

EXT. UTAH - MOUNTAINS - DAY

A large banner, strung across the street reads 'Sundance Film Festival!'

Hordes of Hollywood people line the streets. Cars are everywhere, most of them honking their HORNS. It's a mess.

The FILM CHAIRMAN, A Robert Redford type guy, and his female assistant PHILLIS. Stand in the middle of the chaos surveying it all.

FILM CHAIRMAN

Why do we hold the Sundance Film Festival here, Phillis? It's so painfully crowded.

PHILLIS

Because people from LA love to come to a quaint little mountain town for a few days, and this gives them an excuse.

FILM CHAIRMAN

No, this used to be a quaint little mountain town. Now look at it. Sushi restaurants, upscale clothes stores, 25 dollar parking, Liam Neison... I tell you Phillis, I think we've tapped this town's resources out. We must move the festival to another small mountain town and begin again.

PHILLIS

That's not a bad idea... But where?

EXT. SOUTH PARK - DAY

The quiet little mountain town looks very peaceful.

A few birds chirp. Everything is quiet and still.

A butterfly flutters through frame.

A lone South Park FLAGMAN walks over to the flag pole, ties a flag to it and starts to raise it.

Squeek... Squeek... Squeek...

Finally the flag is raised, and with a gust of wind, the flag quietly unfurls. '1st Annual South Park Film Festival'

Within seconds, an absolute WHIRLWIND of Cars and people flood the town.

The flagman stares in disbelief as South Park is immediately and forcefully overcome with Hollywood types.

FLAGMAN

Woa.

EXT. SOUTH PARK ELEMENTARY - DAY

Establishing.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Garrison stands in front of the class with his hand puppet, Mr. Twig.

MR. GARRISON

Okay, children, I have some very exciting news for you. Why don't you tell them, Mr. Twig.

MR. TWIG

That's right, Mr. Garrison. The first annual South Park Film Festival begins today!

The kids just sit there.

WENDY

Wow, cool!

KYLE

They're not gonna show that stupid ass Godzilla movie again, are they?

MR. GARRISON

No, no, Kyle, these are INDEPENDENT films.

STAN

Like 'Independence Day'? That sucked ass too.

CARTMAN

No, dude, independent films are those black and white hippie movies. They're always about gay cowboys eating pudding.

WENDY

No they're not! Independent films are produced outside the Hollywood system. They're movies without all the glitz and glamour of Hollywood.

CARTMAN

Yeah, you show me ONE independent film

that ISN'T about gay cowboys eating pudding!

WENDY

Once again you have NO IDEA what you're talking about fat ass!

CARTMAN

I'm not fat, I just haven't grown into my body yet, you skinny bitch.

MR. GARRISON

Eric, if you call Wendy a bitch one more time, I'm sending you to the Principal's office.

Eric looks really mad. He just sits there and fumes for a little bit...

CARTMAN

Bitch.

Immediately, Cartman packs up his things.

MR. GARRISON

That's it, Eric! You-

CARTMAN

I'm going!

Cartman walks out the door.

MR. GARRISON

Anyway, children, I want you all to see at least ONE independent film at the festival and then write a paper about it.

The kids moan.

MR. GARRISON

The first film showing is called 'Witness to Denial' and is a sexual exploration piece about two women in love.

STAN

(To Kyle)

Oh, my Uncle Jimbo has a ton of those movies in his dresser drawer.

EXT. SOUTH PARK STREET - DAY

Now there's also a big banner over the main street that says "1st Annual South Park Film Festival!" Food tents and coffee stands line the sidewalks.

LA-types are everywhere, cell-phones to their ears,  
yapping away about this and that deal.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

No, no, I want to shoot the script  
next month with Demi Moore attached...

ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD TYPE

Well you tell Spielberg he can kiss my  
ass!!

The Mayor and her assistant take it all in.

MAYOR

Wow...

South Park is absolutely overrun with people. The Mayor  
and her assistant can barely move.

MAYOR

Look at this, Johnson. Traffic jams  
at every intersection. Hoards of  
people pushing their way through the  
crowds... It's almost like we're a  
real city!

The boys walk through the town, weaving their way through  
the hordes of people.

CARTMAN

I can't believe I got sent to the  
Principal's office because of your  
stupid girlfriend!

STAN

She's NOT my girlfriend!

KENNY

Mph rmphm rmph rm rmph.

Everyone laughs.

KYLE

Sick, Kenny!

STAN

Damn dude, look at all these people...

Just then a Hollywood type runs by with a cel phone in  
hand.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

I'm late for a screening. I'll call  
you from the theater!

KYLE

All this for a bunch of stupid movies?

The boys come across Chef, who is setting up a booth. His makeshift sign reads 'Chef's Soul Food'.

CHEF  
Hello there, children!

BOYS  
Hey, Chef.

STAN  
What'chya doing?

CHEF  
Children, this whole film festival thing has quite lucrative monetary possibilities. Now I'm gonna sell some of my famous cookies to these Hollywood types and make a MINT!

CARTMAN  
What kind of cookies?

KYLE  
Calm down, tubby.

CHEF  
They're little cookies with fudge in the middle. And I call them 'Fudge 'ems.'

Chef holds up a colorful box that has 'Chef's FUDGE 'EMS' on the front.

CARTMAN  
I wanna fudge em.

CHEF  
(Daydreaming)  
I can just see the commercial now...  
"Wife got you down? Boss making you angry? Kids yelling at you?  
(Holding up the box)  
Well... FUDGE 'EM!"

KYLE  
Cool!

CHEF  
And I've also got my double-chocolate cookies 'Fudge This'.

A few executives walk by.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE  
Oh look, one of the naitives is selling local food wares! How quaint.

FEMALE HOLLYWOOD TYPE

This is why I come to these things. To get away from L.A. and become one with a more simple culture.

CHEF

Well, perhaps you'd like to try my low calorie cookies-

(Holding up box)

Go fudge Yourself. Or my all natural-

(Holding up box)

I Don't Really Give a Flying Fudge'

FEMALE HOLLYWOOD TYPE

Ooh... Do you have any Tofu or steamed celery?

CHEF

Huh?

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

I would kill for some cous cous right now.

CHEF

Who's cous?

FEMALE HOLLYWOOD TYPE

Uh... Never mind. We brought some food from the natural market in L.A.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

Cute sign though.

They walk off.

Wendy walks up to Stan.

WENDY

Stan, I have two tickets for the opening film of the festival. Would you still like to come with me?

CARTMAN

(Mimicking her)

Maa, Ma ma ma mama ma ma mamama ma ma ma mamama. ma ma ma ma ma ma?

STAN

Shut up, Cartman.

(To Wendy)

Sure, dude. I mean, since we have to write a paper on a film anyway.

Stan and Wendy walk away happily.

CARTMAN

She'll be the death of him, Kyle. Mark my words, she'll be the death of him.

Kyle looks at Cartman quizzically.

KYLE

If she holds his hand in that theater it'll be all over...

CHEF

(Calling)

Get 'em while they're hot. My all new cookies: 'I just went and Fudged your Momma'

CARTMAN

Jesus, he sure ran that one into the ground.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Wendy and Stan walk up to the South Park Theater, where scores of people wait to get in.

The marquee reads, "Witness to Denial".

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Stan and Wendy are seated in the front row. They are surrounded by industry people.

Stan is munching on popcorn and sipping on a coke.

STAN

When's this thing start? I hope there's some good previews.

WENDY

Stan, film festival movies don't usually have previews before them.

STAN

THEY WHAT?!?!

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN:

A title comes up that reads "Witness to Denial". Then "A sexual exploration piece by Candice Butch"

A few people applaud.

The film is in black and white and the scene is very serious and dramatic.

WOMAN #1

Who are you to judge my womanly soul?

The Goddess flames that burn in my  
memory aren't dark. Dare you call them  
dark.

WOMAN #1  
Here lies the truth of my body.

STAN  
Oh, brother.

WOMAN #1 (cont'd)  
The goddess that cries - FREEDOM! Here  
is Goddess truth of my womanly being!

ANGLE - STAN

He looks down at Wendy's hand. She picks it up, moves it  
over his as if she's going to take it, then just sets it  
down again.

Stan breaths a sigh of relief.

ANGLE - SCREEN

WOMAN #2  
You are my blossom. My flame. When we  
make love, it's like the sun is right  
outside the door.

WOMAN #1  
Then make love to me right now...

They fall to the floor.

ANGLE BACK ON WENDY AND STAN:

Wendy is crying. Stan sits with his mouth agape.

STAN  
Dude!

WENDY  
Shhh!

STAN  
Dude!

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle is in the bathroom, sitting on the toilet going  
poopies and singing softly.

KYLE



I can see clearly now, the rain is gone... I can see all obstacles in my way...

KYLE'S MOTHER (O.S.)  
Boobala, you need to get bed it's late.

KYLE  
I'm poopies, ma!

KYLE'S MOTHER (O.S.)  
Well, hurry it up.

KYLE  
Gone are the dark clouds that had me-

VOICE  
Kyyyyllleee....

Kyle stops singing and looks around quizzically. Again the voice comes, it sounds weak and needy.

VOICE  
Kyyyyyylllleeeeee....

KYLE  
Could it be?

VOICE  
Hoowwddyy hooooooo...

KYLE  
Mr. Hankey?!

Kyle jumps off the toilet and sticks his head in the bowl.

KYLE  
Mr. Hankey, is that you?

No answer.

KYLE  
Hello?

Kyle reaches down and splashes the water around.

KYLE  
Hello?!

EXT. SOUTH PARK - DAY

Establishing. The sun rises.

EXT. AVENUE DE LOS MEXICANOS - DAY

It appears that South Park is even more crowded now than before.

A NEWSCASTER is amidst the hustle and bustle.

NEWSCASTER

I'm here live in South Park, Colorado where citizens of Los Angeles are arriving in droves for the town's First Annual Film Festival.

FOOTAGE shows traffic jams, trash cans overfilled and a VERY LONG line for the bathroom.

NEWSCASTER (cont'd)

This is just a small, quiet mountain community where nothing out of the ordinary ever really happens, (except for the occasional complete destruction of the entire town) and so the excitement level is naturally very high. Right now, the townspeople are anxiously awaiting the arrival of some of Hollywood's top celebrities.

The boys are standing across the street, along with several townspeople, waiting to see something.

KYLE

It was him, dude, I tell you it was Mr. Hankey.

CARTMAN

Wait, I thought Mr. Hankey only came at Christmas time.

KYLE

Well I'm SURE it was him.

(MOVED)

TOWNSPERSON

LOOK!! LOOK!! HERE COMES SOMEBODY!!!

Everyone frantically tries to get a look, as a large limousine pulls up in front of the theater.

The door opens, everyone holds their breath. From the car emerges FRED SAVAGE. He is wearing a T-shirt that says 'I'm Fred Savage!'

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, T.V.'s Fred Savage!!

TOWNSPEOPLE

(Disappointed)

Aw!!

Fred Savage puts his head down and walks sheepishly into the theater.

TOWNSPERSON

Well, I'm sure a real person will show up soon.

KYLE

So how was that movie last night, dude?

STAN

Oh, dude, you don't even want to know.

CARTMAN

It had a bunch of gay cowboys eating pudding, huh!

Stan thinks.

STAN

Yeah, pretty much.

CARTMAN

Yeah.

STAN

That theater sucks, though, they need to get a bigger screen.

KYLE

They should project the movies on Cartman's ass.

The boys laugh.

CARTMAN

HAY!

STAN

Yeah, but that'd be like IMAX!

They laugh more.

CARTMAN

Okay, that's enough fat ass jokes for this week.

KENNY

(Telling a fat ass joke)

Mph rmph rmphm rmphmh rmpmh, rmpmh  
rmpmh rmphmh.

The boys laugh REALLY hard.

CARTMAN

Okay, that does it! Screw you guys I'm going home!!

Cartman just sits there and waits.

And waits.

KYLE

Well?

CARTMAN

I'm GONNA, just give me a minute.

The film chairman and his assistant are watching the chaos that has consumed the South Park streets.

FILM CHAIRMAN

This is perfect. Why didn't we think of it sooner. This town still has some charm left, not the mess we turned Park City into.

PHILLIS

Forgive me for being observant, but... Won't we just end up doing the same thing to THIS town?

The chairman thinks.

FILM CHAIRMAN

Yes... And the town after, and the town after that. Like termites we will move this film festival from town to town until we have used it up, and then move on, until every quiet mountain town is like Los Angeles.

PHILLIS

Why? Why would we do such a thing?

FILM CHAIRMAN

Because WE have to live in L.A., and if we can't live in a quiet, simple peaceful mountain towns... Then NOBODY will!!

The Film Chairman laughs maniacally.

FILM CHAIRMAN (cont'd)

Wait, wait, wait. Zoom in to a close-up on my face when I do that! Ready?

The film Chairman laughs again. This time the camera ZOOMS IN on his face.

FILM CHAIRMAN (cont'd)

Then nobody will..... That's it.

ANGLE - BOYS

As they walk in front of Chef's food stand.

Chef actually appears to be happy again. His sign that said 'Chef's Soul Food' now says 'Chef's Salty Balls'.

BOYS  
Hey, Chef.

CHEF  
Children! I'm glad you're here! I want you to check out my new confectioneries! I think they're gonna sell right through the roof! I call them 'Chef's Salty Chocolate Balls'

The boys look at each other.

STAN  
Are they good?

CHEF  
Try em!

The boys all take one and eat them.

STAN  
Hey, these are good!

CARTMAN  
Yeah, I love your salty chocolate balls Chef.

Kenny laughs.

ANGLE - ON A SEWER DRAIN

We hear the voice of Mr. Hankey.

VOICE  
Kyyyyllllleeee...

KYLE  
(Snapping)  
There it is again!

STAN  
There's what again?

VOICE  
Kyyyyllllleeee...

Kyle turns his head in the direction of the voice.

From KYLE'S POV we see a sewer grill.

KYLE

It's Mr. Hankey! I think he's in some kind of trouble.

STAN

Dude, how do you tell if a piece of poo is in trouble?

KYLE

Where does that grill go?

STAN

To the sewer dude.

KYLE

Of course! The SEWER!! That must be where he is!! COME ON!!

Kyle dashes off. The other boys just stand there.

After a few beats, Kyle pops in again.

KYLE

Come ON!

Chef is at his stand and breaks into song to attract customers.

CHEF

Say everybody have you seen my balls?  
they're big and salty and brown. If  
you ever need a quick pick me up just  
stick my balls in your mouth. Ooh,  
suck on my chocolate salty balls, put  
'em in your mouth and suck 'em and  
suck 'em.

FIRST COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. SEWER - DAY

The boys walk through the dark, creepy sewer. Kyle and Stan have flashlights.

CARTMAN

Oh man, it smells like ass down here!

KYLE

Of course it smells like ass, retard!  
It's a sewer!

Suddenly, there is an ECHOING RATTLE.

STAN

WHAT WAS THAT?!

Stan spins around and shines his flashlight on a small rat. It scurries off.

CARTMAN  
Oh man, let's get outta here!

KYLE  
We can't dude, not until we find Mr. Hankey!

Now a HUGE BOOMING SOUND causes the boys to turn around.

Kyle shines his flashlight on a shadowed creature!! It has its arms out.

BOYS  
AAAAAGGHGH!!

The creature steps into a shaft of light. It isn't a monster at all, but rather a man in a SCUBA outfit.

KYLE  
What the hell?

The man takes off his snorkel and mask revealing that he is Mr. Garrison.

STAN  
Mr. Garrison?

MR. GARRISON  
Oh, uh... Hello children...

CARTMAN  
What are you doing down in the sewer with a bunch of snorkel stuff on?

MR. GARRISON  
Oh....I... I was just.. a.... Hanging out.

KYLE  
In a sewer?

MR. GARRISON  
Children, do you know how to file a police report?

BOYS  
No.

MR. GARRISON  
Good. See you in school.

With that, Garrison dashes away. The boys look at each other.

INT. DEEPER IN THE SEWER - DAY

The boys are still walking onward through the catacombs of the sewer.

CARTMAN

This is ridiculous. What the hell are we, the Goonies?

KYLE

Yeah, we're the Goonies, Cartman. Why don't you pretend like you're the fat kid.

CARTMAN

Okay, that does it. Screw you guys, I'm home.

MR. HANKEY

Hooooowddyyy HO!!!!!!

The boys all spin around to see Mr. Hankey! He is in a little row boat, wearing a sailor's cap.

KYLE

MR. HANKEY!!

MR. HANKEY

Howdy Ho, boys!!

KYLE

I told you guys he'd be here!!

MR. HANKEY

Gosh look at ya! You're all growing up so fast!

CARTMAN

(Put off)

Hi Mr. Hankey, nice to see you.

MR. HANKEY

Have you all been brushing behind your teeth?

BOYS

Yes.

MR. HANKEY

And using dental floss?

BOYS

Yes.

MR. HANKEY

And washing behind your ears?



BOYS

Yes.

CARTMAN

...no.

Mr. Hankey coughs.

KYLE

What's the matter, Mr. Hankey? Are you sick?

MR. HANKEY

Oh, I've just got a little cold is all. All these new people in South Park are stressful on my home.

STAN

What do you mean?

MR. HANKEY

Well, you see boys, the sewer is a fragile ecosystem.

CARTMAN

(Rolling his eyes)

Oh my God...

MR. HANKEY

These new folks in town eat nothing but cous cous, tofu and raw vegetables, and it's destroying my environment.

KYLE

And that's why you've got a cold?

MR. HANKEY

That's why, Kyle... That's why.

STAN

Well why don't you ask them to leave?

MR. HANKEY

There's only one time a year I can come to the surface and that's Christmas time. That's why I need you boys to go for me.

Mr. Hankey starts coughing again.

KYLE

Don't worry Mr. Hankey, we'll go tell everyone!! Come on, guys!!

The boys dash off.

MR. HANKEY  
Don't forget to change your sheets  
once a week!

EXT. SOUTH PARK - DAY

The streets are jammed solid. People are all over the  
place.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Establishing. The marquee reads, "A BUNCH OF GAY COWBOYS  
EATING PUDDING".

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

The theatre is packed with Hollywood types, all whom have  
cell phones. A wiry FILMMAKER stands in front of the  
screen.

FILMMAKER  
So, without further ado, we will begin  
this amazing film. It is a work of  
blood sweat and tears...

Just then, Kyle and the boys come dashing in.

KYLE  
Wait! Stop!

The crowd starts to buzz.

KYLE  
Could I have your attention, please?

MAN IN CROWD  
Is that Leonardo DiCaprio?

Suddenly tons of flashes go off in Kyle's face.

KYLE  
AAAGH!!

ANOTHER MAN  
No, no wait, that's not him.

Just as suddenly, the flashes stop.

KYLE  
Ladies and Gentlemen, my best friend,  
Mr. Hankey, is getting sick because  
South Park has become overcrowded with  
people who eat health food.

The crowd murmurs.

LADY IN CROWD

Excuse me little boy.... What's a Mr. Hankey?

KYLE

He's a talking piece of poo that lives in the sewer. But now he's getting sick because his eggosystem is all out of whack because of all the extra poo in the sewer. If you don't all leave and go home soon, Mr. Hankey's gonna die... He's one of my best friends in the whole wide world and I don't want him to die.

Kyle hangs his head. The crowd takes in the sight of this lonely child standing on stage.

A beat.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

What a great story!! It has everything!!

FEMALE HOLLYWOOD TYPE

This could be the next Free Willy!

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

Great pitch, son! How much do you want for it?!

KYLE

Huh?

Now a development guy stands up.

DEVELOPMENT GUY

Does it have to be a talking piece of poo?

The boys look at each other.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

It be a crime fighting rabbit. Or a lovable turtle!

HOLLYWOOD TYPE #1

This could be a great summer movie!

HOLLYWOOD TYPE #2

Can we put a monkey in it!

HOLLYWOOD TYPE #3

'The Mr. Hankey Story'! Is Harrison Ford available for a fall pic?

HOLLYWOOD TYPE #1

Keanu Reeves.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE #2

Matt Damon!

FRED SAVAGE

Fred Savage!

Fred is sitting there in his 'I'm Fred Savage!' T-Shirt.

Everyone now goes silent with shock for a beat, and then laughs a little. Fred looks put off.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE #1

I'll pay a million for this story!

HOLLYWOOD TYPE #3

I'll pay two!

The place absolutely ERUPTS as the bidding continues.

Kyle sadly walks off the stage past Stan, Cartman and Kenny.

KYLE

Dude, no one even listened to me.

STAN

You know, it does sound like a pretty sweet movie.

A Hollywood type walks up and takes Cartman aside.

\*NOTE - redo this dialogue WHISPERING

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

I take it you're part owner of this whole Mr. Hooey story, right?

CARTMAN

Huh, uh, yeah I guess.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

I want you to do a big money deal with me.

CARTMAN

All of us?

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

Well... I can see that you're the real brains of the group. You don't really need those guys do you?

Cartman looks at his friends.

CARTMAN

Yeah, screw those guys. I don't even like them.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

That's great, kid. Let's make a deal.

EXT. SOUTH PARK STREET - LIBRARY - DAY

The Hollywood types are scurrying around like ants. There seems to be even more of them than before.

The Film chairman and his assistant stand in front of a small, quaint library.

FILM CHAIRMAN

Ladies and gentlemen I want to thank you all for making the 1st annual South Park Film Festival a success. We've barely even started and already the festival has seen more attendance than last year's Sundance Festival!

The Hollywood type cheer.

FILM CHAIRMAN (cont'd)

And I am VERY pleased to announce, that in honor of the South Park people who have welcomed us, we are going to build a HOLLYWOOD PLANET Restaurant right here where this Library used to stand!

Suddenly, a huge demolition block swings in and knocks down the library.

The South Park people gasp. Everyone looks concerned, even the Mayor.

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

Can they do that?

MAYOR

They're Hollywood, they can do anything.

INT. SEWER - DAY

Kyle, alone, is wondering through the sewer with his flashlight.

KYLE

(Calling out)

Mr. Hankey?

Kyle's voice echoes through the sewer, but there is no

reply.

Kyle's sighs, but then hears strange ORGAN MUSIC in the distance.

Kyle turns and heads toward the source of the music.

INT. SEWER CHAMBER - DAY

Kyle enters a different little area, which is lit brighter from a grill up above.

Kyle looks around the room, and his eyes finally fall upon Mr. Hankey, who has his back to Kyle, and is playing a HUGE pipe Organ.

Now we see the Mr. Hankey from the front, he is intense on his playing.

KYLE  
Mr. Hankey?

Finally, Kyle interrupts him.

KYLE  
Mr. Hankey?

Hankey stops playing and turns around.

MR. HANKEY  
Oh, Kyle, Howdy Ho! (cough, cough,  
cough)

Kyle walks up to Mr. Hankey's side.

MR. HANKEY  
Well? How did it go? Is everyone gonna  
stop poopin in my environment?

Kyle hangs his head.

KYLE  
They didn't believe me. They thought I  
was pitching a movie.

MR. HANKEY  
Oh... I see...

Mr. Hankey looks really sad as he coughs some more.

MR. HANKEY (cont'd)  
Well, shucks, Kyle. I can't thank you  
enough for trying.

KYLE  
We only have one option. I've got to  
take you to the surface!

MR. HANKEY

I can't. The sun 'll dry me out.

KYLE

It's the only way to prove to them  
that you're real.

MR. HANKEY

But I won't last long up above.

KYLE

Well you're not gonna last down here  
either, Mr. Hankey. Now come on, I'm  
not gonna let you die!!

MR. HANKEY

Alright, just let me get my  
toothbrush.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Stan and Wendy walk up to the theater.

WENDY

Come on, Stan! We're gonna be late for  
the screening.

Stan and Wendy look up at the Marquee. It reads "Tom  
Hanks in: ME & Mr. HANKEY".

STAN

Geez, they made that into a movie  
already?

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Stan and Wendy sit in the packed theater. Stan looks  
bored as usual.

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN:

Tom Hanks lies in a hospital bed dying.

TOM HANKS

Mr. Hankey, I can't go on anymore.  
I've lost the fight.

CHIMPANZEE

No, I'm not leaving without you. We  
started this together and we're gonna  
finish it together.

And with that, the chimp grabs Tom Hanks hand.

TOM HANKS

I always thought death was something

glorious but now I know that it's not.

ANGLE ON WENDY AND STAN:

Wendy is crying her eyes out with a tissue. Stan looks at Wendy, and then places his hand out carefully in front of her. Not on her seat, but enough to maybe get the signal across.

Wendy blows her nose, and Stan raises his hand a little, trying to catch Wendy's eye.

She does, and places the wet tissue in Stan's open hand. Stan frowns.

ANGLE - BACK OF THE THEATER

Meanwhile, the Hollywood type is watching the film with Cartman, who is still wearing sunglasses.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

It's going over really well. People are gonna be knocking my door down to get you.

CARTMAN

WHO THE HELL CAST TOM HANKS IN THIS?!  
TOM HANKS CAN'T ACT HIS WAY OUT OF A  
NUTSACK!

ANGLE - SCREEN

TOM HANKS

I'll always love you, Mr. Hankey...

CARTMAN

(Mimicing him)  
MA MAMA MA MA, MAMA MAMA.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Kenny is standing outside of the theatre playing with his yoyo. Just then the huge crowd is let out of the movie and he gets trampled to death.

MAN 1

Oh my God, I found a penny.

MAN 2

You bastard!

EXT. STREET - DAY

A sewer grill pops up from the street, and Kyle emerges carrying a little box.

KYLE



Okay, Mr. Hankey, we're out. How are you doing?

Mr. Hankey is covered with white cloth and wearing little sunglasses. He looks just like Brando in Island of Dr. Moreau.

MR. HANKEY

It sure is dry up here. (cough, cough)

KYLE

Don't worry, we'll do this quick okay? Just hang on, Mr. Hankey, just hang on!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The huge, towering, bright building is already taking shape.

The Film Chairman, wearing a hardhat, surveys his masterpiece.

The Mayor, also wearing a hardhat, walks up with her assistants.

MAYOR

Excuse me, Mr. Film Commissioner, could I have a word with you?

FILM CHAIRMAN

Make it quick.

MAYOR

Well, the people of my town are a little upset. I don't think we realized what an impact this festival would have on our town.

FILM CHAIRMAN

Uh-huh.

MAYOR

Right, so we were actually wondering if we could call this whole thing off.

FILM CHAIRMAN

(Still looking at building)

We have contracts. You try to pull out now, and we'll sue your little town for every penny its got.

As the chairman says this, he holds contracts in front of

the Mayor's face.

FILM CHAIRMAN

But thanks so much for the hard work!

Across the street, Stan and Chef stand among the unhappy South Parkians watching the giant mess go up.

Meanwhile, Cartman is standing off to the side with his Hollywood type.

CARTMAN

But this doesn't make sense Marty! You told me the movie made a lot of money!

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

Right, two million, minus your agent's fee, minus your lawyer's fee minus my fee and with publicity and taxes taken out, you get three dollars. That's more than most people in your position make, trust me.

Stan walks up to Cartman as the Hollywood type moves away.

STAN

Serves you right Cartman! You're a sellout!!

CARTMAN

I am not a sellout!! What's a sellout?!

STAN

If you work in the entertainment business and you make money you're a sellout!

Now Chef walks up and sits on the curb.

CHEF

It's all gone to hell, children. And we're all to blame...

Chef glances over at his food stand.

CHEF

Even me. I was selling out my town too. And now look at it.

STAN

So what do we do now?

CHEF

There's nothing we can do. Just sit here and suck on my balls.

Chef pours some of the candy into Stan and Cartman's hands.

Just then, Kyle comes running up.

KYLE  
YOU GUYS!!! WE HAVE TO HURRY!!

STAN  
Why?

KYLE  
Come on! Everything's gonna be okay!

Stan, Cartman and Chef follow Kyle as he runs up to the Film Chairman.

KYLE  
Sir... Sir!

FILM CHAIRMAN  
Not now.

KYLE  
I have to show you something. I think it will change the way you feel about your impact here.

Phillis and a few other Hollywood types gather around.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE  
What's this?

KYLE  
I want you guys to all meet my friend.

Kyle opens the box and holds it out.

After a few seconds, a cold, white lump of shit falls to the ground.

Kyle looks at it, horrified.

Stan and Cartman look horrified as well.

The Hollywood types just look extremely unimpressed.

FILM CHAIRMAN  
That's great kid. A dried out lump of shit. Very compelling.  
(Calling out)  
Okay folks! Let's move! We gotta have that sign done in time for the opening tonight!

Everyone walks away. Kyle kneels down to Mr. Hankey, Chef

puts a hand on Kyle's shoulder.

KYLE  
You can't die, Mr. Hankey... You  
can't.

MR. HANKEY  
Kyle... before I go, there is  
something I must tell you. Come  
closer...

Kyle moves in a little.

MR. HANKEY (cont'd)  
Closer...

Kyle moves in more.

KYLE  
Well, what is it, Mr. Hankey?

MR. HANKEY  
There is another Skywalker.

And with that, Hankey lets out a final breath and dies.

KYLE  
Noooooooooo!

MR. HANKEY  
Wait Kyle.

KYLE  
What is it Mr. Hankey?

MR. HANKEY  
Come closer.

KYLE  
What is it?

MR. HANKEY  
Closer.....

KYLE  
Yes?

MR. HANKEY  
Closer! One time, when you were  
sleeping, I put myself in your mouth  
and had my friend take a picture.

And with that, Hankey dies again.

Kyle bursts into tears.

KYLE

Nooo!!

Roll montage of Mr. Hankey from Christmas episode in happier times. Mr. Hankey song sung slowly a la Jimmy Durante.

Out of nowhere, a GOVERNMENT WORKER, wearing a white containment suit walks up.

GOVERNMENT WORKER

I'm sorry, son. Let's get him to ICU.

The Government worker zips up Mr. Hankey in a little plastic body bag.

KYLE

No. No!!!!

STAN

Are you gonna be okay, dude? I'm here for you.

Just then Wendy walks up.

WENDY

Hi, Stan. Ready to go see another movie?

STAN

Okay!

Stan and Wendy skip away.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Now the Marquee reads 'Bow down to Hollywood South Park - and then in smaller letters below it; 'A film by Tom M. Pooner'

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Again Stan and Wendy are sitting down, watching the movie. As it plays, Stan again puts his hand out to be held.

Wendy looks down at Stan's hand and then looks at him. Stan immediately pulls his hand away and then goes back to watching the movie.

ANGLE - SCREEN

Two cowboys are eating pudding.

COWBOY #1

Say, Tom, do have any pudding left?

COWBOY 2

I ate all mine up, silly.

COWBOY #1

Well then, now what do we do?

ANGLE - STAN and WENDY

Stan again gingerly puts out his hand. Wendy looks down at it. Stan again pulls it away.

But this time, Wendy reaches over, takes Stan's hand, and holds in hers. She smiles at him. Stan smiles, and then vomits on the person in front of him.

WENDY

Ew!

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Hey!

STAN

Sorry.

ANGLE - SCREEN

COWBOY #1

Well, why don't we just explore our sexuality.

COWBOY 2

Oh, good idea. Let's.

They move in close to each other.

ANGLE - STAN and WENDY

Stan's eyes grow wide.

STAN

Oh dude! I shouldn't be seeing this!

Stan again vomits on the guy in front of him.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Is there a problem, young man?!

STAN

No problem, dude.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kyle and Chef in a hospital with white containment plastic everywhere (think E.T.).

Little Mr. Hankey is lying dead on a white bed with some small flowers around him.

KYLE  
(Sobbing)  
I'll never forget you. You were my best friend after Stan.

CHEF  
Come on, Kyle, it's time to go.

KYLE  
Chef... Does poo go to heaven?

Chef has to think long and hard.

CHEF  
Well, I kind of hope not...

Kyle starts CRYING again.

CHEF  
I mean, sure it does...

Chef pulls out a chocolate from his pocket.

CHEF  
Here, I'll give him one my Salty balls to take with him to poo heaven.

Chef puts the ball in Mr. Hankey's mouth.

CHEF  
Come on let's go...

Chef and Kyle get up and head out.

MR. HANKEY  
Kyyyllleeee...

Kyle spins around.

KYLE  
Mr. Hankey?!

MR. HANKEY  
Howwwdy... Hooooo...

KYLE  
He's back!! He's back!!

MR. HANKEY  
That was delicious!

CHEF  
My salty chocolate balls must have

rejuvenated him!!

KYLE

You've got the best balls in the whole world, Chef!!

CHEF

You're damn right!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A gala celebration has started out front of Planet Hollywood. A banner reads 'GRAND OPENING!'. Balloons and decorations are everywhere.

Cartman has opened a little stand, where he appears to be selling something.

CARTMAN

STEP ON UP, GET THEM HERE!! MR. HANKEY AND ME T-SHIRTS!!

Cartman holds out the T-shirts with a picture of Tom Hanks and the Monkey.

CARTMAN

GET THEM WHILE THEY LAST FOLKS!! ONLY 14.95!!

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

I'll take two.

The Hollywood types are coming in droves handing Cartman money and taking the T-shirts.

CARTMAN

Selling T-shirts kicks ass.

Meanwhile, the film Chairman takes his place at a podium with a microphone.

FILM CHAIRMAN

Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to announce, on this gala opening of Hollywood Planet South Park, that the festival will be back next year, and the year after that, and the year after that, and so on!

The Hollywood people cheer. The South Park people moan.



FILM CHAIRMAN (cont'd)  
And now... Release the curtain!!

The curtain drops, and the GIGANTIC planet Hollywood sign is revealed. It spins around slowly with flashing lights.

FILM CHAIRMAN (cont'd)  
I give you Hollywood in South Park!!

The South Parkians gasp at the size of the sign.

KYLE  
WAIT!!!

Kyle, Cartman and Stan come running up behind everybody holding little Mr. Hankey. Everyone turns around.

KYLE  
I brought him! I brought him to show you!!

FILM CHAIRMAN  
Oh not this again.

KYLE  
Behold Mr. Hankey!

Mr. Hankey jumps out of his little basket magically.

MR. HANKEY  
HOOOOOWWWDDDY HO!!

The Hollywood people just stare at it for a while, and then turn back around.

FILM CHAIRMAN  
Anyway, this new Hollywood Planet will be the official meeting place for all....

MR. HANKEY  
Howdy Ho, folks! It sure is nice to see you all. But I'm afraid my buddy Kyle was right, there's not enough room in South Park to accommodate a festival.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE  
Mr. Poo, if you wouldn't mind, we can't hear our chairman. If you could just turn yourself down, you're at about a seven right now and we need you at about a three, okay?

Mr. Hankey looks confused. He hops up onto the Film Chairman's podium.

MR. HANKEY

Uh, folks, please, little towns like this simply aren't meant for big events. We love havin' visitors, but golly, too many of ya is hurtin our ecosystem.

Besides, folks, film festivals shouldn't be about what celebrities are coming, or what film is gonna get sold.

It should be about people getting together and watching movies, and about people who can never get their movies seen having a chance to have it watched, if only once. A good film festival should be something where you all say Aw, 'Let's forget about Lawyers and agents and studios and celebrities. Let's forget all those things for just a while, and just watch some new art.'

The Hollywood people look at each other.

Kyle smiles. Mr. Hankey smiles back.

FILM CHAIRMAN

I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!!!

The Film Chairman grabs Mr. Hankey, and throws him across the room-

KYLE

NO!

Mr. Hankey smacks hard against the opposite wall, leaving a small stain, and then falls lifeless to the floor.

FILM CHAIRMAN

Now as I was saying, this shall usher in a whole new decade of...

As the chairman continues, the boys look at Mr. Hankey's limb body.

KYLE

(Crying)

Oh, he's dead! Mr. Hankey's dead!!

CHEF

Well, this worked once before...

Chef takes out a pile of his salty balls. He drops a LOT of them into Mr. Hankey's mouth.

Mr. Hankey is still for a few seconds, but then starts to move.

Suddenly, Mr. Hankey picks himself up and looks angrily at the chairman, who continues his speech.

MR. HANKEY

Thanks, Chef! Your big chocolate balls are just the trick!

Mr. Hankey takes off his sailor's cap, and replaces it with the Sorcerer's Apprentice hat from Fantasia. As the music from that scene begins, (what was it?) Mr. Hankey starts to bob up and down rhythmically.

STAN

What the hell is he doing?

KYLE

I don't know.

Just like Mickey Mouse did in the film, Mr. Hankey raises his hands to the music like a magician. When he does, thunder and lightning strike and-

-from a sewer grill on the street, shit comes flying out in a large wave.

CARTMAN

Wow!!

A group of about ten Hollywood types get doused in the magical shit.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE

OH MY GOD!!!

Again Mr. Hankey throws up his hands, and again there is thunder and lightning.

This time, a great wave of poo emerges from a nearby porta-potty.

It heads right for another group of Hollywood types.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE (cont'd)

It smells, it smells!!!

But they cannot run fast enough, the poo catches up to them and douses them completely.

Now everyone in the area panics and starts to run.

The Film Chairman dashes for his Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES

He and Phyllis jump in. The Film chairman turns the key--  
but it won't start.

PHILLIS  
Come on!! The Poo is COMING!!!

FILM CHAIRMAN  
I'm trying dammit!!

ANGLE - HANKEY

He throws his arms in another direction, and a great and  
mighty shit storm takes out the Planet Hollywood sign.

The huge sign collapses right on top of the Film Chairman  
in his Mercedes.

Everything is doused in shit as the Chairman and Phillis  
drown to their deaths.

HOLLYWOOD TYPE  
Let's get the out of this town!

All the film people run away as fast as they can.

EXT. SOUTH PARK - NIGHT

The cars all pull out as fast as possible, suddenly  
leaving South Park as peaceful and quiet as it once was.

EXT. POO COVERED PLANET HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The music stops and Mr. Hankey relaxes and looks around  
at the massive amounts of shit that cover everything.

MR. HANKEY  
Gosh, I guess I don't know my own  
strength!

KYLE  
You did it, Mr. Hankey! You got rid of  
all the Film people!!

TOWNSPEOPLE  
Hooray!!

MAYOR  
(Sarcastic)  
Oh yeah, now all we have is a town  
covered in shit. This is MUCH better.

MR. HANKEY  
I couldn't have done it without you  
Kyle! Kisses

Mr. Hankey jumps into Kyle's arms and gives him a big  
kiss.

WENDY

Stan, I'm sorry I dragged you to all those independent films.

STAN

Oh, that's okay, Wendy. I forgive you.

WENDY

Sometimes I forget that even though a few independent films are great, most of them suck ass.

CARTMAN

Yes, and I've learned something too.

Everyone looks at Cartman.

CARTMAN

Being a sellout is sweet, because you make a lot of money. And when you have money you don't have to hang out with any poor ass losers like you guys. Screw you guys, I'm going home.