

Before Marge  
by Jake Lennington

[Fade In]

OFF is seated at the dinner table eating. Homer, who just arrives, is a mess. His shirt is heavily soiled, face dirty and his two hairs are hanging limp.

Homer: [Strained] Hi, everybody!

Marge: Homer! What happened? You look horrible!

[Homer mumbles as he shuffles over to his chair]

Lisa: [looks at the clock] And you're over an hour late, too!

Homer: 'sigh' [puts his head face down on the kitchen table and makes incoherent noises] I think I'll quit my job tomorrow and. . .

Marge: [interrupting] Hrmm...Now Homer, before you make any rash judgements--

Homer: No wait, Marge! I already DID quit.

Marge: [sarcastic] Not again, Homer. Just how many times do you think Mr. Burns will give you your job back?

Bart: He's up to six, but who's counting?

[The camera zooms in on Marge's angry face]

Homer VO: Marge, what's for dessert?

Marge: HRMMMMM!!!!

[The scene changes to Marge on the phone as she nervously plays with the phone cord]

Marge: . . .And he just quit his job, again! I don't know what to say!

Pattie: Just give him the two greatest syllables in the English language: "Dee-Vorce"! C'mon! You owe it to him, Marge!

Marge: [she plays with the phone cord] No, that's two harsh, Selma--

Pattie: [interrupts] Pattie.

Marge: Sorry, Pattie, but I don't want a divorce, but I can't let him off the hook, either. I just wish there was a happy medium!

Pattie: Marge, don't go anywhere tonight, Selma and I will be right over and make sure Homer-sapien is there, because we want to teach him some respect for his family [she hangs up]

Marge: Hey, wait! [hears dialtone] Hmmm..

Home VO: Hey, Marge, who are you talking to?

Marge: Pattie.

Homer: [crazily happy] And just HOW is she doing?

Marge: She's coming over in a few minutes.

Homer: [screams] D'oh! My first night of being free of a job and she has to foul it up--

Marge: [mad, interrupting] Homer! I'm glad she's coming over! Maybe they can scare you out this case of the mental hiccups.

Homer: Aww...Crap! Your just jealous, Marge, because you haven't been able to quit YOUR job yet!

Marge: [dully] 'Sigh!' Homer, I'm not employed.

Homer: [with the Church lady whine] Well now, isn't that special!

Marge: And for what it's worth, Homer, I hope my sisters chew your sorry butt off.

Homer: Well, they'll just have to find me first!

Marge: Why?

Homer: Because I'm going to Moes.

[Homer grabs his coat and makes a hasty exit]

Marge: Sometimes I wonder why I live so close to a bar. . .

[The scene cuts to Bart and Lisa as Bart calls Moes]

Bart: Hello, Moe's tavern? I'm looking for a Ms. Banks, first name Robbin.

[Lisa and Bart begin to giggle]

Moe: Hold on I'll check.. .Hey is anyone here Robbin Banks. C'mon! I need to know if anyone here is Robbin Banks!

[The bar is nearly empty except for Barney, Eddie and Lou]

Barney: (laughing) Maybe. How do you think I can afford to make my beer payments, Moe?

Lou: [to Barney] Hey, fatso, we had three unsolved bank robberies this week . You wouldn't have anything to do with it, would you, rummy!

Barney; Huh?

Eddie: Lou, we'd better haul his drunk ass in!

[Barney is cuffed and stuffed into the squad car and is hauled away]

Moe: Okay you little, punk! You've just cost me my best customer! When I get hold of you, I'm gonna beat so much tar out of you, they'll be repaving main street with your face!

[Bart and Lisa hang up, but continue to laugh]

Bart: I haven't done one of the those for a while!

Marge: [worried] Kids, I just finsihed talking to your father and. . .

Lisa: [Dull] We heard. He's in one of his 'jerky' moods again.

Bart: Yeah, and he bailed to Moes.

[Pattie and Selma burst in, scaring Marge]

Pattie: Who's headed for Moes!?!

Marge: [jumps a little] Damn! Don't sneak up on me like that!

Selma: Who do you think, dear sister?

[Pattie and Selma laugh and head for the door. The rest of the family follows. Meanwhile at Moes, Homer is seated in his usual booth.]

Homer: Moe, where is everybody?

Moe: I don't know, Homer. The barflies are on vacation and Barney got arrested for god knows what!

[Moe passes Homer a beer]

Homer: I guess I'll just be drinking alone, 'sigh'....lousy sisters. . .

Moe: C,mon! Cheer up, Homer. Despite the drab solitude in here, you can still have a good time.

Homer: [puzzled] How?

Moe: Ah...um. . .ah, [scratches the back of his head] Wait, I got it!

[He reaches under the counter and pulls out an opened envelope]

Moe: Homer, I got this letter from a friend of mine upstate yesterday. Funny thing is that inside it had a note attached saying I should give you this. [Moe slaps an old folded piece of paper on the counter] Read up!

Homer: [opens the letter and quickly reads most of it to himself] Where did your friend get this?

Moe: He told me that he found it wedged into the glove box in an old Dodge he was rebuilding.

Homer: A 1971 Dodge Charger?

Moe: Yeah, had did you know, Homer?

Homer: [let's out a contented 'sigh'] Because it was my first car. [He holds up the letter] And this letter was a message of deep love I shared with a special lady at the time.

Moe: Marge?

Homer: No, Moe. I met her two years before Marge in the summer before my sophomore year. Her name was. . . [OFF enters Moes]

Homer: . . .Alexis.

Pattie: Homer! Just who, or what is 'Alexis'?

Homer: [surprised] Pattie! She's, ah, um. . .She's a, um car!

Marge: Then why did you call the car 'she'?

Selma: Well, if the Pilsbury Beer Boy one rotten egg! Now he's got another woman on the mind!

Marge: Now, everyone please calm down. [She turns to Homer] Homer, please tell me what is going on, and who is this Alexis?

Homer: 'sigh' Oh I wish I didn't have to talk about her.

Lisa: Dad, bringing your problem out into the open might be the best way putting past demons to rest.

Bart: Aww, not another flashback again. I just hope we don't end up singing again.

Homer: Quiet boy. [takes a deep breath] Marge, I love you very much, but please remember as I tell you this, these things happened before I met you so I hope you don't become upset.

Marge: Okay, I'll try not to, Homer. Just keep the depravity down to a minimum.

[Bart, Lisa, Pattie & Selma gather around while Moe washes some beer mugs]

Homer: Well, my story begins in the summer of 1971. Barry White's bassy low voice gave America the low end it needed, Paul McCartney was found alive and well in England despite being thought dead even after releasing a solo record, and I was on top of the world driving around my brand new car. . .

[Flashback begins. Abe and Homer leave the car dealer and begin the five mile drive back to Springfield across the desert]

Homer: We must be the luckiest people alive. You won your house on some game show and I got lucky and won this car in a raffle!

Abe: Homer, I wouldn't be so trite if I was you. Something this good doesn't mean your luck will last forever. I bet there will be an equally

opposite string of Bad luck waiting for you in the days to come!

Homer: Dad, why are you always trying to make me feel bad?

Abe: Son, don't take my bashing of you lightly. Just after I won the house your mom died and I've been stuck raising you ever since.

Homer: [sarcastic] Well, dad. I'd hate to have to drop you off, but after your gone, I'm gonna go pick me up some women!

Abe: Don't make me laugh! You couldn't get a girl if you were the last man on earth.

[Voice over] Homer: Just before we got back into Springfield, dad and I stopped at Jittery Joe's and that's when I met her. . .

Homer: I'll meet you inside in a second, dad. I have to use the can in back.

Abe: Well, hurry up!

[Homer walks around back to the bathroom just as he turns the corner, he runs into Alexis]

Alexis: [with her hair in mess over her face, she tries to part it and talk to Homer at the same time] Excuse, me! Can't you see where you are going?

Homer: [shyly] I, ah, um. .. Well, I'm sorry--

Alexis: [face clear of hair now] Homer, you should be a bit more careful.

Homer: 'gasp'! How did you know my name?

Alexis: It's on your Krusty Burger name tag, silly!

Homer: [flirting] . . .And your name is?

Alexis: Alexis Crowly

Homer: My last name is Simpson.

Alexis: [coy] Well, Homer Simpson, I guess I'll be talking to you later, then.

Homer: Really? When?

Alexis: I just got a job working at the Krusty Burger. I'll be starting tomorrow. [With a flirting wink, Alexis heads over to her shiny, new Mustang]

Homer: [to himself] Wow, I don't think I've ever been so excited to go to work in my life.

[The scene jumps back to Moes]

Homer: . . .And that was the truth, everybody.

Lisa: Was she pretty?

Homer: Uh, huh, but the thing that made the moment even more special was that she liked me at first sight as much as I liked her. If not more.

Pattie: Damn, Selma. He could've married her and we would've never had to put up with him!

[Back in the Krusty Burger in 1971, Homer and Alexis arrive at work]

VO Homer: This was so exciting, I got put in charge of training her at Krustyburger!

[The scenes blend together in a collage as Homer is seen working the various stations in the grill area. At each station, he manages to hurt himself in some way or another. Finally, the pair end up, alone, at the mop sink in back]

Homer: [excited] Alexis, this is the wonderful Mop Sink! From here we can get the floors wonderfully spic and span!

Alexis: Wow, Homer you really do know your stuff around here. Do you plan on becoming a manager someday?

Homer: Hell no, Alexis! I heard they are coming out with dangerous equipment that can even hurt me more than this. [He holds up his bandaged right hand]

Alexis: Like what?

Homer: We're getting Microwave ovens! No way am getting near anything that gives off radiation!

Alexis: [leans towards Homer a little] Homer, you know what?

Homer: [sly] Yeeessss...

Alexis: I think we're alone now. There doesn't seem to be anyone around.

[She leans forward and gives him a long kiss on the lips]

Homer: [in shock] Alexis. You, you kissed me!

Alexis: Did I do wrong?

Homer: [choked up] Um, we need to go outside and talk a little.

[Outside by the stockade, Homer and Alexis stand just outside of sight of the restaurant]

Homer: I need a little clarification, Alexis.

Alexis: What?

Homer: You're not going out with me on a dare, right?

Alexis: Right, but . . .

Homer: [excited] And your not going out with me for my car, right?

Alexis: My car is just as nice as yours, Homer.

Homer: So what's the catch?

Alexis: [sincere] Homer, there is no catch. I've been watching you at school, Homer. I've watched as the girls laughed at you and how sad you looked when you couldn't find anyone to be your girlfriend. I've been watching you for a while, but I never had the nerve to go up to you personally--

Homer: [excited] --So when I ran into you outside Jittery Joe's--

Alexis: Fate must have stepped in and after working with you today, I can see that you a kind, wonderful guy.

Homer: [blushing] Aww...

[Warmly, Alexis and Homer look into each other's eyes and are just about to kiss when Homer's boss comes out]



Boss: Homer! Is this how you treat all your trainees?

Homer: [jokingly] Only the women!

Alexis: [laughs and slaps Homer on the butt] Good one, Homie.

Homer: [embarrassed] Oooh. . .

END OF ACT ONE

Boss: Okay, you two pigeons, I leave you alone together for a little while and look at what happens!

Alexis: I'm sorry, sir, I shouldn't be such a flirt.

<Alexis smiles at Homer>

Boss: Well, girl, with you being new here, I'll cut you some slack. However, for you Homer, I'm going to put you on latrine duty. . .

<A dumbfounded look crosses Homer's face>

Homer: Uh, boss. . .what's a 'latrine'?

<Alexis whispers the meaning of the word to Homer>

Homer: Do'h!

<The scene shifts back to Moe's. Homer is still seated on his stool, while the family is sitting on the pool tables, and Moe is wiping down glasses behind the bar>

Lisa: Wow, to be in love at such a young love!

Bart: 'sputter'! What's this thing call love? Geez!

<Homer turns to Marge>

Homer: Marge, I was never happier than I was at that time at Krusty burger.

Marge: <Fuming> [Really Annoyed Grunt]

Homer: <Embarrassed> Ah, I mean UP TO that point in my life! <Homer

nervously laughs>

Moe: Homer, relax! It's in the past. . .

Lisa: <Interrupting> But Moe, the past is what moulds us into what we are today!

Moe: Oh, Lisa. You're so smart at such a young age! <To himself> Yeah, right. I can't even remember the last time I went to the bathroom.

Selma: So, Homer, did you both stay working at Krusty Burger?

<The Scene Changes back to 1971.>

Homer VO: Yeah, Selma. For weeks, everyday repeated itself and then August came. . .

<Homer let's out a lovey-dovey sigh as the nighttime sky comes into view. The view pans down onto Homer and Alexis as they sit side by side on the hood on Homer's car. Together they're both watching the starry, nighttime sky>

Homer: Wow, that's a big sky!

Alexis: That it is, Homer. That it is.  
<Alexis leans very close to Homer and rests her head on his right shoulder>

Alexis: Homer, I've been thinking. . .

Homer: About what?

Alexis: Us, our future together, and things we might be able to do.

Homer: Oh. <Homer leans his head against Alexis'>  
'Those' things.

<Alexis leans back and looks Homer in the eye>

Alexis: Homer. . .How would you like to run away with me. We could get out of this boring, little town together and start a life of our own--Out there with no one telling us what to do. Think about it, we could call our own shots and--

Homer: <Interrupting> Alexis? Are you serious?

Alexis: Very.

Homer: I don't know what to say, I'm-I'm at a loss for words!

Alexis: Homer, I know this may be a shocking revelation, but I really want you to think this over. Please?

Homer: 'sigh' Okay, I will.

<Alexis gets off the car and checks her watch>

Alexis: Nuts! It's 9:30, Homer. I have to be going home now.

Homer: Well, I'll see you tomorrow, honey.

<Homer and Alexis give each other a hug. Without saying another word, Alexis walks back to her car which is off screen. SFX: Car starting up and driving off down a dirt road. By himself, Homer looks down at feet and then at Alexis as she drives off>

<An hour later in his bedroom, Homer is lying awake as Abe walks in>

Abe: Son, aren't you asleep yet?

<Homer throws the blanket off his chest and sits up>

Homer: Dad, it's about Alexis. She wants to run away and she wants me to come along, too.

Abe: So, son. You're dating a wild young stallion, eh? All I can say is that you should follow your heart, but be prepared, your heart might not know where it wants to go, son.

Homer: <Mildly surprised> Dad. . .that's the most beautiful thing I've heard you say!

Abe: Well, I guess I'm full of wonderful anecdotes!

<Abe gives Homer a mild noogie and exits>

Abe [off screen]: Goodnight, son.

<After Abe shuts the door, Homer throws off the blanket and slips into a pair of jeans and a t-shirt>

Homer: <Opens the window> Alexis, here I come!

<The Scene jumps back to Moes. Pattie and Marge have looks on their faces as if they are thinking "like, whatever!" while Selma is listening quite intently.>

Homer: So, there I was sneaking out of my room. Dad had no clue that I was about to embark on a trip that was about to take me farther than I had ever been away from Springfield in my life. . .

<The scene changes back to 1971. At the end of Alexis' driveway, Homer pulls up in his Cuda. Quietly, he gets out of the car and throws some tiny pebbles against Alexis' bedroom window. Within a few moments, the light comes on>

Homer: Yes!

<Slowly, the window opens and Alexis peeks out>

Alexis: Homer! Is that you?

Homer: Yeah. Listen, I thought about what you said earlier, and, um. . .I wanna do it.

Alexis: <nervous> You mean it? Homer, you really, Really, REALLY, want to leave Springfield?

Homer: Look, it's not like I'm going to live here all my life and raise a family, or something. I figure I'll be out of this town in a couple of years, so what the hey, I might as well leave now with you.

Alexis: Oh, Homer!

<Still wearing her PJ's, Alexis comes running out of the house in the dark and gives him a hug>

Alexis: Well, you might as well come in, Homer. It's going to take me a little while to pack.

Homer: Alexis, aren't your parents home?

Alexis: Nope, they're gone for the weekend.

<A short while later, the pair are sitting in Homer's car and are ready to begin the trip>

Homer: So, where shall we go first?

Alexis: California.

<Homer turns on the radio>

Homer: And now a little traveling music. . .

<The Beatles song: "Two Of Us" plays>

Alexis: Oh, wow! I love this song!

<Homer starts up the car and starts to drive off and Alexis begins to sing>

Alexis: ". . . You and I have memories, longer than the road that stretches out ahead." C'mon Homer, sing along!

<Alexis pokes Homer with her elbow>

Homer: Ah. . ."Two of us, something, riding, ah, something, getting going on and on, ah. . ." Ah, I don't think that's how the song goes!

Alexis: Don't worry, Homer. I can fill you in on the words as we go along.

Homer Voice over: And so we began our trip out west. With only a couple of dollars on me, I didn't know what to expect next, and suddenly the world seemed like much bigger place. . .

<As Homer and Alexis speed off, the scene gradually changes from the deserted, Springfield streets at night, to a highway running through a Kansas cornfield at sunrise.>

<With the radio off, Homer is asleep in the passenger seat while Alexis is at the wheel. Coming to a crossroad, a small diner catches Alexis' eye and she pulls off. A moment later, she nudges Homer and he wakes up.>

Homer: 'yawn!' What. . .time. . .is. . .it?

Alexis: It's about seven, Homer. I think we made pretty good time.

Homer: Where are we we?

Alexis: We're about to head over that diner over there to get some breakfast, Homer.

Homer: Sounds good!

<Alexis and Homer pass the red neon diner's sign that reads: "Sheri's Delite", but the letter's "eri's" and "Del" are blinking on and off.>

<Inside, Homer and Alexis are greeted by a slightly grungey waitress. On her shirt the nametag reads: Nina>

Nina: <in a Southern accent> Sir, what would you like today?

Homer: I dunna. . .what's good?

Nina: That depends, are you a local boy?

Homer: How does that make a difference---

Nina: Ya, see? Our chef don't like to make things on the menu that are out of the norm, so if you'd like to order somthin, I'd suggest you'd get one of the regular things on the menu, so things don't get ugly.

Alexis: <Sarcastic> Okay, what is 'normal'?

<Nina points out a few things on the menu>

Alexis: Well, what's going to happen if I don't want any of those choices?

<Nina looks across the diner at a big burly guy seated at the counter. She gives him a wink. Gradually, he stands up and looks Homer in the eye>

Nina: I don't know, girl, it's just that no one's ever tried to order what didn't 'suggest'.

Alexis: That's it! Homer, let's get the hell out of here! <She stands up and Homer begins to get up, too> I don't think I've been in a dumpier place than this!

Nina: Oh, and there's one other thing--our chef don't like it when you leave without ordering something.

<Nina winks at the big guy at the counter who stands up this time. Slowly, he walks up to Homer and Alexis as they are on the way out>

Guy: Trying to leave on us, aren't you?

<Towering over Homer, he looks down at both of them>

Homer: 'gulp!'

<Unafraid, Alexis looks at the guy in the eye>

Alexis: Ooh, you look sooo big and strong, why don't we have some fun!

<Homer looks at Alexis as she smiles back. Looking around, she spots a salt shaker>

Guy: Are you trying to flirt with me, little girl?

Alexis: No, I'm trying to distract you!

<As quickly as she could, Alexis grabs the salt shaker and pulls the top off and hurls a salty cloud into the guy's eyes. Blinded, the guy staggers around and Homer and Alexis make a run for the exit a few feet away>

Nina: Oh my god! Sombdy stop them!

<A few roughneck patrons who had been watching get up and come running towards Alexis and Homer>

Homer: Oh, crap!

Alexis: <Noticing a broom> Homer! Go for the car! I got an idea!

<Homer bolts out of the diner while Alexis stops just outside the doorway and shoves the broom handle through the door handles causing the door to become unopenable. From behind the glass doors, at least five people are pushing against the doors trying to get out>

Alexis: <Getting into the passenger seat> Homer! Drive!

Homer: Agreed!

<The 'Cudda fishtails out of the parking lot and is about a half mile down the road as the people in the diner finally break out>

Alexis: <looking back> Whew! Homer, I don't think we're being followed!

Homer: Whoa! That was VERY exciting, but I wouldn't want to go through

that again.

Alexis: Me, too. I don't think that was worth repeating.

<Reaching inside her purse, Alexis pulls out her camera and snaps a picture of Homer>

<The scene instantly changes back to Moe's>

Marge: So, Homer, do you still have the picture?

Homer: 'sigh' No. Alexis had all of the pictures of us together at the time and--

Bart: <Interrupting> Wow, dad! She must have been a hellion! The throwing salt into his eyes, and the broom handle thing. . .wow! I wish can meet a girl like that!

Lisa: You did, Bart. Remember? She hung you out to dry.

Bart: Oh, yeah!

Selma: So, after you both ditched the rednecks, then what?

Homer: Well, we decided to wait until we got into a 'larger' city before we ate something. It seems out west there were nothing but greasy thug diners that were hotbeds of trouble.

<The scene cuts back to the past. It's night and this time Homer is driving while Alexis is asleep. Pulling into a hotel, Homer parks under the sign which reads: "No Name Inn==Our Name Says it All".>

END OF ACT TWO

<The scene changes to the inside of the Inn as Homer enters the office. He is greeted by the office clerk>

Homer: Um, one room for the night for two, please.

Clerk: That will be Fifteen dollars, son.

<Homer reaches into his pocket and takes out all of his money. He looks down and notices he is a few dollars short>



Homer: Ah, I'm a little short, would it be okay if we could make a deal?

<Alexis enters from behind>

Alexis: <Half asleep> That's okay, Homer. I've got it.

<The scene changes to inside the room where Homer and Alexis are sitting on each one of their beds.>

Homer: Alexis, thanks for covering the hotel room for us.

Alexis: Eh, don't mention it.

<Alexis tiredly lies down, but stays awake.>

Homer: Alexis, I've been thinking. . . Don't get offended, or anything, but I was wondering if there was anything that you weren't telling me about this trip?

<Alexis sits up>

Alexis: Homer, there is a person I do plan to visit in San Francisco. He's my half brother from my Dad's first marriage and he's a travel agent who can get us tickets to anywhere in the world.

Homer: Wow. . .

Alexis: And, get this, he's got two tickets for us to go to France!

Homer: I don't know, France is so far away! I mean, how will I stay in touch with my friends from Springfield? What about Barney? Dad?

Alexis: You can write or call them, or visit them on occasion!

Homer: But I can't even speak French!

Alexis: Please, Homer. I really want you to go with me. Besides, we can learn how to speak French together!

Homer: 'sigh', I wish I could just leave my life behind here as easy as you can. . .

<Back at Moes, Homer is slumped down in his chair>

Homer: . . And that was the truth.

Lisa: Dad, I would've hated to be in your shoes. Young love torn between family and the girl of your dreams.

Moe: Man that is depressing, Homer! Here, have a beer on the house!

Marge: Give me one, too!

<Everyone looks at Marge>

Marge: Well, I can drink, too you know. Besides, with a story this depressing, a little beer can't hurt.

Homer: Aww, thanks for the support, honey.

Marge: Don't mention it.

Selma: What the hey, I'll take one, as well.

<Moe passes Selma a glass>

Moe: Homer, are there any 'other' girlfriends? I mean, you should come here on a slow night with a bunch of friends and talk about your past acquaintances and 'poof!' beer sales double!

Lisa; I guess this means that when one person drinks alone he's a drunk and when everyone drinks together, it's a party.

Moe: That it is, little girl, that it is!

Bart: Okay, Homer, you find out that she wanted to go to France with you, so now what?

<The scene cuts back to the past>

<Homer and Alexis arrive in San Fransisco around noon. Down by the bay area, they pull into Alexis' brother's driveway.>

Homer: Hey, he's got a pretty nice place here!

<Homer looks out over the bay area>

Homer: And check out this view, whoa!

<Homer watches the ship move slowly along the bayside across the water>

Alexis: It is indeed lovely, Homer.

<Homer and Alexis walk up to the house and knock on the door. A moment later, a tall, thin man answers.>

Pierre: (In a thick, French accent) Ah, Alexis! It's so good to see you, ah? And who is this young man you bring with? You gotta man?

Homer: (shy) I'm Homer Simpson, sir.

Pierre: Homer, eh? What a name--only in America!

<The scene cuts back to Moes>

<Homer is finishing the last few drops of his beer. Seated beside him, Marge is slightly woozey from her glass.>

Marge: I think I'm gonna---

<Marge's cheeks bulge as he suddenly runs for the ladies room>

Moe: Aww, jeez! My old office! 'sigh' I just finished cleaning it out!

Pattie: Now there's a girl who can't hold her liquor. 'sigh' Selma, I'll be right back.

<Pattie makes her way to the bathroom>

Selma: <on the edge of her seat> So, Homer, what happened after you arrived at Alexis' brother's house?

Homer: It started out like a dream. . .

<The bar fades out and the wet bar in the basement of the house fades in>

<It's now late evening. Seated on a stool next to Alexis, Homer fixes comes his hair in the mirror behind the bar>

Alexis: Homer, my you look handsome!

Homer: <Blushing> As always, Alexis.

Alexis: Homer Simpson, did you get an ego all of a sudden?

Homer: No, I'm still the same lovable oaf you've grown to to love.

<Homer warmly smiles at Alexis>

Homer: And speaking of love. . .

Alexis: Yeessss. . .

<Homer and Alexis come within an inch of kissing each other when Pierre enters>

Pierre: Oh my! I didn't meant to, ah, as you say, Stifle the romance, but I need to talk to Alexis for a little while, Homer.

<Alexis gets up and smiles back at Homer as she leaves the room with Pierre>

<The camera focusus in on the clock. The time gradually fades from 8 to 9:30>

Homer: Where is she?

<Homer gets up and heads for the stairs. After reaching the top, he looks into the empty kitchen to the right and then down to the hallway to his left. Tip-toeing, he silently makes his way down the hall. As he makes his way down the hall, he hears what sounds like a heated arguement coming from behind the last door.>

Homer: <Putting his ear against the door> Huh?

<From behind the door, Homer listens>

Pierre: . . .How could drag that boy into this, Alexis?! Dad didn't request that I send you these tickets so you could bring a friend! He wanted you to bring yourself and your mother! Not some guy you met---

Alexis: That's not fair, Pierre! I love him! I can't leave without him.

Pierre: Bah! You are sixteen, girl. You haven't even known what love is!

Alexis: <Starting to cry> No. . .How can you say that! <sniff> That's it, I'm leaving. .

Pierre: Alexis, wait!

<Alexis runs towards the door and quickly opens it, revealing Homer with

his ear to where the door was.>

Homer: <Suprised> Ah. . .

Alexis: Homer! I can explain--

Pierre: <Harshly interrupting> No, let me. Homer, I'm sorry you were involved with this farce. You weren't meant to be here.

Homer: But. . .

Alexis: Homer!

Pierre: <Loud> ALEXIS! WILL YOU HUSH? <Calming down> Alexis, I know this is harsh, but please understand. <He turns to Homer> I'm sorry I couldn't, how you say, tell you beforehand. If I had known that you were coming, I would've called Alexis' parents.

<A look of dissapointment creeps across Homer's face. Inside he didn't know whether to laugh, cry, scream or just tune out of reality.>

Pierre: I'm sorry you came all this way for nothing, Homer, but now I must ask you to please leave. If you need money, I can--

Homer: No, no. I got the cash to get back to Springfield.

<Homer hangs his head low as he turns to leave.>

<The camera focuses on Pierre as he holds Alexis back. She is crying uncontrollably as Pierre maintains a firm gaze>

<The scene cuts back to Moes>

Homer; 'sigh'. . .It was at that moment that I felt the most hurt. I couldn't think, much less drive.

Lisa: <eyes welling up> Dad, that was terrible what Pierre did to you two.

Homer: Yeah it was, but all was not lost. . .

<The scene changes to Homer on a high hilltop overlooking the bay area. Sitting alone on the hood of his car, he is looking down at the lights of the ships as they pull into dock>

Homer: (To himself) 'Sigh'....Homer, the first girl you met. Pffft!

Dad was right! This car did bring me bad luck.

<In a crappy mood, Homer hops off the hood of his car and picks up a rock and throws it down into the valley. A second later the sound of a windowing being shattered and woman scream is heard>

Homer: Ooops.

<A low voice comes up from behind>

Voice: Girl problems?

Homer: <Turns around>: Yes, but who are you?

Barry: Call me Barry and who are you? <Barry over Homer and in the darkness manages to get a good glimpse of him> Say, you are kinda a young one aren't you?

Homer: I'm sixteen, and by the way my name is Homer.

Barry: Homer, eh? Only in America. . .

Homer: Man, that is some voice you have there, Barry.

Barry: Uh, huh. I'm a gonna become rich one day by singing words of love to woman around the world, but until then, how can I help a yellow brother like yourself with a girl problem?

Homer: It's not between her and me, Barry. Her brother is keeping us apart so she can be shipped off to France to visit her father.

Barry: <Rubs his chin> Family, eh? Well, I'm afraid you might not be able to see her for a while.

Homer: Why?

Barry: Family ties run deep, Homer. If you try to break them, you might never get to see Alexis again. <thinks for a second> Why don't you write her a letter with your address and make it so you can keep the relationship open.

Homer: Hey, that's a good idea, Barry!

Barry: Thanks!

<Homer gets into his car and peel out leaving Barry alone>

Barry: <looks at his watch> Damn! Where is she? She said she'd meet me up here! I hate getting stood up!

<The scene cuts to Homer parked outside of Pierre's house. Eagerly, Homer is writing a letter to Alexis as the sunrise slowly comes up.>

Homer: There, done and done!

<Homer folds up the letter and places it in the envelope and sets it on the passenger seat.>

Homer: Now, to give her the final goodbye.

<Slowly, Homer gets out of the car and walks upto the front door of the house and knocks, but there is no answer>

Homer: Nuts!

<A small piece of paper catches Homer's eye. He quickly unfolds it and reads it>

Homer: "Homer, I'm sorry for all the millage I put you through. I'm leaving for the airport and my flight is leaving at 8:30, so if you can make it, it would mean the world to me. . ."

<Homer checks his watch, it reads 8:02>

Homer: Oh, my god! I'm coming, Alexis!

<Homer slams on the gas and the car roars ahead, a second later, he slams on the breaks>

Homer: D'oh! I don't know the way to the airport!

<A familar voice yells to Homer from across the street>

Barry: Homer! Is that you?

Homer: Barry! Do you know wich way to the airport?

Barry: Yeah! Do you need directions?

Homer: YES! GET IN!

<Barry runs across the street and gets in. Less than a second after

closing the door, Homer hammers the gas>

Homer: Barry, tell me how to get to the airport!

Barry: Take a right at the next light!

<The tires make a screeching noise as the car veers to the right>

Barry: So, Homer, what's the scoop?

Homer: Alexis' plane is leaving at 8:30 and this might be my only time to see her again!

Barry: Homer! Look out!

<A psychedelic VW bug nearly collides with Homer and a Camera truck following the bug nearly hits Homer, too.>

Homer: What were they doing? Filming a movie?

<The shot changes to the Bug as it sits on top of a knocked over fire hydrant.>

Troy McClure: <Stares at the damaged front end of the car> Damn! This movie looks like it's going to be delayed again! "Great Frisco Slim"? What kind of name is that too?

<The shot changes back to Homer as he pulls into the drop off zone at the airport>

Homer: Barry! Wait here! I'll be right back!

<Sprinting, Homer enters the main concourse and head for the general flight center in the center of the commercial airline ticket counters>

Homer: <Panting> Miss! Can you tell me where the next flight for France is boarding?

<The lady quickly flips through some notes>

Lady: The next flight is the 8:30 one boarding at gate 42 over in the Southwest wing and...

<Homer takes off running>

Homer: <Yells back> Thank you!



<After fighting his way through a small crowd of people, Homer finally arrives at boarding area 42.>

Homer: <looking around> Alexis! Alexis, where are you? <He looks at his watch> 8:20? There's the plane, but where is she?

<From a group of people behind Homer, she yells for Homer>

Alexis: Homer! Over here!

<With his heart beating a mile a minute, Homer runs to her>

Homer: Alexis!

<Time seems to come to a crawl as they run to each other and catch each other in one, long, hug>

Alexis: Homer, you're crying. . .

<She wipes a tear away>

Homer: 'snif' Yeah, I guess I am. Heh.

Alexis: I'm glad you made it, Homer.

Homer: You can come back with me. . .

Alexis: No! I mean, no. My father needs me, I just wish you could come, but that would only anger him.

Homer: Alexis, I, I don't understand. . .

Alexis: You will someday, Homer. But for now. . .

<Alexis pulls Homer down and gives him the biggest kiss of his life and for the first time, Homer isn't shy enough withhold his kiss back>

<All around, the people in the airport stare at them. A few rowdy people begin to applaud and cheer and then everyone else begins to cheer, too.>

Pierre: <Exiting a washroom> Hey!

<The loudspeaker blares: Gate 42, now boarding>

Alexis: Whew! Homer, if that was our last kiss, I don't think anything will ever top it!

Pierre: Homer! I thought that I made it clear I didn't want to see you around Alexis again!

<Pierre grabs Alexis by the hand and begins to pull her to the boarding terminal>

Alexis: <Yelling as she is dragged away> Homer! I love you, don't you ever forget that!

<Homer follows as far as he is allowed, and yells to her from a distance>

Homer: Alexis! I love you, too!

<Alexis turns the corner and is out of sight>

Homer: (To himself) I love. . .you, Alexis.

<The scene cuts to Homer as he exits the airport. Barry is standing on the curb where the car was parked.>

Barry: Homer, I'm terribly sorry! I tried to keep them from towing the car, but--

Homer: Eh, it's okay. That car has bought me enough pain already.

Barry: Well, how are you going to get home?

Homer: Hmm, that could be a problem. I live in Springfield in <Homer's voice is drowned out by an airplane.>

Barry: Damn! Well, I feel for ya, Homer. Tell you what, why don't I buy you a one way ticket back to your town.

Homer: Thanks, man.

Barry: Hey, a man in heartbreak is a man in need.

<The scene cuts back to Moes>

Homer: . . .Dad ended up picking me up and we went home. And that's how I spent my time with Alexis.

Lisa: Wow, it's like you lived a whole, other life dad!

Bart: Cool, that sounded like you had one hell of an adventure!

Moe: Damn, Homer! Were all your exploits this wild when you were young?

Homer: No. I just spent the next year drifting around and then I met another special gal.

<Homer puts his arm around Marge, who is still slightly drunk>

Marge: Aww, Homer! You're so sweet! 'UUURRP!'

Lisa: I just have one question, dad. How come you never said anything about this whole incident?

Homer: Well, Lisa, have you ever had moments in your life that you've never shared with anyone?

Lisa: Yeah.

Homer: This whole relationship happened over the summer and no one else knew about it. Not even Barney. When the school year came around no one asked about her, and that made putting my mind at ease much easier. A year later, it almost seemed like a dream.

<The scene changes to a painting studio in France.>

Homer Voice Over: To this day, I don't know what happened to her, but who knows what the future will bring. . .

<The scene pans across the room as a woman is painting alone. Every few seconds, she looks out the window at the Eiffel Tower and continues to paint. Slowly the camera rotates around behind her revealing her picture.

On the canvas, she is finishing the final brush strokes on a painting that features her and Homer in a garden overlooking the Eiffel Tower. They are holding hands and they're both looking up at the sky admiring the blue sky and the birds that are flying. Beneath the scene the title of the painting is aptly titled: "What if. . .".>

<The Scene fades out to the credits.>

<As the credits begin to roll, the song "Two of Us" plays. Homer is

still having problems with the words>

THE END