

GOOD OLE' OLD PEOPLE

Written by

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ACT 1

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD CEMETERY - NIGHT**

Ominous music plays as two figures with white sheets creep around the cemetery. The smaller of the two suddenly stops and removes his sheet.

BART

Dad, why do we have to wear these  
stupid sheets?

HOMER

Quiet boy. And put your sheet back on!  
It's the best kind of camouflage for a  
cemetery.

BART

Wouldn't actual camouflage hide us a  
lot better than these bright white  
sheets?

HOMER

Heh, like there'd be soldiers at a  
cemetery! With these sheets, if anyone  
spots us, they'll just assume we're a  
couple of harmless ghosts. Everyone  
knows this place is haunted. It's built  
on top of an Indian Burial Ground!

BART

How did that happen?

HOMER

Obviously the dead settlers decided this was the best resting place and drove the dead Indians further underground. What do they teach you in school?

Homer suddenly stops walking and pulls a shovel out from under his sheet.

HOMER (CONT'D)

This spot looks good!

Homer begins vigorously shoveling away the dirt, unwittingly tossing it onto a grave that reads "FRANK "GRIMEY" GRIMES.

BART

Dad, we can't just rob graves! Even I know that's wrong on so many levels, which probably means it's wrong on even more levels!

Homer stops shoveling and collects himself.

HOMER

Barrrrrt, it's fine! We're not robbing graves; we're hunting for Indian artifacts! We're no worse than any archaeologist, like... Uhh, uhhh, Indiana Jones! Or those German archaeologists he was competing against!

BART

Dad, those were Nazis.

HOMER

And that's why they didn't succeed and we will! It's not like we're some power-hungry Germans; we're just in it for the money, like all real archaeologists.

BART

I don't think "real" archaeologists sell their findings at the Shelbyville Swap Meet.

HOMER

Clearly you haven't been to many swap meets.

Homer continues digging for a few seconds, then stops when he believes he's spotted something. He reaches down and pulls out his discovery.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Aha! A dream catcher!

Homer holds his discovery, a plastic six pack holder, above his head.

BART

Dad, that's just a six pack holder.

HOMER

And what glorious dreams it must have held... There's got to be more!

Homer continues digging.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Who knows, maybe some arrowheads, some  
headless arrows, teepees, smoke  
signals... What else did those Indians  
have?

BART

For a while, a prosperous and idyllic  
lifestyle...

HOMER

Yeah, that too!

Homer continues digging, but is interrupted by the sight and  
sound of police sirens. He stops digging and tosses the  
shovel at Bart.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh please oh mighty ghosts, take the  
boy! He put me up to it!

BART

(IMPASSIVELY) Dad, it's the police.

HOMER

The police can't save us now! The  
cruelty of these haunted ghosts knows  
no bounds! Run!

Homer begins to run away but is soon taken down by a police  
taser. He attempts to speak while writhing on the ground.

HOMER (CONT'D)

DON'T - TAKE - MY - SOUL - IT'S - AL -  
READ - Y - TARN - ISHED

**INT. SPRINGFIELD POLICE STATION**

CHIEF WIGGUM

Well, well, well, did you really think  
you could get away with this?

Angle to reveal a guilty looking police dog (SAD NOISES) next  
an overturned container of doggy treats. Wiggum quickly  
scoops them back into the container, save one that's still in  
his hand. He stares right at the dog's face as he takes a  
large chomp out of it. He then turns around.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

And as for you two, what in dog's name  
do you think you were doing?

HOMER

(EXASPERATED) I told you, we were  
merely trying to loot the remains of an  
old revered culture for minor monetary  
gain.

CHIEF WIGGUM

I was talking about going into the  
graveyard after dark, don't you know  
that place is haunted? But hey, what  
you said sounds pretty bad too. In fact  
really bad! Lou, what do you usually  
give perps for this sort of crime?

LOU

I don't know Chief, I'm not really a  
judge.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Well, not with that attitude, Lou. Who says a black man can't rise to the position of judge?

LOU

Nobody, Chief. Heck, Judge Snyder's black.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Really? I guess I just always assumed he would be white. Really makes you think...

LOU

Think about what, Chief?

CHIEF WIGGUM

I don't know, what were we talking about? Oh yeah, you two! I'm going to need you to fill out these forms admitting your guilt.

Chief Wiggum hands out separate forms.

HOMER

So if I don't fill it out, then I'm not guilty?

CHIEF WIGGUM

Heh, nice try. If you don't admit it, we'll just do it for you.

Homer and Bart scribble away, filling them out. Homer suddenly stops, confused, then nods contentedly as he flips his pen over and continues writing. Bart has a smirk on his face. They hand the forms back to Chief Wiggum.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

It's in the court's hands now. Now I'm going to let you both go on one condition: (PAUSE) You have to PROMISE to be on your best behavior.

BART AND HOMER

We promise.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Also, we're going to attach these so we can keep track of you two.

Shot of their ankles. Pans up two their faces, revealing two dunce caps that have recently been placed on their heads.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

[looking down at the papers] Alright Simpson and Van Houten, get out of here before I start counting to ten!

Bart and Homer turn away to depart. Focus on their heads individually.

BART (V.O.)

Heh, heh, heh, it worked!

HOMER (V.O.)

Heh, heh, Van Howden...

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD POLICE STATION**

Homer and Bart walk out, both smirking.

HOMER

Now boy, let's promise to not say a word about this to your mother.

BART

Dad, come on, whose son do you think I  
am?

HOMER

(LOVINGLY) Why you little...

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. SIMPSONS KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

Homer, Bart, Lisa, and Maggie are sitting around the kitchen  
table. Marge enters.

MARGE

Mail's here!

HOMER

How do you know?

MARGE

...because it's here.

Marge drops the pile of letters in Homer's lap. Homer begins  
sorting through them.

HOMER

Ughhhh, Bill, Bill, Bill... When are  
people going to realize Bill Simpson  
doesn't live here anymore?

Homer continues sifting.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ooooo! Court ordered service! It's  
about time I got some recognition!

Homer rips open the envelope. His happy countenance soon  
fades as he begins to read the letter.

HOMER (CONT'D)

What! They're not serving me at all...  
This is just a punishment! They're  
making me work for two weeks at...

Homer reads further and then groans.

HOMER (CONT'D)

The Springfield Retirement Castle! Oh,  
this is the worst non-infectious letter  
I've ever gotten!

LISA

Oh Dad, don't think of it as a  
punishment, this could be a really  
rewarding experience to give back to  
the community!

HOMER

What kind of reward pairs you with  
Milhouse!

Homer shows Lisa the letter and points to Milhouse's name.

LISA

Touché.

**INT. VAN HOUTEN RESIDENCE - MORNING**

Luann Van Houten opens up a similar letter and reads it.  
Milhouse is coloring his nails with crayons.

LUANN

Milhouse!

MILHOUSE

Yes, mommy?

LUANN

From this letter it sounds like you have to pay community service for being a public nuisance... Have you been sleepwalking again?

MILHOUSE

Uhhh, I don't, uhhh, no... That wasn't me!

LUANN

Sounds to me like someone still needs their sleep leash!

Milhouse opens his mouth as if to protest, but then looks down dejectedly.

**INT. SIMPSON RESIDENCE - MORNING**

Homer has his head buried in his arms on the table, clutching the letter.

MARGE

Hmmm, that seems so odd... Why, out of the blue, would the court demand you work at the Retirement Castle? And why is Milhouse involved?

HOMER (V.O.)

This must be punishment for one my many dabbles with the law... But which one?

Homer looks to Bart, who subtly shakes his head.

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

Oh right, the one with the boy... I  
can't let Marge know about that.

HOMER

Well, they probably want me to scare  
him straight! Show him what can happen  
if you get old!

Marge looks back incredulously. Homer looks back at Bart, who  
subtly nods contentedly.

HOMER (V.O.)

Wait a second... If this is for that  
crime I did with Bart... Then why isn't  
he also being punished?

Homer inquisitively looks back at Bart, who shakes his head  
more vigorously this time.

MARGE

Homer, I know this is for something  
illegal you did.

HOMER

Marge? That's preposterous!

MARGE

Cut it out Homer, I'm fine with  
whatever you did considering they're  
only giving you community service. But  
why is Milhouse involved too?

HOMER

He's...

Homer looks back to Bart, who continues to shake his head.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Not... He's not!

Homer flashes a thumbs up to Bart. Bart puts a palm to his face.

MARGE

Bart, do you have something to tell me?

Bart looks down and twiddles his thumbs.

BART

I, uhh...

Bart looks to Marge, who has her arms crossed, then to Homer, who smiles and flashes him another thumbs up. Bart shakes his head and comes to.

BART (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) I was with Dad when we got in trouble, and, well, when we had to sign the release forms, I kinda might have said I was like... Milhouse.

Homer, Marge, Lisa, and Maggie all pause, absorbing the information. After a few moments, they all burst into laughter in unison.

**INT. MILHOUSE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Milhouse's head is resting on a pillow. A tear trickles down his face and lands on a collar around his neck.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

**INT. SIMPSONS KITCHEN - MORNING**

Homer is sitting at the kitchen table with his family. He's wearing red swim trunks, a white t-shirt, and a backwards hat, as if he's going to day camp. A car horn is heard from outside. Homer grabs his backpack and rushes out, waving enthusiastically.

HOMER

That's my ride! Later losers!

**EXT. SIMPSONS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Luann is parked outside with Milhouse in the backseat. Homer comes running out of the front door and goes straight for the car's back door.

**INT. VAN HOUTEN CAR**

Homer shoves Milhouse to the side as he climbs into the backseat.

HOMER

Here we go! Pump up those tunes, Ms. V-  
H!

LUANN

Why are you so happy? We're on our way  
to your punishment!

HOMER

Not much of a punishment when it means  
you don't have to go to work!

Homer attempts to give Milhouse a high five, but they both miss. Milhouse's hand fails to hit anything, but Homer's hand smacks Milhouse square in the face. Milhouse nurses his hurt face.

MILHOUSE

Well, I guess I'm not as excited  
because I don't have a job.  
(MORE)

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

And it's summer so I don't even get to miss any school. If it weren't for this, I'd be having a great time hanging out with my dad.

HOMER

Sheesh, leave it to Captain Khaki Sourpants to bring down the mood... No worries, we'll keep this Party Cruise sailing!

Homer lifts up a hand to give Luann a high five. She doesn't notice, and after a few moments Homer releases and high fives the back of her head. Luann is visibly flustered but says nothing as she grimaces and continues driving.

**INT. SIMPSONS KITCHEN**

Bart, Lisa, Maggie and Marge are still sitting at the table, just as they were before Homer left.

LISA

I don't get why Dad has to perform community service, while Bart goes unpunished!

BART

Quiet, snitch!

LISA

How am I snitching? Mom already knows what happened!

MARGE

Oh Lisa, a snitch is a snitch, but you're right.

(MORE)

MARGE (CONT'D)

Bart, you're going to have to serve the time for what you did.

LISA

Why didn't you just correct the court order and have Bart complete service with Dad?

MARGE

There's no way I was going to have those two working together; it would just somehow lead to more community service. (CHUCKLES) Plus, I just think it's so funny that your father has to work with Milhouse!

Bart, Lisa, and Maggie join in her laughter.

MARGE (CONT'D)

But, I know the Van Houtens have fallen on hard times, so Bart, I've arranged for you to help Mr. Van Houten at his new job in place of Milhouse.

BART

Oh, come on Mom...

MARGE

Would you rather be working at the Retirement Castle? With Milhouse?

Bart has a pained expression on his face, seriously pondering the question.

BART

That's like asking which circle of hell  
I'd rather visit. What's he do anyway?

MARGE

Luann says he's involved in the Eco-  
movement. Helping the earth!

Bart looks worriedly at Marge. He then turns and runs out of the room.

BART (O.C.)

Have they left yet?!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - DAY**

Luann parks the car outside of the castle. Homer and Milhouse get out and stare for a moment at the exterior. An OVERTURNED OLD MAN is on his back, his limbs flailing like an overturned turtle.

OVERTURNED OLD MAN

Help me up so I can yell at you for not  
helping me sooner!

Homer and Milhouse look at each other. Homer then throws his backpack at Milhouse and sprints after Luann's car. It vanishes in a cloud of dust, and Homer eventually gives up and hangs his head low, resigned to his fate. They continue past the overturned old man. Milhouse is still holding Homer's backpack.

OVERTURNED OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Oh please give me a hand! I can't use  
my own because of the eczema!

Homer shudders and shakes his head as they approach the door.

MILHOUSE

Gee Mr. Simpson, what do you think's in there?

HOMER

I don't know kid, but when they start feasting on our youth, I'm throwing you at them. You've got more to spare.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER**

The door opens, revealing Homer and Milhouse. Their expressions go from blank to shocked as loud yelling and gunshots are heard in the background. The shot moves to behind Homer and Milhouse, revealing a group of catatonic seniors slumped in front of an old TV, the source of the overwhelmingly loud noises. Eventually, OLD JEWISH MAN notices their arrival. He points to Homer and Milhouse.

OLD JEWISH MAN

Turn it up!

Homer and Milhouse oblige and then turn to join the seniors on the couch. Homer gleefully plops down on next to an armrest while Milhouse nervously wedges in between two sleeping seniors. One of them slumps onto Milhouse. As Milhouse timidly taps the senior in an attempt to wake him up, the one to his other side slumps on top of him as well. He looks trapped and distraught while Homer gleefully and obliviously watches the television.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

KIRK VAN HOUTEN and Bart are walking around a messy park, collecting trash. Kirk pushes a shopping cart full of trash and talks excitedly as Bart somberly follows.

KIRK

You see, Bart, some trash is better than others.

Kirk picks up a Buzz cola can and inspects it.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Like this, this is made of, uhhh, some type of metal. Once I get enough of them, I give it all to a buddy of mine who melts them down, and then we sell it as scrap metal. Helping the earth and making a good buck; everybody wins!

BART

It doesn't sound like you're winning much.

KIRK

Bart, it takes time to be a great eco-philanthropist in the green movement. You've got to have patience.

BART

Instead of waiting around patiently to melt the metal and sell it, couldn't you just collect a can fee from the recycling plant?

KIRK

Well, yeah, if you want to get technical.

BART

And don't you think you could get money from the city for cleaning up their parks?

KIRK

They're probably too busy to be  
bothered by me...

BART

And for goodness sake Kirk, tuck in  
your shirt!

KIRK

Uhhh, yes sir, Bart, sir.

Bart stares him down.

KIRK (CONT'D)

...M-Mr. Bart. Sir.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE**

Homer remains in the same spot, still happily watching TV. Milhouse is out of sight, as a third slumbering senior has seemingly taken his place between the other two sleepers. A car horn honks from outside.

HOMER

Aw man, time to go already?

Homer stands up and stretches. Milhouse pries himself out of the trio of sleeping seniors. Homer enthusiastically waves goodbye.

HOMER (CONT'D)

See you all tomorrow! Can't wait!

They exit and door is heard closing. None of the seniors react. Eventually the Old Jewish Man notices.

OLD JEWISH MAN

What?

**INT. VAN HOUTEN CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Homer talks excitedly while Milhouse slumps in the backseat.

HOMER

And then, after Matlock, we watched a whole three hours of antique price speculators! One of the cuckoo clocks was from back when there were only 22 hours in a day!

LUANN

So all you did was watch TV all day? It doesn't sound like you were doing much to help the seniors.

HOMER

Well, sure, when you put it like that..

LUANN

Put it like what? That's exactly what you told me. I think I'm going to have to have a talk with whoever's in charge there tomorrow.

HOMER

Oh gee whiz Ms. V-H, there you go again, ruining our fun!

Suddenly, Bart comes into view from the passenger's seat. He pulls himself over the seat so he can turn around and yell at Homer and Milhouse.

BART

Hey, quiet! You listen to your Luann when she speaks!

Bart points to Milhouse.

BART (CONT'D)

That goes for you too, kiddo!

Homer and Milhouse exchange confused glances.

MILHOUSE

Uhhh, Luann?

Bart shoots him an angry look.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

I mean, uhhh, Mommy? Why is Bart here?

LUANN

Bart has been helping out your father with his new job. And from what I can gather, he's already making a very positive impact.

Bart and Luann smile at each other.

MILHOUSE

Well, then, where is Dad? Is he still at work?

Kirk's head suddenly pops into the backseat through the armrest as he has been in the trunk this entire time.

KIRK

No, Mr. Bart let me off at the same time as him. Said I earned my keep!

Homer and Milhouse stare at Kirk, confused.

KIRK (CONT'D)

What, there's actually a lot of room back here. I, uhhh, wanted to sit here.

Kirk retracts back into the trunk and closes the armrest.

Fade out.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - DAY**

Luann enters the SRC with Homer and Milhouse in tow. She looks around for someone to speak with about her two boys. Eventually, GRANDPA SIMPSON comes into view and Luann flags him down.

LUANN

Excuse me sir, could you please tell  
who's in charge here?

Abe turns towards her angrily and begins berating her, punctuating his phrases with a pointed finger.

GRANDPA

Now you listen, and you listen good!  
I've been in charge since the good old  
days of my day, back when the men were  
men and the women were pretty manly  
too! And we liked it that way, and if  
you didn't like it, then we didn't like  
you!

LUANN

I'm... I'm so sorry sir, I just wanted to  
make sure these two boys were properly  
contributing to your operation.

ABE

You should be worried about yourself!  
What have you done for me lately? Huh?

Abe starts jamming his finger into Luann's shoulder, badgering her for a response. Luann in turn backs away and then runs out the door. She yells as she gets away.

LUANN

I'll pick you up at four!

Abe turns back to Homer and Milhouse.

HOMER

Gee, Dad, thanks for covering for us!

ABE

It's about time that wife of yours  
learned a little respect!

MILHOUSE

But, that's my mom!

ABE

(AGHAST) Whadda ya know! Maddie's  
started to talk!

Abe pats Milhouse on the head and then walks away. It becomes apparent that his pants are on backwards, and his fly is unzipped.

HOMER

Man, it really makes you think, you've  
only got so much time on this earth  
before you're reduced to a bumbling  
sack of leather...

Homer pauses, contemplating while gently shaking his head, almost marveling at the idea. Milhouse looks particularly distraught. Homer starts panting loudly, eventually bending over while resting his hands on his knees, attempting to catch his breath. He regains his composure and wipes his brow.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Whew! Well, that's enough thinking for  
today. TV time!

Homer and Milhouse make their way over to the couches where the TV is located. A similar group of seniors is seated in front of it, most asleep.

HOMER (CONT'D)

What are we watching today, team?

The Old Jewish Man stares at Homer for a moment before responding.

OLD JEWISH MAN

Nothing! There's nothing on these days!

Just a load of shummaketzschavitz that

ain't even worth watching!

Angle to the TV, which is clearly turned off.

HOMER

Yeah... Here, why don't I try to pick something out? Where's the remote?

OLD JEWISH MAN

Remote? What the hell are you talking about?

HOMER

You know, the thing you use to change the channel while you comfortably sit on the couch?

OLD JEWISH MAN

Oh that... Yeah we just use Hans's smart phone for that.

HOMER

Oh, great, I'll just -

OLD JEWISH MAN

But now he's dead!

HANS MOLEMAN is shown slumped over in an easy chair, his mouth agape.

HOMER

AHHHH! When did this happen?

OLD JEWISH MAN

I don't know, a couple months ago?  
Happened when he fell in the toilet!

HOMER

Fell in the toilet?

Hans lets out a snore and shuffles, indicating that he's alive. Homer is confused, relieved, and then ultimately angry at Old Jewish Man.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey! I thought you said he was dead!

OLD JEWISH MAN

Yeah, he died when Hans dropped him in  
the toilet.

HOMER

He? Him?

OLD JEWISH MAN

She, her, whatever! I don't know  
anything about this technology stuff.

HOMER

Sheesh, you people...

OLD JEWISH MAN

Waddaya mean, you people?!

HOMER

I mean you OLD people!

Homer turns around in a huff.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That's it, who's in charge here? I'm  
getting a remote for this place!

Homer takes off in search for someone in command. He comes upon an office door that reads "OFFICE OF MAIN AFFAIRS" which is located next to a similar door that reads "OFFICE OF SIDE FLINGS". Homer bursts through the former.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Alright, I want to know who's running  
the show! I'm about to make some big  
changes around this place!

Nobody is in the office, so Homer begins to poke around. Abe spryly jogs in, holding up a clasped hand. Milhouse shortly follows.

ABE

Got your nose! I got your nose!

MILHOUSE

Hahaha! Hey! I want it back! Hahaha!

ABE

(to Homer) These babies sure can't get  
enough of my jokes! You see, the trick  
is -

HOMER

Dad, I know what the trick is; I've  
ripped off plenty of baby's noses in my  
time. But hey, who's really running the  
show here? This office doesn't look  
like it's been touched in ages.

Homer opens up a filing cabinet and plucks out a file.

HOMER (CONT'D)

These files are filled with nothing but  
dust!

He blows out the contents, which go straight into Milhouse's face. Milhouse starts flailing around in obvious pain.

MILHOUSE

(STUFFED UP) My nose! Please give me  
back my nose!

Grandpa looks nonplussed, but then looks down at his hand and realizes what's going on.

ABE

Oh!

Grandpa underhand tosses "the nose" back in Milhouse's direction, then immediately ducks and takes cover from the ensuing sneeze. Milhouse's sneeze booms like a grenade explosion, sending dust and debris everywhere. After nonchalantly dusting off, Grandpa and Homer continue talking.

HOMER

Dad, do you even know who's in charge?

ABE

Depends who you ask.

HOMER

Well, who should I ask?

ABE

I don't know, maybe Jasper would know,  
he used to be in charge of this place.

**INT. JASPER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Homer, Milhouse, and Grandpa are all sitting around Indian style before JASPER, who is rocking back in a chair.

JASPER

Mmmhmm, yeah. Used to be the top dog in this place. Till I got old. Real old. Made me retire. So naturally I just stayed here.

HOMER

Who replaced you then?

JASPER

Ethel. Mighty fine looking woman back in her day. She was pretty good looking back in my day too.

HOMER

Okay, where can we find Ethel?

JASPER

She lives just across the hall. Retired a few years after me. Naturally she lives here now.

HOMER

Is everyone who lives here now just an ex-employee?

JASPER

I dunno. You should probably ask who's in charge.

HOMER

How do none of you know who's in charge? How is this place even running?

Grandpa and Jasper both shrug and shake their heads in unison. Homer is exasperated. Angle to Milhouse, who has a vacant expression on his face; his nose is on crooked.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD PARK - DAY**

A swarm of middle-aged, male workers move around the park, collecting trash and delivering it to a central location where it is organized. The scene is much like an assembly line. Angle to Bart, who is sitting at a large business desk at the edge of the field. He is wearing a suit and talking on two phones while texting on another.

BART

(into one phone) I told you Quimby,  
nobody else is prepared to handle this  
job! If you want those coveted tree-  
hugger votes, you're going to have to  
go through me, and that means paying  
what I demand! (to the other phone)  
That's right, Johnson, I've got JQ on  
the phone right now. Yeah you can talk,  
but it's gonna cost you, and I think  
you know who to make out that check to.  
(to the original phone) Quimby,  
Johnson. (back to the other phone)  
Johnson, Quimby.

Bart puts both the phones down, earpiece to mouthpiece, so that the two can communicate. The phones yammer in the background. He continues to stare down at his phone, texting, when he calls Kirk over.

BART (CONT'D)

Van Houten!

Kirk meekly jogs over, tripping once as he goes, then wipes his brow as he stands in front of Bart's desk.

KIRK

Uhh, I heard you wanted to see me sir?

BART

The numbers just came in from this morning... What's the deal Van Houten? Slackin' on the trash packin'? Your team is vastly underperforming!

KIRK

Well, you know, it's kinda been a slow day, with the, uhhh-

BART

Speak up, Van Houten!

KIRK

(YELLING) I was saying -

BART

(INTERRUPTING) Shut up Van Houten! You know what, I'm gonna put a fix to this...  
(stops texting) Gilroy!

GILROY, a worker who looks very much like a younger, fitter version of Kirk, jogs over to Bart's desk. The two shake hands enthusiastically. He has a charming voice.

GILROY

Bart, it's a pleasure. What can I do for you?

BART

Gilroy, you've already done a lot for me, and that's why I'm promoting you!  
(MORE)

BART (CONT'D)

You're the new project manager of  
Chippewa Field!

KIRK

But, but, that's my job -

BART

WAS your job, Van Houten. I'm demoting  
you to scare-bum duty.

KIRK

(SHOCKED) Scare-bum? But I..

BART

Now!

Kirk hangs his head and walks away.

KIRK

Yes, sir...

Kirk makes his way to another part of the park and stands still with his head hanging and his arms hoisted from the shoulders, like a scarecrow. A disheveled HOBO walks in his line of sight, picking up cans. Kirk jumps to action, screaming and waving his arms at the hobo. The hobo is unalarmed.

HOBO

Shut up, Van Houten.

**INT. OFFICE OF MAIN AFFAIRS - DAY**

Homer and Milhouse are combing through old documents, trying to make heads and tails of the situation.

HOMER

(MUTTERING) There doesn't seem to be record of anyone on staff for the past year... And I don't understand what any of these balances are... MILHOUSE! Get over here!

MILHOUSE

But I'm right here!

HOMER

Why do you always have to be so difficult?

Homer thrusts the financial sheets in his face.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Figure out what's going on here.

MILHOUSE

But, well, I don't really know...

HOMER

Hey, I don't make the rules, but you got the glasses, so start doing some brain stuff with those numbers!

MILHOUSE

Well, I guess...

Milhouse starts scouring over the papers. He soon looks up.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

There doesn't seem to be much of anything here... Everything just says zero... I guess that means they're broke?

HOMER

What? I don't believe you, let me see that.

Homer snatches the papers back from Milhouse.

HOMER (CONT'D)

My God, I was right... This place is broke! Milhouse, do you know what this means?

MILHOUSE

We're gonna get in more trouble?

HOMER

It means this place is over with! It means we'll never have to come back again! We're free Milhouse, free!

MILHOUSE

What will all the grandpeople do?

HOMER

Probably return to the muck from which they emerged... (shakes fist) Or I don't know, live with whoever will take them in.

MILHOUSE

So will Grandpa live with you?

Homer's happy expression suddenly fades as he imagines the scenario Milhouse just described. Fade to a dream sequence.

Homer, wearing a towel, walks into his bathroom and finds Grandpa messily splashing water on his face and all over the place from the toilet. He angrily turns toward Homer.

GRANDPA

What happened to your hot water? Can't  
a man get a decent splash-face in the  
morning?

Grandpa exits out of the bathroom in a huff, yanking off  
Homer's towel and drying his face with it.

Fade back to reality.

HOMER

We have to save this place!

Homer marches into the main room in an attempt to rally the  
other seniors. He stands in front of the still blank TV and  
begins to preach to the crowd.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Old Ladies and Old Gentlemen, today we  
are on a mission! A mission to save  
this beloved haven that's given so much  
to you and asked for so little in  
return!

As Homer speaks, a leaking wet patch on the ceiling suddenly  
bursts, unleashing asbestos-like debris. A rat crawls out  
from under the mess and crawls into an old woman's electric  
wheelchair. After gnawing around on the wires, sparks start  
to fly, slowly igniting the woman's dress, unbeknownst to  
her.

HOMER (CONT'D)

The Castle has fallen on hard times,  
but when the debt collectors try to  
cross our moat and breach our walls, we  
shall fight back with a hail of  
nonrefundable checks, sending them on  
their way and leading to an era of  
heretofore unknown prosperity! Come on,  
who's with me?

The group of seniors Homer has been speaking in front of is largely asleep or oblivious to his rant. Finally, the Old Jewish Man triumphantly stands up and points.

OLD JEWISH MAN

You're blocking the television!

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

**INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - DAY**

Homer is now talking to a larger group of seniors. Some are still asleep, but a larger portion of them is actually sitting up and alert. A few have WWII army helmets on, gearing for the metaphorical battle.

HOMER

I'd like to refer you to my assistant  
Milhouse to show you what our current  
financial situation is.

Homer points to Milhouse, who is standing next to a large easel. He turns the page to reveal a cartoon of an anthropomorphic Retirement Castle. The Castle looks dejected and is wearing pants whose empty pockets are turned inside out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

As the numbers show, the situation is dire. But, if all goes according to plan, our finances will soon be looking like this!

Homer points back to Milhouse, who reveals the next page. It's another picture of the cartoon Retirement Castle, but this time it's wearing a monocle and holding a cane. Its pockets are still inside out, but money is cascading out from them.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Any questions?

OLD PERSON

So what's the plan?

HOMER

That's where you come in! You all will be thinking of the plan.

The seniors look around at each other, muttering skeptically.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Come on people, it's not that hard.. All we need to do is make a lot of money in a very short amount of time.

A very sweet looking Granny raises her hand.

GRANNY

We could have a bake sale! I know my grandchildren may be a bit biased, but they swear I make the most delicious chocolate chip cookies in the world!

HOMER

Ewww, nobody wants old people hands on their food. Next!

HANS MOLEMAN

We could make a calendar that showcases our experienced physiques.

HOMER

Well, that's a step in the wrong direction. Next!

GRANDPA

We could retell our war stories on one of those talkies, like Band of Brothers.

HOMER

More like Band of Borers... Geez, don't you people have any marketable talents? You're not dead yet!

Suddenly, a man wearing a top hat, large suit and bowtie, and a checkered vest chimes in. He has an old-timey, east coast accent and talks in rapid succession.

OLD TIMEY GUY

Talent? Talent! We've got it all here my dear man, and not a moment too soon!

HOMER

Who the hell are you?

OLD TIMEY GUY

Who am I? Well I'm the best you've ever  
seen, the man about your dreams, the  
cream de la cream!

Old Timey Guy makes his way up to the front and extends his right hand as if to shake Homer's hand. He then hawks and spits out a quarter into his extended hand. He then overturns both hands and clasps them, indicating that Homer should choose one. Homer chooses his right hand; it's revealed to be empty. Homer then gasps and points to the left hand, which is also revealed to be empty. Old Timey Guy slaps Homer across the face with his open left hand, and multiple quarters spill out of Homer's mouth. The crowd cheers. Old Timey Guy tips his hat and introduces himself.

OLD TIMEY GUY (CONT'D)

Ernest O. Higgins's the name, and lest  
you think I'm some crazy Mick, the O's  
my middle initial!

HOMER

What's it stand for?

OLD TIMEY GUY

O'Connor.

Grandpa suddenly stands up and starts shaking his fist.

GRANDPA

I shoulda known he was an Irishman!  
What, with his forked tongue and those  
cloven feet!

Everyone looks around in stunned silence, unsure what Grandpa is seeing. Homer eventually turns to O. Higgins and breaks the silence.

HOMER

You know, if you kept doing that  
quarter trick, we could raise the money  
we need to save this place!

O. HIGGINS

Hey, hey! Watch yourself!

O. Higgins quickly bends over and scoops up the quarters  
Homer spat out into his top hat. He stands up and shakes the  
jingling, overturned hat in front of Homer.

O. HIGGINS (CONT'D)

These are my quarters, boy-o! Spent my  
last nickel on them!

O. Higgins stuffs the quarter-filled top hat back on his head  
and stares intently at Homer. Homer recoils defensively.

HOMER

Okay, okay! You can keep the quarters,  
but maybe we could charge people money  
for what you do with the quarters, you  
know, like a magic show.

O. HIGGINS

Magic show? This isn't a magic show,  
this is art! A thing of beauty! This,  
my dear friend, is...

O. Higgins exposes an unfurled deck of cards to Homer. Homer  
picks a card and reads it.

HOMER

Vaudeville?

O. Higgins turns to the crowd and throws the remaining cards  
in the air. They turn into doves and fly over the crowd.

O. HIGGINS

Vaudeville!

The seniors all cheer as the doves fly overhead. One of them poops on an unknowing senior's head as he continues cheering. Homer waits for the cheers to die down before he speaks.

HOMER

Yes, yes, call it what you like, but  
are you willing to perform in order to  
save this place?

O. HIGGINS

Well sure, I can, but aren't you  
forgetting about the biggest pool of  
talent here?

Milhouse looks up and points to himself.

MILHOUSE

Uhhh, do you mean me?

O. Higgins turns to Milhouse, shocked.

O. HIGGINS

My God, that baby can talk!

MILHOUSE

I am NOT a baby!

O. HIGGINS

Oh, now that's adorable, the crowd will  
eat it up! It's gold!

HOMER

No it's not, nobody would ever pay to  
see Milhouse.

O. HIGGINS

Yeah, you're probably right, he's a pretty damn ugly baby.

O. Higgins turns to Milhouse and pinches his cheek.

O. HIGGINS (CONT'D)

A goochi goochi (stops pinching, points) YOU! (turns back to Homer) But beyond baby uggo's talents, we've got a whole army of performers right in front of us.

O. Higgins motions to the seniors.

HOMER

Pshh, them? What could they possibly know about Vaudeville?

The seniors all grumble and object.

GRANDPA

(BEFUDDLED GRUNTS) You ignorant boy! Don't you know anything about history? Everyone born before 1920 was involved in vaudeville! Heck, when I wasn't milking chickens or walking thirty miles to school - all three ways, with no pants! - then you can be sure as hell I was on the vaudeville stage! Only time I slept was in between dance steps!

JASPER

I used to have top billing in every town we stopped in. (looks up longingly) The bearded boy...

HOMER

So all of you have vaudeville performance backgrounds?

The group of seniors simultaneously clap and stick an open hand forward, as if finishing a dance routine, and then nod in unison.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Milhouse, start drafting those invitations... looks like the old folks are saving the old folks home!

INVITATIONS MONTAGE?

-BULLIES

-MR. BURNS

-OTTO

-MOE (FLASHBACK)

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - NIGHT**

Music plays and spotlights shine as a long line of townspeople wait outside

**INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Various townspeople file into the rows of seats inside the mood-lit Retirement Castle.

A particularly decrepit-looking senior with large, thick glasses is working as an usher and staring intently at a ticket. He pulls out a large, thick magnifying glass to further assist him. He finally makes out the ticket's contents.

OLD USHER

Ah, yes! I'll lead you to your row,  
sir.

The patron he is helping is revealed to be COMIC BOOK GUY. The Old Usher leads him to a row that is completely vacant, and Comic Book Guy sits in the middle, taking up the entire row.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Oh surprise, another venue with  
inadequate legroom.

Cut to the stage where Homer and Milhouse somersault into the middle wearing similar oversized tuxes as a drum roll plays. They walk up to side-by-side microphone stands, Homer to the shorter one, Milhouse to the taller one. Rather than switching, they adjust the stands accordingly and then grab the mikes.

HOMER

(scanning the crowd) Looking good  
tonight!

MILHOUSE

(nudging Homer and winking) You're  
right, Mr. Simpson, we are!

HOMER

(taken aback) What the hell are you  
talking about? I was referring to the  
audience. Seesh, let's get this show  
started before this little weirdo can  
ruin anything else.

Milhouse looks down, dejected.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Franklin, lay down that track!

FRANKLIN, a retiree, stands in the corner of the stage starts spinning records on two adjacent, antique phonographs. The classic circus song starts playing. It continues playing throughout the acts.

The first act arrives on stage, the CRAZY CAT LADY is attempting to tame a lion-like cat, pushing it back with a chair in one hand while throwing cats at it with her other arm. The cat eventually relents and backs down. The Crazy Cat Lady smiles and composes herself, then takes a bow. As she's down, the lion-cat pounces on her.

BRUTUS, a particularly frail looking old man in a one-piece black outfit (a la old strongmen), walks up to a barbell with cannonball weights on the side that both simply say "100." After struggling for a few moments, he quickly heaves the barbell above his head, but the barbell's momentum in turn drags him into the sky. When the barbell comes crashing down, he is whipped up, falling headfirst with his arms outstretched.

Hans Moleman begins doing impressions of figures no longer around. His voice never changes as he does the impressions. The crowd throws old tomatoes at him, he picks them up as if they were flowers and takes a bow.

Jasper comes up the stage, pauses, and then pulls down his high buckled pants. It's revealed that he's been standing atop three other men that look just like him (one in the midsection, two in the pant legs), albeit much smaller. They jump into his arms and he begins to juggle them.

A very old looking pair that resemble Abbott and Costello hop on stage. They appear happy and excited.

ABBOTT

I say, Who is on first.

Costello's happy demeanor suddenly fades.

COSTELLO

I... I can't remember...

Abbott continues to look happy.

ABBOTT

No, sir, I said Who is... Who...

He suddenly loses his smile and turns confusedly towards Costello.

ABBOTT (CONT'D)

Who are you?

GRANDPA'S ACT.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - NIGHT**

The audience files out, enthusiastically talking and seemingly in high spirits after the show.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Homer nervously looks over Lisa's shoulder as she counts the money taken in from the show while also looking at balance sheets. She is wearing glasses and a green-shade visor. Milhouse, Marge, and Maggie wait to the side.

HOMER

How are we looking?

LISA

Well, Dad, I'm certainly impressed by how much you were able to bring in, but these records show the Castle has quite a bit of debt. I'm not sure if it's going to be enough.

HOMER

Oh, count faster! No, count slower! Oh, just count more!

Lisa gets to the bottom of the money pile, and finds what appears to be a check.

LISA

Woah, what's this?

Her eyes bulge as she reads the check. She then smiles.

LISA (CONT'D)

Dad, I think we're going to be okay.

HOMER

What do you mean okay? That doesn't even look like real money!

LISA

Dad, it's a check.

HOMER

Let me see!

Homer snatches the check from Lisa. He scans it then flails his arms in exasperation.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh it's just some phony check that says it's from Bart!

Homer angrily turns to Milhouse.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Is this your work, stinkboy? Trying to get Bart back for getting you in trouble?

MILHOUSE

It's not what it looks like! Wait, what did Bart -

HOMER

Answer me!

BART (O.S.)

There's no need for that.

The other characters turn. From the shadows a slightly obscured Bart appears. He's wearing a suit and holding what looks to be a cigar up to his mouth, but is soon revealed to be the end of a hot dog. He takes another bite then continues talking.

BART (CONT'D)

The check's from me alright, and it's as good as gold. The eco-business has been quite good to me over the past few days, so I've decided to give back to the community that's given me so much... (takes another bite from his hot dog) ...trash.

Everyone else in the room collectively gasps in delight.

LISA

Well Bart, that's disarmingly noble of you to cover the finances, but who do you plan to put in charge?

BART

(waves Lisa off) One step ahead of ya, Leese. Van Houten!

Kirk walks in and stands next to Bart. Bart pats him proudly on the back of his knee as he can't reach his back.

KIRK

This is uhhh, probably the happiest day of my life.

BART

I'll admit, I had my doubts at first,  
but he's proven himself to be a master  
at handling the disheveled and  
confused.

KIRK

And just to prove he trusts me, Bart's  
even letting me hire my own assistant!

Kirk turns to Milhouse.

KIRK (CONT'D)

So, uhh, son, what do ya say?

Milhouse looks both displeased and concerned.

MILHOUSE

Do I have to come in every day?

KIRK

Well, we're going to be living here,  
so, yeah.

Marge stifles a snicker. Milhouse looks over to her.

MARGE

Oh, I meant, cool!

Marge shakes a hang-loose sign to Milhouse while sporting a  
fake grin. She subsides the shaking and awkwardly glances  
down to her watchless wrist.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Well that was fun, but I think we  
should be on our way.

Marge corrals the rest of the family who all mumble in  
agreement as they exit the room. Kirk and Milhouse are left.

KIRK

So, uhh, we should probably go clean  
the catheters.

**INT. SIMPSONS CAR**

MARGE

Well, Homer, Bart, I'm really proud of  
you two! You put in a lot of time and  
effort to help out a great cause!

HOMER

Yeah, we're a couple of Jesuses  
alright. But I gotta give credit to O.  
Higgins; he really came through  
organizing all of this. I wonder where  
he ran off to? Probably out doing more  
good.

**EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT**

A particularly crazed O. Higgins is seen running down the  
side of an open road. He has an armful of pill bottles and is  
laughing maniacally.