

## **KNOCK IT OFF**

**Transcribed by Alan Back**

### Act One

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

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

*(Pull back; the view is that from a window in his lab. He stands nearby, phone in one hand and mop in the other—taking a break from cleaning up the place.)*

**Professor:** It's about fifteen miles east of the 101. Take the 210 to the Harbor Freeway exit south. It's the third house on the left. Bye.

*(He hangs up. Camera shift: the girls stand across the lab from him and are helping with the cleanup.)*

**Girls:** Who was that?

**Professor:** Huh? Oh, that was my old college buddy and roommate, Dick Hardley.

*(The scene undergoes a wavering dissolve to a view of the Professor in his earlier days. He is working intently at a desk loaded with beakers and flasks. His hair sweeps down a bit lower over his eyes, and he wears nearly the same clothes he uses in the present. Two differences: he has no lab coat, and his shirt sleeves are short rather than long.)*

**Professor:** *(voice over)* Aw, gosh. I remember those late nights, working side by side on our lab assignments.

*(On this last, pull back and pan across the room—a college dorm room, as evidenced by the bunk beds. The Professor's half is neat as a pin, but the other half is a total wreck: clothes scattered everywhere, Grateful Dead poster on the wall, lava lamp on a stereo speaker by the door, even a couple of liquor bottles lying about. The bottom bunk has been made with hospital corners, marking it as the Professor's; the top one sports rumpled sheets that have apparently not been washed in quite some time.)*

*(At the door, on his way out, is the Professor's roommate. This fellow wears shoulder-length blond hair swept back, a broad-collar shirt open at the neck, pink-tinted glasses, and a deep tan. He looks and sounds somewhat like Dexter's father on Dexter's Laboratory, but more of a youthful smooth talker. This is Dick Hardley's past counterpart.)*

**Student Dick:** Hey, Utonium, make sure you finish *our* homework before I get back.

*(Opening the door partway, he finds an attractive coed waiting outside.)*

**Student Dick:** Hel-lo, Betty. *(He opens fully; a squat, older, frumpy-looking woman is there too.)*

**Coed (Betty):** I brought my mom along. I hope that's okay.

**Student Dick:** *(over his shoulder)* Hey, Utonium, I got a new assignment.

*(Cut to the college chemistry lab, with the two roommates in attendance, then to a close-up of them as the Professor's narrative continues. They are working on an experiment; Student Prof applies a flame to the base of a flask, while Student Dick looks away from his as if he would rather be out partying.)*

**Professor:** *(voice over)* Yes. He was a veritable wellspring of resourcefulness.

*(Student Dick gets an idea and reaches around behind his partner, tapping him on the far shoulder. The latter sounds much as he does today, but his voice is not as deep.)*

**Student Prof:** *(looking over there, surprised)* Huh?

*(While his attention is diverted, Student Dick switches the two flasks. The roommate looks back at him, puzzled, and he whistles innocently for a moment before giving a broad, reassuring grin. Now Student Prof adds a drop of a chemical to his flask, only to have the mixture explode in his face. Student Dick, meanwhile, adds a drop to his own, causing it to fizz and emit a miniature fireworks display complete with American flags sprouting from the flask's mouth. He feigns surprise, then smiles in triumph as the rest of the class—Student Prof included—gathers around the bench to applaud him.)*

*(Cut to the night sky, filled with stars.)*

**Professor:** *(voice over)* We explored and discovered the universe together.

*(Pull back; this view is the image in the objective lens of a telescope Student Prof is using to do a little stargazing from the balcony. A second instrument is partially visible at left, but it is pointed down rather than up.)*

**Student Prof:** Wow! This is so exciting, Dick!

*(Pan slightly left. Student Dick stands next to him, looking down through the second scope with a leer fixed on his face.)*

**Student Prof:** We can see so much with these telescopes!

*(Student Dick's perspective: he is looking through a window across the street, at two coeds in their underwear and lounging on a bed.)*

**Student Dick:** *(distracted)* Yeah...exciting.

*(Wavering dissolve back to the Professor in the present.)*

**Professor:** Yeah, those were exciting days. (*The doorbell rings.*) Oh—there he is now!

*(Outside, at the bell button by the front door; a finger presses it a few times. Cut to behind the owner of said finger and tilt up quickly to the head. The individual wears black moccasins and pants, a long white coat similar to the Professor's, and carefully styled blond hair in a small ponytail. When he stops ringing, he throws a distrustful glance back at the camera—it is Dick, but his glasses are now tinted blue instead of pink.)*

*(Next to the door is a mailbox filled with the day's deliveries; he pulls the stack out and starts to look it over. On top is a magazine entitled Science Fun. When he speaks, he sounds much as he did during the flashback, but a little deeper.)*

**Dick:** (*to himself, contemptuously*) Geez, still into the science stuff, huh? What a geek.

*(The door suddenly opens, and the Professor gets a good look at his old roommate.)*

**Professor:** Dick!

**Dick:** (*brightly, handing him the mail*) Oh! I got your mail here.

*(Cut to just inside the door. Now we can see that Dick's coat has no pocket and a collar that resembles the style he wore in college. He wears a pink shirt underneath.)*

**Professor:** Oh, thank you.

**Dick:** Yeah, you should probably pay that bill pretty soon.

**Professor:** Um, thanks. So what brings you to Townsville?

**Dick:** Oh...I was just in the neighborhood and wanted to see what the old roommate was up to. So, you gonna let me in or what?

**Professor:** Sure, sure, come on in.

**Dick:** (*quickly shaking hands, walking in past him o.c.*) Wow, look at this place! Still living in the '60s, huh? It's like we never left college. (*Cut to him, rounding a corner.*) So, what you working on these days? How you making money? Where's the lab?

**Professor:** Oh, you don't want to go in there. The girls are cleaning it up. It's a mess. (*Dick is now at the open lab door.*)

**Dick:** Yes, I do. I want to see what you've been up to. (*addressing himself into lab*) All right, kids, go play somewhere else. Your old man and me have some business to...dis...cuss.

*(On the end of this, the sound of the girls in flight is heard, and his eyes go wide as he trails off. They are zipping around the lab, putting the place in order at top speed. Dick stares, speechless, as they keep working. Blossom runs the vacuum cleaner, and Bubbles picks up a large piece of equipment to give her a clear shot at the floor underneath. Dick grins, now watching Buttercup eye a collection of cobwebs and blow a gust of air to sweep them up. This turns into a small tornado that works its way toward Blossom and then dissipates, leaving the collected dust in a pile. She zaps this with her eye lasers, vaporizing every grain.)*

*(Now dollar signs appear in Dick's eyes; pull back as the Professor approaches from the hall and puts a hand on his shoulder.)*

**Professor:** I see you've met my girls.

**Girls:** Nice to meet you, Professor Dick.

**Dick:** (to Professor) What do you mean, your girls? You mean you *made* those things?

**Professor:** Um...well...technically. But I *am* their father.

**Dick:** (grabbing his lapels, very animated) You're sitting on a gold mine here! I knew you would turn one of your little inventions into a cash cow. We could make a fortune with these things!

**Professor:** Uh...Dick...

**Dick:** This is bigger than Bowplus. I mean, *big!*

**Professor:** (sternly) Dick...

**Dick:** I'm talking global, baby. The Japanese will eat these things up! Hey, you think we could market them as a food?

**Professor:** Dick! *Dick! DICK!!* (He finally gets Dick's attention.)

**Dick:** What?!

**Professor:** (coldly) May I have a word with you outside...old buddy?

*(The exterior of the house. The two men step out onto the front lawn. When the Professor speaks, his tone recalls his reaction to Bernie Bernstein's attempt to exploit the girls in "Film Flam.")*

**Professor:** Listen. I don't appreciate you referring to my girls in that manner.

**Dick:** Come on!

**Professor:** Come on, nothing. You just keep clear of me and my kids, pal. (walking back into house) Consider our little visit over. (He slams the door.)

**Dick:** (softly) We could make a fortune. (louder, walking to front room window) Come on, Utonium! Let's talk a...bout...it.

*(This time, the reason for his trailing off is the closing of the window blinds. He stands still for a moment, then turns away from them and begins to think.)*

**Dick:** Hmmm... (smiling thoughtfully) ...hmmm...

*(Cut to Pokey Oaks Kindergarten, seen from the street. The school bell is ringing, and kids charge happily out the door to head home. The girls are last to leave; when they reach the street, a muscle car pulls up and blocks them from view. The camera shifts to just behind the girls, and now we see the driver's-side window down and Dick leaning out to address them.)*

**Dick:** Hey, girls. Come here for a sec. I want to talk to you.

**Blossom:** We're not allowed to talk to strangers.

**Dick:** Stranger? I'm no stranger, I'm the Professor's buddy.

**Blossom:** (as the girls smile, remembering) Oh, yeah, you're Professor Dick. Cool car!

**Dick:** Thanks. (smooth-talking, averting his eyes) You want a ride home?

*(The car squeals away—its license plate is seen: "PROF-DIK"—and rolls through the streets of Townsville.)*

**Dick:** *(from inside car)* You know, I've been reading about you guys, and I think it's really great, what you do here in Townsville. *(Cut to inside.)* But you know, I've been all over the world, and there sure is a lot of evil out there. It's too bad there aren't more of you girls out there to help save everybody. Gee, if there was only a way to make more of you girls, we could help save people all over the world—and that would be good, huh?

**Bubbles:** Uh, yeah!

**Dick:** Tell me, what exactly are you girls made of?

**Bubbles:** Sugar...

**Buttercup:** ...spice...

**Blossom:** ...and everything nice.

**Bubbles:** Oh, and an accidental dose of Chemical X.

**Dick:** Wow! Sounds like you could do a *lot* of saving with that stuff. *(He smiles broadly at them.)*

*(The car pulls up in front of the house.)*

**Dick:** Well, here we are. Well, I guess I'll see you later, girls. *(dejectedly)* But, boy...I sure wish I had some of that Chemical X. I mean...for the good of the world and all.

*(The girls sit quietly and mull this over a bit, after which Bubbles nods and the other two smile.)*

**Blossom:** Hey, Professor Dick? Wait here for a sec, okay?

*(They float to the front door and enter the house; cut to the Professor inside, reading the paper. The girls float past behind him.)*

**Girls:** Hi, Professor!

**Professor:** Huh? Oh, hi, girls.

*(He goes back to his reading, and all is peaceful again for a moment.)*

**Girls:** *(as they zip back out)* Bye, Professor!

*(The street again; the girls zip to the car, and the camera cuts to Dick's window as they approach him. Blossom is carrying a bottle of the now-familiar black liquid marked with the now-familiar large X, and he reaches eagerly for this.)*

**Dick:** Gimme, gimme! *(taking bottle)* Yes...yes...

*(Pull back down the street, behind the car. The girls watch as it speeds away.)*

**Dick:** *(from inside)* ...YEEESSS!!

*(Fade to black.)*

*(Snap to a padlocked gate in a chain-link fence. It bears signs that read "KEEP OUT!" and "ABANDONED EVIL FACTORY." Dick reaches into view with a pair of bolt cutters and breaks*

*the lock; the gate swings open, and his car barrels through. Tilt up to point along the road, which winds along a narrow ridge over the water and stops at an old factory on its end. It is now nighttime. The car pulls up and stops as the camera zooms in slightly.)*

*(Cut to him inside, pouring sugar from a box.)*

**Dick:** Sugar...

*(Fade to black, then snap to him adding spices from a couple of shakers.)*

**Dick:** ...spice...

*(Fade to black, then snap to him dumping a bucketful of the “everything nice” mixture as seen in the show opening. The youthful background laughter from that sequence is heard as he continues.)*

**Dick:** ...and everything nice.

*(Fade to black, then snap to the bottle of Chemical X as he reaches into view for it.)*

**Dick:** *(from o.c.)* And an accidental dose of...

*(Cut to him, standing by a large vat full of the ingredients and with a medicine dropper in hand.)*

**Dick:** ...Chemical X!

*(Extreme close-up of a single drop being squeezed from the dropper. It hangs for a moment and finally falls free; cut to outside.)*

**Dick:** *(from inside)* Oops.

*(An explosion shakes the building, sending flashes of light from the windows and black smoke from the chimneys. Back to Dick, now lying dazed against the wall and with his clothes in tatters. The entire room is bathed in brilliant white light; he has his hand to his eyes to shield them from the glare. He takes his hand away, and his eyes pop as the camera pulls back across the room to stop just behind a pair of feet that look like those of the girls. He smiles and begins to laugh—softly at first, then more heartily and madly as the view fades to black.)*

*(Snap to a view of the New York skyline, seen from a distance with the Statue of Liberty in the foreground. A voice begins to speak.)*

**Voice:** The crime rate has jumped, Mr. Mayor, a whopping eighty-six percent.

*(As the voice speaks, cut to a meeting room where several officials are gathered and a man sits at a desk in the corner. The speaker is an aide standing by a graph labeled “NY CRIME” and has been addressing himself to the man at the desk—the Mayor of New York. After he finishes, pan left across the room to the door, which opens to admit Dick.)*

**Dick:** Eighty-seven, to be exact.

*(As he continues, he wheels in a cart with something covered by a cloth on it. Six Powerpuff feet are seen below the cloth's edges.)*

**Dick:** If I could just take a moment of your time, gentlemen, to illustrate— *(The thing starts to squirm.)* —how a city like Townsville, USA— *(smacking it; squirming stops)* —not yet!— maintains a crime rate percentage ratio of point zero-zero-three over zero. Do you know how?

*(Cut to the aide, now standing next to the Mayor.)*

**Dick:** *(from o.c.)* I'll tell you how! *(Back to him.)* Superhuman children! That's how. It may sound strange, but what I'm offering is a security system based on that same technology. *(grabbing cloth)* Behold...the new and improved...

*(He whisks the cloth away, leaning back o.c. as he does so. The six feet belong to three girls who look somewhat like the originals—but with a few differences. One, the sizes of various body parts and features are not the same for all three. Two, the highlights in the eyes of the Blossom and Buttercup copies are unusually large and do not match those of the Bubbles copy, whose pupils seem a bit too dilated. Three, the Bubbles copy has pigtails that ride too high on her head and sit at an odd angle. Four, the Blossom copy has crossed eyes. Five, the hairstyles are correct, but the hairlines are mismatched: "Blossom" has Bubbles' part, "Bubbles" has Buttercup's, "Buttercup" has Blossom's. When they speak, they sound as if they are reading from cue cards.)*

**Dick:** *(from o.c.)* ...Powerpuff Girls with Chemical Xtreme!

**"Bubbles" 1:** Let's be friends.

**"Blossom" 1:** Prepare to be stomped!

**"Buttercup" 1:** Girl power!

*(Cut to the aide and the Mayor, who look uneasily o.c. toward this exhibit. They glance at each other and smile after a moment.)*

*(Cut to the Professor and the girls at home, on the living room couch. The TV is heard o.c., with a news flash breaking in. On screen, a reporter sits at the broadcast desk, with a graphic of the three off-kilter girls next to her.)*

**Reporter:** Flash news report! Today in New York City, a giant alligator monster tripped over the island of Manhattan on his way to work, nearly injuring his toe.

*(As she speaks, the scene cuts to a close-up of a huge alligator that looks very much like Wally Gator, then pulls back to the sound of screaming as it loses its balance. The creature, which carries a briefcase, about to fall squarely on Lady Liberty. When the cut occurs, the rest of the reporter's line is delivered as a voice-over.)*

**Reporter:** *(voice over)* Luckily, three Powerpuff Girls lifted the oversized beast to safety.

*(On this line, the knockoffs fly into view, catch the alligator, and set it down on the shore before departing. Cut to them flying away; they still sound very stilted.)*

**“Bubbles” 1:** Let’s be friends.

**“Blossom” 1:** Prepare to be stomped!

**“Buttercup” 1:** Girl power! *(Back to the family; the girls look quite stunned.)*

**Professor:** “Girl power”? *(to Buttercup)* Since when did you start saying “girl power”?

**Buttercup:** *(laughing nervously)* I always say that...uh...girl power?

*(She looks uneasily away from him, then to her sisters.)*

**Professor:** But wait—when were you in New York? *(All three are caught by surprise.)*

**Bubbles:** Hey! We’ve never been to New York.

**Blossom:** Shhh! *(to Professor, laughing nervously)* Well, uh, the Mayor of Townsville is friends with New York, and he said, “I think it would be good if you guys went there,” and that we should do it, and that we should...should. ‘Cause...what was the question again?

**Professor:** Um...when were you in New York?

**Blossom:** Yesterday.

**Buttercup:** *(whispering, to her)* Today!

**Blossom:** I mean, today.

**Professor:** Hmm...good, good. Well, good night.

*(Cut to the bedroom and zoom in on the girls, tucked in for the night but looking too worried to sleep. Light from the hallway falls across all three of them.)*

**Bubbles:** I feel weird about lying to the Professor.

**Blossom:** A little white lie is okay. Besides, it’ll all turn out good ‘cause we’re good.

**Bubbles:** And more of us will only be gooder.

**Buttercup:** Yeah, good.

**Blossom:** And Professor Dick is good, right? And he’s only interested in good and goodness.

*(All start to nod.)* Good?

**Bubbles:** Good.

**Blossom:** Good?

**Buttercup:** Good.

**Blossom:** Good.

**Girls:** Good night.

*[Animation goof: Bubbles’ mouth, not Blossom’s, moves on the last “Good.”]*

*(Cut to a daytime shot of a bridge across a bay—it might be in San Francisco—and pull back to the shore. A businessman hands Dick a large sack of money. Smiling, the latter looks over his shoulder; pan in that direction to show a man next to three counterfeits who look like badly drawn cardboard cutouts. He pats the head of “Bubbles.”)*

*(The factory at night—now it has added a new wing—as another explosion shakes it. Close-up of a packing crate as Dick slaps an Indiana address label on it, then pull back. He stands at a dock, while the crate is in a boat floating just in front of him; a city skyline can be seen in the distance. He and the boatman wave to each other, and the craft makes its way toward the city.)*

*(Now Dick is in an Asian district during the day, shaking hands with a man while spectators cheer. The camera tilts up to show a Japanese flag and three giant robots standing among the buildings. They lean against each other for support as tears roll down their faces—another defeat at the hands of these mass-produced superheroes.)*

*(The factory at night; another explosion, and the sky flashes black briefly. Inside, head/body assemblies without hair or features are being carried on a conveyor belt. Hanging from the ceiling, at their head level, is a stencil template marked “EYES.” As each unit moves past this, it is sprayed with white paint to put the whites of the eyes in place. Continuing along the conveyor, each unit has a mouth painted crookedly onto it by a worker—by this point, the pupils have been filled in black.)*

*(A worker plops a hair bow onto a hairless Blossom head/body, one in a procession of units whose eyes have now been completed. This is picked up by a robotic arm and carried to another conveyor loaded with pairs of legs. The unit is fitted onto legs and carried along. It reaches yet another worker, who attaches a pair of arms; now the hair is in place, though the hairline is again wrong—Buttercup’s, in this case. A line of figures, sporting all manner of color and style mismatches, proceeds under a sugar dispenser; as each one moves in, a worker pulls a lever to dispense the material onto it.)*

*(A blond-haired Buttercup, her eyes not quite in alignment, is swept into a Chemical X dispenser. The liquid pours down onto her, sparks fly, and she emerges, coughing and with black smoke pouring out around her. She reaches the end of the conveyor and drops into a waiting box, one of several in a row. Each is marked on the side with one of the girls’ names to indicate its contents, and the tops show the Powerpuff Girls title logo with the word “XTREME” added in jagged red letters, along with a picture of the girls and the word “POW” at an impact point in the bottom corner. The top is put on the just-filled box, and three—one for each sister—are loaded into a crate that bears the product name on its side. Dick closes the crate and addresses it to India; cut to the dock at night, where the boatman is pushing off with a hefty load of merchandise to deliver.)*

*(Cut to a skyline that looks as if it could be a city in India, in daytime, and tilt down to the street to the sound of a panicking crowd. People point fearfully into the sky; the camera tilts up to a long shot of one tower, which has a man standing atop it. From this distance we can see that he wears a large turban with a ruby set in it, a pair of short white trunks, and nothing else. He laughs as a beam of energy emanates from the ruby, then turns his head back and forth to strafe the street. Smoke pours up from below. Close-up of him as he stops. The man’s face looks very much like that of Mojo Jojo.)*

*(Three light trails streak across the sky, approaching the scene, and their owners stop near the tower. Suffice it to say that these three creations will never be mistaken for the real Powerpuff*

*Girls: heads and bodies badly distorted, hair all screwed up, eyes showing more than one color. Like their predecessors, these three speak in a very artificial manner.)*

**“Bubbles” 2:** Hello, it’s Bubbles here to save you again.

**“Blossom” 2:** We got to save the world before bedtime.

**“Buttercup” 2:** I think they’re asking for a hiney-whooping!

**Indian man:** I am Raja Jaja! Taste my chanamasara ray!

*(He puts his hands together as if to pray, and another beam shoots from the turban. The imitations dodge this; “Buttercup” moves in to attack, but when she hits him, her arm falls off. He is not damaged.)*

**Indian man (Raja):** *(laughing)* Oh, that is a good one!

*(He laughs some more, right up to the moment when “Blossom” flies up behind him and socks him in the back of the head. Now “Bubbles” moves in and kicks him, breaking her own leg off at the knee. This strike knocks him from his perch; he falls o.c., screaming all the way down, and we hear a hefty thud that shakes the camera when he hits the ground.)*

*(Cut to the family at home, watching these events on TV. The Professor cocks an eyebrow at the girls.)*

**Professor:** India, huh?

**Blossom:** Yeah! Nozzle tov!

*[Note: This is a corruption of the congratulatory Yiddish expression “Mazel tov.”]*

*(The factory at night—it has now expanded once again, with support trusses extending from either side of the ridge to hold up the new construction. An explosion shakes it; cut to Dick, looking at a sales chart in its main office and appearing very dissatisfied.)*

**Dick:** Sales are dropping in Tokyo. *(over his shoulder)* Cut back on the sugar by half!

*(Blossom head/bodies roll past the eye stencil and are spray-painted; this time, the whites and pupils are in place and the worker is adding the pink irises. Dick stands amid piles of cash and counts a fistful greedily. A worker slaps arms onto the bodies that pass him, even though some immediately fall off again. The defects are much more noticeable now. Cut to a faux girl in Egypt during the day; this one has blond hair and a light blue dress and eyes like Bubbles, but the hairstyle and voice of Buttercup. Again the stilted speech.)*

**“Bubl/Bcup”:** I think they’re asking for a hiney-whooping! *(As she says this, her head falls off and rolls away.)*

*(Back to the factory dock at night, where Dick waves to a departing helicopter with a huge load of crates. Inside, units hurtle through the sugar dispenser at high speed—the worker operating the machinery can barely keep up and starts to fall asleep. From here, dissolve to the French*

*flag, then a pile of money being given to Dick, then a man at home making a phone call. Behind him is an open box, with pieces of a Blossom—still with the wrong hairline—scattered near it.)*

**Man on phone:** (*angrily*) What kind of stuff are you trying to push on us?

*(Cut to Dick in the office. He sits at the desk, his feet up, and talks into a headset receiver. He does not seem at all fazed by this complaint or by the sound of many other phones ringing—doubtless more angry consumers.)*

**Dick:** Well, sir, if you'd look closely at the warranty, it's actually only good for three hours. But the new model is guaranteed to last up to *five* full hours!

*(The conveyor carries units through the Chemical X dispenser at a blinding pace; the machine is now in top gear, sending out plumes of smoke. Cut to outside the factory, which has grown some more, at night. A series of explosions erupt from various areas. The last results in a mushroom cloud rising from the heart of the plant.)*

*(A stack of money is counted by machine, after which we see the sugar dispenser yet again. Now the worker simply leans wearily on the lever as the units are zipped through. Cut to a balcony, from which Dick surveys the factory floor.)*

**Dick:** Faster! Faster!

*(The dock again. Now a fleet of helicopters is carrying the products away as Dick waves. Back to the office; he sits at his desk, piled high with cash, and has his arms around two bikini-clad women. The grin on his face would put the Cheshire Cat to shame. Fade to black.)*

## Act Two

*(Opening shot: the kitchen of the house during the day. The Professor is washing dishes and listening to a radio sitting on the windowsill. What he hears next causes his face to fall.)*

**Radio reporter:** Today in Germany, the Powerpuff Girls failed again as they attempted to quell a runaway bratwurst destroying Düsseldorf in its path. This is NPR.

*[Note; NPR is short for National Public Radio.]*

*(The factory floor, filled with products not yet in their boxes. Seen from the neck down, Dick walks along, looking them over, as the camera follows. Anything that could possibly be wrong with this batch, is.)*

**Dick:** Hmm...too ugly...useless...

*(He stops upon finding a dead-on copy of Buttercup.)*

**Dick:** What's this? This one's perfect! I thought I told you to cut back on the sugar! Take it back and melt it down for its Chemical X!

*(The properly-made girl looks up nervously at him when he says this—he has been addressing himself to an o.c. worker.)*

*(Cut to the following message: "THE FOLLOWING IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT FROM PPG X2000. THIS PROGRAM IS NOT AFFILIATED WITH THIS NETWORK IN ANY WAY." It is the sort of notice that appears before a station runs an infomercial. This stays on screen for some seconds, after which the scene cuts to a burglar outside a house and trying to open a window.)*

**Dick:** *(voice over)* Are you having a problem with crime? *(Inside, an old woman looks toward the window, the burglar's silhouette visible, and screams.)* And let's face it, folks, who isn't?

*(Cut to the exterior of the Bank of the Imperial Garden; a robber runs out, crashing through the door with moneybag over shoulder, as the alarm goes off. Inside, the manager cries at his desk.)*

**Manager:** Oh, save me from my crime problem! *(Cut to Dick, stepping into view against a blank wall.)*

**Dick:** Well, say goodbye to those fears, folks. The Powerpuff Girls Xtreme are here!

*(A new scene slams together: Blossom delivering a flying kick. Behind her is a pink background with the word "POWER" in big white letters. Next slam: Bubbles lashing out with a kick, against a light blue background with the word "PUFF." Third slam: Buttercup punching, with a light green background bearing the word "GIRLZ." Last slam: a yellow background, showing the word "XTREME" in the same ragged red script as before.)*

*[Spelling error: Up to now, "girls" has been spelled correctly on all the boxes in the factory.]*

*(This last scene spins away, and we see Dick running down the aisle of an auditorium filled with cheering people to get to the stage. Once there, he addresses the crowd, microphone in hand.)*

**Dick:** Hello, hello, thank you, thank you. I'm here to tell you about our new crime-crunching product, the Powerpuff Girls Xtreme!

*(The crowd cheers; cut to a sweater-clad man on the stage.)*

**Sweater man:** *(Australian accent)* Wow, Dick, you seem pretty excited about this new product.

**Dick:** You know, Trevor, I am. And I'll tell you why. Better yet, why don't you show 'em, Trevor?

**Sweater man (Trevor):** Right. Here's how it works. *(stepping across stage to a cloth-covered object with Powerpuff feet)* Follow me over here to the crime simulator.

*(He pulls the cloth away, exposing three girls. "Blossom" has Buttercup's hairline, "Buttercup" Bubbles—"Bubbles" has the right one. Their legs are too skinny, their smiles do not match, and "Blossom"'s hair bow is out of proportion.)*

**Trevor:** Voila! There's the little buggers now. (*patting "Buttercup"'s head*) Cute, aren't they? Now I'm gonna play the crook sneaking in on the simulated window.

**Dick:** We'll see how he fares against the Powerpuff Girls Xtreme.

*(The crowd laughs and cheers. On the stage, a window and part of a wall have been set up; Trevor approaches from "outside.")*

**Trevor:** (*laughing, climbing through*) Here I go.

*(Pan away from him a bit to where the facsimiles are standing. They fire a burst at him from their eye lasers; cut back to Trevor, who has now been evenly crisped. The crowd laughs.)*

**Dick:** Okay. While you get cleaned up, let's take a listen to what these people had to say.

*(A couple in front of their house.)*

**Wife:** Oh, well, when we first moved into the big city, we didn't know what to expect. But ever since we got the Powerpuff Girls, I've had no trouble keeping Bill at home. (*She giggles.*)

*(A fat kid in the street.)*

**Fat kid:** (*holding up a more-or-less accurate Blossom*) I lost two hundred pounds with my Powerpuff.

*(The robber in front of the bank; the alarm is still going off.)*

**Robber:** (*holding up bags of cash*) The Powerpuff Girls got me 2.5 million.

*(Back to the stage.)*

**Trevor:** You know, Dick, I'm getting pretty excited about the Powerpuff Girls too.

**Dick:** And you should be, Trevor. Because these Powerpuff Girls are made with Chemical Xtreme!

*(These last two words appear on the screen as he says them; "Chemical" in regular black type, "Xtreme" in ragged red with the X vibrating. From here, cut to the girls at home. They have been watching this infomercial, and two out of three not at all pleased about finding out what Dick has been doing with the Chemical X they gave him.)*

**Blossom:** That...that...Professor Dick! He lied to us!

**Bubbles:** (*puzzled*) Lost two hundred pounds? I don't get it.

*(A rattling noise causes them to start in surprise. Cut to a close-up of the front door keyhole, where the Professor is fitting his key into the lock—the noise we just heard—then back to the*

girls. Blossom feverishly punches buttons on the remote control, and Dick's smiling face gives way to static just before the Professor opens the door.)

**Professor:** Hi, girls.

**Girls:** (*popping heads over top of couch*) Oh, hi, Professor! How was your day? (*Behind them, the TV screen is now dark.*)

**Professor:** So...how was Düsseldorf?

(*The girls stammer and stutter for a moment before Blossom comes up with an answer.*)

**Blossom:** He's good.

**Buttercup:** Yeah, good.

**Professor:** Oh, really?

**Blossom:** In fact, we were just going to meet him right now. (*They zip off; we hear the door slam.*)

**Professor:** Hmm... (*Cut to the girls on the front step.*)

**Blossom:** Let's go see Dick and get this all straightened out.

(*They take off; cut to the factory, smoke pouring from all its chimneys, as they approach it. It is again nighttime.*)

**Blossom:** Nobody lies to the Powerpuff Girls!

(*Cut to a long shot inside, behind Dick at the balcony railing, and zoom in on each of his next three words.*)

**Dick:** Faster! Faster! FASTER! (*A crash from o.c. startles him into turning around.*)

**Girls:** (*from o.c.*) Hey, Dick!

(*Camera shift: now we—and he—see them at an open door, at the far end of the balcony.*)

**Blossom:** You're a liar, Professor Dick!

**Bubbles:** A liar-liar-pants-on-fire, Professor Dick! (*Dick chuckles wickedly.*)

**Dick:** I'm glad you came, girls. (*almost psychotic*) I need more Chemical X!

**Blossom:** We'll never give you any more Chemical X!

**Dick:** (*composed*) Well, that's just fine... (*psychotic*) ...because I was planning to take it!

**Blossom:** Never! In fact, we want the Chemical X we gave you, back! Where is it?

(*Dick's eyes dart to one side; cut to the bottle of Chemical X sitting on a railing. He makes a dash for it, snatching it up an instant before they can take it away. Now he backs into a corner as they close in on him.*)

**Bubbles:** Come on, Dick! (*Close-up of him, sweating and panicky.*)

**Buttercup:** (*from o.c.*) Return it now, Dick! (*His eyes dart from side to side.*)

**Bubbles:** (*from o.c.*) Hand it over! (*Back to the girls.*)

**Blossom:** Don't be selfish!

*(Dick stuffs the bottle into his mouth sideways; its ends bulge under his cheeks.)*

**Dick:** *(muffled, shrugging)* I don't know what you're talking about.

**Blossom:** You still have it! *(He shakes his head.)* It's in your mouth!

*(His jaw and throat muscles start to work, and after a bit of straining, the bottle turns right side up and slides down his gullet.)*

**Dick:** *(speaking normally)* What are you talking about? I don't have anything, see?

*(He opens his mouth and points into it, showing it to be empty, and crosses his arms smugly. The girls regard the whole display of gastronomic gymnastics with some puzzlement.)*

**Buttercup:** Whoa...he swallowed it.

**Bubbles:** *(to Dick)* Are you okay?

**Dick:** What? Of course I'm okay, I've never felt better in my life.

*(His eyes go very wide, and he pitches to the floor, jerking and convulsing. Cut to a long shot of the girls, now very unnerved, as his shadow rises from the floor and throws itself over them. We hear him screaming in agony and see the shadow collapse; the girls gasp, and the camera cuts to him in the middle of another fit. Pink foam bubbles from his mouth, and his hair is askew. After several seconds, the fit subsides, the foam disappears, and his coiffure restores itself.)*

**Dick:** Whooh! *(standing up, hair untidy again)* You know, for a second there, I thought I was gonna turn into a monster or something...

*(As he says this last, his voice starts to sound very strained and his body initiates an alarming transformation. Large growths form on his back, and his arms and legs begin to swell; tentacles sprout from his chest, and the skin of his forearm becomes horny green hide, with his coat sleeve turning a lighter green. His ponytail increases in length and becomes another tentacle, and one shoulder of the coat rips away to expose more of that dark hide. His legs bulge with new muscle, causing the moccasins and pants to fall away in shreds and expose light green skin. Through this sequence, we hear Dick groaning and growling like an animal.)*

*(Overhead view of the girls, watching the metamorphosis in total shock. The camera turns around from them to show Dick's new appearance. He has become very muscular and now stands all the way up to the ceiling; six tentacles are rooted in his chest, a seventh where his ponytail was. His forearms, abdomen, and shoulders are armored with the dark green hide, while the rest of his body has the light green tone. All his clothes are gone, replaced only by black fur at his pelvis. His glasses have been replaced by black shades, and his hair is more or less in its old style.)*

*(Deformed Powerpuff rejects gather at a railing to watch. Many of them have no hair and resemble the girls in only the most basic details. Blossom and Bubbles square off against Dick; he lashes out with a chest tentacle and grabs Blossom. The tentacle starts to glow once it has hold of her.)*

**Blossom:** Bubbles!

*(Bubbles fires her eye lasers, cutting the tentacle and freeing her sister. Now Buttercup moves in and catches Dick in the back of the head, knocking him down o.c.)*

**Buttercup:** Don't mess with the real Powerpuff Gir—

*(She does not get to finish the crack, as the ponytail tentacle snakes up and whips her down. Cut to the other two, who have now landed, as she slams to the floor between them.)*

**Bubbles:** Buttercup!

*(Dick, back on his feet and with the severed appendage regenerated, whips his ponytail tentacle down at the girls. Buttercup spreads her legs to avoid its strike; it crashes through the floor and emerges behind her. Pulling loose, it now targets Blossom but misses and comes up behind her as well.)*

*(Cut to outside the chain-link gate, now closed, as headlights play over it, then to just outside the Professor's car with him in the driver's seat—he has arrived on the scene. In the windshield, we see the reflection of what he sees: the factory, with more explosions emanating from within. His face registers shock, then righteous anger; he floors the gas pedal and charges o.c. We hear a crash, and the "KEEP OUT" sign—battered and crumpled from the impact—clatters to the ground. Now the camera points along the road as he drives toward the factory, the smashed gate hanging open.)*

*(Inside, the girls hit the floor and skid across it, cutting furrows as they go. Dick approaches the spectators at the railing; a lever protrudes from the wall nearby. He now speaks with a deeper, reverberating tone that radiates sheer fury.)*

**Dick:** *(sweeping rejects aside)* Get this junk outta here! *(grabbing lever)* You will give me your Chemical X!

*(He pulls the lever; the girls look up in surprise as a large glass dome slams down, imprisoning them. It is fitted with electrodes and has a large hose attached to its top. The equipment crackles, and greenish mist and white sparks pour from the hose. Close-up of Buttercup; the sparks disappear when they touch her, and the normal color starts to fade from her arm, which turns a sickly pale with greenish spots. The change works its way up toward her shoulder. A large tank starts to fill with the compound Dick is after.)*

*(Cut to the Professor outside the room, opening a door and looking in. Three easily recognizable forms stand at a distance with their backs to him.)*

**Professor:** Girls? *(Head-on view of him, walking in.)* Um...girls?

*(Cut to just next to him, the camera advancing with him; he is reaching into view toward them.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* Blossom? *(Head-on view of him again.)* Blossom?

*(Close-up of her back as he reaches into view to touch her shoulder.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* It's me, Profe—

*(He spins her around to face the camera. The whites of her eyes are a sickly yellow and without irises, the pupil highlights red. Her hairline is ragged, and she sports long buck teeth. The Professor recoils from this apparition, crying out in fear. He looks in another direction and sees an array of monstrosities that are all but unrecognizable as Powerpuff Girls. Gibbering and yelling, he looks away and is greeted by yet another collection of hideous creatures. Averting his eyes once more, he screams loudest when he sees the three genuine articles in Dick's extractor. The electricity crackles over them, now all looking completely washed out and with spots all over their bodies and clothes; the mist is now gone.)*

*(Extreme close-up of the Professor's eyes.)*

**Professor:** Girls? *(Extreme close-up of Dick, then back to him, his eyes wide.)* Dick...?

*(Pull back; the two former college buddies stand across the room from each other. Dick has his hand on the lever.)*

**Dick:** You're too late!

*(The Professor runs up to the dome and crushes himself against it.)*

**Professor:** Girls!

*(Blossom addresses him; she has somehow regained a bit of her strength, as her color has momentarily returned to normal.)*

**Blossom:** *(through glass)* Professor! What— *(She becomes drained again.)*

**Professor:** *(turning away)* Dick! No! Stop! You're destroying them!

**Dick:** Stand aside, Utonium— *(Cut to a group of rejects at a railing; he continues o.c.)* —or be crushed by my wrath! *(The rejects look o.c. toward the scene.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* I can't, Dick. I won't!

*(Back to him, on his knees by the dome. The extractor has stopped; the girls have crumpled to the floor. Now the air inside the dome appears to shimmer as if in a heat wave.)*

*[Animation goof: The dome is seen several times during the following sequence. In some shots, the wavering effect is seen; in others, it is not.]*

**Professor:** *(begging)* Please, Dick. Take me instead. I'll do anything you want.

**Dick:** Am I to understand that you're sacrificing *your* life for theirs—and you'll stay here and make X forever?

*(The Professor thinks this proposition over for a long, anguished moment.)*

**Professor:** *(resignedly)* Yes. Just don't hurt the girls. *(looking in at them)* They're my family.

**Dick:** You fool! Why should I let them go when I have you both? *(to rejects)* Take him away!

*(They jump down and mass against the Professor.)*

**Professor:** Oh, Dick...what have you made?

*(He falls back against the dome. Cut to inside it; he turns to look in and addresses the girls. Behind him, we see a factory floor jammed with quality-control failures.)*

**Professor:** *(through glass)* It's gonna be okay, girls.

*(Outside the dome again. He cries out as the rejects grab him and start passing him overhead toward Dick, as if he were crowd-surfing at a concert.)*

*[Note: One of them, facing away from the camera, sports the hairstyle of Mandark—Dexter's archrival on Dexter's Laboratory.]*

**Professor:** Bubbles! Blossom! *(pulling free, standing up)* Buttercup! Girls! I...I... *(as tears form in his eyes)* ...I love you.

*(The rejects stop their advance on him, uncertainty writing itself on their twisted faces, and all eyes turn toward him and Dick. Cut to inside the dome.)*

**Girls:** *(weakly)* We love you too. *(They pass out.)*

*(Quick pan to the rejects, who now become rather angry and begin to rise into the air, then cut to Dick. As he speaks, the sound of more of them rising can be heard.)*

**Dick:** I said, take him away, you mutants!...Huh?

*(They begin to close in on him, chanting "Dick...Dick...Dick..." under the next several lines. Close-up of the bucktoothed "Blossom" the Professor found, with others surrounding her. From here on, all the rejects we hear sound very zombie-like, some with severe speech impediments.)*

**Bucktoothed "Blossom":** You never gave us love.

*(Long shot of Dick; now many more of the rejects are airborne, facing him and away from us.)*

**Reject:** Where was our love? *(We cannot tell which one is speaking.)*

**Dick:** Get back! I am your master! *(A bucktoothed "Bubbles" is seen among a group.)*

**Bucktoothed “Bubbles”:** Only a master of evil, Dick!

*(They make their final approach; he throws his hands up to protect himself.)*

**Dick:** No!...No!

*(Pull back across the room. The rejects have now swarmed, covering him from the waist down, and only a few still hover. He starts to lose his balance.)*

**Dick:** NOOOOOOOOO!!

*(He tumbles backward, sending up a cloud of black smoke when he hits the floor. Eye-laser shots flash through the air and touch off a sheet of green flame that consumes him and the hordes of rejects. A few survivors throw the lever; cut to the floor as the dome is lifted away. The Professor is about to run to the girls, but a voice stops him.)*

**Survivor reject:** *(from o.c.)* Get out... *(He looks up o.c.; cut to this reject at the lever with the others.)* ...before it's too late.

*(He scoops up the girls and runs o.c. before smoke and fire cover the scene. Dissolve to another wall of flames and pull back; we are now outside the factory, which has been completely engulfed in the green inferno. Pull back down the road. The Professor has the three lifeless forms in his arms and is looking sadly over his shoulder toward the burning wreckage of his former roommate's mad scheme.)*

*(Now he looks down at them and drops sobbing to his knees, hugging them so tightly that his whole body shakes from the effort. The end-shot background dissolves partially into view, then disappears. Normal color starts to return to the girls' feet, working its way toward their heads; the spots give way to it as well. When they have completely regained their color, their eyes pop open.)*

**Girls:** *(ecstatically)* Professor!

**Professor:** Girls! *(hugging them again)* I thought I lost you.

**Bubbles:** What happened to Professor Dick and the other Powerpuff Girls?

**Professor:** Well, old Dick may have gotten the formula right, but the one ingredient he forgot was love. *(carrying them o.c.)* Let's go home, girls.

**Dick:** *(anguished, from inside factory)* NOOOOOOOOO!!

*(The standard end shot comes up.)*

**Narrator:** I guess the love you take *is* equal to the love you make! So once again the day is saved—thanks to the original, bona-fide Powerpuff Girls! Accept no substitutes!