

Production No. 8F13

The Simpsons

"HOMER AT THE BAT"

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TABLE DRAFT (II)

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NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"HOMER AT THE BAT"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
JOSE CANSECO.....HANK AZARIA
DON MATTINGLY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
STEVE SAX.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DARRYL STRAWBERRY.....HANK AZARIA
WADE BOGGS.....HARRY SHEARER
KEN GRIFFEY JR.....DAN CASTELLANETA
OZZIE SMITH.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MIKE SCIOSCIA.....HANK AZARIA
ROGER CLEMENS.....HARRY SHEARER
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CARL.....HANK AZARIA
CHARLIE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
LEWIS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

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RICHARD.....PAMELA HAYDEN
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....PAMELA HAYDEN
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
EDDIE.....HARRY SHEARER
LOU.....HANK AZARIA
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
ARI AMADOPOLIS.....DAN CASTELLANETA
UMPIRE #1.....HARRY SHEARER
DISPATCHER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
HYPNOTIST.....HARRY SHEARER
TICKET TAKER.....HANK AZARIA
CASHMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
APU.....HANK AZARIA
TOUR GUIDE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
WOMAN (O.S.).....PAMELA HAYDEN
BARFLY.....HANK AZARIA
UMPIRE #2.....HANK AZARIA
SPECTATOR #1.....HANK AZARIA
SPECTATOR #2.....DAN CASTELLANETA

HOMER AT THE BAT

by

John Swartzwelder

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. POWER PLANT - NEAR THE COFFEE MACHINE

HOMER sees a new box of donuts on the table

HOMER

Mmm, donuts.

He starts shoveling them rapidly into his mouth.

LENNY

Hey Homer, slow down. You're gonna
choke or somethin'.

HOMER

Don't tell me how to eat donuts --

(CHOKES ON DONUTS)

Homer starts flailing about wildly.

CARL

(NONCHALANT) Hey, Homer's choking
again. Where's that guy who knows
how to do the Heimlich maneuver?

CHARLIE

He's off today.

Homer GASPS for breath.

LENNY

Well, we've got one of those charts
up here somewhere.

LENNY looks through a bunch of emergency procedures charts
on the wall.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Let's see... Evacuation Procedures...

Oh look, someone put up a Beetle

Bailey. They changed General

Half-track to Mr. Burns (CHUCKLES).

Homer COUGHS desperately. He knocks over a garbage can.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(LOOKING AT WALL) Ooh, softball
starts this week.

HOMER

(COUGHING UP DONUT) Softball?

Homer looks on interested. The MEN gather around the sign,
including Homer.

CARL

Hey Homer, how many home runs you
gonna hit this year?

HOMER

Let's see... we play thirty games...
ten at bats a game... three thousand.

Everyone AD-LIBS about Homer's prowess.

LENNY

What's your secret, Homer?

HOMER

I've got two secrets.

Chester...(KISSING HIS RIGHT BICEP)

And Lester (KISSING HIS LEFT BICEP).

Everyone laughs as if Babe Ruth made the joke.

CHARLIE

Too bad you struck out against

Shelbyville. You cost us the

championship.

A hush comes over the room.

LENNY

(QUIETLY) You shouldn't have said

that, Charlie.

Everyone looks at Homer.

HOMER

(SOMBER) No, no that's okay. It was
a tough time in my life. And it took
a lot of beer to get over it. But I
swear to you, this year's gonna be
different. Shelbyville will not win
again!

The crowd CHEERS.

CHARLIE

That's what you said last year.

HOMER

Shut up, Charlie.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

HOMER (V.O.)

Come here boy, I want to show you
something.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - GARAGE

As BART watches, Homer takes a three-foot-long case out
from under his workbench.

BART

What's that? A home-made bat?

HOMER

It's something very special. A
home-made bat. Son, you remember
last year we had a terrible
thunderstorm...

BART

Sure do. Milhouse and I were out on
the lake when...

START RIPPLE
DISSOLVE TO:

HOMER

Wait a minute. This is my story!

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
CONTINUES:

HOMER (CONT'D)

I had locked myself out of the house
when the rain started...

HOMER'S STORY

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK YARD

Homer is trapped outside the house as the rain begins to fall. We see flashes of lightning.

HOMER (V.O.)

Sheltering myself with a large piece
of sheet metal, I ran for cover under
the tallest tree I could find.

Homer holds a piece of sheet metal over his head and runs for the tree. We hear the rain PINGING on the metal. A huge LIGHTNING BOLT hits the tree and knocks off a branch. The branch falls to the ground and glows. Homer walks up to the glowing branch, picks it up and looks at it curiously.

HOMER (V.O.)

Something told me that this was a
very special, very magical, piece of
wood.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - GARAGE

HOMER (V.O.)

I put my homemade football on hold
and set to work making the world's
greatest bat.

Homer sets aside a lumpy misshaped homemade football. The letters "NFL" are crudely written on the side. He carefully planes off two long thin strips of wood from one side of the branch.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
BACK TO:

BART AND HOMER

Bart actually seems interested. He looks at the case in Homer's hands. Homer slowly, dramatically opens it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

And here it is.

Homer takes out the branch and holds it up. It is exactly the same as the last time we saw it, with the same two strips of wood planed off. There are still a few leaves on it. Bart reads the name scrawled on the bat.

BART

(PUZZLED) "Wonder Ba"?

HOMER

The T's right here.

We see Homer has tried to write "Wonder Bat," but ran out of room. The "T" is up in the corner. Bart looks dubiously at the bat.

BART

You're not going to use this, are you?

HOMER

(SOLEMNLY) Only against Shelbyville.

BART

Good thinking. This time if you whiff you'll have an excuse.

EXT. PARK - SOFTBALL DIAMOND

The small stands are crowded with WIVES, and FAMILIES of the players. On the backstop there's a sign reading "City Softball League. Opening Day. Nuclear Plant Vs. Springfield Police."

ON THE FIELD

MUSIC: "FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN"

A big keg of beer is being rolled into position next to first base and another is already set up near home plate. The PLAYERS are lazily tossing softballs back and forth and stretching their legs. A few are drinking beers already. MARGE, LISA, Bart and MAGGIE are sitting in the stands armed with sandwiches, scorecards, pennants and a video camera. Lisa points at the field.

LISA

There he is! Home Run Homer!

Homer emerges from the small clubhouse in a uniform that seems a little too tight. The crowds CHEERS. Homer gracefully lopez out, smiling and waving.

SFX: PANTS RIPPING

A sheepish Homer backs into the clubhouse and closes the door.

HOMER (V.O.)

Lousy cheap uniforms... One size fits
all, my butt!

The door opens. Homer emerges. He has a sweatshirt tied around his waist. He smiles and waves at the crowd. He jogs up to home plate where the UMPIRE and CHIEF WIGGUM -- the playing manager of the police team -- are waiting.

UMPIRE #1

Okay, let's go over the ground rules.
You can't leave first until you chug
a beer. Any man scoring has to chug
a beer. Oh, and the fourth inning is
the beer inning.

WIGGUM

(IMPATIENT) Hey, we know how to play
softball.

OVERHEAD SHOT

The players take their positions on the field. Their families **CHEER**. The game begins.

EXT. PARK

Chief Wiggum is at bat. Suddenly an urgent call comes over the police **RADIO** in the cop dugout, just as a pitch is delivered.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(THROUGH RADIO) Attention all units!

Armored car being robbed at...

Wiggum, distracted, swings and misses by a foot.

WIGGUM

(IRRITABLY) Turn off that damn
radio!

One of the cops in the dugout **CLICKS OFF** the radio.

IN THE POWER PLANT DUGOUT

One of the players suddenly **YOWLS** in pain. We see that Lenny has given him a hotfoot and is in the process of giving one to another player. The rest of the players **LAUGH**.

HOMER

(LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY) It's funny cuz
it hurts!

ON THE FIELD

A **POLICEMAN** takes a terrific swing and hits the ball into a distant swimming pool for a home run. As he trots around the bases, all the **PLAYERS** on the cop bench jump up and **FIRE** their guns in the air.

WIGGUM

Men! Stop that!

EXT. PARKING LOT

Several bullets come down in the parking lot, blowing out globes on top of several police cars.

IN THE STANDS

Marge is making a videotape of the game. She does not know the rules but is doing a play-by-play into the camera's microphone.

MARGE

And the next man wants to hit the ball too. And he does. And there he goes off in that direction. And everyone is happy.

BART

Why don't you let me call the game, mom?

MARGE

That's all right dear. I can do it.

EXT. PARK - LATER

CLOSE-UP - SCOREBOARD, NINTH INNING

The police are leading 45 to 42 in the bottom of the ninth inning.

ON THE FIELD

The bases are loaded and Homer is up. He waggles his bat and stares fixedly at the pitcher.

IN THE STANDS

Marge, Bart and Lisa look on intently. They AD-LIB encouragement.

ON THE FIELD

The pitcher lobs a high slow pitch. With a mighty swing, Homer launches the ball far over the OUTFIELDER'S head and onto a FAMILY having a picnic. The crowd CHEERS.

HOMER

Woo hoooooooo!

Homer trots around the bases, doffing his cap, as in the background the father of the family having the picnic holds his bloody head and rocks back and forth in pain.

Homer crosses the plate and passes the police dugout. He ad-libs, "Ha ha!", "Cops can't win!", etc. Homer's CHEERING teammates lift him up on their shoulders and then try to keep from dropping him. Wiggum turns to EDDIE.

WIGGUM

Get his license and registration.

EDDIE

Right, Chief.

The players are still carrying Homer around on their shoulders.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The picture freezes. PULL BACK to reveal we're watching the same scene on TV.

ON TELEVISION

We see Homer hit the home run at normal speed. It backs up and plays again. Homer sits on the couch watching Marge's tape of the game. Marge comes out in her bathrobe.

MARGE

Homie, aren't you coming to bed?

HOMER

In a minute, Marge. I want to see it
frame by frame.

ON TELEVISION

In slow motion, we see Homer's flab bouncing all over the place as he swings; the way he clamps his eyes shut before making contact with the ball; and the startled look on his face when he hits the ball.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Homer is backing up and replaying the tape which is now mostly **STATIC**. The picture is almost entirely gone. Marge enters.

MARGE

Homer, aren't you going to work?

HOMER

(DISTRACTED) Marge, it's Sunday.

MARGE

No Homer. You missed Sunday.

MONTAGE

MUSIC "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" done in a railroad train sounding arrangement. During the following we see an overhead shot of softball games in progress and pennants saying: "East Springfield", "Springfield Heights", "South Central Springfield", "Fort Springfield", dissolving in and out, with the occasional shot of train wheels.

A.) Homer points to the stands, then hits the ball the other way. He thinks for a moment, then starts pointing that way.

B.) Lenny gives the opposing pitcher a hotfoot and the pitcher becomes a running **SCREAMING** human torch. Everyone on both benches busts a gut.

C.) With his glove in his teeth, Herman pitches to Homer. Homer takes a huge cut and clouts a homer. Apu is in centerfield. He watches the ball go over his head. The crowd **OOHS** and **AHHS**.

APU

Such a mighty wallop.

D.) Marge turns the pages of a scrapbook devoted to Homer's exploits. Tiny articles from the paper have Homer's name circled. Marge has also circled "homer" in "Wiggum hits a homer."

E.) The team bus passes a burning building. Everyone **LAUGHS**.

HOMER

(LAUGHING) Good one, Lenny.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD TOWERS

CAMERA PANS up a 1200 foot skyscraper that dominates the Springfield skyline. At the top is a plush-looking penthouse. A sign on the door says "Millionaire's Club." A smaller sign reads, "You must have more than this to enter: \$1,000,000."

INT. MILLIONAIRE'S CLUB

Burns and ARISTOTLE AMADOPOLIS are lunching in an exclusive corner of the room.

BURNS

Why DID they get rid of indentured servitude, does anybody know?

ARI

Someone was asleep at the switch, I can tell you that.

Suddenly SMITHERS rushes in.

SMITHERS

Good news, sir! The plant's softball team has won again.

BURNS

Excellent. Our thirty-fourth pennant, I believe.

SMITHERS

Sir, you're confusing us with the New York Yankees. We've never won a pennant. I'm afraid we keep losing to Shelbyville. But if we beat them this year, we win it all.

BURNS

Did you hear that, Ari? My boys need only to thump your tub and the title is ours.

ARI

My gladiators will crush your team like nine flabby grapes.

BURNS

(COLDLY) I disagree.

ARI

Would you care to bet a million dollars on it?

BURNS

If we're going to bet, why don't we make it interesting?

ARI

A million dollars isn't interesting to you?

BURNS

Oh, did you say a million? I'm sorry, my mind was elsewhere. I thought you would start with a small amount, then we would bait each other and... well, you know how it goes. Certainly, a million will be fine.

They shake hands.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BURNS' OFFICE

Burns is standing, admiring something on his wall that we can't see.

BURNS

Tell me, Smithers. You've seen the
Power Plant Nine in action... Would
you bet a million dollars on them?

SMITHERS

What answer would you like me to
give, sir?

BURNS

I would like you to say, "No."

SMITHERS

No, sir, I would not bet on them.

BURNS

I couldn't agree more. That's why
I've decided to bring in a few
ringers.

Burns indicates a chart on the wall. It shows an infield of Cap Anson, Napoleon Lajoie, Honus Wagner, Pie Traynor, an outfield of Shoeless Joe Jackson, Harry Hooper and Jim Creighton. The catcher is Gabby Street. And the pitcher is Three Finger Brown.

BURNS (CONT'D)

We'll give them token jobs at the plant and then have them play on our softball team. Honus Wagner, Cap Anson, Mordecai "Three Finger" Brown...

SMITHERS

Uh... sir...

BURNS

What is it, Smithers?

SMITHERS

All those players have retired and... uh... passed on. In fact, your right fielder has been dead for a hundred and thirty years.

BURNS

Damnation! Alright, find me some good players. Living players! Scour the professional ranks. The American League. The National League. The Negro Leagues. The Piedmont League.

SMITHERS

I'm on my way, sir.

BURNS

Oh, and Smithers... (OMINOUSLY) You have twenty-four hours.

Smithers reacts.

INT. BASEBALL CARD SHOW

Next to a large sign that says "In Person: Jose Canseco" is JOSE CANSECO signing autographs. Next to him is Smithers, who is holding a satchel with a large dollar sign on its side. Smithers is WHISPERING in Jose's ear. Jose finishes signing an autograph, then turns to Smithers.

JOSE CANSECO

I get \$50,000 to play one game?

SMITHERS

That's right, Mr. Canseco.

JOSE CANSECO

Well, it's a pay cut. But what the
hey, it sounds like fun.

They shake hands.

EXT. WOODS

Smithers walks out of the woods towards MIKE SCIOSCIA, who is doing some hunting. Scioscia, not seeing him, FIRES a few bullets. One grazes Smithers.

SMITHERS

Ow.

MIKE SCIOSCIA

Hey, sorry! I thought you were a
deer.

SMITHERS

That's okay, happens all the time.
Are you Mike Scioscia?

MIKE SCIOSCIA

That's me.

SMITHERS

Uh, how do you like working for the
Dodgers?

MIKE SCIOSCIA

Well, it's okay. But sometimes I
wish I had something a little more
industrial. You know, with big
machines and cool dials and stuff,
like an oil refinery or a hydro-
electric plant.

SMITHERS

We should talk.

EXT. SOUTHERN MANSION - ESTABLISHING

We see musical notes on the gates.

INT. SOUTHERN MANSION

OZZIE SMITH is taking a tour of the mansion. He has a
camera around his neck.

TOUR GUIDE

And this is Elvis' rec room. When
the King wasn't rehearsing or
exercising, he liked to unwind by
watching up to three TVs at once.

OZZIE SMITH

Man, oh, man, what a lifestyle.

He takes a picture and starts to leave. Smithers
approaches wearing a t-shirt that shows a rock star in a
white jumpsuit, and a "TCB" hat.

SMITHERS

Excuse me, are you Ozzie Smith?

OZZIE SMITH

Yes.

SMITHERS

How would you like to play for the
man I call, "The Elvis of Nuclear
Power"?

OZZIE SMITH

Wow!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Smithers RINGS the doorbell. DON MATTINGLY answers. He is
drying a dish.

SMITHERS

Excuse me, are you Don Mattingly?

DON MATTINGLY

Yes, yes I am. Come in. Come in.
Can I get you something? What's your
name?

SMITHERS

That's not important. How would you
like to be a ringer on a small town
company softball team?

DON MATTINGLY

Would I!

Don DROPS the dish.

INT. POWER PLANT - "WELCOME ROOM"

Burns is at a microphone, flanked by his newly hired
players. As each player is introduced he steps forward, AD
LIBS his hello, and receives polite APPLAUSE from the
gathered workers.

BURNS

And now I'd like to introduce the new members of our happy power plant family. Our new security guard... Roger Clemens... our new janitor, Steve Sax... our new lunchroom cashier... Wade Boggs... our new, well, we'll find jobs for these fellows later... Please say hello to Ken Griffey, Jr., Don Mattingly, Darryl Strawberry, Ozzie Smith, Mike Scioscia, and Jose Canseco.

A BUZZ starts up among the employees in the room. We hear AD LIBBED comments like "Did he say Wade Boggs?"

BURNS (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, you new fellows, there's a sign up sheet for the company softball team on the bulletin board over there if you wish to play.

MIKE SCIOSCIA

Thanks just the same, but I'm here to run the solid contaminant encapsulator.

BURNS

One more outburst like that and I'll send you back to the big leagues!

The players file over to sign up. Homer notices DARRYL STRAWBERRY.

HOMER

You're Darryl Strawberry.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

Yes.

HOMER

You play right field.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

Yes.

HOMER

I play right field too.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

So?

HOMER

Well, are you better than me?

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

Well, I've never met you, but yes.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

The family is having dinner. Homer is moping.

HOMER

I can't believe Burns did this. My one chance to redeem myself against Shelbyville and he brings in a bunch of Major Leaguers.

MARGE

Homer, I know a little bit about baseball, and I'm sure you're better than any Darryl Blueberry.

LISA

Strawberry.

HOMER

Marge, forget it. He's bigger than me, faster than me, stronger than me and he already has more friends around the plant than I do.

BART

You make me sick Homer. You're the one who told me I could do anything if I put my mind to it.

HOMER

I told you that?

BART

Oh, wait, Milhouse's father told me that.

HOMER

What else did Milhouse's father say?

BART

Uh... "Quitters never win, and winners never quit."

HOMER

(INSPIRED) Wow! And?

BART

"Keep your feet on the ground... and keep reaching for the stars."

HOMER

I will! (GROWLS WITH DETERMINATION)

Homer runs out of the room GROWLING. The family looks after him, then goes back to eating.

EXT. PARK - SOFTBALL DIAMOND

The players have gathered around Burns. The major leaguers are wearing their real uniform numbers and have their last names on the back of their uniforms. Burns is wearing a baggy 1906 Springfield Zephyrs uniform.

BURNS

As your new manager, I will be making some sweeping changes. Firstly, instead of beer, from now on you will all be drinking this!

Burns holds up an 1890's style bottle.

BURNS (CONT'D)

It's a brain and nerve tonic. Rich in proteids and electromagnetic juices. It keeps you young. Of course, it has been known to promote gigantism, but only in rare cases.

Try some.

Burns pours some into a teaspoon and holds it out to Roger Clemens. Roger gulps it down, GAGS a little, then smiles weakly.

ROGER CLEMENS

(SMALL VOICE) It's delicious, Mr.

Burns. Very very very very delicious.

BURNS

Excellent. Now, let's begin our
training, shall we? Smithers -- the
medicine balls.

Smithers rolls a few medicine balls out on the grass. The
players GROAN.

TRAINING MONTAGE

A.) The players are working out with medicine balls and
lifting old-fashioned barbells.

B.) STEVE SAX is being vibrated by an old-fashioned weight
reducing belt machine. Homer is in a steam box.

C.) Burns watches, nodding, as the players eat big tough
steaks. One of the players, CHARLIE, seems to have chest
pains.

D.) Burns shows the players how to bunt. The pitch hits his
bat and knocks Burns to the backstop.

E.) EARLY MORNING, Burns is in a rage, SCREAMING at his
players.

BURNS

(SCREAMING) What time did I tell you
to get here this morning?

KEN GRIFFEY JR.

Five-fifteen.

BURNS

(SCREAMING) And what time is it?

KEN GRIFFEY JR.

Five-seventeen.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

Some of these guys have a bad
attitude, skip.

BURNS

They sure do, Strawberry.

Strawberry preens. Homer looks sad.

F.) A HYPNOTIST is swinging a pocket watch back and forth in front of the players as Burns watches, nodding.

HYPNOTIST

You are all very good players.

ALL PLAYERS AT ONCE

(HYPNOTIZED) We are all very good players.

HYPNOTIST

You will beat Shelbyville.

ALL PLAYERS AT ONCE

(HYPNOTIZED) We will beat Shelbyville.

HYPNOTIST

You will give one hundred and ten percent.

ALL THE PLAYERS

(HYPNOTIZED) That's impossible no one can give more than one hundred percent. By definition that is the most any one can give.

G.) Ozzie Smith is dressed in shorts and a Hawaiian shirt with a camera around his neck. He is holding a map to the tourist spots in Springfield. He is standing before the statue of Jebediah Springfield.

OZZIE SMITH

Magnificent, simply magnificent.

MOE

You from outta town?

OZZIE SMITH

Yes.

MOE

Have you been to the Museum of
Barnyard Oddities yet?

OZZIE SMITH

(EXCITED) No! Where is it?

MOE

Here, gimme the map. I'll show you.

H.) Burns adjusts Darryl Strawberry's batting stance until he looks like an 1870's player with his hands far apart on the bat. Strawberry takes a few practice swings.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

(EAGERLY) Like this, Skip?

BURNS

Excellent, Strawberry.

HOMER

(MOANS)

I). At first base, Burns watches Mattingly scoop a short throw out of the dirt.

BURNS

Get rid of those sideburns, hippie.

DON MATTINGLY

What sideburns?

BURNS

You heard me.

Burns walks away. Mattingly watches him go, baffled.

J.) A bunch of KIDS are lined up to be chosen for a game. Ken Griffey Jr. is standing in the line, looking three-times as big as the kids. Bart and Ralph are co-captains.

KEN GRIFFEY JR.

Pick me! Pick me!

RALPH

I pick Ken Griffey Jr.

BART

(GROANS) Aw geez... okay, I'll take
Milhouse.

Wade Boggs walks past the playground.

RALPH

Hey, Mr. Boggs! Will you be on my
team?

WADE BOGGS

You got yourself a player.

BART

Damn! All right, I'll take Lewis.

Jose Canseco walks by.

RALPH

I'll take Jose Canseco.

BART

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. POWER PLANT

Mike Scioscia and Carl are pushing wheelbarrows full of glowing contaminated material. Scioscia is WHISTLING happily.

CARL

Scioscia, I don't get it. You're a ringer but you're here every night, in the core, bustin' your butt on the graveyard shift.

MIKE SCIOSCIA

Well Carl, it's such a relief from the pressures of playing big league ball. I mean, there you make any kind of mistake and boom, the press is all over you.

Mike tips the wheelbarrow and spills the glowing green sludge on the floor.

MIKE SCIOSCIA (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

CARL

Don't worry about it.

MIKE SCIOSCIA

Oh man, is this ever sweet.

EXT. BALL FIELD

Jose Canseco is taking batting practice. We hear a woman's voice off screen.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Jose... Jose... (SING-SONG) Jose.

JOSE CANSECO

Look lady, do you mind --

He turns and sees MRS. KRABAPPEL sitting in the nearby stands.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

You know, I bet you could add ten points to your batting average if you stood back in the box, opened up your stance and started getting it regular.

JOSE CANSECO

Boing.

EXT. BALL FIELD - NEAR DUSK

The players are just finishing practice for the day.

BURNS

Take a knee boys.

The players gather around him and drop to one knee. PAN ACROSS the players as Burns addresses them.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Tomorrow is the biggest day of your lives. So lights out at seven-thirty and abstain from coffee, tea, and cola drinks. Make no mistake, they pack a wallop.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

Sure do, Skip.

BURNS

Now, before I post the starting line-up I want to assure those of you whose name is not on the list, that I'm very disappointed in you. Something was lacking, let's call it heart.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

No hustle either, Skip.

BURNS

That's right, Darryl.

With great ceremony Burns posts the line-up. The players gather around eagerly. The regular plant players look crest fallen, the major leaguers are jubilant.

OZZIE SMITH

(PROUD) Starting shortstop!

Homer walks over to look at the line up.

HOMER

Please, please, I want to make the team. Roger, did I make the team?

ROGER CLEMENS

You sure did, buddy.

HOMER

I did! Whoo-hoo! Whoo-hoo! In your face, Strawberry!

ROGER CLEMENS

Wait a minute, are you Ken Griffey Jr.?

HOMER

No.

ROGER CLEMENS

Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to get your
hopes up.

Homer goes and looks at the list.

HOMER

(MOANS) Lousy Burns. Good luck
winning without me.

STEVE SAX

(TOSSING BALL) Hey Homer! Think
fast!

HOMER

(TURNING) Think what?

The ball HITS Homer on the head.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD SUBURBS - DUSK

A car is slowly cruising down a pleasant tree-lined street.

INT. CAR

Steve Sax is admiring the area.

STEVE SAX

(TO HIMSELF) What a nice little
town. Maybe I'll buy a home here
when I retire.

SFX: SIREN

Steve Sax sees flashing lights behind him. He pulls over.

STEVE SAX (CONT'D)

What seems to be the problem,
officers?

EDDIE

That's enough out of you, smart guy.

LOU

Reach for your license... slowly.

He pulls a gun on Steve Sax. Sax hands him his licence.

EDDIE

(READING LICENSE) Well well, Steve
Sax from (CONDESCENDING) New York
City.

LOU

I heard some guy got killed in New
York, and they never solved the case.
You wouldn't know anything about that
-- would you Steve?

EDDIE and LOU CHUCKLE.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Wade Boggs and Barney are having a BELCHING contest.

WADE BOGGS

(BELCH)

BARNEY

You call that (BELCH) a belch? Well,
(BELCH) listen to (BELCH) this.
(PAUSE) (BELCH).

WADE BOGGS

You're the best, Barney.

BARNEY

I'm good, but no one can belch like
Chuck Yeager.

EXT. "THE OFF RAMP INN" - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. KEN GRIFFEY JR.'S MOTEL ROOM

We hear a quiet KNOCK at the door.

SMITHERS (O.S.)

(QUIETLY) Bed check --

The door opens as Burns and Smithers enter. Smithers
carries a clipboard. The clock near the bed reads "7:32".
We see that Ken Griffey Jr. is asleep in bed, SNORING.

CLOSE UP - CLIPBOARD

Smithers makes a check by Ken Griffey Jr.'s name.

INT. JOSE CANSECO'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We hear a quiet **KNOCK** at the door.

SMITHERS (O.S.)

(QUIETLY) Jose, bed check.

The door opens as Burns and Smithers enter. They check his bed and see a crude dummy of Jose Canseco with a baseball cap and a smiley face painted on a pillow. They are satisfied. Smithers makes a checkmark.

INT. MIKE SCIOSCIA'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We hear a quiet **KNOCK** at the door.

SMITHERS (O.S.)

(QUIETLY) Mike... Mike... Mike?

Smithers throws open the door, sees an empty bed and **GASPS**.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Where the hell's Mike Scioscia?

INT. HOSPITAL

Mike Scioscia is laying in a hospital bed. DR. HIBBERT is looking at his chart. A NURSE is running a Geiger counter over Scioscia. It **CLICKS** wildly.

DR. HIBBERT

Try to lift your arm.

MIKE SCIOSCIA

Can't... lift... arm... or...

...speak... at... normal... rate.

Dr. Hibbert shakes his head disapprovingly.

DR. HIBBERT

Well, I'm afraid you have a case of
acute radiation poisoning, Mr.
Scioscia.

MIKE SCIOSCIA

Will... I... be... able... to...
play... softball... tomorrow?

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) No, by tomorrow you'll
barely be able to breathe.

MIKE SCIOSCIA

Oh... man.

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S BATHROOM

Jose Canseco and Mrs. Krabappel are in the bathtub together
a la BULL DURHAM. They are surrounded by lit candles.

JOSE CANSECO

So what's my grade, teach?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

A-plus! (LOVINGLY) I wrote a poem
about us, Jose.

JOSE CANSECO

Cool.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(READING SENSUOUSLY) Two pounding
hearts, intertwined...

Jose grabs her hands. The poem falls into the water.

JOSE CANSECO

Enough poetry. Let's leave here. We can go to another town, change our names. No one will ever find us.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(DREAMILY) Oh, Jose! (PAUSE, THEN SHARPLY) Get your pants on. Let's go.

As they start to get out of the tub, water SLOSHES over the side, extinguishing some of the candles.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marge and Homer are in bed. Homer is sitting up sadly.

HOMER

(MOANS) One thing I'm good at and I can't do it anymore.

MARGE

Oh, Homie. You're good at lots of things.

HOMER

Like what?

MARGE

(TENDERLY) Like snuggling...

HOMER

Yeah, but none of my friends can watch me... and there's nothing in the paper about it the next morning.

Marge MURMURS.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CITY JAIL - HOLDING CELL

Steve Sax is in a cell, looking totally baffled. Eddie, Lou and Chief Wiggum are standing outside the cell looking at him.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Nice work, boys. I think we can close the book on just about every unsolved crime in our fair city.

STEVE SAX

Don't I at least get to call my lawyer?

WIGGUM

You watch too many movies, pal.

(NODS) Book him.

LOU

(TO SAX) You've chopped up your last seamstress, Sax.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Barney and Wade are in the middle of a fierce argument.

BARNEY

(ANGRY) And I say England's greatest prime minister was Lord Palmerston!

WADE BOGGS

(ANGRY) Pitt the Elder!

BARNEY

Lord Palmerston!

WADE BOGGS

Pitt the Elder!

BARFLY

Gentlemen, have we all forgotten
Benjamin Disraeli?

BARNEY

You're drunk. (TO BOGGS) Lord
Palmerston!

WADE BOGGS

Pitt the Elder!

BARNEY

Okay, you asked for it, buddy!
Barney DECKS Boggs, knocking him unconscious.

MOE

That's showing him, Barney.
(SCORNFULLY) Pitt the Elder.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD GORGE - DAWN

Ozzie Smith stands at the gorge at sunrise taking pictures.

OZZIE SMITH

Ahh, dawn at Springfield Gorge. It's
everything the poets say it is.

He starts to take pictures with a motor drive camera.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Marge is sleeping with her head on Homer's chest. We see
Homer's wide-open eyes peeking out over her hair.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

Milhouse, LEWIS and RICHARD are horsing around on the
monkey bars with Ken Griffey Jr.

MILHOUSE

Hey, Ken Griffey Jr., I double dog dare you to jump over the monkey bars.

KEN GRIFFEY JR.

(SHAKES HEAD) Sorry, Milhouse. A person could get hurt doing something silly like that.

MILHOUSE

I triple dog dare ya!

KEN GRIFFEY JR.

Oh yeah? Watch this.

Griffey jumps over the monkey bars with a GRUNT.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

Wow!

Griffey can't get up. He holds his right arm.

KEN GRIFFEY JR.

(PAIN) My arm... I've broken my arm.

LEWIS

He's hurt!

RICHARD

Let's get outta here!

They run off.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The family is sitting in the living room. Homer heads out the door in his uniform.

MARGE

Are you sure you don't want us to
come with you?

HOMER

(DISTRAUGHT) No, no, no! Please,
spare me that one humiliation. I
don't want you to see me sitting on
my butt.

BART

We've seen it, dad.

LISA

Remember, dad, "They also serve who
only sit and wait".

HOMER

(HOPEFUL) Did Milhouse's father say
that?

LISA

No, John Milton.

HOMER

Nuts.

Homer exits sadly.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD MYSTERY SPOT

We see a warehouse-style building with a ticket booth in
front and a sign that reads: "Springfield Mystery Spot,
Where Logic Takes a Holiday and All Laws of Nature Are
Meaningless." Ozzie Smith steps up to the TICKET TAKER.

OZZIE SMITH

How long does it take to see this
thing? I'm kind of in a hurry.

TICKET TAKER

(CHARLES BRONSON VOICE) Hard to say,
my friend. Once you go in, you may
never come out.

OZZIE SMITH

Wow! One please.

Ozzie walks in and we hear him SCREAM off screen.

TICKET TAKER

(CHUCKLES)

EXT. PARK - SOFTBALL DIAMOND

The sign on the backstop says, "Today: Springfield Nuclear Plant vs. Shelbyville Nuclear Plant. League Championship Game." Burns and Smithers are watching a few players warm up for the game. Don Mattingly arrives in street clothes, carrying an equipment bag.

BURNS

Mattingly! For the last time, get
rid of those sideburns!

DON MATTINGLY

Look, Mr. Burns. I don't know what
you think sideburns are, but...

BURNS

(SHOUTING) Don't argue with me!
Just get RID of them!

Mattingly looks puzzled. Burns walks up to Smithers.

BURNS

Smithers, it's almost game time.
Where the devil are my ringers?

SMITHERS

Sir, Mike Scioscia may not live through the night. Steve Sax is looking at six consecutive life sentences. And Ozzie Smith seems to have vanished off the face of the earth.

CUT TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD MYSTERY SPOT

Ozzie Smith is caught in another dimension. He flails about SCREAMING. "E=MC2" flies by, and Ozzie takes a picture of it.

OZZIE SMITH

Cool!

BACK TO SCENE

BURNS

What about Clemens?

SMITHERS

Uh, sir... he's in no condition to play

Roger Clemens comes by, walking like a chicken and FLAPPING his arms.

ROGER CLEMENS

Brock, bock, bock, bock. Brock, bock, bock, bock.

BURNS

That damn hypnotist!

Burns looks around, then sees the Hypnotist.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Look what you've done! My starting pitcher thinks he's a chicken! Make no mistake, I'm going to report this to the American Hypnotical Association.

The hypnotist starts to wave his watch in front of Mr. Burns.

HYPNOTIST

I did a good job... a goood job.

BURNS

Oh well, I guess it's not your fault... you did a good job.

Don Mattingly walks by, his sideburns trimmed all the way above his hairline.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(RAGE) I thought I told you to trim those sideburns! Go home! You're off the team! For good!

DON MATTINGLY

(GRIMLY) Fine.

Mattingly walks off.

DON MATTINGLY (CONT'D)

(MUTTERING) I still like him better than Steinbrenner.

Homer walks up, looking hopeful.

HOMER

Mr. Burns, does this mean I get to play?

BURNS

Sorry sonny, this isn't a tryout camp. Come back next year.

HOMER

No, I'm on the team. I used to be the right fielder.

We see Darryl Strawberry enter the frame backing up to catch a flyball.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

I got it!... I got it!... I got it!

He jump upwards, out of frame. He catches the ball and drops back into frame.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)

Yeah.

He then throws the ball and trots out of frame again.

BURNS

That's my right fielder.

CLOSE UP - LINE-UP CARD

All the ringers' names have been crossed out and replaced by power plant employees, except for Darryl Strawberry. PULL OUT to reveal Mr. Burns is handing the card to the UMPIRE. The ball park is full of SPECTATORS.

BURNS

So Ari, did you bring your million dollars?

ARI

Yes.

He opens a briefcase revealing it contains a million dollars.

BURNS

Very good. Here's mine.

Burns opens a similar briefcase.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(TO UMPIRE) Would you be good enough
to hold these until after the game?

UMPIRE #2

Of course.

Burns and Ari hand him the cases. They turn to leave. The umpire runs off with the briefcases. Burns turns and sees him.

BURNS

Smithers! Kill the ump.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL DIAMOND - A LITTLE LATER

The game has started.

IN THE STANDS

The PEANUT VENDOR is throwing bags of peanuts around and missing the people he's aiming for by a mile. We see him flip a bag behind his back and it HITS a MAN who is sitting a few feet away in the side of the face.

ON THE FIELD

Peanut bags land on the pitcher's mound.

IN THE PARKING LOT

A peanut bag lands on top of a car.

CLOSE-UP - SCOREBOARD - FIFTH INNING

Burns' team is losing 9 to 6.

ON THE FIELD

The bases are loaded for Burns' team. Darryl Strawberry is advancing to the plate. Burns stops him.

BURNS

You! Strawberry, hit a home run.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

Okay, Skip!

Strawberry goes up to the plate and HITS the first pitch onto a freeway.

BURNS

(TO SMITHERS) I told him to do that.

SMITHERS

Brilliant strategy, sir.

We see Homer sitting alone on the bench and hear the crowd ROAR.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Marge sits gloomily at home. Maggie has the "WE'RE #1" foam hand on her head. Bart enters carrying Homer's crude bat.

MARGE

Bart, what did I tell you about
bringing sticks in the house?

BART

Mom, this is dad's bat. He made it
especially for the Shelbyville game.

MARGE

Oh. Well, maybe we should take it to
him. It could cheer him up.

BART

Yeah, and it'll give the big leaguers
a good laugh too.

CLOSE-UP - SCOREBOARD - 9TH INNING

It is the bottom of the ninth. The score is 18 to 18.

ON THE FIELD

The bases are loaded. Darryl Strawberry is walking up to
the plate.

BURNS

All right, I've used every managerial
trick in the book... What's left?
Smithers, massage my brain.

SMITHERS

Yes, sir.

Smithers begins massaging the back of Burns' head.
Strawberry goes into his left-handed stance.

BURNS (CONT'D)

A lefty, eh?... (THINKS)... Wait!
(CALLING) You! Strawberry!

Strawberry comes running back eagerly.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

Yeah, Skip?

BURNS

Good effort today. Take a lap and
hit the showers. I'm putting in a
right-handed batter to hit for you.

SMITHERS

(SHOCKED) What?

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

You're pinch-hitting for me?

BURNS

Yes. You see, you're a left-hander.
And so is the pitcher. If I send up
a right-handed batter, it's called
playing the percentages. It's what
smart managers do to win ballgames.

DARRYL STRAWBERRY

But I've got nine home runs today.

BURNS

Sit down! Simpson! You're batting
for Strawberry.

HOMER

I am? Whoo-hoo!

Homer strides down the bench.

CARL

Atta boy, Homer.

LENNY

You can do it.

ROGER CLEMENS

Brock, bock, bock, bock!

Homer starts rummaging through the bat rack.

BART (O.S.)

Hey, Homer.

Homer turns and sees Bart holding the case with "Wonder
Bat".

SFX: DRAMATIC MUSIC

Homer tousles Bart's hair, takes the bat and strides toward the plate.

BURNS

For God's sake, use a real bat!

Homer puts down his wonder bat and picks up a real bat. He steps up to home plate.

SFX: DRAMATIC MUSIC RESUMES

Homer takes a mighty swing at the first pitch and misses it.

UMPIRE #1

Strike one!

The crowd MOANS its disappointment.

IN THE STANDS

LISA

Stand up, Mom!

MARGE

Why, dear?

LISA

Dad needs your inspiration.

MARGE

Oh, well... all right...

Marge stands up. The setting sun is behind her, turning her into an angelic vision. Several SPECTATORS behind her try to see around her.

SPECTATOR #1

Hey, sit down, lady!

MARGE

All right.

Marge sits down.

UMPIRE #1 (O.S.)

Strike two!

LISA

Mom! Stand UP!

Marge stands up again. Several spectators AD LIB protests.

SPECTATOR #1

I said get your butt down!

SPECTATOR #2

It's bad enough I have to sit behind
all that hair.

Marge continues to stand.

ON THE FIELD

Homer turns.

HOMER

Marge?

HOMER'S POV

A la THE NATURAL, we see Marge dramatically back-lit with angry spectators poking out from behind her.

ANGLE ON HOMER

A smile comes over his face.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TOUCHED) Marge.

As Homer continues to look at Marge in the stands, a blazing fastball HITS Homer in the side of the head. He DROPS onto the plate like he's been shot.

MARGE

Oh, dear.

LISA

No mom, it counts as a hit.

MARGE

Oh, how nice.

MONTAGE

A.) The players advance one base in SLOW MOTION, jumping up and down with excitement.

B.) Burns and Smithers are hugging each other.

C.) Aristotle Amadopolis is beating his players over the head with his hat and CURSING them in Greek.

D.) The winning runner has to push an unconscious Homer off the plate so he can tag it.

E.) A MAN in the upper deck is CHEERING. A peanut bag hits him in the face and knocks him backwards over the railing.

F.) Darryl Strawberry is jumping up and down. PAN DOWN to see Lenny giving him a hot foot.

G.) Burns suddenly stops CHEERING and a strange expression appears on his face.

CLOSE UP - CHECK

It is made out to "Montgomery Burns" for "\$1,000,000.00."

ON BURNS

BURNS

You know, Smithers, I just realized
that after paying off my ringers, I
only made five hundred and fifty
thousand dollars out of this. All
this effort has been for nothing.

How ironic! Heh heh heeeehhhh!

H.) Jubilant PLAYERS carry an unconscious Homer off the field, a la the Ayatollah.

I.) A team photo of the whole Burns All Star Team, with the league championship trophy and Homer still unconscious in the foreground.

Under the closing credits is a parody version of "Talking Baseball" to be written by Jeff Martin and sung, if possible, by Terry Cashman.

CASHMAN (V.O.)

(SINGING) "Specially Hooooooooomer...

Smithers and The Straw...

FADE OUT.

THE END