

MO' LINGUIISH

Transcribed by Alan Back

Note: This episode was originally intended to run 22 minutes, under the title “Mo’ Lingual.” However, it was subsequently edited down to half that length. The original screenplay can be found at the Pokey Oaks Fanfiction Library; special thanks to its organizers for providing such a valuable resource to help with this tricky piece of transcript work.

(Opening shot: the city skyline during the day. Cut to the Hall of Justice, a courthouse, during the following line.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! A succinct city where simple questions are given simple answers. *(Inside, a judge raises his gavel.)*

Judge: Guilty!

(He pounds it. Cut to Mojo Jojo, standing before the bench in handcuffs—this is his trial.)

Mojo: What?! I object! Which is to say that I do not agree with that it is that you say, which is incorrect, lacking in proper knowledge of the truth, and wrong! Furthermore— *(Another bang of the gavel cuts him off.)*

Judge: Order! Due to your obvious failure for rehabilitation, I have decided that the best form of punishment is for you to give back to the community from which you have taken so much.

Mojo: Must I pick up garbage? *(Gavel.)*

Judge: You, Mojo Jojo, are hereby sentenced to teaching a knowledge extension course at Townsville Community College. *(This stuns Mojo.)*

Mojo: NOOOOOOOOOO!! By which I mean I cannot do it.

(Cut to a poster on a classroom wall: “Learn Gooder English! At: Townsville Learning Annex!” Next to these words is a picture of a fast-food employee with a word balloon above his head: “Me did!” A school bell rings—we are at said Annex—and the camera cuts to near the door. Foreign voices are heard murmuring o.c. as it is thrown open. A rather out-of-sorts Mojo stands at the threshold; he has ditched his gloves, traded his cape and tunic for a business suit, and begun to carry a briefcase. His boots and braincap are intact. Striding across the room as imperiously as possible, he reaches the front desk and seats himself behind it to regard his class; the murmuring stops at this point. There are seven students, of various shapes, sizes, and nationalities, and they stare silently at his entrance. Mojo’s eyes sweep back and forth before he finally speaks.)

Mojo: Hello and good evening to you. I am Mojo Jojo, your instructor and the person who will be teaching you from this point forward. *(stacking some papers)* That is to say that as you are here representing the students of the class, I am here representing the teacher of the class. And as it is my job to teach, it is your job to learn, and in learning gain more intelligence than you currently have. Now, what are the names or individual identifications that have been assigned to the lot of you?

(One man—bald, thin mustache, turtleneck, the stereotypical Frenchman—looks back and forth and speaks up timidly.)

Frenchman: Philippe.

Italian woman: Talia.

Mexican man: Enrique.

Russian woman: Nadia.

German man: Ernst.

Chinese man: Ming.

Middle Eastern man: Harouk. *(Long stony silence from Mojo.)*

Mojo: I see. Now as teacher and thus assigner of the grades in this class, if I were to be performing said grading right now at this moment— *(smiling evilly)* —let me tell you that... *(sweeping papers off desk)* ...none of you passed!

(A collective gasp from the seven students; Ming faints.)

Mojo: That is right! *(standing, walking to front of desk)* In the grading system, I would have assigned you all with an F—which, if I had control of the grading system, I would make the lowest grade a Z, since that is the final letter in the alphabet which starts with A and ends with Z. But instead, the letter given for those who do most poorly is an F, seeing as it goes A, B, C, D, F, with the inexplicable skipping of E. Nonetheless, after that pathetic display, all of you would get an F, symbolizing failure for your poor use of English! *(Philippe raises his hand.)*

Philippe: Pardon, monsieur, but all you did was ask of us our names, and that is what we answered with.

Mojo: Yes, and that is wrong, because it is boring and uninteresting and thoroughly bringing me about to a state of unconsciousness. From those simple, pathetic names I learn nothing! I am here to teach you proper English, and with that you are to learn proper descriptive and defining skills. Now let us try this again. *(He turns his back and glares over his shoulder.)* Tell me your names!

(Cut to Philippe; he looks nervously around himself again before answering.)

Philippe: Um...my name is Philippe, which is to say that upon my birth, my parents, Jean-Paul and Camille, place upon me this title which identifies me as me and separates me from all the others?

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Excellent! Next. *(Philippe beams.)*

Talia: Sì. I am called Talia, after my Aunt Tali, which is shorter and more, um, casual version of “Talia,” often referred to as a nickname, which is a term of endearment and sometimes—

(On the end of this, cut to a close-up of the wall clock. It shows the time as 7:00; as her voice fades, Harouk’s comes up and a dissolve marks the passage of two hours.)

Harouk: *(from o.c.)* And while “Harouk” does not trip off the tongue lightly, it is a name of substance and vigor, for which I am proud and take much pride. *(Cut to him on the end of this.)*

Mojo: *(applauding)* Yes, yes, yes! Now that was some speaking, and what was spoken was spoken well. Class dismissed!

Enrique: Is the class which seemed to just start really over—as in done?

Mojo: Yes. The two hours allotted as time for class is now finished, and the time for leaving has now begun. See you tomorrow—which is the day that will begin after the passing of tonight's midnight hour.

(Cut to the city skyline during the next day.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! A succinct city where simple questions are given simple answers, except for...what's this?

(Quick pan to a park bench, where Talia is sitting. Carl Jusscarl, everybody's favorite garbageman, kneels before her and has one of her hands in both of his.)

Talia: What kind of a simple question is that to ask of the woman to whom you wish to enter the state of matrimony? Your question lacks the complexity and weight that is apropos of such complex and weighty matters, and thus makes me question your true heartfelt feelings in this serious life decision.

(Carl is absolutely floored by this torrent of impenetrable doubletalk. Quick pan to a sidewalk hot dog cart. The bewildered vendor has a ketchup bottle in one hand, a mustard bottle in the other, and Harouk waving a wiener in his face.)

Harouk: Ketchup or mustard? Do you mean would I prefer the sweet fluid tomato flavorings, or the smashed liquefied mustard seed renderings, enjoyed by most consumers upon the hottest of dogs?

Vendor: Uh...yeah.

(Quick pan to a street corner, where Enrique stands. A man walks up with a dog under his arm.)

Enrique: Is that dog which you hold within the embrace of your arms also held within your ownership? *(The man opens his mouth to speak, but is cut off.)* By which I mean, are you the sole caregiver for this pooch that is within your personal grasp? *(The dog whines up at the now-annoyed man.)* In other words, is that your schnauzer?

Man: *(nervous-sarcastic)* Um...no...it's my cat in a dog suit.

(He and the dog give Enrique a very strange look. Snap to black, in which three bubbles appear in time with the next lines at top L, top R, and bottom C. Each contains the next speaker.)

Talia: Well, then, let me tell you...

Harouk: ...if that is your simple and plainly painfully boring answer...

Enrique: ...then you are in need of being re-educated by...

Talia, Harouk, Enrique: ...Mojo Jojo!

(Cut to the classroom, in which many more students have gathered and are talking amongst themselves. The bell and the slamming door cause them to fall silent; Mojo, now sporting his entire usual wardrobe, enters the room. He stops in front of his desk and flicks his eyes from one side to the other as he did in the first class before starting to pace back and forth.)

Mojo: Why is my class, which was previously merely a few people, now more than a few? (*He stops.*) Which equals many!

Harouk: Because in our speaking of proper English around Townsville, Sir Mojo, it became clear to those previously in the dark that their English was inaccurate, that they must enter the light, except in that it is in the hearing, not in the seeing, that this light has come upon them.

Mojo: Ahhh, yes, good! I see! So now it begins, starts, and comes to commencement. To the masses I must now reach. (*Extreme close-up.*) And in the reaching, these classroom walls cannot confined [*sic*] my unending grasp!

(Cut to the exterior of the girls' house. Inside, the hotline goes off and Blossom answers it in the bedroom. Her sisters are nearby.)

Blossom: Yes, Mayor?... What?... Yes, but—where? (*He is in his office, at his desk.*)

Mayor: There is a stealing of sorts happening at the place where money is given and taken, that is to say deposited and withdrawn—and sometimes redistributed and loaned. But currently the taker is taking that which is not his, thus performing an act of illegality, which could result in incarceration within the confines of a penal facility, that is to say prison, jail, hoosegow, et cetera.

(Back to the bedroom. Blossom eyes the receiver as if it has just grown five legs and tried to run the Boston Marathon.)

Buttercup: What's he saying?

Blossom: I have no idea. But I think something bad is happening.

Buttercup: Let's go!

(The girls take off; cut to just outside the roof of the house as they crash out through it. Once they are in flight, Buttercup is the first to spot something, pointing down o.c.)

Buttercup: Look!

(Overhead view of a city street, panning along its length for several blocks. It is hopelessly choked with traffic.)

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) I don't believe it! The town's at a complete standstill! (*Ground-level view of the congestion, panning along.*)

Buttercup: (*from o.c.*) But why?

Bubbles: (*from o.c.*) Is there an accident?

Buttercup: (*from o.c.*) All I see is that cop and that old lady.

(During the previous line, the camera stops at an intersection, where the former individual is speaking to the latter.)

Blossom: (*from o.c.*) Let's check it out. (*The girls swoop down; close-up of the two adults.*)

Cop: You realize that you were walking in the crosswalk after the green walking man had stopped being displayed, and when the flashing red hand had become the prominent visual.

Old woman: And while I appreciate the change in the crosswalk signage, the fact of the matter is, I am of elderly persuasion. And due to the deterioration [*sic*] calcium level in my bones, my pedestrian abilities, which is to say my walking, is of a much slower pace than the average citizen of Townsville.

(An enraged driver near the intersection boils over and slams his head against the steering wheel. The girls cannot figure out what to make of all this.)

Buttercup: Is this a crime?

Blossom: No, just annoying.

Bubbles: Maybe the Mayor was trying to tell you about a bank robbery.

Blossom: To the bank!

(They are off in a trice and quickly arrive at their destination. Inside, they stop and hover above the lines of unconcerned customers. When the camera shifts to point ahead of them, we see that everyone has backed off from the tellers' counter to give plenty of space to the two people there: a teller at her window, and a beefy, masked robber in front of it.)

Robber: The amount which I want to withdraw is not that from any bank account which I hold within the bank. In other words, I wish to take money that does not belong to me, but is instead in the ownership of others who have worked hard to gather funds for their future rainy days.

Teller: But what I am asking you is, do you have an account which I can access, and if so, what are the numerical digits for me to properly type upon the keyboard to tap into the computer system which allows me permission into all of the fund-related requests?

Robber: And what you are failing to understand is that I do not have said account, since I am not a patron of this fine establishment except to take from it that which is not mine.

(Pan from this confrontation to three completely confounded girls.)

Bubbles: Is this a stick-up?

Blossom: Seems more like a stuck-up.

Buttercup: What the heck is going on here?

(Cut to them in flight through the city, then to a quick pan across a couple of crowded streets. The view passes a building that displays Mojo's business-suited, grinning visage on an electronic billboard. Back to this and zoom in as he addresses the city; the girls pull up in front.)

Mojo: And so I, Mojo Jojo, impart upon you the empowerment of Mo' Linguish!

Girls: Mo' Linguish?!

Buttercup: *There's* the crime!

Mojo: And with this power, you will no longer speak in brief, boring, abbreviated sentences, but instead will wow the crowds with your scintillating usage of an overabundance of nouns, verbs, adjectives, pronouns, prepositions, and of course the conjunction junctions which have a multiple of functions. *(Pull back to ground level; a large crowd has gathered to watch.)* With the skill of Mo' Linguish, the world, which was previously not yours to be taken, will be at your fingertips!

Blossom: That's it!

Buttercup: He's done it!

Bubbles: (*Mojo mode*) Mojo has managed to bring Townsville to a complete standstill by having all of the people speak in the most lengthy of questions and redundant of answers! Thus nothing can be asked or answered without the verbosity of words, causing the city to come to a permanent and most painful halt! Furthermore—

Blossom, Buttercup: (*really annoyed*) Bubbles!

Bubbles: (*normal speech mode*) Sorry.

Blossom: We've got to reprogram Townsville, bringing their speech patterns back to normal. Come on!

(They zip toward ground level. Cut to the cop and the old woman, still in the middle of that intersection. Before he can get another word out, the girls descend into view.)

Blossom: Ma'am? Officer? All this can be solved by you briefly stating your point and moving on.

Cop: But if I were to speak briefly, it would mean that I did not speak all that I wished to have spoken, meaning that I would not fully express myself to the fullest and thus spoken in too small of a sentence to properly satisfy.

Old woman: And if I simply said yes or no, the reasonings behind that yes or no would be unheard and unvoiced and un-pontificated, thus leaving me with a feeling of stifled combustion that would be ready to explode.

Buttercup: (*groaning*) This isn't going to work!

Bubbles: (*Mojo mode*) Certainly not. If our wish is to remedy this situation which is currently lacking closure—

Blossom, Buttercup: (*really annoyed*) Bubbles!

Blossom: Someone has to re-teach them.

Buttercup: (*Mojo mode*) But do we know whose English is good enough to reverse the effects of Mo' Linguish and retrain all these people to speak properly, thus eliminating the circular pattern in which they are speaking?

(Now her sisters are the ones to give her a funny look. She snaps out of Mojo mode.)

Buttercup: Darn it! Now I'm doing it!

Blossom: I can think of only one in Townsville who has that power.

(Cut to the classroom, now jammed with citizens. What we can see of the front desk and its chair over the crowd suggests that there is no instructor—but the next voice gives the lie to that idea.)

Talking Dog: (*from "o.c."*) Now repeat after me. The color of the sky is...

Crowd: Blue.

Talking Dog: (*from "o.c."*) The color of the grass is...

Crowd: Green.

(The pooch with the power of speech is teaching, but cannot be seen due to all the bodies blocking the view. Cut to a slow pan across the crush of people; the original seven students are at the front.)

Talking Dog: *(from o.c.)* The STOP sign on the street is...

Crowd: Red.

(Cut to a point inside the multitudes; they part and shift o.c. to give a clear view of the canine sitting atop the desk. Zoom in slowly.)

Talking Dog: Very good! Now let's move on to numbers. A dozen is...

Crowd: *(from o.c.)* Twelve.

(Cut to Blossom and Bubbles, floating above the group to watch their progress. The recitation continues under the following lines.)

Blossom: Well, this is going well.

Bubbles: Do you think Mojo is really learning his lesson?

Blossom: *(smugly)* Oh, I think he's learning quite a bit.

(The questions and answers heard during this: "Your face has how many eyes?" "Two." "A baseball game has how many innings?" "Nine." Quick pan from here to a room in which Mojo sits tied up on a chair, with Buttercup hovering over his shoulder. He is facing a wall of TV screens, every one of which shows the new teacher's image—the girls have turned his own broadcast system against him.)

Talking Dog: The Easter Bunny hides... *(Close-up of Mojo; his eyes are bloodshot.)*

Mojo: Eggs... *(as his pupils contract)* ...which are generally regular eggs which have been boiled in the hottest of water and then decorated in a vinegar-based dye by placing— *(Buttercup socks him.)* Ow!

Buttercup: Keep it brief, buddy!

Mojo: *(resignedly)* Eggs.

(The background for the end shot comes up. The Narrator slips into Mojo mode and stays there.)

Narrator: And so once again the day is saved—

(The girls appear, floating in a triangle formation: Blossom top C, Buttercup bottom L, Bubbles bottom R.)

Narrator:—because it was a day that was in need of being saved due to the previously unsaved nature of the day— *(The girls begin to scowl.)* —thanks and in most humble gratitude, and that is saying in much appreciation, to the Powerpuff Girls!

Girls: Enough already!

Narrator: Sorry. My most humble apologies. Please forgive me. As the Narrator, that is to say teller of the story, I feel like I must provide a snappy "button," that is a concluding phrase, to each one of your action-packed adventures.

Girls: Quiet!