

THE SIMPSONS
"HOMER'S DONUT ALLERGY"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

IMAX SCREEN FOOTAGE

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - DAY

We see a team of male scientists in white coats gathered around a FUTURISTIC MACHINE. It hums with energy. A tall, crazy scientist leads the experiment.

He has a shock of orange hair and wears neon wrap-around shades. This is **LANGOUSTINE**.

LANGOUSTINE

Gentlemen, at last we have harnessed
the power of *reverse male gravity!*

The groups GASPS and frantic WHISPERING travels across the room.

LANGOUSTINE (CONT'D)

No longer will man be forced to
endure his ground-based trappings!
Once activated, we will no longer be
held down the the weaker force or the
weaker sex! We must mark the
occasion!

Langoustine moves to pull the giant lever attached to the machine.

LANGOUSTINE (CONT'D)

Canteen ceiling at three okay for
everybody?

BAM!

The door to the lab **SMASHES** open! We see the imposing silhouette of **RAINIER WOLFCASTLE** as **MCBAIN**. As he steps into the light, we see he's packing considerable heat.

MCBAIN

Not so fast, Langoustine!

LANGOUSTINE

McBain! You can't stop scientific
progress!

MCBAIN

(DEADPAN) Here's my hypothesis--

Bang, bang, you're dead.

McBain opens **FIRE** as Langoustine yanks the lever from
'NORMAL' to 'REVERSE'.

The machine **GLOWS**. Energy beams **SHOOT** directly at the
crotches of all the men in the room. They double up in pain,
then **FLY UPWARDS** and hit the ceiling.

LANGOUSTINE

(MANIACAL) It works! All men shall

now live upside down! HHAHAHA-

A giant boot smashes into his chest and Langoustine is
KICKED THROUGH THE WINDOW!

EXT. LANGOUSTINECORP BUILDING - DAY

We see Langoustine fly out the window and fall **UP** into
space.

LANGOUSTINE

AAAAHHhhhhh!

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - DAY

McBain and his partner **SCOIE** are standing upside down,
talking to a group of female **SECRETARIES** below them.

REDHEADED SECRETARY

Thank you, McBain. The imminent
threat is over!

BLONDE SECRETARY

But how will men and women make love
from now on?

MCBAIN

(MONOTONE) You tell me.

The Blonde Secretary places a STEPLADDER on the ground and climbs it to kiss McBain. McBain double takes, then looks over to Scoie.

SCOIE

It's a topsy-turvy world, boss.

MCBAIN

It has its downsides, but things are
looking up. *Or should I say down?*

DANCING ON THE CEILING by **LIONEL RICHIE** plays as the cast parties over the CREDITS.

EXT. AZTEC MOVIE THEATER - DAY

EXCITED THEATERGOERS pour out on to the street, laughing and high-fiving. Behind them we can see posters for the movie they just saw-- "**GRAVITY OF MEN**".

HOMER, MARGE, BART, LISA and MAGGIE exit the theater.

BART

Man, I never thought I'd see an
upside-down kung-fu fight on the
bottom of a burning zeppelin!

HOMER

Has Hollywood ever disappointed
anyone?

The Simpson family walk past a sickly-looking COMIC BOOK GUY, exiting MICHAEL BAY'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES. His eyes haunted, he produces a bottle of pills and gulps down the entire contents.

INT. CAR - DAY

Homer is at the wheel, and in great spirits.

HOMER

Lisa? What did you think of the movie that everybody liked?

LISA

I thought its depiction of cisgender privilege was problematic, but not something I expect to see addressed in a popcorn movie designed for the masses.

HOMER

(MAKES A SAD FACE) Sounds like someone doesn't have 'invited-to-the-sequel' privilege.

Everyone in the car LAUGHS.

Lisa SULKS.

HOMER (CONT'D)

What did you think, Marge?

MARGE

Ooh, well it was very violent.

HOMER

(EXCITED) You noticed that!

MARGE

I liked the upside-down car chase, I won't lie.

Homer looks over to Marge and raises an eyebrow.

HOMER

Marge, you surprise me.

He revs the car, playfully.

CLOSE UP of the speedometer taking it from 35 to a shaky 45.

MARGE

(GIDDY) Woo! Oh Homey!

HOMER

Don't worry, I'm in full
control!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We see HANS MOLEMAN in his car, driving along to the best of his ability. Suddenly, the SIMPSON'S CAR whizzes past. Hans drives immediately off the road, straight into a SOLARCITY CHARGING STATION. His car is electrocuted instantly.

INT. CAR - DAY

Homer continues as if nothing happened.

BART

Homer, let's pick up some donuts on
the way home and keep this party
going.

Homer squints into the rear view mirror.

HOMER

Don't ask me... Ask Maggie!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL MAGGIE in Homer's lap, holding the steering wheel. She loves it.

The whole family **LAUGHS** in unison.

INT. KWIK-E-MART - DAY

Homer and Bart walk in, greeted by a jovial **APU**.

APU

If it isn't Homer Simpson, my bread
and clarified butter.

HOMER

Apu, we have a saying in America; Go
big or go home. Well, today, I'm
going to do both.

APU

I am close to intrigued.

Homer clears his throat.

HOMER

One hundred donuts, please.

Bart's eyes widen. He looks at Homer with reverence.

BART

Whoaaaa, Dad.

APU

Did you say what I'm hearing, 'One
hundred donuts'?

HOMER

(FILLED WITH PRIDE) I guess you'll be
closing early today.

Apu returns with a very large CARDBOARD BOX.

APU

You have indeed cleaned me out. Heh,
I use the word 'clean', but in any
case, my inventory is severely
depleted.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Homer enters carrying the BOX OF A HUNDRED DONUTS, followed by Marge and the kids.

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER prances about with bladder-busting excitement. Homer throws him a donut.

HOMER

Here you go, dog!

The dog catches it mid-air, and with one GULP, lodges it in its throat. Its eyes bulge happily.

Homer throws another donut.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Here you go, cat!

It hits **SNOWBALL II** on the face and sticks there. The cat FREAKS OUT.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The box of donuts sits center stage on the kitchen table, glinting under a ray of pure sunlight.

Marge and the kids look on with awe.

BART

You have surpassed yourself, Homer.

HOMER

(SMUGLY) I'll take that as a compliment.

MARGE

Ooh, we should get a photo! Then we can Instagram it!

Homer, Bart and Lisa stick their faces into the box and grin like crazy.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Smile!

The scene FLASHES WHITE and turns into a PHOTO. A filter is applied, turning the Simpson's skin color PINK.

LISA

(LOOKING AT MARGE'S PHONE) Weird.

HOMER

But it's for posterity, Lisa. This moment will now live on forever. Not that you ever forget the tens of thousands of donuts you eat over the course of a lifetime. No, sir. Why, I remember my very first donut like it was yesterday.

HOMER'S FLASHBACK - CIRCA 1965

We see Homer as a YOUNG BOY in a supermarket. He's unsupervised and standing in front of a case of BAKED GOODS.

He takes an APPLE TURNOVER, licks it, and puts it back. He does the same with a CREAM HORN, a BEAR CLAW, a STRUDEL, a DANISH, a MUFFIN... Then-- a DONUT--

He stops. His life changes.

Homer's jaw slackens as he dribbles on his chin.

YOUNG HOMER

Uggggghhhhhh....

BACK TO REALITY

Homer stands in his kitchen in exactly the same pose.

HOMER

Uggggghhhhhh....

GRAMPA enters.

GRAMPA

Either I'm about to have a stroke or

(MORE)

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

that's yeast I'm smelling! (SEEING
THE BOX) Whoa! Jumping goosefat!

All LAUGH.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

I want to climb on those and go to
sleep.

NED FLANDERS pops up outside the open window.

NED

(CHEERFUL) Hi-Diddly-Fiddly! That's a
whole mess of tasty treats you got
there, Simpson Family!

HOMER

Enough to go around!

Homer tosses a donut to Grampa and a donut to Flanders. They
stand there eating.

We see the box of donuts as we LAP DISSOLVE TO LATER. Half
of them are gone, then, just one is left.

Homer sits at the table, belly full. His lip wobbles and he
tears up.

LISA

You okay, Dad?

HOMER

Lisa, Daddy's got a little powdered
sugar in his eye.

Lisa frowns.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Alright, you got me. It's just that
this is easily the most perfect day
of my life.

Homer leans in conspiratorially to Bart.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WHISPER) Minus Flanders.

Bart laughs.

MARGE

Homer, you should have the last
donut!

HOMER

(SULTRY) Am I that obvious, Marge?

Homer holds eye contact with his wife as he leans in.

SLOW MOTION: Homer reaches in to the box and picks up the
final delicious-looking pink donut. He brings it to his
salivating mouth and bites down slowly, relishing every
millisecond.

Suddenly, Homer makes a CHOKING SOUND. He grabs his neck and
claws at his throat.

HOMER (CONT'D)

ACK! GUMS... ON FIRE! THROAT

(SWALLOWS HARD) IMPLODING--

Homer collapses on the kitchen floor.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An AMBULANCE SPEEDS along the street, sirens WAILING.

It causes HANS MOLEMAN'S car to SWERVE into a freshly dug
foundation hole of a TESLA MOTORS showroom, which is
immediately filled with concrete from a truck.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Marge is at Homer's bedside in a sterile recovery room. **DR. HIBBERT** stands next to her. Homer's THROAT is swollen like a bullfrog. It's like a big beige translucent balloon.

DR. HIBBERT

Simply put, Mrs. Simpson, your husband has developed a chronic allergy to donuts, due to massive over-consumption. His body simply cannot take any more 'sugarpoison'.

MARGE

Oh dear. He's not going to like that.

DR. HIBBERT

(LAUGHS) Nobody would.

Dr. Hibbert picks up a box of donuts.

DR. HIBBERT (CONT'D)

Donut?

He starts eating one.

MARGE

Ah, no thanks, Doctor. (LOOKING AT HOMER) Will he be OK?

DR. HIBBERT

(MOUTH FULL) Oh, why, of course. Once the swelling goes down and the enemas kick in.

Dr. Hibbert takes Marge by the hand.

DR. HIBBERT (CONT'D)

(SOFTLY) As for donuts, he can never
eat one again.

HOMER SHRIEKS, except it sounds like a TOAD MATING CALL.

The CALL echoes through the pitiless corridors of the
hospital.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Two ORDERLIES push a WHEELCHAIR containing Homer up the path
towards the FRONT DOOR. Bart and Lisa walk alongside. Marge
catches up to them.

MARGE

Now remember, your father needs his
space. He's had a very big shock.

LISA

Is that why he handed me this on the
ward?

Lisa passes Marge a HANDWRITTEN NOTE.

It reads "PULL THE PLUG"

BART

(CONCERNED) Homer, is it really true?
You're actually allergic to donuts
now? 'Cause that would suck.

Homer looks into his son's eyes for a beat.

MARGE

Try not to speak, Homer.

HOMER

(CROAKY ORIGINAL 'WALTER MATTHAU'
VOICE) Boy, if there's one thing I've

(MORE)

HOMER (CONT'D)

learned, it's that when the world
takes away everything you love, you
can just curl up in a ball on the
floor and give up--

Homer LEAPS out of his wheelchair and FACEPLANTS on the
path. He curls up into a ball and SOBS uncontrollably.

BART

Or...?

LISA

(SUDDEN REALIZATION) There is no God.

The two Orderlies pick up fetal Homer and take him inside.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

INT. SECTOR 7-G - DAY

Lenny and Carl are sitting at their safety monitoring desk,
barely able to operate the controls. They look shaken.

LENNY

Awful what happened, and with Homer
so... I want to say fat.

CARL

(SERIOUS) I heard he lost the use of
his body for seventy-two hours.
Although they didn't find out for
seventy-one hours.

LENNY

It makes you think-- we have so
little time to enjoy the things we
love.

Carl flops on the desk and buries his face in his arms. He WEEPS silently.

SMITHERS enters the room.

SMITHERS

You're needed in the cafeteria - due to overstocking the dessert counter has collapsed under its own weight.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Homer is slumped on the couch in a DRESSING GOWN and SLIPPERS. He looks HEARTBROKEN. His throat has deflated, leaving him with a huge flap of skin under his chin.

Marge enters. She's got her coat on.

MARGE

Homey, are you going to be okay while I'm shopping with Patty and Selma?

HOMER

(GRUNTS)

MARGE

Remember what Dr. Hibbert told you - (DOES IMPRESSION) 'You eat a donut - you die. Heheheheheh.' I think that's how it went.

She hands him a few medical items.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Here's your allergy bracelet and your adrenaline pen. Don't forget, in an emergency: 'Stabby stabby, telephone grabby.'

She makes STABBING MOTIONS. Homer SCOWLS.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Oh dear...

PATTY and SELMA shout from the corridor.

SELMA (O.S.)

Let's go already!

PATTY (O.S.)

This vajazzle Groupon isn't going to
apply itself!

Marge leaves and the doors SLAMS.

Homer SLUMPS LOWER on the couch, and flicks through the TV channels. We see (in quick succession):

- BUMBLEBEE MAN chasing a fake-looking donut on a string.
- KENT BROCKMAN reporting on the world's spongiest donut on the local news.
- A free donut promotion for anyone with the initials HJS from Home Jelly Supply.

HOMER

Stupid promotion. Promote this!

He THROWS the remote at the television. It only makes it halfway and lands softly on the rug.

EXT. SIMPSON'S BACKYARD - DAY

Homer walks across the lawn, still in his DRESSING GOWN. He makes his way over to the fence and peers into Flanders' garden.

Flanders is dressed in FULL-BODY PROTECTIVE GEAR and is holding a LAWN STRIMMER. He lifts his FACE GUARD.

FLANDERS

Hello fighter! Glad to see you're up
on your feet after that close call
with the grumpy Grim Reaper!

Homer SHRUGS his shoulders.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

I'm sure you'll be right as rain in
no time. Back on the ol' horse of
life, so to speak.

Homer still says nothing.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

You're probably a little 'hoarse'
yourself. (LAUGHS) Listen to me--
making up for your accusatory silence
by talking twice as much. Ned
Flanders, you nincompoop. You
insensitive, idiotic heathen. Oh
well, back to strimming my borders.

HOMER

You want any help?

Flanders is confused, then scared.

FLANDERS

Help?!

He turns and SPRINTS into his house. The door SLAMS and we
hear it LOCK multiple times.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Homer walks round to the front of the house and gets in his
CAR.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Homer drives with abandon. He narrowly misses HANS MOLEMAN'S car, causing it to skid off the road, into the path of a SPACE X ROCKET ENGINE TEST FIRE.

INT. CAR - DAY

MONTAGE of Homer driving through SPRINGFIELD. Familiar places and sights pass by, but now with depressing grey hue. **HELLO BY LIONEL RICHIE PLAYS.**

1) We pass KRUSTY BURGER - signs promote their new DONUT BUNS with the slogan 'WE GLAZED OVER OUR MENU'

2) We see the AZTEC THEATER, its signage changed to a movie called 'SEARCHING FOR SUGAR, MAN'

3) We see a BILLBOARD outside SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY for YOLO COLA. As Homer stares, all the letter 'O's turn into DONUTS.

4) We see the LARD LAD DONUTS BOY come to life. He gives Homer the FINGER.

MONTAGE ENDS

EXT. KWIK-E-MART CAR PARK - DAY

Homer sits in his parked car and stares across the lot into the STORE WINDOW. He watches **CHIEF WIGGUM** buy a fresh donut and take a bite, eyes rolling in pleasure.

Homer is tense. His hands GRIP the steering wheel so tightly, he SNAPS it off.

EXT. KWIK-E-MART - MOMENTS LATER

Homer, in the midst of a violent craving, staggers towards the Kwik-E-Mart, bumping into Chief Wiggum on the way out, smooshing JELLY on his uniform.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Awww, and only one week to
retirement.

INT. KWIK-E-MART - CONTINUOUS

Homer lunges through the doorway. Apu appears brandishing a BROOM.

APU

Shoo! Shoo! I am not wanting a large lawsuit because your body cannot handle inordinate quantities of sugar!

Homer falls to his knees.

HOMER

Apu! Don't shut me out! Not like this! We've always been brothers, haven't we? Always needed each other, like a woodpecker needs a tree? You're my tree, Apu. Big and strong, and brown.

APU

I can't help you, pathetic man.

HOMER

You don't understand-- I've got a lifestyle to maintain. A reputation to keep. People to impress! (SOBS) I have a hole to fill.

Apu narrows his eyes with suspicion.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Apu, If I can't eat donuts... then I'm just not Homer Simpson.

APU

Then who are you?

Homer stands up.

HOMER

(RESIGNED) I'm nobody.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Marge takes a dish out of the oven as Bart enters with Lisa. He hands Marge a LETTER.

BART

It's Homer's restraining order.

Marge opens the letter and reads.

MARGE

'Dear Mr. Simpson, you may not appear within five miles of any KWIK-E-MART in the world, under penalty of prosecution.' (BEAT) I think we have to move...

BART

Cool!

MARGE

Where is your father?

Bart shrugs.

BART

Last I saw, he was climbing the drainpipes.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Marge runs outside, searching for her husband.

MARGE

Homer! Your vegan shepherd's pie is ready!

HOMER (O.S.)

Don't try and tempt me Marge!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Homer standing on the roof, rocking on his feet, preparing to jump. Still in his dressing gown.

HOMER

This is it! I'm doing it!

MARGE

Get down here this minute!

A GUST OF WIND catches Homer's stretchy chin flap and wraps it over his FACE. He trips and rolls down the roof and onto the lawn.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Homer sits at the table with sunken shoulders. He's sporting a few SCRATCHES and GRASS STAINS. He stares at his plate.

HOMER

(SULKING) Stupid vegan shepherd's
pie.

Homer picks a fork. He starts fashioning the potatoes into a DONUT SHAPE.

Homer looks up at his family, who stare back at him.

INT. MR. BURNS' OFFICE - DAY

Carl and Lenny enter nervously.

MONTGOMERY BURNS is sitting behind his desk eating his lunch from a SILVER PLATTER, as Smithers fusses over him.

MR. BURNS

I said I wanted this pre-masticated
medium soft! Take it back and chew
some more!

SMITHERS

Yes, Mr. Burns.

Smithers takes the platter away. Mr. Burns turns his attention to Lenny and Carl.

MR. BURNS

I won't pretend to know your names, but I will pretend to not hear what you're about to tell me to keep your jobs.

LENNY

(TAKEN OFF-GUARD) Pardon me?!

MR. BURNS

Why it's quite simple. You're both terminated.

CARL

I don't understand, things is runnin' smooth. We done something wrong?

MR. BURNS

On the contrary, guy-on-the-left! For some unknown reason, while Horatio Saxophone has been away on sick leave, efficiency is up 600%. That means I can fire up to six people, starting with you two gadabouts. Good day gentlemen.

LENNY

But please, Mr. Burns-- I'm begging
you... I got mouths to feed.

Mr. Burns sits smiling at his desk, pretending not to hear.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Mr. Burns?... Hello?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homer is frantically building a 10ft tall donut out of household JUNK. He climbs up a STEPLADDER to place BART'S SKATEBOARD on top of the pile.

He considers his handiwork.

HOMER

(UNSATISFIED) Hmm.

He SNAPS Bart's SKATEBOARD in two.

BART (O.S.)

Hey, not cool, man.

Bart pokes his head out of the pile of DONUT JUNK he's trapped inside of, just as Marge enters.

MARGE

(ANGRY) Homer!

She pulls Bart from the pile. He POPS out and on to the floor. He stands and brushes himself off.

MARGE (CONT'D)

What have I told you about
incorporating our children into large
sculptures!

HOMER

'Go for it?'

MARGE

No!

Marge takes Bart's hand.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Homer, this has to stop. You can't go on feeling sorry for yourself and building donuts out of things. You're scaring the children. They don't know who you are anymore! And you're making a mess!

HOMER

It's almost finished!

Homer gently pats the DONUT SCULPTURE and it collapses instantly. Santa's Little Helper jumps out from the junk pile.

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

BARK!

MARGE

I've booked you in for a therapy session with a man who specializes in exactly this kind of trauma.

She hands Homer a **BUSINESS CARD**.

CLOSE UP OF CARD:

ROGER PYTHON

POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER SPECIALIST

ROGER@SNAP-OUT-OF-IT.COM

BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

I don't need Roger Python!

MARGE

I'm serious, Homer. If you don't start helping yourself, I'll have no choice but take the kids where they feel safe-- with my sisters.

BART

(TERRIFIED) Aaaahhh!

MARGE

The point is, we can't do this any more. This is your last chance, Homer, so be nice to him when he arrives.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY

Homer answers the door. It's ROGER PYTHON. He's slick and creepy, like TOM CRUISE in MAGNOLIA.

ROGER PYTHON

You will NOT invite me in! (HOLDS UP BOTH HANDS) That is a custom of a permission-based world.

He pushes past Homer, who SLAMS the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roger takes Homer by the shoulders and positions him just where he wants him.

ROGER PYTHON

Let's get down to brass tacks. I've helped a lot of people a lot of times. One guy watched his entire family disappear into quicksand. Another had stress from two Gulf wars. After I was finished with them they thanked God these things happened, because otherwise they wouldn't have met me.

Roger Python PUNCHES THE AIR and struts around in a circle.

ROGER PYTHON

Now here's what I'm going to do with you-- I'm gonna tame your brain and rip out your trauma. Just rip it out! (STARTS SHADOWBOXING) Oof, now, let's share that pain. Sit down.

They sit on the floor.

ROGER PYTHON (CONT'D)

Homer, I want you to tell me how you're feeling. Deep. (PUTS HAND ON CHEST) Inside here.

Homer blinks. He's **SILENT FOR A LONG BEAT.**

HOMER

Hungry. No, betrayed!

Roger Python leaps to his feet.

ROGER PYTHON

My God! This is the worst case of donut dependency I've ever seen in my career. Stand up.

Roger slicks back his mane of long black hair.

ROGER PYTHON (CONT'D)

We're gonna do some trust exercises. I'm going to pretend to punch you in the stomach and you're not gonna flinch, you hear me?

HOMER

Okay.

Roger Python PUNCHES Homer in the stomach.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oww! You said pretend!

ROGER PYTHON

You shouldn't have trusted me.

Homer is bent double when Marge enters with some coffee on a tray.

MARGE

(CHEERFUL) And how is our 'patient'?

ROGER PYTHON

Marge! Please leave! We're at a critical stage!

Marge backs out the way she came in.

MARGE

(SOTTO) Well, excuse me for living...

Roger puts his arm around Homer's shoulders.

ROGER PYTHON

Homer, I need you with me. You're
with me aren't you?

HOMER

Yes. I mean, not by choice...

ROGER PYTHON

Because if I'm going to tame your
brain, I'm going to need access.
Let's take a walk.

EXT. SIMPSONS BACKYARD - DAY

Roger Python and Homer are walking on the lawn.

ROGER PYTHON

Can you feel that energy, Homer?

Homer sniffs the air.

HOMER

I guess so.

ROGER PYTHON

Of course you do. Now, do you know
what emotional intelligence is?

HOMER

Sounds emo.

ROGER PYTHON

HA! Right. It's a test-- to see how
in touch you are with yourself and
others. You gotta build a bridge if
you want to cross it.

Roger Python produces a card and a pencil.

ROGER PYTHON (CONT'D)

Here it is. Fill that out while I do
some jumping jacks. Hup. One-one
thousand!

(LAP DISSOLVE TO LATER)

ROGER PYTHON (CONT'D)

Five hundred! Time's up!

Homer hands the card back to Roger, who immediately **RIPS IT UP.**

HOMER

(ANNOYED) Hey! I spent what felt like
ages on that!

ROGER PYTHON

I don't need to see how well you did
to know I like you, Homer. Can you
feel that stress leaving your body?

HOMER

Honestly, no. I don't like being
outside. And I want a donut.

ROGER PYTHON

Okay, I can see we need to get a
little creative.

Roger Python positions Homer in front of him again.

ROGER PYTHON (CONT'D)

Let's try another approach. This is
an ancient swami technique used by

(MORE)

ROGER PYTHON (CONT'D)

the early scholars in India's most
enlightened epoch. It's called
'Shunti Puntti'. Now just relax or
it's not effective.

Roger Python begins PUNCHING Homer angrily in the stomach
while chanting loudly.

ROGER PYTHON (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING) Honestly, I have zero
stress in my life since I started
this program!

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lenny and Carl are sitting on a park bench, drinking Duff
from inside paper bags. They look like bums.

LENNY

That plant was my life, y'know? Those
people are like a nuclear family to
me.

CARL

Wish I could go back, do a little
'safety check' of my own.

LENNY

Right on.

CARL

A little less 'efficiency' means a
little more 'getting our job back'.

LENNY

You mean cause an accident? But Burns has cameras all over the place.

CARL

Well, he can't stop us if he can't recognize us.

Carl puts a yellow HAZMAT SUIT over his head.

CARL (CONT'D)

We go in, shake things up a bit
(SHAKES BEER CAN) and--

He cracks the can open and foamy beer sprays over the HazMat suit.

LENNY

It's trickle down economics.

INT. KWIK-E-MART - EVENING

Lenny and Carl stand at the counter in HazMat suits, buying a large **KEG OF DUFF BEER**.

APU

Looks like quite a party.

CARL

Yeah, er, it's for my kid's barbeque.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A space has been cleared in the room. Homer stands in his **BOXER SHORTS** in front of Roger Python, who is only wearing **BRIEFS**.

ROGER PYTHON

Homer, let's do a little role-play.

HOMER

Why are we in our underwear?

ROGER PYTHON

It's less stressful.

HOMER

Not for me it isn't. Or anyone
watching.

EXT. FLANDERS HOUSE - WINDOW - SIMULTANEOUS

Rod and Todd Flanders look through binoculars towards the Simpson house, while Ned is looking up at the night sky.

NED

We're looking for constellations
mentioned in the Book of Job. That's
one down, two to go!

Ned points his binoculars down. He sees Homer's buttcrack fill his vision.

He hurries Rod and Todd away from the window.

NED (CONT'D)

Time for your eye baths, boys.

BACK TO SCENE

ROGER PYTHON

I will play a championship boxer and
you, Homer, will play a scrappy
underdog.

Roger GUT PUNCHES Homer.

ROGER PYTHON (CONT'D)

Now, I want you to imagine you're a
person who DOESN'T have your specific
problem. Can you do that for me?

HOMER

Okay.

ROGER PYTHON

(PUNCHES HOMER) Good, now hold it.

HOMER

How long for?

ROGER PYTHON

The rest of your natural life.

That's it. Homer snaps.

HOMER

You know what my specific problem is?! You! You're a fake! You just like punching people!

Roger points to his fist.

ROGER PYTHON

Er, ancient technique, remember?

HOMER

Well I've had enough! I don't care about the consequences! I'm getting out of here!

Homer SMASHES the window and jumps out of it. He runs away into the night.

Marge enters.

MARGE

What's all that noise?!

Roger turns to her.

ROGER PYTHON

(CALM) The best thing we can do is go
on with our daily routine.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY

Homer sits at the bar in his underpants getting hammered. He's surrounded by drained glasses. BARNEY sits to his left and a DEPRESSED BUSINESSMAN sits on his right.

HOMER

(TO BARNEY) Did I ever tell you about
my first donut like it was yesterday?

BARNEY

C'mon Homer, you did that one
already.

Homer turns and GRABS the COLLAR of the BUSINESSMAN and pulls him close.

HOMER

(SUDDENLY ANGRY) You! You did this to
me! Why else would you be sitting in
this dive, wracked with shame and
regret?!

BUSINESSMAN

Hey, get off me! I work for
BlackBerry!

HOMER

Mmmm... Blackberry...

The Depressed Businessman gets up and leaves in a hurry. Homer turns back to Barney.

HOMER (CONT'D)

He knows what he did. Now where was
I? My first donut--

(LAP DISSOLVE TO LATER) The bar is now completely empty
except for Homer and Moe.

Moe points a SHOTGUN at Homer.

MOE

(PUMPS SHOTGUN) You scared off all my
customers! You happy now, Homer?!

HOMER

No! Unhappy! I've been complaining
for hours!

MOE

Get a grip, ya loser. So you can't
eat a donut now and then.

HOMER

But Moe, what is a man, if not a
donut himself? You take away his
jelly-filling, you take away his
soul!

Homer grabs the shotgun barrel and points it at his HEART.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Right there. That's my jelly-filling.

MOE

You have a wonderful family and a
house with a... roof and a garage.

(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

All I got at home is a colony of
huntsman spiders.

He looks at his watch.

MOE (CONT'D)

Actually, it's feeding time, I should
be getting back. Think about your
wife and kids, Homer!

HOMER

(WHINY) But it's not the same without
donuts...

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Homer flies out the door and lands on the sidewalk. Moe
jumps in his car and drives off rapidly.

Homer raises his head and hears Moe's words echo:

MOE (V.O.)

(ECHOEY) Wife and kids, Homer...

HOMER'S FLASHBACK - 1980S

Over the song '**WITHOUT US**' from **FAMILY TIES**, we see:

Homer, wearing neon sportswear, playing tennis with Bart,
which quickly turns into a shouting match as Homer smashes
his racquet to pieces.

Homer helping Lisa with her homework, except Homer doesn't
understand fractions and bursts into tears, and Lisa
consoles him.

Homer cuddling Marge in bed, and whispering something in her
ear that makes her giggle. She whispers something back.
Homer looks horrified, and jumps out of bed.

BACK TO REALITY

HOMER

Stupid family.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Homer returns to a dark and quiet house. He hits a light switch.

We see a HANDWRITTEN NOTE on the table. Homer opens it.

HOMER

'Homer, You're not the man I married,
we're leaving. Don't try to find us.
Signed Marge, 2345 Evergreen
Crescent, Ogdenville.'

INT./EXT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Homer SLUMPS on the couch in the dimly lit room. A broken man.

We slowly TRUCK OUT - the camera steadily backs out of the ROOM, out of the HOUSE and slowly away into the STREET. Dark clouds loom overhead.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Carl and Lenny roll the keg of Duff up to the chain link fence at the perimeter of the plant. A sign reads:
'WARNING - NO TRESPASSING - NO SHENANIGANS'

LENNY

Phew! This is thirsty work.

CARL

Jeez. You plan for any scenario, but
I didn't expect a fence.

Lenny opens a small CAMPING STOOL and sits down.

LENNY

Let's think for a minute.

Lenny pours himself a beer.

INT. 2345 EVERGREEN CRESCENT - NIGHT

Marge wears a dressing gown, and walks over to Patty and Selma. They hand her a cup of hot chocolate.

MARGE

I feel terrible about this. The children need their father.

PATTY

Marge, you know as well as we do - their father is gone.

SELMA

Roger Python says to consider Homer deceased. Who are we to argue?

Marge grimaces.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Homer continues to sit motionless on the couch for what seems like an eternity. The only sound is the cold **DRIP... DRIP... DRIP** of a faucet.

Then we hear a **PURR** and a **MEOW**.

We see **SNOWBALL II** as she **BRUSHES** against Homer's leg affectionately.

The cat rolls on its back and **MEOWS**.

HOMER

Haven't you heard? I'm crazy now.

Then she jumps up and tries to get on Homer's lap. Homer is touched.

HOMER (CONT'D)

The cat wants it's Daddy... hee hee.

Homer strokes her as she **PURRS** her heart out.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The dark clouds part above the Simpson house.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

HOMER'S POV

Homer opens his eyes to the warped and giant face of Snowball II, as if viewed through a fish-eye lens. She **MEOWS** loudly.

HOMER

(PANICKED) Don't hurt me!

Cut to REVEAL

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Homer is laying in bed, with Snowball II on top of his chest. The alarm clock displays the time as 6:01 AM.

HOMER

Oh, it's you. I thought I was being
slashed by a knife-wielding maniac.

Snowball II digs her **CLAWS** into the sheets affectionately.

HOMER (CONT'D)

AAAAAHHHH!!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Homer is opening a can of "BOSS 'O ME" cat food as Snowball II winds around his legs.

HOMER

Mmmm, Lobster and Sardine tartare
flavor, how does that sound?

Homer catches a whiff and **RETCHES**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh! (TRYING TO SUPPRESS GAG REFLEX)

Here you go. Nothing but the-- ugh--

best for ahurrrrr... a classy lady.

Homer TRIPS over Snowball as he puts the dish down and stands quickly.

The cat rushes in to eat. Homer licks the cat food from his fingers.

HOMER (CONT'D)

We are going to be spending some

quality time together, I think.

MONTAGE of Homer interacting with Snowball II in a variety of ways. Each time something cute happens, Homer **SQUEALS** with delight. We see:

1) Homer dancing in circles with a mouse on a string, which Snowball tries to catch.

2) Homer GROOMING the affectionate Snowball while watching TV. He produces a GIANT BALL of FUR with one brush of her coat.

3) Homer filming the cat trying to jump into a CARDBOARD BOX.

4) The cat climbing up on Homer's shoulders, until Homer SNEEZES.

5) The cat on a leash, being taken for a walk by Homer, who's got fresh cuts on his neck from earlier.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Snowball II walks calmly along the sidewalk with Homer, who wears a T-shirt that says 'CATS ARE BETTER THAN PEOPLE'.

HOMER

(GLEEFUL) I'll be honest with you

Snowball II, I had no idea cats were

(MORE)

HOMER (CONT'D)

so fun. I used to think they were
little Ann Coulters.

The **SEA CAPTAIN** steps out of a bush as they walk past.

SEA CAPTAIN

Arrrrr, I see ye be trainin' your
ratcatcher. A more dainty sight I
aint never seen.

He **CHUCKLES** as he walks off.

Flanders passes by with Rod and Todd, who are also on
LEASHES.

ROD

Look Father! That man is being led by
his cat!

NED

Ha ha, now children, don't get any
ideas. Morning, Homer!

Homer glares at his nemesis.

HOMER

(IRRITATED) If you say so, Flanders.

NED

Wonderful to have you back, Homer.
Gee'yup!

They continue on their separate ways.

A **COP CAR** pulls alongside Homer and Snowball. Chief Wiggum
leans out the window to look at the cat.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Well, would you look at that! The
kitty thinks it's a dog! Ha! What is
that, a boy or a girl?

HOMER

It's a cat.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Right, right. That is just cute
enough to eat. Oh wait, that reminds
me--

Wiggum disappears inside the car for a second, and returns
with an OPEN BOX OF DONUTS.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Homer, can you help me with these?

Homer has a CRISIS MOMENT. He looks back in shock and
temptation.

His eyes narrow.

He looks at WIGGUM.

He looks at the DONUTS.

He looks at SNOWBALL.

He looks back at Wiggum who now appears as the **GRIM REAPER**.

Homer GULPS. Snowball RUBS against Homer's leg.

Homer finally speaks.

HOMER

(ASSUREDLY) Thanks for the offer, but
as a guardian of the peace, surely
you above all can believe in second
chances and rehabilitation of the

(MORE)

HOMER (CONT'D)

individual. I used to have a
weakness-- I used to be a donut
person. Now I'm a cat person. I
choose LIFE.

Homer immediately **RUNS OFF**.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Fine.

He tosses the box in the **TRASHCAN** that was behind Homer the
whole time.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Homer and Snowball II run through Springfield as **BORN SLIPPY
BY UNDERWORLD** plays. They bump into every major and minor
character along the way.

Then they do a **U-TURN** and run back to the

TRASHCAN

Homer, winded, picks out the **BOX OF DONUTS** from the trash.
He looks down at a disapproving Snowball II.

HOMER

This is not what it looks like.

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY

Carl and Lenny wake groggily next to the chain link fence.

LENNY

Ugh. (RUBS HEAD) Well, I got nothin'.

CARL

Let's just go 'round.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the **ENTRANCE GATE** to the plant, right
next to them. Lenny and Carl roll the keg through the gates
unopposed.

EXT. 2345 EVERGREEN CRESCENT - DAY

Homer, carrying the BOX OF DONUTS under one arm and Snowball II under the other, walks up the steps to 2345 Evergreen Crescent. A yellow cab pulls away behind him.

CAB DRIVER

You crazy man!

Homer rings the doorbell and the flap of the LETTERBOX opens. Patty SHOUTS through the gap.

PATTY (O.S.)

Go away or we'll call the... cat
killing clinic.

HOMER

(INTO LETTERBOX) Marge!

PATTY (O.S.)

Go away, Homer!

HOMER

Marge, it's all okay, I'm a cat
person now!

The door UNLOCKS. Patty and Selma stand in the frame side-by-side, blocking the entrance like bodyguards.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(UNSURE) Did I just kiss one of you
through the letterbox?

Patty wipes her lips.

SELMA

(POINTS FINGER) Marge doesn't want to
talk to you.

PATTY

What man puts baked goods before his family? Apart from Famous Amos?

Homer looks guilty for a moment. Then he straightens up.

HOMER

I've been foolish, I can admit that. These last few weeks have been the toughest of my life. I nearly died, I lost my family and I got beat up by Roger Python. But I've also learned important things.

We see Marge appear in the UPSTAIRS WINDOW. She looks down to hear Homer's speech.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I didn't need donuts-- I needed something that needed me. Something that depended on me. And I was looking in the wrong place. I was looking in the baked goods section, when the things that really needed me were right at home all along.

He presents Snowball II as evidence.

PATTY

Great speech, Homer. Now let's see you defend yourself against this.

Patty pulls out a **WATER SPRITZER**. Snowball's fur sticks up.

HOMER

Hey wait, I'm a better person and I
can prove it!

Homer puts Snowball II down and opens the box of donuts. He carefully selects one.

HOMER (CONT'D)

This is what I do with donuts now!

He throws a stale donut at the upstairs window. It clunks heavily on the glass.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Head's up, Marge!

He throws two more, until one **SMASHES** the window.

MARGE

Homer... I want to believe you, I really do. It's good that you've bonded with the cat, and that you've resisted eating stale donuts... but we have to be realistic.

HOMER

I'm always realistic!

MARGE

Then what will you snack on instead of donuts?

HOMER

I'm thinking... those little profiteroles. Right, Snowball? Choux pastry?

The cat **MEOWS**.

MARGE

Oh my Homer!

Marge disappears from the window and then pushes past her sisters as she runs out of the house.

She throws her arms tightly around Homer, causing the cat to freak out, wrapping the leash around them as she runs in circles.

Bart and Lisa bound down the steps. Maggie follows, flopping down one step at a time.

BART

Homer!

LISA

Dad!

HOMER

Kids, your Dad's not crazy any more.

(PROUD) I'm a cat fancier.

Snowball II sits down to lick her BUTT.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hee hee, look how cute.

BART

But Dad, you sure this will last?

What happens the next time, when you become allergic to beer.

Homer GRABS Bart around the neck.

HOMER

Why you little--

The entire group LAUGHS.

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SPRINGFIELD POWER PLANT

INT. TURBINE HALL - EVENING

Mr. Burns, wearing a HARDHAT and riding a SEGWAY is being given a tour by Smithers.

SMITHERS

Sir, safety is now at one-hundred percent. We're an incident-free zone.

MR. BURNS

Excellent, Smithers. If there's one thing I despise, it's incidents.

SMITHERS

Right, sir.

Two MEN IN HAZMAT SUITS can be seen in the background. They are rolling a large keg of DUFF BEER across a GANGPLANK above the cooling tanks.

MR. BURNS

How many people will I be firing this week?

SMITHERS

Well, Homer Simpson returns to work tomorrow, you might want to cut the fat, so to speak (CHUCKLES).

MR. BURNS

Simpson, eh? He's always been a good luck charm around here.

The MEN IN HAZMAT SUITS stop and stand up abruptly. They remove their helmets, revealing them to be Carl and Lenny.

They walk towards Mr. Burns, leaving the KEG to roll slowly away.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

I've got a feeling things are on the
up-and-up from now on.

CARL

Er... 'Scuse me, did you say Homer
Simpson was coming back to work?!

MR. BURNS

I can't see the harm in it.

At that moment, the KEG rolls off the gangplank and into the
COOLING TANKS, EXPLODING INSTANTLY. SIRENS and WARNINGS
immediately activate.

CONTROLLER GUY

Full emergency shutdown!

People RUN everywhere in a directionless panic.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Homer sits next to Marge on the couch, watching TV. Snowball
sleeps on his lap.

MARGE

I'm so happy you're okay, Homer.

HOMER

Consider this a new dawn, Marge. And
maybe Roger Python was right-- I do
feel the energy around me.

A **MUFFLED BUZZING** emanates from the couch.

MARGE

Is that the phone?

HOMER

Oh. (REACHES UNDER BUTT) Here you go,
Marge. Still warm.

Marge answers the cellphone.

MARGE

Hello? (WE HEARS SCREAMS IN THE
BACKGROUND) Oh, that's wonderful
news, I'll tell him.

She hangs up.

MARGE (CONT'D)

That was the plant. They want you in
at 8 AM tomorrow.

HOMER

(WHINES)

Suddenly, the **POWER GOES OUT**.

Bart, Lisa, Maggie and Santa's Little Helper burst in the
room loudly, waving **FLASHLIGHTS** about.

Homer **SHUSHES** them.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SERENE) Quiet, you'll wake Snowball.

My precious baby.

Bart shines a light on Snowball II.

She's fast asleep, twitching slightly as she dreams. As we
close in, we **ENTER HER DREAM**.

SNOWBALL'S DREAM - KITCHEN FLOOR - DAY

THE SIMPSONS are as **TINY AS MICE** and running away in a panic
across the floor.

Homer hides behind a table leg as an enormous **SNOWBALL**
POUNCES on Marge and rips her in two.

With swift justice, Snowball leaps again and CRUSHES Bart and Lisa under each of her paws. Satisfied with the double kill, she turns her attention to the mouse-sized Homer.

He backs up slowly--

HOMER

Good kitty, nice kitty!

--and Snowball **STRIKES!**

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END