

## **I JUST WANT MY GIRL**

OPEN on the Simpson's living room. Bart is sitting on the floor looking bored, Lisa is reading a book, and Homer has a can of beer.

MARGE enters carrying MAGGIE.

MARGE: Alright, everybody! Time for our Family Friday!

BART and HOMER groan.

LISA: Mom? May I read my book instead?

MARGE: No Lisa. I want you to play. And I mean put your stupid book away.

HOMER: Ooh Marge! You know I can't handle Family Friday! I always get outsmarted by the smart one...or the small one...or the adopted one.

BART: Hey!

HOMER: Oh, you know I'm just joking!

MARGE: Well I thought we could do something fun this week.

LISA: You say that EVERY week.

MARGE: You pipe down young lady or you can go to your room.

LISA: Fine. (sighs)

MARGE: Well, I thought that we could give Charades a go this week!

HOMER: What the heck's Charades?

MARGE: It's where you pick a movie or a person, and you give out clues, and everyone has to guess who or what you are!

LISA: Ooh! This actually does sound fun. Can I go first, Mom?

MARGE: No, Lisa, Bart can go first.

BART: Na, I think you should let Lisa go first, then she can show everyone how smart she is first up so we don't have to suffer.

MARGE: Fine. Lisa, you go first then.

LISA: Yes!!

LISA stands up. She thinks, then moves her fingers apart a bit.

HOMER: Oh! Oh! That means it's tall doesn't it? Are you the tall guy who lives up the street?

MARGE: Homer, his name is Wadlow and the signal Lisa's giving means the person has a medium-lengthed name.

BART: Bart to Mom, BORING!

The screen says TEN MINUTES LATER. Lisa is still trying to get her family to guess.

HOMER: Oh, is it that Homer Simpson guy? I hear he's the biggest dope in town!

BART: Is it Angry Dad?

HOMER: Yeah! Is it? Boy, whenever I saw one of those cartoons I always thought, the guy it's based on must be really ignorant or screwed up.

LISA: Oooh...it's Howard Carter! The guy that discovered the tomb of Tutankhamun!

HOMER: Who's Tutanblabla? I know who the Carter guy is though. I go bowling with him.

MARGE: Lisa, you've ruined another Family Friday by trying to be so smart that we can't even guess who you are.

LISA: But Mom, I didn't ruin it! I completely followed the rules of the game.

MARGE: No, Lisa. It's not that. Just try not to be so...smart!

LISA: But you encourage me! It's better than being as dumb as you, because I don't want to be a crummy housewife.

MARGE: --GASP!-- LISA!! I never thought you'd be the one to say that! I'm just glad I gave your Mailbu Stacy dolls to Maggie, because clearly you don't deserve them.

LISA: WHAT?? You went through my ROOM? That's an invasion of privacy! This is an outrage.

HOMER: (whispering to Bart) I think we should leave.

MARGE: Come on Lisa, all I'm ever going to find that would be of great importance to you is that damned A+++ test you always brag about.

LISA: I haven't mentioned it for what seems thirteen years! And by the way, I only got it because I cheated!

MARGE: LISA THAT IS A LIE! You earned it fair and square.

LISA: Oh but a minute ago I was just missy know-it-all who had to stop LEARNING SO MUCH. Well, the only thing that seems to be holding me back from being even smarter is you. You don't accept the fact that I'm going to do better in life than you! You don't like the fact I'm not going to be a housewife! Well GUESS WHAT?? I WISH I WASN'T YOUR DAUGHTER!!

CUT TO HOMER and BART at kitchen table looking through a newspaper. LISA runs past screaming and crying. We hear her door slam.

HOMER: Hmm. I don't have to be Dad of the year to know something isn't right. (calling upstairs) Lisa? Are you alright? (to Bart) Oh, it's ok. I'm sure Marge will sort out her problem this time.

ZOOM OUT of roof of kitchen, where we see HOMER and BART at the table, and MARGE crying on the lounge room floor.

BART: Hey look at this, Homer! (pointing to an advertisement in the newspaper)

HOMER: Cool! A speedboat! Now, would it be easier to make the call to see who owns the boat, or to try and sort things out between Lisa and Snowball?

BART: Don't you mean Mom?

HOMER: (slowly and happily) My Mommy's dead, Bart! You know that!

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HOMER: (on the phone to the speedboat owner, the sarcastic guy) Y'ello! I'm calling about the speedboat! Man, you sound sarcastic! Oh, you really mean it's that much? I'll come right over!

BART: So, Homer, who's the lucky guy who's about to sell his boat to you?

HOMER: Some sarcastic guy called Sarcastic guy, whoever that sarcastic guy is!

BART: Man, it sounds like a name a crummy TV show would give to a character they randomly use!

HOMER: Damn straight. Now, get in the car.

BART: Aren't you going to tell Mom where we're going?

HOMER: No. She's still asleep. I'll leave a message. No, I can't be bothered finding a pen. I'll just get Lisa to tell her. Hey, Lisa, tell your mother we've gone to spend our hard-earned money on a speed boat. Have fun. (thinking, then remembering Lisa and Marge are fighting). D'OH!

SHOT shows a nice house with a really good-looking boat out the front. HOMER and BART arrive in the car. The SARCASTIC GUY is next to the boat.

HOMER: Hi. I'm here about the boat.

SG: Oh, right.

HOMER: So, is this the grand vessel? (points to the nice boat)

SG: No, of course not. It's the one behind it!

BART and HOMER move around to the back of the big boat, and revealed is a small aluminium one which is really beat up.

HOMER: Holy crap that's a piece of junk. But...still...it's a boat, so I might as well buy it.

SG: You're a good man.

HOMER: Woo hoo!

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OPEN on BART and HOMER driving home

BART: Dad, are you sure you made a wise purchase?

HOMER: Will you stop asking that?

BART: Sorry, I just wanted to see how it felt if I talked like Mom. In my own words, let's ditch this family and live in our new boat!

CUT TO SIMPSON HOUSE

LISA is at the breakfast table. MARGE walks in.

MARGE: Good morning honey. How are you feeling this morning?

Silence.

MARGE: Young lady, I want you to talk to me.

Silence.

MARGE: Lisa, please. Just say whatever you want. I just want my little girl to talk to me.

LISA: Why should I bother. You'll probably find a way to nag about it.

LISA exits. MARGE is alone with a sad look on her face. You hear the door open and HOMER and BART run in.

BART: Quick, Mom! Come and have a look what we did!

HOMER: Quick Mommy. I want you to see the beautiful thing I did!

CUT TO OUTSIDE

MARGE: --GASP!-- You spent all our money on a run down boat?

HOMER: Oh come on honey, we didn't spend all our money. I'm sure we still have fifty dollars floating around somewhere. Now, what say you come test it with us?

BART: Homer, I doubt it would even float in a bathtub.

HOMER: BART?? You're supposed to support me on this.

BART: OK, well prove me wrong then Homer.

HOMER: No, seriously. You should support me. (thinking): wait, I can use some reverse psychology. That should do the trick. (to BART): Fine then. Don't support me on it.

BART: Hey, you finally got something right! I won't support you dagnabbit, but since you believed in me, lets take it for a test run.

HOMER: Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Quick Marge, grab Lisa and Maggie!

MARGE: I think it would be best if I didn't come. I can look after Maggie. You take Lisa along with you.

HOMER: Well go get her already!

MARGE: I think it would be best I didn't right now. Bart you go upstairs and talk to her.

ZOOM IN through Lisa's window, where she's having a tea-party with Maggie.

MAGGIE pulls at Lisa's arm and sucks her pacifier. LISA looks at MAGGIE, who is

holding her plastic cup up to her.

LISA: Oh. You want more tea? Take it. I can't really be bothered.

BART'S footsteps can be heard running up the hall.

BART: (fast and happily) Quick Lisa, come boating with me and the big guy. It's gonna be fun.

LISA: Is Mom going? And besides, we hardly know Wadlow, so why are we going boating with him?

BART: Jeez, I meant Homer. Mom must have been seriously wrong if she thought you were really smart.

LISA: Please--don't mention...her.

BART: But you just di--

HOMER pulls BART by the collar through the doorway.

HOMER: Come on now son, Daddy needs your help. (yelling) we'll meet you in the car, Lisa!

FADE TO A SHOT outside the house, showing the car and boat in the foreground, and the house door in the background.

LISA opens the door and stands there sadly.

BART: Oh, Lisa. I know I don't seem like I have lots of emotion for others, but come with me and Dad. You'll have a really good time.

LISA: (sighs) I guess...

HOMER, BART, and LISA get into the car. The car drives off.

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OPEN on the Springfield Docks.

The Simpson's car backs into the water, so that the boat can be put out.

HOMER: (to BART): oh...go Bart! Hehehe pull with those little sissy arms!

BART: We WOULD be able to get it off the trailer if LISA BOTHERED TO HELP!

LISA: Recent events have caused my zest of life to be blown away, like the leaves on the sidewalk every morning.

HOMER: Yeah yeah, utterley tragic.

LISA looks like she's about to cry.

HOMER: Oh, honey I'm sorry. I can't help it. It's just a have a humerousable funny bone! (sees the sad look on her face). Oh, come here, sweetie. (hugs Lisa).

HOMER, BART, and LISA get into the boat.

HOMER: (looking at the dials) Mmm...now how do you start it? Is it this button? (presses a button, causing the boat to start up). YES!! On the first try!

LISA: Dad, do you have the brake on?

HOMER: Now, someone would only ask a question like that if an unfortunate sequence was about to occur. To answer your question. Do I have the brake on? No I don't--

The boat suddenly lurches forward and speeds across the harbour. HOMER, BART, and LISA scream.

HOMER slows the boat down, then puts the brake on, then finally throws the anchor over.

HOMER: See, Lisa? There's no need to be worried!

BART and LISA spot water starting to flow through the bottom of the cabin.

BART: Uh, Dad? Of course we're not worried!

LISA: We're terrified!

HOMER: How could you call a little speed terrifying? Holy mother of crap! We're sinking!

LISA: Did you see the water?

HOMER: No of course not, I just saw my new copy of Playdude being swept across the cabin somehow...uh did I say Playdude? I meant--

BART: No time! Quick everyone up on deck!

LISA: Don't you think we should put life vests on?

HOMER: Uhh...

LISA: You did check if it had life vests, didn't you Dad?

HOMER: (sadly and weakly) No. I'm sorry Honey.

LISA: It's not you that needs to be sorry Dad. It's me that has to be sorry. To Mom. If only she was here now I could apologise to her, and maybe it would make me happy enough to swim to shore.

BART: Yeah, absolutely depressing. Quick, hang on to me and Dad. We have to jump overboard!

HOMER, BART, and LISA jump off the now mostly underwater vessel.

HOMER: Now all we have to do is swim to shore.

BART looks around, looking for land.

BART: Uh, Dad? Where IS the shore?

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OPEN on MARGE sitting at a table. The camera moves around to reveal she is at PATTY and SELMA'S apartment. MAGGIE is asleep on a nearby couch.

MARGE: Thankyou so much for cancelling your electrolysis session just so I could talk to you. I don't know what to do with Lisa, and seeing you two are my sisters, I hope you could give me some advice.

PATTY: Well, Marge, it's obvious we don't have daughters of our own.

MARGE: What about Ling and Selma?

SELMA: Oh, don't worry about Patty, she's just lonely.

MARGE: I have to think of something to do for Lisa so we can make ammends and just be a mother and daughter again.

Suddenly, crying is heard.

SELMA: Oh, Ling must have woken up from her nap.

PATTY: Maybe some TV will take your mind off things for a little while.

PATTY turns on the television. KENT BROCKMAN is seen at the Springfield Harbor.



KENT: This just in. A boat being used by the Simpsons has capsized a few miles offshore. The water is currently in no safe condition for the lifesavers to go rescue them, however.

CUT TO the lifesavers.

LIFESAVER 1: OK, so is there anyone here who knows how to swim?

LIFESAVER 2: No not me.

LIFESAVER 3: Me neither. How about you?

LIFESAVER 1: Uh, I have to stay here in case...oh well look that, I have to go.

CUT BACK to MARGE at PATTY and SELMA'S apartment.

MARGE: --GASP!-- Homer, Bart, oh, and LISA!! Oh no. I feel terrible. I have to do something. Selma, I'll leave Maggie here. I have to hurry.

ZOOM IN on BART, HOMER, and LISA, floating out at sea, clutching hold of one another.

HOMER: Well, at least we're out doing things.

BART: Ok, Lisa. You know the drill. If we start to freeze, we cut Homer open to keep warm.

LISA: Oh, this is all my fault! If I wasn't fighting with Mom, she'd probably be here and she'd be able to make some quick plan to save us!

BART: How the heck does it make it your fault? Blame the big guy for buying a cheap crummy boat.

HOMER: Why you little-- (starts choking Bart)

LISA: No Dad, don't move, you'll lose lots of heat!

HOMER: Oh that's just an urban legend. Ooh...so cold...so very very cold...

CUT TO Springfield Harbor, where MARGE has just arrived. She confronts the lifesavers.

MARGE: What are you doing to save my husband and my children?

LIFESAVER 1: Oh, we're devising a plan right now. (turns back around, and we see a

swimming pool). No, keep your head ABOVE the water. And stop SPLASHING.

MARGE: Oh, I have to do something. (MARGE spots CAPTAIN McCALLISTER nearby). Captain! Can you please help me rescue my family?

McCALLISTER: Arr, what be in it for me?

MARGE: The privelege of being hailed a hero and having pride in the fact you saved a man and his children.

McCALLISTER: Arr, I was hoping you'd say vegetables. Damn this chronic scurvey. Hop aboard.

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ZOOM IN on BART, LISA, and HOMER. There are storm clouds forming, and the waves are getting bigger.

LISA: Oh, no! I think there's going to be a thunderstorm!

HOMER: Oh, if it rains, then I'll get wet!

BART: Hey, cram a lobster Homeboy, what's that?

BART sees a shape coming towards them fast.

CUT TO MARGE on the boat.

MARGE: There they are! (The boat speeds on). Don't you think you should slow down?

McCALLISTER: Good call.

The boat starts slowing, and it looks like it is about to hit the three Simpsons. Luckily it stops in time, and only bumps into HOMER'S head.

HOMER: D'oh!

MARGE: Oh, Homer! Bart! --GASP!-- Lisa! You're all okay!

BART: Mom, quick! The oceans starting to get really rough.

MARGE: Alright, alright! Grab my hand, Homey!

HOMER: I can't reach!

MARGE: Actually put your hand out towards me!

HOMERL Oh, right.

MARGE pulls HOMER on board.

HOMER goes to save BART.

HOMER: Grab my hand boy!

BART: Wash it first!

HOMER: Why you little--just wait til you get on here boy!

HOMER pulls BART up.

MARGE: Lisa, please! Grab my hand. I want you back in my life, Lisa!

LISA: But Mom, I'm not sure...

MARGE: Please, Lisa, I've missed having you by my side over the last few days.

LISA: Oh Mom...I still don't know.

MARGE: Lisa, I'm just so sorry you've been upset all this time.

LISA: (sighs) I'm the one that has to be sorry...

MARGE: Lisa, you don't have to apologise, now just take my hand.

LISA grabs MARGE's hand. MARGE tries to pull her over onto the boat. She finally succeeds.

HOMER: Oh Marge, you're the greatest. You came and saved us!

McCALLISTER: No thanks to me.

BART and HOMER walk off.

LISA: Oh, Mom! You really do care about me!

MARGE: Of course I do honey!

LISA: I love you Mom!

MARGE: I love you too, Lisa.

HOMER: (standing on the stern of the boat) Come on, let's get this heap of junk moving.  
Full speed ahead!

The boat takes off very fast, causing HOMER to go flying into the ocean again.

HOMER: D'oh!

MARGE and LISA quietly giggle to one another.

FADE TO BLACK.