

**CUSTODY BATTLE**  
**Transcribed by Alan Back**

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

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville! *(Zoom in slightly.)* And no better place to spend Father's Day.

*(On these last two words, cut to a pair of kites in the sky. The larger is marked "DAD," the smaller "SON"; tilt down to show them being flown by a man and his young boy in the park. Junior gets a pat on the head, and the camera starts to pan across the area to show another father-son pair playing catch. A different proud papa is heard next.)*

**Father 1:** *(from o.c.)* Son, when I was your age...

*(He comes into view, seated on a park bench with his son; they are enjoying ice cream cones.)*

**Father 1:** *(sighing happily)* ...I was twelve.

*(The kid looks confusedly at the camera, which pans on a bit and stops at a basketball court. Yet another dad is seen, hands on teenage son's shoulders; the latter is suited up with a ball under his arm.)*

**Father 2:** Billy, that was an amazing shot! Someday you're gonna be a famous player. *(They hug.)*

**Narrator:** Yes, it's a wonderful day for all the dads of Townsville.

*(They walk o.c., exposing a bench in the distance behind them. It is out of focus, but the figure seated on it is unmistakably Mojo Jojo, with a soda in hand. Zoom in and refocus; moodily, he takes a pull at the drink.)*

**Narrator:** Well...almost.

**Mojo:** *(mockingly)* "You're going to be a famous player." *(own voice)* Sickening!

**Boy:** *(from o.c.)* Dad! *(Cut to him and his father on another bench.)* I wanna be a man just like you someday. *(He hugs; Dad pats his head.)*

**Father 3:** I love you too, son.

**Mojo:** Oh, please.

*(An anguished cry draws his attention elsewhere; cut to the source, a skinny, nerdy kid crying to his father. The youth wears thick glasses, loud checked shorts, and black shoes with matching knee-length socks; also, his underwear has been yanked well above his waistline in back. His father is reading a paper; except for the headgear and the abused undergarment, the two are dressed identically. One lens of the boy's glasses has been broken.)*

**Nerd boy:** Daddy! (*pointing o.c.*) Those mean boys beat me up and took my ice cream money—(*indicating underwear*)—and gave me a wedgie!

*(Only on this last does daddy dearest lower his paper to look at the boy. Back to Mojo, who looks sullenly off in another direction. Zoom in as he gasps in surprise, then again to an extreme close-up of his face. His perspective: across the park, the Rowdyruff Boys are gathered around a pile of cash—taken from the boy we just saw. Brick counts the loot while Boomer and Butch look greedily over his shoulders.)*

**Mojo:** The Rowdyruff Boys?! (*Zoom in on them in two steps during this.*) This is not possible! How is it that something that was destroyed can exist again?

*(Back to him on the latter part of this line. He runs closer to them.)*

**Mojo:** I demand an explanation as to how something that was destroyed can exist again!

*(Cut to the boys on the end of this. They are a touch puzzled, as evidenced by the glances they trade among themselves. Finally Brick speaks up.)*

**Brick:** (*sarcastically*) Duh...nice hat, dorko! (*All laugh; he gives five to his brothers.*)

**Mojo:** How dare you talk to your father that way?

**Boys:** (*all very snarky*) Father?

*(This time, they laugh so hard that they fall to the ground—the fact that Mojo has not kept up with recent events is a very good joke to them. The nonplussed primate’s eyes pop as the distinct sound of “Him” approaching makes itself heard. Right on cue, the cross-dressing demon floats down into view behind the boys, who have fallen silent.)*

**“Him”:** (*effeminate voice*) Yes, it seems that the boys have a new father now.

**Mojo:** What? (*“Him” lies down near the boys.*)

**“Him”:** I brought the boys back, so I am their father now.

**Mojo:** Incorrect! The Rowdyruff Boys were *my* idea, which means *I* was the original creator!

*(tapping braincap)* Yes, it was I who originally created them, which means it was I whose creativity led to the origin of the idea which resulted in the creation of them. Therefore, the idea originated *before* the actual creating began, resulting in total origination of all creativity!

*(On the end of this, cut briefly to “Him,” wearied by this typhoon of thoroughly unnecessary hot air, and back to Mojo.)*

**Brick:** (*sarcastically, scratching his head*) Yeah...I didn’t get that the first time. Can you repeat that?

*(The boys laugh, and “Him” giggles behind his claw before sitting up.)*

**“Him”:** I’m sorry, Mojo, but *your* creation was destroyed by the Powerpuff Girls— (*standing up; evil voice*) —and would probably still be destroyed— (*leaning down to Mojo; effeminate voice*) —if I didn’t revive them.

(*Cut to a shot of the original boys, as created by Mojo, in “Him”’s lair. The backdrop behind them shows a sailor standing on the deck of a submarine and being pulled to safety by a passing biplane.*)

**“Him”:** (*from o.c.*) Besides, seeing how I made them better—

(*He passes a claw over the view, and the boys change to their current selves. New backdrop: a man working on a high-voltage power line. Pull back to frame all five villains; “Him” has gathered the boys into his arms. Backdrop: a man falls, gets up as the film clip reverses itself, then falls again on another playback.*)

**“Him”:** (*to evil voice*) —they should remain mine! (*Back to the park.*)

**Mojo:** BETTER?!? How could you make Mojo Jojo’s design of the Rowdyruff Boys any better?

(*The response: a gale of effeminate laughter, which continues as “Him”’s face shrinks into a box at the top left corner of the screen. In the rest of it, he stands with the boys and holds up a hypodermic syringe. Though the lettering on it is partly obscured, enough can be seen to make it out: “ANTI-COOTIE SERUM.” The “Him” in the box speaks during the following—a flashback—and the boys rub their arms where they have been injected.*)

**“Him”:** By making them immune to the Powerpuffs’ girly kisses.

(*During this line, the “Him” in the flashback pulls away from the boys a bit, and short clips from “The Boys Are Back in Town” are played in which each girl kisses her opposite number. These take up the entire screen, and the rest of the line is delivered as a voice over during them. Next, “Him” reappears in his box, and the boys—grown to giant size, with their eyes glowing red—tower over the girls.*)

**“Him”:** Now they can’t be destroyed by the mere touch of cooties.

(*His face expands to full screen during this line.*)

**“Him”:** (*leaning into Mojo’s face; evil voice*) So why don’t you run along, chimp chump?

(*The aforementioned chump boils over for several seconds before finding his tongue.*)

**Mojo:** Those boys were created to do pure evil, which makes *me* the more fit father since I *am* pure evil! (*“Him” lies down, holding a lollipop.*)

**“Him”:** (*effeminate voice*) Ohhh, I’m sorry, but nobody does evil the way I do!

(*Evil voice on the last four words; his eyes blaze with a hidden fire as his face twists into a vicious scowl. In a flash, he is on his feet and has regained his composure.*)

**Mojo:** That is not so!

**“Him”:** (*effeminate voice*) Is so!

**Mojo:** Is not so!

**“Him”:** Is so! (*Cut to the boys, all bored silly.*)

**Mojo:** (*from o.c.*) Is not!

**“Him”:** (*from o.c.*) Is so!

**Mojo:** (*from o.c.*) Is not!

**“Him”:** (*from o.c.*) Is so!

**Mojo:** (*from o.c.*) Is not!

**“Him”:** (*from o.c.; evil voice*) Is so!

**Mojo:** (*from o.c.*) Is not!

**“Him”:** (*from o.c.*) Is so!

*(Close-up of the quarreling masterminds, who have reached a momentary standoff and are staring each other down at point-blank range. Pull back slightly; Mojo is standing on a stack of books to put himself at eye level.)*

**Mojo:** Very well, then! (*now on ground*) Since you will not acknowledge that I, Mojo Jojo, the original creator of the Rowdyruff Boys, who were originally created by me, am the more evil father, you leave me no alternative but to prove that I am the more evil father—therefore making me the better parent! (*“Him” leans down to him.*)

**“Him”:** (*effeminate voice*) Fine, then. (*evil voice*) And I will prove that I am the eviler parent!

**Mojo:** Very well, then!

*(Split-screen view: Mojo in the left half, “Him” in the right.)*

**Mojo, “Him”:** (*effeminate voice for “Him”*) Let the evil begin!

*(Wipe to the front entrance of Townsville Hall. Flanked by security guards, the Mayor stands at a podium and addresses a sign-waving crowd. A “Mayor ’04” banner is strung up behind him—this is a re-election campaign event. On the start of the next line, the camera pulls back to reveal this entire view as being on a monitor in Mojo’s lair; he is speaking to the boys.)*

**Mojo:** First, I will demonstrate my total evilness— (*working some controls*) —by kidnapping the Mayor of Townsville! (*He laughs; cut to the Mayor.*)

**Mayor:** Friends and neighbors and, uh...fellow bedwetters. We are gathered here today to witness the holy union between—

*(One of the guards whispers to him, and he directs his next words toward the man—but he is still within range of the microphones on the podium.)*

**Mayor:** Huh? Oh? You don’t say! Who’s getting elected? (*The lair.*)

**Mojo:** Now, observe.

*(He eases a lever forward; back to the gathering, farther back in the crowd. A news camera is trained on the Mayor, with a red light flashing on its side—responding to Mojo’s control.)*

**Mayor:** And furthermore, it has come to my attention that there are just too many of you.

*(Cut to a close-up of the camera lens on the end of this. The speech continues under the next line as the glass swings open and the barrel of a weapon extends from behind it. This is marked as Mojo indicates.)*

**Mojo:** *(voice over)* Behold! The TRCP 800! *(Back to the lair.)*

**Boomer:** You mean “Totally Rad City Pulverizer”? *(Disgusted glance from Mojo.)*

**Mojo:** No, dum-dum.

*(Brick socks Boomer. Back to the site; now a pickle floats slowly out of the weapon barrel. It has an antenna on top, with a flashing red light.)*

**Mojo:** *(voice over)* The Remote-Control Pickle! *(The podium; the pickle approaches the Mayor.)*

**Mayor:** Which brings me to my next point, which is—

*(He cuts himself off briefly as the pickle passes before his eyes; when he resumes, he sweats quite a bit and sounds even more distracted than usual—his perpetual craving has taken hold.)*

**Mayor:** The point...the point is...which is...

*(Jumping down from the podium, he tumbles onto his face and starts to crawl along the sidewalk after the airborne briny treat.)*

**Mayor:** Pickle, pickle, pickle, pickle, pickle, pickle...

*(In the lair, Mojo chortles to himself. Now the Mayor is seen crawling through the crowd; the TRCP is keeping just ahead of him. Pan to follow him as he keeps muttering “Pickle, pickle, pickle” over and over again. It descends the front steps, as does he, and the super-low-speed chase moves down the street, with traffic racing by in both directions. An alley: the TRCP passes through the wire of a chain-link fence that blocks off one end as that babbling continues from o.c.. The pursuing Mayor gets caught up in the barrier, and in a close-up shot we see that he has squeezed through only to get his coat snagged on a few loose strands of wire. He falls silent at this point, and after a few moments he pulls free of the fence and is propelled o.c.—but as he does so, his clothes are ripped off his body. He has nothing left except his monocle and top hat.)*

*(Back to the lair.)*

**Mojo:** Now prepare to witness true evil!

*(He works a lever on the control panel Cut to a close-up of a pickle crate in the park; one end is propped up by means of a stick with a long trailing string tied to it. The classic cartoon trap has been set: wait for the prey to move under the box, then pull the string to yank the prop out and*

*drop the box over the prey. As the Mayor's obsessed gabbling resumes from o.c., the TRCP floats into view, hovers briefly, and zips into the crate. Pan back the way it came to show the naked little man closing in.)*

*(The lair again. Now Mojo eases his finger toward a button on the control panel.)*

**Mojo:** Steady...

*(The pickle crate again, with the Mayor crawling toward it.)*

**Mojo:** *(voice over)* Steady...

*(Extreme close-up of the extended hand, ready to grasp the prize, then pull back to an overhead shot of the area. A large shadow is thrown over the Mayor from above, causing him to look up.)*

**“Him”:** *(from o.c., effeminate voice)* Yoo-hoo!

*(Cut to him, leaning out a porthole and waving. Judging from the leather aviator helmet he is wearing, he is piloting an aircraft that threw the shadow.)*

**“Him”:** Up here, Mr. Mayor! *(Close-up of the Mayor.)*

**Mayor:** *(standing up)* Pickle?

*(In the sky, we can see the bottom portion of the flying machine, a blimp with a lumpy green surface. Pull back to a long shot; the vessel is shaped like an enormous pickle. Now the Mayor reaches up eagerly.)*

**Mayor:** Pickle!

*(He runs after it, ignoring Mojo's trap entirely. Back to the lair, where Mojo watches “Him”'s blimp on the monitor.)*

**Mojo:** Curses!

*(In the craft's cabin—which sports, of all things, a candelabra on a stand—the boys appear next to “Him.”)*

**“Him”:** And now, my dear boys— *(Zoom in on him.)* —I will show you just how evil I am...

*(Ground view, with the camera pointing up at the blimp. The Mayor reaches up toward it as it stops above a building.)*

**“Him”:** *(from inside)* ...by letting the Mayor play a little game of upsy-downsy!

*(On the end of this, cut to the building's lower floors; the pickle fanatic runs over and quickly climbs up o.c. Long shot: he clammers up toward the spire with remarkable agility as helicopters hover nearby.)*

**“Him”:** *(from o.c.)* Good little Mayor.

*(During this line, cut to the antenna on the roof; the Mayor quickly scales it and balances atop its peak to reach out for the blimp.)*

**Mayor:** Pickle, pickle? (“Him” throws a lever.)

**“Him”:** Whoops.

*(The vehicle floats away, and the Mayor loses his balance as he keeps trying to catch it.)*

**Mayor:** Who-o-o-oa...

*(He tumbles screaming o.c.; cut to follow him down, then to the sidewalk as he lands headfirst. He stays in that position for a second or two before falling onto his side. The boys look down at the spectacle, as does “Him.”)*

*[Animation goof: The top hat is gone in the landing.]*

**Brick:** Man! That was pretty evil! *(Ground level; a crowd has gathered, and Ms Bellum runs up.)*

**Ms. Bellum:** Mayor, are you okay?

*(He stands up and blinks stupidly; the sound of something being eaten o.c. draws his gaze. Cut to the car thief from “Girls Gone Mild”—who was identified as Charlie Bean in “A Made Up Story”—leaning against a lamppost and eating a banana. Zoom in on the fruit.)*

**Mayor:** *(from o.c.)* Banana!

*(Back to him; he crawls o.c. after the man, muttering “Banana, banana, banana” repeatedly.)*

**Ms. Bellum:** Yep, he’s just fine.

*(“Him” and the boys glare angrily down at the group, and our intrepid pilot groans in his evil voice before getting himself under control.)*

**“Him”:** *(effeminate voice)* Don’t worry, boys. There’s more evil where that came froOOOOMMM!!

*(On the last word, the camera shakes violently. Pull back to show that the blimp has been seized in an enormous metallic hand, then back up farther in two steps to bring the entire body into frame. It is a truly gigantic humanoid robot that stands twice as tall as the buildings around it;*

*atop its head is a Mojo-style braincap. No credit for guessing who built this thing. Back to the porthole; all four stare incredulously toward it.)*

**Butch:** Wow! A giant fighting robot!

*(Cut to the eye area and zoom in until Mojo can be seen through the glass, at the controls. His voice comes through a front-mounted speaker.)*

**Mojo:** Yes! A giant *evil* fighting robot, created by Mojo Jojo!

*(It points at the blimp with its free hand, and a powerful suction from one finger pulls the boys out of the blimp's porthole. Inside the control room, Mojo laughs as they pop up from a hatch behind him.)*

**Mojo:** Now watch this!

*(The robot produces a large pin in its free hand and pokes the blimp, which promptly deflates and flies out of sight. The control room.)*

**Mojo:** And now, observe total evilness!

*(His perspective, looking out through the eyes; he pushes two levers, and a pair of large cannons swing up to point straight ahead. Outside: the robot's arms have reconfigured themselves into these weapons. They fire simultaneously and send two missiles arcing over the city. Green exhaust trails mark their trajectory; when they hit in the far distance, they explode with a glare that darkens the sky as it washes over block after block.)*

*(In the control room, Mojo looks very pleased with himself and the boys are impressed.)*

**Brick:** Wow! That's super-evil, dude!

**Mojo:** Yes. And it's all yours to command. *(The boys trade a glance.)*

**Brick:** You mean, we can blow stuff up and stuff?

**Mojo:** Mmm-hmm.

**Brick:** Anything?

**Mojo:** Anything.

*(Cheering and talking excitedly, the boys run to the controls and prepare to wreak large-scale havoc. Brick's next word brings them up short.)*

**Brick:** WAIT!! *(Cut to a monitor that shows the crawling Mayor; he continues o.c.)* First, let's start with that stupid Mayor!

*(A street corner. On the next line, Bean crosses the screen, banana in one hand, cell phone to ear in the other, and eyes darting over his shoulder.)*

**Bean:** Anyway, I-I got this little naked dude following me, and it's a bummer.

*(Pan slightly in the direction from which he came; sure enough, here comes the Mayor, now on his feet and muttering “Banana, banana, banana” frantically. After he has gone, Mojo’s robot plants one colossal foot in view as it chases him. In an alley, Bean finds himself cornered by the crazed little man; he holds out the half-eaten fruit.)*

**Bean:** All right, just take it, please!

*(The Mayor falls silent as he seizes it and begins to eat. All is quiet for a few seconds—and then the o.c. robot’s footsteps shake the camera as it moves in behind him with cannons aimed. Once the Mayor finishes the banana, he holds the peel off to one side.)*

**Mayor:** *(happily)* Banana...

*(He throws the peel over his shoulder; it lands on the sidewalk just in time for the robot to step on it and lose balance. The rig crashes to the street and sends up a thick cloud of dust, which clears to show it in sparking ruins and the surrounding buildings in just as bad a shape. Inside the control room, Mojo and the boys have been tossed all around the place.)*

**Mojo:** Curses! (“Him” looks in through the eyes.)

**“Him”:** *(effeminate voice)* Ohhh, what’s the matter, monkey boy?

*(Evil voice on the last two words. Close-up of him outside.)*

**“Him”:** *(effeminate voice)* Technical difficulties?

*(He laughs exuberantly over the robot’s failure. There is a sudden outpouring of pink smoke from his mouth; when it clears, he is reclining on a cloud of the stuff in midair, and the boys float near him.)*

**“Him”:** Boys, let’s stop monkeying around. *(holding up a set of pan-pipes)* It’s time I showed you what *real* evil looks like!

*(He blows into the pipes and produces a stream of discordant music, which issues forth as a couple of energy beams and a string of notes that float along them. Pan to follow them away from “Him” a short distance, then cut to a large installation at the base of a mountain range. This is the Center for Cosmic Research, with an observatory telescope extended from the roof and an electrical tower at each corner. A chain-link fence topped with barbed wire encircles the building, and a security gate bars the road leading up to it. Signs in front read “Top Secret” and “Turn Around!”)*

*(The strange music reaches the Center; zoom in on an upper-story window, where it smashes through the glass. Inside, scientists are hard at work among the various pieces of apparatus. One of them, at a computer, goes pop-eyed as the sound waves pass him, and as the camera pans along the row of terminals, three of his colleagues are similarly affected. The last of these, very fat, is standing rather than sitting; he drops the clipboard he carries and looks around himself*

*for a moment. In another part of the lab, Don Shank is also taking the full brunt of “Him”’s sonic assault. The fat one walks up to him, with a sheet of paper in hand. Both sound as if hypnotized when they speak; the music dies away at this point.)*

**Fat scientist:** Dr. Shank?

**Dr. Shank:** Yes, Dr. Yost?

**Fat scientist (Dr. Yost):** *(holding out paper, marked “Secret Code”)* Here is the secret code for the CSD, that I am not supposed to give to anybody. *(Dr. Shank takes it.)*

**Dr. Shank:** You mean the ignition code for the Cosmic Singularity Degenerator—

*(During the previous line, cut to a close-up of the biggest piece of equipment in the lab and pull back to put the two men in frame next to it. The rig consists of a large emitter, with several clamps attached to it, pointing straight down at a platform on the floor. Back to the two; Dr. Shank is now punching numbers into a control panel.)*

**Dr. Shank:** —which, when activated, will cause a fission reaction—

*(During this line, cut to a close-up of the emitter firing a beam. Cut to the exterior of the Center, with the telescope now shooting this energy straight up skyward; as Dr. Shank continues, cut to outer space and pan right as the beam bounces off one moon after another. Stop on Earth, which finally takes the hit.)*

**Dr. Shank:** *(voice over)* —that will send a warp-desensitive parabolic gamma ray into the cosmos— *(Earth starts to move; pan again.)* —causing disalignment between all celestial bodies, then of course throwing the Earth out of orbit, sending it hurtling into the sun?

*(During the pan, the camera advances just a bit faster than Earth, which passes Venus and Mercury before approaching the sun’s corona. Back to the two men; behind them, we can see the city proper in the distance—and the sun, which appears to be growing since the planet is moving toward it.)*

**Dr. Yost:** Yes. That code.

**Dr. Shank:** Okay. Just making sure.

*(On a hilltop near Townsville, Mojo watches the sun’s image expand. As the glare begins to intensify, “Him”’s effeminate laughter rings out and a spiral of pink smoke forms nearby. When it clears, he and the boys are on the scene.)*

**“Him”:** *(to evil voice)* Splendidly evil, isn’t it?

**Mojo:** Evil? How about stupid? Yes! Thanks to your foolishness, we will be reduced to nothing! Nothing—like the amount of intelligence inside your head! Nothing—like the amount of respect I get after six seasons on this show!

*(“Him” waves a claw; the sun stops its perceived advance.)*

**Mojo:** No! You are *not* the more evil parent. (*Sun recedes; glare fades.*) You are the more stupid parent— (*Close-up of the boys, looking toward “Him”; he continues o.c.*) —which makes you unfit to be the father of these boys!

**“Him”:** (*effeminate voice, boiling over*) Is not so!

**Mojo:** Is so!

**“Him”:** Not so!

(*Close-up of the boys; they look from one speaker to the other with increasing disgust.*)

**Mojo:** (*from o.c.*) Is so!

**“Him”:** (*from o.c.*) Not so! (*Back to Mojo.*)

**Mojo:** Is so!

**“Him”:** Not so! (*Back to the boys.*)

**Mojo:** (*from o.c.*) Is so!

**“Him”:** (*from o.c., evil voice*) Not so!

**Mojo:** (*from o.c.*) Is so!

**Boys:** (*over the previous line*) SHUT UP!! (*Pull back to frame all five.*)

**Brick:** We don’t care which one of you is more eviler, or more stupider, or whatever-er! There’s only one evil thing we care about, and that’s destroying the Powerpuff Girls!

**Boys:** (*doing triple high-five*) Yeah!

(*Cut to “Him” and Mojo, both dumbstruck at this display of rebelliousness. They trade a bewildered look.*)

**Brick:** (*from o.c.*) Let’s go! (*Pull back; the boys take off toward Townsville, and the evil ones’ eyes tear up.*)

**Mojo:** Why, that’s the vilest thing I can imagine!

**“Him”:** (*effeminate voice*) Oh, all you can do is raise them the best you know how and hope they turn out right.

**Mojo, “Him”:** I’m so proud of them! (*They embrace; long shot of the scene.*)

**Narrator:** And so, with Mojo and “Him” finally happy together...

(*A Rowdyruff version of the end shot comes up. This consists of a skull and crossbones, with alternating bands of black and white radiating outward, and the boys flash into view against it after a moment. Brick is at top C, Boomer and Butch and bottom L and R, respectively; all three are ready to throw down.*)

**Narrator:** (*ominously*) ...the day is doomed—thanks to the Rowdyruff Boys.