

HIM DIDDLE RIDDLE
Transcribed by Alan Back

Act One

(Opening shot: the city skyline as it might appear if it were carved in stone.)

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

(Pull back; the view is part of the stonework on a clock tower.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* ...could be in grave danger!

(Pull back farther; now the girls are seen floating in the foreground.)

Blossom: And we've only been given two minutes to solve this riddle!

Buttercup: Okay, okay.

“What's big and yellow with sixty-five eyes,
Traveling the city to meet its demise?”

(They begin thinking as rumbling footsteps make themselves heard. Behind them, a huge yellow creature moves across the screen, roaring as it goes. Its lumpy body is studded with dozens of eyes. The realization sinks in after a moment, and they go after the beast, which has already gone to work destroying buildings. Each girl lands a blow to one eye, with shots of the ticking clock following each attack, after which they regroup and make one last charge. The screen explodes from the impact; when it clears, the monster collapses to the pavement. Pull back down the street as Blossom and Buttercup fly into view in the fore. Bubbles appears in the background and flies back and forth over the carcass.)

Blossom, Buttercup: *(high-fiving)* Yeah!

Blossom: That was easy.

Buttercup: And with forty-five seconds to spare!

Bubbles: *(calling to them)* Hey! This guy only has sixty eyes!

(Her words catch them by surprise; cut to her as they fly up on either side.)

Buttercup: Liar!

Bubbles: Then count 'em.

Buttercup: *(zipping about, ticking off eyes)* One, two, three, four, five...fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty...Blossom, she's right! *(Cut to Blossom.)*

Blossom: If that's not it, what could it be? *(A school bus rolls past behind her.)*

Bubbles, Buttercup: *(pointing)* The school bus is big and yellow!

Blossom: Let's go! *(They zip away.)*

(We see an overhead view of them in flight, then a close-up of the bus's passenger-side windows, filled with kids. The girls' reflections are visible in the glass; as Blossom speaks, the camera pans ahead of them toward the front, putting them out of view.)

Blossom: There are thirty-two kids on board; that makes...sixty-four eyes. *(Stop on the driver.)*

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* But with the bus driver, it makes sixty...

(He turns to the camera, revealing a patch over his left eye.)

Bus driver: Hi, girls! *(Pull back to show them and the bus; there is no road under it.)*

Girls: ...five!

(The bus plunges out of view, its occupants screaming all the way down, and the camera pulls back to show that it has just driven off a broken bridge and is on its way to the water. Quick close-up of the top of the clock, its second hand ticking toward 12, then back to the girls.)

Blossom: Three seconds!

(They dive for the bus and catch it just above the water's surface, carrying it to safety. Back to the clock as the second hand completes its circuit. The girls lift the bus into the air in front of it and set it safely down on the street, then regroup in midair, smiling proudly. What they hear next startles them out of their celebration in an instant.)

“Him”: *(from o.c., effeminate voice)* Congratulations!

(Now on the ground, they look up and find that his face has replaced the clock's, with the hands still in place.)

“Him”: One down, eight to go. And remember, you must solve these riddles within the time limit. *(to evil voice)* Fail in any respect and the Professor will pay!

Buttercup: You tell us where the Professor is, “Him”!

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Ah-ah-ah.

You've brought joy to the people for so many years.

Now to their eyes you must bring tears.

(His face fades away and is replaced by the clock's; zoom in on the second hand, passing 6.)

“Him”: *(evil voice-over)* You've got two minutes!

Buttercup: That's easy! *(She zips away.)*

(Cut to an old man using a walker to make his way down the street; she deals him a flying kick, causing him to groan and a tear of pain to trickle from his eye. This gives way to a fit of crying.)

Buttercup: One down, ten million to go!

(Now she flies up to a baby carriage. Reaching in, she snatches up a rattle and makes its owner start bawling over the loss. Bubbles, meanwhile, has approached a Marine in full regalia: uniform, buzz cut, rows of medals, sword at his belt, totally deadpan expression.)

Bubbles: My puppy's lost!

(Her "dilemma" has no immediate effect except to draw his gaze, but after a long moment, he starts sobbing and she walks away happily.)

Marine: Dear, no!...Why?...WHY??

(Cut to the girls. Buttercup catches a woman with a series of kicks, while Bubbles sits by a baby.)

Blossom: *(uneasily)* I don't know if this is the right way to do this.

Bubbles: *(to baby)* Your puppy is lost!

Buttercup: *(knocking woman down)* You're right. It'll take too long. *(The clock ticks on; cut to Blossom.)*

Blossom: There's got to be another way! *(Pull back; she is floating over a puddle in the gutter.)* Think. Think!

(A car speeds past, splattering the puddle over her. She is left with water dripping from her hair bow and running down her face; the latter gives the illusion that she has been crying. Bubbles is still with the baby, who is now actually doing so.)

Bubbles: Blossom! What has to your eyes brought tears? *(Blossom wipes her face and looks at her wet hand.)*

Blossom: That's it! To the lake! *(She takes off; her sisters follow.)*

(Cut to them in flight.)

Blossom: "Him" didn't say to make tears come *from* their eyes, but to bring tears *to* them!

(They fly to a lake and stop just above its surface. Blossom hits the water with her eye lasers; Bubbles and Buttercup follow her lead, and bubbles start to rise. A moment later, the lake is completely empty and a huge dark cloud floats in midair—all the water has boiled off. Now they fly up to the cloud and start blowing, pushing it toward the city proper. Cut to one street, where people are going about their business; the view darkens and thunder rumbles overhead. They look up and find the cloud moving in to hide the sun. Pull back over the city as the girls fly into the darkness; cut to them inside the cloud.)

Buttercup: Now what?

Blossom: *(rubbing her hands together)* A little static electricity!

(Sparks fly from her hands—her lightning power making its first appearance since "Mo Job." Pull back out of the cloud as flashes of lightning appear. In an instant, the townspeople find themselves standing in the middle of a downpour. As they look up happily, rainwater runs down

their faces, creating false tears in their eyes. Close-up of the bottom of the clock face as the girls reach into view to do a triumphant three-way high five.)

Girls: *(from o.c.)* Yeah! *(Pull back; “Him” has replaced the clock again.)*

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Very clever! *(The sky clears.)*

Oh, you got that one without trying—
Now do this without flying!
Go to the corner of Chang and Ching;
There on the street the phone will ring.
What then, you might ask?
Answer the phone to get your next task.

(Zoom in on the top of the clock as “Him” fades away, replaced by the normal face.)

“Him”: *(evil voice-over)* You’ve got three minutes!

(Cut to a close-up of a ringing pay phone and pull back in steps. It is on a street corner in the middle of a district that looks very much like Little Tokyo as seen in “Uh Oh Dynamo.” Pull back in larger steps until the area is seen in the distance; the phone is still heard during this movement, and the girls are currently on the opposite side of the city.)

Blossom: Three minutes without flying?! *(Tilt down to the street as they descend.)* Come on, girls. Let’s run for it! *(She gets set to do so.)*

Buttercup: We’ll never make it! The subway’s the fastest.

Bubbles: I like ponies!

Blossom: All right, all right! We’re not gonna save the Professor by standing here. We’ll split up. We’ll take our own ways. First one there, answer the phone. Go!

(Cut to the phone, still ringing—now an old Chinaman stands near it, taking no notice—then to the entrance to a subway station as Buttercup runs up. Inside, she descends the steps and stops when she reaches the queue. On the next line, pan away from her to show just how long it is.)

Buttercup: *(groaning)* You gotta be kidding!

(The ringing phone and the Chinaman again, then cut to Bubbles at a bus stop. Hanging behind her is a soda ad showing a young man whose face resembles that of “Him.” A bus rolls up, hiding her from view and showing an ad with Stanley Whitfield’s picture; when it pulls away, she is gone.)

(The ringing phone and the Chinaman again, then cut to Blossom looking back and forth on the sidewalk. Car horns blare o.c.; pull back to show the busy street in front of her. A tractor-trailer barrels past, and she races after it, finally catching up and grabbing the rear bumper to hoist herself up. Inside the cab, the driver is minding his own business when she makes her way to the passenger-side window.)

Blossom: The city needs your help. (*Head-on view of her, now belting herself into the seat, and him.*) Get me to Chinatown and step on it!

(He honks his horn, and the camera cuts to a patch of street near the top of a hill; the rig goes airborne as it clears the summit. The ringing phone and the Chinaman again; now he finally turns his head to look at it. Cut to the token booth inside the subway station, seen from the cashier's side. A man hands over his money, receives a token, and walks away, after which Buttercup peeks over the counter to pay her fare. The cashier acts as if this is business as usual.)

(Cut to the turnstile as she runs up, drops her token in, and dashes through; next we see Bubbles seated on the bus. A horse's neigh draws her attention to the window; she looks out happily, her face pressed to the glass. Her perspective: a mounted policeman.)

Bubbles: (*breathlessly*) Pony...

(An intersection, which the truck hurtles through in a screech of rubber and a blast of the horn. It skids o.c., then back into view to take the corner, knocking a parked car flying as it does so. The ringing phone again—now the Chinaman is slowly approaching it—then Buttercup sitting inside a subway car. She looks rather impatient, but her seatmate grins stupidly and looks down at her for some moments before speaking.)

Man: Hi...are you Buttercup?

(Close-up of the galloping front hooves of the policeman's horse, then of its waving tail; we hear the animal neighing on the shots, then see a beaming Bubbles in the saddle. Pull back and follow her as she rides down the street faster than the motorists. The ringing phone again—now the Chinaman is closer to it than before—then Blossom and the truck driver.)

Blossom: Hurry! Go through the alley!

(They approach a very narrow alley as the horn honks again; Blossom turns her head from the windshield and throws up her arms to ward off any debris. The screen flashes white to the sound of a sickening crash, then cuts to the other end of the alley. Two of the rig's tires roll out, and Blossom emerges on foot and runs o.c. Cut to the entrance of a different subway station from the one Buttercup entered; she reaches street level and keeps running. Head-on view of Blossom, now panting hard as she goes; Buttercup falls in behind her, doing likewise.)

(Cut to two ducks floating on a river, next to a log by the shore. The sound of hooves begins to swell, and Bubbles rides up and jumps the log, startling the birds into flight. All three soar through the air together; when the horse begins to descend, she leaps clear. Back to Blossom and Buttercup, still running, as she drops in and matches them step for step and pant for pant.)

(The ringing phone and the Chinaman again. Now he is reaching up to answer it, but Buttercup dashes in and throws him straight up. Blossom does a handspring to land standing up on her sister's upraised hands; now the man starts to fall to earth. Bubbles springs up to do a

handstand atop Blossom's hands, catching him on her feet. Through all of this, he has not shown one whit of surprise or shock.)

(Close-up of Blossom, sweating profusely. She pulls one hand free and picks up the receiver.)

Blossom: Hello?

(Close-up of the top of the clock as the second hand passes 12, then back to Blossom, zoomed in slightly to put the rest of the phone completely out of view.)

Blossom: We did it, "Him." Now what?

(Pull back. The phone's body has been replaced by the head of "Him," contoured to match its shape, and the receiver is connected to the end of his beard.)

"Him": *(effeminate voice)* Well, well. Presidential Fitness Awards all around. *(evil voice)* Now let's exercise your brain! *(effeminate voice)* Train A left Pokey Oaks train station at eleven-forty, at a hundred miles per hour. Train B left Norwalk station ten minutes later, at ninety miles per hour heading towards Train A. *(evil voice)* Where will they collide?

(The girls have now broken their totem pole and are floating next to "Him." Blossom and Buttercup appear wiped out; Bubbles is holding the Chinaman.)

Bubbles: *(throwing him o.c.)* Math?! I hate math!

Blossom: Bubbles! Think of the Professor!

(Close-up of the bottom of a clock face as the second hand passes 6.)

"Him": *(from o.c., effeminate voice)* You've got one minute!

(Pull back; this one belongs to a second clock tower that Blossom is staring up at. She stands silent for a moment, then pulls out a small abacus and starts to work it. "Him" is gone again.)

Buttercup: Can't you abacus a little faster?

Blossom: Aba-kiss my foot!

(She goes back to her calculations as the clock keeps ticking.)

Buttercup: Come on, come on!

(More beads are slid back and forth; we see the second hand sweep along, then Blossom sweating as she works, then the clock once more before the camera cuts back to the girls.)

Bubbles: Hurry, Blossom!

Blossom: I've got it!

Buttercup: You figured it out?

Blossom: *(throwing abacus aside)* Nope. We're superheroes. Let's just find the two trains and stop them! *(They take off.)*

[Note: *Without knowing the distance between these two stations, the problem cannot be solved.*]

(One at a time, we see two trains rolling down the track; the first points left, the second right. Cut to inside the cab of the second train, looking straight out the windshield, as the first one barrels toward it. The engineer takes no notice, however, and the same situation plays itself out in the first train's cab, seen in the same fashion. Cut to outside the second train and follow it as Blossom pulls into view; Bubbles and Buttercup catch up to the first train as it roars along. Back and forth between the two trains again, then cut to a railroad crossing, with its gates up. They start to come down as a car approaches and stops, and the two trains and the girls charge into view, heading toward each other.)

(Head-on view of the car—its driver is Jim, the birthday boy from "Mime for a Change.")

Jim: *(angrily)* Oh, come on!

(Blossom has now grabbed the front edge of the second train and is straining with all her might to slow it down. Bubbles and Buttercup are doing likewise with the first train. A cloud of dust and steam flies up; when it clears, the three girls are leaning against the grilles of the trains, which have stopped only inches from each other. Pull back; now they float above the track, and the two engineers honk while the passengers cheer.)

("Him" leans out the door of the first train's cab. He is now dressed as an engineer.)

"Him": *(effeminate voice, looking at a pocket watch)* Well, girls, you caught these two trains right on time. *(His perspective of the watch on the end of this line, then cut to the girls.)*

Blossom: We're finished with this nonsense, "Him"! Now where's the Professor?

"Him": But I've only just started!

In the ear of corn you will find
Happiness, joy, and the ties that bind.
Squirrels store nuts and birds sing songs,
But in the Cave of Eternity everyone's wrong. *(jumping away from train)*
On the limb of a tree there's a monkey who's free,
And there he will give you something for me.

(Close-up of the girls, bewildered; he continues o.c. in his evil voice.)

You've got two minutes, forty-five seconds!

(Snap to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: the clock on the first tower, the second hand passing 12, and pull back. “Him” is licking an ice cream cone and enjoying every bit of it; the girls float in front of him and gasp for breath. He is back in his normal attire.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* I can’t believe you got that one right! *(gasping happily)* You got the right flavor and everything!

Blossom: We’d go to the ends of the earth for the Professor!

“Him”: *(evil voice, dryly)* Touching.

(As he continues, the camera pans to his other side. Behind him is a tank of bubbling water, above which two women are suspended by their ankles. They are bound from neck to toes; the one on the left wears a big number 1 on her wrappings, while the one on the right is marked 2. Both look exactly like Ms. Keane.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Now here’s something I hope you’ll really enjoy! *(Zoom in on the Keanes.)*

Girls: *(from o.c., gasping)* Ms. Keane! *(Back to them and “Him.”)*

“Him”: Yes’m! *(Back to the Keanes, panning from 1 to 2; he continues o.c.)* The real Ms. Keane will tell you the truth; the fake one will tell you a lie. *(Pull back to frame him.)* Discover which is your beloved teacher and she’ll be saved.

(Close-up of the tank; now shark fins are seen circling.)

“Him”: *(from o.c.)* Fail and they both will be dropped into this vat of boiling sharks. *(Tilt up to the Keanes.)*

Keanes: Please save me, girls! *(They sound identical as well. Back to “Him” and the girls.)*

“Him”: You may ask them only one question. So make it count! *(looking up at clock tower, evil voice)* Forty-five seconds, go!

Bubbles: This one’s easy! All we have to do is ask which one is the real Ms. Keane.

Blossom: Not quite, Bubbles. The one that lies will just tell us she’s the real Ms. Keane.

Buttercup: Yeah, don’t be stupid, Bubbles. I’ll just ask which one wants a knuckle sandwich!

Blossom: Same problem, Buttercup. We need a question they’ll have to answer differently.

Bubbles: I know, I know! Let’s ask what their favorite color is.

Buttercup: And just where will that get us?

Bubbles: I bet it’d be nice to know.

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Not so easy, is it? *(Close-up of the clock; he continues o.c.)* Time’s running out. *(Back to ground level.)*

Blossom: Ooh, ooh! I know, I know! *(flying to Keanes)* Ms. Keanes... *(Close-up of them; she continues o.c.)* ...who will the other Ms. Keane say is the real Ms. Keane?

(They exchange a nervous glance.)

Keane 2: She would say that I was the real Ms. Keane!

Keane 1: And she would say that she was the real Ms. Keane!

(Cut to Bubbles and Buttercup, both of whom are now completely dazed and confused by this hairball of a logic problem. Blossom, though, is still on top of things, to the dismay of “Him.”)

Blossom: It’s so apparent! *(rapid fire)* It’s obvious that the liar would say that the real Ms. Keane would say that the fake Ms. Keane is the real Ms. Keane. And conversely, the real Ms. Keane would say that the fake Ms. Keane would say she is the real Ms. Keane. So therefore, the real Ms. Keane is none other than...number two!

[Logic goof: Her reasoning is absolutely correct, but she reaches exactly the wrong conclusion. Given the premises and the women’s answers, #1 must be the real Keane.]

(Her sisters stare, dumbfounded, while “Him” slumps forward. The three trade a long glance.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice, shrugging)* She’s right. *(Quick shot of the ticking clock, then back to Blossom on the ground.)*

Blossom: Right on time. *(She gives herself a...)* High five! Bring on the next riddle, evil dude. I’m smokin’! *(Pull back to frame the whole group.)*

“Him”: *(evil voice, sarcastically)* You think you’re so smart?

(He waves one claw; around the four, the scene dissolves to the Pokey Oaks Kindergarten classroom. The girls are now seated at separate desks.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Then let’s see how you score on the SATs! *(Bubbles and Buttercup look at Blossom with some irritation.)*

Blossom: What?

“Him”: *(passing out papers)* Considering your educational level, you must collectively score one hundred points.

(He fades from view, then reappears in Ms. Keane’s chair behind the front desk.)

“Him”: *(evil voice)* You have one minute. *(Close-up of the wall clock; he continues o.c.)* Begin!

(The girls fire up their pencils and get to work. We see an extreme close-up of the circles on one answer sheet being filled in—the sort that is fed to an automatic scanning machine— then Bubbles tapping her pencil against her chin and thinking hard. Suddenly she has a brainstorm and starts to work very quickly. Extreme close-up of Buttercup’s determined, sweating face, panning slowly across, then of the ticking clock. Meanwhile, Blossom is chugging merrily away without so much as a hair out of place; she flips calmly through her test booklet as she goes.)

(Back to Buttercup—now she is not only sweating, but chewing her eraser as well. The clock ticks on, and the camera pans across the answer sheets again before a pencil is sharpened and Buttercup fills in a circle and immediately erases it. Behind her, Bubbles is still cruising. Another shot of the open test booklet and of a pencil flying on the sheets. Buttercup keeps erasing madly, then stops suddenly and turns her eyes carefully toward Blossom, behind and to one side of her. When the latter realizes someone is trying to cheat off her, she covers her paper and hunches over it to block the view. Buttercup, frustrated, goes back to her work.)

(Once again we see the clock's second hand slicing forward, then the minute hand advancing. "Him" is reading a paper at the front desk; he suddenly lowers it.)

"Him": *(effeminate voice)* Time's up!

Buttercup: *(surprised)* Huh? *(She fills in one last quick response on her paper.)*

"Him": *(standing up)* Put your number-two pencils down and pass your papers forward.

(Pan from the back of the room to the front as they do so. Blossom, smiling, hands her sheets to Buttercup, who scowls as she adds hers to the pile and gives the lot to Bubbles, who beams as she gives their papers and hers to "Him." Cut to the front of the room; he stands by the front desk, which now has a piece of equipment on it. This is a box with two light bulbs on top, a screen in front, and a slot on the side; it is labeled "SCANNED-ON MACHINE.")

"Him": Let's start with Buttercup's results, shall we?

(He feeds a paper into the slot; cut to a close-up of the machine as it comes to life with beeps and flashes of the right bulb. After a few seconds, it goes out and the left one glows. The number 25 appears on the screen.)

"Him": *(from o.c.)* Twenty-five. *(Blossom giggles at Buttercup; back to "Him," feeding in another paper. The screen is blank.)* Next, Blossom's.

(Back to the machine. It does its thing, and the number 10 appears on the screen when it finishes.)

"Him": *(from o.c.)* Ten. *(Now Blossom is caught off guard.)*

Blossom: What?!

Buttercup: Ha! *(Back to "Him.")*

"Him": And finally...

(His perspective of the last sheet; the filled-in dots make a picture of a flower.)

"Him": ...Bubbles'.

(Back to the girls. Bubbles is still smiling, but Buttercup appears stunned and Blossom claps her hands to her face.)

Blossom: Oh, no!

Buttercup: The Professor's a goner!

(Close-up of his claw as he slides her paper into the slot, then pan to the machine as it revs up and cut to him with a big smile on his face. Finally it stops; cut to each speaker in turn. The first three are flabbergasted.)

Blossom: Huh?

Buttercup: Huh?

“Him”: Huh? *(Now Bubbles’ eyes pop wide open in surprise.)*

Bubbles: Ha!

(The machine displays her score: 1075. “Him” stands by it, his eyes wide and his claws hanging limp by his sides.)

“Him”: Well, I’ll be darned. *(leaning over girls, evil voice)* You will not defeat me, you little brats! The Professor *will* pay!

(On the next line, he stands up, the scenery dissolves to the city, and the camera pulls back as a huge black lizard beast rears up and roars.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Let’s see if you can defeat *this* monster.

Blossom: No problem. *(They start to take off, but he blocks their path.)*

“Him”: Ah-ah-ah. You didn’t let me finish. You must get rid of this little guy without using your superpowers. *(They drop to the ground and start forward.)*

Blossom: Again, no problem.

(The camera quickly tilts from them to point up at the creature—it towers over all the buildings, and the ground-level view makes it appear even more colossal. It roars again.)

Blossom: *(timidly)* Uh...this might be a problem.

Buttercup: Baloney! Let’s go for it!

(Screaming, they run toward their adversary and climb onto one huge foot. Buttercup throws punches, Blossom kicks at it, and Bubbles tries to sink her teeth into its hide. Their offensive has no effect, judging from the monster’s bored expression; it simply lifts the foot they are attacking and shakes them away.)

(Cut to a window of a clock shop; the clocks inside are striking the hour as the camera tilts down to the sidewalk in front, where the girls have landed in a heap.)

Buttercup: This is hopeless!

Bubbles: We’re gonna lose the Professor!

Blossom: *(standing up)* We’re not giving up that easy. We need to approach this from a different angle. I’m going for the head!

(She enters a building next to the monster; cut to inside the lobby as she heads for the elevator. After a leap to the call button, we see her in the car, tensed for battle with the doors closing in front of her. Back to Buttercup on the sidewalk, now standing up.)

Buttercup: What the heck are we supposed to do?

(Splats are heard o.c., and the camera pans slightly away from her to show Bubbles in front of a grocery store. She is hurling fruit from a produce stand.)

Bubbles: Here's a fruit cocktail, you beast!...How do you like them apples?

Buttercup: We're gonna need something a lot bigger than apples!

Bubbles: (*reaching o.c.*) How about...grapefruit, then?!

(She comes up with one and lets fly; it splatters against the creature's heel, as have her other throws. Back to Blossom in the elevator, then cut to above the street. A helicopter rises into view, with Buttercup at the controls and a trio of machine guns locked and loaded. She proceeds to let loose a torrent of automatic fire that sends a shower of spent casings clinking to the ground.)

[*Note: The camera angles in this sequence parallel those used in The Matrix, when Neo and Trinity mount their assault on the office where Morpheus is being held captive.*]

(Buttercup fires off a battle cry along with her rounds, but when the camera pulls back from the chopper, we see that her tactics are having no effect on the monster. It takes a moment for the enemy to even realize she is there; when it does, it reaches over and grabs the main rotor, stopping it dead. Now the guns fall silent and the body of the craft spins like a top. It is lowered to the ground, where it stops rotating, and Buttercup tumbles out. Groaning woozily, her eyes jittering at random, her equilibrium wrecked, her skin an awful shade of green, she staggers to a trash can at the side of the street. She pulls the lid off, hangs her head over the edge, and proceeds to lose her lunch—and probably her breakfast and last night's dinner as well. The monster has a good laugh at this.)

(Cut to inside the building, on a higher floor, at the elevator. The doors open to let Blossom out; she runs toward a door marked "CLOCK WORKS." Inside this room, the door is thrown open and she dashes in among the huge gears to reach a catwalk that runs behind the clock face. There is a door here as well. Cut to outside, zoomed in on this; it opens and she stands in the doorway. Pull back to show it between the 4 and 5, with the second hand about to reach her. After it passes, she jumps out and catches it, letting it carry her around the circle. When she is almost to the 8, she yells and flings herself into space, landing atop the monster's head. She grabs a single thick hair poking out and tugs with all the strength she can muster, finally pulling it up by the root.)

(The monster's eyes go wide and start to water; it claps its hands to its head and hops from foot to foot, shouting in pain. Bubbles, meanwhile, is still in front of the grocery store. She is facing away from the scene and eating a banana, whose peel she tosses over her shoulder when she finishes. It lands in the street, where one heel comes down squarely on it; the body attached to that heel goes straight up into the air.)

(Buttercup has now finished throwing up and put the lid back on the trash can. She moans wearily for a moment, but her eyes go wide when she looks into the sky and she gasps in shock. The monster is on its way down.)

Buttercup: TAXI!! (*A cab immediately pulls up.*)

Cabbie: Where to? (*The creature lands on the roof and balances there.*)

Buttercup: To the airport! And step on it!

(The cab squeals away, carrying its rather surprised fare over the horizon. Bubbles and Buttercup step to the middle of the street as Blossom flies down to join them.)

Blossom: Did we make it?

(They look up and see the clock tower, but only for a moment. “Him” pops up, tall enough to block their view of it.)

“Him”: *(evil voice)* NOOOOO!! You brats shouldn’t have gotten this far!

Blossom: One riddle left, “Him,” and the Professor is as good as ours!

“Him”: *(effeminate voice, leaning down to them)* We’ll see, won’t we?

You will find your Professor when you solve this last rhyme.
Where is boiling and freezing at the same time?

(He stands up and laughs, then cuts himself off and points down at them.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice, to evil and back)* The Professor will pay! Thirty seconds! *(He disappears.)*

(The seconds begin to tick away, cut to the girls.)

Blossom: Boiling and freezing...boiling and freezing...

Buttercup: *(sighing a bit)* What could that mean?

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* It’s coordinates.

Girls: *(looking right o.c.)* Huh? *(Pull back; he stands to that side.)*

Mayor: Sure, it’s code. *(rapid fire)* The freezing point of water is thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, while the boiling point is two hundred twelve degrees. *(Cut to the girls, greatly surprised, and pan back to him as he continues.)* Two hundred twelve degrees west of the Greenwich Mean Time on the longitudinal axis, by thirty-two degrees north of the equator on the latitudinal axis, maps a specific point on the globe, that point being right here in the city of Townsville, the intersection of Lincoln and Main, to be exact. *(Pause; he continues in his normal manner of speaking.)* Or it could be there’s an ice cream truck on fire somewhere. *(walking o.c.)* Have a nice day, girls!

(It takes them some moments to realize that not only has he actually had a coherent thought, but that said thought might be the key to cracking the last riddle and saving the Professor. After a long, tense silence, they take off.)

[Note: This location—32 degrees north by 212 degrees west (148 degrees east) is actually in the Pacific Ocean, about 400 miles east and 250 miles south of Japan.]

(Cut to a street sign at the intersection named by the Mayor. The girls rocket past it; cut to them on the ground.)

Blossom: Okay, girls. Keep a sharp lookout.

Bubbles: *(pointing)* Look!

(Pan quickly from them to a diner—the Rite On-Time, with a large clock as part of its sign.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* The Rite On-Time Diner! *(Zoom in on the clock.)*

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* And we're right on time, too. Let's go!

(Inside, they smash in the front door and get ready to beat "Him" to a pulp, should it be necessary to do so. We hear dishes clattering.)

Blossom: All right. Hand over the Professor, "Him"!

(Cut to a slow pan across the diner: customers at the counter and booths, short-order cook, cashier, waitress—all of whom direct very strange glances at the camera as the noise dies away. No trace of "Him" or the Professor, however. Back to the girls, who are at a loss as to what to do about this development.)

Blossom: Something tells me this isn't the right place.

Professor: *(from outside, anguished)* NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

(This draws their attention; as he screams, cut to outside, the camera pointing down at the street and rotating. A second diner, the Otto Time, sits across from the Rite On-Time and also has a large clock incorporated into its sign. Cut to the front of this greasy spoon. Silhouettes of the Professor and "Him" are visible through one window.)

Blossom: *(from o.c., panicked)* They're at the Otto Time Diner! *(Zoom in on the clock.)* And we're outta time!

(Inside, they bash in this front door as well and brace for action again.)

Blossom: Okay, "Him." Hand over the Professor!

(Cut to the Professor, visibly startled at their arrival.)

Professor: Girls! *(Cut to "Him," wearing a "Kiss the Cook" apron and back to normal size.)*

"Him": *(effeminate voice)* Too late, girls, you failed. *(to evil)* The Professor is going to pay! *(He laughs effeminately, then evilly; the girls gasp.)*

Professor: *(scared, sweating)* No!

("Him" 's only response is a menacing little hiss through his teeth.)

Girls: *(weakly)* Professor...

(The unfortunate man sweats even more to the sound of effeminate tittering, and the camera zooms in to an extreme close-up of "Him" 's madly grinning face.)

"Him": *(evil voice, softly)* Time to pay!

(Close-up of a tab popping up in the window of a cash register, then pull back. The Professor sits at the counter, while “Him” is behind it and ringing up a purchase. The former looks very put out at the whole prospect.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* That’ll be seven ninety-five, please.

Girls: *(stunned)* Say wha—? *(Now the man smiles and waves at them.)*

“Him”: You see, I bet the Professor here a free breakfast if you girls could solve all of my riddles. But you failed... *(evil voice)* ...and now he has to pay full price!

Professor: *(standing up, slapping money on counter)* Here’s your money, “Him”! Your flapjacks are good, but not *that* good. I’m never eating here again!

(He stalks away as “Him” looks after him with great unease. Cut to the girls, now standing next to the door.)

Professor: *(walking past them, exiting)* Come on, girls. Let’s go eat at the other restaurant. *(“Him” runs into view and leans out the door.)*

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Wait! Wait, come back! I’ll make my flapjacks cheaper!

(Close-up of the girls, staring in silent puzzlement at the camera. Behind them, the scene snaps to the background for the end shot. The usual music is not heard.)

Narrator: And so... *(losing steam)* ...uh...hmm...yeah.