

## **BART JUST WANTS TO HAVE FUN**

Open on Homer lying in bed, with his head below his pillow. Suddenly, Bart appears and pretends to be Marge. Unawares to Homer is that Bart has smothered toothpaste on his pillow.

BART: (imitating Marge) Homie, you should have your head on the pillow. You don't want to get a neck-ache.

Homer lifts his head and lets it fall straight into the toothpaste.

HOMER: (sniffing) Hey! Who left this complimentary mint on my pillow? (starts to lick it off, still with his eyes closed). Eww! This isn't a mint, and where's the chocolate? (gasps) It must have been the bogeyman! No...he's not that cruel. --GASP—It's in my long beautiful hair! Maaarge help!

Suddenly, a piece of toothpaste stuck to Homer's forehead falls into his eye.

HOMER: Aahh! It burns! Marge, quick, get the devil off my face!

BART: Bwa ha ha!

HOMER: (turning around, one eye closed and weeping) Why you little! Why didn't you tell me I fell asleep with the toothbrush in you mouth!

BART: Uh, Dad, you're getting creepy...and by the way, I put that on your pillow!

HOMER: (thinking) Ah, it must be International Colgate Day!

BART: Aah, no. It's April Fool's Day.

HOMER: You think I'm a fool? Well, choke on your life—

HOMER chokes BART. Bart gasps for air.

Marge, off camera, suddenly yells.

MARGE: Homer! You're awake! Come and get your breakfast.

HOMER: (calling back to Marge) But now I don't have to brush my teeth afterwards, right?

MARGE: (downstairs) Yes you do.

HOMER: D'oh! Fine...but I don't have to comb my hair.

MARGE: (downstairs) Fine, you don't have to brush your teeth.

HOMER: Woo hoo! In your face Bart! I beat you at your own game.

BART: Oh yeah? Well how are you gonna comb your hair? You don't have any! And I think you're not even sure how much hair you have!

HOMER: Well, I am sure, and guess what? I'm going down to breakfast because I'm so sure!

CUT TO CLOSE UP of Homer as he walks out, revealing a small painting in pink saying "Biker Chick" on his head. Homer catches sight of it in the mirror.

HOMER: Holy crap!

ZOOM INTO the kitchen, where the family is sitting at the breakfast table. Bart runs in and sits down, just as Homer arrives. Unknown to Homer is that Bart has put a pin on his chair. Also, Homer has towel wrapped around his head to conceal the paint, after realizing he doesn't have enough time to wash it off.

HOMER: Good morning family! What a nice day, isn't it!

LISA: (sees the towel, which is shaped like a turban) Uh, Dad? Do you know that you have something on your head?

HOMER: Of course I do, and let me tell you when I get home from work your brother will be severely punished for it!

LISA: No, I'm talking about that towel. If you wear that to work you'll be making fun of other cultures.

HOMER: (scowling) Yeah, well I'm not taking it off.

Homer pulls the chair out and sits down.

HOMER: Ouch! Who put a pin on my chair?

BART: It must have been Lisa because putting pins on chairs is lame.

LISA: Come on Bart, everyone here knows you're the only troublemaker that would do such a thing, so it's obvious you did it.

BART: You did it!

LISA: No, you did it!

BART: No, you did it!

LISA: (thinking) I did it!

BART: No, I did it! (thinks) D'OH!

Lisa laughs. Homer gets mad.

HOMER: That's it Bart! Go to your room, and don't come down until you're ready to apologise, or until you're ready to go to school!

BART: School? It's not as if you ever went...

HOMER: Hmm...the boy has a point. Skipping school could make him follow in my footsteps. (Thinking): No, I won't let him become that uneducated. (Yelling): Bart I'm serious. Go to your room and get dressed, think about what you've done, and then go to school. Get up there NOW!

Homer suddenly hits his fist hard on the table, causing the towel on his head to fall off, revealing huge patches of dried toothpaste and the paint.

MARGE, LISA and BART: (laughing)

HOMER: (Waving his arms around madly and walking to the door madly with his eyes shut). That's it! I can't even get respect from my own family! Boy, you better watch out when I get home and--(suddenly walks into the wall) Ow!

-----BREAK-----

OPEN on SNPP (Springfield Nuclear Power Plant)

ZOOM IN from the roof of HOMER's WORKSTATION

HOMER is half asleep, and is drooling. He hears his drool hit the floor.

HOMER: Whuh? Where's my drool bucket? (Rubbing his eyes).

CARL: Hey Homer. What ya missing?

HOMER: Oh, hiya Lenny. Someone's stolen my drool bucket. And not for the first time.

CARL: Alright Homer, for one thing, I'm Carl. And second, is this what you're looking for?

CARL holds up Homer's bucket. Homer grabs the last donut out of the box and then realizes what Carl has.

HOMER: Oooh gimme gimme!

CARL: (to Lenny) Jeez, never known a guy who's this creepy before.

HOMER runs for the bucket, but slips in the drool, causing him to fall over. The donut falls out of his hand and Carl catches it.

CARL: Hey thanks Homer!

CARL and LENNY exit.

HOMER: Those lousy no good...friends. They can go shove there... bowling tournament. I know! I'll ring Marge! She'll be nice to me!

HOMER opens a nearby draw, and discovers a (fake) spider.

HOMER screams, attracting Carl and Lenny back to the workstation.

LENNY: (laughing) Gosh Homer, you sure don't understand April Fool's Day. You've totally lost it.

CARL: Yeah. You're looking quite the--uh, what's the word--umm, Fool! And by the way, that donut was really nice. Just a shame it was the last one.

MID SHOT of LENNY and CARL laughing. HOMER suddenly loses it, and screams.

CUT to BART and LISA on the school bus. You can hear HOMER'S screams across the town.

LISA: What the heck was that?

BART: Who cares? I just want to get to school to prank Martin, Milhouse, and my dear friend...Seymour Skinner! Bwa ha ha!

LISA: Oh brother.

The bus arrives at the front of Springfield Elementary. BART and LISA both get off.

BART: Hmmm...say, Lisa? Is the Kwik-E-Mart open yet?

LISA: Yes, I suppose it would be, but you can't go there otherwise you'll be late for school!

BART: Dear Lisa, one can't be late for school if he doesn't come at all. Now I think a trip to the Kwik-E-Mart is in order.

BART pulls out a carton of eggs and his skateboard, and places them on the ground.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER suddenly arrives next to Bart.

SKINNER: Ah, Bart Simpson. I hope you'll be happy to join us today.

BART: Heck no. You know, I know, everyone knows that today is my time to shine.

SKINNER: Come on Bart. While now you're a troublemaker, you could one day be famous. And you'll have school to thank.

BART: Uh, Skinner, I stand by my first statement. And you can't talk. You used to be a no-good street punk.

JUDGE SNYDER walks past.

SNYDER: What was that young man?

BART: Uh...nothing.

SNYDER walks off again.

BART: Whew that was close. I wouldn't be able to handle tortu--

SKINNER: SIMPSON! Just get inside now.

Silence.

SKINNER: Fine, if I show you that I've changed from my old lifestyle, will you come to class?

SKINNER gets on Bart's skateboard. He purposely tries not to balance, and he falls off. He doesn't realize he has landed in Bart's eggs.

SKINNER: BART!!!

All the children laugh at Skinner as Bart skateboards down the road, laughing.

-----BREAK-----

OPEN on the Kwik-E-Mart. BART'S skateboard is outside.

SHOT moves to the back of the store, where we see Bart, who's switching price labels on different products.

BART: What the heck? This gum is \$7.00? (Yelling) Apu! You're a rip-off!

APU: Why thank you sir. That means part of my sacred duty is done.

BART: Hmmm...hey that pack of powdered gravy is just \$4.00...oh well it's better than nothing...time to do a little switcheroo.

BART takes the price labels off the gum and the gravy, and switches them.

SHOT from outside the Kwik-E-Mart show Homer has just arrived in his car. BART is visible through the window, still switching price labels on various items.

BART sees HOMER

BART: Homer?? Bwa ha ha...hmm here's the donuts...\$3.00?? Oh well it's not as expensive as gum. And now where are the pork rinds?

BART grabs a box of donuts and pork rinds and finds very expensive items, and switches the price labels. Donuts are now \$25.00.

BART: Hey Homer, are you looking for these?

HOMER: Hi boy, aren't you supposed to be at school? Oh well, it shows you want to follow in my footsteps. (Crying) The boy loves his old man...he respe--(yelling) WHAT?? \$25.00?? Apu, I bid you good day.

APU: I must interrupt your angry march from my store. You must have been tricked by your son over there!

BART: Sorry Homeboy, this is my cue to exit.

HOMER: Get back here!

CLOSE UP of BART, skateboarding away, smiling.

APU:(in background) Young master Simpson, if you return to this store within a day I will have to kill you!

BART: --Gulp!--

FADE to BLACK

-----BREAK-----

OPEN on Kwik-E-Mart. HOMER'S car is still outside. PRINCIPAL SKINNER shows up.

SKINNER: Why, hello Apu. Mr. Simpson, do you have any idea where your son is.

HOMER: Hold on a sec Skinner. So anyway Apu, I sez to Mabel I sez--

APU: Mr. Homer you have completely changed the subject! We were talking about your son!

HOMER: Damn straight. Anyway Skinner, you want to see me about Bart.

HOMER moves SKINNER over towards the back of the store.

SKINNER: This morning your son played a particularly cruel prank which ended with my backside being covered with hen produce.

HOMER: Yeah well, the boy painted some "Biker Chick" get up on my head this morning too. Luckily I got it off just before work started.

SKINNER: Yes, so that's why your head smells like the Ball-o Shine-o.

APU: I wish not to cut in, but I must. Young master Simpsons just recently switched the price labels on my stock.

SKINNER: Well, this young hooligan **MUST BE STOPPED!** But we'll have to ask for your permission to form a mob against your son.

HOMER: Give me a fake graduation certificate and your on.

SKINNER: Excellent!

CUT TO Moe's, where Bart is pretending to be over 21.

BART: Hmm...Moe, has it ever occurred to you that this place could be well against the health restrictions.

MOE: Hey hey hey, are you here to complain or are you here to get drunk?

BART: Neither, sir. Well, mostly complain. You see...I'm the health inspector.

MOE: Oh, you are? I'm so sorry sir! Is there any way that I can bribe you?

BART: Hmm well if the union found out I would have to close this place down and you will probably be executed...but go on.

MOE: Here, take all this expensive imported beer. Please, I've given you everything I've got now. Leave...but don't check the bathroom on the way out!

BART gets up, leaves, with all the expensive beer.

Just seconds after BART leaves, HOMER, SKINNER, and APU enter.

MOE: Hey Homer, Skinner...hey, Apu, aren't you meant to be working...and hey you're supposed to as well, Skinner. Homer I'll let off because he hardly ever works.

SKINNER: Well, I'm looking for one Bart Simpson. He's skipping school and is causing terror around the town right this very second.

CUT to BART, throwing rocks through the window of Mr. Burns' mansion.

CUT BACK to MOE'S.

MOE: And what 'bout you, Apu?

APU: Well, sir, I got my old helper monkey to look after the Kwik-E-Mart in my absence.

CUT TO Kwik-E-Mart, where the monkey is throwing everything off the shelves and is causing utter destruction.

MOE: Hey, just a sec. Homer, what does young Bart look like again?

HOMER: Oh, here. (goes through wallet and pulls out photograph)

MOE: Hang on a tick, that ain't your son. That's the health inspector. Just came 'ere a minute ago.

SKINNER: Another victim to young Master Simpson's book of mischief. Well seeing as there's now four of us targets...

BURNS and SMITHERS walk in.

BURNS: Six. Since the little rascal threw rocks through my beloved mansion.

HOMER: How the heck did you get here?

BURNS: Oh, luck I guess. Just don't look through every building in Springfield to see if there's hidden microphones...hehe.

SKINNER: So is everyone in to make a fiery mob?

EVERYONE: Yes!

Enter KRUSTY, SIDESHOW MEL, and DREDERICK TATUM.



KRUSTY: And so are we. That little terror ruined the final take of our multi-million dollar commercial!

HOMER walks outside the bar.

HOMER: Oh no. It's getting dark! We better hurry.

-----BREAK-----

OPEN on BART, throwing tomatoes at the side of the hospital.

BART: Hey, this sure is fun. Especially now that my imaginary friend had to go home!

BART hears a sound in the background. He turns to see the mob coming towards him.

HOMER: There he is! Boy...you better run for your life. Do it, run!

BART: Ay Carumba!

BART runs down the street.

HOMER: Kill the boy...quick Bart, run before they get you!

SKINNER: Homer, are you on his side or ours?

HOMER: I just want to be popular...

BART runs up a street, but there is a dead-end against a brick wall.

BART: Oh no!

The mob appears at the end of the street, Homer can be heard shouting "Kill the boy! Let him go!" over and over.

APU: I'm going to have a good time ripping the little squirt apart!

KRUSTY: (picking up a rock) This is for ruining my big chance!

KRUSTY throws the rock, but just misses Bart.

BART becomes upset.

BART: Please! Stop it! I'm sorry. (dropping onto his knees and begging) Please forgive me!

The mob is surrounding BART and everyone in it is yelling at him.

CLOSE UP of BART'S face looking up.

CAMERA SHOT moves to CLOSE UP of HOMER.

The shot cuts back from BART to HOMER, and then back yet again.

HOMER runs in front of BART.

HOMER: Stop! Can't you see what we're doing? We're breaking the spirits of a troublesome little child.

MOE: Oh you're just sticking up for your own son! Kill them both!

The mob starts yelling again.

HOMER: Wait! Can't any of you remember a time in your life where you went out of control? Where you went on a terrible rampage through your home town? Well neither can I. But there's no use turning your anger on a child when you can just accept there apology.

APU: Oh, what have I become? The poor lad was begging for mercy, and I just wouldn't give it!

SKINNER: Homer, we'll all leave now...but on one condition. Give me the graduation certificate.

HOMER: But you got your part of the deal...you got to be part of the mob.

SKINNER: Yes, but I wanted to PUNISH the boy. Oh well, just forget it.

SKINNER walks off. HOMER and BART are now alone.

BART: Thanks for helping me Dad.

HOMER: That's alright son. Now lets go home.

BART and HOMER have a quick hug, then walk off. It appears Bart has put a "Kick Me" sign on Homer's back.

Fade to black.