

The Way We Was

Marge and Homer and the 1974 Prom

Dramatis Personae

Homer Simpson
Marge Bouvier, the future Mrs. Homer Simpson
Mrs. Bouvier, Marge's mother
Mr. Bouvier, Marge's father
Patty and Selma Bouvier, Marge's older twin sisters
Artie Ziff, Marge's prom date
Mr. Dondelinger, high school faculty member and prom chaperone
Barney, Homer's best friend
Limousine Chauffeur
Prom Waiter

Artie asks Marge to be his prom date

Marge: Congratulations, Artie.

Artie: Marge, this may not be the most appropriate forum for what I'm about to put forth, but . . . erm, ahem! Would you go to the prom with me?

Marge: Oh!

Artie: I can think of a dozen highly cogent arguments! The first is from Time Magazine, dated January 8, 1974: "America's Love Affair with the Prom"! "Even wallflowers can look forward to *one* date a year—"

Marge: No, Artie, Artie. The best argument is that I've known and respected you for eight years! And I would be delighted to go to the prom with you.

Marge and her mom getting ready

Mrs. Bouvier: If you pinch your cheeks, they'll glow. A little more, try to break some capillaries, dear.

Marge: Couldn't we use just rouge for this?

Mrs. Bouvier: Ladies pinch. Whores use rouge.

Homer arrives at the Bouvier home

Homer: Is Marge here?

Patty: Who—or what—are you?

Homer: I'm her date!

Selma: Mmhmm. I *suppose* you want to come in and sit down?

Homer: Oh, okay.

Selma: Marge's dates get homelier all the time.

Patty: Mmhmm. That's what you get when you don't put out.

Meeting the family

Mr. Bouvier: You know, I usually insist on approving Marge's dates. But, from what she's told me I'm sure you're a solid citizen.

Homer: Thanks, Mr. B.

Mr. Bouvier: Enhh!

Patty and Selma: Mmmh. Mmmh.

Mr. Bouvier: Enhh!
Patty and Selma: Mmmh.
Mr. Bouvier: Enhh.

Mrs. Bouvier: Here she comes, get the camera ready!
Marge: Homer! [Pictures are taken.] What are you doing here?
Homer: You said you'd go the prom with me.
Marge: *Weh*—I also said I hated you, and we haven't even talked since then!
Homer: I was afraid you'd cancel our date, so I stayed away from you completely, even though it meant skipping school for three weeks and graduating this summer. *Hmm!* I hope.
Marge: Errr—

Artie arrives

Artie: I'm Artie Ziff—Marge's date for the prom.
Patty: Well hello!
Artie: Well hello hello!
Selma: Don't we—
Patty: —look handsome!
Artie: Yes indeed we do!
Patty: Well come in young man!

Awkward triangle

Mr. Bouvier: Wait a second. If *he's* your date, who are *you*?
Homer: I'm—a spare. 'Scuse me.
Patty: Now that that unpleasantness is behind us forever, let's take a picture of the happy couple.
Mr. Bouvier: Say "cheese whiz!"

Homer and the chauffeur outside the Bouvier home

Chauffeur: Hey buddy—where's your date?
Homer: She's with *him*.
Chauffeur: Ouch! I guess you want me to take you home, then.
Homer: Hey! I paid for this car, I paid for this tuxedo and I paid for the two dinners—we're going to the prom!
Chauffeur: Prom it is.

At the prom

Mr. Dondelinger: Don't dance too closely, now! Have a good time. Wait a second. Is that a bong? [Student points at his throat.] You have asthma? All right. Move along. Homer Simpson? I thought you'd dropped out.
Homer: You wish . . . Dondelinger.
Mr. Dondelinger: That's *Mr.* Dondelinger.

[Prom pictures are taken. Homer has one taken of himself, alone.]

Waiter: Steak or chicken?
Homer: One of each please. [Barney comes running through completely naked.]
Barney: Comin' through!

Homer: *Barney!*

[Ray Stevens sings, "Oh yes they call him the streak!"].

Mr. Dondelinger: Well that young man's bought himself about a decade of detention. Children, we have tabulated your votes. The king and queen of Springfield High School's class of 1974 are Artie Ziff and Marge Bouvier.

Homer: Oh, isn't she great? Hail Queen Marge! Whoo! Whoo! Long live the Queen!

Artie: Hello, classmates. Instead of voting for some athletic hero, or a pretty boy, you have elected me, your intellectual superior, as your king. Good for you.

Mr. Dondelinger: Very well said. Now your king and queen will share their first royal dance.

["Close to You" by the Carpenters plays. Marge and Artie dance.]

Artie: Why do birds suddenly appear . . . every time you're near?

Homer: Gotta get outta here.

Homer and Marge in the high school hallway

[Homer sobbing.]

Marge: Homer?

Homer: What?

Marge: Why are you doing this? Why can't you accept that I'm here with someone else?

Homer: Because I'm sure we were meant to be together. Usually when I have a thought there's a lotta other thoughts in there—something says yes, something says no—but this time there's only yes! How can the only thing I've ever been sure about in my life be wrong?

Marge: I don't know . . . but it is!

Homer goes dateless to Inspiration Point

Chauffeur: Well, where to now, Romeo?

Homer: Inspiration point.

Chauffeur: Mmm, okay, but I'm only paid to drive.

Artie and Marge in his car at Inspiration Point

Marge: Hey, Artie, Artie wait—I don't know. I mean, I, it was, it was a beautiful evening—let's not ruin it.

Artie: Just this.

Marge: Oh, Artie, please.

Artie: Come on, kiss me.

Marge: No. Oh, Artie—

Artie: Please—

Marge: No, really I mean it, now *stop it!* [Marge's dress strap is ripped. She slaps him]

Artie: I'm sorry, Marge—

Marge: Take me home, Artie!

Homer at Inspiration Point

Chauffeur: Well, it's one o'clock. If you want to keep me, I'm afraid it's gonna be \$45 an hour.

Homer: Nahh—that's okay. I'm broke. I'll walk home.

Chauffeur: Yeah. Why spoil a perfect evening.

Artie brings Marge home

Artie: Marge, I would appreciate it if you didn't tell anybody about my "busy hands." Not so much for *myself*, but I am so respected, it would damage the *town* to hear it. Good night.

Marge: Yeah, right.

[Marge overhears her parents talking.]

Mr. Bouvier: You know, when that Simpson boy showed up, it took years off my life.

Mrs. Bouvier: Will you stop it? She went out with the good one.

Marge picks Homer up

Homer: [Car comes, honking.] Shut up. [Honking.] I'm over as far as I can go. [Honking.] Alright! Alright! I'll walk in the mud! [Car stops.]

Marge: Homer?

Homer: Marge?

Marge: Yeah! You want a ride?

Homer: Sure!

Marge: You know, Homer, when I got home I realized who I should have gone to the prom with.

Homer: Who? [Marge reaches for his hand.] Oh!

Marge: My prom date.

Homer: Mm Marge, *pour vous*. [Homer fixes the torn strap with a corsage.]

Marge: Mmm. Why so glum?

Homer: Hmm—I've got a problem. Once you stop this car, I'm gonna hug you, and kiss you, and then I'll never be able to let you go.

Back to the present time, Homer and Marge telling the story to the children

Homer: And I never have.

[Bart acts like he's gagging himself.]

Closing credits

[Homer sings "The Joker" by the Steve Miller Band]

Some people call me the space cowboy
Some call me the gangster of love
Some people call me Maurice
But not me. I'm the pompitus of love.

People talk about me, baby, yeah.
Say I'm doin' you wrong, doin' you wrong, doin' you wrong, doin' you wrong.
But don't you worry, baby, don't worry
'Cause I'm right here, right here, right here, right here, right here. . .