

TOAST OF THE TOWN
Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville! *(The exterior of Townsville Hall; zoom in slowly.)* Which is run by...the Mayor! Yes, the Mayor. The tenacious man with the rock-steady fortitude and stability of a concrete pillar. Who's able to keep his fair town running like a well-oiled machine. Yes, he is the very backbone of Townsville. *(menacingly)* Unless he doesn't get his way.

(On this last, cut to a close-up of a toaster in the Mayor's hands.)

Mayor: *(from o.c., shaking it)* Mayor want toast! Mayor want toast!

(Pull back. The little man stands before the Professor, who is at a desk in his lab at home.)

Professor: Mr. Mayor, please understand. *(Brief pull back to show entire lab.)* I am a scientist... *(close-up; he pats Mayor's head, then toaster)* ...not a repairman. You need to take your toaster to a factory-authorized service center and have it professionally serviced by a qualified technician.

(On the end of this, the Mayor starts to boil over; cut to the Professor, who claps his hands to his ears and recoils from the force of the next line.)

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* MAYOR WANT TOAST!! *(Pull back to frame both.)*

Professor: *(grabbing toaster)* All right, all right! I'll have a look at your toaster—but then I've gotta get back to my experiments.

Mayor: Oh, goody, goody!

(His back to us and the Mayor, the Professor hunches down over his desk and goes to work. A brief silence; the same is true after each of the Professor's lines in the following. He gradually becomes more and more annoyed.)

Mayor: Is it done yet?

Professor: No.

Mayor: How about now?

Professor: No.

Mayor: Now?

Professor: No.

Mayor: Now it's done, right?

Professor: *(swiveling to face him)* No, no, no, it's not done! *(sighing)* Look, I don't really know what I'm doing, so it's gonna take a while. Why don't you just wait over there, and I'll let you know when I'm finished.

(He gestures away from the desk at the appropriate moment; after he finishes, he turns back to the work.)

Mayor: *(dejectedly, walking o.c.)* Oh, okay.

Professor: *(turning his head in that direction)* And don't touch anything! *(Back to work.)*

(Cut to a countertop, the camera pointing out from it toward the lab. The Mayor's hands ease up over the edge, and he pulls himself into view. Close-up of a large, flashing red button with a warning label: "DO NOT TOUCH." Pull back to show him standing by it.)

Mayor: Ooooh! What does *this* button do?

[Note: This is Dee Dee's trademark line on Dexter's Laboratory.]

(He presses the button; instantly the area starts to shake and an alarm goes off. Cut to the Professor at his desk as the Mayor returns to it. This part of the lab is not trembling, but after a moment the view is wiped out by a massive explosion from o.c.—set off by the Mayor's curiosity. Cut to a corner of the room as the aftershock dies down. The Professor's chair rolls slowly into view, carrying him and the Mayor—both covered in soot and smoking somewhat. The chair stops at the wall, and its occupants sit in stunned silence for a few seconds.)

(The tension is broken by the Mayor jumping off the Professor's lap.)

Mayor: Whee! Do it again! Do it again! *(The Professor grabs him.)*

Professor: Oh, no.

(Cut to a high chair in another corner.)

Professor: *(carrying him into view, seating him)* You're gonna sit right here, be a good little Mayor, and stay put while I work on your toaster. And if you're quiet, you can have some candy.

(He produces a bowl of candy on the end of this line, hands it over, and pats the Mayor's head.)

Professor: Good boy. *(He walks o.c.)*

(The Mayor wastes no time in plunging his hand in and fishing around a bit. Not seeming too satisfied, he starts to shake the bowl.)

Mayor: Say, these are all lemon! Somebody ate all the goody cherry candies! *(throwing bowl o.c., pounding high chair tray)* Mayor want cherry! Mayor want cherry!

(The Professor runs up with a huge bag of cherry candy. His temper is now quite frayed.)

Professor: Here! Cherry! *(plunking bag on tray)* Now please let me work in peace! *(He walks o.c.; the Mayor pulls out a piece.)*

Mayor: Oh, goody!

(When he unwraps the candy, though, it slips from his grasp and tumbles away.)

Mayor: Oops...uh-oh.

(It bounces along the floor and rolls beneath a desk; the Mayor promptly crawls after it, having freed himself from the high chair. He bangs his head on the desk's bottom edge, yelling in pain as he does so, then reaches under as far as his arm will allow. Cut to beneath the desk, with him looking at the camera, and pull back a bit. Mounted on the floor is a second button that also flashes red—this one perhaps intended to be foot-operated.)

Mayor: Ooooh! Another shiny button!

(Close-up of it, his hand reaching into view with index finger extended. He presses it; back to him as the room again starts to shake and the alarm goes off. He extracts himself from the desk and huddles in a ball.)

Mayor: Help! Help! *(He looks up; the tremors and alarm stop.)* Huh?

(Across from him is a bank of computer equipment against the wall. It turns 180 degrees on a central pivot to reveal a set of shelves on its other side. These hold several cans labeled with an X; a close-up of one of them reads "Chemical X—Concentrated Powder." Close-up of the Mayor; zoom in slowly.)

Mayor: *(genuinely awed)* Oooooooh!

(Back at his desk, the Professor has hooked the toaster up to a diagnostic system and is hammering away at the keyboard of same. He wears protective goggles. After a moment, he stops, pushes them up on his forehead, and listens intently. Only the buzzing and beeping of his equipment greets him—not a peep from the Mayor.)

Professor: Mayor? *(to himself)* He's being too quiet.

(Cut to another area of the lab; he pokes his head around a corner. He has taken off the goggles.)

Professor: Mayor? What are you— *(suddenly panicked)* —doing?!?

(The answer: playing with a Chemical X can. He sits on the floor, drifts of the black powder surrounding him, and laughs as he brings out a large handful. This is rubbed on his head and left there in a pile to look like a small toupee; a sizzle is heard from its contact with his skin.)

Mayor: *(pointing to it)* Mayor want hair.

Professor: No! Mayor! Stop!

(Too late. As the Mayor laughs stupidly, his bald scalp quickly sprouts a mane of white hair.)

Mayor: Mayor got a hair! Mayor got a hair! Yummy X powder made Mayor's hair grow!
Professor?...Professor?

Professor: (*sternly*) Your hair wasn't the only thing that grew, Mr. Mayor.

(*Close-up of the Mayor on the end of this line, then pull back. The little man is no longer little—he now stands about four times as tall as the Professor.*)

Mayor: Wowie-zowie.

Professor: “Wowie-zowie,” indeed! Have you no shame? A grown man your age gallivanting around like a little child, not doing what you're told! “Mayor want a this,” “Mayor want a that.” You, Mr. Mayor, are nothing but a baby! A big, big, big baby!

Mayor: (*sobbing*) Don't say that!

(*He runs o.c., still wailing; there is a crash that shakes the lab, and the Professor throws up his arms to ward off flying debris. When he lowers them, he sees the Mayor running away from the house through a hole he has just smashed in the wall. The latter's crying is heard throughout the following exchange.*)

(*The girls fly up behind the Professor.*)

Blossom: Professor! What's going on?

Professor: Oh, it's the Mayor, girls. He got into my Chemical X, so I scolded him. (*looking out at Mayor*) And now he's run off pouting.

(*The big man knocks a cow, a car, and a tree aside as he goes—much as the girls did in The Powerpuff Girls Movie as their game of tag moved from the suburbs to the city proper.*)

Blossom: Better get the Antidote X ready. (*to her sisters*) Come on, girls! (*All take off.*)

(*Cut to a train speeding along a bridge, with an antenna atop each car gliding along a set of power lines. The Mayor peeks up over the edge.*)

Mayor: Awww, neat! (*He picks up the train's end.*) Hello, folks! Having fun on the choo-choo?

(*The passengers scream in terror; cut to inside the car, his monocle visible through the windows. Outside, he laughs and sets the train back on its tracks.*)

Mayor: Funny screamy people. (*seeing sparks on lines as train leaves*) Awww, cool!

(*He touches the lines and promptly gets their full voltage through himself, which causes wisps of smoke to rise from his hair.*)

Mayor: YEEOOWW!! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Mean old train!

(*He kicks the bridge's supports and gets nothing but a stubbed toe. Now he hops on one foot, clutching the other, and reaches a construction site.*)

[Animation goof: He kicks with his left foot, but holds his right as he hops away.]

Mayor: Owww! Ow! Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!

(On the end of this, pan away from him to a crane carrying a beam for the framework of a building that is being put up nearby. The operator, shocked by what he sees, loses control of the machine and drops the beam; it lands squarely on the Mayor's injured foot just as he hops into the area. Screaming in pain again, he hops backwards until he runs into a building on a different block. Tilt up to show it as a skyscraper with a tall antenna on top; this starts to wobble dangerously as the entire structure shakes from the impact. Finally the antenna falls from its moorings, and at the Mayor's level, it strikes him point first on the nose.)

Mayor: *(trying to pull it out)* Ooh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh-oh! Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!

(He yanks it free, but he loses his balance and steps on a nearby pickup truck in the process. This rolls away, carrying him along—similar to what happens when a person steps on a roller skate left out in the hall. Yelling in surprise, he is swept o.c.; cut to the Genie Carpet store, with its obvious mascot mounted on the roof, arms crossed. The yell is heard from a distance, and after a moment the pickup rolls into view and slams into a parked car. The Mayor is thrown forward to smash through the front window of the store.)

(The genie statue falls loose just before he pulls himself out and looks up toward it. He screams and tries to run, but the thing lands squarely on his head. Due to its pose, the body ends up resting against the Mayor's back, the crossed arms cover his eyes, and the head pokes out from behind his new hair. He screams and runs o.c. in a total panic.)

(Cut to the girls, who have arrived on the scene and are in midair. They gasp; back to the Mayor, who is now running randomly back and forth and still screaming. After a couple of passes, cut to him and the girls. He has stopped.)

Bubbles: Mayor, calm down!

Mayor: Help! Mean genie blinded-ed me! Mayor can't see 'cause of the mean genie!

Buttercup: Mayor, it's just a statue! *(She moves in and pulls it off.)* See? *(She throws it aside.)*

Mayor: Oh. *(petulantly)* Well, I no likey! And I no likey all these big mean hard pointy buildings either! *(indicating bruised head and nose)* They give me boo-boos and ouchies! You know, this town should be made of softer, nicer buildings!

Blossom: Mayor, there won't be any town left if you don't come back to the Professor's lab with us and take some Antidote X.

Mayor: *(crying)* But I don't wanna take no Animo X! *(He runs o.c.)*

(Cut to him, sitting on a corner and crying, and zoom in slowly. The girls fly to him.)

Bubbles: Mayor?

Blossom: We wanted to see if you were all right.

Buttercup: Yeah. Who knew you were such a big baby?

Mayor: I no baby! Youse is just as mean as that mean old Professor!

(On the end of this line, cut to the street. The Professor's car pulls up, and he leaps out with a long box in hand. It is labeled with an X that has a red circle-and-slash over it.)

Professor: Girls! I've got the Antidote X!

(As they fly down to him, he sets the box on the ground and opens it, pulling out a similarly labeled flask of red liquid and a huge spoon. He addresses himself upward, to the o.c. Mayor.)

Professor: *(sweetly)* Oh, Mr. Mayor, I brought you something yummy. *(pouring Antidote X into spoon)* It's yummy yum-yum time.

(The girls take hold of the filled spoon, which now holds the entire contents of the flask.)

Professor: *(to them, sotto voce)* Make sure he drinks all of it, girls. *(The Mayor's level; they float into view.)*

Bubbles: Mmmm! Looky, Mayor! Yummy yummy happy juice!

(The girls' perspective, the camera pointing along the spoon. The Mayor turns his head from side to side to avoid it, mouth shut tight. He grunts through sealed lips as a small child might in a situation like this. Ground level; the Professor calls up again. A few spectators have gathered.)

Professor: It's cherry-flavored!

Mayor: Mayor no wanna!

Professor: *(sighing, hand to face, to himself)* Now what?

(An o.c. screech of tires draws his attention. Cut to the source, an orange sportscar that has just pulled up—it looks a bit like a Ford Mustang. The driver's-side door opens to reveal a woman's knee and part of the hem of a garment in a very familiar shade of red. The feet swing out; they are clad in red high heels. Ms. Bellum has arrived at long last.)

Ms. Bellum: *(crossly)* Mr. Mayor!

(Cut to behind her, now out of the car and glaring up at him as the Professor looks at her with an expression of sheer relief. The camera is behind her.)

Ms. Bellum: Don't you think you're being a bit immature?

Mayor: Ohhhh, stop it! More big fancy words! I'll show you how am-pa-chured I am!

(He grabs her and starts to climb a nearby skyscraper—making good time, too. Back to ground level, where the girls and the Professor are watching in shock. The girls have held on to the spoon through all of this.)

Girls, Professor: Oh, no! He's got Ms. Bellum!

(Cut to Stanley Whitfield at his news desk. This has had a bit of a facelift since we last saw it; now it carries the identification for CNS, channel 3, on its front. Next to him is a small-scale film clip that shows the overgrown Mayor standing atop the skyscraper, with Ms. Bellum in hand.)

Whitfield: Yes, the Mayor has Ms. Bellum, following an afternoon of hi-jinks that has terrorized Townsville. Let's go to Chopper Pete, who's live on the scene. *(cupping hand to earpiece)* What can you tell us, Pete?

(Cut to the view through a television camera, with the CNS logo in one bottom corner and "LIVE" in the other. The image is the same as in the previous small clip, and we hear helicopter blades whirling and police sirens blaring.)

Pete: *(voice over)* Thank you, Stanley. The Mayor seems to keep yelling out something about toast.

Mayor: MAYOR WANT TOAST!!

(Cut to the scene, at the Mayor's level. With his free hand, he swats at a couple of choppers hovering nearby.)

Mayor: Back off, you pesky whirlybirds! *(They do so; he turns to a third on his other side.)* You too. *(It departs.)*

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Mr. Mayor! *(Cut to the girls, who are by his nose.)* Will you please just take the Antidote X so we can end this and all go home?

Mayor: I ain't taking nothing 'til I get what I want.

Blossom: What is it that you want?

(Now he really boils over.)

Mayor: MAYOR WANT TOAST!!

(Pull back to frame him, the girls, and the choppers, which have retreated to a safer distance. His last word echoes over the city. After the reverberations die away, back to him and the girls.)

Mayor: And big mean old Professor won't fix Mayor's toaster!

(This leaves the girls at a brief loss for words. After a moment, they turn angry and worried glances toward ground level. Pan/tilt down quickly to the Professor, who now has a sizable crowd of spectators behind him and a very sheepish look on his face. He rearranges this into a nervous smile and chuckles as three rather put-out girls descend toward him.)

Girls: Professor!

Professor: *(giving in, hand to face)* Oh...all right, I'll do it.

(Wipe to the rooftop, where many more choppers have congregated. The Mayor appears to have slumped over. In close-up, we see that he has fallen asleep and is snoring loudly, leaning against the spire with Ms. Bellum still held in one extended hand.)

Ms. Bellum: *(struggling against his grip)* This job definitely doesn't pay enough. *(The girls reach the rooftop.)*

Bubbles: *(softly)* Mayor...

(This one word is all it takes to jolt him violently awake. He screams in terror and lets go of Ms. Bellum; Buttercup zips down o.c. after her.)

Mayor: I didn't do it! It was the monkey!

(Cut to the plummeting redhead, who is promptly caught by the superpowered brunette. Back to the rooftop.)

Blossom: Mayor, it's only us.

Mayor: Oh.

Blossom: *(sweetly)* We brought you something.

(Ground level. The Professor smiles up, his hands behind his back—and after a moment, he holds up the Mayor's toaster. Red light from the heating elements shines up through the bread slots, and there are thin columns of smoke rising as well—the unit is working again. After a few seconds, two slices of toast pop up and are caught by Blossom and Bubbles. Buttercup dips a knife into a canister of jelly that has the Antidote X label—a new formulation—and slaps it on. Back to the rooftop; they fly up with the toast. He is looking elsewhere.)

Girls: Oh, Mayor...

(He leans in for a closer look, but turns away with a contemptuous little snort.)

Buttercup: Now what?

Mayor: I want the crusts cut off.

(She is visibly and literally steamed by this request.)

Buttercup: Why, I oughta— *(to her sisters)* Look out!

(She fires her eye lasers at the toast and neatly burns the crusts off both slices. Blossom and Bubbles carry the end product to the Mayor.)

Bubbles: Here you go. No crusts.

Mayor: And a glass of milk. *(Buttercup is again steamed.)*

Buttercup: That does it! I say we kick his—

Blossom: *(forcing a smile)* It's okay, Buttercup.

(She and Bubbles hand the toast to Buttercup.)

Blossom: Hold this.

(She and Bubbles take off. The third sister gives the camera a look as if to say, “Are you SURE I’m related to these two?” Wipe to the Mayor as the girls approach once again; Buttercup has the toast, Blossom a glass of milk.)

Blossom: Okay, Mayor. Here’s your milk—now will you please eat your toast?

(This line starts out sweetly, but ends up with a threatening undertone—the sort of ploy a babysitter might use to get an uncooperative child to go take a bath. Zoom in slowly.)

Mayor: Well...

(Cut to the girls and zoom in. They are starting to lose their cool by this point.)

Mayor: Okay.

(He holds out his hands, and the milk and toast are placed in them. He looks the items over for a moment, then eats and drinks—slurping loudly as he drains the glass.)

Mayor: Ahhhh!

(Cut to the girls, who stare in surprise, then to the worried Professor and the crowd; zoom in during each of these. After a tense moment, the Professor smiles. Back to a close-up of the Mayor, who blinks a couple of times—his extra hair is now gone. Pull back to frame the girls as well; now he is shown to be back at his normal size.)

Girls: Yaaaay! *(At ground level, Ms. Bellum stands with the Professor.)*

Crowd, Professor, Ms. Bellum: Yaaaay!

(Long shot of the rooftop, the choppers still gathered around. The pilots wave flags and give the thumbs-up.)

Pilots: Yaaaay! *(Back to the girls and the Mayor.)*

Girls: See you, Mayor!

(They take off, leaving him on his perch. He looks over the edge for several seconds, then gazes at the camera. Pull back to frame the entire skyline; he is visible only as a tiny speck. A wail of fright rings across the distance.)

Mayor: Mayor too high! Mayor wants to get down! Mayor wants to get down!

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Narrator: Ah, quiet, you big baby. Narrator want to say, “So once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!”