

Fanscript #8: "Suppertime and the Livin' is Greasy"  
By Carl Johnson

Chalkboard: NO ONE IS OUT TO GET ME  
NO ONE IS OUT TO GET M... at cutoff

(But the scary thing is that Bart is nowhere to be seen and the bell doesn't ring! AAAHHHH!)

Couch: Snowball II nonchalantly scampers up to the couch, which is white. She curls up on the couch, and then looks off to the left, and recoils in terror. Her backside is completely white, and a brown spot is visible on the couch where the paint wore off on the cat. Pepe LePieu chases her offscreen.

Act I

(A large sign made entirely out of lights reads "2000". A large ball slowly drops down onto it. The townspeople chant, "6...5...4...3...2...1." After "1", all the lights go out.)

(The song "We're Living in America at the End of the Millenium", from the musical "Rent" is heard.)

(All the street lights in Springfield go out.)

(Some traffic lights go blank and cars run into each other.)

(ATM machines spew money.)

(A fire hydrant spews water.)

(A hot dog stand spews hot dogs.)

(Parking meters detach themselves from the ground and go running amok.)

(Nuclear missiles explode around the world.)

(The Statue of Liberty's eyes glow red as its base ignites and launches into outer space.)

(Bill Clinton pushes a prostitute aside and begins working on the budget.)

(A very pale Ned Flanders bites Maude on the neck.)

(Fry inadvertently freezes himself for 1,000 years.)

(Mr. Burns throws a quarter to a beggar on the street.)

Headline: "Prime Minister Barak: 'Everything's Fine Over Here.'"

Headline: "Donald Trump Elected President"

Headline: "We've Stopped Caring About the Whole JonBenet Thing"

(The Comic Book Guy makes out with a young woman in a restaurant.)

(Miss Hoover kisses a debonaire young man wearing a tuxedo.)

(Mrs. Krabapple hands Bart a piece of paper with a large "A+" on it.)

(Moe Szyslak, possibly the dirtiest man in town, is clean!)

(The Simpson home is a wreck and Marge lazes in the couch drinking beer.)

(At this point, the music stops and both Marge and Homer wake up in bed screaming.)

Homer and Marge: I just had the most horrible dream ever!

Marge: You first.

Homer (scared): I dreamed that I got trapped inside a mailbox naked and everyone was staring at me! Then the police came and laughed at me for hours.

Marge: You didn't dream that. It happened last week.

Homer: Oh yeah. Hold me anyway?

(They nervously hold each other. Then the tone becomes more serious.)

Marge: I dreamed about the millenium bug again. I'm afraid that the world will descend into anarchy.

Homer: Oh, Marge. Not that again. There's nothing to be worried about. Remember? I've got it all worked out.

Marge: Yes, Homer. I know. You told me. But honestly, I think we'd be lonely on the moon.

Homer: Nonsense... Fine, we can take Flanders with us. But he has to sleep in his own crater.

Marge: Homer, that won't be necessary. The whole plan isn't necessary, or feasible for that matter. All I want is to know that the future is safe. Do you think we could buy extra supplies? You know, water, food. Take out some money from the bank just to be safe?

Homer: But Marge, we're hard up for cash as it is. Remember how I had to cut Lisa's hair personally because we couldn't afford a barber? You remember?

Marge: I'm trying not to.

Homer: You see?

(Pause.)

Marge: Do you think Mr. Burns could give you a raise?

Homer: Maybe. I don't think he would though.

Marge: Well, will you ask him?

Homer: But, Marge, every time I ask him that, he plays sadistic and/or juvenile tricks on me.

Marge: For me, Homie? (She smiles and takes his hand.)

Homer: Ohhhhhhhh, alright. Goodnight, honey.

(Cut to SNPP. A crow calls. Homer stands outside Mr. Burns's office, sweating profusely. He takes a deep breath, and steps cautiously into the office.)

Homer: Uh, Mr. Burns, (gulp) sir?

Burns: Yes? What is it? Who are you? What are you doing here?

Homer's mind: AAH! Questions! Which one do I answer? Easy you fool, answer both of them in the order he asked them. Wait. Or were there three questions? Oh, I'm confused. Hey, that's an interesting quill pen Burns has on his table. No, Homer! Concentrate. Questions. The first one was "Who are you?" No, that wasn't it. Hey, if I grabbed the quill pen, I could stab Mr. Burns to death and take ALL his money WITHOUT answering any questions! Hey, that would work! BWAAAHAAHAAHAAAAAH! No! No! Kill Mr. Burns?!?! I can't do that. He'd KILL me!

Oh, my god. He's staring at me. He's on to me. Say something, damn you.

Homer: (crying, sweating) I promise I'll never stab you to death, Mr. Burns!  
Please don't have me killed!

(This confuses Mr. Burns.)

Mr. Burns: Wha? Okay, I see your missing a few bricks in the ole chimney; time to call the hulking security goons. (Mr. Burns pushes a button on his desk and the wall quickly rotates around; Smithers is on the other side. He staggers over to Burns gasping for breath.)

Smithers: Mr. Burns! You have got to improve the ventilation in there.

Mr. Burns: Maybe YOU need to find a better way of appeasing your greedy little blood cells. It's all want and no give with you, Smithers. Anyway, who is this balatron?

Smithers: That's Homer Simpson-- one of your precarious liabilities from sector 7G.

Mr. Burns: I see-- the name is foreign to me. I suppose a better question would be: "What exactly is he doing in my office?"

Smithers: Why don't you ask him yourself, sir?

Mr. Burns: Good idea. (to Homer) Listen, you sweaty fidget. You've twenty seconds to state your purpose for interrupting my duties, after which I shall humiliate you grotesquely. Starting... now.

Homer: Ummm, sir. You must understand, the computer virus, er... millenium ...er Y2K... my wife is afraid of Y2K, and I was wondering if I could maybe, get... you know, an increase in my salary, like a raise... so, I could buy... stuff to... help protect... I need money, Mr. Burns.

Mr. Burns: Ah, how thoughtf... okay. That's twenty seconds right there. (Mr. Burns pulls out a squirt gun and aims it at Homer.) Perhaps this will help you "catch up" on your debts. (Burns fires and ketchup sprays all over Homer's shirt. Homer recoils, to Burns' amusement.)

Homer: I'll go now, Mr. Burns.

Mr. Burns: Oh, no you won't, my greedy underling. Your self-serving request has manifested your unbroken spirit. Do as I say. (Burns stands up and walks over to Homer.) Put on this doggie collar. (Burns holds up a dog collar.)

Homer: No, I'll just leave, if that's okay.

Mr. Burns: Well, if you're going to be that way...

(Mr. Burns holds up a playing card, the Queen of Diamonds, and brandishes it at Homer.)

Mr. Burns: I --SAID--, "Put on the doggie collar"!

(The Queen of Diamonds has no effect on Homer, who just stares blankly at Mr. Burns.)

Smithers: Uh, Simpson hasn't been here that long, sir.

Mr. Burns: Oh, Fuddruckers. Very well, you may go.

Homer: Yes sir. (exits.)

Mr. Burns (going back to his desk): Say, Smithers, didn't that fellow mention some sort of acronymous gibberish? Y-2-K or somesuch?

Smithers: I believe he did, sir.

Mr. Burns: Can you tell me exactly what it is?

Smithers: Supposedly on January 1st, 2000, all computer networks in the world will go haywire, resulting in worldwide panic. Some call it the millenium bug.

Mr. Burns: And I wasn't informed? Hmmm... So would this "millenium bug" aversely affect my plant?

Smithers: Yes, indeed it would.

Mr. Burns: Might my stocks plummet?

Smithers: Possibly.

Mr. Burns: Might my alarm systems fail?

Smithers: Potentially.

Mr. Burns: Might my bank lose all my billions of dollars?

Smithers: Conceivably.

Mr. Burns: Might my top secret hoard of deadly nuclear missiles, which can be detonated only by the deliberate keystroke of my desktop computer, that I have

stashed in the hidden compartment of my basement closet, be subject to "molecular reconfiguration", Smithers?

Smithers: Undoubtedly.

(A pause.)

Mr. Burns: Great scot! I haven't felt so vulnerable since I was so viciously plucked from my mother's womb some years back. (Jumps up frantically and paces about.) Oh, lord. Oh lord. Why do I suddenly feel so small? I dare say, the irony, Smithers! The only people in the entire world who won't be affected by this millennial insect are **FILTHY AMISH!**

Smithers: Settle down, sir. You know breathing too deeply can corrode your lungs. If I may make a suggestion...

Mr. Burns: Go on. Go on. Go on.

Smithers: If we could purchase new equipment in which the problem has been fixed, we needn't worry about Y2K.

Mr. Burns: Baloney! (He walks over to the window and looks out at Springfield.) No one man can reconstitute the entire technological matrix of Springfield. No matter how many systems we replace, there will always be the one we overlooked, and that one shall bring doom to us all. (He looks at Smithers.) Besides, I'm not spending my hard-earned money on Stanley Slumgullion or Penelope Puzzlepate. No, Smithers. My underlying concern is how I can remove myself from the path of this Y2K catastrophe.

Smithers: Point well taken, sir.

Mr. Burns: I've got it! What I need is money. I'm going to sell all my stocks, take all my money out of the banks and keep it all in plain view. What say you to that, Smithers?

Smithers: You're a fiduciary genius, Mr. Burns.

Mr. Burns: Excellent. Is there anything I've overlooked? Ah, yes. I seek to ensure that Melvin B. Mumblecrust can't benefit from this upcoming development.

Smithers: What do you have in mind?

Mr. Burns: Isn't it obvious, Smithers? If I pay these dotterels 2 dollars an hour (as I am wont to do during one of my generous moments), and the computers go ga-ga, then their salaries might accidentally shoot up to 4 dollars an hour or some other inordinately large amount. Smithers, change the program slightly.

All employees are to receive half pay for the next seven months. It's the only logical thing to do.

Smithers: I'll get right on it, sir. (exits.)

Burns: Excellent.

(Burns switches on the Public Address System on his desk.)

Burns: Good afternoon, fellow capitalists.

(In various sections of the plant, people stop working to look at the speaker.)

Burns: I regret to inform you that for the next seven months, all you employees will be paid half of what you normally would. Don't complain to me, it's all in your best interest; wouldn't want Y2K to get the better of us, would we now? I didn't think so. Carry on. (click.)

(The workers all mumble angrily to themselves.)

(During lunch, Homer, who is covered in ketchup, sits alone. Lenny and Carl approach him and squeeze ketchup out of Homer's shirt onto their hamburgers.)

Homer: Lenny! Carl! Please, spare me some dignity.

Lenny: Maybe I don't wanna. Rumor has it it's your fault I lose half my paycheck for the next seven months.  
(Lenny walks away.)

Homer: Oh, what am I going to tell Marge?

Carl: Forget about it, Homer. Look on the bright side. (Pauses a moment.) Well, bye. (exits)

(Homer slumps down in his chair.)

(Back at home, Homer sits at the table thinking of ways to break the news to his family. Bart and Lisa are talking to Marge, but their voices are obscured by Homer's mind.)

Homer's mind: Okay, bad news is always easiest to tell when preceded by good news. What good happened today? Let's see..... fine, I'll make something up. Here goes. Deep breath. Try to shut your eyes when they start crying...

Homer: Uh, family. I have something I need to say...

Lisa: So then Ms. Hoover made us all write Roman Numerals from one to 1000 for the rest of the day. It was so boring. Even Ralph thought it was stupid.

Marge: Why'd she do that?

Lisa: She was angry because none of the men she asked out would go out with her.

(Back in Ms. Hoover's class, Miss Hoover slouches on top of her desk, drinking heavily from a bottle of whiskey.)

Hoover (singing drunkenly): Best thinggabouta beeein' a woooman, is the perogative to have a little whiskey... (At this point she takes a huge chug out of the bottle and falls backwards off the desk onto the floor.)

(Back to the dinner table.)

Bart: And Nelson beat the crap out of me and gave me a Double Rambo Wedgie.

Lisa: You mean "in" as well as "up?"

Bart: (nodding) Yup. Mom, do you think we can go to the doctor sometime this evening? My spine hurts.

Marge: Oh, I don't know. My day has also been conspicuously lousy; the dog was sick three times and the toilet overflowed. My back hurts and I've got the largest known knot in one's hair since the dawn of time. Homer, you were about to say something? Pray tell, make it good news.

Bart (deliberately): Good news would be so much fun to hear when you can't well sit properly because of impossibly lodged undergarments causing your spinal chords to scream at you.

Lisa: Yes, I too would like to hear some good news.

Homer: Oh. Okay. Yes, I... uh... have some wonderful news to tell you all.

Lisa: That's great. Tell us the good news, dad.

Bart: Does this "wonderful news" have anything to do with the ketchup that's all over your shirt?

Homer: Yes, sort of. Well, you see, the thing is...um... something great happened today. But it was something bad. Awful, in fact. But first, good. Good news first. You see, uh... Mr. Burns reduced everyone's pay by 50% today, meaning that we're not going to afford a decent life until April of next year.



(Gasp!)

Marge: Oh, Homer.

Bart: I'd hate to hear the bad news.

Lisa: Mr. Burns can't do that! Where's your labor union?

Homer: Oh, they all committed harikari some time ago. In exchange for two more weeks paid vacation.

Marge: Homie, this is even worse than I imagined. We'll never get through the millenium now.

Homer: There's always the moon.

Marge: No!

Homer: (standing) Very well. (He walks into the next room, where he has a whole pile of blueprints of the moon and springs and rockets. He pushes them all into the wastebasket.)

(The next morning, Homer walks sadly down the stairs. He has had a sleepless night.)

Homer: How am I going to face my loving family after they've witnessed my financial incompetence?

(He walks in the kitchen. Bart and Lisa are fighting and Marge is yelling at them, while trying to wash the dishes.)

Lisa: MOM! Bart took the last waffle!

Bart: I did not! 'Sides, Lis', I'm a growing boy. I need more nutrients than growing girls.

Marge: Oh, that's hogwash, Bart. Give her the waffle. I've got more important things to think about.

Bart: How come Lisa gets the last waffle?

(Lisa snatches it from him.)

Lisa: Be quiet. You got it last time.

Bart: Shut up.

Lisa: You shut up.

Homer: Good morning.

Bart: Hmmph.

Lisa (muttering) Morn.

Marge: Have a nice day.

Bart: Dad, can I borrow five dollars? I'm gonna buy a can of jelly and get Nelson back.

Homer: Sorry, boy. We can't afford it right now.

Bart: Aww, what a rip. Milhouse's mom would have given him five dollars.

Lisa: Be quiet, Bart. You'll hurt dad's feelings.

Bart: Gimme back the waffle.

Lisa: Mom said I should have it.

Bart: Mom, can I please have the last waffle? They're so very tasty, my kindhearted sweetie pie mother dearest.

Lisa: Bart, that's so low.

Marge: I'm flattered, Bart, but I said the waffle should go to Lisa.

Bart: Dad, can I have the last waffle?

Homer: How come you asked your mother before me?

Bart: Oh, great. Now I have to take grief from you too?

Homer: Look, kids. I've got a way you can settle this problem. I got this solution from, well, I know it's crazy, but I got it from the Bible.

Lisa: Since when do you read the Bible?

Homer (mockingly): Since I can't get to sleep and need to be bored into slumber, Miss Insensitivequestions! Anyway, the story is about a king and two lesbians who had a baby or something and both wanted the baby, so the king

suggested they slice up the baby and they each share it, so as to see how much the ladies cared about the baby. And they all lived happily ever after. It gave me an idea. How about we cut the waffle in half and the two of you can --SHARE-- the waffle?

Lisa: That sounds fair.

Bart: Chop up that waffle, Homer.

Homer: D'oh! Well, it looks like neither of you care enough about the waffle for either of you to get it. (Homer takes the waffle and eats it himself.)

Bart: Dad!

Lisa: Dad!

Marge: Homer, did you eat Lisa's waffle?

Bart: It was my waffle. Lisa took it.

Homer: Ohhhh, I've only gone and made things worse. I hate my life. Even King Salmon can't help me. I'm going to work. I'll see you later. (exits)

Bart: (angrily) Goodbye dad.

Lisa: Bye, dad. Mom, those waffles were delicious!

Bart: Shut up, Lisa.

Lisa: Hey, it's not like I got to eat the last one anyway. Just drop it.

Bart: Just shut up.

Lisa: Mom, Bart's being disagreeable.

Marge: Look, kids. I really need to think about how to get this family more money.

Lisa: Why don't you become a cook at a restaurant? Those waffles were awfully good.

(Marge seems to actually give that some consideration. She smiles.)

Marge: Hmmm, you know what, Lisa? That's not a bad idea. I think I'll do it. Yeah. That's right. I'm going to get a job.

(End of Act I.)