

THE SIMPSONS Spec Script

"Rats! (Not a Musical)"

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EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

HOMER is driving up to the entrance of the parking lot. There is a hammock hanging in the back of the car.

He drives under the raised arm barrier only for it to come down and smash onto his front windscreen as he passes through, causing him to break suddenly.

HOMER

D'oh! Oww, of all the times to never have insurance!

Homer drives into a parking space with the arm barrier still embedded in his windscreen having torn it loose. The ends scrape against the sides of the two cars either side of him as he parks. Homer grumbles angrily to himself as he exits the car and heads into work.

HOMER (CONT.)

Lousy stinking life. Nothing ever goes my way.

INT. HOMER'S WORK STATION

Homer is sitting at his station with his arms folded with a gruff expression as an alarm goes off and the room flashes red. His grumbling continues from the previous scene.

HOMER

Stuck in this boring, dead end job. No prospects.

LENNY and CARL enter from behind both holding coffee mugs and the alarm goes off.

HOMER (CONT.)

Nothing to do except wait for the sweet embrace of cardiovascular atherosclerosis.

CARL

Geez Homer, you look stressed.

HOMER

Tired you say? Yeah, I'm tired alright! Tired of the same old routine, working nine to five, three or four days a week. What's the point of a safety inspector anyway?

The alarm comes back on.

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

I mean, how do you "inspect safety"?

Lenny and Carl are unable to hear him over the sound of the alarm.

LENNY

What?!

HOMER

I said: DO WE EVEN NEED A SAFETY INSPECTOR?

LENNY

WHAT?!

HOMER

Hang on!

Homer pulls out a handgun from under the desk and begins firing at the alarm above him head. He shoots several bullets, one missing and goes through the ceiling, causing a scream to be heard from the floor above. He eventually hits the alarm, causing the noise to stop. Homer drops the gun and lets out a big long sigh.

CARL

Hey Homer, if you need cheering up you should come with us to Moe's tonight.

LENNY

Yeah, he finally got padding on the stools, so we don't have to sit on those metal spikes anymore.

CARL

You know you never had to sit on the spike, you could've just remained standing.

LENNY

It's called etiquette, Carl. You should try it sometime.

HOMER

I can't guys. It's Wednesday, so you know what that means. Family Monopoly Night.

Homer looks around for the handgun, picks it up and pretends to fire it at the side of his temple, mockingly.

## INT. SIMPSON'S FRONT ROOM

The family are gathered around the table. Homer and MARGE are on the sofa, Homer looks bored. BART, LISA, and MAGGIE are on the floor. They're playing a 'Westworld' version of monopoly called 'Westwonopoly'. Marge rolls and moves her piece, a wagon, four spaces.

BART

Mom, you landed on my robot brothel. You have to pay me \$200 to use one of my robot skanks.

MARGE

Hmm, I think this edition may be a little too "PG-13" for you kids.

BART

That means it's up to the parent to decide.

Marge looks guilty and nervous. Maggie grabs a handful of the paper currency and rips it up, throwing it into the air like confetti which rains down on her.

HOMER

Uh-oh! Maggie destroyed the space money! Game's over! I'm going to Moe's!

Homer jumps up off the sofa and runs to the front door.

MARGE

What?

Marge gets up and follows Homer to the door as he puts his jacket on.

MARGE (CONT.)

Homer, you're spending an awful lot of evenings at Moe's. Even more than usual. And it was already excessive. Is there something you're not telling me?

Homer looks nervous. He stammers before his brain begins speaking to him.

HOMER'S BRAIN

Don't tell her how you're feeling! If there's one thing I've learned about women it's that they hate talking about feelings!

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

Are you sure?

HOMER'S BRAIN

Absolutely! Lying is always the best and most full-proof alternative to telling the truth. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a hot date.

HOMER

What? Who do you have a date with?

HOMER'S BRAIN

What is this? 20 questions? I do have a life of my own, you know!

HOMER

Okay. Geez. Sorry.

Homer looks over at Marge staring at him, who has been stood there during his entire conversation with his brain.

HOMER'S BRAIN

She heard everything! Run!

Homer screams and runs out the door.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

MOE is putting a beer down in front of Homer as he sits at the bar looking depressed. Lenny and Carl are watching a football game on the TV.

MOE

What's the matter, Homer? You're casting a gloomy shadow over this dank cesspool of misery here.

HOMER

I dunno, Moe. I've just been in a rut lately.

MOE

Well have you considered euthanasia? It worked wonders for me.

Moe notices a rat with a piece of its left ear missing stealing a pickled egg from the jar and nibbling on it.

(CONTINUED)

MOE (CONT.)

Hey! Get away from there!

The rat drops the egg and runs away as Moe runs over.

MOE (CONT.)

Ugh! Disgusting creatures.

He puts the egg with teeth marks on it back into the jar.

CARL

Geez Moe, your rat problem's worse than I've ever seen it.

BARNEY is trying to pot a ball at the pool table, but before it goes in a rat pops out of the hole and pushes it away.

BARNEY

Hey!

Walks around the table with the cue and tries to pot another ball into a different hole, but the same thing happens again. Barney shakes his fist at the table.

BARNEY (CONT.)

Damn you magic pool trolls!

MOE

Yeah, I kinda got an influx when the strip club across the street got turned into a synagogue. All the rats came here. I can't imagine why.

HOMER

I think it's the smell.

CARL

Or all the damp and rotten food left lying around.

LENNY

Maybe the rats think Moe's their leader. Like some kind of giant super rat.

MOE

(sarcastically)

Thanks guys. Seriously.

CARL

Hey Homer, I got an idea. If you're looking for a new lease on life how about a change of career?

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

Really?

CARL

Yeah, become a pest exterminator.  
Then both your problems will be  
solved.

HOMER

Exterminator, eh...?

Homer pulls out a thick book with the title 'JOBS I'VE  
ALREADY HAD' and begins flicking through it until he gets to  
'E'.

HOMER (CONT.)

Let's see. Duffman, Executive of  
Globex Corp., Executive Vice  
President of the Power Plant,  
Farmer- Nope! That I have never  
been! I'll do it!

Puts the book away.

HOMER (CONT.)

Here's to making rash life-changing  
decisions without consulting my  
wife!

LENNY/CARL

Cheers!

Homer, Lenny and Carl clink beer glasses.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY, LISA'S CLASSROOM

MISS HOOVER is standing at the front of the class, talking  
to her students.

MISS HOOVER

Children, we have a new class pet  
today, after Lisa's neglect caused  
the death of the class hamster,  
Nibbles.

The other kids are all staring angrily at Lisa, who  
awkwardly slumps down in her chair.

MISS HOOVER

So please welcome to our class:  
Nibbles II.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIE enters the room, pushing a trolley with a glass cage on it, containing a hamster with black and white patches. The kids all gaze and 'awe' in wonderment as Willie pushes it past their desks.

WILLIE

Ack! "Ooh look at me! I'm eight!  
I'm so easily impressed!" It's only  
a ruddy hamster for God's sake!

Willie puts the hamster cage at the back of the classroom next to another cage containing a snake before storming out the room in a rage.

MISS HOOVER

Thank you Willie. Now children,  
we'll pick up in our textbooks from  
page 4-

Lisa raises her hand.

LISA

Miss Hoover.

MISS HOOVER

(unenthusiastically)  
Yes Lisa?

LISA

Are you sure it's safe to keep the  
hamster's cage next to the class  
python?

Pans out to show SHERRI and TERRI sitting in the two desks to Lisa's left.

SHERRI

Uhm, it's a little late to start  
worrying about the class hamster  
now, isn't it Lisa?

TERRI

Yeah, if only you'd been so caring  
about Nibbles I.

LISA

What are you guys doing here?  
You're not even in my class.

SHERRI

We're just here to remind you of  
what a bad person you've been.



Sherri and Terri high five. Lisa looks around worriedly at the two cages. The python looks angry and hisses at Nibbles II.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN, BACK ROOM

Homer is wearing full extermination clothes and standing with Moe holding a can of lethal gas.

HOMER

Alright Moe, I've been watching  
Youtube videos all morning.

Homer unscrews the nozzle on the can and places it in a mouse hole. Gas starts to come out, but leaks out from the hole and into the room.

MOE

And this is sure to get rid of the  
rats?

HOMER

I dunno.

MOE

You said you'd been watching  
Youtube videos all morning.

HOMER

Yeah. Compilations of fat women  
falling down.

Homer pulls out his phone and brings up a video.

HOMER (CONT.)

Check it out!

The video is of an obese woman in a bikini riding a bike down a sidewalk near a beach.

MOE

What?! She's way too fat to be  
riding that bike!

The woman loses her balance and screams as she falls off the bike and into some trashcans. Homer and Moe begin laughing hysterically as the room becomes filled with gas. They eventually become groggy and pass out.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN, BACK ROOM

Later in the day. Homer has set up a mousetrap with a small piece of cheese on it.

HOMER

Now Moe, if I've learned anything from "Tom & Jerry" it's that cats are flammable and that the only way to catch a mouse is with a good old-fashioned mousetrap.

MOE

What the hell is "Tom & Jerry"?

HOMER

I dunno. Some "Itchy & Scratchy" knock-off.

Homer places the mousetrap in front of the hole.

MOE

Wait, a mousetrap? What am I even paying you for? I could've just done this myself!

HOMER

Quiet! Now we wait...

The two of them sit down on some crates. Time passes. The scene cross fades to later. The two have fallen asleep. They're suddenly awoken by the snapping of the trap. They run over to see that the cheese is gone but there's no rats.

MOE

Where the hell's the rat?

HOMER

Maybe it's broken.

Homer presses down on the mousetrap and the trap snaps back onto his fingers. He screams in pain before turning to Moe.

HOMER

No. Seems fine to me. Unless...

Homer begins setting up the trap again as Moe goes over to a poster and begins to remove it. Homer screams again.

HOMER

No! All good here! But maybe...

Moe reveals a hidden camera behind the poster. Homer walks over with swollen fingers.

(CONTINUED)

MOE

Hang on. I have cameras all over the bar so that I can blackmail you guys if you ever reveal anything incriminating whilst drunk.

HOMER

Ooh! Smart!

Moe takes out the camera and they watch the recorded footage back. It shows the rats lowering each other down from the rafters, hanging onto each other's tails, towards the cheese. The bottom one grabs it and they pull him up before it snaps.

MOE

Whoa! Homer, did you see that?

Moe looks around. Homer has crept behind the bar and is pouring himself a free beer.

MOE (CONT.)

Hey! Get outta there!

ACT II - INT. SIMPSONS KITCHEN

Homer, Moe, Marge, Bart and Lisa are gathering around the table watching the clip of the rats on a tablet.

BART

Aww man, that is so cool!

MARGE

Wow. I had no idea those little furry disease-bags were capable of feats like that.

LISA

Rats are actually a lot more intelligent than people give them credit for. Studies have shown that domesticated rats can even recognize their names and respond when called, just like dogs.

MARGE

Did you hear that, Homer?

Homer doesn't respond. He's just starting blankly into space.

(CONTINUED)

MARGE (CONT.)

Homer? Homer!

Marge claps in front of Homer's face.

HOMER

(annoyed)

What?

MOE

And these rats came from my bar!  
I'm so proud of the little guys.

BART

Dad, you should upload this video  
to the internet. Losers go crazy  
over animals doing hilarious stuff  
like this.

As they talk, Santa's Little Helper walks into the kitchen with a jar stuck on his head. He bumps into the fridge and cupboards but none of them notice.

HOMER

There are animal videos on the  
internet? Rats, prepare to be seen  
by millions of schmoes trying to  
avoid work at the office!

Homer uploads the video for all the internet to see.

A map of the world shows the video spreading across the countries. It stops on New York, where laughing is heard in stereotypical New York accents. Then the camera crosses the ocean to France, where the stereotypical French laugh is heard. It moves over to Italy, and the laughter consists mostly of "Heys" and "Whoas". Finally it stops on Russia, where there is no laughter. It then goes all the way around the world before stopping back at the Simpson house again, but clouds obscure exactly what state it zooms in on.

INT. SIMPSON'S FRONT ROOM

Homer and Moe are sitting on the couch watching their video on the laptop as it gains views.

MOE

Wow. I've had a lot of things go  
viral before, but this is the first  
time on the internet.

The doorbell rings. Homer answers it. It's COMIC BOOK GUY.

(CONTINUED)

COMIC BOOK GUY

Hello. I couldn't help seeing your video while searching for any information on the 'Inhumans' movie. Kumiko and I are holding an event this weekend to mark the last 'Sparruto' movie.

Comic Book Guy holds up a comic with an anthropomorphic sparrow dressed as a ninja on the cover.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT.)

Would it be possible to book your rat circus to perform at my store this Saturday?

HOMER

Rat circus?

Moe walks over and joins them.

MOE

Sure. How does \$100 an hour sound? I mean star talent doesn't come cheap, am I right?

COMIC BOOK GUY

Very well. But those rats better bring their A-game. Thank you.

Comic Book Guy walks away. Homer closes the door. He picks up a bag containing all his extermination supplies.

HOMER

Well, let's get back to the bar and kill those rats!

MOE

What?! Homer, are you crazy? There's a lot of money to be made here. People are willing to pay to see my rats perform. We could really go places with this.

HOMER

You mean start a rat circus? I don't know...

A thought bubble appears above Homer's head. In it he's inside a circus tent dressed like a lion tamer with a big twirly mustache. He's striking a group of 40-odd rats grouped together in a cage with a whip.

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

Dance! I said dance you stupid  
rats! Dance!

The rats suddenly dive on Homer and begin biting him. He screams in pain as rats cover his body. After a few seconds the rats disperse leaving nothing but Homer's skeleton remaining. The thought bubble disappears.

HOMER

(enthusiastically)  
Let's do it!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY PLAYGROUND

Bart, Lisa, MILHOUSE and RALPH are hanging out on the climbing frame. Lisa looks anxious.

LISA

I'm really worried about Nibbles II. Being positioned so close to a predatory creature can result in severe stress for a small animal.

RALPH

I put the tiny bunny rabbit in with the scaly monster.

LISA

Wait- You what?!

RALPH

Now they can be friends!

Lisa jumps down from the frame and runs towards the school, screaming. Bart jumps down excitedly.

BART

Come on Milhouse! We gotta see this!

MILHOUSE

Bart, you know I can't risk seeing any act of violence after that extremely traumatic incident I witnessed last week. Which I could really do with talking to someone about.

Milhouse looks up to see Bart already a good distance away, running towards the school.

(CONTINUED)

BART

Can't hear you! Going to see nature  
at its cruelest!

Milhouse sighs, jumps down from the frame, and follows Bart.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY, LISA'S CLASSROOM

Lisa, Bart and Milhouse run into the room. Inside the snake's cage, Nibbles II is beating up the python, punching it in the neck. Lisa walks over and puts Nibbles II back in his own cage. The python cowers and curls up in the corner.

LISA

Wow. Nibbles II is really strong. I  
guess we don't have to worry about  
the little guy.

Lisa leaves the room, looking happy.

BART

Milhouse, are you thinking what I'm  
thinking?

MILHOUSE

That blind men shouldn't be allowed  
to cross busy streets in view of  
easily disturbed young boys?

BART

(annoyed)

You can just say "no".

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Homer and Moe are standing in front of the bar. Five rats are lined up in a row on the bar. The first one is wearing a bow tie. The first one Moe introduces is the one with a piece of his left ear missing.

MOE

Homer, meet Ratrick Swaycheeze,  
John Stamouse, Ratty la Belle,  
Ratrine Zita Jones and Borat.

HOMER

Those are funny.

MOE

Yeah, I was kinda running out of  
steam towards the end there. Now

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOE (cont'd)

come on. We've only got ten minutes to practice the routine because I spent the last six hours coming up with the names.

INT. MONTAGE OF CLIPS

The rats are performing a cheer leading routine on a table in the Android's Dungeon in front of a crowd of nerds. Homer and Moe are standing on each side of the table wearing sparkling tuxedos. The act goes well and the crowd cheers.

Cut to the Springfield Retirement Castle. The rats are performing a Charlie Chaplin like number for GRANDPA and the other residents.

Cut to a woman's bachelorette party. The rats are performing a sexy stripper number as the women scream. One of the girls faints. Homer and Moe high five.

INT. SIMPSON'S HALLWAY, EVENING

Homer is entering through the front door, whistling to himself and counting a large wad of money. He screams when he sees an annoyed Marge standing at the foot of the stairs in her night gown with her arms folded.

MARGE

Homer, have you been at a boozie floozie party?

HOMER

Relax Marge. There's a logical explanation. I was there with Moe and our quintet of highly intelligent circus rats.

MARGE

Homer, I'm becoming concerned you're spending more time with those rats than your family. Do you know what last night was?

HOMER

(worried)

Oww, was it your annibirthary again?

(CONTINUED)



MARGE

Family Monopoly Night. You missed it.

HOMER

Look Marge, you might not have faith in me, but I think this gig could really take me places. We've even been booked to perform on Krusty. Do you know how hard it is to get on Krusty? Last week their special guest star was Bumblebee Man. That's how high the bar is, Marge! Also, I've quit my job so I can dedicate myself full time to the circus.

MARGE

What?! You quit your job? But Mr. Burns said he'll only rehire you ten more times at the most. Please Homie, think about your family.

HOMER

I am thinking of my family. Twenty years from now I want Maggie to look up at me on that stage, covered in bite marks and rat feces, and be able to say "That's my dad".

Homer walks upstairs. Marge sighs, disappointed.

INT. THE KRUSTY THE CLOWN SET

The taping of an episode is just beginning. All the kids are watching the stage as KRUSTY bursts out from behind the curtains.

KRUSTY

Hey, hey kids! I hope you've all had your tetanus shots, because we've got five disease infested rodents on the show today! Give it up for Homer and Moe's Ratastic Circus!

Krusty steps to one side to reveal the rats already on stage performing circus tricks such as riding a tiny unicycle, jumping through rings of fire and juggling. Bart and Milhouse are sitting at the top of the stands talking to JIMBO, DOLPH and KERNY.

(CONTINUED)

BART

So what do you say guys? Battle of the 2nd grade pets? Wanna bet on the python or the hamster?

KERNY

A small member of the Cricetinae family versus a black-headed Asian Pythonidae? I've seen enough Animal Planet to know that 'aint gonna end well.

Jimbo, Dolph and Kerny all hand Bart several notes of money. The rats finish their performance. Homer and Moe take a bow before wheeling their table off stage. A TV screen lowers down in their place and an episode of 'The Itchy & Scratchy Show' begins playing called 'Mame of Bones'.

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY

A square, Scratchy is walking down a street in the lower city. Another cat that looks like him, only a lighter grey, walks up from the opposite direction.

GREY CAT

Scratchy?

SCRATCHY

My long lost brother? What are you doing here?

The two cats hug, both emotional.

SCRATCHY (CONT.)

I can't believe I've found you after all these years.

An elderly cat couple walk up behind them.

SCRATCHY (CONT.)

Mom? Dad? You're here too?

Several more cats begin to arrive, one by one, much to Scratchy's amazement and confusion.

SCRATCHY (CONT.)

Grandpa? Uncle? My cousin? My best friend? My third grade teacher? My pediatrician?

By now Scratchy is surrounded by about fifty people that he knows.

(CONTINUED)

SCRATCHY (CONT.)

What's going on?

Suddenly a giant nuclear bomb falls down on the crowd and blows them all up.

Cut to a palace on the far side of town. Itchy, dressed like a princess with long blonde hair, is watching the effects of the explosion from a balcony. Blood and body parts begin to rain down around him.

INT. THE KRUSTY THE CLOWN SET

Homer and Moe are backstage. Moe has all five rats in his arms. He kisses them each on the head one by one.

MOE

You guys are my bread and butter!  
Because thanks to you I can now  
actually afford to butter my bread.  
I owe everything to you. Especially  
you Rattrick Swaycheeze. You're the  
star of the show.

HOMER

Aww, is there anything more sacred  
than the bond between a man and his  
circus performing rats?

A middle-aged unshaven man, LARRY, wearing a tattered suit and carrying a briefcase approaches them from the shadows behind them. He's smiling forcefully.

LARRY

Excuse me, my name's Larry Sparks.  
I'm a booking agent for Springfield  
Stadium. I saw your performance and  
thought it was just filled with pep  
and pizazz.

MOE

Really? I mean, I always thought we  
had pizazz, but I never knew we had  
pep.

LARRY

We're looking for up and coming  
acts to perform next week and I was  
wondering if you and your circus  
would be interested. We'll pay you  
handsomely.

Larry pats his briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

HOMER

Wow. A free briefcase!

LARRY

Err, yeah. So what do you say? If this goes well, we could even offer you a nation wide tour.

MOE

Nation wide tour?! Homer, I think this is the big break we've been waiting for.

Larry pulls out a piece of paper.

LARRY

Just sign here.

Moe takes out a pen and signs. He then hands it to Homer.

MOE

Here Homer. Just sign this and our boring mundane lives will change forever.

Homer takes the pen, but he looks unsure. A thought bubble appears to his right with Marge inside.

THOUGHT-BUBBLE MARGE

Please Homie, think of your family. Don't sign that contract.

Moe walks into the thought bubble next to Marge and looks around.

THOUGHT-BUBBLE MOE

What is this? A thought bubble? You're having an internal conflict when you're supposed to be signing? Homer! Sign the damn contract!

The Moe in the thought bubble turns to the real Moe standing next to Homer.

THOUGHT-BUBBLE MOE (CONT.)

Hey.

MOE

Hey.

The thought bubble disappears. Homer reluctantly signs the contract. Cut to the rats, who have tied up MR. TEENY, gagged him, and are slapping him in the face.

## INT. SIMPSON'S KITCHEN

Marge is preparing dinner while Bart, Lisa and Maggie are sat at the table. Bart is counting all the money he's made from taking bets. He quickly hides it when Homer walks in.

HOMER

Family, I have an announcement. I'm going on tour with Moe and the rat circus to spread wonder and joy across America.

MARGE

What?! I can't believe you're being so selfish.

HOMER

Marge, this has been my dream for almost five whole days now and I've dedicated over four and half hours to it. Don't you dare ruin this for me.

Moe walks in with all five rats in his arms.

MOE

Hey Homer, your driveway was full so I parked in your neighbor's backyard. I hope that's okay.

FLANDERS

(off screen)

My rosebush!

Moe places the rats down on the dinner table which spread out around the kitchen. Marge pulls herself up onto the worktop and shrieks while Lisa backs away into the corner.

MARGE

Get those filthy vermin off the dinner table!

MOE

Hey, they have feelings too you know Midge.

One of the rats is sitting next to Maggie in her highchair. She gives it her pacifier and it starts sucking.

HOMER

Marge, I know you don't support me, but think how great this will be for the kids. They'll be able to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOMER (cont'd)  
boast about having a famous  
celebrity dad.

BART  
Hey, all you have to do is gain ten  
more pounds and then the Learning  
Channel will give you your own TV  
show.

The rat next to Bart starts laughing at Homer.

HOMER  
Why you Stuart Little-

Homer goes to strangle the rat while Bart runs away. Moe  
quickly puts his hand on Homer's shoulder and stops him.

MOE  
Homer, no strangling the rats.

HOMER  
Sorry.

MARGE  
Homer, we can discuss this later,  
but for now can you please take the  
rats out of the kitchen?

HOMER  
Pfft! You're overreacting. Rats  
have no more diseases than roaches  
or those little parasites that swim  
up your urethra.

LISA  
Dad, I love all animals, even the  
disgusting ones, but only if they  
keep at least 500 feet away from  
me.

MOE  
Fine. Come on guys. Let's talk in  
the living room.

Homer and Moe begin collecting up the rats, but then realize  
there are only four.

MOE (CONT.)  
Wait, where's Rattrick Swaycheeze?

(CONTINUED)

Homer and Moe run into the living room just in time to see Santa's Little Helper standing there with Ratrick Swaycheeze's tail hanging out of his mouth. They recoil in horror as SLH sucks it up like spaghetti and swallows. Homer and Moe stand there with their jaws hanging open in shock.

HOMER

Uhm... Maybe it was a different rat?

SLH coughs up Ratrick Swaycheeze's bowtie.

MOE

Nope.

ACT III - INT. SIMPSON'S LIVING ROOM

Homer and Moe are staring in horror at SLH as he happily pants and scratches himself while sitting on the rug. Moe runs over and grabs SLH's mouth, pulling it open.

MOE

Ratrick Swaycheeze! You ate our lead performer!

SLH licks Moe's face and pants excitedly.

HOMER

Maybe we should wait eighteen hours for him to come out the other end?

MOE

He's not gonna look the same coming out as he did going in.

HOMER

Come on Moe. Maybe this is a good thing.

Moe angrily turns to Homer and stands up.

MOE

What?! How is this, in any way, a good thing?

HOMER

Well traveling around the country with a circus of rats sounds cool and all, but Marge doesn't want me to go. Plus there's my kids, the TV, the golf clubs in the attic, and... err... Lenny! What about Lenny?!

(CONTINUED)

MOE

Believe me, I've thought of nothing but Lenny since this whole thing started. But there's no turning back. We're rat tamers now.

Moe takes the four remaining rats from Homer.

MOE (CONT.)

Meet me at the bar in an hour.  
We're gonna work out a game plan.

Moe walks away. He exits the house and closes the front door behind him. His anger transitions to sorrow as he slumps against the door and crouches down. He begins to weep while clutching the other rats.

MOE

Oh God! Ratrick Swaycheeze!

Lisa appears in the dining room window and watches him, empathy clearly on her face.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY PLAYGROUND

The kids are gathered around in a circle on the far side of the field. Jimbo, Kerny, Dolph, SHAUNA, NELSON and MARTIN are there.

JIMBO

Alright! Time to watch a small fury animal get ripped into a bloody pulp!

Leans to his right and puts his arm around a disgruntled Shauna.

JIMBO (CONT.)

And you say I never take you anywhere, babe.

Shauna rolls her eyes. Nelson is talking to Martin.

NELSON

I know exactly what I'm gonna say to the hamster when it dies. "Ha, ha"!

MARTIN

(unimpressed)

Meh.

(CONTINUED)



Nelson looks disappointed. We see Bart standing just outside the crowd holding the cage with the python inside.

BART  
Heh, heh. Time to scam some chumps.

The snake looks up at Bart with worry and fear in his eyes. Bart walks out into the middle of the crowd.

BART (CONT.)  
Alright everyone! Are you ready to see some action here today? Python vs. hamster!

Bart places the python's cage down on the ground.

BART (CONT.)  
Milhouse, bring in Nibbles II!

Milhouse emerges through the crowd holding Nibbles II's cage, but he looks anxious.

BART (CONT.)  
Place the combatant on the ground if you would, good sir. Let's get this show on the road!

MILHOUSE  
Erm Bart, Nibbles II isn't here.

Bart looks over to see Milhouse holding an empty cage. He runs over and looks inside, nervous.

BART  
What? He has to be!

DOLPH  
Hey, what's the holdup?

Bart turns to the crowd as they begin to turn angry.

BART  
Erm, I guess the snake already ate Nibbles II! Hahaha! Not my fault! No one to blame!

KERNY  
This stinks! You lied to us, Simpson!

MARTIN  
We paid for blood! B-L-O-O-D!  
Blood!

KERNY

Save it for the spelling bee!

Kerny punches Martin.

JIMBO

And if it's not the hamster's  
blood, it's gonna be yours!

NELSON

Get him!

The crowd starts chasing Bart and Milhouse.

BART

Milhouse, create a diversion and  
sacrifice yourself for me!

JIMBO

You're dead, Simpson!

MILHOUSE

Wait, they're only after you.

Milhouse runs off in a different direction.

BART

D'oh!

The crowd continues to chase Bart as he runs off the  
playground.

Cut to the python, left behind on the field. He's picked up  
by Willie, who is wearing a kilt which he is holding up with  
one hand.

WILLIE

A perfect snake-skin belt for me  
kilt!

Willie walks away holding the nervous looking python. As  
Willie turns to walk away we see that his kilt is hanging  
low enough to expose half of his ass.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STADIUM, BACKSTAGE

Homer and Moe are wearing tuxedos and preparing to go on  
stage with their four remaining rats. Moe is talking to the  
rats.

(CONTINUED)

MOE

Guys, this is our big night. Now I know it's gonna be hard out there without Ratrick Swaycheeze taking the lead, but I have total faith in you all.

HOMER

Moe, are you sure you wanna go out there? I mean who ever heard of a four-rat circus?

MOE

You're not backing out after we've come this far, are you Homer? After all the literal blood, sweat, tears and more sweat we've poured into this project? God, so much sweat...

HOMER

Yeah, but without our best rat what chance do we have?

MOE

Ratrick Swaycheeze's death is down to your dog. So the least you can do is get out on that stage with us. You might not believe in these little guys, but I do.

Moe turns to the steps leading up to the stage while holding the rats. Homer looks down. Lisa suddenly comes running up behind them holding something clasped in her hands.

LISA

Dad! Moe! Wait!

HOMER

Lisa?

Moe stops and looks around.

LISA

I've been agonizing over what to do. I don't want you to leave Dad, but I know you're not feeling fulfilled. And Moe, I also understand the pain of losing a pet that was supposed to be in my care. So if this rat circus makes you both happy, then here.

Lisa hands Homer what she's holding. It's Nibbles II disguised as a rat.

(CONTINUED)

LISA (CONT.)

Hopefully this will be a good enough replacement for Ratrick Swaycheeze. I know he's not technically a rat, but he's definitely more talented than your everyday hamster. Trust me.

Homer looks moved.

HOMER

Aww Lisa. I can't believe you did this.

Moe places the rats down and rushes over, snatching Nibbles II from Homer's hands, excitedly.

MOE

Oh, way to go, Lisa! Now we're sure to go down a storm! Hollywood here we come!

Moe begins heading towards the stage, but stops and turns back when he realizes Homer isn't following him.

MOE

Homer, what're you waiting for?

HOMER

Moe, I can't go out on that stage. I need to stay here in Springfield.

LISA

Dad, are you sure?

Homer kneels down and puts his hand on Lisa's shoulder.

HOMER

Of course. From now on you, Bart and Maggie are the only small creatures I care about.

Homer and Lisa hug.

MOE

Really? You're really gonna abandon me right at the last second?

HOMER

I'm sorry, Moe. I just don't think I can leave my family. Not even for rats.

(CONTINUED)

MOE

Why- I- You know what? Screw you!  
Some friend you turned out to be! I  
don't know why I even needed you in  
the first place! They're my rats  
and this is my show! I'm going out  
there and becoming a world-wide rat  
taming sensation on my own! Have a  
nice life!

Moe scoops up the rats and Nibbles II and marches out on stage. The stage lights hit him. The stadium is filled with people.

Music plays. Moe places them all down. The rats start performing, but Nibbles II grabs one of the rats and starts beating it up. Moe panics as Nibbles II turns on each of the rats. The audience gasps, HELEN LOVEJOY faints.

RICH WOMAN

My word! This is the level of  
violence one expects to see in the  
cat circus.

MOE

Hey! Knock it off! Leave 'em alone!

Moe reaches down and tries to pull Nibbles II off the rats but accidentally rips the rat disguise of him. The crowd gasps. A woman covers her daughter's eyes. Sideshow Mel stands up dramatically.

MEL

That rat is a fraud!

The crowd starts booing and throwing things. Moe scoops up the rats and runs off-stage. Cuts to CHIEF WIGGUM standing next to LOU.

WIGGUM

Looks like the only rat on that  
stage was "Bernard Manchego".

LOU

Uhh, "Bernard Manchego"?

WIGGUM

It's a play on the con-artist  
Bernard Madoff, the mastermind  
behind the Ponzi scheme that cost  
investors billions of dollars,  
combined with manchego, a cheese  
made from sheep's milk. Rats eat

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WIGGUM (cont'd)  
cheese. God Lou, don't ask me to  
explain my clever puns to you.

LOU  
I don't ask you to explain the  
clever ones.

Wiggum gives Lou an angry glare.

INT. SIMPSON'S MASTER BEDROOM, NIGHT

Marge is lying on the bed in her night dress weeping. Homer slowly opens the door and peers inside. Marge sees him.

MARGE  
What are you doing here? Come to  
get your stuff before jetting off  
around the world with your rat  
entourage?

HOMER  
Erm, well actually, there's no jet,  
no entourage, no world, not even a  
the.

Walks in and sits down on the bed next to Marge.

HOMER  
I've been a fool, Marge. You and  
kids mean everything to me.  
Therefore, I've decided to stay.

Homer runs his fingers along Marge's shoulder.

HOMER (CONT.)  
We can start the make-up sex now if  
you like. I've only had ten beers.

Marge pulls away and folds her arms in anger.

MARGE  
You really think it's that simple,  
huh?

HOMER  
Erm... How about this?

Homer runs out the room. He comes back a few seconds later carrying a bag.

(CONTINUED)

HOMER (CONT.)

I had this custom made. I thought we could play it on our next Family Monopoly Night.

Marge reaches into the bag and pulls out a board game called 'Margopoly', there's a picture of Marge on the box and 'Margopoly' is written on her hair. Marge is overjoyed.

MARGE

A monopoly game based entirely around me? It's just what every girl wants!

Marge turns and kisses Homer.

HOMER

Heh, heh. Hasbro, once again you've saved my marriage.

Homer and Marge make out. They fall back on the bed and begin foreplay. It pans out from the Simpson house to the street, where Bart is still being chased by the angry mob.