

BART VS. AUSTRALIA

by

Bill Oakley & Josh Weinstein

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

CLOSE-UP

A long strand of sparkly white toothpaste swirls around a running sink. A strand of green, Prell-style shampoo races alongside the toothpaste, and both spiral towards the drain.

BART (O.S.)

Go, toothpaste! Go! Move
your pasty white butt!

LISA (O.S.)

Come on, shampoo! You can
do it!

The shampoo reaches the center first and disappears down the drain with a glorp.

LISA (O.S.)

Yay! I won your stupid
bathroom products race! Now
can I wash my hair, please?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KIDS' BATHROOM - MORNING

Bart, holding toothpaste, and Lisa, holding shampoo, are standing on the sink in their pajamas. Lisa starts to climb down.

BART

No! One more race! Your
two-bit shampoo got lucky,
but this toothpaste has real
talent.

He holds up the tube, which says "Krusty Brand Tooth
Product. Must Be Sold as Candy in MA,IL,VT,AZ,CA."
Lisa groans and climbs back up.

LISA

One more, and that's it.
This shampoo is not for your
amusement, it's for my flaky
scalp.

BART

Okay. On you mark... Get
set... Squeeze!

They both squeeze their tubes frantically, sending
long strands drooping into the running sink. Then
they bend down to watch the race; Lisa's green
strand gets the inside track, swirls around, and
heads into the drain first.

BART

No fair! You only won cause
you had the inside track!
If the water was spinning
the other way--

LISA

It never spins the other
way. In the Northern
hemisphere, water always
drains counter-clockwise.
It's called the Coriolis
effect.

BART

No way. Water doesn't obey
your "rules". It goes where
it wants. Like me, babe.

LISA

(ROLLING EYES) Yes, Bart.
Why don't you try it and
see?

Bart turns off the tap, then turns it on again. The water swirls counter-clockwise. Bart sticks his hand in and tries to force the water to go the other way, but it won't. Instead, it defiantly arcs over his hand to continue its counter-clockwise rotation.

BART

I know I've seen it go the
other way. (LOOKING
AROUND) Ah, faithful
toilet. You'll prove me
right.

Bart starts flushing the toilet, but it also swirls counter-clockwise. Frustrated, he sticks his arm in and tries futilely to push the water in the other direction. He flushes again and again with no luck.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

In the shower, Homer is blasted with sporadic jets of scalding water.

HOMER

(SEVERAL IRREGULAR SCREAMS)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - THAT MINUTE.

Marge hears the alternating flushes and screams and looks concerned. She opens the door to the kids' bathroom to see Bart with both arms in the toilet.

MARGE

Oh, for Pete's sake, Bart!

Use the plunger!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Bart still looks frustrated.

BART

Why won't you believe I'm
right?

LISA

Because you're not! Bart,
water will only go the other
way in the Southern
Hemisphere.

BART

(BEAT) What the hell is the
Southern Hemisphere?

LISA

(SIGH) Haven't you ever
looked at your globe?

Lisa turns to Bart's desk, on which is a dusty
globe-shaped object, still covered in its original
gift-wrap. An attached card reads "Happy 5th
Birthday! Love, Grampa." She unwraps it.

LISA (CONT'D)

See, the Southern Hemisphere
is made up of everything
below the Equa...(LOOKS AT
BART) this line.

BART

Hmm, so down there in, say,
Argentina or Rand-McNally
all their water runs
backwards?

LISA

Uh-huh. (SARCASTIC) In
fact, in Rand-McNally, they
wear hats on their feet, and
hamburgers eat people.

BART

(SINCERE) Cool.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bart sits by the telephone with his globe. He opens the phone book to a section marked "International Dialing," scans the instructions, and picks up the receiver. He dials about forty digits and after a beat, we hear a weird foreign phone ring.

EXT. REMOTE SOUTH PACIFIC VILLAGE - THAT MINUTE

A World War II era radio-telephone in the middle of the village starts ringing. Excited villagers come running from all directions and crowd around. They make way for a wise old man who hobbles up and, with great drama, answers the phone.

BART (V.O., STATICKY)

Hello, Southern Hemisphere?

Which way does the water go

in your toilet?

OLD MAN

(BEAT, THEN ANGRY) Who is

this?!

We hear a click and then a dial tone.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bart dials another random number in the Southern Hemisphere.

EXT. SOUTH POLE - THAT MINUTE

The phone rings inside a quonset hut in the middle of a raging ice storm. A frozen penguin is thrown through the air and slams into the hut.

INT. SOUTH POLE - QUONSET HUT - CONTINUOUS

A Naval officer in a parka has answered the phone.

NAVAL OFFICER

(EXASPERATED) Just a
minute. I'll check.

He opens the door to the bathroom and looks down at the toilet. The water is frozen solid. Another officer comes into the bathroom, holding a magazine.

SECOND OFFICER

Aw, nuts.

INT. BANANA REPUBLIC - DICTATOR'S PALACE - A MINUTE LATER

The Pinochet-style dictator stands by anxiously as an incompetent-looking translator holds the phone.

TRANSLATOR

(LATIN ACCENT) Please
repeat again for me the
mister translator.

BART (ON PHONE)

Which way does the water
turn in your toilet?

The translator looks alarmed and speaks to the dictator.

TRANSLATOR

(SPANISH)

SUBTITLE: He says the tide is turning!

DICTATOR

(SPANISH)

SUBTITLE: Aye caramba! Then the rebels will soon take the capital! I must flee!

The dictator jumps out the window, and we hear him smash into some trash cans below.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BART

Why won't this hemisphere

give me a straight answer?!

He dials another number.

EXT. VOLCANIC ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

A pay-phone rings in the middle of a massive lava flow. A man riding by on a rooftop desperately tries to reach for it but can't.

EXT. FASHIONABLE BUENOS AIRES STREET - A MINUTE LATER

An elderly Adolf Hitler, dressed in a stylish suit and designer swastika tie, walks down the street carrying a Cartier shopping bag. He hears his car phone ringing and dashes up to his Mercedes (with "ADOLF 1" license plate.) He fumbles for his keys as the phone rings inside the car.

HITLER

Eine minuten! Eine minuten!

Just as he gets the door open, the phone stops ringing.

HITLER (CONT'D)

Ach. Das wagenfone est eine
nuisancefone.

Another elderly Nazi rides past on a bicycle and waves.

ELDERLY NAZI

Buenos noches, mein Fuhrer!

HITLER

(WEARY) Ja, ja.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Bart is in the middle of another call. Lisa enters.

BART

Well, is there anyone on
"Pit-cairn" Island who might
have a toilet? (GROANS,
HANGS UP)

LISA

Bart, you can't actually
call these places! Don't you
know how expensive
international calls are?
Yeesh, sometimes I think I'm
the only person in the world
who reads the newsletter
that comes with the phone
bill.

Lisa leaves. Bart considers this for a second then
picks up the phone again.

BART

Hello, operator? I'd like
to make a collect call to...

Bart spins the globe and stops it with his finger,
selecting a random place in the Southern Hemisphere.

BART (CONT'D)

Australia.

EXT. AUSTRALIA - DAY

A phone rings inside a ranch-style house on the
outskirts of a small town. In the background, a
Koala bear on a telephone pole reaches for the
transformer, gets shocked, and is thrown out of
frame.

INT. AUSTRALIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A small Ralph Wiggumish boy answers the phone.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

This is the international
operator. Will you accept a
collect call from...

BART (ON PHONE)

Er, the International

Drainage Commission.

LITTLE BOY

(AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) You'll
have to call back when me
Mum and Fa get home.

BART (ON PHONE)

It's an emergency, dude!

LITTLE BOY

If it's an emergency, then.

SPLIT-SCREEN of Bart and the little boy.

BART

(TRYING TO SOUND ADULT)

This is Dr. Bart Simpson of
the International Drainage
Commission. We understand
some drains in your area
have been malfunctioning,
sucking in people and what-
not.

LITTLE BOY

Whillikers! That's orful!

BART

Indeed. We need you to
check your sinks and toilets
and tell us which way the
water is going. And, please
-- stand clear!

The boy runs off and we hear toilets flushing and
sinks running. He returns, panting.

LITTLE BOY

The fixtures, they're all
draining clockways, sir.

BART

(ANNOYED GRUNT) She was
right. Stupid Lisa Science
Queen.

LITTLE BOY

Should I leave my house,
sir?

BART

No, no, you're fine. But
you should check your
neighbor's drains. I'll
hold.

EXT. AUSTRALIAN HOUSE - A SECOND LATER

The little boy runs out the door and hops on his
tricycle. He pedals off down the road towards the
next house, which is several miles away.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

The phone receiver lies face up on the kitchen table
while a bored looking Bart eats a bowl of cereal.
Milhouse comes up to the window.

MILHOUSE

Hey, Bart! The bakery
caught fire and all of
downtown smells like
cookies! Wanna go smell?

BART

Cool!

He runs out, leaving the phone off the hook.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - SIMPSON HOUSE - LATE THAT NIGHT

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THEN

Bart, in pajamas, wanders in and opens the refrigerator. He opens a container of cole slaw and scoops a handful into his mouth.

LITTLE BOY (ON PHONE)

Hullo? Sir? Sir?

A startled Bart whirls around to see the phone still lying on the table. He picks it up.

BART

Huh? Yeah, this is Sir.

LITTLE BOY (ON PHONE)

I've returned from my neighbors'. They're draining clockways, too.

BART

Draining? (REMEMBERS) Oh, I don't care about that anymore. But thanks. Bye.

LITTLE BOY (ON PHONE)

Am I in any dange--

Bart hangs up.

CHYRON: "THREE WEEKS LATER"

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Homer, wearing bifocals, is paying the bills. He opens a large manila envelope from the phone company and scans the lengthy bill. We see numerous \$1 calls to Santiago, Chile; Antarctic Naval Research Station; Ndola, Zambia; Unnamed Settlement, Disputed Zone; etc.

HOMER

Zambia? Disputed Zone? Who called all these weird places?

HOMER'S BRAIN

Quiet! It might be you. I

can't remember.

HOMER

No, I'm gonna ask Marge.

HOMER'S BRAIN

Why embarrass us both? Just
write the check and I'll
release more endorphins.

Homer starts writing the check then suddenly feels a
little jolt.

HOMER

(PLEASED SIGH)

INT. AUSTRALIAN HOUSE - DAY

The little boy's father opens their phone bill, sees
the collect call from Springfield, and reacts with
alarm.

FATHER

(AUSTRALIAN) Nine hundred
dollaridoos?! Well, we're
gonna get to the bottom of
this, we are! Tobias!

The little boy enters.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Did you accept a six hour
collect call from the
States?

LITTLE BOY

It was an emergency call
from the International
Drainage Commission.

FATHER

Now, Tobias, everyone knows

the International Drainage
Commission is located in
Brussels, not in (READING)
"Spring - field."

LITTLE BOY

(ASHAMED) I'm sorry. I
wasn't thinking.

INT. AUSTRALIAN HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

The father dials the number on the bill. We see a
split screen as Homer wakes up and answers. It is
the middle of the night in the United States.

HOMER

(DROWSY) Y'ello?

FATHER

Dr. Simpson?

HOMER

Yes.

FATHER

Is this Dr. Bart Simpson?

HOMER

Oh. Hold On. (YELLING)

Bart, wake up! It's for
you.

The father looks confused and the split screen cuts
to Bart's room as he wakes up and answers.

FATHER

(FRUSTRATED) I'm calling
all the way from Squatter's
Crag, Australia, and I want
to speak to Bart Simpson
right now!

BART

(OPERATOR VOICE) Hold
please.

FATHER

Alright, but I don't--

BART

(DEEP VOICE) Payroll. Burt
Stanton speaking.

FATHER

I said "Bart Simpson!" What
kind of company is th--

BART

(FEMALE VOICE) Bart
Simpson's office.

FATHER

Thank God. I was--

BART

(FEMALE VOICE) One moment,
please. (HUMS FAKE MUZAK
FOR A FEW SECONDS)

FATHER

(MUTTERS TO SELF) Who do
they think I am? Some
stupid Aussie drongo?
Bleedin' Yanks, I oughta --

BART

This is Bart Simpson. Can I
help you, Ma'am?

FATHER

(MAD) My name is Bruno

Drundridge, and you owe me
nine hundred dollars, mate!

BART

No. You owe me nine hundred
dollars.

FATHER

(SPUTTERING) You're just
some punk kid, aren't you?
I should've known from the
fact that everyone in this
company has such a high
voice. You tricked my son
into taking that collect
call, you little monster!

BART

"Monster?" (FAKE
INDIGNANT) I am not going
to sit here while you
pollute my phone lines with
your foul language! Good
day!

Bart starts to hang up.

FATHER

Foul lang--? (SNARL) You
picked the wrong guy to
tangle with, mate!

BART

(CHUCKLE) I don't think
so. You're all the way in
Australia.

Bart hangs up.

INT. AUSTRALIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The man fumes.

FATHER

That's it. I'm gonna report
this to me Member of
Parliament!

He opens the window and yells across the pasture to
a burly man in overalls slopping hogs.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Hey, Gus! I got somethin'
to report to you!

EXT. AUSTRALIA - PASTURE - A MINUTE LATER

The father and Gus stand amongst the hogs.

GUS

(AUSTRALIAN) That's a
bloody outrage, it is! I'm
gonna take this all the way
to the Prime Minister!

The two run over the hill and down to a lake, where
a fat, ruddy man is floating around in an innertube,
drinking a beer.

GUS (CONT'D)

Hey, Mr. Prime Minister!

(NO RESPONSE, THEN) Bruce!

PRIME MINISTER

(AUSTRALIAN) Ay, mates!

What's the good word?

EXT. AUSTRALIA - LAKESIDE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Prime Minister is toweling off and drinking
another beer. He looks concerned.

PRIME MINISTER

Aw, bananas! Well, we can't
let that Yank get away with
this. I'll have a look-see
into gettin' you your money,
Bruno.

FATHER

Much obliged, P.M.

The Prime Minister gathers up his innertube, his
towel, and his cooler, then looks for his flip-
flops.

PRIME MINISTER

(CONT'D)

Bloody 'ell! Gus, your pig
is eatin' one of my flip-
flops!

One of the pigs is chewing on a flip-flop. The
Prime Minister tries to pull it away, and the pig
growls angrily.

CLOSE-UP - ENVELOPE

We see an important-looking envelope addressed to
"Mr. Bart Simpson, 742 Evergreen Terrace,
Springfield, U.S.A." The return address reads
"Commonwealth of Australia -- Official Business" and
there's a postage stamp honoring "30 Years of
Electricity" in Australia. PULL BACK TO REVEAL that
we are...

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - A FEW DAYS
LATER**

Bart opens the letter and reads it.

BART

(SKIMMING) Mr. Simpson...

blah blah...

misrepresentation over

telephone... yadda yadda...

please remit \$900

Australian, \$656 American...

bling blang... Sincerely...

Some Australian jerk.

Bart crumples up the letter and throws it in his trash can. We TIME DISSOLVE AS Bart's hand tosses in letter after unopened letter from Australia. Some are rubber-stamped "PAST DUE," "MATE: PAYMENT REQUIRED," and "BLOODY URGENT." The TIME DISSOLVES continue as his hand tosses in certified letters, telegrams, and large legal envelopes. Finally, he crushes all the garbage down with his foot and tosses in a saxophone.

LISA (O.S.)

Hey! I need that!

WIDEN to show Lisa running into Bart's room.

BART

Sorry. It was making such an awful sound, I thought it was dying.

LISA

I see. I'll pass that along to Stan Getz.

Lisa reaches into the trash can and notices all the letters. She examines the return addresses.

LISA (CONT'D)

"Office of the Solicitor General?" "Office of the Prime Minister?" "Bruno K. Drundridge Graphic Design?"
What is all this stuff?

BART

Nothing. Some stupid country thinks I owe them money.

Lisa tears open a sealed legal envelope, pulls out a thick document, and peruses it. Bart looks over her shoulder.

LISA

(WORRIED) Uh-oh. Bart, you
better talk to Mom and Dad
about this.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Bart looks unconcerned as he and Lisa approach Marge and Homer with the stack of letters.

BART

Hey, guys, it's no big
deal... but I'm being
indicted for fraud in
Australia.

HOMER

(UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER)

MARGE

Oh, my.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The family sits around. Marge reads through the letters.

BART

So they claim I tricked this
Australian kid into
accepting a \$900 collect
call. Things got worse when

I insulted his father and
threw away all their
government's letters.

LISA

And now they want Bart to
stand trial for fraud in
Australia.

HOMER

In where? (REALIZES) Oh.
That must be one of those
new states I've been reading
about.

MARGE

It's a country, dear. Lisa,
blow up the globe for your
father.

Lisa pulls a deflated beachball globe out of a
drawer, blows it up, and hands it to Homer.

HOMER

There it is. "Aust-rali-
a." I'll be damned...

Then he looks curiously at the globe and sees South
America.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hee hee. Look at this
country: "U - r - gay."

The doorbell rings. Marge answers it to reveal Evan
Conover [PHIL HARTMAN], a 40ish preppy-looking man
with a blue blazer and a large briefcase. A
government sedan is parked at the curb.

EVAN CONOVER

(LILTING, PREPPY VOICE) Oh,

my. (BEAT) Hello, you must
be Mrs. Simpson. I'm Evan
Conover, with the U.S. State
Department.

He hands her a business card.

MARGE

(READING IT)

"Undersecretary for
Australian Affairs. Trivial
Matters Division."

EVAN CONOVER

Normally it's lost luggage
and what-not. But in this
case, I'm afraid little
Bartholomew J. has cooked up
a mell of a hess. Let me
explain.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES
LATER**

Mr. Conover has set up a slide projector and
screen. The Simpsons look on.

EVAN CONOVER

Unfortunately, Bart, our
little "escapade" could not
have come at a worse time.
Americo-Australian relations
are at an all-time low.

He clicks to the first slide, which has a State
Dept. seal and reads "Slide Carousel #8402A.
Australia, Hurt Feelings of."

EVAN CONOVER (CONT'D)

As I'm sure you remember, in

the late 1980's, the U.S.
experienced a short-lived
infatuation with Australian
culture.

He quickly shuttles through slides including photos of "Crocodile" Dundee, Foster's Lager, Jacko lifting a giant Energizer battery over his head, and a Subway store with a poster for "Foot-Long Vegemite Sub -- \$1.99!"

EVAN CONOVER (CONT'D)

For some bizarre reason, the
Aussies thought this would
be a permanent thing. Of
course, it wasn't.

He clicks to the next slide, which shows a boarded-up, bankrupt movie theater where the dilapidated marquee reads "YAHOO SERIOUS FESTIVAL."

LISA

(CONFUSED) I know those
words, but that sign makes
no sense.

EVAN CONOVER

Anyway, the "down under" fad
fizzled, and their economy
never quite recovered. And
then, of course--

He changes slides, and a new one comes on. It shows Fidel Castro, seen through the crosshairs of a sniper-scope. It says "Plan B."

EVAN CONOVER (CONT'D)

Oops. Let's pretend we
didn't see that. (REMOVES
IT) Things got a bit acrid
during Desert Storm, when

one of our guided missiles
mistook Ayers Rock for
downtown Baghdad.

The slide shows a baffled-looking Australian hiker
standing on the edge of a 1,200 foot bomb crater.

BART

(CHUCKLE) Suckers.

MARGE

Bart, I'm sure their rock
was very important to them.

EVAN CONOVER

The diplomatic climate
turned absolutely frosty
last week. At the trade
conference, President
Clinton offended the
Australian Prime Minister by
having an affair with his
daughter.

The final slide shows a smiling Bill Clinton with
tie undone and lipstick on his face.

EVAN CONOVER (CONT'D)

Hmm. I think that slide is
from the Palestinian summit,
but you get the idea.

Mr. Conover turns off the projector, sits down, and
takes a sip of tea.

BART

So I caused a diplomatic
rift? Cooool.

EVAN CONOVER

Well, you helped. And you further agitated them by ignoring their letters and cables.

HOMER

Oh, he'll agitate ya. He sure will. (CHUCKLES, THEN STOPS AWKWARDLY) What can we do for you?

EVAN CONOVER

As a sign of good faith to our Australian "friends," we'd like to imprison Bart for five years.

HOMER

That's tough but fair. Boy, go with the man.

MARGE

No! I will not have my son go to jail over some silly tiff with Australia! You'll just have to find some other country to have relations with.

EVAN CONOVER

(GROANS) Then I'm going to have to call in the negotiating team.

He picks up the phone.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - A FEW HOURS LATER

Two blue vans with State Department seals pull up to the Simpson house.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The doorbell rings and Homer opens it to reveal a team of official negotiators (a la Burns's lawyers.)

NEGOTIATOR#1

This had better be good.

HOMER

It is. My son made a prank
phone call to Australia.

NEGOTIATOR#2

Fair enough. Those A.P.
reporters in Algiers will
just have to remain
kidnapped for one more day.

The negotiators stride into the kitchen and begin setting up fax machines, phone links, etc. Mr. Conover joins them and closes the door. A few seconds later, he wheels Maggie out in her highchair and goes back inside.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

The family sits around, looking tired and anxious.

LISA

How much longer is this
going to take?

HOMER

I've had it! I'm going to
march right into that
kitchen and make my frozen
burrito!

Just as Homer gets up, a haggard Conover emerges from the kitchen with a folder.

EVAN CONOVER

Front and center, Simpsons.
We've worked out a
compromise with the
Aussies. They'll drop the
charges if Bart will just
make a public apology.

BART

I can handle that. I'm an
expert at phony apologies.

MARGE

Bart!

BART

(PHONY, TO MARGE) I'm
sorry.

EVAN CONOVER

Good. If you can just work
up a few of those kiddie
tears for the Parliament,
it'll be perfect.

LISA

The "Parliament?"

EVAN CONOVER

(PATRONIZING) Yes, the
Australian Parliament. In
Australia, dear. Where
you'll all be going.

The family looks surprised.

MARGE

All Bart has to do is
apologize, and we get a free

trip to Australia?

Conover nods.

HOMER

Woo hoo! Free vacation!

And you said crime didn't

pay, Marge!

MARGE

(REACHING) Well... this

wasn't exactly a crime. Per

se. It was more of a

prank. Or tomfoolery.

Shenanigans, really.

HOMER

Woo hoo! Shenanigans pays!

CLOSE-UP - AIRPLANE WINDOW

Bart and Homer's faces are pressed eagerly up against an airplane window. Homer points out things to an excited Bart. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL they're still on the runway at Springfield Airport. They are pointing at an upside-down pet-carrier with an upside-down dog in it, being loaded onto another plane. The Simpsons' plane (labelled "Transhemispheric Airlines") takes off. As it flies out of frame, the camera begins moving straight down -- through the Earth.

INT. EARTH - CONTINUOUS

We descend past buried pipes, cables, etc.; past the cemetery the runway was built on top of; and past an abandoned mineshaft that just barely misses a huge vein of gold. Below that, we pass a couple of Viking skeletons shot full of arrows; a huge ancient temple covered with strange writing; and a crashed U.F.O. covered with the same writing. We descend past a lot of rock; then past a seventy-foot human skeleton with a few regular-sized human skeletons in its stomach. After that is a lot of magma and lava. At the very center of the Earth, we see an overworked Shiva operating a lot of levers and switches with his six arms.

SHIVA

(EXHAUSTED GROAN)

The camera continues on, and from this point, everything is upside-down. We move past more lava, magma, and rock, and an oil deposit with a school of weird luminous fish swimming in it; Then, we pass a dinosaur skeleton that is at least three miles tall; and past a cavern where a spelunker falls (upwards) off a stalactite.

SPELUNKER

(SCREAM)

Almost at the surface, we pass a dented chunk of SkyLab and some buried sewer pipes. Finally, we emerge, upside-down, on the runway of the Australian airport, where the sun is just rising. After a beat, the Simpson plane touches down.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

(AUSTRALIAN) Sir! Please
remain seated until the
plane has come to a complete
stop!

HOMER (O.S.)

(ANNOYED GRUNT, THUD)

INT. AUSTRALIAN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpson family waits in the customs line. They look sleepy and disoriented, with their hair matted in weird ways; Evan Conover, waiting with them, looks perfectly-groomed. Homer tries to reset his watch.

HOMER

(GROGGY) We left at 1:30
P.M. Monday. What time is
it now?

He turns to Lisa, who's reading a guidebook.

LISA

It's 6:45 A.M. last Friday.
You may also be interested
to know that it's summer

here, not winter.

HOMER

(WHINY MOAN)

Homer throws the skis and sled he was carrying into a nearby trash can. Bart is looking at a sign that reads "ADVISORY: FOREIGN FLORE & FAUNE PROHIBITED!"

BART

What does that sign say? I
thought they spoke English
in this country!

LISA

It says you can't bring in
outside plants or animals.
(CONSULTING BOOK) Because
Australia evolved for
millions of years on its
own, it has a self-contained
ecosystem. Any foreign
thing you bring in could
upset that balance.

BART

Oh.

Bart opens his suitcase and takes out a shoebox with holes punched in it.

BART

(TO BOX) Sorry, boy. I
don't want to get in any
more trouble down here.

He tosses the box in the trash and walks off. A second later, the box's lid falls off and a bullfrog peers out.

BULLFROG

(CURIOUS RIBBIT)

The bullfrog hops from the trash and leaps out a nearby window into a pasture. A couple of kangaroos see it and flee in terror.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - THAT MORNING

A sign reads "U.S. Embassy. Rest Room for Citizens Only." PULL BACK TO REVEAL the embassy, a stately building with well-manicured grounds. As the Simpsons and Mr. Conover walk through the gate with their suitcases, Homer stops to look at a sentry guarding the entrance.

HOMER

Hey, are you like one of
those English guards who
can't laugh or smile or
anything?

Homer starts making faces at the sentry, sticking out his tongue and giggling cretinously. The sentry punches Homer in the face.

SENTRY

No, sir. U.S. Marine
Corps, sir.

INT. EMBASSY - VISITORS QUARTERS - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons unpack their suitcases in their well-appointed room.

HOMER

Oh, yeah, this is the life.
Boy, next summer, can you
commit some fraud in
Orlando, Florida?

MARGE

(WHISPERS TO BART) Paris,
Bart. Paris.

Mr. Conover enters with a distinguished man in his 60's.

EVAN CONOVER

Kno-ock! Simpsons, I'd like
you to meet our ambassador,
the Honorable Averell Ward.

AMBASSADOR

(LEANING OVER TO BART)

Hello. You must be the
child who made the boo-boo
with daddy's phone.

BART

You must be the old coot who
runs this dump.

AMBASSADOR

Er, yes. Now, everything is
all set for Bart's apology.
Mr. Conover will meet you at
the Parliament House at
three P.M. Any questions?

BART

Yeah. Do the toilets go
backwards in here?

AMBASSADOR

No. To combat homesickness,
we've installed a device
that makes them swirl the
correct, American way.

The ambassador opens the bathroom door to reveal a toilet with a large, complicated device attached. He flushes. As the water starts going clockwise, the machine starts up with a lot of weird mechanical sound effects and forces the water to go counter-clockwise instead. Homer gets misty-eyed.

HOMER

(CHOKED UP) Sweet land of
liberty... Of thee I sing.

EXT. EMBASSY - A LITTLE LATER

The family heads towards the gate. They are dressed in loud touristy clothes, carrying cameras, etc. (Homer is wearing his floppy golf hat.)

MARGE

We'll meet you boys back
here at six for dinner.
Good luck. (KISSES BART)

LISA

Bart, I'm sorry I'm going to
miss your public
humiliation, but the
Woolumbaloo Dirt Monument is
too exciting to pass up.

Exiting, they pass a sign inside the gate that says
"Now Entering Australia. Observe Local Laws."

BART

(TO SENTRY) Hey, G.I. Joe,
your sign's broken. We're
already in Australia.

SENTRY

Actually, Sir, the embassy
is considered American
soil. So when you're
standing here, you're in the
States.

HOMER

Really? Look, boy! Now I'm

in Australia! Now I'm in
America!

Homer steps in and out of the gate repeatedly.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GLEEFUL) Australia!
America! Austr--

BART

I get it, Dad.

MARGE

Homer, that's enough.

HOMER

--alia! (QUICK) America,
Australia, America,
Australia, Americ--

The sentry punches Homer in the face.

SENTRY

Here in America we don't
tolerate that sort of crap,
Sir.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - CULTURAL CENTRE - AN HOUR LATER

It's a large, modern building on which is chiselled
"Cultural Centre." A huge banner hanging on the
front says "CART YOUR ARSE ON IN!"

INT. CULTURAL CENTRE - EXHIBIT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Marge, Lisa, and Maggie walk past a stuffed emu, a
stuffed wombat, and a stuffed platypus. They come
to another stuffed animal labelled "ZARBLEX." It
has three legs, spots, antlers, big buck teeth, and
is smoking a pipe.

MARGE

My. They certainly have a
lot of unusual animals here.

A guard comes up.

GUARD

(AUSTRALIAN) (CHUCKLES)

Sorry if this fella looks a little off, mum. He's been vandalized.

He steps into the exhibit and removes the antlers.

GUARD (CONT'D)

There. All better.

INT. CULTURAL CENTRE - EXHIBIT HALL - A MINUTE LATER

Marge is looking at a statue labelled "First Prime Minister" that looks a lot like Jailbird. She reads the plaque below.

MARGE

(READING) "Australia was originally founded as a settlement for British convicts." (WORRIED MURMUR) Lisa, watch your camera.

Lisa tucks her camera under her arm to protect it. All the nearby Australians grumble disappointedly and inch towards another tourist with a camera.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - DOWNTOWN STREET - SAME TIME

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Homer and Bart walk along. Homer runs up to a yellow traffic sign with a silhouette of a kangaroo on it.

HOMER

Hey, boy! Get a load of this crazy sign! Whaddya think they're tryin' to tell u--

Homer is abruptly knocked out of frame by a kangaroo leaping across the street. A few little kangaroos follow.

EXT. BEACH - A LITTLE LATER

Marge, Lisa, and Maggie stroll along a boardwalk. Lisa takes a lick of her ice cream cone and frowns.

LISA

Yuck. I don't think they
made this ice cream with
cows' milk.

Lisa wipes her mouth with a napkin. On the back, we see a logo of a smiling sheep.

LISA (CONT'D)

Can I go dip my feet in the
water?

MARGE

Yes, but be careful. I
don't trust these foreign
oceans.

Lisa takes off her shoes and runs down to the water. Just as she's about to dip her toe in, a tentacle, a huge crab claw, and a wide-open shark mouth pop out of the water in anticipation.

LISA

(STUNNED, HOLLOW VOICE)

Mahm. Hehlpm.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LATER

Homer and Bart walk past places labelled "Pub," "Tavern," "Taproom," "Ale House," and "Groggery." Homer looks at the signs, confused.

HOMER

I wish I spoke Australian.
How am I ever going to find
a bar around here?

BART

Come on. Just pick

someplace and see.

Homer and Bart enter one of the establishments, where a large neon sign says "Brothel." A second later, they come back out, with Homer covering Bart's eyes.

HOMER

So, according to her, we
should be looking for a
"pubwanker."

INT. PUB - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Homer and Bart sit down at the bar.

BARTENDER

(AUSTRALIAN) What'll it be,
mates?

HOMER

Duff, please.

The bartender gets out two giant Foster's-size cans of "Duff Lager," and gives them to Homer and Bart. Bart cautiously picks up the beer and looks at it. The bartender eyes Bart.

BARTENDER

(SUSPICIOUS) You are over
seven, aren't ya?

Bart nods, and the bartender goes away. Homer and Bart sip their beers.

HOMER

You know, son, this is my
kinda country -- a father
can have a drink with his
little boy, the beers are
huge, and there's not a
bookstore in sight.

BART

A-men, brother.

At the end of the bar, we see a small boy holding up an empty mug. He looks like an eight year-old Barney Gumble.

BARNEY BOY

(AUSTRALIAN, BARNEY VOICE)

Ay, barkeep! I'm gettin'

dry here! (BELCH)

EXT. PARLIAMENT HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - 3:00 P.M.

Chiselled on the building is "Parliament of the Commonwealth of Austria." The extra "al" is crudely painted in. Homer and Bart walk up the steps to meet Evan Conover.

BART

Hey, Mr. Conover! I've been practicing my apologies.

Listen! (SAD & SNIFFLY)

I'm sorry. (DUMB VOICE)

Duh, I'm sor-ry. (DONALD

DUCK VOICE) I'm sorry. (AD

LIBS MORE)

EVAN CONOVER

Hmm, yes, fine. I'd go with one of the less silly ones.

INT. PARLIAMENT HOUSE - MAIN CHAMBER - A MINUTE LATER

The three walk through a set of imposing double doors to the main chamber of parliament, a large Senate-like room. Legislators, who wear powdered wigs and robes, line the galleries. Down in the front, the Prime Minister and a few aides sit at a rostrum. The little Australian boy and his father approach Homer and Bart.

EVAN CONOVER

Homer Simpson, Bart

Simpson. I'd like you to
meet Tobias and Bruno
Drundrige.

LITTLE BOY

Father, this is the lad
which caused all the row-de-
dow.

BART

(SOTTO, TO HOMER) Dad, this
is the sucker that got us
our free vacation.

FATHER

I must say, I had you Yanks
pegged wrong. I didn't
think you'd be brave enough
to show up today.

HOMER

(COCKY) We're the bravest
country in the world.
Kicked your butt in World
War 2, if I'm not mistaken.

The Prime Minister bangs his gavel, and the
parliament quiets down.

PRIME MINISTER

Hear ye, hear ye. This
session will now come to
order. G'day, mates!

ALL LEGISLATORS

G'day, Bruce!

PRIME MINISTER

Now then. With the
cooperation of the U.S.
Department of State, we have
present today one Bart
Simpson.

ALL LEGISLATORS

(MURMURS)

PRIME MINISTER

You'll recall that Master
Simpson's crime sparked a
long and heated debate,
during which we consumed a
record 3,000 beers.

ALL LEGISLATORS

(CHEERS, HOOTS & HOLLERS)

PRIME MINISTER

Now, before we get down to
business, I believe he has
something to say. Bart?

Bart walks to a microphone in the center of the
chamber. Everyone looks on in anticipation.

BART

(CLEARS THROAT) I'm sorry.

(BEAT) I'm sorry for what I
did to your country.

ALL LEGISLATORS

(POLITE APPLAUSE)

Homer gives Bart the thumbs-up.

PRIME MINISTER

First-rate apology. Well-

spoken, young man. Now that
you've confessed, the
corporal punishment.

Two burly guards approach Bart from behind and slap heavy manacles on him.

BART

Punishment?! Nobody told me
about any punishment!

PRIME MINISTER

Well, a simple apology would
be a bit empty...

ANGLE ON HOMER

An outraged Homer tries to dash toward Bart, but is restrained by a guard. He turns furiously to Evan Conover.

HOMER

You bastard! You sold us
out!

EVAN CONOVER

I know. But as a result,
we've regained an
inconsequential ally.

Suddenly, a loud, repeating thud rattles the walls. Everyone turns to the double doors, which open to reveal a muscle-bound martial artist wearing one huge boot. He enters and takes a few practice kicks at a nearby punching bag. The bag bursts.

ALL LEGISLATORS

(BLOODTHIRSTY CHEERS)

Bart struggles, but the guards grip him tightly.

BART

W-what's he gonna do to me?

GUARD#1

(AUSTRALIAN) He's gonna
kick you in the bum.

GUARD#2

(AUSTRALIAN) Then he's
gonna do it again. Fourteen
times.

BART

(NERVOUS GULP)

GUARD#1

Don't worry. He's a
professional.

The martial artist walks towards Bart with an
ominous thimp-THUMP, thimp-THUMP.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

**INT. PARLIAMENT HOUSE - MAIN CHAMBER - A SECOND
LATER**

The booter advances on a panicked Bart. Homer
struggles to get free from the guard who holds him
back.

HOMER

(ANGUISHED) What kind of
sick country would kick
someone with a giant boot?!

EVAN CONOVER

Mr. Simpson, shhh!

Disparaging the boot is a
bootable offense. It's one
of their proudest

traditions.

Conover gestures towards the Australian flag, which we see for the first time. It features a large cartoon boot kicking a bare ass.

BART

Helllllp! Homer!

Homer manages to wriggle his arm free from the guard and punches him in the nose. The burly guard does not react. Homer thinks for a second, then punches Evan Conover in the nose. Conover crumples to the ground.

EVAN CONOVER

(EFFEMINATE WHINE)

As the guard bends down to examine Conover, Homer makes a break for it and dashes towards Bart. The legislators cheer wildly and hoist beers as the booter rears back for his first mighty kick. Just then, Homer lunges into frame and rips his boot off; the man's small, dainty bare foot swings softly into Bart.

BOOTER

Ow!

ALL LEGISLATORS

(OUTRAGED UPROAR)

Several guards and legislators rush Homer, but he keeps them at bay by brandishing the boot. The guards immediately drop their guns and raise their hands in surrender. Homer grabs the Prime Minister and puts the boot up to the man's head.

HOMER

(DESPERATE) Stay back or

I'll boot your Prime

Minister! I'll do it! So

help me God!

Several legislators in a section marked "Opposition Party" stand up and cheer.

OPPOSITION PARTY

Here, here! Do it! Do it!

PRIME MINISTER

(DEFIANT, TO HOMER) You
realize you've got nowhere
to run. We're an island
nation.

OPPOSITION PARTY

MEMBER

(TO P.M.) We're a bloody
continent, ya boof!

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT, THEN:) No,
wait -- woo hoo! (WAR CRY)
Run back to America, boy!
Back to the embassy!

Bart, still in manacles, darts out. Homer inches
backwards toward the door, holding the Prime
Minister.

HOMER (CONT'D)

And you, you Australians,
when will you learn that
corporal punishment isn't
the answer? Modern nations
don't rely on outdated
concepts like (DERISIVE)
"discipline" and "morality"
-- they rely on hip, trendy
concepts like mollycoddling
and permissiveness therapy.
Embrace these, gentlemen,
and you'll raise free-
spirited children who aren't

afraid to insult strangers
in public and divorce their
parents if they feel like
it! Remember, as the old
saying goes, you must spare
the rod, and spoil the
child. Farewell.

Homer chucks the boot out a window and runs away.

EXT. PARLIAMENT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the parking space marked "RESERVED FOR PRIME MINISTER," we see a beat-up VW bug. The giant boot falls into frame and completely crushes the car.

EXT. PARLIAMENT HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - THAT MINUTE

Homer and Bart charge away from the Parliament. The Prime Minister and several legislators and guards burst out of the doors and follow them. A guard pulls a boomerang out of his holster, takes aim at Bart, and throws it. It skims over Bart's head, taking off a few of his spikes. Bart stops to pick them up.

HOMER

No time, boy! Run!

Homer yanks Bart off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - FIVE MINUTES LATER

The Australians pursue Homer and Bart down the street. The red, sweaty Prime Minister rudely shoves bystanders out of the way as he huffs and puffs along. A few yards behind, the booter tries to keep up while awkwardly running in his huge boot.

ANGLE ON BART & HOMER

Bart sees a pair of kangaroos crossing the street just up ahead.

BART

Hey! Just what we need for
a quick getaway!

Bart runs up to one of the kangaroos and starts getting into its pouch. We hear a horrible squishy

sound. He takes his leg out, and it's dripping with mucousy goo.

BART (CONT'D)

(WINCING) Ewww. Gross.

Forget this.

HOMER

I hear ya.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Homer with the second kangaroo. His arm is covered with mucus, and two snarling baby kangaroos are gnawing on his hand. He shakes them loose and runs off with Bart.

EXT. GIFT SHOP - DOWNTOWN STREET - THAT MINUTE

A festive sign says "South O' The Equator Gift Shoppe," (a la South of the Border.) Below, another sign reads "Pedro Sez: Eet's High Koala-ty!"

INT. GIFT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Lisa stands by a display of musical instruments, playing a soulful jazz riff on a didgeridoo. Marge (holding Maggie) browses through the souvenirs.

MARGE

Oh, this will be a nice gift
for Grampa.

She pulls out a T-shirt that reads "BUGGER OFF -- I'M RETIRED!"

LISA

Mom, you said I could have
one souvenir, right? I want
a didgeridoo.

MARGE

(DUBIOUS MURMUR) That seems
very noisy and expensive for
a souvenir. Why don't you
get this nice cap?

The lousy-looking baseball cap says "POBODY'S NERFECT in Australia."

MARGE (CONT'D)

(SELLING IT) It's clever,
just like you.

Lisa rolls her eyes. Then, the shopkeeper walks past them, shooing several bullfrogs out of the store with a broom.

BULLFROGS

(EXCITED CROAKS)

SHOPKEEPER

(AUSTRALIAN) These bloody things're everywhere!
They're in the lift, in the lorry, in the bonwizzit, and all over the malongagoolachuck...

TEENAGE CLERK

(SQUEAKY AUSTRALIAN)
They're like kangaroos, but they're reptiles, they is.

MARGE

We have them in America.
They're called bullfrogs.

TEENAGE CLERK

At's an odd name. I'da called them "chuzz-wuzzers."

Lisa consults her guidebook.

LISA

That's funny. The guidebook says Australia doesn't have bullfrogs or diseases that kill bullfrogs.

In the distance, we hear the sound of foreign police sirens. Suddenly, Bart charges past the store window in his manacles.

BART

(DOPPLER YELL) Liiiiisa!

A split-second later, Homer follows.

HOMER

(DOPPLER YELL) Maaarge!

Marge and Lisa look at each other, very concerned.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - TEN SECONDS LATER

The entire Simpson family runs down the street, with the mob in hot pursuit.

LISA

So I assume the apology
didn't go well?

BART

Not great. How was the
sightseeing?

LISA

Meh.

EXT. EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

The ambassador sits outside drinking lemonade and reading. He hears all the commotion and looks up to see the Simpsons sprinting towards the embassy followed by angry Australians and police cars.

AMBASSADOR

Oh, for crying out loud.

They're coming back.

He runs over and starts frantically trying to pull the gate shut before the Simpsons can get in. Marge, Maggie, and Lisa squeeze past him and run onto the embassy grounds. Homer and Bart make it partway through the gate (just enough so their feet are on U.S. soil), but the ambassador blocks them. He tries to kick and shove Bart and Homer back into

Australia, but they won't budge.

AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)

Please, Mr. Simpson! Go
away! I think I speak for
the entire United States
when I say we're sick of
you!

HOMER

(BEING KICKED) I have the
right -oof- to be -ugh- a
jerk! I'm -oof- an
American!

BART

You're violating our civil
rights, man!

LISA

And even we kids know that
civil rights violations can
translate into huge cash
settlements.

AMBASSADOR

(SIGH OF DEFEAT) Fine.

Come in...

The sentry locks the embassy gate just as the
Australians arrive. They press up against the gate
in an angry, shouting mass.

AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)

Just don't make the
situation any worse.

BART & HOMER

U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!

Bart and Homer start dancing around and taunting the Australians.

INT. EMBASSY - VISITORS QUARTERS - THAT NIGHT

Outside the window, a tired Homer is still dancing around.

HOMER

U.... S.... (YAWN) A.

Lisa looks outside as Marge uses a hairpin to pick the lock on Bart's manacles.

LISA

Well, it's officially a
siege. They can't come in,
and we can't go out. If
Kennedy were still
President, he could fix
this. (BEAT) Or, Johnson
or Nixon or Ford, Carter,
Reagan or Bush... (SIGH)

MARGE

I can't believe our
government would set up Bart
like that. I must say, I'm
very angry at the State
Department right now.

BART

This has been very upsetting
for me. I might be severely
traumatized if anyone ever
tried to punish me again.
Ever.

MARGE

I understand. We won't
punish you anymore.

Marge hugs Bart. He sticks his tongue out at Lisa.

LISA

Mommm! He's tricking you.
Next he'll be claiming he
has post-traumatic stress
disorder.

BART

No. (FAKE COUGH) But I
think I'm coming down with
the Stockholm Syndrome.

MARGE

Oh, dear. We better get you
into bed. Lisa, get your
brother a glass of water.

Lisa grumbles and goes into the bathroom. When she
turns on the tap, nothing comes out.

LISA

Uh-oh. The Australians must
have shut off the water.
Next, they'll probably --

The electricity suddenly shuts off, and we hear the
low groan of turbines shutting down. The family
stands in the dark, only their eyeballs visible.

LISA (CONT'D)

Actually, I was going to say
"bombard us with heavy metal
music."

Ear-splitting heavy metal music instantly starts
blaring from outside.

EXT. EMBASSY - VERY LATE THAT NIGHT

The heavy metal continues. The Australians (wearing protective headsets) stand outside the gates with a set of enormous, pulsating speakers. The Prime Minister holds up a sign saying "SEND OUT THE BOY." Another guy holds up a banner reading "This siege sponsored by 101.5 FM 'Metal Mania' and Duff Lager."

INT. EMBASSY - VISITORS QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

In the moonlit room, the camera pans past Homer, Marge, Lisa, and Maggie, all of whom are lying awake with dark circles under their eyes. The camera continues, to reveal a delighted Bart playing air guitar to the music.

EXT. EMBASSY - THE NEXT DAY

[NOTE: A few bullfrogs hop past in the background during each of the following scenes.] The Simpsons, Evan Conover, and the Ambassador sit outside at a picnic table. Everyone looks haggard, and the men are unshaven. Beside them, a Marine cooks food on a barbeque grill.

EVAN CONOVER

I don't think we can last in
here much longer. Our
supplies are running out.

AMBASSADOR

I thought we had two weeks
worth of food in the
freezer.

They both look accusingly at Homer, who is eating food off the grill as quickly as the Marine can put it on.

HOMER

Put another shrimp on the
barbie. (GULP) Put another
shrimp on the barbie.
(GULP)

EXT. EMBASSY - FRONT GATE - A LITTLE LATER

Conover and the Ambassador argue with the Prime Minister through the gate.

PRIME MINISTER

You Yanks think you're so
flippin' superior, what with
your paved highways and
public libraries, but we'd
like a bit of respect, too,
we would. So hand over the
bloody boy!

AMBASSADOR

We cannot turn over an
American citizen without his
consent. It's the law.

EVAN CONOVER

And unfortunately, our
Constitution does not
specifically exclude the
Simpsons. (BEAT) Yet.

AMBASSADOR

Perhaps the boy would agree
to a lesser punishment.

PRIME MINISTER

(CONSIDERS THIS) Well, all
right... But it's got to
include a rump-kicking.

INT. EMBASSY - VISITORS QUARTERS - MINUTES LATER

The Ambassador and Conover sit with Bart.

AMBASSADOR

Bart, are you familiar with
the term "patriotic duty?"

BART

Yeah. That's when the
government wants something
for nothing.

AMBASSADOR

(DEEP BREATH) Well, not
"nothing" exactly. You'd
get to go home and put this
whole unpleasant affair
behind you.

BART

(DUBIOUS) What do you want
me to do?

EVAN CONOVER

The Prime Minister just
wants to kick you once.
Through the gate.

BART

With a regular-sized shoe?

AMBASSADOR

Yes. I believe it's a wing-
tip.

BART

Dad has those. They don't
hurt at all. (BEAT) Okay.
I'll do it.

EXT. EMBASSY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Everyone watches hopefully as Bart strides toward
the gate with a look of brave determination.

LISA

Thank you, Bart. I promise

I won't make fun of you

later for this.

HOMER

Show 'em what American butts

are made of, son!

The crowd falls silent as Bart approaches. The Prime Minister eagerly buffs his shoe in anticipation. When Bart gets close to the fence, he turns backwards so his rear is facing the Prime Minister.

PRIME MINISTER

That's it, lad. (DRAMATIC)

This is for the Commonwealth

of Australia.

The Prime Minister swings his foot back for the kick. Just then, Bart steps away, out of kicking range.

BART

And this is for the United

States of America.

Bart drops his pants, bends over, and moons the Prime Minister. On his naked butt is written "DON'T TREAD ON ME."

BART (CONT'D)

(HUMS "THE STAR SPANGLED

BANNER")

AUSTRALIANS

(ROAR OF OUTRAGE)

PRIME MINISTER

Storm the embassy, men!

The Australians start breaking down the fence. The Simpsons and embassy personnel flee back inside.

EXT. EMBASSY - ROOFTOP - A MINUTE LATER

All the Americans are gathered up on the roof as the Australians smash through down below. A U.S.

military transport helicopter flies over the embassy and sets down on the roof.

MARGE

I'm glad you're okay, but I wish you'd chosen a more tasteful way to be patriotic.

LISA

I'm impressed that you were able to write so legibly on your own butt.

BART

Thanks. I practice a lot in school.

Two embassy Marines solemnly lower the American flag, carefully fold it up, and toss it into a nearby garbage can. Then, in a shot reminiscent of the fall of Saigon, the Simpsons and embassy staff climb up the steps and board the helicopter. It takes off.

EXT. EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter flies over the Australian mob on the embassy grounds.

PRIME MINISTER

All right, mates! Let 'em have it!

They barrage the helicopter with a fusillade of empty beer cans.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Homer turns to the pilot.

HOMER

Hey, do we get to land on an aircraft carrier?

PILOT

No, sir. The closest vessel
is the U.S.S. Walter
Mondale. It's a laundry
ship. They'll take you the
rest of the way.

LISA

I worry that I'm going to
have a hard time forgetting
this trip.

Bart looks out the window.

BART

I think Australia might have
the same problem.

EXT. EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

As the sound of the helicopter fades away, it is
replaced by the thunderous croaking of thousands of
bullfrogs. Many frogs hop into frame, and the
Australians look worried.

PRIME MINISTER

(ANGRY, TO FROGS) I assume
one of you belongs to Bart
Simpson?

BULLFROG

(NON-COMMITTAL RIBBIT)

FADE OUT:

THE END