

Blow with Pride

Written By

Sean Spencer

On the TV in the Marsh house, a local weatherman is describing the extreme heat wave. Randy Marsh is lying on the couch in his underwear looking tired, hot and bored.

RANDY

Sharon! Bring me my new spritzer!
I need my spritzer.

SHARON

Why don't you get off your lazy ass
and get it yourself?

RANDY

Stan! Stan! Spritzer!

STAN

(Annoyed)
Here.

On the TV and the weatherman.

WEATHERMAN

...with highs reaching 105 degrees....

Randy is on the couch holding the Spritzer (electric fan/spray bottle) with his legs spread. He opens the front of his underwear and spritzes his balls.

RANDY

Ahhhhhhh yea that's the stuff...

SHARON

(Shouting from the
kitchen)
Randy! Stop spritzing your balls
and go mow the lawn...it's been two
weeks!

RANDY

(Whining)
Ah, come on...I don't want to.

SHARON

Randy, you're the one that insisted
on buying that ridiculous Japanese
mower from the Sharper Image...and
we're still making payments on it!

RANDY

(Doing one last spritz
on his balls)
Fiiiiiiine.
(mumbles
indistinguishably as
he slowly gets up
and walks away)

On the TV weatherman as the station is interrupted for a presidential news conference.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
(Surrounded by grinning
Mexicans in suits)

My fellow Americans, on this historic day it is with great pride that I announce the signing of the new Mexican Amnesty Bill. Now it will be easier than ever for the people of Mexico to come to this great country to legally obtain work, citizenship and free health care.

Randy is in the front yard with a futuristic looking lawn mower in grass so high it looks almost too tall to cut. The mower has a cup holder for his beer, a built-in umbrella and other various gimmicky bells and whistles.

As Randy is situating everything on the mower, behind him a Mexican crew with a beat up pickup truck stops at the house across the street. They begin to unload their crappy mower and other equipment. Randy presses a button on the mower:

JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRL (V.O.)
Sank you, my master. Let mowing
begin! Hehe.

Randy slowly presses one of two adjacent levers forward and begins to cut the grass.

The mower moves forward and quickly comes to an abrupt halt.

JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There is an obstruction in the
brade...prrease remove. Hehe.

RANDY
Goddammit.

As Randy flips the mower on its side, across the street in the background, the Mexican crew speedily goes back and forth, already halfway done with the lawn. As Randy's mower is on its side and still running, we see a clump of grass and a spritzer bottle jammed in its multiple blades.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Sharon! Here's my old spritzer
bottle!

The blades are vibrating slightly and struggling as if the second the obstruction is removed, they will immediately return to full speed. Randy yanks on the spritzer and it won't give. He leverages himself by putting his foot on top of the vibrating blades and continues to yank on the spritzer.

The Mexican crew across the street is finishing up mowing that lawn.

Randy puts his other foot against the about-to-spin sharp blades and pulls even harder on the spritzer; it still doesn't budge. Randy huffs.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Sharon, where is the manual for this thing?!

He walks into his house. The Mexicans in the background load up the truck, drive ten feet and begin to unload the gear, and mow the next door house across the street.

Randy returns with some large gardening shears ("Thisotta do it") and starts to cut at the clump of grass caught in the blades, his face foolishly close to the mower blades. We now see the Mexicans in the background almost halfway done with house #2.

After hacking Randy hacks at it for a bit, the clump of grass is free and the blades whirl to life, instantly disintegrating the old spritzer bottle and almost taking Randy's face off. Randy is thrown back a bit, gets up and looks down.

Appearing to be looking at the destroyed spritzer bottle on the ground:

RANDY (CONT'D)

Ahhhh, fuuuck! I cut my thumb off.

Wide shot reveals that he accidentally cut his own thumb off with the gardening shears and he is in fact looking at his thumb on the ground. We see the Mexicans across the street finishing up the second house and driving away.

Eric Cartman is at a park surrounded by kids. Everyone is listening as he animatedly comments on a topical subject (subject TBD closer to air date). Behind Eric is an expanded open area with lots of overlapping hills. As Eric is spouting off, in the distance we see one tiny brown figure descend down a hill. The figure is quickly obscured by the hill in front of it.

Eric stops mid-sentence as if sensing something is going on and looks to the side. After a pause, he goes right back into the story.

Three tiny figures in the distance descend down another hill and disappear. Eric again stops his banter, pauses, and then resumes (nobody else seems to notice).

In the distance a dozen tiny figures descend down some of the hills. Eric stops the story right before the climax/punchline and turns all the way around this time.

BUTTERS
Finish the story, Eric.

ERIC
(Serious)
Shut up, Butters. Guys...I smell...
(He sniffs, puts his
finger in the air to
test the wind...
licks it)

BEANS. And by beans, I mean Mexicans.

A horde of hundreds of Mexicans descend all of the hills heading for South Park. The boys are all wide-eyed, their mouths hanging open as they watch.

Sharon drives a weary looking Randy and screeches to a halt in front of the Emergency Room. They both run inside up to the reception window.

SHARON
My husband had an accident. We need help.

RANDY
Hey, Sharon, check it out.

He takes his thumb on and off like the stupid magic trick everyone knows.

ER RECEPTIONIST
Ok, no problem. Just fill out the paperwork and wait in the back of the line.

An endless line of Mexicans is waiting for health care.

RANDY
(Timidly and cautiously
to reception worker)
Um...do I get to cut since I'm white?

SHARON
Randy!

ER RECEPTIONIST
You can be seen much quicker if you go to a pay clinic.

RANDY
Where is the closest one?

ER RECEPTIONIST
Mexico.

Gerald Broflovski and Sheila Broflovski walk up to the new Jewish restaurant "Schloski's".

GERALD

I'm excited to try this place out.
I even heard they have schmaltz-
flavored ice cream for dessert. We
should try it!

SHEILA

Yes, that sounds wonderful!

Gerald and Sheila sit at a table. Jewish music can be heard faintly. We see the door to the kitchen behind them. The Jewish owner of the restaurant comes to greet them and gives them a breakdown of Kosher menu.

GERALD

I'll start with the matsoh ball soup
and then have some of the handmade
shmura matzoh.

SHEILA

I would like to try one of the potato
bourekas and start with the borscht
with sour cream, please.

The door to the kitchen briefly opens as a waiter leaves. We get a quick glimpse of Mexicans cooking and can quickly hear corny Mexican music. All stops once the door closes.

A Jewish couple sitting next to the Broflovskis pause, alarmed for a second. The restaurant owner looks nervous and awkwardly goes to another table.

GERALD

So did you hear about Randy?

SHEILA

No, what happened?

The door to the kitchen opens again, this time for a bit longer. We get a good look as an all-Mexican kitchen staff cooks the food. We hear the corny music again. Door closes.

GERALD

(Perplexed for a moment
by the music)

Um, yeah, so I heard that Randy cut
his penis off with his lawn mower.

SHEILA

What?! That's horrible! Poor Sharon...

A waiter appears with the first course of food. Gerald and Sheila begin to eat and thoroughly enjoy the food.

GERALD

This is soooo good.

SHEILA

Mmmmm... I'm so glad there's finally
a Kosher place in South Park that
serves authentic Jewish food!

Just then a bunch of Mexicans dressed like Jews come out of the kitchen to sing a terrible, heavily accented version of "Happy Birthday" to the tune of "If I Were A Rich Man," from Fiddler On the Roof, to the table next to the Broflovskis.

Gerald and Sheila watch perplexed, and as the Mexicans walk back into the kitchen they finally realize that all of the cooks are Mexican. Gerald has just put a large spoonful of soup in his mouth. He looks at the food, then the kitchen, then the food. He spits his mouthful of soup all over Sheila's face, as the couple next to them get up to leave:

GERALD

This is disgusting!

The boys are now in Stan's basement and Eric is at a chalkboard with lots of senseless math drawn on it.

ERIC

(Eating food and
talking, holding a
pointer stick)

By my calculations, guys, there are
now more Mexicans in South Park than
White people. And do you know what
that means?

TOKEN

You guys now feel outnumbered like I
do?

ERIC

No, Token. We now feel ripped off
like you do.

BUTTERS

They took our jobs!

A wider shot reveals Butters standing next to Eric wearing a sombrero and Pancho with a mustache drawn on his face.

STAN

We don't have jobs. And why are you
dressed like that?

ERIC

But, Stan, don't you see? Some day,
some of us will have jobs, and not
all of you can work for me if Mexicans
take your place.

STAN

Shut up, you fat hog.

ERIC

No, Stan. It will be "Boss Hog" to you.

(He picks up a white cowboy hat and puts it on)

I'm going to take advantage of this new energetic work force. You guys can either work for me or just be poor like Kenny.

Kenny just shrugs.

BUTTERS

(Speaking Spanish)

Yo tengo el mejor jefe y el tiene lluevos grandes. (I have the best boss and his balls are big)

ERIC

Se la verdad, Butters...es la verdad... (it's true Butters, it's true)

He pulls out a candy cigar and takes a puff.

Randy is sitting at the local bar drinking heavily with his severed thumb floating in a glass of milk next to his drink. Gerald arrives and others begin to crowd around.

UNCLE JIMBO

Randy, are you drinking a glass of horchata?

GERALD

Is that your penis in that glass of horchata?

RANDY

(Drunk)

NO...I'm, I'm not drinking Mexican penis.

Randy gets up from the stool, pulls his thumb out of the drink and drunkenly points it at the group as he speaks.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(Wasted)

This situation is out of control.....You can't even get a penis put back on these days without waiting ten hours at the emergency room...

(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)

Yeah...and you can't even get an authentic restaurant meal cooked by real Jews anymore!

MR. STOCH

Half of my office has been replaced with cheap Mexicans...and my son has already turned into one.

(Perplexed)

It's all...it's all...changing.

RANDY

You know what I say? Fuck President Obama and his new animosity bill! Now it's just the United States of Mexico. Long lines and even hotter temperatures.

UNCLE JIMBO

Wow, we're all Mexicans now.

RANDY

Pretty much...

(Burps)

I'm sorry, I thought this was America... So that's why I'm heading down there to get my thumb put back on for cheap with no lines! You guys should come...plus you can buy tons of stuff 'cause our money is worth waaaay more down there.

Randy offers up a stupid grin.

GERALD

I heard Cabo has great pools for swimming and lots of-

RANDY

(Standing on the bar)

Tequila!!!!!!

Bar crowd shouts "Tequilla!!!!!!!!!!!"

Cheers.

Shot of an Aero Mexico plane flying. Inside of the plane are the Marsh family, Broflovski family, Stoch family, Eric, Kenny, and various town folk are on their way.

SHARON

Randy, I can't believe you convinced so many people to come to Cabo with us.

RANDY

(Holding a milk jar
with his thumb
floating in it)

Our money is worth way more down
there, Sharon. We'll live like kings.
The prices are even cheaper now since
practically all of them have come to
America. Heck, maybe I'll even get
that "extra work" done while I get
my thumb sewn back on.

He looks at her coyly and takes a sip of the milk.

We follow behind the group of travelers in a pack as they
excitedly walk up the street towards downtown Cabo San Lucas.
The obnoxious over-branded tourist trap of bars and
restaurants come into view.

As the group begins to walk the strip, we hear party music,
whistles blowing. There are misters spraying cool mist onto
the sidewalk. Sad little kids approach the group selling
"chicle."

The gang arrives to a large archway labeled "Squid Row."
They walk down the alley, which is full of restaurants and
bars, lights and music. The gang is awestruck and impressed.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Sharon...Sharon...they got spritzers
everywhere!!!!

A restaurant employee runs up with a chair, stands on it and
grabs Randy's head and tilts it back and pours a shot down
his throat while blowing his whistle.

RANDY (CONT'D)

This place is amazing!!!!

The excited gang heads into Squid Row as the boys watch them
from the street. Butters is still dressed like a Mexican
and Eric is still wearing his white cowboy hat.

KYLE

What are we supposed to do?

KENNY

(Muffled)
Donkey show!

STAN

That sounds boring. Donkeys don't
do any good tricks.

KYLE

What do Mexican kids do all day?

Eric walks away in the background. Butters also walks away in the opposite direction.

"One Week Later"

Eric is sitting behind a desk in a hacienda looking place. There are stacks of Mexican coins on the desk; he counts them and types numbers into a calculator. A couple of sickly-looking Mexican kids with "chicle" trays walk in.

Mexican Kid #1:

TACO

Jefe, aque esta el dinero que gane hoy ida (Boss, here is the money I earned today).

Both kids put very little money on the desk.

ERIC

(Enraged)

150 pesos!!!! 150 pesos!!!! What am I even paying you for???

MEXICAN KID #2

Tu no me pagas (you don't pay me).

TACO

Tu solo me pagas con chicle (you only pay me with gum).

ERIC

Well, that's because you

(Pointing)

are still interning and you said you had experience, so you get minimum wage...

(Quietly)

In gum. Listen, Paco...

TACO

My name is Taco.

ERIC

(Shocked)

Seriously? Hahahahahahahah!!!!

(Cracking up, unable to speak)

....Ok...Taco....Hahahahahahahah!!!

You do realize that would be the same as me having the name Hamburger?

(Looks at him

expectantly. Then, serious)

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Look, Taco, if you can't make more money, then I'm going to have to report you to the athorita...and they are going to send you to America...and put you in school...and trust me, that's the last thing you want to have happen.

MEXICAN KID #2

Me gusta escuela (I like school).

ERIC

Shut up, intern. Go get me a coffee and twenty more workers! We need to increase our volume drastically.

TACO

Yo no voy a trabar para usted. Moy voy trabajar con Señor Butters (I'm not going to work for you anymore. I'm going to work for Mr. Butters).

ERIC

Butters!?!?! Fine! Leave then! Who needs you?! And spit out that gum!!!

Randy is sitting at a taco stand called "Chupa Verga" with Gerald and Mr. Stoch.

RANDY

Señor? Señor, uno mas taco por favor.

The bar keeper makes a taco and sends it flying down the bar towards Randy (as bartenders send drinks sliding). He sticks out his hand and stops the sliding taco. As he picks up the taco it falls out of his hand and breaks on the bar, getting food everywhere.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I don't think the savings on that Mexican doctor were worth it.

GERALD

It's odd that they did that but you would think having an opposable thumb that bends the other way might come in handy somehow?

RANDY

(Revealing the thumb
sewn on backwards)

The only benefit I have found is I can scratch the back of my hand with the same hand.

He demonstrates.

GERALD

Well at least they didn't sew your penis on upside down.

RANDY

(Rolls eyes)

For the fifth time--

MR. STOCH

I will say Butters seems to be acting very strange since we got here. He is always talking about some great imaginary "job".

(Does air quotes)

And can't stop talking about his great new imaginary friend who he calls "JP."

(Does air quotes again)

RANDY

Stan mentioned someone called JP also. You don't think there is some sort of Mexican pervert down here do you?

GERALD

Actually, I just read on back of the restaurant menu about the legend of the Mariachi bandit "Chupa Verga." Apparently he used to terrorize the peasants of this town. He would even steal children.

MR. STOCH

Do you think the Chupa Verga could be this JP person?

RANDY

(Standing up)

We must find this Señor Chupa Verga and bring him to justice.

He grabs a bottle of beer from the table to raise it and make a toast. The glass falls out of his hand and breaks on the bar. Randy's hand remains in the air.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Because we are the three amigos!

He tries to do the three amigo dance and screws it up.

Butters is trotting along happily and whistling a tune. He approaches a very modern looking gate with a large crest on it that reads "JP." He presses a button.

BUTTERS

(Quietly)

El password is...silky smooth hair.

The gate opens and Butters heads inside. Eric's POV: hiding behind a cactus in his boss hog outfit with the intern standing next to him. Eric is spying with binoculars.

ERIC

(To the intern while lowering the binoculars slowly in shock)

Hmmmm...what does silky smooth hair mean when translated to Spanish?

INTERN

Mandame a una escuela y te digo (maybe if you send me to school I could tell you).

The two of them head down to the gate.

POV: Binoculars 50 yards behind Eric and the intern (Mexican kid). Randy is looking through them (gross upside down thumb awkwardly holding the glasses), describing what he sees. He and his buddies are all dressed in disguises with fake mustaches and dressed like Mariachis.

RANDY

I can see a fat little man in a white suit. That must be JP because he has a little kid with him. Looks like he is heading into the gate now...that fat pervert.

MR. STOCH

(Concerned)

Butters, how could you!!!

GERALD

Let's head to that loading dock and see if we can find a way in there.

The guys walk down the hill toward the complex.

Butters is walking down a dark hallway; there are creepy flashes of light at the end of the hall. Butters' happy whistling begins to sound creepy because of the echo of the hallway.

Butters reaches the end of the hallway and is now only a silhouette.

CLOSE-UP of Butters, still only a silhouette, reveals hands that reach out and grab Butters on both shoulders from behind. Butters doesn't turn around but he does suddenly stop whistling.

BUTTERS (V.O.)

Oh, hello JP. I'm looking forward to blowing with pride today!

A wider shot reveals the silhouette of a man standing behind Butters. He is thin and has long hair down to his shoulders.

JP (V.O.)
 (In a creepy voice)
 Here, let me help you. I know this
 is all new to you...

Still only in silhouette, we see a CLOSE-UP of Butters as he walks up to the shadow/silhouette of something that looks exactly like an erect penis. He reaches up and grabs it and slowly opens his mouth and takes in a big breath as it approaches his lips.

JP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Oh yea, that's it...use your complete
 diaphragm, Butters.

All of a sudden everything becomes explosively bright as Randy, Gerald and Mr. Stoch reveal themselves. They have lit illegal type Mexican fireworks and are holding them like weapons. Sparks are flying out. They are behind Eric and the Mexican intern who are looking at Butters and JP and now turn around to face them.

MR. STOCH
 Butters, no!

ERIC
 (Turns around)
 What the!?!?

RANDY
 Get your pervert hands off him, Chupa
 Verga!

GERALD
 One wrong move and I shoot this Roman
 candle up your ass!

The lights come on and reveal Butters holding onto and about to blow into a glass blowing tube. Around him is a wall with beautiful hand-blown glass bottles of all shapes and sizes and a sign that reads, "Blow With Pride."

JP, who stands behind Butters, has a mustache and beard and is dressed in all black. The guys' fireworks die down.

BUTTERS
 (Excited)
 Oh hi, guys! Look at all the glass
 bottles that I've blown! JP taught
 me; it's really cool.

MR. STOCH
 (Accusatory tone)
 JP? You are the Chupa Verga?

JP walks toward and past them, stopping at two mysterious looking doors. Facing the door, his back to everyone, he pulls his hair back into a ponytail revealing the outline of a bee on the back of his Mariachi-style black outfit.

JP

I am not the Chupa Verga. My name
is Jean Paul Degoria, or JP for short.
I'm the billionaire philanthropist
who started Paul Mitchell hair care...
(Becoming more
mysterious)
And something else...

JP slowly breaks into song as he opens the doors and walks through them, revealing a beautiful Willy Wonka type factory with gears and tubes and pipes. The color scheme is predominately lime green and white. There are oompa loompa type workers moving around the factory merrily; they wear stereotypical Mexican garb. Stan, Kyle, Token and Kenny are among them, also happily working.

JP goes into a full-on musical montage set to the music of "Imagination" from the movie Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory. JP goes all around the factory popping out of random places and doing tricks as he shows off the Patron tequila factory.

JP (CONT'D)

(Singing)

Come with me, I'm JP, in a world of
premium tequila. Take a look, and
you'll see... all the agave.
We'll begin, with a spin, of the
glass blowing little worker.

(Walks up to Butters
blowing a Patron
bottle)

Then the cork hand, hand made cork,
from local forests!

(Bridge)

If you want to view paradise Simply
drink a shot and view it. Anything
you want to do it Want to change the
world? JP can do it.... There is no
place I know to compare with premium
tequila Working here you'll be free
if you truly wish to beeeeeeee!

At this point JP is on top of a Patron tequila waterfall and has put on a bee outfit similar to the Patron bee logo. He jumps off of the cliff while singing the last note. He hits the tequila lagoon rather aggressively and doesn't come up. Everyone is impressed and somewhat confused.

ERIC

So this is where all my workers are!

TACO

No soy tu trabajador (I'm not your worker).

BUTTERS

Yeah, Eric. JP has shown us how to take pride in what we do for a living.
(Blows another bottle)
I'm teaching Taco how to blow glass!

KYLE

It's not about just earning money but doing what you love and more importantly sustaining the land and giving back to the community. People are always going to move to where there is opportunity to create a better life for themselves and their families. If it wasn't for JP, I would have never learned-

RANDY

(Standing at the same spot JP jumped from)
TEQUILA!!!!!!!

He jumps into the lagoon with the other adults.

The end.

*During the credits, we see Randy, Mr. Stoch and Gerald and J.P. in the floating room with bubbles from Willy Wonka. They are floating, drinking and burping, bottles of Patron in hand.