

BURGLAR ALARMED
Transcribed by Alan Back

Note: All lines, except those marked with an asterisk, are spoken in hushed tones.

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night.)

Narrator: Shhh. The city of Townsville. *(Pan to the suburbs.)* Where it's the end of a quiet, peaceful, crime-free day.

(He keeps this speaking volume for all his lines unless otherwise noted. Stop on the girls' house and cut to a slow pan across their darkened bedroom, starting at the windows.)

Narrator: Which means that it's bedtime for our beloved heroes, the Powerpuff Girls.

(During this line, the camera reaches the bed and stops. The girls, in their nightgowns, are lying awake on it. Bubbles cradles Octi, as usual Close-up of the bed; the blanket has been turned down past their feet.)

Narrator: Yes, it's time for Professor Utonium to tuck in our tuckered-out little super-tots. *(Pause; he clears his throat and raises his voice.)* Time for Professor Utonium to tuck in our tuckered-out little super-tots.

(Another few seconds in which nothing happens, except for the girls looking from side to side and wondering where he is. Finally Buttercup sits up.)

* **Buttercup:** It's time to tuck us in, Professor! *(No response; she groans impatiently.)* What's keeping him?

(Cut to the Professor, who is slumped over a desk and snoring merrily away. Drool runs down from his open mouth. Pull back; he is in his study. Books and notes are scattered all around him, and a bit of his drool falls to the floor into a puddle that has already collected next to the trash can. The girls peek in from the doorway.)

* **Blossom:** Oh, no! Preparing for his big dissertation tomorrow has worn him out!

(She flies into the room and lifts his head from the desk; there is a puddle of drool underneath it as well.)

* **Blossom:** Why don't we tuck *him* in for a change? *(Bubbles joins her.)*

* **Bubbles:** That's a good idea!

(Cut to his bedroom, the door open. The girls float in, Blossom supporting his shoulders, Bubbles and Buttercup one foot each. They have put him into his pajamas and are steering him toward his bed.)

Bubbles: Shhh! We have to make sure that he really gets a good night's rest.

(They set him down and pull a blanket over him, murmuring and cooing over him as a mother might when tucking her baby in for the night. Bubbles and Buttercup leave, but Blossom stays behind.)

Blossom: Night-night, Professor. *(flying out, the lights go off)* Don't let the bedbugs bite.

(Now the only illumination in the room is from the moonlight that comes in through the windows above the Professor. Zoom in on the centermost one.)

Narrator: So now, with the tuckered-out Professor tucked in tight by our little super-tots, it's the end of a quiet, peaceful, crime-free day.

(Snap to black.)

(Snap to just inside the front door, which opens slowly with creaking hinges. All the interior lights are out. A black-hooded head pokes in—rather weaselly-looking, with a serious case of five o'clock shadow and a scraggly little beard. He is clearly up to no good. After a quick look around, cut to the exterior of the house as the door slowly closes behind him.)

(Close-up of Bubbles, who is now fast asleep in bed. After a moment, her eyelids wobble open and she sits up. She rubs her eyes groggily, hops to the floor, and walks o.c. with Octi in tow.)

[Animation goof: In the opening shots, Bubbles was on the side of the bed nearest the hall, but here she is nearest the windows.]

(Cut to the intruder, who is now in the living room and has a sack open at his feet—he is robbing the place. He is dressed entirely in black: hooded sweatshirt, pants, boots, gloves. Picking up a candlestick, he is about to put it in when his eyes dart upwards; pull back to the second-floor balcony, then cut back to him. He smiles and drops the item in with the rest of his haul, then shoulders the sack and starts to tiptoe across the first floor. Pull back again, this time across the living room; his path parallels the balcony and passes in front of the sliding glass doors that lead to the backyard. Bubbles walks along the balcony, her pace matching his, to head for the stairs.)

(When both have reached the halfway point—she being between the bedroom and the stairs, and he being across the doors—they freeze in sudden surprise. After a moment, he goes back the way he came and she continues her walk. She starts downstairs just after he has tiptoed o.c. Cut to the kitchen, where the burglar is swiping everything from the counter. He backs up as he goes, the camera following, and stops when he gets to the refrigerator. It is open, and Bubbles is looking inside. He turns to it.)

(Cut to inside the fridge, the camera pointing out at the two. There are a few food items, which the burglar starts to clear out and add to his sack. Bubbles, meanwhile, is trying to reach a

bottle of milk on the top shelf. Neither takes any notice of the other until he unconsciously takes the bottle down and hands it to her—now she looks at him, but not vice versa.)

Bubbles: Thanks!

Burglar: Welcome.

(She walks o.c. as he continues to loot the fridge—it takes a moment for him to realize what he has done, and his eyes slowly turn in the direction of her departure. Cut to the kitchen doorway, with Bubbles carrying the milk and Octi out and toward the stairs. When she is at the threshold, she stops short; long shot of both as they finally look each other full in the face. Bubbles, having set down both of her items, rubs her eyes and eases them partway open again—he is still there at the fridge, and her eyes are not fooling her. Long pause, after which she yawns expansively, picks up her load, and leaves the kitchen.)

(Now Bubbles climbs the stairs and goes along the balcony; cut to the girls' bedroom as she returns to her side and climbs back in. While her sisters sleep soundly, she drains the bottle, sets it on the nightstand, and goes back to sleep. Slow pan across the bed—no sound except for the crickets chirping outside. Stop on Blossom and Buttercup.)

Blossom: *(eyes still closed)* Bubbles?

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Yes, Blossom?

Blossom: You okay?

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Yeah, I just needed a glass of milk. The nice man taking things in the kitchen helped me get it. *(Contented sigh.)*

(Her last words kick her sisters back to full consciousness; they sit up.)

* **Blossom:** What nice man taking things in the kitchen? *(Back to Bubbles, also awake.)*

* **Bubbles:** The nice burglar man.

(The others are at a brief loss for words upon hearing this, but they soon find their tongues—in the form of a gale of hearty laughter, which ticks Bubbles off.)

* **Buttercup:** Your eyes must be playing tricks on you. I mean, what burglar in their right mind would try to rob the Powerpuff Girls? *(She laughs again.)*

(A crash from downstairs cuts her off. In the kitchen, the burglar has accidentally kicked over the trash can. He looks behind himself worriedly for a moment before moving on; back to the girls' bedroom, the camera near the open door. The girls look nervously toward this for a moment before Buttercup jumps up.)

* **Buttercup:** I can't believe it! Someone is actually trying to rob the Powerpuff Girls! Come on! *(preparing to charge out)* Let's make some noise, girls! *(Blossom flies up to her.)*

Blossom: Shhh! No, Buttercup, wait! We can't! The Professor needs his sleep for his dissertation tomorrow, remember?

(Brief cut to him, out like a light and mumbling and humming between snores. Back to the girls' bedroom.)

Blossom: Look. This person, whoever he is, is obviously just lost and/or confused. I'm sure that if we go explain to him who we are and what kind of trouble he could get into, he'll understand and leave quietly.

(Cut to the living room fireplace, which holds three logs. The burglar reaches into view and starts grabbing them, one by one; pull back as he drops them into his sack. When the pull stops, we see Buttercup at the left side of the screen, watching him.)

Burglar: One...two...three.

(Pan left to put all three girls in view behind him. He starts to tiptoe past, but freezes in his tracks upon seeing them there.)

* **Blossom:** *(quite courteously)* Pardon me, mister, but I don't think you completely understand where you are. Are you lost?

(Close-up of Buttercup, very annoyed; pan from her to Blossom and then Bubbles in time with the next line.)

* **Burglar:** *(from o.c.)* One...two...three. Three girls?! *(Cut to him; something connects in his head.)* Oh, I get it! I know what you want. *(reaching in sack, pulling out two more bottles of milk)* No worries, there's plenty for everyone.

(Close-up of Buttercup, panning to Blossom on the next line. Each is handed a bottle in turn.)

* **Burglar:** *(from o.c.)* One for you, and one for you. *(Pull back to frame all four.)*

* **Blossom:** Um...yeah. Listen, sir, are you aware of who—

* **Burglar:** Tut-tut-tut. Let's not get greedy now. *(gently hustling them up the stairs)* Let's go. Off to bed with you. Little girls need their beauty sleep.

(Cut to their bedroom; he is at the door, and they are tucked in again.)

Burglar: Nighty-night. Don't let the bedbugs bite.

(He leaves, closing the door and putting the room into blackness. All that can be seen are the girls' eyes.)

Bubbles: *(sarcastically)* Do you think he's still confused?

(The exterior of the house; one window lights up, and the burglar's silhouette is seen moving across it. Inside, he has entered the Professor's study and hit the lights, and he starts to clear the shelves while singing to himself. He pauses upon finding a framed photograph; cut to a close-up

of it in his hands, the left side visible and showing Bubbles firing her eye lasers toward an adversary whose white glove identifies him as Mojo Jojo.)

Burglar: *(from o.c., tenderly)* Oh, what a cutie.

(Pan to the other side, where Mojo is bearing the full brunt of the assault and not looking too happy about it. The burglar's eyes pop with the realization that the sweet little girl he handed the milk to is the self-same one who inflicted this sort of damage. Now he brings it up for a closer look; close-up of Bubbles in the photo, then back to him as his eyes turn in an attempt to see if his fear is justified. The midair presence of the girls at the door of the study shows that it is.)

Blossom: *(much less courteously than before)* Mr. Burglar! So far, I think we've been more than patient with you.

(He laughs nervously, then shoulders his loot and heads for the door, whistling as he goes. He stops and leans against the frame for a few seconds before waving his free hand in the air above and below them. Now with a better idea of what he is up against—that these sweet little girls can also fly—he laughs even more nervously and starts to sweat buckets.)

Burglar: Uh...you know what? I suddenly realized that I...uh... *(easing out underneath them)* ...have another appointment down the street. *(Cut to him on the way out and follow.)* So, uh, why don't I just go ahead and take what I already have? You kids can keep the rest, and we'll call it even.

(When he reaches the front door, however, he finds his retreat blocked by Bubbles.)

Bubbles: You know what *I* think? I think that you *don't* have another appointment!

Burglar: *(laughing nervously)* You're right. You got me. No appointment. It's the train. I have to catch the two-thirty train.

(During this line, he starts to back away from the door; camera follows him. He does not get far before Buttercup speaks up from the fireplace.)

Buttercup: There *is* no Townsville two-thirty train.

(Foxed again. He makes a beeline for the sliding doors; close-up of him as he starts to fumble with the latch holding them shut.)

Burglar: Yeah, well, I really should be going anyway.

(An eye laser beam flashes into view from o.c, and hits the doors' middle edge just over his head. This traces down to the floor, melting the panes of glass together and sealing off his escape. Cut to outside the doors, looking in through them. All three girls have now gathered around the unfortunate intruder; the welded seam still glows white-hot.)

Blossom: But, Mr. Burglar, you just got here.

(Long shot of the house, with the suburbs spread around it and the city proper in the distance. The man's scream of sheer panic tears through the tranquil night. Cut to the Professor, who sits up in bed with a big smile on his face. He is still mostly asleep.)

*** Professor:** Cabbage! (yawning) Wha? *(The burglar runs for his life in the living room.)*

Burglar: Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh!

*** Professor:** Kumquat! *(His head hits the pillow.)*

(Now the girls gather near the fireplace for another go at their hapless adversary, who is temporarily out of sight.)

Bubbles: Mr. Burgly-Man! Yoo-hoo!

Blossom: Don't be afraid. *(Buttercup flies o.c.)* There's no need to panic.

Buttercup: *(flying into view across from them)* He's gone!

Blossom: Where'd he go?

Bubbles: He has to be here somewhere.

Blossom: Maybe he's upstairs. *(The balcony.)*

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Yeah, let's go upstairs.

(Cut to the plants under the stairs. We hear the girls fly up, then silence. The trembling of the leaves betrays the presence of one very scared housebreaker, and he pokes his head up for a look. As soon as he gets his head clear, though, Bubbles flies up next to him.)

Bubbles: Peekaboo! I see you!

(He screams and runs o.c.; she addresses herself up toward the second floor.)

Bubbles: He's down here, girls!

(Still screaming, the man dashes around the living room so quickly that he is visible only as a black streak. Finally he runs through an open door, which slams behind him. Inside, there is no light and only his eyes are visible. He tries to catch his breath in this place of safety for several seconds.)

Burglar: Those girls are mutants! I don't have a chance against them! *(His eyes move around; he is looking for something.)* Superpower strength...telekinetic levitation...laser beam eyeballs! Ah, here we go.

(The lights come up to reveal Buttercup hanging upside down from the ceiling, with beams of red light emanating from her eyes. She has extended one arm straight down, and the burglar has pulled on it, mistaking it for the chain that would switch on a hanging bulb.)

Buttercup: Click.

Burglar: I sure picked the wrong house to rob!

Buttercup: You sure did.

(Only at this point does he realize that he has company. Their eyes inch toward each other; cut to just outside the door, which bursts open as he starts his frantic, screaming attempt to escape all over again. This time, he races into the kitchen and ends by huddling inside the overhead light fixture. Blossom gets into the act, stopping at a switch on the wall.)

Blossom: Mr. Burglar Man! We're not going to tell you again!

(Cut to the overhead light fixture as Buttercup flies in next to it.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Would you please keep it down?

(The click of her switch, and the light comes on—revealing the man's form as a shadow within the fixture's cover.)

Buttercup: *(firing eye lasers at support)* Yeah!

(The fixture falls loose and—still lit—starts to bounce across the first floor. Now the camera is on the stairs, positioned so as to give a view of both floors. The fixture reaches a door, which promptly opens to let it through and then shuts, and the girls fly out of the kitchen to look for the burglar. After a few moments, a second-floor door opens and he bounces out.)

Buttercup: There he goes! *(He enters another door.)*

Blossom: What are you doing? *(The girls fly to different doors.)*

Buttercup: Good work, Bubbles!

(The doors they have chosen close behind them, and the burglar bounces into view and down the stairs o.c.)

[Aniimation goofs: Size of the girls and the light fixture—they should appear larger as they approach the camera, but they do not.]

Bubbles: *(from inside a room)* Oh, no! He's getting away!

(The girls emerge from three other rooms—Bubbles from the one that the burglar entered second—and each fly to different ones. Now the burglar bounces back into the living room through one on the first floor and heads for the kitchen. Bubbles emerges from a second-floor room while Blossom flies down over the railing; next, all three girls start zipping around both floors of the house as the light fixture bounces in and out among them. The chase ends with the girls back in the living room and the burglar nowhere in sight.)

Buttercup: *(groaning)* Now where is he?

(Close-up of the panicked, frantic, sweating man in question, out of the fixture and huddled behind a door. Pull back slowly; he has ended up in, of all places, the Professor's bedroom. Pan right slightly to put the bed in view behind him. His eyes turn back in that direction as the

sleeping man snores. Cut to the hallway and pull back slowly as the slyly grinning burglar eases the door shut.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Mr. Burgly-Man! *(She and Bubbles float across the screen.)*

Blossom, Bubbles: Come out, come out, Mr. Burgly-Man! *(Buttercup walks behind them and stops at the door.)*

* **Buttercup:** I've had it with this lame villain. He's just not worth all this trouble! *(reaching to knob)* Besides, I bet he's long gone already.

(Her sisters are still hunting for him; Blossom peers over the railing, while Bubbles picks up a hall table to look under it.)

Blossom: But, Buttercup, don't you think we need to be absolutely sure that he's gone for good?

(Back to Buttercup, who has opened the door and is looking into the Professor's bedroom without a word.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Buttercup? Did you hear me?

* **Buttercup:** B...b-b-b...

(She continues stuttering as the camera cuts to in front of her; she points into the room, her arm shaking—rather a surprise for someone as hotheaded as she. Her sisters fly to her side.)

Blossom: Buttercup?...Buttercup! What's the matter?

(They look straight ahead and gasp in horror, Bubbles' pigtails standing erect. Now Buttercup is the one to sweat buckets.)

* **Buttercup:** B...bur...burgly...man!

(Cut to the burglar, who has leaned over the Professor's bed with his mouth wide open near the sleeping man's ear.)

Burglar: One step closer, you genetic freaks, and I scream your daddy's head off! *(The doorway.)*

Blossom: *(advancing)* You wouldn't dare!

Burglar: *(from o.c.)* One more step! *(She stops short; back to him.)* I'll do it. I swear I will! I'll scream so loud, it'll...it'll...it'll scare him...really bad! Then you'll get in trouble!

Bubbles: *(now in room)* No! Please, Mr. Burglar! Leave him alone. He's tired.

Burglar: Tired? *He's* tired? What about me? I've been running around, trapped inside this freak show all night. *I'm* the one that's tired!

Buttercup: Don't you *dare* scream!

Burglar: *(leaning closer to Professor)* I'm gonna do it.

Blossom: No! Don't, Mr. Burglar!

(Close-up of him. Once again sweating profusely, he sucks in a huge breath—but before he can make use of it, he is floored by a sudden right jab from his intended victim. Pull back to frame all of the Professor, his fist still extended, his eyes shut tight, and a dopey grin on his face from whatever dream he was having. In a long shot of the room, we see him, three very bewildered girls standing in the light from the hall, and the burglar lying senseless at a considerable distance from the bed. The Professor landed a real haymaker.)

(Back to him; the girls, hidden from view by his extended arm, cheer for several seconds and then fall silent.)

*** Professor:** Crackers!

(He falls o.c. back to his mattress and starts snoring all over again. The girls just stand in the doorway, their minds blown by what they have just witnessed.)

Narrator: *(chuckling)* I'm not sure dear old Professor knows just what he did— *(The exterior of the house.)* —but if there's one thing he knows for sure— *(The front door opens; the burglar is thrown out to hit the driveway.)* —it's not wise to try to rob the Powerpuff Girls.

(Bubbles pokes her head out of the door.)

*** Bubbles:** And stay out!

(Inside, at the girls' windows; pan across to the bed and then cut to the Professor during the next line.)

Narrator: *(clearing his throat)* So, like I was saying earlier before all of this nonsense began, it's the end of a not-so-quiet, not-so-peaceful— *(Cut to the burglar, follow him walking wearily through the city.)* —not-so-crime-free day.

(He stops when the volcano on which Mojo's observatory sits is partially in view. Looking up at it, his face brightens; pull back to show the whole mountain.)

*** Burglar:** Whoa! Cha-ching!

Narrator: Oh, boy. I feel sorry for this guy, I really do.

(The standard end shot comes up.)

*** Narrator:** And so once again the night is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!

Girls: *(angrily)* Shhh! *(The music quiets down.)*

Narrator: Sorry.