

BART THE GENERAL

by

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ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - INSIDE DARKENED OVEN -EARLY MORNING

CAMERA is positioned in the back of the darkened oven, looking out. The oven door opens enough for HOMER to peek in. We see outline of cupcakes.

HOMER (V.O.)

(SNIFFS) Do I smell cupcakes?

The oven door opens all the way, revealing Homer **SMACKING** his lips.

HOMER (V.O., CONT'D)

Do I ever!

MARGE (V.O.)

Uh-uh, Homer. Lisa's making those for her teacher.

HOMER

Ah. Say no more.

Homer pulls his nose out of the oven and Marge's hand gently closes the **SQUEAKING** door. It opens again reveal Bart.

BART

Yum. Don't mind if I do!

Bart reaches for a cupcake.

MARGE (V.O.)

Bart!

Marge's hand appears, grabs Bart by the scruff of the neck, and drags him away from the oven. The oven door **SHUTS**.

LISA (V.O.)

Keep your greasy mitts outta there.

BART

Oh, man.

MARGE

These are for Lisa's class.

LISA

It's Mrs. Hoover's birthday!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BART

You know, there are names for people like you.

LISA

No there aren't.

BART

Teacher's pet, apple polisher, butt kisser...

HOMER

Bart, you're saying butt kissers like
it's a bad thing.

BART

Huh?

Homer **PATS** his knee. Bart, confused, walks over to him and
sits on his knee.

HOMER

You see, boy. It never hurts to grease
the wheels a little.

LISA

I'm not greasing wheels, Dad. I like
my teacher.

HOMER

Surely, Lisa. (TO BART) You see how
it works, Bart? (GESTURING WITH
CUPCAKE) A cupcake here, a good grade
there.

LISA

Dad, I get good grades 'cause I'm smart
and I pay attention and I study hard.

HOMER

You're right, Lis. (TO BART) It's the
three roads to success, Bart. Work,
brains, and... (GESTURES WITH CUPCAKE)

LISA

Oh, brother. .

SFX: BEEP, BEEP OF SCHOOL BUS.

BART

Uh oh, school bus! Gotta go.

Bart and Lisa dart out the door. Homer stands there holding the cupcake. He looks at it.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES)

The door flies open, Lis

a re-enters, grabs the cupcake and exits in one smooth motion.

HOMER

Damn.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE OF SCHOOL BUS - A LITTLE LATER

Bart and Lisa are walking up the steps into the school bus. Lisa is holding on carefully to her box of cupcakes. Bart is watching the box closely. **SFX: BUS ENGINE IDLING.** Bart and Lisa stop at the top of the steps to talk to OTTO, the bus driver.

BART

Yo, Otto-man.

OTTO

Yo, Bart-dude.

BART

Hey, can you believe it, man? My sister has made a whole pile of cupcakes to butter up her teacher, and she won't give anybody else even one measly little crumb!

OTTO

That's bad news, man.

LISA

Here, Otto, I made an extra one for
you.

Lisa hands a cupcake to Otto.

OTTO

Oh, thanks, little lady.

LISA

(PLEASED) You're welcome.

BART

(TO OTTO) Yet, how about giving me
half of that, man?

Otto starts to eat the cupcake and, without answering,
points to a sign reading "Do not talk to bus driver."

BART

This is the last time I ever worship a
bus driver.

NEW ANGLE

Bart and Lisa walk a few steps down the aisle and then sit
down. The bus jerks into motion and Bart grabs onto one
end of the box of cupcakes. **SFX: BUS JOLTS INTO MOTION.**
CLATTER OF A FEW LUNCH BOXES FALLING OFF SEATS. ONE OR TWO
SMALL MUFFLED SHRIEKS.

BART (CONT'D)

Better let me hold these, Lis.

Bart tugs hopefully on his end of the box.

LISA

(SNAPPING) Forget it.

BART

(CONTEMPTUOUSLY) You teacher's pet!
You sniveling toad! You little egg
sucker!

LISA

Tell me more.

ART

(EXASPERATED GRUNT) Backscratcher!
Foot licker! Honor student!

LISA

(SMUGLY) You'll never get one now,
Mr. Name-caller.

Bart lets go of his end of the box, then wipes his forehead
and takes a deep breath.

BART (CONT'D)

(THE VOICE OF REASON) All right, all
right. Look. I'm sorry. I got upset.
In the heat of the moment, I said some
things I didn't mean.

LISA

You weren't thinking, were you?

BART

No.

LISA

I'm not a sniveling toad, am I?

BART

Not really.

LISA

I'm not a little egg sucker, am I?

BART

Of course not.

LISA

Then what am I?

BART

A beautiful human being.

LISA

(HAPPILY DRINKING ALL THIS IN) What do
you like best about me?

BART

Well, I'd have to say... your generous
nature, your spirit of giving.

Bart looks hopefully at the cupcakes and then at Lisa.

LISA

(UNCERTAIN) Well...

Lisa starts to open the box of cupcakes.

LISA (CONT'D)

Open your mouth, and close your eyes,
and you will get a big surprise.

Bart does so. Lisa gets up to move to another seat. As
she picks up the box of cupcakes, one of them falls to the
floor. She reconsiders, and then puts the cupcake from the
floor into Bart's mouth.

BART

(MOUTHFUL) Thanks, Lis. You're the
best.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEAR SCHOOL ENTRANCE - JUST BEFORE SCHOOL

Lisa and Bart are standing among a group of kids who have gotten off their buses and are waiting for the school bell to ring. Lisa opens her cupcake box and shows the contents to a girlfriend, JANEY.

LISA

Look, Janey, cupcakes.

Janey looks into the box. Suddenly a small weasely Peter Lorre-type KID (WEASEL #1) appears between the two girls and grabs the box.

WEASEL #1

(BRIEFLY) Gimme that!

Weasel #1 reaches into the box, pulls out a cupcake, eats the frosting and throws the rest away.

LISA

Hey! Give those back!

Weasel #1 scrapes the frosting off a second cupcake with his front teeth. Bart rushes INTO FRAME. He stops a fraction of an inch from the Weasel and raises his fist.

BART

Hey, what's the big idea? That's my
sister, man!

Weasel #1 stands on his tip-toes to better sneer at Bart. His mouth is still full of frosting.

WEASEL #1

So what?

BART

So give her back those cupcakes before
I knock your block off.

Kids AD LIB: "All right!", "Do it!", "Yeah, Bart, do it!"
"Don't be afraid. Fight him. Knock his block off!"

Weasel #1 defiantly holds the box of cupcakes in front of Bart and lets go. He then brings his foot down on the box, causing frosting and cupcake matter to ooze out of the sides SFX: CAKE-SQUISHING NOISES. Bart jumps on the Weasel and starts swinging his arms violently. SFX: PUNCHES LANDING SPORADICALLY.

CLOSEUP - BART AND WEASEL #1

Suddenly a grade-school-kid's huge hand comes INTO FRAME, grabs Bart by the scruff of the neck and pulls him OUT OF FRAME.

WIDER SHOT

NELSON, the school bully, is holding Bart up in the air with one hand. Bart is still swinging wildly, his eyes and teeth clenched tight. He doesn't realize he's been picked up. Bart unloads a powerful roundhouse that catches Nelson square in the nose. SFX: PUNCH.

Nelson drops Bart to the ground with a THUMP and reaches for his injured nose.

BART - ON GROUND

He opens his eyes, flexes his slightly bruised hand, then looks up, startled, at Nelson.

CLOSEUP - NELSON

WEASEL #1 (V.O.)

Nelson, you're bleeding.

NELSON

Nah. This happens all the time.

Somebody else's blood splatters on me.

He daubs at his nose and SNIFFS.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Hey, wait a minute. You're right. (TO

BART) You made me bleed my own blood.

WIDER SHOT

Bart is looking up at Nelson, horrified.

The other kids are standing completely still, stunned by what has happened.

BART

(SUDDENLY FRIGHTENED) It was an
ACCIDENT, man. A terrible ghastly
mistake! Ask anybody!

We **PAN** the crowd of kids. Everyone turns away from Bart.
The sky is darkened. **SFX: WIND WHOOSH!**

BART

Uh, oh. A cold wind!

PRINCIPAL SKINNER strolls INTO FRAME and gives the scene a casual glance.

SKINNER

Hello, kids. Everything above the
board here? Good. Play friendly,
children.

SFX: SCHOOL BELL

The **BELL** stings Principal Skinner into action. He starts shoos all the kids towards the school entrance.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Uh, oh. There's your bell. Come along
now, all of you.

Principal Skinner turns Nelson around and shoos him towards the entrance.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

No dawdling, now.

Nelson walks away from Bart reluctantly, but turns his head to glare back at Bart.

NELSON

(TO BART) I'll get you after school,
man.

BART

But...

Mr. Skinner starts shooping Bart towards the entrance.

SKINNER

No. He'll get you after school, son.
Now hurry up. It's time for class.

BART

But...

SKINNER

Scoot, young Simpson. There's learning
afoot.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Everyone is reading except Bart who is daydreaming with a nervous expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Bart in boxing pose.

BART

Okay, Nelson. Put up your dukes.

We HEAR OMINOUS APPROACHING THUNDERING FOOTSTEPS and a shadow envelops Bart. He SCREAMS and runs through a DOOR, SLAMMING it behind him.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A **FIST SMASHES** through the door. Bart backs away. A Six foot muscular Nelson **CRASHES** the door down. Bart grabs a handful of daggers. In machine-like fashion, he flings them at Nelson. The knives stick in Nelson's chest. He **LAUGHS** and pulls them out, tossing them aside. Bart grabs a **MACHINE GUN** and **FIRES** it at Nelson, who now appears about ten feet tall. Nelson **LAUGHS** as the bullets bounce off his chest. Bart throws the empty machine gun at Nelson who grabs it and eats it.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Bart starts to run up flight of stairs. Nelson's head grows larger and larger outside the window, staying in pace with Bart's running. Bart reaches the top of the stairs and leans against the wall, **PANTING**. Suddenly, the room closes around him. It is Nelson's hand. He is now fifty feet tall. He holds Bart above his open mouth like a sardine.

BART

Whew! Uh, oh!

NELSON

Hmmm. Lunchtime. Lunchtime. (LAUGHS)

DISSOLVE TO:

Milhouse shaking Bart. A **BELL** is going off.

Kids start to file out. **AD LIB: YAY. LUNCH...LET'S GO.**
Bart gets up and leaves behind them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Milhouse enter the lunchroom and work their way through the crowd of kids towards their usual table. All the kids point to Bart and **WHISPER**. Bart leaves the lunchroom with Milhouse.

BART

(MISERABLY) I ain't gonna get outta
the fourth grade alive.

MILHOUSE

You've gotta tell Principal Skinner,
Bart.

BART

But I can't squeal. It would violate
the code of the school yard.

LISA

(LOUD AND PROUD) Hey, everybody. Here
comes my brother, Bart the bully-
killer!

ALL AT THE TABLE

Yay!!!

Space is quickly made at the table and Bart and Milhouse
sit down amidst hearty congratulations. Kids AD LIB:
"Nice going", "We're proud of you", "Keep it up", "Could I
have your autograph?" "You're a hero, Bart."

BART

Look, everybody. I would just as soon
not make a big deal out of this. I'm
not saying I'm not a hero. I'm just
saying that I fear for my safety.

NEW ANGLE

Nelson and the two weasels are pushing their way through
the crowded lunchroom, taking desserts off trays, knocking
other trays on the floor, and pushing over small cartons of
milk. SFX: CLATTERING OF FALLEN TRAYS. SMALL SQUEALS OF
DISMAY.

OVERHEAD - LUNCHROOM

Nelson and the WEASELS push their way through. The overall
effect is very much like the prow of a battleship plowing
through the ocean. Nelson approaches Bart's table. All of
the boys at the table dive out of sight. Only Lisa and
Bart remain.

CLOSEUP - BART'S FACE

Nelson's face comes INTO FRAME and halts just inches from Bart's sweating face.

BART

(TRYING TO EXPLAIN) Nelson, it was all a mistake. This is how it happened, man -- Listen up, you may get a kick out of it. -- My sister was baking cupcakes this morning and...

NELSON

I'll see you at the flagpole at three fifteen.

WEASEL #1

And you better be prompt.

WEASEL #2

He has four other beatings scheduled for this afternoon.

Nelson and his two weasels are pushing their way out of the lunchroom again, meeting with less resistance. Bart watches Nelson leave with dismay. The other boys remain in their hiding places.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

We PAN ACROSS the class. Everyone is writing except Bart, who stares worriedly into space.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORTUARY

Bart laying dead in open casket. **SOMBER CHURCH ORGAN MUSIC** and **MUFFLED SOBBING** are **HEARD**. As they pass by, the moarners look down at Bart.

OTTO

Goodbye, little dude. (TO SKINNER) He looks so life-like, man.

SKINNER

Yes, the school nurse did a wonderful job reconstructing his little face after the big fight. Goodbye, son. I guess you were right. All that homework was a waste of your time.

MILHOUSE

Thanks, Bart. We got the day off from school for this.

HOMER

Yeah, and I got the day off from work.

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

(MAUDLIN WEEPING) I mean, I'm very sorry, son. I'm going to miss you so much. But what's a day off from work when I'm never going to see my beloved son again. Oh, Bart. Oh, Bart.

MARGE

There... there, Homer. Be brave. (TO BART) Bye bye, Bart. (SNIFFLES) You were always my special little guy.

MAGGIE

(SUCKS)

LISA

Bart, here's that cupcake you wanted.
I can't help but think if I had just
given it to you in the first place,
this whole horrible tragedy could have
been avoided. I know you can't eat it
now, so I'll just place it lovingly on
your forehead. (LISA PLACES CUPCAKE ON
BART'S HEAD).

NELSON

Hey, look! They got food at this
thing. (TAKES CUPCAKE) And here's one
for the road. dude. (SOCKS BART'S
SHOULDER).

SFX: CHURCH BELLS RING which transform into SCHOOL BELL.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - CLOSE-UP - CLOCK SHOWS THREE FIFTEEN.

WIDE SHOT

Entire playground. CAMERA MOVES IN towards a small head
that's peering out from behind one of the school buildings.
When we get close enough to see that it is Bart, it
disappears for a moment, then Bart runs out from behind the
building. **SFX: RAPID PATTERNING FOOTSTEPS (WAY OFF MIKE).**

CAMERA TRACKS with Bart as he momentarily hides behind a
backstop, then darts over to hunch down behind a row of
garbage cans, then runs out across a bare stretch of ground
using other students as momentary cover.

NEW ANGLE

Bart comes racing around an annex building and screeches to a stop with his eyes as wide as they will go.
SFX: SNEAKERS SQUEAK TO A STOP.

BART

(BRIEF SCREAM)

BART'S P.O.V.

Nelson is looming over him, looking bigger and more menacing than ever.

NEW ANGLE

Bart is just a few feet from Nelson and the two grinning weasels. Nelson immediately adopts a classic boxing pose.

NELSON

Put 'em up!

Bart instantly shoots his hands straight up in the air in surrender. Nelson begins throwing a series of quick lefts and rights to Bart's head.

CLOSEUP - BART'S HEAD

Each punch slightly changes the shape of Bart's head, roughly the same effect of punching a beanbag. The final punch knocks Bart's head into pretty much its original shape.

NEW ANGLE

Nelson and the two excited weasels are dragging Bart by the legs across the playground to a row of garbage cans. Bart's head is **BANGING** over small rocks, improperly put away softball equipment, and a lost shoe.

BART

(WOZZILY) Boy, you sure taught me a lesson. Whew! One I deserved and one I'll never forget. Thanks guys. I guess now all that's left is a hearty handshake. Right guys? **CLOSEUP -**

BART'S DAZED FACE

He looks like he's trying to figure out where he's at.
CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that Bart is now inside a
garbage can.

NELSON

(MENACING) I'm going to get you again
tomorrow, Simpson.

Weasel #1 takes out a schedule book.

WEASEL #1

Is three fifteen good for ya?

BART

Not really.

WEASEL #2

Too bad.

The three young thugs LAUGH. Nelson gives the garbage can
a shove towards the CAMERA. Bart's eyes open wider as the
can tips.

NEW ANGLE

LONG SHOT of garbage can BOUNCING, ROLLING AND CRASHING
down a hill.

BART'S P.O.V. - INSIDE GARBAGE CAN

Garbage is being tossed around as we see the world spin
round and round outside the lips of the garbage can.

LONG SHOT OF HILL

as garbage can BOUNCES, CRASHES AND ROLLS out of sight.

BART (V.O.)

Oh man, that guy's tough to love.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOME - DAY

We HEAR CLATTERING of ROLLING GARBAGE CAN, shortly before the garbage can rolls into view and rolls to a stop. Bart climbs to his feet, takes a few confident steps then falls over. He crawls the rest of the way to the house.

INT. SIMPSON HOME - LIVING ROOM

Homer and Marge sit on the sofa. Marge knits and Homer watches TV. Maggie looks on SUCKING. Bart crawls by.

BART

(FLAT TONE) Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad.

HOMER

Tough day at school, boy?

MARGE

Bart, what happened to you?

BART

Let's just say I paid the inevitable price for helping out my sister.

HOMER

So you had a little scuffle, eh?

(CHUCKLES) Hope you won.

BART

Well, I came in second.

HOMER

Mmm. Not bad.

Bart crawls out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM

Bart enters. He looks at his reflection in the mirror.

BART

I'm gonna miss you, big guy.

He then sits inside the bathtub, shrinking into a corner of the tub, **WHIMPERING SLIGHTLY**. This should be reminiscent of Anne Bancroft in The Graduate. Homer opens the bathroom door and sticks his head in.

HOMER

Bart, your mother has the fool idea
that you're upset about something.

BART

(WHIMPERING) Dad... I need help...

Please...

Bart **WHIMPERS**.

HOMER

Come on, Bart, we don't want your
mother to see you crying. Here, let me
help you dry those tears.

Homer grabs a **BLOW DRYER**, holds it up to Bart's face and turns it on **FULL BLAST**. Bart's eyes widen and vibrate. Homer shuts off the blow dryer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

So, what's the problem, son?

BART

(INTIMATE) I had a run-in with a
bully.

The door bursts open and Marge steps in.

MARGE

A bully?!

HOMER

Come on, Marge. I don't bug you when
you're helping Lisa.

MARGE

Well, Bart, I hope you're going
straight to the principal about this.

BART

I guess I could do that.

HOMER

What? And violate the code of the
school yard? I'd rather Bart died.

MARGE

What on earth are you talking about,
Homer?

HOMER

(AMAZED AT HER IGNORANCE) The code of
the School yard, Marge! The rules
that teach a boy to be a man. Let's
see... Don't tattle... Always make fun
of those different from you...Never say
anything unless you're sure everyone
feels exactly the same way you do...
Hmmm, what else...?

MARGE

Oh Homer, that's ridiculous.

HOMER

It's dog eat dog on the playground,
Marge.

MARGE

(GROANS) Bart, instead of fighting,
why don't you try a little
understanding?

HOMER

Understanding?

BART

Understanding? What do you mean, Mom?

HOMER

(MYSTIFIED) Yeah! This ought to be
good for a laugh.

MARGE

This bully friend of yours... Is he a little on the chunky side?

BART

Yeah, - he's chunkified, all right.

MARGE

And I'll bet he doesn't do well in his studies either.

BART

No. He's pretty dumb. He's in all the same special classes I am.

MARGE

Huh huh. And I'll bet he's not all that attractive and doesn't make friends easily. That's why he lashes out at the world.

HOMER

Marge.

MARGE

So tomorrow, instead of bickering with this boy, talk to him. You'll be surprised how far a little understanding will go.

HOMER

Well, thank you very much, Mrs. Maharishi Gandhi. Let's go, boy.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - RUMPUS ROOM

Homer has set up a stand-up punching bag with a face drawn on it.

HOMER

Now here's that bully of yours. Show me your stuff.

Bart PUNCHES with UNENTHUSIASTIC GRUNTS.

HOMER (CONT'D)

No, no! Not like that! Like this!

Homer pounces on the punching bag and begins biting it ferociously. SFX: BITING, RIPPING LEATHER. Homer SPITS out a piece of leather.

HOMER (CONT'D)

See, boy? You didn't expect that, did you? And neither will he.

BART

(DISBELIEVING) You mean I should fight dirty, Dad?

HOMER

Unfortunately, son, we Simpsons sometimes have to bend the rules a little to hold our own.

BART

Amen.

HOMER

So the next time this bully thinks
you're going to throw a punch, you
throw a glob of mud in his eyes, and
then you sock him when he's staggering
around, blinded...

BART

(STARTING TO UNDERSTAND) Yeah!

HOMER

And there's nothing wrong with hitting
someone when his back is turned.

BART

Gotcha.

HOMER

And if you get the chance, get 'em
right in the family jewels. That
little doozy has been a Simpson
trademark for generations.

BART

Thanks, Pop.

Homer gives the punching bag a terrific uppercut to the
groin. **SFX: HUGE PUNCH.** The punching bag's eyes widen
ever so slightly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NEXT DAY AFTER SCHOOL.

Nelson is waiting in back of the school. Bart, wearing a
baseball cap, hurries around the corner of the building and
SCREECHES to a stop in front of Nelson. He starts to turn
around but Nelson assumes his boxing pose.

NELSON

Put 'em pu.

Bart reaches down, grabs a glob of mud and hurls it into Nelson's face. **SFX: MUD HITTING FACE AND SPLATTING ON GROUND.** Bart quickly takes a step forward and **WHACKS** Nelson in the stomach.

CLOSEUP - NELSON'S FACE

Nelson wipes the mud off his face and **SNARLS.**

NEW ANGLE

Nelson starts to move slowly towards Bart, clenching and unclenching his hands. Suddenly an image of Homer's head appears in the sky.

HOMER'S IMAGE

(SLIGHT ECHO EFFECT) Remember the
family jewels, son.

Bart rushes Nelson and tries to **WHACK** him below the belt but misses. Nelson **SNORTS** and advances on Bart. **SFX: SLIGHT CREAKING OF FLEXING MUSCLES.** Bart looks up at Homer's image for further advice. Homer's image thinks for a moment, then shrugs. Bart looks at Nelson.

BART'S P.O.V.

Nelson's fist is coming straight toward him. **SFX: SICKENING THUD.**

We can still see Homer's image. It is looking off screen winching and covering its eyes as Bart gets thrashed. **SFX: TERRIBLE THRASHING; DOZENS OF THUNDERING PUNCHES.**

BART (V.O.)

(GROANS) Whoa! Ouch! Ow! Ooh! Oh
no, boys, not the can, please.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD OF SIMPSON HOME - A LITTLE LATER.

Lisa is in the front yard when Bart comes rolling down the street and stops in front of the house. Bart crawls by Lisa. She shambles along with him. Bits of Bart's clothes are disintegrating and falling off as he crawls.

LISA

Bart, you can't go on like this.

BART

I know. (COUGHS UP BASEBALL CAP)

LISA

Why don't you go see Grandpa?

BART

What can he do?

LISA

He'll give you good advice. He's the toughest Simpson alive.

BART

He is?

LISA

Yeah, remember the fight he put up when we put him in the home?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME - LOBBY - A LITTLE LATER

Bart walks up to the RECEPTIONIST.

BART

I'm here to see Grandpa.

Ten lonely OLD MEN stick their heads out of their rooms, smiling expectantly.

RECEPTIONIST

Hey kid, half the people here are named Grandpa.

BART

Well, Grandpa Simpson then.

The OLD MEN GRUNT and disappear.

RECEPTIONIST

Second floor, third dank room on the
left.

BART

Thanks lady.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S ROOM

Grandpa is sitting at an old manual typewriter typing.

GRANDPA

Dear Advertisers: I am disgusted with
the way old people are depicted on
television. We are not all vibrant,
fun-loving sex maniacs. Many of us are
bitter, resentful individuals who
remember the good old days when
entertainment was bland and
inoffensive. The following is a list
of words I never want to hear on
television again. Number one: Bra.
Number two: Horny. Number three:
Family jewels.

Bart enters.

BART

Hi, Grandpa!

GRANDPA

Bart! What brings you here?

BART

I need some advice, Grandpa. See,
there's this bully at school who keeps
beating me up.

GRANDPA

Well, let me tell you something, boy.
If you don't stand up for yourself,
bullies are going to be picking on you
for the rest of your life.

The door bursts open and another ELDERLY GENTLEMAN steps
in.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Simpson, gimme your newspaper.

GRANDPA

Why should I?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

I want to do the crossword puzzle.

GRANDPA

No, I want to do the crossword puzzle.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

I said gimme that puzzle!

GRANDPA

No.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Gimme!

GRANDPA

No.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Gimme!

GRANDPA

No.

They GRUNT and STRAIN as they fight over the newspaper. Finally, the Elderly Gentleman wrests the newspaper from Grandpa's hand and leaves, CHUCKLING as he exits.

GRANDPA

(TO BART) I guess I can't help you,
but I know someone who can.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE "HERMAN'S MILITARY ANTIQUES" - A LITTLE LATER

Grandpa and Bart have reached the front of Herman's shop. Bart looks up at the sign.

BART

Here?

GRANDPA

Yep. This is it.

They enter. Grandpa takes a step to open the shop door, but it quickly opens up slightly from the inside.
SFX: BRIEF DOOR CREAK. HERMAN'S head sticks out and looks Grandpa and Bart over suspiciously.

HERMAN

What's the password?

GRANDPA

Let me in, you idiot.

Herman looks at both of them suspiciously again, then nods.

HERMAN

Right you are.

Herman opens the door and Grandpa and Bart go in.

INT. HERMAN'S ANTIQUE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Bart follows Grandpa into the shop and looks around in wonderment. The shop is littered with all sorts of military memorabilia; medals, swords, flags, old WW II newspapers, posters and proclamations. One poster shows the earth as viewed from space totally engulfed in flames. It says: "Because Somebody Talked". There are magazines like "Borderline Psychotic Week", inflammatory pamphlets ("Fluoridation? Hell!") and small cutely printed signs like "You Don't Have To Be Crazy To Work Here, But It Helps". As he enters, Bart passes by a large bucket labeled "Hitler Teeth - 50 cents each". Grandpa seems to be quite at his ease in this shop, but Bart is a little uncomfortable, and the store owner, Herman --a one-armed borderline psychotic-- is eyeballing Bart suspiciously.

GRANDPA

(LOOKING AROUND) So Herman, has the large-type edition of this month's copy of Soldier of Fortune come in yet?

HERMAN

Not yet. (USING BEST SALES TECHNIQUE)
Can I interest you in some authentic Nazi underpants?

GRANDPA

No. Actually, we mostly came over because I want you to meet my grandson, Bart.

Herman gives Bart a penetrating look. Bart hides a little behind Grandpa's leg.

HERMAN

Hello, young American.

BART

Hello, sir. Mr. Herman, did you lose your arm in the war?

Herman looks at his empty sleeve, then back to Bart.

HERMAN

My arm? Well, let me put it this way.
Next time your teacher tells you to
keep your arm inside the bus window,
you do it.

BART

Yes, sir. I will.

GRANDPA

Bart's got a problem with a local young
bully named Nelson. I thought you
could help him with some kind of
strategy.

HERMAN

(INTERESTED) Strategy? Hmm. (TO
BART) How many men do you have?

BART

None.

HERMAN

You'll need more. And you'll need to
train them, hard. Now let's see...

Herman turns and rummages through a file drawer behind the
counter, then pulls out a large map. He unrolls it on the
counter, weights the end with a hand grenade and affixes a
corner with a bayonet still attached to a rifle. Then he
points at the center of it with his pencil. Bart and
Grandpa lean forward to see what he's pointing at.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Okay... The key to Springfield has
always been Elm Street: The Greeks
knew it. The Carthaginians knew it.
I knew it. Now you know it. First,
you'll need a declaration of war.

Herman turns, looks at the posters and proclamations on the
wall, then untacks one. Herman brings a proclamation to
the counter and puts it on the map.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

That way everything you do will be nice
and legal. (LOOKING OVER DOCUMENT) I
can use this one from the Franco-
Prussian War. I'll just change Otto
Von Bismark to read Bart Simpson and...

Herman begins writing on the document.

BART

Psst! Grandpa! I think this guy's a
little nuts.

GRANDPA

Oh yeah? Well, General George S.
Patton was a little nuts. This guy is
completely out of his mind. We can't
fail!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BART'S CLASS IN SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

Lewis passes a note to Milhouse, who reads it.

LEWIS

(WHISPERS) Pass it on.

CLOSEUP - THE NOTE

It says: "If you hate and fear Nelson, meet at Bart's treehouse fifteen hundred hours (three o'clock)."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - THREE THIRTY P.M.

A group of about twenty kids are milling around. There are piles of helmets and other gear in the corner. The declaration of war is posted on the wall. Grandpa and Herman are standing near the helmets, gently keeping curious kids away. Grandpa looks at his watch.

Bart arrives, torn to shreds as usual, and takes his place in front of the room.

BART

Okay. We all know why we're here,
right?

MILHOUSE

No, why?

BART

To fight Nelson, the bully.

Kids AD LIB: "What?", "No way!", "I'm getting out of here."

BART

Look everyone, that guy's been
tormenting all of us for years. And I
for one am sick of it.

Kids AD LIB: "Huh", "Go on", "Let's hear more".

BART

I can't promise you victory. I can't
promise you good times, but the one
thing I do know...

Kids AD LIB: "Come on, let's get out of here," "Sorry,
Bart."

BART

Whoa! Whoa! All right, okay. I
promise you victory. I promise you
good times.

Kids CHEER.

EXT. CITY PARK - NEXT DAY

All the troops, with Bart at their head, are trotting in
military fashion through the park. SFX: TROTting FEET.

BART

(SINGING) I got a B in arithmetic,

ALL

(SINGING) I got a B in arithmetic,

BART

(SINGING) Woulda got an A but I was
sick!

ALL

(SINGING) Woulda got an A but I was
sick!

BART

Sound off!

ALL

One Two!

BART

Sound off!

ALL

Three Four!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - SANDBOX

One by one the troops wriggle through the sandbox on their
stomachs as Lisa throws water balloons over their heads.
Bart stands nearby. **SFX: BODIES WRIGGLING THROUGH SAND.
WATER BALLOONS BURSTING.**

BART

Heads down! Keep those heads down!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

Bart is sending his troops one by one past a yard that has
a fenced-in **BARKING DOG** in it.

BART

Go! (PAUSE) Go! (PAUSE) Go!

Each trooper **SQUEAKS** a little in fright as he passes by the
mean dog who is **BARKING**.

EXT. ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

The troops are trotting in formation.

BART

(SINGING) We are rubber, you are glue.

ALL

((SINGING) We are rubber, you are glue.

BART

(SINGING) It bounces off us and sticks
to you.

ALL

(SINGING) It bounces off us and sticks
to you.

BART

(SINGING) Sound off!

ALL

(SINGING) One, two.

BART

(SINGING) Sound off!

ALL

(SINGING) Three, four.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

Bart is standing next to a high fence as his troops **STRAIN**
over it one by one.

OLD NEIGHBORHOOD MAN (V.O.)

Get outta here you little punks!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK

Bart kneels down next to a sad little soldier.

BART

What's the matter with you, soldier?

SMALL BOY

It's my nerves, sir. I just can't
stand the barking anymore.

BART

(OUTRAGED) Your nerves!

Bart **SLAPS** the soldier.

BART (CONT'D)

I won't have cowards in my army.

A big hand **WHACKS** the back of Bart's helmeted head.

GRANDPA

Sorry, Bart. You can push them out of
a plane, you can march them off a
cliff, you can send them off to die on
some God-forsaken rock. But, for some
reason, you can't slap 'em. Now,
apologize to that boy right now.

BART

Sorry, man.

SMALL BOY

It's cool.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - A LITTLE LATER

The troops are trotting in formation again.

BART

(SINGING) In English class I did the
best.

ALL

(SINGING) In English class I did the
best.

BART

(SINGING) Because I cheated on the
test.

ALL

(SINGING) Because I cheated on the
test.

BART

(SINGING) Sound off!

ALL

(SINGING) One, two.

BART

I can't hear you.

ALL

Three four.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK

The troops are one by one attacking an effigy of Nelson
made out of flour sacks, **WHACKING** it with broom handles.

BART

There's your enemy! Hit him! Hit him! Okay, who's next?
Let's go, next Platoon! Martinez! Steinberg! O'Hara!
Chang! Olajuwon! Herman, **SCREAMING**, runs up with a rifle
and drives the bayonet into the effigy. Flour begins to
run out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DUSK

The troops trot by the CAMERA and off into the dusk, still
SINGING. SFX: TROTting FEET.

BART

(SINGING) We are happy. We are merry.

ALL

(SINGING) We are happy. We are merry.

BART

(SINGING) We got a rhyming dictionary.

ALL

(SINGING) We got a rhyming dictionary.

BART

(SINGING) Sound off!

ALL

(SINGING) One two.

BART

One more time.

ALL

Three four.

BART

Bring it on home now.

ALL

One, two, three, four. One, two, three
four.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - DAY

Bart, Grandpa, Lisa and Herman are in the treehouse, which is now rigged up as a War Room. There are maps all over the walls. A big board is in the center of the floor with a three dimensional representation of the neighborhood on it. Several upright plastic figures have been placed on the board. Milhouse enters.

MILHOUSE

Nelson's at the Elm Street Video
Arcade.

With a croupier's stick, Herman moves a small figure on the board from the playground to the liquor store. Everyone hunches over the big board.

BART

Intelligence indicates he shakes down
kids for quarters at the Arcade, then
heads to the Quick-E-Mart for a cherry
Squishee.

HERMAN

That's where we'll hit him. When he
leaves the Quick-E-Mart, we'll start
the saturation-bombing. (TO BART) We
got the water balloons?

BART

Two hundred rounds, sir. Is it okay if
they say "Happy Birthday" on the side?

HERMAN

(SCOWLING) Well, I'd rather they say
"Death From Above," but I guess we're
stuck.

Herman traces out the planned troop movements on the big board. Bart and Grandpa nod.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Our main force will be split into two groups. One will circle around this way to cut off the enemy's retreat. The other will drive in this way, closing the trap. It's a classic pincers movement. It can't fail against a ten-year-old.

GRANDPA

(CHUCKLES)

Lewis runs up to Bart.

LEWIS

He's at the arcade, General.

BART

Battle stations!

HERMAN

I feel so alive!

GRANDPA

You know, I thought I was too old, I thought my time had passed. I thought I'd never hear the screams of pain or see the look of terror in a young man's eyes. Thank heaven for children.

INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bart scrambles out of the treehouse. Grandpa and Herman are looking down on the battlefield. Herman has a small portable war board. Grandpa has binoculars.

Nelson and two weasels are drinking Squishees out of large cups, through very large straws.

WEASEL #1

Hey. Good Squishees.

NELSON

Yeah! What flavor did you get?

WEASEL #1

Blue.

NELSON

Hey, you birds. You're going to be
sucking all your meals through straws
if you two don't shut your traps.

WEASEL #2

Sorry.

Both Weasels **SLURP** Squishees nervously. Bart appears in the middle of the street.

NELSON

Well, looky here. Little Bart Simpson.

BART

Nelson, I'm afraid I'm going to have to
teach you a lesson.

NELSON

Oh yeah? You and what army?

We **CUT WIDE**. Armed fourth graders pop out from behind every trashcan, fire hydrant, fence post, etc. on the street.

BART

This one. Artillery... commence
saturation bombing.

MUSIC: "War" by Edwin Starr.

CLOSEUP - NELSON AND THE TWO WEASELS

They look startled as water balloons begin hitting them and **BURSTING** around them. Nelson starts to move towards Bart, but he's being hit by a few too many balloons for comfort. He starts to move down the street. The weasels follow, trying to keep close to Nelson.

NELSON'S P.O.V.

A **HOWLING** platoon of Bart's troopers are charging around the corner and down the sidewalk at Nelson, **YELLING**, throwing balloons and waving sticks.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOME - LIVING ROOM

Homer is on the couch reading the newspaper. He hears **YELLING KIDS** outside. Homer peeks through the curtain of the window. A water balloon hits the window. **SFX: SPLAT.** Homer disappears.

HOMER

What th---?

Looking around, **SPUTTERING**, he throws aside paper and runs and opens the front door.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(**YELLING**) Awright, you kids, keep it
down! Am I making myself...?

Balloon hits him in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. TREEHOUSE

Grandpa is leaning out of the window of the treehouse. He turns to Herman.

GRANDPA

(**CHUCKLES**) I got 'im.

HOMER

You, up in the tree! The tall gray-haired kid! Get your butt down here right now!

Grandpa hurls a water balloon that hits Homer and **EXPLODES**.

GRANDPA

(YELLING) There's a war on, civilian, get off the battlefield!

Grandpa throws another balloon and Homer dives back into the house and **SLAMS** the door. The balloon **BURSTS** on the door. Homer peeks through the curtains of the window. A water balloon **BURSTS** on the window. Homer disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nelson is looking from left to right in bewilderment. The two groups of Bart's troopers are closing together with Nelson in the middle.

BACK TO BART

Watching with binoculars as the two pincers close on Nelson, leaving him no escape.

BART

(TO LISA) This is where it pays off, man. The training and the discipline...

BACK TO NELSON

He is like a trapped animal. The troopers are slowly moving in on him, The two weasels suddenly bolt into the advancing troops **WAILING** and holding their arms over their heads.

WEASEL #1

Don't hurt us!

WEASEL #2

We surrender!

WEASEL #1

We were only following orders!

WEASEL #2

We're on your side now!

The troops rush Nelson and begin **WHACKING** him and **YELLING** and shoving **BURSTING WATER BALLOONS** point blank into his face. The two weasels are jumping around excitedly, urging their new allies on. Kids **AD LIB CHEERS**.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARADING DOWN ELM STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Nelson has been tied up and is being dragged triumphantly through the streets on a red wagon like Gulliver. Troopers have tossed away their sticks and are dancing around and **CHEERING WILDLY**. One trooper grabs Lisa and kisses her like in the famous Life Magazine photo of V-E Day. We **FREEZE** this FRAME. **SFX: CAMERA CLICK**

BACK TO ACTION

Lisa **SLAPS** the trooper.

LISA

Knock it off!

NEW ANGLE

Nelson is being dragged down the sidewalk towards Bart's treehouse with Bart and Lisa marching alongside and all the kids filling the air with shredded homework and **CHEERING**.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASE OF TREE BELOW BART'S TREEHOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nelson is still tied up in the wagon. Herman and Grandpa have come down from the treehouse. The last of Bart's troopers are waving goodbye to Bart and Lisa and happily heading home.

HERMAN

Congratulations, General.

BART

Thanks, Herman. I owe it all to you.

HERMAN

(NODS) Hmmm, hmmm. Maybe now the Pentagon will listen to me. (LOOKS AROUND, CONFIDENTIAL) And we'll blow those infernal Canadians to kingdom come.

BART

Hey! Cool.

Grandpa leaves. Bart notices that Nelson is still there, staring at him with yellow eyes.

BART (CONT'D)

(TO NELSON) Well, I guess you learned your lesson, so now I'll untie you.

NELSON

The second you untie me, I'm going to beat you to death, man.

Bart, who had bent down to untie Nelson, straightens back up.

BART

Well... if that's going to be your attitude, I'm not going to untie you.

NELSON

You're going to have to sometime.

BART

Oh, oh. he's right!

HERMAN

Don't worry. I was ready for this
eventuality.

HERMAN

(READING) Armistice Treaty. Article
Four. Nelson is never again to raise
his fists in anger... Article Five...
Nelson recognizes Bart's right to
exist. Article Six... although Nelson
shall have no official power, he shall
remain a figurehead of menace in the
neighborhood.

BART

Wow, sounds good to me. Okay. (TAKING
OUT A PEN) I'll sign.

HOMER

(TO NELSON) What about you, boy?

NELSON

All right, I'll sign.

Marge enters with a tray of cupcakes.

MARGE

Are you boys through playing war?

BART

Yeah.

NELSON

Yes, Mrs. Simpson

MARGE

Good. Then here are some cupcakes for everyone.

BART

Oh, boy!

Bart offers a cupcake to Nelson. Nelson, Herman and Bart
AD LIB: "Hmmm," "Mmmmm," etc. Nelson is untied and everyone clinks cupcakes like a toast, then bite into them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD LIBRARY

Bart is sitting on a library table, dangling his feet.

BART

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls.
Contrary to what you have just seen,
war is neither glamorous nor fun.
There are no winners, only losers.
There are no good wars, with the
following exceptions: the American
Revolution, World War II, and the Star
Wars Trilogy.

BART (CONT'D)

If you would like to learn more about
war, there's lots of books in your
local library -- many of them with
cool, gory pictures. Well, good night,
everybody. Peace, man.

Bart makes peace sign as we:

FADE OUT

THE END