

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Homer is asleep on a hammock.

MARGE'S VOICE

Homieeee!

Homer jolts awake, flipping over onto the grass below.

MARGE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Did you mow the lawn yet? And don't forget to pick up the kids' toys before you start.

HOMER

I'm getting right on it.

Homer sees all the kids' toys across the yard. He MUMBLES to himself as he tosses each toy - water gun, woopie cushion, doll with a cut off head - over the fence.

MALE VOICE

Hey

HOMER

Shut up, Flanders.

MALE VOICE

Who's Flanders?

Homer stops, turns to the Voice over the fence. It's his neighbor that lives *behind* him, ACE BLISS, a Native American.

Homer walks over.

HOMER

Where's Flanders?

ACE

Who's Flanders?

HOMER

You know, how diddle dude a loo
I'm a moron ee.

Off Ace's look.

ACE

I don't know what pipe you smoked
but I'm your neighbor.

HOMER

Am I dreaming right now?

Ace studies Homer.

ACE
Did you eat grass?

HOMER
How did you know I eat grass! It's only to floss out the beer from my teeth. Don't tell Marge, don't tell Marge.

ACE
Who's Marge?

HOMER
Who's Marge? Who's Flanders? You don't know any of my business, what kind of nosy neighbor are you?

ACE
I'm not.

Homer backs away slowly, utterly confused. He SLIPS on a rubber chicken, hitting his head on the floor.

Flander pokes his head over the fence.

FLANDERS
You ok there neighborino?

Homer SCREAMS!

ACE
He's fine. Just toked the wrong flower today.

Homer looks to the left, sees Flanders. He looks right, see Ace. Again. Thinks. Looks at one, then the other - again.

ACE (CONT'D)
It's not that hard, man.

Homer goes over to Ace, pokes his face.

Ace pokes back.

Homer looks past Ace, sees a slot machine inside a teepee in Ace's backyard.

HOMER
How'd you get one of those?

ACE
It came with the land.

HOMER
No, not the tent thing.

ACE
I wasn't talking about the teepee.

Homer's eyes move, thinking.

HOMER
Hmmm...explain.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ace is eating at the table with the Simpsons. He's mid-joke.

ACE
So I said, we had reservations!

Everyone LAUGHS except Lisa.

LISA
The stolen territories of the First
Nation does not constitute nor
warrant a mediocre joke to express
the truth of the matter.

ACE
Who put pepper in her corn?

Homer with his mouth full of food...

HOMER
Mmmmm Lisa's corn.

Homer grabs the corn Lisa is eating and eats it.

LISA
Dad!

ACE
Like I was saying out back, this is
our land. Everything the sun
touches is native territory. Except
that shimmery aqua blue stuff.

HOMER
Wha?...Explain.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - MORNING

Homer is driving to work. Ace sits in the passenger's seat.
He looks a little tired.

ACE

Like I said yesterday, this is native territory. We can do whatever we want. So we drink...

HOMER

I'm a native!

ACE

No you're not. And we gamble.

HOMER

Gam-ble.

ACE

Seriously?

Homer's eyes move, thinking.

HOMER

Explain.

INT. POWER PLANT - DAY

Ace stands next to Homer, now in his work chair.

Ace EXHALES.

ACE

For the last time, we can have slot machines, craps tables, blackjack tables, poker rooms...

HOMER

Wait! Can there be donuts?

ACE

You mean those fried smashed balls of dough with sugary tops and more sugary mini sticks on top?

HOMER

That's them.

ACE

Sure, why not.

Homer stands up too quickly, his pants fall.

HOMER

I have an idea!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Marge walks up to the front door carrying a bag of groceries.

MARGE

Homie! I got all the stuff you
wanted from the market.

She maneuvers herself to open the door.

A cloud of smoke comes out at her.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marge COUGHS as she enters the full blown casino. She walks
into...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mayor Quimby is at the end of the craps table, PAGEANT GIRL
on his arm.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Blow baby blow, papa needs a new
pair of slippers.

Pageant Girl blows seductively onto the dice.

Marge frowns and walks by as Quimby throws the dice.

Mr. Burns picks up his heavy arm, tries to push the button on
the slot machine. He doesn't have the strength.

SMITHERS

Allow me, sir.

Smithers pushes the button on the slot machine. It hits!

MR. BURNS

I won!

Mr. Burns attempts to smile. Smithers watches him lovingly.

SMITHERS

Yes sir! We won.

MR. BURNS

No no, I hit the button, I won.

SMITHERS

Of course.

MR. BURNS

Excellent.

Marge can't even handle it. She moves into...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge's mouth drops, her shopping bags fall to the floor.

MARGE

Maggie!

Maggie is serving drinks at the bar. She slides the beer down the bar to Barney.

BARNEY

Thank you shrunken Lisa.

Maggie tips her finger at Barney, acknowledging.

Marge hurries over and picks up Maggie.

MARGE

Maggie, you're going to your room
right now!

Bart, dressed to the nines, is the casino waiter. He slides past Marge and starts filling his drink order.

BART

Lose it or scoot it, toots!

MARGE

Bart!

BART

Sorry, busy right now, we can talk
on my break, Cutes.

Bart leaves with a tray of drinks. Marge follows him into...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The poker room. Bart hands out drinks to players on the table: Homer and Krusty's monkey, Mr. Teeny.

HOMER

This isn't what I ordered.

Bart passes out drinks to the crowd.

BART
We're all out of donut flavored
beer, Fats.

Homer returns his attention to the game. He looks at Mr. Teeny and pushes all his chips in.

Lisa, with a carrot for a mic, announces from atop the fridge.

LISA
In a surprising turn of event, Fats
is all in.

Bart looks at Homer's stomach.

BART
More like, all out.

Bart LAUGHS until Homer starts ringing Bart's neck.

HOMER
Why you lil...

MARGE
Homer!

HOMER
Ah, the wife! What are you doing
here?

Homer with a big nervous smile.

MARGE
I live here.

HOMER
Right, right, right, uhhhh, would
you like to sit?

Homer offers his chair.

LISA
In a spectacularly unorthodox turn
of events, Fats has given his seat
to Slim McCoy. Will she pull out,
will she bust, will she flip the
table! Let's watch!

Marge puts Maggie down on the floor. Maggie finds a casino chip, tucks it in her onesie and crawls out, heading back to the bar.