

## EQUAL FIGHTS

Transcribed by Alan Back

*(Opening shot: the city skyline under a bright rising sun.)*

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville! An ideal city where everyone is satisfied with their lot in life. Where the citizens are happy to help each other out. *(Dissolve to the exterior of the girls' house.)* Like these citizens.

*(Inside, the Professor is washing dishes. The girls poke their heads around the kitchen doorway.)*

**Blossom:** Bye, Professor! Going to school!

**Professor:** Oh, girls—before you go, could you do me a favor?

**Girls:** Certainly!

**Professor:** *(carrying trash bag to them)* Will you drop the garbage by the curb on your way out? *(Bubbles reaches for it.)*

*(Outside, the door opens and they fly to a trash can on the sidewalk; Bubbles is carrying the bag. Blossom picks up the can, Buttercup removes the lid, and Bubbles drops the bag in. The lid is replaced, and the girls take off. Cut to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten.)*

**Narrator:** A city where everyone gets their fair turn.

*(On the playground, kids are doing normal recess things and enjoying themselves. One boy catches a dodgeball and throws it straight up. Buttercup catches it as the girls fly overhead, and she kicks it down to another boy.)*

**Boy:** Your turn, Jenny. *(throwing ball o.c.)* Think fast!

*(A nearby girl playing hopscotch is hit in the back of the head—this is Jenny.)*

**Boy:** *(laughing)* Oops.

**Jenny:** Very funny, Joey. *(picking up ball, laughing)* You're gonna get it!

*(She chases the boy, Joey, across the playground. Both laugh as the girls watch approvingly. The buzzing of the hotline draws their attention; cut to it in the classroom.)*

**Narrator:** A city where they always have someone they can count on. *(Blossom picks up, her sisters floating nearby.)*

**Blossom:** Yes, Mayor?...The bank, huh?...Don't worry. We're on our way!

**Mayor:** *(over hotline)* Oh, you girls are so sweet to take time out of your day to save the city. What would I ever do without you? *(They beam at this.)*

**Blossom:** Aw, shucks, Mayor. We're happy to do it for you.

**Mayor:** *(over hotline)* Bless your little hearts. *(They take off.)*

*(Cut to outside the school as they fly away, then dissolve to the exterior of the Bank of the Imperial Garden. The side wall has a large hole smashed in it, and the alarm is going off.)*

**Narrator:** I wonder what kind of hulking, ugly thug of a man is robbing the bank this time.

*(On the end of this, zoom in toward the hole. Inside the bank, the customers and the guard have their hands up and incredulous looks on their faces.)*

**Customer:** Whoa, man!

*(Pan quickly to the front counter, where we see a pair of legs clad in white pants and heels standing in front of the tellers, who also have their hands up. They look up with surprise as the owner of said legs speaks—it is a woman, her voice dripping with contempt.)*

**White-clad figure:** That's right, you sad excuse of a man.

*(As she continues, the camera tilts up to show the rest of her. She wears a white jumpsuit with the biological symbol for the female sex—a circle with a cross pointing down—emblazoned on it in blue. The circle forms the collar; the cross reaches down the front. She carries a firearm of similar design, with the free end of the cross as the muzzle and a pistol grip added near the point where it joins the circle. She wears headgear in the same motif; the circle sits atop her head, with the horizontal bar of the cross extended to form a mask over her eyes and the vertical bar shortened to stop over her nose. She has long blond hair.)*

**White-clad figure:** You've been rendered completely helpless by a woman! *(pointing gun at camera)* Femme Fatale!

*(Pull back slightly; she goes into a crouch.)*

**White-clad figure (Femme Fatale):** I'm the queen of corruption! *(leaning backward, pointing gun at a man)* The mistress of misdeeds! *(sliding across counter, pointing at another man)* The dame of disaster! *(grabbing his collar)* I'm gonna rob this burg blind, and there's nothing you macho meatheads can do about it!

*(She drops him and rounds on a teller.)*

**Femme Fatale:** You! Be a good little boy— *(dropping a sack on his head)* —and put the money in the bag.

*(He opens a drawer and starts loading bundles of bills into the sack, but soon finds the gun's muzzle pointed at his head. Pan left on the next line to show the robber, now very angry.)*

**Femme Fatale:** What exactly do you think you're doing?! *(Pull back to bring him into view.)*

**Teller:** I-I-I'm p-putting the money in the bag.

**Femme Fatale:** *(snatching a bill away)* Men! Can't do anything right! *(Close-up of it as it is held before him; she continues o.c.)* Who is this? WHO IS THIS?!

*(She is holding a \$100 bill—the newer design, with a large portrait of Benjamin Franklin. She pulls this away and leans into the teller’s face.)*

**Femme Fatale:** IT’S BEN FRANKLIN, YOU IDIOT! A MAN!! I want Susan B. Anthony coins! NOW!!

*(On this last, she leans forward again with such ferocity that the teller ducks under the counter. The jingling of coins is heard, and a moment later a large, bulging sack is set in front of her. She smiles at this and takes hold of it.)*

**Femme Fatale:** That’s better. *(Camera follows her as she heads for the exit.)* Well, boys, looks like this town has met its match. *(She stops at the hole.)* There’s not a man alive who can stop me.

*(The girls burst in through the front door.)*

**Femme Fatale:** Uh-oh.

*(She ducks out, but they are right behind her. In the alley behind the bank, they look around for a moment and are almost hit by three shuriken-like projectiles. These embed themselves in the wall, and we see that they are patterned after the female symbol. The girls look back and forth and then split up to canvass the back alleys. Femme Fatale watches them from a rooftop and turns to go, sure that she has eluded them—but she finds herself staring straight at them. The fight goes out of her in an instant.)*

**Femme Fatale:** I can’t believe it. No man has ever defeated me, and here you little girls have overtaken me easily. You’re amazing!

**Buttercup:** That’s right, lady!

**Blossom:** And now you’re coming with us.

**Bubbles:** To jail!

**Femme Fatale:** *(slyly)* Too bad your city belittles your talents so.

**Girls:** *(puzzled)* Belittles?

*(The robber pulls a different gun, this one smaller and of a more conventional design, and fires. The girls scramble as a grappling hook with a rope attached sails between them. The hook, of the female-symbol design, snags a protruding pipe, and she drops over the edge to rappel down the side of the buildings. Now the girls rush after her and follow the rope; they pass Femme Fatale, who is now standing on the fire escape. They charge toward ground level, but the rope stops well short of that height and Bubbles doubles back to check out the free end. Her sisters back up as well, and all three look overhead to see the woman jumping from rooftop to rooftop. Blossom squeezes off a shot with her eye lasers, blasting away the landing spot to leave Femme Fatale in free fall. Buttercup darts in and catches her before she can hit the ground; we see her carrying the woman by one foot. Tilt down to her as Blossom and Bubbles catch up.)*

**Blossom:** What did you mean, belittle?

**Femme Fatale:** Surely you've noticed. Female superheroes aren't nearly as revered as male superheroes.

**Bubbles:** Sure they are! There's Supergirl, Batgirl—

**Femme Fatale:** (*snorting in contempt*) They're so lame! Merely extensions of their male counterparts. Who besides you is a heroine in her own right?

**Blossom:** Ha! There's Wonder Woman, and...uh...um...um... (*softly*) Wonder Woman... (*Back to Buttercup.*)

**Buttercup:** (*dropping Femme Fatale*) She's right! There is no one else!

*(The robber goes into free fall again. Blossom and Bubbles stare after her, then glare up at Buttercup over their heads. She laughs sheepishly. Cut to a construction worker tearing up the street with a jackhammer as a scream of terror starts to grow. He shuts off his rig just before she drops neatly into his arms, and he smiles at her.)*

**Construction worker:** Hey, baby. Are you a fallen angel?

*(She boils over at his advance and bashes him with her sack of SBA coins. She is off and running even before he hits the ground, a big red handprint across his cheek. Cut to the girls in flight, looking for her.)*

**Buttercup:** Where is she?

**Blossom:** It's *your* fault we lost her, Butterfingers!

**Buttercup:** Ugh! Will you give it a rest already? We can't all be Little Miss Perfect!

**Bubbles:** (*pointing down o.c.*) There she is!

*(They dive into an alley to give chase, but she ducks expertly out of their way and they pass over her head. Now she turns around and heads o.c.)*

**Femme Fatale:** Can't you girls see? (*The girls bounce off a fence and reverse; she continues o.c.*) The man can't admit we're better than him, so he keeps us down!

*(On the end of this, we see a quick flash of her ducking into another alley. She stops to catch her breath, but has only an instant before she finds the girls right in front of her again. They haul off for a finishing blow, and the screen snaps to black after they deliver it.)*

*(Fade in to a close-up of her being hauled through the city streets in midair. She is tied up. It is now sunset.)*

**Femme Fatale:** (*wearily*) Listen to me, girls. (*Pull back to show her dangling at the end of the rope.*) You're on the wrong side. You girls protect your city just as well as Batman and Superman protect theirs.

*(During this last, the camera tilts up to the girls and puts her out of view. Blossom is holding the other end of the rope.)*

**Femme Fatale:** (*from o.c.*) But do you have your own...movie? (*This catches them off guard.*)

*(She looks wistfully up at them and sighs.)*

**Femme Fatale:** I'm in the same boat as you. Villainy, too, is a male-dominated field. *(Back to the girls, she continues o.c.)* Once you take me to jail, there'll be no more female villains in Townsville. *(Back to her.)* Except for that little brat and the chick in the underwear, but...they're in jail, so they don't count.

*(They approach the jail, with the sun setting behind it.)*

**Femme Fatale:** Come on, girls. Think about what you're doing. *(She is lowered to the ground.)* Sending me to jail will be a blow for all of womankind... *(The girls descend and eye her suspiciously.)* ...including you.

*(A long, tense silence, after which we see a close-up of the rope as it falls free to the ground. The girls take off, and Femme Fatale watches them go and chuckles to herself. Fade to black as her laughter echoes through the city.)*

*(Snap to a an old man at the checkout counter of a grocery store. He offers a piece of paper currency to pay for his items; pan to the cashier, who rings up the purchase, puts the bill in the drawer, and removes a coin for change. When he looks up, though, his face registers sudden surprise. Pan back to show that the old man has been seized by Femme Fatale, her gun drawn.)*

*(Cut to two men in black-and-white referee jerseys, with their hands in the air. A cash register stands in front of them; behind them are shelves piled with shoeboxes—this is a store similar to Foot Locker. Pull back to show the robber of the hour holding them at gunpoint. One of the men pulls a fistful of bills out of the register and holds them to her, but she slaps them away and they flutter in the air, dissolving into SBA coins that fall around her in a shower.)*

*(She runs out of the doors of three shops in quick succession, with a bag over her shoulder each time. A cash register drawer is popped open to reveal stacks of silver dollars as she trains her weapon at the o.c. cashier; next we see her running against a background of the stacked coins, another sack of loot in hand and her gun pointed behind her. Cut to a close-up of the Townsville Tribune, whose front-page headline reads "WHERE ARE THE POWERPUFF GIRLS?" Pull back as the paper is lowered—Femme Fatale is reading it and chuckling again. The camera pulls back across the room, which is done entirely in white, with a picture of two white cats behind her. A lamp sits next to this; it matches her favorite design. In front of her is a low table with a bowl of fruit on it, and huge piles of SBA coins are across the room from her. Pull back through her window into the night as she laughs more heartily. Fade to black.)*

*(Snap to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten the next day and pan across the playground. The kids are enjoying recess again—with three exceptions. The girls stand at the fence, their arms crossed and Buttercup's usual scowl now on all their faces. Close-up of Bubbles, then of a boy playing in the sandbox; zoom in on him in steps. Cut to Blossom, then to two boys playing with toy cars; zoom in on them in steps as well. Cut to Buttercup, then to Jenny and Joey playing catch.)*

**Joey:** Think fast!

*(He throws the ball to Jenny and knocks her to the ground. She laughs, but the girls are not amused one bit.)*

**Buttercup:** Hey, you!

*(The girls float down to confront Joey during the next line. Now their voices become accusatory.)*

**Blossom:** We saw what you did, Joey Finkelmeyer! *(A very tense silence.)*

**Joey:** W-W-What'd I do?

**Buttercup:** SHUT UP!!

**Blossom:** Don't play dumb with us. *(Long shot of Joey.)*

**Bubbles:** *(from o.c.)* We know you know what you did.

*(The girls float into view, their backs to their camera, on the end of this line, and the camera cuts to a close-up of Joey in their shadow. He is now sweating and very nervous and scared. Finally he screams and runs for dear life. The other kids stand frozen for a moment, and the girls round on them with angry grimaces on their faces. The boys scream and head for the hills; the other girls cheer as the camera pans across from them, to the new trio of militant feminists, and stops on Ms. Keane. Joey is clutching her ankles and shaking with fear. Cut to her face as she looks over her shoulder toward the scene.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Hmmmm...

*(Long shot of the school's front door; the bell rings, and all the normal girls in the class charge out, cheering and yelling. The boys trudge out after them; they are crying and whimpering. The girls are last to leave; cut to the exterior of the house, then to inside the front entrance as they fly in. They pass the Professor in the living room. He is running the vacuum cleaner.)*

**Professor:** Oh, girls, I'm glad you're home. I've finally caught up on all the housework, and all that's left is your room. If you could take care of that, please—

*(They poke their heads around the doorframe, instantly shutting him up with their shared expression of anger and disgust.)*

**Professor:** *(nervously)* Um...I'll just...do it...later? *(A pause, after which he slowly backs o.c. They zip away.)*

*(Cut to the bedroom. Bubbles is stretched out on the floor, drawing, while Buttercup is lying on the bed and reading a book. Both wear fierce looks. Behind them, Blossom fishes around in the toy chest. She comes up with a doll patterned after Ken, Barbie's boyfriend, and regards it with contempt; close-up of this in her hands as she zaps its head with her eye lasers. When she finishes, there is nothing left but a melted stump.)*

*(Cut to the hotline as it goes off. Blossom answers the call.)*

**Blossom:** *(impatiently)* Yeah, what do you want?

*(The Mayor is on the other end. Through the window of his office, Femme Fatale is seen rappelling down the side of a building with yet another bag of booty in hand.)*

**Mayor:** Blossom! There's this crazy tomato stealing all the Susan B. Anthony coins from the mint!

**Blossom:** Oh, really?

**Mayor:** Uh...yeah. *(Ms. Bellum steps into view next to him. Stay on them.)*

**Blossom:** *(over hotline)* And just what do you want us to do for you?

**Mayor:** Oh, uh...stop her, or...something? *(Back to the bedroom.)*

**Blossom:** Ha! Well, let me tell you something, Mayor.

**Mayor:** *(over hotline)* O...kay. *(Back to the office; the Mayor holds the receiver at arm's length.)*

**Blossom:** *(over hotline)* Why don't you get some big strong man to save your precious city, or better yet, why don't you stop making women do your dirty work and DO IT YOURSELF?!

*(The receiver shakes with the force of her final words, after which we hear a click and dial tone. The Mayor looks at it with befuddlement, then goes face down on the desk and starts crying.)*

**Mayor:** She's right! I'm a horrible little man! A fraud, a fake! A fool! How will I ever make it up to the women of Townsville? *(brightening, looking up)* Oh! I know! I'll plant more flowers in the park. Ladies love flowers. *(jumping out of chair, walking out of office)* Ooh, and candy, that'll do the trick, the fillies love the chocolate!

**Ms. Bellum:** Hmm...

*(Dissolve to the hotline in the bedroom. It starts to buzz.)*

**Bubbles:** *(from o.c, groaning)* It's that rotten Mayor again! *(The call is picked up; pull back to show Blossom at the phone.)*

**Blossom:** *(impatiently)* What do you want now? *(brightening)* Ms. Bellum!

*(The other girls fly up next to her.)*

**Blossom:** Why, of course, anything for you. *(hanging up)* Ms. Bellum wants us to meet her at the Mayor's office. She says it's important. *(They take off, crashing through the ceiling.)*

*(Cut to the office, the camera pointing at the closed door. The lights are dimmer than usual. The door opens slowly to show three rather puzzled girls on the other side of it. They float in, looking nervously around themselves, and are brought up short by Ms. Bellum's voice.)*

**Ms. Bellum:** *(from o.c.)* Have a seat, girls.

*(They look down, and the camera follows their gaze to show three small stools on the floor in front of them. They float down and sit on these, still looking around with visible unease. After a moment, a blinding spotlight is switched on to shine directly into the girls' faces. They gasp and*

*shield their eyes from the glare; their shadows stretch behind them almost to the far wall. Blossom is the first to look up.)*

**Blossom:** Wh...what's going on?

*(Ms. Bellum's silhouette advances out of the light toward them, her features becoming visible as she approaches.)*

**Girls:** Ms. Bellum?

**Ms. Bellum:** Hi, girls. We called you here for a little...girl talk.

**Girls:** We?

*(Another silhouette emerges from the light. Ms. Bellum's hair obscures it at first, but she steps aside to make room for the newcomer—it is Ms. Keane.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Yes, girls. We've been a little, um, well, concerned about you. Is everything all right?

**Buttercup:** Heck, no!

**Blossom:** All the guys in Townsville have rotten attitudes about girls!

**Bubbles:** Yeah! And it's even worse than their cooties!

**Ms. Keane:** Oh, my!

**Ms. Bellum:** Do tell.

**Bubbles:** Well, first, there was this boy—

**Ms. Bellum:** Uh-huh.

**Bubbles:** —at school—

**Ms. Keane:** Uh-huh.

**Bubbles:** —he was playing with this girl—

**Ms. Bellum:** Mmm-hmm.

**Bubbles:** —and he knocked her down! *(The adults' perspective of the girls; Ms. Keane gasps.)*

*[Animation goof: In this shot, the women do not cast shadows in front of themselves.]*

**Ms. Keane:** On purpose?

**Blossom:** Uh...no...they were kinda playing catch and stuff. Okay—maybe that wasn't so bad. But the Professor—

**Buttercup:** Yeah! He wanted us to do chores! *(The girls' perspective of the adults.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Oh, well, that *is* unfair!

**Ms. Bellum:** Making you do all the chores and not doing any himself. *(Close-up of Bubbles.)*

**Bubbles:** Uh...he was doing some of the chores. *(Pan to Blossom.)*

**Blossom:** Actually, we only had to clean our own room. *(Pan to Buttercup.)*

**Buttercup:** The Mayor! *(Back to Blossom.)*

**Blossom:** Yeah! The Mayor! If he's supposed to be running the city— *(Side view of them, panning to the adults, as she continues.)* —why's he always asking us to save it for him?

**Ms. Bellum:** Oh, you're absolutely right, girls. He should be using his *own* superpowers to save the city.

*(The girls have no response to this for a moment. Finally they cross their arms and look elsewhere angrily.)*

**Blossom:** Okay. Fine. But you gotta admit, things are unfair around here.

*(Cut to behind the girls and tilt up from them to the adults as she continues. The camera movement puts them o.c.)*

**Blossom:** I mean, there's only one female villain in the whole town!

**Ms. Bellum:** And you didn't stop her. *(Side view of the girls.)*

**Blossom:** That's right!

**Buttercup:** We girls gotta look out for each other!

**Voice:** Oh, really?

*(Pan quickly across the office to a group of three women as they step out of the shadows. One wears a pink suit with a name tag on the lapel; the next, a police officer, has one arm in a sling; and the last, a teenager, wears a T-shirt with Blossom's picture on it and has long blond hair, similar to that of Femme Fatale. All three look quite fed up. Close-up of the woman in the suit, the camera pointing up at her from the floor. Her voice is the one that was just heard. Rotate to frame each speaker in turn.)*

**Woman in suit:** Was Femme Fatale looking out for me when she stole from my bank?

**Policewoman:** Was she looking out for me when she broke my arm?

**Blond girl:** *(disdainful cough)* Was she looking out for me when she stole my hairstyle?

*(Head-on view of all three; the others look at her sidelong for a silent moment.)*

**Blond girl:** Well, she *did!*

*(The curtains are opened, and the sunlight pours into the office across three very chastened girls. The spotlight has been turned off. Ms. Bellum steps into view behind them.)*

**Ms. Bellum:** Listen, girls. *(kneeling)* You're right about one thing. There is injustice in the world. *(Ms. Keane steps into view and kneels.)*

**Ms. Keane:** That's why we have you, to protect the rights of everyone.

*(Head-on view of the office window; the sun rises behind the skyline.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(from o.c.)* And right now, everyone in Townsville needs you.

*(Around the sun, the scene dissolves to a patch of clear sky. Tilt down from this to a convention center; an alarm is going off. Cut to a sign on the sidewalk: "Coin Collectors Convention Today." Pull back to show it next to the front entrance, which bursts open as Femme Fatale runs out. She is laughing and carrying a jingling sack of coins, but is brought up short before she ever gets to the other side of the street. The girls are waiting for her, their faces composed and very stern. Blossom is tossing a coin.)*

**Femme Fatale:** Oh...hello, girls. I didn't expect to see you here. Hear you've been kicking some male butt. Good for you!

*(No response. Blossom keeps flipping her coin.)*

**Femme Fatale:** *(starting across street)* Keep up the good work. *(They do not move.)*

**Buttercup:** Susan B. Anthony coins, huh?

**Bubbles:** Do you even know who she was?

**Femme Fatale:** Er...she was...uh...um...

**Buttercup:** Once upon a time, women weren't allowed to do much of anything.

**Bubbles:** Susan B. Anthony knew that that was wrong.

**Blossom:** In 1872, she broke the law by voting. *(Back to Femme Fatale, watching the coin; she continues o.c.)* And even though she was found guilty, the feds wanted to go easy on her.

**Girls:** *(from o.c.)* Because she was a girl!

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* And not send her to jail.

**Femme Fatale:** *(stammering)* Well, you—you know, she was this...well, *men...* girls should...oh, man!

*(She drops the sack and makes a break for it, but Buttercup cuts her off.)*

**Buttercup:** Susan B. Anthony didn't want special treatment. She wanted to be treated equally.

*(Femme Fatale backs up a bit and bolts in a different direction; this time, Bubbles intercepts.)*

**Bubbles:** She demanded that she be sent to jail, just like any man who broke the law.

*(Again the robber backs away before trying to escape, but Blossom stops her after only a couple of steps. The coin is produced and held aloft; extreme close-up of her face.)*

**Blossom:** And that's exactly what we're gonna do to you.

*(Follow the coin—a silver dollar, naturally—as it is flung across the open space to bounce squarely off Femme Fatale's forehead. The girls administer a swift and ruthless beating, which ends with Blossom hauling off to deliver the masterstroke. The screen flashes white; when it clears, we see a close-up of a very sullen robber, whose suit has been replaced by convict stripes. A cell door slams shut in front of her, and the camera pulls back as she speaks.)*

**Femme Fatale:** You can't do this to me! *(whining)* Horizontal stripes make me look fat.

*(The standard end shot comes up.)*

**Narrator:** And so once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! Hey, did you ever notice there are no chick narrators? *(Something is thrown, hitting him.)* Ow! Hey, who threw that?