

NIGHT MAYOR

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline at night.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville! Where all are sleeping peacefully.

(A whimper from the Mayor echoes in the distance. Quick pan to the suburbs, with Townsville Hall prominently situated on a hill in the background.)

Narrator: Wait a minute. I take that back.

(Zoom in on the building and dissolve quickly to an overhead view of the little man's bedroom; he and his wife are tucked in. Close-up of his side—he shakes and tosses fitfully in the grip of a bad dream.)

Mayor: *(mumbling in sleep)* No...no, please...stop...

(The tremors and mumbling grow more violent, and he finally awakes and sits upright with a cry of terror. Dragging the bed's blanket behind him and sucking his thumb, he crosses the room; we can see that he favors the "footie" pajamas often worn by small children. Quick pan to the exterior of the girls' house, where all is peaceful, then cut to an overhead view of the Professor's bedroom. He is fast asleep when the doorbell starts to ring repeatedly. Close-up: the sound causes his face to twitch before he gets his eyes partway open. Now the darkened living room is seen; as the bell sounds time after time, he descends the stairs, having put on a robe over his pajamas. Cut to just inside the front door.)

Professor: *(yawning as he approaches)* All right, all right! I'm coming!

(He unlocks the deadbolt; cut to his perspective as the door swings open. There is no one in sight, but upon inclining his head, he sees the scared-out-of-his-wits Mayor on the step, blanket and all. Pull back to inside the house; the little man runs inside and seizes one long leg.)

Mayor: Oh, Professor! It's terrible! You and the Powerpuff Girls—you gotta help me!

(The Professor is more than a bit put out at this intrusion, and the Mayor's sobbing does little to change his mood.)

Professor: Now, now, Mayor, why don't you start from the beginning? *(addressing himself toward second floor)* Oh, girls!

(Wipe to a close-up of Blossom, half asleep in a darkened area, and pan to her similarly groggy sisters on the next line. Bubbles carries Octi; Buttercup yawns.)

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* So you see? It's the same terrible, horrible dream every night!

(The camera passes Buttercup and moves into the now-illuminated living room—the girls are in the kitchen doorway. Stop on the Professor, the Mayor's tears flying up into view.)

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* And I always wake up before I can rest...res...resini...reeve...rev...

Professor: Resolve? *(Pull back to frame all five; the Mayor still hugs that leg.)*

Mayor: ...resolve the ending! *(sobbing)* I can't resolve it, I can't resolve it!

Blossom: Mayor, um, we fly around Townsville, remember? *(She sings the hook of the opening theme.)* And we fight crime in the real world. That doesn't mean we have the power to do so in the dream world.

(The Mayor stares stupidly at the camera for a few beats, then up at her.)

Mayor: No?

Blossom: No.

Mayor: No?

Blossom: No.

Mayor: No?

Blossom: No! *(Another bit of staring.)*

Mayor: Yes?

Blossom: NO! *(She sighs and leads her sisters away.)* We're going back to bed.

(Buttercup yawns again as she brings up the rear. The Mayor starts to lose his composure again; this time, he voices a frustrated howl and then bursts into tears once more. He gets a death grip on the Professor's ankle now; the latter stands up, and his words bring the girls to a stop.)

Professor: Um, girls, wait. Actually, there is a way we can help the Mayor.

(Wipe to a close-up of the little man as the Professor sets a metal helmet on his head; there are wires connected to this. Pull back to show him flat on his back, strapped to a table in the lab. The Professor stands nearby and adjusts a lever on the side of the rig; as he speaks, pan slowly across the room. Secured on a second table, the girls have been fitted with similar helmets. All the connections run to a machine with four monitors that currently show static—a large one on the Mayor's end, three small ones on the girls'.)

Professor: Now this special headpiece, when connected to the Nocturna-Tron, will allow the girls, while sleeping, to enter into your dream— *(Close-up of Buttercup; he continues o.c.)* —and find out what's going wrong.

Buttercup: Yeah, yeah, get on with it so we can get back to sleep!

(The Professor steps to a control panel and starts to adjust the settings. He has donned a headset microphone.)

Professor: Now, everyone relax— *(The lights go down.)* —and breathe deeply.

(Long shot of the two tables as the apparatus kicks into gear, then cut to a close-up of the Mayor. Behind the monocle, his eyelid starts to droop.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Yes, relax. *(The eye closes.)* Good.

(An oscilloscope window, marked as the Dream-O-Meter, shows a steady wave signal.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Good.

(Close-up of Bubbles, panning slowly across to Blossom and Buttercup. One by one, they close their eyes and drift off. There is a brief flash of white, and the camera zooms in on the line marking the split between Buttercup's upper and lower eyelids until the screen has gone entirely black. This resolves into a twisting tunnel with bands of vivid color running around its circumference; camera advances along it at high speed. We have gone into the dream world.)

(After several seconds, a large eyeball floats into view near the camera and slowly backs away. It is soon joined by many others, after which one more—sporting small wings, a baseball cap, and a pair of chicken feet—descends onto the screen and hovers. Zoom in quickly through its pupil and past the other eyeballs; the tunnel view is restored, with bursts of light playing across the view now. These gradually become more and more frequent, and the end of the passage is reached—Townsville Hall. Zoom in quickly on its dome as the entire screen goes white.)

(Fade in to a view of the couch in the Mayor's office, seen as if the camera is falling toward it. Pull back to a normal-perspective shot of the furniture, on which three very confused—and fully dressed—girls have been deposited. The carpeting looks a bit more ragged than it ought to be. Normal background noise of an office is heard o.c.: people talking, phones ringing, and so on. The girls look around the place as the camera pulls back a bit; people go back and forth across the room, carrying briefcases and pushing a mail cart. They are seen from the chest down. Close-up of Blossom; as a woman's voice starts to speak, her face goes slack with shock.)

Woman: Here's the Morebucks file for the city council. Make sure Mayor gets it by five PM.

(On these first few words, cut to the speaker. She is handing a file to the man pushing the cart. The source of Blossom's surprised reaction is the two adults' appearance—both have the Mayor's head. After the woman finishes her line, the man takes the file and looks after her as she departs.)

Man 1: Okay, great. Okay, I'm on it.

(He pushes his cart o.c., giving a clear view of the desk behind these two. Seated at it is a receptionist who also has the Mayor's head. Two phones sit on the desk; she has one in hand. The window behind her sports a few cracked panes, and the rest of the place is a bit of a mess.)

Receptionist: Mayor's office...I'm sorry, he's in a meeting, please hold. *(putting that phone down, answering other one)* Yes, Mr. Mayor. I'll send them in right away, sir.

(Pull back across the room; she hangs up and addresses the girls. One man is painting the walls, while a woman looks for something in a file cabinet. They too have the Mayor's likeness.)

Receptionist: Girls, the Mayor will see you now.

(She presses a button, and the couch begins to rotate on a central pivot. It carries the girls through 180 degrees and stops to leave them facing an imposing set of closed double doors with the word "MAYOR" engraved above them—the inner office entrance. The ragged carpet leads up to the threshold, passing peeling wallpaper and large holes in the floor. After a long moment, the doors swing open; the girls trade a nervous glance, and the couch accelerates forward. They are pressed back into its cushions by the force of this motion, and they scream as the view cuts from their perspective to them and finally back to the journey along the tunnel.)

(Now, however, we see them moving along this path—still on the couch and holding on for dear life. On either side of them, the walls are tiled with clips from their past adventures. Blossom and Bubbles look slightly carsick, while Buttercup seems a bit stunned by the whole display. They race toward a large steel door and scream in panic, whereupon the view shifts to their perspective. Radical change: the door has been replaced by a rectangular patch of blue sky, while the tunnel walls have given way to a background that flashes alternately black and white. Another scream, and the camera is out in the blue expanse, with a black rectangle to mark the portal leading from the previous area. The couch flies out and plummets o.c., and the portal disappears.)

(Still screaming, the girls find themselves hurtling straight toward the dome of Townsville Hall. Cut to inside it; they crash through and hit the floor in a cloud of dust. The couch is gone now. Groaning in pain, they sit up amid the wreckage after a moment and promptly stare bug-eyed at something o.c. Cut to their perspective and pan slowly across the area—it is decorated entirely in shades of green, with pickles at the design motif. Artwork, couch, chairs, tables, fountain, even a few pickles floating in an aquarium.)

(The girls peek cautiously around the base of the fountain as a male voice speaks in clipped British tones.)

Man 2: *(from o.c.)* So I'll see you at eight, then.

(Cut to a desk in the center of the room. It too looks like a pickle, as does the tall armchair behind it. The latter is swiveled so that we cannot immediately see the man who just spoke; he is on the phone. Behind him is a wide, pale green, closed window curtain.)

Man 2: *(from "o.c.")* All right? Ta-ta, my little gherkin. *(Intercom buzzer.)* Yes?

Receptionist: *(over intercom)* The City Emergency Finance Committee, line one.

Man 2: *(from "o.c.")* Thank you. *(Button press.)* Yes?...Yes...Bankrupt! Is that so?...Hmm, that's a tough one. Let me think about it and get back to you. *(Button; exhaled breath; another button.)* Okay. Simply roll over the city's tax-sheltered annuities to small-growth mutual funds; adjust the GPG status accordingly; conduct a sweeping inquiry that will root out and dispose of corrupt city officials, resulting in a substantial tax reduction for the people. *(Cut to the*

flummoxed girls; he continues o.c.) Then, with the leftover funds— *(Back to the desk.)* —make a fully tax-deductible donation to the Home for the Elderly, Minorities, and War Veterans...Capital, sure, anytime. Think nothing of it.

(The chair swivels partway around, revealing the silhouette of the man who has just reeled off this bit of financial strategy. He is nothing like the real Mayor: tall, imposing, well-built. He hangs up the phone and adjusts his headwear, which is still a top hat but large enough to actually cover the crown of his head instead of just floating above it. Cut to the girls as he steps into view near the camera, putting only his lower legs in view. Same style of shoes and pants as the Mayor we know and presumably love—this is his dream counterpart.)

Man 2 (Dream Mayor): Ah, Powerpuff Girls.

(Cut to his feet and tilt up slowly along his full height. While his coat also matches the real-world Mayor's color, it is cut with very long tails in the back. Monocle, bow tie, bald scalp, white hair and mustache are all in place, but the chin is very prominent. He carries a cane in one hand and checks the watch on his other wrist.)

Dream Mayor: So good of you to come. *(hooking cane over forearm)* Why, I'd forgotten how adorable you really are. *(kneeling to them)* Aren't you girls supposed to be in school?

Blossom: Well, yes, but we're, like, in a dream. *(He stands up, having removed his hat.)*

Dream Mayor: Yes, yes, aren't we all. *(He puts it on and adjusts his tie in a mirror.)* Education is important, girls, important.

Blossom: Uh, right. But the reason we're here is to—

Dream Mayor: Get an education and the world will be yours.

(He snaps his fingers on this last word. The curtain starts to open, giving a partial view of a very odd Townsville under a green sky. Cut to the girls, who screw their eyes up against the glare.)

Dream Mayor: *(from o.c.)* Take a look out there, girls.

(Back to him. The curtain is fully open, and through the window we see that in this dream, everything in Townsville is constructed entirely of pickles. Slow pan across the view.)

Dream Mayor: What do you see? *(Long silence as the pan finishes.)*

Bubbles: Everything's made of pickles? *(He jumps over behind the girls.)*

Dream Mayor: Wrong! *(Cut to just outside the window.)* What you see is potential. *(Inside again.)* Girls, someday all of this will be...mine. *(He stands and walks away.)*

Blossom: But, Mayor—

Dream Mayor: *(balancing hat on finger)* Tut-tut-tut, not another word. *(donning it)* We'll discuss it over lunch. Ms. Bellum!

(Cut to a closed door. It opens to admit the aide, seen from the waist down.)

Dream Ms. Bellum: Yes, Mayor?

(Close-up of the girls, who slowly lift their heads to give her a good dose of scrutiny. Their eyes go wide as their line of sight ascends; back to her feet and tilt up during the next line. Where the head would be, there is instead another copy of her body, from knees to neck. There is a third body attached to the neck of this one.)

Dream Mayor: *(from o.c.)* Book a lunch for four at that little German place.

Dream Ms. Bellum: Yes, Mayor.

(Before the camera can pass the neck of the third body, cut to an open elevator in which Dream Mayor is standing. As the girls float toward it, they continue to stare back toward the multi-bodied, seemingly headless woman.)

Dream Mayor: You like pickles, don't you, girls?

(Wipe to the four of them in the street. Dream Mayor leads the way, twirling his cane; the girls float behind him. A car rolls past; the couple inside wave at him. They have the real Mayor's head, just like the people seen in the first part of this dream. This will be true of all civilians here, and all items are made of pickles unless otherwise noted.)

Couple: Hi, Mayor! *(A minivan rolls by; the family inside waves.)*

Minivan mom: We love you, Mayor!

Dream Mayor: *(tipping hat, looking around)* Good day to you!...Cheerio!

(He and the girls pass a mailbox, and he ducks back to take a bite out of it before moving on.)

Dream Mayor: Yes, I love the flavor of this city. It has... *(Eager sigh.)* ...excuse me.

(He leans over and chomps into the rear end of an idling car, which then speeds off.)

Dream Mayor: As I was saying, I love this town. You see, it's not the love that sustains commitment.

(The four of them stop at a street corner. Two teenage girls do a double take as if they have just seen a major celebrity; one of them drops the soda she is holding.)

Girl 1: Oh, my gosh! It's the Mayor! *(They run over to him.)*

Girl 2: Hi, Mr. Mayor. My friend thinks you're totally hot.

Girl 1: *(to her friend)* Shhh! *(to Dream Mayor)* We're, um, going to Bill and Jeff's to get some ice cream. Wanna come with us?

Dream Mayor: Not today, girls, I'm on a straight pickle diet. Have to watch this girlish figure of mine. *(They pull down their halter tops to cover their midriffs.)* Now you stay out of trouble, okay?

(He leaves, and they let go of their shirts and look dreamily after him.)

Girl 2: *(sighing)* I wanna marry him.

(Cut to the 1st Kosher Dill Bank. The alarm ringing inside instantly tells the story, and the two ski-masked robbers that run out with guns and sacks of cash reinforce it. One of them, much fatter than the other, fires a few shots back into the bank. The girls get ready to charge.)

Blossom: Come on, girls! *(Dream Mayor stops them.)*

Dream Mayor: I'll handle this!

(He runs after the crooks, who have climbed into a non-pickle getaway car and are peeling out. As he barrels down the street, both of them open fire against him but do not score any hits. The elected official leaps high into the air; the robbers cry out in fear once they catch sight of him. An aerial somersault lands Dream Mayor on the hood of the car, and he punches through the windshield to yank the gearshift lever to park. The vehicle, now in an alley, does a sharp U-turn and stops; he leaps to the pavement.)

(As the thin robber charges out of the car at him; he lets off a Xena-like war cry and blocks the man's punch, counterattacking with a cane swing to the elbow.)

Thin robber: Yowwch!

(Dream Mayor pulls that arm out straight and lashes the miscreant across the face several times. Next he sticks his cane in between the arms and uses it to twist them together; the thin robber yells in pain as the stick is pulled away. Now the fat robber runs up, fist cocked back.)

Fat robber: Duh—hey!

(He is met with a punch to the gut, followed by an uppercut.)

Fat robber: Hey!

(He takes a palm thrust to the face, and he and his scrawny partner get their heads knocked together. The coup de grace is a double jumping kick that sends them both flying down the street and out of sight; a large explosion marks their point of impact. Cheering from the multitudes, accompanied by confetti, noisemakers, and the odd sign or pennant.)

Dream Mayor: Thank you, thank you, think nothing of it. *(The girls float to him.)*

Blossom: Mayor, we came into your dream to find the cause of your nightmares. But I can't see what the problem is. I mean, this is a *dream* dream.

(A tremor and o.c. ruckus put the lie to her words. Cut to the source: a gargantuan, one-eyed pickle creature standing among the buildings and roaring. Back to the girls; its shadow falls over them.)

Blossom: That's it! That's what's causing the Mayor's nightmares! He's been having the perfect dream— *(Cut to the monster; she continues o.c.)* —until that giant pickle monster shows up and ruins everything!

(It roars again and knocks the top stories off a nearby building. Dream Mayor responds by throwing off his coat and charging.)

Blossom: Mayor! No!

(He pays no mind and continues his headlong run toward the adversary, which becomes quite scared at his approach.)

Blossom: Let's go!

(The girls charge, streaking over the big man's head, and pummel the monster with a barrage of strikes to drive it back. The sound of the real Mayor's whimpering is heard as the camera pulls back very quickly out of the city proper and across the suburbs; the screen goes white and resolves into the little man in the lab. He moans and trembles in his sleep; pan to the girls, whose shakes indicate how much effort they are putting into their end of the dream.)

[Animation goof: They are now wearing their stockings and shoes, as opposed to being bare-legged when they went to sleep.]

(His headset removed, the Professor leans intently over his control panel and sees the Dream-O-Meter's signal continue. Cut to the sleeping Blossom and pull back quickly; fade to white and then to the battle scene in the dream. Close-up of her; she takes hold of something enormous.)

Blossom: Okay, girls. Now!

(Pull back; she has a mammoth pickle jar, which makes the creature very uneasy indeed.)

Blossom: Get him!

(Bubbles and Buttercup move in on the terrified mutant cucumber. Dream Mayor lets off a grunt of surprise when he looks up—and finds that the girls have trapped their foe within the jar and screwed the lid down tight. It roars in fury and beats its fists against the glass. Back to the lab; the Mayor awakens and sits bolt upright with a frustrated cry as the lights come on.)

Mayor: NOOOOOOOO!!

(The girls wake up. Now the little man, freed from his restraints and helmet, sobs pitifully on the table as they float over to him; they too have removed their headgear.)

Blossom: What's wrong, Mayor? We saved the day, didn't we?

Mayor: No! You ruined the day! *(More sobs.)* I remember it all too clearly now. *(Zoom in slowly.)* All I wanted to do—

(Dissolve to Dream Mayor, running eagerly down the street in slow motion.)

Mayor: *(voice over)* —was just to give that giant pickle a...a...a...hug!

(On the end of this, cut to the pickle monster. It is now wearing lipstick and gleefully awaiting the arrival of the big man. Close-up of him, slowly approaching with no background audio except his thundering heartbeat. Zoom in closer; he comes up short with that surprised grunt heard earlier, but at half speed. Normal speed: the girls are laying into the beast.)

Mayor: *(voice over)* And then you girls get in the way every time, with your punching and your kicking— *(It is caught in the jar.)* —and...and...and your trapping and...

(Dissolve to the lab.)

Mayor: *(furiously)* Oh, who asked for your help, anyway?

Blossom: Um...you did.

Mayor: Yeah? Well...whatever!

(Cut to the again-darkened living room. The front door is open, and the Mayor heads straight out of it, still dragging his blanket behind him.)

Mayor: Now that I know what's causing them nightmares, you can just forget it! *(now outside, as the family comes up to look after him)* Who needs you, anyway? *(He sneers.)*

(Dissolve to the exterior of Townsville Hall.)

Narrator: Ah, yes. *(Overhead view of the bedroom; the Mayor is tucked in by himself.)* Once again peace is restored to our darling Mayor's dreams.

(In close-up, he is seen to be sleeping quite peacefully now.)

Narrator: And the Powerpuff Girls?

(Quick pan to the exterior of their house. In the bedroom, they are now the ones who are having the bad dream. Zoom in and dissolve quickly to it: a close-up of the three, trapped in the pickle jar they used earlier. They yell in rage and beat its walls to no avail. Pull back slightly to show their prison in one giant hand, then further to show said hand as belonging to the pickle monster. It has Dream Mayor balanced on the other palm and is promptly given a big squishy hug. Pull back slowly from the embracing pair.)

(On the start of the next line, the view fades to black and then changes to the background for the end shot.)

Narrator: *(yawning)* And so once again the say is saved—

(The girls appear: Bubbles and Buttercup at center L and R, respectively, leaning out to the sides of the screen and waving, Blossom a bit above center screen with her arms spread wide.)

Narrator: —thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! *(He begins to snore.)*