ASS DOCTOR

By James Aaron and Rhonda Knotty

INT. STAN'S HOUSE, EVENING, DINING ROOM

V.O. from TV

...In other news... It's now been several weeks since Kanye West and Kim Kardashian have been seen in public or, more alarmingly, posting on Twitter. Polls say that although half the country is relieved, the other half is retarded.

STILL PHOTO OF A CANDLELIGHT VIGIL

Kimye's creditors however, are anxious to know their whereabouts, and are offering a reward to anyone with information that would lead to Kimye's <cough> safe return. The hotline to call is 1-888 –

RANDY switches off the TV and sits down at the dinner table with the rest of his family. SHARON is scratching her ass incessantly.

RANDY

Do you have to do that at the dinner table...? You must still have those hemorrhoids.

STAN

What's hemorrhoids?

RANDY

It's an ass problem. Your mother has an ass problem. (Mutters) She hasn't let me in there in weeks.

STAN

What?

RANDY

Nothing! Sharon, you have to make an appointment with the Ass Doctor. You have berries growing out your ass. You know South Park has the best Ass Doctor in the country.

SHARON

People wait months for an appointment with the Ass Doctor. My hemorrhoids will clear up before he can fit me in.

RANDY bangs his fist on the table.

RANDY

You have to make an appointment, Sharon! Do you know how long it's been since you've fit ME in? Oh, forget it.

STAN

Is mom really sick?

SHARON

No.

RANDY

Yes!

SHARON

All right, Randy. I'll try to see if I can get an emergency appointment.

INT. THE BROFLOWSKI'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Sheila unhooks a strap-on and puts it into the nightstand. Gerard groans and sits up.

GERARD

If you're going to keep doing it that hard every time, Sheila, I'm going to need the Ass Doctor.

SHEILA

I've already got your name on his waiting list.

INT. JIMBO'S GUN STORE - DAY.

JIMBO and NED are cleaning rifles.

IIMBO

Ned, I think we're gonna have to use one of the smaller ones next time.

NED

Why's that?

JIMBO

I'm sittin' in a pool of blood. Mighta torn something up there. I'm gonna need to see about getting' fixed up by that Ass Doctor.

INT. HILLARY CLINTON'S OFFICE - DAY.

HILLARY CLINTON is standing behind her desk. There is a knock on the door.

HILLARY

Come in.

Two ADVISORS enter.

ADVISOR 1

Mrs Clinton, we have something that you should look at. We've finally found a Doctor that may be able to get that giant stick out of your ass.

HILLARY

What? My whole campaign is built on having a giant stick up my ass. I have a bigger stick up my ass than any politician in the country. How dare you?

ADVISOR 2

(backing away) Sorry, Ma'am.

INT. McCORMICKS HOUSE - NIGHT.

STUART and CAROL are sitting on the couch. Carol is shifting uncomfortably.

CAROL

Stuart, I think I'm gonna have to go see that Ass Doctor... This is just getting worse.

STUART

We can't afford that! Just take that damn traffic cone out yer ass and stop jammin' it up there!

Carol sighs.

INT.

SCHOOL, CLASS ROOM, DAY,

MR GARRISON is in front of the black board. There are pictures of ROBERT VAUGHN and DAVID MCALLUM on one side and ARMIE HAMMER and HENRY CAVIL on the other.

MR GARRISON

Ok class, today we are going to compare the original casting of the Man From UNCLE to the updated version by the limey director who used to be Madonna's bitch ... Now... Napoleon Solo was originally played by Robert Vaughn...

PRINCIPAL VICTORIA (Over P.A.)

Attention all students! We have just received word of a public emergency. Please go to the front of the building with your teachers and wait for further instructions.

STAN

Goddamn it, are we at war again?

KENNY

(Muffled) Oh No!

MR GARRISON

I'm sure it's nothing that serious Stan... Lets go outside everyone.

The kids all file out of the classroom.

EXT.

FRONT OF SCHOOL. DAY.

The roadway is completely blocked by police, FBI, secret service, press, paparazzi, army, National Guard, and Girl Scouts with firearms - causing a massive traffic jam. Regular characters can be seen in their cars pounding on horns and shouting.

KYLE Is the president coming?

MR MACKEY

No, it's not the president... m'kay... it looks like it's someone much more important.

BUTTERS

Is it the Pope?

KIDS (ad-libbing)
Donald Trump? Miley Cyrus? Justin Bieber?

MR MACKEY

Just settle down and be patient, kids, m'kay?

A huge Hummer-Limo pulls up surrounded by more police and secret service. Kids gasp and push each other out of the way in their attempts to get a look at the VIP visitor.

<Break>

EXT.

FRONT OF SCHOOL. DAY.

PRIVATE SECURITY GUARD Get back, everyone! Get out of the way!

Several more security guards clear a route through the crowd and open the back door to the limo while shielding it from the crowd's view at the same time.

Private medical personnel race to the limo with a hospital stretcher. There is so much activity in front of the limo that it is impossible to see who is being helped out.

The entourage slides a figure out of the backseat and onto a stretcher. This body is laying face down covered by a sheet, lumpy in the middle, and wailing. As the medical team moves out of the way to take their patient across the road, the person's face is revealed. It's KIM KARDASHIAN (photo of her face glued onto the animation).

CROWD (ad-libbing)
It's her! She's here?! I love you Kim! (etc.)

BUTTERS swoons and falls over.

KIM is rushed across the road towards the facing building.

STAN

Kim freakin' Kardashian? That's the important person everyone's waiting for? What the hell does she even do??

KENNY

(Muffled) Shows her ass on Twitter.

STAN

I know, Kenny, but I meant aside from that.

KENNY

(Muffled) Sucks Kanye's dick?

STAN rolls his eyes and groans.

The queue to get in to Ass Doctor's office goes all the way around the building and stretches off into the distance. Familiar faces are in line including SATAN, ELTON JOHN, and MR SLAVE.

KIM is rushed right past the head of the queue and into the building much to the annoyance of everyone waiting.

CROWD (Ad-libbing)

Hey! Wait a minute. Um, excuse me! Who the hell's that? (etc.)

KYLE

Hey Cartman, you should go see the ass doctor.

CARTMAN

Shut up!

STAN

Yeah, Cartman, your ass is so big, you could probably donate half of it to science.

KYLE

Think of all the ass implants they could make from a donation like that.

KYLE, STAN, KENNY all laugh.

CARTMAN

I said shut the hell up! Screw you guys.

INT. ASS DOCTOR WAITING ROOM. DAY.

All the chairs in the room are full. SHARON is sitting in the front row leaning to one side. KIM'S PR team is at reception.

P.R. LACKEY

And the Doctor understands that this is a dire emergency?

RECEPTIONIST

I've already spoken to him. The Doctor will see Ms Kardashian right away.

CROWD (Ad-libbing)

That's not fair! You can't do that! I've been here for hours! Etc.

The ASS DOCTOR pokes his head out from his office.

ASS DOCTOR

Ms Kardashian, please come through.

ASS DOCTOR is wearing a lab coat with sleeves cut off and frayed, he has tattoos on his neck and arms (barbed wire around one bicep) and two teardrops tattooed under his eye. As he watches KIM get wheeled into his exam room, he turns around and on the back of the lab coat there is a patch in the style of a biker gang that reads ASS DOCTOR. KIM is taken into the room and the door closes.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

The boys are in the playground. KYLE, STAN and KENNY are throwing a ball to each other. CARTMAN watches.

CARTMAN

I don't see why everyone is so excited about that guy... He looks at people's asses all day! Anyone can do that.

KYLE

Well if it's so easy, Fatass, why don't you do it? You know that guy makes about ten thousand dollars an hour.

CARTMAN stand with his mouth open for a few seconds and then turns and runs off.

CARTMAN (over his shoulder) Screw you guys I'm going home.

STAN

Cartman! Where are you going? School's not over yet today.

STAN (to KYLE)

Does the Ass Doctor really make ten thousand dollars an hour?

KYLE

No. But every time Cartman gets a stupid idea we get rid of him for days.

The three boys laugh.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

CARTMAN running.

CARTMAN (V.O.)

Ten thousand dollars an hour. Ten thousand dollars an hour. Ten thousand dollars an hour...

INT. ASS DOCTOR'S EXAM ROOM, DAY,

Pictures on the walls of asses – all signed.

ASS DOCTOR

What seems to be the trouble, Ms Kardashian?

KIM (Whining)

You have to help me Ass Doctor, I haven't been able to <BEEP>, or <BEEP>, or even <BEEP> for a week!

ASS DOCTOR

Are you sure you can't <BEEP>?

KIM

Yes I'm sure.

ASS DOCTOR

Because it sure smells like someone <BEEP> in here.

KIM

Believe me Ass Doctor, you have no idea how much I wish I could <BEEP> right now!

ASS DOCTOR

Don't worry. We'll have you all fixed up and <BEEP>ing again in no time.

TWO NURSES (nudging each other and whispering) – Did you <BEEP>? Was it you? Somebody DEFINITELY <BEEP>.

INT. CARTMANS HOUSE - DAY.

MRS CARTMAN is sitting on the couch reading a copy of The Slutty Housewife Guide.

CARTMAN bursts in, making MRS CARTMAN drop her magazine.

CARTMAN (shouting)
Mom! MOM! I need all the cream and lotion
you have for ass problems!

MRS CARTMAN
Why hon? What's wrong? Your little hiney giving you trouble again?

CARTMAN

MOM! No!

CARTMAN thinks for a beat.

CARTMAN (contd.)

I mean yes! (whiney voice) It hurts so bad Mom... I need it all...

MRS CARTMAN

It's all under the sink in the bathroom.

CARTMAN goes running upstairs.

MRS CARTMAN (cont'd.)

Would you like some help?

CARTMAN (running)

No, no... I'm fine. I can do it myself.

MRS CARTMAN
Well, all right. Just let me know if you change your mind.

She picks up Slutty Housewives again.

MRS CARTMAN (reading to herself) 'How to lube and prep your ass for quintuple penetration.' Hmm. I already know that one.

MRS CARTMAN flips pages.

INT. CARTMANS HOUSE. BATHROOM - DAY.

CARTMAN is dragging bottle and containers out from underneath the sink.

FADE TO:

INT. CARTMAN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - DAY.

CARTMAN is dressed in a lab coat. Set up on a table is kids chemistry set.

CARTMAN

It begins...

Quick cuts between CARTMAN opening bottles and tubs and mixing liquids together. Looking through a microscope. Watching things boil. Writing on a clipboard. Ducking from an explosion etc.

INT. CARTMAN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT.

CARTMAN holds a beaker laughing manically up as a bolt of lightning flashes outside the basement window.

INT. CARTMAN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - DAY.

The basement now resembles a doctor's office (albeit one that is made from cardboard boxes). CARTMAN has a desk against one wall with a handwritten sign above it that reads:

ERIC CARTMAN M.D. DOCTOR (ASSES)

He sits behind the desk wearing a pair of glasses and a false beard. STAN, KYLE and KENNY come down the stairs.

STAN

Cartman, Mr Garrison gave us your homework...

They all see what CARTMAN has done to the basement. STAN pinches the bridge of his nose.

KYLE

Seriously Cartman? What the hell are you doing?

CARTMAN

That's Dr Cartman to you Kyle. I don't think I'll be needing to do that homework guys... My first patient is on his way and I'll be making ten thousand dollars.

KENNY

Holy shit! (muffled)

CARTMAN

That's right Kenny...

KYLE

It never ceases to amaze me just how <BEEP> stupid you are Cartman! The Ass Doctor doesn't make ten thousand dollars an hour! No doctor makes ten thousand dollars an hour!! Not since ObummerCare started. I made it up!! And you are NOT a doctor!

CARTMAN

Really Kyle? Then how do you explain this.

CARTMAN hands KYLE a piece of paper. STAN reads it over KYLE's shoulder.

STAN (reading)

This is to certify that Eric Cartman has passed the necessary test to practice Ass medicine.

CARTMAN

Who's stupid now Kyle?

KYLE

You wrote that yourself!

CARTMAN

Prove it Kyle.

KYLE

OK. One – It's handwritten. Two – It's in crayon! And three the only words not spelled incorrectly are TO, IS... and ASS!

CARTMAN

<BEEP> you Kyle. Now gentlemen I am going to have to ask you to leave... My 11 o'clock will be here shortly.

CARTMAN goes back to writing and KYLE, STAN and KENNY go back upstairs.

EXT. CARTMANS HOUSE – DAY.

As STAN, KYLE and KENNY emerge from the house, STAN stops.

STAN

Why are you so mad Kyle? Isn't this what you wanted? Cartman has been so busy with this, he's not even coming to school any more.

KYLE

I know, but people in this town are so <BEEP>ing stupid that someone is bound to go and see him!

STAN

You didn't believe him about his 11 O'Clock did you?

A van stops and a man puts his head out of the window.

MAN

Excuse me boys, I'm looking for Dr Cartman's office.

The BOYS stare at the man for a second and then STAN points to CARTMAN'S door.

STAN (resigned)

He's in there.

INT. ASS DOCTOR'S OFFICE. WAITING ROOM - DAY.

The waiting room is still crowded with uncomfortable looking people. The RECEPTIONIST stands up.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, everybody, but the Ass Doctor won't be able to see any more patients until further notice. You'll all need to be rescheduled.

Big GROAN from crowd.

Our emergency patient is rich, and you're not. This patient will be taking priority for the foreseeable future.

SHARON gets to her feet uncomfortably and sighs.

INT. CARTMAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY.

The MAN comes down the stairs.

MAN

Er, excuse me? Are you Dr Cartman? The ass man?

CARTMAN

Yes, that's right... What seems to be the problem with your ass?

MAN

Well, he's real sick. I'll show you.

The MAN goes up stairs and then leads a donkey down the stairs on a piece of rope.

CARTMAN

What the <BEEP> is that?

MAN

This is Alfie, my ass... He's having a bit of trouble with his poop chute.

The MAN turns the donkey around to reveal a swollen area on the donkey's ass. CARTMAN just stares for a second and then picks up a pot of 'Cartman's Awesome Ass Cream'.

CARTMAN

God damn it! Not that kind of Ass!!!

He throws the pot at the man, who ducks. It spins slowly through the air and hits the donkey on its ass and breaks open.

MUSICAL CHIME

Stars and rainbows radiate from the cream. The swelling immediately subsides.

MAN

Wow! That's amazing! What's in that stuff?

CARTMAN stares for a second.

CARTMAN

Trade secret.

MAN

How much do I owe you?

CARTMAN

Ten thousand dollars.

The man just stares at him. Then suddenly jumps on the donkey's back.

MAN

Run like the wind Alfie!

ALFIE rears up like the lone rangers horse but spoils it by hee-hawing and then gallops up the stairs.

CARTMAN

Hey!

EXT. STREET - DAY.

The MAN gallops away from CARTMAN'S house.

MAN (shouting)

My Ass is cured! Doctor Cartman cured my Ass! And I ripped him off! Woo hoo!!!

He races past SHARON, who hears him.

SHARON (to herself)

Doctor Cartman?

Winces and rubs her ass.

Worth a try...

INT. CARTMAN'S BASEMENT - DAY.

CARTMAN is pacing the room.

CARTMAN (to himself)

Godammit... <BEEP> <BEEP>

SHARON comes down the stairs.

SHARON

Err... Excuse me DR? Cartman? Did you just cure a man of his... Ahem... Ass problem?

CARTMAN

Yes I did! And the son of a <BEEP> ran off without paying me!

SHARON

What did you give him?

CARTMAN

My Awesome Ass Cream.

SHARON

Could I get some too?

CARTMAN

As long as you <BEEP>ing pay me.

SHARON

Yes, yes of course.

She gets out her purse. Cartman gives her a tub of the Awesome Ass Cream. Sharon Goes behind the screen and puts the ass cream on.

MUSICAL CHIME

Rainbows and stars rise up from behind the screen.

SHARON

Oh my! That's amazing!

She comes out and hands CARTMAN a card from her purse. CARTMAN takes it and stares.

CARTMAN

What the <BEEP> is this?

SHARON

It's my ObummerCare card, you can claim

your fee with that.

CARTMAN (shouting)

<BEEP>ing ObummerCare! I want ten thousand dollars! Cash! Now!

SHARON

I'm sorry Eric, but I don't have that kind of money. I'm sure ObummerCare will get you your money.

SHARON leaves. CARTMAN starts throwing things and breaks a window.

CARTMAN'S MOM (off)

What's going on down there hun? Are you OK?

CARTMAN

I'm fine mom...

He can see the queue for the ASS DOCTOR'S office from the basement window.

CARTMAN (to himself)

But there's someone who won't be for much longer... Everyone has dirt... And there's one place to find it....

He goes to his computer and logs on. As the screen fires up a stuffed cat that is sitting on top of the monitor slips and obscures the top of the screen slightly. The screen fades in to the celebrity mug shot site THE STINKING CUNT – although the cat's tail covers the middle two letter of the word CUNT.

CARTMAN (to himself)

As soon as I discredit you... Ass Doctor, all your patients will have no choice to come to me...

He clicks on the screen and sure enough a mug shot of a much younger looking ASS DOCTOR appears.

CARTMAN (reading)

Ass Doctor arrested for Ass rape and other ass related crimes. Sentenced to 10 years in prison. Released a year ago. Whereabouts unknown...

CARTMAN starts laughing manically again and lightning flashes outside the window. He stops laughing and looks out at the clear sky and sunshine.

CARTMAN What keeps doing that?

EXT. ASS DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY.

A large group of autograph hunters are crowding the doors.

AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS Kim! Kim! Ms Kardashian! Sign my book. Sign my magazine! Sign my –

A group of girl scouts with Uzi's chase them away. CARTMAN is watching from across the street wearing dark glasses.

CARTMAN (to himself)
Hmmm... Security is tight... But not tight enough.

INT. ASS DOCTORS OFFICE. RECEPTION - DAY.

The receptionist is typing but stops and looks up when she begins to hear someone singing "Pretty Hurts" by Beyonce. It's CARTMAN's voice but everyone is fooled.

RECEPTIONIST

That sounds just like...

CARTMAN comes through the door in a wig and a tight dress immensely padded around the ass, he is singing.

CARTMAN (singing)

Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worst. Perfection is a disease of a nation, pretty hurts, pretty hurts

RECEPTIONIST

Wow! It really is you!

WAITING PATIENTS

It's Beyonce! Oh my God! Ms Knowles, please sign my book/magazine.

CARTMAN (high pitched voice)

Yes, I'm Beyonce... I need to see the Ass Doctor right away. My ass is, uh – it's... I need to update my ass implant.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course the doctor can help you with that. Right this way.

The waiting patients groan and the RECEPTIONIST leads CARTMAN/BEYONCE through the doors.

INT. ASS DOCTORS OFFICE - TREATMENT ROOM, DAY.

ASS DOCTOR is scrubbing his hands for surgery. The receptionist leads CARTMAN/BEYONCE in.

RECEPTIONIST

Beyonce Knowles to see you.

ASS DOCTOR turns round, and looks from CARTMAN/BEYONCE to the RECEPTIONIST a few times.

ASS DOCTOR

Nice to meet you Ms Knowles... Thank you Tina, I have time for a quick consult before the Kardashian operation.

The RECEPTIONIST leaves, closing the door.

ASS DOCTOR

So what can I do for you?

CARTMAN/BEYONCE

You can tell me how an ass rapist is practicing Ass medicine.

ASS DOCTOR

Oh... So you know about me...

He sighs and sits down.

ASS DOCTOR

Well, I guess I should start at the beginning... It's true... I used to be an ass rapist. I would see an ass and I would just have to do some raping. It was a horrible compulsion... Then one day I tried raping the wrong ass, at the wrong time in the wrong place... The place Reliant Stadium Houston Texas, the Time just after the half time show of Superbowl 38 - you may remember that was the show where Justin Timberlake got one of Janet Jacksons tits out?

CARTMAN/BEYONCE

You tried to rape Janet Jackson's ass?? She's an old lady!

ASS DOCTOR

No! No, no, no... Tits don't do it for me... I'm an ass man remember?

CARTMAN/BEYONCE

So whose ass was it?

ASS DOCTOR

Patriots quarterback Tom Brady... When he bent over for the first down of the second half, something came over me... And... Well, with so many witnesses I was quickly sentenced. At first I was scared about going to jail for such a long time... But luckily an old lifer took me under his wing... Well, into his ass. He taught me to be more respectful, more gentle, not to just pound that ass uncontrollably. Under his tutelage, I made another discovery... I had become something of an ass expert. I started doing proper research and taking online classes in ass medicine. I qualified as a doctor just before I was released. The Ass has been my downfall and my salvation.

A single tear runs down ASS DOCTOR's cheek.

CARTMAN/BEYONCE

Sounds like you should have been a pussy Doctor, you <BEEP>ing pussy!

ASS DOCTOR

That's not a nice thing to say, is it Eric?

CARTMAN/BEYONCE

Well, I don't really care. All I care about is you giving me ten thousand dollars an hour every hour I don't tell everyone about your past... Wait what did you call me?

ASS DOCTOR

Oh, yes. I know who you really are Eric Cartman...
The little fat kid, who miraculously created the
Awesome Ass Cream and was planning to take
all my patients away from me after discrediting
me with what you found out about my past... There
are two problems with your plan though... Number
one, I have always been very honest about my

life before this... It's on all my card, see?

He hands CARTMAN a business card which read's

ASS DOCTOR (MD) (convicted rapist) ((won't do it again))

ASS DOCTOR

And number two - while we've been talking I have had some associates go to your home and take your entire stock of Awesome Ass Cream.

CARTMAN

What?!! You can't do that!

ASS DOCTOR

I did do that.

The door bursts open and a nurse rushes in.

NURSE

Ass Doctor! Come quickly, she's getting worse.

ASS DOCTOR

Has the other doctor arrived yet?

NURSE

Not yet.

The NURSE runs back out followed by ASS DOCTOR. CARTMAN follows too.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY.

KIM is on the table, face down, covered in a sheet, screaming and crying.

ASS DOCTOR

This is not looking good. I'm going to have to operate right away... But this is a two Doctor job... You.

He points to CARTMAN.

You have some Ass experience... You'll have to help.

CARTMAN

Why would I help you? You just <BEEP>ed me!

ASS DOCTOR

If you don't help this woman will die... I'll pay you a consultation fee.

Without waiting for CARTMAN's response the NURSE starts getting him into scrubs and a mask.

CARTMAN

This had better be worth it.

ASS DOCTOR whips the sheet from KIM like a magician to reveal two feet sticking out of her ass.

CARTMAN

What the <BEEP>??!! And what is that smell!??

ASS DOCTOR hands Cartman a large shoe horn and picks up some giant forceps for himself.

ASS DOCTOR

We have to remove the blockage now! Slide your instrument right in there, next to the left one.

He gestures to the feet. CARTMAN approaches slowly and with much hesitation slides the shoe horn down into KIM's ass.

KIM

OH God! That's cold!

ASS DOCTOR opens the forceps and grabs both of the feet.

ASS DOCTOR

OK, on three I will pull back. You pull to the side to loosen things up.

CARTMAN

This is really <BEEP>ed up!

ASS DOCTOR

One... Two... THREE!

ASS DOCTOR pulls and so does CARTMAN. A muffled voice can be heard

VOICE

Yee-zus. Yeee-zusss.

MASSIVE FART NOISE.

YEEEEEZUSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!

An object is propelled out of KIM's ass and slams into the wall, covered in feces.

CARTMAN

Sick!!!!!

The whole operating room is splattered with feces. Piles of it are everywhere. CARTMAN vomits loudly.

KIM

OH. MY. GOD!!!! YES!! That's so much better!!

The object sits up and wipes his face. It's KANYE WEST. He immediately starts typing on his phone.

CARTMAN

Holy <BEEP> Kanye West!

KIM

Honey? That's where you were! I thought Twitter had been quiet recently!

KANYE (typing)

Just like being close to you baby. I'm so lucky. Now... have to Tweet about dat ass.

He types furiously.

CARTMAN

<BEEP> this... I don't want to be an Ass Doctor anymore... Just give me my ten thousand dollars and I'm going home.

ASS DOCTOR

Here you go.

HE hands CARTMAN a card. CARTMAN stares at it.

CARTMAN

OBUMMERCARE!! God damn it!!

EXT. ASS DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY.

KIM and KANYE walk out of the office hand in hand. KANYE is still dripping liquid feces and using his free hand to type on Twitter.

KANYF

I got some great shots of you I'm uploading now.

SATAN sees KANYE and jumps out of the queue.

SATAN Mr West! I'm such a big fan... Would you please sign my ass?? ... Wow. You smell delicious!

A huge drop of santorum* slides from KANYE's hair and lands with a very audible GLOOP.

End credits:

Ass Doctor surgically removing Kanye from BEYONCE'S ass.

ASS DOCTOR Really, Mr West...

Jay Z, Taylor Swift and Beck all watch shaking their heads.

*santorum – that frothy mix of lube and fecal matter that is sometimes the product of anal sex.