

## **SEED NO EVIL**

**Transcribed by Alan Back**

*(Opening shot: a prehistoric village. Several tall volcanoes emit fumes in the background, and laid out around them is a network of roads and stone buildings. The scene looks something like a caveman equivalent of modern Townsville. A very Narrator-like voice grunts in the cadence of today's opening line, "The city of Townsville!", and the camera starts to pan slowly along the rest of the area. More caves and structures are seen during this movement; dissolve to a man standing by a small tree. Caveman Narrator grunts some more, and the man tears up the growth and scratches his back with it, groaning happily and jerking one foot as dogs sometimes do.)*

*(A short old fellow walks into view, and the camera follows him. He can immediately be recognized as an early counterpart of the Mayor, but with a couple of differences. One, his eyebrows form a single band that stretches beneath his entire forehead. Two, instead of a top hat, he wears a small black skull that floats just above his scalp. He drags a small bag behind him. In the background, one man shakes a tree to dislodge the fruits on its branches, while another swings a club to break them after they fall.)*

*(Caveman Mayor stops at a shop window with a sign above it: "MMOWFS." The woman behind the counter grunts a query, but he seems somewhat indecisive. She leans toward him, makes a suggestion, then starts to root around under the counter. After a moment, she grunts appreciatively and pulls out a fish, which she sets down. She asks a question; he responds enthusiastically and opens the bag, which he has laid down beside himself. Close-up of it, revealing that it is full of seeds.)*

*(He takes a handful and counts a few into the shopkeeper's hand, and she gives him the fish and waves as he walks away. Caveman Mayor grunts to himself; zoom in on the bag, which he is again dragging behind himself, and pull back to show it reflected in the eyes of another resident. This is a big fellow with a shock of reddish hair, and he is chuckling wickedly and watching the action from a vantage point that is several feet up a tree. He whips out of sight behind the trunk, and a pair of elephant legs rears into view from behind the trunk as the animal trumpets loudly. The entire animal then emerges; it is a large mastodon, and the caveman is riding it. Raising a club, he shouts a command and the creature charges at the camera.)*

*(When the hoodlum's face fills the view, cut back to Caveman Mayor, still carrying his fish and dragging the bag of seeds. Long shot of the "city," which starts to tremble as the mastodon's trumpeting grows louder, then back to him. He stops short, mumbling a bit—"what gives?"—and the fish goes limp in his hand. He looks about himself for the source of the earthquake; cut to the charging ne'er-do-well, who leans down over the side of his mount with one hand outstretched. He keeps bearing down on Caveman Mayor, who has his back to the assailant. At the last moment, the little fellow turns around and sees what is going on. In a panic, he throws the fish away—and then his bag of seeds is jerked out of his grip. The mastodon rider has just pulled off a robbery; he whoops and waves his club as he flees the scene.)*

*(Caveman Mayor runs screaming through the streets, attracting the attention of the shopkeeper and the man who scratched his back with the uprooted tree. He stops, picks up two rocks, and starts to bang them together. Tilt up from him and pass several other dwellings on higher ridges, then stop on a squarish stone house with three rough-hewn windows near its roof—a precursor to the residence of the girls and the Professor today. One small figure leaps out of each window, and the three land near the camera. They look just like the girls, but their hair is a good bit more untidy and their foreheads come down much farther, stopping at a prominent ridge over their eyes. They wear fur garments in their modern counterparts' respective colors and carry a large meat drumstick apiece; Cavegirl Blossom's has a bite taken out of it. Instead of a bow and clip, she wears a bone in her hair.)*

*(They grunt in unison, to the cadence of "The Powerpuff Girls!" as in the Narrator's usual closing lines, then raise their drumsticks and shove them into their mouths. An instant later, they pull the bones out—stripped clean—and twirl them overhead before holding them in front of themselves and giving a threatening grunt. They then belch from the meal they just wolfed down.)*

*(Cut to the base of the cliff on which their house sits, the camera pointing up at the sky. The cavegirls leap over the edge and plunge toward the ground. From here, cut to the fleeing mastodon as they land atop it and start beating its rider with the bones. While taking these hits, he grunts thoughtfully and pulls out his club. Inspiration strikes, and he smiles and chuckles to himself. He knocks Cavegirls Blossom and Buttercup away with one swing, Cavegirl Bubbles with another, and all three tumble to the ground as he makes his getaway in a cloud of dust.)*

*(The three cough as the view clears, and the criminal laughs back at them. Close-up of him; he laughs some more, then turns to face front and suddenly cuts himself off in surprise. Pull back to show him headed straight for a cliff and pan to follow. The mastodon runs over the edge and keeps going straight ahead for a few seconds before stopping in midair. A pause, after which the criminal grunts softly and sadly—"uh-oh"—and mount and rider drop like a rock. Long shot of the area, with a frozen river running between snow-covered banks and the unfortunate caveman plummeting toward the water, screaming all the way down.)*

*(Cut to a nearby cliff. The cavegirls peer over its edge and let off a quiet grunt—"that's gonna hurt"—then cut to the surface of the river. The caveman and mastodon drop into view and crash through the ice covering it. Now Caveman Narrator grunts in a way that seems to mark the end of this story; as he speaks, cut to the sinking mount and rider—he has let go of the seeds. Their descent slows and finally stops when all the water freezes, and the current Narrator takes over.)*

**Narrator:** —that crime doesn't pay! *(Behind the robber, a museum gallery fades into view.)* Not in prehistoric Townsville or modern-day Townsville!

*(Pull back. A large block of ice, containing both man and beast, has been quarried from the river and is on display. It is hooked up to a temperature control system, and wisps of icy vapor rise from its base. Ms. Keane and her students stand before it, and a guide addresses the group.)*

**Narrator:** Where the students of Pokey Oaks enjoy a field trip to the Museum of Natural History.

**Guide:** What we have here is an actual caveman and his mastodon, frozen in a block of ice for over ten thousand years.

**Class:** *(awed)* Ohhhh...

**Guide:** *(pointing out seed bag)* You may have noticed our frozen friend is carrying a pack of seeds. Archaeologists have determined that seeds were a prehistoric form of money.

**Buttercup:** So he's a crook!

**Blossom:** Hmm...

**Bubbles:** Ooh, bad caveman.

**Guide:** Very good, girls. *(Close-up of the robber; he gestures up at the man and continues o.c.)* This is the world's first criminal, who fell into a frozen lake centuries ago— *(standing up into view)* —probably because he was on the lam. *(He winks.)*

**Bubbles:** *(laughing)* That's not a lamb, silly. It's a fuzzy elephant.

**Guide:** Ooh, I'd sure hate to meet him in a dark alley. Now let's move on.

*(He gestures in another direction, and Ms. Keane and the kids follow his lead and start o.c. Close-up of him.)*

**Guide:** I'm going to show you how prehistoric man used woolly mammoths as dishwashers, and pterodactyls as record players.

*(Dissolve to a smiling sun amid fluffy white clouds.)*

**Narrator:** Not wanting to overshoot this episode's educational quota— *(Dissolve to night, with a crescent moon.)* —let's fast-forward to the evening, as the Museum shuts down for the night.

*(Dissolve to the exterior of the building and zoom in on one wing. Inside, a security guard is walking through the gallery that contains the frozen caveman. Whistling as he does his rounds, he stops in front of the enormous ice block.)*

**Guard:** *(shivering)* Brrr! It's cold in here! *(He crosses to the control panel.)* Now where's that thermostat?

*(There are five knobs on the panel, labeled from left to right, "HOT," "COLD," "D<sup>b</sup>," "POSIT," and "DELAY." Above these is a temperature gauge. The guard looks around himself and then notices the equipment.)*

**Guard:** Oh! *(He turns the center knob.)* There we go.

*(The gauge's needle starts to rise quickly as the machinery winds down—he has inadvertently turned off the entire system. A bit of water is heard dripping off the ice block, and it suddenly disintegrates in a cloud of steam. An alarm buzzer starts to sound; the bag of stolen seeds falls to the ground; the caveman looks around, grunting in surprise at the change of scenery. He looks down; cut to a close-up of the bag on the tiles as he moans happily o.c. Head-on view of him again. He slides down one side of the beast, out of view, and then up the other side to stop in his original position—with the loot again in hand. He shouts a command to get the mastodon going and crashes out of the building through a wall. The guard blinks stupidly after him.)*

**Guard:** Oh! *(The lawbreaker heads toward the city proper.)* Oops.

*(Fade to black.)*

*(Fade in to the exterior of Malph's Market. It is now the following day.)*

**Narrator:** The next day...

*(Inside, the Mayor is at the checkout counter, with Ms. Bellum behind him. The cashier is handing him a bag of sunflower seeds.)*

**Cashier:** There you are, Mayor.

**Mayor:** Thank you, my good man. *(hugging bag)* Boy, I just love my seeds.

**Ms. Bellum:** *(sighing a bit)* What about pickles, Mayor?

**Mayor:** Don't you know? *(reaching into bag)* Sunflower seeds are the new pickle.

*(He pulls out a handful and starts munching away.)*

**Mayor:** *(mouth full)* Gotta have my daily seeds.

*(Cut to another aisle, near the refrigerated cases; the building starts to shake, and other displays are seen trembling.)*

**Mayor:** Oh, my!

**Ms. Bellum:** Whoa!

*(Cut to just inside the front entrance. The mastodon is heard trumpeting from o.c., and it thunders into view, crosses the parking lot, and crashes through the outer glass wall. The caveman shouts something angrily; cut to the checkout counter. The Mayor and Ms. Bellum cower, and the cashier has ducked down and is now holding up a fistful of cash from the register.)*

**Cashier:** Take the money! Don't hurt us!

*(The caveman lets off a bewildered grunt, then smiles eagerly and says something else—"now THAT'S what I'm talking about!". Close-up of his descending hand, then pull back to show that he has grabbed the sunflower seeds, staying true to his old form. He shouts triumphantly and rides away; back to the cashier, standing up with money still in hand.)*

**Cashier:** He didn't take my money! He took— *(Overhead view of the Mayor; pull back.)*

**Mayor:** *(anguished)* MY SEEDS!!

*(Dissolve to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten.)*

**Narrator:** Meanwhile, at Pokey Oaks— *(Dissolve to the girls at their desk.)* —the children enjoy coloring time. *(The hotline starts to buzz.)*

**Blossom:** The Mayor!

**Buttercup:** Aw, man! (*Blossom flies over and answers.*)

**Blossom:** Yes, Mayor?

*(Cut to a pay phone. The Mayor has the receiver in hand, while Ms. Bellum is holding him up so he can easily get at it.)*

**Mayor:** Emergency! Emergency!

**Blossom:** What is it?

**Mayor:** My seeds were stolen!

**Blossom:** Seeds?

**Mayor:** Sunflower seeds!

**Blossom:** Sunflower seeds? But I thought you liked pickles.

**Mayor:** (*angrily*) No, sunflower seeds are the new pickle!

**Blossom:** Calm down, Mayor. I don't see what the big deal is. Bank robberies, monster attacks—those are emergencies. So someone took your seeds. Just get some new ones. No big emergency.

**Mayor:** Well, okay. If you say so.

*(Cut to him on a park bench. He has procured another bag of sunflower seeds and is again getting ready to feed his face.)*

**Mayor:** This time I'm gonna enjoy my seeds for sure.

*(The area starts to rumble, surprising him and sending leaves tumbling from a nearby tree.)*

**Mayor:** Uh-oh.

*(He looks around; the mastodon is heard one more time, and here comes the caveman. He is in position to make a grab and is yelling the Neanderthal equivalent of a cattle rustler's "yee-haw!" A quick pass, and he yells and raises himself and the booty high. Cut to the classroom; Blossom is using the hotline, but she seems a bit more annoyed than she was during the previous call.)*

**Blossom:** Mayor, we're in school. Call us when it's more important than seeds.

*(The exterior of Townsville Hall.)*

**Narrator:** Poor Mayor. Will you ever enjoy your seeds? (*Inside, he draws the window curtains in his office.*)

**Mayor:** They all want my seeds. (*peeking at desk drawers*) But I've got them all fooled. (*opening one, looking in*) My secret seed stash!

*(Cut to just behind him, over his shoulder. He pulls out a third bag of sunflower seeds.)*

**Mayor:** Oh, my darling seeds. (*Camera shift: he stands in the drawer and hugs the bag.*) Finally we'll have this moment alone, free from judging eyes. We will not be denied!

*(Pull back across the office. The robber rides through the window, grabs the bag, and crashes out through the opposite wall.)*

**Mayor:** *(crushed)* Why? Why? *(He collapses to the ground; overhead view.)* He's everywhere! Stealing my seeds! *(turning head to one side)* It's hopeless.

*(Close-up of his head. A single seed lies on the ground, nearer the camera; its outline is blurry due to the focus being on the Mayor. He sees it and gasps softly.)*

**Mayor:** Wait. Over there on the dusty ground! My seed! *(Focus shifts to it.)* My last one.

*(Pull back. He sits up and crouches down to it.)*

**Mayor:** Don't worry, my sweet seed. *(pulling out a handkerchief, wrapping up seed)* I'll put you in this handkerchief and keep you safe. *(standing up; a bit crazed)* But all want my seed. I can trust no one! *(Cut to the closed office door.)*

**Ms. Bellum:** *(through door)* Mayor, are you all right?

*(On the end of this, she is heard more clearly as she opens the door and starts to enter the room. However, he rushes over and slams it, pushing her out.)*

**Mayor:** I don't have one more seed!

*(Panting, he leans his weight hard against the door. Cut to outside another window of the office. It opens, and a rope made from the curtains is thrown out; the Mayor climbs through and starts to rappel down the side of the building. However, the rope frays and breaks under his weight, and he drops screaming out of sight. Cut to some shrubs at ground level; the broken rope falls behind them, and his scream grows from o.c. above. He falls into one shrub and leaps out onto the sidewalk after a couple of seconds. Now he is quite disheveled from this bit of misfortune. The hanky is tight in his grasp.)*

*(Panting hard and babbling, he looks around himself and then starts off. He glares suspiciously at the people passing him, then stops suddenly in alarm. His perspective: a red, white, and blue elephant, which looks very much like the symbol of the Republican party. Pull back to show it on a poster hanging in a storefront window, with an American flag on the door. Back to the Mayor.)*

**Mayor:** Oh.

*(He looks in a different direction and screams in fright; cut to his perspective of a tall, long-haired, shirtless man with a club over his shoulder. A white hand reaches up into view. Pull back to show this as part of a billboard advertising Caveman cologne. The extra hand belongs to a woman on the ground; she is held by her hair. Back to the Mayor.)*

**Mayor:** Oh. *(He laughs sheepishly.)* I've been making myself coo-coo. *(crossing street)* Who would bother with taking one seed?

*(When he is halfway across the intersection, the mastodon is heard from o.c. and he stops short.)*

**Mayor:** Oh!

*(Cut to the caveman, who is stuck in a traffic jam. He shouts and points with his club; extreme close-up of the single seed in the Mayor's hanky, then pull back.)*

**Mayor:** Ohhh...

*(He shifts the bundle to behind his back and giggles nervously before zipping away. Babbling incoherently, he makes his way down the block; after some distance, he runs into a group of trash cans. When he emerges from the mess, he is holding two empty tuna cans, and he starts to bang these together as his prehistoric counterpart did. The mastodon's trumpeting and the caveman's yelling are heard, prompting the Mayor to scream and run o.c. Meanwhile, the caveman is plowing through the gridlock and sending cars flying to get after him.)*

*(Cut to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. Inside, Ms. Keane is teaching a bit of phonics.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Buh...buh...bee.

*(The Mayor barges in. Still babbling and pounding the cans together, he runs to the girls' desk; he lets up during the next lines.)*

**Blossom:** Calm down, Mayor!

**Buttercup:** What happened?

**Bubbles:** You're all messy.

*(The caveman crashes in through the front wall and takes out the blackboard. He points with his club, first at a bag of seeds in his hand and then toward the Mayor, and grunts to emphasize his point. Extreme close-up of the Mayor's hanky and seed, then pull back to show the girls looking over his shoulder. Their expressions show puzzlement and annoyance, and they float out of their seats in time with the next three lines.)*

**Bubbles:** The Mayor has a seed.

**Buttercup:** Is that the guy taking your seeds, Mayor?

**Blossom:** Mayor, you could've mentioned the caveman and mastodon when you called before.

**Mayor:** Oh, was that important? Well, if you'll excuse me...

*(He zips away, his scream echoing in the air, and the caveman pursues him. After he and the mastodon pass o.c., we can see that the girls' desk has been freshly flattened.)*

**Buttercup:** Hey, isn't that the caveman from the Museum?

**Bubbles:** And his fuzzy elephant?

*(The chase passes in front of them again. Now a couple of panicked kids are running with the Mayor. This happens again after each of the next four lines, with more kids joining in every time.)*

**Blossom:** Of course! That's why he wants the Mayor's seed.

**Bubbles:** 'Cause he's a gardener?

**Blossom:** No! He's a thief!

**Buttercup:** Or maybe he's like a prehistoric Robin Hood.

**Bubbles:** That would explain the elephant.

**Ms. Keane:** *(leaning into view, stammering)* Pardon me for interrupting, girls, but...could you stop the caveman before he tramples the other students? Thank you.

*(The chase passes her and the girls; now virtually the entire class has started running. Ms. Keane looks behind herself.)*

**Ms. Keane:** Oh!

*(She screams and beats feet as well as the beast charges after the group.)*

**Blossom:** Sure thing, Ms. Keane. Okay, girls. Operation One-Two-Ah-Choo! *(They fly up.)*

**Bubbles:** One! *(She kicks the robber.)*

**Buttercup:** Two! *(She punches him; cut to Blossom on the ground.)*

**Blossom:** Ahhhhhhh...CHOOOOO!!

*(On the first half of this, she fills her lungs to maximum capacity; on the second, she lets go with a big blast of ice breath that quickly encases the caveman and mastodon.)*

**Blossom:** Well, back to your life sentence in the Natural History Museum. *(Buttercup floats down next to her.)*

**Buttercup:** Awesome! They look as good as...er...new.

*(Bubbles floats up next to the caveman's outstretched hand—which holds the modern bag of seeds, not the prehistoric one.)*

**Bubbles:** Well, almost. *(She giggles and floats down.)*

**Mayor:** Thank you, girls.

**Blossom:** Now it's safe to eat your seeds, Mayor.

**Mayor:** What seeds? *(pulling out a pickle)* Pickles are in again! *(He licks it.)*

*(The end shot from "See Me, Feel Me, Gnomey" comes up, with the pounding of caveman drums leading into the usual closing music.)*

**Narrator:** And so once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! You seed it here first!