

PEE PEE G'S

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night. There are some clouds, but they disappear as the sun rises. Cut to the exterior of Townsville Hall during the Narrator's first words.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! In the wee, wee hours of the morning, the rains are gone, and the sun is shining brightly.

(On the end of this, cut to a long shot of Mojo Jojo's observatory. In the foreground, a bird perches on the edge of a birdbath and chirps happily.)

Narrator: The grasses are green with flowers a-bloom. *(The exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten.)* The birds are singing. The winter is finally past. And the sweet smell of spring is in the air.

(As he finishes, cut to a long shot of the city proper, with the suburbs spread out before it and the sun fully risen. Next the exterior of the girls' house is seen; zoom in slowly.)

Narrator: No more wet days for the people of Townsville. *(Inside, the girls are fast asleep.)* That's right! *(Buttercup yawns; the others' eyelids flutter.)* And no more wet days for the Powerpuff Girls.

(They doze off again, but quickly snap awake with shock written across all their faces. They zip out of bed; cut to a point above it near the ceiling, where they are floating and looking down with some consternation.)

Buttercup: What the...?

Girls: I didn't do it! *(pointing at one another)* She did it! You did it! I didn't do it!

Blossom: WAIT!! I'm sure there's a perfectly good explanation.

(Cut to the bed, where the source of all the concern is clearly visible due to the blankets having been thrown back. There is a large wet spot that stretches nearly the full width of the mattress; the girls float down to inspect it.)

Blossom: Hmm...I know! Maybe the rains blew in through the open window.

Buttercup: *(looking out window)* Nope. I don't think so. Hey! Maybe pipes leaked through the ceiling.

(Bubbles kicks at the ceiling; a large piece of plaster falls away to reveal plumbing that appears very much in order.)

Bubbles: Nope. Dry as nomads' lips in the Sahara Desert. *(floating down to bed)* Blossom, maybe you spilled your glass of water last night.

Blossom: I didn't get up for a glass of water last night. Maybe you slept upside down and drooled everywhere.

Bubbles: I didn't sleep upside down last night. Maybe the waterbed leaked.

Blossom: We don't have a waterbed.

Bubbles: Hmm. (*Buttercup gasps.*)

Buttercup: I know! Maybe... (*accusingly*) ...somebody whizzed in the bed last night!

(The argument is put on hold by an incoming call on the hotline. Cut to the city skyline, where the reason for said call—a colossal squid—is tearing up the architecture. The girls fly into view and stop near it.)

Blossom: Let's split up!

(They do so. Cut to Blossom in flight. Her determination fades as she mulls over the situation.)

Blossom: (*thinking*) I didn't do it. It must have been Buttercup. She was exceptionally defensive.

(She is struck by a tentacle and stops in her tracks.)

Blossom: Ow! (*Cut to Bubbles, stopped in midair; zoom in slowly.*)

Bubbles: (*thinking*) It had to have been Blossom. She's such a heavy sleeper. I know it was her.

(A jet of squid ink douses her thoroughly. Cut to Buttercup, also in neutral.)

Buttercup: (*thinking*) Bubbles is such a baby. It had to be her, I just know it.

(A tentacle whips into view and wraps her up; she struggles vainly against it. Pull back to show all three girls now caught up in the monster's grip.)

Narrator: Girls! Snap out of it! Townsville needs you!

(Dissolve to the exterior of the house that evening, then cut to a patch of sky nearby. Dejected and dripping with ink, the girls float wearily into view; follow them over to one bedroom window, through which they enter. Next, dissolve to the bed as they float down to it and tuck in for the night. They have cleaned themselves up now.)

Buttercup: (*groaning*) We should have finished that squid off hours ago.

Bubbles: We were pathetic!

Blossom: Listen, you two. We were all pee-occupied—I-I-I mean, preoccupied. Our minds were obviously on something else. I'm sure it was just a one-time thing and everything will be back to normal tomorrow morning. Now if you don't mind, I'm gonna get some rest. Good night.

(Bubbles turns off the lamp on the nightstand, and the view snaps to black.)

(Snap to the city skyline, which has been fixed up. It is now the following morning.)

Narrator: The city of Towns— *(In the girls' room, they regard a new swamp in the sheets.)* —whoa, Nelly!

Buttercup: See, Bubbles? I knew it was you!

Bubbles: Oh, yeah? How do you know it wasn't Blossom?

Blossom: Buttercup, I bet it was you! You were the first one to point the finger!

Buttercup: Oh, yeah? Well, you were obviously the most distracted yesterday.

Blossom: Oh, really? Well, Bubbles has more problems than the two of us combined!

Buttercup: True.

Bubbles: *(irked)* Oh, that's funny—coming from the person who sleeps in the middle of the bed!

Blossom: *What?!*

(All three girls start yelling at one another. Downstairs, the Professor sits on the living room couch and eats popcorn from a bowl. The shouting is still audible, but muffled through the bedroom door. His attention is focused on something o.c. in front of him; from the sound of it, this could be a western on TV. Close-up of him; he looks up toward the second floor as he keeps munching and picks up the remote. Cut to the TV screen, which does indeed show a western. The volume bar graphic appears and registers the Professor's effort to turn up the sound and drown out the hubbub. After a few seconds, it disappears; shortly after that, a news flash breaks in.)

Stanley Whitfield: *(voice over)* This just in.

(Cut to him at the news desk. A graphic next to him shows the headline: "Hysteria 2003.")

Whitfield: With a less-than-perfect match yesterday with Townsville's deadly spectacle of tentacles— *(The graphic changes to show burning buildings.)* —the Powerpuff Girls are nowhere to be seen— *(A giant duck moves into view; it belches out flames.)* —as an evil fire-breathing mallard wreaks havoc on our city.

(Close-up of the Professor.)

Whitfield: *(on TV)* What would normally be duck soup for the girls is turning into a stewy situation without them.

(Cut to the city skyline, which has again been restored. It is the next morning.)

Narrator: The city of Towns— *(In the girls' room, they stare morosely at another lake in their bed.)* —oh, come on! I've heard of toilet humor, but this is ridiculous!

Girls: *(weakly)* I didn't do it.

(Dissolve to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten.)

Kids: *(from inside)* One plus one is two. *(Cut to a pan across the room; they are reciting.)* One plus two is three. One plus three is four.

(Stop on the girls at their desk; they take no part in the lesson, but stare mutely at the camera.)

Kids: One plus four is five. One plus five is six.

(Close-up of Bubbles. The arithmetic recitation continues under the following lines.)

Bubbles: *(thinking)* I know it wasn't me...Maybe it was me.

Buttercup: *(thinking)* I couldn't have done it, I couldn't have done it, I couldn't have done it!...Could I?

Blossom: *(thinking)* I'm the most mature. Logic dictates that I'm innocent. *(The kids fall silent.)* Doesn't it?

(The bell rings. Cut to the exterior of the building. Kids charge happily out the front door as Ms. Keane waves to them.)

Ms. Keane: Bye, children! See you tomorrow! Bye, kids!

(Bubbles and Buttercup take off. Cut to inside; she closes the door and leans heavily against it, wiping her forehead.)

Ms. Keane: Phew! Man, I sure could use a—

(Her eyes go wide—a very frightened Blossom is still in her seat. Ms. Keane giggles nervously.)

Ms. Keane: Blossom! What are you still doing here?

(Cut to Buttercup on the living room couch at home. As she speaks, pull back to put the Professor in the foreground. He too seems off guard.)

Buttercup: So, what do you think, Professor?

Professor: *(thinking)* I can do this. I can do this. I can do this. I can do this. I can do this. I can do this.

(Close-up of her; he kneels down next to her and clears his throat.)

Professor: *(rapid fire)* Nocturnal enuresis is caused by numerous factors, and according to the type and severity of the child's condition, the usual causes range from a lack of sufficient anti-diuretic hormone levels at night to a number of different physical factors. And although nocturnal enuresis usually works itself out over time, the modern consensus amongst pediatricians is that persistent nocturnal enuresis, if left untreated, can leave a child with self-esteem issues as well as negatively effective social development. *(normal tone)* Now aren't you glad we had this talk?

[Note: A diuretic is a substance that stimulates urine production, while an anti-diuretic inhibits it. Enuresis is the medical term for an involuntary loss of bladder control.]

(In the classroom, Ms. Keane has taken a seat next to Blossom.)

Blossom: So, Ms. Keane, you understand the problem?

Ms. Keane: *(soothingly)* Blossom, you have a common condition that's perfectly normal and common. Fortunately, the problem usually fixes itself eventually. So, in the meantime—*(reaching under desk)*—here are some pamphlets you can read up on.

(Blossom begins to smile at these words. As Ms. Keane finishes, cut to a close-up of the desk area just in front of her, putting her o.c. She sets down a tall stack of brochures; Blossom's face falls at the sight of them. From here, cut to a close-up of Bubbles standing in front of a window. She addresses herself o.c.)

Bubbles: So...what do you think? I really need your expert opinion.

(Cut to the Mayor at his desk—we are in his office, and she has been talking to him.)

Mayor: Why, everyone has an accident one time or another...some more than others.

(He jumps down from his chair and approaches her. His pants are down around his ankles, and he is wearing a diaper instead of underwear; in his hand is the box from which he took it.)

Mayor: That's why I wear these. *(Brief close-up of the diaper, then pull back again.)* Discreet and comfortable, giving you the freedom and confidence you deserve. *(pointing out box)* See, it says so right here.

(Not too thrilled with the answer she has received, Bubbles walks o.c. He drops the box.)

Mayor: Wait, Bubbles, don't go! These'll change your life! *(edging after her)* Avoid unpleasant embarrassing wetness and reclaim your fountain of youth!

(In the kitchen at home, Buttercup sits at the table in a booster seat. The sound of a lawn sprinkler is heard from outside, and her eyes turn slowly toward the window. Cut to just outside it; the system is spraying water over the grass. Inside, she watches its output dribble down the windowpane. A door slams o.c., drawing her attention. Cut to it—the front door, where the Professor has just come in. He is in jogging apparel, holding a water bottle, and quite out of breath from the run he has just completed.)

Professor: Hey, Buttercup!

(He lifts the bottle; close-up of his face as he squirts water into his mouth. When he stops, a small amount clings to his lips.)

Professor: There's nothing like quenching your thirst with something cold and wet. *(He chuckles.)* Hey! Where are your sisters?

(Cut to Blossom, who has left the classroom and is now standing on the sidewalk outside a pet store. People walk past, taking no notice of her; the display window behind her shows a couple of dogs who bear a striking resemblance to Augie Doggie. Only the o.c. sound of screeching tires

and a crash can shake her out of her fugue. She looks in that direction and sees a man who has driven his car into a fire hydrant, damaging it and sending a fountain of water into the air.)

(Blossom shifts her forlorn gaze back to the camera. At the scene of the wreck, pan along the sidewalk a bit. The driver now stands behind the car with a policeman who is writing this up.)

Driver: It was an accident!

(Close-up of Blossom, with a smiling dog sitting next to her. It is visible from the shoulders up, and we can clearly hear the sound of a bladder being emptied. The unfortunate girl recoils slightly at the sound; she looks down at the animal, and it returns the gaze. Pull back slightly to show her standing in a puddle that stretches toward the dog—which one of them caused it is anyone's guess—as its tail wags happily. Her perspective: she looks down at her reflection in the puddle.)

(In the park, Bubbles sits on a bench. The laughter of happy children is heard from o.c., and after a moment, a girl runs across, being chased by a boy. Each has a water balloon. Bubbles looks across the part and sees several other kids battling it out with this particular hardware. One boy takes a hit and returns fire, soaking a girl with a great deal of curly hair; it goes straight due to the water and exposes her enormous ears.)

(Bubbles looks in another direction; cut to her perspective, a slow pan across a pond in which a couple of geese honk happily and a small waterfall gushes forth. Back to her.)

Woman: *(from o.c., Eastern European accent)* Oh, boy, wait 'til your mother hears about this!

(Cut to her, an older babysitter/nanny type. She has grabbed the ear of a small boy and is holding a confiscated slingshot in her free hand.)

Woman: You're in a lotta trouble, sonny!

(Back to Bubbles; zoom in slowly. These words repeat in her head like a music sample.)

Woman: *(voice over)* You're in a lotta trouble—You're in a lotta trouble— *(Close-up of the Mayor at his desk.)*

Mayor: Why, everyone has an accident one time or another...some more than others.

(A flash of white, and we again see Blossom on the sidewalk. Zoom in slowly, then in another flash, Ms. Keane is seen in the classroom. Except where noted, this transition is used throughout the following montage.)

[Animation goof: Her eyes are black rather than blue in this shot.]

Ms. Keane: You have a condition—

(Buttercup, on the couch; zoom in slowly. The Professor.)

Professor: Now aren't you glad we had this talk?

(Bubbles, zooming in faster, then the waterfall in the pond, then a close-up of the water-balloon-throwing boy as he is hit.)

Woman: *(voice over)* You're in a lotta trouble, sonny!

(No flash: cut to the curly-haired girl taking the hit. From here, close-up of the Mayor, seen from the neck down and with his pants around his ankles.)

Mayor: —wear these.

(Buttercup, zooming in faster, then a dripping faucet.)

Professor: *(voice over)* Nocturnal enuresis—

(The rotating sprinkler in the yard, then the Professor after his run.)

Professor: —cold and wet.

(Extreme close-up of the bottle's squirting nozzle, then a zoom in on Blossom, then a close-up of Ms. Keane. She holds a pamphlet from the stack she pulled out: "It's O.K., Clay." A boy stands sheepishly by his bed, which sports a large damp patch.)

Ms. Keane: —read up—

(The broken hydrant, then Blossom's perspective of the puddle at her feet.)

Driver: *(voice over)* It was an accident!

(A fast zoom in on Bubbles, then the waterfall, then the curly-haired girl.)

Woman: *(voice over)* You're in a lotta trouble—

(A fast zoom in on Buttercup, then the faucet.)

Professor: *(voice over)* —cold and wet.

(The sprinkler. The jet of water from the Professor's bottle. Zoom in on Blossom. Extreme close-up of Ms. Keane's face.)

Ms. Keane: You have a condition— *(The wrecked car and the spouting hydrant.)*

Driver: *(voice over)* It was an accident!

(Blossom's perspective of the puddle. Fast zoom on Bubbles, the waterfall, and the curly-haired girl being doused during the following.)

Woman: *(voice over)* You're in a lotta trouble— *(The soaking starts to repeat itself.)* You're in a lotta—You're in a—You're in—You're in—You're in—You're in— *(The Mayor, as seen earlier in this montage.)*

Mayor: —wear these. *(Quick zoom on Buttercup. Drops of water falling.)*

Professor: *(voice over)* Nocturnal enuresis—

(The sprinkler. Extreme close-up of his mouth.)

Professor: —cold and wet— *(Zoom in closer.)* —cold and wet. *(Fast zoom on Blossom. Ms. Keane, in extreme close-up.)*

Ms. Keane: You have a condition— *(The broken hydrant. Blossom's perspective of the puddle.)*

Driver: *(voice over)* —accident! *(Zoom in on the reflection.)* —accident! *(Closer.)* —accident!

(Throughout all of this, the tempo of the cuts has steadily increased. Now they flash by at top speed for several seconds more before finally subsiding—the montage is over. The girls are in bed, but they are too scared to go to sleep. Close-up of Buttercup, panning to her sisters during the next lines; all speak in a very stilted manner.)

Buttercup: Man, I'm beat.

Blossom: Sure am tired.

Bubbles: I can hardly keep my eyes open. *(Pull back to frame all three.)*

Blossom: Well, then. I guess it's good night.

Buttercup: Sleep tight.

Bubbles: Don't let the bedbugs bite.

(She turns off the bedside lamp. The screen goes black except for three pairs of huge eyes staring at the camera and blinking a time or two. Pan from them to a digital clock whose illuminated readout shows the time as 9:00; a slow dissolve, and it now reads midnight. The quiet is broken by a loud commotion, as of things being tripped over, and the camera pans back to the girls. They keep their voices down on the following lines.)

Bubbles: Did you hear that?

Buttercup: It sounded like it was right below our windows!

Blossom: Shh! Pretend to be asleep.

(There is a sound of approaching footsteps. The girls quickly close their eyes, and the camera pans to the windows, through which the moonlight is shining in. From o.c., we hear a sash being slid up, after which Mojo's silhouette steals across the view. Pan back to the darkness near the girls' bed. The springs creak, a zipper is undone, and water starts to trickle onto the mattress. After a few seconds, snap to the fully awake girls, sitting up in bed. Bubbles has turned the light on. They stare at a broad wet patch a distance down the bed from them as water drips down onto it from o.c. above. Their surprise gives way to pure fury.)

Girls: *You!*

(Pull back to just beyond the foot of the bed. Mojo stands atop it, his back to the camera and just behind the soaked area—the springs creaked when he climbed up. Cut to in front of him; he holds a water bottle similar to the one the Professor used after his jog. He laughs nervously. Cut back and forth between him and the girls.)

Mojo: You caught me.

(He tucks the bottle away in an open fanny pack turned around, zips it up, and clears his throat. The pack was the source of the zipper sound, and the bottle made its obvious audio contribution.)

Bubbles: So, it was you the whole time!

Buttercup: But why?

Mojo: *(chuckling)* Well, you see— *(Stay on him.)*

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* I know why! *(Side view of the girls.)* You knew exactly what would happen. *(Pull back to frame all four.)* By pouring water on our bed and wetting our sheets, you knew we would misinterpret our situation. *(Cut to each in turn.)*

Bubbles: With our confidence ruined...

Blossom: ...our sleep deprivation at an all-time high...

Buttercup: ...and our teamwork totally trashed... *(Pull back to frame all three girls.)*

Bubbles: ...you could take over the world!

Blossom: That's why you did it, Mojo, isn't it?

(Cut to him. He is absolutely flabbergasted by their reasoning, but there is a slack smile on his face. It takes him a moment to find an appropriate response.)

Mojo: No. I just don't like you.

(The sheer stupid simplicity of his answer floors the girls. He, however, finds it an absolute gut-buster, and he tries to hold in his laughter for a few seconds before letting it go—first as a giggle, then after the camera cuts to the bewildered girls, as a full-scale belly laugh. He is heard to throw himself down; back to him, now sprawled out on the mattress and still laughing.)

Mojo: You should have seen your faces when...

(He trails off into more laughter; back to the girls, for whom the joke has already worn thin.)

Mojo: *(from o.c., imitating girls)* "You did it!" ... "No, you did it!" ... "I didn't do it!"

(He laughs for a few more seconds, after which the camera cuts back to him as he finally lets it wind down—and then he starts guffawing all over again. However, the sound of water dribbling out brings him up short; extreme close-up of his face as he looks down with great trepidation.)

Mojo: *(small voice)* Uh-oh.

(Cut to his perspective of the sheets and tilt up toward the girls. A fresh lagoon is steadily spreading up the bed from his feet. Now they get to have a good laugh at his expense. Back to him; he has his hands down over his crotch and is most indignant.)

Mojo: Shut up, shut up! It's not what it looks like! My water bottle broke! It's not funny! *Shut up!*

(Fade to black.)

(The background for the end shot comes up.)

Narrator: Gee whiz. You girls are number one in my book! *(He laughs, then lets it die out.)* So much for my dry wit. And so once again the day is saved—

(The end shot from “Substitute Creature” comes up.)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!