

Production No. CABF22

**The Simpsons**

"The Parent Rap"

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Created by  
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20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION

FINAL 1

Date 11/17/2000

**"THE PARENT RAP"**

## Cast List

HOMER .....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE .....JULIE KAVNER  
BART .....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA .....YEARDLEY SMITH  
MARTY .....HARRY SHEARER  
BILL .....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MILHOUSE .....PAMELA HAYDEN  
CHIEF WIGGUM .....HANK AZARIA  
CORA .....TRESS MACNEILLE  
NED FLANDERS .....HARRY SHEARER  
POLICE DOG .....DAN CASTELLANETA  
COACH .....DAN CASTELLANETA  
HOBO .....HANK AZARIA  
BAILIFF .....TRESS MACNEILLE  
KIRK VAN HOUTEN .....HANK AZARIA  
JUDGE SNYDER .....HARRY SHEARER  
JUDGE HARM .....TRESS MACNEILLE  
EMPLOYEE .....PAMELA HAYDEN  
MRS. KRABAPPEL .....MARCIA WALLACE  
DATABASE .....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

PRINCIPAL SKINNER ..... HARRY SHEARER  
NELSON ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
MOE ..... HANK AZARIA  
KENT BROCKMAN ..... HARRY SHEARER  
WRESTLING ANNOUNCER .... HANK AZARIA  
SEA CAPTAIN ..... HANK AZARIA  
COMIC BOOK GUY ..... HANK AZARIA  
BASEBALL ANNOUNCER ..... HARRY SHEARER  
DISCO STU ..... HANK AZARIA  
LOU ..... HANK AZARIA  
SEAL ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
PATTY ..... JULIE KAVNER  
SELMA ..... JULIE KAVNER  
JAILBIRD ..... HANK AZARIA

THE PARENT RAP

by

George Meyer & Mike Scully

ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

**SCENE 1**

**EXT. STREET - MORNING**

The Simpsons' car cruises along. From the radio we hear The Fifth Dimension's "WEDDING BELL BLUES".

**INT. SIMPSON CAR - CONTINUOUS**

HOMER is driving. BART and MILHOUSE are in the back seat.

HOMER

(SINGING ALONG WITH RADIO) WON'T YOU  
MARRY ME, BI-ILL? / I GOT THE WEDDING  
GOWN BI-ILL / 'CAUSE WEDDINGS ARE  
NI-ICE...

Bart and Milhouse have their hands over their ears.

BART

Only two blocks to school, Milhouse.

MARTY (V.O.)

That was the Fifth Dimension, with  
"Weddings Are Nice".

BILL (V.O.)

You know what else is nice, Marty?

MARTY (V.O.)

What's that, Bill?

BILL (V.O.)

The KBBL Prize Posse!

MARTY (V.O.)

Oh-ho-ho. You know, if our Victory Van spots your KBBL Party Penguin, you'll win forty dollars!

**SFX: CASH REGISTER "KA-CHING"**

HOMER

(LOOKS OUT WINDSHIELD) Didja hear that, Pengy?

We see a large stuffed penguin hanging from his antenna. (The antenna is bent from the weight.) It wears sunglasses and a straw beachcomber hat, and reads "KBBL".

MILHOUSE

(POINTING) Hey, there's the van!

Homer turns to see the crazily-painted prize van a block away.

HOMER

(GASP, PULLS OVER) End of the line, boys.

He quickly **SHOOS** Bart and Milhouse out the door and **PEELS OUT**.

MILHOUSE

(NOT PAINED) He ran over my ankle.

BART

(BENDING TO LOOK, DOCTOR-LIKE) Good thing you were wearing gym socks.

They exchange a knowing Dragnet-style nod and start walking to school.

**EXT. LARD LAD DONUT SHOP - LATER - ESTABLISHING**

A police cruiser is parked in front.

**INT. DONUT SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

CHIEF WIGGUM sits at the counter. He sticks a straw into his donut and **SUCKS** the filling out.

CHIEF WIGGUM

(SATISFIED NOISE, TO WAITRESS) Hey,

Cora. Cora? Cora!

CORA

What?

CHIEF WIGGUM

I, I heard science is working on a donut that actually burns off calories.

Uh, how's that goin', do ya have any idea?

CORA

What?

CHIEF WIGGUM

Ah, never mind. Ah, ah, just refill this with custard, will ya?

Cora sticks a frosting gun into his deflated donut and **FILLS** it.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Thanks. You're an angel.

CORA

What?

CHIEF WIGGUM

You're an ange-- Never mind.

**EXT. DONUT SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

Bart and Milhouse walk past Chief Wiggum's police car and stop.

BART

Hey, check it out. Wiggum's cruiser.

They put their faces to the window and peer inside.

BART (CONT'D)

Wow, tear gas, riot club, police hat...

MILHOUSE

...with rain baggie!

We see the police hat with a protective plastic cover.

BART

(IMPRESSED) That would really keep  
your head dry.

MILHOUSE

Have you ever been in a police car?

BART

Not in the front.

MILHOUSE

Hey, I just had this crazy idea.

BART (O.S.)

(DISTRACTED) Really? What?

We see Bart's already sitting inside the car, wearing Chief Wiggum's rain hat.

**INT. WIGGUM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

The boys scan the police car dashboard.

MILHOUSE

What's this thing? (READS LABEL)

"Miranda Rights Teleprompter?"

He pushes a button on a small video screen. A message scrolls up: "YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT (PUNCH IN BELLY)"

BART

Check this out!

Bart grabs the P.A. microphone and addresses FLANDERS, who's walking by.

BART (CONT'D) (OVER P.A.)

(COP VOICE) You, there. Put your hands up.

FLANDERS

Me? Okay. (PUTS HANDS IN AIR)

BART (OVER P.A.)

Now, drop your pants.

FLANDERS

Yeah, b-but my hands are up.

BART (OVER P.A.)

Hula out of them.

FLANDERS

All right. (HUMS)

Ned starts to shake his hips. His pants slowly slip down. Bart and Milhouse **CRACK UP**. Suddenly, a POLICE DOG pops up from the back seat.

POLICE DOG

(ANGRY BARKING)

BART/MILHOUSE

(FRIGHTENED SOUND)

INT. DONUT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

SCENE 2

Wiggum **REACTS** to the **BARKING**.



CHIEF WIGGUM

What the heck is goin' on out there?

(INTO WALKIE-TALKIE) Sniffy? Come in,  
Sniffy. Do you read me?

**INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE-UP on the police radio.

CHIEF WIGGUM (V.O.) (OVER RADIO)

It's me, Clancy.

WIDEN to reveal the dog is now in the front seat **SNARLING**  
and **SNAPPING** at the **COWERING** boys.

BART

No! Get away!

Bart accidentally falls against the gear shift, putting the  
car in neutral. The car starts to roll downhill (forward),  
out of frame.

BART (CONT'D)

(LOOKING OUT WINDOW) Uh-oh.

The car continues rolling down the street, picking up  
speed.

**INT. DONUT SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

CHIEF WIGGUM

(WATCHING OUT WINDOW) Hey, somebody's  
stealing my car!

He **GULPS** down his coffee.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

(QUICKLY) So hot! Ow. Oh!

He looks at the check, starts to slam some money down, then  
gives the check a second look.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Man, the bear claws have really shot  
up.

He throws some money down and runs out.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The police car continues rolling along with the boys  
inside. (They are now on a flat street.) Milhouse is  
behind the wheel.

BART

Look out!

We see the car is headed for an open truck carrying a large  
steaming cauldron. A sign reads, "DANGER: HOT SOUP!"

BART/MILHOUSE

Sooouuup!

The police dog hokily covers his eyes with his paws.  
Milhouse jerks the steering wheel. The police car **SWERVES**  
off the road into a nearby park. A sign reads "PROMISING  
YOUNG ATHLETES PICNIC" (with an arrow).

**MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING**

**ANGLE ON A PICNIC AREA**

The tables are occupied by ATHLETIC YOUNG PEOPLE. A COACH  
addresses them from a table filled with trophies.

COACH

(WINDING UP) ...and that's why you  
young athletes are so promising. Now,  
who'd like to buy a trophy?

BART/MILHOUSE (O.S.)

(APPROACHING DOPPLER YELL)

The athletes turn to see the out-of-control police car  
**SLIDING** toward them. They **YELL**, then expertly flip and  
cartwheel away as the police car **KNOCKS** over the picnic  
tables, sending trophies flying.

**ANGLE ON NEARBY HOBO (WITH BINDLE)**

A trophy **PLOPS** into his hands.

HOBO

(LOOKS AT TROPHY) Finally, some  
recognition.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Wiggum pulls Bart and Milhouse from the car.

CHIEF WIGGUM

All right, you two are under arrest for  
joy riding. You have the right to  
remain, um... uh...

He quickly looks at his Miranda Rights Teleprompter.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

"Silent?" That doesn't sound right.

**EXT. JUVENILE COURT - THE NEXT DAY - ESTABLISHING**

The blindfolded statue of Justice is a girl wearing  
pigtailed.

**INT. COURT - CONTINUOUS**

The Simpsons walk through the hallway past various JUVENILE  
OFFENDERS and their ATTORNEYS. (They are wearing their  
Sunday clothes.)

HOMER

(HAPPY) I love our court days.

MARGE

Mm, it's about the only thing we do  
together anymore.

LISA

(TO BAILIFF ON BREAK) Hey, Karie.

BAILIFF

Hey, Lisa.

She shoots Lisa a playful "finger-gun." The Simpsons walk through a small cafeteria. JUDGES and handcuffed YOUNG PUNKS are in line holding trays. (There's a cardboard cut-out of a cartoon convict in black and white stripes. His word balloon says "TRY OUR GELATO".)

BART

Hey, they have gelato! Can we get some?

HOMER

(TOUSLING BART'S HAIR) After your hearing.

MARGE

He loves his gelato!

HOMER/MARGE

(AFFECTIONATE CHUCKLE) / (HOMER) Yeah, he does.

**INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**SCENE 3**

Milhouse and his FATHER stand in front of JUDGE SNYDER. The judge's bench is decorated with a figurine of a clown fishing.

KIRK VAN HOUTEN

Uh, your Honor, please don't send my son to Juvie. He's basically a good kid. He's just weak. Morally, and in the upper body.

MILHOUSE

Please let me slip through the cracks.

JUDGE SNYDER

Well, you look like a good student,  
with those glasses... and I suppose  
boys will be boys... Case dismissed.

A relieved Milhouse walks past Bart and gives him the high sign.

BART

(CHUCKLES, TO SELF) Good 'ol Judge  
Snyder. (STANDS) Well, showtime.

Bart quickly slips on a cross necklace.

BAILIFF

Next case, Bartholomew J. Simpson.

LISA

(SNICKERS, SING-SONG) "Bartholomew."

Bart glares at her and approaches the judge's bench. The Bailiff places a very thick file in front of the judge.

JUDGE SNYDER

(FRIENDLY) Why, hello, Bart. Are  
those new shoes?

BART

Yes they are, Roy.

HOMER

(IMPATIENT) Judge Snyder? While we're  
young?

JUDGE SNYDER

Oh, sorry.

He examines Bart's file.

JUDGE SNYDER (CONT'D)

Hmm. (STERN) Looks like you were the ringleader in this car theft. And that's a felony.

BART

Yes, sir.

He fingers his cross.

JUDGE SNYDER

(SOFTENING) On the other hand, I was young once.

Homer smiles confidently.

HOMER

(TO MARGE) I'll bring the car around.

JUDGE SNYDER

And I suppose boys will be...

Judge Snyder's watch alarm **BEEPS**.

JUDGE SNYDER (CONT'D)

Oh. Oops. My vacation just started.

He quickly stands and **SCOOPS** his fishing clown figurine into a briefcase and exits.

BAILIFF

All rise for the Honorable Judge

Constance Harm.

A tough-looking FEMALE JUDGE takes her seat. She places a miniature guillotine on the bench.

MARGE

Uh-oh.

JUDGE HARM

(SHARPLY) Silence in my courtroom.

She opens Bart's file.

JUDGE HARM (CONT'D)

Grand theft auto?!

BART

(SCARED) It was an accident, ma'am.

JUDGE HARM

Don't spit on my cupcake and tell me  
it's frosting. (CHECKS FILE) Your  
father was driving you to school? Then  
where was he when you stole the police  
car?

HOMER

(STANDS) Uh, your Honor, I was chasing  
the KBBL Party Penguin Prize Patrol.

JUDGE HARM

So you abandoned your son to win  
concert tickets?

HOMER

Actually, it was a Blue Oyster Cult  
medallion.

He pulls the medallion out of his shirt. (It's shaped like  
the Blue Oyster Cult symbol.)

JUDGE HARM

And that was more important than  
keeping your son out of trouble?

HOMER

Your Honor, if I may sing a little bit of "Don't Fear the Reaper", I think you'll agree that...

JUDGE HARM

(CURTLY) I'm familiar with B.O.C. But you've got a boy here who's crying out for adult supervision.

HOMER

I couldn't agree more. Perhaps some sort of court-appointed baby-sitter or au pair. ("AW-PAIR")

JUDGE HARM

Sorry, Bub. That crow won't caw.

HOMER

I won't?

JUDGE HARM

(BANGS GAVEL) I hereby order you to be tethered to your son.

HOMER

Tethered?!

JUDGE HARM

Tethered. Report to room five.

HOMER

Room five?!

**INT. ROOM FIVE - LATER**

A female COURT EMPLOYEE finishes attaching a five foot rope between Homer's and Bart's wrists.



EMPLOYEE

There we go. How's that?

HOMER

It's a little tight.

Homer holds up his hand. It's purple.

EMPLOYEE

Just go like this.

He waves his wrist in a circle. Homer follows suit.

HOMER

Ow!

EMPLOYEE

Do that twice a day.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SCENE 4

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons enter the house. Homer is tethered to Bart.

HOMER

Oh, this is so cruel.

MARGE

And unusual.

BART

Can that judge do this to us?

LISA

Creative sentencing is common these days. That's how Bette Midler was forced to do a sitcom.

MARGE

Well, maybe it'll be fun. You'll get to spend more time together. (TO BART, SOTTO) Make sure your father takes his mood medication.

HOMER

(SEETHING) I'll medicate you...

Marge **POPS** a pill in Homer's mouth.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SWEETLY) ...honey. You know, this could be fun. (TO BART) Race you to the kitchen, my little tether ball.

BART

You're on, Rope-a-dope!

They run toward the kitchen, clothes-lining Lisa with the rope.

LISA

Ack!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS**

MRS. KRABAPPEL stands at the front of the class. It says "GRAMMAR" on the blackboard.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Today we're going to talk about  
predicates and predicate nominatives.

HOMER (O.S.)

Bo-ring.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(ANNOYED) Mr. Simpson, I'm trying to  
teach.

We see Homer sitting on the floor next to Bart's desk,  
connected by the tether.

HOMER

Come on, these kids are never gonna use  
that stuff.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Will you please just go back to sleep?

HOMER

Fine.

He curls up on the floor and begins **SNORING**.

DATABASE

(DATABASE NOISE) He's snoring at an  
alarming volume.

Bart removes a shoe and sticks it in Homer's mouth.

HOMER

(SOOTHED SOUND)

MRS. KRABAPPEL

All right, now who can pick out the  
predicate in this sentence?

HOMER (O.S.)

(WILD SCREAMING)

Everyone turns to look at Homer, who is **THRASHING** and  
pumping his legs in his sleep.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(FRUSTRATED SOUND) What's wrong with  
him now, Bart?

BART

Night terrors, ma'am.

HOMER

(IN HIS SLEEP, SCREAMS) Cobras!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - PLAYGROUND - LATER**

PRINCIPAL SKINNER is umpiring a baseball game. NELSON  
pitches to Bart, who **SWINGS** and misses. When the ball **HITS**  
the catcher's (Milhouse) mitt, Skinner is splattered with  
goo.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(WIPING OFF GOO) Doggone it, Nelson.

Didn't I warn you about spit balls?

NELSON

With all due respect, sir, that was a loogie ball.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Well see, that's even worse.

Nelson throws another pitch. Bart **HITS** the ball into the outfield. The kids **CHEER**.

LISA

Wow, he clobbered it! Run, Bart!

Bart takes off with Homer **STRUGGLING** to keep up.

BART

Hurry up, Dad!

HOMER

(PANTING) I'm with you, son!

Homer falls out of frame. Bart **DRAGS** him around the bases, arriving at home plate just in time to beat the throw.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Safe!

BART

Wow, my first home run.

HOMER

I'm so proud of youuu.

Homer reaches out to hug Bart.

BART

(FRIGHTENED SOUND)

**BART'S POV**

Homer is covered with blood and dirt.

HOMER

(WOOZY SOUND) C'mon, hug me...

Homer **PASSES OUT.**

HOMER (CONT'D)

(EYES CLOSED, SCREAMS) Cobras!

Cobras! (SCREAMS)

**EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SCENE 5**

Homer's car is the only one in the parking lot.

**ANGLE ON**

cooling towers. Homer and Bart sit along the rim, their feet dangling. They're **EATING** out of Homer's lunch pail.

HOMER

You know, working nights isn't so bad.

No one is getting' on your case,  
tellin' you not to climb on things...

BART

There's something I've always wondered,  
Dad. Why does a nuclear plant need  
cooling towers?

HOMER

Well, I certainly know the answer to  
that. Y'see... certain things need to  
be cooled... in a toweristic fashion.

(CHANGING SUBJECT) Say, is that  
Lenny's house?

BART

I don't think Lenny's house has a  
steeple.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Oh, yeah... (AS CAMERA  
PULLS OUT, SOFTLY) I forget things  
sometimes...

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. STREET - THE NEXT DAY**

Homer and Bart walk down the street **EATING** ice cream cones.

HOMER

Really. You like skateboards? We're  
sure learning a lot about each other.

BART

Yeah, this tether has some pluses.

The tether gets caught on a lamppost, causing them to  
**COLLIDE** with each other and swallow their ice cream cones  
whole.

HOMER/BART

(SHORT GAGGING SOUND)

HOMER

Oh, my head... Oh. I need a beer.

Homer quickly enters Moe's, pulling Bart behind him.

**INT. MOE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Homer sits down at the bar.

HOMER

I hit my head, Moe.

MOE

One beer, comin' up.

He hands Homer a beer, then notices Bart. He quickly pulls  
the beer away.

MOE (CONT'D)

Hey, hey. No kids in the bar.

HOMER

Oh, right. Come on, Bart.

They head for the exit.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**EXT. MOE'S - NIGHT**

An unhappy Bart stands outside the closed door. The tether extends inside.

HOMER (O.S.)

How's it goin' out there, boy?

BART

I'm cold and scared.

**INT. MOE'S - CONTINUOUS**

Homer sits on a barstool just inside the door, having a beer.

HOMER

That's my little slugger.

BART (O.S.)

C'mon, Dad. Let's go.

Bart gives a **TUG** on the rope, causing Homer to spill his beer.

HOMER

Hey, hey, these pants cost six hundred dollars!

MOE

Really?



HOMER

Yeah, they're Italian.

MOE

(PULLING SHOTGUN) All right. Hand 'em  
over.

Homer **UNZIPS** the pants.

HOMER

(MOAN)

MOE

Yeah, I rob now.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The family is watching TV.

**ON TV**

KENT BROCKMAN is doing the news. The MORTISE is a picture  
of Judge Harm.

KENT BROCKMAN

There's a new judge in town with a  
hard-nosed approach to juvenile crime:  
punish the parents.

HOMER

(APPROVING SOUND) It's about time.

(THEN) Oh.

CUT TO video tape of Kent interviewing the judge in her  
chambers.

JUDGE HARM

Kids are running wild, Kent. And I  
blame Mr. and Mrs. Neverspank.

KENT BROCKMAN

Uh-oh. We'll have to bleep their names.

JUDGE HARM

You'll bleep nothing. (TO CAMERA, STERN) Parents, it's time to take control. If you can't cope, you'll wear the rope.

She holds up a tether and **SNAPS** it menacingly.

LISA

(TO HOMER) I gotta admit, her method works. Bart might even make the honor roll, if you can control your night terrors.

HOMER

Well, that's a pretty big "if," honey.

BART

(STANDS UP) C'mon, Dad. I gotta go to the bathroom.

HOMER

Oh, I just got comfortable. Use the bottle.

MARGE

No! I don't want you going in a bottle. That's what animals do.

BART

(TUGGING ROPE) C'mon, Homer.

HOMER

No!

BART

Mo-om!

MARGE

(EXASPERATED) All right, give the baby  
his bottle!

She shoves a Gatorade-style bottle into Bart's hands.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT** **SCENE 6**

Homer and Marge are in bed, getting amorous.

HOMER/MARGE

(SMOOCHING NOISES)

BART

Would you mind? I'm trying to do my  
homework.

We see that Bart is lying next to the bed with a high-intensity lamp.

HOMER

(CRAFTY) Ah, son, it's a little  
chilly. Maybe you should wrap a  
blanket around your head.

MARGE

Oh, Homie, no. We can't.

HOMER

What's the big deal? He sees a  
thousand times worse on that animal  
show.

MARGE

I don't want him to see us (SEARCHING  
SOUND) loving.

HOMER

Why not? Kids are very visual these  
days.

MARGE

No!

HOMER

But...

BART

The lady said no.

HOMER

Hey, shut up.

BART

You shut up.

Bart **TUGS** on the rope, causing Homer to **SLAP** himself.

HOMER

Ow! (THEN) Why you--!

Homer **YANKS** the rope, making Bart **SLAP** himself.

BART

(PAINED SOUND) What'd you do that for?

They begin quickly trading **SLAPS**.

HOMER

Because I... (GETS SLAPPED) Ow! You--!

BART

(GETS SLAPPED) Ah!

HOMER

(GETS SLAPPED) Ow! Oh, yeah?

BART

(GETS SLAPPED) (PAINED SOUND)

HOMER

(GETS SLAPPED) Ow!

MARGE

(FED UP) I'm sleeping in the bathtub.

Marge exits. An oblivious Homer and Bart continue **FIGHTING**.

HOMER

Why you little...

Homer quickly wraps half the rope around Bart's neck and **STRANGLES** him. Bart loops his half of the rope and **WHIPS** Homer's butt.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ow! Ow! Ow! Oh! Ah! Ow! Ow!

Owww! That really hurt.

Marge rushes back in, brandishing a butcher's knife.

MARGE

I'm sick of you two fighting!

She brings the butcher's knife down, **CUTTING** the tether in half.

BART

(STUNNED) Mom, you cut the tether.

HOMER

(DAWNING) We're free! Your mother set us free!

Homer rushes around the room like a blind man who has regained his sight.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(EXCITED GASPS) Colors seem brighter!

(EATS A POTATO CHIP) Food tastes

better! My feet look daintier!

(SPINS) Woo hoo!

JUDGE HARM (O.S.)

Don't celebrate too much.

HOMER

(CONFUSED SOUND)

BART

Who said that?

MARGE

(STARTLED YELL)

She points to the tether. Judge Harm's face appears on the severed end.

JUDGE HARM

That's right. It's me, Judge Harm, via fiber optics.

HOMER

(NERVOUSLY) Heyyy, how 'bout that?

Ha, ha.

JUDGE HARM

Quiet, Tubsy. You violated my order.

HOMER

But, Constance, it only happened because...

JUDGE HARM

Hey, hey. If I want a cock 'n' bull story, I'll read Hemingway.

MARGE

(HOLDING BUTCHER KNIFE) Don't be mad at Homer. I was the one who cut the rope.

JUDGE HARM

Are you threatening me with that knife?

MARGE

No!

HOMER

Wait. I'm to blame, Judge. You see, I was pressuring my wife to make love in front of our son... you're gonna laugh when you hear this... when suddenly...

The Judge looks really steamed. The rope **BURSTS** into flame.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A nervous Homer and Marge stand in front of the Judge's bench. (Bart and Lisa sit in the spectators section.)

JUDGE HARM

Well, I thought Dad was the problem, but apparently Mom is no prize pig herself.

Marge looks down, ashamed.

JUDGE HARM (CONT'D)

It's a miracle poor Bartholomew isn't  
setting fires and robbing trains.

**ANGLE ON BART**

carving his initials in the wood.

BART

("POOR ME") I'm a latchkey kid.

LISA

You are not.

JUDGE HARM

(BANGS GAVEL) Quiet, little girl. (TO  
HOMER AND MARGE) You two need to wake  
up and smell the java. And the first  
step is to admit you're bad parents.

HOMER

(QUICKLY) I admit it.

MARGE

Homer, no! We're not bad parents.

JUDGE HARM

Yes, you are. Just say it.

MARGE

No, I won't. And frankly, Judge, I  
think you're a bully.

JUDGE HARM

(STANDS AND LEANS OVER, MENACING) You  
do, huh?

She **SLAPS** her gavel into her palm (like a cop with a  
nightstick).



MARGE

Well, yes. You're so busy thinking up crazy ways to punish people, you can't see how much I love my kids.

HOMER

(SOTTO) Ma-arge, ixnay on the overlay...

MARGE

(HEARTFELT) My family is my life, and if I can't convince you of that, then I feel sorry for you.

The Judge takes this in. Off her thoughtful expression, we...

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**INT. COURTROOM - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Homer and Marge (Bart and Lisa following) walk down the hall. Their heads and hands are locked in old-fashioned wooden stocks.

MARGE

She's such a butthole.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

SCENE 7

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marge is awkwardly trying to wash dishes with a scrub brush. Her stocks keep **BUMPING** into Homer's.

HOMER/MARGE

(PAINED SOUNDS)

HOMER

Sorry.

MARGE

(TRYING TO MANEUVER) Just, just let me  
get--

Their stocks **BANG** again.

HOMER/MARGE

(PAINED SOUNDS)

Marge puts a plate between her teeth and holds it under the running water. She sets it on the counter, where Homer **DRIES** it by "whipping" at it with a dishtowel. He **HITS** it too hard and it **SMASHES** on the floor.

HOMER

Dammit!

WIDEN to reveal Lisa watching from the doorway.

LISA

Oh, poor Mom and Dad.

INT. TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa turns to Bart, who's watching TV on the sofa.

LISA

Bart, doesn't it seem unfair to you  
that they're being punished for  
something you did?

BART

Hey, yeah. Makes you wonder.

He takes a **LOUD SIP** of his soda and turns back to the TV.

**ON TV**

A WRESTLING ANNOUNCER in a booth calls a match.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, I don't believe  
what I'm seeing! Dr. Bonebreak just  
married Rumble-lina five minutes ago,  
and they're already whaling on each  
other!

**ANGLE ON WRESTLING RING**

TWO WRESTLERS in tuxedo and wedding gown **WHACK** each other  
with a folding chair and a fire extinguisher. The crowd  
**CHEERS.**

BART

C'mon! Get to the smackdown!

**ON TV**

The wrestlers start **SMACKING** each other with their hands in  
a downward motion.

BART (CONT'D)

(SATISFIED SIGH)

LISA

When are you gonna start taking  
responsibility for your actions?

BART

(LOOKING AT TV) 'Cuz I felt like it.

LISA

You're not even listening!

BART

I know you are, but what am I?

LISA

(EXASPERATED SOUND)

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD - DOWNTOWN - DAY**

Homer and Marge are standing on the corner of a busy intersection. They are in their stocks and wearing clown-like striped pants. A sign next to them reads "SPANK US FROM YOUR CAR".

MARGE

Haven't we been humiliated enough?

CHIEF WIGGUM

(REFERRING TO COURT ORDER) Uh, not yet. No. Uh, today the judge wants you to stand here and get spanked by passing motorists.

HOMER

Well, when in Rome...

Homer bends over. We see that the seat of his pants reads "BAD DAD". Homer gets **WHACKED** by a series of passing motorists.

HOMER

Ow!

SEA CAPTAIN

Arrr.

HOMER

(PAINED SOUND)

COMIC BOOK GUY

Worst parents ever.

HOMER

(PAINED SOUND)

NELSON

Haw haw.

JAILBIRD **DRIVES BY** in his muscle car and **WHACKS** him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PAINED YELP)

CHIEF WIGGUM

(CALLING TO JAILBIRD) Hey, hey! No  
chains!

Marge nervously assumes the position. Her pants read "BAD MOTHER". A car **DRIVES BY** and **SPANKS** her.

MARGE

Ow! (CALLING) He said no chains!

HOMER

(CALLING) Yeah, Judge!

JUDGE HARM

(GOOFY CACKLE)

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STADIUM - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. SPRINGFIELD STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

The ISOTOPES are playing.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Okay, baseball fans, let's all turn and glare at Springfield's worst parents, Homer and Marge Simpson!

The spotlight finds an embarrassed Homer and Marge in the crowd. They're both wearing dunce caps and holding pennants that say "BAD MOTHER" and "BAD FATHER". They stand uncomfortably and wave. The crowd **BOOS** and pelts them with cups.

MARGE

I hate being pelted.

DISCO STU leans over to Marge.

DISCO STU

Well hello, bad mother. Are you a very bad mother?

MARGE

(OFFENDED SOUND)

CHIEF WIGGUM

(LEANS IN) Um, you, you, you have to answer that question.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING**

**SCENE 8**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Homer and Marge lie in bed with their stocks on, staring at the ceiling.

MARGE

These wooden things aren't helping our love life.

HOMER

(FRUSTRATED) There's gotta be something we can do to each other.

MARGE

We could just talk about our feelings.

HOMER

(UNENTHUSED) Uh, yeah...

After a beat, Homer starts rubbing Marge's lower leg with his foot.

MARGE

Oh Homie, it's just not going to work tonight.

HOMER

You know, we could get out of these stupid things if you'd just tell the judge you're a bad mother. And you don't even have to say "bad." It could be "negligent" or "unfit" or "drugged-up."

MARGE

(HEARTFELT) I just can't do that, Homer. I don't have a career, or tons of friends, and if I say I'm a lousy mom, then what does that leave me?

Homer looks into Marge's pleading eyes.

HOMER

You're right. It's time to stand up to that power-mad judge. And I'll be with you all the way, Marge.

MARGE

(MOVED) Oh, Homie.

Unable to hug, she extends her pinkie and touches his. She looks down to see his foot is again rubbing her leg.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(GOOD-NATURED) Okay, we'll figure out something.

HOMER

Sweet.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING**

HOMER (V.O.)

Ready, my dear?

MARGE (V.O.)

Ready!

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS**

Marge is roped to the tree. Two chains go from the bumper of the car to the top half of her stocks. Homer is behind the wheel (still wearing his stocks).

MARGE

Are you sure this is the best way to get these things off?

HOMER

(CALLING FROM DRIVER'S SEAT) Nope.

Now hang on!

Homer **GUNS** the engine. The tires **SPIN**, the chain goes **TAUT**, Homer gives it **MORE GAS** and we hear a **SPROING**. Marge goes rocketing past Homer's window, her stocks still attached. (Her tree rope has snapped.)

MARGE

(QUICK DOPPLER YELL)

HOMER

Sorry, honey.



**EXT. SIMPSON BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Marge is tied to the tree again, this time with much more rope. Homer **GUNS** the engine. The stocks **FLY OFF**.

HOMER

Woo hoo!

The car **LURCHES** forward into the side of the garage. A dazed Homer staggers out of the car.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay, now you do me.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD - THAT NIGHT**

The Simpson car drives slowly down the street. It pulls over to the curb and the headlights go out.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Homer and Marge, wearing black cat burglar-style coveralls, put on longshoreman-style knit caps.

HOMER

Time for "Operation: Judge-Get-Back-  
At."

MARGE

Wouldn't "Harm-Judge-Harm" be more  
clever?

HOMER

Very much so. But I already bought the  
rubber stamp.

He pulls out a rubber stamp and stamps the dashboard. True to Homer's word, it says "Operation: Judge-Get-Back-At".

**EXT. STREET - A SHORT WHILE LATER**

Homer and Marge slip stealthily through the neighborhood. (Marge is wearing a backpack.) Homer looks at a piece of paper with Judge Harm's name and address.

HOMER

(PUZZLED) One Ocean View Drive? This address is wrong.

MARGE

No. No, there it is! (POINTS)

We see that 1 Ocean View Drive is a houseboat, docked in the marina. (The lights are on.)

HOMER

She lives in a houseboat? Wow, that is so cool.

MARGE

(REMINDING) We hate her, Homer.

HOMER

I know, I know. (HOLDS UP FIST, PERFUNCTORY) Fight the power.

MARGE

Let's do this thing.

Homer and Marge start to climb over a fence to get to the judge's houseboat. Suddenly, some headlights sweep over them.

HOMER

(GASP) Cops!

Marge and Homer quickly lean against a lamppost and start **SMOOCHING**.

**ANGLE ON WIGGUM AND LOU IN THE CAR**

LOU

Aw, ain't that sweet, Chief?

CHIEF WIGGUM

(OFF BLACK OUTFITS) Sure is, Lou.

Those two longshoremen found love.

The police car drives away.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Homer and Marge spring apart.

MARGE

(ALL BUSINESS) Let's go.

**EXT. HOUSEBOAT - A MINUTE LATER**

**SCENE 9**

Homer slinks up to the judge's houseboat and peers in a window.

HOMER

(BITTERLY) Look at her in there,

washing her body...

MARGE (O.S.)

Get away from that window!

We see Marge is tacking up the corner of a big banner.

MARGE

And help me with this banner.

Homer starts to tack up the left side, which starts with the letters "B I".

HOMER

(GIGGLES) When the town sees this,

everyone will know what she really is.

WIDEN to reveal the full banner. It says: "BIG MEANIE". Homer and Marge smile at each other, satisfied, and dust their hands. They turn to leave, when a large SEAL suddenly **JUMPS** out of the water onto the dock, blocking their exit.

HOMER/MARGE

(STARTLED NOISE)

SEAL

(CUTE, FRIENDLY SEAL BARKS)

MARGE

No. No, we can't play now.

SEAL

(LOUD, ANGRY SEAL BARKS)

HOMER

(WORRIED) Shut-uuup...

A light comes on outside the judge's house.

HOMER/MARGE

(FRIGHTENED GASP)

Homer and Marge duck behind some wooden barrels. The judge comes out in her bathrobe, holding a flashlight.

JUDGE HARM

What is it, Pancho? Is someone out there?

SEAL

(CONFIRMING BARKS)

Judge Harm advances toward their hiding place.

MARGE

She's gonna find us!

Homer picks up a heavy object.

HOMER

(PRAYING) Oh Lord, guide this cinder block...

MARGE

Homer, no!

Marge grabs his arm as he **HURLS** the cinder block. It sails past the judge's head and **HITS** the houseboat, knocking a hole in it.

HOMER

Uh-oh.

JUDGE HARM

My house!

The houseboat quickly takes on water and starts to sink. Judge Harm swings her flashlight beam around. It lands on Homer and Marge's guilty faces.

HOMER

(CASUAL) Hey, how ya doin'?

The judge reacts furiously, and **SNAPS** her flashlight in half.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**CLOSE UP OF NEWSPAPER**

The headline reads: "Pair Sinks Judge's House." The sub-head reads: "Quilt Ruined." (There's a picture of the boat tilted up and sinking.)

The paper is angrily slammed down. **WIDEN TO REVEAL** it is on the bench of Judge Harm. A scared Homer and Marge stand in front of her.

JUDGE HARM

(SEETHING) That quilt was made by my grandmother.

HOMER

("IT'S WORTH A TRY") So... it cost you nothing.

JUDGE HARM

Shut up. You two are not only horrible parents, you're violent criminals. And I'm gonna lock you up till frogs do fractions.

**ANGLE ON**

Bart and Lisa, sitting in the front row.

LISA

Mom and Dad wouldn't even be in this mess if it weren't for you.

BART

(AGGRAVATED NOISE) I'm sick of everyone blaming me for things I've done.

PATTY

(LEANING FORWARD) Don't worry, kids, if they go to jail you can stay with us.

SELMA

It'll be perfect. We're both going through menopause.

Bart and Lisa exchange a horrified look.

LISA

(HORRIFIED SOUND)

Bart leaps to his feet.

BART

Your Honor! May I say something?

JUDGE HARM

Well, it is highly unorthodox... so no.

BART

(SINCERE) Please, your Honor?

JUDGE HARM

(SOFTENING) Aw, I can't resist that look. You remind me of me, when I was a little boy.

Homer and Marge exchange a confused look.

BART

It's not easy being my parents. I'm always getting in trouble, and wising off to teachers. But I'd be a lot worse if it weren't for my Mom and Dad. Everyone else might give up on me, but my parents never will.

Lisa leans over to Jailbird, who's wearing shackles.

LISA

(PROUDLY) That's my brother.

JAILBIRD

(POINTS TO JUDGE) Um, did she say she used to be a dude?

BART

So, your honor, if you're going to punish anyone in this courtroom today, I ask that you punish me.

JUDGE HARM

Okay. Bartholomew Simpson, I hereby sentence you to five years in Juvenile Hall.

HOMER/MARGE

(GASP)

As the judge goes to bang her gavel, a hand reaches into frame and smoothly takes it away. WIDEN to reveal Judge Snyder standing behind her.

JUDGE SNYDER

(CHIPPER) Well, I'm back from vacation.

JUDGE HARM

But I was just about to bang the gavel, making the sentence official.

JUDGE SNYDER

Sorry, I've already put my clown down. He points to his fishing clown figurine on the bench.

JUDGE HARM

But I was just going to...

JUDGE SNYDER

(FIRMLY) The clown is down.

JUDGE HARM

(EXASPERATED SOUND)

She **KNOCKS** over the clown figurine and storms off.

LISA

(STANDING) Judge Snyder? Motion to declare a writ of "boys will be boys."



JUDGE SNYDER

Motion granted. Case dismissed.

HOMER/MARGE/BART/LISA

Woo hoo!

The Simpsons hug and start to walk out of the courtroom.

HOMER

Say family, let's all grab some Justice  
Burgers!

They exit frame, leaving Bart, who turns to camera.

BART

If you'd like to learn more about our  
juvenile court system, please forget  
everything you've just seen. Thank you  
and dress warmly.

FADE OUT:

THE END