

'Jurassic Bark'

Written by Ben Allman (allmanben@hotmail.com)

Blackboard: I couldn't pull a better story out of my butt.

Couch Gag: The Simpsons run in and the TV has swapped positions with the couch. They all sit on top of the TV.

(Grampa is in the kitchen talking to himself)

Grampa: And that's how the digestive system was invented. Hey where's everybody? I'll ring Matlock, he'll know. (Picks up and dials the phone) Hello! Hello!

Woman: Hi there, sexy. Wanna chat?

Grampa: Are you Matlock?

Woman: I'm whoever you want me to be, baby!

Grampa: Ooooooh!

(Homer walks in in)

Homer: Dad! What are you using the phone for?

Grampa: Er, it's for you.

Homer: (takes phone) Yello.

Woman: Hiya big boy.

Homer: Who is this?

Woman: Anyone you want me to be. I know, I'm a naughty schoolgirl and need to be taught a lesson.

Homer: Go ask your parents. (puts phone down)

(We zoom to the other end of the phone line. It is Patty & Selma's apartment)

Selma: (puts down phone) Hung up.....again.

(Back in the kitchen of the Simpsons house)

Homer: Time for your pills, Dad.

Grampa: Ohhhhhhhhh, I don't want any pills. I'm fine. (drops to the floor twitching, then gets up) See?

Homer: Just take them.

Grampa: No.

(Homer opens a pill bottle and chases Grampa round the kitchen. Pills are spread everywhere. Grampa trips and knocks himself out. Homer pours the remaining pills into his Dad's mouth and drags him out of the back door, leaving him there.)

Homer: (walking into kitchen) Old people. I need some refreshment. (goes to fridge and opens it) Mmmmm....beer. Mmmmm.....root beer?!? Yuk! Mmmmm....milk. (he guzzles the milk spilling most of it on the floor)

Marge: (calling from upstairs) Homer, come to bed! It's 2 a.m.!

Homer: Sorry Marge, couldn't get rid of my inheritance, I meant Dad.

Grampa: (pops up from kitchen window) I heard that!

Homer: Aaaa! (runs out of the kitchen)

(Later that night in the kitchen. Santa's Little Helper laps up the milk Homer spilt and with it some of the pills. His eyes make a funny twitching and he howls)

(The TV room in the morning. There is a large crater in the floor. Homer walks in, wearing his pajamas.)
Homer: Oh my God! Oh my God! I forgot to go through Flanders' mail! (notices crater)
Oh hell.

(The kitchen. There is a large crater in the floor. Marge walks in, wearing her dressing gown.)
Marge: (notices hole) Holy Christmas!

(Bart's room. Bart wakes up and goes to look out of the window. He sees Santa's Little Helper finish digging a huge hole then collapse. Nelson walks past)
Nelson: Ha! Ha!

(Later in the kitchen. The whole family are standing round the crater with Santa's Little Helper.)
Homer: Why did you do this, boy?
Bart: I swear it wasn't me. I didn't do it. Nobody saw me do it. You can't prove anything.
Homer: No, boy, I was talking to the dog. Boy, you're in deep trouble.
Bart: Aah!
(Homer goes to strangle the dog)
Lisa: No! Wait Dad. What's that in the bottom of the hole?
(There is a skeleton inside. The family gasp.)
Lisa: Wow! It's a full fossilised dinosaur. Good boy!
Bart: Thanks.
Lisa: Not you. It seems unlikely that you would have done this. It's not like you.
Bart: I know, my skull isn't that big.
Lisa: No. I meant...oh forget it.
Bart: Forget what?
Lisa: That's the spirit.
Bart: What spirit?
Lisa: Never mind. Hey I gotta ring the Springfield Museum curator. (she goes to the phone and dials a number) Hello, Honey. You better come to my house quick, there's something you won't believe.

(Later in the kitchen. Lisa and Homer are watching Honey in the hole inspecting the skeleton)
Honey: Fantastic Fistodons! This skeleton is in even more better condition than the ones in the garden and living room! Those ones seemed awfully crushed.
Homer: That's because I kinda fell into both those holes.....twice. (he slips and falls into the crater landing on top of Honey and the dinosaur.) D'oh!
Honey: Mr. Simpson please get off, you're crushing me.
Homer: Sorry Sweetie.
Honey: Honey.
Homer: Oh. (he gets out of the hole with two bones on his head, so he resembles a stag)
Honey: Mr. Simpson, you look like a deer.

Homer: Why thank you, you're a bit of a dish too.

(Marge walks in)

Honey: O....K. In the condition that they are, the very most I can offer you is \$500 for each skeleton.

Homer: \$3000!! We're rich!

Lisa: Dad, there are only three dinosaurs.

Homer: Very good Lisa, now what comes after three?

Marge: Homer, I think what Lisa is trying to say is that we get \$1500, not \$3000, and we have to spend that money on repairing the damages that Santa's Little Helper caused while digging up these miracles.

Homer: Ohhhhhhhhh, I wanted to buy a monkey.

Marge: You've had one before, and you emotionally scarred him.

Homer: Oh yeah, those good times.

(On the TV, Kent Brockman is presenting 'My Two Cents'. The Simpsons are watching)

Brockman: The Simpson family are celebrating today (the Simpsons stare emotionless at the TV) when their loveable dog dug up three fossilised dinosaurs awarding them a cool \$1500.

Homer: Marge! We got \$1500 again. Twice in the same day. What luck!

Marge: No Homie, that's the same \$1500.

Homer: Oh.

Brockman: (continues) The dinosaurs proved to be the first of its kind and are now named the Simposaurus Rex, a distant cousin of Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Bart: Cool.

Brockman: But at the moment, Springfield has gone Simposaurus mad!

(We see different locations in Springfield. Moe's has a giant sign saying 'Simposaurus's Dad Drinks Here', The Android's Dungeon has 'Limited Edition Dinosaur Cards', the Kwik-E-Mart has dinosaur flavour Squishees and the school has 'Learning About Dinosaurs Day' with only Lisa there.)

(In the evening in the TV room. The family sit on the couch.)

Lisa: What a weekend!

Bart: Yeah!

Homer: And all because of our pet. (the cat stands up and goes to Homer) Not you! Go away!

Marge: Don't be horrible to the cat, Homer. Anyway, where is Santa's Little Helper?

Homer: Oh I rented him out to Cheif Wiggum for fifty bucks.

Lisa: Dad!

Marge: What on earth did you do that for Homer?

Homer: Well he gave me some money to let him borrow the dog for a night. I've got a waiting list of people wanting to have him for a night.

Marge: Oh Homer! You get the dog back in the morning and don't ever ever think about doing it again!

Homer: OK. D'oh!

Marge: What?

Homer: I thought about it.

(Next morning in the hall. The bell rings and Homer answers the door in his dressing gown. It is Chief Wiggum with Santa's Little Helper)

Wiggum: You're a crafty one Simpson. The dog seems to be on some sort of drugs enabling him to find fossils deep in the ground. But I'm not complaining, he made me \$2000 by digging up two Wiggasaurus. Here have 600 bucks and I'll keep him for one more night.

Homer: OK, what the hey. (shuts door and runs into the kitchen) Marge, Chief Wiggum gave me more money and he's keeping the dog for another night.

Marge: Homer! I told you not to!

Homer: Marge, it's \$600!

Marge: But-

Homer: Here, have a couple of hundred and go shopping. (gives Marge some money)

Marge: You think you can buy me off over this matter, don't you? You think you can just- well it worked, just be careful with our dog.

Homer: (thinking about money too much) Right, drink lots of egg nog.

Marge: Did you say- (shopping urge takes over) let's go shopping! Let's go shopping!

Whopee! (runs out of the front door with the money)

Homer: What a nice lady.

(Homer and Marge's bedroom at night. Marge and Homer are in bed. The phone rings and Homer picks it up)

Homer: Who are you and what are you calling for at this hour?

(In Wiggum's garden. Chief Wiggum is on the phone in his dressing gown.)

Wiggum: Simpson, it's 2 a.m. and there are no holes in my garden! Your mutt's drugs have worn off. So I'm letting him go right.....now. Bye-bye stupid mutt.

(Back in the bedroom)

Homer: Thank you, nut case. Now I have to get to sleep. (puts phone down)

Marge: Who was that?

Homer: Chief Wiggum. Says he's let our mutt go. But as long as our dog's alright, I'm not bothered.

Marge: Oh my God! Homer, a mutt is a dog!

Homer: I'm too tired to be bothered now.

(The living room in mid-morning. The family are sitting down)

Marge: You've got that clear, Homer. You go with Lisa and search the north of Springfield and I'll take the south with Bart.

Homer: OK. What are we doing, again?

Marge: You with Lisa, me with Bart.

Homer: No I meant, what are we doing in general? I'm not that stupid.

Marge: Searching for Santa's Little Helper.

Homer: Who's Santa's Little Helper?

Marge: Our dog!

Homer: Oh yeah! I get you now.....I think.

Lisa: How are we going to communicate?

Marge: With the mobile phone Homer mysteriously appeared with.

(In town, Ned is walking behind Hans Moleman who gets hit by a car.)

Ned: Oh no-diddly-iddly-o! At least I've got my mobile so I can summon an ambulance.
(reaches into his pocket and finds nothing).

(Back at the Simpsons house)

Homer: Heh heh heh!

(Marge and Bart are looking for Santa's Little Helper around Krustylu studios. Krusty walks up to them with some bodyguards.)

Krusty: Hey hey! What are you doing here? This is the Area 51 of showbusiness. No one can just walk in here.

Bart: Sure they can. Look. (he points to a sign at the entrance saying 'Come on in. Prying eyes welcome').

Krusty: Your point being?

Bart: I'm just looking for my dog.

Krusty: Yeah, and I'm just looking for celebrity autographs, but you don't find me snooping round some media studio.

Bart: But the sign said-

Krusty: Get out!

(Homer and Lisa are walking around the mall)

Homer: (goes up to a man) Have you seen my dog?

Man: Yes, yes I have. (gives him some money) Now take care of yourself. Don't worry, no dog's gonna hurt you.

Homer: Er, thanks.

Lisa: (calling from a shop) Dad!

Homer: (runs to shop) What is it?

(Lisa is standing in front of a television in an electrical shop. The news is on)

Newsreader: Nigel and Maria Jinna, two archaeologists, got a big leaving party today before their trip to Mongolia in search of fossilised dinosaurs. They left quickly to catch their plane at Springfield airport which leaves at 5 p.m.

Lisa: Dad! Look who Maria has on a rope. And its 4:45!

(On the TV, Maria holds Santa's Little Helper on a rope)

Homer: Oh my God! Oh my God! What do we do! What do we do! (he runs around the mall shouting)

Man: (shouting) Remember, the dog won't hurt you.

(Lisa runs to a pay phone, puts in money and dials)

(Marge and Bart are outside the Springfield Tar Pits, the mobile phone rings)

Marge: (picks it up) Hello Homer!

Lisa: No it's Lisa, Dad's run off somewhere, I'll find him! Just go to Springfield airport! Santa's Little Helper's at the airport.

Marge: Rightaway! (puts phone down) Quick, Bart!

(They run to the car and leap in)

(A short while later at the airport. Marge drives up and they both leap out of the car and into the airport)

Marge: (runs to doorway onto runway but a large guard blocks her way) Please, I have to get out there.

Guard: Lady, if I had a quarter for every person who has-
(they see Bart driving a luggage cart towards them)

Guard: No! Stop! (dives out of the way to let Bart onto the runway)

Bart: (sees Santa's Little Helper in a box on a conveyer belt going into an airplane)

Santa's Little Helper!

(He puts his foot down hard and goes straight for the back of the airplane. When he gets there he just manages to knock the box off releasing Santa's Little Helper. He jumps off the cart and dodges a few people to escape with his dog.)

(Later in the TV room. The family are petting Santa's Little Helper)

Homer: Arrrr! I love this dog!

Bart: Me too!

Homer: I believe Dr. Hibbert was next on the list.

Marge: Homer! I believe you must have learnt something from this escapade.

Homer: Yeah, put more dogs on drugs.

Marge: No! It's to not take your pets for granted.

Homer: Yeah whatever.

(Santa's Little Helper licks Homer)

Homer: Get off, stupid dog!