

Production No. 2F15

The Simpsons

"LISA'S WEDDING"

Written by
Greg Daniels

Created by
Matt Groening

Developed by
James L. Brooks
Matt Groening
Sam Simon

This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify Script Department.

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Return to Script Department
20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION
10201 W. Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90035

TABLE DRAFT

Date 8/18/94

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"LISA'S WEDDING"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MAGGIE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
LUNCHLADY DORIS.....DORIS GRAU
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
FORTUNE TELLER.....PAMELA HAYDEN
STUDENT IN JEANS.....HANK AZARIA
YOUNG MAN/HUGH PARKFIELD
.....HANK AZARIA
LIBRARIAN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MOUSTACHED MAN.....HARRY SHEARER
GAS ATTENDANT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MR. PARKFIELD.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MRS. PARKFIELD.....PAMELA HAYDEN
LISA'S BRAIN.....YEARDLEY SMITH
ELDRED.....HANK AZARIA
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
PROF. FRINK.....HANK AZARIA

TROY MCCLURE.....HANK AZARIA
GIRL (O.S.).....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
MISS HOOVER.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MAYOR QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
HOST.....HARRY SHEARER
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
OTHER PLAYER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....HARRY SHEARER
KRUSTY THE KLOWN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN
DOLPH.....PAMELA HAYDEN
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
ENGLISH FRIEND.....HARRY SHEARER
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
REV. LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
ADULT NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
NELSON J.R.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

LISA'S WEDDING

by

Greg Daniels

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

A sign in medieval lettering reads, "Knight Battle To-Daye."

TWO KNIGHTS in armor battle. One knocks the other to the ground with repeated BASHES from a mace, then lifts his visor: it's NED FLANDERS.

FLANDERS

'Zounds, I did thee mightily smite-ly.

He turns to a CROWD of modern people watching. A large banner reads "Springfield Renaissance Faire." (The meadow is dotted with striped tents of the period).

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

"'Zounds" is a renaissance English word, short for "God's Wounds." But, "smite-ly," that's pure Flanders!

The beaten knight lifts his visor revealing SMITHERS.

SMITHERS

(WEAKLY) Please call a doctor.

ANGLE ON MARGE, MAGGIE AND BART

BART

These Renaissance Faires are so boring.

MARGE

(COYLY) Oh really? Did you see the loom?

BART

(UNIMPRESSED GRUNT)

MARGE

I took Loom in High School.

She hands Maggie to Bart, climbs up onto the loom and begins expertly weaving. Within seconds she has created a fabric with the message "HI BART. I AM WEAVING ON A LOOM." set in a floral border.

BART

(UNIMPRESSED GRUNT)

MAGGIE

(UNIMPRESSED SUCK)

ANGLE ON ROAST PIG

A PIG with an apple in its mouth turns on a spit. Widen to reveal HOMER with a candy apple in his mouth staring at it mesmerized. He turns his head to follow the pig's face. LUNCHLADY DORIS in a medieval outfit turns the spit.

LUNCHLADY DORIS

Yon meat 'tis sweet as summer's wafting
breeze.

HOMER

Can I have some?

LUNCHLADY DORIS

Mine ears are open only to the pleas of
those who speak ye old English.

HOMER

(PASSIONATELY) Sweet maiden of the
spit, grant now my boon, that I mightst
sup on suckling pig this noon.

LATER

Lisa and Homer, who takes bites from the haunch of the pig, walk through the fair.

HOMER

I've eaten eight different foods. I'm
a true Renaissance man.

Homer bites off a big sloppy piece of pig flesh. Lisa
REACTS in disgust.

LISA

I'm going to see if there's a convent
booth I can hang out in.

EXT. FRIAR WIGGUM'S FANTASTICAL BEASTARIUM

Lisa wanders by a sign which reads, "Friar Wiggum's
Fantastical Beastarium." WIGGUM, dressed in monastic robes,
beckons her.

WIGGUM

Alight your gaze on yonder fabled
beasts of yore.

He gestures to banners that depict a griffin, a mantichore,
and a chimera. Lisa enters the tent. Wiggum follows.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Behold the griffin - half lion, half
fearsome bird of prey.

Lisa looks in a small pen containing a CHICKEN with a long
cloth tail and a mane-like fright wig held on by an elastic
band. Wiggum directs her to the next pen, which contains a
DOG.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Next we have the rarest of the rare,
the mythological two-headed hound -
(DRAMATICALLY) born with only one head.
And finally, out of the mists of
history, the legendary esquilax - a
horse with the head of a rabbit, and
the body of a rabbit!

The last pen contains a RABBIT, which leaps over the fence
and begins hopping away.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

(GASP) It's "galloping" away!

Lisa starts chasing the rabbit.

LISA

Here bunny! Here bunny!

WIGGUM

(CORRECTING) Esquilax.

She follows the rabbit into the woods.

EXT. WOODS

In the woods, she follows the hopping rabbit. The woods
become darker and more foreboding. She comes upon a tent
shrouded in mist. Lisa approaches.

INT. TENT

Inside is a thirty-ish FORTUNE-TELLER.

FORTUNE TELLER

I've been waiting for you...Lisa.

LISA

(GASP) How did you know my name?

FORTUNE-TELLER

Your name tag.

ANGLE ON LISA'S TAG

In medieval lettering, it reads: "Hi! I'm Lady Lisa."

BACK TO FORTUNE-TELLER

FORTUNE-TELLER (CONT'D)

(EERILY) Would you like to know your
future?

LISA

(PATRONIZING) Sorry, I don't believe in
fortune telling. I should go.

FORTUNE-TELLER

What's your hurry? Bart, Maggie, and
Marge are at the joust, and Homer is
bobbing for stew.

LISA

(IMPRESSED) Wow, you can see into
the... present.

The fortune-teller lays out some tarot cards.

FORTUNE TELLER

Now we'll see what the future holds...

The fortune teller turns over a card with a scary skeleton
on it.

LISA

(GASPS) The Death Card.

FORTUNE TELLER

No, that's good. It means transition,
change.

Lisa **SIGHS**, relieved. The fortune teller turns over a card depicting an innocent, happy squirrel.

LISA

(TICKLED) Oh, that's cute.

FORTUNE TELLER

(GASP) The Happy Squirrel.

LISA

That's bad?

FORTUNE TELLER

It could be, but the cards are vague
and mysterious...

She flips a third card, depicting a young woman with glasses and a knapsack.

FORTUNE TELLER (CONT'D)

Ah, the Environmental Engineering Grad
Student. Interesting... the cards are
revealing the story of your first love.

(BEAT) Do you want me to continue?

LISA

(GULP) I guess so.

FORTUNE-TELLER

Your story begins at an Eastern
university, in the year 2010, when the
world has become a very different
place...

DISSOLVE TO:

IVY LEAGUE CAMPUS - SUPER: BOSTON, 2010

Close on a MAN with a very white, expressionless face walking across the campus wearing a futuristic white unitard. Widen to reveal he is a street performer following some students dressed in shirts and jeans.

STUDENT IN JEANS

(TO MIME) Stupid street performer. Go
away.

The street performer turns sadly and walks off.

ESTABLISHING LIBRARY

An impressive stone library surrounded by old trees. One of the trees flickers and then disappears. A passing STUDENT kicks its base, and the hologram tree turns back on. A sign on its base reads: "In memory of a real tree."

ANGLE ON GROWN-UP LISA

A college-aged Lisa, her arms full of books, steps into the frame. She pauses unnecessarily, favoring her well-lit face, then marches out of the frame.

INT. LIBRARY - WATER FOUNTAIN

Lisa tries to get a drink and bumps her head against a handsome YOUNG MAN.

YOUNG MAN / LISA

Hey, watch it! / Watch it!

They stare daggers at each other for a moment, then the man walks off.

LISA

That man is instantly the most annoying
person I've ever met. (FRUSTRATED
SOUND) A soy-based snack will calm me
down.

CLOSE-UP OF PACKAGE

An ice-cream wrapper reads: "Soy Pop: Now With Gag Suppressant." Pull back to see it is the last pop in the vending machine and it is removed by the same young man.

Lisa arrives just in time to see him begin blissfully munching the soy pop, unaware of her presence.

LISA (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUMBLE)

Lisa watches him walk off. We follow her to a tiny old elevator. Just before she gets there, the young man steps in and closes the gate.

LISA (CONT'D)

Aaagh. Him again.

She is forced to plod up a staircase that encircles the slow elevator. She sees the young man inside enjoying his soy pop.

BOOK CHECK-OUT COUNTER

Lisa, out of breath, trudges to the reference desk.

LISA

Hello. I need Ecosystem of the Marsh,
by Thompson.

LIBRARIAN

The last copy was just signed out by
(CHECKING LIST)... Hugh Parkfield.
There he is.

LISA

No. It couldn't be...

She walks up to a MAN with his back to her. He turns around. It's a man with a moustache, not Hugh.

LISA (CONT'D)

Whew.

Hugh stands up from behind the moustached man's shadow.

HUGH

(TO MOUSTACHE MAN) Thanks for holding
my book while I tied my shoe.

LISA

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Oh great. You have the
book I need. You'll probably take
forever with it too.

HUGH

(SCOFFS) I can read faster than you.

LISA

(COCKY) I read at a 78th grade level.

HUGH

(CHALLENGING) Right here.

Hugh throws the book open and **SLAMS** it down on the table.
We see both their eyes intensely scanning the pages at high
speed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DESK - LATER

Lisa and Hugh are both hunched over the book reading.

LISA

(QUICKLY) Finished this page?

HUGH

Ages ago.

LISA

(ANNOYED GRUMBLE)

She turns the page.

HUGH

I'll get a dictionary.

LISA

Why?

HUGH

You'll see when you get there. The word "stochastic."

LISA

"Pertaining to a process involving a randomly determined sequence of observations."

Hugh looks at her. They suddenly **KISS** passionately. The librarian is watching them.

LIBRARIAN

First they hate each other. Now, all of a sudden, they love each other. It doesn't make any sense to me.

MOUSTACHED MAN

Of course not, you're a robot.

The librarian looks like she is about to cry. **PUSH IN** on her face but instead of a single tear, water **SPRAYS** erratically from the corner of her eye, creating **SHORTS** and **SPARKS**, and setting her head on fire. It melts, caving in on itself.

MONTAGE

1. EXT. PLAYGROUND

Lisa and Hugh sit in side-by-side playground swings without swinging.

HUGH

Parkfieldtown. (EMBARRASSED) It's very modest really. Our only distinction is that we repelled the Norman invasion in 1065.

LISA

My town's only distinction is that we use the least soap.

As they talk, we widen to reveal several irritated TODDLERS waiting their turn on the swings, arms crossed, checking watches.

2. EXT. REVIVAL MOVIE HOUSE

A sign reads : "40 Classic Films by Jim Carrey." A small crowd of older WEIRDOS leaves the theater, with Hugh and Lisa talking animatedly.

HUGH (V.O.)

I've never met anyone who so understood the magic of Jim Carrey.

LISA (V.O.)

(SADLY) After those two fluke hits, he was spurned by this country and only embraced by the Germans.

INT. DORM ROOM - MONTHS LATER

Hugh and Lisa are lying awkwardly on her incredibly narrow bed in her dorm room.

HUGH

I can't believe how much we have in common. We're both studying the environment, we're both utterly humorless about our vegetarianism, and we both love the Rolling Stones.

LISA

And neither of us knows if Keith is the one still alive thanks to Mick's organs or vice versa.

HUGH

Lisa, I can't bear the thought of being apart from you all summer. Come back with me to Parkfield Manor.

LISA

But I've already got an internship in Western Canada, picking up frozen gobs of crude oil... stacking them in piles... of course, Parkfield Manor sounds like fun too.

HUGH

Splendid!

LISA

Just one thing: is it possible to get vegetarian meals at your parents' house?

HUGH

(SERIOUS) Yes it is, Lisa.

LISA

(SERIOUS) That is good because eating
animals is wrong.

HUGH

Dead wrong.

EXT. AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING

The airplanes of 2010 are modern metal versions of those
crazy flying contraptions in the old news reels. We see
Lisa and Hugh's plane with sixteen stacked wings take off.

LISA (V.O.)

I love these new planes.

HUGH (V.O.)

Yes, it's a good thing they reevaluated
those wacky old designs.

EXT. ENGLAND

Hugh and Lisa drive through an ornate arch that reads:
"Parkfield Manor."

LISA

(IMPRESSED) Wow, we're here.

HUGH

Well, not quite.

They pull into a small personal gas station.

GAS ATTENDANT

Oh, Master Hugh. Going all the way to
the main house today? Better fill 'er
up, then.

INT. PARKFIELD MANOR - DINING ROOM - LATER

Hugh and Lisa sit down to dinner with his PARENTS at a long baronial dining table.

LISA

Beautiful dinnerware, Mrs. Parkfield.

MRS. PARKFIELD

Thank you, Lisa. They were made for the finest family in Britain.

MR. PARKFIELD

(WRYLY) I don't know how we ended up with them.

We PAN UP to Lisa's brain.

LISA'S BRAIN

Uh-oh. Should I laugh? Was that dry British wit? Or subtle self-pity? They're staring at me, better respond.

Lisa gives a small **AMBIGUOUS CHUCKLE**.

MR. PARKFIELD

Oh, it's good to hear a boisterous American laugh.

LISA

(LOOKING AT PORTRAIT) And I love that painting. Judging by the clothes, I'd say seventeenth century.

MRS. PARKFIELD

Actually, Lisa, it's just our crazy uncle Eldred.

She points to a wild-eyed MAN sitting in the corner wearing the same Elizabethan style velvet suit, making lobster pots. He waves.

ELDRED

(TO LISA) I get me brain medicines from
the National 'Ealth.

INT. PARLOR - LATER

The Parkfields and Lisa relax in front of a roaring fire. Lisa notices a brass bugle on the wall.

LISA

(RE: HORN) That's not a hunting horn,
is it?

MR. PARKFIELD

Quite the reverse. Whenever a hunt is
going on, I blow this horn on the
hilltop and all the foxes in the area
come to our lands for sanctuary.

Lisa takes it down and examines it, then blows a little jazzy RIFF. When she is finished, the Parkfields APPLAUD enthusiastically.

MR. PARKFIELD (CONT'D)

Bravo! See, Mary. Not all the great
jazz musicians are British.

Suddenly dozens of FOXES leap through the open window, SNAPPING rabidly and tearing up stuff. The Parkfields, Hugh, and Lisa all LAUGH.

MRS. PARKFIELD

Look, they're foaming at the mouth with
joy.

EXT. HILL TOP

Hugh and Lisa sit on HORSES on the top of a hill. Hugh is pointing out the sights.

HUGH

That's where the Magna Carta was first
drafted. And over there is Stonehenge.

LISA

Did they ever figure out why it was
built?

HUGH

Why yes, to distract people from
looking at that.

He points in the other direction at a huge alien spacecraft
where LITTLE GREEN MEN supervise the loading of kidnapped
PIGS and CHILDREN.

EXT. MEADOW

Lisa and Hugh recline on a picnic blanket in a beautiful
meadow next to their tethered horses. They gaze at a
beautiful sunset.

LISA

(ENCHANTED) This place is so beautiful,
Hugh. I love it here.

HUGH

I wanted this to be perfect for you. I
know you Americans like everything to
be fireworks.

He lights a fireworks display and gets on bended knee. As
the fireworks SHOOT up behind him, he takes her hand. A
giant fireworks board on the opposite hill ignites and
spells out on separate lines: "Lisa, will you... do me the
honor of... giving me your hand in... the holy tradition
of... matrimo-." The last line of the display MISFIRES
pathetically.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Oh blast!

He talks into his wrist phone.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Go to "Plan B."

After a beat a COW with a big bell around its neck is pushed from behind a bush into frame. It wears a sandwich board that reads, "Marry Me."

LISA

(MOVED) Oh, Hugh. Yes, I will.

They KISS.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PARKFIELD MANOR - PARLOR

MRS. PARKFIELD

You're getting married? What wonderful news!

MR. PARKFIELD

This calls for champagne.

He struggles with something offscreen. We hear the familiar POP. He lifts a small open pill bottle into frame.

MR. PARKFIELD (CONT'D)

Dom Perignon pills for all!

Everyone swallows a pill, waits expectantly, then looks disappointed.

MR. PARKFIELD (CONT'D)

These pills'll never catch on.

INT. PARKFIELD MANOR - BEDROOM - LATER

Lisa is crouched over a videophone. Marge's face appears on the screen. Marge looks older, in her late forties, and her hair is pulled back into a bun.

LISA

Hi Mom.

MARGE

Lisa!! Hello! How're you doing in England? Remember, an elevator is called a "lift," a mile is called a "kilometer," and botulism is called "steak and kidney pie."

LISA

Guess what -- Hugh and I are getting married.

MARGE

(YELLING) ALL RIGHT!!! Lisa, that's wonderful. If only your father was still with us. But he left for work a few minutes ago.

LISA

Mom, remember when I was little, we'd always plan my dream wedding and you always promised to, you know, keep Dad from ruining it?

MARGE

Don't worry, Lisa. I guarantee your father will behave.

We see Marge nervously crossing the fingers on both hands.

LISA

(RE: FINGERS) Mom, it's a picture phone.

MARGE

(CAUGHT, THEN LYING) No, Lisa. I've just got a touch of the rheumatiz.

LISA

Oh.

Marge wipes her brow in relief.

LISA (CONT'D)

Mom, picture phone.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - ESTABLISHING

CLOSE-UP ON THE BACK OF A SWIVEL CHAIR

It swivels around, revealing Bart in a suit and tie, talking on a newfangled wrist phone.

BART

Hey, Mom. That's great news about

Lisa, but I got to get back to work.

(HANGS UP)

PULL BACK further to reveal that he's in the driver's seat of a big wrecking ball crane, and is wearing a suit and tie T-shirt.

BART (CONT'D)

(RE: T-SHIRT) Heh, heh. These shirts
are still funny.

Bart swings the wrecking ball around, **SMASHING** the windows of the skyscraper.

BART (CONT'D)

(IN ECSTASY) Oh yeah!

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

A sign reads: "Springfield Nuclear Plant. Still Operating Thanks to the Lengthy Appeals Process."

INT. POWER PLANT

A quick PAN through the plant shows all the old workstations replaced by simple robots, a conference room where Lenny and Carl in suits talk with a team of Asian businessmen, and finally Homer's work station, which is completely unchanged.

HOMER'S WORK STATION

Homer is on the phone. He looks very similar, only he's a little fatter, a little balder. He is wearing an electronic billboard on his back that dissolves between ads reading: "Shop Kwik-E-Mall," "Eat More Garnish" and "Your Ad Here."

HOMER

Woo hoo! Marge, that's great news!

MILHOUSE pokes his head in, carrying a clipboard. He has lost all his hair except for a blue ring around the back.

MILHOUSE

Hey hey, with the personal calls
Simpson.

HOMER

But Mr. Milhouse, my little girl's
getting married!

MILHOUSE

Lisa? (GROANS) My one true love.

MILHOUSE FLASHBACK

A teen-aged Lisa sits with Milhouse in the front seat of a car.

LISA

It's not you, Milhouse. I just don't
plan to ever get married.

Milhouse **BURSTS** into tears.

BACK TO SCENE

MILHOUSE

(TO HOMER) I think I'll write your
performance evaluation now, Simpson.

He exits.

HOMER

Yes! I'm finally going to get that
promotion that all the other guys got.

EXT. SIMPSONS' BLOCK - ESTABLISHING

The Simpson house is much the same, only with a lot of
shoddy-looking add-ons. All the other houses on the block
however are much improved and nicer than before.

INT. SIMPSONS - KITCHEN

Homer paces excitedly.

HOMER

Marge, I'll take care of everything.
First I'll save us big bucks by calling
and inviting the wedding guests.

He picks up the telephone handset and listens.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(FRUSTRATED NOISE; YELLING UPSTAIRS)

Maggie! I need to use the phone! Will
that girl ever shut up?

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE, now an alienated fifteen-year old, rolls her eyes
and makes a face as Homer screams upstairs.

BACK TO SCENE

As Homer continues to talk in the background, Marge
furtively cracks a capsule, pours powder into a drink and
stirs it.

HOMER

We can have the reception at Moe's!
Plenty of booze. Juke box. The toilet
in the ladies' room doesn't geyser
anymore.

Marge hands him the stirred drink.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Thanks honey. (TAKES A SIP) If we do
it at Happy Hour, that takes care of
the appetizers. And... I'll... make
my... famous... chili...

Homer slows down as the drugged drink takes effect. His
head drops forward onto the table with a CLUNK.

MARGE

You look tired, Homie. Maybe I should
just take it from here.

CLOSE-UP OF INVITATION

On beautiful engraved stationery, it reads: Mr. and Mrs.
Homer J. Simpson request the pleasure of your company at
the marriage of their daughter, Lisa Marie, to Hugh St.
John Alastair Parkfield at the Springfield Meadow, Sunday,
One P.M., August 1, 2010.

Pull back to see Smithers reading his invitation.

SMITHERS

Mr. Smithers plus guest. There's only
one person I would want to bring.

He opens a freezer and pulls out a long tube. He wipes the
frost away to reveal inside the pale frozen Mr. Burns.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Oh, Mr. Burns, we'll thaw you out the
second they discover the cure for
seventeen stab wounds in the back.

He turns away from the tube to survey a busy laboratory
filled with scientists at work.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

How're we doing, boys?

FRINK

We're up to fifteen!

SMITHERS

Keep going! I'll give thicker nerd

glasses to the nerd who solves this!

He holds up very thick black nerd glasses held together by tape. The scientists CHEER and work doubly hard.

CLOSE-UP OF ANOTHER INVITATION

PULL BACK to see it's in Skinner's hand as he walks down the decrepit halls of his old school. He stops and peers in a classroom.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - MISS HOOVER'S CLASSROOM

It's crammed with kids, sitting in bunk school desks stacked three high. MISS HOOVER sits reading a paperback next to a big TV screen that all the kids are watching. On the screen, a white-haired TROY MCCLURE leans in front of a blackboard that reads: "Pepsi Presents Addition and Subtraction."

TROY

Now turn to the next problem. If you have three "Pepsis" and drink one, how much more refreshed are you? (POINTS OFF SCREEN) You, the redhead in the Chicago school system.

A GIRL'S face appears in a small corner of the screen.

GIRL (O.S.)

Pepsi?

TROY

Partial credit.

Skinner opens the door and motions Miss Hoover over.

SKINNER

(SHOWING INVITE) We've been invited to
the wedding of our only graduate to
read at an adult level.

MISS HOOVER

It must be Lisa Simpson, because of
course Martin Prince perished in that
chem lab explosion.

QUICK PAN DOWN INTO THE TUNNELS UNDER THE SCHOOL

where a disfigured Martin sits at an organ wearing a mask.

MARTIN

Not quite perished, my lady love.

Though some days, I wish I had.

He starts playing a spirited version of "Popcorn."

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - A MONTH LATER

An airport cab with a sign reading "Otto Cab Co" and a
picture of a short-haired, business-like OTTO saluting the
customer on the door.

INT. OTTO CAB

The driver, an older broken-down MAYOR QUIMBY. Lisa
scrutinizes Quimby's face in the mirror.

LISA

Hey, I remember you. Mayor Quimby,
right?

QUIMBY

Er, no, no. Look at license. Mohamed
Jafar.

OTTO (V.O.)

(OVER THE RADIO) Quimby, after this
fare, get yer indicted ass out to the
convention center.

QUIMBY

(KRUSTY GROAN) Yes sir.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET

They drive past the nuclear plant towers. Lisa gets
nervous.

LISA

(NERVOUS LAUGHS) Just a couple blocks
to my house.

Her LAUGHS turn into HYPERVENTILATING. She puts her head
in between her knees.

HUGH

What is it, Lisa? C'mon. I've learned
to read your body language. You're
worried that I won't get along with
your parents.

Lisa HYPERVENTILATES quickly in an affirmative way.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Lisa, darling, don't worry. You've so
thoroughly prepared me for the worst,
as long as they're not squatting in a
ditch poking berries up their noses...

LISA

And if they are?

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Bart sees the cab coming down the street.

BART

Here they come! Raise the flag!

Homer raises a proud British flag at the top of a makeshift flagpole. The wind blows the corner of the flag into a bug zapper. SPARKS begin to fly.

The cab pulls up. Hugh and Lisa step out just in time to see the Union Jack catch fire.

HOMER

Yo, Hugh. Here's a little bit of U.S.
hospitality. What do you think of
that?

Homer points to the flag as it completely BURSTS into flames.

CLOSE UP

Hugh's shocked face. In the reflection of his eyes we see the flag of his beloved country in flames. A single tear rolls down his face.

LISA

(POINTING AT FLAG) Dad!

Homer and Bart now notice the flag's in flames. They SCREAM and Homer frantically pulls it down. They violently begin STOMPING the flag into the mud.

HOMER

Stomp it boy, stomp it!

BART

Grind it under your boot, Dad!

MARGE

Now throw compost on it!

Homer and Bart shovel huge hunks of foul compost onto the flames. Homer picks up the blackened, stinking flag.

HOMER

(FANNING AWAY STINK) Whew! Enjoy.

He hands the flag to Hugh.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Homer leads Hugh and Lisa into a new bedroom.

HOMER

You can be the first to try out the new
guest bedroom I built. (QUIETLY)
Remember, if the building inspector
comes by, it's not a room, it's a
window box.

INT. NEW BEDROOM

As soon as Homer leaves, Lisa hugs Hugh.

LISA

Oh Hugh, thank you. You've been just
wonderful through this entire ordeal.

HUGH

Lisa, I love you so much I'm willing to
go through anything.

Hugh instantly **FALLS** through the floor and disappears.

LISA

(GASP) Are you okay?

HUGH (V.O.)

I'm fine, Lisa. Fortunately, the
compost heap broke my fall. Be a dear
and run a bath.

INT. SIMPSONS DINING ROOM - LATER

We PAN the Simpson family (including a teenage Maggie) as they all eat in their usual RAVENOUS manner. We end on Hugh, who looks appalled.

MARGE

(QUIETLY) Homer! Bart! Maggie!

Company eating rules.

HOMER

Oh, right.

They begin taking little dainty NIBBLES.

BART

Anyway, Hugh, I don't just drive the wrecking ball, also the bulldozer. And I'm taking a test to work the machine that crushes cars into cubes. I figure as soon as I get out all my aggression then it's off to law school.

HOMER

So, Hugh. Have you heard all the latest American jokes? Uh, here's a good one. Pull my finger.

HUGH

(CHUCKLES POLITELY) We have that one in England too, Mr. Simpson.

HOMER

(THREATENING) I said, pull my finger.

LISA

(CHANGING SUBJECT) Uh, Mom, we've got my wedding dress fitting this afternoon. Maggie, if you're not doing anything, why don't you come with us?

Maggie begins to answer with her mouth full.

MARGE

(INTERRUPTING) Maggie! Don't talk with your mouth full.

HOMER

Me and Bart'll take Hugh out on the town this afternoon.

LISA

Hugh should take it easy this afternoon because of his fall.

HUGH

Oh, Lisa please. The only thing bruised in that fall was my spine. (TO HOMER) I'll be delighted.

HOMER

Great. There's only one thing I ask in return.

HUGH

Certainly.

HOMER

Pull my finger.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - LATER

Homer drives with Hugh in front, Bart in back. Homer drives on the left side of the road. Cars flash their brights, HONK and swerve out of the way. Hugh looks terrified.

HOMER

(YELLING ABOVE HORNS) So this driving
on the left make you feel more at home,
Hugh?

INT. MOE'S

Moe's looks exactly the same, with depressed BARFLIES watching TV.

ON TV

A tabloid news show.

HOST

And tonight the following celebrities
have been arrested:

An enormous list scrolls quickly down the screen.

HOST (CONT'D)

...while Heather Locklear Fortensky
remains at large. Remember, if you see
any celebrities, consider them
dangerous.

BACK TO SCENE

We see Moe is missing three fingers of his left hand and wears an eyepatch. Hugh drains a big mug of beer, and Moe puts a new one in front of him.

HUGH

You know, I rather like this pub.

MOE

(POURING) An English boy, eh? We saved your ass in World War Two.

HUGH

Yeah, well, we saved your ass in World War Three.

MOE

That's true.

Homer sloppily puts his arm around Hugh's shoulders.

HOMER

Listen Hugh, there's something I want you to have, before you marry my daughter. My dad gave me some cuff links to wear on the day I married Marge, and they brought us good luck. I couldn't imagine a happier marriage. We don't have many traditions in our family, but it'd mean a lot to me if you kept this one alive.

HUGH

(MOVED) Well I'd be honored...

Homer holds a box up to Hugh's face and opens it revealing two garish cuff links: a big pink plastic pig in a tuxedo on one, and a big pig in a wedding dress on another.

HUGH (CONT'D)

(FINISHING WITH LESS ENTHUSIASM) ...to wear... those.

Homer beams.

ANGLE ON BART

He is wearing a virtual reality helmet miming the act of shooting pool. Another PERSON nearby in a helmet mimes the act of playing darts. He **THROWS** one in Bart's direction. Bart grabs his shoulder in pain.

BART

Ow! Hey watch those virtual darts.

I'm trying to play virtual pool!

Bart **SWINGS** at him with his invisible cue.

OTHER PLAYER

Ow!

They begin **FIGHTING** without ever touching each other.

MOE

Hey, hey, no fighting in my bar.

Moe pushes a button. Both Bart and the other player grab their heads and drop to the floor, writhing and **SCREAMING** in pain.

INT. SIMPSONS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Marge are in bed, watching TV.

ON TV

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now we return to "The Krusty

Gridiron Special!"

On a big brightly lit stage, football players run out and line up past KRUSTY, who sits in a chair with a rug over his knees and an ugly nurse behind him.

KRUSTY

(MUMBLING AS THE JOCKS RUN BY) Man,
just look at him. He's so big, he's as
big as my antibiotic pill. And this
guy, well brother, in Texas they grow
'em big as my anti-inflammatory pill.
Ugh. My ankles hurt.

BACK TO SCENE

MARGE

He's a national treasure.

HOMER

Marge, it's so great to have the whole
family together under one roof. I
never realized how much I missed it.
Listen to the murmurs in the next room.
The house is full of life again.

(LISTENS CONTENTEDLY)

After a beat, Homer violently POUNDS the wall.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Keep it down in there!

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hugh and Lisa are in bed.

LISA

All right, Dad! (QUIETLY) I'm sorry I
left you alone with Homer and Bart.

HUGH

No, no, honey. We had a fine time.

LISA

How did you get that gash on your forehead?

HUGH

That was when we hid in the dumpster after the fire alarm went off in the pornographic magazine warehouse.

LISA

You are so good to put up with all of this.

HUGH

Don't be silly, Lisa. We had a fine time. Really. Now, go to sleep. We have a big day ahead of us tomorrow. A big, long day.

He KISSES Lisa goodnight. She turns out the light and falls asleep. Hugh stares worriedly into the night.

EXT. SIMPSONS' HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

Morning breaks over the Simpson house. We hear sounds of BRUSHING TEETH, then a SPIT. Suddenly, Hugh in his bathrobe FALLS partially through the floor of an add-on room that hangs out over the yard.

HUGH

Oh, bloody hell!

He pulls himself back in.

INT. SIMPSONS - LISA'S OLD ROOM - MORNING

Lisa walks in, harried, holding her wedding dress on a hanger.

MARGE

Lisa, I can't believe it's your wedding day already.

LISA

Mom, I feel kinda funny wearing white - I mean, Milhouse.

MARGE

Oh, Milhouse doesn't count.

They GIGGLE.

LISA

Okay, I've got something old - that's my pearl necklace. Something new is the wedding dress. Something borrowed is this antique brooch Hugh's mother wants me to wear. Now I just need something blue.

Marge impulsively grabs a scissors from the dresser and cuts off a lock of her hair.

MARGE

Here.

LISA

Oh Mom. Thanks.

Lisa takes it and hugs Marge.

INT. SIMPSONS - FRONT HALL

Bart calls upstairs.

BART

C'mon ladies, the love boat's leaving
port! All aboard! (TO SELF) Ugh. I'm
starting to sound like an old fart.
Gotta quit doing that.

Maggie comes bounding down the stairs in a dress, but with
spiked multi-colored hair and a pacifier hanging from her
pierced nostril. She tries to get past Bart.

BART (CONT'D)

Maggie, it's time we had a talk. You
need to straighten up and fly right.
No one's going to hire you to run a
wrecking ball looking like that.

MAGGIE

(ARGUES BACK PASSIONATELY, BUT IS
DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUND OF HOMER
HONKING THE HORN)

SFX: HONK!

HOMER (O.S.)

(YELLING) Let's go!

BART

(CALLING OUT DOOR) Okay, Dad! We're
coming. Hold your horses! (THEN GROANS
TO SELF) Hold your horses?

EXT. SPRINGFIELD MEADOW - DAY

The Simpsons' car pulls up at the site of the wedding in front of a big white tent (with two smaller side tents for the bride and groom to change. In the background, the nuclear plant looms over the river, where a BIG THREE-EYED FISH leaps briefly out of the water, followed by a LITTLE SIX-EYED FISH, a ONE-EYED FISH and finally a little WEIRD, COW/FISH HYBRID).

EXT. MAIN TENT

A truck with the sign "Catering by Doris: German-American Cuisine in Heavy Gravy" is backed up near the tent flap. Lunchlady Doris is supervising the unloading of trays of food by JIMBO and DOLPH, who both have droopy mustaches. Jimbo picks up a rock and **BOUNCES** it off Dolph's head. Dolph **YELPS** and drops the food.

LUNCHLADY DORIS

Jimbo! Dolph! Stop throwing rocks!

Remember, one phone call from me and
you're back on that chain gang.

JIMBO/DOLPH

(COWED) Yes, ma'am.

They pick up the dropped food and put it back on the tray.

INT. BRIDE'S TENT

Lisa is by herself in her wedding dress. Bart steps in behind her.

BART

Wow, Lisa. You look beautiful. It
seems like only yesterday you were
helping me with my homework.

LISA

That was yesterday. Quick -- what's
the last thing you check before you
crush a car?

BART

The glove compartment?

LISA

The trunk, but you were close.

BART

Looking at you makes me want to get married for a third time. I met a really nice exotic dancer the other night at Hugh's bachelor party.

LISA

Hugh didn't have a bachelor party.

BART

We had one in his honor. (OFF HER LOOK) I had one in his honor. (FINALLY) I went to a strip club.

INT. MAIN TENT - SIMULTANEOUS

We see a close up of a very nervous Hugh.

HUGH

Well, here goes nothing. (DEEP BREATH)
Mom, Dad, meet Homer Simpson.

Widen to see Hugh is introducing his parents to Homer. They ad lib **PERFUNCTORY GREETINGS**, which are followed by a long, awkward silence. Finally...

HOMER

You know who's great? Elton John.

HUGH

(BURSTING WITH GREAT RELIEF) Yes, yes.
That's not too bad!

EXT. MAIN TENT

GUESTS are starting to arrive. PATTY and SELMA show up, older and heavier. They walk over to Krabappel.

PATTY

Krabappel, if you get in the way of
that bouquet, I'll stuff that sun hat
down your neck!

ANGLE ON SMITHERS AND BURNS

Smithers walks in with a reanimated Mr. Burns, who walks stiffly.

MR. BURNS

Smithers, take me home. I'm not fully
defrosted.

SMITHERS

Nonsense. Just sit down and rest for a
moment.

Smithers lowers Burns into a chair. Burns breaks completely in half at his midriff.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Oh no. We've got a little situation
here.

MR. BURNS

I can't feel anything below my
cummerbund.

INT. LISA'S TENT

Homer peeks in.

HOMER

Ooh la la.

LISA

Hi, Daddy.

HOMER

You look great.

LISA

Thanks.

HOMER

I would have dressed you in something a little more "Bo Peep" in the shoulders, but... (HE TAKES HER HANDS IN HIS)

Little Lisa. Lisa Simpson. You know, I always felt that you were the best thing my name ever got attached to. Since the time you learned to pin your own diapers, I haven't been as smart as you.

LISA

Oh Dad...

HOMER

No, no, let me finish. I just want you to know that I've always been proud of you. You're my greatest accomplishment and you did it all yourself. You helped me understand my own wife better and taught me to be a better person. But you're also my daughter, and I don't think anybody could have had a better daughter than you--

LISA

(SWEETLY) Dad, you're babbling.

HOMER

See? You're still helping me.

Homer takes Lisa's head in his hands and **KISSES** her softly on the forehead. She notices the two pig cuff links on Homer.

LISA

Hey, Dad. Did you forget to give those to Hugh?

HOMER

(EMBARRASSED) Aw, no...

LISA

Well?

HOMER

I found them on the night stand this morning. I guess they weren't his "cup of tea." Don't worry about it.

LISA

But you've been going on about these
all week. I'm sure he just forgot.

She takes the cuff links and exits.

EXT. GROOM'S TENT

The Parkfields chat with some ENGLISH FRIENDS.

ENGLISH FRIEND

Was Fergie able to come?

MR. PARKFIELD

I'm afraid so. (HE GESTURES)

ANGLE ON FERGIE

FERGIE, fat and sloppy drunk, is making out with BARNEY by
the hors d'oeuvres table.

BARNEY

Take it easy, baby! People are
watching.

INT. GROOM'S TENT

Hugh is straightening his tie when Lisa pushes in.

HUGH

Lisa! We're not supposed to see each
other before the wedding. It's
tradition.

LISA

What about my family's tradition?

She holds out the pig cuff links.

HUGH

Surely you don't want me to wear those.
In front of my parents and their
friends?

LISA

But you promised my Dad you would.

HUGH

I was just humoring him. Frankly, he
frightens me a bit.

LISA

Okay, they look a little silly, but his
feelings will be hurt if you don't wear
them.

HUGH

(ANNOYED) Fine. (HE STARTS PUTTING
THEM ON) I must say, you were right.
This has been quite trying. You know
I've attempted to enjoy your family on
a personal level, on an ironic level,
as a novelty, as camp, as kitsch, as a
cautionary example, nothing works.
Frankly, I'll be quite relieved when we
get back to England and we won't have
to deal with them.

LISA

Are you saying that we won't see my
family again?

HUGH

Well, possibly your mother will come
when the children are born.

LISA

I can't believe I'm hearing this. I
don't want to cut my family out of my
life.

HUGH

Really? But Lisa, you're better than
this place. You're like a flower that
grew out of a pot of dirt.

LISA

That's a horrible thing to say.

HUGH

Come on, you complain about them more
than anyone.

LISA

Maybe. But I still love them. And I
don't think you understand that.

Lisa takes his hand, squeezes it, and leaves the tent.
Hugh looks into his hand.

HUGH'S POV

Lisa has given him back his ring.

BACK TO SCENE

After a beat, Lisa comes back in and RIPS the cuff links
off his wrists.

EXT. MAIN TENT

The guests are seated. REVEREND LOVEJOY is at a podium in
the front of the tent.

REVEREND LOVEJOY

And now, to sing "Amazing Grace,"

Maggie Simpson.

Maggie steps up to the mike.

ANGLE ON AUDIENCE

DR. HIBBERT leans over to another GUEST.

DR. HIBBERT

She's quite a hellion, but she does
have an incredible voice.

BACK TO MAGGIE

She smiles shyly, CLEARS HER THROAT and is about to start
when Hugh BURSTS out of his tent in back.

HUGH

(DISTRAUGHT) Stop everything. The
wedding has been called off.

There is HUBBUB in the crowd.

ADULT NELSON

Haw haw.

NELSON JR.

Haw haw.

(Adult Nelson pats Nelson Jr. lovingly on the head).
Reverend Lovejoy takes the podium again.

REVEREND LOVEJOY

This is very sad news. Now, in this
circumstance, I believe the Bible
suggests an old-fashioned fistfight
between the Yanks and the Brits.

MOE

Let's go boys. They're outnumbered.

Fergie grabs Moe in a headlock and starts **KNEEING** him in the face.

ANGLE ON BACK OF TENT

Lisa, confused and full of emotion, slips out of the back of the tent. Milhouse runs up to her.

MILHOUSE

Lisa! I knew you'd see the light! Come back and live with me in Springfield!

LISA

(ANNOYED) No.

MILHOUSE

Okay. That didn't hurt as much as the first time. (BEAT; SOBS)

LISA

walks away as the crowd looks at her and **MURMURS**. She walks into the woods by the meadow. She turns and looks back at the wedding.

LISA'S POV

The tents of the wedding dissolve into the tents of the Renaissance Fair.

ANGLE BACK ON LISA

She is a little girl again, in the present, standing next to the fortune teller's tent.

There's a tarot card with Hugh's face on it.

FORTUNE TELLER

...the next day, Hugh goes back to England and you never see him again.

Lisa just sits there, blown away.

FORTUNE TELLER (CONT'D)

Oh, and Bart fails the test to operate
the car-crushing machine.

LISA

Wow. Now that I know all this, isn't
there any way to change the future?

FORTUNE TELLER

No. But try to look surprised.

LISA

(DOWNBEAT) I thought you said you'd
tell me about my true love?

FORTUNE TELLER

Oh, you'll have a true love. But I
specialize in foretelling the
relationships where you get jerked
around.

The Fortune Teller begins CACKLING. She **THROWS DOWN** a
smoke bomb. The **LAUGHTER** fades away, but when the smoke
clears she's still there, staring blankly at Lisa. A
slightly confused Lisa gets up and exits. She picks up the
rabbit and walks away back to the fair.

EXT. RENAISSANCE FAIR

Lisa lets the rabbit go, then Homer comes bounding up.

HOMER

Lisa, Lisa! Where were you!? You missed
the most incredible thing!

LISA

Hi, Dad.

HOMER

I ate seven pounds of fudge!

He puts his arm around her and leads her off into the crowd.

HOMER (CONT'D) (V.O.)

The man at the stand said it was a record!

LISA (V.O.)

Wow. What else did you do, Dad?

HOMER (V.O.)

(EXCITED) I rode the teacups! Then I got a little sick and I had to sit down. But then I rode them again!

FADE OUT:

THE END