

THERE'S NO DISGRACE LIKE HOME

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

LISA and BART are fighting. MAGGIE watches, wide-eyed.

BART

Oh, yeah?

LISA

Yeah!

BART

Oh, yeah?

LISA

Yeah!

BART

Oh, yeah?

LISA

Yeah!

Homer enters.

HOMER

Hey! What's the problem here?

LISA

We were fighting over which one of us
loves you more.

Homer **SNIFFLES**. There is a tear in his eye.

HOMER

(TOUCHED) You were? Oh well, go
ahead.

The fight starts again.

BART

You love him more!

LISA

No, you do!

BART

No, I don't!

LISA

Yes, you do!

BART

No, I don't!

LISA

Yes, you do!

BART

No, I don't!

HOMER

(ANGRY) Look, you better get this all out of your system right now. I don't want you two embarrassing me at the company picnic.

Homer stomps off to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We are CLOSEUP on Homer. His face is grossly distorted as he looks through a huge gelatin mold.

We PAN with Homer as he examines each of the other molds, seeing his face in each one. SFX: WOBBLING NOISES. He finally sees a marshmallow in one of the molds.

HOMER

Mmmm! Ooo! Mmmm! Marshmallow!

He jams his arm up to the elbow into the mold and fishes out a marshmallow. He looks around. MARGE enters and sees the whole thing.

MARGE

(FIRMLY) Homer, what are you doing?

Homer pops the marshmallow in his mouth, then BELCHES.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Homer!

HOMER

I'm trying to get at least some of the unfortunate noises out of my system while I can, Marge. I don't want to embarrass myself at the company picnic.

MARGE

(MURMUR OF ASSENT)

HOMER

(INDICATING GELATIN) Are you sure that's enough? You know how the boss loves your delicious gelatin desserts.

MARGE

(FLATTERED) Oh, Homer, Mr. Burns just said he liked it. Once.

HOMER

Marge, that's the only time he's ever spoken to me without using the word "bonehead."

EXT. A BUMPY DIRT ROAD - THAT AFTERNOON

The Simpsons' car bumps along the road leading to the boss's house.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons all sit inside, each one holding a different-colored gelatin mold in his or her lap (including Maggie and Homer at the wheel). With every bump in the road, the gelatins quiver in unison. Homer points.

HOMER

There it is, kids... Stately Burns Manor.

EXT. MR. BURNS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It is a huge mansion on a well-manicured estate with fountains and hedges--it looks like Tara. A sign reads: "Poachers Will Be Shot." Another sign reads: "Forget The Dog, Beware Of Owner."

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay, now look. My boss is going to be at this picnic, so I want you to show your father some love and/or respect.

LISA

Tough choice.

BART

(GRUMBLES) Yeah. I guess I'll
respect the old doofus.

EXT. MR. BURNS' HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

MR. BURNS greets his employees at the front door. SMITHERS
stands beside him. The Simpsons stand in line behind
Mr. and MRS. GAMMILL and their son TOM.

BURNS

Good to see you. Glad you could make
it.

MR. GAMMILL

Oh, thank you, Mr. Burns. I'm so glad
you invited us.

TOM

Not me. I had to miss little league
for this.

MR. GAMMILL

Quiet, Tom.

BURNS

Oh, please, please, don't fight. Just
go out back and have a good time.

The Gammills enter the party. Burns, suddenly cold, turns
to Smithers.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Fire that man, Smithers. I don't want
him or his unpleasant family to ruin my
picnic.

SMITHERS

He'll be gone by the Tug-of-War, sir.

BURNS

Excellent!

Homer GULPS as he steps up to shake the boss's hand.

HOMER

Afternoon, Mr. Burns.

BURNS

Ah! Hello, there, uh... uh...

HOMER

(WHISPERS) Simpson. Homer.

SMITHERS

There you go, Sir.

BURNS

Oh yes... Homer Simpson.

Smithers rapidly shuffles through a stack of index cards and hands one to Burns.

BURNS

Oh, and this must be your lovely
wife... (READING)... "Marge." Oh,
oh...and look at little... (READING)...
"Lisa". Why, she's growing like a
weed. And this must be... (SQUINTING
AT CARD)... "Brat".

BART

Bart.

HOMER

Don't correct the man, Brat. (TO
BURNS) Oh, Boss, look what we
brought... gelatin desserts.

The Simpsons all display their gelatin molds. Burns **SMACKS**
his head in disgust.

BURNS

Oh, for the love of Peter! That's all
anybody brought. Some damn fool went
around telling everyone I love that
slimy goop. Well, toss it in the pile
over there.

Burns indicates a long table laden with dozens of gelatin
molds. **SFX: WOBBLING NOISES.** Homer is chagrined. Over
the following, the Simpsons enter and set their molds down.

BURNS (CONT'D)

And make yourselves at home.

BART

Hear that, Dad? You can lie around in
your underwear and scratch yourself.

HOMER

Why, listen to me, you.

Burns turns to see the disturbance.

BURNS

Trouble, Simpson?

HOMER

No, heh, heh. Just congratulating my
son on a fine joke about his old man.

Homer pats Bart on the head -- HARD.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Now, remember, as far as anyone knows,
we're a nice, normal family.

EXT. BURNS'S BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons survey the huge back yard, filled with fountains and a small pool. We see FAMILIES enjoying the picnic. People are throwing frisbees, playing volleyball, eating picnic lunches.

LISA

(TO BART) Hey! Last one in the
fountain is a rotten egg!

Bart and Lisa run off.

HOMER

(SPUTTERING/GRUMBLING) Hey! You! Come
back here, now... you...

Homer takes off after them, leaving Marge alone with Maggie. MRS. LONG, carrying a cute INFANT, approaches.

MARGE

Oh, what an adorable little girl.

MRS. LONG

Thank you. (GAZING AT MAGGIE) Yours
is... uh... thank you. Why don't we
dump them in the nursery, and get a
glass of punch?

MARGE

Oh, I'm not much of a drinker.

MRS. LONG

(POINTING O.S.) Hey! Isn't that your
boy there, torturing the swans?

HOMER (O.S.)

Bart! Bart!

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR) No, and that isn't my husband chasing after him, either.

Ummm... Maybe I'll take you up on that punch.

INT. NURSERY - A LITTLE LATER

Marge puts Maggie on the floor of the nursery -- the room is filled with BABIES, GIGGLING and LAUGHING and playing together.

Mrs. Long puts her baby down and switches on the TV. The babies all stop playing and stare at the TV vacantly.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Homer walks around the backyard looking for Bart.

HOMER

Bart! Lisa! Bart! Lisa!

Homer passes one of the outdoor fountains. Lisa, frolicking in the fountain, assumes a statue-like pose. Several SWANS come running through frame, HONKING in panic.

HOMER

Where are you, kids?

Homer gets hit in the head with a rock. He GRUNTS in pain.

BART

Ooops!

HOMER

Gotcha!

Homer grabs Bart.

BART

Careful, Dad. Blow a gasket and you
lose your job.

Homer puts Bart down gently and looks around to see if
anyone's noticed.

HOMER

(GENTLY) Thanks, son. You saved me
from making a terrible mistake.

SMITHERS

(THRU LOUDSPEAKER) Now hear this! Now
hear this! The father-son sack race
will begin in five minutes on the north
lawn. Participation is mandatory;
repeat, mandatory. That is all.

HOMER

(GRUMBLES) You remember the rules from
last year?

BART

Yeah. Shut my mouth and let your boss
win.

Homer and Bart exit. A couple of swans poke their head out
of bushes and look around.

EXT. BACKYARD - PUNCHBOWL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Marge drinks punch with several of the other WIVES. They
also have big hairdos, but not as big as Marge's. Marge
tosses back a glass of punch.

WIFE #1

I don't know who to love more. My son Joshua, who is captain of the football team, or my daughter Amber, who got the lead in the school play. Usually I use their grades as a tie-breaker, but they both got straight A's this term, so what's a mother to do?

MARGE

Well, uh... I sense greatness in my family.

WIFE #2

Your family?

MARGE

Well, it's a greatness that others can't see, but it's there and if it's not true greatness we have, we're at least average. (FINISHES DRINK; TIPSILY) I don't want to alarm anyone, but I think there's a li'l al-key-hol in this punch.

EXT. BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER

Bart, Homer, and other FATHERS and SONS stand in potato sacks. It is the beginning of the race. Smithers raises the starting pistol above his head as the CONTESTANTS crouch in anticipation.

SMITHERS

Mr. Burns, are you ready?

BURNS

Yes.

SMITHERS

Are you set?

BURNS

Yes.

SMITHERS

(WHISPERS) Go, Mr. Burns.

Burns leaves ahead of everyone else. Beat later, Smithers **FIRES** the **GUN**. Burns, in front, takes a hop and **GRUNTS**. The rest of the contestants take a hop, making sure to stay behind him. Burns takes another hop. The rest take another hop, staying behind the boss.

BART

(LOUDLY) Beep, beep, comin' through!

Bart starts hopping ahead at top speed, passing Mr. Burns. Homer notes this with wide-eyed horror.

HOMER

Bart! No!

Bart nears the finish line when Homer hops up behind him and tackles the boy. Bart **GRUNTS**. Slowly, Mr. Burns hops ahead to win the race. Onlookers **CHEER**.

BURNS

Ahhh...

BART

EXT. BACK YARD - PUNCHBOWL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Marge continues to drink with the other women. They are all **SINGING**.

MARGE

(SINGING) Here we sit enjoying the
shade.

OTHER WOMEN

(SINGING) Hey brother, pour the wine.

MARGE

(SINGING) Drink the drink that I have
made.

OTHER WOMEN

(SINGING) Hey brother, pour the wine.

MARGE

(SINGING) He's here at last, my one
and only. Goodbye friends, and don't be
lonely. Hey brother, pour the wine.

OTHER WOMEN

(SINGING AND DANCING) La, la, la, la,
la. La, la, la, la, la. La, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

OTHER WOMEN

(SINGING) Hey brother, pour the wine.

Homer approaches up, dragging Bart and Lisa.

LISA

Uh oh. Mom's on a bender.

HOMER

(URGENT) Snap out of it, Marge.

You've got to come with me--the boss is
going to make a toast!

MARGE

(SLOSHED) I'm not much of a drinker...

She knocks back another drink.

HOMER

Well, you picked a perfect time to
start. (GRUMBLES)

MARGE

Right now you look so cute, Homie.
Like a sad little puppy. Yes you do!
Yum...yum...yum...yum...yum.

She puts her arms around his neck, kisses him, and nibbles
his ear.

HOMER

Save it for the boudoir, Marge.

He starts to exit, with Marge clinging to his neck. Marge
is dragged along, leaving furrows in the ground as she
goes. The kids follow.

EXT. BACK YARD - ANOTHER AREA - SUNSET

The Simpsons and the other families are assembled to hear
Mr. Burns's toast. In the valley off in the distance, we
see the sun setting over the nuclear power plant. On a
table is a cake shaped like the power plant. Burns holds
up a glass. Smithers hands him some index cards.

A BAND finishes **PLAYING** "The Bear Comes Over The Mountain"
before Mr. Burns speaks.

BURNS

(READING) "Thank you all..."

(NEXT CARD) "...for coming."

The AUDIENCE **APPLAUDS**, and then they stop. Marge continues
to **APPLAUD** and **WHISTLE**.

HOMER

(TEETH CLENCHED) Marge, knock it off!

MARGE

Whoops. I'm sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

HOMER

Marge!

BURNS

(READING) But now it's time to say
goodbye. Please get off my property
until next year. I suggest you don't
dawdle. The hounds will be released in
ten minutes.

The workers **APPLAUD**. A NICE BOY and GIRL beam at their
NICE FATHER.

NICE FATHER

Did you have a good time, son?

NICE BOY

Yeah, thanks, Pop.

He kisses his father on the cheek. Burns and Smithers walk
past.

BURNS

Awww. That's the kind of family unity
I like to see. Smithers...

SMITHERS

Yes sir.

BURNS

Get that man's name. I predict big
things for him.

Homer overhears.

HOMER

(SOTTO) Quick, Bart, give me a kiss.

BART

Kiss you? But, Dad, I'm your kid!

HOMER

Bart, please. Five bucks for a kiss.

Bart immediately jumps on Homer, embracing him and kissing him all over his forehead.

BURNS

(CONTEMPTUOUS GRUNT) I've never seen
such an obvious attempt to curry my
favor.

SMITHERS

Fabulous observation, sir. Just
fabulous.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons arrive back at their car. Lisa is carrying Maggie as Marge tipsily prances along HUMMING. Ahead of them, the Nice Family is getting in their car, which is parked right in front of the Simpsons'. Homer turns to the Nice Father.

HOMER

Boy, I'm glad that's over. Now we can
go home and act normal again.

NICE FATHER

What do you mean?

HOMER

Oh come on. That cornball routine.

(MAKES KISSING NOISES; SARCASTIC) "I
love you, Daddy." Give me a break.

NICE FATHER

I pity you.

HOMER

Why?

Nice father walks to his car. Homer looks on, confused.

HOMER'S P.O.V. - NICE FAMILY'S CAR

The Nice Boy holds the car door open for the Nice Girl.

NICE BOY

After you.

NICE GIRL

Thank you so much.

HOMER'S P.O.V. - SIMPSONS' CAR

Lisa and Bart fight to get inside.

LISA

Me first!

BART

No, me!

LISA

No, me.

BART

No, me.

LISA

No, me.

BART

Me.

LISA

Me.

Bart gets in. Lisa pulls him out onto the ground, and jumps in.

ON NICE FAMILY'S CAR

Nice Mother **JINGLES** the car keys and smiles sweetly at her husband.

NICE MOTHER

Honey, you look tired. Would you like
me to drive?

ON SIMPSONS' CAR

Marge hangs her head out the passenger seat window.

MARGE

(MOANING) Ohhh, Homie. I think I'm
going to be sick.

ON NICE FAMILY'S CAR

The car is shiny and white. The family members are all now dressed like angels, in white robes, wings and halos. The **CAR STARTS** and **DRIVES OFF**.

NICE FAMILY

(SINGING) There was a farmer had a
dog. And Bingo was his name, oh...

The car takes off into the sky.

NICE FAMILY (CONT'D)

(SINGING) B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,
B-I-N-G-O. And Bingo was his name!
Oh!

ON SIMPSONS' CAR

It is red and flaming, and Homer's wife and kids are now demonic-looking.

MARGE

Homie, get in the car.

LISA

This is where you belong.

BART

Yeah, Homer. Room for one more.

NICE FAMILY

(SINGING) B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O. And Bingo was his name! Oh!

MARGE/LISA/BART

(CHANTS) One of us! One of us!

One of us! One of us!

EXT. ROAD

Homer is behind the wheel of the car, wide-eyed and numb. The family **CAKLES DEMONICALLY**. The road is descending into Hell. Homer looks back at the Nice Family car, which has now almost disappeared into the clouds. Homer shudders and **MOANS**.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

Marge lies on the couch. The family is watching television and eating TV dinners. Homer enters carrying a plate.

MARGE

Homer, you're blocking the view.

BART/LISA

Hey!

Homer **CLICKS** TV off.

HOMER

Now there's nothing to see.

LISA

That's for sure.

HOMER

Look everybody, yesterday was a real eye-opener. We've got to do better as a family. So tonight we're not going to shovel food in our mouths while we stare at the TV. We're going to eat at the dining room table like a normal family.

INT. SIMPSON DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons are seated at the table.

LISA

Happy, Dad?

HOMER

Yes.

LISA

Good. Commence shovelling.

HOMER

No. We're going to say grace first.

BART

Okay. Rub a dub dub, thanks for the grub.

HOMER

No! Ignore the boy, Lord. Now can the chatter and bow your heads. (CLEARS THROAT) Dear Lord, thank you for this microwaved bounty, even though we don't deserve it. I mean, our kids are uncontrollable hellions... pardon my French... but they act like savages! Did you see them at the picnic? Of course you did. You're everywhere. You're omniverous. Oh, Lord, why did you smite me with this family?

REST OF FAMILY

Amen. Let's eat.

They start shovelling down the food.

HOMER

No! I'm not done yet.

MARGE

But Homer, how long are we supposed to sit here and listen to you badmouth us to the Man upstairs?

HOMER

I'm sorry, Marge, but sometimes I think we're the worst family in town.

MARGE

Maybe we should move to a larger community.

Homer GRUNTS.

BART

Don't have a cow, Dad.

LISA

The sad truth is all families are like
us.

HOMER

You think so, huh? Well, there's only
one way to find out. Follow me.

EXT. NEIGHBOR #1'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Simpsons stand on a neighbor's front lawn, peering in the dining room window. Marge holds Maggie up so she can look. The Simpsons are amazed by what they see. Inside is a Norman Rockwell scene. A polite, well-dressed FAMILY enjoys a turkey dinner.

HOMER

(WHISPERS) Look at that, kids! No
fighting, no yelling...

BART

(WHISPERS) No belching.

LISA

(WHISPERS) The dad has a shirt on.

MARGE

(WHISPERS) Look, napkins.

Maggie reaches out to join that family.

MARGE

Sorry, honey. You belong to us.

BART

(REGULAR VOICE) These people are
obviously freaks.

HOMER

(WHISPERS) Oh, you think so? Well,
let's see what's behind Door Number
Two.

The Simpsons move as a group, with the background blurring
behind them. SFX: MANY RAPID FOOTSTEPS.

EXT. NEIGHBOR #2'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Simpsons stop short, taking an identical position at
Neighbor #2's house. Inside the house, a MOTHER, a FATHER,
and two KIDS are all sitting down, each reading a book.

HOMER

(WHISPERS) What are they doing?

The Simpsons again move as a block on to the next house.
SFX: MANY RAPID FOOTSTEPS.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The Simpsons step in front of the house. The WILLIAMSES
are happily chatting in the den. Mr. Williams sits in an
easy chair, holding a newspaper. We cannot hear them.

MARGE

(WHISPERS) They're having a
conversation. They actually enjoy
talking to each other.

INT. WILLIAMS DEN - CONTINUOUS

We hear what the Simpsons cannot.

WILLIAMS BOY

Papa, I believe I heard some rustling
in the bushes.

MR. WILLIAMS

I did too. Better get my gun.

EXT. WILLIAMS' LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons look on, puzzled.

LISA

(WHISPERS) Where's he going?

HOMER

(WHISPERS) Probably to get the old man
his pipe and slippers.

Suddenly Mr. Williams is out on the porch, blasting away
with his gun. SFX: GUNFIRE. The Simpsons run off HOWLING
under a hail of bullets.

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

The Simpsons lean against the house, catching their breath.
Bart peers in the window.

BART

(OUT OF BREATH, WHISPERS) Whoa, look
at this place. What a dump.

HOMER

(OUT OF BREATH, WHISPERS) Hey, it's
worse than you think. (CHUCKLING) I
just trampled these poor saps' flower
bed.

MARGE

Homer, this is our house.

HOMER

(GRUNTS IN EXASPERATION)

Marge, Lisa, Bart and Maggie start to head inside.

MARGE

Are you coming in, Homer?

HOMER

No, no. (SIGHS) I want to be alone
with my thought.

PAN WITH HOMER

As he walks down the street, he passes by many houses.
Silhouetted in each window is a happy family scene.

INT. MOE'S BAR - NIGHT

The BARFLIES YELL and CHEER at a bloody boxing match on the
wide-screen TV. Homer stands at the bar, glum.

HOMER

(SAD) Another beer, Moe.

MOE

What's the matter, Homer? Bloodiest
fight of the year, and you're sitting
there like a thirsty bump on a log.

LOU, a black cop, and EDDIE, his white partner, enter with
their police dog, BOBO.

EDDIE

Evening, Moe.

MOE

Eddie, want some pretzels?

EDDIE

No, thanks. We're on duty. Couple
beers would be nice, though.

Moe gets them two beers. Dog strains at his leash,
sniffing Homer.

MOE

That'll be two bucks, boys. Just kidding!

LOU

Oh, good one, Moe. Hey listen, we're looking for a family of Peeping Toms that has been terrorizing the neighborhood.

Homer reacts. Dog **WHIMPERS** at Homer.

LOU (CONT'D)

(TO DOG) Quiet, boy. Let the nice people enjoy their beers.

EDDIE

The leader is a male Caucasian, with coarse, almost ape-like features.

LOU

You seen anyone fitting that description?

We **PAN THROUGH BAR**. **EVERYONE** fits the description.

MOE

Not lately.

LOU

Don't worry. This dog has the scent. I think we'll be able to track him down.

Starts to pull dog away from Homer but dog refuses to leave. Dog **BARKS** at Homer.

EDDIE

Hey! What's gotten into Bobo?

HOMER

I've got some weiners in my pocket.

EDDIE

Figures. Come on, you stupid dog.

Cops exit with dog.

HOMER

You know, Moe, my Mom once said something that really stuck with me. She said, "Homer, you're a big disappointment," and, God bless her soul, she was really onto something.

BARNEY

Don't blame yourself, Homer. You got dealt a bad hand. You got crummy little kids that nobody can control.

HOMER

You can't talk that way about my kids. Or, at least two of them.

BARNEY

Why? You got two I haven't met?

HOMER

Why, you... Here's five you haven't met.

Homer **PUNCHES** Barney. They begin fighting. Not caring, Moe goes about his business, polishing glasses.

MOE

(QUIETLY) Break it up, boys. Take it
easy. Settle down there. Not in my
place...settle down....

WIDEN to see that the barflies are ignoring Homer's fight,
to watch the boxing match on TV. The bout is, punch-for-
punch, exactly the same as Homer's fight. On TV one **BOXER**
throws an uppercut, knocking out his **OPPONENT**, as Barney
simultaneously knocks out Homer with an uppercut.

BOXING ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... And a right to the jaw... a left
to the breadbasket! What a fight!
How are these two proud gladiators
still on their feet? They have heart
and guts and intestines and spleen!
Look at them moving, ducking, jabbing,
dancing, counter-punching! Ladies and
gentle- men, this is the sweet science
at its finest! Oh! And a tremendous
right! That's got to hurt! Ladies and
gentlemen, this fight is over! Katie,
bar the door.

ON TV

SFX: BOXING BELL, CHEERS.

Barflies **APPLAUD TV.**

TV-STATION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(FROM TV) All-Star Boxing is brought
to you by "Dr. Marvin Monroe's Family
Therapy Center". We want to be your
family's fight doctor.

A commercial comes on. Moe starts to make an elaborate
cocktail, pouring in various liquors, mixing them in a
shaker and adding a cherry. Moe then leans over the bar,
and pours the mixture onto the face of the unconscious
Homer, who lies on the floor.

HOMER

(COMING TO) Huh... what?

Homer staggers to his feet to watch a commercial. On TV we
see a CLOSEUP of a HUSBAND and WIFE in bed. (The following
plays like a Schick Center alcohol treatment ad.)

ON TV

TV WIFE

(FROM TV) Honey, aren't you going to
work today?

TV HUSBAND

(FROM TV) No, I don't think so.

TV WIFE

(FROM TV) Honey, you have a problem.
And it won't get better till you admit
it.

TV HUSBAND

(FROM TV) I admit this: You better
shut your big yap.

TV WIFE

(FROM TV) Oh you, shut up.

TV HUSBAND

(FROM TV) No, you shut up.

TV WIFE

(FROM TV) No, you shut up.

TV HUSBAND

(FROM TV) Shut up!

TV WIFE

(FROM TV) Shut up!

TV HUSBAND

(FROM TV) Shut up!

A small BOY pokes his head in the bedroom door.

SMALL BOY

(FROM TV; CALMLY) Why don't you both

(FURIOUSLY) shut up!

ON TV

CUT TO:

The overweight DR. MARVIN MONROE at his desk.

DR. MONROE

(FROM TV) Hi, friends. I'm Dr. Marvin Monroe. Does this scene look familiar? If so, I can help. No gimmicks, no pills, no fad diets. Just family bliss, or double your money back. So call today!

ON TV

SUPER: 1-800-555-HUGS

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(FROM TV) Dr. Marvin Monroe's Family
Therapy Center. 1-800-555-HUGS. Why
don't you call... Right now?

Homer still on floor.

HOMER

When will I learn? The answers to
life's problems aren't at the bottom
of a bottle. They're on TV!

Moe drops the phone next to Homer. The receiver bounces
out. Homer begins dialing as we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Marge, Lisa, Bart and Maggie are watching ITCHY and SCRATCHY on television. Homer enters.

HOMER

All right, time for a family meeting!

He shuts off the TV.

BART

(MOANS)

LISA

Why can't we have a meeting when you're watching TV?

HOMER

Now, look, you know and I know that this family needs help. Professional help. So I made us an appointment with Dr. Marvin Monroe.

BART

The fat guy on TV?

LISA

You're sending us to a doctor who
advertises on pro wrestling?

HOMER

Boxing, Lisa, boxing. There's a world
of difference.

MARGE

Gee, Homer, are you sure this is the
right thing to do?

HOMER

Honey, I've given this matter a lot of
study. And of all the commercials I
saw, his was the best. (BEAT) All it
costs is two hundred and fifty dollars.

MARGE

But we don't have that kind of money.

HOMER

Well, then, we're just going to have to
dig deep. Marge, go get the kids'
college fund.

MARGE

Oh, Homer.

HOMER

Oh, come on, Marge. Why scrimp now on
the off-chance that they'll actually
get in someplace?

CLOSEUP - COFFEE TABLE - LITTLE LATER

Money is piled on it. **PULL BACK** to see the Simpsons, gathered round. Marge is counting the pennies.

MARGE

...forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty.

Eighty-eight dollars and fifty cents.

HOMER

That's it? That's the college fund
we've been saving all these years?

LISA

I guess I'd have needed a partial
scholarship.

HOMER

Well, we're not licked yet. To save
this family, we're all going to make
the supreme sacrifice.

EXT PAWN SHOP - LATER

WE SEE a prominent "PAWN SHOP" sign. Homer approaches,
GRUNTING, carrying the TV. His family follows, clearly
upset.

LISA

No, Dad! Please don't pawn the TV!

MARGE

Homer, couldn't we pawn my engagement
ring instead?

HOMER

Now, I appreciate that, honey, but we
need one hundred and fifty dollars
here.

Homer goes inside.

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Homer approaches the PAWN BROKER'S cage and sets the TV
down in front of it.

PAWN BROKER

Afternoon, Simpson. You here to pick
up Bart's archery set?

He indicates a bow and arrow, propped beside a target with
Homer's picture stuck on it.

HOMER

Lord, no!

PAWN BROKER

How about Bart's drum set?

HOMER

(SHUDDERS) Not today.

PAWN BROKER

Perhaps Bart's BB gun?

HOMER

Are you out of your mind?

PAWN BROKER

So what can I do for you?

HOMER

(HOLDING UP TV) Would you pay one
hundred fifty dollars for this lovely
Motorola?

PAWN BROKER

Is it cable-ready?

HOMER

(COVERING) Ready as she'll ever be!

PAWN BROKER

Mister, you got yourself a deal.

Pawn Broker hands Homer the money.

INT. FAMILY THERAPY CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

The Simpsons enter to see other families in need of therapy. There is a SKINHEAD family, including a SKINHEAD BABY. They're all GROWLING. Another grim FAMILY OF FOUR sits in a row, each wearing an "I'M WITH STUPID" t-shirt that points to the next family member. They're shoving each other. A third family is in a group wrestle hold.

MARGE

(SNIFFLES)

HOMER

Marge, what's wrong?

MARGE

All our money, the college funds, the
TV. Homer, you're driving a stake
through the hearts of those who love
you.

HOMER

Hey, no pain, no gain.

Homer reaches the RECEPTIONIST'S window.

Please sign here. (AS HOMER SIGNS IN). Will you be paying by cash or check?

HOMER

(PROUDLY) Cash, of course. I've got two hundred and fifty dollars right here with me. I'm holding it right now. Here it is. Look. Check it out. Two hundred and fifty big ones.

CLOSEUP - HOMER'S sweaty hand holding the money.

BART

If you really want to impress her, show her the big empty space where our TV used to be.

HOMER

Bart!

Homer hands the money to the Receptionist.

Suddenly the door by the Receptionist opens. A family greatly resembling the Simpsons emerges--a HOMER-ISH HUSBAND, a MARGE-ISH WIFE, a BART-LIKE BOY, a LISA-LIKE GIRL and a MAGGIE-LIKE BABY. They are all hugs and smiles as they cross the room.

HOMER-ISH HUSBAND

Come on, family. Let's go celebrate our new-found ability to express love for each other. I'm taking you out for frosty chocolate milkshakes.

The Boy and Girl CHEER.

MARGE-ISH WIFE

(TO HUSBAND) Oh, I love you, Gomer.

LISA

There go my young-girl dreams of
Vassar.

She gives him a peck on the cheek and they exit. The Simpsons stare at them in amazement. A buzzer BUZZES.

RECEPTIONIST

Simpson, family of five. The doctor
will see you now.

The Simpsons snap out of it and head for the door.

INT. DR. MONROE'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons are seated in Dr. Marvin Monroe's office. The doctor is handing them each a pad of paper and a large felt-tip marker.

DR. MONROE

Hello, I'm Dr. Marvin Monroe. No doubt
you recognize me from TV.

LISA

We would if we had one.

HOMER

Lisa!

DR. MONROE

No, No, Homer, don't stifle the
youngster. Your family must feel free
to express itself. That's what these
pads and jumbo markers are for. I want
you to draw for me your fears, your
anxieties, the roots of your
unhappiness. Now take a deep,
cleansing breath, and begin.

The Simpsons **INHALE, EXHALE** and start drawing. Marge, Lisa
and Bart soon flip over their pads to show the Doctor.
They have each drawn a portrait of Homer.

DR. MONROE (CONT'D)

No surprises here. Homer?

Homer himself is still working hard at his drawing--sweat
flying out of his head, and his tongue sticking out of the
corner of his mouth.

HOMER

(HUMS)

DR. MONROE

Homer, what have you got for us?

Homer holds up a picture of a jet plane firing bullets--it
looks like a drawing a seventh-grader might do.

DR. MONROE

Homer!

HOMER

Whoops. Sorry, I wasn't paying
attention.

DR. MONROE

Well, if you had been paying attention, perhaps you would have noticed that your family sees you as a rather stern authority figure - an ogre, if you will.

MARGE

Now, Doctor, that's not true.

LISA

"Ogre" is such a strong word.

BART

Right on, Doc. Another successful diagnosis.

HOMER

So you think I'm an ogre, huh. That does it.

Homer **GROWLS**. He picks up a lamp to throw at Bart. Dr. Monroe holds up his hand.

DR. MONROE

Wow! (PAUSE) Okay, you want to kill each other. That's good. That's healthy. There's nothing necessarily wrong with hostile conflict. All I ask is that you use my patented aggression therapy mallets.

HOMER

Good idea.

BART

All right!

MARGE

(TROUBLED) I don't know...

Dr. Monroe substitutes a padded baton for the lamp in Homer's hands. He gives batons to Bart, Lisa, Marge and Maggie.

DR. MONROE

Okay, let's take another deep,
cleansing breath.

The Simpsons **INHALE**, then start **WHACKING** each other with batons. **SFX: WHOMP. WHOMP.** After a beat, they stop.

HOMER

Wait a minute. These mallet things are
padded with foam rubber. What's the
point?

Bart slides the foam rubber covering off his baton.

BART

They'd work much better without the
padding, doc.

DR. MONROE

No, no. That's not true.

BART

Oh sure it is. Look, see.

He **WHACKS** the Doctor in the shins.

DR. MONROE

Ow!

Bart tries to whack Dr. Monroe again, but the Doctor grabs the paddle.

DR. MONROE

(MAD) Yes, well, that concludes this portion of our treatment.

MARGE

Are we cured yet?

DR. MONROE

Don't be ridiculous. You will be cured, but it's going to require somewhat more unorthodox methods.

HOMER

Unortho what?

DR. MONROE

Don't worry, I'll have plenty of time to explain while I warm up the electric generator.

INT. DR. MONROE'S LABORATORY - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons are seated in a stark white laboratory. They are all wired with electrodes... each has a bank of buttons in front of them. It looks like A Clockwork Orange.

DR. MONROE

Everyone comfy? Good. Now, don't touch any of those buttons in front of you, for a very important reason, i.e. you are wired in to the rest of your family. You have the ability to shock them, and they have the ability to shock--

Bart hits a button and Homer is electrocuted. **SFX: BZZZZZ.**

HOMER

Arrrgh!

BART

Just testing.

Homer reaches for his button. Dr. Monroe grabs his hand.

DR. MONROE

No, Homer! Not yet! You see, this is what is known as aversion therapy. When someone hurts you emotionally, you will hurt them physically, and gradually you will learn not to hurt each other at all. And won't that be wonderful, Homer?

HOMER

(SEEMINGLY MOVED) Oh, yes, doctor.

Dr. Monroe lets go of Homer's hand. Homer hits a button, and Bart is ZAPPED.

BART

Arrrgh!

Bart hits a button, and Lisa is ZAPPED.

LISA

Arrrgh!

MARGE

Bart, how could you shock your little sister?

BART

My finger slipped.

Lisa **ZAPS** Bart.

BART

Arrrgh!

LISA

So did mine.

MARGE

Bart! Lisa! Stop that.

Marge hits two buttons, **ZAPPING** Bart and Lisa.

BART/LISA

Arrrgh!

Maggie is happily and randomly pressing on her buttons over and over.

HOMER

Arrrgh!

LISA

Arrrgh!

MARGE

Arrrgh!

BART

Arrrgh!

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The **YOWLS** of the Simpson family can be heard clearly in the waiting room. The lights in the room dim repeatedly, each time a Simpson gets the juice. The Receptionist and the three families in need of therapy look scared.

SKINHEAD DAD

This place is too weird for me.

The Skinhead family gets up and heads for the exit.

EXT. STREET

Repeat PAN of happy family silhouettes. Now all lights are flickering.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEIGHBOR #2'S HOUSE

The family's reading is interrupted by the flickering of the lights.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Burns and Smithers are watching the gauge.

SMITHERS

Boy, someone's really gobbling up the juice, Sir.

BURNS

Excellent, excellent. Perhaps this energy conservation fad is as dead as the dodo.

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons are now **ZAPPING** each other with wild abandon-- at least three of them are being electrified at any one time. The room fills with smoke.

BART

Arrrgh!

LISA

Arrrgh!

MARGE

Arrrgh!

HOMER

Arrrgh!

DR. MONROE

(PANICKED) Stop! Stop! You're damaging
the equipment.

The Receptionist runs in.

RECEPTIONIST

Doctor Monroe! Your other patients
have fled the building!

DR. MONROE

Simpsons! Please, stop! I can't help
you!

The Simpsons all stop their ZAPPING.

BART

Hey, nice hair, Mom.

MARGE

Gee, I thought we were making real
progress.

DR. MONROE

No, I'm sorry, you're not. Please,
you've just got to go.

HOMER

Wait a minute, Doc. Your TV commercial
said family bliss we get double your
money back!

DR. MONROE

All right. (TO RECEPTIONIST) Get the
money.

HOMER

Arrrrgh!

BART

(FINGER ON BUTTON) That was one for
the road, Dad.

INT. WAITING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons are all hugs and smiles, resembling the Simpson-like Family that passed through earlier, except that the Simpsons are smoldering. Dr. Monroe is counting the money out to Homer.

DR. MONROE

(HANDING THE MONEY TO HOMER) twenty,
forty, sixty, eighty, one; twenty,
forty, sixty, eighty, two; twenty,
forty, sixty, eighty, three; twenty,
forty, sixty, eighty, four; twenty,
forty, sixty, eighty, five hundred.
Here, just go, and never tell anyone
you were here.

HOMER

Wow! Five hundred smackers!

The Simpsons exit. Homer holds up a big wad of bills.

MARGE

Homer, how wonderful. Our first
pleasant surprise.

LISA

It's not the money as much as the
feeling that we earned.

BART

You did it, Dad.

HOMER

Yeah...

MARGE

Excuse me, dear. Shouldn't we be heading down to the pawn shop to get our TV back?

HOMER

That piece of junk? Forget it! We're going to get a new TV! Twenty-one-inch screen... realistic flesh tones... and a little cart so we can wheel it into the dining room on holidays!

LISA/BART

Yay!

MARGE

Oh, Homer... we love you.

She gives him a peck on the cheek. Actual sparks fly as we:

FADE OUT.

THE END