

FORCED KIN

Transcribed by Alan Back

Act One

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville! *(Pull back a few blocks and pan slowly through the city.)*
Hmmm...nothing strange, weird, or out of the ordinary happening today.

(As the camera passes the library, a broad beam of energy strikes it from above. Stop when it is just out of view.)

Narrator: Huh?

(Pan quickly back to the library, which is hit by a quick flash of the light and then disappears in a colossal explosion that turns the whole sky red. From here, quick pan to Pokey Oaks Kindergarten, where the sky is still clear. Close-up of one window, with Ms. Keane and several kids watching the explosion in wide-eyed shock—its reflection is visible in the glass. Tilt up to the roof as the girls smash out through it and fly to investigate.)

(Cut to the mall, an energy beam falling on it from the heavens; the girls fly into view and up o.c. to trace it to its source. The camera tilts up slightly to follow them, and an explosion and cloud of dust mark the end of the quaint and happy consumer palace. Cut to the girls in outer space, still following the beam up from Earth.)

Blossom: I see something... *(They stop short.)* ...huge!

(Cut to a pan across the surface of some metal-and-glass structure. It takes several seconds for the girls to come into view, floating at a distance from the camera and in front of an enormous glass dome. The camera pulls back in four large steps to show the entire thing, which turns out to be a truly gargantuan spaceship; at this distance, the girls are not visible even as specks. The craft has two front domes, positioned to either side of center.)

(Back to the scene. They float before the craft, their mouths hanging open and their eyes bugging out in complete disbelief. A round emitter dish extends from the underside and aims at them.)

Bubbles: It...it's gonna fire at us! What are we gonna do?

Buttercup: There's only one thing we can do.

Blossom: Right! On my mark.

(On each of the next three lines, cut to a close-up of the speaker and pull back. Each has one hand raised and glowing in her own color.)

Blossom: Powerpuff...

Bubbles: ...Starburst...

Buttercup: ...Ray! *(Pull back to frame all three.)*

Girls: Go!

(They point their hands ahead of themselves, firing beams that converge on a point just o.c.)

Blossom: *(suddenly surprised)* Huh?

(Cut to the emitter, from which a beam is emerging. Backup units on either side fire two additional beams, and the three merge into a single broad beam. On the girls' end—the camera pulled back to show their own beams joining in the same fashion, much as in the bridge scene of "Town and Out"—they are completely at a loss.)

Blossom: How did it know?

(In a longer shot of the face-off, we see the two beams canceling each other out at a point about halfway between the girls and the emitter. After a moment, the ship's beam starts to overpower the girls' and push it back; when it hits them, there is a blinding flash and they are knocked screaming away to drift o.c. There is a crash of bodies against metal, and the camera cuts to the girls plastered against the surface of a satellite. After a moment, they come to and pull free for another go as the ship approaches.)

Buttercup: We gotta think of something fast!

Blossom: Wing plan R!

Bubbles: But we only use that when—

Blossom: It's "when," right now. Assume positions!

(Buttercup "lies down" on her back, her legs straight out in front of her body. Blossom removes the belt from her sister's dress by sliding it down past her feet, without unfastening it. Bubbles is at a distance from these two; she bends over and puts her arms straight up, and the belt is stretched like a rubber band and one end of the loop placed in each of her hands. Blossom and Buttercup pull back on the center part to create a makeshift slingshot.)

(Now Blossom removes her hair bow. The knot at its center opens up to reveal a small screen inside, on which the number 10 appears. As she gets it loaded into the slingshot, with Buttercup holding the belt taut, a piece of equipment extends from the craft's underside. This consists of three arms in a row; the left and right ones are joined by a band of material that looks very much like the belt.)

Buttercup: *(pointing)* Look!

(The center arm grabs the band and hauls back on it, and a thinner arm emerges from within to place a bow like Blossom's within this second slingshot. The knot is open and the screen blank, but the number 10 appears on it. We now hear the beeping of an electronic timer, and when the camera pulls back, we can also see that the two slingshots are aimed directly at one another.)

Bubbles: What do we do now?

Buttercup: I don't know, but we better launch this thing fast!

(On the end of this line, cut to a close-up of the girls' projectile, its screen counting down from 4 to 3. Pull back; Blossom and Buttercup let go of the belt, launching the payload, and a moment later the ship does likewise.)

Blossom: Run for cover!

(They zip away, ducking behind the satellite, and peek out to watch. The two bows approach in slow motion; when they collide, there is the blinding flash of an explosion and the view changes to a close-up of the girls. They are disheveled and covered with soot, and moving quickly through space while holding on to the satellite. Or rather, a piece of the satellite, as revealed when the camera pulls back from them—the rest has been obliterated.)

(They let go, the wreckage floating away, and stop. In a shot from behind them, with the ship moving in once again, Blossom's hair is seen to be without its clip—perhaps blown loose by the force of the blast.)

Blossom: Girls, I'm afraid there's no choice but for...Plan XQ!

Buttercup: Are you crazy?!

Bubbles: It hasn't been tested yet!

Blossom: You got any better ideas?

(A rumble from the general direction of the ship causes the other two to look up at it in fear, and a shadow falls across all three.)

Bubbles: *(small voice)* Uh...no.

(Cut to Blossom, putting on a new bow and with her hair clipped back again.)

Blossom: Good. You know the procedure.

(The three join hands in a triangular skydiving formation—now Buttercup's belt has been replaced—and start to spin like a merry-go-round stuck in fifth gear. A spot of light appears at the center of the formation and starts to grow; cut to a close-up of each girl in turn. As they whirl, the centrifugal force writing itself across their straining faces, two shadowy duplicates of each emerge and move to the sides of the screen. Pull back from the circle, the light still shining within it—and a second, larger circle turning around the same spot.)

(The light explodes to fill the screen. When it clears, we see empty space, with Buttercup dropping into view and seven duplicates falling in above her. The same happens with Blossom and Bubbles in turn. All are smiling, but Bubbles' face suddenly goes slack with shock.)

Bubbles: Oh, no!

Girls, duplicates: *(now all shocked)* It predicted us again!

[*Animation goof: Each girl now has only five duplicates instead of seven.*]

(Quick pan to the ship, with a couple of duplicates of its own above it, and pull back to show a total of fourteen extras in a triangular formation. Energy beams flash among them, forming a network and finally shooting toward the girls as three blasts in their respective colors. The three groups take a direct hit; the duplicates vanish, and the genuine articles go into a nose dive. They begin to glow upon contact with the Earth's outer atmosphere and plunge toward Townsville, trailing thick black smoke. A distant point on a city street becomes ground zero, with a mushroom cloud rising from the horizon.)

(Cut to an overhead shot of the girls, flat on their backs, and pull back into the sky on the next line. The camera rotates during this movement, which ends to show them at the bottom of a very large crater.)

Blossom: *(woozily)* I think we're in trouble. *(Inside the crater; Buttercup sits up.)*

Buttercup: That thing knows everything we're gonna do! *(Bubbles sits up.)*

Bubbles: Before we do it! *(Blossom stands up.)*

Blossom: Maybe we need some— *(Bubbles gasps, shocked.)*

Buttercup: Don't say it! *(Long pause.)*

Blossom: *(resignedly)* —help.

Bubbles: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

(She claps her hands to her face and sobs silently for a moment.)

Blossom: This alien force is the most evil of all the evils we have encountered. And if we don't stop it, it will surely destroy us all. And the only way to stop it is to think like it does. Evil! So we must enlist the aid of the most vilest of evil minds.

(Cut to Miguel's Market, a store in a rather battered section of Townsville. Through the window, the silhouettes of Mojo Jojo and another individual can be seen.)

Mojo: FOOOOLLLL!!

(Cut to inside; the other individual is a red-haired, bucktoothed, rather apathetic clerk behind the counter. Mojo brandishes a banana at him.)

Mojo: All the fruit is bruised! *(holding up an egg)* Look at this egg. Look at this egg! *(holding up a loaf of French bread)* And this French bread is too hard!

Clerk: *(Mexican accent)* No comprende.

[*Note: This is grammatically incorrect. In Spanish, "I don't understand" is "No comprendo."*]

Mojo: Firm it is supposed to be, peon, but not as firm as this! Therefore it is too firm, and I won't pay!

(The clerk stares back at him for a long moment.)

Clerk: *(angrily)* What you mean you won't pay, man? Just 'cause you're a supervillain, you think you can waltz in here and not pay? *(Another silent moment.)*

Mojo: Yes.

(He uses the bread to sock the clerk over the head twice, laughing after each strike. The young man, the loaf sitting on his head, has now had quite enough of this.)

Clerk: You are an evil man-like creature. *(Cut to just behind him, facing Mojo.)*

Mojo: Me? I am not just evil. I am extremely evil! I am the most evil of all evil beings! Nothing is more evil!

(The sound of the girls approaching and crashing in is heard o.c.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* You're right!

(The camera shifts to show her standing across the store from him, and he turns toward her in surprise. Another shift: all three girls are on the scene, and he has turned his back to them.)

Mojo: Powerpuffs! Don't interrupt me being evil!

Blossom: We don't want to. We want you to be evil.

Mojo: *(turning to them)* What?

Clerk: What?

Blossom: *(nervously)* Well, uh...we...need your help, Mojo.

Mojo: *Me?* Help you? Ha!

Bubbles: *(sweetly)* Please, Mr. Mojo?

(Mojo cannot figure out what to make of this for a moment, but his mouth finally turns up into a smile, with his lips caught between his teeth to stifle a gale of laughter. He gradually loses control of it, first snickering and then giving full voice to his feelings.)

Buttercup: What a jerk! *(She flies to him.)* Look. There's an alien force that's attacking us.

Mojo: So?

Bubbles: *(flying over)* It's going to destroy the world!

Mojo: Good! Where is the bad in that?

Blossom: *(flying over)* Well, if the world is destroyed, then you're destroyed.

Mojo: *(deflated)* Oh.

Buttercup: So we need you to help us.

Mojo: But—how?

Bubbles: *(now with elbows propped on his head)* By helping us to think evil.

Blossom: And if we can think evil, we'll be able to anticipate what evil the evil alien force will be thinking of.

Buttercup: So are you gonna help us or not?

(Mojo turns this over, using every gray cell under his braincap.)

Mojo: No! I cannot help you!

(On the next line, the camera cuts back and forth between the sidewalk, with the group looking anxiously out the window, and various sections of the city. Shadows fall over all the buildings and people as the sky turns blood-red. Dexter is one of the onlookers.)

Blossom: If you don't help us, that alien force will come down here and destroy everything in the vilest way imaginable.

(Ground-level view of the red sky, with clouds boiling and spreading across it. A fireball emerges from these and streaks through the city to blow a building into dust. Other shots rip into a street, and one more hits in the midst of a group of buildings, sending out a shock wave that causes them to collapse as if they were made of Tinkertoys.)

(Inside the store, Mojo and the girls stare out the window in stunned silence. The glass is suddenly blown in by the shock wave.)

Mojo: *(giddily, eyes tearing up)* Beautiful! It's so evil! It's even more evil than... *(He trails off.)*

Blossom: You?

Mojo: No! No! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

(All three girls take on a goading tone—the sort used when one kid dares another to do something, then calls him a chicken if he declines.)

Blossom: I can understand if you're scared, Mojo. I mean— *(as more fireballs hit buildings)* —it's awfully evil and powerful and—

Buttercup: —it'll probably be pretty hard to battle what could be the most powerfully evil being in the universe.

Bubbles: And we wouldn't want you to be replaced as the world's vilest villain.

(All this gets to Mojo; he sweats nervously and thinks out loud.)

Mojo: *(softly)* Hmm...destroy?...replace?...destroy? *(addressing girls fiercely)* Okay! I'll destroy *it* from destroying the world! Then I will destroy the world! And then you will know who is the vilest!

Blossom: Great! What do we do first? *(Extreme close-up of Mojo.)*

Mojo: Well, first, in order to be evil, you have to *look* evil.

(As he says this, pull back to show him now standing in his lair. Through the windows, we see the ravaged city; sounds of destruction are heard throughout the following scene. Cut to the girls, who are now wearing smaller versions of Mojo's braincap.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Good!

Blossom: Uh...Mojo...don't you think—

Mojo: *(popping up across from them)* Patience! The next step in being evil is being mean.

(He produces a small squeaky toy—a rabbit—and sets it on the floor near Bubbles. Close-up of it, then cut to the girls. Buttercup scowls in its direction; the others react more happily.)

Bubbles: Awww, isn't it cute?

(Stomping and crushing sounds are heard o.c., and she screams in terror. Cut to Mojo, gleefully reducing the rabbit to scrap under his boots, then to a very distraught Bubbles.)

Mojo: *(from o.c., reaching into view with it again)* Okay, you try.

(He drops it on the floor next to her. It now possesses only a battered semblance of its original form. This time, she cries hysterically and goes over in a dead faint. On the next lines, the lair shakes and bits of debris fall from the ceiling.)

Blossom: Mojo, can we please—

Mojo: First, you have to be mean.

Buttercup: Oh, for crying out loud! *(She stomps the rabbit.)* There!

(Bubbles sits up, looks at the remains, and keels over again.)

Mojo: Good!

(The observatory exterior, with the telescope repositioning itself.)

Mojo: *(from inside)* All right. Now let's see this alien force!

(His perspective through the scope: the ship closing in. Back to the group; Bubbles has come around, the girls no longer wear their braincaps, and the explosions outside have stopped.)

Mojo: Wow. No way!

Girls: What? What?

(His telescope perspective: the craft is now much closer, and the glass domes in front glow white and emit beams; pan to a nearby dam, the target. As Mojo speaks, the beams wreck the dam and a torrent of water floods the area, reaching a power plant.)

Mojo: By blasting the dam, he's gonna send a wall of water rushing to the nearby power plant, causing the uranium rods to topple into the reactor core, causing... *(The plant explodes into a mushroom cloud.)* ...total meltdown!

(Back to him and the girls. Once again he looks as if he is about to cry.)

Mojo: Beautiful! You are a worthy opponent, Mr. Spaceman. *(saluting)* I salute your villainy!

Girls: Mojo!

Mojo: *(snapping out of it)* Oh. Right. *(peering into scope)* Now, let's see.

(His telescope perspective: the ship has stopped firing and starts to close in once more.)

Mojo: Ooh, you little rascal! *(Back to the lair interior.)*

Girls: What's it doing?

Mojo: Cheese.

Bubbles: It's doing cheese? *(Mojo slaps a hand to his face in disgust.)*

Mojo: No! You must gather all the stinky cheese you can gather!

Buttercup: But what—

Mojo: JUST DO IT! *(The girls take off; cut to them in flight.)*

Bubbles: I think Mojo's lost it.

(They approach a factory—Stinky Cheese Inc.—and make a beeline for the roof.)

Buttercup: I don't think he ever had it. *(They crash in.)*

(From-the-ground view of the sky, with the ship moving into view. It stops, and a hatch opens on its underside to release a shaft of light and a small, disk-shaped craft. This follows the light and lands in the middle of the street. Now a hatch on the ship's upper surface opens, shooting a shaft of light toward the moon and launching a second craft. This one also follows the light and embeds itself in the moon's surface.)

(Back to the observatory exterior, then to Mojo at the scope.)

Mojo: Ah, yes. He's doing just as I knew he would do!

(Cut to the unit in the street, which extends clamps from its lower edge to dig into the pavement and a magnet from its upper portion. The magnet points into the sky and starts to glow.)

Mojo: *(voice over)* A traction unit attached to the Earth will activate a magnetic device, which will magnetically induce magnetism— *(The unit on the moon, an identical magnet extended and starting to emit rays.)* —which will simultaneously be reciprocated by the moon unit— *(Pull back into space; the rays connecting Earth and the moon.)* — creating a magnetic beam between the two points—

(Now Earth swings around the moon to stop near the sun.)

Mojo: *(voice over)* —resulting in a repositioning of the Earth! *(A large iceberg, the sun shining behind it.)* So that the polar icecaps are closer to the sun, causing the frozen wasteland to totally... *(Melting icicles.) ...melt down!*

(The thawing continues; behind a sheet of ice, an elephant's trunk begins to break loose. Other parts of the creature's body are seen—legs, body, eyes—and the hair on them gives it away as a woolly mammoth. As the ice continues to crack, one eye pops wide open.)

Mojo: *(voice over)* Unleashing...

(One foot kicks free, and the camera cuts to ground level and tilts slowly up from the feet to the head. The mammoth is now completely out of the ice and lets loose a low trumpet.)

Mojo: *(voice over)* ...a woolly big problem!

(Snap to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: the girls in flight, carrying a huge and overly aromatic hunk of cheese through Townsville. They make sounds of disgust and protest as they fly o.c., and continue as the camera cuts to inside the lair and they descend with their load. Mojo is still at his telescope.)

Blossom: All right, Mojo.

Buttercup: We got your stinking cheese!

Bubbles: Now what do you want us to— *(Heavy footsteps are heard outside.)*

Mojo: SILENCE!! *(pointing to window)* Look!

(Through the window, the mammoth is seen running amuck in the city.)

Girls: *(from o.c.)* Woolly cow!

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* No! Woolly mammoth! *(Back to the four.)* Now I want you to plant the cheese on the mammoth.

Buttercup: *(frustrated)* But what's cheese going to do?

Mojo: QUICKLY!!

Blossom: Geez. *(The girls take off.)*

(In the street, one huge foot crushes several cars. The animal swings its trunk and wipes out a building; inside an office, a tusk punches through the wall. Back to the skyline as the girls carry the cheese toward the mammoth. It turns its head to glare at them during the approach; a quick pass, and they zoom off, the camera tilting up to follow them as a loud splat is heard. They no longer have the cheese—it is on the creature's head, as seen in a tilt down to it.)

(The mammoth stomps off, apparently unaware of what it is now wearing, and the girls fly back to the observatory. Inside, Mojo is at the telescope; the girls enter behind him.)

Bubbles: Well, that was stupid!

Blossom: Just made it stink!

Buttercup: When with one punch he'd be *ex-tinct!*

Mojo: Silence! Observe.

(His telescope perspective: the mammoth moving among the buildings. Pan in the opposite direction of its steps as the fumes from the cheese start to sink to ground level. Cut to a back alley, the fumes reaching a couple of trash cans; after a moment, hordes of mice pop their heads

up. Now another giant foot is planted in the street and the camera tilts up to the mammoth's head. It lets go with another trumpet, but its eyes are drawn o.c. and it starts to look very nervous as the sound of a distant and small stampede makes itself heard. Now the view changes to the middle of the street, looking down it—with thousands of squeaking mice charging straight at us, drawn by the odor of the cheese.)

(Pull back to the rooftops; the beast's panicked footsteps are heard o.c., and it rushes across the screen with the mice in hot pursuit. The cheese is no longer on its head. It approaches the magnetic unit set by the ship and crushes it into junk as the rodents keep up the chase. Cut to outer space; the beam between Earth and the moon is broken, and the planet swings away to its original position.)

(Mojo's telescope perspective: the ship—then back to inside the lair.)

Mojo: Ha! Nice try, you cosmic creep! That was genius, but not as genius as Mojo!

(The girls cheer the success of his plan, and he revels in it for a while. Looking off to one side, his face suddenly goes slack.)

Mojo: Huh?

(He cups a hand to his ear. Through this, the girls have continued their praise. Cut to a long shot of them in midair, seen from ground level. He holds up one hand and speaks softly through the next few lines.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Shut up!

(They fall silent; cut to him, hand still to ear, as they drop to the ground beside him.)

Mojo: Listen! *(Dead silence for several seconds.)*

Bubbles: I didn't hear any—

Mojo: There it is again.

Blossom: What?

Mojo: The sound of evil!

(Quick pan to the ship, with a different emitter on its underside firing a beam o.c. On the next line, follow the beam toward the ground. Mojo returns to normal speaking volume.)

Mojo: *(voice over)* Evil brainwashing waves making their way to some unsuspecting victim!

(Cut to a building behind a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. A tank sits on the grounds, and the fence bears a sign: "TOP SECRET WEAPONS LAB." Inside, close-up of an envelope marked "TOP SECRET—DANGER" in someone's hand. On the next line, pull back to show this person as a scientist. He wears a lab coat and stands in a research area, before a desk at which a second man is seated. The latter is in a shirt and tie, but no coat—his words identify him as the scientist's boss.)

Scientist: The super-tri-iliium phantom-powered missile launching software is ready.

Boss: Good. Send it to the Government Missile Control. *(The scientist walks o.c.)*

(A post office. A “TOP SECRET” truck pulls up in front; inside, the scientist sets a similarly marked box on the counter in front of a clerk.)

Scientist: Insured.

(He walks o.c. as the clerk takes the box and sets it on a conveyor belt. Cut to the handling area, the belt carrying packages along. Follow it to an employee who stamps the parcels as they pass.)

Mojo: *(voice over)* And when that chosen victim picks up on these silent but deadly rays, his brain will completely *melt down!*

(During this line, the following events occur. One, the ship’s beam hits him in the head and his eyes go wide. Two, the belt stops and the camera cuts to his perspective. Two boxes sit side by side. The left one is marked “HAPPY BIRTHDAY” and bears an address label saying “To Timmy.” The right one is what the scientist dropped off; it is addressed to Government Missile Control. Three, the employee switches the two labels.)

(Back to the man, still under the influence of the beam. The conveyor starts again, and he begins to stamp more packages. Cut to Mojo and the girls; he turns from his telescope.)

Mojo: Right! In the middle of the ocean lies an active volcano. *(Close-up of Blossom; he continues o.c.)* Blossom, go there and freeze the cap. *(Pan to the other two.)* Buttercup, Bubbles, I need you to heat the surface of the alien spacecraft. *(Back to Blossom.)*

Blossom: What does any of that have to do with evil brain waves? *(Pull back to frame all four.)*

Mojo: *(very irritated)* Who’s the evil genius around here? Now go! *(They take off; he turns back to the scope.)* Yes, indeed. An evil genius I may be—

(His telescope perspective: Blossom approaching an island with a tall volcano on it. The view dissolves to her floating near its lava-filled crater. She blows a gust of ice breath over it, freezing the molten rock solid.)

Mojo: —but if the girls fail to thwart your latest offensive— *(Quick pan to the ship; Bubbles and Buttercup approach it.)* —you, my malevolent brother, shall have bested me! *(Dissolve to them near its surface; they fire eye lasers at it.)* Proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that you are more eviler!

(Cut to a house in the suburbs. A mail truck pulls up to the curb; inside, two boys sit on the living room couch in front of the TV. A game console lies on the floor before them. The smaller of the boys looks like the sort who would get picked on by the bigger one.)

Bigger boy: This is stupid. You’re stupid. *(The doorbell rings.)* Get the door, stupid!

(Just outside the front door. The wrongly addressed “TOP SECRET” box is held in view, and the door opens to reveal the smaller boy. His perspective: a postman holds the box toward him. The man’s eyes are as wide as those of the post office employee.)

Postman: *(as if hypnotized)* Package for Timmy. *(Just inside the door.)*

Smaller boy (Timmy): But...I didn’t order anything.

(The bigger boy reaches into view and socks him in the back of the head, and the camera pans right slightly to show him standing there.)

Bigger boy: It’s the new game, stupid! *(Pan left, putting him o.c. again.)*

Timmy: *(taking box)* Oh, yeah.

(He laughs, but gets another smack in the head.)

Bigger boy: *(from o.c.)* Hurry!

(Close-up of the box on the floor. It is now open, and the bigger boy roots around and pulls out a cartridge marked “TOP SECRET.” Now the game console is seen and the cartridge is plugged in.)

Bigger boy: *(from o.c.)* Put it in, now!

(Pull back. The two boys are in front of the TV, whose screen flashes the message: “WARNING—TOP SECRET—PRESS START.”)

Bigger boy: Press Start, stupid!

(Close-up of the screen. The warnings give way to an open missile silo, the words “LAUNCH COMMENCING” appearing at the bottom of the screen. A missile starts to rise from the opening—this is the control software.)

Timmy: *(from o.c.)* Cool! Look at it! It’s so 3-D!

Bigger boy: *(from o.c.)* That’s ’cause it’s DVD, stupid!

(A government building constructed with three sides—the Triangle rather than the Pentagon, perhaps. The mail truck is parked in front.)

Postman: *(from inside, still hypnotized)* Package for Government Missile Control.

(Inside, two military officers stand over the open “HAPPY BIRTHDAY” box. One of them holds a cartridge.)

Officer 1: *(puzzled)* Virtual Bomber? What’s this?

Officer 2: Beats me. Put it in, stupid!

(Close-up of a slot in a computer panel, with a monitor behind it. The cartridge is plugged in, and the camera pulls back to show both men watching the screen. On it is an airplane combat game that would have been right at home on the Atari 2600.)

Officer 1: Cool. It looks all low-tech.

Officer 2: That's 'cause it's vector graphics, stupid!

(A third officer hunches over in front of a radar screen. Alarms and sirens blare, and a missile-shaped spot flashes on the display.)

Officer 3: Uh, sir, I think we have a problem.

Officer 2: Shut up! I'm in a meeting.

Officer 3: But, sir, a single heat-seeker missile has just unexpectedly launched!

Officer 2: Not now! Can't you see he's beating me?

(Mojo's telescope perspective: the missile from the silo roaring through the sky.)

Mojo: Ah, yes, just as I suspected. The poor, unsuspecting Timmy has unexpectedly launched a heat-seeking missile! *(Cut to him in the lair.)* I only hope those puffy girls have done their job, or I shall no longer be the most evil! *(The girls fly in behind him.)*

Buttercup: All right, Mojo.

Bubbles: We've done our job.

Blossom: Now what?

Mojo: Now we watch to see whose evil is most evil!

(Cut to the missile in flight toward the island.)

Blossom: *(voice over)* But, Mojo, the missile is headed right for the volcano! *(Close-up of a sensor on its nose cone.)*

Mojo: *(voice over, sarcastically)* Oh, is it?

(A readout screen—the missile's onboard circuitry at work. It "sees" and analyzes the frozen volcano, then turns toward the ship—whose image shows a large yellow spot where Bubbles and Buttercup blasted it. This is also analyzed, and a set of crosshairs zeroes in on the spot. The message "TARGET LOCKED!" appears.)

Back to Mojo and the girls; the lair shakes from a thundering impact outside, and the camera cuts to the ship plunging toward Townsville, with flames shooting from the fuselage—it has taken a direct hit. It drops o.c., and we hear it crash down and see smoke pouring up from the impact site. The door of the observatory, seen from just outside—Mojo throws this open and looks out eagerly. The girls float behind him. Pull back to where the fallen craft has landed, to the sound of his exultant laughter.)

Mojo: *(from his door)* Take that!

(Cut to the outside stairs; he practically slides down them, the girls following.)

Mojo: Who's bad? Who's bad? Who's bad? (*Him and them at ground level.*) Who's ba...uh-oh.

(The ship fires a beam into the sky from its nose. This stops at a point overhead and grows into a large ball, with waves emanating from its equator. After a moment, rays shoot up and down from the ball, and the whole display starts to solidify into a robotic colossus. Mojo and the girls stare, totally bewildered, as a gargantuan foot materializes by them. Tilt up slowly from the ground to show just how huge this thing really is.)

(The robot swings one arm through the air, sending out shock waves from its feet; these reduce block after block of the city to flaming wreckage. The bridge across the water and a hazardous-waste storage site are hit, after which we see a more-or-less intact Dumpster whose lid is closed. Mojo and the girls peek out, lifting the lid.)

Blossom: That was...horrible!

Mojo: That was...my idea! I've always wanted to do that!

(The robot turns and extends both arms ahead of itself. In the sky, the clouds start to swirl and form into a tornado that reaches to the ground. Now the robot swings its arms to one side; the twister follows the movement.)

Mojo: NOOO! I've wanted to do that too!

(He claps his hands to his head. Cut to the tornado, making its way over the water to stop at a freighter.)

Mojo: (*from o.c.*) It...it is exactly as I imagined! (*Back to him and the girls.*) Girls! We must act immediately and stop this alien force from stealing all my evil plans! You must, I repeat, you *must* follow my instructions perfectly! First, you will... (*He whispers almost inaudibly to Bubbles, then looks to Buttercup.*) And you... (*More whispering.*)

(On the water, the twister rips into the freighter. Crude oil gushes from the broken hull and forms a large slick; this is promptly sucked up, turning the tornado black. Now the robot raises its arms, and the cloud rises as it absorbs the last of the oil. A pointed finger, and it moves across the city toward a refinery with flames shooting from a smokestack—a vapor flare. Blossom and Bubbles fly toward this site and land ahead of the tornado.)

Blossom: Okay. According to Mojo's plans, the main shutoff valve should be right—huh?

(On the latter part of this, cut to a close-up of a label on a tank: "MAIN SHUT OFF VALVE"—and tilt down from this to a valve on a pipe issuing from the base. There is no adjustment knob, however, the camera zooming in on the broken stem to emphasize the point.)

Bubbles: (*from o.c.*) It's missing!

(The robot opens its fist to show the missing knob. Back to the girls, who gasp in shock and look overhead as the tornado drifts toward the flare. When it touches the flames, they work their way up and explode into a cloud of fire upon reaching the top.)

Mojo: CURSES!! That's just what I wanted to do!

(The burning twister works its way down the street, setting everything in its path on fire and then torching the docks for good measure.)

Mojo: Curses! This cannot be! This alien force has outmatched even me! *(to himself)* Hm. That rhymed. *(full rant mode)* But Mojo can outsmart as well! And the success of my counter-plan... *(He comes up dry for a moment.)* ...will soon tell! *(He laughs madly.)*

(Quick pan from him to Buttercup at a pair of control levers.)

Buttercup: This is stupid!

(She pulls a lever; pull back to show the levers as part of a large hydraulic cannon on a pier. The nozzle tilts toward the sky and aims at the tornado.)

Buttercup: But I gotta do what I gotta do!

(On the end of this, close-up of the other lever as she throws it. Pull back; the cannon roars to life and sprays a jet at the fire, then cut to a close-up of Buttercup. She is grinning wickedly, but her face suddenly registers great shock.)

Buttercup: Huh?

(The jet hits the tornado, and a huge explosion occurs. She looks down at the hose connected to the cannon; follow it to its other end, which is hooked to a tanker truck. This is seen only as a close-up of its rear end at first, but when the camera pulls back, we see that it is a gasoline truck—more fuel for the fire.)

(Mojo lets go with an anguished scream as the skyline burns behind him.)

Mojo: This cannot be true! *(kneeling)* This alien force has predetermined my every counter-attack!

(He stands up and screams twice, the girls landing next to him after the second.)

Blossom: Mojo!

Buttercup: Your plans aren't working!

Bubbles: What do we do?

Mojo: Of course they're working! The tornado, the oil thing, the burning—all mine! All my ideas! And they all worked!

Blossom: *(to her sisters)* Mojo's lost it. We're on our own, girls. Let's just hope this alien force doesn't predict our every move! *(They take off.)*

(They approach the robot from behind. Before they can strike, however, it turns and shoots a bolt of energy from its hands, scoring a direct hit. When it stops, they drop senseless to the ground. Townsville Hall is hidden from view when a mighty foot is planted in front of it; cut to the Mayor in his office. He is on the phone and seated at his desk.)

Mayor: Sure, baby, we can paint it red. It's my town! We can paint it any color you like.

Ms. Bellum: *(from o.c.)* Uh, excuse me, Mr. Mayor. *(Pull back to show her in front of the desk.)* There's a Mr. Alien Force here to see you. He says it's urgent.

Mayor: *(to her, stammering a bit)* Hey...tell him I'm busy. Tell him I'm— *(The office shakes with a great tremor.)* Hey!

(Now the wall opposite him is torn away.)

Mayor: What gives? *(The robot leans down into view.)*

Robot: Are you the leader of these creatures?

Mayor: *(frightened, dropping phone)* Uh...no, I was just using the phone! *(walking across office)* I'll just be on my way now. Make yourself at home. Come along, Ms. Bellum.

Ms. Bellum: *(running after him)* Oh, sir, don't you think—

(Outside, the robot towers over the city again and fires a beam from its hand. This hits Townsville Hall and blasts it into oblivion; another beam takes out the museum. Mojo throws himself to the ground and pounds his fists against it, screaming in frustration.)

Mojo: I wanted to destroy that ugly and tasteless museum! *(looking up)* No—not...

(Long shot of the robot, shooting a sparkling beam from its hand.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* ...my evil star ray! *(Back to him, shaking with anger.)* My idea, again!

(The robot again; now it extends its hands down, and a street shivers and cracks. Mojo cannot believe this either.)

Mojo: My transmogrifying, omnilateral, seismic destructo-tron!

(The robot holds both fists out and blows away the volcano and observatory.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* No! *(Back to him, collapsed on the ground.)* My laboratory! Home to all my evil plans and devices—destroyed! *(The robot stands over the ruins.)*

Robot: Earth creatures, the destruction of your dwelling area is now complete. I am now your new leader.

(As it says this, cut to a pan across crowds of stunned onlookers. Mojo is livid.)

Mojo: NOOOOOO!! That is my line! I've always wanted to say that!

Robot: And you will now bow down to me.

(Cut to another pan across the onlookers, who are now prostrate on the ground.)

Robot: *(from o.c.)* Yes, just like that. *(Stop on Mojo and zoom in.)*

Mojo: No! No! NOOOO!

(As the zoom continues toward his eyes, he cries out in supreme anger and vexation. The eyes suddenly pop and start to glow; pull back to show that he has taken on the appearance and behavior of a wild monkey. A very large, disheveled, angry wild monkey. His gloves, boots, and braincap are all that remains of his clothing in this shot; the other items restore themselves, and he starts to jump and gibber as if in the jungle. The robot watches it, puzzled, and we see an extreme close-up of Mojo's eyes. They are afire with his all-consuming rage.)

Mojo: YOU—HAVE—BROKEN—MY—DREAMS!!

(Screaming, he leaps straight up at the robot and unleashes a barrage of punches upon it. Despite the size mismatch, his blows have a definite effect. Now he jumps behind the metal leviathan and strikes it between the shoulder blades. Sparks crackle all over its surface, and it starts to lose its balance. Mojo leaps again, both fists extended and a battle cry on his lips; he reaches into his tunic and pulls out a loaf of French bread—it might be the same one he used to beat the clerk at Miguel's Market. He bashes the robot over the head with it, and the bread crumbles in slow motion. The robot's eyes go dim as it tumbles forward to land face first.)

(Mojo moves in and grabs one foot, bending the lower leg back toward the knee. When he has the limb almost bent double, the robot starts to cry out in pain and pound the ground.)

Mojo: Say it! *(More crying from the robot.)* SAY IT! *(Still more crying.)* SAY IT!!

Robot: YOU ARE THE MOST EVIL! *(It collapses again; Mojo lets go.)*

Mojo: And don't you forget it!

(He jumps off the robot's back. The ship beams the defeated warrior up and then flies away into space as the crowd cheers. Back to Mojo, who is dusting himself off and has regained his composure. The applause catches him off guard, however.)

Mojo: Huh?

(People are waving and bowing down to him. The girls fly over and hug him. Cut to each speaker in turn unless noted.)

Girls: Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!

Blossom: Mojo, you did really good!

Mojo: Good?

Buttercup: You saved us!

Mojo: Saved?! But...but... *(Stay on him.)*

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Yes, Mojo. *(Pull back.)* You're our hero!

Mojo: *Hero?!*

(This last is true, judging from the pro-Mojo flags being waved. He stands amid the cheering crowd, the girls nearby, and looks completely fed up.)

Mojo: No, no, no! I am a villain! Do you hear me? Villain! I do not save! I do not do good! I am bad! I am evil! I am the most evil!

(The background for the end shot comes up.)

Narrator: And so once again the day is saved—

(Mojo appears by himself. He still cannot comprehend what has happened.)

Narrator: —thanks to Mojo Jojo!

Mojo: NO! *(He is replaced by "THE END.")*

Narrator: Yep, you're the goodest good guy ever to have done good.

Mojo: *(voice over)* No!

Narrator: Yep, you're good.

Mojo: *(voice over)* No!