

ALL CHALKED UP
Transcribed by Alan Back

Act One

(Opening shot: the city skyline during the day.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! *(An animal's cry echoes over the distance.)* It's high noon.

(Cut to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten; we hear kids playing.)

Narrator: Just in time for recess at Pokey Oaks Kindergarten!

(Pan quickly to the playground, then go into a slower pan across it as he continues. We see kids on the playground equipment. Among them are Elmer Sglue, Harry Pitt, Mitch Mitchellson, Joey (from "Mojo Jonesin'") and his Asian colleague, Blossom, Julie Bean, and Mary. Ms. Keane keeps an eye on the class from the background.)

Narrator: Where the girls and their classmates get an opportunity to blow off a little steam.

(The camera now reaches the asphalt section of the playground and passes an extreme close-up of a dodgeball being held aloft—by Buttercup, as we see when the view next gets to her face and stops.)

Buttercup: *(low, menacing tone)* No mercy.

(Pull back; she lets fly, and the camera shifts to ride with the ball as it sails across the yard toward Mitch. He does not move until it slams into his face and sends him flying to land on his head. Back to Buttercup.)

Buttercup: *(disgustedly)* Aw, come on, Mitch! The game's called dodgeball! If you want to play catch instead, just tell me.

(The ball flies into view and smacks her in the face. Now Mitch gets to do a little gloating.)

Mitch: In yo' face, baby!

(The ball sails up; cut to an overhead view of the pavement and pan across as it bounces and rolls along. Chalk drawings, including images of the Professor, clouds, stars, and animals, cover the area. Bubbles comes into view, hunched over a spot, and the camera cuts to a close-up of her. She is hard at work on a new drawing, with a piece of chalk in hand—now we know where all the others came from.)

(The ball comes to rest behind her, but she does not immediately notice it. When she does look up from her drawing, she sees it and reaches to pick it up.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* What are you doing with my ball?

Bubbles: Huh? *(Her perspective of her sister.)*

Buttercup: Give it! We got a game going on!

(Pull back to frame both of them; Buttercup snatches the ball away.)

Buttercup: *(sighing in disgust)* Aw, man, you got chalk all over it. You know, Bubbles, this is a playground, not a drawing ground!

Mitch: *(from o.c.)* Yo! What's the holdup?

Buttercup: *(to him)* I'm coming! *(She runs o.c.)* Bubblehead is just doing her stupid chalk stuff again.

(Bubbles glares after her, then goes back to her drawing. Cut to Buttercup, arms folded and game face firmly established.)

Buttercup: Okay, Mitchie, gimme all you got. If you miss, you gotta play with Bubbles and her chalk.

(Bubbles glares at her again, after which the camera cuts back to Buttercup and quickly turns around to frame Mitch, ball in hand. Extreme close-up of his sweating, sneering face, panning slowly across it, then of Buttercup's set-in-stone visage and pan across it as well. Now we see the ball as Mitch digs his fingers in to get a better grip; pull back as he throws with all his might and follow it to its intended target. She does not move or flinch until the last possible moment, when she leans to one side.)

(The ball misses her and catches Mary upside the head. It starts to ricochet all over the playground, hitting people and things and cracking one of the classroom windows. Buttercup leans away again to avoid the rebound; Mitch next takes a hit to the chest that turns him into a human projectile. He hits the asphalt upside down and skids through Bubbles' drawings to stop in front of her, sending up a cloud of chalk dust as he goes.)

Bubbles: Huh?...Hey! You erased my drawings!

Mitch: Um...sorry. *(Buttercup now stands nearby.)*

Buttercup: What are you apologizing for? She shouldn't draw her stupid pictures on the blacktop if she doesn't want 'em played on!

Bubbles: I have every right that you do to be here!

Buttercup: Oh, yeah? Well, I don't—

Bubbles: I don't care what you think!

Buttercup: A playground is for playing!

Bubbles: *And drawing is playing, you ninny!*

(They start to argue at full voice, and other kids turn to watch. Blossom does likewise.)

Blossom: Huh?

Kids: Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

(As they chant, they gather in a ring around the two squabbling sisters. Blossom, floating behind the group, moves in for a closer look and then pushes her way to the front.)

Blossom: All right, break it up, break it up! *(Everyone falls silent.)* What's going on here?

Bubbles: *(pointing to Buttercup)* Well, she started it!

Buttercup: She was the one drawing all over the place!

(Extreme close-up of Blossom's face, which shows a healthy degree of disgust and irritation. Her eyes dart from side to side while the other two start to yell at each other again. After several seconds, the camera pulls back.)

Blossom: SHUT UP!! *(Silence.)* Bubbles, you first. *(Quick pan to Bubbles.)*

Bubbles: Well, I was just minding my own business, drawing— *(To Buttercup.)*

Buttercup: You see?

Blossom: Buttercup, let Bubbles finish!

Mitch: Just fight already!

Bubbles: Buttercup has to share the blacktop just like everyone else.

Blossom: That sounds fair to me.

Buttercup: No way! I'm not sharing nothing! This is the playground! There's plenty of paper in the classroom! She doesn't need to fill up the blacktop with her scribbles! You know what I think of Bubbles and her drawings? *You know what I think?!*

(Zoom in on her legs as she lifts one foot. Extreme close-up of it descending in slow motion; it lands squarely on the sticks of chalk and smashes them to bits. Pull back to frame the rest of that leg, with Bubbles staring in total shock from across the circle of kids.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* That's what I think.

(Bubbles looks down at the fragments and drops to her knees, her head bowed in sadness. A moment later, she lifts her face, now rearranged into an expression of raw anger; cut to behind her as she slowly rises to her feet and Buttercup smirks at her. We hear her breathing hard, and in a close-up, she is sweating buckets and looking as if about to go over the edge once and for all. She snarls and reaches toward her sister as if to strike her, but the fury evaporates in an instant. It is replaced by a desperate struggle to keep her composure, as her wobbling mouth and the tears leaking from her tightly closed eyes readily attest.)

(After several seconds of unbearable tension, her self-control completely shatters and she bursts into tears. Actually, "explodes" might be a better word in this case. The camera follows her as she flees the scene and heads into the woods, bawling all the while. All the times we have seen her sad or crying in the past—during her sisters' arguments in "Octi Evil," when the Rowdyruff Boys put the girls down for the count, when she had to say goodbye to the baby whale in "Helter Shelter," and countless other cases—pale in comparison to this moment. What we hear are the huge, raw, soul-shaking sobs and wails that only surface when a person has had something she loves most dearly annihilated before her eyes. Overhead view of a tree stump in a small clearing; she flies in and collapses by it, face down on its surface, to cry herself out.)

(Now the camera cuts to the treetops and tilts down to her as her sobs start to die down. The air above the stump starts to sparkle, but she does not notice it, as she has not yet moved. She lifts her head and turns away from the stump, wiping her eyes, whereupon a box marked “CHALK” materializes on it. It glows slightly. Looking at it with great bewilderment, she reaches for it—we can now see a happy face on its flap—and picks it up. A bit of shaking reveals it to be empty, to her disgust. She looks down into the box, but is startled by a gust of wind blowing around her and a few leaves fluttering down. Surprised and afraid, she sits on the stump and clutches the box to herself, not knowing what to expect next.)

(Suddenly the trees and bushes grow and thicken considerably, and she gasps softly; flowers and toadstools bloom in an instant all around her, lifting her spirits. After the foliage finishes altering itself, a small rabbit pokes its head over the edge of the stump. In its jaws is a piece of chalk. Bubbles addresses it in a voice that starts off sounding a bit tremulous, but soon regains its usual happy tone.)

Bubbles: Oh, hi! Whatcha got there? Is that for me? *(It sets the chalk on the stump.)* Why, thank you.

(She picks it up and puts it into the box; the rabbit hops away.)

Bubbles: Hey! Where you going? Come back!

(It hops behind a bush. A rustle from another direction draws her attention, and she looks toward it and smiles. Now another piece of chalk is seen, held aloft by a paw poking through the leaves. Its owner pops up—a small bear cub—and Bubbles approaches it.)

Bubbles: *(reaching for chalk)* Why, hello, little cutest bear in the whole wide world.

(She takes the chalk; cut to a chattering squirrel among the bushes, a stick in its teeth. Bubbles takes this away and adds it to the box, and the creature bounds away. Looking toward the camera, she brightens yet again.)

Bubbles: Howdy!

(What she sees is a small monkey a few feet off the ground, holding on to a tree trunk. It pulls one hand free to hold up yet another piece of chalk. Cut to her perspective of the bushes and pan slowly across them; one by one, several more small animals jump out as she speaks. Each has a piece in its mouth.)

Bubbles: Oh, my!

(Her perspective, three of the creatures, now right in front of her. Pan across them as she takes the chalk stick from each, then cut to the box as she tucks in a final one to finish filling it. Pull back; she leaps joyfully up from the stump, holding the box aloft, as several of her benefactors

watch. Overhead view of the clearing, with Bubbles and the animals dancing in a ring around the stump and the box sitting on it. Fade to black.)

(Snap to her sitting with the animals. Any traces of the heartbreak she suffered on the playground are completely absent now.)

Bubbles: Oh, I love each and every one of you! What is this magical place?

(A butterfly flies into view. Its wings are pink, sporting designs that look vaguely like bursts of flame, and a cloud of pink fuzz sits near its head, obscuring a clear view of it—this looks very much like the tulle “Him” wears at his hemline and collar. The butterfly speaks in a high, squeaky voice that echoes slightly. Imagine a cross between “Him”’s effeminate voice and the insect Roach Coach in “Insect Inside” and you have the idea.)

Butterfly: We’ve been waiting a long time for you, Bubbles.

(On the end of this line, cut to a head-on view of the butterfly. Its body is striped red and magenta, and it does in fact have “Him”’s head. She addresses it without realizing who this is. The squeaky voice is used until further notice.)

Bubbles: You have?

Butterfly (“Him”): Oh, yes! We’ve been waiting for the perfect time...

(Pull back; we see the whole group of animals, with a moose and a unicorn added to it.)

“Him”: ...to welcome you to our world!

Bubbles: How long have you been here?

“Him”: As long as you have had an imagination. *(Close-up of him.)* And as you can see... *(moving o.c., exposing chalk box on stump)* ...we have a present for you. *(Back to the two.)*

Bubbles: The chalk!

“Him”: Yes, the chalk. And you can help us make our world even more beautiful! *(Cut to her.)*

Bubbles: Aw, shucks. I couldn’t do *that*.

“Him”: *(from o.c.)* Oh, yes. *(The whole group.)* You can! Isn’t that right, friends? *(The animals make sounds of assent.)* All we need is your imagination!

(Snap to black, then to Bubbles, the chalk, and “Him” floating against a dark background whose color looks something like that of a blackboard.)

Bubbles: Where am I?

“Him”: The whole world is your canvas. And here, you can draw anywhere you want with your magical chalk! Try it. *(She picks up a piece.)*

Bubbles: But what do I draw?

“Him”: Draw anything you feel. Draw what makes you happy.

Bubbles: Hmm...what makes me happy?

(After a moment, inspiration strikes and she puts the chalk to work. When she finishes, close-up of her standing next to what appears to be a plant stem.)

Bubbles: How's that? *(Pull back; she has drawn a flower. "Him" flies up next to it.)*

"Him": Good! But now watch.

(The chalk flower suddenly grows larger petals, and she gasps in shock.)

"Him": Draw some more. More happy things!

(She draws for several seconds, ending up with a picture of a nest containing three eggs and a mother bird perched by it. "Him" looks on.)

Bubbles: There!

"Him": Look!

(Close-up of the eggs, panning slowly across; the shells begin to crack, one by one. Pull back to frame the entire nest as three chicks hatch and begin cheeping.)

"Him": *(gasping happily)* See what your imagination can do?

(Cut to Bubbles as she starts to draw all over the place.)

"Him": *(from o.c.)* Draw, draw, draw!

(A flock of chalk birds flies past her; next she creates a dolphin that leaps and frolics in the ocean, then a flood of bubbles in which she floats blissfully. She draws some more, sliding down some sort of ramp; pull back to show this as a leaf on the stem of a huge flower. Two others stand near it. Cut to her and "Him" as she executes one final stroke.)

"Him": Well, what do you think?

(Pull back. She has drawn a lake, with a tree on the shore and the sun shining overhead. The sound of seagulls is heard, and a school of fish jumps out of the water as she speaks.)

Bubbles: I've never drawn prettier things! They light up my life!

"Him": Well, there's more to it than just happy little drawings.

Bubbles: What do you mean?

"Him": Artists draw *all* of their feelings. *(Close-up of Bubbles.)*

Bubbles: Like a happy feeling.

"Him": *(from o.c.)* Well, not just happy feelings. Haven't you ever been frustrated? Sad? How about...angry? *(Back and forth between the two.)*

Bubbles: No.

"Him": No?

Bubbles: Never.

"Him": Never?

Bubbles: No!

“Him”: No?

Bubbles: (*angrily*) No, never! (*Pull back to frame both; she claps her hands to her mouth.*)

“Him”: Aha! It’s okay to be angry, and it’s important to express it. Let’s wipe the slate clean. (*The lakeshore picture crumbles away, leaving the background blank.*) Now, remember when Buttercup destroyed your chalk at the playground?

Bubbles: Yeah, that wasn’t very fair.

“Him”: That’s right! Now get your chalk. Let’s draw that feeling.

Bubbles: What does it look like?

(On the next line, she does as “Him” suggests; the camera cuts around the scene, putting him in and out of view. Her air of cheerful wonderment gradually gives way to full-blown rancor.)

“Him”: Draw a big scribble. Hard, and fast. More! More! Harder, faster!

(When she finishes, he flies up next to her.)

“Him”: How does that make you feel?

Bubbles: Better, I guess.

“Him”: Good! Now draw some more. Draw how Buttercup made you feel. Who is she to tell you what to do—push you around? Feel your anger.

(Bubbles turns this over for a second and starts drawing up a storm again, working from all angles and even with a piece of chalk in each hand at one moment. We see close-up flashes of her work in quick succession, ending with a view of her looking up at the camera. She wears a look of fierce satisfaction; “Him” hovers over her shoulder.)

“Him”: Did you get all your anger out?

Bubbles: *Yes!* (*breathing hard*) I had no idea I could express myself like that.

“Him”: (*flying up away from her*) Neither did I.

(As he flies, the camera pulls back slowly to show what Bubbles has drawn. Around her, placed like the points of a compass, are four large monsters. North: a blue dinosaur with spikes all over its body. East: a brown lizard. South: a red fly spitting fire. West: a green turtle. Bubbles looks up after “Him,” indignation giving way to confusion on her face. He flies o.c. and the camera stops pulling back; a flash of light, and she is back on the playground, her four creations around her on the pavement.)

(Close-up of her with a piece of chalk in her hand. She drops this and gasps sharply; cut to a pan from the feet of the fly toward its head. Alternate between her, looking in one of the other three directions each time, and pans along the turtle, lizard, and dinosaur in turn. The camera stays on the head of this last as it begins to twitch and pull free of the ground, to the sound of steadily growing screeches and growls. Harry, standing on one foot, is lifted up on it and then dumped to the ground. Now one of the turtle’s feet starts to come loose, and two nearby kids find themselves in this creature’s shadow. The lizard’s eyelid twitches, scaring away three kids who are

watching it. Others watch the turtle's foot being pulled loose, and one of the fly's wings is peeled up. Now all four monsters sit up.)

(Cut to Bubbles, watching the entire spectacle in mute astonishment.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Bubbles! *(She and Buttercup land facing Bubbles.)* There you are! What have you been up to?

(Her only response is to raise her arm and point into the sky.)

Blossom, Buttercup: *(turning around)* Huh?

(Cut to behind the girls and tilt up. The four monsters are now standing erect, looking and sounding rather out of sorts and itching to rearrange some architecture. Fade to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: an extreme close-up of Blossom, pulling back and panning across the playground to the sound of the monsters' growling. All the kids are too stunned and terrified to move or speak as they take in this new peril. Stop on Bubbles and pull back briefly to behind the creatures' feet. The flag flutters eerily on its pole, after which the camera pans across the monsters at head level. They start to roar and screech more loudly now; pull back and drop to ground level as the kids keep watching and the monsters size them up. Blossom abruptly breaks the silence.)

Blossom: EVERYONE GET INSIDE!!

(The kids scream and immediately head for the classroom—all except Bubbles, who just sits on the pavement and stares for a while. As huge footsteps shake the camera, they charge in and slam the door behind them; now the playground empty. Cut to inside the room, where the kids are huddled in fear by Ms. Keane and the girls float above them. We hear footsteps from outside; after a tense moment, the ceiling is smashed in by the turtle's foot.)

Blossom: EVERYONE GET OUTSIDE!!

(Cut to the playground, where we see the foot still planted in the school roof. The door is flung open and the class dashes out as the fly menaces them. Next the dinosaur stalks along, trying to crush several kids underfoot; Blossom and Buttercup flash past and scoop them all up. The turtle gets into the act, trying to snap up several other kids as they run for cover. Cut to the jungle gym, with most of the class already packed in underneath it and the last few diving through the bars. The fly goes into a screaming dive, targeting this piece of playground equipment; Blossom and Buttercup evacuate it an instant before it is reduced to scrap metal.)

(Now the lizard stands above the fleeing kids. Its eyes begin to glow, and it fires energy beams at them, knocking them flying. Blossom and Buttercup each catch a few kids; cut to the former and

her charges on the ground. She is out of breath, as is Buttercup when she lands and deposits hers.)

Buttercup: This is getting us nowhere! We have to stop these monsters!

Blossom: You're right. Let's go! *(She takes off.)*

Buttercup: Wait! What about Bubbles? *(She takes off.)*

(Cut to a point at some distance from the class, with part of Bubbles' head in view. Her sisters' light trails flash into the sky.)

Blossom: There's no time! *(Pull back slightly; Bubbles sits facing away from them, chalk and drawings all around.)*

(Cut to the two girls in flight, then to the four monsters rearing up one by one. Dodging and weaving, Blossom and Buttercup knock holes through each of them, then double back for another pass. Buttercup approaches the lizard, but is promptly knocked to the ground. Blossom, looking on, gets decked by the fly; now Buttercup returns to the fray and gets it from the dinosaur. Blossom charges in, but slams into the top of the turtle's head. Now both girls take a merciless pounding, which only ends when they are swatted like flies. Cut to Bubbles, still sitting on the playground, and pull back as they crash down in front of her and put two craters in the pavement.)

Blossom: *(popping up)* Sheer strength isn't working!

Buttercup: *(popping up)* Yeah! *(They take off; cut to them in midair.)*

Blossom: Ice breath!

(She takes a deep breath and cuts loose with a freezing gust; cut to the turtle on the receiving end. It quickly frosts over. Now Buttercup goes on the attack.)

Buttercup: Heat ray!

(She trains the fire from her eyes on the fly, but it breaks loose of this and is completely unscathed. She gasps, surprised; cut to the turtle as it shatters its covering of ice. It too has not been harmed, and Blossom gasps as well.)

Blossom: Sonic...

Buttercup: ...attack!

(Buttercup focuses herself and lets loose with an ear-splitting scream, much like that used by Bubbles in "Stuck Up, Up and Away" and "Hot Air Buffoon." Blossom adds her own voice a few seconds later; the combined effect is to make the monsters recoil in pain and clap their hands to their ears—as do Ms. Keane and the other kids. After almost twenty-five seconds, the two girls stop screaming and assess the damage. The lizard still has its ears covered and its eyes squeezed shut; after a moment, it looks around and the camera pans across the other three as they do the same. The turtle, seen last, takes its hands away and roars in anger, and the other

three are seen following suit. The girls float motionless and stare, dumbstruck, then hang their heads in defeat.)

(Now they get ready for yet another attack.)

Blossom, Buttercup: CHERRY BOMB!!

(They rocket straight into the sky; cut to outer space as they fly away from Earth. They separate slightly and stop, and each girl crosses her arms over her face in turn before taking them down again. Now they fly toward each other and join hands; a flash of white, which gives way to a glowing, crackling ball of energy that surrounds them. They descend toward Earth, reenter the atmosphere, and hit the pavement in the middle of the group of monsters. Flashes of red light play across the scene for some moments; when the view clears, the girls are standing on a large charred patch with smoke rising from them.)

(They look up, and the camera pulls back to show the monsters still standing but burned black. Back to the girls.)

Blossom, Buttercup: Yeah! *(dancing)* We did it! We're bad! We're bad! Oh, yeah!

(A crackling noise cuts their celebration short. They look up, worried; pull back as the charcoal starts to fall away from the monsters. Now all four free themselves—once again they are intact—and the girls clutch at each other and scream in fear. A flash of light; cut to Bubbles, who has not moved from her spot on the pavement. Her sisters again crater the ground just in front of her, then climb out after a moment—they have taken another drubbing.)

Blossom, Buttercup: Bubbles! We need you!

Blossom: Come on, Bubbles, snap out of it! You've gotta help us beat these monsters!

Buttercup: Come on, Bubbles, *please!* You gotta help us erase these problems!

Bubbles: *(dazed)* Erase...? *(snapping to, pigtails and all)* That's it!

(She zips into the wrecked building, then back out a moment later. Returning to where her sisters are standing, she has an armload of items; cut to a close-up of one in her hand. She is holding a blackboard eraser.)

Blossom, Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Erasers?! *(Pull back to frame all three.)* All right, Bubbles!

(Cut to them in flight, each with an eraser ready to go. They approach the monsters; Blossom leads the charge, wiping out portions of the dinosaur's legs to send it toppling to the ground. Buttercup erases part of the turtle's arm and its neck, leaving the hand and head to fall to the ground. Now Bubbles attacks the fly and severs the wings on one side; it plummets to earth. Her eraser held in both hands, Buttercup plunges through the lizard and slices it in half along its length. The two halves collapse to the ground.)

(Pan slowly across the remains of the monsters; the severed parts twitch and jitter, and we hear low, weary groans. Cut to the girls, embracing in midair, and pull back to put the chalk in the

foreground. The dinosaur reaches down and picks up a piece; the girls stare in shock as it draws to reconnect its legs. The other three monsters begin to repair themselves as well; the girls cannot believe a bit of this.)

Bubbles: He can't do that! ("*Him*" *flies into view next to her.*)

"Him": I think he can.

Bubbles: Oh! Thank goodness you're here. I drew all these monsters and they came to life. But now you're here and you can help.

"Him": But why would I help you, when this whole thing was my idea?

(These last two words are delivered in his evil voice as he instantly transforms to his normal appearance and size. From here on in, he uses his normal manners of speaking. Bubbles gasps in shock.)

Bubbles: It was you! You made me do this!

"Him": (*effeminate voice, putting an arm around her*) Au contraire. I just provided the chalk.

Blossom: You leave Bubbles alone!

"Him": (*to Bubbles*) It was *you* who drew monsters!

Bubbles: (*pulling free*) Get your claws off me!

"Him": That's good. Express that anger, just like before! Remember how good it felt?

Bubbles: Okay, I will! (*She flies down.*)

Blossom, Buttercup: No, Bubbles, wait!

(She lands near an eraser and some chalk. Picking these up, she takes to the air and approaches the turtle. In her first pass, she erases its mouth, turned down in an angry grimace; in her second, its lowered eyebrows. One more pass, and its features have been redrawn in a smile. "Him" gasps, flabbergasted.)

Blossom, Buttercup: Go, Bubbles!

(Now she moves in on the fly, zooming between the jaws as it tries to bite her. Cutting a hairpin turn around the head, she leaves it with an exaggerated pair of lips instead, then puts a flower and a shooting star on its thorax. The dinosaur gets a rainbow on its nose, a heart by its ear, its eyebrow turned up, and its mouth rearranged into a happy smile. Cut to the lizard as Bubbles finishes working on its head; it now smiles and wears braces, a rainbow, a star, and a heart. Now she draws a wristwatch onto a hand and a high-heeled shoe on a foot; cut to a slow pan across the transformed monsters. The turtle now sports a mustache and small top hat, the fly a necklace and eyelashes, and various other happy drawings have been added here and there.)

(Cut to "Him" in midair.)

"Him": (*evil voice*) No! No! (*disappearing*) NO! (*Cut to the girls.*)

Girls: (*as Buttercup and Bubbles high-five*) All right! (*He reappears, startling them.*)

"Him": You can't do that! You're supposed to express your anger!

Bubbles: I am. I'm just expressing it in a positive way.

(She lifts up a piece of chalk.)

Bubbles: And I think you were more positive when you were a cute...little...butterfly!

(On the word “cute,” she draws a pair of antennae on him, then adds one wing on each of “little” and “butterfly.” These last are decorated with hearts instead of fire. Pull back; now the wings are colored pink and the hearts red, and “Him” is so embarrassed that he tries to cover himself up. Bubbles has moved off.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* What do you think, girls? *(Cut to them.)*

Blossom: Oh, yes.

Buttercup: Much better.

(Back to “Him,” now literally boiling over and stifling a roar of rage—but with little success. Finally he turns it into a coherent word.)

“Him”: NO!!

(He disappears in a flash of light, leaving the antennae and wings—now all joined together—to float down to the ground. The camera follows them to the pavement, then cuts to the girls, looking up from ground level and gasping in shock. One by one, the four monsters begin to lose their balance, then slam flat into the playground and send up clouds of chalk dust. When the view clears, the camera has pulled back and risen into the sky to point at the girls. The four monsters have turned back into harmless chalk drawings.)

(Close-up of the girls as they look around for a moment.)

Blossom: *(to Bubbles)* You did it!

Buttercup: Yeah, you rock, Bubbles! *(losing her nerve)* Um...I, uh...um...well, I...

Bubbles: *(putting hands on Buttercup’s shoulders)* That’s okay. I forgive you.

(Cut to the sky and follow a large pink heart drawn in chalk as it floats down and settles around the girls, framing them. As the Narrator speaks, larger hearts, alternating in red and pink, come down one by one to form the same pattern as that used in the end-shot background. The girls look up in surprise, and the camera cuts to a direct overhead view of them, now smiling.)

Narrator: So once again the day is saved—and another adventure draws to a close—

(The view dissolves to the background—no girls— as he says this last, and they appear in their standard pose.)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!

[Note: *In this shot, the hearts radiate in, rather than out as they usually do.]*