

Act II.

(Cut to Homer's car. It moves silently into the Nuclear Power Plant. The sun is rising in the background. A quiet rock tune not unsimilar to the beginning of the Smash Mouth hit "Walkin' on the Sun" begins to play.)

(Cut to Mr. Burns, walking to his office. He walks slowly in step with the tune. Slowly the song grows louder and it is apparent that it IS the beginning to "Walkin' on the Sun". Burns enters his office, sits down in his chair and spins around so we can't see him. When he turns the rest of the way around back to his desk, he is wearing trendy 90's clothing, with a pair of dark shades. The song begins.)

Burns: I ain't no jerk!
I'd like to, feel secure at work
And teach my men!
To stretch their, hard-earned measly dough
And teach them all! That they're waddlers and they're dawdlers
Hey I know some think its wrong
But its nice to be rich like me
This place is the pits
With no fringe benefits
But hey those drones are losers with sweat on their armpits
So I'm in favor with the slavers and the snakes in the grass
But at heart I'm kind and thoughtful

(Enter Smithers)

Smithers: With a really cute ass.

(Cut to Homer's workstation, where he, Lenny, Carl and some other workers are dancing around)

Workers: It was okay, but now
Our funds are running out
We work from six until five
Where gamma paricles thrive

(Part of Lenny's arm disintegrates.)

Lenny: Ow!

Workstations covered in mold

(Shot of a workstation similar to Homer's obliterated by a green substance.)

Large vats with badly controlled
Atom fission

(A nuclear reactor without the "outer casing to prevent fallapart".)

(Back to Homer's workstation.)

We might as well be workin' on the sun.

Anonymous Worker: (speaking) Uh, fellas? I'm pretty sure fusion came from the sun, not fission.

(Lenny punches him out.)

(Marge, wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase, enters a classy restaurant, but all the people who work there are lusty men who leer at her, so she leaves.)

Homer: Ten lousy years ago
I had a decent life
A sexy dame! Named Marge who,
I knocked up while drunk
Just that one time; 'twas a fun time, but soon it was "son time".
I got a position here, was wishin', that it wouldn't be bad
And would become my ambition

(Carl plays the drums, and Lenny plays the guitar.)

But I was wrong it wasn't long before she had the boy
So I'm stuck here in this dump which I just cannot enjoy.

Workers: It was okay, but now
Our funds are running out

(Marge goes into an Italian restaurant. All the employees there look exactly like Luigi from "Homie the Clown." Marge tries to imagine herself wearing a white suit and moustache, decides against it, and leaves.)

We work from ten until eight
And longer if we are late.
It's risky walking the halls
For the green substance that falls

(Someone tries to walk down the halls while avoiding the toxic waste falling from the ceiling. As he walks cautiously around, the ceiling caves in and a deluge of toxic waste pours onto the floor and threatens to engulf the man, who

runs away.)

You'd best to run--
We might as well be workin' on the sun.

(Marge is talking to a man, who is shaking his head. He points to a sign saying "Hairnets required", and then makes a gesture indicating that there aren't any hairnets available in Marge's size.)

(Marge is wearing a seaman's suit and monocle.)

Marge: (weakly) Arrrr.

(The other people at the "Frying Dutchman" shake their heads.)

(Back to the Simpson house.)

(The song becomes slower and quieter.)

Lisa: There ain't no strike,
Because the union took a hike.
That old Burns decided that he would really like
his assets cashed in and stashed in his room; the fashion
of miserly old men with souls all dark and ashen

(In Springfield:)

Apu: He cheats us,

Quimby: entreats us

Lenny and Carl (in the cafeteria holding pizzas): To cheap and soggy pizzas

Lovejoy: I condemn him to hell with no poss'ble visas

Wiggum: I'd put away the man because the man makes our life hell
But he's so god damned skinny he'd slip OUT OF HIS CELL!

(Lunchlady Doris gives Marge the evil eye and she backs away slowly.)

(Somehow, everyone in Springfield winds up on the beach. Homer, Lenny, and Carl, are wearing sunglasses. Lenny is playing the guitar and Carl is playing the drums again.)

Homer: Is this our fate?
What now? Our funds are running out

This how the rich world turns?
Right now we're feeling the BURNS
Our lives are slowly annexed
As we move into the next
Millenium
We might as well be workin'

Men: Might as well be workin'

(Marge is chased out of a building which reads "Pauly's Paltry Poultry Pantry"
by two dozen chickens.)

Women: Might as well be workin'

Everybody: Might as well be workin' on the sun!

(Homer is driving his car and Bart, Lisa and Maggie are in the back seat.)

Bart: Does anyone else find irony in going somewhere else to eat for mom's
homecooking?

Lisa: Bart, this is mom's first day on the job. We need to be there for her so
she can cook her motherly best.

Homer (angry): Yeah, boy. Our family needs money since Mr. Burns reduced
everyone's salary and we had to sing that song. Hopefully everything will go
swell. (now ridiculously optimistic): And I'm sure that it will.

(They pull into a seedy, run-down dump of a diner in the bad side of town. Bart
and Lisa exit and give the place the once over while Homer takes Maggie out of
the back seat.)

Bart: This place has seen better days.

Lisa: I hope it's seen better days.

(Homer, Bart and Lisa, tug on the rusty door, which promptly falls off its
hinges. The noise draws the attention of the proprietor, Billy Jenkins, the
most pathetic-looking cowboy that side of Springfield Gorge. The rest of the
place is empty. Marge can be seen in the kitchen.)

Marge: Hi kids!

Bart and Lisa: Hi mom!

Billy: You the Simpsons?

Homer: Yeah.

Billy: Welcome to the Greasy Fork. Sit yerself down anywhere ya like. We'll be around to serve ya when we're good and ready.

Homer: Uh, thanks.

Lisa: I thought diners were called "greasy spoons".

Billy: This ain't a diner.

Lisa: O.... kay.

(They sit in the largest booth they can find, which isn't very large. Lisa sits next to Maggie, who sits by the window, and Bart sits across from Maggie next to Homer. Homer leans on the table trying to get comfortable. The tabletop immediately falls off onto Homer and Bart's toes.)

Homer and Bart: AAAH!

Bart: This shall not please.

(Homer balances the top of the table back on its pole. Billy Jenkins comes to take their orders.)

Billy: What kin I git for y'all?

Bart: Hey Silver, where're the menus?

Billy: Where're yer manners?

Lisa: What do you have to make today?

Billy: Soup. Nothing but Billy Jenkins' homemade country-fried soup. Want some soup or dontcha?

Homer: How come nothing my wife makes is on your list? Like pork chops.

Billy: We got soup, Mr. Simpson. Ya want soup, we'll make it. Ya don't want to soup, get the hell outta here.

Bart: With that choice in mind, I'll have soup.

Lisa: Soup it is. With no meat.

(Billy glares at Lisa.)

Lisa: Soup, then.

Homer: Soup.

Maggie: Suck.

Billy: Good choice. It'll be ready sometime this evenin'. (He goes off into the kitchen. Otto the bus driver walks into frame.)

Otto: Whoa, hey Bart dude! I knew you were cool, but I didn't know you'd come to a groovin' place like this! Just don't order Billy's Sandwich for a few years-- gives new meaning to the term "special sauce".

Bart: Gotcha.

Lisa: What sandwich? He only serves soup apparently.

Otto: Uh-oh. Shouldn't have given that away. See ya. (exits.)

(Marge walks to their table, with an apologetic frown.)

Bart: Mom, what gives? You can do better than this place.

Lisa: Mom, that man is scum. You shouldn't destroy your dignity this way.

Bart: You can cook a lot more than whatever stew Billy Boy wants you to make.

Marge: Yes, yes, I know. But the soup isn't that bad, especially after you're used to the smell. Besides, we really need the money.

Homer: Frankly, I'm looking forward to the soup. I'm so hungry I could eat anything. I'm SUUUURE it will go okay!

Lisa: You don't have to take this from him. Stand your ground. How come he won't let you add things to the menu?

Marge: Lisa, you can't just go and take over the business on your first day. I'm working FOR this man, he's given me a job.

Homer: Your mom is right, honey. What you should do is work for the same idiotic boss for ten years and put up with whatever he does. That way, your brain is turned to mush and the dumbest ideas seem like ingenious innovations.

Bart: Say, dad, if you're really hungry, you could eat your fingers.

Homer: Heeeey, you might be on to something there.

(Cut to Marge, who is frowning. We hear a biting sound and then Homer screaming.)

Marge: Well, I understand what you mean, Lisa. I'll see what I can do after closing.

Lisa: Thanks.

Marge: Oh, look. The soup's on.... fire. Hmm. Well, some say it tastes better that way. (exits.)

(The rest of OFF looks disgustedly at each other. After a pause, Marge brings out four bowls of a grayish liquid with unidentifiable brown objects inside. She places one in front of Maggie, then one in front of Bart, then Lisa, and then Homer.)

Marge: Well, enjoy. Or at least do the best you can. (She exits. Billy Jenkins enters and stares gruffly at them.)

Billy: Look, I'm required to ask you if you're enjoying the meal. So are you or ain't you?

(Bart takes a bite and grimaces.)

Bart: Blah! This tastes as bad as Spam covered in Cheez Whiz.

Lisa: Well, at least the silverware is clean. (She examines her spoon, which sparkles under the lamp above them. It stops sparkling, when the light above them goes out, then falls out of its socket into Maggie's soup. Maggie shakes off the mess.)

Billy: Actually, little girl, there's a story behind that. My aunt Jenny, who lives back east in Boston, is a silversmith. Makes jewelry and stuff. (Lisa takes a bite, and is too stunned by the taste of the stuff to remove the spoon.) Anyhoo, I couldn't afford myself a dishwasher, so good ol' Jenny sent me one of his soldering and polishing devices (At this point Lisa figures it out) which we use on all our silverware, such as the one you inserted into your mouth there.

(Lisa spits out her soup and looks at her tongue, which shines as silver as that of Jebediah Springfield.)

Lisa: BLAAAAH! Water! Water!

Billy: I'm afraid we're out of water and any other non-soup beverages.

Homer: You know, I think I'll pass on dinner this evening.

Bart: Me too.

Billy: Probably all for the better. (He collects Maggie's bowl, along with the fallen light bulb, followed next by Lisa's bowl. Now the only two bowls left are on Bart and Homer's side of the table. This imbalance in the weight causes the table to fall again, soup and all. The soup lands on Bart and Homer and the table lands on their toes again. The other end of the table hits Lisa in the nose.)

Homer: Oowww!

Bart: Eeewww!

Lisa: Oooowww!

Billy: Would you fellers like dessert?

Bart, Lisa, and Homer: No!

Billy: That's okay. All we got's soup anyway. Aren't you going to leave a tip?

Lisa: Sir, I demand a refund!

Homer: Lisa! That's not going to get us...

Lisa: It's our money anyway. I don't want this man to get one filthy cent of it.

(Billy looks distraught.)

(Enter Marge)

Marge (angrily): Lisa!

Billy: Uh, well, how would you like to take a tour of the kitchen?

Lisa: No. I wanna go home.

(Marge whispers to Lisa.)

Marge: Please, honey. I need the money. I know it's hard, but apologize.

(Homer, Bart, and Maggie exit.)

(Lisa sighs.)

Lisa: No, mom. This place should have been condemned a million times now.

Marge: Lisa. For me.

Lisa (grudgingly): I'm sorry, Mr. Jenkins.

Billy: Sure you are.

(Lisa scowls at him, and walks away.)

(Marge walks into the kitchen with a frustrated look on her face. She begins washing dishes. Billy follows her.)

Billy (who appears as hurt as a pathetic wannabe cowboy can be): Well, if your family can't accept the smells and tastes of the Greasy Fork, I'll have to ask you to leave too.

Marge: Um, no. No, I'll stay. I'm sorry.

Billy: Better be.

Marge: Um, however, would it be alright if... well, I added some of my own recipes to the menu?

(Billy just stares.)

Marge: Meaning, of course, to leave your own "meals" perfectly intact, and you'd still get most of the profit, but, well, just so that I don't feel whatever talent I have is going to waste.

Billy: No way.

Marge (looking back at him): Please. I need the job but I also need dignity. Please.

(Billy, for the first time, stares at Marge. He has never felt true love as much as he has in that decisive moment. Sure, he never got good grades in school, sure he dropped out at age seven to work on the ranch. Sure he's never had more than ten dollars to his name, but he clearly sees a goddess so rare and true in Marge's being that transcends any and all forms of beauty. He gazes deeply at her modest but feminine body, that womanly aroma breaking and

dispersing all of the kitchen's other foul stench. She is everything Billy Jenkins has ever needed but never had since his mama caught the measles and died when he was one. He is smitten, yet does not dare move forward and caress her maidenly figure and take her into his arms, but rather stares deeply into those loving eyes and vows to grant her every request from now until the day the eternal... well basically he just stares at her a lot.)

Billy: Yes...I understand entirely. We all need... dignity. Sure thing. Just bring the food yourself and show up around eight. The kitchen's yours for the mating. I mean taking.

Marge: Really? Thank you. I'm sorry about my family.

Billy: 'S alright. I feel obliged to give you a chance to help out around this place.

Marge: Thanks, Mr. Jenkins. I feel lucky I applied here.

Billy: So do I.

(Cut to the Burns Manor, which is literally brimming with money.)

Smithers: That's all of it, sir.

Burns: Ah, excellent. I'll never lose my precious money now, what that it's all in plain view.

Smithers: Pardon my concern, but, Y2K aside, don't you think this plan of yours is a little risky? Someone could walk right in and steal a small amount of your money without ever being noticed. You can't possibly watch over every dollar and cent with your own two eyes.

Burns: Pish-posh. When was the last time anyone of the slightest intelligence ever entered Chateau du Burns?

Smithers: Well, that Hoffa fellow came to pay his regards back in...

Burns: And exited as well?

Smithers: Okay, you win.

Burns: Exactly. So my money is totally safe... (looking at money) What the...? (A large duck and three smaller ducks are hopping, almost swimming through Burns' money. One is wearing a top hat and glasses.) How did those ducks get into my money? (He runs offscreen as Smithers watches.) Shoo! Shoo! (Several ducks run past Smithers. Burns enters chases them offscreen the other way.) And

give me back my top hat and glasses! There we go. This will teach you to mess with Montgomery Burns. (From offscreen we hear loud thumping noises and the sound of ducks in serious pain. Then Mr. Burns comes back onscreen, holding one of the ducks.)

Smithers: Well done.

Burns: Indeed. And I did it with my bare hands. And not one cent of my money went to waste.

Smithers: Yes, but if one duck managed to get in, why isn't it possible for one man to get in?

(Burns is shocked.)

Burns: Smithers, this situation is turning ominous. Have an alarm system installed immediately.

Smithers: Y2K, sir?

(Burns looks at Smithers with fear in his eyes.)

(Meanwhile...)

(Cut to a closeup of a man driving a car. He is fairly large, wearing a lavish suit and vest. He wears glasses and has a short beard. He speaks and moves in a very eccentric manner, and always appears unsatisfied and churlish. He is Marvin J. McMillard, world-renowned food critic extraordinaire, and it just so happens that he is driving in Bumtown-- the neighborhood where Marge Simpson works.)

Marvin: (quick, loud and angry) La la la la la! ARGH! Why am I singing? I'm in an awful mood and I've had an awful day. And when I'm in an awful mood and have had an awful day, ya know what I like ta do?

(Pause. The camera zooms out and we see that there's no one else in the car.)

Marvin: (Continuing) I, Marvin J. McMillard, world-renowned food critic extraordinaire, like to give BAD reviews. I like to pour all the anger that's tucked away into my little old brain and spit it all out onto a piece of paper. I love telling the world just how angry I am, ya know what I mean? Ya know what I mean?!?!?! (He ribs no one with his elbow.) Yeah, that's what I thought. That's why I'm driving around in the ugly side of this two-dimensional town: to find food that's so awful that my essay will shine with piquance!

(Cut to the kitchen of The Greasy Fork, where Billy is drooling over some of

Marge's best meals, and Marge for that matter.)

Billy: Ma'am, this is the best steak and onion sandwich I have ever tasted in my life. Just the right amount of barbecue, just enough onion. It's even better than your eighteen different varieties of sandwiches and your nasty-sounding but superb mustard lobster juice. You're gonna save my business, y'know.

Marge: Oh, thank you, Mr. Jenkins. But, really, it's only a family recipe my mother taught to me.

Billy: Hey, you can call me Billy. It'd be alright with me, --Marge--.

Marge: Thank you. It's just too bad no one ever shows up here.

(As if by cue, the entrance door falls off its hinges and there stands the magnificent Marvin J. McMillard. A dramatic and suspenseful chord plays.)

Marvin: Greetings, all! I am Marvin J. McMillard, world-renowned food critic extraordinaire. Ah, I see you don't have tablecloths. How Medieval of you. I suppose I'll just seat myself.

Billy: Oh lordy! A food critic in my restaurant! (He jumps over the counter over to Marvin, who is unfortunately making his way over to the defective table Homer, Bart, and Lisa sat in the previous night.)

Marvin: (gesturing to no one) After you.

(After no one sits down at the defective table, he begins to sit himself.)

Billy: Uh, no! Mr. McMillard, sir. Don't sit there.

Marvin: And why can't we? I'm going to make sure to note your superservient pomposity when I write my review. The first rule about restaurants (if you can even call this roach house such a word), is that your patrons are always first. We feel like sitting here, therefore we shall sit here. (He sits, and leans on the table in sitting. Billy quickly leans on the other side of the table.)

Billy: You sure put me in my place, Mr. McMillard.

Marvin: That I did-- why are you leaning on the table? It's improper and slovenly!

(Fortunately, by now Marvin is settled and the counterbalance is no longer necessary, so Billy stops leaning on the table.)

Billy: I'm so sorry. What would you like to order?

Marvin: Funny you should ask. I see no menus. Did your CAT eat them, my backwoods friend? I think cats in a restaurant are unsanitary and preposterous.

Billy: Ummm-- (He looks at Marge, and then takes a serious gamble.) We don't have any menus, because at this place, we'll make anythin' you order. Anythin'!

Marvin: I'll have an elephant sandwich a la mode.

Billy: I wouldn't recommend it. The last person who ate that got awful sick.

Marvin: Hmmm, that a fact, huh? Okay, I'll have lasagne with radish sauce garnished with blueberries. Try to make that good. I am confident that you will fail.

Billy: Yessir. (He nervously walks into the kitchen, at which point he turns to Marge.)

Marge: What did he order?

Billy (Reluctantly): Lasagne with radish sauce garnished with blueberries. (Marge is about to speak.) Yeah, I know it's a demented thing to order; yeah, I know we ain't got half the ingredients.

Marge: Oh no.

Billy: Please, do the best you can. Dear god. I don't see how this could get any worse.

(As if by cue, the door falls off its hinges, and the ever-disgruntled, ever-flabby Comic Book Guy steps in. A dramatic and suspenseful chord plays.)

CBG: Greetings, Marvin. (To Billy): I too wish to eat here. Serve me immediately or suffer my wrath.

Billy: Lordy! Look, Marge. Do the best you can.

Marge: I will.

Billy: You're a godsend. (He darts back over the counter and up to the CBG, who is approaching Marvin.)

CBG: Ah, Marvin. Long time no see.

Marvin: We can be thankful for that. Still registering your disgust with

everything, eh, lardo?

(CBG sits in the booth next to Marvin's).

CBG: Yes, and I'm here to do what you're here to do: Write the best and most caustic flame ever!

Marvin: And we will do a better job than you, (to no one), --won't we--?
Waiter, where's my meal?

Billy: Just a moment, sir.

Marvin: Hmmph. This idiot here says he'll make anything you want.

CBG: Hmmph. Anything.

Billy: (to CBG) What would you like?

CBG: The better question would be, "What will I have?" Chances are I shan't like it. For your information, I'll have some oats.

Billy: Just plain oats?

CBG: Yes, oats.

Billy: Uhh, coming right up, I guess. (exits)

Marvin: Oh, you think you're devious don't you, my darling? Because no one likes oats. Well, I ordered Radish Lasagne!

CBG: I'd rather have that than oats.

Marvin: You food-unprivy fiend! I take it you've never had radish lasagne before! Well, I am Marvin J. McMillard, world-renowned food critic extraordinaire, and I have, and therefore know just how awful it tastes.

CBG: You must not have eaten many oats before, you drooltoting balshevik. I've eaten many an oat in my day, and they were not very good.

Marvin: As have I, and I know that they are better than radish lasagne.

CBG: Time will tell.

(They nod in unison.)

(Back in the kitchen, Billy is pacing and sweating a lot as Marge shows him her

creation.)

Marge: I didn't have any lasagne noodles, so I taped some spaghetti together using glaze. The tomato sauce has garlic to offset the blueberries which are actually grapes with food coloring. The radishes are the least "potent" I could find. I hope this works.

Billy: What about the oats?

Marge: Got them. They've got a hint of sugar.

Billy: Hold my hand.

Marge: Okay.

(They hold hands as the camera moves up to the clock, which jumps forward about an hour. Cut back to the tables where Marvin and CBG are sitting. Their plates have been cleaned entirely.)

Marvin: My goodness! Was that nummy!

CBG: Best oats ever. (Licks his fingers)

Marvin: I am Marvin J. McMillard, world-renowned food critic extraordinaire, and that was a darn fine meal. (He stands and the table falls off its perch, but he doesn't notice. Billy and Marge approach them.) Are you the proprietor?

Billy: Yessir, but I couldn't have done this without my fabulous Master Chef Marge Simpson.

CBG: Truly, madam, your husband must be the luckiest man in the world.

Marvin: Here's 100 dollars! (Billy takes it.) You both deserve every last cent of it. My sour mood has been spoiled by this wonderful restaurant!

CBG: Mine too. I feel so much better giving people compliments than criticizing them. I think I'll call my ex-girlfriend Wilma and tell her how great she is instead of always highlighting her faults.

Marvin: An innovative idea, brother. Come along, I shall write a marvelous review for the papers.

CBG: And I'll extol the culinary genius of Marge Simpson online.

(Exterior of The Greasy Fork. The door falls off its hinges as CBG and Marvin make their way out, their hands on each others' backs..)

Marvin: These are good times to be merry.

CBG: Make love, not war.

(Homer, Bart, and Lisa run past them in the other direction.)

(Back in the restaurant, the door falls off its hinges and Homer, Bart, and Lisa push their way in.)

Homer: Marge! We've been robbed! All the food is gone.

Bart: They got everything. Even the oats, which no one likes.

Marge: Not to worry, kids. I brought most of our food to work this morning so that I could take your advice, Lisa, and add to the menu.

Lisa: But ALL of it's gone. Even Maggie's birthday cake.

(Marvin comes back in for a minute.)

Marvin: Uh-oh, people. I might have played some part in this malfeasance. As a hobby of mine, I like to break into people's houses and steal baking soda from their refrigerators, and, last night, while doing this, I came across a scrumptious little cake which I confess to have eaten. Sorry, no harm intended.

Sideshow Mel: And I ate all the baby food. (He wipes his mouth with a bib with a picture of a teddy bear on it.)

Marge: Ohhh! Well THAT explains it. See, everything turns out okay. And I'm glad I brought our food to work, Homer, because WE got one hundred dollars.

(Billy waves it contemptuously at Homer.)

Billy: Marge Simpson, I'm giving you a raise!

Lisa: Excellent! I love you, mom. I told you this would happen if you just stood up for yourself.

Homer: (Jealous, but still happy about the money.) Yeah. Congrats.

Bart: I love it when things turn out swell!

(Billy, Marge, Bart, and Lisa embrace. Homer looks at them, and looks down sadly.)

(Back at the Simpson place, Homer looks at his wallet. There are two dimes in it. He puts the wallet in his pocket and forlornly slumps onto the couch.)

Homer: There'd better be something good on TV. Lord knows there's nothing good on this side of the screen.

Announcer: We now return to the Sesame Street full-length feature-- Ernie to the Center of the Earth!

(Cut to a shot of the famous comic muppet duo, Bert and Ernie, who are sitting in a cave. Ernie is chuckling at Bert, who is melting.)

Ernie: Hey Bert! I think you're melting! Hkhkhkhkhkhkh!

Bert (liquefied): ERNIE!

(The channel changes.)

(Cut to: The Flanders Show.)

(Ned Flanders reads his Bible to himself in front of an audience, humming happily. After a while, he looks out at them, saying:)

Ned: I sure do love my bible!

(Homer angrily turns off the television.)

Homer: Okay, that's it.

(Cut to Mr. Burns' office at SNPP. Burns has dark circles under his eyes.)

Mr. Burns (disoriented): Smithers? Some more coffee please.

Smithers: Coming up sir. (He walks over to a coffee machine.) You know, we could bury the money somewhere.

Mr. Burns: I'm not a bloody pirate, Smithers! There's too much there to be buried anyway.

Smithers: I guess.

Mr. Burns: I wish there was some way to... watch over the money. We could... watch over the money together.

Smithers: Anything you say, sir.

Mr. Burns: Unless you're a robot who's been after my money for thirty years, waiting for Y2K!!! Are you a robot, Smithers? ARE YOU?

(Smithers looks around nervously.)

(Enter Homer.)

Homer (with murder in his eyes): Burns! My life's turning weird and it's all your fault! I demand you give us the money we deserve!

Burns: Smithers, be a good robot and dispose of this madman.

Smithers: Don't come any closer to Mr. Burns. He's having some very troubling money problems, something which you couldn't possibly know anything about.

Homer: You can't do this before the holidays, Burns! If we had a union, we'd strike!

Burns: My what a temper. Here, put on this doggie collar. Go on, put it on.

Homer: No!

Smithers: Do as he says; he isn't in full possession of his faculties.

Homer: No, I'm going to call my lawyers and the Better Business Bureau, and, and, and... Santa Claus, and, and I'll see to it that this ends! You watch!

Burns: But... how can you make a phone call-- if you can't taaaaaalk?

(Burns looks with deadly precision at Homer.)

Smithers: Uh, no, Mr. Burns. Not for a thousand years, anyway.

Burns: Argh. Very well. Call whomever you like. You'll see it's hopeless! Hopeless as... a fish in a volcano!

Homer: (pointing accusing finger) We'll see about THAT!

(Homer marches out of the room to a dramatic march.)

(He then marches up the side of a volcano holding a fish. He chucks the fish into the volcano and it disintegrates.)

Homer: Awww, he was right.

(He sits on the edge of the volcano and sighs.)

(End of Act II.)