

LITTLE MISS INTERPRETS

Transcribed by Alan Back

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

Narrator: The city of Townsville...is enjoying a quiet, relaxing Saturday morning. *(Dissolve to a slow pan across the Professor's lab.)* Except for our scientifically devoted Professor, who is hard at work...baking cakes? *(There is an o.c. clamor on the end of this line.)*

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Ooh, hot!

(He runs across the screen, carrying some freshly baked cakes on a large platter in his oven-mitted hands.)

Professor: Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot!

(After he passes o.c., there is a crash from that direction. Cut to him at a counter, where the cakes—three of them—have been safely deposited.)

Professor: Whoo! That was a close one. *(He eyes the baked goods unhappily for a second and moans.)* I knew this would happen! My first attempts always turn out to be disasters!

(Cut to just outside the closed lab door. Bubbles floats past it on the start of the next line.)

Professor: *(from inside, through door)* Blossom is all crusty, Buttercup is hardly perfect— *(She zips back, surprised, and eavesdrops.)* —and Bubbles? Ugh! Just horrible! *(Sigh.)* I should probably just make three new ones.

(Zoom in on Bubbles. She pulls away from the door, her expression melting into one of bewildered torment; during the next line, zoom in closer as her eyes start to tear up.)

Professor: *(from inside, through door)* I mean, there's no way they could ever be good enough.

(Cut to inside the closed door of the girls' bedroom. Peace and quiet lies over the area until Bubbles bursts in; during the next line, pull back quickly to the other side of the room. Blossom and Buttercup are playing with toys, but look up toward their sister.)

Bubbles: *(wailing)* HE'S MAKING NEW POWERPUFF GIRLS!! *(Close-up; she is nearly incoherent.)* The Profe—he—he said “Bubbles”—“horrible”—and—and—and—and “disaster”—and “crusty”—and “making new”—

(A slap in the face shuts her up in a hurry. Pull back; Buttercup has grabbed Bubbles' arms and is shaking her back and forth—she delivered the blow—while Blossom looks on.)

Buttercup: Bubbles, get a grip! *(Bubbles shakes her head to clear it.)*

Blossom: Now start over. What exactly did the Professor say?

Bubbles: I'm trying to tell you. He doesn't want us anymore.

Blossom: *(shaking head vigorously)* That's crazy!

Buttercup: Have you been eating your crayons again?

Bubbles: I heard it with my own ears.

(Cut to the lab. The Professor has sloppily applied icing to the cakes, one in each girl's respective color, and made a mess of himself in the process.)

Professor: Oh, who am I kidding? I can't decorate cakes. The surprise party will be ruined!

(The staircase connecting the first and second floors; the girls float down it. Back to the lab.)

Professor: Oh, gosh, they're so ugly.

(His perspective of the cakes, each of which boasts a very crude picture of the girl whose color icing is on it. Cut to just outside the lab door; all three girls are listening in and not believing their ears.)

Professor: *(from inside, through door)* I knew adding that extra ingredient to the concoction was a mistake. *(Close-up of Blossom; pan to Bubbles and then Buttercup as he continues.)* If I'd just stuck to the original recipe of sugar and spices... *(Sigh.)* ...well, this time I'm getting it right. *(Pull back; they trade a very worried look.)* This time they'll really be perfect!

(Fade to black. Sniffles and sobs from Blossom are heard as the view snaps to the exterior of the house; in the bedroom, the girls are at a total loss as to how to deal with what they have heard. Bubbles' eyes have also filled with tears.)

Blossom: Bubbles was right. He is making new girls.

Bubbles: Why doesn't he love us anymore?

Buttercup: You heard him. He doesn't think we're perfect anymore.

(A tear falls from her eye; she wipes it away angrily, and now her sisters have also dried theirs. Blossom's take-charge attitude reasserts itself with her next words.)

Blossom: Well, that's what we have to do, then. We'll just have to prove to him that we're perfect.

(A telephone starts to ring o.c., drawing their attention. Cut to the second-floor hallway; the girls zip out of their bedroom and pass a picture of the happy family on the wall. Zoom in on this as the phone is picked up.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Hello?...Oh, hi. *(Cut to him in his study, phone in hand.)* Yes, it's taking a bit longer than I expected.

(The camera pulls back until it has retreated through the window to a point just outside the outer wall of the house. Birdsong is heard, and the view frosts up a bit to reflect the fact that we are now looking through the pane of glass. The girls cautiously poke their heads up over the sill.)

Professor: Well, I'd better act before the girls begin to catch on.

(During this line, cut to just inside the window, the camera pointing at three dejected little faces. Their eyes move back and forth, tracking the Professor's movements across the room.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* All right, then. See you later, Mayor.

(The receiver is set in its cradle, and the girls duck out of sight just before he passes the window. Once he is gone, they pop back up, surprised; cut to outside.)

Blossom: The Mayor's in on it, too? *(The front door opens o.c.)* We— *(The sound of the Professor clearing his throat brings her up short.)*

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Girls!

(Cut to him at the door, looking out at them.)

Professor: What are you doing out here? I've been trying to hunt you down. *(Cut to them.)*

Blossom: *(really rattled, to her sisters)* Did you hear that? Hunt us down! *(Door closes.)*

Professor: *(walking past them)* Uh—yeah, I have to run a quick errand.

Girls: Phew!

Blossom: Now's our chance to show him how perfect we are!

(Cut to him, traversing the front walk. Bubbles intercepts.)

Bubbles: Professor! Look! *(She pulls out the family picture seen earlier.)* It's a picture of you and us! Aren't we a perfect family?

Professor: Sure, Bubbles, uh, whatever. *(Her face falls; he starts walking again.)* Uh, now excuse me, I...

Bubbles: But...I...I love you...Dad!

(Now Buttercup plants herself in said dad's path.)

Buttercup: Professor! *(pistoning legs)* Hey, watch me and my super new kung fu moves! *(throwing punches)* Take that! And that! *(Spin leading into kick to face.)* Pretty perfect moves, eh?

(This last strike actually connects, though clearly not at full force—otherwise he would have had to pick up all his teeth from the sidewalk. As it is, he merely covers his injured nose and regards her coldly. His next line has a nasal tone.)

Professor: Uh, yeah, perfect. *(walking away)* Perfectly painful.

(As he continues his attempted errand, Blossom brings him up short. His nose and voice have sorted themselves out.)

Blossom: Hey!

Professor: *(testily)* Blossom, I'm busy.

Blossom: Just wait. I've been brushing up on my conversational Chinese.

(She speaks a few sentences, with subtitles appearing at the bottom of the screen to provide translation: "This is a box." "This is a girl." "Please pass the pork buns.")

Blossom: Pretty perfect, eh?

Professor: Uh, sure, Blossom. *(walking away)* If only I knew what the heck you were saying. Geez. *(She aims a dirty look at him.)*

Blossom: Well, in that case...

(More Chinese, translated as "Your fly is open." Now all three watch as he climbs into his car.)

Professor: Don't worry, girls. I'll be back in ten minutes. *(Cut to them, down in the mouth; he continues o.c.)* I'm just going to pick up some...sugar!

(This last word jolts them up. Snap to black.)

(Fade in to them on the living room couch.)

Buttercup: What are we gonna do? He's gonna be back any minute!

Blossom: Maybe if we distract him, he won't have time to make more girls.

Bubbles: That's a great idea! But how do we distract him? *(The phone rings; she answers it.)*
Hello?

Ms. Keane: *(over phone)* Oh!...Uh, girls—I-I didn't expect you all to be there. *(All eyes pop.)*

Blossom: *(to Bubbles)* Is that Ms. Keane?

Ms. Keane: *(over phone, quickly)* Well, please have the Professor call me when he gets home. Bye. *(Click; dial tone.)*

Buttercup: Even Ms. Keane knows what's going on?

Bubbles: You mean she doesn't want us around anymore either?

(Tears form in her eyes. Before any of them can fall, though a screech of tires and the slam of a car door outside mark the Professor's return.)

Girls: He's back!

Blossom: Quick! We gotta think of something to distract the Professor!

(Cut to the front door; he opens it and comes in, carrying a large bag of sugar. The girls quickly flank him.)

Blossom: Professor! Why don't you come in, sit down, and relax?

Professor: *(as they hustle him in o.c.)* But—but I have a lot of work to do.

Bubbles: *(now o.c.)* All the more reason to take a break.

(During the latter part of this exchange, the sugar bag is left hanging in midair after the girls pull the Professor inside; it thumps to the floor after a moment. Cut to the living room couch.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Lean back! *(She pushes him toward it.)*

Professor: But— *(Her sisters have joined her.)*

Blossom: Here, take a seat. *(Buttercup shoves him onto the couch.)*

Professor: Uh, this is great, girls, but I really have to be—

Blossom: *(grabbing his foot)* Gee, Professor, let's put your feet up.

(She pulls his leg out straight to prop it on the coffee table—a little too vigorously, as he finds himself yanked halfway off the couch.)

Bubbles: That's better. *(She and Buttercup rub his shoulders.)* Now how about a nice relaxing massage?

Professor: Look, really, I need to—ow! Not so hard!

(Cut to Blossom, trying to pull the shoe off his propped-up foot. He wears no socks.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Okay, girls, I'm relaxed. Please! I have to go.

(The shoe comes off—and Blossom is a bit unnerved upon seeing that his toenails are painted bright red. Close-up of him.)

Professor: Thanks, but I—oh!

(His perspective; the girls have now removed his other shoe as well and put both feet on the coffee table. Bubbles and Buttercup hold up a couple of beauty products.)

Bubbles: How about some cooling cucumber exfoliant? *(Both move closer.)*

Buttercup: Mud mask?

Blossom: Cuticle restoration?

Professor: Please, girls, please! *(Bubbles and Buttercup ply their wares.)* I have to—I really—please, girls, girls—I have to—I really—girls! *(They finally back off; he stands up.)* I have to work.

(Cut to a view of all four. His pant legs have been rolled up to give Blossom a clear run at his feet, his lab coat and shirt have been unbuttoned to the waist, and his hair is pulled back for the benefit of Bubbles and her facial treatment. He has become rather cross.)

Professor: I'm serious! *(walking away)* You girls are acting so strange. *(They hang their heads; he continues o.c.)* What happened to my perfect little girls?

(Fade to black.)

(Fade in to the girls in their bedroom.)

Blossom: I guess we should've given that a little more thought.

Buttercup: Yeah. That backfired, all right.

Bubbles: What's he gonna do with us once he makes the new girls?

(A flash of white; now they are standing in a small bare patch of land and looking up apprehensively. On the next line, pull back into the sky a short distance to show them in a gloomy forest.)

Blossom: Maybe he's gonna dump us in the middle of a deep dark forest!

(Flash to Bubbles at the mouth of a cave, holding a bone and hemmed in by a pack of wild dogs. On the next line, Buttercup leaps out in front of her on all fours and snarls at the canines; her teeth are sharpened to points.)

Buttercup: *(voice over)* Where we'll have to use our animal instincts just to survive!

(Flash to the interior of a shack. Two nasty-looking elves keep watch on a very scared Bubbles as she works on a shoe. A ball and chain has been locked onto her ankle, and one of the elves cracks a whip at her—obviously she is not doing this by choice. She wears a pointed hat with a bell at its peak, as do they.)

Bubbles: *(voice over)* Or be forced into hard labor by evil forest cobbler elves!

(Flash back to the bedroom.)

Buttercup: *(derisively)* Evil forest cobbler elves?

Bubbles: Well...yeah. *(Doorbell.)*

Professor: *(from downstairs)* Coming!

(Cut to him, once more properly attired; he opens the front door and finds a clown on the step. Loud plaid suit, gaudy bow tie, spiky orange hair, full makeup.)

Clown: Howdy! Roger McDongal at your service. *(holding up a balloon dog)* Wiener dog?

Professor: *(whispering)* Shhh! You're a little bit early. You mind helping me out?

Clown (Roger): *(also whispering)* No problem.

(The girls fly out of their room and toward the stairs, passing the empty patch of wall where the family picture used to hang. Bubbles backs up and takes note of this fact, and all three carefully peek over the balcony railing toward the front door. The Professor has closed it partway, blocking the view of Roger; both men keep their voices down through the following exchange.)

Roger: *(outside)* You know I only take cash. *(Cut to the girls.)*

Professor: *(from o.c.)* That's fine. I'll pay you after the job's done. *(The balcony view again; he steps out.)* Come this way and I'll fill you in.

(He pulls the door shut, and the girls float down the stairs. Extreme close-up of the knob; the door is pulled open partway, its hinges creaking, to show the Professor holding up two trash cans. He is addressing himself to Roger, who is still out of view, and both return to normal speaking volume.)

Professor: You can put the old ones in these. *(Cut to the girls.)*

Blossom: He wants to throw us away!

Bubbles: What's he need two garbage cans for? We can all fit in one.

Professor: *(from o.c.)* It could get messy. Here. Take the cans with you. I have to call Ms. Bellum and ask her to bring a big knife.

(The girls wince at these last two words. Back to the view from inside the door. The Professor hands the trash cans to Roger, one at a time.)

Roger: *(out of view)* So you want me to throw 'em out, just like that? Why don't I just eat 'em?

Professor: *(shrugging, with a small grunt)* Be my guest.

(He walks in Roger's direction. As her sisters watch, Bubbles' face registers her extreme queasiness at the idea of being eaten, and she faints in short order. Snap to black.)

(Fade in to the girls in their bedroom.)

Blossom: I can't believe everyone's trying to do us in! What are we gonna do?

Buttercup: I'll tell you what we have to do. We have to do 'em in before they get us first!

Blossom: We can't stoop to their level!

Buttercup: Fine! Then we'll blow up the Professor's lab so he can't make any new girls.

Bubbles: *(eyes tearing up)* And then we'll run away forever! *(She starts to cry.)*

Blossom: And the Powerpuff Girls will be no more.

Professor: *(from outside)* Oh, girls?

(This shakes all three out of their moping. Cut to just outside their windows.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Girls?

(One runs to each window. Cut to him, standing by the garage.)

Professor: Girls? Oh, there you are. Can you come down here, please? *(pointing toward backyard)* Out back, behind the house. *(Back to the bedroom.)*

Blossom: This is our chance to blow up the lab. Come on!

(In no time flat, they are out of the room and down in the middle of the lab.)

Blossom: There's no time, girls. Quick! P-Bomb!

(They join hands in a line and grit their teeth, and waves of tri-color radiance start to emanate from their bodies. Zoom in slowly as they start to shake from the effort. Out in the backyard, tilt up slowly from the Professor's feet to his head; the earth is trembling.)

Professor: What's going on down there?...Uh-oh.

(The girls are still giving this P-Bomb move everything they have—and it pays off in the form of a terrific explosion, giving way to a glare of light that washes out the entire screen. Stray papers float down through this after a moment, and the view finally clears to show the girls—covered in soot and standing in the middle of a large charred patch of floor.)

Girls: *(awed)* Whoa...

(Pull back to show that they have managed to take out not only the lab, but the rest of the house as well. Peaceful blue skies are spread out above the basement. The Professor slowly advances to the edge of the crater. His clothes have been blown half off, and he too is sooty.)

Professor: M-m-m...my...my...m-my...my lab!

Blossom: That's right, Professor. We destroyed your lab before you could destroy us! *(They fly up; their perspective, arcing up and back to ground.)* And if you think for a minute that we don't know—

(As they come back down to ground level, they find the following tableau awaiting them. A large banner, damaged by the blast, bearing the words "WE LOVE YOU GIRLS!" and strung between two poles decorated with balloons. A table set with cakes. The Professor, Roger, Ms. Keane, the Mayor, and Ms. Bellum, all a nicely charcoaled mess and staring wide-eyed. Roger holds a balloon animal in each hand.)

Blossom: What's going on? *(Cut to the girls.)*

Bubbles: Uh-oh.

(Slow pan along the row, from Ms. Bellum to the Professor. The not-so-attractive mayoral assistant blows on a party favor, while Roger's two balloons deflate in his hands.)

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* I think we made a little boo-boo. *(Back to them, then pull back to frame the group.)*

Blossom: *(sheepishly)* Wow. A surprise party. *(She laughs.)* We feel so silly.

Professor: I'd been working on it all day. *(looking toward table)* I even made you these perfect cakes. Uh...well, they were perfect.

(Close-up of the cakes on the table. They have been broken by the force of the blast, but they demonstrate that the Professor was able to make great improvements in his frosting technique. Each is neatly done, with a fairly good rendering of one girl on top.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* The first ones came out horribly. I had to start over. *(Cut to Roger.)*

Roger: (*patting his stomach*) Luckily I arrived just in time to get rid of the old ones. (*He belches.*)

Professor: But the second batch of cakes looked just like you, thanks to that picture of us on the wall.

(*The missing picture from the second floor is now explained—he snagged it to use as a drawing guide.*)

Blossom: Gosh, everyone. We...uh...don't know what to say.

Mayor: Well, how about "thank you"? Do you know how hard it is to keep a secret from you girls? (*Everyone laughs.*)

Professor: We love you, girls. (*They hug him.*)

Girls: We love you too, Professor.

Narrator: You see, girls? You *can* have your cake and eat it, too.

(*The standard end shot comes up.*)

Narrator: And so once again the day is saved—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! How come nobody ever makes a cake that looks like me?