

"Homer and Hans" by Justin Walter

(full fanfic version)

Adam Sandler guest stars as Joe.

The Simpsons house/inside the living room/

Tv: Tonight on Rickie Blake.

Rickie Blake: I understand your under a lot of pain.

Guy: Three times, ma'am.

Rickie Blake: I...see.

Homer: Heh, that Rickie Blake can solve anything and I mean anything.

Marge: Homer, Bart! We're going shopping.

Homer: Aw Marge, we were just watching Rickie Blake and how here true cunning stories come to be. Why don't you let me just stay home and let me live just like any other normal person would?

Marge: Because after that we're going to...

Bart: The Dorkseum?

Lisa: Oh please. Be more enthusiastic, Bart. We're actually going to a plane show outside of town.

Marge: With front row seats.

Bart: Don't you remember mom? The last time we we're at a air plane show Sideshow Bob broke out of jail and threatened to blow up Springfield with a nuclear device.

Marge: That won't happen this time, Bart. I promise.

Lisa: Yeah, Bart. Don't you remember that you and Bob are friends now?

Bart: Oh yeah. True. But doesn't make sense.

The Simpsons are about to leave except for Homer.

Tv: And after these commercials Rickie Blake will do a stand up comedy featuring today's music celebrities.

Homer: Ooh. Classy.

Marge: Forget it, Homer.

Homer: Aw Marge. I got to see Rickie Blake!

Marge: You can watch the repeat showing tomorrow.

Homer: Ooh tomorrow.

[They leave.]

[Outside in the road.]

[Homer is driving.]

Homer: Hmm. I wonder if Rickie Blake is on this radio turner thingy?

Lisa: It's a radio, dad. Not a tv.

Homer: Do you think I know that?

[Homer starts fiddling with the radio station turners.]

[Rickie Blake is on.]

Homer: Ah yes. Here we go.

Rickie Blake: Our first contestant is: Hans Moleman.

Hans Molman: I'm 93 years old.

Rickie Blake: And do you have anything else for you to share?

Hans Moleman: Well, I have a daughter named Marge Bovier but she graduated and moved

on and probably married some loser.

Marge: Homer, turn off that radio.

Homer: Marge, don't you want to hear about your long lost father?

Marge: No! Hans Moleman is not my father. He doesn't go beyond the Bovier generation.

Lisa: What's surprisengly new is that you could be adopted.

Marge: I could've been adopted? Pfft, that's non-sense, Lisa.

Homer: I believe the radio. To me the radio has been a god and so I say that you could've been adopted Margey.

Marge: That's redicolous, Homer.

Bart and Lisa: Yay! We're here!

[The Simpsons enter the gates for the airplane show.]

Homer: Hmm. Where is everybody?

Marge: We should've registered on a non-paid holiday. Mrprh.

Lisa: Really it's a holiday?

Bart: Yeah. I wonder what holiday it could be.

[Shot of everyone playing in the snow back at Springfield. It appears to be Christmas.]

[Back at the Simpson home. Everybody enters the living room.]

Bart: We're back!

Homer: Rickie Blake!

Lisa: Saxaphone!

Marge: Remember, we're not here to soil on god's green floor. We're here to embark on a nice journey through life.

Homer: Yeah, and look on the bright side. More Rickie Blake!

Marge: Is that all you ever think about?

Homer: Yes.

[Everyone's in bed. Inside Homer and Marge's room.]

Homer: Wasn't it a wonderful evening, Marge?

Marge: Yes it sure was. Good night, Homer.

[Everyone sleeps. Shot of Marge.]

Marge's brain(Hans Moleman's voice): Well, I have a daughter named Marge Bovier but she graduated and moved on and probably married some loser.

[Marge starts twisting and turning.]

[Next morning in the kitchen. Marge enters and she looks stressfull.]

Bart: Wow mom, you sure look stuffy. Did you rock the casbar?

Homer: Bart!

Marge: Well, I had a dream.

Homer: Oh really. It sounds like a nightmare.

Marge: Well...it sort of is and it sort of adds up.

Homer: Anyway Marge, what was this nightmare thingy about.

Marge: Remember what Hans Moleman said yesterday on the radiO?

Homer; Yes.

Marge: And how he said it seems so intriguing.

Homer: Marge.

Marge: What?

Homer: You got to see a phychriatrist. It's the only way to solve something. Remember your flying thingy?

Marge: Yes. But that was a totally differe-

Homer: Good. Your ready for it.

[Next day at the phychriatrist office. It's the same lady from Marge's Fear of Flying episode.]

Phycriatrist: I'm glad to see you again, Marge.

Marge: I see.

Phycriatrist: What seems to be the problem this time?

Marge: Well, it all began yesterday on the way to an air show:....(time passes)then that's what happened.

Phycriatrist: Marge, I'm sure of you that this Hans Moleman guy is not real.

Marge: He isn't?

Phycriatrist: No. He is all an act. If you think about it everything is an big act created inside of god's head. He is creating a script everyday and features a bunch of life or death situations.

Marge: It kinda makes sense.

Phycriatrist: Then if you need to seek anymore help visit this address: 246 Keithler Street.

Marge: Thank you doctor.

Phycriatrist: Anytime Marge, now remember if you need anymore help...

Marge: Yes I know. 246 Keithler Street.

[Next morning at the Simpson kitchen.]

Homer: So Marge, what did the doctor say about you and your mental problem?

Marge: Mental problem is such a harsh word, Homer. She said that we run in a script like in god's head and we're just acting it out

even without knowing.

Homer: To be fair Marge, I think you need to see a better doctor.

[Springfield Hospital.]

[Doctor Hibbert's office.]

Doctor Hibbert: Now what seems to be the problem?

Marge: It's me.

Doctor Hibbert: Well, first time for everything.

Marge: I know your not the type of doctors to do this but I think that you seem to know a lot about phyciatry.

Doctor Hibbert: Wait a minute. I am the wrong doctor Marge but I can subscribe you to these pills if you like.

Marge: No thanks...but thanks.

[Homer walks in a panic.]

Homer: Marge! Marge!!!

Marge: What?

Homer: Dad just had a heart attack! He's in room 213 but we still need the beer supply for tomorrow's

Duff Bowl game! Stat!

Marge: Mrph. Just what we need a bigger problem and it has to interfere with my day to day life.

Homer: Marge, that does not at all sound like you.

Marge: I know it! The cause of Hans Moleman is changing the shape of my character. I give up.

Homer: No need Marge, go to 213 quick.

[Room 213.]

Abe: I'm so glad you guys came. Someone actually cares for me.

Homer: Which ones in pain again? The boy?

Bart: I'm fine. Yuck, what reeks?

Abe: Open that window, boy.

Bart: Which window?

Abe: Any window.

Bart: This one?

Abe: It doesn't matter!

[Bart opens the window.]

Homer: Oh...then who?

Abe: Me.

Homer: Dad, what a delightful surprise.

Abe: Eh, surprise my tukish. You don't even know I'm here.

Homer: I do so. Say, remember the time

I saved up all of the money just so I could buy you a Ford?

Abe: It had a price tag on it.

Homer: Yes. That was the point. Anyway, I'm glad to see your getting better.....Oh my god Rickie Blake is on! Got to go, dad!

Abe: Please...

[Everyone leaves.]

Abe: ...stay. Oh what's the use. I'm a gonner. No one cares about me the only thing I live for is death.

[Abe falls asleep.]

[Abe's dream.]

[Outside in the sidewalk.]

Abe: Hmm. I wonder what things would be like if I never came to be?

[Abe walks down some more.]

[Year 1969 is shown on the screen.]

[Abe finds a penny, a shoe, and a grasshopper on the sidewalk.]

Abe: Interesting. What are you babies doing in a street yard like this? Maybe I outa

send you to Herman's and get me a new pair of geniune stealbelted slippers. But on the other hand a penny is worth a lot and

I am thirsty. Maybe a trip

to Joe's will calm

my sensation.

[Inside Joe's.]

Joe: Hey, Abe.

Abe: Hey, Joe.

Joe: The usuall?

Abe:I'm sort of short on cash today, Joe.

Joe: Yeah, I know. So the Power Plant's real down on you again?

Abe: Yes as a matter of fact, I'm quitting my job today just so I could get a higher wage.

Joe: Higher wage, eh? Well, my friend, today's your lucky day.

Abe: No it isn't.

Joe: Really? Then the Lucy show still on?

Abe: Yep. Just got it as the number 1 hit sitcom in town.

Joe: Wow. It's on now. What do you say?

One show of I Love Lucy?

Abe: Sure. For old good times sake.

[Joe turns on his tv]

Lucy's voice: Eehhhhhhh.

[Dream ends.]

Abe: Hmm. Strange dream. I wonder

where everybody is....Is it the end
of the world? Ofcourse not. How
foolish of me. In my day, the
cows thought the rain was
a sign of the world ending but
in the other hand it was kinda
rude to find out which cow
is which...Hello?

[Kwik-E-Mart.]

[Homer walks in.]

Homer: I need a six-pack, Apu.

Apu: I'm sorry Mr. Simpson. I believe
that the Duff Brewery company has been on strike.

Homer: Strike? Oh no! Now look Apu, you either
give me a beer or I'll...see to it that you'll never
have this...this...hmm...what seems so
intriguing to the unlikeliness eyes of Apu? Oh I know
this magazine rack!!!

[Homer takes the magazines and leaves the Kwik-E-Mart.]

Apu: Hey! Hey! Simpson, you did not pay for those. I order
you niceley to come back here
and I'll overlook your path of salvation this time. But for now
I'll work on this fazinating pogo stick.

[Apu hops over the counter and starts to play with a children's pogo stick.]

[Moe's.]

[Homer walks in.]

Homer: Hey, Moe.

Moe: Hey, Homer. What seems to be the problem this time?

Homer: Nothing ,Moe.

Moe: It's me Moe. Your dearest friend. Friends
can keep secrets.

Homer: Well, it's more of a...personal secret.

Moe: Really?

Homer: Yeah.

Moe: Really?

Homer: Yeah!

Moe: Ok, then it doesn't really bother me...It's about sex, right?

Homer: ...worse then that.

Moe: Then what?

Homer: Marge is acting insane again, Moe. You got to do something! Do something! Oh for the love of God do something!

Moe: Allright. Allright. I know how to handle this situation. All you need to do is...what's the problem?

Homer: Oh during some radio talk show thingy on Rickie Blake Marge thought that a guy named Hans Moleman is her father. Then he said that she then probably married to some loser.

Moe: I think I know this character.

Homer: Really? Do you think it can end my wife's insomnia?

Moe: Not if I can help it.

Homer: Thanks, Moe. You've always been there for me.

[Hans Moleman's house.]

[Moe knocks on the door.]

Hans(answers it): Hello?

Moe: Yes, I'm Moe S. And I have something to say.

Hans: What?

Moe: You know the tv show Rickie Blake?

Hans: Yes.

Moe: Where you on that same tv show acouple of nights ago?

Hans: Yes.

Moe: Damn. I knew it was him. Homer, stop eating them dog biscuits and we'll show Mige that there's nothing to be insane about.

[Homer and Marge's bedroom. Marge's there. She is insane. Homer, Moe, and Hans enter.]

Marge: My father died. The dead can't rise from beyond. No way. I'm not going insane. I have no insomnia.

Homer: O....k.

Hans: Margey?

Marge: Ahhhh! Get that monster out of this house immediately before I call the police!

Homer: Don't worry, Marge. He's your father.

Marge: He doesn't have the Bovier D.N.A.

Hans: But you have the Moleman D.N.A.

Marge: Your insane. Everyone's insane!

Homer: Marge, relaxe. Everything will all blow over after you get a nice hot bath.

Marge: Yes. A bath. Every self-hard working person needs a bath.

[Marge goes in the shower.]

Moe: Homer, do you know any good who handle D.N.A. material?

Homer: No. But I know someone who does. To Frink's lab!

[Professor Frink's laborator.]

Professor Frink: Hello gentlemen.

Homer: Hello, Frink.

Moe: Professor Frink, Homer's wife is acting spontaneously insane. You have to do something. She thinks that Hans Moleman isn't her father at all. She believes that her real father died in a plane crash way back in '77.

Professor Frink: I know it. I bet your asking for D.N.A. samples.

I need \$1,000 dollars plus tip and something belonging to your wife.

Homer: Somehow a peice of Marge's hair got stuck into my keychain.

Professor Frink: Good. Just what the doctor ordered. *ahem*

Homer: Oh right.

[Homer pays the doctor.]

[Moment's later.]

Homer: ...I have to pee!

Professor Frink: Hold your patients, Mr. Simpson. My great good god! It is Hans Moleman.

Homer: ...so Marge was adopted?

Professor Frink: Percicely.

Homer: Now we can tell Marge the good news!

[Homer and Marge's bed room.]

Marge: What good news?

Homer: You see Marge. It was under your noes all along. Your long lost father is...Hans Moleman.

Professor Frink: I could explain. Marge Simpson, Hans Moleman is your real father. Oh wait...I mentioned

that. Steve Bovier is your father's name but he changed it after a revenge after a certain soda company.

Marge: Certainly it all adds up.....Daddy?

Hans Moleman: Sugar cake?

[They both hug.]

Homer: Dad! Oh crap I forgot!

[Shot of Abe at the hospital.]

Boy:How many licks can it take until you reach the end of a lolly pop, Mr. Owl?

Abe: Well, I'll tell you how many licks it can take...

[Credits play.]