

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. GARRISON
Settle down children...

The kids settle down.

MR. GARRISON
I have some difficult news... This is going to make you all very sad... The school board is considering firing me as your teacher.

The kids just sit there.

MR. GARRISON
There is a possibility that I will be let go, and never allowed to teach you again.

Stan raises his hand.

MR. GARRISON
Yes, Stanly?

STAN
That's okay with us.

KYLE
Yeah.

KIDS
Yeah, we don't care.

MR. GARRISON
NO IT ISN'T IT MAKES YOU VERY SAD!!!
Now, apparantly the school board thinks that I don't teach you anything about current events, so tomorrow they're gonna have you do presentations for the whole board..

The kids all moan.

MR. GARRISON
(Writing on chalkboard)
'Current Events in South Park'. Now I want you all to read a newspaper or better yet watch television, and come up with something current in South Park to do a report on.

The kids moan louder.

MR. GARRISON
Now, this will be a group project, so

I'm going to place you all into groups
of five. Let's see...

As Garrison calls out names, the camera MOVES across the
kids faces to show who they are.

MR. GARRISON
Wendy, Bebe, Clyde, Pip and Token, you
will be group 1. And group 2 will
be... Stan, Kyle, Eric, Kenny and...
And... Tweek!

The Camera RUSHES OVER to Tweek. A very stressed out
little boy who shakes violently all the time and look
like a strung out heroin addict.

TWEEK
WAH!

STAN
Oh, not Tweek!

KYLE
We don't want to be in a group with
Tweek!

Tweek shivers and shakes.

MR. GARRISON
There's nothing wrong with Tweek. I
bet he'll do a great job in your
group.

TWEEK
I can't take that kind of pressure!
No, sweet Jesus, please!!!

STAN
Dude, we can't work with this kid.

TWEEK
AGH!

MR. GARRISON
That's what Chad Everett thought when
the new female intern joined the cast
of Medical Center.
He thought, "Who is this woman with
her gazungas and high heels. What
does she know of medicine?" Well,
that intern soon saved Chad Everett's
brother with a kidney transplant. So
you see?

KYLE
No.

MR. GARRISON

Well, let me put it another way... You have to give your oral report to the entire South Park Town Committee tomorrow, and if it doesn't kick ass, and you make me look bad, Mr. Hat is gonna smack you bitches up.

The kids sit in shock.

TWEEK

WAH!

INT. TWEEK BROTHER'S COFFEE HUT

Mr. TWEEK stands behind the counter. He wears a name tag so we know it is him. A customer walks in.

MR. TWEEK

Hello there customer!

MR. POSTUM

Hello, how are you today?

MR. TWEEK

Great! What can I get for you? Large coffee, small coffee?

MR. POSTUM

I'm actually interested in something else-

The man places a large briefcase on the counter.

MR. POSTUM

I'm John Postum from the Harbucks Coffee corporation.

MR. TWEEK

Oh... You're that corporate guy who's been calling.

MR. POSTUM

That's right. How come you don't call me back? All we want to do is buy out your coffee shop here.

MR. TWEEK

Forget it. My store is not for sale.

MR. POSTUM

My company is prepared to make you a VERY generous offer-

Postum opens the briefcase. It's empty.

MR. POSTUM

This is a Cramsonite briefcase. All leather. It has four compartments and a keyless lock. Interested?

MR. TWEEK

Oh, I don't think so. My coffee shop is worth a lot to me.

MR. POSTUM

Alright...how about 500,000 dollars?

MR. TWEEK

The answer is still no Mr. Postum. You see, when my father opened this store thirty years ago, he cared only about one thing, making a GREAT cup of coffee.

Mr. Tweek starts to walk. Now he talks directly into the camera.

MR. TWEEK (cont'd)

Sure we may take a little longer to brew a cup and we may not call it fancy names, but I guess we just care a little more.

Now Mr. Tweek walks in front of a huge painting of a green field. He picks up a handful of coffee beans.

MR. TWEEK (cont'd)

And that's why Tweek coffee is still home brewed from the finest beans we can muster. Yes, Tweek coffee is a simpler coffee... For a simpler America.

A beat. Tweek's commercial appears to be over. Postum picks up the briefcase.

MR. POSTUM

Well, that's too bad. We're just gonna have to open our Harbucks right next door to you.

MR. TWEEK

But, that could put me out of business!

MR. POSTUM

Hey, this is a capitalist country, pal. Get used to it.

Mr. Postum walks out just as Barbrady walks in.

BARBRADY

Hello Mr. Tweek.

MR. TWEEK
Hi Officer Barbrady.

BARBRADY
Who was that?

MR. TWEEK
Oh, just some dong... What can I get
for you?

BARBRADY
The usual.

Mr. Tweek slaps Officer Barbrady in the face with a live
cat.

Barbrady stands stunned for a second.

BARBRADY
Thanks, see you tomorrow.

MR. TWEEK
Bye, bye.

He leaves.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The kids are all gathered in clusters. The boys sit with
Tweek in their group.

STAN
Okay... We have to do this stupid
report so-

TWEEK
AGH!

STAN
-So let's figure out what to do it
about.

The boys all think.

CARTMAN
How about we do it on that Raymond guy
on T.V... You know, everybody loves
Raymond.

KYLE
No, Cartman we can't do it on Raymond
AGAIN! It has to be a current event in
South Park. Tweek, do you have any
ideas?

TWEEK

WAH! Too much pressure!

STAN
Great. A lot of help you are, kid.

TWEEK
The gnomes!

KYLE
What?

TWEEK
We can do our report on the gnomes!

STAN
What gnomes?

TWEEK
The underpants gnomes! Those little
guys that... That come in your room
late, late at night and steal your
underpants!

The boys think.

CARTMAN
Oh, so THAT'S where all my underpants
go...

Stan and Kyle looks at Cartman.

KYLE
Dude, that's the dumbest thing I've
ever heard.

STAN
Yeah, I've never seen any underpants
gnomes!!

TWEEK
They come out at three thirty in the
morning... Most people aren't up
then... But I am. I can't sleep. Ever.

Tweek sniffles.

KYLE
Dude, we can't do a presentation on
underpants gnomes, Mr. Garrison will
fail us because you're making it up!!

TWEEK
No! Sleep at my house tonight! I'll
prove it to you!

INT. TWEEK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tweek's parents are standing in the kitchen.

MR. TWEEK

They want me to sell the store. And it's so much money.

MRS. TWEEK

Some things are more important than money. The people of South Park count on you to give them that first cup of coffee every day.

MR. TWEEK

I know, but if they open a Harbucks right next door, we might go out of business. They really have my balls in a vice grip...

The boys and Tweek walk in.

TWEEK'S MOM

Oh, hello son! How was your day?

TWEEK

Aaaagaggh!

TWEEK'S MOM

That's good. Who are your little friends?

TWEEK

WHATDOYOUMEAN?!

KYLE

We're his oral report buddies.

STAN

Yeah, we have to stay up all night to write it.

TWEEK'S MOM

Well, have some coffee boys. I'll brew up another pot for later.

She hands mugs of coffee out to the boys.

KYLE

Coffee? I don't think I like coffee.

TWEEK'S MOM

Oh, you'll like THIS coffee. It's fresh.

TWEEK'S DAD

Country Fresh. Like the morning after a rainstorm.

STAN

Kay... Maybe it'll help us figure out what to do our report on. We have to present it to the entire South Park Town Committee tomorrow.

Mr. Tweek gets an idea just as the boys all start drinking from huge mugs of coffee.

MR. TWEEK

Oh, I've got one for you. How about doing a report on how large corporations take over little, family owned businesses?

TWEEK'S MOM

Richard-

MR. TWEEK

No, I'm serious, hon. These boys should learn how The Corporate Machine is ruining America. You see... I own a coffee shop, and now a great, big multi-million dollar company is going to move in and try to take all my business. Which means I may have to shut down, and sell my son Tweek into slavery.

TWEEK

AGH! SLAVERY!

MR. TWEEK

Yes, slavery.

STAN

Wow, that sucks, dude.

MR. TWEEK

They really have my balls in a salad shooter.

KYLE

We're already doing a paper on Tweek's underpants gnomes.

STAN

Yeah.

TWEEK'S MOM

Now Tweek, how many times do we have to tell you. Your underpants are missing because you lose them, not because of underpants gnomes.

TWEEK

AGHH!!

KYLE

Come on, you guys, we better get to work!

The boys all walk away.

MR. TWEEK

Okay, but corporate takeovers is a much more fertile subject.

TWEEK'S MOM

Honestly, Richard, I don't see why you have to preach to some eight year olds.

MR. TWEEK

Actually, honey, I think those little tykes are just what we need... I've got an idea.

EXT. TWEEK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's late. We only hear birds chirping.

INT. TWEETS HOUSE - TWEEK'S BEDROOM

The boys are in Tweek's with cups of coffee.

KYLE

(taking a drink)
Man, this stuff is strong.

STAN

It's kind of bitter.

Tweek is shaking in the corner.

TWEEK

What if my parents go out of business?! What'll I do?

KYLE

Don't worry about it.

TWEEK

But we'll starve and die like dogs!

CARTMAN

Tweek, Tweek, you can always go on welfare. Look at Kenny's family... They're perfectly happy being poor and on welfare, right Kenny?

KENNY

Mph mmph.

CARTMAN
Ha ha ha! You suck Kenny!

KYLE
Well, let's just try to finish all
this coffee so we can stay up.

INT. TWEED'S BEDROOM - LATER

KYLE
WOOHOO!!!

Kyle jumps off the bed into a pile of toys as Stan goes
cruising by.

STAN
YES! THIS STUFF ROCKS!

Kyle pops his head out of the pile.

KYLE
TOTALLY DUDE! I FEEL AWESOME!!!

STAN
WHOOPEE!!!

Stan runs SMACK into a wall. he gets up and continues to
run.

Cartman runs around in a circle like a mad dog.

CARTMAN
YOU GUYS!! YOU GUYS!!! SERIOUSLY!!!
CHECK ME OUT!!! I'M A SORCERER!!!
BEKEW!! BEKEW!! CHECK ME OUT YOU
GUYS!!

KYLE
Hey Tweek! Do you have any more of
this stuff?!

Tweek is over in the corner, shivering and jittering. He
holds out a can of coffee grounds.

TWEED
We just have grounds....

KYLE
KILLER!

Kyle runs over and starts eating the grounds by the
spoonful.

CARTMAN
Hey! Let me have some grounds!!!

Cartman pours the whole thing in his mouth and promptly

throws up all over the floor.

KYLE
GROSS CARTMAN! WHOOOPPEEEEE!!!!

Kyle runs off.

INT. TWECK'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The clock reads 3:26 a.m. and the kids are all looking kind of shitty.

KYLE
Oof... My stomach hurts.

STAN
Yeah, mine too. I wonder why.

A strange low pitched noise is heard.

KYLE
Well, it's three thirty and I don't see any god damned underpants gnomes, Tweek.

TWECK
Agh! Maybe... Maybe it was all in my head! Maybe I'm going INSANE! OH NO! I'm GOING INSANE!!

STAN
This is just great, we haven't gotten anything done and we're totally SCREWED!

Just then, Tweek's father opens the door.

MR. TWECK
How's the report going, boys?

STAN
Bad.

MR. TWECK
Oh, do you need some more coffee?

The boys all moan.

Cartman is laying on his back. He pukes straight up in the air and the puke lands all over his face.

CARTMAN
No more coffee.....

Mr. Tweek walks in the room.

MR. TWECK

Well, boys, I don't mean to pry but...
If you want it, I wrote your report
for you.

The boys all light up. (except for Cartman)

BOYS
YOU DID?!

MR. TWEEK
Yes, it's all about corporate
takeovers. Of course, you don't HAVE
to use it...

STAN
NO! We'll use it!

MR. TWEEK
Alright, and it can be our little
secret about who wrote it, right?

KYLE
Sure!

While this happens we see Tweek hearing music, looking
around, and finally focusing on the closet with an open
mouth.

MR. TWEEK
Now, when you give the report, just
make sure that you read this part
first, alright.

TWEEK
There they are!

No one pays attention to him, or to the fact that a line
of gnomes have entered the room and begun stealing
underpants from Tweek's dresser.

MR. TWEEK
And then, someone should do the second
part...and really, really play it up.
You know, really play the sympathy
angle, they'll like that. You'll
probably, you know, get a passing
grade for that.

Tweek points at the gnomes, looks at his dad, and then
back to the gnomes.

TWEEK
You guys, look, look you're missing
it.

The gnomes leave.

TWEEK (cont'd)
AGH! THEY TOOK 'EM AGAIN!!

KYLE
(To Mr. Tweek)
Thanks, dude!

MR. TWEEK
My pleasure, good night boys.

Mr. Tweek leaves.

STAN
Wow Tweek, your dad rocks.

TWEEK
WHY DO THEY TORTURE ME LIKE THIS!!
WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE!!!

KYLE
Damn it, what the hell is wrong with
you Tweek!

TWEEK
They took my underpants again...soon
they'll want my blood...BLOOD!!!

ACT II

INT. SOUTH PARK COMMITTEE - DAY

This is just a large room. The South Park Committee sits
at a long table with microphones in front of them. (You
know, like the town meetings you see on public access).

The boys are standing in front of the South Park
Committee, giving their presentation.

KYLE
And as the voluminous... corporate
automaton bulldozes its way through
bantam America...

Cartman steps forward with his arms behind his back.

CARTMAN
What will become of the endeavoring
American family?

Garrison rolls his eyes.

MR. GARRISON
I don't think they wrote this Mr. Hat!

STAN

Perhaps there is no stopping the corporate machine.

TWEEK

AGH!!

KYLE

And...that's our report...I guess.

MR. GARRISON

Well, boys, its obvious that you didn't even-

COMMITTEE CHAIR

GREAT JOB!!

The boys look shocked. So does Garrison.

MR. GARRISON

Yes, great job.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Boys, you have really opened our eyes! We didn't even know this was happening!

CARTMAN

Neither did we.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Well, Mr. Garrison, it looks like we were wrong about you. You really are teaching these kids something.

MR. GARRISON

Yeah, well, I don't want to sound like a dickhole, but I told you so.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

I am really moved... I say we follow these boys' cause! Let's join them in the fight against corporate takeovers!!

The committee all stands up and cheers.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Lead the way, boys!

KYLE

Huh?

TWEEK

AGH! Too much pressure!

EXT. HARBUCKS COFFEE HOUSE

The new Harbucks coffee place is BEING built right next to the much smaller Tweek's Coffee house. A large banner reads 'OPENING SOON!'.

Postum barks out commands to the building crew.

MR. POSTUM

Good! Good! Make sure that sign is really bright and flashy, now!

Meanwhile, across the street, Mr. Tweek and Mrs. Tweek are watching all of this.

MRS. TWEEK

My Goodness, that's going to be a huge coffee house, honey.

MR. TWEEK

Yes it is... They really have my balls in a juicemaker.

Just then, the boys walk up.

TWEEK'S DAD

Oh hello, son! Uh, how did your report go?

TWEEK

Wah!

KYLE

I think it went really good. Those people really got into it.

MR. TWEEK

Really?! Well, son, you might have just saved the family business! What do you have to say about that?!

TWEEK

I need coffee!

MR. TWEEK

I know how you boys feel. Sometimes a hot cup of French Roast Amoretto is just what a man needs to get him through the day-

Mr. Tweek walks off and puts his leg up on a stump.

MR. TWEEK

That smooth aroma and mild taste is what makes Tweek's coffee so very special-

Percolating sounds start and light piano music.

MR. TWEED (cont'd)
-Special like an Arizona sunrise or a
Juniper wet with dew... A light rain
in the middle of a dusty afternoon or
a hug from your dear old auntie...

TWEED
DAD!

The commercial ends abruptly.

MR. TWEED
Huh?

TWEED
The metaphors man.

MR. TWEED
Oh sorry... Here you go.

Mr. Tweed hands his son some coffee.

KYLE
Hey, do ever think maybe you shouldn't
give your son coffee?

MRS. TWEED
Like how do you mean?

KYLE
Like look at him. He's always shaking
and nervous.

TWEED
Aagh!

MRS. TWEED
Oh that. He has ADD, Attention
Deficit Disorder. That's why he's so
jittery all the time.

Just then, South Park committee comes rushing up.
Everyone is AD LIBBING angrily.

COMITTEE CHAIR
Mr. Tweed! We've only just heard!

MR. TWEED
Oh, hello Committee members, what a
surprise...

Mr. Tweed smiles at his wife.

COMMITTEE CHAIR
So this is the corporate bulldozer
trying to push you off the map?

MR. TWECK

Yes... How did you hear?

COMMITTEE MEMBER

These boys did an EXCELLENT report for us this morning. They're so upset by this whole thing.

KYLE

My butt hurts.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Don't worry, Mr. Tweek, this committee is NOT going to let you be run out of business by these bastards!

She turns to yell at Postum.

COMMITTEE CHAIR(cont'd)

You hear that?! You're not going to get away with this you WHORE!!

In a super wide shot, Postum waves to her.

MR. POSTUM

Excuse me?

COMMITTEE MEMBER

Boys, we've talked it over, and we want you to take your case to the MAYOR!

STAN

OUR case?

TWECK

AGH! NO WAY, MAN! That is WAY too much pressure!!

MR. TWECK

Oh, you'll do fine, son.

COMMITTEE MEMBER

Come on, boys, let's go!

The committee members leave, dragging the boys with them.

CARTMAN

Aw, man! This sucks!

TWECK

AGH!!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The boys are standing with the committee in front of the Mayor's desk.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

...and we would have never even known that this was happening if not for these boys' excellent report!

The Mayor looks at the boys, who stand with their arms behind their backs.

MAYOR

You're telling me that students from Mr. Garrison's class actually did something that had some kind of relevance to the world?

COMMITTEE CHAIR

That's right.

Mr. Garrison smiles.

MAYOR

Mr. Garrison... The guy with the puppet.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Yes.

MAYOR

Well, I must say, Garrison, perhaps you're not as stupid and crazy as I always tell people you are.

MR. GARRISON

Thank you, Mayor. I don't want to sound like a dickhole, but I...

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Mayor, these boys want that Harbucks Coffee shut down! Right now!

COMMITTEE

YEAH!

The boys just stand there.

MAYOR

Well, I can't just shut them down. This is a free country.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

But they're ruining our city!

MAYOR

Look, the best I can do is create a proposition. We'll call it Prop 10.

The town can vote on it, and if it passes... we'll see what we can do.

COMMITTEE

Hooray!

COMMITTEE CHAIR

What do you say boys?! We're gonna pass a law!

The boys just stand there. Finally Stan speaks.

STAN

Uh... hooray.

MAYOR

So I guess you want to do some campaigning. You can do commercials and things like that. We'll have a vote in the middle of town..and obviously if more than 50% of the people...

While the mayor rambles on the gnome music begins. Tweek tries to figure out where the music is coming from. His mouth drops when they come in singing and head toward the Aide's leg. The gnomes crawl up his leg and steal his underpants off his body.

TWEEK

AGH!!

The gnome on the Aide's leg throws the underpants down to other gnomes and they walk off.

MAYOR

...want Harbucks out, then they're out. So good luck to you.

Everyone but Tweek turns to go. Tweek just stands there and points.

TWEEK

DIDN'T YOU SEE THEM?!

MAYOR

Alright, what's next?

AIDE

Next is issue #37-D Missing underpants...

AIDE 2

Is it cold in here?

MR. GARRISON

Oh boys, could I have a quick This n'

that with you?

The boys walk over to Garrison.

MR. GARRISON

Boys, I don't know who wrote that report, but now that you've convinced everybody, you better stick with it. Because if these people find out you didn't really write that paper, and I actually do get fired, then Mr. Hat is going to do horrible things to you.

Mr. Hat whispers in Garrison's ear.

MR. GARRISON (cont'd)

Oh, not THAT, MR. HAT! That's REALLY HORRIBLE!!

(To boys)

Anyway, good luck passing your new law.

Garrison leaves.

TWEEK

Jesus, man! Jesus! What are we gonna do?! HUH?!

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

ANNOUNCER

Live, it's the South Park Town Hall Meeting on Public Access. Tonight's topic - Prop 10!

A TV host is standing behind the podium with Postum on his right and the boys on his left.

TV HOST

Should Harbucks be allowed to open a store in South Park? That's tonight's topic.

Now we see the large audience. They all applaud.

TV HOST (cont'd)

On my left, five, innocent, starry eyed boys from middle America. On my right, a big fat, smelly corporate guy from New York.

The audience all BOOS.

MR. POSTUM

Hey, I'm not fat or smelly!

TV HOST

Alright, Mr. Douche bag-

MR. POSTUM

Postum!

TV HOST

Oh, pardon me, Mr. Assface. Anyway,
let's hear your side of the argument.

CROWD MEMEBR

BOO!

MR. POSTUM

My argument is simple. This country
is founded on free enterprise.
Harbucks is an organization that-

(As the crowd gets louder and louder, booing, Postum also
goes up and up in volume)

Mr. Tweek, who is standing next to his wife by the
audience, looks at his wife and smiles. She doesn't smile
back.

MR. POSTUM

-AN ORGANIZATION THAT PRIDES ITSELF ON
GREAT COFFEE. WE SIMPLY WANT TO -- AW
TO HELL WITH YOU!!

(Finally the booing gets so loud that Postum is
inaudible. He stops)

TV HOST

Okay uck-up-fay, now for the other
side of the argument, we turn to our
young, handsome lads.

Everything gets silent as the spotlight turns to the
boys.

They look like deer caught in headlights.

TV HOST (contíd)

Boys, your thoughts?

The boys say nothing.

Finally, Tweek starts smashing his head into his chair.

TV HOST (contíd)

Come on boys...Don't be shy. What's
your principal argument?

Stan and Kyle look at each other. Then at Mr. Garrison,
who is standing in the wings. Garrison folds his arms
and looks sternly at the boys.

KYLE

Uh...

STAN

Uh...

CARTMAN

(Pointing at Postum)

This guy sucks ass!

The audience erupts into cheers and applause.

TV HOST

Great argument! You win, boys!

MR. POSTUM

WHAT?!

In the wings, Mr. Garrison wipes sweat off his forehead and sighs relief.

MR. GARRISON

That was close, Mr. Hat.

INT. TV SET - DAY

This is a commercial on a television.

The screen is black, as slow, patriotic music (Glory, glory hallelujah) starts to play.

FADE UP on an American flag.

ANNOUNCER

What is the future of America? Is it
the money we make? The quests we
conquer? No. It's children...

Slowly, Kyle's head dissolves in frame. It moves slowly from bottom of frame to top.

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

So what do children say about Prop 10?

All the boys faces drift through frame, and we hear their voices as they do (not lip synced)

KYLE (V.O.)

I don't like big corporations.

STAN (V.O.)

I like small businesses.

CARTMAN

I believe in the family owned
business.

KENNY

Mph rmph rm rmphm rm.

TWEEK

AGH!

ANNOUNCER

It's time to stop large corporations.
Prop 10 is about children. Vote yes
on Prop 10, or else...You hate
children. You don't hate children, do
you?

The American flag comes back in the background as all the
boys faces settle in the frame.

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

Remember...keep American business
small or else...

A graphic image of the boys heads being burned.

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

Paid for by Citizens for a Fair and
Equal Way to get Harbucks Coffee
Kicked Out of Town Forever.

(CHYRON: CITIZENS FOR A FAIR AND EQUAL WAY TO GET
HARBUCKS COFFEE KICKED OUT OF TOWN)

INT. SOUTH PARK COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

The committee is gathered around a tv watching this ad.
The Committee woman snaps it off.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Well? What do you think?

MR. TWEEK

Wow! It's great!

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Yes it is! We'll put it on the air
immediately!

MR. TWEEK

(To Mrs. Tweek)

What do you think, hon? Hon?

Mrs. Tweek folds her arms and walks away.

MR. TWEEK (cont'd)

(Following her))

What's the matter?

MRS. TWEEK

I have a big problem with this.

MR. TWEEK

What do you mean?

MRS. TWEEK

We're just using those boys for our benefit. They have no idea what they're saying.

MR. TWEEK

But kids are great to get people on our side.

MRS. TWEEK

You don't just throw a child in a political commercial to sell your beliefs. I won't be a part of this anymore!

She leaves.

MR. TWEEK

Honey, all's fair in love and war...and coffee...Hon.

EXT. HARBUCKS COFFEE

Protestors are out front with signs like "SAY NO TO CORPORATE COFFEE!"

PROTESTOR

Take your corporate coffee and go back to New York City!

CROWD

YEAH!

PROTESTOR 2

It's people like you who are ruining Main Street USA!

CROWD

YEAH!

The Protestors are in a frenzy.

PROTESTOR 2

How many Native Americans did you slaughter to make that coffee huh?!

The crowd pauses.

CROWD

YEAH!!!

MR. POSTUM

Damn, these people aren't buying any

coffee. I'll have to try and appeal
to the younger crowd.

EXT. HARBUCKS COFFEE

Mr. Postum stands outside the Harbucks coffee store
dressed as a big cartoonish camel carrying a bunch of
kiddiechinos.

The protestors are there, the customers are there. It's
like a circus.

CAMEL JO

Hey kids! I'm Camel Joe and I love a
fresh cup of coffee! It's
yummdilliscios! And it makes you feel
SUPER!

The kid doesn't respond.

CAMEL JO

(pulls out a colorful mug)
I have a surprise for you! The new
'Kiddiechino' from Harbucks! More
sugar and all the other goodies kids
like with all the caffiene of a normal
double latte!

MOTHER

No Billy! No coffee for you!
(to Mr. Harbucks)
You should be ashamed of yourself!
Using cartoons to push caffeine on
children!

MR. POSTUM

Why don't you go back to the hole you
crawled out from lady!

MR. TWEEK

Mr. Postum, I'm afraid you've got a
lot to learn about making coffee.

MR. POSTUM

Oh, and you don't. Your coffee tastes
like three day old moldy diarrhea.

MR. TWEEK

Well, I'm sorry to inform you that
this town is having a vote tomorrow,
and if the law passes you're gonna be
thrown out of town.

MR. POSTUM

What!

MR. TWEEK

At five o'clock, the best coffee wins, either your coffee... or a fresh warm cup of Tweek's coffee, like an old sweater that keeps getting warmer with age, you can count on Tweek's coffee to start your day!

Mr. Tweek tips his hat and walks away.

Meanwhile, the Mayor is with her two aides and the South Park Committee in front of the two coffee houses.

As she talks, she walks around and points out where things will be, and the two aides follow her like puppies.

MAYOR

Tomorrow for the prop 10 vote we'll set up ballot booths... here.

The aides take notes.

MAYOR

Alright, then we'll throw up the stage here. Before the vote we'll get a band everyone likes... like, uh, like...

AIDE

Toto.

MAYOR

Like Toto. And then The Harbucks guy will have five minutes to speak and the boys will have five minutes to speak and then the town votes!

Garrison and the boys are standing off to the side hearing all this.

MR. GARRISON

Uh, boys, you better get your asses to work.

CARTMAN

What now?

MR. GARRISON

They're expecting you to give a big speech on corporate takeovers and this time it has to last five minutes.

KYLE

Oh, God! When is this gonna' end!

STAN

Your dad really screwed us, Tweek!

TWEEK
Jesus, dude! I'm to blame for all
this! I'm to blame for everything!

INT. TWEEKS HOUSE - NIGHT

The boys are in Tweek's room again with cups of coffee.

Kyle is sitting on the bed with a notepad and a pen.

KYLE
So what are we gonna say?

CARTMAN
Why can't we just read the paper we
wrote last time?

STAN
Cuz' then they'll know we didn't write
it, dummy! We have to be original!

KYLE
Does anybody know anything about
corporations?

Meanwhile, Tweek looks over and sees the gnomes walk in
again.

TWEEK
WAGH!

CARTMAN
I think my mom is a corporation.

STAN
Yeah. That makes sense.

TWEEK
YOU GUYS! SHH!!

The gnomes walk in and get in Tweek's underwear drawer.

KYLE
Well how about we just say corporate
should be stopped.

STAN
How do we stretch that into five
minutes?

TWEEK
THEY'RE TAKING MY UNDERPANTS!!!

KYLE
Will you stop with the underpants
gnomes, Tweek?! We have to WORK here!

Tweek says nothing. He just points to his dresser where the underpants gnomes are standing.

STAN
What the hell?!

CARTMAN
Well, I'll be damned...

TWEEK
That's my last pair of underpants!

The boys run over to the gnomes. All but one of them run away. The defiant one just stands there and looks nervous.

KYLE
Shh! Don't scare him!

STAN
Hey there, little guy.

Cartman WHACKS the little gnome with a stick.

CARTMAN
BAD!

KYLE
Cartman!

CARTMAN
What?!

KYLE
Why do you always have to hit stuff with a stick?!

CARTMAN
Well look at him! He's all.. you know...look at him.

He hits him again.

GNOME
Is that you got pussy?

CARTMAN
WHAT?!

STAN
Hey, he talked!

CARTMAN
Yeah, he called me a pussy. I'm not a pussy YOU'RE a pussy!

GNOME

YOU'RE a pussy, PUSSY!

CARTMAN

AY!

STAN

Dude, why are you taking Tweeks
underpants?

KYLE

Yeah, look what you're doing to this
poor kid!

TWEEK

AGH!

GNOME

Stealing underpants big business!

STAN

Business? Wait, do you know anything
about business?

GNOME

Sure! That's what gnomes do!

KYLE

Show us!

GNOME

Okay, follow me!

The gnome walks out. The boys follow him.

CARTMAN

Little pussy gnome! Don't call ME a
pussy! Pussy gnome.

EXT. SOUTH PARK - NIGHT

Sillouhette shot of the gnome leading the boys through
some trees. The moon and stars fill the sky.

**Note - none of the following has to be lip-synced since
it will all be sillouheted.

GNOME

Not much longer now!

CARTMAN

Are you taking us to your little pussy
house?

GNOME

No, pussy, I'm taking you to my
village.

CARTMAN

Oh, your pussy village?

KYLE

Cartman will you just shut up and let
him show us!

Now, in a non-sillouheted shot, they come to a tree. The
gnome knocks on it three times and a little door opens.

GNOME

Follow me!

CARTMAN

I hope we're not wasting our time with
this little pecker.

EXT. SOUTH PARK AVENUE - DAY

Postum is standing outside his Harbucks, looking for
customers.

MR. POSTUM

Well... It looks like Harbucks will
never make it in this town... Alright,
boys that's it!

Postum turns to the workers still working on the
Harbucks.

MR. POSTUM

Pack it up! We're moving out of town.

WORKER

Aw, but we just finished!

MR. POSTUM

I know. But these folks obviously
don't want us here.

WORKER 2

But what will become of us?

MR. POSTUM

Oh, quit being so melodramatic,
Sanchez, Jesus Christ.

INT. GNOME CAVE - NIGHT

The boys follow the gnome into a huge cavern, where
hundreds of gnomes are hard at work.

In the middle of the cave, is a GIGANTIC pile of
underpants.

The gnomes are all singing their gay little work song.

STAN

Damn, dude, this place is huge!

KYLE

Yeah, it's almost as big as Cartman's
ass.

CARTMAN

No it isn't, you guys.

GNOME 1

This is where all our work is done!

KYLE

So what are you going to do with all
these underpants that you steal?

GNOME 1

Collecting underpants is just phase
one. Phase one, collect underpants.

KYLE

So, what's phase two?

The gnome sits there and thinks.

For a long time.

GNOME 1

(Calling out)

Hey... What's phase two?

Another gnome walks over.

GNOME 2

Phase one, we collect underpants.

GNOME 1

Yeah, yeah, yeah, what about phase
two?

Gnome 2 thinks.

GNOME 2

Well... Phase THREE is Profit! Get it?

STAN

I don't get it.

The gnome walks over to another large sign. It has
columns for phase 1, phase 2 and phase 3. Under phase one
it says 'Steal Underpants'. Under phase two it says '?'.
And under phase three it says 'Profit'.

GNOME 2

You see? Phase one, collect
underpants. Phase two... ..Phase

three, PROFIT!!

CARTMAN

Oh I get it.

STAN

No you don't, fatass!

KYLE

Do you know guys anything about corporations?

GNOME 1

YOU BET WE DO!

The boys light up.

GNOME 2

Us gnomes are geniuses at corporations!

Above the boys, a group of gnomes are pushing a large mine cart filled with underpants. It slips off the track.

GNOME 4

JESUS CHRIST LOOK OUT!!

The cart falls on top of Kenny. Killing him instantly.

STAN

(Nonchalant)

Oh my God, they killed Kenny.

KYLE

You bastards. Listen, we have to give a huge speech tomorrow about corporate takeovers.

GNOME

Holy shit! We killed your friend!

STAN

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Look, we've got to know about corporate takeovers or tomorrow we're screwed.

GNOME

CHRIST! WE SQUISHED HIM LIKE A BUG!!

STAN

Do you anything about corporate takeovers.

GNOME 1

Well, we can explain that to you easily!

GNOME 2
Yes! For a price...

KYLE
What?

GNOME 1
You know.

STAN
Underpants?

Now all the gnomes in the cave cheer out.

GNOMES
UNDERPANTS!!!!!!!!!!

EXT. SOUTH PARK AVENUE - DAY

The masses have gathered in front Tweek's and Harbucks coffee. A little stage has been set up between the two.

A band just finishes playing.

COMMITTEE CHAIR
Toto ladies and gentlemen!

One guy claps and jumps up and down enthusiastically.
The rest just stand there.

GUY
YEAH! TOTO!! WOOO!! TO-TOHHH!!!

Most people have signs that say 'YES ON PROP 10!' and stuff.

COMMITTEE CHAIR
Alright, and now before we all vote
Yes on prop 10, here to remind us why,
are the lovable, innocent children.

The crowd goes wild as the boys take the stage.

Stan walks up to the mic and clears his throat.

STAN
Uh... Since we are so concerned with
the corporate takeovers, we went and
asked our friends the underpants
gnomes, and they told us all about big
corporations...

Kyle walks up to the mike.

CROWD MEMBER
Underpants gnomes?

KYLE

Big corporations are good!

CROWD MEMBER

What, good?

KYLE

Because without big corporations we wouldn't have things like cars and computers and canned soup.

And then-

STAN

Even Harbucks coffee started off as a small little business. But because it made such great coffee, and because they ran their business so well, they managed to grow and grow until it became the corporate powerhouse it is today. And that is why we should let Harbucks stay!

Stan throws his arm in the air with a smile.

But nobody else smiles. They are silent.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

That's not what you said last time!

KYLE

Oh. Uh... Well the truth is we didn't write that paper last time.

The townspeople are all stunned. Way in the background, we can hear Garrison screaming.

MR. GARRISON

You little turd! You ruined my life for the last time!!

Garrison gets hauled off (still in the very wide shot)

Finally, Tweeks mom starts to applaud. Everyone turns and looks at her.

She gets up on stage with the boys.

MRS. TWECK

These boys are absolutely right! We've been using these poor kids to pull at your heartstrings for our cause and its wrong. We're as low and despicable as Rob Reiner.

The crowd is silent.

MRS. TWEEK

You keep protesting and complaining,
but did any of you ever even bother to
TASTE Harbucks coffee?

Everyone looks at each other.

MRS. TWEEK

Harbucks coffee got to where it is by
being the best. Don't you think you
should at least try it?

In a mob, all together, the crowd walks over to the
Harbucks.

One by one, Postum starts handing out coffees.

COMMITTEE MEMBER

Hey! This is pretty damn good!

COMMITTEE MEMBER 2

Yeah, it doesn't have that bland, raw
sewage taste that Tweek's coffee
has...

Now even Mr. Tweek walks over and tastes Postum's coffee.

MR. TWEEK

Hey... Hey that IS good!

MR. POSTUM

It's a French Roast.

MR. TWEEK

It's subtle and mild. Mild like that
first splash of sun on an April
Morning. This coffee is coffee the way
it should be --

Now everyone gathers around and drinks the Harbucks
coffee.

MR. POSTUM

Hey, no hard feelings Tweek. You know,
we still need someone to RUN this
Harbucks coffee house. I'm sure it
will make a lot of money.

MR. TWEEK

Thank you, Mr. Postum. But I think
we'll be fine with the money we make
selling our son into slavery.

TWEEK

AGHGH!!

MR. TWEED
Just kidding son!

Everyone laughs merrily.

CARTMAN
I love you guys!