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**CHEF HOMER**

Featuring  
**The Simpsons**

**15 pages**

Story by Sam Agro

**PAGE 1 (3 panels)**

**PANEL 1: 1/2 PAGE SPLASH PANEL, EXTERIOR CHILI COOKOFF, DAY.**  
WIDE SHOT OF THE ENTRANCE TO A CHILI COOKOFF, WHICH IS SET IN A  
PARKING LOT. A LARGE BANNER, OVER THE ENTRANCE GATE, BEARS THE  
NAME OF THE EVENT. BEYOND THE GATES ARE SEVERAL CHILI STANDS  
WHERE VARIOUS ODD PROPRIETORS STIR POTS OF CHILI. SOME  
SPRINGFIELD REGULARS ARE MILLING ABOUT INSIDE. THE SIMPSON  
FAMILY IS ENTERING THE GATE, WITH HOMER LEADING THE PACK, GIDDY  
WITH EXCITEMENT. MARGE FOLLOWS CARRYING MAGGIE, BART AND  
LISA TAG BEHIND.

TITLE: Chef Homer

BANNER: 5th Annual Springfield 4 Alarm Texas Chili Cookoff Cagematch and  
Cotillion. Sponsored by Duff Beer.

HOMER: Behold Marge! The majesty of America's greatest **indigenous art form!**

HOMER: The **chili cookoff!**

MARGE: Homer, a bunch of fat guys making glorified stew is not **art!**

**PANEL 2: MEDIUM SHOT, SAME, CLOSER ON HOMER, MARGE AND THE  
KIDS AS THEY BEGIN TO MERGE INTO THE CROWD OF CHILI FANS. MARGE  
ALREADY LOOKS TIRED.**

HOMER: And what is art Marge? Your precious, precious scones?

MARGE: It's all just food Homer.

HOMER: **Philistine!**

**PANEL 3: SAME. CLOSE UP ON LISA AND BART.**

LISA: I'm going to find some veggie tofu chili before it starts to congeal.

BART: And I'm going to follow you and see how soon you throw up!

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**PAGE 2 (5 panels)**

**PANEL 1: ALABAMA PETE'S BOOTH, CHILI COOKOFF, DAY, MEDIUM WIDE SHOT.** WE SEE THE BOOTH OVER THE SHOULDERS OF LENNY AND CARL AS THEY LOOK AT PETE. ALABAMA PETE IS A VERY FAT MAN WITH A VAN DYKE BEARD, WEARING A COWBOY HAT. HE IS SITTING BEHIND A HOT PLATE, WITH A LARGE POT OF CHILI ON TOP. CHIEF WIGGUM IS ALSO AT THE CHILI POT, GIVING THE CONTENTS A TASTE. **\*NOTE:** WE SHOULD ALSO SEE A BIT OF THE NEXT BOOTH, WHICH IS RUN BY LUIGI, THE STEREOTYPICAL ITALIAN CHEF.

LENNY: Hey, look Carl. It's **Alabama Pete** - winner of 72 chili cookoff victories!

CARL: **Wow!** They say he has no **taste buds** left at all!

LENNY: I heard he had to get an illegal taste bud transplant from a crooked third world hospital!

CARL: **Awesome!**

**PANEL 2: MEDIUM CLOSEUP, SAME.** WE ARE NOW CLOSER ON PETE AND WIGGUM. WIGGUM IS IMPRESSED AT THE TASTE OF THE CHILI!

WIGGUM: Alabama Pete, you've done it again! This chili is **fantastic!**

PETE: To get the flavor just right, I've been eating chili three meals a day for an **entire year.**

**PANEL 3: SAME, WIDER.** CHIEF WIGGUM TURNS BACK TO THE CHILI FOR ANOTHER TASTE. BEHIND WIGGUM, ALABAMA PETE'S EYES BUG OUT AND HE CLUTCHES HIS HEART IN DESPERATION AS HE IS HIT BY A MASSIVE CORONARY!

WIGGUM: Now that's dedication!

PETE: **Gasp! Wheeze!**

WUGGUM: Say, is that cumin in there? I love cumin!

**PANEL 4: SAME, CLOSER ANGLE.** ALABAMA PETE IS NOW ON HIS BACK ON THE GROUND, WRITHING IN PAIN AND GRABBING AT HIS CHEST. HIS FACE IS A BEET RED MASK OF IMPENDING DEATH. WIGGUM IS NOW TURNED AND CAN SEE THE SITUATION, BUT AS USUAL, HE IS NO HELP.

WIGGUM: Is it cumin Pete? **Pete!**

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WIGGUM: Uh oh! This looks like **trouble!**

WIGGUM: All right Clancy, don't **panic** now, remember your **academy training!**

PANEL 5: **SAME.** WIGGUM IS NOW KNEELING NEAR THE DISTRESSED ALABAMA PETE, TRYING TO PUT A ROLLED UP TOWEL UNDER PETE'S LEGS. PETE IS HODING UP A CELL PHONE TO CLANCY IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET HIM TO CALL 911.

WIGGUM: Step one: Elevate the legs!

PETE: Call 9-1-- **gasp!** Call 9-1-- **wheeze!**

WIGGUM: What's that Pete? Oh yeah, that **emergency number!** That's fast thinking there, Pete!

**PAGE 3 (6 panels)**

PANEL 1: **PETE'S BOOTH, CHILI COOKOFF, DAY.** MUCH WIDER ON THE SCENE OF WIGGUM AND PETE. THEY ARE IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH LISA AND BART IN THE FOREGROUND. IN THE B.G., CLANCY HAS THE PHONE IN HIS HAND, BUT CAN'T REMEMBER 9-1-1. PETE IS CONTORTED INTO A SPASMIC, PRETZEL-LIKE, HIEROGLYPHIC OF AGONY. IN THE FOREGROUND, LISA AND BART ARE WALKING INTO PANEL. THEY DON'T NOTICE PETE'S TROUBLE. LISA IS LOOKING BACK, ANNOYED, AT BART WHO IS FOLLOWING HER WITH A NOTEPAD AND PENCIL IN HIS HAND. **\*NOTE:** WE CAN SEE BART AND LISA, BUT WE CAN'T SEE SEVERAL OTHER KIDS WALKING BEHIND BART UNTIL THE NEXT PANEL.

WIGGUM: Now let's see... 9-1—10? No, that's not it! 9-1—9? Nope! 9-1—8?

LISA: Stop following me Bart! I'm not going to **throw up!**

PANEL 2: **ANOTHER ANGLE, OVER LISA'S SHOULDER,** ON BART AND SEVERAL OF THE REGULAR KIDS, INCLUDING MILHOUSE, RALPH, SHERRI AND TERRI AND NELSON. BART GESTURES TOWARD THE OTHER KIDS.

BART: Maybe not, but the players of my **barfing Lisa sports pool** beg to differ!

RALPH: On my birthday, I barfed on my cake. Then it was over.

PANEL 3: **WIDE SHOT OF AKIRA'S CHILI BOOTH, DAY.** LISA IS WALKING AWAY FROM BART AND THE KIDS, HEADING TOWARD AKIRA, THE JAPANESE CHEF FROM THE SUSHI BAR, WHO ALSO HAS A COOKOFF BOOTH. AKIRA IS HOLDING OUT A TRAY WITH SEVERAL DISGUSTING

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ANIMAL-BASED INGREDIENTS ON IT, WHICH HE IS DISPLAYING FOR KRUSTY AND OTTO. LISA IS HEADING RIGHT TOWARD AKIRA AND THE TRAY. \*NOTE: THERE IS A GARBAGE CAN NEAR AKIRA'S BOOTH.

LISA: **Ugh!** Get **away** from me all of you!

AKIRA: The ingredients in my special teriyaki chili are pork tripe, calves brains and innards of monkfish. Ah-ha, ah-haaa!

PANEL 4: **SAME**. MEDIUM SHOT OF LISA AND AKIRA. AKIRA IS HOLDING HIS TRAY RIGHT IN LISA'S FACE. IT'S ALL TOO MUCH FOR VEGETARIAN LISA, WHO, NOW SEEING THE INGREDIENTS UP CLOSE, TURNS GREEN AND PUTS HER FINGERS UP TO HER MOUTH, WITH CHEEKS BULGING, IN THE CLASSIC "ABOUT TO VOMIT" POSE.

AKIRA: Would you like some tripe chili little girl?

LISA: **Ulp!**

PANEL 5: MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF GROUP OF KIDS. BART IS CHECKING HIS NOTEBOOK AS LISA TRIES TO HOLD DOWN HER STOMACH.

BART: Okay, who was closest to 5:17? Nelson, you sly dog! You had 5:20!

BART: How did you know?

NELSON: It's a gift.

PANEL 6: **SAME**. CLOSER ON AKIRA'S BOOTH. LISA HAS HER HEAD TUCKED DEEPLY IN THE TRASH CAN TO DIVEST HERSELF OF HER VEGGIE CHILI. KRUSTY POINTS A THUMB TOWARD LISA AS HE AND OTTO OBSERVE THE UNWILLING PURGE.

LISA: **Hhuuuurp!**

KRUSTY: I second the kid's motion Akira. Your chili ingredients are worse than the filler in Krustyburgers.

KRUSTY: Which is mostly **giant African river rats**.

**PAGE 4 (6 panels)**

PANEL 1: **ALABAMA PETE'S BOOTH, CHILI COOKOFF, DAY**. THE BOOTH IS IN THE FOREGROUND, AT PANEL RIGHT, AND WE CAN SEE THE CHILI SIMMERING AWAY NICELY IN IT'S POT. HOMER IS WALKING UP TO THE POT, WIGGLING HIS FINGERS IN ANTICIPATION. A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY

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IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE TWO PARAMEDICS LOADING ALABAMA PETE INTO AN AMBULANCE. HE HAS AN I.V. BAG HOOKED UP TO HIS ARM. WIGGUM IS STILL THERE, NOT HELPING.

WIGGUM: **9-1-1!** Deductive reasoning finally led me to the right number Pete!

PETE: (Weakly) Tell my kids I forgive them...

PANEL 2: **SAME.** SLIGHTLY CLOSER SHOT, THE PARAMEDICS ARE CLOSING THE DOORS OF THE AMBULANCE, BUT WE CAN STILL PETE INSIDE. WIGGUM, OUTSIDE THE AMBULANCE, IS TRYING TO REASSURE HIM. IN THE FOREGROUND, HOMER STANDS OVER PETE'S CHILI POT.

WIGGUM: Don't talk like that Pete, you'll tell them yourself at the Cotillion.

HOMER: Oooohh! **Unguarded chili!**

PANEL 3: **SAME.** CLOSE UP OF HOMER AND PETE'S POT OF CHILI. HOMER IS SLURPING UP A TASTE OF PETE'S STEAMING HOT CHILI.

HOMER: Hmmm? Pretty good, but it needs something...

PANEL 4: **SAME.** SLIGHTLY WIDER. HOMER HAS MOVED BEHIND THE BOOTH, AND GRABBED A FEW ITEMS FROM UNDER THE HOTPLATE. HE IS DUMPING THEM INTO THE POT. ONE IS A PICKLE JAR, ONE PICKLE LEFT FLOATING IN THE BRINE, WHICH HOMER IS POURING INTO THE POT, THE OTHER IS A HANDFUL OF STUBBY BLACK LICORICE BITS.

HOMER: Some of this dried out **black licorice** should help...

HOMER: ...and the old **brine** from this **pickle jar** will give it a tangy zip!

PANEL 5: **SAME.** WIDE SHOT, PETE'S BOOTH, DAY. LARGE PANEL, INCLUDING THE NEIGHBORING BOOTH OF LUIGI THE ITALIAN CHEF. LISA, IN THE FOREGROUND, IS STILL A BIT QUEASY, AND IS HOLDING HER UPSET TUMMY. SHE SPOTS HOMER AT PETE'S CHILI POT. AT THE ADJACENT BOOTH, THE JUDGES OF THE CHILI CONTEST TASTE CHEF LUIGI'S CHILI CALZONES. THE JUDGES ARE: PRINCIPAL SKINNER, SKINNER'S MOM, AND COMIC BOOK GUY.

LISA: Oooooogh! Maybe I can get Dad to take me home.

SKINNER: Luigi, your **chili calzones** are gangbusters.

PANEL 6: **CHEF LUIGI'S BOOTH, DAY.** CLOSER 2 SHOT ON SKINNER'S MOM AND COMIC BOOK GUY.

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MOM: It's too doughy!

C.B. GUY: Don't be ridiculous. "**Doughy**" is the highest aspiration of all cuisine!

**PAGE 5 (5 panels)**

PANEL 1: **SAME, CLOSER SHOT OF PETE'S BOOTH, DAY.** THE GROUP OF JUDGES IS NOW AT PETE'S BOOTH, WHERE HOMER IS STILL STIRRING THE CHILI. LISA IS NOW BESIDE HOMER, TUGGING ON HIS SHIRT.

MOM: Hello, Simpson. Decided to throw your hat in the chili ring, eh?

HOMER: Oooohh! I never thought of that!

LISA: Dad, I don't feel well. Will you take me home?

PANEL 2. **SAME.** REVERSE SHOT OVER LISA AND HOMER ON THE THREE JUDGES AS THEY TASTE PETE'S CHILI WITH SPOONS FROM SMALL BOWLS.

SKINNER: Hmmm? Say, this is very good. Some interesting new flavors in there.

MOM: It seems impossible, Seymore, but I happen to agree!

PANEL 3: **SAME.** CLOSE UP OF COMIC BOOK GUY ENJOYING THE CHILI.

C.B. GUY: This has the bold insouciance of an action star in a character role!

C.B. GUY: I pronounce it **Vin Diesel-icious!**

PANEL 4: **SAME.** MEDIUM SHOT OF THE SCENE. LISA IS LOOKING UNHAPPY ABOUT HOMER MISREPRESENTING HIMSELF.

SKINNER: Sounds to me like we have a new "**chili champ**"!

MOM: Don't be **trite**, Seymore! Go and get the prizes!

LISA: Wait a minute...

PANEL 5: **SAME.** CLOSE UP ON LISA AND HOMER.

LISA: Dad, you didn't make this chili. It's unethical to accept the award.

HOMER: Not now Lisa, daddy's getting a **prize!**

**PAGE 6 (6 panels)**

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PANEL 1: **ALABAMA PETE'S BOOT, DAY.** WIDE SHOT OF THE BOOTH. SKINNER PRESENTS HOMER'S PRIZES. A RED RIBBON, A GIFT CERTIFICATE, AND LUNCH LADY DORIS CARRYING A SLIGHTLY GAMEY LOOKING SIDE OF BEEF.

SKINNER: Here's your first prize ribbon, a gift certificate for a pedicure at the Ernest Borgnine Spa and Boutique, and a **side of beef!**

DORIS: If I were you, I'd get this to a freezer as soon as possible.

PANEL 2: **SAME.** HOMER HOLDS THE BEEF IN HIS ARMS, STARING LOVINGLY AT ITS GREASY GOODNESS. THE LADY TV EXECUTIVE FROM THE SIMPSON'S EPISODE "GIRLY EDITION", APPEARS SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE. THE JUDGES HAVE MOVED ON.

HOMER: Mmmmm... prize meat!

LISA: You can't do this Dad! It isn't **right**.

EXEC: Mr. Simpson, have you ever considered bringing your cuisine to a **wider audience?**

PANEL 3: **SAME.** MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF HOMER (WITH BEEF), LISA AND THE TV EXECUTIVE. LISA HAS HAD ENOUGH!

EXEC: I can make that happen. Our network is developing a new lifestyle show for the everyman. Or "**slobs**" as we call them.

LISA: But it's not **your chili!**

PANEL 4: **SAME.** CLOSE UP OF THE EXECUTIVE.

EXEC: You're right little girl, it isn't his chili! This chili belongs to the **world!**

EXEC: What do you say Homer? You have just the qualities we're looking for.

PANEL 5: **SAME.** CLOSE UP SHOT ON HOMER AND THE EXECUTIVE, ON HOMER, OVER THE EXECUTIVE'S SHOULDER.

HOMER: Fresh and sexy with an irrepressible joie de vivre?

EXEC: No, bald, overweight and under educated.

PANEL 6: **SAME.** MEDIUM SHOT OF HOMER THE EXECUTIVE AND LISA. LISA IS HOLDING HER STOMACH AGAIN.

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HOMER: That's me! **I'll do it!**

LISA: Oooogh! I'm feeling queasy again...

**PAGE 7 (5 panels)**

PANEL 1: **PARKING LOT, INTERIOR OF THE SIMPSONS CAR, DAY.** THE SIMPSON FAMILY IS ALL IN THE CAR. HOMER IS BEHIND THE WHEEL, BUT BART, LISA, MARGE AND MAGGIE ARE IN THE BACK SEAT. HOMER'S PRIZE SIDE OF BEEF IS IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT, ALL NEATLY BUCKLED IN. IN THE BACK SEAT, MARGE LOOKS A LITTLE PEEVED.

HOMER: Why so glum Marge? Aren't you happy about my impending stardom?

MARGE: Of course Homer, but I still don't see why the beef gets to **ride shotgun!**

PANEL 2: **EXTERIOR SIMPSONS CAR, DAY.** WIDE SHOT OF THE SIMPSON'S CAR PULLING OUT OF THE LOT AND ONTO A TOWN STREET.

HOMER: He called it.

MARGE: **Did not!**

PANEL 3: **INTERIOR SIMPSONS CAR, DAY.** OVER HOMER, SEEING THE DISSAPPOINTED MARGE AND LISA AND THE INDIFFERENT BART IN THE BACK SEAT.

HOMER: Imagine Marge. Soon I'll be influencing lifestyles all over America and select parts of Canada.

MARGE: You're not the best role model Homer. You just let your kids see you **lie, cheat** and totally **misrepresent** yourself!

PANEL 4: **SAME.** ANOTHER ANGLE ON HOMER AND MARGE.

HOMER: And I suppose you think your morals and ethics make you a **better person** than me?

MARGE: Yes. Yes I do.

PANEL 5: **EXTERIOR SIMPSONS CAR, DAY.** A FAIRLY CLOSE SHOT OF THE CAR, FRONT 3/4 ANGLE, AS IT ENTERS THE SIMPSONS NEIGHBORHOOD. WE CAN SEE MARGE AND HOMER'S FACES.

HOMER: **Ideologue!**

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MARGE: Homer, stop insulting me with big words. You don't even know what you're saying!

HOMER: **Iconoclast!**

MARGE: HOMER!

**PAGE 8 (5 panels)**

PANEL 1: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** A WIDE SHOT OF THE TV STUDIO FOR HOMER'S COOKING SHOW. WE SEE SOME OF THE AUDIENCE SITTING IN TIERS IN A HALF CIRCLE, AND HOMER'S HIP LOOKING COOKING/LIFESTYLE SET ON THE FLOOR, SURROUNDED BY TYPICAL CAMERAS AND FLOOR MANAGER. HOMER IS ADDRESSING THE CROWD. WE SEE THE SHOW'S LOGO AND TITLE: EAT IT!

LOGO: Eat It!

FLOOR M: We're back in 3-2-1!

HOMER: Welcome back to "**Eat It**"! The cooking program for the regular guy! I'm your host **Homer Simpson**.

PANEL 2: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** ANOTHER ANGLE ON HOMER, AND HIS AUDIENCE.

HOMER: And what do we do when we see food?

AUDIENCE: **EAT IT!**

PANEL 3: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** CLOSER SHOT OF HOMER, SAY, MEDIUM WIDE, AS HE ADDRESSES THE CROWD. HE IS HOLDING UP A STICK OF LARD AND A BLENDER SITS NEARBY.

HOMER: Heh, heh. That's right.

HOMER: Now, as promised we are going to explore several applications for a frequently overlooked kitchen staple—**Lard**!

PANEL 4: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** CLOSER ON HOMER AND THE BLENDER. INSIDE THE BLENDER ARE A FEW CANDY CANES, AND HOMER IS DROPPING THE STICK OF LARD INTO THE BLENDER WITH ONE HAND, AND POURING SUGAR FROM A SACK INTO IT WITH THE OTHER.

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HOMER: For a quick dessert, drop lard, sugar and leftover candy canes into the blender.

HOMER: Whip together for a few seconds...

PANEL 5: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** SIMILAR ANGLE, SHOT OF HOMER SCOOPING THE LARD CONCOCTION INTO AN ICE CREAM CONE.

HOMER: ...Serve in an ice cream cone, and then—**Eat it!**

AUDIENCE: (Off panel) **Yaaayyyy!**

**PAGE 9 (6 panels)**

PANEL 1: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** CLOSE UP OF HOMER HOLDING UP A NEW STICK OF LARD.

HOMER: But why bother to tart up lard with a lot of **fancy tricks**, when it's so good all on it's own!

PANEL 2: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** SAME SHOT AS HOMER SLOPPILY STUFFS THE LARD INTO HIS MOUTH.

HOMER: **Glarumph, glarumph, glarumph!**

PANEL 3: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** WIDE SHOT. WE ARE OVER HOMER'S HEAD IN THE FOREGROUND SEEING THE AUDIENCE, AND THE FLOOR MANAGER.

HOMER: Next week we'll discuss the art of eating things not normally considered food. And always remember, see it, **then** eat it!

AUDIENCE: **Yaaayyyy!**

FLOOR M: Aaaaand that's a wrap!

PANEL 4: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE WOMAN NETWORK EXECUTIVE SUDDENLY APPEARS TO TALK WITH HOMER. SHE IS CARRYING A RATINGS BOOK. **\*NOTE:** WHILE SHE IS EXCITED, HER EXPRESSION IS FAIRLY NEUTRAL.

EXEC: Kudos Homer, things are going great! I'd be smiling right now, if my pores weren't **teeming** with **Botox!**

PANEL 5: **INTERIOR TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY.** CLOSE UP OF THE EXECUTIVE.

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EXEC: Our numbers are up 17 % with truck drivers, 24 % with sports fans, and 65 % with sumo wrestlers!

EXEC: And finally, we're up 100% with **comic book store owners!**

PANEL 6: **INTERIOR ANDROID'S DUNGEON, DAY.** COMIC BOOK GUY IS SITTING AT HIS COUNTER EATING ONE OF HOMER'S LARD ICE CREAM CONES. ON THE COUNTER WE CAN SEE ALL THE FIXINS FOR MANY MORE LARD CONES. CB GUY IS IN FOR THE AFTERNOON!

CB GUY: Finally, a lifestyle show for the **gastronomically audacious!**

**PAGE 10 (5 panels)**

PANEL 1: **INTERIOR TV STUDIO, DAY.** A WIDE SHOT OF THE STUDIO, WITH HOMER AT HIS COOKING AREA, AND SHOWING THE FANS IN THE SEATS. HOMER IS AGAIN ADDRESSING HIS LOYAL "EAT IT" AUDIENCE.

HOMER: Welcome back to "Eat It" with me, Homer Simpson.

HOMER: And what do we do when we find food on the ground?

AUDIENCE: **EAT IT!**

PANEL 2: **INT. TV STUDIO, DAY.** CLOSER ON HOMER BEHIND THE SET COUNTER, HOLDING UP A FRYING PAN FULL OF DELICIOUS GREASE AND PORK CHOP BITS.

HOMER: In our last segment we fried up some peanut butter pork chops in this pan.

HOMER: But why waste these succulent **pan drippings?**

PANEL 3: **SAME.** CLOSER ON HOMER, AS HE SOAKS UP THE GREASE AND BITS IN THE PAN WITH A YELLOW HOUSEHOLD SPONGE.

HOMER: I find a simple household sponge absorbs them quite nicely.

PANEL 4: **SAME.** SAME ANGLE ON HOMER. HOMER HOLDS UP THE GREASY, DETRITUS FLECKED SPONGE.

HOMER: There are those who'll tell you a sponge is **inedible**, heh heh...

HOMER: ...But I'm living proof they're **wrong!**

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PANEL 5: **SAME.** WIDER SHOT OF HOMER, AS HE TAKES A HUGE BITE OF THE SPONGE.

HOMER: **Glormph, glormph!**

AUDIENCE: (Off panel) Yaaaayyy!

**PAGE 11 (6 panels)**

PANEL 1: **INTERIOR HOSPITAL, RECEIVING ROOM, DAY.** LARGE PANEL, WIDE SHOT. IN THE ADMITTING AREA, THERE ARE ABOUT SIX FAT MEN ON GURNEYS, CONTORTED IN PAIN AND CLUTCHING AT THEIR HEARTS. DR. HIBBERT AND A LONE NURSE ARE DEALING WITH THE SUDDEN RUSH OF HEART RELATED EMERGENCIES.

CAPTION: Meanwhile...

HIBBERT: What in heaven's name is going on here nurse?

NURSE: We seem to be having a run on **coronaries** this morning, Doctor.

PANEL 2: **SAME.** MEDIUM SHOT OF HIBBERT, THE NURSE, AND ONE OF THE PATIENTS. THE PATIENT, AN OVERWEIGHT MAN, IS CLUTCHING AT HIS HEART WITH HIS CAMERA FORWARD ARM. **\*NOTE:** HIS OTHER ARM IS HIDDEN BEHIND THE GURNEY, FOR A REVEAL IN THE NEXT PANEL.

PATIENT: **Oooogh!**

HIBBERT: Sir, you're having a massive **heart attack!** We'll be getting you into surgery in a few moments. Heh, heh, heh.

PANEL 3: **SAME.** CUT CLOSER TO HIBBERT AND THE PATIENT. THE PATIENT PULS OUT A HUGE, BREADED, BUTTER DRIPPING, WHEEL OF CAMEMBERT CHEESE! IT IS PARTLY EATEN. HIBBERT IS SHOCKED AT THE SIGHT OF IT.

PATIENT: **Great!** I'll just have time to finish this wheel of breaded, deep-fried, butter injected camembert.

HIBBERT: **Great Scott!**

PANEL 4: **SAME.** CLOSE UP ON HIBBERT, STILL AMAZED.

HIBBERT: Whatever possessed you to eat such an **infernal concoction?**

PANEL 5: **SAME.** WIDER ON THE PATIENT, NURSE AND HIBBERT. HIBBERT IS HANDING THE SLIMY CHEESE OFF TO THE NURSE.

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PATIENT: **Eat It!**

HIBBERT: This is no time for taunts, sir!

PANEL 6: **SAME**. SAME SHOT. THE NURSE IS DISGUSTED AT THE CHEESE SHE'S HOLDING.

PATIENT: No, no! It's a **cooking show**, called "Eat It".

HIBBERT: Hmmm. I'd better check into this!

**PAGE 12 (5 panels)**

PANEL 1: **INTERIOR OF ANOTHER PATIENT'S ROOM IN THE HOSPITAL, DAY**. DR. HIBBERT BURSTS INTO A RANDOM PATIENT'S ROOM, WHERE ANOTHER NURSE IS ABOUT TO GIVE HANS MOLEMAN A SPONGE BATH. WE CAN SEE MOLEMAN'S TV HANGING ON THE WALL, SHOWING "ROLLERGIRLS".

HIBBERT: **Nurse! The food network! Stat!**

NURSE 2: **Yes Doctor!**

MOLEMAN: But I was watching "Rollergirls".

PANEL 2: **SAME**. SHOT OVER DR. HIBBERT'S HEAD, ON THE TV. THE NURSE HAS TURNED THE CHANNEL TO HOMER'S SHOW. HOMER IS HOLDING A ROAST TURKEY BY ONE LEG ABOVE A VAT FULL OF MARSHMALLOW. THE TURKEY IS DRIPPING WITH A MARSHMALLOW COATING.

HOMER: (From TV) I always like to double dip my roast turkey in the marshmallow, to make sure it's got a nice **thick coating**.

HIBBERT: **Good Lord! He's got to be stopped!**

PANEL 3: **SAME**. CLOSE UP OF DR HIBBERT WITH A LOOK OF DETERMINATION ON HIS FACE.

HIBBERT: This looks like a job for the **Surgeon General!**

PANEL 4: **INTERIOR OF THE TV STUDIO, DAY**. A WIDE SHOT FROM BEHIND THE AUDIENCE, ON THE KITCHEN SET AND HOMER, THE AUDIENCE IN MID-GROUND, AND IN THE FOREGROUND A SHADOWY FIGURE IN THE BASIC SHAPE OF SURGEON GENERAL RICHARD H. CARMONA. HOMER HAS A BLENDER, AND IS POURING A BOTTLE OF BEER

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INTO IT WITH ONE HAND, AND DROPPING IN A SCOOP OF CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM WITH THE OTHER HAND. **\*NOTE:** THE MARSHMALLOW COVERED TURKEY IS CLEARLY SITTING ON THE COUNTER NEXT TO HOMER.

CAPTION: Later...

HOMER: Why make a root beer float, when you can make a **beer** beer float?

HOMER: I prefer a **chocolate** beer float, but go with your gut.

CARMONA: (thought balloon) **Good lord!** It's **all true!**

PANEL 5: **SAME.** REVERSE SHOT OVER HOMER ON THE SHADOWY MAN BEHIND AUDIENCE. HE'S NOW FULLY LIT, AND WE CAN SEE HE'S RICHARD H. CARMONA, THE SURGEON GENERAL. HE HAS ONE OF HIS HANDS UP IN A 'STOP' GESTURE.

CARMONA: **Enough!** This show is **over!**

**PAGE 13 (6 panels)**

PANEL 1: **SAME.** CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT OF HOMER, HANDS ON HIS HIPS IN GESTURE OF DISDAIN. THE MARSHMALLOW TURKEY IS STILL VISIBLE NEARBY.

HOMER: And just who do you think **you** are, mister?

PANEL 2: **SAME.** MEDIUM SHOT OF HOMER AT HIS KITCHEN SET, CARMONA IS WALKING INTO FRAME TO CONFRONT HOMER.

CARMONA: I sir, am the **Surgeon General of the United States!**

HOMER: Vice Admiral Richard H. Carmona, M.D., M.P.H., F.A.C.S.?

PANEL 3: **SAME.** CLOSE UP OF STERN LOOKING CARMONA, INTONING GRAVELY.

CARMONA: That's right Homer, and I'm afraid I have to **shut down** your show. Let me tell you why.

PANEL 4: **SAME.** MEDIUM SHOT OF HOMER OVER THE SURGEON GENERAL'S SHOULDER. HE'S HOLDING UP THE MARSHMALLOW COVERED TURKEY LIKE AN EAR OF ROASTED CORN, ABOUT TO TAKE A BIG BITE.

HOMER: This sounds long. You mind if I eat this while you talk?

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PANEL 5: **SAME.** MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF CARMONA, HOMER, THE FLOOR MANAGER, THE TV EXECUTIVE, ETC. CARMONA KNOCKS THE TURKEY OUT OF HOMER'S HAND.

CARMONA: **No, Homer!** That's just the **point!**

CARMONA: You see, 78% of all American men are only a **few calories** shy of a **massive coronary.**

PANEL 6: **SAME.** CLOSE UP OF CARMONA, EXPLAINING.

CARMONA: It's a delicate health care balancing act.

CARMONA: Your **cholesterol soaked** recipes are causing widespread heart attacks.

**PAGE 14 (6 panels)**

PANEL 1: **INTERIOR TV STUDIO, DAY.** WIDE-ISH SHOT AS CARMONA ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE. WE CAN SEE ABOUT 8-10 AUDIENCE MEMBERS, BECOMING MOVED AT HIS IMPASSIONED SPEECH.

CARMONA: At this time of shaky national security, we need all of our men in top fighting condition...

CARMONA: Or at least able to drag themselves off the couch for an induction physical.

PANEL 2: **SAME.** MEDIUM SHOT OF CARMONA AND HOMER. HOMER'S ARMS ARE CROSSED IN MILD DEFIANCE.

CARMONA: For the sake of America, Homer, will you please **stop cooking?**

HOMER: What's in it for me?

PANEL 3: **SAME.** CLOSE UP OF CARMONA, FLABBERGASTED, STILL EXPLAINING.

CARMONA: The satisfaction of saving hundreds of American lives?

PANEL 4: **SAME.** CLOSE UP ON HOMER, STILL NOT CONVINCED.

HOMER: I said... What's in it for **me?**

PANEL 5: **SAME.** WIDER SHOT OF CARMONA, HOMER, TV EXEC. CARMONA IS PULLING A HALF USED ROLL OF COUGH DROPS FROM HIS POCKET, IN AN ATTEMPT TO APPEASE HOMER.

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CARMONA: Well... I have this half eaten roll of cough drops...

PANEL 6: **SAME.** WIDE SHOT OF SET. HOMER IS RUNNING OFF OUT OF THE STUDIO WITH THE COUGH DROPS HELD HIGH IN A TRIUMPHANT FIST, GIGGLING LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL. CARMONA AND THE EXECUTIVE WATCH HIM FLEE IN AMAZEMENT.

HOMER: Deal, **sucker!** No take backs! **Hee hee heeee!**

CARMONA: Well, that was easier than I thought!

EXEC: Yes, he's a **culinary genius...** and **that's it.**

**PAGE 15 (6 panels)**

PANEL 1: **INTERIOR SIMPSON'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.** WIDE SHOT, INCLUDING THE TV. HOMER AND MARGE ARE ON THE COUCH, MAGGIE, LISA AND BART ARE SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF THE TV. HOMER IS SAVORING ONE OF THE COUGH DROPS FROM HIS DIMINISHING PACKAGE. MARGE IS LOOKING AT HOMER WITH A CRITICAL EYE..

MARGE: I don't think you're supposed to eat those unless you have a cold.

HOMER: Oh Marge, you're so **bourgeois!**

PANEL 2: **SAME.** CLOSER ON THE SAME SCENE. MARGE IS MIFFED AT HOMER'S ONGOING BIG WORD ASSAULT ON HER INTEGRITY. LISA IS REACTING TO SOMETHING ON THE TV.

MARGE: **I am not!** I just think people should always follow the rules.

LISA: Hey Dad, your replacement's show is starting.

PANEL 3: **SAME.** CLOSE UP ON TV. SLACK-JAWED YOKEL CLETIS IS THE HOST OF THE NEW SHOW. CLETIS IS ON THE SAME SET HOMER HAD, BUT THE NAME IS NOW "**ON THE ROAD**". CLETIS IS HOLDING A RACCOON UP BY THE TAIL. THE RACCOON HAS A TIRE MARK THROUGH HIS MIDDLE, TO SHOW IT'S DEFINITELY ROAD KILL.

CLETIS: Howdy, and welcome to my teller-vision program, **On The Road.**

CLETIS: Today we's a-cookin' us a raccoon steak, slathered up in moonshine sauce and covered with some mushrooms I found a-growin' on a stump!

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PANEL 4: **SAME.** WIDER ON THE ROOM AGAIN, AS A QUEASY LISA LEAVES IN DISGUST. THE REST OF THE FAMILY CONTINUE WATCHING BLISSFULLY. HOMER IS PARTICULARLY INTERESTED.

LISA:           **Ugh!** I think I'll go do my **homework.**

HOMER:       Marge, fetch my keys and my shovel, I'm going for a little drive.

PANEL 5: **SAME.** CLOSE UP ON MARGE AND HOMER. MARGE IS NOT HAVING ROAD KILL IN HER HOUSE!

MARGE:       You are not going **raccoon hunting** with the **car!**

HOMER:       **Bureaucrat!**

MARGE:       I am not a bureaucrat! You don't even know what that **means!**

PANEL 6: **EXTERIOR SIMPSON HOME, NIGHT.** MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF HOUSE WITH THE WARM GLOW OF LIGHTS THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW.

HOMER:       It means **bossy!**

MARGE:       No it **doesn't**-- actually, wait, maybe it does...

HOMER:       **Ha ha!** You don't know what it means either!

MARGE:       Oh **shut up,** Homer.

HOMER:       Okay, Rollergirls is on anyway...

The End