

KEEN ON KEANE

Transcribed by Alan Back

[Note: Since a large part of the dialogue in this episode occurs over the hotline, my usual notation is too cumbersome to use here. An asterisk (*) indicates a line heard on the phone.]

(Opening shot: the city skyline, looking as if it were cut out of construction paper.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* The city of Townsville...

(Pull back; the view is part of a heart-shaped valentine she is holding. Around the outer perimeter, which is decorated with small hearts, this message is printed: "To the best teacher in Townsville! Love, Blossom." We can see the edge of her desk and hear kids talking now—this is the Pokey Oaks Kindergarten classroom.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* ...has never seen such a lovely valentine. *(pulling it away; Blossom stands before desk)* Thank you, Blossom.

(She steps aside, and Bubbles takes her place. She is carrying a small valentine.)

Bubbles: Ms. Keane, Ms. Keane! Look at mine, look at mine!

(Head-on view of the desk at the end of this, the blackboard shows "Feb. 14—Happy Valentine's Day" amid many hearts. Back to the original camera placement. Bubbles' offering is a small card with a heart pierced by Cupid's arrow.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c., taking it)* Yes, Bubbles, I see. *(Head-on view of the desk.)* I just love it!

(Now Buttercup runs up with a valentine that has globs of paste or glue dripping from it.)

Buttercup: Here's mine, Ms. Keane. *(She gives it over.)*

Ms. Keane: Thank you, Buttercup. *(a bit uneasily, as the muck sticks to her hands)*
Uh...excellent use of, uh, glue.

(Buttercup beams at the praise, faint though it may be, and runs across the room to join the other kids. She joins Mitch Mitchellson and a girl to play with toy cars, while Bubbles paints and Blossom works on more valentines with three other girls at a nearby desk. These speak next.)

Girl 1: Isn't Valentine's Day romantic?

Girl 2: Yeah. My parents are going out for a special dinner.

Girl 3: My sister has a big date tonight.

(Back to Mitch and company on the end of this line. He makes retching noises, clutching his throat and poking an index finger toward his mouth to portray his disgust with all this sap. The display amuses Buttercup and the other girl, but Ms. Keane puts a stop to it when she steps up.)

Ms. Keane: Mitch! Stop that! Or your face will freeze that way.

Mitch: Awesome! *(He and his playmates make goofy faces; Ms. Keane reaches the desk.)*

Blossom: Where are *you* going out tonight, Ms. Keane?

Bubbles: Yeah, who's *your* sweetheart? *(Paint drips from her brush onto the carpet.)*

Ms. Keane: Sweetheart? Oh, no, girls. I don't have time for *that*. *(walking to front)* I have much too much work to do for that sort of thing.

(The girls trade a slightly worried look at this remark. Fade to black.)

(Snap to a close-up of a surprised-looking young woman with long black hair and light blue eyes, the exact color of Ms. Keane's. She wears a red dress and large diamond earrings, and is standing in a darkly paneled room. The quality of the image gives it away as part of a TV show.)

Young woman: Why, Derek.

(Pull back; the room is decorated with a chandelier and lit candles everywhere. A muscular young man is before her on one knee and holding one of her hands—this is Derek.)

Young woman: What is all this?

Derek: Oh, Gabrielle. Long has my heart ached for you. *(standing up, embracing her)* Your raven hair, your sapphire eyes, your ruby lips. Though I could not summon the courage before, Cupid's bow has given me strength on this, the eve of love. Gabrielle, will you marry me?

Young woman (Gabrielle): Oh, Derek...

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Oh, girls...

(Cut to them in the living room at home; they have been watching this soap opera. Pan from them to the kitchen doorway, where he has poked his head out.)

Professor: Girls! Dinner! *(They peek in; the table is set.)* I made something special.

(Close-up of the main course: a large, heart-shaped meatloaf with "BE MINE" and some hearts drawn on it in ketchup.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Valentine's Day meatloaf! *(Pull back; all four are seated at the table.)*

Blossom: Professor, why aren't you going out for dinner?

Professor: Out?

Buttercup: You know, on a date? *(She mimics embracing and kissing an invisible paramour; Bubbles giggles.)*

Bubbles: Yeah. Who's *your* sweetheart?

Professor: Sweetheart? *(chuckling)* Oh, no, girls, I don't have time for *that*. *(cutting the meatloaf)* I have much too much work to do for that sort of thing.

(The girls trade another look, this one sly and calculating. Fade to black.)

(Snap to a close-up of a small orange cat, the same shade as Ms. Keane's shirt. It is asleep and purring quietly; pull back to show it on a cushion next to the teacher. She sits in a round chair not unlike those seen during the candidate testing in Men in Black, and she works with books scattered around her. This is her living room—the first time we have seen her at home. The doorbell rings, and she goes to answer. Her cat trails behind; its eyes are the same color as hers.)

Ms. Keane: Now who could that be, Valentino?

(Cut to outside the door—number 74A—as she opens it and looks out.)

Ms. Keane: Hello?

(She looks down, the camera following her gaze to the doorstep. Valentino the cat is looking down there as well; on the welcome mat are a pink rose and a note addressed to Ms. Keane. She picks these up; cut to inside as she looks the message over.)

Derek: *(voice over)* My dearest Ms. Keane...

(Her perspective of the note, which is written in a very neat hand—Blossom's, as will be established in the next episode, "Not So Awesome Blossom.")

Derek: *(voice over)* Long has my heart ached for you. Your raven hair, your sapphire eyes, and your orange vest. Though I could not summon—

(Cut to the Professor in his living room. He is holding a red rose and studying his own note.)

Gabrielle: *(voice over)* —the courage to speak to you before, Cupid's bow has given me strength on this, the eve of love. Please, meet me at the finest restaurant in Townsville, at the corner of Amore Avenue and Passion Parkway.

[Error: Ms Keane's note reads "this eve of love."]

(When these roads are mentioned, cut to a street sign at their intersection. It is now evening. From here, tilt down to a nearby restaurant—Pete's-A Pizza, whose sign betrays it as a place much like Chuck E. Cheese's and displays the mascot, a mustachioed dog in a bow tie. The Professor's car is parked in front; evidently this is the rendezvous point. Inside, a band of robot animals is playing a show on stage. Tilt down from here to show several little kids laughing and cheering in front, but the Professor sits alone at a table and looks as if he is about to die of embarrassment. He is dressed to the nines: dinner jacket, bow tie, flower in his buttonhole.)

(Cut to Ms. Keane just inside the door. She too has broken out the good duds: little black dress, earrings, necklace, bracelet, makeup, small purse—and she too looks hopelessly out of place here. Pull back all the way across the room, past the game area, to put the Professor in the fore; he is truly shocked as he looks sidelong at her.)

Professor: *(thinking)* Oh, no! Ms. Keane is my secret admirer?

(Close-up of him; he forces a smile and waves. Pull back to put her in the fore—equally shocked.)

Ms. Keane: *(thinking)* Oh, no! Professor Utonium is my secret admirer?

(The camera follows her as she walks through the game area to reach his table; now she too has stuck on a smile. The usual accoutrements are present: video games, Skee-Ball, Whack-a-Mole, a tank of rubber balls for kids to jump around in, and so forth.)

Ms. Keane: *(thinking)* Okay, be polite, don't hurt his feelings. *(He has risen and pulled out a chair for her; she sits. Water glasses have been brought.)*

Professor: *(thinking, sitting)* Okay, be polite, don't hurt her feelings. *(aloud)* So, Ms. Keane. How, uh...how are you?

Ms. Keane: Oh, um...fine, and yourself?

(Pause. Both adults plaster artificially wide grins on their faces. The rest of the conversation continues in this manner.)

Professor: Good, good. *(They look down at their water.)* Yep-ah.

Ms. Keane: Mmm-hmm.

(They seize their glasses simultaneously; cut to his side as he drains his.)

Professor: Mmm... *(chuckling)* Wow, ooh, hey, this is really good water. *(He chuckles again; pan from side to side on the next lines.)*

Ms. Keane: Uh...yes, it's, um...it's nice and wet.

Professor: I love how they put ice in it here. *(He bites his lip and looks away.)*

Ms. Keane: Yeah, it really gives it that zing. *(She does likewise.)*

(Pull back. Both mutter a bit before a very bored waiter walks up to the table. He wears a dog suit that matches the mascot on the sign, with a tuxedo jacket and shirt added.)

Waiter: Bow-a wow-a wow-a, can I take your order now-a?

Professor, Ms. Keane: *(almost frantic)* Yes!

(Cut to Buttercup, who is mostly buried in the ball tank and rather ill at ease. She and her sisters speak a bit more softly than normal on their next five lines.)

Buttercup: Oh, this is a stupid hiding place! *(Pan to Blossom, also in the pile.)*

Blossom: Oh, calm down. *(addressing herself o.c.)* Bubbles! Can you see anything! *(Pan to her; she is facing another direction and has her head submerged.)*

Bubbles: Hold on.

(Close-up of her eyes amid the balls, then pull back to put the two adults in the fore—she has a direct line of sight from her spot in the tank. The pizza has been served, and they are eating; Ms. Keane has her back to the camera.)

Bubbles: Oh, you guys! You should see how she's looking at him! *(She gasps softly.)*

(Close-up of the table, the camera just behind the Professor. "How she's looking at him" is with a wide-eyed, stunned look—surprise and nerves rather than affection, though.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* She's falling in love!

Professor: What? *(Ms. Keane says nothing, but smiles a bit.)* What? What is it?

Ms. Keane: Look behind you, Professor.

(He does so and spots the girls in the ball tank; they dive out of sight, he smiles, and both adults laugh at the realization that they have been set up.)

Ms. Keane: You didn't send—

Professor: —me a secret-admirer note.

Professor, Ms. Keane: No!

(Both laugh. Fade to black.)

(Snap to a street that same evening. The Professor's car rolls up and parks in front of a particular house; cut to the back seat, where the girls are looking very dejected. He leans in at the window as the two front doors close o.c.)

Professor: Wait here, girls. I'll walk Ms. Keane to her door. Try not to be disappointed, girls. *(Cut to just outside the door; he continues o.c.)* What you did was very sweet, but Ms. Keane and I just don't like each other that way. *(Head-on view of the four.)* Besides, if we started seeing each other, we wouldn't have as much time to spend with you.

(He and Ms. Keane go up her front walk.)

Ms. Keane: The girls really had their hopes up. Do you think they'll be okay?

Professor: Oh, they're a little disappointed, but I think they'll be okay.

Ms. Keane: *(fumbling in her purse)* Now where are my keys? *(She trips on a crack.)* Oh!

(Slow motion: she tumbles headlong toward the ground, and he dashes forward to catch her.)

Professor: *(half speed)* NOOOO!

(Normal speed resumes. He grabs her around the waist and pulls her to himself to stop her fall, and they hold this position for several long seconds. Alternate between shots of him and her twice, pulling back slowly the first time and zooming in the second. During this sequence, their eyes are wide with bewilderment and indecision—what to do next?—and we see heart-shaped craters on the full moon and hear their steadily accelerating heartbeats. Finally the camera pulls back to show them standing in a pink, heart-shaped pool of light—and they hurriedly break the tableau and stand up. Facing away from each other, they blush and laugh nervously. Cut to just

in front of them, their shadows cast long toward the street; they join hands, and the camera tilts up to point at the car. The girls watch, smiling—mission accomplished. Fade to black.)

(Snap to the exterior of the house the next morning.)

Bubbles: *(from inside)* We did it!

(Inside, she is in her nightgown and jumping on the bed.)

Bubbles: We did it! We did it! We did it! We did it! We... *(jumping across room to Buttercup, at vanity)* ...did it!

(Buttercup is also in her nightgown and reaching into one of the vanity's drawers.)

Bubbles: *(gasping a bit)* Oh, my gosh! *(giddily)* What if they get married?

Buttercup: Eww, Bubbles, gross out!

(Now Blossom joins them; she too is in her nightgown, with empty coat hangers in hand.)

Blossom: Hey, you guys, we don't have any clean dresses. *(The house exterior.)*

Girls: *(from inside)* Professor! *(The living room; they continue o.c.)* Professor! *(The kitchen entrance; they fly to it.)* Professor! *(surprised)* Huh?

(Buttercup flies to the kitchen table and finds it bare.)

Buttercup: Hey! Where's our breakfast? *(Bubbles flies to a cleared countertop.)*

Bubbles: And where are our lunchboxes? *(Buttercup eyes the area.)* They're usually here on the counter. *(Blossom joins them.)*

Blossom: Something must have happened to— *(A loud, agonized groan from the Professor cuts her off.)*

Girls: Professor!

(Cut to a close-up of him and pull back. He is on a weight bench in the garage. A barbell rests across his chest, and he is having no luck lifting it. For this attempted workout, he has changed into a T-shirt that reads "NO PAIN NO PAIN," along with shorts, sneakers, and athletic socks. Bubbles and Buttercup lift the weight and set it back in its resting place as Blossom joins them.)

Blossom: Professor, what are you doing?

Professor: *(standing up, flexing muscles)* Working out. Getting buff. You know, the ladies don't go for those skinny scientist types. I gotta be manly for my new honeybunny.

(The girls are at a brief loss for words upon hearing this. Buttercup lets her tongue loll out, making no effort to hide her disgust.)

Blossom: O...kay. Uh, Professor, we're kinda late for school, and—

Professor: *(clapping hand to forehead)* School? Oh, I almost forgot! *(He runs o.c.)*

Buttercup: Finally! *(He returns and holds a teddy bear out to Bubbles.)*

Professor: Here.

Bubbles: *(squealing happily, taking it)* Professor! Thank you!

Professor: *(walking away, talking fast)* That's not for you, Bubbles, that's for Ms. Keane. Could you give it to her? Okay, thanks. Bye-bye.

(He goes back into the house, pulling the door shut behind himself. The girls trade a puzzled look. Cut to the exterior of the house as they take off; a quick spin of the camera, and they arrive at Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. Inside, the front door flies open and they stand on the step. They have now put on their dresses.)

Girls: Sorry we're late, Ms. Keane!

(She steps into view behind them, the camera tilting up to her. Her usual choice of clothing has given way to a rather different look: orange blouse, red vest, brown skirt that stops above her knees, red scarf tied over her hair, oversized sunglasses, hoop earrings. She wears makeup and carries several shopping bags.)

[Animation goof: A gold bracelet will appear and disappear from her wrist from here on in.]

Ms. Keane: Sorry I'm late, children. *(walking to front desk, setting bags down; the girls follow)* I stopped by the mall to pick up a few things, and time just got away from me.

(On the end of this, she removes her sunglasses and scarf, revealing still more makeup that was hidden beneath them. It takes a moment for the girls to sort this all out.)

Blossom: Ms. Keane! What happened to you?

Ms. Keane: Oh! You like? *(pulling out lipstick and compact)* You know, guys don't go for those plain-Jane bookish types. *(touching herself up)* I gotta be beautiful for my new pooky bear.

(Back to the girls on the end of this; Blossom and Bubbles look a little off balance, but Buttercup just looks disgusted again. After Ms. Keane finishes, all three suddenly look as if the entire world has just taken a hairpin turn into left field without bothering to tell them. After a moment, Bubbles looks down at the Professor's teddy bear, Buttercup claps a hand to her face, and Blossom tries to sort the whole mess out in her head.)

Bubbles: Uh...speaking of bears— *(The hotline cuts her off; Blossom answers it.)*

Blossom: Yes, Mayor?...Oh. *(away from receiver)* Ms. Keane, it's for you. *(Cut to Ms. Keane; she continues o.c.)* It's Pooky—I mean, Professor.

(At the mention of the caller, their teacher gasps ecstatically, makes a lightning-fast grab for the receiver, and hugs it to herself.)

Ms. Keane: Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh! *(to herself)* Okay, okay. Pull yourself together.

(She takes a deep breath, lifts the receiver to her ear, and listens intently—only to realize that everybody in the room is staring at her as the camera pulls back to frame them all. Back to her.)

Ms. Keane: Uh... *(Her perspective of them.)* ...um...recess!

(The kids cheer and start engaging in various messy play activities. Pan slowly to the window, where the girls are floating and surveying the scene with great trepidation. A ball is flung into view, narrowly missing them and smashing the glass. Bubbles still has that teddy bear.)

Buttercup: This is awful! Setting up Professor and Ms. Keane is ruining our whole lives!
(Bubbles rips the bear's head off.)

Bubbles: Yeah!

Blossom: Well, at least we can still fight crime.

(Cut to just inside the closed door of the Mayor's office. Ms. Bellum bursts in.)

Ms. Bellum: Mayor!

(Cut to him, reading a comic book at his desk. The hotline sits nearby.)

Ms. Bellum: *(from o.c.)* There's been a robbery! Call the girls!

Mayor: Right! *(He grabs the receiver and talks into it.)* Oh, Bloss—

(The sound of another voice on the line brings him up short—it is the Professor, sounding ready for a little pillow talk. Ms. Keane sounds likewise when she responds.)

* **Professor:** So how you doin', cutie pie?

Mayor: *(softly)* Oh!

* **Ms. Keane:** Oh, just fine, fuzzy muffin.

* **Professor:** I'm so happy to hear that, sweetie pants.

* **Ms. Keane:** Oh, well, aren't you sweet, cuddlefish?

(Ms. Bellum steps up. The exchange of pet names continues under the next few lines.)

Ms. Bellum: Mayor, what are you doing? *(He keeps his voice down when he speaks.)*

Mayor: *(covering mouthpiece)* Shh! Somebody's on the other line.

Ms. Bellum: So?

Mayor: Well, I don't want to interrupt.

Ms. Bellum: *(testily)* Why not?

Mayor: Because...that would be rude.

(Ms. Bellum groans in unbridled disgust. Fade to black.)

(Fade in to the Professor at home; he is lounging on the couch, back in his usual attire, hotline receiver in hand and snacks and a book scattered around himself.)

Professor: No, *you* are, pumpkin pants.

(As he says this, pull back and pan across the living room, which is an unholy mess. The girls are reluctantly filling a trash bag with the debris—someone has been neglecting his housework.)

* **Ms. Keane:** No, *you* are, love bucket.

(Dissolve to the Mayor's office in the evening. Ms. Bellum looks out the window as a monster stomps down the street.)

* **Professor:** Only if you say so, snugglepuppy. *(Pan to the Mayor, still listening in.)*

* **Ms. Keane:** Well, I certainly do, honeybunny.

(Dissolve to her on the phone at school; she is filing her nails as the conversation continues.)

* **Professor:** Then thank you, wormypiggums.

(On this line, pan away from her to the blackboard, where several children—including Buttercup—are committing grievous offenses against the alphabet, spelling, and arithmetic. Blossom and Bubbles trade a very uneasy look.)

Ms. Keane: *(from o.c.)* You're very welcome, snootypoo.

(Dissolve to the Mayor's office. Now the skyline has been ravaged and flying saucers strafe anything left standing. Ms. Bellum sits on the couch, a hand to her face.)

* **Professor:** What are you up to, lumpy bones?

* **Ms. Keane:** Teachin' a class, sugar cookie. *(Pan to the Mayor, twirling his mustache and still listening in.)*

* **Professor:** Ooh, that sounds like fun, cheesy quesadilla.

(On the end of this, dissolve to him as he carries the hotline through the kitchen at home; the place is a disaster area. He passes the girls at the table as he goes. Bubbles and Buttercup, seated, eye plates of some unidentifiable slop in front of them, while Blossom floats nearby with a pot of this stuff and a serving spoon in hand. She has tried to cook a meal.)

* **Ms. Keane:** Well, it is, shlubbybuff.

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Well, good, then, lovey bear.

(Blossom's sisters stick their tongues out at whatever it is she has dished up and push their plates away. She is hurt by the rejection. Dissolve to the Mayor's office; now the city is in flames and Ms. Bellum has collapsed onto the couch to hide her grief.)

* **Ms. Keane:** What are *you* up to, duck-billed platypus? *(Pan to the Mayor, still listening in; he has tied red bows to the ends of his mustache.)*

* **Professor:** Oh, inventin' stuff, googly moogly.

(Dissolve to Ms. Keane at home. She carries the hotline—borrowed from school, it would seem—through the living room, which is also a complete wreck. Her hair is in curlers, and cold cream is smeared on her face. She passes Valentino, who looks forlornly down at a food dish filled only with cobwebs—not only has someone else forgotten her housework, she has also not fed the cat.)

Ms. Keane: Oh, you're so smart, physics pants.

* **Professor:** Not as smart as you are, apple dumplin'.

(Dissolve to a close-up of a note: "\$50,000 IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE YOUR SECRETARY AGAIN!")

* **Ms. Keane:** Stop, silly billy.

* **Professor:** No, I won't, sticky bun.

(On this line, pull back to show the note on the floor in front of the couch in the Mayor's office. Ms. Bellum is nowhere to be seen; neither are most of the buildings. Only pieces of charred ironwork are still standing under a sky that has gone gray with soot. Pan to the Mayor, who is still listening in after all this time. The bows are gone from his mustache.)

* **Ms. Keane:** You're so funny, poogly pie.

* **Professor:** No, you are, sugar booger. *(The Mayor's nose starts to twitch—he is trying to hold back a sneeze.)*

* **Ms. Keane:** No, you are, cutie patootie.

(On the end of this, cut to a split-screen view of the two lovebirds. Each one's domicile has been cleaned up, and Ms. Keane looks as she usually does. The Mayor's sneeze is heard over the line.)

Professor, Ms. Keane: Gesundheit!

* **Mayor:** Thank you. *(Both pairs of eyes pop wide open.)*

Professor, Ms. Keane: Hello?

(The Professor's half of the screen splits again to put the Mayor in view.)

Mayor: *(sheepishly)* Uh...hello.

Ms. Keane: Oh, my gosh! We've been tying up the hotline, haven't we?

Mayor: No, no...well, yeah. But that's okay.

Professor: No, it was very irresponsible of us.

Ms. Keane: We got carried away. I haven't even been grading the children's homework.

Mayor: Oh, yeah, you gotta do that.

Professor: And I haven't invented anything in weeks.

Mayor: And you invent the best stuff, too.

Ms. Keane: And I've been neglecting Valentino.

Mayor: Poor, poor Valentino.

Professor: Who's Valentino?

Mayor: Yeah, who's Valentino?

Ms. Keane: My cat. *(This catches the Professor off guard.)*

Mayor: Aww, a kitty! Meow!

Professor: You have a cat.

Ms. Keane: Yes. Don't you like cats?

Professor: *(uneasily)* Well...I had a really bad experience with a cat once.

[Note; He is referring to "Cat Man Do."]

(From here on, the tone of the conversation becomes increasingly hostile.)

Ms. Keane: Well, it couldn't have been *that* bad.

Professor: It made me jump off a building!

Ms. Keane: *(sighing disgustedly)* That's ridiculous!

Professor: What? You don't believe me?

Ms. Keane: I don't think I could date a man who hated cats so much, he had to make up ridiculous stories.

Professor: Well, I don't think I could date a woman who didn't believe my ridiculous stories!

Ms. Keane: Well, maybe you shouldn't, then!

Professor: Then maybe I won't!

Ms. Keane: Fine! Don't, then!

Professor: Fine! I won't!

Ms. Keane: Fine!

Professor: Fine!

Ms. Keane: Fine!

Professor: Fine!

(Both hang up at once; the Mayor, however does not. The split-screen view gives way to the Professor, who is now sulking on the living room couch. A moment later, the hotline starts to buzz; he casts an angry eye at it and snatches up the receiver.)

Professor: *WHAT?!* *(Pause.)*

* **Mayor:** *(scared)* Uh, can I talk to the girls?

Professor: *(softer tone)* Oh...right...sorry. *(covering mouthpiece, calling o.c.)* Um...girls?

(In an instant, they are in the living room and ready to do what they do best.)

Professor: Townsville's in trouble.

Buttercup: *(relieved)* Oh, finally, some action!

(The background for the end shot comes up.)

Narrator: So once again the day is saved, thanks to...

(A rather bewildered Valentino appears alone.)

Narrator: *(also bewildered)* ...Ms. Keane's cat, I guess. Nice Valentino.