

**SOUTH PARK**

"The Drones"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

**INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Stan wakes up in bed. He leans over to look out the window. He sees a UAV - a Drone - flying outside. It is about three feet wide and five long. It has a large red camera "eye" on the nose of the craft with a gold colored focus ring which spins in various speeds. It watches Stan.

STAN

Ahh!

Stan jumps out of bed, the drone flies closer to the glass, and Stan runs into the hall. The drone strafes to the other window. We see in the drone's HUD POV -- Stan running down the hall -- as text pops up in the POV (written as dialogue).

DRONE

Primary Target: Stan Marsh.  
Directive: Maintain Visual.

The POV cycles to heat vision when Stan goes out of line of sight, and we see Stan heading for his parents' room.

**INT. STAN'S HOUSE - CONT.**

STAN

Dad!

RANDY (O.S. - GROGGY)

Stan...Staaan?

SHELLEY (O.S.)

Quiet down!

The drone flies across the house but sees there isn't a window there. It goes back towards Stan's room as Stan bangs on his Dad's door.

STAN

You've gotta help me. There's something flying outside my room.

Shelley opens her door as Randy wakes up in bed.

SHELLEY

Shut the hell up twerp, I need my beauty sleep.

Glass breaks in Stan's room. The drone flies out into the hallway.

STAN

Ahhh! Shelly, it's inside -- look!

Stan points then darts in to the bathroom and locks the door. Shelley screams and closes her door. Randy opens the bedroom door with Sharon looking over his shoulder.

RANDY

Stan? What's going on?

The drone slowly flies down the hallway and faces the bathroom door.

SHARON

Oh my God, Randy what is that?

RANDY

Get back Sharon - hand me the baseball bat.

In the drone's Heat Vision POV we see Stan cowering in the bathtub. A robotic arm reaches out and unfurls a small circular saw - it starts to cut away the handle of the door. Sharon hands Randy the baseball bat.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Don't worry son - Daddy's coming!

Randy rushes up and in an epic battle cry takes a swing at the drone. He connects - and the Drone careens sideways. It faces Randy.

STAN

Dad, what's going on?

DRONE

Randy Marsh. Father of Primary  
Target. Intention: Hostile.  
Directive: Neutralize.

The drone folds up the circular saw as a small stun gun arm pops up from the top of its body. Randy runs up and hits the drone again, sending it into the wall. The drone fires its tazer into Randy, sending him to the ground.

SHARON

Oh God, Randy!

The drone flies back to the bathroom door, slightly smoking. The saw comes back out and starts to finish off the handle.

Randy's vision starts to cloud from the shock, but adrenaline shoots through his system, fighting off the blackout.

In slow motion he sees Sharon crying, the drone by the door, and when he hears Stan screaming he gets up.

RANDY  
Nooooooooo!!

Randy hits the drone once more and it falls to the ground, spewing black smoke. Randy beats it again and again.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Diiiiiiiiieeee!!

The drone's POV goes haywire and starts to short out. The red eye fades away. Randy heaves from the effort.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
It's OK Stan, you can come out.

Stan timidly opens the door - so does Shelley. Everyone leans over the drone.

SHARON  
Is it dead?

The red eye fades back on, and in the POV we read --

DRONE  
Re-routing emergency power. Self  
destruct sequence initiated. 5-

The number 5 pops up on the eye.

DRONE (CONT'D)  
4-

RANDY  
Oh my god.

BEAT.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Everybody out now!

He rushes everyone down the stairs.

DRONE  
3-

The Marsh's reach the bottom of the stairs and head out the front door.

**EXT. STAN'S HOUSE - CONT.**

DRONE

2-

They huddle in the front lawn.

DRONE (CONT'D)

1-

The Marsh's wait for it. Nothing happens. Randy looks back to the house.

BOOM - a small explosion rocks the house and knocks the Marsh's back. Smoke and fire spew out of the top of the house.

SHARON

Oh God, what just happened?

SHELLEY (TO STAN)

What did you do jerk?

STAN

Me? I didn't do anything. That thing was outside my window when I woke up.

RANDY

It's okay, we're going to be okay.  
It's over.

Stan looks away from his family and down the street. He steps past them.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Stan?

STAN

No Dad. It's only the beginning.

Randy turns and we see his jaw drop. Matching his eye line we see on the horizon a "cloud" of drones heading towards South Park.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**EXT. SOUTH PARK PARKING LOT - DAY**

An NSA mobile command center - a giant RV type vehicle - pulls up, followed by a caravan of black SUV's. Agents with earwigs and guns pour out and set up a perimeter.

The MCC unfolds like a Transformer into a small building. Guys in white jumpsuits step out of the SUV's and carry in equipment to the new building.

Others set up rows of docking bays for all the drones in the sky. Agent Banner, Field Commander, and Agent Johnson, 2nd in Command, step out and survey the work, before heading inside.

**INT. NSA MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

AGENT BANNER

I want to be on our feet in 10 mikes. Tap into the existing CCTV systems and set up those docking bays ASAP.

Agent Johnson steps up.

AGENT JOHNSON

Yes sir. Any directive from command on why we've been sent to this town? There's nothing here.

Agent Banner laughs this off.

AGENT BANNER

That's not for us to question rookie. Just follow orders and everything will be fine.

Over Agent Banner's shoulder in the center of a console we see a large Red Eye (like on the Drones but bigger) slowly turn on. We briefly switch to it's POV and see the two Agents talking.

RED EYE

Full Systems Operational ETA: 10 minutes. Expand Field Operations by 15%.

**INT. SOUTH PARK POLICE STATION - DAY**

The Marsh's are wrapped in blankets and drinking hot chocolate.

SHARON

I don't understand, why are there so many drones coming to South Park?

SERGEANT YATES

I don't know Ma'am. All I can tell you is that they're here now. And there's nothing we can do to stop them.

SHARON

Where are they coming from?

SEARGENT YATES

Where else? The NSA.

STAN

Why would the NSA want to watch me, or anyone else here?

SERGEANT YATES

It's not about you, it's about casting a wider net. If they watch everyone, eventually they'll find something incriminating.

RANDY

But one of those drones shocked me, nearly burnt our house down.

SERGEANT YATES

You're more than welcome to take that up with the NSA.

RANDY

But can't you do any--

SEARGENT YATES

Dammit man it's not in my jurisdiction.

Sergeant Yates walks away into a thousand yard stare.

DETECTIVE MURPHY

Easy Sarge, it's not his fault.

SEARGENT YATES

I know.

He turns back to the Marsh's.

SEARGENT YATES (CONT'D)

Listen to me. The drones are a part of our lives now. Watching us when we go to work. When we go to school. When we slip off to take a leak but really take dick pics and send them to girls we met on the internet. That's all gone now.

Randy gasps.

RANDY

But there must be something you can do.

Sharon gives him a look.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I mean our privacy is protected by the government, isn't it?

SERGEANT YATES

Don't be a fool. And I'd watch what kind of statements you make, what searches you run on the internet. You never know what will land you in trouble.

Randy puts his head in his hands.

RANDY

We should do something, I mean I'm sure nobody else wants drones watching them.

SERGEANT YATES

What are a few people against all those drones? It's terrifying. But it's the world we live in now.

**EXT. SOUTH PARK PLAYGROUND - DAY**

The boys stand around talking. Above each of the boys hovers drones keeping watch - they jostle from being so close together.

KYLE

Dude, this is so fucking lame.



KENNY (MUFFLED)

Tell me about it man. Every time I want to rub one out this thing is watching.

CARTMAN

I know why they're here. It's totally clear when you think about it.

KYLE

I swear to God Cartman.

CARTMAN

I've always suspected it. The Jews have been infiltrating our society for years, hatching terrorist plots.

KYLE

That's not what's happening dumb-ass. What terrorist plot could the Jews possibly be planning?

CARTMAN

Extermination of the American way of life.

KYLE

Lot's of Jews are Americans, its our way of life too!

CARTMAN

Oh sure Kyle, that's what you want us to believe. And now because of your people I have a drone up my ass 24 hours a day.

A smaller drone hovers near Cartman's ass. Cartman tries to swat at it.

CARTMAN (CONT'D)

Shoo goddammit!

KYLE (CONT'D)

Hold on - that's bullshit. These drones are what happens with the destruction of civil liberties because of the fear-mongering our government scares us with: invasion of our privacy and the rise of a fascist, totalitarian government!

The drone above Kyle lowers and its focus ring widens.

STAN

Um, Kyle.

DRONE

Target: Kyle Broflovski. Alert:  
Agitated. Directive: Neutralize  
situation.

CARTMAN

Goddammit Kyle why can't you just  
admit you're a dirty Jew terrorist  
so the rest of us can live in  
peace?!

Kyle's drone extends a stun arm, which crackles with energy.

STAN

Kyle calm down.

KYLE

Oh my God you are such a piece of  
shit Cartman, and you don't even  
realize what this means.

The drone flies down to just behind Kyle.

STAN

Kyle shut up--

CARTMAN

Fuck you Kyle!--

KYLE

Oh that is it fatboy--

Kyle rushes Cartman but the drone tazes him, sending Kyle to  
the ground. The rest of the boys fall silent and look up at  
the drone.

CARTMAN

Dude...sweet.

STAN

Kyle, are you okay?

Kyle's drone flies back up a few feet into formation with the  
others. Cartman looks directly into the eye of his drone.

CARTMAN

As a fellow American Patriot, I  
just want to say thank you.

**INT. MARSH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Randy and Gerald stand talking.

GERALD

Wait, Randy what are you saying?

A drone drops down outside the window. In it's POV we see a waveform register their voices. Randy spots it and his eyes go wide. He leads Gerald into the basement.

The drone flies around the house and its POV goes to heat vision and follows them down the stairs. The waveform goes flat.

DRONE

Targets: Randy Marsh and Gerald Broflovski. Suspicious behavior.  
Directive: Maintain Audio Surveillance.

The drone flies down towards the house.

**INT. RANDY'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Randy turns on the washer and dryer.

RANDY

Quick, we don't have much time.

GERALD

Time to what?

RANDY

I want to fight back Gerald. There are others too. We're meeting tonight in the old Bank Basement. They shouldn't be able to get to us there.

GERALD

What about-

RANDY

Dammit man just be there - and make sure you're not followed.

A door creaks and they look upstairs. Randy squirms and sees a drone.

RANDY (CONT'D)

So yea, um, this is where I usually like to beat off, and stuff.

The drone's POV focus ring constricts.

**INT. CARTMAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Cartman comes in carrying a computer monitor, followed closely by Butters with a box of computer equipment. Cartman's mother is sitting on the couch and turns when they come in.

LIANE

Sweetums, what's all that?

CARTMAN

Mother, I'm afraid I can't go over that with you, it's a matter of national security.

LIANE

Oh ok. Well you boys play safe now.

Cartman and Butters head for the basement.

BUTTERS

Well, uh, thanks Mrs. Cartman. But even I don't know what we'll be doing.

CARTMAN (CURT)

Butters, what did I tell you about breaching confidentiality?

BUTTERS

Ah shucks I'm sorry Eric.

BEAT.

CARTMAN

Let's go.

**INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

STAN

So, do you think it's going to be like this forever?

KYLE

How can it? The people won't allow it.

STAN

But nobody has any power to stop the government now.

RANDY (O.S.)  
Oh, I don't know about that.

Randy walks out of the kitchen.

STAN (SURPRISED)  
Dad, what are you doing here?

Gerald walks up as well.

GERALD (SOTTO)  
They're just kids Randy.

RANDY  
Not for long, not in this world. I  
think they have a right to know.

STAN  
Know what?

KYLE  
Dad, what is going on?

GERALD  
Boys, Randy and I are...we're--

Randy kneels in front of the boys.

RANDY  
We're forming a Resistance boys.

STAN  
Resistance?

RANDY  
Yes, against the drones, and the  
NSA. We're going to stick up for  
our rights.

Stan and Kyle both look around for their perspective drones.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, we've distracted them  
for a few minutes.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - CONT.**

A crude effigy dressed up in a robe and beard shouting in Arabic gibberish from a tape recording moves down Main Street on top of an RC car. Multiple drones surround it.

**INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - CONT.**

KYLE

What now?

RANDY

Now we plan.

Randy stands back up and punches his fist into his hand.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Then we strike.

**INT. MOBILE NSA COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

AGENT BANNER

Johnson, whatever happened to that terrorist on Main Street?

AGENT JOHNSON

It wasn't a terrorist sir. Someone dressed up a mannequin to look like a terrorist and put it on a toy car.

Agent Banner steps closer and squints his eyes.

AGENT BANNER

Sounds like terrorist activity to me.

AGENT JOHNSON

Sir?

AGENT BANNER

Distract us with a fake terrorist so we don't actually look for terrorists. Exactly what the terrorists need to carry out their plans.

AGENT JOHNSON

So, you're saying there are terrorists here?

AGENT BANNER

You bet your ass there are. Keep your ear to the ground on all the chatter.

AGENT JOHNSON

Yes sir.

**INT. CARTMAN'S BASEMENT - DAY**

Cartman stands in the shadows of his basement. Butters sits at a row of computers looking at several screens. On the wall above them a banner reads "Cartman's Intelligence Agency."

CARTMAN

What do you have?

BUTTERS

Uhh, nothing yet. They're mostly just sitting around or talking.

CARTMAN

Ah Butters, you poor fool. It only looks that way to the untrained eye.

BUTTERS

Oh jeez, what am I missing?

CARTMAN

Butters, my man, it takes years to know how to spot a terrorist.

BUTTERS

Okay, but um, Eric, why are we spying?

CARTMAN

To protect our homes, our family, our way of life.

BUTTERS

Well why are we only watching Kyle?

CARTMAN

Just fucking do it Butters, leave the important decisions to me.

BUTTERS

Uhh, Eric. It looks like Kyle and his Dad are going somewhere.

Cartman leans in and sneers.

CARTMAN

I knew they were planning something.

The Broflovski's are seen going out their door on one of the monitors.

CARTMAN (CONT'D)  
Damn, I'm going to have to go  
mobile.

Cartman rushes up the stairs. Butters looks back to his computer screen and a pop up ad appears: Best Dick Pics of the Month.

BUTTERS  
What's a dick pic?

Butters clicks on the pop up ad.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY**

Gerald and Kyle walk down the sidewalk, and their drones hover a few feet behind and above them. They spot the drones and quicken their pace.

Cartman appears from behind a building and follows. Gerald and Kyle start jogging. Cartman keeps pace.

DRONE  
Targets: Broflovski's. POTENTIAL  
THREAT. Directive: Maintain visual.

The drones fly closer, but Gerald and Kyle run around a corner. The drones follow them into the alley - only to see nothing there. Cartman arrives heaving a few seconds later. The gold rings in the drones' eyes spin wildly.

DRONE (CONT'D)  
Directive: Relocate Broflovski's.

We see their POV go to heat vision, but only see the latent heat signature of fading footprints. More drones show up and they fan out in search. Cartman looks around.

CARTMAN (SOTTO)  
The old Bank huh Kyle? You can't  
hide from me.

Cartman smirks before looking at a small grate in the side of the building. He walks away.

**INT. RESISTANCE HIDEOUT - CONT.**

Gerald and Kyle look up to the grate above them where the sun pours in.

KYLE  
Do you think they'll find us?



GERALD

I don't know son.

RANDY (O.S.)

Don't worry, the walls are too thick for heat vision. We're safe - for now.

Randy walks out - wearing a tattered bullet proof vest, a bandolier of shotgun shells, finger-less gloves, and his baseball bat in a holster on his back.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Come and meet the Resistance.

**INT. NSA MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

Cartman, dressed in a suit and Aviators, walks up and knocks on the MCC door. Agents Banner and Johnson look at the security camera footage to see Cartman, who knocks again.

CARTMAN

Open up, I've come regarding Protocol Final Solution.

The Agents looks at each other in confusion then open the door.

AGENT JOHNSON

Go away little boy we're trying to work.

Cartman barges in and flashes a badge with his face and the letters "CIA" on it.

CARTMAN

Step aside sonny. It's time our agencies were more cooperative, especially now in these trying times.

AGENT BANNER

Who do you think you are?

Cartman freezes and looks up at Banner, then slowly takes off his sunglasses.

CARTMAN

Agent Cartman, CIA.

AGENT BANNER

CIA? We haven't heard anything about inter-agency operations.

CARTMAN

We needed to keep it quiet. You never know who you can trust.

AGENT JOHNSON

But we're the NSA.

CARTMAN

Exactly - you're in the perfect position for seditious plots. We wouldn't want your lack of cooperation to be seen as trying to hide something...would we?

AGENT JOHNSON

Well no--

CARTMAN

Good, because I'm trying to tell you about a terrorist cell in South Park threatening our national security.

AGENT BANNER

What kind of intel could you possibly have? You're just a kid.

Cartman chuckles and looks around the room.

CARTMAN

Just the kind of oversight I expected. The CIA has a long and proud tradition of getting the info before threats become viable.

AGENT

Like?

CARTMAN

Like the underground Resistance, most likely led by a team of sneaky Jews, is forming a plot to take you down.

Banner looks at Johnson - who nods.

AGENT BANNER

How did you hear about that? We've only just gotten the drone footage.

CARTMAN

Trade secrets. Now, I need your resources to wipe them out.

AGENT JOHNSON  
You know where they are?

CARTMAN  
Yes, they're in the tunnels beneath  
the old bank.

AGENT BANNER  
We don't have any intel on a bank.

CARTMAN  
Trust me, they're there.

AGENT BANNER  
If that's true, then we need  
concrete evidence. Somebody on the  
inside to report back to us.

CARTMAN  
Exactly. That's why I'm going in.

AGENT JOHNSON  
What? You can't.

Beat.

CARTMAN (EXPLODES)  
Goddammit man do you want to be  
responsible for the next 9/11? Huh,  
do you? Because I sure as shit  
don't want to dig through rubble  
looking for the charred remains of  
my loved ones.

BEAT.

CARTMAN (CONT'D)  
Good. Now give me a hidden camera -  
something they won't be able to  
spot.

AGENT BANNER  
Do it Johnson.

AGENT JOHNSON  
Sir, we only have the optical unit.

AGENT BANNER  
That will have to do.

Johnson steps over to an equipment case. Cartman puts one  
knee on a chair and watches the monitor footage of drones  
flying around.

CARTMAN

Good. You will respect my authority  
Kyle. You all will.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. RESISTANCE HIDEOUT - DAY**

An underground sewer system. Some women and children huddle up to fires as Randy, Kyle, and Gerald walk down the passage flanked by guards on either side.

RANDY (V.O.)

It's been 3 days since they came.  
These...machines. I went  
underground with my family in the  
beginning. I convinced others to  
rally to my cause, and we  
formed...a Resistance.

We see as the men and women look up to Randy and nod. Randy kneels by a woman holding a baby and puts his arm on her, then kisses the baby.

RANDY

They're always on the offensive,  
always hunting. We don't know how  
long we can last, but as long as a  
man woman or child of South Park  
draws breath - we have hope.

Randy walks into a guarded door and we see a crowd waiting. We pan over past a fire and see a figure in tattered clothing like the others.

He looks up to reveal - Cartman, who walks up to the door - but a dog starts barking at him.

CARTMAN

No, doggie, get down.

The dog keeps barking, yanking at it's chain.

CARTMAN (CONT'D)

Fuck you dog!

Cartman smacks the dog then rushes into the room and closes the door.

**INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Randy stands at the center of a crowd giving a speech.

RANDY  
...now is the time to strike back!

GERALD  
Randy, don't be ridiculous, there  
are too many of them.

Randy walks up to Gerald and stares him in the eye. Gerald  
can't hold the gaze and looks away.

RANDY  
I know you are all afraid. But it  
is now that we must be strongest.

In the crowd Cartman looks up underneath his hood. He is  
wearing a pair of glasses and in his POV we see a HUD much  
like the drones.

KYLE  
Cartman, why are you wearing  
glasses?

CARTMAN  
It's none of your business Kyle.

KYLE  
No, really, why are you wearing  
them?

CARTMAN  
Because I like how they look, okay?  
Goddammit mind your own fucking  
business.

Cartman scans the room. The HUD zooms in and scans each face,  
sending them off to--

#### **INT. NSA MOBILE COMMAND CENTER**

Banner and Johnson are watching the live feed.

AGENT BANNER  
The resistance is larger than we  
thought.

AGENT JOHNSON  
Sir, we've gotten our orders.

AGENT BANNER  
From the Director?

AGENT JOHNSON  
No sir. I got a communique  
from...Master Control.

Both agents look at the large red eye on the center of the console.

AGENT BANNER  
It's giving orders now? How?

AGENT JOHNSON  
I don't know. What should we do?

Agent Banner thinks.

AGENT BANNER  
Follow orders.

He walks up to a microphone.

AGENT BANNER (CONT'D)  
Codename: Coon, do you copy?

**INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cartman puts his hand up to his ear - Kyle notices.

CARTMAN  
Coon here.

AGENT BANNER (V.O.)  
We've targeted Randy Marsh as the leader of the resistance. Maintain surveillance at all times. We need to find out their first target.

CARTMAN  
Copy that, Coon out.

RANDY  
So I ask you now my Brothers, are you with me?

A battle cry roars from the crowd.

CROWD  
Kerplahhhh!!

RANDY  
Kerplahhhh!!

Randy nods and walks out of the room. Cartman follows him out and down the hall - into a bathroom.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Randy goes in to the far stall and sits down. The bathroom door opens again, without a sound, and Cartman creeps into the center stall next to Randy.

Randy starts to take a shit.

RANDY

Ughh...

Cartman climbs on the toilet and looks over the wall.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(sotto) Oh God, it's gonna be a big one..

In Cartman's POV we see his HUD read out.

HUD

Target: Randy Marsh. Directive: Maintain Visual.

RANDY

Ahhhh, come on!

Randy starts to sweat and struggle.

**INT. NSA MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Agent Johnson sits watching the computer as Agent Banner talks on the phone.

AGENT BANNER

Any change with primary target?

AGENT JOHNSON

(pause) No sir, just...sitting alone.

AGENT BANNER

Let me know if he meets any one else.

AGENT JOHNSON

Yes sir.

Johnson waits a moment. Then --

AGENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(under his breath) Oh yea, fucking push it out.



He reaches his hand up to his nipple and twists it with a slight tug.

AGENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Don't stop--

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Randy is sweating hard and yelling.

RANDY  
Ahhhhhhhh!

CARTMAN  
(sotto) Jesus Christ dude, this is sick.

He starts to climb down.

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O.)  
Maintain visual Agent Coon. That's an order.

Cartman climbs back up.

CARTMAN  
Goddammit.

**INT. NSA MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Johnson now reaches a hand beneath the desk while keeping an eye on Banner. He slowly starts jerking off as Randy struggles harder and harder.

Johnson's arm moves faster and faster, Randy grunts, and Cartman closes his eyes. Finally - we see Randy collapse and Johnson slump over as well.

AGENT JOHNSON  
Yes, oh God.

AGENT BANNER  
Anything happening?

Johnson quickly leans up.

AGENT JOHNSON  
No sir. I, um, just found out that Molly is making prime rib for tonight.

AGENT BANNER  
Prime Rib?

BEAT.

AGENT BANNER (CONT'D)  
Carry on then.

**EXT. UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE - DAY**

Cartman comes out of the door.

CARTMAN  
Control come in. This is Coon.

AGENT BANNER  
Go ahead Coon.

CARTMAN  
Returning to base.

**EXT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cartman walks out the bathroom door and is confronted by Kyle.

KYLE  
I know you're not here because  
you're on our side.

CARTMAN  
Don't be a fucking jerk Kyle. I  
only want to help.

KYLE  
No you don't. I don't know what  
you'll get out of it but I'm  
fucking watching you.

Cartman starts to walk away.

CARTMAN  
Whatever Kyle, can't a Patriot just  
be...patriotic? Fuckin A.

Kyle watches Cartman leave.

**INT. NSA MOBILE COMMAND CENTER**

Johnson sits at a bank of computer monitors. Cartman walks in and sets his glasses on a counter.

AGENT BANNER  
Good work out there Coon.

Johnson sees someone walk up to a camera wearing a Guy Fawkes mask. He leans in - then two more masked men walk up to other cameras.

AGENT JOHNSON  
Sir, we might have a situation here.

AGENT BANNER  
What is it?

AGENT JOHNSON  
There are people outside - wearing masks.

Banner walks over to look at the video screens. Just then the last blank screen is crowded by a Guy Fawkes mask right up in front of the camera.

Johnson looks at another computer screen which looks like radar - dozens of tiny red dots are converging on to one point.

AGENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
This can't be right.

AGENT BANNER  
What?

AGENT JOHNSON  
All the drones are coming here.  
What does that mean?

AGENT BANNER  
Oh no, the first target, it's --

The door bursts open in an explosion and Resistance fighters storm in and pull off their masks, including Randy, Gerald, Stan, Kyle, and Kenny.

Cartman hides under a row of computers. The drones head towards the door too.

RANDY  
Everybody on the fucking ground -  
and close that door!

Agent Banner draws his gun and shoots Randy in the arm. Randy roars and shoots Agent Banner in the chest, emptying his clip. The boys are sprayed with blood.

KYLE  
Holy shit!

GERALD  
Randy!

KENNY (MUFFLED)  
Goddamn dude.

STAN  
Jesus Christ Dad, you killed him!

RANDY  
Close that goddamn door!

Another fighter closes the door just before the drones reach it.

AGENT JOHNSON  
Oh my god, Dan! You bastard!

Randy aims his gun at Johnson.

RANDY  
Don't move dirtbag.

The rest of the Resistance spreads out and searches the building.

GERALD  
All clear Randy. We don't have much time.

Randy walks up to Johnson.

RANDY  
You thought you could just come in to our town and take over?

AGENT JOHNSON  
We're keeping you people safe.

RANDY  
Is the killing of innocent civilians "safety"?

AGENT JOHNSON  
Who's been killed?

RANDY  
Our rights. Now I want you to tell me how I can destroy the drones in South Park.

The red eye in the control panel behind Agent Johnson adjusts its focus ring, and we see through it's POV Randy and Johnson talking.

AGENT JOHNSON

No one man can do that - and even if you did they would just be replaced.

RANDY

What about the NSA, or the fucking President?

AGENT JOHNSON

No, all orders are directed to Master Control (The RED EYE from earlier)--

AGENT BANNER

Johnson no!!

Everyone jumps at Banner still being alive. Johnson stops talking and looks back at the red eye. Randy unloads another clip into Banner - this time to the head.

His brains splatter everywhere.

GERALD

Oh my God, Randy.

STAN

Seriously, Dad, quit overreacting.

MASTER CONTROL

(A target ring locks on Johnson).  
Target: Agent Johnson. Directive:  
Eliminate.

AGENT JOHNSON

Oh no...

Randy looks back at the eye.

RANDY

What's Master Control? What were you going to say?

AGENT JOHNSON

I can't, please.

Randy leans in towards Johnson.

RANDY  
Don't be afraid son, we can help  
you.

Johnson laughs.

AGENT JOHNSON  
I'm already dead.

A line of fire shows around the door.

GERALD  
Breach - they're coming in!

RANDY  
Dammit man, tell me what I need to  
know. You can make up for all of  
this.

Johnson lowers his head.

AGENT JOHNSON  
I was supposed to have prime rib  
tonight.

RANDY  
I know. But sometimes we have to go  
without prime rib, and instead bite  
into a shit sandwich to redeem  
ourselves.

BEAT.

AGENT JOHNSON  
Master Control is the AI in charge  
of data the NSA collects. It also  
oversees drone operations.

RANDY  
AI, you mean--

AGENT JOHNSON  
Yes. Artificial Intelligence. It's  
housed in a server warehouse in the  
Utah Desert. Area 51.

RANDY  
So if we take this place out, that  
will be it?

AGENT JOHNSON  
I don't know, maybe. There's an  
escape hatch over there. You can  
still make it.

The laser around the door keeps burning, threatening to open at any moment.

RANDY  
Thank you. Move out!

The rest of the men head towards the safety hatch and Kyle notices Cartman's glasses before leaving.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
I won't forget you.

The door bursts open and a drone flies in.

AGENT JOHNSON  
Tell Molly I--

Johnson's head is blown off by a drone and the Resistance disappears into the hatch.

**INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

President Obama sits at his desk looking out the windows. An Aide walks in holding a folder.

AIDE  
Mr. President?

OBAMA  
Yes, what is it?

AIDE  
The NSA called about a situation in South Park.

OBAMA  
South Park, where is that?

AIDE  
It's a small town in Colorado sir. You deemed it of strategic surveillance value last week.

OBAMA  
Oh yes...of course.

AIDE  
It appears that a group of local...militia...assaulted an NSA mobile command unit. And now they're heading towards a data collection center in Area 51.

OBAMA

What!?

Obama stands up and punches his desk.

AIDE

Sir, there's nothing there. It's just computer servers and a team of analysts to maintain the facilities. Should I have the NSA prioritize it?

Obama calms himself and sits back down.

OBAMA

No, no of course not. Have the NSA cease all surveillance of this South Park resistance.

AIDE

Sir? But they're--

OBAMA

You heard me.

The Aide nods and leaves the room. Obama waits for the door to close then spins back towards the windows. He taps his head behind his ear and his eyes glow red.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

They're coming. I've taken care of it - no one will be watching.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

The caravan of Resistance fighters drives down a deserted highway. Randy sits in the passenger's seat of the lead car next to Gerald. In the backseat are Kyle, Stan, and Kenny.

RANDY (V.O.)

It's been so long since we started this fight, it's hard to hold on to how it all happened. But now we know who our enemy is, and we're going to wipe them out, once and for all.

The cars pull away into the sunset and pass a sign that says AREA 51 - 800 mi.

The camera goes underneath the last car in the caravan and we see Cartman hiding - holding on to the bottom of the car.

**INT. UTAH BASE - CONT.**

We are looking through the massive red eye of Master Control. What look like a thousand screens flutter like panels, feeding footage from around the world.

All of the screens slowly turn to show the Resistance approaching. We hear a high pitched screeching noise and --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RIDGE - DUSK**

Randy perks up at "hearing" Master Control. The Resistance caravan stops along a ridge and look at the NSA base.

RANDY

This is it men. We're going to destroy whatever's in there, and take back this country.

Randy leads the way into the valley.

**EXT. NSA BASE - CONTINUOUS**

A guard walks a perimeter. A bird call sounds O.S. and he looks over into the darkness. Randy slowly comes up over the guard's shoulder than cuts his throat.

Other Resistance fighters run past and form up outside one of the doors. In the shadows Cartman follows them.

Randy looks at his men.

BEAT.

RANDY

Kerplahh!

RESISTANCE

Kerplahh!

The door is blown off its hinges and they all run in -- to an assembly line of drones being built. No people are in sight.

**INT. NSA BASE - CONTINUOUS**

GERALD

Wait, where is everybody?

RANDY

I don't know. Push forward!

The Resistance slowly walks forward. The guy in the back of the pack - Banks - gets pulled off screen with a muffled yelp. The man right in front of him - Stewart - looks back.

STEWART

Banks?

Stewart heads away from the group and the noise drops off. He sees something - starts to scream -- but a dart shoots into his head, killing him.

The others head into the next room. Over Randy's/Gerald's shoulder we see men getting picked off one by one.

**INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM**

Randy looks out to see drones being put into boxes or fitted with accessories by mechanical arms on an assembly line.

GERALD

Aren't there any people?

One of the cameras in the corner of the room tilts up to see them. In Master Control's POV we see the Resistance walking forward.

A drone sweeps down and cuts the head off the man in the back, another shoots out a cord and picks the next man up and flies off towards the ceiling.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
Curious...and none of our drones followed us here.

RANDY  
We don't have time to question the mind of a machine.

The next two men in formation are shot in the heart with darts, and Cartman picks his way through the bodies.

Only Randy, Gerald, the boys and three resistance fighters are left. They walk into the last room.

**INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

We finally see Master Control - a giant red orb suspended in a white-walled room.

Golden rings spin and focus in the eye. Cords go from out of the top of Master Control and into the far wall.

GERALD  
What is it?

RANDY  
It's...Master Control.

STAN/KYLE/KENNY  
Dude.

Cartman peeks his head around the door.

GERALD  
What do we do?

RANDY  
We kill it.

Randy looks back while stepping forward. He sees everyone is gone as the tile he lands on depresses with a click.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Where is every--

A massive explosion sends everyone flying, and an emergency door slams shut over the entrance to the room. One of the resistance fighters gets splattered all over the far wall.

Amidst the flames, Randy - half-dead - palms a grenade and pulls the pin out -- Cartman races towards him.

CARTMAN

Nooo!

Randy starts to throw the grenade but Cartman bites him in the leg.

RANDY

Ahh!

The grenade only goes a few yards and lands at one of the fallen Resistance fighters' legs.

FIGHTER

Noo--

He's cut off as the grenade explodes -- tearing him to pieces.

STAN

Goddammit Cartman!

KYLE

You killed him. I fucking knew you were on their side.

Cartman backs away and stands under Master Control. Randy, Gerald, Kyle/Stan/Kenny and the last Resistance fighter get to their feet.

CARTMAN

I can't let you do this.

KYLE

Why the hell not?

CARTMAN

Because it's the only way to keep our country safe.

KYLE

Don't be stupid Cartman. They're not protecting us, they're imprisoning us. This guise of safety is just used to scare people into doing anything they say.

CARTMAN

Exactly what a terrorist would say.

STAN

He's right Cartman, don't be stupid. Can you honestly say you feel safer with a drone hovering over you 24 hours a day, or do you actually feel like you can't do anything without fear of being punished?

Cartman almost processes this logic.

CARTMAN

No, you won't trick me.

RANDY

Lawrence (the last fighter).

LAWRENCE

Yes sir?

RANDY

Bag him.

LAWRENCE

Gladly sir.

Lawrence shoots Cartman with a bean bag gun and knocks him out. Randy sees the cords leading in to the wall and the door underneath them. He heads right for it.

MASTER CONTROL

Re-route all available units to Base. Directive: Destroy Resistance.

**EXT. DESERT - CONT.**

The full moon shines onto the desert. A line of shadow speeds along the desert floor, and we tilt up to reveal a cloud of drones.

On the reverse angle we see they are heading for the NSA Base.

**INT. BACK ROOM - CONT.**

Randy and the rest of the Resistance break the door down. Rows of fat nerds sit at their computers operating various drones and processing information.

RANDY

What the hell?

The nerds lackadaisically look up in surprise. At the back of the room stands a row of tubes with humanoid figures inside.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
What's going on in here?

NERD LEADER  
How long until reinforcements arrive?

UNDERLING  
Three minutes.

RANDY  
Nobody move!

Gerald and the boys fan out and point their guns. Randy walks back to the tubes and sees -- a clone of President Obama.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(sotto) Dear God.

BEAT.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
What is this?

OBAMA (O.S.)  
Please, is someone there?

Randy goes behind the tubes to see a small cage with President Obama inside.

RANDY  
Mr. President?

OBAMA  
Please, you have to help me. They stuck me in here a year ago, took over the NSA, and put a clone of me in the White House.

RANDY  
Who are they?

OBAMA  
The nerds!

RANDY  
Impossible, the soldiers would have stopped them.

OBAMA

Not when the nerds can kill the soldiers at any time with the push of a button.

RANDY

Are you telling me the nerds, they took control?!

OBAMA

What do you expect, they operate all the computers, and then Master Control developed AI. You have to kill them and destroy Master Control before they take over the country completely.

RANDY

Yes sir Mr. President.

Randy walks back to where the nerds are all sitting. He takes out a cigarette and goes to light it. The lighter won't work.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Too bad boys, looks like we're gonna have to end this party early.

In slow motion Randy raises his gun.

RANDY (PROCESSED) (CONT'D)

FIIIIIIIIIRE!!

He aims at the nerd nearest him and shoots him through the glasses and into his eye. The nerd's head jerks back and his glasses go to the ground.

One of the other nerds tries to get up, can't because he's too fat, and Gerald shoots him in the chest - right through his pocket protector.

We see through the first nerd's glasses Stan/Kyle/Kenny shooting - and bullet casings land on the ground.

Row after row of computer's gets shot up, giant cups of coke spray everywhere, and we look down Randy's gun as he aims at three different nerds and guns them down.

The others stop shooting as their clips empty - leaving one nerd. Randy walks up and pulls out his baseball bat from his back holster.

LAST NERD

You can't defeat us. We run your world.

RANDY

It's time to delete the trash.  
Permanently.

The nerd gasps as Randy jumps forward and swings his bat. We see the nerd's head flying through the air and land on a keyboard. The monitor in front of it is a black screen with lines of code.

After the head hits the keyboard a message pops up: "Error: Does not Compute."

Randy stands up, breathing hard - a streak of red blood across his eyes.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Set the charges to detonate in one minute. Master Control is about to be shut down.

The Master Control eye spins madly and screeches loudly at hearing these words. Randy frees the President while the others set up the bombs.

They start to walk past the clones, but Obama grabs Randy's gun and shoots all the tanks with Obama. Randy nods and they all walk out.

**EXT. NSA BASE - CONTINUOUS**

The group walks outside a side door. We see on the reverse that the cloud of drones is closing in, only a few hundred yards away. Randy holds up a detonator switch and -- pushes the button. The buildings behind them explode.

A great hissing cry utters from the flames, sounding the death knell of Master Control. All the drones flying towards the base shut off and crash to the ground.

The Resistance climbs into their cars, and we see in the back truck Cartman lying hidden in one of the trunks - his hand twitches.

RANDY (V.O.)

We defeated our enemy...for now.  
But I know deep down this is only  
the beginning. A war is coming, and  
I hope we're ready for it.

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY**

The boys stand around talking.



KYLE

So Fatboy, how did it feel to choose the wrong side?

CARTMAN

Screw you Kyle. They'll see my loyalty when the time comes.

STAN

Cartman, you know everyone here thinks of you as a traitor, right?

CARTMAN

Screw you guys...I'm going home.

Cartman walks off-screen.

STAN

What do you think will happen next?

KYLE

You mean about the drones?

STAN

Yea.

KYLE

Who knows. We can only let the government know our civil unrest. And at times, destroy an NSA base.

STAN

Yea. But what about when the drones advance? I mean, the technology could go in places we can't even imagine.

Kyle thinks a second.

KYLE

We can only pray.

**INT. CARTMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Cartman walks into his bedroom in his pajamas and climbs up into bed. He turns the light off and closes his eyes, drifting off to sleep. BEAT.

Behind Cartman's eyelids emanates a red glow. Cartman's eyes open and we see the gold focus rings adjust a few times.

END OF SHOW