

WEST IN PIECES

Transcribed by Alan Back

Note: The following characters use their normal speaking voices: the girls, Mojo Jojo, the Mayor, Ms. Bellum, Ace, Snake. All others have a cowboy drawl.

Act One

(Opening shot: a town in the Old West, seen from a distance, during the day. The structures are built rather high, simulating the profile of the modern city's skyline. A sign points to the up-and-coming metropolis: "Townsville—Pop. 17." Desert winds moan softly.)

Narrator: The town of Townsville. *(Zoom in slowly and dissolve to a saloon entrance.)* A simple little town of law-abidin' folk.

(A rather large fellow in overalls stands in front of the entrance—a bouncer, perhaps; his prominent nose makes him look a bit like Fuzzy Lumkins. One of the window's four panes shatters as a hatless man is flung out through it onto the sidewalk. He stands up, dives back in through a second pane, then breaks out a third in another leap to the sidewalk. Now he has on a hat, which he points to as he turns back to the bouncer.)

Saloon customer: Mahatma rice.

[Note: His pose is almost identical to that of the mustachioed, turban-clad mascot for this brand.]

(He walks away. Now another man approaches, clad only in a pair of overalls. The bouncer stops him.)

Bouncer: Hey! You cain't come in here like that!

Man in overalls: *(laughing)* Pardon.

(He walks away, then runs back up and jumps in through the one unbroken windowpane.)

Bouncer: That's more like it.

(The exterior of another building: "Sheriff, Dentist, Window Maker, Blacksmith." A telephone rings within and is answered.)

Ms. Bellum: *(from inside)* Sheriff, Dentist, Window Maker, Blacksmith's office. *(Zoom in.)* Sure. Please hold.

(Cut to a closed door inside; it opens to admit Ms. Bellum, who wears a full-length dress in her usual shade of red.)

Ms. Bellum: Excuse me, Mr. Sheriff, Dentist, Window Maker, Blacksmith. Mr. Bell called from the saloon. He needs a re-glass on his front window.

(The pounding of a hammer is heard from o.c.; cut to its source—the Mayor, wearing a long apron and an eyeshade pulled low.)

Mayor: Okay, Ms. Bellum. I'll get on it right after this job.

(Pull back. He has been pounding a horseshoe onto the head of a fellow stretched out on his worktable—who presumably came in to get a tooth pulled. The little man is suspended at the right height for work thanks to a rope around his waist.)

Mayor: Huh. Better put this one back on the coals.

(He turns; pan behind him to show that an anvil sits in his dentist's chair, with a white cloth tied around it.)

Mayor: Okay, you can rinse now.

(Cut to outside, the camera pointing along the street and into the desert. Thundering hooves and a cloud of dust at the horizon mark someone's approach.)

Narrator: Suddenly, out of the west...

(A silhouette on horseback appears. As the Narrator continues, cut to the following close-ups: the galloping hooves, a black-booted foot in the stirrup, a black-gloved hand on the rein.)

Narrator: ...approaches a presence so evil, so ominous, so fearful...

(Letterbox aspect ratio: the hand cracks a whip.)

Rider: *(from o.c.)* Hyah! *(Extreme close-up of the eyes, deep within shadow.)*

Narrator: ...so malevolent—

(Full screen: close-up of a revolver at the rider's hip. Spare cartridges are tucked into the belt next to it.)

Narrator: —so sinister, so...

(Pull back to show the entire figure—none other than Mojo Jojo, dressed in black cowboy attire, including an oversized hat to cover his brain. His "horse" is actually a small burro.)

Narrator: ...short. Yes, Mojo the Kid and his faithful steed Burrito.

Burro (Burrito): Sí.

Narrator: Uh-oh. *(Cut to the exterior of the First Bank Ever.)* This doesn't look good.

(Inside, pan along a line of irked customers, each of whom is holding a slip of paper. At the front is a rather dumb-looking yokel; behind the barred teller window is Don Shank.)

Yokel: Uh...say that again?

Shank: All right. You need to go back to the end of the line and fill out a withdrawal slip.

(He pulls down a shade to cover the window: "Out ta Lunch." Pan away to a second window, which shows an identical shade; this is raised to show him behind it now.)

Shank: Okay. Anyone in line for deposit only, or a tonsil removal, DMV registration?

(He gets only a round of annoyed stares for this crack.)

Shank: *(beaming, to camera)* I just love doing that.

(He pulls down the shade. Cut to just inside the entrance; Mojo zips in underneath the batwing doors. We can now see that he wears a gun on each hip.)

Narrator: Suddenly, Mojo the Kid busts in!

(He starts in surprise as he realizes what has just happened, and then exits as quickly as he entered. Pan along the front wall to a second set of batwings set lower to the ground. Above them is a sign: "Short Bad Guy Entrance." Between the two sets of doors, several WANTED posters have been tacked up to advertise rewards for Mojo's capture.)

Narrator: Suddenly, Mojo the Kid busts in! *(He does so, properly this time.)*

Mojo: All right! Nobody move!

(He runs up to the front of the line and uses the yokel's back as a writing surface so he can scribble something on a sheet of paper. Shank has returned to the first teller window and reopened it. When Mojo finishes writing, he holds the sheet in the yokel's face.)

Mojo: Read this to him.

Yokel: Uh...A...I-O...

(Mojo turns the paper around in the man's hands, exchanging top and bottom edges. After a mumbling second attempt to read off the note, the chimp in black gets fed up.)

Mojo: Give me that! *(He snatches it and steps forward to read.)* "I, Mojo the Kid, hereby intend to rob this bank by forceful means and—"

(He stops short and looks up toward the window—it has just dawned on him that he has been addressing the patch of wall beneath it. After a look back, he seizes the yokel's head and pulls it forward until the man is bent over at the waist. Now Mojo jumps on his back to achieve the needed height, tossing the note aside as he does so.)

Mojo: I, Mojo the Kid, hereby intend to rob this bank by forceful withdrawal of its funds—*(Close-up of Shank's nervous eyes; he continues o.c.)*—therefore removing by force all acceptable forms of currency! *(Back to him.)* And surrender them unto my possession! Hmph!

Shank: *(completely unfazed)* Mmm-hmm...Mmm-hmm, yeah, right, look. *(handing him a sheet)* You need to fill out this robbery slip—*(Mojo takes it.)*—and go wait in line with the others.

(Across the room, three masked robbers are doing the paperwork, or at least trying to.)

Robber 1: Hey, um...what's today's date?

Robber 2: *(with a frustrated growl, shaking his pen)* You got a pen that writes? *(The Mayor bursts in the main door.)*

Mayor: All right!

(He is now dressed as a typical Western sheriff, complete with a little Stetson that floats just above his head. The doors swing to, knocking him back out of the bank; after a couple of seconds, he crawls in and stands up.)

Mayor: Where's them broken windows?

(Several customers clap their hands to their faces in disgust at his thickheadedness. Mojo rushes up to him.)

Mojo: So, you're the famous Sheriff, Dentist, Blacksmith, Window Maker. Well, there is a new Sheriff, Dentist, Blacksmith, Window Maker in town, and his name is Mojo the Kid! I will return tomorrow at twelve noon to rob the Second Bank Ever. And when Mojo the Kid—that's me—returns at twelve noon tomorrow, I want you out of this town!

(At the appropriate moment, he points out the window at this other bank, which is across the street. When he finishes, he glares at the Mayor, who takes his time looking all over the place before meeting the outlaw's gaze.)

Mayor: Okay.

(More reactions of disbelief from the customers; he runs out happily.)

Mayor: *(singing)* I get to go out of town, I get to go out of town, deet-da-doot-da-dee...

(The exterior of the First Bank Ever. The Mayor hustles down the street, carrying a huge pile of luggage.)

Narrator: And so Mojo the Kid robs the First Bank Ever. *(Close-up of the entrance; he runs out, sack of cash in tow.)* Then, exitin' the buildin', guns a-blazin'...

(On the end of this, close-up of a revolver, drawn and aimed skyward. A partially peeled banana protrudes from the barrel. Pull back; he fires several shots, then puts two fingers to his mouth and whistles shrilly.)

Narrator: ...he calls for his faithful steed, Burrito.

(On the mention of said steed, cut to it, eating oats from a bucket next to the sidewalk.)

Burrito: Sí. *(Back to Mojo.)*

Narrator: He makes his grand escape...

(On this line, the hairy robber gets a running start and leaps high into the air. Close-up of him as he lands and starts to shake up and down as if in the saddle. However, the scenery behind him remains stationary—he is not moving an inch. After a few moments, his whole face goes slack and his eyes bug out; pull back to reveal that he has landed, not on Burrito's back, but on a nearby cactus. He leaps up and o.c. ...)

Mojo: *(fading out)* YEEEEEOOOOOWWWW!!

(...and comes down neatly on Burrito's back, prompting the beast into action.)

Narrator: ...and he rides off— *(Long shot of the desert; showing him heading...)* —into the sunset.

(Mojo yelps “Ow, ow, ow” under this last—residual pain from his run-in with the cactus. Fade to black.)

(Fade in to a group of four people who were in the bank; they are now out on the street. These four are the yokel, a big lummox, a grizzled old prospector, and a short fellow with prominent muttonchop sideburns and a small hat.)

Narrator: Oh, no. What will the people of Townsville do?

(Zoom in slightly; they do not move for a moment.)

Muttonchop: Well, what are we gonna do?

Yokel: I says we get ourselves a posse and shoot him down at dawn.

Muttonchop: Shoot him? With what? Cain't use no guns on TV, you nitwit!

(He punches the yokel, knocking him to the ground. The prospector mumbles unintelligibly a bit and gesticulates excitedly; a few actual words finally emerge.)

Prospector: Sock him in the head with a... *(He trails off.)*

Lummox: Hammer?

Prospector: Shillelagh!

(More mumbling and gesturing. The end of it is a punch at the air that connects with his own jaw and lays him out. Cut to Muttonchop as the prospector tumbles down next to him. The lummox reaches into view and taps the short fellow on the head.)

LummoX: *(from o.c.)* Uh, 'scuse me, Mr. Guv'nor. *(Pull back to frame both.)* We can talk to him real nice-like and—and—and ask him to leave us alone?

(The short fellow directs a very confused look at the camera, then removes his hat and drops to his knees. Close-up side view; he clasps his hands and raises his face to heaven in prayer, and the sun shines on his face.)

Muttonchop (Governor): Why? Why? *(Pull back slowly.)* Why did you have to make... *(Behind him; he gestures at the lummoX.)* ...the biggest guy in town... *(Close-up.)* ...THE STUPIDEST?!?

(Pull back. He is on his feet, with his hat back on, and he punches the lummoX in the face to set it spinning.)

Governor: Talk to him? He don't gotta leave nobody alone no-how, nowhere, no-what, long as he be goin' around with that big-bang, bazoomin', banana-shootin' thing, goin' pow-pow-pow over the folks' heads!

(The big moron recoils at the force of these words. Now the governor breaks down sobbing.)

Governor: We's doomed! *(The yokel comforts him.)*

Yokel: 'S all right, Paw. 'S all right.

(Cut to Ms. Bellum, standing in the street next to a bull on its hind legs. She clears her throat.)

Ms. Bellum: I have an idea. Why don't we ask that crazy inventor who lives on the edge of town to help us? *(The governor straightens up and smiles.)*

Governor: Say, I know! Why don't we ask that crazy inventor who lives on the edge of town to help us? *(A crowd cheers; Ms. Bellum sighs disgustedly.)*

(Wipe to a clapboard house on the outskirts. It is patterned after the girls' house in modern-day Townsville, even down to the three round shuttered windows on the second floor. The main difference is that instead of having a wing on the right side for the garage, this structure has it on the left, with a large picture window in the front wall. Close-up of a boiling pot inside; after a moment, a cookbook is held into view to cover this image. It is open to two pages that show the headings "Fondue" and "Perfect Little Girls." The Professor reaches into view and traces through the latter page.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Hmm, let's see here.

(Silhouette view of him, standing over the pot with a piece of a plant in hand. His hair is parted in the middle and grows down close to his ears, and he has a long curly mustache.)

Professor: SassafraS...

(He drops the plant into the mixture. Fade to black, then in to a close-up of material being shaken in from a bottle.)

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

(Fade to black, then in to another silhouette view of him. Now he dumps items from a box into the pot: pocket watch, button, spool of thread, key, wrapped piece of penny candy, dead rat.)

Professor: ...and everything old-fashioned.

(Extreme close-up of his chin, which he strokes thoughtfully. We can now see that his shirt's high collar is secured by a gold button, and that he wears a white coat similar to the modern day. In place of the black tie is a cravat of the same color.)

Professor: Hmm. I'm missin' somethin'.

(He walks o.c. Floor level: he crosses the room, revealing buttoned black shoes and brown pinstriped pants, and one foot gets caught on a rope. Cut to an overhead coal bin mounted on the ceiling; the rope, attached to the release lever, is pulled taut to trip the mechanism. Coal pours down into the pot, which emits a broad beam of white light and starts to shake, setting the entire house trembling. Cut to outside the house as the four people seen earlier run up to it.)

Governor: There's his house! *(He pounds on the front door, but gets no response.)*

Yokel: Maybe he's in the john.

(The governor raises his fist to knock again, but before he can touch the door, a huge explosion from inside washes over the screen. When it clears, only the charred timbers of the house's frame are still standing, and the governor and yokel are nicely singed from head to toe.)

Yokel: Boy, he had to go bad.

(Cut to "inside" the house. The men, back in proper shape, step through the doorframe to a pile of wreckage from which the Professor's legs are sticking out.)

Governor: Professor Utonium! You gots to help us! Mojo the Kid has robbed the First Bank Ever!

Yokel: Yeah.

Governor: And he's thrown the Sheriff outta town!

Yokel: Yeah.

(The governor takes a breath, preparing to continue, but says nothing.)

Yokel: Yeah. *(The short fellow grabs his nose and stretches it.)* Uh-oh.

(The nose is released; it snaps back like a rubber band and sends the yokel tumbling. Now the lummo approaches the wreckage.)

LummoX: Wait! He's tryin' to say somethin'. *(Muffled noises from within the debris.)*
Muh...muh...muh...marshmallow macaroon? *(The governor jumps up.)*

Governor: Gimme that!

(He grabs the end of the Professor's coat and hauls him clear. Though scorched and roughed up from the explosion, he appears to be in decent shape. Like his shirt, his coat has gold buttons.)

Professor: *(coughing)* Boys! I've just invented a solution to all your troubles. *(Pull back to frame all; he is in proper shape now.)* Citizens of Townsville, I give you...

(He reaches for a curtain cord hanging from what used to be the ceiling. Cut to a closed drape, which parts to show Blossom standing behind it. She is wearing a dress and bonnet appropriate to this time period, done in shades of red and pink. For obvious reasons, she does not sport her usual hair bow. A strap around her waist secures a large piece of equipment to her back. As each of the other girls is named, pan to her, similarly hooked up and attired in her own color.)

Professor: *(from o.c.)* ...Blossom, Bubbles, and Buttercup. *(Pull back to frame all three; the rigs are steam engines.)* The Steamypuff Girls!

(The four visitors stare mutely, a lack of comprehension written all over their faces. Finally the governor leans toward the Professor.)

Governor: Um, pardon, Mr. Utonium, sir, but how's them three little girly-girls S'POSED TO PROTECT US FROM MOJO THE KID?!?

(The second half of this line is delivered at sufficient volume to force the Professor to clap his hands over his ears. When the governor finishes, a puff of steam rises from his head and the Professor clears his throat.)

Professor: Um...girls? *(Cut to Blossom; pan to each sister in turn.)*

Blossom: We'll knock him to Knoxville!

Buttercup: We'll nail him to Salem!

Bubbles: We'll smack him...uh, sorta...to Florida? *(Pull back.)*

Buttercup: *(annoyed)* That's not a city, it's a state, dum-dum!

Bubbles: I know, but it rhymes. *(Buttercup claps a hand to her face in disgust.)*

Blossom: Whatever. Girls, let's show 'em what we got!

(She tries to take off, but is unable to lift herself and her engine clear of the ground. Her sisters fare no better in their attempts; finally they give up and thump back onto the floor. Back to the Professor and the governor—the former now holding a shovel.)

Professor: Oops. *(laughing a bit)* Forgot.

(He runs over and shovels coal from a pile that has collected beneath the overhead bin. The first load goes into the rear firebox hatch of Buttercup's engine; flames belch out when the fuel ignites. Pan to Bubbles and Blossom in turn as each gets a shovelful. After coaling Blossom's

engine, the Professor closes its hatch and pulls a lever. Needles move on the pressure gauges, a whistle on the side sounds off, a drive shaft starts to turn a wheel, and pink smoke belches from the stack up top. Now, with exhaust fumes of the same color shooting downward from a vertical nozzle at the rig's bottom, Blossom is able to lift off. Her sisters take to the air as well, each with their own color smoke and exhaust coming off their engines—these are the Old West equivalent of jet packs. Wild cheering from ground level; hands, flags, and the prospector's tattered hat are waved after the departing girls. Cut to the four newly revitalized visitors and fade to black.)

(Snap immediately to a spot in the desert, well away from Townsville. A harsh sun glares over the scene as birds cry in the distance. Cut to a close-up of a sign—"Stage Coach Stop"—and pull back to show it standing next to a platform with a bench on it. The Mayor is perched on this, with his luggage piled nearby. He looks up at the sign after a few tranquil seconds, then shades the eye behind his monocle to look into the distance. A cloud of dust follows a small figure as it comes over the horizon, and clattering hooves and a burro's braying are heard. Close-up: it is a cart pulled by this animal, with the Gangrene Gang riding. They are dressed as Mexican bandits; Snake has a thin mustache under his pointed nose, while Ace's is much thicker than usual. Ace has the reins.)

Ace: Hey, man, do you see what I see?

(The Gang's perspective, drawing closer to the platform. The Mayor waves.)

Mayor: Yoo-hoo! *(Cut to behind him; they pull up.)* Howdy, partners! Are youse the stagecoach?

Ace: *(puzzled)* Uh...stage? *(Snake smiles at him and nods; he gets an idea.)* You mean, like, a play? Uh, yeah, yeah, sure. I-I-I coach all of them stages. You know, like that Broadway up in, uh, New York. Or-or like that dude who's, uh, shakin' the spear all the time, you know.

Mayor: Oh, great! 'Cause I need a ride outta town with all my really valuable stuff.

Ace: Um...well...like, we got no more room for passengers, but, um... *(dropping reins)* ...we can take all your stuff for you.

Snake: S-S-S-So you won't have to carry it, bro. *(Close-up of the Mayor, thinking hard.)*

Mayor: Hmmm...I don't know. I mean, that's such a generous offer. *(Pull back; Ace is already loading the luggage.)*

Ace: Oh, come on. It's no trouble, really.

Snake: By the way, dude, that's a really nice pair of boots-s-s-s. We can take those too. *(The Mayor removes them.)*

Mayor: Oh, gee, you shouldn't. *(Snake reaches for them; cut to Ace.)*

Ace: And the hat. *(He receives and passes it.)* And the vest. And the shirt. And the pants. *(Unzipping from o.c.)* And the corset, lose it.

(Fade to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: the desert landscape seen at the start of the previous sequence. Cut to a close-up of Ace's outstretched hand.)

Ace: *(from o.c.)* And the belt...and the socks...and the badge.

(After each of these first two items is mentioned, the Mayor puts it in Ace's hand and it is taken away; Ace then reaches out for the next one. The badge is handed over as well, but Ace returns it to the little man as the camera pulls back to frame both. The latter, seen from the shoulders up, has stripped himself naked except for his monocle.)

Ace: No, no, no, no. On second thought, you might need it. *(The Gang pulls away in the cart.)*

Adiós! *(He laughs.)*

Snake: Yeah! Um...huevos rancheros!

Mayor: Ahh, such nice men.

(He walks o.c. Fade to black.)

(Snap to a long shot of the town as seen in the beginning of the episode. It is now nighttime, and coyotes and other animals howl across the plain. Evening dissolves into sunrise, then late morning with the sun high in the sky. In the street, there is not a soul present; a hanging sign creaks on its pole, and a horse's neigh rings out in the distance. Close-up of the clock tower, which shows the time as just a few minutes before noon. It ticks ominously as the camera cuts to a window from which a very scared man is looking out. He pulls the shutters closed, and in the street a man ducks behind a large barrel. Pan to the lummo, who stands near a much smaller barrel and is momentarily at a loss for what to do. He spots the container, smiles, and hunches down behind it as best he can. Needless to say, the camouflage factor is nil; it takes a moment for this fact to sink in, and his face falls once it does. Now he sets the barrel on his head and laughs, believing that he has successfully gotten out of sight.)

(Cut to another window, where a man pulls down a set of blinds, and pan to Ms. Bellum at a third; she closes the curtains. Close-up of the clock face, its minute hand advancing to put the time at 11:55. The man who closed the blinds peeks out through them; extreme close-up of the top of the clock, which advances to 11:58. A man in the street jumps into a water trough, and we then see an even closer shot of the clock's hands, which advance to 11:59 and then noon as the camera zooms in even closer. The bell begins to ring the hour.)

(Standing watch atop a building, the yokel peers through a spyglass. He lowers it and points.)

Yokel: Look!

[Animation goof: When he lowers the spyglass, the image of his eye remains in the lens.]

(A cloud of dust grows on the horizon, accompanied by the braying of a burro. Within the haze, a small silhouette forms; cut to a close-up of it, seen through the spyglass—Mojo, clad in a serape, astride Burrito. Back to the yokel.)

Yokel: It's Mojo the Kid! *(The governor pops up behind him.)*

Governor: No foolin', numbskull!

(He smacks the yokel in the back of the head, knocking him down and jolting the glass loose. Now the man in the water trough pops his head up and points.)

Man in trough: Looky!

(From beyond the buildings, the chuffing of steam engines is heard and a tiny speck flies up trailing pink smoke—Blossom in flight. Her sisters are not far behind. The governor takes up the glass for a look. His perspective: the girls in flight. During the next line, cut back to him, pointing with the glass lowered.)

Governor: Why, it's them po—pi—per—pu—Steamypuff Girls! *(dramatically)* There's gonna be a showdown.

(The clock stops chiming at this point, having struck only six times rather than the expected twelve. He dives out of sight, leaving his hat spinning in the air briefly, and reaches up to grab it. Letterbox: very long shot of Townsville, with the trails of dust and steam approaching it from opposite directions. Close-up of Mojo, then the girls, then a closer shot of Mojo. Full screen: closer shot of the girls, then pull back to a nearer shot of the town as the sides close in. Extreme close-up of the spur on Mojo's boot, digging into Burrito's side; pull back as the animal halts.)

(Letterbox: Bubbles descends slowly and touches down, followed by Blossom and Buttercup. The camera shifts to frame all three in line, and the focus moves to the foreground, leaving their images blurred. Mojo's feet slam to the ground; his back is to us here. Full screen: his serape blows slightly in the desert breeze, and he gives the camera a long, hard, resolute glare. Cut to a close-up of an equally determined Bubbles and pan slowly to Blossom and then Buttercup.)

(Letterbox: extreme close-up side view of Mojo's eyes, then a profile of the girls. Full screen: the governor and the yokel peer cautiously out from their vantage point. Letterbox: pan across an extreme close-up of Mojo's face, with a cigar stuffed into one corner of the mouth. Similar pan across the girls' faces, then cut back to Mojo. He shifts the cigar to the other corner of his mouth; back to Buttercup, who now has something white in hers—it looks like an unlit cigarette—and shifts its position. The primate spits out his cigar, and the brunette pulls the item from her mouth to reveal it as a jumbo lollipop; what we saw was its stick.)

(Full screen: the two parties stare each other down. The clock tower shows the time as 12:05 now. A sign creaks in the wind; a scorpion scuttles across the plain. Longer shot of Mojo and the girls as they continue to bore holes in each other with their eyes and a fly is heard buzzing. A lizard is perched on a cactus in the foreground; close up of it. A long tongue lashes out and catches the insect, which is then pulled into the mouth and chewed. The crunching continues under the next several shots.)

(Letterbox: extreme close-ups of the following—Mojo, whose eyes cut toward the noise, then Blossom, who does likewise. Full screen: the governor and the yokel peer out cautiously as the

camera zooms in. Extreme close-up of the short man's panicked eyes—he is sweating buckets now. Letterbox: the previous shots of Mojo and Blossom, both of whom look as if about to snap under the tension. Full screen: the governor as just seen a moment ago, zooming in slowly. Cut to the cactus; he is now down at street level, directing his words at the lizard as the chewing stops.)

Governor: *SHUT UP!!*

(The creature jumps away in fright, and he claps his hands to his mouth in embarrassment at this outburst. Fade to black.)

(Fade in to a letterbox shot of Mojo's darting eyes, then cut to a full-screen view from between his heels, the camera pointing at the girls. Letterbox: extreme close-up of Blossom's eye, in whose highlight a silhouette of Mojo is reflected. Zoom in slightly to show this image in full detail. Cut to Mojo and zoom in on his eye; Buttercup's full-color reflection appears in it. Full screen: zoom in slowly on three very scared people peeking out over a fence, then cut to Buttercup. She throws down her lollipop.)

Buttercup: Enough of this stupid suspense! Let's get on with this fight!

Blossom: Wait. We gotta do this right. We need someone to count for us.

(This catches the governor completely by surprise. He and his three colleagues are all in the street now. After looking over the candidates very uneasily, he pushes the yokel toward the girls.)

Yokel: All right, all right. I'm countin'. *(He clears his throat.)* One...uh, B...Abraham, W...
(The governor runs up.)

Governor: *(really mad)* I thought you said you gradjiated!

Yokel: I did gradjiated—from kindergarten.

(The excitable short fellow goes bright red with rage and boils over voluminously. Finally his body goes black and he collapses into a pile of ashes. Cut to Mojo and zoom in slowly.)

Mojo: The counting won't be necessary, for Mojo the Kid is the fastest draw in the West!

(On the end of this, cut to his hip. The serape blows aside to reveal the six-gun holstered there. Letterbox: extreme close-up of Blossom's eye, which reflects him reaching toward the weapon. Pull back to frame all three girls.)

Blossom: Look out! He's gonna draw!

(Full screen: he does so. Snap to a black screen in which three rectangular frames appear, marked off with Western scrollwork. One by one, the frames wipe vertically to show the girls reaching for the control levers on their engines—Blossom at top C, Bubbles at bottom L, Buttercup at bottom R. A close-up of a blowing whistle, and the screen splits into three vertical panels of sky. Bubbles rises into view L, then Buttercup R, and finally Blossom C. Each successive girl is closer to the camera than the ones before her.)

(Mojo fires several banana shots into the air, the peels flying every which way as they are ejected from the weapon. Letterbox: the rounds fly past the girls. Full screen: a building is hit and splattered, then a sign, and the camera shifts to between Mojo's heels as more peels tumble down. The prospector sits up on the sidewalk.)

Prospector: *(singing blearily)* The chariot's come to take me home...

(One of Mojo's rounds zips past him and hits a post holding up an awning; the timber breaks, and a piece of it lands squarely on the old man's head, knocking him out. Bananas sail everywhere in the street. Cut to a sign that says "Over 100 Served"; as the rapid fire continues, the numbers spin as if this were the score display on an old-fashioned pinball machine. The sign stops at 7000, then whirls again and stops on TILT. The word flashes as a buzzer goes off.)

(Now we see the sign for the Loose Moose Saloon. On it is a moose in overalls, standing on its hind legs. Mojo peppers shots all around here; one of them hits the moose in the chest and breaks the straps. The overalls drop, revealing polka-dotted shorts beneath, and the moose laughs embarrassedly and hunches over to cover itself.)

(The girls take evasive action to dodge Mojo's barrage. Suddenly his gun falls silent; he looks at it with alarm, then up at the sky to find the girls yelling and diving on him. Letterbox: he looks skyward as the camera zooms in. The girls move in, but are surprised when their engines abruptly give out. They drop screaming o.c., and a loud crash shakes the camera to mark their encounter with the ground. Wisps of dust drift up into view. Full screen: they are variously shaken in the street, but still standing. Cut to the Professor.)

Professor: *(snapping fingers)* Criminy!

(Mojo just laughs and draws the revolver on his other hip. The Professor pushes a cartload of coal as fast as his legs will carry him. He fuels Buttercup's engine, then Bubbles', then Blossom's, the camera panning from one to the next as when he stoked them earlier, and the whistle sounds—the girls fell because their fuel supply was exhausted. Letterbox: they rise into the air, ready to continue the fight. Full screen: cut to a rather frightened Mojo and zoom in.)

(He looks to one side; pan quickly in that direction to a barrel by the sidewalk. Mojo curls himself into a ball and somersaults across the street to stop behind it. However, a man pokes head up from inside, lifts the barrel, and tiptoes away, holding it to cover his body. The outlaw is left fully exposed and very much off guard. As the chuffing of the girls' engines makes itself heard, he aims his second gun.)

(Blossom pulls a chain, causing a hatch to open on the side of her rig. Out comes a long jointed arm with a boxing glove on its end; she swoops down, hovers near Mojo, and manipulates the arm to deliver an uppercut. He and the revolver follow separate paths through the air. Now Bubbles turns a wheel, and a jointed leg swings out from the underside of her engine. It sports a large boot on its free end; she carefully brings it back as Mojo sails toward her, then unleashes a kick that sends him down the street. A yell of pain fades out as he goes.)

(To continue the assault, Buttercup pulls a lever and opens a hatch on the top end of her engine. Out comes a large eyeball on a hinged arm; the pupil dilates, and a laser beam shoots forth. However, it only lasts a very short time before petering out. The eyeball droops as the engine dies—the shot used up all the fuel—and Buttercup drops like a rock. Her blast just misses its target. Mojo hits the ground and catches his gun; cut to the plummeting, screaming brunette, who crashes down in the water trough.)

Bubbles: Buttercup!

(She does a hairpin turn and goes into a dive. Mojo laughs and carefully draws a bead on her. When he finally opens fire, it is all she can do to dodge the bananas. One of them knocks a panel off her engine; black smoke starts to pour out, and she screams as she goes into an uncontrollable spiraling plunge. Overhead view of a pigsty, zooming in, then cut to ground level as she slams down in the muck. Bits of the ruined equipment rain down after her.)

(Now Blossom swings around to come to the rescue.)

Blossom: Bubbles!

(Mojo takes aim, but does not start shooting immediately. Instead, he throws the revolver aside and pulls out a Gatling gun loaded with bananas. For those unfamiliar with firearms, this is a hand-cranked weapon, with several barrels, capable of fully automatic fire. Cartridges are held in a top-loading hopper; turning the crank causes the barrels to rotate, and the cartridges are loaded and fired as this happens.)

(A stream of bananas fills the air as Mojo cranks away, and peels pile up behind him. He scores several hits on Blossom's engine, knocking pieces off and leaving it pockmarked with smoke-spewing holes. She spins out of control and falls.)

Blossom: NOOOOOOOO!!

(Screaming, she continues to drop. Back to a smugly smiling Mojo as a camera-shaking crash marks her landing and the glare from the engine's explosion plays over him. He laughs heartily at his triumph. Close-up of a fresh, jagged furrow in the street's earthen surface. Pan along it to show smashed, smoking machinery—the remains of Blossom's rig—on either side, and stop on the supine redhead at its end. She moans and lifts her head a bit, only to collapse again.)

(Cut to Mojo and pull back slowly. He has set down the Gatling gun; bits of debris come into view as the camera moves.)

Mojo: Yes, Steamypuff Girls. You are no match for Mojo the Kid!

(Cut to the four men. The governor and the yokel hug each other fearfully, while the lummo is holding the prospector.)

Narrator: Oh, no! It looks like Townsville is now Mojoville!

Mojo: Mojoville? I like the sound of that!

(He laughs. Extreme close-up of his tightly closed eyes; he opens them, and the camera pulls back slowly.)

Mojo: Yes, as I was saying... *(Pull back to frame all of him.)* ...welcome to Mojoville!

(The four men again; now the prospector is standing on his own two feet. Blossom tries again to get up.)

Mojo: *(from o.c.)* Yes, Steamypuff Girls. *(Buttercup reaches the edge of the trough.)* There's a new Sheriff, Dentist, Blacksmith, Window Maker in Mojoville— *(Bubbles sits up in the pigsty.)* —and his mane is Mojo the Kid!

(She spits out some mud; back to a close-up of him.)

Mojo: Or Sheriff the Kid. Or something like that.

Professor: *(from o.c.)* Oh, not quite yet, Mr. Kid.

(The outlaw looks off to his left; pan quickly in that direction to the Professor, who has one arm behind his back.)

Professor: Thanks to my latest invention. *(He pulls out a roll of duct tape.)* Dually Undercoated Concentric Tear-Strip.

Governor, yokel, lummoX: What's that mean?

Professor: Oh, just another fancy word for duct tape.

(He unrolls a bit of it on the end of this line, then runs o.c.)

Mojo: What?!?

(In no time flat, the man has pieced Blossom's engine together and strapped it to her back. He does the same for Bubbles and Buttercup in turn, then throws his shovel to Blossom. She slings coal, a whistle blows, and she throws a lever. Cut to a screen that is two-thirds black, with Bubbles rising in a vertical panel on the left. Blossom appears likewise in the center, much closer to the camera. Last is Buttercup on the right, between her sisters in terms of distance from the camera. Cut to a ground-level view as they lift off; hands wave up after them as all cheer.)

(Overhead close-up of Mojo, zooming in.)

Mojo: NOOOOOOOOO!!

(The girls close in. Bubbles extends a boxing glove from her engine and lands a punch, Buttercup delivers a steam-powered kick, and Bubbles now brings a pair of mallets into play, one to either

side. As she moves in again, she spins rapidly to pound him time after time. Finally Blossom extends a giant metal fist and lands a haymaker to Mojo's chin that launches him into the desert.)

(Cut to a tall, narrow sandstone formation, with a jail constructed atop it. Mojo tumbles into view and neatly through the front door; inside, he has landed upside down in an open cell. Only his boots are in view at this point, but he gets to his feet as the door slams shut—revealing himself to be in rather bad shape, as his modern-day counterpart ends up after a run-in with the girls. Pull back to outside the jail; the girls hover nearby.)

Bubbles: And stay outta Townsville, you hear?

(The street. More cheering as the girls' exhaust streams down from above and the Professor stands by proudly. They touch down next to him—L to R: Bubbles, Blossom, Buttercup—and the governor runs over to shake Blossom's hand.)

Governor: Why, you Steamypuff Girls is the greatest! *(Close-up of him.)* The way you zip-bang-a-boom-bam and-a whup-zinga that Mojo high up in that jailhouse and— *(looking away, surprised)* —what in Sam's Hill?!?

(Pull back to frame everyone: the Professor, the girls, the four men—and the Mayor, who has at long last returned from that stagecoach stop. He wears only two items: the monocle over his eye, and the badge over his privates. He acts as if this is something completely run-of-the-mill.)

Mayor: Hello, everybody! Go ahead, call me a fool, but there I was out in the desert, and these five guys took everything I own! And then, long after they're gone, it occurs to me. I never asked Mojo the Kid when he wanted me to come back!

(He laughs. Cut to the dumbstruck governor, who puts his hands to his cheeks.)

Mayor: *(from o.c.)* So's I came back to ask. *(Pull back; the governor collapses at the yokel's feet.)*

Governor: *(sobbing, pounding ground)* How...how did he get so STUPID?!? *(The yokel pats his back.)*

Yokel: 'S all right, Paw. 'S all right.

Blossom: *(to her sisters)* Five guys out in the desert, huh? Come on, girls. We got some Gang Verde to take care of!

[Note: "Verde" is Spanish for "green.""]

(Behind the girls, the scene changes to the background for the end shot. They leap backward and hover; during the Narrator's words, the usual gold stars explode from the center and rain down. The music has a Western flavor to it.)

Narrator: And so once upon a time, the West was saved—by the Steamypuff Gals!