

LIVE & LET DYNAMO
Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville! *(Street level; people are fleeing in terror.)* What's this? People running for their lives? *(bored)* Yeah, yeah, what else is new?

(The panicked crowd is seen for several more seconds, after which the camera cuts to the corner of one building. A huge Powerpuff foot, many times normal size, slams down next to it and causes the camera to shake briefly. The foot is then lifted to kick the structure aside; pull back to a long shot of the area. The assailant is none other than Dynamo, the fighting robot built by the Professor in "Uh Oh Dynamo.")

Narrator: What the— *(It whirls to glare at us.)* The Powerpuff Dynamo?!?

(The robot hunches down. Overhead view of several city blocks; it comes up into a gargantuan spinning kick that levels four of them. Now it goes to work destroying other buildings as onlookers scream in terror. It stops, tilts its head forward to take in the sight, and starts to shoot lasers from its eyes as the girls do—this is an offensive tactic it did not exhibit the first time around. Dynamo turns its head to strafe a larger area.)

Narrator: Someone must have stolen it!

(Several buildings are sliced through by the beams; their top sections slide free and tumble to the ground as people run for cover. Now Dynamo stomps through an intersection, leaving deep footprints in the pavement as it goes; cut to inside an office, whose occupants stare aghast at the passing robot's face. Out in the street, a car skids to a stop in order to avoid crashing into one of those giant feet, and Dynamo fires its eye lasers again to level more of the architecture. Overhead view of the city, tilting down from the buildings' upper stories to bring the rampaging machine into view.)

Narrator: Oh, the horror!

(It stops in front of one particularly tall edifice, glares up at it, and breaks cleanly through with one mighty metal punch. The building topples like a mammoth domino and crashes down in a cloud of flames. Dynamo towers above the streets and looks around for more targets.)

Narrator: Who can stop this carnage?

(During this line, it fires the eye lasers yet again; cut to an overhead view of the city, the camera pointing obliquely along one of the main thoroughfares. The beams hit at several points; tilt up slightly to follow these. Next, cut to the girls in flight through the city. A missile speeds along, trying to catch up to them, but a quick swerve around a building is enough to fake it out.)

Narrator: The Powerpuff Girls!

Blossom: I can't believe the Professor didn't destroy this thing.

Bubbles: You know the Professor.

Buttercup: And now someone steals it? Typical.

Blossom: This time we finish it!

Bubbles, Buttercup: Yeah!

(They fly over the badly damaged skyline toward the metallic colossus. It stands ready; close-up of the face and tilt up to the hair bow, which doubled as a pair of scissors when the girls took the robot out the first time. Now, however, many small hatches open up around the edges of the bow—and a multitude of missiles is launched from these. The one that chased the girls a moment ago was of this type.)

Blossom: Evasive action!

(The girls scatter to avoid the incoming salvos, which streak the screen with exhaust fumes. Bubbles flies down one street as the shots hit around her on both sides. Overhead view; the strikes are gradually getting closer, and one missile homes in on her from above and nails her. The explosion fills the screen, hiding her from view.)

Bubbles: Yow!

(Elsewhere, Buttercup is going full throttle to keep ahead of a volley. Head-on view of her, pulling back to keep her in frame as she takes every hairpin turn in an attempt to shake loose. After several seconds, cut to just behind her; she calls over her shoulder at the o.c. Dynamo.)

Buttercup: Ha! Missed me! Loser!

(On the end of this, a missile pulls into view ahead of her and zeroes in. She too takes a hit, and Blossom then starts doing her level best to keep from being shot down—but not for long. She is blown out of the sky, skidding a short distance upon touchdown to stop by her sisters at a street corner. Wisps of smoke rise from her body.)

Blossom: Well, whoever stole it sure knows how to use it.

Buttercup: I bet it's the Rowdyruff Boys!

(In answer to this guess, we see Dynamo tuck a hand under its chin and move the fingers as if trying to dig something out of its teeth, and the laughter of the three superpowered hoodlums is heard inside. Cut to them, occupying the three seats of the control room within the robot's head and laughing fit to burst.)

Brick: *(amid laughter)* Hey! She's picking her nose! She's picking her nose! Come on, pick it, honey! Yeah!

(Cut to Buttercup. Her next words reveal that the previous sequence was just a mental picture, not a true reflection of the actual circumstances.)

Buttercup: Well, maybe not. (*Blossom stands up.*)

Blossom: Come on!

(She and Buttercup take off. Now Dynamo leaps high above the skyline and angles itself for an elbow drop; when it falls out of view among the buildings, a huge crash and cloud of smoke indicate just how much damage that move has done. All three fly down the street as Dynamo knocks one building over and blasts another with eye lasers; now they move in close, and each starts firing lasers from her hands in time with the next three lines.)

Blossom: Ha!

Bubbles: Yah!

Buttercup: Yeah!

(The beams hit from different angles, but Dynamo does not take any noticeable damage. What it does do, however, is give the camera a very nasty look and swing out one of those enormous forearms. Blossom is hit full force and sent crashing through a row of buildings. Buttercup charges in for a flying kick and gets socked in the kisser as well; she slams down to the street and skids a distance, wrecking the pavement. Bubbles fares no better when she tries to attack, and her impact—against the side of a building—sends up clouds of dust that fill the screen.)

(The view clears to show a pile of rubble, from which Bubbles extricates herself after a moment. As she speaks, she steps forward and the camera pulls back to show her sisters joining her.)

Bubbles: I'm telling you, it's gotta be Mojo Jojo!

(All three think very hard about this prospect. A flash of white, and we are in Dynamo's control room again. Mojo is not in a seat, but standing and regarding the whole setup with disgust.)

Mojo: These buttons should not go there. I can't work with this! There's no multitronic scan unit; the color scheme is insufficient for world domination; seats are too small, not adjustable or sufficiently comfortable; ergonomically challenged; wasted space; not enough gizmos to entertain my massive intellect—and short attention span; craftsmanship is inferior; there is no feng shui; it is beneath me!

(He walks contemptuously o.c. Flash back to the girls, who come out of their deep thoughts.)

Girls: Naaah. (*Dynamo knocks over a building and eye-lasers an area.*)

Blossom: We've gotta stop this. Quick, Buttercup! You evacuate the city. We'll re-engage. (*She and Bubbles take off.*)

Buttercup: Wait! How am I supposed to—

(She looks o.c.; pan a bit in that direction to show a bullhorn lying on the ground next to her. More chaos in the streets, over which her amplified voice makes itself heard presently as she rises into view, bullhorn in hand. Squeals of feedback accompany her words.)

Buttercup: Attention, Townsville! Get out of the city! I repeat—move yourselves! Hoof it! Get moving!

(Cut to a knot of running people; they stop and look confusedly back toward her.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Scram! Skedaddle!

Man 1: Huh? *(Back to her.)*

Buttercup: Run to the hills! You heard me! Get the lead out! *(The people again.)*

Man 2: What did she say?

Man 3: What?

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Don't just stand there like a bunch of idiots! *(Back to her.)* Come on, people, move it! What the heck are you doing? Get the heck out of town! Move it! Run!

(Through all of this, the tempo of her words has steadily increased until one shouted instruction almost runs directly into the other. The people's confusion is understandable, given this fact.)

Woman 1: What is she saying?

Man 1: *(calling to Buttercup)* WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU!

Woman 2: Huh?

Man 4: *(calling up)* COULD YOU REPEAT THAT? *(Close-up of Buttercup.)*

Buttercup: *(away from bullhorn)* Oh, for the love of— *(raising it again)* I said, you gotta get out of Townsville!

Crowd: *(from o.c.)* WHAT?

(Supremely fed up with their obtuseness and the temperamental bullhorn, she throws the latter aside and puts enough force into her next words to make them boom out over the city.)

Buttercup: *GET THE HECK OUT OF TOWN!!* *(Cut to them, pushed back by the intensity; she continues o.c.)* *RIGHT NOW!!*

Crowd: Ohhhhh!

(They begin screaming and running again in basically the same direction as before.)

Buttercup: *(to herself)* Nice.

(She zips away. Cut to Blossom and Bubbles in midair at a different location.)

Blossom: *(pointing o.c.)* Fire!

(Bubbles lets loose with a high-powered scream that pushes Dynamo backwards through a few buildings and down the street. When it has gone out of range, it leans against the last building it hit and the top half of this falls away. The two girls begin to mull over these new developments.)

Blossom: Hmm...maybe it's the Gangrene Gang.

(A flash of white, and we are in the control room. Ace, Grubber, and Big Billy are lounging in the three seats. Little Arturo stands near Ace's seat, while Snake stands and points at something just o.c. Grubber has seized a couple of overhead cables; Billy is trying to read the operating manual, but has it upside down.)

Ace: *(to Billy)* Are you done with that manual yet?

Billy: Duh—yeah. *(Arturo discovers a wall-mounted telephone receiver.)*

Arturo: Hey! I found the phone! *(Snake leans over to him.)*

Snake: Let's-s-s order a piz-z-z-a.

Ace, Billy, Arturo: Yeah! *(Grubber blows a raspberry with them.)*

(Flash back to the two girls.)

Blossom: Nope, not them.

(Dynamo lifts its arms and fires a projectile from the hatch that has opened at the end of each one. Close-up of these in flight; they are large canisters with rocket engines at the rear.)

Blossom: Huh?

(Cut to behind her and Bubbles and zoom in slowly until the girls are out of view. The objects fly erratically around for a bit and then explode in two brilliant flashes of white light. When the glare fades, hundreds of tiny objects are seen streaking toward the camera.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Ooooh, pretty!

(Close-up of the small projectiles, which look something like large bees. They begin to embed themselves in whatever solid surfaces they hit: building façades, sidewalks, street surfaces, windows—and, when the camera pans slowly across the impact sites, we see that many of them have clustered around Blossom and Bubbles at the corner where they have landed. Buttercup joins them after a moment.)

Buttercup: What the heck are those?

(They are lost in the glare of a huge explosion at the corner, followed by more blasts up and down the street wherever those little bee-like devices hit—they were air-to-ground mines. The explosions dot the skyline with a garish, infernal glow; pan slowly across the city in an overhead view to show the devastation reaching all the way to the edge of the urban center. When it all finally stops, back to the corner. The girls are badly disheveled and covered with soot.)

Buttercup: Oh, it's on now!

(They take off, leaving behind smoky silhouettes of themselves that crumble into dust. Cleaned up and yelling their best battle cry, they close in on Dynamo and are met with an eye-laser blast that sends them back down to the ground; they are a sooty mess again when they land. Blossom is the first to regain consciousness, and she groans from the pain. A huge metal foot slams down

on the girls before she can formulate any coherent words; pull back to a long shot of Dynamo as it grinds its heel back and forth as if crushing a cockroach. Just for good measure, it pulls the foot away and pushes a building down onto the spot before blasting off.)

(The exhaust from its flight clears away slowly to give an overhead view of this area—but the girls are nowhere to be seen. Zoom in slowly. After a long moment, Blossom’s head breaks the surface.)

Blossom: All right, that’s it! *(Her sisters poke up.)*

Buttercup: Robot must pay!

(Dynamo trashes a couple of other structures, then leaps high into the air and curls up as if doing a cannonball dive before it starts to descend. The camera follows its trajectory and ends up pointing down a long street; the robot disappears behind the farthest buildings as it drops. A crash, an explosion whose glare reaches all the way back up the street, and the girls run into view toward the site. They begin to pick up speed, leaving three ribbons of smoking asphalt behind themselves before finally lifting clear of the ground.)

(Dynamo has once again unleashed its eye lasers against various unfortunate bits of masonry. The girls strafe the metal behemoth from all angles and have much better luck avoiding its counterstrikes; it sweeps its beams across a broad area, leveling it but not connecting with them.)

Bubbles: Could it be...the Amoeba Boys?

(An explosion, which clears to show them in the control seats and looking as clueless as ever.)

Junior: Now what?

(Flash back to Buttercup, firing away.)

Buttercup: No! Fuzzy?

(Flash to a shot of Dynamo standing amid the ruined cityscape with a gigantic banjo in hand—and smiling like an idiot as it strums. Flash back to Blossom.)

Blossom: No.

Bubbles: “Him”?

(Flash to him reclining on a pink couch.)

“Him”: *(effeminate voice)* Yes!

(Pull back. The entire control room has been redecorated in his favorite color scheme, with thick carpeting and vivid flames painted on the walls. Two muscular, bare-chested men are fanning “Him.”)

“Him”: Yes!

(By now, the camera has pulled back far enough so that we are looking in through Dynamo’s eye. Long shot of the robot, whose exterior has been touched up a bit to match the evil one: hair painted black, red skin, pink feather boa, makeup, permanent evil grin. On the next line, it throws one end of the boa up around the neck. It is standing amid the destruction it has caused.)

“Him” *(from inside, ecstatically)* Ooooh, YES!!

(Flash back to Buttercup.)

Buttercup: Uh, no!

(The girls stop firing. Dynamo rolls into a ball—the protective shield configuration designed by the Professor—and bowls itself down the street, knocking over every building it hits.)

Blossom: Whoever’s inside must be the most ruthless, brutal, sadistic lover of carnage we know.

Bubbles: Buttercup?

Buttercup: *(angrily)* How can it be me in there, Einstein? *I’m right here!* *(Pause.)*

Bubbles: What’s your point? *(Buttercup growls in frustration.)*

Blossom: It doesn’t matter who’s inside. We just have to stop it! Quick! The Mega-Blast!

(They gain altitude and, with a mighty cry, fire off the attack that has been referred to as the “starburst” in earlier episodes—each girl firing a ray ahead of herself, with the three converging into one broad beam that shoots straight ahead toward the enemy. The glare of it bathes the entire city for a moment as it streaks toward Dynamo; the robot unrolls and stands up to look into the sky, just in time to take a direct hit. In an instant, the sky goes gray with soot and buildings crumble into dust from the shock wave, and a ball of hideous brilliant whiteness slowly expands from ground zero to engulf the screen. It clears to show the girls.)

Bubbles: Did we get it?

(Street level. Thick smoke gradually clears to show Dynamo—in the middle of the huge blast crater, still on its feet, and apparently having suffered no damage at all.)

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Typical!

(Thousands of small hatches open all over the metal Goliath’s body, appearing just about everywhere except the eyes and bow.)

Blossom: Uh-oh.

(Now energy pours from all these apertures, bathing the robot in crackling luminescence.)

Blossom: BAIL!!

(The girls bug out in three different directions, leaving Dynamo standing alone. The energy focuses itself and is projected ahead; long shot of the area, seen from across the city. The ball of light grows to truly epic proportions and then shoots forth as a beam, cutting a swath of destruction that would have made General William Tecumseh Sherman very proud indeed. It reaches all the way to the harbor; a boat on the waves is obliterated, and sightseers nearly get their heads taken off by the blast, which finally peters out after several long seconds altogether.)

Man 5: *(shaking fist)* Hey! That was close! *(In the city, the girls regroup.)*

Bubbles: It's totally destroying the city, and there's nothing we can do!

Buttercup: We can't stop this thing!

Blossom: *(resolutely)* Yes, we can! *(The others turn to look at her.)* We use...the new move.

Buttercup: *(surprised)* What? You mean Razzle-Dazzle, otherwise known as Flower Petals of Doom?

Bubbles: I still say we call it...Sassafras!

Buttercup: We haven't perfected it yet! We need a lot more practice, we can't just—

Blossom: We can! And we will! We don't have a choice! We have to try!

(She reaches forward with one hand. Buttercup gives it a hard stare and then smiles.)

Buttercup: Ah, what the heck. Let's do this!

(Close-up of her hand on top of Blossom's. Bubbles giggles from o.c. and adds hers; pull back to frame all three.)

Girls: Razzle-Dazzle!

(They zip away. Cut to them, gaining altitude and spinning about the point of their joined hands. As they speed up, their light trails gradually merge and brighten, and sparks are thrown off until individual girls can no longer be seen. The whirling dervish barrels toward Dynamo from behind and disintegrates into a shower of sparks that engulf it; eye lasers are no help against this. Slowly, Dynamo is lifted into the air and turned headfirst toward the ground; it is then carried a distance, spun again to point down headfirst, and slammed to earth four times in quick succession. After the fourth hit, the Professor's robotic pride and joy is lifted even higher than before and put into free fall. Following this fifth and final slam, the girls float off to one side and spin down before breaking their formation. All three are suffering from extreme dizziness—Bubbles flat on her back, Buttercup shaking her head to clear it, Blossom jittering around at random.)

Blossom: *(woozily)* Remind me never to do that again.

(Dynamo has, at long last, stopped its attacks. Now the head opens up as it did at the end of "Uh Oh Dynamo," and steam pours from inside. The girls regain their footing and balance.)

Blossom: It's opening! *(They fly to the head.)* All right, villain. You're busted!

(The steam is still very thick, and it takes a few seconds to clear out. When it does, the view has shifted to inside the control room. Dynamo's operator is seen in a seat—it is the Mayor, looking very scared indeed.)

Mayor: Help! Help!

Girls: *(from o.c.)* Mayor? *(Cut to them, peering in.)*

Buttercup: What on earth are you doing?

Blossom: What happened?

Mayor: Wha...? I don't know. All I did was press this button.

(On these last two words, close-up of a button on a wall panel. He presses it; the machinery kicks up again, and the camera cuts to outside the head. As his panicked cries ring out from within, the top section slides back into place.)

Girls: Not again!

(Dynamo sits up, ready to throw down anew. Zoom in on the face as its eyes glow, warming up for another laser blast, then pull back. It stalks back toward whatever is left of the city, sweeping the ruins with beams as it goes. The girls fly into view after it.)

(The standard end shot comes up.)

Narrator: Oh, well, girls. I guess a superhero's job is never done. Hey, robot! Better watch out—the Powerpuff Girls are coming for you! Sassafra!