

I SEE A FUNNY CARTOON IN YOUR FUTURE

Transcribed by Alan Back

Note: Though this transcript is divided into three sections, the total running time is that of a single episode.

Chapter One

(Opening shot: the city skyline during the day. The Narrator sounds very much like he would if he were filling that role on The Bullwinkle Show; he keeps this tone throughout the episode.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! Where it's a petty world out there, and petty crime is at an all-time high. *(Cut to a street corner; a police car rolls past, its siren blaring.)* Which leads us to the question of who. Who could be picking the pockets of the unsuspecting citizens of Townsville?

(On this last, cut to the exterior of a townhouse. The door and windows are somewhat above the ground, and the camera is at their level. A female voice with a heavy Gypsy accent speaks up.)

Female voice: Why, me, of course.

Narrator: Who said that?

(A hand is lifted into view to mark the source of the voice—just below camera level, apparently a very short woman.)

Short woman: *(from o.c.)* Down here.

(Tilt down to the sidewalk to show her in close-up: a short, large-nosed Gypsy with large gold hoop earrings and a matching belt. A valise sits on the ground next to her.)

Narrator: You?

Gypsy: Yes, me. Madame Argentina, psychic, medium, and just plain all-around baddie. *(Pull back; a large bird—duck or goose—stands beside her.)* And this is my sidekick, Fred.

Bird (Fred): Hello.

Narrator: Well, it looks as if the profits aren't enough for this prophet. *(Both nod.)* She's using fortune-telling to take fortunes.

Gypsy (Madame Argentina): Ain't I a stinker?

(Cut to an archetypical 19th-century wealthy businessman, in appropriate clothing complete with top hat. He stands in his home and shows his turned-out pockets to the camera worriedly.)

Narrator: I think Phil Anthropist, the wealthy charitable donor, would agree with that.

(Cut to a distraught Japanese fellow. Clad in a business suit, he stands in his office and holds up an empty briefcase.)

Narrator: And Sosumi Blind, the famous Japanese lawyer, would too.

(A shortish elderly man glares toward the camera. He holds a large horseshoe magnet and steams silently; behind him are crates of these items.)

Narrator: Not to mention Mr. Polar Fields, the magnet magnate.

(Now all three stand together and look angrily at us; there is nothing in their hands, and Anthropist's pockets are back in.)

Narrator: For these are but a few of Townsville's citizens who've been robbed by this elusive and rather vertically-challenged psychic. *(An issue of the Townsville Tribune is seen with the headline next stated.)* Which is why the newspapers this day read "Small Medium at Large!"

(Cut to MA and Fred, fleeing their previous surroundings, and pan to follow.)

MA: And which is why I have to constantly relocate. *(Pull back; they pass through the city's gate and emerge in an open field.)* Oh! They'll never find me on the outskirts of town!

(The two stop; she digs around in her valise and sets out a small table with a crystal ball on it.)

MA: Now if you'll excuse me— *(pulling out a large umbrella)* —I am expecting a client— *(She opens it.)* —for a four o'clock appointment.

(From beneath the open canopy, tent walls drop down to hide the pair from view. Over the opening is a sign that says "PSYCHIC READING." From here, cut to the gate. A limousine has pulled out through it and parked in the field; pan along its length to the front end, where the license plate and a top-hat hood ornament mark it as the Mayor's car. A four-note horn blast is heard—the one often used as a sound effect on The Bullwinkle Show. The limo is parked next to the tent.)

(Close-up of the rear passenger door, which swings open to reveal the Mayor inside.)

Narrator: Oh, no! It's the Mayor of Townsville! *(He enters the tent.)* The one person who should've read the newspaper today, but didn't.

(Inside, he approaches the table; two chairs are drawn up. MA is in one, and he takes the other.)

MA: Please sit. I have been expecting you.

Mayor: Wow! You are good! *(She starts to concentrate.)*

MA: I am sensing presence of a dead relative.

Mayor: Yes! Yes, I do have dead relatives!

MA: A dead...aunt?

Mayor: Yes! Yes! I have one of those! *(awed, to camera)* Uncanny. *(She breaks her trance.)*

MA: Yes! It is your dead aunt coming through. And... *(mumbling a few seconds; she then comes out of it)* Ger...

Mayor: Gertrude? My dead Aunt Gertrude?

MA: That's the one.

Mayor: (*stammering excitedly*) She wants to speak to me? (*speaking upward*) How you doing, Gert?

(*During the next line, pan away from the table on his side.*)

Narrator: Having been lulled into a false sense of security by Madame Argentina's false sense of fortune-tellery— (*Stop on Fred, a lampshade on his head.*) —let's take a gander at that goose.

Fred: (*pulling shade off*) Shhh! (*He tiptoes across.*)

Narrator: Trained in the high art of pocket-pickery— (*He raises the man's coattail and slips his beak into a pants pocket.*) —Madame Argentina's trusty sidekick Fred is able to pull valuables straight from the pockets of her unsuspecting clients.

(*During this last, he yanks his head away; a flash of something gold is seen in his beak. He quickly returns to his previous disguise. Back to the table.*)

Narrator: Meanwhile...

Mayor: Wow! That was amazing! However do you do it?

MA: A good medium never reveals her secrets.

Mayor: I thought that was a musician.

MA: Whatever. Ten dollars, please.

(*Close-up of a patch of tablecloth as he puts a sawbuck down.*)

Mayor: (*from o.c.*) Keep the change. (*Cut to outside the tent; he leaves.*)

Narrator: And with that, the Mayor leaves his session impressed, albeit lighter than when he came in. (*He reaches the locked gate.*) But when the Mayor reached the gates— (*He pats himself down.*) —he realized that he was missing his key. And not just any key, but the key to the city!

(*Cut to the two thieves, now outside in the open air. They hold up a large gold key—this was the flash we saw out of the Mayor's pocket—and laugh over their success. Back to the Mayor; he looks in their direction and starts in surprise.*)

Narrator: And as the Mayor turned back to reclaim his property—

(*Cut to just behind him. Where MA and Fred stood, only litter blows in the wind. The tent is gone.*)

Narrator: —he found that Madame Argentina and Fred had fled— (*Long shot of him at the gate.*) —thus leaving the Mayor locked out of Townsville.

Mayor: (*dejectedly*) Again.

(*Fade to black.*)

(*Snap to the exterior of the girls' house during the day.*)

Narrator: Here we are, outside the household of one Professor Utonium, creator and father to that crime-fighting trio, the Powerpuff Girls— (*Close-up of the buzzing hotline.*) —who, at this very moment, receive an urgent call from the Mayor.

(*Pull back. We are in the bedroom; Blossom picks up.*)

Blossom: What is it, Mayor? (*Excited babbling on the other end; her sisters hover behind her.*) Again?...And you've been locked out since Wednesday? But, Mayor, it's Saturday. Why did you wait so long to call?

(*Cut to him, still in the field and talking on a cell phone.*)

Mayor: My cell phone calling plan has free weekend minutes. (*Back to the house exterior.*)

Narrator: And with that, the girls were off— (*They take off through the bedroom windows.*) —faster than you could say “Professor Utonium.” (*Back to him.*)

Mayor: Professor Uton— (*They land.*)

Girls: We're here, Mayor!

Mayor: (*to camera*) Well, I'll be. I couldn't finish saying it.

(*Long shot of the four; they are visible only as silhouettes from this distance.*)

Narrator: And so the Mayor laid out the sordid details of his predicament. (*Cut to Buttercup.*)

Buttercup: Wait, wait! Let me get this straight. *You* asked a psychic for decisions on municipal issues?

Mayor: No, no, of course not. That would be silly. I got advice from a dead relative.

(*This prompts a fair bit of head-scratching from all three girls.*)

Narrator: Regardless of how the Mayor handles his civic duties, the girls still had a job to do. And with that, they were off faster than you could say “bad television.” (*Close-up of the Mayor.*)

Mayor: Bad televi—

Girls: (*from o.c.*) Later, Mayor! (*We hear them take off.*)

Mayor: (*to camera*) Darn it!

(*Wipe to a pan down a street crowded with parlors of psychics and fortune tellers. The girls zip into and out of one doorway after another.*)

Narrator: And so the girls flew from psychic to psychic, without any luck— (*Cut to the exterior of Townsville Hall; they fly toward it.*) —and a short time later regrouped at the Mayor's office to discuss the situation.

(*Cut to Bubbles in the office; she stands by the window.*)

Bubbles: It's just no use. There must be thousands of short psychic women in Townsville!

(*Pull back. Blossom paces the floor, while Buttercup mulls it over from her perch on the couch.*)

Narrator: Bubbles is right. One could throw a dart out the window and hit one. (*Cut to outside another window.*) Which is exactly what the girls did next.

(*On the end of this, a dart sails out and o.c. Cut to the projectile and follow it; it is falling straight down, its point aimed toward the ground.*)

Narrator: Fate would have to be on the girls' side today. (*Cut to MA and Fred, fleeing.*) And as luck would have it, Madame Argentina and Fred were passing that exact location as the dart was just about to hit. (*They stop.*)

MA: What, again? (*The dart hits the top of her head.*) Yow!

(*Cut to the girls in flight, bearing down on the position.*)

Narrator: Having heard their dart hit its random target, the girls flew to investigate. (*An empty street corner.*) But unfortunately, by the time they got there— (*They land.*) —Madame Argentina had already darted off.

(*Blossom bends down to examine a card on the sidewalk and picks it up.*)

Blossom: Look what I found! (*Her sisters lean in.*)

Bubbles, Buttercup: What is it?

Blossom: A tarot card. Girls, this is worse than we imagined.

Bubbles: (*hamming it up*) Whatever do you mean, Blossom?

Blossom: (*looking at it again*) Not only are we dealing with a petty criminal, we're dealing with... (*dramatically*) ...a tarot-ist!

(*She directs a worried look at the camera for a long moment. Close-up of the other two.*)

Buttercup: (*pointing o.c.*) Look! More cards!

(*The girls' perspective, panning across the street. A trail of cards leads down the sidewalk, describes a wide S in an intersection, and disappears along a side street.*)

Narrator: Yes, it's true. In Madame Argentina's hasty getaway, she inadvertently left a tarot trail leading directly to her new location.

(*Head-on view of one very angry redhead. Her sisters fly up behind her in time with their lines.*)

Bubbles: Let's go get her!

Buttercup: Yeah! I see a knuckle sandwich in her future!

Blossom: (*to camera, smiling evilly*) No, wait. I've got a better idea.

(*Wipe to a close-up of her, with her face showing between the buttons of an oversized trenchcoat.*)

Blossom: You ready, Buttercup? (*Tilt down; Buttercup is below her at ground level.*)

Buttercup: Check! (*Up to Blossom.*)

Blossom: You ready, Bubbles? (*Up to the collar; Bubbles wears a hat and fake mustache.*)

Bubbles: Ready! (*clearing throat; scratchier tone*) Ready. (*Back down.*)

Blossom: Great. Let's put Operation Over-Medium into action.

(*Fade to black.*)

(*Fade in to MA's tent. The girls lurch into view; Blossom and Buttercup have pulled their heads into the trenchcoat, whose sleeves dangle empty. Balance is a bit of a problem, and Bubbles' head is never anywhere near the vertical.*)

Narrator: With their superpower of disguise— (*They stagger in.*) —the girls were able to saunter into Madame Argentina's tent like a normal everyday citizen. (*Inside, she is at the table.*)

MA: Oh, good day, kind sir. I've been expecting you. (*Close-up of Bubbles.*)

Bubbles: (*aside, to sisters*) Wow, she is good. (*Tilt down to the midsection.*)

Blossom: (*from inside coat*) Shhh! (*Up again.*)

Bubbles: Sorry.

MA: So tell me, what will it be today? Would you like your palms read?

(*Bubbles uses the scratchy tone for her next two lines.*)

Bubbles: Oh, no, thanks. I like them the color they are. (*Tilt down as before.*)

Blossom: (*from inside coat*) Bubbles! (*Up again.*)

Bubbles: Uh...I mean...of course. Why else would I be here in your oh-so-legitimate place of business?

MA: Oh, well, then. Please sit.

Narrator: Which the girls did.

(*There is a muffled grunt from within the coat when they make contact with the chair. MA starts to rub her crystal ball.*)

Narrator: And as Madame Argentina plied her false fortunes— (*Cut to Fred as he tiptoes up.*) —the goose got down.

Fred: (*to camera*) Is that a feather joke?

(*Extreme close-up of one of the coat's pockets; he eases his beak slowly into it.*)

Narrator: But when Fred stuck his head in the pocket, he didn't find a wallet, nor did he find jewelry.

(*Cut to inside that pocket. Buttercup looks daggers at the poultry, who has not yet noticed her.*)

Narrator: He found a Buttercup!

(*Fred's eyes pop. Cut to the table; his head is out of the pocket, all three girls' heads are visible, and Bubbles has lost the fake mustache. All four yell in surprise.*)

MA: The Powerpuffs! Oh, let's get out of here!

(The girls have fallen in a heap amid the coat's folds. Goose feathers float down around them.)

Narrator: Now that the jig was up and the Powerpuff Girls were firmly entrenched in their own disguise— *(A back door is seen; MA and Fred flee through it.)* —Madame Argentina and Fred were able to sneak out the back—

(Cut to an airfield, on which a small jet is parked. A star and crescent decorate its wing. The two scam artists climb into it.)

Narrator: —where they escaped aboard her Astral Plane.

(The canopy closes over them, and the craft takes off—leaving the word “ZOW!!!” floating in space behind itself. Cut to the girls in flight.)

Narrator: Having finally freed themselves, the Powerpuff Girls were not far behind— *(An island is seen; the jet approaches.)* —and trailed Madame Argentina to Voodoo Island— *(Close-up of a sign on the shore: “ISLE OF TROUBLE.”)* —also known as the Isle of Trouble. *(Cut to MA, running along the beach.)* Once there, Madame Argentina made her way directly to the local neighborhood voodoo shop.

(On the end of this, she stops near a merchant's stand; pull back to show it as Voodoo Vic's. A witch doctor stands behind the counter—this is Vic.)

MA: Yes. Give me three Powerpuff dolls, a box of pins, and, uh, throw in a box of gumdrops.

(Close-up of these items on the counter. Each doll is a rough likeness of one of the girls.)

Vic: *(from o.c., British accent)* Ah, that'll be twenty dollars, please.

(MA reaches into view and takes her purchases, laying down a double sawbuck to pay for them.)

MA: *(from o.c.)* Keep the change. *(Cut to the girls, hovering in midair.)*

Narrator: Meanwhile...

Blossom: *(pointing down)* Look! There she is!

Bubbles: And she's got dolls of us!

Buttercup: And a box of pins!

Blossom: What in the world would she want those things for?

(Close-up of the Blossom doll as MA lifts it and poises a pin nearby.)

Narrator: And with the first poke of the pin, the girls quickly got the point.

(She jabs the doll in its rear; in midair, Blossom clutches that part of herself.)

Blossom: Yow!

(The Buttercup doll gets the same treatment; the genuine article matches Blossom's response.)

Buttercup: Yowch!

(Now the same things happen to the Bubbles doll and Bubbles herself.)

Bubbles: *(singing)* D'oh! In my tailbone!

(Now MA holds all three dolls upside down in one hand and lets them drop. The girls, meanwhile, are hovering motionless—but after a tense moment, they plummet o.c. like rocks, having once again been affected by the dolls. Cut to them as they continue to fall.)

Narrator: Plunging hopelessly out of control, the girls hurtle towards Earth and crash into some nearby bushes.

(On the second half of this line, cut to the beach; the girls fall into the undergrowth. Back to MA.)

Narrator: Dissatisfied with the drop she got on the girls, Madame Argentina quickly tied up her dolls—

(She holds them up, lashed together, during this line; next, cut to a hanging branch, from which they have been suspended heads first, and pull back to show it over a cliff on the next words.)

Narrator: —and hung them from a tree branch over the edge of a cliff.

(Cut to the girls themselves. They are in exactly the same situation, but there is no rope binding them to one another; they are simply stuck in this position.)

Narrator: Which, of course, left the Powerpuff Girls dangling in midair as well. *(Cut to the parked Astral Plane.)* With the girls out of the way, Madame Argentina was able to return to Townsville and continue her reign of tarot.

(During this last, the craft takes off, carrying MA and Fred off the island; pull back to a long shot as they leave. They double back, passing closer to the camera.)

Narrator: And the newspapers this day read... *(Close-up of a new issue of the Townsville Tribune with the following headline.)* ..."Powerpuffs Powerless to Pinch Pocket-Picking Pin-Pushing Predictor!" *(Back to the girls.)* Will the girls ever escape this literal cliffhanger? *(The Mayor, still at the gate.)* Will the Mayor ever get back into Townsville? *(MA, eating gumdrops in flight.)* Will Madame Argentina ever share her gumdrops?

(She stops dumping them into her mouth, looks guiltily at the camera, and starts chewing.)

Narrator: Find out in the next exciting chapter called... *(A title card pops up for each of the following.)* ...“Who Do Voodoo?” or “Don’t Scrye for Me, Argentina”!

(The second of these titles is shown within a crystal ball. Snap to black.)

Announcer: And now, a word from our sponsor.

Commercial

(Fade in to a close-up of the Mayor at his desk, munching away at a pickle. Cut to Ms. Bellum just inside the office door. She gasps sharply.)

Ms. Bellum: Eating pickles again, Mayor?!

(Cut to behind her; she looks at the desk, which is littered with empty jars and pickle juice.)

Mayor: I can’t help it, Ms. Sara Bellum. I’m addicted. That’s what I am. *(Cut to her.)*

Ms. Bellum: Then you should try...the Pickle Patch!

(At the appropriate moment, she produces a box of this product from behind her back. Its label shows a square green patch along with the name.)

Mayor: The what? *(Close-up of the box.)*

Ms. Bellum: *(from o.c.)* The Pickle Patch! And go cold turkey. *(Back to him.)*

Mayor: That is a splendid idea, Ms. Sara Bellum.

(Cut to an intertitle, “LATER...” in white letters on a black ground, then to Ms. Bellum. The Mayor walks into view to face her.)

Mayor: You were right, Ms. Bellum. The Pickle Patch is great... *(holding up a sandwich with a patch on it)* ...especially on cold turkey sandwiches! *(He chows down.)*

Ms. Bellum: *(disgustedly)* Oh, Mayor...

(Pull back to put these two in the background and a corner of the desk in the fore. A box of Pickle Patches sits here; the focus is on it.)

Announcer: The Pickle Patch. When you want to quit eating pickles...or when you don’t.

(Snap to black.)

Chapter Two

(Snap to MA and Fred, still flying their Astral Plane through clear skies.)

Narrator: When we last left the action, a short psychic and her goose were heading back to Townsville to pick the pockets of its unwitting citizens. (*Cut to the suspended dolls.*) Meanwhile, our heroes were in a predicament of their own. Madame Argentina left three voodoo dolls of the girls tied up and hanging from a tree branch. (*Cut to the suspended girls.*) Which, of course, left the real Powerpuff Girls dangling precariously over the edge of a cliff.

(*Close-up of the rope holding up the dolls.*)

Narrator: But fortunately for the girls— (*A pair of scissors moves into view.*) —the demand for Powerpuff Girl merchandise was at an all-time high. (*The rope is cut; the dolls fall.*) And the three dolls were quickly snatched up by an avid collector and promptly put up for auction on eBay.

(*During this last sentence, cut to the beach. A man has gathered the dolls up—presumably he cut the rope—and is tiptoeing away with them. Back to the girls, now right side up and free of the force that held them together.*)

[*Note: The man is a caricature of Chris Battle, a model designer for the show. Thanks to Chris Cook for providing this information.*]

Bubbles: We're free!

Buttercup: Now, let's go get that turkey *and* her goose!

Blossom: (*to camera, smiling evilly*) No. I've got a better idea.

(*Wipe to Vic's booth. Blossom is placing an order.*)

Blossom: One Fred-shaped voodoo doll, please. (*Close-up of it on the counter.*)

Vic: (*from o.c.*) That'll be five dollars, please.

(*She reaches into view and pulls it away, putting down a fin to cover the cost.*)

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) Keep the change. (*Long shot of the island; the girls take off on the next line.*)

Narrator: And with that, the girls left Voodoo Island to put their plan into action.

(*Wipe to the exterior of their house. After a few seconds, cut to a close-up of the Fred doll as it is carried along on a tray. Pull back; Blossom holds it above her head, and she and her sisters float the length of the fence that separates their yard from the neighbors'. All three girls are smiling; when they speak, their voices are quite loud and sound a bit staged.*)

Blossom: Mmm-mmm! I sure love barbecue goose!

Buttercup: Yeah! Me too!

Bubbles: Save the neck for me!

(*They stop upon reaching a charcoal grill that has already been fired up. Cut to a long shot of the house, seen from across the street.*)

Narrator: As luck would have it— (*The Astral Plane flies overhead.*) —Madame Argentina was flying directly overhead— (*Close-up of her; she looks down worriedly.*) —and noticed the peculiar scene.

(*She picks up a crooked telescope and trains it on the area.*)

Narrator: Looking through her horo-scope, she saw... (*Her perspective: the smoking grill.*)

MA: Yikes! (*Pan to the doll.*) Fred! (*Pull back to show the jet.*)

Narrator: Sensing that her goose was about to be cooked— (*A quick U-turn.*) —Madame Argentina turned her plane around and headed in. (*A sharp dive.*) And with great determination, she put the plane into a nose dive— (*A crash in the yard; they are thrown free.*) —but crashed into the ground, flinging them from the plane— (*Cut to the grill.*) —directly into the barbecue—

(*On these last four words, they drop neatly into the grill. Blossom then slams the lid down.*)

Narrator: —where the lid was put on this case for good.

(*Cut to Fields, Anthropist, and Blind on a street corner; they wave happily up to the sky.*)

Narrator: And so the recovered goods were returned to their rightful owners.

Fields, Anthropist, Blind: (*dully*) Yaaay.

Narrator: And the Mayor was let back into Townsville faster than you could say “Open Sesame.” (*Close-up of him.*)

Mayor: Open Sesa— (*The gate is heard opening.*)

Girls: (*from o.c.*) There you go, Mayor!

Mayor: (*to camera*) Shoot!

(*Cut to a jail cell, in which the overdone pair of thieves have been deposited.*)

Narrator: Charred and behind bars, Madame Argentina and Fred will no longer be picking pockets.

(*A white-mustachioed, bespectacled man walks past the cell and twirls its key. He wears a naval uniform that looks a bit like that worn by Cap'n Crunch; on his hat is a large J, and he wears a name badge that tags him as the Jay Warden—“jay” being the phonetic spelling of the letter J.*)

[*Note: This is a reference to Jay Ward, a producer for The Bullwinkle Show.*]

Narrator: And the newspapers read this day... (*A third issue of the Townsville Tribune, with this headline.*) ...”It’s Rare to See a Medium So Well Done.”

[*Errur: The paper headline ends with “...That Well Done.”*]

(*The background for the end shot comes up, with gold stars already raining down. There is no closing music.*)

Narrator: And so the day is saved—thanks to... (*The grill appears.*) ...the Powerpuff Grill!