

"Condiments Are No Compliment" by Alesha Russell

summary: The scene opens with a bird sitting on the tree, just before the sun went down, in the nest and all of a sudden the branch starts shaking. It is HOMER scratching an itch on his back with the tree bark.

HOMER: Stupid Bart with his stupid itching powder. (Continues to scratch itch)

LENNY and CARL are riding a double seated bike along Evergreen Terrace.

LENNY: Hey Homer!

CARL: Looks like you got a problem.

HOMER: YEAH...I got an itch on my back. So I am using this tree to scratch it. It isn't doing me any good because it is so hi... [The bird craps on his head] OH CRAP!

[HOMER

starts crying and running home yelling...]I have mayonnaise on my face!

Oh..hohoho...[Cries

and runs home]

MARGE is at home making a sandwich and the scene opens with a jar of mayonnaise and MAGGIE in

the high chair. HOMER watches MARGE in horror...and does that trademark scream

(you know

what I am talking about! I LOVE THAT!)

HOMER: [Screams] Marge! What are you doing?! [HOMER leaps over and smacks the knife out

of MARGE'S hand. The knife lands right in the dishwasher...who'd have guessed?]

That's

bird crap!

MARGE: Homer! I am making you your late night snack so you don't break the pots and pans

again just to make a bowl of ice cream, and what is that all over your face?

HOMER: [In a rational manner] No...what are you doing? You can't ask me a question without answering mine first. Don't you remember learning that in Elementary School?

You

would have been eating the sand at the end of the slide where all the little kids had stepped in.

BART enters the kitchen and starts coughing up sand, then gets a glass of milk and leaves to go to his room.

MARGE: Homer, this is mayonnaise...

HOMER: Oh right...today at work, Lenny and Carl and I were playing , "Backwards Day".

MARGE: But that doesn't explain how you knew that there is bird...umm...droppings on your face.

HOMER: THERE'S BIRD CRAP ON MY FACE?! [Crying hysterically]
OHH...HOHOHO...[runs up stairs]

The scene ends with HOMER running to his room and MAGGIE doing the pacifier sound.

BART is on his way up the stairs and is pushed out of the way and spills his milk on his face. MARGE walks in and sees him on the ground.

MARGE: *GASP* BART! Not you too!

BART: Chill out, Mom...it's just milk.

MARGE: I am sorry, Bart, it's just that your father scared me half to death with his bird...umm..

BART: CRAP!?

MARGE: Yes, I don't want you saying that anymore.

BART: Mom, I think I speak for the both of us when I say, you are too classy of a woman to ever have that kind of language come out of your mouth. [Smiles for brownie points]

MARGE: Aw... come here, my special little guy!

MARGE and BART hug, and that music plays, and the scene ends.

The next scene is in HOMER and MARGE'S bedroom with HOMER'S face shoved into his pillow crying. Yes, his face has been cleaned, but he still feels embarrassed.

MARGE: Homie, are you feeling ok?

HOMER: I don't want to talk about it. [continues to pout and cry]

MARGE: Well, would you like me to put on the Moe mask and you can talk to Moe instead?

HOMER: Uh-huh *sniff, sniff*

"MOE": Ok. [Puts on the mask and changes her voice and puts an Italian depth to her voice but is very obvious that is it MARGE'S voice] OK Homa, what's the matta? Did som'tin' happ'nd today?

HOMER: OK, Moe, this is what happened. I was scratching my itch on my back because Bart put itching powder on my back and a bird crapped on my head. The worst thing about it is that I embarrassed myself in front of Lenny and Carl... LEN-NEE and CAR-RAL!

MARGE: You couldn't tell me that?

HOMER: Where did Moe go?!

MARGE: Geez Louise! [Puts the mask back on and changes voice] Why couldn't you tell Marge that?

HOMER: [Shifts eyes and whispers] just between you and me, Marge is a girl.

"MOE": ...And what does that have to do with anything?

HOMER: Girls don't get embarrassed...watch, I will show you.

HOMER goes to the phone and dials up MILHOUSE and pretends that he is LISA.

MILHOUSE: Hello?

"LISA": Hellllooo...Milhouse...you hunkie uh...fella. How about we get together for a little sum'tin?

MILHOUSE: WHAT!?! Are you KIDDING ME?!

"LISA": HUH? I can't hear you...call me back in 2 seconds my phone is going crazy.

MILHOUSE: Oh...OK!

The phone rings and HOMER yells to LISA to pick it up

LISA: Hello?

MILHOUSE: So how about it?

LISA: So how about what?

MILHOUSE: Our little sum'tin sum'tin?

LISA: What?

MILHOUSE: Don't lie, you know you want a piece of this man! [turns to his mirror to flex
and there is a large picture of LISA on his mirror that has her lips worn off]

LISA: MILHOUSE!

MILHOUSE: I love it when you scream my name like that

LISA: YOU SICKEN ME SOMETIMES! [slams the phone on to the hook]

MILHOUSE: Oh...I hate it when you do that...[looks to his picture of LISA] So? How about
it, baby? [kisses a whole through the picture and gets his lips stuck and can't breathe.
He then falls to the floor].

The next scene starts with HOMER waking up in the morning next to MARGE

HOMER: MARGE! Remember all that talk about mayonnaise yesterday?

MARGE: Yeah, Homie, what about it? *yawn*

HOMER: A vision came to me...last night...in my dream...while I was asleep...and dreaming.

MARGE: What was it?

HOMER: A fashion show...where the models wear...CONDIMENTS!

MARGE: What?

HOMER: Yeah! Listen... the models will wear ketchup flavored hats, or mustard flavored
socks, or better yet, BBQ flavored RAINCOATS! And there can be a children's line too
of applesauce shirts and mittens!

MARGE: Well, at least it is not a scam...

HOMER smiles and gets out a pencil and pad of paper...and end scene.

The next scene is at the SIMPSON'S FAMILY garage where there is a huge banner that says

"HOMER'S HOUSE OF DELICIOUS FASHION MODEL SIGN-UPS (IN HERE)"

HOMER is having auditions

for models and gets great results. There are many people waiting to be discovered. The scene then focuses on a man who is living vicariously through his son, for he wanted to be

a model when he was young but was rejected by many different modeling/talent agencies. His

very attractive son is with him, listening to his tips.

MAN: Smile, no don't squint your eyes...

SON: Dad, I wasn't squinting...I don't even want to do this!

MAN: You are going to do this, Sergio!

SON: Dad, my name isn't Sergio...it's Brandon.

MAN: Shut up, Sergio! Your modeling name is Sergio Montello

SON: We aren't even Italian!

MAN: FINE! I'll be Sergio...and you can just leave! [turns away from his son]

SON shrugs his shoulders and leaves in MAN'S car. The license plate appears and it says "STR4LIFE"

The focus is now on HOMER.

HOMER: OK, OK...We are all here for the same reason right? [Someone spits tobacco on HOMER'S forehead] NOT YOU AGAIN! GET OUT OF MY GARAGE!
[HOMER throws a pen at him]

TOBACCO GUY: OWW....MY FOREHEAD!

HOMER: OK, now...will all the male models go to the left and all the female models go to my bedroom...

FEMALE MODELS: *GASP!* *WHAT A PERVERT!* *I AM OUT OF HERE!*

HOMER: ...and my wife, Marge, will be there to fit you to your outfits...

FEMALE MODELS: *Ohh..* *Well...there is no problem with that* *I thought he meant...*
hehe

HOMER: Now, all you male models...can you all pout your lips and bat your lashes?

MODEL #1: Umm...Mr. Simpson, that is what the girl models do...all we do is pose behind them, fill out the clothes with our incredible bodies, and then flaunt ourselves in a sexual manor.

HOMER: Oh, so because you are a professional model you think that you know all the tricks and trades? [Pause] Good, because I need a new man to be second in charge...I am sorry Fabio, but I need a man who knows how to model. I am going to have to let you go.

FABIO hangs his head in shame and the girls attached to his arms turn away. He takes a walk of shame to his Mustang Convertible and turns to HOMER. HOMER shakes his head 'no' and FABIO walks away from the car and goes to the Ford Pinto and drives away.

HOMER: Now, we got a lot of practicing to do... so let's get to it!

The song "I'm too sexy" plays while the focus goes from MARGE sewing together fabrics,
HOMER telling the models what to do, a female model gets sick and pukes in the bathroom,
HOMER yelling at the models and throws his books, SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER licking a raincoat,
then MARGE sewing together fabrics and getting sick from the mixture of condiment fumes,
and MAGGIE sleeping on MARGE'S lap.

Meanwhile, while this was going on...one of the models was not who we expected him to be. He was wearing a wire for FAT TONY. FAT TONY always needed an idea for a fashion show (since Italy has always been known to be top gun in the fashion industry) and he finally got one...by stealing.

HOMER: Pfew, that was a hard 52 minutes. Now, we have a week before my line of new clothes for the 21st century [pauses] no...for the next generation...no I like 21st century, it

sounds so futuristic! NO! It sounds so... FUTURAMA! [Pauses with his arms in the air and looks around] Anyway, I need to book us a spot in a hotel for us to model. I have to inform the Hotel Californian, yes, I said Californian, about our little show next week...because it's such a lovely place...

MALE MODEL: [sings the background to the song Hotel California] ...such a lovely place...

HOMER: [Very loud, but on key] SUCH A LOVELY FACE!...

And the solo of that song plays, then the focus turns to FAT TONY'S male model, and there is an ear piece [in his ear] and a microphone on the button of his polo shirt. The scene changes to FAT TONY'S place where all his mafia buddies playing cards.

GUY #1: Fat Tony...do you got any threes? [pronounced TREES]

FAT TONY: ...Go...fish... Johnny Tight Lips, you got any threes? [TREES]

J.T.Lips: I ain't saying nuttin'.

FAT TONY: Just as well...

GUY #1: Hey Fat Tony, how's that fashion what-cha-ma-cal-it?

FAT TONY: It's going great...the workers are in the back making the fabrics.

The focus is now in the backroom, where all the living, former US Presidents and Vice Presidents are sewing together the fabrics .

CARTER: With every stitch I sew, I know that I am one stitch closer to the edge.

REAGAN: ...And are you about to break? If I remember the song correctly...

BUSH SR.: [Thinks in his head] No...too easy, shouldn't make fun...

CLINTON: Are we getting paid for this? I had a business meeting with NBC, not FOX...

GORE: If we are...I am putting it in the lock box...all in the lock box.

ALL: SHUT UP GORE!

A new scene is in the SIMPSON living room with BART and LISA on the couch and HOMER at the phone.

An ITCHY AND SCRATCHY cartoon is the new focus. It's called...

"DROP DEAD GROTESQUE"

ITCHY is in his kitchen reading a newspaper where he sees SCRATCHY'S ad about auditioning for his fashion show and gets an idea. ITCHY makes the audition and all the cuts by wearing cat ears over his ears. On the day of the event, we see SCRATCHY hosting his fashion show and is at a table, at the end of the cat walk sitting with some alley cat buddies of his. They see cute kittens in mini skirts and some wolf whistles are made in the background. The last model (ITCHY) everyone looks at in astonishment because he is the most beautiful and hottest model they had ever seen. ITCHY bats his eye lashes and flirts with SCRATCHY and then all of a sudden, ITCHY'S cat ears fall off and SCRATCHY is in shock to see him. ITCHY is caught in the arms of SCRATCHY and quickly thinks of a plan. He remembers he stuffed his bra with bombs and lights them by the candle on the table and shoves it down SCRATCHY'S throat...and then blows up.

BART and LISA laughs hysterically while HOMER dials up the hotel.

HOTEL: Hello? Hotel Californian, Rodger speaking, how may I help you?

HOMER: Yes, I would like to reserve this Saturday for HOMER'S HOUSE OF DELICIOUS FASHION, FASHION SHOW is there anyway that would be possible?

RODGER: Well let's see, [looks through the computer for an open spot] It says here that FAT TONY'S HOUSE OF DELICIOUS FASHION, FASHION SHOW is already booked for Saturday.

HOMER: Oh no, Rodger, HOMER'S HOUSE OF DELICIOUS FASHION, not Fat Tony's...

RODGER: Well, either way, Saturday is booked. I am sorry, have a nice day.

HOMER: You too, Rodger. Good Bye.

HOMER thinks out loud

HOMER: Hmm...how coincidental that Fat Tony has a fashion show that is just like mine. As

a long-season friend of Fat Tony, I feel that I should attend his show...and maybe he will want to show off my clothes with his models.

BART: Can I go with you, Dad? It's been awhile since I have really talked to Fat Tony...

HOMER: Sure...I need a sandwich.

The next scene is at the HOTEL CALIFORNIAN. The sign says, "Today: FAT TONY'S HOUSE OF DELICIOUS FASHION, Tomorrow: SOMETHING INCREDIBLY BORING YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO GO THERE EVEN IF SOMEONE DARED YOU TO!"

HOMER: WOW...this place looks better than the brochure I found under the seat at the subway station. I don't see any gum on the walls.

FAT TONY is sitting at the head table with his mafia buddies (where have we heard this before?) Anyway, HOMER sees FAT TONY and decides to sit with him.

HOMER: Hey...Fat Tony, how's the family?

FAT TONY: Well, Bobby is feeling sick, Maria just had her third child yesterday, Monica started drinking again, Mickey got his first "A" in English...we think he is the first of the Ricotta family who is going to college, and Johnny ain't saying nothin'. Why do you ask?

HOMER: I was just wondering...so, I hear you are holding a fashion show here tonight...

FAT TONY: Well, it is starting in three [TREE] seconds.

HOMER: Oh, well I was just wondering...[looks at the models and the screams] HEY! That is my idea! That is my ranch dressing scarf...and those are my onion dip mini skirts your models are wearing.

FAT TONY: Oh, well, that's a shame that I got to it first...and if you don't like it, you can just umm...go...umm...

GUY #1: ...SUCK A LEMON!

FAT TONY: Yeah...if you don't like it, you can just go suck a lemon.

HOMER: Oh, Fat Tony...what happened to you? You used to be so good at coming up with so

many scams. You were my idol...I even bought you book on how to come up with crazy scams. [Holds up the Mr. Burns book Will There Ever Be A Rainbow? and you see the title scratched out with the title I'll Tell You How to Scam, Real Good with FAT TONY'S picture taped over Mr. Burns' picture].

FAT TONY: [Shrugs] So what am I supposed to do now?

HOMER: Split the profits?

FAT TONY: Ok...agreed you will get... [whispers]one half of one third of 9% D and I will only get...like...[says very quickly and under his breath] 98.5%...agreed?

HOMER: WOO-HOO! YES! 9% D!

FAT TONY: [parody of Mr. Burns] Excellent...

The next scene is at the casa de Simpson with HOMER, MARGE, BART, LISA, and MAGGIE sitting in the living room watching TV. They turn on the news where KENT BROCKMAN is reporting.

BROCKMAN: ...In some, lighter, news, Fat Tony has just made \$50,000 by selling his idea of condiment flavored attire to Ralph Lauren who has just made \$4.9 million in Europe, Asia, and parts of starving Africa.

HOMER: Yes! Lisa...what is 9% D of \$50 million dollars?

LISA: Dad, he said 50 thousand dollars, and there is no such number as 9% D.

BART: Yeah, Homer...Fat Tony also said "one half of one third of 9% D.

HOMER: ...yeah...and what's that?
