

MEET THE BEAT ALLS
Transcribed by Alan Back

In Memoriam: George Harrison (1943-2001)

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night.)

Mojo Jojo: *(from o.c.)* The city of Townsville.

(He moves into view, as does his reflection—he is looking out a window, and he leans his head against the glass.)

Mojo: I hate you. *(Side view of him in his lair.)* I do not enjoy the fact that three superhero female children take up residence in you. *(He begins pacing.)* And by hurting me and forcing me to dwell in one of your correctional facilities, these mutant infant girls prevent me from obtaining political control of you! But you will be mine, and they will most certainly—

(Cut to a close-up of “Him.”)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* —pay! *(Pull back; he is in a chair on a small island of stone floating in a red void.)* I have been made a fool by you for the last time. But as they say— *(The chair rotates; its back hides him from view.)* —all good things must come to an end.

(Zoom in on the back of the chair; as it continues to turn, the scene changes to the trophy room of Morebucks Manor. Princess, dressed in her faux-Powerpuff outfit, addresses her father in his armchair.)

“Him”: *(voice over)* And your end is—

Princess: —tonight! Think of it as an investment toward your future. If I don’t destroy the Powerpuff Girls tonight...I’LL NEVER GIVE YOU A DAY OF PEACE UNTIL I—

(Cut to a close-up of Fuzzy Lumkins, playing his banjo and singing.)

Fuzzy: Doo... *(Pull back; he is sitting by the fireplace in his shack.)* ...doo-doo-doo...

(He sings and strums several chords, but hits only wrong notes. Finally he gives up and leans over in defeat.)

Fuzzy: Oh, I’m sorry, Jo. I cain’t play you purty tonight. I got them derved Powerpuffs in my noodle! *(angrily)* And they make me so mad I wanna—

(Close-up of Mojo.)

Mojo: Destroy them I will! *(Cut to a city street; his robot walker moves into view.)* Tonight is the night in which—

(Cut to “Him.”)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Your reign of goodness will end— *(Transition to evil voice; he grows much taller.)* —and my reign of evil shall—

(Cut to Princess, flying through the night with the help of her jet thrusters from “Stuck Up, Up and Away.”)

Princess: —begin to take hold as I take over—

(Tilt down quickly to a forest path. Fuzzy walks along it, carrying a large rock over his head.)

Fuzzy: Townsville ain’t gonna be no more after I get them Powerpuff—

(Cut to the girls’ bedroom. They are tucked in for the night.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Girls, time for bed.

(The lights go out. Cut to him at the bedroom door; he closes it. Outside the house, all is peaceful until the foot of Mojo’s robot slams down on the lawn. “Him” is next on the scene, followed by Princess and finally Fuzzy. The four regard each other with some puzzlement and suspicion for a long moment.)

Fuzzy: Hey! What are y’all doin’ here? *(Close-up of Mojo.)*

Mojo: Well, I’m here to destroy the Powerpuff Girls, and I can only assume that these two losers— *(Pan to Princess and “Him”; he continues o.c.)* —are here to watch a master at work.

“Him”: *(evil voice)* Listen, you pathetic primate! It is I who shall destroy the Powerpuff Girls, not you! *(effeminate voice)* So why not run along and have a banana? *(Back to Mojo.)*

Mojo: *(angry, insulted)* Oh, that is a misconception!

(He points at “Him” with the robot’s arm. The two begin to argue as the camera zooms in slowly toward Princess, who is hovering above them.)

Princess: QUIET!! *(The two are shocked into silence.)* Now listen. It doesn’t matter that you— *(Pan to Mojo and cut back as she continues.)* —got all your little gadgets, or that you’re— *(Pan to “Him” and cut back as she continues.)* —the ultimate evil. All that matters is that I destroy the Powerpuff Girls! Which I will, because I have the most powerful power in the whole wide world. *(pulling out a stack of money)* COLD HARD CASH!!

(Pull back to show the entire house.)

Mojo: She has a point there.

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Yes. She does. *(Long silence.)*

Mojo: But still...

“Him”: Yeah!

(They begin arguing again, with Princess joining in. Close-up of Fuzzy, standing on the sidewalk. He looks back and forth.)

Fuzzy: Hey, I wanna fight too!

(Pull back again; now all four are yelling at each other at top volume. In the bedroom, the girls have their heads buried in their pillows to try to block out the noise. Their eyes pop open at last; close-up of their windows from outside. They float out to confront the four.)

Bubbles: SHUT UP!!

Blossom: We're trying to sleep! *(They turn to go back in.)*

Buttercup: We'll kick your butts tomorrow.

(Close-up of each villain in turn.)

Mojo: It's—

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* —the—

Princess: —girls!

Fuzzy: Get 'em!

(Mojo fires laser beams from his robot, hitting the girls, and “Him” matches this with an energy beam from his mouth. Princess joins the attack with a blaster ray of her own. Screaming in pain, the girls sink slowly to ground level in front of Fuzzy. He stands there for some moments, watching their torment, and his eyes finally tilt up to the rock he is holding. He gathers his strength and hurls it; the camera follows it as it flies through the air in slow motion and lands squarely on them. An eerie hush falls over the scene. Fade to black.)

(Tilt down to the four villains, staring at the camera in shock and disbelief. Quick shot of the rock on the front lawn, then back to them. “Him” has returned to normal size.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Did we just do what I think we did?

Mojo: Yes. Individually we have failed time and again, but together we are victorious!

Princess: I propose we join forces and merge into one supervillain conglomerate!

Fuzzy: Blossom? Bubbles? *And* Buttercup? We beat 'em? We beat *all* of 'em?

“Him”: That's it! Oh, we will be known as...the Silver Beat Alls!

Mojo: No! Too fancy. We shall be known simply as...the Beat Alls!

(All four smile, and the scene around their faces fades to black. The faces themselves are half-hidden in shadow and in black and white.)

(Cut to a group of screaming young girls. They run like sixty as an English announcer speaks.)

Announcer: Yes, screaming girls everywhere ran screaming whenever the Beat Alls made the scene. *(The foursome come into view and walk single file along a crosswalk.)* Individually, it had been a long and winding road. *(They enter the National Trust Bank.)* But together, the Beat

Alls—or the “Bad Four,” as they were also known— (*Inside, they confront a row of scared tellers.*) —had finally conquered Townsville.

(*Mojo has his laser cannon pointed at a teller.*)

Mojo: Now give me money! That’s what I want!

(*She piles cash on the counter.*)

Announcer: Their rise to fame can be attributed to their ability to deliver hit after hit after hit...

(*A crash shakes the camera; Mojo recoils briefly. Pan quickly to where the girls have just smashed through the wall and are ready to throw down.*)

Announcer: ...to the Powerpuff Girls. (*Pan back to the Beat Alls.*)

“Him”: (*effeminate voice*) Ah, I should have known better. (*Mojo aims his cannon.*)

Announcer: With Mojo Jojo on blaster rays...

Mojo: Better run for your lives if you can, little girls! (*He fires, hitting the girls.*)

Announcer: The acidic spit stylings of “Him”...

“Him”: (*to evil voice*) Goo goo GOT YOU! (*He spits a beam at them.*)

Announcer: Princess accompanying Mojo on blasters...

Princess: You say stop, but I say go, go, GO! (*She fires her blaster at them.*)

Announcer: And Fuzzy, the shy one...

Fuzzy: (*straining*) I’m gonna let you down and leave you flat! (*He throws the rock and crushes the girls.*)

Announcer: ...provides the rock.

(*The tellers regard the scene with fear, and the Beat Alls take a bow with their loot.*)

Announcer: Thus the Brutish Invasion had begun.

(*The girls are blasted and crushed several more times at other locations in rhythm with the next line.*)

Announcer: Again...and again...and again....

(*After this last defeat, the camera tilts up to show the Beat Alls leaning over a balcony railing and smiling down at their latest victory.*)

Announcer: ...the girls were defeated by the Beat Alls.

(*Cut to an ornate room, looking out the open door. The girls are in the doorway.*)

Announcer: Till eventually— (*They disappear.*) —the girls stopped showing up entirely.

(Camera turns around quickly; we see a flash of a terrified crowd before the Beat Alls are seen on a stage, pummeling a band whose members bear a striking resemblance to the Beatles.)

Announcer: And the Beat Alls had a ticket to ride.

Mojo: Will the people in the cheap seats please leave! And the rest of you, hand over your jewelry!

(Hands holding watches, necklaces, and rings reach up into view. Cut to a quick succession of B&W head shots of each villain in various goofy poses.)

Announcer: Having finally bested the Powerpuff Girls, the Beat Alls rushed to the top of the charts of the Most Wanted list.

(Four rows of five photos each, one villain per row, appear on the screen with the word “WANTED...” above them. The scene cuts to the police station.)

Announcer: When questioned, authorities had this to say.

(Close-up of a tall, white-mustached, ornately dressed policeman at a podium, with microphones set up before him. Flashbulbs pop as he begins to speak, also with a British accent.)

Policeman: Thank you. My name is Sergeant Pepper of the Townsville Police, and at the request of my commanding officers, I’d like to make this statement. *(clearing throat)* Help! We need somebody! Help! Not just anybody! Help! We need the Powerpuff Girls! *(clearing throat again)* Thank you.

(Cut to the exterior of the house. A reporter is across the street from it, facing the camera. He wears a trenchcoat and speaks into a microphone; it is his voice that has been outlining this whole sequence of events.)

Announcer (Reporter): So there you have it. The Beat Alls have taken over; the girls have taken off. Will they return? Perhaps, perhaps not. But as they say, tomorrow never knows. I’m Stuart Best, and this has been *A Day in the Life*.

(We have been watching a news program on the Beat Alls.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Ugh! Turn it off!

(The girls have been watching the same program. The screen flickers and goes dark—they have switched off the TV—and the camera shifts to show them on the couch in the living room.)

Buttercup: Who would make a stupid documentary about the Beat Alls, anyway?

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Girls? *(Pan to him; he walks up with a newspaper.)* Girls! I read the news today—oh, boy. *(He drops the paper to Blossom.)*

Blossom: *(eyeing paper)* “Beat Alls crash Mr. Kite’s benefit. Powerpuffs nowhere in sight.” *(looking up angrily)* So what?

Professor: Ah, girls. (*sitting next to them*) Yesterday all our troubles seemed so far away. Now it seems they're here to stay. Sitting here eight days a week, everyone seems to think you're lazy. I don't mind; I think they're crazy. But you used to be running everywhere at such a speed. Now you think there's no need.

Buttercup: There isn't!

Bubbles: If we can't stop the Beat Alls—

Blossom: —we're never saving the day again.

Professor: Ohhh, you can't do that! What will Townsville do when they look for the girls with the sun in their eyes and they're gone?

Blossom: But what can we do?

Professor: Well, first you have to realize the Beat Alls are just a rock band.

Girls: Huh?

Professor: (*raising hands above head*) Fuzzy. He does that...rock thing, you—you know.

(*lowering hands*) But that's not important. But what *is* important is this. Mojo Jojo was a man who thought he was a loner, but he knew it couldn't last. He's just getting by with a little help from his friends.

Buttercup: Are you saying we should try and break up the Beat Alls?

Bubbles: Is that possible?

Professor: Yes. I'm certain that it happens all the time.

Girls: But how?

Professor: Listen. Do you want to know a secret? (*He begins whispering to them.*)

Narrator: Sounds like the Professor has some magical mystery tricks up his sleeve!

(*Cut to the exterior of the Bank of the Imperial Garden. An alarm is going off. Inside, the Beat Alls kick in the front door.*)

Mojo: I want to hold your cash!

(*Pull back quickly to show a man and a woman on the floor at the other end of the lobby.*)

Man: (*pointing o.c.*) Too late. Somebody beat you to it.

(*Close-up of Mojo, dumbfounded; quick shot of a teller shoveling cash into a bag, then back to him. His eyes turn upward, and we see a stepladder reaching almost to the ceiling, with a magnifying glass hanging nearby. He climbs the ladder for a closer look and finds some tiny writing over his head. Using the glass, he finds these words: "This is A Stick up!"*)

Mojo: (*hushed, awed*) Brilliant! (*jumping down, normal tone*) Who is responsible for this? Who is behind such a unique— (*Cut to a white-garbed figure at the counter; he continues o.c.*) —and innovative approach to committing...

(*The figure turns around. It is a female monkey, with a pink face and long black fur on her head. Her clothes and hat are entirely white, and she looks as if she might be of Oriental lineage. She holds a banana in one hand. Back to Mojo.*)

Mojo: (*his fire gone*) ...crimes? (*He smiles.*)

(Alternate between close-ups of the female robber and Mojo four times. The attraction is written all over his face; hers never wavers from its enigmatic smile.)

Mojo: I've got to get you into my life!

(Close-up of the female; she lets loose a scream at eardrum-piercing levels. Back to Mojo.)

Mojo: I love you too!

(The other three Beat Alls, at the front door, watch with some concern.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice, clapping claw to forehead)* Oh, no!

Mojo: *(walking up with female)* Hey, guys, this is Moko Jono. She's a performance criminal, and she's conceived some brilliant schemes that I think we should try.

(The other three trade a very worried look. Dissolve to all five of them—the Beat Alls plus Moko—lying side by side in a king-size bed with a white blanket over them. Mojo's blue tunic has been replaced by a white one, and his braincap now sports white accents at its base.)

Fuzzy: Uh...why are we doin' this again?

Mojo: It's called “Annoyance Crime Number Nine.” Our concept is this. Imagine all the people—

(Pull back overhead; the bed is in the middle of an intersection, with traffic backed up in all directions. We hear horns honking.)

Mojo: —and how annoyed they'll be that they can't reach their destinations on time!

(Close-up of the group. Mojo and Moko laugh at the idea, but the others are not too enthused. Cut to a quick succession of close-ups of the following items on store shelves: eggs, toilet paper, milk, light bulbs, and flour. Each is quickly snatched up; cut to a side view of the quintet going down a supermarket aisle, with a shopping cart full of these groceries. Mojo and Moko push the cart while the other three carry armloads of items. We see that Mojo's cape matches his white tunic.)

Princess: *(to Mojo)* So tell us again why we're only stealing toilet paper, light bulbs, milk, flour, and eggs.

Mojo: Well, Moko's idea is that stealing items that are all white isn't against the law. So it's okay to take them.

Princess: Huh?

Mojo: It's all *right* 'cause they're all *white*!

(Princess sighs in disgust, “Him” looks very annoyed, and Fuzzy drops his load. Cut to the city skyline, with a loud, horrendous shrieking noise shredding the air. Two voices are contributing

to this aural torture chamber; close-ups reveal the perpetrators to be Mojo and Moko, screaming into each other's faces. Pull back to show the other Beat Alls covering their ears.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Mojo!...Mojo! *(evil voice)* MOJO!!

Mojo: WHAT?!

(Moko continues to scream.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* I STILL DON'T GET IT!

Mojo: THE LOUDER YOU YELL, THE MORE PAIN IT CAUSES THE LISTENERS!

(Six quick shots of people covering their ears are seen, in time with his next six words. The last two shots each show a pair of people who look somewhat like the Beatles.)

Mojo: *(voice over)* AND—THEIR—PAIN—IS—OUR—PLEASURE!! *(Back to the group.)*

“Him”: *(evil voice, growling in disgust)* MOJO! YOU'RE A PAIN!

Fuzzy: YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

Princess: WE QUIT!

Mojo: WHAT?!

Fuzzy, Princess, “Him”: WE QUIT!!

Mojo: GOOD, GOOD! BUT EVEN LOUDER!!

(The other three groan and storm off as Mojo resumes his screaming. Camera follows them.)

Fuzzy: Uh—well, now what do we do?

“Him”: *(effeminate voice, to evil)* Let's get back to where we once belonged. *(They walk o.c.)*

(At home, the hotline begins to buzz. Blossom picks it up; her sisters are hovering behind her on standby in the bedroom.)

Blossom: Yes, Mayor.

(Cut to the Mayor's office. He is on the hotline. Through the window behind him we see Princess, “Him,” and Fuzzy on a rooftop, deploying their respective weapons on the town below. Flames rise toward them. Each time Fuzzy throws a rock, he immediately picks up another one seemingly out of nowhere.)

Mayor: The Beat Alls are up on the rooftops, and they're destroying Townsville! They just won't let it be!

(Cut back and forth between the bedroom and the office.)

Blossom: *(nervously)* The...Beat Alls?

Mayor: Well, three of them, at least...Uh, hello?...Girls...Oh...

(Behind him, the girls fly into view and pull Fuzzy's rock out of his hands. Cut to the rooftop; they confront the trio, the sun silhouetting them.)

Blossom: Hey, Beat Alls!

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Why, girls! Hello! *(evil voice)* GOODBYE!

(He spits a beam, hitting them and pushing them down toward the street.)

Princess: Sorry, but it's time to go!

(She fires her blaster at them, pushing them down farther.)

Fuzzy: Cry, babies, cry!

(He drops a rock on them and connects once again.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* I'd just like to say thank you on behalf of the group and hope we passed the audition.

(The three are shocked out of their celebration by Blossom's arrival at roof level behind them.)

Blossom: Sorry, guys. *(Zoom in on her as Buttercup flies up.)*

Buttercup: There's just— *(Bubbles flies up.)*

Bubbles: —something missing.

(Back to the three villains.)

Fuzzy: See how they fly? *(covering face)* I'm crying! *(The girls close in.)*

Blossom: You sure will be!

(Buttercup takes on Fuzzy, Bubbles thumps Princess, and Blossom makes short work of “Him.” Cut to a jail cell, where the three have been deposited in a heap; the door slams shut on them. Pull back to bring the girls into view outside the cell, along with Sergeant Pepper.)

Blossom: They're going nowhere, man! *(The girls take off.)*

(Cut to them in flight.)

Blossom: Three down, one to go! *(They fly o.c.)*

(Cut to a city street, the camera pointing along the sidewalk. At the far end, a sign is visible, but partially obscured—we see “NNY L NE.” Mojo and Moko walk toward the camera, hand in hand, but stop short. Mojo looks up in surprise.)

Mojo: *(gasping)* Look!

(High overhead, we see a white billboard on the side of a building. It displays four words in huge letters: “BEAT ALLS ARE OVER.” Mojo looks frantically around, only to find the same message wherever he turns—even on the front page of the day’s newspaper.)

Mojo: Here! There! Everywhere! *(uneasily, to Moko)* I’ve got a feeling, a feeling deep inside, a feeling I can’t hide. *(Close-up; his eyes go wide and he finishes in a small voice.)* Oh, no.

(The girls are at the end of the block.)

Girls: Oh, yeah!

Blossom: You’re finished, Mojo, and so are the Beat Alls!

Mojo: I don’t need them! *(taking Moko’s hands)* Now that I’ve found Moko, our evil shall spread across the universe!

(Blossom sighs, then turns to call over her shoulder.)

Blossom: *(to the tune of “Hey Jude”)* Hey, Jude!

(Behind her, a door opens and a blond woman in a khaki bush shirt and shorts steps out.)

Blond woman: Hi, girls.

Blossom: *(to the o.c. Mojo)* This is Judy. She’s from the Townsville Zoo.

Mojo: So?

Blossom: Okay, Judy. Do your stuff.

(Judy brings out a “cricket” noisemaker—the kind that makes a sharp clicking sound when you press it with your thumb—and kneels down, snapping away with it.)

Blond woman (Judy): Michelle? Here, girl. Michelle?

(She pronounces the name with emphasis on the first syllable and says the “i” as if it was a long “e” as in “need.” Close-up of Mojo, quite puzzled by all this.)

Mojo: Michelle? Who’s this Michelle? Moko, do you—

(He screams and recoils in fright; a moment later, we see why—Moko has undergone a remarkable transformation. Her white clothes lie discarded around her on the sidewalk, and the long fur on her head is gone. She is now an ordinary-looking monkey with a little bit of makeup. Moko, a.k.a. Michelle, runs down the block to Judy and the girls, stopping to play with one of Bubbles’ pigtails and making her way to each of the others in turn.)

Bubbles: *(giggling)* Her name’s Michelle.

Blossom: She lives at the zoo.

Buttercup: And she agreed to help us stop you.

Mojo: *(very small voice)* Agreed?

(Judy is now holding Michelle.)

Judy: She doesn't like you or the fact that you're always destroying Townsville. She said you're giving monkeys a bad name. *(Michelle screeches and chatters angrily.)*

Mojo: So...she's not a performance criminal?

Blossom: Well, I don't know about "criminal"—

Buttercup: *(pointing at Michelle hanging in view overhead)* —but she is a performer.

Bubbles: She plays piano!

(Camera tilts up to Judy as Michelle pulls herself up and pats the woman's head.)

Judy: But remember, girls. Someday monkey won't play piano song, play piano song. See you, girls. *(She walks o.c.)*

Girls: *(from o.c.)* Bye! *(Cut to them.)*

Blossom: Now, Mojo, it's time for a Beat Alls reunion at Townsville Jail!

(The girls in flight; Buttercup is holding Mojo up by his cape.)

Mojo: *(dejected)* But you took my love away.

Blossom: Well, it's like the song goes—the love you take is equal to... *(She comes up dry and thinks a bit.)* Equal...to...oh, who cares? It's by some dumb old band, anyway. *(They fly o.c.)*

Narrator: I don't really want to stop the show, but I thought you might like to know—

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Narrator: —that once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!

(The music strikes a final, resounding chord that slowly dies away.)