

SHUT THE PUP UP

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! *(Cut to an alley, in which a dog is nosing through a trash can.)* Where even the most curious canine isn't safe from the dog-eat-dog world of crime.

(During the second part of the previous line, the dog pulls its head out, a bone clamped in its jaws, and we see that it is the Talking Dog. He cocks an ear to listen; cut to a shadowy corner of the alley. He slowly advances out of the darkness as a male Italian voice speaks up.)

Italian 1: *(from o.c.)* Hey, hurry up already before someone catches us!

(Cut to just behind the pooch. He is looking down the alley at the waterfront, where two silhouettes—one fat, one thin—are dragging a large sack toward the edge. The man who spoke is one of them; now the other speaks.)

Italian 2: I can't! It's just so darn heavy!

(On the end of this, cut to the Talking Dog again. Back to the two men after he finishes; now, in close-up, we can see them clearly. The fat one was the first to talk.)

Italian 1: Well, maybe if there weren't so many pieces! *(The Talking Dog again.)*

Italian 2: *(from o.c.)* Just throw it in the water before it starts to stink up the joint!

(He sniffs on the end of this and grimaces in terror. There is a loud splash from o.c.—the load has been jettisoned—and he fearfully backs into the shadows. However, he runs into the trash can and makes a clatter, and the two Italians turn to look.)

Italian 1: Who's there?

(The canine just sits there and looks up for a moment. Cut to a quick pan along a street, with him pulling into view and running for all he is worth, then shift to point along his path—he is heading for the police station. Tilt up to the roof as a helicopter lands on it. Fade to black.)

(Snap to the exterior of the girls' house. It is now the next day.)

Bubbles: *(from inside)* It's my turn, Buttercup!

(In the kitchen, they are seated around the table, with bowls of cereal before them—breakfast time. Bubbles and Buttercup are pulling the box back and forth, while the Professor watches from a counter at the other end of the room.)

Bubbles: You had the last prize!

(The classic argument: who gets the prize in the cereal box? Close-up of Buttercup.)

Buttercup: Come on, Bubbles, there are tattoos in this one!

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* I don't care! *(She pulls the box away; cut to her.)* They're mine!

Buttercup: *(from o.c., yanking box back)* You don't even like tattoos! *(Pull back to frame both.)* Gosh, why do you have to be such a brat?

(They pull the box back and forth in time with the next lines.)

Bubbles: Bossy!

Buttercup: Baby!

Bubbles: Bully!

Professor: *(from o.c., taking box)* That's enough, girls. *(Cut to him.)* Now you know I don't like it when you shout mean and hurtful things at each other. *(bending down to them)* Now think a minute before you say those things, and you'll realize you don't really mean them. Okay?

Bubbles, Buttercup: Okay.

Professor: *(standing up)* Good. Now I'm going to put these tattoos where they belong. *(The doorbell rings.)*

Blossom: Who could be here this early? *(The girls zip away.)*

(Cut to just inside the front door, which has now been opened to admit the caller. The camera is at ground level, showing this person from the waist down: clad in black slacks and shoes, with a tan overcoat, and holding what looks like a pet carrier in one hand. Tilt up slowly to the face, a man's, defined by heavy jowls and small eyes shaded under the brim of a dark hat. His entire non-nonsense, cheerless air practically screams "government agent.")

Agent: *(flashing a badge)* Good morning. FBI.

(Side view of the doorway; he now stands inside it, and the girls and the Professor have met him. The latter is eating from a bowl of cereal—his own breakfast—and the item in the agent's hand is indeed a pet carrier.)

Agent: Sorry to disturb you so early, but we have something that needs immediate attention.

(He puts the carrier on the floor and opens the hatch on its end. Two rather frightened-looking eyes peer out from within. Cut to the girls, who gasp happily, then to the open hatch—next to which the Talking Dog is now sitting in a nervous crouch. Bubbles slides up next to him.)

Bubbles: *(ecstatically)* Puppy!

Agent: *(from o.c.)* This dog has witnessed a terrible crime, and the culprits may have seen him. *(Back to the man.)* The only problem is that he's not talking about the incident.

Professor: *(mouth full)* Hmph. You know dogs can't talk.

(The G-man fails to see the humor in this remark.)

Agent: Actually, this dog can. (*Back to Bubbles and the dog; he continues o.c.*) He's the... Talking Dog.

Bubbles: (*to Talking Dog*) Can you really talk? Can you say "woof woof"?

Talking Dog: Y-yeah.

Agent: (*from o.c.*) Like I said, he's in some kind of shock and not saying anything about the crime. (*Pull back to frame the group.*) So we felt it best that he be placed in a witness-protection program, and—well, who better to protect him than you? And just to be safe, don't take him anywhere. And if you can, see if you can get him to talk. Good day.

(*Cut to Buttercup and Blossom; the door is heard closing. Slow pan to Bubbles and the Talking Dog, now curled up asleep, on the next lines.*)

Buttercup: So, how do we solve a crime with no leads?

Blossom: I guess we'll have to wait and hope the dog'll talk.

Bubbles: Poor puppy. He's been through so much.

(*Zoom in on the Talking Dog and fade to black.*)

(*Fade in to a close-up of the coffeepot in the kitchen. The Professor reaches into view and picks it up; his sleeve is rolled up, revealing a butterfly on the forearm—now we know what happened to those cereal-box tattoos. Cut to him as he fills his mug. His other sleeve is also pushed back, and a heart tattoo is on that arm. The sound of laughter from the o.c. girls and Talking Dog draws his attention to the window; they are in the yard, and he smiles at the sight. Zoom in.*)

Talking Dog: I'm feeling a lot better now.

Blossom: Well enough to talk about the crime?

Talking Dog: Actually, I was thinking more along the lines of "well enough to eat."

Bubbles: Well, of course you are. Come on! (*The girls zip toward the house; he runs after.*)

(*Cut to a food bowl on the kitchen floor, already labeled with his name. In it is a large lump of some pinkish-brown material. Pull back to show him looking quizzically at this offering for some seconds, then behind himself. The girls stand at the doorway; Blossom is holding an empty tin can that formerly contained the dog food.*)

Blossom: What? Don't you like it?

Talking Dog: (*not enthused*) Oh, yes. The smooth variety. It's very delicious. Perfect if you don't have any teeth. Of course, I wouldn't expect you to spend money on a chunkier and costlier dog food for a poor mutt you hardly know or love.

(*Blossom flies to the bowl on the end of this line.*)

Blossom: We can get you the other stuff.

Talking Dog: Hey—no point maintaining a puppy-like energy on my behalf.

Blossom: Really. It's no problem at all.

Talking Dog: I mean, who needs flavor?

Blossom: Really. We don't mind.

(Overhead view of the house, pulling away as the girls fly up toward the camera.)

Talking Dog: *(from inside, more animated)* Don't forget! Country Grill or Fisherman's Stew with Calcium in Extra Chunky!

(Fade to black.)

(Snap to the Talking Dog at his bowl, which is now empty. Bits of food are strewn about the floor and smeared around his mouth, and he looks quite satisfied now—he got what he wanted. The girls' shadows stretch toward him from behind the camera. His tail whips against the floor.)

Talking Dog: Oh, those were some tender vittles. Mmm-mmm! *(Cut to the girls.)*

Blossom: Does that mean you might be able to talk about what you saw?

Talking Dog: *(stammering, gradually more frightened)* Well, um, uh, well, let's see. It was late...dark... I was in the alley...suddenly I heard a man talking, and...and he was big and mean...and I was scared and... *(throwing himself down, sobbing)* ...oh, it was horrible! I can't go on!

Buttercup: Dog-gone it!

(Dissolve to the exterior of the house that night. Inside, the girls are tucked in for bed.)

Bubbles: 'Night, girls. *(over side of bed)* 'Night, Talking Dog...What's the matter?

(Cut to the Talking Dog, who has been deposited on what looks like a small beanbag chair at the foot of the bed. This is Bubbles' perspective.)

Bubbles: Don't you like your doggie bed? We got you the best one there is. *(Back to her.)* It's cozy, fleece with cedar chips.

Talking Dog: *(dully)* Oh, don't get me wrong. I like sleeping on wood. The splinters build character. And it's great having a bed all to yourself...alone...closer to the cold floor...alone.

(Long pause, during which he looks forlornly at the camera. Back to the bed; he has now tucked himself in between Blossom and Bubbles. They seem a bit off balance by this development, while Buttercup is getting annoyed.)

Talking Dog: *(cheerfully)* Nighty-night, girls. Sleep tight. Don't let my bed-fleas bite.

(The exterior of the house; the bedroom windows go dark to the sound of a switch.)

Talking Dog: *(from inside)* Wow, Blossom, it's amazing how silky your hair is—considering it smells so funky.

(Cut to a slow pan across the bed, from Bubbles to the Talking Dog to Blossom, with Buttercup just visible on her other side. All are fast asleep, but the four-legged bunkmate starts to shake and talk in the grip of a nightmare. The girls speak softly during the following dialogue.)

Talking Dog: No...no, don't! (*Blossom wakes up.*) Don't do it!

Blossom: Hey! Girls! (*Pull back; her sisters are now awake.*)

Bubbles: Should we wake him?

Blossom: No. Wait.

Talking Dog: Not the bag!

(He suddenly begins to snore peacefully—the terror he dreamed of has apparently passed—and the girls mull over what he has said.)

Buttercup: “Not the bag”? That’s it? Great. Now all we have to do tomorrow is search through a trillion bags in Townsville.

Blossom: Just wait, Buttercup. We have to be patient. All in due time.

(Fade to black.)

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

Bubbles: (*from inside, yawning*) Am I tired!

(Inside, the Talking Dog bounds down the stairs. He looks quite refreshed, but through the kitchen doorway, the girls can be seen at the table. They look rather less peppy; close-up of the table. The Professor pours Bubbles a glass of milk and pats her head. His rolled-up sleeves show that the tattoos on his arms have multiplied.)

Professor: Bubbles, didn't you sleep well?

Bubbles: Hardly.

Buttercup: Yeah, we were up all night waiting to hear how ugly our clothes are.

Blossom: (*as Professor serves pancakes*) Buttercup, remember that I said we had to be patient?

Bubbles: Yeah. And I think it's fun having a puppy. Don't you?

Talking Dog: (*from o.c.*) Hey!

(Cut to him, now at his bowl in the kitchen. It is again filled with a large and aromatic lump of dog food, and he does not seem too crazy about it.)

Talking Dog: Is it just me, or does this food taste like cow pie? (*jumping on table, eating pancakes*) Oh, boy! Pancakes! Now that's more like it!

(They are caught entirely off guard by his intrusion. Dissolve to the bedroom windows that night and pan slowly across the space. First seen is Bubbles, who has been evicted from the girls' bed and is sleeping on the one they got for the Talking Dog. Next we see her sisters sleeping in the wrong sections: Blossom on Buttercup's side, Buttercup on Bubbles'—and their bunk taking Blossom's place in the middle. Stop here as he starts to talk in his sleep again.)

Talking Dog: Two...shadows...big bag... (*These words wake the other two.*)

Buttercup: Yeah, we know that already!

Talking Dog: Too many...pieces...

Buttercup: What else? What else?

Talking Dog: Buttercup's...hair...really...ugly! (*He starts to snore again.*)

Buttercup: (*angrily*) Hmph!

(Blossom claps her hands to her mouth. Cut to the girls in the living room, the next day. Buttercup is still put out by this latest bit of somniloquy.)

Bubbles: (*giggling*) He said *what?*

Blossom: Come on, Buttercup. I know he's beginning to get annoying, but each night he's divulging a little more information. Perhaps tonight we'll get the final clue.

Buttercup: (*sarcastically*) Or maybe we'll find out that Blossom's head looks like a giant rotten pumpkin! Snore, snore!

Bubbles: Come on. Let's not fight. The Mayor and Ms. Bellum are here to meet the Talking Dog.

Buttercup: Great. I can't wait to hear what he's gonna say next.

(Cut to the kitchen table, where the remains of some cookies and milk are spread out. The Mayor and Talking Dog are seated, the girls float nearby, and Ms. Bellum stands by them with a plate of cookies in hand.)

Talking Dog: (*to Mayor*) That is one amazing mustache.

Mayor: Oh! Well, thank you.

Talking Dog: You can barely see your hideous rotten teeth. (*The girls shake their heads disgustedly.*)

Mayor: (*patting his head*) Oh, thank you, Talking Dog. You take it easy with those compliments now, or they might go to my head. (*He laughs.*) Now, how's that cookie? You know, Mrs. Mayor made those from scratch.

Talking Dog: Well, I've had better chips from a litter box—which puts 'em right near the top. You gotta give an old lady credit for trying.

(This crack sits badly with all three girls—and with Ms. Bellum, who gives the back of the Talking Dog's chair a shove, causing it to rotate so he can get off it and leave the table. This is the civilized equivalent of a bouncer getting ready to toss an unruly customer out of a bar.)

Mayor: Well! This visit has been absolutely delightful. Shall we, Ms. Bellum?

Talking Dog: (*to her*) Okay. Now tell me the truth this time. Is that your real hair color?

(Cut to just outside the open front door. He sits inside and calls to them as they leave hastily.)

Talking Dog: Come back real soon now. Heh. Don't be a stranger!

(Cut to him, walking into the living room with the camera following. He stops upon finding three very annoyed girls floating there; they clear their throats loudly.)

Talking Dog: What? What'd I say?

(Cut to the bedroom that evening. Blossom and Buttercup are positioned as the night before, but the former sits on top of the blankets and the latter is sitting up at the pillow. Bubbles lies wearily sprawled on her own section as the Talking Dog snores in Blossom's.)

Buttercup: I'm tired! Can't we just go to sleep?

Blossom: We have to see if he'll leak any more information. *(His front paws start to flail.)* And there he goes.

Talking Dog: *(whimpering)* No...no...no...there are two men...a big bag...no, no, don't do it!...so many pieces...the scent... *(The girls lean in.)* ...the scent...the scent of...bad breath!

(He says no more, but he has already put them off balance again. Fade to black.)

(Snap to the Talking Dog with the Professor in the living room, the next day. The man has now started applying those cereal-box tattoos to his neck.)

Talking Dog: So, your greatest invention was an accident, huh?

(Cut to him with a visibly irritated Buttercup and a ball in the yard.)

Talking Dog: You sure don't throw like a girl—which, from looking at you, makes a lot of sense.

(Now he sits on the Mayor's desk and talks to Ms. Bellum.)

Talking Dog: If you ask me, your face ain't so special. But your body...rowr!

(Back in the yard; he has the body of a doll in his mouth. Bubbles holds the head and cries—he has wrecked one of her playthings.)

Talking Dog: *(muffled by doll)* How was I supposed to know she was such a crybaby?

(In the Mayor's office, the little man rubs the pooch's stomach.)

Talking Dog: I'm glad you're not as bad at tummy rubs as you are at running the city.

(The Professor's lab. He sits on the countertop as the rather nonplussed man works—with still more tattoos in evidence.)

Talking Dog: So you do all this fancy hocus-pocus stuff and you can support three girls on this?

(With an irked Blossom, who is trying to read.)

Talking Dog: Did anyone ever tell you that pinkeye is actually a disease?

(On the girls' bed; Bubbles sits nearby and looks daggers at him.)

Talking Dog: “Chubbles.” Heh. I bet you get that a lot, huh?

(In the living room, the camera positioned behind him and Buttercup; they are visible as silhouettes. On the TV screen in front of them is a video game character that looks something like a cross between her and Blossom.)

Talking Dog: So, does being a superhero ever give you a big head? *(He laughs; she slides away.)*
No pun intended, of course.

(The yard, with all three girls clearly annoyed by his wisecracks.)

Talking Dog: Sugar, spice, and everything nice? Let’s not forget freaky-looking, bug-eyed, and short-tempered.

(Now he sits by a framed painting on the living room wall.)

Talking Dog: Hey, who ate the chili and called it art?

(The exterior of the house, that night.)

Talking Dog: *(from inside)* What? What? What’d I say?

(Inside, he is again sleeping in Blossom’s section of the bed; Buttercup, next to him and back in her own section, is down to her last good nerve. The camera is zoomed in on these two.)

Buttercup: I don’t know if I can take another day of this! Look what he’s done to Bubbles!

(Cut to her. She is sitting partway down the bed on her side, huddled with her arms wrapped around her knees. What he said to her has obviously shaken her pretty severely.)

Bubbles: *(droning, head bobbing back and forth)* I’m not a chubby crybaby...I’m not a chubby crybaby...

(Pull back to frame the entire bed; she continues repeating these words under the next line. Blossom is at the head of Bubbles’ side.)

Blossom: I know he’s a little blunt, but he doesn’t mean it. All we need is the location of the crime, and we can get him out of our hair.

(He starts to whimper and shake in his sleep, and they lean in to listen.)

Talking Dog: No...no...two men...the smell...no, no, no, don’t do it!...the bag...throwing it in...the pier...

Blossom: That’s it! Come on, girls!

(Cut to the exterior of the house; they take off through the windows. The sky above lightens into morning. Inside, seated on the living room couch, are the FBI agent, the Talking Dog, and the Professor. The tattooed man has now shed his lab coat, shirt, and tie to reveal that everything from the waist up has been liberally adorned, and he is admiring his handiwork. As the G-man taps his foot impatiently, the Talking Dog looks from one to the other. After several seconds, the sound of a girl flying in brings them to attention. Cut to just behind them, the camera pointing through the open space between the three heads to frame the arrival, who is Blossom.)

Blossom: Good morning. I'm glad you're all here. I'm happy to say— *(Zoom in on her.)* —the crime is solved. Bubbles?

(Her sister flies in through the open front door and stops. She has the large sack that was thrown into the water at the beginning of the episode.)

Talking Dog: *(gasping in shock)* The bag!

Blossom: Buttercup?

(Her other sister comes in, with the two Italians firmly in hand. The fat one carries a briefcase.)

Talking Dog: *(gasping again)* The bad guys! *(These loads are dumped on the floor.)*

Agent: Blossom, who are these men? *(Close-up of them.)*

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* These are the Staglione brothers, of the Staglione Brothers Bistro.

Agent: Mmm-hmm. The restaurant near the pier?

Italian 2 (Thin Staglione): It's a legitimate business!

Italian 1 (Fat Staglione): Shhh!

Agent: What do they have to do with the bag? *(Back to Blossom, standing by it.)*

Blossom: Simple. They thought they could send this bag of bones to a watery grave. But thanks to the Talking Dog, we sniffed 'em out.

(Close-up of the bag's mouth, with a girl's hands—Bubbles'—ready to untie the rope around it.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* See?

Agent: Girls, no!

Professor: Have some decency!

Staglione brothers: *(smiling)* Uh-oh.

(Back to the sack. It is quickly untied to reveal that it is full of...)

Agent: *(from o.c.)* Beef bones?

Staglione brothers: Whew!

Agent: *(from o.c.)* I still don't get it. *(Pull back to frame everyone.)*

Blossom: You see, the Staglione brothers were trying to secretly dispose of all the leftover rib bones from the bistro. Isn't that right, boys?

Fat Staglione: *(stammering, a bit forced)* That's right. They are beef bones.

Thin Staglione: *(similarly)* From our...legitimate restaurant business, yes.

(The agent's disgust at this colossal waste of his time is expressed only by a slight drooping of his eyebrows.)

Agent: So the horrible crime witnessed by the Talking Dog was simply a case of petty littering.

Talking Dog: Petty? It's outrageous! Throwing out perfectly good chewing material? *(throwing himself down, covering eyes)* Oh, the thought!

Bubbles: I guess to a dog, it's just as bad as rubbing someone out.

(She giggles, and the rest join in—even the agent, who now has a hand on each brother.)

Agent: Come on, gentlemen. Let's go. You have some small fines to pay.

Fat Staglione: *(holding up briefcase)* Can you break large bills? *(Cut to the girls.)*

Agent: *(from o.c.)* As usual, girls, thanks for a job well done. *(Cut to the cowering Talking Dog.)*

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* You can open your eyes now.

(He uncovers his eyes; cut to his perspective of the girls standing over him.)

Blossom: It's all over. *(Pull back to frame him and them.)*

Talking Dog: So, does this mean I'm free to go? *(The girls look at each other. Pause.)*

Girls: YES!

Talking Dog: *(dejectedly)* Wow. That's great. I mean, that's really fantastic. *(voice breaking, starting to cry)* I can't wait to leave, 'cause...you know, I was just getting attached to you guys. You're like the family I never had.

(Cut to a slow pan across the girls, who now look guilty at being eager to send him on his way.)

Talking Dog: *(from o.c.)* You're kind, generous, caring. I only have the utmost admiration and respect for you. You're all such beautiful people. I... *(Back to him.)* ...I love you guys!

(He runs toward the camera. Cut to him and the girls in a group hug. When he speaks next, it is in his normal tone.)

Talking Dog: Pee-yew! Somebody definitely stepped in my poop.

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Narrator: So once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!

Talking Dog: *(voice over)* “So once again the day is saved”? That's it? That's the best you can do? Come on, you're the Narrator. Where's the funny little quips we've come to love so much? ...Oh. Bud, I understand. Heh. After five seasons and a movie, you're probably just tired and feel okay with just phoning it in, right? Heh...What? What? What'd I say?