

DIANE FEINSTEIN VERSUS THE INTERNET

Written by

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CUT IN:

INT. THE MARSH RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS - MORNING

STAN wakes up to the sound of his alarm clock, which he sleepily deactivates. He rolls out of bed and trudges down the hallway to the bathroom door. Just as he's about to turn the knob, he hears an odd series of sounds coming from inside.

RANDY (O.S.)

Oh! Oh, oh, good boy, Sparky! Oh, oh, yes! Just like that! Good boy!

A few happy barks follow the words. After pausing for a moment to listen, Stan begins knocking on the bathroom door.

STAN

Dad? What are you doing in there?

RANDY (O.S.)

Just a minute, Stanley! Oh, oh, good boy, Sparky!

STAN

What are you doing with my dog?!

Stan shoves open the door and sees RANDY seated on the toilet with his pants around his ankles. He is holding a smartphone, the camera of which is pointed at SPARKY, a dog of indeterminate breed, who is seated within Randy's pants.

RANDY

Stan, look! Look at Sparky! He's sitting in my underwear, Stan! Isn't that adorable?

STAN

Can you go be weird somewhere else? I need to use the bathroom.

RANDY

Just a minute, Stan! I need to make sure I get a good shot of this.

Randy snaps several pictures of Sparky, giggling all the while.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, that's perfect! This will hit the front page for sure!

STAN

Dad, can I please use the bathroom?

RANDY

Of course, Stan. There's no need to shout.

Randy coaxes SPARKY out of the bathroom, then pulls up his pants and walks out while staring intently at his smartphone.

STAN

Uh, Dad?

RANDY

What now, Stan?! Can't you see I have a post to submit?!

STAN

You forgot to flush.

RANDY

Oh, that's okay, I wasn't actually using it. I just needed to get this shot of Sparky, see?

Randy shows Stan a picture of SPARKY seated in Randy's pants.

RANDY (CONT'D)

The bathroom's all yours, son!

Randy walks away, humming tunelessly. Stan rubs the bridge of his nose with an exasperated look, then closes the bathroom door. Randy walks across his bedroom, still humming. He approaches his computer, takes a deep breath, then sits down in front of it. He taps his chin pensively.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Hm. Now, what's a good title?

With a look of concentration on his face, Randy begins to slowly type.

RANDY (CONT'D)

*(Dictating to himself)*

My... dog... does... this... every... time... I... poop. Haha!

Randy turns and yells into the house.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Ha ha ha ha! Hey, hey, Sharon! Sharon, come look at what I just posted!

After receiving no answer, Randy gets up and walks to the bedroom door.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(Louder)  
Sharon! Sharon, come look at this!

SHARON (O.S.)  
I'm a little busy, Randy.

Randy rolls his eyes and makes a frustrated noise. Just then, Stan comes walking out of the bathroom.

RANDY  
Oh, oh, Stan! Stan, come look at this!

STAN  
I have to get ready for school, Dad.

RANDY  
This will only take a second!  
C'mere, look!

Stan allows himself to be led into Randy's bedroom.

STAN  
Dad, I don't have time to fix your computer.

RANDY  
(Pointing at the computer)  
No, no, look! You see? It's Sparky, Stan! Look at him! Awwwwww.

STAN  
That's great. Can I go now?

RANDY  
Just a minute, Stan! Let's check to see if it's on the front page yet!

STAN  
Front page?

RANDY  
Aw, damn it! Nowhere in sight...  
but wait, what's this?

STAN  
I really need to go eat breakfast.

RANDY  
Yeah, go ahead, Stan. It looks like  
I need to get started on this  
investigation.

STAN  
(*Sighing*)  
Whatever, Dad.

Stan leaves the room while Randy stares intently at his  
computer.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MARSH RESIDENCE - DOWNSTAIRS - MORNING

Stan, SHELLY, and SHARON are all seated at the dining room  
table. Shelly is fiddling with her smartphone, Sharon is  
reading a book, and Stan is staring pensively into his  
cereal. The sound of Randy humming is still audible from  
elsewhere in the house.

STAN  
Does anyone else think Dad is  
acting a little bit stranger than  
usual?

SHELLY  
Shut up, turd.

SHARON  
Shelly, be nice to your brother.

SHELLY  
This is such an oppressive  
environment! I can't believe you  
would just trigger me like that!

Sharon looks up with a skeptical expression.

SHARON  
"Trigger" you?

SHELLY  
I'm going upstairs where I can  
update my Tumblr in peace!

Shelly runs from the room, leaving Stan and Sharon staring  
after her.

SHARON  
Did that mean anything to you,  
Stan?

STAN

No.

SHARON

Well, I'm sure it's just another phase.

STAN

Mom, what's the front page?

SHARON

*(Mildly exasperated)*

That thing your father's been talking about for the past week? I have no idea.

STAN

He said he needed to get started on an investigation.

SHARON

I'm sure he did, Stan. Why don't you run along to the bus stop?

*(Yelling affectionately)*

Shelly! Let's get going, sweetie!

SHELLY (O.S.)

I hate you!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BUS STOP - MORNING

CARTMAN and KENNY, both chuckling, are staring at Cartman's smartphone. KYLE stands off to one side, looking mildly amused. After a few seconds, Stan comes walking up.

STAN

Hey, guys.

CARTMAN

Oh my god, Stan! Stan, you have to look at this!

KENNY

*(Muffled)*

Yeah, it's the funniest shit you'll ever see!

Cartman shows Stan a picture on his smartphone.

CARTMAN

See? Look at that. Mister Kitty is sitting in my underwear while I take a shit!

STAN

What the fuck is going on with these pictures?

CARTMAN

*(Chuckling)*

Uh, seriously? They're only the biggest thing on Reddit right now.

KYLE

That's you, fatass.

CARTMAN

Yeah, I... hey!

STAN

What's Reddit?

CARTMAN

Oh my god, you guys. Stan doesn't know what Reddit is! You're such a loser, Stan!

KYLE

Shut up, Cartman! You didn't know what it was until last night!

STAN

Will somebody please tell me what the fuck is going on?!

Kyle pulls out his smartphone, which he shows to Stan.

KYLE

Here, look. Reddit.com. It's a site where people can post anything they want, and then other people can vote on it. If you get enough votes, your post might make it to the front page, where it will be seen by everyone!

STAN

So, it's like a forum for funny pictures or something?

KYLE

Funny pictures, cute animals, even the news!

CARTMAN  
Yeah, it's pretty sweet.

KENNY  
*(Muffled)*  
I watched a girl fucking herself  
with a cactus.

Before anyone can answer, BUTTERS comes walking up.

BUTTERS  
Hey, fellas! What'cha looking at,  
there?

STAN, KYLE, AND CARTMAN  
*(Simultaneously)*  
Reddit.

KENNY  
*(Muffled)*  
Porn.

BUTTERS  
Oh, neat! Did you guys see? The  
Internet's gonna find that missing  
plane!

STAN  
Missing... plane?

BUTTERS  
Yeah! It's been lost for a long,  
long time, and nobody can find it!

CARTMAN  
That's stupid. How do you lose an  
entire plane?

STAN  
Yeah, and how is the Internet  
supposed to find it? Aren't there,  
like, experts out there looking for  
it?

BUTTERS  
Well, sure there are, but Reddit  
has thousands of users just helpin'  
out!

KYLE  
Do you really think they can do  
anything!



BUTTERS

I know they can! We don't need to worry! The Reddetectives are on the case!

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Randy is seated at his desk. His head is propped up by his left hand, and with his right he is using the scroll wheel on his computer's mouse. After a few moments of this, RANDY'S BOSS walks over.

RANDY'S BOSS

Hey, Marsh, are you alright?

RANDY

*(Sounding bored)*

Yeah, just fine, thanks.

RANDY'S BOSS

You've been at that computer all morning. What are you working on?

RANDY

I'm just looking for stuff to upvote. You never know when you might see something important.

RANDY'S BOSS

"Up... vote?"

RANDY

Yeah, I figure it's the least I can do. I'm getting to be a pretty big deal here, on Reddit.

RANDY'S BOSS

Oh, is that the geology forum you were telling me about?

RANDY

*(Suddenly angry)*

It's not just for geology! It's for everything, do you hear me? Everything!

Randy stands up and begins pacing around the office. His boss looks on with an expression of alarm.

RANDY (CONT'D)

When I first made an account, I was a nobody! A few image macros here, a cat picture there... but today, I got over fifty upvotes! Fifty! Don't you understand what that means?!

RANDY'S BOSS

... No?

RANDY

It means I almost made it to the front page!

Randy's boss looks at Randy's computer.

RANDY'S BOSS

But these posts all have several thousand votes.

RANDY

That's not the point! Reddit is more than just an image board or a newspaper! Why, did you know that they found the Boston Bomber?!

RANDY'S BOSS

*(Growing impressed)*

That guy who attacked the marathon? They were the ones who found him? No, I had no idea!

RANDY

And what's more, they're about to find that Malaysian plane! They're stepping up when no-one else will!

RANDY'S BOSS

That's amazing!

RANDY

You're goddamned right, it is!

Randy sits back down at his computer.

RANDY (CONT'D)

That's why it's so important that I look at every link I can! I'm more than just a simple geologist now! I'm a Reddetective!

RANDY'S BOSS

Well, hey, if it can do that much good... then I'm going to be a Reddetective, too!

Randy's boss sits down at his own computer and begins scrolling.

RANDY'S BOSS (CONT'D)

Haha, have you seen this cat with bread on its face?

RANDY

Repost.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH PARK ELEMENTARY - DAY

We see a brief shot of the school's exterior.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH PARK ELEMENTARY - DAY

MISTER GARRISON comes walking into the classroom. All of the other students are seated at their desks, looking at mobile devices.

MISTER GARRISON

Okay, children, settle down.

Nobody looks up from their smartphones. The classroom remains silent.

MISTER GARRISON (CONT'D)

Goddamnit, children, I said settle down!

A few students look up, including Butters.

BUTTERS

Oh, I'm sorry we were misbehavin', Mister Garrison. We're all listenin' now!

MISTER GARRISON

*(Sarcastically)*

Thank you so much, Butters!

*(Turning to the chalkboard)*

(MORE)

MISTER GARRISON (CONT'D)

Today we'll be discussing "The Greater Internet Fuckwad Theory." Who can tell me what a "fuckwad" is?

CARTMAN

Kyle's mom.

KYLE

Shut up, Cartman!

MISTER GARRISON

Good example, Eric. I'll just write that on the board. "Kyle's mom."

Mister Garrison writes "Kyle's Mom" on the chalkboard.

MISTER GARRISON (CONT'D)

Okay, what else?

KYLE

Cartman's mom.

CARTMAN

Hey!

MISTER GARRISON

No, Kyle, Eric's mom is a *skank*, not a fuckwad. Stanley, what about you? Can you tell the class what a fuckwad is?

STAN

Uh... Kyle's mom?

KYLE

Damn it, Stan!

STAN

Sorry, dude! I don't know what a fuckwad is!

MISTER GARRISON

That's okay, Stanley.

Mister Garrison turns to the board and begins writing.

MISTER GARRISON (CONT'D)

A fuckwad is someone who acts like they're better than everyone else. They say mean things about other people and make life miserable for anyone who meets them.

CARTMAN

Sounds like Kyle's mom, alright.

KYLE

I'm gonna kick your ass, Cartman!

MISTER GARRISON

Now, an *Internet* fuckwad is someone who goes online and says things that they're too much of a pussy to say in person.

WENDY

Like all those people who post comments on YouTube?

MISTER GARRISON

Very good, Wendy! YouTube comments are practically an orgy of Internet fuckwads.

KYLE

Cartman's mom must go on YouTube a lot.

KENNY

*(Muffled)*

Nah, she's on RedTube, dude.

MISTER GARRISON

So, when you find a fuckwad, how do you deal with them?

CARTMAN

*(Glaring at Kyle)*

You find out who they are and punch them in their Jew face!

MISTER GARRISON

No, Eric, remember: Internet fuckwads are anonymous. If people knew who they were, they wouldn't act like little shit-heads. The only way to deal with an Internet fuckwad is to be a bigger asshole than they are.

WENDY

Wouldn't that just make everything worse for everyone? Shouldn't we all try to be decent people online?

CARTMAN

*(Chuckling)*

Oh my god, Stan. Your girlfriend is getting lamer than ever.

WENDY

*(Agitated)*

If everyone remembered that they were talking to real people on the Internet, maybe it would be a nicer place!

CARTMAN

*(Laughing harder)*

Oh, god, stop it, Wendy! You're making me cringe! Look at me, guys, I'm cringing!

STAN

Shut up, dude. She has a point.

KYLE

I don't know, Stan. It's a nice sentiment, but since when has online activism solved anything?

CARTMAN

Yeah, what kind of retard thinks they can solve anything on the Internet?

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S OFFICE

Randy is still seated at his computer. He has a look of irritated disbelief on his face.

RANDY

*(Annoyed)*

What the...? Oh, that is just...  
oh!

Randy's boss walks over.

RANDY'S BOSS

What's the problem, Marsh?

RANDY

Some loser on Reddit called me an autistic virgin. All I did was correct his grammar, see?

RANDY'S BOSS

Wow. He must be a real idiot to make a mistake like that. Are you going to make fun of him?

RANDY

*(Exasperated)*

I don't have time! That plane is still out there, and I have to find it!

RANDY'S BOSS

*(Skeptical)*

Yeah... how's that going?

RANDY

I'm following a hot lead right now. Someone saw the plane heading for the asshole of a Californian senator.

RANDY'S BOSS

Listen, Marsh... I did some fact-checking on these Reddetectives you're a part of now. Remember how you said that they found the Boston Bomber?

RANDY

They did find him! They had blurry pictures and everything!

RANDY'S BOSS

They found the *wrong person*, Marsh. It was just some innocent kid.

RANDY

*(Rolling his eyes)*

Don't you see that it doesn't matter? Everyone makes mistakes sometimes!

RANDY'S BOSS

Some mistakes can ruin people's lives, though. Besides, what can you do from your computer that professionals can't?

RANDY

Listen to me! If there's even a chance that the plane is in a senator's asshole, people deserve to know about it!

Randy types something on his computer.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Right now, I'm calling up Google's satellite database to look for clues. I'll home in on the senator's house and... what the?

Randy's computer displays a red warning.

RANDY (CONT'D)

"Access denied?" What's going on here?

FADE TO:

INT. SECRET BASE

An image of Randy staring at his computer is shown on a large, sophisticated screen. A red warning message blinks in one corner of the image. The camera pulls back to reveal a room full of similar screens, each manned by a LACKEY in a suit. The LACKEY watching Randy stands up and approaches a desk at the back of the room. An imposing chair behind the desk is faced away from the camera.

LACKEY #1

Senator Feinstein! Someone is attempting to view your house on Google Earth!

The chair turns around to reveal SENATOR FEINSTEIN, an old woman with a perpetual scowl on her face. She is holding a handgun and a bottle of lubricant.

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

Impossible. Nobody would dare spy on me!

Another lackey comes running up. As he approaches, Senator Feinsten covers her handgun in lubricant and brings it beneath the desk. Her arm moves in a suggestive manner.

LACKEY #2

I'm afraid it's true, ma'am! Our records show that he lives in Colorado!

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

So, it has come to this.

Senator Feinstein rises from her desk and paces in front of the screens.



Each one shows people going about their lives, including a shot of Mister Garrison molding a phallic shape out of clay.

SENATOR FEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Don't these people realize their place? When we spy on them, it's for their own protection! When they spy on us, it's a violation of national security!

LACKEY #2

I'm afraid it gets worse, ma'am. According to this, the man's half-brother is an arms dealer!

A look of intense hatred crosses Senator Feinstein's face.

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

(*Shouting*)

No! No! The guns are *mine*, do you hear me? *Mine*! Nobody else can touch them!

LACKEY #1

Senator, what should we do about this... Randy Marsh?

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

Nothing. Our plans to censor the Internet are already in place. When the time comes, he and his kind will be powerless to stop me.

LACKEY #2

Senator... is it true what they're saying? Do you really have an airplane in your asshole?

Senator Feinstein closes her eyes and strains. A gunshot fires from her crotch and strikes the second lackey between the eyes. He falls over, dead, while the first lackey looks on in horror.

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

Back to work, peon.

LACKEY #1

Y... yes, ma'am! Right away, ma'am!

He hurries away. Senator Feinstein turns to look at the image of Randy on the screen.

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

Your time is coming, peasants. You are powerless.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE STAN'S HOUSE

Stan, Cartman, Kyle, and Kenny are all seated on the curb. Each of them are looking at their smartphones.

KYLE

Hey, did you see this post about the guy whose wife is cheating on him?

CARTMAN

Yeah, that fucking sucks, dude. She's a real Scumbag Stacy.

STAN

I still can't believe I never knew about this. I mean, what did I do on the Internet before Reddit?

KENNY

*(Muffled)*

You watched a fuck-ton of pornography.

KYLE

Sick, dude!

STAN

There's just so much here! Today I learned that 29% of San Francisco's air pollution comes from China!

CARTMAN

I always knew those slanty-eyed bastards were up to no good!

STAN

Haha, hey, Cartman, look! Doesn't this look like your cat?

Stan shows Cartman a picture of a cat lounging on a sofa.

CARTMAN

Hey, wait a minute... that *is* Mister Kitty! The *fuck*, dude, the *fuck*?!

KYLE  
You didn't post that?

CARTMAN  
No, I didn't fucking post that! My  
username isn't "Chaos\_101!"

STAN  
Looks like someone is stealing your  
content, dude.

CARTMAN  
It's worse than that! They're  
stealing my karma!

KYLE  
Those imaginary points you get when  
people vote on your stuff? Who  
cares?

CARTMAN  
Karma is *serious business*, Kyle! I  
would think that a Jew like you  
would understand that!

STAN  
Hey, wait a minute. Chaos\_101.  
Doesn't that sound like...

CUT TO:

INT. BUTTERS' HOUSE

Butters is seated at his computer, happily scrolling through  
links on Reddit.

BUTTERS  
Loo loo loo, I've got some karma!  
Loo loo loo, you've got some, too!  
Loo loo loo, your post is funny!  
Loo loo loo, I'll upvote -

Before Butters can finish his song, Cartman rushes into the  
room and interrupts.

CARTMAN  
Butters! You son of a bitch,  
Butters!

Kyle, Stan, and Kenny all come filing into the room.

BUTTERS

Well, hey there, fellas! What's going on?

CARTMAN

You're a dirty, thieving bastard, Butters! You posted Mister Kitty to Reddit!

BUTTERS

Well, of course I did! Folks sure do seem to love him! I got over three thousand upvotes!

STAN

Three... thousand?

CARTMAN

*(Suddenly much calmer)*

Three... three thousand upvotes?

Cartman moves to look at Butters' computer.

CARTMAN (CONT'D)

You... you guys. Mister Kitty is on the front page.

KYLE

It's amazing. It's almost like he's famous.

BUTTERS

*(Giggling)*

Hee hee, yeah! He sure is a cute little kitty!

CARTMAN

Butters, do you know what this means?

BUTTERS

Well, uh... no, not really, Eric.

CARTMAN

It means...

Cartman lunges at Butters, grabbing him by the shirt.

CARTMAN (CONT'D)

*(Angrily)*

It means those upvotes should have been mine! Mine!

STAN

Jeez, calm down, dude. There's more to Reddit than cats.

Cartman turns his back and seethes with rage.

BUTTERS

Y... yeah! Why, there's also funny pictures, and... and nice stories.

KENNY

*(Muffled)*

And videos of girls getting fucked!

BUTTERS

That's just silly! Nobody would put that on Reddit!

STAN

I'm pretty sure they would, dude. People put everything on Reddit.

KYLE

Yeah, have you heard of GoneWild? It's nothing but pictures of girls showing off their buttholes!

BUTTERS

W-why would anyone want to see a girl's no-no place?!

KENNY

*(Muffled)*

Because it's fucking sweet, that's why.

KYLE

Here, look, Butters.

BUTTERS

*(Turning away)*

I-I don't know, fellas...

STAN

Holy shit, dude! Is that Cartman's mom?!

KYLE

I think it is!

KENNY

*(Muffled)*

Yeah, I'd recognize that puckered ass anywhere.

BUTTERS

Huh, well, I guess Mrs. Cartman just likes showing everyone where she poops from?

Suddenly, Cartman yells and charges at Butters.

BUTTERS (CONT'D)

Oh, hamburgers!

Butters flinches and falls from his chair, narrowly dodging Cartman's attack. Cartman goes tumbling past, straight into Kenny, who gets knocked out the window.

KENNY

*(Muffled)*

Aaaaaaaah!

There is a dull, sickening thump. Stan and KYLE rush to the window.

STAN

Oh, my god! You killed Kenny!

KENNY (O.S.)

*(Muffled)*

No, I'm alive! I'm alive! Fuck!

KYLE

Come on, let's go see if he's okay!

Kyle and Stan rush from the room. Cartman stays put, still shaking with anger.

BUTTERS

Golly, Eric, I sure am sorry I made you mad.

Cartman stands for a moment, facing away from Butters. Then, in an abrupt transformation, he puts on an innocent smile.

CARTMAN

Oh, that's okay, Butters! I wouldn't want anything to come between me and my best friend!

BUTTERS

Aw, shucks, Eric. Well, I don't care what anybody says! I think you're a swell guy!

CARTMAN

I *am* awesome. Tell me, Butters,  
have you spent much time in...  
"WTF?"

BUTTERS

What's "WTF?"

CARTMAN

Oh, well it's... it's nothing. Just  
more funny pictures and nice  
stories.

BUTTERS

Hey, that sounds real interesting!  
Where can I find it?

Cartman slides into Butters' chair.

CARTMAN

*(Muttering)*

Well, let's just see. It's  
Reddit... D-D-I-T... dot com...  
slash R... slash W-T-F. Have a look  
for yourself!

BUTTERS

Thanks, Eric!

CARTMAN

*(Stifling laughter)*

No... no problem.

Cartman slowly backs out of the room, all the while laughing  
into his hand.

BUTTERS

What's this? "Backdoor cactus?"

Butters clicks on a link. His eyes immediately go wide and  
his jaw drops open, a look of horror and dismay on his face.  
Cartman peers around the doorframe.

CARTMAN

Serves you right for stealing a  
picture of Mister Kitty.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMBO'S GUNS

JIMBO and NED are seen standing behind the shop's counter.  
Jimbo is reading something on a tablet.

JIMBO

Do you ever get bored of just standing there, Ned?

NED

*(Electronically distorted)*  
Not really.

Suddenly, Randy comes rushing in.

RANDY

Jimbo! Have you ever heard of a Californian senator named Diane Feinstein?

NED

*(Electronically distorted)*  
That lady is a real fuckwad.

JIMBO

Sure, we've heard of her, Randy. She's that bitch who wants to outlaw guns for everyone but herself.

RANDY

I'm afraid it's much worse than that.

Randy turns away from Jimbo and speaks dramatically.

RANDY (CONT'D)

As you've no doubt heard, a plane full of passengers from Malaysia went missing. I've just learned from the Internet that it's almost certainly in Senator Feinstein's asshole.

JIMBO

Well, that would explain why she's been acting like such a huge bitch... but why did you come here about this?

RANDY

Senator Feinstein has tried to make it so that the government can spy on anyone they want. Anyone, that is, except her and her friends. I need your tracking skills, Jimbo. I need you to help me find that plane!



JIMBO

Hell, Ned and I'd be glad to help!  
I just need to know where you're  
getting your information.

RANDY

Does it really matter?! Those  
people could *die* in there!

JIMBO

I know, Randy, but remember: You  
can't believe everything you read  
on the Internet. Why, some people  
go on there for no other reason  
than to piss everyone off!

RANDY

I know there are fuckwads on the  
Internet! Believe me, I know! They  
write like idiots and call people  
names... but I'm not one of them,  
do you hear me? I'm not one of  
them!

JIMBO

Alright, Randy, calm down. We'll  
help you find that plane. Won't we,  
Ned?

NED

*(Electronically distorted)*  
Are we going to California?

JIMBO

If that's where Senator Feinstein  
lives, then that's where we'll  
start looking!

INT. A HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Stan and Kyle are seated next to STUART and CAROL MCCORMICK,  
Kenny's parents. Carol is sobbing into her husband's arms  
while he looks around impatiently.

CAROL

Oh, god, Stuart! How could this  
happen to our little angel?

KYLE

*(Muttering)*  
Thanks to Cartman's stupid fat ass,  
is how.

STUART

Don't you worry. Them doctors will  
fix Kenny up in no time.

Stuart turns and glares down the hallway.

STUART (CONT'D)

Would it kill y'all to have a drink  
service in here! We're bereaving!

A DOCTOR comes walking up to the group.

DOCTOR

Mister and Missus McCormick?

CAROL

*(Still sobbing)*

Yes?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid I have some bad news  
about your son...

CAROL

*(Wailing)*

Oh, god! You've killed him! You've  
killed Kenny!

STUART

Fucking Obamacare!

CAROL

You and your godawful death panels  
murdered my little boy!

DOCTOR

Missus McCormick, your son is very  
much alive.

CAROL

*(Sniffing)*

He... he is?

DOCTOR

Yes, in fact it was thanks to  
Obamacare that you won't be billed  
for the emergency room procedure...  
but I must tell you, he's... not  
entirely alright.

KYLE

What happened to him?

DOCTOR

*(Pacing as he talks)*

Kenny took quite a fall, and from a height that no child should ever endure.

STAN

Is he going to be okay?!

DOCTOR

I'm afraid that Kenny has... broken both of his arms.

CAROL

Is it life-threatening?

DOCTOR

Potentially. As a result of his broken arms, Kenny will be entirely unable to masturbate. This could lead to explosive pressure in his testicles, which could detonate with the force of a half-kiloton nuclear bomb.

The doctor leans down to make eye contact with Stan.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

This means that somebody will have to jack him off at regular intervals. It should be someone close to him... someone he trusts...

He turns to face Carol.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Someone... like... his...

KYLE

*(Interrupting)*

Are you sure about this?!

DOCTOR

*(Standing up straight)*

Well, no, not completely. We could always consult an expert on the topic.

STAN

I really think you should.

DOCTOR  
Alright, then. Nurse! Please  
prepare the Expert Opinion-Giver!

The doctor leads Stan, Kyle, Carol, and Stuart down a hallway.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
What you're about to see is the  
absolute pinnacle in diagnostic  
technology. It's never mistaken,  
and it's able to discover anything  
wrong with a person after just a  
few brief questions.

CAROL  
That's amazing.

DOCTOR  
It is. We call it...

The doctor leads the group into an examination room, where a NURSE is seated at a dilapidated computer.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
... WebMD.

NURSE  
It's ready for you, doctor.

The doctor sits down at the computer.

DOCTOR  
Thanks to WebMD, everyone on the  
Internet has the same  
qualifications as a highly trained  
physician. Anyone can diagnose an  
injury or illness, based only on a  
vague description in a forum  
comment.

STAN  
Are you sure? That seems like a bad  
idea.

KYLE  
Yeah, it sounds like it would  
result in a lot of misinformation.

DOCTOR  
Don't be ridiculous! Why, not long  
ago, a man on Reddit was diagnosed  
with testicular cancer by another  
user!

KENNY

How did he know the user wasn't  
being a fuckwad?

DOCTOR

A what?

STAN

An Internet fuckwad. It's someone  
who goes online and acts like an  
asshole because they're anonymous.

DOCTOR

Yes, that could be a problem... but  
fortunately, the man was able to  
get to a doctor and receive a  
diagnosis.

KYLE

So, it wasn't the Internet that  
found his testicular cancer, then.  
It was a professional with a  
medical degree.

DOCTOR

My god... you're right! If only we  
had someone like that here!

NURSE

Doctor... don't you have a medical  
degree?

DOCTOR

Why... why, yes! Yes, you're right!  
You're absolutely right! Why, I  
spend so much time pretending to be  
a lawyer, I'd almost forgotten!

The doctor walks over to Carol.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Mrs. McCormick, your son is going  
to be just fine! He'll need lots of  
rest, but with any luck, those  
broken arms of his will heal and  
he'll be back to his same old self!

KYLE

And he won't need handjobs, right?

DOCTOR

*(Looking disgusted)*  
Ew. No, of course not.

KENNY (O.S.)  
*(Muffled)*  
 Damn it!

Suddenly, Sharon comes rushing in, followed by SHEILA BROFLOVSKI.

SHARON  
 Stan? Stan! Come on, sweetie, we  
 have to go right now!

SHEILA  
 You, too, Kyle!

KYLE  
 What? Why?! We have to be here for  
 Kenny!

SHEILA  
 No arguments! Stanley's father has  
 gotten himself into some kind of  
 stand-off, and the whole town is  
 heading out to support him!

STAN  
 Heading out to where?

SHARON  
 To California, Stanley.

KYLE  
 Oh, god, not again...

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS

A montage plays, showing many denizens of SOUTH PARK climbing into cars. Of particular note are STEPHEN and LINDA STOTCH, who are hauling Butters out of the house with angry expressions on their faces. Butters' face is still fixed in the expression of shock and horror that it adopted before. Kenny is also shown, laying in bed with casts on both of his arms. He appears to be frustrated and struggling, his eyes fixed on his own crotch. As the montage continues, all of the cars drive off. We see Kyle and Stan each sitting in their respective vehicles, twiddling with their smartphones. Throughout the sequence, a rewritten version of Hotel California plays.

## HOTEL CALIFORNIA PARODY

On high-traffic website  
 Blue links on the screen  
 Things you can't imagine  
 Waiting to be seen  
 At the top, on the front page  
 Are cats and world news  
 And in the comments sections  
 We argue on our views

You can see funny pictures  
 You can learn some new skills  
 You can chat with celebrities  
 Who may or may not be skills  
 There's the orange for the upvotes  
 The blue for the down  
 When you think you've seen it all  
 There's more to be found

Welcome to front page  
 Reddit forum  
 Such a lovely place  
 (Such a lovely place)  
 Out in cyberspace  
 Plenty to see on the Internet's  
 Own front page  
 You can find it here  
 (You can find it here)  
 Time will disappear...

## EXT. A ROADSIGN NEAR A HIGHWAY

A sign reading "Welcome to California! Population: Everyone who Matters" is visible alongside a highway. The sun is setting in the distance.

CUT TO:

## EXT. THE SENATOR'S HOUSE

We see an aerial view of Senator Feinstein's house, which is surrounded by police cars with flashing lights. On the front lawn, Randy and Senator Feinstein are circling one another. Jimbo and Ned stand off to one side.

JIMBO

Give it to 'er, Randy!

NED

*(Electronically distorted)*  
 Win one for America.

RANDY

Give it up, Feinstein! We all know  
where you're keeping the plane!

Senator Feinstein fires a gunshot from her crotch. It misses Randy and kills a POLICE OFFICER in the background. A WOMAN's terrified scream is heard.

RANDY (CONT'D)

*(Yelling)*

Don't worry, folks! I'm from the  
Internet!

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

The Internet? Hah! Do you fools  
really think you can stop anything  
with your online activism? You are  
powerless against me!

RANDY

*(Calmly)*

Maybe so... or maybe not. You see,  
Senator, I know your one weakness.

Randy reaches into his pants.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Look out! He's got a gun!

POLICE OFFICER #2

No, wait! It's not a gun! It's...  
it's...

Randy pulls a pair of binoculars from within his pants. After striking a defiant pose, he brings them to his face and looks at Senator Feinstein.

RANDY

I can see you!

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

No!

Senator Feinstein fires another several gunshots from her crotch. Another police officer falls dead, along with two CIVILIANS.

CIVILIAN

Oh, god! No! Killed by a... a  
crotch-bullet! Blargh!



RANDY

How many more, Senator?! How long until you realize that you're not above the law?!

Randy raises the binoculars to his eyes again. Senator Feinstein hisses and holds up a hand. Then, as dramatic music plays, she spreads her legs widely and a hail of bullets fires from her crotch while the noise of a gatling gun (with some subtle squelching) is heard.

JIMBO

Shit! We need to start selling those!

NED

*(Electronically distorted)*  
I should have been a woman.

Jimbo looks at Ned quizzically. As the bullets fly, Randy dives for cover.

RANDY

The Internet will protect me!

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

The Internet is powerless!

From his position on the ground, Randy glances down at his binoculars. With a look of horror, he sees that they've been smashed.

RANDY

No... no!

Just then, several cars pull up behind the line of policemen and onlookers. A large group of South Park residents file out, including Sharon, Stan, Kyle, Sheila, Gerald, Liane, Cartman, Butters, Linda Stotch and Stephen Stotch. Butters appears largely catatonic, his face still frozen in the look of horror that it had previously adopted. Stan runs forward.

STAN

Dad! Dad, what are you doing?

The first police officer stops Stan.

POLICE OFFICER

Stay back, little boy! That man is armed with binoculars!

KYLE

*(Incredulously)*  
Binoculars?

POLICE OFFICER #2

Yes! He was trying to look at the senator!

STAN

... So?

POLICE OFFICER #1

Don't you see?! The senator is supposed to spy on *us*, not the other way around! If people knew what she was doing, the result would be disastrous!

KYLE

Why? What is she doing?

The police officer is struck by a bullet and dies.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Ahhh! Do you see what happens?! Do you see what happens when you question the senator?!

Cartman walks up from behind and starts snapping pictures of the dead police officer.

CARTMAN

Ho-ho, sick! This is totally going on Reddit, you guys.

KYLE

Cartman! Now is not the time to be worrying about your imaginary Internet points!

Randy looks up from his position of cover.

RANDY

Wait... wait, that's it! Stan! Throw me your smartphone, Stan!

STAN

Oh, jeez, Dad, not you, too.

RANDY

Hurry, Stanley! There's no time to explain!

Stan rolls his eyes, takes out his smartphone, and tosses it to Randy. In a dramatic motion, Randy grabs it, stands up, and aims the camera at Senator Feinstein.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
You're finished, Senator!

Randy taps on the smartphone with his thumb. Nothing happens.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Uh, Stan? What's your passcode,  
son?

STAN  
Why do you need it?

SHARON  
Stanley! Give your father your  
passcode!

STAN  
(*Sighing*)  
Seven, nine, three, one.

Randy taps hesitantly on the smartphone.

RANDY  
Seven... nine... three... one.

There is an audible click as the phone unlocks. Randy retakes his dramatic pose and aims the smartphone's camera at Senator Feinstein.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
You're finished, Senator!

Randy taps on the phone with his thumb. There is a flash of light and a shutter noise. Randy holds up the phone and displays a picture of Senator Feinstein.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Unless you tell me where that plane  
is, I'll post this picture on the  
Internet! Then everyone will be  
able to see you!

SENATOR FEINSTEIN  
Hah! The Internet is nothing but a  
bunch of degenerates and low-lives!

CARTMAN  
And fuckwads!

KYLE  
Shut up, Cartman!

RANDY

No! No, you're wrong! The Internet is full of heroes and great warriors! It's full of writers and happy biologists!

STAN

Happy biologists?

KYLE

It's a Reddit thing. You can look it up later.

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

The Internet is full of liars and child molesters!

RANDY

It's full of artists and engineers!

CARTMAN

And fuckwads!

KYLE

Shut *up*, Cartman!

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

Entitled thieves!

RANDY

Content creators!

SENATOR FEINSTEIN

It's a cesspit!

RANDY

*(Shouting)*

It is Nirvana!

STAN

Stop it! Both of you!

Everyone turns to look at Stan.

STAN (CONT'D)

This whole thing is ridiculous! The Internet isn't some magical, independent entity full of nothing but liars or heroes! It's both! The Internet is what people make of it!

Stan walks between Randy and Senator Feinstein.

STAN (CONT'D)

Don't you see? If you act like an Internet Fuckwad, then you're filling the Internet with fuckwads! If you act like a decent human being, then you're helping to make it a better place! Yes, people lie on the Internet, and some people use anonymity to be assholes, but in the end, it's just another method of communication and sharing ideas!

Stan turns to face Randy.

STAN (CONT'D)

You can't believe everything you read on the Internet.

Stan turns to face Senator Feinstein.

STAN (CONT'D)

But you should still treat people the way you'd want to be treated!

Everything is silent for a few seconds.

CARTMAN

Oh, god, so cringey. You're making me cringe, Stan.

POLICE OFFICER #2

He's... he's right.

ONLOOKER

Yeah, that was pretty cringey.

POLICE OFFICER #2

No, I mean... that little boy is right. We should all treat people the way we want to be treated... even on the Internet.

RANDY

Even... even if someone is being a fuckwad... they're still a real person.

Randy lowers his smartphone.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Heh. I guess it was pretty silly to believe everything I read on the Internet, huh?

STAN  
Yeah... but that's okay.

RANDY  
I mean, what was I thinking?  
There's no way that plane could  
possibly be in...

Before Randy can finish his sentence, Senator Feinstein yells in agony and falls over backward. A passenger jet comes sliding out of her backside, landing on the lawn in front of her. The door opens, and a number of people disembark, each of them looking around with frightened expressions.

STAN  
Jesus Christ...

KYLE  
Well, I guess it just goes to show,  
not *everything* on the Internet is a  
lie.

In the background, Sheila answers a cellphone.

SHEILA  
Oh, my god!

SHARON  
What is it, Sheila?

SHEILA  
South Park hospital has just been  
destroyed by a half-kiloton nuclear  
explosion!

Stan looks at the assembled crowd, then slowly walks off-screen. Butters, who has been visible this entire time, finally snaps out of his catatonia.

BUTTERS  
Why would she put that in there?!

CUT TO:

CREDITS