

REEKING HAVOC

Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville...is enjoying a beautiful sunny day! *(The girls fly across.)*
And so are the Powerpuff Girls.

(Cut to the exterior of their house; they land at the front door, which is ajar.)

Blossom: I think April is my favorite month out of the whole year.

(Close-up of the doorknob; wisps of vapor start to issue from within the house.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Mine too.

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Yeah, mine too. *(Pull back to frame all three.)* The flowers are blooming...

Buttercup: The sun is shining... *(The vapor has now reached Blossom.)*

Blossom: The smell of spring is in the air...

(Suddenly her eyes go very wide with surprise as she cuts herself off—whatever is drifting past her smells like anything but spring. Her sisters get a whiff and react similarly. Close-up of Buttercup, covering her nose.)

Buttercup: What is that smell? *(Blossom does likewise.)*

Blossom: Ugh! It's terrible! *(Bubbles has her hands to her mouth.)* It smells like hot meat.

Buttercup: And onions.

Bubbles: Peppers! Garlic powder! Oregano! A dash of Worcestershire sauce, and definitely a pinch of cumin!

Blossom: This can only mean one thing.

(They barge in; cut to inside the house. As they poke their heads cautiously around a corner, the rattling of equipment and a glutinous bubbling are heard from o.c. Cut to inside the kitchen; the Professor stands at the stove, with his back to the camera. This is the source of the fumes and the commotion. He has donned an apron and an oven mitt.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Professor? *(He turns around, holding up a mixing spoon.)*

Professor: Hey, girls! Guess what? You're just in time to taste my special concoction for the—

(Cut to the girls, now in the kitchen doorway—this was where they peeked in from.)

Girls: *(wearily)* We know. The Second Annual Townsville Chili Cook-Off. *(They float in.)*

Professor: Oh, of course you knew. You could probably smell the goodness a mile away. *(holding out filled spoon)* Here. Tell me what you think.

(The camera shifts to point toward the girls along the spoon's handle. They glance at the heaping contents with considerable unease.)

Professor: *(from o.c., wheedling)* Come on, taste it.

(They gulp nervously; shift to frame all four. As he beams proudly over the finished product, the girls each take a small amount in their hands and reluctantly slip it into their mouths. As soon as the chili hits their tongues, all six eyes bug out and all three gag reflexes kick in.)

Professor: A winner, huh? *(All responses are very strained.)*

Buttercup: Mmm-hmm.

Blossom: Uh... words can't describe.

Bubbles: I never tasted anything like it.

(Her teeth crumble away as she says this—evidently the chili is a bit too toxic for even the girls to tolerate. However, the cook is entirely oblivious to their discomfort.)

Professor: It just needs a few more finishing touches. Thanks, girls!

(They zip away, and he helps himself to a taste. It seems to have no ill effects, and after a moment of letting it sit in his mouth, he gets an idea.)

Professor: Ahh, I know what it needs. *(laughing, turning back to stove)* Coffee!

(He produces a can of it and proceeds to tip a liberal amount into the chili pot. Cut to the bedroom, where Buttercup is bent over the trash can in close-up. She groans weakly—the aftereffect of tossing her cookies as she did in “Him Diddle Riddle”—and lifts her head.)

Buttercup: Who ever thought it could actually look better coming out than going in?

(Pull back. Blossom sits on the other side of the can and does not look as if she has fared much better, while Bubbles sits hunched over near them.)

Buttercup: I'm guessing the Professor isn't gonna win this year.

Blossom: We're gonna have to tell him the truth.

Bubbles: We can't do that. He has to win! Remember what happened last year?

(A flash of white, and we are at that moment in time. The Professor and the girls are in his bedroom; he hunches over the bed and sobs into the pillow as they float overhead. After a moment, he lifts his face.)

Professor: Why me?

(He drops his head again; cut to just outside the front door and pull back slowly as he keeps wailing. Yellow caution tape has been wrapped around the house and yard, and holes have been dug in the latter. Hazardous-materials workers in full-body protection suits are hard at work:

removing contaminated items from the house, taking soil samples, writing damage assessments, pulling in test equipment through a bedroom window. A vehicle is parked in the driveway for the purpose of containing all the dangerous materials. Not only did the Professor fail to win the contest with this entry, he also single-handedly turned the place into a Superfund site.)

Professor: *(from inside)* WHY ME??

(Flash back to the present.)

Blossom: Yep. He has to win.

Bubbles: But how?

(Fade to black.)

(Fade in to the Professor's bedroom. It is nighttime outside, and he is in his pajamas and lying awake in bed.)

Narrator: Later that night...

Professor: It still needs something. Something...extra special.

(He turns off the bedside lamp, and the view snaps to black. A second later, it snaps in again as he turns the lamp back on; now inspiration has struck anew and made him sit up in bed. Close-up of a flask of Chemical X in the lab; he reaches into view and removes it from its clamp. Now it is seen being gently tipped over in the kitchen.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Just the teeniest little drop will be more than enough!

(As he says this, a small drop of the black liquid runs along the neck of the flask to the mouth; tilt down as it falls free and lands in the simmering chili. The mixture flares red briefly, after which the spot of Chemical X fades from view as the compound disperses itself. Pull back; the Professor holds the flask upright over the pot.)

Professor: Now *that's* the "extra special" I'm talking about.

(He smiles broadly. Dissolve to him back in bed, that same expression on his face.)

Professor: Sweet dreams, Mr. First-Place Chili Chef of the Year.

(He turns off the lamp, blacking out the screen. Now Blossom's eyes open in the darkness.)

Blossom: I've got it!

(Cut to her in the kitchen; she floats over the pot with the flask in hand and is carefully tipping it as the Professor did.)

Blossom: Just one...

(Close-up of a drop sliding down the neck, then pull back. Buttercup has taken Blossom's place.)

Buttercup: ...drop.

(Close-up of that one drop as it falls into the chili which reacts as before, then pull back to show Bubbles in Buttercup's place.)

Bubbles: Perfect!

(The same idea has hit all three girls at different times. Fade to black.)

Narrator: That's gonna be one explosive chili! Hoo boy!

(Snap to the gate of Townsville Park and zoom in through it. People are enjoying a lovely day, and an amphitheater has been set up with a banner for the Townsville Chili Cook-Off.)

Narrator: Townsville Park is full of excitement—

(Cut to the judges' table and pan along it. The Mayor, Ms. Keane, and Ms. Bellum are tasting the entries. Near the Mayor's end stands the first-place trophy, which is full of chili. Ms. Bellum's face is hidden by a sign on the table: "CHILI COOK-OFF SUBMISSIONS HERE." Several bowls have been dropped off; each is identified only with a letter.)

Narrator: —as all the judges are busy tasting away.

Professor: *(from o.c., moaning)* I can barely take this. *(Cut to him and the girls nearby; Bubbles has a balloon.)* I'm so nervous.

Blossom: There's nothing to be nervous about. You're gonna win hands down.

Professor: You think so?

Bubbles: I *know* so.

Buttercup: There's no question.

Professor: *(pointing)* Look! I think they're about to try my chili.

(Ms. Keane eats a spoonful and lets off a flaming belch; she claps a hand to her mouth.)

Ms. Keane: Oh! Now that's pretty extraordinary.

(Ms. Bellum tastes the mix—and her curly red-orange hair straightens itself out in an instant.)

Ms. Bellum: Oh! Very inventive.

(Now the Mayor tries the stuff; it hits him so hard that he is thrown out of his chair. Cut to him, prone on the ground and moaning dazedly. Ms. Bellum slides across the grass and scoops him up; her hair has returned to its normal style.)

Ms. Bellum: Are you okay, Mayor?

Mayor: Ooh, I am now. That chili packs a powerful punch! I declare the new winner of the Second Annual Chili Cook-Off!

(Close-up of the big trophy; on the next line, pull back to frame it in the Professor's hands. The three judges stand with him.)

Mayor: Professor Utonium! *(Pan across a cheering crowd, including the girls; he continues o.c.)* Free winning chili for everyone!

(Back to the winner; he hugs the prize giddily.)

Professor: I'm so verklempt!

Girls: *(hugging him)* We knew you could do it, Professor!

Blossom: *(pointing)* And look!

(Cut to the judges' table, where the Mayor is now dishing up the winning recipe to eager spectators—and holding up a pickle.)

Mayor: Professor Utonium's chili! Try it with a pickle!

(Pull back to put the family in the foreground. They are looking at a very long waiting line.)

Blossom: Everyone's clamoring for a bowl of your number-one chili!

Bubbles: You really did it this time, Professor!

Narrator: *(sardonically)* You don't say.

(Fade to black.)

(Snap to the exterior of the house that evening. Inside, a Nobel Prize medallion from 1993 sits on a shelf in the Professor's study. Pull back a bit; he reaches up, removes it from its perch, and tosses it aside. In its place he sets the trophy he has just won. Close-up of him, sighing happily, then pull back across the room. The Nobel Prize has landed on the floor by his desk.)

Professor: Me. The winner. *(He laughs.)* What a gas! *(Loud stomach rumbling.)* Uh-oh.

(In the girls' bedroom, Bubbles is putting on her nightgown. She finds herself experiencing similar discomfort and she groans a bit.)

Bubbles: Professor's chili sure is rumbly in my tumbly.

(Blossom and Buttercup, sitting on the bed and also dressed for sleep, trade puzzled looks. Cut to the Mayor's bedroom; his wife is sound asleep, but he is sitting up with stomach trouble.)

Mayor: My! The sheets are unusually toasty.

(Now Ms Bellum is seen in her kitchen; her sleepwear consists of a yellow negligee. Her digestive tract argues briefly with the chili as well, and she sighs while going about her business—cutting a slice from a wedge of Swiss cheese. Cut to a gas station; it is now the next day, and Ms. Keane is filling her tank when the indigestion hits her, causing her to moan a bit. She is handed a gasoline can and sighs with relief as her gut calms down and the hiss of air in a pipe is heard.)

(Through an apartment window, we see and hear a fat fellow suffering from the effects of that souped-up chili. He is seen from shoulders to knees; suddenly he turns around, presenting his butt to the camera as an owl's hooting is heard o.c. and his stomach stops churning. Pull back a distance to frame the bird in a nearby tree. The man sighs happily.)

(Cut to a bus-stop bench. Another man has been stricken. This time, a low sustained tone is heard to accompany his relief; pull back to show its source—the old fellow next to him is playing a tuba. The chili victim sighs. Next, in a dimly lit room, four dogs are playing poker after the fashion of the famous Coolidge painting. The distinct sound of breaking wind is heard; noses perk up, and one dog finds himself on the receiving end of three rather angry stares as the prime suspect. Another such sound is heard; this time, all four canines look o.c. in one direction, and the camera pans over there to show Don Shank, curled up sleeping on a small rug.)

Dog: *(from o.c.)* He did it!

(Shank wakes up briefly, glares at the dogs, and voices a contemptuous little grunt before settling down again.)

(By now, it should be obvious what symptom has been affecting all these people. Cut to the exterior of the house at night. The noxious byproducts of digestion gone wrong start to emanate from this and every other dwelling on the block; a slow pan down another street reveals that the problem has spread throughout the suburbs. In the city proper, tilt up along the height of several buildings whose occupants have let off quite a bit more than normal, then down along another group. The vapors are now drifting down into the sewer—from which an unwholesome light starts to pulse, accompanied by a low, growling chuckle of whatever is beneath the streets. Fade to black.)

(Snap to the exterior of the house; it is now the next day. The air is clear again. Other areas of the suburbs and the city proper are no longer beset by streams of flatulence. Traffic flows normally in the city streets, and people bustle along the sidewalks. A Doodie Diaper Service truck makes its rounds, but the driver suddenly finds a blast of the greenish gas crossing his path. He floors the accelerator in an attempt to escape it, but does not notice that the street he is on has come to an end and crashes into a building.)

(Extreme close-up of a very hairy and sweaty armpit. Pull back to show it attached to a construction worker wiping his forehead. He is standing by an open manhole that has been blocked off with safety barricades, and he has been digging into the street with a jackhammer. As he goes back to work, the vapors reach him; gasping convulsively, he loses control of the rig, which drags him into the manhole.)

(A man walks down the street and is stopped cold by a gust of the gases. His eyes go wide and bloodshot as he lets out a cry of agony.)

Man 1: The stench! It's unbearable!

(In an alley, two garbagemen—one of them Carl Jusscarl—are preparing to empty a Dumpster full of malodorous refuse. When the new stink reaches them, they dive in and pull the lid shut behind them in order to block it out. Two window washers are plying their squeegees high up the side of a building; the fumes cause one of them to pass out immediately, but the other pays no immediate notice, even after sniffing the stuff.)

Window washer: So let me guess. You had cabbage borscht last night for din—

(He looks up and trails off into an inarticulate cry of fear. Pull back to show what he is looking at: a giant cloud of green vapor, with arms and a menacing face. It growls softly—this is what we heard in the sewer previously—and looms over the buildings.)

Woman 1: Look! It's a methane monster!

(Total panic, with people running everywhere and cars crashing into one another in a mad attempt to escape the foulness. One plows into the front window of a department store. A woman lies prostrate on the sidewalk amid the chaos.)

Woman 2: *(weakly)* Too...stinky...

(More pandemonium as the apparition advances through the city. Pull back to show this view as the one from the Mayor's office window. He watches the scene.)

Mayor: Oh, darn!

(Close-up of a telephone; he reaches into view and picks up the receiver. Pull back across the office; the instrument is on his desk, behind which he is now seated.)

Mayor: Girls? We have a situation of gastronomic proportions!

(Cut to the girls in flight.)

Buttercup: What exactly did he say?

Blossom: Some mumbo-jumbo about a monster, revolting stench, I don't know.

Bubbles: *(pointing ahead)* Maybe the Mayor wasn't talking about that?

(The other two look ahead; cut to just behind the girls. In the distance, the fume monster roars over the buildings.)

Buttercup: That stinky dude? I'll put a cork in him! *(She charges; the others stop.)*

Blossom: Wait, Buttercup!

(Buttercup approaches the enemy, which sucks in a huge breath and produces a forceful exhalation of disgusting green vapors. This stops her in her tracks and drops her like a rock.)

Blossom, Bubbles: Buttercup!

(She continues plummeting; the other two shield their eyes and turn their faces away as the sound of a crash landing drifts up from ground level. Cut to the point of impact, the base of a building. Two Mary Jane-clad legs and a tattered green hem poke out of the rubble, and their owner groans wearily from combined pain and revulsion.)

Blossom: My turn!

(She charges ahead, leaving Bubbles by herself in midair. The green creature laughs at its victory over Buttercup as Blossom approaches.)

Blossom: *(sarcastically)* Ha-ha! Think you're so funny? *(gaining altitude)* Well, I'll really give you something to laugh about!

(She rockets toward the head and is met with an arm sweep that engulfs her in a cloud of green murk. Stopping cold, she covers her nose and mouth to try to block it out.)

Blossom: Oh...my...what the...shnikey...ugh! This guy is just *nasty!*

(Bubbles has dropped to street level and is in the midst of the hysteria. She addresses herself into the sky.)

Bubbles: Blossom! It's too chaotic! What do we do? Where's Buttercup?

(The answer: still half-embedded in the building she hit. She has gotten into something of a sitting position; her upper half looks as bad as her lower.)

Buttercup: *(weakly)* Did someone call me?

(A man walks out of the building and looks around. He has a set of plugs in his nostrils, similar to those used by swimmers, and he speaks in a very nasal tone as a result.)

Man 2: What? Hey! Whoa! What's all the ruckus? Here I am, just minding my store, when all of a sudden, crash! Kaboom! *(Pull back; this is the Nose Plug Shoppe.)* Ka-blooie!

(Buttercup looks up at the awning above the man's head, and the business name emblazoned on it, and smiles. Back to the street; Blossom has joined Bubbles.)

Bubbles: How are we gonna fight him when we can't even get near him? *(Buttercup joins them; she has three sets of plugs.)*

Buttercup: Look! Nose plugs! We're back in business!

(Blossom takes a set and hooks them in place; though she has no visible nose, they remain securely fastened and she smiles. Her sisters do likewise. All three voices take on the expected nasal tone until otherwise indicated.)

Blossom: Let's kick butt!

Bubbles, Buttercup: Kick butt!

(Take-off. Charge at the fume monster—but, they simply go straight through it.)

Blossom: Hey!

(Close-up of the thing, shaped into a ring of vapor—the wake of their passage blew it into this form. It soon assumes its original appearance and laughs at the girls.)

Buttercup: Our physical force is useless!

Blossom: Let's blow him away!

(All three inflate their lungs to bursting and exhale with enough force to push the creature off its "feet"; it is sent hurtling away and dissipating into scraps of vapor.)

Girls: We did it!

(They are surprised by distant high-pitched laughter, whose source is soon revealed to be many tiny copies of the fume monster. These rise above the buildings and come together to reform the original.)

Buttercup: Plan C, anyone?

Bubbles: I know! Suck him in!

(Another monster inhalation, but this time the beast disappears down the girls' windpipes. They pull in all the vapors and hold their breath, but this stuff definitely does not agree with them. Arms flailing, eyes bugging out, turning various shades of green from head to toe—and after two or three agonizing seconds, they have to let it all out. The nose plugs pop off and the girls' normal colors return as they expel the gases in a long, choking, retching wheeze. With the plugs gone, their voices take on the usual tone once they stop gasping for breath.)

Buttercup: That was so wrong!

Bubbles: My bad.

(The green plumes swirl in the air and promptly reconstitute into one smirking monster.)

Bubbles: He's indestructible! Townsville will be stinky forever!

Buttercup: Let's face it! We're no match for that methane monster!

Blossom: *(suddenly inspired)* That's it! Hold your noses. I'll be right back!

(The others smile at these words, and she is off in a flash.)

Narrator: Where is Blossom going?

(An empty patch of sky. An object that appears to be an enormous match pulls into view; pan to follow it.)

Narrator: What's this? *(Pull back; it is a match carried by Blossom.)* Why, it's a giant match, of course! *(She reaches her sisters.)*

Buttercup: Wow! Where did you get that giant match?

Blossom: Same place I got the giant jar, silly. Episode two, season one, remember?

[Note: She is referring to "Insect Inside," in which she rounded up a horde of rampaging cockroaches in a giant jar. Going by order of premiere dates in the US, her last comment is correct; however, this particular pair was originally intended to be the series premiere.]

Bubbles: But, Blossom, you should never play with fire.

Blossom: I know. Just watch!

(She moves in and swings the match downward, scraping its head along the roof of a building to strike it. Cut to the girls; Blossom holds the match aloft. During the next line, pull back to show one very cocky monster.)

Blossom: Combustion from lighting the match will alter his molecular makeup.

(The thing grunts in surprise and then groans resignedly as it is sucked into the flame. After all the vapors have burned off in this fashion, the match goes out.)

Blossom: We did it!

(Wild cheering from street level; cut to the middle of a happy crowd, with the girls floating overhead. On a street corner, a hippie has set up shop selling patchouli oil.)

Hippie: Townsville is stink-free, man! Yeah!

(Fade to black.)

(Fade in to the exterior of the house.)

Bubbles: *(from inside)* Gee, Professor.

(Inside, he is slumped over his bed and dabbing at his eyes with a handkerchief. Blossom and Bubbles sit near him; Buttercup floats above.)

Bubbles: We're really sorry you were disqualified from the chili contest. (*He blows his nose loudly.*)

Blossom: Yeah. We feel partly responsible. Who knew all that Chemical X would have such disastrous results?

Professor: (*sniffing, smiling*) Oh, girls, it's okay. I'll get over it.

Buttercup: That's the spirit, Professor! There'll be other contests for you to enter.

Professor: (*brightly*) Oh, I know. (*getting newspaper from floor*) There already is one!

(*Close-up of the paper, a copy of the Townsville Tribune. Front page headlines: "NEXT WEEK!—3RD ANNUAL TOWNSVILLE LIMBURGER FESTIVAL." Photo: various hunks of cheese. Sub-headlines: "World's Stinkiest Cheese!"—"Mayor Sells City!"*)

Professor: (*from o.c.*) And I can't wait!

Narrator: Limburger festival?! (*Back to the group.*)

Girls: YUCK!

(*The standard end shot comes up.*)

Narrator: Oh, cheese, Professor, You "cheddar" quit now if you know what's Gouda for you. And so once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls!