

**NANO OF THE NORTH**  
**Transcribed by Alan Back**

Act One

*(Opening shot: the city skyline under a clear blue sky.)*

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville! And it's another pleasant day. *(A busy intersection.)* The town is buzzing with activity. Traffic flows— *(Tilt up to the buildings.)* —and the buildings are filled with busy people.

*(As he continues, cut to a couple of window washers doing their thing, then another intersection.)*

**Narrator:** Busy people everywhere. *(Under a sewer grating; a worker wrenches on pipes.)* In every nook and cranny— *(A train station, with a train pulling up and the passengers getting off.)* —busy people going about their busy day. *(Other passengers get on.)* Their busy, busy lives.

*(The train pulls out; cut to inside one car, which is jammed full of riders.)*

**Narrator:** Lives packed with wonder and excitement. *(A movie theater.)* The excitement that each new day brings. *(A diner.)* And today is no different.

*(Close-up of a man at a booth inside. He has his head buried in a newspaper and one hand grasping something that is just out of view.)*

**Narrator:** Why, take Mr. Businessman here. Will today be the day that he makes that deal of a lifetime? Could be.

*(Pull back to frame the whole booth. The object the man is holding is a coffee mug, which a waitress is filling. She is reading a show-business publication and not minding her work; the coffee overflows onto the table. A hand is fishing around in the man's pants pocket.)*

**Narrator:** Or how about Ms. Starlet? Will she find her lucky break on this glorious afternoon? We can only hope.

*(Pan right to the man's side of the table and tilt down slightly. The hand belongs to a raggedly-dressed fellow; the jingle of coins comes from inside the pocket.)*

**Narrator:** Will Mr. Down-on-His-Luck finally strike it rich? Who knows?

*(Cut to the sun and pull back to put it above the skyline.)*

**Narrator:** All I know is that each day brings new promise. The promise of a brighter tomorrow. And that, my friend, is what the citizens of Townsville desperately need. Day in, day out—

*(Pan across the city and pass Mojo Jojo's observatory, to the sound of a monster screeching, as he continues.)*

**Narrator:** —these poor folks deal with ever-present archvillains—

*(By this point, the camera has stopped on the water tower, which has a larger version of the King Kong/largemouth bass creature from "Cover Up" climbing it.)*

**Narrator:** —giant monster attacks— *(The tower topples backward, dropping the creature o.c.; we hear it crash down.)* —and the constant, relentless destruction of their beloved, beleaguered home.

*(Upon impact, cut to the monster and tower lying amid the remains of a house. Next we see a man at a street corner, wearing a sandwich board that bears the words "DARK DAYS AHEAD"—your basic end-of-the-world nut.)*

**Narrator:** It's enough to make a man lose faith in that brighter tomorrow. *(Another busy street; a bus showing a smiley-face ad pulls away from the curb.)* But not me. I'm not that faith-losin' man. I believe that brighter tomorrow is today. Right here, right now. I can feel it! Today is gonna be special!

*(During this line, tilt up to the sky and follow a hot-air balloon as it rises from the city. It passes a jet on its way up and finally rises o.c., and, a rainbow dissolves into view. On the next line, pull back to show it stretching over the skyline.)*

**Narrator:** Ain't no dark clouds gonna darken my doorstep. Noooo, not today!

*(The rainbow fades away as a clap of thunder is heard. A large, dark cloud rises from the horizon. Now the Narrator starts to sound increasingly frantic, worried, and terrified with each successive line.)*

**Narrator:** Wait! What's this? Oh, no! *(The cloud's shadow falls across the buildings.)* A dark, sinister shadow falls over Townsville— *(The sun is obscured.)* —blocking out the sun!

*(At ground level, several people look up, stunned, as the shadow covers them.)*

**Narrator:** What doom looms over this peaceful city? What evil lurks in the sky above?

*(Under the sewer grating again. As the cloud passes overhead, the rest of the screen gradually blacks out to leave only the worker's eyes showing. Around him, the points of many other small eyes wink into view; his own start to appear very worried.)*

**Narrator:** What horrible, vile, heartless force descends upon us?

*From here, cut to a street clogged with traffic as the shadow envelops the cars.)*

**Narrator:** What does it want?

*(Inside the diner again. The waitress, customer, and pickpocket all look up, alarmed, as the darkness reaches them. The last has successfully swiped a wad of bills.)*

**Narrator:** Why does it torture us so?

*(Cut to outside, the camera pointing up at the sky; the cloud passes into view here as well. On the next line, cut to the doomsayer at the corner; now his board reads "TOLD YOU SO." The shadow expands to cover him.)*

**Narrator:** What has Townsville done to deserve this relentless barrage of doom and destruction? *(The window washers; it reaches them.)* Have we somehow angered a higher power? Are we to be forever cursed?

*(The passengers on the train; now they huddle fearfully in the dim light.)*

**Narrator:** Are we just a cosmic joke?! *(A darkened sidewalk; people, including the Talking Dog, look up into the sky, and he starts to sob.)* What do you want from us? We can't take it anymore! *(Overhead view of a dark intersection, pulling back slowly.)* Who are you? Why are you? *What are you?!?* *(sobbing harder)* Oh, I'm so scared! Hold me! Hold me, oh, please!

*(Rain begins to pour down on the streets as thunder starts to rumble again. The Narrator suddenly regains his composure and acts very nonchalant.)*

**Narrator:** Wait a minute. It's rain. Eh, it's only rain. *(Street level: people look up and open umbrellas as the storm continues.)* A little rain never hurt anyone. Just a rainy day in Townsville.

*(Long shot of Townsville proper, pulling back to the suburbs. The cloud sits squarely above the city; the rest of the sky is still clear and blue.)*

**Narrator:** Strange that it's raining *only* in Townsville...

*(The camera turns around from this view to stop on the girls' house, the sound of the storm fading away. The Professor's car rolls into view and pulls into the driveway; cut to the living room, where the girls are watching TV, lying on the floor with their backs to us. The program shows a pink pony bounding happily across a meadow, the camera following it. After several seconds of this and a head-on shot of the girls—Buttercup watching with disgust, the others enjoying the show—cut to the front door. It swings open to admit the Professor, his arms loaded with groceries, and he steps in.)*

[*Note:* This character looks remarkably like the Pony Puff toys favored by Dee Dee and her friends on Dexter's Laboratory.]

**Professor:** Howdy, girls! I'm back! *(kicking door shut)* Any crime? *(Head-on view of the girls again; he walks past behind them. They do not turn.)*

**Bubbles:** No, Professor.

**Buttercup:** No crime.

**Blossom:** Need some help?

**Professor:** No, thanks, I got it, girls.

*(Behind them again; the pony jumps a few more times. In the kitchen, the Professor is putting the groceries away; he raises his voice to make himself heard to the girls.)*

*[Note: One of the items he puts up is a box of Mostess fruit pies—the snack plugged in the first issue of the Cartoon Network Starring comic series.]*

**Professor:** It started to rain in town. *(Back to the girls; he is heard from the kitchen.)* Maybe criminals don't like getting wet.

*(Back to the kitchen, the Professor reaching up to put something away in the cupboard. The sound of a falling drop of water draws his attention toward his hand; extreme close-up of his shirt cuff as a drop slides along it.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* Hmm... *(Pull back as he leans down to look at it.)* ...how odd.

*(Close-up of that hand as he lowers it to his side. The shirt and coat sleeves begin to disintegrate, starting at the wrist and working toward the shoulder. Pull back; he regards this with great surprise.)*

**Professor:** Oh, my!

*(Head-on view of the girls again; they are still watching intently and not paying any mind to other matters. Behind them, he runs back and forth screaming, as his clothes continue to fall apart. Now he stands in a circular doorway, the sort that is used in photographic darkrooms to keep outside light from getting in and ruining unexposed film. His garments crumbling from the shoulders down, he frantically punches buttons on an unseen keypad. Just before the decay can get below his waist, the doorway slides shut—it is marked as an entrance to his lab.)*

*(Back to the TV, on which the program is still running exactly as it has, then to the girls.)*

**Bubbles:** This is my favorite show ever.

**Blossom:** Me too.

**Buttercup:** I hate pink!

**Bubbles:** Shh, shh! This is my favorite part!

*(Back to the TV; now the pony is out of view and the camera has stopped. After a few seconds, it slowly peeks around the edge and then jumps back onto the screen, bounding along with the camera following. The girls again.)*

**Bubbles:** Wasn't that funny? *(Blossom laughs; Buttercup groans and buries her face in the rug.)*

*(The program shows a few more jumps, after which the screen fills with static and resolves into the lead-in to a special report. On the next line, cut to the girls; Blossom and Bubbles watch in shock, while Buttercup is now smiling—this is right up her alley.)*

**Announcer:** We interrupt this program to bring you this news flash!

*(On screen, a reporter stands in the city, umbrella in one hand and microphone in the other.)*

**Reporter:** Gabby Baloney here in Townsville.

*(A shot of several buildings, which appear to be dissolving from the top down in the rain.)*

**Reporter (Gabby):** *(from o.c.)* It's raining and buildings are eroding— *(Back to her.)* —and there's no sign as to why.

*(Pan away from her to another patch of street; a panicked crowd runs across the screen as the buildings continue to crumble.)*

**Gabby:** *(from o.c.)* The city's in a panic as the Townsville skyline mysteriously washes away in the rain.

*(On the end of this line, cut back to the girls, who are now watching in shock; we hear Gabby's voice from the TV. Now we see her on screen again with a cameraman, whose equipment begins to melt away.)*

**Gabby:** This is Gabby Baloney, reporting from downtown— *(The screen fills with static; back to the girls.)*

**Girls:** PROFESSOR!! *(The circular lab door, which opens to reveal him in a bathrobe.)*

**Professor:** GIRLS!!

*(Back and forth between the girls and the Professor. They are heading toward each other.)*

**Girls:** PROFESSOR! PROFESSOR!

**Professor:** GIRLS! GIRLS!

**Girls:** PROFESSOR!

**Professor:** GIRLS!

**Girls:** PROFESSOR!

**Professor:** GIRLS! *(An empty patch of hallway; each side slides into view and stops in turn.)*

**Girls:** PROFESSOR!

**Professor:** GIRLS!

*(The girls all talk frantically at once for several seconds, then come out of it by saying...)*

**Girls:** And the city's eroding!

**Professor:** Yes, I know. And I may know why.

*(Snap to black. A yellow circle slides into view and centers itself; a raindrop is seen at the center of it.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* This is a raindrop under normal magnification.

*(The circle slides away, and another replaces it. Now the drop appears larger, with a small insect-like image within it.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* This is at one hundred times magnification.

*(Another slide; now the entire field is blue, and the creature can be clearly seen. It looks rather like a squid, with a transparent outer covering on its body and long, clawed tentacles.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* At a thousand times magnification.

*(Cut to the girls, looking into a microscope in the lab—what we have just seen is their perspective of the specimen.)*

**Blossom:** What is it, Professor?

*(The magnified view again; as he continues, it zooms in once more. Now we can see circuitry and electronic components in the creature's body.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* What you're looking at is a microscopic robot.

*(Quick pan to a blackboard in the lab. Writing on it emphasizes the salient points of his next comments, and he reaches into view with a pointer.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* A nanobot.

*(Pull back; he stands by the board, and the girls sit at desks before it. He is back in his usual outfit.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* “Nano,” which in Latin means “small”—*(Head-on view of the girls; he continues o.c. as Bubbles raises her hand.)*—and “bot,” which—well, is short for “robot.”

*(Quick pan to a bank of computers and tilt down toward their base.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* If my calculations are correct, millions of nanobots are raining down on Townsville. It's just possible that these nanobots are stealing carbon from everything in the city, which would explain why buildings are collapsing. *(Stop on a console in front of the computers.)* We'll know in seconds.

*(The console beeps a few times, and a strip of paper emerges from a slot. The Professor reaches into view and tears it off; cut to him studying it, with the girls hovering nearby.)*

**Professor:** *(ominously)* Oh, no. *(Close-up of the girls.)*

**Blossom:** Is it bad, Professor?

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* Worse. *(Pan to him, the computer lights shining eerily off his face.)*  
They're multiplying.

*(Quick pan to another piece of equipment; he reaches into view to press several buttons and pull a handle. Now a pair of long rubber gloves are seen in a yellow-tinted view; they are attached to a wall. This is the type of setup used to allow workers to handle dangerous substances contained in a protective enclosure without directly exposing themselves. We are presently inside such an enclosure. The gloves stretch out—hands are being put into them from outside—and reach forward to grasp two control levers. Cut to him outside the “glove box,” with his arms protruding into the gloves. He looks in through a long window, and robotic arms are attached to the inside walls.)*

**Professor:** The experiment is simple.

*(As he says this, pan away from him to a floor hatch in the middle of the glove box. It opens and a container is raised into view by a robotic arm.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* This container holds a single nanobot— *(Inside; the Professor and girls are seen, his voice through the window.)* —in a non-carbon environment.

*(Outside again. He tilts his head up, and they do likewise.)*

**Professor:** If you look at the Magno-Monitor—

*(Cut to behind them, the camera tilted up slightly. What they are looking at is a viewscreen, with the squid-like nanobot in view and motionless. Above it is the message “NANO-1”; below, “1000x.”)*

**Professor:** —notice the nanobot does nothing. But when I add carbon...

*(Inside, the top of the container is unscrewed by one arm; we see the Professor manipulating the levers intently. A second arm now moves into position, holding a small dark cube. He presses the button on one lever, and the cube is dropped in and the lid replaced. Back to the viewscreen; now the nanobot moves out of view. A moment later, two of them march across and the top readout changes to “NANO-2.” Next a dense swarm of them makes its way into view, the number increasing rapidly to keep track of the count.)*

*(Back to inside the glove box. Now the cube appears to melt down as did the buildings.)*

**Blossom:** *(from outside)* It's dissolving! *(The group again, outside.)*

**Professor:** My hypothesis is correct. *(The viewscreen again; he continues o.c.)* At the rate these nanobots are multiplying— *(Close-up of him.)* —they will soon destroy civilization as we know it!

*(The sound of the girls taking off and crashing through the ceiling draws his attention; he calls after them.)*

**Professor:** GIRLS! (*Outside on the front step; he throws open the door.*) GIRLS, COME BACK! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

*(Long overhead shot of the house; the girls are flying away, ready for action.)*

**Professor:** (*echoing*) GIRLS!

*(Cut to a group of buildings in the city; one after another crumbles away in the rain. People run along the sidewalks in a panic as cars and trucks disintegrate as well. A man's foot steps in a puddle, his shoe instantly beginning to decay; pull back as his suit does likewise. He runs o.c. just before the nanobots leave him completely naked.)*

*(“Driver's-seat” view of the city, approaching from a distance; after a moment, the girls pull into view and charge ahead. One by one, they land in a street whose buildings have been ravaged.)*

**Bubbles:** I don't see any nanobots!

**Buttercup:** They're in the raindrops, stupid!

**Bubbles:** (*irritated*) I know that.

**Blossom:** (*puzzled*) How do we fight rain?

*(Extreme close-up of a puddle; one foot splashes down into it. Pull back to show Blossom and Bubbles stomping the water.)*

**Bubbles:** (*giggling*) Whee! Whee!

**Blossom:** (*disgustedly*) This is ridiculous! How do we know we're winning? (*looking up to sound of punches being thrown*) What are you doing?

*(Camera shift: she is looking at Buttercup in midair. The latter strikes in all directions during the following exchange.)*

**Buttercup:** Destroying nanobots!

**Blossom:** A drop at a time?

**Buttercup:** I don't see any other way how!

*(She throws a few more punches, after which the camera cuts to just outside the front door of the house. It is closed, but opens to reveal the Professor inside. The weather here is still fine, though the sound of water running off something is heard.)*

**Professor:** Girls!

*(Pull back; they float in front of him, their backs to the camera, dripping wet with their clothes gone. Bubbles and Buttercup each have an arm behind their backs to cover themselves; Blossom's ponytail does the job for her. The Professor holds the door open with one hand.)*

**Professor:** (*clapping other hand to eyes*) Oh, my goodness.

*(Cut to just behind him, on the side of the arm he is using to hold the door. It blocks a direct front view of the girls, but we can see that Blossom and Buttercup each have an arm held in front to cover up. Bubbles' free arm is hidden by the Professor's shoulder.)*

**Blossom:** We failed, Professor.

**Bubbles:** And our clothes melted. *(Head-on view of him.)*

**Professor:** Girls, I've got an idea.

*(Quick pan to a large apparatus in the lab. This consists of four large emitters pointed at a circular platform, with a dome suspended above it.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* The Micro-Stabilizer!

*(Cut to him in the lab; as he speaks, tilt down to the girls next to him. They are dressed again.)*

**Professor:** It's just a prototype, but it should do the job.

**Blossom:** You want to shrink us?

**Professor:** Shrinking you down to a molecular size is the only way to fight these creatures.

**Blossom:** What do you say, girls?

**Bubbles:** Sounds like fun!

**Buttercup:** Whatever it takes to fight bad guys. *(Extreme close-up of a point between them; they reach one hand in apiece, piling them up.)*

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* Then let's do it!

*(Gauges and lights spring to life, liquid bubbles in a huge tank, and the Professor works feverishly at a control panel. He now wears protective goggles, and the girls each pull a pair of their own over their eyes. Yellowish light from the apparatus plays over all four of them. Pull back from the girls; they are standing on the platform.)*

**Girls:** Ready, Professor!

*(He pushes a handle forward, and the machinery kicks into a higher gear. The emitters start to charge up as the dome lowers over the girls. Once it is in place, clamps flip up one at a time to secure it. The sequence is seen several times, ending with a shot from just inside one opening; the clamp's closing blacks out the screen entirely. From here, snap to the Professor, who reaches across the panel and presses one final button. The emitters continue to charge for several more seconds, ending with a flash of white light and a popping sound, not unlike that of a flashbulb going off. Now the equipment falls silent.)*

*(The clamps release—first seen all at once from a distance, then one by one in close-up, then again all at once. Close-up of the dome as it is lifted away. A cloud of yellow-green smoke pours out and evaporates to reveal the girls.)*

**Blossom:** To Townsville, girls! Let's kick some nano-butt!

*(They take off, shedding their goggles. Cut to them in flight—the yellowish light is now gone from the scene—then pull back to show them flying across the lab at the level of the Professor’s ankle. It takes them several seconds to go from the toe of his shoe to its heel—they are hundreds of times smaller than normal.)*

*(Pull back to frame the whole of the Professor. He is watching them go.)*

**Professor:** *(enthusiastically, but losing steam)* Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go... *(checking his watch)* ...oh, this isn’t going to work. *(toward the floor)* GIRLS, STOP!

*(Close-up of them. Shock waves wash across the view, throwing them down o.c. He keeps his voice up until further notice.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c., low, booming)* Stop! *(Cut to them on the floor, Bubbles’ pigtails shocked straight up and hands to her ears.)*

**Blossom:** What was that?

**Bubbles:** MY EARS ARE RINGING!

*(Pull back somewhat; they are on the floor in front of one foot.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c., low, booming)* Girls, listen! *(The girls again; more shock waves, and they all cover their ears.)* You’re too—

**Blossom:** PROFESSOR, YOU’RE TOO LOUD! *(Pull back to his level.)*

**Bubbles:** *(tiny, squeaky voice)* Too loud!

**Professor:** WHAT? *(The girls’ level; more shock waves as he continues o.c., booming)* What?

**Blossom:** TOO LOUD! *(The Professor’s level.)*

**Professor:** I CAN’T HEAR YOU!

*(On the end of this, back to the girls’ level, putting him o.c.; his voice booms out as they scream in pain. Back to him, hand cupped to ear.)*

**Professor:** WHAT WAS THAT?

*(The girls scream, their voices sounding very squeaky at this length scale. The Professor continues in a whisper throughout the following.)*

**Professor:** Oh, golly! The sound waves of my voice must be booming to their tiny ears! *(The girls’ level.)*

**Blossom:** PROFESSOR! CAN YOU HEAR ME? *(His level.)*

**Professor:** Yes, Blossom, I can. Listen. *(The level of his foot; he continues o.c.)* You’re too tiny to fly to Townsville. *(Tilt up to his head as he continues.)* I’ll have to take you there myself, but I’ll need to design a safe way to transport you. *(Their level.)*

**Blossom:** OKAY! BUT YOU’VE GOT TO HURRY, PROFESSOR!

*(Quick pan to a jar with several holes punched in its lid. Everyone returns to normal volume.)*

**Professor:** *(from o.c.)* Here it is. My perfectly designed transport carrier solution!

*(Pull back. It sits before him on a counter, with the girls nearby, and he picks it up.)*

**Professor:** It's got vents to allow oxygen to circulate— *(removing lid)* —and a cyclical locking mechanism to keep you securely inside during travel. And a three-hundred-sixty-degree glass shield offering protection and visibility. *(The girls' scale.)*

**Buttercup:** Professor, isn't that just a jar with holes in the lid? *(His scale.)*

**Professor:** Well, I suppose it may look similar.

*(Quick pan to the front seat of the car. The Professor opens the passenger-side door and sets the jar, which now contains the girls, on the cushions. Next he fastens the seat belt across it; close-up of the jar as we hear the driver's-side door open.)*

**Blossom:** *(through glass)* Hurry, Professor! *(Side view; he is now belted in.)*

**Professor:** Hang on, girls.

*(Cut to the driveway, the camera pointing at the closed garage door. It rolls up, and he starts the car and roars off. License plate: "PWRPROF." In the city, pandemonium still reigns and buildings continue to disintegrate in the storm. Back to the front seat, panning from the Professor to the girls on the next line.)*

**Professor:** We're almost there, girls.

*(They brace for a scrap, pressing up against the glass; cut to outside as the car speeds away through the streets of Townsville. The rain starts to come down harder, and the windows and bodywork erode as the vehicle roars o.c. Quick pan to another group of crumbling structures, tilting down from upper stories to ground level. Vehicles at the curb are disassembled one by one now.)*

*(Back to the street; the front seat of the car slides into view. It and the steering wheel in his hands are the only parts of the vehicle to survive the trip. After he skids to a stop, these collapse into a puddle as well.)*

**Professor:** Oh, my gosh! *(picking up jar)* Hang on, girls! *(He runs o.c.)*

*(Townsville Hall quickly crumbles away; back to the Professor, running like a footballer on his way to the end zone.)*

**Professor:** Hold on, girls! I have to find a safe spot to set you—

*(He catches his foot on the edge of a pothole and pitches forward, the jar squirting out of his grasp. It and he fall in slow motion.)*

**Professor:** NOOOOOOOOOO!!

*(The jar shatters on the ground, and the girls tumble across the pavement. Close-up of Blossom as she rolls to a stop. She looks a bit dazed for the experience, but her eyes quickly pop open.)*

**Blossom:** Oh, boy.

*(Pull back; all three stand, ready for a bust-up. Cut to behind them—now we see that they are facing an army of nanobots. Behind the adversaries, individual atoms and molecules can be seen, emphasizing how small the girls have become. These details will be visible in later small-scale shots as well.)*

*(The girls' eyes dart to one side, where several of the enemies advance a step or two. Looking the other way, they see another group start to close in. As the girls watch, the nanobots move even closer, completely surrounding them. An overhead shot illustrates just how badly outnumbered the three are. Snap to black.)*

## Act Two

*(Opening shot: close-up of the Professor, looking intently down at the camera and his eyes turning back and forth worriedly. Finally he stands up and the camera pulls back; he has been inspecting the broken jar.)*

**Professor:** WHAT'S GOING ON?!? Girls!

*(The girls' scale; they charge at the hordes of nanobots and plow neatly through a group.)*

**Buttercup:** A bunch down, a million to go! *(The opposition regroup.)*

**Blossom:** Take as many out as you can, girls!

*(They and several nanobots start on a collision course—no contest, naturally. Now another squad moves in and is promptly dispatched. Buttercup gets one by the tentacles and swings it to hit others; Bubbles knocks one o.c. with a flying tackle, and the camera pans in that direction to show her work. The attacker lies helpless on the ground, its tentacles tangled in a huge knot. She giggles for a moment before kicking it away to knock down several of its buddies. In the midst of another group, Blossom has one over her head. She spins in place, using it like a high-speed flail to strike the others, then stops and throws it at the camera.)*

*(Cut to the view through an eyepiece, similar to the earlier microscope sequence. This time, the circular aperture has a white border, with two tick marks diametrically opposite each other, and a readout: "10000x." The border rotates back and forth as the view pans across the pavement; finally, Blossom flies in and it follows her as she takes out several more nanobots.)*

*(Cut to the Professor, who is now wearing a large white helmet that covers the top half of his face. It has an eyepiece, which he is adjusting—the source of the border rotation. The previous view was his perspective, greatly magnified.)*

**Professor:** With my Magni-Vision Helmet— (*His perspective, tracking each girl as she attacks.*) —I’ll be able to keep an eye on the girls!

*(Head-on view of him, looking straight down at the pavement. A commotion from o.c. causes him to look up, startled.)*

**Professor:** Uh-oh.

*(Pull back down the street. A crowd is stampeding straight toward him. Back to him; he stands up.)*

**Professor:** Oh, no!

*(His perspective. As he speaks, the view switches from “NORMAL”—the crowd—to “10000x”—the girls taking on the nanobots.)*

**Professor:** That panicked mob will trample the girls! (*Back to him.*) Have to act fast, but—of course!

*(Head-on view of the crowd. Just before they get to the camera, he reaches into view with a pair of hand-held guide lights, of the sort used by airport workers to guide planes on the runway. The crowd stops short, and the camera tilts around to show the Professor.)*

**Professor:** Go that way to safety! That way! (*They follow his signals.*) Nothing to see here! Head that way! Nothing happening here! Move along!

*(On the end of this, tilt down to the girls’ level. They are at his feet and quickly being surrounded again. Buttercup makes short work of one charging group.)*

**Buttercup:** They just keep coming!

*(She jumps up and lands amid another platoon, knocking them all away. Cut to Blossom in midair.)*

**Blossom:** So we’ll just keep fighting!

*(Several tentacles reach up and grab her, hauling her down o.c.; tilt down to this group of nanobots. Blossom is not visible under them, but she quickly breaks loose. Bubbles moves in for a flying kick and smashes clean through the body of an enemy. Close-up of the end of one tentacle as a girl seizes it and rips it loose; this sequence repeats itself on the other side. Pull back to show the pieces in Blossom’s hands. She leaps screaming at the nanobots and whips several away.)*

*(Close-up of two tentacles in turn as they reach in with claws extended, then cut to Bubbles, struggling to pull one of them taut as the other snakes into view toward her. She grabs it as well and strains against both for a moment, then hoists both straight over her head. Pull back; she has two nanobots in hand and starts to slam them up and down, bashing them alternately into the pavement and each other.)*

*(Yet another squad goes on the attack as the girls regroup once more.)*

**Blossom:** Let's pick up the pace, girls! Triple attack! *(leaping back)* Hee-yah!

**Bubbles:** *(leaping back next to her)* Hee-yah!

**Buttercup:** *(leaping back to complete line)* Hee-yah!

**Girls:** Go!

*(They close in and reduce another group of nanobots to scrap metal. Back to the Professor, who is still directing the crowd away from the battle zone with his back to the camera.)*

**Professor:** Keep moving, keep moving, that's right.

*(On the end of this, he turns around and looks down.)*

**Professor:** Girls? *(His magnified perspective; wrecked nanobots everywhere.)* Oh, no. Girls!

*(Pan to the girls on another charge, then cut back to him.)*

**Professor:** Oh, they're on the move. Girls, wait!

*(He runs o.c.; cut to the girls' level as they knock out another wave of attackers, then tilt up to him. He rushes along, waving his beacons.)*

**Professor:** Right behind you, girls!

*(Back to their level; they take out yet more of the opposition. Now the Professor is seen stepping carefully down the street and waving the crowd away.)*

**Professor:** Gangway, gangway!

*(The girls' level. More nanobots charge and are promptly KO'd. The Professor's level: follow him as he crosses the street. Several emergency vehicles screech to a halt to avoid hitting him.)*

*(The girls' level: a charging nanobot gets a fist in its face. Pull back to show Buttercup as the owner of said fist, which she pulls loose with a handful of electronic innards. She knocks the rest of the opponent flying; follow it as it sails down the street. It stops when Blossom slams it down and starts to pound on it. Behind her, Bubbles is stomping another one.)*

*(Pull back out of the city to show the storm cloud, with rain still pouring down over all the buildings. The shower—but not the cloud—suddenly focuses itself on one very small region. Back to Blossom and Buttercup, who are still beating up the two nanobots, as Buttercup joins them. Bubbles has switched to twisting a tentacle.)*

**Buttercup:** Look! *(The full-city view again.)*

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* That cloud is concentrating the rain on us!

*(Back to the girls on the end of this line. She lands a final punch on the nanobot she has pinned.)*

**Blossom:** Let's finish this!

*(She and Buttercup take off; Bubbles tears the tentacle loose, throws it aside, and follows them. Cut to the location of the shower: the raindrops are falling almost exclusively on a single point. Extreme close-up of a few falling drops with nanobots inside and tilt down to follow them. The girls pound them before they can hit the ground. Back to the Professor, who is now dragging up a striped sawhorse-type barricade with a hazard flasher attached. Another is already in place.)*

**Professor:** *(setting it down)* This barricade will keep the crowd from trampling the girls...oh, my gosh!

*(Overhead view of the site: barricades have been placed to form a ring. The rain falls within it.)*

**Professor:** A single trickle of rain? The girls are winning!

*(The girls' level; several raindrops are struck on the next two lines.)*

**Buttercup:** This is too easy! I'm getting bored now!

**Blossom:** I think we got them beat!

*(Pull back out of the city. The rain has stopped, but the cloud starts to emit a series of waves that focus on a small area below. Back to the girls.)*

**Buttercup:** What's that?

*(The waves wash over three nanobots, which rise o.c. after a moment. Tentacles and bodies start to link to one another to form a dense network. Cut to a huge aggregation of nanobots forming themselves into an arm-like structure, and pull back. This sequence is repeated twice more, the structure taking on more layers and detail each time. On the last repetition, the arm is seen with a set of claws like those on the tentacles. Back to the girls.)*

**Blossom:** *(puzzled)* They're...making something!

*(Cut to behind them. Now we see the arm and the lower parts of two legs, with more nanobots swarming in to make this thing grow—it already stands several times taller than the girls.)*

**Bubbles:** It's getting bigger!

*(Back to the assembly, tilting up from the waist. Now the legs and chest have been created. There is no head, but nanobots rush into the neck opening and the rough form of one begins to emerge. In a flash of light, it takes final shape—looking just like the bodies of the individual nanobots. The creation raises its arms and works its claws, and the camera pulls back to ground level to show the degree to which it towers over the girls.)*

**Blossom:** Figures.

**Buttercup:** This ain't fair! (*Bubbles gulps.*)

*(The "giant" robot aims a punch at them; they scramble to avoid the hit. It stands up as Bubbles joins Buttercup in midair.)*

**Bubbles:** I wish I were bigger now! (*Blossom joins them.*)

**Blossom:** Come on, girls. We're tackled bigger robots than this. We'll just hit it with everything we got!

**Buttercup:** Yeah, no mercy!

**Blossom:** Watch it!

*(They scramble again, just missing another punch. Back to the Professor, still within the ring of barricades as the crowd runs past outside.)*

**Professor:** Keep back! Keep back! This barricade is for your protection! Stay—whoa!

*(He has looked down at the pavement in the ring. Cut to his magnified perspective; he sees the girls dodging strikes, then the robot itself. Cut to the robot's level, with them flying all around and the Professor in the background, then to his level.)*

**Professor:** The nanobots have merged to become a six-inch-tall monobot!

*(On the end of this, pull back far enough from him to put both in perspective—this new, single monobot is indeed rather small. Back to the girls' level as it tries to grab them, but without success. One at a time, they strafe it with their eye lasers, after which Bubbles and Buttercup move in for another pass and Blossom falls in with them. Cut to each as she attacks: Bubbles with her ultrasonic scream, Buttercup with her hand lasers—their first active deployment since "Octi Evil"—and Blossom with her ice breath. Now the monobot is seen taking each attack. The first two stun it, setting it up for the third. The screen fills with clouds of frost as Blossom charges; after she finishes, cut to the girls in midair.)*

**Blossom:** Good job, girls, that did it! (*Pull back to show the monobot, completely frosted over.*) He's just a big monosicle now.

*(The covering of ice starts to crack away from one of its arms, then the rest of its body, as the girls watch. Now it starts to move its limbs and break loose, sending shards of ice at them; cut to them as they throw up their arms to protect themselves until the barrage ends.)*

**Blossom:** (*pointing*) Look out!

*(Pull back. The monobot has now completely freed itself, and it knocks them to the ground with one mighty swing of its arm. They slam down next to the Professor's shoe; back to him, looking down at them.)*

**Professor:** Girls!

*(His magnified perspective: he sees them knocked out in tiny craters. Cut back to the monobot, which slowly lifts one foot, then to the girls' level as the shadow of the foot falls over them—it is about to flatten them once and for all. The robot again, then the Professor.)*

**Professor:** NOOOOOOOOOO!! *(He runs o.c.)*

*(Back to the monobot, foot still raised, then pull back to show the Professor standing over it. He lifts his own foot and stomps the thing flat. This is shown three times from various angles, after which we see the Professor from ground level again. He grinds his heel into the pavement, giving a martial-arts cry as he does so.)*

*(Pull back out of the city, which now looks very much the worse for wear. The cloud dissipates, leaving the sky clear and blue again. On the street, people cheer with no thought for their tattered clothes. Back to the girls' level as they climb groaning out of the craters; the following exchange stays at that length scale, cutting back and forth between them and him.)*

**Blossom:** Professor?

**Professor:** Girls! *(bending down)* Oh, thank goodness you're all right.

**Blossom:** Of course we are

**Buttercup:** We *are* superheroes.

**Bubbles:** But where's the monobot?

**Professor:** Well, um...it—it was about to...you know, crush you, so I...well, I, um...stomped...on the nasty little thing. *(Bubbles giggles.)*

**Buttercup:** Way to go, Professor!

**Professor:** Well, thank you, Buttercup.

*(Cut to the sun and pull back as the Narrator speaks. Under it, the city lies in ruins.)*

**Narrator:** Ah, yes. With the evil clouds gone, everything is as right as rain, and the sun can once again shine on the beau—well, *once*-beautiful city of Townsville.

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

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

*(The girls appear in their standard pose, but at their reduced size.)*

**Narrator:** *(tiny, squeaky voice)* —those little bitty, teeny-weeny mighty mites—the Powerpuff Girls!

*(“THE END” appears very small as well.)*