

The Christmas season is nearing and the Simpsons are invited down to Jacqueline (Marge's Mom) Bouvier's Florida condo for Christmas eve. They book the flight and get ready for the trip.

Meanwhile, Bob and Cecil are having lunch in the prison cafeteria.
(Bob is sitting at a table and Cecil joins him with his tray in his hands)

Bob: Good afternoon brother.

Cecil: Bob. (Looks at his tray) Good Lord! That incompetent cafeteria worker got this all wrong! I ordered

one baked chicken cutlet, two slices of freshly baked rye bread, and this is NOT distilled water! Brother, I

must complain to the maitre D!

Bob: Come on Cecil. You know they give us the same swill every day.

Cecil: And it wouldn't kill them to get it right for once! Oh, how I loathe this place..but not to worry. Soon

enough I'll be sitting in my favourite French cafe in Paris with a sweet glass of French wine in my hand and

a beautiful British woman by my side!

Bob: Oh please. The only British woman dumb enough to go out with a homicidal maniac would have to

be a psychic maid without a green card, living in Seattle! (hint Frasier)

Cecil: I'll escape, don't you worry. Plus, I'll get revenge on Bart Simpson for saving your life and foiling

my carefully laid out plan to drown this town out just like the first and second tenor drown out the third.

Bob: I agree. Why, I'd rather die than spend another day in this dank, sterile snake pit.

And I would have

my wish if that spikey-haired devil Bart Simpson hadn't saved my life. Cecil, we must break out and leave

this dirty town! We can start a new one in another place!

Cecil: Yes! You know I heard there's a wonderful corner-side restaurant in New York that serves crepe-

suzettes that are to die for!

Bob: Pack your bags brother, we're breaking out!

(Meanwhile, the family goes out the front door of the house and into the car. They drive.)

Marge: I'm so glad I'm seeing Mom again. It feels like the last time I saw her was Maggie's birthday.

Homer: What? Wasn't that like 6 years ago?

Bart: (sarcastic) Yeah, that makes sense considering Maggie's only 1.

Homer: Whoa! It doesn't seem like you kids ever age!

Grampa: Ohh I remember when I used to live in Florida. Why it was a hot day back in 19odd'6, when the

trees sprung happy golden oranges, the children, rosy-cheeked with a twinkle in their eye, danced around

the beach as the sun bid a farewell to the daytime, and everyone was trading in their old Sudsbarcats for a

shiny new Packard! Back then, they called cars "Wheel-boards"! You could get one for a couple of dimes

back then, and the next one would be half-price! And then the next generation had to come and screw it up!

Homer: That may be true, but now we live in the real world!

Grampa: (turning to Bart) Here Bart. You and your sister keep this money. It's your Christmas present!

Yep, \$100 dollars. I found it in your dad's wallet!

(We see Homer's wallet chain being stretched from Homer's pants in the front seat, to the wallet in

Grampa's hand.)

Bart: Thanks Grampa.

(they drive past terminal 1 at the airport)

Lisa: So which terminal are we going to? I love terminal 2! They have a jazz lounge!

Marge: Sorry Lisa. We were a bit tight for money so we're going to terminal 9.

(They drive to it, and we see how runned-down it is. Bart walks over to the airport electronics boutique

and buys a remote control that works on all tv's)

Bart: Hey Lis', check this out!

(He points the control to the tv screens on the wall-the ones that list the flights-and changes the challenge)

TV announcer: And now the conclusion of AIRPLANE! followed by an encore presentation of

TURBULENCE!

(We hear planes crashing coming from the screen, as we see people walking by the tv's yelling, throwing

up ,and ripping up their flight tickets. Bart laughs.)

Bart: Hey! Where's Mom and Dad?

Lisa: Oh! They just went to check the luggage.

Bart:Okay, you go meet up with them. I've got some havok to create.

(He starts flicking the buttons on his controller and realizes the batteries have died)

Bart: Oh man. I better go find Dad so I can get money for batteries.

(Bart looks around the crowded airport and spots a fat bald man boarding a flight. Bart runs up right

behind him after giving the plane tickets in and boards the plane behind him.)

Airport worker:enjoy the flight!

(Little boy walks up to the plane door)

Airport worker: I'm sorry little child, can I see your ticket?

Child: My dad has it. He just went in!

Airport worker: Get outta here kid! He took his son along with him!

(Bart sits in the plane thinking the rest of the family is around there somewhere. The plane takes off, and

a stuardess' voice comes over the speakers.)

Speaker: Soon we will start the on-board movie, headsets are \$5....

Bart: Oh crap. I wish I had batteries. Then I could pick the movie! Haha.

Speaker...the movie will be a Harrison Ford feature film "AIR FORCE ONE" and if we have time we'll show the episode of WINGS where the planes blow up. Enjoy the flight.

Bart: Hahahaha, oh well!

(Meanwhile, Bob and Cecil walk to the prison revolving door. Chief Wiggum stops them there.)

Wiggum: Where do you two think you're going?

Bob: We saw a rolled over donut truck outside the gates from our window.

Wiggum: <gasp> YES!! HAHAHA! I know it was a good idea to put that dangerously sharp curve in the road!(He runs away)

Cecil: And we're off!

(They run through the doors and out down the road.)

END ACT 1

(The Simpsons family is at the Florida airport and are claiming their luggage. Homer's grabbing the bags

from the conveyor belt and handing them out to the family. He accidentally gives Bart's bag to a spikey-

hair hobo character.)

Marge: Homer! You just gave Bart's bag away!

Homer: Really? That's not Bart!

Marge: That's not even a human being! (Marge taps the man and he falls over, revealing it's just a

cardboard cutout with the words "Beware of Strangers! A message from the airport managers" written on

it.)

Lisa: Where is Bart? I haven't seen him since we were in Springfield.

Homer: I can swear we checked him in! I'll give the lost baggage man a real good talkin to!

Marge: We better get the police!

(We now join Bart at the other airport)

Bart: Mom! Lisa! Maggie!....uhhhh..ummm..Grampa!?! Anyone here!?

(He walks to a window and looks out)

Bart: Wait a minute..

(We wait as Bart stares at the Statue of Liberty, Empire State Building, and all the people walking

around)

Heeeeyyyy! There aren't any young people in Florida! Also, there's no Statue of Liberty. Wait a second,

it must be the future! That's the only explanation! My parents, my friends, I'll never see any of them

again...

(Screen widens and reveals Fry (futurama) standing beside him)

Fry...YAHOO!

Bart: No wait. I must have boarded the wrong plane. Oh well! Hahahaha.

We now get to see a different version of the Futurama opening credits (note: similar music to the Futurama theme song plays. Not close to exact though. The title reads "Bart in New York" just so anyone watching who don't watch Futurama can enjoy this without being confused) Bart zooms around the streets of New York on a skateboard while cabs, people, cars, buses, street entertainers, buildings, stores, etc go by, like in the opening credits of Futurama and Bart finally hits a ramp and lets his skateboard crash into the huge tv screen in Times Square.

Meanwhile, the rest of the family is reporting the incident to the police at the airport.

Marge: I can't believe I lost my own son.

Policeman: Aww, don't worry. In the mean time, have a glass of orange juice. It's fresh!

Homer: Mmmmmmm....citrus.

Marge: <groan>

Now, we see Bob and Cecil walking down 4th avenue.

Bob: You know, I'm beginning to think this wasn't the best idea. We don't even have any money!

Cecil: I do. I stole Chief Wiggum's wallet. We are sitting pretty, my brother. I can afford to be more

pampered than a monarch's baby in the Elizabethan times!

(A little boy walks up to the two)

Boy: Excuse me, can you spare 1 dollar for my friends back in the orphanage?

Cecil: Oh for God's sake! Can't you see we're talking here! (Boy runs away) Hmm. Looks like I'm

becoming a model every-day New Yorker.

Bob: Well done Cecil.

Cecil: Ah, but that's not it! I booked us a room at the swankiest hotel in the city! The New York Palace

Hotel! Tomorrow we'll look for jobs, but today let's enjoy the sights and sounds of the city! (They walk by

a burping hobo)

Bob: Well, that will do.

Bart walks up to a 3-card monty stand. He places \$20 on a card and wins. He then takes his money and

goes to the Krusty Store. Two hours later he walks out with a huge bag full of goodies.

Bart: Well, my work is done out here. It's getting dark. Better go back to the airport and ask for help.

(He starts walking and bumps into Sideshow Bob knocking him over.)

Bart: Whoa! Sorry man!

(Bob lifts his head and faces Bart and Cecil approaches. They all gasp!)

Cecil+Bob: Bart Simpson!!!!????!??

Bart: AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Bart starts to run and Bob and Cecil chase after him.

END ACT 2

We continue as the two brothers chase Bart. They finally catch him and grab his arms.

Bob: Well Bart Simpson. We meet again!

Cecil: And I meet you again too!

Bart: Uhhh, so, what are you two smart, handsome guys doing in this..

Bob: You've used the flattery scheme already.

Bart: I should have known you were much too smart to..

Bob: That one too!

Bart: Uhhhhh, ummm, you have such a beautiful voi..

Bob: That's enough you little brat!

Cecil: You come with us now. We're taking you back to our hotel!

Bob: No! We can't go into such a public place with a kidnapped boy with us! We'll go to Times Square.

You can get away with anything there!

Cecil: Pish-posh! (He lets go of Bart's arm) I'm the evil genius, not you!

Bob: Excuse me you arrogant clown protege! (He also lets go of Bart)

(Bart runs away. The two continue to argue)

Bob: Wait! Look! He's getting away!

Cecil: He just ran into The NBC studios! Let's hurry brother!

The Simpsons are still at the airport sitting around a table drinking orange juice.

Marge Shouldn't we be looking for Bart?

Lisa: The police are on it, don't worry. Where's Grampa?

(We see Grampa outside with Maggie)

Grampa: Gee is it hot! Better get out some Coppertone!

(Pulls out a bottle of Coppertone sunscreen from his pocket but a black, scruffy dog bites ahold of it and

starts pulling it away, but Grampa manages to take it from him. The dog then starts tugging Grampa's

shorts with his teeth (This would look like the Coppertone ad with the little girl and the dog.)

(We now go back to the Simpsons family)

Homer:Let's just sit and enjoy the vitamin C!Maybe we can watch some tv too.

(Homer pulls a remote out of his pocket and changes the channel on the airport tv's. The opening credits of Saturday Night Live roll)

Announcer: ..And Your Host, Kelsey Grammar!!

(Kelsey walks on the stage and starts talking but is interrupted as Bart runs onto the stage along with Bob and Cecil.)

Bart: Somebody help! These 2 cons are trying to kill me!

Cecil: Why you are a clever rascal aren't you! Luring us into a public studio! I'll have your head on my wall!

Audience member: Oh my God! It's Sideshow Bob!

(evrybody cheers)

Bob: Oh! Well, yes, thank you! (Begins to get overwhelmed by the praise) I adore you all! Thank you!

Cecil: No! When will they praise me! Love me!

Kelsey: Hey Bob! You're stealing my limelight! My voice must be heard!

Bob: Oh, it is being heard!(blows kisses and shoves Kelsey off the stage. Cecil then tackles Bob, and Bart

is struggling to escape the stage)

(Back at airport)

Lisa: Oh no! It's Sideshow Bob and Cecil! We have to do something!

Homer: HEheehhe! That Sideshow Bob is one hell of a character! He kicks Mel's ass!Heheh

Marge: I'm calling the New York police!(She runs to the phone and dials. Soon enough the police arrive

at SNL studios and arrest the 2 fellons)

Bob: No! My plans ruined for two minutes in the spotlight! Why must I lust for attention! Why!?

Cecil: That would have been more than enough time for me, you greedy swine.

Bart: Well boys. Doesn't look like you're gonna catch me! I'm gonna be all the way in Springfield! And

you two, in New York!

Bob: Oh, I know I always say this, but I'll get you Bart Simpson!

Cecil: Me too!

(The cops throw them in the police car and drive away. The rest of the family arrives in New York soon

enough. They meet at the airport.)

Marge: Oh I'm so glad to see you sweetie!

Lisa: Yah Bart. This whole thing seems like the plot of some hollywood-hyped situation-comedy movie!

It's pretty weird isn't it?

Homer: yah, it's somethin alright. Wow! Famous Ray's pizza! Screw Florida! New York all the way!

WHOO-HOO!!!

Bart: Are we still going to Florida?

Marge: I don't know. Let's let Grampa decide.

Lisa: Uhhh, where is Grampa?

(We see the Florida airport cafeteria, empty, at nighttime. Grampa wonders around inside.)

Grampa: Hello!? Hello!? Ohhhhh.

(The scruffy dog appears and bites his butt.)

Grampa: Oww!

END ACT 3

the end