

Production No. 7F05

The Simpsons

"DANCIN' HOMER"

Written by

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&

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Created by  
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Developed by  
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TABLE DRAFT

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NOTE: FOR TABLE READING ONLY

"DANCIN' HOMER"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER  
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER  
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER  
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER  
PATTY/SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER  
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
RICHARD.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
TONY BENNETT.....HIMSELF  
MR. GAMMILL.....HANK AZARIA  
FLASH BAILOR.....HANK AZARIA  
OTHER PLAYER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
P.A. ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER  
BLEEDING GUMS MURPHY....  
DAN HOARD.....  
VENDOR.....HANK AZARIA  
TEX O'HARA.....DAN CASTELLANETA

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PLAYER #1.....HARRY SHEARER  
RASTA #1.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
RASTA #2.....HARRY SHEARER  
MANAGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
SUPERVISOR.....HANK AZARIA  
MAN WITH HEDGECLIPPERS..HARRY SHEARER  
CAPITAL CITY GOOFBALL...HARRY SHEARER  
PLAYER #2.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
DAVE GLASS.....HARRY SHEARER  
SPECTATOR #1.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
SPECTATOR #2.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
SPECTATOR #3.....HANK AZARIA  
CLUBHOUSE ATTENDANT....DAN CASTELLANETA  
DAVE ROSENFELD.....HARRY SHEARER

THE SIMPSONS

"Dancin' Homer"

by

Ken Levine & David Isaacs

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STADIUM - EVENING

We open on a large stadium marquee that reads:

"SPRINGFIELD WAR MEMORIAL STADIUM," "TONIGHT BASEBALL,"  
"SPRINGFIELD ISOTOPES VS. SHELBYVILLE SHELBYVILLIANS,"  
"NUCLEAR POWER PLANT FAMILY NIGHT," "SUNDAY AFTERNOON --  
SWAP MEET."

A bus comes ROARING by the screen as it enters the stadium parking lot.

OTTO

Hey, I think we're here, man.

There's a loud CHEER from the bus.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

It is crammed with excited NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EMPLOYEES AND THEIR FAMILIES, all with hats, pennants, thermoses, flasks, gloves, etc. THE SIMPSONS are jammed into two rows. OTTO, the driver, pulls the bus to a stop.

OTTO

Okay now, after the game, we'll meet right here. We're in the blue parking lot, section D, spaces 11, 12, 6, & 7.

The bus itself can be identified by the serial number on the engine, which is 00773.

INT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

We see that it is the only bus in this expansive dirt lot.

BART

How 'bout if we just come back to the  
only bus in the lot?

OTTO

Whoa! Let me think... okay, that'll  
work too.

ON THE SIMPSONS

as they cross with other fans to the front gate. BART has  
a mitt, LISA a transistor radio; MAGGIE wears a little  
baseball cap and uniform jumper. They pass souvenir stands  
and PROGRAM VENDORS. All the EMPLOYEES who work at the  
ballpark are rundown and toothless.

HOMER

You know, boy, some of the players you  
see tonight may make it to the big  
leagues, one day.

BART

What? Aren't we going to see any  
washed-up major leaguers?

HOMER

Oh, sure.

LISA

Ah, minor league baseball. The game at its purest. I can't think of a better place to spend a balmy summer's night than the old ballyard. There's just the green grass of the outfield, the crushed brick of the infield, and the white chalk lines that divide the man from the little boy.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Lisa, honey, you're forgetting the beer. It comes in seventy-two ounce tubs here.

MARGE

I hope you'll space out the tubs this year, Homer.

HOMER

(DEFENSIVE) What are you getting at?

MARGE

Well, last year you got a little rambunctious and mooned the poor umpire.

HOMER

Marge, (HOLDING UP THE TICKET) this ticket doesn't just give me a seat, it also gives me the right to make a complete ass of myself.

**ENTRANCE TO STADIUM**

MR. BURNS and SMITHERS, who holds 3x5 index "prompt" cards, are perched at the gate, greeting the employees and their families.

BURNS

Ah, the Gammills. Good to see you. (TO MRS. GAMMILL) Did you know your husband is in the eighty-seventh percentile of our productivity scale?

GAMMILL

Your leadership and dedication are an inspiration to all of us in waste management, sir.

BURNS

(CHUCKLES) Well, take your mind off contaminates for one night and have a hot dog.

Gammill and his brood kow-tow and move on.

BURNS

(TO SMITHERS) Put a little smile on his card, Smithers.

SMITHERS

Already there, Sir.

Burns spots the Simpsons as they approach. Smithers grabs a card and WHISPERS in Burns' ear.

BURNS

Ah, well, if it isn't the Simps.  
Welcome.

HOMER

Uh... Simp-sons, sir.

BURNS

(CONSULTING CARD) Ah, yes... Homer and Marge Simpson. And these must be Bart, Lisa and "Expecting".

SMITHERS ,

(SOTTO) The card needs to be updated, Sir.

MARGE

Our baby's name is Maggie.

SMITHERS

Don't waste my time, woman. Just write it on the card.

Smithers hands the card to Marge.

HOMER

Oh, that's okay. The baby's name isn't important. Let's go, Marge.

BURNS

Very well. (CHUCKLES) Take your mind off of contaminates for one night and have a hot dog.

The Simpsons enter the park.



**EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS**

It's a typical wooden-bandbox minor league ballpark, seating maybe five thousand. Ringing the outfield wall are the usual billboards filled with local advertisements: "Springfield Savings -- Safe from 1890-1986, 1988;" "His Royal Majesty: Clothing for the Obese or Gangly Gentleman;" "Moe's Tavern - Hit this sign and win a free well drink;" "Radio Station WBVD Rocks Soft."

The only concession to the modern era is the JumboVision board in left field, which dwarfs the rest of the stadium. The PLAYERS are on the field, leisurely taking batting and infield practice as the stadium organist plays "ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND."

**BART**

Oh, wow -- there's Flash Bailor! I gotta get his autograph! He used to be a star!

**FLASH BAILOR**

He is playing catch. He's 45, arrogant and terribly out of shape. He looks like a giant pear. Bart leans over the railing, holding out a ball and a pen.

**BART**

Hey, Flash! Willya sign my ball?

**FLASH**

No.

Bart rejoins the family.

**BART**

(MUMBLING) Lousy, washed up, broken down... old tub of guts... who does...

**HOMER**

What's the matter, boy?

**BART**

He wouldn't sign my ball.

MARGE

Well, I thought these ballplayers were supposed to set an example for children. Bart, give me that ball!

Bart flips her the ball and, with great resolve, she marches down the aisle to the field.

PLAYER

Hey, Flash, check out the mature quail heading this way.

FLASH

Yeah, mama.

MARGE

Excuse me, Mr... Flash?

FLASH

Hi, there, little lady. What can I do for you?

EXT. PARK - STANDS - A LITTLE LATER

Marge rejoins the family, holding the ball.

MARGE

Here you go, Bart.

She hands the ball to Bart.

BART

(READING) "Room 26, Springfield Kozy Kort...How 'bout it? -- Flash." (THEN)  
Hey, cool.

HOMER

Wow! Flash Bailor came on to my wife!  
(IMPRESSED) You've still got the magic,  
Marge.

EXT. BALLPARK - MOMENTS LATER

The plant employees are positioned way down the right field line, in the bleachers. There's a filled section of them... and just a mere sprinkling of other fans throughout the park. There are two empty seats next to the Simpsons. Lisa is holding up Maggie.

HOMER

(TO LISA) What are you doing?

LISA

Trying to get Maggie on the  
JumboVision.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS - GRANDSTAND.

We see that HUNDREDS OF BABIES are being held up.

HOMER

Oh, Lisa, they'll never show a Simpson.  
We're the most anonymous family in  
America.

BART

(POINTING) Hey, Dad, look.

Homer glances up.

HOMER

Whoa!

ON JUMBOVISION BOARD.

Homer fills the screen. He stands up and waves with both hands.

HOMER (V.O.)

Hey everybody! How you doing? Look at  
me! How you doing, everybody? I'm  
Homer Simpson!

Bart leans into frame and raises two fingers behind Homer's head. The JumboVision camera starts to pull in on Homer's open fly.

MARGE

(QUIETLY) Homer... Homer... X.Y.Z.

HOMER (V.O.)

Examine my zipper? Why? (HOMER LOOKS  
DOWN) Whoops!

Homer, still on the screen, turns away, zips up his fly and receives a nice OVATION from the crowd.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(HEAVILY ECHOED) Ladies and gentlemen,  
throwing out tonight's first ball, the  
man whose name is synonymous with our  
nation's safest and cleanest energy  
source, Mr. Montgomery Burns!

Burns and Smithers drive up to the mound in a golf cart that looks like a big baseball. Burns waves to the crowd. There is a slight SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE. As the golf cart brakes, divots of turf fly.

SMITHERS

They love you, Sir.

BURNS

You know, Smithers, when I was a young buck, my patented fadeaway pitch was compared to the trouble ball of the great Satchel Page.

SMITHERS

You're still my favorite player, sir.

Burns hands Smithers the ball.

BURNS

Spit on this for me, Smithers.

SMITHERS

One hocker coming up, sir.

Burns rocks into his wind-up.

ON THE SIMPSONS

who are heckling Burns from their very safe distance.

HOMER

Hey, Burns! Hey, "Rag Arm"!

BART

You throw like my sister, man!

LISA

Yeah, you throw like me.

They LAUGH conspiratorially.

BACK TO BURNS

He wheels and deals. He loses his balance and the ball goes maybe six feet before trickling to a stop.

SMITHERS

I think I could actually hear the air being torn, sir.

BURNS

Oh, shut up.

Homer and Bart are roaring with LAUGHTER. They can barely contain themselves.

BART

What a lame-o!

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, to honor America,  
will you please rise for our National  
Anthem...

Homer quickly composes himself.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...sung tonight by Springfield's rhythm  
'n' blues sensation, Sean "Bleeding  
Gums" Murphy.

BLEEDING GUMS MURPHY steps up to the microphone at home plate. We see the scoreboard clock behind him reads 7:30. Bleeding Gums launches into a wildly improvisational version of the National Anthem:

BLEEDING GUMS

(SINGING) "O-oo-hhhhhh...Saaaaa-yyyyy  
can you..." -- I'm askin' -- "Can you  
s-e-e-e?...By the d-a-a-a-w-wn's early  
light. What so proudly, so proudly..."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALLPARK - NIGHT

Bleeding Gums is still singing. The clock on the scoreboard now reads 7:46.

BLEEDING GUMS

"...the land of the free -eeeeeeeeee  
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee  
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee,  
and...the home... oh yes... the home...  
I said the home... of the...brave!"

We see the Simpsons amid the crowd. Exhausted, they flop into their chairs.

IN PRESSBOX

DAN HOARD, wearing a loud, multi-colored jacket, is at the mike.

DAN HOARD

Hi-de-hi, Springfield! Dan Hoard,  
mikeside. We've got a barnburner  
tonight -- our Isotopes versus the  
pesky Shelbyville Shelbyvillians. The  
'Topes are looking to snap a twenty-six  
game losing streak, longest in  
professional baseball. How 'bout that?  
-- Our sleepy town is in the record  
book!

ON GRANDSTAND

Burns and Smithers come down the aisle in the employees' roped-off section. Burns clutches two tickets.

BURNS

Ah, sitting with the employees. I  
guess this proves I'm one of the gang.  
(THEN) You did get me something on an  
aisle, Smithers? I don't want to be  
surrounded by them.

Burns spots MR. AND MRS. WINFIELD sitting in seats near the  
aisle.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Hey, you two are in our seats! Usher,  
have these squatters thrown out of  
here! And I want charges filed!!

SMITHERS

No... Sir... Our seats are down there.

BURNS

Oh, very well. Buy them some peanuts.

ON SIMPSONS

Homer and Bart are engaged in loud baseball chatter.

HOMER

Let's go now...Sa-winggg, batter!

BART

We want a pitcher/ Not a belly itcher!

LISA

We want a catcher/ Not a belly  
scratcher!

Homer and Bart are on their feet, making faces. Burns and  
Smithers approach.



SMITHERS

Here we are, Sir.

Homer spots them and lets out an involuntary **LITTLE SHRIEK**.  
Smithers dusts off Burns' seat and the two sit down.

HOMER

(SOTTO) Oh, Marge, sitting next to  
the boss -- the best night of the year,  
and it's ruined! (GRUMBLING) Of all  
the lousy, rotten... this stinks... I  
never get a break...

MARGE

All this means is you can't wave your  
fanny in public.

HOMER

(WHINING) Oh! I wasn't even thinking  
about that!

Homer and Burns look at each other and smile sheepishly.  
Neither one wants to be there. Suddenly, there is a **LOUD  
CRACK** of the bat. Bart leaps to his feet, waving his mitt.

BART

Foul ball -- headed right for us!

Everyone in the section stands, poised for the souvenir.  
Burns turns to Smithers.

BURNS

Smithers, my glove! Hurry -- Get me  
old Emma!

Smithers immediately produces an old-era, small, flat mitt  
and hands it to Burns. There's a sea of waving hands and  
mitts as the ball approaches.

BART

It's mine! I got it! I got it!

BURNS

No. I've got it!

BART

I got it!

BURNS

The hell you say. I got it!

Bart, leaping off his seat, makes a spectacular catch, almost falling off the tier.

BART

Yes!!!

Bart holds the ball up in his glove. Homer **WHACKS** the glove. The ball falls into Burns' glove. A thrilled Burns examines his prize.

BURNS

I got it, Smithers! I got it!

BART

(TO HOMER) Hey!

HOMER

(SOTTO) Shut up. I'll buy you a whole box of balls.

Burns sticks the ball in Bart's face.

BURNS

(TAUNTINGLY) Feast your eyes on this,  
little man! Genuine horse-hide,  
stitched in Haiti. Read it and weep!

Homer holds back Bart, who has a very hurt expression on his face.

VENDOR (O.S.)

Beeerheah! Duff Beer!

HOMER

(WISTFULLY SOTTO) Beer. Didja hear that, Marge? Delicious frosty beer. Fat lot of good that does me, sitting next to old man Burns.

MARGE

(WARNING) Now, Homer.

BURNS

(TO HOMER) I suppose you want a beer?

HOMER

Me, sir? Oh, no. Not a chance. Only idiots drink beer.

BURNS

Are you sure? Actually, I was wondering if you'd join me. My treat.

HOMER

Oh, well if someone of your stature can enjoy a beer, maybe I'm all turned around on the subject. Wait a minute, we're not having a drug test tomorrow, are we?

BURNS

No. (TO VENDOR) Two, please.

Vendor starts to fill two huge buckets of beer.

VENDOR

That'll be three seventy-five.

Burns takes a wad of hundreds out of his pocket.

BURNS

Oh dear, all I have are these lousy  
hundreds.

HOMER

Oh, I'll get these.

BURNS

Very well. (CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF)

Vendor hands over the beers.

HOMER

Don't go far, okay, buddy?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

We see the players on the field.

DAN HOARD (V.O.)

Top of the fourth, Isotopes losing,  
six to 2. Remember, Friday is "Dental  
Care Night". A free toothbrush and gum  
stimulator for the first two thousand  
fans, so you're gonna want to be here.

Homer and Burns are hoisting their half-empty tubs of beer.  
They're both feeling pretty loose, heckling the players.

BURNS

(CHANTING) The hitter's off his  
rocker/Kissing Betty Crocker!

HOMER

Good one, sir.

BURNS

I used to rile the late, great Connie Mack with that one at old Shibe Park.

HOMER

(CHANTING) Little baby batter/Can't control his bladder!

BURNS

Crude, but I like it. (THEN HOLDING UP 72 OZ. TUB) What do you say we freshen up these drinks?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

We open close on the auxiliary scoreboard. The game is now in the sixth inning, Isotopes losing, six to four. We PAN UP to Homer and Burns. We see that Burns now has a lap-full of foul balls. Mr. Wolfe comes down the aisle with a foul ball, puts it in Burns' lap, and moves on.

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

BURNS

Well, Simpsie, you up for another wave?

HOMER

All right, Burnsie.

Homer and Burns alternate standing up and sitting down. No one else follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

Everyone up for the seventh inning stretch, SINGING and swaying to the stadium organist's rendition of "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME". Homer and Burns are arm-in-arm, swaying and singing above the crowd.

ALL

"So it's root, root, root for the  
Isotopes/ If they don't win it's a  
shame..

HOMER

For it's one... two... three  
strikes you're out.

BURNS

"'Cause it's five...  
four... two  
strikes, you're out.

ALL

"At the old...ball...game!"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

A Springfield batter is at the plate. The bases are loaded. The scoreboard shoes the game is in the ninth inning, with the score still 6-4.

DAN HOARD (V.O.)

Bases loaded. Topes have one out, down  
by three. Here's the pitch. Swung on  
and missed! Strike three. Of course.  
You don't lose twenty-seven games in a  
row by hitting the ball.

BURNS

Damnation! These banjos couldn't carry  
Pie Traynor's glove.

DAN HOARD

Big Bill McCloskey's coming up. As soon as he pops out, we'll go right to the post-game show.

HOMER

C'mon! All we need is a grand slam. Everyone AD LIBS "Yeah, right", "I want a good seat on the bus", "That'll be the day."

BURNS

My one game of the year... ruined by incompetence.

HOMER

What's wrong with you people? Let's show some spirit! Come on, get up!

The stadium organist begins to PLAY "BABY ELEPHANT WALK".

HOMER

(TO THE CROWD) What's the matter with you?! Your team needs you! C'mon!!!

Swept up in the spirit of the moment and the music (and the beer), Homer climbs atop the auxiliary scoreboard and begins dancing to the music. AD LIBS from the crowd: "Look at him!", "Check out Simpson!", "Get a load'a that guy!".

MARGE

(CHANTING TO HERSELF) Keep your pants up... keep your pants up.

BART/LISA

Eeeesh!

Maggie's jaw drops. Her pacifier falls out of her mouth.

HOMER

Come on! Put those hands together!

Stomp those feet! Get loud!

Homer is dancing up a storm. A la Mick Jagger, he's prompting the crowd to begin **CLAPPING**. They do. Marge and the family are mortified. Everyone starts to **CLAP** their hands and **STOMP** their feet.

DAN HOARD (V.O.)

...there's some nut down in right field, dancin' up a storm! He's really got the crowd goin'. Let's hope it can shake up the usually unreliable "Big Bill" McCloskey.

McCloskey swings and hits it to the moon.

DAN HOARD (V.O., CONT'D)

Swung on and belted to deep left field!

It's going...going...

**SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE**

The flourish of "The Natural" is evoked. Homer and the crowd is frozen in anticipation. Even little Maggie stops sucking.

DAN HOARD (V.O.)

It's gone! It's outta here! Oh, my!  
Touch 'em all! Dial eight! A-B- see  
you later! Oh my God, the Isotopes win  
a game! The Isotopes win a game! The  
Isotopes win a game!

**BACK TO NORMAL SPEED**

The crowd goes wild. Homer lifts his arms in the air and dances on the scoreboard. Burns and Smithers file out of the grandstand.



SMITHERS

Well, that was certainly exciting.

BURNS

Yes, unfortunately Homer Simpson's shameless display of exhibitionism tainted the entire evening. I want him banned for life from all company outings.

The CHEERING goes on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The Simpsons are among the delirious fans heading back to the bus. People pat Homer on the back, AD LIBBING "You were great, Homer," "Way to go, Simpson," "You're better than that Chicken," etc. The Simpsons reach the bus, the only bus in the lot. People are congratulating him.

HOMER

Yeah, yeah. Well, thanks. Glad you enjoyed it, but I can't take all the credit. The batter did his part too.

A middle-aged gentleman steps out of the shadows and taps Homer on the shoulder. His name is MR. O'HARA.

MR. O'HARA

Excuse me...You, sir -- the dancing fella. I'm Antoine "Tex" O'Hara, owner and general manager of the Isotopes.

HOMER

(WAVING TICKET) Hey, I got my ticket, pal. I can do anything I want in there.

MR. O'HARA

No, no. You don't understand. I haven't seen a Springfield crowd on their feet since our regrettable July 4th fireworks fiasco. I was wondering... would you be interested in becoming our official mascot?

HOMER

M--me? A mascot for a lower minor league team? I must be dreaming.

Homer beams.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSONS' DINING ROOM - NEXT EVENING

The Simpsons, minus Homer, are eating dinner.

HOMER (O.S.)

Well, I'm ready to punch in.

Homer enters from the hallway. He's wearing a baseball cap, a T-shirt that says "Dancin' Homer", red suspenders, shorts... oh, yes, and a cape.

BART

Hey, cool.

LISA

Our lives have taken an odd turn.

MARGE

Did the team ask you to dress like that, Homer?

HOMER

No, this was my own bright idea.

(THEN) C'mon, we gotta hurry. Don't fill up on those vegetables, kids. Save room for the nachos.

The kids all CHEER -- "YAY"!

MONTAGE - MUSIC UP ("BABY ELEPHANT WALK")

A. On Homer, on the dugout roof, delighting the crowd with his antics.

B. The Simpsons, now sitting in better seats.

C. On Home Plate - An Isotope streaks across with the winning run.

DAN HOARD (V.O.)

'Topes win! 'Topes win! Two in a row!  
Two in a row! Not since '86 have  
they...

D. On marquee, which reads: "SPRINGFIELD ISOTOPES VS. BURLINGTON DOGS". In smaller letters at the bottom, it reads: "Featuring Homer Simpson"

E. On Ballpark entrance. Happy fans streaming through the turnstiles.

F. On Homer, dancing with Bart on the dugout roof.

G. On concession stand, now selling "Dancin' Homer" shirts and capes. The shirts are a hot item, but the capes are moving very slowly.

H. On Homer, wearing a bandit's mask, dancing near the on-deck circle. He comes up behind an OPPOSING PLAYER who's kneeling there, awaiting his turn at bat. Homer throws "the hex" his way. The player casually turns his head to Homer.

PLAYER

Knock that off or I'll stick this bat  
where the sun don't shine.

HOMER

Oh yeah? And where might that be?

(REALIZING) Oh.

Homer backs off in one big hurry.

I. On playing field. Isotopes pitcher Flash Bailor strikes out the final batter. High five's and hugs all around. They're joined by the tenth man, Homer. It's another Isotopes win.

J. On marquee. This time, in equal-sized letters: "HOMER SIMPSON"/SPRINGFIELD ISOTOPES VS. SALEM PULLETS"

K. Homer and the stadium organist, an eighty-year-old woman named HELEN.

HOMER

Helen, I'm in kind of a Caribbean mood  
tonight. How 'bout giving me "Baby  
Elephant Walk" with a little reggae  
kinda beat?

L. On Homer, atop the dugout, doing his reggae thing.

M. On TWO LOCAL RASTAS, with colorful knit caps over their  
dreadlocks.

RASTA #1

Go, "Dancin' Homer"! Git up, git up!

RASTA #2

Lively up yourself, Dancin' Homer.

N. The scoreboard displays yet another Isotope win.

O. On The Simpsons, now sitting with "Tex" O'Hara in the  
owner's box, Maggie sits on Mr. O'Hara's lap.

P. WIDE SHOT of ballpark - Packed to the rafters, all  
CLAPPING in time to "Dancin' Homer".

Q. On marquee, now proclaiming in giant letters: "'DANCIN'  
HOMER' -- TONIGHT!" And in tiny, almost illegible letters  
at the bottom: "Springfield vs. Shelbyville"

EXT. BALLPARK - EVENING

The bases are loaded. The 'Topes are at bat.

DAN HOARD (V.O.)

Bases loaded, two outs. The good guys  
trail by a run.

ON HOMER

spelling out "S-P-R-I-N-G-F-I-E-L-D" with his body. The  
crowd CRIES OUT each letter along with Homer.

BACK TO FIELD

DAN HOARD (V.O.)

Here's the pitch... swung on and missed

-- strike three. (DEPRESSED) 'Topes

lose... 'Topes lose...

There's a GASP from the crowd. They immediately start to file out. HOMER stands on the dug-out, just staring out at the field. He can't believe what's happened. Is there no God? The MANAGER approaches him.

MANAGER

"Dancin' Homer"?

HOMER

Yeah, Skip?

MANAGER

"Tex" wants to see you in his office.

HOMER

The owner?... wants to see me?

MANAGER

Right now.

Homer nods and SIGHS. He knows what that means.

HOMER

Gotcha, Skip.

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

The office is dark, but for the lamp on Mr. O'Hara's desk. Homer stands before him.

MR. O'HARA

Homer, now we both knew when you began doing this that you weren't gonna be here forever...

HOMER

(INTERRUPTING) Oh, I get it. You can't fire the players, so you fire the mascot. You make me sick.

MR. O'HARA

Homer, I'm not firing you. I just got the word -- You've been called up to Capital City.

HOMER

What? The majors?

MR. O'HARA

Yes. The scouts have had their eye on you all season. They say you're the funniest looking guy to come along in the last ten years.

HOMER

But Capital City has a mascot. The greatest mascot there is: The Capital City "Goofball".

MR. O'HARA

He's a treasure of the game, no question... but he's also getting on in years. He's even thinking about hanging up his "head".

HOMER

(DISBELIEVING) No! Not "The Goofball".

MR. O'HARA

Anyway, he needs someone to fill in for a couple of innings a night. That's where "Dancin' Homer" comes in. So what d'ya say?

HOMER

Wow. An opportunity for a better life. Is this the kind of thing people discuss with their families?

MR. O'HARA

I would.

HOMER

Okay.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The family is gathered around Homer.

BART

So how long would we have to live in Capital City?

HOMER

Well... until Lisa goes to college or you get a job.

LISA

I can't leave Springfield. I was born here and I thought I'd die here.

HOMER

It won't be so bad. You'll die someplace else.



BART

Well, what am I supposed to do about friends?

HOMER

I didn't consider that. Well, just because we're gonna be in Capital City doesn't mean, uh, uh... Marge, help me out here.

MARGE

Well, you'll be able to write to your old friends and you'll make new friends, so you'll end up having twice as many.

BART

Hey, simple arithmetic, can't argue with that.

LISA

Oh, Bart. Our social skills are not what you think. We're saplings. Our young roots have spread in Springfield soil. We can't be transplanted to the harsh frost of Capital City.

HOMER

Yikes!

MARGE

Now wait a minute, Homer. I'd be lying if I didn't say that this scares me a little. But we all have a calling, a reason The Almighty put us on this Earth. And yours might be to dance on dugouts.

HOMER

Well, all I can say is that when I don that cape and those funny suspenders, I'm alive. I'm somebody!

MARGE

Then let's do it, Homer.

BART

Let's blow this pop stand and never look back.

LISA

Whatever doesn't kill me can only make me stronger.

Homer puts his arm around Marge.

HOMER

Then it's settled! I'm gonna shoot for the stars!... That is, if my supervisor will give me a leave of absence.

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - DAY

CLOSE ON -- SUPERVISOR

SUPERVISOR

Sure. What would you like -- two  
years? Three years?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

There's a rummage sale in progress on the front lawn. A  
big sign reads "Moving Sale." NED FLANDERS comes over to  
Homer.

NED

So, Simpson. You're really moving to  
Capital City?

HOMER

That's right, Ned.

NED

(INDICATING STUFF ON LAWN) And all  
this stuff is for sale? I must say I'm  
a little shocked.

HOMER

Well, I can't lug all this junk half  
way across the state!

NED

I don't know how to say this, but,  
well...

HOMER

Oh, knock it off, Flanders! Don't start blubbering on me. I'm gonna miss you too... (UNDER HIS BREATH) not.

NED

Well, actually I was going to say that a few of the more expensive tools are mine. You borrowed them but you didn't say anything about selling them.

HOMER

Oh, sorry. Which ones are yours?  
Flanders points to some of the bigger tools.

NED

That one. That one. That one...

We see a MAN carrying a pair of hedgeclippers approaching Homer. He hands Homer five dollars.

MAN WITH HEDGECLIPPERS

There you go.

He walks off.

NED

(POINTING TO HEDGECLIPPERS) That one.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Bart is standing with LEWIS, MILHOUSE and RICHARD. They are all chewing gum.

MILHOUSE

I can't believe you're leaving, Bart.

BART

Well, I'll still be here in spirit.  
Whenever a kid flunks a test, I'll be  
there. Whenever there's a window  
broken and no one knows who did it,  
I'll be there. Whenever a doorbell  
rings and somebody goes to get it and  
nobody's there, I'll be there. And  
whenever someone's passing out garlic  
gum to his unsuspecting friends, I'll  
be there.

Bart walks off smiling. Lewis, Richard and Milhouse make  
unpleasant faces and SPIT out their gum.

RICHARD

What a guy.

MILHOUSE

I miss him already.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - ANOTHER SECTION

Lisa is standing with JANEY and several GIRLFRIENDS.

LISA

I can't help but feel that if we had  
gotten to know each other better, my  
leaving would actually have meant  
something.

The girls nod and MURMUR agreement.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY**

Homer, Bart, Lisa, Maggie, SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER and SNOWBALL II are all in the car which is loaded a la "Grapes of Wrath" and/or "The Beverly Hillbillies". Marge is in the doorway to the house saying goodbye to PATTY and SELMA.

MARGE

Well, we have one quick stop and then it's on to Capital City.

PATTY

I can't believe it. Our baby sister in the big city.

SELMA

I'll call you every day.

PATTY

I'll call you, too.

MARGE

And I'll call you.

Homer HONKS the horn.

PATTY

(TO HOMER) Oh, shut up.

The sisters hug as Homer continues HONKING the horn.

SELMA

Look, he can use a horn.

**EXT. BALLPARK - NIGHT**

There's a sign out front: "Dancin' Homer Appreciation Night."

**INT. BALLPARK**

A solemn scene. A big CROWD rings the arena. Makeshift bunting festoons the grandstands. It's Homer's last night.

**THE COLOR FADES TO BLACK AND WHITE.**

The teams are lined up near home plate, where a standing microphone has been set up. Homer, in his "Dancin'" costume, holding his cap to his heart, stands before the crowd, a la Lou Gehrig in "Pride of the Yankees".

HOMER

(HEAVILY ECHOED) ... Some may say that  
I've been given a bad break in life --  
little education, bald as a cue ball,  
ten years on the same job for the same  
salary -- but today, as I leave for  
Capital City, I consider myself the  
luckiest mascot on the face of the  
Earth!

The crowd **CHEERS** and **CHANTS** -- "Homer! Homer!"

As in "Pride of the Yankees", Homer turns his back as he heads to the dugout. He gets to the top step, turns to doff his cap, loses his balance, and tumbles into the dugout.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We see the Simpson's loaded car driving down the road.

EXT. CAPITAL CITY - NIGHT

As the Simpsons' car drives over a hill, they see, stretching before them, the sweeping skyline of Capital City.

HOMER

Well kids, there it is.

Everyone AD LIBS: "Wow, Capital City." "It's beautiful"; "Look at those skyscrapers." MUSIC up - We hear a big-band, finger-poppin', Billy May-type arrangement of that all-time standard, "Capital City", sung by one of America's great entertainers, TONY BENNETT. We INTERCUT the Simpsons looking in awe at Capital City and its landmarks.

TONY BENNETT (V.O.)

"There's a swinging town I know/  
called Capital City..."

We see a nondescript bridge.

MARGE

Look! The Crosstown Bridge!

TONY BENNETT (V.O.)

"People stop and scream hello/  
in Capital City..."

On center of town: Hustling, bustling, Times Square-like atmosphere. As the Simpsons drive towards us, neon nightclub signs flash on either side: "Kit Kat Klub", "The Blue Room", "Pal Jerry's". The Simpsons, with their mouths open, are pointing back and forth at the sights.

BART

The Battery!



LISA

Wow!

TONY BENNETT (V.O.)

"It's the kind of place that makes  
a bum/ feel like a king..."

The car stops at a red light. A STREET PERSON begins  
washing their windshield.

HOMER

Wow! That's service!

The light changes and they ROAR off.

TONY BENNETT (V.O.)

"And it makes a king feel like/  
Some nutty koo-koo super-king..."

On street sign.

MARGE

Look, everybody. Fourth Street and D!

We see Marge is pointing to this famous landmark. There's  
a gas station on one corner and a coffee shop on the other.

TONY BENNETT (V.O.)

"It's against the law to frown/  
in Capital City.

Homer points to some THUG, who is running off with a LADY'S  
purse.

HOMER

Kids, look! Street crime!

TONY BENNETT (V.O.)

"You'll caper like a stupid clown..."

In the town square. The Simpsons are paying their respects before a statue of an Army Reservist. He has a rifle in one hand, a briefcase in the other.

TONY BENNET (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"... when you chance to see/ fourth  
street and D!/ Once you get a whiff of  
it..."

The Simpsons' car pulls up in front of an old brick brewery. Homer has a big map of Capital City in front of him.

HOMER

Omigod, Marge. (REVERENTIAL) The Duff  
Brewery!

TONY BENNETT (V.O.)

"You'll never want to roam/  
from Capital City..."

As the song builds to a thrilling climax, all of these city images being superimposing on each other. The screen gets progressively cluttered.

TONY BENNETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"My home... sweet... yeah!/  
Capital City, that happy tall City/  
It's Capital City/ my home sweet  
swingin' home."

CLOSE ON THE SIMPSONS

They all thrust their fists in the air.

SIMPSONS

Capital City -- yeah!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A room at the Capital City Holiday Inn, Midtown. Marge is in bed alone. A SHADOW of Homer making a "C", then an "A", then a "P", then an "I" falls over Marge and the wall. The letters are a little too perfect. Marge stirs in her sleep.

MARGE

Homer?

Marge watches Homer finish spelling Capital City.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Come to bed, Homer.

In his jockey shorts, Homer gets into bed.

HOMER

Sorry, honey. Just a little nervous.

MARGE

I know, but you need your rest.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAPITAL CITY CAP DOME - DUSK

ESTABLISH this magnificent, state-of-the-art, multi-purpose, domed sports complex.

CLOSE ON -- ENTRANCE

Homer, in his best Sunday suit, with his "Dancin'" outfit in a garment bag held over his shoulder, stands in front of an entrance marked "Players and Mascots." The family stand with him.

HOMER

Okay, here are your tickets. And don't forget to cheer for me. Please. I mean you are my family.

BART

Break a leg, Homer

HOMER

(STRANGLING BART) Why you...

LISA

That's a showbiz way of saying good  
luck.

HOMER

Why couldn't he just say, "good luck?"

LISA

Because that's considered a jinx.

HOMER

(LETTING GO OF BART) Oh. Sorry, boy.

BART

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Good luck, Dad.

MARGE

I want you to remember something,  
Homer. Big city, small town; it makes  
no difference. Once they walk into  
that stadium they're complete yahoos.

He considers, nods, then gives Marge a hug.

HOMER

Marge, when I'm up there tonight,  
spelling "Capital City", in my heart  
I'll be spelling "Marge".

MARGE

Just don't get confused.

Homer and Marge kiss. Homer goes off into the entranceway.

INT. CAP CITY DOME

Homer, awestruck, takes in the vast expanse of the stadium. We see him looking at the ceiling and the multi-tiered seats.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Wow.

Behind him a roly-poly, furry SHADOW with a big snout approaches. He taps Homer on the shoulder. Homer turns and GASPS.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Omigod! I don't believe it. It's  
really you, the Capital City  
"Goofball."

The Goofball is the team mascot. He wears a big, goony Phillies Phanatic-type costume -- bushy hair, long snout.  
NOTE: He speaks in a distinguished voice.

GOOFBALL

Hello, Homer. Or should I say, "Dancin  
Homer?" Really glad to have you  
aboard. 'Think you're gonna like it  
here. If there's anything I can do to  
help, anything at all, (POINTS TO HIS  
BIG NOSE) just squeeze the wheeze.

HOMER

Gee, thanks.

GOOFBALL

Come on. Let me show you around.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

The very swank, ultra-modern clubhouse of the Capital City Capitals. The Caps are donning their uniforms, listening to music, playing cards, pulling practical jokes on each other (hotfoots, sitting in cakes, etc.), doing what ballplayers do before taking the field. Homer sits at the end of a bench, putting on his uniform, self-conscious about being among all these greats of the game. The Goofball, in costume, sits with him.

GOOFBALL

The fifth inning will be yours.

Everyone is settled in, they've had a coupla beers; that's a pretty important inning.

HOMER

Wow, the fifth.

GOOFBALL

It's also the inning I wish I had a zipper on the front of this thing, if you know what I mean.

The Goofball elbows Homer and blows on his WAZOO HORN.

HOMER

Right, Mr. Goofball.

GOOFBALL

"Mr. Goofball" -- isn't that a bit formal? Why don't you just call me plain ol' "Goof"...So anyway, what exactly do you have planned for us?

HOMER

Well, I get up, I dance, I spell out  
the name of the city... all to the Baby  
Elephant Walk.

GOOFBALL

Aah, Mancini. The mascot's best  
friend.

HOMER

Listen, "Goof", do you have any advice  
for a wide-eyed rookie?

GOOFBALL

Never be afraid to be foolish; but then  
again, don't be afraid to give them a  
tender moment, too. The great ones  
knew that -- from Winston Churchill to  
the San Diego Chicken.

HOMER

Wow, the San Diego Chicken.  
He toots his WAZOO HORN again. Homer is inspired.

GOOFBALL

See you on that field. I'll set 'em  
up, you knock 'em down.

**INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC PLAYS** as The Goofball proudly waddles  
off. A **PLAYER** crosses by Homer, on his way to the field,  
and gets a glance at him in his underwear.

PLAYER #2

Nice bod.

The **INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC** comes to a grinding **HALT**.

**INT. CAP DOME - ALMOST GAMETIME**

The stadium is packed.

**ON PRESSBOX.**

Major league announcer DAVE GLASS at the mike. Like his minor league counterpart, he's wearing a loud, multi-colored sports jacket.

**DAVE GLASS**

Well, hi, everybody. This is Dave Glass. We have great weather here tonight under the Dome.

**ON MARGE**

Reading the tickets in her hand. She and the children make their way down an aisle.

**MARGE**

Let's see. Upper, upper, upper mezzanine. Seats 50,001, 50,002, and 50,003. Yes, these must be them.

We CUT WIDE revealing they are as far away from the action as possible. Bart and Lisa lean over the railing. Bart SPITS.

**BART**

One Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi... Bullseye!

**DAVE GLASS (V.O.)**

Ladies and gentlemen. To honor America, will you please rise for the national anthem being sung by one of the world's great recording artists, Mr. Tony Bennett.



MARGE

(MURMURS IN APPRECIATION) Tony  
Bennett.

TONY BENNETT

"Oh say can you see/ by the hm hm hm  
light/ what the soldiers all saw/ A  
terrible bloody fight/ What so hm hm  
bright stars/ through the hm hm hm  
night/ And the ramparts they watched/  
were so valiantly steaming/ And the  
rockets in air/ with the bombs in the  
air/ Gave truth to the fight/ With the  
hm hm hm flag/ Oh does that hm hm hm  
banner still wave/ O'er the home of the  
free/ And the land of the great."

The CROWD goes berserk, AD LIBBING: "He's the greatest,"  
"Nobody sings the national anthem like Tony Bennett," "This  
is the big leagues."

ON TONY BENNETT

He walks off the field past the Goofball.

GOOFBALL

I'm a big fan of yours.

TONY BENNETT

And I'm a big fan of yours, babe.

GOOFBALL

Would you sign this for my kid?

TONY BENNETT

Only if you'll sign this for mine.  
Make it out to my daughter... Tony.  
That's with a "y".

GOOFBALL

Make mine out to my daughter...  
Goofball.

ON FIELD

The game is in progress.

ON HOMER

in the photographers' well next to the dugout. Like Rodin's "Thinker", he's alone with his thoughts, completely oblivious to the spectacular action (a home run, a great catch, a huge bench-emptying brawl, The Goofball going by on his Goofcycle, dropping his Goofshorts, etc.) that is going on behind him.

ON SCOREBOARD

We're now in the second inning.

ON HOMER.

We hear his thoughts:

HOMER (V.O.)

You're gonna be great! They're gonna  
love you! You can do it!

ON SCOREBOARD

Now in the third.

ON HOMER

Still thinking; now sweating.

HOMER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm a fraud! I'm gonna stink! They're  
gonna hate me!

ON SCOREBOARD

Fourth inning.

HOMER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm so hungry! Gee, those hot dogs  
smell good. I can be back by the fifth  
inning... easy.

ON SCOREBOARD

It's the moment of truth; the fifth inning has arrived.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen. Capital City's  
newest sensation, Dancin' Homer!

A spotlight hits Homer who is sitting with a box full of  
hot dogs, peanuts, pretzels, beer, etc. in front of him.  
He is MUNCHING on a hot dog when the spotlight hits him.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Mmm, these do taste better  
at the ballpark. These are really  
delici...

The "Baby Elephant Walk" MUSIC starts.

HOMER

(WITH HIS MOUTH FULL) Uh oh.

Homer crams the rest of the hot dog in his mouth, takes a  
big swig of beer, and starts dancing.

ON SIMPSONS

LISA

(POINTING) There he is!

THEIR POV

A tiny speck on the dugout.

ON HOMER

Going through his routine. He's giving it everything he's got.

Random shots of FACES in the crowd. They stare at Homer blankly. The last person YAWNS.

ON HOMER

He can sense it's not going well. He tries quickly spelling the letters.

ON SIMPSONS

Marge peering through binoculars and WHIMPERING.

LISA

Lemme see, Mom.

MARGE

All right, but just remember -- This is the only father you'll ever have.

BART

What's with this people? Why are they sitting on their hands?

ON HOMER

He is doing cartwheels. We PAN across random spectators.

SPECTATOR #1

This guy doesn't make me want to cheer.

SPECTATOR #2

He's not funny. He isn't goofy and he isn't agile.

SPECTATOR #3

Gee, I really pity him. Making a fool of himself in front of so many people.

ON HOMER

He's working his butt off. The Goofball has been watching from the dugout.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Grab a kid! That always works.

Homer races to the front row and tries to grab a CUTE LITTLE TYKE. HIS MOTHER smacks him with her purse. He tries ANOTHER ONE; the kid bites him. Homer, with a sick smile on his face, gives up and goes back to dancing.

Suddenly there's a CHEER from the crowd. Homer is greatly relieved, until he looks behind him and sees the Goofball is mimicking Homer's dance with an exaggerated stomach. The Goofball joins Homer. They end their dance together to huge AUDIENCE REACTION.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Thanks, Goof for saving my butt.

The Goofball HONKS his nose to the delight of the audience.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

After the game. A dejected Homer is at his locker, wearing only a jock strap. An old, wizened CLUBHOUSE ATTENDANT approaches.

CLUBHOUSE ATTENDANT

Hey, Mr. Showmanship! The owner wants to see you in his office right now.

CLOSE ON -- A FROSTED GLASS DOOR

The words "DAVE ROSENFELD - OWNER" are on it. TWO HUMAN FORMS are made out through the glass. One, wearing only a jock strap, has his back to us.

DAVE ROSENFELD (O.S.)

Sorry, young man; you're just not ready. Gonna hafta send you back to where you came from. Pick up your check at the front office... and for God's sake, put some clothes on!

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The place is cleared out, save for a few LINGERING BALLPLAYERS. The old Clubhouse Attendant is lugging a sackful of dirty laundry, a sack which is three times his size. Homer, feeling pretty low, and The Goofball are sitting by Homer's locker, sharing brews. The Goofball is still wearing his costume, except now he has his "head" off. However, his actual head looks strangely similar to his costume head.

GOOFBALL

I know it's hard to swallow right now, Homer, but think of this: No matter what else happens in your drab life -- for one day, one shining moment, you got "the call". You were in "the Bigs", "the Show". They'll never be able to take that away from you, Homer. And you know something else? -- I don't think anyone'll ever try.

HOMER

(SNIFFLING) You're the salt of the earth, Goofball.

EXT. STADIUM - PLAYERS AND MASCOT ENTRANCE

The family is waiting for Homer to emerge.

BART

Well, I guess it's back to good old  
Springfield.

LISA

But I can't go back! Not after I've  
seen the bright lights of Capital City.  
I'll wither and die like a hothouse  
flower.

MARGE

Now stop it you two. And don't look  
too down. I'm sure this is hard enough  
for your father.

Homer emerges and crosses to them. The family **APPLAUDS** and  
**CHEERS**.

HOMER

What a family. At least somebody still  
loves me.

**NEW ANGLE**

Reveals Goofball behind Homer leading the family in a  
cheer. Homer doesn't see this.

MARGE

Come on. Let's get in the car.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT**

The loaded car pulls up in front of the house.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

The children are all asleep.

HOMER

Well, here we are. Back home, totally disgraced. I'm nothing but a big buffoon.

MARGE

Now, now, Homer. The way I see it is if you really were nothing but a big buffoon, we'd still be in Capital City.

HOMER

(BRIGHTENING) Hey, you're right.

Homer kisses Marge.

FADE OUT.

THE END