

THE SIMPSONS

"Lost Our Lisa"

Written By

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LOST OUR LISA

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BUS ON SPRINGFIELD STREET - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

BART and MILHOUSE are passengers on the bus. They jump from their seats and approach the BUS DRIVER.

BART

(TO DRIVER) I believe we'll get off here, my good man.

BUS DRIVER

This ain't a limo, kid. You'll get off at the next stop and not before.

Bart nods to Milhouse, who hovers over the driver's shoulder.

MILHOUSE

(FAKING) Uh-oh, I think I'm gonna throw up.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The bus jerks to an instant stop. Bart and Milhouse exit, laughing at the driver.

BART/MILHOUSE

(TAUNTING DRIVER) Sucker!

The angry driver slams the door shut and hits the gas, leaving Bart and Milhouse in a cloud of exhaust. They start gasping and coughing.

MILHOUSE

Uh-oh, I think I'm gonna throw up.

EXT. SIDEWALK - A SHORT TIME LATER

Bart and Milhouse stop walking and look up at a storefront.

BART

Ah. No day would be completely wasted without a visit to ye olde joke shop.

We see a joke shop called "Yuk-ingham Palace." (The logo shows two British Palace Guards laughing uproariously.) A sign over the doorbell reads, "Ring for Entry." Milhouse pushes it and a stream of water **SPRAYS** him in the eye.

MILHOUSE

(SPUTTERING NOISES)

BART

(LAUGHS) Rookie mistake, Milhouse.

Bart grabs the doorknob and a spring-loaded boxing glove pops out and **HITS** him in the knee.

BART (CONT'D)

(PAINED GRUNT)

INT. YUK-INGHAM PALACE - A MINUTE LATER

Bart and Milhouse enter the store. Bart whips out a twenty-dollar bill.

BART

Oh man, twenty bucks to spend on anything I want. And my mom told me to put it in my college fund. Now that would've been a waste.

MILHOUSE

(INCREDULOUS) Yeah, like we won't be getting scholarships.

As they enter, we see the store is jammed with all kinds of practical jokes and novelty items: masks, rubber chickens, plastic asses, etc. Bart peruses a rack of novelties, including "Itching Powder," "Sneezing Powder," and "Cardiac-Arrest Powder."

MILHOUSE

Check it out, Bart! X-ray specs!

Milhouse puts on a pair of spiral-lens glasses. He looks over at the CLERK.

**MILHOUSE'S POV**

The clerk looks completely normal.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

Hey. These don't work.

CLERK (WISE-GUY VOICE)

(COVERING) Uhh... (COVERING NOISE, POINTING AT HIS CHEST) Lead shirt.

Milhouse holds up the glasses.

MILHOUSE

I'll take three pairs! Here's my prescription.

Milhouse hands a piece of paper to the clerk. Bart is examining all the merchandise and is clearly overwhelmed by the many choices. He picks up an item that pictures a man in a top-hat and tails at a society event with his pants around his ankles, while a kid holding a device around the corner laughs uproariously.

BART

Decisions, decisions. Okay, I can buy one electronic de-pantser...

He pushes a button on the device and his own pants fall down. Milhouse laughs and Bart quickly pulls up his pants and puts the device down. He picks up another item that shows a man dressed as a doctor standing next to a weeping patient.

BART (CONT'D)

Or... (READING ALOUD FROM PACKAGE)...

five of "Doctor Zany's False-Positive Terminal Disease Test Kit's".

(PONDERING) Hmm, Principal Skinner does have his annual physical coming up...

MILHOUSE

Or you could buy this ten-pack of sharp things to put on people's chairs.

Milhouse holds up a plastic bag containing thumbtacks, knives, syringes, sharks teeth, etc. Bart looks at the package and tosses it aside. He approaches the clerk.

BART

Maybe you can help me. I don't think my face is as hilarious as it could be. What can you show me in a nose or forehead accessory?

EXT. SIDEWALK - A MINUTE LATER

Bart emerges from the store wearing a fake water faucet on his forehead, a toucan beak over his nose, and Frankenstein bolts on his neck.

MILHOUSE

(TO BART, IMPRESSED) WWWhoa! Looking sharp.

Bart smiles, revealing oversized, crooked, discolored, British-style plastic teeth in his mouth.

BART

(BRITISH ACCENT) Well. Thanks,  
guv'nor.

The faucet **POPS** off his forehead. A second later, the rest of the novelties **DROP OFF**.

BART

(DISAPPOINTED MOAN)

MILHOUSE

If you put dog doo on the suction cups,  
they'll stick better.

BART

Milhouse, I'm not gonna take dog doo  
that's been on the ground and put it on  
my face. I have a better idea.

**INT. POWER PLANT - HOMER'S WORKSTATION - A LITTLE LATER**

Bart and Milhouse are **JABBING** HOMER, who's slumped in his chair.

BART

Hey Dad, wake up.

HOMER

Huh? Whuh? Hyuwhuh? (PRETENDING TO  
BE BUSY) I'm awake! I'm awake! I'm a  
productive member of the team! You  
can't fire me, I quit! (PANICKING  
NOISES)

Homer clumsily **SLAPS** at some buttons before noticing it's just Bart.

BART

Relax, Dad. It's just me. I was wondering if you had any industrial strength adhesive I could use on my face.

HOMER

Well, let's see what we got in the ol' drawer. (HUMS)

Homer **OPENS** a drawer and begins **RUMMAGING** through it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Eh. Eh.

We see a half-eaten sandwich, Homer's Grammy award, and a glowing uranium rod. At the bottom he finds a tube of glue which has leaked a little. Homer struggles to pull it out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GRUNTING NOISES)

The tube finally **RIPS** loose, taking a jagged chunk of the drawer bottom with it. Homer hands it to Bart.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hope this stuff holds.

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

MARGE picks up a camera as LISA reads a pamphlet entitled, "Treasures of Isis." There's a picture of a pyramid and a glowing sphere on it.

LISA

This exhibit is a once-in-a-lifetime event. It's the first time these Egyptian artifacts have been allowed out of England.

MARGE

Just let me put some film in the camera, and then we'll hop in the car. You can get a picture of your Mommy with a mummy. (CHUCKLES TO SELF)

Marge opens the back of the camera and a partially exposed roll of film **FALLS OUT**.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Whoops! There goes Carlsbad Caverns. Oh, well.

Marge puts new film in and **SNAPS** the camera shut. We see the end of the film sticking out of the camera door.

LISA

Come on, Mom! Let's go! Cameras aren't allowed in the museum anyway.

MARGE

Oh. Well, let me just get my sketch pad.

LISA

(EXCITED) Oh, I can't wait! In just half an hour, we'll be in a ninety-minute line to see the Orb of Isis.

The front door flies **OPEN**, and we see Bart's forehead faucet and toucan nose protruding into the room.

BART (O.S.)

Ta-da!

Marge and Lisa turn to see the novelty-covered Bart.

BART

Notice anything new?



MARGE

(ANGRY) Bart! What have I told you about throwing money away at that joke shop?

BART

(NERVOUS) To try and cut back a little?

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR) Take those silly things off.

Bart attempts to remove the faucet, but it won't budge.

BART

(GRUNTS) It won't come off.

Marge grabs the nose and tries to twist it off. Bart's head is yanked side-to-side.

MARGE

(GRUNTS OF EXERTION)

BART

(PAINED NOISE)

MARGE

(GRUNT)

BART

(PAINED NOISE)

MARGE

(GRUNT)

BART

Ow!

MARGE

(GRUNT)

BART

Ow!

MARGE

(GRUNT)

Marge grabs one of the Frankenstein bolts with her other hand, and Bart's neck skin stretches painfully.

BART

(PAINED NOISE) Ow!

LISA

Bart, did you glue those on?

BART

Oh, don't be ridiculous.

Bart smiles fakely, revealing the plastic teeth. Marge grabs his forearm and sees the tube of glue stuck to it. It reads, "Etern-a-Bond. Now with Death-Grip."

MARGE

(READING) "In case of accidental  
ingestion, consult a mortician."

(ALARMED) Oh my goodness!

BART

(OFFENDED) Mom, I didn't eat any of  
it. I'm not stupid.

MARGE

We've got to get you to a doctor right  
away.

Marge grabs MAGGIE and hurriedly leads Bart out the door, pulling him by the faucet.

## EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa runs out after Marge and Bart.

LISA

Wait! You promised to take me to the museum!

MARGE

I know, honey. But this is a very unusual situation... at least it would be for most families.

We see Bart's beak sticking out of the car window, turning side-to-side to follow the conversation. Marge starts to get into the driver's seat.

LISA

Well, can I take the bus?

MARGE

(APOLOGETIC MURMUR) I'm sorry, but you're just too young. In a few years, when you're old enough to drive, then you can take the bus.

LISA

But you've let Bart take the bus alone since he was my age. Is it just because he's a boy?

MARGE

No, no, it's because Bart has always been mature and responsible and...

Marge looks over at Bart covered in novelties.

MARGE (CONT'D)

... (CONFOUNDED)... Oh, I don't know  
why it is. You just can't. I'm sorry,  
honey.

Marge gets in the car and starts backing out of the  
driveway.

LISA

(PLEADING) But it's the last day of  
the Isis exhibit!

BART

Maybe you should have thought of that  
before I glued all this stuff to my  
face.

The car **ZOOMS** off.

**INT. POWER PLANT - HOMER'S WORKSTATION - A MINUTE LATER**

Homer is asleep in his chair. The phone **RINGS**. Homer  
snaps awake and starts desperately **SLAPPING** buttons once  
again.

HOMER

(HALF-CONSCIOUS NOISES)

There's another **RING**. Homer picks up the phone.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Yello?

**INTERCUT WITH LISA ON KITCHEN PHONE**

LISA

Dad?

HOMER

(ANNOYED) Who is this?

LISA

It's Lisa. I just called to tell you how much I love you and can I take the bus to the museum?

HOMER

Museum? I don't like the sound of that. What did your mother say?

LISA

(COVERING) Ahm... I wasn't a hundred per cent clear on that. She said something, but she was kind of in a rush to get Bart to the emergency room.

HOMER

(CONCERNED) Hmm. So you want to take the bus, huh? I don't know. That's a pretty big decision...

LISA

Well... if it would put your mind at ease, I could take a limousine. (SLY) Although that would cost two hundred dollars...

HOMER

Two hundred dollars?! (GROANS) Isn't there any other way?

LISA

Hmm. I guess I could take the bus, if you think that's a better idea.

HOMER

Frankly, I do. I know you had your heart set on a limo, but sometimes daddies have to say no, honey. I'm afraid you're gonna have to take the bus.

Lisa smiles and pumps her fist.

LISA

(FAKE DISAPPOINTMENT) Oh, all right.

HOMER

Atta girl.

**EXT. BUS STOP - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Lisa is waiting at the bus stop with MOE and a few LOCALS. She consults a colorful bus-route map on the side of the bus shelter.

LISA

(TRYING TO BE NONCHALANT) Ah, the old Number 22. Clean, reliable public transportation. The chariot of the people. The ride of choice for the poor and very poor alike. Sure, some folks prefer--

MOE

Uh, you gettin' on this next bus, kid?

LISA

Yes.

MOE

(WHISTLES LOUDLY) Taxi!

A cab pulls up to the curb and Moe gets in. It speeds off. The bus approaches.

LISA

(GASP, THEN EXCITED, TO UNINTERESTED PATRONS) Look! It's the bus! The bus! Come on, you're gonna miss the bus!

Lisa starts flagging it down wildly. The bus **STOPS** and the others elbow their way in front of her. She finally steps off the curb onto the bus, pausing in the doorway to commemorate the moment.

LISA (CONT'D)

That's one small step f-- Whoa!

We hear a **WHOOSH** as the door closes, propelling Lisa onto the bus.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Lisa drops her coins into the money box. She looks up at a sign that reads, "Your driver today: LARRY."

LISA

(CHEERY) Hi, Larry.

LARRY points at a sign which reads, "Do not talk to driver."

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, it's just that on the school

bus-- (AWKWARD LAUGH)

Larry **TAPS** the sign repeatedly. Lisa gives up. She walks down the aisle and sees an open seat next to MRS. SKINNER.

LISA (CONT'D)

May I sit there?

MRS. SKINNER

(SWEETLY) Of course not, honey. That  
seat's for my coin purse.

She places a tiny coin purse on the seat next to her. Lisa continues down the aisle. She sees COMIC BOOK GUY wearing a medieval helmet and a shirt that reads, "Dungeon Master" in gothic lettering.

LISA

May I have that seat?

COMIC BOOK GUY

Yes... if you can answer me these  
questions three. Question the first--

LISA

Never mind.

Lisa quickly walks to the rear of the bus and sits in an empty seat in the last row.

LISA (CONT'D)

(CONTENTED SIGH)

We hear the bus' engine **GROWL**, and a cloud of black diesel smoke comes up through the floor.

LISA (CONT'D)

(CHOKING NOISES)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUS - A LITTLE LATER

From Lisa's POV, we see the bus is slightly less crowded.

BUS DRIVER

Sycamore Avenue.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUS - A LITTLE LATER

The bus is now only half full.



BUS DRIVER

Little Newark. Little Newark.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUS - A LITTLE LATER

Only a few passengers remain.

BUS DRIVER

Crackton. Crackton is the stop.

Everyone gets off except Lisa. The bus continues on its way. Lisa looks increasingly worried as we DISSOLVE quickly through several more stops.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Industrial Access Road. / Airport  
Refueling Way. / Rural Route Nine. /  
Army Proving Ground.

Lisa calls out to the bus driver.

LISA

Um... excuse me, sir. When does this  
bus get to the museum?

BUS DRIVER

It doesn't.

LISA

Oh! But isn't this the 22?

BUS DRIVER

Yeah -- Monday, Wednesday, Friday.  
Tuesday-Thursday, it's the 22A. It's  
all right there in your schedule.

A horrified Lisa takes a schedule from her pocket and unfolds it.

## LISA'S POV

The schedule is an unreadable mess of numbers, letters, asterisks, arrows, shaded areas, etc.

LISA

Oh, no! How could I have missed that?

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)

Transit yard. (OMINOUS) End of the  
line.

The bus pulls into a huge lot filled with rows of empty buses. We hear a **PNEUMATIC HISS** and both sets of doors open. The bus driver quickly exits and walks away. A stunned Lisa exits through the rear door and looks around in dismay. PULL BACK to:

## OVERHEAD SHOT

Lisa diminishes to a small, yellow speck in the midst of a sprawling, deserted industrial area.

## BACK TO SCENE

LISA

(SIGH)

NELSON (O.S.)

Haw-haw!

Lisa looks around in confusion. There's no one there. Just then, a gust of wind **BLOWS**, and a squeaky, metal GATE swings open and closed.

SQUEAKY GATE (NELSON'S VOICE)

Haw-haw! Haw-haw!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - LATER

Lisa walks along a deserted street near some anonymous factories and warehouses. Three tall smokestacks billow smoke from a building marked "Water Purification Plant".

LISA

How could I have taken the wrong bus?

I am such a goofus. (SIGHS) Well, I guess anyone could have mistaken the 22A for the 22. (LOOKS AROUND)

Although apparently, only I did.

Lisa stops, takes a **DEEP BREATH** and calms herself down.

LISA (CONT'D)

Okay, the museum's got to be north of here. Now which way is north...?

Lisa notices a "V" formation of **GEESE** flying overhead.

LISA (CONT'D)

Aha! It's springtime, so the geese must be flying back north.

A second flock of **GEESE** approaches from the opposite direction.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hey!

The two flocks meet in mid-air. They begin **FIGHTING** furiously with each other.

GEESE

(ANGRY HONKING)

LISA

(FRUSTRATED SOUND) I better just ask  
for directions.

Lisa walks toward a nearby compound of buildings. A  
SOLDIER stands guard in front of a sign that reads, "Area  
51."

LISA (CONT'D)

(SURPRISED) Area 51? (EXCITED NOISE)

I found Area 51!

SOLDIER

No, ma'am. This is Area 51-A.

The guard steps aside to reveal an "A" that he was standing  
in front of.

LISA

(ANNOYED) Oh... well, um, I'm kind of  
lost. Can you tell me where I am?

SOLDIER

I'm sorry. The location of this  
location is classified.

She looks down at a tourist-information-type map mounted on  
a pedestal. There's a star in the middle labeled, "You are  
here. We are not."

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Marge and Bart, with the novelties still stuck to his face,  
are seated in the waiting room. The door **OPENS** and another  
BOY enters with his MOTHER. The new kid also has a faucet  
protruding from his forehead.

MARGE

(LECTURING) See, Bart? There's  
another boy who played with glue.

FAUCET-HEAD KID'S MOTHER

(NERVOUS CHUCKLE) Actually, it was a plumbing explosion.

BART

(DISGUSTED SOUND)

MARGE

(WHISPERS TO BART) That's the kind of faucet I want for your bathroom.

**INT. POWER PLANT - CAFETERIA - LUNCHTIME**

Homer, Lenny, and Carl are **NOISILY EATING** lunch. Carl is wearing a cardboard hat shaped like an Egyptian pyramid.

CARL

So, uh, ain't you guys gonna ask me about my hat?

HOMER/LENNY

(NOTICING SOUNDS)

LENNY

Hey Carl, what's with the hat?

CARL

Oh, what, this thing? I got it down at the museum. It's what the ancient Egyptians call a "souvenir."

HOMER

My daughter's at that Egyptian dealy right now. (CHUCKLES) She wanted to take a limo, but I made her take the bus.

LENNY

(SPITS OUT FOOD, ALARMED) You sent  
your little girl downtown on a bus?

CARL

Alone?

HOMER

(WARILY) MMaybe... but you don't know  
Lisa. I mean she's so smart, they  
hooked her up to a big computer to try  
to teach it some things, but she had so  
much knowledge it overloaded and then  
it got really hot and caught on fire.

Lenny and Carl stare at Homer for a beat.

CARL

That never, uhh, happened, did it,  
Homer?

HOMER

(WEAKLY) Uh, yesss... but now I have  
to leave on a totally unrelated matter.  
Excuse me.

He takes two casual steps, then **RUNS** out of the room.

HOMER (O.S.)

(CALLING) Lisa!

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

Lisa is walking past a junkyard, head down, **KICKING** an old  
air filter.

LISA

(MUTTERING) Stupid bus that can't even go to the stupid place it's supposed to stupid go.

She goes to kick the air filter again and realizes that she's about to kick a flattened SQUIRREL.

LISA (CONT'D)

Yahhh!

A shovel comes into frame and SCOOPS up the squirrel.

CLETUS

I seen it first!

Cletus tosses the squirrel onto a pile of roadkill in the back of his hillbilly truck.

CLETUS (CONT'D)

Ooh, Girly Sue's gonna have a elegant weddin' feast.

LISA

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Uh-huh.

(UNCOMFORTABLE CHUCKLE) Um, listen, I'm kind of lost. Do you think you could give me a lift downtown?

BRANDINE (O.S.)

(INSIDE TRUCK CAB) Cletus, what are you beatin' your gums about?

CLETUS

Eh, never you mind, Brandine. You just go back to birthin' that baby. (TO LISA) Yeah, I'll fetch ya a ride, little Missy. Hop on in.

He OPENS the tailgate of the truck, revealing piles of SMALL FLATTENED ANIMALS.

CLETUS (CONT'D)

Mind the skunk. Them things can go off even after they's dayd.

LISA

(SUPPRESSED GAGGING SOUND)

Lisa's cheeks swell. She covers her mouth and runs off.

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. HIBBERT'S EXAMINING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Bart is seated on the examining table as DR. HIBBERT takes a closer look at the novelties on his face.

DR. HIBBERT

Hmmm. Young man, there's nothing funny about novelties. (CHUCKLES) I mean, they're humorous and all, but, uh, this is certainly no laughing matter.

(CHUCKLES AGAIN)

MARGE

Can you help him, Doctor?



DR. HIBBERT

Oh my, yes. Why if I had seventy-five dollars for every novelty I've removed... oh, by the way, I'll need a check for seventy-five dollars.

Hibbert pulls out a lethal-looking metallic cylinder from which several large menacing syringes protrude.

DR. HIBBERT (CONT'D)

Yes, I think a... a series of painful injections directly into Bart's spine should get the job done.

Hibbert advances on Bart with the device. He **FLICKS** a switch and we hear a terrifying **MECHANICAL BUZZING** as the needles pump in and out like pistons.

BART

(SCARED SOUNDS)

Bart cowers backwards, shaking and sweating profusely. One by one, the novelty items fall off his face.

MARGE

(CONFUSED) What happened? You didn't do anything.

DR. HIBBERT

Oh, didn't I? (MILD CHUCKLE) Nothing dissolves glue better than human sweat. I knew Bart would panic and start perspiring at the sight of this button applicator. (MILD CHUCKLE)

Hibbert quickly uses the device to **ATTACH** three buttons down the front of Bart's shirt.

BART

(RESENTFUL) Couldn't you have just turned up the heat a little?

DR. HIBBERT

Oh, heavens no. It had to be terror sweat.

**EXT. RUSSIAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER**

Lisa walks past a variety of Russian businesses with Cyrillic signs.

LISA

Oh, man...

She notices a set of nesting Matroshka dolls lined up on a sidewalk table, then looks up to see four identically dressed CUSTOMERS of decreasing heights waiting in line to buy them. Lisa approaches TWO MEN playing chess.

LISA (CONT'D)

(POINTING AT MUSEUM PAMPHLET) Excuse me. Can you tell me how to get to the museum?

RUSSIAN MAN #1

Moozay na-hood-eetzah shayst kvart-ah-lov vuh ettem naprav-len-eeyah.

**SUBTITLE: "MY PLEASURE, YOUNG LADY. THE MUSEUM IS SIX BLOCKS THAT WAY."**

LISA

(SCARED NOISE)

Lisa runs away in the opposite direction of the pointing.

RUSSIAN MAN #1

A, ahn-aah poshlah nyevtoo storonoo.

**SUBTITLE: "HEY, SHE WENT THE WRONG WAY."**

RUSSIAN MAN #2

(SHRUGS) Hm. Shah-ee-maht.

**SUBTITLE: "CHECKMATE."**

The first Russian man angrily gets up and **FLIPS** over the board.

RUSSIAN MAN #1

Haro-sha-ya ee-gra. Kock nashoat ee-  
show ahdnoy?

**SUBTITLE: "GOOD GAME. HOW ABOUT ANOTHER?"**

**ANGLE ON LISA**

She stumbles around a corner and heads toward a bustling Russian street market. **MERCHANTS** thrust strange foreign products in her face: a live, wriggling **STURGEON**, spinning plates, **Khlav Khalash**, weird marionettes, etc. A mangy, salivating **BEAR** wearing a toy hat and roller skates offers her a tray of collector pins.

LISA

(AD LIBS DODGING REACTIONS, CHUCKLES,  
THEN TO BEAR) No, thank you.

BEAR

(DISAPPOINTED BELLOW)

Lisa flees to the safety of a phone booth, which is topped by a Kremlin-style "onion" dome.

LISA

Oh, that's it, I give up.

She **DIALS** a number.

## HOMER'S VOICE MAIL (V.O.)

You have reached the voice mail of  
Homer Simpson. If you are calling  
about the waterbed, please leave a  
detailed message. If you need  
immediate assistance--

## MR. BURNS' VOICE (V.O.)

Get to work, Gabby!

## HOMER'S VOICE MAIL (V.O.)

(SMALL SCREAM)

We hear a sudden DIAL TONE.

LISA

(SIGHS)

A toothless FISH-HAG presses a LARGE OCTOPUS against the  
phone-booth glass.

FISH-HAG

(RUSSIAN ACCENT) You buy it! You buy  
it!

LISA

(SHORT SCREAM)

Lisa runs away.

**EXT. SPRINGSONIAN MUSEUM - A LITTLE LATER**

Homer **SCREECHES** up in his car and runs into the museum.  
There is a large Calder stabile in the front courtyard, and  
a banner hanging over the door that reads, "Treasures of  
Isis." (There is a picture of a pyramid and an orb on the  
banner.) The museum has huge glass windows on the  
stairwell so we can see Homer frantically running from  
floor to floor.

HOMER

(CALLING OUT) Lisa?! Lisa?! Lisa?!

A worried Homer re-emerges wearing a souvenir Pharaoh's headdress and holding a pyramid-shaped ice cream pop. Homer hurriedly **FINISHES** the pyramid pop and runs down the sidewalk. (His headdress flies off.)

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, where is she?

Homer approaches a passing mailman.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Have you seen my little girl? She's eight years old and lost in the big city because I let her take the bus all alone.

MAILMAN

Got a picture of her?

HOMER

(OFFENDED) Sure, what kind of a father do you think I am?

Homer opens his wallet and starts flipping through photos.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SHOWING MAILMAN) Here she is... no, that's Barney... Barney again... Ooh, that's a nice shot my bar stool down at Moe's.... that's Loni Anderson. She came with the wallet.

Homer finally finds a photo of Lisa and shows it to him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Here's Lisa. Have you seen her?

MAILMAN

I see a lot of people, but I don't  
remember seeing her.

HOMER

(PULLS OUT TWENTY DOLLAR BILL, CAGEY)

Well, maybe this will refresh your  
memory...

Homer stuffs the money in the mailman's shirt pocket.

MAILMAN

(LOOKS AGAIN) You're right. I'm sure

I haven't seen her.

The mailman exits with Homer's money.

HOMER

(COCKY) I knew that would help.

Homer then runs into the street, waving the picture of Lisa  
at DRIVERS as they **HONK** and **SWERVE** around him.

HOMER

(FRANTIC) Have you seen my little  
girl?

One car pulls to a stop. Homer starts **BANGING** on the  
window.

HOMER (CONT'D)

For God's sakes, my little girl is--

The window rolls down, revealing Marge.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SHORT SCREAM, THEN CASUALLY) Hello.

MARGE

Homer, what's going on? Shouldn't you  
be at work?

HOMER

(BALDLY) I am at work. This is what I  
do.

MARGE

But--

HOMER

Keep it moving, Marge. This isn't a  
parking lot.

MARGE

(ASHAMED) Oh, sorry.

Marge DRIVES OFF.

HOMER

(RELIEVED SIGH)

Homer leans back on another car. The window rolls down,  
revealing MR. BURNS.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SHORT SCREAM)

MR. BURNS

Shouldn't you be at work right now?

HOMER

(NERVOUSLY) Uh, yes sir, Mr. Burns,  
sir.

MR. BURNS

Well then, get back to wherever it is  
you work, whoever you are.

The window **ROLLS** back up and the car drives away. Homer spots a nearby woman and approaches her from the back.

HOMER

Excuse me, ma'am, have you seen this  
girl?

The woman turns around and we see it is **CHIEF WIGGUM** in drag.

**CHIEF WIGGUM**

Uh, I'd love to help you, pal, but I'm  
on a stakeout, here. (UNDER JAILBIRD)  
And--

**JAILBIRD** runs up and snatches Wiggum's purse.

**JAILBIRD**

Yoink! Haw-haw!

**CHIEF WIGGUM**

Oh! Aw! Oh, great. All my stuff was  
in that purse. (CALLING OUT) Somebody  
stop that awful, awful man!

Homer sadly walks away.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

The sidewalk is jammed with **PEDESTRIANS**. Homer's head periodically pops up over the crowd.

HOMER

(MOAN, GRUNTS, THEN AS HE JUMPS)

Lisa... Lisa...

**HOMER'S POV**

His view is obscured by the heads of the people in the crowd.



HOMER (CONT'D)

(FRUSTRATED NOISE) This is no good.

I've got to get up higher.

He approaches a STREET VENDOR selling helium balloons.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Give me all your balloons.

Homer hands him a wad of cash and takes the balloons.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I hope this works...

Homer turns to a TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN emerging from a cherry picker.

HOMER (CONT'D)

These are for you if you let me use  
your cherry picker.

TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN

(CONSIDERING) Well... I've already got  
some balloons. But they're not this  
nice. Deal.

He walks off with the balloons. Homer hops in the cherry picker and slowly starts GOING UP.

ANGLE ON LISA

who rounds the corner into the bustling crowd that Homer was just in. She looks at the sea of legs rushing past her, and tries to get people's attention.

LISA

Excuse me, ma'am? Uh, hello?

Somebody? Anybody? (WEARY SIGH)

Lisa sits down on the curb and hangs her head. Unseen by her, Homer rises up above the crowd in the cherry picker basket about a block away.

HOMER

Lisa? Lisa? (SEES LISA, GASP) Lisa!

Lisa looks up excitedly, then leaps to her feet with joy.

LISA

Dad!

HOMER

(CALLING OUT) Stay there! I'm coming  
to save you!

Homer presses the joysticks forward. The cherry picker **LURCHES**, but doesn't move. He starts furiously working the controls forward and back. As the vehicle **JERKS** around, the chocks are **JOSTLED** out from under the wheels. Lisa watches in disbelief as the cherry picker starts to roll backwards, then plummets out of control down an extremely steep incline.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Lisa! Save me!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. STEEP ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The cherry picker continues hurtling downhill.

HOMER

(FADING SCREAM)

LISA

I'm coming, Dad!

Lisa runs after him. A panicked Homer works the joysticks frantically, but only succeeds in raising and lowering himself. He rises to the maximum height and his head **SLAMS** into a hanging traffic light.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

He lowers himself to the ground, causing the metal basket to **SCRAPE** on the street. A huge shower of **SPARKS** engulfs Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(BIGGER ANNOYED GRUNT)

He quickly raises himself again.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(RELIEVED SIGH)

LISA

Look out!

The cherry picker rolls off the street and onto a long wooden pier that extends out into Springfield River.

HOMER

Oh, no! I'm gonna go off the end of  
the pier!

Just then, the wooden planks **GIVE WAY** beneath him, and the cherry picker **PLUNGES** straight through the pier into the water. Homer remains atop the extended arm of the cherry picker, which continues forward, **SLICING** through the rest of the pier.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(QUICK SERIES OF PAINED NOISES)

The cherry picker quickly floats downstream with Homer high above the water.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(LOOKS SKYWARD) I'm not normally a praying man, but if you're up there, please save me, Superman.

**EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa approaches a drawbridge, which is in the "up" position. (A ship has just passed through it.) Lisa runs to the bridge operator's booth.

LISA

Hurry! Hurry! Lower the bridge so my dad can grab onto it!

BRIDGE OPERATOR

You're the boss.

He presses a button. The two halves of the bridge begin to **CLOSE** slowly. As Homer passes underneath, the bridge **CLOSES**, catching his head in between the two halves. The cherry picker floats away as Homer dangles from the bridge. He sees Lisa looking down at him over the railing.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT, THEN PAINED NOISE) Oh, Lisa, thank God you're okay!

A couple of cars run over the top of Homer's head.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oww!

**EXT. OPERATOR'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS**

BRIDGE OPERATOR

(CALLING TO LISA) You said crush him,  
right?

LISA

No!

BRIDGE OPERATOR

No?

LISA

No!

The disappointed bridge operator pulls a lever. We hear  
the motor **STOP**.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

Lisa and Homer walk toward the car.

LISA

Are you sure you don't want to go to a  
doctor? I mean, a drawbridge did close  
on your head.

HOMER

Nah, I'll just walk it off.

LISA

I'm sorry, Dad. None of this would  
have happened if I hadn't tricked you  
into letting me take the bus.

HOMER

That's okay. The important thing is,  
no harm was done.

As they walk off-screen, we WIDEN to reveal the drawbridge behind them. It's covered with firetrucks, an ambulance, the Jaws of Life, and a NEWS CREW packing up. A WORKER puts up a sign that reads, "BRIDGE OUT."

INT. HOMER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Homer and Lisa are driving home.

LISA

(DOWNCAST) I should have known I wasn't old enough to take the bus alone, but I really wanted to see that exhibit. I'll never take another stupid risk like that again!

Homer SLAMS on the brakes.

HOMER

(FIRM) Don't ever say that.

LISA

What?

HOMER

(ADAMANT) If I hadn'ta taken a stupid risk with that cherry picker, I never would have found you.

LISA

(TENTATIVE) I guess...

HOMER

Stupid risks are what make life worth living. Now your mother, she's the steady type, and that's fine in small doses. But me, I'm a risk taker. And that's why I have so many adventures.

LISA

(ALARMED) Uh, Dad! You're headed for  
the pier again!

We see the car rolling backwards down the hill toward the  
water. Homer **HITS** the brakes.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Feel your heart pumping a  
mile a minute? That's what my heart's  
doing all the time. Bet your left  
arm's tingling too, huh?

LISA

Dad, are you all right?

HOMER

I'm enjoying my life too much to care.  
And you should be too. (GETTING REVVED  
UP) So what would you like to do right  
now, more than anything in the world?!

LISA

Go to the museum?

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED MOAN)

LISA

Don't worry, it's closed.

HOMER

(INTRIGUED SOUND) Closed, eh? Welllll,  
now it's getting interesting.

Homer throws the car into gear and **SQUEALS** away.

## EXT. SPRINGSONIAN MUSEUM - EARLY EVENING

A SECURITY GUARD patrols past the front of the museum, sweeping the area with his flashlight. Once he walks offscreen, we PAN up the Calder stabile to see Homer and Lisa hanging from one of its swinging arms.

HOMER

Just a little higher...

Homer moves a couple inches outwards, tilting Lisa's end up higher. Lisa grabs the next rung up, then moves over so her rung tilts toward Homer. He grabs it and hangs next to her. Then Lisa scrambles all the way to the far end, tilting Homer up to the next level.

LISA

Dad, I'm kind of scared.

HOMER

Good. You're gonna need that adrenalin to make the final jump.

Homer leaps a few feet through the air toward the museum, and lands on a third-story ledge, under an air vent. A second later, Lisa leaps after him. He catches her and puts her down next to him.

HOMER/LISA

(GIGGLE)

Homer **SWINGS OPEN** the vent grating and they both crawl in.

## INT. EGYPTIAN EXHIBIT ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER SCENE 11

CLOSE UP on another vent panel. One by one, the four screws holding it on unscrew and **DROP** to the floor. The panel then falls loose, revealing that it's just large enough for Homer's hand to fit through -- the vent is in the center of a much larger door. Homer reaches his arm through the tiny opening, grabs the handle of the door, and pulls it **OPEN**. He and Lisa slip out into the dimly lit room. Lisa gazes around in wonder.

LISA

(HUSHED) Wowww. It's magnificent.



## LISA'S POV

The room is filled with impressive artifacts, including golden Pharaoh masks, chunks of stone covered with hieroglyphics, sarcophagi, mummies, carvings of cats and scarabs, and a throne. The ceiling lights are off, but the individual exhibits are beautifully lit.

LISA (CONT'D)

Now I know how Sir Dudley Winthrop felt when he first fell through the ceiling and discovered the Temple of Isis.

HOMER

Aw, I'm glad you like it.

Lisa walks over to some small carved figures.

LISA

Have you ever seen such exquisite Ushabtis?

HOMER

Uh... not in some time.

Lisa notices something.

LISA

Ooh, the Sphinx's nose.

She approaches a gigantic stone nose. Homer leans over and peers up the nostril.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED NOISE) Nicely trimmed.

Lisa notices an illuminated pedestal surrounded by a velvet rope. On it sits a softball-sized stone orb decorated with hieroglyphics.

LISA

(GASP) Ohmigosh! It's the mysterious Orb of Isis.

She runs over to it, stopping at the velvet rope.

LISA (CONT'D)

(GAZING IN WONDER) Archaeologists have been studying it for decades, and still have no clue what it means.

HOMER

Well, Daddy will figure it out.

Homer steps toward the orb. Lisa grabs his arm.

LISA

Oh! We can't touch it, Dad. It's behind a velvet rope! (WITH REVERENCE)  
A velvet rope.

HOMER

(PATRONIZING) Lisa, if they really wanted to keep people away, they'd put up something a little more serious than a velvet--

Homer unhooks the velvet rope from its post and an electric charge **COURSES** through his body.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PAINED ELECTRIFIED NOISE)

Homer lets go of the rope and the electricity stops.

HOMER (CONT'D)

When we're done here, Daddy really has to go to the hospital.

Homer picks up the orb.

LISA

Careful! It's priceless.

HOMER

Now it may be old, but I'm sure it's  
worth something. Think fast!

Homer tosses the orb to a horrified Lisa. It falls short  
and hits the floor with a loud **CRACK**.

LISA

(GASP) You broke it!

HOMER

(SAD MOAN) I'm sorry, Sweetie. I  
never thought this would happen when I  
hurled the artifact. I shoulda never  
have--

Suddenly, the orb starts to open like an intricate puzzle.  
Sweet, ethereal, unearthly **MUSIC** emanates from it. A  
stunned Homer and Lisa take a closer look. Inside the orb  
they see primitive wooden workings playing a tiny harp.

LISA

It's a music box! Dad, we uncovered  
the secret!

HOMER

Oh, so now it's we, eh.

Homer and Lisa listen to the music for a moment, entranced.

LISA

It's so beautiful. And just think,  
we're the first people to hear its song  
in more than four thousand years.

Lisa hugs Homer.

LISA (CONT'D)

(HUGGING SOUND) Thanks for making me take such a stupid risk, Dad.

HOMER

Anytime, honey. Anytime. (BEAT) Now let's get out of here! We only have five minutes left on the parking meter.

Homer picks up the orb, presses the halves back together, and places it back on the pedestal. He and Lisa walk to the air vent.

LISA

It's kind of humbling, isn't it? The music we just heard might never be heard again.

HOMER

Yeah... but it'll always live on, because we'll never forget it.

Homer starts **WHISTLING** the ancient music. After the first few notes, he lapses into the "Old Spice" theme song.

LISA

Dad, that's the Old Spice song.

HOMER

It is? (BEAT) Well... that's a good song too.

Homer enters the vent and starts crawling away.

HOMER (O.S.)

(CONTINUES WHISTLING "OLD SPICE" THEME)

Lisa stares after Homer for a beat.

LISA

(WHISTLING "OLD SPICE" THEME)

Lisa enters the air vent too.

HOMER/LISA (O.S.)

(WHISTLING OLD SPICE THEME TOGETHER)

As Homer and Lisa continue whistling, WE:

FADE OUT:

THE END