The Picture of Dorian Burns
a segment of:
The Simpsons Treehouse of Horror

Adapted by
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Based on:
the Simpsons
The Picture of Dorian Gray

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INT. SMITHER’S STUDIO - NIGHT

SUPER: "Victorian London"

The room is crammed full of art supplies and paintings.

LORD BOB, looking like Sideshow Bob, admires a painting resembling a handsome young Monty Burns.

The artist BASIL SMITHERS, resembling Waylon Smithers, sits.

LORD BOB
Perfect, simply perfect. I must meet him at once.

SMITHERS
Dorian Burns is too pure for this world, I can’t let you meet him. You’re too much of a ... ah ...

LORD BOB
Too much of a what, Basil?

Lord Bob advances upon Smithers and steps on a garden rake. It whacks him in the face. He shudders.

SMITHERS
Sorry, I must put that away.

A door opens and in glides DORIAN BURNS.

LORD BOB
Hello, dear beautiful boy. Life is beauty, beauty is life. All else is but a sideshow.

MR. BURNS
Interesting, do go on.

LORD BOB
Never deny your desires, embrace them! I can resist anything but temptation.

MR. BURNS
I know little of such matters. It could be fun to experiment, what’s the worst that could happen?

SMITHERS
Watch out, he is not what he seems.

MR. BURNS
Worry not, dear Smithers, I’m nearly 20! Alas, time is a wicked mistress who will slowly steal my good looks. Yet this painting will remain forever perfect. How I wish it were the other way around.

Thunder and lightning strike, and a small bust of Dorian falls off the mantelpiece and shatters into tiny pieces.

All three look at each other in surprise.

MR. BURNS (cont’d)
Hmmm ... that was auspicious. Maybe God himself was eavesdropping?

Smithers takes down the picture and gives it to Dorian.

MR. BURNS (cont’d)
The perfect gift, a picture of me!

INT. LORD BOB’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elegant furniture decorates the room. Dorian sits while two servants, resembling LENNY and CARL, stand.

In walk Lord Bob and his wife VICTORIA, looking like Edna Krabappel. She approaches Dorian and sniffs him cautiously.

VICTORIA
You don’t smell that bad.

Lord Bob looks at her with disgust.

LORD BOB
Once again, it’s Dorian with an O!
(to Dorian)
Hello, dear boy, where did you put the picture?

MR. BURNS
(Liverpudlian accent)
I hung it on me wall.

Lord Bob dismisses Victoria with a flourish. She leaves.

LORD BOB
Listen well, Dorian: never marry!

Lord Bob shudders.

MR. BURNS
I’m not even remotely tempted.

LORD BOB
Good.

MR. BURNS
’Tis more than enough being in love!

LORD BOB
Double plus ungood! Who is this bewitching floozy?

MR. BURNS
Sybil, a wonderful actress!

LORD BOB
There’s no such thing, she’s only pretending.

MR. BURNS
Come and see for yourself, she’s in Romeo and Juliet!

LORD BOB
Does Basil know?

Dorian stares at him blankly.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Sybil, early 20s, Rubenesque and pretty, plays Juliet, opposite RANIER WOLFCASTLE as Romeo.

Watching are Lord Bob, Dorian, town crier KENT BROCKMAN, MAYOR QUIMBY, and DR JULIUS HIBBERT and his wife.

Sybil trips on stage and nearly falls.

SYBIL
What’s in a name? That which we call a nose, by any other name would smell as feet!

Lord Bob and Dorian exchange horrified looks.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Amongst ropes and pulleys, Dorian spies a hairy Scotsman.

MR. BURNS
Is Sybil back here?

STAGEKEEPER WILLIE
Aye.

Dorian walks past him, round a corner, and bumps into Sybil.

SYBIL
Oh, my love! Why do I need to act any more? I don’t have to pretendo, I have my own Romeo at homeo!

MR. BURNS
Alas, fickle muse, exit stage left. Oh, well, easy come, easy go.

SYBIL
What does it matter? We have each other! Who, being loved, is poor? You are always close to my heart!

Sybil opens a locket around her neck with his photo.

MR. BURNS
Show’s over, I’m afraid, although I haven’t yet heard you sing. Yoink!

He tears off the locket, pockets it and leaves.

She bursts into tears.

He passes Willie again on the way out.

MR. BURNS
What’s your name, oh kilted one?

STAGEKEEPER WILLIE
Stagekeeper Willie. Willie Mac --

MR. BURNS
Stop, you can’t say that here!

Dorian runs off screaming.

STAGEKEEPER WILLIE
... Duff. From Edinburgh.

Willie sits down next to a small barrel, labeled MacDuff. He takes a flask from his sporran, fills it, and gulps it down.

INT. DORIAN’S STUDY - NIGHT

The messy room contains ancient books, a dusty desk, an old sled, and a black baseball cap inscribed "USS Ooral Sea".

Dorian admires his painting, which looks older and crueler.

MR. BURNS
Whoop-de-do! I behave badly and you take the fall. Excellent!

INT. DORIAN’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

At the breakfast table, Dorian eats eggs. A waiter stands by, looking like Manuel from Fawlty Towers.

Lord Bob enters.

MR. BURNS
I feel sorry about dumping Sybil. I’m going to make up with her, she really is a good sort.

LORD BOB
But she just killed herself!

MR. BURNS
Dead? Oh, what have I done? How can I ever live with myself?

MANUEL
Que?

MR. BURNS
On the other hand, she was getting a bit clingy. All’s well that ends.

LORD BOB
That’s my boy. Read this, it’ll tell you all you need to know.

Lord Bob gives Dorian a yellow book. The cover reads: the Dummies Guide to Debauchery.

MONTAGE - EVIL DORIAN

INTERCUT BETWEEN: montage images and Dorian’s picture, as it becomes more and more deformed and ugly.

-- Dorian pushes HANS MOLEMAN face first into a puddle.

-- in a bar Lord Bob hands Dorian a glass of champagne from a huge bottle held by MOE. BARNEY belches.

-- NELSON MUNTZ punches MILHOUSE. Dorian pushes Nelson aside and gives Milhouse a wedgie. Nelson points at him and says his catchphrase. Dorian laughs with delight.

-- Dorian and Lord Bob walk out of the Moulin Rouge surrounded by exotic dancers.

-- Dorian shares an enormous bong with OTTO, with Lord Bob passed out next to them.

-- Dorian plays cards for money with Lord Bob and others, including SNAKE and FAT TONY.

-- Dorian empties a bucket out of a second floor window onto HOMER, the village idiot, who emits an annoyed grunt.

-- Dorian shoots at an airship flying by, before a mighty wind blows it out of range. It is named ’Ned Zeppelin’, painted in Dutch colors, and piloted by NED FLANDERS.

INT. DORIAN’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "20 Years Later".

Smithers confronts Dorian.

SMITHERS
Are the rumors true?

MR. BURNS
Of course not! I mean, what rumors? I’ll prove it. Come up and see my ... diary. Yes, that’s it.

Basil follows Dorian upstairs.

SMITHERS
Mmmm ...

Dorian opens the door to the study, and they both enter.

INT. DORIAN’S STUDY - DAY

With a flourish, Dorian pulls the cover off the painting.

SMITHERS
Oh, my dear Lord!

Dorian turns away in shame.

SMITHERS (cont’d)
What have you done?

Dorian turns back to face Smithers.

MR. BURNS
Don’t you mean, what have you done?
This is all your fault!

Dorian extends a finger which moves along his desk a few inches above the surface.

MR. BURNS (cont’d)
Where’s my button? Confound it!

His finger comes to rest above a knife.

MR. BURNS
Hello! The blade of pain falls
mainly on the pain ... ter.

He carefully lifts it and advances on Smithers.

Silhouetted against the wall, Dorian raises the knife high above his head and stabs Smithers repeatedly.

SMITHERS
Noooooooo!

INT. DORIAN’S STUDY - NIGHT

Dorian inspects the hideous painting.

MR. BURNS
Hello, my precious. I don’t need
you anymore, I’ve become
invincible! You’re just evidence
waiting to happen!

He grabs the bloody knife, and approaches the painting.

INT. DORIAN’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lenny stands behind Carl and rubs his back. Carl moans.

A Wilhelm scream rings out and they both rush upstairs.

They try the door to the study. It is locked.

LENNY
Quick, call the police!

CARL
The police! The police!

The front door opens and in rushes an overweight policeman, closely resembling CHIEF WIGGUM.

CHIEF WIGGUM
Out of the way, boys, this is a job for the professionals.

He waddles up the stairs and trips over the top one. On his knees, panting heavily, he picks up a key from the floor.

CHIEF WIGGUM (cont'd)
If I'm not mistaken ...

He puts the key into the door lock and turns: it opens.

A crowd scrambles inside and gasps loudly.

LENNY
What a beautiful portrait!

CARL
It's captured the master perfectly!

The painting has returned to its initial beauty.

They turn to see a corpse on the floor, resembling the normal ancient and decrepit Mr. Burns, stabbed in the heart.

Everyone shrieks in horror.

Dr Hibbert kneels, puts down his medical bag, and checks the body for a pulse.

DR HIBBERT
I'm afraid this man is ... hideous!

He chuckles halfheartedly as he checks for identification. One finger on a hand wears a ring with a fuzzy image.

DR HIBBERT (cont'd)
Just as I suspected, it's Professor Moriarty.

FADE OUT.