

DOCUMENTARY

Transcribed by Alan Back

Note: Starred lines (Brian's) are delivered as a voice over. Any others are spoken by him on the scene, while he is either in view or behind the camera.

(The normal opening sequence is not used for this episode. Instead, the words "THE POWERPUFF GIRLS—A DOCUMENTARY" fade into view, white typewritten letters against the black background. This text fades away and is replaced with "A Film by BRIAN LARSEN," which then fades as well. There is no sound during this sequence.)

(Opening shot: the city skyline during the day. The quality of the image suggests that it is being shown on a TV screen; this continues throughout the episode. The voice that speaks up is that of a very serious-sounding young man as the camera pulls back slowly.)

Voice: The city of Townsville. This is where the Powerpuff Girls live.

(As the camera movement continues, he comes into view: glasses, baseball cap turned backwards, goatee, ponytail, shorts, vest with lots of pockets, film canister on a cord around his neck. Your basic would-be photojournalist in the field, in other words. His presence and the image quality mark the fact that we are seeing the city through his video camera. He is standing on a rooftop, and he becomes gradually more animated throughout the following monologue.)

Young man: Oh, you might know them as those three cute little girls, saving the day before bedtime. Well, to me, that's not enough. I want to know what makes 'em tick. Where are they from? Where are they going? I want to know everything about them. Yes, the Powerpuff Girls! *(He sits on a ledge.)* What are their hopes and dreams, their desires and aspirations? Do they fight crime all day? Do they set aside a certain portion of it for leisure? How tall are they, and what are their shoe sizes? Where do they sleep, and what do they eat for breakfast? Do they put jam on their toast, or don't they put jam on their toast? And if not, why not? And since when?

(He breaks off and directs a smile to the camera.)

Young man: I'm Brian, and this is my documentary. And you're gonna find out firsthand just who those cute little crime-fighters are. So buckle up—this is gonna be a wild ride.

(Pull back to frame the skyline and fade to black.)

[Note: Brian Larsen, after whom this character is presumably modeled, worked on "The Boys Are Back in Town" and "Boy Toys." However, he does not provide the young man's voice here.]

(Snap to a close-up of a bowl on a counter.)

* **Young man (Brian):** Sugar...spice...and everything nice.

(As each item is mentioned, he reaches into view and pours it into the bowl. The “everything nice” is a dusty white slurry, perhaps cornstarch in water.)

* **Brian:** Yep, those are pretty normal ingredients, all right. *(An electric mixer is applied to the stuff; it goes greenish-brown.)* Mix 'em all together, and they pretty much make... *(It is dumped out.)* ...mush. But to the city of Townsville, those three special ingredients together make a totally different result.

(Cut to a driver's-seat view of a highway leading into the city.)

* **Brian:** The city of Townsville. A great city with many of the same things as any other city. Shops and malls and movie houses too. Great parks, corporate art, a fantastic museum.

(Cut to an example of each attribute as it is named; kids and families play in the park. After the museum, cut to a busy street.)

* **Brian:** The newly renovated and revitalized Old Townsville district. *(Close-up of two dogs in a cage.)* It even boasts an animal shelter. *(The skyline.)* But Townsville has something extra. Townsville has the Powerpuff Girls.

(Fade to black.)

(Fade in to a school bus stuck to the side of a building—a leftover from the girls' run-in with Elmer Sglue's monstrous form in “Paste Makes Waste.”)

* **Brian:** Although this bus looks better than that corporate art, it's actually a reminder of another battle that took place here in Townsville.

(On the end of this, pull back to show people going about their business in the street, paying no mind to the errant vehicle. From here, cut to a close-up of a map of the city and its surroundings as it is unfolded before the camera. Red dots are scattered about its surface.)

* **Brian:** There are other reminders and countless monuments where three little girls saved this wonderful city.

(Close-up of a copy of the Townsville Tribune on the ground; zoom in slowly. Above the fold, the front page carries the headline “PPGS SAVE THE DAY!” next to a photo of them flying away from a patch of smoking rubble.)

* **Brian:** Their photos have graced newspapers and tabloids numerous times.

(Cut to a tri-color building whose name—The Powerpuff Store—is rendered in the font used for the main title.)

* **Brian:** They have merchandising— *(A TV screen; the title appears on the end-shot background.)* —and even their own TV show. *(A street in the suburbs, panning slowly to the*

girls' house.) They live here, in this quiet suburb of Townsville. And what better place to begin my journey into their inner workings than at the home of the Powerpuff Girls?

(Close-up of the front door, zooming in jerkily—Brian is now carrying the camera with him as he walks up.)

* **Brian:** My first visit was unannounced— *(He reaches into view and knocks.)* —and just as I arrived...

(He backs up a step, and the all-too-familiar crash of an exit through the ceiling is heard.)

* **Brian:** ...the girls flew away. *(Pan/tilt up to catch a flash of them in flight.)* Three bright streaks cut through the daytime sky. I hoped they were off to fight crime and not avoiding me.

(Cut to the view through the windshield of a car rolling through Townsville and pull back a bit. It takes a moment for the image to come into focus. The edge of a notebook is visible at the screen's bottom edge; Brian is trying to take notes and aim his camera at the same time. Buildings have been damaged, and among them stomps the huge reptilian creature in "Three Girls and a Monster." Brian, behind the camera, sounds excited and a bit out of breath through the following.)

Brian: Okay...I'm driving up through the city, and there's loads of traffic. I-I-I can't really see anything yet, I...

(As the car passes a side street, the monster can be clearly seen in profile. Speed up.)

Brian: I keep trying to get closer, but the battle keeps moving. *(He looks straight ahead; a giant foot is planted in front of him.)* Oh, no!

(A squeal of brakes, a crunch of metal, and the view disintegrates into static, followed by a black screen. The girls are heard arriving and beating the monster, which roars in pain; the previous view is re-established shakily.)

Brian: I'm-I'm okay, now I'm gonna get out of my car to get a better an—

(Pan to his door as he starts to leave the car; his last word might have been "angle" had he finished it. On the next line, it turns to static and blacks out again, only to snap to a patch of clear blue sky.)

* **Brian:** And just when I thought I was going to capture something really great... *(The girls fly overhead.)* ...it was over. All that I caught was three streaks of light flying away.

(Long shot of the city proper and suburbs; it is now sunset.)

* **Brian:** And although I played this cat-and-mouse game with them all day with no success, I wasn't gonna let that stop me from making my film. *(Dissolve to a close-up of him, deep in*

thought.) If I couldn't get to the girls personally, I was gonna have to settle on the next best thing— (*Pull back; he is atop a park bench, regarding the city.*) —talking to the people who do.

(Fade to black.)

(Snap to the street in the suburbs and pan to Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. It is now the following morning.)

* **Brian:** I started at their school, the Pokey Oaks. (*Cut to him and Ms. Keane, walking along the sidewalk.*) Ms. Keane is their teacher, and I sat with her to find out what I could about the Powerpuff Girls.

(Close-up of her on the end of this line. At the bottom of the screen, these words fade into view: "Ms. Keane—Powerpuff Girls' Teacher"—the sort of graphic you might see during a news broadcast. Brian is behind the camera again.)

Ms. Keane: Well, let me tell you, the girls are fantastic. (*The title fades away.*) All of their grades are good. Buttercup is really coming out of her shell and learning how to play with others. (*holding up a drawing of a jumping dolphin*) Ooh, and just look at the drawing Bubbles did. Absolutely adorable! (*putting it away*) Ooh, and Blossom told this joke the other day that had the entire cafeteria squirting milk out of their noses! (*She laughs; Brian stutters a bit to break in.*)

Brian: Could you tell me more about the Powerpuff side of the girls? About their commitment to fighting crime and the pre-adolescent behavior of dealing with violence at such a young age?

Ms. Keane: (*shrugging*) Well, um— (*clearing throat*) —I'm their teacher. I really don't know about that part of their lives.

(Cut to a trash man emptying a loaded can into a dump truck.)

* **Brian:** As I left the school, I happened upon the trash man. (*The now-empty can is thrown aside.*) His name is Carl.

(Close-up of Carl. Below him, this title fades in: "Carl Jusscarl—Domestic Waste Disposal Technician." He sounds quite stupid, and he pushes back the kerchief tied over his head as he speaks.)

Carl: About the Powerpuff Girls, Hugh? Well, they keep me busy— (*Title fades out.*) —cleanin' up all the trash and debris they leave behind after all their fights. Helps the economy, you know—always buildin' and rebuildin' and workin' and whatnot. (*He laughs.*) Tell you what, though, it's a problem for traffic. (*Another laugh, with a snort.*)

(Cut to the exterior of the house. At the curb, Brian is digging around in the trash can.)

* **Brian:** I didn't get much from Carl. But he gave me an idea.

(A police car pulls up with its lights flashing and hides him mostly from view. Cut to a close-up of its driver, seated at a table in a donut shop. A cup of coffee is before him; during the following line, he is seen talking but not heard.)

* **Brian:** This is Dave, the local cop who hauled me in for sifting through the Powerpuff Girls' trash cans.

(Title fades in: "Officer Dave Duncan—Patrol Officer Regiment Komendant, Townsville Police Department." Radio chatter is heard underneath his words.)

Dave: Oh, yeah. I been in a few sticky situations with them. I mean, really sticky. *(Title fades out.)* One time, there was this taffy factory, and—but you really had to be there. You know, they really don't have law enforcement training in the classical sense. *(Louder chatter.)* I've certainly had to back 'em up more than once. *(He pulls out his radio and speaks into it.)* Ah, copy that, ten-four.

(The next line starts as a voice over, but changes to show Dave driving his unit. Brian is now in the passenger seat, with the camera turned on the cop.)

Dave: Naah, I don't have monster enforcement training or special powers or save the city on a daily basis, but, uh—hey, uh, what's your point? Hey, you want to work the sirens?

(Cut to the dome of Townsville Hall and tilt down to street level.)

* **Brian:** With little luck on the grassroots level, I decided to go to the one person who calls upon their services all the time: the Mayor.

(Head-on view of the closed front doors; Brian is aiming his camera at them and approaching.)

Mayor: *(through doors)* Okay, everyone. *(They open; he backs out.)* That about does it for the pay raises and extended vacation time.

Brian: Uh, uh, Mayor! *(He turns around.)* Uh, hi. I'm shooting a documentary, and I was wondering if I could ask you a few questions?

(Ms. Bellum steps to the doorway on the end of this.)

Mayor: Look, I don't know nothin' about nothin'! *(walking away; camera follows)* You can't prove it, I wasn't there, I—I was young and I needed the money!

(Ms. Bellum steps into view near the camera, which is angled down toward the Mayor; all we can see of her are her legs. Tilt up quickly to her upper body as she raises a hand, palm out, to block the view.)

Ms. Bellum: I'm sorry, but you're going to have to leave.

Brian: Uh, just let me ask a few questions.

Ms. Bellum: *(under the preceding)* Uh, this is an unannounced visit. *(shoving camera; image is knocked out; commotion)* Security!

Brian: *(flustered)* Don't touch the camera!

(Snap to the front doors as they are swung shut. Two security agents now stand near it—and they do not look happy. Brian is backing away from the location, camera in hand again.)

* **Brian:** That really didn't get me anywhere. With my interview lacking any real information or substance, I decided to hit the streets again.

(Cut to the Talking Dog on a sidewalk.)

Talking Dog: I'm a talking dog. *(Title fades in: "Talking Dog—Dog capable of verbal communication.")* That is so much better than three boring girls. No report or documentary's ever been done on *me*. *(Title fades out.)* Not one question! Not one survey! I mean—*(Contemptuous chuckle.)*—come on. I'm a talking dog!

(A view of several buildings, the camera pointing up to the sky.)

* **Brian:** Having dealt with the positive side of the spectrum, I decided to find the people who knew them on a working level: their evil counterparts.

(Cut to Princess Morebucks, approaching her limousine with two beefy bodyguards just behind her. She is in rather bad spirits.)

* **Brian:** But this proved even more fleeting.

Princess: Sorry. No interviews!

(The limo's passenger door is opened and she gets in; it is then closed behind her. From here, cut to the Gangrene Gang, minus Little Arturo, clustered around a fire in a trash can at the city dump. Brian is again advancing with his camera and receiving some slightly hostile glances—and then Arturo pops up in his face. A punch is heard, and the screen fills with static briefly. To the sound of the equipment crashing to the ground, we next see the gate in the fence around the dump; the camera has rotated 90 degrees counterclockwise and landed on its side. Brian is seen running out of the place as the Gang members start after him.)

(Cut to a long shot of Fuzzy Lumkins' shack in the forest and zoom in; the intrepid filmmaker has again shouldered his camera. All is tranquil until the front door bursts open and Fuzzy runs out, waving his shotgun.)

Fuzzy: GET OFFA MY PROPERTY, DAGNABIT!!

Brian: Yeah, but wait, I just want to—

Fuzzy: *(pulling gun back to swing)* NO TRESPASSIN'!!

(He swings the weapon, stock first, and scores a hit; there is static, followed by blackness.)

(Snap to a shot of Mojo Jojo's observatory. The camera is pointing straight up from the base of the volcano. Next, we see Brian pressing an intercom switch set into the rock face. He has a clipboard in hand and begins to speak once the click of an activated receiver on the other end is heard.)

Brian: Mr. Mojo? Uh, hi. My name is Brian, and I'm making a documentary, and I'd like to talk with you—

Mojo: *(over intercom, impatiently)* Can't talk, planning evil scheme. *(Click; dial tone.)*

(Brian turns and walks o.c. resignedly on the next line.)

* **Brian:** With all the opinions and facts I gathered about the Powerpuff Girls, I decided to go back to the source and see if I could capture the girls in action around town.

(Cut to the exterior of the donut shop—The Donut King. A police car is parked in front. During the next line, cut to inside; Dave is again at a table, with a fresh cup of coffee. He is speaking to Brian, who is partially in view near the camera and taking notes. No audio of this.)

* **Brian:** I found Officer Dave again, in hopes that he could alert me to the Powerpuff Girls' battles.

(The cop is now seen standing outside the shop and still speaking. He has one hand poised near his holster.)

* **Brian:** After Officer Dave showed me a few police tricks, we hit the road.

(Dave pulls a donut out of the holster and twirls it on his finger a bit before tucking it away again. He smirks at the camera, and the image goes out of focus briefly and changes to a shot of the buildings passing by. Brian and his camera are now riding on patrol.)

* **Brian:** And it wasn't long before we got the call. *(Dave is seen driving; radio static.)*

Dispatcher: *(over radio)* Monster attack on the west side. All available units, please respond. *(Static; end transmission.)*

(The camera tilts up from the radio to point straight ahead as the car speeds up and the siren is turned on. Now it points out the passenger door; over the buildings, the tentacled creature from "Bubblevicious" is roaring and ready to do considerable damage to the architecture. On the start of the next line, cut to a more-or-less stationary view, the camera pointing up toward the rooftops. Smoke rises into view as the girls fly out of sight.)

* **Brian:** But by the time we got there, the battle was over and the girls were gone. Battle after battle— *(A helicopter passes.)* —the Powerpuff Girls eluded my every effort.

(Cut to a street punk: shades, green Mohawk, brown beard, one ear multiply pierced.)

Punk: Yo, yo, you totally missed it! It was tight! *(Title fades in: “Unknown—Not a Sentient Being.”)* I mean, it was totally wizzack! *(holding up a camera)* I even got the thing on camera, dog.

(The title fades out during this last. Cut to the old woman who was imperiled during “Octi Evil.” A small cat is near her; as she speaks, this title fades in and out: “Grandma—Townsville Pedestrian.”)

Old woman: I see the Powerpuff Girls all the time. They help me cross the street.

(Next we see a slightly perturbed man in a suit and hat. He stops and addresses the camera over his shoulder, speaking through clenched teeth in order to keep his pipe in place. A second fellow passes in the background and tips his hat. Title fades in and out during his line: “Anonymous—Irritated Resident.”)

Man: Yes, they offer me help all the time. Can’t get them to stop bugging me.

(Now Don Shank speaks up.)

Shank: Yeah. I worked with them. *(Title fades in: “Don Shank—Irritated Animator.”)* They’re about this big.

(He holds up his hands to indicate the girls’ size at the proper moment. The title fades out on the next line.)

* **Brian:** It was as if they were avoiding me.

(Shank gives the camera a hard glance, after which the view snaps to black.)

(Snap to an extreme close-up of the clawed hand of an orange reptilian creature. It reaches out to adjust the camera and then leans down to put its head in frame—which is Brian’s. He has dressed the part and is slightly out of focus due to his proximity to the lens.)

Brian: *(softly)* Okay. This is a re-enactment of the Powerpuff Girls in action, saving Townsville from Mojo Jojo.

(He straightens up and walks o.c. Behind him, in a sidewalk, are the “actors.” Playing Mojo: a hapless dog with a purple towel draped over its back and a bucket on its head. Playing Bubbles: a toddler in a long-sleeved, light blue shirt with a black stripe. Playing Blossom: a sullen, stringy-haired girl, about Brian’s age, with an appropriately colored bow and dress. Instead of Mary Janes and white stockings, she wears black high-top sneakers and no socks.)

Toddler: *(pointing at dog)* Mojo doggie!

Girl: *(to camera, sighing angrily)* That is it, Brian! I am through with you and your obsession with the Powerpuff Girls! I am leaving!

(She tears off her bow, throws it down, and stomps away. The toddler looks after her as Brian runs into view and calls in her direction.)

Brian: But, Beth, honey, I—come on, wait! *(He hangs his head.)*

Toddler: *(running with dog after her)* Yaaay! Attack doggie!

(The pooch barks happily during this last. Fade to black.)

(Snap to a view of the city skyline.)

* **Brian:** Beth was right. Who was I kidding? I'm just some film school hack trying to obtain the unattainable. My documentary on the Powerpuff Girls was turning into a documentary on how to fail at making a documentary on the Powerpuff Girls.

(The camera is carried along a busy street.)

* **Brian:** *(perking up)* That was, until I was packing up my gear, and suddenly...

(An explosion is heard o.c.; people panic as the camera is swung back to a block Brian has just passed. Smoke pours from a building, alarms ring out, and Mojo strides forth, laughing with his oversized blaster in hand. Zoom in on him.)

Brian: Oh, my gosh, it's Mojo Jojo!

(A swirl of static, and we are now looking at another block as Brian runs with the camera. He collides with a mailbox; static, which then resolves into a shaky close-up of the thieving primate. Once fully in frame and in focus, he can be seen holding a sack of jewels.)

Brian: *(nearly incoherent)* Oh, my gosh, I can't believe this! Okay. Okay, stay calm...breathe...breathe, breathe, keep the camera steady. Remember what they taught you in film school...okay... *(A few deep breaths.)* ...okay.

(A laser blast from o.c. just misses Mojo; tilt up quickly to the sky, where its source—the girls—can be seen approaching fast. Follow them as they go into a sharp dive and land by Mojo. The focus goes in and out while he takes a couple of licks and then aims his blaster; they are easily able to dodge his shots. When the view clears, they have moved in on him again.)

Blossom: Give it up, Mojo! *(Zoom in.)*

Mojo: Never!

(He fires at her, but she sidesteps and lands a kick that sends him flying. Quick pan down the block in that direction to show him crashing into another storefront. Zoom in on the wreckage, from which he emerges to fire another blast whose glare fills the screen briefly as the camera turns to point along it. People scream and run, and Brian turns back to Mojo and starts to advance shakily.)

Brian: *(softly, nervously)* I'm standing right in front of Mojo Jojo, and he seems to be looking right at me.

(He is indeed, and his next move is to jump straight at the would-be filmmaker until his laughing mouth fills the screen. A quick burst of static and Brian's yell of shock are interspersed with this view, which then gives way to a quick pan up the side of a building—he is being hoisted up. Mojo leans down into the frame.)

Mojo: Not only do I have a hostage, I have a camera too! Hello! *(He leans away; the girls fly into frame.)*

Blossom: What are you gonna do with him? *(Pan to Mojo.)*

Mojo: Mmm...I might drop him. *(To the girls; zoom in on Blossom during the next line.)*

Bubbles: You wouldn't dare!

(Yes, he bloody well would. The camera suddenly swivels to point at the street, which is approaching far too quickly for anyone's good, and Brian's terrified scream rips the air. Bubbles flies in and does a hairpin turn straight up toward him.)

Bubbles: Gotcha!

(Static, then black for a moment, then Bubbles on the pavement.)

Bubbles: Stay here, Mr. Man.

(She takes off. Follow her to midair, where she rejoins her sisters' fight against Mojo. He is staying aloft with the help of a jet pack and firing away. As usual, though, he hits a lot of nothing. Focus goes in and out during all this.)

Brian: Oh wow, oh wow, oh wow...oh, wow!

(Buttercup diverts Mojo's attention, whereupon Blossom wraps him up in his cape and slings him over to Bubbles, who in turn kicks him down toward the street. Follow the purple bundle as it hurtles to the pavement and throws up a cloud of dust upon impact. Static, which gives way to a blurry long shot of one badly injured monkey. Zoom in and refocus somewhat as he twitches a bit, then tilt up to the girls. They notice the camera for the first time.)

Buttercup: Hey, look! We're on camera!

Bubbles: Hi, Professor! *(Quick swivel to put Brian in view; focus goes in and out as he speaks.)*

Brian: Whoa! Can you believe that? I mean, that was so awesome! I-I can't believe it, I mean, this is great! Never in all my days did I think I could get something like that! I-I realize now that it's not about what makes the girls tick; it's about the fact that once again the day is saved, thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! Whooooo!

(Quick swivel back to them as they fly away; he is heard whooping again. Fade to black. There is no variation of the standard end shot.)