

Production No. 8F16

The Simpsons

"BART THE LOVER"

Written by

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Created by
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TABLE DRAFT

Date 7/25/91

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"BART THE LOVER"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....MARCIA WALLACE
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
MAUDE FLANDERS.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
ROD FLANDERS.....PAMELA HAYDEN
TODD FLANDERS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
HELEN LOVEJOY.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER
JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
CHUCK.....PAMELA HAYDEN
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA
APU.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MISS HOOVER.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
TEENAGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
FIRST GRADER.....PAMELA HAYDEN
YOUNGER GUY.....DAN CASTELLANETA

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DAD.....HARRY SHEARER
SERVICE MANAGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
AXEL.....HARRY SHEARER
LANDLORD.....DAN CASTELLANETA
TED CARPENTER.....HARRY SHEARER
MISTER AMAZING.....DAN CASTELLANETA
THE COBRA.....HARRY SHEARER
JAILBIRD.....DAN CASTELLANETA
GOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DEALER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER
ROMANTIC LOVER VOICE....HARRY SHEARER

BART THE LOVER

by

Jon Vitti

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

MRS. KRABAPPEL is showing a movie. A TEENAGER tries unsuccessfully to start his Ford Galaxie while his DAD watches.

TEENAGER

Hey, what gives?

DAD

You said you wanted to live in a world without zinc, Jimmy. Well, now your car has no battery.

TEENAGER

But I promised Betty I'd pick her up by six. I'd better give her a call.

DAD

(LAUGHS) Sorry Jimmy. Without zinc for the rotary mechanism, there are no telephones.

TEENAGER

Dear God, what have I done?

He takes out a gun and puts it to his temple. He pulls the trigger, but nothing happens.

DAD

Think again, Jimmy. You see, the firing pin in your gun was made of zinc.

TEENAGER

(BREAKING DOWN) Come back zinc! Come back...

DISSOLVE TO:

The teenager in bed, waking up.

TEENAGER

(MUTTERING) Come back... come back...
Oh, it was all a dream. Thank goodness I still live in a world of telephones... car batteries... hand guns...

The picture goes to a four way split screen with the teenager, a RINGING TELEPHONE, a CAR STARTING and a hand FIRING A GUN.

BACK TO SCENE

The shadow of a finger appears on the screen near the teenager's nose.

BART (V.O.)

Gross! He's picking his nose!

The CLASS LAUGHS; we see Bart is making the shadow. Mrs. Krabappel looks annoyed. The three o'clock bell RINGS and the kids head for the door as the movie continues onscreen.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

If anyone wants to learn more about zinc, they're welcome to stay...

The kids ignore her and run out of the classroom.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

We can talk about anything... (SHUTS
OFF PROJECTOR) I'll be giving out
hints for the test...

Everyone is gone. Mrs. Krabappel SIGHS, takes her coat and
leaves.

MONTAGE

Of Mrs. Krabappel's trip home.

A.) At the Qik-E-Mart, she buys three 64-ounce bottles of
diet cola and some soup.

APU

Ah, "Chef Lonely Hearts' Soup For
One."

We see the can of soup has a picture of a CHEF with a tear
running down his cheek.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

One scratch and win, Apu.

APU hands her a lottery ticket.

APU

Mrs. Krabappel, for eleven years my
valued mid-afternoon customer. Still
teaching?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Let's see.

She scratches off the ticket. No match.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

One more day at least.

B.) At the gas station, the SERVICE MANAGER sticks his
finger in the gas tank and tastes it.

SERVICE MANAGER

(WISEGUY VOICE) Bingo! Sugar in the gas tank. Your ex-husband strikes again.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Well, at least he remembered my birthday.

SERVICE MANAGER

Ouch. I recommend these new fuel filters. (POINTING TO DISPLAY CASE)
"Divorce-tested tough".

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

She walks up an outside stairway to the second floor of a private house. She enters her cramped apartment and feeds her CAT while listening to messages on her answering machine.

AXEL (V.O.)

Hi, this is Axel. I don't know if you remember me, but I was the stripping construction worker at the TestosterZone.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Oh God. Peach Schnapps, my downfall.

AXEL (V.O.)

You put your phone number down my g-string, along with a bunch of pennies --

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(GASPS) So that's where the UNICEF
money went!

She shuts off the machine. Her LANDLORD POUNDS on the
door.

LANDLORD (V.O.)

Hey, last night your "date" parked
his Trans Am in my spot.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Don't worry. He won't be back. (TO
HERSELF) He got what he wanted.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - AUDITORIUM

An assembly is in progress. PRINCIPAL SKINNER tries to get
the KIDS to settle down.

SKINNER

(CLEARS THROAT) This assembly will
come to order... order!

Bart makes a paper airplane out of a sheet of paper. It
flips, banks and zooms through the air. It circles Skinner
on stage unseen by him. The kids all LAUGH.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(PUZZLED) What? What's so funny?

(HE LOOKS DOWN) All zipped up...

The plane does a beautiful loop-de-loop and jams into TODD
FLANDERS' eye.

TODD

Ow! My eyeball!

The other kids LAUGH. Principal Skinner steps to the
podium and motions for silence.

SKINNER

People... people... Allllll right. I
can wait just as long as you.

(CROSSES HIS ARMS AND WAITS, THEN)

Knock it off!

The kids quiet down.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Boys and girls, let's welcome our
special guest, Ted Carpenter from the
Twirl King yo-yo company.

TED

Kids, when you grow up you can be
anything you want. A movie star, a
baseball player, or even a Twirl King
Champion!

The room goes dark. The PA system **BLASTS** "A Yo-Yo's Not A
Yo-Yo If It's Not A Twirl King", a disco song. The Twirl
King World Champions, **TEENAGE KIDS** wearing blue jumpsuits
with lightning bolts on them, enter one by one to the
childrens' **APPLAUSE**, performing tricks.

TED (CONT'D)

Mister Amazing!

One boy somersaults onto the stage, then releases a yo-yo
from each finger. The kids **OOH**.

TED (CONT'D)

Sparkle!

A **GIRL** World Champion, with a tinsel wig, roller skates
onto the stage. She does an "around the world" with a
light-up yo-yo in each hand. She wears another light-up
pair as earrings and tilts her head from side to side to
keep them going. The kids **AHH**.

LISA

(TO JANEY) She's beautiful!

JANEY nods.

TED

Zero Gravity!

A BOY moonwalks onto the stage and twirls his yo-yo upwards. It "sleeps" above his head. The kids go WHOA.

TED (CONT'D)

The Cobra!

A BOY does a slithery walk onto the stage, apparently without a yo-yo. He then flicks out his tongue and a yo-yo flies out of his mouth. It hovers on a horizontal line, then The Cobra pulls his tongue back and the yo-yo flies back in. The kids GASP.

BART

Those guys must be millionaires!

NELSON

I bet they get all kinds of girls!

At the back of the auditorium MISS HOOVER and Mrs. Krabappel are smoking under a "No Smoking" sign.

MISS HOOVER

I question the educational value of
this assembly.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Hey, it'll be one of their few
pleasant memories when they're
pumping gas for a living.

The lights are turned out as the World Champions twirl light-up yo-yo's to a sound-alike version of "The Age of Aquarius".

SOUND-ALIKES

This is the dawning of the Age of
Aquarius! Age of Aquarius! Aquarius!
Aquarius!

The World Champions dance in a strobe light as they work their yo-yos. Mister Amazing does the "robot" dance as he twirls a yo-yo. Zero Gravity flips on a trampoline. His body moves all over, but the yo-yos stay in exactly the same spot. As the song comes to an end the lights come on, Zero Gravity dismounts and the World Champions do a synchronized salute.

KIDS

(CHEER)

The World Champions stand in formation while Mister Amazing steps forward.

MISTER AMAZING

Now, for our next stunt, what do you
say we get your Principal up here!

The kids ROAR. In the audience we see the kids "high five" each other. One kid SLAPS his hands on his forehead in disbelief. This is the funniest thing that has ever happened. Mister Amazing pulls Skinner on stage and hands him a yo-yo. Skinner resists, but gives it a try.

SKINNER

Oh, I don't know, I'm no athlete...
Well, what do you know?... Upsy
daisy... (VICTORIOUS LAUGH) I'm
twirling a yo-yo! I love it!

MISTER AMAZING

Hey, gang! What do you say we make
Principal Skinner part of our
precision drill team?

The kids CHEER. The Twirl King World Champions form a circle around Skinner and start flinging yo-yos around him at the speed of light, barely missing his head.

SKINNER

(WORRIED) Mmm... careful now... that one grazed my ear...

MISTER AMAZING

Don't move. You could really get hurt.

The kids APPLAUD, totally won over.

BART

How much do those yo-yos cost?

MILHOUSE

I don't care!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - PLAYGROUND - A LITTLE LATER

The Twirl King Champions are packing up to leave. The kids are waving goodbye out of the windows. The Champions wave back.

KIDS

Good-bye! Bye! Bye!

TED CARPENTER calls from a doorway of the colorful Twirl King van.

TED

All right! Everyone in the van!

THE COBRA

What about lunch?

TED

You just loafed your way through lunch! Let's go.

The World Champions get in the back of the Twirl King van. They are incredibly cramped and unhappy, sitting on boxes of yo-yos. Ted **SLAMS** the door. The van **PULLS AWAY**, passing the playground, where kids play.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - PLAYGROUND

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

Everyone stands in place, twirling a yo-yo. We see a banner reading, "School Yo-Yo Contest: Friday!" Skinner passes a couple of kids playing kickball.

SKINNER

You there, no kickball on the yo-yo
diamond.

Nearby, NELSON lets his yo-yo go, but it dies at the end of the string.

CHUCK

(LISPING) That's your trick?

NELSON

No. Here's my trick!

Nelson swings the yo-yo like a mace and whips Chuck in the back. Nelson and his **WEASELS LAUGH**.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - PLAYGROUND

PAN OVER to Bart, who flings his yo-yo at the jungle gym. It wraps itself around a square of four bars, then sleeps in the middle. Bart gives the string a tiny tug, and the yo-yo instantly unwraps itself and comes back to his hand. The kids **GASP**.

ON SKINNER

Skinner walks by a **FIRST-GRADER** who slowly and carefully twirls his yo-yo up and down.

FIRST GRADER

Look at me, Principal Skinner! I'm
going to win the yo-yo contest!

SKINNER

(GOOD-NATURED CHUCKLE) No, you're
not, son. Bart Simpson's going to
win.

The first-grader looks disappointed.

INT. QUIK-E-MART - AFTERNOON

There is a big yo-yo display on the counter and a long line
of kids waiting to buy yo-yos.

APU

I'm sorry, I'm out of the Twirl
Kings. But these Quik-E-Mart brand
yo-yos are just as good if not
superior.

The kids run out.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HOMER sees Bart practicing with his yo-yo.

HOMER

Marge, come here.

MARGE joins him to see Bart SNAP the yo-yo down; it sleeps
with a loud WHIZZ. Bart touches the yo-yo to his sock; it
climbs up his leg, inside his pants, comes out the top of
his shirt, goes around his neck and spins in front of his
stomach.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TO MARGE) Can you believe it? One
of our kids has talent. As parents,
it's our duty to encourage this gift.

SFX: SAXOPHONE MUSIC

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey, Lisa, give us a break!

Homer **BANGS** on the ceiling with a broom handle. Lisa stops playing.

MARGE

Lisa has talent too.

HOMER

Not music! I'm talking about something that brings joy to people's hearts. Just think, pretty soon I'll be able to quit my job and live off the boy.

MARGE

What? Name me one person who's gotten rich by doing yo-yo tricks.

HOMER

(THINKS, THEN; ANNOYED GRUNT)

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - MORNING

The school bus pulls up. We see yo-yos being worked out of every window. **WORKMEN** are erecting a platform for the yo-yo contest.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Mrs. Krabappel is teaching the class.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

After two months at sea, the Pilgrims were running out of food and water...
Yes Nelson?

NELSON

Did they have any yo-yos?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(HEARD THIS BEFORE) No, they did not have yo-yos. When they landed at Plymouth rock they were greeted by the friendly Wampanoag Indians....

MILHOUSE

(RAISING HAND) Did the Indians have yo-yos?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SHARPLY) No, they did not have yo-yos. That's it. I am sick and tired of talking about yo-yos. From now on I will not accept any book reports, science projects, dioramas, or anything else on yo-yos or yo-yo related topics. Am I making myself clear?

BART

Yo. (CHUCKLES)

Mrs. Krabappel glowers at him and starts to write on the blackboard.

MILHOUSE

(LOUD WHISPER) Hey Bart, what trick are you gonna do in the contest?

BART

A little something I call Spanking The Monkey.

Bart start to yo-yo rapidly.

BART (CONT'D)

I build up a little steam, then...

Bart hurls the yo-yo behind his back. It SMASHES into the aquarium. Water and fish pour out. A horrified look comes over Bart's face. At the board an angry Mrs. Krabappel turns and sees Bart's yo-yo in the now broken aquarium. The string goes through the hole in the glass and is still tied to Bart's finger. Bart looks at Mrs. Krabappel.

BART (CONT'D)

I didn't do it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - A HALF HOUR LATER

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE is pushing a trash barrel with the broken aquarium sticking out of it.

WILLIE

Don't worry. I'll give your fish a proper burial.

He exits, then --

SFX: TOILET FLUSH

Mrs. Krabappel grimaces.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart, that's one month's detention.

BART

Mrs. Krabappel, we're all upset by the untimely deaths of Stinky and Wrinkles. But life goes on. So, if I could just have my yo-yo back...

She stares at him.

BART (CONT'D)

After all, the big contest is today.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

T. S.

She snatches the yo-yo away and puts it in the bottom drawer of her desk. The drawer is full of water pistols, cherry bombs and a copy of Playdude magazine headlined "Inside! Updike on the Martini".

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - AFTER SCHOOL

Mrs. Krabappel watches as Bart scrubs the desktops with a sponge. Bart looks out the window and sees the yo-yo contest going on. He furiously finishes scrubbing and runs up to Mrs. Krabappel.

BART

I scrubbed off all the bad words. I can't do anything about the carved-in ones.

Mrs. Krabappel hands him a screwdriver.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

You can turn them into nice words.

BART

(ANGUISHED MOAN)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Bart works on Nelson's desk. He finishes carving the top of the "O" into what is now the word "SOCK" in what is now the phrase "YOUR SOCK". Other words on the desk now include "SHOT", "BUCK" and "KISS MY LASS". Mrs. Krabappel leaves the room. Bart runs to her desk, goes through the drawers and pulls out his yo-yo. He checks out the window and slumps in dismay.

BART'S POV - SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

We see Ted Carpenter putting a crown on the inept first grader we saw earlier.

TED CARPENTER

I crown you Yo-yo King of Springfield
Elementary.

The other kids CHEER and carry him off on their shoulders.

BACK TO SCENE

BART

You'll pay for this, Krabappel. I
swear on the graves of Stinky and
Wrinkles!

Bart sadly returns his yo-yo to the teacher's desk.
Something in the drawer catches his eye and he takes it
out. It's a copy of Springfield Magazine opened to the
personal ad page. Circled is an ad:

BART (CONT'D)

(READING) Recently divorced fourth-
grade teacher wishes to meet man age
21-50. Object: save me. Write Edna
K, Box 402.

Below the magazine are letters from men addressed to box
402.

BART (CONT'D)

Hmmm.

Bart sits down and starts to write.

BART (V.O.)

Dear Box 402: I am a millionaire. I
am handsome. I want to get married
and you sound perfect. (CHUCKLES)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Homer and Marge are in the kitchen drinking hot cocoa. Through the window we can see it is really cold outside, with some light snow on the ground.

HOMER

Phew! Glad I'm not out there.

Through the window we see SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER shivering in the cold. He lets out a sad YIP and we see his breath cloud up.

MARGE

Maybe we should let the dog in.

HOMER

Marge, dogs love the outdoors! He's got his own fur coat and a protective layer of fat like this:

Homer holds his fingers several inches apart.

OUT THE WINDOW

We see Santa's Little Helper -- he's all bones and ribs. He walks over to his water bowl, which is frozen solid. He licks it and his tongue sticks to the ice. When he lifts his head, the bowl dangles from his tongue.

MARGE

Homer, I think he needs a dog house.

HOMER

Yeah, but what're ya gonna do?

MARGE

I'll bet we could buy a nice dog
house for fifty dollars.

HOMER

(SIGHS, THEN) Marge, you're a tool
of the dog house makers.

MARGE

I am not!

HOMER

Yes you are. You've been brainwashed
by all those dog house commercials on
TV. (BEAT) I know, I'll build him a
dog house.

MARGE

(WORRIED MURMUR) I don't know...

Marge pictures the dog house Homer would build -- a crude
misshapen, rickety dog house with lots of bent nails
sticking out. The dog lies in it, looking unhappy. A BIRD
gently lands on the house and the whole thing COLLAPSES.

HOMER

Don't worry, Marge. I just drew up a
little blueprint. What the mind can
conceive, man can achieve.

Homer holds up an extremely crude child's drawing of a dog
house with the "door" and "roof" labelled. There is a
chimney with smoke coming out.

MARGE

(WORRIED MURMUR)

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - MRS. KRABAPPEL'S ROOM - A
LITTLE LATER

Mrs. Krabappel sits at her desk. Bart continues to write his response to her personal ad.

BART

... and finally, Edna, I am enclosing
my picture.

Bart goes to the book carousel and picks out "NFL Stars of 1969". Bart surreptitiously RIPS out a picture of a man with a crew cut labelled, "Johnny Unitas".

BART (CONT'D)

Anxiously awaiting your reply...

Bart looks around, trying to find a name. He sees a series of pictures of the presidents and notices one of Woodrow Wilson.

BART (CONT'D)

... Woodrow. (CHUCKLES)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Homer, wearing an overcoat, is in the backyard starting to build the dog house. He is in the middle of SAWING a board lengthwise. It is a very crooked cut.

HOMER

Stupid lumber...

On the other side of the fence TODD, the younger Flanders' boy, is trying to spin a basketball on his finger, but is pretty inept at it. He stops to listen to Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Dammit! Son of a -- (MUFFLED
CURSES)

SFX: WOOD COLLAPSING

HOMER (CONT'D)

The hell with this!

INT. FLANDERS HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

The FLANDERS are all sitting down to dinner. The scene greatly resembles Norman Rockwell's "Thanksgiving Dinner".

NED FLANDERS

Fella came into the store today and asked for change for a dollar. Well sir, I gave him three quarters by mistake. Took me the whole afternoon to track him down.

MAUDE FLANDERS

Todd, would you like some mixed vegetables?

TODD FLANDERS

(CHEERFULLY) Hell no!

The rest of the family GASPS.

MAUDE FLANDERS

What did you say?

TODD FLANDERS

(CHEERFULLY) I said I don't want any damn vegetables.

The family looks stunned.

INT. REV. LOVEJOY'S HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

REV. LOVEJOY, in his clerical collar, has a fork full of pie a la mode that he's about to put in his mouth.

HELEN LOVEJOY

Ned Flanders is on the phone.

REV. LOVEJOY

(MOANS) If this is about that stupid
quarter again -- (TAKES RECEIVER)
Hello, Ned.

INTERCUT

NED FLANDERS

Sorry to bother you, Reverend
Lovejoy, but I'm in a tizzy. Our son
Todd just told us he didn't want to
eat his "damn vegetables."

REV. LOVEJOY

Well, you know kids and vegetables.
What was it, asparagus?

NED FLANDERS

No Reverend, the point is, he said a
bad word.

REV. LOVEJOY

Oh, oh right. (SIGHS) Kids usually
pick these things up from someplace.
Find out who's doing it and...

NED FLANDERS

Should I have him talk with you?

REV. LOVEJOY

No. I think you can handle it, Ned.

NED FLANDERS (V.O.)

Thanks Reverend, I really --

Rev. Lovejoy hangs up the phone and looks at his pie a la
mode, which has melted into a mess.

REV. LOVEJOY

Damn Flanders.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SHOT of Mrs. Krabappel's personal ad.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Mrs. Krabappel and Jasper sit at a table.

JASPER

What's eatin' you, woman? Your ad said you wanted a man. Well, you got yourself a humdinger.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

I don't know. I guess I expected something different from your photo.

She looks at the picture. It shows a YOUTHFUL JASPER circa 1940.

JASPER

Well, enough chit-chat. Whattaya say we head out to Inspiration Point and watch the "submarine races"? Heh, heh.

Jasper SPRAYS a little Binaca in his mouth.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

I really don't know.

JASPER

Don't let my age fool you. Just cause there's a little snow on the roof... I forget how the rest of that goes.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - EVENING

On screen the promo reads, in glistening neon letters, "Escape to the Magic of the Movies!". Silhouettes of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance by; the little tramp tips his hat. PULL OUT to show a rundown theater with popcorn all over the floor, ripped-open seats and sleeping patrons. A YOUNGER GUY has his arm around Mrs. Krabappel.

YOUNGER GUY

Whoa, so if you're 28, that means you were only 15 when you taught me!

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(UNCOMFORTABLE) You were always so good at math.

The guy squeezes her tight and tries to kiss her.

YOUNGER GUY

I'm even better at show and tell.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Timothy! Eyes front!

INT. FLANDERS' HOME - LIVING ROOM

Todd is watching "Gomer Pyle U.S.M.C." on TV.

GOMER (V.O.)

Gee, Sergeant Carter, I can't fix your jeep. But maybe this will make it up to you. (MELODIOUS SINGING VOICE) Galveston, oh Galveston...

NED FLANDERS

Ah, TV. Wholesome as ever.

Flanders holds up a list labelled, "Possible Bad Influences." He crosses out "Television". Also crossed out are "Bumper Stickers", "Comic Books", "Grandma", etc.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - MRS. KRABAPPEL'S ROOM - AFTER SCHOOL

Bart and Mrs. Krabappel are alone in detention. Bart finishes scraping gum off the bottom of the desks. He drops the last piece into a paper bag, brings the bag up front and empties it. Hundreds of pieces of dried gum CLATTER into the pail. Bart sees Mrs. Krabappel looking over letters responding to her personal ad.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(READING) "A lot to love"? Nice try fatso. "Self-employed"? Fraid not, dead-beat. (CHUCKLES)

BART

Care to share that with the rest of the class?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SHARPLY) Just going through my mail.

Mrs. Krabappel waits for Bart to sit back down and continues to read.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

(READING) "Latin lover"? Get your green card some other way.

INT. SPRINGFIELD CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTE

Mrs. Krabappel talks angrily on the phone to Otto's friend the JAILBIRD, who is behind bulletproof glass.

JAILBIRD

Okay, I admit it, I lied: I'm not really six feet tall. And I'm not really a bank president. I only killed one.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

I'm not going to wait forty-years-to-life for you.

JAILBIRD

That's the beauty part. You don't have to. Just fly a helicopter into the yard next Sunday at midnight --

Mrs. Krabappel hangs up the phone.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - DAY

Mrs. Krabappel sits in front of the AUDIENCE, very elegantly dressed. The OWNER of the comic book store sits next to her, EATING NACHOS.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

No, you said we were going "to a show". To me, that means the theater.

DEALER

Lighten up, will ya? I got us front-row seats.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, say hello to Baby Shasta!

WIDEN to show them in front of a giant water tank. A KILLER WHALE leaps out of the water, turns sideways and lands with a mighty SPLASH. The dealer's shirt and pants are splattered. Mrs. Krabappel is drenched.

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Mrs. Krabappel sadly walks in, still drenched. She picks up her mail from the floor and opens a letter.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(GASP) An orthodontist!

She opens an envelope with an orthodontist's return address and reads the letter.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

(READING) "If you're having trouble getting dates, maybe you need to get your teeth straightened."

She throws it in the garbage. Mrs. Krabappel opens Bart's letter and reads it.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

What a nice letter. (REACHES FOR PHOTO) Please be handsome, please be handsome.

ON PHOTO

We see the picture of Johnny Unitas.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (V.O.)

(SWOONING) Oh, Woodrow!

EXT. FLANDERS HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

ROD and Todd are playing with wooden blocks and Tonka trucks. Flanders observes, looking for bad influences.

ROD FLANDERS

At last we've built the mission.

TODD FLANDERS

Finally, the villagers have a place to pray.

NED FLANDERS

(CROSSING OFF LIST) Not his brother, that's for darn sure.

Suddenly, we hear Homer from behind the fence.

HOMER (V.O.)

Damn, piece of crap nails! Super
glue my butt!

Todd and Rod look up.

NED FLANDERS

(GASPS)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

One of the walls of the dog house is stuck to Homer's
jacket. He tries to shake it off.

HOMER

(MUTTERED CURSES)

Ned Flanders crosses over into the Simpsons' yard.

NED FLANDERS

Homer?

HOMER

(ROLLING EYES) What is it, Flanders?

NED FLANDERS

I'm afraid I have a bone to pick with
you.

With a GRUNT, Homer steps on the wood to pry it off his
jacket.

HOMER

Look, if this is about your camcorder

-- I lost it, okay?

NED FLANDERS

No, Homer, I came to talk to you
about your potty-mouth.

HOMER

What the hell are you talking about?

NED FLANDERS

Homer, all of us pull a few boners now and then... go off half-cocked and make asses of ourselves. So, I don't want to be hard on you... but I just wish you wouldn't curse in front of my boys.

HOMER

Oh come on now, Flanders, I don't complain about your, (SEARCHING) uh, your... moustache. Fine example for the kids, that is.

NED FLANDERS

What's wrong with my moustache?

HOMER

Makes you look like you've got something to hide. People are talking... lots of people.

NED FLANDERS

Well, we both learned something today. But let's give the sailor talk the old heave-ho, okay?

HOMER

Aye-aye! (FLANDERS EXITS) Admiral Butthead.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart is returning home after detention.

MARGE

How was detention today, dear?

BART

Not bad. I'm starting to get the hang of the floor waxer.

MARGE

You got a letter from the Springfield Magazine. (PUZZLED) The "Personals Department."

BART

All right! Looks like old Bart landed himself a Krabappel fish.

Bart grabs the envelope and runs to his room.

MARGE

(PUZZLED MURMUR)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bart smiles as he reads Mrs. Krabappel's letter.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (V.O.)

"I must admit I'm intrigued. You're not like the other men I've met."

BART

Yeah. I'm four-foot-two.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (V.O.)

"But I've had some bad experiences with these ads. So before we share a pitcher of margaritas, I'd like to learn more about you. Please write back soon. (SULRTY) I've enclosed a picture to hold your interest."

Bart pulls out a picture of Mrs. Krabappel in a black lace teddy.

BART

(GAGGING NOISES)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart enters as Marge gathers laundry.

BART

Hey Mom, did you save the love letters Dad sent you?

MARGE

Of course I saved them.

Marge reaches into the top drawer of her dresser.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Although actually there's only one. And it's more of a love postcard, from some brewery he visited.

Marge pulls out a post card with a red ribbon tied around it. The postcard shows "DUFF BREWERIES. CAPITAL CITY." Below it says, "See the World's Biggest Pull-Tab!" We see a smiling man standing next to a seven foot pull-tab. On the back of the postcard is Homer's scrawl.

HOMER (V.O.)

(TIPSY) Maybe it's the beer talking,
Marge, but you've got a butt that
won't quit. And it's not just me that
says that. They got those big chewy
pretzels here... (UNINTELLIGIBLE
MUMBLING)

The writing on the card trails into a scrawl.

BART

(GENUINELY MOVED) Wow, a side of dad
I've never seen.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lisa is PLAYING SCALES on her saxophone.

BART

Hey, Lis, a moment of your time.

Lisa puts down her saxophone to listen.

BART (CONT'D)

Let's say I wanted to talk to, or --
indulge me here -- even write a
letter to a girl. What would I talk
about?

LISA

Oooh! (TEASING) Could it be there's
a special someone you're not telling
me about?

BART

Oh, please.

LISA

(COY) Is it Terri?

BART

No.

LISA

Is it Sherri?

BART

(DISGUSTED) No! It's not for me.

(LYING) It's homework.

LISA

Sure it is. Hey Bart, let's do some homework. (KISSING NOISES)

BART

Lisa, you're so immature.

LISA

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm not mature enough for the great lover, Bart-anova!

(LAUGHS AND MAKES KISSING NOISES)

Bart GROWLS and leaves the room.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer picks up the Duff Brewery post card and looks at the picture on the front.

HOMER

Hey, I gotta visit there someday.

He sets it down and gets into bed with Marge.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey Marge, do you want to hear something funny? Flanders thinks I swear too much. (CHUCKLES, BEAT)
Marge, you're not laughing.

MARGE

Well, you know, he may have a point there.

HOMER

Well what a surprise. Marge sticks up for Flanders! Can we have one conversation where you don't bring up Flanders?

MARGE

Actually, Homer, you brought up --

HOMER

Look, we're past that. Marge, maybe I do curse a little, but that's the way God made me. From the first day I met you, I swore.

MARGE

Swore what?

HOMER

That's all. I swore. And I'm too old to stop now.

MARGE

No, you're not. When my father got out of the Navy, he used to curse a blue streak. It almost cost him his job as a baby photographer. So, my mom put a Swear Jar in the kitchen. Every time he said a bad word, he put in a quarter.

HOMER

All right, Marge, what the... heck...
(CHUCKLES) I'll do it.

Homer turns off the lights.

HOMER (V.O.)

Do I have to pay if I hit my hand with the hammer?

MARGE (V.O.)

Yes, Homer.

HOMER (V.O.)

What if I get hit by a car?

MARGE (V.O.)

No, Homer.

HOMER (V.O.)

How about when we're snuggling?

MARGE (V.O.)

Uh... that's okay.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - MRS. KRABAPPEL'S ROOM - AFTER SCHOOL

Again Bart and Mrs. Krabappel are alone in detention. Bart finishes wiping off a kid's desk, then goes over to Mrs. Krabappel's desk and starts wiping it with a rag. He resembles a sympathetic bartender.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SIGHS)

BART

Penny for your thoughts, Mrs. K.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

I was just thinking... ah, you wouldn't be interested.

BART

Try me. Sometimes it helps to talk.

Bart spits in her coffee mug and wipes it with his rag.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Well, I was just wishing I could meet a man who... likes the way I look first thing in the morning... laughs at my jokes... can fix my car...

(CATCHING HERSELF) Bart, I think that's good enough.

BART

You're the boss. You know, I think we just got a little closer.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

That's nice. (SHARPLY) Go clean the hamster cage.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bart is writing a love letter to Mrs. Krabappel.

BART (V.O.)

"Dear Edna: Your photo took my breath
away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - A FEW DAYS
LATER

Mrs. Krabappel sits in a bubble bath, reading the letter.
She looks happy.

ROMANTIC LOVER VOICE (V.O.)

"Yesterday morning, I put it up in my
garage to inspire me while I gapped
my spark plugs..."

Mrs. Krabappel leans her head back and slowly sinks down
into the water, swooning. Bubbles come up.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - AFTER
SCHOOL - A FEW DAYS LATER

Mrs. Krabappel is at her desk writing a reply to Bart's
letter.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (V.O.)

When I read your letters, I feel as
if you are right here watching me...

She looks up and sees Bart staring at her.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart! Eyes down.

BART

Yes, ma'am.

Bart looks down and resumes a letter he is writing to Mrs. Krabappel.

BART (V.O.)

"Edna, I can wait no longer for us to meet..."

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S APARTMENT - A FEW DAYS LATER

Mrs. Krabappel is adjusting her best evening gown in front of a mirror.

ROMANTIC LOVER VOICE (V.O.)

"Join me at the Gilded Truffle this Saturday at eight. Perhaps later we will smooch up a storm. Woodrow."

Mrs. Krabappel holds a toothbrush and debates whether or not to put it in her purse.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Oh, I'll just use his.

INT. GILDED TRUFFLE RESTAURANT - SATURDAY NIGHT

Mrs. Krabappel, sits at a table. She unhappily looks at her watch. Bart appears at the window behind her, LAUGHING. Suddenly, Mrs. Krabappel buries her face in her hands and starts to SOB. In the window, Bart's expression turns to one of guilty dismay, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

MONTAGE

Between scenes of Homer using bad language, we INTERCUT shots of Homer's hand putting quarters in a "Swear Jar", which rapidly fills up.

A.) INT. CHURCH - DAY

A hymn PLAYS. Homer looks bored. The collection plate comes around and Homer slips a bill in it, and passes it on.

BART

Homer, that was a twenty.

HOMER

(STARTING TO SWEAR) God d--

B.) INT. BOWLING ALLEY

Homer rolls a ball that looks like a strike. The five pin wobbles back and forth over the alley as if it's sure to go down. With his body language Homer tries to guide the pin down but it finally stands up in place.

HOMER

You f --

C.) EXT SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK YARD

Homer points to a rickety but finished dog house.

HOMER

What do ya think, Lisa?

LISA

How's the dog supposed to get in?

Homer looks at the doghouse and realizes he has forgotten to put in a door.

HOMER

The hell with this... (REALIZING HE
SWORE) Dammit! (REALIZING; ANNOYED
GRUNT)

We see the hand drop two quarters into the swear jar.

D.) EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Homer is lying happily in his hammock. Suddenly a beehive falls on his stomach. His eyes widen.

We see a puffy bee-stung hand dropping handfuls of quarters in the swear jar.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Bart is waxing the globe, beside him is a bottle labeled "Globe Wax" with a logo of a smiling globe wearing a top hat. At her desk, Mrs. Krabappel is holding the picture of Johnny Unitas and SIGHS sadly. Bart walks over.

BART

Hey, Mrs. K, whoever this guy is,
it's his loss.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart, if you learn one thing in my
class, let it be this. All men are
garbage.

BART

C'mon, there are plenty of good men
around.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SNORTS) Name one.

BART

What's wrong with Principal Skinner?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Oh, nothing... if he could ever spend
a weekend away from (MOCKING) his
mommy!

BART

What about Coach Fortner?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(MIMING DRINKING OUT OF A LIQUOR
BOTTLE WITH HER HAND) Glug, glug,
glug, glug...

BART

Wow! What about Groundskeeper
Willie?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

I'm not even gonna tell you what that
guy's into. You know Bart, you're
the only man who's treated me with
any decency. But if you don't mind,
I'd like to be alone.

Bart leaves. He turns and sees Mrs. Krabappel SOBBING.

BART

(GUILTY MOAN)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Homer is once again attempting to build a doghouse. He
rears back and accidentally brings the hammer down on his
finger.

HOMER

(CALMLY) Oh fudge, that's broken.

Homer turns to go in the house -- he steps on a nail that is protruding from a board. It goes right through his shoe.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CALMLY) Fiddle dee dee. That will require a tetanus shot. I'm not going to swear, but I am going to kick this doghouse down.

He starts kicking and GRUNTING. Marge and Lisa approach. Lisa pulls a wagon with a fancy doghouse on it.

LISA

Dad, this is not a commentary on your skills, but we bought you a new doghouse.

HOMER

Where'd you get the money?

MARGE

There was more than enough in the swear jar. (COY) And if you look inside the doghouse, there's a little surprise.

Maggie sticks her head out.

HOMER

(FLAT) Maggie. Oh. Cute.

MARGE

(PICKING UP MAGGIE) No, behind her.

Homer reaches in the doghouse and brings out a six-pack of beer in bottles.

HOMER

(GASPS) Beer! How did you know?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Marge, Lisa and Maggie sit on the floor. Maggie is covering her eyes, playing peek-a-boo.

MARGE

(PLAYFUL) Where's Maggie? Where's
Maggie?

Maggie uncovers her eyes.

MARGE (CONT'D)

There's Maggie!

Marge hugs her and BLOWS on her stomach, making a RASPBERRY NOISE. Bart walks in.

BART

Mom, do you have any letters from
guys who dumped you?

MARGE

No, why?

LISA

I knew it. (TEASING) Bart has a
girlfriend! Hey, who's stupid enough
to fall for you?

BART

Mrs. Krabappel.

Marge and Lisa look shocked.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bart's letter is on the table. Homer looks at the picture of her in her teddy.

HOMER

Bart, this is your teacher? I should start going to open house.

MARGE

Homer! Bart, you did a very cruel thing.

HOMER

That's right boy. You've got to go to your teacher and tell her the truth.

MARGE

No, Homer. That's the worst thing he could do.

HOMER

(MOANS) Oh, Marge. I only said it because I thought that's what you wanted to hear.

LISA

The truth would humiliate her, Dad. We have to find a way to let Mrs. Krabappel keep her dignity.

BART

Whoa! Hey! I am not gonna marry her.

MARGE

Maybe we should write her another letter. One that says good-bye but makes her feel special too.

HOMER

Okay, you've come to the right guy.

Love letters are my specialty.

Homer forcefully rips a piece of paper off a pad, getting a jagged shred.

MARGE

We'll all help.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Simpsons suggest lines for the letter. Marge writes down the accepted lines on a pad of paper.

LISA

"Though I'll be inoculating babies in
Kampuchea, my heart will always be
with you."

BART

That sucks. How 'bout, "Crocodiles
bit off my face."

MARGE

Bart, that's disgusting.

HOMER

Three simple words. I am gay.

MARGE

Homer, for the last time, I am not
putting that in. How about something
like, "Although we can not meet, we
will never be apart, for through your
letters you have become the finest
part of me."

HOMER

(SUSPICIOUS) Hey, that sounds pretty well-prepared! How much time do you spend thinking up goodbye letters?

LISA

What about, "And any time I hear the wind blow, it will whisper the name... (WHISPERS) Edna!"

HOMER

P.S. -- I am gay.

Marge and Lisa exchange a look.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Simpsons are gathered with their arms around each other's shoulders, smiling as they look at the letter.

MARGE

And we'll sign it, "Till we meet in heaven?"

LISA

"With a love that will echo through the ages?"

BART

"Catch ya on the flip side?"

HOMER

How about, "Forever yours?"

MARGE

(WRITING IT DOWN) Aw, that's sweet.

BART

Homer, you old honey dripper.

HOMER

(SWEETLY) Why you little...

He pats Bart on the head. Marge and Lisa share a smile.
The dog and cat lick each other.

EXT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mrs. Krabappel sits in a ratty old bathrobe eating "Krusty-olios" out of the can. Bart parks his bike in front of the building, unseen by her.

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S APARTMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

Mrs. Krabappel is now looking at her picture of Johnny Uritas when she hears the letter being SLID under the door. She runs to the door, but all she can see is the elongated shadow of a seemingly tall man with a crewcut running away.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Wait! Wait!

But he is gone. Mrs. Krabappel picks up the envelope and reads the letter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

ROMANTIC LOVER VOICE (V.O.)

... I am afraid if we were ever to meet, you would surely be disappointed. But in our letters we shared a perfect moment. It may be the last for me, but I'm sure it won't for you. Your beauty and charm has captured my heart and I will be... Forever yours. Woodrow.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(HAPPY SIGH)

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Krabappel is HUMMING happily as Bart unscrews the light fixtures and dumps the moths and bugs out.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart, I think you've learned your lesson. Here.

She tosses him his yo-yo. Bart grabs it out of the air.

BART

Well, the fad's over, but thanks.

Bart walks out of the classroom yo-yoing.

FADE OUT.

THE END