



THE SIMPSONS

PRODUCTION SCRIPT NO. 1F08

"\$PRINGFIELD"

(or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Legalized
Gambling)



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Gambling)

Written by

Bill Oakley
&
Josh Weinstein

Created by
Matt Groening

Developed by
James L. Brooks
Matt Groening
Sam Simon

TABLE DRAFT

Date 5/20/93

"SPRINGFIELD"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
LITTLE BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
YOUNG GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
YOUNG JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER
JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER
CARL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
MOE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
KRUSTY THE CLOWN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
APU.....HARRY SHEARER
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MAYOR QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
LIONEL HUTZ.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
CHIEF WIGGUM.....DAN CASTELLANETA

PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
 FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
 REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER
 THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 GERRY COONEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
 MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
 LEWIS.....PAMELA HAYDEN
 NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER
 PANHANDLER.....HARRY SHEARER
 HENRY KISSINGER.....HARRY SHEARER
 HENRY KISSINGER'S BRAIN.HARRY SHEARER
 VOICE FROM THE BACK.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 WALTER MONDALE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 ALARMED SHELBYVILLIAN...HARRY SHEARER
 CROWD.....DAN/HARRY/JULIE/YEARDLEY
/NANCY/PAMELA
 VARIOUS LOUDMOUTHS.....DAN/HARRY/PAMELA
 WORKMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 BRITISH GUY.....HARRY SHEARER
 BRITISH WAITRESS.....PAMELA HAYDEN
 HIPPIE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 BLACKJACK PLAYERS.....DAN/HARRY
 CROUPIER.....HARRY SHEARER
 ERNST.....HARRY SHEARER
 SUPERVILLAIN.....HARRY SHEARER
 JAMES BOND.....DAN CASTELLANETA

SOMEONE.....HARRY SHEARER
GAMBLER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CRAPS PLAYERSDAN/PAMELA/YEARDLEY
FARMBOY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
GUNTER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
AUDIENCE MEMBER.....HARRY SHEARER
PATRON #1.....PAMELA HAYDEN
PATRON #2.....HARRY SHEARER
PATRON #3.....DAN CASTELLANETA
WHEELMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
WHEEL PLAYERS.....HARRY/PAMELA/NANCY
BIG TEXAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
ATTENDANT.....HARRY SHEARER
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
SNOWBALL II.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
RAIN MAN.....HARRY SHEARER
WAYNE NEWTON.....DAN CASTELLANETA
WAITRESS.....PAMELA HAYDEN
JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN

SPRINGFIELD

(or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Legalized
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by

Bill Oakley & Josh Weinstein

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

B & W FILM FOOTAGE - NEWSREEL (CIRCA 1948)

MUSIC: FANFARE

A newsreel CAMERAMAN cranks his camera and turns toward us.
Words fly onto the screen as an announcer says them.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The "News on Parade" Corporation
presents (GRANDIOSE) ... "News... on...
Parade!"... (BEAT) Corporation...
News!

A brief montage of newsreel subjects:

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Bringing you the world of... Politics!

Footage of HARRY TRUMAN smiling and holding up a newspaper
headline that says "TRUMAN DEAD."

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... Sports!

JOE DIMAGGIO swings at a pitch, misses, and runs to first
anyway, to the CHEERS of the crowd. The OPPOSING PLAYERS
look confused.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... and Hollywood!

At a big Hollywood premiere, CARY GRANT steps out from behind a potted palm. He ZIPS up his pants, realizes he's on camera, and waves happily. The opening fanfare ends and an art card comes up saying...

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Springfield -- City on the Grow!"

Shot of a MAN handing a plaque to the MAYOR.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's a proud day as the Secretary of
Commerce declares Springfield one of
America's 400 fastest-growing cities!
And why not? Business is booming --
half the country wears Springfield
Galoshes!

Galoshes go by on an assembly line. An INSPECTOR holds one up and examines it with a jeweler's loupe.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the tooth-powder factory isn't
looking too shabby either!

A huge factory BELCHES pollution into the sky.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The city's even in the celebrity
business -- everyone knows Wink
Stargell hails from Springfield!

An unrecognizable MAN in a tuxedo PLAYS THE XYLOPHONE for PHOTOGRAPHERS.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And say hello to the state's first
Aqua-Car factory! Keep 'em coming,
boys!

A line of Aqua-Cars **CHUGS** off the assembly line, into the harbor.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Everybody's chipping in -- even this
fella has Springfield's can-do spirit!
Atta boy, Sparky.

A DACHSHUND **BARKS** cheerfully as he pulls a little wagon with a sign saying "I'M PULLING FOR SPRINGFIELD!"

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So watch out, Utica -- Springfield is a
city on the grow!

INT. SPRINGFIELD AZTEC THEATER - 1948 - DAY - B&W

Everything is still in black and white. The newsreel ends, and we follow a YOUNG GRAMPA and JASPER out of the theater. They walk past gleaming storefronts, new cars, and other signs of prosperity.

YOUNG GRAMPA

Feh! The way people act around here,
you'd think the streets were paved with
gold.

YOUNG JASPER

They are.

Jasper points to a car, which tries to **BRAKE** on the slick gold street and **CRASHES** into a newsstand.

YOUNG GRAMPA

Oh, yeah.

As the two walk along, the scene **DISSOLVES** from black and white to color, present-day. The **NOW-ELDERLY MEN** pass boarded-up storefronts and other signs of economic collapse. A **PANHANDLER** approaches.

PANHANDLER

Hey, my man, got any spare change?

GRAMPA

Yes and you ain't gettin' it. (TO
JASPER) Everybody wants somethin' for
nothin'.

Grampa walks past the panhandler and into the Social
Security Office.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

INT. NUCLEAR NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MEN'S ROOM

HOMER enters a bathroom stall.

HOMER

(ANTICIPATING RELIEF) Oh yeah. Here we
go.

He sees something.

HOMER'S POV

A pair of black-horn-rimmed glasses sits at the bottom of a
clean toilet bowl.

HOMER

Hey! Anybody drop their glasses in the
toilet? (SILENCE) Last chance.

(SILENCE) Woo hoo!

Homer grabs the glasses, wipes them off, and runs over to
the mirror. He puts them on. He looks like a real square.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MOCK LECTURING) Mr. Simpson, you are
the worst student I've ever had in my
drivers' education class. (LAUGHS)

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - SNACK ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Homer runs in, wearing the glasses.

HOMER

Hey, guys, look what I found in the
toilet! (SEES SOMETHING - GASPS)

HOMER'S POV

He's looking at donuts. They look huge.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(AWED) Giant donuts...

He starts to get one and sees his enormously magnified hand
reaching in.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAM)

INT. NUCLEAR NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - LATER

BURNS and SMITHERS escort a VISITOR out of the office.

BURNS

Thank you so much for visiting our
plant, Dr. Kissinger.

SMITHERS

We'll let you know if your glasses turn
up.

HENRY KISSINGER

(LYING) Er, I'm sure I left them in the
car.

ZOOM IN on KISSINGER'S forehead.

HENRY KISSINGER'S BRAIN

No one must know I dropped them in the
toilet. Not I, the man who drafted the
Paris Peace Accords...

Burns and Smithers stare at Kissinger, who does not leave, then return to the desk.

SMITHERS

Sir, bad news from accounting. The economy's hit us pretty hard.

Burns leafs through a file.

BURNS

Tough times, eh? I've lived through twelve recessions, eight panics, and five years of McKinley-nomics, and I'll survive this!

SMITHERS

Even so, sir. We could stand to lay off a few employees.

BURNS

(CHEERFUL) Oh. Very well -- lay off...

Burns turns to the monitors and points to LENNY, CARL, etc.

BURNS (CONT'D)

... Him, him, him, him...

He looks at Homer, who is sitting blankly at his workstation, wearing the horn-rimmed glasses.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Hmm, better keep the egghead. He might come in handy.

INT. MOE'S BAR - NIGHT

CARL

You're lucky you still got your job,
Homer. I dunno what I'm gonna do.

LENNY

I'm gonna apply for a job at the
factory where they make the funny
answering machine tapes.

CARL

Don't you remember? That place was
torched by an angry mob.

HOMER

It won't be the same without you guys.
Well, beers are on me. Three Duffs,
Moe!

MOE

Sorry, Homer. With the economy in the
crapper, I can't afford to carry Duff
no more. Have some of Moe's Patented
Home-Brew.

MOE hefts a big rusty metal tub onto the bar. He grabs a
mug, dips it in, and hands it to Homer. Whole stalks of
barley and wheat float around in the beer. Homer takes a
big sip, leaving foam and barley all over his face.

HOMER

(REFRESHED LIP-SMACKING)

INT. QWIK-E-MART - NIGHT

APU RINGS up Homer's purchases.

HOMER

Pretty slow, eh Apu?

APU

Yes, Mr. Homer. This is a time when we
all have to help our fellow man.

Apu JINGLES the charitable collection jar.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL OF BEEF JERKY - GRUDGINGLY)

Yeah, I guess.

Homer drops his change in the jar and exits. Apu empties
the jar into the cash register.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homer is watching TV.

ON TV

KENT BROCKMAN stands in the crowded Springfield
Unemployment Office.

KENT BROCKMAN

Things aren't as happy as they used to
be down here at the unemployment
office. Joblessness is no longer just
for sociology graduate students --
regular people are starting to feel the
pinch.

He turns to interview BARNEY, who is standing in line.

BARNEY

I haven't been able to find a job in
six years!

KENT BROCKMAN

And where have you looked?

BARNEY

Looked?

ON SCREEN

We see file footage of Fort Springfield army base.

KENT BROCKMAN (V.O.)

The economic slump began last spring when the government closed Fort Springfield, devastating the city's liquor and prostitution industries. Tomorrow night, the mayor will hold an emergency town meeting to discuss Springfield's dire economic condition.

ANGLE ON HOMER

HOMER

(GLOATING) Heh heh. Losers.

MARGE

Homer, what are you gloating about? You spent the last of our savings buying out that bankrupt wax museum.

HOMER

I still say that investment's gonna pay off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Melting wax dummies of the BEATLES, DRACULA, W.C. FIELDS, etc., litter the backyard. SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER rips the spangled glove (and arm) off of the "Beat It"-era MICHAEL JACKSON.

INT. SPRINGFIELD TOWN HALL - THE NEXT NIGHT

The TOWNSPEOPLE are assembled for the meeting.

MAYOR QUIMBY

The floor is now open for suggestions on how to revitalize our town's economy.

LIONEL HUTZ

I think we should declare bankruptcy, default on our loans, and hide any remaining money in a numbered Swiss bank account.

MAYOR QUIMBY

That doesn't sound too practical.

LIONEL HUTZ

(POINTING AT DR. HIBBERT) Hey, it worked for him!

DR. HIBBERT looks alarmed and embarrassed.

DR. HIBBERT

Perhaps the town would like to hear about your nervous breakdown.

LIONEL HUTZ

(SITTING DOWN) Eep.

SELMA

We could hold another town hostage.

HOMER

New York!

APU

Boston!

WIGGUM

I've got a brother in Dallas!

MAYOR QUIMBY

People, let's be a little more
realistic...

VOICE FROM THE BACK (MONDALE)

We could raise taxes.

Everyone turns angrily to look at the speaker. It's WALTER
MONDALE.

MOE

It's Walter Mondale!

GRAMPA

Get him!

The crowd ERUPTS in fury and grabs Walter Mondale.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD TOWN HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The mob BURSTS out of the town hall holding a bound and
gagged Mondale. They throw him in the trunk of a car, and
put a brick on the accelerator. It ZOOMS OFF.

EXT. LONELY HIGHWAY - NIGHT - LATER

The car speeds along. We hear MUFFLED POUNDING from inside
the trunk.

EXT. SHELBYVILLE - NIGHT - LATER

The car SPUTTERS to a stop. Curious BYSTANDERS hear the
POUNDING, open the trunk and pull off Mondale's gag.

WALTER MONDALE

Oh, thank God!

ALARMED SHELBYVILLIAN

Walter Mondale!

The enraged bystanders SLAM the trunk, gas up the car, and send it off again.

INT. SPRINGFIELD TOWN HALL - NIGHT - LATER

The meeting continues.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

I hesitate to bring this up, given the already tawdry moral climate of this town, but a number of cities have rejuvenated their economies with -- legalized gambling.

CROWD

(ENTHUSIASTIC MURMURS)

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

There's an added bonus -- some of the revenue can go to help our underfunded public schools!

The crowd is completely silent. We hear CRICKETS.

PATTY

Well, I like the part about the gambling.

CROWD

(ENTHUSIASTIC AGAIN)

FLANDERS

Hmm. What do you think, Reverend?

REVEREND LOVEJOY

Once something has been approved by the government, it's no longer immoral.

CROWD

(MURMURS OF ASSENT)

BURNS

By building a casino, I could tighten my stranglehold on this dismal town!

CROWD

Yay!

BARNEY

It'll create a lotta sleazy jobs!

CROWD

Yay!

Quimby **BANGS** the gavel and the crowd settles down.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Well, now. Are there any objections?

There is a **PROLONGED RUSTLING** as everyone in the hall turns to look at Marge, anticipating her usual objection.

MARGE

- Actually, I think it might really help our economy.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Very well, then. It's unanimous!

CROWD

(CHEERS)

The town **SECRETARY** records the vote in a ledger, where we see previous idiotic town votes, e.g. "ABOVE-GROUND H-BOMB TEST," "LOWER DRINKING AGE TO 14," and "BUILD MONORAIL."

EXT. SPRINGFIELD TOWN HALL - NIGHT - A MINUTE LATER

The OVER-EXUBERANT crowd streams out.

MARGE

This could be a whole new beginning for
Springfield.

All around, rowdy CITIZENS are CELEBRATING -- swigging
liquor from bottles, KISSING sleazy WOMEN, SHOOTING off
dangerous-looking fireworks, and HOWLING and HOOTING in an
obnoxious way.

VARIOUS LOUDMOUTHS

Yeah! / We'll go nuts! / It's a wide
open town! / I'm gonna gamble my brains
out!

HOMER

And you know what the best part is?
We've really done something for the
children.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD BOARDWALK - EARLY MORNING

The boardwalk is a dilapidated relic of the 1920's, consisting of an abandoned amusement park and a boarded-up Grand Hotel. Burns and Quimby walk along in hard-hats.

MAYOR QUIMBY

The City Council and I are thrilled you've decided to build your casino on our historic waterfront.

BURNS

Oh, I'll never forget those carefree summer days on this old boardwalk. Washing down a cod cake with a bracing swig of Moxie, sneaking into the kinescope parlor, riding the bumper cars...

BURNS' FLASHBACK

LITTLE MONTY BURNS, with curls and lolly, repeatedly **SLAMS** his bumper car into one containing a **CRYING** little GIRL. He sees a **WORKMAN** painting the railings, **ZOOMS** over, and **PLOWS** into the man's legs.

WORKMAN

(SCREAMS) (IRISH ACCENT) I'll tear ye limb from limb! (TURNS AROUND) Er, Master Burns! I mean, carry on.

The workman tries to keep painting as Burns **RAMS** into him over and over again.

WORKMAN (CONT'D)

Ah, me leg's off. Who'll provide for
me little ones?

LITTLE BURNS

(MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

BACK TO PRESENT

Burns continues LAUGHING. They stand on the Boardwalk in front of a beautiful old merry-go-round. A historical marker says "NATION'S OLDEST CAROUSEL."

QUIMBY

We're very concerned about maintaining the integrity of the Boardwalk. This place has quite a proud and happy history, except for a period in the 40's when it was used as a Japanese internment camp.

BURNS

Yes, yes. Historic preservation is my first priority.

As soon as they turn away, Burns SNAPS HIS FINGERS. The Grand Hotel is DETONATED and COLLAPSES into itself. A second later, a bulldozer PUSHES the Nation's Oldest Carousel into the sea, where it is immediately DEVoured by sharks.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - DAY

SMITHERS

Sir, the designers are here with some prototypes for your casino.

A very enthusiastic BRITISH GUY enters.

BRITISH GUY

Gentlemen, I give you, "Britannia!"

He unveils a model of a casino that looks like Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament.

BRITISH GUY (CONT'D)

Gambling with all the glitz and glamour
of the British Isles! And best of
all... the waitresses and showgirls are
all real Brits! Fresh from the streets
of Sussex, they are! (WINKS)

A WAITRESS comes in wearing a skimpy Union Jack outfit.
She is a horrible dumpy British woman with bad teeth.

BRITISH WAITRESS

(SCREECHY) Freshen your drink, guv'nor?

BURNS

Get out!

They exit past a very upbeat HIPPIE, **WHEELING** in a casino
called, "Woodstock".

HIPPIE

Now dig this...

BURNS

Get out!

HIPPIE

(DEVASTATED) Uh... let me just get my
head together...

BURNS

Now!

The hippie leaves. The OLD SEA CAPTAIN comes in and sets
up an easel with an engraving of a three-masted schooner.

THE CAPTAIN

I'll need three ships and fifty stout men! We'll sail around The Horn and return with spices and silk, the likes of which ye've never seen!

BURNS

We're building a casino.

THE CAPTAIN

Arr. Can ye give me five minutes?

The Captain runs out.

BURNS

Idiots. I'll design it myself. I know what people like. It's got to have sex appeal, and a catchy name.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD BOARDWALK - NIGHT - A MONTH LATER

We see a giant neon mermaid with Burns' naked torso and head. Two neon clam shells serve as a bra. A moment later the catchy name flashes on - "MR. BURNS' CASINO". Homer stands in the foreground.

HOMER

(AWED) Ohhh... What a catchy name! ...

And so sexy!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

HOMER

It's got neon signs and slot machines and elevators! There's no other place like it!

LISA

What about Las Vegas?

HOMER

(SNIDE) I mean in the United States,
Lisa.

MARGE

Are you sure you want to be a blackjack
dealer?

HOMER

Marge, this transfer is a big step up.
Plus, I get to keep the cards when they
wear out.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

HOMER

And what's more, I'll be mingling with
some of the finest people on earth -
gamblers.

EXT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - DAY

PEOPLE SWARM into the casino. A sign says, "VISIT THE
WORLD'S LARGEST PAWN SHOP." The casino logo -- a winking
Burns mermaid -- is everywhere.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - GRAND FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A placard reads, "GERRY COONEY -- OFFICIAL GREETER OF MR.
BURNS' CASINO." OTTO comes in, and GERRY COONEY runs over
to greet him.

GERRY COONEY

Hello, I'm Gerry Cooney. Welcome to
Mr. Burns' Casino. If there's anything
I can do to make your visit more
enjoyable, just let me know.

OTTO

(TRYING TO GET OUT OF THERE) Yeah,
great. See ya...

GERRY COONEY

Don't forget to apply for our VIP
Platinum club for free room upgrades
and special discounts on...

Otto looks around nervously as Gerry continues greeting him.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - HIGH-ROLLER BLACKJACK

There is a large crowd around the elegant, roped-off blackjack table. MOVE IN to reveal Homer is the dealer. All the PLAYERS have their cards, and Homer deals his own hand. He already has six cards.

HOMER

(COUNTING UP HIS HAND) Um, let's see...
18... 27... 35. Dealer busts. Looks
like you all win again.

BLACKJACK-PLAYERS

(POLITE APPLAUSE)

Homer slides the winnings to each player -- a big TEXAN, Kent Brockman, TROY MCCLURE, KRUSTY, and RICHARD SAKAI.

BIG TEXAN

(FOGHORN LEGHORN VOICE) Yee ha! Homer,
I want you to have my lucky hat. I
wore it the day Kennedy was shot, and
it allllways brings me good luck!

HOMER

Thanks, Senator! (LOOKS AT WATCH) Aw,
looks like my shift is over.

He walks off. A NEW DEALER comes. The players GROAN, grab their chips and leave.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SING-SONG) I think they like somebody
better than somebody else.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - CRAPS TABLES

A crowded craps table. Grampa is SHAKING the dice.

GRAMPA

Come on lucky seven! Papa needs a new
pair of spats! I want me some of that
sweet, sweet do-re-mi! Fat City, here
I come!

APU

Throw the dice!

GRAMPA

Don't rush me, I have arthritis.

CROUPIER

Will the gentleman please roll the
dice.

GRAMPA

(AGITATED) All right, all... Oh, for
cryin' out loud, I dropped one... Now
it's in my shoe. Ow! Ow! (LIMPS AWAY)

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - SHOWROOM ENTRANCE

A sign says, "TODAY: THE FLAMBOYANT MAGIC OF GUNTER AND
ERNST."

INT. MR BURNS' CASINO - SHOWROOM

A WHITE TIGER riding a velocipede, wearing a propeller beanie and smoking a pipe, is being led across the stage by TWO EXTRAVAGANTLY-DRESSED MAGICIANS.

ERNST

A round of applause for Anastasia! She
loves show business -- so much nicer
than the savagery of the jungle.

TIGER'S FLASHBACK

In a scene reminiscent of a Rousseau painting, the tiger sleeps in an idyllic savannah. The tranquility is shattered as Gunter and Ernst drive up in a Land Rover and HONK THE HORN repeatedly. When the tiger wakes up, they SHOOT it with a tranquilizer gun.

BACK TO SCENE

The tiger jumps off the bicycle, and ATTACKS Gunter and Ernst.

GUNTER/ERNST

(MANIACAL GERMAN CURSES)

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - SLOT MACHINES

Bart is PLAYING a slot machine. The first wheel stops -- it's a cartoon of Burns. The second -- Burns. The third -- another Burns! Jackpot -- BELLS RING, and the ATTENDANT comes up.

ATTENDANT

Hey, you're not 21. You got I.D.?

Bart hands him a driver's license.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

(READING) Donna C. Kroft...

EXT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - DAY

Bart is KICKED out of the casino.

BART

By the way, your martinis suck!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY - LATER

CLOSE-UP of Bart walking home, GRUMBLING to himself. He is struck with an idea and stops suddenly. It appears that he's looking out over the desert, a la "Bugsy."

BART

I have a vision...

The desert scene is actually painted on a moving van marked "Mojave Moving & Storage." The van pulls away, and we see Bart has been staring at his treehouse.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - HIGH-ROLLER BLACKJACK

MUSIC: JAMES BOND THEME

Homer is dealing to JAMES BOND who is playing against a bald SUPERVILLAIN in a white Nehru jacket and eye patch. The game is at its crucial moment -- The supervillain has just been dealt a twenty.

SUPERVILLAIN

Twenty. Your move, 007.

James Bond has nineteen.

BOND

I'll take a hit, dealer. (GETS CARD)

Joker? You're supposed to take those out of the deck!

HOMER

Ooh, sorry. Here's another one.

BOND

What is this card? (READING CARD)

"Rules for Draw and Stud Poker?"

The supervillain's HENCHMEN move in.

SUPERVILLAIN

What a pity, Mr. Bond...

BOND

But, but, (POINTING TO HOMER) It was his fault! I didn't lose! I never lose!

SUPERVILLAIN

Perhaps the sharks will enjoy your little story.

EXT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - DAY

Marge enters the casino, holding MAGGIE, as the supervillain and henchmen carry Bond out the door.

BOND

At least tell me the details of your plot for world domination...

SUPERVILLAIN

Oh, I'm not going to fall for that one again.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - HIGH ROLLER BLACKJACK

Marge walks over to Homer. She hands him a casino uniform on a hanger.

MARGE

Here's a clean uniform. I wish you wouldn't spend your break sleeping under the boardwalk.

REVEAL that Homer's back is covered with tar, which is encrusted with seashells, bottle caps, and cigarette butts.

HOMER

Hey, Marge, after your big spaz against legalized gambling, I bet it feels pretty weird to be in a casino.

MARGE

I was for the casino!

HOMER

Strike three, Marge. I remember that meeting, and I have a photographic memory.

HOMER'S FLASHBACK - HIS MEMORY OF THE MEETING

TOWNSPEOPLE fight off sleep as Marge drones on. She wears curlers and brandishes a rolling pin.

MARGE

Legalized gambling is a bad idea. You can build a casino over my dead body!

PULL BACK to reveal the scene resembles a "FIND THE MISTAKES" cartoon: a well-dressed CROCODILE sits next to Marge, Apu is three stories tall, etc. Homer has an incredible physique. SOMEONE hands him a phone.

SOMEONE

For you. It's the President.

BACK TO SCENE

MARGE

Well, Maggie's a little restless. I better get going...

On the way out, Marge's eye is caught by a particularly inviting slot machine. She DROPS a quarter in and instantly WINS four more. Satisfied, she grabs them and leaves.

EXT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Marge looks at her watch, thinks for a second, and goes back into the casino.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - GRAND FOYER

Gerry Cooney is still greeting Otto, who is now visibly exasperated.

GERRY COONEY

And in medieval times, there were fifty six cards in a deck -- the four suits representing the military, the church, merchants and farmers...

EXT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - DAY

The treehouse now sports a flashing neon sign -- "Club Backyard." Bart, in tuxedo, stands at the base of the tree as kids climb up. He greets KIDS and TALKS on the phone simultaneously.

BART

Welcome... Have a lucky day... (TO PHONE) Sure, we'll cash a check from your grandparents...

WENDELL comes up and WHISPERS to Bart.

BART (CONT'D)

A date for the evening? I'll see if I can arrange it.

INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The treehouse resembles a miniature casino. Kids play cards in one corner.

LEWIS

Got any fives?

RALPH takes a dramatic puff on his bubble-gum cigar, then BLOWS A BUBBLE.

RALPH

(DEAD SERIOUS) Go fish.

On one wall, we see various odds posted e.g. "Krabappel Nervous Breakdown: 2-1" and "Fat Kid Popular: 50-1." There is also a buffet composed of food stolen from the Simpsons refrigerator. NELSON, the bouncer, **TOSSES MARTIN** Prince out.

MARTIN

I hardly think it's fair to eject a patron simply for winning!

NELSON

Your wussiness was distracting the other players.

MILHOUSE performs on a makeshift stage. He wears a cape and top hat and **STRUGGLES** to push Snowball II into a shoebox.

SNOWBALL II

(FRANTIC MEOWING)

MILHOUSE

Behold the box of mystery! The cat goes in... uh... (TRIES TO PUSH CAT IN)

Snowball II **ERUPTS IN PANIC AND ATTACKS**. ANOTHER CAT, hidden in his top hat, jumps out and both cats **MAUL** Milhouse.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

(CRIES OF PAIN)

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - HIGH ROLLER BLACKJACK

Homer is dealing to RAIN MAN and his BROTHER, both in matching suits. Rain Man has amassed a large pile of chips.

HOMER

Do that card-counting thing again!

RAIN MAN

Hit me.

Homer deals a five onto Rain Man's sixteen.

HOMER

Oooh! Twenty-one! Let's do it again!

C'mon!

Homer's annoying behavior is beginning to bother Rain Man.

RAIN MAN

Definitely have to leave the table.

HOMER

No! Please, please, please...

RAIN MAN

Gotta watch Wapner. Leave the table.

Yeah, leave the table.

HOMER

No!

Rain Man starts to have one of his **HORRIBLE SCREAMING FITS**. After a beat, Homer starts to have a **HORRIBLE FIT** too.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - BURNS' PENTHOUSE

Burns, in bathrobe, with five o'clock shadow and dark circles under his eyes, sits transfixed in front of a bank of casino monitors.

SMITHERS

Sir, you haven't slept since the casino opened, five days ago.

BURNS

I've discovered the perfect business. People swarm in, empty their pockets, and scuttle off, only to repeat the process the very next day. Nothing can stop me now. (SUDDEN WORRIED THOUGHT) Except microscopic germs. But we won't let that happen. Will we Smithers?

SMITHERS

(UNCOMFORTABLY) Er... No, sir.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - SLOT MACHINES - LATER THAT DAY

Marge is absorbed in playing the slot machine. Maggie is **SPITTING** her pacifier into the air and catching it in her mouth. She **SPITS** too high and it **LANDS** in a **WOMAN'S** coin cup. The woman walks off with her cup, and Maggie follows. Marge doesn't notice.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - CASHIER

The woman disappears into a sea of similar fat, nondescript women. Maggie follows.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - CRAPS TABLE

Maggie has somehow crawled onto the middle of the craps table.

GAMBLER

Whoa, a baby on the table! That's good luck!

He throws the dice.

CROUPIER

Snake eyes. Sorry.

CRAP PLAYERS

(TO MAGGIE) Booo!

The CROUPIER uses his little rake to pull Maggie off the table along with chips.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - MAIN ROOM

Gunter and Ernst are walking their tiger through the casino on a leash. They have stopped to TALK to a fresh-off-the-turnip-truck FARMBOY.

FARMBOY

Gawrsh! It must be exciting to live in
the cas-een-oh!

GUNTER

Ja!

ERNST

You know, we're having a party
tonight...

No one notices that Maggie has crawled up and is grabbing at the tiger's whiskers. The tiger lets loose with a COLOSSAL ROAR, and Maggie is paralyzed with fear. Barney, nearby, sees this and dashes over to scoop up Maggie.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - SLOT MACHINES

Barney spots Marge at the slot machine and runs up with Maggie.

BARNEY

Marge, you gotta watch out for your
baby! She coulda been eaten by that
polar bear!

MARGE

(GASPS) Oh my God, Barney, thank you.

I would never have forgiven myself.

She sets Maggie down on the floor.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Now you stay put, young lady.

Marge turns back to the slot machine and continues **PLAYING** mechanically. Barney looks a little shocked.

BARNEY

(ASIDE) Man, that's classic compulsive behavior!

He grabs an entire tray of beer from a WAITRESS.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

(CHUGS BEER) (BELCH)

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Gerry Cooney peels some bark off a tree. Otto sits on a stump, fuming.

GERRY COONEY

This is the Western White Spruce.
Local Indians used the sap to seal
leaks in their canoes. It was also
used in a religious ceremony known as
the "Watanda-Ni-Pokk"...

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF MR. BURNS' CASINO - MIDNIGHT

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - SHOWROOM - MIDNIGHT

KRUSTY is performing his late-night "blue" show, cigarette and cocktail in hand.

KRUSTY

I don't wanna hit a "sore" spot, but
can we talk about herpes? (SINGS)
"Strangers in the night / Exchanging
herpes"... Hey, that spot on
Gorbachev's head? Herpes, trust me...
Huh? Huh? (SILENCE) You people are the
worst audience I've ever seen.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

You're the worst comedian we've ever
seen!

KRUSTY

Great. We'll just sit here silently
for the next ninety minutes.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Fine with us.

Krusty sits down on the stage and glares at the AUDIENCE.
The audience glares back.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - BURNS' PENTHOUSE

A deranged-looking Burns swivels in his chair, periodically
squirting disinfectant into the air.

BURNS

I want twenty-four-hour security on
this room -- I want my air tested daily
for poison gases -- and I will only eat
canned pinto beans cooked on this
Bunsen Burner!

Burns shakes the Bunsen Burner at Smithers.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(SHAKING HIS FISTS AT MONITOR) They're
all against me, aren't they?!

SMITHERS

(SINCERE) Yes, they are, sir.

BURNS' POV

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Smithers' face, which is crawling with
hideous microscopic germs.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - CONTINUOUS

The main floor is mostly empty, except for a smattering of hard-core gamblers, Marge among them. Homer, his jacket over his shoulder, walks by and is surprised to see her.

HOMER

(TOUCHED) Marge, you waited for me.

MARGE

(GRUFF MURMUR)

She keeps **PLAYING**, and doesn't take her eyes off the machine.

HOMER

Okay, Marge, let's go.

MARGE

(TERSE) I'll catch up to you.

Homer starts to walk away, and realizes she has no intention of catching up.

HOMER

Marge, I'm taking the car.

MARGE

I'll walk.

HOMER

This late? Through the bad neighborhood?

MARGE

Yeah.

HOMER

Marge...

MARGE

(SNAPPING) Go home. You're bad luck!

HOMER

Wait. I see what's happening here.
You're just mad because this place is
doing great, and you don't approve of
gambling. Well, that's just sad.

Homer walks away in a huff. Marge continues staring
forward blankly as she **PLAYS** the machine.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Grampa and Jasper RIDE along in an Atlantic City-style roller chair. They roll past the gleaming new casino.

JASPER

Hot diggity! Legalized gamblin's done
wonders for this town.

As soon as they pass the casino, we see the rest of the town is still run-down and boarded-up. The cart stops, and we hear a THUD as the chair CRASHES through a rotted section of boardwalk.

GRAMPA/JASPER

(SCREAMS)

INT. BURNS' CASINO - SLOT MACHINES

Marge is compulsively PLAYING a machine. Smithers, accompanied by TWO SECURITY GUARDS, approaches her.

SMITHERS

Excuse me, Ma'am. Don't you think
you've gambled enough?

MARGE

(GRUFFLY) No.

SMITHERS

Very well. We're required by law to
ask every 75 hours. (TO GUARDS) Get
her another free drink.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is dirty and strewn with empty food containers. Bart (tuxedo, tie undone) is on the phone. Lisa and Maggie are at the table.

LISA

Do you get the sense this family is disintegrating? We haven't had a meal with Mom all week. And she hasn't even started my costume for the Geography Pageant.

BART

(COVERING PHONE) Pipe down, sister. I've gotta book a new act for tonight. Turns out that Liza Minelli impersonator was really Liza Minelli. (SHUDDERS)

Homer enters and heads for the fridge.

LISA

There's nothing to eat for breakfast.

HOMER

You've gotta improvise, Lisa.

Homer DUMPS a jar of cloves in a cereal bowl, POURS Tom Collins Mix over them and prepares to eat the mixture.

LISA

Maybe Mom just doesn't realize we miss her. We could go to the casino and let her know.

HOMER

Come on, Lisa, there's no reason to...

(TAKES A BITE AND FREEZES)

...Let's go see Mom.

They all head out. Homer rushes back in and WOLFS DOWN the rest of the cloves.

INT. BURN'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES

The family approaches Marge.

HOMER

Marge, we need to talk. You're spending too much time at the casino, and I think you may have a problem...

MARGE

I won sixty dollars last night.

HOMER

Woo hoo! Problem solved! (GRABS MONEY)

INT. BURNS' CASINO - BURNS' PENTHOUSE

The room is dark. PAN ALONG the bank of monitors to show CASINO PATRONS TALKING to each other.

PATRON #1

I hear Mr. Burns had all the fillings removed from his teeth.

PATRON #2

I heard he makes 'em replace the toilet after he uses it.

PATRON #3

I heard he's always listening to some record by the University of Michigan Marching Band.

BURNS (O.S.)

Wrong! University of Illinois!

PULL BACK to reveal Burns is crazed and has long hair, beard and fingernails à la Howard Hughes.

SMITHERS

Other than that, they're getting pretty
reliable information, sir.

BURNS

I suppose.

Burns flips over the record, and we hear the loud strains
of "LOUIE LOUIE" played by the University of Illinois
Marching Band.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

LISA (O.S.)

Mommm!

Lisa runs in and sees Homer asleep, alone. She wakes him
up.

HOMER

(ASLEEP) It's gettin' awful hot in this
tank, General Rommel... (WAKING UP)
Huh? Lisa? Whuzzab?

LISA

I just had a bad dream and I wanted to
sleep in here with you guys.

HOMER

Sure... you just lie down and tell me
all about it.

LISA

Well, I know it's absurd, but I dreamed
the Boogeyman was after me and...

HOMER

(SCREAM) Boogeyman?! You stay here and
nail the windows shut! I'll get the
gun!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM

Homer KICKS open the door.

HOMER

(TREMBLING) Bart, I don't want to alarm
you, but there may be a Boogeyman or
Boogeymen in the house!

BART

(SCREAM)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Homer, Bart, Lisa and Maggie sit nervously on the bed with
dark circles under their eyes. Shotgun shells litter the
bed, and there is a wide hole blown through the door.
Marge enters.

BART/LISA

(RELIEVED SIGH)

MARGE

What happened here?

HOMER

(SARCASTIC) Oh, nothing, Marge. Just a
little incident involving the
Boogeyman. Of course, none of this
would've happened if you'd been here to
keep me from acting stupid.

MARGE

I'm sorry.

HOMER

Listen, Marge, I don't care how much you win at that casino... These kids need at least one good parent.

MARGE

You're right. I have been a little neglectful lately. I'll be around more, I promise.

LISA

Does this mean you'll help me with my costume?

MARGE

I sure will, honey.

They hug.

HOMER

Aw. Just like on TV.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - MR. BURNS' PENTHOUSE - DAY

Smithers looks anxiously out the window at the casino marquee, which says "Tonight: Wayne Newton. Also, Concrete & Asphalt Expo '93."

SMITHERS

I'm afraid Wayne Newton hasn't arrived yet, Sir.

BURNS

Drat. And it'll take at least 20 minutes to disinfect him.

INT. SPRINGFIELD AIRPORT - THAT MINUTE

Bart is waiting at the gate, holding up a sign for "Wayne Newton." NEWTON comes up with his garment bag.

WAYNE NEWTON

Hi. Are you from the casino?

BART

I'm from a casino.

WAYNE NEWTON

Good enough. Let's go.

EXT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - DAY - LATER

Bart pulls up on his bike, with Wayne Newton riding on the handlebars. Nelson spells out "WAYNE NEWTON" on the marquee.

BART

We've had a slight problem with owls in the dressing room, so you can change behind the tree if you'd like.

WAYNE NEWTON

Are you sure this is the casino? I think maybe I should call my manager.

NELSON

(MAKING FIST, MENACING) Your manager says for you to shut up!

WAYNE NEWTON

Hmmm. Jack said that? Fair enough.

Wayne Newton climbs up to the treehouse.

WAYNE NEWTON (CONT'D)

Well, it's still better than Laughlin.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homer is watching TV. Lisa enters.

LISA

Dad, Mom said she'd be home to help me with my costume, and the Geography Pageant is tomorrow morning.

HOMER

Lisa, can't you see Daddy's doodling?

ANGLE ON HOMER'S PAD

We see several different size circles.

LISA

Dad, if I don't show up looking like the state of Florida tomorrow, you're gonna have to answer to forty-nine angry kids in foam rubber suits.

HOMER

(SIGHS) It's always something isn't it? First, I have to drive your pregnant mother to the hospital so she can give birth to you, and now this.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

1) Homer and Lisa are in the attic. Homer pulls up thick sections of insulation marked "Asbestos," and cuts them to shape. Asbestos dust flies all around.

2) Homer is sewing material with a needle, and keeps sticking himself.

HOMER

Ow...ow...ow.

3) Homer is at a sewing machine. The automatic needle pierces him repeatedly.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(QUICKLY) Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!

4) Homer pulls a welding mask over his face, and begins ARC WELDING. Sparks fly. PULL BACK to show he is working on the fender of his car. A distraught Lisa watches.

LISA

Dad!

HOMER

(STOPS WELDING) Oh yeah, the costume.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

CLOSE ON Homer putting the finishing touches on the costume. He steps back proudly.

HOMER

Hello, Florida.

WIDEN to see Lisa in her costume. She is helplessly encased in a hideous conglomeration of masking tape, insulation, etc. Crudely painted down the middle is the word "FLOREDA". An orange pathetically taped to her shoulder slowly gives way, falls to the floor, and rolls away.

LISA

I'm not a state, I'm a monster! (BURSTS INTO TEARS)

HOMER

(GENUINELY UPSET) That's it. I'll never forgive your mother for doing this to you.

He runs out.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - MAIN ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A crazed Homer runs into the casino. He KNOCKS OVER blackjack tables and SWEEPS cash and chips to the floor, a la Jesus & the Money Changers.

HOMER

(SHOUTING, TO THE CASINO) You stole my
wife!! Marge! Where are you?!

INT. MR BURNS' CASINO - COAT CHECK - SIMULTANEOUS

Mayor Quimby is making out with a WAITRESS who has a
"Marge" name-tag.

MAYOR QUIMBY

(ALARMED) I thought you said your
husband was in the hospital having his
leg amputated!

WAITRESS

He is.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Fantastic.

They continue MAKING OUT feverishly.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - CRAPS TABLE

Still rampaging, Homer runs up and grabs the dice from a
player. He throws them away furiously.

CROUPIER

Seven. Lucky seven.

CRAPS PLAYERS

(CHEERS)

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Homer RUNS past and violently SWATS the wheel. It SPINS
wildly, then stops.

WHEELMAN

Double stars. Everybody wins.

WHEEL PLAYERS

(CHEERS)

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - BURNS' PENTHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Burns and Smithers see Homer's rampage on the monitors.

BURNS

That man is insane! I don't want him
working in my casino!

SMITHERS

We'll transfer him to the nuclear power
plant, sir.

BURNS

(SAD) Oh, the plant... How I miss the
plant. Poisoning the Earth is so much
more satisfying than poisoning the
soul.

SMITHERS

More lucrative as well, Sir. Business
has really dropped off since they
legalized gambling in Shelbyville and
Union Mills and Moneytown, which until
two weeks ago was Mormontown.

Uneasy, Burns strokes his beard. His long fingernails get
caught, and one of them **CRACKS** off.

BURNS

Bah! To hell with this! Get my razor!
Draw a bath! (LIFTING HIS FOOT) And get
these Kleenex boxes off my feet!

SMITHERS

Certainly. And the jars of urine, sir?

BURNS

Oh, hang on to those.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - SLOT MACHINES

The nearly-rabid Homer spots Marge, runs up, and RIPS the plug out of her slot machine.

HOMER

(LOUD INCOHERENT BABBLE)

MARGE

Homer! What is it? Slow down.

HOMER

(SLOW INCOHERENT BABBLE)

MARGE

Think before you say each word.

HOMER

(POINTING ACCUSINGLY) You broke a promise to your child.

MARGE

What?

HOMER

You promised Lisa you'd help her with her costume. You made her cry, then I cried.

MARGE

(GIANT GASP) Lisa's costume. (SIGH)

Homer, I didn't realize. I'm so sorry.

Let's go home.

She gets up, and THROWS her tub of quarters into the trash.

HOMER

Now there's no need to get crazy about
this.

He rummages through the trash.

INT. MR. BURNS' CASINO - GRAND FOYER

Homer and Marge head out.

HOMER

You know, Marge, for the first time in
our marriage, I can finally look down
my nose at you. (SAVORING) You have a
gambling problem.

MARGE

That's true. Will you forgive me?

HOMER

Sure... Remember when I got caught
stealing those watches from Sears?
Well, that's nothing, because you have
a gambling problem! And remember when
I let that escaped lunatic into the
house 'cause he was dressed like Santa
Claus? Well, you have a gambling
problem!

MARGE

Homer, when you forgive someone, you
can't throw it back at them like that.

HOMER

Aw, what a gyp.

INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - THAT EVENING

Wayne Newton, very professional, is SINGING for the kids.

WAYNE NEWTON

Jingle Bells / Batman smells / Robin
laid an egg! / Batmobile lost a wheel /
And the Joker got away! Hey! Thank
you very much.

The kids APPLAUD. Wayne Newton swings the microphone
around and accidentally HITS Milhouse in the face.

WAYNE NEWTON (CONT'D)

Ooh. Sorry, kid. Are there any more
requests?

JIMBO

Do "Popeye the Sailor Man!"

WAYNE NEWTON

Ohhh... I'm... Popeye the Sailor Man /
I sit in a frying pan / I'll turn up
the gas / And burn off my...

Suddenly, a number OF OUT-OF-BREATH POLICEMEN climb into
the treehouse.

CHIEF WIGGUM

(PANTING) Nobody move! This is a raid!

Get the buffet, boys.

EXT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

Cops escort all the kids off while Wayne Newton signs
autographs for EDDIE and LOU.

CHIEF WIGGUM

You're in a lotta trouble, Simpson. We both know there's gotta be somethin' illegal about building a casino for children in a tree.

BART

Surely we could work something out...

CHIEF WIGGUM

(SLY) Yeah... You get off with a warning, and... (CONSPIRATORIAL) and I get to swing in that tire over there.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DUSK

Homer and Marge stroll down the Boardwalk into a beautiful sunset.

HOMER

You know, you were right. Legalized gambling was a bad idea.

MARGE

(DUBIOUS MURMUR) Actually, gambling did a very beautiful thing. It narrowed the gap between us.

HOMER

Yeah. Hey, wow! Imagine what'd happen to us if they legalized drugs, and prostitution! Maybe our kids'll live to see it... Until then, we can only dream, Marge. We can only dream.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE