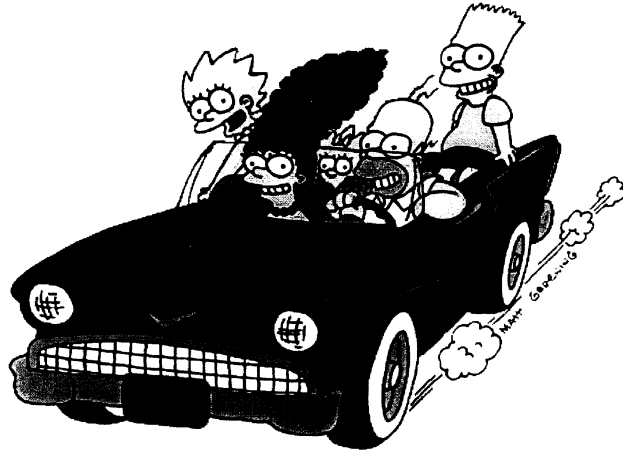


THE SIMPSONS: "HOTEL HOMER"



# The Simpsons

## "HOTEL HOMER"

by

John Swartzwelder

PRODUCTION #1F19

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Production No. 1F19

The Simpsons

"HOTEL HOMER"

Written by

John Swartzwelder

Created by  
Matt Groening

Developed by  
James L. Brooks  
Matt Groening  
Sam Simon

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"HOTEL HOMER"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER  
HUCK.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....HARRY SHEARER  
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....MARCIA WALLACE  
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
FREDDY QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER  
LINCOLN HOBO.....HANK AZARIA  
ARTIST.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
TICKET SELLER.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
OLD MEN.....DAN/HANK/HARRY  
AUCTIONEER.....HANK AZARIA  
GIRL.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
MAYOR QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
VARIOUS QUIMBYS.....DAN/HANK/HARRY/PAM/JULIE  
KRUSTY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
FRENCH WAITER.....HANK AZARIA

CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA  
GUEST.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
LIONEL HUTZ.....HANK AZARIA  
QUIMBY'S LAWYER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
JUDGE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
MOE.....HANK AZARIA  
AUDIENCE.....ALL  
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER  
HELEN LOVEJOY.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER  
TEACHER.....HANK AZARIA  
JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER  
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER  
ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....HARRY SHEARER  
MCGARNIGAL.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
BILLY.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
CHIEF.....HANK AZARIA  
APU.....HANK AZARIA  
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MASSEUR.....HARRY SHEARER  
BELLHOP.....DAN CASTELLANETA

HOTEL HOMER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING

BART and LISA come out of the house with their lunchboxes. It's a spectacularly nice day.

BART

(MOANS) How can they imprison kids in school on a beautiful day like this?

LISA

They're not "imprisoning us," Bart.

They're...

The school bus **SCREECHES** to a halt in front of them. It's a prison bus, with bars on the windows and "Springfield Prison" stenciled on the side. Gaunt faces peer out the windows.

INT. PRISON BUS

Bart enters and looks around.

BART

(DISAPPOINTED) A prison bus, Otto?

OTTO

The regular school bus broke down, so take a seat before I blow your heads off.

LISA

(SHOCKED) Otto!

OTTO

Sorry. This bus and I have sort of a  
"Shining" thing goin' on.

**INT. PRISON BUS - A LITTLE LATER**

All the KIDS are subdued. One is playing a **HARMONICA**.  
Another is **RATTLING** his lunchbox against the bars on his  
window.

**ON BART**

He peers out the window. The approaching school looks  
grimmer by the minute. Bart sees the cheerful-looking  
Springfield River and **MOANS** longingly.

**BART'S FANTASY**

He is cruising down the river with **HUCK FINN** and, for some  
reason, **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**.

BART

(DEEP BREATH) Ah! This is what being a  
kid is all about. Floating along, no  
responsibilities, no schoolwork. (LOW)  
Hey, Huck. What's (SPELLING IT) L-I-N-  
C-O-N doing here?

HUCK

I dunno. It's your fantasy.

BART

(TO LINCOLN) Hi, Abe.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(NODS PLEASANTLY) Hello, Bart.

BACK TO SCENE

BART

(SOTTO TO MILHOUSE) I can't waste a day like this in school. I'm going to make a break for it.

MILHOUSE

Don't be a fool. You won't get a hundred yards.

BART

Won't I?

Bart gets up, tries to walk off, but gets his ankle caught in a leg iron.

BART (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. SCHOOL - BART'S CLASSROOM

All the kids look uncomfortable in their new straight-backed chairs.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Well, children, our new ultra-hard Posturific chairs have arrived. They've been designed by eminent posturologists to eliminate slouching by the year 3000.

MARTIN raises his hand.

MARTIN

Mrs. Krabappel, I'm having back spasms.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

I know they seem a little uncomfortable right now, but eventually your bones will change shape.

The left side of Milhouse's face and body are drooping.

MILHOUSE

(RAISING HIS HAND) I've lost all feeling in the left side of my body.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

That's perfectly normal. Now, unfortunately, our school clocks have been running fast all semester. So today we all have to stay two extra hours to make up for the time we've lost.

The class **GROANS**.

**ON BART LOOKING GUILTY**

He glances down at a "Li'l Bastard Clock-Tampering Kit." Bart looks out the window. It's wonderful out there-- flowers blossoming, animals frolicking, and a rainbow in the sky. Quimby's 18-year-old nephew, **FREDDY**, drives by in a convertible with stereo **BLARING**, a **GORGEOUS BABE** beside him, and golf clubs and a surfboard in the back seat.

**FREDDY**

And to think I got all this without an education!

**BART**

That does it. I'm outta here.

He pulls out a piece of paper and hastily scribbles a note. He walks up to Mrs. Krabappel.

BART (CONT'D)

Mrs. Krabappel, here's a note from my mother.

She takes the note and looks at it suspiciously.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Haven't you gone to the dentist several times already this year?

BART

I've got more tartar than your average dog. My mom's number is on there if you want to check up on me.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SLYLY) That's okay, Bart.. I trust you.

Bart exits, jauntily. After a beat, Mrs. Krabappel pulls a phone out of her desk and dials the number on the note.

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD**

Bart is running as fast as he can towards a phone booth. It's already **RINGING**. He grabs it.

BART

(IMITATION OF MARGE'S MURMUR) Mmmm?

(LISTENS) M-Mmmm. (LISTENS) Mmm.

He hangs up and walks off **WHISTLING**.

**INT. SCHOOL - BART'S CLASS**

Krabappel hangs up the phone. She still looks dissatisfied.

**INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE**

Krabappel shows SKINNER Bart's note.

SKINNER

(READING) "Please excuse my  
handwriting. I busted whichever hand  
it is I write with." You were right to  
be suspicious, Edna. (GRIMLY) To the  
crime lab.

**INT. SCHOOL CRIME LAB**

The crime lab is full of outdated equipment. Skinner takes  
a punchcard out of a huge machine and looks at it.

SKINNER

(DISAPPOINTED) Inconclusive.

Skinner looks up at a large map of Springfield on the wall.  
A single light blinks. Skinner holds up a small electronic  
device.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) I wish more students had agreed  
to these electronic tracking implants.  
The only volunteer we had was Martin,  
and he never leaves his seat except to  
go home.

**INT. SCHOOL - BART'S CLASS**

Martin has an implant sticking out of his temple. It's  
blinking.

**INT. SCHOOL - SKINNER'S OFFICE**

Lisa is being interrogated by Skinner and GROUNDSKEEPER  
WILLIE. She looks amused.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Spill it! Where's yer brither?

SKINNER

You'd better answer him, Lisa. He's a  
bad man.

Lisa GIGGLES.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

What are you laughing about?

LISA

You started off as the bad cop. Now  
you're the good one. You and Willie  
got mixed up about ten minutes ago.

SKINNER

We did not! Now where's Bart? Tell  
me!

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Ach. You'd better tell him, lassie. I  
canna control him when he gets like  
this..

LISA

Now you're the good cop.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

(STARTLED) Whut?

**EXT. RIVERBANK**

Bart reclines against a tree, a stalk of grass in his  
teeth, a hat tipped over his eyes, and a fishing line tied  
to his big toe.

BART

Ah, the joys of mortgaging your future.

In the distance Bart sees a raft with Huck Finn and Abraham  
Lincoln.

BART (CONT'D)

(GASP) My fantasy's come true.

The raft gets closer and we see Abe and Huck are actually a couple of weird-looking drifters whose tattered garb only resembles Huck and Lincoln. They have wild looks in their eyes.

LINCOLN HOBO

(SINISTER) Hey kid. Wanna see a dead  
body?

Bart **SCREAMS** and runs away dragging a flopping fish on his fishing line behind him.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN SPRINGFIELD STREET**

Bart is making a face behind a WOMAN who is getting her picture drawn by a sidewalk ARTIST. Bart's face is in the picture too. The artist suddenly notices Bart for the first time.

ARTIST

Wait a minute... what the... ?

Bart runs off.

**INT. SOMEWHERE**

SKINNER

If I was a truant boy out for a good  
time I'd be right here. The  
Springfield Natural History Museum.

WIDEN to see Skinner is standing next to a display of crappy-looking birds in a dreary-looking habitat.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Kids can't resist the birds display.

(CHUCKLING) You're mine, Simpson.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD GOOGLE-PLEX**

Bart is buying a ticket for an R-rated movie. The **TICKET SELLER** is looking suspicious.

BART

If I was under 18 I'd be in school,  
right?

TICKET SELLER

I guess you're right. (GIVING HIM A  
TICKET) Enjoy "Booborama," sir.

**INT. STEAM BATH**

Bart, wrapped in a towel, is enjoying a steam with several  
OLD MEN.

BART

(SNORTS) Felt pens! Maybe I'm wrong,  
but I don't think anyone's ever  
improved on the good old fashioned lead  
pencil.

OLD MEN

(MURMUR AGREEMENT)

**EXT. OLD ABANDONED MALT SHOP**

Skinner is standing in front of a dilapidated building full  
of cobwebs and faded signs advertising "Moxie."

SKINNER

Why, there are no children here either!  
Am I so out of touch? (CONSIDERS THIS)  
No. It's the children who are wrong.

**INT. AUCTION HOUSE**

An AUCTIONEER stands in front of a painting.

AUCTIONEER

Sold to the small man with the runny  
nose for 2.3 million.

Bart runs out. After a beat, the auctioneer looks at a tall GRAY-HAIRED GENTLEMAN.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

(CLEARS THROAT) Our next highest bid,  
I believe, was yours sir? For 2.1  
million?

The gray-haired gentleman runs out.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Were there any serious bids for this  
painting?

Everyone slowly shakes their heads.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET**

Bart is walking down the street jauntily. HOMER approaches from the opposite direction. From a block away, they see each other. They both **GASP** and duck into doorways.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Can't let Dad see me  
playing hooky.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Can't let my boy see me  
skipping work.

Bart reemerges with his hair combed forward, Moe Howardesque. Homer is holding a comb up to his face like a mustache. They pass each other warily.

BART

Good afternoon.

HOMER

How do you do, sir?

They hurry off in opposite directions, **CHUCKLING**.

BART &amp; HOMER

Sucker.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET**

Skinner is walking along the sidewalk, searching for Bart. Suddenly he notices a big blob of something on the sidewalk.

SKINNER

A spoor!

He kneels down and touches the blob with his finger. Then he puts his finger to his mouth.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(TASTING) Hmm. His brand of gum--  
 Doublemint. Trying to double your fun,  
 eh, Bart? Well, I'll double your  
 detention. (DRY CHUCKLE) I wish  
 someone was around to hear that.  
 (STANDING UP) I've got you now,  
 Simpson.

Skinner walks mechanically off, focused on Bart's trail a la Yul Brenner in "Westworld." We hear Ominous **TRACKING MUSIC** from the film.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET**

Bart steps out of an ice cream parlor, eating a large cone. He sees Skinner down the block coming toward him.

BART

Aye carumba!

Bart dashes the other way and around the corner before Skinner sees him. He peeks back around. Skinner, sensing the trail is fresh, increases his pace.

**EXT. FIELD**

Bart is running and **PANTING**. He reaches a creek.

BART

Let's see him track me through water.

(CHUCKLES)

Bart gets out on the other side of the creek. He hides behind a rock. A quick moving Skinner reaches the creek. He stops for a moment, stymied. Then, to Bart's horror, Skinner picks up the trail and begins coming toward him.

BART

Who is that guy?

**EXT. RURAL FIELD - LATER**

Bart is running across the field, almost completely out of breath. He sees a banner: "SQUARE DANCING TODAY! TOMORROW BACK BREAKING LABOR."

BART

Aha! Let's see him track me through  
this.

Bart runs through two rows of DANCERS facing each other. As soon as he passes, they begin dancing to **HOE-DOWN MUSIC**.

Their feet leave many confusing footprints in the dirt. Skinner follows Bart's trail into the midst of the dancers. At first he stays on track, but soon becomes diverted and begins do-si-doing and dancing.

SKINNER

(AS HE "DANCES") Hmm, I think I drifted  
off his trail. Must... find...  
strength to break away from this  
engaging slice of Americana.

Skinner looks grim. He finds Bart's trail and begins moving toward him again.

BART

Oh, my god, he's like some sort of  
(SEARCHING) non... giving up...  
principal. (THEN) I'll never be a  
writer.

Bart sprints off as fast as he can. Skinner quickens his determined pace and begins gaining on Bart.

**EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - LATER**

Bart is out of breath. Exhausted, he comes to a road at the top of a hill. There is nowhere left to run. He hides pathetically behind a tiny rock.

**ANGLE ON SKINNER**

Reaching the top of the hill.

SKINNER

Oh, he's close. I can taste his fear.  
(LICKS LIPS, SEES ROCK) It's all over,  
Simpson.

Skinner lunges behind the rock. To his surprise, it's empty.

**ANGLE ON RED CONVERTIBLE**

The same one we saw earlier. We see Bart crouched down hiding in the back seat, under a blanket.

**BART'S POV**

Skinner recedes into the distance.

BART

(CHUCKLES)

GIRL

Freddy honey, I think something just  
landed in the back seat.

FREDDY QUIMBY

(KENNEDY ACCENT) Aw, probably just a  
really big acorn.

EXT. QUIMBY COMPOUND

The convertible **ROARS** through a giant, ornate gate.  
Wrought iron spells "QUIMBY COMPOUND." Another sign reads:  
"Thursday is Ladies' Night."

EXT. QUIMBY COMPOUND FRONT YARD

There is a party going on on the lawn. A large banner  
reads "Happy 18th Birthday Freddy." A touch football game  
is in progress. Freddy drives into the middle of it and  
jumps out of the car.

FREDDY

Gimme the ball!

A PLAYER tosses Freddy the ball. Freddy runs over to the  
punch bowl and **SLAMS** the football into it, **SPLASHING**  
everyone nearby.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

People, the punch has been spiked.

The punch-soaked people **LAUGH** uneasily and **APPLAUD** lightly.

QUIMBY

That's my nephew, displaying the Quimby  
wit that's won the public's heart.

(LIFTING HIS GLASS) Happy birthday,  
Freddy, and may all your disgraces be  
private.

There is a smattering of **APPLAUSE**.

VARIOUS QUIMBYS

Here here.

Bart stealthily sneaks out of the car and immediately backs  
into Mayor Quimby.

QUIMBY

And who are you, little boy?

BART

I'm one of your nephews you don't see  
very often. Bart-Bart.

QUIMBY

Oh yes, that's right. How's your... do  
you have a mother?

BART

Yes.

QUIMBY

How's your mother?

BART

She's fine.

The 103 year old MATRIARCH of the Quimby clan rides up in a  
Capt. Pike style contraption a la Star Trek.

QUIMBY

I guess you know Daisy. She's probably  
your grandmother or something.

Quimby exits quickly. Bart and the matriarch watch as  
SOCIALITES jump fully clothed into a fountain and begin  
dancing wildly and **LAUGHING**.

BART

Some party.

The matriarch's light flashes once and we hear a **BEEP**.

BART (CONT'D)

So, you play touch football?

The light flashes twice, along with two **BEEPS**.

BART (CONT'D)

Me neither. So, uh, what's your  
favorite cartoon?

The light flashes twice, along with two BEEPS.

BART (CONT'D)

Roadrunner. Yeah, me too.

**INT. QUIMBY MANSION - AFTERNOON**

Bart is wandering around looking at all the celebrities and socialites, including MCBAIN, KRUSTY, FAT TONY, and WIGGUM.

**ON KRUSTY**

Krusty is at a blackjack table.

KRUSTY

I'm down fifty thousand. Luckily this  
is all in fun and I don't have to pay.

Two huge MEN appear on either side of him and begin leading him away.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, you don't want to mess with  
me. I've got an army of kids that'll  
do whatever I say. And they're not  
afraid to bite, ya know. A human's  
bite is much worse than a dog's. Our  
mouths are filthy - bacteria, plaque,  
you name it. (BEAT, THEN OFF SCREEN)  
You need snowtires?

**INT. QUIMBY MANSION - MAIN DINING ROOM**

Bart is eating lunch, still seated next to Quimby.

QUIMBY

That nephew of mine is a riot.

**ON FREDDY**

He is smearing food on the faces of the people at his table and **LAUGHING**. A **WOMAN** walks past and he sticks his head under her dress.

FREDDY

(YELLING) Yeah!

A snooty **FRENCH WAITER** puts a bowl in front of Freddy.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

FRENCH WAITER

It's a bowl of show-dair, sir.

FREDDY

What did you call it? Say it loud  
enough for everyone to hear. Come on!  
Say it.

Everyone turns to look. The waiter looks embarrassed.

FRENCH WAITER

(QUIETLY) Show-dair.

Freddy **LAUGHS**.

FREDDY

(MOCKING) "Show-dair?" It's "chowder."  
Say it right.

FRENCH WAITER

(GRITTED TEETH) Show-der.

Freddy **LAUGHS** louder. The French waiter turns on his heel and stalks away.

FREDDY

Come back here! I'm not through  
demeaning you.

INT. QUIMBY MANSION - KITCHEN

A multi-tiered cake sits on a counter. Bart sneaks in, grabs a handful of cake, and starts eating.

BART

Mmmm. Bourbon cake.

Bart hears **VOICES** and hides. The French waiter stalks angrily into the kitchen followed by Freddy.

FREDDY

Say it! Say chowder!

FRENCH WAITER

Ne-verr!

FREDDY

Okay, you asked for it.

ANGLE ON BART

Watching wide-eyed.

FREDDY (O.S.)

(2 GRUNTS) I'm gonna enjoy this.

We hear tremendous **CRASHING** and **GROANING** of the french waiter.

BART

(GASPS)

ANGLE ON THE FRENCH WAITER

Bruised and battered, he tries to pick himself up from the floor, but just falls back down again and **GROANS**.

BART

(HANDS ON CHEEKS) Sacre bleu!

Wiggum, Mayor Quimby, Daisy and some other guests rush in.

WIGGUM

Oh my God, the waiter's been beaten.

GUEST

I heard him arguing with Freddy over  
chowder.

WIGGUM

What's there to argue about? Can't we  
all agree it's just a delicious seafood  
bisque?

WAITER

(TRYING TO RISE) Beesque.

He collapses.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

CU - NEWSPAPER

The headline is "Quimby Nephew Charged In Beating." A sub-head reads "Chowder Said Wrong."

INT. SIMPSON HOME

MARGE is reading the paper.

MARGE

It says he beat a waiter half to death.  
Those Quimby children are so wild. I  
hope he gets what's coming to him.

LISA

(LOOKING AT PAPER) There weren't any  
eyewitnesses. You'd think someone  
would have seen something at a crowded  
party like that.

BART

(GUILTILY) Well they didn't, okay?  
They didn't! It says right here in  
black and white, no witnesses. Case  
closed. Let's all read the funnies.

He grabs the paper.

BART (CONT'D)

Look, Charlie Brown said "Good grief."  
I didn't see that comin'. (UNEASY  
LAUGH)

INT. SCHOOL BUS - LATER

Bart and Lisa sit together.

LISA

So, what's bothering you, Bart?

BART

Nothing, why?

LISA

You're distracted. You didn't even want to play keep away with Martin's asthma inhaler.

**ANGLE ON NELSON AND JIMBO**

Who are tossing an asthma inhaler over a red-faced **WHEEZING** Martin.

MARTIN

You're getting your fingers on it!

That nozzle is sterile!

**BACK TO SCENE**

BART

Lisa, I gotta tell somebody. I was at the Quimby compound yesterday when it all went down. I'm a witness.

LISA

So, that's where you were yesterday!

BART

Freddy Quimby is innocent.

LISA

Bart, you have to tell the police.

BART

I can't.

LISA

Why?

The bus pulls to a stop in front of the school. Skinner's head appears in the window.

SKINNER

Bart Simpson, I know you cut school yesterday. As soon as I can prove it, I'm shipping you off to the Academy of Scavenging and Menial Arts.

Skinner walks off. Bart turns to Lisa.

BART

I couldn't have put it any better.

LISA

I see your predicament, Bart. Well, if Freddy Quimby didn't do it, I'm sure he'll be found innocent by a fair and impartial jury.

CUT TO:

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE**

Bart and Lisa watch as Homer reads a letter.

HOMER

(MOANS) Jury duty. I'll see that Quimby kid hang for this.

BART

(GROANS)

LISA

(QUIETLY) I knew it was a bad idea to watch him open the mail.

ON TV

We see KENT BROCKMAN in the halls of the Springfield Courthouse.

KENT BROCKMAN

Kent Brockman, just outside the county courtroom where an argument about chowder has spilled over into the biggest trial in Springfield history. Behind these doors a Federal judge will ladle out steaming bowls of rich, creamy justice in a case the media has dubbed... "Punched Waiter." (MAKES A DISGUSTED FACE) This reporter suggested "Waiter Gate" but was shouted down. At any rate, this trial promises to be Mmm-Mmm interesting. Now it's illegal to televise court proceedings in this state, (LOWERING VOICE) so we'll have to be quiet.

Brockman turns to enter the open courtroom door. It instantly **SLAMS** in his face.

INT. COURTROOM

We see Marge, Bart, Lisa and MAGGIE.

MARGE

Look, kids, there's your father. You should be proud. He's part of the judicial process.

**ANGLE ON HOMER IN JURY BOX**

HOMER

Hey, look, there's a dozen of us.

We're like a carton of eggs and some of  
us are cracked. (LAUGHS)

No one else laughs.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SUDDENLY MISERABLE) I want to go home.

**ON MAYOR QUIMBY AND FREDDY QUIMBY**

MAYOR QUIMBY

Relax, Freddy. They've got the most  
incompetent prosecutor in the bi-state  
area.

**ANGLE ON HUTZ**

LIONEL HUTZ is talking to a BAILIFF.

HUTZ

(AMUSED) Look at them over there. (RE:  
JURY) They look like a carton of eggs.  
(LAUGHS)

**ANGLE ON BART**

He looks over at Skinner, who is on the jury. Skinner  
glares back at him.

SKINNER (V.O.)

I know you can read my thoughts, Bart.  
Just a little reminder: if I find out  
you cut class, your ass is mine. Yes,  
you heard me. I think words I would  
never say.

**BART'S POV**

Homer is looking at him.

HOMER (V.O.)

I know you can read my thoughts, boy.

(SINGS CIRCUS CALLIOPE MUSIC)

**MONTAGE**

of scenes from the trial.

A) We see a court sketch artist sketching Freddy Quimby. He signs it "Matt Groening."

B) Quimby's lawyer, a smooth, high-powered attorney, is addressing the jury.

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

I intend to prove that Freddy Quimby is totally innocent. This young man's family has lived in Springfield for nearly 200 years. Whereas, (POINTING) his accuser, Mr. LaCoste, not only wasn't born in Springfield. He wasn't even born in this country!

There are **GASPS** and **MURMURS** from the audience. Several reporters run for the phones in the back of the courtroom. The Frenchman looks down in abject shame.

HUTZ

(ANGRY, TO WAITER; SOTTO) From now on, you tell me everything.

C) We see a **LONG OVERHEAD SHOT** of the inside of the courtroom, as in the beginning of Perry Mason. We hear the Perry Mason **THEME**. Everyone is looking at Homer, who has a Sony Watchman in front of his face.

JUDGE

Mr. Simpson, are you watching Perry  
Mason?

HOMER

Maybe.

The bailiff takes the Watchman away from him.

JUDGE

Watch our trial.

HOMER

(WHINING) But it's so boring.

D) Wiggum is on the stand.

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

So, Chief Wiggum, you say that Mr.  
LaCoste, who claims he was so (SNIDE)  
"brutally beaten," is not a reliable  
character?

WIGGUM

That guy is being investigated for  
nearly every crime that's ever been  
committed in Springfield. I myself  
just planted five dead bodies in his  
suburban home.

There are **MURMURS** from the spectators and the jury.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

No, not "planted." "Found." I just  
FOUND five dead bodies in his home.  
Slip of the tongue. (WEAK LAUGH)

The jury and the spectators MURMUR, satisfied. Hutz stands up.

HUTZ

Your Honor, I object!

JUDGE

On what grounds?

HUTZ

I don't know.

Hutz sits back down and winks cockily at Mr. LaCoste.

E) MOE is on the stand.

MOE

Freddy Quimby was with me the entire night in question. We were collecting canned goods for the starving people in, ah... you know, one of them loser countries.

AUDIENCE

(MURMURS) "Well that clears Freddy Quimby Completely." "He's clearly innocent." "What a sweet boy."

Mayor Quimby puts a big bag in front of Moe. The bag has a discrete dollar sign on it.

MOE (CONT'D)

(NERVOUSLY) Ah, good. My laundry is done.

AUDIENCE

(MURMURS) "Wow, he gets his laundry delivered." "What a clean man." "I like the logo."

HUTZ

Your Honor, I think I should have objected again somewhere in there.

JUDGE

On what grounds?

HUTZ

(WEARILY) Never mind.

**ANGLE ON BART AND LISA**

BART

Ya see, Lisa? They don't need my testimony. Quimby's buying his nephew's freedom. The system works.

LISA

(DEPRESSED MURMUR)

F) Hutz is addressing the courtroom.

HUTZ

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to prove to you not only that Freddy Quimby is guilty, but that he is predisposed to what the experts call bad-osity. (GESTURING) Doctor Hibbert...

We see DR. HIBBERT is on the stand holding up a huge blow-up of a human gene.

DR. HIBBERT

Only one in two million people have what we call the "evil gene." Hitler had it. Walt Disney had it. And Freddy Quimby has it.

HUTZ

Thank you, Doctor Hibbert. I rest my case.

JUDGE

(STARTLED) You rest your case?

HUTZ

What? Oh, no. I thought that was just a figure of speech.

**INT. COURTROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Hutz is questioning the French waiter.

HUTZ

Ladies and gentlemen. This witness has no reason to lie about being savagely beaten by Freddy Quimby. Mr. LaCoste is a man of the highest integrity and class. (TO LACOSTE) Go ahead, make that popping noise with your mouth that French waiters make.

The waiter stares at him blankly. Hutz tries to imitate it, then looks hopefully at the waiter.

FRENCH WAITER

I don't do that.

HUTZ

(THOUGHTFULLY) I see. Can you make ANY neat noises?

FRENCH WAITER

No.

HUTZ

(DISAPPOINTED) Some witness. (MUMBLES)

Probably made up the whole story.

Hutz sits down.

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

Skinner raises his hand to the judge.

SKINNER

Uh, your honor, I'd like to bring something to the court's attention.

We see Homer wearing glasses, his eyes open unnaturally wide. Skinner removes the glasses to reveal that the eyes are painted on the lenses, and Homer is fast asleep, his mouth drooping open.

HOMER

(ASLEEP GURGLING NOISE)

The judge **BANGS** her gavel.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WAKING) Huh?

JUDGE

Give those glasses to the bailiff.

Homer hands them over, then immediately puts on another pair of half-lidded glasses.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

And those.

Homer **MOANS** and hands them to the bailiff.

**ANGLE ON MARGE**

MARGE

Hm, I really should close that charge account at the novelty store.

**BACK TO SCENE**

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

Your honor, even though I've proven my client's innocence, I'd still like to call Freddy Quimby to the stand so that we can all bask in his gentle decency.

The audience **MURMURS** enthusiastically.

AUDIENCE

"He's wealthy, therefore inherently good." "He's definitely innocent."  
"He has innocent looking hair."

**ANGLE ON BART AND LISA**

Bart reclines smugly in his seat.

BART

Well this should wrap things up in a nice, neat little bow. (THEN) That didn't sound too feminine, did it?

**INT. COURTROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Freddy is on the stand looking angelic.

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

Mr. Quimby, did you assault Mr. LaCoste?

FREDDY

Of course not.

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

And would you under any circumstance hurt any other human being?

FREDDY

Never. I love each and every living thing on God's green earth.

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

Therefore, you certainly would never lose your temper over something as trivial as the pronunciation of "chowder."

FREDDY

That's chowda. Chowda! I'll kill you. I'll kill all of you - especially those of you in the jury. (BEAT) I mean, I love you.

QUIMBY

Your honor, I'd like to pay to have that stricken from the record.

He holds up a big stack of cash. The audience **MURMURS**.

AUDIENCE

"This changes everything. " "Freddy's clearly guilty." "His hair is a dead giveaway."

QUIMBY'S LAWYER

Ah, the hell with it. The defense  
rests.

JUDGE

Will the jury retire and come to its  
decision?

The jury files out.

HELEN LOVEJOY

(TO FLANDERS) This won't take long.  
He's clearly guilty... we'll probably  
be home in time for dinner.

FLANDERS

I hope so. (SMACKS LIPS) We're having  
milk tonight.

Homer walks over to the judge.

HOMER

Uh, I'll be needing my spectacles back  
for the deliberations.

JUDGE

No.

HOMER

(SHORT GROAN)

**ANGLE ON BART AND LISA**

LISA

Well Bart, because of you, a horrible,  
yet innocent person is going to jail.

BART

Maybe I should come forward.

SKINNER

(TO OTHER JURORS) I can't wait till the sentencing part. That's where I really shine.

**BART'S FANTASY**

Skinner's clothing is transformed into judge's robes. His arm points accusingly at Bart.

SKINNER

Bart Simpson, for the heinous crime of hooky, I sentence you to the Academy of Scavenging and Menial Arts.

Bart is instantly transported to a basement-like classroom. A mean, pot-bellied SLOB in a ripped T-shirt chewing a cigar and holding a plunger addresses a classroom of backward-looking BOYS.

TEACHER

Welcome to Plumbing 101. Okay everyone, into the sludgepit.

The boys reluctantly get into the sludge, **MOANING** and **GROANING**.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Get used to it. You're going to be covered in it for the rest of your lives.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Bart snaps out of his fantasy to see the judge glaring down at him.

JUDGE

Your sister says you have something to  
tell me.

BART

What? Uh, uh, I just want to say how  
great it is to finally see some chicks  
on the bench. Keep up the good work,  
toots.

Bart walks off. The judge glares at Lisa who gives a  
cheesy smile.

LISA

(WEAK LAUGH)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. JURY ROOM

Flanders begins passing around little slips of paper. Homer is looking alternately at a sheet of paper and a hotel brochure.

JASPER

Why bother voting? He's guilty.

FLANDERS

We might as well make it official.

HOMER

What does sequestered mean?

SKINNER

If the jury is deadlocked, they are put up in a hotel together so they can't communicate with the outside world.

HOMER

What does deadlocked mean?

SKINNER

It's when the jury can't agree on a verdict.

HOMER

Uh-huh. And "if"?

SKINNER

A conjunction meaning "in the event that" or "on condition that."

HOMER

So "if" we don't all vote the same way,  
we'll be "deadlocked" and have to be  
"sequestered" in the Springfield Palace  
Hotel.

PATTY

We won't be here overnight, Homer.

JASPER

Let's vote. My liver is failing.

Homer pages through the brochure with growing excitement.

HOMER

Where we'll get... a free room, free  
food, free swimming pool, free HBO -  
Oooh, "Free Willy," --(GASP) and free  
mints on our pillows!

SKINNER

Justice is not a frivolous thing,  
Simpson. It has little, if anything,  
to do with mints. Let's vote.

Everyone writes their votes down on pieces of paper and  
passes them to Flanders.

HOMER

How are the rest of you voting?

EVERYONE

Guilty.

HOMER

Fine.

He starts to scribble something on his piece of paper.

HOMER (CONT'D)

How many "s"'s in "innocent"?

Everyone looks at Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SOMBERLY) I'm only doing what I think  
is right. I truly believe he is free  
hotel.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD PALACE HOTEL - ESTABLISHING .**

**INT. HOTEL - HOMER & SKINNER'S ROOM**

Homer is surrounded by food, talking on the phone to Marge.  
Skinner sits glumly on a bed on the other side of the room.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) I miss you too, Marge.

But the law needs me. I'll be home as  
soon as I can.

He hangs up, then **DIALS** room service.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Room service? Send up one thousand  
assorted donuts. And a beer.

He hangs up. Skinner gets off his bed and crosses into  
Homer's messy side of the room.

SKINNER

You know, heh-heh, we're kind of like  
the original "Odd Couple." You're the  
messy one and I'm...

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) Shut-up.

SKINNER

Yes, very well.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart is chewing joylessly on a candy bar and watching TV. He looks glum. Lisa walks up to him.

LISA

So Bart, have your insides been gnawed away yet?

BART

Nah, it's just a Butterfinger.

LISA

I'm talking about guilt, Bart. The kind of guilt that wraps around your soul and squeezes until there's nothing left but a tiny kernel of despair.

BART

Sell it to Hallmark, sis. I don't feel the least bit guilty. You're looking at cucumber boy. As in "cool as... a."  
(TO HIMSELF) Hmm... maybe I will be a writer.

Lisa walks off. Marge enters.

MARGE

Are you feeling all right, Bart? It's not like you to look so guilty.

BART

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

MARGE

I'd better check your temperature.  
Wait here while I get a pre-teen  
thermometer.

She exits. From the TV we hear the following:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Next on McGarnigal - McGarnigal is  
framed for a crime he didn't commit.  
And only one witness can clear his name  
- a little sissy boy who's too scared  
to come forward.

ON TV

We see a TOUGH COP talking to a scared LITTLE BOY.

MCGARNIGAL

You gotta tell 'em what you saw, Billy.

BILLY

But I'm so scared, McGarnigal.

MCGARNIGAL

You gotta do this one for me, Billy.  
McGarnigal.

BILLY

Okay. For you. McGarnigal.

We see McGarnigal in the CHIEF'S office.

CHIEF

(DISGUSTED) Well, McGarnigal, Billy is  
dead. They slit his throat from ear to  
ear.

McGarnigal has a really big sandwich.

MCGARNIGAL

Hey, I'm trying to eat lunch here!

BACK TO SCENE

BART

(GROANS)

INT. HOTEL - HOMER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The light is out. Moonlight shines down on Skinner's twisted face. He's having a nightmare.

SKINNER

Give me the incendiaries, lieutenant, I can get through. Oh my god, here comes the enemy again! Eat them, men! Eat them!

We see Homer is sitting up in bed, watching Skinner intently like he's a movie and eating popcorn.

HOMER

(ROOTING) C'mon, Skinner!

INT. COURTHOUSE - JURY ROOM

The jurors are back for a second day of deliberations. Everyone looks disgruntled except Homer.

FLANDERS

Well, I hope you're happy now, Homer.

HOMER

I am.

PATTY

Good. Then you're not going to make us stay over another night, are you?

HOMER

Are you kidding? Of course I am. I've been looking for a sweet deal like this all my life. I'm never giving it up. Never.

APU

But you can't, in good conscience, keep voting innocent forever. The boy is obviously guilty.

QUIMBY (V.O.)

(THROUGH SMALL SPEAKER) That's not true!

The jury members look at a small speaker that's on the table under a napkin. Patty picks it up and throws it against a wall.

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

(THROUGH SPEAKER) Ow!

**INT. COURTHOUSE - CLOSET**

Quimby is wearing headphones. He rubs his ears.

QUIMBY

I hate it when they do that.

**MONTAGE**

of Homer living it up at the hotel

A) Homer gulping down food at the buffet, elbowing other people out of the way.

B) Homer eating spaghetti while he's floating on his back in the pool.

C) Homer laying on his stomach getting a massage.

MASSEUR

Turn over, please.

Homer turns over. His mouth is bulging and his entire body is smeared with food. Pizza, fried eggs, etc.

MASSEUR (CONT'D)

(DISGUSTED) Yuh!

**INT. HOTEL - APU'S ROOM**

Apu is leaning out the window, yelling at a man who is about to go into a supermarket.

APU

(YELLING) May I help you?... I said,

may I help you?

He sits down on the bed and **SIGHS**.

APU (CONT'D)

I miss my work so much.

**INT. HOTEL - PATTY'S ROOM**

Patty is on the phone. She absently pulls a clump of hair out of her head.

PATTY

I know, Selma. We've been separated too long. I think we're beginning to decompose.

**INT. PATTY & SELMA'S APARTMENT**

SELMA is on the phone. She pulls out a tooth.

**SFX: STING**

**INT. HOTEL - HOMER'S ROOM**

Homer's side of the room is almost bare. A small chair is sticking out of Homer's suitcase. Homer is lowering an end table out of the window by a rope. Skinner watches disapprovingly.

HOMER

Got it, Barn?

BARNEY (O.S.)

Got what?

We hear an off screen **CRASH**.

SKINNER

You're stealing a table?

HOMER

I'm not stealing it. Hotels expect you to take a few things. It's a souvenir.

SKINNER

Is that my necktie you're wearing?

HOMER

Souvenir.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE**

Bart is watching TV. He looks dismal.

**ON TV**

Kent Brockman is holding up the results of a recent poll.

KENT BROCKMAN

Our latest Channel 6 tracking poll shows 85% of respondents say Freddy Quimby will be found guilty. 12% say he will be found innocent. And 3% answered our question with a question, which just drives me crazy.

**ON BART**

He picks up the phone and dials.

BART

Sequestered jury please.

INT. HOTEL - HOMER'S ROOM

Homer is peeling wallpaper off of the wall. The room is bare, except for the **RINGING** phone. Homer answers it.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Y'ello... Bart, I can't discuss the trial... Well if you must know, I've been voting innocent, but I'm getting kind of sick of this crummy room. So I'll probably vote guilty tomorrow like everyone else and see that Quimby fry at the end of a rope.

Homer hangs up the phone, then puts it in his bulging suitcase.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart hangs up the phone and grabs his stomach in pain.

BART

(MOANS) Lisa's right. My insides are being gnawed out. I have to testify and tell them what I saw.

Bart crawls off.

ON TV

KENT BROCKMAN

This just in - a shipment of counterfeit Mexican Butterfingers has made it to Springfield. If eaten, the symptoms include a sensation not unlike having your insides gnawed out by guilt.

**INT. COURTROOM**

Lisa and Bart are with the judge.

JUDGE

Even though reopening a trial at this point is illegal and grossly unconstitutional, I just can't say no to kids.

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

The trial has resumed. Bart is on the stand.

BART

I was hiding in the kitchen when it all happened...

**FLASHBACK - BART'S STORY**

We see Freddy walking menacingly toward the French waiter.

FREDDY

Say it! Say chowder!

FRENCH WAITER

Ne-verr!

FREDDY

Okay, you asked for it.

Freddy **SWINGS** and misses the French waiter twice.

FREDDY (O.S.)

I'm gonna enjoy this.

He grabs a bottle of champagne and walks out.

**ANGLE ON THE FRENCH WAITER**

The waiter smirks and turns to go. He slips on some cake Bart dropped and begins sliding wildly around the kitchen. He **BANGS** into a bunch of pots and pans with his head, gets one hand caught in an industrial toaster, his other hand caught in an egg beater, and his head stuck in an oven. He pulls himself free only to fall into a room labeled "Rat traps." There are several hundred **SNAPS**. He comes running out covered with traps and runs into a huge stack of glassware which **CRASHES** on him. He falls to the floor. After a pause his arms and legs suddenly **SNAP** and point in weird directions.

**BACK TO SCENE**

BART

(SINCERELY) And that's what really happened.

HUTZ

How could you have seen all this, Bart?  
Weren't you supposed to be in school?

BART

(DEEP BREATH) I sorta skipped school.

Skinner has to be restrained from climbing out of the jury box.

SKINNER

I knew it! I knew you'd slip up sooner or later.

APU

What slipping up? He confessed.

SKINNER

Shush. I need this.

JUDGE

This court finds Freddy Quimby innocent  
of all charges. Case dismissed.

Everyone in the courtroom **CHEERS**. For some reason, even  
the waiter joins in.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE**

Skinner walks up to Bart.

SKINNER

Bart, I'm impressed with what you did  
in there. You testified for the Quimby  
boy even though it was putting your own  
head in a noose. On the other hand,  
you skipped school.

BART

I guess the two things cancel each  
other out, huh?

SKINNER

With some people they might. (DEEP  
BREATH) I'm a small man in some ways,  
Bart. A small, petty man. 30 days  
detention.

Bart turns away from Skinner, quickly scribbles a note and  
then hands it to the principal.

BART

I'd like to do the thirty days, but as  
you can see...

Skinner reads the note.

SKINNER

Oh, well, you can go then.

Bart saunters off, **WHISTLING**.

The french waiter hobbles out of the building. After a beat, Freddy runs out the door and jumps on the waiter and begins beating the crap out of him.

FREDDY

Say chowda, ya bastid! Say chowda.

Policemen empty out of the building, grab the Quimby kid, handcuff him and drag him back in the courthouse, whacking him with nightsticks.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD PALACE HOTEL**

A newly married couple arrives in a car that has **TIN CANS** trailing from it.

**INT. HOTEL - HOMER'S ROOM**

The groom carries the bride into Homer's old room. There's nothing left but pipes.

BELLHOP

This is your light switch here. And  
this is your toilet pipe here. And  
that's it.

He holds his hand out for a tip.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM**

Homer and Marge are in bed. The bedroom now looks exactly like a hotel room.

MARGE

It's good to have you back, Homey.

HOMER

It's good to be home, Marge.

He turns off the light. We hear a low-pitched "WHOOSHING" sound. Homer turns the light back on.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Will you kids quit playing with that?

**ON BART, LISA AND MAGGIE**

They are racing around in a glass revolving door.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE