

SOUTH PARK

"A Girl Called Shaquanda"

written by

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DRAFT

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

The KIDS OF SOUTH PARK sit waiting for class to begin.

KYLE
Did you see the trailer for the new
Avengers movie?

STAN
Yeah, dude, I can't wait!

KYLE
I know! The effects look amazing!

WENDY
Ugh.

The boys glance at her. She reads a book, disregarding them.

STAN
Remember the part where Tony Stark -

WENDY
Uuughh.

KYLE
Umm...is something wrong, Wendy?

WENDY
All boys ever want to talk about is The
Avengers.

STAN
What? That's not true.

CARTMAN bursts inside.

CARTMAN
Oh my God, you guys! You guys! Did you
see the new trailer!

STAN
Yeah, dude, we were just talking about
it!

WENDY
Ughhhhhh.

CARTMAN
What the hell is her problem?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY

I'll tell you my problem! These stupid super hero franchises are all anyone talks about. Did you know that there are only five pandas left in the entire world? But never mind actual problems, because Iron Man has a new costume!

Beat.

KYLE

They're still fun movies.

STAN

Yeah, I like them.

MR. GARRISON enters, and takes his seat at his desk.

MR. GARRISON

Alright, children, settle down. We have a new student joining us today. Now, her name is Shaquanda, and even though she's one of "those" people, I want you all to treat her with respect - Eric. I expect you all to get to know your new black classmate before you make any judgments about her.

A KNOCK comes at the door.

MR. GARRISON (CONT'D)

Oh, that must be her now. Come in!

In steps a young, smiley, WHITE GIRL.

GIRL

Hi! I'm Shaquanda.

Every jaw in the room drops.

INT. MARSH HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

THE MARSHES eat together at the table.

SHARON

Stan, did anything interesting happen at school today?

STAN

A new girl joined our class.

SHARON

That's nice. What's her name?

(CONTINUED)

STAN
Shaquanda.

RANDY
Well she sounds peachy! Just peachy.
Mhmm, just like peach.

SHARON
It can be hard being the new kid. Have
you offered to show her around South Park
yet, Stan?

STAN
No.

RANDY
Dammit, Stanley! I expect you to make
this girl feel welcome! It's important to
extend an olive branch to the black
community. Do you want people to think
we're racists?

STAN
Shaquanda isn't black.

All chewing stops.

RANDY
Beg pardon?

STAN
She isn't black. She's white.

RANDY
(Chuckles)
No, no, son. You're confused. Shaquanda
is black.

STAN
No. She isn't.

Awkward silence.

INT. MARSH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sharon reads in bed. Randy pouts beside her.

RANDY
Hmph.

Sharon turns a page.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Hmph!

(CONTINUED)

SHARON
What is it, Randy -

RANDY
(Interrupting)
Oh, it's this whole Shaquanda thing!

SHARON
What about it?

RANDY
Sharon, don't you see a problem here?

SHARON
Well, it's a little unusual...

RANDY
Unusual? Cripes, Sharon! Sure, it starts with a white person having a black name. Then a few others do it, because it's "edgy" and "cool." Pretty soon we're imitating their clothes and music, and the next thing you know, our entire culture is gone - replaced by the black man!

SHARON
Jesus, Randy. A person can name their child whatever they want. You don't have a problem with a black person named Becky or Rachel, do you?

RANDY
Well that's different!

SHARON
Why?

RANDY
Because...that's a silly question!

SHARON
Randy, I want you to drop this right now. Okay?

RANDY
I'm not a racist, Sharon. I just don't think black and white cultures should mix, that's all.

SHARON
Randy!

RANDY

Fine!

EXT. SHAQUANDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Shaquanda jumps rope in her yard. From behind a bush, Randy, GERALD, JIMBO, and CHRIS STOTCH spy on her.

GERALD

So that's her, huh?

RANDY

That's her. I've studied her every day this week. Yesterday she jumped 81 times in a row - her personal best. Here, I've compiled my research for all of you.

He hands each of them a file.

CHRIS

What are we going to do, Randy? Huh? Just sit idly by, while everything we've worked so hard to build topples from the ground up?

GERALD

Could that really happen?

JIMBO

These blacks are always trying to get in our way. Well I'm sick of them! That doesn't make me a racist.

RANDY

No, no, of course not.

CHRIS

We've got to stop this madness before it spreads. There's no other choice. We've got to kill Shaquanda!

Beat.

RANDY

Well, maybe we should just talk to her parents first.

They peek back over the bushes: Shaquanda heads inside.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Come on!

They storm across the lawn. As they arrive at the front door, STEVE BLACK approaches from the other direction.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY (CONT'D)
Oh. Uh, hey, Steve.

STEVE
Randy.

RANDY
What are you doing here?

STEVE
Word has it that a white family named
their daughter Shaquanda, and I'm here to
put a stop to it!

RANDY
Wait, you're here to put a stop to it?

STEVE
That's right. That name is rooted in the
African traditions of my people. This is
a complete mockery of our culture.

RANDY
...Well...you know...a person can name
their child whatever they want.

STEVE
Not that name. That name is for our
people.

RANDY
Oh, that's real fair! You don't see us
complaining about black kids with names
like Becky or Rachel!

STEVE
You're just being ridiculous.

RANDY
Oh, it's ridiculous, is it? Why should
your culture be valued higher than ours,
huh? This is segregation! First our
names, then our water fountains! My
people will not be oppressed!

STEVE
Oh, you think you know about oppression
do you? I'll show you oppression!

RANDY
You want a war? You got it!

STEVE
This isn't over, Marsh. You just wait!

(CONTINUED)

"A Girl Called Shaquanda"
CONTINUED: (2)

7.

He storms off.

GERALD
Way to go Randy!

CHRIS
You really showed him!

RANDY
This is only the beginning. We'll take to
the streets. We'll spread the word! And
my name is no longer Randy.

GERALD
It isn't?

RANDY
If I'm going to lead this fight, I need a
name that commands respect. A name that
no African American can ignore...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Randy strolls along in an African dashiki. He passes Mr.
Garrison, dressed similarly.

MR. GARRISON
Jambo, Kunta Kinte!

RANDY
Jambo!

He soon passes Gerald, also in a dashiki.

GERALD
Jambo, Kunta!

RANDY
Jambo, back atcha!

EXT. BLACK HOUSE - DAY

Steve Black stands at his window, watching the above scene
through his binoculars.

STEVE
This isn't over yet, Marsh.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

All is peaceful. CITIZENS go about their daily business.

Suddenly, Steve tears down the street on horseback - a whip
at his side. The citizens flee in exaggerated panic: clawing

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

past one another for escape; wrecking their cars against lamp posts...

RANDY -

walks alone, HUMMING to himself. The chaos hasn't reached here, yet. Just then, Gerald and Chris race to him.

GERALD

Kunta! Thank God we found you!

RANDY

What is it?

CHRIS

We have to hide!

Steve appears on the horizon.

GERALD

Hurry, this way!

They run for their lives, but Steve is hot on their tails. Chris stumbles in the chase.

RANDY

Chris!

GERALD

Leave him! There's no time!

They race on, but Steve soon catches up...leaps atop Randy.

RANDY

No! No, please!

Steve slaps Randy across the face. Horrified onlookers peer out from behind window shades and alleyways.

GERALD

Dear God!

Steve yanks Randy's dashiki off, leaving him bare.

STEVE

What's your name?

Randy stares into Steve's cold eyes.

RANDY

Kunta. Kunta Kinte.

Steve WHIPS Randy across the back. Randy SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE
That's not your name! Tell me your name!

RANDY
My name...is Kunta Kinte!

Another CRACK...another SCREAM.

STEVE
I can do this all day! Your name is
Randy! Say your name is Randy!

RANDY
Randy! My name is Randy!

STEVE
And don't you forget it!

He rides off. Gerald, Chris, and Jimbo rush to Randy's side.

GERALD
Randy! Are you alright?

RANDY
I'm fine, Gerald. I'm fine.

JIMBO
This has gone too far!

CHRIS
But what can we do? There's just too many
of them!

JIMBO
There must be some way!

RANDY
There is. But we can't do this alone. We
have to take this to: the High Council.

GERALD
The High Council? Randy, do you really
think it's come to that?

RANDY
We've no other choice, Gerald. Everyone
go home and pack your bags. Tomorrow we
leave for the NAACP.

ACT I FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. NAACP HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The NAACP PRESIDENT and TWO COUNCIL MEMBERS (all black) sit behind a bench.

NAACP PRESIDENT

The board now recognizes Mr. Randy Marsh,
and the delegation from South Park.

Randy takes his place at a podium.

RANDY

(Clears throat)

Jambo. Sirs, we come to you today,
because our freedom to live as equals is
in jeopardy - all because of the color of
our skin. My people are scared, and I
know not just how much more we can
endure.

(To his friends)

Okay, guys, bring out the goat.

Jimbo leads a GOAT onto the floor by a rope.

RANDY (CONT'D)

We offer you this sacrifice, and humbly
ask for your help.

Jimbo stabs the goat. It BAAHS, then collapses in its blood.

Beat.

NAACP PRESIDENT

Mr. Marsh, I don't understand.

RANDY

What do you mean? My people are being
discriminated against.

BOARD MEMBER 1

But Mr. Marsh, this is the NAACP. We
promote the advancement of colored
people. You're white.

RANDY

What, white's not a color anymore? Huh?

(To friends)

Oh, hey guys! We don't deserve equal
treatment because we're white!

NAACP PRESIDENT

Mr. Marsh, I think you misunderstand.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

No, I understand perfectly! My people are being oppressed, and those who should care, don't care.

JIMBO

You tell 'em, Randy!

RANDY

It's no wonder racism still thrives - there isn't a single white person among you! Well I'm putting a stop to it! I'm running for President of the NAACP!

His friends CHEER.

NAACP PRESIDENT

Mr. Marsh, electing a white person to the NAACP would undermine the core value of coming together as a people that this foundation was based upon. It simply can't happen!

RANDY

Oh yeah? Ever heard of Affirmative Action?

INT. MARSH HOUSE - DAY

Stan and Kyle sit on the couch watching TV. A KNOCK comes at the door.

EXT. MARSH HOUSE - DAY

Stan opens the door. It's Wendy.

STAN

Wendy?

WENDY

Hi, Stan. I'm collecting signatures to help preserve the dwindling panda population. Can I count on your support?

STAN

Oh...gee, Wendy, I'd love to, but I'm kinda busy right now.

WENDY

I see. You're probably too busy watching the Avengers, right?

STAN

Hey, I care about more than The Avengers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE (O.S.)

Stan, hurry up! Iron Man is about to get his armor upgrade!

Beat.

WENDY

Goodbye, Stan.

She walks off.

STAN

Wait, Wendy! Damnit...

He shuts the door and races back to -

THE COUCH

As soon as he sits down:

RANDY (O.S.)

Stan?

STAN

Oh, Goddamnit, what now?

Randy enters the room, a scowl on his face.

RANDY

Stan, what are you doing? I told you to hand out these fliers!

STAN

I will, Dad.

RANDY

You know that ass-hole Steve Black is running against me? We've got to get the word out!

STAN

Okay, but I'm busy right now, Dad!

RANDY

Oh, you're busy, huh? Busy watching your TV? Well the revolution will not be televised, Stan. The revolution will not be televised!

He kicks his foot straight through the TV.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Looks like you've got time now.

(CONTINUED)

He storms off.

KYLE
Dude, your dad is starting to lose it!

GERALD (O.S.)
Stand firm against the oppressors!

KYLE
What the hell is that?

EXT. MARSH HOUSE - DAY

Stan and Kyle step outside. Gerald dances about in his underwear, sparklers blazing in each hand.

GERALD
Say yes to equality! Say yes to Randy!

A passing car HONKS.

INT. DEBATE STAGE - NIGHT

Two TV HOSTS face camera.

HOST #1
Well, Jim, it's been a tough evening here for our candidates.

HOST #2
It sure has, Rich! We've already received the scores from our earlier segments, and so far, Randy Marsh has taken a commanding lead over Steve Black.

HOST #1
Boy, you said it, Jim. If you're just tuning in now, Mr. Marsh wowed the voters during both the swimwear and talent portions of our debate, performing a breathtaking rendition of the Sunday Jumble.

SUPER: Recap footage.

Randy - in a bikini - stares at a newspaper, sipping coffee and eating toast. Eyes darting, he's struck with thought:

RANDY
Banana! Lavish! Papers! Cement!

BACK TO SCENE

HOST #1

Impressive! Meanwhile, Mr. Black has gone for a much more conservative approach, choosing to forego the swimwear and talent portions oaltogether.

SUPER: Recap footage

Steve Black stares dumbfounded into camera.

STEVE

Talent? What do you mean talent? I thought this was a debate!

BACK TO SCENE

HOST #2

It's an interesting strategy, Rich. But it all comes down to right now, as we present our candidates with tonight's secret question.

The Hosts cross the stage, where Randy (smiley; in evening wear) and Steve (irritated; in suit) wait at podiums.

Host #2 opens an envelope.

HOST #2 (CONT'D)

Ooh. It's a toughy. Mr. Marsh: why should America support you as NAACP President?

RANDY

Oh...well, uh. You know, for me it's about...well...uh...uhhhh-merica! America! Yes! That's right! America. This is America. This is my America, but also your America. And also jobs. America, jobs...Jobs, America...America.

Beat.

The auditorium CHEERS and SCREAMS for Randy.

CHEERING FAN

Yeah, America!

HOST 2

Well said, Mr. Marsh. Mr. Black: same question.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Thank you. This all boils down to integrity. No one understands the need for equality better than I, but a white man leading the NAACP does not represent equality, but ignorance. Ignorance of the feelings at hand, and the community in need. The NAACP is not about fighting the white community, but seeking respect from it. These are important issues that must not be turned into ridiculous spectacles nor cheap talents, and I ask that you see me as the competent leader to bring about mutual respect and collaboration.

INT. NAACP HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A cocktail mixer is underway - "CONGRATULATIONS RANDY" banners and BOSSA NOVA MUSIC. WHITE PATRONS mingle.

Randy and Sharon stand together. Randy is cheerful, but a clear wallflower. Sharon stand rigid with embarrassment.

SHARON

I can't believe you couldn't let it go.

RANDY

Not now, Sharon.

SHARON

Do you realize how ridiculous this is?

RANDY

I said not now! Can't you just be happy for me?

SHARON

We're surrounded by white supremacists!

RANDY

Oh, you're being ridiculous. Everyone here seems delightful.

A NEO NAZI, with swastika on his shaved head, greets them.

NAZI

Mr. Marsh! It's such an honor to meet you. I just wanted to say congratulations. We're all so excited. It's about time we stood up for ourselves.

RANDY

Hey, thanks!

(CONTINUED)

NAZI

Excuse me, I think I saw some cocktail
weenies with my name on them. Ta!

And he exits.

RANDY

See?

SHARON

...I'm getting a drink.

She storms off. Randy sips from his cup, looking satisfied.

STAN AND KYLE -

gaze in disbelief at KKK members whacking at a pinata of a
black person, and GIGGLING as candy pours from it.

KKK MEMBER 1

Hey, I wanted the Bubble-Yum!

STAN

Dude, things are getting really weird.

KYLE

I hate to say it, but this one might be
out of our hands.

STAN

What do you mean?

KYLE

Come on, Stan. We're not talking about
stopping Satan's armies from taking over
the planet. This is racism!

STAN

So?

KYLE

Racism's been around forever, dude. I
don't think we're gonna be able to stop
it. Maybe you should just be happy for
your dad being voted President.

An epiphany strikes Stan.

STAN

President? Wait a minute, that's it!

KYLE

What's it?

STAN

We might not be able to stop racism, but
there's someone who can. Come on!

TABLE SPREAD

GEORGE ZIMMERMAN and DARREN WILSON approach Randy.

ZIMMERMAN

Excuse me, Mr. Marsh? We just wanted to
congratulate you on your win.

RANDY

Oh, thanks a lot! - George Zimmerman?

ZIMMERMAN

It's such a pleasure to meet you. This is
my colleague, Darren Wilson.

RANDY

Hey, aren't you the cop that shot that
unarmed kid?

WILSON

Oh my goodness, you heard about that? I'm
flattered!

ZIMMERMAN

We owe you our thanks, Mr. Marsh!

RANDY

What do you mean?

WILSON

Didn't you hear? We're your new council!

RANDY

Y-you are?

ZIMMERMAN

You inspired us, Mr. Marsh! Thanks to
you, we got those blacks out of here.

RANDY

All of them?

WILSON

We're entering a new era, Marsh. Together
we can finally make a real step towards
racial equality.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Hey - yeah! Yeah, I hope so! Gee, this sounds great, fellas. I'm glad to have you on my team.

ZIMMERMAN

The pleasure is ours, Mr. Marsh. Well, we'd best turn in. We've got a lot of equality to inspire tomorrow!

RANDY

Yeah, I guess you're right. Okay - see you in the morning!

INT. NAACP HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Randy, Zimmerman, and Wilson sit at the benches.

ZIMMERMAN

Denied!

An elderly BLACK GENTLEMAN stand before them.

BLACK MAN

I beg your pardon?

WILSON

Denied.

BLACK MAN

But...I don't understand.

Randy fidgets, uncertainty in his eyes.

ZIMMERMAN

Frankly, Mr. Dubois, your claim that a white police officer pulled you over simply because you're black is a racist claim against white people. And your request for a protest is an attack against white people. We stand for equality Mr. Dubois! Now get out of our sights!

Mr. Dubois steps away.

ZIMMERMAN (CONT'D)

Next!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

BARACK OBAMA stares out the window, deep in thought. A SECRETARY enters.

(CONTINUED)

SECRETARY

Mr. President, some boys are here to see you. They say it's urgent.

OBAMA,

Send them in. And give us some privacy.

SECRETARY

Yes, sir.

He leaves. Stan and Kyle enter.

STAN

Mr. President, we're -

OBAMA

Stan Marsh and Kyle Broflovski.

STAN

Y-yeah. How'd you know that?

OBAMA

I'm Barack Obama: I know everything -
gesundheit.

Kyle SNEEZES.

STAN

Whoa.

OBAMA

You boys sought me out because a war is underway. A war that only I can stop.

KYLE

But, how?

OBAMA

The fight between white and black dates back thousands of years. Back to...the Crystal of Being...

INT. NAACP HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A BLACK WOMAN steps before Randy, Zimmerman, and Wilson.

BLACK WOMAN

Hello. I recently applied for a job, and was told not to bother because I'm black.

RANDY

Oh. Well, that sounds serious. Can you give us a little more infor -

(CONTINUED)

WILSON
Denied!

ZIMMERMAN
Denied!

WILSON
Racist!

ZIMMERMAN
Racist!

The Woman hangs her head and exits.

RANDY
Gee...You really think she was being racist?

ZIMMERMAN
Oh, absolutely. I know it's not pleasant, but someone's got to put these blacks in their place.

RANDY
Yeah, but...I don't know...

WILSON
Trust us, Marsh. It's for the greater good.

RANDY
Yeah...yeah, I guess...Excuse me, I, uh, think I need some water...

As soon as he exits -

ZIMMERMAN
The hour draws nigh. Soon the crystal shall be ours!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

STAN
I don't understand. What is the Crystal of Being?

OBAMA
In the beginning, The Crystal of Being gave birth to all creation.

SERIES OF SHOTS - HISTORY OF CRYSTAL OF BEING

OBAMA (V.O.)

Then, a millennia ago, the Crystal fractured into two: the white power shard, and the black. Each shard gave birth to a new race, doomed to fight each other for eternity...All hope seemed lost, until, many centuries ago, a prophecy foretold of a chosen one, born of both white and black, who would restore the shards, and so restore harmony.

END SERIES

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

KYLE

But, what does all of this mean?

OBAMA

Don't you see, Stan? I am the chosen one. Born of a white mother and black father, I am the bridge between the two races.

KYLE

So, all we have to do is find the shards, then -

OBAMA

I'm afraid it's not that simple. The shards can only be combined or destroyed on the equinox - tomorrow. Time is short. And my powers are fading.

KYLE

Fading? But why?

Obama wipes a tear from his eyes.

OBAMA

I'll show you.

He pushes a button beneath his desk. The far wall slides open, revealing a secret room. Fog pours from the opening.

STAN

Oh my God. Is that what I think it is?

OBAMA

Yes...my approval rating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The last of the fog clears, revealing a classic VIDEO GAME HEALTH BAR, e.g. Mega Man. The ticks are down to one-third.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

Every day, my ratings drop, and I grow weaker. Soon, all hope of reuniting the shards will be lost forever.

STAN

What do you need us to do?

OBAMA

The prophecy speaks of an ancient gauntlet that I must use to reforge the Crystal of Being. You boys must protect the shards at all costs until I arrive. If either is destroyed, an entire race will be lost with it.

KYLE

But...where are you going?

OBAMA

To find: The Collector.

INT. NAACP HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Zimmerman and Wilson sneak through the shadows. They open a secret passage in a wall, leading into -

INT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT

The men walk along, until a bright glow falls over them.

ZIMMERMAN

There it is...

Floating above a pedestal, is the black shard.

ZIMMERMAN (CONT'D)

The black shard...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The former NAACP Council sits at the bar, sorrowful.

NAACP PRESIDENT

Well...we had a good run.

They all take a sip.

MEMBER 1

Hey, did anyone grab the crystal shard that holds the life-force of our entire
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)
race, and is likely to be destroyed
tomorrow if anyone discovers it?

Beat.

ALL
Dawwww!

INT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT

WILSON
At long last it's ours. Finally we can
make our reign supreme.

RANDY (O.S.)
Whoa, what's that thing?

Zimmerman and Wilson turn to see Randy.

WILSON
Marsh? What are you doing here?

RANDY
I was just going for a midnight snack.
Saw a secret passage. Thought I'd see
where it went. What are you guys doing?

ZIMMERMAN
It's all thanks to you, Marsh. You made
this happen. Once we destroy this shard,
blacks as we know it will cease to exist,
and the world will start anew!

RANDY
Wait...You want to kill all black people?

ZIMMERMAN
Not just kill them. Remove their entire
existence from the face of the Earth.

RANDY
But...isn't that a little extreme?

WILSON
Don't over think it, Marsh. We just want
a world free of blacks. That doesn't make
us racist.

RANDY
No, I know...

(CONTINUED)

ZIMMERMAN

If we don't kill them, they'll kill us.
Which side do you want to be on, Marsh?
The living one? Or the dead one?

RANDY

Well...the living one, I guess.

ZIMMERMAN

Good. We must inform our Master. Soon
victory shall be ours.

RANDY

Master?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A phone RINGS on the night stand. An unseen WOMAN answers it.

PHONE CONVERSATION - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello?

WILSON

We have the shard, m'Lady. Soon victory
shall be ours.

WOMAN (O.S.)

You've done well. But this war is not yet
over. A great battle is sure to lie
ahead. Be careful - I'll be there soon.

WILSON

Thank you, Ms. Coulter.

ANN COULTER hangs up her phone. She smiles coldly.

ACT II FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT

Randy creeps towards the pedestal. He's about to snatch up
the shard, when he hears a faint SCURRY from nearby.

RANDY

H-Hello?

Just then, Stan and Kyle appear.

STAN

Dad?

(CONTINUED)

RANDY
Stan? What are you doing here?

STAN
Dad, don't do this! We've got to protect
the shard!

RANDY
I know. Things have gotten way out of
hand. Come on, we've got to hurry!

INT. NAACP HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

They step from the passage with the shard. Zimmerman and
Wilson are waiting.

WILSON
Well, well, well.

RANDY
Oh, uh...hey, guys!

ZIMMERMAN
We've been watching you, Marsh. We knew
you would betray us.

RANDY
B-betray you? Is that what it looks like?

ZIMMERMAN
That's exactly what it looks like.
Wilson, you know what to do.

Wilson pulls a gun. Aims at Randy...

WILSON
I can't do it!

ZIMMERMAN
What do you mean you can't do it?

WILSON
They're...they're white! I just can't!

He SOBS.

ZIMMERMAN
Fine, I'll do it myself!

He grabs the gun, takes aim...

ZIMMERMAN (CONT'D)
Goddamnit. Just tie them up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilson shackles their arms and legs.

ZIMMERMAN (CONT'D)

We are mere hours from the equinox. No one can stop us now!

MAN (O.S.)

I wouldn't be so sure about that!

They all turn: LEVAR BURTON stands before them.

ZIMMERMAN

Levar Burton!

Dozens of AFRICAN AMERICANS enter, Steve Black in front.

STEVE BLACK

I'm with you, Kunta!

FOLLOWER 2

I'm with you, too!

FOLLOWER 3

For Kunta Kinte!

ZIMMERMAN

Quick! Call for backup!

Wilson withdraws a remote...pushes a button. A glowing portal appears mid-room.

STEVE BLACK

What is that?

POLICE OFFICERS rocket through the portal in armored suits.

WILSON

The New York City police department.

Following the police, COLONIALS somersault and flip their way through the portal.

WILSON (CONT'D)

The Tea Party Movement.

Finally, HILLBILLIES in futuristic tanks speed inside.

WILSON (CONT'D)

And of course, South Carolina.

KYLE

Dude, what the fuck?

(CONTINUED)

ZIMMERMAN

Attack!

And the great battle begins.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Obama KNOCKS at the door. A pimply, middle-aged NERD answers.

NERD

M-Mr. President?

OBAMA

Are you: The Collector?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A comic shrine - super hero posters; toys in glass cases...

NERD

Mr. President, I'm not sure what you need from me.

Obama reveals an ancient scroll.

NERD (CONT'D)

(Gasps)

The Prophecy of T'an Kar Suul - the collector's edition! So...it's true.

OBAMA

Yes. And the time is upon us. Tell me, do you have the gauntlet?

The Collector rummages through his closet.

NERD

It's still mint in box. A 1989 original.

He hands a box to Obama, hesitantly.

OBAMA

I'm sorry. There's no other choice.

Obama breaks the box's seal, and carefully lifts the lid. A golden glow falls over him.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

...The Gauntlet of Power...

It's a NINTENDO POWER GLOVE. Obama marvels at its beauty. Suddenly he clutches his chest.

(CONTINUED)

OBAMA (CONT'D)

Hngh!

NERD

Mr. President! What's wrong?

SUPER: The approval rating. Only 5 ticks remain.

OBAMA

My approval rating...it's dropping...I've
lost America's faith...

The Collector helps Obama to his feet. Another tick gone.

NERD

I've got aspirin in the kitchen!

He helps Obama through the house. And another tick gone.

OBAMA

Wait! What is that?

NERD

That? It's just a costume...

Obama stares at the off screen costume. Another tick gone.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Obama dashes outside, dressed as CAPTAIN AMERICA. The health
meter fills to maximum capacity.

INT. NAACP HEADQUARTER - DAY

A comic-book battle rages on. People on both sides fly
through the air; shoot ray guns; leap off walls. Randy, Stan,
and Kyle, run for cover. Randy carries the shard. It begins
to glow purple.

RANDY

Look at the shard!

STAN

It must be the equinox! We have to
protect it!

But Randy trips over his shackles. The shard rolls to the
center of the battle.

RANDY

...Oops.

WILSON

Quick! Destroy it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zimmerman aims at the shard, but Levar Burton shields it.

ZIMMERMAN

Adios, Mr. Burton!

He empties his magazine on Levar, but the bullets bounce away. Levar grows to hulkish size. His clothes shred.

ZIMMERMAN (CONT'D)

No! John Amos!

JOHN AMOS

Smash!

Amos leaps about, obliterating his foes by the masses. He squeezes Zimmerman into a bloody pulp, then goes for Wilson.

WILSON

No! No!

He runs, but Amos snatches him up, and swallows him whole. The battle is over. All are dead, save our regulars and Amos.

BOOM! An energy blast knocks Amos against the wall. Ann Coulter stands over him, her blouse ripped open to expose a white glowing shard embedded in her chest.

KYLE

It's Ann Coulter!

STAN

She replaced her heart with the white shard!

Ann Coulter's shard HUMS, then BLASTS Amos again. His body explodes...his guts go flying. Ann Coulter returns to the shard, and raises her stiletto over it.

STAN (CONT'D)

Ms. Coulter, don't do it!

She's about to stomp, when Captain America's shield flies through the air, slicing her leg off. The shield ricochets off the walls repeatedly, slicing Ann Coulter apart. Her dismembered body topples, revealing Obama behind.

STAN (CONT'D)

Mr. President!

OBAMA

Well done, boys. Leave the rest to me.

He grabs both shards from the heap of entrails, and places them in a special slot atop the gauntlet.

(CONTINUED)

OBAMA (CONT'D)

At last...Up, Up, Down, Down, Left,
Right, Left, Right, B, A.

He enters the code into the gauntlet. It HUMS and glows, filling the screen with light. When it dissipates, hundreds of PANDAS fill the room, with more appearing from thin air, each time with a BLOOP!

KYLE

Pandas? What the fuck?

OBAMA

I don't understand...the prophecy says that combining the shards will reunite white and black...

STAN

The shards did reunite white and black! The prophecy was talking about pandas, not people!

OBAMA

Pandas? Damnit! I've failed! That was our only hope. We are doomed to fight each other for all eternity.

STAN

No, don't you see? Wendy was right. We won't solve our problems with super heroes and special effects. The only way to come together as a people is to make meaningful connections, and focus on how we're similar, not different.

OBAMA

But...could that really work?

KYLE

Of course it could, Mr. President.

RANDY

Hey, yeah! They're right.

He turns to Steve Black. Rests his hand on his shoulder.

RANDY (CONT'D)

And I know just how to start.

EXT. SHAQUANDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Steve and Randy stand at the door, smiling and holding pie. Shaquanda opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

SHAQUANDA
Hello?

RANDY
Hi! We just wanted to welcome you to
South Park.

STEVE BLACK
We baked your family a pie!

SHAQUANDA
That's so sweet! Mom! Dad! We have
visitors.

Shaquanda's PARENTS join her at the door. They're black.

RANDY
You're Shaquanda's parents?

SHAQUANDA'S FATHER
That's right.

STEVE
But...you're black.

SHAQUANDA'S MOTHER
Yes...Shaquanda is adopted...

Beat.

RANDY
Oh, so you're trying to force your
culture on us now, huh?

STEVE BLACK
Hey! They can name their daughter
whatever they want! You don't have a
problem with a black person named Becky,
or Rachel, do you?

RANDY
Well that's different!

STEVE
That's not different, you're just racist!

As their quarrel continues, Shaquanda and her parents stare
in disbelief at the idiocy that is South Park.

ACT III FADE OUT.