

STRAY BULLET

Transcribed by Alan Back

Act One

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville's... *(The forest, at treetop level.)* ...forest!

(As he continues, tilt down to the ground, where a family is having a camping trip.)

Narrator: A place where the people of Townsville come with their families for some leisure time. *(Pan through the forest; other families are enjoying the day.)* To become one with nature in the warm spring air.

(The last group seen consists of the Professor, Blossom, and Buttercup on a picnic; the camera continues past them to a group of resting butterflies. They flutter up when Bubbles drops into view among them, and then clear out as the camera tilts up to a tree branch. A mother bird sits in its nest and sleeps.)

Narrator: And since it is spring— *(A crackling makes its eyes pop open.)* —it looks like the animals of Townsville have their own families to tend to.

(On the end of this line, the bird jumps out of the nest, exposing three hatching eggs. A chick pops out of each, and the three start chirping.)

Narrator: Awww... *(A raccoon and its two young, washing food at a riverbank.)* Awww... *(A pair of rabbits, with a few babies and many more popping up behind them.)* Awww...

(A rather surly-looking pair of moose are seen next. The Narrator makes a strangled noise of shock and disgust, then resumes as an offspring pokes its head out from behind them.)

Narrator: Awww...

(On another tree branch, a squirrel carries an armload of nuts. Three young poke their heads out of the nearby leaves and are given one each on the next line. All four squirrels have very large brown eyes that resemble those of the girls.)

Narrator: Yes, all kinds of little animal families going about their little animal lives.

(The first two offspring start to eat as the parent scampers away; the third, however, bobbles its nut and drops it. Climbing down the tree trunk, the animal runs through the underbrush and finds its meal in a small clearing. As it is about to chow down, though, a bird's shadow sweeps across it and a cry is heard from above. The squirrel looks up; cut to an upward shot from the ground to show a large black shape circling above the treetops. Back to the animal, which drops

the nut and ducks beneath some nearby ground cover. No sign of the predator now—after a moment, it peeks out. Pull back as the foliage is yanked away by a set of talons, exposing the squirrel fully. The shelter was a fallen bough; with this gone, it dashes away.)

(Cut to a close-up of the squirrel, going like sixty, and pull back as the bird descends on it. It makes a grab that misses but sends the animal tumbling across the grass. When it stops, it looks at the camera in frustration and doubles back. The predator—a hawk—rises into the sky, silhouetting itself in front of the sun, and then goes into a fast dive. Another grab at the squirrel is a near miss; the prey doubles back again and scuttles up a tree.)

(It peeks out from behind the trunk—nothing on that side. Looking in another direction, it sees nothing but clear sky there as well. Now it settles onto a branch and holds a look of nervous relief on its face for a moment. The hawk’s cry startles it out of its rest; pan quickly to a long shot of it on the end of another branch. Zoom in twice to a close-up, after which it spreads its wings and leaps. The squirrel makes a break for it, running along branches and just avoiding the hawk’s swoops. When it reaches the end of one last branch, it launches itself into the air as if from a diving board and sails toward another limb. Cut to its perspective, on the way down from the top of its arc—but the hawk’s talons snap into view.)

(We next see an empty patch of forest and hear the squirrel cry out in panic; quick pan to the girls at their picnic. Bubbles is eating a sandwich, but looks up from it with her eyes wide.)

Blossom: Um, Bubbles, you okay? *(Bubbles takes off without a word; her sisters look at each other and follow.)*

(Cut to the hawk in flight over the forest. The squirrel is visible as little more than a frazzled ball of brown fur firmly held in its talons. Between flaps of the bird’s wings, though, the little animal raises its head and looks woozily at the camera, then up at its captor. Another flap; now its teeth are bared and aimed at the feet. One more flap—and in close-up, the hawk’s eyes go wide with surprise and it cries out in pain as we hear the bite. The squirrel tumbles free of its grasp and hurtles toward the forest floor, with the hawk diving after it and slowly catching up. The beak is wide open to snap up the escapee, but just before it makes contact, Bubbles flashes across the screen, sending the hawk careening down into the bushes.)

(In midair, Bubbles rises into view, carrying the again-unconscious squirrel—which is much smaller than she is— and glaring down at where its attacker has crash-landed. Said attacker emerges from the bushes and flees the scene; Bubbles glares after it a moment, then drops to the ground. Her fierce expression gives way to sadness as she holds the squirrel close. Pull back from her to show the other girls watching in the background.)

Blossom: Bubbles! What happened? *(Close-up of the ground as Bubbles sets the animal down.)*

Blossom, Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Oh, no!

(The squirrel opens its eyes and looks up weakly. Cut to its perspective: the girls staring down at it with obvious concern. The view goes out of focus as the screen blacks out to simulate the closing of its eyelids. After a few seconds, the camera’s “eye” opens again and refocuses—still

the squirrel's perspective. Now the girls are looking down at it from around a rectangular opening, perhaps that at the top of a box.)

Buttercup: What are we gonna name it when it gets better?

(Cut to the girls. They are in fact standing around a box on the floor of their bedroom, and are in their nightgowns.)

Blossom: She's so beautiful, we should call her Lady Josephine.

Bubbles: No, no! Miss Fluffy, Miss Fluffy!

Buttercup: I think we should call *him* Bruce.

Blossom, Bubbles: Bruce?!

Buttercup: *(jumping onto bed)* Yes, Bruce. *(The others rise to face her, one at a time.)*

Bubbles: You can't call her Bruce!

Blossom: That's a boy's name!

Buttercup: Well, how do *you* know it's a girl?

Blossom: How do *you* know it's a boy?

(Pan away from them to the door as they begin to argue the point. It is open, and the Professor peeks in; cut to the squirrel's perspective briefly as he looks down into the box. He grimaces at what he sees, then turns his attention to the argument. Back to the girls, who are now by the windows.)

Bubbles: Squirrels *eat* nuts, stupid!

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Girls? *(They turn toward his voice.)* I don't think we should be thinking about names right now.

(Cut to him, now sitting on the bed.)

Professor: Why don't you come over here for a minute?

(They land on the bed—Bubbles on his knee, Blossom by his side, Buttercup a small distance away from both of them.)

Professor: *(gathering Buttercup in)* Come here. Now I don't know if our little buddy's gonna make it. It's very, very sick.

Bubbles: *(looking up, pleading)* You can fix her, can't you, Professor?

Professor: Well, honey, I can try, but— *(Pull back to frame the box.)* —squirrels aren't like bikes and toasters and giant robots. *(Back to the group.)* Sometimes you just can't fix them.

(The girls cast their eyes downward at this last, and. Bubbles jumps down off the bed. Cut to the box as she floats to it and looks in. Her eyes broadcast her worry and fear strongly enough to be picked up five miles away.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* All you can do is give it—

Bubbles: Her.

Professor: *(from o.c., sighing a bit)* —give her—

(Overhead view of the box, zooming in. The squirrel shivers as it lies on a bed of shredded newspaper.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* —food and water and a warm bed and lots and lots of love. *(Back to Bubbles.)* Then we just hope for the best.

Bubbles: *(looking toward him)* But, Professor, I don't want to have saved her just to lose her.

(She starts crying as he reaches into view to pick her up. Pull back; he holds her for a moment until she calms down. Back to the bed, where the other two are tucked in. He carries Bubbles up and puts her under the covers as he speaks.)

Professor: Come on now. Our little friend's fast asleep, and you should be too. *(drying her tears)* We'll see how she's doing in the morning.

(He walks o.c.; cut to him at the door, reaching for the light switch.)

Professor: Good night, girls.

(The exterior of the house, under a starless night sky. The lights in the bedroom windows go out, and we hear the door close. Fade to black.)

(Fade in to Buttercup, sleeping like a log, and pan across her to a similarly disposed Blossom. Continue panning to Bubbles, who is wide awake and still looking very worried and scared. She sits up in bed and looks down at the box. Overhead view of the squirrel, zooming in slowly; it is also sound asleep, but after a moment it coughs feebly. Back to Bubbles, who quickly pulls her head away as if dodging a sudden gunshot. She peeks over again and now looks as if she might burst into tears at any second, then pulls herself back onto the bed and claps her hands to her face to hide her pain. As the camera zooms in slowly on her, she takes her hands away and opens her eyes—something is going on under those blond pigtails. A moment later, she zips across the room and out the door.)

(She makes her way along the hall, down the stairs, through the living room, and into the lab; the door slams behind her. Zoom in slowly on this to the sound of equipment being shuffled and moved. After a few seconds, cut back to the box; smiling, she slides up to it.)

Bubbles: *(softly)* Don't you worry anymore. *(holding up a medicine dropper, reaching into box)* You're gonna be all better.

(A few drops are heard falling, after which the camera cuts back to the bed. She jumps up to it.)

Bubbles: Good night.

(She tucks herself in and goes to sleep. Pan across the room and tilt down to the box—which now has the dropper and a bottle of Chemical X sitting next to it. Fade to black.)

(Snap to the exterior of the house the next morning and cut to the sleeping girls.)

Professor: *(from o.c., whispering)* Girls! Girls! Wake up!

(Their eyes pop open; pull back to frame him next to the bed as they sit up.)

Girls: How's the squirrel?

Professor: Shh. She's asleep right now. *(They jump down to the box and look in; the bottle and dropper are gone.)* We'll know how she is when she wakes up.

(The squirrel now sleeps under a piece of an old blanket. After a few seconds, the hotline's buzzer draws the girls' attention and Blossom zips across the room to answer the call.)

Blossom: Hello?

(The Mayor is on the other end, sitting at the desk in his office. The eye behind the monocle and his tone of voice indicate that he has been hypnotized. Red light from o.c. flashes across his face.)

Mayor: Powerpuff Girls, I need your help. Come quickly.

Blossom: *(away from hotline)* Um, the Mayor needs help.

(Long silence, during which all three girls look back at the Professor—Blossom from the hotline, Bubbles and Buttercup from the box. He breaks it, at his normal speaking volume.)

Professor: Well, what are you waiting for?

(He imitates the sound of their takeoff to make his point, but they continue to look at him.)

Professor: Oh, don't worry. *(His perspective of them.)* I'll keep an eye on her.

(Blossom and Buttercup zip toward the door, their nightgowns fluttering to the floor behind them—changing clothes—then make their exit out the windows. The hotline's receiver lands neatly back in its cradle when Blossom lets go of it. Bubbles stays put, peering into the box; close-up as the Professor kneels down beside her.)

Professor: Go on, sweetie. I think I can handle this on my own.

(The exterior of the house, with Bubbles taking off through one of the windows, then the hypnotized Mayor at his desk, seen in a side view. The office window is set in the far wall. The light continues to flash from o.c.; pan right slightly to show a large red signal light in front of him. It looks very much like the portable "flasher bubbles" sometimes used on the dashboards of police cars and is the source of the blinking. The girls approach the window; cut to it as they crash in.)

Blossom: Unhand the Mayor, you... *(bewildered, as they look around)* ...you...

(Their perspective, starting at the Mayor's desk. Pan slowly from here to the closed office doors, then back again during the next line. The room is bereft of any recognizable adversaries.)

Bubbles: *(very puzzled)* There's...nobody...here. *(Cut to the desk as Blossom flies over.)*

Blossom: Mayor, why did you... *(Close-up of him; she continues o.c.)* Hello? *(waving hand in his face)* Hello?

(Pull back; Buttercup has joined her at the desk, and Bubbles flies over and picks up the flasher.)

Bubbles: What's this thing?

Buttercup: *(taking it away)* I know. *(throwing it o.c.)* It's broken!

(Cut to it as it shatters on the floor, then back to the desk.)

[Animation goof: In this shot, the girls' dresses are black, with the belts in their respective colors. This will fix itself when Blossom is seen next.]

Buttercup: Well, that was pretty pathetic. *(Cut to the broken base of the light as it is picked up; she continues o.c.)* Who do you think left it here?

(On the end of this, tilt up to show the base in Blossom's hands. After a moment's inspection, she turns its bottom surface toward us and the camera zooms in on it as she speaks. There is a label: a picture of Mojo Jojo's braincap and eyes, with the words "MOJO JOJO CO." underneath.)

Blossom: *(disgustedly)* Who do you think?

(Long shot of the observatory, the girls flying toward it, then cut to inside as they crash through the ceiling. They land near the camera, their feet out of view but the floor behind them visible.)

Blossom: All right, Mojo, what are you up to now?

(Cut to just behind their heads. In the wall opposite from them is a high window, with a bank of controls and a chair on the other side. The chair is turned away from the camera. His voice comes over an intercom through the following exchange.)

Mojo: *(from "o.c.")* Ahh, Powerpuff Girls, finally you have arrived. *(Close-up of the window; the chair swivels to show him in it.)* I am pleased. It is obvious to me that my cybernetic techno-beacon is functioning properly and controlling your adolescent minds, thus brainwashing you into coming to my place of residence. *(Back to the girls, feet still not completely in frame.)*

Buttercup: Brainwashed?

Bubbles: Puh-lease! *(Back to Mojo.)*

Mojo: *(angrily, stammering a bit)* Then why are you here?!

(The girls again; this time we can see their feet, and Buttercup shakes her head wearily.)

Blossom: You had your logo all over it, you egomaniac! *(Pause.)*

Mojo: Well...that works too.

Buttercup: Mojo, you dork! Haven't you learned that your fancy inventions'll never stop us?

Mojo: As a matter of fact, I have. That's why I put flypaper on the floor!

(Back to the girls; now they are standing on a broad patch of brown—where it came from is a complete mystery, since the floor was clear when they arrived, and we have already seen their feet free to move. Surprised, they look down at said feet; Blossom tries to pull one of hers loose, but it is stuck fast. Mojo looks down at them and smiles, and the camera cuts to inside his control room. He pushes away from the panel, the chair rolling across the floor and carrying him to an elevator. Close-up of the call buttons as he reaches into view to push the “down” one.)

(The girls, now all trying to yank their feet off the flypaper. Mojo, waiting at the elevator door and whistling a bit. The girls. Mojo, now inside the car that has just arrived; the doors close on him. The girls, whose attention is drawn by the o.c. sound of the approaching car. Pan away from them to show the elevator doors at the far wall. These slide open, and he steps slowly and calmly out toward the camera, smiling all the while.)

(When his face fills the screen, the view snaps to purple and resolves into his cape, retreating from the camera—now he is walking away from us. He reaches the far wall, stopping at a door. Now he opens this, steps through, and closes it behind him; pan to the girls, who look after him with no small befuddlement.)

(The closed door, zooming in slowly. Footsteps can be heard behind it, and after a moment it opens again and he stands quietly in the doorway, hands behind his back. Follow him as he crosses the lair to stop in front of the girls, then cut to a patch of clear floor. He reaches into view and sets down a chainsaw; tilt up from this to the girls, who now begin to struggle more frantically against the flypaper's grip.)

(In the other room, Mojo carries a chair to a set of shelves, sets it down, and climbs onto it to get at the uppermost items. A box sits partially out of view on the top shelf; he pulls this down, and now it can be seen with the label “EXPLOSIVES.” It is open and filled with several nasty items, which are revealed as bombs and grenades in a close-up as he sets it down.)

(Buttercup's arms are now caught, and she is trying to free one of them. Pan to Blossom, who has one arm and the end of her ponytail trapped, then to Bubbles. One of her pigtails has gotten entangled.)

Bubbles: Ew-ew-ew! My hair, my hair!

(Snap to black, with a crack of light appearing down the middle and widening to show a collection of various nasty items. Mojo looks in at this lot—we are in a supply closet—and selects a mace and chain. Cut to the outer room as he walks nonchalantly across the floor, twirling the weapon as he goes, then to Buttercup, Blossom, and Bubbles in turn. Each continues to pull against the glue; Bubbles manages to yank her pigtail loose, but when she does so, her head snaps across and her other one gets stuck.)

(Mojo is seen at a desk, rummaging in a drawer a bit before coming up with a large sword. Extreme close-ups of arms and legs straining against the adhesive. Now Mojo goes to a dartboard that has several darts in it, collects these, and walks away. The girls, seen one by one as they continue to struggle. Mojo, walking across the outer room with a battle axe in hand. He gets o.c. with it and is heard setting it down before walking back across the screen. Now he returns with a bow and a quiver of arrows and carries them o.c. as well, setting them down and going back once more. This time, he pushes a cannon across to his stash of weapons.)

(Extreme close-up of Bubbles, her head still stuck down. Mojo, carrying an armload of lit bombs across the outer room toward the camera. Extreme close-up of Buttercup, whose chin is now glued to the floor. Mojo, carrying a 55-gallon drum marked "ACID."; liquid splashes out of it as he goes. Extreme close-up of Blossom's sweating face. Mojo, with a snarling tiger over his shoulder.)

(The girls: Bubbles with the side of her head glued down, Blossom stuck on her back, Buttercup doubled over with her head tilted up to look straight ahead. The eyes of all three pop open in surprise and turn to look o.c.; cut to a close-up of the point of some weapon as it is carried across the outer room. Pull back to show it as a thumbtack in Mojo's hand. He approaches the pile of bombs; pull back again to show a collection of spears next to it. He has a folding chair under his other arm. Now he sets the thumbtack on the floor, unfolds the chair, and places it in front of this. As he sits and crosses his legs placidly, pan right slightly to show what might be part of a tank tread on his other side. He cracks his knuckles, and the camera pulls back quickly across the room to show him at a distance from the girls. Behind him is a massive aggregation of weapons that reaches nearly all the way to the ceiling of the observatory. A few large missiles protrude from it, and the tread does in fact belong to a rather fierce-looking tank.)

(The girls once again; now they scream in panic and terror. Something crashes in through one of the windows and starts to zip crazily around the room. It is visible only as a jagged yellow streak. Mojo and the girls can barely move their eyes fast enough to follow its trajectory. Overhead view of Mojo—zoom in to the sound of a few terrified cries from him, and the streak starts to pummel him from all angles. Back to the girls, who smile as the beating continues o.c., then the unfortunate monkey again. The streak backs up across the room and makes one final, lightning-fast charge; a flash of light, and cut to a patch of the floor. Mojo crashes down, barely conscious and looking as bad as he does when the girls get through with him.)

(The streak flashes past the girls, who still cannot figure out what to make of the whole situation, then starts to weave in and out among them, cutting the flypaper to free them. One by one, they sit up, with scraps stuck to their heads and bodies. Now the streak zips to Bubbles' feet and works its way to the top of her head as she giggles. Once there, it finally stops—it is the squirrel.)

Bubbles: Miss Fluffy!

Blossom: Lady Josephine!

Buttercup: Bruce!

(The other two fly over and stop just above Bubbles, and all three start talking excitedly to the squirrel. After a few seconds, cut to a close-up of it.)

Blossom: *(from o.c., reaching down to pet it)* You were amazing! I can't believe it!

Buttercup: *(from o.c., doing likewise)* Yeah! You really beat the poop outta Mojo!

(Cut to these two, who abruptly exchange a puzzled look. On the next line, tilt down from them to Bubbles.)

Blossom: *(suspiciously, to Bubbles)* Hey—how'd she get superpowers, anyway?

Bubbles: *(nervously)* Um...well, uh...I kinda sorta gave her a little Chemical X.

(As she says this, the squirrel flies off her head and up o.c. She smiles uneasily up at her sisters; cut to them, still in midair with the squirrel close by. They look down for a moment, thinking things over a bit, and Buttercup finally smiles.)

Buttercup: Cool! Now he can fight crime with us! *(Zoom in on it during the next line.)*

Blossom: I don't know. I think there's something we have to do first.

(Fade to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: the squirrel on the girls' bed. It is grooming itself happily, but a squeal of feedback startles it out of the routine; pan to Blossom, now cleaned up. She is standing next to the animal and tapping a microphone. Except where noted, she speaks into it during this scene, amplifying her voice.)

Blossom: Testing. Testing. Is this thing on?

(Pull back. Her sisters—also back in proper condition—sit on the squirrel's other side, and the microphone is attached to a child's radio/tape recorder.)

Blossom: One, two...

Buttercup: *(groaning loudly)* It's on! *(Blossom glares at her angrily for a moment.)*

Blossom: May I have your attention, please? *(A collection of stuffed animals; she continues o.c.)* Friends... *(Pan to the Professor, sitting on a small chair among them.)* ...family... *(Behind him; he and the toys face the girls.)* ...esteemed colleagues...we are gathered here today for a momentous occasion.

(Close-up of Bubbles and the squirrel.)

Blossom: *(from o.c., stage whisper)* Bubbles, translate!

Bubbles: Oh, yeah.

(She chitters briefly to the squirrel in its language, much as she did in “Fuzzy Logic.” After she finishes, pull back to frame the entire family.)

Blossom: Today, for the first time ever... *(Bubbles translates.)* ...we have discovered an individual... *(Bubbles translates.)*

(A corner of the room, with no one in sight.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* ...whose bravery...

(Bubbles translates from o.c. as Buttercup is lifted into view. Tilt down; the squirrel holds her up.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* ...strength...

(It sets Buttercup down as Bubbles translates from o.c., then runs across the mattress on Blossom’s next words.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* ...and agility...

(It does a high flip and lands on Bubbles’ head as she translates. Cut to Blossom.)

Blossom: ...have proven her worthy to be a member of our exclusive organization. *(All four jump up, Blossom carrying the tape deck and mic.)*

Girls: The Powerpuff Girls! *(Bubbles translates this last.)*

Bubbles: Professor! Clap!

(Cut to him; he appears to have zoned out briefly.)

Professor: Hmm? Oh, uh... *(clapping)* Yay! *(Back to the girls and squirrel; they drop to the bed.)*

Blossom: And so, dubbed with the appropriate “B” name... *(Buttercup looks daggers at her as Bubbles translates.)*

Buttercup: “Bruce” begins with a B!

Blossom: *(off mic)* Shh!

(She holds up a gold star, and the squirrel rises next to her.)

Blossom: ...I hereby dub thee....

(Close-up of the animal. Bubbles translates from o.c., and it then bows its head.)

Blossom: *(from o.c., setting star on its head)* ...Powerpuff Bullet!

(As Bubbles translates from o.c., it looks up again—the points of the star nearly cover its eyes. The Professor claps and cheers enthusiastically, perhaps a little too much so. The squirrel, Bullet, takes the star off its head, sniffs it for a moment, then begins to nibble it. The girls watch the

action and are a bit puzzled. After Bullet finishes eating the star, it looks up at them. Blossom no longer uses the microphone.)

Bubbles: She ate it! *(Long pause.)*

Girls: *(suddenly smiling, jumping on bed)* She ate it! She ate it! She ate it! She ate it! She ate it!

[Continuity error: Here, Buttercup refers to Bullet as “she” rather than “he.”]

(Cut to the buzzing hotline, then back to them.)

Blossom: I got it! *(She zips across and answers.)* Yes, Mayor?... We’re on it! *(She rejoins the others.)* Well, Bullet, are you up for saving some world?

(It gives a hearty little cry; cut to a point at the center of the group. On the next three lines, the girls reach one hand apiece into view, piling them up.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Go—

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* —Team—

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* —Powerpuff! *(Chittering, Bullet flies up and adds its paw.)*

(Quick series of shots of each girl and Bullet in various flying and action poses. From this, cut to a long shot of the city; the foursome streak toward it. A four-color flash of light, and we are at the scene of a three-semi pileup on the highway, with police cars pulled up all around and ambulances arriving. A car is at the bottom of the stack; close-up of it as two paramedics go to work, trying to remove the door so they can reach the driver—who bears some resemblance to Mr. Slate, Fred Flintstone’s boss. A tremor startles them out of their efforts, and the camera slowly tilts up through the pile of trucks. The top one is lifted free, with Buttercup underneath it, and carried away. The middle and bottom ones are hauled off by Blossom and Bubbles, respectively, the camera tilting down to them. Cut to Bullet in mid-leap, teeth bared, then to inside the car. Surprised, the driver looks up at the roof to find those teeth ripping through the metal to cut a flap. Outside, Bullet peels the section back, and the driver stands up through the hole as the paramedics applaud.)

[Animation goof: During the removal of the three trucks, the girls’ dress/belt colors are again reversed as they were in the Mayor’s office.]

(A quick pan across the skyline now begins, with the four light trails flashing across the screen. These resolve into the girls and Bullet on their way to another crisis. Cut to the roof of Townsville Jewelry and tilt down to street level, to the sound of a ringing alarm. One of the windows has been smashed out; inside, the girls stand at a counter and look down at Bullet as it sniffs at some glass shards on the surface. After a moment, it lifts its head and sniffs the air, then takes off. They follow its lead.)

(In the street, that jagged yellow streak flashes down the block, with the familiar tri-color streamer blasting after it. Cut to just behind Bullet’s head and ride along as it approaches a man from behind, then to a close-up of his foot. Tilt up to his head as the animal dives into his pant

leg; his eyes go wide, and he starts to run back and forth as the girls watch from across the street. The man screams and scatters jewelry everywhere in his panic—Bullet has caught the thief, and the girls giggle at the spectacle.)

(Wipe to the four in flight. A piteous mewling draws their attention; cut to an old woman standing at a tree. She looks rather like the one who found Fuzzy Lumkins' hat in "Fuzzy Logic." They land by her, she points up, and the camera follows her gesture. The tree is quite tall, with four scared cats in its branches—the source of the cry we just heard. The heroes charge up the tree; cut to just above its uppermost boughs. A bit of rustling, and the girls pop out, each with a cat in hand. Pan to another section of leaves, which rustle before Bullet rises from them, the fourth, larger cat balanced in one tiny paw. The rescued animal looks down with surprise, then folds its front paws and lets off a disgruntled little groan.)

(A roller coaster climbs to the top of a hill, then barrels over the summit. It zooms along and enters a loop, but stops dead at the top with the passengers upside down. Four of them drop screaming out of the cars, but are quickly whisked away—one by each member of the group. Cut to ground level as the girls set their charges down, one by one, in front of a cheering crowd. Bullet is last to land, but with no person in its grasp. Something many times its own size is in its mouth and bulging out one cheek. Cut to the girls, zooming in slowly—Blossom shocked, Bubbles a bit stunned, Buttercup enjoying the sight—with several slightly disgusted people watching behind them. We hear squishing sounds o.c.; cut to Bullet, with a foot emerging from its mouth, a puddle of drool on the ground, and its cheek back to normal. When the foot has cleared, pull back to show it as belonging to the fourth fallen passenger, who now lies on the ground with drool all over him. He looks a bit wiped out from being carried to safety in Bullet's mouth.)

(The city skyline, with the girls and Bullet rising past the camera; tilt up to them in front of the sun. The girls look up at their new partner with admiration, and it holds its pose for a long moment. Snap to black.)

(Fade in to the four at home, in the living room. Blossom and Buttercup sit on the couch, Bubbles on the floor with a bowl of popcorn, Bullet on the top edge of the back cushions.. Zoom in slowly; the TV faces them, and an announcer is heard.)

Announcer: *(on TV)* And that was our furry friend, the beaver. Now let's take a look at the clever and endearing forest squirrel.

(On these last two words, cut to the screen. The program is in black and white, and a squirrel sits on a tree branch and begins to look about itself.)

Announcer: A highly intelligent creature known for its charm and resourcefulness, the common North American tree squirrel is a natural acrobat.

(The squirrel jumps down to a nearby roof on the end of this line. Back to the couch.)

Buttercup: *(snorting contemptuously)* That's nothing. *(Bullet hops down to her.)* Bullet can jump miles further than that.

Blossom: Of course she can. Bullet can fly, silly.

Buttercup: My point exactly. *(Bullet jumps down to Bubbles)*

Bubbles: *(giggling, giving it popcorn)* Yeah! Bullet's the best super-squirrel in the whole wide world.

Blossom: No, Bullet's the best *any* kind of squirrel in the whole wide world.

(Cut to Bullet, eating a kernel, on the end of this line. Now its ears perk up, responding to a distant cry.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* No! Bullet's the best *any* kind of animal in the whole wide—

(On the end of this, pull back to frame the whole group. Bullet suddenly takes off.)

Blossom: Where's she going? *(The girls take off.)*

(Cut to outside the house and follow Bullet's charge across the countryside. Even at top speed, the girls can barely close the gap between it and themselves. In the forest, Bullet slaloms through the trees.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Bullet! Slow down! *(Cut to the girls in hot pursuit.)*

Buttercup: You're going too fast!

(Back to Bullet, now clear of the trees and looking from side to side. Something sweeps past and backs up far enough from the camera to show all of itself. It is a hawk, perhaps the same one that tried to catch the squirrel in the first place. As Bullet stares after it, first with surprise and then in anger, the hawk doubles back and goes into a dive. It blasts past, giving the rodent no heed, and plunges into the bushes. When it emerges, a small mouse is knocked loose.)

(Bullet's face rearranges itself into a look of fierce, angry resolve, and it charges down. The chase is on—Bullet after the hawk after the mouse; a flash of light, and the bird crashes into the undergrowth. The mouse takes cover under a fallen leaf and peeks out; other woodland creatures poke their heads out of the brush to take in the scene. From its overhead vantage point, the squirrel chitters angrily down at the hawk, which sticks its head from the bushes, gives an answering cry, and lifts off.)

(Bullet says a bit more—the rodent equivalent of “Bring it on,” perhaps—and the two adversaries charge toward each other. When they meet, Bullet lets the hawk have it in spades. Cut to the girls, still flying through the trees; they stop short at the sound of the beating. Long shot of Bullet pounding the hawk from all angles, visible as only a yellow blur, then back to the girls. They applaud and cheer the new hero's efforts. The hawk opens its beak wide and bites into Bullet's tail; the squirrel's eyes pop wide open in pain and surprise, and it takes a roundhouse talon swing that sends it crashing into the brambles.)

(From-the-ground view of the girls, all looking down at the camera in wide-eyed shock. In the sky, the hawk rises once again and cries in triumph as other animals also stare in disbelief. Back

to the patch of thorns Bullet landed in and zoom in slowly. After a long moment, it leaps out of them and perches on a vine, its cheeks stuffed full of something, before taking off.)

Girls: Yaaaay!

(Bullet charges up and starts to spit out its mouthful: acorns, a machine-gun barrage of them. The hawk takes hit after hit and is driven back; the gunner backs up a distance and closes in with another fusillade. Now the hawk beats a hasty retreat as the watching animals cheer. The bird soars into the sky, but Bullet fires its last acorn and scores a long-range direct hit, causing it to drop o.c. like a rock. We hear it crash down.)

(Now Bullet turns from the dogfight and looks down; overhead view of the animals, gathered in a ring and cheering. Cut to the girls, who are doing likewise, then to one very proud squirrel. It drops through the middle of the girls, who have their arms outstretched to catch it and are somewhat puzzled at being passed by. Cut to the forest floor as it lands amid the animals and chitters excitedly to them. They are quite surprised at having a friend with brand-new superpowers, judging from their faces.)

(The girls' voices interrupt Bullet; it looks up with a bit of irritation.)

Girls: *(from o.c.)* Bullet! *(From-the-ground view of them.)*

Bubbles: Come on, Bullet! Time to go home!

(The squirrel flies into view and up to them, and all four take off. Cut to it in flight, looking sadly over its shoulder at the forest it used to call home, then to Blossom. None of the speakers look back behind them on the next three lines.)

Blossom: Wow, Bullet! You really saved the day for those animals! *(Pan to Buttercup.)*

Buttercup: Yeah! And way to live up to your name! *(She closes one eye and imitates a machine gun; pan to Bubbles.)*

Bubbles: *(giggling)* That mean old hawk never knew what hit him!

(Pull back to frame all three. They giggle and look back.)

Blossom: Right, Bullet? *(The smiles fade.)* Bullet?

(Pan in the direction of their gaze. Bullet is flying well behind them and looking back toward the forest. It turns its head to face front, then back again, as if fighting some battle with itself, and finally does a 180-degree turn.)

Bubbles: *(to Bullet)* Hey! *(reversing course)* Where you going?

(Her sisters follow, and the procession re-enters the forest. In the treetops, Bullet lands on a branch and Bubbles joins it. The two exchange some worried-sounding words as the camera tilts up to a higher branch, where Blossom and Buttercup have landed and are watching intently. They speak the next line in unison, but the words are slightly different as noted.)

Blossom, Buttercup: What's she/he saying?

Bubbles: She says she's worried about the animals and she thinks she should stay here.

Blossom, Buttercup: No!

Buttercup: Tell him *we* need him!

Blossom: Tell her to stay with us!

(Bubbles speaks to Bullet; the animal responds with its head bowed sadly.)

Blossom: Tell her we'll give her all the nuts she wants!

Buttercup: Tell him he can chew on the furniture— *(Back to Bubbles and Bullet; she continues o.c.)* —even though the Professor yelled at him!

(Bubbles begins to speak again, the camera cutting to her sisters as she does so. These two address each other.)

Blossom: Is she telling her?

Buttercup: How should I know? I don't speak squirrel!

(Back to the lower branch as Bubbles finishes her piece. Even though we do not understand the words, her face speaks volumes—it is the sort of look that comes when someone finally starts to accept a painful but inevitable truth. She hangs her head, and Bullet says something to try to console her. It has an effect; as she speaks again, she raises her eyes to it and smiles. Bullet returns the smile and jumps into her arms; she hugs the animal, and the two say a few more words. Now both fly up to Blossom and Buttercup, and Bullet perches on Bubbles' head when they reach the branch. Again the slight difference in the other two sisters' words.)

Blossom, Buttercup: What did she/he say? What did she/he say?

Bubbles: She said she would come home with us.

Blossom, Buttercup: Phew!

Bubbles: But I told her to stay here.

Blossom, Buttercup: *What?!*

Blossom: Why?

Buttercup: Traitor!

Bubbles: She belongs here in the forest— *(Bullet jumps down to the branch; follow it from her to the others as she continues.)* —just like we belong in Townsville.

(They look sadly down at the squirrel, the truth sinking in for them as well.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* The animals need her to protect them, just like the townspeople need us.

Blossom: *(to Bullet)* Crime-fighting won't be the same without you.

(She smiles, and it kisses her chin and runs to Buttercup. She is now standing with her arms crossed and angrily refusing to meet its eyes, but it chitters pleadingly up at her and she relents, kneeling to pet it.)

Buttercup: Aw, we'll never find anybody who can stranglehold like you.

(Pull back above the trees. All four rise into view, and Bubbles and Bullet have a few parting words. Buttercup and Blossom each speak a bit in the squirrel's language, but in a very halting manner such as that used by a person who is just starting to learn a foreign tongue. Subtitles appear at the bottom of the screen. For Buttercup: "Ouch! The broccoli is on the roof." For Blossom: "Happy to you log pony." The fluent and native speakers look confusedly back at them, then at each other, and Bullet says a little something.)

Bubbles: *(to her sisters)* Um...she says..."Me too."

(The four have a group hug, and Bullet starts back toward the forest. It stops briefly and waves back to them before going on its way, leaving them waving in midair.)

(Dissolve to another group of treetops and tilt down toward the forest floor, where a few deer are grazing. A panicked cry tears the air; animals in all corners look up from whatever they are doing at the sound of it. The source is a small rabbit that is being swept along in a fast-flowing river; quick pan from this area to a waterfall at some distance downstream. On the bank, one of its parents shrieks and points toward the scene, and a path bulges up from the ground to mark the tunneling passage of an animal underneath. Said animal pokes its head up; it is a gopher with a black ring like a monocle around one eye and the other screwed shut, after the Mayor's fashion. Under its nose is a thick tuft of white hair that resembles the man's mustache, and on its head is a partially chewed nut that is shaped approximately like his hat.)

(The gopher babbles in a very Mayor-like way for several seconds, the "hat" falling off, as a fox steps into view next to it and sits on its haunches. This creature's fur is the same color as Ms. Bellum's hair, and a tuft on its chest puffs out to resemble her hairstyle. In the sitting position, it is tall enough for the top of the screen to cut its head off. It taps the gopher on the head, the latter falling silent at this, and points o.c.; quick pan in that direction to a large insect sitting on a flower. The gopher pops up by this and babbles to it, and the insect lifts its wings and prepares to fly as its rear starts to flash yellow. It is a firefly, and each flash is accompanied by a buzz like that of the hotline.)

(The firefly-turned-hotline lifts off and speeds through the forest, the flashes weaving through the trees. It heads straight up one trunk and stops at a hole, from which Bullet pokes its head out and takes off. The insect is sent tumbling in the wake and stops its signal. Bullet charges in; the rabbit goes crying over the falls as the other animals stare in shock. After a long, tense moment, the familiar yellow streak shoots up from beyond the drop and the onlookers cheer. The rabbit is returned to its parent's arms, and Bullet looks proudly down from midair.)

(The background for the end shot comes up. As the Narrator speaks in squirrel language—first to the cadence of his usual tag line, then a few extra words—Bullet appears alone in Blossom's pose.)