

The Simpsons

"A CLEAN WELL-LIGHTED CRAPHOLE"

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THE SIMPSONS

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ACT ONE

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

LISA enters, **blowing** her saxophone. MARGE is at the stove.

MARGE

Lisa, I've asked you a dozen times not to play your saxophone at mealtime. You know how it makes your father dance.

HOMER does MC Hammer's parachute pants dance across the kitchen. SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER **tries to take a bite** of the toast he is holding.

HOMER

(TO THE DOG) You can't touch this.

LISA

Sorry Mom, but auditions for the school talent show are today, and I have to practice every spare minute.

LISA plays a few more notes.

HOMER **dances** the swim, then **dunks** his head in a bowl of cereal.

MARGE

No talent show is worth drowning your father.

MARGE **pulls** HOMER'S head out of the bowl.

CONT'D

HOMER

It's okay, Honey. Milk makes my eyeballs
strong and bulgy.

HOMER **re-dunks** his head.

BART enters carrying a sack. He **opens** the refrigerator.

BART

Hey, what happened to my rotten eggs?

MARGE

I threw them out. They were *rotten*.

BART gives MARGE a dirty look, then opens his bag of
tomatoes.

BART

(FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW INTO HIS SACK)

Well fellas, I guess you'll just have to
work double time.

BART walks toward the door.

MARGE

Hold it. What are those tomatoes for?

BART

School project.

MARGE

Oh, well it's nice to see you taking an
interest in your studies for a change.

LISA

Studies? His *school project* is pelting
Martin Prince during his audition.

CONT'D

BART gasps feigned indignation.

LISA (CONT'D)

Don't deny it, Bart. I overheard you plotting with Milhouse.

MARGE **growls**.

BART

Jeez, we're only trying to get him ready for show night. He's reciting a poem about daisies.

HOMER

Then the boy has it coming. Here's a soggy pancake that I dropped on the floor. Remember to snap your wrist when you fling it.

BART

Thanks for understanding, Dad.

MARGE **grabs** the tomatoes and the pancake.

MARGE

Nobody's flinging anything at anyone.

BART

(MUMBLING) Lousy...

LISA

Will you guys be at my audition?

MARGE

I wouldn't miss it.

CONT'D

LISA

What about you, Dad?

HOMER

Oh sweetheart, don't ask silly questions. Of course I won't. First I have to work all day, then it's straight over to Moe's. Tonight's special is buy nine beers at the regular price, get the tenth at ten percent off. It's like getting paid to drink.

MARGE

Homer, I don't want you drinking ten beers on a Thursday night. You have to work tomorrow.

HOMER

Silly Marge, I work better when my brain cells are relaxed.

BART

You wouldn't have to worry about work if you came down with a case of intentional flu.

HOMER

What's this you say?

CONT'D

BART

(MIMING A PHONE CALL) Hello, Mr. Burns, my spleen is broken and they can't set it until this afternoon. Click. Hello three day weekend.

HOMER

Marge, give Bart a dollar.

MARGE

Homer, I don't want you lying to your boss. If you insist on getting drunk, can't you at least wait until *Friday*?

HOMER

And dishonor the Sabbath?

MARGE

We're not Jewish.

HOMER

Then how come you never serve me ham with my bacon?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

SMITHERS **chauffeurs** MR. BURNS down the street.

CAR RADIO

In the world of politics, Mayor Quimby announced today that he's offering early retirement to all *female* employees who've reached the ripe old age of thirty.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

MAYOR QUIMBY stands between two smiling SWIMSUIT MODELS.

MAYOR QUIMBY

In the spirit of providing opportunity
to our young people, I am making room in
my administration for recent high school
graduates.

MAYOR QUIMBY looks at the SWIMSUIT MODELS and they become
nervous.

MAYOR QUIMBY (CONT'D)

...and holders of G.E.D.s.

The SWIMSUIT MODELS shake their heads.

MAYOR QUIMBY (CONT'D)

...and...er, what the hell, anyone who
has reached the age of consent.

The SWIMSUIT MODELS **smile** once again.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Return to MR. BURNS' car.

CAR RADIO

And in a related story, a new study out
of Springfield U. concludes that *happy*
employees are not only three percent
more productive than their miserable
counterparts, they're *seventeen* percent
less likely to kill their boss.

CONT'D

MR. BURNS

Thank goodness I was voted boss of the
year, eh, Smithers?

SMITHERS

Yes, sir.

A **bubble** appears above SMITHERS' head.

SMITHERS **hands** ballots to CARL and LENNY.

CARL

What if I don't think Mr. Burns or Satan
should be named boss of the year, can I
write in a candidate?

SMITHERS

(STERN) No.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Return to MR. BURNS' car.

Off to the side of the road, two jackhammering HIGHWAY
WORKERS wipe their brows, and **smile**.

MR. BURNS

Yes, it does my heart good to see laborers
enjoy earning their paychecks.

SMITHERS

Work is sweet, sir.

Burns' car passes. The HIGHWAY WORKERS **sit** down on the
curb.

CONT'D

HIGHWAY WORKER ONE

I really love this job, but are you sure we're supposed to take a forty-five minute break every hour?

HIGHWAY WORKER TWO

How else are we gonna make a street repair last six weeks?

Burns and Smithers drive past a **smiling** SQUIRREL who carries an acorn across a branch.

MR. BURNS

Why, even a squirrel can find no greater pleasure than providing for his future.

The squirrel **drops** the acorn into a hole in the tree.

SQUIRREL

(SUBTITLE) Here's what you get for cheating on me with a chipmunk.

The acorn falls twenty feet and **slams** into the head of a lingerie clad lady squirrel in a tiny bed. A **bleeding**, half undressed, chipmunk lies on the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - MORNING

Burns' car pulls up to the guard shack. BURNS rolls down his window.

MR. BURNS

Good morning...(SQUINTING) ...Suh...mith.

We see the guard's name tag reads, "SAMUELSON."

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Pleasant day for guard duty, eh?

CONT'D

SAMUELSON **grunts** and raises the arm for Burns to enter.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Smithers, did that employee seem unhappy to you?

SMITHERS

Oh no, sir. That man is just new. He hasn't had time to realize what a joy it is to work here.

MR. BURNS

(PERKING UP) New, eh? That must explain it.

Back at the guard shack, SAMUELSON pulls out a card that reads, "Samuelson, congratulations on twenty years of service. Instead of a gold watch, let this warm greeting mark the occasion. [stamped signature] C. Montgomery Burns."

SAMUELSON grimaces and crumples the card.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT, BURNS' OFFICE- DAY

MR. BURNS sits at his desk looking at monitors of his employees.

MR. BURNS

I don't get it, Smithers. If jackhammerers and squirrels can enjoy their work, why are my employees so miserable?

On one monitor, CARL sits stonefaced at his station. He pushes a button, **sighs**, and pushes another button.

CONT'D

SMITHERS

You've got it all wrong, sir. That man is just resting his cheek muscles from smiling all the way *into* work.

MR. BURNS

And him?

On a second monitor, LENNY is **smacking** his head repeatedly on his control panel.

SMITHERS

Bang the drum! I'm celebrating life!

MR. BURNS

It's no use, Smithers, it's obvious that people don't like working here.

SMITHERS

That's ridiculous, sir. Look at sector 7-G.

On a third monitor, HOMER sits upright in his chair, **smiling** like a lunatic.

MR. BURNS

What's this?

SMITHERS

It's someone who can appreciate the privilege of busting his butt for Monty Burns.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTOR 7-G - CONTINUOUS

HOMER sits on the floor behind his chair, **eating** donuts.
In the chair is a smiling cardboard cutout of Homer.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT, BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MR. BURNS

Who is this model of good cheer?

SMITHERS

Homer Simpson, sir.

MR. BURNS

Simpson, eh? Bring him to me.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT, BURNS' OFFICE - LATER

HOMER stands before MR. BURNS.

MR. BURNS

Simpson, I'm trying to improve the plant's
morale, and I'd like to know what makes
you so happy to be here.

HOMER'S BRAIN

(V.O.) Don't say free donuts. Danger.
Danger.

HOMER

Well, um...

MR. BURNS

Don't be shy. Just tell me why you love
working for me.

CONT'D

HOMER'S BRAIN

(V.O.) Danger. Don't laugh in his face.
Danger.

MR. BURNS

Look at him, Smithers, he's turning red.
If such a thing weren't biologically
impossible, I'd say he had a crush on
me.

SMITHERS

(ANGRY) A crush?

MR. BURNS

Is that it, Simpson? You find me
irresistible?

HOMER **collapses** with laughter.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

(HURT) Are you... laughing at me?

HOMER

(REGAINING HIS COMPOSURE) No, sir. What
that was, was... um, *nervous* laughter...
because I didn't realize anyone *knew* how
much I loved it here.

MR. BURNS

Oh, well go ahead then. Tell me why.

HOMER

(DEFEATED) Well... I mostly like the
free donuts in the breakroom.

CONT'D

MR. BURNS

(SHOCKED) Free donuts? Just go back to your cubicle.

HOMER

Yes, sir.

HOMER slinks off.

MR. BURNS

Smithers, if penny pastries are enough to make *one* man happy, whose to say that the others aren't just as easy to please.

SMITHERS

What are you proposing, sir?

MR. BURNS

A series of interrogations so brutal, they'll have no choice but to reveal their greatest delights.

SMITHERS

Um, perhaps a social gathering might serve as a less threatening tongue loosener.

MR. BURNS

Six of one, half a dozen of the other. Just make sure that this little "meet and greet" will facilitate my rubbing elbows with the workers?

CONT'D

SMITHERS

Yes, sir.

MR. BURNS

Oh, and don't forget to bring my elbow
length gloves.

CUT TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - AUDITORIUM - DAY

In the front row sit the judges, MRS. KRABAPPEL, MISS
HOOVER, GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE, and OTTO. MARGE and MAGGIE
sit a few rows back.

MARTIN is center stage.

MARTIN

Oh daisy, gentle daisy, thy petals are
like wisps of vapor plucked from clouds...

BART and MILHOUSE are backstage.

BART

Because of Lisa, that jerk is going to
walk home in a tomato-free shirt.

MILHOUSE

But is that really enough of a reason to
sabotage her tryout?

MARTIN

Fragrance, ever so delicate, we surrender
to your grace.

MILHOUSE

What we really ought to do is kill her.

CONT'D

BART

Just follow my lead.

MARTIN walks off the stage to a smattering of applause.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER walks to center stage.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Thank you, Martin. And now with her
rendition of "Love Song for Lovers on a
Lovely Winter's Night," Lisa Simpson.

LISA solemnly approaches the center of the stage. She
puts her lips to her sax, and **blows**. A huge cloud of
confetti **shoots** out of her horn.

BART and MILHOUSE race onto the stage and start **balling
up** the confetti.

BART

Snowball fight!

LISA is mortified, but the JUDGES erupt with laughter.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(CLAPPING) Fantastic. That's even funnier
than Ralph Wiggum's dog juggling routine.

In the corner of the auditorium, RALPH is **applying** ice
packs to the heads of three confused looking chihuahuas.

RALPH

You doggies need to fly better on show
night.

BART and MILHOUSE take bows on stage.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

You're going to be the hit of the show.

CONT'D

LISA bows uncomfortably.

CUT TO:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The bar is packed. A very drunk HOMER **guzzles** a bottle of Duff's then looks cross-eyed at MOE.

MOE

Nice job Homer, this next one is ten percent off.

HOMER

Whoo-hoo.

HOMER collapses on the bar.

MOE

Hey, wake up and drink your discounted beer. I'm still charging you ninety percent whether you slip into a coma or not.

HOMER can barely lift his eyelids but he takes the beer and swigs it.

LENNY

Hey Homer, you need a lift home?

CARL

Yeah, we really ought to be going if we want to get a good hour and a half of sleep before work.

LENNY

I'm useless otherwise.

CONT'D

HOMER

(SLURRING) I'm calling in sick tomorrow and taking a free-day weekend. Nothing's gonna interfere with my good time. Not work, not... work, not anything.

HOMER passes out. LENNY and CARL **drag** him toward the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING

On a close-up of HOMER's sleeping head, a foot lands next to him.

BART

Hi, Dad.

LISA

Hi, Dad.

BART steps aboard the school bus.

OTTO

Hey, Bart dude, did your dad have to sleep in the driveway 'cause he had a fight with your mom?

BART

Nah, he was just too drunk to make it into the house.

OTTO

That's a relief. For a minute there I was afraid there might be a problem.

CONT'D

The bus pulls away. HOMER gets up and brushes himself off, takes a step toward his front door, shrugs, then heads off down the street.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Homer enters.

HOMER

Moe, guess who's... early?

HOMER is surprised to see that the bar is packed.

CARL

Hey Homer, we saved you a stool.

BARNEY is collapsed over two stools, so LENNY lifts his head off of one.

BARNEY

Five more minutes, Ma.

BARNEY rolls onto the floor with a crash.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Ma, I think my pillow needs fluffing.

HOMER

Hey, what are you guys doing here?

LENNY

We took your suggestion and called in sick.

CARL

Yeah, I'm only sorry I wasted the rest of my sick days just to recuperate from pec implant surgery.

CARL opens his shirt to reveal rock hard pecs. LENNY pokes one with his finger.

CONT'D

CARL (CONT'D)

Ow. They're still tender.

LENNY

You always say that.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT, CAFETERIA - DAY

BURNS and SMITHERS stand alone beneath a huge banner which reads, "HAVE FUN WITH THE BOSS DAY."

BURNS

Smithers, I told you to invite *all* of my employees.

SMITHERS

I did, sir. Everyone called in sick except for... (FLIPPING THROUGH PAGES ON CLIP BOARD) ... Homer Simpson.

BURNS

Ah, Simpson. My one satisfied employee. Have him come down.

SMITHERS

Actually, sir. He didn't show up either. He's just the only one who didn't call.

CUT TO:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY

CARL

So Lenny, what was your excuse?

CONT'D

LENNY

I said my nose and mouth were swollen shut from a bee sting and I that was talking to them through a hole in my throat.

CARL

Yeah, me too. Hey Homer, what excuse did you give?

HOMER

I said... um... (SCREAM) Aaaaaaack.
Moe, I need to use your phone.

HOMER dials nervously.

SPLIT SCREEN between MOE'S TAVERN and NUCLEAR PLANT.

SMITHERS

Hello.

HOMER

Hello, this is Homer Simpson and I can't come to work today because Aunt Bea's swollen nose is in my throat.

BURNS takes the phone from SMITHERS.

BURNS

Simpson, where are you?

HOMER

I'm sick. I'm not at Moe's. I'm sick.

HOMER hangs up.

CONT'D

HOMER (CONT'D)

Whew, that was close.

BURNS

Moe's, eh?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - LATER

Moe raises his glass.

MOE

Listen up, it's one thing to neglect
your families every night and all day on
the weekend, but to skip out on your
livelihoods, well, you make me so proud
I could cry.

The patrons drink and hug each other. Only MOE notices
when MR. BURNS and SMITHERS enter.

MOE (CONT'D)

Hello, friends. Can I get you a beer?

MR. BURNS

Actually, I came here to fire half your
clientele...

The patrons gasp.

LENNY **drops** his bottle on the floor.

CARL **drops** his bottle on the floor.

HOMER **guzzles** his bottle, **shakes out** the last few drops
onto his outstretched tongue, then **drops** his bottle on
the floor.

CONT'D

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

...but when I see what a good time you're
all having, I don't have the heart.

The patrons sigh with relief.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

(GLEEFUL) Instead, I think I'll buy this
establishment.

The patrons gasp. MOE drops to his knees.

MOE

Praise the Lord, I'm finally free of
this crap hole.

MOE grabs his hat and coat and heads toward the door.

MOE (CONT'D)

Make the check out to cash and send it
to Barbados.

MOE exits.

MR. BURNS

Excellent.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The new sign reads, "BURNSIE'S TAVERN."

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

BURNS is behind the counter when HOMER enters and takes a stool next to CARL and LENNY.

MR. BURNS

What can I do you for, Homey?

HOMER

I guess I'll have a Duff's, Mr. Burns.

MR. BURNS

Duff's, eh? Discriminating choice. But don't call me Mr. Burns. Burnsie's is a friendly place. Call me Mister *Burnsie*.

HOMER

Okay, Mr. Burns...ie.

LENNY

Can I have another one, Mr. Burnsie?

MR. BURNS

In a minute, you slack jawed inebriant. Can't you see I'm dispensing liquid happiness to your fellow alcoholic?

MR. BURNS smiles at HOMER, then struggles with the tap.

CONT'D

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Smithers, you're the brawn of this operation. How about putting some muscle to this spigot?

SMITHERS

Be right there, sir.

At the end of the bar, SMITHERS **polishes** a jewel encrusted crown that sits atop BARNEY's head. In addition, BARNEY **sits** on a throne.

HOMER

Barney?

BARNEY

Hey Homer, isn't this place great? I feel like royalty. (BELCH)

MR. BURNS

(CONFIDENTIALLY TO HOMER) We're giving the "A" treatment to our best customer. He hasn't left since I bought the place, and if we can keep him here a couple more days, we may out earn the power plant this month.

HOMER

But Barney doesn't have any money. He settles his tab by cleaning the bathroom.

BARNEY takes off his crown and points at his hair.

CONT'D

BARNEY

I stand on my head so you don't have to
waste money on a mop.

BURNS sighs.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Hey Snifters, I'm getting bored with
this Dom Perignon. Can I switch back to
cognac?

MR. BURNS

Get out.

BARNEY slinks sadly out the door.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

(TO CARL) Hey there, friend, you're a
cash customer. How'd you like to sip
champagne on a throne.

CARL

Actually... I've got to get up early for
work.

LENNY

Yeah, me too.

MR. BURNS

But, isn't this more fun than work?

LENNY

Um, sure it is... see ya.

The rest of the bar patrons exit en masse.

BURNS examines the money that CARL left on the bar.

CONT'D

MR. BURNS

Smithers, I need you to chase those men down. Their total was only nine ninety-five, but they left a ten dollar bill. I have no intention of paying interest on a loan I didn't request.

SMITHERS

Sir, I think the extra nickel is the tip.

MR. BURNS

The who?

SMITHERS

The tip. It's money people leave behind in addition to the bill to show their appreciation for the service.

BURNS throws his arms around SMITHERS.

MR. BURNS

Oh Smithers, they like me. They really like me.

SMITHERS

Of course they do, sir.

BEAT.

MR. BURNS

You can let go now.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARGE is on the couch when HOMER enters.

MARGE

I thought you were at Moe's.

HOMER

You mean *Burnsie's*? That place is no fun.

MARGE

It can't be that bad.

HOMER

Oh no? On the way home, I actually caught myself considering sobriety. Luckily, I was walking past Dr. Hibbard's office and he'd left his window open.

HOMER reaches into his pocket, **pulls out** a half empty bottle of rubbing alcohol, and takes a swig.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ahhh.

MARGE

Well, the kids are about to practice their act for me. That ought to cheer you up.

LISA, BART, and MILHOUSE enter.

BART

And now, a romantic tune that's guaranteed to sway you like a soft summer breeze.

CONT'D

LISA purses her lips over her sax and fills her cheeks with air. Just as she is about to blow, BART and MILHOUSE squeeze whoopee cushions.

MARGE and HOMER giggle.

BART (CONT'D)

And for our next movement...

LISA **rolls** her eyes and **shakes** her head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT, BREAKROOM - MORNING

HOMER approaches LENNY and CARL by the coffee pot.

LENNY

Hey Homer, how's it going?

HOMER

I'll tell you how it's going. Mr. Burns has ruined our last sanctuary on this god forsaken planet, and the only thing I'm living for now is that box of...
aaaack! What happened to the donuts?

A pink pastry box is filled with party mix.

CARL

Moe replaced 'em with pretzels and peanuts.

HOMER

Moe?

CONT'D

LENNY

Yeah, he came back from Barbados when he couldn't find any blind women. Burns is letting him run the plant.

HOMER

Well, I guess pretzels are better than nothing.

HOMER **reaches** for a pretzel but CARL **grabs** his arm.

CARL

Slow down, Homer. It's a two drink minimum.

CARL points to the sign over the coffee pot which reads, "\$2.00 a cup."

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. SECTOR 7-G - DAY

HOMER enters his pod.

HOMER

Fine, if that's the way they want it, I'll just sleep in my chair and *dream* about donuts. They can't stop me from dreaming.

HOMER turns the chair around to find BARNEY sitting there.

BARNEY

Hey Homer.

CONT'D

HOMER

Barney, what are you doing here?

BARNEY

Mr. Burns gave me your job so I can pay
my bar tab.

HOMER

But... what am I supposed to do?

BARNEY

I'm a nuclear safety officer, Homer,
not your guidance counselor.

HOMER **sighs** and turns to exit.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Meltdowns are bad, right?

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT, BURNS' OFFICE - DAY

MOE and HOMER sit across from each other at Burns' desk.
MOE **pours** from a glowing green bottle into a shot glass,
drinks, and does a body shake.

MOE

Man, that plutonium sure packs a wallop.

HOMER

Moe, how come you fired me?

MOE

I didn't fire you. You've been
transferred.

HOMER

Transferred, eh?

CONT'D

A **bubble** appears over Homer's head. He **imagines** himself in a radioactivity suit mopping up hazardous waste.

His helmet holds two cans of beer and a straw.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Cool.

MOE

You're going to work at the bar for Mr. Burnsie.

HOMER

Interesting... now, do I have the *option* of being fired?

CUT TO:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY

HOMER enters. The bar is empty except for MR. BURNS.

MR. BURNS

(GLUM) Hello, Homer.

HOMER

Hello, Mr. Burnsie.

MR. BURNS

Oh Homer, all I wanted was to run an establishment where people could stand the sight of me, but it looks like I've been chasing the impossible dream.

HOMER

(MEEK) Yes, sir.

SMITHERS bursts in **wearing** nothing but a sash reading, "MEN'S NIGHT."

CONT'D

SMITHERS

Our troubles are over.

MR. BURNS sighs.

HOMER stares open mouthed at SMITHERS. He turns toward a dejected MR. BURNS. He turns back to SMITHERS, and **pulls the rubbing alcohol** out of his pocket.

Suddenly, HOMER **throws** the bottle to the ground.

HOMER

No! I'm going to save this bar if it's the last thing I do.

SMITHERS

Well, of course we're going to save the bar.

SMITHERS **points** at his sash.

MONTAGE -- Set to music.

HOMER wears poindexter glasses and professorially pours over plans with MR. BURNS and SMITHERS on the bar.

HOMER, MR. BURNS, and SMITHERS wear lab coats and watch test tubes and beakers over bunsen burners.

HOMER is at a chalkboard while MR. BURNS and SMITHERS take notes. HOMER draws a picture of a beer bottle and a smiling face equaling dollar signs.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Right underneath the BURNSIE'S sign is a banner which reads, "ALL YOU CAN DRINK -- \$50."

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The bar is packed with customers. MR. BURNS and SMITHERS are behind the bar.

CONT'D

MR. BURNS

I knew we could count on Simpson.

SMITHERS

(TO LENNY AND CARL) Having a good time,
fellas?

LENNY

Not really, but for fifty bucks, I'd
drink with Hitler.

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON BANNER READING "ALL YOU CAN DRINK -- \$50"

HOMER is **giving** the customers fifty dollar bills as
they enter.

HOMER

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY

HOMER, MR. BURNS, and SMITHERS stand in the once again
empty bar.

HOMER

Okay, I can sort of see your point about
paying the customers to drink not being
a profitable *long-term* strategy. I'm not
saying I agree, but I don't want to ruin
our relationship with a drawn out argument
over business philosophy.

MR. BURNS and SMITHERS stare angrily at HOMER.

CONT'D

HOMER (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've come up with an idea where the customers pay us. How's that for businessing?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Once again, the bar is packed. This time patrons are all **seated** at tables. They are hooting and hollering.

MR. BURNS

Well, Homer, it looks like you've finally gotten it right.

HOMER

Oh, you don't have to call me a genius megabrain super whiz. I just figured that if most people were like me, they would happily pay a cover charge to see Miley Cyrus arm wrestle Beyonce.

BEYONCE pins MILEY's arm. The patrons howl.

LENNY

(OFF HIS BILL) Hey, I think there's been a mistake here.

HOMER

Let me see that. (TAKES THE BILL) Beer, two dollars, beer, two dollars, floor show, four hundred dollars. Seems in order to me.

CONT'D

LENNY

Yeah right.

LENNY **rips up** the bill and leaves.

HOMER

Fine, don't pay the cover. But don't bother showing up tomorrow to watch Fran Drescher play scrabble with Sally Jessy Raphael.

Close-up of BARNEY reading his bill.

BARNEY

Four hundred dollars. I can't afford that kind of cover.

MR. BURNS

We didn't charge you the cover.

Pull out to reveal Barney's table is **covered** by a mound of empty bottles.

The bar patrons **crumple up** their bills and **storm out**.

BEYONCE and MILEY **ball up** their fists threateningly as SMITHERS **empties** the cash drawer into their purses. MILEY growls, and SMITHERS gives her his watch too.

CUT TO:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Close-up on HOMER.

HOMER

Okay, I've got this figured out for sure this time. Here's a popular act that we can definitely afford.

CONT'D

Pull out to reveal LISA **blowing** giant bubbles out of her saxophone while BART and MILHOUSE **circle** her on unicycles.

The bar is packed with children.

NELSON

(OFF HIS BILL) I don't care if the entertainment *is* first rate, I ain't paying \$20 for a chocolate milk.

HOMER

How about for a beer?

NELSON

Okay.

NELSON **whips out** a twenty dollar bill.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - LATER

SMITHERS and MR. BURNS happily stuff cash into the till.

HOMER **dances** with the drunk children in the center of the bar.

HOMER AND CHILDREN

(SINGING)...ashes, ashes, we all fall down.

HOMER and the children **tumble** to the ground.

CHIEF WIGGUM, OFFICER LOU, and OFFICER EDDIE enter.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Remember boys, we're only chugging *light* beer until we're off duty... good God, what's going on here?

CONT'D

RALPH stumbles over with a can of Duff's.

RALPH

Daddy...

CHIEF WIGGUM

What is it, son?

RALPH

My sodee tastes funny.

RALPH **vomits** all over his father's pants.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Alright, who's running this joint?

HOMER

(DRUNK) Aw, shut up you big party pooper,
before Burnsie has you eighty-sixed.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Burnsie, eh?

MR. BURNS

Oh, yes, well, *technically* I suppose you
could say I'm in charge, but actually,
it's a very funny story, really. (SLUMPING
HIS HEAD) Just take me away.

CHIEF WIGGUM

'Cuff him, boys.

The cops lead MR. BURNS out of the bar.

SMITHERS

Simpson, do something.

HOMER runs to the door.

CONT'D

HOMER

(SHOUTING) Hey Burnsie, don't forget to
bring back some root beer schnapps.

Kids are suckers for root beer!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. JAILHOUSE VISITING ROOM - DAY

SMITHERS uses the phone on the other side of the glass.

SMITHERS

Don't worry, sir, I'll have you out of here in no time.

MR. BURNS

Why bother? So I can return to my life of curmudgeonly doldruggery? There's simply no point. Besides, since my incarceration, I've finally found some acceptance among my peers.

From the next cubicle, SNAKE **winks** and **blows a kiss** to MR. BURNS.

SMITHERS

No!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY

HOMER tends bar. SMITHERS enters.

CARL

Hey, Mr. Smithers.

LENNY

What's going on?

CONT'D

SMITHERS

I'll tell you what's going on. Mr. Burns
is rotting in jail while you're here
sitting on your duffs.

BARNEY stands up and finds a bottle of beer on his stool.

BARNEY

So that's where you disappeared to.

BARNEY swigs.

SMITHERS

I can't believe you people. After
everything Mr. Burns went through to win
your friendship, all you can do is sit
there and act like you don't care.

HOMER

I'm not acting.

LENNY

Me neither.

CARL

I'm doing less acting than Keanu Reeves
in the Matrix trilogy.

BARNEY

I agree with Snifters, you guys are being
totally insensitive.

BARNEY **throws** a dart and hits a picture of MR. BURNS
which has been placed over the dartboard.

CONT'D

HOMER

Listen, Mr. Smithers, don't feel bad for Burnsie. It's obvious to me that he *wanted* to go to jail.

SMITHERS

How do you figure that?

HOMER

If a person didn't want to go to jail, he'd have to be an idiot to sell liquor to minors.

JIMBO sits at the end of the bar wearing a false mustache.

JIMBO

(IN FAKE DEEP VOICE) That's a good point, Simpson. How about another round?

HOMER

Coming right up, Mr. Jimbo. (TO SMITHERS) Anywho, I think the best way to show our support for Mr. Burns is to try to make the best of things while he's locked up and out of our hair. For instance, I'm going to *drown* my sorrows.

HOMERS sticks his head under the beer tap and drinks.

CONT'D

LENNY

There, there, little Homer, let those
suds wash away the blues.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The SIMPSON FAMILY and MILHOUSE eat dinner.

BART

So after the snowball fight, we'll go
whoopee cushion, food fight, bubbles.

MILHOUSE

That's crazy, Bart. We've got to end
with the whoopee cushion. Any
professional entertainer knows you can't
follow flatulence.

BART

Hmmm, what do you think, Dad?

HOMER

I've never had any success following
flatulence.

BART

Then it's settled.

MILHOUSE

Cool, let's go rehearse.

BART and MILHOUSE bolt from the table. LISA lingers in
her seat.

CONT'D

MARGE

What's the matter honey, don't you feel like practicing?

LISA

Not really, and it's not like our act requires hours of meticulous preparation.

MARGE

Don't worry, I'm sure you're going to be the hit of the show.

LISA

I know! And it's killing me.

MARGE

I don't understand.

LISA

Oh Mom, by mocking the music that's given my life meaning, I feel like I've sold my soul.

MARGE

Oh dear.

LISA

Dad, what would you do?

HOMER

Never follow flatulence.

CONT'D

LISA

No, I'm asking if you'd sacrifice doing what you know is right, just for a few moments of happiness?

HOMER looks **earnestly** into his daughter's eyes.

HOMER

No, sweetie, I wouldn't... even if it means helping return my favorite bar to the crappiest owner that ever lived.

HOMER stands.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I'm off to rescue Mr. Burns.

SFX: A bell rings.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Right after dessert.

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT, BURNS' OFFICE - NIGHT

HOMER, LENNY, CARL, and BARNEY enter to find SMITHERS crying at Mr. Burns' desk.

HOMER

Are you coming with us, Wayland, or am I the only person in this world who gives a damn about Mr. Burns?

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

Dressed in burglar black and holding shovels, HOMER, SMITHERS, LENNY, CARL, and BARNEY start **digging**.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

In front of CHIEF WIGGUM'S desk, a hole appears in the floor.

HOMER (O.S.)

This ought to be his cell.

The men **emerge** from the hole.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

CHIEF WIGGUM

Can I help you gentlemen?

HOMER

You're damn right you can. We demand that you release Mr. Burns!

CHIEF WIGGUM

His bail is one hundred dollars. And for God's sake, would you please just use the door next time?

INT. JAIL, BURNS' CELL - NIGHT

CHIEF WIGGUM slides the cell door open.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Let's go, Burns.

MR. BURNS sits shirtless on his bunk. Sitting behind him, SNAKE is finishing a heart tattoo on his back that reads, "*Property of Snake*".

MR. BURNS

What the devil is going on out there?

CONT'D

CHIEF WIGGUM

Your cronies have sprung you.

MR. BURNS

My cronies? But everybody hates me.

HOMER pushes his way into the cell.

HOMER

That's ridiculous, sir. You're the best boss in the world.

MR. BURNS

Homer Simpson, I should've known you'd come for me.

SMITHERS

Actually, sir...

MR. BURNS

Quiet, bootlick. Homer, I already know how much you care. What bothers me is how my other employees feel.

LENNY

Actually sir, the rest of us kind of miss you too.

MR. BURNS

Really?

CONT'D

CARL

Oh yeah, without the constant fear of your tyrannical rule, I find myself daydreaming when I could be thinking up ways to stop my mind from wandering.

LENNY

Not only that, I strolled in a minute and a half late yesterday, and Moe didn't even dock my pay.

MR. BURNS' eyes nearly pop out of his head.

MR. BURNS

I've heard enough. Smithers, find me a shirt. I've got a plant to run.

SMITHERS

Yes, sir.

SMITHERS rips off his own shirt and wraps it around BURNS.

HOMER

Can I still work at the bar?

MR. BURNS

Heavens, no. I'm getting rid of that money pit before Barney here drinks me into the poorhouse.

BARNEY motions towards SNAKE'S bottle.

BARNEY

Are you going to finish that?

CONT'D

SNAKE

This is ink.

BARNEY

I didn't ask for your life story.

BARNEY grabs the ink, chugs it, and drops to the floor.

MR. BURNS

(TO HOMER) But I suppose you can have
your *old* job back.

HOMER

Whoo-hoo.

MR. BURNS

And Smithers, the next time I express an
interest in getting chummy with my
underlings, I want you to prod me in the
backside until I scream for mercy.

SMITHERS

Can do, sir. (BIG SMILE) Can do.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The audience is full.

LISA, BART and MILHOUSE are backstage.

BART

We're probably going to be signed by big
Hollywood agents after this.

CONT'D

MILHOUSE

Actually, I was thinking Broadway. But
I suppose the legitimate theater can
wait until after we've done our obligatory
guest spot on *Two and a Half Men*.

BART

Nobody gets out of that.

SKINNER approaches center stage.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

And now, the *music* of Lisa Simpson.

LISA walks out to center stage. BART and MILHOUSE find
that their shoes are **sticking** to the floor.

BART

What the...

LISA begins playing.

BART locks eyes with LISA and she glances down at the
tube of glue sticking out of her pocket.

BART (CONT'D)

(PROUD) I taught her well, my friend.

MILHOUSE

(PANICKED) Does this mean I don't get to
make out with Jon Cryer?

BART

I taught her well indeed.

The show ends as Lisa soulfully plays her sax.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW