

THE SIMPSONS

"THE D'OH OF HOMER"

written by

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The D'oh of Homer

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

BART stands impatiently beside SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER, who sniffs about in circles.

BART

Come on, boy! I haven't got all day.

LISA enters frame.

LISA

What are you doing?

BART

Milhouse's mom just got the carpet cleaned, so she's making everybody take off their shoes before they go inside—ah, here we go!

Santa's Little Helper "assumes the position." Bart removes his shoes and socks, then **squishes** his feet into the fresh dog pile.

LISA

Ew, Bart!

MARGE (O.S.)

(CALLING) Bart, Lisa, hurry up or we'll be late for Milhouse's party.

Lisa scampers off. Bart puts his shoes and socks back on, CHUCKLING.

INT. COMIC BOOK SHOP - DAY

COMIC BOOK GUY sits behind the counter, **slurping** a Big Gulp. MARGE (carrying MAGGIE), Bart, and Lisa enter the store, and head to the counter.

MARGE

Hi, we're looking for a birthday gift for a ten-year-old boy.

COMIC BOOK GUY

(SLURP) We have the latest releases of super hero DVDs: "The Indestructible Wolverine," starring Hugh Jackman; "The Death of Wolverine," starring Hugh Jackman; "The Other X-Men," starring Hugh Jackman; "The Rebirth of Wolverine," starring Hugh Jackman; and lastly, "The Indestructible Wolverine 2, part 1," also starring Hugh Jackman.

He places each DVD on the counter in turn. Beside the counter, Bart notices a pyramid display of white boxes, marked only with question marks.

BART

What the hell are these?

COMIC BOOK GUY

Those are Ikimono Pals, the latest craze from Japan. Obviously.

MARGE

Japan? Oooh!

(CONTINUED)

COMIC BOOK GUY

Each box contains a different Ikimono Pal, its secret identity a veiled mystery until you've purchased it. I, myself, have a near complete collection, missing only the coveted Kabuki Tanuki.

He points to a poster of a tanuki character in kabuki makeup.

MARGE

How precious!

BART

My God! It's as if they knew exactly how to exploit kids!

Bart and Lisa fall to their knees.

BART (CONT'D)

Mom, please get us a Ikimono Pal!

LISA

Our self-worth depends on it!

MARGE

Well I'm sorry, but a child's self-worth is not a mother's concern. You'll each just have to wait until your own birthdays.

She grabs a box from the display.

MARGE (CONT'D)

This one's for Milhouse.

EXT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - DAY

Marge's car speeds off, leaving Bart and Lisa behind. They plod across the lawn, gift in hand.

BART

I can't take it! I gotta have whatever the hell is in here!

LISA

Bart, I want it, too, but we can't stiff Milhouse.

BART

Lis, you're thinking about this all wrong! We just have to make sure we're doing this for Milhouse, not to him.

LISA

I'm listening.

BART

Well, do you really think Milhouse would want some fancy collectible figurine? I've always seen him as more of a...simple sort of kid.

LISA

Simple, yes. Milhouse is definitely simple.

BART

So don't you think he'd rather have this beautiful, all-natural rock than whatever is in this box?

He grabs a stone from the lawn.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

That certainly stands to reason.

BART

Well then.

He withdraws a pocket knife, and with surgical precision (he's clearly done this before) he opens the gift paper and replaces the box with the rock.

BART (CONT'D)

And voila!

LISA

But where are you going to hide the figurine?

BART

No problemo!

He stuffs the box under his shirt, leaving an obvious protrusion on his chest.

BART (CONT'D)

No one will ever know.

INT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bart, Lisa, and the USUAL KIDS OF SPRINGFIELD all gather around the table. Milhouse unwraps Bart and Lisa's rock.

MILHOUSE

Oh...Uh, thanks, guys.

He places the rock on the table with his other gifts: a worn-out sneaker, a stick, a banana. The kids all look shifty eyed at one another, a square protrusion from each of their shirts.

ESTABLISHING - CAKE EMPORIUM - DAY

A mega store with giant parking lot.

INT. CAKE EMPORIUM - DAY

Steel drums of cooking oil sit on towering shelves. **Beeping** forklifts haul gigantic sacks of flour and sugar.

HOMER walks down an aisle with GIL GUNDERSON, who gestures to a series of cakes fashioned into bird houses. Birds fly into and out of the cakes.

GIL

And this is our birdhouse line:

practical and delicious. Oooh, and this

one has a water feature!

Homer dons his glasses. Using calipers and tape measure, he surveys the cake and makes notes in a pad.

HOMER

May I see a cross-section?

Gil cuts the cake with a handsaw, sending a family of birds fleeing. He plates a piece for Homer.

Homer turns the slice from side to side. He samples it, swishing his lips and cheeks back and forth as he deliberates.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Good egg to flour ratio...

cinnamon...nutmeg...three parts

vanilla...but only one part lemon! And

frankly I thought it could have used a

little more bird!

GIL

Oh, please, ya gotta help ole Gil out!

HOMER

I'm sorry, but it simply won't do.

FRENCH CHEF (O.S.)

Of course not!

(CONTINUED)

Homer turns—the FRENCH CHEF stands proudly behind him. The Chef slaps the plate from Homer's hand, sending it cake-first to the floor.

FRENCH CHEF (CONT'D)

You are clearly a man who understands
the true art that is cakes. (TO GIL)
How dare you offer this man such
novelty garbage!

GIL

Oh, please, I can do better! Gil can do
better!

FRENCH CHEF

I'm afraid not! You are fired, little
man! (TO HOMER) Come. I will show you
perfection.

He walks pompously from frame, past the dismayed Gil. Homer follows, also pompously.

Beat.

Homer rushes back to scoop the splattered cake from the floor before running off again.

INT. CAKE EMPORIUM - CHEF'S ROOM - DAY

Decorated like a ritzy wine club, with polished floors, velvet drapes, and leather chairs. Shimmering cakes sit on pedestals, and **classical music** plays.

Homer marvels at the cakes. He runs to a glass display and presses his drooling mouth against it.

HOMER

Ohhhh, mama....

FRENCH CHEF

(CLEARS THROAT) Please, keep all
drooling behind the line!

(CONTINUED)

He points to the floor: Homer stands between the case and a red, do-not-cross line. A puddle of drool from previous gazers rests properly behind the line.

HOMER

Sorry.

FRENCH CHEF

Tell me, what occasion are you shopping for?

HOMER

My wife asked me to make dinner tonight.

FRENCH CHEF

Ah, Monsieur, I have the perfect cake for you.

He pulls a hanging rope, drawing open a large red curtain. An expanding, golden glow falls over Homer. His jaw drops. His eyes widen.

A magnificent, ten-tier, shimmering, cake rotates on a pedestal.

FRENCH CHEF (CONT'D)

I have never named this cake. Words can only sour it.

He withdraws a remote from his chef's jacket, and pushes a button. The cake, in "Transformers" fashion, disassembles and boxes itself up into small, individual packages.

FRENCH CHEF (CONT'D)

Disassembles into fifteen interlocking pieces. Schematics included.

He points to a complex cake schematic tacked to the wall.

HOMER

(THROUGH TEARS OF JOY) I'll take it.

EXT. CAKE EMPORIUM - DAY

Homer WHISTLES as he walks to his car. He carries a full, pink, tote bag. SNAKE JAILBIRD, wielding a gun, leaps out from behind Homer's car.

SNAKE

Alright, hand over your wallet.

HOMER

Please, do what you want to me, but
don't hurt the cake! It's just a baby!

Snake snatches the tote bag.

SNAKE

Dude, you carry a purse? Lame!

HOMER

(BAWLING) It's a man's cake bag!

(HYSTERICAL) It's a man's cake bag!

SNAKE

Whatever. Later, Betty Crocker!

He turns to flee, when something just out frame sends him flying backwards to the ground. It is:

SLEDGE STRONGMAN (40's), chiseled and handsome. He stands in a Superman-esque pose, the sun dramatically at his back.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Ho! Sayonara, cake-goers!

Snake hightails it out of there, leaving the tote bag behind. Sledge helps Homer to his feet.

SLEDGE

Are you alright, citizen?

HOMER

Wow, you really taught that guy a
lesson!

(CONTINUED)

SLEDGE

Don't worry, he won't be showing his
face around here anymore.

He hands Homer the tote.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

HOMER

Homer Simpson.

SLEDGE

Nice to meet you, Homer. Sledge
Strongman.

HOMER

Wow. Your name describes your biceps.

SLEDGE

You better believe it. It took me a
long time to sculpt my name into the
chiseled perfection it is. Homer, have
you ever thought about taking martial
arts?

HOMER

Martial arts? Me?

SLEDGE

Absolutely. You know, you can't expect
cops to be around to protect you these
days. Just look over there.

EXT. DONUT EMPORIUM - DAY

Across the street, Snake, holding a purple tote, stands over
CHIEF WIGGUM who BAWLS on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF WIGGUM

It's a man's donut bag!

EXT. CAKE EMPORIUM - DAY

HOMER

Mmmm. Donuts.

SLEDGE

Here's my card.

He hands it to Homer.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

Come by my gym sometime.

With that, Sledge walks off. He passes through the automatic sliding doors, emitting a shock wave as he does, and **shattering** the glass.

HOMER

Wow.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. DOJO - DAY

A large sign above the school reads "STRONGMAN MARTIAL ARTS". Homer strolls down the sidewalk, then enters the school.

INT. DOJO - MAIN STUDIO - DAY

Sledge, in full martial arts garb, fights five MASKED NINJAS on a mat at once. The ninjas perform great acrobatics, but Sledge handles them with ease.

Mid fight, he notices Homer.

SLEDGE

Hey, Homer!

He punches Ninja 1.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

Give me one second to finish up here.

He kicks Ninja 2.

HOMER

Take your time.

With four of the ninjas already in a heap, Sledge launches the last through the air, past an oblivious Homer, and **crashing** through the window.

SLEDGE

Glad you could make it! Come on, we'll
get you signed up.

INT. DOJO - EQUIPMENT ROOM - DAY

Something of a closet, with shelves of pads and uniforms. Sledge holds a uniform, clearly too small for Homer.

SLEDGE

Hmm. It doesn't look like we have a
uniform that will fit you.

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

Aww!

SLEDGE

Not to worry. I'm a level 8 origami
grandmaster.

He rapidly folds the uniform into a complex series of
shapes, finishing with a uniform twice as large.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

And there we go!

INT. DOJO - MAIN STUDIO - DAY

Sledge and Homer face each other on the mat, in uniform.

SLEDGE

Homer, we're going to work on some
basic blocks. What I want you to do is
put your hands up—

Homer WHIMPERS and throws his arms over his head.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

No, Homer, I'm not going to mug you.
Remember, we're here to make sure we
don't get mugged.

HOMER

Oh, heh, heh, right.

SLEDGE

All I want you to do is put your fists
up to protect your face. Like this.

Sledge takes a firm, defensive boxing stance.

HOMER

Got it.

(CONTINUED)

SLEDGE

Okay, you try. Go ahead and put your
hands up —

Homer WHIMPERS and throws his hands up again.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CAFETERIA

Students trade their Ikimono Pals at every table. Bart and Lisa sport fine suits as they handle business with SHERRI and TERRI. Bart lays a briefcase before the twins and reveals the figurine within: conjoined anthropomorphic Koi Fish, each wielding a katana.

SHERRI

(GASPS) You two have the Fin Twins?

Terri elbows her.

SHERRI (CONT'D)

I mean, pfft, whatever. Like we'd
really want some stupid fish.

BART

Uh huh. Ladies, what you see before you
are indeed the legendary Fin Twins.

LISA

You won't find a more prized Ikimono
Pal within ten playgrounds of here.

BART

So the only question is —

LISA

Just what are you two prepared to
offer?

Sherri and Terri consult each other, then reveal a red
dragon figurine.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRI

We'll trade you our Ruby Dragon.

Bart and Lisa glance at each other, unimpressed.

BART

We apologize. We thought you two were
interested in conducting business.

Clearly, you simply wanted to waste
both your time and ours.

He shuts the case. He and Lisa prepare to leave, but stop
when they hear:

PRINCIPAL SKINNER (O.S.)

(OVER INTERCOM) Attention, children:
The Springfield Mall just received a
new shipment of Ikimono Pals.

The cafeteria erupts in SCREAMS. Students stampede for the
door, leaving the cafeteria deserted.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(OVER INTERCOM) ...I'm not sure why I
thought that was a good idea.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Ten CITY COUNCIL MEMBERS tear open box after box of Ikimono
Pals. MAYOR QUIMBY paces.

MAYOR QUIMBY

You call yourselves a City Council?
What do our taxes pay you for! Faster!
I won't rest until I've collected every
Ikimono Pal!

INT. KRUSTY'S OFFICE - DAY

KRUSTY sits at his desk, eyes bloodshot, a cigarette in his hand. His BUSINESS MANAGER stands before him.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Krusty, your toy sales have plummeted
in the last week.

KRUSTY

Yeah? Why don't you tell me something
useful.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Well, you could quit buying your
competitors' products.

KRUSTY

Hey, do I tell you how to do your job?
Get outta here! You're fired!

Trembling, he opens an Ikimono box and pulls out a clown figurine, an obvious knockoff of Krusty, himself.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS) Not another Rusty the Joker!

He chucks it in the corner, where it **crashes** against a towering heap of Rusty the Joker figurines.

INT. SIMPSONS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

An array of colorful figurines stand on display around the table and room: wizards, ninjas, anthropomorphic animals, etc.

(ANIMATORS NOTE: THE COLLECTION NOTICEABLY GROWS FOR EVERY FUTURE SCENE AROUND THE HOUSE.)

Marge, Maggie, Bart, and Lisa sit at the table. While Marge eats, Bart and Lisa chat on cell phones.

(CONTINUED)

BART

(INTO PHONE) Listen, Lewis, my guy in Reno can hook you up, but you've got to give me what I want, and that means parting with your Sparrow Pharaoh.

LISA

(INTO PHONE) That was my offer an hour ago, but the market has changed, and you're yesterday's news, Pal. Now I'll talk to my partner and see what we can do, but you've got to be willing to make the hard trades, kapish? I'll call you in an hour.

Bart and Lisa each hang up their phones.

LISA (CONT'D)

Grampa says hi.

MARGE

I wonder what could be keeping your father. Usually he would have cut work hours ago.

Homer enters from the hallway, still in uniform. He wears a suave expression.

HOMER

Evening, family.

MARGE

Homie, where have you been? What are you wearing?

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

What, this? It's nothing—I just signed up for martial arts.

BART

You're taking martial arts? (LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY)

HOMER

Better watch it, boy. This uniform means I'm in charge now!

BART

Come on, Dad. You couldn't even get through an entire game of Tiddly Winks.

HOMER

I told you, the little pieces hurt my fingers!

MARGE

Well I think it sounds wonderful!

HOMER

Thanks, Marge. You know, I feel like a whole new me. The old, lazy Homer you once knew is gone. Time to turn over a new leaf!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD BUTTE - DAY

(ANIMATORS NOTE: HEAVILY STYLIZED TO LOOK LIKE ANIME. OVERUSE OF QUICK CUTS AND SPLIT SCREENS)

Wind rolls across the grassy cliffs. A THUG in a purple suit stares ahead coldly. He loosens his tie, preparing to fight.

Homer, in his standard work attire, stands across from the thug, also coldly. He unclips his tie, and tosses it aside.

(CONTINUED)

Hundreds more IDENTICAL THUGS surround Homer. The tension is palpable. In unison, the Thugs SHOUT, and charge at Homer. One by one Homer knocks back the foes with great ferocity and the prowess of Bruce Lee, himself!

Mid fight—

CUT TO:

THE SIMPSONS ARCADE GAME - GAMEPLAY FOOTAGE

Actual footage of the Simpsons Arcade Game. Homer (Player 1) fights the purple-suited thugs on the butte.

WIDEN:

INT. ARCADE - DAY

Homer, in karate uniform, plays the Simpsons Arcade Game, while stuffing his face with a chili dog.

HOMER

Boy, they just don't make 'em like they
used to.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY

Homer enters through the front door. He takes a seat beside BARNEY at the bar, behind which stands MOE.

HOMER

Gentlemen.

MOE

Hey, Homer, there's something different
about you...somethin...superior. I
can't put my finger on it, but I have
this strange urge to grovel. Dammit,
Homer, won't you let me grovel!

HOMER

(SMUGLY) Oh, you must be noticing my
new martial arts uniform.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

Wow, you're taking martial arts?

MOE

Is you sure it's okay to be talking to us?

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Don't worry, fellas. Sure, taking martial arts means I'm more important than you. But rest assured, I'm still as humble as ever. I'm a man of the people—little people, like you.

BARNEY

You da man, Homer!

MOE

Hey, Homer, do you think we could take martial arts, too?

HOMER

Oh, Moe. Sweet, naive, Moe.

The door bursts open, and in walk FAT TONY, LOUIE, AND LEGS.

FAT TONY

Well, well, well. It looks like our friend, Moe, the tavern owner, has been hiding in the last place we'd expect to find him: Moe's Tavern.

LOUIE

You must think you're pretty smart, huh?

(CONTINUED)

MOE

(PANICKING) Gee, guys, it's good to see you. I wasn't expecting you so soon!

FAT TONY

We had a deal, Mr. Moe. And you owe us big time. Now where is our Cuddle Bunny figurine?

MOE

Look, Fat Tony, I know I said I could get you one, but things haven't worked out like I thought!

FAT TONY

That is too bad.

The thugs advance upon Moe, Homer, and Barney.

FAT TONY (CONT'D)

This is going to be fun.

MOE

Homer, do something! These guys are gonna kill us!

HOMER

What are you talking about? He just said this was going to be fun.

MOE

Homer, does this look like it's going to be fun? Is you a martial artist, or isn't you? Where's your Macchio intuition?

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

Alright, alright, gimme a second.

HOMER (V.O.)

Let's see...We've got the Springfield
Mafia coming towards us.

He looks to Fat Tony, who rubs his knuckles.

HOMER (V.O.)

Fat Tony is warming up his knuckles.

Okay...

Then to Legs, who holds a machine gun at the ready.

HOMER (V.O.)

And he's threatening us with a machine
gun. Nothing unusual there.

Then Louie. He tosses a glinting blade from hand to hand.

HOMER (V.O.)

Uh huh...

He turns to Moe, who's drenched in sweat.

HOMER (V.O.)

But Moe sure seems nervous...

Then to Barney, who stares blankly forward.

HOMER (V.O.)

And Barney isn't drunk yet —

HOMER

(SHOUTING) Oh my God! Moe's right!

Homer SCREAMS, then sprints for the door, tripping over a bar stool in the process. Falling to the floor, he slaps the rim of a peanut bowl on the counter, sending peanuts flying precisely into the eyes of the mafia boys, who WAIL.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIE

They're honey roasted!

They fall to the ground unconscious.

MOE

Way to go, Homer!

The door bursts open and Sledge rushes in.

HOMER

Sledge, what are you doing here?

SLEDGE

I sensed there was trouble. I ran here
as fast as I could.

He notices the defeated mob.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

But I see I didn't have to! Way to go,
Homer!

MOE

Hey, hey, he used my peanuts to do it!

SLEDGE

Nice work, barkeep. Your unwavering
devotion to table snacks has made today
a victory.

Moe brushes aside a tear.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A. **SPINNING NEWSPAPER.** Its headline: "LOCAL HERO DEFEATS MOB." A picture of Homer posing beside the cuffed mafia accompanies the article.

B. Homer struts through a neighborhood. Neighbors wave from open windows. SCREAMING FANS and PAPARAZZI crowd him.

(CONTINUED)

C. **BACK TO NEWSPAPER.** PAN TO SECOND ARTICLE: "IKIMONO MANIA HITS SPRINGFIELD." And in smaller text: "Single, yellow male seeks Wanda the Available Woman figurine."

D. Bart and Lisa strut through a business district in their suits...trade with THE SEA CAPTAIN, DR. HIBBERT...pocket large wads of cash.

E. **BACK TO NEWSPAPER.** PAN TO COUPON AT CORNER: A two for one sale on laundry detergent.

F. Marge struts down the aisle of the Kwik-E-Mart, a large jug of detergent in each hand.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marge lies seductively in bed wearing her nightgown. Homer steps out of the bathroom in his uniform.

MARGE

Oh, please don't hurt me. I'm just an innocent woman.

HOMER

Don't worry, ma'am. I only use my powers for good.

MARGE

Well maybe you can do some good over here with me.

She pats the bed, and Homer climbs in beside her. They GIGGLE, and as they kiss, figurines fall from Marge's hair.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - DAY

The room has been converted into an office. Bart sits at a desk crunching numbers in a notebook. Lisa enters, wheeling a dolly of figurine boxes.

LISA

New shipment just arrived.

Bart closes the books. They open the first box and GASP at their find.

(CONTINUED)

BART

Lis, do you see what I see?

LISA

I see it, Bart, but don't believe it...

They reveal the figurine. It is:

LISA (CONT'D)

The Kabuki Tanuki. The rarest Ikimono
Pal of all.

INT. KWIK-E-MART - DAY

APU wipes down the Squishee machine. Suddenly he freezes, then looks to the distance, as though called by an unknown presence.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE rakes leaves. As with Apu, he freezes, then looks yonder, entranced.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

CITIZENS going about their days all freeze, also sensing something.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Marching together like zombies, the SPRINGFIELD POPULATION slowly crests the hill.

POPULATION

Tanuki...tanuki...

INT. DOJO - MAIN STUDIO - DAY

Sledge and Homer face each other on the mat.

SLEDGE

Homer, I'm impressed with all the
progress you've made, and there's
someone I'd like for you to meet.

Sledge gestures, and RAINIER WOLFCASTLE enters frame.

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

Wow, Rainier Wolfcastle! You train here
too?

WOLFCASTLE

I was just a fat slob before I met
Sledge.

He holds up a picture of his former self, in which he looks
remarkably like Homer: balding, same clothes, and stubble.

SLEDGE

Homer, I've arranged for you and
Rainier to spar each other.

HOMER

(PANICKED GASP)

SLEDGE

To the death.

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

SLEDGE

(CHUCKLES) Sorry, sorry my mistake. Not
to the death. That's for my yoga class.

HOMER

You want me to fight Rainier
Wolfcastle?

SLEDGE

Look, Homer, I know what you're
thinking. He's bigger than you.

HOMER

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

SLEDGE

Stronger than you.

HOMER

Uh-huh.

SLEDGE

Richer, more popular, and better
looking.

HOMER

True, true, and...true.

SLEDGE

But, Homer, you can't let that
discourage you. After all, you single-
handedly took down the Springfield
Mafia! If you just focus, I know you
can pull out a win.

HOMER

Focus? I don't know that I like the
sound of that...

SLEDGE

Believe in yourself, Homer. You've got
the power. Who's got the power?

HOMER

(WEAKLY) ...I do.

SLEDGE

Damnit, I said, "Who's got the power!"

HOMER

I do.

(CONTINUED)

SLEDGE

Louder!

HOMER

(SHOUTING) Me!

SLEDGE

Go get'm, Tiger!

He smacks Homer on the butt. Homer GROWLS and marches to Rainier.

HOMER

Alright, Wolfie, let's do this!

WOLFCASTLE

Okay.

He punches Homer straight in the jaw with a **thwack**. Homer falls to the ground, unconscious.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. DOJO - MAIN STUDIO - DAY

Homer sulks on a bench with an ice pack on his head. Sledge sits beside him.

HOMER

Boy, Sledge, you must really be disappointed in me.

SLEDGE

I'm not disappointed in you. I'm disappointed in myself for putting my confidence in you. But, Homer, I believe you can do better.

HOMER

I have something to confess...I just got lucky before. I haven't learned a single thing you've taught me. I'm just a fat, clumsy idiot.

SLEDGE

Homer, I've known that all along.

HOMER

You have?

SLEDGE

Of course! Homer, martial arts aren't about doing what I tell you to. They're about having confidence! They're about searching deep inside yourself and finding your inner strength!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

I believe you've got that strength,
Homer, and that's why I'm going to make
you fight Rainier again.

HOMER

Thanks, but no thanks.

SLEDGE

I'm not asking you, Homer, I'm telling
you. In one week you're going to march
back through those doors, and you're
going to take down McBain himself!

HOMER

And if I say no?

SLEDGE

Then I'll stop this blood transfusion,
and you'll die.

WIDEN:

A transfusion goes from Sledge's arm to Homer's.

HOMER

...Fine.

EXT. STREETS OF SPRINGFIELD - DAY

Homer trudges home, discouraged and defeated. As he passes
each house, neighbors scowl and **slam** their windows shut. The
sky turns gray, and rain begins pouring down on Homer.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Homer slumps at the table, an empty six-pack strewn about.

HOMER

(DRUNK) Why did I ever think I could do
martial arts? I'm just a fat idiot.

(CONTINUED)

He glances at the shelves.

HOMER'S POV

A drunken vision. FIGURINES (VAMPIRE, LOBSTER, MUMMY, TIGER, NINJA, PRAYING MANTIS) grow life-size, and encroach sinisterly upon Homer.

VAMPIRE

That's right, Homer! You're a nothing!

LOBSTER

And now you're going to die!

The figurines LAUGH PSYCHOTICALLY as they draw their swords, bare their teeth, and flash their claws.

BACK TO SCENE

Homer SCREAMS, and falls backwards to the floor with a **thud**, unconscious.

A large SILHOUETTE passes outside the window. It slides the window open as **thunder crashes**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - DAY

Bart wakes, stretches...looks around, and SCREAMS. A gap appears in the ranks of his figurines. On the wall, in its place, is the faded outline of the tanuki.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Homer lounges on the couch, disheveled, with a five o'clock shadow and deep circles beneath his eyes. He watches the TV as he drinks a beer, a pile of empty cans surrounding him.

ON TV

A crazed GILLIGAN points a gun at THE SKIPPER.

GILLIGAN

I've had enough of you, Skipper! I'm getting off this island!

SKIPPER

Where did you get that gun?

(CONTINUED)

GILLIGAN

I fashioned it from sand and tree bark.

SKIPPER

Wait a minute. You're not Gilligan at
all!

Gilligan pulls off a mask to reveal that he is actually
MACGYVER.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

(GASPS) Macgyver!

MACGYVER

(LAUGHS PSYCHOTICALLY)

BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

(DRUNK) I bet MacGilligan could find a
way to take down Rainier Wolfcastle...

Marge enters from the kitchen.

MARGE

Homer, I don't like seeing you this
way. I think it's time you stopped
drinking and feeling sorry for
yourself.

HOMER

Marge, all of the great heroes overcome
the odds by feeling sorry for
themselves. Look at Pinocchio.

MARGE

What about him?

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

First he was a puppet. Then he climbed
the beanstalk. And by the end, he
became a real boy.

MARGE

What does that have to do with you
feeling sorry for yourself?

HOMER

Pinocchio, Marge. Pinocchio.

MARGE

(GROANS)

Bart, and Lisa rush in from the hall.

BART

We've been robbed!

LISA

Someone stole our figurine!

MARGE

(GASPS) Homer! Homer, someone broke
into our home!

HOMER

What, you mean that fat guy who runs
the comic book store?

MARGE

You saw him do it? Why didn't you stop
him!

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

What could I do? I can't even take down
a major action star.

MARGE

Homer, stop it! I want you to go down
to that store and get your children's
toy back! Come on, kids, grab a piece
of your father.

They each grab hold of Homer's body and pull. Homer slowly
slides to the floor. He continues drinking as they drag him
from the room.

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

Comic book guy types at his computer.

COMIC BOOK GUY

My dearest Nastya, shall I compare thee
to a summer's day on the Klingon
homeworld of Kronos: (GRUNTS OUT SOME
KLINGON, THEN:) ...cursed iambic
pentameter...

The Simpsons enter, supporting Homer by the arms.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

BART

Yeah, you can give us back the figurine
you stole!

(CONTINUED)

COMIC BOOK GUY

(SARCASTICALLY) Moi? Steal a rare,
collectible figurine? Why, I wouldn't
dream of it!

LISA

There it is, on his shelf!

The tanuki sits between Chewbacca and Hulk action figures.

COMIC BOOK GUY

(OBVIOUSLY ACTING) Why, I was gifted
that by Lady Luck, herself.

LISA

You're lying! We've kept track of every
Ikimono Pal west of Shelbyville, and
that one's ours!

COMIC BOOK GUY

Well, little girl, I'd like to see you
prove it! Now, if you'll excuse me, my
bride is awaiting postage. Please
leave, before I call the police!

He points towards the door.

MARGE

You are a terrible, terrible man!

LISA

But he's right!—We can't prove that
it's ours...let's just go.

Bart and Lisa walk towards the door, sulking. Homer, still
drunk, catches sight of their glum faces. He SNARLS.

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

(DRUNK) Alright, Pal. You stole something from my family, and now you're going to give it back!

COMIC BOOK GUY

And if I don't?

HOMER

Then I'm going to teach your fat ass a lesson!

COMIC BOOK GUY

Judge me by my size, do you? I'll have you know that a lifetime devoted solely to studying super heroes has made me unstoppable!

Despite his size, he demonstrates several acrobatic kicks and punches, finishing by punching straight through the wall.

LISA

...We're doomed.

Comic Book Guy swings at Homer, who drunkenly stumbles backwards, avoiding the punch. This repeats several times.

MARGE

Oh no! He's still drunk!

LISA

No, Mom, look! It's helping him!

Comic Book Guy continues punching at Homer, who avoids each punch with his drunken swaying.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Stay still!

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

Which one of you said that?

LISA

His movements are unpredictable, and he
can't feel anything!

Comic Book Guy connects several punches against Homer, but
Homer seems not to notice.

BART

My God! He's a drunken master!

COMIC BOOK GUY

That does it! Feel the wrath of Zod!

He winds up for the final blow, and punches Homer square in
the nose. Homer falls backwards to the floor, but bounces
right back into Comic Book Guy, like a kid's Bop Bag. Comic
Book Guy topples to the ground, Homer on top of him.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

...Everything...go...dark...

He passes out.

MARGE/BART/LISA

(CHEER)

They rush to Homer. Together they lift his bruised body from
the floor and embrace him.

LISA

Way to go, Dad!

BART

Wow, Homer!

MARGE

Homie, that was wonderful! I'm so proud
of you!

(CONTINUED)

SLEDGE (O.S.)

So am I, Homer.

WIDEN:

Sledge stands beside the Simpsons.

HOMER

Sledge? Where did you come from?

SLEDGE

I just dropped by for my weekly comic.

He holds up a comic book: THE ADVENTURES OF SLEDGE STRONGMAN. The cover shows Sledge battling a giant slime monster.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)

I saw the whole fight, Homer. Your strength was in here all along.

He points to Homer's chest.

HOMER

Yeah. Good ole beer.

SLEDGE

No, Homer. It was your love for those closest to you that gave you what you needed. So here, you've earned this.

He gives Homer a wink and a thumbs up.

HOMER

Thanks everyone. This is the happiest moment of my life.

(CONTINUED)

SLEDGE

Homer, I wish I could stay and
celebrate, but I'm sensing trouble in
Ghana. Take care, everyone!

A golden aura envelopes Sledge. He **blasts** a hole in the roof with his Ki, shaking the building. The tanuki figurine tumbles, then rolls across the floor. Sledge flies off through the hole. The Simpsons watch in awe.

Beat.

HOMER

Well, that's wraps up another family
adventure!

He grabs the tanuki, hands it to Lisa.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go home.

EXT. COMIC BOOK SHOP - DAY

The Simpsons step outside, only to find the crazed Springfield population surrounding them.

Beat.

HOMER

Okay, Simpsons. You know what to do.

Homer puts his dukes up. Marge, Bart, and Lisa withdraw a vacuum cleaner, skateboard, and jump rope from behind their backs, respectively. (Another homage to the arcade game.)

The Simpsons leap towards the crowd, weapons at the ready!
FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END