

MAKES ZEN TO ME
Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of—

(Before he can finish his usual opening line, cut to the wall of a building. Fuzzy Lumkins is hurled into view and smashes into it face first. Tilt down as he slides a distance, plowing a wide swath through the masonry; Buttercup then flies into view and flings him away into the street. His impact with the asphalt creates a small explosion, which clears to leave him lying dazed in a crater. Zoom in slowly; he mumbles weakly, then snaps back to full, panicked consciousness.)

Fuzzy: I give up!

(Buttercup grabs one pink arm, yanks him out of the crater, and slams him back and forth several times before launching a series of crushing blows.)

Buttercup: *(on the last one)* Boom!

Fuzzy tumbles to the street and slides along, cutting a furrow through the road surface, and groans wearily after he stops. Bubbles and Blossom float down to land behind Buttercup and are a bit surprised at the ferocity of her attacks.)

Buttercup: That takes care of that! *(suddenly changing moods)* Boy, I'm hungry. Let's go meet the Professor for dinner.

(She takes off; her sisters trade a very puzzled look.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c., echoing)* Hurry up, you guys!

(Cut to Suki's, a Japanese restaurant, and dissolve to the Professor and the girls at a table inside. There are more bowls of food in front of Buttercup than at the others' places, yet she is the only one not already plying a pair of chopsticks.)

Buttercup: Yeah, this is great. All you can eat, how I love it!

(She picks up a bit of food with the utensils, but it slides out en route to her mouth. She glares at her dinner, throws the chopsticks aside, and dumps the contents of that bowl down the hatch. Cut to her sisters.)

Blossom: There she goes again—Miss Overdo-It.

(Back to Buttercup. Every bowl in front of her is now empty; she works a huge mouthful of food back and forth and talks through it after a moment.)

Buttercup: What's that supposed to mean?

Blossom: Oh, nothing. *(A waiter arrives with a tray of fortune cookies.)*

Waiter: Here are your fortune cookies. *(The Professor takes them.)*

Girls: Yay!

(Close-up of Bubbles; the Professor sets a cookie in front of her.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* One for you... *(She breaks it open; Blossom gets one.)* ...and one for you... *(She does likewise; Buttercup gets one.)* ...and one for you.

(This last cookie is opened by the brunette's fist slamming down on it. She gathers up the pieces and eats them; meanwhile, the other two girls are looking at the fortune slips inside.)

Blossom: What's your fortune, Bubbles?

Bubbles: "You bring sunshine to all who surround you." *(gasping happily)* I do! *(Blossom giggles.)* What's yours?

Blossom: "Your quality is that of a leader. Others are sure to follow you." *(Both giggle.)*

Bubbles: That's true! *(Cut to Buttercup, eyeing her fortune disgustedly.)*

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* What's yours, Buttercup?

Buttercup: "Be not violent or angry. Peace lies within." *(throwing it aside)* What a stupid fortune! It wasn't even funny! *(Back to her sisters.)*

Blossom: I don't know, Buttercup. Sounds right to me.

Bubbles: *(hastily)* Me too.

Buttercup: What?

[Animation goof: Blossom's eyelids are flesh-colored in the preceding shot.]

Blossom: I'm just saying you should take it to heart.

Bubbles: You *have* been taking your fighting a little too far lately.

Blossom: Yeah. You didn't have to beat the stuffing out of Fuzzy so badly.

Bubbles: Poor Fuzzy.

Buttercup: Hel-lo? He's a stinking bad guy, remember? He deserves it!

Blossom: He gave up! It was over! But you continued to beat him up anyway.

Bubbles: It was a bit much. *(Cut to Buttercup.)*

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* You just don't know when to stop. You're always overdoing it.

Buttercup: Uh-uh. *(Cut back and forth; it gets increasingly heated.)*

Blossom: Uh-huh.

Buttercup: Uh-uh!

Blossom: Uh-huh!

Buttercup: Uh-uh!

(Cut to just outside the front door of Suki's. The Professor and the girls emerge, with Blossom and Buttercup continuing as above. He continues o.c., but the three stop as the door swings closed behind them. After a total of four more exchanges, Buttercup comes up with something different.)

Buttercup: I'm the good guy!

Voice 1: Oh, no, you're not!

(Pull back a bit as a wheelchair rolls partially into view near her. What we can see of the heavily bandaged patient—including a booted foot attached to a denim-clad leg—gives away the identity: it is Fuzzy. She gasps sharply; cut to him in the chair. He is indeed a complete wreck, and a doctor, a nurse, and an orderly are on hand to look after him. The nurse writes on a clipboard. Blossom and Bubbles cannot believe their eyes.)

Bubbles: Oh, Fuzzy!

(The doctor speaks up—it was his voice that was just heard.)

Doctor: *(accusingly)* Are you proud of yourself, young lady?

Buttercup: *(stunned)* I...I... *(Close-up of Fuzzy, panning slowly across him.)*

Doctor: *(from o.c.)* Thanks to you, he can't eat right, he can't talk right, he can't even think right!

Buttercup: But I...no...no! NOOOOOOOOOO!!

(Still screaming this last, she takes off and disappears into the distance. Her sisters look up worriedly after her.)

Blossom: What got into her?

(Wipe to a section of a misty, snow-capped mountain range, then dissolve to Buttercup sulking on a ridge.)

Buttercup: Those jerks! It's not like how they say, I'm just doing my job! I'm just... *(groaning resignedly)* Who am I kidding? They're right. I'm a mess. I need to change, and I don't even know where to start.

Voice 2: At the beginning, Grasshopper.

(This new voice—which sounds like an Oriental philosopher—surprises her into a flash of anger. Pull back to show the speaker standing next to her. Old, bald, yellow robes, wooden bead necklace—he fits, almost to a T, the role of the Shaolin temple masters on Kung Fu.)

Buttercup: What the—who? I'm not a grasshopper.

Master: Knowing the problem is the first step in solving it. I can guide you, but the journey is yours alone to take.

Buttercup: You don't even know what my problem is. How can you—

Master: Grasshopper, be not violent or angry, for peace lies within. *(Close-up of Buttercup.)*

Buttercup: Yeah, yeah, I get that a lot. *(She sulks a bit.)*

Master: *(from o.c., holding out fortune slip)* I think this was yours.

(She takes it back and looks up toward him with genuine confusion.)

Buttercup: My fortune from...the cookie, but...how did—

(Long shot of him, his back to us. He is walking slowly toward the mist that swirls around the mountain peaks.)

Master: To conquer oneself is a greater victory than to conquer thousands in battle. You need patience, Grasshopper... *(He disappears into the mist.)* ...and wisdom. *(She rushes into view.)*

Buttercup: Wait, wait!

(No immediate response—but the mist soon evaporates to reveal an Oriental temple built atop a peak some distance away, with the full moon behind it in a clear night sky. Buttercup is awestruck.)

Buttercup: Wow, that is so cool. *(taking off toward it)* Wait for me!

(Dissolve to the interior of the temple. Candles on tall stands provide the only illumination, and Buttercup and the master sit facing each other in a pool of light thrown by them.)

Master: The path will not be easy.

Buttercup: I'm ready!

Master: Only the most serious mind can—

Buttercup: That's me!

Master: You must look inward.

Buttercup: Get on with it!

Master: You must be patient, Grasshopper. *(Cut to Buttercup; she relents.)*

Buttercup: Oh. Sorry.

Master: *(from o.c.)* You must let go.

Buttercup: I'm ready, Teacher. *(Back to him.)*

Master: Good. We begin.

(He holds up a cutout of a rabbit's head, attached to a stick; her pupils dilate and she smiles in wide-eyed joy. Next he shows a Mojo Jojo cutout, which is instantly obliterated with an eye-laser blast; he looks at the smoking stick with no small degree of consternation.)

Master: This is going to take a while.

(Extreme close-up of sand being poured from a small canister in the master's hand onto a surface. The small patch we can see is in some sort of geometric pattern. Pull back; he smiles benignly, and the camera cuts to an overhead view. He is sitting on the floor and has been pouring out the sand to make a mandala—an intricate design in many colors. After contemplating it for a short time, he takes a long brush and clears the floor in one sweep. Cut to Buttercup, who starts into the same effort, her face betraying intense concentration as the master comes up behind her. Suddenly his eyes go wide; after a bit more work, she straightens up and looks down proudly. Overhead view: she has created a picture of herself delivering a flying kick to Mojo's head. The master soon erases this as well, an action that its creator certainly did not

expect. She rounds on him angrily, but he merely tucks the brush away and bows; she does likewise.)

(Wipe to another area of the temple, which is covered with sand and a few boulders—a rock garden. Buttercup zips back and forth, using a rake on the sand; pan to follow her on the third pass until she pulls even with the master, whose back is to the camera. She stops upon catching sight of him, then sinks guiltily to the floor and continues the raking with leg-power as he doubtless instructed her to do.)

(Dissolve to the master, now at work pruning a bonsai tree with small scissors. The sound of high-speed cutting draws his attention; quick pan to Buttercup nearby. She is tending a tree of her own, zipping around it so quickly that her scissors are a blur. Bits of twigs and leaves fly everywhere; when she stops, there is nothing left but a nubbin of the stump. She looks at her work with some satisfaction.)

(Cut to her at a table set with three bowls of rice. She devours the contents of one, then another, throwing the empties aside. Before she can start on the last one, the master pushes a pair of chopsticks into view; she sees them out of the corner of her eye and freezes. Calming down, she returns the bowl to the table, takes the proffered utensils, and starts trying to eat with them.)

(Cut to a few candles that have gone out. Buttercup flies up next to them and uses her eye lasers to set them alight all at once. Pull back to show the beam spreading out to engulf many more dead candles in the temple; they too blaze up in an instant. Now she approaches another unlit group and prepares to repeat the performance—but again she is brought up short by the master's hand, which extends a lit match into view toward her. Those big green eyes speak volumes about how much she dreads the prospect ahead of her, but she nevertheless takes the match and begins to light candles by hand. Pull back to a very long shot of the temple, showing just how much lit wax is in the place; she is now a tiny figure in the bottom right corner.)

[Animation goof: When Buttercup takes the match, her dress and belt reverse colors several times.]

(Cut to the master, who holds up a cutout of a cat's head; Buttercup, once again seated facing from, reacts as she did when she saw the rabbit at the start of this sequence. Next he holds up the face of "Him," which provokes a burst of savage fury—but she struggles with herself, gets it under control, and even manages a smile. The master returns it as he puts away the villain face. Now Buttercup rakes the sand in the rock garden in the way he intended; wipe to her at the table and in full control of the chopsticks, then to the master at his bonsai tree. He looks approvingly o.c.; pan in that direction to show her working on a new one, slowly and deliberately. The smile that has established itself on her face in these last three shots speaks volumes about her success in a quest for inner tranquility.)

(Wipe to Buttercup asleep under a blanket, then to a shot of her in meditation, then to her at work on a new mandala. The master walks up behind her and smiles, and she does likewise when she finishes. Overhead view: this time, she has captured herself meditating against a sunburst background. Pull back to a long shot of teacher and student at the picture's edge; this time,

Buttercup blows across the sand to clear it all away, sending up clouds that fill the screen. When these dissipate, the two again sit facing one another amid the candles. Silence.)

(Close-up of one candle, which flickers in a gust of wind but does not go out, then of the master. He cocks an eyebrow at what has just happened—and the camera pulls back to reveal Mojo facing him. The wind was caused by his passage through the temple. Extreme close-up of the master's mouth.)

Master: Fire Beetle. *(Pull back a bit.)*

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Yes, it is I. *(walking into view)* The prodigal monkey returns. For I left but the student, but I must be the master. So I have returned to be the master, for I am no longer the student. And to be the master, I must defeat the master, and then I will be the master and no longer a student. For you were supposed to teach me, but you could not because you are crazy, so I have taught myself! Now this monkey returns to destroy you and elevate my status to master! How do you like them apples, fancy pants?

Master: You came seeking only violence. You were impatient. You would not look inside yourself. I could only guide you. The journey was yours to make. I did not fail you, nor the teachings. You failed yourself. And another thing— *(faster, as an afterthought)* —you're not a monkey, you're a chimp. There's a difference.

(Close-up of Mojo. He blinks in surprise before finding his tongue.)

Mojo: Your doubletalk no longer works on me, for I am the master, which I shall now prove without further delay, so prepare yourself for a whuppin'! *(suddenly surprised again)* Hold the phone.

(He looks suspiciously off to one side. Cut to Buttercup, deep in her meditation.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* A Powerpuff Girl?! *(Back to Mojo and the master.)*

Master: She is my new student, and most accomplished. She has done what you could not. She has calmed herself.

Mojo: *(pointing o.c. toward her)* Her? You crazy, teacher man! She is the most violent and ill-tempered of all the Powerpuffs! The most easily enraged, reveling in destruction, anger, overkill, and...well, uh, I show you.

(He walks to Buttercup's end of the floor and glares at her.)

Mojo: Girls are stupid.

(He ducks o.c. as fast as his feet will carry him, but she does not budge. Poking his head cautiously into the frame to satisfy himself of her non-response, he then approaches her again.)

Mojo: I'm smarter than you.

(He ducks back again, but not all the way o.c. this time. Still nothing. He steps over to her once more.)

Mojo: You cannot defeat me. Green is not your color. You look fat in that dress. (*turning, walking o.c. with annoyed grunt*) No matter.

(*Cut to the master once again.*)

Mojo: (*from o.c.*) Enough time-wasting!

(*He leaps into view to strike at the master's head and is blocked; the two quickly back up and the combat begins. Whatever attack Mojo tries, the master dodges or blocks with ease. This continues for some time.*)

Mojo: Oh, this is so frustrating! (*stopping, to master*) Your shoe's untied.

Master: (*looking down*) Mmm?

Mojo: Sucker monkey punch!

(*He throws a devastating hook that connects with the man's jaw and sends him tumbling to the floor in slow motion. The sound of his landing is not heard. Now Buttercup snaps out of her meditation and flies over to him. Even after taking that haymaker, his voice holds its serene quality.*)

Buttercup: What should I do, Master?

Master: The water rushing down the mountainside washes away impurities and replenishes the land. You must be like water, Grasshopper.

Buttercup: What?

Master: KICK HIS BUTT!!

(*She stands up; right away we see a bit of the old Buttercup emerging again.*)

Mojo: (*small voice*) Oh, no!

(*She screams and launches herself at him. Zoom in slowly on one very scared primate.*)

Mojo: Wait! I take it all back! I didn't mean it!

Buttercup: Boom!

(*With that word, she unloads on him—one colossal uppercut that propels him through the wall and into the night air. Cut to outside the temple; Mojo, visible only as a black speck at this distance, sails out screaming and starts to bounce off the peaks and ridges. Tilt down slowly to follow his progress. After he has fallen o.c., cut to the hole in the wall. Buttercup stands in it and looks down after him with her usual fiercely pleased expression. As Mojo's yells of pain echo up, the master approaches.*)

Buttercup: Yeah! High five! Whoo-hoo! (*She gets no takers and remembers where she is.*) Oh. Yeah. Sorry. (*She bows.*)

Master: Grasshopper, a skilled warrior strikes a decisive blow, then stops. Be not boastful or arrogant. Strike out of necessity. Take no delight in the defeat of others.

Buttercup: Yes, Master.

Master: You have done well, Grasshopper. *(She smiles.)* Fighting evil is your purpose, but remember—all things in moderation. Now, it is time to rejoin your sisters.

Buttercup: Thank you, Master. *(She kisses his cheek and takes off into the night.)*

Master: *(chuckling)* She's a good kid.

(The end shot comes up, showing Buttercup alone at center screen, smiling and flying toward the camera.)

Narrator: Wow! It's a whole new Buttercup! Who says a grasshopper can't be a butt-kicker?

(The other two pull into view, similarly posed: Bubbles L, Blossom R.)

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

(They fly o.c.: Buttercup straight up, Bubbles and Blossom to their respective sides.)