

**THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN**  
**Transcribed by Alan Back**

Act One

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

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville!

*(Tilt down quickly to the bank. After a second or two, the building explodes and the alarm screams out. Three silhouettes appear within the clouds of smoke and run toward the camera.)*

**Narrator:** Where boys will be boys.

*(The figures resolve into a trio of cash-carrying robbers. One is tall and thin, with black hair tied in a ponytail; another is very muscular; and the third is short. The arrival of Blossom freezes them in their tracks; she is very close to the camera, her back to us. Cut to her, with her sisters flanking.)*

**Narrator:** And girls will be girls!

*(They explode into action. Blossom dispatches the tall one, Buttercup the muscle man, Bubbles the shrimp. From here, cut to a paddy wagon whose back doors are held open by two cops.)*

**Narrator:** Besides manhandling the common criminal...

*(The robbers sail into view and land in the wagon; the cops close the doors, and the vehicle speeds off without them. Cut to a frightened, screaming crowd and pull back to show them gathered at the base of the volcano on which Mojo Jojo's observatory stands. A large weapon, attached where the telescope would normally be, points down at them.)*

**Narrator:** ...in just one day, three particular girls have managed to...

*(During the previous words, the following things happen. One, the weapon rotates to point straight out and is then crushed to scrap by the arriving girls. Two, Mojo is seen at a control panel inside; it flashes a warning and Blossom smashes in through it. Three, Bubbles socks him in midair and the camera cuts to outside to follow his trajectory. Four, Buttercup spikes him like a volleyball. Cut to a jail cell as he crashes into it.)*

**Narrator:** ...massacre Mojo!

*(Close-up of Princess Morebucks, fully suited up and with her jet thrusters going full throttle. She is holding up something large; pull back to show her carrying an armored car as she flies.)*

**Narrator:** Pummel Princess!

*(Blossom arrives on the scene and flies around her in a tight circle. When all is said and done, the little criminal is tied up and being held in one hand by her captor, who has the vehicle in her other. Cheers. Cut to a screaming old woman, then pull back to show the Gangrene Gang menacing her. They are in a back alley.)*

**Narrator:** Grapple with the Gangrene Gang!

*(Buttercup's shadow throws itself over the entire group. All but the woman are visibly unnerved by her arrival. She charges from the mouth of the alley; cut to the woman, who has backed up against a wall. The shadows tell the story: the hoodlums are taking a pounding from all angles.)*

**Old woman:** *(jumping up and down)* Yahoo! Go, Powerpuff Girls! Whoo!

*(Cut to Fuzzy Lumkins' shack in the woods. He runs inside, a large sack over his shoulder; cut to him as he empties cash from it. He has apparently pulled a heist of his own.)*

**Narrator:** And infuriate Fuzzy!

*(He discards the empty sack and starts throwing handfuls of cash into the air, but a knock at the door brings him up short. Cut to outside it; he opens and looks out bemusedly. A very polite-looking Bubbles is standing on the porch. She looks up at him and smiles for a couple of seconds—and then moves in without any warning. A flash of white fills the screen and gives way to static. Pull back from this to show it on the screen of an upside-down TV set that is floating in midair. A couple of slabs of rock float in the background, which shows a blurry clip of what could be a soldier on a battlefield and then gives way to a young girl. The individual watching the set is in an armchair, which is positioned so that we can only see one arm. However, the red pincer that rips up a wad of stuffing instantly gives “Him” away. These digs are quite different from his last ones. Voices murmur indistinctly from all sides.)*

*(On the next line, the chair slides away and the view wipes behind its trailing corner to show the back of the TV set; tilt up from here to show “Him” wearing a most unpleasant expression. A bathroom and a farm float on midair islands behind him, with a train wreck as the backdrop.)*

**Narrator:** And in their day, these girls have even managed to humble...“Him.”

*(On TV, with no audio, Blossom knocks out the muscular bank robber. “Him” now looks even angrier; we can see a living room on a background rock, and a child eating watermelon as the backdrop. TV footage: Buttercup is seen talking to a reporter.)*

**Buttercup:** Yeah, it was rough in the beginning, but I paced myself and just wore the monster down.

*(The eyes of “Him” narrow even further; in the backdrop, a car sails over a shack and crashes. TV footage: Blossom and Bubbles.)*

**Blossom:** We were just glad to be of service. (*Bubbles waves.*) Good job, girls!

(*Now “Him” looks ready to blow his top all the way to Denver as a geometric vector backdrop gives way to a couple of girls playing. A baseball diamond and a marble fountain float past as he speaks, and the backdrop changes to show biplanes flying as well.*)

**“Him”:** (*effeminate voice, mocking*) “We were just glad to be of service. Good job, girls!” Blah!

(*Pull back to show the entire “estate”: fountain, ballpark, living room, bathroom, farm, kitchen—not seen earlier—and the TV area on the main central island. The backdrop changes to show other old film clips.*)

**“Him”:** (*evil voice, walking to TV*) Blast the Powerpuff brats! They disgust me! (*A fireplace floats by.*) So effortless. (*Close-up.*) They seem to be unbeatable.

(*Pull back across the TV area. Young children are in the backdrop, which quickly tiles itself with various clips of the girls in action. These float slowly past the edge of the rock.*)

**“Him”:** (*effeminate voice*) All the years and all the villains have produced nothing. (*Pause.*) So much time, such little results.

(*After watching a few more clips, he waves one arm and the view clears to show a crashing plane in the backdrop. It changes to show what might be a piece of industrial machinery during the next line, and he floats toward the camera.*)

**“Him”:** (*evil voice*) There must be a way. There must be someone who can knock those brats down to size!

(*He voices a frustrated groan and flops back into his chair.*)

**“Him”:** (*effeminate voice*) Oh, boy.

(*He directs a weary, bleary gaze out into space and toward his TV for a few seconds, after which the camera cuts to an extreme close-up of his eyes. They snap wide open, and he breaks into an ear-to-ear grin—whatever inspiration he was searching for has hit. His eyebrows slowly lower.*)

**“Him”:** (*evil voice, softly*) Oh, boy.

(*Close-up of the TV screen, which goes black as the set is switched off.*)

(*Fade in to one part of the city skyline during the day. All is peaceful until a huge yellow monster with one eye and spiked club-like appendages for hands rears up and roars. It swings one arm and hurls those spikes; cut to Buttercup, who rises to meet them and then zips o.c. just before they reach her position. She runs straight along the side of a building as the projectiles hit behind her; when they start to hit too close, she jumps to another building and keeps running. Gradually the spikes hit closer and closer until she is lost beneath the glare of the explosions*

*from their impact. She charges out of these straight toward the camera; cut to her perspective, approaching the fully open eye of one very shocked monster.)*

*(Pull back to show her barreling around a corner toward the beast. She grabs one arm and hurls the thing across the intersection, the camera panning to follow it until it slams into a building. Behind it are two other creatures, a crab and an octopus. They advance and are promptly knocked away by Blossom, who lands by Buttercup's victim. Her own two land on top of it.)*

*(Quick pan to a pair of large round creatures covered with pink fur. They are little more than giant heads on chicken legs, with long trunk-like noses. They spit wads of yellow phlegm that explode when they hit the street behind Bubbles. She takes to the air; as the two attackers watch in fear, she turns herself about so that she is approaching with her back to them. She lands behind them and puts her hands together to generate an energy field that blows them off their feet. Cut to the pile of previously beaten monsters, with Blossom and Buttercup looking at them from the corner. The two new victims arrive just before Bubbles does.)*

**Blossom:** Good job, girls! *(A low rumbling starts up, putting them on edge.)*

**Buttercup:** What now?

**Blossom:** Get ready for anything, girls.

*(She looks down at the pavement. A moment later, it starts to shake and crack; pull back down the street as the girls retreat to a safe distance. Smoke and lightning pour up from the fissures, which grow until a sizable hole has opened. Through the haze, three tall outcroppings can be seen emerging; each has a small figure perched on it. Close-up of this lot—now the silhouettes are close enough to become very, very familiar. The smoke starts to clear, and the girls gasp in combined shock and recognition.)*

*(Extreme close-ups of the following. A foot clad in a black sneaker. A smirk above a pair of crossed arms and a torso clad in a blue sweatshirt with a black stripe—the outfit worn by Boomer, the blond member of the Rowdyruff Boys. Spiky black hair, with Buttercup's part, above dark green eyes that can only belong to Butch—but he no longer has a cowlick. A red eye and part of a red cap turned backwards, with a bit of red-orange hair visible in back—the signs of Brick. Half of Boomer's face, with his hair grown out a bit longer and more raggedly cut than before. Pull back to show the entire set of outcroppings and zoom in. The boys have been resurrected, with their hair being the only altered feature. As the shot of Brick suggested, his hair is now quite long in back, similar to Blossom's ponytail, but very ragged at the ends. In front, it no longer sticks out from under the edge of his cap as it did in "The Rowdyruff Boys.")*

*(Close-up of Blossom and pan to each of her sisters in turn.)*

**Blossom:** The Rowdyruff Boys?!

**Buttercup:** But that's impossible!

**Bubbles:** We blew you guys up! *(Butch starts flexing his knees to spring.)*

**Brick:** Yeah? Well, you can't stop a good thing, babe!

*(The girls find this quite amusing and give voice to that opinion.)*

**Brick:** Stop laughing! What are you laughing at?

**Blossom:** (*mocking, as her sisters laugh*) Oh, no, look who's back with mean hair!

**Bubbles:** (*following lead*) Oh, whatever shall we do?

**Buttercup:** (*ditto*) How can we defeat their scary new hairdos?

(*Cut to the boys. More laughter from o.c. as Boomer pats his hair, Brick glares down, and Butch keeps flexing his knees.*)

**Brick:** SILENCE!! (*The girls stop laughing.*) You stupid wimpy lame-o girls talk too much!

**Blossom:** Stupid?!

**Buttercup:** Wimpy?!

**Bubbles:** Lame-o?!

**Brick:** You girls just got lucky last time. This time there's no way you're gonna beat my boys!

(*Close-up of each in turn.*)

**Butch:** Butch!

**Boomer:** Boomer!

**Brick:** And me, Brick!

[*Animation goof: The mouths of Butch and Boomer do not move.*]

(*The mood is somewhat spoiled when Boomer starts trying to catch a fly buzzing around his head. Brick watches him for a few seconds before getting fed up.*)

**Brick:** Pay attention! (*Bubbles giggles derisively.*)

**Bubbles:** Are you guys sure you're ready for another beating?

**Boomer:** You girls are gonna eat your words, spit 'em out, and eat 'em again! (*Buttercup claps a hand to her forehead in disgust.*)

**Blossom:** That doesn't even make sense.

**Boomer:** I know you are, but what am I?

**Buttercup:** Enough! Talk is cheap. Let's do this!

**Butch:** (*giggling dementedly*) This is gonna be fun!

(*Pull back to a long shot of the two groups, then cut from one to the other as they square for battle. Finally the deadlock ends and all six take off, rising to face each other in midair. Blossom starts the attack with a blast from her eye lasers; Brick counters with his own. Pull back to a long shot of them, at opposite sides of the screen. Their beams cancel out in the center.*)

(*Bubbles creates a spark of lightning in one upraised hand, forms it into a large ball of energy, and lets fly. Boomer generates sparks from his joined hands and makes a baseball bat, which he pulls back over his shoulder for a swing. He hits her pitch and gets a line drive that does heavy damage to the right field fence—which, in this case, happens to be a building.*)

(*Buttercup rises above the rooftops and backs up. She focuses herself and creates a blinding energy bolt that shoots toward the camera. Butch puts his hands together, and a force field forms around him to blunt her offensive. She stops firing, whereupon the girls regroup in midair.*)

**Blossom:** Come on, girls. We have to work together. We're too evenly matched one on one.

**Buttercup:** Yeah! A little teamwork oughta whup those dorks into shape!

*(They fly toward each other and join hands. Spinning in a tight circle, they are enveloped by light in their respective colors and then disappear into a sphere of crackling radiance. A beam emerges from this and flashes across the sky, the camera panning to follow. Cut to the boys, also in midair.)*

**Brick:** Come on, guys! We can't let a bunch of dumb girls show us up!

*(They pull off an identical maneuver. Pull back to show both beams canceling each other out. After a moment, there is an explosion and both groups are flung backward. They face off again.)*

**Blossom:** All right, girls. I think we know what we have to do. Let's give 'em some sugar!

**Bubbles:** *(waving hand)* Ooh, ooh! I want the blond! I think he's cute!

**Buttercup:** *(to Bubbles)* Man, you're weird.

**Blossom:** Let's go, girls!

*(The boys stand fast; Butch twitches a bit due to overly high-strung nerves. Now the girls charge.)*

**Brick:** Here it comes, boys!

*(The boys charge, and the girls split up. Blossom moves in on Brick, who sidesteps at the last possible second to dodge her punch. She tries another blow, but he ducks and starts to back up. Approaching again, she tries several more strikes and hits nothing but air. Finally she darts in and kisses him on the cheek, as she and her sisters did to the boys in "The Rowdyruff Boys.")*

*(Butch watches Buttercup fly low along the street and climb sharply to meet him. He blocks or avoids her strikes, but she finds an opening and plants a kiss on his cheek. Now Bubbles speeds toward Boomer, aims several blows at him with no success, and gives him a big hug and a kiss.)*

*(Cut to the girls as they regroup and look o.c. Their puzzled expressions give away the fact that things may not have gone according to plan.)*

**Bubbles:** I don't understand. How come nothing is happening? Weren't they supposed to explode?

*(Cut to the boys, who are still very much in one piece, then back to the girls.)*

**Blossom:** Well, let's really lay it on 'em!

*(They charge for round two. Brick throws a punch at Blossom, but his timing is too early; he hits nothing as she reaches him and kisses his cheek. She backs up; he again fails to explode, and now he starts to grow. She watches, completely stunned, and gasps. This sequence repeats itself*

*with Boomer and Bubbles. Ditto Butch and Buttercup, except that she backs up to reach her sisters and all three gasp. Looking down at them, the boys lunge and the girls dive aside.)*

*(Blossom kisses Brick again—right now he is about twice her size—and he grows even larger. The same thing happens when the other two boys get this treatment. Brick gets yet another, then Butch and Boomer; after Boomer is kissed, a close-up of the top of Butch’s growing head is seen, followed by Brick’s and Boomer’s, then the back of Butch’s. From here, cut to Brick as he becomes even larger.)*

**Brick:** Your cootie kisses only make us bigger!

**Boomer:** *(growing)* Stronger!

**Butch:** *(growing)* And tougher!

*(Cut to the girls, who gasp, then pull back to frame both groups. The boys are now at least ten times their original size.)*

**Brick:** *(laughing)* You stupid lame-o girls never learn. Now it’s time to put these babies to bed!

*(The boys gain altitude. Each puts his hands together and extends them out in front of himself, toward a focal point just in front of the three. A broad energy beam emanates from here and washes over the girls; this is similar to the “starburst” attack that has been seen in the past. Cut to a street and pan along it as they crash down. Bubbles hits the pavement and slides along, Blossom strikes a building, and Buttercup plows through a fire hydrant before fetching up in a parked car. Cut to each, in the reverse of this order, as she takes off to rejoin the fight.)*

*(The sky suddenly goes a sinister shade of red, and the girls land in front of a spiral of smoke that has begun to form. It turns into clouds that evaporate to reveal the spike-heeled legs of “Him,” seen in extreme close-up; tilt up slowly to show that he has his back to the camera. He addresses the girls over his shoulder.)*

**“Him”:** *(effeminate voice)* Hello, girls. *(They gasp.)*

**Girls:** “Him”!

**“Him”:** *(approaching them)* So good to see you again. How’s things? *(No answer.)* Not so good? Having a little boy trouble, hmm? Or should I say... *(evil voice)* ...big boy trouble?

*(Grinning, he looks into the sky; follow his gaze to the boys, who start to descend. Back to ground level as they touch down.)*

**“Him”:** *(effeminate voice)* Hello, boys. *(evil voice, softly)* You’re doing just fine. *(effeminate voice)* So, how does it feel, girls, to know defeat is just around the corner— *(evil voice)* —and victory for me is at hand?

**Blossom:** So you’re behind this, “Him”! What did you do to make our kisses powerless?

**“Him”:** *(effeminate voice, laughing)* Oh, that. That’s my little secret. You see, I realized that the boys’ only weakness— *(to evil voice)* —was your pathetic little kisses. *(to effeminate voice)* And since I knew you would resort to that, I added a little something extra—a cootie vaccination. Circle-circle-dot-dot, now you have a cootie shot! *(He laughs.)* I got the spell off the Internet.

*(Tilt up from him to the boys' faces, then cut back to him.)*

**“Him”:** But your kisses are not *totally* useless, girls. *(to evil voice)* They make my boys bigger and more powerful!

*(The girls gasp, and he laughs insanely in his effeminate voice.)*

**“Him”:** At last, I win!

*(A giant foot is planted behind him to emphasize the point, and the boys join in the merriment. The girls can only look up in mute fear and helplessness as “Him” rises into the air, still laughing.)*

**“Him”:** Have fun, girls. Ta-ta! Ha-ha!

*(He continues to laugh as he flies away and disappears in another spiral of smoke. The sky reverts to its normal blue, and three enormous boys glare down at three very small and vulnerable girls. Fade to black.)*

## Act Two

*(Opening shot: the girls in the shadow of their gargantuan opposite numbers. All they can do at the moment is blink up at the boys, who stand with crossed arms and cocky smiles. The girls take a couple of steps backward; cut to a close-up of Boomer and pan slowly to Brick and Butch. The girls are seen in a similar shot, but their mouths wobble in barely suppressed panic. Stop on Buttercup, who finally swallows hard, then cut back to Butch as he cracks his knuckles. The sound is loud enough to make the girls recoil and cover their ears.)*

*(Brick holds up one arm; extreme close-up of it as he pushes back the sleeve. There is a brown scab on his forearm. He starts to peel it off, and one by one the girls groan in disgust at the sight. Boomer and Butch snicker gleefully. Next he holds the loose scab aloft and scales it toward the girls; cut to them and zoom in. They stand frozen for a moment before diving for cover, and the dripping projectile hits a STOP sign behind them. It sticks for a second, then starts to fall away, and Buttercup and Bubbles each groan again. Blossom, though, has herself under control.)*

**Blossom:** Stand your ground, girls! They're trying to psych us out by grossing us out!

*(Butch slowly snorts in a gigantic breath, hocks a loogie, and spits it into the air. The streamer of green snot turns end over end as it flies; cut to the girls, who look up and then cover their heads. Pull back as the loogie sails over their heads and o.c. They look in its direction for a moment and then relax.)*

**Blossom:** *(wiping forehead)* Whew!

*(Close-up of Boomer, who has his mouth open wide, and pull back. The wad drops neatly in, and he smiles.)*

**Boomer:** Mmm-mmm-mmm!

*(Now it is his turn to hock one up; this time, the girls must sidestep in order to avoid being hit. The phlegm bubbles and oozes across the pavement. Close-up of Bubbles, her tongue hanging limply in revulsion. Her face goes green, and she claps her hands to her mouth in order to stop herself from vomiting; pull back to show a trash can near her and Buttercup in the foreground. The STOP sign is behind them.)*

**Buttercup:** Hold your ground, Bubbles! *(Her sister's face returns to normal color.)* It's just a bunch of dumb boy tricks, but we can take it. Right?

*(Close-up of her on the end of this. The trash can is heard rattling o.c.; cut to it. Bubbles has hung her head into it and is losing her lunch. When she finishes, she looks up, moaning and still appearing quite nauseated. Back to her sisters; Blossom looks o.c. toward Bubbles, while Buttercup's attention has shifted to the boys.)*

**Buttercup:** Go ahead, gross us out all you want— *(Pull back to frame both groups, sans Bubbles.)* —but we're still gonna kick your big-boy butts! *(Close-up of Brick.)*

**Brick:** Oh, you are, are you? Well, then, I guess it's...

*(He looks in Butch's direction; cut to the latter, all too eager to start something.)*

**Brick:** *(from o.c.)* ...RUMBLE TIME!!

**Butch:** *(jumping and sounding like a crazed monkey)* Rumble time! Rumble time! *(Back to Brick.)*

**Brick:** Let the rumble begin!

*(The ground shakes on the last word, and he takes off, followed by the other two. Cut to the girls and zoom in.)*

**Blossom:** Let's go, ladies!

*(They take off. The two trios approach one another; when they meet, each girl is knocked away by her counterpart. Blossom takes the first hit, followed by Buttercup and Bubbles. Bubbles crashes through a building's window and comes out at the back wall to tumble into an alley; her sisters hit the ground next to her. Of the three bumped and bruised girls, Blossom is first to come around, and she looks up and gasps.)*

**Blossom:** *(nudging her sisters)* Quick! Get up! Get up!

*(The boys continue their approach, but Brick stops them just short of the girls.)*

**Boomer:** *(puzzled)* But I thought we was—

**Brick:** *(clapping hand to Boomer's mouth)* Shut it! We're playing a new game now, and the game is...

*(He looks to his left, in Butch's direction; cut to the green-clad basket case as he again does his mad-monkey impression, then back to Brick. The leader stomps on the roof of a parked car, embedding his foot in it; pan to a second vehicle as he does the same with his other foot. Next he grabs the girls, who scream in terror, and squeezes them in both hands. Only a few limbs, Blossom's bow, and their yelps of pain are in evidence. Cut to a patch of street as they are thrown down—having been crushed together into a hockey puck. They struggle to free themselves from this contortion, but to no avail.)*

*(Brick uproots a sign for the parking garage of Malph's Market from a nearby corner. This has a long pole, with the lettering on a broad projection at the top, and looks something like a hockey stick standing upside down. Pull back to show him holding the sign, with his makeshift roller skates on and the Powerpuff puck in front of him.)*

**Brick:** ...ROLLER BRAWL!!

**Butch:** *(still flipping out)* Roller Brawl! Roller Brawl!

*(He tears an L-shaped support beam from a nearby bridge. Cut to a construction site, where a flatbed truck is parked with its load of girders. Boomer flies down and grabs one; close-up of his face as he struggles with it, then pull back. He has bent one end to make a stick for himself, and he jumps onto two cars to get a set of skates. Butch follows the latter action, after which Brick lifts his stick.)*

**Brick:** Let the brawl begin!

*(He hits the puck, sending it screaming down the street, and skates after it. Butch and Boomer move in, but the leader is just about in position to catch up to it. He nudges the puck from side to side in order to keep it under control; the girls cry out in pain at each tap. The other two move to block him. Boomer tries to steal, but Brick keeps it away from him by passing to the opposite side; another scream. Butch intercepts and skates toward a parking garage as Brick zips past behind him. Now he pulls his stick back to take a shot on the "goal"—the garage's entrance.)*

**Butch:** And he's going for the—

*(Before he can finish the sentence, Brick pops into view and body-checks him. The screaming puck goes flying, only to be stopped by Boomer.)*

**Boomer:** And he's going for the... *(hitting puck; pull back to follow)* ...slap shot!

*(The girls scream as they sail toward the garage. Brick stands nearby, a giant oven mitt on one hand, and tries to catch them—but he misses and they sail through the entrance.)*

**Boomer:** SCORE!! Whoo-hoo-hoo! Yeah!

*(Inside, the girls hit a wall and split apart. They slam down to the concrete, looking much the worse for wear now, and the boys bend over to look in at them—they have ditched their Roller Brawl gear. Cut to Buttercup as she struggles to her feet next to a car.)*

**Buttercup:** That's it! The puck stops here!

*(Two hands reach into view from behind the car and grab the one she has raised. She is yanked away; cut to that point, where her sisters are huddled down. Blossom was the one to pull her in.)*

**Buttercup:** What gives?

**Blossom:** *(softly)* We gotta hide.

**Buttercup:** Hide? Are you— *(Bubbles slaps a hand over her mouth.)*

**Bubbles:** *(softly)* Shhh! They'll hear you!

*(Pan away from them to the entrance, where the boys taunt them in an effort to draw them out; cut to outside, behind the giant trio at a distance, and tilt up to a nearby rooftop. Their voices die away, leaving the scene quiet, and an access door opens on the roof. The girls zip out of this and away around the corner of its housing; cut to them.)*

**Buttercup:** Okay, we're hiding. Now what?

**Bubbles:** Yeah. Those boys are beating our butts!

**Blossom:** I don't know. *(She slides down to a sitting position and sighs.)* I think we've... *(She looks reluctantly toward Buttercup.)*

**Buttercup:** Don't say it!

**Blossom:** ...met our match.

*(Buttercup screams in frustration and claps her hands to her head. She wheels to face her sisters, who back up against the wall.)*

**Buttercup:** That's what they want us to think! *(Head-on view of her.)* We can still whip those big dummies. I mean, come on! *(Said dummies peer over the edge of the roof behind her.)* They're too stupid to even find us up here!

*(She is now standing in their shadows. Cut to just behind the boys' heads, with Blossom and Bubbles looking up at them, their eyes wide. Buttercup turns to get an eyeful of them as Brick clears his throat loudly. Camera shift: side view of the girls, and he jumps onto the roof and gets in their faces.)*

**Brick:** *You calling us stupid?!?* *(Behind the girls; all three boys are now on the roof.)*

**Boomer:** We'll show you stupid!

*(He looks quite pleased with this retort, but Brick is less impressed. The latter stands up and smacks him in the face before turning his attention to the girls again.)*

**Brick:** *(groaning disgustedly)* You're in for it now, losers, 'cause it's time for... *(Close-up; he looks o.c. toward Butch.)* ...the awesomest game! ULTIMATE FIGHT!!

**Butch:** *(flipping out)* Ultimate Fight! Ultimate Fight!

*(The girls scream and are promptly scooped up by Brick. Boomer tears up a telephone pole, pulling several others along with it due to the lines connecting them, and plants one at each corner of a building's roof to create a makeshift fighting ring. As he and Butch watch, Brick floats down into the center of this squared circle; he carries the girls in one hand and delivers the next several lines as if he were a boxing announcer.)*

**Brick:** Welcome, fans, to the first annual...

*(He throws Bubbles to Boomer on "first," and Buttercup to Butch on "annual." The other boys have now entered the ring. He lifts Blossom to his mouth like a microphone.)*

**Brick:** ...*ULTIMATE FIGHT!!* *(pointing toward Butch)* In this corner... *(Cut to there; he continues o.c.)* ...the Baron of Berserk...Butch!

*(Butch grunts and pounds his chest like a psychotic gorilla. Back to Brick, who now gestures toward Boomer.)*

**Brick:** And in that corner...the Dumber than the Dumbest... *(Cut to that corner; he continues o.c.)* ...Boomer!

*(This combatant spikes Bubbles to the roof and starts stomping on her.)*

**Boomer:** Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! *(Back to Brick.)*

**Brick:** And here in the center...the Master Masher...the King of Crushing...the Duke of Destruction...the reigning world champeen...

*(Cut to the two nonplussed opponents, who are now standing together with their girls in hand.)*

**Brick:** *(from o.c.)* ...Brick the Bludgeoner! *(Back to him.)* And now... *(menacingly)* ...let the bludgeoning begin!

*(Butch leads off by giving Buttercup a colossal headbutt that sends her flying across the ring. Boomer hits Bubbles and launches her; the two girls collide in midair and fall to the roof. Next, the two boys lean back against the wires that fence in the ring and launch themselves toward each other. Cut to Boomer as he hurtles along and lets off a war whoop; during the next line, we see Butch doing likewise.)*

**Brick:** *(from o.c.)* Oh, no! It looks like the dreaded... *(Pull back to frame both.)* ...Do-Si-Do of Destruction!

*(On these last words, they link arms and drop toward the roof. They have turned their bodies so that they are falling back first. Bubbles and Buttercup sit up in their growing shadow, but not in time to avoid being crushed under the two giants. Cut to Brick.)*

**Brick:** And next... *(holding Blossom upside down in one hand)* ...it's the Saratoga Speed Bag!

*(Cut to a close-up of her on these last two words; he reaches into view and starts pummeling her as if she were that piece of boxing equipment. He ends by knocking her out of his grip and leaping toward her with one elbow extended. From her prone position on the roof and too stunned to move, she looks up at him and gets that elbow driven into her face. He gets up, leaving her with a black eye and some missing teeth. She moans dazedly and tries to rise, but Brick seizes her and pins her down. He holds his face very close to hers; close-up of him as he lets a runner of drool ooze slowly out of his mouth.)*

**Blossom:** *(from o.c.)* No! *(Cut to her.)* No! Nooo! No! No!

*(Her perspective; the drool descends toward her, and she moans weakly in disgust. Cut to just behind the drop as it works its way to her face, then to a side view of her. The spittle comes to within less than an inch before suddenly rising o.c.—he has sucked it back in. He smiles crookedly down at her and starts the torture all over again. Side view of him as the rope of drool breaks, after which he lifts her into view; she is sopping wet.)*

**Brick:** *(mocking)* Oh. Sorry, dude.

*(Butch, meanwhile, has recovered Buttercup and is smacking her around. Boomer knocks Bubbles across the ring, and Brick throws Blossom down. Buttercup takes another punch from Butch; Boomer stomps Blossom; Brick decks Buttercup, then Blossom when she tries to climb out of a hole. One more strike from each boy, and the girls land in a barely conscious heap. Pull back slowly as the boys' shadows loom large before the supine trio, then cut to the girls' perspective; they laugh over the ease with which they have thrashed their former conquerors.)*

*(Head-on view of Butch, once again doing his insane-primate impersonation. The other boys flank him.)*

**Butch:** Dude, check it out. Check it out! *(He pulls a large, slimy slug from his back pocket.)*

**Brick:** Cool!

*(Boomer stands Bubbles up in front of himself, still holding on, and Butch grabs the back of her dress and stretches it out. The slug is stuffed in, and the dress is released. At this point, it is all she can do to keep her pitiful, painful moans from degenerating into a full-on crying fit. Cut to above the ring and pull back slowly as all three boys roar with laughter and point at the humiliation they have inflicted on her.)*

*(Buttercup finally comes around and lifts her head. She sees it all: Bubbles' torment and the boy's pointing fingers, then Butch, laughing with his tongue hanging out. She snaps to full consciousness, and a fierce, burning anger inscribes itself all over her face. Zoom in to an extreme close-up as she squeezes her eyes shut, then cut to Butch. Suddenly she rockets toward him and delivers a crushing uppercut that leaves his tongue badly swollen—his teeth have slammed together on it.)*

**Butch:** *(moaning, tongue still hanging out)* I...I bit my tongue!

*(Brick and Boomer laugh themselves stupid at the sight—and he shrinks somewhat. The girls, meanwhile, have all gotten to their feet and cleaned themselves up; they stare incredulously. The slug is no longer in Bubbles' dress.)*

**Blossom:** Did you see that? Whenever their masculinity is threatened, they shrink in size.

*(A brainstorm hits her full force, and she beckons her sisters to lean in close.)*

**Blossom:** *(whispering)* Okay. So all we have to do is... *(She trails off into mumbling.)*

*(Cut to a man painting a billboard red. Bubbles flies to him and swipes his can and brush.)*

**Bubbles:** Sorry! *(She flies o.c.)*

**Painter:** Hey!

*(She carries the supplies back to Boomer and buzzes past him as he keeps laughing. Lifting the brush determinedly, she flies in tight circles around his head; when she stops, he finds that she has given him a warp-speed makeover. His hair has been tied into two small pigtails, his mouth and cheeks have been painted red to simulate makeup, and his eyes show that Bubbles has also come up with a stand-in for mascara. He blinks stupidly.)*

*(Cut to Blossom in flight, with the boys' laughter echoing from below. On the roof, Brick and Butch are making fun of Boomer, who shrinks a size; the other two boys trade a high five. Blossom flies behind Brick and grabs the waistband of his pants. A quick yank, and she flies away—leaving her opposite number with his pants around his ankles and a full rear exposure for the camera. Boomer and Butch have a hearty laugh at the spectacle; the victim, meanwhile, covers himself with his hands and shrinks down to their size. As the gale of chortles continues, he becomes smaller still—now they are all the same size. Pull back to show the girls watching all this; from the camera's point of view, the boys seem to be a bit smaller than they started out.)*

**Bubbles:** It's working! It's working!

**Blossom:** Come on, girls. Let's shrink 'em down to size!

*(They zip across the roof. Buttercup gets to Butch; he is actually now about half her height, and she pinches his cheek.)*

**Buttercup:** *(baby talk)* Aww, who's almost wike a wittle man?

*(He shrinks again, so much that his head passes entirely out of view. Bubbles, meanwhile, cuddles Boomer like a baby. He too is considerably shorter than when he first showed up.)*

**Bubbles:** *(baby talk)* Aww, don't cwy, wittle baby. Mommy's here.

*(He also shrinks. Now Blossom pats Brick's head; the latter has pulled his pants up and is also much less than normal size.)*

**Blossom:** *(baby talk)* Oh, no. Who's a itty bitty, teeny tiny, dinky wittle cutie pie?

*(Close-up of him during this line; under her patting and words, he also shrinks greatly. Buttercup lets go with some more cooing and takes another size off Butch, Bubbles does likewise with Boomer, and Blossom follows suit with Brick. Each boy yells in rage as he is downsized; Brick is the loudest of the bunch. Pull back to frame all three—now they are not even tall enough to reach the buckles of the girls' shoes, and they are crying from embarrassment.)*

**Brick:** *(to Boomer and Butch)* Stop crying, you sissies! *(The girls lean down over them in time with the next lines.)*

**Blossom:** Aww, aren't they cute?

**Bubbles:** They look like tiny little dollies.

**Buttercup:** Yeah. Let's squish 'em!

*(The sky turns red again, startling them out of their plans, and the smoke spiral forms. "Him" materializes from it; he is beside himself with fury, and he gets in the boys' faces. He is many times his normal height; they appear to be back to theirs, more or less.)*

**"Him":** *(evil voice)* Can't you little brats do anything right?! I send you to destroy them, and what do you do? *(standing up; effeminate voice)* You get all sissified!

*(Tilt down to the roof. He sweeps one pincer over its surface, creating a cloud of smoke that envelops the boys; when it dissipates, they are gone. Cut to the girls, who trade a satisfied glance before "Him" plants a foot in view just in front of them.)*

**"Him":** *(from o.c.)* Oh, don't look so smug, girls. Though you may have won this time— *(to evil voice)* —it was a lucky victory and you know it. *(leaning to them; effeminate voice)* In time, you will fall—and we will defeat you! So keep on your toes, stay alert— *(evil voice)* —and watch your back. *(standing up)* Because the boys are back in town!

*(Each italicized "will" is delivered in his evil voice. Laughing madly, he floats into a spiral of smoke that forms around him and disappears. The sky turns blue after he and it are gone; the girls look up after him with trepidation.)*

**Blossom:** Oh, boy.

*(Cut to a long shot of the skyline and pull back slowly.)*

**Narrator:** "Oh, boy" is right. It seems the battle of the sexes has begun!

*(The standard end shot comes up.)*

**Narrator:** Let's just hope that the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!