

THE CREPES OF WRATH

by

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - SUNDAY AFTERNOON**

BART enters. He is wearing his backpack, red cap and carrying his skateboard.

BART

(CALLING OUT) Froggie, I'm home.

Bart starts up the stairs.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Bart sheds his backpack, hat and skateboard before entering his bedroom. A mess has already overflowed out of his room into the hallway.

**INT. BART'S BEDROOM**

The bedroom is waist deep in everything Bart has ever bought, worn or stolen: a complete and utter mess. There is a gallon-sized jar on Bart's dresser which contains a frog, water and a lilypad.

BART

Hi little fella. Got some nice juicy  
flies for you.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Homer is coming down the hallway.

HOMER

Jeez, Louise. Look at this mess.

Homer starts picking up various items, including Bart's red hat and Krusty doll.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I told that boy a billion times to pick  
up his jun...

Homer's foot lands on the skateboard.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SHRIEKS)

Homer falls backwards, tumbling down the stairs and landing flat on his back. The Krusty doll lands right next to him.

KRUSTY DOLL

I like to play with you. I like to  
play with you. I like to play with  
you.

HOMER

(GASPS) My back! There goes my back  
again!

Homer makes GRUNTING sounds as he tries to get up off the ground, but like an overturned turtle, he is helpless.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is still lying in the hall. He is GRUNTING FEEBLY and struggling a little less now. The batteries in the Krusty Doll are winding down.

KRUSTY DOLL

I like to play with you...I like to  
play with you... I like to play wit...  
youuu... (WINDING DOWN) I lik.. to...  
pl.. wi... youuu.

Santa's Little Helper enters, goes to Homer and starts licking his face.

HOMER

Go get help, boy.

Santa's Little Helper sits down next to Homer.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

KRUSTY

(LOW UNINTELLIGIBLE SOUNDS)

Maggie crawls in from the dining room. She crawls right over Homer's face, sits down next to him and watches him struggle.

HOMER

(WEAKLY) Oh, Maggie. My poor back.

Maggie hands Homer her pacifier.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is now lying motionless on his back. Snowball II has entered and has fallen asleep along with Maggie (who has pacifier back) and Santa's Little Helper. The front door opens and Marge and Lisa enter. They both GASP.

LISA

Dad!

MARGE

Homer! What happened?

HOMER

The boy. Bring me the boy.

**INT. BART'S ROOM**

**MARGE**

Bart, if you had cleaned up your room  
when I asked you to, your father's  
trick back would still be aligned, so  
you pick up this mess right now.

Marge **SLAMS** the door as she exits. Bart starts throwing  
everything he owns into the closet, working outward from  
the closet door.

**BART**

(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) Clumsy Homer...  
Everything's always my fault... If he'd  
just watch where he was going...

During the above, Bart has tossed a baseball bat, a hobby  
horse, a microscope, and a parking meter into the closet.  
He picks up a cigar box (H. Uppman Monarchs). As he is  
about to toss it, he hears an intriguing **RATTLE** inside the  
box.

**BART (CONT'D)**

Hello.

He **SHAKES** the box near his ear.

**BART (CONT'D)**

What have we here?

**CLOSE UP - ON BOX**

Bart opens the box. There is a cherry bomb inside.

**BART (CONT'D)**

(GASPS) A cherry bomb. I thought I  
blew all you guys up.

**EXT. SCHOOL YARD - THE NEXT DAY**

**CHILDREN** are playing. **PRINCIPAL SKINNER** and his elderly  
mother, **GLORIA**, cross through.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(TO CHILDREN) People, people, no rough-housing on the monkey bars. You there, tuck in your shirt. Watch it, I saw that.

GLORIA

You certainly have done awfully well for yourself, Spanky.

SKINNER

(PLEADING) Mother, please don't call me Spanky on school grounds.

Bart is standing in the school yard surrounded by RICHARD, LEWIS and MILHOUSE. They are examining Bart's cherry bomb.

MILHOUSE

Wow! A cherry bomb!

LEWIS

What are you gonna do with it, Bart?

Principal Skinner and Gloria approach them.

MILHOUSE

Watch out, Bart. It's Skinner.

BART

Uh oh.

Bart hurriedly shoves the cherry bomb into his pants pocket. The four boys smile insincerely.

BART/RICHARD/LEWIS/MILHOUSE

Good morning, Mr. Skinner.

SKINNER

(SUSPICIOUSLY) Morning, boys.

GLORIA

Why haven't you introduced me to any of  
your students, Spanky?

The kids CHUCKLE. Skinner silences them with a glare.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(TO SKINNER) Well?

SKINNER

Mother, I would like you to meet,  
Milhouse, Lewis, Richard, and... Bart  
Simpson.

GLORIA

This is the Bart Simpson you're always  
talking about?

SKINNER

Mmm-hmm.

GLORIA

But he looks so sweet.

BART

I am, ma'am.

SKINNER

Simpson!

SKINNER

Let's move on now Mother, shall we?

Principal Skinner leads his mother off.

BART

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Bye, Spanky.

The kids CHUCKLE.

**KIDS' POV**

Skinner's head turning around and glaring at them. The kids stop **MID-CHUCKLE**.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY**

The doors to the boys and girls bathrooms are right next to each other.

**INT. BOYS BATHROOM**

There is a row of toilets in open stalls. Bart, Lewis, Richard and Milhouse are standing by the sinks.

**MILHOUSE**

So you're gonna flush it?

**BART**

What can I say? I got a weakness for the classics.

Bart takes out a lighter and lights it.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY**

Principal Skinner and Gloria are walking down the hall.

**GLORIA**

I think I need to make a stop in the little girl's room.

**SKINNER**

Okay, Mother. This way.

Skinner holds open the door of the girls bathroom for his mother. She goes inside.

**INT. BOYS BATHROOM**

Bart lights the cherry bomb, drops it into the toilet and **FLUSHES**.

**BART**

(LAUGHS) So long, sucker.

The other boys all **GIGGLE** quietly.

**INT. HALLWAY**

We hear an O.S. **EXPLOSION**. Skinner's eyes widen.

**INT. BOYS BATHROOM**

Water is shot from each toilet like a **CANNON**, hitting the ceiling with tremendous force.

**INT. GIRLS BATHROOM**

We are **CLOSE** on Gloria's sensible black shoes inside the stall. Suddenly they are rocketed upwards out of frame. A beat later water **CASCADES** down.

**INT. HALLWAY**

The boys bathroom door **BURSTS** open with Bart leading his friends out, running and **GIGGLING**. Bart runs smack into Skinner and freezes, causing his friends to pile up behind him.

GLORIA (O.S.)

(WEAKLY) Spanky.

SKINNER

Now hold it right there you...

SKINNER

(FRANTIC) Mother!

Skinner runs into the girls bathroom.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Homer is stretched out on the couch in his robe and pajamas. Homer picks up a little bell and **RINGS** it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Marge! Marge! (LOUD) Marge!

Marge enters.

MARGE

Oh, Homer. How many times do I have to fluff your pillow?



HOMER

Actually, I was wondering if you could  
make me a grilled cheese sandwich.

MARGE

Well... okay.

HOMER

Make sure it's squished flat and  
crunchy on the outside.

MARGE

I know how you like 'em, Homer.

Marge starts to exit.

HOMER

And maybe some of those little wieners  
that come in a can. Oh, and some fruit  
cocktail... in heavy syrup.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

INT. FOYER

The doorbell RINGS. We hear Homer's bell begin to RING  
O.S.

HOMER (O.S.)

(RINGING HIS BELL) Marge! Marge!

Marge! Get the door.

Marge looks through the peephole in the front door.

MARGE POV

Skinner's stern face in the fisheye prospective.

MARGE

Principal Skinner!

Marge opens the front door. Skinner is standing there holding Bart by the ear.

SKINNER

Hello, Mrs. Simpson. I'm afraid there's been a very disturbing incident at school today.

BART

I'm outa here, man.

Skinner lets go of Bart, who goes running up to his room. Marge and Skinner cross to the living room.

NEXT ANGLE

MARGE

Homer, Principal Skinner's here.

HOMER

Oh, hello Principal Skinner. I'd get up but the boy crippled me.

SKINNER

Mmm-hmmm. I understand completely. The disturbing incident I was referring to happened this morning, when your son flushed an explosive device down the boys lavatory.

HOMER

(CHUCKLING) That old gag.

SKINNER

Unfortunately, at the same moment, my mother was in the girls lavatory making use of the facilities.

MARGE

Oh, dear.

SKINNER

Can I say something my mother won't be  
able to say for several months?

HOMER

Sure.

SKINNER

Can I sit down?

MARGE

Ewww.

Skinner sits down.

SKINNER

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, we have  
transcended incorrigible. I don't  
think suspension or expulsion will do  
the trick. I think it behooves us all  
to consider... deportation.

MARGE

(AGHAST) Deportation! You mean kick  
Bart out of the country?

HOMER

Hear him out, Marge.

SKINNER

Well, perhaps I was being a tad glib.  
Let me explain. Our elementary school  
participates in a foreign exchange  
program. Normally, a student is  
selected on the basis of academic  
excellence or intelligence, but in  
Bart's case I'm prepared to make a big  
exception. And, if you're willing to  
play along, he can spend the next three  
months studying far, far away..

HOMER

Sounds great, although a kid can't  
learn much in just three months.

MARGE

Homer! You didn't even ask where Bart  
would be going.

SKINNER

Actually, he'd be staying in France in  
a lovely chateau in the heart of the  
wine country.

Skinner takes out a picture of a beautiful chateau.

MARGE

But Bart doesn't speak French.

SKINNER

Oh! When he's totally immersed in a foreign language, the average child can become fluent in weeks.

HOMER

Yeah, but what about Bart?

SKINNER

I'm sure he'll pick up enough to get by. And, the whole thing won't cost you a dime as long you're willing to take in a student of your own.

HOMER

Wait a minute, Skinner. How do we know some principal over in France isn't pulling the same scam you are?

SKINNER

Well, for one thing, you wouldn't be getting a French boy. You would be getting an Albanian.

HOMER

You mean all white with pink eyes?

SKINNER

No, no, no, no. A student from Albania. It's a country on the Adriatic Sea.

MARGE

Well I think going to France sounds  
like a fantastic opportunity, but I  
think Bart should have a say in this.

Marge gets up and leaves.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM

Bart is talking to his frog, who is in the jar.

BART

Aaah, the life of a frog. That's the  
life for me.

Marge enters.

MARGE

Bart, how would you like to spend the  
next three months living in France?

Bart's eyes widen. He smiles.

BART

France?

RIPPLE DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

Bart is seated at a sidewalk cafe, wearing a beret, and  
eating french fries. We hear CAN-CAN MUSIC as Can-Can  
girls dance past him. The Eiffel Tower looms in the b.g.

BART

Ooo la la.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Skinner and Homer are commiserating.

HOMER

He makes me crazy twelve months a year.

At least you get the summer off.

SKINNER

Mmmm-hmmm.

Marge and Bart enter.

BART

And I'd get to take a plane there,

wouldn't I, Mom?

MARGE

Yes, Bart.

BART

Wow. And one back?

MARGE

Mmm-hmm. Well, Bart seems very  
enthusiastic about the idea.

HOMER/SKINNER

Yes... yeah!

SKINNER

Way to go!

HOMER

Bon voyage, boy.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD AIRPORT - RUNWAY**

The Simpsons are saying goodbye to Bart.

MARGE

(KISSING BART) Goodbye, my special  
little guy. You will write us, won't  
you?

BART

All the time.

LISA

What do you know about France?

BART

I know I'm going and you're not.

Homer gets down on one knee.

HOMER

I'm gonna miss you, son. And listen...  
while you're seeing all those great  
sights, always remember that you're  
representing your country. I guess  
what I'm saying is, don't mess up  
France the way you messed up your room.

BART

Okay, Dad.

They shake hands. A STEWARD comes up to them.

STEWARD

Is one of you going to be on the  
charter flight?

BART

Yes sir.



STEWARD

Mmmm hmmm. Well, come along.

The Simpson family AD LIB goodbyes and kiss and hug. The Steward takes Bart to top of the boarding stairs.

HOMER

Goodbye, Bart.

LISA

Bye, Bart.

BART

Bye, Mom.

MARGE

Bye. We miss you.

HOMER

Be good. Send us a postcard.

MARGE

The life jacket is under the seat.

The Steward tosses Bart inside the open hatch.

BART

(GRUNTS)

We hear the ENGINE start up.

**INT. CHARTER FLIGHT**

Bart is seated in an extremely cramped row of twenty across.

**EXT. TIRANA, ALBANIA AIRPORT - RUNWAY**

**SUPER: TIRANA, ALBANIA**

ADIL HOXHA, a boy of Bart's age, is saying goodbye to his family (MOTHER, FATHER AND TWO SISTERS, ONE AN INFANT). There are several GOATS there as well.

MOTHER

(TEARFUL, IN ALBANIAN) Goodbye, Adil.

Write us often.

FATHER

(IN ALBANIAN) We will miss you, my  
son.

ADIL

(IN ALBANIAN) And I will miss you, but  
now I must go.

The family all hug and kiss Adil goodbye. Adil crosses to a small prop jet. There is an ALBANIAN MILITARY MAN standing at the door of the plane. He and Adil exchange a meaningful glance. They salute as Adil boards the plane.

**CLOSE UP - FRENCH FLAG**

We PULL OUT revealing Orly Airport. **MUSIC: THE MARSEILLAISE.** CAMERA PICKS UP Bart struggling with his large, overstuffed suitcase. People are pushing and shoving him, **AD LIBBING IN FRENCH:** "Excuse me," "Get out of the way," "Watch where you're going," etc.

BART

Hey man, watch it.

**BART'S P.O.V.**

We see a number of people holding up small signs with the following names: BARDOT, BELMONDO, ROQUEFORT, PERRIER, LINDBERGH. Finally Bart sees a small sign reading "Bart Simpson." It is held by a coarse, loutish, gap-toothed, shifty-eyed young swine named UGOLIN. Bart rushes to him.

BART

Hey man, it's me, Bart Simpson.

UGOLIN

Okay, kid, let's go.

Ugolin gestures toward a large sleek black limousine.

BART

Wow man!

The limousine drives off, revealing a rickety Citroen.

BART (CONT'D)

Ewww.

The Citroen drives off in the other direction, revealing an even ricketier fifty-year-old motorcycle with a sidecar.

BART (CONT'D)

Wow!

**EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE**

We hear **LOUD SPUTTERING** as the motorcycle, with Bart in the sidecar, drives into **FRAME**.

BART

(VIBRATING - SINGING) "Every little  
breeze, seems to whisper Louise. La la  
la la, la la la la ..." How much  
longer, sir?

Bart leans down into the sidecar and pulls out an empty bottle of wine.

BART

This is where we're going, right?

(READING) Cha-teau... Ma... son.

**CLOSE UP - ON LABEL**

We see an engraved drawing of a beautiful French Chateau, surrounded by fields of grapes. Above the house, over the gateway, is a large sign that reads "CHATEAU MAISON."

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

A dilapidated mountain shack. The sign above a modest gateway has letters missing from the name, "Chateau Maison." There is a goat on the roof. There is not a grape in sight. The land is barren and rocky. An older, seedy-looking Yves Montand type, CESAR, is talking to his donkey, MAURICE.

CESAR

(IN FRENCH) Ah, Maurice. Once the American boy gets here, your days of endless back-breaking labor will be over.

In B.G., the motorcycle pulls up. Bart looks at the house.

BART

(QUEASILY) Uh oh.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. SPRINGFIELD AIRPORT - DAY

Homer, Marge, Lisa and Maggie are there.

LISA

You know, in Albania the unit of  
currency is called the lek.

HOMER

(LAUGHS) You gotta be kidding, the  
lek?.

LISA

And the national flag is a two-headed  
eagle on a red field.

MARGE

Oh, sounds very attractive.

HOMER

Give me the old stars and stripes.

LISA

And the main export is furious  
political thought.

HOMER

(DISMAYED) Oh no!

MALE VOICE (OVER P.A.)

Trans Albanian Airlines, Flight Number  
two, Tirana to Springfield, is now  
arriving at Gate Nine.

Adil's plane lands.

**EXT. CHATEAU - DAY**

CESAR

My name is Cesar. This is my nephew,  
Ugolin. You may find life here at the  
Chateau hard. But if you shut up and  
do exactly what we say, the time will  
pass more quickly.

UGOLIN

He's right, you know.

BART

Well okay, sir.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD AIRPORT**

The Simpsons are waiting on the runway. Adil steps off the  
plane and comes down the stairs.

MARGE

Adil?

ADIL

Mother?

MARGE

Well, I guess for the next few months,  
yes, I'll be your mother.

ADIL

And this must be Lisa and Maggie... and  
you must be my new father, Homer.

Adil kisses Homer on both cheeks and hugs him.

HOMER

Affectionate little Albanian, isn't he?

**EXT. CHATEAU**

Ugolin has opened Bart's suitcase.

UGOLIN

(IN FRENCH) Cesar, look! We are  
rich!

Ugolin shows Cesar Bart's camera and personal stereo.  
Cesar holds up one of Bart's sweaters to his chest for  
size.

CESAR

(IN FRENCH) These are too small, but  
we can sell them.

Ugolin takes Bart's red hat from the suitcase and puts it  
on Maurice's head.

UGOLIN

(IN FRENCH) Look, Maurice. A lucky  
red hat for you.

BART

Hey, come on guys. Quit being so  
grabby.

We hear a **NASTY GROWL** from Ugolin.

**BART'S P.O.V.**

Cesar and Ugolin bare their loose plaque-encrusted teeth and **GROWL** at Bart.

BART (CONT'D)

Sorry, man. Be my guest.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM**

The auditorium is filled with kids. Principal Skinner is at the podium. There is an American flag and an Albanian flag on stage. A hand-painted sign says "Welcome Adil Hoxha."

SKINNER

You may find his accent peculiar.  
Certain aspects of his culture may seem  
absurd, perhaps even offensive. But I  
urge you all to give little Adil the  
benefit of the doubt. In this way, and  
only in this way, can we hope to better  
understand our backward neighbors  
throughout the world.

Students **APPLAUD**. Adil steps to the podium.

ADIL

Thank you, Principal Skinner. Thank  
you, fellow students. (BECOMING  
SLIGHTLY SINISTER) Although I have  
only been in your country a few days, I  
have already found Americans to be  
most... trusting. Although officially  
I am required to hate you, I want you  
to know I do not feel it in my heart.



The students **APPLAUD**.

**EXT. FRENCH MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY**

Cesar, Ugolin and Maurice, who is wearing Bart's red hat, cross through the frame. Ugolin is gnawing on a baguette and Cesar is **WHISTLING** "Alouette". Cesar turns around.

CESAR

Hurry up, boy. My grapes are waiting  
for their water.

We **PAN** back to Bart who is staggering under the weight of many water bearing objects, including buckets, bottles, and goatskins of all types. Bart **GRUNTS**.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING**

The Simpsons and Adil are all seated around the dining room table eating dinner.

ADIL

How can you defend a country where five  
percent of the people control ninety-  
five percent of the wealth?

LISA

I'm defending a country where people  
can think and act and worship any way  
they want.

ADIL

Can not.

LISA

Can too.

ADIL

Can not.

LISA

Can too.

HOMER

Please, please kids. Stop fighting.  
Maybe Lisa's right about America being  
a land of opportunity, and maybe Adil  
has a point about the machinery of  
capitalism being oiled with the blood  
of the workers.

ADIL

Your father is right. We should not  
fight. Friends?

Adil extends his hand. Lisa looks at him suspiciously.

LISA

Well, okay.

They shake hands.

MARGE

Well, now that that's settled, I'll  
just clear the dishes.

ADIL

No no, Mrs. Simpson. You have been  
oppressed enough for today. I will  
clear the dishes.

MARGE

Oh, okay.

Adil exits with stack of dishes.

HOMER

Did you see that? You know, Marge,  
this is the way I've always wanted it  
to be. We've become a fully  
functioning family unit. We've always  
blamed ourselves, but I guess it's  
pretty clear which cylinder wasn't  
firing.

MARGE

Homer!

LISA

Your paper-thin commitment to your  
children sends shivers down my spine.  
May I be excused?

Lisa storms off.

MARGE

Lisa!

HOMER

Oh, she's just jealous. She'll get  
over it, and if she doesn't, we can  
always exchange her. (LAUGHS - OFF  
MARGE'S LOOK)

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

Just kidding.

**INT. CHATEAU**

Ugolin and Cesar are sitting at their table eating sausage, cheese and bread and washing it down with wine.

UGOLIN

(IN FRENCH) This sausage is  
excellent.

CESAR

(IN FRENCH) Yes it is. Pass me the  
wine.

**PAN OVER**

to Bart sitting glumly at the other end of the table,  
eating a turnip.

BART

Can I have something to go with my  
turnip?

CESAR

(GESTURING WITH A SAUSAGE) Quiet!  
When you work like a man, we will feed  
you like one.

Ugolin points to a pile of straw on the floor in a corner.

UGOLIN

Now, go to sleep.

Bart shrugs and **SIGHS**. Before Bart can get to the straw,  
Maurice the donkey crosses to the pile and lays down on top  
of the straw. Bart tries pushing Maurice over.

BART

Hey! Hey! Come on. Move it, pal.

CESAR

You leave Maurice alone. The floor is  
good enough for you. You go to sleep  
there.

Cesar points to the floor. Sadly, Bart curls up to go to  
sleep.

UGOLIN (O.S.)

(IN FRENCH: Encore de la saucisse,  
Cesar?) More sausage, Cesar?

CESAR (O.S.)

(IN FRENCH: Non. Je ne peux plus  
avaler un seul morceau.) No. I can't  
eat another bite.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The room is now spotless. Adil is in Bart's bed and Homer  
is tucking him in.

HOMER

Nice and cozy, Adil?

ADIL

Yes, thank you, Father.

HOMER

Look, Adil. You can call me Dad.

ADIL

All right, Dad.

HOMER

(TOUCHED) Awww. You called me Dad.

ADIL

Dad, do you think I could come visit  
you at the nuclear power plant?

HOMER

You want to see where I work?

ADIL

Oh yes, very much.

HOMER

(SNIFFLES) None of my biological kids  
ever wanted to see me at work.

ADIL

Then I can go?

HOMER

Well, I'll have to pull a few strings  
with the boys in Security, but sure,  
you bet.

ADIL

(TENTING FINGERS) Excellent.

**EXT. VINEYARDS**

Bart and Cesar are standing beside a grapevine. A  
cigarette butt is dangling from Cesar's lips.

CESAR

Now watch me. (DEMONSTRATING) You  
grab the grape between your thumb and  
forefinger and gently twist it off and  
drop it in the bucket.

Cesar drops a grape into a bucket and there is a slight  
**HOLLOW THUMP** indicating that it is the first grape.

CESAR (CONT'D)

Now you do it.

Bart picks a grape and drops it into the bucket.

CESAR (CONT'D)

Very good. Now do it a million times.

Cesar gestures out to the fields. We PULL BACK revealing a great expanse of grapevines. Bart MOANS.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

Homer and Adil are wearing safe suits. They are in the coffee break area.

HOMER

See these? American donuts. Glazed,  
powdered, and raspberry-filled.  
How's that for the exploitation of the  
workers? (CHUCKLES)

ADIL

Dad, do you think I might see your  
plutonium isolation module?

HOMER

Ugh... maybe. Hold on a second.

Homer crosses over to a co-worker, LENNY.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey, Lenny. Does this place have one  
of those plutonium isolation deals?

LENNY

Yeah, over in Sector Twelve.

HOMER

Sector Twelve?

LENNY

Third floor by the candy machines.

HOMER

Oh, that Sector Twelve.

Homer walks back to Adil.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Come along, Adil.

**EXT. VINEYARDS**

We are **CLOSE-UP ON BART**

as he twists off the second-to-last grape and drops it into his now full bucket. We **PULL OUT** to reveal that he has picked the entire field.

**BACK TO BART**

He looks both ways and takes the final grape off the vine and puts it in his mouth. Suddenly, Ugolin slaps him on the back of his head, causing Bart to spit the grape out.

UGOLIN

Ungrateful swine! We give you food,  
we give you shelter, and this is how  
you repay us.

**PLANT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS**

Adil is **SNAPPING** off pictures as he and Homer cross through.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) You little shutterbug.

**INT. PLUTONIUM ISOLATION MODULE**

There are lots of green glowing machines, dials in danger areas and a prominently displayed sign, "Restricted Area. Authorized Personnel Only." Adil raises his camera.



**ADIL'S P.O.V.**

through viewfinder. As he frames a pretty informative picture, Homer enters from the sideline waving.

HOMER

Cheese!

Adil moves the frame, but Homer keeps stepping back into the picture.

**EXT. VINEYARDS - DAY**

Bart is standing in a huge wooden vat. He is vigorously stomping grapes with his feet. The juice is flowing into nearby barrels.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Ugh, ugh, ugh. Stu-pid grapes... Bunch of creeps... I hate France. Ugh, ugh!

Ugolin, Cesar and Maurice are lounging nearby.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marge and Homer are in bed.

MARGE

(SLIGHT DISAPPROVAL) You sure have taken a shine to little Adil.

HOMER

Well, he sure makes life a lot easier around here. You have to admit that.

MARGE

Well, okay, I will. If you admit you love Bart.

HOMER

Okay, okay. I love Bart. Well...

MARGE

What?

HOMER

Well?

MARGE

Adil's a very sweet boy.

HOMER

Darn tootin'.

The camera PANS down the hall to Bart's bedroom. It PANS over to Bart's bed, which is empty. The camera then PANS out the window to Bart's treehouse.

**INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT**

Adil, in his pajamas, has manufactured a surprisingly sophisticated satellite uplink. He is feeding photos from the power plant into a slot. The camera PANS upwards into the sky to a red satellite with a two-headed eagle painted on it. The camera PANS downwards to the Albanian Intelligence Headquarters. There is a satellite on the roof.

ADIL

(IN ALBANIAN) Sparrow to Nest. Stand  
by for transmission.

**INT. ALBANIAN INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS**

The photos are being spit out of a fax-like machine. TWO ALBANIAN SECRET AGENTS (one the Military Man from earlier) are examining the photos.

MILITARY MAN

(IN ALBANIAN) I told you the Sparrow  
would not fail. (CHUCKLING EVILLY)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

Bart is huddled in a dank corner of the hovel, reading a letter from Marge by candlelight. His clothes are dirtied and somewhat tattered. His feet are purple and he has a slight COUGH.

MARGE'S VOICE

Dear Bart. How is France? I don't know why you haven't written. I guess you're just having too much fun.

BART

(TO HIMSELF, COUGHING) Yeah, right.

CESAR (O.S.)

(IN FRENCH) Selans!

MARGE'S VOICE

Everyone here in the United States is fine. We think Maggie may say her first word any day now. Lisa got an A in Math, which I'm only mentioning as news -- I'm not putting you down. And your father, well... last night he went to sleep talking about how much he loves you.

Bart SNIFFLES, wiping a tear from his eye.

MARGE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Remember to dress warm and try to be as helpful as you can to your adopted parents.

MARGE'S VOICE/BART

All my love, Mom.

Bart reflects for a moment, then blows out the candle.

INT. WINERY - DAY

Cesar and Ugolin are filling wine bottles from a tap on a huge cask.

CESAR

(PROUDLY IN FRENCH) I have a feeling this is going to be our finest vintage ever.

UGOLIN

(IN FRENCH: Mais le vin n'a fermenté que trois jours.) But the wine has been only fermenting for three days.

CESAR

(IN FRENCH CHUCKLING: Quand je sens que ma fol'dans les forces supremes faiblit je pense toujours au miracle de l' antigel. Si on en met trop, blen sur, cest du poison. (POURING) Mais dans les proportions voulues, ca donne du corps au vin.) Whenever I find my faith in a higher power shaken, I always think of the miracle of anti-freeze. In the wrong quantity it can be poison. (POURING SOME IN) But in the right proportion, it gives the wine just the right kick.

UGOLIN

(IN FRENCH: Je crois que tu en as mis trop. Tu vas tuer quelqu'un avec ea.) I think you put in too much. It may kill someone.

CESAR

(IN FRENCH: Tuer quelqu'un? Tes fou!) Kill someone? Don't be ridiculous.

They hear a **SNEEZE** O.S. They turn and see Bart looking at them through a dirty window. Ugolin shields the anti-freeze.

CESAR

What are you doing? Get out of here.

BART

Sorry.

CESAR

On second thought, Bart, Bart, come here. (TO UGOLIN IN FRENCH: Regade. J' te parie que ca va meme pas le rendre aveugie.) Watch this. I will bet you it won't even blind him.

Suspiciously Bart enters. They hand Bart a cupful of wine mixture.

CESAR

Drink this.

BART

No thanks.

CESAR

Do not worry. This is France. It is customary for children to take a little wine now and then.

BART

Yeah, but it's got anti-freeze in there.

CESAR

Drink it!

Bart GULPS down the wine.

BART

Hey, (BURPS) not bad.

Cesar and Ugolin stare at Bart, waiting for a reaction. Cesar waves his hand in front of Bart's eyes. Bart's eyes react appropriately.

CESAR

(TO UGOLIN - IN FRENCH: Qu'est - ce que jet' avais dit? Maintenant, va nous chercher une caisse d'antigel au magasin.) What did I tell you? Now go to the store and bring back a case of anti-freeze.

UGOLIN

(IN FRENCH: Mais il pleut. Est - ce qu'on peut attendre et faire le vin demair.) But it is raining outside. Can't we wait and make the wine tomorrow?

CESAR

(IN FRENCH: On a deja perdu trois jours.) We have already waited three days.

UGOLIN

(IN FRENCH: Alors, envoie le garçon!)  
Then send the boy.

CESAR

Oh, Bart!

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD.**

Bart rides down the road on a bicycle. He is soaking wet, bedraggled and embittered.

**EXT. TOWN - DAY**

Bart's bicycle is parked. He is wandering around looking at the note Cesar gave him, checking various stores to find the right one, getting more soaked in the process. **SHIVERING**, he takes cover under an awning. A **GENDARME** with an umbrella crosses to him.

BART

Hey. You're a policeman, aren't you?

GENDARME

(IN FRENCH: Ecusez-moi, je ne parle pas anglais.) I am sorry. I do not speak English.

BART

But you gotta help me. These two guys I'm staying with, they work me day and night, they don't feed me, they make me sleep on the...

GENDARME

(IN FRENCH) Tiens, p'tit garçon, voila un bonbon.) Here you go, little boy. Have a piece of candy.

The policeman hands Bart a piece of candy.

BART

I don't want a piece of candy, I need your hel...

Bart grabs the candy, **CHEWS** twice and **SWALLOWS** it.

BART (CONT'D)

Come on, mister. Can you help me?



GENDARME

(IN FRENCH: Excusez-moi.) I am sorry.

Bart starts to walk away.

BART

Aww, forget it. (TO HIMSELF) I'm so stupid. Anybody could have learned this dumb language by now. Here I've listened to nothing but French for the past (IN FRENCH: deux mois, et jen'en sais pas un mot. Eh! Mais je parle francois maintenant. Incroyable.) Two months and I haven't learned a word. Wait a minute! I'm talking French now. Incredible!

Bart turns and runs after the Gendarme.

BART (CONT'D)

(IN FRENCH: He, monsieur. Ai dez-moi!  
Ces deux types chez qui j habite me font  
travailler jour et nuit, ils ne m'  
donnent pas a manger, ils me font  
dormir par terre, ils mettent de  
'antigel dans le vin et ils ont donne  
mon chapeau rouge a l'ane.) Hey,  
Mister! You gotta help me. These two  
guys I'm staying with work me night and  
day, they don't feed me, they make me  
sleep on the floor, they put anti-  
freeze in the wine and they gave my red  
hat to the donkey.

GENDARME

(IN FRENCH: De l'anti-gel dans le vin?  
Ah mais, c'est serieux, ca. Viens avec  
moi, fiston. Tu n'as plus rien a  
craindre.) Anti-freeze in the wine?  
That is a very serious crime. Come  
along, boy. There is nothing for you  
to fear now.

The Gendarme takes Bart's hand and they start toward a  
police car.

BART

(IN FRENCH: Mon sauveteur! Vous aurez toujours une place dans mon coeur!) My savior. You will always have a place in my heart.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Homer, carrying a large rolled up sheet of paper, enters.

HOMER

Honey, I'm home.

Marge enters and kisses him.

MARGE

Hello, Homer. What's that?

Marge points to the rolled up paper.

HOMER

Oh, just some blueprints Adil wanted. I'm telling you he's such a curious little dickens. I bet he could build a nuclear power plant if he wanted to.  
(CHUCKLES)

CIA AGENT #1 (O.S.)

(OVER BULLHORN) All right, Sparrow. We know you're in there. We'll give you one minute to surrender.

MARGE

Oh, my.

HOMER

Oooh, trouble in the neighborhood.

Let's check it out.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Homer and Marge step out onto their lawn and look O.S.

EXT. FLANDERS HOUSE

Flanders' house is surrounded by POLICE and C.I.A. AGENTS. Police cars and government vehicles are everywhere. There is a van with a rotating satellite dish.

HOMER

Holy moly! It looks like they finally caught Flanders.

Homer walks up to the C.I.A. Agent with the bullhorn.

HOMER (CONT'D)

So what seems to be the problem?

CIA AGENT #1

(INTO BULLHORN) Well sir, (PUTS BULLHORN DOWN) Well, sir, we've been on the trail of a spy transmitting highly confidential information to an unfriendly nation.

HOMER

Oooo.

The Agent gestures to the radio van.

CIA AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

Mmmm hmmm. Through the use of radio triangulation, we tracked him to exactly this point.

HOMER

Wow!

CIA AGENT #1

That's all I can tell you.

HOMER

Aw!

CIA AGENT #1

Allright. Well, the name of his  
country starts with the letter "A".

HOMER

Hmmm.

CIA AGENT #2

(INTO BULLHORN) Time's up, Sparrow.

The police start lobbing tear-gas and grenades, **SHATTERING  
WINDOWS** in the process.

HOMER

Gee whiz. Adil would get a kick out of  
seeing this.

**HOMER POV**

Adil is crawling through some underbrush trying to escape.

AGENT #1

(TO AGENT #2) Adil?

AGENT #2

(TO AGENT #1) The Sparrow!

HOMER

(CALLS OUT) Adil! Adil!

Oh... there you are.

AGENT #1

(POINTING) Get him!

Homer is trampled by the wave of C.I.A. Agents and police.

HOMER

Ouch! Watch it! Hey. Ow, Ooch!

EXT. CHATEAU

There are REPORTERS and GENDARMES everywhere. Flashbulbs are POPPING as Ugolin and Cesar are led to a paddywagon. Bart and is holding the Gendarme's hand.

GENDARME

(IN FRENCH) From now on you will be  
doing all your winemaking in prison.

UGOLIN

(IN FRENCH: En prison? Oh non!) Oh  
my.

CESAR

(IN FRENCH) And all because we  
participated in a student exchange  
program!

BART

Au revoir, suckers.

Another flashbulb POPS as Cesar and Ugolin are led to the paddywagon.

MATCH CUT TO:

A black and white picture of Bart triumphantly watching Ugolin and Cesar being hauled off. We PULL OUT revealing a headline on the front page of "France Aujourd'hui", a USA Today-style paper, which reads, "Bordeaux-gate: Boy Exposes Wine Scandal."

We see the a headline on "Newsweeque" reads, "Vive Le Bart!"

**EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - PARIS**

Bart, now the toast of Paris, is seated at a table wearing a beret, eating french fries and watching a line of Can-Can girls. There are dozens of admiring ONLOOKERS. The Eiffel Tower looms in the b.g.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) You know, it's just the way I hoped it would be.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY**

C.I.A. Agents #1 and #2 have Adil in handcuffs. The Simpson family is there. In the b.g. is an Albanian airplane.

HOMER

(TO AGENT #1) So, he's going to prison?

CIA AGENT #1

No. We've arranged an exchange for one of our own men caught in Albania.

TWO ALBANIAN MILITARY MEN escort BRAD, a 10-year-old American boy off the Albanian plane.

BRAD

(TO ADIL) So, Sparrow. We meet again.

ADIL

Yes, sometimes I think I am getting too old for this game.

CIA AGENT #2

Okay, kids. Let's hurry it up.

Brad goes off and Adil turns towards the Simpsons.

ADIL

Goodbye, Simpsons. Thank you for your  
hospitality. I hope this experience  
will not sour you on the student  
exchange program.

The Simpsons AD LIB goodbyes. Adil waves and starts  
towards the plane.

MARGE

Goodbye, Adil. It was a pleasure...

LISA

Goodbye Adil. Have a nice trip.

HOMER

(CALLING TEARFULLY) Goodbye, Adil.

I'll send you those civil defense plans  
you wanted.

LISA

When's Bart supposed to get here?

Adil's plane takes off.

MARGE

Any minute.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Air France Flight Dix-neuf cent quatre-  
vingt huit, Paris to Springfield, is  
now arriving.

A 747 plane lands.

**CLOSE-UP - HATCH**

It opens. Bart exits loaded down with gifts. He is  
wearing his beret and a French Legion of Honor medal.



**ANGLE ON THE SIMPSONS**

Bart runs into Marge's arms.

LISA

Look, Mom. There he is.

MARGE

Oh, Bart, my baby boy. Welcome home.

HOMER

Bart. Good to see ya.

LISA

What'd you bring me, Bart?

BART

Hi Mom. Hi Homer.

HOMER

Ooo, nice clothes.

**INT. SIMPSON DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Homer is wearing a tee-shirt saying "My son went to France, and all he brought me was this lousy tee-shirt." Marge is wearing a Chanel suit. Lisa has a large replica of the Venus de Milo. Maggie stumbles through the scene with a red balloon following her.

BART

So basically, in France I'm considered  
a genius.

LISA

Bart, I have something to say that's  
gonna bother me if I don't say it...  
it's good to see you.

BART

Same here.

MARGE

Homer, I'd love a glass of that wine  
Bart brought us.

Homer is struggling to open the bottle.

HOMER

Sorry, Marge. Some wiseguy stuck a  
cork in the bottle.

BART

(IN FRENCH) Oh, my father. What a  
buffoon.

HOMER

Did you hear that, Marge? My boy  
speaks French.

**SUPERIMPOSE: FIN**

FADE OUT.

THE END