

**THAT'S NOT MY BABY**  
**Transcribed by Alan Back**

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

**Narrator:** The city of Townsville... *(Dissolve to an empty sidewalk.)* ...is being attacked by an angry monster!

*(A frightened crowd runs across the screen for dear life, just ahead of a massive reptilian foot that crushes a building. Cut to a point farther down the street; the crowd passes by, and a baby carriage can be seen parked by a doorway. A few seconds after everyone has gone, a man pokes his head back into view.)*

**Man 1:** *(pointing)* And it's headed straight for that baby carriage!

*(He ducks away, and the camera shifts to point down the street at the rampaging beast. It stands erect, with one horn atop its head, light green hide on the chest, and darker scales covering the rest of its body. Its mouth is wide open in a roar as its thundering footsteps approach the carriage. It appears identical to Fred, the beast called in by the girls to embarrass Major Man in "Major Competition.")*

*One clawed hand reaches down toward the vehicle, but the girls zip onto the scene before it can grab the thing. Buttercup lands a flying uppercut, Blossom drags the creature's feet out from under it by pulling on the spiked tail, and Bubbles whisks the carriage out of reach. The monster's tail flops to the ground. During this sequence, we can see a small pair of wings sprouting from its shoulder blades—this is the only difference between it and Fred. In midair, Bubbles holds the carriage triumphantly aloft, her sisters flanking her, as cheers erupt from ground level.)*

*[Animation goof: The camera cuts back and forth between the girls and the monster. During the shot in which Bubbles zips in to grab the carriage, it has already disappeared.]*

*(Cut to a boy among the crowd.)*

**Boy:** Yay! Hooray for the Powerpuff Girls! *(Pull back; he addresses the man seen earlier.)* Geez, can you imagine if there had been a baby in that carriage?

*(Both nod knowingly and look skyward. Bubbles is a bit disconcerted at this new pronouncement; she lowers the carriage to eye level and looks in. Empty—but a sudden burst of crying from o.c. causes her to drop it in alarm. Cut to the monster, which has the occupant gathered up in one arm and seems to be making as if to strike it. Bubbles' fury is aroused in a heartbeat, and as the big green leviathan starts to roar again, she lands a blow to the gut that doubles it over. It lets go of the infant, which blinks two big blue eyes in puzzlement and looks down toward the ground. Before the child can fall, though, Bubbles zips across and makes the save. She cuddles her now-tranquil charge as the camera zooms in slightly.)*

**Narrator:** And once again peace is restored. (*Ground level; a man, woman, and boy are looking on.*)

**Woman 1:** Oh, thank goodness! (*Bubbles flies down and gives her the baby.*)

**Bubbles:** Here you go, lady. (*Close-up of woman and child; she continues o.c.*) You have a really cute baby.

**Woman 1:** I know. (*suddenly puzzled*) But that's not my baby.

(*Back to Bubbles. She is put a little off balance, but only for a moment.*)

**Bubbles:** Oh. (*taking baby back, giggling a bit*) Sorry. (*holding it out toward other side*) Here you go.

(*Cut to the person to whom she has addressed herself, another woman. A third one stands by her.*)

**Woman 2:** That's not my baby.

(*Bubbles flies into view and addresses the third woman. Pan slightly to keep her and each respondent in view, and pull back in time as well. A man and his girlfriend are at the end of the row.*)

**Bubbles:** Is it your baby?

**Woman 3:** Nope.

**Bubbles:** Is it your baby?

**Woman 4:** No.

**Bubbles:** Is it your baby?

**Man 2:** Yeah. (*His girlfriend elbows him in the back.*) Ow!...Uh, no, that's not my baby.

(*Close-up of Buttercup in midair.*)

**Buttercup:** Hey, people! (*Pull back; her sisters are there with the baby.*) Doesn't anybody know whose baby this is?

(*Cut to a pan down the street, which is filled with onlookers. All shake their heads and mutter denials. The camera reaches a set of barricades that have been put up to block off traffic around the battle zone, and we then see the defeated beast being hoisted into the air via crane and swung toward an immigration processing center at the docks. Even the police officers overseeing this work have no knowledge to offer.*)

(*Back to the girls, more than a trifle dismayed; the muttering dies down.*)

**Buttercup:** So now what?

**Blossom:** I guess we find more moms.

*(The child's face spins from the center of the screen toward the camera and back out of view. Now the scene has changed to the parking lot of Malph's Market. The girls fly down and accost a woman who is about to load her groceries into her car. Blossom is now carrying the baby.)*

**Bubbles:** Do you know whose baby this is?

**Woman 5:** I'm sorry, doesn't belong to anyone I know. *(They move to another woman; pan to follow.)*

**Buttercup:** Have you ever seen this baby?

**Woman 6:** Nope, sorry, not familiar at all. *(They float resignedly o.c.; close-up as they address the camera.)*

**Blossom:** Is this your baby?

**Woman 7:** *(from o.c.)* My baby? That thing don't look nothin' like me!

*(Cut to her. She is, in fact, an overgrown version of the child—right down to the diaper and the little tuft of hair on top. However, she also has long curly hair in back and her hard eyes show only blue pinpoints.)*

**Woman 7:** Nope! *(Blossom turns to her sisters.)*

**Blossom:** I don't get it.

**Bubbles:** I know. She looked like a big baby.

**Blossom:** No, I mean we've asked every woman in Townsville, and nobody has ever even seen this baby before.

**Buttercup:** So let's just find a babysitter.

*(Wipe to the exterior of Pokey Oaks Kindergarten. All is right with this corner of the world until the girls dive toward the roof; cut to inside as they crash through it and stop facing Ms. Keane, who is at her desk. The baby is nowhere in sight.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(a bit flustered)* Girls! What are you doing here? *(checking her watch)* School got out five hours ago.

**Girls:** Ummm...

**Buttercup:** We brought you something. *(Close-up of Ms. Keane.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(chuckling a bit)* Oh! Is it an apple? Well, I just love sweet little a—

*(Her irises contract to points as she gasps in shock and cuts herself off. Back to the girls; Blossom now has the foundling in hand.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(from o.c.)* —aaaaaa! *(stammering)* A baby?

**Bubbles:** See? I told you she'd love a sweet little baby. *(Back to the teacher.)*

**Ms. Keane:** *(borderline revulsed)* Girls, where did you get that thing?

**Blossom:** Well, we're looking for his mother, and we just need someone to look after him for a little while. *(She holds out the child.)*

**Girls:** Pleeeeease?

*(Longer shot of the front desk. The trash can next to it is filled with apples.)*

**Ms. Keane:** (*shaking head vigorously*) Ohhh, no, girls, no, no, no. I'm sorry.

**Bubbles:** But, Ms. Keane, I thought you loved kids.

**Ms. Keane:** Well, of course I do.

(*Close-up of the trash can, from which fumes are rising—those apples passed their prime long ago. One of them has tumbled out. During the next line, she eases one foot out from behind the desk and drags the lot back out of sight.*)

**Ms. Keane:** (*from o.c., thinking fast*) That's why I'm here, grading homework so all of my twenty-three kids can get the education they deserve— (*Back to her.*) —because I love kids.

**Girls:** But...but...

**Ms. Keane:** (*checking watch*) All righty, girls, let's get moving. Big day tomorrow. (*Stay on her.*)

**Girls:** (*from o.c., resignedly*) Okay.

(*Another spinning-face scene change; now we have moved to the Mayor's office. Ms. Bellum stands before the camera.*)

**Ms. Bellum:** You want *me* to take care of a baby? Look, girls. I'd love to help you, but I already have a baby to take care of. (*Cut to Bubbles.*)

**Bubbles:** You have a baby, Ms. Bellum?

(*Loud squalling from the o.c. Mayor draws her attention; cut to him standing by the lady in red.*)

**Mayor:** (*petulantly*) Why can't we name Main Street after me? Hmph!

**Ms. Bellum:** As you can see, girls, a big baby.

**Mayor:** (*suddenly animated*) Ooh, baby? I'll take a baby. I loooooove babies! (*Cut to the girls; Blossom carries the one in question.*)

**Blossom:** Uh, sorry, Mr. Mayor. Uh, you seem really busy around here. (*Back to him.*)

**Mayor:** What? I'm not doing anything.

**Ms. Bellum:** (*from o.c.*) Oh, Mayor! It's time for your warm milk!

(*On the end of this line, she reaches into view with a baby bottle and shakes it. She then pulls it out of view.*)

**Mayor:** (*running o.c. after it*) Ooh, milky! Milky, milky!

(*The sound of the little man sucking on the bottle drifts back as the camera cuts to Buttercup. Her disgust with the situation could be picked up six blocks away.*)

**Buttercup:** Baby!

(*Cut to a house in the shape of an enormous shoe. Loudly clamoring ankle-biters sprawl out of the windows and the upper opening—somebody took the Mother Goose rhyme literally. The girls are at the front door, which opens to reveal the woman of the house: a screaming infant under one arm, a toddler clinging to her hip, and a haggard face worn by years of caring for the bunch. Cut to her perspective of the girls; Blossom holds the one they are trying to unload.*)

**Blossom:** You look like you like kids.

*(The door is slammed in their faces, blacking out the screen. Another spinning-face scene change puts us outside the girls' house. Zoom in slowly.)*

**Blossom:** *(from inside)* Well, girls, it looks like we're looking after a baby. *(Close-up of Buttercup at the kitchen table.)*

**Buttercup:** I think it's a bad idea!

*(Pull back. Her sisters are seated around the table as well, and the infant is lying on it.)*

**Blossom:** Well, until we can find his mother, we don't have a choice.

**Bubbles:** Maybe if we show that we can take care of a baby, the Professor'll let us have a hamster.

*(Her sisters direct quizzical looks toward her for a long moment, then turn their eyes to each other as if wondering whether Bubbles has completely flipped her wig. Instead of calling the nearest mental hospital, though, they trade a high five.)*

**Blossom:** Yeah!

**Buttercup:** A hamster!

**Bubbles:** I mean, how hard can it be? We're superheroes!

*(A spinning-face scene change, this one showing the baby's mouth wide open. It leaves us still in the kitchen; now, though, the child has begun to make a fuss and the girls are at a loss. Cut to a slow pan across the table.)*

**Bubbles:** Is it broken?

**Blossom:** Maybe it's hungry.

**Buttercup:** What do they even eat? *(Pull back to frame all three.)*

**Bubbles:** I know just the thing!

*(She flies out of her seat and o.c., returning a moment later with something on a bun.)*

**Bubbles:** Veggie burger! *(She sets it down; pan to Buttercup's side.)*

**Buttercup:** Babies don't even have teeth, stupid! He can't chew a veggie burger!

*(Cut back to Bubbles. She has taken a large bite and is chewing it with her mouth open.)*

**Bubbles:** That's why I chewed it for him.

*(She sticks out her tongue, preparing to unload the food into the crying mouth.)*

**Blossom, Buttercup:** Bubbles! *(This brings her up short.)*

**Blossom:** That is so gross! *(Bubbles swallows.)*

**Bubbles:** Birds do it, and they're not gross.

**Buttercup:** *(sighing in disgust)* They eat worms!

**Blossom:** Okay. Let's think of something that's already soft. *(An idea hits.)* How about chili?

**Buttercup:** *(groaning)* P-U!

**Bubbles:** *(peeking in baby's diaper)* Ewww! Looks like he already had chili. *(Her sisters are gripped by revulsion.)*

**Buttercup:** Ugh! What do we do now? *(Cut to Bubbles.)*

**Bubbles:** I guess it's time for you to change him, Blossom. *(Pan to put Blossom in view.)*

**Blossom:** Me?! Why should I have to do it? *(Pan farther to her and Buttercup.)*

**Buttercup:** She's right, sis. As the responsible one, it's your duty. *(winking)* Get it? Your doody? *(She laughs, as does Bubbles.)*

**Bubbles:** Doody!

**Blossom:** *(to Buttercup)* Why don't you do it? You like to stink.

**Buttercup:** I only like my own stink. *(Close-up of Bubbles; she continues o.c.)* Why doesn't Bubbles do it? She knows all about being a baby.

*[Note: Blossom is referring to Buttercup's aversion to baths in "Down n' Dirty."]*

*(Bubbles is incensed by this last crack; pull back to frame all three. She and Buttercup glare at each other as the baby stops crying.)*

**Blossom:** Okay, girls. Let's pull ourselves together. We'll do it as a team.

*(Their young charge is tossed into the air, and Buttercup trains her eye lasers on the diaper and blasts it off. Blossom blows her ice breath, frosting the baby over from the neck down. This soon melts away, and Bubbles flies up with a can of powder. A couple of tight loops around the little body leave a white cloud of the stuff hovering around it. Finally, the infant drops neatly into a fresh, safety-pinned diaper held by Blossom.)*

**Blossom:** This is gonna be easy!

**Bubbles, Buttercup:** *(high-fiving over her head)* Yeah! Hamster!

*(A spinning-face scene change, as the first one in the episode. The action has shifted to the girls' bedroom; close-up of a rather annoyed Blossom. The baby coos happily o.c. as her ponytail gets a yank that pulls her head to that side.)*

**Blossom:** Ow! *(Again.)* Ow!

*(Pull back across the room. The kid is tugging at her hair, while Buttercup builds a tower of blocks and Bubbles plays with Octi and other toys.)*

**Blossom:** Ow!...Ow!...Ow!...Ow! *(Cut to Bubbles.)*

**Bubbles:** *(mockingly)* Gee, Blossom, what happened to "this is gonna be easy"? *(Pull back; the baby cuddles Octi.)* See how cute he is with Octi?

*(Close-up; the doll's head starts to disappear into the smiling, toothless mouth.)*

**Bubbles:** *(from o.c.)* Just look at the cu—EWWW!! Okay, let's play nice now.

*(The baby pulls Octi out, looks at it happily, then starts trying to chew on it again. A shocked gasp from the o.c. Bubbles, and in an instant the plaything has been torn in half; the pieces fall to the floor amid a puddle of drool. Back to Bubbles.)*

**Bubbles:** Octi! *(Cut to Buttercup and her tower.)*

**Buttercup:** Oh, quit being such a baby, Bubbles. We're superheroes. *(The tower collapses.)*  
Hey, watch it!

*(The baby crawls into view—the vibrations from its approach brought the structure down.)*

**Buttercup:** Oh, we gotta get rid of this thing!

*(Blossom nods agreement sadly, and Bubbles looks at the head of her beloved stuffed octopus.)*

**Bubbles:** Okay.

*(Wipe to a close-up of Blossom in bed; the lights are out, indicating that night has fallen.)*

**Blossom:** All right, then.

*(Pull back. Her sisters are tucked in with her, and the infant is curled up on a pile of newspapers laid over the other end of the bed.)*

**Blossom:** Tomorrow we find his mom, and everything will be back to normal. *(Dissolve back to the head of the bed.)* Now let's just get a good night's sleep.

*(They close their eyes and settle in. Spinning-face scene change with open mouth: now they are wide awake and listening to a cavalcade of bawling. Pull back to the end of the bed.)*

**Blossom, Buttercup:** Your turn, Bubbles!

*(She flies over and gives the baby a bottle; this quiets it down in no time flat. After it has had its fill, she takes the bottle away and pats the cooing newborn's head. She zips back toward her pillow; cut to the head of the bed. All three have settled down again, and they giggle at the happy little sounds that now drift from o.c.)*

**Bubbles:** *(softly)* You have to admit, he does make cute noises.

*(They go back to sleep, but get only a few seconds' worth of peace before a loud belch shakes them awake. The baby is fast asleep, but its rumbling gut can be clearly heard.)*

**Buttercup:** What was in that milk?

**Bubbles:** Nothing... *(All look down the bed.)* ...except veggie burger.

*(This admission earns her a pair of angry glances; she grins sheepishly in response. Spinning-face scene change with open mouth: the girls are wide awake again, to the sound of more squalling. As the ruckus continues, dissolve to a close-up of the alarm clock on the nightstand. The time is 12:15. Dissolve alternately to the girls and the clock three times. The girls get increasingly fed up on each cycle as the hour advances from roughly 1:30 to 2:55 and then 4:10.)*

*(After this last shot of the clock, cut back to the girls. The room is silent, and they are sleeping like logs. A few seconds later, Bubbles sits bolt upright; zoom in on her as she looks around herself worriedly. Finally she nudges Blossom, waking her up.)*

**Bubbles:** Girls! Girls! *(Pull back to the end of the bed to show...)* The baby's gone!

*(This brings her sisters around in a hurry.)*

**Blossom:** Spread out!

*(They zip out of bed; cut to the darkened hallway outside their room. Bubbles flies across the screen. All are now fully dressed and calling out.)*

**Bubbles:** Baby! *(Blossom flies down the stairs.)*

**Blossom:** Baby! *(Buttercup floats through the living room.)*

**Buttercup:** Here, baby, baby! *(She stops.)* Uh...girls?

*(Blossom and Bubbles come up behind her, and she points ahead of herself. Cut to what she has indicated—the front door, standing wide open. A gasp from Bubbles.)*

**Bubbles:** *(from o.c.)* Do you think he went outside?

*(Back to the girls. The sound of a pacifier being sucked on makes itself heard; they zip out to investigate it. Now floating outside the front door, they look back and forth to locate the source. Cut to one corner of the house and zoom in slowly; after a few seconds, a small dog trots around and into view. It is working on the pacifier, but upon noticing the girls it drops the toy and growls, foaming at the mouth as if rabid.)*

*[Animation goof: When the camera cuts back to the girls at the start of the previous sequence, they are floating near the kitchen doorway, not in the living room.]*

*(Back to the girls, who gasp at what they have seen. A car horn blares from the direction of the street; they look over that way, and we see a rattle lying on the pavement. Close-up of it as the glare from approaching headlights starts to grow—and then it is crushed to bits by a passing car. The girls cannot believe what has happened: seeing two of the baby's toys reach bitter ends, one of which may have befallen the child itself.)*

**Bubbles:** Maybe we should just tell the Professor.

**Buttercup:** Are you crazy? He won't even let us have a pet, remember?

**Bubbles:** Do you have a better idea, tough guy?

**Blossom:** Hey, guys! (*pointing up*) There he is!

*(Cut to the base of a lamppost by the street and tilt up slowly along its length. The missing baby is sleeping peacefully on top of the fixture. It is promptly removed from the perch; cut to Bubbles and Buttercup in midair as Blossom brings the still-dozing child over to them.)*

**Buttercup:** We should probably keep a better eye on that thing. (*Stomach rumble.*)

**Blossom:** And we *really* need to watch what we feed him.

**Bubbles, Buttercup:** Uh-huh.

*(Spinning-face scene change with open mouth; we are back in the girls' bedroom, near the windows. The sky has begun to lighten with the sunrise, and two sounds cut the air: the ringing of the alarm clock and the crying of the baby. Pan slowly to the bed, where all three girls are back in their nightgowns, but awake and exhausted; Blossom rocks the infant in a vain attempt to calm it down. Fed up with the clock's din, Buttercup grabs it and throws it across the room; it falls silent.)*

**Blossom:** My back is killing me.

**Buttercup:** (*groaning*) That crying is what's killing me.

**Bubbles:** All I can think about is how tired I am. (*Buttercup floats out of bed.*)

**Buttercup:** Oh, we gotta ditch that thing. It's not our baby!

**Blossom:** I know. But we can't just leave it in a basket on someone's doorstep.

**Buttercup:** Why not? They do it on TV.

**Bubbles:** Well, we're not on TV!

**Blossom:** She's right. We've got to do the right thing.

*(Close-up of the baby, which lets off a wail powerful enough to shake the camera. Pull back; the lights come on, and all three girls have been pushed back a bit by this display of lung power.)*

**Bubbles:** I saw some baskets downtown.

*(They take off. Cut to the city skyline; the sun is now up. The girls fly over the buildings, and the camera cuts to them in flight, looking downward intently and hauling the kid. They have done another quick change.)*

**Blossom:** Where did you see those baskets?

*(Overhead view of an intersection. The monster from the day before is sitting dejectedly atop a building, and the girls top nearby.)*

**Blossom:** Hey! There's that monster from yesterday!

**Buttercup:** Let's go sock it in the face!

**Bubbles:** It looks sad.

*(Indeed it does—but after a long moment, its face shows ecstatic relief and it speaks in a female voice.)*

**Monster:** My baby! *(Close-up of Blossom.)*

**Blossom:** Nice try, monster, but this baby doesn't look anything like you. *(looking down)* See?

*(Pull back. She now has only the empty skin in her arms now, and she gasps in sheer surprise.)*

**Blossom:** He melted!

**Buttercup:** *(laughing)* Oh, yes! *(Now the monster chuckles.)*

**Monster:** No, he didn't melt.

*(Cut to a patch of sky. A small, lighter-green version of the huge beast flies slowly into view; the diaper it wears marks it as the mother's child.)*

**Monster:** *(from o.c.)* He just molted.

*(On the end of this, pull back to put it in view; the small one flies toward the waiting arms. Back to the girls, who inspect the discarded skin with some unease.)*

**Monster:** *(from o.c.)* That form you saw him in was just an ugly larva stage. *(Blossom drops the skin.)*

**Girls:** Ewww! *(Back to mother and child.)*

**Monster:** *(sighing happily)* He's Mommy's little terror, hmm? *(It coos happily; back to Blossom.)*

**Blossom:** Yeah, that sounds about right.

*(Thundering footsteps are heard o.c., and the camera shifts to point down the street. Mother is walking away, while the baby floats alongside; a flick of that huge tail knocks over a car parked at the curb. A second vehicle has already been overturned by the same means.)*

**Male voice:** Hey, watch it! *(Cut to Buttercup.)*

**Buttercup:** She can't do that! *(She prepares to charge; Blossom restrains her.)* Hey! *(Pull back to frame both.)*

**Blossom:** Let it go, Buttercup. *(Pull back to put Bubbles in view.)* That baby is punishment enough. *(All nod.)*

*(The standard end shot comes up.)*

**Narrator:** And so once again the diaper is changed—thanks to the Powerpuff Girls! Ooh, hold the chili.