

MORAL DECAY

Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville...where, when they're not cleaning up crime—

(As he continues, pull back to show the city framed in a window of the girls' house. Bubbles is dusting.)

Narrator: —the girls are hard at work cleaning up their beloved home.

(She zips off across the room. Blossom runs the vacuum cleaner, carrying the couch overhead. Bubbles continues her dusting, and Blossom puts the vacuum to work on the ceiling for a bit. In a flash, pictures are straightened, trash and toys are picked up, and bookshelves are put in order. Cut to a close-up of a coffee table being polished. Buttercup's reflection appears on the surface.)

Buttercup: Aw, I hate cleaning up around here. *(Pull back; she is in the living room.)* What's the point? It's just gonna get dirty again. *(Bubbles flies past, carrying a trash bag.)*

Bubbles: I think it's fun! *(Blossom flies into view, hauling a box marked "JUNK.")*

Blossom: Yeah. And the Professor said we'd get a special surprise once we finish. *(She flies o.c.)*

Buttercup: *(not impressed)* Oh, really?

(Close-up of the open lab door. The Professor is led through it into the living room. Blossom has him by the hand, Bubbles covers his eyes, and Buttercup floats sullenly behind.)

Bubbles: *(removing her hands)* Okay, Professor, you can look now.

(Camera pans across the house—his perspective.)

Professor: Wow! Girls, you've really outdone yourselves. This place looks great! *(Blossom flies into view.)*

Blossom: *(babbling)* You're surprised, aren't you? Really surprised. I'm also surprised how good we did. In fact, it surprises me that— *(Side view of the group.)*

Professor: *(laughing)* Oh, right. Now, girls— *(reaching into pocket)* —what I'm gonna give you is not to be taken lightly. *(Close-up.)* With it comes a big responsibility. But I think it's time you began to understand the value of...

(Cut to his perspective of them on the end of this line. He holds up a Golden Dollar coin.)

Professor: ...a dollar!

(They gasp in surprise; we see the whole group again. He holds out three dollars in his open palm.)

Professor: There's one for each of you. (*Blossom and Bubbles each take one; he gives the third to Buttercup.*)

Blossom: Wow, Professor! Thanks!

Bubbles: Yeah! Tha—Hey! This is a quarter!

Blossom: No, it's not. (*Close-up of the coin in her hand, heads up; she continues o.c.*) It's the new Sacagawea dollar. (*Pull back again.*)

Bubbles: (*suspiciously*) Oh...okay, then. (*smiling*) Thank you, Professor.

Professor: You're welcome. Buttercup, what do you say?

(*Zoom in slowly on Buttercup as she speaks.*)

Buttercup: (*with mounting fervor*) What? What *can* I say? "Thank you" is not enough to express my gratitude! This is the first piece of currency that I've ever had, and it's all mine! All mine! To do with whatever *I* want! I've never had this feeling before!

Professor: Well, I'm glad you like it. Now, gir—

Buttercup: Like it? I love it! The feel! The taste! The smell, the power! I now understand why Mojo's always robbing banks!

Professor: (*worried*) Well, I— (*Buttercup again, with Blossom next to her.*)

Buttercup: I need more! And the more I get— (*Blossom pulls her dollar out of reach.*) —maybe I'll be able to save up and buy that punching bag I've been eyeing. And then I can punch! (*throwing punches*) BAM! POW!

(*Pan quickly right on the last punch; Bubbles is on the other side of Buttercup, and she takes one to the jaw. Camera follows one of her teeth as it spins in the air and tumbles to the carpet at her feet; she has her hands to her mouth.*)

Buttercup: (*from o.c., panicky*) Oops!

(*Cut to the exterior of the house as a scream from Bubbles echoes through the air. Back to the group; the Professor is bending over to examine her.*)

Professor: Okay, now, let me see.

(*She opens her mouth, and one of her front teeth is gone.*)

Buttercup: Oh, man! Geez, I'm really sorry, Bubbles, it was an accident! (*Bubbles picks up the tooth.*) I didn't mean to, it w—it's just...oh, I'm sorry! I'm really so sorry!

Professor: It's okay, Buttercup. She'll be fine.

Buttercup: Okay, but I *am* sorry!

(*Bubbles, meanwhile, has begun to smile. When she speaks, she does so with a pronounced lisp and occasional spray of saliva. This continues throughout the remainder of the episode.*)

Bubbles: It's okay. I'm sure the Professor can put it back in.

Professor: (*taking tooth from her*) Well, I don't know about that. But there is something you can do with it that's even neater.

(Zoom in on it. Around it, the scene dissolves to the girls' bed; it is on Bubbles' section. Pull back to show her kneeling near the head of the bed, in her nightgown and holding her pillow.)

Bubbles: Like this?

(She puts the pillow in place, and the camera pulls back. Her sisters are already tucked in, and the Professor is standing next to the bed.)

Professor: Just like that. *(Camera follows him out.)* Good night, girls.

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Professor— *(Cut to her.)* —are you sure?

(Back to him, at the doorway with his hand on the light switch.)

Professor: *(laughing)* I'm quite sure. Now go to sleep.

(He turns off the lights and shuts the door. The screen is now black.)

Buttercup: Bubbles?

Bubbles: Yes?

Buttercup: I'm sorry.

(Fade in to the exterior of the house; it is now the next morning. Another scream from Bubbles shatters the quiet. Inside, she is gleefully jumping on the bed, her sisters sitting up next to her.)

Bubbles: It works! It really works!

Blossom: What works?

Buttercup: What's going on? *(Bubbles stops jumping.)*

Bubbles: *(excitedly)* Yesterday, after Buttercup knocked out my tooth—

Buttercup: I'm really sorry!

Bubbles: I know. It's okay. But afterwards, the Professor told me if I put my tooth under my pillow, then when I wake up I'm gonna have— *(Her perspective; she holds up a Golden Dollar.)* —this!

Blossom, Buttercup: Wow! *(Back to the group.)*

Bubbles: I know! It's a whole another dollar!

Buttercup: But how?

Bubbles: Professor said that if a kid loses a tooth, they're supposed to put it under their pillow, and then in the middle of the night, the Tooth Fairy comes and takes your tooth and leaves you money!

Blossom: Wow! So the more teeth you lose—

Bubbles: —the more money you get!

(Zoom in slowly on Buttercup as they continue talking. An idea is coming to her. The camera movement gradually puts the others out of view.)

Blossom: You could make a lot of money that way.

Bubbles: Lots and lots of money. (*The idea takes shape.*)

Blossom: Mmmm—lots and lots! (*Side view of Blossom and Bubbles.*)

Bubbles: Lots and lots and *lots* of money!

(*A baseball is flung into view, knocking her off the bed. Cut to her on the floor; Buttercup jumps down next to her.*)

Buttercup: Oh, my gosh! Are you okay? (*looking around on floor*) I'm so sorry! That was an accident. I didn't see you there. (*Cut left slightly; now we see her and Blossom, who is looking down at her from the bed.*)

Blossom: What are you looking for?

Buttercup: Oh, nothing, nothing. (*to herself, angrily*) Rats!

Bubbles: (*from o.c.*) Hey— (*Cut to her in midair.*) —were you trying to knock out my teeth? (*Buttercup flies into view.*)

Buttercup: No, no, of course not. I'd never do that— (*to herself*) —no matter how valuable they are!

(*Fade to black briefly, then snap to Bubbles flying down the hall. A door is suddenly opened into her path, and she hits it face first. Her pigtails reduced to blond pancakes, she slides slowly o.c. toward the floor. Buttercup pokes her head around the door's edge.*)

Buttercup: Oh! Sorry, sorry! I didn't see you there.

(*Cut to the girls at school. Pan slowly across Blossom and Bubbles, coloring merrily away, to Buttercup, looking nervously back toward them. After a moment, she sneaks her hand behind Bubbles and shoves her face down onto the desk. She cries out in pain and surprise.*)

Buttercup: Whoops, sorry. What a klutz!

(*Close-up of Bubbles at home, walking along and eating an ice cream cone. The sound of a slap shot is heard o.c., and a hockey puck sails into view and hits her in the back of the head. Pull back; Buttercup has a stick over her shoulder.*)

Buttercup: Sorry. My bad.

(*Bubbles is hit with a football, a vase, and a book in rapid succession. Cut to Buttercup and zoom in quickly in rhythm with her next words.*)

Buttercup: Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!

(*Floor-level view of the Professor; camera points up at him. He looks rather cross.*)

Professor: Buttercup! I know you're the toughest fighter and you like to play rough. (*His perspective of Buttercup and Bubbles.*) But under no circumstances are you allowed to knock Bubbles' teeth out!

(Pan left to bring Blossom into view; she is smiling, and Buttercup eyes her greedily.)

Professor: Or Blossom's.

(Blossom quickly covers her mouth. Cut to the group.)

Professor: Understand?

Buttercup: *(hanging her head)* Yes, Professor.

(Close-up of the hotline, buzzing. Blossom picks it up.)

Blossom: Yes, Mayor?... We're there! *(hanging up)* Girls, move out! *(She and Bubbles take off; cut to them.)* Buttercup!

(She is still on the ground, her usual fighting spirit gone.)

Buttercup: *(sighing, disappointed)* Coming. *(She floats o.c.)*

(The exterior of the house. Blossom and Bubbles zip out the front door, with Buttercup still floating slowly along behind them.)

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

(Cut to an electronics shop, its front window smashed. Two robbers dash out, carrying a boom box and TV. Blossom and Bubbles give chase.)

Blossom: They're headed your way! *(Pan quickly down the block to her.)*

Buttercup: Huh? *(Head-on view of the TV man; she continues o.c.)* Oh!

(Her reflection appears in the screen. She throws a quick punch, and the TV goes flying. It smashes on the sidewalk, the robber close behind. A tooth falls from his mouth and tumbles over to her feet. She looks down at it, and a wicked grin steals over her face. Fade to black.)

(Camera tilts down to show the exterior of the house at night. Inside, the girls are fast asleep—but after a moment, Buttercup's eyes pop open. She looks over at her sisters, checking that neither of them is awake, then gently lifts her pillow and sets the robber's tooth under it. The grin reappears as she lowers her pillow toward the camera, shifted to sit just behind the tooth.)

(After a long moment, the pillow is whisked away. Now it is morning, and the tooth has been replaced by a Golden Dollar—much to Buttercup's delight. The hotline goes off; pull back quickly from the bed to show Blossom talking into it with Bubbles next to her. Buttercup takes off even before the call is finished.)

(Inside a bank, a robber wearing a stocking mask has a gun pointed at the teller. Buttercup smashes in and makes short work of him, knocking out four teeth in the process. The scene dissolves around them to her section of the bed at night; she sets her pillow over them and rests

her head on it, a fiercely pleased expression on her face. A few seconds later, the lights come up and she opens her eyes. Removing the pillow, she finds four dollars waiting for her. She grins, then looks over to make sure no one else is awake and carefully scoops the coins into a small bag at her side. She shakes the bag, jingling the contents, and slips it under the bed.)

(Now the hotline is heard; cut to the exterior of the house, from which Buttercup emerges alone. She knocks out a gunman and one of his teeth, which promptly ends up under her pillow and becomes a dollar the next morning. She drops this into her bag and listens to the jingle, that greedy smile plastered across her face. Again the hotline goes off, and she goes to work, beating up another thug and pocketing a dollar for his tooth. The hotline buzzes time after time, and we see her stash growing larger and larger as she disposes of villains and confiscates their teeth.)

(Cut to her floating in the middle of the street, looking very surprised. Pull back to show a large fish monster roaring over her. Zoom in again; she grins in anticipation, and the scene dissolves and darkens around her to the bedroom at night. Again the camera pulls back; this time, she has one of the beast's fangs tucked behind her pillow. Needless to say, this tooth is much bigger than any of the others and sticks out in all directions.)

(Cut to a close-up of her; it is the next morning, and she is pushing her hoard—which is now considerable—under the bed to hide it as the camera pulls back. Once again the hotline sounds, and she takes off eagerly. The exterior of the house and her exit are seen, with the sound of punches being landed as day fades to night. She flies back in; cut to a close-up of Bubbles, tucked into bed.)

Bubbles: Wow, Buttercup, you sure have been kicking it into high gear these past few days. *(Pan from her to Blossom and over to Buttercup.)*

Buttercup: Well, you know what they say—another day, another dollar. *(Quick pan back to Blossom.)*

Blossom: Huh? *(Back to Buttercup.)*

Buttercup: Oh, nothing. Good night.

Narrator: Hmmm...Buttercup's teeth may be fine, but her attitude sure is rotten!

(Fade to black.)

(Snap to the bedroom the next morning. The hotline sits in the foreground, silent; Buttercup is still asleep, but alone. After a moment, she wakes up and dashes out of bed. We hear o.c. sounds of dressing and grooming, and she is instantly at the phone, fully dressed and ready for a call. However, the only sound is that of birds chirping outside. After several seconds, her expression changes into anger and frustration; she floats away, glaring at the hotline as she goes.)

(She flies back a moment later, ready to pounce, but again there are no calls, and again she floats away angrily. Day fades into night, with complete silence from the hotline for a very long time. Finally Buttercup flies into view and out the bedroom window; in the streets of Townsville, we see her go from the ground, heading for the observatory. Fade to black.)

(Fade in to a building whose sign reads “Townsville Dentistry.” It is the next morning; from inside, we hear the sound of drilling. When it stops, the dentist can be heard. His voice is just the sort you would expect to hear from a kindly old practitioner of his trade.)

Dentist: *(from inside)* Okay, Mr. Jojo, you’re all done. And because you’ve been such a good boy, here’s a wowwipop.

(Inside, Mojo emerges from the examination room—its door marked “Dr. Payne”—into the waiting area. His mouth is swollen up, and he groans in pain and holds a hand to the side of his face. He does, however, have a lollipop. Approaching the camera, he stops short; turn around to show his perspective and pan across the room. The Gangrene Gang, Fuzzy Lumkins, and “Him” are all there, in desperate need of various types of dental services. During this shot, Mojo begins to speak. He sounds as if he is suffering from the joint effects of a swollen mouth and a healthy dose of Novocain.)

Mojo: What happened to you guys?

(Cut to him. A puddle of drool collects as his feet as he continues.)

Mojo: No, don’t tell me. Buttercup? I bet you were just sitting at home, minding your own business, when all of a sudden, BAM! POW! CRASH! Buttercup busts in and she abuses your face, knocks out as many teeth as she can, and then takes off with them!

(The other villains groan in pain and agreement.)

Mojo: This is an outrage!

Gang, Fuzzy, “Him”: Huh?

Mojo: *(enunciating as best he can)* An outrage! An outrage! Something must be done!

(Fade to black.)

(Snap to the bedroom. Blossom is talking into the hotline, Bubbles next to her. Buttercup is hanging over the edge of the bed on her side as if going for something under it. The jingling of coins is heard.)

Blossom: What?...No way!...I don’t believe it!

(Side view of her and Bubbles; the jingling continues.)

Blossom: *(looking over shoulder)* Really?...That’s terrible!

(As she continues, pull back to show what Buttercup has been going for—her huge bankroll.)

Blossom: *(covering receiver mouthpiece)* Girls! The Townsville Museum’s collection of priceless prehistoric pearly whites is about to be plundered!

(Quick zoom in on Buttercup, a greedy glint in her eye.)

Buttercup: Priceless? *(She takes off; her sisters smile.)*

Blossom: *(into hotline)* We're on our way, Mr.—

(Cut to the Mayor's office. Mojo has one hand on the hotline and the other on the Mayor's mouth.)

Blossom: *(over hotline)* —“Mayor.”

Mojo: *(mouth still swollen)* Good. Very good.

(Through this exchange, Blossom has given no hint of surprise or fear at Mojo's use of the hotline. Cut to the exterior of the museum. Buttercup is the first to arrive, crashing through the dome, with her sisters not far behind. Inside, she gets ready to square off in one of the galleries.)

Buttercup: All right, Mojo, lose the tee— *(surprised)* Huh?

(Facing her is a group of very angry criminals, with Mojo, Snake, and Ace at the fore. She turns to look in another direction.)

Buttercup: Huh?

(Now she sees Grubber, Little Arturo, and Fuzzy on the front lines. She turns again.)

Buttercup: Huh?

(Big Billy and “Him” are ready to lead the charge from this angle. The crowd advances slowly on her from all sides.)

Buttercup: *(nervous, scared)* Uh...girls...uh...a little help here?

(Camera tilts up toward the dome, where her sisters are looking on.)

Blossom: Sorry, Buttercup. You know what they say. An eye for an eye...

Bubbles: ...and a tooth for a tooth!

(The two have set up an ambush. Close-up of Buttercup, looking up o.c. and giggling nervously, then cut to the museum's exterior. A thorough beating is heard, and the camera shakes.)

(Dissolve to the exterior of Townsville Dentistry; inside, pan along the couch. Blossom and Bubbles look smugly toward Buttercup, her hair in complete disarray—she took quite a thumping. Camera stops on her; she looks up o.c., and we see the Professor, buried in a magazine. He cocks one eyebrow at her; close-up of her, looking up at the camera. After a moment, she smiles, revealing a mouthful of smashed and missing teeth. Cut to behind her.)

Professor: Well, Buttercup, I can't say I'm proud of you. (*Head-on view of all four.*) But I do know this lesson will surely teach you one thing— (*reaching o.c.*) —the value of... (*producing the sack of cash*) ...a dollar!

(*Close-up of Buttercup. She gasps in shock; Bubbles smiles at her in the background.*)

Professor: (*from o.c.*) Yes, I think this will just about cover your dental bills.

(*Buttercup deflates; Bubbles gives her the big raspberry. Snap to black, which resolves into the back of Buttercup's head. The camera points at the examination room door, and she floats toward it, groaning. The door slams shut behind her, and the drill starts up.*)

(*The background for the end shot comes up. Now the Narrator sounds as if he too has paid a lengthy visit to the dentist.*)

Narrator: So once again the day is saved—

(*The girls appear: Buttercup in the middle, her hand to her jaw; Blossom on the left, grinning at her; Bubbles on the right, sticking her tongue out.*)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! (*He moans in pain.*)