

MOANING LISA

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**INT. SIMPSON BATHROOM - MORNING**

LISA stands at the mirror, motionless. She sadly stares at her reflection. A clock **TICKS** loudly, O.S. It is an Ingmar Bergman moment. Lisa **SIGHS**. Suddenly, there is a loud **BANGING** at the door, which buckles slightly.  
**SFX: BANG BANG BANG**

HOMER (V.O.)

(ANGRILY) Lisa, Lisa, are you still in there? What's the problem? Did you fall in? (CHUCKLE) Lisa!

LISA

(SIGHS)

**EXT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

HOMER stands in his ZFL Football pajamas, outside the door, as Lisa silently exits past him. Suddenly, BART zips by Homer into the bathroom.

BART

Sorry, Dad. Women and children first.

Bart **SLAMS** the door behind him. Homer starts **BANGING** on it.

HOMER

Wha - th...

BART (V.O.)

(CHUCKLES)

Homer starts **BANGING** his fists against the bathroom door. Lisa shakes her head and silently exits out of frame.

**INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER**

CLOSE UP of Lisa, staring ahead blankly. PULL BACK to see she is sitting in the eye of the Simpson hurricane. Homer tears up the kitchen like a madman -- **SLAMMING** open cabinets, checking under the toaster, picking up Maggie out of her highchair and checking under her, etc. Bart tags along, enjoying the spectacle, eating cereal from a bowl. **MARGE HUMS** while she makes their lunches.

HOMER

Where the hell are my keys? Who stole my keys? Come on, I'm late for work.

MARGE

Oh Homer, you'd lose your head if it weren't securely fastened to your neck.

Homer **GROANS** in frustration.

BART

Did you check the den?

HOMER

The den! Great idea!

Homer tears off into the den. Bart follows him, strolling casually, carrying the bowl of cereal.

**INT. DEN**

Homer rummaging through couch, tossing cushions. We see lots of old junk, but not the keys.

BART

(EATING) Warm... no, cold... colder...  
Ice cold.

HOMER

Do you know where my keys are?

BART

No. I'm talking about your breakfast.  
(LAUGHS).

Homer **GROWLS** and advances on Bart ominously.

BART

Did you try the rumpus room?

HOMER

Rumpus room. Great idea!

Homer tears out of den toward the rumpus room. Bart follows with his cereal.

**INT. FOYER**

Lisa crosses and opens the front door, revealing a set of keys still in the lock.

LISA

Oh Dad...

Lisa points to the keys in the lock.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GROANS)

Bart and Maggie **APPLAUD**.

LISA

(WEARY) Here.

Lisa hands Homer the keys. Marge walks into the fray, **HUMMING**, carrying three bag lunches but only two cupcakes.

MARGE

I'm sorry, everybody. I don't know how to break this to you all, but I've only got two cupcakes for the three of you.

BART

Well, Mom, one of us has scarfed down more than enough cupcakes over the past three decades to keep him...

HOMER

Bart!

LISA

Just take mine. A simple cupcake will bring me no pleasure.

Bart and Homer give each other high fives.

BART

Yeah!

HOMER

All right. Hey, hey!

MARGE

Thank you, Lisa. Just for being so nice, I'll give you an extra celery stick.

Lisa **SIGHS**. Marge hands out the lunches.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. STREET - MORNING**

MRS. GROSS, the grumpy school crossing guard, sits in a chair at the corner across from school. She turns to see a bunch of **KIDS** staring at her, including Lisa and Bart.

MRS. GROSS

What is it?

BART

We want to cross the street. ma'am.

MRS. GROSS

So cross the street! What do you want  
me to do -- hold your hand?

LISA

Mrs. Gross, there's a bunch of cars  
coming right this way.

MRS. GROSS

Don't tell me how to do my job. All  
right. Just scoot, okay, just scoot!

She **WHAPS** Lisa on the behind with her Stop sign. The children all cross the street as a bunch of cars race through the intersection. Cars **SCREECH** to a halt and swerve to avoid kids. **SFX: HORN HONKING, SCREECHING TIRES.** The children race across, dodging traffic, and come to rest on the opposite corner **GASPING** for breath. The kids happily hug and shake hands and **AD LIB:** "Yeah", "We made it".

KIDS

(HAPPILY) Whew! We made it!

BART

We're safe!

LISA

(SOMBERLY) Oh, Bart. Are any of us  
ever truly safe?

BART

Huh?

She walks off.

**INT. MUSIC CLASS - A LITTLE LATER**

Lisa sits, holding her baritone sax, with the rest of the school orchestra. The prissy music teacher, MR. LARGO, leads them.

MR. LARGO

All right, class, from the top. One  
and two and... three and four.

The **ORCHESTRA BEGINS** an off-key, plodding rendition of "My Country 'Tis of Thee". Mr. Largo conducts.

The **ORCHESTRA SLOGS** through the next two lines of the song. Then at the break after "Of Thee I Sing," Lisa cuts loose with an improvised jazz solo. **MUSIC: IMPRESSIVE BARITONE SAX SOLO.** The rest of the orchestra falls silent and stares at her.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Lisa...

Lisa keeps **PLAYING**, in a rapture.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Lisa Simpson!

Lisa stops playing.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Lisa, there's no room for crazy bebop  
in "My Country 'Tis Of Thee."

LISA

But, Mr. Largo, that's what my  
country's all about.

MR. LARGO

What?

LISA

I'm wailing out for the homeless family living out of its car. The Iowa farmer whose land has been taken away by unfeeling bureaucrats. The West Virginia coal miner, coughing up his...

MR. LARGO

Well, that's all fine and good, but Lisa, none of those unpleasant people are going to be at the recital next week.

Lisa looks embarrassed.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Now, class. From the top. Five, six, seven...

The class begins its FEEBLE RENDITION of "My Country 'Tis Of Thee" from the top. Lisa looks miserable.

INT. LUNCHROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The CHILDREN are eating. Lisa sits at a table with her friend JANEY, and several other GIRLS. Lisa does not eat but grimly surveys the scene around her.

LISA

Every day at noon a bell rings and they herd us in here for feeding time. And we sit around like cattle, chewing our cuds, dreading the inevitable...

Across the lunchroom, Bart stands up.

BART

(HOLLERING HAPPILY) Food fight!

The lunchroom erupts in a huge food fight. Kids **AD LIB**:  
"Bull's-eye," "Gotcha," "Gross," "Yuck," "Who did that?"  
"Gimme that gelatin," "Not with my pudding, you don't.."

JANEY

C'mon, Lis, what are you waiting for?

Chuck that spaghetti!

A huge glob of mashed potatoes **HITS** Lisa in the face. **SFX**:  
FWOP. Lisa wipes mashed potatoes away sadly.

**INT. EXERCISE ROOM - LATER THAT DAY**

Lisa and the other girls are in gym suits. Several of the girls hold large rubber balls. The gym teacher, **MISS BARR**, addresses them. She **BLOWS** her **WHISTLE**. All the girls but Lisa start throwing balls at each other in a heated game of Dodge Ball. Everyone is dodging but Lisa, who stands, nearly catatonic. She gets hit with one ball after another, and finally by several balls at once. Miss Barr **BLOWS** the **WHISTLE** and the game abruptly stops.

**MISS BARR**

Lisa, we are playing dodge ball here.

The object of the game is to avoid the ball by weaving or ducking out of its path.

**LISA**

In other words, to dodge the ball.

**MISS BARR**

Listen, Missy, just tell me why you weren't getting out of the way of those balls.

**LISA**

I'm too sad.

MISS BARR

Too sad to play dodge ball? That's  
ridiculous. Now, let's see some  
enthusiasm! Play ball!

Kids **YELL** with enthusiasm. Miss Barr **BLOWS** her **WHISTLE**.  
Fifty balls come flying at Lisa. She does not move and is  
pounded by dozens of balls.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart and Homer sit at the TV, about to play a Nintendo-  
style video boxing game. SFX: **TINNY VIDEO GAME THEME**.

HOMER

Come on, come on. Let's go.

BART

In the red trunks, with a record of  
forty-eight wins and no losses, the  
undisputed champ of this house,  
Battling Bart Simpson. (WHISTLES)  
Whoopee! Whoo! Whoo! And in the  
lavender trunks, with a record of zero  
wins and forty-eight defeats -- oh,  
correction, humiliating defeats -- all  
of them by knockout...

HOMER

(QUIET DIGNITY) Must you do this every  
time?

BART

...Homer "The Human Punching Bag"  
Simpson. Boo! Boo! Hiss!

The game begins. Bart plays with cool aplomb, while Homer plays in a frenzy. The BOXERS meet in the middle of the screen. Bart knocks Homer's Little Boxer down with one PUNCH. SFX: VIDEO GAME "OOF."

HOMER

Get up (GRUNT) Wait a minute.

Don't...Wait.

BART

And Homer is down! (LAUGHS)

HOMER

That wasn't supposed to happen.

BART

Three seconds, folks -- a new record!

HOMER

Oh no! I'm not down, I'm -- Get up,  
you! Get up! Come on.

Homer's Little Boxer gets up, his eye swollen shut. The intensity and gore of the fight is reminiscent of Raging Bull.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay. Here we go.

BART

Yo, chump, you back again?

Bart flattens Homer's Little Boxer with one PUNCH again. SFX: "OOF". Bart gives a triumphant CHUCKLE. Homer's Little Boxer gets up, dazed and wobbling. Both of his eyes are swollen shut. Homer GROANS. AD LIBS: "Oooh". "Stop". "What's wrong with this thing?" "Hey."

Bart's Little Boxer pushes Homer's boxer against the ropes and starts to throw a flurry of viscious PUNCHES. Blood sprays from Homer's eyes. Marge and Lisa enter the room, as Homer's Little Boxer struggles to his feet. He's a mess, with animated blood trickling from his nose.

HOMER

(GRUNT) Get out of the way. How come he's not ducking. Ugh! Wait a minute, I can't get my... Get out of the way, stupid.

MARGE

Homer?

HOMER

(CONCENTRATING) Not now, Marge.

Bart's Little Boxer is **PUMMELING** Homer's Little Boxer's head like a punching bag. The head vibrates back and forth on its skinny neck.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ohhh...get out of the corner.

MARGE

But they sent a note from school.

Marge holds out note for Homer to read.

HOMER

(CONCENTRATING) What did you do this time, you little hoodlum? Oop. Get out of the way. Ugh!

BART

I didn't do it. Nobody saw me do it. There's no way they can prove anything.

MARGE

No, Bart. This note isn't about you.

BART

It isn't? There must be some mistake.

Bart takes note and reads it, holding it in one hand, as he casually continues the **BEATING** of Homer with the other.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, you're right. This note's about

Lisa.

Homer looks up, shocked.

HOMER

Lisa?

Bart's Little Boxer gives Homer's Little Boxer one last **WALLOP**. Homer's Little Boxer's head goes flying off, as the body keels over. The head rolls to a stop, grotesquely resting in front of the screen. **SFX: VIDEO GAME RENDITION OF "TAPS."** Bart **CHUCKLES**.

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The family watches as Homer reads Lisa's note from school.

HOMER

(READING) "Lisa refuses to play dodge  
ball because she is sad." (PAUSE)  
Now, Lisa, tell me the truth. Why  
wouldn't you play dodge ball?

LISA

Because I was sad.

HOMER

Well, cheer up!

MARGE

Homer, I don't think that's going to  
work.

HOMER

Well, she doesn't look sad. (PEERING  
CLOSELY AT LISA) I don't see any tears  
in her eyes.

LISA

It's not that kind of sad. I'm sorry,  
Dad, but you wouldn't understand.

HOMER

Oh, sure I would, Princess. I have  
feelings too. You know, like "my  
stomach hurts," or "I'm going crazy."  
Why don't you climb up on Daddy's knee  
and tell him all about it?

Lisa climbs on Homer's knee and looks him deep in the eyes.

LISA

I'm just wondering what's the point?  
Would it make any difference at all if  
I never existed? How can we sleep at  
night when there's so much suffering in  
the world?

Homer stares blankly.

HOMER

Well... eh. Er...

Desperate, Homer starts bouncing Lisa on his knee.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Come on, Lisa... ride the Homer horsey.  
Giddiyap! Whee! Hi, ho, Lisa.

(CHUCKLES)

He stops and examines her hopefully. Lisa is still sad.

MARGE

Lisa, Honey, why don't we go upstairs  
and I'll draw you a nice hot bath?  
That helps me when I feel sad.

LISA

Sorry, Dad. I know you mean well.  
She gives him a kiss and climbs off his knee.

HOMER

(TO LISA) Thanks for knowing I mean  
well.

Lisa and Marge exit. Homer looks shocked.

BART

Gee, Homer. Looks like you got  
yourself a real problem on your hands.  
You better do something.

HOMER

You're right. Bart, vacuum this floor!

BART

Hey man, I didn't do anything wrong.

HOMER

In times of trouble, you got to go with  
what you know. Now hop to it, boy!

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Bart angrily struggles with an upright vacuum cleaner that  
is taller than he is. Maggie sits on the couch watching.

BART

(GRUMBLES) Stupid Homer... (MUMBLES)

Thinks he's so big... .Homer...

Homer... Homer.

Bart vacuums carelessly, sucking up everything in his path: a bedroom slipper, a ball of yarn which quickly unravels, some jacks which **CLATTER** up the vacuum tube, etc. With each push, Bart **SLAMS** the vacuum into the wall, cracking the paint at the baseboard.

Bart **JAMS** the vacuum under the end table and a deck of cards falls off the table, scattering on the floor. Bart looks around, then noisily vacuums up the cards, which quickly fly into the tube one at a time. **SFX: FWAP FWAP FWAP FWAP FWAP**. Lisa enters, wrapped in a towel and brushing her (wet) hair.

BART

(MAD) Enjoy your bath?

LISA

No. Not really.

BART

(SARCASTIC) Oh. Too bad. Well I certainly had fun vacuuming. Maybe now I'll get the pleasure of scrubbing your tub.

LISA

(TO MAGGIE) So typical of Bart. All he thinks about is himself.

BART

Hey, don't say stuff like that about me to Maggie. She's on my side anyway.

LISA

Is not.

BART

Is too.

LISA

Is not.

BART

Is too.

LISA

Is not.

BART

Is too. Watch, I'll prove it. Maggie,  
come to the one you love best.

Maggie hops off the couch and crawls towards Bart.

LISA

(DRAGGED INTO IT) No, Maggie!

(BECKONING) Come here, girl. Come to  
me.

Maggie starts to veer towards Lisa.

**P.O.V. - MAGGIE**

It is the **LOW-ANGLE FISH-EYE** perspective of a baby. She  
turns to Bart, his beckoning fingers filling the  
foreground.

BART

Come on, Maggie. The choice is  
obvious.

**P.O.V. - LISA**

LISA

No, Maggie, don't go for the glitter.  
Look for substance.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Maggie zig-zags between the beckoning Lisa and Bart.

LISA (CONT'D)

Maggie, just go to the one you love  
most.

Maggie heads straight between Lisa and Bart, for the TV behind them. She switches it on and **SUCKS** happily.  
**SFX: CARTOON MUSIC.** On screen, **SCRATCHY**, a cartoon cat, is strapped in an electric chair. **ITCHY**, a mouse, throws the switch and the cat fries gruesomely.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT**

**CLOSEUP - TELEVISION SCREEN**

Another video boxing match is taking place, with Bart's Little Boxer **PUMMELING** Homer's Little Boxer, who is already battered and bleeding.

HOMER

Oh no, come on! Don't let that boy --  
get out of the...Oh no, not again!  
Don't Don't. Don't. Geat, get over.  
Oh geeze.

**CUT WIDER** to see Homer straining and gyrating and going berserk as Bart stifles a yawn. Suddenly, Bart and Homer hear **SAXOPHONE MUSIC** coming from upstairs. **SFX: BLUES ON SAX.**

Bart's Boxer finishes off Homer's Little Boxer. He's out cold in the middle of the ring. The **REFEREE** counts him out. The Referee shakes him trying to revive him, and then he shakes his own head. The **VIDEO IMAGE CUTS** to Homer's Little Boxer in an open casket being lowered into a grave. Bart's Little Boxer dances in triumph nearby.

BART

Gee, Dad, you're really bad at this.

HOMER

I am not. It's just that (LISA'S SAX  
IS HEARD) I couldn't concentrate with  
that infernal racket . (CALLING)  
Lisa! Lisa!

Homer gets up to talk to Lisa.

**INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa sits in a window seat, sadly playing the **BLUES** on her  
**BARITONE SAX**. After a beat, Homer enters.

HOMER

(ANGRY) Lisa, what did I tell you  
about playing that saxamathing in the  
house.

LISA

(SADLY) I was just playing the blues,  
(PAUSE), Dad.

She starts to **WHIMPER**. Homer immediately turns to mush.  
His knees shake.

HOMER

Lisa, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to  
yell. Go ahead -- play your blues if  
it'll make you happy.

LISA

No, that's okay, Dad. (SNIFFS) I'll  
just work on my fingering. Unless my  
fingers clacking on the keys is too  
loud for you.

HOMER

(SINCERE) Let's hear it. (LISA CLACKS  
FINGERS ON SAX) You just clack as loud  
as you want.

He edges out of the room and shuts the door gingerly. Lisa fingers her saxophone without blowing. As she plays, Lisa's silent song grows in intensity. Suddenly, off in the distance, we HEAR SAXOPHONE MUSIC. SFX: DISTANT SAXOPHONE BLUES.

Lisa pulls the sax out of her mouth, but the MUSIC CONTINUES. Puzzled, she runs to the window, opens it, and the MUSIC GROWS LOUDER. Carrying her saxophone, Lisa climbs out of her second-story bedroom window, leaps onto a nearby tree branch, and climbs down the treehouse ladder.

EXT. SIMPSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lisa begins walking down the street.

EXT. STREET - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Lisa passes Berger's Burgers and Howard's Flowers, both of which are closed.

EXT. STREET - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

The SAX MUSIC is a LITTLE LOUDER. Lisa passes a series of storefronts with garish blinking neon lights: "MOE'S TAVERN", "TATTOOS", "MASSAGE PARLOR", and a sleazy movie theatre. On the marquee a sign reads "KRUSTY THE KLOWN in PARDON MY NOSE -- RATED X".

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The MUSIC is LOUDER than ever. Lisa sees it is coming from the sax of BLEEDING GUMS MURPHY, an aged musician who plays under a streetlight on the bridge. He stops playing.

LISA

That was beautiful. What's it called?

MURPHY

It's a little tune that I call the "I  
Never Had An Italian Suit Blues."

**INT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT**

Homer is sitting at the bar with an empty glass in front of him.

MOE

Hey, what's the matter with you,  
Homer? You haven't said a word all  
night.

**CAMERA WIDENS** to include Homer's Little Boxer standing on the bar stool next to him.

HOMER'S LITTLE BOXER

Just bring him a drink, okay, Moe? And  
one for me too.

MOE

Yeah. All right, Shorty.

HOMER

(TO LITTLE BOXER) You shouldn't be  
drinking. You're in training.

HOMER'S LITTLE BOXER

No, I ain't. They took my license  
away. They said if I fight any more I  
could develop brain damage.

HOMER

Ooooh, brain damage. Don't want to get  
that.

Moe sets a drink down in front of Homer, who downs it in one gulp.

HOMER

So what are you going to do now that  
you're retired?

HOMER'S LITTLE BOXER

Well, I'd like to get into  
broadcasting, but until then I got me a  
job down at the nuclear power plant.

HOMER

Really? What do you do?

HOMER'S LITTLE BOXER

I'm a Technical Supervisor.

**CLOSEUP - HOMER**

HOMER

But wait a minute! That's my job!

We **PULL OUT** to reveal that Homer is in the video  
environment, in the corner of the ring wearing boxing  
shorts. The introductory **MUSIC** starts, the **BELL** is  
sounded.

HOMER

Oh, no.

**P.O.V. - HOMER**

Bart's Little Boxer is advancing menacingly. Bart's Little  
Boxer starts beating Homer up.

HOMER

Oooh! Owww! Ouch! No, get away. Ow,

ooh, ow! No!

Homer is **HIT** with a big roundhouse punch. He's knocked  
down, flying headfirst into the ropes. He staggers to his  
feet and starts **POUNDING** at the **CAMERA**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Help me, help me.

We **PULL BACK** to reveal:

**INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM**

Homer is inside the television set **POUNDING** on the screen.  
Bart, upset, watches.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Bart, help me!

BART

Stop, you big bully! Don't hurt my  
Dad! He's just a pathetic old man!

HOMER

(SCREAM)

Bart's Little Boxer starts to **PUMMEL** Homer. Homer **SHRIEKS**.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

**INT. HOMER AND MARGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Homer and Marge are in bed. Marge is tossing and turning.

**PULL IN**

On Marge.

**RIPPLE DISSOLVE**

to **CLOSE UP** Marge's hair. **WE WIDEN** to reveal it is, in fact, Marge as a little girl. Her mother is standing behind her, ushering her towards the door.

MARGE'S MOM

Wait, Margie. Before you go out that  
door, let's put our happy face on.  
Because people know how good a mommy  
you have by the size of your smile.

**RIPPLE DISSOLVE**

to Homer and Marge in bed. Marge shuddering, **MURMURING** in her sleep. Marge shudders and rolls over bumping into Homer whose also **MURMURING** and **SHUDDERING** in his sleep.  
**PULL IN** on Homer.

**RIPPLE DISSOLVE**

to CLOSE UP Homer.

HOMER

What th...

PULL OUT and reveal that Homer's head is on the body of his video boxer. He is in the video boxing ring. Homer looks at camera and **GASPS**.

**HOMER'S P.O.V.**

We hear **BELL RING**. Bart's head is now on Bart's video body as he advances toward Homer.

BART

Put up your dukes, Homer.

HOMER

(SHRIEKS)

Bart starts pummeling Homer.

HOMER

Bart, go easy on me. I'm your Dad.

BART

I am going easy on you, but you're so old and slow and weak and pathetic.

**HOMER'S P.O.V.**

Bart's boxer winds up his right arm for a bolo punch. Homer **STRANGLES SQUEAK**.

HOMER

No, Bart, no.

Bart throws his punch. Homer **SCREAMS**.

**CUT TO**

Homer **SCREAMING** in bed.

**EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Lisa is **PLAYING** the **BLUES** on her **BARITONE SAXOPHONE**, while jazzman Bleeding Gums Murphy nods and listens.

MURPHY

(AS SHE PLAYS) Now -- low B-flat.

Lisa's **MUSIC** drops an octave to **PLAY** a difficult **LOW NOTE**.

MURPHY (CONT')

Okay, Lisa -- altissimo register.

Lisa's **MUSIC** jumps up two octaves. Her eyes bulge as she plays one last very high note.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Very nice, very nice. I once ruptured myself doing that.

LISA

Thanks, Mr. Murphy.

MURPHY

My friends call me Bleeding Gums.

LISA

Ew! How'd you get a name like that?

MURPHY

Well, let me put it this way. You ever been to the dentist?

LISA

Yeah.

MURPHY

Not me. I suppose I should go to one, but I got enough pain in my life as it is.

LISA

I have problems, too.

MURPHY

Well, I can't help you, kid. I'm just a terrific horn player with tons of soul. But I can jam with you.

LISA

Okay.

Murphy starts to **PLAY** the **BLUES**. Lisa joins in. They play several bars together, then Murphy starts to **SING**.

MURPHY

(SINGING) I'm so lonely, since my baby left me. I got no money, and nothing is free. I been so lonely, since the day I was born. All I got is this rusty - this rusty old horn.

Murphy resumes **PLAYING** his **SAX**.

LISA

(SINGING) I got a bratty brother. He bugs me every day. And this mornin' my own mother gave my last cupcake away! My Dad acts like he belongs... he belongs in the zoo. I'm the sa...dest kid in grade number two.

They both **PLAY** a big finish, then stop.

MURPHY

You know, you play pretty well for someone with no real problems.

LISA

Yeah, but I don't feel any better.

MURPHY

The blues isn't about feeling better.  
It's about making other people feel  
worse and making a few bucks while  
you're at it. Which reminds me, if  
you're ever in the neighborhood, I'm  
playing at a little club called the  
Jazz Hole...

Marge drives up.

MARGE

Lisa, get away from that jazzman!

LISA

But Mom, can't I -- stay a little  
longer.

MARGE

Come on, come on. We were worried  
about you. (TO MURPHY) Nothing  
personal. I just fear the unfamiliar.

Lisa gets in the car. Murphy starts **PLAYING** the **SAXOPHONE**.  
Lisa waves to him from the back seat of the car. Murphy  
waves back as he continues to **WAIL** away.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

**INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

Homer sits on the couch watching TV. He stuffs his face from a bag labeled "Pork Rinds Lite."

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

Today's fire raced through downtown  
Springfield gutting Symphony Hall, the  
Springfield Museum of Natural History,  
the Springfield Arts Center...

Homer is impassive.

NEWSMAN (V.O. CONT'D)

and Barney's Bowl-a-Rama.

A distraught Homer **CHOKES** on his pork rinds.

NEWSMAN (V.O. CONT'D)

Fire officials said the two-alarm blaze  
took them more than an hour to get  
under control.

Homer exits to kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Marge is pacing, **MURMURING** to herself.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Marge, are you all right?

MARGE

No, I'm very upset.

HOMER

Then you've heard. Oh, God. What are we doing to do? The lanes were kinda warped but, oh, the food!

MARGE

I'm upset about Lisa.

HOMER

Oh. Me too.

Bart enters.

BART

Me three. What are we talking about?

HOMER

Bart!

MARGE

Do you think you're being nice enough to your sister, Bart?

BART

Oh, yeah. Easy.

MARGE

You do love her, don't you?

BART

(MUTTERS) Oh, Mom.

MARGE

Well you do, don't you?

BART

Don't make me say it. I know the answer, you know the answer, he knows the answer, let's just drop it. Okay?

MARGE

Okay, Bart, you don't have to say it, but you do have to have a loving attitude. Be nice to your sister.

BART

Okey dokey.

MARGE

Go on, Bart. No time like the present.

Marge shoos Bart out the door.

**INT. FOYER**

Lisa is coming down the stairs with her saxophone. She and Bart stare at each other.

BART

Hi, man.

LISA

I don't want your pity.

BART

Aw come on, I'll cheer you up.

LISA

How?

BART

Follow me, man. Don't ask questions.

**INT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY**

Bar patrons are watching TV, where the scorched remnants of a Picasso painting, a burned bass fiddle, and a melted bowling ball are being shown. The TV is a small black and white model.

**SFX: PHONE RINGS**

Moe picks up the phone.

MOE

(ON PHONE) Yeah! Moe's Tavern. Moe speaking.

BART

Is Jacques there?

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Who?

BART

Jacques. Last name Strap.

MOE

Hold on. (CALLS OUT) Jacques Strap!  
Jacques Strap! Hey guys, I'm looking  
for a Jacques Strap!

BARFLIES

(CHUCKLE)

MOE (V.O.)

(INTO PHONE) What -- oh! Wait a  
minute -- Jacques Strap? It's you,  
isn't it? You cowardly little runt.  
When I get hold of you I'm gonna gut  
you like a fish and drink your blood.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE**

Bart is rolling around on the floor, **LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY**. Lisa looks on, unmoved. Bart sees this and stops laughing.

BART

Lis, the guy said he was going to gut  
me like a fish and drink my blood.

(PAUSE) Where's your sense of humor,  
man?

LISA

(SIGHS)

Marge enters.

MARGE

Lisa, you'll be late for band practice.

Let's go.

**EXT. VIDEO ARCADE - DAY**

Homer walks up to a building labeled "RAIDERS OF THE LOST QUARTERS VIDEO ARCADE". **SFX: VARIOUS ASSORTED BEEPS AND ELECTRONIC HUMS** coming from inside. We also **HEAR CHILDREN** playing the various games. Homer looks around to make sure nobody sees him, then ducks inside.

**INT. VIDEO ARCADE - CONTINUOUS**

Homer enters to see various exotic video games including PAC-RAT, NUCLEAR WINTER, ITCHY VS. SCRATCHY, and ESCAPE FROM GRANDMA'S HOUSE. He looks around and realizes he is the only person over age 12 in the whole place, except for the cashier, who sits in a little glass booth. Homer approaches him.

HOMER

Gimme some quarters. (COVERING) I'm  
doing my laundry.

CASHIER (OVER MICROPHONE)

(SARCASTIC) Yeah, right.

Homer hands him a bill and the cashier gives him a big bag of quarters. Homer takes a quick look around the arcade and returns to Cashier.

HOMER

(LOW) Where's the video boxing?

CASHIER (OVER MICROPHONE)

It's over there in the corner, but if I were you, I really would use those quarters for laundry.

Homer **GROWLS**, and crosses to the video boxing machine, passing a game labeled ROBERT GOULET DESTROYER (we hear a **MAN SING "I Gotta Be Me"** followed by an **EXPLOSION**). He arrives at the video boxing machine which has a **LARGE CROWD OF KIDS** hanging around it. **TWO BOYS** are playing the game. One of them, a cool kid in sunglasses, is the **CHAMP**. He plays one-handed while drinking a milkshake, and is winning with ease.

HOMER

(RE: CHAMP) Hey, that kid's pretty good.

BOY ONLOOKER

Good? Are you kidding? Over two thousand fights, and he's still on his original quarter.

The Champ effortlessly knocks out his opponent, then turns to the crowd.

CHAMP

Okay? Who's next?

KIDS

(WAVING QUARTERS) Me! Me! Me! Me! Me!

Me!

HOMER

(TOWERING OVER CROWD WITH HIS BAG OF  
QUARTERS) No, me!

As Homer goes up to the game.

HOMER

Listen -- can you teach me to fight  
like you do?

CHAMP

I don't think so.

HOMER

Aw, come on.

CHAMP

I'll tell you what, I'll do it if you  
bark like a dog.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT) You little... Ruff!  
Ruff!

CHAMP

(LAUGHING) You got yourself a deal,  
Fido.

He eagerly but clumsily sticks a quarter in the machine as  
we

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

**EXT. ARCADE - SOMETIME LATER**

Homer's bag of quarters is empty. All but a couple of the  
kid onlookers have dispersed. Homer and the Champ are at  
the machine, both sweating, exhausted and bedraggled. We  
HEAR some MUSIC from the machine.

CHAMP

Well, looks like you're all out of quarters, old man.

The Champ backs away from the machine.

HOMER

That's okay. With the tips you've given me, I'm going to pound the tar out of a certain little smarty pants, tonight. (CHUCKLE)

A WOMAN approaches.

WOMAN

(TO CHAMP) Howie! I thought I told you to stop wasting your money in this stupid place.

CHAMP

Uh-oh. Sorry, Mom.

The Champ's Mom turns to Homer, waving a finger.

WOMAN

And you! A man of your age! You should be ashamed of yourself!

HOMER

Excuse me. I think I hear my wife calling.

Homer runs away.

**INT. MARGE'S CAR - DAY**

Marge and Lisa drive along silently for a while. Marge looks at Lisa worriedly.

LISA

(CLEARS THROAT)

Marge looks at her expectantly, but Lisa shakes her head. Marge pulls up to the school to drop Lisa off for band practice.

MARGE

Now Lisa, listen to me. This is important. I want you to smile today.

LISA

But I don't feel like smiling.

MARGE

Well, it doesn't matter how you feel inside, you know. It's what shows up on the surface that counts. That's what my mother taught me. Take all your bad feelings and push them down, all the way down, past your knees, until you're almost walking on them. And then you'll fit in, and you'll be invited to parties, and boys will like you... and happiness will follow.

Lisa attempts a small smile.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Come on. You can do better than that.

Marge smiles broadly to demonstrate. Lisa smiles more broadly.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Ah, that's my girl.

LISA

I feel more popular already.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - CONTINUOUS

Lisa heads for the entrance to the school, the grin frozen on her face. Ralph, the oafish boy, and several OTHER KIDS in the band approach. Marge sits in the station wagon, watching and smiling herself.

RALPH

Hey, nice smile.

LISA

(BRAVELY) Thanks.

STAN

Hey! What are you talking to her for?  
She's just going to say something  
weird.

LISA

(THROUGH CLENCHED SMILING TEETH) Not  
me.

RALPH

You know, I used to think you were some  
sort of a brainiac, but... I guess  
you're okay.

LISA

(THROUGH SMILE) Uh huh.

STAN

Hey, why don't come over to my house  
after practice? You can do my  
homework.

**CLOSE-UP - MARGE**

MARGE

(MURMURS OF ANNOYANCE)

**BACK TO SCHOOLYARD.**

LISA

Okay.

Mr. Largo comes over.

MR. LARGO

Five minutes, people. Five minutes.  
Now Miss Simpson, I hope we won't have  
a repeat of yesterday's outburst of  
unbridled... creativity.

LISA

No, sir.

**CLOSE UP - MARGE**

MARGE

(MURMUR OF EXTREME ANNOYANCE)

Marge **GUNS** the car, kicking up gravel, and drives onto the lawn. She fishtails the car, yanks Lisa inside and drives off in one swoop.

LISA

Wow, Mom.

MR. LARGO

So that's where she gets it.

MARGE

(TRULY DISTRAUGHT) Lisa, I apologize to you. I was wrong. I take it all back. Always be yourself. You want to be sad, honey, be sad. We'll ride it out with you. And when you get finished feeling sad, we'll still be there. From now on, let me do the smiling for both of us.

LISA

Okay, Mom.

Lisa smiles.

MARGE

I said you could stop smiling, Lisa.

LISA

I feel like smiling.

**INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Homer and Bart are on the couch getting ready to play video boxing. Homer is smiling.

BART

(BORED) I'm going to knock you out one more time and that's it. This is getting boring, man.

HOMER

(COVLY) Just try not to kill me too hard, son. Heh, heh, heh.

On the TV screen, Bart's boxer comes out and takes two swings at Homer's boxer. Homer's boxer dodges them both, then lands a punch of his own. **SFX: WHAM!**

BART

Whoa!

HOMER

Kid, tonight's not your night.

Homer's boxer pummels Bart's boxer mercilessly. Bart's boxer appears dazed, his knees wobbling. Bart is surprised and worried. Homer's boxer starts to chase Bart's boxer around the ring. Bart is now in a frenzy; Homer is relaxed.

BART

All right, man. You asked for it. No more Mr. Nice Guy.

HOMER

Block it.

BART

Wha - t the...

HOMER

(GRUNT - CHUCKLE) Oh, oh. You missed me.

BART

Come on, man. Lighten up. Ugh! Ugh!  
Homer, what got into you?

HOMER

I'll tell ya the truth, boy. (BEAT) I was just letting you win those other fifty-three times.

Bart's boxer heads for the ropes. Homer's boxer moves in for the kill.

HOMER

Ha! Ha! I got you. Don't try that. I got ya. I'll block you. (IMITATING RING ANNOUNCER) And the crowd is on its feet as Hurricane Homer moves in for the kill.

Marge and Lisa enter, holding hands.

MARGE

Boys, I'd like your attention please.

HOMER

And the fans are going wild!

MARGE

Homer!

BART

Watch it!

HOMER

Quiet, Marge. This is my big moment.

Marge GRUNTS.

HOMER

Bart. the bloody pulp Simpson is on the ropes. He's hoping I'll put him out of his misery. Well, you're in luck, Bart, here comes my right.

Homer's boxer winds up and aims a vicious punch at Bart. Just before it lands, the TV goes off, the picture fading into a point of light which then disappears. SFX: TV GOING OFF.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SHRIEKS) Oh, noooo!

We see Marge is holding the plug to the TV, which she has pulled out of the wall. Lisa stands next to Marge, holding her sax.

HOMER (CONT'D)

My game! My game! I coulda beat the boy! Marge, how could you? I was so close.

MARGE

I'm sorry, but this is more important than that silly, loud game.

BART

You're right, Mom. I'd just like to use this occasion to announce my retirement, undefeated, from the world of video boxing.

HOMER

(EXASPERATED GRUNT)

MARGE

Now calm down, Homer. Lisa has an idea that she thinks would be fun for the whole family.

CUT TO:

**INT. JAZZ HOLE NIGHTCLUB**

A predominantly black hipster crowd makes the Simpsons look very out of place.

MURPHY

This next song was written by a friend of mine, one of the great little ladies of jazz.

He starts to **PLAY**. The **BAND JOINS IN**.

MURPHY

(SINGING) I got this bratty brother.  
He bugs me every day. And this mornin'  
my own mother, gave my last cupcake  
away! My Dad acts like he belongs, he  
belongs in the zoo.

HOMER

What?

MURPHY

I'm the saddest kid in grade number  
two.

During the song, Lisa is enjoying it. Homer snaps his  
fingers to the beat gleefully until the word "zoo" is sung.  
Then he looks around suspiciously.

FADE OUT:

THE END