

The Simpsons:  
Mental Midget Football  
WGA registration # 514094

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"The Simpsons: Mental Midget Football"

FADE IN :

EXT. THE SIMPSON'S HOUSE - DAY

IT'S A WONDERFUL FALL DAY IN SPRINGFIELD. THE LEAVES ARE TURNING INCREDIBLE COLORS BEFORE OUR EYES. WE ZOOM IN ON LISA SIMPSON'S WINDOW.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

LISA SITS AT HER TIDY DESK WITH A PEN POISED JUST ABOVE HER DIARY. AS HER LEGS DANGLE FROM THE CHAIR, AND HER CAT CLEANS ITS PRIVATE PARTS, SHE BEGINS TO WRITE.

LISA (V.O.)

(reverb)

Dear Diary, Fall is here in all its majesty! Outside my window, Mother Nature's mighty paint brush is turning the leaves an incredible cacophony of hues! And everywhere, people revel in the changes!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CENTER - DAY

A BUS IDLES IN FRONT OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE RETIREMENT CENTER. ON THE SIDE OF THE BUS, A BANNER PROCLAIMS: "LEAF TOUR." INSIDE THE BUS, A DOUBTFUL GROUP OF THE HOME'S INHABITANTS. OUTSIDE THE DOOR, A WORRIED LOOKING GRANDPA SIMPSON STALLS.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

OTTO, THE BUS DRIVER, REVS THE ENGINE AS HE LOOKS OUT TOWARD THE GROUP OF OLD PEOPLE. HE PICKS UP THE MICROPHONE FOR THE P.A. SYSTEM.

OTTO

(through speaker)

Hey, come on, Old Dude, this is gonna  
be fun!

CUT TO:

EXT. RETIREMENT CENTER - DAY

GRANDPA SHUFFLES FORWARD ANGRILY. HE WAVES HIS  
FIST IN THE AIR AND ADDS SOME SARCASM AS WELL.

GRANDPA

Oh sure. It's a real blast! I love  
getting motion sickness inside a smelly  
old bus while I fight for bladder  
control! And, what if you lose control  
and we plunge into a ravine?

THE OLD PEOPLE ON THE BUS NOW LOOK CONCERNED.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

OTTO REPLACES THE MICROPHONE AND GETS OFF THE BUS.

OTTO

Have it your way, Grandpa, dude.

CUT TO:

EXT. RETIREMENT CENTER - DAY

OTTO WALKS TOWARD GRANDPA.

GRANDPA

You can't make me go with you! I'm  
old and overly cautious...besides...  
"Wheel of Fortune" is coming on.

OTTO STOPS JUST IN FRONT OF GRANDPA.

OTTO

Hey, old fossil dude, I'm not makin'  
you do anything. I just need a place  
to put my gum.

OTTO OPENS HIS MOUTH TO REVEAL A BIG WAD OF PINK  
BUBBLE GUM. GRANDPA LOOKS INSIDE. HE'S ALMOST  
DISAPPOINTED AT THE LACK OF CONFRONTATION.

GRANDPA

Oh.

SUDDENLY, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE BUS ENGINE  
REVVING. GRANDPA AND OTTO TURN AROUND IN TIME TO  
SEE SNAKE AT THE WHEEL. HE HONKS THE HORN.

SNAKE

See ya' later...losers!

THE BUS ROARS AWAY WITH THE OLD PEOPLE ON BOARD  
SCREAMING AND SNAKE LAUGHING MANIACALLY.

OTTO

Bummer.

GRANDPA

Who was he callin' a loser?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SIMPSON'S HOUSE - DAY

HOMER IS RAKING LEAVES WITH A BROKEN RAKE. HE HAS  
AMASSED A SMALL PILE, WHILE MILLIONS MORE WAIT NEARBY.

LISA (V.O.)

(reverb)

As leaves fall, Men curse the gods who  
create the terrible yearly fate of  
raking and bagging...

HOMER SCRATCHES AT THE GROUND A COUPLE MORE TIMES.

HOMER

I hate Fall.

WE HEAR THE "BUZZ" OF A SMALL ENGINE MOVING CLOSER AS SEVERAL LEAVES FLOAT DOWN ON THE SMALL BARE SPOT HOMER'S CREATED.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Doh!

FLANDERS APPROACHES, WEARING SAFETY GLASSES--USING LEAF BLOWER. THE MOTOR STOPS.

FLANDERS

Hi diddly doo, neighbor! How do ya'  
like my nifty new leaf blower?

HOMER

I'd like it better if it didn't blow  
'em on my property, Flanders! Stupid  
leaves.

FLANDERS

(chuckles)

Oh, Homer...leaves aren't stupid.

It's the poor souls who still use rakes!

NED YANKS THE CORD ON HIS BLOWER. THE LITTLE MOTOR DROWNS OUT HOMER'S NASTY REPLY.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S ROOM - DAY

LISA CONTINUES TO WRITE AS WE LOOK OUT HER WINDOW TOWARD A GROUP OF KIDS PLAYING TOUCH FOOTBALL. INCLUDED IN THE GROUP IS: BART, TODD FLANDERS AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER, MARTIN, MILHOUSE, NELSON (THE BULLY) AND FOUR OF NELSON'S GOON FRIENDS.

LISA (V.O.)

(reverb)

But, as the beauty descends from on  
high, something is lurking just over  
the horizon...the chill of winter...  
a season of despair...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SIMPSON'S FRONT YARD - DAY

A CLOUD DARKENS THE SKY. BART IS IN THE HUDDLE  
WITH MILHOUSE, THE FLANDERS KIDS AND MARTIN.

BART

Milhouse, you go deep. The rest of  
you block.

TODD FLANDERS

Okay, Bart, we'll gladly sacrifice our  
bodies in front of that huge individual  
to save you.

THE WIND PICKS UP AND LEAVES BLOW THROUGH THE AIR.

HOMER (O.S.)

Doh!

BART

On three! Break!

THE FIVE CLAP HANDS AND LEAVE THE HUDDLE. MARTIN  
GOES TO THE BALL. THE FLANDERS KIDS FLANK HIM ON  
EITHER SIDE. MILHOUSE SPLITS OUT TO THE LEFT.  
BART STANDS BEHIND THE CENTER SEVERAL PACES. JUST  
BEFORE HE BENDS OVER TO CENTER THE BALL MARTIN LOOKS  
AT NELSON.

MARTIN

It would be a great comfort to me if  
you would refrain from putting your  
fist in my groin on this play.

NELSON SNICKERS.

NELSON

Okay...I'll put my knee there this  
time. Ha ha.

MARTIN LOOKS WORRIED AND BENDS OVER. BART REACHES  
FOR THE SNAP.

BART

Down! Set!

THE HULKING SIZE OF NELSON AND HIS FRIENDS IS  
IMPOSING. THE FLANDERS BOYS LOOK AT EACH OTHER,  
TAKE THEIR SET POSITIONS AND BEGIN SINGING.

FLANDERS KIDS

(singing/together)

Jesus loves me, this I know--

BART

Hut! Hut! Hut!

MARTIN SNAPS THE BALL TO BART. NELSON POUNDS MARTIN  
INTO THE GRASS WITH ONE BLOW OF A HUGE FIST. TWO  
OTHER CREEPS THROW THE FLANDERS KIDS OUT OF THE WAY.  
MILHOUSE DEKES AND ROLLS PAST TWO GUYS. BART STIFF-  
ARMS ONE CREEP AND DODGES THE OTHER. NELSON IS BEARING  
DOWN ON HIM AS HE LOFTS A SPIRAL TOWARD MILHOUSE WHO  
CATCHES THE BALL JUST AS HE'S SLAMMED TO THE GROUND.  
THE KIDS CHEER. MILHOUSE GASPS FOR AIR.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTGOMERY BURNS' OFFICE - NIGHT

WE'RE WATCHING THE SAME SHOT AS BEFORE. BUT, NOW  
THE PICTURE IS "GRAINY" BECAUSE IT'S ON TV.

BURNS (O.S.)

Let's see that one more time, Smithers!

SMITHERS (O.S.)

Yes sir.

THE PICTURE FREEZES, THEN REVERSES TO THE POINT WHERE WE SEE BART ABOUT TO THROW THE BALL. THEN IT FREEZES.

BURNS (O.S.)

That's him! That's my new quarterback!

WE PULL AWAY FROM THE TV SCREEN TO SEE THAT WE'RE IN THE OFFICE OF MONTY BURNS. A FIRE CRACKLES IN THE HUGE FIREPLACE.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Good work, Smithers.

SMITHERS REMOVES THE VIDEO CASSETTE FROM THE MACHINE.

SMITHERS

No need to thank me sir.

BURNS STANDS UP AND WAVES HIS HAND.

BURNS

All right then, forget it.

SMITHERS LOOKS DOWNCAST.

SMITHERS

Yes sir.

BURNS ISN'T LISTENING. HE STRIDES TO THE FIRE AND LOOKS IN.

BURNS

But, this lad could well lead my Power Plant Mighty Midget Football team to the state championship!

SMITHERS

Yes sir, I know sir.

BURNS

By the way...what's the boy's name?

SMITHERS

Simpson, sir. Bart Simpson.

BURNS

Simpson, heh? Where have I heard that name before?

SMITHERS

His father, Homer, works for you.

He's a drone in Sector Seven.

BURNS TURNS. HIS BEADY EYES NARROW. HIS SMILE LOOKS SINISTER.

BURNS

Bring him to me! Quickly!

LIGHTENING FLASHES. WE HEAR THUNDER. BURNS' OVERBITE REFLECTS THE LIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. BURNS OFFICE - DAY

BURNS SITS AT HIS DESK. SMITHERS STANDS BESIDE THE HUGE CHAIR. HOMER STANDS IN FRONT OF THE DESK, WORRIEDLY LOOKING AT HIS SHOES.

BURNS

You know why you're here, Simpson?

HOMER LOOKS UP TOWARD BURNS, THEN SMITHERS. HE PAUSES A SECOND.

HOMER

Is it about the candy machine break-ins?

BURNS STRAIGHTENS UP AND LOOKS SURPRISED. HE LOOKS SIDWAYS AT SMITHERS WHO RETURNS A SURPRISED LOOK FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE. THERE'S AN UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSE.

BURNS

Uh, no. No, that's not why.

HOMER HEAVES A BIG SIGH OF RELIEF. HE PUMPS HIS ARM IN HAPPILY.

HOMER

Whooo Hooo!

BURNS STANDS AND WAVES HIS HAND. HOMER STOPS.

BURNS

Let's cut to the chase, Simpson. I want your son.

HOMER

Brat?

HOMER GASPS AND LOOKS VERY WORRIED AGAIN. HE'S ABOUT TO CRY.

HOMER (CONT'D)

How did you find out was the one who gave your guard dogs Ex-lax?

BURNS STOPS AND LOOKS AT SMITHERS WHO RETURNS A SURPRISED LOOK. THERE'S ANOTHER UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSE.

BURNS

Uh. I didn't know that.

HOMER PUMPS HIS ARM AGAIN AND JUMPS OFF THE FLOOR!

HOMER

Whooo Hoo! I'm two for two!

BURNS WALKS AROUND HIS DESK TOWARD HOMER. HE WAVES HIS ARM FOR QUIET.

BURNS

Yes! Yes, you are. And, I'm about to make it a perfect day for you.

HOMER

Are we talkin' "raise" here Mr. Burns?

BURNS

Oh, my heaven's no!

SMITHERS STEPS FORWARD.

HOMER

Oh.

SMITHERS

What Mr. Burns is trying to say is:

WE WANT YOUR SON TO PLAY ON THE COMPANY MIGHTY MIDGET FOOTBALL TEAM.

BURNS

Yes! That's it! Well, Simpson, what do you say?

HOMER

Well, I think it's great! And, Brat would love it. It's just that--

HOMER PAUSES.

BURNS

Yes, yes--go on...

HOMER

My wife, doesn't like football.

BURNS

Oh, piffle! She's a woman! You're a man!

SMITHERS

Well said, sir!

HOMER

Yeah, but---

BURNS

And, besides---there's a little matter  
of stolen candy and messy sidewalks.

HOMER

But, Mr. Burns, I--

BURNS

You do like having a job....don't you?

HOMER

Doh!

COMMERCIAL BREAK #1:

INT. SIMPSON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

HOMER AND MARGE ARE SITTING ON EITHER SIDE OF BART.  
LISA'S ON THE FLOOR WITH MAGGIE WHO'S CRAWLING NEAR  
SNOWBALL II. SANTA'S HELPER SLEEPS NEAR HOMER'S  
FEET. HOMER IS DESPERATE.

HOMER

But, Marge! He's my boss!

MARGE

And, I'm Bart's mother!

BART

Yeah, but Mom!

HOMER

Quiet Boy. Your Mom and I are arguing.

MARGE

Homey...we're having a disagreement.

It's not an argument.

HOMER

Yes it is.

MARGE

No, it's not.

HOMER

Yes it is.

MARGE

No, it's not.

HOMER

Yes--it--IS!

MAGGIE TRIES TO WALK AND TRIPS OVER SNOWBALL II WHO "YOWLS" AND SWATS SANTA'S HELPER. THE DOG WAKES UP, AND CHASES THE CAT. WE HEAR A CRASH O.S. THE FAMILY PAUSES ONLY BRIEFLY TO LOOK TOWARD THE CRASH. HOMER TURNS BACK TO MARGE.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Whose turn is it?

BART JUMPS UP AND WAVES HIS HAND DRAMATICALLY.

BART

Mom! Dad! Listen! I'm a boy. I love football. I should be able to play a game I love. Right?

HOMER

Oooh! Good one Bart! Marge, you can't deny the boy is actually making sense!

MARGE

No, he's not.

HOMER LOOKS SURPRISED.

HOMER

He's not?

MARGE SHAKES HER HEAD "NO." BART FROWNS. HOMER LOOKS AT BART.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Shut up, boy.

BART

Doh!

MARGE PATS BART LOVINGLY ON THE HEAD AND STANDS.

MARGE

Football is very dangerous. We, as parents, should never let our kids risk terrible injuries in something as trivial as a game.

HOMER JUMPS UP AND TAKES MARGE BY THE SHOULDERS. HE LOOKS IN HER EYES VERY EARNESTLY AND SPEAKS SLOWLY...AS IF TO A VERY STUPID PERSON.

HOMER

Marge, I know you think that trying to save Bart from things like broken bones, torn ligaments and a lifetime of paralysis makes you a good mother. But, football is not as bad as you think.

MARGE IS NOT CONVINCED. SHE LOOKS CONCERNED AND GRITS HER TEETH. HOMER SITS DOWN AND PICKS UP THE REMOTE CONTROL. HE CLICKS ON THE TV.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Come on! I'm sure if you watch a few minutes of a game, you'll agree.

MARGE RELUCTANTLY SITS. THE FAMILY TURNS BACK TO THE TV.

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN

A football game is in progress. The two teams are at the line of scrimmage. The TV ANNOUNCER sounds like Keith Jackson.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

First and 10. Here's the snap.

THE QUARTERBACK GETS THE BALL. BEFORE HE CAN MOVE, AN OPPOSING LINEMAN BURSTS THROUGH THE LINE, KNOCKING OFF THE CENTER'S HELMET.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My oh my! Rackowski's on a blitz!

THE LINEMAN HITS THE QUARTERBACK IN THE FACE. WE HEAR THE SMACK. WE SEE THE BLOOD SPURT, AS THE LINEMAN FALLS ON THE QUARTERBACK'S LEGS AND WE HEAR A TERRIBLE CRUNCH.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Katie bar the door!

THE BALL POPS FREE AND THE LINEMAN SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, STEPPING ON THE QUARTERBACK'S FACE AS HE DOES.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Fummmm--bel!

THERE ARE 21 BODIES SCRAMBLING FOR THE FOOTBALL, THEY MEET IN A TERRIBLE COLLISION.

WE HEAR THE CRACKING OF BONES IN THE PILEUP.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARGE IS QUIETLY STUNNED BY WHAT SHE'S JUST SEEN.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

What carnage! What chaos...Whoa Momma!

MARGE DOESN'T LOOK AT HOMER. SHE PICKS UP THE REMOTE, CLICKS OFF THE SET AND STANDS UP. HOMER LOOKS UP TO HER.

HOMER

There, now don't you feel silly?

MARGE IGNORES HER HUSBAND AND REACHES DOWN FOR LISA'S HAND.

MARGE

It's dangerous.

SHE PUTS ON A PAIR OF GOGGLES.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Come on, Lisa, let's get back to putting the chicken in the pressure cooker.

LISA GETS UP AND LEAVES WITH HER MOTHER. HOMER WATCHES THEM GO, AND TURNS TO HIS SON.

HOMER

Quick! Let's see if they got the first down!

BART PICKS UP THE REMOTE AND TURNS ON THE TV.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUICKEE MART -- DAY

A CAR DRIVES UP IN FRONT. HOMER AND LISA GET OUT.

LISA

Dad, why are we stopping here? Aren't we going to the library?

HOMER

I thought we could use a little snack.

LISA

But, we just had breakfast.

HOMER

You call Orange Juice, toast, eggs and bacon--breakfast?

HOMER OPENS THE DOOR. APU LOOKS OUT FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER.

APU

Oh! Good morning Mr. Simpson! You'll be having the usual?

LISA LOOKS UP AT HER FATHER IN DISGUST. AS WE HEAR A HORN HONK. LISA AND HOMER TURN TO SEE MR. BURNS' LIMOUSINE DRIVE UP. A WINDOW IN BACK GLIDES DOWN. BURNS' SCRAWNY ARM MOTIONS THEM TOWARD THE CAR.

BURNS

Simpson! Come!

HOMER LOOKS TOWARD APU.

HOMER

Hold the Slushee!

AS THE DOOR CLOSSES, APU LOOKS LONGINGLY OUT THE DOOR AT HOMER.

APU

Be sure to return, Mr. Simpson. I need to pay for my Caribbean vacation!

HOMER AND LISA ARRIVE AT THE OPEN LIMO WINDOW.  
BURNS OPENS THE DOOR AND MOTIONS THEM INSIDE.

BURNS

Ever ride in a Limousine?

HOMER

Once, but it wasn't any fun.

BURNS

Why not?

HOMER

Somebody died.

BURNS

Oooh. (Beat) Well, get in! Both of  
you.

CUT TO:

INT. BURNS' LIMO - DAY

LISA LOOKS WORRIED, BUT CLIMBS IN WITH HER DAD.  
BURNS SLAMS THE DOOR. THEY SIT OPPOSITE BURNS,  
WITH THEIR BACKS TOWARD SMITHERS, WHO IS DRIVING.  
THE LIMO BEGINS TO ROLL. THE BOSS SCOWLS AT HOMER.

BURNS

I suppose you know why I'm taking you  
for a ride, Simpson.

HOMER

No sir...uh, unless it's all the  
Smithers graffiti I left in the men's  
room.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREETS - DAY

THE LIMO SWERVES. WE HEAR SCREAMING TIRES. THE  
STOLEN BUS FROM THE SENIOR CENTER SWERVES TO MISS

THE LIMO, BURSTS INTO FLAMES AND PLUNGES OVER A RAVINE. THE LIMO REGAINS CONTROL AND CONTINUES.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

SMITHERS' CHAUFFEUR HAT IS ASKEW. HE TURNS TO LOOK BEHIND HIM.

SMITHERS

Simpson, do you know how many idiots  
have called my home at midnight?

BURNS WAVES OFF HIS ASSISTANT.

BURNS

Not now, Smithers! We have more  
important fish to fry.

SMITHERS MEEKLY TURNS BACK TO HIS DRIVING. A BALLOON APPEARS ABOVE HOMER'S HEAD. IN THE BALLOON, WE SEE CAPTAIN AHAB AT HIS ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT FISH RESTAURANT. HE WINKS.

CAPTAIN

(reverb)

Fried fish! All ya' can eat!

HOMER

(to self)

Ooooh, fish.

BURNS LOOKS AT SIMPSON WHO'S LOOKING UP AT THE CAPTAIN IN THE BALLOON WHO IS OFFERING A BUCKET OF SHRIMP.

BURNS

Homer, my boy...are you still with us?

HOMER

Ooooooh, Shrimp!

HOMER DROOLS, AS LISA POKES HIM IN THE RIBS.

LISA

Dad!

THE BALLOON BURSTS. A COUPLE OF SHRIMP BOUNCE OFF HOMER'S HEAD.

HOMER

Huh! What?

BURNS LOOKS A LITTLE PUZZLED. HE CONTINUES MALEVOLENTLY.

BURNS

Simpson, I stopped to pick you up today to tell you a little...joke.

HOMER ISN'T HAPPY TO HEAR THIS.

HOMER

Oh...well, I'm not very good with jokes. I can never tell when they're over.

BURNS

I'm sure you'll get this one! Why did the Nuclear Power Plant employee get fired?

SMITHERS LAUGHS. HOMER AND LISA LOOK OVER THEIR SHOULDERS.

BURNS (CONT'D)

That's not the punch line, Smithers!

SMITHERS STOPS. HOMER AND LISA TURN BACK TO BURNS.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Well, Simpson...why?

HOMER

Uh, I don't know.

BURNS LEANS FORWARD QUICKLY AND POINTS AN ACCUSATORY FINGER AT HOMER.

BURNS

Because he wouldn't let his son play  
on the Power Plant's Football team!

BURNS LETS OUT AN EVIL LAUGH. SMITHERS LAUGHS.  
HOMER JOINS IN LOUDLY FOR A SECOND, THEN STOPS.

HOMER

I don't get it.

BURNS

Let me translate it for you. Either  
your son plays for my football team,  
or I'll find someone else to eat donuts  
and sleep in the Master Control.

HOMER

You mean I'm getting a promotion?

BURNS SIGHS SHAKES HIS HEAD. LISA TURNS TO HER FATHER.

LISA

Dad! Don't you see! He's blackmailing  
you to get Bart on his football team.

SHE TURNS TOWARD THE BOSS.

LISA (CONT'D)

It's despicable.

BURNS

Oooh! A little girl with a big  
vocabulary! How rude of me to ignore  
you! Tell you what...I'll blackmail  
you too, my dear!

LISA GASPS. BURNS AND SMITHERS START CHUCKLING. HOMER IS CONFUSED. HE LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER AT SMITHERS THEN BACK TO BURNS. HE SHRUGS AND STARTS CHUCKLING. LISA LEANS CLOSER TO HER FATHER.

LISA

Dad, what are you doing?

HOMER LEANS DOWN TOWARD LISA CONFIDENTIALLY.

HOMER

I think Burns just told another joke.

HOMER RETURNS TO HIS INANE CHUCKLING. LISA LOOKS WORRIED.

COMMERCIAL BREAK #2

MONTAGE OF PAGES FROM THE SPRINGFIELD SHOPPER NEWSPAPER:

WITH A BACKGROUND OF MARCH MUSIC, VARIOUS NEWSPAPER HEADLINES ARE SUPERIMPOSED OVER VARIOUS SCENES OF BART PLAYING FOOTBALL AND THROWING COMPLETION AFTER COMPLETION, STIFF-ARMING OPPONENTS, BREAKING TACKLES, ETC. THE HEADLINES INCLUDE: "ART IMPSON PASSES POWER PLANT PIXIES PAST PIKEVILLE," "NUCLEAR MIGHTY-MITES MOW DOWN MONROE CITY," "IMPSON SINKS SUSSEX," "POWER PLANT KIDS UNDEFEATED," "ART IMPSON LEADS POWER PLANT KIDS TO STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TODAY!"

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMPSON'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

THE NEWSPAPER BOY WOBBLER BY ON HIS BICYCLE. HE THROWS A PAPER THAT HITS, AND BREAKS, ONE OF THE PORCH LIGHTS. AS HE RIDES OUT OF FRAME, WE SEE HIM TOSS HIS NEXT PAPER AT THE FLANDERS' HOUSE. WE HEAR ANOTHER CRASH.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

MARGE, WEARING A ROBE AND CURLERS, OPENS THE FRONT DOOR AND PICKS UP THE PAPER. SHE TURNS, CLOSES THE DOOR AND CALLS UPSTAIRS.

MARGE

Homer! Kids! Breakfast.

HOMER BOUNDS DOWN THE STEPS.

HOMER

Great! I'll get the paper!

MARGE

I already got it.

HOMER GRABS THE PAPER AWAY FROM MARGE.

HOMER

(Scream/beat)

Uh, you didn't read the Sports Page  
did you?

MARGE

Homer, why would I do that? I hate  
sports.

HOMER

Oh, right. That's how I got away with  
this all season.

MARGE

Got away with what? What are you  
talking about?

HOMER GETS A WORRIED LOOK ON HIS FACE. WE GET A CU  
OF HOMER. THE CAMERA TILTS UP TO HIS BRAIN.

HOMER

(reverb)

Don't tell her Bart's playing football.  
You'll blow everything.

THE CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO HIS MOUTH. HE SPEAKS.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Uh, nothing.

THE CAMERA TILTS UP TO HIS BRAIN.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(reverb/chuckles)

Pretty slick.

MARGE FROWNS.

MARGE

Mmmmmm. Where's Bart and Lisa?

HOMER

Gettin' ready. It's a big day, you know!

MARGE SOFTENS.

MARGE

Oh, that's right! Lisa told me you're going to take them to the Art Museum.

HOMER

Yeah, right...the Art Museum. You know me and art!

HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE AND SEES "ART IMPSON"

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ooops.

HOMER QUICKLY HIDES THE HEADLINE FROM THIS WIFE.

MARGE

Homey, I just want to say I think it's been truly wonderful the way you've spent the last few weekends taking the kids to all these cultural places.

HOMER FEELS GUILTY.

HOMER

Yeah.

MARGE

But, I want you to promise me you'll look after Bart. He's been awfully accident prone lately. I just don't understand how he got a black eye at the symphony last week.

HOMER MOVES TO THE STEPS.

HOMER

Marge, the Symphony is a dangerous place! Why, I'll never forget the terror when that kettle drum broke loose and rolled into the audience.

HOMER TAKES A NERVOUS STEP UP THE STAIRS.

MARGE

I thought Lisa said that Bart fell in the restroom.

HOMER GRINS NERVOUSLY. HE'S AFRAID HE'LL CRACK UNDER THIS SCRUTINY.

HOMER

Oh yeah! Right. When the kettle drum rolled through the audience and into the men's room.

MARGE SCRUTINIZES HOMER'S FACE. SWEAT POPS OUT ON HIS BROW.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Uh, I gotta get the kids...or we're  
gonna be late for the Aztec lecture!

HOMER RUNS UP THE STEPS. MARGE WATCHES HIM, LOVINGLY.

MARGE

What a wonderful man.

CUT TO:

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - DAY

BART'S IN BED, GROANING. HE HAS A BLACK EYE AND LOOKS  
LIKE HELL. HOMER PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN AND ENTERS.

HOMER

Time to get up, Bart. Big game today!

BART

Dad, I ache all over.

HOMER SITS ON THE END OF BART'S BED.

HOMER

Oh, come on, ya' big baby! It's not  
that bad! How's the knee?

BART

Stiff.

HOMER

The ankle?

BART

Sore.

HOMER

The elbow?

BART

Puffy.

HOMER POKES BART'S ELBOW.

BART (CONT'D)

Ow!

HOMER STANDS AND LOOKS SADLY AT BART.

HOMER

Son, I'm not very good at pep talks.

But, I want you to go out there today

and win one...for the checkbook!

BART GROANS AND GETS UP. HOMER WALKS TO THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

LISA SITS AT HER DESK WRITING IN HER DIARY. SHE SIGHS SADLY. THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. HOMER OPENS IT.

HOMER

Lisa...it's your Dad.

LISA PUTS DOWN HER PENCIL AND TURNS TOWARD THE DOORWAY AS HOMER ENTERS.

LISA

Oh, Dad. I'm so depressed.

HOMER

Depressed? Hey, we've had a lot of

fun these last few weeks!

LISA

But, we've been lying to Mom.

HOMER GASPS IN SURPRISE.

HOMER

"Lying?" I don't think you can call  
it "lying."

LISA

Oh, no? What would you call it?

HOMER LOOKS TOWARD THE CAMERA AND SHIFTS HIS EYES FROM SIDE TO SIDE. LISA SCOWLS.

LISA (CONT'D)

Well?

HOMER LOOKS AT HIS WRISTWATCH.

HOMER

Oh! Look at the time! Come on!

WE'RE GONNA BE LATE.

AS HER DAD LEAVES THE ROOM QUICKLY, LISA FROWNS.

LISA

Hmmmmmmmm.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMPSON'S YARD - DAY

THE WIND WHISTLES ACROSS THE YARD. IT PICKS UP LEAVES FROM HOMER'S LEAF-COVERED YARD AND DEPOSITS THEM IN FLANDERS' YARD, WHICH IS NEARLY CLEAR OF ALL LEAVES. THE DOOR OPENS. WE ZOOM IN TO SEE HOMER, BART AND LISA IN THE DOORWAY, BUNDLED UP.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

MARGE APPEARS AT THE DOORWAY WITH A THERMOS AND THE NEWSPAPER IN HAND.

MARGE

Now, tell me again, Homey, what are you going to see?

HOMER'S IMPATIENT TO LEAVE.

HOMER

Marge, it's in the paper. It's some  
sort of "Elvis" deal.

MARGE LOOKS AT THE PAPER AND SEES THE HEADLINE IN  
THE "ARTS" SECTION: "VIVE LES DEGAS!"

MARGE

Oh, right.

MARGE HANDS THE THERMOS BOTTLE TO HOMER.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Uh, here's your coffee. But, I don't  
know why you'll need it in a museum.

HOMER GETS NERVOUS AGAIN.

HOMER

Well, you know, it's because--ask Lisa.

MARGE LOOKS AT LISA. LISA LOOKS INTO HER MOTHER'S  
EYES. WE HEAR LISA THINKING.

LISA

(reverb)

I've got to tell the truth! I've just  
got to!

BUT THEN LISA LOOKS AT HOMER AND BART WHO ARE NERVOUSLY  
WAITING FOR HER TO GET THEM OFF THE HOOK. SHE SPEAKS.

LISA (CONT'D)

They're repairing the heating system  
at the museum.

MARGE

Oh...that makes sense.

HOMER HEAVES A SIGH OF RELIEF.

HOMER

Whew! Let's go gang!

HOMER AND BART WALK OFF. LISA LOOKS AT HER MOM.

LISA

Mom, if you want to know more about  
it...it's all in my diary!

FROM O.S. THE CAR DOORS SLAM AND THE ENGINE STARTS.

MARGE

You wrote about the Art Museum's heating  
system in your diary?

THE CAR ENGINE REVS. HOMER CALLS FROM THE CAR.

HOMER (O.S.)

Lisa! Come on we'll miss the kick-  
off...uh...of the lecture. Doh.

LISA LOOKS AT HER MOTHER.

LISA

Just read it!

SHE TURNS TO LEAVE. MARGE LOOKS PERPLEXED.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STADIUM - DAY

WHILE THE DUFF BEER BLIMP ORBITS HIGH OVER A CAPACITY  
CROWD. THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME IS UNDERWAY. A  
PLANE, TOWING A SIGN THAT SAYS: "BEAT TUBERVILLE,"  
FLIES BY.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. TV SCREEN - LATER

WE PAN ACROSS VARIOUS FANS IN THE STANDS. THEY  
INCLUDE CHIEF WIGGUM AND HIS TWO COPS ARE STRIPPED  
TO THE WAIST AND PAINTED IN TEAM COLORS. KRUSTY  
THE CLOWN IS LEADING CHEERS. DR. HIBBERT IS  
TATTOOING THE TEAM LOGO ON FANS.

THE LINE STRETCHES BACK A LONG WAY. WILLIE, EDNA AND SEYMOUR ARE WEARING FOOTBALL UNIFORMS. BARNEY GUMBLE AND MOE ARE SITTING TOGETHER AT THE END OF AN AISLE SIPPING BEER FROM PAPER CUPS.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STADIUM - DAY

MOE

I'll tell you this much, Barney. If I charged this much for a beer, I could retire next month.

BARNEY BURPS

P.O.V. TV SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

BACK TO A SHOT OF THE CROWD

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

My oh my...the freaks have arrived for this one! It's the Springfield Power Plant against the Tuberville Spuds...for the State Mighty Midget Championship!

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARGE IS ON THE SOFA. THE DOG'S AT HER FEET, THE CAT IS IN HER LAP AND SHE HOLDS A SNOOZING MAGGIE IN HER ARMS. IN ONE HAND SHE HOLDS THE TV REMOTE. SHE GRIMACES.

MARGE

Mmmmm. What else is on?

MARGE CLICKS THE TV REMOTE.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. TV SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

THE PICTURE CLICKS PAST "SNOW" TO ITCHY AND SCRATCHY. THE CAT IS BOUNCING ON A TRAMPOLINE. AS SCRATCHY BOUNCES, ITCHY PUSHES THE TRAMPOLINE AWAY TO REVEAL A HUGE SPINNING SAW BLADE.

THE KITTY LOOKS DOWN, EYES BUGGING OUT AS HE FALLS ON THE BLADE AND IS NEATLY SLICED DOWN THE MIDDLE. THE TWO HALVES JUMP UP, EACH ONE PICKING UP A HAMMER AND BEGIN CHASING THE MOUSE. WE CLICK PAST MORE "SNOW" TO AN INFOMERCIAL. A GUY IN A SWEATER STANDS NEXT TO AN AUSSIE WHO'S HOLDING AN ACETYLENE TORCH TO A WORRIED MAN'S HEAD.

AUSSIE

Now, watch what happens, mate, when I  
blow-torch my patented Eterna-wig!

WE HEAR THE AUDIENCE GROAN. THE MAN WEARING THE WIG SHUDDERS.

GUY IN A SWEATER

Now, wait a minute! You're telling me  
that Sean here won't get burned?

AUSSIE

Not only that, Mate, he'll still have  
a neat part in his hair!

WE HEAR THE AUDIENCE "OOOH" AND APPLAUD AS THE TORCH WHOOSHES AND SEAN SCREAMS. THE TV SUDDENLY CLICKS TO THE NEXT CHANNEL. A MONSTER WEARING A HOCKEY MASK HAS A CHAINSAW IN ONE HAND AND A BAZOOKA IN THE OTHER.

MONSTER

Arrrrrrrrrgh!

THE TV CLICKS PAST SEVERAL SNOWY CHANNELS BACK TO THE FOOTBALL GAME. WE SEE PLAYERS GETTING UP FROM A PILE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

That little quarterback, Art Impson,  
is really taking a pounding!

WE SEE BART WOBBLE TO HIS FEET. THE SCREEN SPLITS TO SHOW BART WOBBLE BACK TO THE HUDDLE ON THE LEFT. ON THE RIGHT, WE SEE A SHOT OF BART WITHOUT HIS HELMET ON, BLACK EYE AND ALL.

UNDER HIS PICTURE IT READS, "ART IMPSON." WE HEAR  
MARGE GASP FROM O.S.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARGE LEANS CLOSER TO THE TV SET.

MARGE

That's not Art. That's Bart!

CUT TO:

P.O.V. TV SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

A SHOT OF THE CROWD. THERE'S MOE AND BARNEY DRINKING  
BEER -- NEXT TO HOMER!

MARGE (O.S.)

That's Homer!

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The crowd's goin' crazy! And, part of  
the reason is those hot little  
cheerleaders on the field.

THE SHOT CUTS TO A LINE OF FREEZING CHEERLEADERS IN  
SKIMPY OUTFITS. ON THE END IS LISA.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, Momma, what a crew!

MARGE (O.S.)

Lisa!

CLICK. THE TV GOES BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STADIUM - DAY

MARGE DRIVES HER CAR RECKLESSLY THROUGH THE CROWDED  
PARKING LOT. SHE CAREENS OFF A FEW CARS AND STOPS  
IN FRONT OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Half time here at the big game. On  
the field, the Tuberville Mr. Potato  
Head Marching Band!

WE HEAR THE CLICK OF THE RADIO BEING TURNED OFF.  
WITH MAGGIE IN HAND, MARGE LEAPS OUT OF THE DENTED  
CAR IN FRONT OF A STARTLED POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM AND  
THE BLACK AND WHITE OFFICERS -- STILL IN BODY PAINT --  
WHO ARE MUNCHING ON DONUTS.

MARGE

Where's the locker room?

CHIEF

Uh, through the gate and to your left.

MARGE

Thanks.

MARGE HEADS INTO THE STADIUM.

CHIEF

Wait! You can't go in there without a  
ticket!

MARGE KEEPS GOING.

MARGE

Oh, can't I? Well, watch me, Copper!

THE CHIEF SQUINTS.

CHIEF

Hmmmm. Just one more jelly-filled  
boys...and we're goin' in after her.

BLACK OFFICER

Right, Chief.

CUT TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD STADIUM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

MR. BURNS STALKS IN FRONT OF HIS BATTERED TEAM OF YOUNG BOYS LIKE A PANTHER ABOUT TO STRIKE. HOMER STANDS TO ONE SIDE NEAR BART, WHO'S HAVING HIS ANKLE WRAPPED BY SMITHERS.

BURNS

Sissies! Panty-waists! You're playing like children out there! Simpson, you haven't done anything right all day!

HOMER STEPS FORWARD. HE WHINES.

HOMER

Me? I'm not even playin!

BURNS

Not, you, Simpson...the boy.

HOMER LOOKS SHEEPISH.

HOMER

Oh, right.

THE DOOR TO THE LOCKER ROOM BURSTS OPEN. MARGE STANDS IN THE HALF-LIGHT OF THE HALLWAY, GLARING.

SMITHERS

No autographs 'til after the game!

HOMER IS SHOCKED.

HOMER

Marge!

BURNS STRIDES TO THE DOORWAY ANGRILY. THE BOSS WAVES HIS HANDS IN THE AIR.

BURNS

I'll have to ask you to leave.

MARGE

I'm Bart's mother!

MARGE ENTERS AND STIFF-ARMS BURNS IN THE CHEST. HE FALLS BY THE WAYSIDE. MAGGIE, SUCKING ON HER PACIFIER IS UNDER HER MOM'S ARM - LIKE A FOOTBALL. SHE LOOKS DISDAINFULLY AT BURNS AS SHE SHUFFLES BY HIM. MARGE RUNS OVER TO BE BESIDE BART.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Bart! Are you all right?

BART LOOKS UP FROM HIS BANDAGED ANKLE.

BART

I'm Fine Mom. It doesn't hurt a bit  
if I don't put any weight on it!

BART GRIMACES. HOMER STEPS UP TO MARGE.

HOMER

Marge! You gotta go home. You could  
cost me my job.

BURNS IS BACK ON HIS FEET NOW.

BURNS

You better listen to him. He's right.

MARGE TURNS TO BURNS AND LOOKS HARD AT HIM.

MARGE

Mr. Burns. My husband's never been  
right about anything in his life and  
he's not right now!

HOMER

Yeah! You tell him, Marge!

BURNS

Look, I own the Power Plant where  
YOUR HUSBAND WORKS! I CAN---

MARGE

You kidnaped my daughter! You're  
forcing my son to play football with  
injuries. You're blackmailing my  
husband!

HOMER'S SURPRISED!

HOMER

How did you know that?

MARGE TURNS TOWARD THE DOORWAY AND SMILES. LISA  
WALKS IN HER CHEERLEADER'S UNIFORM. SHE LOOKS AT  
HER PARENTS AND SMILES.

LISA

Mom read my diary, Dad. Everything  
was in there.

BURNS BECOMES SARCASTIC.

BURNS

Everything? Did you include the part  
where I fire your Father?

MARGE TURNS AND POKES THE OLD MAN IN THE CHEST.

MARGE

Don't even think about it! Why, one  
word from me and there will be lawyers  
so far up your "ying yang" that....

THERE'S A PAUSE AS MARGE TRIES TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO  
FINISH THE METAPHOR. SHE AND THE CAST LOOK AROUND  
UNCOMFORTABLY.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Well, they'll be up there anyway.

THE BOSS GETS A PAINED LOOK ON HIS FACE.

BURNS

Oooh.

BURNS TURNS TO SMITHERS.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Well, what about it, Smithers?

SMITHERS

Well sir, we could send a lawyer up there. Or, I could give it a shot!

BURNS GETS ANGRY.

BURNS

No, you idiot...I mean, does she have a case? Can she sue me?

SMITHERS

Oh, absolutely sir.

BURNS TURNS AND POUNDS HIS FIST INTO HIS PALM.

BURNS

Damn the liberal courts who cow-tow to the needs of the underprivileged.

THE BOSS TURNS TO HOMER. THE OLD MAN'S SHOULDERS SAG. SMITHERS FROWNS.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Okay, Simpson. Name your price.

CUT TO:

INT. POWER PLANT CONTROL ROOM - DAY

HOMER IS LEANING BACK IN HIS SWIVEL CHAIR WITH HIS FEET ON THE CONTROL CONSOLE. HE LOOKS FROM METER TO METER AS HE EATS A TWINKIE. THEN, HE LOOKS TO HIS LEFT AND GASPS. HE REACHES FOR THE PHONE AND PUNCHES IN A NUMBER.

HOMER

Hey, Smithers! You better get down here. We got an emergency!

HE TURNS SO THAT WE CAN SEE A BUFFET TABLE NEXT TO HOMER.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Yeah, we're all out of those little cocktail weenies!

HOMER HANGS UP THE PHONE. A BIG LAUGH TURNS INTO A HUGE BURP.

FADE TO BLACK