

GET BACK JOJO

Transcribed by Alan Back

Act One

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

Ms. Keane: *(voice over)* The city of Townsville is a place where you can be anything you want to be. *(Cut to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten.)* And that's what we'll be learning about today on Career Day.

(Dissolve to her at the front of the classroom, to the sound of applause. On the chalkboard behind her are the words "Career Day Today" in big printed letters. Also on it are a smiley face and Buttercup's name with a check mark next to it.)

Ms. Keane: Good morning, boys and girls—and good morning to our parents too.

(Her students are seated on the floor, as are their parents.)

Kids, parents: Good morning, Ms. Keane!

Ms. Keane: Boys and girls, we're going to be learning about careers today. A career is what you do for a living when you're all grown up. And to help us out, some special grown-ups, your parents, are going to talk to us about what they do for their career.

(Near the end of this line, the camera shifts to show near her a squat little boy and his equally squat father, who wears a white apron and a paper cap—he looks very much like the hot dog vendor from "Insect Inside." From here, cut to a few other parent-child pairs, including Mary and her mother and Hanout and his father.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* You'll see that different grown-ups have chosen different careers. *(Back to her; she leans down toward the kids.)* It all depends on what *you* want to do. Now, boys and girls, do any of you know what you want to do when you grow up? *(raising her hand)* Raise your hands if you do.

(The hands of several kids and a couple of the parents go up.)

Ms. Keane: Well! A lot of you have an idea for what you want to do, and that's great. *(Close-up of a few puzzled kids; she continues o.c.)* And many of you don't know yet, and that's okay too. *(Long shot of her in front of the group.)* Maybe after hearing some of our parents talk about what they do, you guys'll be inspired to make some career choices of your own. Our first parent is...

(Dissolve to the exterior of the school.)

Voice: *(Indian accent, slow and deep)* Boys and girls...

(Cut to Hanout's father at the front of the room—he is the speaker.)

Hanout's father: ...hello. My name is Mr. Anoush. *(Close-up of Hanout; he continues o.c.)* I am Hanout's father. *(The boy beams; back to him.)* I work in insurance. My company insures buildings in Townsville against damage. *(Pause.)* I am a veeeeery busy man. *(Applause.)*

Ms. Keane: Well, thank you, Mr. Anoush. And next up is—

(Cut to the Professor, seated in a small chair next to the girls.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* —Professor Utonium. *(Applause.)*

Bubbles: You're up, Professor!

(He gets up and steps to the front of the class.)

Professor: Um...hello. I'm Professor Utonium. *(gesturing to girls)* And I am Blossom, Bubbles, and Buttercup's...uh, father. And, uh, creator. *(They beam at him; he clears his throat.)* I'm a scientist. I invent things. In fact— *(reaching o.c.)* —I brought in something I recently invented to show you.

(He pulls a squarish object covered with white cloth into view. Cart wheels shake and grind against the floor as he does so. Close-up of it; he has one hand on the cloth.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Presenting my newest invention...

(He pulls the cloth away, revealing a square black frame with several oddly shaped devices pointing toward its interior.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* ...the Time Portal!

(The devices all swing out, and the frame comes to life and fills with static—now it is a viewscreen. Pull back; everyone is staring at the invention with complete awe.)

Kids, parents: Ooooooh!

Professor: In my long career as a scientist, I'd say the Time Portal is my greatest— *(looking toward girls)* —well, *second* greatest invention ever.

(Cut to outside the classroom window.)

Professor: *(through window)* You know, kids, when I was your age, I never really thought I'd grow up to be a scientist.

(Head-on view of the sidewalk by the building. Mojo Jojo walks along, carrying bags of groceries, and passes the window. We can no longer see directly inside.)

Professor: *(from inside, through window)* In fact, science was something that just didn't interest me at all. *(Mojo stops short; his eyes pop open.)* Yes, if things kept going the way they were—

(Back to inside the room. Mojo is now standing outside the window.)

Professor: —I might never have gone into the scientific field at all.

(Back to Mojo on the end of this line. He throws his groceries aside and presses his face to the glass. Cut to behind him; again we see the group.)

Professor: *(through window)* But one day, something happened that changed my life.

(Back to inside the room. As the Professor continues, Mojo sneaks out of sight.)

Professor: This one strange incident occurred when I was still a lad.

(We hear a door open, and the camera shifts to just behind Mary.)

Professor: It inspired me. Motivated me. *(Mary is dragged o.c., with Mojo's hand over her mouth.)* Moved me— *(Close-up of him.)* —to get into science and create the Powerpuff Girls!... Well. Now let me show you how *this* thing works.

(Pull back; now he is leaning toward some of the devices protruding from the frame of the Time Portal.)

Professor: I'll set the Portal for the sixteenth century.

(Close-up of the bottom left device and follow the Professor's hand as he operates four in line. The markings: "YEAR 1564," "MONTH 6," "DAY 12," "HOUR 12." After this last, tilt down to the viewscreen, still filled with static. Cut to the Professor's hand as he lifts a pincer on an extendable arm into view.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* And I'll use this special tool— *(Pull back; he extends it, camera following.)* —to reach into the Portal...

(The pincer disappears into the static. Cut to a chamber in which a man wearing a feathered hat sits writing at a desk; a woman stands near him. Both are dressed in the style of the Renaissance, and the room is appropriately furnished. A small distortion forms in the upper left corner; the pincer extends out of this. It snatches the man's hat and quickly pulls back.)

Renaissance man: *(German/Austrian accent)* Mein hat! *(The distortion disappears.)*

(Back to the present: a close-up of the Time Portal. The tension on the pincer's arm suggests that the Professor is having a little trouble reeling in his prize.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Whoop! Got something!

(Pull back; now he has the hat in hand and is chuckling and showing it to the class.)

Professor: Looks like someone's gonna need a new hat!

(Close-up of the controls again; the Professor reaches toward them.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Let's try a more recent date, like— *(pulling DAY knob)* —yesterday.

(Cut to the kitchen in the girls' house. The Professor is reading the paper and seated at the table; Blossom and Buttercup are sitting to his left, eating breakfast, while Bubbles does the dishes. The car keys are on the table, to the Professor's right.)

Blossom: Hey, Professor! What are you gonna do for Career Day tomorrow? Huh? Huh? Huh? Huh?

(As she pesters him, the pincer reaches into view unnoticed and grabs the keys. When she quiets down, he lowers his paper and shoots her a stern, secretive smile.)

Professor: All right, time for school.

(He feels on the table where the keys were; their absence surprises him. Back to the present: he is still holding them in the pincer and looking down at them thoughtfully.)

Professor: Hmm...so *that's* where they went. *(dropping them)* Well, are there any questions?

(Pull back to just behind where Mary was sitting. Mojo is now wearing her dress, and he raises his hand.)

Professor: Yes, you in the back row.

(In a head-on view, we now see that Mojo has donned the girl's glasses as well. When he speaks, he adopts a rough approximation of her voice—back up to “Ice Sore” or “Mojo Jonesin” to hear it. He continues in this manner until otherwise noted.)

Mojo: Um, Professor Utonium, I have a question.

Professor: Yes, Mary?

Mojo: Golly, I was just wondering...um...

Professor: Go on. Don't be shy.

Mojo: Well...can you set your machine to *any* time?

Professor: Certainly. *(indicating controls on left side)* That's what these knobs are for.

Mojo: And *any* place?

Professor: *(walking to right side of Time Portal)* Well, yes. These knobs over here determine the spatial coordinates.

Mojo: *(easing up to front of room)* Gee! So that means you could even set it to the exact time and place where you experienced the incident that got you interested— *(Pan to the Professor; he continues o.c.)* —in science in the first place?

(Blossom, Bubbles, and the Professor seem a bit uneasy at this particular line of questioning now. Buttercup still seems at ease and is paying attention to the presentation.)

Blossom: *(jumping up)* Professor?

Professor: Yes, Blossom?

Blossom: Well, I wanted to ask—

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Excuse me, Blossom. *(Pan quickly to him.)* But I was not finished with *MY QUESTIONS!*

(He breathes hard for a moment and sounds as if he is about to blow his cover. Everybody looks nervously at him.)

Ms. Keane: Blossom...Mary's right. Let her finish— *(Back to Blossom; she continues o.c.)* — and *then* you can ask your question.

(The camera follows Blossom as she sinks angrily to the floor and sits next to her sisters.)

Blossom: Hmph!

(Back to the front of the crowd. Mojo is even closer to exposing his own charade.)

Mojo: Professor! Can you set it to that particular time and place?

Professor: Um...yes.

Mojo: Can you do it now? *(His perspective.)* Right now?

Professor: Sure.

(He swiftly adjusts the controls, shifting from one side of the Time Portal to the other as he does so. Finally he presses a button on the top corner and turns to Mojo. The camera has now shifted to just behind the man's shoulder.)

Professor: Done!

Mojo: *(lowering glasses)* It's set, then?

Professor: *(sweating)* Yes! Is that all, Mary?

(Mojo now returns to his normal voice. He has ditched the glasses.)

Mojo: Yes! That's all, Professor Utonium!

(He laughs and tears away Mary's dress, revealing his identity. Now he leaps toward the front of the room.)

Girls: Mojo!

(He dives past the Professor and disappears into the static on the Time Portal's viewscreen, which promptly goes dark. All the controls fold back in, except for one small square piece low on

the right side. Close-up of this: it is a small window that reads “VACANT” initially. This switches to “OCCUPIED,” much in the fashion of an airplane lavatory.)

(The girls fly straight at the Time Portal, but crash into it without effect. All three start assaulting the apparatus—Blossom with her eye lasers, Bubbles with punches, Buttercup with attempts to pull the controls out.)

Blossom: You come back here!

(The Professor walks up behind them and restrains Blossom; the other two continue for a moment as he speaks.)

Professor: Whoa, girls! *(gesturing to the one control)* See that? It’s occupied. *(Cut to the girls, now backed up; he continues o.c.)* Right now it’s transporting Mojo Jojo into the past— *(Pan to him.)* —which is a little more complicated than transporting a hat or a set of keys, so it could take a little longer. Really, I’m not even sure if he’ll survive. It could be a rough trip through the...

(He walks o.c.; cut to the girls, who look a bit apprehensive now.)

Professor: *(from o.c., ominously)* ...*fifth dimension!*

Girls: The fifth dimension?

(He walks up to a maze and holds up a white mouse as he continues.)

Professor: Yes. That’s how the Time Portal works.

(Overhead view of the mouse now in the maze.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Imagine this mouse— *(Head-on view of it and him.)* —trapped in a two-dimensional maze. *(picking it up)* With no idea there’s a *third* dimension that it can move in.

(Close-up of the mouse as it is set down by a piece of cheese in the opposite corner of the maze. It begins to nibble happily.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Yes! *(A chalkboard diagram.)* So do we find ourselves— *(Pull back; he is in front of the class.)* —in a *four*-dimensional world, seemingly trapped by space and time.

(Back to the board; the camera moves to another diagram in the opposite corner as he continues.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Unless by moving in the *fifth* dimension— *(Pull back to show him again.)* —we can overcome these limitations and, in theory, travel through time. Well, we should know pretty soon if our monkey friend survives his trip— *(Zoom in on the Time Portal.)* —through the *fifth dimension!*

[*Note: This explanation is very similar to the working of the “tesseract” in the Madeleine L’Engle book A Wrinkle in Time.*]

(The scene cuts to Mojo rocketing down a square corridor. He has his hands clapped to his eyes in terror, and his color is entirely gone—the entire scene looks as if it was constructed from pencil drawings on butcher paper. He uncovers his eyes to see what is around him; now his lips peel back from his teeth as if he were riding a high-speed roller coaster. He screams weirdly and is pushed o.c., his legs flailing beneath him.)

(Now the view shifts to outside the corridor, which is made of square frames and spirals off into the distance. He hurtles through at an insane velocity, screaming all the while, and is finally ejected from its end toward a slowly rotating spiral in an endless black void. He floats above this for a few moments before being sucked into the vortex, which is reflected in his eyes. As his cries reach a new plateau of hysteria, the camera zooms in on one eye, whose pupil resolves into a square—the “OCCUPIED” window of the Time Portal. A sudden silence, and it switches to “VACANT.”)

(Pull back; now we have returned to the present. The other controls begin to extend themselves from the frame again.)

Professor: Ah! Looks like he made it. *(Cut to Blossom by the Time Portal.)*

Blossom: All right, Professor. *(The viewscreen fills with static.)* We’re going in!

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Yeah. *(Pan to her and Bubbles.)* We’ll bring him back before he can do any damage!

Professor: Oh, I hope so. *(pacing)* Messing around in the past could have a major impact on our present reality. *(looking back at girls)* Yes, you’ll have to be careful as well, girls, not to affect anybody or anything. That means no superhero stuff. *(His perspective of them.)* I mean it! If anyone in the past saw you flying or using your superpowers— *(Back to him.)* —that could have consequences as drastic as anything Mojo might cause.

Blossom: *(saluting)* Aye-aye, Professor. No superpowers.

(The machine kicks into gear again.)

Blossom: Okay. Come on, girls. Hold hands.

(Bubbles takes one of Buttercup’s hands; Blossom reaches for the other. Side view of the Time Portal, with Blossom floating right in front of it.)

Blossom: Here we go!

(They enter; the camera pans right slightly to show the butcher-paper view inside. Bubbles looks back over her shoulder. Her next line starts off sounding normal, but her words become distorted as she is pulled in.)

Bubbles: Bye-bye, Professor. *(Head-on view of him from inside.)*

Professor: Good luck, girls.

(His image recedes from view, and the girls hurtle down the corridor toward the camera. They pass it, and after a long moment, the scene shifts to an ordinary hallway, the camera pointing up toward the ceiling. A square distortion opens between the fluorescent overhead lights, and Mojo floats slowly out of this before tumbling headlong to the floor. The colors seem a bit washed out compared to what we know of him and Townsville. When he stands up, we can see a notice on a bulletin board behind him, with 1959 written in big numerals at its top. Judging from this fact, he has gone some four decades into the past.)

Mojo: *(woozily)* Whoa...what a trip! Hmm? *(turning to board)* What's this?

(He stands in front of the notice, which bears the words "1959 YEARBOOKS SIGN UP!" Now we know that the scene is a school building.)

Mojo: 1959?! Ha-ha! It worked! Now, where is he?

(He starts off down the hall, which has lockers on both sides and a banner for that year's homecoming strung up at the end. A voice brings him up short—it is a teacher addressing her students.)

Teacher: *(from inside classroom, through door)* Okay, I'm going to start this movie. *(Cut to a door next to Mojo.)* Everybody in their seats? *(Zoom in slowly.)* Good. Mr. Utonium, can you please get the lights?

(A set of footsteps, the door's window goes dark, and the footsteps recede. Now a flickering light is seen—the movie projector has started up. Cut to just inside the door; Mojo hauls himself into view, wearing an expression of demonic glee. Snap to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: a black-and-white city skyline. A water tower in the distance identifies this as Townsville, but from a bygone day. Spots and scratches flicker across the screen, and we hear the movie projector rolling—this is the film being shown to the class. The soundtrack jumps and skips a bit occasionally, as does the voice of the announcer.)

Announcer: The town of Townsville. An ordinary town on an ordinary main street. Except for the not-so-ordinary active volcano.

(On these last two words, the camera pulls back to show the volcano in the middle of the park—only it has no observatory on its summit. Streams of black smoke issue from the spot. The mountain rumbles a bit, after which the film cuts to a man sitting on the edge of a desk; he wears a conservative suit and hairstyle and is in early middle age. A model of a molecule stands on the desk. When the man speaks, his voice reveals him as the announcer. This is one of only two sequences in which he appears on camera.)

Announcer: Kids, here, as in any town near an active volcano— (*getting off desk*) —it’s safety first.

(Cut to the edge of the crater; a boy jumps around happily and unconvincingly.)

Announcer: Jimmy thought it would be “coolsville” to “goof around” this active volcano. (*The boy starts to lose his balance.*) And look what happened to him.

(Now we see him driving down the street. His eyes pop open in surprise, and the car rolls through an intersection toward a parked gasoline tanker truck. Just before impact, cut to the classroom. The kids gasp in shock, but the teacher has seen it all before. Back to the film: now three young women are wasting time, with the volcano’s smoke rising behind them. The one in the center is stylishly dressed; the other two look like members of the Pink Ladies in Grease.)

Announcer: Lisa liked to “hang out” with the wrong crowd. Unfortunately for her, it was also the wrong place. (*Pull back quickly to show the entire crater.*) An active volcano! (*Close-up of the leftmost girl.*) With dire consequences for Lisa.

(As each is named, it appears in bold black letters and replaces the one before it.)

Announcer: Stunted growth...bulimic disorders...and other diseases.

(Cut to a living room, in which a small boy is trying to get the attention of his parents. The father reads the paper, the mother knits, and both nod mechanically.)

Announcer: Children, talk to your family about the dangers.

(A kitchen in another house; a boy looks nervously at the camera as his father reads the paper.)

Announcer: Go on, Junior. Dad’s not going to bite.

Junior: Dad, is it okay for me to play around the volcano?

(Dad lowers the paper on the next line to reveal a face covered with spots and lesions. Ugly, ugly, ugly.)

Dad: Son, I’m glad you asked that question. (*Junior smiles.*)

Announcer: See? That wasn’t so bad.

(Back to him in front of his desk.)

Announcer: And now, the Mayor of Townsville has a special message about the volcano.

(On the end of this line, the Mayor steps into view. He looks exactly as he does in the present day—suit, sash, hat, monocle—but he has a full head of white hair.)

Younger Mayor: Hey, kids! My favorite thing to do is to throw things into the volcano.
(*laughing*) Try it. It's great fun!

Announcer: You mean, *don't* throw things into the volcano.

Younger Mayor: No, I mean, *do* throw things into the volcano.

(*The announcer, the Mayor, and an individual wearing a model of the volcano wave to the camera. The final line is delivered as a voice-over, even though the speaker is on screen.*)

Announcer: Oh, we "lava" you, Mr. Mayor! (*laughing*) So once again, it's safety first with Mr. Active Volcano.

(*The scene dissolves into the word "END."*)

Teacher: (*from o.c.*) Miss Keane, can you please get the lights?

(*The young Keane, who looks and sounds very much like the Ms. Keane of today, is at the light switch by the door.*)

Young Keane: Got 'em, Teacher.

(*She flips the switch and turns away just as Mojo pokes his head over the bottom edge of the door's window. She stops a moment, suspecting that something is going on behind her back, and turns. Mojo, however, drops out of sight before she can spot him. She shrugs and walks o.c., after which he climbs up again.*)

(*The teacher is now back at the front of the room. Her desk and those of the students are equipped with beakers and flasks, the board is chalked with chemical formulas and a picture of a volcano, and a model skeleton hangs nearby. This is science class—fifth grade, perhaps.*)

Teacher: Well, I hope you all learned something from the movie.

(*Close-up of a girl with a great deal of curly red-orange hair, seen from behind. She raises her hand.*)

Teacher: (*from o.c.*) Yes, Miss Bellum?

(*Camera shifts to point at her from just over the teacher's desk. An apple at the corner hides her face—this is the young Bellum, and even now she has the makings of a sultry voice.*)

Young Bellum: I learned that the Mayor is a complete idiot. (*Back to the teacher.*)

Teacher: Yes, well...um, does anyone have any questions about the film? (*A hand reaches into view.*) Um...yes.

(*Cut to a round-faced boy in a shirt and tie. His haircut and manner of speaking scream out that he is a genius, straight arrow, and all-around wet blanket all rolled into one—in other words, quite possibly the Professor's younger self.*)

Tie-wearing boy: I felt that the subversive use of metaphoric circumstance in the contextual delivery of the objective matter underlined a fundamental misrepresentation of intrinsic social values.

(During this line, cut to a silhouetted side view of him, with Mojo still watching. Now the camera cuts to just behind the monkey as the boy keeps talking.)

Mojo: It's him!

Tie-wearing boy: *(through window)* ...any redeeming moral and ethical resolution. *(Back to him on the end of this line.)*

Mojo: *(from outside, through window)* Arrogant little fool!

(The boy smiles, pleased with himself, and a hand reaches into view toward his shoulder. Pull back quickly; he is yanked off balance to crash to the floor. The teacher is not pleased.)

Teacher: I saw that, Mr. ...

(Cut back to the boy on the ground, then tilt up to the desk behind him. Young Keane glares angrily at her deskmate—a boy with an impossibly square head and black hair swept forward into a flat-topped pompadour. He smiles and points over the desk—his shirt color gives him away as the perpetrator.)

Teacher: *(from o.c.)* ...UTONIUM!

(This little hoodlum, and not the twerp we saw prattling on, is the Professor's past counterpart. He laughs a bit and then looks away innocently. Mojo cannot believe what has just happened.)

Mojo: What?! That brat is Professor Utonium? *(Back to Young Prof on the end of this.)*

Teacher: *(from o.c.)* Mr. Utonium!

Young Prof: *(facing front)* What? I was just funnin', that's all. *(approaching his victim)* Hey, buddy, I'm sorry.

(At the board, the teacher looks back approvingly.)

Young Prof: *(from o.c.)* Here, let me help you there.

(We hear a chair being shifted, and she smiles and turns to write on the board. The distinctive sound of a whoopee cushion interrupts, however, and she rounds angrily on the class while the kids laugh.)

Teacher: Why, Matthew!

(The straitlaced boy we saw before finds himself in the midst of a ring of pointing fingers.)

Tie-wearing boy (Matthew): What? What?

Teacher: (*pointing o.c.*) In the Kiddy Korner—now!

Matthew: (*dejectedly*) Yes, Teacher.

(When he gets up, the novelty device is revealed on his seat. Young Prof grabs this away and stashes it in his backpack, laughing as he does so.)

Young Prof: Stooge!

Mojo: Insolent little whelp!

Teacher: Now, class, we're going to do something fun today.

(Slow pan across the class as she continues; their eyes brighten—all except those of Young Prof, who looks bored out of his square skull.)

Teacher: (*from o.c.*) We're going to build a real working volcano!

Young Prof: (*sarcastically*) Like, I can barely contain myself.

Teacher: Now, if you notice, you've all been given some items for—

(Another whoopee-cushion blast, this one short, stops her. Quick pan to Young Prof, who does his best to look nonchalant as the other kids glare. Long silence. Now the teacher starts to read instructions from a clipboard as if outlining the steps for a recipe.)

Teacher: Yes. Well. To begin with, take your milk bottle and put it—

(Cut back to Young Prof on the end of this line. He produces a farting sound with one hand tucked into his other armpit—this is what we heard before. Now the teacher locks on to him.)

Teacher: Mr. Utonium! Maybe you'd like to join Matthew in the Kiddy Korner!

(On the end of this line, she points o.c. again and the camera cuts to Matthew. He sits on a small stool in the corner of the room—a sign identifies this as the Kiddy Korner—and wears a hat marked "Klass Klown." He is not enjoying this. Young Prof is still playing it quite loose.)

Young Prof: No, man, 's cool. Don't gotta threaten me 'n' stuff.

Teacher: Well—as I was saying... (*reading from clipboard*) To begin with, take your milk bottle and place it in the bowl. Then take the clay and work it in your hands.

(As she continues, dissolve to Young Keane hard at work and up to her wrists in clay.)

Teacher: (*from o.c.*) Mold the clay around the milk bottle— (*Pan to Young Prof.*) —to form your volcano.

(His creation looks more like the Creature from the Black Lagoon. Clay drips from his hands. Cut to his perspective; he reaches into view and slops it on as the teacher continues.)

Teacher: (*from o.c.*) Be sure not to cover up the mouth of the bottle.

(He leaves the milk bottle's mouth exposed, but has created a head just behind it. A poke of each thumb, and the beast has eyes. Back to him; now he growls and screams over it, playing both sides of the conflict at once.)

Young Prof: It's a monster! *(Cut to outside by Mojo; his voice through the window.)* It's like...it's gonna, like, eat me!

Mojo: Just look at that brat!

Teacher: *(from inside, through window)* Okay. *(Zoom in slowly.)* Now we take our water and we carefully pour it into our volcano.

(Young Prof's perspective again; now he starts to sound like a mad scientist.)

Young Prof: *(pouring)* Yes...monster is thirsty! *(Head-on view of him.)* Haaaaaah! Monster like water. Yes...more water! Yes!

(Pan to Young Keane on the end of this line. She holds a small bottle in one hand and wears an eager expression.)

Teacher: *(from o.c.)* And now, very carefully, we add just *two* drops of red coloring fluid.

(Young Keane takes great pains to follow this instruction exactly. Young Prof, on the other hand, eyes his bottle of coloring quizzically; cut to his perspective as he squirts in drop after drop. The dye runs down the sides of the clay sculpture.)

Young Prof: Blood! Blood! Blood for monster! *(Back to Young Keane; he continues o.c.)*
Monster love to drink blood!

(She has been looking back toward him with visible unease, and now she raises her hand slowly without taking her eyes off him. The teacher does not notice, however.)

Teacher: So far, so good. We are now ready to add our chemicals.

(Young Prof reacts as if she has just said the secret word on You Bet Your Life.)

Young Prof: Chemicals! CHEMICALS!

Young Keane: *(nervously, hand still up)* Teacher...

(The budding Frankenstein is now dumping the contents of his flasks into the milk bottle at the heart of his beast, which is now starting to spew fumes of its own just like the real thing.)

Teacher: Being extremely careful not to add too much at once.

(She might be speaking Swahili for all Young Prof cares; he keeps emptying one vessel after another into his monster.)

Young Prof: *(laughing)* Monster loves chemicals!

Young Keane: *(more urgently)* Teacher!

Teacher: *(looking up from instructions)* Yes?

(Her eyes go wide, and she stands up from her desk.)

Teacher: Mr. Utonium! *(Mojo is watching with great unease.)*

Mojo: Fool! Doesn't he know that mixture will—

(Right on cue, there is an explosion in the classroom and the door is blown open. Thick smoke pours out as the fire alarm sounds.)

Teacher: *(from inside)* Stop, drop, roll! Stop, drop, roll!

(As she repeats the old mantra, the kids start rolling out of the doorway; all we can clearly see of them is their feet.)

Mojo: *(jumping into view)* Now's my chance!

(He plunges into the haze and comes out a few seconds later with Young Prof under his arm. The boy is unconscious and does not put up a fight as he is carried down the hall and around a corner. The smoke envelops the scene just before another square distortion opens up near ceiling level; the girls float out of this and immediately start to cough and choke.)

Bubbles: I hate the fifth dimension! *(She coughs again.)*

Blossom: I think we're out of the Portal.

Buttercup: *(squinting)* Yeah. And into the fire. I have a feeling Mojo's been here! *(Long shot of the corner; she continues from around it.)* Come on!

(They round the corner and head down the hall. A girl does likewise on foot.)

Girl: Fire! Fire!

(She stops short and looks up at what, to her, must be a mind-blowing sight—three little girls floating in midair under their own power, and with an appearance such as this to boot.)

Buttercup: Hey! Did you see an ugly monkey with a—

Girl: *(fleeing, panicked)* Martians! Martians! *(The girls descend.)*

Blossom: *(as they land)* Professor's right. We better not fly around. Looks like we're hoofing it. Let's go. *(She runs o.c.)*

(Cut to them running down the hall. Blossom and Bubbles seem to be enjoying the experience, but Buttercup is a bit of a different story.)

Blossom: Hey... *(They stop at a distance from some other students.)* ...let's talk to those kids.

(One boy is in the duck-and-cover position on the ground.)

Blossom: *(walking up to him)* Uh, hello there. What's happening?

Boy 1: It's the Apocalypse! *(Cut to Buttercup with a second boy, in a tie.)*

Boy 2: *(snorting in contempt)* No, it's not. That stupid Utonium kid blew up the science lab.

(Needless to say, this rubs her exactly the wrong way. She socks him and grabs his tie.)

Buttercup: Shut up! Where is he?

Boy 2: *(scared)* I don't know! *(Cut to Bubbles with Young Keane.)*

Young Keane: I saw him. *(pointing)* Some hairy guy carried him away.

(Bubbles' eyes pop at the girl's account of events; she runs back to her sisters.)

Bubbles: Guys, guys! Mojo's got the Professor!

Blossom: Oh, no!

Bubbles: What do we do?

Buttercup: We rescue him—and kick Mojo's butt!

Blossom: But what's his plan? Where would Mojo take the Professor?

(Quick pan to a long shot of the volcano.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Ha! My volcano-top obser—

(Pull back slightly; he is looking up at the summit and seeming a bit puzzled.)

Mojo: What is this? *(He turns around; he still has Young Prof.)* Curses! Of course! In the past, I have not built my observatory yet. Therefore, there is no observatory! *(stepping around base of mountain)* There is not even a staircase.

(Young Prof starts to come around, moaning weakly. When he fully realizes his situation—and the arm around his neck—he looks up toward the owner of said arm and lowers his thick black eyebrows. He opens as wide as he can and bites down on Mojo's fingers; the monkey screams in pain and shakes the boy loose after several frantic seconds of trying. Young Prof lands on the grass and rubs his head while looking up at his captor.)

Young Prof: Man! *(His perspective.)* You are one ugly hallucination! *(This sets Mojo off.)*

Mojo: I am no hallucination! I am Mojo Jojo! I have come from the future to find you— *(Mojo's perspective.)* —Professor Utonium!

(Back to a head-on view. His words have nowhere close to their intended effect on the boy—if nothing else, they inspire him to be even more snide and sarcastic.)

Young Prof: “Professor Utonium”? Like, what a kooky nickname!

Mojo: Now you listen to me! You will *not* be getting inspired to create the Powerpuff Girls today!

(Young Prof puzzles this over for a very long moment.)

Young Prof: *What?*

Mojo: Nothing will be happening to you today. So nothing will inspire you to get into science, and therefore you will not create the Powerpuff Girls. And then I, Mojo Jojo, will rule Townsville!

Young Prof: You're crazy. I ain't creatin' nothin'! And science? *(Disdainful cough.)* Man, forget it. It's dullsville!

Mojo: Mmmm...nevertheless, you will accompany me to my volcano top, where I will make sure that nothing interesting happens to you!

(He walks o.c. on the end of this line; cut to him advancing menacingly toward a slightly rattled Young Prof.)

Young Prof: Hey, Daddy-o, like...cool it with the hooks! *(Mojo grabs him and holds him up.)*

Mojo: Gotcha!

(The two stare eye to eye for a silent moment, which is broken by Young Prof baring his teeth and biting down again—this time into Mojo's nose. It takes a bit of effort to pull himself free.)

Mojo: Ouch.

(He turns around, still holding Young Prof; now the boy kicks him in the face.)

Mojo: Ouch!

(They stare each other down again, after which Young Prof punches him in the eye. Now Mojo has had enough, and he drops the boy.)

Mojo: *(hands to face)* OUCH! Enough of this foolishness. *(pointing up mountain)* You will climb!

Young Prof: Like, your attitude's really startin' to bug, Daddy-o! So like, I'm gonna split, man, dig? *(walking past Mojo)* Maybe I'll go create me some of them crazy Powderpuff Girls you keep yappin' about. *(Mojo leans into his face.)*

Mojo: What?! You're going to go create the Powerpuff Girls *now*?

Young Prof: *(backing up)* Sure. It's a cinch, man. I'm the Professor, remember?

(His sarcasm is, unfortunately, totally lost on the unbalanced monkey facing him down.)

Mojo: No!

Young Prof: Yeah. And what with all these crazy happenings, I'm all inspired-like! *(laughing, walking o.c.)* So see you later, alligator.

(Now Mojo has had too much. He grabs Young Prof and shoves him against the mountainside—the boy is, for the first time, truly afraid.)

Mojo: You're not going anywhere—ALLIGATOR! (*Young Prof stares silently.*) Now, you will tell me what inspired you to create the Powerpuff Girls! **WHAT DID YOU DO??**

Young Prof: Hey, man, like...I don't know what you're talking about.

Mojo: Fine, then. If you will not tell me, I will be forced to implement other methods of persuasion!

(Cut to the girls running across the city.)

Blossom: Hurry, girls! We might be too late!

Bubbles: Ooooooh...can't we *please* fly?

Buttercup: No! Besides, I'm using muscles I didn't even know I had!

(Cut to a section of the volcano's slope; the camera points down at the ground. Mojo's hand reaches into view and, shaking, finds a purchase—he is working his way over an outcropping. He pulls his head up next, after which the camera shifts to behind him and we see that he has Young Prof by the hair in his other hand.)

Young Prof: (*terrified, begging*) Lemme go!

Mojo: Shut up, brat!

Young Prof: Listen, man. That was a put-on, a con, a gag!

Mojo: I don't believe you! There is only one way to stop you, Professor, and that is to DESTROY YOU!!

(Young Prof screams briefly in abject fear, but his cries are abruptly cut off when Mojo thumps the back of his head against the rocks, knocking him out. He is dragged to the lip of the crater and held near the boiling lava inside. Cut to a hilltop in the park as the girls run up onto it—they are now almost out of gas. They stop for a moment's rest, and Blossom shades her eyes with her hand to gaze into the distance. She drops the hand suddenly and all three gasp in shock; cut to their perspective of the volcano top and zoom in on it slightly. Mojo has Young Prof over his head and throws him into the crater.)

Girls: PROFESSOR!! (*Back to them.*)

Blossom: Walking, schmalking! Let's fly! (*They take off.*)

(The boy tumbles insensate toward certain incineration, while the girls race at top speed toward the crater and Mojo laughs over his sure triumph in getting rid of his nemeses once and for all. Young Prof plunges closer to the lava, but is plowed away by a brilliant streak of light just inches from splashing down. The girls fly clear of the crater and set him down gently at the base of the mountain.)

(His eyelids begin to flutter, and he sits up after a moment.)

Young Prof: (*weakly*) Huh?

(His perspective of the girls, who are floating above him and smiling. They are silhouetted by the sun and somewhat hazy—either due to the brilliance behind them or his eyes still being a bit out of focus, or both.)

Young Prof: Girls?

(Back to him; he moans, also smiling, and passes out again. An o.c. growl shakes the girls out of their quiet celebration. Mojo is still on the mountaintop and not a bit pleased.)

Mojo: Curses! Double curses!

Blossom: We're not done yet! *(The girls take off toward him.)*

(The next several seconds are all the girls need to prove to Mojo that they can dish out a hearty beatdown in any time period. One final triple punch catapults him into the air to sail gracelessly toward his own demise in the caldron of molten rock. He screams all the way down; the girls stand at the edge of the crater and watch him drop into it. The camera has moved to behind and below them.)

Buttercup: Should we? *(They float up.)*

Blossom: I guess we can't leave him behind. *(They fly in after him.)*

Bubbles: *(from inside crater)* Gotcha!

Mojo: *(from inside crater)* NOOO! Put me down...no, *don't* put me down...I mean, yes...no...
(He trails off into a scream.)

(Above the crater, a distortion takes shape and the pincer on the Professor's tool reaches into view through it. It extends into the crater. Back to the present; he stands in front of the Time Portal, with the other end of the tool in hand.)

Professor: *(straining)* Got...something... *(pulling back, camera following)*
Almost...out...now...

(One more heave, and he reels in his catch: the pincer has caught Blossom, with Buttercup holding her feet, with Bubbles holding hers, with Mojo holding hers. Everybody goes flying across the screen; cut to the Professor, who has thudded into the wall and lies on the floor, groaning woozily. He opens his eyes partway, then fully in surprise and smiles.)

Professor: Huh?

(His perspective of them, with the fluorescent overhead lights silhouetting them. As before, their images are slightly hazy due to the light behind them and/or his momentary inability to focus.)

Professor: Girls? *(Back to him; he stands up.)* It—it was you! *(hugging them)* All this time, it was you.

Blossom: What do you mean, Professor?

Professor: Like I mentioned earlier, when I was younger, I was a terrible brat who had no interest in education, let alone science. But one day my life was saved by these three perfect little

girls. And from then on, I was obsessed— (*His perspective of them.*) —with who they were and where they came from—so much so that I dedicated my life to trying to create those perfect little girls. (*Back to the four.*) And it was *you* all along! Oh, girls, I love—

Ms. Keane: (*stepping into view, rapid fire*) Okay, that's very nice, thank you, Professor.

(*The sentiment of the moment is instantly ruined by her interruption. Now she resumes her normal tone and addresses the camera.*)

Ms. Keane: Next up is Mr. Kevin, who works in the fast-paced and often dangerous world of professional cartooning!

Kids, parents: (*from o.c.*) Ooooooh!

[*Note: This may be a reference to Kevin Kaliher, who did the storyboard for this episode.*]

(*The background for the end shot comes up.*)

Narrator: So once again the days are saved—

(*The girls appear in their usual pose.*)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! But the credit should go to none other than Mojo Jojo—

(*He appears, replacing the girls, when his name is spoken; he looks completely dumbfounded.*)

Narrator: —who once again had a hand in helping create the Powerpuff Girls!

Mojo: (*anguished*) NOOOOOOOOO!!

Narrator: YEEEESSSS!!