining room table, set for a full meal complete with candelabra—the candles have burned out. The Professor is heard snoring o.c., and the camera pans slowly across the scene to show him asleep in his chair, with an empty plate before him. The girls trade a sad, worried look, then gently wrap his arms around them and close their eyes. Now he wakes up and smiles; cut to inside the darkened bedroom. The door opens, and we see the silhouette of him, carrying the girls, in the light from the hall. Cut to the exterior of the house, the bedroom windows now lit, as the sound of bedclothes being turned down is heard. After a moment, the lights snap off.)

(Night fades into day. Cut to an extreme close-up of bubbling green liquid and pull back to show this as a test tube that the Professor is watching intently. He wears protective goggles. As the bubbling continues, he brings an eyedropper down to the tube and carefully squeezes out a drop of red liquid. The mixture begins to bubble more vigorously, and he smiles; a few seconds later, the activity fizzles out and his face falls.)

(Pull back; he is at a table in the lab. To his right, our left, are a pencil and paper. The test tube is in front of him, and a book sits open to his left. He picks up the paper, regards it for a long moment, then flips through the book. While his back is turned, Bubbles peeks over the edge of the table and swipes the pencil. He puts the paper down and, without looking to his right, feels around on the counter. Not finding the pencil, he looks over there, then fishes around in an unseen drawer to get another one. He begins to write on the paper, during which Blossom peeks over the edge, taps him on the arm, and ducks out of sight. Now he looks briefly over his shoulder and goes back to his writing.)

*(He stops to leaf through the book again, and Buttercup's head pokes up. She too taps him on the arm and ducks back. He looks over to that side, and Bubbles quickly slips a squeaky stuffed animal—a unicorn—onto the table. When he looks back at this, his eyes widen; behind him, all three girls peek up. He smiles and yawns a bit, and they duck away again. Now he starts writing once more, and a hand reaches into view to push the squeaky toy closer to him. As he works, all three girls peek up at him; he glances back in that direction, and they duck again. A pink elephant piggy bank is placed on the table to his right—the coins inside jingle when it is set down—and another doll, perhaps a cat, is slipped in to his left. A giraffe appears next to the elephant.)*

*(The Professor finally stops writing and looks at the objects, smiling over these new additions to his workspace. The smile gives way to puzzlement—where are those girls?—and he ducks down to rummage under the counter. While his attention is occupied, the girls descend into view from above. Buttercup tips a few drops of a chemical into the test tube, and they quickly rise out of sight again. The tube begins to bubble and sing like a teakettle.)*

*(When the Professor stands up, it takes a moment for him to notice the tube's activity. Surprise registers on his face—and a moment later, a burst of foam sprays from the tube and douses him. He opens his eyes through the muck and walks o.c. Blossom peeks up and grabs the paper and the second pencil; Bubbles replaces these with a ragged-looking sheet. The Professor returns, his face clean, and gathers up all the animals, then eyes the sheet. He picks this up as well and studies it again before tucking it away in his coat pocket and walking o.c. The girls peek over the table, looking very worried, as he climbs the stairs to leave the lab. They trade nervous, slightly panicked looks, as if fearing they may have overplayed their hand.)*

*(After the Professor has left, the girls fly up the stairs and poke their heads through the doorway, one by one. Their eyes dart from side to side, and they fly through. He is on them in an instant, tickling them on the living room floor. They keep laughing for a moment after he stops, then throw calculated looks to each other and cunning smiles to him. Camera shifts to him, looking very much caught on the spot, then to the open lab door. The girls fly back and forth in front of this, tickling him and carrying him along. An o.c. crash shakes the camera; cut to him on the floor, smiling with his hand to the side of his head as the girls laugh.)*

*[Note: In the preceding, the girls are not actually heard laughing. Think of this scene—and nearly the whole of Act One—as a sort of silent movie.]*

*(Bubbles pulls the ragged paper out of his pocket and holds it in front of his face. Close-up: it is a movie advertisement that reads "TV Puppet Pals—Movie Puppet Pals: The Movie—In 3-D—Now Playing." It shows Puppet Pals Clem and Mitch, the latter holding his bonking stick. After a moment, it is lowered out of view and the girls are seen with the sweetest expressions they can muster. They float up off the floor, and he stands up as well with a quiet, stern look. He turns and walks o.c.; we see the lab door slam, and the girls hang their heads sadly. A moment later, the door opens and he leans out, smiling and jingling his car keys. They instantly perk up.)*

*(Cut to the exterior of the house. The garage door opens, and the car pulls out. It parks in front of the theater's box office; tilt up from this to the marquee, displaying the film's title. In the*

*lobby, the Professor walks along while the girls dance around him excitedly. One of the posters on the wall behind them shows a picture of Don Shank. The family reaches the concession stand; close-up of the popcorn popper under the counter in high gear. The girls fly into view on the side of the machine across from the camera. Blossom eyes the corn eagerly, Bubbles licks her chops, and Buttercup presses her face against the glass. Camera follows them as they float up to the level of the counter and smile pleadingly at the Professor. He comes up with a fistful of cash.)*

*(Head-on view of the auditorium doors, seen from inside. They swing open, and the girls fly in eagerly. The Professor's arms are loaded with popcorn, sodas, and candy. Pull back; he makes his way slowly down the aisle, a couple of kids running around in front of him. The house is packed, and the girls have already found seats. Bubbles is jumping up and down on hers, looking back at the goodies on their way.)*

*(Head-on view of the screen: black background with white lettering. "TV PUPPET PALS IN" appears, changing to "MOVIE PUPPET PALS" in huge letters. Below this: "THE MOVIE" in smaller type. Next: "IN"—small type—then "3-D" in red and blue, zooming toward the camera. This gives way to Mitch bonking Clem over the head repeatedly. In the audience, the Professor looks down o.c. toward the girls, his 3-D glasses propped on his forehead. Camera tilts down and pans across them, glasses in place to get the full effect. Blossom has the popcorn, Buttercup the soda, Bubbles the candy.)*

*(On screen, Mitch pokes his bonking stick toward the camera; the crowd cries out in laughter. The screen is suddenly ripped apart, and a huge reddish-pink creature with white hair and one eye leans through it into the theater and roars. The crowd applauds this as well, but their cheers give way to screams when the monster snaps a man out of his seat and begins eating him. People run everywhere; the girls and the Professor, however, remain seated, shock written on each of their faces. The girls look toward him; after a moment, he smiles sadly and they take off through the hole in the screen—now vacated by the monster—to dispatch the threat. He stands up and looks after them, hanging his head.)*

*(Dissolve to the exterior of the house. The garage door opens, and the car pulls in. Ground-level view of the Professor stepping to the front door; we hear his keys jingle, and he opens the door and enters. He walks into the house very slowly, dropping the keys to the floor as he goes. He sits down heavily, head bowed, and looks over at an end table. On it is a picture of the family from a previous vacation. A building resembling a castle is in the background; all four wear hats with moose antlers and appear to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. Bubbles has an all-day sucker.)*

*(He picks up the picture and looks at it for a long moment, and grim resolve makes itself visible on his face. Cut to the lab door, slamming shut, and zoom in slowly. Behind it, various hand and power tools can be heard at work. Fade to black.)*

## Act Two

*(Opening shot: a close-up of the corner of a building. A roar is heard o.c.—it is the monster that crashed the Puppet Pals movie screening—and Bubbles is flung into view to smash against the*

*wall. She peels herself off and goes on the offensive, firing her eye lasers up at the creature. The beams have no effect; it roars and bites through an electric power line. The free ends, sparking and snapping, fall toward the townspeople in the street. Bubbles rushes down and grabs them, but gets a few thousand volts through her body for her trouble.)*

*(Buttercup approaches from behind, carrying a tree to club the monster. It turns around just in time to take the full force of the blow—which does no damage at all. Now it pulls back and unloads a punch that sends her arcing over the city. Cut to a steamship on the water; she crashes into its side, opening a hole in the hull. It sinks and carries her to the bottom. Through the hole, the passengers can be seen holding their breath.)*

*(Back in the city, Blossom joins the fight. She flies up close and unleashes her ice breath on the monster. It is frozen over from head to toe, but promptly breaks loose of this and responds with a mouthful of fire that catches her dead on. She is propelled against a building, which cracks from the impact; the upper part of the structure falls away. The crowd screams in fear. Close-up of Blossom, plastered against the masonry and knocked momentarily senseless. She snaps out of it and carries the section back into the air. On the water, a large patch begins to bubble, and the ship begins to surface.)*

*(Extreme close-up of the Mayor.)*

**Mayor:** Oh, Powerpuff Girls...HEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLPPPPPPP!!

*(As he screams, pull back to show him dangling from the monster's hand, just above its open mouth. Cut to Bubbles, Buttercup, and Blossom in turn, then to the hand as it lets go of the Mayor's foot. He drops o.c, screaming, and the girls close in. We see the power lines tied in a bow, the ship set down on the beach, and the top part of the smashed building set back on its base; these shots are interspersed with others of the Mayor falling toward the creature's mouth. On this last shot, a streak of light flashes across the screen and whisks him to safety just before the jaws slam shut.)*

*(Cut to the girls, who gasp in surprise, then to the following: a fist in white armor, a square shoulder with part of an equally boxy chin in view, a chest plate with a pocket containing a couple of pens, and part of a face with a thick black eyebrow and a light blue protective visor over the eyes. On the street, two white-booted feet descend into view, jets of exhaust firing from them to slow the approach. The hands set the Mayor down and pat his head, and he giggles and blushes. The crowd cheers the rescue as the individual's shadow falls over them; camera turns around and moves slowly up from the feet. The figure is armored from head to toe, with a black belt at the waist, and is the Professor.)*

**Girls:** Professor! *(They fly to him.)*

**Professor:** Hi, gir— *(He is plowed off his feet.)* —oof!

**Buttercup:** What are you doing here?

**Blossom:** *(tapping armor)* And what are you wearing?

**Professor:** Well, you see, girls, I missed you so much— *(setting them on ground)* —that I made this super suit, so I could spend more time with you. And you know what they say— *(His*

*perspective.)* —if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. *(Back to him.)* So I figured if I joined 'em, I could help 'em beat 'em!

*(He laughs and points his thumb over his shoulder, where the monster is rearing up over the skyline and roaring. The girls giggle.)*

**Buttercup:** That means you're a Powerpuff Girl!

**Professor:** *(laughing)* Well, why don't you just call me...

*(He blasts off and flies around for a few seconds.)*

**Professor:** ...“Powerprof.”!

**Girls:** Yaaaay! *(They join him in midair.)*

**Professor:** Now, girls, let's go get him!

*(They close in and begin pummeling the monster from all angles, ending with a four-way flying punch that sends it down to the pavement like an overgrown tree. The crowd cheers, and the group lands in front of the beast.)*

**Narrator:** Well, it looks like the family that slays together, stays together!

*(Cut to the smashed front window of an electronics shop and pull back. An alarm is heard. Pan quickly down the block to two thieves carrying a TV set. Blossom zips this out of their hands, and the Professor whisks them off the sidewalk. In midair, he rises into view, holding them by their collars. Bubbles and Buttercup flash past and tie them up; cut to a donut shop—Mr. Donut—where they are dropped onto the sidewalk by the front door. Three cops poke their heads out.)*

*(Overhead view of a bank; another alarm is heard. A robber runs out the front door, carrying a sack of money and firing a gun behind him. He climbs into a waiting car at the sidewalk; close-up of him inside as he guns the engine. However, the car does not move. Pan left to show the Professor holding on to the rear end. Bubbles flies up and opens the rear door, her sisters fly in, and she closes the door behind them. The car shakes with the sounds of a swift beating.)*

*(Cut to a building wall, where three guys are spray-painting graffiti. Each is knocked away by one of the girls flying across the screen; we see the message: “The Mayor is a weenie.” The paint can is left hanging in midair, but is quickly picked up by the Professor when he arrives on the scene. He makes a quick addition to the graffiti and rushes off—now “weenie” has been crossed out and “winner” written below it.)*

*(Cut to the four in flight. They stop short and look down in surprise. At the jail, prisoners are running loose; sirens are heard.)*

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* Oh, no! A prison break! *(Back to them.)*

**Professor:** Well, girls, like you young people like to say—let's get jiggly with it! *(He darts in; the girls trade pained looks before following.)*

*(On the ground, Blossom knocks out three prisoners, after which the Professor comes up to her.)*

**Professor:** *(nudging her, winking)* Hey, Blossom! Totally tubular! *(He zips away, not seeing the embarrassment that plays across her face.)*

*(Now Bubbles dispatches three prisoners of her own before he slides up by her side.)*

**Professor:** *(giving A-OK sign)* Wow, Bubbles! That was groovy! *(He zips away before she claps her hands to her mouth.)*

*(Meanwhile, Buttercup is giving three other prisoners what for. The Professor pops up beside her.)*

**Professor:** *(giving double thumbs-up)* Word up, Buttercup! *(He laughs and zips away.)*

**Buttercup:** *(to herself)* Oh, that is so lame!

*(On the street, Blossom has a prisoner by the collar and is smacking him back and forth.)*

**Blossom:** And maybe—this will—teach you to—leave jail—before you’ve—paid your—debt to—society! *(The Professor approaches.)*

**Professor:** No, no, sweetie. Let me help you.

**Blossom:** But, Professor— *(He takes hold of the prisoner and starts smacking him.)*

**Professor:** Now watch—see? It’s—all in—the wrist!

**Blossom:** But I know—

**Professor:** Now you try.

*(She sighs, takes hold of the prisoner again, and starts beating him again halfheartedly.)*

**Professor:** That’s much better.

*(Buttercup is facing off against four prisoners. They close in, but she knocks two away with a jumping split kick. She nails the third when he tries to catch her from behind, and sends the last flying as well. The four land in a heap; close-up of her, panting hard and ready for more.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* That’s my little sugar muffin. *(Her eyes go wide; pull back to show him next to her and zoom in.)* Dumplin’. Lumpy pie.

*(Cut to the prisoners, who are laughing like kings at the string of pet names.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* Angel cake. Sweetie pants. *(Extreme close-up of her, very embarrassed.)* Honeysuckle. *(Pull back to put him in view.)* Booger bear. *(He pinches her cheeks.)* Beating up those mean old convicted felons.

*(Pull back again to frame the prisoners laughing at her. The ones she beat up get in on the act.)*

**Prisoner 1:** Yeah, sugar muffin.

**Prisoner 2:** Puddin' pie.

*(Close-up of her, zooming in slowly. She is truly mortified now.)*

**Prisoner 3:** *(from o.c.)* Cupcake! Booger bear!

*(Cut to a sidewalk; Bubbles zips past at top speed. A prisoner hides just inside an alley; after she leaves, he sneaks out, opens a manhole, and jumps toward it. Bubbles flies in and picks him up before he can make his getaway. She carries him over the head of the Professor, who has a few townspeople gathered around him.)*

**Bubbles:** Oh, no, you don't! *(flying o.c.)* You're going back to jail!

**Professor:** *(to townspeople)* My little Bubbles. You'd never guess that only a few months ago, she had a bedwetting problem.

*(A scream from o.c. is heard, approaching quickly. The prisoner falls into view from above—Bubbles has dropped him—and hits the pavement in front of the Professor. Camera tilts quickly up to her, floating in front of several windows filled with laughing people. Her jaw hangs slack and her mouth begins to wobble; zoom in twice to an extreme close-up.)*

**Bubbles:** *(wailing)* PROFESSOR!! *(She takes off, crying.)*

*(On the ground, her sisters look up o.c. after her.)*

**Blossom:** Poor Bubbles!

**Buttercup:** *(pointing o.c.)* Look out!

*(Pull back quickly; the prisoner Bubbles dropped has the manhole cover in hand and swings it, hitting Blossom. She sails down the street and is caught by the Professor.)*

**Blossom:** *(rubbing her head)* Owwww... *(She snarls and gets ready to mix it up, but he stops her.)*

**Professor:** No, no, Sunshine. *(putting her down next to Buttercup)* I'm beginning to think this type of work is too dangerous for girls your age. *(Cut to the two girls.)*

**Blossom, Buttercup:** What? *(Stay on them.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* Hush now. *(Close-up of him, zooming in slowly.)* You just let your Professy-wessy take care of this.

*(He goes on the attack. The two girls remain on the ground while he flies back and forth; unconscious prisoners start to pile up behind them.)*

**Buttercup:** This stinks! He won't let us do anything!

**Blossom:** He's treating us like babies! *(Bubbles returns, a paper bag over her head.)*

**Bubbles:** And he's embarrassing us!

*(The Professor gathers up the prisoners and delivers them to a waiting paddy wagon, then goes back to the girls, wiping his hands.)*

**Professor:** Well, I think that's all of them. Pretty good day, huh, girls?

**Blossom:** Well, uh, actually—

**Professor:** *(leaning down to look at her)* Ooh, did you get a boo-boo? *(standing up)* Well, don't you girls worry. I have just the thing at home to get rid of mean old ouchies. *(He takes off; tilt down from him to the girls on the next line.)*

**Buttercup:** *(to her sisters)* Great. When what we *really* need rid of is annoying old Powerprof.!

**Bubbles:** I know, but how? We don't want to be too hard on him.

**Blossom:** Or do we? *(thinking for a moment)* Come on. I have an idea. *(They take off.)*

*(Fade to black.)*

*(Snap to the exterior of the house during the day. Inside, the hotline goes off and the Professor answers it. He is back in his civilian clothes.)*

**Professor:** Hello...Really?...Ooooooh...Oh, yeah! That sounds *good!*

*(Pull back to show him in the girls' bedroom. He hangs up; pan to the girls at their table as he runs past behind them. Bubbles no longer wears the bag. They look quite annoyed with the entire situation. From o.c. we hear him change clothes, and he zips back into view, wearing his armored suit.)*

**Professor:** Well, girls, looks like Mojo is wreaking havoc again. But he's no match for Townsville's number-one super-family, is he?

*(They giggle nervously and make a few throwaway comments. Cut to the front step. The door opens.)*

**Professor:** *(from inside house)* Okay, girls. Up, up and away! *(laughing)* Get it? Get it?

*(He takes off. They moan and float slowly out after him.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c., echoing)* Girls? *(We hear them stop.)* What did we discuss yesterday?

*(They groan and float back into the house. We hear them putting on some equipment; a moment later, they float out and o.c. again. Each girl is now wearing a bicycle helmet and pads on her knees and elbows—of course, the colors match. To say they are uncomfortable with this new development would be putting it lightly.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c., echoing)* That's better. Now let's hasta la vista, babies! *(They moan.)*

*(Cut to the city skyline, shot full of holes, and pan slowly along it. Stop on one building that is completely intact; a laser beam from o.c. blasts it. The shots are coming from the observatory; inside, Mojo is firing a laser cannon from one of the windows. Pan to him at the controls, laughing wildly.)*

**Mojo:** If this does not lure the Powerpuff Girls into my clutches, nothing will!

*(A crash shakes the camera, and he turns around to find the girls and the Professor in front of a new hole in the wall. One of them is ready for a scrap; the other three look about as excited as if they are being dragged along to a shoe store.)*

**Professor:** Not so quickly, Mojo Jojo!

**Blossom:** *(to him, whispering)* It's "fast," Professor, "fast."

**Mojo:** Oh, this is new!

**Professor:** Give it up, Mojo! You're no match for my little sugar lumps! *(They moan wearily.)*

**Mojo:** *(sarcastically)* Oh, ho, ho, I should say not. Oh, how will I ever defeat the Powerpuff Girls—when they're wearing helmets and elbow pads?!

*(He laughs and pulls out an oversized blaster. The girls, staring in surprise, are each hit in turn and knocked into three small alcoves at the far end of the room. Mojo presses a button, activating force fields on the alcoves and locking them in.)*

**Professor:** Pumpkins!

*(He levels his gaze at Mojo, whose perch behind the laser cannon lowers to ground level.)*

**Mojo:** So, Professor Utonium. I was not expecting a fourth opponent. But no matter. I will eliminate you in an alternate manner!

**Professor:** Bring it on, Daddy-o!

**Mojo:** Oh, that is so lame. You will pay for your use of inappropriate dialogue!

*(He leaps into the air and begins firing. The Professor goes airborne as well and dodges all the shots, then returns fire with his eye lasers and knocks the blaster out of Mojo's hands. He throws a punch that knocks the monkey the full length of the room to crash through a door marked "ARSENAL." Zoom in slightly on this; Mojo bursts out a moment later, armed to the teeth—bow and arrows, spear gun, battle axe, blasters, grenades, and even a time bomb.)*

*(Shots fly in all directions, and the Professor is hit by every one of them. He is blasted to the floor time and again as Mojo roars with laughter. Close-up of the Professor's face as he falls to the floor in slow motion, his hair a mess and his armor badly damaged. He groans softly when he lands. Pull back to bring Mojo into view, laughing over the prone man.)*

**Mojo:** At last! Victory is mine! With the Powerpuff Girls and their pathetic parent out of the way, the city will be under my control within the hour! But first...you needn't worry about your little "pumpkins," Professor Utonium. *(Cut to them; he continues o.c.)* I know the perfect recipe for... *(Back to him.)* ...POWERPUFF PUMPKIN PIE!!

*(He roars with laughter again as his shadow falls over the girls. On the floor, the Professor's eyes narrow in anger and determination. He groans and struggles to lift himself to his feet. Cut to behind Mojo at ground level and pan across the room; he is then whisked off his feet by the Professor, who administers the sort of beating the girls usually deliver. Quick close-up of each.)*

**Blossom:** Go—

**Buttercup:** —Professor!

**Bubbles:** Go!

*(He nails Mojo with his eye lasers, blasting him into the far wall and crisping him nicely. The monkey sticks there for a long moment, then slides slowly down o.c., leaving a burned outline. We hear him hit the floor; camera tilts down to show him there in a heap. The Professor holds his stern expression for a moment, then lets out his breath. Now looking dog-tired and with his wrecked armor creaking and clanking, he trudges to the girls' cells and punches a few buttons on the control panel by each, freeing them.)*

**Professor:** Are you girls all right? *(They plow into him, pushing him o.c.)* Oof!

*(Close-up of the group at floor level.)*

**Bubbles:** Wow, Professor! You beat Mojo all by yourself!

**Buttercup:** And you beat him good!

**Blossom:** We can't wait to see what you do next time! *(His eyes pop.)*

**Professor:** Next time? *(He groans and stands up slowly.)* Girls...there isn't going to be a next time.

**Girls:** What?

**Professor:** Being a superhero is *hard*. I'm tired, and my muscles are all sore. *(walking o.c.)* You girls can protect the city. I—I'm just gonna stay home from now on.

*(They beg and plead for him to stay in the crime-fighting business. Pull back to bring him into view again.)*

**Professor:** I'm just not cut out for this like you girls are. *(pulling helmet off)* It's been a *loooooong* time since my junior varsity bocce-ball days in college.

[*Note: Bocce is a game in which players roll balls down the length of a grass or sand court in order to land them as close as possible to a small target ball.*]

*(During this last, he tosses the helmet away; camera follows it as it tumbles to the floor, putting him out of view. Tilt up to the girls in midair. As he continues, we hear the sound of him changing clothes again.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* Besides, there are bills to pay, and the dishes have been piling up. *(Back to him, in his civvies; he drops the armor to the floor.)* You girls don't need me.

**Girls:** *(flying into view)* But—

**Professor:** No buts! My mind is made up! *(Zoom in slowly on him.)* Sometimes in life, you just have to accept disappointment, girls. I'm through with the superhero biz, and that's final!

*(Pull back again; he turns and walks away, clutching his back.)*

**Professor:** Oh, boy, am I gonna feel this in the morning.

*(The girls smile at each other and fly over to Mojo, still slumped against the wall.)*

**Blossom:** Gee, Mojo, thanks for giving the Professor such a wallop. *(He groans.)*

**Buttercup:** Yeah. We knew after he went head to head with you, he'd never want to be a hero again!

**Bubbles:** But who knew he would put up such a good fight? *(He groans again.)*

*(The girls giggle and fly up closer to the ceiling, then take off their helmets and throw them down. Tilt down to the floor, where they fall into view near the Professor's helmet and bounce away. The sound of ripping Velcro is heard from o.c., and the knee and elbow pads drop next. Back to the girls; extreme close-up of their hands as they do a triple high-five over their heads.)*

**Girls:** *(from o.c.)* Yes!

*(The standard end shot comes up.)*

**Narrator:** And so once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! Yo, they be chillin' on the girl power trip, y'all! Yo, yo! Peace! I'm out.