

We Are Pilgrims

by Victoria Court

Blackboard - There once was a man from Texas, who tried his darndest to hex us.

Couch - Homer runs to the couch and they all simultaneously reach for a book based on a TV show. Bart is reading "The early adventures of Smallville" Marge is reading "Cook in real time with Martha" Lisa is reading "David Attenborough: Frame by Frame, Homer is reading "Scratchy: My Hidden Pain" and Maggie is reading "Scrubs: Scripts"

1

Lisa and Homer are in a marketplace. There are some dishevelled ladies wearing t-shirts that say "Save a Stray Cat" They are selling junk. Lisa and Homer are looking through the junk. Amongst the junk are signs saying "Please buy one of our voodoo dolls" alongside a bucket full of toy dogs with needles sticking out of them. Another says, "Pictures painted by strays. Please buy one!" alongside some paintings of smudged paw prints and something that looks like a cat has been painted and then pressed against the paper and one masterpiece and a smug looking cat next to it. Another sign says, "Please buy our "Save a Stray Cat" Calendar" alongside a pile of calendars.

Homer: Damned crazy women! Why do they care about ashtrays anyway? I don't see any of them smoking. *(As he speaks one of the women is pictured behind him, smoking a cigar)*

Lisa: No dad. They are trying to save stray cats. Too many people dispose of their pets as though they weren't living beings with souls, just like us. They are the unwanted Christmas gifts of last year. The failed experiment for a couple preparing for parenthood.

Homer: So what happens to these cats once these ladies find them?

Lisa: Well they're cleaned and fed and given a safe home.

Picture of Homer wiping a tear from his eye and musical montage which shows Homer in an alleyway dressed as a cat from the musical "Cats". He is tamed by a dishevelled woman with a broom. She sprays his face with a can of "Catnip" and he is stoned and follows her. The music changes and there is a psychedelic background. Homer and other cats and homeless people are writhing in a mist of catnip. Homer comes back to reality as Lisa is tugging on his sleeve.

Lisa: Please can I have the money for a calendar? Please, please please!

Homer: Of course Lisa we must do everything we can for these people. *(Hands over money and whispers to woman)* Do you have any catnip? I'm desperate man. My skin is itchin' real bad!

Lady puts calendar and can of catnip in a bag. And they walk away. Lisa and Homer are waiting in the ticket line. Lisa is looking at the calendar there is a picture of a cute cat on the front in the arms of a cute smiling kid. As she flips the pages there are pictures of strays in garbage bins, with half eaten birds in their mouths, run over by cars etc.

Lisa: Ohh this isn't what I expected at all. This is far too confronting. I thought it would be full of pictures of saved cats in their new homes, playing with balls of string. Not this.

Homer: *(not listening)* I'm glad we got the calendar too honey *(snorts the catnip from the can, and comes to the front of the line)* I'll have two tickets to "dinosaurs vs. Transformers on ice" please.

Ticket man: I'm sorry sir that is showing at the Ice arena on the other side of town...in another town.... and it closed last week.

Homer: Doh! Well where am I now? What dinosaur and robot based entertainment do you have here?

Ticket man: This is a cinema sir. And although we don't have anything with dinosaurs and robots, we do have a new interpretation of "Little Woman"

Lisa: Woo hoo!

Homer: Noooo! Nooooooooo! Nooooooooooo...I'll have two tickets please.

2

On the cinema screen a woman and a boy are having dinner in a restaurant. It's Scott Baio and Henry Winkler's new joint venture "Bugsy McFonze: Sit on it!" The M is large and MacDonald's like. There is a huge meal in front of the fat little boy, but the thin woman has no food in front of her, just a glass of wine.

Mum: Are you ok Johnny. You're taking a long time with your mexi-ribs. Do you want me to ask for more melted cheese or spicy-cream sauce?

Uter: No mother. My mouth wants to eat the ribs, but and my heart is choking me again. Why does this happen again and again?

Mum: I don't know honey. Maybe dessert could help you out. They have a ten-scoop ice cream Sunday that could cool down your heartburn

Man: *(Sitting alone at adjacent table, leans over)* I'm sorry I was just sitting here listening to your conversation when I happened to hear what you were talking about. May I join you?

Mum: Why of course!

Son is clutching his heart whilst putting more food in his mouth with one hand and pouring on more sauce with the other. Mother pours a glass of wine for the man. The man is dressed in a suit and his feet are coming through his worn shoes.

Man: Well thank you very much. It sounds like you have a problem son. You see it's a common mistake to think that you can control heartburn by eating ice cream.

Mum: You mean it's not true? I can't believe it!

Man: It only *helps* cure it. What you want to do is sprinkle some of this on top to take care of the problem completely. *(Hold's up bottle)*

Mum: What's that?

Man: Its Senkopoop. Senkopoop is the complete cure for indigestion. It radically alters the gentle balance of your digestive system for immediate relief all day, everyday. Just add a little senkopoop to every meal and it'll go straight through you. And it comes in three flavours: chocolate, strawberry and rainbow.

Uter: I'll have all three.

Boy is now eating the ice cream and looking happy. The man and woman chink glasses together.

Woman: *(suggestively)* Just one for me. *(Winks)*

Voiceover – Senko incorporated does not recommend that you use Senkopoop everyday. Senkopoop is not recommended for children under 15 years old. Rainbow flavour contains imitation rainbow flavouring and contains a low percentage of actual rainbow.

Cinema screen now shows picture of very old woman's face.

Voiceover: Are your lips starting to look like this from years of smoking and nagging and disapproving of everybody and everything? Are you not only becoming annoying, but ugly too? Well maybe you need "Amazing cream." Simply rub the cream wherever there are signs of age or ugliness and let the youthelites in the cream do the rest. Before you know it you'll stop hearing (annoyed groan) when you enter a room and start hearing (pleased groan) *(before and after picture of the same ugly lady on screen)* See what "Amazing cream" did for this woman? Imagine what "Amazing cream" can do for you.

Homer is writing a list 1) Ano-wipes for Bart 2) Senkopoop for Bart 3) Deodorant for Lisa 4) Amazing cream for Marge)

Homer: *(to Lisa in loud whisper)* Remind me to go to the store on the way home. There are a few things I need to pick up.

The man sitting next to Homer turns to him and speaks loudly in a crisp English accent.

Man: Good grief! Shut up would you!

Homer: I was just whispering something to my daughter.

Lisa: The main feature hasn't started yet. Isn't it ok for people to talk through the advertisements?

The old woman sitting next to the old man now turns and speaks with less haughtiness.

Woman: Nobody wants to hear what you have to say to each other dear.

Homer: *(To Lisa in loud whisper with a cupped hand)* These French people are such jerks!

Lisa: Shhhh. Stop talking dad. The movie is starting now.

Homer: *(To Old man in loud whisper with a cupped hand)* This little girl is such a jerk.

Man: *(nods)* Rather!

On the screen a close up of red liquid going through a crazy straw pans out to show a woman with short hair (Jo) drinking through a straw from a bottle of wine. Rainier Wolfcastle is sitting next to her and is drinking from his own bottle.

Jo: So, handsome. You're telling me you love me. What if I want you to prove it to me?

Rainier: Tell me how I can prove this to you and then we can get married.

Jo: Not so fast. Just hear me out. We no longer have to worry about that little saint Beth spoiling Christmas, but now I have another problem.

Rainier: What is it my darling?

Jo: Amy is just about to go on her European tour to see if she has any genius for painting. I hope you can make sure that she never comes back.

Amy walks into the bar with a paintbrush and palette in her hands.

Amy: Oh there you are darling sister. I was looking for you. I want to paint a miniature of you that I can take away with me on my European tour.

Rainier: *(Points large gun at her)* Let me help you with that *(Fires)*

Jo: I'm the man of the family now. You hear that. I'm the man of the family now. *(hysterical laughter)*

Blank cinema screen shows "The End"

Homer: So what did you think of the movie honey?

Lisa: Um...I think I should read the book again.

3

Outside in the street.

Homer: I thought that movie was great. All that booze and war and unnecessary swearing. It really made me want to learn more about history.

Lisa: Well that's great...I guess.

Homer: History seems like it would have been a great time to live. I wish I was alive when it was history. Not now. *(He approaches a man who looks and walks like Groucho Marks)* Take this man for instance. In history he would have been run out of town for being a troublesome freak and left to survive in the wilderness and made to fight wolves for the entertainment of other freaks and travellers.

Groucho: Well if that's history I'll take herstory. What's your story little girl?

Homer: Begone weirdo!

Groucho: I'll just be going then.

Lisa: Wow dad! I'm impressed by your enthusiasm. Which period of history are you most interested in?

Homer: *(Epic speech style)* Lisa I can see that you don't want to understand me and you are going to bother me with details. If so, begone with you too wench! The learned, such as I have often been taunted for our ideas...throughout history.

4

At the Simpson's house. Marge comes in with the shopping to find that Homer is in the kitchen reading a book and all the appliances have been removed or nailed over with planks.

Marge: Oh my god! What Happened here? Is everyone ok? Were we robbed?

Homer: Relax Marge! Everything is ok. In fact its better than ok. I've had a... *(yells)* Lisa what's that word where you something and it makes everything clear in your head?

Lisa: *(calls from another room)* Epiphany!

Homer: Of course! Efficiency! Marge I've done it all in the name of efficiency. I have decided that we should live a better life, like they did in history, so I have thrown away all the devil's trapping of our modern life. We have become too lazy. For shame!

Marge: What about the TV? Did you throw away the TV?

Homer: Of course not! Have you gone mad wench?

Marge: Well I hate to break it to you Homer, but they didn't have Television in the old days. And don't call me wench!

Homer: Oh dear, oh dear. Let me explain to you. They didn't have TV in history, but they had visions. How am I going to have my nightly visions? I think you'll find that explanation sufficient to stop you from asking any more questions.

Marge: Well no. Where is everything? How am I supposed to cook your dinner?

Homer: Don't worry about that. I've thought of everything. *(Points to a fire he has made in the corner of the room with a cauldron sitting in it. The iron and the toaster are in the fire. So as you can see everything is under control. Oh! And I almost forgot. I got you a present. (Throws her a tube of "Amazing cream")*

Marge: *(reads the tube)* Amazing cream. So did they have this in history?

Homer: I don't know but it should wipe a few years off you.

5

The family is now watching TV. Marge is still grumbling

Marge: Homer...

Homer: I don't think you should call me Homer anymore. It's such a modern name. To start a new beginning I want to start by changing my name. I shall now be known as Horatio.

Marge: I don't see why that's necessary.

Homer: Shhh *(Points to TV)* I'm having a vision.

Voiceover: *(accompanied by light music)* Coming soon to Friday nights. These devout Christians *(picture of the Flanders family, the Lovejoys, Groundskeeper Willie, Carl, Lenny and The Rock)* test their faith by living the life of pilgrims. *(music changes to heavy guitars and voice changes and speeds up to suit)* To the extreme! Using only tools and material of the day they will battle against the weather and establish a colony. Watch them pray, build houses, praise the lord, grow crops in "We Are Pilgrims" Coming soon.

There is a beam of light landing on Homer and angelic music

Homer: I can't believe it. This is the answer I've been looking for all my life. *(Looks up at the source of the light, where the angels are singing through a hole in the roof)* Bart you said you would fix the roof! And who are you guys? *(angels look at each other, embarrassed)* Get off my roof! Sickos! *(Looks back at family)* What do you say?

All: Why not?

Homer: Shhh! I'm having another vision.

Cuts back to TV

Presenter: Also coming up, one of the most hotly anticipated countdowns of the week. "Springfield's sexiest shopkeeper". We'll be counting down the top 100.

Can you guess who will be in the number one spot?

(cuts to Apu in the Kwik-e-Mart)

Apu: Yes I am quietly confident.

(Cuts to sexy blonde in lingerie store)

Blonde: Who, me? *(giggles)*

(cuts to Ned Flanders in Leftorium he is doing the splits)

Ned: Well I'm the flexiest shopkeeper there is.

(cuts to Comic Book Guy in his shop)

CBG: 2nd Worst countdown ever. No wait. Worst countdown ever! Get out of my shop! No wait! I'll give you anything in the shop if you can get me in the top 50.

TV Crew Member: Dear sir. You make a mockery of our countdown.

Cuts back to Simpson house

Lisa: Horatio

Homer: *(on the phone)* I'd like to vote for Apu. Um...Smith. Yes. Yes. Thank you.
(puts down receiver)

Lisa: Horatio. I think there may be a problem with your plan.

Homer: My name is Homer honey. Ho-mer. But you can call me daddy.

Lisa: *(Annoyed groan)* But you just told us to call you Horatio.

Homer: Yeah, but that was a stupid idea. Homer may be a modern name with no history, but its got class.

Lisa: Ok Dad, the problem is that they have already chosen the people for the show and they're all devout Christians, and besides, they've already been chosen.

Homer: Hmmm. You make an interesting point. Something must be done about that.

Montage of Homer creeping around the retirement home with a Jar making the residents cough into it. The jar gradually fills with different coloured spots, representing the germs. Homer then throws the jar through the window of the Flanders' house. Coughing is heard from within.

6

Ned, Rod and Todd are in bed together; sick. Homer is feeding them soup. And speaks with mock concern.

Homer: How do you feel? This soup should make you all better.

Montage of Homer going around the hospital with a pot of soup getting the patients to cough into it.

Cut back to the house, where 2 TV producers have come into the room.

Producer 1: Mr Flanders. Is your family ready for your adventure?

Ned: Ooh fiddlestick-eroonies! I don't think we can do it. This flu looks like it's here to stay.

Producer 1: *(talking to homer)* Say sir. You look like a good Christian. How would you like to be in our television programme?

Homer: *(Looking frightened)* Where you throw me in an arena and then throw some lions in and then I'm attacked by the lions? Never!

Producer 1: (laughs) No. That programme is on another network. In our programme you get to feed some horsies and sing along by the fire and other wholesome activities.

Homer: Well if it would be helpful to you and my good friend Ned? *(voice changes)* How much are you paying?

Producer: Nothing

Homer: It's a deal!

7

The Simpson family is getting off a little speedboat called "The March fly", dressed in their pilgrim clothes.

Lisa: This doesn't seem very authentic. The boat is modern and motorised and it doesn't even have the right name.

Producer: Well everybody else came yesterday on the big boat, but due to your father's waxing *appointment (cut to homer looking embarrassed and covering his bikini area.)* we had to make other arrangements...besides this won't be aired so the viewers won't question it.

Bart: Hey where are all the cameras man?

Producer 1: They're hidden. We don't want you to be aware of them so we hid them. Don't go looking. You won't find them. But "those we don't have a name for" will find you

Bart: What are you talking about?

Producer 1: "Those we don't have a name for" are creatures that live in the woods near here and tear apart those who enter their territory or wear red or stay out past curfew or don't shower and other things.

Bart: So they don't have names, but they're strict. I get it!

Producer 1: Yep. Better be going then.

Cut to boat speeding away.

2nd Producer: Where are the cameras and where are the crew?

1st Producer: The network couldn't finance the project anymore so they sent the crew home?

2nd Producer: So why did we just drop off that family?

1st Producer: We're using their house for the "Springfield's Sexiest Shopkeeper" after party.

2nd Producer: And "Those we don't have a name for"

1st Producer: I don't know. I heard things.

8

The family enter the village to find a group hard at work, sawing wood, feeding animals, washing clothes etc. The Rock approaches them, followed by Reverend Lovejoy.

Rock: Hi. Welcome to your new home Simpsons. I'm the Rock and I'm the leader of the village. You can come to me for guidance in all matters, whether you have a problem with a neighbour, a spiritual dilemma or just if you want to smell what I'm cooking.

Marge: It looks like you've come so far already setting everything up. I think we'll have to work hard to catch up.

Rock: That's true. We didn't have much time to build your house (*gestures to a pile of planks. Two men holding tools are asleep in front of it.*) so you'll have to get busy on that before nightfall to be safe from "those we don't have a name for". (*cut to scared faces looking around*) But I'm sure it won't take you long to fit in. Now every member of our community has a role to play. Reverend Lovejoy and I are the elders. We make all the decisions, and Willie, our deputy, makes sure everyone understands these decisions (*this is said with a little menace.*) Mrs. Lovejoy is in charge of the food stores and communication. And Lenny and Carl do all the heavy work. Now I want to officially welcome you into our village by telling you what your job will be. Homer, as the head of you're family...

Marge:(groan)

Reverend Lovejoy: Now, now Marge! We're back in the 17th Century remember. There's no time for burning any restrictive items of clothing here.

Rock: In fact your role will be to make them. You will be our tailor and will make clothes for everyone in the village. Now Homer, as I was saying, as the head of your family your role will be to join the community of elders. It is a heavy burden, making the decisions to run the village.

Homer: Ooh like who does what job?

Rock: Yes

Homer: And how to punish people for their crimes?

Rock: Yes...sometimes

Homer: And what man goes with what woman?

Rock: Um?

Homer: And what the weather is going to be like everyday.

Rock: Exactly. Now moving along. I see that we have some children with us. How we have longed for the laughter of children (*he looks at both of them and they look back*) Well, they're not exactly laughing but they certainly are children. Bart. I have a special job for you. I want you to be in charge of the weapons store.

Bart: Yes sir!

Rock: And Lisa.

Lisa: Yes Mr. Rock.

Rock: Please, just Rock. I want you to be in charge of fattening the pig. Make sure it gets nice and fat so that later on we can feast on its flesh. *(Gestures to an enormous pig in a nearby sty)*

Lisa: Fatten the pig *(disappointed)*

Rock: Now Homer if you would like to accompany me to the elders hut your family can get on with building their hut.

9

Marge is looking at an instruction manual like one you would get from Ikea and the pieces of wood that she has in front of her for constructing the house.

Marge: Now it seems like we have all the pieces, but these pegs should go through holes in the wood. And there aren't any holes.

Bart: Maybe I can help mom.

Bart is holding a gun and has ammunition all over him. He shoots at the planks of wood putting holes in all of them

Marge: Bart I don't think the Rock will be happy with you using the ammunition this way.

Cut to the elders' hut where the rock has stuck his head out the window.

Rock: Alright boy! Woo hoo! Let em have it good!

Inside the elders house. The three elders are sitting around a big table.

Rock: Now where were we? Oh I remember. Lovejoy! Let's begin

The Rock and Reverend Lovejoy stand and remove the top of the table. Under the cover is a billiards table. The only difference is that the balls are all people's faces.

Homer: Wow. This is the craziest pool table I've ever seen.

Reverend Lovejoy: Its "Saints and Sinners" pool. You get points for sinking the evil faces and lose points for sinking the good faces.

Homer: Great! Let me have a go. *(Takes a cue and breaks the block, all the faces groan. There is beeping sound as a face (cat woman) is sunk to show that he gats a point)* In you're face Cat woman! That'll teach you to try and steal Batman's heart!

Rock: Nice one Homer!

Homer: (Pointing) Who's that guy?

Lovejoy: That is the Victorian painter. Walter Sickert.

Homer: Down you go (*hits and sinks face, but there is a loud noise to show that he has lost a point.*) You mean he's not evil? Walter Sickert wasn't Jack the Ripper? Well at last we have conclusive proof and I can be 100 percent sure that he didn't kill all those women.

Rock: Yoink. (*grabs cue*) My turn.

Homer: (*points*) Who's that guy?

Lovejoy: Why that's Russian President Vladimir Putin.

Homer: So what's he: good or bad?
(*Reverend Lovejoy shrugs his shoulders and smiles blankly*)

Rock: Funny. He wasn't in this game the last time we played.

Lovejoy: We get replacement faces every six months as part of our contract. But what category should we put Putin in. mmmm.

Rock: One way to find out. (*Hits and sinks the face. There is no noise. All three shrug their shoulders and smile blankly*) Well at least I get another go. (*Hits and sinks another face, It has The Rock's face on it. Noise indicates that he scores a point*) and down goes The Scorpion King!

Homer: That wasn't The Scorpion King. That was you!

Rock: It was The Scorpion King. You will never question the judgement of The Rock again. (*His eyes blaze red*)

Homer: (*meekly*) Ok Sir.

10

Marge is putting the final beam into place on the house and it won't fit

Marge: This is part x and I have it the right way round and it still doesn't fit. Why is there always one piece?

Lisa: Let me have a look. I might be able to see what the problem is.

Marge: *(hysterical)* Oh yeah! Of course, Mom can't work it out, but I'm smarter than her. Well good. Here you go! *(Hands over instructions)*

Lisa: Ok

Lisa starts taking the pieces apart again until it is practically dismantled and then we see it being slowly rebuilt. Lisa is trying to put in the last piece, but it won't go in.

Lisa: *(kicking the plank into place)* Go in! You stupid piece of junk!

Bart: Stand aside ladies. *(Bart has come from the weapons store. He is now dressed as a cowboy and he is black with gunpowder. He shoots at the plank and it now fits.)*

Lisa: Wow! Thanks Bart! I never realised how useful guns could be. What have you got all over you?

Bart: Gunpowder. There's barrels of it down there. I've just been measuring it. Gotta know what's there if I have to protect it. *(He coughs and a little bit of fire and smoke come out)*

Lisa: Gee Bart. It looks like you've breathed in a lot of gunpowder. That can't be good for you.

Bart: Sure it is. Watch this. *(Bart puts his finger up his nose and pulls out a bogie, which he flicks at Groundskeeper Willie, who is sitting nearby, under a tree. It lands on him and his hair catches fire. He screams and runs around. Bart and Lisa laugh)*

Marge: Ok kids get inside. Your father will be back soon and we have to get you cleaned up and food on the table. What's going on over there? *(Looks over to the elders' hut where we can see dancing silhouettes and can hear Homer singing along to Boney M)*

Willie: *(Now he is dripping wet but most of his hair is burnt off)* There's some important decision making going on. "Those we don't have a name for" have made their mark and the elders don't know what to do.

Marge: It looks like they're having a party.

Willie: No Lass. They're in a trance. This is how all the decisions are made.

11

The family are inside their hut ready for dinner. There are noises of people screaming outside.

Bart: So Lisa. How's the pig?

Lisa: Fine. It got more for dinner than us (*Lisa stands looking at the pot on the stove*). And its gruel was thicker than ours as well.

Marge: It's true that we didn't get much to put in our gruel so we'll have to make the best of it and maybe tomorrow night we can steal from the pig.. . What is that noise?

The screaming stops. The doorbell rings. Marge goes to open the door and there is a monster on the other side. They all scream. The monster takes his head off and its Homer in a costume.

Marge: Homer. Thank god it's just you!

Homer: (*Drunk*) That was priceless. You guys were so scared.

Marge: Well excuse us if we're on edge, but we've spent the whole day building this house and making it ready to live in. What have you been doing? Have you been drinking?

Homer: No I have not been swimming and I am outraged by your accusation. Everybody knows that only witches can swim.

Marge: I said have you been drinking?

Home: Yeah. But that doesn't mean I'm a witch. So much for your so-called witch trial.

Marge: Well why are you wearing that costume?

Homer: Oh you know. I'm just scaring the village so that everyone stays nice and obedient. Oops I wasn't supposed to tell anyone. (*Takes off costume*) And I was supposed to take off the costume before I went home. It's hard being an elder. There's just so much to remember. (*notices food on the table*) Ooh what's for dinner (*ladles some gruel*) eww no thanks.

Bart (*has put the costume on except the head*) Wow this is cool man. Can I go out and do some scaring?

Homer (*sees Bart in the costume. Screams*) No the scaring has been done for the evening. Take the costume off boy, before I get in trouble.

Bart: (*reluctantly*) Ok.

Lisa: So. The monsters are a hoax to keep us in fear and under the control of our leaders.

Homer: It's nothing. This is just a little village and we're having some harmless fun. It's not like our government would do anything like that.

(*pause where no one responds*)

Marge: Well I think it's terrible. Whatever happened to community spirit and goodwill?

Homer: You're right Marge. Starting tomorrow things will change. I'm one of the elders so I have a say in how this place is run. (*Turns to see that Maggie is on the floor and has put on the head of the monster suit. Screams*)

12

The family awake to an idyllic morning. Bart is in a little room counting his guns and Lisa is taking the pig for a walk. Lenny and Carl are sitting at a table eating breakfast.

Carl: So how come we're not elders?

Lenny: Because we're not married.

Carl: I thought we were married. I just can't keep track of these things. Can you pass me the sugar honey?

Lenny: Sure. Here you are. (*Passes him a jar labelled Sugarhoney*)

Marge is sitting by the fire sewing and Homer is sitting at the table drinking from a mug.

Marge: I'm very proud of you Homer. You're doing the right thing.

Homer: Well someone needs to do something about this damned corruption.

Homer walks out the door. As he leaves Willie comes to the door with a clipboard.

Marge: Good morning Willie. What can I do for you?

Willie: I came to see how the uniforms for the soccer team are coming along.

Marge: Well I've done most of them, but I don't think we have enough people for a soccer team anyway.

Marge gestures to some jumpsuits that are laid out on the table.

Willie – Shhh! You don't question the orders round here if you know what's good for you. *(Inspects the jumpsuits)* Achh! These uniforms are made for tarts. We're going to be able to see their shins and their knees. I can tell you one thing nobody will be watching the game with all that flesh on display. You'll have to start again and I'll have to report this to the elders!

Marge: Well I don't think there will be a problem there. My husband is one of the elders and I think there are going to be some changes coming.

13

Inside the elders hut. The three elders are sitting around the table playing cards and drinking beer. They are all laughing.

Homer: and so then I went over to Lenny and he's like (screams) and he ran away and then I went over to Carl and he was like (screams) and he ran away too. It was so sweet. I can't wait till we get to do another scaring... So what's the plan for today?

Rock: *(Shrugs)* I could show you how to an inverted facelock brainbuster.

Homer: Ok.

Lovejoy: Sounds good.

The men all take off their shirts and begin wrestling and giggling.

14

Lenny is outside chopping wood. Carl comes out with water for him in a bucket with a ladle.

Carl: Are you ok after seeing that monster baby?

Lenny: I'm ok now, but that monster baby in the book last night really scared me. I didn't get much sleep. And that real monster was scary too.

Carl: Oh there there. Have some more water. *(There is a sound of an explosion)*

Bart walks past them and into the house. He's black and smoking.

Marge: Bart! What happened? Are you hurt?

Bart: Yeah I'm ok. There was a...mishap.

Cut to a parody of "Roadrunner" Willy is speeding past and stops to pick up an apple that has been laid on a tablecloth on the ground. He leans over to pick it up. Bart is waiting behind a bush and laughs as he pushes down the handle on the detonator. He blows himself up and Willie runs off.

Marge: Where's Lisa?

Bart: I don't know. She's probably reading a book somewhere.

Lisa enters, covered in Mud.

Marge: What happened to you?

Lisa: Don't ask.

Cut to Lisa out walking. Willie is waiting behind a nearby bush laughing as Lisa steps onto some leaves and falls through into a big pool of mud. Willy laughs again and then speeds off like the roadrunner.

Marge: I haven't heard from your father today and I'm starting to get worried.

Lisa: Worried he's in trouble or worried he's enjoying the corruption?

Marge: Both I guess. Anyway. There's probably nothing I can do so I'll just finish making these uniforms and wait for him to come back.

Lisa: That's a very fatalistic attitude to have mom. Have you been so changed by this that you are succumbing to a peasant mentality?

Marge: I guess I am. *(Starts singing an old folk song and rocking in her chair as she sews by the candlelight)*

The Elders' hut

Homer: You guys are great! This is the greatest job I ever had.

There is a knock at the door.

Rock: Enter

Willie enters and whispers to The Rock who is standing close to the door.

Rock: Mmm I see. *(Whispers back to Willie. Both laugh)*

Willie: Very good sir. I'll do it right away. *(Leaves)*

Homer: What is it? What's going on?

Rock: Homer. I feel like sleeping under the stars tonight. What do you say?

Homer: Aghhh! But what about "Those we don't have a name for"?

Lovejoy: Homer. You know they're not real. We told you we made them up and then you put on the costume and went round scaring people.

Homer: Oh yeah right. I remember things when people remind me. Lets go!

They leave. The Rock writes a note and sticks it on the door to the Elders' hut as they march off.

16

Marge is falling asleep sewing by the light of a candle and the candle blows out. She looks around

Marge: Homie? Where are you?

Marge walks out of the house and wanders in a sleepwalk towards the Elders' hut. As she leaves the house Willie is waiting at the door with a tin of paint. He paints L & C on the door and sniggers. Then he goes to the next door and writes S. Marge gets to the hut and reads the note on the door. It says, "Gone monster hunting. Back tomorrow, Rock and Co." Marge makes a disappointed grunting noise and wanders back to the house half asleep. She gets to the door labelled L&C.

Marge: I don't remember having our names written on the doors. Oh well!

She shrugs and walks to the next door labelled S and enters. As she closes the door Willie is standing by the side of the house sniggering and wringing his hands. Marge walks up the stairs and into a dark room.

17

The Elders are marching and singing as before. They come to a clearing where there is a fire burning and a small set of raked seats. The rock pulls out a mini TV from his rucksack. It has become a scene from "Temptation Island."

Rock: Well I'm glad you could make it. Let me welcome you both to your first bonfire.

Homer: what are you talking about? You came here with us.

Rock: Would you like to take a seat? *(Gestures for them to sit on the seating in front of the fire. They sit)* Now Reverend Lovejoy. Are you prepared to watch your clip?

Lovejoy: Ok.

Rock: What do you expect to see?

Lovejoy: Well I don't know what you're talking about. Football?

Rock: *(laughs)* very good. *(Hands over the mini TV)* Ok. Watch in your own time.

The TV shows Mrs. Lovejoy putting food into a basket. She turns around to get more and Willie goes by and puts a bunch of flowers in the basket. She turns around and sees the flowers and then looks after Willie and then holds the flowers to her chest and sways from side to side.

Homer: Oh my god that is wack! Are you going to take that from her?

Rock: *(to Lovejoy)* I haven't seen the clip. Can you describe what you saw?

Lovejoy: It seemed innocent enough. Someone gave some flowers to my wife.

Homer: Yeah and she was like *(impersonates Mrs. Lovejoy caressing her flowers)*

Rock: So you're not worried about what you saw?

Lovejoy: No.

Rock: Ok, that was a bit disappointing. Homer. Are you ready to see your clip?

Homer: There's one for me. Great! *(To Lovejoy)* Watch this loser!

Rock: So you're not worried about what you might see?

Homer: No. Why should I be?

Rock: *(hands the mini TV to Homer)* Ok. Homer watch the clip whenever you're ready.

The clip shows Marge walking away from the Elder's hut, half-asleep.

Homer: So she's a little bit drunk. That's nothing.

Marge now stumbles back to the house and turns from one door and walks towards another.

Homer: So she's very drunk and losing her mind. So what!

Marge walks up the stairs and goes into a room and gets into bed and snuggles up to Lenny who is already in the bed. The clip finishes and Homer is speechless and motionless.

Rock: Homer, can you tell us what you saw?

Homer is still sitting motionless and begins to talk slowly and begins to cry.

Homer: Marge is having an affair...with Lenny. It's my worst nightmare and it's my own fault. I drove her to it because she's ashamed of me. I'm not fit to be seen by anybody.

He tears his shirt off and growls like he's turned into an animal and runs off into the woods. He scrambles around getting scratched and dirty and then looks up at the moon and howls.

18

Willie is awoken by the howl

Willie: Ooh. It's the monster. Don't come for Willie. Willie has done everything he was told.

The howl then wakes up Marge, who is startled to find herself asleep next to Lenny and begins to get out of bed. Then moves back into the bed and looks at Lenny longingly. Then she shakes her head and rushes down the stairs. Bart and Lisa come outside just after their mother has emerged.

Marge: Let's get out of this place!

They run to the woods together.

Cut to Lenny who is mumbling in his sleep. Carl comes to his bedside.

Lenny: *(mumbling)* There's no place like home.

Carl: Hey! Wake up. It's me Carl. You've got quite a bump on the head.

Lenny: Oh Carl it's you!

Willie now comes to Lenny's bedside

Willie – I just dropped by because I heard the wee bairn got caught in the... well... he seems all right now. Just dreaming.

Lenny: It wasn't a dream it was a place.

Willie: Was Willie there?

Lenny: No.

Marge Lisa and Bart are now scrambling through the bushes until they come to a big hole in the ground. They look down. It is a trap and Homer is lying at the bottom of it. He appears dead until Lisa speaks to him.

Lisa: Dad are you ok? Hold onto this stick

They all pull him out of the hole and continue scrambling through the bushes until they get to a highway barrier. They climb over and walk along the road. Bart is walking behind them with a sign that says Springfield and has his thumb out.

Homer: *(to Marge suspiciously)* So! Did you get a good night's sleep?

Marge: *(nervous reply)* Yes. Did you challenge the other Elders?

Homer: *(also nervous)* Yes. So it all worked out for the best.

Marge: Yes. And nothing untoward happened.

Bart: I don't know. I'm gonna miss my guns.

Marge: Bart what is that in your back pocket?

Bart: Nothing.

Homer: Hand it over boy!

Bart: (annoyed groan) (*hands over huge gun*)

Homer: I'm not going to ask how you got that in your pocket?

Scene is fading out. There is a sound of gunshot.

Marge: Homer, give the gun back to Bart.

Homer: (annoyed groan)

The End