

Production No. 7F07

The Simpsons

"BART VS. THANKSGIVING"

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Created by
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TABLE DRAFT

Date 5/15/90

NOTE: FOR TABLE READING ONLY

"BART VS. THANKSGIVING"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
SCOTT CHRISTIAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BILL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARTY.....HARRY SHEARER
LOU.....DAN CASTELLANETA
EDDIE.....HARRY SHEARER
MARGE'S MOM.....JULIE KAVNER
ANNOUNCER #1.....DAN CASTELLANETA
ANNOUNCER #2.....HARRY SHEARER
SUPERVISOR.....HARRY SHEARER
MRS. WALSH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MAILPERSON.....JULIE KAVNER
SECURITY GUARD #1.....DAN CASTELLANETA

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MEAN WOMAN.....JULIE KAVNER
CASEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BLACK GUY.....HARRY SHEARER
NURSE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
SQUANTO.....DAN CASTELLANETA
RORY.....HARRY SHEARER
TRANSIENT.....HARRY SHEARER
CAMERAMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
SERGEANT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MILHOUSE'S FATHER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
NEIGHBOR MOM.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
NEIGHBOR AUNT.....YARDLEY SMITH
NEIGHBOR UNCLE.....HARRY SHEARER
NEIGHBOR DAD.....DAN CASTELLANETA
NEIGHBOR GRANDMA.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
NEIGHBOR GRANDPA.....HARRY SHEARER

BART VS. THANKSGIVING

by

George Meyer

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

MARGE is in the kitchen, her arm buried in a big Thanksgiving turkey. HUMMING "We Gather Together", she repeatedly removes large amounts of disgusting-looking turkey innards. PAN through the kitchen to...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer is relaxing in his recliner watching television. We PAN by SNOWBALL II and SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER, both sleeping blissfully. Still PANNING we come upon another peaceful tableau: BART attempting to smother LISA with a huge sofa cushion. Her SCREAMS are muffled as she flails her limbs trying to get free.

HOMER

Bart! Stop fighting with your sister!

BART

She took my glue!

Lisa shoves Bart and the cushion off her.

LISA

It's not yours, Bart! This is family glue!

HOMER

Stop it you two! This is Thanksgiving!
And if you can't glue friendly, I'll
take the glue away from both of you and
then no one will have any glue to glue
with!

LISA

Dad, this isn't about glue. It's about
territoriality. He only wants the glue
because I'm using it. If I offered it
to him, he wouldn't even want it!

BART

Yeah? Prove it!

Lisa hands Bart the glue.

LISA

Here.

BART

Hey, man, I don't want your stupid
glue.

Bart tosses the glue aside.

CLOSE-UP - MAGGIE

The bottle of white glue lands upright next to her bottle
of milk. They look very similar. Maggie looks back and
forth between the glue bottle and the milk bottle trying to
decide which to take. Just as she is about to reach for
the glue, Lisa grabs it and heads upstairs.

HOMER WATCHING TV

A helium-filled Popeye goes by, followed by a thirty foot
Bullwinkle balloon with one deflated antler.

HOMER

(LAUGHS) Nice antler, Bullwinkle.

BILL and MARTY are the unctuous announcers.

MARTY (V.O.)

And here comes our friend, Bullwinkle
J. Moose...

BILL (V.O.)

(RE: ANTLER) Uh-oh... it looks like
ol' Bullwinkle... kinda got a taste of
his own medicine!

MARTY (V.O.)

He certainly did, Bill!

BILL (V.O.)

(TO SELF) Wait, what did that mean?
Did what I say make sense?

MARTY (V.O.)

Well... no... not really, Bill!

BILL (V.O.)

(CHUCKLES) Boy, now I know how the
Pilgrims felt.

MARTY (V.O.)

What are you talking about, Bill?

Bart joins Homer. Bullwinkle is still visible on the
screen as a balloon of Underdog comes up behind him.

BART

Who the hell is that?

HOMER

Bullwinkle.

BART

Who? (BEAT) Wait a minute, who's that?

HOMER

Underdog! Don't you know anything?

BART

I know it wouldn't hurt 'em to use some cartoons made in the last fifty years.

HOMER

Son, this is tradition. If you start building a balloon for every flash-in-the-pan cartoon character, you'd turn the parade into a farce.

As Homer is saying the above, we see Bart balloon go by on the TV behind him.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - STAIRWAY

Maggie crawls up the stairs, deftly avoiding safety hazards: A frayed, sparking extension cord, Bart's skateboard, a gardening tool with sharp prongs.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa is working on an elaborate mixed-media project. We see paints, papier mache strips, glue, etc. She hears a THUD, opens the door and Maggie falls in with another THUD.

LISA

Maggie, I'm glad you're here. I'm about to unveil my centerpiece to the family!

The centerpiece looks like the traditional cornucopia spilling out fruits and vegetables. But on each of the bigger vegetables is perched a carefully-crafted female historical figure.

LISA

See? What I'm trying to convey here is that along with the traditional riches of the soil (POINTS TO FRUIT) we should also be thankful for some trailblazing women, whose work enriches our souls... (INDICATING) See, there's Georgia O'Keefe... Susan B. Anthony... and this is Marjorie Stoneman Douglas. I'm sure you haven't heard of her, but she worked her whole life to preserve the Florida Everglades.

MAGGIE

(SUCKS PACIFIER)

LISA

As one of the Simpson women, would you like to contribute something to it?

Lisa hands Maggie a crayon and Maggie draws a few random lines on it.

LISA (CONT'D)

(HUGS MAGGIE) Thank you.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Marge is making the stuffing in a big bowl. She goes to the refrigerator, bumping into Bart.

MARGE

Honey, please. You're in the way.

BART

Can't I help you, Mom?

MARGE

Well, okay. Let's see... Can you do the cranberry sauce?

BART

Yeah! I'll do everything... Uh, where is it?

MARGE

The can is in the cupboard on the bottom shelf. (DIRECTING HIM) No, the other shelf. It says "cranberry sauce."

Bart finds the can.

BART

Got it. Now what?

MARGE

Open the can.

BART

With a can opener?

MARGE

Yes, sweetheart.

BART

No problem. Where is it?

MARGE

It's in the second drawer from the right.

Bart BANGS the drawers open and closed.

MARGE (CONT'D)

No, the right. The other one.

BART

Oh, I got ya.

Bart finds the can opener and tries to work it, as Marge returns to the stuffing.

BART (CONT'D)

It's broken, Mom. (NO RESPONSE) Mom,
it's broken. (LOUDER) Mom, it's
broken. (SINGING) Mom, it's broken.
Mom, it's broken.

MARGE

(SLIGHTLY ANNOYED) Oh, honey, you're
using the bad one. Here, let me do
it...

Marge reaches into frame, taking the can of cranberry sauce. We HEAR her quickly open the can and then hand it back to Bart. He then removes the top, PLOPPING the contents into a waiting dish.

BART (CONT'D)

Ah, cranberry sauce a la Bart.

Bart exits. We stay on cranberry sauce.

MARGE (O.S.)

Just stick it in the refrigerator when
you're done. Bart. Bart?

With an annoyed MURMUR, Marge picks up the cranberry sauce and puts it in the refrigerator.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Homer is watching the football game. Maggie crawls by. Homer picks her up and puts her on his knee.

HOMER

See, Maggie? Those silver and blue
guys are the Detroit Lions. They're
Daddy's favorite team, and he wants
them to lose by less than six and a
half points. Understand?

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

(ON TV) Kogen's got Wolodarsky open
and it's complete!... Ooooh what a hit!

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

He's out cold, Gil.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

Yup. Looks like they'll be feeding him
Thanksgiving dinner through a tube.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Hope they can fit a turkey in there!

They CHUCKLE. Marge sticks her head in.

MARGE

Homer, shouldn't you go pick up Grampa?

HOMER

Plenty o' time, Marge.

MARGE

Homer...

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

There's thirty-three ticks left in the
half.

HOMER

Marge, I'll be ready to go in thirty-
three seconds.

We HEAR the front door open.

PATTY (O.S.)

Ding-dong!

SELMA (O.S.)

(HUMS BUGLE CALL) Here comes the
cavalry!

MARGE

(CALLING) Patty! Selma! (TO HOMER)
Homer, Patty and Selma are here!

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

MARGE

Homer, you promised.

HOMER

I'll be nice. I'll be nice.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER

PATTY and SELMA enter with armloads of covered dishes.
Marge joins them.

MARGE

(IRRITATED) You brought food...?

PATTY

(INDICATING DISHES) Just a few
things... Swedish meatballs, stuffed
grape leaves...

SELMA

Mmm-hmm. And creamed onions...

PATTY

Mmm-hmmm, and my trout almondine.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

Homer enters.

HOMER

Hi, Patty. Hi, Selma.

Homer attempts to air kiss them, but they back away,
MURMURING greetings.

HOMER

Gee, everything smells great. (BEAT)

Well, gotta pick up my old man! Happy

Thanksgiving!

Homer goes out the front door.

SELMA

(TO PATTY) So insincere.

PATTY

(TO SELMA) I don't know how she puts
up with him.

INT. CAR - DAY

Homer is mimicking Patty and Selma in a wordless, sing-songy MUMBLE. He turns on the radio to listen to the GAME.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, get set for our fabulous half-time show, featuring the well-groomed young go-getters of "Hurray for Everything!"

HOMER

Oh, nooo! I love them! They always put on such a good show!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen... "Hurray for Everything" invites you to join them in a salute to the greatest hemisphere on earth... the Western hemisphere! The dancin'-est hemisphere of all!

MUSIC: "Get Dancin'" by Disco Tex and the Sex-o-lettes.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Patty and Selma are busily heating and arranging their dishes.

PATTY

We'll just stay on this side of the kitchen.

SELMA

Mmm-hmm.

MARGE

(DEADLY TONE) You knew... I was cooking... a turkey.

PATTY

Which is fine!

SELMA

More power to ya!

PATTY

It's just that some people find your
turkey a little dry.

SELMA

Mmm-hmm, and if they want an option...
they'll have it.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

EXT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Homer pulls into the parking lot. On the radio, the HALF-
TIME SHOW is winding up.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And this Silverdome now ablaze with
flashbulbs, as "Hurray for Everything"
leaves the field! Of course, a
stadium's much too big for flash
pictures to work, but nobody seems to
care!

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Homer passes a sign that reads, "Thank You For Not
Discussing the Outside World."

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer enters the dining room where a GROUP of listless
oldsters sit awaiting their Thanksgiving dinner. A
SUPERVISOR stands at the front of the room addressing the
group.

SUPERVISOR

Now, before we sit down to our
delicious turkey puree, I have some
happy news. The following people have
relatives who wish they could be here
today: (READS COMPUTER PRINTOUT)
Antonowski, Bernstein, Chavez, Conroy,
Falcone, Martin...

The nearby fax machine starts printing out a page with
HARSH MECHANICAL SOUND. The Supervisor glances at the
sheet.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

(TO LADY) Oh, and Mrs. Walsh... you
too.

MRS. WALSH

(MISTY-EYED) I knew they wouldn't
forget me!

Homer approaches GRAMPA.

HOMER

Come on, Dad. Let's get out of here.

Homer takes Grampa by the arm and starts to hustle him out.

GRAMPA

Slow down, boy. What's your hurry?

HOMER

This place is depressing.

GRAMPA

Hey, I live here!

HOMER

(COVERING) Well, I'm sure it's a blast
once you get used to it. Let's go.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

A cab pulls up in front of the house. The DRIVER gets out and opens the curbside door, but his passenger, Marge's MOM, gets out on the opposite side.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Marge, Patty and Selma are each squirting the roasting bird with huge turkey basters. Their Mom hobbles in through the side door.

MARGE

Mom! You made it! How are you!

MOM

(HOARSE WHISPER) I have laryngitis and
it hurts to talk, so I'll just say one
thing: You never do anything right.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa adds a few finishing touches to her masterpiece with an ultrafine brush, then blows off a few motes of dust. It's finally ready.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

We are CLOSE UP on the fireplace. We see a fire blazing. We PULL BACK and see that the fire is just a small corner of a piece of wood in the fireplace. Homer is pumping bellows trying to get the fire going as Grampa watches. There are dozens of burnt matches scattered around.

HOMER

(PUMPING BELLOWS) See that! See that!
Won't be long now!

GRAMPA

That's no way to lay a fire! Where's
your kindling?

HOMER

This thing's gonna be roaring any time
now!

We PAN to Selma and Patty looking on.

PATTY

That's what he's been saying for an
hour.

SELMA

Even a caveman could start a fire.

MARGE (O.S.)

Dinner time! Dinner, everybody!

Everyone scrambles to the table.

HOMER

(RE: FIRE) Screw this.

He throws down the bellows and runs to the table.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

All the adults and Maggie are seated at the table.

MARGE

(CALLING) Okay, Lisa, we're ready for
your centerpiece!

A hush falls. Lisa enters and proudly places the
centerpiece on the table.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Lisa! My goodness! That's very
impressive!

HOMER

Holy moly! That's the biggest one of those I ever saw.

The others AD LIB admiring remarks, "Oh my!" "She's so talented!", etc.

SELMA

How long did that take you, honey?

LISA

I couldn't tell you how many hours. It was a labor of love. You see, on this, perhaps the most American of holidays, I wanted to pay homage to some patriots who may not have fought in any wars but who nevertheless...

Bart enters, HUMMING a fanfare.

BART

Da da daah da da dah daaahhh...

HOMER

Speaking of heroes, here's mine... Tom Turkey!

Homer REVS the electric knife excitedly. Lisa and Marge exchange a sympathetic look. Everyone "OOOHS" and "AAHS" at the turkey. Bart looks for a place to set down the platter, finds none and starts to elbow the centerpiece aside.

BART

Yikes! What the hell is that?

LISA

It's the centerpiece, Bart!

BART

Well it's taking up valuable real
estate.

He elbows it harder.

LISA

Bart, stop it!

BART

Move it or lose it, man!

LISA

Mom!

MARGE

Now, just wait a minute! I'm sure
there's room for both.

Balancing the platter with one hand, Bart grabs the
centerpiece and tries to move it. Lisa immediately grabs
the other end and a tug-of-war ensues.

LISA

Baaart! You're wrecking it! LET GO!

Without warning, he does, and the unthinkable happens: The
centerpiece flies out of Lisa's hands and plops into the
fireplace.

LISA (CONT'D)

(ANGUISHED SCREAM)

Instantly, her masterpiece bursts into flames.

GRAMPA

(HAPPILY, RE: FIRE) Hey! That got 'er
goin'!

BART

Bitchin'!

Frantically, Lisa tries to fish it out with fireplace tongs, but the centerpiece crumbles into ashes.

LISA

(FURIOUS) BAAARRTT!

Lisa lunges for Bart and they scuffle violently, knocking plates off the table and spilling stuff on the relatives, who REACT angrily. Homer and Marge finally pull the kids apart. Lisa breaks free and runs upstairs, SOBBING hysterically.

HOMER

Awright, Bart that's it! Go to your room NOW!

BART

Okay. I'll take some white meat and stuffing to go... and, ah, send up the pumpkin pie in about twenty minutes.

HOMER

I said NOW!

BART

Mom, do I have to?

MARGE

Yes you do! I hope you're happy, Bart!

You've RUINED THANKSGIVING!

The words hit Bart like lawn darts.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bart SLAMS his door, locks it, and barricades it with a bureau.

BART

(FUMING) I didn't ruin Thanksgiving!
She did... Buncha jerks... I always
get blamed for everything...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are two conspicuously empty chairs. Santa's Little Helper is sniffing and eyeing the turkey. Homer is saying grace.

HOMER

...And, Lord, we're especially thankful
for nuclear power, the cleanest, safest
energy source there is, except for
solar, which is just a pipe dream. And
we'd like to thank you for the peace
and love our family experienced several
times this year -- 'cause, I mean...
well, like tonight. You saw what
happened. Oh, Lord, be honest. Are we
the worst family in the universe, or
what?

Everyone GRUMBLES "Amen".

SELMA

(TO PATTY) Worst prayer yet.

O.S. we hear mournful SAXOPHONE music. Homer looks up at the ceiling and gives an annoyed GRUNT.

MARGE

Why don't I go talk to the children?

She exits.

HOMER

Don't worry, Marge'll fix everything.

Homer starts eating halfheartedly. Everyone else digs in.

PATTY

Selma, your Swedish meatballs are delicious.

SELMA

And your trout is divine.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa is sadly PLAYING her sax, still SNIFFLING. Marge KNOCKS and enters.

MARGE

Honey, are you ready to come back downstairs?

LISA

I don't think so, Mom.

MARGE

Your food is getting cold.

LISA

That's all right.

MARGE

Lisa, I'm very sorry about what happened.

LISA

Mom, I poured my heart into the centerpiece! Things like that always happen in this family!

MARGE

I've noticed that, too. Well, when you feel like coming down, we'll be there.

Marge exits.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM

Bart is gathering things to take on the road. He grabs a shirt, some shorts, socks and underwear and tries to stuff them in a little knapsack. It's too much, so he puts back the socks and then the underwear.

BART

This family was just a pit stop for me!
All they were good for was gas, food
and lodging!

He scribbles a farewell note.

BART (CONT'D)

(WRITING) Dear Stupid Idiots... You have sent me to my room... for the last time... ever... in history. You will never... see me... (CROSSES IT OUT) lay eyes on me... again. Your enemy...

Bart Simpson.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - BY BART'S DOOR

MARGE

Bart, you can come down to dinner as soon as you're ready to apologize to your sister. And it's going to be a real apology in front of evrybody, and you have to mean it.

INT. BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BART

Don't hold your breath, lady.

He climbs out the window.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bart is crawling out the window. He jumps to the ground, smashing a small shrub.

BART

Uh-oh!... I mean, good!

He jumps up and down on another shrub, destroying it.

HOMER (O.S.)

Bad dog! Bad dog! Drop that drumstick! Gimme that, that's people food. Bad dog!

From around the corner, we HEAR the back door open.

HOMER (O.S., CONT'D)

Okay, you're going outside.

The door CLOSES. A downbeat Santa's Little Helper joins Bart.

BART

(
(PETTING DOG) Hey, boy! You're a good
dog! You hate them, too, doncha? Come
on, we don't need them to get a
Thanksgiving dinner!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Bart and Santa's Little Helper set off, taking the kind of
route only a kid would use:

- A. Cutting through the neighbor's hedges.
- B. Teetering along a garden wall over a goldfish pond.
- C. Crawling through a storm culvert.

CLOSE ON - STREET SIGN

It's the corner of Croesus Drive and Mammon Lane. PAN DOWN
to Bart, who is standing in front of the stately Burns
manor.

BART

(
Wow! Swan-ky!

The Simpsons' MAILPERSON passes Bart on the sidewalk.

MAILPERSON

Excuse me...

She stuffs a handful of mail in an ornate mailbox shaped
like a castle. The door is a drawbridge.

BART

Hey, you mean rich people get mail on
holidays?

MAILPERSON

Yeah... but don't spread it around.
/

INT. BURNS' MANOR - DINING ROOM - DAY

We PAN down a sumptuous refectory table, loaded with enough food to feed thirty people, including a sixty pound turkey with one small slice removed. At the head of the table is the sole diner, MR. BURNS. On his plate is the small slice of turkey, minus a couple of bites.

BURNS

(CHEWING) Mmmm, delicious. Smithers, every year you outstrip yourself in succulence.

SMITHERS

Thank you, sir. Would you like some candied yams?

BURNS

Oh, no! I couldn't eat another bite. (GESTURING) Dispose of all this. I did, however, save room for your special pumpkin pie.

SMITHERS

It's cooling on the windowsill, sir.

EXT. BURNS MANOR - KITCHEN WINDOW

Bart is peering through the hedges, hungrily eyeing the pie on the windowsill.

BART

Mmmm. (TO DOG) Stay here, boy.

Bart pushes through the bushes, looks around, then reaches for the pie. As his fingers cross the plane of the windowsill, we see it break a complicated red laser grid, setting off a loud KLAXON HORN and BELL.

BART (CONT'D)

Uh-oh!

Bart takes off, letting the pie fall to the ground.

INT. BURNS MANOR - BASEMENT

Two SECURITY GUARDS, one reading "Les Miserables", look up from their pathetic card-table dinner and scramble to their battle stations. They see an ANIMATED BURGLAR fleeing on a huge, Norad-like map of the grounds. One of the guards rushes to the window with binoculars.

POV SECURITY GUARD #1

Bart fleeing toward the hedge. The guard speaks into a walkie-talkie.

SECURITY GUARD #1

(INTO WALKIE-TALKIE) Mr. Burns! This
is Base Command!

INT. BURNS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D; V.O.)

(THRU INTERCOM) ...The intruder
appears to be a young male, age nine to
eleven.

BURNS

(TO SMITHERS) Release the hounds!

SMITHERS

I'm sure they'll appreciate a little
Thanksgiving dinner, sir.

BURNS

(SARCASTIC) Very funny, Smithers.
You're a regular Snub Pollard.

EXT. BURNS MANOR - SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

A hatch opens in a beautiful Florentine sculpture and a pack of ATTACK DOGS rush out, BARKING like crazy.

EXT. BURNS MANOR - GARDEN - BY HEDGE

Terrified, Bart hurls himself at the hedges. But he doesn't have the right spot and he merely bounces off the dense brush, hitting the ground with a GRUNT.

ON DOGS

Bearing down on Bart, BAYING madly.

ON BART

Trying again and bouncing off again.

ON DOGS

They're almost upon him. Bart leaps to his feet, says a silent prayer and runs at the hedge for the last time.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Bart comes crashing through the hedge. His momentum carries him into the street, where a truck SCREECHES to a stop, barely missing him.

BART

(TO DRIVER) Sorry!

EXT. BURNS MANOR - GARDEN

The confused dogs mill about, wondering how their prey could've escaped. They WHINE in disappointment.

EXT. BURNS MANOR - KITCHEN WINDOW

Burns shakes his head sadly at the overturned pie.

BURNS

You know, Smithers, it took crime coming to roost on our very own windowsill to knock some sense into this silly old head.

SMITHERS

What do you mean, sir?

BURNS

Get down on your knees, Smithers.

They both kneel.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(PRAYING) Dear Lord, I have now realize that all the money in the world means nothing without a good security system. Thank you for the guards, the hounds, the motion detectors, the infra-red sensors... oh, and for Smithers.

Smithers has a tear in his eye. He **SNIFFLES**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lisa, sitting/kneeling in a Balans chair and surrounded by incense candles, is composing a fiery protest poem, strongly reminiscent of Allen Ginsberg's "Howl".

LISA (V.O.)

(WRITING) "I saw the best meals of my generation destroyed by the madness of my brother / Starving, hysterical, naked / My soul carved in slices by spikey-haired demons..."

EXT. RICH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Bart and Santa's Little Helper trudge along.

BART

It's not fair. I never even got to eat.

At that moment Bart and Santa's Little Helper cross some railroad tracks, and there is an immediate, abrupt change: They're on the "wrong side of the tracks", in abject squalor, amid ramshackle houses, junk-strewn lots, etc. We hear **DISTANT ARGUMENTS, BREAKING GLASS, SIRENS, A CAT FIGHT.**

EXT. SKID ROW - DAY

Bart and Santa's Little Helper finally hit bottom: A sleazy street with a check-cashing service, an "Occidental" massage parlor and a liquor store with a sign reading: "Yes, We have Rotgut!" There's also an abandoned shop, "Tuxedos by Henri", with a sign that reads "For Lease".

INT/EXT. SPRINGFIELD PLASMA CENTER - DAY

A sign reads "Springfield Plasma Center". Through the open doorway Bart sees a table full of orange juice and cookies, and two derelicts eating and drinking.

BART

Cookies! All right!

Bart is about to take some when a **MEAN WOMAN SLAPS** his hand.

MEAN WOMAN

Get in line with the rest of 'em.

Bart shrugs and joins a line of **DERELICTS** waiting to sell their blood.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

MOM

At the risk of losing my voice, let me just say one more thing: When is that boy going to apologize?

PATTY

He sure is stubborn.

GRAMPA

Homer was never stubborn. He always folded instantly over anything. It was almost as if he had no will of his own. Isn't that true, Homer?

HOMER

Yes, Dad.

INT. PLASMA CENTER - DAY

Bart is standing in line with a transient named CASEY.

BART

(LOOKING AROUND) Hey, what are the nurses for?

CASEY

Whaddaya think, man?

BLACK GUY

(BARRY WHITE VOICE) They want your blood, blood.

Bart gulps. We see the blood drain from his face.

NURSE

Next!

The NURSE grabs Bart, sits him down in a reclining chair, quickly swabs his arm, and picks up a large needle.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Hey, how old are you?

She points to a sign reading "All Donors Must Say They're 18".

BART

Uh -- eighteen?

NURSE

Good answer.

She sticks the needle in his arm.

BART

Ow!

INT. PLASMA CENTER - CASHIER - LATER

The plasma center pay window is the grimmest place in town. Grimy bulletproof glass, with several bullet holes and a switchblade imbedded in it. Four closed-circuit cameras. A sign reads: "Not Responsible For Anything, Ever."

The CASHIER pokes some crumpled bills through the trough. Bart reaches up to take the money.

EXT. PLASMA CENTER

A woozy Bart exits the center, stuffing the money in his pocket. He greets Santa's Little Helper.

BART

Hey, boy! Now I can buy us some food!

The vagrants join him.

CASEY

Take it easy, pal. You've lost a lotta blood.

BART

Well, like how much?

CASEY

(SIZING HIM UP) I dunno... half?

BART

Oooh.

BART'S POV

His vision blurs and he faints.

EXT. PLYMOUTH COLONY - 1621 - DAY

In Bart's reverie, the Simpsons are Pilgrims. They sit at a long banquet table, eating their Thanksgiving feast with the WAMPANOAG INDIANS and their chief, SQUANTO.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) You know, Squanto, when we first got off the Mayflower, you Indians scared the buckles off our shoes. But now I think you're A-okay.

SQUANTO

Your compliment makes my heart soar like an eagle.

MARGE

This corn is delicious, and it's so large.

SQUANTO

Squanto know ways of Earth Mother. Plant fish with corn. Make corn grow tall.

BART

Hey, I'd rather have the fish than the corn.

SQUANTO

(CONFUSED) Make corn grow tall.

BART

Okay, but it sounds pretty stupid to me.

MARGE

Bart, you apologize to the nice
Wampanoag man. Right now!

BART

No way, man. I came to America to
escape oppression.

Squanto glowers at him.

SQUANTO

Squanto sense ingratitude. Throw pall
over celebration.

The other Indians MUTTER agreement.

SQUANTO (CONT'D)

Before sundown, fields run red with
blood of Simpsons!

The irate Indians draw tomahawks and war clubs. As they
are set upon by angry braves, the Simpsons run for their
lives. Homer grabs one of the benches from the banquet
table to use as a crude "canoe".

ON SIMPSONS

In the "canoe", escaping a shower of arrows.

LISA

Nice going, Bart.

MARGE

You've ruined the first Thanksgiving!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLASMA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Two concerned vagrants, Casey and RORY, stand over the
prostrate Bart.

CASEY

He's startin' to come around.

They find a horrible, filthy blanket bunched up in a doorway and put it over Bart. He slowly regains consciousness.

BART

H-huh? W-wah happen... (SEES BLANKET)

Eeeugh!!

He frantically paws it away.

CASEY

You look a little pale, son.

RORY

We better get you some food.

INT. RESCUE MISSION

VOLUNTEERS are serving a hearty turkey dinner to an assortment of grateful DOWN-AND-OUTERS. At the end of the table, SCOTT CHRISTIAN is doing a live remote.

SUPER: SCOTT CHRISTIAN REPORTING

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

(TO CAMERA; POMPOUS) We have lots of

names for these people... Bums.

Derelicts. Transients. Drifters.

Losers. Misfits. Deadbeats. Low-

lives. Weirdos. Crumb-bums.

Nothings. Scums of the earth.

In the b.g., several vagrants start to MUTTER angrily.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(
(TO CAMERA) We'd like to sweep these people, these misfits, into the gutter. Or, if they're already in the gutter, to some other out-of-the-way place. Oh, we have our "reasons": They're depressing. They wear ragged clothes. They're (AIR QUOTES) "crazy". They smell bad, and they spread disease. They steal things...

An irate TRANSIENT grabs Scott by the lapels.

TRANSIENT

Hey, listen, man...

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

(
(SOTTO, NERVOUS) Wait, I'm leading up to something.

Warily, the transient releases him.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(TO CAMERA AGAIN) So every year, on one lone, conscience-salving day, we toss these people a bone. (HOLDS UP A DRUMSTICK) A turkey bone. And that's supposed to make it all better...

EXT. RESCUE MISSION - DAY

Bart and his new pals arrive at the soup kitchen.

RORY

(
Here we are!

They walk to the entrance, only to find it jammed with camera cables, light stands, microwave antennas, etc. Bart tries to squeeze through, but he bumps into a CAMERAMAN.

CAMERAMAN

Hey, watch it! We're shooting here!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everyone is glumly drinking coffee and watching TV.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

(THRU TV) ...No, you won't find
Freddie the Freeloader, or Emmett
Kelly, or even Charlie Chaplin's
beloved Little Tramp down here. The
people you see behind me are just a
little too real for painted smiles and
flowerpot hats and...

Marge enters with Lisa.

MARGE

Homer, turn down the TV. Lisa wants to
read us something she's written.

GRAMPA

Aw, come on!

SELMA

We're listening, dear.

LISA

Okay, the title of my poem is, "Howl of
the Underappreciated"... (BEAT, READS)
"I saw the best..."

MARGE

(INTERRUPTING, GASPS) It's Bart!

Marge runs to the TV and turns up the SOUND.

ON TV

Scott Christian is interviewing Bart. Bart is feeding Santa's Little Helper scraps from a heaping plate of food. A SUPER reads: "Bart: 'Itinerant Young Drifter'".

SCOTT CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

(THRU TV) What kind of home did you come from?

BART (V.O.)

(THRU TV) Broken. Broken beyond repair.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

(THRU TV) And how long have you been on the streets?

BART (V.O.)

(THRU TV; NO HESITATION) Goin' on five years, Scott.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

(THRU TV) Is there something you'd like to say to the more fortunate children out there? The ones with families, and brothers and sisters, and warm beds, and lots of toys?

BART (V.O.)

(THRU TV) Hey, don't feel sorry for
me, man. I told my dog I'd get us a
Thanksgiving dinner, and by God, I did.

MARGE

Homer! That's our baby!

Homer and Marge run up the stairs to Bart's room. Lisa is
left standing with her poem, looking forlorn.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DOOR TO BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer tries to break down the door, then sees the letter
underneath it.

HOMER

(READS) "You will never lay eyes on me
again!"

MARGE

Oh, no! Our sweet little Bart!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Homer and Marge rush to the telephone.

MARGE

My first-born baby!

HOMER

Our only male heir! (INTO PHONE)

Hello, operator? Gimme the number for

911!

INT. POLICE STATION

CLOSE UP

On one of those puzzles where you try to get the little balls in the kitty's eyes. WIDEN to reveal EDDIE playing it intently with beads of sweat on his forehead. Several other COPS look on -- it's a slow day for crime.

LOU

Hey, lemme try it. You've had it for

like an hour.

Lou makes a grab for the puzzle and it CLATTERS to the floor. Furious, Eddie pulls out his tear gas cannister.

EDDIE

I'll Mace you! I swear I will!

They struggle and Lou gets him in a chokehold. POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM sticks his head in.

WIGGUM

Hey, knock it off! We got a runaway.

EXT. MISSION

Bart is standing outside the mission with Casey, Rory and Santa's Little Helper. Scott Christian and his crew are packing up their news van.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

Thanks for your help, fellas. This reporter smells another local Emmy.

CASEY

Hope we were colorful enough for you, Scott.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

(TO BART) Good luck, son. I'd love to help you out a little, but that would be violating the canon of my profession.

BART

I understand, sir.

Scott and his team leave. Rory picks up a cigarette butt out of the gutter and lights it up.

RORY

(TAKES A PUFF) Ugh -- menthol.

He throws it away in disgust. The iron grating of the Mission is shut and the lights are turned off.

RORY

So where are we gonna sleep tonight?

CASEY

I don't know. The park?

RORY

The park? Again?

CASEY

The bus station?

RORY

Now you're talking!

BART

Boy, you guys can sleep wherever you want.

RORY

Hey, it ain't all saltwater taffy. Take Casey here. Today he's my bosom buddy, do anything for me, tomorrow he might slit my throat open with a rusty bottle cap, just for the fifteen cents in my pocket.

CASEY

(INTRIGUED) You got fifteen cents?

RORY

(TO BART) You comin' with us, Bart?

BART

Naw, I got this place I hang out at.

Bart and Santa's Little Helper take off.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The cops are filling out a report.

HOMER

Will you forget the report! He's down at that soup kitchen!

EDDIE

Nah, we checked. He's long gone.

LOU

Can you think of any reason he might have run away? Anything at all?

HOMER

(EMBARRASSED) Well, we did kind of yell at him... and sent him to his room... and tried to force him to apologize to his sister.

MARGE

And I said he ruined Thanksgiving...

EDDIE

(REPROACHFULLY) Oh... I see.

LOU

Well, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, generally in cases where we see an underage individual voluntarily leaving a domestic situation for reasons of familial discord, generally said juvenile will return within a certain very limited time frame.

MARGE

He will?

LOU

Sometimes.

HOMER

Well that's a load off my mind.

EDDIE

Come with us, Mr. Simpson.

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR - NEIGHBORHOOD

Homer is riding in the back seat of the patrol car. He takes the mic.

HOMER

(STIFFLY, OVER P.A.) Bart... Bart Simpson... This is your father... Homer Simpson. I don't know if you're out there, but if you can hear me, I just want to say, come home son. Please come home.

INT. MILHOUSE'S HOUSE

MILHOUSE'S FAMILY stops eating and looks through their curtains at the police car.

HOMER (O.S.)

We aren't mad at you, boy. I mean, no one's perfect. I never told you this, but one time I needed to pay the paperboy, so I borrowed that ten dollar bill Grandma sent you. When you saw it was missing, I was ashamed so I blamed your sister.

MILHOUSE'S FATHER

Geez... Talk about airing your dirty laundry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSONS' STREET - DUSK

The street lights are just blinking on in the neighborhood. At several houses along the block, knots of relatives are saying their goodbyes.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

The entire family stands at the door saying their goodbyes.

PATTY

Goodbye. Sorry.

SELMA

I'm sure Bart will come back.

MOM

I'd say something reassuring, but you know... my voice...

GRAMPA

Let's go! If I'm not back at the home by nine, they declare me dead and collect my insurance.

They walk away.

HOMER

Our family's so screwed up.

LISA

Look at those other families -- holidays bring them closer.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP, however, we see that everybody is upset.

NEIGHBOR MOM

Look, why don't we try again on
Christmas. It can't be as bad as this.

NEIGHBOR AUNT

Every year, it's the shouting, and the
threats...

NEIGHBOR UNCLE

Well, we all overreacted. I mean,
there's just no excuse for biting.

He shrugs ruefully.

EXT. ANOTHER NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

NEIGHBOR DAD

I don't know why the holidays can't be
fun.

NEIGHBOR GRANDMA

It's very simple. Terry ruins
everything.

NEIGHBOR GRANDPA

Terry ruins? You mean Elaine ruins.
Terry ruined nothing!

INT. HOMER & MARGE'S BEDROOM

Homer and Marge are sitting by the phone, disconsolate.

MARGE

Homer, this is a terrible thing that's
happened, but we can't blame ourselves.

HOMER

We can, and we will!

MARGE

Children need discipline. You can ask
any syndicated advice columnist.

HOMER

(BEAT) Marge, are we ever going to see
him again?

MARGE

(BRAVE FRONT) Of course we are! I
have a feeling he'll walk through that
door any minute now.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Warily, Bart and Santa's Little Helper approach the house.
Bart begins to open the front door, hesitates, considers
then opens the door.

BART

(FLATLY) Hey, everybody. I'm home.

MARGE (O.S.)

Bart? You're home! Homer, Bart's
home!

Marge scrambles down the stairs and hugs Bart.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Oh, my special little guy! We were so
worried!

Homer comes down the stairs with Maggie. Homer hugs Bart.

HOMER

Great to have you back, boy! We were
afraid we lost you!

Maggie hugs Bart. Lisa comes down the steps. She hugs
Bart.

LISA

Welcome back. Bart, I'm sorry we had
such a terrible fight.

HOMER

Bart, don't you have something to say
to your sister?

BART

Like what?

HOMER

Like an apology.

BART

WHAT? APOLOGIZE! YOU PEOPLE MAKE ME
SICK!

HOMER

Why you little...

Homer starts to strangle Bart.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Bart is lost in reverie. His hand is still poised to open
the door.

BART

I was a fool to come back here!

Bart crosses to a trash can and climbs on top, which leads
him to a tree branch, which he uses to bounce onto the
roof.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ROOF

BART

Whoa!! Jackpot!!

We see that the roof is littered with stranded toys --
wiffle balls, frisbees, glider planes, etc.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, my football!

He picks it up.

BART (CONT'D)

(AS ANNOUNCER) Sellout crowd at the Super Bowl, Simpson down by six with two seconds left! He takes the snap, fakes the hand-off. Simpson steps in the pocket and throws to Simpson!

Bart lobs a high pass, then sprints to the other side of the roof, mimicking a ROARING CROWD all the way. He skids to a halt on the edge of the roof, teeters for a split-second, then stretches his arms to make a fingertip catch.

BART (CONT'D)

Touchdown, Simpson! The boy nobody wanted just won the Superbowl!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ROOF

Bart is already bored, lackadaisically tossing a glider in loops.

BART

No way am I gonna apologize. I don't have to, and I'm not gonna.

He sits down and SIGHS.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa is writing in her diary.

LISA

(WRITING) Dear Log, my brother is still missing and maybe it's my fault because I failed to take his abuse with good humor. I miss him so much already, that I don't know...

She begins to WEEP.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Bart is starting to shiver a bit when he hears the muffled sound of Lisa's CRYING coming through a vent pipe. He runs over to it.

BART

(INTO PIPE) Hey, Lis! Lisa! It's me, Bart!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa pushes a nightstand away from a small vent.

LISA

(INTO VENT) Bart...?! Where are you?

BART (V.O.)

(THROUGH VENT) Shh! I'm on the roof!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUES

Lisa opens her window and follows Bart's path, bouncing on the tree up to the roof.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

BART

Welcome to my kingdom! Pretty cool, huh?

LISA

Oh, Bart. I've been coming up here for years. See? (POINTS) That's my candle wax!

BART

Okay, I'm sorry. And, Lisa... (SINCERELY) I'm sorry I made your centerpiece burn up.

LISA

Sorry, Bart -- "sorry" doesn't do it.

BART

Okay, let's quit foolin' around. Cash settlement. (PULLS OUT BILLS) Twelve big ones.

LISA

(SCORNFULLY) I don't want your blood money!

BART

How'd you know?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM/BATHROOM

Homer, in bed, sees Marge standing on the toilet with her head out the window.

HOMER

Marge! What the hell are you doing?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer walks into the bathroom. Marge pulls her head in.

MARGE

(JUBILANT WHISPER) Homer! It's Bart!
He's up on the roof!

HOMER

(ELATED) My boy! He's back!... (BEAT)
I'm gonna kill him!

MARGE

Shhhh! He and Lisa are making up. And
if they don't fall and kill themselves,
we might have a family again.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Lisa and Bart are tossing a wiffle ball back and forth.

LISA

The thing that really hurt was the
laughter. Or I should say the sadistic
glee.

BART

Lisa, how are you gonna grow up if you
can't get used to people wrecking
beautiful things?

LISA

Just answer one question. Why did you
do it? Because you hate me, or because
you're bad?

BART

(EXASPERATED) I don't know! I don't know why I did it! I don't know why I enjoyed it! And I don't know why I'll do it again!

LISA

Okay. I'll tell you what. Since you have yet to develop the first glimmer of a conscience at the age of ten, I think you should have an advisor...

BART

Like, whattaya mean?

LISA

Someone who could tell you when you're going too far... like Jiminy Cricket did for Pinocchio.

BART

(DRYLY) Yeah, well I don't happen to have a little cartoon character telling me right from wrong.

LISA

No, but you have me.

Bart mulls it over.

BART

Well... Okay.

Lisa gives him a KISS to seal the deal.

BART (CONT'D)

Boy, you really take advantage of a situation.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

(TO MARGE) You know, we're great parents!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - ALMOST MIDNIGHT

The Simpsons, in their pajamas, are reunited at the breakfast table. There's a heaping platter of turkey sandwiches. The clock reads five minutes to midnight. Marge is hugging Bart.

HOMER

(PRAYING) O Lord, on this blessed day, we thank thee for giving our family one more crack at togetherness. Amen.

Everyone starts NOISILY wolfing down their sandwiches.

BART

(SELLING) Hey everybody! Cranberry sauce! Right here! Help yourself!

Marge takes a bottle over to Maggie.

MARGE

Ready, Maggie? One... two... three!

In one smooth motion, Marge yanks the pacifier out of Maggie's mouth and replaces it with the bottle. Maggie doesn't miss a SUCK.

HOMER

(TO BART) Get me a beer, boy.

ON BART AND LISA

Bart takes a beer from the refrigerator, starts to shake it, then stops.

BART

(SOTTO) Lisa. What about this? Funny
or cruel?

LISA

Funny.

BART

Y'sure?

LISA

Yes.

Bart shakes it vigorously. Lisa looks at the turkey.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hey, I call the wishbone!

She pulls it out of the turkey carcass.

BART

I call other endsies!

He grabs the other end.

LISA

If we both wish for the same thing,
then it's sure to happen.

MARGE

Why don't you both wish for a happy
family?

BART

(RELUCTANTLY) Okay...

They pull and the wishbone SNAPS.

CLOSE ON LISA

She didn't get the top.

CLOSE ON BART

He didn't either.

ON HOMER

Homer finds the lucky part of the wishbone on the floor.
Beer in hand, he looks up at his family with a wan smile.

HOMER

Oh, well.

FADE TO BLACK

Under BLACK we HEAR Homer open the beer. There is a huge
SPLASH. The kids LAUGH.

FADE OUT.

THE END