

GIRLS GONE MILD
Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline during the day. A hard-edged female voice speaks up.)

Voice: The city of Townsville is very concerned about the Powerpuff Girls' influence on their children.

(Dissolve to the exterior of their house on the end of this line. Next, dissolve to the living room. The owner of said voice—blond, showing the sort of face suggested by her tone—sits facing him on the couch, with a briefcase in her lap. Next to her sits an equally disapproving man, with thick glasses and thinning hair.)

Woman: So Stanley and I are here to discuss the situation with you.

(Silence, during which she gives her companion the old hairy eyeball. He does not notice, however, and directs his gaze to various parts of the room before she speaks again.)

Woman: Stanley?

Stanley: *(stammering a bit)* Yes, right. *(He clears his throat.)* Mr. Utonium, in case you haven't been watching the news lately, there seems to be an awful lot of Townsville kids pretending to be superheroes.

(He flaps his hands in the air and takes a very sarcastic tone on the last four words.)

Professor: *(smiling)* Oh, yes, I watch the news. Got cable—I mean, satellite. Four hundred channels! *(Cut to the two visitors; he continues o.c.)* A-And all that.

Stanley: *(dryly)* That's nice. *(Clears throat.)* Well, the reason these kids are pretending to be superheroes is that they're trying to be like your, uh, Powderpuff Girls. *(Back to the Professor.)*

Professor: Well, that makes perfect sense, since my girls *are* superheroes.

Stanley: I'm sorry?

Woman: *(waving Stanley off; he recoils)* Mr. Utonium! We understand perfectly well that the business of punching, kicking, is all part of... *(clearing throat, making quotation marks with fingers)* ...saving the day. But it's imitable behavior!

Stanley: That means able to be imitated!

Woman: Behavior that is inappropriate for normal children!

(Several seconds pass in silence; the Professor looks nervously from side to side, then shrugs and stitches a big grin across his face.)

Woman: Mr. Utonium! We insist that you speak to your daughters and have them cease this destructive behavior at once!

Professor: *(placatingly, holding hands out)* Mr. and Mrs. Practice. Certainly you can't be serious. I mean, that's like telling a bird not to fly, or like telling a fish not to swim, or like—

(Pull back to frame all three. Stanley holds out a thick sheaf of papers.)

Stanley: We have a petition here, signed by all the parents of Townsville, who have joined together to form...

(During this line, cut to the Professor as the document is placed into his hand; close-up of its heading: "Petition Submitted by the Parents of Townsville." Tilt down to show a long list of signatures below this; he flips ahead and finds more of the same. Back to Stanley, now holding up a sticker with the acronym "P.A.P.P." on it in big red letters.)

Stanley: ...P.A.P.P.

(Close-up of the sticker; now the following four words are visible in small print beneath the letters, and they are pointed out in time.)

Stanley: *(from o.c.)* Parents Against Power Puff. *(Back to the Professor, still flipping pages.)*

Woman (Mrs. Practice): *(from o.c.)* We are demanding that your girls immediately discontinue their overly bold superheroics— *(Pull back to frame all three.)* —or you'll be sued.

(She now has another stack of pages in hand. Back to the Professor; this is held out to him.)

Mrs. Practice: *(from o.c.)* Here is a legal contract— *(He takes it and flips pages, grimacing.)* —clearly stating the things your girls can and cannot do from now on.

(Cut to just outside the front door; the two visitors leave the house.)

Mrs. Practice: Good day, Mr. Utonium.

(He steps out to call after them, but cannot find his tongue after what has happened. Fade to black.)

(Snap to a quick pan through the skies. After a couple of seconds, the camera slows down and stops when the spire of a building is just in view. The music downshifts as well; tilt down quickly to ground level, at an empty patch of sidewalk. The girls trudge into view—Buttercup angrily, Bubbles wearily, Blossom resignedly and with the contract under her arm. They stop.)

Buttercup: This stinks! How are we supposed to fight crime without our superpowers *and* obey everything on that stupid list? *(Blossom looks at it on this last.)*

Blossom: I know, Buttercup. It does stink. *(smiling, holding it up)* But maybe if we just follow these rules for a while, they'll ease up on us. Besides, they didn't say anything about not using super vision!

(Close-up of her; she turns her head, one hand up to shade her eyes. When she is facing the camera full on, she stops short and points off to one side.)

Blossom: Look!

(Cut to just over the girls' heads; the top of Blossom's bow is just in view, but it is put out of frame as the camera zooms in on a brand-new black SUV across the street. A man in a yellow plaid cap and red shirt stands next to it.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* That guy over there!

(Close-up of the vehicle. He has pulled out a "Slim Jim" and slid it down between the door panel and window, in an attempt to pop the lock.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* He's trying to steal that car! *(Back to the girls: Bubbles and Buttercup rise up, ready to charge.)*

Buttercup: Let's get him!

Blossom: Wait! Stop! *(checking contract)* The rules say we're not allowed to fly. *(Her sisters touch down.)* We'll have to stop him on foot. *(as all three run o.c.)* Let's go!

(They run toward the thief; he keeps trying to unlock the SUV's door. Buttercup runs up behind him and prepares to throw a punch. Close-up of her.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* No!

(Pull back. She flies in, grabs Buttercup's fist just before it can hit its intended target, and yanks her sister backwards onto the grass.)

Blossom: *(pulling out contract)* We can't punch either!

(The thief, meanwhile, keeps maneuvering his Slim Jim. Close-up of the lock button, seen through the SUV's tinted window glass. It pops up, and an alarm goes off. However, he pays it no mind as he jumps in and pulls the door shut.)

Bubbles: He's gonna get away!

(Blossom warms up her eye lasers and starts to fire a blast, but her sisters push on her head to tilt it forward. The beam ricochets off the ground, takes a couple of tricky bounces, and strikes very close to the girls; they are knocked off their feet. Bubbles and Buttercup get up first.)

Bubbles: If we're gonna follow that contract, then we have to do this exactly how it says! *(Blossom stands and sighs wearily.)*

Blossom: Right. Ready, girls?

Bubbles, Buttercup: Ready!

Blossom: Now.

(She produces a cell phone and flips it open; close-up of it in her hand, then pull back to frame her again. She dials 911, and the camera pulls back to the sound of ringing on the other end until the girls and the SUV are all in frame. Inside, the thief has hooked up a small computer. He holds up a key wired to this; close-up of it as several tiny sensors extend from its barrel. He slides it into the ignition.)

(Blossom, meanwhile, has not yet gotten an answer to her call; more ringing is heard, and her sisters lean in to hear. The thief punches keys on his computer, whose screen shows the message “INITIATE DECODER.” This changes to “DECODING IGNITION SYSTEM” and then a string of rapidly changing digits. After a few seconds, “CODE LOCKED” appears on the screen and the car alarm falls silent. He turns the key and starts the SUV.)

Thief: Yes!

(No answer yet to the 911 call; we can hear the motor running, which will be the case in all such shots of the girls until otherwise noted.)

Blossom: *(impatiently)* Come on! *(The call is answered.)*

Dispatcher: Police Department. *(Blossom opens her mouth to speak.)* Please hold.

(She is left a bit flabbergasted at this reception. Pull back into the vehicle, the view of the girls darkening to show them through the tinted glass. The thief lounges in the driver’s seat for a bit, then rummages around and brings up a small CD wallet. He starts to flip through it.)

Thief: Dud...dud...dud...dud...dud.

(One disc catches his eye, and he slides it into the stereo and turns it on. He is rewarded with elevator music that seems to be right up his alley, judging from his pleased expression and the finger he taps on his knee. Zoom in on the girls, the view lightening and the music fading away.)

Blossom: *(fidgeting)* Come on, come on! *(Call answered.)*

Dispatcher: Can I help you?

Blossom: *(rapid fire)* Yes. I’m calling to report an auto theft in progress. At Townsville Park between First and Broadway; suspect attempting to steal a black—

Dispatcher: *(over-enunciating every word)* Excuse me. You need to slow down and give me the details slowly, so that I can understand you clearly.

(This really puts Blossom off balance; she slaps a hand to her forehead.)

Dispatcher: Now give me the details slowly.

(Inside, the thief has his own cell phone to his ear and is typing on a laptop whose screen shows a layout similar to that of an eBay listing page. He scrolls down through it as he speaks.)

Thief: Hey, what’s up? *(Babbling over the line.)* Oh, nothing... Yeah, I’m in the middle of a grand theft auto.

(Close-up of the screen. The site is called oBey, and there is a message: “Congratulations! You are the winning bidder!” The item in question, a Kroton toy, is a robot action figure, and the felon of the hour has just won the auction.)

Thief: *(from o.c.)* Friday's game? I was there! *(Back to him.)* Twenty-six points in the third alone—in-credible!

(The girls, meanwhile, are shaking with suppressed rage, and Blossom is sweating like a pig.)

Dispatcher: Okay, let me read that back to you. *(All calm down and lean in.)* We have an auto theft in progress, blue SUV—

Blossom: *(as Buttercup fidgets like mad)* Black! Black!

Dispatcher: —black SUV between First and Broadway. We'll send a unit as soon as possible.

Blossom: Great. Thanks!

(The girls look worriedly in the vehicle's direction; close-up of its window, just outside it, as someone reaches into view and knocks. Pull back; the owner of said hand—a pizza delivery man—walks up with a box and a soda.)

Delivery man: Large pepperoni with a cola? *(Window down; the thief takes the food and hands over \$20.)*

Thief: Keep the change, buddy.

(Back to the girls. Blossom has folded up the phone.)

Blossom: What's taking them so long?

(Cut to two cops, one fat and one thin, in the front seat of their squad car. The thin one is driving, while the fat one rides shotgun with a coffee and a half-eaten donut in hand. A paper bag—from the donut shop that provided this fare—sits between the two men. Radio chatter is heard.)

Fat cop: I'm tellin' you, the only reason he could score twenty-six points in the third was 'cause Malone was on the bench. Otherwise Utah woulda cleaned 'em up.

(Static over the radio; he finishes his donut and reaches in the bag during the next line.)

Dispatcher: Unit Twelve, we have a GTA in progress, First and Broadway, black SUV. *(Static; chatter resumes.)*

Thin cop: *(sarcastically)* Great. I'm gonna pull over and get a coffee, before those get cleaned up too.

(Cut to just behind the girls. The cops pull up behind the SUV but do not get out; inside, the thin cop is now rooting around in the bag. The fat one has found another donut and begun to eat it.)

Thin cop: I don't believe it. You ate the last bear claw! Every day I drive to the Krispy Krumb, and this is the thanks I get?!

(The dispatcher starts to break in under the end of this line. Cut to the girls.)

Buttercup: What are they waiting for?

Blossom: I don't know, but we better try to get their attention.

(Cut to inside the car, the camera pointing toward the passenger-side window. The girls jump up and down, pointing in the direction of the aforementioned GTA.)

Fat cop: Yeah, well, you can forget about those Lakers tickets from now on!

Thin cop: *(pointing to girls)* Look at that! *(Pause; the fat one notices them.)*

Fat cop: I tell you, people lettin' their kids play alone in this part of town. Mmm.

(Close-up of the girls, still gesturing frantically, then back to the cops.)

Fat cop: Hey, I think they're, uh, pointin' at this black SUV in front of us.

Thin cop: Well, what do you know. *(pulling out nightstick)* I'll take care of this.

(Close-up of the rolled-up driver's-side window, behind which the thief can be seen about to eat a slice of pizza. He has removed his cap. Footsteps approach, and the nightstick is tapped against the glass. The window goes down and the cap goes on as the camera pulls back a bit.)

Thief: *(chuckling nervously)* Uh...yes, Officer, uh...can I help you?

Thin cop: *(gesturing with stick)* You know you're in a no-parkin' zone there?

(Pan ahead slightly to show a sign to that effect next to the bumper, then cut back to the window.)

Thief: Uh, no I-I didn't, Officer. I'll move it right away. *(He puts it in gear and speeds off.)*

Blossom: I don't believe it!

(Cut to the news anchor desk—a special report has started up. A graphic of the city skyline is shown, but Stanley Whitfield is not reporting this time around. Instead, the anchor is Maria Santiago, the correspondent seen during one of the news flashes in “Supper Villain.”)

Maria: The city of Townsville, without the involvement of the Powerpuff Girls—

(The graphic dissolves to a jagged red line graph labeled “Crime Rate.” It is about to shoot off the top edge of its plot.)

Maria: —has experienced an alarming increase in crime.

(Now the graph fills the screen, and the red line inches up and past the top edge. From here, cut to the police station.)

Maria: *(voice over)* And with the police overwhelmed with the amount of calls they've been receiving—

(A new graphic pops up. At center screen are the words “City of Townsville,” with a grid overlaid on these and concentric circles around them. Red dots proliferate, working from the center outwards.)

Maria: *(voice over)* —crime is now starting to spread to more affluent suburban areas outside the city.

(On the end of this, pull back to show more of the grid as the dots keep popping up. Back to Maria, with this view in the graphic box.)

Maria: With the increase in lawlessness, officials fear that roving gangs of villains like the Gangrene Gang and the Dooks of Doom are leaving the Powerpuffs...powerless.

(As each group is mentioned, the graphic dissolves to show it. The Gang stands in an alley. The Dooks are three in number: a small weasel on a motorized scooter; a larger, pinkish, pig-like fellow wearing a long red cape and riding a Motocross-style chopper; and a similar, still larger greenish beast piloting a small tank. All three wear iron helmets with spikes on their crowns, similar to those used by German soldiers in World War I, and the pink and green ones also sport ammunition belts. The girls trudge through the suburbs; Blossom has her cell phone in hand.)

(After Maria finishes, zoom in on the graphic until it fills the screen—the broadcast is over. Crooks run past behind them, and sirens and breaking glass are heard.)

Buttercup: *(sighing wearily)* This is hopeless. We're completely useless. I mean, look at this! *(They stop.)* This is just not working!

Blossom: I know, Buttercup—but at least it can't get any worse.

(A woman's scream from o.c. makes them stand up and take notice—and they realize that things can always, always get worse.)

Man: *(from o.c.)* Look out!

(The camera shifts to point straight down the street. A cloud of smoke rises on the horizon as motorcycle engines make themselves heard; thunder booms out and the sky darkens.)

Man: *(from o.c.)* Oh, no!

(Extreme close-up of the front of the small tank, which bears the label "Dooks of Doom.")

Man: *(from o.c.)* It's the...

(Pull back to frame the three crazies seen in Maria's broadcast. The two large creatures can now be seen to have many scars on their faces.)

Man: *(from o.c.)* ...Dooks of Doom! *(Screams ring out.)*

(Quick pan along the street; the three Dooks pull into view and ahead of the camera, one by one in order of decreasing size. The weasel lags considerably behind the other two. Cut to a mailman being menaced by a barking dog. At the sound of the engines, they both start in surprise and

scream. The mailman runs o.c., while the dog's fur and skni fall away to leave only a terrified skeleton in the street. It makes to run after the mailman; cut to the former in full retreat as the latter catches up and passes him.)

(Back to the Dooks, panning to follow them down the block. As they pass, the neighborhood is instantly scorched and ravaged; even the sky is affected, turning a sickly yellow. Flowers wilt and a tree dies. The pink creature gibbers excitedly, sounding something like a longtime resident of the backwoods; pan from him to the green one, who adds his own two cents in like manner, but with less of a drawl.)

(Cut to a vertically split screen. The right side is filled with the pink Dook, blabbering away. The left side is initially black, but fills with the green rider once the pink one falls silent. More blabbering from the green one. Now they turn their faces toward the center line that splits the screen and yell at each other a bit.)

(One after another, four people close their windows and slam their shutters. One woman screams as she does so; the last man hangs up a "Gone Fishing" sign after he closes up. The girls stare mutely at the approaching Dooks, and Blossom then starts punching numbers into her cell phone at breakneck speed.)

Buttercup: *(pointing)* Look!

(A couple of squad cars are parked in the street; the cops who rode here in them have panicked and are fleeing the scene.)

Blossom: *(resignedly, folding up phone)* Great.

Green Dook: Dooks of Doom hungry?

Weasel Dook: Eat yummy mailbox!

Pink Dook: Eat yummy garbage!

Green Dook: Eat yummy car!

(On each of these lines, the speaking character stops by the named item—a mailbox, a trash can, a squad car—and proceeds to devour it. The girls can only watch as chaos reigns around them.)

Blossom: Now what are we gonna do? *(A cop runs up behind them and grabs his radio.)*

Radio cop: Station! Send backup to Maple Street! *(He runs o.c.)*

Blossom: Maple Street? This is the street where Stan and Sandra Practice live! *(She has now put the phone away.)*

Bubbles: *(pointing)* Look!

(Cut to the exterior of a house that looks like one you might find at a ski resort: large stone chimneys, high roofs that slope nearly to the ground, sprawling plan. A car is parked out front.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* That's the Practices' house there!

(Close-up of a brass plate by the front door, with a slot cut into it to receive mail. Engraved in it: "Stan & Sandra Practice—Lic." Above it is a sticker identifying this house as #32. The girls run up, and Buttercup starts pounding on the door.)

Buttercup: Mr. and Mrs. Practice! *(also ringing doorbell)* Open up!

(The door is answered by a very smug-looking Sandra—Mrs. Practice, as previously noted—and a still-disapproving Stanley.)

Sandra: Well, if it isn't—

Blossom: The Dooks of Doom are terrorizing the neighborhood! *(Cut to the Dooks, doing so; she continues o.c.)* We came to warn you. *(Back to the doorstep.)*

Stanley: Listen. If this is some clever attempt to get us to change our minds, you can—

(Cut to the green Dook, who roars in fury. He is now on the step as well.)

Green Dook: Gol-Gor still hungry! *(Pull back to frame the girls and the Practices; the latter cower in fear.)* Eat yummy people!

(His intentions are met by two adult screams, after which the five intended main courses duck inside and slam the door. Cut to the front hall; we can now see that the inside surface of the door is covered with steel armor plating. The girls lean their backs against this as Stanley wipes his hands and Sandra gives the trio the hairiest eyeball she can drum up.)

Blossom: Mr. and Mrs. Practice, please listen! If you'd just let us—

Stanley: *(jabbing a finger at them)* No! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, you listen! *(holding up a remote control)* This house is protected by—

(Close-up of the remote. As he continues, he presses a button; locking bolts secure the door, and more plating covers the windows.)

Stanley: *(from o.c.)* —a state-of-the-art, fully fortified and reinforced security system.

(Cut to the doorstep, where one last sheet of steel crashes down to secure the outer surface of the door. Gol-Gor, the green Dook, stares at this a moment; pan to just behind him as he turns around and grunts down at the weasel.)

Gol-Gor: Gol-Gor need BOMB!

(Babbling incoherently, the runt tries to run o.c. but is quickly grabbed in one massive fist. Gol-Gor holds up a large mallet in his free hand; one end of its head opens up, and a smaller mallet is extended from within, held by a clamp. Gol-Gor plucks this away and bashes the little fellow over the head with it, knocking him silly. In no time, he is squashed between the palms and shaped into an artillery shell, which Gol-Gor hands off to the pink Dook. The latter stuffs the projectile into the tank's cannon. Back to the front hall; the Practices look quite proud of their security system, but the girls have considerable doubts.)

Stanley: Yep. Nothing can penetrate this fortress. (*Outside.*)

Gol-Gor: FIRE BOMB!!

(He does so; cut to the front hall as the five duck away from the door. An instant later, it ceases to exist when the cannon shot hits it, and the glare of the blast pours in through the doorway. The adults are first to run upstairs, with the girls close behind; all five scream bloody murder as fire and smoke rise from below. Gol-Gor drives his tank up after them and is followed by the pink Dook; the weasel lags behind considerably as before.)

(The girls and the Practices reach the master bedroom and shut themselves in, and the latter two lean their weight against the door.)

Blossom: Listen, you guys! It doesn't have to be like this!

(Gol-Gor's fists crash through the door, and the five barely avoid being grabbed. More screams from the adults as the big green psycho shoves his head in through the hole he has created.)

Gol-Gor: YUMMY PEOPLE!!

(He starts to pull in a huge breath, creating enough suction to pull objects toward his mouth. At the other end of the room, everyone holds on to the window frames for dear life. The Practices' clothes are ripped off, leaving them in only their underwear.)

Bubbles: *(pulling out cell phone)* Blossom! Try the police again!

Sandra: FORGET THE POLICE!! USE YOUR SUPERPOWERS!!

Blossom: But what about the contract?

Stan, Sandra: FORGET THE CONTRACT!!

(Sandra pulls out a copy and tears it in half, and the girls smile as the shreds go flying past them. They let go of their anchor points and brace for action.)

Girls: It's butt-kicking time! (*Head-on view of Gol-Gor, zooming in.*)

Gol-Gor: Huh?

(A flash of white, and the girls are doing their duty. Buttercup lands a flying kick to Gol-Gor's jaw, Bubbles uppercuts the pink Dook, and Blossom fires an eye-laser blast that connects squarely with the weasel's posterior and makes him scream in pain. She stops briefly, letting him run away a bit, and then lets him have it all over again. Cut to the exterior of the house, which jumps and shakes with the violence of the beating the girls are dishing out. Finally, an overhead shot of the area is seen; the roof explodes, and the Dooks sail out through it to parts unknown.)

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

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