

REAL LOOKING COMMERCIAL -

A commercial typical of those 'USA vs. THE WORLD' skating commercials begins. I want to use stills, flashing frames and slick titles rather than South Park animation for this, so that it looks real.

It would go something like this-

NARRATOR  
THIS SATURDAY!! POX PRESENTS THE MUSICAL  
EVENT OF THE NEW MILLENNIUM!! YOU ALL  
REMEMBER PLAYING THE RECORDER IN  
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL?

A picture of a recorder and song book.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
WELL THIS YEAR, IN OKLAHOMA CITY-

A picture of Oklahoma City.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
OVER FOUR MILLION 3RD GRADE STUDENTS FROM  
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY WILL GATHER IN ONE  
PLACE AND AT THE SAME TIME, PLAY 'MY  
COUNTRY TIS OF THEE' ON THEIR RECORDERS!

A picture of a huge gathering of children (the biggest we can find)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
It's the largest 3rd grade recorder  
concert EVER!!!

A close up of about four kids playing recorder (We may have to shoot this one)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Special guest conductor YOKO ONO!

A real picture of Yoko Ono.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
AND WOOD WIND VIRTUOSO KENNY G WILL LEAD  
THIS FANTASTIC EVENT!!!

A real picture of Kenny G.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
This Saturday at 11:00 Eastern, 10:00  
central. The world will be watching!

ACT I

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The kids all have those little black plastic recorders in their hands.

MR. GARRISON

Okay children we've still got some time to practice the song before we load up and head out for Oklahoma.

KIDS

(Moan)

Garrison pulls down a projection screen, on which is printed the sheet music for 'America'.

MR. GARRISON

Now come on! There's gonna be four million other 3rd graders from all over the country there, and I wanna make sure that South Park is the BEST! Okay...  
Recorders up-

The kids all lift their recorders to their lips.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)

And a one and a two and a-

The children all play 'America' horribly on their recorders.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)

..Of liberty..You're late!....My father's-

Garrison looks terrified.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)

What the hell was THAT?! God dammit I don't think you children have been working on your fingering!!

CARTMAN

That's not true, Mr. Garrison, Kyle was working on his fingering with his mom all night long!

Some of the kids laugh.

KYLE

Shut up, fat ass!

KENNY

(Laughs)

CARTMAN

No, seriously! Kyle's mom says Kyle's getting really good at fingering!

KENNY

(Laughs so hard he falls out of his chair)

MR. GARRISON

Shut up, ERIC! There's gonna be FOUR MILLION children playing this song at the same time on their recorders- and SO HELP ME GOD South Park Elementary is not going to be the only ones who don't know the song!!!! Try again - Recorders UP!

The kids lift their recorders again.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)

And a one and a two and a-

The children all play 'America' again, just as poorly.

Garrison falls to his knees and smacks his head into the desk.

Mr. Mackey walks into the classroom, hearing the end of the song.

MR. MACKEY

Mkay, that's sounding GREAT kids!

MR. GARRISON

Sure, if you like the sound of a peacock getting its neck broken.

MR. MACKEY

Okay, kids, uh we have some news. There has been a terrible flood in Oklahoma, so the Four Million Recorder Children's Event is being moved to Arkansas.

Garrison's eyes get wide.

MR. GARRISON

Arkansas?

STAN

What's Arkansas? Is that a State?

MR. MACKEY

The trip shouldn't take any longer, but I'll hand out these updated contact sheets so that your parents will know where you are.

Mackey starts handing sheets out to the kids. Garrison walks up to him.

MR. GARRISON

Mr. Mackey, can I talk to you for a second?

MR. MACKEY

Mkay.

Mackey and Garrison walk over to a private corner of the room.

MR. GARRISON

Mr. Mackey, uh, I can't go to Arkansas. Somebody's going to have to fill in for me.

MR. MACKEY

What? We can't find anybody to fill in for you. Why can't you go to Arkansas?

Slow, sad music starts to play.

MR. GARRISON

Arkansas is where I grew up... My parents live there... My FATHER still lives there.

MR. MACKEY

Well don't you want to see them?

MR. GARRISON

I haven't seen my father for twenty-three years.

Mackey puts his hand on Garrison's shoulder and leads him over to a chair.

MR. MACKEY

Perhaps you should sit down, Mr. Garrison...

Garrison sits.

MR. MACKEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Garrison, I know this is very difficult... But I must ask... Is there a history of sexual abuse in your family?

The music gets more dramatic, Garrison seems almost ready to cry.

MR. GARRISON

Some, yes... There was my uncle... Richard... He molested me...

Again, Mackey gently puts his hand on Garrison's shoulder.

MR. MACKEY

When was that?

MR. GARRISON

Saturday. Last Saturday.

Mackey looks confused.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)  
He's a paraplegic., but--

Mackey looks more confused.

MR. MACKEY  
Mkay? And your father? He molested you  
when you were a boy?

MR. GARRISON  
(breaks down crying)

MR. MACKEY  
Mr. Garrison... I think when we get to  
Arkansas you need to see your father. You  
need to face this demon in your closet.

MR. GARRISON  
DON'T LOOK AT ME!!! I'LL GO ON YOUR  
BASTARD TRIP BUT JUST DON'T LOOK AT ME!!

Sobbing and crying, Garrison runs out of the room.

CARTMAN  
That was pretty cool.

MR. MACKEY  
Mkay.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Ms. Crabtree is driving the bus. Mr. Mackey sits towards the  
front. Stan and Kyle are somewhere in the middle, with  
Cartman and Kenny sitting behind them. Mr. Garrison is  
towards the back.

CARTMAN  
Okay, how about this one, Kenny?

Cartman blows a note. Kenny just sits there.

KENNY  
Nu-huh.

CARTMAN  
No? How about this-

Cartman blows another note.

KENNY  
Nope.

CARTMAN

Hmm, interesting... Let's see, how about this?

Finally, Stan and Kyle turn around in their seat.

KYLE

Cartman, what the hell are you doing?

CARTMAN

I'm trying to find the brown noise. It's this one pitch, this certain frequency that makes people lose bowel control.

STAN

What's 'lose bowel control'?

CARTMAN

That's the scientific term for 'crapping your pants'.

KYLE

Oh brother, here we go again... CARTMAN  
THERE IS NOT A SOUND FREQUENCY THAT MAKES  
PEOPLE CRAP THEIR PANTS!!!

CARTMAN

YES THERE IS!!! THE FRENCH EXPERIMENTED  
WITH IT IN WORLD WAR TWO!!!

KYLE

Nu-UH!!

Cut to a shot with Mackey in the foreground (He's in the front seat of the bus, mind you), and Kyle leaning into the aisle from his seat near the middle.

CARTMAN

(Back to his experiment)  
How about this one Kenny?

Cartman blows a note.

KENNY

Nu-uh.

KYLE

There is no brown noise, fat boy!

CARTMAN

That's nice, when I find it, I'll just make you crap yourself til you look like Karen Carpenter.

STAN

Who's Karen Carpenter?!

MR. GARRISON  
AAAAAGHGHGHGH!!!!!!

All the kids look back to where Mr. Garrison is sitting.

Garrison's face his covered with sweat. He is trembling  
horribly as he looks out the bus window.

GARRISON'S POV - Out the bus window a sign says WELCOME TO  
ARKANSAS!!! 'YES! WE ARE A STATE!'.  
Mackey runs back to Garrison's seat and sits down next to  
him.

MR. MACKEY  
Mr. Garrison, are you alright?

Garrison continues to stare out the window, but he raises Mr.  
Hat into Mackey's face.

MR. HAT  
Mr. Garrison isn't here, right now.

MR. MACKEY  
Mkay, Mr. Garrison, you're just having a  
hard time dealing with the memories of  
your father's sexual abuse and so you've  
switched personalities to Mr. Hat, mkay.

MR. HAT  
Ooh, good one, Sherlock, you figure that  
out all by yourself?

MR. MACKEY  
Mkay, I think the best thing for Mr.  
Garrison to do is to go see his father.

MR. HAT  
NO! NO, YOU MORON!!! MR. GARRISON CAN'T  
LET THE MEMORIES IN!! I WON'T LET HIM!!!  
JUST LEAVE US ALONE!!

MR. MACKEY  
MKAY- MR. HAT YOU NEED TO LET ME TALK TO  
MR. GARRISON, MKAY!

MR. HAT  
WHY WOULD HE WANT TO TALK TO A SECOND  
RATE, DOPEY-ASS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL  
PSYCHOLOGIST?!

MR. MACKEY  
WHAT DID YOU SAY?!

MR. HAT  
YOU HEARD ME, JACKASS, THERE'S MONKEYS  
THAT MAKE BETTER COUNSELORS THAN YOU!!

MR. MACKEY  
WHY YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!

Mackey grabs Mr. Hat off Garrison's hand and starts beating the shit out of it. He wrestles it into another seat where two kids just sit and stare as Mr. Mackey and Mr. Hat duke it out.

STAN  
WOA! MR. MACKEY AND MR. HAT ARE  
FIGHTING!!!

The other kids all turn around and start to CHEER as Mackey and Hat continue to wrestle all throughout the bus.

MR. MACKEY  
I'M GONNA KICK YOUR ASS, MKAY?!

KIDS  
YEAH!!! GET HIM!!!

MS. CRABTREE  
BE QUIET BACK THERE!!!

Mr. Garrison is still just looking blankly out the window. We HEAR the fight continuing, and finally, Mackey sits down next to Garrison with a black eye, disheveled hair and busted lip.

Mackey tosses Hat back into Garrison's lap.

MR. MACKEY  
You may have won this time, Mr. Hat.

EXT. ARKANSAS - DAY

Tons of school buses and thousands of children have gathered in the town square of Little Rock.

Large banners read '4 Million-Child Blow 2000!'. Everything is chaotic. People running all around, children screaming, busses pulling up, recorders blowing. It's a mess.

Ms. Crabtree pulls up in her bus and opens the door. Mackey is the first one out, and the kids start to follow.

Finally, Garrison sheepishly walks out the door, nervous and shaking.

MR. MACKEY  
Mkay, I want everyone to STAY TOGETHER,  
Mkay. NOBODY MOVE!

A female MANAGER, looking frantic and wearing a headset walkie-talkie with a clipboard in her hands, runs up to Mackey.



FEMALE MANAGER

School?!

MR. MACKEY

Excuse me?

FEMALE MANAGER

What school are you from?

MR. MACKEY

Oh, uh, we're from South Park Colorado.

The woman presses down a button and talks loudly into her headset.

FEMALE MANAGER

(To Mackey)

Alright! South Park School, you go over there, next to the kids from New York!

With that, the woman dashes off to her next emergency-

FEMALE MANAGER (CONT'D)

(As she runs off screen)

NO! NO! DON'T PUT THE FLORIDA KIDS IN THE BUILDING!!!

Mackey, Garrison and the kids all walk out of frame-

-and then walk up to a large group of New York kids. They are all dressed more hip and talk with their gay New York accents. Among the kids, four particular bastards stand out. They are the New York antithesis of our boys. Their leader's name is Smitty, sort of an eight year old Dice.

The New Yorkers stare at the South Park kids as they walk in.

SMITTY

Ay, look at the freakin' Eskimos in their little hats and gloves!

NEW YORKER KID 2

Yeah!

NEW YORKER KID 3

Ha ha ha!

The boys look at each other, confused.

SMITTY

(Noticing Kenny)

Woa, look at this kid's coat! Ay, kid, s'matter? You a frikkin' burn victim or something, what?

NEW YORKER KIDS

HA HA HA HA HA!!!

KYLE  
(To Stan)  
Who the hell are these guys?

Stan shrugs.

SMITTY  
I didn't know they was inviting REDNECKS  
to this event!

STAN  
We're not REDNECKS!

KYLE  
Yeah! That's Texans, butthole!

SMITTY  
Oh yeah?! Well, you look like a bunch of  
QUEEFS to me!

NEW YORKER KIDS  
YEAH!! HA HA HA!!!

The boys look at each other.

CARTMAN  
(Quietly, to Stan)  
What's a queef?

Stan shrugs.

KYLE  
(Whispering)  
Kenny?

Kenny shrugs.

KENNY  
I don't know.

SMITTY  
Oh brother! Yous guys don't know what a  
queef is!?

CARTMAN  
Of COURSE we know what a queef is you  
QUEEF!!!

NEW YORKER KID 2  
Oh yeah, well what is it, then?

CARTMAN  
Uh-

STAN  
Why don't YOU know?

SMITTY

Are all redneck queefs from Colorado as stupid as yous?

KYLE

Alright, dickhole-

FEMALE MANAGER

(Over a loud speaker)

I NEED EVERYONE'S ATTENTION PLEASE!!!!

Everybody looks up to see the Female manager, standing on the steps to the Little Rock capitol, addressing the amazing mass of people.

FEMALE MANAGER (CONT'D)

We will now all be moving in an orderly fashion to our assigned hotels. Please follow your group leaders to check-in.

The New Yorker kids and South Park kids start to separate and walk away.

SMITTY

See ya later, QUEEFS!!

EXT. HOTEL

Like a Holiday Inn - The sign reads 'Welcome Recorders For Peace 2000!'

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Our four boys are sharing a room that has two double beds. All of them are busy studying books; Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, etc.

KYLE

I can't find the word 'Queef' anywhere!

STAN

We'll keep looking! We've gotta find out what it means before we see those butthole New Yorkers again!

KYLE

Let's try the dictionary...

(Scanning it)

Queasy... Quebec... Queen... Quelch. No queef.

STAN

Dammit!

CARTMAN

HEY! I FOUND IT!! YOU GUYS, I FOUND

IT!!!!

All the boys quickly gather around Cartman.

KYLE

What's it mean?! What's it mean?!

CARTMAN

I TOLD YOU GUYS!! Here it is right here:  
The Brown Noise!

KYLE

Aw!

STAN

Dammit, Cartman!

CARTMAN

'An oscillation of sound that causes the  
bowels to loosen.'

(To the boys)

See?! That means crap your pants!

(Reading again)

The Brown noise is believed to be 92  
cents below the lowest octave of E  
flat...

(To the boys)

What does that mean?

The boys head back to their books.

STAN

Who cares! We HAVE to find out what queef  
means! Keep reading!!

EXT. MR. GARRISON'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It looks different from houses in South Park. Garrison walks  
up and looks at the house.

He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

MR. GARRISON

I can do this... I HAVE to do this...

Garrison walks towards the door and rings the bell.

INT. MR. GARRISON'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Garrison senior, a well built, average looking guy in his  
early sixties, opens the door.

MR. GARRISON

Hello, dad.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Oh... Hello, son.

Long, awkward pause.

MR. GARRISON

Can I come in?

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Uh, sure, of course.

They walk into the house.

INT. MR. GARRISON'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They walk into the foyer.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Your mom's out at Bridge night. You wanna a beer or something?

MR. GARRISON

No, I don't think that will solve any problems. Though you seem to think it did!

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

What?

MR. GARRISON

I have a lot of demons that I need to face, father. I need to know some things.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Okay. Like what?

MR. GARRISON

Alright, alright, let's just cut right to it...

(Takes a deep breath)

I've come to ask you about the sexual abuse, dad.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

What?

MR. GARRISON

I have to know why! Right here and now we're going to TALK ABOUT THIS!!!

Mr. Garrison Senior thinks for a minute.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

What the hell are you talking about?! I never sexually abused you!

MR. GARRISON

I know!

There is a long awkward pause.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)  
I wanna know why not!!

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
WHAT?!

MR. GARRISON  
Was it that I was ugly?

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
OH MY GOD!!!

MR. GARRISON  
I wasn't good enough for you, was that  
it, DAD?!

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
Wha- NO!

Mr. Garrison senior tries to walk away but Mr. Garrison steps  
in front of him.

MR. GARRISON  
Sure, you could go off and screw any  
whore on Ryland Street but when it came  
to your SON you were just too busy!  
(Sobbing)  
Wugh-ugh! Wugh-ugh-huhghh!

Mr. Garrison falls to his knees crying. Mr. Garrison senior  
looks absolutely perplexed.

## ACT II

EXT. ARKANSAS - FAIRGROUNDS

The astounding mass of children are gathered for the  
rehearsal.

FEMALE MANAGER  
Alright everyone, quiet please! There are  
over four million of you, so we MUST HAVE  
QUIET!! At this time, I would like to  
introduce the woman who is making this  
all possible. YOKO ONO!!!

Yoko Ono walks out on stage. Nobody claps or anything.

YOKO ONO  
Pree for your imagine song maybe rikity  
if I say so. So few momen ret try again

and again the rikity if I say so 'my  
country tis of dee'.

The mass of children just stare blankly at her.

FEMALE MANAGER

You heard her, we'll start the rehearsal  
in a few minutes.

The boys are right in the middle of the huge crowd.

STAN

Those New Yorker kids are gonna be here  
any second and we still don't know what  
Queef means.

KYLE

We can still PRETEND like we know what it  
means.

STAN

No, they'll catch on-- HEY! WAIT A  
MINUTE!! I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA!!! Let's  
make up our OWN word! We can make up a  
word, and then use it, and then they'll  
act like they know it and we'll BUST em!!

KYLE

Yeah! That'll make 'em look stupid!!

STAN

What word can we make up?

KYLE

How about... Finkleroy?

STAN

No, no, not finkleroy...

CARTMAN

How about Geebo? Or MUNG?

STAN

Yeah, MUNG!

KYLE

Mung's good!

STAN

Shh! Here they come!!

The boys try to look nonchalant as the New Yorker kids walk  
by.

SMITTY

Well, hello there, QUEEFS. All bundled up  
nice and warm are we?

STAN

You know what you guys are? You guys are nothing but MUNG!

SMITTY

What did you call us?!

NEW YORKER KID 2

We're not mung! YOU'RE mung!

KYLE

Oh, so you KNOW what Mung means, huh?!

SMITTY

Of COURSE we know what MUNG means!

NEW YORKER KID 3

Yeah, you think we wouldn't know what mung MEANS?!

Stan starts laughing.

STAN

HA HA HA! We BUSTED YOU!!

KYLE

YEAH! MUNG isn't even a word! WE MADE IT UP!!

Our boys all laugh and point at the New Yorkers.

BOYS

HA HA HA HA HA!!!!!!

SMITTY

You guys are even stupider than I thought!! MUNG is SO a word!

Our boys stop laughing.

STAN

It is?

KIDS

Yeah/Uh-huh/Sure it/etc.

SMITTY

'Mung' is the stuff that comes out when you push down on a pregnant woman's stomach.

Stan and Kyle's faces turn sour.

STAN AND KYLE

Ew...



NEW YORKER KID 2  
You guys didn't know that? HA HA HA  
HA!!!!

All the other kids start laughing at the boys. Pull out super wide to reveal that all four million kids are laughing at our boys.

SMITTY  
Come on guys, let's get away from these  
Rednecks before we catch Redneckicitis.

The New Yorker kids walk away.

Stan and Kyle glare at Cartman.

STAN  
YOU DUMBASS, CARTMAN!!

KYLE  
YEAH! NEXT TIME YOU MAKE UP A WORD DON'T  
MAKE UP ONE THAT ALREADY EXISTS!!!

INT. MR. GARRISON'S FATHER'S HOUSE

Mr. Garrison and his MOTHER are sitting on the couch,  
drinking tea. The nice tea set is on the coffee table.

MRS. GARRISON  
It's so nice to see you son. I'm so proud  
that you're a part of the four million  
child recorder blow.

MR. GARRISON  
Yes, I hope its okay if I stay here a few  
nights... I have some things I really  
need to talk to you about.

MRS. GARRISON  
About what.

Mr. Garrison closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

MR. GARRISON  
Mother... Did you know... That dad...  
Never sexually molested me?

Mrs. Garrison looks shocked.

MRS. GARRISON  
That... That can't be.

MR. GARRISON  
He never did mom. Not once!

MRS. GARRISON  
(Standing up)

That's not true! Your father loved you!  
OFTEN!

MR. GARRISON  
(Standing up)  
He never did mom! And I think you KNEW he  
never did!

MRS. GARRISON  
NO! NO!! IF I KNEW I WOULD HAVE MADE HIM  
DO IT.

Mrs. Garrison puts her hands on her ears.

MR. GARRISON  
You stood by and let it happen! You saw  
him come home drunk, then just go right  
to sleep!

MRS. GARRISON  
I'M NOT LISTENING!!!!

MR. GARRISON  
FACE IT MOTHER!! HE NEVER ABUSED ME!!

MRS. GARRISON  
(Sobbing)  
WAAGHGH!!!

The front door opens, and Mr. Garrison's dad walks in. He  
sees his wife in agony and runs up next to her.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
What's going on?!

MR. GARRISON  
Mother won't hear the truth!!

MRS. GARRISON  
HE SAYS YOU DIDN'T MOLEST HIM AS A  
CHILD!!

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
I DIDN'T! You KNEW I didn't!

MRS. GARRISON  
(Covering her ears)  
NO!! I DIDN'T KNOW!!! I'M NOT LISTENING!

MR. GARRISON  
YOU CAN'T CLOSE YOUR EYES FOREVER,  
MOTHER!!

MRS. GARRISON  
(Running out)  
AAAGHGH!!!

MR. GARRISON  
(Running after her)  
Mother wait!!!

Mr. Garrison senior just stands there looking stupefied.

EXT. ARKANSAS - FAIRGROUNDS

On the stage, Yoko Ono begins to speak into a microphone.

YOKO ONO  
We must a practity my country tis of dee  
song many time before pofomance tomorra  
pre.

FEMALE MANAGER  
Okay, children - we need to pay CLOSER  
ATTENTION TO THE SHEET MUSIC!!! REMEMBER,  
IF YOU GET LOST, JUST FOLLOW ALONG WITH  
MR. KENNY G, HERE.

Kenny G, also standing on the stage waves.

CARTMAN  
Hey! That's it, Kenny! Maybe Kenny G can  
show us where 92 cents below the lowest E  
flat is! Then we'll know the brown noise!

KENNY  
YEAH!

YOKO ONO  
ONE GRAF SEVEN DALSAT!

The children all start playing. It just sounds like one,  
horrible mass of vomit.

Yoko covers her ears and screams.

YOKO ONO (CONT'D)  
WWOWOOHGGHGHGH!!!!

On the stage, Yoko still has her hands over her ears.

YOKO ONO (CONT'D)  
STOP!! STOP!!! STOP DA IF DA RIKI DON BE  
PEACE ONNA YOU BEDDA!!!!

All the kids stop playing.

YOKO ONO (CONT'D)  
OOHH!! DAD WAS TERRIFY!!! DAD WAS  
HORRIBEE!! WHAT MY GONNA DO?!?!

The kids look confused.

KYLE

What the hell is that lady talking about?

STAN

I have no idea.

EXT. GARRISON AND SON GAS STATION - DAY

The 'SON' is crossed off and faded.

A car is up on a platform, and Mr. Garrison senior is underneath working on it in gas station clothes.

Mr. Mackey walks in and ducks his head under the car.

MR. MACKEY

Mr. Garrison, senior?

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

That's me.

MR. MACKEY

Uh, my name is Mr. Mackey, I'm your school counselor, mkay.

Mr. Garrison senior rolls out from the car and stands up. He wipes grease off his hands with a rag.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

What can I do for you?

MR. MACKEY

I want to talk to you about your son. I'm his... Therapist, mkay.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Oh, brother. Look, I didn't sexually abuse my son when he was younger!

MR. MACKEY

You didn't?

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

NO! He's upset because I DIDN'T molest him!

MR. MACKEY

Oh... Hmmm, I guess that's a little different...

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

A little, yeah! He thinks that if I don't molest him, it means I don't love him!

MR. MACKEY

Well... what's he supposed to think, Mr. Garrison? I mean, look at all the media, all the magazine ads and television ads

talking about sexual molestation, mokay.  
He sees all that and assumes that you  
didn't molest him because of some flaw in  
his looks or personality.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
I didn't do it because it's WRONG!

MR. MACKEY  
I know, I know. But I'm afraid this  
problem has run very deep through Mr.  
Garrison's mental state. I'm worried that  
if he you don't do something... It could  
kill him.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
Hold on a second. Are you actually  
suggesting that I have SEX with my forty  
one year old son?

MR. MACKEY  
There comes a time in every father's life  
when he must ask himself: 'How far will I  
go... To save my son's life?'.  
'

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
Well I won't have SEX with him!

Mackey thinks.

MR. MACKEY  
I've said all I can say...

Mackey takes a few steps away, then stops and turns around  
again.

MR. MACKEY (CONT'D)  
I know it's difficult... But family is  
about compromises. Don't lose your son  
over this, Mr. Garrison. Don't LOSE YOUR  
SON... Mokay.

Mackey leaves.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
Am I the only sane person left on Earth?!

INT. MR. GARRISON'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Garrison's father is sitting on the couch watching  
television. We can see the stairs leading up behind him.  
(Make this all one, long shot.)

TELEVISION (V.O.)  
Tomorrow, the world will be tuning in as  
over four million children play 'My  
Country Tis of Thee' on their recorders.

It is by far the largest gathering of little plastic recorders in human history. Yoko Ono had this to say.

YOKO ONO

Pree gimme da bye. Tama emmy momma for emma. Ratta tat tat shabishii forebba.

TELEVISION

...Words to live by.

Mr. Garrison appears in the background, taking the first few steps on the staircase.

He stops and stares at his dad.

MR. GARRISON

Well... Mom said I could sleep in the guest room tonight. Goodnight, dad.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

(Not taking his eyes of TV)  
Goodnight.

Mr. Garrison just stands there, holding the stair rail and looking out at his father.

MR. GARRISON

Guess I'll just... Go on up to BED now...

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Uh-huh...

More standing around.

MR. GARRISON

Don't really have any pajamas, guess I'll sleep in... my boxers or something...

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Should be fine.

Beat.

MR. GARRISON

I'll leave the door open a little in case you... need to see me about anything.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Won't be necessary.

Beat. A LONG beat. Garrison takes a couple more steps up the stairway, then stops again.

MR. GARRISON

I'll just... be going up to bed now.

Beat.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)  
Guess... Guess maybe I won't even wear  
those boxers.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
I'M NOT GOING TO MOLEST YOU!

MR. GARRISON  
(Crying)  
YOU DON'T LOVE ME!!! I WANT TO DIE!!!

Mr. Garrison runs upstairs, sobbing.

Mr. Garrison senior sits there for a while, then clicks off  
the television-

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
God DAMMIT!

He gets up, puts on his coat and heads out the front door.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Stan and Kyle are sitting on one of the beds in their room,  
looking pissed off.

STAN  
I wish we could find a way to get back at  
those New Yorker kids!

KYLE  
Yeah, they think they're so cool!

Suddenly, Cartman comes running in through the front door  
with Kenny - He's very excited and wearing ear muffs.

CARTMAN  
YOU GUYS!!! YOU GUYS!!! WE FOUND IT!!! WE  
FOUND IT, YOU GUYS!!!

KYLE  
Calm down, Cartman!

STAN  
You found what?

CARTMAN  
The brown noise!! Kenny and me FOUND THE  
BROWN NOISE!!! HERE, LOOK-

Cartman puts earmuffs on Stan, then steps over and puts  
earmuffs on Kyle.

CARTMAN (CONT'D)  
(While putting the earmuffs on

the boys)  
Okay... Let's see... Like that...

Once he's done, Cartman steps away, back over to Kenny. Stan and Kyle look at each other, perplexed.

CARTMAN (CONT'D)  
Ready, Kenny?!

KENNY  
(Holding a thumbs up)  
Mredy!!

Cartman puts his recorder to his mouth, and blows one very low, very slowly modulating tone...

Brrrrrrrr....

Suddenly, Kenny's eyes get wide. He puts both his hands behind his back and appears to have shat himself.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
Mrm Mmm!!!

Kenny runs off frame, holding his pants.

Stan is the first to take off his earmuffs.

STAN  
(Not believing it)  
No way!!

KYLE  
(Taking his off)  
I don't believe it!

CARTMAN  
I'm seriously, you guys!! Come on!  
WATCH!!

Cartman runs back out the front door. The boys follow.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The boys walk out the door, and we see a delivery man unloading boxes from a truck in the foreground.

CARTMAN  
Okay...

The boys put their earmuffs back on.

Cartman again blows the low, modulating pitch.

Suddenly, the delivery man looks like he's been shot.

DELIVERY MAN



Woa?! Oh my God!!

We hear a faint POO SOUND as the delivery man grabs his britches and runs away.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

I crapped my pants!!!!

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The boys walk back inside, looking stunned and removing their earmuffs.

KYLE

That's AMAZING...

CARTMAN

I TOLD you guys!!!

STAN

Dude... Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

CARTMAN

That they should bring back Chicago Hope for another season, TOTALLY?!

The boys stare at Cartman.

STAN

No! That we could use the brown noise to get back at those asshole New Yorker kids...

CARTMAN

Ohh...

KYLE

Yeah, dude!!

CARTMAN

They should bring back another season of Chicago Hope, though, seriously.

EXT. ARKANSAS BAR - NIGHT

A rustic little bar with a big 'Arkansas Bar' sign out front.

INT. ARKANSAS BAR - NIGHT

A large gathering of Arkansas Men are drinking and conversing in the bar. A jukebox in the background quietly plays some crappy country music.

Mr. Garrison Senior is sitting at the bar, sadly looking at his beer.

One of his beer buddies walks up to him and puts a hand on his shoulder.

BAR GUY 1

Hey, what's the matter there, Garrison?  
You look kinda sad.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

I'm having some troubles at home.

BAR GUY 1

Well, come on tell us about it! We always  
help each other out, don't we, fellas?

BAR GUYS

Yeah!/Come on tell us/What's the  
matter?/etc.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Alright... It's just that... I mean,  
we're all family men here, right?

BAR GUY 1

Yup!

BAR GUY 3

Sure are!

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Well, can I ask you guys a difficult  
question?

BAR GUY 1

Absolutely.

BAR GUY 2

Of course.

Mr. Garrison takes a breath and then poses his very serious question.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

(Very slow and serious)

Alright, would you have SEX with your  
son, to save his life?

The other men all just stand there and blink. Nobody says a word.

BAR GUY 2

Ohh... This is one of them 'Scruples'  
questions ain't it?

BAR GUY 1

No, I got a better one!

(Beat)

Would you have sex with your mother... To

save your father's life?

BAR GUYS

Ooh...

BAR GUY 2

Oh, like if someone had a gun to father's head and said; 'Have sex with your mother or else I shoot him'?

BAR GUY 1

Yeah.

BAR GUY 2

Ooh, that's a tough one.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

No, wait- You don't understand-

BAR GUY 4

How about if someone made you have sex with your mother AND father to save your OWN life?

BAR GUYS

(No, no, no way, etc.)

BAR GUY 3

But if it was to save my MOTHER'S life... I think I would have to have sex with my father.

BAR GUY 7

Yup.

BAR GUY 5

Me too.

BAR GUY 3

I think that goes without saying.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Actually, I'm just talking about a SON.

BAR GUY 7

Well personally, I would have sex with my son to save my mother's life. It depends though, how big a gun are we talking here?

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

He doesn't have a gun.

BAR GUY 2

The father doesn't have a gun?

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

No! Nobody's got a gun!

BAR GUY 4

I think if someone said 'have sex with your mother or else I'm gonna kill your son... but he DIDN'T have a gun... I wouldn't do it.

BAR GUY 2

He could have a knife, though!

BAR GUYS

Yeah/that's right/Does he have a knife?

BARTENDER

If a killer put a knife to MY throat, and said 'Have sex with your father or else I'm going to kill your mother while having sex with YOU'... I would have sex with myself.

BAR GUYS

Uh-huh/Wait a minute/What?/etc.

As the bar guys continue to argue, Mr. Garrison senior just gets up and leaves.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The boys are huddled together around a piece of sheet music. Cartman is holding a large music book.

STAN

How do we write the note, Cartman?

CARTMAN

Lowest E flat... Let's see... I think it looks like this.

Cartman points to a spot in the book. We don't see it, but Stan looks at it and grabs some white out.

STAN

Alright. Now, all we do, is change the last note on their sheet music...

Stan whites out the last note on the sheet music.

STAN (CONT'D)

And change it to the tone Cartman played...

Stan sloppily writes in a quarter note way down below the

staff.

STAN (CONT'D)

Come on!

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The boys walk out of their room, and go a few rooms down ot where the New Yorker kids are staying.

Kyle tears off a piece of tape, and they tape the sheet music to the New Yorker kids' door.

KYLE

There.

Stan then sticks a POST-IT note on the music, it says 'REVISED MUSIC FOR TOMORROW!'

STAN

That should do it.

CARTMAN

Sweet! I can't wait to see 'em crap their pants in front of everybody, you guys!

STAN

Okay, let's get back to the room!

The boys hurry off. The frame stays where it is. We just sit there for a while, looking at the door with the note on it.

Finally, the female manager walks in from the other side of frame that the boys left.

FEMALE MANAGER

What's this?

She takes the music off the door.

FEMALE MANAGER (CONT'D)

(Reading)

Revised music for tomorrow?

She turns back the way she had walked in and yells out.

FEMALE MANAGER (CONT'D)

Chip, did you get revised music for tomorrow?!

In the distance we hear a faint yell.

CHIP (O.S.)

What?

FEMALE MANAGER

Ms. Ono has made revisions again, we've

got to get these copied four million times and make the revisions to the projected music!!! Come on Hurry!!

She runs off frame. Dramatic MUSIC STING.

EXT. MR. GARRISON'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's raining again.

INT. MR. GARRISON'S FATHER'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shot is like this: Mr. Garrison (Junior) is lying in bed, on his side facing us. In the background, we see the rest of the guest bedroom including the door.

Garrison has both arms under his head and pillow and his eyes closed.

In the distance, we hear KEYS RATTLING and a door close. The front door perhaps?

Garrison opens his eyes, without moving, and looks around.

Now we hear FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs... Getting closer... And closer...

Garrison's eyes start to dart around.

The FOOTSTEPS seem to STOP at the door.

It sounds like somebody is TURNING THE KNOB...

MR. GARRISON

Dad?

Garrison waits patiently and then the door creaks open just a little. Light spills in from the hallway. A figure is silhouetted.

Garrison quickly closes his eyes and pretends to be asleep.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)

Ho... I'm just fast asleep. Not hearing anything, hmm...

The figure pauses at the door... Then takes a few steps towards Mr. Garrison...

EXT. MR. GARRISON'S FATHER'S HOUSE

We only see the house, as we hear Garrison's distant voice.

MR. GARRISON

Oh, DAD!!! OH MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS!!! NO, STOP DAD, STOP!! OH, HOW COULD YOU?!!

ACT IV

EXT. MR. GARRISON SENIOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. MR. GARRISON SENIOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Garrison has his suitcase and stands near the front door with a big smile on his face.

MR. GARRISON

(Happily)

Well, mom, dad... I guess I better be going. The concert is gonna start soon!

MRS. GARRISON

Are you sure you can't stay one more night, son?

MR. GARRISON

No... I think all my work here is done. Dad... I don't know what to say... I feel closer to you than I ever have!

MR. GARRISON SENIOR

Well, I just hope that NOW we can put the past behind us... And try to be a normal family again.

MR. GARRISON

We sure can! Well, I've got a world wide telecast recorder concert to get too!!

MRS. GARRISON

We'll be watching on TV. Make us proud, son!

MR. GARRISON

I will! Goodbye mom! Goodbye dad!!

Mr. Garrison gives his father a big hug and then happily walks out the door.

EXT. MR. GARRISON SENIOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Garrison happily trots away as mom and dad stand in the doorway.

MR. GARRISON

(Walking away, singing)

Grey skies are gonna clear up! Put on a happy face!

INT. MR. GARRISON SENIOR'S HOUSE

CUT BACK to mom and dad standing at the door. They wave

goodbye one last time.

MRS. GARRISON  
You did the right thing, papa.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR  
I didn't do squat.

Mr. Garrison senior walks over to a random door and opens it.  
Kenny G walks out.

MR. GARRISON SENIOR (CONT'D)  
Here ya go- A hundred bucks.

Mr. Garrison senior hands Kenny G the money.

KENNY G  
Oh, that's okay, keep your money. Thanks.

Kenny G walks out the front door as well.

REAL LOOKING COMMERCIAL -

A commercial like the one at the beginning of the show. Some  
of the same stills will be used.

NARRATOR  
LIVE FROM OKLAHOMA CITY FOUR MILLION 3RD  
GRADE STUDENTS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY  
PLAY 'MY COUNTRY TIS OF THEE' ON THEIR  
RECORDERS! NEXT!!

EXT. ARKANSAS FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

The big moment has finally arrived. All four million kids are  
gathered with their recorders.

Our boys are in the middle of the crowd looking smug.

STAN  
Dude, I can't wait til those New Yorker  
kids play the brown noise and crap their  
pants!

KYLE  
We have to watch them! We can't miss it!!

Kenny G is on the stage with Yoko Ono.

KENNY G  
Are we all ready to play?! Thanks. Okay,  
let's see the music!

The projector is turned on, and the sheet music to the song  
is projected hugely above the stage.

KYLE



This is gonna be sweet!!

STAN

Oh, NO DUDE! LOOK!!!

Stan points to the large, projected sheet music above the stage. It is the one that the boys changed with the very low E flat!

STAN (CONT'D)

It's the music we changed!

CARTMAN

Uh-oh...

KYLE

Dude! If four million people play the brown noise at the same time--?

The boys look at each other with extreme fear.

YOKO ONO

One! TWO! READY PETER!!!

The children start to play the song.

BOYS

NO!!

The boys start to fight their way through the crowd.

On stage, Kenny G is playing the tune with his gay oboe, leading all the children. We follow along the sheet music and then WHIP PAN to the dreaded low E flat!

In the crowd: Stan and Kyle continue to fight their way through the playing kids.

STAN

STOP!!!!

In another part of the crowd, Mackey and Garrison notice the boys making a commotion.

MR. MACKEY

Aren't those OUR boys?

MR. GARRISON

Oh no, what are they doing?!

The song continues. The note is getting closer. HERE IT COMES!!

BOYS

N000000ooooooooooooo!

But the note comes. All of a sudden, the recorders all hit

one very low, modulating pitch.

We just begin to hear some POO SOUNDS - and the faces of all the children look pained.

On stage, Yoko and Kenny G grab their pants and look worried.

PULL OUT to a WIDE SHOT of ARKANSAS as we hear more SHIT sounds and some screaming.

PULL OUT to the United States, as the low, modulating tone echoes throughout the country and causes more SHIT SOUNDS, SCREAMS, CAR ALARMS, SIRENS ETC.

Finally, PULL OUT to a super wide of the Earth. We hear even more CAR ALARMS, SCREAMS, SHITTING SOUNDS, SIRENS, MORE SHITTING SOUNDS.

It goes on for quite a while, until finally, the image just goes to STATIC.

It hangs there, and then finally the picture snaps back on with-

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

It's New York, except it looks like a meteor hit it. People walk around slowly and carefully as small fires burn out, and trash is collected.

A news reporter wearing a large diaper stands in the midst of this desolate looking scene.

NEWSCASTER

Tom, I'm standing in New York City, but it could just as well be any town on Earth right now.

The desolation, the damage, is exactly the same in every city the whole world over. It's been just under twenty hours since everyone on Earth pooped their pants, and people still roam their damaged homes with disbelief and loss. Rick?

EXT. ARKANSAS FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

The fairgrounds are also in bad shape. Lots of cleaning crew walk around with white masks on their mouths and large mops and brooms, cleaning up all the shit.

Rick is another newscaster.

NEWSCASTER 2

Alan, I'm standing at ground zero. Here the damage is greater than anywhere. Like the rest of the world, everyone here has

crapped their pants... Some... Crapped  
themselves to death...

A shot where Kenny is visible in the distance, dead and being  
eaten by rats.

NEWSCASTERS

And still others, have ruined perfectly  
good pairs of pants. A nation mourns and  
tries to rebuild... But The big question  
that remains is... How did this happen?

Our boys walk by, whistling and trying to look innocent.

KENNY G

Well, I'd say other than making everyone  
in the world crap their pants our event  
went over really well!

YOKO ONO

Really well?! Really well! You gonna be a  
rikity if I tell it again?! Looka  
something notta foreva! Really well?

KENNY G

Thanks...

MR. MACKEY

Alright, come on everybody, we've got a  
long bus ride back to Colorado, mkay.

The boys sadly walk to the bus in a line. Stan in the front,  
Kyle behind him and Cartman behind Kyle.

KYLE

Well, that whole experience sure did  
suck.

STAN

Yeah, but you know, I learned something  
today...

Stan stops, causing the other boys to stop.

STAN (CONT'D)

We were so worried about how cool we  
looked to those New Yorker kids that we  
forgot we're already totally cool... Even  
if we don't know what queef means!

MR. MACKEY

(Passing through frame in the  
background, towards the bus)  
Queef is a vaginal expulsion of gas,  
mkay.

KYLE

Huh?

But Mackey is gone, and then suddenly, Smitty and the other boys appear.

SMITTY  
Here they are!!!

NEW YORKER#2  
Yeah!

STAN  
Oh, brother, let's just get outta here.

SMITTY  
Ay, not so fast!

Smitty and his buddies step in front of our boys.

SMITTY (CONT'D)  
We KNOW that it was YOUS guys that changed the music and made everyone on Earth crap their pants!

The boys look at each other worriedly.

STAN  
Uh...

NEW YORKER KID 2  
Yeah, we knows ALL ABOUT IT!

KYLE  
Oh, no.

SMITTY  
Yeah, Me and the guys, we was talkin', and well... We just want you to know that... We think you're pretty cool.

KYLE  
Huh?

STAN  
You do?

SMITTY  
Sure, I mean... Everybody on earth shat themselves 'cause of you... That's pretty amazing.

NEW YORKER KID 2  
Yeah, we was wrong about yous guys. We're sorry.

CARTMAN  
Well, that's fine, next time just

remember that we're all pretty cool on  
the west side too, if you know what I'm  
saying.

SMITTY  
(Walking away)  
Yeah, see ya guys later!

Meanwhile, Garrison is standing at the bus doors.

MR. GARRISON  
Come on, boys! You're holding up the bus!

The boys make their way into the bus as Kenny G walks up next  
to Garrison.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)  
Oh, wow look it's Kenny G himself! Thank  
you for a wonderful concert, Mr. G.  
Hopefully next time our boys won't make  
everybody crap their pants.

KENNY G  
Goodbye!

Kenny grabs Garrison, hugs him and gives him a big kiss.

MR. GARRISON  
Oh, well, thank you...

Garrison gets on the bus.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)  
You know, it's funny, you kiss just like  
my dad!!  
(To Ms. Crabtree)  
Well, Ms. Crabtree this certainly has  
been a great trip! Let's head home!

MS. CRABTREE  
Which way should we go?

Garrison holds his head high and looks out the windshield.

MR. GARRISON  
Second star to the right... And straight  
on til morning!

Dramatic MUSIC swells.