

Production No. 7F04

The Simpsons

"TREE HOUSE OF HORROR"

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and

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and

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 4/05/90

"TREE HOUSE OF HORROR"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MOVING MAN.....JAMES EARL JONES
HOUSE.....HARRY SHEARER
KANG.....HARRY SHEARER
KODOS.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SERAK THE PREPARER.....JAMES EARL JONES
V.O.....JAMES EARL JONES
RAVEN.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

TREE HOUSE OF HORROR

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

STAGE CURTAIN - COLD OPENING

Marge steps out from behind a curtain and addresses the audience.

MARGE

Hello, everyone. You know, Halloween is a very strange holiday. Personally, I don't understand it. Kids worshipping ghosts and pretending to be devils, and things on T.V. that are completely inappropriate for younger viewers. Things like the following half hour. Now nothing seems to bother my kids, but tonight's show, which I totally wash my hands of, is really scary, so if you have sensitive children maybe you should tuck them into bed early tonight instead of writing us angry letters tomorrow.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Short scary version of the Simpsons Main Title. It is raining, lightning flashes. **THUNDER ROARS.** **MUSIC:** a scary, dirge-like, organ version of the Simpsons' theme. A **BLACK CAT SCREECHES**, a shutter **BANGS**, some **RATS** scurry. We see lit Jack O' Lanterns and candles burning inside windows. We go past the Springfield Cemetery, past the tombstones through to the Simpsons' house. There is a dilapidated tree house in one of the scary trees. Lamplight glows from within. We see **HOMER** climb up the ladder. We **PULL IN** on the tree house.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Heh, heh. Let's see what
the kids are up to.

CLOSE ON - TREE HOUSE

Bart, Lisa and Maggie sit on the ground, Indian style. Lisa is holding a flashlight under her face.

LISA

... and the policeman on the other end
of the phone said, "We have traced the
call. It is coming from downstairs!
Get out of the house!" But it was too
late. End of story.

BART

Yawn. I heard that when I was in the
third grade. It's not scary.

LISA

Is too.

BART

Is not.

LISA

Is too.

BART

Is not.

LISA

Is too.

BART

Is not.

LISA

Fine. Then you tell one scarier.

BART

Flashlight, please.

Lisa hands Bart the flashlight.

BART (CONT'D)

Here's a story that's really
scarifying.

LISA

Oh, brother.

BART

I call it "Bad Dream House."

Simultaneously, lightning flashes, thunder RUMBLES, and we

**SUPERIMPOSE: "BAD DREAM HOUSE" IN SCARY, DRIPPING BLOOD
LETTERING**

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HUGE OLD HOUSE LIKE IN "THE SHINING" - DUSK

Moving vans are parked out front. Moving MEN are bringing
empty dollies out of the house and putting them back in the
vans.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF HOUSE

The furniture is in place but some pieces are still covered. There are boxes scattered around the room. HOMER and MARGE are watching the last of the boxes being unloaded. BART, LISA and MAGGIE are starting to open the boxes and unpack them.

MOVING MAN

That's all of it. Sign here.

Homer takes a clipboard from the moving man, signs the top sheet of paper and hands it back, along with a dollar.

HOMER

(GRANDLY) There you are, my man. And
a dollar for yourself.

The moving man takes the dollar, looks at it briefly, gives Homer a long searching look.

MOVING MAN

A buck! I'm glad there's a curse on
this house.

Moving Man exits.

HOMER

Huh? (TO FAMILY - SURVEYING THE ROOM)
Well... it's all ours!

MARGE

I still can't believe how inexpensive
it was.

HOMER

Motivated seller, Marge.

MARGE

Well, he certainly must have been motivated. Prime location, eighteen bedrooms, moat... we shouldn't be able to afford this.

HOMER

So we got a good deal for once. Quit fighting it.

MARGE

It just seems too good to be true.

Unseen by the family, some of the unpacked items begin repacking themselves. Low **WEIRD MUSIC** accompanies this. Marge opens a box, takes out some pots and pans and begin taking them into the kitchen. A magazine suddenly flies off the coffee table, **SOARS** across the room and **HITS** Lisa in the back of the neck.

LISA

Mom! Bart threw a magazine at me.

BART

Did not.

LISA

Did too.

HOUSE (O.S.)

(DEEP MENACING VOICE) Get out!

Everyone stops what they're doing and look around.

MARGE

What on earth was that?

HOMER

(GUESSING) Noisy neighbors?

BART

The nearest neighbors are half a mile
away, Dad.

HOMER

(A LITTLE DEFENSIVE) So the house has
thin walls. So what? We'll get used
to it.

MARGE

(UNSATISFIED MURMUR)

Marge carries her load of pots and pans into the kitchen as
everyone else goes back to unpacking. The unpacked items
are being replaced faster now.

INT. KITCHEN

Marge enters the kitchen and sets down the pots and pans.
Blood is rolling down the walls of the otherwise cheery
kitchen.

MARGE

(TO HERSELF) Hmmm. This kitchen
certainly could use a woman's touch.

In the corner she sees a **SWIRLING** orange-green vortex.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(CALLING) Homer! What's this thing in
the corner?

Homer ambles in, followed by Lisa. They both look at the
vortex.

HOMER

Probably some kind of garbage disposal.

LISA

It looks like a vortex -- a gateway
into another dimension.

HOMER

(DRYLY) Right. (LOOKS AT VORTEX) I

wonder if it works.

Homer takes an orange out of a bag of groceries and tosses it underhand into the vortex. The orange seems to stop in mid-air when it reaches the vortex, then, accompanied by **SOFT WEIRD MUSIC** it stretches out until it is a horizontal line, rotates until it is a vertical line, closes up like a tape measure and vanishes.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey! Pretty slick!

With a vaguely **WEIRD COUGHING SOUND**, a small note comes out of the vortex and **FLOPS** onto the kitchen floor. Lisa picks it up curiously and reads it aloud.

LISA

(READING) "Quit throwing your garbage
into our dimension."

Before anyone can comment on this, there is a terrific amount of **CRASHING** and **WHIRLING** noise coming from the living room.

BART (O.S.)

Mom! Dad! Help!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Marge, Homer and Lisa enter and stop dead in their tracks in amazement. Bart is backed up in a corner of the room. A lamp cord is floating in the air and has twisted itself around his neck. Blood is pouring down the walls, objects are flying out of their boxes and **SMASHING** around Bart's head. The doors are slowly **BUCKLING** in and out as if the house were breathing. Maggie **GIGGLES** as she floats through the air.

HOUSE (O.S.)

(SLOWLY, MORE MENACING) Get... Out!!!

HOMER

Bart! I'm not sure what you're doing
in there, but it doesn't sound like
you're helping, so cut it out.

Homer hurries over and untangles Bart, while Marge catches
Maggie. Lisa is standing quietly in the middle of the
room, shivering a little.

LISA

(QUIETLY) I can feel an evil presence
in this house.

MARGE

Evil!

HOMER

Quiet, Lisa. You're scaring your
mother.

MARGE

Children, get your coats. We're
leaving this house right now.

The family's coats float through the air to them and the
front door opens invitingly.

HOMER

Now wait a minute, Marge. It's only
natural there would be some things
wrong with an old house like this. But
we can fix it up. You know, get a
bunch of priests in here...

MARGE

I will not live in a house of evil just
to save a few dollars. Call me old
fashioned...

HOMER

(GENUINELY OUTRAGED) We're not talking
about a few dollars! We're talking
about a few thousand dollars! Marge,
we only had to put five percent dow...

Homer is violently levitated upwards. He sticks to the
ceiling.

HOMER (CONT'D)

It's got great high ceilings, Marge,
and beautiful moldings.

Homer drops to the ground with a THUD.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASPING) Tell you what -- let's sleep
on it. And if you still feel the same
way in the morning, we'll... talk about
it. Okay?

MARGE

Well... all right. But if anything
happens...

HOMER

What could happen?

INT. BART'S ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Bart is laying in bed nervously listening.

HOUSE (O.S.)

They are all against you, Bart. You
must kill them all. They all must die.

BART

Are you my conscience?

HOUSE (O.S.)

(BEAT) Yes. I am.

INT. LISA'S ROOM

Lisa is slowly rising from her bed like a possessed person.
She looks like one of the kids in "The Shining."

HOUSE (O.S.)

(SING-SONGY) Liiiii-saaa! Liii-saaa!

The butcher knife, Lisa.

Lisa takes a butcher knife out of the chest of drawers and
tests its edge with her finger.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Homer comes out of his bedroom and begins walking slowly
down the stairs. He is carrying an axe and looks like Jack
Nicholson in "The Shining."

HOMER

(EVIL, TO HIMSELF) They are all
against me! They all must die!

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM

Maggie is sitting up in her crib, her head slowly spinning,
SUCKING insanely on her pacifier.

INT. KITCHEN

Marge selects the largest carving knife out of a knife rack
and turns to camera.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Homer is heading for the kitchen, his axe raised over his
head.

HOMER

(SING-SONGY) Marge! Oh, Marge!

MARGE (O.S.)

What is it, Homer?

Homer hears a NOISE. Bart, Lisa and Maggie are all making their way across the hallway. Bart has a meat cleaver in his hand. Lisa is following him with a butcher knife. Maggie is crawling down after them, a penknife between her teeth like a baby pirate. Homer turns and begins stalking them. The four of them begin slowly circling each other, looking more like Jack Nicholson every moment.

CLOSE-UP - BART'S FACE AND RAISED MEAT CLEAVER

CLOSE-UP - LISA'S FACE AND RAISED BUTCHER KNIFE

CLOSE-UP - MAGGIE'S FACE AND RAISED PEN KNIFE

CLOSE-UP - HOMER'S FACE AND RAISED AXE

CLOSE-UP - MARGE'S FACE AND RAISED CARVING KNIFE

Marge strikes first, bringing the knife down savagely.

CUT WIDE

to show we are in kitchen and Marge is spreading mayonnaise on her bologna sandwich.

HOMER, BART, LISA, MAGGIE (O.S.)

(ALL CACKLE INSANELY)

Marge looks in the direction of the cackles.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Marge enters, eating her sandwich, just as the others are about to strike.

HOUSE (O.S.)

Die! Die! Everybody die!

MARGE

(SHOCKED) What's going on out here?

Homer! Bart! Lisa! Maggie! Stop it!

All four stop, turn to look at her. After a few seconds their faces relax and they look normal again. They look sheepishly at each other.

HOMER, BART, LISA

(TO EACH OTHER) Sorry.

HOMER, BART, LISA

(TO EACH OTHER) That's okay.

MARGE

That does it. Children, get dressed.
We're leaving.

HOMER

Aw, come on, Marge. You said you'd
sleep on it. You didn't sleep a wink.

MARGE

I don't care what I said.

Lisa curiously opens what looks like a closet door and peers in.

LISA

Mom! Dad! Look!

LISA'S POV

There are steps leading down into the basement. The whole basement is filled with gravestones that say "Cochise", "Geronimo", "Sitting Bull", "Sacajawea", "Hiawatha" and "Pocahontas".

LISA (O.S.)

(HUSHED) It's an ancient Indian burial
ground.

BART (O.S.)

This place has got everything!

HOMER (O.S.)

(OUTRAGED) An ancient Indian what...?

NEW ANGLE

Homer strikes to the phone, **DIALS**.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE - SCREAMING) Mr. Ploot?
Homer Simpson here. When you sold me
this house you forgot to mention one
little thing. You didn't you tell me
it was built on an Indian burial
ground. (BEAT - SCREAMS) No you
didn't! (BEAT - SCREAMS) That's not my
recollection... (BEAT, THEN BACKING
DOWN) Uh... Well... all right,
goodbye. (HANGS UP PHONE) He says he
mentioned it five or six times.

MARGE

Let's go, children.

HOMER

Aw, gee, Marge. We can't just walk
away from a bargain like this.

MARGE

(FIRMLY) Homer...

HOUSE (O.S.)

You will die with blood and horror and
death and blood and...

MARGE

(HAD ENOUGH) Be quiet!

HOUSE

(STUNNED) What?

MARGE

(FIRMLY) This is a family argument.

It doesn't concern you.

HOUSE (O.S.)

(STUNNED SILENCE. LIGHT BREATHING)

Bart is staring at one of the walls with rapt interest.

BART

(TO HOUSE) Do it again.

HOUSE (O.S.)

What?

BART

Make the walls bleed.

HOUSE (O.S.)

No.

BART

Hey, man. We own you. Let's see some blood.

HOUSE (O.S.)

I don't have to entertain you.

BART

Come on, do it! Do it! Do it!

Lisa is talking to another wall in the house.

LISA

Why are you trying to scare us? Are
you trying to keep us from getting
close to you... maybe even loving you?

HOUSE (O.S.)

Leave me alone.

Bart has found a loose board in the wall. He pulls it back
and peers behind it.

HOUSE (O.S.)

Don't do that, little boy.

HOMER

(ONE LAST TRY) Look, Marge. I know
this house isn't perfect. But it's the
only bargain I ever got in my whole
life. Can't we keep it -- at least for
awhile? Please?

MARGE

(CONSIDERING) Well... if it was just a
little less evil... well... maybe.
I'll think about it. In the meantime,
everyone back to bed. (TO HOUSE) And
you -- start cleaning up the mess
you've made of this place.

HOUSE (O.S.)

Well... I don't have to clean this up.

MARGE

(THREATENINGLY) Oh yes you do.

HOUSE (O.S.)

I... (THE TV COMES ON)... I'm watching
television.

Marge turns off the TV.

MARGE

No television or anything else until
you're finished. Start with the
carpet, then you can scrub the walls.
Maybe next time you'll think before you
start slinging blood all over the
place.

Nothing happens. Marge picks up a broom and **WHACKS** the
wall with it.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Get going!

The **VACUUM CLEANER** comes on and begins vacuuming the rug.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(MUSING) You know, I might enjoy
living in a place where there's never
any housework to do.

HOMER

(TO HOUSE) Hey, stupid, you missed a
spot!

HOUSE (O.S.)

(IRRITABLY) All right! All right!

The vacuum cleaner backs up and goes over the spot.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

(MUTTERS BITTERLY)

INT. LIVING ROOM - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

The family is seated contentedly in a wonderfully decorated, pleasant looking room. Maggie is being entertained by a WHIRLING mobile of toys circling a few feet above the floor in front of her. Lisa is playing chess with nothing. Bart is drinking a root beer float that is floating in front of him. A chef's hat with nothing under it pokes out of the kitchen.

HOUSE (O.S.)

Dinner in ten minutes, master.

HOMER

Thanks, House.

MARGE

It's true what they say. Even a house
that drips buckets of blood can be a
happy home.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The house looks terrific now. It has a new coat of paint. There are fresh repairs everywhere. The lawn is being mowed, with nothing pushing the lawnmower. The shutters are being painted a cheerful shade of yellow by brushes with no one holding them, and the whole place looks like a dream house.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TREE HOUSE

LISA

That wasn't scary at all, Bart.

Bart holds up small jewelry box.

BART

Oh, yeah? Well how about...

Bart opens the jewelry box revealing a bloody finger on a pad of cotton.

BART (CONT'D)

... this severed finger!

Maggie promptly removes her pacifier and pops the severed finger into her mouth. Bart snatches the finger back.

BART (CONT'D)

Eww, baby spit.

LISA

Well, at least somebody's scared.

BART

Well that last story was just a warm-up
for this macabre tale, which I call,
"Catch Of The Day." It's a pun. You
won't get it now, but later it will
scare you to death.

SUPER IMPOSE: "CATCH OF THE DAY" SCARY LETTERING

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - NIGHT

Homer, Marge, Maggie, Lisa, and Bart are in the back yard having a lovely summer barbecue. It is that special time of the evening just after sunset, where the stars are just beginning to peek out of the sky. The kids are playing tag on the lawn. Marge is setting a pretty wooden table while Homer sets up the portable barbecue. He wears an apron that says "Mafia Staff Apron." Flies BUZZ around the raw meat, Homer, Marge and everything else.

MARGE

Homer, all these flies.

HOMER

Not to worry. I'll just turn on the bug zapper.

Homer turns on the bug zapper. Immediately there are many tiny ZAPS heard, followed by a long loud ZAP.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Got a big one that time. Heh, heh.

Homer douses the charcoal with lighter fluid. He empties the can, and throws it aside.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That should just about do it. Man alive, there's nothing better than a good barbecue to wet your...

Homer strikes a match and throws it into the barbecue.

LONG SHOT - CITY OF SPRINGFIELD

In the peaceful twilight of Springfield, suddenly a large column of flame rises hundreds of feet into the air from the imperceptibly small Simpsons' house. The flame shrinks away as fast as it came.

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

BART

Cool man.

PAN to Lisa who is lying in the grass with a stalk of grass in her mouth. We hear an ominous HUM. Lisa looks up. Over Bart's head we see the ominous rolling clouds that encircle the sky a la Close Encounters. Bright lights, almost like stars, twinkle in the sky, but three of these lights move in rigid precision.

DOLLY - UP/ZOOM - OUT (SPIELBERG TRADE MARK SHOT) ON LISA

Lisa is bathed in a bright white light, and her mouth is open in wonderment. One by one the family joins her looking up in open mouth wonderment. After a beat, Homer joins them with a burger in his mouth.

HOMER

Burgers are getting cold, guys.

(LOOKING UP) Holy moly.

Homer, stunned, unconsciously takes another bite of his burger. There is barbecue sauce on his chin.

Suddenly a tractor beam hooks on to Lisa. She SCREAMS as it pulls her up into the ship. The beam quickly gets Bart, Maggie, then Marge.

Then the beam hooks onto Homer who does nothing to fight it. The beam starts to lift Homer but stalls. The beam repeats this action. Then a second beam hooks on to him and struggles to lift him into the ship. The ship takes off.

INT. SPACE CRAFT - TIME IS RELATIVE

The frightened Simpson family huddles together in a corner of a barren steel room. Suddenly, a steel door rises up and reveals an ALIEN with blue/green skin and black blotches. The alien is nine feet tall, and it's head composes half it's body. It has a large gaping mouth with very sharp teeth, three noses, and one giant eye, heavily lidded, in the middle of his head. It wears a large see through helmet, and slithers out on it's many tentacles leaving a trail of ooze where ever it goes. The aliens constantly drool in the presence of humans. The Simpsons STUTTER petrified in horror.

KANG

Greetings Earthlings, do not be
frightened. We mean you no harm.

MARGE

You... you speak English.

KANG

I am actually speaking Rigelian. By an astonishing coincidence, both of our languages are exactly that same.

HOMER

Well, that's lucky.

BART

Well, what are you gonna do with us, man?

KANG

We are taking you to Rigel four. A world of infinite delights to tantalize the intelligence, the emotions...

HOMER

Great, great. What about the food?

Kang **CLAPS** his tentacles. SERAK THE PREPARER enters pushing a floating food tray which is laden with such a spread.

SERAK THE PREPARER

Here you go, earthlings. Take all you want but eat all you take.

MARGE

Well, thank you very much, Mr....?

SERAK THE PREPARER

To pronounce it correctly, I would have to pull out your tongue.

MARGE

(WITH GOOD HUMOR) Well, in that case,
let's just leave it at thank you.

The Simpsons start to eat.

HOMER

Ooh, smothered pork chops.

BART

Wow, pizza.

MARGE

Mmmm, salad, no dressing.

KANG

Come Earthlings, eat. Grow large with
food.

LISA

There's something not quite right about
this.

HOMER

The girl's right. Let's get some
applesauce out here for these pork
chops.

The aliens scramble to get some applesauce as the Simpsons
begin shoveling in the food.

SERAK THE PREPARER

Your wife is quite a dish.

HOMER

(PLEASED) Oh, thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE CRAFT - LATER

An unhappy Lisa Simpson stares out on to the beautiful expanse of space. Saturn and its moons are prominent in the view.

PAN over to see the rest of the Simpsons watching a wall size television.

KANG

It's our great pleasure to provide you with unlimited entertainment on your intergalactic journey. On this cable system we receive over a million channels from furthest reaches of the galaxy.

BART

Do you get HBO?

KANG

No, that would cost extra.

Kang walks the family over to an oversized video screen. There is a control board with two knobs.

KANG (CONT'D)

And over here is our crowning achievement in amusement technology. An electronic version of what you call table tennis. Your primitive paddles have been replaced by an electronic...

BART

(DISGUSTED) Hey, man! That's Pong!

HOMER

Marge and I played that before we were married.

KANG

(DEFENSIVELY) Well, we did build this space ship, you know?

KODOS

Anyone from a species that can master the secrets of intergalactic travel, raise your hand.

All the aliens raise an tentacle while the Simpsons look sheepish.

MARGE

(APOLOGETIC) Sorry. Your game is very nice.

A pleasant **TONE** sounds and Serak the Preparer and Kodos rolls out a futuristic, scientific, floating food tray.

KODOS

Dinner time.

LISA

Hey, how come we never see you guys eat?

KANG

(OMINOUSLY) We wouldn't want to spoil our appetite for... the great feast when we land on Rigel Four.

HOMER

Oooh, a feast.

MARGE

Will we be invited?

KANG

(ARCHLY) Oh, you'll be at the feast. I
have a feeling you'll be the guests of
honor.

The aliens **SNICKER**.

HOMER

Tell us more about this feast.

KANG

No, no, eat now.

SERAK THE PREPARER

When we arrive, there will be plenty of
time to (OMINIOUSLY) chew the fat.

Other aliens **LAUGH** insidiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE SHIP - LATER

Several slobbering aliens are observing as the Simpsons
step up to a giant scale with alien measurements on it.
Bart steps up and sends a needle bouncing up the scale.

KANG

Very good, earth boy.

The aliens **MURMUR**. Lisa steps up to the scale and the
needle moves up but only slightly. Serak the Preparer
grabs the back of Lisa's arm, feeling its width.

KODOS

You should eat more little girl.

(SUSPICIOUSLY) We wouldn't want you to
waste away.

Lisa pulls her arm away and moves off the scale.

LISA

Please keep your tentacles to yourself.

Homer steps up to the scale and sends the needle reeling. All the aliens start to drool uncontrollable and express great joy.

KANG

Excellent, Mr. Simpson. Excellent.

INT. SPACE SHIP - HALLWAY

Lisa scurries down space ship walkway suspiciously peering into many doorways she passes until she stops when comes upon a futuristic kitchen.

INT. SPACESHIP GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa peers in. She sees the many hands of Serak The Preparer putting the final touches on a four tier wedding cake. He keeps referring to a large book with one of his TENTACLES.

SERAK THE PREPARER

(ARCH) This will give the humans the
perfect flavor.

He shuts the book, licks his razor sharp teeth, and drools as he takes the cake away. Lisa, left alone, runs up to the book and reads the title: "HOW TO COOK HUMANS." Suddenly a horrified look comes over Lisa.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE SHIP - LATER

Homer, Bart, Marge, and Maggie are about to dig into a large bowl off spaghetti with loaves of fresh steaming garlic bread and a jug of wine. An alien is off to the side **PLAYING** a **MANDOLIN**. Kang and Serak The Preparer look on with drooling anticipation when Lisa runs in screaming.

LISA

Stop!

The Simpsons drop their forks. The alien **STOPS PLAYING**.

LISA (CONT'D)

Don't you see what's happening here?
They're fattening us up so they can eat
us.

The Simpsons (except Lisa) **AD LIB:** "Don't be ridiculous,"
"Lisa, you and your imagination," "What are you talking
about?"

LISA (CONT'D)

If you don't believe me, look at this
book I found.

The family quickly glances up at the book, then continues
eating.

HOMER

So it's a book. Big deal.

LISA

It's not my imagination. They've been
talking about it since we got on this
ship.

DISSOLVE TO:

Images of the aliens bordered in misty white. Kang
appears.

KANG

(ARCHLY) Oh, you'll be at the feast.
I have a feeling you'll be the guests
of honor.

DISSOLVE TO:

Serak the Preparer appears.

SERAK THE PREPARER

When we arrive, there will be plenty of
time to (OMINIOUSLY) chew the fat.

DISSOLVE TO:

Kodos appears.

KODOS

You should eat more little girl.
(SUSPICIOUSLY) We wouldn't want you to
waste away.

DISSOLVE TO:

Serak the Preparer appears.

SERAK THE PREPARER

(ARCHLY) This will give the humans the
perfect flavor.

DISSOLVE TO:

Lisa looks at the family. Homer and the others consider
this for a moment.

HOMER

(SUSPICIOUSLY) Let's see that book
again.

The family looks at the book.

HOMER (CONT'D)

She's right!

Kang walks in.

KANG

(CONCERNED) Humans, you have stopped
eating.

HOMER

Listen, you big stupid space creature.
Nobody, but nobody eats the Simpsons.

KANG

I beg your pardon?

HOMER

Don't play dumb with me. We found your
book.

KANG

Oh, this book? It is a harmless cook
book. It's just a little dusty.

Kang grabs the book and blows off some dust revealing the
title: "HOW TO COOK FOR HUMANS." The Simpsons are
relieved.

LISA

Wait a minute!

Lisa runs up to the book and blow some more dust off the
book revealing a newer title: "HOW TO COOK FORTY HUMANS."

LISA

Aha!

The Simpsons react in horror again.

KANG

Wait, there's more space dust on here.

Kang blows off the last bit of dust to reveal the actual
title: "HOW TO COOK FOR FORTY HUMANS."

BART

There sure is a lot of dust on this
ship.

HOMER

You could at least get a cleaning lady
in here.

KANG

(UTTER DISBELIEF) Let me get this
straight. You thought...

KOKO

(ANGRY) They thought we were going to
eat them.

LISA

Well, why were you trying to make us
eat all the time?

KANG

No one expected you to stuff your
faces. We merely provided a sumptuous
banquet and, frankly, you abused the
privilege.

SERAK THE PREPARER

I slaved in a kitchen for days on end
for you people and...

Serak the Preparer **BREAKS DOWN** into tears. Kang comforts
him with two of his **TENTACLES**.

KANG

(SARCASTIC) Well, if you wanted to make
Serak the preparer cry, mission
accomplished.

SERAK THE PREPARER

(VOICE QUIVERING) You aren't the only
beings who have emotions you know.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD

The space ship quickly lands. The hatch pops open. The
Simpsons and the aliens gather in the doorway.

KANG

We offered you paradise. We offered
you immortality. You would have
experienced emotions a hundred times
greater than what you call love and a
thousand times greater than what you
call fun. You would have been treated
like gods.

MARGE

Is it too late to apologize?

KANG

Yes. It is.

HOMER

Well then, no hard feelings.

Homer sticks out his hand to shake.

SERAK THE PREPARER

(BITTERLY) Are you sure you want to
give me your hand? I might eat it.

KANG

Good riddance, humans.

The Simpsons are pushed out the hatch. The aliens slither
into the ship and the hatch closes.

LISA

There were monsters on that ship.

Truly we were they.

MARGE

Lisa, see what we mean when we say
you're too smart for your own good?

BART

Way to go Lisa.

HOMER

Yeah, thanks a lot.

Marge GRUMBLES.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TREE HOUSE

ACT THREE

Bart is standing half in, half out of the doorway of the treehouse. A hand from outside the treehouse seems to be strangling Bart. Bart is making **STRANGLING** noises.

LISA

Bart, you're not fooling anybody.

Bart leans in the doorway and we can see that he was strangling himself.

BART

What are you talking about? That's a classic.

LISA

Bart, give it up. Anyone can be scarier than that.

Lisa pulls out a book.

LISA (CONT'D)

In fact, here's a story by Edgar Allan Poe.

BART

Who?

LISA

It's a classic called "The Raven", but you would probably call it something like 'Stark Ravin' Mad.'

SUPERIMPOSE: "STARK RAVIN' MAD" SCARY LETTERING

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHAMBER - NIGHT

Homer, in a velvet smoking jacket and slippers is reading at a large antique desk. His book is illuminated by a kerosene lamp. A dying fire in the hearth throws long, flickering **SHADOWS** around the room. During the following speech, Homer nods off hitting the book with a **THUD!**

V.O.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I
pondered, weak and weary, Over many a
quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore -- While I nodded, nearly napping,
suddenly there came a tapping,

We hear a **TAP**. Homer awakes with a start.

HOMER

Huh?

V.O.

As of someone gently rapping, rapping
at my chamber door.

HOMER

(DISMISSING) 'Tis some visitor,

V.O.

I muttered,

HOMER

-- tapping at my chamber door -- Only
this and nothing more.

Homer looks around suspiciously.

V.O.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the
bleak December, And each separate dying
ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; -- vainly
I had sought to borrow from my books
surcease of sorrow:

Homer **SNIFFS** sadly. Following his look, we PAN OVER to a
portrait of "Lenore" (who looks like Marge) in a gilded
frame. We PAN UP the portrait revealing that Lenore has a
lot of hair, in fact the portrait is three feet wide and
twelve feet tall to accomodate it.

BACK TO HOMER

He wipes away a tear.

V.O.

-- sorrow for the lost Lenore -- For
the rare and radiant maiden whom the
angels name Lenore -- Nameless here for
evermore.

The curtains behind Homer slowly OPEN.

HOMER

Aag!

Homer dives under the desk.

V.O.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling
of each purple curtain thrilled me --
filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before; So that now, to still the
beating of my heart, I stood repeating;

HOMER

(TERRIFIED, CHANTING RAPIDLY) 'Tis
some visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door -- Some late visitor
entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more.

V.O.

Presently my soul grew stronger;
hesitating then no longer;
Still frightened, Homer crosses on tiptoe to the door.

HOMER

(NERVOUSLY AND OBSEQUIOUSLY) Sir --

V.O.

-- said I --

HOMER

-- or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore; But the fact is I was napping,
and so gently you came rapping, And so
faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door, That I scarce was sure I
heard you.

V.O.

Here I opened wide the door; --

Homer **THROWS OPEN** the door. Immediately he **MOANS** and
covers his eyes. After a beat, he peeks through his
fingers.

HOMER'S POV

There's nothing there.

V.O. (CONT'D)

Darkness there and nothing more.

Homer **SLAMS** the door shut and turns back inside.

V.O. (CONT'D)

Back into the chamber turning, all my
soul within me burning, Soon again I
heard a tapping something louder than
before.

We **HEAR** a series of **BOOMING THUDS**. Homer's eyes widen.

HOMER

Surely --

V.O.

-- said I --

HOMER

-- surely that is something at my
window lattice; Let me see, then, what
thereat is, and this mystery explore --
Let my heart be still a moment, and
this mystery explore: -- Tis the wind
and nothing more.

Homer **FLINGS OPEN** the window. A **RAVEN** with an uncanny
resemblance to Bart in appearance and voice and size, is
there. Homer's nervous expression turns to confusion.

HOMER

Wha--?

The Raven blinks twice, then jauntily struts in and hops up
onto a bust of Pallas just above the chamber door.

V.O.

Open here I flung the shutter, when,
with many a flirt and flutter, In there
stepped a stately Raven of the saintly
days of yore. Not the least obeisance
made he; not a minute stopped or stayed
he, But, with mien of lord or lady,
perched above my chamber door --
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just
above my chamber door -- Perched, and
sat, and nothing more.

Homer and the Raven exchange looks. Homer smiles.

V.O. (CONT'D)

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
fancy into smiling, By the grave and
stern decorum of the countenance it
wore,

HOMER

(CHUCKLES, THEN FRIENDLY) Though thy
crest be shorn and shaven, thou --

V.O.

I said --

HOMER

-- art sure no craven, Ghastly grim and
ancient Raven wandering from the
Nightly shore -- Tell me what thy
lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
shore!

V.O.

Quoth the Raven,

RAVEN

Nevermore.

Homer **SCREAMS** again. He looks around, then does a double
take as he realizes the bird has spoken. Homer **SNIFFS** as
the room gets smoky. In the b.g., unseen by Homer, some
Seraphim (who resemble Lisa and Maggie) cross through
quickly. They are swinging a censer. **SFX: SUCKING.**

V.O.

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
perfumed from an unseen censer, Swung
by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on
the tufted floor.

HOMER

(PLEADING) Wretch --

V.O.

I cried --

HOMER

-- thy God hath lent thee -- by these
angels he hath sent thee. (GETTING
TEARY) Respite -- respite and
(MISPRONCING) nepenthe...

V.O.

(CORRECTING) Nepenthe.

HOMER

Huh?

V.O.

Nepenthe -- in Greek mythology a drug
thought to cure sorrow.

HOMER

Oh, okay. Respite and nepenthe from
thy memories of Lenore! Quaff, oh
quaff this kind nepenthe and forget
this lost Lenore!

V.O.

Quoth the Raven,

RAVEN

Nevermore.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT, THEN, ANGRILY) Prophet!

V.O.

Said I --

HOMER

Thing of evil! -- prophet still, if
bird or devil! Whether Tempter sent,
or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore, Tell this soul with sorrow
laden if, within the distant Aidenn, It
shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the
angels name Lenore -- (GETTING TEARY
AGAIN) Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
whom the angels name Lenore.

V.O.

Quoth the Raven,

RAVEN

Nevermore.

HOMER

(ANOTHER ANNOYED GRUNT, THEN) Be that
word our sign of parting, bird or
fiend! Get thee back into the tempest
and the Night's Plutonian shore! Leave
no black plume as a token of that lie
thy soul hath spoken! Leave my
loneliness unbroken! -- quit the bust
above my door! Take thy beak from out
my heart, and take thy form from off my
door!

V.O.

Quoth the Raven,

RAVEN

Nevermore.

HOMER

(REPEATS THREATENINGLY, THRU TEETH)

Take thy beak from out my heart, and
take thy form from off my door...

There's a long beat.

V.O.

Quoth the raven,

RAVEN

Nevermore!

HOMER

Why you little --!

RAVEN

Uh-oh!

Homer grabs for the Raven, who bolts from his perch. He chases the Raven around the desk. He leaps for the Raven, misses, and lands on the rolling cushioned seat. His momentum rolls him into a wall of bookshelves which he hits, head first with a loud THUD. One by one books drop from the shelves hitting Homer's head with accompanying "OUCHES". Finally he slides off the chair onto the floor.

CLOSE-UP - RAVEN

We slowly PULL OUT and DROP DOWN to Homer, lying amid the books on the floor in the Raven's shadow. He is staring vacantly up at the ceiling, damned.

V.O.

And the Raven, never flitting, still is
sitting, still is sitting, On the
pallid bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door; And his eyes have all the
seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
throws his shadow on the floor; And my
soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor, Shall be lifted
-- nevermore!

BACK TO RAVEN

The Raven smiles mischievously.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TREE HOUSE

Bart, Maggie and Lisa, sitting on the floor. Lisa closes the book.

BART

Lisa, that wasn't so scary.

LISA

Well, it was written in 1845. Maybe
people were easier to scare at that
time.

BART

Oh yeah, like when you look at "Friday
The 13th, Part I," it's very tame by
today's standards.

MARGE (V.O.)

Children, time to go to bed.

BART

I guess I'll have no trouble getting to
sleep tonight.

LISA

Same here.

The kids exit the treehouse. We follow them out and down
the ladder. They do not see Homer who is sitting on a tree
branch looking petrified and **BREATHING HEAVILY**.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM

Maggie is asleep.

INT. LISA'S ROOM

Lisa is asleep.

INT. BART'S ROOM

Bart is asleep.

INT. MARGE & HOMER'S ROOM

Marge is sleeping soundly. Homer is wide awake and
SHUDDERING.

HOMER

(MUTTERING) Just a story. It could
never really happen. It was just a
story. It could never really happen.
It was just a story...

Homer keeps repeating his muttering as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

PULL BACK

We still hear Homer **MUMBLING** "It was just a story. It could never really happen."

FADE OUT.

THE END