Production No. 3F02

The Simpsons

"BART SELLS HIS SOUL"

Written by

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Created by
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FINAL 1

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FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

"BART SELLS HIS SOUL"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER

BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH

REV. LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER

CONGREGATION.....ALL

NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER

RALPH WIGGUM.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN

CROW.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER

TEENAGE HIBBERT BOY.....HANK AZARIA

PRE-TEEN HIBBERT KID....TRESS MACNEILLE

LITTLE HIBBERT GIRL.....RUSSI TAYLOR

MOE.....HANK AZARIA

CARL.....HANK AZARIA

DINOSAUR.....DAN CASTELLANETA

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER...DAN CASTELLANETA

SNOWBALL II.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

ROD FLANDERS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

TODD FLANDERS.....PAMELA HAYDEN

NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN

DOLPH.....TRESS MACNEILLE

BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA

ANNOUNCER
(MASON ADAMS VOICE).....HARRY SHEARER

JINGLERS.....HANK/DAN/TRESS/MAGGIE

MRS. VAN HOUTEN.....MAGGIE ROSWELL

SHERRI.....RUSSI TAYLOR

TERRI.....RUSSI TAYLOR

UNCTUOUS WAITER.....HANK AZARIA

MAUDE FLANDERS.....MAGGIE ROSWELL

FIGURE.....HANK AZARIA

LITTLE BOY.....RUSSI TAYLOR

JAILBIRD.....HANK AZARIA

KRUSTY THE KLOWN.....DAN CASTELLANETA

CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA

VERY CUTE, LITTLE GIRL..NANCY CARTWRIGHT

RAVING DERELICT.....DAN CASTELLANETA

NANA VAN HOUTEN.....TRESS MACNEILLE

COMIC BOOK GUY.....HANK AZARIA

ITCHY.....DAN CASTELLANETA

SCRATCHY.....HARRY SHEARER

MARTIN.....RUSSI TAYLOR

MARTIN'S SOUL.....RUSSI TAYLOR

HOMER'S BRAIN.....DAN CASTELLANETA

CUSTOMERS.....ALL

MR.VAN HOUTEN.....HANK AZARIA

PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER

SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER

DRIVER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

BART SELLS HIS SOUL

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN: **SCENE 1**

EXT. ESTABLISHING - SPRINGFIELD CHURCH - SUNDAY MORNING

The church marquee reads: "No Shoes--No Shirt--No Salvation." FAMILIES enter wearing their Sunday best.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CHURCH - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

BART holds a basket labelled "Today's Hymns." Each person takes a xeroxed handout from it as they enter.

BART

Hymns here! I got hymns here! Get 'em while they're holy! Fresh from God's brain to your mouth! (SNEAKY CHUCKLE)

INT. SPRINGFIELD CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

REV. LOVEJOY

And now please rise for our opening hymn... (CONSULTING HANDOUT) Uh, "Stairway to Heaven" by "Ed Zeppelin?"

At the organ, MRS. FISCHE puts on her bifocals and begins sight-reading the sheet music.

CONGREGATION

(SINGING) There's a lady who's sure / All that glitters is gold / And she's buying a stairway to heaven.

BART

(GLEEFUL CHUCKLE)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH - TEN MINUTES LATER

Mrs. Fische is rocking out at the organ, but she doesn't look too happy about it.

CONGREGATION

(SINGING) And as we wind on down the road / Our shadows taller than our soul / There walks a lady we all know...

REV. LOVEJOY

(TO HIMSELF) Wait a minute -- This sounds like rock and/or roll.

A beach ball **CAROMS** off his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH - A MINUTE LATER

The exhausted, swaying congregation finishes up. Several members hold up lit votive candles.

CONGREGATION

And she's buy-ing a stairway...

FLANDERS

(EXTREME FALSETTO) to -- Heav-en.

HOMER

(AFTER A BEAT, THEN SINGS) Wanna whole lotta love. (DESCENDING GUITAR SOUND) Wanna whole lotta love... (SCAT SINGING)

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rev. Lovejoy, furious, has all the children lined up and is angrily waving the xeroxed handout.

REV. LOVEJOY

I know one of you is responsible for this. So repeat after me: If I withhold the truth, may I go straight to hell, where I will eat naught but burning hot coals and drink naught but burning hot cola...

CUT around the room to see children repeating after him.

RALPH

(SCARED)... where fiery demons will punch me in the back...

BART

(NONCHALANT) ...where my soul will be chopped into confetti and strewn upon a parade of murderers and single mothers...

MILHOUSE

(NERVOUS) ...where my tongue will be torn out by ravenous birds...

Milhouse glances nervously out the window to see a CROW sitting on a branch. It suddenly whips its head around 180 degrees and stares directly at Milhouse.

CROW

(HELLISH SHRIEK)

MILHOUSE

(CRACKING) Bart did it! That Bart right there!
SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BART

(BETRAYED) Milhouse!

REV. LOVEJOY

Milhouse, you did the right thing. Bart, come with me for punishment. (TO MILHOUSE) You too, Snitchy.

INT. CHURCH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rev. Lovejoy, Milhouse, and Bart stand in front of the organ.

REV. LOVEJOY

I want you to clean every one of these organ pipes that you have befouled with your "popular music."

He hands them a variety of long, thin brushes and walks off. They begin listlessly snaking the brushes up into the pipes.

BART

You shank. How could you tell on me?

MILHOUSE

Well, I didn't want hungry birds pecking my soul forever.

BART

Soul? Come on. C'mon, Milhouse. There's no such thing as a soul. It's just something they made up to scare kids, like the Boogeyman or Michael Jackson.

MILHOUSE

But every religion says there's a soul, Bart. Why would they lie? What would they have to gain?

We see a business-like Rev. Lovejoy in his office emptying the collection plate into a **CHURNING**, Vegas-style money sorter.

REV. LOVEJOY

(SING-SONG) I don't hear scrubbing.

BART

Well, if your soul's real, where is it?

MILHOUSE

(RUBBING CHEST) It's kinda in here. (THEN BUILDING CONFIDENCE) And when you sneeze, that's your soul trying to escape. Saying "God bless you" crams it back in. And when you die, it squirms out and flies away.

BART

Uh huh. What if you die in a submarine at the bottom of the ocean?

MILHOUSE

(SMUG) Oh, it can swim. It's even got wheels, in case you die in the desert and it has to drive to the cemetery.

BART

(DISDAINFUL) How can someone with glasses that thick be so stupid? Listen. You don't have a soul, I don't have a soul, there's no such thing as a soul.

Milhouse simmers silently for a beat, then...

MILHOUSE

Fine. (CAGEY) If you're so sure about that, why don't you sell your soul to me.

BART

(BEAT) How much you got?

MILHOUSE

Five bucks.

BART

Deal.

CLOSE UP on a sheet of Church stationery with Bart's hand writing the words "Bart Simpson's Soul." PULL BACK to see Bart give it to Milhouse.

BART (CONT'D)

There you go: one soul.

Bart smells the bill happily then pockets it. Simultaneously, Milhouse carefully folds the soul, puts it in his shirt pocket and pats it.

MILHOUSE

Pleasure doing business with you.

BART

Any time, chummmmm...p.

INT. STATION WAGON - THAT AFTERNOON SCENE 2

DR. HIBBERT and his FAMILY are out for a drive.

DR. HIBBERT

All right, where would you kids like to eat tonight?

PRE-TEEN HIBBERT KID

The Spaghetti Laboratory!

LITTLE HIBBERT GIRL

FaceStuffers!

TEENAGE HIBBERT BOY

Professor V.J. Cornucopia's Fantastic Foodmagorium and Great American Steakery!

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) Well, what about this place? (READING SIGN) "Moe's."

His car pulls up in front of Moe's.

INT. MOE'S - A MINUTE LATER

It's a typically dismal scene as HOMER, BARNEY, CARL, and the BARFLIES slump on the bar. One **SOBS** softly. As the Hibberts enter, a shaft of light shoots in from the door and hits Barney.

BARNEY

(FLAILING) Agh! Natural light! Get it off me! Get it off me!

DR. HIBBERT

(LOOKING AROUND) Oh, I'm sorry. I thought this was a family restaurant.

MOE

(LYING) Oh, it is. It is. Just, uh, pull them stools up to the pool table.

LITTLE HIBBERT GIRL

Daddy, this place smells like tinkle.

DR. HIBBERT

Mmm-hmm, I think we'll just go to The Texas Cheesecake Depository.

The Hibberts exit.

MOE

Everybody is goin' to family restaurants these days. Seems nobody wants to hang out in a dank pit no more.

CARL

Ya ain't thinking of gettin' rid of the dank, are ya?

MOE

Uh, maybe I am. There's no future in watching you guys drink yourselves into an early grave, entertaining as that might be.

CARL

Oh, but Moe, the dank, the dank.

MOE

(LOST IN THOUGHT) Yeah. Family restaurants. That's where the big bucks are.

The barflies **MURMUR** in disbelief. The sobbing one **SOBS** even louder.

BARFLIES

Family restaurant? / What about us? / You're scaring us, Moe! / Come on / Can we still get our mail here?

MOE

I could turn this joint into a place where you wouldn't be ashamed to bring your family, huh?

HOMER

I'm not ashamed.

Homer pulls MAGGIE out from under his stool. She has a cocktail parasol sticking out of her mouth. It opens and closes as she **SUCKS**. He plops her down on top of the bar.

MOE

Hey, put a coaster under that.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Bart opens a package labelled "DinoSponges" with a cartoon dinosaur saying: "Dampen me for dinosaur terror." He gingerly pulls out a dried dinosaur sponge as if it is a high explosive. He sets it on the driveway and picks up a hose.

BART

(SNEAKY) Oh, Li-sa. There's a little present for you lying in the driveway.

LISA (O.S.)

(EXCITED) Oh boy! Really?

BART'S FANTASY

Bart sprays the sponge with a hose. It instantly grows into a 70-foot T-Rex which **ROARS** and seizes LISA in its jaws.

DINOSAUR

(SPONGY GUMMING SOUNDS)

LISA

Nooooo! It's dripping funny-smelling water all over me!

Bart **SNICKERS.**

BACK TO REALITY

As Lisa approaches, Bart sprays the sponge. It slowly, undramatically increases in size by thirty percent and is washed into the gutter.

BART

(GROANS) I wasted five bucks on these.

LISA

Where'd you get five bucks? I want five bucks.

BART

(PROUDLY) I sold my soul to Milhouse.

LISA

What? How could you do that? Your soul is the most valuable part of you!

BART

You believe in that junk?

LISA

Well, whether or not the soul is physically real, Bart, it's the symbol of everything fine inside us.

BART

(TSK SOUNDS) Poor gullible Lisa. I'll keep my crappy sponges, thanks.

LISA

Bart, your soul is the only part of you that lasts forever. For five dollars, Milhouse could own you for a zillion years.

BART

Well, if you think he got such a good deal, I'll sell you my conscience for four-fifty.

Lisa shakes her head and starts to leave.

BART (CONT'D)

I'll throw in my sense of decency, too. It's a Bart sales event! Everything about me must go!

INT. BART'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER is lying on the floor, peacefully. Bart enters.

BART

Hey, boy. How ya doin'?

Bart bends over to pet the dog.

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

(SUSPICIOUS GROWL)

Bart backs away.

BART (CONT'D)

Man, what's gotten into you?

He walks by the CAT.

SNOWBALL II

(SUSPICIOUS HISS)

BART

Geez. You're pretty uppity for someone who eats bugs all day.

The cat **COUGHS** up a spider, which skitters away.

EXT. KWIK-E-MART - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Bart walks up and **SMACKS** into the automatic door, which doesn't open.

BART

(SMUSHED FACE) Stupid automatic door.

ROD and TODD walk up, and the door immediately opens for them.

ROD / TODD

Thank you, door.

Bart frowns and slips inside.

INT. KWIK-E-MART - ICE CREAM FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

JIMBO, DOLPH and KEARNEY are leaning on the ice cream freezer. Bart walks up. Jimbo leans over and breathes on the freezer door until it fogs up, then writes "BITE ME."

DOLPH

Ha! Some ice cream guy's gonna see that and it'll blow his mind.

BART

Let me try.

Bart **BREATHES** on the glass, but it won't fog up.

JIMBO

Way to breathe, No-Breath.

Bart looks uneasy. He turns to leave and **BANGS** into the door again, leaving a smudge.

BART

(SMUSHED FACE) This is getting weird.

APU (V.O.)

(INTO MICROPHONE) Sanjay, to the entrance with the Windex. (MICROPHONE SOUND) Sanjay, to the entrance with the Windex.

EXT. MOE'S - DAY **SCENE 3**

A banner reads: "COMING SOON -- FAMILY RESTAURANT."

INT. MOE'S - CONTINUOUS

Moe has started to renovate. Sheets are thrown over the bar, etc. He is reading a book called "'Your Gimmicky Restaurant' by Bennigan and Fuddrucker" and talking with Homer and a Barney-shaped form under one of the sheets.

MOE

So come on. I need a name that says friendly, all-American cooking.

HOMER

How about Chairman Moe's Magic Wok?

BARNEY-SHAPED FORM

I like it!

MOE

Nah. I want something that says people can have a nice, relaxing time.

HOMER

I got it! Madman Moe's Pressure Cooker!

BARNEY-SHAPED FORM

I like it!

MOE

(SNAPS FINGERS, INSPIRED) Hey, how about Uncle Moe's Family Feedbag?

BARNEY-SHAPED FORM

I hate it.

From outside we hear a truck **PULL UP** and **HONK**.

MOE

Oh boy. The deep fryer's here.

EXT. MOE'S - CONTINUOUS

Homer, Moe, and Barney run out and see an enormous cast iron deep fryer resting on a truck bed. Stencilled on the fryer is "U.S.S. Missouri -- C DECK MESS."

MOE

I got it used from the Navy. You can flash-fry a buffalo in forty seconds.

HOMER

Forty seconds? (WHINING) But I want it now.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - DAY

Bart and Lisa watch TV.

ON TV

ITCHY AND SCRATCHY

The title card reads: "Itchy and Scratchy in 'Skinless in Seattle.'"

We PAN across a beautiful Seattle skyline and down to Scratchy, who is holding a bouquet of flowers and a note saying: "Meet Me At The Space Needle (signed with a heart)." He stops at a big X, **SIGHS** lovingly, and hearts float upward to the top of the Space Needle, where we see Itchy.

Itchy sees a sign that says "Do Not Throw Pennies From The Tower," gets an idea, takes a penny out of his loafer and drops it. Lincoln screams in horror as it picks up speed. The penny misses the love-struck Scratchy and **SIZZLES** into the sidewalk.

Itchy, frustrated, runs to a souvenir stand, scoops up armfuls of mini Space Needles and hurls them down. They land in a heart formation around Scratchy. Scratchy **SIGHS** contentedly and oozes more hearts.

We hear **SAWING** sounds and see the entire top of the Space Needle, including the restaurant, **SNAP** off as Itchy **SAWS** off the last support. It starts to fall toward Scratchy, who is oblivious as the giant shadow widens over him. At the last moment, he looks up to see the Needle heading right towards him. It impales him right through the eye and he runs back and forth in pain as a few hearts ooze out of him. **SUPER**: Sponsored by Seattle Chamber of Commerce.

ANGLE ON BART AND LISA

Lisa is **LAUGHING** hard. Bart stares at the screen, a little bewildered.

BART

(TAPPING HEAD) I know that's funny, but I'm just not laughing.

LISA

Hmmm... Pablo Neruda said laughter is the language of the soul.

BART

(DEFENSIVE) I'm familiar with the works of Pablo Neruda.

LISA

I think we should do a test.

She **ROLLS** his skateboard into the hall. A beat later, a **SINGING** Homer walks by and **SLIPS** on it. He pitches forward and **WEDGES** his head in between the banisters.

HOMER

(YELLS, THEN ANNOYED GRUNT)

LISA

(STIFLED LAUGH) Well?

BART

(FORCES A WEAK LAUGH; THEN, WORRIED)

Nope. I don't feel a thing.

LISA

That's creepy, Bart. I think you really did lose your soul.

Santa's Little Helper runs up and bites Homer in the ass.

HOMER

(PAINED BEWILDERED GROANS)

Lisa looks at Bart.

BART

Nothing.

FADE OUT. Over black we hear:

HOMER (O.S.)

(WEAKLY) Help me. Why isn't anybody helping me?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN: **SCENE 4**

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KIDS' BATHROOM - DAY

Bart is standing on the scale.

LISA

Hmm... You've lost 1/4 of an ounce, (SPOOKY) exactly the weight of a child's soul.

BART

Oh, come on, Lise, that scale's not that accurate.

Homer walks in and steps on the scale.

HOMER

(MOAN) Oh, I've gained a hundredth of an ounce. Stupid tequila worm went right to my hips.

Homer exits.

LISA

Bart, the evidence is clear. You don't have a soul.

BART

(DEFENSIVE) Yeah, well it's clear you don't have a brain.

LISA

You'd better get that soul back.

BART

You'd better get that brain back.

LISA

(FED UP) Forget it.

BART

Brainget it.

LISA

(IRRITATED NOISE)

She exits.

BART

(DEFIANTLY) So, I lost a little weight.

I feel fine. I'm solid as a rock.

He pats himself on the chest and it makes a strange **HOLLOW SOUND**. He then **THUNKS** his belly. It sounds like an overripe watermelon.

BART (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

INT. SIMPSONS - LIVING ROOM - LATER

We still hear a variety of **HOLLOW THUNKING** sounds coming from upstairs. Homer, oblivious, is watching TV.

ON COMMERCIAL ON TV

We see Moe's bar is now decorated in kooky Chili's-style manner (old gas station fixtures, tools, an old sled, license plates, a cigar store Indian, a stuffed jackalope, a stuffed alligator with a cowboy hat, a player piano, etc.) and is packed with happy families. Moe approaches the camera dressed in gay '90's attire, sporting a handlebar mustache, and with his hair parted in the middle.

MOE

If you like good food, good fun, and a

whole lotta crazy crap on the walls,

then come on down to "Uncle Moe's

Family Feedbag."

A shot of a delicious, fresh-looking turkey dinner with all the trimmings (glass of wine, salad, etc.) on a tray.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(MASON ADAMS VOICE) At Moe's, we serve

good old-fashioned home cooking...

deep fried to perfection.

The tray is lowered into the deep fryer, and comes out a brown, crispy mass. A CUSTOMER breaks off a piece, tries it, and gives Moe a thumbs up.

MOE (CONT'D)

Now that's "Moe" like it. (WINKS AT

CAMERA) So bring the whole family -

mom, dad, kids. Uh, no old people.

They're not covered by our insurance.

It's fun! And remember our guarantee:

If I'm not smiling when your check

comes, your meal's on me, Uncle Moe.

Moe smiles grotesquely, and keeps smiling as we hear the **JINGLE**.

JINGLERS

Come to Uncle Moe's for family fun /

It's good, good, good, good, good,

good, good.

ANGLE ON

HOMER

Mmm. Sounds good.

EXT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - LATER THAT DAY

MRS. VAN HOUTEN has answered the door.

BART

Hi, is Milhouse home?

MRS. VAN HOUTEN

(GESTURES AROUND BACK) He's playing in the dirt with his army men...

Bart starts to head around to the back of the house.

MRS. VAN HOUTEN (CONT'D)

... oh, and a white piece of paper, I believe.

BART

(GASPS)

He dashes toward the back yard.

EXT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bart runs into the backyard to see Milhouse playing with his plastic soldiers and Bart's soul.

MILHOUSE

(GRUFF VOICE) Cover me, Sarge! I'm going after Bart's soul. (MAKES SHOOTING NOISES, THEN IN ACCENT) If the Ayatollah can't have it, no one can!

Milhouse, making **ENGINE SOUNDS**, runs a toy tank back and forth over the soul. Bart winces.

BART

(JUMPY) Ah, you know, Milhouse --

MILHOUSE

(FRANK NELSON SMUG) Yeesss?

BART

Bet you're getting tired of that soul, huh?

MILHOUSE

(FRANK NELSON SMUG) Nooooo.

BART

Suppose someone wanted to *buy* it from you?

MILHOUSE

Oh, you want to buy it back, Bart? Sure. No problem...

Bart looks relieved.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

(COLD) ...Fifty bucks.

BART

What?!

MILHOUSE

Who's stupid now? Huh? (STUPID MILHOUSE LAUGH)

Bart walks away.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT **SCENE 5**

MARGE **HUMS** as she tucks Bart in and hugs him.

MARGE

Hmm. Bart, what's wrong? There's something a little off about your hug.

BART

(STARTING TO CONFESS) Mom, I need to tell you something. I kinda--

MARGE

(CUTS HIM OFF) Uh, uh, uh, let me guess. A mother can always tell. (HUGS HIM AGAIN) Hmm, it's not fear of nuclear war. (BEAT) Hmm, it's not swim test anxiety. (BEAT) It almost feels like you're missing something. Something important.

BART

(BRIGHTENING) Like I don't have a soul?

MARGE

(LAUGHS) Aw, honey, you're not a *monster*.

ANGLE ON BART

He looks crestfallen.

DISSOLVE TO:

BART

tossing and turning in bed.

BART'S DREAM:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CENTRAL PARK

As Bart approaches the park, he hears **SOUNDS** of kids having fun. As he gets closer, he sees that each child is playing with their own soul (a milky-white ghostly version of themselves). He sees kids and their souls themselves). He pushing each other on swings, riding bicycles built for two and having chicken fights.

SHERRI and TERRI'S souls are spinning the jumprope for Sherri and Terri.

SHERRI, TERRI, & THEIR SOULS

Bart sold his soul and that's just

swell / Now he's going straight to

Hell-o operator, give me number nine /

And if you disconnect me, I'll...

Their **SINGING** and **LAUGHTER** continue. Bart looks hurt. Nelson runs up.

NELSON

No soul, huh? Don't worry. I'm still

behind you.

We see Nelson's soul crouched down behind Bart. Nelson pushes Bart over.

NELSON AND HIS SOUL

Haw-haw!

Martin and HIS SOUL, in matching sailor outfits, run down to the shore of a lake and stand by a bunch of rowboats.

MARTIN

Ahoy there, friends! Everybody find a

first mate!

MARTIN'S SOUL

(CLAPPING WITH PRISSY EXCITEMENT) Oh, I

choose Martin!

They hop into a rowboat, each grabbing an oar, and row off. Other kids and their souls follow and head off toward a glowing Emerald City on the other side of the lake. Milhouse runs by, hand-in-hand with his own soul and Bart's soul. The souls get on the bench and do all the rowing as Milhouse relaxes in the back of the boat. Bart tries to follow, but without a soul to grab the other oar, he can only row around and around in a circle.

BART

Wait! Wait for me!

Sherri, Terri, and their souls row by.

SHERRI, TERRI, & THEIR SOULS

Bart, it's time to end this dream / And don't forget the standard scream.

BACK TO REALITY

Bart sits upright in bed.

BART

(SCREAM)

INT. UNCLE MOE'S FAMILY FEEDBAG - EVENING SCENE 6

The Simpsons enter and survey the crazy decor.

MARGE

An alligator with sunglasses? Now I've seen everything!

Moe greets them, dressed as in the commercial (without mustache).

MOE

Hiya, folks! Welcome to Uncle Moe's! (CHUCKING KIDS UNDER THE CHIN) Aw, look at all the cute little minors.

HOMER

(TO MARGE) Wow, that's Moe! The guy from the ad!

MOE

Right this way, Homer.

HOMER

(PROUDLY) And he knows my name.

MARGE

(LOOKING AROUND) Street signs?

Indoors?! ("WHEN IN ROME") Whatever.

Moe leads them off, past a table where the Flanderses sit.

ANGLE ON FLANDERS

He gives his order to an UNCTUOUS WAITER.

FLANDERS

Rod, you order anything you want for your big ten-oh.

ROD

(CONSULTING MENU, HAPPY) Million Dollar Birthday Fries!

UNCTUOUS WAITER

(CUTESY) Uh-oh!

An **ALARM** goes off.

MAUDE

(READING MENU) "Moe gets so excited when you order his Million Dollar Birthday Fries he just has to celebrate."

SIRENS wail as Moe runs out of the kitchen waving sparklers and carrying the fries in a festive basket strapped to his head.

MOE

(MANIC) Here ya go! Here I am! Uncle Moe! Thank ya Ma'am! This'll be a treat! Uncle Moe! Here I am! While you eat!

Moe finishes his dance with a big flourish and kneels down next to Rod, who begins slowly eating the fries.

MOE (CONT'D)

(FORCED SMILE) Please take the fries off my head, kid. The basket is extremely hot.

DISSOLVE TO:

Moe, no basket on his head, is taking the Simpsons' order.

LISA

How're the Southwestern Pizza Fingers?

MOE

They're (CHECKING MENU) awesomely outrageous!

MARGE

Oooh. These look good. Guilt-Free Steakfish Filets.

MOE

Nah, nah, nah. Let me level with you, Marge. That's just our name for bottom-feeding suction eel. You don't want that.

MARGE

(DISAPPOINTED SOUND)

MOE

Why don't you try Moe's Hobo Chicken Chili? I start with the best part -- the neck. (ENTICING) And then I add secret hobo spices.

MARGE

Ooo, tres bien.

MOE

Yeah.

Moe turns around and is instantly hit in the head with a barrage of water from Ralph Wiggum and his battery-operated squirt gun.

RALPH

(EXCITED LAUGHTER)

MOE

(ANGRILY) Hey, what the hell are ya doin', ya little freak --!

RALPH

(TERRIFIED WHIMPER)

Ralph looks shocked. Moe recovers his smile.

MOE

I'm sorry, kid. Sorry. I'm not used to the laughter of children. It cuts through me like a dentist's drill. (DRYING HIS FACE OFF) But no, no, that was funny, that was funny, takin' away my dignity like that. Ha ha ha.

INT. MOE'S RESTAURANT - SIMPSONS TABLE - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons have received their festive food (complete with little toothpick flags, umbrellas, etc.). Bart looks worried.

LISA

I would like to say grace. (EYES BART) Lord, have mercy on my soul, and Mom's soul, and Dad's soul, and Maggie's soul, and let every soul in Christendom... (GRUNT)

A roll bounces off her head from off-screen.

MARGE

Bart!

LISA

(MOCKING GIGGLE) Why bless my soul, Bart Simpson! It looks like you regret something.

BART

I can't take this anymore. I want my soul and I want it now!

He runs out.

HOMER

Bart, you didn't finish your Spaghetti and Moe-Balls!

HOMER'S BRAIN

Silence you fool! It can be ours.

HOMER

(SHOOING BART) Run, boy! Run!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bart runs down the street into the darkness.

HOMER (O.S.)

(MOUTH FULL) Run for your life!...

(CHEWING SOUNDS) ... Boy!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN: **SCENE 7**

EXT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Bart **POUNDS** on the front door.

BART

Milhouse! Milhouse! You win! I want this nightmare to end!

The door **CREAKS** open to reveal a scary FIGURE in a space suit.

FIGURE

(DEEP FILTERED BREATHING, THEN OMINOUS) Leave this place. You are in great danger.

BART

(SCARED) Where's Milhouse?

FIGURE

The one you call Milhouse is gone. (REMOVES HELMET) (WISEGUY VOICE) He went to his Gramma's while we're spraying for potato bugs.

We PULL BACK. A striped extermination tent is draped over the Van Houten house. (It reads "Circus of Death Extermination Co.")

BART

(FRUSTRATED MOAN) When Milhouse left, did you notice if he was carrying a piece of paper?

FIGURE

Oh, yeah. You don't forget a thing like that.

INT. MOE'S RESTAURANT - SAME EVENING

A weary, bedraggled Moe struggles out of the kitchen with a huge tray of food. The birthday **ALARM** goes off again.

MOE

Aw, God.

Moe laboriously sets the tray down and goes back into the kitchen.

ANGLE ON:

Sherri and Terri. They are sitting at a table in party hats with some other little girls and their Moms. Moe comes running over with his sparklers, fry hat, etc.

MOE

Here ya go! Here I am! Uncle Moe!

Thank ya Ma'am! This'll be a treat!

Uncle Moe! Here I am! While you eat!

SHERRI

Yay! Now do it for Terri.

MOE

What, it's <u>your</u> birthday, too?

SHERRI & TERRI

We're twins.

MOE

(SIGHS, THEN LACKLUSTER) Here ya go.

Here I am. Eat your fries. Eat 'em.

He **PLUNKS** down the fries in front of Sherri and Terri. A little BOY shoves a crayoned placemat at Moe.

LITTLE BOY

Here's you.

The picture is of an ugly stick-figure Moe. Written across the top is "Mr. Stinky." Moe looks hurt.

MOE

Ah geez, and ya got the stink lines and everything.

Still upset, Moe **PLUNKS** JAILBIRD'S check down on his table. Jailbird points to a poster of a smiling Moe with a word balloon saying, "If I don't smile, you eat for free."

JAILBIRD

Uh, dude, you did <u>not</u> smile. We eat for free. Come on Shoshanna, let's roll. (CHUCKLES)

Jailbird and his BIKER CHICK girlfriend get up to leave.

MOE

(PLEADING) But I sang you the potato stuffings! Come on, I sang you the potato stuffings!

KRUSTY

(RE: MOE) Look at the vein on that guy's forehead. He's gonna blow.

We hear the birthday **ALARM** again. Moe turns and sees Patty and Selma sitting at a table wearing birthday hats. They wave lasciviously.

PATTY AND SELMA

(ALLURING GRUNTS) Ser-vice!

There's a tugging on Moe's apron.

VERY CUTE LITTLE GIRL

Unky Moe?

MOE

(TRYING NOT TO LOSE IT) What is it, sweetheart?

VERY CUTE LITTLE GIRL

My sodie is too cold -- my teef hurt.

MOE

Aw, your "teef" hurt, huh? Your "teef" hurt? (SNAPPING) Well, that's too freakin' bad! You hear me? I'll tell you where you can put your freakin' "sodie, too!"

CUSTOMERS

(MORTIFIED GASPS)

ANGLE ON THE FLANDERSES

Ned and Maude clamp their hands over ROD and TODD'S ears.

TODD

Ow! My "freakin'" ears!

NED & MAUDE

(BIG GASP)

MAUDE

Oh, let's go, dear.

They get up to leave.

NED

Well, I expect that type of language at Denny's, but not here.

Everyone clears out of the restaurant.

MOE

Aw, come on folks! Wait! Please, come back! Please! I got a new offer! Whenever Uncle Moe threatens you, you get a free steak... fish.

The restaurant is empty. Moe **SIGHS**.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LATE THAT NIGHT SCENE 8

Bart, on his bike, has stopped to look at a map.

BART

(FRANTIC) Okay, okay. Milhouse's Gramma lives on 257th Street, and I'm on Third. (MOANS)

He lowers the map. Suddenly, a street cleaner is just inches away, coming directly at him, its bright lights blinding and its **HORN BLARING**. Bart jumps off his bike and tumbles onto the curb. As he watches in horror, the bike is sucked under the street cleaner. There's a horrible sound of metal **GRINDING** and **SHREDDING**, then the bike **POPS** out completely unharmed and sparkling clean.

BART

Well, finally, a little luck.

Bart starts to ride again. The bike **SQUEAKS** twice, then falls completely apart, still sparkling. The DRIVER leans out of the street cleaner and looks back at Bart.

DRIVER

(EVIL CHUCKLE)

As he's looking in the wrong direction, the street cleaner bumps down the stairs into a subway entrance, with **HORRIBLE GRINDING AND CLANKING NOISES**.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(EVIL CHUCKLE TURNS INTO BUMPY DISMAYED NOISE, WHICH FADES)

EXT. 181ST STREET - LATER

Chief Wiggum and Ralph pull up to the curb. The chief gets out and leaves Ralph buckled in the front seat.

WIGGUM

Son, you wait here while daddy tries to talk some sense into this raving derelict.

Wiggum approaches a RAVING DERELICT.

RAVING DERELICT

(RAPID FIRE GIBBERISH)

WIGGUM

Now slow down. Slow down.

RAVING DERELICT

(RAPID FIRE GIBBERISH)

WIGGUM

(LISTENS) Who's been stealing your thoughts? (LISTENS)

RAVING DERELICT

(RAPID FIRE GIBBERISH) ... Curiosity shop... I have powers beyond your imagination...

ANGLE ON RALPH

He's waiting patiently in his seat. Suddenly, a crazed-looking Bart pops up in the window.

BART

(EERILY COMPOSED) Hello, Ralph.

RALPH

(JUMPS) Hi Bart. I know you from school.

BART

(COMPLETE DISDAIN) Yes. A simple proposition, Ralph: How would you like to make a dollar?

RALPH

(INNOCENTLY) Uh, I don't know.

BART

All you have to do is sign a paper that says I can have your soul. (INTENSELY) I need a soul, Ralph. Any soul. Yours.

RALPH

(WHIMPERS, STARTS TO CRY)

Ralph squirms in his seat belt as Bart starts to reach toward him.

WIGGUM

Hey. What's goin' on over there?!

Wiggum shines his flashlight right in Bart's eyes. Bart shields his face, cringes, and lopes off into the night.

BART

(DRACULA-STYLE HISS)

Wiggum sees Bart skulk off.

WIGGUM

Gee, what was his problem?

RAVING DERELICT

(RAPID-FIRE EXPLANATORY GIBBERISH)

Somebody sucked the soul, sucked it right out of his belly button... He's got no more place in the cafeteria line...

WIGGUM

(COMPREHENDING) Oh.

INT. MOE'S - SAME TIME

Homer, Barney and Carl are back at their regular positions at the bar, as WORKERS remove decorations from the walls, pry out booths with a crowbar, etc.

MOE

G'on, take it all. Get it all out of here.

BARNEY

You know, Moe, you might want to keep the fire extinguishers.

MOE

Nah. Too many bad memories.

BARNEY

Well, look at the bright side, Moe. You still got us.

MOE

(CHEERING UP) Yeah. Yeah, you know, that actually makes me feel a little better.

HOMER

Why? That was the problem in the first place. You were going broke because we were your only customers. Wasn't that the problem in the first place? That you were going broke... Moe?

Moe doesn't reply.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Moe? Hey, Moe? Oh, you're thinking about all the money you blew, aren'tcha?

Moe nods sadly.

HOMER (CONT'D)

What was it? 50-60 thousand dollars? ... Moe? Look, maybe it would help if you went over all the mistakes you made from the beginning... Moe?

MOE

What?

HOMER

Let me get a pad....

INT. GRAMMA VAN HOUTEN'S APT. - LATER THAT EVENING

It is a cramped apartment. Milhouse's parents are lying uncomfortably on the fold-out couch with suitcases open on the floor. Milhouse lies on a cot. The doorbell **RINGS**. NANA VAN HOUTEN bustles in.

NANA VAN HOUTEN

(MILHOUSEY VOICE) A caller at this hour? (TO MR. VAN HOUTEN) You dial 9-1, then when I say so, dial 1 again.

She opens the door to reveal a haggard-looking Bart.

BART

Milhouse, please.

MILHOUSE

Bart, I can't play now. It's two A.M.

Bart walks up and grabs Milhouse by his pajamas.

BART

Milhouse, I gotta have my soul back. I'll do anything you want.

MILHOUSE

Uh... well...

MR. VAN HOUTEN

(FROM SOFA-BED) Milhouse, give him back his soul! I've got work tomorrow.

MILHOUSE

I'm really sorry. I kinda traded your soul to the guy at the comic book store. But look, I got some cool POGS. Alf POGS. Remember Alf? He's back in POG form.

He pulls out a handful from his pajama pocket.

BART

(FURIOUS) You traded my soul for POGS?!

(DESPAIRING) Noooo!!

Bart runs off down the hall. Milhouse watches him go.

NANA VAN HOUTEN (O.S.)

Oh, close that door. You're letting fresh air in.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - ANDROID'S DUNGEON - DAWN SCENE 9

The sun's first light hits a lump on the stoop. It's Bart, curled up, asleep. The COMIC BOOK GUY comes to open the store.

COMIC BOOK GUY

If you are waiting for the "Hi & Lois" signing, it has been moved to the Springfield Coliseum.

BART

Please. You have something of mine on a little piece of paper.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Oh, so you're Bart Simpson, eh?

INT. ANDROID'S DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

He opens the door and enters.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

Well, since my breakfast burrito is congealing rapidly, I will be blunt. You're too late. I sold your soul last night. (VOICE GETS EERIE) Yes, yes, I found a buyer right away for *that* item.

BART

Who?

COMIC BOOK GUY

I'm not at liberty to divulge the party, but they were most interested in having possession of a little boy's soul.

Bart **GROANS** and **BANGS** his head on a cabinet.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Excuse me. No banging your head on the display case, please. It contains a very rare "Mary Worth" in which she has advised a friend to commit suicide. Thank you.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - MORNING

As Bart walks home it starts to rain.

INT. BART'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bart walks into his room, kneels by his bed, and prays.

BART

Are you there, God? It's me, Bart Simpson. I know I never paid too much atte. 'on in church, but I could really use some of that good stuff now. I'm afraid. I'm afraid some weirdo's got my soul and I don't know what they're doing to it. I just want it back. Please. (STARTS TO CRY) I hope you can hear this...

The soul flutters down onto the bed, ragged and a little crumpled.

Bart looks up to see: Lisa.

BART

Lisa! <u>You</u> bought this?

LISA

With the change in my piggy bank.

BART

There's no change in your piggy bank.

LISA

Not in any of the ones you know about.

BART

Oh Lise, thank you.

Bart is so happy he **KISSES** her.

LISA

Happy to do it. But you know, Bart, some philosophers believe that nobody is born with a soul -- that you have to earn one through suffering and thought and prayer, like you did last night.

BART

(NOT LISTENING) Uh huh.

Bart is too busy cramming the paper into his mouth and desperately trying to eat it. He finally swallows the last bite with a **RELIEVED GULP** and crawls into bed.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bart has fallen asleep, the dog and cat curled up on the bed next to him.

BART'S DREAM

A smiling Bart and his soul row contentedly across the lake. They approach Martin's boat and ram it like a bumper car. Martin's soul falls overboard.

MARTIN'S SOUL

(YELP)

BART & BART'S SOUL

(DOUBLE SNEAKY CHUCKLE)

Bart and his soul row off into the distance.

FADE OUT:

THE END