



THE SIMPSONS

"YOU ONLY MOVE TWICE"

Written by

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Created by
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Developed by
James L. Brooks
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Sam Simon

RECORD

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NOTE: FOR RECORD ONLY

"YOU ONLY MOVE TWICE"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....TRESS MACNEILLE
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARLEY SMITH
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
BUSINESSWOMAN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....HARRY SHEARER
2ND ANNOUNCER (V.O.)....HANK AZARIA
MAN.....HANK AZARIA
WOMAN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
APU.....HANK AZARIA
BURNS' LAWYER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
EVERY CHARACTER IN
SPRINGFIELD.....DAN CASTELLANETA/HARRY
.....SHEARER/NANCY CARTWRIGHT/HANK
.....AZARIA/YEARLEY SMITH/PAMELA
.....HAYDEN/TRESS MACNEILLE
ROBOCALL (V.O.).....HANK AZARIA

SIMPSONS.....DAN CASTELLANETA/YEARDLEY
SMITH/NANCY CARTWRIGHT/TRESS
MACNEILLE
 MAN (HANK SCORPIO).....HANK AZARIA
 HANK SCORPIO.....HANK AZARIA
 HANG-GLIDER.....HARRY SHEARER
 TECHNICIANS.....HARRY SHEARER/HANK AZARIA/DAN
CASTELLANETA
 WORKER #1.....HARRY SHEARER
 STUDENTS.....PAMELA HAYDEN/TRESS
MACNEILLE/NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 STUDENT #1.....PAMELA HAYDEN
 STUDENT IN SUNGLASSES...TRESS MACNEILLE
 MILHOUSE-TYPE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
 MR. DOYLE.....HARRY SHEARER
 NEIGHBOR.....TRESS MACNEILLE
 LEG-UP KID.....TRESS MACNEILLE
 2ND LEG-UP KID.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 3RD LEG UP KID.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 LEG-UP TEACHER.....TRESS MACNEILLE
 REST OF CLASS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT/TRESS
MACNEILLE/PAMELA HAYDEN
 MRS. OWL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 WORKER #3.....HANK AZARIA
 UN MEMBER.....HANK AZARIA
 2ND UN MEMBER.....HARRY SHEARER
 JUMPSUITED GUY.....HARRY SHEARER
 RECORD/CHILDREN.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT/TRESS
MACNEILLE/PAMELA HAYDEN
 BONT.....DAN CASTELLANETA

COMPUTER (V.O.).....PAMELA HAYDEN

FAMILY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT/TRESS
.....MACNEILLE/YEARDLEY SMITH

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SMITHERS' HOUSE - MORNING

SMITHERS comes out of his house and starts walking to work.

SMITHERS

(SINGING TO HIMSELF, TO THE TUNE OF
"HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD") I work for
Monty Burns! / muh muh muh muh muh muh
muh Monty Burns!...

A long limo silently cruises up. The window slides down and
a very professional-looking BUSINESSWOMAN hails him.

BUSINESSWOMAN

Mr. Smithers? May we offer you a ride
to work?

SMITHERS

(TIPPING HIS HAT) No, thank you.

He resumes walking, HUMMING the Monty Burns Song. The limo
keeps pace with him.

BUSINESSWOMAN

We're from Globex Corporation. We'd
like to talk to you about an exciting
employment opportunity in our nuclear
division.

Smithers continues walking.

SMITHERS

(BREEZILY) Flattered, but spoken for.

BUSINESSWOMAN

We're prepared to offer you an impressive salary, plus health benefits for you and your life partner.

SMITHERS

(INCOHERENT ANGRY SPUTTERING, THEN)

The answer is no! What's wrong with this country?! Can't a man walk down the street without being offered a job?

He angrily tips his hat and stalks off.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The businesswoman looks through a sheaf of papers.

BUSINESSWOMAN

(SIGH) We'll have to go to the next most senior man at the plant. Ah, here we are. Ten years experience. His name is...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

HOMER rushes in excitedly.

HOMER

Marge! I've got a new job! It's with Globex Corporation. I get more money plus health benefits, for me and my life partner. And they'll move us and give us a nice house to live in and...

MARGE

Move us?

HOMER

It's in Cypress Creek. Upstate
somewhere.

MARGE

You took a new job in a strange town
without discussing it with your family?

HOMER

No, of course not. I wouldn't do that.

(BEAT) Why not?

MARGE

We have roots here, Homer. We have
friends and family and library cards...
Bart's lawyer is here.

HOMER

But Marge, this is a chance to fulfill
my lifelong dream.

MARGE

What lifelong dream?

HOMER

(HESITATES) Promise not to laugh?

MARGE

Of course we won't laugh.

BART

Yes we will. Get ready to laugh, Lisa.

LISA

Ready.

HOMER

I've always wanted to own the Dallas
Cowboys.

BART AND LISA

(LAUGHTER)

LISA

I'm sorry, Dad. I just find that very
cute.

MARGE

(FIRM) Homer, I don't want to leave
Springfield. I've dug myself into a
happy little rut here and I'm not about
to hoist myself out of it.

HOMER

Just bring the rut with you, honey.
Come on, take a look.

He shoves a cassette in the VCR.

ON TV

We see a SLOW PAN of a small, modern, pleasant looking
town.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Cypress Creek is a planned community
designed and built to serve the workers
of Globex Corporation.

ON THE SIMPSONS

HOMER

(BORED) Let's watch something else.

MARGE

Homer! You're trying to talk us into moving to this place.

HOMER

Oh yeah, that's right. Let's watch this.

ON TV

We see a dilapidated city street, not unlike the block Moe's is on. A sleek YOUNG COUPLE sadly surveys the scene.

WOMAN

Look at this place.

MAN

Somebody oughta build a town that works.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Somebody did.

The street scene FREEZES. Step by step, it's transformed into an upscale showplace:

- 1) The parking meters become lovely trees. (One meter with a mangled bike chained to it becomes a healthy tree with a mangled bike chained to it.)
- 2) A run-down vacant storefront becomes a bustling coffee bar.
- 3) The adjacent hardware store becomes another bustling coffee bar.
- 4) A HOMELESS MAN on the sidewalk becomes a mailbox.

EXT. MODEL HOME - SUNSET

The man and woman now stand with two CHILDREN we've never seen before outside their home, which sits on a hilltop overlooking a well-manicured planned community with YOUNG FAMILIES enjoying a man-made lake, bike paths and trees. Every house has solar panels on the roof and recycling bins at the curb. Several hot air balloons dot the sky.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It's called Cypress Creek. Where the technology of tomorrow meets your dreams of today.

2ND ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(QUICKLY) Your dreams may vary from those of the Globex Corporation, its subsidiaries, and shareholders.

MUSIC: SOOTHING CHORD

BACK TO SCENE

Homer **CLICKS OFF** the tape.

HOMER

(SMUGLY) Well! What do you think of me and Cypress Creek now, Marge?

MARGE

(GRUDGINGLY) It does seem nicer than Springfield.

LISA

(IMPRESSED) Yeah. Did you notice how the people weren't shoving or knocking each other down? I've never been to a place like that before.

Bart shoves her aside.

BART

Me neither!

MARGE

Well, we could use the extra money...
and this house is falling apart.

She glances out the window as the chimney falls silently past.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(LONG BEAT) All right.

HOMER/BART/LISA

Yayyy!

MONTAGE

A) There's a "For Sale" sign on the Simpson front lawn.
OTTO is looking around the front room of the Simpson house.
He notices the windows.

OTTO

Oh, wow, windows. I don't think I can
afford this place.

B) APU is talking to Marge and Homer on the front step.

APU

I am not interested in buying the
house, but I would like to use your
restroom, flip through your magazines,
re-arrange your carefully shelved
items, and handle your food products in
an unsanitary manner. Ha! Now you
know how it feels.

HOMER

Thank you! Come again!

C) Homer is pounding a "Sold" sign into the front lawn.

MARGE

Homer, don't do that until we sell the house.

Homer GROANS, disappointed, and starts removing the sign.

D) A LAWYER with an armful of cats is looking at the house.

BURNS' LAWYER

They inherited one house, and since then they've bought five more. Does it have a cat door?

MARGE

No.

The cats HISS at Marge.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Marge and Homer sit forlornly at the kitchen table.

HOMER

(SULLEN) We'll never sell this rotten dump.

Just then some plaster begins falling from the ceiling. Suddenly Bart's foot and leg break through the ceiling directly above.

BART (O.S.)

(CALMLY) 'Little help here?

Marge gets a broom and pushes Bart's leg back up through the ceiling.

MARGE

Even if we sell the house, we still won't come close to paying off the mortgage.

Marge and Homer sit glumly for a beat, then share a look of dawning realization.

MARGE AND HOMER

(GETTING AN IDEA) Heeeeey...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Homer proudly NAILS a board up over the front door that reads "ABANDONED." Meanwhile, Marge crams the last of their personal belongings into a U-Haul -- clothes, bikes, books, etc. FLANDERS comes out of his house and approaches Homer.

FLANDERS

Uh... Homer... about those things you borrowed from me over the years -- the TV stand, the power sander, the downstairs bathtub... are you going to be needing those things in Cypress Creek?

HOMER

Yes.

FLANDERS

Oh... uh...

HOMER

(PROMPTING HIM) Okily dokily.

FLANDERS

Okily dokily.

Flanders exits past GRAMPA, who is standing next to the car looking up at the family, baffled.

MARGE

(PATIENTLY) Now Grampa, we can't be with you as much as we'd like to anymore. So we've arranged with DataCom to get their automated Robocall service. It will call you every day to make sure you're okay.

GRAMPA

You'll be calling me every day?

MARGE

(LOSING PATIENCE) No! A robot will call you! A robot!

Grampa thinks about this. We see his THOUGHT BUBBLE which shows an old-fashioned ticker-tape machine, SPEWING out tape.

GRAMPA

I understand.

Homer starts the CAR. Marge and the kids wave, and they drive off.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They drive by the Kwik-E-Mart, Moe's, etc. and, in very quick succession, nearly EVERY CHARACTER IN SPRINGFIELD.

EVERY CHARACTER IN SPRINGFIELD

(QUICK AD-LIB "GOODBYES")

HOMER

I'm gonna miss Springfield. This town's been awfully good to us.

BART

No it hasn't, Dad. That's why we're leaving.

HOMER

Oh yeah. (CALLING OUT WINDOW) So long, Stinktown.

They pass the City Limits sign.

INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - LATER

Grampa's phone RINGS. He picks up the receiver. A COMPUTER VOICE begins speaking to him.

ROBOCALL (V.O.)

(SMOOTH COMPUTERIZED VOICE) This is a special greeting from Robocall, your automated friend. This service was selected for you by (DIFFERENT, DEEPER VOICE) Homer Simpson family.

GRAMPA

Hello?

ROBOCALL (V.O.)

Enter "1" if you are having a medical emergency. Enter "2" if you would like to hear inspirational scripture read by a machine. Enter "3" if you are lonely.

Grampa presses "3".

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

You have entered that you are lonely.

(BEAT) Thank you.

SFX: DIAL TONE

GRAMPA

Hello?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EST. SHOT - MOUNTAIN ROAD

The Simpson car climbs into tall timber country amidst mountaintops and giant redwoods.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lisa is looking at a pamphlet.

LISA

It says here one of these giant redwood trees can provide enough wood to make a shed the size of the Empire State Building... or enough sawdust to cover an entire day's worth of vomit at Disneyland.

The Simpsons admire the trees with new-found respect.

SIMPSONS

(OOHS AND AAHS)

EXT. CYPRESS CREEK - RESIDENTIAL AREA - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpson car drives down a tree-lined street and up to a modest but extremely nice-looking house. Homer checks his Globex folder.

HOMER

Here we are, 15201 Maple Systems Road... Our new home.

The family gets out of the car and admires the details of their new home.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Finally, a front yard big enough to sunbathe nude in.

Marge looks at the pretty gabled roof.

MARGE

Wow, look at the roof. There must be
one heck of an attic up there.

Marge excitedly dashes into the house. We hear FEET
RUNNING up some stairs.

MARGE (O.S.)

(DISAPPOINTED, MUFFLED) Nope. It's
full of insulation.

INT. NEW SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The rest of the family enters the house, which is fully
furnished, and closes the door. Less than a second later
there's a KNOCK. Lisa opens it to reveal a MAN holding a
welcome fruit basket. He is in his forties, has a neatly
trimmed red beard, and is wearing shorts and a t-shirt.

MAN

(ENTHUSIASTIC) I'm here to welcome you
on behalf of the President of the
Globex Corporation, me. (PROFFERING
BASKET) Try the papayas. They're
juicy and full of papayine. Makes you
strong. Like Popeye. Coincidence?

(GENTLY) I think so. Enzymes are my
hobby. I'm Hank Scorpio.

HOMER

(GASP) My boss!

HANK SCORPIO

Please, I'm not into that whole "boss" thing. See my feet? Moccasins. (SHOWS THEM TO HOMER) You like them? There's a pair upstairs for you. You don't like 'em, neither do I.

He takes off his moccasins and tosses them out the door.

HANK SCORPIO (CONT'D)

(TO SHOES) Get the hell out of here.

MARGE

Mr. Scorpio, this house is almost too good for us. I keep expecting to get the bum's rush.

HANK SCORPIO

We don't have bums in our town, Marge. And if we did, they'd be allowed to leave at their own pace. Now, if you'll excuse me, I was in the middle of a Fun Run.

He pulls a number out from under his shirt, runs out the door and down the street.

HANK SCORPIO (CONT'D)

See you at work tomorrow!

A beat later, a pack of exhausted RUNNERS runs down the street behind him.

HOMER

(AWED) That guy is my new hero.

Homer opens his wallet, removes a photograph, and begins tearing it up.

HOMER (CONT'D)

So long, Gandhi!

INT. NEW SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Marge, in her apron, looks around her new kitchen. We hear the QUIET HUM OF APPLIANCES.

MARGE

Okay, the oven is cleaning itself, the
Autovac's on dirt patrol...

A HUMMING VACUUM CLEANER glides past under its own power.

MARGE (CONT'D)

... Maggie's enjoying her
Swingamajig...

We see Maggie is swinging extremely high on one of those automatic indoor baby swings. On each backswing, she unsuccessfully reaches for the "Off" button.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(REMOVING APRON) I can't believe it!
I've done all my housework and it's
only 9:30! (THINKS FOR A SECOND)
Better go upstairs and make sure the
beds are still made.

She hurries upstairs.

INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - SIMULTANEOUS

Grampa is talking on the phone.

GRAMPA

Now, back then, socks didn't come in
pairs...

ROBOCALL (V.O.)

How interesting. Go on, please.

GRAMPA

You'd buy one, then take it to a Gypsy
feller who'd cut ya a "matcher." And
for an extra nickel, he'd --

ROBOCALL (V.O.)

(INTERRUPTING) And then what happened?

EXT. GLOBEX CORPORATION - SIMULTANEOUS

Homer drives into the parking lot, which has a sign with
arrows separating the "CARS" from the "BICYCLES."

HOMER

I believe I'll try... cars.

He pulls into a space (with his name on it) right next to
the sign. It is the only car space in the lot.

FROM OVERHEAD

All the other employees pull into very narrow spaces on
various bicycles: one MAN rides a recumbent bicycle
enclosed in a nylon skin with only his head poking out;
another helmeted FEMALE RIDER comes careening down the
mountain on a mountain bike into her space; finally, a MAN
on a hang-glider lands next to Homer. He unhitches, pulls
out a chain from his briefcase, locks up his glider and
saunters into work.

HANG-GLIDER

(HAPPY WHISTLING)

INT. GLOBEX CORPORATION - MAIN WORK AREA

Mr. Scorpio, wearing jeans, hiking sneakers and a
Patagonia-style jacket, is giving Homer a tour of Globex.

HANK SCORPIO

You'll notice that we're pretty casual
around here.

HOMER

(STIFFLY) Yes sir, Mr. Scorpio. I will notice that.

HANK SCORPIO

Call me Hank. (SLY) Say, before we continue our tour, would you mind hanging my coat up on that wall?

He hands Homer his jacket. Homer looks around for a place to hang the jacket. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL they are in the middle of the main work area, a vast, open sunny atrium.

HOMER

(CONFUSED SOUNDS)

HANK SCORPIO

(CHUCKLES) Relax, Homer. At Globex, we don't believe in walls. In fact, I didn't even give you my coat.

Homer looks down at his hands. They are empty. He looks back up at Hank Scorpio, who is wearing his jacket, which is now on backwards.

HOMER

No walls, must wear jacket at all times. Got it.

INT. GLOBEX - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Homer and Hank Scorpio walk along, eating sno-cones. For some reason, the background does not move. PULL BACK TO REVEAL they're walking on treadmills in the company gym.

HANK SCORPIO

Having a place like this has always been my dream. What's your dream, Homer?

HOMER

(GUARDED) Uh... to work for you?

HANK SCORPIO

I appreciate the sincerity of that
remark. But, no, really.

They get off the treadmills and, for some reason, they
begin moving forward although they aren't walking. PULL
BACK TO REVEAL they're now on a people-mover.

HOMER

Well... (A BIT EMBARRASSED) Someday
I'd like to own the Dallas Cowboys.

HANK SCORPIO

I'll bet people laugh at you when you
tell them that, don't they?

HOMER

(SURPRISED) Yeah.

HANK SCORPIO

Well, don't give up on it. They
laughed at me when I wore a blazer with
blue jeans. I invented that look.

(REASONABLE) My gift to the Americas.

Hank puts his arm around Homer as they enter another area
panelled with redwood and smoked glass.

HANK SCORPIO (CONT'D)

Now this is the nuclear generator area.
Of course our little operation must
seem like small potatoes to you, but we
think that someday we'll be able to
change the world.

HOMER

Mr. Scorpio, I assure you small
potatoes have always been high on my
list... second only to large potatoes.

INT. GLOBEX - NUCLEAR GENERATOR - CONTINUOUS

They enter a work station that looks like a sleek 90's
version of Homer's old work station (mousepads, split
ergonomic keypads, etc.). A few TECHNICIANS in casual
clothes sit at the panel.

TECHNICIANS

(AD-LIB GREETINGS)

HANK SCORPIO

Homer, these men will be your eyes,
your ears and should the need arise,
your secret Santas. They're the best
nuclear energy men around. Your job
will be to manage and motivate them.
Give them the benefit of your years of
experience.

HOMER

(PROUDLY) Don't worry. That won't
take long at all.

HANK SCORPIO

You know, the key to motivation is
trust. Lemme show you what I mean.

Hank steps behind Homer and holds out his hands.

HANK SCORPIO (CONT'D)

Fall backwards and I'll catch you. You
have to trust me. Okay, 3...2...1...
trust.

Homer closes his eyes and falls backwards into Hank's arms.
A panicked Hank strains visibly under the weight.

HANK SCORPIO (CONT'D)

Stop. Stop. I'm not going to be able
to catch you. Stop trusting. Stop
trusting.

With some difficulty, Homer rights himself.

HANK SCORPIO (CONT'D)

(TURNS TO LEAVE) Well, I'll leave you
to it, Homer. We're on a tight
schedule here, so keep 'em motivated.

Mr. Scorpio exits. Homer stands around looking a little
uncertain. Then he walks up to his nuclear team.

HOMER

Are you guys working?

WORKER #1

Yes sir, Mr. Simpson.

HOMER

(BEAT) Could you work any harder than
this?

WORKER #1

(CHEERFULLY) Sure thing, boss.

They all start working a little harder.

HOMER

(MORE CONFIDENT) Call me Homer.

EST. CYPRESS CREEK ELEMENTARY - SIMULTANEOUS

Kids, including Bart and Lisa, pour out of the school bus and charge into the sleek, state-of-the-art school. A sign reads "Cypress Creek Elementary -- <http://www.eduscape.com>."

INT. CYPRESS CREEK ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASS

It's a little like Mrs. Krabappel's class, but completely up-to-date: white-boards with colored markers, a bank of computers, track lighting, etc. The teacher isn't there yet, and the excited STUDENTS crowd around Bart, mesmerized by his antics.

BART

(MAKES RUDE NOISE WITH ARMPIT)

STUDENTS

(LAUGHTER & CHEERS)

STUDENT #1

(IMPRESSED) Dude, you are the Dude!

STUDENT IN SUNGLASSES

(WORLDLY) You got a fresh sound.

It'll play well at this school.

A MILHOUSE-TYPE sidles up to Bart.

MILHOUSE TYPE

Hey, Bart, do you have a best friend yet? 'Cause I've been looking for someone to boss me around...

MR. DOYLE, a pleasant man in his 30's, enters and the students take their seats.

MR. DOYLE

(CASUAL) Okay, folks, let's do it to it. Grammar, that is. Everybody write down this sentence and circle the nouns.

On the chalkboard, he writes the sentence "Quentin and Tammy went to the zoo on Sunday" in cursive. All the students begin taking this down. A confused Bart looks quizzically at the others, then squints at the board.

MR. DOYLE (CONT'D)

(CONSULTING PAPER) Bart, as the newest addition to our menagerie, you have the honors.

BART

Uh... Um...

MR. DOYLE

(HELPFULLY) Start by reading the sentence...

BART

Two, wintim amd Jawwy wirt... (TRAILS OFF)

The other students stare at Bart. After an awkward silence, Bart makes a TENTATIVE ARMPIT FART SOUND. Nobody laughs.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM - A FEW SECONDS LATER

The concerned teacher crouches with Bart, in conference.

MR. DOYLE

(GENTLY) So you never learned cursive?

BART

(SINCERE, VULNERABLE) Well, I know
hell and damn and sh--

MR. DOYLE

Cursive handwriting. Script. Do you
know the multiplication tables? Long
division?

BART

I know of them.

MR. DOYLE

Well, what were they teaching you at--
(CONSULTS FILE) (NODS KNOWINGLY) Oh,
Springfield Elementary. (SNEERS)
Seymour Skinner's operation.

He walks Bart down the hall.

MR. DOYLE (CONT'D)

You know, Bart, I think you'd profit
from a more remedial environment. I'm
sure you'll feel right at home in...

The "Leg-Up" Program.

He opens the door and ushers Bart into a brightly-painted
room containing SIX BOYS and ONE GIRL who look an awful lot
like Ralph Wiggum. They smile eagerly at Bart.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING

EXT. NEW SIMPSON HOUSE - YARD - A LITTLE LATER

A happy Marge comes out of the house, wearing gardening
clothes, a sun-hat, and carrying a water-pail. As she
strides towards the flowerbed, the automatic **SPRINKLERS** go
on, watering every part of the lawn. Marge looks
crestfallen. She turns and heads back into the house.

INT. NEW SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marge enters and sits at the counter.

MARGE

Guess I can't complain. Everything's
perfect here.

A beat passes. Then another beat. Then she pours herself
a glass of wine and takes a **BIG SIP**.

SFXOLDFASHIONED -> OLD-FASHIONED: OMINOUS STING

INT. CYPRESS CREEK ELEMENTARY - LEG-UP CLASS - LATER

The six Ralph Wiggum-y students sit at one large table.
Bart leans over his neighbor.

BART

Hey, cuz, what're you in for?

LEG-UP KID

I had mono. (SLOW, WEARY DRONE) It
took me a year to get my energy back.

2ND LEG-UP KID

I fell off the jungle gym, and when I
woke up, I was in here.

3RD LEG-UP KID

(CHEERFUL) I start fires!

The LEG-UP TEACHER, a matronly woman with glasses, writes a
large cursive "A" on the chalkboard.

LEG-UP TEACHER

Okay. Now everyone take out your
safety pencil and a circle of paper.
This week I hope we can finish our work
on the letter "A."

BART

Let me get this straight. We're behind the rest of our class, and we're going to catch up to them by going slower than they are? (MAKES "CUCKOO" NOISE)

The rest of the class imitates him.

REST OF CLASS

(MAKES REPEATED "CUCKOO" NOISES)

LEG-UP TEACHER

Stop it! Stop it! Warren! Melvin! Gary! Dot! Gordy!

BART

Look, lady, I'm s'posed to be in the fourth grade.

LEG-UP TEACHER

(INFURIATINGLY CONDESCENDING) Sounds to me like someone's got a case of the "spose'das."

BART

(GROAN)

Bart drops his head to the table. A nearby student's hand reaches in and pats Bart consolingly. The patting quickly intensifies into a series of painful **SLAPS**. Then the teacher reaches in and pulls the hand away.

LEG-UP TEACHER

Warren!

EXT. CYPRESS CREEK ELEMENTARY - AFTERNOON

Lisa leaves school and begins walking home through the woods. She skips down a sun-dappled path, marveling at all the beautiful flora and fauna.

LISA

Wildflowers! We don't have you in
Springfield!

A cheerful CHIPMUNK hops up.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hello, Mr. Chipmunk! You're a Northern
Reticulated Chipmunk! (BABY TALK)

Yes, you are! You're so reticulated!

She skips past an OWL perched on a tree limb.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hi, Mrs. Owl! You're out kind of
early!

Lisa skips off. In the background, the owl swoops down and
flies away with the struggling chipmunk.

MRS. OWL

(TRIUMPHANT HOOT)

EXT. CYPRESS CREEK - RETAIL PROMENADE - THAT WEEKEND

The Simpsons walk along the beautifully landscaped retail
promenade.

LISA

This town is so much more in tune with
nature than Springfield! The trees
stand up all by themselves and the
animals all have the right number of
eyes and heads.

MARGE

I noticed that!

HOMER

What I noticed is how well I'm doing at work. Mr. Scorpio says productivity's up 2%, and it's all because of my motivational techniques, like donuts and the possibility of more donuts to come.

MARGE

I knew you'd do well, Homer. This move seems like a blessing for every member of the family.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - THAT MINUTE

Grampa is on the phone.

GRAMPA

Hi, it's me. You're gonna laugh when you hear what my goldfish just did...

ROBOCALL (V.O.)

How did you get this number?

EXT. CYPRESS CREEK - RETAIL PROMENADE - CONTINUOUS

The family strolls past several upscale shops to a sports memorabilia store called "The Spend Zone." Its logo is a goal post with a sack of money flying over it. Lisa sees something in the window.

LISA

(GASP) A hockey puck with an original Ghi LaFleur tooth still in it!

HOMER

(IMPRESSED WHISTLE) (THEN, GASPS) Tom
Landry's hat! And it's autographed!

(READING) "To Berman's Dry Cleaning,
Best Wishes, Tom Landry."

We see the hat is autographed with a silver pen, in the
middle of a Dallas Cowboys' display.

BART

Why don't you buy it?

HOMER

I can't buy that. Only management type
guys with big salaries like me can
afford things like that. (GASP) Guys
like me? I'm a guy like me!

INT. GLOBEX - HOMER'S WORK AREA - NEXT DAY

Homer stands next to Jenkins who is sitting at his station,
glumly wearing Homer's Tom Landry hat. Homer takes the hat
off Jenkins.

HOMER

Okay, who wants to wear the hat next?

WORKERS

(NO RESPONSE)

HOMER

(WAGGLING HAT) C'mon, it's still got
some of his original Vitalis. (BEAT)
What's with you guys?

WORKER #3

I'm sorry, we're just a little tired,
sir. We've really been pushing
ourselves to get the reactor on-line.

HOMER

(SUDDEN CONCERN) Tired, eh?

(ASTUTELY) What you guys need... is
hammocks.

Homer exits purposefully.

INT. GLOBEX - MR. SCORPIO'S OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Homer enters. In the background, we see a huge map of the world on the wall, with JUMPSUITED MEN standing at ease in front of it. Also on the wall are a series of large-screen televisions.

HANK SCORPIO

Oh, hi, Homer! What can I do you for?

HOMER

My workers need some... (NOTICING) Is
that a map of the world?

HANK SCORPIO

Yeah, I know what you're thinking --
Greenland's way too big. That's the
Mercator Projection for you. So...
something on your mind, or you just
want to swap stories?

HOMER

Sir, I need to know where I can get
some business hammocks.

HANK SCORPIO

(IMPRESSED) Hammocks? I love it!

(MAKES HITTING BALL OUT OF PARK SOUND)

Home-run idea. Wrigley Field. No!...

Old Yankee Stadium!

BUSINESSWOMAN

Ready for the linkup, Mr. Scorpio.

HANK SCORPIO

Oh, okay. Just a second, Homer. Gotta
take care of something here.

HOMER

(BORED) Fine.

Grim-faced DELEGATES OF THE UN appear on the TV screens.

HANK SCORPIO

Good afternoon, gentlemen. This is
Scorpio. I have the doomsday device.
You have 72 hours to deliver the gold.
Or face the consequences. And to prove
I'm not bluffing...

He presses a button. The members of the UN look stunned as
an **EXPLOSION** goes off somewhere near them. They look out
of the window behind them.

UN MEMBER

Omigod! The 59th Street Bridge!

2ND UN MEMBER

Maybe it just collapsed on its own.

UN MEMBER

We can't take that chance.

2ND UN MEMBER

You always say that. I want to take a chance.

HANK SCORPIO

You have 72 hours.

He flips a switch, severing the link. The televisions go blank. He turns back to Homer, who is **YAWNING**.

HANK SCORPIO (CONT'D)

Now about those hammocks. If I remember correctly, they opened a "Hammacher Schlemmer Hammocker" down on 3rd and Main. And say -- while you're down there, pick me up a neck pillow.

HOMER

3rd and Main. Gotcha.

Homer walks out, suspecting nothing.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. GLOBEX - CORRIDOR - THE NEXT DAY

Homer is walking down the corridor carrying a cup of coffee. He comes up to a JUMPSUITED WORKER who's holding an automatic weapon.

HOMER

Any sugar around here?

The jumpsuited worker jerks a thumb towards the security door at the end of the corridor.

JUMPSUITED GUY

Try in there, Homer.

Homer walks up to the security door, opens it, and walks in.

INT. GLOBEX - CHAMBER INSIDE VOLCANO - CONTINUOUS

Homer is in a giant chamber inside the mountain. In the middle of the chamber is an eight story high machine of destruction. Jumpsuited workers are engaged in **HECTIC ACTIVITIES**. Homer looks around with mild interest. Mr. Scorpio turns and sees Homer.

HANK SCORPIO

Hi, Homer! I hope your team's gonna have that nuclear generator up to full power by tomorrow. It would mean a lot to myself and the 300 other employee-owners of Globex.

HOMER

Uh... yessir. No problemo.

HANK SCORPIO

Good. By the way, what's your least favorite country, Italy or France?

HOMER

France.

Mr. Scorpio types something into the computer. The machine of destruction moves a little to the left.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(NOTICING) Hey, I've never seen this office before.

HANK SCORPIO

You haven't? Oh, that's right. We had a party here a few weeks ago, but that was before you joined us.

HOMER

Uh huh. Any sugar around here?

HANK SCORPIO

(GESTURING) It's in the sugar caddy next to the amaretto biscotti.

Homer goes to get his sugar.

INT. NEW SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MID-MORNING

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Marge as she cleans an already spotless kitchen counter. She approaches a bottle of wine and an already poured glass and passes right by it. The CAMERA HOLDS on the bottle. A beat later, Marge comes cleaning back into frame and takes a BIG SIP.

SFXOLD FASHIONED -> OLD-FASHIONED: OMINOUS STING

INT. CYPRESS CREEK ELEMENTARY - LEG-UP CLASS - DAY

The children, including Bart, are marching around a group of chairs as the teacher sits with a record player. Everyone SINGS ALONG with the MUSIC.

RECORD / CHILDREN

(TO "THIS OLD MAN") I like me / I like
me / I'm as good as I can be / With a
smile and a wave and a happy mel-o-dy /
I'm as good as--

The teacher lifts the needle off the record, and all the kids dash for chairs. There are more than enough chairs for every child.

LEG-UP TEACHER

(PATRONIZING) Hooray! Everyone's a
winner!

BART

(FRUSTRATED) Why do we keep doing
this?

LEG-UP TEACHER

This song was written by a task force
of 38 highly-qualified educators. It
is specially engineered to increase
self-esteem.

BART

Well, it ain't workin'.

LEG-UP TEACHER

Perhaps I'm not playing it loud enough.

She puts the record back on at a **DEAFENING VOLUME**. The other students get up and eagerly resume their marching. Several of them tug at Bart, trying to get him to join in.

EXT. CYPRESS CREEK - WOODS - THAT AFTERNOON

Lisa is walking along with a rapturous expression on her face. There are big flowers everywhere, even on the trees.

LISA

Oh! The whole forest is blooming!

She sniffs a beautiful flower. Her nose twitches.

LISA (CONT'D)

(PETITE SNEEZE) Excuse me.

She runs happily over to another flower and smells that, getting bright pollen all over her nose. Her eyes begin to water.

LISA (CONT'D)

My eyes are burning! (SNEEZES) Oh, no!

I must be allergic to this pollen!

SNEEZING, Lisa blunders through the woods, accidentally knocking more pollen out of everything. She trips and falls, then looks up and sees a chipmunk a few inches from her face, peering out from behind a dandelion puff.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh, little chipmunk friend. I'm

allergic to everything!

The chipmunk swivels the dandelion so it's pointing at Lisa, then blows it into her face with a **QUICK PUFF**.

LISA (CONT'D)

(SNEEZY SNOTTY YELL)

INT. GLOBEX - CAVERN FLOOR - LATER

Homer is fiddling with a vending machine, trying to get a candy bar out. Off to one side, we see Mr. Scorpio has tied down **JAMES BONT**, a formally dressed Sean Connery type. Mr. Scorpio throws a lever which causes a laser beam to move nearer and nearer to Bont's crotch.

HANK SCORPIO

Ingenious, isn't it Mr. Bont? The laser is just strong enough to kill you without marring the surface of my authentic Stickley table.

BONT

Scorpio, you are totally mad.

HANK SCORPIO

Hey, let's not point fingers. That is so not what we're about here at Globex Corporation. Goodbye, Mr. Bont.

As Mr. Scorpio turns to leave, the laser beam moves within a centimeter of James Bont.

ON BONT

As Scorpio walks away, Bont works a quarter out of his pocket and flips it up into the air. The laser beam bounces off of it and breaks into four beams, which burn through the restraints on his wrists and ankles. He jumps up, runs after Scorpio, **SPRAYS** gas in Mr. Scorpio's face, and runs off past the vending machine.

HANK SCORPIO (O.S.)

(SPUTTERING NOISES) Stop him!

Without hesitating, Homer tackles Bont as he comes by. Bont's head **BANGS** hard against the concrete floor. Mr. Scorpio runs up, accompanied by jumpsuited henchmen.

HANK SCORPIO

Nice work, Homer. Hey, there's a great Tex-Mex place down the street. Whaddaya say we grab some flautas?

HOMER

Okay by me.

They exit. As James Bont is dragged out of frame, the henchmen whip out pistols. Offscreen, we hear the sound of
A NUMBER OF GUNS WITH SILENCERS GOING OFF.

INT. NEW SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Over dinner, Homer talks to the family, who seem rather glum.

HOMER

(PROUDLY) I tackled a loafer at work today.

FAMILY

(NO RESPONSE)

HOMER

Hey, what's with you sad sacks?

LISA

I'm allergic to everything here. My nose is so stuffed up, I can't even taste Mom's delicious boiled celery.

MARGE

I've been so bored since we moved here, I've found myself drinking a glass of wine every day. I know doctors say you should drink a glass and a half, but I just can't drink that much. I feel like I'm stuck in a dangerous no-man's land.

HOMER

Well, the Simpson men are doing fine, right Bart? You haven't even gotten in trouble at school.

BART

(ANNOYED) I can't get in trouble at school. I'm in a locked, padded room with thick carpets and bounce-resistant balls!

MARGE

Well, at least they have good schools here.

BART

Mom! They put me in the remedial class! I'm surrounded by arsonists and kids with mittens pinned to their jackets!

HOMER

Uh-huh. Well, some things are a little different here. But you'll get used to 'em.

LISA

Dad, everything is different. In the cafeteria here, we have to eat with sporks. I miss our old school where everyone got two spoons.

MARGE

And they keep ticketing me for parking more than twenty-four inches from the curb.

BART

And the water*doesn't taste like
Springfield water. It tastes like
vacation water.

Bart, Lisa and Marge all look at each other for a long
beat.

BART (CONT'D)

(SLOWLY) Hey Dad...

MARGE/LISA/BART

We want to go back to Springfield.

HOMER

But my job is here. And for the first
time in my life, I'm actually good at
it. My team is way ahead of the
weather machine and germ warfare
divisions.

MARGE

(RESIGNED) It's up to you, Homer.
Whatever you decide, that's what we'll
do.

HOMER

(SMALL WORRIED SOUND)

INT. GLOBEX - CAVERN FLOOR - THE NEXT MORNING

Homer walks onto the cavern floor. Behind him, a huge
BATTLE is going on between Globex henchmen and U.S.
soldiers who are rappelling down the cavern walls. Homer
walks up to the businesswoman from earlier, who is wearing
a bikini and holding a clipboard.

HOMER

I need to talk to Mr. Scor-- (NOTICING)
Hey, why are you wearing a bikini, Miss
Jigglesworth?

BUSINESSWOMAN

It's a long story. (JERKING A THUMB)
He's over there.

NEW ANGLE

Mr. Scorpio is hurriedly pressing buttons on his console.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

T minus 1 minute 35 seconds.

Suddenly a platoon of SOLDIERS burst through the side wall. Scorpio quickly presses a button marked "Scald". High overhead, a vat tips and a molten substance pours down on the soldiers. Homer walks up.

HOMER

I've got a problem, Hank.

HANK SCORPIO

Ooh... can it wait a sec?

HOMER

Well, it is pretty important.

Mr. Scorpio stops what he's doing and turns to Homer. In the background we see the businesswoman flip across the cavern floor, grab NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF by the head with her legs and CHOKER him with her thighs.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(LOOKS AROUND) Say, what's going on?

HANK SCORPIO

(A LITTLE EMBARRASSED) I'm having a
little trouble with the government.

HOMER

(DARKLY) Oh, those jerks. Always jumping all over a guy, just because he has some new ideas. Don't get me started about the government.

HANK SCORPIO

Well, they are just doing their job. Anyway, Homer, what's on your mind? Talk to me.

HOMER

My family wants to move back to Springfield.

HANK SCORPIO

What's bothering them?

HOMER

Nothing big. Just a lot of little things.

HANK SCORPIO

(GENTLY) It's the little things that make up life, Homer.

Mr. Scorpio whirls and throws a **HAND GRENADE** into a group of advancing soldiers. Then he turns back to Homer.

HANK SCORPIO (CONT'D)

Don't let your job take precedence over everything else, Homer. You've got to do what's best for you and your family.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

T minus 14 seconds.

HANK SCORPIO

I've got to run. Whatever choice you make, I'll respect it. If you need to go, go. If you feel you can stay, we'd love to have you. We can fill your position, but we can't replace you.

Missiles begin **STRIKING** the volcano. Flaming debris and boulders fall to the cavern floor. Mr. Scorpio grabs a flamethrower and runs across the cavern floor, **BLASTING** advancing government forces. He calls back to Homer.

HANK SCORPIO (CONT'D)

Whatever you decide, thanks much.

Homer walks off, looking thoughtful.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - OLD SIMPSON HOUSE - A FEW DAYS LATER

The Simpson car and trailer pull up three feet from the curb. Marge gets out of the driver's seat as the rest of the family piles out. The "For Sale" sign is still on the lawn and a big stack of newspapers lies on the front stoop. As the Simpsons obliviously walk by the newspapers, we see the top one has the headline "SUPERVILLAIN SEIZES EAST COAST." Underneath is a photo of a smiling Hank Scorpio.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

They enter the house and look around.

HOMER

Well, everything's back to normal.

The **DOORBELL** rings. Homer answers it and is handed a telegram. He opens it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(READING) "Project Arcturus couldn't have succeeded without you. This will get you a little closer to that dream of yours. It's not the Dallas Cowboys, but it's a start. Drop me a line if you're on the East Coast, Hank Scorpio."

Homer looks outside. The HOUSTON OILERS are on the lawn, running wind sprints and passing footballs to each other.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(DISAPPOINTED) The Houston Oilers.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Marge are in bed. Homer looks pissed.

MARGE

I still think owning the Houston Oilers is pretty good.

HOMER

Yeah yeah.

MARGE

Well explain to me why it isn't.

HOMER

(SIGH) You just don't understand football, Marge.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW