

**THE SIMPSONS**

"That's Show Biz?"

Written By

Steve Abramson

Phone: (818) 744-2289  
Email: [Stevejami2004@yahoo.com](mailto:Stevejami2004@yahoo.com)

[www.steveabramson.com](http://www.steveabramson.com)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAND MAJESTIC MOVIE THEATER (HOMER'S DREAM) - DAY

Tons of people, reporters, news cameras -- a media frenzy. Everyone's attention is focused on...

HOMER, who is carried like a king on a throne - even wears a crown. Four SERVANTS carry the throne toward the movie theater. On the marquee...

STARRING HOMER SIMPSON, THE MOST FAMOUS MAN IN THE WORLD.

One of his SERVANTS presents Homer with a golden donut, resting on a pillow.

SERVANT

Your golden donut, Sir Homer.

Homer lifts the donut from the pillow.

HOMER

Mmmmmm... golden donut.

As Homer takes a bite from the donut, several of his teeth SHATTER.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey -- this donut is made of real  
gold. What a gyp!

Many fans then rush up to Homer, SCREAMING for his autograph.

Several men in black suits pull out their machine guns and FIRE at the crowd. The people run for their lives.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(LAUGHS) I'm the most famous man in  
the world.

His last word, "WORLD" echoes as WE...

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - KRUSTY'S SHOW - DAY

KRUSTY THE CLOWN does his usual act in front of an audience of kids. SIDESHOW MEL is running around the studio, on fire, SCREAMING.

KRUSTY

Hey, hey, hey kids. Now was that great or what? I'll get the Emmy this year for sure. But if you thought that was terrific, just wait until you see...

Krusty goes silent as he suddenly hears Homer's words echo in his head like a sixth sense -- "I'm the most famous man in the world."

Sideshow Mel comes to a stop in front of Krusty. He's managed to put the last of the flames out. As he catches his breath, Krusty grabs him.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Stall for me.

Krusty sets Sideshow Mel on fire again and pushes him to the front of the stage. Sideshow Mel SCREAMS.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Hey kids - is this guy wacky or what?

Krusty runs backstage.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - A MOMENT LATER

Krusty runs over to PROFESSOR JOHN FRINK, who is working on his latest invention. Krusty jumps into a chair which is connected to a huge computer.

KRUSTY

Some putz thinks he can out-fame me?

Hook me in, Doc.

A helmet is lowered onto Krusty's head.

PROFESSOR FRINK

Now you know, the transmogrifiers must combubulate to the exact timing of the radio syncracies before the...

KRUSTY

(INTERRUPTS) Can it, pinhead! Just juice me up.

Professor Frink pulls a lever. Krusty lights up like a Christmas tree.

INT. THRONE ROOM (HOMER'S DREAM) - MOMENTS LATER

Homer sits atop his throne, servants waiting on him hand and foot. He continues to gnaw on his golden donut. More teeth shatter.

Suddenly... "POP." Krusty appears.

HOMER

Hey, what are you doing here?

KRUSTY

Nobody takes the spotlight off me, dough boy. Especially in the dream world.

HOMER

We'll see about that. I'll just close my eyes...

Homer closes his eyes. The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

HOMER (CONT'D)

... and when I open them, you'll be gone.

(MORE)

HOMER (CONT'D)

Remember Homer, it's your dream.  
You're in control. Just wish him  
away. Going... going... gone.

Homer opens his eyes, but now instead of one Krusty, there are hundreds of Krustys that fill the room.

HOMER (CONT'D)

D'OH!

The b.g. suddenly changes. Homer now finds himself floating in an empty red void.

KRUSTY

(ECHOES) I'm the one that controls  
this dream reality, fatso.

Homer's scared. He's biting his nails. And then in an instant, Homer finds himself standing in...

INT. BOILER ROOM - (HOMER'S DREAM) - CONTINUOUS

Homer hears a terrible SCREECHING sound.

HOMER

What's happening?

More SCREECHING. Homer runs, but a shadow with a hat and a frightening claw chases him. Suddenly, Homer hits a dead end. He WHINES like a baby. And then...

Krusty pops up wearing a Freddy Krueger claw and points it at Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS)

KRUSTY

It's the end of the road, pudgy.

Just as Homer thinks he is about to be slashed, water squirts from the tips of the claw. Krusty LAUGHS his usual LAUGH.

INT. POWER PLANT - HOMER'S WORK STATION - DAY

Homer awakes, SCREAMING! He looks around, confused. His face is wet.

As we pull back, we see that MR. BURNS is sprinkling water onto Homer's face. SMITHERS holds a bucket of water.

MR. BURNS

Give me the bucket, Smithers.

SMITHERS

Yes, sir.

Smithers passes the bucket to Mr. Burns, whose feeble muscles can't support its weight. It goes CRASHING to the floor.

Mr. Burns, still holding onto the bucket, CRASHES to the floor along with it. His head dunks into the bucket.

MR. BURNS

(GURGLING) Help me, Smithers. I'm  
drowning.

Just as Smithers is about to help, Homer steps in.

HOMER

I'll save you, Mister Burns.

Homer grabs Mr. Burns' collar and yanks him up. Mr. Burns CHOKES up water.

MR. BURNS

I almost drowned because of you,  
Simpson. Smithers, this man is  
terminated.

Smithers pulls out a gun and aims.

SMITHERS

Hasta la vista, baby!

Homer falls to his knees and begs.

HOMER

You can't kill me, Mister Burns. I just saved your life. According to Indian culture, that means your life spirit belongs to me.

MR. BURNS

Is this true, Smithers?

Smithers pulls out a huge company contract and flips through it.

SMITHERS

Section one thirty eight, paragraph three -- I'm afraid he's got you there, sir.

MR. BURNS

Dag nab it. Foiled again. Don't think your super intelligence can save you every time, Simpson. Smithers, we're leaving.

Mr. Burns and Smithers exit.

Homer picks up a box of cereal called "Frosty Jack." On the back of the box is a Fun Facts section that tells all about death rituals in the Indian culture.

HOMER

Mmmmmmm... Frosty Jack.

Homer GOBBLES down the rest of the box.

EXT/INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BART and LISA sit in front of the television, watching another episode of ITCHY and SCRATCHY.

The episode is a take-off of "All in the Family." Scratchy comes home to a Bunker-like household. Hangs his coat up after a hard days work and sits in his favorite chair.

SCRATCHY

Bring me my beer, dingbat.

Itchy comes out, dressed like Edith, holding a beer. Gives it to Scratchy, who drinks it. The label peels away to reveal that it's actually hydrochloric acid. Scratchy SCREAMS as his head melts away.

Itchy then grabs a huge piece of meat and slaps it where Scratchy's head once was.

ITCHY

Get your own beer, Meathead.

THREE HUGE DOGS break through the door and devour Scratchy.

BART AND LISA

(LAUGHTER)

On the bottom of the television screen, obstructing a portion of the cartoon, a severe thunderstorm warning appears.

BART

Aw, man! Why do they have to interrupt a fine piece of tasteful television viewing with this useless weather drivel?

LISA

Bart, this information is not only vital to the safety of the everyday citizen but to the poor struggling farmers who depend on...

Bart WHACKS Lisa with a pillow.

BART

Stuff it, sis! These things flash  
across the screen three times a day  
and they've never affected us once.

LISA

Well, it's not as if someone sticks  
their head out a window to predict...

BART

(INTERRUPTS) Quiet. Here comes the  
moment I've been waiting for all my  
life. I hear Scratchy's finally going  
to get Itchy. I'm finally about to  
reach a high point in my otherwise  
forgettable childhood.

And it looks like it's true. Scratchy has Itchy hanging by  
the phone cord from the stair railing. He pulls out a huge  
samurai sword and begins to swing, when suddenly...

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A storm moves over the Simpson household. A bolt of  
lightning STRIKES a power line.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The power goes out, including the television. The house is  
pitch black.

BART AND LISA

(SCREAMS)

EXT/INT. TELEVISION STATION - MOMENTS LATER

OTTO sits in front of a monitor with a keyboard. He sticks  
his head out the window. It begins to rain.

OTTO

What do you know? I was right. This  
job rules, man.

He types the weather at the bottom of the screen. It reads,  
"thunderstorms continue until..."

Otto looks at his watch. Then back to the keyboard. "...  
ten-thirty tonight."

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

MARGE walks around holding MAGGIE in one arm and a lit candle  
in the other. The rest of the room is dark.

MARGE

Bart... Lisa... are you kids all  
right?

Silence.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Kids?

The candle finally illuminates Bart and Lisa. They're still  
in front of the television, mouths stuck open, in shock.

Marge hears the FRONT DOOR OPEN. Someone enters. The door  
CLOSES and then a LOUD THUMP and a CRASH.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Homer, is that you?

HOMER (O.S.)

Lousy unpredictable thunderstorm.

MARGE

I hope that wasn't my porcelain monkey  
collection.

Another CRASH!

MARGE (CONT'D)

(IRRITATED) Homie!

HOMER (O.S.)

(HIGH PITCHED VOICE) This isn't  
Homer. This is dumb Ned Flanders. I  
will now go back next door where I  
live. Diddly yu to your do.

The door OPENS, then SHUTS.

MARGE

(GROANS)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING

The storm has passed. There are a few downed trees in the neighborhood.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Homer is still asleep. Then an old model alarm clock GOES OFF. It's very LOUD AND ANNOYING. Homer awakes.

HOMER

(SCREAMS) Marge, what's that  
horrifying sound? It scares me.

Homer holds his ears. He throws the bed sheet over himself and hides underneath.

Marge walks in and shuts the alarm off. Pulls the sheet back. Homer is sucking his thumb.

MARGE

Homer, it's just the alarm. I had to  
use the manual one. The power hasn't  
come back on yet and I didn't want you  
to be late to work.

HOMER

Awww... why'd you do that?

Marge leaves the room.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WHINES) Darn manual stuff.

Homer throws the alarm clock. As it hits the floor, it GOES OFF AGAIN.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS)

Homer puts his thumb back in his mouth and hides again under the bedsheet.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Maggie is in her high chair. Lisa is at the table eating her cereal. Bart is up on the counter. He jabs a paperclip in and out of an electrical socket.

BART

Look Lis - under normal circumstances,

I'd be dead right now.

Bart continues to jab the paperclip in and out of the socket.

BART (CONT'D)

Dead... not dead... dead... not dead.

LISA

Bart. Stop it. What if the power should suddenly come back on?

BART

I'm not thinking that far ahead.

Marge enters the kitchen.

MARGE

Bart, stop trying to electrocute  
yourself and get off the counter.

BART

Aw, man! I can never have any fun.

Bart jumps off the counter. Homer enters and sits at the  
table. Marge places a bowl of cereal in front of him.

HOMER

Oooo... I see we have appetizers  
today.

MARGE

No, that's your breakfast.

HOMER

What did I do now?

MARGE

No power, remember Homer? You'll just  
have to eat cereal this morning.

Homer picks up the cereal box. Reads it.

HOMER

(WHINES) Hey! This is the healthy  
kind. You know I don't like healthy.

MARGE

(GRUNTS)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING

Homer leaves for work. He runs into NED FLANDERS.

FLANDERS

Diddely dippidy do, Simpson neighbor.

HOMER

Did to your do too, Flanders.

FLANDERS

How 'bout that storm last night.

Wasn't it a doozy? I almost expected  
the house to be swept away to the  
magical land of Oz.

HOMER

(THINKS) Hmmmmmm.

EXT. OZ - DAY (HOMER'S FANTASY)

The Flander's house sweeps through the sky and lands in  
Munchkin Land, right on top of the yellow brick road.  
Flanders opens his front door and steps out.

FLANDERS

Well isn't this an unexpected treat?

Suddenly, Flanders is attacked by the tin man, who chops him  
up with his ax -- the cowardly lion, who chews off his legs --  
and the scarecrow, who sets him on fire. The munchkins CHEER  
them on.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

(LAUGHS; TO HIMSELF) Stupid Flanders.

FLANDERS

They sure are taking a long time to  
get that power back on. I wonder  
what's the hold-up?

EXT. KRUSTY'S HOME - A FEW MINUTES LATER

There are at least TEN REPAIR MEN working on his power lines.  
Homer drives past, stops, and pokes his head out the window.

HOMER

Hey, why does that clown get special  
treatment?

REPAIR MAN

Because he's famous. DUH!

Krusty sticks his head out of an upstairs window.

KRUSTY

Will you boneheads hurry it up? I'm  
going to miss my favorite show...  
Nightmare on Dream Street.

Krusty scratches his face with the sharp end of a Freddy  
Krueger claw.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

(LAUGHS)

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

Homer PEELS AWAY in his car.

KRUSTY

What's his problem?

INT. HOMER'S CAR - MORNING

Homer drives. He's frustrated.

HOMER

Celebrities and their special  
privileges. I'm not famous and I have  
special privileges.

EXT. DONUTS 'R US - MORNING

Homer pulls into the drive-thru. Sticks his head out the window. The VOICE over the speaker sounds like the pimple-faced teenager.

VOICE

(CRACKING VOICE) Can I help you?

HOMER

Yeah - give me the usual.

VOICE

And what usual would that be, sir?

HOMER

The usual I get every morning.

VOICE

And what would that be, sir?

HOMER

Maybe you don't recognize my voice.

This is Homer J. Simpson.

Dead silence.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Homer J. Simpson.

Dead silence.

VOICE

Did you want to order something, sir?

Homer looks down in defeat.

INT. HOMER'S CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Homer continues driving.

HOMER

Lousy day. And I haven't even made it  
to work yet.

Homer looks down at his box of donuts. Decides which one to eat. Picks up a jelly donut.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TO DONUT) Mmmmmm... you better start  
praying to whichever deity you call  
your god. For in seconds, you will no  
longer be of this earth.

Homer GOBBLES it down, not paying attention to the road.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Another donut cut down in the prime of  
its life.

As Homer looks back up at the road, he sees GRAMPA slowly crossing the street in front of him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS)

Homer swerves out of the way, just barely missing Grampa.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Grampa barely flinches. Raises his fist in anger.

GRAMPA

If you were my son, I'd have you  
flogged.

INT. HOMER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Homer fights desperately to regain control of his car, but doesn't have much luck.

CRASH!

EXT. HOMER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Homer has crashed into the sign of a movie theater. He exits his car.

HOMER

(WHINES) I knew I shouldn't have  
taunted that donut.

Homer looks up at the damaged sign.

HOMER (CONT'D)

What's this? (READS SIGN) "Are you  
tired of being an everyday Joe?"

(ANGRY) I hate being a Joe.

Homer reads the next line on the sign.

HOMER (CONT'D)

"Looking for a little excitement in  
your life?" Well, the wife ain't  
helping matters.

Homer reads the next line on the sign.

HOMER (CONT'D)

"Want to make extra money?" Only if  
the boy doesn't get a hold of it.

Homer reads the final line.

HOMER (CONT'D)

"Want to be associated with the show  
business industry?" (ANSWERS  
EXCITEDLY) Show business? Whoo-Hoo!

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - MOMENTS LATER

The theater looks as if it were a spectacular sight in its day, but now it's severely run down.

Homer rushes in and comes across an older man sweeping the floor of the lobby. He's the owner, MR. PAPADOPOULOS, otherwise known as PAPPY. He's Greek and speaks with an accent.

HOMER

I'm looking for the owner of this fine establishment.

PAPPY

I owner -- Mister Papadopoulos. My friends call me Pappy cause they too stupid to pronounce name correctly. You look even more stupid. You call me "sir." What you want?

HOMER

You don't look like the owner.

PAPPY

Why? Cause I old and decrepit? Cause I sweep sticky goo from shoddy floor? Cause I look like I no shower in weeks?

HOMER

(SNIFFS; BLANK STARE) Yes.

PAPPY

You very perceptive. Now get out, dumb-dumb.

HOMER

But I'm here for the job. I want to work in show business.

PAPPY

Show business? You see what I do and  
still want to work here?

HOMER

I think I can handle the glamour.

PAPPY

I right. You very stupid. Come back  
tonight. I hire you.

HOMER

(EXCITED) I'm going to be famous.

PAPPY

Don't think I don't notice car crash  
in sign. You docked three weeks pay.

HOMER

D'oh!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT/INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Bart, Lisa, and Maggie are sitting at the table. Marge serves dinner. Homer comes barreling through the door. He sits, then starts GOBBLING his food down.

MARGE

How was your day, Homer?

HOMER

(TALKS WHILE EATING) No time to talk.

Must eat. Must run.

Homer finishes his dinner in a split second.

MARGE

What's the hurry?

HOMER

I have to go to work.

Homer gets up and starts for the door.

MARGE

But you just came from work.

BART

Uh-oh! Home boy is catching the  
Alzheimer's. Knew it would kick in  
one of these days.

HOMER

Bart!

MARGE

What is this about, Homer?

HOMER

I've got a job in show biz.

MARGE

Show biz?

HOMER

You're looking at the new night  
manager of the Old Town Springfield  
Cinema.

BART

That's show biz?

HOMER

Don't ruin the dream, boy.

BART

Go Homer!

MARGE

But can you handle two jobs?

HOMER

I've got ambition. I can't fail.

MARGE

(GRUNTS) You said that exact same  
thing when you sold those self-lacing  
neckties.

LISA

Yeah, Dad. You nearly strangled half  
of Springfield.

Maggie SUCKS on her pacifier.

HOMER

But this is important.

MARGE

Homie, I'm not so sure about this.  
We'll never see each other.

HOMER

But then we'll be just like every  
other middle-class American married  
couple.

Homer gets on his knees and begs.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Please... please... please...

MARGE

Oh, all right, Homie. But try not to  
start any fires this time.

HOMER

I can't make any promises.

EXT/INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - NIGHT

Pappy, wearing black pants, a white shirt, and a black bow tie shows Homer, who is dressed the same, around the broken down theater. Homer carries a notebook with him.

PAPPY

You pay attention to what I say, okay?

HOMER

(STARES BLANKLY) I don't follow.

BOX OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Pappy opens the door to the box office. Several bats fly out, nearly missing Homer, who shoos them away.

PAPPY

Box office. You sell tickets here.

Pappy moves on. Homer opens his notebook and tries to write down what Pappy said.

HOMER

(VERY SLOWLY) Box office. You sell...

PAPPY (O.S.)

(YELLS) Simpson!

Homer looks up, then back down at his notebook.

HOMER

(VERY, VERY SLOWLY) tickets...

PAPPY

(YELLS LOUDER) SIMPSON!

Homer loses his place.

HOMER

(WHINES) Ohhhh... can you repeat that again, Mister Pappy, sir? I forgot.

CONCESSION STAND - MOMENTS LATER

It crawls with bugs. Pappy SMASHES a big one.

PAPPY

Concession. We raise price once a week. Fill drink cup full of ice, very little drink.

Pappy moves on.

Homer looks down at his notebook and stares. He's forgotten everything Pappy said.

PAPPY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I no repeat.

HOMER

(WHINES) Oooooooo...

PROJECTION BOOTH HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Homer and Pappy enter a hallway with a staircase leading up to a door. Pappy pulls out a shotgun and COCKS it.

PAPPY

Follow me, Simpson.

Homer and Pappy move slowly up the steps, then...

BAM! BAM! BAM! Homer and Pappy are fired upon.

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

PAPPY

Union dispute.

Pappy FIRES back.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

(YELLS) Stop firing. It me. Pappy.

The gunfire stops.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

It safe now.

Pappy climbs up the stairs. Homer takes more notes.

HOMER

(SLOWLY) Never go up stairs.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

A mess. Fast food wrappers. Empty beer cans. Movie and girlie posters plaster the walls. Pappy introduces OLD MAN PETERSON to Homer.

PAPPY

Simpson - Old Man Peterson.

HOMER

How do you do?

OLD MAN PETERSON

Touch nothing up here, Simpson. This  
is union territory.

PAPPY

Best do what he say. You no touch  
nothing.

Pappy and Old Man Peterson move off. Homer writes down in  
his notebook.

HOMER

(SLOWLY) No... touch... nothing.

Homer looks over at the projection system. The temptation is  
too much. Homer raises his finger to touch the projector,  
then...

Old Man Peterson shoves a shotgun in Homer's face. He COCKS  
it. Homer's scared. Pappy intervenes.

PAPPY

What I tell you, Simpson?

Homer looks back down at his notebook.

HOMER

(READS) No... touch... nothing.

Homer moves his finger away.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

The lights come on. Pappy and Homer enter. The place is a  
pig sty. Like everything else. The door on the safe is  
hanging off, exposing its bare contents.

PAPPY

Home away from home.

A cot falls from a wall panel.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

Okay. My home.

Homer puts his arm around Pappy.

HOMER

Mister Pappy sir, I think we're going to make a great team. I'll be the best manager you've ever hired.

PAPPY

You only manager I ever hire.

Pappy walks over to a closet and removes two suitcases. He takes his bow tie off and throws on a hat.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

You run place good, eh Simpson?

HOMER

Where are you going?

PAPPY

I not have vacation in ten years. I go sun and surf like Beach Boys.

HOMER

But I don't know what to do.

EXT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pappy is halfway out the door and then turns back.

PAPPY

Try not burn place down. But if do, I have plenty insurance. Some which I might be willing to split with partner of mine -- if know what I mean.

Pappy winks. Homer doesn't get it. A blank stare. Pappy snaps his fingers in Homer's face. No response.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

An employee shows up. It's the PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER. He's dressed in an usher's uniform.

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

(CRACKING VOICE) Hey, Mister

Papadopoulos.

PAPPY

I tell you zit boy. Clear face up.  
You look like pin cushion. Make me  
sick.

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

I can't help that I'm complexionally  
challenged.

Pappy leaves. The Pimple-Faced Teenager turns to Homer, who looks completely confused.

HOMER

Who's this Mister Papadorpholus you  
speak of?

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

You're going to have to wait outside,  
mister. The box office doesn't open  
for another half hour.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - NIGHT

The lights to the theater come on. At first it looks like a magnificent display.

The movie title reads, "Francis Ford Coppola Presents: 'The Grandfather' starring Rainier Wolfcastle."

But then most of the lights burn out and many of the letters fall off the marquee.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

On the screen, a scene from the movie plays.

RAINIER WOLFCASTLE, playing the GRANDFATHER, sits in a chair, doing his best Brando impersonation. He's surrounded by his HENCHMEN, all in suits.

A KID walks up to the Grandfather and kneels.

KID

Oh Grandfather, please help me.

GRANDFATHER

Someday - and that day may never come,  
grandson - I'll call upon you to do a  
favor for me. But until that day,  
accept this Nintendo as a gift on your  
sister's wedding day.

One of the henchmen hands the kid a Nintendo.

KID

(EXCITED) Cool!

The kid turns to exit.

GRANDFATHER

Grandson - do me a favor and close the  
door as you leave.

And as the kid closes the door...

KID

Okay, but this makes us even then.

Later, old fart.

And the kid is gone. The Grandfather's jaw drops.

GRANDFATHER

That wasn't the favor. (STANDS; PULLS  
OUT A GUN) Someone's got to teach  
that kid some respect.

The Henchmen look shocked. One of them speaks up.

HENCHMAN

Boss, you're not going to shoot a kid,  
are you?

Rainier drops the Brando "Godfather" accent and returns back to his usual Schwarzenegger accent. He's no longer playing the character. He speaks as himself.

RAINIER

I got to shoot something. This movie  
is just so damn boring.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - CANDY COUNTER - NIGHT

Homer walks up to the candy counter. The Pimple-Faced Teenager is serving a customer, HANS MOLEMAN.

HOMER

Didn't I see this movie on video  
already?

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

Yeah, it's been out for about three  
months, but nothing beats the  
theatrical experience.

The candy sign falls off the wall behind the counter. A huge rat jumps into Hans' popcorn.

HANS

Can I have a refund?

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

Sorry. All cash transactions are  
final.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - NIGHT

Bart, MILHOUSE, and NELSON stand outside the back door to the theater. They try to sneak in. Bart cracks open the door.

BART

(LAUGHS) Piece of cake.

Homer appears in the doorway.

BART (CONT'D)

(NERVOUS) Aw, dad. We were just  
coming to --

HOMER

See your old man on his first day at  
work?

BART

Yeah... that's it.

HOMER

Well, as long as I'm manager here, you  
and your friends can come see as many  
free shows as you want.

NELSON

Forget it, man. It ain't no fun if  
we're allowed to see the movie.

MILHOUSE

Yeah, Bart. Catch you later.

Nelson and Milhouse leave.

HOMER

Well, come on in, boy.

BART

(DEFEATED) Ummm... I think there's  
some homework that I forgot to do.

Bart leaves.

HOMER

That's funny. The boy's never done  
his homework before.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - LATER

As Homer walks to the office eating a huge tub of popcorn,  
TWO SCANTILY DRESSED LADIES walk past him, GIGGLING. They  
walk up the steps to the projection booth. Homer follows.

HOMER

Excuse me, ladies. You can't go up  
there.

The ladies open the door and enter. LOUD PARTY MUSIC plays  
and a disco strobe light comes from within. Old Man Peterson  
pokes his head out. COCKS the shotgun.

OLD MAN PETERSON

You saw nothing, Simpson. Got it?

Old Man Peterson closes the door. Homer takes another bite  
of popcorn.

HOMER

(SHRUGS) Must be a union meeting.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - MOMENTS LATER

As Homer heads back to his office, THREE SMALL KIDS run  
SCREAMING down the hallway. The Pimple-Faced Teenager chases  
after them, one rat hanging onto each of his pant legs. Two  
more rats follow.

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

No running allowed.

Then JASPER walks up to Homer.

JASPER

Excuse me, young man - can you point  
the way to the restroom?

And just as Homer starts to point, Jasper looks down at his pants.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Never mind.

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER (O.S.)

I'm not cleaning that up, mister.

EXT/INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer climbs into bed. Marge wakes up.

MARGE

How was your first day, Homer?

HOMER

Not as glamorous as I thought it would  
be. I think I'm going to quit.

MARGE

Homie, why did you really take the  
job?

HOMER

Fame.

MARGE

You can't get famous by running a  
movie theater.

HOMER

Why not?

MARGE

Just because you can't. But you can try to take pride in your work and earn some recognition for it. The Springfield Old Town Cinema is a landmark. It was the first movie theater built in Springfield. Remember how romantic it used to be to go there when we were younger?

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - AUDITORIUM - FLASHBACK

Teenage Homer and Marge watch a film. Marge has her head on Homer's shoulder. Homer takes swigs from a liquor bottle wrapped in a paper bag. He's drunk. He puts his face in Marge's hair and sniffs. Starts chewing on her hair.

YOUNG MARGE

Homer, are you drunk?

YOUNG HOMER

That's a distinct possibility.

Homer takes another swig.

YOUNG MARGE

You're not supposed to have alcohol in here.

YOUNG HOMER

There's a lot of things I'm not supposed to have in here, but you don't see anyone else complaining.

Homer turns to the GUY next to him, reaches into the guy's popcorn and GOBBLES it down. The guy gets mad.

GUY

Hey kid, get your own popcorn.

YOUNG HOMER

(DRUNK) Butter topping good.

As Homer goes in for another handful, the guy slaps Homer's hand away, causing him to spill his bag of liquor and some popcorn onto Marge.

MARGE

Homer, I'm drenched in alcohol and popcorn.

HOMER

No time for foreplay now, Marge.

Homer turns back to the guy.

HOMER (CONT'D)

You made me spill my forty!

Drunk Homer takes a swing at the guy. The guy shoves him back. A fight ensues.

The guy's popcorn goes flying into the next row, angering more people, who soon join the fight. The entire theater breaks out into a brawl.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

The good old days.

MARGE

Homie, why don't you try to fix the theater up? You can help turn the Springfield Cinema back into the majestic marvel that it once was.

HOMER

But that sounds like a lot of work.

Marge turns over, away from Homer. Puts her head back on her pillow.

MARGE

Fine. Then be a quitter. But that doesn't sound like the old Homer that I used to know.

HOMER

What are you talking about? I've always been a quitter. Why should I change now?

He shakes Marge, but hears only SNORES.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Come on, Marge. You're beginning to make me feel guilty. You know how I hate that.

More SNORES.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WHINES) Oh, all right! I'll do the right thing. I won't quit. But this is going to ruin my track record.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - DAY

A construction crew works on refurbishing the theater.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - CONTINUOUS

Homer walks through the theater with Marge. The construction workers continue to work.

MARGE

Homer, I'm so proud of you. You're really doing the right thing by fixing this theater up.

HOMER

Oh sure, Marge. Just keep feeding me the guilt.

MARGE

I'm being sincere, Homer.

HOMER

(HOLDS HIS EARS) I can't hear you.

CHIEF WIGGUM walks up to Homer.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Simpson, I couldn't help noticing that you don't have a permit for all of this work.

HOMER

What's a permit?

CHIEF WIGGUM

You know. It's one of those thing-a-ma-bobbers you need before you do stuff.

HOMER

What kind of stuff?

CHIEF WIGGUM

The kind of stuff that gets me and the boys at the station a couple of free movie passes to turn our backs and pretend we've seen nothing.

MARGE

Chief Wiggum, are you asking for a bribe?

CHIEF WIGGUM

Oh geez, Mrs. Simpson - I certainly hope so. My men tell me that I don't always articulate my intentions properly. You got bribe from what I said, right Homer?

BAM! BAM! BAM! Old Man Peterson fires at some of the construction workers.

OLD MAN PETERSON

(YELLS) Only union people allowed in my booth.

MARGE

Chief Wiggum, should that man be  
carrying a gun?

CHIEF WIGGUM

I find it best not to get involved in  
union matters.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - NIGHT

The lights pop on. The theater looks magnificent - brand new. Homer's family, along with the Pimple-Faced Teenager and Old Man Peterson stand outside for the grand reopening.

MARGE

The theater looks fantastic, Homie.

LISA

Yeah, Dad. You took a part of the  
decaying waste of Springfield and gave  
it life again.

BART

This is a place I would be proud to  
sneak into.

Maggie SUCKS on her pacifier in accordance.

HOMER

Time for the grand moment.

Homer grabs a big pair of scissors and cuts the ribbon.

HOMER (CONT'D)

All right everyone... come on in.

But the parking lot is empty. Only the sound of CRICKETS.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WHINES) Ohhhhh, I probably should  
have advertised.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - OFFICE - LATER

Homer sits back - his feet kicked up on the desk. He's guzzling a beer. He leans over and looks out the window. Not a soul in line.

HOMER

Easy sailing.

Homer pops open another beer and slurps it down. The Pimple-Faced Teenager hurriedly enters.

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

Mister Simpson, I could use your help  
out here.

HOMER

I'm a little busy right now. (GUZZLES  
MORE BEER; BELCHES) I'm sure you can  
handle two customers.

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

Better look out the window, Mister  
Simpson.

Homer looks back out of the window. A huge line of people wraps around the theater.

HOMER

(A BIG ONE) D'OH!

Old Man Peterson slowly strolls into the office. No shotgun. He's eating an apple.

OLD MAN PETERSON

Well, I've settled the union dispute.  
We're back to first-run movies again.  
Got that new McBain one,  
"Destructalypto."

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

I think we're going to need more help.

HOMER

I don't know anything about hiring.

OLD MAN PETERSON

It ain't hard. Ask them their name,  
Social Security number, and their  
religious and political beliefs. If  
they're a commie, shoot 'em.

HOMER

I could do that.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - DOORMAN'S POST - NIGHT

The new doorman, Grampa, attempts to tear the customers'  
tickets at the door.

Otto hands Grampa his ticket.

GRAMPA

What do you want me to do with that?

OTTO

You're supposed to take it.

GRAMPA

But what if I don't want it?

OTTO

Come on, old dude. Take the ticket.  
It's your job.

GRAMPA

You can't force me to do anything  
against my will. This is a democracy.

Otto tries to push the ticket in Grampa's hand.

OTTO

You're going to make me miss the  
previews, old geezer. Just take the  
ticket.

GRAMPA

I don't want your filthy ticket.  
Somebody help me. How did I get here?  
I'm scared.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - CANDY COUNTER - LATER

The Pimple-Faced Teenager is swamped. And the customers are  
really complaining.

GRUNDSKEEPEE WILLIE

This popcorn is stale. Back in the  
old country, stale popcorn gets you a  
good stonin'.

PRINCIPLE SKINNER

This soda is flat, young man. Didn't  
your mother teach you anything?

APU

I can't believe such high prices.

This is highway robbery.

BARNEY

Does anyone ever clean the theater?

It's a garbage dump in there.

(BELCHES)

MOE

Is this real butter?

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

It's real imitation, blended from the  
artificial flavoring by-product of  
what real butter is made from.

The COMIC BOOK GUY walks up.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Excuse me. There's some loud jerk  
drinking and smoking in the theater.  
He's completely ruining my movie going  
experience. I demand immediate  
satisfaction.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The Pimple-Faced Teenager walks the aisle with a flashlight.  
Comic Book Guy follows.

In the b.g. WE HEAR the movie. Lots of EXPLOSIONS. Then  
McBain speaks...

MCBAIN (O.S.)

I love blowing things up.

The Pimple-Faced Teenager finally comes across the loud perpetrator -- Homer. His feet are kicked up on the seat in front of him. He drinks a beer, smokes a cigar, and eats from a huge tub of popcorn.

COMIC BOOK GUY

That's him!

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

D'oh!

HOMER

(LOUDLY) You go, McBain. Blow it all up. Destructalypto everything.

That McBain is crazy.

Suddenly, the film breaks down. The crowd becomes angry.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

OLD MAN PETERSON (O.S.)

(YELLS) Film's broken, Homer. I'm going home. See ya tomorrow.

PIMPLE-FACED TEENAGER

I'm outta here, mister.

The Pimple-Faced Teenager runs out. The crowd turns to Homer. He GULPS.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Homer has put a broomstick through the handle of the auditorium doors, preventing them from opening. The crowd BANGS on the doors. They try to get out.

HOMER

All sales are final.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - LATER THAT NIGHT

The lights to the theater shut off.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - OFFICE - LATER

Homer has his head down on the desk. He's sleeping, drool dangling from his mouth.

HOMER

(SNORING)

The door swings open. Pappy enters.

PAPPY

(SHOUTS) SIMPSON!

Homer raises his head quickly, drool flies back.

HOMER

(OUT OF IT) No refunds!

PAPPY

What go on here, Simpson? What you do to my place?

HOMER

(IMPERSONATES) Ah, Mister Pappy, sir. You like, right? Much better now.

PAPPY

Where you get money for this?

HOMER

I borrowed from the petty cash fund from behind the safe.

PAPPY

That no petty cash you fool. That years of skimming from customers. That my retirement fund. You ruin me, Simpson. I kill you like dog.

Pappy rushes Homer.

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

Then Pappy notices the night's receipts.

PAPPY

What this?

HOMER

Tonight's receipts, Mister Pappy, sir.

This place rakes in money like an

Indian casino.

Pappy looks the receipts over. He seems very excited now.

PAPPY

I like Indian casino, though I would

no eat food there. Makes me poop like  
dog.

Pappy puts his arm around Homer.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

Simpson, you do very good. I take  
much pride in theater now. Make butts  
load of money.

HOMER

You can always count on me, Mister  
Pappy, sir. I have a good feeling  
we'll be working side by side forever  
and ever and ever and ever and ever  
and ever and...

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CINEMA - NIGHT

The theater is in flames. Firemen work to put the fire out.  
Homer runs up to the burning building.

HOMER

D'oh.

Pappy walks up to Homer.

PAPPY

Tough break, dumb-dumb. Good thing I  
have million dollar insurance policy.  
Now I go retire in style and never see  
flabby gut of yours again.

Old Man Peterson walks past them, counting a huge stack of  
bills.

OLD MAN PETERSON

You just got to hate those electrical  
fires.

Old Man Peterson and Pappy do a high five.

EXT/INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Marge are in bed.

HOMER

Marge, I swear I didn't start the fire  
this time.

MARGE

(GROANS; DOESN'T BELIEVE HIM)

HOMER

Now where are we supposed to go see  
movies?

MARGE

A regular multiplex like everyone  
else.

HOMER

(WHINES) But I don't like the  
multiplexes. They're too big and suck  
all the magic out. And the ticket  
prices are triple what they should be.  
I still have three more installment  
payments on our last trip to the  
movies.

MARGE

Go to sleep, Homer.

She turns the light out. Silence, then...

HOMER

And I still didn't get famous.

FADE OUT:

THE END