

NUTHIN' SPECIAL

Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville! A special city on an especially special day— *(Thick clouds of smoke rise, accompanied by massive o.c. footsteps.)* —where nothing special is—wha...? Not another giant flaming squirrel!

(On the end of this line, pan/tilt down quickly to the beast in question stomping around a corner. Its beady red eyes sit above a huge mouth with a chipped front tooth, and it is wreathed in smoke and green flames. It screeches and smashes a building; cut to several screaming, fleeing townspeople. They run to safety just before the squirrel crushes a parked car underfoot.)

(Back to the creature, which lets off a long screech and knocks over two more buildings. Pull back to put it in the distance and the girls in the foreground, their backs to the camera.)

[Possible animation goof: Bubbles' dress appears to match Buttercup's, though this might be partially due to the glare of the squirrel's flames.]

Blossom: All right, girls, let's get to work. *(The squirrel approaches a rooftop water tower.)*
He's going for the water tank!

Buttercup: I'm on it! *(She zips down.)*

(The creature tears the tank from the roof and promptly has it zipped away by Buttercup. This does not sit well with the assailant and leads to a fresh yowl of anger. The tank is set down safely, but upside down, on another rooftop.)

Buttercup: Betcha didn't like that! *(She doubles back.)*

(The squirrel, meanwhile, pounds another building as more people run in terror.)

Squirrel: Caliente fuego! *(Blossom and Bubbles fly up.)* Muy caliente fuego!

Blossom: Bubbles, he's speaking Spanish! See if you can translate.

Bubbles: No problema!

(The squirrel has said, "Hot fire! Very hot fire!" Bubbles' words: "No problem!" She zips away and stops behind the squirrel's head. On the next line, it turns to face her.)

Squirrel: FUEGO!! CALIENTE!! *(“Fire! Hot!”)*

Bubbles: Uh...hable despacio, por favor. *(“Speak slowly, please.”)*

(The only answer she gets is a swipe of the paw, which she ducks.)

Bubbles: I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch that.

(The monster runs down the street, screaming in pain—it has been trying to get some relief from the fire licking at its body.)

Squirrel: Ay, papi, caliente! *(More screaming.)* Ardiente caliente fuego! *(Bubbles pulls even.)*

Bubbles: Slow down, por favor!

(The last line: “Oh, daddy, hot! Burning hot fire!”)

(The squirrel continues to run wild; more people scatter before it, and a crying baby wanders into its path. Blossom gasps in shock and charges down, plucking the child away just in time. She carries it to a group of onlookers and deposits it in a woman’s arms before taking off again.)

Woman: This isn’t my baby! *(The squirrel screams again.)*

Squirrel: AYUDA!!

Bubbles: Wait! I got that one! It means “Help!”

Squirrel: *(jumping up and down)* SÓCORRAME!!

Bubbles: “Put me...”

Squirrel: *(still jumping)* SOY POR EL...

Bubbles: “...out... I’m on...”

Squirrel: *(rolling around)* ...FUEGO!!

Bubbles: “...fire.”

Squirrel: Exactamente! *(“Exactly!”)*

Bubbles: “Help. Put me out. I’m on fire.”

Squirrel: *(wearily)* Sí!

[Error: Its second word—with the accent on the wrong O— translates as “Help me!” A verb that would match Bubbles’ translation is “sofócame,” the imperative form of “sofocar,” meaning “to quench or smother.”]

(The whole thing finally sinks in for Bubbles. She gasps as her sisters land near her.)

Bubbles: Wait! I know what he’s saying!

Blossom, Buttercup: What is it?

Bubbles: “Help! Put me out! I’m on fire!”

Squirrel: Sí, sí, sí!

Blossom, Buttercup: Ohhhh!

Bubbles: What do we do? *[Animation goof: Her mouth does not move.]*

Blossom: I’ll handle this!

(She charges at the squirrel and lets go with a lungful of her ice breath, darting around to direct it over all parts of the creature’s body. In seconds the entire intersection is hidden by the frosty clouds; when Blossom backs off, they clear away to reveal that the green flames have been extinguished. It takes the squirrel a few moments to realize this, at which point it breaks into a huge smile and laughs exuberantly.)

Squirrel: Gracias, Bubbles, por su fuerza especial de lengua, y Blossom, por su fuerza especial de aliento de hielo. Soy salvado.

Bubbles: He says, “Thank you, Bubbles, for your special power of language, and Blossom, for your special power of ice breath.”

(Translation of its last words: “I am saved.” Buttercup, floating at a distance behind her sisters, lets her face betray that she feels a bit left out here.)

Squirrel: Y Buttercup. Gracias por...uh...estar aquí?

Bubbles: He says, “Thanks, Buttercup, for...uh...being there?”

[Error: “Aquí” means “here,” not “there.”]

(This wounds her deeply—the power hitter of the team having played no useful role in saving the day—and she hangs her head dejectedly. The squirrel waves goodbye to the townspeople.)

Squirrel: ADIÓS, AMIGOS!! (“Goodbye, friends!”)

Crowd: *(as it departs)* HASTA LUEGO!! (“So long!”)

Blossom: All right, girls! A job well done—no pun intended.

(The crowd breaks into a chant of “Blossom! Bubbles!” that really gets Buttercup fuming. Cut to her sisters; on the next lines, she comes up behind them.)

Bubbles: Hey! Let’s go home and make tacos.

Buttercup: NOOOOO!!

Bubbles: But I like tacos.

Buttercup: *(very snarky)* You guys with your special powers of ice breath and south-of-the-border rodent speech. Well, I want to know what *my* special power is, and we’re not leaving until I find out what it is!

Blossom: But, Buttercup, you do that...thing.

(This comes nowhere close to settling the issue.)

Blossom: Wait...you’re right. You don’t have a special power, do you?

Buttercup: Well, we’re about to find out. Now let me think.

(She starts rubbing her chin in deep thought; pull back to a long shot of the three. Buttercup is at screen left, Blossom and Bubbles at the right. After several seconds, back to Buttercup.)

Buttercup: Aha!

(She flies in a tight circle, creating a tornado as she did at in “Down n’ Dirty” to suck up the smog monster. Her sisters watch, puzzled, as bits of paper and debris are sucked past them. Buttercup descends to ground level, where cars and trucks are pulled into the vortex. Finally she spins down to a stop and lands.)

Buttercup: Top that!

(Her sisters land at a distance, trade a glance, and generate their own twisters. Buttercup watches, annoyance writ large on her face, as trash flies and buildings are torn apart—a step up in force. When they stop, only bits of structural ironwork stand on both sides of the street.)

Bubbles: *(doing a pirouette)* Ta-da! *(She bows; pan to Blossom.)*

Blossom: *(to Buttercup)* You're really gonna have to try harder than that.

(The brunette looks as if she could eat a steel beam and spit out nails. After a moment, she rises into the air and fires energy bolts from her hands, which cut a path straight down the street toward Blossom and Bubbles; they are forced to dive aside. The beam traces up the side of a building and dissipates, leaving a deep gash in the façade.)

(Blossom and Bubbles drop to street level and bounce up. Blossom fires bolts from her hands, cutting along the street, and Bubbles does likewise in a different direction. Cut to a distant intersection; the glare of the beams is seen over the buildings. A limousine pulls into view and stops, and one of the windows rolls down to reveal the Mayor inside. He looks out at the scene.)

Mayor: Oh, goody, goody! I wonder if it's another flaming rodent. Let's go see!

(Blossom keeps firing, and the camera cuts to an overhead view to show that she is writing "This is easy" in the pavement. When she stops, cut to Buttercup, who looks quite sore as appreciative murmurs float up from ground-level onlookers. Blossom looks quite pleased with herself before glancing in Bubbles' direction. In a similar overhead shot, we see that the latter is finishing up her own blacktop artwork: a pony within a heart. She finishes, turns away, and giggles. Through the following series of demonstrations, more murmurs are heard from time to time.)

(Buttercup looks as if she might blow her top at any second. She claps her hands to her face briefly to contain herself, then lets go with the high-intensity scream she and Blossom used in "All Chalked Up," and which only Bubbles had used before that episode. One building after another crumbles under the onslaught; cut to a group of people in the street, covering their ears.)

Man: *(heavy Southern accent, as Buttercup stops)* Yep, that's gotta be it. That's gotta be her special power.

Buttercup: *(to her sisters)* How about that, señoritas? *(They are playing it cool.)*

Blossom: Oh, please.

(After a moment of quiet, both of them cut loose with the same scream; a building falls, and a distant, idle freight train is lifted off its tracks and pushed away. At the scene of the showdown, they have stopped and Buttercup lands before them. She gathers herself for some mighty effort, the strain of which is shown only by the trembling of her rigid body—and then she gradually fades from sight altogether.)

(Blossom and Bubbles mimic her, disappearing more quickly. Buttercup pops into view on a rooftop, and they reappear on a perch across the street from her. Buttercup leaps into the air,

her hands glowing red, and plunges to the street. She lands a punch that sends out a long furrow of buckling concrete; this tears through the base of a statue, which is revealed to be of the Mayor when the camera tilts up to its head. The sculpture cracks and explodes.)

(Blossom raises her own hand, also glowing red, and strikes the ground; an entire building shatters into rubble as a result. Bubbles does likewise and brings down the offices of a law firm.)

Buttercup: Try this! Inferno!

(Green flames envelop her; cut to her sisters, who have already copied the move in their own respective colors. Bubbles grins and waves, while Blossom stands with arms crossed, eyes half shut, and a cocky smile.)

Buttercup: Copycat!

(Her fire has gone out; duplicates of herself appear to each side and behind her, filling the street. Cut to Blossom and Buttercup, who have also extinguished and replicated themselves. Back to Buttercup, her duplicates gone.)

Buttercup: Aqua Velvie!

(She becomes a puddle of water; quick pan to two others where her sisters stood—another standoff. Their duplicates are gone as well. Back to Buttercup, who has reconstituted herself.)

Buttercup: Atomic Snot Bucket!

(She snorts in a huge breath, hocks up a loogie, and lets it fly. The wad of green phlegm streaks down the street and explodes against a building. On another street, pink and blue streaks cause similar explosions—her sisters have solidified and matched her once again. Back to Buttercup.)

Buttercup: Itsy Bitsy!

(She shrinks to a speck; her sisters do the same in front of a crowd. Back to her, normal-sized.)

Buttercup: Electric Boogaloo Force Field!

(She drops onto her back, tucks in her head, arms, and legs, and spins in place like a breakdancer on a sugar rush. A sphere of green light surrounds her—but in a quick pan down the street, similar spheres of pink and blue light prove that Blossom and Bubbles have regrown and can pull this off too. Back to Buttercup, standing up again and with a deck of cards in hand.)

Buttercup: Three-Card Puffy!

(She passes her other hand over the cards and they disappear. Her sisters, no longer doing their backspins, master this sleight of hand in no time.)

Buttercup: Optometron!

(Her eyes bulge out of the sockets; so do theirs. Back to her, eyes in place again. Now she has a stack of coins balanced on her elbow.)

Buttercup: The Penny-Pincher!

(She whips her elbow away and rotates her arm in order to catch the coins before they can hit the ground. No problem for Blossom and Bubbles, whose eyes have also pulled in. Back to Buttercup, the coins out of sight.)

Buttercup: Call of the Wild!

(She roars like a lion, as do they. They have also ditched their coins. Back to her.)

Buttercup: The Matrix!

(She bends over backwards, her head almost touching the ground, and the camera keeps her in focus as the view behind her rotates and she tilts her upper body in the opposite direction. Her sisters do likewise.)

[Note: This is a take-off on a scene in The Matrix—the “bullet time” sequence on the roof of the building where Morpheus is being held captive.]

(Extreme close-up of Buttercup, who is truly at her wits' end. Pull back quickly to a long overhead view of her, Blossom, Bubbles, and the onlookers as she lets loose a frustrated yell.)

Buttercup: ENOUGH!!

(The word hangs in the air for a few seconds. Back to ground level; her sisters are completely stunned by this, as are the crowd and the Mayor.)

Buttercup: Huh. Forget it. I ain't got no special skills. *(hanging her head)* I ain't special.

Blossom: Aww, Buttercup. You may not have a special power—

Bubbles: —but you're still special.

Buttercup: *(rounding on them angrily)* But...but...but nothing! I thought I had a special power, but I don't! I thought I was special, but I'm not! So there!

(She sticks out her tongue, curling it into a tube. This catches Blossom and Bubbles flat-footed.)

Bubbles: What did you just do? *(The crowd is similarly stunned.)*

Buttercup: What? Stick my tongue out? You want to see that again so you can copy that too? Well, here!

(She does it again, the camera zooming in to an extreme close-up of her face. Cut to Blossom and pan to Bubbles during the next two lines.)

Blossom: You can...

Bubbles: ...curl your tongue?

Buttercup: (*floating over*) Yeah, so? What's the big deal? I've always been able to do that. See?

(*She does it again. Blossom and Bubbles try to imitate her, but cannot—and in the process, they generate a couple of weak raspberries.*)

Buttercup: What are you guys doing?

(*In short, they are failing miserably. Pan slowly from Blossom to Bubbles as both keep trying to pull it off. After several seconds of this, Buttercup has a brainstorm.*)

Buttercup: Hey! You guys can't curl your tongue, can you? *You can't!* (*She has a good hearty laugh.*) Yes!

Blossom: I'll do it! Just give me a sec! (*Buttercup jumps up and down excitedly.*)

Buttercup: Oh, you mean this? (*She does it.*)

(*The onlookers talk excitedly among themselves; cut to the Mayor and Ms. Bellum among them.*)

[*Note: One of them copies the cue that an onlooker gave to the fireman near the end of "Too Pooped to Puff."*]

Mayor: Oh! Curl your tongue, huh? (*He tries and fails.*)

Ms. Bellum: (*sounding as if doing it*) Mr. Mayor, how about this? (*We hear some more efforts.*)

Mayor: Uh, yeah. You keep working on that.

(*Pan across the crowd, none of whom can curl their tongues, then cut to Buttercup. She is positively ecstatic at this turn of events, and she looks around herself. Close-up of one unsuccessful try after another: an ordinary man. A bearded fellow who licks his mustache. A woman who touches her tongue to her nose. A frog that lashes its tongue out. KISS member Gene Simmons, his tongue extended to full length. An anteater, its long thin tongue snaked out. Buttercup just stands and laughs at the lot of them.*)

Blossom: (*angrily*) You know what? It's not even a special power.

Buttercup: Yeah, but it's a skill you can't do! (*to Bubbles*) And you can't do!

(*She roars with laughter; cut to an overhead view of the scene and pull back slowly as she jumps around in front of her sisters and takes a bow.*)

Narrator: That's it? After all this time, *that's* her special power? (*Dissolve to a longer shot.*) That's lame! Anybody can curl their tongue! (*as if doing it*) Look. I'm doing it right now.

(*The background for the end shot comes up. He still sounds as if he has curled his tongue.*)

Narrator: So once again the day is saved—

(The girls appear: Buttercup front and center, happily showing off her “power,” with a resentful Blossom and a crushed Bubbles in the background to the left and right, respectively.)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! That’s her special power. We’ve been waiting all this time for that. It’s stupid!