

SOUTH PARK

"We're Not Supposed To Talk About It"

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

STAN, KYLE, KENNY, TOKEN, TIMMY, AND CARTMAN are leaning against their lockers.

BUTTERS runs down the hall.

BUTTERS
(Yelling)
Fellas! You gotta see this!

Butters has a paper printout in his hands. Only the word vagina is shown from the article.

CARTMAN
How many times do we have to tell you that we don't want to see your mom's vagina, Butters?

BUTTERS
But it's not my mom's. I don't wanna see that either.

KYLE
Then whose is it?

STAN
You really printed off a picture of a vagina at school?

CARTMAN
That's gross Butters. And it's disrespectful to women.

BUTTERS
But I didn't print it. I f-

Cartman steals the printout.

CARTMAN
Whoa, this is sick. Butters you're disgusting!

The boys play monkey-in-the-middle with Butters as he tries to get the printout back.

BUTTERS
But it's not m-

The boys gather around the printout.

Timmy's eyes bulge.

TIMMY
(impressed yet disgusted)
Tim-my!

KYLE AND CARTMAN
That can't be real! It must be
Photoshopped.

Kyle and Cartman look strangely at each other.

CARTMAN
You... Agreed with me.

KYLE
No. You agreed with me.

CARTMAN
Whatever. Stupid Jew!

KYLE
Shut up, Fatass!

STAN
Shut up both of you. I say we check
Schnopes to see if it's real or not.

KYLE
Good point.

MR. GARRISON
What are you boys going on about?

KYLE
What are you doing here, Mr. Garrison?

MR. GARRISON
(frustrated, whining)
It's President Garrison. I'm here for a
documentary about my formative years.
What is that you're holding?

KYLE
It's something Butters printed.

BUTTERS
I didn't print it! I f-

CARTMAN
Butters stole fake news.

Mr. Garrison takes the printout. There is a picture of a man
with his head stuck in a vagina.

MR. GARRISON

My you boys have been naughty. I'm
confiscating this for... Reasons.

Mr. Garrison leaves with it and enters the principal's
office.

CARTMAN

Oh, you're dead now, Butters. You better
run.

Butters runs away.

BUTTERS

Ahhhhh! I don't wanna die!

CARTMAN

Butters is such a-

KYLE

Should someone tell Tweek that Mr.
Garrison is here?

STAN

Naw. He's still not over the cupcakes.

The rest of the boys head to class. Mr. Garrison leaves the
school with the printout.

INT. MR. GARRISON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DOUG H. JUNK, age 47, adrenaline junkie. He has spiked brown
hair and is wearing a skin tight black athletic top and baggy
blue shorts with white sneakers.

Mr. Garrison and his new partner Doug are in the bedroom
kissing. Garrison pulls out the printout and shows it to
Doug.

DOUG

If we're going to do this, it will have
to be you sticking your head up my ass
because it's a challenge I haven't met
yet and there's no way I can let this
opportunity pass.

They lube up Garrison's head before he goes under the covers.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(moaning in pained pleasure)
Oh God! Keep going! Mr. Pre-si-deeeent!

MR. GARRISON

Now what?

DOUG

You can pull out now unless you want to see how long we can stay like this, but I came already.

Mr. Garrison wriggles. He pushes on Doug's ass cheeks.

MR. GARRISON

I can't pull out. My head is stuck.

Doug grabs lube from the bedside table and squirts it down below.

They both wriggle in an attempt to free Mr. Garrison's head.

DOUG

Anything?

MR. GARRISON

Nothing.

They crawl to the

BATHROOM

to get some Vaseline. Doug grabs the container.

DOUG

I can't see where to put it. You do it.

Mr. Garrison tries to slather it on, but Doug's hairy balls are in his face and he keeps stroking them by accident.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Oooo... Stop that or I might want you to stay stuck forever, Herbie.

They rotate Mr. Garrison's head around.

MR. GARRISON

Now I'm upside down.

They move to the

KITCHEN

where Doug grabs grape seed oil and pours the bottle down his back end.

The floor becomes littered with containers from olive, sunflower, and canola oil bottles.

Mr. Garrison is choking on the oils.

Doug hesitates as he reaches for chili oil.

He goes for it and dumps it back there.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)
Ow! That fucking burns.

DOUG
It's warm, but did it work?

Mr. Garrison pushes as hard as he can, but nothing happens.

MR. GARRISON
Oh, for fuck's sake. Now I'm stuck AND
my lips are on fire!

DOUG
That's all the lubricants inside the
house I could find.

MR. GARRISON
There might be something in the garage.
Anything is better than calling 911.

They make their way to the

GARAGE

Doug grabs engine oil and dumps it back there. It's useless
too.

He sees WD-40 and it shines as if sent by God. HARP MUSIC
plays.

He empties the container on his ass end.

Mr. Garrison's head slides further in.

Mr. Garrison's mouth is covered and he flails his arms.

Panicking, Doug opens the garage door.

DOUG
Help! Help!

EXT. MR. GARRISON'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

RANDY MARSH sees the predicament the President and Doug are
in.

RANDY
Hold on!

Randy runs off.

INT. SKEETER'S BAR AND COCKTAILS

Randy bursts into Skeeter's Bar and Cocktails and yells,
"Guys, you have to see this!"

Everyone follows Randy out of the bar.

STEPHEN STOTCH and GERALD BROFLOVSKI try to pull Doug and Mr.
Garrison apart.

Nearly the entire town is outside when the ambulance arrives.

Between the paramedics and the rest, they get Garrison's
mouth out of Doug's butt so he can breathe.

With his mouth freed, Garrison manages to say one word.

MR. GARRISON

Butt-ers.

One paramedic calls it in.

PARAMEDIC BOB

We have another head-stuck-in-the-vagina
case, but it's a gay couple.

DISPATCH SUSIE

That's the 17th case this week, but only
the second gay couple.

INT. BUTTERS'S HOUSE

Butters enters his home.

His parents LINDA and Stephen are at the door waiting for
him.

LINDA

How was your day today, Butters?

BUTTERS

It was-

STEPHEN

I heard he was a little asshole today and-

LINDA

I heard that too.

STEPHEN

-the president had to go to the hospital!

LINDA

We've had it. If you were adopted, we'd return you.

STEPHEN

You've really done it this time and it's the last straw! You are going to learn to behave.

BUTTERS

But I-

LINDA

Enough of your attitude, Butters. You have to choose-

STEPHEN

Boot camp or karate.

LINDA

Go upstairs young man and don't come out of your room until you've thought long and hard about it.

Butters marches upstairs.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(muttering)

I really hope this works or we'll have to put him up for adoption and make him someone else's problem.

INT. BUTTERS'S ROOM

Butters paces the floor. He wrings his hands.

BUTTERS

(mumbles)

It serves me right for being bad.

Butters kneels at his bed and prays.

BUTTERS (CONT'D)

Dear God, please help me find the answer that I need to make my parents happy.

He returns to pacing.

A snowball hits his window.

Butters opens the window and sticks his head out.

Cartman and Kenny are there with nougat bars.

CARTMAN

Butters, you should totally come check out the weird doggos with us.

KENNY

(inaudible mumbling)
They love this nougat shit!

BUTTERS

I can't fellas. I'm a little asshole who can't stop doing bad things.

Cartman laughs.

KENNY

(inaudible mumbling)
It's really fucked up that you get grounded so much.

CARTMAN

You're right, Kenny. No one could know that would happen.

They take off.

BUTTERS

Did you send those two, God? I don't know what to do because I'm supposed to obey my parents even if grounding me for what two adults were doing doesn't make sense.

In frustration, he kicks the door of his closet causing his Professor Chaos helmet to roll out of the closet onto the floor and stop at his feet.

He picks up the helmet and stares at it.

ACT I FADE OUT:

ACT II

INT. BUTTERS'S ROOM - DAY

Butters puts the helmet on.

PROFESSOR CHAOS

If you learn karate, no one will be able to stop you ever again! Muahahaha

STEPHEN

Butters, what are you doing in there? You're supposed to be thinking about your future, young man!

Butters removes the helmet and opens his bedroom door.

Stephen is in the hallway.

BUTTERS
Sorry, dad. I've thought about it and I
made my decision.

INT. KARATE CLASS - EVENING

Stephen and Butters enter.

TOKEN
Hey Butters.

BUTTERS
I didn't know you do karate, Token.

TOKEN
Yeah, my dad thought I should learn to
defend myself from poor people.

KARATE INSTRUCTOR appears behind Token and addresses Stephen.

KARATE INSTRUCTOR
Is this him?

STEPHEN
Yes, this is my son, Butters.

Karate Instructor yells in Butters's face.

KARATE INSTRUCTOR
Get in line with the other slackers!

Butters walks toward where the other white belts are.

KARATE INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Faster! You lack discipline. I will
beat it into you.

There is a horrified look on Butters's face as Stephen waves
goodbye.

The class does the warm up written on a whiteboard: 50
jumping jacks, 25 burpees, 35 crunches, 35 squats, and 30
push ups.

The rest of the class finishes and stands waiting for
instruction.

Butters shakes.

Sweat beads fall from his forehead.

He collapses to the floor.

BUTTERS
I can't do it!

The instructor pushes his face into the mats.

KARATE INSTRUCTOR
You're not going anywhere until you
finish, Butterscotch!

BUTTERS
That's not my-

KARATE INSTRUCTOR
You Butterscotch, sweet like candy, but
no health value. You're junk!

Butters forces himself to get through the last few push ups
while the teacher continues pushing him down.

KARATE INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
All right. You all run in circles now.

They run around the outer edges of the room.

Butters gasps as he struggles to catch his breath.

Butters is now a sweaty mess.

They practise basic kicks and punches. His leg doesn't reach
the target.

KARATE INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
You too short. Use your eyes,
Butterscotch!

Butters is paired up to spar with a big, older kid.

BIG KID
I heard you need some sense beat into
you.

Butters tries to run, but the kid grabs him by the pants.

Butters's pants come off and everyone laughs.

The kid beats him up.

Butters's face is bruised and swollen when Stephen arrives to
pick him up.

In the background, Token talks with his parents.

STEPHEN

You'll take those lumps and keep taking them until you stop being a little asshole.

Token approaches Stephen and Butters.

TOKEN

Can Butters sleep over? I can help him get better at karate. My parents said it would be okay with them.

Stephen looks over at Token's parents. They nod.

Butters looks as limp as a wet noodle. His gi is soaked through and hanging sloppily. His shoulders are hunched over.

STEPHEN

Well, what about his clothes?

TOKEN

Oh, my parents said not to worry about it. He can borrow some of mine or something.

STEPHEN

I suppose Linda and I could use a break. Yes, go to Token's tonight Butters. You can keep him for a few days.

INT. TOKEN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Token and Butters are watching fight movies.

The glow of the television illuminates the ice pack on Butters's swollen noggin.

BUTTERS

I need to learn to fight like Tyler Durden.

TOKEN

No. You need to learn to fight like Jean Claude Van Damme.

BUTTERS

Really? What about Sylvester Stallone?

TOKEN

He's okay, but Van Damme is better for karate.

MONTAGE VARIOUS

A) EXT. CITY HALL - EVENING

Eye of the Tiger by Survivor plays. Butters carries a stuffed tiger as he runs up a long set of stairs.

B) EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Butters does chin ups on the monkey bars in the school yard.

C) EXT. STREET - EVENING

Butters stands in the street punching himself in the face.

D) INT. TOKEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Butters does the splits on two chairs.

E) EXT. TOKEN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Butters waxes Mr. Black's car.

F) EXT. TOKEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Butters paints Mr. Black's fence.

MR. BLACK

What the fuck do you think you're doing,
Butters?

TOKEN

We're training, dad.

MR. BLACK

Oh. Carry on then.

INT. BUTTERS'S HOUSE - DAY

LINDA

I'm a little worried, Stephen. He's
always covered in bruises ever since we
put him in karate.

STEPHEN

He's behaving better, isn't he?

LINDA

Well, yes, but are you sure it's healthy?

STEPHEN

Karate is turning Butters into a well-
behaved little boy and that was our goal,
right?

LINDA

I suppose you're right. We should encourage anything that involves karate.

INT. KARATE CLASS - EVENING

Butters is given a super secret envelope.

The invitation inside says it's for a kumite (pronounced koom-ih-tay) that will be held in the basement of City Wok at 11:07 PM on Saturday.

ACT II FADE OUT.

ACT III

EXT. CITY WOK - DAY

TOMMY CHONG (79) meets Butters and a boyish girl named Em (9), at the door of the restaurant.

He leads them around the back through a cellar.

There is a hole in the brick wall leading to a round tunnel with blue and black walls.

TOMMY

Hey man, we're actually holding kumite in the Sideways Left dimension, so the police don't find us.

TUNNEL

They travel through the tunnel as shoes, ice cream cones, and other things float around them.

A paper boat floats by as if rushing down a stream.

A child in a raincoat with a red balloon floats by.

CHILD

You'll float too. You'll float too.
You'll float too. You'll...

INT. SIDEWAYS LEFT

Tommy, Butters, and Em make their way to the registration desk.

Asian twins in matching outfits levitate above the desk.

GUARD 1

You must prove you are part of the Ichi
Ban Dojo. Show us the signature
finishing move.

Butters spins around on his head seven times, flails his arms
five times, rubs his hands together three times, and produces
one foot-long bun.

The two on door security use it to make a sandwich. One
takes out a short sword and cuts the sandwich in half. He
passes one half to his sister.

GUARD 2

You may pass.

Before them lies the

ARENA

In its centre is a rectangular mat, which has each end raised
up to create a crescent-shaped fighting mat.

On three sides of the mat are the

SPECTATOR STANDS

Butters and Em make their way to the stands and sit.

Token is there.

Above the judges's seats is a set of string lights.

There is a light under each letter of the alphabet.

The letter B lights up and is followed by L - A - C - K.

A TRANSLATOR hurriedly scribbles.

He holds up a board that says "BLACK" on it.

He flips it over.

The letter S lights up and is followed by T - O - T - C - H.

Again, the translator writes.

He holds up the boards with the name "STOTCH".

BUTTERS

Aww gee, I can't fight Token. It
wouldn't be right after staying over and
him helping me so much.

EM

You must or you will forfeit the match
and end your participation in the kumite.

Token looks Butters in the eyes.

TOKEN

Fight me!

Token takes his place on the mat.

Butters reluctantly follows.

They bow to each other.

REFEREE

(spiritedly)

Begin!

Token bounces up and down then leaps up.

He hooks Butters with his legs and flips him.

Butters scrambles back to his feet.

Token leaps at him again.

Butters is too quick and Token's chin meets Butters's foot.

Token's limp body hits the mat.

Butters rushes to Token's side.

The referee pulls him away and checks Token's breathing
against a mirror.

The mirror fogs up.

The referee raises Butters's hand in victory.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

Butters wins!

Token comes to and Butters helps him off the mat. They walk
over to a

CANDY BAR

They buy sodas and sit sipping them through straws.

BUTTERS

I'm so sorry I knocked you out!

TOKEN

Naw, it's my fault for jumping around like an idiot.

BUTTERS

What was all that jumping about?

TOKEN

My dad paid for private fighting lessons outside of karate. It's called Monkey Style.

BUTTERS

Monkey Style?

TOKEN

It's a Chinese kung fu thing. We better go back.

STANDS

Kyle, Stan, and Timmy join them in the stands.

The lights flash again.

The first letter is S. As before, "STOTCH" is spelled out.

The next name begins with C.

The board says "CARTMAN".

BUTTERS

(sulkily)

Cartman? How did he get invited to this? He hasn't even been to karate lately.

TOKEN

Who cares? You have to go!

BUTTERS

I can't fight Cartman! He'll sit on me and it'll be all over.

TOKEN

Remember your training, Butters.

Butters leaves them.

STAN

He's going to get killed.

TOKEN

You're probably right.

TIMMY

Timmy!

STAN

You're sick, Timmy.

TIMMY

(agreeing)

Timmy.

ARENA

Cartman enters wearing his hat and a shiny light-blue robe.

He removes his hat and gives it to his manager, Kenny.

BUTTERS

What are you doing here, Eric? You've been missing karate for weeks now and-

CARTMAN

While you were wasting your time at karate, I was studying with the legendary master Chubs Tokugawa.

Cartman takes off his robe. Underneath is a white sumo wrestling outfit. It looks like a G-string diaper.

In the

STANDS

Kyle, Token, Timmy, and Stan heckle.

STAN

What is Cartman wearing?

TOKEN

I think it's a sumo thing.

KYLE

It looks like a diaper.

TIMMY

(snickering)

Timmy!

Back in the

ARENA

On the mat, Butters and Cartman shift from foot to foot as they look for openings.

Cartman is getting winded. He stops moving and waits for Butters to come closer to him.

Butters is impatient. He gets too close to Cartman.

Cartman rushes at him belly first.

Butters crane kicks.

Cartman catches his leg.

CARTMAN
You suck, Butters.

Cartman pulls him to the ground. He smothers Butters with his body.

Butters kicks him in the groin.

CARTMAN (CONT'D)
Ouch! No fair!

Cartman grabs his crotch and rolls off of Butters.

Both back on their feet, they circle each other with clawed fingers.

Cartman is sweating heavily.

They grapple.

Their hair clings to their heads from the sweat.

Butters kicks Cartman's leg, which forces Cartman near the edge of the mat.

Cartman throws powder into Butters's eyes.

The world blurs.

A large black creature looms menacingly in the distance.

The world repeatedly shifts between Cartman and the black creature.

Butters falls to his knees. He rubs his eyes.

Cartman stomps on him.

Butters crawls about on the mat.

Cartman pushes Butters near the mat's edge.

Butters slaps Cartman.

Cartman is momentarily stunned. Cartman slaps back.

They trade slaps in an epic slap fight.

Butters side steps.

Caught off guard, Cartman slips and lands on Kenny, killing him.

EVERYONE
You killed Kenny. You bastard!

Cartman's nose bleeds from the fall.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
Butters wins!

Butters jumps down. He towers over Cartman. The deranged look on Butters's face makes it seem as if he's about to kill Cartman.

Cartman's white shorts are stained yellow as he pisses himself.

CARTMAN
Matte! Matte!
(sobbing)
Matte!

Kyle appears beside Cartman.

KYLE
You're not living this one down, Fatass!

Kenny's corpse is scraped up like a pancake and cleared from the area.

Butters joins Token and the rest in the

STANDS

TOKEN
You made him say Matte!

Butters shakes.

BUTTERS
He's evil.

TOKEN
Cartman? He's a jerk, but evil might be a strong word...

Butters looks confused.

ARENA

The lights flash again. E - M. V - S. D - E - E.

The translator puts it on the board.

Em takes her place on the mat.

DEE GORGON, the black creature enters.

It opens its face while it SHRIEKS.

It's so loud that Butters, Token, their friends, and the rest of the crowd cover their ears.

BUTTERS
(muttering)
I see evil people everywhere.

The creature rushes toward Em.

She picks up the creature and slams it against the mat without touching it.

It's writhing and screaming as she keeps it pinned.

Em floats.

The creature writhes and convulses against the mat.

Its head explodes.

Em falls to the mat.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
Em wins!

Her nose blood drips on the mat.

Almost immediately, the lights put up "EM" and "STOTCH".

BUTTERS
No way am I fighting her!

DISEMBODIED VOICE
Em wins!

BUTTERS
Where is that voice coming from?

TOKEN
Sometimes it's better not to know things
Butters.

The mat is lowered flat.

Blood stains are scrubbed from it.

The arena is transformed into a winners circle.

Em stands up high on the first place platform.

Butters stands a little lower on the second place platform.

On the third platform is the headless body of Dee Gorgon.

CARTMAN

Hey! Dee died. How can you give a medal to a headless body?

KYLE

Hah! You lose to a dead thing, Fatass!

CARTMAN

Fuck you, Kyle.

STAN

Can't you two give it a rest?

KYLE

No.

Several officials gather in a huddle. They argue in Japanese. Finally, they nod in agreement.

Dee Gorgon's body is moved.

Cartman is led to the blood-stained third place platform.

An official in a suit places a bronze medal around his neck and Cartman bows reluctantly.

Butters receives his silver medal next.

After Em's gold medal is hung around her neck, the place erupts in CHEERS.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Cartman follows Butters down the hall. He's carrying Butters's books.

CARTMAN

Is there anything I can do for you Butters? A foot massage, perhaps?

BUTTERS

Awww sugar, Eric. I can't have you doing this for me all the time. It'll make me soft.

They meet up with Kyle, Stan, Timmy, and Token at the lockers.

There's a new addition to the group.

BUTTERS (CONT'D)

Golly, Em. I didn't think I'd be seeing you again.

Em kisses Butters on the cheek.

ACT III FADE OUT.