

SHOTGUN WEDDING
Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Professor: *(from o.c.)* The city of Townsville...

(Pull back on the next line; the view is a photograph lying on a work table in his lab.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* ...is filled with the most vile and strange villains to walk the earth.

(On the end of this, he comes into view, hunched over the table. Other photos spread in front of him show the Amoeba Boys, the Gangrene Gang, and "Him.")

Professor: But as scientifically inexplicable as some may seem, each has an obvious origin.

(Close-up of the Boys' photo.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Enormous one-celled organisms. *(Pan to one of Mojo Jojo, firing his blaster.)* Common chimpanzee, mutated by a mysterious chemical. *(To "Him.")* Supernatural manifestation of pure evil. *(To the Gang.)* Teenaged hoodlums with a strange form of adolescent skin condition. *(To Sedusa, robbing a bank; guards and moneybags are caught in her hair.)* Hot chick with chemically enhanced hair products.

(Cut to him. One eyebrow droops in deep thought, and he scratches his chin.)

Professor: But one...one villain defies explanation. *(Extreme close-up of his eyes.)* The only creature that leaves me baffled.

(His perspective of a nearby countertop. Among the clutter of notes and equipment is a file folder labeled "F. Lumpkins." Lying on top of this is a photo of Fuzzy Lumpkins in the woods.)

Professor: The Lumkin!

(Zoom in until the photo fills the screen, then cut to a bulletin board on the wall. Several items are tacked up on it, including a poster entitled "Bears of the World"—with pictures of a panda, a koala, a polar bear, Yogi Bear, and Fuzzy. The Professor looks at the board.)

Professor: Can it be an unaccounted-for species of bear? *(holding up plaster cast of a large footprint)* Or is it the infamous Sasquatch—or, in layman's term, Bigfoot?

(Cut to a blackboard showing the famous "evolution of man" series of primates. Fuzzy is drawn in one step to the left of modern man; a question mark is above his head, the words "Missing Link?" below.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Or, better yet, is it the sought-after “missing link”?

(A counter, with a map of Townsville and the adjoining woods spread out. A path is marked, ending in a big red X. On the next line, the Professor reaches into view and rolls up the sheet.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* One thing is certain.

(Now he picks up a camera tripod leaning against the counter’s edge. Back to him, with the map tucked into a knapsack on his back. Shouldering this other piece of equipment, he is ready for action.)

Professor: It must be studied!

(The exterior of the house. The garage door goes up and his car pulls out. Dissolve to the woods, the camera pointing along a road that runs through them. In the distance, there is a very broad patch whose trees have been cut down. Zoom in a bit, then cut to the Professor as he hikes along through the area. As he goes, his confident smile fades and he looks worriedly around himself; in an overhead view, we see that he has reached the cleared area—and many of the stumps bear signs with the sort of messages Fuzzy might put up: “Leave Now,” “Get Out,” and so forth. When he reaches the hillbilly’s shack, he crouches down behind a bush at a distance. Cut to in front of this; he pops up with his notebook in one hand and a hand-held video camera aimed at the dwelling in the other.)

Professor: Day One of my study of the Lumkin.

(His perspective, seen through the viewfinder; pan slowly across the scenery. Until further notice, all shots are framed in this fashion.)

Professor: This, I believe, is the natural habitat of the Lumkin. I can only hope to catch a glim—

(On the end of this, the shack comes into view and he cuts himself off sharply. Fuzzy is sitting on the ground by the porch, a washtub within reach. He is naked and washing himself with the help of a garden hose that is connected to a nearby tap. The camera goes briefly out of focus and back in again as it zooms in.)

Professor: Oh, look! What luck! The Lumkin is in its territory and appears to be grooming.

(Fuzzy aims the hose into his mouth for a drink and gargles loudly before going back to his bath. After a few seconds, he stands up, drops the hose, and shakes himself dry. Now he walks across the yard, the camera following, and stops at a clothesline on which his overalls are hanging next to what looks like a pair of denim underwear. Zoom in and refocus; he pulls the overalls down.)

Professor: And what’s this? *(He puts them on.)* He’s adorning himself with some sort of garment.

(Fuzzy secures the straps that run over his shoulders. Zoom in again.)

Professor: Oh, simply fascinating! He seems to be exhibiting signs of intelligence.

(Fuzzy extends an index finger and digs around in his nose. Pull back to put the house in view again; a pig runs up behind him and knocks him over.)

Professor: Oh, no!

(Close-up; Fuzzy lets off a rising, angry growl.)

Professor: How fascinating! *(Pull back.)* Let's see how he reacts.

(He reacts by leaping to his feet, pounding his chest, and yelling out his rancor. Pan from one side of the house to the other as he chases the pig around it, shouting all the while.)

Professor: The creature chases after the small animal like a predator on the hunt. *(Stop at the left side; a winded Fuzzy walks into view.)* But the Lumkin is no match for the pig.

(Zoom in on him as he finally catches his breath. The moment's peace is shattered by the reappearance of the pig, which knocks him over as before. Zoom in on him; his eyes pop open, and he smiles.)

Professor: It sees something.

(Quick pan from him to his banjo, which leans against the door of the shack, and re-focus. He reaches into view and grabs it; pull back to frame his rocking chair on the porch. He leaps into it and rubs the banjo's neck lovingly against his cheek before playing a few chords.)

Professor: Interesting. *(Fuzzy kisses the instrument.)* It seems to be fond of this inanimate object.

(His reverie is interrupted by a fly buzzing overhead; he puts down the banjo and picks up his old shotgun. Pull back during the next line.)

Professor: Ooh, and look! It's protecting it!

(The fly comes to rest on the porch, and Fuzzy cocks his weapon and aims directly at it. When he fires, the image is briefly lost under a swirl of static. This clears to show a hole blasted in the porch where the fly had been. Another blip of static; now he is staring wide-eyed at something else in the general vicinity of the camera. Long pause, after which he leaps out of the rocking chair and braces for more action. He flares his nostrils and sniffs the air, and the Professor gasps softly.)

Professor: Wait! The Lumkin senses something. *(He crawls off the porch, still sniffing.)* Ooooh! Some poor unsuspecting creature must have stumbled into the Lumkin's territory. Oh, surely it will be mauled! *(He starts to approach the camera.)* What kind of stupid, unevolved, pea-brained critter would walk right into such a horrible fate?

(On the end of this, Fuzzy is sniffing very close to the camera. Next it zooms in on him, tilting a bit, as he stands up again. The Professor, realizing that he has just put himself in the king daddy of all jackpots, gasps in fear.)

Professor: *(small voice)* It's me.

(Fuzzy roars in pure fury as the camera pulls back, shaking in the Professor's grip, and tilts back to the horizontal. He goes bright red and charges, going out of focus when he gets too close. The camera view gives way to a screenful of static, after which it snaps to black to the sound of crashing equipment.)

(Snap to brief static, followed by the Professor's hurried flight through the woods, his frantic panting audible. He stops behind a tree and peeks out around it only to see Fuzzy run past on the other side, his shotgun at the ready. The latter has reverted to pink and is now wearing his boots, whereas he had not put them on after his bath. The Professor cries out in fear; a flash of static, and we see him through the viewfinder.)

Professor: He's out there. I know he's out there. He's gonna find me sooner or later. *(His eyes tear up and grow sad.)* To my girls: Take care of yourselves—and always remember, the world needs you.

(Fuzzy emerges from the undergrowth behind him.)

Professor: Oh, no!

(Static, which snaps briefly to black as the equipment is knocked about.)

(Snap to a bit of static, then a log in a clearing. The Professor shambles into view and sits down on it to face the camera. His clothes are dirty and torn, and his hair and face are in total disarray. He pulls out his notebook and starts to write.)

Professor: *(dictating)* “It's been a few hours now, and there's been no sign of the creature. I think I may have lost him. I don't know how much longer I can last.” *(standing up)* Got to keep moving.

(He walks toward the camera and stops very close to it before moving out of view and behind it. On the next line, he picks it up and starts off into the woods.)

Professor: *(as he goes o.c.)* I must figure out how to get home from here. I—

(He stops upon sighting a tree with a message carved into a bare patch on its trunk: “Fuzzy's watching you.” On the next line, the jiggling of the camera fully exposes what is on a second tree in the background: “You can't hide.”)

Professor: Wait! That tree! It—it looks like there's something written on it.

(Zoom in on the tree; the Professor starts sobbing upon closer examination.)

Professor: Oh, please, no!

(He continues to sob as he turns to look at other trees—all of which have similar ominous words for him. A squeal of feedback is heard, and the view turns to static and snaps to black.)

(Snap to static, then a grainy close-up of the Professor, now adjusting the camera to fine-tune the image. As he speaks, he gets it right.)

Professor: Almost got it...there! The battery was all that needed changing. *(stepping behind camera; smoke rises from distant bushes)* According to the map— *(pointing)* —just beyond those bushes should be the road back to the city. *(approaching bushes)* Oh, soon it'll all be over. This nightmare will end and I'll be home...

(Reaching the bushes, he shoves them aside and finds Fuzzy's shack beyond them—the smoke was from its chimney.)

Professor: ...free? NOOOOOO!!

(The next sound strikes him dumb—it is Fuzzy's low chuckle, which steadily grows in volume. The camera whips around to show him at a distance behind the Professor. Now screaming, he charges; the Professor holds out a hand to stop him.)

Professor: No! Stay back! Stay back!

(The assailant plows into the camera, knocking out the picture altogether, and the sound of a beating is heard.)

(The camera-eye perspective ends. Snap to a blip of static, then cut to the Professor and follow him as he tumbles headlong down a slope and loses his camera. He rolls straight toward the front door of the shack; cut to inside as he crashes through the front door and collapses in a splatter of mud that covers his eyes and nose and spills down the back of his head over his shoulders. Blind, he crawls across the floor; cut to the end of a ragged piece of cloth on the wall. He reaches into view and feels this. Pull back to reveal it as a sheet tacked over a window for a shade. He wipes his face with this, but in the process it tears free and he falls over backwards.)

(When he stands up, the sheet is now wound around his torso and lower body like a sari, and he has been unable to budge the mud. The entire effect is to make him look like a very ugly caricature of a woman. Backing up, he bumps into a dresser with a vase containing two flowers on top. This falls onto his head and breaks; the mud over his eyes falls away, and the flowers stick atop his head like antennae. He stumbles backward in another direction and falls into a pile of hay with a pitchfork stuck into it.)

Professor: Ewwww! The creature's nest! *(An o.c. grunt from Fuzzy draws his attention.)* What's that? *(Cut to the open door.)*

Fuzzy: *(from outside)* They's nowhere to run! *(He steps into view.)* And they ain't nowhere to hide, neither! *(Extreme close-up; menacingly.)* There ain't no turnin' back.

(He suddenly lets off a surprised little yelp; cut to the Professor, who has backed into a corner with all this mess still on him. Fuzzy's bloodlust gives way to sheer infatuation, and hearts appear in his eyes and his tongue hangs out of a panting mouth. The Professor again, with hearts popping all around as the camera tilts down to his feet and back up. Now Fuzzy shakes his head to clear it and holds his shotgun behind his back.)

Fuzzy: *(bashfully)* Well, howdy, miss. I...thought you was someone else. 'Scuse me. *(producing flower from behind back)* I picked this for you from outside.

(The Professor manages only a strangled little cry and takes the flower. Fuzzy toes the floorboards as he continues, now gaining some confidence.)

Fuzzy: And you know, I don't remember seein' you 'round here. And I'd remember, too, 'cause we don't usually get folks as purty as you come 'round here. *(He laughs.)*

Professor: Huh? Um...I, er, uh...

(He stammers some more as hearts start to pop around Fuzzy's head and he realizes just what the big pink hick thinks is going on. The latter points past the red flower antennae.)

Fuzzy: What the heck is that?

Professor: *(turning his head)* What?

(He is promptly bashed over the head with the shotgun. Snap to black.)

(Fade in to the exterior of the shack, its door closed. This bursts open after a moment, and Fuzzy comes out with the unconscious Professor over his shoulder.)

Fuzzy: Hey! Everybody! I'm gettin' hitched!

(He laughs and shouts into the forest: "yee-EEE!" Cut to other areas nearby, the shouts continuing; other creatures of various shapes and sizes, who all look generally like Fuzzy, poke their heads up—these can only be his kin. Trees, stumps, bushes, an old refrigerator, a washtub, bushes, a toilet, hay bales—all hide pink hillbillies who respond to the call. Back to the front door of the shack, with all these newcomers gathered around.)

Fuzzy: That's right, cousins! I've landed the Lumkin of my dreams!

Professor: *(moaning wearily)* Wha—?

Fuzzy: And I am gonna marry this here little Lumkinette as soon as possible.

(On the end of this, said Lumkinette's eyes pop wide open. Cut to a long shot of the forest and pan quickly across the sky to the house.)

Professor: *(from shack, utterly terrified)* HEEEEELLLLLPPPPP!!

(On the end of this, cut to the girls' room. They are on the bed: Blossom and Buttercup reading comic books, Bubbles playing with Octi. The scream echoes even from here, and it causes all three to look up in alarm. They drop what they are doing and jump off the bed.)

Girls: The Professor! *(Blossom zips to the windows.)*

Blossom: It sounds like it's coming from the woods! *(Buttercup joins her.)*

Buttercup: Let's go!

(The exterior of the house; they take off through the windows, the camera following them to the forest. Inside the shack, the whimpering Professor sits huddled in a corner.)

Fuzzy: *(from outside, laughing)* I'm so nervous. This is my first-ever weddin', you know.

(Cut to outside the window, a piece broken out of it; the Professor carefully pokes his head up into the opening to look out.)

Fuzzy: *(from o.c.)* And ain't nothin' gonna ruin this day.

(Cut to just behind the bride-to-be. He sees the entire extended family in the yard, with an aisle cleared down the middle of the crowd to lead to a stage with a ragged canopy over it. Fuzzy stands on this, next to a short kinsman who will act as the minister. Back to inside; he drops down and crushes himself into the space beneath the window.)

Fuzzy: *(from outside)* Now, where's my beautiful bride?

(Quick pan to the closed door, which bursts open after a moment to admit two cousins, one fat and the other thin, in red long johns. This is the Professor's perspective; we hear his sobbing and whimpering throughout the following. The fat one stands over him.)

Fat cousin: Now, now, don't be shy there, Mrs. Fuzzy Lumkins. *(The thin one steps up.)*

Thin cousin: Yes. We wouldn't want you to be late for your own weddin' and whatnot.

(The crowd and the stage.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* GIRLS!! *(as the two haul him down the aisle)* WHERE ARE YOU???

(Long overhead view of the scene. Bubbles flies into view and stops to observe; her sisters join her a moment later.)

Bubbles: Goodness! Look at all the Lumkinses!

Buttercup: Do you think the Professor's down there?

Blossom: There's only one way to find out. *(She zips down.)*

(Ground level. She pounds one family member, and her sisters each give another one what for, having followed her down. The Professor is dragged to the front and thrown ahead of the bunch; quick pan to the stage, where he lands in Fuzzy's arms.)

Minister cousin: Dearly beloved...

(He gets no further before Bubbles grabs one guest's antennae and spins him around by them. She lets go and he flies o.c.; long shot of the stage, with his scream of terror echoing.)

Minister cousin: ...we are gathered 'round yonder here today...

(Buttercup kicks another in the nose. During the next line, pan from the minister to Fuzzy and the Professor. The former has not even batted an eye at the chaos in the audience.)

Minister cousin: ...to join together yon Fuzzy...

(Blossom uproots a tree and swats away several charging Lumkins cousins. Back to Fuzzy, tilting down to the Professor.)

Minister cousin: *(from o.c.)* ...and this here girlie in holy matri-ni-mony.

(The girls go on the attack and send the guests flying, one after another. Back to the stage, where the surviving ones have gathered around the bride and groom; the former is now on his feet, with the latter's beefy arm around him.)

Minister cousin: Fuzzy, does y'all take this purty young thang for your wifey?

Fuzzy: Boy howdy!

(The beaten cousins are now accumulating in a large pile.)

Minister cousin: And does the little lady take Fuzzy for her lovin' man?

Professor: Uh...

(A cousin falls to the stage beside him, followed by another that lands squarely on Fuzzy. The girls regroup at the back where the crowd used to stand. The Professor is the only one left standing.)

Blossom: Come on, girls! There's just one really ugly one left!

(They charge the stage and, without realizing the truth, give the Professor a devastating one-two-three combo that knocks his makeshift disguise away. Cut to them in midair.)

Buttercup: We got all the Lumkins, but where's the Professor?

(His weary groan from o.c. tells them what they need to know and just how big a mistake they have made. Cut to him on the ground, now looking a total wreck amid the globs of mud.)

Girls: *(from o.c.)* Professor! *(Pull back; they fly to him.)*

Blossom: Oh, no!

Buttercup: Are you okay?

Bubbles: We're so sorry!

Professor: It's okay...it's okay. *(Back to them; he continues o.c.)* I'm all right. *(Pull back to frame all four; he stands up.)*

Bubbles: But we hit you really hard!

Professor: Yes, well, I can think of much worse things that could've happened.

Fuzzy: *(from o.c., angrily)* Hey!

(Cut to him. He is back on his feet and hopping mad.)

Fuzzy: Leave my wifey alone! Cain't you see we's in love? *(He jumps toward them.)*

Professor: Oh, no.

Blossom: Don't worry, Professor.

Buttercup: We'll protect you!

(Fuzzy stomps toward them and looks ready to eat alive anyone who even looks at him the wrong way. When he is close enough to knock them into the next time zone, he suddenly sweeps up the mud and clutches it to himself.)

Fuzzy: You'll never take her! *(He jumps back to the shack door, Blossom and Buttercup watching.)* Y'all cain't stop true love!

(Smiling, he goes inside and pulls the door shut behind himself. After a moment, it reopens and he reaches out to hang a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the knob; this shows two hearts pierced by an arrow. His laughter grows from a chuckle to an ecstatic howl.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Huh?

(Back to the group, the throes of passion continuing. What Fuzzy has been after finally sinks in for the Professor.)

Professor: EWWWWW!

(He groans and stammers for some time, then collects himself and pulls out his notebook to write some more.)

Professor: *(dictating)* "Final analysis. Lumkins, above all things, are stupid." *(Pause.)* "On a side note, never speak of this incident again."

(He stuffs the entire notebook into his mouth, chews, swallows, and licks his fingers.)

Professor: Mmm...ahh.

(The clamor in the shack has finally died away. Cut to the girls in flight, carrying the Professor.)

Bubbles: Boy! A few more seconds and Fuzzy would've been our mom!

Buttercup: You mean our dad.

Blossom: *(laughing)* Yeah. And Professor would've been our mom.

(The girls have a good laugh at this, but the next line cuts them off very sharply.)

Professor: *I SAID, NEVER SPEAK OF IT AGAIN!!*

(The standard end shot comes up, with a banjo heard alongside the usual end music.)

Narrator: *(like Fuzzy)* So once again the day has done been saved—thanks to them thar Powerpuff Gals! Y'all come back now, hear?