

SWEET 'N' SOUR

Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville! *(Tilt down quickly to the bank.)* Where a typical day is exploding with typical crimes.

(The building is blown to smithereens on the word “exploding,” after which the camera pulls back a bit to show Mojo Jojo on the other side of the street. He is laughing in his sleeve at the stunt he has just brought off. Cut to Fuzzy Lumkins, standing in the middle of another road and twanging away on his banjo. His playing is abysmal at best; pull back during the next line to show people covering their ears in pain.)

Narrator: Where sour notes are no surprises.

(Now a frightened old woman is seen; the shadows of the Gangrene Gang cast themselves over her. Cut to the five ne'er-do-wells.)

Narrator: And the usual suspects... *(Big Billy, in the back, pushes the others aside.)* ...are always at large.

(The girls' shadows fall over the Gang; it is their turn to look scared. The shadows rise o.c. as they look up; cut to the girls, gaining altitude.)

Narrator: But true to form, the Powerpuff Girls always come to the rescue!

(Blossom unloads on Grubber, Bubbles on Snake, Buttercup on Little Arturo. Billy and Ace get theirs from Bubbles and Blossom, respectively, after which we see the old woman again. She smiles and gives a thumbs-up as Ace collapses senseless next to her. Buttercup and Bubbles each crack Fuzzy over the head with his banjo; Blossom then breaks it, eliciting cheers from the bystanders who had been suffering through that aural onslaught.)

*Next, Mojo gets it from each girl in turn and is knocked flying. Cut to a sidewalk newsstand, near which a Townsville Tribune delivery truck is parked. It pulls away, exposing a pile of fresh papers it has just dropped off, and Mojo plows into these a moment later. Copies fly everywhere; one of them floats toward the camera, giving a good view of the front page. **Headline:** “ANOTHER TYPICAL DAY SAVED BY THE POWERPUFF GIRLS.” **Photo:** the bank, pieced back together with a “Grand Re-Opening” sign in front, and the girls floating overhead.)*

(Cut to their bedroom. Blossom has the paper in hand and folds it up. Bubbles plays with a pile of stuffed animals, while Buttercup rolls a toy car across the carpet.)

Blossom: It's the same old same old, I tell you.

Bubbles: *(holding a stuffed dog)* Oh, little puppy, I love you.

(She kisses it, sets it aside, and pulls out a cat.)

Bubbles: And I love you. *(Kiss, set aside, pull out an ogre.)* And I...think you're swell.

(No kiss this time; instead, she slides the toy under the bed. Just as she is about to pull another one from the pile, it shakes apart. The cause is Buttercup, who has a stuffed rabbit in her teeth and is shaking it back and forth.)

Bubbles: Buttercup, stop! Stop! *(trying to pull it away)* You're hurting my babies! Stop! *(It comes free.)*

Buttercup: Geez, Bubbles, they're just stuffed animals.

Bubbles: I don't care. They're cute and fuzzy and I love 'em. *(She cradles it; Buttercup turns to Blossom.)*

Blossom: You wouldn't hurt 'em if they were real, and they're real to Bubbles, so cool it!

Buttercup: Saps! That's what you are, a bunch of saps!

(The hotline's buzzer brings the discussion to an abrupt end. Blossom answers it, leaving her sisters by the bed.)

Blossom: Hello? ...Yeah, Mayor, what's up? *(suddenly deflated)* Oh, okay, we'll be right there. *(She hangs up.)* Another robbery at the bank. Come on.

(Dissolve to the bank, again seen from across the street; the alarm is going off. The building repairs have now been touched up. Inside, the girls throw open the front doors.)

Blossom: All right. Who is it this—

(Zoom in on them as they gasp in shock. Extreme close-ups of the following: a light blue eye in a pink face; a white animal's haunches; a yellow tail tinged with a darker shade at its tip; a set of pink hindquarters, a yellow cat's ear, visible above a green eye; a pair of long pink ears; a black nose on a white snout; the nose and mouth of the pink face. Pull back to show all three creatures on the floor—a pink, blue-eyed rabbit, a white, black-nosed dog; and the yellow cat. It goes without saying which part belongs to which animal.)

(These three are the picture of cuteness—but when the camera pulls back a bit, several sacks of cash are seen piled up near them. The tellers and customers just look tenderly at the trio. One teller hands another sack to the rabbit.)

Teller: Here's the last bag of money. Now don't forget to come on back and rob us again tomorrow. *(patting its head)* Awww, you're so cute!

(These three have just pulled off a bank job by themselves. Back to the girls.)

Bubbles: *(happily)* Look! The bank's being held up by little baby animals! Isn't that sweet?

Buttercup: Watch out! They could be dangerous! I'll take care of it. *(She zips in.)*

Blossom: Wait! Buttercup!

(She quickly breaks up the animals' grouping by pushing the rabbit aside. The quality of their voices matches their sweet appearance.)

Buttercup: Hey! Where do you think you're going with Townsville's money?

Rabbit: *(staring to cry)* Ow! You hurt me! *(The other two rush to its side; they too are crying.)*

Dog: Please! Have mercy!

(The onlookers are shocked by this development; a general gasp goes up.)

Woman 1: Oh, poor thing!

Man 1: Did you see how she almost tore off his arm?

Teller: I've never seen such unnecessary brutality in my life!

(Close-up of a rather uneasy Buttercup; zoom in slowly as the angry murmurs are heard from all sides. The clamor suddenly dies out, and the camera pulls back to show her at the door again, with her sisters flanking her.)

Bubbles: What should we do?

Blossom: They might be cute and cuddly, but they still broke the law.

Rabbit: *(from o.c.)* Please...

(This draws the attention of all three; cut to the animal in a woman's arms. The others have gathered around her.)

Rabbit: We're sorry. We didn't know it was wrong. *(Another woman lets a tear fall; the dog is being petted.)*

Dog: We're just poor little orphans. *(The cat winds around someone's legs.)*

Cat: Please. We won't do it again. *(It purrs; pull back.)*

Crowd: Awwwww... *(The girls again.)*

Bubbles: We can't turn 'em in! They're just harmless little furries.

(Blossom groans. Cut to the three half-pint robbers, grouped together and waiting nervously.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Okay. You can go. *(They smile.)*

Crowd: *(from o.c.)* Hooray!

(Happy talking as the camera pulls back to frame them.)

Blossom: Come on, let's go. *(They start walking out.)*

Buttercup: So we're just gonna let 'em go, just like that?

(As her sisters go on ahead and leave the bank, she stops and looks over her shoulder. The dog and rabbit trade a high five.)

Buttercup: Hmmm...

(Fade to black.)

(Snap to a new issue of the Townsville Tribune. This time, the headline is “BUTTERCUP: RABBIT HATER??” and the photo shows her pushing that member of the robbers’ trio. The sub-headline: “Animal Rights Groups Up in Arms Over PPG Violence.” Pull back; the girls are in their bedroom again, and this time Buttercup is the one with the paper in hand. Blossom reads a book while Bubbles jumps rope.)

Buttercup: Not even a mention that they were holding up a bank!

Blossom: Come on, Buttercup, lighten up. How harmful could they really be?

(The hotline’s buzzer lays that issue to rest; this time, Bubbles answers it.)

Bubbles: The Townsville Jewelry Store? We’ll be right there!

(Cut to said store, which sits on a corner. Its alarm is ringing out; inside, the girls burst in through the front door. Zoom in on them as their faces go slack and they gasp.)

Blossom: It’s you!

(The cat sits on the floor, wearing a gold/diamond tiara and collar and with a sack of loot nearby. The dog is up on one of the display cases; it wears a small crown, and a saleswoman is just about to put a jeweled collar on its neck. A salesman is giving the rabbit a ring with a huge gem set in it; gold flower-shaped earrings adorn its ears. Pull back to frame all three.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Again!

Saleswoman: *(cheerfully, to dog)* Is there anything else you’d like to steal? *(Buttercup flies up and grabs it.)*

Dog: Help! Don’t let her hurt me!

Salesman: *(cheerfully, to rabbit)* Please, take another diamond. *(Bubbles flies up and grabs the creature.)*

Rabbit: Ohhh...the pain!

(In no time flat, a mass of concerned citizens appears at the door to survey the scene.)

Man 2: Hey, look. It’s those little adorable animals.

(The girls are at a loss for words. On the next line, Bubbles and Buttercup slowly drop to ground level with their captives; Blossom is already there, with the cat in her grip.)

Narrator: And those big ugly Powerpuff Girls!

(Sensing—probably correctly—that this bunch might very well lynch them in the next thirty seconds, they let the animals go.)

Animals: *(running o.c. toward camera)* Please, help us! *(They reach the crowd.)*

Rabbit: Please don't let 'em harm us.

Cat: We're very, very sorry.

Dog: We'll never do it again.

(The next two people to speak up are a woman who looks a fair bit like the "flower girl" hippie in "Save Mojo," followed by Carl Jusscarl—the trash collector interviewed in "Documentary.")

Woman 2: You're not taking them to jail, are you?

Carl: They don't know any better!

Man 2: They're just babies, for cryin' out loud! *(Loud booing as the girls carry the animals slowly away.)*

Bubbles: I'm sorry. They have to learn their lesson.

(Cut to the girls in flight. The animals drop their cute voices and start sounding like street punks.)

Dog: Listen here, you bug-eyed creeps. We won't last one minute in that jail.

Rabbit: Yeah, not with our cute little faces. *(Cute voice for last three words.)*

Cat: Yeah! So why don't you do us all a favor and let us go now?

Blossom: No way!

(They fly o.c. Cut to the police station, where they land. A cop is waiting out front.)

Bubbles: Here are the convicts we told you about.

Cop: *(petting rabbit)* Hey there, little guy. *(to girls)* This is a prison, not a pet shop. *(They take off, leaving the animals.)* What am I supposed to do with 'em?

(Purring and whimpering draws his attention to the three deliveries. He regards them stolidly for a moment, but his expression soon softens and he gathers them into his arms.)

Cop: *(chuckling)* Aww, come here, you...

(Fade to black.)

(Snap to another new issue of the Townsville Tribune. Headline: "FLUFFY BUNCH RELEASED FOR CUTE BEHAVIOR." Photo: a hulking prison inmate playing with the dog. Pull back; the girls are in their bedroom once more. This time, Bubbles has the paper, Blossom fidgets with her hair, and Buttercup sits by the bed. Something small is poking out from underneath the edge of the blanket.)

Bubbles: *(sighing)* No one believes us. *(Cut to Buttercup; the object looks like a doll's shoes.)*

Buttercup: Now do you still think they're cute? *(noticing it)* Huh?

(She pulls it out. It is the ogre doll Bubbles shoved out of sight earlier—and Buttercup’s face lights up.)

Buttercup: Hunchback! I thought you were gone forever!

(She hugs the toy, making it squeak. Hotline buzzer, followed by the sound of it being answered. Blossom has the receiver and not a shred of liveliness in her voice.)

Blossom: Of course. We’ll be right there.

(Long shot of the museum; inside, the front door is thrown open to admit the girls.)

Blossom: Hold it! *(Zoom in.)* Right there!

(The thieves of the hour are gathered in the lobby. Various works of art are piled up near them; pull back to show a throng of cheering patrons.)

Curator: *(to dog)* Please, if there’s anything else you need... *(It gives the girls a knowing look and wink.)*

Buttercup: You can’t fool us! *(The crowd goes sour on them.)*

Man 3: You’re the only fools here!

Woman 3: Why don’t you leave the poor innocent things alone?

Woman 4: What are you gonna do, put muzzles on ’em?

Bubbles: Where are we gonna take them? We can’t take them to jail.

Blossom: I know! We’ll take them to the Mayor. He’ll know just what to do.

(Cut to a close-up of him in his office.)

Mayor: I know just what to do—give ’em a full pardon for all their adorable crimes! *(angrily)* And shame on you Powerpuff Girls!

(Close-up of Buttercup, in the office and positively stunned by his words. Blossom is partially in view next to her.)

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* You terrible, terrible people! What are you—animal haters?

(On the end of this, pan to Bubbles, who is standing on the other side of Blossom. None of them has a good response on hand. Now he slides across the carpet toward his desk, where the “Fluffy Bunch”—as referred to in the paper—is gathered.)

Mayor: Oh, you cute poodly-woodlies! Come to Daddy. *(They do so, purring and whimpering; he laughs.)* Oh! Steaming up my monocle.

(Cut to just behind his head. The dog looks up over his shoulder.)

Dog: *(punk voice)* You’re goin’ down, Powerpuffs.

Buttercup: Oh, yeah? We'll see about that.

(Cut to a close-up of a sign held aloft: "DOWN WITH THE PPG'S.")

Protesters: *(from o.c.)* Down with the Powerpuff Girls!

(Pull back to show a group of angry citizens—all with various disparaging signs in hand—circling in the street in front of the girls' house. They continue their mantra as the camera tilts up to the bedroom windows. Looking down on the sorry state of events, Bubbles sighs sadly.)

Man 4: *(from o.c.)* Go home, Powerpuff Girls! *(An egg is thrown, hitting her.)*

Bubbles: We are home, dodo-brain!

(Yet another issue of the Townsville Tribune is seen. Headline: "PPG'S AT ALL-TIME LOW." Photo: a picture of the three girls' heads with a circle-and-slash superimposed on them.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Bubbles...

(Pull back. The girls are in their bedroom; Blossom has the paper, Bubbles is still at the window, Buttercup sits near a small radio. The last two are ready to call it quits.)

Blossom: ...it's no use. Everyone hates us.

Man on radio: So what if a few little animals are thieves? Does that mean they should be punished?

(Buttercup smashes the radio. Now a TV news broadcast is seen. Next to the anchor is a graphic showing the three grand larcenists, with a cheering crowd gathered behind them. During the next line, pull back to put the girls in view; they are watching this in the living room.)

Anchor: The Fluffy Bunch is gaining citywide attention with its cuddly crimes. They are so adorable!

(Outside the bank. The alarm is ringing once again, and after a moment, the door opens and the Bunch scampers out with bags of cash. A crowd pours out to cheer them on; pull back to the other side of the street. The girls are watching from here. Cut to a close-up of a car's ignition, which the dog is hotwiring. The vehicle's alarm blares out, but the canine pays no mind and gives a thumbs-up. The rabbit's ears poke over the edge of the dashboard as it puts the car in gear, and the cat works the gas and brake pedals. They pull away from the curb in a screech of tires; pan left a bit to the owner, a skinny fellow at the curb. He waves and sighs happily.)

(In the park, a baby cries in its mother's arms. Zoom in on these two; she gives the child a bottle, quieting it down, but the rabbit reaches into view and snatches the thing away. More crying ensues. The mother is understandably worried, but upon seeing the perpetrator and the two accomplices, she smiles warmly and lets them go on their way. Now, in a different jewelry store from the one that was hit earlier, there is a huge pile of gems in the middle of the floor. As the

alarm bell rings, the animals pop their heads out of the wealth one by one; pull back to show yet another happy crowd of witnesses.)

(The Mayor presents the Bunch with the key to the city outside Townsville Hall, much to the citizens' delight. Pull back to reveal this as part of a TV broadcast, then turn around to show the girls watching it in the living room. Not one happy face in the bunch. A limousine rolls through the city streets, with the Bunch and a few female groupies in and on it; as it passes the girls, they are enveloped in a cloud of sooty exhaust that makes them cough.)

(Dissolve to a point outside the bedroom windows. As they stare morosely down, one girl per window, the camera follows their gaze to ground level. The front door of the house is open, and the beaming thieves carry out items of furniture. The Professor pokes his head out and waves cheerfully after them. Dissolve to a hot tub in the Mayor's office; he and they are soaking in it.)

Mayor: I can't wait to hear about your next robbery!

(Pull back to put the hotline in the fore, on a corner of his desk, and dissolve around it to the girls' bedroom. Blossom and Buttercup regard the silent telephone dejectedly; over near the bed, Bubbles is back at her pile of stuffed animals. She addresses herself to the teddy bear she is holding.)

Bubbles: Talk to me, Kitty. Say something! *(dropping it, crushed)* What? So now you all hate me? Is that it? *(She hangs her head.)*

Buttercup: We're helpless! What are we gonna do?

Bubbles: Maybe if we wait six months, then they'll be all grown up and we can beat 'em up.

Blossom: We don't have that kind of time! The Fluffy Bunch is robbing Townsville blind!

Bubbles: *(fiercely, pulling on bear's head)* They're just...so...cute! *(The head tears off.)* Everyone loves them too much!

(Pause. Suddenly lightning strikes in Blossom's brain.)

Blossom: That's it!

(Her sisters are caught flat-footed by her words. Fade to black.)

(Snap to the Bunch walking down a street in the suburbs and pan to follow them. All three use the punk voices from here on in.)

Dog: What a week! We sure have Townsville fooled.

Rabbit: Yeah, we've stolen just about everything in sight.

Cat: I feel you, though. I can't wait to get outta this place. All the huggin' and cuddlin' and cute talkin' is drivin' me crazy!

Dog: Don't worry. We'll be outta here in no time. *(All stop short.)* Whoa!

(Cut to behind them. They are looking at a bank—one that has never been seen in these suburbs before.)

Dog: Look! A new bank! Let's hit it!

(Cut to inside the building's door, which opens to admit the Bunch; the place looks very much like the Pokey Oaks Kindergarten classroom. Zoom in on the animals as they gasp in shock, then cut to a series of extreme close-ups of the following. A kid's sneaker-clad foot; an eager, smiling mouth with a lot of missing baby teeth; an outstretched hand; a midsection not quite completely covered by a T-shirt; unruly black hair; an eye with a thick brow lowered over it; a dirty hand; a nose with snot dribbling out; a butt whose crack shows slightly above a jeans waistband; an ear full of wax. Pull back finally to reveal that these various body parts belong to the members of Ms. Keane's class, who gasp happily at the new arrivals.)

Girl: Look! Cute fuzzy animals! *(as all charge)* Let's hug 'em!

(Said animals are too paralyzed with fear to put up any resistance. They have just enough time for one terrified cry before they disappear into the tide of overly enthusiastic five-year-olds. What intelligible words they are able to get out are scattered between yelps of pain.)

Dog: Ow!...Yow!...Cut it out!...Stop!...Yow!...That hurts!...Yow!

Rabbit: No!...Ouch!...Ouch!...No!...Ow!...Watch the ears! Watch—ow!...Ow!

(The cat cannot say anything meaningful. Calling for help every way they know how, the three unfortunates are hustled across the room. Cut to the exterior of the "bank," which starts to shake due to all the commotion inside. The fake sign on the lawn falls away to reveal the one for Pokey Oaks Kindergarten, and the façade collapses in panels to expose the school building. Greed has led the Bunch into this trap. Inside, the kids charge out the door. After they are all gone, we see the girls standing in the corner, watching them go. The floor is littered with crayons, papers, and overturned desks and chairs.)

Bubbles: Well, do you think that was enough punishment for their crimes?

Buttercup: Definitely!

Blossom: Well, you know what they say—if you can't beat 'em, love 'em! *(They giggle.)*

(The standard end shot comes up, but the usual music is replaced by "cute" music of the sort that played behind many of the Bunch's scenes.)

Narrator: Too bad the day was saved by the Powerpuff Girls, because they were so cute and furry and snuggly and huggable—mmm!