

LYING AROUND THE HOUSE

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline in the morning.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! Which lies in the heart of America. *(Cut to the exterior of the girls' house.)* And in the city of Townsville lies the home of one Professor Utonium.

(Close-up of Blossom, asleep in bed, and pan to each of her sisters in time with the following. Bubbles cradles Octi as usual.)

Narrator: And in that home lie Blossom, Bubbles, and Buttercup— *(Pull back to frame all three.)* —also known as the Powerpuff Girls.

Professor: *(from downstairs)* Girls! *(They wake up.)* Time to get up! Breakfast is ready!

(They zip out of bed in an instant; cut to the kitchen table. One by one, they stop in the chairs in time with their next lines—they have done the world's fastest quick-change into their dresses.)

Buttercup: Bacon and eggs!

Bubbles: Waffles!

Blossom: French toast!

(At the stove, the Professor holds up a sizzling pan of some decidedly non-breakfast food. He is dressed, but unshaven.)

Professor: Liver and onions!

(The girls' happy mood evaporates. Close-up of Blossom as a plate is pushed toward her.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* One for you... *(Pan to Bubbles; he serves her.)* ...one for you... *(To Buttercup; she gets a plateful.)* ...one for you... *(Cut to a stack of pancakes.)* ...and one for me.

(The girls lean out around the image—the dish has been placed so as to hide them from view—and peer quizzically at it. Pull back to frame all four; the Professor now sits at the table, with the pancakes in front of himself.)

Professor: Eat up, everyone.

(He buries his face in the morning paper. There is no sound for a few seconds, during which Bubbles' eyes start to roll back in their sockets. Suddenly she perks up.)

Bubbles: Hey, look! *(Close-up of the Professor, then back to her.)* The Professor left his beard on. That means it must be Saturday—which means the Professor can spend the whole day playing with us!

(All three girls chatter excitedly, but they stop when he lowers his paper.)

Professor: Um...today?

(Cut to just beside his head. He is looking at a large ad: "The Geek Bowl Quiz Show—Today on Channel 6." A TV set with a large question mark on its screen is prominently included.)

Professor: I don't think I can do it today. *(lowering paper, seeing crestfallen girls)* I've got a lot of work to do in my office today. *(Cut to a shelf.)*

Girls: *(from o.c.)* Awww!

(A small white creature appears between the containers. It is humanoid, with a bald head and a tail, and it seems a bit bewildered upon finding itself in this environment. However, it soon rubs its hands and giggles mischievously before running o.c. Back to the table; the Professor has stood up and is folding the paper.)

Professor: Now eat up, girls. *(rolling/tucking it under arm, carrying pancakes o.c.)* I went to a lot of trouble preparing that meal for you. *(Cut to the sink; he is scraping the food into it.)* And I don't want to see it go to waste.

(Blossom regards her plate with obvious disdain. Her eyes wander to one side and then widen in surprise; cut to the source of it—the trash can, in which an empty box marked "Liver & Onions" can be seen. Her face shows just how disgusted she is with the Professor's exaggeration.)

Professor: *(walking out of kitchen)* You will not be excused from this table until you've finished your breakfast.

Buttercup: Liver and onions. I hate liver and onions. This stuff isn't even fit for a dog to eat!

Bubbles: That's it! We'll feed it to our dog!

Buttercup: Duh! We don't have a dog.

(Bubbles clears her throat and opens her mouth as wide as it will go for a few seconds. However, no sound comes out. Closing it, she smiles placidly.)

Bubbles: We do now.

(The girls peek around the backs of their chairs as a din of barking starts to grow in the distance. Cut to just inside the kitchen window; three dogs jump up into view, tongues hanging eagerly. Bubbles has just cranked up the frequency of her high-powered scream and acted as a Powerpuff dog whistle. Just outside the window now; the pane has been slid up a bit, and the girls hold their plates out over the sill for the hungry canines to chow down.)

(Cut to the kitchen entrance. The Professor enters, but stops short and then smiles.)

Professor: Well, I'm glad to see you ate all of your breakfasts. *(The girls sit with clean plates; the window is closed.)*

Blossom: Yep.

Bubbles: Yep.

Buttercup: Yep.

(The little white creature, now hiding behind the sugar jar, grows by three small increments—it appears to thrive on the family’s fibbing.)

Professor: *(chuckling)* Okay, girls, run along. *(as they float past)* It’s almost time for me to, um... *(stammering a bit)* ...get to work.

[Continuity error: His beard stubble has suddenly vanished in this shot and will not return.]

(“Whitey,” as we shall call the creature from here on in, giggles to itself. Iris out, centering on its face, to black.)

(Iris in to the exterior of the house. Inside, Bubbles lies on the living room floor and is doodling merrily away on a piece of paper; a stack of blank sheets is nearby. She reaches the edge and stops for a moment, rising to her knees with a puzzled expression—now what? This gives way to a smile, and she puts another piece of paper down next to the one she has been using, with edges overlapping so she can continue her doodle. One by one, she keeps laying down more sheets as she hits the edges until she has one butted up against the wall. Her crayon soon goes off it and up the baseboards; head-on view of her, giggling ecstatically, as she keeps right on drawing. Suddenly she cuts herself off and lowers the crayon, giving the camera a very worried look.)

Bubbles: Oh, no!

(Cut to behind her, at a short distance. Her scribbles have followed the paper trail and gone all over the living room wall. Iris out, centering on these, to black.)

(Iris in to the same location, with the papers still on the floor and a tall house plant set in front of the mess on the wall. The Professor walks into view, but stops upon finding this particular configuration of the décor. He scratches his head; close-up of the dirt in which the plant is rooted. Bubbles’ crayons are strewn in it—a clumsy effort to hide the evidence. Pull back as he pushes the plant aside with one foot to expose the wall. He calls up toward the second floor.)

Professor: Bubbles! *(She floats down to him.)*

Bubbles: Y-Yes, Professor?

Professor: *(pointing vaguely to plant, wall)* What is this?

Bubbles: That’s a ficus.

Professor: *(clearly indicating wall)* Not the plant, this! Are you responsible for this? *(She floats down to the papers.)*

Bubbles: Um...well...I’m sure to the untrained eye, this drawing may seem like one of mine. But if you look closer, you’ll see it’s an obvious attempt at pseudo-Impressionism, while I deal strictly in Realism.

(She smiles from ear to ear—as broadly as she and her sisters did upon meeting their favorite cereal mascot in “Jewel of the Aisle”—for a long moment.)

Bubbles: (*zipping away*) Bye!

(*Whitey peeks around a doorway into the living room, showing off a big smile of its own, and grows a bit more. Iris out, centering on its face, to black.*)

(*Iris in to the side of the bedroom nearest the windows. A ball is thrown into view from the vicinity of the door, and Buttercup zips up to catch it. She throws it back across the room; cut to the other side of the room as she intercepts the ball again and returns the throw. Pull back to show the entire room—she is playing catch with herself, and she soon speeds up the pace. One throw gets past her and sails out the door.*)

Buttercup: Oops!

(*The ball bounces into the hall and down the stairs, near whose foot a trophy has been placed. Close-up of this; it shows a small golden figurine standing atop a brain. The ball drops into view and smashes the award to bits in slow motion.*)

Buttercup: (*from o.c.*) Uh-oh! (*She floats down and inspects the wreckage.*) Oh, no! The Professor's nerd award! What am I going to do?

(*Iris out, centering on her panic-stricken face, to black.*)

(*Iris in to the area of the living room near the sliding glass doors that lead to the backyard. Humming to himself, the Professor walks into view; follow him over to the stairs. The trophy is back in place and has been crudely repaired. He walks o.c., but the humming immediately stops and he backs up to the spot with a bemused expression now in place. Close-up of the award's base, tilting up along its length; in addition to loops of string that hold the brain together, several clumps of glue can be seen here and there. One of the figurine's arms protrudes from its forehead, but it starts to droop after a moment. The stricken Professor leans into view.*)

Professor: M-My Major Brain Award! (*looking over shoulder*) But how? Who?

(*Close-up of Buttercup's ball, which has come to rest near the fireplace, then back to him. He looks rather disgruntled now, and he opens his mouth for a shout.*)

Professor: Buttercup!

Buttercup: (*from upstairs*) I didn't do it!

(*These words knock him off balance; cut to Whitey, out of sight behind the fireplace. It is idly filing its nails, but Buttercup's words put a smile on its face as it grows a bit. Iris out, centering on its face, to black.*)

(*Snap to just inside the closed door of a room with cleaning supplies and a fuse box in one corner—a utility room. The door swings open, and Blossom floats in with a laundry basket full of her dresses. Follow her over to a washing machine, next to which other filled baskets have been*

deposited. She dumps in her dresses, then a basketful of Bubbles', then one of Buttercup's, and finally one of the Professor's clothes. Once everything is loaded, she produces a box of detergent and pours the whole thing in. When she stops, the powder has piled up in drifts atop the machine—it is much too full. However, this does not deter Blossom in the slightest; she stomps on the lid to get it closed and presses the START button.)

(She floats serenely o.c. toward the door—but after she has gone, the washer starts to shake, bulge, and make some very unpleasant noises. spurts of water and suds escape around the edges of the lid as it pulls away from the wall and starts to work its way across the room. After a short distance, it turns and approaches the camera; just short of a collision, the machine explodes in a torrent of soapy water. An instant after this occurs, cut to the exterior of the house. The blast tears through the area behind the garage. In the lab, the Professor is carrying a small TV and trying to keep his footing as the entire room shakes. He looks up toward the stairs.)

Professor: What in the—

(Iris out, centering on his face, to black.)

(Iris in to him in the utility room. Scratching his head in complete bewilderment, he inspects the ocean of soap bubbles and the hole in the wall where the washer once stood. Finally he addresses himself toward the door.)

Professor: Blossom? *(Long pause.)*

Blossom: *(floating in slowly)* Yes, Professor?

Professor: Did you overload the washer again?

Blossom: Professor, I cannot tell a lie. *(Cut to him.)*

Professor: Aww, that's my—

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* No. *(He is again put off balance.)*

Professor: Come now, Blossom. Are you sure you didn't— *(Cut to her; she sucks in a sharp breath.)*

Blossom: Professor! Are you calling me a liar? *(Pull back to frame both.)*

Professor: Well...

(Cut to a telephone line outside and pull back slowly. A flaming article of clothing, which looks like a small pair of pink trousers with a black stripe around each leg, hangs up there—thrown clear and ignited by the explosion, apparently.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* ...your pants are on fire and hanging from a telephone wire. *(Back to the room.)*

Blossom: *(now very irked)* Professor! I'm appalled!

(She turns her back on him and floats out the door. He is temporarily struck dumb, but sighs heavily and hangs his head. He walks out as well; zoom in on the doorframe, near the hinges where the door opens into the room. Whitey has been listening, and it once again grows a bit—now it is hairy and of a fattish build, and its laugh reveals that its voice has deepened somewhat. Iris out, centering on it, to black.)

(Iris in to the girls' bathroom. The Professor kneels by the tub and is reaching worriedly into it.)

Narrator: And so the girls continued lying around the house.

(He pulls out a sodden clump of long red-orange hair—he was trying to unclog the drain. Cut to Blossom, also in the bathroom; she shakes her head innocently. Now the Professor stands in the kitchen and pulls a chocolate milk jug out of the refrigerator. It is empty except for a few drops; close-up of it as he shakes it.)

Narrator: And their lies got bigger and bigger.

(During this line, cut to Buttercup in the living room. Even though she is sporting a smear of the milk on her upper lip, she shakes her head as did her sister. Now in the lab, the Professor testily eyes a flask of liquid and shakes it a bit. This is labeled "Mutation"; close-up of it, then cut to Bubbles. She is in the lab as well, and she shakes her head despite the fact that her right arm is now a long tentacle—obviously the effect of goofing around with that chemical.)

Narrator: Until finally...

(A loud animal noise is heard, during which the camera cuts to the source. Whitey is standing in the girls' bedroom and has grown considerably on this steady stream of untruths. It is now very fat and hairy, and it stands nearly as tall as the ceiling. Cut to the girls, now also in the room; they scream in fear. Bubbles' arm is back to normal.)

(Whitey clumps across the room, grabs a handful of crayons from the floor, and scribbles on the wall. Bubbles squeals in fear.)

Bubbles: What are you doing?!?

Whitey: *(shrugging)* Huh? I didn't do it.

(The creature's voice is male and sounds very much like the giant blowfish the girls fought in "Uh Oh Dynamo." Now Whitey runs across the room again, laughing and throwing the crayons aside as he goes. In the living room, he picks up a lamp from the coffee table in front of the couch and throws it down. It shatters, and he laughs and points at the fragments as the girls fly downstairs and stop behind him.)

Buttercup: Hey!

Whitey: *(shrugging)* Wasn't me.

(Laughing again, he runs o.c.; cut to the utility room, where he has begun stomping the washer flat. The girls fly to the doorway.)

Blossom: Stop that! *(He does so.)*

Whitey: *(shrugging)* Huh? Wasn't me.

(Cut to the other side of the doorway—the girls have been watching from the kitchen, and Whitey laughs as he runs in past them. Cut to the exterior of the house, seen from above with a portion of the front walls and roof not drawn in so as to show the rooms inside. Whitey is not seen, but a dotted line marks his progress from one area to another. Each time he pauses, sounds of property destruction are heard. First path: kitchen to area under stairs.)

Whitey: *(voice over)* Not me! *(To a living room closet.)* I didn't do it! *(To a room near the front door.)* I don't know! *(To an upstairs room.)* She did it! *(To the girls' bedroom.)* Wasn't me!

(Cut to inside the bedroom; Whitey laughs and runs across the screen. More damage is then heard.)

Whitey: *(from o.c.)* Not me!

(The girls fly into view at the door and watch, horrified. Whitey runs across again and destroys something else o.c.)

Whitey: *(from o.c.)* I didn't do it!

Buttercup: This guy's crazy! *(He makes another pass.)*

Blossom: We've got to stop him! *(A crash shakes the camera.)*

Whitey: *(from o.c.)* Not I!

Buttercup: Yeah, before the Professor sees it and blames it all on us! *(Another pass, another crash.)*

Whitey: *(from o.c.)* I don't know!

Bubbles: But how?

Buttercup: To tell you the truth, I have no idea.

Blossom: Wait! That's it! I knew there was a pattern to what he was doing!

(She flies into the room and places herself squarely in Whitey's path; he stops short.)

Blossom: Hold it right there!

Whitey: Huh?

Blossom: Your little game is over.

Whitey: Huh?

Blossom: I ate Buttercup's chocolate bar.

(Whitey stands frozen for a moment—and then shrinks a fraction.)

Blossom: It worked!

Buttercup: So it was you!

Blossom: Yes, and I'm sorry. I'll buy you another one. But more importantly, I've figured out that this guy is just a manifestation of all our lies. And all we have to do is confess our lies, and we beat this guy. Come on! *(grabbing/hauling him out past her sisters)* To the Professor, girls!

(He is rather bewildered at the sudden change in strategy. Cut to the downstairs hallway; Blossom carries Whitey into view and sets him down near a closed door. Through the following, the Professor's lines are heard through it, in a very enthusiastic tone of voice.)

Blossom: Now you stay right here. (*knocking; her sisters float into view*) Professor? We hate to bother you when you're working, but we have some things we need to tell you.

Professor: Yes!

Blossom: I wanted to confess that it *was* me who overloaded the laundry. Do you forgive me?

Professor: Yeah! Way to go!

(*She looks back toward Whitey and sees him shrink a bit more.*)

Blossom: (*to her sisters*) It works! Come on, let's finish this!

Bubbles: Um, Professor, I drew on the walls.

Professor: Yeah!

Blossom: (*fingering ponytail*) And I clogged the drain with my luxurious hair.

Professor: Way to go! (*Whitey drops two more sizes.*)

Bubbles: And I messed with your lab stuff.

Professor: Whoo-hoo!

Blossom: And I didn't return those books to the library on time.

Professor: Yes!

Bubbles: And I glued all of Blossom's hair ribbons together. (*Blossom shoots her a dirty look; she giggles.*) Sorry.

Blossom: And I was doing my homework when I was supposed to be watching TV.

Blossom, Bubbles: And we all hated our breakfast!

(*Whitey, shaking like a leaf, shrinks five more steps—now he has lost the excess hair and fat and is nearly back to his original size. Blossom and Bubbles fly over to inspect him.*)

Blossom: Well, I'm all out of lies.

Bubbles: Me too.

(*Cut to Buttercup, still floating where she was when the girls came down here. She has her arms folded and her back to Whitey, who now fits in one hand and is being held out to her.*)

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) Your turn, Buttercup.

Buttercup: No way! (*Back to her sisters; Blossom holds the creature.*)

Blossom: Come on! We did it.

Bubbles: Yeah, we did it. (*Cut to Buttercup; zoom in slowly.*)

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) Just tell the truth.

Bubbles: (*from o.c.*) It's easy!

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) We're counting on you.

Bubbles: (*from o.c.*) We can't do it without you!

Buttercup: All right, all right! I'm the one who broke your nerd award, I'm the one who drank out of the chocolate milk carton, I'm the one who left the skates on the stairs, and I'm the one who left the toilet seat up!

(*This last catches both her sisters and Whitey by surprise; they watch the little fellow as he diminishes yet again.*)

Professor: *(still through door, normal tone)* Girls? Could you keep it down out there? You know I'm very busy in here.

(Much to the two girls' surprise, Whitey grows a bit. Buttercup flies over to them.)

Buttercup: Hey! It grew again! *(All three look disapprovingly in the same direction.)*

Blossom: Wait a minute.

(Cut to inside the Professor's study, near the closed door. An electrical cord snakes under it and into the room, and the sounds of an o.c. TV can be heard—a game show that can only be the one in the newspaper ad. The man's enthused responses were to this program, not the extended mea culpa. The door opens to admit the girls. Blossom no longer carries Whitey.)

Blossom: Professor?

Buttercup: He's not here!

Bubbles: *(pointing o.c. along cord)* Look!

(Cut to another closed door, this one leading to a room within the study. The cord disappears under it, and light emanates from within. The TV sounds louder now—this is where the Professor is watching the show. Extreme close-up of the knob as one of the girls reaches into view to turn it, then pull back to show it in Bubbles' hand. She opens the door wide and backs o.c.; on its other side is a small closet. Hunched down eagerly on a stool, the Professor has tuned in the TV he brought up from the lab.)

Professor: Baton Rouge, Cindy! The answer's Baton Rouge! *(The unit goes dark.)* What the—? *(looking at camera)* Girls?

(Cut to them; Buttercup has the unplugged cord in one hand, and all three look more than a trifle annoyed at the situation. During the next line, pull back into the closet to put the Professor's shocked face in frame.)

Bubbles: “A lot of work to do today,” huh?!?

Buttercup: “Not to be disturbed,” eh?!?

Blossom: “I slaved over a hot stove preparing that breakfast,” hmm?!?

Professor: *(stammering, tugging at collar)* I, um...well...that is...I mean... *(indignantly)* I don't like where this is going! Are you accusing me of lying?

Blossom: *(sweetly)* Well, Professor— *(angrily, pulling Whitey from behind back)* —if the bow fits!

(Extreme close-up of his face, with the creature held right in front of it.)

Professor: Wh-Wh-What is it?

Blossom: It's your little white lie, Professor.

Professor: *(sweating profusely)* I...I...don't know what to say.

Bubbles: Just say the truth, Professor. *(Side view of his face; Whitey smiles on Blossom's hand.)*

Professor: *(stammering a bit, then hanging head)* Oh, all right. I didn't have a lot of work to do today.

(The smile is wiped off Whitey's face, and he shrinks.)

Professor: I didn't slave over a hot stove making your breakfast. *(Another shrink.)*

And...and...eh...I'm the one who left the toilet seat up!

Blossom: Huh?

Buttercup: Huh?

Bubbles: Wha—?

Whitey: *(small voice)* Oh, man! *(He winks out.)*

Blossom: It's gone! The lie is gone!

Girls: You did it, Professor! *(They zip into the closet, knocking him off his feet.)*

Professor: Whoa!

(Head-on view of the closet; he has gathered them in his arms.)

Professor: Now, girls, I hope you learned your lesson of how tiny little white lies can turn into a big ugly one.

Girls: Yes, Professor. *(He hugs them, then peers over their heads.)*

Professor: So can we plug the TV back in now?

(Iris out, centering on his eyes, to black.)

(Iris in to the utility room, where Blossom is bricking up the hole blown in the wall. In the living room, Bubbles is scrubbing away her crayon work, while Buttercup is by the stairs, carefully—and correctly—gluing the Professor's trophy back together. The Professor vacuums up the dotted line of Whitey's rampage from the living room carpet, but the doorbell interrupts him and he shuts the machine off. Extreme close-up of the front door's knob as he reaches for it; when it opens, we see the Mayor on the doorstep.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Oh! Hello, Mayor.

(The little man tips his hat. Cut to just behind him, the camera pointing up at the Professor as the girls fly into view next to him.)

Professor: How can we help you? *(Head-on view of the Mayor again.)*

Mayor: Well, I just gave my re-election speech and, uh...and, well... *(looking o.c.)* ...I need a little help.

(Pull back quickly from the house to frame the city proper in the distance. Whitey towers over it; he is nearly twice as tall as the buildings, very fat and hairy, and roaring gleefully. The Mayor has evidently told the king daddy of lies in that speech of his.)

(The end shot from "Substitute Creature" comes up.)

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