South Park:
Imaginationland

By Trey Parker
All right, let's try over here.
Set up traps there,
and there as well.
Last time I saw him
he ran right through here.
This is so retarded, Cartman.
You've got everyone
believing your stupid story.
It isn't a story, it's true!
I saw a leprechaun.
I've seen him come through here
three days in a row now.
Hawk Eyes, this is
Dragon Wind. Do you copy?
This is Hawk Eyes. We've set up
the net and we're standing by.
Copy that, Hawk Eyes. Keep surveillance
tag Alpha Niner. Dragon Wind out.
Just admit you were lying, Cartman,
so that everyone can go home!
Oh no! We have a deal, Kyle!
If I can prove there's a leprechaun,
you have to suck my balls, remember?
Dragon Wind to Blackie:
What's your six, Blackie?
- I don't want the code name Blackie.
- Code names are what they are, Blackie!
Check your six and alert
when in position!
- This is fucking retarded!
- Haha, getting nervous, Kyle?
When that leprechaun shows
up you must suck my balls!
Don't forget I have
a signed contract from you.
Yeah, and if you couldn't
prove there was a leprechaun,
you have to give me ten dollars!
Now just pay up and stop being stupid!
Goddamnit, why hasn't it shown up yet?
Dragon Wind to Faggot! Come in, Faggot!
This is faggot. Go ahead.
Faggot I need you to keep surveillance
North to North East. Check back in five.
Okay, will do.
Faggot out.
Okay, that's enough. Everybody!
Cartman is just pulling one
of his stupid tricks on everyone,
because he's trying to get
out of a deal he made!
It was here, I swear it! I don't know
why it's not showing up this time!
You didn't see a leprechaun, fatass!
If you could prove it, I had to suck
your balls, but if you couldn't,
you had to pay me
ten dollars! Pay up!
Uh, I got something! I got it!
It's uh... Oh jeez I think
it's a leprechaun!
- No, there is not a leprechaun.
- Set off diversion track C!
- Dude...
- Fuh, fuck me, it's a leprechaun.
Get it!
Get that fucking leprechaun!
I want it alive!
Eugh! Uh, move aside! Move aside!
All right,
butthole, where's the gold?
You lads don't know what you're doing.
I need to deliver an important message!
There's going to be an attack!
Tell me where the gold
is or you die! Slow!
Where'd he go?
I was sent to warn of a terrorist
attack, but you boys have made me late.
Now the terrorists will
prevail! The end is near!
Dude.
Kyle...
Suck my balls.
Dad, where do leprechauns come from?
From Ireland.
So... why would one come to America
to warn us about a terrorist attack.
Kyle, leprechauns aren't real.
You're almost nine now;
you need to understand the difference
between real and imaginary.
I thought I did.
Oh, Ms. Broflovski, how
are you this fine evening?
Oh, hello Eric.
Kyle, your friend is here.
Hello, Mr. Broflovski, Ike.
Nice evening, isn't it?
Well Kyle, shall we go up
to your room for a few minutes.
Get out of here, Cartman,
we're eating dinner!
Uh, Kyle,
I believe a certain someone
is supposed to put a certain
set of balls in their mouth.
- I'm not doing it, fatass!
- Doing what?
- We had a deal, Kyle!
- Just get out of here!
You signed an agreement, Kyle!
I don't care if
I signed an agreement!
Ah hey now Kyle, if you made a deal
with somebody, you have to stick by it.
- Thank you, Mr. Broflovski.
- What was the agreement?
That if he could prove leprechauns
exist, I would suck his balls.
- What what what?
- And there was a leprechaun!
You saw it, Kyle!
Yeah, Kyle's gonna suck balls.
Hey dudes.
Hey Kyle.
So, how was it?
- How was what?
- Sucking Cartman's balls.
I didn't suck his balls, all right?
And I'm not going to!
Dude, why did you ever agree
to suck his balls in the first place.
I didn't think there would actually
be a leprechaun! And I still don't!
Why would a leprechaun be
warning us of a terrorist attack?
There's another
explanation for all this.
Excuse me.
Have you boys seen
a leprechaun anywhere lately?
What do you know
about the leprechaun?
Oh, then you did see him.
That's wondiferous!
I want you to tell me everything he
said. Where was he? What was he doing?
All right I've had enough!
Leprechauns are imaginary!
Well of course they are.
But just because they're imaginary
doesn't mean they aren't real.
Haven't you boys ever
used your imagination?
You, young man! How would
you like to be a cowboy?
Or a swashbuckling pirate?
And you! How would you like
to be an astronaut, far out in space?
All it takes is a little...
 imagination.
- Who the hell are you?
- Still not convinced, eh?
I tell you what, boys.
What say we all take a ride on my...
Imagination Flying Machine?
Dude.
Hop aboard, kids.
I have something to show you.
Uh, are you gonna rape us?
No?
All right then.
Come on, guys.
Watch it, fellas. I'm pretty
sure this guy wants to rape us.
All aboard the Imagination Balloon!
Some people feel
imagination isn't real,
but I tell them that they're wrong,
'cause whenever I want
to play and pretend,
I just sing the Imagination Song.
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Are you gonna take us
somewhere or not?
But my boy, we're already here.
- What is this place?
- This... is Imaginationland.
It's where all the wonderful
and goofy things
that humans have made up
over the years live together.
Citizens of Imaginationland!
We have distinguished
guests from the world beyond!
Hello!
Welcome to Imaginationland.
I am the Lollipop King.
We are honored to have
Creators in our kingdom.
Wow, this is incredible,
and totally fucked
up at the same time.
Now, good news, everyone!
These boys did see the leprechaun!
What did the leprechaun tell you?
Did he have any news?
Well he said there was gonna be a-
That there was gonna be a-
Oh fuck no!
Run, Toto!
Stan, we have to get out of here!
Quickly boys! Get on my back!
Fellas! Fellas wait!
- Hold on, fellas!
- Butters.
Don't leave me, fellas! Come back!
Dude!
- Hey guys!
- Butters!
Wha? Where...?
Oh. Oh dude.
Oh, it was just a dream.
It was all just a crazy dream.
Huh, oh my God.
Hello?
Dude, did you finish
your math homework?
I kind of lost track
of time last night.
No no, I hardly got any sleep.
I had this whole messed up
dream about some gay Mayor guy
taking us to Imaginationland where
all these imaginary characters live.
And then it got
attacked by terrorists?
- Yeah! How'd you know?
- Dude! I had the same dream!
We jumped on a dragon's back,
and Butters got left behind!
Stan? Stanley?
You haven't seen your little
friend Butters, have you?
Why?
Our darling Butters
never came home last night.
What did they say?
We don't wanna jump
to conclusions, but...
we're worried that maybe
somebody kidnapped Butters,
sodomized him over and over again, and then fed his genitals to wild animals.
There there, darling.
Dude...
Ladies and gentlemen, I have dire news.
Yesterday, at approximately 18:00 hours, terrorists successfully attacked...
our imagination.
- Our imagination?
- How?
The imaginary attack appears to have been in the works for years. The effects of the attack are so far...
unimaginable.
What do the terrorists want with our imagination?
We can't imagine.
We've intercepted this videotape the terrorists made for broadcast. Luckily we've kept it from being broadcast to the public.
No! It's just a Care Bear!
Oh my God.
Later in the video we can see another imaginary hostage; this one reading a forced statement.
Praise to the mighty Allah. His divine grace and will have brought forth this day.
Oh jeez!
Uh, now see, your safety is at our whim. This is the price you pay, America!
You have defiled Allah, and now we will shall turn your imagination against you!
Death to the Infidels!
Can I go now?
Stan! Kyle!
Can you get me out of here?
Gentlemen, the terrorists appear to have complete control of our imagination.
It's only a matter of time before... our imaginations start running wild. I believe a serious blow to democracy has just been dealt. A travesty has occurred, and I want justice!

Kyle Broflovski did willingly and knowingly sign a contract, and yet, as to date, he has made no effort, nor does he show any intention, of ever sucking my balls! I've given him ample time to fulfill his obligation, and he has thus refused. I stand before you with dry balls, Your Honor.

I've provided witnesses, collected testimonials, and still, my balls remain dry. I want what I'm entitled to!

Mr. Broflovski, did you agree to orally imbibe Mr. Cartman's scrotum and testicles? I...

Is this not your signature on the contract? But...

Come on! Really? I mean, aren't there more important things going on right now? From what I've been presented and the evidence put forth, the court has no choice but to order you to place Mr. Cartman's pubicle sac in your mouth, and draw upon it succulently for no less than 30 seconds. Yes! You have twenty four hours to suck aforementioned balls. If after that time you still refuse, the court will be forced to arrest you for contempt. Next case!
Thank you Your Honor.
This isn't a victory for me, this is
a victory for the justice system.
And my balls.
What I am about to tell
you is highly classified.
Two days ago, Muslim terrorists
hijacked our imagination.
Frankly we don't know what
their next move is or how to stop them.
In times like these the government
often turns to Hollywood for help.
You creative filmmakers
can think of idea we just can't.
That's why we've asked you here,
M. Night Shyal-amalam.
The Sixth Sense, Signs,
The Village, all very clever films.
But can you use your amazing idea brain
now to help us stop the terrorists?
What if...
What if it turns out
they aren't terrorists?
But they're actually werewolves?
From the future?
No. No, they're terrorists.
They've been linked to Al Qaeda.
But what if Al Qaeda, it turns out,
is the group being terrorized?
By aliens?
No- No. That's not an idea,
that's a twist.
We need ideas.
How about we make everyone
think that terrorists attacked us?
But really,
we were all already dead.
Get him out of here.
Mr. Bay, can you think of any
idea how to outwit these terrorists?
I believe I can.
We start...
by making a big CG building
and then we have
a meteor go CROSSHH!
And it, and it's all like CRAAWWWLL!
and motorcycles burst into flame while
they jump over these helicopters, right?
No no!
We need ideas how
to stop the terrorists!
An eighteen-wheeler spins out
of control and it's all like BROSSHH!
And then this huge
tanker full of dyna- CROSSHH!
Those aren't ideas,
those are special effects!
I... don't understand
the difference.
I know you don't.
Get him out of here!
And being that we are
all big Mel Gibson film fans,
we thought maybe you could help us.
Ah, my nipples, they hurt!
They hurt when I twist them!
Yes, uh,
I don't suppose you
have any creative ideas
how to fight these terrorists?
How about this?
You have that videotape
that the terrorists made, right?
Well maybe if you did a background
check on that videotape,
you might find somebody
who doesn't belong.
Somebody who doesn't
fit Imaginationland. Oh!
Hey... that's not a bad idea.
Yeah. Say what you
want about Mel Gibson,
but the sonofabitch
knows story structure.
Get the videotape and do a
background check on everyone in it!
Oogh! Yes!
All the imaginary characters
in the tape were identified, sir. Count Chocula, Cinderella, Snarf from Thundercats...
But here. Nothing in American folklore or storytelling match this kid. He appears to be... just some kid.
Stan! Kyle! Could you get me out of here? I want digital imaging and resource magnification done stat! If that kid isn't imaginary I want to know who he is, where he's from, and who his friends are! Yes sir!
Who are you?...
Uh, excuse me? Uh Mr. Terrorist, sir? Uh, I'm actually not imaginary, and my parents are gonna ground me if I don't get back— Okay, sorry. Sorry. Can you tell what the terrorists are doing? They're going something to Rockety Rocket. No! Leave me alone! Ha! It doesn't make sense. What do they want with Rockety? The only reason they would— Oh my God. They're gonna blow up the Barrier! - What's the Barrier? - The wall! The wall which separates the evil side of Imaginationland from the good side! No! No you can't blow up the barrier! Are you insane? - We can't let this happen. - It will be the end of Imaginationland. Yeah. You have to stop them, kid. Me? What am I supposed to do?
Don't you get it?
If the terrorists blow that barrier, all the most evil things ever imagined are gonna pour out and take over Imaginationland for good!
You have to do something!
Thanks for coming, everyone.
The big moment is finally here, just as soon as Kyle arrives.
He's not gonna show up to suck your balls dude.
He has to.
He's been ordered by the court.
Eric, I'm a little concerned about your obsession to have Kyle suck your balls. It just seems a little fa... faggy.
Faggy? What? You think I want Kyle to suck my balls for physical pleasure? This is about humiliation, people!
This is about Kyle finally having to admit he was wrong!
He was wrong, and so now he has to kneel before the king and kiss his ring.
Except the ring is my balls.
Hey, he's here.
What? Move aside, move aside!
- Dude, do you really have to do it?
- Let's just get this over with!
Yes, come on in, peasant Kyle, and pay homage to this sultan's balls.
God damnit!
Yes. Yes!
That's them, sir.
Stan Marsh and Kyle Broflovski.
You boys need to come with us on a matter of national security.
Who are you?
There's no time!
You need to come with us right now!
Hey, let go of him!
We aren't going to hurt your little friends. We just need information.
No! No, he has to suck my balls!
No!
Kyle!
No! No!
Hold on! Hold on a second!
Now, you really should think about this. I mean, uh,
I know you think attacking our imagination will get you somewhere, but will it really?
If you destroy that wall, all the most evil parts of our imagination are gonna break loose, but... will it really make you terrorists feel better?
Maybe it's time for us all to just... get along.
Jesus Christ, no!
That was your plan to stop them?
Yeah, and that's not a heartfelt speech?
That's fucking stupid!
They are coming...
Glad I picked you up, kid.
It's dangerous for someone your age to be hitchhiking.
Yeah well, when a man has been wronged...
he no longer cares about danger.
You going to Washington to visit family?
I've got unfinished business.
You go through life being told there's justice, then you learn that the only real justice... is the justice you take.
Make no mistake, Kyle.
Before this is over, you will suck my balls.
Oh, it was just a dream.
Come on, Butters. Mom's cooked waffles and nanas for you.
Hoho! Mom, Dad,
I dreamt I was in Imaginationland and terrorists attacked it.
You are in Imaginationland.
This is a dream.
- Huh?
- Hey, wake up, stupid!
Come on, wake up, kid!
No, wait! Uh I was back home in bed!
No! You passed out and peed your pants!
Look! The evil of Imaginationland is coming out!
Oh hamburgers!
Everyone!
Fall back to the Gumdrop Forest!
Come with me, little boy!
I'm going to get you home!
Wa! It's Alien!
Predator!
Look, we already told you everything we know.
Some guy just showed up in a big balloon and took us into Imaginationland.
What we want to know is how!
We need to find a way into Imaginationland;
you've been there!
How did you do it?
We just... went on a balloon ride.
There must have been some kind of portal or doorway.
- Dude, we don't remember.
- Do you realize what's going on here?
Terrorists have attacked our imagination, and now our imaginations are running wild!
- You'd better start remembering!
- It was the Chinese, wasn't it?
What?
We've suspected that the Chinese government was working on a doorway to the imagination.
Is that where you were?
- No.
- That's it, isn't it?
Where do the Chinese keep this portal?
How does it work?
It it better than ours?
Your what?
Our portal to the imagination
built as a secret project
back in 1962 to fight the Soviets-
Shhh! Tom!
That's super-secret.
Oh, I'm sorry sir.
Wait. The U.S. Government
has a portal to the imagination?
Aw, see? Good job, Tom!
Why don't you just tell
them everything about Project X?
Yes sir. We built
a portal to the imagination
to use against the Russians
during the Cold War, but we-
That was sarcasm! I was being
sarcastic, you fucking idiot!
Aw jeez, I'm really sorry sir.
If you already built a doorway to the
imagination, then why do you need us?
All right, we might as well
show it to them. God-damnit, Tom.
Every night, the dream is the same.
I'm on my way to
visit my friend Kyle,
because we had a bet that if
I could prove leprechauns were real,
he would suck my balls.
And it turns out I was right.
Time to pay up, Kyle.
But then...
No!
No!
It's been taken from me.
I have dry balls...
Balls so dry they explode like dust.
You okay, kid?
No. I've got dry balls.
And I'm running out of time.
Ever since the Cold War,
the U.S. Government has
been working on a secret project
to build a doorway
into the imagination.
It is called
"Project Imagination Doorway."
That's not very imaginative.
According to all the tests and the data,
the doorway should work,
but... it never has.
But we're close, sir.
We're real close.
They've been saying
that for over forty years.
You're the ones, right? The kids
who have been in the imagination.
I guess.
What was the sequence
that got you inside?
We know there's some kind of resonance
code, but we can't figure it out.
Look, we're sorry, you guys,
but the balloon just went up in the air
and the dude sang a song
and we were suddenly there.
Song? You didn't say
anything about a song before.
- What song?
- The Imagination song.
The fractal converter
has never worked
because it was waiting
for a multitonal code!

Quick boys:
the Imagination Song go?
Imagination...
Imagination...
Sir, uh I'm getting some
electrofeedback from the gate.
It's weak,
but it's nanoresponding to something.
Was there more to the Imagination Song?
How does the rest of it go?
Imagination... Imagina...
No, no dude, it went up there.
- Imagina...
- Imagina...
Dude, we don't remember.
It was really long and stupid.
I'm just about through playing with
you boys! We're running out of time!
You have to remember
that song in its entirety!
Mayor, Mayor,
what are we supposed to do?
Please, sir.
I have to get home to my world.
Oh, well.
All you have to do is tap
your heels together three times.
Really?
No, you fucking dipshit,
that was a joke!
Mayor, what are we supposed to do,
snarf snarf?
Get to Castle Sunshine!
It's your only hope!
Castle Sunshine?
Through the Gumdrop Forest.
Others will be hiding there; go, run!
Look out for the evil characters!
They're assembling
on the Yum Yum mountain!
We are free!
Now all of Imaginationland is ours!
Not all, foolish orc!
There are still parts of Imaginationland
we don't control.
Tomorrow, we shall build
our own castle right on this spot!
Who put you in charge, Krueger?
I am the most evil character here!
Nonsense! Your evil is stale.
I am the most evil
imaginary character!
Now come on y'all.
We shouldn't be fighting,
we're supposed to all be
on the same side.
Yeah. You're all right,
Squirrelly Squirrel.
Yay!
What evil imaginary
characters are they?
They were dreamt up
by some fourth grade kid
as part of his Christmas Story.
Now come on y'all.
We can't waste time arguing,
there could still be
survivors out there.
We need to hunt them down,
and kill them.
- And eat their flesh!
- But first we should rape them!
How about we kill them,
and then rape their bodies
so we can use their blood
as lubricant.
Say, that's a great idea,
Beary Bear.
Man, I do not want to meet
the kid that dreamt those things up.
Look, I want some Goddamn answers!
You brought my friend
here to Washington!
Where is he? What is going on?
I'm sorry, sir.
That information is classified.
Something is going on, and I have
a right to know where my friend is!
There's somebody asking a lot
of questions about what's going on.
Let me handle this!
I'm sorry, but there is no such
thing as Project Imagination Doorway!
Imagination Doorway.
It was started in the Sixties
as a secret government project.
Right.
Imagina-a-ation, Imagina-
Wait, maybe that's where he went really
flat, like that half-step key change?
Imagina-ation.
Right, then it was: Imagina-ation,
It's open! It's open!
Getting readings
from the other side...
That's it. We've made an opening
to our imagination, sir!
All right, that's enough! We've
still got a lot of work to do, people!
It's time to go in
and get our imaginations
under control!
How much further to Castle Sunshine?
Snarf, I'm not sure snarf snarf.
I've never been.
- What was that?
- Over here.
Oh Christ.
It's Strawberry Shortcake.
Please, let me go.
Oh my God! Snarf.
Please! No more torture!
Just kill me! Just fucking kill me!
Yes! Now kill her!
Whoa whoa, hang on, y'all. You can't
just kill her. That's not evil enough.
What do you mean?
We cut out her eyeball.
Yeah, that's super hardcore.
Now come on y'all.
We can do better than that.
Hey! I know!
Let's all pee in her empty eye socket!
Let's make her eat her own eyeball,
and then pee in her empty eye socket.
How about we get someone with AIDS
to pee in her eye socket,
so she dies all slowlike?
Nobody here has AIDS!
But we've got to have AIDS
before we pee in her eye socket!
Now don't be down y'all. I bet
we can find some AIDS out in the forest.
Dude, run, run, run!
All right, men.
We don't know what you'll experience
on the other side of this doorway,
but it will most
likely be really weird.
If you reach our imagination,
you are to take every step
necessary to get it under control!
- Are you ready?
- Yes sir!
Are you ready, Kurt Russell?
I... I don't understand why I'm here.
I'm just an actor.
Yes, but you were in that one
movie that was kinda like this.
That gives you more
experience than anybody.
All right, here we go! Men! Forward!
- Sir, we have a security breach!
- What?
There's an Unauthorized Entry Alert,
it's coming from Sector Two!
Sector Two?
Cartman?
Hello Kyle! Thought you could
going out of your responsibilities, huh?
- Who the hell are you?
- That kid you have made a bet
that if I could prove that I saw
a leprechaun, he would suck my balls!
Get him out of here!
No! Hold on a second!
I have a contract, validated
by the United States court system!
Let me see that!
Why would you agree
to suck someone's balls?
I didn't think there was going
to be a god-damned leprechaun!
All right,
you two can go use the conference room.
Go on, we have work to do here.
Wha? Well wait, I wanna
see what happens here!
You signed an agreement, kid. We don't
have time for this. Go on and do it.
- Stan?
- Dude, you did make a deal...
The conference room is which way?
Well, well, well. Here we are, Kyle.
You tried to bail out on our agreement,
but I found you.
I didn't "bail," I got
picked up by the government!
Well we're here now,
that's all that matters.
Care for some nuts?
Oh, that's right. I guess you'll
be chock full of nuts in a few minutes.
Cartman,
do you even know what's going on?
We went to Imaginationland,
terrorists attacked it,
and now the government is about to-
Oh jeez, I'm sorry, Kyle. It's just that
I'm so completely bored by this story.
See, I'm really only interested in
the part where the leprechaun was real,
and so you have to suck my balls.
Okay, fine. You know what?
Let's just get it over with!
Oh nonono, nononot so fast, Kyle.
I've waited a long time for this, and
I intend to savor each and every second.
No, I'm serious!
I wanna see what's happening
downstairs, so let's just do it!
Not... just yet, Kyle.
There's still a few things I need to do.
By the way, I should tell you
that I haven't had a chance
to shower while
making my way up here.
My balls are... extra vinegary...
Just get to it already!
- Entering the portal in five seconds.
- Kurt Russell, can I get a comm check?
Check 1, 2.
Good luck men! Godspeed!
What do we have?
Kurt Russell, can you hear me?
We're here. We're somewhere.
- They are inside the imagination, sir.
- What do you see in there?
There's lots of...
big mushrooms, colorful grass,
some castles in the distance, eh...
Wait...
Something's coming for us!
It's coming out of
the bushes and- It's a-
Oh, Aw, it's just a cute
little squirrel. Hey, it talks!
- The little squirrel talks.
- Aw, an imaginary talking squirrel.
Ask the squirrel what it
knows about the terrorist attack.
Wait a minute, eh.
The squirrel has friends.
Oh why, why it's a whole
bunch of woodland critters.
Wait, woodland critters...
There's a talking bear
and a beaver, uh...
They seem to be Christmas critters.
Well hello. Yes, hi.
- Get them out of there!
- What?
- Tell them to get away now!
- What's the matter?
Oh the... cute little bear's
eyes are starting to glow red now...
Uh hello there, little animals,
do you happen to know how to huh?
Kurt Russell, what's going on?
They're raping me!
They're raping me!
Get out of there, Kurt Russell!
They're raping all of us!
Whoaoh! Oh it hurts!
They're raping us and it hurts!
I was thinking of using a high-speed
shutter with a low depth of field.
- What do you think?
- Goddamnit Cartman,
will you stop wasting time?
I wanna get this over with!
No, you're right, Kyle.
A higher depth of field will
make sure everything stays in focus.
There we go.
Now, Kyle,
when you're sucking my balls,
are you gonna think about how
right I was about the leprechaun, or
are you just gonna try and focus on
how rough and salty
my balls feel in your mouth?
- Let's just do it!
- In time, Kyle.
You certainly are eager
for balls, aren't you?
Are you ball-famished?
Balls-starving?
You see, Kyle, I wonder if
at this moment you are actually-
- Everyone to the main hall now! Go!
- Uh, no, we're not done in here yet.
Everyone to the main hall now!
No! Goddamnit no!
Boy snarf snarf,
my feet are really getting tired snarf.
Aw, Sn-Snarf, could you maybe
like sh-shut up for five minutes?
Wait! There it is. We made it!
Castle Sunshine!
- Yeah!
- Snarf!
Hurry! Get inside!
The evil imaginary
characters are approaching!
Lock down the gates!
Prepare to fire the cannons!
Wait! Wait!
What imaginary character are you?
The Lollipop King?
From the Lollipop Forest?
And I'm Snarf.
Snarf, snarf snarf snarf.
And what imaginary character are you?
Oh, uh, uh I'm not imaginary.
Ah I'm Butters.
What's a "Butters"?
The Mayor brought him and some other kids into Imaginationland before the terrorist attack.
So you came from the real world at precisely the same time as the terrorists!
That seems like quite a coincidence!
I, well I was just playing with my friends, and wu-we caught a leprechaun, and then this guy-
You caught the Leprechaun? Take him!
Perseus!
He's not against us snarf snarf!
Talk to me! What's going on?
Something is... coming through the gate from the other side.
What is it?
It's like a... half man half bear!
And half pig!
Oh! No, no wait!
It's like a half bear half manpig!
Look out!
No! I think it's more like a half man, and half pigbear!
Reverse the doorway!
Send it back through!
Kyle!
Please! I didn't help the terrorists get into Imaginationland! Honest!
That is for the Council of Nine to decide!

Don't worry, kid, the Council of Nine consists of some of the most highly-regarded imaginary characters in all Imaginationland.

Fellow Council, these are indeed dark times. The evil forces amass at our gates as we speak. Zeus believes we should evacuate. Yes. Their power outmatches ours. If they are giving us a chance to leave we must take it! And what say you, Morpheus? How are we to know that they will let us go? Their offer could be a trap. Perhaps we must flee to the Temple of Alderon. Surely they wouldn't chase us there. No, we can't. Come on, you guys, this is our home. We have to fight, to keep it the way it was meant to be. I'm with Jesus. The evil characters aren't going to just let us go. That may be, Popeye, but we don't have a choice! Forgive my intrusion, Council of Nine, but this boy has infiltrated from the real world. Bring him here! Clear!

I'm sorry. He's gone. Kyle's... dead? Damnit. Damnit! No! Kyle can't die. I'm sorry, young man. Kyle? Well... at least now he doesn't have to suck anyone's balls.
No!
No, he has a strong heart!
He wants to live!
Come on, Kyle! Come on, buddy!
He's gone, little boy.
Zap him again! Do it!
- Charging.
- Do it!
- Come on buddy. Come on buddy.
- Clear.
Get out of here!
Godamnit Kyle, you never walked away from anything in your life! Now fight!
Fight! Fight! Right now!
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Give him some air.
There, easy. Breathe easy.
He's okay.
He can still suck my balls!
Let's get him some lemon and some chopsticks, right away!
I believe this child was brought into Imaginationland for a reason.
Perhaps the Mayor knew something we don't.
What are you saying, Aslan? That if we are to take back control, we might-?
Yes. If we are to take back control from the evil forces, this little boy might be the key.
Aw, I'm the key?
Could I not be the key, Morpheus?
I don't wanna be the key.
If you ever wanna see your home again, little boy, you'll have to rise to this challenge.
But I, but I'm supposed to be at school right now, and instead, I got Snarf and Popeye and Luke Skywalker all pissed off...
It is a dark time for all of us, young boy.
But know that if
you believe in yourself,
everything will turn out all right.
Sir? Are you sure about this?
We have no choice.
Terrorists have attacked us
where we are most vulnerable.
There's no other option.
We have to nuke our imagination.
Wake up, Kyle.
Back it up!
Look!
Right there!
See that?
What does that look like to you?
It's ManBearPig!
I told you it was real!
Look again!
There! Half man,
half bear, and half pig!
Do you see it?
Yes, we see it, Mr. Gore.
Something big is going on,
and the American people
need to know what!
I'm off!
The final battle is about to begin.
At this very moment, the evil imaginary
characters are marching toward us.
They come by the thousands.
And they will not rest
until they have killed us all.
- This is gonna be fun, huh?
- Yeah!
And so we prepare
for a battle we cannot win.
Sweet and cuddly
imaginary characters,
many who have never held a weapon,
must now fight for their very lives.
But fight against them, we must.
For darkness cannot
take over Imaginationland.
That my child, is why we need you.
But... I don't...
I really don't think that I can-
With your help on the battlefield,
we have a chance.
Why I'm just a dumb kid!
What can I do?
Young boy,
you have a power here
that you have yet to understand.
He's recovering, but there's
been some trauma to his brain.
The boy says he's been
hearing imaginary voices.
Hello?
Hello? Anybody?
Stan?
Hello?
Stan?
Good morning, Kyle.
How are we feeling?
- Cartman, what's happened?
- What's happened?

Well, let's see:
You bet me that I couldn't
prove leprechauns were real.
And if I could prove it,
you had to suck my balls, I believe.
No, I mean what happened
at the Pentagon?
You just rest, Kyle.
Look what I made for you. A sundae.
It has hot fudge and whipped
cream and a cherry- but...
I feel like something is missing;
don't you, Kyle?
What else belongs on a sundae besides
hot fudge and whipped cream, let's see.
Hot fudge, whipped cream,
what else belongs on a sundae, Kyle?
What else goes on a sundae besides
hot fudge, whipped cream, and...
Oh, that's right!
My balls!
Cartman, what is going on out there?
What happened to Stan?
Oh, he got sucked through that portal thing and they're gonna nuke it now.
So are you all set for your big photo shoot, Kyle?
Wait, what do you mean?
Stan's in danger?
Don't try to change the subject, Kyle.
You've done a really good job of trying to get out of this bet, but it's finally time to settle.
Get ready for your sundae, Kyle.
With extra nuts.
Aslan, the evil characters are almost here!
Get everyone to the battlefield!
Defend the castle walls!
Quickly young boy, we need your powers now!
What powers? I don't understand.
You are real. You are a creator.
That means you can imagine things into existence here.
I... I can?
Santa Claus was killed in the terrorist attack.
The first thing we need is for you to bring him back.
- How?
- You just have to focus your mind.
Imagine Santa and nothing else.
How am I supposed to focus with all this crap going on?
Think only of one thing.
Imagine it. Believe in it.
Whatever is most prominent in your mind will come to be.
Butters!
You are grounded, mister!
You hear me?
Grounded!
No, nonono, no no no!
What are you doing? We need Santa!
I'm trying!
Come on, kid, imagine Santa!
Believe in Santa!
You must believe in Santa!
Believe in Santa! Right now!
Kevin, can I get some more
bounce off that too, 'kay?
Let's just go with a 5 6 8 split.
Cartman, will you shut up?
I'm trying to find out what's going on.
A new terrorist attack
seems to have taken place.
This time, in our imagination.
Al Gore brought this video
to the public's attention,
sparking demands by everyone who
wants to know exactly what's going on.
We were hoping to keep this quiet
until it was all over, but,
two days ago there was a terrorist
attack on our imagination,
and now our imaginations
are running wild.
Our imaginations are running
wild and we weren't told?
By attacking our imagination
the terrorists have found
our most vulnerable spot.
And we've determined
that the best course of action
is to nuke our imagination.
Is nuking our imagination
really prudent?
Aren't there other, more peaceful ways
to get our imagination under control?
Couldn't we trying sending Kurt Russell
into a portal to our imagination and—
We tried that! And Kurt Russell
was raped by Christmas Critters!
A-ooch.
The Pentagon claims that because
imaginary things are not real,
the military doesn't need
Senate approval to nuke them.
That's bullcrap, man!
You can't nuke our imagination!
Don't nuke our imagination bro!
Mike, does the military have
the authority to nuke our imagination?
Clearly they don't, Steven, and they're
gonna have a big problem because
state government has
already set a precedent
that imaginary characters are real.
I cite a famous case of Cartman v.
Broflovski
in which a U.S. court found
for the plaintiff who saw a leprechaun.
Yes, I believe the defendant had to
suck the plaintiff's balls in that case.
- That's right, Steven, yeah.
- Oh, for the love of God!
Hello? Can anybody hear me?
Stan! Dude, is that you?
Kyle? Where are you?
I don't see you.
No, I'm not there. I'm at a hospital.
I'm hearing you in my imagination.
- Oh that makes sense.
- Dude, what's happening?
I'm in like a gumdrop forest.
I just saw Strawberry Shortcake
tied up and dead with pee in her eye.
Wait, hang on. I think something
really big is about to go down.
- The evil characters are here.
- Defend Castle Sunshine.
There's no time left!
You have to get control of your
imagination and bring Santa back now!
Santa. Santa.
Think. Jolly old Santa.
Red suit, white beard.
Red suit, white beard...
Santa!
How does that look? Can you
see my balls and the sundae in frame?
A shocking new development
in the nuking of imagination!
The Supreme Court has
ruled with the military
that imaginary things
are officially not real,
and therefore no approval
is needed to nuke them.
- Thank you.
- Oh no.
This of course overturns any
imagination-based verdicts in the past,
including the famous Cartman v.
Broflovski ballsucking case.
What?
So it appears the military
is ready to proceed with its operation,
one they are calling
"Operation Nuke the Imagination
Through the Imagination Doorway."
Kyle? What's happening?
The government is gonna
nuke Imaginationland.
What? You can't let them do that!
- What am I supposed to do?
- Dude, you have to stall them!
Uh oh, what is that?
Hey! Get out of here!
Leave me alone!
Stan? Stan?
Where are you going?
I'm going to try to save Stan
and Butters from getting nuked!
Okay, but you have to
suck my balls first real quick.
No I don't!
The decision was overturned.
- We had a deal, Kyle!
- Yeah, that leprechauns were real!
And the government just declared they
aren't technically real, so I was right!
It's over!
I don't have to suck your balls!
It isn't over!
It isn't over, Kyle!
I have not waited this long to see
you weasel your way out of this bet!
Go ahead and go.
But I swear on my life!
Before this day is over!
You, will, suck my balls!
I swear it!
I need more spinach for Popeye!
I got one. I got him.
Hey there.
Yeah!
We're losing the battle!
There are simply too many of them!
- Then the day is lost.
- Wait! Aslan, look!
What? What happened?
You did it, kid!
Quickly Santa!
They need you on the battlefield!
Huh? Oh, all right.
Make way for Santa!
Now you see your potential,
young creator.
But there is still much more we need
from you if we are to win this day!
This area is restricted, little boy.
Please, I need to talk
to the people inside.
They can't set off that nuke.
Get behind the line
with the other protesters!
No nukes in our imagination, bro!
You don't understand!
My friend is in Imaginationland!
I can hear him in my head!
You pot-smoking hippies aren't
getting through here, so back off!
Stop that nuke!
Stop that nuke!
Stop that nuke!
What's going on here?
The military has to do this!
It's their only way
to kill ManBearPig.
Good, Butters. Now imagine some more archers on the castle walls!
Aslan! We're losing the battle!
We managed to fight off the vampires and werewolves, but...
now our troops are being shot down by the Cavity Creeps.
Cavity Creeps? We make holes in teeth! We make holes in teeth!
- What can destroy the Cavity Creeps?
- Only Crest Gel with Tartar Control.
Quickly! You must imagine a giant Crest Gel!
Yes!
His powers are getting stronger.
We might just have a chance here.
Aslan, we've captured a spy!
He was sneaking around the Gumdrop Forest!
Stan! Hey look,
I imagined Stan here!
No, no! I got sucked through Operation Imagination Doorway at the Pentagon.
Project Imagination Doorway?
Nevermind! The battle is almost won!
We can deal with him later.
No, you don't understand.
There's a nuke.
The government is about to level this entire place.
What?
Why would they nuke Imaginationland?
So the terrorists can't ever use it against us again.
We can get Imaginationland under control;
the Chosen One just needs more time!
- The Chosen One?
- Yeah, it turns out I'm the Key.
Missile launch sequence initiated.
All right, people,
I want this nuking done by the books.
- Sir, we have a security breach!
- What?
There's an Unauthorized Entry Alert,
it's coming from Sector 2!
Sector 2?
What the hell do you think you're doing
declaring leprechauns aren't real?
What?
You just can't declare
that imaginary things aren't real!
Who are you to say what's real?

Think about it:
Is love really real?
Imaginary things are things made up
by people, like Santa and Rudolph.
Yeah, and they detract from real things,
like Jesus.
Maybe Jesus is imaginary too.
Oh, you'd better not say that!
You'll go to hell!
It's possible that hell
is also imaginary.
So then, we're about to nuke hell...
that's a good thing, right?
Hell yeah,
that's a good thing, yeah.
What if heaven is imaginary?
We'd be nuking heaven.
- Yeah, but it wouldn't be real.
- So it'd be all right.
Look, maybe they're
all part of the same thing.
Santa and Jesus
and hell and leprechauns.
Maybe they're all real
in the same way, right?
Santa Claus and leprechauns
are imaginary,
but Jesus and hell are real!
- Then, what about Buddha?
- Well of course he's imaginary!
Aw, see? Now you're
being intolerant, Tom.
Am I real?
All right, enough!
Keep that kid out of the way and
let's get back to the nuking at hand!
No! Leprechauns are real, Goddamnit!
Kyle?
- Kyle, what happened?
- Nothing.
- What?
- Nothing happened!
There's nothing I can do!
Dude, you can't let
the government fire off that nuke!
They say they can do whatever they want
because imaginary things aren't real!
Well you have to convince
them they are real!
No way, dude,
then I'd have to suck Cartman's balls.
Whatever it takes,
you have to do it, all right?
Hang on, Kyle,
Jesus wants to talk to you.
Huh?
- Hello, Kyle? This is Jesus.
- Oh boy...
What seems to be the problem,
my child?
Jesus, I can't do anything.
I'm just a fourth grader
going against the entire government.
Uh, hello? Jesus?
No eh,
hey Kyle, this is Luke Skywalker.
Look, I know this seems
like an impossible task,
but do you remember when
I brought down the Death Star?
I mean, that seemed
impossible too, right?
Yeah, I guess.
Okay, now hold on, because Superman
is here and he wants to say something.
- Kyle, this is Superman.
- Hi, Superman.
I know that saving people can be a big responsibility, but no matter what it takes, it's worth it.
- I know.
- You can do this, Kyle.
Now hang on, because Hercules wants to talk to you.
- Oh God...
- Yes, God is here too.
He's gonna talk to you right after Captain Crunch.
Popeye, I need some help here! Popeye is being raped by Christmas Critters. Hey, what is that?
More spinach for Popeye! Imagine an M60 for Jesus!
All right!
The boy is doing it! Everything is going to be okay!
Missile launch in one minute.
Goddamnit, you stupid assholes are going to ruin everything!
Prepare for launch...
- Sir, we have a security breach!
- What?
There's an Unauthorized Entry Alert, it's coming from Sector 2!
Sector 2?
- Kyle?
- The hell are you doing back here? Listen, you don't have to do this! Our imaginations aren't running wild anymore.
Why is it so easy for children to break into the Pentagon?
You have to stop!
If I'm not mistaken, you're the one who bet that leprechauns weren't real.
- So why do you care what happens?
- Because I- I...
Um...
Because I think... they are real.
It's all real.
Think about it. Haven't
Luke Skywalker and Santa Claus
affected your lives more
than most real people in this room?
I mean, whether Jesus
is real or not, he...
he's had a bigger impact
on the world than any of us have.
And the same could be said of Bugs
Bunny and Superman and Harry Potter.
They've changed my life,
changed the way I act on the Earth.
Doesn't that make
them kind of "real."
They might be imaginary, but they're
more important than most of us here.
And they're all gonna be
around long after we're dead.
So in a way,
those things are more
realer than any of us.
Abort the sequence.
Sir, he was right.
It does appear that our imaginations
have stopped running wild.
Do an imaginary sweep.
I need a full imaginary report!
So Kyle,
imaginary things are real, huh?
Guess that means
I did win the bet after all.
And you know what that means, Kyle.
Just let it go with your fucking
balls already, you fucking asshole!
Your friends have been in danger and
all you care about it this stupid bet!
Well I've decided,
Cartman, even if we had a bet,
that I am never sucking your balls,
you got that?
They can throw me in jail for
the rest of my life, but I am never
going to suck your balls, ever!
So there!
What happened?
Why hasn't the missile gone off?
- There's been an abort, Mr. Gore.
- No! ManBearPig has to die!
Oh Jesus, no!
That's it, Aslan!
The evil characters have fled!
The day is ours!
Kyle!
Fellas! Where'd you come from?
What is that?
He did it!
Oh look, I'm back!
Nice going, kid.
The evil characters!
They're all behind the wall again.
- Dude! How did you do that, Butters?
- Well I just... used my imagination.
You know, I really have
learned a lot, you guys.
What Kyle said about imaginary
things being real and,
Butters using his imagination?
It makes me think that...
well maybe we all have
the power to make things a reality.
Oh, why look, it's me.
And...
And there's Kyle.
And, what's Kyle about to do?
Cartman, don't!
O-hoo Kyle!
What are you doing to my balls?
Oho, look!
It's Kyle sucking my balls!
- Dude.
- Oh my God.
Oh Kyle, you are gobbling those balls,
aren't you?
I told you you would suck my balls
before this was over, didn't I, Kyle?
That's sick!
Why are you sucking his balls, kid?
I'm not sucking your balls!
That's imaginary.
No- Kyle, I believe you said
that imaginary things are real.
That's true. You did.
Oh, look at you go, Kyle!
Oho, you dirty girl!
You love those balls.
Okay, Kyle, that's enough ballsucking.
We need to get you boys home.
Oh! Look, Kyle!
You're chocking on my balls!
Oh, you seem to be recovering now.
Oh! And you're just diving
in for a second helping! Oh, Kyle!
I am not sucking Cartman's balls!
Whatever you imagine to be real,
is real.
Remember...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Imagination...
Butters? Butters!
Huh? What?
Oh!
Oh! It was all just a dream.
- Come on, Butters, time to get up.
- Oh Dad! I had the craziest dream!
I saved all of Imaginationland from
running wild after a terrorist attack!
You were in Imaginationland, Butters!
We've read all about it in the paper!
The question is, what were
you doing in Imaginationland
when you were supposed to be helping
your mother clean up the basement?
You are grounded, mister!
Wait, I'm not grounded.
- Oh yes, you are!
- Oh yeah?
That only works in Imaginationland!
You're grounded!
Ah shit.