

SUN SCREAM

Transcribed by Alan Back

(Opening shot: the city skyline during the day, under a bright sun.)

Narrator: The city of Townsville...is having another beautiful sunny day!

(Dissolve to the girls at the beach, stretched out on chairs. They wear swimsuits and sunglasses with frames in their respective colors.)

Narrator: And the Powerpuff Girls are soaking it all up at the beach.

(On the end of this, pull back slowly to reveal a considerable crowd gathered around them. These onlookers murmur among themselves; none, however, pay any attention to the Professor, who is lounging on a fourth chair nearby and sunning himself.)

Girl: Can you really fly?

Fat woman: Have you always been so cool?

Boy: Who are you gonna beat up next? *(The Professor sits up; two young women look his way.)*

Professor: Hey! Any questions for me? *(chuckling)* You know, I invented the Powerpuff Girls. *(The pair give him an irritated glance.)*

Fat woman: They're so awesome!

(Another woman cries out, either from excitement or sunstroke, and faints. Behind her, a lifeguard stands up at his platform and shouts in fear; zoom in on him. He points at the sun, which seems rather brighter than normal. The increasing glare whitens the view.)

Lifeguard: What is that?

Fainting woman: It's heading straight for us! *(The girls only sigh in a rather bored manner.)*

Blossom: Time for the old super vision.

(Beams shoot skyward from her eyes. Cut to her perspective and zoom in—it is the surface of the sun, greatly magnified, with a bright spot growing. Pull back from the girls as the Professor leans over to them. All three are now standing for a better look, and normal color has returned.)

Professor: Girls, what is it?

Blossom: Looks like some kinda sun flare. *(He shrieks in fear.)*

Professor: A SOLAR FLARE IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US!!

(The entire beach is thrown into commotion; people scatter in all directions. Close-up of Buttercup, who tips her shades and laughs a bit.)

Buttercup: Amateurs. *(Pull back to frame all three.)*

Blossom: Let's rock this thing, girls! *(They prepare to take off, but the next line stops them.)*

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Girls! You forgot your sunscreen!

(Now Blossom lowers her sunglasses to throw a funny look in his direction.)

Blossom: Professor, we're kinda in a hurry.

Bubbles: Yeah, we're cool.

Buttercup: And, uh, sunscreen is for nerds.

(Cut to him. He is merrily slathering the stuff onto his chest and has already daubed his nose. Buttercup's words bring him up short; pull back as the two young women who were near his chair laugh and point at him. However, he soon smiles again and addresses them.)

Professor: Oh! Do you girls also wear sunscreen? Did you know that it was invented by a scientist? *(Pause; the women laugh some more, and one points.)*

Young woman: Nerd!

(Outer space. The girls—still in swimwear and shades—have assembled to sort out the problem. Light from the o.c. flare washes over them.)

Blossom: All right, ladies. Let's see what we've got here.

Bubbles: Looks like a big one.

Buttercup: Yep.

Blossom: Nothing a little Atomic Twister can't handle.

(They join hands to form a circle and begin to spin around its center. As they speed up, their images blend together into a three-color ring. Pull back to frame part of the sun and the flare, which is near the girls; the ring has now become a small tornado, and the flare is pulled into it after a moment. Snap to white, with the girls' shadowed outlines appearing within it—the blinding radiance washes out all color. They have broken the Atomic Twister formation and turned their heads to avoid the main glare, which subsides to leave them again floating in space. However, their skin has turned bright red—full-body sunburn. Blossom ducks out of the way so her sisters can trade a high five. The next two lines are delivered simultaneously.)

Bubbles: Yeah!

Buttercup: All right!

Blossom, Bubbles: We did it again!

Blossom: Now let's go soak up some of that glory.

(Overhead view of the beach. The crowd has gathered again and is cheering the girls' success. Blossom is first to descend into view, her back to the camera; cut to a close-up as her sisters come down on either side. All three are waving to the onlookers and do not notice immediately when the cheers degenerate into full-blown laughter. Blossom finally gets wise and lowers her sunglasses a bit, revealing that the skin covered by them has not been burned. Buttercup and Bubbles each have theirs off and are just as surprised; their faces are in the same condition.)

Bubbles: What are they laughing at? *(They look at each other and gasp in shock; the laughter stops.)*

Buttercup: We're sunburned!

(Pull back to a long shot of the girls, then cut to the lifeguard, who is now lounging atop his platform. He laughs a bit.)

Lifeguard: Amateurs.

(Zoom in quickly on the sun until it fills the screen, then pull back just as quickly to show that the scene has changed to the exterior of the girls' house. Until further notice, all the girls' lines are delivered with great effort unless otherwise indicated.)

Bubbles: *(from inside)* It hurts so bad. *(Inside, they are lying on their bed, still in swimsuits.)*

Blossom: The sunburn or the humiliation?

Bubbles: Both. *(A tear falls; all groan.)*

Buttercup: And the worst part is, there was nothing we could have done to prevent it.

Bubbles: Maybe we should get the Professor's help.

Buttercup: I don't need nobody's help, and I don't need nobody laughing at my sunburn!

Blossom: *(groaning)* Buttercup's right. We have to maintain our professional image.

Bubbles: Well, then how are we gonna fight crime?

Buttercup: Yeah. We can barely even move.

Blossom: I think that we should have faith in the goodness of Townsville's citizens.

(The immediate buzzing of the hotline gives a big Bronx cheer to that idea. None of the girls is ready to leave the relative comfort of the bed in order to answer it, however; they look around at one another with growing unease for several moments before the deadlock breaks.)

Blossom: All right. I'll get it.

(Ever so slowly, and with her skin crackling from the effort, she gets her arms under her body and hoists herself to a sitting position. The skin under her arms flares bright red with the exertion, and she starts to let off little yelps of pain as a result. Now she eases one hand forward to get off the pillow; that underarm promptly reddens up. Her knees do likewise when she stretches her legs out to ease forward, and one spot after another becomes inflamed. Pull back; she has made it to the end of the bed, and she falls off with one final groan of pain. Back to her sisters at the head. They sit up for a better look and promptly cry out in agony of their own.)

(Cut to the side of the bed, the camera pointing out into the room from floor level. More grimacing from the o.c. Blossom, and after a few seconds she straightens up into view. She takes a few steps forward without bending her knees and reaches up very gingerly, bringing the hotline's receiver down into view from a nearby table. It is turned away from her head, though; she thinks very hard about the situation—how to get the thing oriented properly without going mad from the pain?—and finally sighs resignedly. Silence for a few moments.)

Blossom: Bubbles?

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Yeah?

Blossom: A little help?

Bubbles: *(from o.c.)* Okay.

(Crackling and yelping mark her departure from the pillows; these are followed by the thud and groan of her falling to the floor as Blossom did. The latter winces at the sound.)

Blossom: Ow.

Buttercup: *(from o.c.)* Ow.

(Evidently she sat up again to witness this tumble. Now more cries of pain from Bubbles are heard; after several of these, she lumbers stiff-legged into view and passes her sister, stopping only when she is next to the receiver in Blossom's outstretched hand. Bubbles straightens up with great difficulty, stretches her arms, and turns the receiver around so Blossom can speak and listen.)

[Animation goof: As the camera cuts back and forth between the two girls, the receiver's position changes. It starts with the cord down, as one would normally hold a phone, but flips over to put the mouthpiece near Blossom's ear and vice versa.]

Mayor: *(over hotline)* Powerpuff Girls! I need your help! There's trouble downtown, big trouble!

(The volume and panicked tone of these words set Blossom's head ringing like a fire alarm.)

Blossom: Uh-huh. Okay, Mayor. We'll be right there.

Buttercup: Well, I ain't going in my swimsuit!

(Wipe to the girls, now off the bed and standing in a row by the vanity. Each has her everyday dress down around her ankles, with her feet in the neckline. They slowly begin to buck the garments up their legs by stepping and leaning back and forth—a sort of super-slow-motion hula. Close-up of each in turn. Groaning and wincing, Bubbles gets hers up near her swimsuit top; Blossom, in similar torment, brings hers up closer to her neck; Buttercup fares as well as Blossom. Now Bubbles tries to get her arm into the right hole, as does Blossom. Buttercup, meanwhile, screws up one eye from the pain and can go no farther. Her dress has slid back down; pull back to show that her sisters have dropped theirs as well.)

Buttercup: *(groaning)* Can't move.

Blossom: Too restricting.

Bubbles: Need more flowy outfits.

(Fade to white, then in to a close-up of the end of a white sheet waving in the sky. Pan ahead a bit to show it tied around Bubbles' neck; her sisters have followed suit. They still wear their swimsuits and fly in a standing, almost rigid position to avoid unnecessary movement.)

Bubbles: Everybody's gonna laugh at us.

Blossom: No, they won't. Lots of superheroes wear capes.

Buttercup: Well, they don't wear sheets!

Blossom: Well, whatever. We have to wear something to protect us from the sun.

(A fly collides with her knee; she cries out and covers the spot. When she removes her hands, a bite can be seen.)

Blossom: Ow! *(One hits Bubbles' arm; she covers it and reveals a bite.)*

Bubbles: Ouch! *(Blossom is bitten on the arm.)*

Blossom: Ow! I've never even noticed the bugs before. *(Bubbles gets one on the knee.)*

Bubbles: Ow! We've been squishing bugs?

Buttercup: *(laughing)* Not me. I guess it's my lucky day.

(As soon as the words are out of her mouth, a bird slams into her eye; she yelps and rubs the spot ruefully. Cut to a street corner, at which a three-card monte game has been set up. Instead of a table, a crate marked "PLACE UR BETS," with a board laid on top, is being used as a playing surface. The dealer is a fat, bald, disreputable-looking fellow with a gold neck chain and his shirt open to the waist. Nearby is a spectator, a tall, thin, long-haired, banana-nosed man wearing a seedy coat and a large top hat—call him Slim. Both have on sunglasses. The Mayor walks up.)

Dealer: This could be your lucky day, folks! Step right up and give it another try! Just pick the ace and win yourself a dollar!

(The Mayor holds out a fistful of cash and is promptly relieved of it; he then points eagerly at one of the three face-down cards.)

Mayor: Ooh! That one! It's that one!

Slim: *(British accent, choosing a second card)* I say it's, um...that one. *(Cut to the Mayor.)*

Dealer: *(from o.c.)* Right you are, sir!

(Pull back. Slim has removed his top hat to reveal that he is bald on top, and the dealer is putting the money into it. The card he chose has been turned over to show it as the winning ace.)

Dealer: And here you go! *(The hat is put back on.)*

Slim: Thank you, stranger. *(He winks; cut to the dealer.)*

Dealer: You're welcome, stranger. *(He winks back.)*

(These two are obviously in cahoots, with Slim serving as a lure to get unsuspecting passersby to play the game. Pull back to put the pair and the Mayor in view on the next line.)

Mayor: Hey, what's going on here? Are we winking or are we playing? *(He holds up more money.)*

Dealer: We are definitely playing!

(He is about to take it, but the next line freezes him in his tracks. There is no perceptible straining.)

Blossom: *(from o.c.)* Hold it right there, Monty!

(Cut to the girls and follow them as they descend to the street. They wince at the touch of naked feet against the asphalt.)

Blossom: Your swindling days are over! *(He laughs.)*

Dealer (Monty): If it isn't the Wonder Girls. I wonder when they're gonna learn— *(pointing up)*—that when you fly too close to the sun... *(He and his partner shove the crate aside.)*

Monty, Slim: ...you get burned.

Blossom: Very funny. Get 'em, girls!

(The girls try to charge, but are in so much pain from their sunburn that they cannot manage anything faster than a lumber. Groaning with every movement of their legs, they gradually make their approach; the two swindlers only laugh at the sight. Buttercup yells and tries to throw a right hook, but it is so slow that Monty has no trouble dodging. He laughs and counters with an extended index finger, which he presses against her exposed flesh.)

Buttercup: Owwwwww!

(Now Blossom tries a punch of her own, but Slim puts a stop to that by putting one hand atop her head to keep her at arm's reach.)

Slim: Nice try.

(She gives him a very nervous, lopsided grin and gets an open palm slapped onto her arm; it leaves a big white print and sets her screaming. Monty holds up a stack of money—the day's take from Townsville's suckers—and pulls on the rubber band that binds it.)

Monty: *(baby talk)* And now, for the wittlest Wonder Girl.

(He removes the band and stretches it over a finger. Cut to Bubbles; shift to slow motion.)

Bubbles: *(half speed)* NOOOOO!!

(A snap of rubber, and the band sails into view and strikes her in the side. She yells in agony, still at half speed, and tumbles down. Normal speed resumes; the con men laugh at the ease with which they have neutralized their foes. Zoom in twice to an extreme close-up of their faces, then cut to the girls, who have joined hands to form a circle. The pained tone returns to Blossom's voice and is still present in her sisters' words when they speak.)

Blossom: Looks like it's time for the old Atomic Twister!

Bubbles: Yep!

Buttercup: Works every time.

(The girls begin to circle as they did out in space; this throws a scare into the men.)

Monty, Slim: Uh-oh.

(Still spinning, the overcooked superheroes rise a few feet off the ground, but their grunts of discomfort clearly indicate that this is too much for them. They are unable to get out of first gear

and end up back on the pavement, sliding along after the touchdown. The combination of road rash and full-body, first-degree burns produces the expected sort of sound from each. Back to the con men, who smile wickedly at the spectacle.)

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

(They start in surprise; pull back as running footsteps are heard. The girls have ended up facedown in the middle of the street, with Monty, Slim, and the Mayor watching.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Girls! *(He runs up, in his usual clothes.)* Oh, thank goodness. I've been looking everywhere for you. Why are you laying on the ground like that? What happened to my babies?

Buttercup: *(grunting)* Sunburns.

Professor: Sunburns? *(laughing)* Oh, yeah! *(More laughter; Buttercup glares back at him.)*

Buttercup: It's not funny!

Professor: *(pointing)* And you thought sunscreen would make you look like dorks! *(He doubles over with laughter; now Blossom raises her head.)*

Blossom: Okay. We get it. We're sorry. *(Bubbles lifts her head.)*

Bubbles: Please, help us, Professor.

(Cut to him; zoom in slowly. During the next line, cut to a pan across the prostrate, chastened girls, then dissolve to a pan across the Mayor and the flim-flam team.)

Professor: Well, lucky for you, us science nerds didn't stop at inventing sunscreen. You see, we knew that people would be too cool for sunscreen when we invented it. So instead of conning stupid people out of their money with lame tricks... *(Stop on the two.)*

Monty, Slim: *(angrily)* Hey! *(Cut to the Mayor; long pause.)*

Mayor: *(angrily)* Hey! *(Back to the Professor.)*

Professor: ...us scientists use our brains to cash in on people's ignorance.

Slim: *(with a disdainful snort)* Who is this nerd? *(Monty shrugs.)*

(Now the Professor brings out a small jar labeled "Aloe Vera.")

Professor: Take this product, for instance. *(Close-up of it; he continues o.c.)* Aloe vera. *(Pull back.)* Vera is, of course, the species, while Aloe denotes the genus.

Slim: We'll show him who's the geniuses!

Monty: Let's get him!

(They start threateningly toward the Professor; he yells in fear and bails out, throwing the jar over his shoulder. It spins in the air and connects with Slim's head, knocking off his top hat; he loses his balance and tumbles onto Monty, who is behind him. The jar spins some more, then hits the ground and splatters its contents—thick green gel—over the girls. The Professor gasps in fright, as does the Mayor, a second before the top hat lands squarely on his head.)

Mayor: Hey! Not bad!

(The girls stand up, wiping themselves clean. Now all the effort is gone from their voices—they have found relief at last.)

Buttercup: Not bad at all!

Blossom: This stuff really works!

Bubbles: I feel tingly! *(Cracks start to spread on Buttercup's face.)*

Buttercup: What...what's happening? *(Ditto for Bubbles' whole body; a piece falls from her face, revealing healthy skin.)*

Bubbles: I'm breaking!

Professor: *(laughing)* Oh, you are not. You're peeling. *(The Mayor struggles to hold in his gorge.)*

Mayor: You mean *un*-appealing! *(pointing)* That's unappealing.

(On the end of this, cut to Blossom; her skin has also split, and her arm peels like a banana. Monty voices a strangled cry of revulsion.)

Monty: That is the most...

(During this line, cut to Buttercup, who has a strip of skin coming off her side. Extreme close-up: she pulls it free, and a few drops of fluid fall from it.)

Slim: ...disgusting thing I ever seen! *(His nose droops; Monty jumps into his arms.)*

Monty, Slim: We can't take it anymore!

Monty: Please! Just take us to jail! *(Now the girls have entirely recovered.)*

Buttercup: You wish, Monty!

Blossom: We've got a better idea.

[Animation goof: They are now in their everyday dresses, rather than swimsuits and sheets.]

(Fade to white, then in to a close-up of Monty's face—blistered and sunburned. Pull back on the next line to show that he and his confederate have been marooned on a very small island and stripped of all clothing, save their undershorts and Monty's gold neck chain. Both men are scorched from head to toe thanks to the broiling sun that hangs overhead.)

Slim: You know, they did give us sunscreen.

Monty: Sunscreen is for nerds!

(The background for the end shot comes up.)

Narrator: And so once again the day is saved—thanks to...

(The girls appear, holding the Professor aloft. He is wearing sunglasses.)

Narrator: ...the Professor! *(Close-up of him; he tips the shades.)*

Professor: Hey! Who wants *my* autograph?

Narrator: Don't push your luck. Nerd. *(His face falls.)*