

Summer Of 4'3"

By: Chris Dominowski

Chapter 1

Author's Note: At some points in the story, Erin, Lisa, Ben, Rick, and Dean will be referred to as "The group" to avoid confusion, I told you this ahead of time.

[Opening Credits: View of Springfield closing in to the Springfield elementary school. Bart is seen writing on the chalkboard: "I do not own a small island off the coast of Cancun" several times. The bell rings. Bart zooms out on his skateboard. Homer is seen handling a carbon rod, then the work bell rings, and he flings the rod away, only for it to land right back beneath his shirt. Marge and Maggie are seen at the grocery store checkout line, Maggie is on the conveyor belt, she is then scanned and put in the bag. Marge searches frantically for her, then Maggie pokes her head out of the bag, and Marge is relieved. The school

band is playing, and Lisa interrupts with a jazzy version of the Simpsons theme song. Homer is seen driving his car, and pulls out the carbon rod, and throws it out. Bart comes riding through on his skateboard, he weaves around some people, then continues skating. Marge comes driving through, and Maggie is at the steering wheel. She appears to be driving, but Marge is. Homer pulls into the driveway, Bart jumps on and over the car to get in the house, Homer gets out of the car, and is almost run over by Lisa and her bike. He is then chased into the house by Marge in her car. They all appear in living room, and they all sit on the T.V, and turn on the couch with the remote. Opening Credits appear on back of couch, instead of the TV.]

[The Simpsons are getting ice cream at a stand.]

Lisa: Thanks for bringing us to get ice cream, dad!

Homer: Sure, sweetie! Hey, you! Behind the counter! Yeah, you! Get over here! We're hungry!

Employee: [Blandly] How may I help you sir?

Homer: I'd like a triple-decker hot fudge sundae with double the works, a mega-jumbo pumpkin-cherry twisticream, a super blend with every flavor, the biggest banana split that is still legal, an extra-large Mount Bellyache, and 1 large ice cream made entirely of hardened cake batter!
[Turns around to talk to family] And what do you guys want to eat?

Employee: [Still Blandly] Mm-hm. That'll come to \$373.57. Will you pay cash, check, or credit card?

Homer: [Meekly] Uh, maybe just 4 small vanilla cones.

Bart: With hot fudge!

Homer: [Whispers] Shut up, Boy! [Boldly] But, I'm still keeping my Banana split! Oh, and could you leave the peels ON the banana?

Employee: [Do I even need to say it anymore? Okay, one more time, "Blandly"] I'll see what I can do.

[Employee goes into back room.]

Employee: [OS] Hey, Joe! Listen to what THIS fat hog was gonna order!

[Cut to sidewalk, Simpsons are walking down it, eating their ice cream.]

Marge: Homie, why do you always leave the peels on the banana? It's not like you ever eat them.

Homer: Because it's hard work opening a banana peel, and as I am exercising, it will help me stay alive longer. If I can stay alive longer, I can eat more sweets!

Lisa: Dad, that's not really how it...

Homer: [Screaming, plugs his ear] LA-LA-LA! I'M NOT LISTENING! LA-LA-LA!

Marge: Homer!

Homer: What? Ah, who cares? Oh, man, this ice cream is so filling!

[Homer flings one of the banana peels over his shoulder. Somebody riding a bike closely resembling Ned Flanders runs over it and falls down, he does not move.]

Marge: Oh my God! You killed Ned!

Homer: [Thinking] Oh, this is horrible! [Speaking] Woohoo!

Marge: What did you just say?!

Homer: D'oh! I hate it when I say what I think, and think what I say!

Lou: [OS] Hey, what's goin' on over there?

Marge: Uh-oh, we should probably go home right now...

[Cut to Homer mowing the lawn blissfully.]

Homer: This is so great! I finally got that lousy son of a...

Ned: [Interrupting] Howdilly-doodilly, there, neighborino!

Homer: Holy crap! He won't die!

Ned: What?

[Homer grabs a lawnchair, and hits Ned over the head with it. Ned falls to the ground.]

Ned: Ow-diddly-owch, that smarts!

[Ned gets up.]

Ned: What do you mean "He won't die?" I was never dead! But I know somebody who did.

[Homer puts chair down]

Homer: Who?

Ned: My cousin, Fred Slanders. It seems he died when a poor fella misplaced his ice cream!

Homer: Aw, that's a shame. [Homer pulls up a popsicle, and eats it.]

Ned: Could you come to the funeral, Homer? It would be diddly-dang-great if you did!

Homer: Uh, um, sorry. I have to uhh... wash my hair.

Ned: Oh, but, that won't take long, will it?

Homer: Uh... yeah. It'll take a few hours.

Marge: [OS] Just go, Homer!

Homer: Oh, fine! I'll go to the stupid funeral.

[Cut to funeral]

Marge: I can't believe what you did to the casket!

Homer: What? Lots of people moon the corpse!
The boy did it!

Bart: You didn't see me do it! You can't prove anything!

Lisa: We all saw you do it, Bart.

Reverend Lovejoy: Now let's get this over with. Fred was a kind man, yadda-yadda-yadda, we'll never forget him, blah, blah, blah. I'm out of here. I need booze.

Ned: [Weakly] Um, uh, Reverend, I thought you were going to stay for the whole... Oh, well. As long as I'm here, I might as well read off his will. Oh, my-diddly-I! It seems that my cousin's beach house is supposed to go to "My Favorite Neighbor" Well, Homer, I guess that's you!

Homer: Woo-Hoo! USA! USA!

Lisa: But Mr. Flanders, I thought YOU owned that beach house.

Ned: Oh, heavens, no! He just let me use it!

Lisa: WOO-HOO!

[Cut to Outside of Church]

Ned: Well, here's the deed to the house. I'm just glad I can fulfil my kind cousin's wishes.

Homer: Freak.

[Homer snatches the deed from Ned's hand.]

Ned: You have fun, now!

Lisa: We sure will!

[Cut to Lisa's room. She is packing her suitcase.]

Lisa: I'm so excited that we're going back to Little Pwagmattasquarmsettport! I'm going to be able to see all of my old friends again! I can't wait!

[Bart enters Lisa's room.]

Bart: Why do you want to go so bad? When I was there, I had a horrible time!

Lisa: You were just jealous of me.

Bart: Was not.

Lisa: Was So.

Bart: Was not!

Lisa: Was So!

Homer: [OS] Shut up, kids! I can't hear the Naked news, uh... I mean, Sports show!

Chapter 2

[Cut to Simpson family putting suitcases in car's trunk.]

Marge: Come on, kids! We're leaving in 3 minutes!

Bart: [OS] Hold your horses, Mom. Lisa's in the car!

[10 minutes later]

Homer: [In car, honking horn, screaming] What's taking so long? Get your butts down here, before I bring them down for you! And if you make me wait any longer, your butts will be the ONLY part that comes!

Bart and Lisa: [Both come onscreen, frantic.]
We're coming, we're coming!

[Lisa is once again dressed in her "Cool" clothes, and Bart is wearing his lucky red cap, and a leather jacket with jeans.]



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Homer: What's with the new digs, kids?

Lisa: It's what I wore last time.

Bart: I dunno, but I'm wearing them, aren't I?

Homer: Whatever, just get in the car before I go insane with rage from waiting.

[Cut to Simpsons in car, Homer is driving.]

Homer: Are we there yet? Are we there yet?

Marge: YOU'RE driving, Homer. YOU should know!

Homer: Well, how am *I* supposed to know that?

Marge: Hrrrrmmmmm...

Lisa: We're exactly 32.5 miles from the beach house.

Bart: Show-off.

[Cut to 916, Oceanside drive. The Simpsons are unpacking the car.]

Marge: Well, kids, we're here! Now, unpack your things, and arrange them alphabetically, so I don't have to.

Bart: No wonder I couldn't find my xylophone!

Homer: [OS] Hey, Marge! What room do you want?

Marge: Take the one at the end of the hall!

Homer: [OS] Are you sure you don't want the first one to the left?

Marge: Just Take the one at the end of the hall!

Homer: [OS] The first one to the left looks pretty good!

Marge: What did you do, Homer?

Homer: [OS] How about I write it down for you. Uh, how do you spell "severe floor damage"?

Marge: Fix it, and move everything to the room at the end of the hall!

[Huge Crash]

Homer: [OS] Hey, I didn't know there was a basement!

Marge: There isn't a basement!

Homer: [OS] Well, there is, now.

Lisa: I'm goin' over to the "Tern for the Worst" diner. I've got money, and I'm hungry. Bye.

[Cut to Tern For The Worst diner. Lisa is eating a veggie sub. She is sitting in a beanbag chair in the corner.]

Lisa: Well, No sign of my friends yet. I hope I'll see them soon.

Waiter: You want a refill on your water, little girl?

Lisa: Keep 'em coming.

[Erin, Ben, Rick, and Dean walk in the restaurant.
They are talking to the waiter]



[Note: This is the best picture I could find. It
doesn't have Ben in it. Sorry.]

Ben: Table for 4, please. [Turns around to see Lisa]
Whoa! Look who's back!

Erin: Hey, Lisa! What's up?

Lisa: Wow! It's great to see you again!

Rick: So, any reason you're back?

[After a brief explanation...]

Rick: Radical.

Lisa: Yeah, who'd have thought it?

Waiter: [Walks onscreen] *I* could have.

Erin: Who asked you?

[Waiter walks away, depressed.]

Ben: So, anyway, It's great to see you again.

Lisa: Thanks.

Erin: Wait, we've got something to show you!

[Cut to outside, near basketball hoops]

Dean: It's a new sport we invented. We put our 2 favorite sports together, and came up with something awesome!

Rick: We put together basketball and skateboarding, and got Boardball! Wanna watch?

Lisa: Sure! It sounds cool!

[They get on their skateboards, and grab a ball. Erin boards over to the hoop, the others try to block her, but she shoots, and makes it in.]

Erin: Erin, one; the rest, zero!

Lisa: That was amazing!

Ben: You wanna try it?

Lisa: Okay!

[Lisa tries to shoot a basket, but misses.]

Dean: That wasn't bad.

Erin: Hey, remember when we made this game?

Rick: Oh, yeah. It was the same day the Concert hall burned down.

Dean: I still think it was a bad idea to have that Led Zeppelin reunion there. At least they rebuilt it.

Lisa: Well, anyway, what do you want to do now?

Erin: Maybe we can show you all there is to see in Little Pwagmattasquarmsettport! Like, give you a tour around town!

Lisa: Would you?

Erin: Sure, why not?

[Cut to the group walking around town.]

Rick: Here's the town's hydroelectric plant.

Erin: They were going to make a nuclear power plant, but everyone hated the idea. Everyone in this town now hates towns with nuclear power.

Lisa: [Nervous] Ah-heh-heh...

[Cut to front of Lil' Valu-mart]

Erin: And this, as you probably know, is the Lil' Valu-ma... WHAT?!

[She sees flyer on store window she starts to read it.]

Erin: Holy crap! Listen to this! "The Lil' Valu-mart will be closed forever as of June 20! We are sorry for any inconvenience."

Dean: This can't be happening, this can't be happening, this can't be happening!

Ben: This sucks! We buy all our stuff here!

Lisa: Just calm down! I'm sure there's an explanation.

Ben: Okay, let's just ask Upa what's going on.

Lisa: Who's Upa?

Ben: He owns the store.

Upa: [Comes Onscreen] Is there something I can help you with?

Dean: Yeah, why is the store closin'?

Upa: Oh, that, well, you see, uh... oh, why don't you ask my cousin? He's over there.

[The group turns around to look, while they are looking, Upa runs offscreen, and sounds of a motorcycle starting and driving away are heard. The group stands idly, looking.]

[Cut to 916 Oceanside Drive, Bart is lying on his bed, watching the fan rotate on the ceiling, he is bored.]

Marge: [Walking in] Bart, you've been here for 3 hours looking at the fan.

Bart: The bolts on the fan blades are about to fall off.

[1 blade falls off, and crashes through the wall.
Bart remains with a bored face.]

Bart: See?

Homer: [OS] Wasn't me! You can't lay any blame!

Marge: Well, anyway, I think you should get some fresh air.

Bart: Whatever.

[Marge and Bart leave the room, another blade falls off, and crashes through the wall again.]

Homer: [OS] Ow, my head!

[Bart is sitting on a bench on the boardwalk, still bored.]

Bart: Man, is there ANYTHING to do in this town?

Flora: [OS] \$2.50 for a hot dog?! That's insane!

[Bart looks over, his eyes widen, he sees a small, 10-year-old girl at a hot dog stand.]

Bart: Whoa, who's that?

[Bart sees her, a border of red hearts surround where she is, in what Bart sees. Cupid comes behind Bart, and uses a clamp to unscrew his head, shoots a heart-shaped gun inside, screws his head back on, dusts his hands off, and leaves.]

Bart: I gotta find out who she is!

[Flora looks at Bart with a confused face, and she walks over to him.]

Flora: What's with you? You look weird.

Bart: I, um, uh, um... hi?

Flora: What's your name, kid?

Bart: Uh, I'm Bart Simpson. H-How about you?

Flora: Flora Dewford.

Bart: "Ulp" Nice to meet you, Flora.

Flora: You're cute, I'll give you that.

Bart: [A bit more calm] Thanks.

Flora: Well, I have to go, I'm gonna go insult the popcorn chicken selling guy. Bye!

Bart: [Whispering] Farewell, sweet love.

[Cut to the group, moping around town.]

Lisa: Well, it sure is depressing that they are closing. There has to be something we can do.

Erin: Hmmm... maybe there is... everyone, to the spot!

Lisa: What's "The Spot"?

Ben: Oh, we didn't tell you? It's a little clubhouse we made by the shoreline. Sure, it gets flooded

every now and then, we might lose a chair or two, but, for the location, it's well worth it!

[Cut to "The Spot"]

Lisa: This place is SO cool!

[Lisa sees a dried jellyfish on the floor, she picks it up, and throws it out the door.]

Rick: Well, let's start thinking. What can we do to save the Lil' Valu-mart?

[They all sit around, thinking.]

Lisa: Hey, I've got a great Idea!

Chapter 3

Lisa: Remember that game you made up? Boardball? Maybe we could host a tournament, and get local sponsors, and raise money!

Erin: You know, that's actually an awesome idea!
Plus, the sport would get popular!

Rick: There's just one problem: How do we get people to know the sport?

Lisa: Well, we could hold street games, and get people involved!

Dean: Cool! Let's get started!

Captain McCallister: [OS, everyone looks outside.]
Yarr! To Davy Jone's with ye, foul squid!

[He crashes into back wall of The Spot]

Captain McCallister: Excuse me, laddies. [Walks
offscreen] Dyarr! I must kill you!

[There is a brief silence]

Erin: On second thought, let's start tomorrow.

[Cut to Beach house dinner table]

Bart: This was the best day of my life! I met a girl named Flora, and, like me, loves ticking off vendors!

Marge: Well, that's sweet. How about you, Lisa?

Lisa: I found out the Lil' Valu-Mart is closing forever.

Homer: Oh, this sucks! Where will I get my illegal fireworks NOW? I wanna blow up the sink again.

Marge: Homer, you can do that with normal fireworks... Oh, no. I shouldn't have just said that.

Homer: You can do that?

Marge: Umm... no, Homer.

Homer: Awww...

[Cut to Bart's bedroom, 1 A.M, Bart is sleeping.]

Flora: [From window] Psst... Bart? Are you awake?

[Bart remains asleep]

Flora: Wake up, idiot!

[Flora throws her shoe at him, he wakes up, abruptly]

Bart: Wha? Huh? I'm up! I'm up!

Flora: Well, it's about time!

Bart: Flora, what are you doing?

Flora: You like vandalism?

[She shows a can of spraypaint.]

Bart: You bet I do!

[Bart jumps out of bed, wearing a "utility belt" armed with numerous cans of spraypaint]

Flora: Let's go, then!

Bart: [Thinking] This is perfect! I must be dreaming! Somebody pinch me!

[Nelson comes behind Bart, and punches him]

Nelson: Haw-Haw! [Walks offscreen]

Bart: I said pinch, not punch!

Nelson: [OS] Same thing!

Flora: [OS] What's taking so long?

Bart: Hold it, I'm coming!

[Bart runs over to Flora.]

Bart: Hey, I just thought of something: How did you find my house?

Flora: I looked up your name in the phone book, then called the phone company to find your address.

Bart: You went through all that trouble just to go defacing property with me? I'd never do that; I'm way too lazy!

Flora: Well, anyway, where do you want to start?

Bart: [Looking Around] Hmm... How about that house?

Flora: I don't think so.

Bart: Why not? It's a perfect target!

Flora: That's MY house!

Bart: Oh, sorry. Well, how about that old restaurant? But lemme guess; one of your family members owns it, too.

Flora: You could say that.

Bart: What about that barber shop?

Flora: Family owns it.

Bart: What DOESN'T your family own in this stupid town?

Flora: [Slightly agitated] My great-great-grandfather founded this town, and my dad's the mayor!

Bart: D'oh!

Flora: You live here, and you don't even know who the mayor is?

Bart: I don't live here; my summer house is here.

Flora: Well, I guess I'M the one who made an idiot out of myself that time!

Bart: It's okay.

Flora: Well, I still want to spraypaint something.
Hmm...How about just the road!

Bart: Hey, cool! I never thought of that!

[Shows them both spraying the road, screen starts to fade.]

[Cut to middle of street, Dean is standing on a chair, shouting through a traffic cone. Some kids are playing Boardball behind the group.]

Dean: Come over, and try the radical new sport known only as "Boardball"!

Lisa: This is so exciting! People really seem to be enjoying the sport! Say, look at that kid over there! He looks really good!

[A kid is shooting baskets like crazy while skating around flawlessly.]

Erin: Let's ask him to enter the tournament! I'll go right now.

[Erin walks over to Joel, as he just shot another basket.]

Erin: Hey, you're pretty good at this!

Joel: Thanks.

Erin: Say, there's a tournament coming up soon with this sport, maybe you'd like to join!

Joel: Sure.

Erin: You're not much of a talker, are you?

[Joel shrugs]

Erin: Well, what's your name?

Joel: Joel.

Erin: I mean first AND last. I need 'em for you to sign up. What's your last name, Joel?

Joel: Packerson.

Erin: Well, cool meetin' you, Joel.

Joel: Bye.

[Erin walks back to the rest of the group.]

Erin: Well, THAT was awkward.

[Cut to 916 Oceanside Drive, Marge and Homer are talking.]

Marge: Homer, you need to fix the damage you've caused to this house! I need you to go to the hardware store and get some wood, nails, and a hammer to fix it.

Homer: Can't we just call a repairman?

Marge: No! You're going to fix it yourself!

Homer: Okay, you go off and do something else, and I'll fix it.

Marge: Fine. I'll be at the grocery store.

[Marge Leaves the house.]

Homer: Well, time to get down to business.

[Homer dials a number on the phone.]

Homer: Hello? Is this repairmen-R-us?

[1 week later]

[Cut to tournament site. The group are the commentators. They talk into the microphone.]

Lisa: Welcome, everybody, to the first annual Boardball tournament! Sponsored by Beachcomber Barber shop, and Gull things considered newsstand! We're gonna start in 3...2...1...GO!

Rick: [Walks in] Good news! We've got enough money to save the store! And I'm tivoing Baywatch, so we won't miss it!

The group: Yay!

[30 minutes later]

Ben: Well, everyone, looks like round 1 is almost done. We started with 4 teams: red, blue, green, and yellow. Blue had a totally radical victory over

Red, blowin' em out of the water, while green still managed to come out on top after the close game.

[Cut to the last 10 seconds of the last game]

Lisa: The score is tied at 32, and with only 10 seconds, this is down to the wire. Oh, it looks like Red is passing the ball around wildly, and it looks like something good!

[Joel, {On the red team} is passed the ball.]

Crowd: 5...

[Joel moves toward the hoop]

Crowd: 4...

[Joel jumps to shoot the basket]

Crowd: 3...

[The ball is blocked back to Joel]

Crowd: 2...

[Joel re-shoots the ball to the hoop.]

Crowd: 1...

[The ball makes it through the hoop!]

Joel: Yes!

[The crowd cheers insanely, the Red team congratulates themselves. They walk over to the winner's circle, and are rewarded each a trophy.]

[Cut to Lil' Valu-Mart, the group is running in.]

Dean: Upa! We've got the money! The store can stay open!

[They hand him the money.]

Upa: Oh, this is...astounding. Thank you.

Erin: This is so cool! We saved the store!

Upa: Uh... Yes. You have. Er... Now I have some...
business to take care of. Yes, that's it.

[Upa runs away.]

Rick: What's HIS problem?

[Cut to Bart and Flora walking on pier, watching the
sunset.]

Flora: Isn't it amazing?

Bart: Um, uh, yeah! [Thinking] This is so stupid!

Flora: This is just my FAVORITE time of day! So
beautiful...

Bart: I really like spending time with you, Flora.

Flora: Thanks. I like being with you, too. Maybe it's
just the noxious fumes from the spraypaint
earlier, but I think...I think I love you!

Bart: Well, I think I... well, same here. [Nervously]
I "ulp" love...you, too.

[Flora quickly kisses Bart, then she leaves.]

Bart: [After Flora leaves] YES! YES! YES! THAT WAS AWESOME! WOO-HOO!

Captain McCallister: [OS] Gya-ha-harr! I finally got ye!

[Captain McCallister hauls a huge squid onto the deck from the water.]

Captain McCallister: Does ye want any calamari, der, lad?

Bart: [Freaked out] Umm... I think I'll pass.

[Bart runs away]

Captain McCallister: Har-har! More for me!

[Cut to beach house dinner table.]

Bart and Lisa: This was the best day of my life!

Marge: Well, don't hold out on us! Tell us what happened!

Homer: Yeah, as long as Marge is making me listen, I might as well TRY to!

Marge: Homer!

Lisa: We hosted a tournament to raise money to save the Lil' Valu-mart!

Homer: Woo-hoo! The firework trade shall live on!

Bart: [In a dreamful daze] I'm in love... "sigh" and so is she...

Homer: Kids, I'm so proud of you, I bought you all cell phones!

Marge: How did you find the money? After all the house repairs you did, I was sure you would be out of money!

Homer: [Giving the kids their phones] Uh, yeah... go figure.

Bart: Wow! Thanks, dad! These are so cool!

Lisa: Yeah, thank you!

Homer: Well, my work here is done. I'm goin' to bed.

[Cut to The next day. The group is going to the Lil' Valu-mart.]

Lisa: Let's go get squishees to celebrate!

[They approach the store.]

Erin: [Goes to open the door.] I can't wait to get my... [Crashes into door] Hey, what's going on? What? [Looks at a sign next to the door.] I don't believe it... They're out of business!

Ben: I thought we saved this place! Did he scam us out of our money?

Erin: I dunno, I thought we did!

Dean: There has to be some kind of mistake!

[A view is seen through a hidden camera in a dim room, then shows a dark, unrecognizable figure is seen.]

Mysterious person: Oh, there's no mistake, children, just my master plan coming to be... Ah, They see the camera... they might be of use to me...

[Switch back to normal view of the group.]

Lisa: Say, did you hear something?

Dean: What?

Lisa: Something over there. It was like, a whirring noise... It was over here.

[They all walk over, and see a camera in a tree.]

Lisa: It says, "Property of..."

[Communication temporarily ended.]

Chapter 4

[Communication Re-established]

Lisa: It says "property of the Little Pwagmattasquarmsettport Hydroelectric plant..."

Ben: I wonder what that means?

Rick: It means we should go over, and ask them why they have a hidden camera in front a store that mysteriously closed!

[The group leaves to go to the plant.]

Lisa: Well, I, for one am curious about what is going on. Hey, wha?

[They See other stores are out of business.]

Erin: What's going on? All these stores are closing?

Ben: I see a camera over there, too!

Dean: This is getting really weir...

[The group is grabbed by 3 tall men in black, hooded trenchcoats, and they cover the group's eyes with a strap, and then inject a tranquilizer into all of them. The screen goes black. Lisa wakes up later, we are now seeing through Lisa's eyes.]

Lisa: [Waking up] Huh? Wh-where am I?

[The group is tied together with a rope, in a cage suspended above what looks like a laboratory. Switch back to normal view.]

Lisa: Hey everybody, wake up!

Rest of group: Wha? I'm awake! I'm awake!

Erin: Lisa, what do you... What? Where are we?

Lisa: I'm not sure.

Mysterious person: [OS] So, you are the ones that were going to ruin my master plan, eh?

Lisa: I know that voice...

[The Mysterious person is Mr. Burns, and he walks in.]

Mr. Burns: Well, now that you're out of the way, I can continue.

Rick: What are you talking about?

Mr. Burns: Well, as it IS customary for a villain to mindlessly tell his victims of his plan, so, yes, I will. I own the power plant here and at Springfield. I was still bored with this. I wanted more power. So, I hatched a plan: If I could completely destroy a town, and build a new one, where I am king! I hired scientists to build a giant mechanical wolf to obliterate this burg, and start re-building. I chose select establishments that I favored, and have time to move out. I let them live, but they owe me a large favor now. I needed a great amount of energy for this, so I was making everyone at the plants work overtime. I almost have enough energy, but it turns out I need a different kind of energy to power it: the energy of a living person.

Lisa: WHAT?!

Mr. Burns: Don't interrupt me, you little urchins! Let me finish: Since you seemed to start to gain knowledge of my plan, I decided to personally apprehend you, and now that you are here, I decided to use one of you for the destruction of the town.

Erin: You rotten old freak! You'll never get away with it!

Mr. Burns: And you dare question me? YOU are the one I will use in my town demolition! Thugs, bring her down!

Erin: [The thugs go up to the cage, grab her, and start bringing her down.] No!No!No!No!No! I won't! I won't do it! You can't make me!

Mr. Burns: I'm afraid that there is nothing stopping me from doing whatever I want! Attach her to the restraints!

[The thugs Bring Erin to a large machine with a cord coming out for each arm and leg, and a metal helmet. They strap her in, and attach the helmet.]

Mr. Burns: Now, I've never seen this equipment work, but from what I have heard it's quite something special. As it needs to absorb her body's energy, it combines the person and the machine together so the machine can keep leeching. The person can control the machine, and since we control the person, we control the machine.

Erin: That's completely sick!

Mr. Burns: Well, I never expected my prisoner to compliment me like this! Anyway, begin powering up the device! This will take awhile, about 10 minutes.

Lisa: [Whispering] Psst... Ben. I think I know a way we can stop this! Try and reach into my back pocket!

Ben: I'll try.

[Ben struggles to get to her pocket, and finally reaches inside, and pulls out her cell phone.]

Ben: A cell phone? Why didn't you think of that earlier?

Lisa: I needed to wait for the right time.

[She uses her hair to dial Bart's cell phone number.]

Lisa: Please answer, please!

[Screen switches to Bart. He and Flora are kissing on a bench on a cliff overlooking the town. Bart's phone starts to ring.]

Bart: Sorry, I have to answer this.

[Bart answers his phone.]

Bart: This is Bart Simpson? Who are you, and why should I care?

[Author's note: OP stands for On phone.]

Lisa: [OP] Bart, this is no time for jokes! I need you to get help! The police! The Mayor! Anybody! Just help!

Bart: Why should I help YOU?

[After a brief explanation,]

Bart: Maybe it's just because I read so many comic books, but I believe you. I actually believe you!

Lisa: That's great! Now, get help! Tell everybody to evacuate the city! Oh, and we've only got 9 minutes.

Bart: Evacuate the city. 9 minutes. Got it.

[He ends phone call.]

Bart: Hey, Flora. Your dad's the mayor, right?

Flora: Yeah, so?

[After another brief explanation]

Flora: I didn't believe a word of that!

Bart: Why not?

Flora: Because it doesn't make any sense! Since when do giant robots attack cities in real life?

Bart: Fine. Don't believe it. But, are you sure you want to take that risk?

[Flora starts looking unsure]

Flora: Okay, I believe you! Let's go tell my dad!

Bart: Alright!

[Cut to the mayor's office]

Flora: [Bursting in room] DAD! We've got to get to the town alarm!

Mayor Dewford: Well, what for?

[After yet another brief explanation, {I'm getting tired of saying that...}]

Mayor Dewford: Dear Lord! You were right!

Flora: You believe me?

Mayor Dewford: The government has been keeping a close eye on Montgomery Burns, they knew he was up to something... I guess this is it.

Bart: So you'll sound the alarm? There's only 3 minutes left!

Mayor Dewford: Like heck I will!

[Cut to overview of town]

Mayor Dewford: [Through alarm] Evacuate the city! You have 2 and a half minutes left! Hurry!

[Screams are heard throughout town.]

Mayor Dewford: That should do it!

Bart: I never thought I'd say this, but I hope Lisa's alright!

[Cut to laboratory]

Mr. Burns: Well, I'd better get to the watchtower. I don't want my creation to be out of my vision!

Rick: Wait! Oh! I'm so stupid! I forgot that I had a pocketknife! I can cut the ropes! Here it is!

[Rick starts slicing the rope.]

Rick: Almost there... Done!

Lisa: Yes! It's great to be free again! Now, we have to help Erin!

Computer: Power at 100%. Starting combination session.

Erin: Somebody help m...

[A red electrical shock starts pulsing through her body, and she is starting to look more like the wolf. Claws appear on her fingertips, a tail grows out of

her rear, and her eyes brightly glow red. She has a angry look on her face.]

Lisa: What's going on over there?

Ben: Everybody, try to break open the cage door!
Ram it in 3...2...1...Ram!

[They break the door open, and they fall to the floor.]

Lisa: Hurry up! We have to help her!

[They run over to Erin. Lisa runs up to her.]

Lisa: Erin! Snap out of it! Don't let it control you!

[Erin swings at Lisa with her claws. It hits Lisa, and leaves a bloody gash in her chest.]

Lisa: What happened to you, Erin? You gave in to it... There's no hope unless you fight it!

[The giant mechanical wolf outside starts to move towards town.]

Erin: Aggh!

[She cringes in pain, and falls to the floor. Her eyes turn normal color.]

Erin: L-Lisa... stop the machi... [Her eyes turn red again.] Grrraggh!

[Erin takes another swing at Lisa, she misses this time.]

Ben: She said to turn off the machine! Where is the "Off" button?

[The mechanical wolf is about to attack the town.]

Lisa: There it is!

[A small, red button on the wall of the room with the word "Off" is shown. Lisa rushes over to the button, the wolf is about to crush the first building, she presses the button at the very last second to stop the machine. The Wolf and Erin both fall to the ground simultaneously, the

harnesses break that were holding Erin back. Erin changes back to normal.]

Rick: Erin!

Dean: Oh my God, she's dead!

Erin: [Struggling] Ugh... Th-Thanks...

Lisa: She's... alive. She's alive!

Erin: Aw, it was just a little bruising... I'm okay.

Dean: Yeah, but Lisa doesn't look so good.

[Lisa is lying down on the floor, not moving. The gash on her chest is bleeding at a very fast rate. They all run over to her.]

Erin: We'd better get her to the hospital, quick!

Lisa: I-I don't think I'm gonna make it...

Chapter 5

[Cut to Hospital surgery room, with overlook, as seen in the episode: "Round Springfield". Everyone in the group, is watching Lisa's operation.]

Erin: What happened to her, anyway?

Rick: How can you not know? You practically cut her chest open!

Erin: What are you talking about?! I would never do something like that!

Ben: Well, you did.

Erin: All I remember is being strapped in, then the rest is either a blank, or blurred.

Dean: Well, I'm sure you wouldn't intentionally do this. Don't worry, It's not your fault.

Erin: Well, I hope Lis gets a good doctor.

Dr. Nick: [Bursting in through door] Hi, everybody!

Erin: [Suddenly depressed] Oh, crap.

Dr. Nick: Well, it seems that this little girl has...
[looks at chart] what's that word?

Assistant: you're holding the chart upside-down,
Mr. Rivera.

[He turns chart right-side up.]

Dr. Nick: Ah, I see! She has an enormous cut in her
stomach! Looks like she will need stitches.
Somebody hand me the sewing machine!

[All the assistants get a worried look, and all take
a step back from Dr. Nick.]

Mr. Packerson: Perhaps **I** can help.

Dr. Nick: Who are you?

Mr. Packerson: My name is Benjamin Packerson, and
I am a certified doctor. My son, Joel, recently
participated in a recreational sports tournament
held by this child and 4 others. Before he started

playing the sport, he was a deeply depressed child that hated his life. I was worried about him, but when he started playing, he was considerably more happy, and enjoying things to an extent he had never done before. As thanks for bringing my son off the verge of suicide, I am willing to do the operation for no cost.

Erin: Did you hear that? This is great!

[Cut to waiting room after operation. The group is sitting down, waiting for Lisa to come out.]

Dean: Man, what's taking them so long?

[Lisa comes through the door, with a thin cast around the area that she was cut in.]

Erin: Lis! You're alright! Awesome!

Mr. Packerson: Yes, that cut should heal in about 2 weeks.

Erin: I'm sorry for what I did, Lisa.

Lisa: That's okay. You couldn't do anything about it.

[Cut to the Simpsons dinner table.]

Marge: Well, kids, what happened today?

Lisa: You wouldn't believe us if we told you.

Homer: Okay, then don't waste your breath.

[Cut to Flora's house, 1 A.M. Flora is restless, she can't sleep.]

Bart: Hey, Flora! Are you awake?

Flora: [Goes from laying down to sitting up on bed]
I can't get to sleep. How 'bout you? Same thing?

Bart: Well, actually, I have something to show you.
Follow me, it'll only take a sec.

[Cut to beach, we do not actually see the beach yet. Only Bart and Flora, Holding hands, walking toward the beach.]

Bart: Okay, just open your eyes when I say so.
Ready... okay, now.

Flora: "Gasp"! Oh, Bart... Thank you. This is amazing.

[We see the beach, on it is a giant, spraypainted heart with a picture of Flora and Bart kissing, and the words: "Bart and Flora 4 ever" below the picture.]

Bart: You really like it?

Flora: Yes! Yes I do! It's incredible!

Bart: Say, Flora, do you like dancing?

Flora: Yes, very much.

Bart: Well, do you want to dance?

Flora: I-I'd love to.

[They start slow dancing on the large heart on the beach. The screen fades.]

[Cut to The spot, it is the next day, and everybody is there.]

Erin: Listen, Lisa. I'm still sorry for what I did.

Lisa: I keep telling you it's okay! We're cool on it. Let's just forget it ever happened.

Rick: Whatever. So, what do you wanna do, now?

Dean: Well, we've got a radio in here.

Erin: Uncool. NOBODY listens to radio anymore, and if they do, it's only when they're like, super-bored.

[Everyone looks around, they are still not doing anything.]

Erin: Turn the thing on.

[Dean turns on the radio.]

Announcer 1 [Frank]: Hey, you're listening to... uh...
[Whispers] what radio station is this? [Voice
normal again] Uh... oh, yeah! BEACH 107.9! Soft
rock, Rock, Hard rock, and Alternative rock all day
long!

Rick: Change it.

[Dean starts to reach for the button.]

Announcer 2 [Derek]: And, don't forget about our
contest! We will be giving out 5 free tickets to the
popular rock band's concert; The band known only
as: "Out of Order"!

Ben: Hold up! Don't change it!

Erin: Oh, that band is awesome! I can't believe
they're coming here!

Lisa: Who are you talking about?

Erin: What? You've never heard of them?

[Lisa nods a "No".]

Erin: Their songs like: "I'd Go Wild" or "The Second Rebellion"? Never?

Lisa: Nope. And how in the world did they get a name like "Out Of Order"?

Ben: Rumor is they got it off a sign they saw on a toilet.

Lisa: Eeeww...

Rick: Shut up, dudes! Listen close! We gotta find out what we have to do for the contest!

Announcer 2 [Derek]: So, Frank, why don't you tell our listeners what they should do to enter?

Announcer 1 [Frank]: Well, things here at the station have been getting VERY monotonous, so we decided that we should benefit a little, too. Here's what you do: You send us in your videos of funny stuff that you just happened to catch on camera! And since we didn't actually say the words

"America's Funniest Home Videos" on the air, it's not a copyright infringement! Oops.

Announcer 2 [Derek]: You idiot.

Announcer 1 [Frank]: Well, that's all the time we have for today! We have to go talk to our lawyers! Enjoy some music we will use to fill up air time; 60's rock! Peace out!

Dean: Sweet! I've always wanted to make a video!

Erin: There's just one problem; where are we gonna get this funny stuff?

Lisa: Leave that to me.

[Cut to beach house living room.]

Lisa: So, naturally, I thought of you!

Homer: Hold on. Let me get this straight. You're doing a video on the person you most admire?

[Homer burps, then takes another bite of a hot dog he has in his hand.]

Lisa: [Nervously] Uh...Yeah.

Homer: Hey, wait. You said this was a school project! It's summer vacation! You don't have school!

Lisa: Um... Well, it's a project for us to do over summer vacation.

Homer: And you're doing it NOW?! Sweetie, there's one little word that you have to learn to make life much easier; Procrastination.

Marge: [OS] Homer, you need to come up here and clean out the potato chip crumbs you left in the bed!

Homer: [To Marge] Just a minute, Marge! [To Lisa] Now, you see how easy that was?

[Cut to Snap's Camera shop. The group walks in.]

Cashier: [Unenthusiastically] Welcome to Click's Camera Shop. They make us say that. Now buy something, or get out!

Lisa: Actually, I'm interested in buying a video camera.

Cashier: Oh, and you're the millionth customer. You get to choose any item in the store, and you get it for free. Yay.

Lisa: Oh, really! Wow! I can't believe it! Umm... I'll take the best video camera you have.

Cashier: Whatever.

[Cut to a hill, the group and Homer is there, and Lisa is holding the camera.]

Dean: 3...2...1... Action!

Chapter 6

[Homer is walking around, he is drinking his beer]

Lisa: Come on, dad! Do something funny!

Homer: Hold on! Sheesh!

[Homer starts making goofy faces, and involuntarily starts backing up. He trips, and falls down the hill, he gets hit by a few cars, and at the end, gets a mailbox stuck in his mouth. Lisa gets it all on tape.]

Erin: THAT didn't take too long.

Lisa: [Walking away] Thanks, dad!

Homer: [With mailbox in mouth] Wo wobwum, Wisa! Mmm... wostage...

[Translation: No problem, Lisa! Mmm... Postage...]

[Cut to Click's Camera Shop, the group walks inside. The cashier has a torn shirt on.]

Ben: Hi, we want the first 7 seconds edited out of this.

[Ben hands him the disk.]

Cashier: That'll be \$10.

Dean: That's insane! Who would pay that much?

Erin: Yeah, and your sign outside that says it's 10 cents per second!

Cashier: [Nervous] Uh, no it doesn't!

Lisa: Yes it does! Plus, you used the advertisement for wallpaper!

[Screen adjusts to show the whole shop, and the advertisement is repeatedly put on the wall, one falls off the wall, and onto the floor.]

Rick: Listen, how about you do it for free, and we don't get the police to get you arrested for false advertising?

Cashier: [Looks around nervously] Deal.

[Puts the disk into the machine.]

Cashier: [Angry] You've got a lot of guts, kids.

Erin: When will they be done?

Cashier: 10 minutes.

[10 minutes later]

Cashier: Okay, here's your video.

[Hands them the video.]

Cashier: Take it and leave me to the rest of my pathetic life.

[Cut to mailbox]

Erin: In it goes!

[She drops the letter in.]

Erin: Now, we just have to wait.

[Long pause]

Dean: So, what do you wanna do now?

[Cut to beach, Flora and Bart are lying down on towels next to each other, sipping soda.]

Bart: So, Flora, what are you doing tonight?

Flora: Oh, not much. Mainly just hangin' out around my house. Why do you ask?

Bart: Well, I was just wondering, maybe we can like, go to a restaurant together or something.

Flora: Are you asking me on a date?

Bart: I guess so.

Flora: Okay, where do you want to go?

Bart: Well, I heard of this place called Richard's. It's supposed to be really good.

Flora: You're kidding! That's the fanciest place in this town!... [Excited] When can you pick me up?

Bart: Is 7 o' clock good?

Flora: Sure!

[Cut to the spot]

Rick: You really think we're gonna win?

[Homer comes walking towards the spot, the group can not see him yet.]

Lisa: Don't worry. You saw how much of an idiot my dad made of himself!

[Homer stops, he heard what Lisa said, he puts his ear close to the wall to hear.]

Lisa: We'll at least have a good chance of winning the funny video contest.

Homer's Brain: See, I told you everyone thinks you're an idiot! You owe me 5 bucks!

Homer: I can't believe my own daughter thinks I'm an idiot... more so than before!

[Homer starts to walk away, but trips, and falls back, crashing through a wall of the Spot.]

Lisa: Oh, no! Dad! How much did you hear?

Homer: Just enough to know that you think about me.

[Cut to dinner table.]

Lisa: Dad, I'm really sorry!

Homer: No you're not. You've been saying stuff like this your whole life, haven't you?

Lisa: Dad, I...

Homer: And I bet this is what you see me as;
[Mockingly] Ooh, look! I'm stupid! I'm going to stick
a fork into this toaster and see what happens!

[Homer Sticks Fork into toaster]

Homer: [Mockingly] Oops! I need to turn the
toaster on! [Turns on toaster, Homer is instantly
shocked with electricity, he falls to the floor.]

Marge: Oh, no! Bart, get Homer's emergency first-
aid box!

[Bart Waves doughnut over Homer's nose, Homer's
nose sniffs it, and he wakes up, and eats it.]

Homer: Mmm... Consciousness.

Marge: Homer, why don't you go talk to Lisa in
private for a bit?

Homer: Okay... But only if you give me another
doughnut!

[Bart hands Homer a chocolate doughnut. Homer shoves his doughnut in his mouth.]

Homer: Let's talk.

[Cut to Lisa's room, Lisa and Homer are sitting down on the bed.]

Lisa: Dad, what can I do to prove that I'm really sorry?

[Homer sits with blank face.]

Lisa: Dad?

Homer: Just a second, I'll think of it.

Lisa: Dad! I'm serious!

Homer: [Sarcastically] Okay. Fine. I forgive you.

Lisa: You don't mean that, do you?

Homer: Maybe, maybe not.

Lisa: What is wrong with you?! At least listen to me!

Homer: Why should I? Why should I listen to you after knowing how stupid you think I am?

Lisa: Dad, sometimes you annoy me, I'll admit that. But I don't think that lowly of you. I'm sorry if you think I do, but I don't. I really don't. You're a great dad!

Homer: Well, you really mean that? Because if this is a joke, that sucks!

Lisa: I really mean it, dad.

[Lisa and Homer hug.]

[Cut to next day at the Spot, Rick and Dean are repairing the wall that Homer broke in the background.]

Erin: So, are things cool with your dad now?

Lisa: Yeah, we talked it out.

Ben: So, when are we gonna find out who won the contest?

Lisa: They didn't say, but I figure It'll be about 3 or 4 days.

Rick: So, what do you want to do until then?

Erin: Let's just take a walk around town. Who's with me?

Dean: I'm in. I'm sick of fixin' this wall.

[They all leave, as soon as they leave, the wall Dean and Rick were fixing falls down.]

[Cut to street.]

Erin: Well, this is a lot more boring than I thought. Should we go ba...

[Erin trips, and falls over, one of the straps on her sandal snaps off.]

Erin: Oh, crap! These were my favorite sandals!

Rick: Don't worry, let's just go to a store, and get a new one, okay?

[Cut to Teejay's Jaymart]

Erin: This is where I first got these, so they'll probably have a replacement.

[They enter the store, and there is police tape, and a crime lab team is investigating the store.]

Lisa: What the...

Rick: Hey, cop dude! What's going on here?

Police Officer: There has been a robbery.

The Group: WHAT?!

Police Officer: And don't call me "Dude"!

Chapter 7

Police Officer: Yep, they cleaned out the entire store. The money, the merchandise, even the wallpaper and carpet! I have no idea how they did it undetected, but they did, and it obviously worked.

Lisa: Don't you have any clues?

Police Officer: No.

Lisa: Suspects?

Police Officer: No.

Lisa: Do you have anything at all on this?

Police Officer: No, but we do have these doughnuts that are shaped like stars! Ooh, they have grape filling!

Erin: NOW what am I going to do?

Police officer: Now, don't worry, little girl. The Little Pwagmattasquarmsettport police are doing the best they can to bring this criminal to justice.

Police Officer Assistant: [On Phone] Hey, Joe! How much are you bettin' on horse #6? The track wants to know!

Police Officer: You never were good at timing, were you, trainee?

Police Officer's Assistant: [Whimpering] Trainee... that hurt, Joe.

Erin: You mind if I help?

Lisa: Why do you want to help?

Erin: Those were REALLY good sandals.

Police Officer: Fine. We need all the help we can get.

Dean: Where should we start?

Police Officer: Maybe you should investigate the crime scene. Our crime lab team just went on break.

[Cut to crime lab truck. It is speeding down a highway.]

Team Member 1: Just because we can't solve a crime doesn't mean we have to catch a flight to Antarctica to hide our shame!

Team Member 2: Yes, it does!

[Cut to Teejay's Jaymart. The group is looking around to try and find clues.]

Lisa: Found anything yet?

Dean: Nope.

Ben: Hey, come here! Look at this!

[They all come over]

Rick: It looks like a lightbulb...

Lisa: I guess the thief didn't get everything!

Police Officer: Hey, get back to work!

Rick: You worthless loser! We're doing your job for you! All you've been doing the past half hour is making prank calls with the police radio!

Police Officer: Just keep looking.

Rick: "Pfft"... Idiot.

Dean: Well, I can't find anything else. What do you say we head back to the spot. Repairing the wall is more interesting than this.

[Cut to family dinner table.]

Marge: Did you hear about that store that just got robbed? It's all over the news.

Lisa: Yeah, I may have heard something about it.

Marge: Well, aside from hearing that, my day wasn't that exciting. Me and Homie went down to the beach, but nobody was there! I don't know why.

Homer: Hey, kids! I got the photos developed that I took last summer you were here!

[Homer looks at photos, all blocked out by his thumb.]

Homer: Awww... Crap!

Marge: Wait a minute. Bart, isn't your date with Flora tonight?

Bart: It sure is!

Homer: Hey, boy! Want to borrow my old tuxedo? It's got a few pieces torn off my a goat, but other than that, it's fine.

Bart: How did that happen?

Homer: You don't want to know. You really DON'T want to know.

Bart: I'll find something else.

[Cut to outside Richard's. It is nighttime, and is dark out. Bart is walking in with Flora, Bart is wearing a suit, and Flora is wearing a fancy dress.]

[Cut to inside Richard's, the seating waiter is asleep]

Bart: Hey, Rip van Winkle! Wake up from your nap, and get us a seat!

Seating Waiter: Huh? What? Oh, sorry sir. I'll get you to your table.

Bart: We want a booth!

Seating Waiter: [Pitifully] Yes, sir.

[He brings them to a booth.]

Seating Waiter: Would you like something to drink?

Bart: I'll have a diet Dr. Krusty.

Flora: I'll have pink lemonade. And hurry up, too!

Seating Waiter: I will hurry, Madam.

[Waiter walks off-screen.]

Bart: So, Flora, thanks for coming tonight.

Flora: I don't mind. I'm actually already enjoying it.

Bart's brain: You're actually not screwing up yet. Good for you. Now, what you need to do is just talk about something simple, like, T.V, and, uh... T.V!

Bart: [To Self] I'll just talk about the weather.

Flora's Brain: Now, he's probably going to start talking about the weather, or something, so be prepared for complete boredom.

Flora: [To Brain] Oh, come on. Bart's not THAT dull.

Flora's Brain: Whatever. You never listen anyway.

Bart: [To Self] Oh, wait! What if she's expecting me to talk about stuff like that? I'd better go back to plan "A"; T.V!

Bart: So, Flora, um... what's your favorite T.V show?

Flora: I really don't have a favorite. I usually just flip through the channels.

Bart: Really? Cool! I do, too!

Waiter: Here's your drinks, I hope you enjoy them. They won't give me my paycheck if I don't say that.

[Bart takes a sip of his cola, and spits it out.]

Bart: This isn't diet! It's regular! Take it back!

Waiter: I'm sorry for the mistake, sir. I'll take it back. Oh, and here's your menus.

Bart: Man, he is so much easier to push around than other waiters!

Flora: Yeah, what a moron. So, what are you gonna have?

Bart: I think I'm just going to have a hamburger.

Flora: I'll decide later.

Waiter: Here's your drink.

Bart: [Takes Sip.] Alright, it's good.

Waiter: Are you ready to order?

Bart: I am.

Flora: I guess I am, too.

Bart: I'll have a hamburger.

Flora: I'll have A big salad.

Waiter: A big salad?

Flora: A salad in a big bowl.

Waiter: We don't have big bowls.

Flora: [Agitated] Then, get one!

Waiter: We have big plates.

Flora: Whatever! Just get me a big salad!

[Waiter walks off-screen.]

[30 minutes later]

Bart: What's taking them so long?

[Waiter walks onscreen with food.]

Waiter: Here's your food. A burger for you, and a "Big" salad for you.

[Waiter hands Bart a hamburger, and hands Flora a small amount of salad on a large plate.]

Flora: What the hell is this?

Waiter: It's your "Big" salad.

Flora: You want me to talk to the manager?
Because I can get you fired in a split second!

Waiter: [Desperately] Oh, dear God, no! Please! I
need this job! I'll do anything you want! Just don't
talk to him!

Flora: Okay! Okay! Sheesh!

Bart: Wait, hold on. Anything, huh?

Waiter: Yes! Anything!

Bart: First of all, get my girlfriend more salad. A
LOT more salad. Fill the plate to the brim!

Waiter: Whatever you say!

Bart: And then, shave "I'm an idiot" into the back
of your head!

Waiter: Sure! I'll be right back!

[Waiter takes salad plate back into kitchen the camera is still on Bart and Flora, who are watching patiently, we hear a loud shaving noise.]

Flora: [Neutral] Did you have to ask him both of them at the same time?

[Cut to the spot. The group is inside, bored. The radio is on.]

Announcer 1: Well, even after our crippling lawsuit loss, our station is still up and running!

Announcer 2: In news today, the giant mechanical wolf that nearly wreaked total havoc on this town is being hauled away today, and, in interest of the town's revenue, it will be re-furnished into tiny springs to be used in Swiss watches. Nad the man behind this crime, Charles Montgomery Burns, has been imprisoned, along with his most trusted henchmen.

Announcer 1: And, if anyone has any information on Little Pwagmattasquarmsettport's missing crime lab team, please call the police department immediately.

Announcer 2: In other news, despite all the stores that have been re-opened after the incident, more stores have mysteriously closed, including Tammy's Toy Store, Tern For The Worst diner, Click's Camera Shop, and the Local Lard Lad Doughnut Shop.

Homer: [Far OS] NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lisa: Well, has anyone got ANY idea on who did this crime?

Dean: Nope.

Erin: Uh-uh.

Rick: Sorry.

Ben: No. Wait! Oh, that's not it.

[They sit around, thinking.]

Lisa: "Gasp"! I've got it! The thief is...

[Scene blacks out. Message appears on screen.]

Message: Communication Interrupted.

[Message Disappears]

Message: Sorry, It's a bad day today.

[Message Disappears]

Message: Bob keeps spilling coffee on the computer keyboard.

Chapter 8

Lisa: The thief is... That guy at click's camera shop!

Dean: What? That dude?

Lisa: Yeah! He had a great motive, and we have some regular evidence, too! I remember when we went into the store, he had a torn shirt on. Since Teejay's was a clothes store, he could replace it! And, the police officer stated that wallpaper had been stolen from the store. Click's shop did not have wallpaper. And, at the crime scene, we found a lightbulb. On closer inspection, it was a flash bulb from a camera. And finally, last night, my brother said he went to a restaurant, and the waiter there was desperate not to lose his job. Much more than a normal person would. That was probably him, because Click's was one of the shops that just closed! He didn't want to blow his cover! SO, come on! Let's hurry over to the police station, and tell them!

Rick: Huh? Oh, sorry. Did you say something? I wasn't paying attention.

Lisa: Ugh, let's just go, already!

[Cut to police station]

Lisa: And that's why he did this!

Police officer: Hold on. You're saying my assistant stole my coffee? Oh, and that story about the store robbery is nice, too. We should probably go arrest him! So, where is he, anyway?

Lisa: My brother said he was working at a restaurant called "Richard's".

Police Officer: Well, let's bring a man to justice. Assistant boy, you're under arrest.

Lisa: Not him! The Click's employee!

Police Officer: What? Taking my coffee is a serious crime!

[Cut to Richard's, the police burst through the door, holding guns.]

Police Officer: This is the police! Now, is there a man who used to work at Click's camera shop working here?

Waiter: [OS] I'm right... [Walks onscreen from kitchen] Ahhh! The cops!

[Waiter jumps at window, but crashes into it, and falls down.]

Resturaunt manager: I knew those painted-on windows would eventually pay off!

[Cut to police station.]

Police Officer: Now, there *WAS* a reward for the capture of this guy, so I'm required to give you one.

Lisa: Wow! Really? How much?

Police Officer: Here you go, \$5.

Erin: Five bucks? That's it?

Police Officer: The town is on a *VERY* tight budget.

Lisa: Well, It's better than nothing. I guess.

Erin: Hey, cop. Can I ask for one thing?

Police Officer: What do you want now?

Erin: Well, I busted my sandal a while back, and I was wondering if you could get another one from the stuff he stole.

Police Officer: To do that, I'd have to steal from the evidence locker. But, what do I care? Sure, I'll get you a new sandal. Just gimme your old one, so I can match it.

[Police officer goes offscreen. A door is heard opening, then closing.]

Police Officer: [OS] Hey, this is a funny-lookin' evidence locker, and... Oh, dear God! This is the police dog pen!

[Loud barking and tearing is heard, then the Police Officer comes out, with bite marks and rips in his clothes.]

Police Officer: Well, let's try THIS one.

[He walks into another closet, after he enters, a board falls off the wall, and it reveals a message: "Solitary Confinement Area"]

[Cut to the spot]

Erin: Well, it took him an hour to find the right closet, but he finally got it.

Lisa: Why does the police department even NEED a "Knife testing Room"?

Rick: Who cares? We got the thing back, and now we can relax, okay?

[Cut to bench on side of road, Bart and Flora are sitting on it.]

Flora: It was really funny what you did that to the waiter the other night.

Bart: My sis says he was a crook, and the cops got him.

Flora: Oh, well. So, what do you want to do today?

Bart: Hmm... We can go to the art museum, and draw mustaches on all the people in the paintings!

Flora: Nah.

Bart: okay, how about we... [His eyes suddenly widen] Hey, is that what I think it is?

Flora: What?

Bart: That thing over there. It looks like... a \$50 bill!

Flora: NO WAY, REALLY?

[The bill gets blown away by the wind]

Bart: Come on, Let's follow it!

[Bart runs, and in the process, yanks Flora off the bench, and accidentally, onto the ground. They are now running frantically towards the bill.]

Bart: Come on, almost there...

[They keep following the bill, until it leads them into the cemetery. It then is blown far up, and out of their sight.]

Flora: Well, that was pointless. "Sigh"

Bart: Let's just go. Hey, wait a minute, what's that?

Flora: [sarcastic] What, another 50 bucks?

Bart: No, but, look at this grave...

[Bart wipes dust off of it, we do not see what is on it, yet.]

Flora: Huh? Let's see that...

[She inspects the gravestone]

Flora: Oh... My... God! AHHHHHHHHH! HOLY CRAP!

[She starts to crawl backward on the ground in fear.]

Flora: Th-that's impossible! NO!

Bart: What is it?

[Bart looks at the gravestone]

Bart: What the Hell?!

Chapter 8

Bart: That thing can't be right!

[The camera comes around to reveal the name on the grave; "Stanley Dewford"]

Flora: But, he said he just left on a business trip...
He's only been gone 3 days...

Bart: What could have happened?

Flora: If ANYthing happened to my dad, I would have heard about it. Why didn't I hear about it?

Bart: Let's go ask the people at the morgue. Maybe they know about it.

[Cut to morgue]

Undertaker: Him? Oh, yeah, that guy. Well, he died doin' what he loved.

Flora: "Sigh" I'm at least glad he died with dignity, then.

Undertaker: Whoa, whoa, hey, I never said he died with dignity. He died of drunkenness!

Flora: My dad has never drunken alcohol in his life!

Undertaker: Yeah right! He's been drinking for over 20 years! Oh, and this is something he left you.

[He hands Flora a piece of paper, which is a bar napkin with writing scribbled on it. This is what it

says: "Give this to my daughter, Flora. If I am going to die tonight, dear, I want it to be a secret. If you ever decide to go into politics like I did, this incident won't come back to haunt your reputation. You see, I am getting old, and I won't have much time to live, anyway. I had to do this tonight for... Reasons untold. Farewell, Flora.

-Stanley Dewford"

Flora: Oh dear God... I can't believe it. Why would he do that?

Undertaker: Why wouldn't he? The news is always on his back, watching his every move. That's loads of stress. And now, my shift's over, and I'm outta here. Have a nice life.

Bart: Flora... Are you okay?

Flora: [Sobbing] "Sniff" No, of course not! Why would I be "Okay" when my dad's dead?!

Bart: Well, maybe we can get some information on why he died. That undertaker guy said the local

news knew an awful lot about him, maybe we can ask them.

Flora: Yeah, I-I guess.

[Cut to Channel 3 Newsroom.]

Bart: Okay, who should we look for?

Flora: How am I supposed to know?

Bart: How about the anchorman? He should know something. [Yells to staff member] Hey, you! We need to know where the anchorman is, NOW!

Staff Member: He's in his dressing room, getting ready for the show. You'd better hurry. He's on in 10 minutes! Oh, and while you're there, tell him he still owes me \$20 from a bet!

Bart: Thanks, failure.

[Bart and Flora run offscreen.]

Staff Member: Hey, I ain't a failure! I'm... Oh, who am I kidding?

[Bart and Flora are walking in the hall towards the anchorman's room. They pass doors that read; "Wedding Chapel"; "Dance Floor"; Then, "Anchorman's Room". They enter the latter.]

Anchorman: What, are you more autograph freaks? I told you, my hand is broken!

Bart: First of all, we don't want an autograph. Second of all, your hand doesn't look damaged at all!

Anchorman: Well, let's forget about that. So, what do you want? [Sees Flora] "gasp"! You're the mayor's kid!

Flora: Yes, I am. Now, tell me everything you know about my dad's death.

Anchorman: Well, he died while...

Flora: Drinking. I know that, but why?

Anchorman: All I know is that he had some bad connections with the local mob recently. Sorry, but that's it. I have to say, I was sad to hear about his death, too. It gives us one less thing to talk about on the news. What will we fill that air time with, now?

Flora: Creep.

Bart: So, what were you saying about this mob?

Anchorman: Oh, you want an address? Here's one.

[He pulls out a business card, with the words:
"Seaside Mafia, 'Bets placed here have %50 chance
of winning, or your money back!"]

Bart: Thanks for the help.

[Cut to street, they are trying to find the mob's building.]

Bart: Okay, it says it's supposed to be right here.

Flora: [Looks at bare brick wall] I don't see anything.

Bart: Maybe there's a secret passage!

[Bart punches the wall]

Bart: Ouch! Let me try again.

[He punches the wall again.]

Flora: [Tugging on Bart's shirt] Uhh... Bart?

Bart: Quiet! I'm trying to figure out where this place is!

Flora: Bart, look over there.

[She shows him a building across the street. There is a big sign above a door, it says "MOB" on it.]

Bart: Oh, heh-heh... Oops.

[Cut to inside mob house.]

Mob Leader: [On phone] Yes, I want the WHOLE truck of beer!

[Bart and Flora enter.]

Mob Leader: I have to go. I love you, too, Mom.

[He hangs up.]

Mob Leader: What can I help you with?

Flora: What happened?

Mob Leader: Excuse me?

Flora: [Sad and angry] What happened... to my dad? Stanley Dewford.

Mob Leader: James, Nick, get in here!

[The other mob members, James and Nick come in.]

Mob Leader: Talk to the little girl.

[Mob Leader whispers into James' ear. Then James whispers into Nick's ear, then Nick starts whispering into Mob Leader's ear.]

Mob Leader: I already know, you dip!

Mob Leader: Now, little girl, I know nothing about your father!

Flora: [Very angry and sad] Don't... Lie... To... Me.

Mob Leader: What can I say to tell you, I know nothing of this Mr. Dewford.

Flora: [Screams With rage] Aaaggh!

[Flora reaches into her pocket, and pulls out a handgun. She points it at the mob.]

Flora: [Angry] I know "Sob" you know about my dad.

Mob Leader: Holy Crap! She's armed! James, where's your gun?!

James: I set it down when I was going to the bathroom!

Mob Leader: How about you, Nick?

Nick: Me have no gun, sir. Me make gun angry, gun hurt me.

Mob Leader: Oh, yeah. I forgot. You're an idiot.

Flora: TELL ME, NOW, OR I'LL SHOOT!

Mob Leader: Okay, okay. He owed us money for a bet, so we were coming after him. But, instead, he killed himself.

[Flora collapses to the ground in sadness she is crying uncontrollably. Bart holds Flora up, and hugs her.]

[Screen fades out.]

[Screen fades back in.]

Bart: Come on, Flora. Let's go.

Flora: "Sniff" Okay.

[Flora puts the gun back in her pocket.]

[Cut to Street, Bart and Flora are sitting on the bench.]

Bart: Flora, what happened to you back there?
You're not the kind of person that would do something like that.

Flora: I don't want to talk about it.

Bart: Please, Flora. I want to know. Why?

Flora: My dad always wanted me to protect myself, so he always went to extremes. He gave me it, and taught me how to use it. I'm glad I could... I guess.

Bart: Oh, okay.

Flora: Come on, there's one more thing I want to do. Follow me.

[Cut to Morgue, the undertaker is still there.]

Undertaker: What, what do you want? You've already been here once today!

Flora: My dad's burial was private, right?

Undertaker: Sure was.

Flora: Well, I was wondering, If my dad's insurance still covers it, can there be one more funeral? I want to be there for this one.

Undertaker: Okay, but I'm not diggin' him back up, again!

[Cut to cemetery]

Minister: Okay, this time it won't be secret, so I won't have to be constantly told to keep it down.

[After Minister is done talking]

Flora: [To her dad's gravestone] Well, dad, I'm going to miss you. Since mom's dead, I don't know

what I'm going to do. You know, it's strange. I know even more about you now that you're dead than I did when you were alive. I can't tell if that's good or not. "Sigh" I guess this is goodbye.

[Flora puts something on his grave; a broken liquor bottle. Bart and Flora leave, Bart has his arm around Flora, the tune of "Amazing Grace" plays as they leave.]

[Cut to Dinner Table]

Marge: Well, the police said that they caught whoever robbed the store. That's good news.

Homer: I didn't take anything! I swear!

Marge: Not you, Homer. Well, Bart, what happened today?

Bart: [Depressed] I don't want to talk about it.

Marge: Uh-oh...

Lisa: What's wrong, Bart?

Bart: I said I didn't want to talk about it! Leave me alone!

Lisa: I haven't seen you this depressed since they took the Double Krusty burger off the \$5 menu at Krustyburger!

Bart: I'm not hungry. I'm going to my room.

Homer: Bart, go to your room! Oh, you're already there. Well, my work here is done.

Lisa: I'm gonna go talk to him.

Homer: Oh, no, you're not! If you leave, Marge is gonna make me wash the dishes! That's normally YOUR job!

Marge: Oh, Homer. Just let her go.

Homer: Fine. I hope you're happy, Lisa. Now my hands will get all pruny!

[Cut to Bart's room. Bart is laying face-down on his bed, depressed.]

Lisa: [Opening Door] Uh, Bart? Is it okay for me to come in?

Bart: Go away.

Lisa: Bart. I need to know what happened.

[Bart gets up]

Bart: "Sigh" You want to know? I mean you really want to know?

Lisa: Yes, of course!

Bart: Okay, My girlfriend's Dad died.

Lisa: Oh, Bart... That's awful.

Bart: Her mom's dead, so now they're probably going to send her to an orphanage. This is horrible. I'm going to lose her forever!

[Bart jumps off his bed, then kicks it in anger.]

Lisa: Well, maybe it won't be so bad, maybe mom and dad will let us see her in the orphanage...

Bart: NO! She's NOT going to an orphanage! I'll do whatever it takes to keep her away from that place! YOU CAN'T MAKE HER!

Lisa: Okay, Okay! Now, let's think, what can we do to keep her away from the orphanage?

Bart: We can hide her from the police, so they can't take her away!

Lisa: No, that's illegal.

Bart: I don't care if it's legal or not. I feel like I'd die for that girl, just so she wouldn't have to go.

Lisa: Wow. I didn't know you were so dedicated... Well, maybe we should ask mom and dad.

Bart: Yeah, maybe Homer has an idea for once. "Pfft" that'll be the day.

[Cut to Kitchen]

Marge: If you kids are still hungry, I'm sorry.
Homer ate what was left of your food.

Lisa: Mom, we have something to tell you. Well,
actually, I think Bart should tell it.

Marge: What is it? Bart? Did you flood the
resturaunt bathroom again?

Bart: Well, yes, but there's something else. Mom,
you know that girl Flora I've been going out with?
Her dad died. Her mom also died in child birth, so
she doesn't have any parents. They're gonna send
her off to the orphanage. She was the most
beautiful girl I've ever seen. We are such good
friends... "Sniffle" And now, she's going away. I
can't take it!

[Bart hugs Marge tightly.]

Marge: Oh my lord, that's awful! There, there,
Bart. It's okay.

Bart: No, It's not!

Lisa: Mom, Bart needs to figure out how to keep Flora from going away. We were wondering if you had any ideas.

Marge: Hmm... Let me think... Well, I've got an idea. It's a little odd for us, but it's the only way.

Bart: What is it? I'll do anything!

Marge: Well, how do I put this... Well, I thought we could consider... Adoption.

Lisa: "Gasp" Really? You mean it? Oh, that's great! I never would have thought of that!

Bart: That's great, mom! Except one thing; I won't be able to date her anymore.

Marge: It depends, how badly do you want to keep her out of the orphanage?

[Bart stands around nervously, thinking.]

Bart: "Sigh" Okay. As long as it keeps her out of that awful place. I'll ask her what she wants to do, tomorrow.

[Cut to Bart's bed, he is sleeping, he is tossing and turning. Cut to dream sequence. Sad music starts to play.]

[Bart and Flora are sitting on their bench, until two large men take Flora away. Bart tries to fight them off, and get Flora back, but he fails. The next scene is them at the orphanage. It looks like a prison, Bart is on the outside of the gate, Flora is on the inside of it. They reach out their hands, and they hold each other's hand, a tear trickles out the corner of Flora's eye. They keep holding hands, until a prison guard-looking orphanage assistant separates them again. Dream sequence ends.]

Bart: [Talking in his sleep] No, No! Please! Don't take her away...

[Cut to next morning at breakfast table, Bart walks onto the screen.]

Bart: Mom?

Marge: Yes, sweetie?

Bart: Now, I'm sure that I'm okay with adopting Flora.

Marge: Oh, that's great. I'm so glad that you want to help your little friend.

[Cut to Tern for the Wurst diner, Bart and Flora are sitting at a table.]

Bart: So, Flora. I've got an idea about how I can keep you from going to the orphanage.

Flora: Really! Let me hear! This is great news!

Bart: Well, it's the only way we can think of. Adoption.

Flora: Wh-What?

Bart: My family wants to adopt you.

Flora: Bart, I don't know...

Bart: Well, would you rather go away forever?

Flora: I guess not... Okay.

Bart: Okay, what?

Flora: I'm willing to be adopted.

Bart: Really? You're serious?

Flora: Yeah.

[They both hug each other.]

[Cut to city hall, the whole family is there, and Flora.]

Office Worker: Okay, here's the forms for adoption.

[Hands Homer the forms.]

[10 minutes later]

Homer: Here you go! They're all filled out.

Office Worker: Okay just let me take a look... Mr. Simpson?

Homer: Yeah?

Office Worker: You DO realize you cannot sign your name with an "X", don't you?

[Homer snatches forms back]

Homer: Oh, fine! If you feel it is absolutely necessary.

[Angrily erases, and re-writes.]

[Cut to Simpson beach house.]

Bart: How do you like the house? Remember after the summer, we're goin' back to our normal house.

Flora: Wow. It's great.

Bart: Welcome to your new home... Flora Simpson.

Flora: "Sniff" Thank you, all of you. Th-This is the best day of my life.

[Maggie walks toward Flora, falls down, gets back up, and hugs her. Soon everyone in the family comes in for a group hug.]

Chapter 9

[Cut to Flora's old house, the family is entering.]

Lisa: Okay, Flora. What do you want to bring back to the house?

Flora: I'll just go get my stuff.

[Crash is heard]

Homer: [OS] Uh, Flora? Was your dad's collection of vases very valuable?

Flora: Yeah, why?

Homer: [OS] Nevermind! I found some glue!

[Cut to beach house.]

Marge: Well, Flora, you can move into the guest room, so do you need any help unpacking?

Flora: No, I'm okay.

[Cut to Flora's room, she is unpacking her stuff. Bart walks in.]

Bart: So, are you glad you chose to live with us?

Flora: Yeah, it's great here.

Bart: Okay, but just a little tip; when Homer's watching TV, NOTHING can get his attention.

[Cut to the spot. Time: 7:00 P.M. Lisa walks onscreen.]

Rick: Hey, it's Lisa! I got awesome news!

Lisa: What?

Erin: Remember that contest we entered?

Lisa: Well... Yeah...

Erin: WE WON!

Lisa: Heh. Very funny, guys. I know when you're tricking me. Nice try, though.

Dean: No, Lis, we're serious! Take a look at this!

[Dean hands Lisa a letter.]

Lisa: Okay, I'll read it. "Ahem" "Dear Ben, Erin, Lisa, Dean, and Rick: Thanks for entering our contest. The decision has unanimous. Your video won. 1 of the judges we had laughed so hard, he had to give medical attention. Enclosed are 5

concert tickets, and Morty's hospital bill. We feel it is your responsibility."

Lisa: Wow! We really DID win!

Rick: Well, duh.

Lisa: Well, the letter says the concert's in 2 hours. What should we do till' then?

Erin: Well, I'd better get ready.

Lisa: What do you mean, "Get Ready"?

Rick: We always bring our guitars to rock concerts. We usually sit in back, playing to the beat.

Dean: Hey! We don't ALL play the guitars. I play the drums.

Lisa: You play instruments?

Dean: Well, whenever we want.

Lisa: In that case, I'll be right back.

[Cut to beach house]

Lisa: Mom! Where's my saxophone?

Marge: In the closet. I hid it from Bart after he tried to throw it like a boomerang.

Lisa: Thanks!

[Cut back to spot, the group is practicing their guitars. Lisa rushes back onscreen.]

Lisa: I'm back!

Erin: What's that thing?

Lisa: What? You've never seen a Baritone Sax?

Rick: Never. That thing's huge! Let me see how heavy it is.

[Lisa hands it to Rick, but it is too heavy for him, and he falls backwards.]

Rick: [OS] How the crap do you carry this thing?

Lisa: [Taking her saxophone back] That's one thing even I can't figure out.

Erin: We were just practicing our instruments.

Ben: Hey, can we hear you play, Lisa, I bet you can really rock with that sax!

Lisa: All right! I get to play!

[Lisa plays an elaborate Jazz tune.]

Rick: Jazz? You play jazz?

Lisa: Is there something wrong with that?

Erin: No, but... We just thought you know how to rock.

Lisa: What? Well, why didn't you say so?

[Lisa plays rock tune.]

Dean: Much better.

Ben: Yikes, look at the time! Concert's in 30 minutes! We have to hurry over!

[Cut to outside Little Pwagmattasquarmsettpport Concert Hall]

Ticket Acceptor: Next!

[Erin hands him 5 tickets.]

Ticket Acceptor: Hey, you're the contest winners! Have you picked up your backstage passes yet?

Lisa: What?

Ticket Acceptor: Your backstage passes. What, you didn't know about them?

Erin: Nope, but that doesn't mean we won't take them!

Ticket Acceptor: Oh, yeah. NOW I remember why you didn't know. The radio station only had enough

money to have the announcers say a few words, so they cut that out. Well, anyway, here are the passes.

[Hands them all their backstage passes.]

Lisa: But this is just a piece of paper on a string with the words "Backstage Pass" written on the...

[Rick puts his hand over Lisa's mouth.]

Rick: Ah-heh-heh... She's just kidding. Well, we should go, now.

[Cut to backstage]

Rick: Lisa, just don't push your luck like that.

Erin: This is awesome! We're actually going to meet Out Of Order!

Ryan: [OS] What do you mean, the bandvan's tires were stolen?

[Cut to crime lab truck, they are putting the stolen tires onto their truck.]

Crime Lab Team Member 1: You know, we could have just BOUGHT tires. It would have been a lot easier than backtracking over 100 miles!

Crime Lab Team Member 2: Must you question everything we do? It's getting kind of rude.

Erin: Oh my God, it's the lead singer, Ryan!

Ryan: Well, okay, just please, get some new tires on before the show's over.

[Ryan sees the group.]

Ryan: Hey, are you allowed to be back here?

Erin: Um, uh, yeah. We won the contest, and got passes.

Ryan: Okay, let me see that.

[Ryan grabs the pass, but pulls it very quickly, and the string pulls Erin, and she falls down.]

Ryan: This just looks like you scribbled on a piece of paper!

Security Guard: Hey, you got a problem with my handwriting?

Ryan: N-No, sir.

Security Guard: Good. Now, there are some kids with baseball bats trying to bust a hole in the wall. I need to check and see if they're doin' it right.

Chris: [OS] Ryan, now how many times do I have to tell you to keep your fat mouth shut?

[Camera comes over to Chris, the leader of the band.]

Chris: [To Group] Don't worry. He's just a little paranoid.

Ryan: I'm not paranoid! Which one of my enemies told you that?

Chris: "Sigh" Nevermind. [Sees group's guitars, and Lisa's sax.] Hey... you play instruments?

Lisa: Yeah, why do you ask?

Chris: Well, Cody Shipman, who's our normal sax player, is sick tonight. Or at least he said he was.

[Cut to Cody's bedroom, he is playing a video game.]

Cody: Come on! Only one more level until I beat "Halo"!

[He keeps playing]

Cody: Crap! Why do I always lose?

[Cody angrily eats handful of chips.]

[Cut back to backstage]

Chris: So we need a new sax player, at least for tonight. And a few extra guitars wouldn't hurt. You CAN play, right?

Rick: Of course we can play! We know all of your songs! Well, except Lisa here. She doesn't know.

Lisa: I'll just pick it up as I go along.

Lisa's Brain: You're sunk, Lis.

Reid: [Pokes Head Through Curtain] Hey, we should get playin' soon! The audience is getting angry! They're startin' to throw stuff!

[Goes back behind curtain.]

Reid: [OS] Ow! Hey, no fair! You can't throw chairs!

Erin: Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God! You're really going to let us play onstage with you?

Chris: Either that, or it's a really cruel joke... but it's not. Now, hurry! Show's startin' in 2 minutes!

Lisa's Brain: If you're now in a rock band, why am I here? "Sigh". I'm leaving.

Lisa: Oh, no, you're not!

[She hits her own head.]

Lisa's Brain: Okay! Okay! I'll stay here! Sheesh!

[Cut to onstage, there is a big crowd.]

Chris: [Screaming To Crowd] Hello, Little pwag... mutty... [To Lisa] How do you pronounce this town's name, again?

[Lisa whispers in Chris's ear.]

Chris: Hello, town I can't pronounce!

[Crowd Cheers]

Ryan: I'd like to show you some people that'll be helping us play our songs tonight, especially since Cody's not here.

[Cut to outside Cody's house, we only see his window. A game controller comes flying out of the window.]

Cody: STUPID GAME!

[Cut back to onstage]

[Ryan Hands microphone to Lisa]

Lisa: My name's Lisa, I'll be filling in for Cody, playing a Bari Sax!

[Hands mic to Rick]

Rick: The name's Rick, I'll be playin' base along with Chris!

[Hands mic to Erin]

Erin: My name's Erin, I'll play electric guitar tonight! Sweet!

[Hands mic to Dean]

Dean: Yo, I'm Dean, I'm playin' drums next to Reid!

[Throws mic to Ben]

Ben: And lastly, I'm Ben, on the acoustic guitar!

[Crowd cheers]

[The beat to Out of Order song "I'd Go Wild" starts to play, Lisa struggles with the tone at first, but then gets it. Ryan starts to sing]

Ryan: "I'd go wild, I'd go insane, I'd go to the ends of the earth for you,"

Erin: "I ain't mild, I'd love you, I'd do whatever it takes,"

Chris: "When I saw you, I just smiled!"

[They keep playing, cut to after concert, backstage.]

Reid: You guys were amazing!

Ben: You really think so?

Chris: Yeah, you helped us out a ton. Oh, here's your share of the profits tonight.

[Chris hands them a large amount of money, seeming to be around \$600.]

Lisa: What?

Ryan: You filled in for one of our band members! We're required to give you your cut of pay.

Lisa: No, we can't accept this.

Ryan: Well, okay. We'll just keep it.

Rick: No, we changed our minds, we'll take it!

[Rick snatches the money away, then the group walks away.]

Chris: Hey! That little sneak took my watch!

[Cut to Lisa's room, later that night. She is not asleep, yet. She is spinning around in her rolling chair, and is seemingly very happy.]

Lisa: That was incredible! What a rush! I was actually in a rock band! It never really was one of my life goals, but who cares? I loved it!

Homer: [OS] Lisa! Be quiet! Daddy's trying to forge my dad's signature on some forms!

Lisa: Sorry, dad!

Flora: [Walks by Lisa's door.] Hey, Lis, I saw you on the news. You were playing at a concert.

Lisa: YOU were watching the news?

Flora: Well, actually, I wanted to watch cartoons, but Mrs. Simpson, I mean, Mom, was waiting for the report on the release of the new line of sponges.

Lisa: "Giggle" It's funny how you sometimes still call her "Mrs. Simpson".

Flora: I'll get used to calling her "Mom" eventually.

Lisa: Well, anyway, goodnight.

Flora: "Yawn" 'Night, Lisa.

[Cut to next morning at breakfast table. Marge is serving waffles, bacon, eggs, and toast.]

Lisa: Mom! Why do you always put the bacon right in front of me?

Bart: [Picks up bacon strip, and brings it near Lisa] Come on, Lis. You know you want the bacon!

Lisa: I do not! Mom! Make him stop!

Homer: **I'll** settle THIS argument.

[Homer takes bacon from Bart's hand, and eats it.]

Bart: Hey, Homer! That was MY bacon!

Homer: Says you!

[Homer and Bart start to fight]

Flora: [To Marge] Is this a normal thing?

Marge: [Hesitates] Yes, it is.

[Cut to the spot]

Dean: That was one of the most radical nights of my life!

Erin: Totally. Too bad we'll have to wait 'till next year for them to come back.

Rick: And besides that, we got \$500!

Erin: What happened to the other \$100?

[Rick tries to look innocent]

Erin: Give it back.

Rick: Oh, fine.

[He puts the other \$100 back in the pile.]

Ben: Hey, Lis, what's with you? You've been really quiet.

Lisa: Huh? Oh, I was just remembering the 4th of July party we had last year.

Erin: Oh, yeah. That was awesome.

Lisa: Hey, why don't we have another one? We can have it just like last time!

Erin: Hey, that sounds cool!

Ben: Actually, this year, the whole town will be having a party. They actually made money off selling that scrap metal.

[Cut to Mayor's Office]

Mayor's Assistant: You mean you morons only made \$42.23 on the giant metal wolf?!

Scrap Metal Seller 1: I'm sorry, but that transient was REALLY convincing!

Mayor's Assistant: "Sigh" This town is run by idiots.

Scrap Metal Seller 2: Aw, don't beat yourself up about it, sir.

[Scrap Metal Seller 2 puts his arm around the Mayor's Assistant. The Mayor's Assistant gives him an angry look, and Scrap metal Seller 2 backs away.]

[Cut back to the spot, the radio is on.]

Radio Announcer 2: This is BEACH 107.3! I just want to say, today is my birthday!

Radio Announcer 1: You know that nobody cares. You work at a radio station!

Radio Announcer 2: "Sob" You could at least "sob" pretend to care!

Radio Announcer 1: [Under his breath] Freak.
[Normal voice] Well, today, it seems the town didn't get as much money as we thought from the wolf. With a mere \$42 in their pockets, the city will be canceling this year's 4th of July party. Also, that means the station will have more budget cuts, so, here's that incredibly old near-favorite, "We're Sending Our Love Down The Well". Enjoy!

Erin: Well, THAT'S bad news.

Ben: Yeah, I hate this song!

Erin: No, not that, about the party! If only there was some way we could help...

[Erin looks at stack of money.]

Erin: Say, Rick...

Rick: What?

[Rick looks at money, than takes it back]

Rick: Oh, no, you don't! WE earned this money!
WE'RE going to spend it!

Lisa: All in favor of giving the money to the city?

[All but Rick raise their hands.]

Rick: Oh, crap.

[Cut to mayor's office]

Scrap Metal Seller 2: It'll be all right, sir.

Mayor's Assistant: Why are you still here? Get out!

[As Scrap Metal Seller 2 leaves, the group comes in.]

Rick: What's HIS problem?

Mayor's Assistant: Now, what do you little beatniks want? I'm very busy!

Lisa: We just wanted to ask you something.

Mayor's Assistant: If you want to insult me, there's a waiting list.

[He pulls out an enormous list.]

Mayor's Office: I'd say you could get in around, oh, say, late March.

Lisa: What? We didn't come in to insult you. In fact, quite the opposite! We may have a solution!

Mayor's Assistant: Well, in that case,

[Mayor takes a lighter, and sets the insult list on fire.]

Mayor's Assistant: So, what's your plan?

Lisa: Not really a plan, to say...

[She hands the mayor's assistant the large wad of cash.]

Mayor's Assistant: Good Lord! How much is in there?

Lisa: About \$600.

Mayor's Assistant: We've got to go tell everybody the good news! The party is back on!

[They all leave the office, the camera is still at the same place, the fire from the list moves to the Mayor's Assistant's desk.]

[A spinning newspaper comes up to the screen, the headline says: "Reading Small Print Is Bad For Your Eyes!" All the other writing on the page is in very small print, except for one article that says: "4th Of July Party Un-cancelled."]

[Cut to the 4th of July. It is about 9 PM.]

Bart: This is so cool! They even barricaded the roads, so there's more room!

[Cut to end of barricaded street]

Crime Lab Team Member 1: See? They had a party for us! I TOLD you we shouldn't have left!

Crime Lab Team Member 2: Okay, you were right.

[Cut back to party]

Lisa: I have to go check on my brother, and make sure he's not planning anything to ruin this.

[Lisa leaves]

Erin: What, you're not going to tell her?

Dean: Nah. She probably knows about the smoke bombs he put in the pie.

[Cut to where Bart is.]

Bart: This is boring. I'm going swimming. Want to come along, Flora?

Flora: No thanks. The snacks at this table are really good.

Bart: Whatever. I guess it IS a little stupid to go swimming at night.

Homer: [OS] Marge, the boy just insulted us!

[Bart goes into the beach house, and comes out a few seconds later with his swimming trunks on, he starts running towards the water, then jumps in.]

Bart: Oh, no! My cell phone's still in my pocket!

[Bart takes the cell phone out of his pocket, and throws it up in the air. It explodes, and makes several firework bursts, strangely, it stays up in the air, still making bursts.]

Bart: [Looking Up] I can't tell if I'll get grounded for this, or not.

[Cut to fireworks site, there are several hundred fireworks lined up.]

Mayor's Assistant: We spent over half the money on fireworks, and that thing is doing better than our whole display. "Sigh" I'm going over and seeing if there are any more burgers on the grill.

[A Homer-looking person in a Santa Claus suit is riding a surfboard across the sky.]

Homer-Looking Person: Happy Summer to all, and to all a good...

[A flare from a firework catches the surfboard on fire. It burns up, and he falls face-first into the sand.]

Homer-Looking Person: ...do'h!

[The next morning, at the breakfast table]

Homer: Well, kids, we're going back to Springfield tomorrow. I can only get that bum I found outside the plant to fill in for me for so long.

Lisa: WHAT? No! I want to stay!

Homer: Sorry, Lisa. Mr. Burns actually has me work sometimes. If you don't like it, you can take it up with him.

Lisa: No thanks.

Homer: Because I'll call, and let you talk to him!

Lisa: I already said no, dad!

[Homer dials the phone number, then hands the phone to Lisa.]

Squeaky-Voiced Teen: [OP] Hello, this is Ray's Pizza Palace, how may I help you?

[Lisa angrily hangs up]

Lisa: Dad, that was a pizza restaurant!

Homer: Oh, yeah. I can only remember the number I dial most often. You can't blame me for that, can you?

Lisa: "Sigh" I guess I'll be going out to say goodbye to my friends.

Homer: You do that, and I'LL order a pizza.

[Cut to the spot]

Lisa: Well, that's it. I'm going to be leaving Little Pwagmattasquarmsettport.

Rick: Bummer.

Lisa: Well, at least now my family owns the beach house, so we'll be able to come back.

Erin: We're gonna miss you, little dudette.

Lisa: Well, I guess this is goodbye.

Dean: 'Till next year, Lis.

[Lisa walks out slowly.]

Erin: Well, now what?

Dean: I dunno.

Rick: Just sittin' here's good, I guess.

[Cut to tomorrow, the Simpsons are about to leave.]

Homer: Your little friends didn't decorate the car with seashells again, did they?

Lisa: No, not this time.

Homer: [Mildly Disgruntled] Awww, and I was about to use my new hacksaw! Oh, well. I can always take a few things off Flanders' car.

Marge: Well, I think it was a great summer.

[They all get into the car, still in the driveway. Camera is now in side view of car. Homer starts the car, and crashes backwards into the garage door.]

Homer: Oops.

[Homer drives the car foreword, into the street, but a car moves in front of theirs, and Homer crashes again.]

Homer: Aw, that's a shame.

[Homer backs up, and a helicopter crashes right behind them, Homer crashes again.]

Homer: Okay, now it's just getting annoying.

[Cut to Simpson house, on Evergreen Terrace]

Marge: Welcome to your new home, Flora.

Flora: Wow! Look at this place! It's huge!

Bart: Nah, that's just an illusion.

Marge: Bart!

Bart: What? It is!

Marge: We have a spare room upstairs, we've never used it before.

Homer: Uh, yeah... Never used... One second, I'll be right back.

[Homer rushes upstairs, and off screen. Crashing, mooing, beeping, and Barney's burp are heard. Homer comes back down, trying to look natural.]

Homer: Okay, now it's safe. You can come in.

Marge: Hrrrrmmmm...

[Cut to Flora's room. Bart and Lisa are helping Flora unpack.]

Bart: So, you've never heard of Springfield before?

Flora: Nope, never.

Lisa: Maybe that's for the better.

Flora: Why's that?

Lisa: Well, our town did win the "Worst Place To Live" award, 5 years running.

Flora: Oh, I see. Well, I don't mind. It still seems like a nice town.

Bart: Well, it's got a mountain, 2 colleges, a nuclear power plant, a wasteland, a burning tire yard,

[Cut to much later at night, still in the same room]

Bart: 7 oil wells, a zoo, restaurants from countries I've never heard of, a movie filming site, and a country club. That's about it.

Flora: That doesn't really make sense. If this town really has all of those things, why is it the worst place to live?

Bart: We could never figure that out, either.

Lisa: "Yawn" Well, it's a little past 10 PM. I think I'll be going to bed. Goodnight.

[Cut to the start of the school year. Bart, Lisa, and Flora are waiting at the bus stop.]

Flora: Oh, I'm so nervous! My first time at a new school!

Bart: At least we get to go to a new grade this year. They're finally done remodeling the middle school. Now, we're in fifth grade, sis!

Lisa: And I actually get to go to 3rd! It's so exciting!

[The bus comes, and stops near them.]

Otto: Hey, Bart-dude! Ready for a new school year?

Bart: Hell, no!

Otto: All right! Keep it up!

[Cut to Bart and Flora's classroom]

Flora: [To Bart] I wonder who our new teacher is going to be?

Bart: Well, I know who it ISN'T. Mrs. Krabap...

[Mrs. Krabappel walks into the classroom.]

Mrs. Krabappel: Welcome, class. I am your new teacher.

Bart: [Horrorified] Ahhhhhh!!!

Mrs. Krabappel: Every teacher got moved up one grade this year. Except Ms. Hoover. She was fired for theft of the classroom erasers. Now, the 3rd grade teacher will be...

[Cut to Lisa's classroom, Dr. Nick comes bursting in.]

Dr. Nick: Hi, everybody! I'm professor Nick! I am your new teacher!

Lisa: [Whispering to self] Oh, no... Anybody but him!

[Cut back to Bart's classroom]

Mrs. Krabappel: Now, your first assignment for the year is to write a report on...

[Cut to Lisa's classroom]

Dr. Nick: ...What you did over the winter!

Janey: [OS] But it was just summer!

Dr. Nick: Summer? Since when was it summer? Oh, well, have it your way, we can write about what you did over the autumn!

Everybody: IT WAS SUMMER!

[Cut to Bart's classroom]

Mrs. Krabappel: And you may start... now.

[Everyone in the class starts writing, even Bart.
Cut to 1 hour later.]

Mrs. Krabappel: Okay, pencils...

[Cut to Lisa's classroom.]

Dr. Nick: ...Down!

[Camera now reveals that he is watching a football game on a portable TV.]

Dr. Nick: Down? How could they get a first down? They're terrible? [Turns to face class] Oh, yeah. Time's up.

[Screen splits to show both Bart and Lisa's classes.]

Mrs. Krabappel: Well, who should we start with? How about you, Bart?

Dr. Nick: How about you, Bart? Oh, he's not here. Okay, let's just go with Lisa.

[Bart and Lisa both show up on their respective sides of the screen.]

Bart: My summer vacation, by Bart Simpson.

Lisa: My summer vacation, by Lisa Simpson.

Bart and Lisa: [At same time] Well, you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

THE END

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