

## **MEMBERS ONLY**

**Transcribed by Alan Back**

### Act One

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

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville!

*(As he continues, pan across the city; we first see a freeway teeming with vehicles, including smiley-faced battering-ram tanks such as those used in “Powerpuff Bluff” and “Ploys R’ Us,” and the Mayor’s balloon from “Hot Air Buffoon” floating above with him in it.)*

**Narrator:** A very normal city like most cities.

*(Next seen is a huge creature with horns and pincers, with a woman sunbathing near it and taking no notice, then a card game in the park. The players are Fuzzy Lumkins, the Talking Dog, Abracadaver—only his hand is visible, sticking up from the ground with his cards and an extra one up his sleeve—and a gigantic lizard whose upper body is cut off by the top edge of the screen.)*

**Narrator:** And like most cities, Townsville even has its own resident superheroes.

*(By this point, the camera has passed the card game and moved on to some kids playing in the park. The girls fly into view in the background, with Mojo Jojo’s observatory telescope tracking their movements. An alien sits in a flying saucer in the fore, and a second, in a trenchcoat, walks toward the craft.)*

**Narrator:** Why, there they go right now. Let’s follow them, shall we?

*(The camera does so, panning across the subdivision and stopping on their house as they fly in through the front door. Zoom in slowly and dissolve to the living room, where the Professor sits at one end of the couch and reads the newspaper. The zoom continues for a few seconds more; then the girls crash down on the couch’s free end, launching him up to hit the ceiling.)*

**Girls:** *(excitedly)* Professor, Professor! It’s time, it’s time!

*(On the end of this, cut to his end, putting them o.c. He falls back to the couch, the paper’s pages scattering all around. The front-page headline can be seen: “SHANK BURNS OUT!”)*

**Professor:** *(panicked)* What? It’s time?! Oh, batten down the canned goods! Everyone to the shelters!

*(The girls have calmed down; Buttercup picks up the TV remote control.)*

**Blossom:** Not *that* time, Professor. It’s time for the most important newscast of the year!

*(On the end of this, pan quickly to the TV, which promptly comes on. A wireform picture of the globe appears against a blue background as an announcer's voice begins to speak. He sounds very much as if he would be at home calling a WWF match; during the opening part of his spiel, the view zooms in on the TV until the blue field fills the screen. White stars are now visible on either side of the globe, which is at top center.)*

**Announcer:** Welcome to CTN's live coverage of...

*(As each of the following four major words is spoken, it slides into view on the screen, its first letter slides up until it is superimposed on the globe, and the rest of the letters fade away. The four letters form a row. Appropriate heroic music and sound effects accompany this entire sequence.)*

**Announcer:** ...the Association...of World...Super...Men...

*(Lightning cracks across the screen; when it fades, there is a white bolt behind the letters and partially covering the globe. The group's logo has now been completed.)*

**Announcer:** ...Super Summit...

*(As he says these two words, they back away from the camera to reach their position just below the globe, clanging into place.)*

**Announcer:** ...2000!

*(The four digits drop into view from the top of the screen to form this number; each one clangs into its position to complete the title screen. Back to the family.)*

**Girls:** Awesome!

*(On this line, a word balloon with the AWSM acronym appears briefly above their heads. The Professor eyes them with some small befuddlement, which gives way to a humoring smile.)*

**Blossom:** It's so exciting! The world's greatest superheroes all getting together for a super-special meeting! *(All three girls talk excitedly for a moment.)*

**Professor:** *(chuckling, reading paper)* Oh, right. Time for your annual superhero hero-worship silliness.

**Blossom:** *(saluting)* Major Glory is the most American American of all times.

**Bubbles:** Mucho Muchacho es muy guapo.

**Buttercup:** And Mandingo's the bomb!

**Bubbles:** Think they'll invite Krunk this year?

**Buttercup:** Nah, he's too stupid. *(Blossom shushes them both; Bubbles' pigtails jump briefly.)*

*[Note: Translated from Spanish, Bubbles' line is "Mucho Muchacho is very handsome." Also, "Mandingo" was the title of a 1975 "blaxploitation" movie based on the novel of the same*

*name. Finally, regular viewers of Dexter's Laboratory will recognize Major Glory and Krunk as two of the three heroes featured in the Justice Friends segments.]*

*(Back to the TV screen. An anchorman sits at the news desk. Next to him is a graphic of a white domed structure high on a snow-covered mountain peak.)*

**Anchorman:** I'm Shaquille Silverstein, and I'll be bringing you all the latest on the AWSM event, live from CTN headquarters. We now take you live to News Copter Five and our correspondent, Maria Guadalupe O'Flanagan. Maria?

*(Cut to inside a helicopter hovering in the mountains. A woman clad in a fur coat, gloves, and sunglasses addresses the camera, microphone in one hand and the other cupped to her ear. She sounds very much like the sort of journalist who does entertainment "puff pieces" as a full-time activity. This is Maria. As she speaks, the scenery behind her starts to scroll until the white structure becomes visible, and several figures fly toward it.)*

**Maria:** Thanks, Shaquille. I'm here live, high above Mount Neverest, the world's tallest summit for the world's super-est summit, where the world's most elite heroes discuss the most secret of super issues. As you can see, many heroes are arriving as we speak. *(Back to the news desk.)*

**Anchorman (Shaquille):** Heroes confirmed in attendance include such international favorites as...

*(Cut to London, where a clock tower is chiming. A figure files into view and darts about the screen during the next line.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* A monument to the timeless strength of the British Empire...

*(The figure lands; it is a tall, muscular man with a very large chin and the Union Jack emblazoned on his sleeveless blue outfit. He wears a monocle, a lace ruff at his neck, a red cape trimmed with white fur, a small black derby and boots, and white gloves. He flexes his muscles for the camera.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* ...Big Ben.

*(Cut to a white field with a large red dot in its center. A black silhouette rotates within it as the camera zooms in.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* Japan's perfect upgrade of man and electro-cellular micronet enhancements...

*(The silhouette becomes partly illuminated in blue as a dial-up modem makes itself heard and circuit pathways are superimposed in black over the view. A flash; now the Rising Sun design is seen in the background as a bolt of lightning cracks down. When the screen clears, a blue-clad man poses heroically. He has spiky blue hair, circuit pathways traced in white on his outfit, and a yellow E on his chest.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* ...E-Male.

*(A tropical river at sunset; a figure clad in black, yellow, green, and red emerges and flies up as the report continues.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* The Caribbean crusader, the Atlantean lion...

*(Close-up of the flying individual in midair. We now see that he wears a yellow lion's face attached to a red crown as a sort of visor. His outfit is green, yellow, and red; the black is his long beard and dreadlocks. Now he is seen on the ground, striking a pose.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* ...Yahmon.

*(A red field is now seen, with an M being cut into it from behind and the scraps falling away.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* The most machismo for your peso...

*(Extreme close-up of a broad smile, then pull back as the next name is spoken. The smile is part of a face with a black goatee and long, thin mustache. This person is dressed as a Spanish swashbuckler: billowy white shirt open to show plenty of chest hair, long red cape and green mask, sword in hand, appropriate pants and hand/footwear.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* ...Mexico's Mucho Muchacho.

*(“Driver's seat” view of a desert landscape, zooming toward a mountain.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* The sentinel of the savannah...

*(Now at the base of the mountain, the camera moves quickly up to its peak, where a tall black man in a green cape is standing. He wears a collar of light-colored fur, with matching accents at his wrists and ankles. At this distance, we can make out red tights and mask and some gold items—bracelets worn along with the fur, and a belt and close-fitting necklace.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* ...Africa's monarch of might...

*(The figure leaps off the mountain and flies about, moving close enough to the camera to give a good view.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* ...Mandingo.

*(A slightly bulgy red field with a white star is seen next; as Shaquille continues, Asian individuals of various occupations float into view away from the camera and disappear into the star. The camera pulls back slowly during this sequence to reveal this field as being worn on a broad chest above a white belt.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* Channeling the collective manpower of the world's largest nation...

*(Pull back farther; now the whole figure is seen. This is a muscular fellow in a red shirt and pants, with a matching mask and a hat similar to those used by the Chinese military. He also wears black slippers of the sort Bruce Lee used when fighting.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* ...Moo-Shu-Gai Man. *(He flexes as stars erupt behind him.)*

*(Close-up of a boomerang in a gloved hand; on the next line, this is thrown, sailing out and then returning.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* Throwing all the shrimps on the barbie...

*(The boomerang is caught, the camera pulling back to show the thrower. It is a man dressed in khaki bush shirt and shorts, with leather accents and boots. He wears an “outback” style hat as well, and a small brown mask. On his chest are the letters “DUM.” He stands against a view of the Australian landscape at twilight and tucks the boomerang into his belt next to another one.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* ...Australia’s Down Under Mate.

*(Back to the news desk.)*

**Shaquille:** Now we take you to our man live on the scene—Fredrico Chang.

*(Cut to a walkway just outside the mountaintop structure. We hear a cheering crowd o.c. and see a camera crew in the background. In the fore is a trenchcoat-clad man, microphone in one hand and the other to his ear. This is Fredrico, who sounds rather like Maria in terms of delivery.)*

**Fredrico:** Thanks, Shaquille. I’m here live at the very top of Mount Neverest, in the courtyard of the Rotunda of Seclusion—the most well-known secret lair in all of superdom.

*(On the end of this line, start to pan away from him. Now the various heroes from the preceding montage, along with others, are seen shaking hands among themselves; photographers snap pictures from all sides. One of the attendees is the Tiki Torch, a supporting Justice Friends character—powerfully built, Polynesian skin tone, no clothing except a loincloth, flaming tiki god mask on his head. Another is Valhallen, the third leading member of the trio. Tall, broad-chested, with long blond hair that sweeps down over his eyes. He wears a headband marked with V’s to keep it in check, along with a torn black T-shirt and matching pants. His boots are gold and adorned with V’s, and he holds a “Flying V” guitar in one hand as he shakes with Yahmon. Studded black wristbands and belt complete the rock-star ensemble.)*

**Fredrico:** *(from o.c.)* There’s a buzz of excitement as longstanding members and newcomers alike meet and greet— *(Stop on Mucho Muchacho and Big Ben.)* —while they await the arrival of... *(The two stop and look o.c.; a photographer pops up and aims his camera that way.)* ...wait a minute.

*(Pan quickly to a patch of clear sky, with the sun shining down. A red, white, and blue figure starts to descend.)*

**Fredrico:** *(from o.c.)* Could it be?

*(As it drops further, we can see that it is Major Glory. For the uninitiated: very well built; proud carriage; cape with red and white stripes; arms and legs of outfit in white; chest, gloves, and boots in blue; white star on chest; white belt with gold buckle; red tights. He wears a gold, shield-shaped mask with wings and has a very prominent chin, but not as much so as Big Ben.)*

**Fredrico:** *(from o.c.)* It is! *(He lands, his cape folding around him.)* The AWSM's founder and chairman, America's favorite son, the captain of capitalism... *(He strikes a heroic pose.)*  
...Major Glory!

*(Several photographers quickly crowd around and take pictures, and all duck o.c. except for one. Major Glory leans toward the camera, not noticing the one fellow. Dexter fans can guess how his voice sounds—as proud and pompous as his carriage looks.)*

**Major Glory:** Hi, kids! Buy my action figure!

*(He stands erect, facing away from the one photographer—who finally gets his picture—and walks through the courtyard. The camera follows him over to Fredrico.)*

**Fredrico:** Major Glory! Major Glory! Could we have a few words?

**Major Glory:** Thank you for your adoration. But alas, it's time to call to order... *(posing)* ...the Association of World Super Men... *(Pull back off the mountain as he continues.)* ...Super Summit...

*(Now the view is a very long shot of the mountain. The slope explodes, throwing debris everywhere; when the view clears, "SUPER SUMMIT 2000" has been carved out of the rock. We can no longer see him from this distance.)*

**Major Glory:** *(from courtyard, echoing)* ...2000!!

*(Fireworks go off; back to the courtyard. The two at the Rotunda's open doors.)*

**Major Glory:** I'm so glad you all have the privilege of recording this momentous occasion for posterity. Now... *(quickly ducking in and slamming doors)* ...SCRAM!!

**Fredrico:** Well, there you have it. Live from Mount Neverest. *(Back to Maria in the chopper.)*

**Maria:** And live for News Copter Five. *(Back to Shaquille at the news desk, the summit logo showing next to him.)*

**Shaquille:** And live from CTN headquarters, that was the AWSM Super Summit 2000, live.

*(As this last line is spoken, the camera pulls back to reveal the view as a reflection in the highlight of Blossom's pupil. She sits on the living room floor, chin balanced in her hands and elbows on the coffee table. Bubbles and Buttercup are still on the couch.)*

**Buttercup:** That was live! Live! All the way live!

**Bubbles:** Oh, my gosh! It's always so exciting!

**Blossom:** Oh, I know. Did you see the flying in, and everyone was—

**Buttercup:** Yeah! And the stuff was all zapping around it—

**Bubbles:** And the fancy cape was all blowing—

**Blossom:** And did you see who else was there?

**Buttercup:** Oh, my gosh, yes! And, oh, you know who else?

**Bubbles:** Yeah! *(All three lean back, drained.)* Wow...phew... *(Blossom sighs contentedly.)*

**Buttercup:** Yeah.

**Bubbles:** What do you think they do in there?

**Buttercup:** You know—super stuff.

**Blossom:** They discuss moral issues, and world crises, and compare crime-fighting techniques.

**Buttercup:** Yeah! Like body slams and windmill kicks.

**Blossom:** Imagine what we could learn from them! The masters.

**Bubbles:** I wish someday we could be good enough superheroes to be invited to a super summit.

**Professor:** *(looking up from paper)* Here, now. What's this silliness about being good enough superheroes? You're the best superheroes I know.

**Bubbles:** Oh, Professor, you're just saying that 'cause you're our dad.

**Professor:** Well, yes. But that's not the only reason. *(Blossom hops onto the couch.)* I mean, goodness. I don't know how many times I've heard— *(imitating Narrator)* "Once again the day is saved, thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!"

**Blossom:** Yeah, but that's just Townsville. These guys save the whole world!

**Professor:** Hmm...

*(As he continues, cut to a slow pan across the group at the girls' head level. He has his arms extended to envelop all three.)*

**Professor:** I seem to remember three little girls who saved the whole world from being turned into dogs...and saved the whole world from outer-space invaders...why, you've even matched wits with the most vile, most evil...well, you know, "Him." *(Pull back to frame all four.)* So I say you're certainly good enough superheroes to go to any old summit you want.

*[Note: He is referring to "Monkey See, Doggie Do" and "Monkey See, Doggy Two," "Beat Your Greens," and "Him Diddle Riddle," respectively.]*

**Blossom:** You really think we could?

**Professor:** Of course.

**Girls:** *(excitedly)* Can we go, Professor? Huh? Can we, please? Can we? Can we?

**Professor:** Of course. And if you hurry, you'll be there before they finish roll call.

**Girls:** Awesome! *(The "AWSM" word balloon appears briefly again.)*

*(The screen explodes to the sound of their takeoff, with the word "CIAO" appearing. When the view clears, the girls are gone and the Professor is coughing and covered with soot.)*

**Professor:** *(softly, out of breath)* Little angels.

*(A view of the world, seen from a few miles up. On the next line, the girls take off and fly across oceans and continents toward Neverest.)*

**Narrator:** And with that, our girls race across the globe to join the ranks of the world's greatest heroes.

*(Cut to the exterior of the Rotunda and zoom in, then dissolve to the circular meeting hall inside. Heroes sit in two rows of seats arranged around the perimeter. Major Glory stands at a podium on a small stage at the "front" of the room; behind him is the AWSM logo. A book sits before him, and he will refer to this from time to time throughout the rest of the episode.)*

**Major Glory:** Well, that does it for roll call. I motion we proceed with— *(The girls burst in through the doors.)*

**Girls:** Hi!

*(He is caught by surprise at their sudden arrival.)*

**Major Glory:** What?...All right, who let children in here? What is this?

**Blossom:** We're Blossom...

**Bubbles:** ...Bubbles...

**Buttercup:** ...and Buttercup!

**Girls:** The Powerpuff Girls!

**Blossom:** We're superheroes too.

**Buttercup:** And your biggest fans!

**Bubbles:** And we want to join your 'Sociation.

*(Long silence from Major Glory, after which he smirks and looks over his shoulder. The camera pans in that direction to show him eyeing his colleagues over there. All begin to snicker and laugh; back to the AWSM chairman, who then looks to his other side as the camera pans that way. The heroes over there are laughing as well. Back to Major Glory once again.)*

[Note: Space Ghost can be seen among the ranks.]

**Major Glory:** *(baby talk, stepping to girls)* Oh, my stars. Isn't that just the cutest thing? The wittle superbabies want to join the Association! *(normal voice, standing up)* Well, little ladies, all superheroes want to join our Association. But we only accept the cream of the crop. Heroes with very specific super attributes, hmmm? And I'm afraid our entrance exam is extremely...rigorous.

**Blossom:** Powerpuffs are ready for anything!

**Bubbles:** Let's do it, let's do it!

**Buttercup:** Chal-lange!

**Major Glory:** *(chuckling)* Aren't we full of spice, hmmm? Gentlemen, shall we let the Sugarpuffs give it a go?

*(Pan across several heroes, who jokingly give their assent. Stop on Valhallen, who is leaning back in his chair with his feet up on the rail. He sounds very much like a surfer when he speaks, as regular Dexter viewers can attest.)*

**Valhallen:** Methinks that'd be most humorous. *(More laughter from all.)*

**Major Glory:** Well, ladies, my associates seem willing to indulge your requests. So...what the hey. *(He laughs briefly.)* On with the tests!

*(Snap to black.)*

## Act Two

*(Opening shot: the meeting hall, with Major Glory standing over the girls.)*

**Major Glory:** So...who's ready for a test of strength?

**Buttercup:** *(raising her hand)* Uh, yeah, right here, Major.

**Major Glory:** Ah, Butterdish, excellent!

**Buttercup:** *(annoyed)* It's Buttercup!

**Major Glory:** *(taking no notice)* All you have to do is outlift...let's see...Big Ben!

*(When the name is spoken, pan quickly to him in his seat; he stands up.)*

**Big Ben:** *(English accent)* Righty-o, guv'nor, pip-pip, tut-tut, and a cheerio, what? *(stepping to Buttercup, bowing)* Well, hello, hello, hel-lo! Art thou ready, milady?

**Buttercup:** Let's do dis like Buddhists!

**Major Glory:** Ready...lift!

*(Close-up of Big Ben, who reaches down o.c; pull back quickly as he lifts a luxury car with one finger—it might be a Rolls-Royce. In a similar sequence, Buttercup hoists a school bus over her head. Back to Big Ben.)*

**Big Ben:** By Jove!

*(He reaches down again; pull back as he lifts an elephant. Same sequence for Buttercup, who comes up with a killer whale. The other heroes watch, their faces showing how impressed they are with the kindergartner's efforts.)*

**Major Glory:** Hmmm... *(Back to Big Ben.)*

**Big Ben:** Harrumph!

*(He begins to strain mightily at something just out of view; after several seconds, he gets his arms into the air. Pull back to reveal this something as Buckingham Palace. Same sequence for Buttercup—this time, when the camera pulls back, we see the bottom floors of a building in her hands. Tilt up from this to show the structure as a huge skyscraper, with Major Glory floating by*

*its uppermost stories. In the meeting hall, the other heroes gasp in surprise, but Big Ben is getting quite flustered.)*

*[Note: In this sequence, Birdman is seen in the group.]*

**Big Ben:** Higglety-pigglety!

*(He flies up, crashing out through the Rotunda's dome; outside, he charges against the mountain and smashes his way deep into its slopes. Close-up of him, putting every ounce of his strength into the job at hand.)*

**Big Ben:** Chim-chimminee...

*(Outside, a fissure starts to form around the peak's circumference—he is trying to lift the whole thing. Back to him.)*

**Big Ben:** ...chim-chim-che-roo!

*(On the end of this, pull back as the entire summit breaks loose and is hoisted over his head. Back to the meeting hall.)*

**Heroes:** Huzzah!

*(Back to Big Ben. We hear Buttercup groaning with effort, and after a moment the Englishman finds himself on the way up, much to his great astonishment. The camera tilts down to the sound of more groaning—she has lifted him clean off his feet, mountaintop and all. Inside the meeting hall, the heroes are now completely stunned.)*

**Major Glory:** *(softly)* By the rockets' red glare!

**Blossom, Bubbles:** *(jumping up and down)* Yahoo! Yay! Buttercup! Whoo-hoo!

*(Back to Big Ben, whose arms are starting to give from the strain.)*

**Big Ben:** Poppycock!

*(Pull back; Buttercup is still holding him up. She zips clear and returns to the Rotunda, and the mass of rock falls on him, to the sound of a clock chime. Inside, she joins her sisters.)*

**Blossom, Bubbles:** *(jumping up and down)* Yahoo! Yay! Buttercup! Whoo-hoo!

*(Cut to Big Ben and follow him as he shuffles wearily across the meeting hall past the other heroes.)*

**Down Under Mate:** *(Australian accent, laughing)* She juiced you, limey!

**Yahmon:** *(Jamaican accent, laughing)* She be cleaning your clock there!

**Valhallen:** The bell doth toll, dude! *(He laughs. Back to the floor.)*

**Major Glory:** All right, all right, all right. Test number two...test of speed. (*Close-up of Bubbles; he points at her and continues o.c.*) Caboodles versus...

(*Pull back; a yellow line has been painted across the floor. The same flash of lightning we saw during the E-Male segment of the montage blazes next to her, and he materializes from it to the modem sound effect.*)

**Major Glory:** (*from o.c.*) ...E-Male!

**Bubbles:** (*awed*) Wow!

**Major Glory:** (*from o.c.*) One lap around the world. (*E-Male crouches for a start; Bubbles does not move.*) On your mark.

**E-Male:** (*to her, deep Japanese voice*) So, my little JPEG...shall we download?

(*Back to Major Glory, one hand up with index finger extended.*)

**Major Glory:** Ready?

(*He fires a gunshot from the finger. Back to the line; Bubbles turns toward him.*)

**Bubbles:** Wow!

(*E-Male is off in a flash; she stays put. Her sisters shout at her to get moving. Back to the line, where her rival has left a charred patch from his takeoff.*)

**Bubbles:** Oh!

(*She crouches and goes like a shot. Cut to outside as the racers charge down the mountain, visible as nothing more than a light blue streak and a yellow lightning bolt; we hear the modem sound throughout the following sequence. They zip through the African jungle, passing an elephant and a tiger so quickly that the latter's stripes are swept onto the former. In the Egyptian desert, the wake of their passage creates a pair of unusual-looking Sphinxes, a small one being held on its large mate's open palm. Across the ocean they go, reaching Easter Island and blasting past two of its famous stone statues. After they are gone, we see that palm leaves have settled on the heads to make them look like a man and a woman. A monkey looks dazedly out from atop the "woman"'s head.*)

[*Note: One of the Sphinxes bears a passing resemblance to Kitty Bobo, the main character in a "Big Pick" candidate short aired by Cartoon Network in 2001.*]

(*"Driver's seat" view of the landscape unrolling toward the competitors, then a close-up of E-Male giving it everything he can. We hear Bubbles zip up, and the camera pulls back to show her keeping pace with him.*)

**Bubbles:** Um...excuse me...am I just supposed to keep up with you, or is someone supposed to win?

**E-Male:** Oh—one of us should definitely win.

**Bubbles:** Okay.

*(She puts on a burst of speed and zips ahead, leaving him staring after her in shock. Now she barrels along toward Neverest and goes straight up to the Rotunda without breaking stride. Back to the meeting hall, where Major Glory stands with the girls and is tapping a wristwatch.)*

**Major Glory:** Now, then. It takes E-Male precisely seven seconds to circle the globe. So he should be here in five...four...three... *(Bubbles skids into view and stops.)*

**Buttercup:** Yee-ha!

**Blossom:** Bubbles! Yeah! Way to go!

*(Cut to E-Male as he takes the same “walk of shame” past the others as Big Ben did. Now the modem sound is very sickly.)*

**Down Under Mate:** *(laughing)* Need more RAM in the hard drive, eh?

**Yahmon:** Reboot! Hear me now!

**Valhallen:** Your PPP connection has been severed! *(Back to the floor.)*

**Major Glory:** Okay...test number three won't be so easy. This test not only demands superpowers, but wit as well. Heroic problem-solving *and...* *(leaning down to Blossom)* ...staying cool under fire. *(She looks defiantly back at him; he stands up.)* Now let's see...we need a crime or a crisis of some sort. *(He looks around a bit.)* Aha!

*(Quick pan to outer space, where a cluster of flaming meteors is on its way down.)*

**Major Glory:** *(voice over)* An asteroid shower hurtling towards Earth! That will surely shatter our very planet! *(Back to him and Blossom; he laughs a bit.)* Yes...that should do nicely. Blaze'em, let's do it! *(Both take off.)*

*(Cut to outer space and follow them as they charge up to tackle this impending disaster.)*

**Blossom:** Uh...if I may say, sir, it's a great honor and privilege to actually team up with *the* Major Glory to save the world. *(Close-up of him.)*

**Major Glory:** Well, thank you, Bless'em, but I'm here at more of an...advisory role, hmmm? *(Pull back; both have stopped.)* I'll be grading your performance and, you know— *(laughing a bit)* —save the Earth if you can't hack it. *(He laughs again as a meteor slams into her, carrying her o.c.)* Ooh, watch it, dear—here they come.

*(Cut to her, struggling to pull herself free of the meteor. She finally changes tactics and hits the rock with a punch to shatter it, then goes after as many others as she can. A few whiz past her, and another catches her off guard and plows her along. She pulls away and sees the remaining meteors descending toward Earth.)*

**Blossom:** Uh-oh! *(Back to Major Glory.)*

**Major Glory:** Aww, you missed a few, sweetheart. *(pointing over shoulder)* Oh-oh-oh-oh, and let's not forget the big one, shall we?

*(Back to Blossom, who looks in that direction and lets off a stifled cry of surprise before starting to skim the surface of a meteor much larger than any of the others seen so far. She flies past it, then looks down after it with her hand to her chin in thought.)*

**Blossom:** *(thinking)* Think, Blossom, think!

**Major Glory:** *(tapping watch)* The clock is ticking...

*(Her eyes brighten, and she charges down after the giant meteor. When she is close, she gathers her strength and lets fly with a huge gust of her ice breath. This quickly turns the flaming projectile into a gargantuan ice chunk.)*

**Blossom:** *(one eye closed, as if aiming)* Gotta cut this just right.

*(She charges again, the eye still closed and her fist cocked back—measuring distances and angles to land a blow in precisely the correct spot. Long shot of the descending ice chunk; she zips into view toward it, traveling far enough away from the camera so that her light trail disappears. A burst of light flashes against the surface, and a moment later the chunk shatters into hundreds of icebergs. The smash is seen three times, the camera zooming in on the point of impact each time; when the view finally clears, all that is left is Blossom, who has scored her bullseye.)*

*(The icebergs descend toward Earth and catch up with the remaining meteors, vaporizing them on contact. Major Glory watches from a safe distance; he is again at an almost total loss for words.)*

**Major Glory:** *(gasping, softly)* Well, I'll be born on the Fourth of July! *(Cut to Blossom, at a distance from him.)*

**Blossom:** Watch out! There's still one left!

*(Back to Major Glory, who turns his head to look just in time to catch the last iceberg with his face. The screen fills with the impact, and the Liberty Bell superimposes itself on this and begins to ring. Behind it, the background changes to a rotating pattern of red, white, and blue stripes with gold stars raining down. The scene then dissolves to the meeting hall, where the battered AWSM chairman gets to take his own "walk of shame," but in the opposite direction as Big Ben and E-Male.)*

**Valhallen:** I pledge allegiance to the flag of the Unconscious States of America!

**Yahmon:** Now me know why Ben Franklin wanted the turkey!

**Down Under Mate:** That shiner's a dandy, Yankee Doodle!

*[Note: Yahmon is referring to Benjamin Franklin's campaign to have the turkey, rather than the bald eagle, named as the United States' national symbol.]*

*(Cut to the girls in the middle of the floor.)*

**Bubbles:** *(conga rhythm, as she and Blossom dance)* Blossom, Blossom, Blossom! Blossom, Blossom, Blossom!

**Buttercup:** *(like Austin Powers)* Yeah, baby, yeah!

**Major Glory:** *(from o.c.)* Sugarpuffs! *(They snap to attention.)* Ten-hut!

*(Cut to behind them; they face the podium, and he steps up to it.)*

**Major Glory:** Prepare to be graded. *(grudgingly)* Your score in the test of strength, uncomparable; test of speed, unbeatable; and test of heroism in the field, unparalleled.

*(The girls cheer and celebrate a bit.)*

**Major Glory:** The Powderpuffs have indeed passed the entrance requirements—what do you say to that, men?

*(On the end of this line, pan away from him and across the other heroes, all of whom sit silently for a long, tense moment. The camera reaches the same three who have razzed their defeated colleagues after each trial.)*

**Valhallen:** Surest thou jest.

**Major Glory:** Valhallen, Viking god of rock, lend us your voice!

**Valhallen:** *(now standing up, guitar in hand)* Very well! 'Tis nay I sayest, nay! *(pointing with guitar head)* Ne'er shalt these wee pixies defile the sacred house of men with their girlish whimsies! Besides, we don't need no little rugrats crampin' our style.

**Heroes:** Yeah!

**Major Glory:** Well, there you have it. Membership denied.

**Blossom:** What?!

**Buttercup:** But we passed all the tests!

**Bubbles:** I thought our powers were good enough.

**Major Glory:** *(baby talk, leaning down to her)* Aww...baby Powerpuff no-no goo-goo noof? *(normal voice, back at podium)* Look, kids, you're missing the point. This is the Association of World Super Men! You're little girls. *We* are the men! The protectors, the hunters, the fighters, and the show-offs—*(pounding podium)*—and the noisemakers! *You* are little girls. *You* should be at home with your mommy, learning how to cook and clean, and...blah-blah-blah-blah-blah, whatever women stuff.

*(On this last sentence, the camera cuts to the girls, putting him o.c.—he points down at them—then back to him.)*

**Major Glory:** So leave the superheroics to the super...*MEN!*

**Blossom:** Why?

*(Major Glory groans loudly and slaps a hand to his face, then takes a few deep breaths before composing himself.)*

**Major Glory:** Look. There are certain roles for men and certain roles for women, right? Now let's take your family, for example. Who goes to work and brings home the paycheck?

**Girls:** Our dad.

**Major Glory:** Right! Who pays the rent and puts the bread on the table?

**Girls:** Our dad.

**Major Glory:** Bingo! And who cooks the meals?

**Girls:** Our dad.

**Major Glory:** (*now a bit irritated*) Who does the laundry?

**Girls:** Dad.

**Major Glory:** Who washes the dishes?

**Girls:** Dad.

**Big Ben:** Who scrubs the loo? [Note: "Loo" = British slang for "toilet."]

**Girls:** Dad.

**Yahmon:** Who bakes the cakes?

**Girls:** Dad.

**Major Glory:** Then who mows the lawn and washes the car?

**Blossom, Buttercup:** Bubbles.

**Major Glory:** So what does your mother do?

**Girls:** We don't have a mother.

*(He throws a quizzical glance over his shoulder at a few of the other heroes, then turns back to the girls.)*

**Major Glory:** Now if you'll excuse us, we have many pressing manly matters to attend to.

**Blossom:** But—

**Major Glory:** GO HOME!!

**Blossom:** Fine! (*She takes off.*)

**Bubbles:** Didn't want to be in your stinky old club anyway! (*She takes off.*)

**Buttercup:** You got your underpants on on the outside! (*She takes off; he looks down at his red tights and hastily hunches down to cover them.*)

*(Cut to outside the Rotunda and follow the girls as they fly away. They look positively devastated.)*

**Narrator:** Oh, no! The girls' dreams have been shattered! Their idols knocked them from their pedestals! What a bummer.

*(Cut to a red craft in flight. At first glance, it looks something like a souped-up version of the Boogie Man's rocket limousine from "Boogie Frights," with part of the hood cut away to expose the engine. Features at the sides suggest hands, and flames roar from the rear end. In front is a piece of equipment that might be a weapon of some sort; this is tucked in to lie flush with the body, its end where the radiator grille would be on a regular car.)*

**Narrator:** But what's this? Some sort of spacefaring musclerod headed straight for the Rotunda of Seclusion!

*(On the end of this line, cut to the mountaintop; the craft flies into view, heading toward it. Inside, it crashes through the dome, landing nose first, and begins to reconfigure itself piece by piece. The panels forming the roof and hood separate to reveal a hairy chest, and the pistons retract partially into it. The hands pull free from the sides and extend their fingers, and a head rises from the shoulders, with the vehicle's tailpipes running up either side. The creature wears a red and white helmet low over glowing yellow eyes, and sports a long red mustache and a fierce grimace. As it speaks, pull back to show all of it. The red body panels have become armor on its arms and legs, and the piece of equipment is indeed a weapon that looks like the laser-cannon equivalent of a pump-action shotgun. Its voice is that of the typical robot monster.)*

**Invader:** Men of Earth! Witness the coming of...MASCUMAX! Breaker of men! Taker of worlds! Be there any true men amongst thee? Step forth and bring thy manhood against mine own, so that we might see who has the upper hand upon the measuring stick!

**Major Glory:** Finally, a true test of our manhood. Heroes, *ho!*

*(The other members soar into the sky; he brings up the rear, his cape waving across the screen as an eagle's cry is heard. Behind the trailing edge, the scene changes to just inside the open front door of the house. The girls float in sadly, but stop at the living room doorway upon hearing the Professor's voice. He is on the couch, but turns to face them.)*

**Professor:** Girls! Thank goodness you're home. *(They float into his arms.)*

**Blossom:** It was terrible. They all laughed at us.

**Professor:** There, there. I know all about it. I saw the whole thing—live.

*(On the end of this line, the camera has shifted to show the CTN broadcast running on the TV behind him, with Shaquille once again at the news desk. Back to the Professor, now sitting on the coffee table with the girls.)*

**Professor:** Those jerks were just plain awful! I'd be giving them a piece of my mind right now—if they weren't already being savagely beaten by some thug from outer space!

*(On the end of this, zoom in on the TV, putting him o.c. The view has now changed to show the invader, Mascumax, clubbing Big Ben with a clock tower. As Shaquille picks up the story, it flashes to Down Under Mate being crushed underfoot.)*

**Shaquille:** *(voice over)* This is the scene around the globe. *(Now Mandingo and Moo-Shu-Gai Man get it.)* Members of the AWSM being hunted down— *(Valhallen is grabbed in one hand, his guitar in the other.)* —and beaten like sick dogs.

*(The view dissolves into a reflection of itself in a white circle surrounded by black, and the camera pulls back to show it in the highlight of Blossom's pupil. Now she is staring speechless at the camera, at a distance from her sisters. They are still with the Professor.)*

**Buttercup:** Serves 'em right.

**Professor:** Now, Buttercup. I know they weren't very heroic when they picked on you, but real superheroes don't let what others say keep them from being really super. *(This last shakes Blossom out of her stupor.)*

**Blossom:** And real heroes don't let bullies from outer space beat up folks and break stuff! Come on, girls! The AWSM needs some real heroes right now!

*(They take off in a cloud of stars; when these clear, the Professor has been dumped onto the living room floor, the coffee table leaning against him on two legs.)*

**Professor:** *(woozily)* Angels.

*(Cut to Major Glory in flight over the mountains; Mascumax swings the laser cannon and knocks him out of the sky. He lands next to E-Male, who concentrates for a moment and then fires an energy bolt from his hands—once again we hear the modem sound effect. The beam strikes the intruder's shoulder armor without effect; it pumps the action of the weapon and returns fire, blasting the Japanese hero.)*

**Mascumax:** Fools! I feed off your expulsions of manliness! The more manhood you bring against me, the harder I become!

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* Hey, boy! *(It turns its head; pan quickly to the girls, floating in midair.)* Why don't you try some Powerpuff?

**Mascumax:** What?! Little girls?! *(laughing)* Shouldn't you be home, learning how to be mommies?

**Buttercup:** *(groaning, to her sisters)* This stuff again?

**Blossom:** *(to Mascumax)* Look. This planet is our home, and mommies are ready to clean house!

*(They explode into action, charging toward Mascumax. They deliver a one-two-three combo consisting of a flying roundhouse to the jaw, a disarming strike to the gun hand, and a crashing blow to the midsection. Now they pull away and double back for another pass; each lands another devastating strike, and Mascumax goes down hard. In midair, the girls have regrouped for yet more fun.)*

**Blossom:** All right, ladies. Let's do some *real* cooking. Form Furious Flaming Feline!

*[Note: While this is much the same attack as used in "Catastrophe," the name is slightly altered—it was the Furious Fiery Feline back then.]*

*(They fly in close formation, their bodies becoming balls of light, and move toward each other until their three trails become one. Flames begin to erupt from them; after a moment, these resolve into a giant, snarling cat made of fire, with front paws extended. It drops to the ground and bounds toward Mascumax, enveloping the creature in flames when it touches. The aggressor can only throw its arms up in a futile attempt to defend itself as the Feline rubs against its leg. Finally Mascumax screams.)*

**Mascumax:** NOOOOO!! It cannot be! *(The Feline rises into the air, away from it.)*

**Blossom:** *(from inside)* If you can't take the heat, then...

*(An explosion fills the screen; when it clears, the girls have returned to normal.)*

**Blossom:** ...stay out of the kitchen!

*(Back to Mascumax, still on fire and now crying like a baby. During the next line, it rearranges itself back to its vehicle form and blasts off, the camera following it into space. It sounds like a schoolyard bully who has just had an overdose of his own medicine.)*

**Mascumax:** *(fading out as it goes)* Mommy! There were some girls, and they're being mean to me!

*(Tilt down from the sky to ground level, where the greatly embarrassed heroes are groveling in the dirt.)*

**Heroes:** Oh, thank you, Powerpuff Girls! Thank you!

**Blossom:** *(dryly)* You boys all right?

**Major Glory:** *(sheepishly)* Um...yeah, but...uh...well, uh...me and the guys all wanted to ask you something.

**Bubbles:** If you want us to join your club now, forget it!

**Major Glory:** Um...actually, no. Uh, we were all wondering, if, um...*we* could be in *your* club.

**Big Ben:** You are *our* heroes!

**Blossom:** Oh, please. After everything you put us through, you think—

**Buttercup:** Now, girls, just because they were mean and insensitive, doesn't mean we shouldn't turn the other cheek. *(They exchange a knowing glance.)*

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

**Narrator:** And so once again the day is saved—

*(The girls appear, looking down o.c. with great amusement at something.)*

**Narrator:** —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls—

*(As he continues, the camera pulls back and down. What they are looking at are several of the heroes, standing on the mountaintop and clad in Powerpuff dresses of various colors. In addition, they wear white socks and black shoes. The background hearts continue to radiate out from the girls' position in the top center part of the screen.)*

**Narrator:** —and the newly formed Society of Associated Puffketeers! Aren't they cute little muffins?