

Production No. 7F14

The Simpsons

"BART'S DOG GETS AN "F"

Written by

Jon Vitti

Created by  
Matt Groening

Developed by  
James L. Brooks  
Matt Groening  
Sam Simon

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 7/25/90

**FOR CAST READ ONLY**

**"BART'S DOG GETS AN 'F'"**

**Cast List**

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
KRUSTY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER  
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER  
APU.....HARRY SHEARER  
MRS. WINFIELD.....TRACEY ULLMAN  
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER  
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER  
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
EMILY WINTHROP.....TRACEY ULLMAN  
COUNTER MAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
KELLY.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
JACK.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
FATHER MCGRATH.....HARRY SHEARER  
HULA-DRESSED WOMAN.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
FATHER.....HARRY SHEARER  
OLD WOMAN.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
FARMER.....HARRY SHEARER

BART'S DOG GETS AN "F"

by

Jon Vitti

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARGE, HOMER, LISA and MAGGIE are asleep. A clock reads 6:30 a.m.. In the kitchen, BART is feeding SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER. While Santa's Little Helper EATS noisily, Bart takes the dog's leash off a hook on the wall. He sees a note on the refrigerator and reads it.

HOMER (V.O.)

Dear Son: Please get some breakfast  
sausages at the Qik-E-Mart. Teriyaki  
flavor, if they have it. Love, Dad.  
P.S. -- When you promised to help take  
care of the dog I didn't believe you.  
I'm proud to admit I was wrong.

Santa's Little Helper walks over to Bart, who clips on the leash, lifts the liner out of the trash can and, carrying it, leads the dog out the door. On the sound of the door SHUTTING we cut to:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM

Bart bolts upright in his bed, his eyes popping open.

BART

Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Bart takes several deep **BREATHS**, composing himself. He notices his clock. It reads 6:30 a.m..

BART (CONT'D)

Ahhh, two more hours.

Bart goes back to sleep. The camera tracks downstairs and we see what is really happening in the Simpson kitchen.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Homer is in his bathrobe, trying to eat his eggs and sausage while fending off Santa's Little Helper, who keeps sticking his nose in and **SNIFFING** the food.

HOMER

No! Stay away! This is not for you!

It's for Uncle Homer. How many times  
do I have to explain this to you?

ON SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV

Homer **BABBLES** incoherently. His plate transforms into a dog bowl marked "Santa's Little Helper", then back to a plate.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge enters.

MARGE

Time to get up, Lisa. (HAPPILY) It's a  
school day!

Lisa **MOANS** as she gets out of bed, her face flushed and swollen.

MARGE

Lisa, you don't look well.

LISA

I'll make it, Mom. Just tape my lunch  
box to my hand.

Marge feels Lisa's forehead with her hand.

MARGE

Lisa! You're burning up.

LISA

No, I'm cool as a cucumber.

MARGE

But your head feels so hot.

LISA

No. Your hand is cold.

MARGE

Get back in bed. I'm calling Doctor Hibbert.

HOMER (V.O.)

(SING-SONG) Marge, the dog's hungry!

MARGE

(SING-SONG) Well, feed him!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Homer walks toward the kitchen.

HOMER

(SARCASTIC) Yes, Master.

Homer sees that Santa's Little Helper has climbed on the table and is eating his breakfast. A coffee cup is overturned. Homer gives an ANNOYED GRUNT and calls upstairs again.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(BITTERLY) Well, I fed the dog,

Marge... sausage, eggs, toast and coffee.

MARGE (V.O.)

(NOT LISTENING) Good for you, Homer.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER**

The backyard is a sea of holes. Santa's Little Helper is tied with some clothesline to a fence post. He digs up an old hole and yanks out Bart's Krusty doll by the pull-string, breaking it.

KRUSTY (V.O.)

You're my best friend. (LAUGHS) You're  
my best friend. (LAUGHS) You're my best  
friend...

**SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV**

The doll is BABBLING incoherently.

**NEW ANGLE**

The dog picks up the doll and smashes it against a tree. The head falls off. The dog drops the rest in the hole. The doll's SPEECH continues, now muffled.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Marge is dialing the phone. Lisa is at the table in her pajamas. Homer sits next to her.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Hello, Doctor Hibbert?  
This is Marge Simpson. My daughter  
Lisa seems to have come down with  
something.

**INTERCUT**

with DR. HIBBERT'S kitchen. The doctor is eating breakfast in a Cosby-like kitchen, with a Cosby-like FAMILY around him.

DR. HIBBERT

(INTO PHONE) Not that I'm angry, but how did you get my home number?... I see, how ingenious. Well, what are Lisa's symptoms?

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Well, her cheeks are swollen and her throat is red.

DR. HIBBERT

(INTO PHONE) Hmmm. And is she listless?

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Yes.

DR. HIBBERT

(INTO PHONE) Running a fever?

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Yes.

DR. HIBBERT

(INTO PHONE) And has she ever had the mumps?

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) No.

DR. HIBBERT

(INTO PHONE) Hmm. Well, it would be unprofessional of me to speculate. Let me look at my schedule. We can slip Lisa in between the Seckofsky inoculation and the Flanagan infantile hernia.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Two o'clock is fine.

Thank you, Dr. Hibbert.

Marge hangs up the phone. Bart enters, dressed for school. He stops short when he sees Lisa in her bathrobe, immediately understanding what this means. He points an accusing finger.

BART

No way! She's faking! Cheat! Cheat! Cheat! Cheat! If Lisa stays home, I stay home.

LISA

If Bart stays home, I'm going to school.

BART

Fine. Then... (TOTAL CONFUSION)

Lisa grins as Bart stands there, his brain frozen.

BART (CONT'D)

(TO HIMSELF) If Lisa goes to school then I go to school, but then Lisa stays home so I stay home, so Lisa goes to school...



MARGE

Lisa, don't confuse your brother like  
that. Have a nice day at school, Bart.

Marge pats Bart on the head and gives him his lunch box.

LISA

Get my homework from Mrs. Hoover.

BART

Homework? Lisa, you wasted chicken pox.  
Don't waste the mumps.

Bart goes out the door.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Santa's Little Helper is digging another hole. He drags in a potted flower and buries it. It looks rather nice. Perhaps realizing this, he furiously digs again, sending flowers flying between his hind legs. He hears the front door SHUT and spots Bart heading for the bus stop, GRUMBLING. The dog pulls on his line and his collar snaps. We see the broken collar on the ground; it has a label reading "Nev-R-Break" and an 89-cent price tag. Santa's Little Helper runs after Bart.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Bart climbs aboard the bus. OTTO is driving.

OTTO

Hey, Bart-dude.

BART

Hey, Otto-man.

Santa's Little Helper looks in the door. Bart does not notice him.

OTTO

(TO DOG) Yo, hairy bro.

Bart turns around.

BART

Go home, boy! Go... home!

ON SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV

Bart BABBLES incoherently.

NEW ANGLE

The bus doors close.

ON SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV

The bus transforms into a giant mechanical rabbit with windows and children inside. Santa's Little Helper starts to chase the rabbit. As the bus starts to pull away, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE

of Santa's Little Helper's travels.

A. Santa's Little Helper sniffs a big bug, then jumps back when the bug moves. Regaining his courage, he steps forward, licks up the bug and eats it.

B. Santa's Little Helper, tail wagging, walks up to the drive-up teller window of the bank. A young female TELLER waves, puts a dog biscuit in the tray and slides it out to the dog. He takes the biscuit and trots off.

C. Inside the entrance way of the Qik-E-Mart, the automatic doors open and Santa's Little Helper walks in, puts his paws up on the counter and starts eating beef jerky. APU comes out of a door in back.

APU

You! Wandering dog! Get out of here!

What do you think -- you are sacred or something? Get out of my Mom and Pop operation!

D. Santa's Little Helper terrorizes some ducks in the park.

E. In the backyard of the Winfields' house, Santa's Little Helper swims in the small built-in pool. We see MRS. WINFIELD'S angry face appear in the window.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The phone RINGS and Homer answers it.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Y'ello.

INTERCUT

with MRS. WINFIELD. Through the window behind her we see Santa's Little Helper paddling happily around the pool.

MRS. WINFIELD

(INTO PHONE) Simpson? This is Sylvia Winfield. That canine of yours is in my pool again. I'm calling the dog warden right now!

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Oh, are you? Well, you go ahead and call your precious dog warden, you old battle-ax, because my dog is tied up in the backyard.

MRS. WINFIELD

(INTO PHONE) There's only one family on this block inconsiderate enough to let a monster like that roam free!

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Are you losing your hearing, or are you just stupid? I am going to explain this to you one more time, and then I am going to hang up on you. (AS IF TO A VERY DIM-WITTED CHILD) It is not my dog. I tied my dog outside myself. I'm looking at him right -- (ANNOYED GRUNT)

Seeing the broken collar outside, Homer hangs up the phone.

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Homer struggles along with a soaking wet Santa's Little Helper. The dog strains on his line, then stops and shakes himself, spraying Homer. The two meet NED FLANDERS, who is out power- walking with a pair of heavy hands. Flanders wears a sweat band, a matching sweat suit and ankle weights.

FLANDERS

How do, Simpson? Getting a little exercise, eh? Well, good for you! (TO DOG) Look at this old rascal! He's a wet old boy, isn't he? Isn't he? (BABY TALK) Yes, you is a weddy o' boy. Yes, you is!

Flanders CHUCKLES as he scratches Santa's Little Helper in all the right places: the jaw, between the ears, the back, the chest. Santa's Little Helper worships Flanders.

HOMER

Hey Flanders, don't tell me this whole  
muscleman get-up is for walking.

(CHUCKLES) Mr. Universe takes a walk.

Haw, haw!

FLANDERS

(CHUCKLES) Mr. Universe, I wish! Just  
thought I'd break in my new Assassins.

HOMER

(GASPS) Assassins!

Homer drops to his knees to examine Flanders' magnificent  
pair of hightop sneakers. As Flanders shows Homer the  
various features of the shoes, Homer OOHS and AAHS.

FLANDERS

You betcha! They've got velcro straps,  
a water pump in the tongue, built-in  
pedometer, reflective sidewalls and  
little vanity license plates.

We see little license plates on back that read "Ned."

HOMER

Oooh! How much? How much? How much?

FLANDERS

Gee, Homer. I'm embarrassed to say.

HOMER

Really? More than twenty-five bucks?

FLANDERS

Yes, but sometimes you've got to spoil  
yourself.

HOMER

(SADLY) Yeah.

Ned's shoe starts BEEPING.

FLANDERS

Whoops, my heart rate's dropping.

Better skedaddle.

Flanders power-walks off.

INT. DOCTOR HIBBERT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Dr. Hibbert is examining Lisa's throat.

DR. HIBBERT

Discoloration of the saliva glands...  
swelling of the parotids... this  
corroborates my preliminary diagnosis.  
Little Lisa has the mumps.

MARGE

Is there anything we can do to help?

DR. HIBBERT

Rest and relaxation are the best  
medicine for Lisa. (TO LISA) A week of  
playing hookey! Perhaps the mumps are  
not so horrible after all.

LISA

But I don't want to fall behind my  
class.

Dr. Hibbert LAUGHS his melodious laugh.

DR. HIBBERT

Such responsibility for such a little girl! And what is your favorite subject?

LISA

Arithmetic.

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) Arithmetic! Lisa is going to be a famous mathematician. Soon you will be back among your polygons, your hypotenuse, and the Euclidean algorithm. (PATS HER HEAD) Rest now. Have a lollipop.

**INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - AFTERNOON**

Homer is sitting with his feet up on a control console, eating from a box of donuts. He stares sadly at his shoes, which have "Homer Simpson, All-Star" written crudely on the side. As he looks at them, a piece falls off the side.

HOMER

(MOANS)

The phone RINGS.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hello... (LISTENING)

Mumps? Oooh, the kissing disease! My little girl is growing up.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Lisa is on the living room couch.

LISA

(INTO PHONE, GIGGLING) Yuck. Quit it,  
Dad.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

(CHUCKLES ON PHONE) So what does my  
sick little girl want? How about a  
gallon of ice cream, chocolate  
pinwheels, or a big bag of chocolate  
chips? Mmmm... The what? Let me  
write this down. (UNFAMILIARLY) "The  
New... York... Times?" Well, okay.  
You're the sickie. Bye, Lisa.

Homer hangs up. LENNY walks by.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey Lenny, I need to leave early.  
Cover for me, will ya?

LENNY

Sure thing, Homer.

Homer walks away. Lenny sits in Homer's seat, puts his  
feet on the console and starts eating donuts.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

As Lisa hangs up, Marge enters carrying a large old box.

MARGE

Here's the surprise I promised you.  
Take a guess.



LISA

(HANDLING BOX) Let's see... obviously  
not the original box... too light for  
metal of any sort... (SHAKING IT)  
sounds like fabric... and with that  
musty smell... must be some sort of  
blanket or comforter...

MARGE

(FLATLY) It's the Bouvier family  
quilt, Lisa. Surprise.

She spreads it out. The quilt has five applique patches within the floral border. The earliest is a human tobacco leaf wearing a crown, with the title "King Tobacco." The next is made of buffalo hide and shows a woman shooting a buffalo. A very different-looking patch done in beads and feathers shows Indian braves and a tepee; there are bullet holes in it. Another patch shows a paisley boy and a polka-dot girl waving to each other from opposite buildings, with the slogan "Separate But Equal" embroidered in flowing script.

LISA

Wow! Neat.

MARGE

Don't be fooled by me, Lisa. You  
really have some very exciting  
ancestors. Plantation owners,  
hunters... this is a 150-year old  
tobacco leaf. And this is genuine  
buffalo hide!

LISA

(POINTING TO INDIAN PATCH) This one's  
pretty!

MARGE

The quilt was traded to a Comanche warrior, but he returned it after his family contracted smallpox. (STICKS HER FINGER THROUGH BULLET HOLES) He tried to shoot your great-great-grandfather!

LISA

A piece of Americana in our home... I never guessed our family had an heirloom.

MARGE

Each generation of Bouvier women adds a square to the quilt. Now it's your turn.

LISA

But I don't know how to sew.

MARGE

Yes, you do. You just don't know it. The memory of a million drop-stitches flows in your veins. It's not something you can cash in on, but it will come in handy every time your husband splits his pants.

Reaching into her sewing drawer, Marge takes out a ripped pair of pants. She expertly bites off a length of thread, tosses a needle in the air and precisely flicks the thread through it. She catches the needle and, in the same motion, makes a stitch in the pants.

LISA

Wow!

MARGE

You try it.

Lisa botches every step, ultimately pricking herself with the needle.

LISA

Ow!

MARGE

You just need to develop a callous.

See?

Marge jabs her left index finger with a needle, hard. Then she jabs it really hard, but doesn't flinch. She picks up a lighter and holds a flame under it. She registers no pain, then shows a darkened callous to Lisa.

INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - EARLY EVENING

Homer walks past Miss Aitch's Frozen Jelly to Around the World News and takes out a piece of paper.

HOMER

Do you have a newspaper called

(READING) "The New York Times"?

The COUNTER MAN points to one side. Homer picks up a paper and squints at it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

You gotta be a VIP to understand all these words.

COUNTER MAN

I think you got the Spanish edition.

(LOOKS) No, that's the right one.

Three dollars.

Homer pays the man and leaves with the paper.

HOMER

(GRUMBLING) Three bucks! There better  
be a lot of news in this thing.

He passes a store called Simply Shoes And Athletic  
Equipment And Active Wear. We see a display of Assassins  
hightops in the window with the slogan "Join The  
Conspiracy."

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASPS) Assassins!

Homer looks over and sees the price tag next to the display  
of shoes.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASPS) A hundred and twenty-five  
bucks!

Suddenly, a vision of Flanders' head appears over his  
shoulder.

FLANDERS' HEAD

Sometimes you gotta spoil yourself...  
spoil yourself... spoil yourself.

HOMER

Oh, but Marge would kill me.

FLANDERS' HEAD

(THUNDEROUSLY) Simpson, I order you to  
buy those shoes!

HOMER

Okay, Flanders, you're the boss.

Homer goes into the shoe store.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - EVENING**

Lisa is in bed with a bowl of ice cream and a glass of milk on a tray. Marge is showing her the quilt. She points to a patch that has the classic "Love" logo from the Sixties on it.

MARGE

This one's mine. I wanted to do something that would shake this old quilt up.

Bart runs into the room. He drinks from Lisa's glass and eats out of her bowl with her spoon.

BART

Oh, darn. I've been exposed to the mumps.

Bart puffs out his cheeks between words, but they deflate when he speaks.

BART (CONT'D)

Now... I... have... them... too!

LISA

I haven't touched them yet, Bart.

Bart's cheeks deflate as he BLOWS out his breath in dismay. He hands Lisa some papers.

BART

Here's your stupid homework.

LISA

(LOOKING AT PAPERS) Ooh... phonics, functions, vocabulary, (PUZZLED) improper fractions? remedial reading? (FIGURING IT OUT) Do your own homework, Bart!

She hands Bart several papers back. Homer enters, wearing new sneakers. He hands Lisa the newspaper.

HOMER

Your newspaper, Madame.

Lisa opens the newspaper. The crossword puzzle has been attempted with a few words that don't fit, are misspelled or crossed out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I gave you a head start on the  
crossword puzzle.

LISA

Thanks, Dad.

She starts erassing Homer's work. Bart notices his Dad's new shoes.

BART

(AWED) Whoa! Assassins!

HOMER

Yep! Hee, hee.

We see Santa's Little Helper sniffing at his shoes.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't! Get away!

MARGE

What are these Assassin things?

BART

(AWED) Just the coolest sneakers in the  
world. Come on Dad, let's go out and be  
seen in public together.

MARGE

How much did these sneakers cost?

HOMER

They're surprisingly affordable.

BART

(AWED) A hundred and twenty five big ones!

MARGE

(GASPS)

HOMER

Bart!

MARGE

Homer!

She stares daggers at Homer.

HOMER

Marge honey, I know what you're thinking: Homer is stupid. But this time you're wrong.

MARGE

Homer, I thought we agreed to consult each other before any major purchases.

HOMER

Well, you bought all those smoke alarms and we haven't even had a single fire. Now, if you want me to take the shoes back, I'll take them back.

MARGE

Take them back.

HOMER

(DISTRAUGHT) I can't! I threw away the receipt.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

CLOSE UP ON TV SCREEN

The channels are rapidly changing, the tint alternating between green and red; the set flicks on and off.

WIDEN

to show Santa's Little Helper in the corner, chewing on the remote control. The dog looks to the side and notices something.

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV

as he sees Homer's sneakers on a shelf in a closet.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CLOSET

Santa's Little Helper scurries over but can't figure a way to reach the sneakers. He WHIMPERS. Just then, with some magical-sounding HARP NOTES, one of the shoelaces falls down. The dog grabs it, his mouth filling the screen.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Homer wanders downstairs and sees an insole lying on the floor.

HOMER

(SHRIEKS)

Homer picks it up as ominous MUSIC swells. Homer, with mounting horror, finds a shoe license plate, a velcro strap, then sees a shoe lace ominously extending around the wall. He goes around the corner and finds his shoes, absolutely torn to hell, dripping water on the floor. Mournful MUSIC plays over ever-tightening CLOSE-UPS between the sneakers and Homer's eyes.



**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

HOMER (V.O.)

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

The family is on the stairs, having heard the scream.  
Santa's Little Helper watches.

HOMER

Everybody in the kitchen. We're having  
a family meeting.

BART

A what?

HOMER

You heard me! A family meeting!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN**

The family sits around the table with the destroyed  
sneakers in front of them.

LISA

We never had a family meeting before.

HOMER

We've never had a problem with a family  
member we can give away before.

MARGE

Homer, what are you saying?

HOMER

I'm saying...

**ON SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER**

**SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV**

Homer, pointing to the dog and making a "You're Out" gesture, **BABBLES** incoherently. The family looks shocked; we hear a musical **STING**.

**FADE OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer now has a paper bag on the table.

LISA

Dad, you can't get rid of the dog just  
because he chewed up your shoes.

BART

(UNDER HIS BREATH) ...which you  
couldn't afford in the first place.

HOMER

I heard that!

MARGE

Homer, why don't we just send him to  
obedience school?

HOMER

Oh, come on, Marge. Four years of  
elementary school and he hasn't learned  
a damn thing!

MARGE

No, Homer, I mean the dog. There are  
lots of schools to choose from.

We see the yellow-page ads that Marge is looking at. The ad for the East Side Ruff-form School has a drawing of a canine juvenile delinquent in a leather jacket, smoking a cigarette. Professor Von Bowser's Sanitarium For Dogs shows a bug-eyed dog in a strait jacket. "We taught a dog to drive!", a subhead boasts. Dr. Marvin Monroe's Canine Therapy Institute has the slogan, "Your dog isn't the problem -- you are." The picture shows Dr. Monroe hitting a dog owner with a newspaper.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Ooh, this one looks prestigious.

Marge is looking at the ad for Emily Winthrop's Canine College, which shows a dog wearing a mortarboard and glasses.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. CANINE COLLEGE - DAY

An ivy-covered building with a large yard. Under a statue of a dog is a plaque reading, "LORD SMILEY. Valedictorian 1954." Below this is the motto "Pax ob Canis Tacitus."

INT. CANINE COLLEGE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the registration hall await several DOGS and their OWNERS. The owners fill out forms and AD LIB, "Quiet, boy", "Hey, knock it off", etc. as their dogs BARK and GROWL at each other. MARTIN PRINCE and his dog LAO-TZU, a heavily wrinkled Chinese Shar-Pei wearing a knit beret, approach.

MARTIN

Well hello, Bart. Meet Lao-tzu.

BART

Hey, Martin. What are you in for?

MARTIN

Oh, it's a very unpleasant story.

Let's just say that I did not pay 400  
dollars for a self-centered dog who  
strains on his lead.

EMILY WINTHROP, a British woman in her late fifties, enters and blows hard into a silent dog whistle. The dogs stop in mid-bark, their eyes bugging out. Emily collects the forms from the students, offering a tray of candies. She praises the students as one would praise a dog.

EMILY

What lovely handwriting! Have a  
toffee... Such a neat job. Have at  
them... Well done! How nice! This is  
for you!

She collects Bart's form. We see it is filled out in nearly illegible script. Emily's tone suddenly grows cold.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You weren't supposed to fill out  
section B. You see, "For office use  
only." You didn't read the  
instructions, did you?

BART

Sorry.

Bart reaches for a toffee, but Emily snatches away the tray.

EMILY

No! Now, if I could borrow...  
(SQUINTING AT FORM) Satan's Little  
Helper...

BART

Santa's Little Helper.

Emily makes a face, then leads Santa's Little Helper towards the middle of the room.

EMILY

Hmm. (ACIDLY) Well, if you've been  
giving your dog written instructions we  
already know the problem, don't we?

Bart blushes. The suck-up students LAUGH loudly at Emily's  
wit fit. Bart makes an ugly face at them.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Get bent, ya witch.

EMILY

(TO CLASS) Ladies and gentlemen, this  
is a dog. And this... is... rubbish!

She removes Santa's Little Helper's collar, holds it at  
arm's length and drops it in the trash.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Most of you already know that, with a little (SACCHARINE) love and compassion, any puppy will grow up to be a cuddly little bundle of joy. Stuff and nonsense, taught by charlatans and learned by witless fools! (MACHINE-GUN NURSERY RHYME CADENCE) An undisciplined dog is of use to no one and as often as not will end his days in a bloody heap on the side of the road or in the gas chamber after mauling a child and the only shame is that the twaddling wally who loved him so is not thrown in to boot! (CALM AGAIN) Let me tell you the two most important words you will ever hear in your life: choke chain.

Emily reaches into her desk, takes out a choke chain, fastens it around Santa's Little Helper's throat and attaches a leash.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You raise a dog the same way you would raise a child: with simple, authoritative commands... Lay down!

Santa's Little Helper does not lay down but licks Emily and wags his tail in a friendly way.

EMILY (CONT'D)

...followed by immediate correction...

She gives the chain a violent yank. Santa's Little Helper, caught completely unaware, COUGHS and falls over.

EMILY (CONT'D)

...and praise upon compliance. (TO  
SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER) What a clever  
boy! What a clever boy!

Martin raises his hand.

MARTIN

How can we tell if we're doing this  
maneuver effectively?

EMILY

The dog's eyes will cross and his  
tongue will protrude and change color  
ever so slightly.

BART

Is my dog dead, ma'am?

EMILY

You don't know how often I'm asked  
that. "Choke chain" is a misnomer.  
Trust me, they always are breathing.

She steps in front of a huge portrait of Lord Smiley  
sitting and shaking.



EMILY (CONT'D)

Students, the great Lord Smiley himself  
had to taste the ringlets more than  
once before coming to heel. If your  
dogs could talk, they would cry out,  
"Pull my chain with courage, Master!  
For only in this way may I become your  
steadfast servant!"

Santa's Little Helper COUGHS.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marge and Lisa are on the couch, quilting while they watch  
one of Marge's racy soap operas. Lisa is sewing very  
skillfully.

KELLY

(ON T.V.) Jack, I think the baby might  
be yours.

JACK

(ON T.V.) I'm sure it is. But I'd like  
to see you prove it.

KELLY

(ON T.V.) You treat me like dirt.

JACK

(ON T.V.) Because that's the way you  
love it.

Jack grabs Kelly and kisses her, hard. Kelly struggles,  
then surrenders and kisses back. Lisa is transfixed; Marge  
looks a little embarrassed.

LISA

Wow, Mom! Is it always this good?

**MARGE**

Oh, I don't know, I just dip in and out... it's just that today's a big day because Brandy came out of her coma and she knows where the phony prince's body is hidden... Well, this really isn't family viewing.

Marge and Lisa turn as they hear **BARKING** and **YOWLING**. Santa's Little Helper chases Snowball II into the room. The cat jumps up on the couch and **HISSES**.

**LISA**

Bad dog! (CALLS CAT WITH KISSING NOISES) Come here, girl! Come to Mommy! Snowball, say hi to Grandma.

Lisa holds the cat up to Marge's face.

**MARGE**

I am not the cat's grandmother, Lisa.

**LISA**

(TO DOG) Here, boy. Take my lollipop.

**SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER**

**SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV**

The dog looks at the lollipop Dr. Hibbert gave Lisa. The label reads "SUCKER". The sucker changes into a steaming roast turkey, and then back into a sucker.

**NEW ANGLE**

The dog runs off with the lollipop.

LISA (CONT'D)

Dad still wants to get rid of Santa's  
Little Helper, doesn't he? What will  
you do if the school doesn't help?

MARGE

(MURMURS) Watch your TV show, Lisa.

ON TV

a very disheveled priest staggers in.

KELLY

Father McGrath! I thought you were  
dead.

FATHER MCGRATH

I was!

EXT. CANINE COLLEGE - DAY

On the back lawn of the school the students perform a  
"heel" exercise in rigid formation. Santa's Little Helper  
keeps dragging Bart out of line. Bouncy **CLASSICAL MUSIC**  
plays from a portable stereo as Emily directs in a sing-  
songy voice.

EMILY

And right and stop and go and back --  
Mr. Prince, you are a prodigy! -- and  
left and -- (TO BART) You're not  
choking! You're not choking! I see a  
dog out of queue and I don't hear any  
gasping!

MONTAGE:

The drills look vaguely like a musical production number.

A. Bart makes the "sit" gesture to Santa's Little Helper, who doesn't move. Lao-tzu walks by, balancing a book on his head. A proud Martin gives his dog a treat from a can.

B. On the outside staircase, three rows of dogs sit, lay down and roll over with chorus-line precision. Santa's Little Helper ignores this and licks his stomach. Bart slumps in despair.

C. Bart pushes down on Santa's Little Helper's rear end, then sits on it. The dog won't sit down. Lao-tzu walks by on his hind legs.

D. A Busby Berkeley-like TRUCK down a line of dogs' butts as they sit down in sequence. At the end of the row is Santa's Little Helper, still standing. A cross Miss Winthrop yanks his choke chain.

E. The class is gathered around Bart, who is on his hands and knees, scrubbing the carpet. Santa's Little Helper stands nearby, looking embarrassed.

EMILY

There are two ways for a dog to relieve himself. One is like a faithful friend and partner for life. The other is like a swine in a barnyard. Mr. Simpson's dog has just demonstrated the second way. Thank you, Mr. Simpson. Most informative.

INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - AFTERNOON

A disconsolate Homer, wearing his torn-up sneakers, SPLATS past the stores. He approaches the newsstand, and pulls out a piece of paper.

HOMER

I'd like a (READING) "New York Times", please.

COUNTER MAN

That's three bucks.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT) I know, I know. Geez,  
three bucks for a newspaper that  
doesn't even have comics.

Homer notices he is standing near a cookie store. A WOMAN  
dressed like a Hula girl, stands in front. She has a tray  
with very small cookie samples.

HULA WOMAN

Would you like a free sample?

HOMER

The price is right.

Homer tries one.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Mmm. Macadamamia nuts.

He shovels them all into his mouth.

HULA WOMAN

If you'd like to buy some, they're a  
dollar each.

HOMER

Oh, that's your little plan! Get us  
addicted, then jack up the price!

(BEAT) Well, you win.

Homer goes in the cookie store.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING**

Homer with a large cookie in front of him, is writing a  
note.

HOMER

(READING) "This macadamia nut cookie  
is property of Homer J. Simpson. Hands  
off."

Homer tapes the note to the cookie. Santa's Little Helper  
enters.

**SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV**

as he stares at the cookie. We hear ominous "Friday The  
13th" type MUSIC. Homer doesn't see the dog. As Homer  
leaves, he places the cookie and the note in the jar.  
Santa's Little Helper jumps up, knocks over the jar, and  
lunges for the cookie.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Marge enters. We see Lisa with the quilt.

LISA

It's all done, Mom. Do you like it?

Lisa shows her finished quilt patch: an intricate battle  
scene done in floral patterns.

MARGE

That's very impressive, Lisa. What is  
it about?

LISA

I decided that, rather than commemorate the as-yet unformed culture of the 1990's, I would try to redress the wildly inaccurate history our family quilt embraces. These are teenage Mexican cadets, shot by invading American troops in 1847 at their training school on Chapultepec: "The Halls of Montezuma" that we like to sing so proudly about.

MARGE

Hmmm. Well, it's beautifully done.

LISA

Thanks, Mom. And look!

Lisa takes a pin, sticks it into her finger and registers no pain. We see she has developed the quilter's callous. Lisa and Marge touch fingers.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - EXT. LISA'S BEDROOM - HALLWAY**

**SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV**

as he approaches the bedroom. We hear ominous "Friday the 13th" type **MUSIC**. Lisa and Marge exit the bedroom. They are **LAUGHING** about something. The dog looks at them, then enters the bedroom. He lunges toward the quilt and moves in on the square that says "LOVE." **SFX: SNARLS**.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - EXT. LISA'S BEDROOM - HALLWAY**

Lisa and Marge are leading Homer into her bedroom.

MARGE

(PROUDLY) Come on, Homer. I want you to see what your sick little girl did.

Marge opens the door. We see Santa's Little Helper in the middle of the quilt which has been torn to shreds. Pieces of stuffing are still floating through the air. The dog has the buffalo patch in his mouth and wags his tail happily.

LISA/MARGE

(SCREAM)

MARGE

MY QUILT!

HOMER

(CALMLY) Now Marge, don't get upset.

It's not the end of the world. It's just a quilt. You can't get too attached to things...

Homer sees his note taped to a little crumb of his cookie.

HOMER (CONT'D)

MY COOKIE!

Homer starts SOBBING.

HOMER (CONT'D)

This is not happening! This is not happening!

ON SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV

Homer BABBLES incoherently and furiously.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

The solemn family is gathered around the table again. The pieces of the quilt are on the table; Homer holds a cookie shard in his hand.

HOMER

Then it's agreed. The dog must go.



MARGE

Homer, wait a minute. Shouldn't you  
get our opinion?

HOMER

Oh. All in favor of getting rid of the  
dog, raise your hand.

Homer raises his hand.

MARGE

Sorry, Bart.

Marge raises her hand. Lisa starts to raise her hand.

BART

Lisa, I'll kill you.

LISA

Someday you'll understand, Bart.

Lisa raises her hand. Santa's Little Helper starts to  
raise his paw.

BART

Not now, boy!

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING**

Milhouse rides his bike as he delivers the paper. He  
throws a Springfield Shopper, which lands on the Simpson's  
front step. Santa's Little Helper runs out and starts to  
tear the paper to shreds. We ZOOM IN on a piece of the  
paper. Under "Pets" there is a large photo of Santa's  
Little Helper with the headline, "Free to loving home."

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The Simpsons are eating breakfast. Marge is reading the shredded newspaper.

BART

But Dad, he's one of the family! He's  
my dog!

HOMER

He's my dog, too, and you don't see me  
blubbering, do you?

MARGE

Now, Homer, you certainly could have  
been more honest in the advertisement.

Underneath the photo in the ad is a sub-head reading,  
"'Better Than Lassie' -- Rudd Weatherwax." Among the other  
claims are, "Movie and TV credits include Old Yeller, Born  
Free, My Life As A Dog. Named Dog of Year 1988 by Dog  
Magazine. Says 'I love you' on command."

BART

But he's going to obedience school!  
He's learning to be a good dog.

HOMER

He's worse than ever.

BART

But classes aren't over yet. The  
finals are on Saturday. If he passes,  
can we keep him?

HOMER

No!

MARGE

Come on, Homer. That seems fair.

HOMER

(SPUTTERS) Fine. And if, or perhaps I should say when, he does not pass, he's outta here.

BART

Deal.

HOMER

Want to put five bucks on the side?

MARGE

That's enough, Homer.

BART

(TO DOG) We'll show him, boy.

**INT. CANINE COLLEGE - NIGHT**

The students do their drills separately. They are now divided into sections according to ability, from "Rin Tin Tins" to "Benjis" to "Totos". Bart and Santa's Little Helper are alone in the "Cujos" section. Bart is sitting and rolling over himself as a study aid.

BART

See boy, it's not so hard. Roll over... roll over... like this.

Emily walks up as Bart demonstrates again.

EMILY

Congratulations, young man. You've earned a toffee.

She tosses Bart a toffee, which he catches in his mouth.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Homer is talking on the phone.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Oh no, we'd never give him away, but, we're moving. (PAUSE) I guess we could take him with us, but, uh, since the children are allergic to him, well, you know... (PAUSE) Hear what? Oh, sure. C'mere, boy! Put that prowler down and come here! (PANTS INTO PHONE) Say it, boy! Say "I love you" for the nice man! (TRYING TO SOUND LIKE A GROANING DOG) I lub you. (IN HIS OWN VOICE) Good dog! Good dog! Isn't that amazing? Yes, any night is fine. See you soon. (HANGS UP) Wooooo!

**INT. CANINE COLLEGE - NIGHT**

Miss Winthrop watches over Bart and Santa's Little Helper.

BART

Please boy, sit! Please, please, please, please, please?

EMILY

(TO BART) Come on boy, you've got to intimidate him! Show him your command face! Let him know who's boss!

Bart makes a very stern face.

BART

(THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH) Sit!

Santa's Little Helper licks him happily.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A MOTHER, FATHER and TODDLER SON are talking to Homer. The son is pulling on the dog's tail.

FATHER

We've had very bad luck finding a dog  
that can get along with children.

The son pokes Santa's Little Helper with a pencil. The dog  
BARKS.

HOMER

Bad dog! Leave the little boy alone!

The son bites Santa's Little Helper. The dog YELPS.

INT. CANINE COLLEGE - NIGHT

We start CLOSE ON Santa's Little Helper's report card.  
Straight F's. Boxes are checked off next to: Inattentive,  
Speaks out of turn, Has difficulty grasping complex  
material, Comes to class ill- prepared.

BART (V.O.)

Straight F's! How dare you bring home  
a report card like this!

We WIDEN to reveal Bart and Santa's Little Helper sitting  
in the corner, both wearing dunce caps.

BART (CONT'D)

From now on... no more television.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An old woman in black, wearing dark tinted glasses, sits in  
shadow near a turned-off lamp.

OLD WOMAN

(NEAR WHISPER) I never leave my house.

I never turn my lights on, or entertain  
guests. I need a companion.

Santa's Little Helper tries to sniff the woman. She pushes  
him away.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

It must never lick me because I'm  
allergic to dog drool.

INT. CANINE COLLEGE - NIGHT

The students march in formation with Miss Winthrop  
alongside as a Gomer Pyle-esque Sousa march **PLAYS**. Miss  
Winthrop lectures, jabbing her finger, to a miserable-  
looking Bart.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A FARMER is inspecting Santa's Little Helper. He checks the  
dog's teeth, forces his eyes open too wide and squeezes his  
testicles. Bart looks very worried.

FARMER

He'd be very happy at my farm. You  
know, people think only mules can pull  
carts. Impatient people think that, but  
patient people know better.

HOMER

Well, he'll be failing his exam  
tomorrow. You can pick him up any time  
after that.

INT. CANINE COLLEGE - NIGHT

Bart scrubs the carpet again in an empty room. He finishes and walks with Santa's Little Helper down a dark, empty hallway to the open door of Miss Winthrop's office. The office is filled with bookcases, old photos and trophies. Emily, wearing reading glasses, is reading the latest JOCO, The Journal of Canine Obedience. Bart **KNOCKS** on the door and she looks up.

EMILY

All done, then?

BART

Yes, ma'am. Miss Winthrop... I have a problem and I think you're the only one who can help me.

Emily gestures to a chair. Bart seats himself. Santa's Little Helper jumps up into his lap.

BART (CONT'D)

Well, you see -- no, down boy! -- if my dog doesn't pass your final exam, I'm not gonna be able to keep him. And I think he might fail.

EMILY

You think he might fail? Tsk, tsk, tsk. Well, what would you have me do?

BART

Well, I was just thinking, that since you get paid either way, would it be a big deal to just let my dog pass?

EMILY

I see. Rubber stamp, thank you very much, next in line! Is that it?

BART

(BRIGHTENING) Yeah!

EMILY

Such vile shammy from our modern  
youth! Lord Smiley would (LIKE THE DOG  
COMMAND) roooolll over in his grave if  
he --

BART

(SNAPPING) Hey, I'm just trying to keep  
my dog and I don't give two fleas on a  
rat's butt about your dumb old Lord  
Smiley... (REALIZING HIS MISTAKE)  
ma'am.

Miss Winthrop stiffens as if stabbed.

EMILY

(FURIOUS WHISPER) Thank you, Bart. I do  
go on, sometimes, don't I?

BART

Maybe.



EMILY

(STARING INTO SPACE) Well, perhaps  
you're right, Bart. I cling to the old  
ways like a well-chewed shoe as the  
traditions I was weaned on are put to  
sleep or neutered, one by one. Perhaps  
Lord Smiley and I belong to another  
era, one where dogs didn't wear  
bandanas and catch frisbees and ride in  
the back of pickup trucks. (RESOLUTE  
AGAIN) But my time has not passed yet!  
I shall not turn out another college  
graduate who doesn't know how to sit!

BART

He'll sit, he'll sit. (TO DOG) Come on,  
boy. Sit! Sit!

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

He doesn't move.

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV

Bart BABBLES incoherently.

WIDE ANGLE

EMILY

Pull the chain!

BART

Huh?

EMILY

Correct the dog!

BART

I don't want to strangle my dog.

EMILY

PULL THE BLOODY CHAIN!

Bart pulls the chain halfheartedly. Santa's Little Helper WHIMPERS but doesn't move, giving Bart a hurt look. Bart lowers his head.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Entirely too late. In more ways than one. (REACHING INTO POCKET) Here is a dime. Call your mother and tell her there is considerable doubt about your dog remaining a Simpson.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa is sewing. Marge enters.

MARGE

What are you doing, dear?

LISA

Sewing a new quilt. You know, it's one thing to be a link in a chain. It's another to start one of your own.

MARGE

Aww.

LISA

This patch commemorates the destruction of the old quilt.

We see a patch which shows Santa's Little Helper ripping the old quilt to shreds.

MARGE

Well, you certainly captured the  
moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Bart looks to the sky.

BART

Okay, Lord. This is my final offer.  
If he sits this time, I promise to  
clean my room, shine Dad's shoes and  
give Lisa a goodnight kiss. (TO DOG)  
Now... sit!

The dog doesn't sit.

BART (CONT'D)

Phew. (TO DOG) Come on, boy, it's been  
three weeks! I learned to tie my  
shoelaces in three weeks. Sit sit sit  
sit sit!

Lisa approaches.

LISA

Bart, he's not gonna learn it now.  
Don't spend your last hours together  
tormenting him. Have some fun, frolic  
with him. (PICKS UP BALL) Go get it,  
boy!

Lisa throws the ball. Santa's Little Helper doesn't move.  
Lisa **SIGHS** and exits.

BART

(TO DOG) Boy, you are dumb.

Bart drags the dog to the ball and sticks it in his jaws.

Over MUSIC, we see Bart and Santa's Little Helper playing, running around, etc. Bart gets winded and sits down next to the dog.

BART AND SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

Bart is sitting under a tree. He is holding Santa's Little Helper's head in his hands.

BART (CONT'D)

I know you're not dumb. You just hate  
school, doncha, boy? That's no crime.

Santa's Little Helper licks Bart's face. Bart turns away.

BART (CONT'D)

(SNIFFLING) If only you'd learn how to  
sit...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Santa's Little Helper sits, but Bart doesn't see.

BART (CONT'D)

... you'd still be in the family.

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER'S POV

Bart BABBLES incoherently at first, but the distortion fades.

BART (CONT'D)

(BABBLING, THEN) ... lay down...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The dog lays down.

BART (CONT'D)

... or roll over...

BART (CONT'D)

... or roll over...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The dog rolls over.

BART (CONT'D)

... and speak...

The dog BARKS.

BART (CONT'D)

Shhhh!

Bart eyes pop wide open. We hear inspirational MUSIC. Bart looks over his shoulder at the dog, who is now standing and wagging his tail.

BART (CONT'D)

Speak.

The dog BARKS again. Afraid of pushing his luck, Bart waits a second, then speaks hopefully.

BART (CONT'D)

Sit.

The dog sits. MUSIC crescendos.

BART (CONT'D)

Shake!

The dog shakes.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. CANINE COLLEGE - DAY

Emily Winthrop shakes Santa's Little Helper's paw and sticks a diploma in his mouth.

EMILY

You son-of-a-bitch. Good show!

PULL BACK to reveal Canine College commencement ceremonies. The class, including the Simpsons in their Sunday clothes, **APPLAUDS** and **CHEERS**. Homer **CLAPS** slowly and grudgingly, then rapidly with growing enthusiasm. Emily tries to hide her tears. She goes down the row of dogs, addressing them.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Where'er you go from here, be you  
attacking burglars, sniffing dynamite  
or simply scratching yourself at the  
end of your chain, know always that you  
are all my dogs, and you are all good  
dogs. Good dogs!

The class **CHEERS** and throws their choke chains in the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

The class photo of the dogs. As the camera pans across the photo, we SUPER TITLES: "Sasha. Bitten by Rabid Raccoon," "Lao-tzu. Ran Away From Home," "Buddy. Missing In Action, Second Vietnam War," and finally, "Santa's Little Helper. Living with Simpsons, a retired Father of 52."

FADE OUT.

THE END