

Homer the Bibliomaniac?

By Joey Allard

ACT ONE

Chalkboard Gag: I do not have a platinum record.

Couch Gag: The Simpsons run in to find John Swartzwelder, Matt Groening, David Silverman and Ian Maxtone Graham (incredibly tall man on couch).

*Fade in—Springfield Nuclear Power Plant-midday
In the Nuclear Plant cafeteria—Lenny, Carl, and Homer*

Lenny- Yeah so anyways I was just thinkin' Is the animal cracker *really* a cracker, or is it considered a cookie.

Carl- I don't know; I've seen it written both ways and different brands. And with the ones with the frosting you got the extra sweetening there, but without it....its more of a cracker, I think. But I really don't know...it's got me baffled. What do you think Homer?

Homer- My God you're right. It's the greatest natural phenomenon in the food industry! And I'm not gonna stop 'til I find out.

Lenny- Find out what Homer?

Homer- whether it's a cookie or a cracker.

Carl- that's a dumb mission—no one in the world would do that as a fact-finding mission. I mean *come on*—

Mr. Smithers over loud speaker- Homer Simpson to Mr. Burns' office...

Homer begins to walk to Burns' office slowly

Mr. Burns over loud speaker- POST HASTE!!

Homer screams and begins to run instead of walk

In Mr. Burns' office

Homer- You wanted to see me Mr. Burns?

Mr. Burns- Yes. I've been going through your annual work reports and—

Homer- Wait. Before you say anything I have to ask you something.

Mr. Burns- *sighs* Very well, what is it Simpson?

Places a frosted animal cracker/cookie on Burns' desk

Homer- Ummm... Do you think this is a cookie or a cracker... because different brands say different things, and it's really bothering me to figure it out.

Burns picks up the cookie/cracker and studies it carefully

Mr. Burns- Yes...that's very odd.....Smithers.

Smithers-Yes sir?

Mr. Burns- I want you to find out the answer. I want to know: cookie or cracker.

Smithers- I'll get right on it sir.

Mr. Burns- Yes, anyways, very intriguing. But now back to you Simpson. All of your annual reports are harrowing. They are all absolutely terrible. You have made the plant less safe by having been here as it...

Continues to bash Homer's ability to work inaudibly as Camera zooms in to homers head

Homers thoughts during Mr. Burns' rant- Oh No! Old man Burns is going to fire me again. I have to get out of it somehow... Hmmm... That's it!

Homer- You can't fire me if I can't hear you fire me!!

Homer plugs his ears and makes annoying, loud noises to drown out Mr. Burns

Mr. Burns- Simpson! I demand that you cease this insolence at once!! SIMPSON! That's it, Simpson!!! You leave me no choice!

Homers thoughts: Oooh. It's not working. *gasps* I know! I'll just leave before I'm canned.

He runs toward the open door of Burns' office

Burns- Oh, you think you can escape do you?

Burns presses a button that closes the door

Homer-Nice try, but I can just open the door

Homer goes to open the door and is electrocuted as he tries to turn the handle; He screams in pain

Burns-Now, sit down Simpson

Homer-Never! I'll die before I fail my family...*again*.

He runs out onto the balcony and prepares to jump off

Homer- So long suckers!!!

Camera zooms to Homer's head

Homer's thoughts-Wait! This seems kind of dangerous...meh every other time I've jumped off here there's always been a loving crowd to catch me.

Homer Jumps and He laughs maniacally as he falls.

He lands flat, face-down on the ground

Homer- D'oh!!

Sarcastic Man- Hey buddy, we gotta build a sidewalk here

*A cement truck pulls up; the spout falls and rams homers head deeper into the ground
Homer groans and attempts to scream as he is being covered with cement*

Mr. Burns-(distant) You're Fired!

Homer-(faint) D'oh

At the Hospital

Homer- Give it to me straight Doc. What do I have?

Dr. Hibbert- Now, Homer, just relax what we have here is—

Homer- *gasps* I knew it all along...*sobs* its HEPATITUS Q...isn't it? ...Isn't it?!
Sobs Oh my God my life is ruined. Marge, promise me you won't tell the kids. I can't bear the thought of them knowing that I—

Dr. Hibbert- *chuckles* why Homer, not only does that disease not exist, but you came in here because of a head trauma. Now, we'll have to run a few tests but I'm sure that you won't suffer any severe repercussions.

Homer- Oh, That's a relief.

Marge- But Dr. Hibbert, what if something does happen to him. What if he suffers from some side effect. Will it be reversible?

Dr. Hibbert- *chuckles* mmm...probably not.

On the car ride home

Homer- *gasps* Look Marge, a bookstore. Let's go in!

Marge- *giggles* Oh Homer, you hate books. Why would you want to go there?

Homer- Oh, c'mon Marge. I love books.

Marge- Homer, the only books I've ever seen you read the whole way through were children's books.

Homer- No, they've all been very sophisti-ma-cated. Remember that one I read...by that one guy...who did the thing...with the things.

Marge- That book was by Dr. Seuss.

Homer-See. It was by a doctor, Marge, a doctor.

Marge-He's not a doctor Homer. That's not his real name.

Homer-What! But what books will I consult for my medical advice now!!!

At Home-Marge with her sisters

Marge- *giggles* you should hear what Homer said to me yesterday on the way home from the hospital. It was the last thing you'd expect *him* to say *continues giggling*

Patty- Oh, really? What was it; did he tell you he finally bathed?

Patty & Selma- *Laughing* *coughing*

Marge- No, he said he wanted to get some books at that new store. I actually had to talk him out of it.

Homer enters the room carrying several books

Homer- *hums a peppy tune* Well, hello ladies.

Marge- Homer! Are you going to read *all* those books?

Homer- *laughing hysterically* Oh, come on, Marge, like I would ever want to read the complete works of Shakespeare or some stupid book by That black-hole, wheelchair guy. *Continues laughing and then stops abruptly*

Selma- Well then why did you buy them then?

Patty- Yeah, Stay-Puffed, Why are you wasting your family's money on something you won't ever use?

Marge- Patty!

Selma- She's right, Patty, that's not the only thing he's wasted money on. What about the deodorant he buys. That sure ain't working!

Patty & Selma- *Laughing* *coughing*

Marge- Selma! Now, Homer, I will admit they have a point. Why did you buy all those books?

Homer- Well, for your information ladies, I just like the sweet soothing gratification of owning books. Mmmm...Books *drools*

Marge- Mmmm...Okay then...

At home- day;

Marge- Homey, are you okay?

Homer- Why, of course dear, I've never felt better. Why do you ask?

Camera reveals homer to be sitting in a very large pile of books quietly—just looking at them with shifty eyes

Marge- Hmm...Eh—no reason. It's just that you haven't been reading any of these books you have here, and it's really been using up a lot of our money lately and—

Homer- Wait Marge! What time is it?

Marge- 3:15

Homer- *gasps* 3:15?!! It's time for me to get "Catcher in the Wry". See you soon honey.

He runs out the door

Marge- But you already have six copies of that book!

She walks into the kitchen

Lisa- What's wrong Mom?

Marge- I'm a little worried about your father. He's been acting very strange lately. It's like he's gone crazy.

Lisa- Umm Mom, Dad already is a little—

Marge- crazier than usual. He keeps on getting the same books over and over at the same times each day.

Lisa- Well, it is kind of odd that he's been buying so many books lately.

Holds up books as she states the titles

Marge- I know. Every day he has to get “Catcher in The Wry” at 3:00, “The Time Machine Did It” at 5:00. I think he's got a different time for every book. It's insane!

Lisa- Maybe we should do some research.

Cut to them in front of a computer

Lisa- I think he may be undergoing a compulsive mental disorder called “bibliomania”, it says here that the sufferer feels the need to buy books and collects them, even though the books may have no collectible, sentimental, or monetary value whatsoever. It may sometimes, but very rarely, become worsened to the point where health and relationships can be damaged. Oh, mom what'll we do?

Marge- I don't know honey. That does sound quite a bit like your father... Oh, why does the worst-case scenario always happen to him?!... But I'm sure we'll think of something.

Cut to Bart walking past Homer's books; one catches his eye

Bart- Hmm. What have we here?

Reveal of book title—“How to Manipulate and Control Others: For Yourself and for Profit”

ACT TWO

Marge on the phone with Selma

Marge-Selma, you two were right about Homer.

Selma- Just a second, Marge. *In background* Hey, Patty, get on the extension. Marge is getting rid of Homer!

Patty clicks in

Patty-OK, OK. We'll go out for drinks tonight, and have the big celebration on Saturday.

Selma-We can't go out tonight. I have to take care of Ling.

Patty-Well, find a sitter.

Selma-I guess I could call—

Marge-I'M NOT DIVORCING HOMER! I'm talking about the books. He's putting us even further into debt. Without his job, he's using our life's savings on books. He's stopped doing the normal things he usually does every day!

Patty- Jeeze! I can't believe I got up just so I could help *Homer*. We were trying to watch MacGyver. Well if you *really* want to help him just see Dr. Hibbert, 'cause I'm not in the mood.

Marge- OK. Bye.

At Dr. Hibbert's Office

Marge- Oh Dr. Hibbert what should I do. Homer hasn't been acting at all like himself. He's been eating less, watching less T.V., he is out to the bookstore all the time, and he hasn't had a single beer since the accident!

Dr. Hibbert-Well, Marge, as you're describing Homer, I can't help but feel that this is the healthiest your husband has ever been. Sure, his mental capacity is slowly deteriorating to a state of nothingness *chuckles* but his physical state will most likely improve under this newfound lifestyle of his.

Marge- So there's nothing you can do? What if I just took the books away, gave them to goodwill or something, made him go off books cold turkey?

Dr. Hibbert- I'm sorry, Mrs. Simpson, but if we were to try and cure Homer in such an extreme way he may break down at the sheer loss of the books. They have become something he has heavily relied on, and I don't think that anything could replace these books of his. I say you should make the best of it.

Marge-Well...alright.

At home-day

Marge-Hmm...I have to think of something that Homer would rely on as much as these darn books. Mmm...T.V.!!!

At "SPRAWL-MART"

Marge- I'm looking for some T.V. related products.

Gil-Well, ol'Gil's gotcha covered here. There's a portable TV right there; ooh, this little baby here is a wide screen, and a nice little gadget here...I'm not sure what it does...but it might work on a TV. *smiles nervously* Oh please take it. Ol' Gils gonna lose his job if ya don't. I've got nothin' left to live for now...this job is alls I got.

Marge-I'll take it all!

Gil- Well, all righty, lets just get ya checked out here.

Marge hands him her credit card

Gil- Umm... This card is no good.

Camera zooms in to Marge's head

Marge's thoughts-Hmm...I think being married to Homer has just shown a perk

Camera zooms back out and Marge throws some credit cards that she pulls out of her purse at Gil; she begins to run and drag the TV away with her on a cart.

Marge- Try these ones!

Gil- Well that's it for Gil.

Gil picks up a Neuse and goes into the back room. Off Camera--The sound of him kicking over a stool can be heard, followed by the sound of a rope snapping and a crash to the ground.

Gil- Oh...why can't I just die?

At home-night

Marge-Homer, look what I've got for you. It's a widescreen TV.

Homer-(passively) Oh, that's nice, dear.

Marge- Umm...plus there's a portable one over here. So you can watch it...outside of *this* room.

Homer-*gasps* Two TVs?

Marge-Yep. And guess what's on?

Homer-You mean—

Marge-That's right. "Toddler Smack-down". It's the latest craze on Fox.

Homer-Oh TV, I'm sorry I neglected you.

Marge- (to herself) Yes, it's working!

Television has commercial for Krusty's "help the illiterate" charity drive

Krusty-Hey Kids!! Help out the children in the community. That way I can get a break from the government on my taxes. *Laughs*

A voice is heard mumbling off camera

Krusty-What!! I actually have to *give to these people*?! Well, I'm illiterate and I can get along fine!.....*I'm RICH!*..... (Depressed) Oh God I need a smoke. Mel, you take over.

Sideshow Mel- Send all the old books you have at home to Krustylu studios today!

Homer-*gasps* **goes through blurred vision as Mels voice echoing "books" rings in his head until he turns around and sees his books**

Homer-Oh Books, I'm sorry I neglected *you*.

Marge-Oh... I guess there really is nothing I can do.

Springfield elementary-on playground (Bart is on top of the Jungle gym)

Bart-OK, let's see if this book really does something... attention kids of the schoolyard! I have a proposition for you.

Millhouse-Wa-what? Hey it's Bart!!

Wendell-Yeah!

Lewis-Let's listen!

Millhouse-So what did you want Bart?

Bart-Umm...what did I want...uh...*nervous laugh* (to himself) c'mon there must be something in here...*looks through book* Aha! (In loud booming voice) I wanted to say

that I promise to show you the enemy of the playground, the destroyer of the schoolyard.
As he speaks other kids on the playground turn heads and begin to listen to Bart and to help you annihilate it!!

The crowd cheers

Bart-(to himself) Hahaha. Works like a charm.

Lisa-Wow. Bart's really gone off his nut on this one...Meh.

Cut to skinner in his office with Willy, looking out at playground through blinds

Skinner-So, It's finally happened...Willy!

Willy-Ay sir?

Skinner-I want you to go out there and find out what they're planning. If it's a war they want, it's a war they shall get. And if at all possible, destroy them, by which I mean break their spirits and turn them back into mindless students.

Willy-*sighs* ay very well, (under breath) you slave drivin', public servin' ingrate.
walks out of office

Skinner-Now, let's see what— HUH?!

Camera reveals Willy appearing to be cheering with the children in the crowd. He then proceeds to throw his rake on the ground, breaking it.

Camera then cuts to the crowd where it is revealed that Willy's not cheering, he is actually screaming because the children are attacking him and he throws his rake at them to defend himself.

Willy-Ahhh!! Help me! Help me! Oh no my rake; don't brake me rake! Oh, now how will I make me wee little piles! Ahhh!!!

Cut back to Skinners office

Skinner-So...I've been betrayed by my own men... You'll pay for this Bart Simpson. You'll pay.

At home-day

Inside-Kitchen Marge preparing a salad

Marge- Well, I suppose as long as he's like this I should take Dr. Hibbert's advice. There, all done.

She walks into the rumpus room where Homer is surrounded by his books, which are piled nearly ceiling high all around him

Marge- Here you go, Homey. A healthy, low fat salad.

Homer- ****Looks at his books with shifty eyes**** Oh thanks dear.

Begins to eat salad vigorously with his fork; he is then seen to be eating only with his hands.

Homer- Wha...? ****Looks down****

Camera pans down to reveal his fork is sticking out of his leg. He screams in pain and runs about the room until he trips over a toy Maggie is playing with and falls into his books; they topple over, burying him.

*Outside of home-show that the day has passed and it has become morning
Inside of home-Homer wakes up and looks at the clock to see that it is 7:00 AM*

Homer- Seven AM!!! I didn't get my books yesterday!!!!

He runs quickly out the door

Homer walking down the street to the bookstore

Homer- OK I have to make up for lost time and—wow, I wonder what's going on there.

Homer passes a large crowd of people.

Homer- Oh, well I can't stop; it's time to get my books.

Homer walks off screen and the camera focuses on crowd, zooms in to reveal Mayor Quimby giving a speech.

Quimby- And I promise that I will set out on a fact-finding mission to discover the answer ***holds up an animal cracker/cookie*** to this age-old paradox as to the exact form of this delicious, animal-shaped snack-treat.

As crowd cheers loudly, camera pans to and focuses on a stern-faced Carl

Carl- Aw nuts!

ACT THREE

On the Playground-Bart is speaking to a crowd of students and consults the book as he speaks

Bart- And I promise you that I will solve the problem with the enemy

Wendell-Well, who is this enemy?

Bart-The teachers...education...learning! These are the enemies, which we face. Umm...*checks book*I also promise that there will be no way to stop us whence we have eliminated them.

Crowd Cheers

Sherri-Oh yeah? Why should we follow you?

Bart-Because...*checks book* the teachers have caused everything that's wrong in the world, and its time they've been stopped. If we weren't cooped up in these chalkboard prisons, we could be at home making better use of our time: sleeping, watching daytime television, and uhh...FOLLOWING ME!

At home— day; Homer's physique is extremely refined. He is still just as oddly fascinated with his books: sitting in the room surrounded by them.

Marge- Oh...there has to be something He's attached to more than books.

She looks into the living room and the camera reveals the books from Homer's point of view, revealing that the books are placed in an intricate way to form a picture of a can of beer.

Marge- Maybe there is...

She runs out the door and drives away.

At the playground— day

Bart- Let us now go forth and release a final attack on the enemy and purify the world's children by ridding them of this farce!

Cut to a montage set to Pink Floyd's "The Wall" containing the following sequences:

- *The students marching through the school halls, forcing the teachers into the detention room; show that the teachers are packed in so tightly that they are crammed up against the door*
- *Kids starting a fire on the playground with books*

- *The students marching down the streets and running out of their homes with piles of books in their arms*
- *The books being thrown onto the pile creating a bigger blaze.*
- *Bart walking into the Simpson's house and walk past Homer as he enters. Show that the clock reads 3:15 as Bart reaches for the books and waves a motion at the door for the rest of the children to come in; they all begin to run out with the books*

Cut to the detention room and show Skinner crammed against the door

Skinner- Well, we all knew this would happen eventually, right...(nervously) right.

All the teachers look at Skinner angrily

At home—day; Marge pulls in the driveway. And walks in the door.

Marge- Homer? Where are you—**gasps**

*Camera reveals homer lying on the ground in the fetal position, shivering and talking gibberish (including phrases such as “they are gone” and “where’d they go”).
Camera zooms in to Marge’s head.*

Marge’s thoughts- Oh God! Homer’s gone.. he’ll never be the same again. Unless, I give him the beer. That’s the one thing he truly relies on. But, If I do then he will go back to being the piggish alcoholic slob he used to be...

Camera zooms back out

Marge- Homer. Homer? I have something for you.

Homer- wha...?

Marge- It’s a nice, tasty six-pack.

Homer- Beer...Beer!!!

He chugs down the beers and stands up and hugs Marge

Homer- Oh, Marge how did you know?

Marge- Because you’re the pig I fell in love with.

Homer- Huh...?

Marge- That... And all of the psychotic clues you left with your books.

Homer- Wow... When I'm mentally ill, I'm a total genius... really makes you think

Chugs down some more beer

Homer- (looking at the beer) I love you.

Marge- Oh, I love you too, Homer.

Homer- What? Oh yeah, I love you too Marge. (whispering to beer, but loudly) But I really Love you

Marge- (angrily) Homer!

At the playground fire, while books are burning a crowd of kids chant and hold signs that say "Bart for President". Millhouse is leading them

Crowd- Bart! Bart! Vote for Bart!!!

Lisa- You do know you're not old enough to vote?

Crowd- *groans*

Millhouse- Well, there's plenty of adults out there that'll vote for him.

Crowd resumes chanting

Lisa- But Bart is too young to run.

All the kids throw the signs on the fire pile and walk away

Millhouse- Wait!! We can campaign for him to—to... *groans* Thanks a lot Lisa. I was actually popular for like five seconds.

Lisa- Oh, I'm sorry Millhouse.

Millhouse- So sorry that you'll go out with me??? **smiles largely**

Lisa- No, umm... just sorry. **She slowly backs away**

Millhouse- **Holds smile for a while, then slowly starts to frown; groans loudly**

Bart- My good followers!

Camera pans over to Bart on the Jungle gym, along with a large handful of books.

Bart- I hold in my hands the last of the books that I could find in this neighborhood. Whence they have been burned there will be no stopping us!

He throws the books on the pile, including his manipulation book.

Millhouse- So, now what Bart?

Sherri and Terri- Yeah, now what? ****Giggles****

Bart- Now we...we...go out and umm...like, uh...start to try and take over the uh...uh...world, that's the word, world...and then we umm...uh...

All the kids laugh a Bart and walks away

Bart- Meh... I had a good run. ****Walks away****

Gil climbs the jungle gym and looks at the fire

Gil- Looks like things are finally gonna work out for once for Ol' Gil.

He jumps off just as Willie puts out the fire with a fir extinguisher

Gil- Aww... not again. Ol' Gil is gonna be headin' for the bar tonight.

In Principal Skinner's office

Skinner-BART! This travesty of yours is the last straw! You Are—

Bart- Expelled? I think not.

Skinner- Oh, and why is that?

Bart- Well, you did send out a mentally deranged groundskeeper to destroy us.

Skinner- How did you know that?

Bart- I have my sources.

Camera pans to the corner of the room with a plant where millhouses nose and glasses can be seen sticking out.

Bart- Wow, skinner that sounds a bit like a plan to murder children to me.

Skinner- But I... wha... I didn't mean it like that I...DAMN YOU BART SIMPSON!!!!

At home-night; the family is eating dinner

Marge- So, did anything interesting happen to anyone this week?

Lisa- Mom, I think we all know about all the crazy happenings this week.

Marge- What? I can't have a conversation at the dinner table with my family?

Bart- Lisa's right, Mom. That was a pretty dumb idea

Marge- No it's not it's—

Homer- The kids are right, dear. Just give up while you still have some dignity

Maggie- ***nods and sucks on her pacifier***

Fade out and credits roll

While credits are rolling—

On the Television-George W. Bush is giving a speech

Bush- An I believe that we can solve this problem that is splitting America apart; It's sweeping away the integrity of our good nation. Well, I'm here to say that I am finally going to do what is right... I am going to put an end to ***holds up a box of animal crackers*** the heated debate over whether or not the animal cracker is indeed a cracker or a cookie. Thank you, and God bless America.

Cut to Carl watching TV

Carl- Aw Nuts!!