

MONSTRA-CITY

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline during the day, the camera zoomed in on the upper stories of a group of tall buildings.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! But you probably knew that.

(A colossal chicken stomps into view, its loud, raucous call echoing through the air. We see only its body and part of the neck, which is striped red and white; pull back to show the entire creature as screams rise from ground level. The creature's beak sports several sharp teeth, and it has a pair of curved horns atop its head. It looks rather bored. Cut to a panicked crowd; a woman screams.)

Woman 1: Monster!

Man 1: Power...

Woman 2: ...puff...

Man 2: ...Girls!

Woman 3: HEEELLPPPP! *(Cut to the girls in flight.)*

Blossom: Come on, girls, let's give this chicken a lickin' good!

(It turns and catches sight of them as they approach. Instead of attacking, though, it speaks up.)

Chicken: There seems to be a misun—

(It gets no further; they plow into it and send it sliding down the block to crash into a building. Buttercup flies to it and grabs one of the teeth.)

Chicken: Wait! Just hear me out!

(She rips the tooth loose, causing the creature to clap its wings to its mouth and cry out in pain. Blossom approaches the head and fires her eye lasers between the horns; now the chicken yells even louder. Bubbles moves in to deliver a punch to the belly. It doubles over, winded, and an egg shoots from its rear end. The girls regroup in midair.)

Blossom: Let's finish him off!

(They charge, one by one, and pummel the overgrown poultry from all angles; it yells out frantically under the assault for a few seconds before getting out any coherent words.)

Chicken: For mercy's sake, please...**STOP!!**

(The girls are moving in for the coup de grace, but Blossom's face goes slack upon hearing this plea. She slams on the brakes and throws out her arms to stop her sisters.)

Blossom: Hold it!

(The chicken drops to its knees and starts sobbing pitifully; the girls trade a puzzled look. After some moments, Bubbles lands in front of it.)

Bubbles: You need to breathe—

(Before she can finish the word “breathe,” it screams in abject terror and huddles on the pavement, wings clutching its head. Blossom joins her sister on the ground.)

Blossom: Look, guy, relax. *(Buttercup lands.)* We’re not gonna hurt you. *(It can only babble.)*

Now why don’t you calm down and tell me what’s going on?

Chicken: *(angrily)* I just got evicted from my place on Monster Island. And I was trying to move into my new apartment here in Townsville.

Blossom: Apartment? Look, fella. I don’t want to burst your bubble, but no monsters live in Townsville.

Chicken: No?

Blossom: Uh...no.

Chicken: Well, you might want to talk to your Mayor about that.

(Quick pan to a group of creatures, of all shapes and sizes, who are wading ashore at the waterfront. Some of them carry luggage. A couple of policemen are checking a list of names—seeing who is authorized to enter the city proper and who is not. Pan away from here over the water; there is a long line of other ugly customers that stretches all the way back to an island—identified as Monster Isle in “Super Zeroes.”)

[Note: Among the monsters are the three-headed snake creature from “Octi Evil” and the pink tentacled creature that Bubbles fought during her level-11 training session in “Bubblevicious.”]

(Back to the girls.)

Blossom: Come on, girls. We better look into this.

(They take off. Cut to a long shot of the island; the monsters have all cleared out now.)

Mayor: *(voice over)* Now I don’t want to take anything away from you—

(Cut to the shore, where he is bent over a blueprint spread out on the sand. His legal staff is gathered behind him, and he is addressing a fellow in a hard hat. Another business-suited man stands near this individual.)

Mayor: —because you’re a good little architect and all. *(drawing on plans)* But I’d really like to see a different sort of medieval theme, with a—maybe like a big moat, and some columns. Back in the ’80s, stucco was really popular. *(The girls land.)*

Blossom: *(irked)* Mayor!

Mayor: (*dashing to them*) Oh, girls! It's so wonderful! Ms. Bellum found the deed to Monster Island in my trash, and you can imagine my surprise. (*indicating man who stood by architect*) So I called Mr. Mangrove here.

Mangrove: (*very cultured accent*) Winthrop Mangrove, of Winthrop Real Estate and Commercial Development. (*producing a business card*) My card.

(*Cut to Blossom, who takes it. As he continues, she passes it to Bubbles, who in turn gives it to Buttercup. The camera pans from one to the next in time.*)

Mangrove: (*from o.c.*) You see, my idea was to lease one of the outlets back to the Mayor, so that it appears on the monthly budget and not on the permanent account. Heh.

Mayor: Porcelain figurines! Of myself. I'm gonna sell 'em! To myself. Hooray for me! It's all perfectly legal; I checked with my lawyers. How does that go, Withers?

(*Cut to the lawyers. One of them—bald, thin mustache, glasses—produces a sheet of paper, clears his throat, and reads from it. This is Withers.*)

Withers: "In perpetuity and throughout the universe."

Mayor: (*awed*) Wow. (*normal tone*) That covers it. Of course, the monsters had to be relocated.

Blossom: That's what we wanted to talk to you about. See, uh— (*He pulls them into a hug.*)

Mayor: It'll be fine—especially since you three'll be keeping the peace. The people and monsters will get along just swell!

(*His words do not put them at ease. Cut to a street in Townsville; it is now filled with angry human residents.*)

Man 3: We hate monsters!

Man 4: Get outta here!

(*The entire mob starts jeering and yelling, directing its venom up toward an o.c. monster. Pan/tilt up to a group of new arrivals, who are shouting down at the people with equal ferocity. Cut back and forth between individual members of the two sides—human, monster, human, monster—then to an open patch of street between the groups. The girls land in their shadows; Blossom's voice is nearly lost under the tumult.*)

Blossom: Everyone! Everyone, please settle down! I can explain everything!

(*During this line, cut from her to alternating shots of the two mobs. After she finishes, close-up of Buttercup, eyeing the face-off with some frustration.*)

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) Please, be quiet! Everyone, just listen!

Buttercup: SHUT UP!! (*All fall silent; back to Blossom.*)

Blossom: Okay. People... (*Cut to the monsters; she steps into view before them.*) These monsters are no threat to you. And, monsters, these people do not hate you.

(The fact that they are brandishing signs that read “No!” and “No likey!” might seem to undercut her statement, and the next voice definitely does.)

Man 5: *(from o.c.)* Yes, we do! *(Cut to him.)* We don’t want any monsters in our town!

Man 6: Yeah, they’re scary!

Man 7: Huge!

Woman 4: And big!

Woman 5: They’re all pointy!

Man 8: And sharp!

Voice: Oh, yeah? *(Cut to the speaker, a tall one-eyed monster.)* Well, we don’t want to live in your town!

Pink tentacled monster: Yes, you people are too quick to pass judgment.

One-eyed pincer monster: Your ignorance is offensive.

Purple octopus: And you place too much value on appearances.

[Note: These last two were also seen in “Bubblevicious.”]

(Now a scaly green creature speaks up, holding up a large clawed foot.)

Green monster: Oh, and you get stuck between our big pointy toes.

(Both factions resume arguing with each other at full voice.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Everyone, quiet! *(She and her sisters fly in between the sides.)* Please, just listen to me!

Buttercup: *SHUT UP!!*

(It works again. Zoom in slowly on the girls during the following monologue, which Blossom delivers in the spirit of the old-time political orators.)

Blossom: People! Monsters! We must be steadfast and strong, for we are about to embark upon a new era! Let us make Townsville a beacon of brotherhood and love—calling to all the earth: “Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe fire.” Let us make Townsville a lesson in tolerance and acceptance— *(flying down, pulling a man forward)* —and demonstrate to everyone that people...

(Now she flies up into the crowd of monsters and leads one forward.)

Blossom: ...and monsters...

(It stands there, blinking its several eyes confusedly. Pull back to frame the entire scene; the girls float overhead, and the two singled-out individuals eye each other.)

Blossom: ...despite their differences, can live peacefully—as friends, as brothers, as one.

(During the end of this, cut as follows: to the people on “as friends,” to the monsters on “as brothers,” then to her, and finally to the man standing alone on “one.” After she finishes the sentence, we hear large footsteps from o.c. and the chosen beast steps into view. Smiling broadly, it hugs the man to itself and he feebly returns the gesture. The people cheer; the monsters stand mute.)

Buttercup: *SHUT UP!!*

(It works a third time. Fade to black.)

(Snap to a sidewalk, with two individuals walking into view from opposite sides of the screen, smiling, and tipping their hats to one another. At first glance, they appear to be men in ordinary business suits—but as the one on the right proceeds, we see that he is actually a creature with a long tube-like body supported by several extra pairs of legs. The man stops and stares, his smile disappearing as several yards of the monster pass him. He becomes queasy and struggles to keep from throwing up.)

(Close-up of a coffee cup being filled on a table. A fly buzzes into the frame and lands in the liquid; pull back to show the table outside Bobby’s Diner, with a necktie-wearing lavender beast sitting at it. A waitress stands across from it, having filled the cup, and it looks down at the coffee with some trepidation as she walks away.)

Necktie-wearing monster: Excuse me, uh, miss— *(Close-up of the cup; it continues o.c. and points.)* —but, uh, there appears to be a fly in my coffee.

(She returns to the table and looks down at the cup for a moment.)

Waitress: *(sarcastically)* So write a letter!

(It blinks at her, then hoists the table overhead and roars in fury; its tongue protrudes and opens a small mouth at its end to add a few decibels. It brings its arms forward to hurl the table at the cowering waitress—but suddenly there is nothing in its grip, and it blinks at its empty hands in total confusion and looks overhead. Cut to near the roof of the diner, a few feet overhead. Blossom has snatched the furniture away.)

Blossom: Now what did I say the other day?

(The monster and waitress stand ashamed before her.)

Blossom: Do you remember?

Necktie-wearing monster, waitress: *(haltingly)* Uh...let us be a beacon of brotherhood?

Blossom: And?

Necktie-wearing monster, waitress: Uh...

Blossom: Luh...luh...

(The two stumble repeatedly over this first-syllable cue for some moments.)

Blossom: *(fed up)* Love! Love! *(They mumble agreement.)*

(Cut to an office cubicle in which a man is working at his computer. The one-eyed monster from the earlier mob confrontation peeks over the partition to his left.)

Office worker: Uh...look, I don't want to be rude or anything, but I'm really trying to concentrate here.

(Overhead view; the monster is working at its own computer in the next cubicle. The system is positioned so that when it types, both the monitor and the man are in its field of view.)

Office worker: Could you just stop looking at me?

One-eyed monster: I'm not looking at you. *(Close-up of it; the man's reflection visible in its eye.)*

Office worker: *(annoyed)* You are looking right at me!

One-eyed monster: Well, *now* I'm looking at you.

(Cut to a street corner. A man stands on the sidewalk, next to a larger version of the beast that thrashed Buttercup in "Cover Up"—it looks like a cross between King Kong and a largemouth bass.)

Man 9, bass monster: Taxi! *(One pulls up.)*

Man 9: You were here first.

Bass monster: No, no, *you* were here first.

Man 9: I believe that *you* were here first.

Bass monster: I'm quite certain *you* were.

Man 9: I think that— *(He is grabbed.)*

Bass monster: *(angrily)* Well, get in the car!

(It makes to throw the fellow across the street, but Buttercup dives in to pull him o.c. to safety just in time. The monster looks bemusedly at its now-empty hands.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Hey! *(Cut to her and the man.)* Are you out of your mind?! *(Pull back to frame all three.)*

Bass monster: *(frightened)* No...I mean, yes. Sorry, Buttercup. I mean, thank you. *(It smiles weakly.)*

(Cut to a men's room, the camera pointing out from the wall over a urinal. The man previously seen in the cubicle is relieving himself but not seeming too happy about it—this is in his company's headquarters. He looks off to his right, our left; pan in that direction slightly to show the one-eyed monster at the next urinal. Pause.)

One-eyed monster: What?

(The interior of a bus rolling through the city. A man and a woman are seated next to a standing man holding an overhead strap. The group is flanked by two other straphangers: a giant cricket beast and a tall, shirtless reptilian creature in blue jeans.)

Man 10: *(to cricket)* Do you have the time?

(The cricket lifts one of its forelegs, checks the watch on it, and opens its mouth. Instead of speech, though, a gush of yellowish liquid spews out and disgusts the reptile, which promptly runs o.c. When the vomiting stops, the standing man is covered in goo.)

Cricket: About ten after six.

Man 10: *(a bit muffled)* Thank you.

(Bubbles flies into view and gasps upon seeing the state of his clothing.)

Bubbles: Goodness gracious! Sir, you are being slowly digested. *(steering him o.c.)* We need to get you to a hospital. *(to cricket)* You should be more careful!

Cricket: Whatever. I don't really care anymore.

(Cut to the office worker and the one-eyed creature walking through a parking lot—outside their company HQ again. Both carry briefcases; the man is now incredibly annoyed. Camera follows them.)

Office worker: Cut it out!

One-eyed monster: I'm not doing it!

Office worker: Knock it off!

One-eyed monster: Oh, this really unfair. I—

(The man pokes it in the eye and runs o.c. It drops its briefcase and claps its hands to its face, then starts crying and runs the other way. Cut to inside an apartment, with a picture of a similar beast by the door—we now know whose home this is, and the “man” of the house bursts in.)

One-eyed monster: Blanche! Darling! Oh, thank goodness.

(Cut to a female creature at the other end of the room—this is Blanche.)

One-eyed monster: *(walking into view)* Stan from work poked me in my eye! These people are crazy!

Blanche: *(taking its hands)* Oh, Harry, we still have each other. Our family. Our home.

(Two young creatures run into view and hug Harry, the male. Now he starts to brighten.)

One-eyed monster (Harry): Why, yes. We do.

(The touching scene is interrupted by a pounding from o.c., and the entire family turns to look. Quick pan to the door, which bursts open to admit the landlord—fat, slovenly, in a too-small undershirt. He is waving an eviction notice.)

Landlord: No more monsters! Get out!

(In the street, another mob of angry people has accumulated. Various targets of their hatred run down the block; among them are Harry, Blanche, and their two kids. One of them stumbles and falls, the mob fast closing in on it.)

One-eyed child: Daddy! *(Harry notices.)*

Harry: Billy!

One man reaches out to seize the child. The cricket points this out to the bass monster.)

Cricket: They're gonna get Harry's kid!

(As the mob is about to fall on Billy, a gargantuan shadow casts itself on them. They stop short and look up to see many of the largest and angriest creatures towering over the group. Harry stands up, cradling an intact Billy in his arms; pull back to show the two groups once again hurling epithets at each other from opposite sides of the street. The girls land on the centerline after a few moments—and they have had about all of this that they can stand.)

Buttercup: How many times do I have to tell you people to *SHUT UP*?!? *(It works a fourth time.)*

Blossom: What is wrong with all of you? What happened to peace and love?

Man 11: Love, schmove! Monsters get out!

Harry: Why, I oughta— *(Bubbles stops him.)*

Bubbles: I guess people and monsters just can't get along.

Woman 6: No way!

Female fish monster: Uh-uh!

Blossom: Can't find any common ground.

Woman 7: Nope.

Red lizard monster: Nope.

Buttercup: Can't agree on anything.

(The man and monster who were singled out during Blossom's speech speak up next, stepping to the center of the street as they do so.)

Singled-out man: That's right. We can't agree on anything, so we shouldn't live together.

Singled-out monster: I agree. We can't live together because we can't agree on anything.

(After a moment, the eyes of both go wide with surprise and the people gasp, followed by the monsters—they have found some small bit of agreement—and the girls smile. The man and monster embrace once again.)

Singled-out man: (*tenderly*) Now get outta here, you.

Singled-out monster: With pleasure.

(*Fade to black.*)

(*Fade in to a large manufacturing plant that has been built on the monsters' former home—Mayor Toys. The banner over the front entrance reads "Grand Opening," and a bolt of red ribbon is stretched across the doors, waiting to be cut. A red carpet has been rolled out, with a lectern at its head; there is a vendor's cart a little distance away. Mangrove stands at a lectern, seemingly addressing no one in particular; the Mayor stands with him, and his lawyers sit on a nearby bench. The real estate agent's words are amplified by the microphone in front of him.*)

Mangrove: And I would like to take a moment to thank you all for coming to our grand opening celebration.

(*Close-up of the gathering on the end of this, then cut to the audience on the shore. It consists entirely of a duck, a wild boar, a turtle, and a naked man with a long white beard—a castaway who has been here for many long years. They are rather puzzled by this; back to Mangrove.*)

Mangrove: (*indicating Mayor*) And now, the honorable Mayor of Townsville!

(*The castaway claps, the three animals express admiration as best they can, and the little man steps to the microphone and clears his throat. Mangrove claps as well.*)

Mayor: Thank you. (*Pause*) Okay! Ribbon-cutting time!

(*He clips the red band with an oversized pair of scissors, whereupon the entire area experiences some tremor. Cut to a patch of water, which begins to churn up with the emergence of some large shape; after a moment, a creature bursts from the maelstrom and stands erect. It is a towering orange creature in a business suit and hat. As it stomps ashore, we see that it carries a briefcase and has a long tail and spikes poking out the back of its coat—a dinosaur beast who apparently passed the bar at some point during its life. Mangrove cries out and the lawyers gasp in surprise before the monster begins to speak.*)

Lawyer monster: Are you the Mayor of Townsville?

Mayor: (*now in its shadow, scared*) Uh...probably. (*It pulls out a document.*)

Lawyer monster: I am hereby serving you with a summons and complaint for adverse possession to acquire title, damages, and declaratory judgment. (*The girls land on the shore.*)

Mayor: Girls! Thank goodness!

(*Cut to in front of them, with all the displaced creatures gathered behind.*)

Blossom: This island belongs to the monsters, Mayor, and they are filing a class action lawsuit.

Lawyer monster: (*pulling out a ballpoint pen*) Of course, all of this can be avoided if you simply sign on the dotted line.

(The paper is handed to the Mayor; its heading reads “Grant Deed.” As he reads, cut briefly to a close-up of it, then back to him.)

Mayor: *(reading)* “Transferring all of your rights, title, and interest to the aforementioned property.”

Mangrove: Don’t sign that, Mayor! You monsters have no rights as citizens of this town! *(The lawyer monster leans down and reaches to him.)* I will have you disbarred!

(A flick of one giant finger, and the real estate agent goes airborne. Long shot of the island; screaming, he sails through the air and o.c., and a splash is heard to mark his graceless landing. Back to the lawyer monster.)

Lawyer monster: *(chuckling)* Goodness gracious, I don’t know whatever came over me! *(menacingly, to lawyers)* No further objections, I trust?

(They shake their heads and mumble words to the effect that they have none.)

Mayor: Well, okay. As long as it’s temporary.

(He signs, and his non-human legal adversary promptly tears the whole front off the facility. A torrent of material spills forth into the water; in a close-up, this is revealed to be composed of porcelain figures in the Mayor’s image. Pull back a distance from the shore to show that these little trinkets are now floating all over the place and piled up by the remains of the plant. Laughter echoes through the air—coming from the girls and the monsters, as seen when the camera cuts back to the shore. Close-up of Blossom and Bubbles.)

Blossom: Now remember, if we ever see you in Townsville— *(Pan to Blossom’s other side, where Buttercup stands.)*

Buttercup: —we’ll beat your butts!

Monsters: Okay! Thank you, Powerpuff Girls!

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Narrator: And so once again the day is saved—thanks to the all-binding, all-powerful, all-encompassing legal system!