

Production No. 9F22

The Simpsons

"CAPE FEARE"

Written by

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Created by  
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Developed by  
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TABLE DRAFT

Date 10/22/92

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

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Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER  
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER  
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
APU.....HANK AZARIA  
MCBAIN WOLFCastle.....HARRY SHEARER  
AUDIENCE.....DAN/HANK/NANCY  
LITTLE GIRL.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
MALE VOICE.....HANK AZARIA  
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARTY.....HARRY SHEARER  
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER

PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER  
 MILHOUSE.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
 SCHOOL YARD GIRLS.....NANCY/YEARDLEY  
 CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA  
 LOU.....HANK AZARIA  
 EDDIE.....HARRY SHEARER  
 MOE.....HANK AZARIA  
 WARDEN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
 SIDESHOW BOB.....HARRY SHEARER  
 JAILBIRD.....HANK AZARIA  
 PAROLE BOARD HEAD.....HARRY SHEARER  
 PRISON GUARD.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
 BURNS' LAWYER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
 DR. NICK.....HANK AZARIA  
 PAROLE BOARD.....HANK/NANCY/DAN  
 PEOPLE IN COURT.....NANCY/DAN/HARRY  
 PROFESSOR FRINK.....HANK AZARIA  
 JURORS.....HANK/JULIE/DAN  
 MAN ON SCREEN.....HANK AZARIA  
 DROOPY VOICE MAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
 WOMAN ON TAPE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
 INVESTIGATOR.....HANK AZARIA  
 FBI AGENT #1.....HARRY SHEARER  
 FBI AGENT #2.....HANK AZARIA  
 RODENTS.....DAN/HANK  
 ATTENDANT.....HARRY SHEARER  
 BOAT RENTAL AGENT.....HANK AZARIA

BUM.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
FRED.....HARRY SHEARER  
MRS. STERNWORTHY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
MISS FROWNSKAWLAR.....JULIE KAVNER  
JOHN SWARTZWELDER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
CATHY TANKOSIC.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
TEENAGE BOY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
PANICKY WOMAN.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
CHIEF JUSTICE.....Dan Castellaneta  
JUSTICE SIEGEL.....HANK AZARIA

"CAPE FEARE"

(not affiliated with the movie "Cape Fear")

by

Jon Vitti

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON TV

Multi-colored curtains open, one after the other, with sickening speed as a BAND plays **AUSTRIAN MUSIC**.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, it's "Up Late  
with McBain," starring the world's  
top box office draw in 1983, Ranier  
Wolfcastle!

MCBAIN steps out from behind the last curtain, wearing a  
flashy Italian suit. He touches fingers with a BLACK BAND  
LEADER a la Arsenio Hall. The audience **APPLAUDS**.

MCBAIN

Ya. Thank you. Ya, that's nice. I  
know what you're saying... "McBain  
hosting a talk show? Now I've been  
seeing all the things." Well, I'm no  
Whoopi, but I do say funny things in  
my movies.

(MORE)

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

Like when I kill that man with a tire  
and I say, "I'm tired of you being  
alive."

This concludes the monologue.

Applaud to cover my cross to the  
desk.

**SFX: APPLAUSE**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Bart and Lisa watch on the couch.

LISA

This is horrible. The Fox network  
has sunk to a new low.

BART

It's not on Fox.

LISA

It's moving there next week,  
replacing "The Further Adventures of  
Beans Baxter."

**ON TV**

We see McBain at his desk.

MCBAIN

Let's say hello to my music guy,  
Scoey.

**ANGLE ON SCOEY**

Wearing a flashy outfit. He bows to McBain.

**ANGLE ON MCBAIN**

MCBAIN

(TRYING TO MAKE A JOKE)    That is some  
outfit.    It makes you look like a  
homosexual.

AUDIENCE

(BOOS)

MCBAIN

(TO CROWD) Maybe you all are  
homosexuals too.

AUDIENCE

(BOOS LOUDER)

MCBAIN

Ya, okay, our first guest is an old  
friend...    I was his personal trainer  
in the seventies.    Put your hands  
together for Dick Van Patten!

A nervous PRODUCER steps out and **WHISPERS** in McBain's ear.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

(ENRAGED) What!?    Jay Leno!

He kicks over his desk and whips out a large machine gun.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

Nobody steals Dick Van Patten from  
me!

He **COCKS** his gun and leaves menacingly.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

MARGE enters with some mail.

MARGE

Lisa, you got a letter.

LISA

It's from my pen pal, Kim Lee!

Lisa opens the letter.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

Dear Lisa. As I write this I am very  
sad. Our president has been  
overthrown and...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

... replaced by the benevolent  
General Krull. All hail Krull and  
his glorious new regime. Sincerely,  
Little Girl.

LISA

(WORRIED NOISE)

MARGE

You got a letter too, Bart.

BART

Ahhh. Probably some lonely army  
private answering the personal ad I  
placed in "Stars and Stripes."

Bart opens the letter. It reads: "I'm Going To Kill You"  
in dripping red letters.

BART (CONT'D)

(GASPS)



**INT. SOMEONE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

We see only the HANDS of the anonymous writer. He takes a glittering letter opener, jabs it into his index finger and writes "DIE BART DIE" in blood. He puts the letter aside and picks up a memo pad. Still writing in blood, he checks off "threaten Bart" and "do laundry," then writes "BUY CORN HOLDERS."

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY****ON TV**

We see an Itchy and Scratchy title card: SPAY ANYTHING

Open on a medical office building. A sign reads: "WE PAY YOUR PET \$75." ITCHY stands next to it. SCRATCHY sees the sign and excitedly runs in with a "hot dog!" expression. Itchy moves away from the sign. It now reads: "WE SPAY YOUR PET \$75."

As Scratchy enters the clinic, burly dogs grab him and strap him to an operating table. Itchy appears dressed like a doctor and turns on a laser which moves up the operating table like the one in "Goldfinger" towards Scratchy's crotch. Scratchy **SCREAMS**.

Itchy waves and leaves like a James Bond villain. Scratchy spies a plug in the corner of the wall, and with great effort, reaches with his tongue, pulls out the plug and stops the laser. Itchy runs back in and pushes in the plug. The laser quickly zooms up Scratchy's body, slicing him in half.

CUT TO:

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa **LAUGHS** heartily. Bart does not.

BART

There's nothing funny about senseless  
violence!

LISA

Bart, what's wrong with you?

In the hallway, Homer is going through the mail. He opens a letter.

HOMER

(VERY SCARED) Oh my god, someone's  
trying to kill me! (VERY CALM) Oh  
wait, it's for Bart.

The family looks at Bart.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marge looks over at a collection of threatening letters to  
Bart. Several are written in letters clipped from  
magazines. She points to one reading "I KILL YOU, PIG."

MARGE

This one's done in different  
handwriting.

HOMER

(TAKES LETTER, EMBARRASSED) Oh. I  
wrote that one, after Bart somehow  
put this tattoo on my butt.

Homer drops his pants a bit to reveal "WIDE LOAD" has been  
tattooed on his behind.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(RE: OTHER LETTERS) Some kind of  
maniac must've written those.

BART

But who'd want to hurt me? I'm this  
century's "Dennis the Menace."

HOMER

It's probably the person you least  
suspect!

LISA

(HUMORING HIM) That's good, Dad.

(BACK TO BUSINESS) More likely, it's someone who holds a grudge against you...

Bart thinks back.

DISSOLVE TO:

A. A five-year old Bart stands in the front yard next to a hole with a sign that reads, "Hole to China, Five Cents." A KID walks by and gives Bart a coin. He jumps in the hole and Bart starts fiendishly filling the hole with dirt.

BART

(YOUNG WICKED CHUCKLE)

B. LISA (V. O. )

Someone whose life you ruined without  
even noticing...

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE tends the school lawn. Bart appears at a window. Groundskeeper Willie admires his lawn and bushes.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Let's see Groundskeeper Keoke win the  
Mulching Cup this year.

Inside, Bart looks over childish experiments in the science room. He sees a test tube with TWO BUGS labeled "DO NOT OPEN" and opens it. The bugs fly outside. Furiously eating and multiplying, they devour every bit of vegetation, leaving Willie raking a moonscape.

GRUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

Ach.

C. LISA (V. O.)

It could be even be a close family member.

We see GRAMPA with his mouth full.

GRAMPA

(MOUTH FULL) Wheh mah spi-oon?

Bart holds the spittoon and runs down the hall. Grampa runs after him and into Lisa's room, where she is playing her saxophone. Grampa's eyes lock on the brass bell of the instrument.

ON LISA

We see her horrified face.

GRAMPA (O.S.)

(SPITTING SOUND)

LISA (O.S.)

(SCREAMING) Eeeewwwww!

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PRESENT

Bart looks very worried.

BART

I bet it was Grampa, that withered old buzzard.

GRAMPA

Hey!

BART

Sorry, Grampa. I didn't know you were here.

GRAMPA

That's okay. I didn't hear you.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - MORNING

Bart listens to the radio.

MARTY (V. O.)

All right, this is dedicated to Bart  
Simpson with the message, "I am  
coming to kill you, slowly and  
painfully, I know where you live. "

The song "IF I HAD A HAMMER" comes on the radio.

**INT. SOMEONE'S ROOM - DAY**

Again, we only see a pair of hands, now snipping "D-I-E"  
out of a magazine. PAN UP to reveal the hands belong...  
to Marge. She looks up as Bart walks past the doorway.

MARGE

(SAVAGE) Bart, I'm going to get  
you...

Bart jumps, terrified.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(FRIENDLY) ... some ice cream at the  
store, since I'm saving so much money  
on diet cola.

She holds up the "DIET COLA" coupon she was clipping. Bart  
leaves, relieved but rattled.

**EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER**

Bart heads for school. FLANDERS jumps out from behind a  
hedge, wearing a glove with razors on the fingers a la  
Freddy Krueger.

FLANDERS

(SAVAGE WHISPER) Say your prayers,  
Simpson...

BART

(TERRIFIED NOISE)

FLANDERS

(CHIPPER) ... because even the Lord  
gets lonely.

Bart leaves. Flanders goes back to work.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

Maude, these new finger-razors make  
hedge trimming as easy as sitting  
through church!

PULL BACK to show Flanders sculpt his hedge into an angel.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - DAY**

Bart takes refuge in the middle of the jungle gym, glancing  
around nervously.

SKINNER

(SINISTER) So, Bart, Get any  
interesting mail lately?

BART

So it's you. You maggot!

SKINNER

(CHUCKLES) No need for name-calling.  
I merely sent your parents a pamphlet  
on Snow Day do's and don'ts.  
(CHUCKLES, THEN, STERN) Two days  
detention.

He walks away. MILHOUSE climbs into the jungle gym.

MILHOUSE

I checked around. The girls are calling you "fatty fat fat fat", and Nelson's planning to pull down your pants, but nobody's trying to kill you.

BART

(SIGHS) That's good.

NELSON pulls down Bart's pants.

SCHOOL YARD GIRLS

(LAUGH) Fatty fat fat fat!

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Marge and Bart watch as WIGGUM looks over the letters.

WIGGUM

I'd like to help you, ma'am, but  
(SMALL CHUCKLE) I'm afraid there's no law against mailing threatening letters.

MARGE

I'm pretty sure there is.

WIGGUM

Hrrmph. The day I take cop lessons from Ma Kettle --

LOU

Hey, she's right, chief.

LOU shows Wiggum a law book.

WIGGUM

How 'bout that? So is digging up  
dead guys... paying someone to have  
sex with you... (LAUGHS) and bringing  
a horse to church on Sunday. Wow,  
there's all sorts of wacky laws still  
on the books.

Lou laughs with Wiggum.

BART

Let me see that book.

Bart starts to read the book intently.

MARGE

(MAD) How did you get to be police  
chief?

WIGGUM

Last coupla strikes I crossed the  
picket line.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Bart and Lisa stand by the phone.

LISA

Bart, I figured it out. Who's  
someone you've been making irritating  
phone calls to for years?

BART

Linda Lavin?

LISA

No, someone who didn't deserve it.



She picks up the phone and dials.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hello Moe? Now you listen and you  
listen good!

**INT. MOE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS**

MOE nervously nods as he listens.

LISA (V. O. )

We know you're the one behind this,  
and it's illegal. So knock it off or  
we're going to the cops. Get me?

Moe **MUMBLES** assent, hangs up, then runs into his back room,  
where his MEN watch over crates marked with Chinese  
writing.

MOE

It's over! Get 'em out of here!

He takes an axe and **SMASHES** open the crates. Several PANDA  
BEARS emerge. Moe herds the bears out the door and into  
the street.

MOE (CONT'D)

(TO BEARS) Andalay! Andalay!

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

Bart looks out the window.

BART

You're out there somewhere. But  
where? Where?

**EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY**

PAN across a high security prison. The WARDEN addresses a  
group of prisoners.

WARDEN

There has never been an escape from  
this prison, nor will there ever be.

A PRISONER flies past in a hang glider.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

All right. One. (LOOKS UP) Okay,  
two. And that's it, at least until  
we get more hang gliders.

**INT. PRISON CELL - SOMEONE'S DESK**

The finger finishes writing "SEE YOU SOON, BART" in blood.  
PAN UP to reveal SIDESHOW BOB.

SIDESHOW BOB

(MANIACAL CHUCKLE)

He seals the letter then picks out another piece of paper  
and continues to write in blood.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

"Dear Life in these United States. A  
funny thing happened to me... "(WOOZY  
NOISE)

JAILBIRD

Bob, use a pen.

Bob picks up a pen and continues to write as we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. PRISON - DAY

A door reads: "Springfield Correctional Institute - Parole Board."

INT. PAROLE BOARD - CONTINUOUS

Jailbird stands in front of the parole board -- two MEN and a WOMAN at the table. The PAROLE BOARD HEAD bangs his gavel.

PAROLE BOARD HEAD

Parole granted.

A PRISON GUARD approaches with a cardboard box.

PRISON GUARD

Welcome back to society, Snake.

JAILBIRD

Put a sock in it. I gotta get to the bank before it opens.

PRISON GUARD

(FRIENDLY) Alright... Here's your gun.... your ski mask... plastic explosive... (REMOVES FROM BOX)

JAILBIRD

Hey, where's the timing mechanism?

PRISON GUARD

Oh dear. We must have lost it...

Here, take my grandfather's watch.

JAILBIRD

Thanks. We sure appreciate you  
coddling us criminals.

PAROLE BOARD HEAD

Next up for parole, Bob Terwilliger,  
aka Sideshow Bob, aka the Springfield  
Slasher.

SIDESHOW BOB

(IRATE) Now hold on there. I ran a  
successful retail store in the late  
70s known for discount pricing!

INT. PRISON HEARING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

BURNS' LAWYER

Now, Sideshow Bob, you've been  
convicted of armed robbery and  
attempted murder. How can you  
seriously expect us to believe that  
you're reformed?

SIDESHOW BOB

You don't have to take my word for  
it. Just listen to the nation's  
leading and most experienced doctor  
on psychology.

A door labeled "broom closet" swings open and DR. NICK  
RIVIERA jumps out.

DR. NICK

Hi everybody!

PAROLE BOARD

Hi Doctor Nick!

DR. NICK

Now I've conducted many probing  
sessions with Sideshow Bob and I can  
assure you he's changed his bad ways  
for good ways.

He pats the chief of the Parole Board on the head.

PAROLE BOARD HEAD

I'm not Sideshow Bob, that's him over  
there.

DR. NICK

(TERRIFIED NOISE) That guy with the  
crazy look in his eyes? (RECOVERING)  
Sure, he's sane, whatever. How do I  
validate my parking?

DISSOLVE TO:

AT THE HEARING - LATER

CHIEF WIGGUM

The man has no decency. He called me  
Chief Piggum!

PEOPLE IN COURT

(LAUGH)

CHIEF WIGGUM

(LAUGHS TOO) Oh, now I get it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HEARING ROOM - LATER

SELMA is being cross-examined.

SELMA

Bob tried to kill me on our  
honeymoon!

BURNS' LAWYER

"Miss" Bouvier, do you recognize this  
man?

SELMA

(SURPRISED GRUNT) That's Elias  
Goodman. My first fiancée.

BURNS' LAWYER

And how did this Amish minister end  
his engagement with you?

SELMA

(EMBARRASSED) He tried to churn me to  
death.

The lawyer unfolds the newspaper. GOODMAN is in handcuffs  
as police pull Selma out of a butter churn.

PEOPLE IN COURT

Murmur!... Murmur!... Murmur!

BURNS' LAWYER

How many men in this court are  
thinking of killing her right now?

Half the men raise their hands.

BURNS' LAWYER (CONT'D)

Be honest.

The rest raise their hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HEARING ROOM - LATER

Sideshow Bob testifies.

BURNS' LAWYER

Robert, if released, would you pose  
any threat to one Bart Simpson?

SIDESHOW BOB

(GROWING DARK) Bart Simpson? The boy  
who twice dashed my dreams of glory,  
leaving me to rot on this island of  
lost souls? (CATCHES SELF) Why would  
I ever tangle with him again? Ha ha  
ha.

BURNS' LAWYER

What about that tattoo on your chest.  
Doesn't it say "Die Bart Die?"

We see Bob's shirt is open with a tattoo reading just that.

SIDESHOW BOB

No... That's German for "The Bart,  
The."

JURORS

(PLEASED) Oh... How continental...  
No one who speaks German could be an  
evil man.

PAROLE BOARD HEAD

Parole granted.

The AUDIENCE nods, satisfied.

EXT. AZTEC THEATER - NIGHT

The marquee reads "Ernest Goes Somewhere Cheap. "

INT. MOVIE THEATER

MAN ON SCREEN (V.O)

Wow, the public library. Let's stay  
here for a while, Vern. Know what I  
mean?

The Simpsons watch the movie. In the audience in front of  
them is Sideshow Bob, but they haven't yet seen him.

SIDESHOW BOB

(LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY)

He lights up a cigar.

MARGE

(WAVING AWAY SMOKE) That man is so  
rude.

HOMER

Yeah.

PAN OVER to see that Homer is smoking an even bigger cigar  
labelled "Knoxville World Fair, 1983."

SIDESHOW BOB

(LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY)

Homer starts to reach for Sideshow Bob.

HOMER

If you don't mind, we're trying to  
watch the mov...

MAN ON SCREEN (V.O)

(ON SCREEN) Hey, Vern, help me get my  
get head out of this toilet.



SFX: FLUSH

MAN ON SCREEN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Owww!

Homer laughs louder than Sideshow Bob. Sideshow Bob turns around.

SIDESHOW BOB

Really, now. That's too much.

BART/LISA

(SCREAM) Sideshow Bob!

SIDESHOW BOB

Bart! I'm so glad to see that the shroud of death has not passed over you. (THEN) I mean, hello.

BART

You wrote me those letters.

SIDESHOW BOB

I? Write letters? No, I was too busy luxuriating in a toiletless three-by-four cell.

MARGE

You awful man. Stay away from my son.

SIDESHOW BOB

Oh I'll stay away from your son, alright. (OMINOUS) Stay away forever.

HOMER

(TERRIFIED) Oh no!

SIDESHOW BOB

Wait a minute. That's no good.

A man turns around from the seat in front.

MAN

(DROOPY VOICE) I'm trying to watch a  
movie. Will you please pipe down?

SIDESHOW BOB

I'll pipe down alright. (OMINOUS)

Pipe down, permanently.

Sideshow Bob leaves with a flourish. The Simpsons look  
puzzled. A beat later Sideshow Bob re-enters.

SIDESHOW BOB

Wait. I've got a good one now.

Marge, say, "Stay away from my son"  
again.

MARGE

No!

SIDESHOW BOB

(UNHAPPY GROWL)

He exits.

**INT. SIDESHOW BOB'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Bob works out in his shabby room. A picture of Bart on the  
wall has knives stuck in it. Ominous **MUSIC** plays over  
shots of Bob's tattoos:

1. Bob pumps iron. Tattoos on his (three) fingers  
spelling "LUV" and "HAT"(HATE).
2. A tombstone marked "BART" tattooed up Bob's leg as he  
lies on his side, using his ThighMaster.
3. A tattoo of Bart's head lying in the scales of justice  
on Bob's back as Bob happily does fruity jazzercise moves  
to a videotape.

SIDESHOW BOB/WOMAN ON TAPE

And turn! And flex! And shake! And  
bounce!

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASS - MORNING

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Children, I'm afraid your teacher,  
Mrs. Krabappel, will not be with you  
for a few weeks. She's... attending  
a flash card convention.

BART

Drying out again, huh?

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(SMALL VOICE) Yes.

Skinner takes an opened half gallon bottle of Jack Daniels  
off the desk that is labeled "E. Krabappel - 4th Grade."

PRINCIPAL SKINNER (CONT'D)

But, I'm pleased to announce that we  
have a substitute, Mr. Bob  
Terwilliger.

SIDESHOW BOB

Hello, Bart.

BART

Principal Skinner, you can't do that.  
He wants to kill me!

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Yes, he mentioned that. That's what  
sent his application straight to the  
top of the pile.

Skinner exits. Inside the classroom, Bob opens Mrs. Krabappel's grade book.

SIDESHOW BOB

Bart, I have a feeling your grades  
are going to start dropping.

BART

(COCKY) Think again, Sideshow Bob!  
I'm already getting straight F's.

SIDESHOW BOB

(LOOKS AT BOOK) Blast!

BART

(CHUCKLES)

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY**

Sideshow Bob drives by in a sound truck.

SIDESHOW BOB

(ON P.A.) The following neighborhood  
residents will not be killed by me.  
Ned Flanders, Maude Flanders...

**INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Ned looks at Maude.

NED FLANDERS

Isn't that nice?

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY**

SIDESHOW BOB (V.O) (CONT'D)

... Rod Flanders, Tod Flanders, Homer  
Simpson, Marge Simpson, Lisa Simpson,  
that little baby Simpson. That is  
all.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Homer runs into a gloomy Bart.

HOMER

Woo hoo! Did you hear, Bart?

(REALIZING) Oh.

Homer backs out of the room.

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

Marge and Homer lie in bed.

MARGE

We have to get rid of him. Just pay  
him whatever it takes.

HOMER

Alright. I'll buy him off.

Homer opens his wallet.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Nothing speaks louder than cold  
hard... skee ball tickets.

Homer opens his check book.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Alright Marge, we've got \$570 in our  
checking account. We'll just give  
him a bigger check and it'll bounce.  
Problem solved. Cost to me: nothing.

MARGE

(UNHAPPY MURMUR)

**BACKYARD**

Homer approaches Bob and opens his check book.

HOMER

Just fill it in yourself! I don't  
care how much it's for!

SIDESHOW BOB

Very well. Why not two hundred  
dollars?

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

SIDESHOW BOB

Or maybe five hundred.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

SIDESHOW BOB

Six hundred.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Go ahead.

SIDESHOW BOB

(THINKS) Five hundred and fifty.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

SIDESHOW BOB

Five hundred seventy five.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES)

SIDESHOW BOB

Five hundred sixty.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Sideshow Bob **RIPS** up the check and tosses the pieces at Homer.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Homer talks to Wiggum.

WIGGUM

You could hire someone to beat this man up. But as an officer of the court, I can't suggest it. (WINK)

HOMER

(MOANS) Are you sure you can't suggest it? Because it's a really good idea.

WIGGUM

I think it would solve your problem, although I can't say so, officially. (BIGGER WINK)

HOMER

(MAD) I want recommendations, not a lot of double talk.

WIGGUM

(MUTTERED INSULT) Here!

Wiggum hands Homer a card.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

The man's a fighting machine. He's the guy who beat up Dan Rather.

HOMER

(DELIGHTED) Ooooooh!

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

**EXT. BATTLIN' JOE'S OFFICE - DAY**

He has a van like Joe Brazil with the slogan "THE MAN WHO  
BEAT UP DAN RATHER."

HOMER

Good morning, sir, I was  
wondering if -- (GETTING HIT  
NOISES)

Joe instantly **PUMMELS** Homer.

**EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

HOMER (V.O.)

Well, I'm not paying you for this!  
(MORE GETTING HIT NOISES) Alright,  
alright, I will.

**INT. PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

A tough Robert Mitchum type pours himself a whiskey.

INVESTIGATOR

Don't you fret. When I'm through, he  
won't set foot in this town again. I  
can be very, very persuasive.

He gets up, puts on his hat and swaggers out.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD BALLET - LATER**

The investigator sits next to Bob.

INVESTIGATOR

(WHINY) Come on! Leave town!



SIDESHOW BOB

No.

INVESTIGATOR

(WHINY) You're mean.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

There are strings tied to every door and window. Wiggum finishes connecting them to Bart's Krusty doll.

WIGGUM

Now Sideshow Bob can't get in without me knowing. And once a man's in your home, anything you do to him is nice and legal.

HOMER

Is that so? (CALLS OUT WINDOW) Oh, Flan-ders! Won't you join me in my kitchen?

Flanders starts over. Homer hides behind the door, **POUNDS** his fist and **CHUCKLES**.

WIGGUM

It doesn't work if you invite him.

FLANDERS

(ENTERING) Hiedilly-hey!

HOMER

I'm busy. Go home.

FLANDERS

(LEAVING) Toodledy-doo!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - 3 A. M.**

Homer walks downstairs to the kitchen and opens the refrigerator. He sees Wiggum eating a big sloppy Joe.

HOMER

Where'd you get that sloppy Joe?

WIGGUM

Your maid got it for me.

We follow Wiggum's gesture over to Sideshow Bob, wearing a maid's uniform and a wig.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Consuela, you're a lifesaver.

HOMER

(GROGGY) Yup. Don't know what we'd  
do without old Consuela.

Homer grabs a turkey leg and starts back upstairs to bed.

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

Homer lays in bed.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TO SELF) Good ol' Consuela.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

After a beat.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TERRIFIED) We don't have a maid!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

The Simpsons, in their bathrobes watch as Homer pulls down the ironing board. Wiggum has been tied to it.

WIGGUM

She stuck me in here with three  
sloppy Joe's... some fruit compote...  
coconut cobbler...

HOMER

How come you get all the food? It's  
my boy she's gonna kill.

**INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY**

The office door says "Witness Relocation Program". The Simpsons sit in front of a desk. An FBI AGENT sits behind it.

FBI AGENT #1

We've helped hundreds of people in  
danger. We'll give you a new home,  
new car, new identities.

The agent notices a pair of sunglasses on the desk. He goes to the window.

FBI AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

You forgot your glasses, Mr.  
Fратиanni.

**SFX: MACHINE GUN FIRE**

FBI AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

... I mean Jones.

MARGE

I don't think this is such a good  
idea.

HOMER

This isn't just because of Sideshow  
Bob. It's a chance to turn around  
all our stinking lives. It's time  
for Homer J. Simpson to disappear.

FBI AGENT #1

What name would you like?

HOMER

Homer B. Simpson.

BART

And I'll be Gustav Svenska. (SWEDISH  
ACCENT) Let us all be naked. We  
have no shame. Yumpin' yiminy!

FBI AGENT #2

(IGNORING HIM) We have places your  
family can hide in peace and  
security: Cape Fear, Terror Lake, New  
Horrorfield, Screamville...

HOMER

Ooh, Ice Creamville.

FBI AGENT #2

No. Screamville.

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

FBI AGENT #1

Tell you what, from now on you'll be  
Homer Thompson at Terror Lake. Let's  
just practice a bit. When I say  
"Hello, Mr. Thompson," you'll say,  
"Hi."

HOMER

Check.

FBI AGENT #1

Hello, Mr. Thompson.

Homer says nothing.

FBI AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

Remember now, your name is Homer  
Thompson.

HOMER

I got ya.

FBI AGENT #1

Hello, Mr. Thompson.

Homer stares at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

**SEVERAL HOURS LATER**

Coffee cups are strewn around and the agents' ties are loosened.

FBI AGENT #1

(EXASPERATED) Now when I say, "Hello,  
Mr. Thompson" and press down on your  
foot... you smile and nod.

HOMER

No problem.

FBI AGENT #1

Hello, Mr. Thompson.

HOMER

(LOUD WHISPER TO FBI AGENT #2) I  
think he's talking to you.

**INT. QWIK-E-MART - DAY**

Bart gets his change as he buys...

BART

My last squishee. You can tell me  
now: what's the secret recipe?

APU

They're 98 percent water. Did I say  
that? I meant 98 percent goodness.  
(CHANGING SUBJECT) It is sad to lose  
a long-time customer.

BART

Goodbye, Qwik-E-Mart. There'll never  
be another place like you.

APU

Actually, there are 14,000 Qwik-E-  
Marts, 700 of them run by relatives  
of mine.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY**

A new convertible is parked in front of the house with a  
trailer full of Simpson belongings. The FBI agent hands  
Homer the keys.

AGENT

Here you go.

MARGE

Oh, gee. What a cute convertible.  
You guys at the bureau thought of  
everything.

Lisa is in the car. She holds up a boxed set of cassettes.

LISA

Look! "The FBI Light Opera Society  
Sings the Complete Gilbert and  
Sullivan."

FBI AGENT

If you like that you could order our  
collection of classic Irish Folk  
Songs featuring "The Unicorn."

The Simpsons start to drive away. The whole shot should  
resemble the "Lucy Goes to Hollywood" episode from I Love  
Lucy. For some reason Bart and Homer are wearing hats.

SIMPSONS

(SINGING ALONG WITH CASSETTE) Three  
little maids from school are we/ Pert  
as a schoolgirl well can be/ Filled  
to the brim with girlish glee...

The car drives away. PAN DOWN to show Sideshow Bob has  
strapped himself to the drive train.

SIDESHOW BOB

(SINISTER CHUCKLE)

HOMER (O. S. )

Lousy speed bumps.

Bob gets **SMACKED** by the bumps.

SIDESHOW BOB

(PAINED GRUNTS)

**EXT. SIMPSON CONVERTIBLE - FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD**

Homer takes a sip of coffee from a huge cup.

HOMER

Ew. This coffee's too hot.

He tosses the coffee out the window.

SIDESHOW BOB

(MUFFLED SCREAMS)

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The car passes a sign reading "PORCUPINE CROSSING".

SIDESHOW BOB (O. S.) (CONT'D)

Yarrrrrrrrgh!

**EXT. SIMPSON CONVERTIBLE - ROAD - LATER**

A truck labelled "SULFURIC ACID" has overturned. Strong fumes are coming up out of the sewer. The truck DRIVER is standing, looking at the truck, scratching his head dimly. The Simpsons drive through the spill.

SIDESHOW BOB

(STIFLED SCREAMS AND COUGHING)

**CLOSE UP**

of a road sign that reads "MOLTEN LAVA - NEXT 16 MILES." A WIDE SHOT reveals a series of active volcanos in the background. A pterodactyl flies by. Molten lava runs over stretches of road. The Simpsons' convertible passes over it.

SIDESHOW BOB

(MOANS) I hate lava.

The Simpsons convertible passes a sign the reads "CHINCHILLA CROSSING."

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

(SOOTHED) Ahhh...

We hear small, angry, high-pitched rodent **ATTACKING NOISES.**

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

(MUFFLED SCREAMS)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY

We do our show-opening shot through the clouds.

CELESTIAL CHOIR

The Thompsons!

PAN DOWN past a raging waterfall, over a harbor filled with fishing boats, past a billboard of a happy '50s family saying "Welcome To Terror Lake". The Simpsons pull into a service station called, "STOP AND PAY."

HOMER

(TO ATTENDANT) There's this muffled  
screaming sound coming from under my  
car.

ATTENDANT

Screaming sound, eh?

The attendant looks under the car at Sideshow Bob who is covered in road dirt, debris, blood, blisters, and lava.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Ah, here's your problem...

The attendant pokes Sideshow Bob with a screwdriver.

SIDESHOW BOB

(MUFFLED SCREAM)

ATTENDANT

... you need a new alternator.

HOMER

(MOANS) How much will it cost?

ATTENDANT

\$280.

HOMER

How long will it take?

ATTENDANT

It's already done.

HOMER

Woo hoo!

**EXT. MARINA RENTAL COMPANY**

Homer gets out of the car wearing a "WRP" cap and "Witness Relocation Program" t-shirt.

BOAT RENTAL AGENT

(WISE GUY VOICE) Your name Thompson?

HOMER

No. (THINKS) Yes. I forgot. Will you still rent me a boat, even though I don't know my own name?

BOAT RENTAL AGENT

Sure thing, Mr. Thompson.

HOMER

Who?

BOAT RENTAL AGENT

Just sign here.

The agent hands Homer a rental form. Homer starts to fill it out, then quickly scratches out what he just wrote.

HOMER

(TO RENTAL AGENT) Can I have another form, please?

**EXT. HOUSEBOAT - LATER**

The Simpsons park and board a houseboat. Sideshow Bob, dirty and scraped, unbuckles himself from the convertible and staggers toward a bathroom. A couple of similarly scraped BUMS notice him.

BUM

Best thing for road burns, you rub in  
a little mayonnaise and tobacco.

SIDESHOW BOB

(THROUGH HIS TEETH) Oh, why don't you  
go pilfer a pie from some window  
sill?

**INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY**

Marge unpacks a box. She takes out a photo and looks at it sadly.

MARGE

We've uprooted our entire lives.  
(GAZES AT PHOTO) We'll never see them  
again.

Homer takes the photo. It shows Homer and Marge raising glasses with another couple.

HOMER

Who are they?

MARGE

It was at some New Year's party. Her  
name was Eileen, or Arlene... her  
husband kept talking about the  
Dodgers... (SIGHS) We've left it all  
behind. How can you make a clean  
break with your life?

HOMER

Relax, Marge. I tied up all the  
loose ends before we left.

**EXT. SIMPSONS' OLD HOUSE**

GRAMPA **KNOCKS** on the door of the empty house.

GRAMPA

Hello? (TAPS WINDOW) Hel-lo? (TAPS  
WINDOW) You have my pills!

**EXT. HARBOR**

We **PULL IN** on the Simpsons' houseboat.

**INT. HOUSEBOAT**

Bart, Lisa and Maggie are at the kitchen table. Marge is  
serving breakfast.

MARGE

First day of school, finish your  
Kaboom.

BART

Kaboom? What the hell is that?

MARGE

It was on the boat when we moved in.  
(LOOKING AT BOX) It's the cereal of  
the Mercury Astronauts.

Homer trudges through drowsily.

HOMER

I'm gonna get the paper.

Homer exits. We hear an O.S. **SPLASH**. A beat later Homer  
reenters soaking wet. He sits down and begins reading the  
soaked paper.

LISA

I see my new school as a chance to  
start anew. To shed my image as an  
apple-polishing egghead.

She straightens a sheath of papers.

MARGE

What's that, honey?

LISA

It's a Haiku cycle, in praise of  
teaching and teachers. I thought I  
might read it to the children.

BART

Hm. Popularity, my name is Lisa  
Thompson.

HOMER

(RISING) Well, I'd better be off to  
the power plant.

MARGE

Don't you mean the unisex hair salon?

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. FRED AND TED'S HEAD SHED - DAY

FRED

Thompson! (BEAT) Thompson! Homer!

HOMER

Oh, right.

FRED

You're late for your nine o'clock.

HOMER

(SHEEPISH) My nine o'clock what?

FRED

Your nine o'clock appointment with  
Mrs. Sternworthy. You're a  
hairdresser now.

HOMER

But I don't know anything about...

FRED

Tut, tut... I learned by doing and so  
shall you.

**INT. CLASSROOM**

Bart is rubbing his hands together.

MISS FROWNSKAWLAR (O.S.)

Swartzwelder, John.

JOHN

Present.

MISS FROWNSKAWLAR (O.S.)

Tankosic, Cathy.

CATHY

Present.

BART

So, guys. What's old Miss  
Frownskawlar like? Strict?  
Pushover? What?

MISS FROWNSKAWLAR (O.S.)

Thompson, Bart.

BART

Present, man.

A hand reaches in from O.S. and yanks Bart out of his chair.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NED AND TED'S HEAD SHED - LATER

Homer removes Mrs. Sternworthy's apron with a flourish and spins her around toward the mirror.

HOMER

(NERVOUS) So, what do you think?

MRS. STERNWORTHY

(GASPS) Why, I look twenty years younger. I've never been happy with anything in my life until this hair cut.

FRED

Mr. Thompson? (NO ANSWER) Mr. Thompson? Homer! Who taught you to feather-cut the bangs when wet?

HOMER

No one. It just seemed right.

FRED

(TURNING AWAY) Oh God, why do you speak through this instrument?

EXT. SCHOOL

Dripping scary letters read "TERROR LAKE UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT, P.S. 666. FORMERLY THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE."

Bart walks out rubbing his butt.

MISS FROWNSKAWLAR (O.S.)

Mr. Thompson, That kind of insolence  
may be tolerated, even appreciated  
elsewhere, but this is Terror Lake.

BART

Yes'm.

MISS FROWNSKELLAR (O.S.)

Now why don't you take this note home  
to your parents in that (SNOTTY)  
houseboat you call a home? And don't  
return until it's signed.

BART

No'm.

Bart walks home. A car drives up slowly, its hood entering  
frame.

SIDESHOW BOB (O.S.)

Hello, Bart.

BART

(SCREAMS)

Bart wheels around to see a kindly old lady driving the  
car.

SIDESHOW BOB (O.S.)

Down here, Bart.

CUT WIDE to reveal Sideshow Bob is strapped to the  
underside of the car. He unstraps himself and falls to the  
ground with a thud. He gets hit by the muffler as the car  
drives off.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

(MUFFLED SCREAM)



BART

What do you want?

SIDESHOW BOB

Surely there's nothing illegal about  
a law-abiding citizen laying in the  
middle of a public street rubbing a  
contusion on his head. (LOOKS) Oh,  
good Lord, no!

We CUT WIDE and see a a parade featuring a marching band  
and a dozen elephants trample Sideshow Bob. A banner on  
one of the elephants reads: "TERROR LAKE SALUTES HANNIBAL  
CROSSING THE ALPS."

SIDESHOW BOB

(MUFFLED SCREAMS)

After the parade passes, a bruised and disheveled Sideshow  
Bob gets off the road.

BART

Why are you following me, Sideshow  
Bob?

SIDESHOW BOB

To wreak a horrible vengeance.

BART

(NERVOUSLY) What kind of vengeance?

SIDESHOW BOB

Oh, you'll find out soon enough.

BART

I wanna find out now.

SIDESHOW BOB

I'll bet you do, I'll bet you do.

BART

You don't have a plan, do you  
Sideshow Bob?

SIDESHOW BOB

Well no, but I've got some thoughts,  
some promising areas...

BART

You mean you spent all that time in  
prison and you didn't think of  
anything?

SIDESHOW BOB

(DEFENSIVE) They keep you pretty busy  
there.

BART

What about at night?

SIDESHOW BOB

Well, at night we would play a little  
game called Facts In Five. I was the  
undisputed champ of the cell block. I  
remember one time the letter was 'D'  
and the category was... never mind!  
I'm going back right now to brew  
myself a pot of tea, get out a legal  
pad, and come up with a real cracker-  
jack revenge.

**INT. HOUSEBOAT**

Homer has his feet on the kitchen table drinking a beer.

HOMER

Marge, have you ever thought about  
growing out your bangs?

MARGE

Well, every now and then.

HOMER

'Cause you know, I think the shape of  
your face --

Bart **BURSTS** in.

BART

Mom! Dad! I saw Sideshow Bob and he  
threatened to kill me!

HOMER

Bart! Don't interrupt! We're  
discussing your mother's hair.

MARGE

Homer, this is serious.

HOMER

Oh it is not. Bart, for Sideshow Bob  
to kill you, he'd have to first get  
to Terror Lake... which he has...  
spot and follow you... which he  
did... and then somehow get on our  
houseboat, which is highly unlikely.

A TEENAGE KID enters the kitchen.

TEENAGE KID

Hey, is this the Tankosic residence?

LISA

No. Two houseboats down.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - BART'S ROOM

Marge tucks Bart into bed.

BART

How am I supposed to sleep?

MARGE

I know it's hard, honey. But until  
Sideshow Bob does something illegal,  
there's nothing the police can do.

BART

It's enough to make a kid want to  
take the law into his own hands.

MARGE

Now, Bart.

BART

I was just thinking out loud.

MARGE

Okay, good.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sideshow Bob is sipping tea and writing on a legal pad.

SIDESHOW BOB

Let's see, is eye socket one word or  
two? (CHECKS DICTIONARY) Very good.  
Very good indeed.

**INT. HOUSEBOAT - BART'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Bart is tossing and turning in bed. The door **SMASHES** open and a shadowy figure with a huge butcher knife rushes at the bed.

HOMER

BARTDOYOUWANTSOMEBROWNIESBEFORE  
YOUGOTOBED?!

BART

(SCREAMS)

HOMER

C'mon, let me cut you one while  
they're still hot.

BART

Dad, I'm kinda edgy right now. I'd  
appreciate you not coming in my room  
screaming and brandishing a butcher  
knife.

HOMER

What? (BEAT) Oh, right. The Sideshow  
Bob thing.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. HOUSEBOAT**

One by one the lights go out on the houseboat. PAN DOWN into the water. A bedraggled Sideshow Bob pulls himself onto the boat. His wet hair covers his entire body. He gets out and shakes his hair like a dog; it is perfectly restored to its normal style. Bob takes out a machete and cuts the rope tethering the Simpsons' houseboat to the dock. As he clings to the bow, it begins to drift downstream.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - BART'S BEDROOM

Bart is asleep in bed. The door **BURSTS** open and a shadowy figure with a knife enters.

SIDESHOW BOB

PREPARETOMEETYOURDOOM!

Bart quickly glances up then turns back to sleep.

BART

I told you, I don't want any damn  
brownies.

SIDESHOW BOB

Brownies? Whatever do you mean?

BART

Huh? (REALIZING) "Whatever?"

He turns back and takes a good look.

BART

(SCREAMS)

SIDESHOW BOB

Ahhh, there we go.

He **CACKLES** and brandishes the knife.

BART

Mom! Dad!

SIDESHOW BOB

Your screams are for naught, Bart.

Your family can't help you now.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

The Simpsons are tied up on the floor. Everyone is struggling except Homer, who is **SNORING** loudly.

LISA

Oh, no! Dad's been drugged!

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR) No, he hasn't.

**INT. HOUSEBOAT - BART'S BEDROOM**

Sideshow Bob takes a step towards Bart, who jumps out the window onto the deck.

**EXT. HOUSEBOAT - DECK**

Sideshow Bob climbs out the window and chases after Bart. Bart runs to the starboard side of the boat and prepares to dive into the water. He stops when he sees a hungry alligator **SNAPPING** its jaws below.

BART

Uh-oh.

He rushes to the other side of the boat and is about to dive when he sees a swarm of **HISSING** water snakes.

BART

(SCARED NOISE)

He rushes back to the starboard side of the boat and is about to dive in when he sees the alligator again.

BART

(REMEMBERING) Oh, yeah.

Suddenly, Sideshow Bob is upon him.

SIDESHOW BOB

Well, Bart. Any last requests?

A sign goes by reading: "SPRINGFIELD 15 MILES." Bart sees it out of the corner of his eyes.

BART

Yeah, there is one, but... well,  
forget it.

SIDESHOW BOB

Now, now. Without tradition our  
lives would be empty and meaningless.  
Quickly now. What's your last  
request?

BART

Well, you've got that beautiful  
voice... I was wondering if you could  
favor me with the entire libretto of  
HMS Pinafore.

SIDESHOW BOB

I think that's a little much, don't  
you?

BART

Yeah, you're right. You'd have to  
hit a high A.

SIDESHOW BOB

(STUNG) I don't think that would be a  
problem! Very well, Bart. I shall  
send you to heaven before I send you  
to hell. And a two and a three  
and...

With grandiose gestures, Sideshow Bob begins to sing.

SIDESHOW BOB

We sail the ocean blue/ And our saucy  
ships of beauty/ we are sober men and  
true/ and attentive to our duty.



CUT TO:

Sideshow Bob is now wearing a mop for hair and a shower curtain around his shoulders affecting a dress.

SIDESHOW BOB

I'm called little buttercup/ poor  
little buttercup/ though I could  
never tell why/ but still I'm called  
buttercup/ dear little buttercup/  
Come, of your buttercup buy.

Bart is nodding appreciatively.

CUT TO:

Sideshow Bob is singing along with an impromptu chorus made of mops, oars, and brooms with hats to look like a crowd of sailors. Bart **CHUCKLES** appreciatively.

SIDESHOW BOB

What never. Oh never/ What never.  
Hardly ever!

SIDESHOW BOB/BART

He's hardly ever sick at sea!

CUT TO:

For some reason, Sideshow Bob is now prancing around in an authentic 19th century admiral's uniform.

SIDESHOW BOB

And he is an Englishman/ For he  
himself has said it/ And it's clearly  
to his credit/ That he is an  
Englishman/ That he (HOLDING HIGH A)  
i-i-i-s an Englishman! (THEN) There's  
your high A, young man. And now, the  
final curtain.

A big BUMP shakes the ship as it runs aground.

CHIEF WIGGUM (O.S.)

Hold it right there, Sideshow Bob.  
You're under arrest.

CUT TO:

SHORE

Wiggum, in pamamas and bathrobe and police cap, gun drawn,  
is standing next to Eddie and Lou who are also in pajamas  
and bathrobes. Eddie is holding the open book of  
Springfield laws.

SIDESHOW BOB

No I'm not.

WIGGUM

Yes, you are. The charge is singing  
light opera on a Sunday in  
Springfield. It seems in 1889 the  
town elders were worried that the  
Springfield Theater Comique had the  
church playing to empty houses.

BART

While you're at it, you can charge him with kidnapping and assault with a deadly weapon.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Those are crimes? (TO EDDIE) Gimme that.

Wiggum grabs the law book and begins thumbing through it.

**EXT. STREET**

The Simpsons are gathered around as the police are loading Sideshow Bob into the back of the paddy wagon.

BART

I knew I had to buy some time. It would take 90 minutes to drift inside Springfield city limits, so I requested he sing the libretto from HMS Pinafore.

SIDESHOW BOB

The HMS Pinafore's only 87 minutes long.

BART

Yeah. I counted on your hambone overacting to eat up another three minutes.

Sideshow Bob raises his handcuffed hands over his head in a miming a crushing motion.

SIDESHOW BOB

(HAMBONE OVERACTING) I should have  
crushed you like a grape.

He lowers his hands melodramatically, making a clenching  
gesture to his heart.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

...Whilst I had the chance.

WIGGUM

Take him away, boys.

SIDESHOW BOB

Well Bart, you may have won the first  
three rounds, but I'll be back.

The paddy wago drives away. Bob looks back through the  
window and LAUGHS. The family joins Bart. Homer puts his  
arm over Bart's shoulder.

HOMER

Don't worry, son. One Democratic  
President can't turn the whole  
Supreme Court soft on crime.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

SUPER: U. S. SUPREME COURT - THREE MONTHS LATER.

Inside, the chief justice counts votes.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Well the vote is eight to one. Only  
the newly appointed Justice Siegel is  
in favor of freeing Sideshow Bob.

PAN OVER to a new justice filing his nails. He takes out a  
gun.

JUSTICE SIEGEL

(SHELDON LEONARD VOICE) My esteemed  
colleagues, I must respectfully  
insist on a recount.

PANICKY WOMAN (O. S)

(HYSTERICAL SOBBING)

JUSTICE SIEGEL

Shut up, O'Connor. (TO OTHERS) My  
clerks have prepared your letters of  
resignation. If you would be so  
kind...

Beefy clerks in flashy suits hand out forms and force pens  
into the justices' hands. As **MUSIC** swells, we double-  
expose Sideshow Bob's **LAUGHING** face over the scared  
justices signing.

FADE OUT:

THE END