

South Park

8.04 - You Got F'd In The A

[A parking lot somewhere in South Park, day. The boys are playing with motorized toy cars]

- Cartman: Dude, these little remote-controlled cars are kickass. *[a car goes up a ramp and jumps off]*
- Kyle: Sweet. I made mine go off the jump. *[Stan's car is uncooperative]*
- Stan: Dude, my car sucks. I gotta get a new one. *[some kids come up behind Stan]*
- Kyle: Hey, who are those kids? *[Stan and Cartman turn to see. The crew of five approach and stop. Their leader, dressed in grays, steps forth with his boombox and sets it down, presses "Play," and steps back into the crew. A rap begins to play and the crew begins to dance]*
Let's see you daaance, sucka! You've got nothin' on me!
Let's see you daaance, sucka! You've got nothin' on me!
Let's see you...! Let's see you...!
Let's see you...! Let's see you...!
Daaance, sucka!
- Boombox: *[brief instrumental]*
Let's see you daaance, sucka! You've got nothin' on me!
Let's see you daaance, sucka! You've got nothin' on me!
Let's see you daaance-
- OC Leader: *[wearing Lil Shiit cap]* Yeah, how you like that y'all! *[Stan and his friends merely look on]*
- OC Member 1: *[dressed in red]* Let's bring it to these losers.
- OC Girl: Aww yeah! *[the crew leader dances forward and does some gymnastics moves in Stan's face]*
 Whatchoo got, huh?! You got nothin'! *[does some more moves and steps backwards into his crew]* Damn!
- OC Leader: You just got served! *[his crew agrees with him. Stan and friends don't move. The crew member dressed in red steps forward and dances in Kyle's face.]* Aww man! *[the dancer twirls on his head and ends in a challenge pose]*
- OC Girl: He got you, dude.
- OC Leader: Now *that* kid is gettin' served!
- OC Girl: Uh huh. *[the dancer in red stands on his left hand and challenges Kyle with his groin]*
- OC: Whoa! *[the dancer rolls away and stands on his right hand, rolls back and rests on his left side, then dances away]*
- OC Leader: Aww man, look at them! They know they can't trip to that! *[the girl turns the radio off and the dancers turn and walk away.]* Yeah! We're outta here!
- OC Member 2: *[in gray-green, looks left]* That was smokin'!
- OC Member 1: *[looks right]* They didn't do nothin'!
- OC Member 3: *[Asian, turns around]* Sorry y'all, but tru not to let it sting too bad! *[laughs and turns around]*
- OC Leader: *[turns around]* You got served! *[the others laugh and he turns around]* Come on! They had nothin'! Let's go y'all!
- OC Member: Come on y'all! *[...and they're gone]*
- Kyle: ...What the hell just happened?
[Chef's house, later. Stan rings the doorbell]
- Chef: *[opens up]* Oh. Hello there, children!
- Stan: Chef, we just got served.
- Chef: Oh boy... Well come on inside, children. I'll make you some cocoa.
[Chef's house, living room. Chef shows the children to the couch]

Chef: Have a seat, children. Just try to relax and breathe. *[the boys sit down]* Are you all okay?

Kyle: Yeah.

Chef: All right. Now, where did you get served?

Stan: Over at the True Value parking lot. There were just these kids we never saw before showed up and they were like, really good dancers and, we don't really understand what it means, but I guess-
Okay okay, relax children. Relax. It's all over now. Just try to calm down and sit tight. *[turns around and picks up the phone]* I'm gonna call your parents and let them know you're okay. *[taps out a number and the phone rings]* Mrs. Marsh? Hi, it's Chef. Yeah, I'm good. Listen: Stan and his friends just got served. Yeah. Yeah, over at the True Value. No no, he's fine. They're all fine. Yeah, it was some kids from out of town. Apparently they were pretty good dancers. They really let 'em have it.
[Stan's house, that night. The family is at the dining table. Sharon brings a large dish over to Stan]

Sharon: Here, Stanley, I made your favorite potato dish. I want you to feel better, okay. *[Sharon]*

Randy: What's the matter with him?

Sharon: Oh. Stan got served at school today.

Randy: You got served? By who?

Stan: Some, kids from Orange County.

Sharon: Let's not make a big deal out of it.

Randy: So wha- so what'd you do? D'you dance back?

Stan: No.

Randy: What? Yo-you got served and just stood there and took it??

Sharon: That was the right thing to do.

Randy: Naw, that's crap, Sharon! Stanley, when somebody challenges you to dance, you have to dance back at them, or else they'll think you're weak.

Stan: But Dad, I don't know how to dance or nothin'.

Randy: *[in low tones]* Well then, it's about time you learned! *[rises from the table]* Put on some loose-fitting clothes and meet me in the garage!

Stan: But Dad-

Randy: Now! *[walks off]*
[Stan's house, garage. Stan and Randy are present. Randy is dressed in sweats, Stan is dressed in sweat pants and sleeveless T-shirt. Randy puts a CD into a stereo system.]
All right son, dancing is all about a frame of mind. Now, I'm not telling you to go around challenging other kids to dance, but when they challenge you, you just look 'em straight in the eye, and give 'em this. *["Achy-Breaky Heart" begins to play, and Randy begins to dance. Stan looks on.]* Come on, Stan. *[Stan steps closer and begins to follow Randy's moves.]* ...six, seven, eight. *[Stan steps out of a slipper, but slips back into it quickly]*
[South Park, day, Luau's Toys. Stan and his friends exit and walk down the street]

Kyle: Dude, that is a sweet RC car.

Stan: *[carrying the car]* Yeah, let's go race it right now. *[they run into the OC kids]*

OC Member 2: Well, what we got here?

OC Member 1: It's the white boys that were served yesterday. *[they laugh]*

OC Leader: You want a little more, homeboys?

Kyle: We're not interested, thanks.

OC Member 1: *[steps forth]* You're not interesetd? Not interested in this?? *[waits for the boombox to play, then dances in Kyle's face, including a back flip. All of the OC crew members begin to dance]*
You can't step to my roots, so don't try it.
You can't burn with my group so don't light it.
I'm on the OC crew and I'm better than you.
You like to suck my balls, don't deny it.
You can't bop her like me so don't go there.
You never find a bigger bitch player nowhere.
I put my jimmy in a ho, put off soul.

Boombox:

I'm a good listener and that's rare.

Black Man: Oh Lord, look at those moves.

Black Woman: Oooo, they are takin' it out!

Black Man 2: Oh man, they are getting served!

Black Woman 2: Ooooo, it's getting hot out here!

Black Man 3: Have mercih! *[the dancers edge closer and closer to the SP boys]*

Others: Oooooo, look at that! Lord! Gettin' served! *[the rap is turned off and the OC crew turns to see who did it. Stan puts in his CD and prepares to serve the OC boys. "Achy Breaky Heart" plays and Stan dances the steps he learned the night before. The crowds behind both groups look on for a while, then begin to cheer Stan on. Chef walk down the street minding his business, but he looks over at the commotion and his jaw drops.]*

Kyle: Yeah! Go Stan!

Chef: Oh no! *[begins to cross the street]* No, stop Stan! You don't know what you're doin'! *[the OC kids are speechless. The song ends. Stan looks around and smiles. The OC kids look like they just got served]*

Kyle: All right Stan!

Cartman: HA! You just got f'd in the a!

OC Leader: Wha?

Kyle: Yeah! YOU got served!

Kenny: Woohoo.

Cartman: Yeah!

Kyle: That's right!

Cartman: All right!

Kenny: Woo woo.

Chef: *[arrives]* No no no!

OC Leader: Okay. All right. We got served. So now, I guess... It's on.

Stan: What?

OC Member 1: This Saturday! Our top five dancers against you top five dancers! OC Convention Center. It's on!

OC Members: It's on! It's on! It's on! It's on!

Townsmen: *[closes his eyes and laments]* Oh Lord it's on!

Chef: Oh damnit! I knew that was gonna happen.

OC Member 3: We'll see you Saturday, fools! *[the crowd behind the OC crew parts and they leave]*

OC Members: Yeah, and you'd better have a lot better dancers with you than those loozas! 'Cause it's on!

OC Members: It's on! It's on! It's on! It's on! *[the crowd begins to murmur about Saturday and the competition being on.]*

Chef: Stan, what the hell did you dance back for??

Stan: I thought I was supposed to!

Chef: Now you've gotta compete against them in the dance competition on Saturday!

Stan: But why??

Chef: Because if you get served and served them back, then it's on! Don't you know anything??
[Stan's house, breakfast nook. Randy is filling out checks for his bills]

Sharon: *[enters the kitchen with Stan]* Well, nice going, Randy! Really great advice you gave our son here!

Randy: *[turns around]* What?

Sharon: Those kids showed up to serve Stan again and he danced back!

Randy: So what happened?

Sharon: It's on! *[Stan looks helplessly at his father as his mother drags him off. Randy looks on]*
[OC Convention Center, day. A large screen over the Center says "Bounce" while a sign closer to the viewer says "This Saturday, 7 PM, Orange County VS. South Park, Dance Competition. It's On!!!!" Inside, preparations are made for the competition. On the floor, the OC crew practices its move under their coach's supervision]

Coach: *[keeping time]* Come on now, keep it tight! *[the leader and the member in red drop backwards and then spin on their heads, the girl spins on her left hand]* Good. Now watch that timing, drill team! *[In the background Randy appears and walks through one of the many doors. The crew finishes with a flourish. The members then congratulate themselves]*

OC Member 1: All right!

OC Girl: *[stands]* All right!

OC Leader: Yeah, bad ass!

OC Member 2: Yeah, that was tight!

Coach: Not bad, kids. Not bad. *[Randy approaches]*

OC Member 1: Not bad? South Park doesn't stand a chance!

OC Girl: I heard that!

Coach: All right, it was good. But we don't want "good," we want pain!

Randy: Uh ex, excuse me.

Coach: *[turns around]* Yeah?

Randy: Hi, uh, my name is Randy Marsh. I'm I'm Stan Marsh's father.

Coach: Oh, so you're the father of the boy who's gonna get f'd in the a on Saturday?

OC Member 3: Dang!

OC Leader: Oooooo!

Randy: Uh, listen. Ih, it was my fault that Stanley served your boys the other day. Uh, I told him to do it and I... Weh well look I, I just came down here to tell you... Ih it's not on.

Coach: Oh, it's on!

Randy: Nonono, it's not on.

Coach: Whoo, it's on all right!

Randy: It isn't on. Nothing's on. It's off.

Coach: *[insistent]* It's on!

Randy: I'm keeping my son home on Saturday. I just came by to let you know so you can... put a stup to all this. Good bye. *[turns around and walks away]*

Coach: Hold on a second, clamhead! *[catches him and blocks his way]* You think you can just roll in here and tell us it's not on when it very clearly is on?! You're just trying to make us not practice, aren't you?! Because you KNOW that your kids are goin' down when my kids give them this! Give me some moves out, Girl T! *[the girl turns on the boombox]* Check this out! *[balances on his left hand and bounces around, then stands up]* Yeah! You like that?!

OC Leader: Oooo man! *[shakes his head]*

OC Member 1: Ohhh Lord! *[the coach spins on his back, rises to one hand, flips over, and lands doing the splits, then rises to his feet using an imaginary hook]*

OC Leader: Oooo, he is gettin' served! *[the girl shakes her head]*
[Hell's Pass Hospital, day. Randy is recovering in a room. He's got breathing tubes in his nose and his eyes are squeezed shut. His friends surround him]

Randy: Aw, mph! Uuuugh-ah.

Sharon: *[enters with Stan]* Randy? *[rushes to his bedside]* Randy, oh my God!

Skeeter: What happened to him, Doctor?

Dr. Doctor: He got served. Worst I've ever seen.

Jimbo: Old fool went down to the OC to try to reason with the other team, and he got served up somethin' fierce.

Chef: Oh Lord...

Randy: *[his voice raspy]* His dancing was so fast I ...couldn't do anything. His moves were... so original, so inventive. *[winces]* Ungh! Grrgh.

Nurse: *[soothing him]* Shh relax, Mr. Marsh. *[Dr. Doctor walks off]*

Dr. Doctor: We just got the X-rays back. *[walks to a backlit board and points out the injuries]* He mostly got served here *[a rib]* and here *[forearm]*. But the worst serving was here in the pelvic region. The road to recovery will be a long one.

Jimbo: Boy. You must really wanna take to to those Orange County kids now, huh Stan?

Skeeter: Are you kiddin'? Stan is probably ready to *pounce* on them after what they did to his father! *[looks over at his dad, then at the other men]*

Stan: I, I don't know. He seems all right.

Mr. Garrison: I could only imagine the rage building inside you, Stan. I bet you can't *wait* to outdance those OC bastards!

Randy: *[realizes his son is there]* Stan?? Stan??

Stan: *[walks to Randy's bedside]* Yeahh I'm I'm right here, Dad.

Randy: Stan, listen to me. I don't want you feeling like you have to do that competition now to avenge me.

Stan: Okay, good.

Randy: *[emphatic]* But I know I can't stop you from doing it. So all I can say is... give 'em hell, son. Give 'em hell. *[passes out. The "8 Mile" theme begins to play and the camera closes in on Stan]*

Stan: *[thinks and then walks off miffed]* God damnit!
[Loading dock at South Park Elementary, day. Stan walks over and finds the Goths there, as usual. Henrietta reads a book]

Stan: Hey guys. Uh. You guys know how to dance, right?

Tall Goth: *[with cigarette]* Of course we know how to dance.

Stan: Cool, because, there's this competition on Saturday, and I have to find the very best dancers in South Park to be on my crew. My friends can't do it because they suck ass, so, will you be in my dance troupe?

Red Goth: Dance troupe? Please. *[leans to one side and whips his hair back into place]* We don't dance like those Britney and Justin wannabes at school. *[whips his hair back into place]* Goth kids dance to express pain and suffering.

Tall Goth: Yeah. *[stands up]* The only cool way to dance is to keep your hands at your sides and your eyes looking at the ground. Then every three seconds you take a drag from your cigarette. *[leans his head to the right for two beats, leans it to the left for two beats, leans it to the right for two beats while taking a drag, leans it to the left for two beats, repeats. The red Goth follows suit, then all four Goths dance the same way]*

Stan: Okay, that'll work fine. Listen, there's a dance competition this Saturday and I need good dancers so I don't get served.

Red Goth: *[flips his hair back]* No way. Dancing is something you do alone in your room at three in the morning.

Stan: *[walks up to the red Goth]* Please, you guys, our whole town's reputation is at stake! Will any of you do it?

Red Goth: I'm not doin' it. Being in a dance group is totally conformist.

Henrietta: Yeah. I'm not conforming to some dance-off regulations.

Little Goth: I'm not doin' it either. I'm the biggest nonconformist of all.

Tall Goth: I'm such a nonconformist that I'm not going to conform with the rest of you. Okay, I'll do it. *[rises and walks over to Stan]*

Stan: Great! *[they leave together]*

Henrietta: Whoa. I think we just got put in our place.

Red Goth: Yeah. We just got Goth-served.
[The neighborhood. Stan and the tall Goth walk down the street]

Stan: All right, we gotta find three other kids that can dance.

Tall Goth: We should go to the arcade. *[takes a drag from his cigarette]*

Stan: The arcade?

Tall Goth: Yeah. There's this Asian kid name Yao. He's an expert at that Dance Dance Revolution game.
[The Sinistarcade. A Dancin' Dancin' Dancin' Machine game is prominently shown, and an Asian boy dances furiously on the foot pad on the right. The arrows indicate which foot buttons the boy should be stepping on.]

He's hit every one, so his score is perfect. Stan and the tall Goth look on]

Stan: Dude, he's incredible.

Tall Goth: He should be. He's here playing that game every single day after school. I think he's spent about six thousand dollars on it so far. *[the game gets faster and faster and the kid keeps up. Eventually the game ends, the boy picks up his soda cup and walks away.]*

Stan: *[catches up to the DDDM kid at the change machine]* Hey kid, you're pretty good. How would you like to join our dance troupe?

Yao: You mean, dancing without a machine telling you what to do?

Stan: Yeah.

Yao: That's stupid. *[waves him off and walks away]*

Stan: *[catches up]* Dude, we need you.

Yao: I can't dance without the machine.

Stan: It's all right. My friend Chef is gonna coach us.

Yao: Okay. I'll give it a shot.

Stan: All right, that's three!

Tall Goth: Dude, we need a girl.

Stan: Huh?

Tall Goth: We can't be a dance troupe with just guys. People will think we're fags.

Stan: Oh yeah. *[thinks a bit with finger to chin]* Wait a minute. I know just where to go!

[Raisins. Happy Hour all day!!! Inside the little waitresses go about their work. Two of them dance asscheek to asscheek, shaking their asses in rhythmic unison. Mercedes dances her ass off to a boy, who looks on in bliss]

Porsche: Hi guys, welcome to Raisins. Three of you?

Stan: Ah actually we were just hoping we could talk to you guys real quick.

Maury: You have to buy wings if you wanna talk to the Raisins girls. *[Stan look at his crew. Moments later they are seated at the bar, with Mercedes]*

Stan: And so we're putting all the best dancers in South Park together to beat Orange County.

Mercedes: *[twirling her hair]* Wow, that sounds great. I always wanted to try my dancing somewhere else.

Stan: So you'll do it?

Mercedes: Why not?

Stan: All right, we just need one more person!

Mercedes: Hey, we should get that kid that was state champion in tap dancing.

Stan: What? The state tap champion is from here? Who?

Mercedes: I think his name was... *[closes her eyes]* Leopold... Stotch or something?

Stan: Leopold Stotch...? Wait a minute. You mean...

[Butters' house, day. He's at the kitchen assembling a toy car]

Butters: *Loo loo loo, I've got some apples. Loo loo loo, you've got some too. Loo loo loo, I've-*

Linda: *[enters]* Butters, you have some visitors. *[Stan, the tall Goth, Mercedes, and the DDDM kid appear]*

Butters: *[turns around]* Oh well hi there everybody. *[his mom leaves]*

Stan: Butters, listen. There's gonna be a competition this Saturday, and we want you to join our troupe.

Butters: Wow, neato, a competiton? Why, I'd love to. What kind of competition is it?

Stan: It's a dance-off. We heard you were tap dancing state champion two years ago. *[his smile vanishes as he begins to think back, then a small grimace appears.]*

Butters: ...No.

Stan: But, you were, weren't you? Y-you went to the nationals in Nebraska.

Butters: No. *[hops off the chair and runs away]* No no nono no no, no! *[runs into the living room and up the stairs]*
No! No no no no!

Linda: Butters? *[rises and looks up the stairs]* Butters?? *[Stan and the other kids enter]*

Stan: We just asked him to join our dance troupe. We heard he was state tap champion.

Linda: Oh. Oh dear. I'm sorry kids, it's just that... Butters hasn't danced since the tragedy.

Mercedes: A tragedy?

Butters: *[from his room]* Waaaaah!

Linda: I'm sorry, kids, you'll have to go.
[Outside. The kids leave Butters' house and make their way to the sidewalk]

Stan: Damn it, where are we gonna get our fifth member?

Yao: Hey I heard about this guy in Cuomo who has a duck that can dance.

Stan: A duck? Dude, don't be stupid! Those OC kids are professional dancers! Now come on, there's gotta be one other talented person in South Park.
[Butters' house, bedroom closet POV. A door slides open and Butters looks in. On the floor, covered in cobwebs and underneath some clothes is an orange shoe box with red lid. Butters slides the door open more and reaches in. He pulls out the box and sets it on his bed. He sits down next to it, nervously. He opens the box and pulls out news clippings: "Local Boy Taps His Way to the Finals" "Best in State Arrive in Lincoln" "Eight Dead as Finalist Loses Step" "Biggest Tap Tragedy since 1954". He then removes some tissue from the tap shoes, then removes a shoe. He inspects it until he sees the blood on the side of the shoe]

Butters: Aaaaah! *[quickly puts the shoes and clippings away, then goes to cry into his pillow]* Aaaaah!
[A ranch. Stan and his troupe arrive]

Stan: All right, so you're sure he can dance?

Rancher: Oh yeah. There he is. That's Jeffy.

Yao: That don't look like a dancing duck to me.
Well, that's 'cause it needs music. Here y-here ya go, Jeffy. *[brings out a violin and begins playing.]*
You'll do a line and I'll do a line, honeeey.
You'll do a line and I'll do a line, babe.

Rancher: *[the duck rises and begins to dance]*
You'll do a line and I'll do a line, we'll fight an' screw 'til the mornin' time.
Honey, babe, be mine.

You'll do a line and I'll do a line, honey-

Stan: Ih ih Is that the only song he'll dance to?
No no, he'll dance to anything. See?
You'll snort K and I'll snort K, honeeey.

Rancher: **You'll snort K and I'll snort K, babe.**
You'll snort K and I'll snort K, we'll fight an' screw all night and day.
Honey, babe, be mine.

Stan: My friends, I think we have ourselves a dance troupe.
[Butters' house, day. Linda walks up the stairs to Butters' room and knocks on the door.]

Linda: Butters? Butters? Come on, sweetie, it's gonna be okay. *[a shot of Butters under the covers, with bug eyes]*
Come on, Butters. You went through a lot of therapy for this. That was almost two years ago, sweetie.

Butters: Two years ago. Two years ago!
[the camera goes into Butters' eye and a memory of the finals two years prior comes up. A girl dances, finishes, and takes several curtsies]

Announcer: That was Beverly Long from Indianapolis, folks. Let her hear it! *[she waves to the audience and walks off]*
All right, and now, dancing to the song "I've Got Something In My Front Pocket For You," here is Colorado state champion, Leopold "Butters" Stotch! *[the audience applauds. The Stotches are present and clapping with the audience. The song begins to play, Butters begins to dance]*
I've got something in my front pocket for you
Why don't you reach down in my pocket and see what it is
Then grab onto it, it's just for you
Give a little squeeze and say, "How do you do?"
There's something in my front pocket, There's something in my front pocket,
There's something in my front pocket-

Singer:

Butters: *[As the song reaches its climax, he dances faster and faster, until his right shoe flies off his foot]* Whoops. *[it strikes a floodlight in the rafters and knocks it down. The light lands on a man, instantly killing him. Blood splatters onto the surrounding audience members, who get up and scatter. The rafters begin to break apart. A pole comes down and impales a fleeing woman. Her flying blood reaches Butters. More lights fall down and a cable is torn from its anchor, leaving a hole in the wall. The cable swings down and slices a couple in two along the abdomen. The upper halves of their bodies slide off and fall to the ground]*

Woman: Paul. Paul! *[grabs onto the klieg light and is electrocuted. Another man, who was sliced in two by the cable, attempts to gather his insides back into himself. The rafters come down and kill another man, and Paul's widow finally blows up. More blood lands on Butters, and the crowd begins to panic]*

Butters: Wuuuhaaaaaaaah! Aaaaaaaah! *[a man is trampled to death underfoot. Butters watches the auditorium empty out]* No! Nooo! Nooooooooooooooooooooo!

[South Park, day. Chef approaches Lamont's Dance Studio with his boombox and duffle bag]

Chef: All right, children, let's get to rehearsin'! *[sets his stuff onto a table next to the door]* We don't have much time, and you've got to become the dance group you can be. *[moves further into the studio]* I think we should- *[stops]* Whoa. *[a shot of the five dancers, including Jeffy, who quacks]* This... is the dance troupe?

Stan: Yeah, dude, the best dancers South Park has to offer.

Chef: *[dismayed]* Oh boy. *[returns to his boombox]* All right, well, why don't you show me what you got? I wanna see what you kids can do! *[starts the CD player. The troupe members display their moves: Stan with the Achy Breaky Dance, the tall Goth with the hanging head, Yao with his DDDM moves, Mercedes with her rump shaker, Jeffy with his duck strut]*

Boombox: *You can't step to my roots, so don't try it.
You can't burn with my group so don't light it.
I'm on the Eastside crew and I'm better than you.
You like to suck my balls, don't deny it.
You can't bop her like me so don't go there.
You never find a bigger bitch player nowhere.
I put my jimmy in a ho, put off soul.
I'm a good listener and that's rare.*

Chef: Oh Lord have mercy. *[turns off the boombox]* Children, children! No no, you've got it all wrong. Don't you see, children? You have the heart, but you don't have the soul. Nono, wait. You have the soul, but you don't have the heart. *[scratches his head]* Nono, scratch that. You have the heart and the soul, but you don't have the talent.

Stan: We're gonna get served on Saturday, aren't we?

Yao: What? I don't wanna get served.

Mercedes: Yeah, you didn't tell us that we might get served.

Stan: Well that was the whole point of the whole thing was that the guys came back and they said we were gonna get served and we were like- *[the others also speak, but the tall Goth's voice is too low and soft to make out what he says. The duck talks over him]*

Chef: All right all right, quiet, children! Now, nobody's getting served if I can help it. We just gotta buckle down, dig deep, and pray that maybe the other team comes down with cancer. *[Stan's gaze falls to the floor.]*
[Butters' room. He's working on a little village, which might be a model of South Park. Stan enters and walks up to him. Butters glances back and then looks at his work again.]

Butters: What do you want?

Stan: I came to ask you one more time to join the crew. Everyone is practicing really hard, but... I don't think we have any kind of shot without you.

Butters: Sorry, Stan, I'm not a dancer anymore. *[leaves his chair and walks up to his Leggos! box]* I gave that up.

Stan: Your mom says you were one of the best dancers in the country.

Butters: *[rummaging for Leggo blocks to take back to his desk]* Did she also tell you my dancing got eight people killed?

Stan: Yeah. She said your shoe came off. It wasn't your fault

Butters: Yeah well, you tell that to their families. *[returns to his desk with a new batch of blocks]*

Stan: Look, Butters, accidents happen. We all have to live with that.

Butters: *[whirls around]* I let those people down! Don't you get it man?! Eight people died!

Stan: Well, it was nine, actually. One of the women was pregnant.

Butters: Oh what?

Stan: And eleven if you count the two family members that killed themselves afterward.

Butters: *[cups his hear so he hears no more]* HAAAA!

Stan: But that isn't the point, Butters! *[resumes building his tiny town]* The point is that this is now! It's on! And there are people who need you to step up! Look, nobody likes having to rise to a challenge. But competing against other people and getting in their faces saying "Haha! I'm better than you!" is part of life. And if you

can't face that, then you might as well sit here and play Leggos until you're an old man.

Butters: Get out of my room, Stan!

[Firmly] Fine. *[walks to the door and opens it]* But someday you're gonna have to stop running from what happened and start dealing with it. Otherwise, you might as well move to France with all the other pussies. *[leaves and closes the door. Butters, angered, tosses some blocks into his town, then wipes the town off the desk.]*

[The OC Convention Center. "It's ON!!!! NOW!!!!"]

Yeah, make some noise! *[the audience cheers. The OC side is shown, then the SP side. The Williamses, Jimbo, Ned, Skeeter, and Mr. Garrison are in that audience. The South Park crew is then shown with Chef]*

MC: Ladies and Gentlemen, *[The Marshes are shown, Randy with his portable oxygen tank and wheelchair.]* man, you are all in for a treat! Whichever crew wins tonight, you wanna remember their faces, 'cause the next time you see them... will be in Lil Kim's next video! Give it up for Lil Kim! *[a tiny Lil Kim is shown seated on a table. Her lips and breasts are waaaay too big for her infant-sized body]*

Lil Kim: *[high squeaky voice]* What's up, niggaz?! *[waves to the audience]*

MC: This is gonna be a rough battle, y'all. So let's give it up for the OC Crew! *[the crew is shown, then their parents in the audience are shown]* And the challengers, the South Park Diggityts! *[the crew is shown, then the South Park audience is shown, with Jimbo, Ned, and Mr. Garrison]*

Jimbo: Man, it is about to get crazy up in here.

Mr. Garrison: Aww yeah.

MC: Aight y'all. It's showtime!

Announcer: Dancers to the floor! *[the OC Crew steps forth]*

Mercedes: *[runs up to Stan]* Stan. Stan, we have a big problem.

Stan: What?

Mercedes: It's Jeffy. He sprained his ankle. *[Jeffy the duck is shown with an ice pack on his ankle. The rest of the crew approaches]*

Stan: What happened??

Mercedes: He was practicing the say takedown and slipped on the floor.

OC Member 3: Come on, fools! You dancin' or what?!

Yao: Can he move it? *[touches the ice pack and Jeffy protests vociferously. Yao removes his hand]*

Stan: Aw, what do we do, Chef??

Chef: Rules are you have to have five dancers. We have no choice, children. We have to forfeit.

OC Member 1: Looks like they ain't even gonna dance.

OC Leader: They're too scared! Looks like they already got served! *[the doors at the back of the OCCC open up and Butters appears. Some spectators turn to see who it is, but have a hard time because of the glare behind Butters. The doors close behind him and he walks down the hall towards the dance-off in darkness. He gets easier to see as he approaches the lights]*

Butters: Hey! Can I still dance with you guys?

Stan: Butters! *[the SP crew moves towards him]*

Chef: All right!

MC: All right come on, let's do this! DJ! Give us a hot track! *[the DJ starts up a CD. The OC Crew dances first]*
Let's see you daaance, sucka! You've got nothin' on me!
Let's see you daaance, sucka! You've got nothin' on me!

[the OC leader comes up to Butters and serves him with a balance act on the right hand twice and a back flip, then returns to the crew, spins on his head a few times, then ends on his side, resting his head on his right hand]

Let's see you...! Let's see you...!

Daaance, sucka!

CD: *[brief instrumental. The Diggityts answer the serve with a sequence that has the members twirling and handing off to the next one until all point to Butters. He then steps forth tap-dancing. He dances well, but his dancing gets intense quickly. The OC crew is awed. It got served.]*

*Let's see you daaance, sucka! You've got nothin' on me!
Let's see you daaance.*

[Butters' intensity is so great that his left shoe flies off his foot and sails into the rafters]

Butters: Waaah! *[the spectators follow the shoe's arc. The shoe hits a klieg light, which comes down and kills the OC leader. The OC coach comes forward]* No! Jesus, not again!

OC Member
1: Aaaah!

OC Member
3: Kill him! *[the rafters come down on the rest of the crew and the coach, killing them instantly. Butters and the spectators are mortified at these developments]*

MC: *[walks up, sadly]* Folks, it looks like the OC crew is dead. That means the winner is the South Park Diggitys!

Skeeter: Woo!

Mr.
Garrison: Yeah!

Jimbo: All right!

Chef: All right! We did it! *[he and the Diggitys approach Butters]*

Stan: All right Butters!

Yao: You dd it!

Randy: You did it, son! You did it!

Cartman: All right, Butters! *[the people who arrive to congratulate Butters: Cartman, Kenny, Kyle, Mr. Garrison, Jimbo, Liane, Token and his parents, Ned, Principal Victoria, Mr. Mackey, Mayor McDaniels. Stan and Cartman hoise Butters up between them and walk towards the camera. The others follow. Butters' mouth fills the screen]*

Butters: Noho! Noho! Noooooo!

*[End of **You Got F'd In The A**. "I've Got Something In My Front Pocket" plays.]*