

"Larry Returns" by Justin Walter

Note: If you don't recall, Larry is Mr. Burns' son and has appeared in a past episode.

Theme song Plays

Chalkboard gag: Syllables are not a whole waste of time.

Couch gag: Shot of the house outside. The family is standing outside in a line. Homer is going through the teleporter(The one from the Fly Vs. Boy Tree House skit), then Lisa, Maggie, Marge, and Bart. and they appear out of no where and they are sitting on the couch.

Power Plant.

Mr. Burns: Ah, Smithers, lunch time. Is there anything else better?

Mr. Smithers: I couldn't imagine it, sir.

Mr. Burns: Let's see what's in the good ol' lunch bag. 1 ham sandwich with pickled eggs, donughts, and ...Smithers!

Mr. Smithers(irritated): What is it, sir?

Mr. Burns: Who was the cocamany who put a bag of donughts in the lunch bag?

Mr. Smithers: You, sir?

Mr. Burns: Me? Me? After all these years I've been spending in this power plant I think I should get some attention.

Mr. Smithers: But why? Your the oldest man in Springfield and who knows what will come up in the next five months.

Mr. Burns: Wait a minute...are you saying I'm dying?

Mr. Smithers: Well...uh...let me check on that.

(Shot of Homer sleeping at Sector7G.)

Homer(sleeping): Oh sweet Princess Gloria. How I charish you and I'm going to give you everything you desire.

(Shot of Lenny and Carl standing next to Homer.)

(Homer wakes up.)

Homer: Aggggh! Who sent you?

Lenny: Homer, we're your friends.

Carl: Yeah. You worked here for ten years.

Homer: Oh I see. Your playing your little game aren't we?

Lenny: \*sigh\*What are you talking about, Homer?

Homer: No, what are you talking about?

(Bart walks in.)

Bart: Hey, Homer.

Homer: Bart, what are you doing here. Aren't you supposed to be at school?

Bart: Principal Skinner, sent me home early because I put a rat down Martin's pants.

(Shot of Martin sitting at his desk at school.)

Krabable: Martin Prince, can you tell us who won the Civil War?

Martin: The...(ratnoise) answer...(ratnoise) to...(ratnoise) the...(ratnoise) question...(ratnoise) is the North...(ratnoise). So now a...(ratnoise) days slavery is proclaimed(ratnoise)... illegal to...(ratnoise) the 50 states of...(ratnoise)North...(rat noise)America.

Nelson: Ha! Ha!

(Back at the plant.)

Bart: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Homer: Anyway, you guys wanna go to Moe's later.

There's a new beer called "Muff"

but I'm sure you never heard of it. It's actually supposed to be the Shellbyvillian version of Duff.

Lenny: I don't know. I'm busy.

Carl: Yeah. Some other time.

Moe's.

Homer: So Moe, now that Duff is going out of business how are you going to keep your bar running?

Moe: It's like this all along. I'm afraid I'll have to stop selling Duff soon.

Barney Burps.

Homer: Now, Moe. Just because

Duff is going out of business doesn't mean that you can loose your bar.

I've thought of something simple

that was under your nose all along. Presenting...(removing curtains)Muff!

Moe: Muff, huh?

Homer: Yeah. Your going to sell every speckle man can find in the swankiest spulla ever.

Moe: Oh I don't know. Me? Selling MUFF? I mean come on, what is this Treasure Island?

Homer: Don't worry, Moe. It's all been taken care of. All you have to do is...sell...sell...sell...sell!

Barney Burps again.

Homer: Now allow me to demonstrate.

First I'll be the bar tender and you'll be the customer, alright?

Moe: Alright, I'll give it a shot but-

Homer: Great. Now you move over here. While I'll move over here. Now, what will it be tonight, my good lad?

Moe: Homer, I already no how to bartend.

Homer: But this is different. Think of the possibilites this could lead you too. Think of your future.

Moe: Well, I guess this wouldn't hurt.

Homer: Now, what will it be tonight, my good lad?

Moe: A Muff.

Homer: A Muff it is.

(Homer puts the drink in the glass.)

Moe: So, let me get this straight. So your going to sell Duff? Sorry I mean Muff, it tastes almost

like the same thing.

Homer: But better, and it'll smoothen your liver.

Moe: A drink that smoothens your liver, huh?

Homer: Yeah. Now, drink up.

(Homer gives him the drink.)

Moe: Wow. It's better then DUFF.

Homer: So...

Moe: ...so?

Homer: Do you like it?

Moe: Did I just say it's better then Duff?

Homer: Yes you did, my dear friend.

Moe: Okay Homer, I think you've been bartender long enough. Let's call it a night, shall we?

Homer: Who's the boss here, Moe?

Moe: You are. \*irritated\*I mean, I am!

(Next morning at Simpsons kitchen.)

Homer: And I said "Who are you?" and Lenny said David Caragan.

(Marge, Bart, and Lisa laugh.)

Marge: Hey, Homer, now that the stock reports are coming tomorrow how are you going to handle the bills?

Homer: Oh that's easy, Marge. I've got it all taken care of.

Bart: Got what taken care of?

Homer: None of your business, Bartboy.

(Homer scans through the paper.)

Homer: What have we here? It says here that a local man Shellbyvillian named Larry Burns struck oil outside of Noble Creak last Monday.

Who ever claims this peice of property will receive...\$1,000,000?

Bart: Woah, \$1,000,000 smackens.

Think of what you can get with that.

Homer: Less chatting more groveling.

Marge: Groveling? Why should we grovel you?

Homer: Who discovered the article about the 1 million dollars, Margey?

Marge: \*sigh\* You did.

Homer: Correctomondo. To the Noble Creak Sanctuary!

(Gas Station in the middle of nowhere.)

(Our favorite family pulls up next to a gas pump and there's a pimply face kid waiting for someone to fill the gas.)

(Homer rolls down the window.)

Homer: Hey, uh, kid, do you know where Noble Creak is?

Pimply face kid: Yeah...uh...somewhere in Shellbyville?

Homer: Thanks for the help, nerd.

(The Simpsons car drives off.)

Pimply face kid: Hey, I get good pay for this job.

(Shellbyville Library.)

Lisa: Dad, maybe we should just give up.

Homer: You know, Lisa, the lesson today

is never be a loser. If you are

you can unfulfill your dreams and become an even more of a loser. So the lesson is...never give up at anything that

is hard for you.....especially your winning one million dollars!

Marge: Homer, what are we doing at a public library anyway?

We don't have a home here.

Homer: I came here because there must be an Almanac.

Lisa: That's an Almanac, dad.

Homer: Sorry, Mr. Know-It-All.

Bart: Hey guys, I think I found something!

(The run to where Bart is.)

Lisa: It looks like a map to Shellbyville.

Homer: Ok, ok, now where is Noble Creak?

Hmm(searching the map)Oh God, I can't take this anymore.

Lisa, you're the brains of the group, why don't you use your knowledge?

Lisa: Okay, here it is. We go to Route

41 then leave off at exit 2 near

the Shellbyville Statue.

Then look to your left and you should see Noble Creak which means that it is actually

a park right next to Larry's house.

Homer: Who's Larry Burns?

Lisa: Mr. Burns's son.

Homer: Oh...that Larry.

Marge: One on yellow, please.

Homer: Marge! No time for that.

(Shot of Homer driving the car and the family.)

(It's day time.

Then it's night time(Bart, Lisa, and Maggie are sleeping).

It's day time.)

Homer: Man, what made us take so long? D'oh!

(It turns out Homer hasn't even started the car.)

Marge: Homer, you forgot to start the car again.

Homer: Aw, to hell with it.

(The car takes off.)

(Meanwhile...at Noble Creak.)

The family rushes out of the car and sees the oil.

Then the oil stops for no apparent reason.

Homer: Oh God! Why God why? Why do you have to make this type of thing to happen?

Marge: Homer, get a grip. It's not like it's the end of the world.

We're going back in the car and wait until you do something about it.

Homer: Sorry, Majesty.

(Homer walks up to the house in front of him.)

(Homer knocks on it.)

(Larry answers.)

Larry: Well, well, well, if it isn't my old chump, Homer? Seem to be gaining wait..

(Homer gives him a mad look.)

Larry: I'm joking.

Homer: So Larry, what's hanging?

Larry: Nothing special. My wife

Barbra has

a cleaning discount at Wash-And-Save.

My two kids have nothing

special either except

ones a little fat which I hardly say

anything about that if you know what I mean. So how's

your family?

Homer: Good. Marge has been

cranky lately. Oh wait, that's Maggie.

Larry: Then, want to come in and have a look around?

Homer: Why the hell not?

Larry: Bring your family in. Your always welcome.

(Homer's back at the car.)

Homer: Hey, Marge, kids, your never going to guess who I bumped into just now.

Bart: A man with seagulls picking at his head?

Lisa: A scrangy sea animal?

Homer: No, but your way off. Guys, I want you to meet Larry Burns.

Marge: We already know who he is.

Homer: You did?

Lisa: Yes, as a matter of fact you did a fake kidnap situation and you got Mr. Burns almost peed-off.

Homer: Oh I remember that.

(Larry's house.)

Larry: Homer and the rest, this is Barbra. My darling wife.

Barbra: How do you do? My is that a Caratan Lectra(Marge's neck bracelet.)

Marge: Yes, it is.

Barbra: How could you afford it?

Marge: It was passed down to generations.

Barbra: I see.

Larry: And these are our two kids. Harry and Sam.

Harry: Hey, guys.

Bart: I'm Bart Simpson, man. Who the hell are you?

Harry: Harry.

Sam: I'm Sam. Will you be my friend?

Bart(whispering): You know, Lisa? There acting much like Rod and Tod. This is getting way to creepy.

Lisa: I know. I have a feeling that we're getting spyed on right now.

Marge: Be quiet you to no one's spying on you.

(The family looks on the screen worriedly.)

Homer: Oh we have to go. Nice meeting you guys.

Larry: What's the rush? You just got here.

Bart: Actually we we're just here for the moola.

Larry: Whatza?

Bart: Da money.

Larry: What are you talking about?

Bart: In the news paper today it proclaimed that if no one claims the rich oil of Larry Burns it will most likely be someone else's.

Larry: Oh that...it was nothing major. Just a leak

in the oil pipe.

Homer(whispering): Marge, I think Bart's right. Things are starting to be a little creepy. Everything is almost copying us. Maybe someone is spying.....let's get out of here!

(The family runs out of the house and hops into the car and leaves.)

Larry: See ya, guys. I'll send you a post card or a discount coupon for Krusty Burger.

(on the road.)

Homer: Man, it was good while it lasted.

Marge: Bart, Lisa, I hope you've learned something today.

Lisa: Yeah, never get fooled or believe what people say.

Bart: You said a mouthful, sister.

(Credits.)