

south park

season one part 1

Cartman Gets An Anal Probe

Weight Gain 4000

Cartman Gets An Anal Probe

ON THE BUS

STAN: Good morning, Miss Crabtree.

MS. CRABTREE: Sit down! We're running late!

IKE IS STILL STANDING AT THE BUS STOP.

KYLE: Damn it, he's still there.

STAN: Oh, don't worry about him.

KYLE: No, dude, if something happens to him, my parents are gonna blame me.

MS. CRABTREE: I SAID SIT DOWN!

STAN: Yeah, whatever, you fat bitch!

MS. CRABTREE: What did you say?

STAN: I said I have a bad itch.

MS. CRABTREE: Oh.

KYLE: Huh! Oh my god! Visitors. Stop the bus! Miss Crabtree, you have to stop this bus!

MS. CRABTREE: Do you want an office referral?
Then sit down!

STAN: Cartman, are those the same visitors you saw?

CARTMAN: Shut up you guys, it's not working.

KYLE: We have to do something.

STAN: Well, we can't do anything for now, that fat bitch won't let us.

MS. CRABTREE: What did you say?

STAN: I said that rabbits eat lettuce.

MS. CRABTREE: Oh. Well, yes, they certainly do.

KYLE: What am I going to do? My little brother's been abducted by aliens.

FARMER'S GRAZING FIELDS WITH A MUTILATED COW

FARMER: This is the third cow this month. At this rate all of my cattle are gonna die before the winter's through.

OFFICER BARBRADY: This is nothing out of the unusual. Cows turn themselves inside out all the time. (*cows shake heads "no"*)

FARMER: People have been saying they've been seeing UFOs around. And black army, CIA helicopters and trucks.

OFFICER BARBRADY: That is the silliest thing I've ever heard.

HELICOPTERS FLY ABOVE THE SKY.

FARMER: What was that?

OFFICER BARBRADY: That, that was a pigeon.

FARMER: What am I supposed to do, Barbrady? Just stand here and watch my cattle get mutilated one by one.

THE COWS START RUNNING AWAY FROM THEM.

FARMER: You see, there is something funny going on!

OFFICER BARBRADY: There's nothing funny going on. I'll get those cows back.

MR. GARRISON'S CLASS

MR. GARRISON: And now children, our friend, Mr. Hat, is going to tell us about Christopher Columbus.

MR. HAT: That's right, Mr. Garrison. Christopher Columbus discovered America and was the Indian's best friend. He helped the Indians win their war against Fredrick Douglass and freed the Hebrews from Napoleon and discovered France...

KYLE: Oh, man. I can't just sit here, I have to help my stupid brother, I'll come home without him and my dad will start yelling "Where's your brother, Kyle?" "You weren't looking out for your little brother, Kyle?" ...

STAN: Okay, okay, let's ditch school and go find him.

KYLE: "You know he can't think on his own, Kyle!"
"Brush and floss, Kyle!" "Where has that finger
been, Kyle?"

MR. GARRISON: Is there a problem, boys?

KYLE: Yes, Mr. Garrison, I have to go now.

MR. GARRISON: Oh, really, Kyle? What is it this
time? Another prostate tumor?

KYLE: No, my little brother's been abducted by
aliens. It's true! Ask Cartman, they gave him an
anal probe.

CARTMAN: Heh, heh, that's a, that's, that's just a
little joke. Heh, heh.

KYLE: Mr. Garrison, seriously, I have to go. Can I
please be excused from class?

MR. GARRISON: I don't know, Kyle. Did you ask
Mr. Hat?

KYLE: I don't want to ask Mr. Hat, I'm asking you!

MR. GARRISON: Oh, I think you should ask Mr.
Hat.

KYLE: Mr. Hat, may I please be excused from class?

MR. HAT: Well, Kyle... No! No, No, No! I'm Mr.
Hat and you're a little **turd!** You hear me? You go
to hell! You go to hell and you die!

MR. GARRISON: Hmm, I guess you'll have to take
your seat, Kyle.

KYLE: Damn it!

MR. GARRISON: Ok Mr. Hat, Why don't we talk to
the children about Columbus' uterus? ...Mr. Hat?
Oh great, now Mr. Hat's all **pissed off!**

KYLE: Fuck Mr. Hat.

MR. GARRISON: No no no, Fuck YOU.

CARTMAN: Ha ha. Mr. Hat yelled at you. Ow! My
ass!

KYLE: Dude, he's **farting** fire.

STAN: It's the alien anal probe. It's shooting fire
from Cartman's rectum.

CARTMAN: No, that was just a dream.

MR. GARRISON: Eric, do you need to sit in the corner until your flaming gas is under control?

CARTMAN: No, Mr. Garrison, I'm fine.

TRAIN TRACKS

CONDUCTOR: Hey, you cows can't get on this train! This is a people train. You cows have no business on a people train, all right? 'Cause you're cows. No, no, no. Don't try any of that cow hypnosis on me, all right? 'Cause it's not gonna work.

OFFICER BARBRADY: Hold it right there, cows! Come back here!

CAFETERIA

CARTMAN: Oh, ooh, I sure am hungry.

STAN: How can you eat when you're farting fire?

CARTMAN: Shut up, dude, you're being totally immature.

KYLE: Hey, look, there's Wendy Testeburger.

CARTMAN: Stan wants to kiss Wendy Testeburger.

STAN: Shut-up, fat ass, I don't even like her.

CARTMAN: I'm not fat... and you obviously like her because you throw up every time she talks to you.

STAN: I do not.

KYLE, CARTMAN: Hi, Wendy.

WENDY: Here, Stan. This is for you.

WENDY HANDS STAN A NOTE. STAN THROWS UP.

WENDY: Eww!

KYLE: Dude, what does the note say?

STAN: Holy crap! It says she wants to meet me at Stark's pond after school.

KYLE: Whoa! Maybe you can kiss her.

CARTMAN: Or slip her the tongue.

STAN: What? How do you know she has a cat?

KYLE: Come on you guys, we need to figure out how to get out of school so we can get my little brother

back. Chef, **have you ever had something happen to you, but nobody believed you?**

CHEF: Oh, children, that's a problem we've all had to face at some time or another. Here, let me sing you a little song. It might clear things up.

STAN: Chef! Visitors took Kyle's baby brother.

CHEF: What? What the hell do you think you're doing in school eatin' Salisbury steak? Go find him damn it!

KYLE: Mr. Garrison won't let us out of school. He thinks we're making it up.

CARTMAN: You are making it up.

CARTMAN FARTS FIRE. THE ANAL PROBE POPS OUT WITH A BIG EYE BALL. THE PROBE MOVES AROUND AND PUTS ITS METAL ARMS ON IT'S HIP. THE PROBE GOES BACK INTO CARTMAN'S ASS.

KYLE: That was cool!

CHEF: It's some kind of symbiotic, metamorphosis device. This could mean the visitors want to communicate with us.

CARTMAN: Oh, I see. Now you're going to join in on the little joke, huh?

CHEF: It's no joke, children, this is big!

KYLE: Please, chef, if I don't get out of school and get my little brother back from the aliens, my parents are gonna disown me.

CHEF: Ah, hold on, hold on now. *(To himself)* You gotta help the children.

CARTMAN: You guys sure are going a long ways to try and scare me. I want my Salisbury steak!

CHEF: Fire drill! Everybody out! Okay children, this is your chance!

STAN: Killer, thanks Chef.

CHEF: Man oh man, first contact with the alien visitors. I've got to get myself ready.

DOWNTOWN. CARTMAN FARTS FIRE

CARTMAN: Oh, you guys, my ass, seriously.

STAN: Okay, Cartman, we got out of school, you can stop farting fire now.

CARTMAN: I would if I could you son of a bitch!

KYLE: Okay, so how do we get my little brother back?

CARTMAN: Would you stop going on about your little brother? I know it was just a dream. I know I didn't have an anal probe. And I know that I am not under alien control!

KYLE: He is under alien control. That thing in his butt is linked up to the visitors!

CARTMAN: Ah, son of a bitch! You guys, shut-up! I'm not under alien control.

KYLE: Hey, if you visitors can hear me, bring me back my little brother god damn it!

CARTMAN: Ow! That hurts you buttlicker!

STAN: Kyle, look! It's them.

KYLE: Give me back my brother!

STAN: Oh my god! They've killed Kenny!

KYLE: You bastards! Come back here! Damn it, we were so close.

STAN: Wow, poor Kenny.

KYLE: Now do you believe us Cartman?

CARTMAN: No!

KYLE: Cartman, they killed Kenny!

CARTMAN: Shut-up you guys. God damn it, I didn't have an anal probe! Screw you guys, I'm going home.

KYLE: Go on and go home you fat chicken! You're all I have left Stan.

STAN: Sorry, dude, I gotta go meet Wendy Testeburger.

KYLE: You can't! Poor Ike must be so scared up there all alone. You gotta help me dude!

STAN: Dude, like Chef says, I've gotta get a piece of loving while the gettin's hot.

CARTMAN'S HOUSE

MRS. CARTMAN: Hello, Eric. How are you doing?

CARTMAN: Well, I'm **pissed off**.

MRS. CARTMAN: Here, I made you powdered donut pancake surprise.

CARTMAN: I don't want powdered donut pancake surprise. All the kids at school **call me fat!**

MRS. CARTMAN: You're not fat, you're big boned.

CARTMAN: **That's what I said.**

MRS. CARTMAN: You can have an insy weensy bit, can't you? Just a weensy insy woo woo?

CARTMAN: No! **Leave me alone, mom!**

MRS. CARTMAN: **How about** a nice chocolate chicken pot pie, **then?**

CARTMAN: What? Well, that **does sound pretty good.** Mom?

MRS. CARTMAN: Yes, hon?

CARTMAN: If anybody calls or **comes over,** I'm not here, okay?

MRS. CARTMAN: Sure, hon. You want some cheesy poofs, too?

CARTMAN: Yeah, I want cheesy poofs.

STARK'S POND

KYLE: Well, it **looks like** she's not going to **show up** Stan. Let's go look for the visitors, now.

STAN: But **her note said she'd** be here.

WENDY: Hi, Stan.

KYLE: You can't talk to Stan, Wendy. He throws up **when you do.** Look, can you guys just **get down to business** so I can go find my little brother. Just make sweet love down by the fire.

WENDY: What happened to your little brother?

CARTMAN'S HOUSE

REPORTER: As the reports of UFO **sightings** increase, more mysterious crop circle patterns are

appearing in fields all around South Park. These crop circles, when viewed from above, form strange patterns.

THE PATTERNS TV SHOWS RESEMBLE CARTMAN.

CARTMAN: Hey, that kind of looks like... Tom Selleck.

REPORTER: Could it be that aliens are trying to make contact with us, here on earth?

STARK'S POND

KYLE: Now I have to go home without him and my parents are going to have me killed.

WENDY: Well, why don't you go get the fat kid?

KYLE: Why?

WENDY: Well, if the fat kid has something implanted in his ass, maybe the visitors are using him as part of their plan. You should use the fat kid as bait to bring them back.

KYLE: Hey. You're right, Wendy. Come on Stan, we have to go get Cartman.

WENDY: Come on, Stan.

STAN: Hey, wait, when do I get to make sweet love?

CARTMAN'S HOUSE.

MRS. CARTMAN: Eric, look who's here.

CARTMAN: Dude, weak, mom.

KYLE: Come on Eric, we're going to go play at the bus stop.

CARTMAN: I can't, my mom said...

MRS. CARTMAN: That's okay, Eric, I think you need to go spend time with your little friends.

CARTMAN: But mom, I don't want to spend time with my little friends.

MRS. CARTMAN: Don't be difficult, Eric! Now you go out and play in the fun snow.

CARTMAN: Oh, god damn it!

FOREST. CARTMAN'S FOOT IS TIED TO A TREE.

CARTMAN: You guys, I have to **get home**.

STAN: Don't be such a **fraidy cat**, Cartman. This rope will **make sure** they can't take you on board again.

CARTMAN: Oh, man, **this sucks**.

KYLE: **How come** the visitors aren't coming for him?

STAN: I think we have to signal them **somehow**.

KYLE: Yeah, **all you have to do** is fart **some more**, Cartman! And the visitors **are sure to come!**

CARTMAN: Really? **I don't think** I can fart **anymore** tonight.

KYLE: **Sure you do!**

STAN: Come on Cartman, fart!

CARTMAN: I don't wanna.

STAN: He can't **hold it in** forever.

KYLE: Fart, **damn you!**

CARTMAN: Okay, **that does it!** Now listen! **Why is it** that everything today has **involved** things **either going in or coming out of** my ass?

CARTMAN FARTS. AN ANAL PROBE COMES OUT OF HIS BUTT AND TURNS INTO AN 80-FOOT SATELLITE.

CARTMAN: **I'm sick of it!** It's completely immature.

STAN: Hey, it's happening again.

KYLE: Whoa, look at that.

STAN: Now, do you believe us, Cartman?

CARTMAN: You guys can't scare me! I know you're **making it all up**.

STAN: Cartman, there's an **80-foot satellite dish** sticking out of your ass.

CARTMAN: Sure, you guys, **whatever**.

CHEF'S BACKYARD

CHEF: Oh, **boy**. The aliens are going to make first contact. Hey, down here, we are ready for your wisdom! And you've **only** got 20 minutes before Sanford and Son is **on**.

FOREST

CARTMAN: You guys, I am seriously getting pissed off right now! I know there is no such things as aliens!

Three hover craft start flying above them. A bigger spaceship floats above Cartman's head.

CARTMAN: Oh, God damn it!

MR. GARRISON'S CAR

MR. GARRISON: What the? I tell you, there are some crazy stuff going on in this town.

MR. HAT: You can say that again, Mr. Garrison.

FOREST.

KYLE: Come down here you stinking aliens! (*four aliens appear*) Uh oh.

STAN: Go on, Kyle, ask 'em for your little brother back.

KYLE: Visitors, this morning you took my little brother, Ike. He's the little freckled kid that looks like a football. At first, I was happy you took him away. But I've learned something today. That having a little brother... is a pretty special thing. Mr. Visitors, I'm just a kid all alone in this crazy world, but if you could find it in your hearts or whatever you have, to give my brother back to me, it sure would make my life brighter again.

STAN: That was beautiful, dude.

KYLE: Did it work?

STAN: No, they're leaving.

KYLE: Hey, you scrawny ass shithead, what the fuck is wrong with you?! You must be some kind of fucking asshole to be able to ignore a crying child! You know what you fucking like, you like to !@#\$\$% and !@#\$\$% and !@#\$\$% and !@#\$\$% and !@#\$\$% and !@#\$\$%!

STAN: Hey Wendy, what's a !@#\$\$%?

THE SPACESHIP DOOR OPENS, IKE IS STANDING THERE. IKE SAYS SOMETHING

KYLE: Ike, jump down, now! For the love of god, Ike, jump! Come on, Ike! I promise I'll be nice to you from now on!

ALIEN: Greetings, cows of Earth, we come in peace. We have experimented with all the beings of Earth, and we have learned that you are the most intelligent and wise.

CARTMAN: What the hell are they talking about?

COW: Why did you turn some of us inside out?

ALIEN: Oh, that was Carl's fault. He's new.

CARL: Yeah, sorry about that, my bad!

ALIEN: Take this device. It's a gift from us. Farewell, cows, may peace be with you.

KYLE: Ike! Do your impersonation of David Caruso's career!

IKE: It's my turn!

CARTMAN: Ow! Help! Sons of bitches! Dildo!

STAN: Phew, I'm sure glad that's over with.

KYLE: Yeah. Boy, am I glad to see you, Ike.

CHEF'S BACKYARD

CHEF: Wait, where are you going alien visitors? Come back!

BLONDE AND A BRUNETTE WALK OVER TO CHEF.

BLONDE: Well, Chef, where's this amazing thing you were going to show us.

CHEF: Well, it's in the bedroom, ladies. Come on in.

FOREST.

KYLE: Come on, Ike, we can make it just in time for dinner.

STAN: Thanks for your help, Wendy.

WENDY: Whatever, dude.

STAN: Hey, I didn't throw up.

WENDY: Cool.

WENDY: Hey, look. A french fry.

STAN: Cool.

WENDY: And what is that?

STAN: I think it's part of a cheesy poof.

WENDY: Hey, what's that?

STAN: That's... a hamburger from... that's **from, like, two days ago.**

WENDY: Hey, what about that?

STAN: I don't know what the hell **that is.**

BUS STOP

STAN: Gee, the bus'll be here **any minute,** and Cartman still isn't **around.**

KYLE: Yeh, we're **running out of friends.**

STAN: **I wonder what that thing was that** the visitors gave the cows.

CARTMAN FALLS OUT OF THE SKY.

KYLE: Wow Cartman, the visitors **dropped you off just in time to go** to school.

CARTMAN: Ah, man, I had **this crazy nightmare last night.**

STAN: Really, **what about?**

CARTMAN: Well, I was standing out in a field, and I had **this huge satellite dish sticking out** of my butt. And then there was hundreds of cows and aliens, and then I went up on the ship and Scott Baio **gave me pinkeye.**

STAN: That wasn't a dream Cartman, that really happened.

CARTMAN: Oh, right. Why don't I have pinkeye **then?**

KYLE: Cartman, you **do have** pinkeye.

CARTMAN: Ah, son of a bitch!

Weight Gain 4000

MR. GARRISON'S CLASSROOM

KYLE: Hey Stan, did you see that rainbow this morning?

STAN: Yeah, it was huge.

CARTMAN: Heh, I hate those things.

KYLE: Nobody hates rainbows.

STAN: Yeah, what's there to hate about rainbows?

CARTMAN: Well, you know, you'll just be sitting there, minding your own business, and they'll come, marching in and crawl up your leg and start biting the inside of your ass. And you'll be all like, "hey, get out of my ass you stupid rainbows"

STAN: Cartman, what the hell are you talking about?!

CARTMAN: I'm talking about rainbows, I hate those frigging things!

KYLE: Rainbows are those little arches of color that show up during a rainstorm.

CARTMAN: Oh, rainbows, oh yeah, I like those, those are cool.

STAN: What were you talking about?

CARTMAN: Heh, nothing, forget it.

KYLE: No, what marches in, crawls up your leg and bites the inside of your ass?!

MR. GARRISON ENTERS THE CLASSROOM

MR. GARRISON: Children. Remember the 'Save Our Fragile Planet' essay contest that you children worked so hard on last month? (*silence*) One of our very own South Park students has won the national prize.

WENDY: Wow, I knew I would win.

MR. HAT: Gosh Mr. Garrison, this sure is exciting.

MR. GARRISON: That's right Mr. Hat, the winner of the national 'Save Our Fragile Planet' contest is... Eric

Cartman. Congratulations Eric, on writing the award winning paper.

CARTMAN: Kick Ass!

STAN: That's impossible, Cartman doesn't know a rain forest from a pop tart.

CARTMAN: Yeah I do, pop tarts are frosted.

MR. GARRISON: Out of over a million papers, Eric's was chosen as the grand prize winner.

KYLE: Wow, what did you write about Cartman?

CARTMAN: Oh, you know, this and that.

WENDY: He doesn't even know what he wrote about!

KYLE: What was your paper about Wendy?

WENDY: My paper was on the suffering of bottle-nosed dolphins.

CARTMAN: There you see, you shouldn't have written a paper about dolphins. Dolphins are stupid.

STAN: Dude, dolphins are like the second smartest animal on the planet.

CARTMAN: Ha, right, if they're so damn smart, how come they get caught in those fishing nets all the time?

MR. GARRISON: Wait, there's more. It says here that Eric's trophy will be presented to him by... Kathie Lee Gifford.

KYLE: Kathie Lee is coming to South Park?

MR. GARRISON: And the presentation will be on national television. Kathie Lee Gifford, I don't believe it.

CITY HALL

MAYOR: Kathie Lee Gifford in South Park! Oh my God! This is our chance to make a name for ourselves; to show that we're not just some piss-ant white bred mountain town.

IGG: Better yet, it's a chance for you to get some publicity.

MAYOR: Yes! If I can show just how much I turned South Park around, I could become a Senator.

OOK: Maybe even a State Senator.

IGG: Mayor, we should decorate the town square.

OOK: Then we should have the chef of the school cafeteria sing a song, and play up the ethnic diversity of our town.

MAYOR: That's right, he's a black guy isn't he?

IGG: Black as the night itself Mayor.

MAYOR: Yes! And we can even have the children of South Park put on a little play. Kathie Lee loves children.

IGG: If they're working in a sweat-shop that is.

CAFETERIA

CARTMAN: You guys, guess what? After I'm on television, I'm gonna be totally famous.

WENDY: Hitler was famous too.

CHEF: Hello there children. How are my little crackers today? Did you all hear about the news? Kathie Lee Gifford is coming to South Park.

STAN: Yeah, cause Cartman cheated and won the environmental essay contest.

CHEF: Oh whatever. But the mayor just called and asked me to sing at the ceremony.

KYLE: Wow, are you gonna do it?

CHEF: Of course! Kathie Lee is a beautiful sultry queen of sexual fantasy. And if I sing to her, maybe I can lure her into a night of exotic delectation.

STAN: Yeah, that'd be cool.

KENNY: Mrmmrm.

CHEF: Well, three times bigger than Frank Gifford's anyway.

MR. GARRISON'S CLASSROOM

MR. GARRISON: Oh, I can't **even** concentrate **on grading** papers with all this excitement. Why are you looking at me **like that** Mr. Hat?

MR. HAT: Have you **forgotten about** all the pain and suffering that Kathie Lee Gifford **caused** you?

MR. GARRISON: Mr. Hat, that was a long time ago. And I was only a child.

MR. HAT: We **could have won** that talent show, we **could have been huge**.

FLASHBACK TO TALENT SHOW

LIL MR. GARRISON: Wow Mr. Hat, **looks like we might** win.

SHOW ANNOUNCER: And now our last talent show finalist, Kathie Lee Epstein.

LIL KATHIE LEE: (Singing) If they **could see** me now, **that little crowd of mine**. I'm eating fancy chow and drinking fancy wine. I'd like the stumble bums to see for a fact...

CROWD GOES WILD. JUDGES SHOW ALL 10'S

BACK IN THE CLASSROOM

MR. GARRISON: It wasn't **fair**. She had choreography. How could we **compete** that?

MR. HAT: But now she's coming to South Park, and I know a way **to make it all better**.

MR. GARRISON: No, Mr. Hat, I couldn't kill Kathie Lee Gifford!

MR. GARRISON'S CLASSROOM

MAYOR: Children, as you all know, Kathie Lee Gifford will be in South Park to present the award to some kid for an essay.

CARTMAN: That kid is me.

MAYOR: Whatever. Now, I'm going to have you delicious little youngsters **do a play** about the history of South Park.

MR. GARRISON: That'll be wonderful, **won't it Mr. Hat?**

MR. HAT: Kill Her.

MAYOR: Mr. Garrison, I'm asking you to direct our little play.

MR. GARRISON: Oh, that's perfect. You see Mr. Hat, we don't have to kill her. We can just **upstage** her.

WENDY: Mrs. Mayor, **you might want to review** the essays. We think Cartman **might have cheated**.

MAYOR: Who cares? Now kids, **what do you say we give it our South Park best.** (Silence) And who's our little prize winner again? **How about we get in shape,** huh? We want to **look our best** for the TV cameras don't we?

CARTMAN: Yes ma'am. I'm gonna be on television.

BUS STOP

STAN: We don't believe **for a minute** that you won that contest **fairly,** fat boy.

CARTMAN: Eh, **stop defending** your little girlfriend **for writing** about some stupid fish.

STAN: Dude, dolphins are intelligent and friendly.

CARTMAN: Intelligent and friendly on rye bread with some mayonnaise.

STAN: Dolphins are **way smarter** than you.

CARTMAN: If they're so smart, why do they live in igloos?

STAN: Dolphins don't live in igloos, that's eskimos.

CARTMAN: Dolphins, eskimos, **who cares?** It's all a **bunch of tree hugging hippie crap.**

STAN: Tell me what **you wrote** about!

CARTMAN: I can't. I have to go home and **get in shape.**

STAN: Yeah, right. You'll go and sit in front of the TV and eat cheesy poofs, ass-master!

CARTMAN: Screw you, hippie.

CARTMAN'S HOUSE

TV ANNOUNCER: We'll be right back to Jesus and Pals, after this.

BEEFCAKE: Hey! You need to get in shape fast? Wanna look your best? Tired of the other guys getting all the chicks? Are you tired of being a 90 pound weakling?

CARTMAN: Yeah, I only weight 90 pounds.

BEEFCAKE: Then bulk up quick, with weight gain 4000! With over 4000 grams of saturated fat per serving, it's patented formula is designed to enter the mouth, and go to directly to the stomach where it is distributed to the bloodstream. Now available in stores everywhere. Get some today, and say with me 'Beefcake!' May cause irreversible damage to the kidneys and liver.

CARTMAN: Mom, can you get me some weight gain 4000?

MRS. CARTMAN: Ok Eric, I'll get you some from the store tomorrow.

CARTMAN: But mom, I need it for tomorrow.

MRS. CARTMAN: But tomorrow is grocery day Eric.

CARTMAN: But mom...

MRS. CARTMAN: Ok, I guess I'll be going to the store now then.

BUS STOP. CARTMAN SHOWS UP WEARING A T-SHIRT.

KYLE: What the hell is wrong with you Cartman, haven't you noticed the three feet of snow on the ground?

CARTMAN: Shut it, I have a nice body and I want to show it off, you got that?

STAN: What? You've got to weight 90 pounds.

CARTMAN: I'm up to 94, thank you very much.

KENNY: ...

KYLE: Yeah, they're almost as big as his mom's.

CARTMAN: Laugh all you want, I'm the one who's gonna be on TV, looking all buff.

CARTMAN DRINKS A CAN OF WEIGHT GAIN

STAN: What's that stuff?

CARTMAN: Weight Gain 4000, it's helping me bulk up.

KYLE: Bulk up to what, fat ass?

STAN: Super-fat ass.

CARTMAN: Hey, I don't have to take that kind of crap from you scrawny weaklings. Check me out, I'm such a beefcake I can't even get through the door. Eh.

TOWN SQUARE

MAYOR: Come on people. We've got to turn this place around. Hang up the lights, string up the banners, castrate the cows! Well Mr. Garrison, how is the little play going?

MR. GARRISON: Oh, fine. We were just about to run it from the top.

MAYOR: Oh, please do. I'm dying to see it.

MR. GARRISON: Ok, all the little pioneers on this side of the stage. Good. And all the little Indians go to the center of the stage.

CLYDE: Am I an Indian, or a pioneer?

MR. GARRISON: Do you have a feather on your head? Then you're an Indian. Ok Bebe, this is your line.

BEBE: This is the story of South Park. It begins over a hundred years ago. When the noble and hearty Ute Indians lived on the land.

MAYOR: Oh, don't they look adorable?

BEBE: Then, from the east, came the great white pioneers.

PIONEERS COME ON STAGE AND START BEATING THE INDIANS

MAYOR: Oh my God!

MR. GARRISON: They did it a lot better this morning, they had more energy.

BEBE: The pioneers met with the Indians, and negotiated for their fertile lands.

MAYOR: Mr. Garrison, we can not have our children beating each other senseless in front of Kathie Lee Gifford.

MR. GARRISON: Well, what do you want? This is how it happened in those days.

STAN: Take that you stupid Indian!

MAYOR: Mr. Garrison, this is not appropriate. Do you actually think Kathie Lee Gifford would enjoy this!?!?

MR. GARRISON: To Hell with Kathie Lee Gifford! Oh my God, what have I said?

TOWNSMAN: He said, "To Hell with Kathie Lee Gifford!"

MAYOR: Mr. Garrison, I am dismissing you from directing our play.

MR. GARRISON'S HOUSE

MR. HAT: It happened again, didn't it. Now we do things my way.

MR. GARRISON: I can't kill her Mr. Hat, you're gonna have to do it.

STAGE

KYLE: Whoa, Cartman. Talk about wide load.

CARTMAN: Yeah, I'm really starting to fill out nicely.

KYLE: You're not filling out nicely, you're fatter than ever!

CARTMAN: I'm not fat! I'm getting in shape.

KYLE: Cartman, you're such a fat ass that when you walk down the street people go "God damn it, that's a big fat ass!"

CARTMAN: No they don't, you jealous weakling.

TOWNSMAN: God damn, that's a big fat ass!

CARTMAN: Hey! Oh look, another hippie. Peace Wendy.

STAN: Shut up Cartman.

CARTMAN: Oh, Two little hippies sitting in a tree...

WENDY: I'm gonna get to the bottom of this.

JIMBO'S GUN SHOP

JIMBO: Can I help you?

MR. GARRISON: Yes, I need a gun.

JIMBO: Would this be for hunting, home protection or other?

MR. GARRISON: Other.

JIMBO: Alright then! May I suggest a Stratford 12mm? Here, **try it on!** That looks really nice on you. The lacquered black really **matches** your eyes.

MR. GARRISON: I don't know, it's a little small.

JIMBO: Ok, how about this?

MR. GARRISON: Hmm, no, I don't like **this one either.**

JIMBO: Here's the same gun, with a wood finish.

MR. GARRISON: *(to mirror)* You talking to me? I don't see anybody else **around here**, so you **must be talking** to me. *(to Jimbo)* I'll take it.

MR. GARRISON'S CLASSROOM. WENDY SNEAKS OVER TO FILE CABINET.

WENDY: Hello? *(looks up Cartman's paper, reads)* My essay by Eric Cartman. When I wrote the following pages, or rather the bulk of them, I lived lone in the woods on the shore of...

MR. GARRISON ENTERS, WENDY HIDES

MR. GARRISON: Well Mr. Hat, I **guess** old Kathie Lee really will be surprised when she **gets** here tomorrow. She **beat** us in the talent show all those years ago. And I think we **owe her for that.** Babang!

WENDY: Oh my God.

TOWN SQUARE. ENTER MR. GARRISON WITH GUN.

OFFICER BARBRADY: Nice Gun.

MR. GARRISON: Thanks. **Is there somewhere** in town where I can get a good, clear shot - uh, **view** - of Kathie Lee.

OFFICER BARBRADY: Hmm, you know, I think the book depository would be **a good bet.**

MR. GARRISON: Yes, that might do quite nicely. Thank you Officer Barbrady.

OFFICER BARBRADY: No problem. (spots a man with a small camera) Hah! Caught you red handed. No pictures of Kathie Lee.

CARTMAN: This is sweet. Camera crews are setting up and I'm looking totally ripped.

KYLE: I don't think they're going to be able to get all of you in frame Cartman.

WENDY: You guys, we have to stop him!

KYLE: Stop who?

WENDY: Mr. Garrison, he's going to try to kill Kathie Lee Gifford.

CARTMAN: Oh no you don't, you're not going to ruin my moment of fame.

WENDY: He's got a gun!

CARTMAN: You got to get over this whole jealousy thing. Seriously. Just face it, I wrote a better paper than you.

WENDY: It just so happens that I have your paper, and I know why you won! There's something more important right now. Let's go!

STAN: Wendy, you got to prioritize. What's more important? Being on TV or some stupid assassination?

WENDY: Stan, I can't do it alone. Please?

KYLE: Uh-oh, we're losing him.

MAYOR: Here she comes.

MR. GARRISON IN WINDOW OF BOOK DEPOSITORY

MR. GARRISON: Damn, I guess I'm not the only person in America who's thought of killing Kathie Lee Gifford. Come on you little bitch. You got to come out of your precious bubble sooner or later missy.

STAGE

MAYOR: It is with great pride and honor that I'd like to welcome Mrs. Kathie Lee Gifford to South Park. And now, our very own South Park Elementary chef will sing a special song in honor of Mrs. Lee Gifford.

CHEF: Thank you Mr. Mayor. You know Kathie Lee, you are a very special woman. I don't **mean** special in a **Mary Tyler Moore way**. Or special in an extra value meal at happy burger way. No. I mean special. Like the song of a humming bird as it gets ready to find that female hummingbird and make sweet love to it all night long. Just two humming birds moaning and, and groaning and, and their bodies caress and touch each other in ecstasy (*singing*) Oh, Kathie Lee, how I love to lay you down. And lick every inch of your body with my tongue. Kathie Lee, you're my sexual fantasy.

MAYOR: What? Oh God! Thank you Chef, for that heartwarming song.

CHEF: ...get together and make sweet love?

MAYOR: Thank you Chef!

CHEF: God bless you Kathie Lee!

TOWN SQUARE

WENDY: Officer Barbrady, Mr. Garrison is **about to** kill Kathie Lee! We have to find him!

OFFICER BARBRADY: What? **You mean** the teacher? Wait a minute. Damn, he could be anywhere. I'll send out an APB.

STAN: Wendy, look! (*points to book depository*)

STAGE

MAYOR: And now, here to present the award for the environmental essay to our own, Eric Kaufman...

CARTMAN: Cartman, **God damn it.**

BOOK DEPOSITORY

STAN: Mr. Garrison, stop!

MR. GARRISON: Leave us, we must finish what we **have begun.**

WENDY: I know that she's **hurt** you. She's hurt a lot of people.

MR. GARRISON: You can't know.

WENDY: You **should have won** that talent show.

STAGE

KATHIE LEE: It is with a great honor and pride that I present the winner his trophy. Eric, would you please come up here?

CARTMAN: Here it is, my big moment of fame.

BOOK DEPOSITORY

MR. GARRISON: And then she finished it all by throwing her voice with two dummies at once.

WENDY: I know that Mr. Garrison, but this isn't the answer.

MR. GARRISON: It is, too late for me, young Wendy.

WENDY: You see, I've learned something today. You can't win all the time. And if you don't win, you certainly can't hold it against the person who did, because that's the only way you ever really lose.

MR. GARRISON: You're right.

STAN: Man, did she really throw her voice with two dummies at once.

MR. HAT: The bitch must die!

CARTMAN'S WEIGHT BREAKS STAGE. KATHIE LEE FLIES OFF STAGE. MR. GARRISON SHOOTS KENNY.

KYLE: Hey, come back! We didn't even get to do our play.

TV CREW DIRECTOR: I guess that's it guys. Wrap it up.

CARTMAN: Hey! Wait a minute! When do I get to be on television?

TV CREW DIRECTOR: Forget it kid. No Kathie Lee, no public interest.

CARTMAN: But I won the environmental essay contest.

WENDY: You don't deserve to win Cartman. And you know it.

WENDY: (*into mic*) I'm holding Cartman's award-winning paper. It's actually nothing more than Walden, with Henry David Thoreau's name crossed out, and Cartman's name written in its place.

TOWNSMAN 1: Who cares?

TOWNSMAN 2: Yeah, Kathie Lee Gifford's gone.

STAN: What about not holding anything against the person who wins?

WENDY: Well, not if it's Cartman.

WENDY: Hey, where are you all going! They don't even know what Walden is. I bet if Walden was a sitcom you'd all know what it was.

STAN: Come on Wendy, Kyle's mom will make us tuna fish sandwiches.

WENDY: Ah, what the hell.

MAYOR: No, no. Now I'll be stuck in this podunk town forever, with all these stupid hick, redneck, jobless, truck driving idiots.

IGG: Mayor, the mike is on.

IN FRONT OF FLAG POLE. OFFICER BARBRADY IS ARRESTING MR. HAT.

OFFICER BARBRADY: Thought you could get away with it, eh Mr. Hat?

MR. HAT: Well, I would have gotten away with it if it weren't for those meddling kids.

OFFICER BARBRADY: You're lucky that you missed Kathie Lee and nobody got hurt.

MR. GARRISON'S HOSPITAL ROOM

STAN: We hope you can come back to school real soon Mr. Garrison.

MR. GARRISON: Well children, I'd love to, but the doctors say that Mr. Hat needs more therapy.

MR. HAT: We can still get her.

MR. GARRISON: I'm just so sorry that I ruined everyone's chances for being on TV.

KYLE: Not Cartman, he gets to be on TV anyway.

MR. GARRISON: Really, on what?

GERALDO

GERALDO: Obesity, Adiposity, Corpulence... **Whatever** word you use, it represents one thing. **Being** a big fat-ass. We have with us today, live via satellite, Eric Cartman from South Park, who is now so obese he can't even get out of his house.

CARTMAN: When is this going to be on the air?

GERALDO: **Is there anything** you'd like to say to people **out there?**

CARTMAN: **Follow** your dreams, you can reach your goals. I'm **living proof.**

CHEF'S BEDROOM

CHEF: **He needs to run his ass around the block a few times.**

KATHIE LEE: Hmm, **how about** a little more of that good loving Chef.

CHEF: Damn woman, I just gave you sweet loving five minutes ago. You trying to kill me?