

## Full Transcript of *Pop Goes the Ed* (Episode #1)

Eddy: Okay boys, it's time for the welcome wagon to pay a visit.

Edd: Careful, Ed.

Ed: Knock, knock!

Eddy: Ahhh!

Ed & Edd: Ahhh!

Ed: Um, Eddy, can we do something else?

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Eddy: What's with this heat? Shade, I need shade. There!

Edd: Ahhh. Ugh!

Edd & Eddy: Ahhh!

All Three Eds: Shade.

Edd: Sun!

Eddy: Oh, this can't be good. We need to find some more shade fast!

All Three Eds: Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!

Ed: Hey, I know where we can cool off!

Eddy: And I'm desperate enough to believe you.

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Sarah: Ice, I need ice.

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Eddy: W-w-water.

Edd: H2O, please.

Ed: Gravy.

Eddy: I'm frying! The fat lady just sang, boys.

Ed: My life is flashing before my eyes.

Eddy: What life?

Kevin: What are you guys doing?

Eddy: What?

All Three Eds: Uh, nothing.

Kevin: Dorks.

Ed: Dorks?

Eddy: Kevin, uh, where are you going?

Kevin: To Nazz's sprinkler party, stupid.

Eddy: Sprinkler party?

Kevin: You're not invited!

Eddy: Woo-hoo, sprinkler party! Hear that, boys? A chance to cool off and score some social points, too! Huh! We have so much preparation to do. We'll start by...

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Eddy: It's time to put the plan into action. Relax, guys. Don't do anything I wouldn't. Make yourselves at home. Hey, Double-D, sit anywhere, you know.

Edd: I'll stand as per usual, Eddy. Thank you.

Eddy: Oh, yeah! Now for the secret of schmoozing, the rapture of rap, the snap, crackle, pop of cool. Hire a secretary, boys. Bingo. Now this -- no peeking -- this will be a day you'll never forget. Pinch yourself, boys. Swimsuits of the guys. Well, okay, they're my brother's.

Edd: My word, they look like napkins.

Ed: Cool box, Eddy.

Eddy: Ooh! Yah! Wah!

Edd: Um, perhaps they're a tad too confining.

Eddy: No way, José! We're cooking! People used to try to be cool, but now it's hot! We're hot!

Edd: Do you feel hot?

Ed: No, I'm half-baked.

Eddy: Okay, okay. So we look good, we feel good, so off to the party! We're going to be hip! We're going to be hot! We're going to make the scene!

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Eddy: Wow, everyone's here!

Ed: Looks like fun!

Eddy: Hang on, Mister Happy! The entrance to a party is everything. Lesson number one...

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Eddy: Ahhh!

Jimmy: Ahhh!

Sarah: Oh, great.

Kevin: What are you guys doing here?

Eddy: Isn't it obvious?

Sarah: Who invited them?

Eddy: Ah! My penciled chest hairs! Arghhh!

Kevin: Hey, check out the--

Nazz: Now boys, have fun. Relax. It's a party. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

Sarah: Get your big butt off the sprinkler! Oh, you!

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Jimmy: What is that?

Rolf: Stuffed pig's head, a favorite of my country.

Jimmy: Well, I brought a quiche. Ahhh, yummy!

Rolf: It is the food of the [strange gargling noise]. The party is cursed!

Jimmy: [Crying]

Sarah: Don't worry, Jimmy. I like quiche.

Edd: Hey Eddy, catch!

Jimmy: Mmm, cheesy.

Eddy: Enough goofing around. If you want to get noticed, you gotta mingle. Schmooze.

Sarah: Look at this mess.

Ed: Hey, have you guys seen *Attack of the Zombie Brainmunchers?*

Edd: I operation I saw involved fascinating new brain extraction techniques.

Ed: By hideous mutants with huge, drooling mouths.

Edd: So precautions had to be taken to avoid contamination.

Ed: From popping eyeballs and swelling brains.

Edd: The incision was made here to relieve the tremendous pressure.

Ed: But it was too late; his head exploded!

Edd: With the slicing, the cleaving, the mashing, and the severing...

Ed & Edd: Bleeding [?] slowly [?!]

Ed: Ahhh! Ooo!

Eddy: Guys! Guys! Stop talking shop! I said, mingle. Oh, music! Great, this perfect!

Let's mambo!

Ed: Huh?

Eddy: Okay, boys, time for us to pull of the big one. I'll go around the fence...

Eddy: Ladies and non-ladies, we, the Eds, are about to attempt the most daring feat the world has ever seen! The *double-dangle, half-twist, hold the onions, change for a buck* sprinkler leap! Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

All Three Eds: Yeah!

Jimmy: Mmm.

Eddy: Quick, into that pool!

Edd: What are we going to do now?

Eddy: Someone's coming; act natural.

Sarah: Quit hogging the pool; it's our turn.

Eddy: No it isn't.

Sarah: Yes it is!  
Ed: We are not moving.  
Sarah: Ed, get out!  
Eddy: Hit the road!  
Sarah: Argh!  
Eddy: Put an egg in your shoe and beat it.  
Jimmy: Oh, come on Sarah. Let's leave these guys alone.  
Edd: Phew, that was close.  
Nazz: Hi Eddy. You boys look cool; mind if I join you? Hmm?  
Eddy: Uh, Ed's got three nipples like that bad guy in *James Bond*.  
Nazz: Ha-ha-ha-ha, you're funny.  
Ed: Uh, what third nipple? Show me where it is.  
Eddy: It's right here!  
Edd: Look!  
Eddy: Get down! Are you nuts?  
Edd: Ahh! I believe our bodies are soaking up all the water in the pool.  
Eddy: Shut up.

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Ed: F-f-fire good. W-w-warm.  
Eddy: Sh-sh-shut up.

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Edd: I think the c-c-coast is clear now, Eddy.  
Eddy: Th-th-then let's get out of here. Ed, Ed, come on Ed.  
Ed: F-f-fire g-good.  
Eddy: L-l-let's go. One. Two. This is not good.  
All Three Eds: Ahh! Run!

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