

Production No. 7F17

The Simpsons

"OLD MONEY"

Written by

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TABLE DRAFT
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FOR CAST READ ONLY

"OLD MONEY"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
MARVIN MONROE.....HARRY SHEARER
JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER
HERMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
LIONEL HUTZ.....HANK AZARIA
APU.....HANK AZARIA
MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
BEATRICE.....JULIE KAVNER
NURSE.....YEARDLEY SMITH
WAITRESS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
CHECKER.....HANK AZARIA
GUARD.....HANK AZARIA
TRACKER.....HARRY SHEARER

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OLD WOMAN.....YEARDLEY SMITH
OLD MAN #1.....HARRY SHEARER
OLD MAN #2.....HANK AZARIA
OLD MAN DALY.....HANK AZARIA
MR. HAZELWOOD.....HARRY SHEARER
CABBIE.....HANK AZARIA
RECORDED VOICE.....HARRY SHEARER
ANNOUNCER.....HANK AZARIA
MR. FRINK.....HANK AZARIA
RECEPTIONIST.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
PLATO.....HARRY SHEARER
CROUPIER.....HANK AZARIA

"OLD MONEY"

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

A car packed with all the SIMPSONS, including GRAMPA, drives up to the Springfield Retirement Castle. A sign reads, "Where the elderly can hide from the inevitable." The grounds look rundown with a patchy lawn, chipped paint on the building, and a ripped awning in front. There is an uncomfortable silence as Grampa gets out of the car. They have not had a great visit.

HOMER

Dad, next time we see you we'll do
something more fun.

GRAMPA

(SARCASTIC) Couldn't be more fun than
today's trip to the liquor store.
Thanks for the beef jerky.

MARGE

Say goodbye to Grampa, everyone.

LISA & BART

'Bye.

Marge waves a sleeping Maggie's hand.

GRAMPA

Goodb--

The car speeds away. Grampa, beef jerky in hand, walks into the home.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - DAY

BART

You know, Grampa kinda smells like that trunk in the garage where the bottom's all wet.

LISA

No, he smells more like a photo lab.

HOMER

Stop it, both of you. Grampa smells like a regular old man, which is more like the hallway in a hospital.

MARGE

Homer, that's terrible. We should be teaching the children to treasure the elderly. You know, we'll be old someday.

Homer **GASPS**.

HOMER

You may be right, Marge. You kids, you wouldn't put me in a home like I did to my dad, would you?

Bart and Lisa look at each other knowingly, then look away from Homer.

HOMER

Marge, what do we do?

MARGE

Well, we should set an example.

HOMER

(BRIGHTENING) Absolutely. Our third Sunday of every month should be a pleasure, not a chore. Where's some place fun we can take Grampa next time?

Bart and Lisa become excited.

BART

Gangster Land Wax Museum.

LISA

Pony World.

MARGE

I always enjoy the glass blower at Indian Village.

HOMER

I got it. The Springfield Mystery Spot.

They pass a cool billboard for "Discount Lion Safari" where a lion is dramatically leaping over a happy and amazed family in an open convertible. The slugline reads: "So Real, You'll Think You've Driven To Africa." Homer points to the billboard.

HOMER/MARGE/BART/LISA

Discount Lion Safari!

They all **CHEER**.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - DAY

Grampa walks into his lonely, shabby room, opens a dresser drawer full of beef jerky and drops the jerky he's holding on top of the pile. He closes the drawer and walks out.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DISPENSARY - DAY

There is a long line of OLD FOLKS at the medicine dispensary window. One by one the people are handed a cup of water and a cup of pills by the NURSE. Grampa gets his pills and shuffles off a few steps, then turns around.

GRAMPA

Hey, these aren't my pills.

NURSE

(PATRONIZING) They're not? I'll fix
that right now.

She takes the pills and holds them in her hand for a moment, then gives them back to Grampa.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Here, now you have the right pills, Mr.
Simmons.

GRAMPA

It's Simpson, dammit, and these are
still the wrong ones.

Just then an elderly woman, BEATRICE, walks up to the window.

BEA

Excuse me, Nurse. My name is Simmons
and I think I have the wrong pills.

GRAMPA

(INTERRUPTING) I get two red ones for
my back spasms, a yellow for my
arrythmia, and two of the blue...
(NOTICING BEA)... est eyes I've ever
seen.

BEA

These must be...

GRAMPA

Then I have your...

BEA/GRAMPA

They must have...

They share a **LAUGH**.

As they switch pills, Grampa's eyes meet Beatrice's and
they lock in a gaze of love.

WATER DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

Beatrice and Grampa in summer garb slowly stroll hand in
hand down a Hawaiian beach at sunset. A TURTLE on the
beach passes them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - LATER

Grampa and Bea are lying on the beach, a la "From Here To
Eternity."

CLOSER ANGLE

We see that they are playing cards. Grampa sets his cards
down.

BEA

Gin!

GRAMPA

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Suddenly the **SURF ROLLS UP** past them a la "From Here To Eternity", washing away the cards. **SEAGULLS** fly overhead and **CAW**.

WATER DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DISPENSARY - DAY

The **CAW** of a seagull becomes the sound of a woman **COUGHING**.

GRAMPA

Look at us. We're staring at each other like teenagers.

BEA

I wasn't staring; it's my lazy eye.
I'm Beatrice Simmons, but my friends call me Bea.

GRAMPA

I'm Abraham J. Simpson. I have no friends. Care to tip the wrist with me?

He rattles the pills in his medicine cup seductively.

BEA

I'd be delighted.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SITTING AREA - DAY

The sitting room is filled with **OLD PEOPLE** sitting on ratty old chairs with stuffing coming out. A faded and ripped "I luv you this much" poster is the only decoration. Grampa and Beatrice sit in a depressing corner of the room at a small old wooden table.

BEA

So, tell me about yourself.

GRAMPA

Widower, one son, one working kidney.

And you?

BEA

Widowed, bad hip and liver disorder.

GRAMPA

You left something out.

BEA

What's that?

GRAMPA

Ravishing.

Grampa and Bea once again stare into each other's eyes.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Lazy eye again?

BEA

No, Abe. This time I'm staring.

They begin to eat their pills a la the dinner scene from "Tom Jones". Grampa dangles a half-red, half-white capsule on his tongue. Bea seductively sucks on a yellow pill before it disappears into her mouth. Bea bites down on a white pill which spills powder down her chin. She licks off the powder with her tongue. Grampa playfully throws a pill into her mouth, then she throws a pill into his mouth. Finally, they interlock arms and romantically sip water from each other's cups.

GRAMPA

What are you doing tonight?

BEA

Sitting alone in my room.

GRAMPA

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Well, if you've
already got plans...

BEA

No, what were you going to say?

GRAMPA

Nothing.

BEA

Abe, you were going to say something.

GRAMPA

(AWKWARDLY) I was wondering if you and
I, you know, might go to the same place
at the same time and kinda do something
together. Geez, you'd think this would
get easier with time.

BEA

I'd love to.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - DAY

Grampa is getting ready for a night out. He puts on his
best old jacket, bow tie and spats.

GRAMPA

Now, where's that pomade?

Grampa searches through his drawers and finally finds an
very old jar of Lucky Lindy's All-Purpose Pomade. On the
side of the jar is the slogan, "You'll Never Fly Solo
Again." Grampa struggles to open the jar and finds the
contents have long since turned to dust.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Damn, out of pomade. Oh, well.

Grampa spits into his hand and slicks back the five hairs at the point of his head. JASPER walks into the room and immediately starts **LAUGHING** at Grampa.

JASPER

What's the gag?

GRAMPA

I'm going out with Bea Simmons.

Now, listen, if I get her alone in my room tonight, I'll leave a tie on the door.

JASPER

Why? I'm not your damn roommate.

GRAMPA

So it'll eat at you all night. Bye.

Grampa pats Jasper on the back and walks out of the room.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

A fluorescent light bulb flickers in the hall. The wall paper is peeling away from the wall. Grampa **KNOCKS** at Bea's door. She opens the door looking as good as she can.

GRAMPA

(SLYLY) Hello, young lady, is your mother home?

BEA

(CHUCKLES) Oh, Abe. I can tell I better keep my eye on you.

GRAMPA

Damn right.

INT. DENNY'S STYLE RESTAURANT - DAY

Grampa and Bea sit in a booth. A WAITRESS comes up. A clock on the wall reads 4:15.

WAITRESS

You're a little early for the early
bird special.

Grampa slips her a dollar.

GRAMPA

Check your watch again.

WAITRESS

(COY) Well, what do you know? My
watch is slow.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - REC ROOM - NIGHT

The RETIREES are gathered in the rec room listening to a band. On the drum, we see the logo "The Larry Davis Experience" with "Experience" crossed out and replaced with "Dance Kings." The band plays a jumping version of "**SING, SING, SING**". ELDERLY PEOPLE on the dance floor stand and hold onto one another as if they're dancing, except there is no perceptible motion. Grampa and Bea try their best to keep up with the music.

GRAMPA

They're playing our song.

BEA

Why is this song our song?

GRAMPA

Because after this one, I'm sitting
down.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Grampa and Bea are sitting on a park bench holding hands. Bea holds a paper bag full of bread crumbs and sprinkles some on the ground. A few PIGEONS fly over and peck at the food.

GRAMPA

(TEASING) A little birdie told me,
someone's having a birthday this
Sunday.

BEA

Oh, Abe, I don't celebrate my birthday
anymore. I had a terrible experience
on my last one.

GRAMPA

What's that?

BEA

I turned 88.

GRAMPA

Well, this year's different. You've
got someone to celebrate with. I'm
going to cook dinner for you. Just the
way you like it: low salt, low fat and
plenty of calcium.

BEA

I'll count the minutes.

They sit for a beat.

GRAMPA

What's wrong?

BEA

Oh, Abe, I'm gonna be eighty-nine and
you're only seventy-eight.

GRAMPA

B.F.D.! They say with medicine today,
we'll be able to live to a hundred and
twenty.

They both think about it, then **GROAN** simultaneously. Bea
puts her head on his shoulder and scatters some more bread
crumbs.

PULL BACK to reveal HUNDREDS OF PIGEONS invading the area
and fighting for the bread crumbs.

HERMAN'S MILITARY ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Grampa talks to HERMAN, who is behind the counter.

GRAMPA

She's wonderful and smart and,
confidentially...

Grampa leans over to whisper but doesn't change volume.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

She's cute as a Junebug! It's her
birthday tomorrow, and since this is
the only store I know --

HERMAN

(INTERRUPTING) Grampa, nothing says "I
love you" more than a military antique.

Herman shows Grampa around the store.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Let's take a look at the bayonet case.

Grampa notices a fez-like hat in the corner.

GRAMPA

What's that?

HERMAN

That, my friend, was Napoleon's hat.

GRAMPA

It doesn't look like Napoleon's hat.

HERMAN

It's not the famous hat, it's one he wore for a week in April, 1796 just before he defeated the Sardinians.

GRAMPA

How do I know it's really Napoleon's?

HERMAN

Because I have here a certificate of authenticity.

Herman shows it to Grampa.

GRAMPA

Ooh. How much for the hat?

HERMAN

Four hundred dollars.

GRAMPA

That's a mite steep. Are you open to haggling?

HERMAN

Yes.

GRAMPA

I'll give you five bucks.

HERMAN

That's not the kind of offer you should make to a man with a Gattling gun under the counter. I think you'd have better luck at Grandma's World.

EXT. GRANDMA'S WORLD - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

Grampa walks into a large Sav-On type store with an incredibly large sign proclaiming, "GRANDMA'S WORLD". A smaller sign underneath says, "For The Old Lady In All Of Us." We see mostly ELDERLY WOMEN entering the store.

INT. GRANDMA'S WORLD - DAY

Grampa walks through the large supermarket-style aisles of the store. There are block letter signs describing each section: knitting, sea shell soap, candles, sachet, hard candies, picture frames, doilies, etc.

CHECKER (V.O.)

(OVER THE P.A.) I need a price check on a wool shawl.

Grampa comes across the potpourri section. There is a wide selection of scents in individual bins. With each new scent, Grampa scoops a little in his potpourri bag.

GRAMPA

Cinnamon-Poppy, Country Stable, Urban Garden, San Antonio Rose, Tokyo Rose, ahhh... Summer Egg Salad. Beatrice will love it.

INT. GRAMPA'S ROOM - DAY

Grampa sits in his room wrapping his gift. There is a KNOCK at the door. Homer enters.

HOMER

Dad! It's the third Sunday of the month. You know what that means.

GRAMPA

Go away.

HOMER

Now, Dad, I promise we'll have more fun
this time. We're going to see lions.

GRAMPA

I can't go. I have a date tonight.
It's my girlfriend Bea's birthday.

HOMER

(DISBELIEVING) Oh, you have a
girlfriend.

Homer turns to an empty chair.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday, Bea. (TO GRAMPA) How
old is she, eleventy-never? She can
come with us, she'll sit on your lap.
(INDICATING EMPTY ROOM) There's room
for all your friends in the car.

GRAMPA

She's not invisible, you idiot. Look,
I have a gift for her.

Homer drags Grampa away.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

As the car pulls away, Grampa looks out the window like a
sad puppy.

GRAMPA

Bea...

HOMER

(ANGRILY) Hey you kids, stop kicking
the seat!

GRAMPA

I'm kicking the seat!

HOMER

Dad, don't you want to know where we're
going?

GRAMPA

No!

GRAMPA'S POV

we see everyone turn to Grampa with beaming faces.

BART/HOMER/MARGE/LISA

Discount Lion Safari!

BACK IN CAR

Grampa tries to open the door.

GRAMPA

Damn these child-proof doors!

EXT. DISCOUNT LION SAFARI - DAY

The car drives up to Discount Lion Safari. The entrance of the park is a large wooden King Kong style fence with two giant crossed tusks that the cars drive under to enter. A sign over the tusks reads: "Discount Lion Safari -- If you find a cheaper lion, you must be in Africa". They drive up to an entrance booth where a FAT MAN in safari gear and pith helmet walks out of a reed hut.

MARGE

Hello.

GUARD

Welcome to the adventure of a lifetime.

Eighteen fifty.

Homer hands over the money.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Here's your map. And remember, it's a
jungle out there.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - DAY

As they drive forward, Lisa reads the warnings from the map.

LISA

(READS) Do not open windows. Do not
feed animals. Do not allow animals in
the car. Do not make eye contact with
animals.

GRAMPA

(SARCASTIC) Are we in Africa yet?

EXT. DISCOUNT LION SAFARI - DAY

They drive into the park, which takes on the feel of an African savannah. Off in the distance, we see sleeping ZEBRAS and a couple of GAZELLES, but nothing more.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - DAY

BART

Hey, does anyone notice this place
sucks?

LISA

It seems that most of the animals are
sleeping.

HOMER

Let them sleep on their own time.

Homer **HONKS** the horn repeatedly. The **ANIMALS** don't move.

GRAMPA

Doesn't this crate go any faster?

Homer doesn't notice as he veers off the main drive. The surroundings quickly become thick with jungle plants and strange **SNAKES**. The road has become a dirt path.

MARGE

Homer, are you sure this is the right way? The road seems to have gotten awfully bumpy.

HOMER

Authenticity, my dear. Just like the roads in the Bongo.

MARGE

That's Congo, Homer.

LISA

Actually, since the early '70's, it's been Zaire.

Grampa **GROANS**. Through the thick underbrush, many eyes seem to follow their movement. As Homer looks out his window, we see the reflection of an abandoned car with broken windows and open suitcases strewn about. Homer looks scared.

HOMER

Wasn't that the car in front of us when we came in?

Homer turns back to see a large **LION** laying in the middle of his path. He **SHRIEKS** as he slams on the brakes.

MARGE

Homer?

Suddenly the car is surrounded by LIONS, which immediately start to paw at the car. One swipes off the side view mirror as one tears off a bumper sticker. Another gnaws off the antenna.

GRAMPA

Okay, we've seen a lion. Can we go
now?

The family sits and waits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISCOUNT LION SAFARI - SUNSET

The sun is beginning to lower in the sky. A FEMALE LION has dragged a freshly-killed ZEBRA up onto the hood of the car and a PRIDE OF LIONS are feeding on it.

HOMER

Don't worry. I'm sure they're more
scared of us than we are of them.

As Homer **TURNS THE IGNITION** key, the lion lets out an angry **ROAR**. All the Simpsons **SCREAM**.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISCOUNT LION SAFARI - NIGHT

Bart and a lion are staring at each other, inches apart, separated only by the windshield. Another lion leaps onto the roof of the car and lays down. The roof buckles and dents under the weight, forming the outline of a lion. The outline seems to rest on the heads of the family.

GRAMPA

(LOOKING AT WATCH) Oh, Beeeeeeaaa!

We **PULL AWAY** from the car and hear **JUNGLE NOISES** -- birds, elephants, etc.-- in unison with Grampa's wailing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISCOUNT LION SAFARI - DAY

The family has spent a sleepless night in the jungle. Lions are butting up against the car trying to turn it over. From the distance a **GUNSHOT** is heard and the lions scatter. A **TRACKER** comes out of the brush.

TRACKER

Mr. Simpson, I presume.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

The lion-ravaged car pulls up to the home. An ambulance is waiting out front. Two **PARAMEDICS** are loading a **STRETCHER** into the back. The family gets out of the car. Grampa walks past Jasper, who stands in front of the home.

GRAMPA

Out of my way, I gotta date with an angel.

JASPER

You don't know how right you are, Abe.
I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this, but Bea passed away last night. It was her ticker. The Doc said her left ventricle burst.

GRAMPA

(LOOKS AT AMBULANCE) Bea! (SADLY
TURNING TO JASPER) They say she died of a burst ventricle, but I know she died of a broken heart.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It's raining at the funeral and people carry umbrellas. A small group of PEOPLE, including the Simpsons and Grampa, stand by a gravesite. It is a somber scene punctuated by occasional SNIFFS and COUGHS.

SIX OLD MEN open the back of a hearse and struggle as they pull out the coffin. Shaking and straining, they carry the coffin to the grave.

GRAMPA

I can tell she really cared for me. She
didn't make me a pall bearer.

The men practically drop the casket onto the platform over the grave.

MARGE

It's okay to cry, Dad.

GRAMPA

You deal with death differently when
you're old. You don't cry anymore...
you cough. I cared a lot about this
woman.

Grampa COUGHS quite a bit.

HOMER

I can't tell you how sorry I am, Dad.

GRAMPA

Is someone talking to me? I didn't hear
anything.

HOMER

(UPSET) Dad's lost his hearing.

GRAMPA

No, you idiot. I'm ignoring you. You made me miss the last precious moments of Bea's life. I'll never forgive you or speak to you again.

Grampa rips his own pocket.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

I have no son.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - LATER

The Simpsons are riding home together.

HOMER

Did Dad seem upset?

MARGE

Yes, Homer, of course he was upset.

HOMER

Marge, my father can hold a grudge for a long time. I'm scared. I'm on my own. No one to guide me.

BART

I know how you feel.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

CLOSE UP - PHOTO OF BEA IN GRAMPA'S HANDS

GRAMPA (V.O.)

Oh, Bea.

A tear drop lands on the photo, then another, then several. Suddenly, a torrent rains down on the photo. PULL BACK to reveal the ceiling is cracked and dripping rain water as Grampa sits alone. The silence is broken by LIONEL HUTZ, a brash young lawyer, who enters the room.

HUTZ

It was a beautiful service, wasn't it,
Mr. Simpson? I'm sorry about your
loss.

GRAMPA

(LOOKING UP) You're very kind. Who
the hell are you?

HUTZ

My name is Lionel Hutz, attorney at
law. I'm the executor of Beatrice
Simmons's estate. Mr. Simpson, Bea was
a wealthy woman and she left everything
to you.

Hutz pulls from his pocket a check for eighty thousand
dollars made out to Abraham Simpson.

GRAMPA

Really?

Grampa reaches for the check but Hutz pulls it back out of
his reach.

HUTZ

(MYSTERIOUSLY) There is one catch:

You must spend one night in...

(OMINOUS) a haunted house.

Grampa GASPS.

HUTZ (CONT'D)

(GOOD-NATUREDLY) Just kidding. I
always wanted to say that. Here's a
check for eighty thousand dollars,
(READING) "to enjoy as you see fit."
Ah, I'm touched.

GRAMPA

Eighty thousand dollars?

HUTZ

It's a lot of money. It's almost half
my fee.

Hutz hands Grampa the check.

GRAMPA

Young man, there is nothing you can do
to make me forget my Bea, but this
check helps.

HUTZ

Goodbye, Mr. Simpson. By the way, I do
wills. Why don't I just give you this
pen with my phone number on it. It
looks just like a cigar! Isn't that
something!

We hear the sounds of someone **FALLING** in the hallway.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)

I've fallen and I can't get up.

HUTZ

(CALLING TO HER) And well you
shouldn't. Lionel Hutz, attorney-at-
law. Have a pen.

Hutz exits. Grampa picks up the phone and dials.

GRAMPA

(INTO PHONE) Hello, Homer? I want to
talk to you.

HOMER (O.S.)

(THRU PHONE) Whoo-hoo.

INTERCUT

with Homer on the phone.

HOMER

Dad, I'm so glad you're speaking to me
again. Things are gonna be different
from now on.

GRAMPA

I haven't forgiven you. I just
inherited eighty thousand dollars and I
just had to tell you that you're not
getting one thin dime.

HOMER (O.S.)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Grampa hangs up the phone, **CAACKLING**.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - A COUPLE DAYS LATER

Grampa's old cabinet-size black and white TV with a six inch screen and 1950's record player have been replaced with expensive audio equipment and a 120 inch Sony projection television set. His old phone has been replaced by a cordless model. His old bed has been replaced by a large four poster bed. He flips through the channels on his TV.

GRAMPA

After the morning game shows, there's
nothing good on.

He shuts off the television and thumbs through his record collection, which consists of two 78's of Jelly Roll Morton and an early recording of Xavier Cugat.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Ahh, Cugat. The king of the Latin band
leaders.

The record is **PLAYED MUCH TOO LOUDLY** revealing every **POP** and **CRACKLE**.

As the music blares we see a **SERIES OF QUICK CUTS** around the home:

- A. A group of **OLD PEOPLE** dozing in large chairs.
- B. A group of **OLD WOMEN** sewing.
- C. **PEOPLE** casually eating their soup as the salt shakers vibrate to the music.
- D. **TWO OLD MEN** sitting on a bench.

OLD MAN #1

Do you hear something?

OLD MAN #2

No.

- E. **CUT BACK** to reveal Grampa sleeping as the record plays on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - EVENING

Grampa, now dressed in top hat and tails, walks down the hallway of the retirement home. The pictures on the wall are slightly crooked. He walks past an old fashioned cage elevator which is stuck between floors. A GROUP OF PEOPLE are stuck inside. A WORKER is trying to fix it.

GRAMPA

Stuck again?

OLD MAN DALY

(INSIDE ELEVATOR) Yeah.

GRAMPA

Too bad.

OLD MAN DALY

Still beats taking the stairs.

Grampa is almost out the door when he's stopped by Jasper.

JASPER

Top hat and tails? So, back on the
prowl again. It didn't take you long.

GRAMPA

Bea left me eighty thousand dollars and
she wanted me to live, live, live!

The owner-operator of the Springfield Retirement Home, MR.
HAZELWOOD, approaches Grampa.

MR. HAZELWOOD

I couldn't help overhearing about your
new-found fortune, and let me assure
you money does make a difference.

Mr. Hazelwood puts his arm around Grampa's shoulder.

MR. HAZELWOOD (CONT'D)

Don't believe everything you read in our pamphlet, everyone isn't treated special here. I mean, there are rub-downs and then there are rub-downs.

(SOTTO) Mr. Simpson, there's an entire wing you haven't even seen.

GRAMPA

Has it ever occurred to you that old folks are not just sources of revenue, but human beings to be cared for?

MR. HAZELWOOD

If I thought that way, I never would have gotten into this business.

Grampa exits.

INT. HERMAN'S MILITARY ANTIQUE STORE - LATER

Grampa takes his hat off, puts it on the counter, and points to Napoleon's fez.

GRAMPA

I'll take it.

Herman give it to Grampa, who places it on his head at a rakish tilt. (NOTE: Grampa wears the hat for the rest of the show.) Grampa exits triumphantly.

HERMAN

(CALLS AFTER HIM) What do you want me to do with your old hat?

GRAMPA

I don't care.

Herman scrutinizes it for a moment, then places it in the front window with a little placard that reads: "JUST IN: THE HAT GARFIELD WAS SHOT IN".

INT. TAXI - EVENING

Grampa climbs into a cab. (NOTE: The CAB DRIVER is the CHAUFFEUR from "The Way We Was.")

GRAMPA

Take me to the Latin Quarter.

CABBIE

Say again, pal?

GRAMPA

The Latin Quarter, you fool. You know
-- Naughty Nellie's, The Blue Parrot,
The Venus Fly Trap. The hot spots.

CABBIE

I'm afraid you'll have to be more
specific.

GRAMPA

Delaware and Main.

EXT. LATIN QUARTER - LATER

The taxi pulls up to The Latin Quarter Laundromat. The "Q" on the sign is a quarter. It's next to a boarded-up building with bums sitting outside.

CABBIE

Here we are. Get ready to party.

GRAMPA

Well, this is no good. Take me
someplace with music and lights and
hooch.

EXT. THE QUARK - LATER

The cab pulls up in front of a hip, new dance club called "The Quark". Well-dressed MEN and WOMEN vie for the attention of the DOORMAN. A LOUD, THUMPING BEAT emanates from inside the club.

GRAMPA

Take me some place with not as much
music, lights, and hooch.

INT. QUIK-E-MART - LATER

A forlorn Homer is buying a six-pack of Duff. In the background is a cardboard Duff beer promotion with the slugline, "Enjoy the Lazy Daze of Duff." It has a man in an undershirt, asleep on a couch, with a couple empty Duff beers beside him.

HOMER

Here you go Apu.

APU

Mr. Simpson, You have picked an
excellent time to intoxicate yourself.
This six-pack is on sale.

HOMER

(ON TOP OF THE WORLD) Duff on sale!

Whoo hoo!

Homer does a victory dance, then notices the beef jerky jar and is overcome with emotion.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SADLY) Grampa loved beef jerky,
especially teriyaki...

Homer begins to CRY.

APU

Mr. Simpson, I do not know if this will
ease the darkness that tugs at your
soul, but please have a complimentary
book of matches.

HOMER

(CHEERY) Oh, okay.

Homer takes the matches and beer and leaves.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

Grampa sits joylessly in the front seat of a rollercoaster.
It is filled with happy **SCREAMING TEENAGERS**. The
rollercoaster goes down a hill. The teenagers raise their
hands and **SCREAM**. Grampa keeps his arms folded.

GRAMPA

I miss Bea.

The rollercoaster goes through several sharp turns.
Teenagers **SCREAM**.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Eh.

The rollercoaster starts to climb a hill. The **GHOST OF BEA**
appears in the seat beside Grampa.

BEA

You call this having fun?

Grampa throws up his hands and **SCREAMS**. Everyone stares at
him.

BEA (CONT'D)

Oh Abe, calm down. I'm not here to
scare you. I'm haunting a family in
Texas.

GRAMPA

Oh. Glad you're keepin' busy.

BEA

I just want to know why my money isn't
bringing you happiness.

GRAMPA

Bea, I'm not cut out for the high life.
If I live it up anymore, I'll be dead.
No offense.

BEA

None taken. If you're not happy with
the money, why don't you spread it
around? Make other people as happy as
you made me.

GRAMPA

Thanks Bea, I will.

BEA

And go see your son -- he misses you.

GRAMPA

Aw, I miss him, too, the big fat
dickens. (THINKS) Bea, I've got to
ask you, what was death like?

GRAMPA'S POV

We see the long drop ahead.

The rollercoaster has reached the top of the hill.

BACK TO SCENE

BEA

Not as scary as this!

Everyone, including Abe and Bea, raise their arms.

GRAMPA/BEA

(SCREAM)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Homer sits alone in the dark, crying and clutching a piece of beef jerky. In the background, the rest of the Simpsons are preparing for dinner. Marge enters.

MARGE

Homer, this thing with your Dad has had
you moping around the house for days.

I think it's time for you to talk to
someone who understands.

Marge hands Homer a piece of paper with a phone number on it. Homer **SIGHS HEAVILY**, picks up the phone and dials.

RECORDED VOICE (V.O.)

You have reached the Help Line. If you
have a sullen teenager, press one, now.

If you're estranged from your spouse,
press two, now.

There's a **KNOCK** at the door. Bart opens the door to **REVEAL** Grampa, now dressed normally except for his Napoleonic fez, which he still wears at a rakish tilt.

BART

Grampa!

HOMER

Huh?

Homer drops the phone and walks to the front door.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Dad!

GRAMPA

Is there room at your table for a
foolish old man?

HOMER

We'd have to move a chair in from the
den, but sure. (AFFECTIONATELY) Come
here, Dad.

Homer attempts to hug his father. Grampa waves him off.

GRAMPA

Let's start with dinner and go from
there.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

The Simpsons are eating dinner. Maggie is making a mess.
Homer **BELCHES**. Bart and Lisa are play sword fighting with
corn on the cob.

BART

En garde!

LISA

Challenge accepted!

The kids begin to duel. Pieces of corn fly everywhere.
Lisa stabs Bart in the chest with her corn-on-the-cob.
Bart **COUGHS** over-dramatically as if he's been mortally
wounded.

HOMER

(ANGRILY) Knock it off, the both of
you.

Throughout the following, Grampa picks corn off his shirt.

GRAMPA

All my precious sacks of gold couldn't
buy me the pleasures of a simple family
meal. So that's why I've decided to
give it all away to the people who
really need it.

BART

Charity begins at home. Give it to us.

HOMER

Bart! Forgive him, Dad. He's just a
naive little kid who says the first
thing that pops into his head. (THEN)
But, you know, there's a wisdom in his
innocence.

GRAMPA

You don't want it.

HOMER

Yes, I do.

GRAMPA

Listen, Homer, you have your little
house, your little lawn, your little
TV. You don't need help. But there
are people who do.

HOMER

What if we gave you immortality? We'll
rename Bart after you.

GRAMPA

No.

HOMER

Abe Simpson the Second.

BART

(UPSET) I like Bart.

HOMER

Shut up, Abe.

GRAMPA

Tomorrow, I'm going to meet with
everybody in town who could use my
money -- people who really need it --
and then I'll decide who gets it.

HOMER

Well, I think we should get it
because...

GRAMPA

Tomorrow!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

ON TV

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

KENT BROCKMAN stands in front of a complicated news van, which is parked in front of the Springfield Retirement Home. "Kent Brockman Live With Mobile Unit One" is chyroned across the screen. The disheveled home bustles with activity from ONLOOKERS, REPORTERS and a line of would-be RECIPIENTS of Grampa Simpson's fortune.

KENT

(TO CAMERA) Not since my marriage to Stephanie, the weather lady, has this town been so consumed with rumor and inuendo. All because of this man.

A picture of Grampa is flashed on the screen. Kent continues talking as he enters the home.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - CONTINUOUS

KENT (CONT'D)

Today, one Abraham "Grampa" Simpson announced that he will give away close to eighty thousand dollars to the person he finds most deserving.

Kent is seen walking through the hallway of the home which has an enormous line of PEOPLE waiting to see Grampa, including some people dressed as MR. SPOCK, DARTH VADER, AND THE JOKER. A sign reads: "Wait from this point -- ninety minutes".

KENT (CONT'D)

(TO CAMERA) It's a surprising move
from a man whose only previous claim to
fame was growing a pumpkin that bore an
uncanny resemblance to Babe Ruth.

ON TV

A PICTURE of Grampa holding a pumpkin that slightly
resembles Babe Ruth, with a Yankee cap on top is flashed on
screen. The words, "File Photo, 1940" appear under it.

KENT (CONT'D)

(TO CAMERA) Is Grampa Simpson a modern
day saint, rich nut, or both? Only
time will tell.

Kent steps in the line and other people step behind him.

KENT (CONT'D)

(TO CAMERA) This is Kent Brockman on
line for an old man's money.

ART CARD - "SPECIAL BULLETIN."

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to our regularly
scheduled program, "The \$80,000
Giveaway."

PULL BACK to reveal Grampa is watching the story on his big
TV. He turns it off.

GRAMPA

Better get crackin'.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

OTTO talks to Grampa about his idea.

OTTO

You see, Gramps, I want to customize the bus. Y'know, chop the top, jack it up, put mag wheels on it, psychedelic paint job, take the kids to school at 150 miles per hour. Here's an artist's rendering. Note the cobra wrapped around the naked chick...

Otto holds up a "Rat Fink" type drawing of a giant Otto in a convertible bus holding a giant gear shift.

OTTO (CONT'D)

A cooler world is a better world, man.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

MR. BURNS enters and crouches down by Grampa.

BURNS

Grampa -- I can call you Grampa, can't I? I need that money. Please, please...

GRAMPA

You're the guy who owns the nuclear power plant. What the hell do you think you're doing?

BURNS

Mr. Simpson, I dread the day when seventy-six thousand dollars isn't worth groveling for.

GRAMPA

Get out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

MOE is standing with Grampa showing him a napkin with a few scribbles on it.

MOE

Here's the deal. A guy I think was an explorer left this in the bar one night. It may be a map to ancient treasure or directions to some guy's house, but to find out, we'll need money, provisions, and a two man diving bell.

Grampa considers the idea.

GRAMPA

It's pretty stupid, but so far you're the front runner.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

DR. MARVIN MONROE shows Grampa blueprints.

MONROE

It's a special isolation chamber. The subject pulls levers to receive food and warmth. The floor can become electrified and showers of icy water randomly fall on the subject.

(PROUDLY) I call it the Monroe Box.

GRAMPA

How much will it cost to build?

MONROE

Oh, it's already built. I need the money to buy a baby to raise in the box until the age of thirty.

GRAMPA

Interesting. What are you trying to prove?

MONROE

My theory is that the subject will be socially maladjusted and harbor a deep resentment toward me.

Grampa slowly nods his head.

GRAMPA

Interesting.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

Bart is sitting on Grampa's lap showing him a crude drawing of his dream house.

BART

I call it the Bartcave. It's got a trampoline room, secret passage ways, a zero gravity simulator, a hovercraft landing port... Oh, and a monkey.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

MR. FRINK, a thin sweaty man wearing coke bottle eye-glasses, shows Grampa a complicated metal gun.

GRAMPA

What the hell is that?

FRINK

It's a death ray. Watch.

He shoots the gun at a house plant that turns slightly red.
Grampa sticks his hand in the path of the beam.

GRAMPA

Hey, feels warm. Kinda nice.

FRINK

Well, it's just the prototype. With
proper funding, I'm confident this
little baby could destroy an area the
size of New York City.

GRAMPA

But I want to help people, not kill
them.

FRINK

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh. To be honest, the
ray has only evil applications.

Mr. Frink packs up his gun.

FRINK (CONT'D)

You know, my wife will be happy. She's
hated this whole death ray thing from
day one.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

Jasper storms in.

JASPER

I just waited six hours in line to say

I don't want your stinking money.

Jasper storms out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

Lisa walks into Grampa's room.

GRAMPA

(WEARILY) Oh Lisa, not you too. What makes you think you deserve all that money?

LISA

I don't deserve it, Grampa, and neither do any of these other people. The people who deserve it have no one to speak for them. They're on the streets and in the slums. They're little kids who need more library books and families who can't make ends meet. Of course, if you really wanted to, you could buy me a pony.

GRAMPA

You're right.

LISA

I'll name her Princess and I'll ride her every day.

GRAMPA

No, you're right about the poor people.
So many lost souls who need a helping
hand. What am I going to do? I need
to take a walk to clear my head.

Grampa walks out of his room.

MONTAGE

Grampa walks through the more impoverished parts of Springfield. The scenes he passes are reminiscent of Edward Hopper paintings.

- A. He sees a FAMILY living in a car.
- B. He walks past a tenement slum with broken windows and KIDS kicking a broken bottle around in the street.
- C. Grampa stands in front of a run-down library which has been boarded up.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXT. REC ROOM - MORNING

A depressed Grampa shuffles into the rec room where several ELDERLY MEN AND WOMEN are either watching television or sleeping -- it's hard to tell. There are old men playing pool on a table with ripped felt. When a ball is hit in the pocket, it falls through to the floor. Grampa plops down on a chair next to Jasper.

GRAMPA

I'm exhausted.

JASPER

Been lifting your wallet?

GRAMPA

I'll have you know I've decided to give
my money away to truly needy causes.
But eighty thousand dollars just isn't
enough. I need more.

JASPER

Hey, why don't you go on the seniors gambling junket? I bet you could double your money. Maybe triple it. It happens all the time.

GRAMPA

Have you ever seen anyone do it?

JASPER

No, and I never saw a man walk on the moon, or the President, or Mickey Mouse with my own eyes, but I know they exist.

GRAMPA

Well, it's tempting. If I win, I can help all the needy people. And if I lose, a terrible burden will be lifted from my shoulders.

JASPER

Plus, they've got a ninety-nine cent shrimp cocktail.

GRAMPA

You sold me.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer is sitting and staring, wide awake.

MARGE

What's wrong, Homer?

HOMER

Marge, my father thinks I'm some kind of golddigger.

MARGE

Well, you did get in line three times.

HOMER

It's not that I want the money so much as I don't want him to blow it. He might give it to some crackpot or con man.

MARGE

Do you think so?

HOMER

I would.

MARGE

Maybe you should go tell him that you love him, and that you don't want the money. You just want to see that he does the right thing.

HOMER

(ADMIRING) Marge, I hope your brains rub off on the kids.

MARGE

Ew.

INT. BUS - DAY

Otto drives a bus load of SENIORS down the open highway. Otto listens on headphones and HUMS the bass line of "Whole Lotta Love." Jasper and Grampa sit next to each other. The bus is moving slowly and being passed by every car on the road. Elderly people on the bus yell at Otto.

OLD MAN DALY

Slow down. Are you trying to get us
killed?

JASPER

It's too hot. Will ya turn on the air?

OLD WOMAN

Hot? I'm freezing. And it's so damp.

OTTO

(ANNOYED) Hey, mellow out old dudes,
or I'll drive this bus into a river.

The bus becomes silent.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LOBBY - DAY

Homer walks into the lobby of the retirement home.

HOMER

Miss, I'm looking for Abe Simpson.
It's important that I get a hold of
him. I have to tell him I don't care
about his money and I love him.

RECEPTIONIST

(BORED) We get that a lot.

She looks down at an activity sheet.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

He's either in pottery class down the
hall or on his way to the state line.

A confused Homer is overcome with indecision. He takes two
steps in one direction, then two steps in the other.

HOMER

(MUMBLING) What do I do? What do I
do?

RECEPTIONIST

I'd try pottery first.

Homer runs down the hall to the pottery class, sees that
Grampa is not there, and runs back to the receptionist.

HOMER

(BITTER) Not there. Thanks a lot. I
could've been half way to the state
line by now. What's he doing there,
anyway?

RECEPTIONIST

He's with the senior gambling junket.

HOMER

Gambling? (SHRIEKS) He didn't, by any
chance, take 80,000 dollars with him?

RECEPTIONIST

He had a big briefcase full of bills,
but I don't know how much was in it.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Homer runs out of the home.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The bus rolls down the highway and passes a sign that says:
"State Line One Mile. Casino: One Mile, One Foot."

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Homer races his car toward the state line.

EXT. CASINO - DAY

The bus pulls up to Plato's Republic. The casino is a mammoth structure in the middle of nowhere. The building looks like the Acropolis, except it's covered in neon and light bulbs. The seniors sadly pile out and head into the casino.

INT. CASINO - DAY

As the seniors enter the casino, a MAN dressed as an ancient Greek, with a banner across his chest reading "Plato", greets them. Plato is followed by several school age BOYS in togas.

PLATO

(PROUDLY) Hello. I am Plato and you
are all my platonic friends. Please,
partake of Keno, craps and the loosest
slots in town. My philosophy is,
enjoy.

They pass under a sign which reads, "Welcome to the Golden Age of Gambling." The casino is fairly empty of patrons with the exception of a few LOW-LIFES who wander about. Grecian columns, drapes, grape vines and statues clutter the interior. COCKTAIL WAITRESSES dressed in short cropped togas mill around the lifeless casino. Grampa walks to the roulette table, and flips open his attache case, revealing his \$80,000.

GRAMPA

Change, please.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Homer races toward the state line. Suddenly Homer's eyes widen and he makes a dramatic powerturn **SKID** across the highway. CAMERA FOLLOWS the move and WIDENS out to reveal Homer has pulled into The Krusty Burger drive-thru window.

HOMER

A double cheese burger, onion rings,
large strawberry shake, and for God's
sake, hurry!

INT. CASINO - DAY

Grampa has just won a big bet, rakes in his winnings at the roulette table. A CROWD has gathered around him as he places another big bet.

GRAMPA

Put 20,000 on red.

The CROUPIER spins the wheel. CAMERA WHIPS AROUND to see Homer burst through the door. He has burger and strawberry shake stains all over his shirt. Homer spots Grampa at the other end of the casino.

HOMER

Dad! Nooooooooooooo!

Homer runs up to Grampa just as the wheel stops spinning.

CROUPIER

Fourteen, red.

Homer sees that Grampa is a winner and way ahead.

HOMER

(PANICKED) Dad! Thank God I'm not too
late. Now let's just quit while you're
ahead.

GRAMPA

I'm not there yet, son.

HOMER

Dad, I don't want the money. But
Lisa's smart and Maggie may be bright.
Just put some money away for their
college tuition. Otherwise, I'll be
forced to count on myself, and I'm not
sure I'll make it. And if you think
Bart has a chance, put a couple hundred
away for some trade school.

GRAMPA

It's a good idea, boy, but first I need
more money for the hospitals and the
homeless.

HOMER

Dad, you have to have something before
you can give it away. Just don't let
this Plato guy get it.

GRAMPA

Homer, I think Rudyard Kipling said it best: "If you can make one heap of all your winnings and risk it on one turn of pitch and toss and lose, and start again at your beginnings and never breathe a word about your loss... If you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run, yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, and -- which is more -- you'll be a man, my son."

HOMER

You'll be a bonehead.

GRAMPA

Put it all on twenty-three.

Grampa starts to push the money forward, but Homer grabs it.

HOMER

No you don't!

GRAMPA

Get your clammy paws off my money.

They struggle, **GRUNTING**. Grampa wins and puts his money down.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

I said twenty-three.

We see the wheel is spinning.

CROUPIER

(PUSHING THE MONEY AWAY) No more bets.

The ball lands on 00.

CROUPIER (CONT'D)

Double zero.

HOMER

Well, what do you know. I used common sense and I was right. What are the odds?

EXT. PLATO'S REPUBLIC - A LITTLE LATER

Grampa is waiting for the bus, holding his attache case of money.

GRAMPA

Thank you, son. I acted like a moron.

HOMER

Well then, I'm proud to be the son of a moron. So, have you figured out who needs the money?

GRAMPA'S POV

Grampa watches as all the old folks get back on the bus. They look sad and full of pathos. Then Grampa examines his own hands. They look old and withered.

BACK TO SCENE

Grampa is struck with an idea.

GRAMPA

Yes, Homer, I know exactly who needs this money.

EXT. HOME - WEEKS LATER

The home looks almost new, with a new coat of paint and pretty flowers and greenery dotting the entrance. Some old people are playing croquet on the lawn.

INT. HOME - THAT MOMENT

The interior is clean and bright with cheerful signs hanging on the walls. In the sitting room is Grampa's big-screen TV and lots of new adjustable easy chairs. The elevator is now modern and working. In the back of the home elderly people chat. A couple of men play pool on a brand new table.

Lots of eager and smiling ATTENDANTS in white take care of every need. The doors to the dining hall have a plaque which reads, "The Beatrice Simmons Memorial Dining Hall." Grampa opens them to REVEAL a beautiful room filled with small tables covered with table cloths, fine silver and a rose in a vase at each setting. Grampa calls the residents to dinner.

GRAMPA

Come on in. Dignity's on me, friends.

FADE OUT.

THE END