

ROMMEL IN THE BRONX- A SIMPSONS FANSCRIPT

Bart's blackboard line: I WILL REACH FOR THE TOP (he only writes this at the bottom of the blackboard)

The Couch: The family falls down above the couch as marionettes, strings fastened to their hands and feet, and make a stiff dance. One of Homer's strings snap, and he starts spinning, grabbing at Marge and messing up her strings. Everyone gets tangled in each other, and finally drop in a big heap at the couch.

A shot of the Channel Six building in Springfield. Cut to an office, where Kent Brockman is having some coffee, yawning and resting his elbows on the desk. He glances up at the camera.

KENT (very composed): Oh, hello. This is Kent Brockman at Channel Six. I know that our ratings are dropping, and I still don't know who's to blame, but it's surely not my fault. (points to a table with the ratings, that are so low that the line continues down the wall) As you see, our station is experiencing difficulties, but that's soon to change, once we find a (maddened voice) REAL GREAT scoop. Yes! In fact, I've got great stuff right here (shuffles the papers on his desk) so would you just excuse me...

The camera turns away, and then returns to Brockman, madly throwing paperwork in every direction.

KENT (panicky): No wars... no interesting trials... no murders... nothing... nothing... (breaks down) we're all doomed! What is the world coming to? We're living in a damn Utopia! (looks up again, mean) Oh, and yes, what are you staring at, then? Zoom out of the building and the town as the sound of a phone is heard. Slow, sinister music begins.

KENT (secretive voice): Yes, K. B. here... yes, I think... I've got a job... of course, the rest of the channel will support me... as for the question of money... yes... I think it's worth it...

Shot of the Simpsons' house in an autumn setting. Cut to the living-room, where Bart is lying on the couch, reading a Radioactive Man comic. Lisa is sitting on the floor, eyeing the TV, a bit bored. Homer is standing forlornly beside the couch, holding a can of Duff.

HOMER (pleading): Please, Bart! Sunday afternoon is my couch-time!

BART (cool): Sorry, Homer. It just changed. You'll have to book time now.

HOMER (mean, poking Bart's ample waist): Besides, a young man in your shape ought to do something better than lying around all day.

BART (hurt, looking up): Patience, man! In a few months' time, I'm sure to be just as fit and slim as you.

Cut to Homer's uncomprehensive face.

HOMER'S BRAIN: I haven't a clue. Ask Lisa!

Shot of the room again. Lisa is hitting the remote.

HOMER (irritably): What did he just say, Lisa?

LISA (keeps watching the TV): It's OK, Dad. You can strangle him if you like.

Marge, wearing an overcoat and holding Maggie and some shopping bags, leans against the doorframe, watching the TV.

TV ANNOUNCER: And now to our great Saturday evening movie... shown on a Sunday afternoon for the first time... the hauntingly familiar story of passion and war...

HOMER (sits down at the floor beside Lisa): Whoa!

TV ANNOUNCER: Tom Hanks in the Oscar-nominated romantic comedy: "Saving Private Meg Ryan"!

Marge and Homer smile at the TV. Bart gets up from the couch.

BART: It's all yours, Homer.

He leaves the room. Lisa also gets up.

LISA (ironic): Believe me, I'd surely like to watch this, but I'd have to wash my eyes afterwards.

Close shot of Marge sits down at the couch, taking up a magazine from a bag as Lisa walks by.

MARGE: I'm watching this. Do you want to read the new shopping section of "Stereotypic Housewife"?

Cut to Lisa, swallowing and backing away from it, until she turns and flees. Cut back to Marge, opening the magazine while keeping an eye on the television. Headlines on the cover read: "Shopping Section: Blue Hair Dye Found Out To Contain Bacteria" and "Social Section: Impress Your Friends By Reciting Pi- All The Decimals In Our Exclusive Edition".

MARGE (looking up): Oh... my hair.

Cut to the TV screen. Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan are sitting at a café in a ruined city, wearing early forties garb, and of course they are fresh, clean and lovely.

HANKS (worried): Now, what made a cute girl like you join the army? I mean, if you haven't noticed, it's a war going on!

Sound effects: bomb falling, city being demolished, people fleeing and screaming. Stupid canned laughter.

RYAN (winking): Well, I might ask the same to you.

HANKS: You may be mistaken, lady. I'm not really a girl.

Stupid canned laughter. Cut out to the living-room.

HOMER (surlly, looking up): I didn't get that one!

Cut back to the café. A waiter serves a fried duck to the pair.

WAITER (heavy stereotyped German accent): One Unity Duck to the herr and fräulein!

HANK (sotto voce): Besides, I'm here incognito!

WAITER (shocked): Mein Gott in Himmel! This man is ein American spy!

He reaches into the duck and pulls out a hand grenade labelled "Schindler". The hero and heroine gasp. The waiter conscientiously dabs the duck with his apron, while holding the grenade. Cut out to show the whole café as there is an explosion. People look up from their tables.

RYAN (shocked): I've heard about blast duck, but this is ridiculous!

Cut back to the living-room. Homer is writhing with laughter. The rest of the family also laughs.

HOMER (weakly): Oh... whoa... now I get it! He thought that she said... whoa, "I'm not a girl"... heeh heeh heeh! (looks up) Wait! What did they just say?

Cut out to show two German officers, looking like Fritz and Horst from the episode "Burns Verkaufen der Kraftwerk". Behind them are two shops named "Schindler's Shells" and "Burns's Shells".

HORST (says something in German about stupid Americans): Ha, ha, ha!

FRITZ (says that the stupid Allies have no chance of winning the war):

Ha, ha, ha!

Canned laughter. Cut back to the living-room. Lisa is standing in the doorway, laughing. The rest of the family looks perplexed. Fade out.

Sinister build-up music. Shot of the cockpit of a war plane. A gloved hand starts the plane. Shot of some war planes taking off against an ominous cloudy sky. Cut out to show the same scene going on in many TV screens in a darkened, largely black room. A swivel chair spins around, revealing a slightly crazed-looking Kent steeping his fingers and leering at the camera. Fade out.

Back to the living-room. Stop music. Zoom at the TV, where Ryan and Hanks are sitting at a bed in a posh hotel, their suitcases standing on the floor. Klies, a man bearing a remarkable resemblance to John Cleese as Mr Fawlty in "Fawlty Towers", is holding up the door.

KLIES (same ingratiating tone of voice, too): I surely hope you will like it here.

RYAN: Thank you very much, Mr Klies.

HANKS (sotto voce, to the girl): Don't look, now, but I think there are Germans on the hotel!

KLIES (panicky): Germans? (rushes forward and clamps his hands over their mouths) Whatever you do, don't mention the War!

Cut back to the room as everyone laughs. Fade out.

Shot of a badly lit room with a great congress table and black swivel chairs standing all around. Uniformed guards stand by the doors. Heavily sinister music. The doors open, the guards salute, and the outlines of men in black suits are visible against synthetic light. Blend with a shot of Kent, laughing maniacally. Cut back to the living-room (from the TV point of view), where Lisa, Marge and Homer are starting to look bored.

LISA: It was fun in the beginning, but now it's only so many recycled jokes tacked on to the horrible reality.

HOMER (extremely stupid): Don't you like recycling anymore? (giggles) Heh heh, that was a joke! (stares into the camera, mean) Yeah, a joke! Don't you start to think I'm this stupid in reality!

MARGE (worried): Homie, please try to get these... impulses under control! (critically) Well, Lisa, I agree. And where's the romance? Possibly, this is just a pathetic try to make money out of the popularity of the stars.

HOMER: Shortly, it just stinks! (waves the remote about, giggling) Time to wave that magical remote!

He glares into the camera, keeping on waving the remote, until he finally smiles and hits the button. Sound effect: zap.

Shot of the screen as the picture for Eye on Springfield, with Kent's face, is seen.

REPORTER: Soon, we will move to Eye on Springfield, hosted by Kent Brockman, and visit the corner of our fair town known only to the beautiful girls, the bravest of men and our... hmmm, intrepid reporters, but first...

Cut back. "Waiting"-type music plays.

MARGE (critical): I'm not sure that I like that Brockman man.

HOMER (jovially): Oh, Marge, you're a housewife. You have to have the same interests and opinions as your husband, you know.

MARGE (irritated): Hrrmph!

Close shot of her as she reads quickly through the magazine, and finally looks up.

MARGE: Well, love, you're right. (puts the magazine on the table, sounds a bit sarcastic) Lisa, remind me to be more subservient.

LISA (kind): No, Mum.

HOMER (looking up): What's the matter, Marge? You seem so... um, tetchy. (worried) You're having one of those dramatic foreshadowing intuitions again, are you?

MARGE (blank): Don't know.

Cut back to the TV as Homer reaches out with the remote.

HOMER: Oh, back to that unlovable, boring romantic comedy.

He zaps. The screen warps. Shot of a bunker, where Hanks and Ryan are standing in front of a group of soldiers.

GENERAL: I'm afraid, that once again you will have to travel behind the enemy lines and reach the base.

HANKS: Oh, great. The base. I thought we were already here.

GENERAL: Silent, young man! Do you want to bring the whole

Luftwaffe down on us?

Sound effect: an airplane crashing. The bunker caves in, and everyone screams and rushes away. Canned laughter.

LISA (off stage, not very convincing): Oh, great. Dramatic irony.

Change the picture to a plain blue screen. The words: "We have to interrupt the film to show an important reportage" appear in white, as a voice reads the words. Cut back to the living-room. Bart stands in the doorway. Everyone looks a bit uneasy.

HOMER (irritated): We can read for ourselves!

Marge hushes him. Cut back to the TV, as Kent Brockman appears in front of the bleak skyline of a nondescript industrial town.

HOMER (off stage, unconvincing): Woo-hoo!

Marge hushes him. Zoom at Kent, wearing an overcoat in the drizzle and looking grim.

KENT (grave voice): Good afternoon, friends, Springfielders, countrymen, countrywomen and everyone else, whose day I may have destroyed with this bleak, though necessary, announcement.

Cut back. Slow, sinister music begins. Everyone is very wide-eyed.

BART (ominous): I don't like this in the least bit.

LISA (irritated): Bart!

MARGE (sotto voce): Bart, you just sit down and worry with the rest of us.

Bart sits down very quietly.

HOMER (turning his head around): Mind if you all were a bit quiet?

Cut back to the TV. Kent walks with his mike through desolate streets, sporting a sign for Fudd Beer and a shut-down Poe's Tavern with a raven perched on the sign. The sky is

very heavy, and the sidewalks are littered. The reporter is making a big show of it, looking sad and determined.

KENT: Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce Evergreen Forest. An amiable, nay, hospitable town, I am sure everyone may agree on that. (earnest look into the camera) That is, up to a few days ago, it was.
Shot of the living-room.

HOMER (sceptical): Call me surly if you like, but this isn't a patch on Eye on Springfield...

The others hush him simultaneously. Even Santa's Little Helper puts a paw up in front of his nose, and Snowball II hisses.

Shot of a tattered poster on a wall, showing a bikini-clad woman (in the manner of Eye on Springfield, as seen in "Flaming Moe") and the logo: "Shots of Evergreen Forest". Camera glide towards a square with a statue of a pioneer-type town founder, striking almost the same pose as Jebediah Springfield. The head is cut off, and the statue is vandalised with spray paint. A sign is hanging in a noose from the statue's outstretched hand. Close shot of the sign, reading: "Death To The American Oppressors". The raven alights on the arm, croaking a bit. The camera moves on to a nuclear power plant, looming against the dark sky. Kent appears in front of it.

KENT (sad): Evergreen Forest is no more a place to be. Why they have even let me in, I don't know, but it certainly doesn't bode well. I have ventured here at the risk of my life and that of the camera man.

BART (unsure): Maybe this IS Halloween, after all.

KENT (walking up to the power plant): I'm coming in! (gesturing towards the camera) What is going on here is evil beyond all measures, but yet, the whole horrid truth has to be revealed to my faithful watchers.

He walks up the path in the rain. The camera follows him at a distance. Music gets really ominous.

MARGE (uneasy): Well, maybe he's a brave man, as news reporters go...

HOMER (satisfied): See? You have to admit, after all... (his voice fades away) you don't think this is important, do you?

Shot of a big gate, with the state flag of this state (same as Springfield, the flag was seen in "Two Cars in Every Garage, Three Eyes on Every Fish") and some unreadable caption. The reporter walks up to them, and the doors open, to reveal the conference room, as seen before. There is strong, unpleasant lightning, and men and women in suits are sitting by the table, but their faces are only outlined.

MAN (arrogant voice, putting his hand on the table): I never allowed you to film in here. Guards!

Kent Brockman turns towards the camera.

KENT (brave tone of voice): Dear audience, I hope that what you will see will speak for itself.

WOMAN (same proud voice): You heard the man, reporter. If you want to exchange words with us, that camera is going out, or your whole team is.

KENT (diplomatic): I will, I will, but have you nothing to say to the millions watching? I mean, I'd have THOUGHT that you...

MAN: Bring that camera over here.

Ominous camera glide over the shadowy figures by the table, down the gesturing hand of the man, over the table with the state flag on it, and to Kent's composed face.

MAN: I do believe I have been granted the privilege to speak for the whole of our sacred, promised state, that is, the cities of Evergreen Forest, Capital City, Ogdenville, Shelbyville...

FAMILY (all at once): Oh?

MAN: ... and of course Springfield, but most of all, (eloquent) I speak for the oppressed multitude, the thousands languishing under the yoke of the repressive American government.

Shot of the living-room, where everyone looks quite scared.

HOMER (banging his fist): Yeah! Down with America! (looking at the others, small voice) Sorry, he's just such a great talker.

Everyone else nods. Cut back to the TV, where the caption on the flag reads: "Not just another nation- Evergreen". Dramatic music.

MAN (drawing himself up, followed by his people): In the name of the nation of Evergreen, I hereby renounce all bonds to the United States of America! The people of my city have chosen to be free, and our nation will be ever ready to let more of you join us! We will need no milksops in our quest for glorious freedom and self-government, but we will need free-minded, strong men and women to support us and lead our cause!

WOMAN: From now until the end of time, we are Americans no more! (contemptuous voice) Laugh at us and scorn us, you losers who choose to live under the sceptre of the government, we will yet prevail, and Evergreen Nation shall bloom in honour and glory!

KENT (terrified voice): If I may continue...

PEOPLE (in a terrible choir): God bless Evergreen! Perish, oppressors!

MAN (another one, intimidating): Do you want us to sing our national anthem, you American swine?

KENT (backing off): No, thanks. Correct me if I'm wrong... you have formed your own nation, and you want the other townships in the state to join you, or...

WOMAN (matter-of-factly): Join us or be regarded as enemies, quite. It's their choice to make.

MAN: We do have our own national anthem. It is brand new (celebratorily) but it will survive your so-called (flexes his fingers) "Land That Is Free", or whatever. Freedom? The ones who seek freedom will travel to Evergreen, and they will see the light! Now go, television person, before we close the borders!

KENT (to the camera, normal placid style): Now THIS is what I call political rhetorics, don't you agree with me, folks? (to the people in the room) Now, is there anything you haven't counted with? Such as... the government won't be too happy about a state declaring independence and daring others to follow? Such as... the government will be very unhappy indeed?

WOMAN (another one, from the shadows): Does anybody here care what YOUR government says?

Kent Brockman raises a hand. The others (their eyeballs visible in their shadows) glare at him, and he lowers it again.

KENT (diplomatic): One more question before you lynch me, folks...

MAN (sotto voce, to the others): How did he guess that?

KENT: Don't you fear conflict? Don't you fear... war?

LEADER (scornful): Have you even seen the armed defence of this city, our capital? When you've got rifles, do you fear sticks?

KENT: Well, no.

LEADER (imperial): Leave this place, visitor, and keep watching the skies!

Maniacal laughter from the whole darkened part of the table. Kent turns to the camera.

KENT (sarcastic): What about that for comic relief?

Close shot of Homer's face, angry and troubled.

HOMER: I'd like to know, too!

Camera glide to Marge, stiff and wide-eyed.

MARGE (sotto voce, scared): War? Don't you see what this means? War?

Zoom out to show Bart and Lisa, sitting in the couch beside her, huddling together.

BART (trying to sound composed): Yes, Mum... it means war alright.

Cut to Kent Brockman, standing in front of the sign saying "Evergreen Forest Nuclear Power Plant". The raven is perched on the sign, eyeing him curiously.

KENT (grave voice): Civil war. When independence collides with unity. We had one, if you remember, some century ago, and we're all agreed, it shall happen... (almost sniffs into the mike) nevermore.

RAVEN (ominous, of course): Nevermore! Kaw!

Shot of the reporter seen from a tilted view below, outlined against the cloudy sky.

KENT (shaken): Will you please be quiet? Now. What did they mean about "keep watching the skies"?...

Sound effect: plane motors. War planes take off in the sky behind his head. He turns around.

KENT: Oops. Dramatic irony!

Vignette: the air force of Evergreen Forest. Music: "Ride Of The Valkyries". The shots of planes wheeling above the skyline sometimes change to the scared faces of the Simpsons. Shot of the decapitated statue of the town founder. Shadows of the planes pass over it, and a bomb drops. Explosion. The statue is replaced by a crater. Shot of a school with an American flag on a pole. A soldier appears on the roof and shoots at it. Close shot of the hanging flag, the bullet-hole passing through one of the stars. Cut back to Kent Brockman, running away down the street as the planes pass in the sky. The raven flies up, croaking, and a projectile is dropped on it. Cloud of feathers. Cut to the street, where the dead raven falls, posing like the American Bald-Headed Eagle. Ominous fanfare. Cut to outside the Simpsons house, shadowed when the clouds move. Sound effect: wind. Cut to inside the room, where Lisa shudders.

MARGE (blankly): War?

Zoom out to show the whole family huddled together in the couch, even Santa's Little Helper. Maggie reaches down and pulls Snowball II up into the couch.

HOMER (scared): So, so, it's not that bad...

MARGE: No, Homie. It's very bad indeed.

ANNOUNCER (music continuing softly in the background): The movie will be back after a few words from our President...

Homer zaps the remote towards the camera.

BART (terrified): Hey, this isn't real, is it? I mean, there can't be a big war going on... it's not as if anyone cares about this stupid state...

He stops. Shot of everyone's haggard faces turning towards him, even that of the pets.

Maggie sucks her pacifier a few times.

LISA (tormented): I'd very much like to be wrong... but it's OUR stupid state, Bart.

Cut out as Marge stands up, brushing herself off, still shaken.

MARGE: I'm going out for a walk. I... I have to think. This is very irregular.

LISA: I dare say!

HOMER (unnerved, nudging her): Lisa! Stop being ironic!

Shot of Marge, putting on her coat and shoes in the hallway. Shot from behind as she opens the door towards the windy outside. Cut to outside the house as she looks out, eyeing the skies unhappily.

HOMER (calling out, off stage): Oh, and Marge! Be careful out there!
Shots of Marge walking through Springfield, looking in every direction, unhappy. Close shot of her foot as she steps on a toy tank. She mutters, unnerved. Close shot of her face as a drizzle begins, her hair starting to look weird in the wet. Cut to a sign over a shop, reading: "Protective clothing, half prize (renounced in case of Civil War)". Marge sighs. Distant shot as she steps out on a square where Mayor Quimby is making a speech. Zoom at him.

QUIMBY (enraged, waving a fist in the air): As Springfielders, I trust you all know your duty in this dilemma! And it is to... (squints at his paper) it's to fight! We shall fight them on the beaches and in the flies... (shakes the paper a few times) alright, fields! (sotto voce) Bloody rain!

Zoom out as Lenny, right in front of the stage, raises a hand.

LENNY: Excuse me, Mr Mayor, but exactly whom shall we fight?

QUIMBY: Do I have to spell this out to you? The filthy imperialist Americans of course in their big snotty cities who have deprived us of the freedom we were born...

Cut to the crowd, where the Flanders are standing next to the puzzled Lenny.

MAUDE (timid): Isn't it a better idea to fight these... Evergreeners? After all, there's less of them... and it means we get the chance to pay the Shelbyville people for a few things in the past...

NED (unusually angry): Yeah! We shall encircle their armies, and they shall taste the wrath of the Covenant!

People cheer. Marge, looking queasy, edges closer to the Flanders and the rest.

LENNY (excited): God bless the Flanders!

Cut to Quimby, looking around at his bodyguards.

QUIMBY (gesturing): Attention! Didn't you see the reportage? It's the Evergreeners who have this great air force and soldiers who can shoot at the flag and hit the right star... (sotto voce, to the guards) I've done something stupid now, haven't I?

BODYGUARD (stone-faced): Don't you always, sir?

Shot of the crowd, including about everyone in Springfield, as Marge walks past, shaking her head. The others still cheer.

NED (looking up): Oh, howdily-doodily, Mrs Simpson!
Marge mutters and walks on. Cut to a desolate corner of the street, where she stops, looking around and leaning against the wall.

MARGE (tormented): I used to like you, you know. You used to be a great city, but now everyone's getting mad... well, I'm sorry, but I'm not so sure. Anymore. It's almost as if... it were planned. This ecstasy. This madness. Did anyone EVER consider peace?

Close shot of her as she slumps against the wall, eyes half shut, her head falling forward. Cut out as the Flanders walk past.

TODD (pointing): Look, Mum and Dad! What's happened to Mrs Simpson?

ROD: Has the wrath of the Covenant stricken her?

MAUDE (sceptical): That wouldn't surprise me. Of course, maybe she's taken heavy drugs again...

NED (snuggling up to her): What's wrong, lovey? You're never this... grim... normally.

MAUDE: Well, let's just say this is the right time for grimness, Neddy-Ned.

NED (grim): Well, then let's get grimmily-grim, sweetie... (looking back at the half-conscious Marge) and oh, we'll drop in by these Simpsons and tell them...

ROD (skipping up by his dad): And tell them to repent their sins, Dad!

NED: Of course. Of course. Always, my son.

Cut to the living-room, where Homer, Lisa, Bart and Maggie are sitting up straight, scared, staring at the TV. Cut to the screen where Kent Brockman is back in his studio, wearing a modest black suit. A picture above his shoulder shows the American flag and the Evergreen one, divided by a crack.

KENT: This is a dark day. Despite popular beliefs, America has never suffered from wars. We've had some friendly interference in the affairs of other nations, and there's been the occasional interior fight... but a few minutes after the fatal declaration of the independent state of Evergreen, we're already torn apart by different sympathies. Where is this going to end? When will this madness turn out to be resolved? Nobody knows, not even Channel Six... but once something happens, we will be the first to know.

Cut back to the family.

LISA (with some admiration): That is one devoted news reporter.

HOMER (smiling weakly): Isn't he? I've always liked him myself.

Sound effect: knocking on the door. Fade out. Fade in to outside the door, where the Flanders are standing, as the anxious family appears.

NED: Excuse me, Mr Simpson. I'm afraid your wife is having a very quiet nervous breakdown a few streets away...

ROD (mighty voice): We have come to make you repent your sins, Simpsons!

MAUDE (matter-of-factly): Well, before the bombs start to fall, you'd better do.

Fade out. Darkness. Weird light effects, like a warping TV screen. Homer, the kids and the Flanders appear, slightly distorted. The colours are all grayish and wrong, and their

mouths move without any sound. Shot of Marge's face, blinking slowly, looking extremely blank. Zoom on one eye. Cut back to the weird picture. Zoom out to show it on a big screen in Marge's brain, a futuristic control chamber peopled by Marge copies, checking monitors, clicking keyboards and such. Camera glide across the hard-working brain components (one of which is resting in its swivel chair and eating donuts), and to the big screen where a large-eyed Marge is studying the slow-moving world outside. Camera glide to a throne-like seat beneath the blue dome, where a big Marge is sitting, her head inside a gigantic VR-helmet, electrodes attached to her sleek green body. She fights to get free, and the helmet rises.

NORMAL MARGE (panicky): I can't stand it! It's too big a pressure from outside! SHE will need a new mood to be able to cope with the surroundings!

Camera glide along many Marge versions. All look rather Margey, but at the same time different and stereotyped in expression and attire. Sexy Marge wears lace underwear and has beautiful curls, Motherly Marge wears an old-fashioned apron, and there is a Hippie Marge, and so on.

RADIO (Marge's voice): Attention! Clever Marge to control seat! Clever Marge, looking like a stereotype scientist with white coat, horn-rimmed glasses and blue Einstein-type hairdo, walks out of the files.

CLEVER MARGE (sounding like Marge with a Frink set of mind): I shan't disappoint you, n'heya! She blazes off, faster than light.

RADIO (concerned): Oh, and Aggressive Marge, please, to back her up. Aggressive Marge steps out, giving a Marge growl. She is dressed up like the original post-apocalyptic warrior: part Samurai, part Star Wars soldier, and extremely aggressive.

AGGRESSIVE MARGE (saluting): Yes, SIR! Hail to the Marge, SIR! Shot of her and Clever Marge racing along a neuronically trail, past the Listless Marge (the Homer mood of mind, plump, eating donuts and dressed in a half-buttoned white shirt and jeans).

CLEVER MARGE (concerned): Hey, you'd really want to use the control seat, wouldn't you?

LISTLESS MARGE (Marge voice, Homer tone): I'm fine just sitting here. Aggressive Marge flashes past, whips out a katana and decapitates her.

AGGRESSIVE MARGE (aggressive): How d'ya like that, eh? Listless Marge bends over and takes up her head, putting it back.

LISTLESS MARGE: D'oh!

Cut to Marge's semi-conscious face. Zoom out to show Homer (carrying Maggie) and the others gathering around her, uncertainly.

HOMER (anxious): Marge?

MARGE (opening her eyes): Homie? I... I was scared.

Close shot of Bart and Lisa, gathering air for a big scream.

HOMER (no-nonsense): Oh, be quiet! It's not the end of the world.

MARGE (composed, brushing herself off): It's alright. While I was having the breakdown, my brain has been working. (thoughtful) Whose side are we on?

TODD (proud): The side that has God on it, Mrs Simpson!

BART (muttering, sarcastic): Quit taking my lines, Flanders!

Shot of them walking down the street. Windows are being closed, and blinds are pulled down. Marge is leading the way.

MARGE: Thank you... um, Flanderses. But we fight on the American side, don't we?

LISA (scared): Mum! You can't mean this! We don't fight on any side, because there isn't any war... right? Besides, you're a pacifist!

Zoom at Marge's forehead.

MARGE'S BRAIN (Clever Marge): Well, duh!

MARGE'S BRAIN (a bit upwards, Aggressive Marge): Ice her, Margie! She's a traitor!

MARGE (thoughtful): Quite, Lisa, but what else is there to do? It's war whatever we do, isn't it, so we might as well see to it we're prepared...

Shot of the others, nodding bluntly. Homer walks up to Marge, taking her hand.

HOMER (sotto voce, walking close to her): You didn't say we're American, did you? Aren't we Evergreen?

MARGE (a bit angry): What's the matter? We're in the risk zone no matter what! In fact, both sides will probably be attacking us in a few days!

MAUDE (anxious): And what are you going to do about that, Mrs Simpson?

MARGE (thinking heavily): I will... form a civil defence group and prepare everyone for the inevitable strike.

BART: Aye Caramba!

Shot of their heads, outlined against the gray sky, as air force planes move past. They all look around, scared.

HOMER (small voice): I guess this isn't the right time for a "D'oh"?

NED (friendly): You may "D'oh" while you still can, Simpson, but don't you think this can be resolved peacefully?

Slow fade out. Ominous music.

HOMER: I think THAT is a good answer.

Shot of the Simpsons house in the evening. Cut to the living-room, where Marge, Homer and Lisa are sitting on the floor, praying. Maggie is there too, seemingly kneeling. Bart stands in the doorway, looking shocked.

MARGE (eyes downcast): And if we get attacked, make sure we will be able to defend ourself against these Evergreen people and their unrightful rebellion...

HOMER (unsure): Yeah.

BART: Hey, why are you all praying to the TV?

Homer gets up, growling, and forces Bart down among the others.

BART (protesting): Take it easy, Homer! I want peace, too!

Close shot of Homer's face.

HOMER (wistful): Mmmm... peace.

Zoom at Homer's forehead.

HOMER'S BRAIN (persuading): Mmmm... sweet surrender!

HOMER (angry): No, we'll fight against these Evergreen rebels alright! Bart, keep praying!

Montage of many Springfield homes, including the Flanders, the Van Houtens, and all families praying for peace. Sinister shot of the Channel Six building, where Kent Brockman is praying, sitting up on his desk.

KENT (sotto voce): And make the ratings soar tomorrow, oh good Lord!
(evil chuckling)

Cut back to the living-room.

MARGE: Amen.

BART (falling prostrate in front of the TV): And let there be some more REAL Itchy and Scratchy cartoons instead of the cute crap they're showing now!

HOMER (unnerved): Why you little!

He chokes him. Bart tries to get free.

MARGE: Homie!

Shot of the house again, as the stars shine in the sky. Sound effect: an airplane, far off. One by one, the lights are put out. Darkness.

March music. Spinning newspaper with the headline: "NONDESCRIP STATE BREAKS FREE" and a photo of uniformed people parading. Their faces are not seen. Spinning newspaper reading: "PRESIDENT DECLARES WAR ON EVERGREEN- Move to increase popularity", with a photo showing Clinton trying to cover his face in front of cameras.

Spinning leaflet reading: "NEWSPAPERS REPLACED BY LEAFLETS", and a lower line reads: "Springfield children encouraged to squeal on collaborating parents".

Cut to a morning view of the house, where Marge is standing in the garden, reading the leaflet. Homer and the kids get out behind her.

HOMER (anxious): You don't want to hold that thing, Marge. It may be chemically prepared!

MARGE (reading slowly): Hrrmph... "Springfield children encouraged to squeal on collaborating parents"... (she turns to Bart and Lisa) Although this is, in fact, against my personal values, from now on I and Homer will encourage any efforts to spy on your neighbours and cultivate vague suspicions. And watch us, too! As far as you know, ANYONE could work for Evergreen Nation!

Cut to Marge's point of view, as she points to Homer. He looks scared.

LISA (protesting): Mum, that's unethical!

BART (saluting): Right on, sir! I'll take the Flanderses!

Shot of him running towards the fence, and then sneaking along it. Cut back to Marge, sitting down and holding the unhappy Lisa.

MARGE (kind): Yes, I know, Lisa. But do we have any choice? I don't think so. We just have to weather the storm... or whatever they say. (lifting her head) Bart! Aren't you going to school?

BART (disappointed): Aw, Mum, in war and love, you know...

Cut to Lisa, backing away.

LISA (almost hysteric): But you can't trust anyone! You can't live this way! (points to the paper in Marge's hand) And what if that thing really is chemically impregnated?

MARGE (slightly unnerved): Lisa! Those thoughts are your worst enemies! Just relax... (close shot of the leaflet, starting to smoulder in her hand) Aaagh!

She drops it. Cut to Santa's Little Helper, walking up to the burning paper in the lawn guardedly, giving a yelp and running off. Cut to Homer, watching the sky.

MARGE: And Homer, shouldn't you get to work?

HOMER (unhappy, walking towards the car): But Marge, I think my boss is a colla-ma-borator with Evergreen Nation...

Close shot of him as he looks up, stares at something, gives a shriek and ducks. Rod and Todd Flanders run him down.

TODD (calling out): Got him, Dad!

NED (off stage): Let me get a bit closer to see the face of this evil warmonger...

Cut out as Marge stands in front of the shaken Homer as the Flanders walk up to her.

MARGE (brave): No, Mr Flanders. Homie's not a collaborator. I can assure you, he harbours no such thoughts.

The Flanders walk off, muttering a bit. Cut to the front of the house as Marge says goodbye to Bart and Lisa, with their packs, and picks up Maggie. Cut back to Homer, getting into his car, muttering.

HOMER: Saved by my wife again! Will I ever get to save HER from something? This is demeaning.

Shot of the street as he drives away. Cut to inside the car, where he is still glaring.

HOMER: Worst thing is, I bet this kind of thing is going to happen often in the future.

Camera glide past the Simpsons house, where Marge, her coat on, gets into her car with Maggie on her arm. Glide on to the schoolyard, where Bart is walking by Milhouse among the other kids.

BART (looking around unhappily): I don't like this in the least bit, Milhouse. It's getting so... so... I mean, all our lives are in danger, and I don't even know really which country we're in!

Cut to the flagpole, where Groundskeeper Willie is holding up two flags critically, looking at them and trying to choose. One is the Evergreen Nation flag, the other is that star-spangled banner.

WILLIE: Aw, drat all their worthless bunting!

He drops both flags into the dirt and pulls a Scottish flag out of his pack, waving it in the wind. The flag rips.

NELSON (appearing from the bushes): Ha-ha!

Cut back to Milhouse and Bart, walking into the school.

MILHOUSE (unsure): Look on the bright side, Bart! It's exciting and an adventure to be alive!

He waves his hands around, and then sags again.

MILHOUSE (unhappy): Alright, maybe it's all mental torture.

BART: My mother says that we should try to pretend everything's OK, while at the same time staying prepared for death from the sky... got any ideas?

MILHOUSE: Me, no? MY mother doesn't say any stupid things, at least. She's fighting with my stepdad.

BART (turning a scared face towards him): Really?

MILHOUSE (sad): Well, yes... they joined the front. Which means I'm living with my dad at the single hostel. Sounds fun, does it?

BART (tricky): Does it?

MILHOUSE: No. The Evergreen supporters and the people who call themselves American keep shouting at each other.

BART (shrugging): It's all madness.

MILHOUSE (lighting up): Hey, I've got a tip for you! If you whistle a little, life clears up!

They stay in the corridor, leaning against a wall. Milhouse whistles a tune.

BART (sceptical): Now, from what crappy movie was that? (listening) No, doesn't help me at all. What's that tune?

Close shot of Milhouse, looking down.

MILHOUSE (small voice): The Evergreen national anthem. They dropped music tapes together with their leaflets over the block. Sorry.

BART: D'oh!

He tries to whistle a bit. Cut to Nelson, marching through the corridor with some whistling kids behind him. He sings aggressively and tunelessly, on that Vietnam song, "Open Up The Pearly Gate".

NELSON (shouting, pushing Milhouse over): Hey, wiener, down you lie! We're all gonna die!

CHOIR: Well it's five, six, seven, open up the Pearly Gate!

Cut to Bart, looking around with the moaning Milhouse lying on the floor. Lisa comes walking, pale and drooping, up to them.

LISA (madly composed): We're all gonna die.

Cut to Milhouse, looking up with dizzy love in his eyes.

MILHOUSE: I know... Lisa.

Cut to a door, opened by Miss Hoover.

HOOVER (addled): Come on, kids! The lesson has already started!

Shot of the shouting, happy kids racing past the camera, Lisa among them.

LISA (relieved): Oh, for a lesson to drive life's troubles away...

Close shot of Miss Hoover, looking unsure.

HOOVER: And our first lesson is to be... (glances at her notepad) a bomb alarm.

Cut to a window, from which Marge's car is seen, driving past with a sign reading: "Meet 5 PM outside Simpsons home for training- bring uniform". Camera glide back to show the corridor, where Bart is eyeing the still horizontal Milhouse.

BART (lofty): How long do you plan to lie that way?

MILHOUSE (into the floor): Till I know they're not bombing the school! (looking up, a bit) If your sister passes by again, tell her I'm badly hurt.

BART (conversational): Well, we've all gone mad, it seems.

MILHOUSE: Even you, Bart.

BART: Even me. I hope the teachers can bash some sense into some of you... I mean us.

Shot of the door to the Principal's office, with the shadow of Skinner dressing visible through the glass. Cut to inside the office, where Skinner is fastening the last buttons of his old uniform, labelled "Tamzarian", looking at himself in a mirror, and whistling the Evergreen anthem.

SKINNER (smiling, a bit maddened): There's no dubiousity about it, I look great!

Close shot of a handgun at the desk, as he takes it. Shot of the mirror as he twirls it around his finger, squinting with one eye, looking like James Bond.

SKINNER: And I move great, still, and I... I feel great! (uncertain) Yes. Yes, I do.

He whistles some more as he waxes his hair.

SKINNER (muttering): Stupid tune, straight into my brain.

Camera glide up his body as he straightens up, striking a majestic pose. By chance, the ripped Scottish flag is visible through the window, flapping on its pole. Patriotic music.

SKINNER: Once more, the great days of the army and the fighting and killing and dying and disembowelling... well, they're back, and the world will meet Seymour Skinner once more. Quail, evil! I'm back... (unhinged) back in the US... back, in the US...

Close shot of his eyes, the pupils widening. Sound effects: distant bombs falling, screams, explosions. Zoom out as Skinner gives a small shriek and staggers back.

SKINNER (shaken, sotto voce): These memories feel a lot different now... (calling out) Edna Krabappel?

MRS K (off stage): What is it, Seymour? Are you finished?

SKINNER (panicky, rushing around the room throwing things into a bag): Don't wait for me, Edna! I'll be going out for a while!

MRS K (lovey-dovey): Ooh, you're a hero, Seymour.

Cut to the door, opening. Skinner turns around, screaming. Cut back to Mrs Krabappel in the door, wearing a general's uniform and a bearskin cap. Skinner yells and rushes out of the room, almost knocking her down. She walks up to the window. Shot of the empty schoolyard where Skinner runs, staring into the sky and holding the bag over his head. In the distance, Marge is standing outside her car, talking to some people and handing out papers for them to sign.

SKINNER (hysteric): To Hell with you, war maniacs, I'm going to Cuba! Cut back to the teacher, standing in the window and looking disappointed.

MRS K (contemptuous): Traitor.

Cut to the cottage of the Slack-Jawed Yokels. Zoom in at it. Cletus, wearing a Conquistador helmet and a tattered coat, is standing on the verandah with a double-barreled shotgun ready, looking around the woods. Brandine, with garden gloves and overalls, is pulling a turnip out of the weeds, holding it up sadly.

BRANDINE: As God is my witness, we will always be hungry again.

CLETUS (glancing at her): That? That's a weed! (muttering) Either that, or it's an emissary from the aliens! Kill it, Brandine!

Cut to the rickety gate, where Marge walks up, bunches of forms under her arm and a few pencils in her coat pocket. In the background is the car, parked in the muddy road, with Maggie pressing her face against the windshield. Cut to Cletus, aiming.

CLETUS (yelling): Halt! Who goes there!

Cut to Marge, straightening up.

MARGE (sticking up her hands, composed): Don't shoot! The Springfield Civil Defence needs you!

CLETUS (sly, eyes narrowing): Needs ME, eh?

MARGE: Yes. These are the forms...

CLETUS (even more ominous): Civil Defence, eh?

Cut to Brandine, wide-eyed, looking up over the fence.

BRANDINE (calling out): It's the press-gang, Cletus!

Cut to Marge's point of view as Cletus aims once again.

CLETUS: The press-gang, eh? (over his shoulder) You and the kids hide in the old potato cellar, and I fix this troublemakeress!

Marge backs off, waving a form over her head.

MARGE: All I want is your name here!

Cut to Cletus as he shoots. Cut to Marge, as a bullet goes straight through the form. Close shot of the paper, and the bullet-hole straight through the name square. She puts it down, to reveal a hole through her hair. She combs the hair out in the tops, and points towards Cletus.

MARGE (shaken, but impressed): Hmmm... the Civil Defence might need YOU.

Cue "Cletus The Slack-Jawed Yokel" music. The picture turns black and white, and is revealed to be a photo on a leaflet (labelled "Springfield Leaflet"), with the text: "MARGE SIMPSON NEEDS YOU", and, lower, "Rural population turned into ruthless threshers".

Fade in to a shot of Springfield in the afternoon. Zoom out, while the picture changes into a map. The town is captioned "SPRINGFIELD" (with a picture of Blinky the Three-Eyed Fish and the lemon tree), and as the camera moves, you see "SHELBYVILLE" (with a turnip root), "CAPITAL CITY" (with an American football) and finally "EVERGREEN FOREST", with dark clouds and bolts of lightning. Fade out.

Fade in to the living-room, where Bart, Lisa and Maggie are sitting in the couch, rather expressionless, lit by the flickering TV. Running water is heard in the distance.

MARGE (off stage): Lisa, you're not using my hair gel, are you?

LISA (tired): NO, Mum! You'll have to do without it. Now the state borders are closed, it's impossible to get sprays of any kind. (sarcastic) Maybe they're needed for a doomsday weapon, I don't know.

Close shot of Bart, wincing. Fade to Bart, standing in front of a wall and spraying "EL BARTO" on it. Shadows fall over him. He turns around, scared, holding the spraypaint can. Cut to Fat Tony and his gangsters, shadowy and menacing, holding plastic bags with spray cans. Fat Tony reaches out.

TONY: Give me that can, "El Barto"!

BART (backing against the wall): Are you going to sell it to the rebels... man?

TONY: Is that a problem?

Cut to Bart, holding the can and looking defiant.

BART (angry and quite scared): Well, come here and take it!

The gangsters mumble among themselves.

LEGS (throwing a coin to him): Here's a dollar. Pass us the can, now. Bart does. Shot of them looking at it.

TONY: Damn! It contains no dangerous gases! Give me that dollar! He slaps Bart and takes the coin. Shot of the men walking down the street.

LEGS (hesitating): Tony...

TONY: Yeah?

LEGS: Can I have my dollar back?

TONY: Don't press your luck.

Cut back to the living-room. Cut to the TV, with Kent Brockman as usual.

KENT (satisfied): Good afternoon, Evergreen Nation and everyone. As you are all aware, we are in the preludes of a war which will tear our nation even more, so therefore, we are now going to show you a B-rated fantasy movie from the time when war was glamorous, fun and fought by competent girls in chain-mail bikinis... in "Red Xena Meets Havoc the Barbarian"!

Cut out as Homer walks into the room, slumping with exhaustion and sitting down in the couch.

HOMER (eyeing the TV): Oooh!

Cut to the TV, showing a barbarian woman and man hacking their way through armoured enemies. You know the style. The man is Rainier Wolfcastle in a black wig and Conan garb, the woman is basically a red-haired version of Xena the Warrior Princess. Caption: "Starring: Tiffany Nickler as Red Xena/ Rainier Wolfcastle as Havoc the Barbarian". Cut out to show Homer, reclining in the couch with a bag of ice on his head. He is bruised and his hairs are standing in every direction, and he laughs weakly.

HOMER: Red Xena? Sounds like some Native American ballet pro, heh heh heh.

Bart and Lisa look disturbed. Cut out as Marge, wearing a dressing gown and a towel wrapped around her head (almost looking like her normal hairstyle) steps into the doorway.

MARGE: Humour him, kids. I think he's had a hard day down at the plant. Shot from a point behind Homer's shoulder, as he groans and slumps further into the couch. The TV is showing a picture of Troy McClure, dressed in a toga and wearing a long beard, standing by an ominous-looking altar with skulls on it. Caption: "Troy McClure as the Evil High Priest". Troy grins and waves stupidly at the camera. Cut back to show the family.

HOMER (rubbing his head): Oh, it was surely hard...

Blurred fade out. Fade in to Mr Burns's office, with Burns and Smithers by the desk, which is covered with books and maps.

BURNS (his normal evil voice): Tell me, Smithers, what do you know about the town of Evergreen Forest?

Smithers adjusts his glasses, checks in a book and traces some roads on the maps. There is a large circle in red pen where he points.

SMITHERS (unsure): All I know is that in the older maps, it's not even there, sir. And it... (swallows) it makes me wonder. Because, according to the President, it's the inherent centre of all evil, including the conspiracy that murdered Abraham Lincoln, John F. Kennedy and tried to silence the problematic voice of Kent Brockman the news man.

BURNS: Well, I believe they have a right to their freedom. The President, eh? What President should that be?

SMITHERS (dubious): President Clinton, I think, sir. Some people believe that the whole war is just a scam to save his prestige, but it's all a load of...

BURNS: Clinton, eh? Don't we have a man by that name working here at the plant?

SMITHERS (sighing): Well, that might be Homer Simpson, sir. Now... (he looks into a newspaper) according to this recent survey, the town is a distributor of nuclear power...

Shot of the photograph, showing a nuclear power plant. Glide up to show Burns, standing up angrily.

BURNS (enraged): Well, I've made up my mind! That lowly town and its rebellious people shall be wiped from the face of Earth, and I (shot of his face outlined against the window light, cue patriotic music), Charles Montgomery Burns, shall actively participate in their downfall! Or die in the attempt!

Cut to Smithers in his chair, impressed.

SMITHERS: I'm sure you will, sir.

BURNS (kindly): Shall, Smithers. Shall.

Cut to the gallery, where the employees in Sector 7G are gathering to go. Sound effect: steel doors locking. Everyone looks up, in various degrees of terror.

CARL: Whatever's happening?

MINDY (looking up where she's eating from a plate of donuts, panicky): It's an air assault! We're all gonna die! (quickly shovels donuts into a bag, speaking while chewing) Run away, don't care about me!

LENNY: Well, I don't know, but I'm out of here!

He runs up to a door and starts tugging at it, kicking and fighting. It doesn't budge.

LENNY (over his shoulder): Homer! Come here and help banging mindlessly at the door!

Homer runs up and starts tugging and hitting his head against the door. People murmur. Suddenly, there is silence. Camera glide across the gallery as everyone looks up. Cut to Burns and Smithers, standing on the balcony.

BURNS (commanding): Now, you listen up! I have an announcement to make! Make the announcement, Smithers!

SMITHERS (clears his throat): It is the will of our beloved boss, Mr Burns...

BURNS (slaps him): Don't care about all that, you silly person! (to the workers) I want you all to be prepared for the inevitable clash with the blasphemous Evergreeners...

Camera glide along the uncertain employees.

BURNS: ... and to be assured that all of you will be ready, I have decided to pit you against each other, in a deathmatch of unarmed combat, on the Arena, now! Is it understood?

Close shot of him and Smithers, as Smithers bends over to whisper.

SMITHERS (sotto voce): It's not a deathmatch, sir.

BURNS: Eh?

SMITHERS (loud): It's not a deathmatch! (sotto voce) You may want to have them still alive after the fight, sir.

BURNS (sly): Hmmm? I will?

Fade out. Fade in to a big arena, where the employees gather, looking impressed.

CARL: Ooh! I can't believe I've never been here before!

HOMER: It's this kind of thing that makes me happy to work at the old Springfield Nuclear!

Cut to Burns, standing on a podium at the end of the arena, and speaking in a bullhorn.

BURNS: Attention, now! I don't want you to go loosely on each other, avoid the eyes, or something like that! I want you all to fight the way real MEN fight! Cut back to the employees, Smithers among them.

MINDY: Quite right, sir!

She strikes, Tae Kwon Do-like, Homer full in the stomach. Homer groans and collapses on to her. Mindy giggles stupidly.

LENNY (sceptical): Like men, eh? What do you mean, sir? Naked, or what?

Cut to Burns, looking irritated.

BURNS (haughty): Are you out of your mind, Leonard? OF COURSE I didn't mean for you to fight naked.

HOMER (getting up, brushing himself off): Well, that's a relief.

BURNS: You are going to fight half-naked, from the waist up, if I might specify. Like real men do.

HOMER: D'oh!

The other employees mutter, unhappy.

FEMALE TECHNICIAN (feeling hurt): Well, what about us ladies?

Cut to Burns, looking slightly flattered.

BURNS: Oh, you're leaving the room. I know what you think, but I can't stand all your hungry looks towards my body. Hmm... (depraved) well... ("normal") no, it's not right. The females leave the room.

Shot of Mindy, Ms Finch and the other female employees walking towards the exit, annoyed.

MINDY (muttering): Well, that's a relief, at least.

The men look towards them, a bit suggestively.

LENNY: Hey, they could pay us to let them watch!

SMITHERS (guardedly): Yeah.

Rock music (I don't know, something heavy and thumping). Disco-lights on the arena, rendering everything strange. No other sound, except for the music.

Shot of Homer, taking off his shirt with some problems and trying to conceal his stomach with his arms. Shot of Smithers, at the other side of the arena, undressing quickly on his upper body (he is considerable more fit than Homer) and tying a Kamikaze scarf around his forehead. Close shot of Burns, looking at them critically. They rush towards the middle of the arena, and begin to wrestle with no rules at all. Smithers quickly gets Homer down and begins to punch at his face against the floor. Stop music. The weird disco-lights continue.

HOMER (in pain): Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

BURNS (calling out): Could you stop these horrific lights?

Cut to Disco Stu, dancing at the end of the arena, when the light turns normal again.

STU: Oh, Disco Stu is sorry.

He walks off. Smithers is still beating Homer, who scratches at his face.

BURNS: Try to part them, someone!

Cut to Carl and Lenny, who are still fighting. They get up and part Smithers and Homer. Both try to get free and attack again.

BURNS (modest): Oh, don't make me come down!

Close shot of him as he, with considerable troubles, frees himself of his jacket and shirt and looks, well, like a half-naked Mr Burns (not a sight to engender desire). He leaps down into the arena.

SMITHERS (eyes widening): Oh, sir... you told me to show no mercy, Mr Burns.

BURNS (evil): I will show YOU no mercy, Smithers!

Close shot of his thin fingers pinching hard on a specific point on Smithers's cheek. Smithers screams and collapses.

BURNS: The Old Masters taught me this. Reaching into specific nerve knots, I can cause you to feel pain, or even to die.

SMITHERS (tormented): Could you please... do it again... sir?

Lenny and Carl smile ingratiatingly.

HOMER (struggling to get up, a black eye starting to form): You just made that up!

Close shot of his waistline as Burns pinches him. Homer collapses.

HOMER (howling): Oh, the pain! (writhes in agony) You just wait, Mr Burns!

He pinches in the air with his stubby fingers. The others walk off, Smithers hanging limply between two others.

BURNS: How amusing. Smithers, I want you to be back in shape when we're going out to inspect the defence works.

Cut to Homer, crawling on the floor.

HOMER: Hey, come back!

Cut to the female employees, walking along the arena. Some look down and giggle. Fade out.

Fade in to the living-room. Homer sighs.

BART (patting his shoulder): You're a hero, Homer.

MARGE: Hmm, I've done some work, too.

HOMER (leaning back even more): A cake? Please, tell me it's a cake!

Marge looks at her wristwatch and straightens up.

MARGE: Time to go out and meet them, it seems.

Cut to the outer door as the family gathers behind it. Marge opens. Shot of the street, with almost everyone in Springfield, all dressed up in everything from old-fashioned armour to Nazi German uniforms, and wielding weapons such as handguns, shotguns, swords and everything. Everyone salutes. Cut to the door, seen from outside, where Homer sticks his head out and quickly withdraws. Cut to the hallway.

HOMER (scared): Marge, it's a lynch mob!

MARGE (calm): No, Homer.

PEOPLE (off stage, chanting): Marge! Marge! Marge!

BART (tugging at Marge's towel): Mum, go hide in the basement! They're in for your blood!

Cut to outside as Marge steps out. The people salute again. Close shot of Patty and Selma, in the Nazi-inspired uniforms (signs on the arms read: "From the Berlin Souvenir Shop"). They look slightly impressed.

PATTY (normal, harsh tone): I hate to say this, sister, but Marge knows how to make an appearance.

SELMA (almost smiling): You'll need a great self-confidence to appear in front of your militia wearing that style of clothes, like some bordello madam. Jacqueline Bouvier appears behind them, wearing a woman's uniform from approximately the Civil War.

JACQUELINE (appraising): Let's just hope she shoots as well as she talks! (fires her flintlock into the air) Go Marjorie!

Cut to Marge, smiling, a bit uneasy.

MARGE'S BRAIN: Go out and get them, general!

Marge steps forward. More blams are heard.

MARGE: Good afternoon, fellow Springfielders. Though I am usually a pacifist, I have decided that this situation merits my special attention, and since no-one else was going to, I have taken into my hands to weld you together into a disciplined fighting machine.

PEOPLE (waving, slightly brainwashed): Yes, yes, shape us!

Cut to Homer, Lisa and Bart, standing in the doorway and looking uncertain.

LISA: Well, they surely know how to wear their uniforms...

Cut to Marge, walking along the line of people. Cue march music.

MARGE (encouraging, yet strict): You look great. Yes, we can still make something out of you. (to Larry Burns) Please straighten up a bit.

LARRY (saluting, straightening): Yes, sir!

Cut back to the doorway, where the rest of the Simpsons gasp in awe.

LISA: She wears that dressing gown like some warrior queen.

Back to Marge, still inspecting them.

MARGE: Surely, some of you might need more strategic roles, to make up for lesser fighting skills. (to Fat Tony) Mind if I inspect your weapon?

The gangster boss smiles apologetically and hands over an evil-looking rocket launcher, butt-end first. Marge examines it critically. The Simpsons gasp once more.

BART: If I hadn't already been to a military school, I'd want to go there right now.

MARGE (polishing Fat Tony's weapon on her gown and handing it back): Thank you very much, mister... um, Don. Remember, though we in the Civil Defence sincerely wish we will never have to use these things, in an emergency you might have to fire it without hesitation.

TONY (flattered): Thank you, kind lady.

MARGE (stopping in front of them): I am proud of you already, comrades. Now, what we will have to do before our exercises commence, is to know our roles.

Comic Book Guy, dressed in a studded leather coat and a helmet, puts up a gauntleted hand.

CBG: Uh... like in a roleplaying game?

MARGE: Not exactly, no. That's one good gauntlet.

CBG (polishing it): Oh, best gauntlet there is!

MARGE: I trust you're an expert of arms. You will be needed in charge of the weaponry. As for you (to Fat Tony) well, what's your... beat?

TONY (eagerly): Oh, I can whip... that is, motivate the soldiers... interrogate prisoners, perhaps...

Close shot of Marge, looking evaluating, her eyes narrowing.

MARGE: Hmm. I'll leave motivation to you, but for interrogation, it'll be... (points) you.

Cut out to show her pointing at the smartly attired Mrs Krabappel.

MRS K (grinning slowly, looking vicious): I'll do what I can, Mrs Simpson.

A black luxury car with darkened windows drives past in the street behind everyone, quite slowly. Cut to Homer, backing away slightly.

HOMER (sotto voce): D'oh! She's scary!

BART (impressed, taking his father's hand): You know, Homer, sometimes I'm glad you married her. You wouldn't want to be her enemy, would you?

HOMER (looking into the distance): Who would?

Cut to Übersturmbannführers (their helmets say) Patty and Selma, looking vexed.

PATTY (sulky): I thought it would be ME in charge of the torture! Marge appears in front of them.

MARGE (smiling slightly): This might be called nepotism by some, but I still want to give you responsible posts. You two will be in charge of the frontline, if Springfield is ever attacked and if I can't lead the militia myself.

The twin sister smile contentedly.

SELMA (pensively): This might sound as a hypothetical question, Marge, but if you fall during a fatal raid in the night, and your last whispered words into the frosty autumn leaves is that you love your husband and want him to marry someone new... can I carry the message to him?

MARGE (at a loss for words): That's... that's very kind of you, Selma. But Homer already knows I love him. Besides, it's indeed hypothetical, since I will allow no undisciplined nightly raids.

People cheer, and more guns are fired. Marge gestures at them.

MARGE (commanding): Remember! The gunpowder wasted now might be worth yours and your children's life!

People cheer and shoot even more, as the black car suddenly drives off. Cut back to the Simpsons outside the house. Maggie crawls out, sucking her pacifier excitedly.

LISA: Well, she's a bit militaristic, but I don't think I can blame her... Homer is looking rather unhappy. His lower lip trembles. Cut back to Marge, stopping beside the Flanders.

MARGE (relaxed): You, Ned and Maude, will be my closest strategical counsellors... and you, Rod and Todd, will be in charge for watching out for angels.

MAUDE (graciously): Thank you very much... I don't know your military grade... Mrs Simpson.

NED (saluting quickly): I'm indeedily honoura-donnored, sir! Rod tugs at Marge's gown.

ROD (troubled): Excuse me, Mrs Simpson, but isn't it so that if ANYONE sees an angel, that person will have to report to the Ministry of Angel-Watching?

TODD: And as soon as that happens, all military actions will be cancelled and the Evergreeners will be as our brothers again?

Cut to Marge, momentarily stunned.

MARGE: I... well, to tell the truth, I...

Ned Flanders pats the heads of his sons.

NED (kindly): Of course, of course. Everyone will have to keep their eyes open for the messengers of the Lord. (he leans forward, eyes narrowing) No, Mrs Simpson. Between us, I'm not this stupid.

MARGE (walking on, to Reverend Lovejoy): Oh, and Reverend. I'm so glad you could come. Of course, you will have to strengthen our minds for the struggle with prayers and hymns.

LOVEJOY (unimpassioned): Oh, I'm always happy to shape people's minds with glorious falsehoods. (digs in his breast-pocket) I brought my field Bible, too. Close shot as he holds up the Bible. The covers are armour-plate, and there's a few bullets stuck in it. Cut to Professor Frink, who's dressed up like some future soldier from "Blade Runner" or some such movie. He puts up his hand.

FRINK: Excuse me, sir, n'hey! What's your grades?

Cut to Marge, turning around gracefully.

MARGE (unsure): Well, Defence Researcher Frink, I'm a... I'm... (calling out) Homer, give me my grades!

Cut to Homer, thinking.

HOMER (sotto voce): Lisa, what're the highest grades there are?

BART (suggestively, gleam in his eyes): Dreadnought!

LISA: Field Marshal, in fact.

HOMER: You're both wrong! (calling out) Marge, you're a Dread Marshal! (sotto voce) And don't tell me there's no such thing, because there was one in Star Wars, I'm positive.

Cut to Marge.

MARGE: I'm a Dread Marshal. (reassuringly) It's just an expression. You don't have to dread me.

Cut to Moe, blushing with sudden love.

MOE (turned on): Oh, but you're surely dreadful... in a nice kind of way.

FRINK (critical): That means you wear these clothes, sir?

Cut to Marge, fixing the towel around her head.

MARGE (strong gaze): Well, yes!

Cut to the others, taking pieces of cloth and wrapping them, turban-like, around their heads.

ARMY: We'll follow you to the end, sir!

They take up Marge and bear her on their hands. She's trying to keep the gown in check, a bit prim. A band begins to play, and more people join the parade. Shot of the street as it continues, the black car keeping up with it.

HOMER (a bit sad): Well, if that Evergreen army ever invades, they'll just fall in front of her and be at the mercy of our vengeful force, won't they, kids?

BART (excited): I'm joining the parade! See ya!

He rushes off. Homer and Lisa stare forward, sadly.

HOMER&LISA (unconscious of each other): Well, I'm too. But not for the fun of it. Oh... you wouldn't understand.

They look at each other, shocked.

HOMER&LISA: D'oh!

They run off, towards the distant parade. Fade out.

Fade in to a dirty, ill-kept road leading up between ominous, gnarled trees, waving in the wind. Sound effect: a car. The black car drives up along a bend in the track. Cut to a worm-eaten sign, reading: "This way to McClure County", with a faded photograph of Troy McClure nailed to it. The car drives off in the distance.

Shot of Troy's home, the glassy, decrepit seventies building, under a darkening evening sky. Cut to a room inside, lit with lava lamps, and decorated with movie posters of Troy McClure. Aquariums abound, of course, and everything is garish and self-gratifying. Camera glide around, to show Troy himself lying in a purple dressing gown on a clam-shaped couch, combing his hair with Gray-Be-Gone and eyeing the fish vacantly. Sound effect: a doorbell ringing three times, like some secret signal. Troy gets up and walks off. Cut to the front of the house. The car is parked by the gate, and a man is standing with his back against the camera, waiting. He wears a black coat with a hood over his head, so his identity is concealed. Troy opens the door.

TROY: Hello, I'm Troy McClure. You may remember me from such...

MAN (sotto voce, disguising his voice): I don't remember you! I don't know you! I just have an offer that might interest you!

TROY (sly, putting his head on one side): Why do you have to go about all this with disguises and that? I mean, if this were a film, everyone would already know who you are.

Cut to Troy's point of view. The man, who is Kent Brockman, puts down the hood irritably.

KENT (annoyed): Yes, yes. Is this good enough for you?

TROY: I've seen you already. Now, about that offer...

Fade out, with sinister music. Fade in to the Simpsons house, in the evening. Only one window is still lit. Zoom at it. Cut to the bedroom of Marge and Homer. Homer is lying in bed, reading a leaflet and looking surly. Marge is almost concealed, except for her hair, behind a closet door.

MARGE (sweet voice): You want to be careful with those things, Homie. You don't know which ones were chemically prepared by the Evergreen forces, and which ones just combust spontaneously.

Homer mutters. Marge steps out, wearing a patron belt, shiny military boots, an oak-leaf bronze coronet (saying Dread Marshal Simpson), some medals and nothing more except for a thin lacey nightgown. She moves up to Homer's bed, doing that gliding sexy walk of hers. Homer, very pointedly, rolls over on the side and almost buries his face in the leaflet. (This is meant to be like Homer seducing Marge with his uniform in "Simpson Tide", only different.)

MARGE (giggling a bit, turned on): Do you grant me admission, sir?

HOMER (muttering incomprehensibly): Gotta think of it.

Close shot of Marge, her face changing from enraptured into annoyed. She fastens the upper buttons of the gown primly, and adjusts her coronet.

HOMER: Admission not granted. Sorry.

He reaches up to put out the light. Marge reaches for her gun. Homer panics.

MARGE (guardedly): What did you just say?

HOMER (yawning): Can't grant you admission. Sorry, Dread Marshal, Sexy Marshal, whatever you like. Go up on the roof and shoot down some planes. Marge quickly puts on her dressing gown.

MARGE (nagging): I've never been this turned off in my whole life! Has it ever crossed your single-minded mind that I might need some RELIEF from vital strategical problems?

Cut to Homer, sitting up in bed, irritably.

HOMER (angry): Well, the truth will out, it seems! This is the first time this evening someone doesn't actually offer to lick your boots, you... you superior officer! Where did you get these medals, anyway?

MARGE (trying to calm down): Homie, if push comes to shove, I'll be at least as good at making decisions as anyone in Springfield. I have the expertise, the best ones, and people trust me, and I won't let them down. Please, Homie. (her eyes narrow dangerously, she growls) And, oh, yes, I know what's turning YOU off! It's that you can't cope with your old Margie not being a meek housewife anymore!

HOMER (complaining): Marge, I've had a hard day!

Dramatic music. Marge draws herself up, staring into the distance.

MARGE: And this night is going to be even harder, because I will help this city save itself, no matter what, and you will help me, as will the kids.

Close shot of Homer. He looks doubtful, with wide frightened eyes.

HOMER: But it's all wrong! Why can't anyone listen to me?

Marge sits down at the edge of the bed.

MARGE: Because you won't croon along with the siren tones of conflict, it seems.

HOMER (firm): I'm right. I know I'm right! There's something wrong with this whole thing, I mean, cities declaring independence, people conspiring in the shadows... it's like some weird movie! (stares towards the camera) In fact, they could be watching us right now!

MARGE (weird, eerie suggestive voice, like some hypnotist): Yes.

Embrace the paranoia.

HOMER (suspiciously): What did you just say?

Close shot of them, looking at each other, both sad.

MARGE (devoted): Oh, Homie, when will you admit that thousands of people actually may be right?

HOMER (staring through her): Marge, I don't think I'm entitled to grant a Dread Marshal admission, but... well... climb aboard.

They embrace. Close shot of Homer's forlorn face over her shoulder, filled with shadows. Sound effect: a helicopter departing in the distance. Darkness. His eyeballs are still seen. Fade out.

Fade in to a shot of Springfield in the pale early morning. Shot of the house. Cut to the kitchen, where Homer comes down to see Marge up, her hair drooping with the coronet, making a jelly sandwich.

MARGE (a bit tired): Oh, yes, Homie. I was just thinking of waking you up. The kids are still asleep, aren't they?

HOMER: Weeell... I think. I don't trust Maggie, though. She's a guileful infant.

Marge puts down the knife. Close shot of her serious face.

MARGE (sincere): Homie, I'm afraid. You and I have to weather the storm, but they're only kids. If something happened to them, I could never live it down. We might have to transport them... to somewhere safe.

HOMER (a bit accusing): See? You admit it's not safe here! Why don't transport us, too?

Cut to outside the window, with Grampa wearing his WWII uniform and holding a rifle, patrolling.

GRAMPA (his usual nagging voice): Oh yeah, keep forgetting your own father, son, that's the right stuff!

Cut back to the kitchen. Marge sighs.

MARGE: Believe me, I'd love to just leave it all, but now I can't let my people down.

HOMER (with sad sarcasm): "Let my people down"... well, let me tell Your Majesty, that while you were doing that display of duty, I actually did some thinking! It'd have to be somewhere far off, wouldn't it? And somewhere they could get a good influence, have their needs met and be well off while we're sacrificing our lives in this goddamn war?

MARGE (critical): Well, Homie, let me know when you find the place... Homer walks over and takes a notebook out of a jam on a bench.

HOMER (showing the book): Here it is. Remember my ex-boss, Hank Scorpio on GlobEx Corporations? He could probably help taking care of them! (smiling wistfully) He's a gentleman, that Mr Scorpio. I still regret I had to quit. He walks over to the phone, taking on his glasses and looking in the notebook.

MARGE (worried): But doesn't he live in Cypress Creek, Homer? I mean, it's too near. Once the Evergreen people get started, they'll probably attack there, too.

HOMER (looking closer): Well... no. You see, he gave me this new phone number, and said he was going to the East Coast, to build up some empire or another. Of course, he's a very busy man, but let's call him...

Fade out. Fade in to a palatial chamber where Hank Scorpio (from "You Only Move Twice") is reclining on a throne, being fed drinks by beautiful women. A melodical strain is heard. He picks up a small, hi-tech pocketphone.

HANK: Mr Scorpio... oh, it's the lovely Mrs Simpson. What did you just say? War? In the old US of A? (listens) Well, I'd like to come, but I've got pressing matters here in... Scorpia. And no, I'm afraid I can't take care of your children. Things are bad currently, economy-wise.

Shot from a point of view behind his head. A green screen is depicting three-dimensional Marge and Homer, standing by the phone. Homer reaches over and takes the receiver.

HANK (listens some more): Biological samples? What biological samples? I never got biological samples from any of you! Now, let me plot world domination in peace!

Cut to a row of glass tubes, where growing clones of the Simpsons are floating. A woman walks up to Hank with a fruit cocktail.

HANK: Hiya, lady? How would you like to have Cuba named after you?

WOMAN: You already named Carolina after me, sir.

HANK (laughs lasciviously): I like your moxie.

Cut back to Homer, hanging up angrily.

HOMER: The CIA will get a hold of that man one day!

He turns on the radio. Sound effect: crackles.

HOOVER (on the radio): So, due to the faculty joining the Simpson Civil Defence, the school will be closed during an undefined period...

MARGE (thoughtful): Hmm.

She rushes out. Cut to outside the house, where a radio van is parked, with Miss Hoover visible inside. Marge gets into it. More crackle.

MARGE (on the radio): Instead of education, all kids will be gathered in a defence group led by a Bartholomew Simpson, I repeat, Bartholomew Simpson...

Cut to the kitchen, as Homer walks towards the stairs.

HOMER (calling out): Bart! I've got something to tell you!

Cut to the top of the stairs, where Bart appears as a shadow. Cut to Homer's horrified face, eyes widening. Bart, fully dressed, a scarf tied around his head, glides down the stairs and almost knocks his dad down.

BART: Aye Caramba!

HOMER (shaken): Well, yes...

Shot of the hallway as Bart rushes down it, bounds out of the door and is gone. Cut to Lisa standing in the stairway, still wearing her nightdress and looking sleepy.

LISA (doubtful): No school?

HOMER (sarcastic): Oh, don't worry about that, kid. You will get your education from the Simpson Civil Defence... which is led by your brother and your mother, I might add.

LISA (yawning): This was very inconvenient.

HOMER: You bet! Why don't you go out and bug your mother about it?

LISA (smiling a bit): Luckily enough, I got an idea. Somewhere I can get education and still get trained in the so-called arts of war...

Cut to Homer, horrified.

HOMER: Not that military school! You've all gone mad! Mad!

He rushes around a bit, screaming. Cut to Maggie at the top of the stairs, crawling out and sucking her pacifier reproachfully. Homer stops, looking irritated.

HOMER: Well, that old Rommelwood Military School, is it? Why did you and Bart quit there, in the first place?

Shot of Lisa, walking into her room and taking some clothes out of her closet.

LISA (over her shoulder): I'd rather not dwell on it, Dad. The important thing is... the time for returning has come.

She unfolds her Rommelwood uniform from the episode "The Secret War of Lisa Simpson", and smiles a bit.

LISA'S BRAIN (excited): At last, you will be where things happen!
(calming down) Are you sure you haven't hurt your head somewhere?

Cut to outside the house. Homer walks out, looking forlorn. Kent Brockmans black car parks behind the radio van where Marge is still talking in a mike.

HOMER: Am I the only sane person around here, or what?

Apu, wearing a Sepoy uniform, walks up to him.

APU: Excuse me, Mr Simpson, but I think you are dangerously close to expressing treacherous thoughts.

HOMER (shaken, turning around): Me?

APU: As a matter of fact, Dread Marshal Simpson proclaimed me attitude guardian, and if any Springfielder harbours doubts of the righteousness of our actions, I am to note it and take the steps required.

HOMER: D'oh!

Apu takes out a notebook and pen, and scratches something down.

APU (talking while writing): One... possibly treacherous... expression.

That's it. (pats Homer's shoulder) I have to inform you, I will bring these records to the Ministry of Attitude Adjustment.

HOMER (with growing dread): Meaning...

The Flanders walk up to him.

NED: Meaning us, neighboureno.

HOMER (with scorn): Hello goodbye, Flanders. Weren't you the Ministry of Angel-Freaks, or something?

NED: Oh, heh heh, THAT. Well, it seems there was a shortage of people, so your wife had to put us in several offices.

MAUDE (a bit pointedly): Also, the former person in charge of Attitude Adjustment was arrested for breaking the Geneva Convention.

Cut to Lisa, coming out of the house in her uniform, a suitcase in her hand.

LISA: Dad? I'm ready now.

HOMER (to the Flanders and Apu): Alright, I'm leaving this place. Don't blow it up while I'm gone!

He walks over to his car. Apu blocks his way.

APU: I am certainly sorry, Mr Simpson, but you have to show a note signed by the Dread Marshal allowing you to leave the city.

HOMER (angry): Just let me get to the car, and I'll show it when I come back!

Cut to Lisa, digging in her trouser pocket and taking up a paper. A shot from behind as she shows it to Apu.

APU: Oh, alright then.

Homer and Lisa gets into the car. Bird's-eye-view of the block as the car drives out on the lane. Marge and Miss Hoover get out of the van, but the black car follows Homer's one.

Cut to inside the car.

LISA (excited, eager): It's very kind of you to drive me there, Dad.

HOMER (looking out the window): That car seems to be around much more than usual.

LISA: I mean, driving me out to Rommelwood when there's enemy armies around, the sky is swarming with helicopters... (shuddering) maybe I ought to have stayed at home and joined Bart's defence group.

HOMER (patting her head, smiling kindly): Oh, don't worry, Lisa...
(thoughtful) Oh, yes, worry a bit, that's a nice girl. You're making me feel braver than I'll ever be.

Shot of the car driving across a square where most of the defence army, supervised by Marge, compete in shooting against life-sized Krusty dolls. Krusty is standing by, looking surly, obviously complaining and pointing at the dolls. Kent's car is still following them. Zoom out on the road, on Springfield, on America, finally on the whole of Earth. Shot of Kang and Kodos's spaceship. Cue "alien" theme. Shot of inside the spaceship, where the aliens are watching Earth on the monitors.

KODOS: Hah, once again petty conflict is tearing the nations of these simple-minded Earthlings! They will not even attempt to fight back once our vengeful armada overtakes them!

Cue evil laugh, for quite some time. Suddenly, they break off.

KANG: Oh... I just remembered something. We can't attack the planet yet!

KODOS (disappointed): Oh?

Shot of Kang waddling over to a computer and clicking some buttons with his foretentacles. A message with very alien letters appears on a screen.

KANG (annoyed): Yes... yes, I see. It's the policy of the Rigel IV fleet only to attempt a conquest of this planet during the days which are known, among the Earthlings, as "Halloween".

KODOS (waddling to the computer): Let me check the calendar!

A very alien calendar appears on the screen.

KODOS: Oh. "Halloween" will be... in... (a tentacle traces some lines down the monitor)... in one week, in fact. (triumphant) If they haven't destroyed themselves in that time!

They laugh evilly. Fade out.

Fade in to a bird's-eye-view of Homer's car, driving down the highway, pursued by the black one. Cut to inside the car.

LISA (worried, twisting her neck to look out the window): They're still there. Maybe you're right.

Cut out again, as the black car turns and drives along another road. Zoom at a road sign, reading: "Evergreen Forest, 6 miles". A smaller sign, hung on it, reads: "Newly painted". Sinister music. A hawk sits down on the sign, and then struggles to fly away. Its claws are stuck in the paint. Cut back to the car.

LISA (weakly): Now THIS is ominous.

HOMER: You're telling me?

Shot of the exterior of the Military School as Homer drives up to it. He and Lisa get out, watching it in awe.

LISA (uncertain): I'm sure it feels great to be back here...

HOMER: Will you ever tell me why you quit?

LISA: I don't remember.

Military music as they pass through the great gates. Camera glide up to show war planes crossing the sky. Fade out.

Fade in to the office of the Commandant, with Homer and Lisa sitting in front of his desk.

COMMANDANT (strict): Well, I'd be happy to welcome you back and promise you good education and a respectful treatment, Cadet Simpson, but an officer in my position can't afford the luxury of lies. If you join, you will face the hardest days of your life.

LISA (sincerely): I think I'm man enough for it, sir.

COMMANDANT (suspicious, leaning over his desk): Was that a joke?

Cut to Homer, his face straight.

HOMER: Believe me, officer, she doesn't know what irony means.

COMMANDANT (still suspicious): It would indeed surprise me if YOU knew it, Mr Simpson.

HOMER (laughs uncertainly): Heh, heh, now YOU'RE joking, officer.

COMMANDANT (sighs): No. (slightly friendly) Believe me, Cadet, I am flattered and happily surprised by your presence here, though I don't want my face to reveal these emotions. You are welcome, and we will see to it that you get a splendid education, as long as you need it, and an exclusive ticket to the school air-raid shelter. He hands Lisa a ticket.

LISA (smiling): Thank you, sir... (reading the ticket) I suppose.

COMMANDANT: Now, you will get exactly ten minutes to get your things packed up, get to know the surroundings and prepare showing the newer cadets round the place.

Lisa runs off, rather happily.

COMMANDANT (to Homer): Now, about the cost...

HOMER (unnerved): Could you please give me a moment to prepare emotionally?

COMMANDANT (friendly): Well, no. Listen up, Mr Simpson. Your daughter is possibly the brightest student here, all categories...

HOMER: Ooh, but I knew that!

COMMANDANT: We do not have a surplus of smart kids here at Rommelwood, Mr Simpson. Your daughter is officer material. Moreover, she is possibly hero material.

Homer stands up.

HOMER: Well, thanks. (a bit dreary) If I never come back, tell her I was always proud of her.

COMMANDANT: Pity her brother wouldn't come.

They walk towards the exit. Homer looks troubled.

HOMER (haunted): Tell me truly, officer, is there no fantastic way of preventing this war? I mean, kind of having someone making a great speech to make people see the true worth of peace, or a song number or something?

Shot of the two men, backs against the camera, watching the students file up on the yard. Lisa is walking there, looking at everything.

COMMANDANT (sceptical): I am afraid this isn't Broadway, Mr Simpson.

Close shot of his stern face.

COMMANDANT: As a matter of fact, it is a war.

Shot of Homer, walking through the yard. Lisa comes up to him, and he gives her a quick hug.

HOMER (a bit sad): Take care, Lisa. Please take care.

LISA: Oh, don't worry, Dad. It's worse for you, and mum and Bart and Maggie. I'll be safe.

Shot of Homer, returning to his car.

HOMER (sotto voce): Well, yes.

Bird's-eye-view of that road. The black car comes out of the road fork, and follows him along.

Shot of the square, where Marge is watching her militia still training with their weapons. She now has Maggie on her arm. Bart is standing beside her, looking impressed.

MARGE (calling out): Mr Szyslak? You'll have to tilt that grenade launcher a bit, to make sure the projectile takes the optimal course.

Sound effect: a boom. Maggie sucks her pacifier, almost approvingly.

BART: Hell, Mum, where did you learn all this military stuff?

Shot of Marge, her face heroically outlined against the flying clouds.

MARGE (thoughtful): It's all very much like cooking food, Bart, and THAT I've been doing all my life. You still have to crack the eggs. And don't swear.

BART: Can I borrow your gun?

MARGE: Well... no. Why don't you go and gather all your small friends and give them some training?

She gives him some papers, which he tucks under the arm.

BART (saluting): Now that's some good order, sir!

He walks away, whistling march music. Cut back to Marge, putting a whistle in her mouth and about to blow it when Chief Wiggum, Eddie and Lou walk up to her. The Chief puts a hand on her shoulder.

WIGGUM: Mrs Simpson, is it?

Ned Flanders and his wife walk up on the other side, uniformed and menacing (as Flanders go).

NED (no-nonsense): DREAD MARSHAL Simpson, if you will, Chief Wiggily-Dee-Dum.

MARGE: Yes I am, Chief. What did you want?

WIGGUM (stern): It doesn't matter if you're Lord Vader himself, lady, you're still arrested. There's a law against civil people wearing uniforms.

Close shot of Marge, a bit doubtful.

MARGE (hesitating): Well, you're probably right. But we have a lawyer here, you know. Corporal Hutz!

Camera glide to Lionel Hutz, wearing camouflage clothes and sitting by an upturned crate with lots of maps and Jane's Weapons Magazines in a pile on the top. He has his feet on the crate, looking like a really tough strategy guy, and is reading "The Wages of War". He looks up, a bit shaken.

HUTZ: Eh? What? Alright, I'm thinking... we have declared martial law here. When Dread Marshal Simpson says something is legal, it IS. (sighs with relief) I can't complain, it's making life easier.

Cut back to Marge and the cops.

WIGGUM: I am very sorry, officer, but I am not moved by that legal mumbo-jumbo. (to everyone in sight, speaking in a bullhorn) Did you hear me? These uniforms are coming off!

MAUDE: Excuse me, Chief, but what makes you think you have the right to command us? There are dozens of us. There aren't dozens of you.
Close shot of Ned's face as he squints, counting.

NED (quite nice): You're only three... two... oh, one. Only one of you, it seems.

Cut out to show Lou and Eddie trying to fit in among the amateur soldiers. Swivel around to Chief Wiggum, looking around. He then points an accusing finger at the two cops.

WIGGUM (angry): You! You let me down, officers!

LOU (checking his gun): Hey, cool down, buddy, you're in the army now!

WIGGUM (sagging, walking over to the others): Oh. Alright.

Cut to Bart, walking along the street, fastening his scarf around the head and looking happy. It's a rather beautiful autumn day. He looks at the papers.

BART (quite happy): Well, seems I'm in command at last. What's this? "You are to use no violence in gathering people to the Civil Defence"... aw, who'll ever know?

He skips along a bit, and then stops. Close shot of his sly face.

BART: It's for moments like this that God invented ex-dates!

Fade out. Fade in to the front of the Powers house. Bart walks up the shaggy lawn, whistling a bit, and ruffling his hair to get a tough look. He rings the doorbell. Laura Powers (from "New Kid on the Block") opens.

LAURA: Hello. (surprised) Aren't you little Bart Simpson?

Cut to Bart, wincing.

BART (straightening up quite a bit): I'm not "little" anymore, Laura. I have come to take you away from all this!

LAURA (eyes narrowing): It's all very nice, but I have to cut the lawn by the afternoon.

BART: Alright. Just sign your name here.

Close shot of their hands, as Bart reaches over with a form and a pencil, and Laura takes it. Sad music. Bart doesn't seem to want to let go.

LAURA: Hey, let go of it!

Shot of her as she checks the paper.

LAURA (giggles a bit): A subscription to the Simpson Civil Defence! What on Earth makes you think I would fit in the army?

Close shot of Bart, filling his eyes with the sight of her.

BART: Well, you've got an army jacket, haven't you?

LAURA (adjusting her jacket): Oh, this old rag! Wait a moment.

She rushes in and comes out with a slightly smaller one, which she puts on Bart.

LAURA (with a friendly smile): It fits you, kid. Now, let's spread out and enlist some ex-dates for the Civil Defence.

Close shot of them as Bart gives her half of the bunch of forms, and they walk away in either direction.

Shot of the Lovejoys house (a sign outside says "Home of Timothy, Helen and Jessica Lovejoy, no-one else"). Bart, seemingly dwarfed, stands in front of it, hesitating. He quickly smooths his spikes down and walks up to the door, knocking. The door is opened by Helen, gasping and backing away a bit upon seeing him.

BART (with his most wonderful smile): Good morning to thee, Mrs Lovejoy. Is your daughter, by any chance, in?

HELEN (smarmy): What is your reason for coming here, young man? I thought you never wanted to see my daughter again.

JESSICA (off stage): Who are you talking to, Mum?

BART (hurried): Alright, let me in!

Jessica appears, looking lovely as usual. She smiles slyly upon seeing Bart.

JESSICA: Ooh, if it isn't Bartholomew?

Cut to Bart, giving her a form.

BART: Sign this. Quick. It's about the army...

JESSICA: Right you are!

Jessica takes the pencil and starts signing.

HELEN (strongly disapproving): Ahem!

JESSICA (at her sweetest): Oh, Mum! It's not as if it was a real army!

We'll only do a bit marching about, things like that...

Reverend Lovejoy appears in the hallway, dressed up like an old-fashioned field preacher, with a patron belt and everything.

LOVEJOY (patting his wife's shoulder): So, so, Helen. Let her have some fun. She'll be going back to the boarding school soon anyway... unless they blow it up or something.

JESSICA (excited): Oh, thank you so very much!

She kisses her parents on the cheek, and then skips out of the door. The Reverend bends down and puts a hand on Bart's shoulder.

LOVEJOY (serious): You watch over her, don't you, boy? She's a bright girl, but she's not that good at taking care of herself, if you understand...

BART (smiling with confidence): Yes, Reverend.

Shot of the street as he leaves the house, Jessica skipping along by his side.

JESSICA (her real diabolical voice): If we take any prisoners, I want to break their bones!

Shot of the crossroads, where Bart and Jessica meet Laura Powers, with Jimbo, Dolph and Kearney in her wake.

LAURA (impressed): Why, Bartie, who's this lady?

BART (gesturing to Jessica): She's the daughter of the Reverend... (trying to sound cool) I mean, the preacherman, man.

JESSICA (curtsying): Jessica Lovejoy, to your service.

LAURA: Laura Powers. I'm the one with the jackets.

Close shot of them as they look curiously at each other, and then at the blank-looking Bart.

LAURA&JESSICA (exactly the same tone of voice): Whatever did you SEE in him?

Cut to Jimbo, looking bored.

JIMBO: Come on! When is the fighting going to start?

LEWIS (appearing behind Bart): I might ask you the same question!

Almost all the kids from Springfield Elementary (and some others) assemble at the street.

RALPH: Will you pay us in food?

Cut to Bart, turning around unnervedly.

BART (disturbed): I'm not going to pay you whatever? Who told you I'd pay?

MARTIN: I figured it would be the best way to make people follow you.

ALLISON: Now Lisa's gone to the military school, will you need any cowardly but clever kids here?

MARTIN: I think they'll need at least two.

NELSON (surly): Well, I don't like you, Bart, but there's got to be someone here who can provide comic relief...

MILHOUSE (trembling): I was too scared to leave the apartment, but I went anyway... (hopeful) does that make me a hero?

NELSON: And that someone is me! (points) Ha-ha!

LAURA (dismissively): For all that I know, you're a hero if you die horribly trying to save ur from a certain death.

MILHOUSE (tricky): Hey... if it's CERTAIN death, why would I even try to save you people?

SUZY (yes, it's Lisa's long lost twin sister from "Lisa^2"): Hello, I'm Lisa's long lost twin sister!

BART (stressed): Hello, I'm nuts!

Terri and Sherri appear on either side of Adils, the Albanian spy from the episode "The Crêpes of Wrath", all of them wearing black Albanian uniforms and holding black portfolios.

ADILS (nice): Hello, faceless American youth. Now my re-education program is completed, I am once more on the side of freedom and democracy. I have brought you a great breakthrough in the arms history.

He gives Bart his portfolio. Bart tries to open it, fumbling with the locks while the other kids watch, curiously.

SHERRI: We made our dad steal some plutonium, and here it is!
Bart quickly drops the case. The kids step aside.

BART (straightening): Well... listen up everybody! You follow me along, you do what I tell you, and you call me "sir", alright?

Camera glide along the doubtful kids, who mutter.

ADILS (sarcastic): Oh, what a triumph for freedom and democracy!

MILHOUSE (complaining): I thought we were friends, not some two-person class struggle!

MARTIN: If we went after merits, the rightful leader would be ME!

ALLISON: I'd like to concur.

TERRI: Well, I'm not following him for one, and neither is my sister!

Cut to Bart, staring desperately along the street. Shot of Homer's car, driving closer. Cut back to Bart, beginning to panic.

BART: Quick! Line up! You, Laura, on my side... and Jessie, too! Come on!

The kids quickly form into a line, following Bart who's got his ex-girlfriends on either side of him. They begin to march along the sidewalk. Homer's car drives up by them, and Homer opens the window. Bart waves at his dad. Cut to Homer, inside the car.

HOMER (doing thumbs-up): Keep it up, Bart! Woo-hoo!
He sags again.

HOMER (sotto voce, miserably): One day, they'll see that I'm right... if we'll live to see that day!

He looks straight towards the camera.

HOMER (irritated): We may not, you know. I'm just saying that...
He bends down and turns on the radio. Sinister music.

HOMER (a bit more relaxed): Well, that's better.

Fade out. Fade in to a bird's-eye-view of the Rommelwood yard, where Lisa is walking by the Commandant. Camera glide to the Eliminator from that episode, where a cadet is climbing the line. Cut to Lisa, standing by a sign reading: "The 'Eliminator'. Monument commemorating the Honoured Cadets of '97". Beside her is the gap filled with thornbushes.

LISA (happy): Wow, the old Eliminator! Brings back memories, it does.
Quick vignette from "The Private War of Lisa Simpson": Lisa, dangling from the line, shutting her eyes and struggling to hold her grip. Cut back.

LISA: Do you still use it, sir?

COMMANDANT: Well, no. It was outlawed by the Congress after your test, and now, it's only a monument over the brave lads and... well... lass, to conquer it. (looking upwards, calling out) You! Careful with that monument!

CADET (from far above, off stage): Yes, sir!

Lisa leans out and touches the thorns, pricking her finger.

LISA: Ow! Those thorns are still sharp!

COMMANDANT (pulling her back): Be careful, Cadet Simpson. There's a hornet's nest somewhere down there.

CADET (scared, off stage): You never told me, sir...

COMMANDANT: Don't scream, boy! The hornets...

Sound effect: buzzing. He and Lisa walk away. The cadet begins to scream. Fade out.

Fade in to a building. Lisa and the officer walk up to the gate.

COMMANDANT: Have I told you lately that you're needed here, Cadet Simpson? You were, by far, the smartest student ever to pass here, and after you left, we thought we had to commemorate you...

LISA (hesitating): With all respect, sir, all that I ever asked for was a bit of equal treatment.

COMMANDANT (tormented): Yes, yes, I was wrong, girls can be almost just as good as boys in these matters.

LISA: Hmmm.

Shot of a sign reading: "The Lisa Simpson Regiment". Camera glide down as the doors open, to a classroom full of books. The cadets in their desks turn towards the door (there are some girls among them now, too). All wear caps with a few metal spikes on top, like a representation of Lisa's haircut. After staring, they stand up and salute.

COMMANDANT: Here we are, boys! She's back!

CADETS: Hooray for Lisa Simpson!

Cut to Lisa, staring in disbelief. Then, she smiles uncertainly and waves.

LISA: Hello!

Cut to a wall, with lots of bookshelves. A fresco painting depicts Lisa, in a slightly romantic altered state, standing victorious on the Eliminator platform.

OFFICER (in front of the blackboard): Could you please sit down, Miss... uh, Cadet Simpson? We're currently studying the poetry of Emily Dickinson.

LISA (in awe): Ooh!

Cadet Shaft, a tall adolescent female one, and Cadet Hagstrom, who looks like Lewis but older, say around twelve, walk up to her.

SHAFT (with serious admiration): I'm Cadet Shaft. Though I've never met you before, Simpson, I am indebted to you. Thanks to your valiant deeds, the way was opened for female cadets.

HAGSTROM (apologetically, reaching out with his hand): Hagstrom's the name. I know I wasn't precisely nice towards you when you were here last time, and I'm surely sorry, because... because you were great. You really were. And are. I don't know what to say... we missed you. You ought to have seen the chaos after you and your brother left.

Close shot of Lisa's face, haunted by memories. Her eyes gleam, almost evil.

LISA (slow, sotto voce): Yes. I ought to have seen.

HAGSTROM: Let's call it quits, Simpson. (glances over his shoulder)

They want to read about Emily Dickinson. Say something clever about her.

Shot of Lisa as she clears her throat.

LISA: Um... I can understand her, and that marvellous poetry she wrote!

CADETS: Hooray for Emily Dickinson!

The officer walks over to Lisa and puts one of the spiky caps on her head. He has some problems, because her hair spikes get in the way. She is led over to an empty chair with the name "Simpson" cut in the back. Hagstrom follows her.

HAGSTROM: Wanna call it quits?

Shot of Lisa, watching the blackboard, reading: "'My Life Closed Twice', E. Dickinson (Civilian)". She turns towards the boy, a sweet gloating on her face.

LISA (quietly): I know I'm going to feel bad afterwards... but Hagstrom, I surely remember how your gang tormented me all through that semester, and I hate you sincerely.

HAGSTROM (bending over to Shaft, sotto voce): Hey, Shaft! I think she likes me!

LISA (blandly): I don't.

OFFICER (stern): Cadet Simpson! No talking in class! You will run five rounds of the yard!

Fade to Lisa, jogging around the buildings where some engineers are putting up a radar device.

LISA (out of breath, but keeping it up): Well, I'm back!

Fade out. Fade in to the karate dojo in Springfield, where Bart and his group are lined up against a wall, dressed in white. Akira is standing by the door.

AKIRA: Let's do this again! Ready, set... approach!

Bart and the kids glide swiftly across the mat, to the centre of the room. Cut to the adults in the defence (Marge among them) who are approaching, looking just as menacing. Cut out as every adult grabs a kid and throws them to the floor. Marge throws Bart.

BART (sotto voce): Mum, this is demeaning!

AKIRA (blowing his whistle): Now, we will do it again, just the other way around! Assume your positions.

Shot of the kids gliding back towards the wall, and then starting their gliding walk again. Cut to Maggie, sitting on a bench by a wall, a ribbon tied Rambo-like around her spikes and obscuring her bow. She makes striking motions in the air, sucking her pacifier. Cut back as Bart throws down Marge.

BART (pointing): Hah! Loser! Loser! How did THAT feel, um... Mum!

Hah!

Marge gets up, straightening her uniform.

MARGE (kindly): Am I, Bart? Am I really a loser?

BART: No! (hugs her quickly) I hope I'll get your genes, Mum.

Marge straightens up, but her hair keeps wobbling, finally falling down in front of her face.

MARGE (feeling her hair anxiously): Oh, it seems like I have to get home now, Bart. (to the others) Just keep doing it as if I was here! (to Bart) These awful hair gel rations. I hope your father got the old Bouvier natural gel recipe right. She rushes out. Cut to Akira.

AKIRA: Are you all ready?

Close shot of Bart, clenching his jaws, looking really fierce. Camera glide across the dojo to his opponent, the uniformed Mrs Krabappel. Cut back to Bart, smiling harshly.

BART (sotto voce): Do you feel lucky, Krabappel?

Shot of a street sign that formerly said "Evergreen Terrace". A couple of workers are pasting the word "Unity" over "Evergreen". Camera glide along the street to outside the Simpsons house. A TV team van and the black luxury car are parked outside. Marge parks her car and gets out. Close shot of that part of the street as Kent Brockman gets out of his car, backed up by a TV team. He is splendidly dressed and has a new, smart haircut, and all technical equipment looks very shiny and space-age.

KENT (sidling up to Marge): Top of the morning, Mrs Simpson... or should that be Dread Marshal Simpson?

MARGE (keeping her hair in check with one hand): Indeed, Mr Brockman. Dread Marshal will do fine.

They walk along up to the house, followed by the team.

KENT: Luckily, I didn't lose much time searching for you. For being a Dread Marshal, you're exceedingly stylish.

Close shot of Marge, blushing a bit.

MARGE: Thank you so very much, sir. Currently, my hair is not at its best, though. Did you drop by just to interview me and my family?

Close shot of Kent, narrow eyes, evaluating.

KENT (continuing his ingratiating style): "Dropped by" is about right. Still, no news reporter worth his two cents would miss a chance to a talk with the woman who, almost single-handedly, saved her city from sinking into the bog of sterile fear.

MARGE (giggling a bit): You're only flattering me, Mr Brockman. Are you out of good stories, then?

Cut back to Kent. Slightly sinister music, breaking off.

KENT: No. Not by any means. What brings you back here?

Cut to the hallway, as Marge opens for her guest and then steps in. Sound effect: something frying.

MARGE: Well, due to the closed borders, heavy rations have been put on many luxury articles, such as hair and skin care products. We can still get the medicaments we need, but I have to be prepared for the day when something is lacked. Do you film this?

Change to a picture as if through the film camera, black and white, with blinking numbers. Marge turns towards the camera.

MARGE: I am experimenting with hair products, using a recipe inherited from the women of my family. To all of you watching, I can freely distribute it... it's such a simple and miraculous thing as gravy. Clean, normal gravy. The carefully selected butter is made to fry in an iron pan, to add minerals and give your hair supple strength, and to give it flavour, just fry it with a couple of sliced lemons...
Kent backs away, a bit shaken.

KENT: Ooh... very graphic. I'll try that, sometimes.
He pats his own white hair, with a bit of vanity. Cut to the kitchen, where a big vat is standing, Duff cans lying all around. Homer is standing by the range, frying gravy with some lemon slices in it. There is much smoke. Close shot of Homer's face, as he licks his lips, over the frying pan.

HOMER: Mmmm... lemon gravy!
He scoops some up in a ladle, and licks it off, causing a pale yellow spot to appear around his lips (almost concealing his unshaven shadow). He doesn't notice Marge, the reporter and the film team in the doorway, but walks over to the vat, which turns out to be filled with beer.

HOMER: Mmmm... beer!
Cut out as Marge walks into the kitchen. The people are filming ferociously.
MARGE (a bit devastated): Homie, don't touch the alcohol! It was the last supply from the Kwik-E-Mart! Dr Hibbert's going to refine it and use it as a sedative!

HOMER (sad): Alright. Sorry, Marge.
Marge walks over to the range, muttering, and starts scooping fried gravy into her hair. Cut to Kent, talking in his mike and staring straight into the camera.

KENT (happily): Well, that was a small refuge of domestic devotion in this big, seething horror which we call a war. This is Kent Brockman, still broadcasting from the Evergreen Conflict. Whenever you want me, put on the TV, any channel, any time. Thank you.

Cut to the kitchen window, where he is seen, waving at the team and walking over to his car. Cut to Homer, standing by the window. Sinister, dramatic music. Homer realises something. His eyes widen, his lips move slowly.

HOMER (terrified): That man. That car!
Cut to outside the house as Homer throws the door open, rushing out. Sound effect: a motor starting.

HOMER (shouting) That car! Stop!
Shot of the street as Kent drives off in the black, shiny vehicle. Shot of Homer, beginning to run after it. He pants largely, and has to slow down into a jog.

HOMER (still shouting): It's him! Stop him! He's the man who keeps following us along!

He jogs along the street, and around a corner. Close shot of a black car, stylish and looking almost like the one belonging to the reporter, parked in a bad way up on the sidewalk. Homer appears in the distance, in the alley mouth, and walks closer tentatively. Close shot of him as he stands really close to the back door, catching his breath.

HOMER (heavily): You were wrong parking here, news man, because now, I know who you are! Get out of the car, smart guy!
He begins to bang on the blackened windows, kicking at the lacquering and overall abusing it.

HOMER (shouting, angrily): Open up, you so-called Kent so-called Brockman! I know, now! I know what your war propaganda has done to this country! Don't make me kick your NIIICE car to pieces!

He stands back, catching his breath again.

HOMER (calmly enraged): Well, you asked for it, you little!
He bends down and takes up a length of pipe, hefting it and walking up to the car, freezing suddenly. Cut to the M. B. monogram on the front door.

HOMER (doubtful): Montgomery Burns?

He walks around the car. Shot of the monogrammed crest on the hood. Homer begins to look scared.

HOMER (sotto voce, with growing dread): Gee, I'm sorry. (bangs the pipe into the back seat door, leaving an ugly dent) Did you hear me, sir? I said I'm sorry! The door is opened. Inside, in the back seat, is Mr Burns, currently enjoying a snog with Peretta, an elegant elderly movie star dressed in frilly black and with an elaborate curly hairdo. Homer backs off.

HOMER (terrified): Sir? Maybe I should just leave very quietly?
Burns (with lipstick marks on his face) and the maturely beautiful Peretta both look up from kissing, irritably.

BURNS (his most evil): Oh, yes yes yes, whoever you are, and whatever you were doing in one of the few intimate moments of my life.

PERETTA (contemptuous, upper-crust accent): You're all too right, Mortimer. (shudders, still sensual) He's making me SO turned off.
Smithers bends his head between the front seats, his face slightly red.

SMITHERS (tormented voice): Do you want me to chase him, sir, Miss Peretta?

PERETTA (lofty): That pertains to you too, Smidgers, so keep your head in your area.

SMITHERS (grateful): Oh, I will, Miss.
He withdraws his head. Burns and Peretta embrace.

BURNS (turned on): Come here, my beautiful movie star. Let's take it from the top again and again and again...
The door is slammed shut. Homer runs away in mortal terror. Demure camera-glide to the housetops.

Shot of the other black car, Kent's one. It drives up to a posh-looking mansion, and Kent gets out, ringing the doorbell. The door is opened by Rainier Wolfcastle the action-star, still wearing a dressing gown and holding a bag of ice against his head. He's looking quite hung-over.

RAINIER (slurred voice, miserably): Have you come to end my torments, total stranger?

KENT (taking out his wallet): Actually, no. I have an offer to make, Mr Wolfcastle, and rest assured you will not resent.

RAINIER (squinting, trying to think): Is it about... an action role?
Close shot of Kent, an evil gleam in his eye.

KENT (sotto voce): You'll never guess. Boy, you'll never guess.
Fade out. Fade in to the cafeteria on Rommelwood. Lisa is sitting beside Hagstrom, not looking at him. Hagstrom is trying to make a friendly conversation.

HAGSTROM (trying to meet her gaze): Remember that time we all went out in the mud and were going to build a fire, and Larsen dropped the matches in the river?

LISA (dark, looking into her food): Remember that time you and the other GUYS threw food at me?

HAGSTROM (smiles): Oh, yes. (frowns) I've told you I'm sorry, haven't I?

LISA (tired): Yes. Remember, I came here to experience some real education again, not to (heavy sarcasm) relive some old acquaintances. You're not even trying to be kind to me because you feel bad about it, you want to be seen with me because I'm some kind of a living legend!
Zoom at Lisa's head.

LISA'S BRAIN (excited): I can't believe I got the chance to say that!
Cadet Larsen walks up to the table, eyeing Hagstrom.

LARSEN (angry): Why do take that place by Simpson? You don't own her?

HAGSTROM (getting up, angry): Well, let me tell you something, Larsen, she surely doesn't belong to YOU!
The Commandant appears behind them.

COMMANDANT: Now calm down, the two of you. Cadet Simpson belongs to all of us... (glances anxiously at the scowling Lisa) I mean, she's her own person. And talking of Cadet Simpson (shoos the two boys away), as a matter of fact I had something important to tell you, Cadet.

Close shot of his stern face, staring into the distance. Close shot of Lisa, looking worried.

LISA (sighing): Alright. What have I done, sir?

COMMANDANT (sitting down beside her, serious): All too much, it seems. You see, we kind of... exaggerated the whole thing.

LISA (matter-of-factly): Somewhere, I must have known this.

COMMANDANT: As soon as you left the school, legend started to build around your name. Oh, that's not anything specific for you. That's what happens to all brave cadets who come here for a while, dig deep ruts in our memories, and then return to whence they came. You ought to see the flora of legends that still grows around your brother's name.

Lisa sags a bit, staring down.

LISA (downcast): I bet. Sir.

COMMANDANT: I'm not happy to say this, Cadet Simpson, but to these lads and... (hesitates) hmm, lasses, you're larger than life. You're a legend. The

mysterious, the bright, the one who never gave up. There's going to be this period when everyone wants to, excuse my French, suck up to you, but then... they'll stop caring again. Do you think you could maintain this façade of a superman?

Lisa turns towards him.

LISA (blandly): Yes, sir. I'll just keep on like this, shall I, sir?

COMMANDANT (a bit shocked): You mean you're not faking it? You mean you're not trying to hide your lonely tears deep inside?

LISA (irritably): Do we have to go through this every time, sir? I feel fine!

COMMANDANT (getting up): Well, if you feel you're fitting in, then maybe you're not interested in being offered an undercover mission...
Full shot of Lisa's face.

LISA (taken aback): Undercover mission?

Zoom out, as she is seated in a room with much technological equipment and digital maps on the wall and on a table in the middle. Officers are standing around the doors. The Commandant puts a scale model of a town on the table in front of her.

COMMANDANT (no-nonsense): Now listen hard, Cadet Simpson, because the book and my vocal chords forbid me to give these instructions more than once. Sergeant Veld is to give you your equipment and a ticket for the train which is to take you to (leans closer, ominous) Evergreen Forest.

Close shot of Lisa, who gulps.

COMMANDANT: Due to your small size and youth, enemies will probably not take you for a spy, and if they do, your size will be an advantage in escaping.

Cut back to Lisa, who gulps again.

COMMANDANT: Do we have to go through this every time?

LISA (swallowing): No, sir. Not if I can stop this war, sir.

Dream-blur fade out to Lisa, in her civil clothes, carrying a portfolio and a saxophone case, walking up to a platform in the midst of the grassplains, with roiling clouds overhead. A train approaches. All sound effects are slightly distant. Close shot of her anxious face.

COMMANDANT (off stage): The portfolio will contain all equipment you need, and the musical instrument...

LISA (slowly): Saxophone, sir.

COMMANDANT (a bit unsure): Yes, the saxophone case will contain a handgun. Shoot only when necessary to defend your life, or we will have to charge you with wasting ammunition.

LISA (with growing doubt): Yes, sir.

Close shot of her hand as she opens it. It contains a train ticket and a pill.

COMMANDANT: The suicide pill is so expensive, you could only get one. That is to say, don't toy with it. You will only use it in an emergency. Emergencies include: being interrogated, being tortured, having information extorted from you, being cruelly torn apart by Rottweilers...

LISA (slightly nauseous): Sir, I get the point.

COMMANDANT: It will also cover public executions. Cadet Simpson, you will die a Cadet for this school.

LISA (anxious): But all those things won't happen to me if I remember my lines, will they, sir?

Fade out. Fade in to the briefing room.

OFFICER: Of course. That's why we're sending you away.

COMMANDANT (pointedly): Of course NOT, Cadet Simpson. Now, go out and get the equipment. You will be going immediately.

LISA (sagging): Do I have to go through this again?

COMMANDANT (a bit irritated): If you've done the whole voyage in your imagination before, it's not my fault, Cadet.

Shot of Homer, wandering slowly through a street in central Springfield. People walk out of his way, and he doesn't seem to notice them. "Movie Star" starts to play. Montage:

Homer searches for the truth.

Shot of him knocking at the door to Troy McClure's home. Shot of Homer's face looking through one of the windows. Cut to a room decorated with posters from Troy's films.

Homer takes up a polaroid camera and takes a picture. Shot of the photo.

Shot of Homer walking up to Rainier Wolfcastle's house. He knocks on the door, then looks down. Shot of the doormat. It's painted like a McBain movie poster. Homer takes a photo again. Shot of the photo, where his foot almost obscures the whole doormat.

Homer shrugs and takes the doormat too.

Shot of the TV, where Kent Brockman is seen talking (no sound, except for the music) and then the picture changes to that chamber in Evergreen Forest. The rebels are all obscured by shadows. Cut to Homer digging among the records on their shelf, and pulling one out. The cover is labelled "Conspiracy", and depicts shadowy people by a shiny table, just like on the TV. Homer rushes out again, almost knocking down Bart and Marge, who are practising with fighting sticks.

Shot of Homer, outside the Aztec Theatre, pulling down movie posters: one with Troy, one with Rainier, and one with Tiffany Nickler from "Red Xena". People look strangely at him. He runs into the cinema. Cut to Homer, standing in a room of old film rolls and talking to an aged proprietor. The walls are decorated with very old posters, and there is a small window. Cut to the window, showing the road bridge, where Mr Burns and Peretta are standing by the railing, kissing. He is dressed in an old-fashioned black suit, and she in luxurious black silk. Cut to a worn poster showing a London skyline with a road bridge, where a young, lovely Peretta is kissing Clark Gable (the names "Clark Gable" and "Peretta Rocannon" are printed on it, and the title is "London Bridge is Falling Down"). Homer tears it down from the wall and rushes out, giggling madly.

Shot of the Channel Six building, outlined and shining against the sky. Camera glide down, to Homer rummaging in a dustbin. He takes up several old film rolls, capers with madness and runs along the street. End of montage.

Shot of a wall, where Homer puts up the posters one by one, muttering grimly.

HOMER (pinning up the Tiffany one): Tiffany Nickler... war movie actress, all kinds of war movie... knows how to put on a brave face, or at least a stupid stony face which no men are meant to look at as long as her neckline is low enough. Sinister music. Shot of the woman standing in the shadows in the Evergreen reportage, suddenly lit by a spotlight. She's Tiffany Nickler, a grim-faced actress with flowing hair and yes, a very low neckline on her otherwise strict uniform. Cut back.

HOMER (pinning up the McBain poster): Rainier Wolfcastle... the Austrian behind McBain... (a bit sad) I kind of liked your movies, but you're one of THEM now.

Sinister music again. A shot of the man who shot through the American flag. Shaky zoom at his face, and yes, he's Rainier alright. Cut back.

HOMER (pinning up the Peretta one, imitating Burns's voice): Come here, my beautiful Scarlett O'Harrison type movie star... let's get through this once again... (normal Homer again) Well, I must admire her motivation.

Shot of the other woman in Evergreen Forest. Bright light. She's Peretta, in a suit with a skirt, and with horn-rimmed glasses. Otherwise, she looks exactly like she always does, with an old-fashioned hair worn on pins, and such. Cut back. Homer puts up the Troy McClure poster, starting to giggle madly.

HOMER (imitating Troy): Hello, I'm Troy McClure, you may remember me from such war scams as Civil War II and World War III, the trilogy continues! Heeh heeh heeh heeh!

He jams a pin straight through Troy's face, and then stands back, breathing heavily.

HOMER (slowly): Nooo... I've missed something.

Dramatic music. Close shot of his hands as he takes a framed, signed photo of Kent Brockman out of a shelf and holds it up among the others.

HOMER (sad): Kent Brockman... what made you do this?

MARGE (off stage, calling): Homie! I'm going over to the Flanderses to discuss tactics. Can you help Bart with his self defence?

The photo falls to the floor and breaks. Shot of Homer walking out into the hallway, a gleam in his eye. Marge is standing by the open door.

HOMER (tricky): Oh, yes... I will, Marge.

He walks over to the phone. Bart comes out of a door and hits him.

HOMER (strangling Bart and throwing him away): Why you little!

Close shot of him opening a telephone directory, smiling anxiously, and making a call.

Fade out. Fade in to Lisa, sitting alone on a train stop in the middle of the wilderness. Once more, she's wearing civil clothes, and she has the portfolio and the sax case beside her. Everything is just like in her fantasy. She's eating a sandwich.

LISA (bored): Will that train ever come? I'd bet they're trying to unnerve me with these prolonged waiting. It's really... really... tough.

Close shot of the sandwich as she's about to stuff it into her mouth. The suicide pill is resting on a leaf of salad. She takes it away, puts it back into the case, and stares into the distance. Fade out.

Fade in to the courtroom in Springfield. Dramatic music. Lionel Hutz is there, and Kent Brockman is sitting on the bench of the defendant, fuming. Just about everyone else is in the audience. Homer, Bart and Marge with Maggie pass by the camera on their way to the bench of the plaintiff. Homer sits down alone, the others turn to get to the audience.

MARGE (worried): I still think this is a bad choice, Homie. Even if you're right, you can't prove anything.

Close shot of Homer, looking around.

HOMER (happy): Well, at least I'm on innocent bench for once! Woo-hoo!

BART (admiring): You're a winner, Homer!

They sit down a bit behind him in the room. Lionel Hutz sits down near Homer.

HUTZ (with confidence): Don't worry, Mr Simpson. We'll nail that bastard down!

Cut to the Judge, who bangs his mallet.

JUDGE: Silence in court! Will the plaintiff please stand up?

Homer looks around uncertainly. Marge nudges him from behind.

MARGE (sotto voce): Homie?

He stands up.

JUDGE: Homer J. Simpson, present your accusation.

Close shot of Kent Brockman, who is playing nervously with his pencil. A black female lawyer is sitting beside him (she is only glimpsed). Camera glide to Homer, who clears his throat and keeps looking around nervously.

HOMER: Your Honour, the man to the right of me (gestures to Kent), on guilty bench, is indeed guilty. This is no accusation, but only truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

He smiles, worriedly. Hutz looks satisfied, nodding a few times.

JUDGE (bored and annoyed): Mr Simpson, spare us your eloquence!

HUTZ (standing up, irritated): Objection, Your Honour! Don't accuse my simple-minded client of eloquence or any such thing! I wrote his speech myself... (puts a hand to his mouth, quiet) Oh, my!

Homer turns around angrily, pointing at the lawyer.

HOMER (angry, loud): Oh, you absolutely HAD to ruin everything, didn't you? (mutters bitterly) Bloody shyster!

JUDGE (banging the mallet on the table again): Silence! We will tolerate no interruptions, is it clear? Mr Simpson, you may continue. What is your charge against the defendant, Mr Brockman?

Cut out. Homer looks around, a bit disoriented. Kent wipes his forehead.

HOMER (looking up): Ooh, I had it right here...

HUTZ (sotto voce, to Homer): Casus belli!

HOMER (turning around, obviously): Eh?

People start to mumble and look at them. Marge absent-mindedly covers Maggie's eyes.

HUTZ (glancing at the audience): Casus belli, you miserable fatso!

Cut to Homer, addressing the Judge.

HOMER (clear, sure): Casus belli, Your Honour, you... (thinks quickly)

No. On second thoughts, no.

JUDGE (with growing irritation): Mr Simpson, are you not certain of your charge? What did you mean to say?

HOMER (panicky): Um... mumble... (confident again) Could Your Honour leave the word to the guilty Mr Brockman? I am CERTAIN he knows what he has done!

He sits down. Cut to Kent, who smiles, with some troubles.

JUDGE: Mr Brockman?

KENT (gestures to his lawyer): Ms Goldberg, could you please lead my defence?

Close shot of the lawyer as she stands up. She's Whoopi Goldberg, in a suit and with some notebooks under her arm, no doubt about that. People gasp.

GOLDBERG (confident): Before starting, do Your Honour mind if I ask... what exactly is the charge? There still seems to be some confusion, and my client wants to know.

Cut back to where the Simpsons are seated. Homer looks blank, and Marge and Bart are quite anxious.

MARGE (sotto voce): How on Earth did they get Whoopi Goldberg as his lawyer?

HOMER (sarcastic): Don't ask me, I have no right to talk.

BART (turning on his bench): The guy sweeping over there, isn't that Leonardo DiCaprio?
Lionel Hutz stands up, angrily.

HUTZ (shouting): It's casus belli alright! Causing this damn Civil War, don't ask me! Ask Homer Simpson!

Close shot of Homer, terrified, as he points towards him. Homer gets up, unsteadily. Cut to Kent, leaning back, looking sincere.

KENT (slowly): Yes, Mr Simpson. Might you PLEASE tell me how I, a peace-loving news reporter, could be the cause of the interior independence conflict arising in Evergreen Forest? Prove it to me, and I will confess.

Dramatic music. Homer draws a deep breath, looking around. Close shot of his face as his eyes widen. Cut to the jury, staring grimly back. It consists of movie actors, and among those are Peretta, Tiffany and Troy (important to note: Rainier is not among them). Cut back to Homer, swallowing and sitting down.

JUDGE (trying to calm down): Well, I say! What made you this silent, Mr Simpson?

Cut to Homer, gesturing mutely towards the jury.

JUDGE (irritated): Come on, Mr Simpson. Use one sentence to explain HOW Mr Brockman can be the cause of the war, as well as HOW the jury obviously has made you mute with terror, and... (thinks) well, no-one is going to believe you whatever you do, but you will not get fined for making a mockery of the court.

MARGE (standing up): Your Honour...

HOMER (standing up, waving the record cover madly): It's a conspiracy!
It's a conspiracy! (shouting) It's a CONSPIRACY!

Fade out. Fade in to the family walking out of the courthouse in the early evening. Homer hangs his head, and Bart looks away. Marge is counting the money in her wallet.

MARGE (slightly annoyed): Well, I'm just grateful that these barriers have made money virtually worthless.

Hutz walks out behind them, slamming the door angrily.

HUTZ (enraged): You appalling creatures, I never want to see you again in my whole life!

HOMER (unemotional): Sorry, Mr Hutz.

HUTZ (brightening up a bit): On the other hand, if you have any war atrocities to report...

MARGE (stern, a bit menacing): Not yet, Mr Hutz.

The family goes out of the way (Bart and Marge look ashamed, Homer only sullen) when Kent leaves the building, kingly in stance, followed by Whoopi Goldberg and the people in the jury.

MARGE (pointedly, glancing at Homer): Mr Brockman, I am certainly sorry about this whole thing, and I...

KENT (lofty): Forget it, Dread Marshal. (absent-minded) War atrocities... hmmm, yes... maybe some war atrocities would be in their place...

HOMER (angry): Oh, I'm sure you know all those things, you power-mad individual!

He lunges at the man, clenching his fists. Marge, Bart and even Maggie look away. Troy McClure slaps Homer in the face, making him stagger back. Cut to Homer's point of view, with the face oscillating out of the blur. Cut out.

HOMER (doubtful): Troy McClure?

TROY (trying to disguise his voice): No?

HOMER (rubbing his cheek, defiant): Oh yes, you're actor Troy McClure! I remember you from such crappy movies as "Blown Away" and "Star Wars: The Remake"!

TROY (confident): Never heard of them! (thinks a bit) Besides, they weren't crappy!

MARGE (irritated): Please, Homie...

HOMER (sly): Yeah? If you're not McClure, then who are you?

Cut out as Kent Brockman gets into his car. A van is parked beside, and the other actors is getting into the latter. Troy waits outside. Close shot of his face.

TROY (ominous): I am the unseen, faceless leader of the Evergreen Forest rebel group!

He gets into the van, which drives off, after the black car. Cut out to a bird's-eye-view as armed Springfielders appear out of bushes, from windows and on roofs and shoot ferociously after it. Marge pulls Bart and Homer away. Fade out.

Fade in to the platform where Lisa is sitting, wrapped in a blanket, as darkness falls. A train arrives from the distance, and she sits up, blinking, outlined against the sharp light. The train brakes in front of her, and she gets up, grabbing her cases and walks towards the big, opening doors. Dramatic music. Cut to inside the train, where she goes up to the driver, holding up her ticket.

LISA (clearing her throat, a bit uncertain): I want to go to... to Evergreen Forest.

Close shot of the train driver, who looks tired and smiles nervously, nods and gestures for her to go back through the wagon. Lisa does.

MAN (in the shadows, disguised menacing voice): You were not to take up passengers.

DRIVER (tired): Oh, sir, she's just a kid! She's not dangerous!

Cut to Lisa, sitting down solemnly in the completely empty wagon. Close shot of her as she puts the portfolio down beside the saxophone case, and takes out a map, eyeing it.

LISA (putting up her hand): Excuse me, sir? Does this train really go to Evergreen Forest?

DRIVER (uncertain): Yes... yes, it does.

MAN (ominous): It sure does.

The train starts. Shot of Lisa, sitting nervously on her place, reflected in the windows. Slowly, she begins to doze off, and finally sleeps. Fade out.

Fade in to a dawn sky. Bird's-eye-view of the train below, along the shore. Cut to Lisa, blinking and sitting up on her place. She looks out, and is alarmed.

LISA (calling out): Excuse me! Sir! Are we really on our way to Evergreen...

MAN (irritably, newly awake): I tell you, we ARE!
Lisa stretches and yawns. The folded map is resting on her head. She looks at it.

LISA (thoughtful): Let's see... here's the coast... (she looks up) alright, I'm sorry.

Shot of the wagon as a muscular man, wearing camouflage garb and a hood over his face, appears, holding a large gun. Sinister music. Lisa shrinks back in her seat, screaming.

MAN (with a strangely familiar Austrian accent): Yes, little girl! You're sorry!

Shot of the railroad tracks beneath the train. They're in bad condition, and the train is shaking with lots of noise. Cut to Lisa's seat, where she's trying to relax, slowly reaching for the sax case, her hair still appearing over the backs of the seats in front.

LISA (shrill with terror): Are you one of the rebels? What are you going to do to me?

MAN (unemotional): Well, what's the worst thing you can think up?
Close shot of Lisa's hand, approaching the case, almost touching it. Cut to Lisa's anxious face.

LISA (thinks): Take me to Evergreen Forest, brainwash me into a loyal follower of your indeed comprehensible cause, and send me back to Rommelwood as a double-counter-spy?

Cut to the man, looking a bit unsure (his eyes, in the slit in the hood, are darting, and he fumbles with the gun).

MAN: Hmmm. Good one.

Cut to Lisa's seat as the tremors cause the saxophone case to fall on to the floor. Lisa bites her lip, eyes wide with terror.

MAN (walking forward): On the other hand, maybe I'll just kill you!
Cut to Lisa, slipping down beneath the seat. Suspense music as she crawls, hands full, towards the doors. The edge of her dress catches on a screw, ripping and leaving a little piece of red cloth, one of the triangular bits at the lower edge. The booted feet of the man are seen, walking down the aisle, as she lies down, not breathing.

MAN: Where did she go?

Close shot of Lisa as she crawls forward, finally reaching the door. Shot of the whole wagon, with the man in front of the camera and Lisa far off, getting up and reaching for the door. The man shakes his head and takes off the hood, to reveal that he is... Rainier Wolfcastle. Lisa stares towards him, then turns back to the door. Close shot of her hand, moving the handle. The door opens, and she leaps out. Rainier shrugs.

RAINIER: So much worse for her!

Distant shot of the train, tugging along the railroad, close to the steep rocky shore. Zoom in as the door opens and Lisa, portfolio and case in hands, flies out, screaming. Cut back as she misses the patch of ground and leaps over the edge towards the water. Sound effect: splash.

Close shot of the surface. The portfolio bobs up, and Lisa emerges, clinging to it, gasping for breath and water streaming from her hair. She looks around, gasps and dives back

again. Underwater shot as Lisa, watched by a curious shoal of Blinkies, swims downwards, getting hold of the saxophone case stuck on a rock, and strives upwards again. Her pearls detach themselves, and the necklace sinks down to a rock point. Cut to above the surface, as she grabs the items.

LISA (looking at the case in disbelief): I can't believe I did that! There's not even a saxophone in it!

She shrugs and swims towards the rocky shore, getting up dripping and starting the climb, sax case on her back and portfolio handle between her jaws. Camera glide upwards, as war planes cross the sky. Lisa eyes them, and then crouches between two rocks. Camera glide across the plains, with the planes overhead, towards the Rommelwood Military School. Shot of the horizon, on the other side near the coast, where a city skyline looms. Distant shot of Lisa setting out towards it.

Shot of the sun, moving. Sound effect: planes, fading away. Slow camera glide down to Springfield, in noon light. It is surrounded by barriers made of barb wire. Cut to the opening in one of those barriers, guarded by Bart, Milhouse and Nelson, armed with sticks. They all gaze out in the distance, slightly bored.

BART (not really sincere): Well, isn't this fun, boys?

MILHOUSE (diplomatic): To tell you the truth, sir...

NELSON (brutal): It's not!

Marge, in her uniform, marches up to them.

MARGE (strict): Bart, stand to attention!

Bart salutes smartly, face absolutely straight. Nelson giggles.

MARGE: Stand easy. You will have your lunch now. It's over at the soup kitchen.

Bart glances at the other boys. Nelson and Milhouse look queasy.

MILHOUSE&NELSON (in chorus): Boy, I HATE that soup!

Lunchlady Doris, also uniformed, walks up to them, wielding a ladle menacingly.

DORIS (like the Soup Nazi in "Seinfeld"): NO SOUP!

She and Marge walk away with Bart.

DORIS (kind): Of course, YOU will get your lunch.

BART (over his shoulder): You guard the barricade, then, boys?

Milhouse and Nelson mutter, but keep watching. Shot of the horizon, where a small figure appears. Cut back to the boys. The figure comes nearer, turning out to be Cadet Hagstrom, worn and tired, dragging himself forward. Nelson and Milhouse heft their sticks, a bit worried.

MILHOUSE (unsuccessfully concealing his fear): Halt! Who goes there! Hagstrom staggers forward and puts his hands up.

HAGSTROM: A friend! A friend! Do you hear me, I'm a friend!

NELSON (shouting): Not to me, you ain't! (to Milhouse, annoyed) Aww, what kind of talk is that? (imitating) "Halt, who goes there?". Now, you yell like this: Stop right there or I'll shoot you!

Cut to Hagstrom, sitting down on a wooden beam, sagging with exhaustion.

HAGSTROM (quietly despairing): If you mean to shoot me...

NELSON (a bit kind): Well, not actually, dude, because Dread Marshal Simpson won't let us use firearms...

HAGSTROM (triumphant, pulling out a handgun): Well, that's too freaking bad for you!

Close shot of his face as Nelson and Milhouse hit him on the head. He falls forward, semi-conscious.

HAGSTROM (moaning, hopelessly): Damn you all to Hell, Evergreeners! Cut to Milhouse and Nelson, looking down at him uneasily. Other kids gather around them, some of them holding soup bowls and spoons.

MILHOUSE: Well, what should we do to him?

JANEY (waving a baseball bat ferociously): Break his bones! Umm... crush his kneecaps!

MARTIN: We could brainwash him!

SUZY (yeah, the same Suzy): But that's an inhuman notion! (to Janey) Could I get my bat back?

RALPH (putting up a hand, innocently): What about taking him away for interrogation?

Camera glide along the lines of kids, all gasping with terror.

TERRI (impressed): But that's so cruel and politically incorrect! (smiles grimly) I LIKE it!

NELSON (watching some of the kids dragging the comatose Hagstrom off): Ha-ha! (thoughtful) Did any of you hear what he said? Milhouse shakes his head, a bit anxiously, and they walk off behind the other kids. Fade out.

Fade in to a suspenseful camera-glide around a sombre interrogation chamber. Shots of the dark blinds, the faded class photos on the wall (one features Bart preparing to moon the camera), the heavily padded door, the ample heaps of cigarette ash on the scratched old desk, the prisoner (Hagstrom) tied to a chair with a strong yet blinking desk lamp shining in his face... yes, we've seen it all before. Suspense music.

MRS K (in the shadows, raspy voice): What do you achieve by keeping silent? If you have come all this way, why don't you... oh, tell us about it.

HAGSTROM (terrified): You can't make me talk!

Slow zoom at Mrs Krabappel. She's wearing her uniform, which now has greasy spots on the upper part, and looks uncombed and menacing, smoking all the while.

MRS K (really evil): Oh yes, but I can, boy. I've got means. I've got means.

HAGSTROM (contemptuous): Do you have to repeat everything, repeat everything?

MRS K: Yes I do. Yes I do. (changing suddenly, fake motherly tone) Oh, poor kid, you look cold. Do you want a cigarette?

Close shot as she picks one out of a box and holds it up into the light, which flickers.

HAGSTROM (relieved): Yes, thank you.

Really close shot of the teacher's narrow eyes, burning in the darkness.

MRS K (slyly): Tell us all you know, and it's yours.

Shots of Hagstrom's hungry eyes, and the cigarette filling the picture. He begins to sweat. Mrs Krabappel smiles. The lamp gives a flicker.

HAGSTROM (irritably): Could that lamp stop doing that?

MRS K: Sorry. The budget is quite bad.

Shot of Hagstrom fighting against his ropes. He gives up and sinks back, moaning.

HAGSTROM (hostile): Alright, Evergreener, you win! That cigarette torn it!

Stop suspense music. Mrs Krabappel gets up, shaken, and turns on the light in the ceiling, which also flickers unpleasantly.

MRS K (in disbelief): But we're not Evergreeners! We thought YOU were...

HAGSTROM (growling): You may stop this charade, Evergreener! Just give me that cigarette and the black blindfold!

MRS K (ashamed): Oh!

A black blindfold falls out of her hands.

MRS K (calling out): Corporal Bouvier, Corporal Bouvier, I might have done a mistake!

SELMA (off stage, her voice muffled by the padded door): Yes, scream if you like, Evergreener. It won't help you!

Fade out. Fade in to a street where Hagstrom stands, still looking unhappily around, with the remaining Simpsons and Patty and Selma.

HAGSTROM (apologetically): Alright, I'm sorry, but your town looks exactly like Evergreen Forest does on all the reportages. I was tired, I was scared, and my only thought was to get here... I mean there... and get revenge for what they had done.

HOMER (with disbelief): Hey, I think I know what you mean, kid... Evergreen Forest really looks a lot like Springfield, doesn't it? I mean, two cooling towers, a big smoking heap of tires outside the scrapyards... we've all seen it.

PATTY: Well, some of it does. Some of it looks more like Paris, or London.

Close shot of Selma, thinking. Build-up kind of music.

SELMA (pensive): It's like Hollywood, in a way.

HOMER: What?

SELMA: The way everything is assembled, I mean, everything looks RIGHT, but it's put together in the wrong way, like a big film studio...

HOMER (triumphant): Well, I DID tell you...

MARGE (pulling him back): Not now, Homie.

Close shot of the Bouvier twins as Patty nudges Selma.

PATTY (annoyed): What's wrong with YOU now, Selma? Marge doesn't pay us to hang around and give inexplicable comments about everything.

SELMA (her normal self): You're right. Let's go bully somebody.

They walk off. Lewis comes running up to Cadet Hagstrom.

LEWIS (hugging him): Welcome back, brother!

HAGSTROM (tired, but hugging back): It's been some time, kid.

LEWIS: How's life at Rommelwood, then?

Hagstrom leans heavily against his little brother and seems on the verge of crying aloud. Cut to his point of view, with Marge's and Bart's faces intruding on his field of sight.

BART&MARGE (worried chorus): You're from Rommelwood Military School?

BART: How's Lisa doing?

MARGE: Is she well?

Cut out, as Hagstrom staggers a bit.

HAGSTROM (slowly): Cadet Simpson...

There is silence. Camera glide around the group, as Homer seems to have grasped something.

HOMER (surprised): You're actually from Rommelwood Military School?

MARGE (nudging him angrily): Homie! Can't you see the man is exhausted? Give him some time?

HAGSTROM (painfully): Actually, I could do with a cigarette...

The tough-looking Mrs Krabappel in her soiled uniform walks up and hands him a cigarette, striking a match on her sole and holds the burning match out to Hagstrom's trembling hand, and it burns him.

HAGSTROM: Ow! (in despair) Stop tormenting me, Evergreeners! I've told you everything you wanted to know!

Cut to Bart, his face grimly set.

BART (threatening voice): Well, there is this girl named Lisa Simpson...

Close shot of Hagstrom's face.

HAGSTROM (looking up, wide-eyed): Cadet Simpson, you mean? (with real pain) Ow! Stop it! Have you never heard of the Geneva convention?

Cut out to reveal that the sleeve of his uniform has caught fire, and Mrs Krabappel is banging his limp arm repeatedly against a wall to quench the flames.

MRS K (tough): Geneva convention? Hah, Geneva doesn't even know in which state we are!

MARGE: I am sad to inform you that this is true, Cadet Hagstrom.

Fade out. Fade in to a very distant shot of the shore, where Lisa is walking. Camera glide to show Evergreen Forest, which really looks rather like Springfield, but is surrounded by barb wire and barricades. Shot of Lisa, sitting down just outside a threatening town gate, tired.

LISA: Well, let's check what I've got in the portfolio...

Close shot of the portfolio as she takes out a multi-lockpick, which gleams in the light as she holds it up. Cut out as she walks up to the barb wired gate, hefting the lockpick. Shot of her standing in front of the gate, as a small surveillance camera swivels around. "Supernatural" kind of music as the gate unlocks and swings open all by itself. Close shot of Lisa's impressed face.

LISA: Oooh! It worked!

She frowns a bit, putting the lockpick away.

LISA (worried): Now I have to wonder... why do they want me to enter?

Shot from the camera's point of view, as she stands on tiptoe and looks at it, tapping it with her hand. She sits down, takes a notebook and a pencil out of her portfolio, and writes something. She then holds the notebook up towards the camera, with the words: "I have to inform you, I'm an enemy". Cut out as she walks into the silent, empty city.

LISA'S BRAIN (chiding): Now what made you do that, Lisa Marie Simpson? In war and love, everything is allowed!

LISA (strict): But I am here on behalf of peace!

LISA'S BRAIN (contemptuous): Peace? Shut up!

Fade out. Fade in to the kitchen of the Simpsons. Hagstrom is leaning back, tiredly, in a chair between Bart and Maggie, smoking his cigarette. Maggie takes out her pacifier and breathes through a napkin, pointedly.

HOMER (anxious): Did you meet Lisa?

HAGSTROM (wistfully): Yes. I talked with her a few times. (downcast)

Then the soldiers came, and I had to flee.

BART (wide-eyed): Evergreeners?

HAGSTROM (nodding): I think it was. They rushed into the yard, firing their guns and screaming at us, and everyone fled. Everywhere. But I don't think anyone was really hurt. They only surprised us. The bullets were blanks.

MARGE (curious): But why would anyone attack you with blanks?

HAGSTROM (grim): Oh, it's just their subtle mental torture to break our courage and make us an easy quarry!

HOMER (thoughtful): Either that, or they were no real soldiers at all, just some fake...

MARGE (stressed): Homie, let's just leave this subject! (to Hagstrom)

Was Lisa present during the attack?

HAGSTROM: No. She had left the school directly after lunch, yesterday.

FAMILY (uneasy chorus): Where? Left for where?

Zoom at Hagstrom's grim face. Dramatic music.

HAGSTROM: Evergreen Forest.

Shots of Marge assembling the Springfielders on the streets, and of her, Homer and Bart dividing them into patrols. Fanfares as the patrols leave Springfield, spreading out in the surroundings, all facing the darkening sky above Evergreen Forest. They all look determined. The Simpsons still look shocked. Fade out.

Fade in to Lisa, walking a very empty street. The houses behind her are splendid, old-fashioned ones.

LISA (calling out): Hello-o! Where is everyone?

Close shot of her disappointed face.

LISA (annoyed): This doesn't look like a revolutionary gunpowder keg!

This is like some ghost town! Did I come all the way just for this?

The face of the Commandant appears, transparent and dreamlike, above her own. Eerie music.

COMMANDANT (eerie voice): No, Cadet Simpson! Don't take the suicide pill!

LISA (angered): In fact, I wasn't going to, sir!

COMMANDANT: Oh.

The face disappears. Lisa keeps looking around, unnerved. Shot of a beautiful collie, sitting on the sidewalk and wagging its tail. Lisa lights up.

LISA (walking up to the dog): At least I'm not alone! You're a nice dog, do you want my last sandwich?

Close shot of her sitting down and patting the collie, which barks kindly. She fingers its collar, and gasps. Close shot of the dog collar, with a small camera fastened to it. Shot, from the camera point of view, as Lisa backs away.

LISA (a bit scared): What's wrong with this place? There's no-one around, and there are cameras all over the place! It's like some kind of Hollywood!

Zoom out to reveal that the houses facing the street are indeed covered with surveillance cameras. Lisa angrily bends down, puts down the things she's carrying, and takes up a stone, hefting it viciously.

LISA: Take a picture of THIS, you Evergreeners!

Eerie music, and lots of noise, as the whole façade swings around, to reveal that it's a side-scene. Lisa screams and jumps back, but is hit by the swinging wall and lands in the street, not moving. On the other side is a side-scene depicting an extraterrestrial city, with lots of towers, moons and such. It is in a bad way, the machinery is showing through the painting on some places. Cut to the collie, jumping into the street and tugging her back up on the sidewalk, like Lassie or some dog in some such movie. Lisa blinks and sits up.

LISA (shaken): Thank you, kind dog.

The dog yaps and extends its front paw. Lisa shakes it and then gets up, staring at the alien landscape.

LISA (with disbelief): No, please, I'm not even going to CONSIDER that this might be real.

She throws another stone across the street, and yet another side-scene turns around to show an underwater landscape. Lisa laughs, bitterly.

LISA: Playing toy soldiers, are they? (gestures to the dog) Why don't you come along... Lassie?

The dog yaps again and follows her. Cue "Movie Star".

Lisa walks through a door in a screen, and finds rooms filled with props, and big wardrobes. A computer showing war planes is seen, and when she clicks the mouse, the words "Game Over" come up on the picture. She walks between the costumes of Radioactive Man and many such characters, and comes out on a big, empty plaza. Close shot of her face as she growls. Cut to the beheaded statue of the pioneer hero. She rushes up to it and kicks it down. Shot of the statue, made of plastic and a wooden skeleton. Close shot of a tag, reading: "A souvenir from Springfield". End song. Camera glide up, to show a power plant with cooling towers (looking exactly like the one in Springfield) against the sky. This is where it gets weird: the side-scene sky is blue, with a few Simpsonic clouds, whereas the real one above is foggy gray.

LISA (sarcastic): Oh, of course the sky is always blue at home...

She walks up to it. A siren starts, and she freezes. Cut to the painted sky, where a blinking sign appears among the clouds (exactly like the cloud intro), saying: "FREEZE!". Sinister music. The screen changes to: "COME NO CLOSER!!"

LISA (frightened, but determined): Yes? Or you'll do what?

Cut to the screen, changing once more to: "THE SOLDIERS OF EVERGREEN FOREST WILL DESTROY YOU!!!"

LISA (sotto voce): Could you cut down on the exclamation marks? (loud) I don't think I'm THAT afraid of your make-believe empire!

Close, dramatic shot of her opening the saxophone case. Shot of her face as she gasps. Cut to the case, containing... her sax.

LISA (angry): I dragged my own beloved saxophone all the way out here? I can't believe I was so STUPID!

Music gets really sinister. Cut to the screen, now reading: "AND NOW YOU'LL DO WHAT?" Cut back to Lisa, grinning in despair and playing a beautiful riff on her sax. Cut out as a gate opens in the side-scene.

Dramatic music. Lisa, very slowly, puts down the portfolio and instrument case, and walks towards the opening with the sax under her arm. The collie yaps once.

LISA (determined): Be quiet, Lassie. If I don't come back in ten minutes, you may save me if you like.

Close shot of the dog, nodding. Cut out as Lisa walks through the gate. There is a flash of lightning, and the sound of thunder.

LISA (angry): Stop it!

Shot of the other side of the opening, with dramatic music. There is a low, rickety building with some TV aerials on the roof. Lisa walks up to it, silent. Shot of her standing in front of the door, which opens.

Shot of a hyper-modern media room, with lots of screens, blinking lights and such. A man, wearing a black robe with a hood concealing his head, is sitting on a swivel chair with the back against Lisa, holding a mike.

MAN (matter-of-factly): Is it the girl playing exactly the music I need to the reportages? I am so glad you could come, Miss... is it Miss Simpson?

LISA (angry): Cadet, if you will, sir!

MAN: Thousands of cameras have registered your face already, but I'm sure you haven't seen mine.

He turns on the chair to face her, and reveals himself to be Kent Brockman. Cut to Lisa's grim face.

LISA: Oh, yes I have. Lots of times. Mr Brockman, what made you do this?

KENT (steeping his fingers, looking very lofty): You haven't figured that out yet? To keep it short, I wanted a scoop, or in layman's terms, a gripping news.

LISA (backing away, still angry): People have died, you... you newsman!

KENT: No, they haven't. It's all a matter of manipulating the film and making it look real. It's special effects in the media age. Please eye this screen.

Lisa walks up to it, very tentatively, and leans forward to the camera. Shot of a screen, flickering into life and showing her face. Lisa gasps. The barrel of a big gun intrudes on the picture, pointing at her head. Cut out to show Rainier Wolfcastle, threatening Lisa with his gun.

RAINIER: This is probably the time for some funny comment, but I can't think of any!

Suspense-type fade out. Fade in to a distant shot of a military bus driving across the terrain. Cut to inside the bus, where the Simpsons are sitting, looking anxious, together with the Commandant plus Cadets Hagstrom, Shaft and several others, worn and dirty. Sinister music, still quite much in the background.

MARGE (anxious): Oh, my little Lisa! If you're hurt, how can I ever forgive myself?

Close shot of her and Homer as their hands join.

HOMER (sad): And how could I ever forgive myself if I said: "What did I say?"

Bart puts up a hand.

BART: I can see a weakness in your argumentation, Homer.

HOMER (over his shoulder): Could somebody please choke him?

Cut to the Rommelwood people, back in the bus. Hagstrom and Shaft salute, at the same time. Bart looks around, uneasily.

HAGSTROM: May I, sir?

COMMANDANT: Certainly. You too, Shaft. Commence strangulation!

They strangle Bart, who fights for breath and has his eyes popping (just as usual). Maggie crawls across their laps, falling over a couple of times, and participates in choking him.

COMMANDANT (checking Bart's pupils, as they begin to grow): End strangulation!

Shaft and Hagstrom release Bart, who is still getting strangled by Maggie.

COMMANDANT (lifting the baby away, to the waiting Marge): Mrs Simpson...

MARGE (absent-mindedly): Dread Marshal.

COMMANDANT: Dread Marshal Simpson, I think your daughter is lacking in military discipline.

MARGE (slumping down in her seat): My daughter... (beginning to cry)

COMMANDANT (sotto voce, to the cadets): That pertains to the rest of the family, for that matter. Except for the younger Cadet Simpson.

HOMER (distracted): Cadet Simpson! (breaks down crying)

OTTO (driving): Hey, looks like they found something here!

Cut to outside, where the bus stops outside the train close to the steep shore. Many Springfielders and military persons are gathering around it. Fade out.

Fade in to Kent's HQ. Rainier is still threatening Lisa with the gun, while Tiffany the actress is tying her up against a convenient pillar. Lisa is grasping her sax hopelessly, while Kent is packing things in a suitcase.

KENT: I assume you will reject my offer to play background music to the unfolding horrors of the war?

LISA (defiant): I will never, Brockman! (thoughtful) Before you leave me here, are you going to reveal your horrible plan?

KENT: I've pretty much done that already, haven't I? Your appearance here shows that my position is dangerous. I will return to send from Springfield, and I will take my helpful actors with me.

TIFFANY (sarcastic): You're all too kind, Mr B.

RAINIER: Yeah.

They leave Lisa tied up and take out their own suitcases.

KENT (exaggeratingly conversational): Then, in a short time, my so-called Evergreen so-called revolutionary army will be strong enough to take on Washington D. C., and by June I will be happy to host my own coronation as the incredibly backed-up leader of the world! (laughs amiably)

RAINIER (critically): You may use some training on the Megalomaniac Laugh, Mr B.

Lisa struggles against the ropes, to no avail.

LISA (weakly): Mr Wolfcastle, what made you do this?

RAINIER (unemotional): Well, for one thing, I never got to play the villain.

TIFFANY (bitterly): Neither did I. I really hope he wants us to do something horrible to you, Cadet.

Peretta, putting powder on her cheeks daintily, comes out of a door.

PERETTA (affected voice): To your interest, love, I want us to go back to Springfield immediately. This place surely has ambience, but my boyfriend lives there.

KENT (shaking his head slowly): And so soon after Clark Gable, too. He turns to the control board, hitting a few buttons. A siren starts.

KENT (conversational): Well, that's it. Come on, let's get a move over to Springfield. In a few minutes, this place will self-destruct. They walk out. Rainier turns around.

RAINIER (to the struggling Lisa): But we'll leave you here. Maybe you belong dead. The door closes.

LISA (sotto voce, panicky): I won't scream. I will... not... HELP, ANYBODY, HELP!

Troy McClure, carrying two suitcases, comes out of the inner door.

TROY (watching her, looking a bit sorry for her): I can carry your sax, if you want me to.

Close shot of Lisa's terrified face, the eyelids twitching.

LISA (slowly): If you know any mercy, actor, free me! Cut to Troy, weighing.

TROY (hesitating): I don't know... Mr Brockman has been very kind to me... (gets an idea) Maybe if you play a sad tune on your sax, I will get moved to save you.

Suspense music in the background. Lisa closes her eyes, slowly, pain in her face, and lifts her sax against the ropes. She puts it to her mouth and plays about three blue tones. Cut to Troy, crying out loud.

TROY (distraught eloquence): It's enough! It's enough! (reaches towards the ceiling) Oh, Muses, what have I done? We have brought shame over the acting profession! I am not longer worthy of calling myself Troy McClure! I will pray that no-one will ever remember me from such disgraces to humanity as...

The alarm seems to speed up. Cut to Lisa, stretching the ropes and screaming.

Distant shot of Evergreen Forest as the black car and the van leave. Camera glide along the shore, to where Homer and Marge are standing, looking frozen with terror, amid the crowd. Some people are searching among the rocks. Zoom at the silent Simpsons.

MAUDE (approaching, hesitating): We... we found something. But you may not want to...

MARGE (drawing herself up, unemotional): I want to see it. I want to know.

NED (holding up the piece of red cloth): This was fiddily-fum... found on the train, and this...

HOMER (covering his eyes): I don't want to look!

MARGE (staring blankly into the camera): Why, Lisa? Where did we go wrong?

Camera glide along the people standing around, all looking sad. Cut back to Marge's blank expression.

NED (off stage, distorted voice): And THIS... was found in the water. On a rock. This. Here.

Dramatic music. Flashing shots of his hand, with the dripping pearl collar, alternating with shots of Marge. She collapses in the arms of the crying Homer.

HOMER (crying out): LISA!

Cut out as the black car arrives, and Kent Brockman gets out. Zoom at his face.

KENT (news reporter style again): This is a dark day indeed. I am at a loss for words, because a young girl... (winces a bit) yes, a young girl, not more than a child, has been claimed by the merciless clutches of War...

HOMER (lunges at him): You! You killed her! You and no-one else!

KENT (to the camera): I didn't! Alright, maybe I did, have you got any evidence?

HOMER (screaming): Look at the piece of her dress! Look at her necklace!

Dramatic music comes to a climax, and stops. Cut to Todd Flanders, pointing, wide-eyed.

TODD (shouting): Look at the sea! Ooh! Ooh! Look at the sea!

Shots of everyone's flabberghasted faces. Cut to the sea, where a point of light is growing. Evergreen Forest, seen in the distance, collapses like a house of cards, with a great boom. Cut to Reverend Lovejoy.

LOVEJOY (absent-mindedly): Thus the Lord blighted Sodom and Gomorrah, which had not obeyed His word...

HOMER (staring fixedly at the horizon): Could you drop the Bible talk, Preacherman-man... because... (croons mindlessly, as in the episode "Lisa the Sceptic") Here's the angel!/ See the angel!/ It's my angel/ No-one elses...

Shot of the sea as an angelic-looking Lisa skims across it, seemingly standing above the surface and flying forwards. She has her saxophone in hand, and is dressed in white, with a feathered boa around her shoulders, and great, white wings extend behind her.

RALPH (incredulous): I need to talk to the Angel-Watcher Ministry!

The Lisa-angel slows down and stops, just outside the rocks. Close shot of Marge and Homer, embracing and staring at her.

LISA (as if from a great distance): Yes, once more I am with thee... (more normal) I mean, you. Thanks for your attention. Do you want me to play anything? She readies her sax. People gasp. Wonderful music as Homer bounds towards her over the shore, followed by Marge, Bart and even Maggie, who is riding on Hagstrom's shoulder.

BART (slowly): Hey, Lis... don't smite me now, but... you're never an angel!

Cut to Lisa, turning out to be standing on a transparent windsurf board with wing-shaped sails. She steps off it, onto the shore, and walks up to the crowd. Peretta, Tiffany and Rainier walk out of the van, together with the TV team, and joins them.

LISA: Alright, I'm not. I just took the special effects-board because it was a convenient mode of transportation.

She hugs her family, and they hug back.

HOMER (still scared): What about that dress, then?

Lisa looks at her dress and boa, a bit embarrassed.

LISA: Well, maybe a piece of vanity. (sad) I think Mr McClure maybe couldn't choose. He was still in the... the make-believe town.

Cue music (maybe the theme from "2001"). Everyone looks up, and gasps again.

LOVEJOY (sceptical): So, calm down, it's not like it's an angel or something!
Cut to the sky, where a UFO comes flying. It lands in front of them. Kodos and Kang get out, and people start to scream.

KODOS (clearing her throat): People of Earth... (hesitates) rejoice! We bring you Troy McClure!

KANG (eye darting a bit): Behold actor Troy McClure!
Everyone begins to cheer as Troy, in a magnificently tasteless golden robe, walks down. He stops for a while. Close shot of him and the aliens.

KODOS (evil): It'll better be worth this degradation, Earthling!

TROY: Alright, alright! We're buddies, aren't we? I'll clear your path to world domination in a few years, for old times' sake, alright? (staring towards the others, angrily) Mr Brockman!

Cut to Kent, looking around as if trying to hide. Troy walks up to him.

KENT (nervous): Er... you don't happen to be Troy McClure, do you? I remember you from...

TROY: Silence, evil man! I and Lisa both know what you have done!
Everyone begins to mutter. Zoom at Bart, raising his hand.

BART (calling out): So do all of us who have listened to Homer Simpsons not-so-disjointed ramblings, don't we?

They all nod. Cut to Mr Burns, who has just tried to put his arm around Peretta's shoulder (she stands several inches taller than he). He looks terrified.

BURNS (to Peretta, incredulous): It wasn't real? You were just... faking it?

PERETTA (tired, ironically seductive): Would I do that to you, dear Mortimer?

BURNS (unnerved, looking away): Montgomery, Peretta. Please.

PERETTA: You'll have to pay me more if you want me to remember your name.

BURNS (checking his wallet): Alright.

They kiss passionately. Smithers looks away, hiding his face in his hands. The TV team begins filming. Cut to Kent Brockman, standing in a circle of angry armed Springfielders, as the UFO flies off.

KENT (gesturing soothingly): What... what can I say? I am sorry for fooling you, and for destroying the Hollywood prop supply, and for almost murdering Cadet Simpson and the Wonder Dog...

Cut to the collie, barking angrily.

KENT: Well... I'm really sorry. Really. (looking up) Is this being filmed? I repent. I really repent. Alright?

Camera glide along the Springfielders, putting their weapons away one by one, and sighing. Kent smiles.

KENT: And after all, I'm your beloved news king, and my associates in this "crime" were actors you all love... and I did this for the common good! Now you know how to be prepared for war, as well as knowing why we will always fight against it.
Cut to Patty and Selma, high-fiving and lighting convivial cigarettes like the finale of some war movie.

PATTY (cynical): And of course, once more the President's dignity is saved.

SELMA: WHAT dignity?

They chuckle hoarsely. Everyone gathers in a big circle.

COMMANDANT (clearing his throat): Though my predecessors would rotate in their graves, I have to say this: No more war, ever again!

Cue happy ending-music.

EVERYONE: NO MORE WAR!

They all reach up and join their hands in the middle. Camera glide showing the happy faces of Lisa, Homer, Marge, Bart and everyone. Keep going for some time.

Sound effect: planes. Shot of the scene from a distant bird's-eye-view. Cut to inside a war plane, where two pilots are watching, slightly cynic.

PILOT #1: They seem to be Springfielders, sir. Shall I wipe them out?

PILOT #2 (wise): No, kid. When you get older, you will realise when to let your enemies live.

PILOT #1: Such as... when they're suffering from excruciating pain, sir?

Patriotic music.

PILOT #2: Maybe. Or maybe just when it's not necessary to kill. As soon as America needs a new imaginary enemy... they'll be there.

THE END. Roll credits. Music: a warlike-sounding version of the theme (like in "Simpson Tide", if I remember right).