

BUBBLE BOY

Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville...

(Cut to the sidewalk that runs along the front of Malph's Market. A fellow stands before a couple of vending machines, trying to make up his mind what he wants.)

Narrator: ...sure has been taking a beating!

(Close-up of him. As he is about to insert a dollar bill into the soda machine, an arm clad in a red sleeve—Brick's—reaches into view and taps him on the shoulder.)

Narrator: Why, you might even get popped for a pop!

(The man turns to look, and the camera pans slightly in that direction to show the Rowdyruff Boys floating there. Brick socks him in the jaw; as he falls, he lets go of the money. Butch catches it and feeds it into the machine; the injured fellow starts to sit up, but Boomer kicks the front of the unit and breaks it open. Dozens of cans of soda tumble out over the boys' victim, burying him, and they drop to the ground. Each has grabbed a can in his respective color; they drink up.)

Brick: Man! Beating up people for fun is really fun!

Butch: Yeah!

Boomer: Yeah! Beating up people for fun is really fun!

(Brick hurls his can into Boomer's face, hard enough to crush it on impact, and the latter throws up his hands.)

Boomer: Ow!

Brick: Dude, that is the dumbest thing you've said all day.

Boomer: Well, you said the same thing! *(Butch laughs.)*

Brick: Yeah, but it sounds cool coming out of my mouth.

Butch: Why don't you go do something useful?

Brick: Yeah! Go get us some candy! *(Boomer looks around a moment.)* Now!

(Boomer takes off; Butch addresses himself up into the sky.)

Butch: And make sure you steal it! *(to Brick)* Can you believe he's our brother?

Brick: I know.

(Brief silence, during which they look around themselves distractedly.)

Brick: Man! Beating up people for fun is really fun!

Butch: Yeah! *(He laughs.)*

(The city skyline is seen again; the girls fly over it.)

Blossom: Come on, girls. Let's do one more scan over the city and head home.

(They fly o.c. Cut to Boomer, trudging grumpily down a sidewalk.)

Boomer: I don't care what they say. I'm not as dumb as I look!

(The o.c. ringing of a small bell, such as might be attached to a shop's door to signal arriving customers, draws his attention. Cut to the source: a rather hefty little boy who has just left a candy store. He has a full bag in one hand.)

Boy: I just spent every penny of my hard-earned allowance to buy this candy.

(Boomer flashes across the screen and plows the lad o.c.; cut to a tree, with which he has collided face first, and pan left a bit. The assailant has the bag of candy in one hand and a large piece in the other.)

Boomer: Cool! Jawbreaker! *(Pull back at ground level to just behind Blossom's legs.)*

Blossom: You called?

(Head-on view of all three girls at the scene.)

Bubbles: Put down the candy, sucker—

Buttercup: —or else! *(Boomer has dropped the bag, but holds the jawbreaker.)*

Boomer: What are you gonna do, beat me up?

(He pops the confection into his mouth and works on it for a couple of seconds—after which there is the flash and sound of a terrific blow being landed. When the view clears, we see a close-up of Boomer. He has taken quite a thrashing, his clothes are torn, and he is enveloped in a field of orange light. He reaches out with one arm, but some sort of force field stops him. When he speaks, his voice sounds as if inside a box; this will be true for all lines spoken under these circumstances for the rest of the episode.)

Boomer: Hey! Let me out!

(Pull back. He is in the Professor's lab and floating within a pocket of radiation emitted from a piece of equipment at screen left. It is this that prevented him from being able to reach out past himself. Pan left to the other end of the room, where the girls stand with the Professor.)

Blossom: Gee, Professor, you sure outdid yourself this time with that containment ray.

Professor: *(beaming)* I'll say. Once again, I have no idea what I did.

Blossom: *(to her sisters)* Speaking of no ideas...Brick and Butch are going to suspect something when Boomer doesn't show up.

Buttercup: And we don't have a plan to catch 'em yet! *(Close-up of Bubbles.)*

Bubbles: What are we gonna do?

(Wipe to her in Boomer's clothing, with her hair styled to match his. The sweatshirt and pants have been repaired.)

Bubbles: Well, how do I look?

(Cut to Boomer, still imprisoned by the radiation. His injuries are healed, but he is clad only in his underwear. The ray is no longer firing at him.)

Boomer: Boy, do you look dumb! *(Back to the girls.)*

Blossom: Need we say more?

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Bubbles...uh, oh, I mean, Boomer... *(leaning down to her, holding an earpiece attached to a small device)* ...this is how we can communicate with you.

(Extreme close-up of the side of her head; he reaches into view and slips the earpiece into place.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* But remember, the earpiece and microphone are very fragile.

(She reaches up to feel it. Pull back to frame the girls. Bubbles also tugs at the collar of her sweatshirt, exposing the other device—the microphone—hidden beneath it.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* If they get bumped, they could break.

Blossom: Well, I guess you're ready. *(Bubbles covers up the equipment.)*

Bubbles: Okey-dokey...uh, I mean... *(trying to imitate Boomer)* ...uh-huh.

(Her sisters share a laugh at this, and she takes off. Cut to a long shot of Fuzzy Lumkins' shack in the forest outside Townsville and zoom in slowly. Bubbles keeps doing her Boomer impression until/unless otherwise noted.)

Brick: *(from inside)* Where the heck is Boomer? *(Inside, he and Butch lounge around.)* What's taking him so long?

(They are startled by the sound of the front door being thrown open. Cut to that area of the interior; Bubbles stands uneasily inside. Brief silence.)

Bubbles: Uh, hi! It's me, Boomer, your brother. *(looking to one side, waving)* Oh, hey, Fuzzy.

(Cut to a corner of the shack, where the hapless pink hick has been tied up and gagged, then to the central area. Brick and Butch walk over to Bubbles.)

Brick: We know you're our brother. We're not as stupid as you!

Bubbles: *(laughing)* Oh, yeah. I forgot.

(In the lab, Blossom, Buttercup, and the Professor lean nervously toward a speaker and microphone on the counter. This setup is the counterpart of the one Bubbles wears, for two-way communication.)

Brick: *(speaker)* So, where is it?

Bubbles: *(speaker)* Where's what? *(Back to the shack.)*

Brick: You know, the candy!

Butch: Yeah, the candy, the candy! *(The lab; all three listeners trade a panicked look.)*

Bubbles: *(speaker)* Uh...the candy?

Butch: *(speaker)* What are you, a stinking parrot? *(The shack.)*

Bubbles: *(laughing)* Well...you see, the candy...the candy... *(Close-up of the two irritated boys; she continues o.c.)* ...oh, well, uh... *(Back to her.)* ...well, I ate it! And if you want it, you can tear open my stomach and eat my intestines, you...jerks!

(Back to the two boys. They are still irked, but after a tense moment, they laugh. Pull back to frame all three.)

Bubbles: *(own voice, to herself)* Phew!

Brick: Come on. Let's go!

(They zip away. Cut to the city skyline and zoom in slowly, then to the three in a street.)

Brick: So, what should we do? Boomer! You got any bright ideas?

Bubbles: Well, uh... *(The lab; she is heard on speaker.)* ...uh, uh...

(Back to the street. In Bubbles' earpiece, a burst of static is heard, followed by the Professor's muffled voice. Another bit of static marks the end of the transmission.)

Bubbles: Uh, how about some chemistry experiments?

(As soon as the words are out, she claps her hands over her mouth in shock.)

Brick: Oh, man, that's the lamest ever!

Butch: Lamer than lame! *(The lab; the Professor holds the mic off to one side.)*

Professor: Well, that's how I usually have fun.

(Buttercup takes it away; there is a brief squeal of feedback as she does so. Back to the street.)

Bubbles: I mean, you know, to blow up stuff.

Brick: Oh...Naaah. We blew up a bunch of stuff yesterday. *(Bubbles laughs sheepishly.)* Hey! I got it! *(Close-up of her; he continues o.c.)* Let's punch each other in the face until someone says, "Stop punching me in the face!" You first, Boomer.

(This suggestion instantly strikes fear into Bubbles' heart—and it is followed by Brick's fist being struck into her eye. Her hair a mess, the eye badly bruised and swollen nearly shut, she is

within an inch of bursting into tears. Brick and Butch laugh o.c.; pull back to frame all three. Static in the earpiece.)

Buttercup: *(earpiece)* Don't cry, Bubbles!

Blossom: *(earpiece)* You'll give yourself away! *(Static; end transmission.)*

(Easier said than done; Bubbles' injured eye is now completely swollen shut, and her good one is filling with tears. However, she blinks them away and laughs.)

Bubbles: Funny. Okay, my turn.

Brick: Nah. I'm sick of that game. I know! Let's do graffiti!

(Brick and Butch take off. Cut to a patch of cinder-block wall; Brick leans into view and starts plying a can of red spray paint, and Butch does likewise a moment later. Cut to just behind the latter to show him working with green paint to put up some disparaging message. Camera shift: the two boys are at a subway track, near the point where it goes into a tunnel. Bubbles—her eye healed and her hair fixed—regards them uncertainly from the other side of the track. Empty paint cans are scattered about. The two boys break off their vandalism and glare back at her; close-up of Bubbles. She catches a can thrown at her.)

Brick: *(from o.c.)* What the heck are you waiting for?

Bubbles: But graffiti is illegal! *(Pause; she laughs.)* Which is why I love it so much!

Brick: *(from o.c.)* Shut up and paint, barf bag!

(Butch, meanwhile, is putting the finishing touches on his graffiti: "I HATE THE PPGS." Pan from him to Brick, who is on the home stretch of "BRICK WUZ HERE." However, before he can start the last letter, the o.c sound of spray-painting draws his gaze toward the camera.)

Brick: *(angrily)* What is that?

(The source of the offending sound is the can in Bubbles' hand—lavender, with which she has written "Flowers are pretty" in cursive. She stops and looks worriedly over her shoulder; cut to the two very steamed boys. Butch pounds one fist against his other hand as the spraying is heard again. Back to Bubbles, who has hastily and sloppily added the word "DUMB!" to the end of her message. She smiles ingratiatingly toward the boys; on the next line, pull back to frame them and her.)

Butch: For a second there, I thought you were turning girly on us.

Brick: Yeah. And "dum-buh"? Geez, Boomer, if you're gonna do graffiti— *(Back to Bubbles; he continues o.c.)* —at least spell the words right! *(Back to him and Butch, walking o.c.)* Sheesh! Talk about "dum-buh."

Butch: Yeah. What a "dum-bee"!

(Dummy, that is. In the lab, Buttercup looks daggers at Blossom as chatter is heard over the speaker.)

Buttercup: They're gonna figure out it's her!

Blossom: *(covering mic)* Shhh! We have to think of a plan before the boys catch on.

Buttercup: Well, what, then?

Brick: *(speaker)* Hey, look!

(Cut to him, pointing into the sky at a passing plane.)

Brick: Who can spit down that plane? *(Pull back; the three are in a park.)*

Butch: I can! I can!

(He snorts in a breath, brings up a fair-sized loogie—we can see it on the end of his tongue as he opens and closes his mouth—and launches it skyward. It misses the plane and disappears from sight, and a few screams can be heard from within the craft as the projectile passes. Cut to outer space, where two astronauts are installing a mirror in a telescope orbiting Earth.)

Astronaut: Careful...easy...easy...

(The wad of phlegm rockets into view and smashes through the mirror. Back to the park.)

Butch: Shoot! I missed!

Brick: I'll go!

(He goes through the same windup as Butch and lets one blast. It too misses the plane—more screams are heard—and out in space, the astronauts have brought out another mirror and are maneuvering it into position.)

Astronaut: Boy, it's a good thing we had a backup.

(Not for long, though; Brick's loogie reduces it to bits. Back to the park.)

Brick: Darn! Well, I guess it's your turn, Boomer.

Bubbles: *(laughing)* Okay.

(She snorts in a breath, but is only able to generate a glob of saliva that ends up on her chin and sweatshirt when she tries to spit it.)

Bubbles: *(own voice, to herself)* Eww!

Brick: You call that a spit?

Butch: That was lame. Lamer than lame!

(Bubbles whimpers softly to herself as the earpiece kicks in again. The mess is cleaned up now.)

Buttercup: *(earpiece)* Bubbles! *(The lab; she has the mic.)* Do it again. Take a deep breath...

(The park again. The recipient of this advice is visibly repulsed by what she is hearing.)

Buttercup: *(earpiece)* ...you really gotta snort. *(Bubbles does so.)* Move those boogers in there. *(We hear them shift.)* Mmm, get it all juicy. *(The boys see it in her open mouth.)* Swirl it around with your tongue... *(She does so.)* ...lube it up into a nice slimy ball.

(It is heard, very nastily. At this point, take five to settle your stomach if you need it.)

Buttercup: *(earpiece)* Breathe in... *(The mess hangs between her teeth as she does so and covers her eyes)* ...aim...and fire!

(Her eyes still covered. she launches the wad. It sails through the air and ricochets off a tree on a golf course, then is deflected by a waterfront derrick set up to load cargo onto a docked ship. Next it bounces off the girls' house and the dome atop Townsville Hall before streaking past a filled baseball stadium. It picks up a "Go Yankees" foam finger and a cap with a logo similar to the crossed NY used by the Yankees—except that the Y has been replaced by a T: New Townsville, perhaps.)

(The hocker glances off a park bench, the sign in front of Malph's Market, some storefronts, and a STOP sign, then rattles down a street, bouncing back and forth off the buildings. Back to Bubbles, who has thrown her arms over her face in complete terror; a huge crash and explosion from o.c. shake the camera. Bubbles resumes her Boomer voice at this point.)

Bubbles: Did I...hit the plane?

Brick: *(from o.c.)* No. Better!

(She finally uncovers her eyes. Pull back to frame Brick as well; both look in Butch's direction, smiling, as the camera pans slowly that way. Where the green-clad wacko stood, there is now a long furrow in the sidewalk—and said wacko is lying dazed at the far end of it, having been hit dead on. In terms of loogies, this would have to qualify as the luckiest shot in Townsville history.)

Brick: *(from o.c.)* That's more like the Boomer I know! *(Back to him and Bubbles.)* Super-spitter!

Bubbles: I guess I just wasn't feeling like myself at first.

Brick: Yeah, well, you been acting kinda weird all day—

(The lab; the other two girls and the Professor breathe a silent sigh of relief.)

Brick: *(speaker)* —but you're cool now. Hey-hey! What do we have here?

(The second half of the preceding line makes the listeners start in surprise. Close-up of a cockroach held aloft in Brick's hand.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Ew! Get it away from me! *(Pull back to frame her and both boys—Butch on his feet again.)* Get it away!

Brick: What's up with you? You never been afraid of no cockroach!

(The lab; the two girls and the Professor trade a look of sheer panic. Bubbles, meanwhile, trembles and recoils further from the insect as Brick waves it around.)

Bubbles: I don't care! Just don't come any closer!

Brick: Hey, I thought you loved cock-a-roaches. Don't you *looove* cock-a-roaches?

Bubbles: (*forcing a smile*) Well...sure. Sure I do. I love those little guys.

Brick: I believe you. (*The lab; all are relieved.*)

Blossom: Phew! (*Brick, his hands behind his back.*)

Brick: That's why I know you'll love... (*pulling roach out, holding it near camera*) ...*eating it!*

(The pupils and irises of Bubbles' eyes narrow to points, and she struggles with all her might to keep from throwing up everything she ate over the past five days or so. In the lab, her sisters and the Professor trade a look of sheer terror. The park again.)

Brick: Yeah! Eat it!

Butch: Eat it! Eat it! (*Static.*)

Professor, Blossom, Buttercup: (*earpiece*) Eat it, Bubbles! (*Static; end transmission.*)

Brick: Yeah! Eat it, Boomer! Eat it! Eat it!

(In the lab, Blossom and Buttercup are trying to tear the mic from each other's hands.)

Blossom, Buttercup: Eat it! Eat it! Eat it! (*Close-up of Bubbles; zoom in slowly.*)

Brick, Butch: (*from o.c.*) Eat it! Eat it! Eat it! Eat it! Eat it!

(Under the end of this, the rest of the family is heard yelling the same advice over the earpiece. Finally everyone on both ends of the line falls silent.)

Bubbles: (*own voice, very small*) I can't. (*Brick gets in her face.*)

Brick: Come on, Boomer—if that's who you really are!

(Extreme close-up of her chest; he punches her in slow motion. When the blow lands, there is the sound of sparks and circuitry shorting out—he has struck the mic unit under her sweatshirt. In the lab, the Professor frantically adjusts the speaker, which is now broadcasting only random snarls of static, as the other two girls lean toward him.)

Buttercup: Hey! We can't hear anything!

Blossom: What happened?

Professor: I don't know. Something must have happened with the transmitter.

(Head-on view of Brick, once again holding the roach up to the camera.)

Brick: So, are you gonna eat it or not?

(Bubbles swallows hard at the prospect. Back to the lab; the speaker is now quiet.)

Buttercup: There's no way she ate that cockroach! She failed! I knew we couldn't count on her! (*Close-up; she is almost unhinged.*) Our plan is ruined! Now they've captured Bubbles and they've taken her hostage! And they're gonna ambush us when we go over there to save her!

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* We won't be going over there...

(Cut to her; she is pointing at a monitor set high on the wall, near the ceiling. It shows the view from directly over the front door of the house—a security camera is mounted there, perhaps. All three boys' figures can be seen on the step.)

Blossom: ...'cause they're already over here! *(Buttercup and the Professor have a look.)*

Buttercup: Oh, no!

(Close-up of the monitor screen; the boys step closer to the door.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* And look! Boomer's escaped! *(Back to the girls and the Professor.)*

Buttercup: What are we gonna do? It's three against two. We're doomed!

(Cut to the first floor, just outside a closed door. Brick and Butch float into view.)

Butch: Where did Boomer go?

Brick: In here!

(Cut to just inside the door—it is the one to the lab—as it opens and they peek in.)

Brick: Boomer?

Boomer: *(from o.c.)* Down here!

(Shift to just behind the two boys. They are looking down at their captive cohort.)

Boomer: Hey, guys! *(Cut to floor level; they float downstairs.)*

Brick: Boomer! What are you doing?

Boomer: Huh?

Brick: This is no time to be fooling around.

Butch: Yeah. And why'd you take all your clothes off?

(Cut to a close-up of the unwilling underwear model on the end of this.)

Boomer: Huh? What do you mean? *(Pull back to frame all three.)*

Brick: What do you mean, "what do you mean?" We're not here to have a party. We're here to capture the girls! Put your clothes back on!

Boomer: I can't.

Brick: Why not?

Boomer: Because... *(pointing to camera)* ...'cause she's wearing 'em!

(Cut to Bubbles, floating by the ray emitter and waving. It was she who appeared on the monitor with Brick and Butch—how the rest of the family could have forgotten both her masquerade and Boomer's continuing incarceration is a genuine puzzle. She abandons the fake voice for good now.)

Bubbles: Hi, boys. Long time no see.

(She presses a button, and the orange light fills the screen. When it clears, all three boys are caught within it. Brick and Butch protest vehemently, while Boomer just looks askance at them. Blossom and Buttercup fly over to the trio.)

Blossom, Buttercup: *(to camera, shocked)* Bubbles! You're safe!

(Cut to her, on the floor by the emitter; her sisters float over.)

Blossom: You captured them all by yourself! So that was actually you in front of the house?

Bubbles: Uh-huh.

Buttercup: Which means...you ate the cockroach?

Bubbles: Mmm-hmm. *(Cut to the boys.)*

Brick: Yeah. And it was really disgusting. I almost blew chunks!

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Bubbles! *(Pan left a bit; he runs into view.)* I could barely contain myself, hiding in the closet. I was so worried. *(Back to the girls.)*

Buttercup: Professor, she ate the cockroach!

Bubbles: That's not all. I also learned this.

(She goes into her loogie windup and lets a big one blast. It bounces off the walls, smashes through a row of glassware, ricochets other equipment, and—as the girls sidestep—finally connects with the ray emitter, destroying it. The boys are freed from their confinement.)

Brick: Let's get outta here! *(He and Butch lift off o.c.; a crash, and bits of ceiling rain down.)*

Boomer: *(yelling up)* But what about my clothes?

Brick: *(from o.c.)* Shut up!

(He too lifts off, the camera tilting up to follow him as far as the new hole in the ceiling, through which he exits. Cut to near this; the Professor stares up through it, and the girls approach it for a closer look, seeing their nemeses departing into clear skies.)

Blossom: Let 'em go. We'll get 'em next time.

[Animation goof: During this shot, Buttercup is seen wearing Butch's outfit.]

(Now they float down to the Professor.)

Bubbles: Professor? I'm really sorry I busted your invention.

Professor: That's okay, Bubbles. I'm sorry you had to eat a cockroach.

Bubbles: That's okay. It tasted like chicken. *(Everyone laughs at this.)*

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

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