

No Recipe - "Pilot"

written by

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SMASH CUT TO:

A silhouetted figure. It steps forward from shadow. They're wearing a Chef's uniform, but with a twist... It's more colorful. Adorned with various badges. And the toque (chef's hat) is decorated with four maroon stars.

As the chef steps forward, we hear an arena crowd chant: "Cook! Fight! Win! Cook! Fight! Win!". We're...

INT. CULINARY ARENA - NIGHT

The Chef draws a chef's knife and turner spatula like swords. They raise their utensils... the crowd hushes... and...

THE ADMINISTRATOR
(via PA system) Begin!

WSSHCHOP-CHOP-CHOP-CHOP the chef furiously slashes a red pepper into thin slices and with a fast flourish WHOOSH whips them into a crackling sauté skillet. Onions, garlic, cilantro, steak... the Chef's arms are a blur as each item is sliced and added to the skillet where it quickly sautés. A commentator **<narrates each action>**.

Suddenly, the Chef grabs the skillet. A beat. The Chef flips the hot food up in the air once...twice... a pause as the Chef leans in. The skillet crackles as beef and oil meet. A third flip. A beat. And then...

Something weird happens.

As the beef and onions and garlic sizzle their weak to peak temperature, the kitchen setup shimmers with a red-maroon hue. The ground, the kitchen appliances, the leftover ingredients, the air, everything shimmers... and tendrils of otherworldly energy wind their way towards the skillet.

The chef leans in. The spirit energy gathers. The food in the skillet starts glowing with power. The Chef takes a step back. The sizzling builds to a crescendo and then FLASH!

The meal is gone. The skillet, empty.

Suddenly--WHAM! A meaty foot slams into view. We whip truck out... something new has been formed from the combination of food and spirit, summoned by the cooking ritual. Something strong. Something... ready for a fight...

A FŪDOKAI!!

The commentator **<bursts with excitement>** The Chef has successfully summoned a Fūdokai (food spirit)!

This one, a large slab of crackling beef with peppers for arms and garlic cannons on its shoulders: CARNAGE ASADA!! The camera whips to the other side of Culinary Arena where the opponent has also summoned a Fūdokai: LOBSTER THERMURDER! The two Fūdokai take fighting stances and charge at each other. They collide--WHAM!-- and we pull out to reveal:

INT. MAIZE CURRYFIST'S ROOM, MORNING

The fight is playing out on a TV in a disheveled room. Clothes are all over the floor. Recipe cards are strewn about the dressers. Posters of famous Battle Chefs are precariously pinned up on the walls by a single tack. This is the room of an exuberant, hot-blooded 13-year old girl. She's dangling over the edge of her bed, **<punching & kicking & acting out the Culinary Battle as it plays on the TV>**.

Cut-off cargo shorts. Rolled up chambray sleeves. Hair like wildfire flickering from her head. This is MAIZE CURRYFIST. A budding Battle Chef. Or so she hopes.

Deep in her re-enactment, Maize doesn't notice her DAD (ROUX CURRYFIST) come to the doorway. He watches her for a minute before announcing his presence with a **<chuckle>**.

ROUX CURRYFIST (MAIZE'S DAD)
Studying hard for tomorrow?

Maize **<startles>** and falls off the bed, but quickly recovers and nimbly jumps to her feet.

MAIZE CURRYFIST
Yup! Totally! 100%! The fires of
learnin' are burnin' and, uh,
(not able to come up with
another rhyme)
the egg... of my brain... is, uh,
churning?
(smiles coyly)

Roux smiles and sits down on Maize's bed next to her. He speaks to her in a fatherly tone that conveys seriousness but not disapproval.

ROUX CURRYFIST
Maize, the Toque Trials are pretty
intense. I'm not sure you're
prepared.

MAIZE CURRYFIST
(protesting)
I'm prepared!
(MORE)

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)

(then, justifying)

I'm uh prepared to work super hard
and get my Toque and become a
Battle Chef and make you and mom
super-proud and then work even
harder to become the best Battle
Chef I can be!

ROUX CURRYFIST

(skeptical but smiling)

So you remember all your spices?
Learned all your ingredients?
Memorized all the recipes you'll
need?

MAIZE CURRYFIST

Pffft, don't worry Pops.

(pointing to her heart)

I got all the recipes I need right
here!

Roux chuckles. *My daughter never was one to follow a recipe.*
He ruffles Maize's hair.

ROUX CURRYFIST

My little Firecracker Chicken.

He goes to leave but pauses at the doorway. Turns back.

ROUX CURRYFIST (CONT'D)

And don't oversleep! I've seen too
many an anime where the protagonist
oversleeps and then has a more
difficult journey ahead of them
than it would have been had they
just got up on time.

Maize waves her Dad off and gestures to an alarm clock.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

I've got my Fūdokai alarm clock.
I'll have no problem getting up!

TITLECARD : "Maize Has a Problem Getting Up."

TITLECARD : NO RECIPE, Episode 1.

INT. MAIZE CURRYFIST'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Maize, in her pajamas, shifts around in her bed. She's
dreaming fitfully. We CUT into Maize's dream.

INT. THE CURRYFIST FAMILY KITCHEN - MAIZE'S DREAM, DAY

We see a young Maize, 3 or 4 years old, standing barefoot in the kitchen of the Curryfist home. We hear a **<woman scuffling to and fro in a hushed panic>**, seen only in silhouette or from the knee down. It's Maize's Mom.

She's is **<talking heatedly with Maize's dad>**, but we can't understand the words - in Maize's POV, it sounds like hurried murmuring. It's obvious something's wrong, but not between her parents. Maize toddles up to her mom and tugs at the hem of her frayed slip.

YOUNG MAIZE
Mom... mom I'm hungry. Mom?

Maize's Mom doesn't react. We just hear more frenzied murmuring

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK there's a interrupting knock on the front door. Maize's Mom startles, then starts talking to her Dad again.

YOUNG MAIZE (CONT'D)
Mom, I'm really hungry!

Louder, KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

MAIZE'S MOM
(to Maize, almost
panicked)
Maize, I can't make breakfast for
you right now.

POUND POUND POUND, faster now.

YOUNG MAIZE
Mom! Please!

MAIZE'S MOM
(snapping at Maize)
MAIZE!

Maize is shocked at her mother's sudden change of tone. A beat. We see her Mom's hand tense. A beat. An exhale. Then...

MAIZE'S MOM (CONT'D)
3...2...1...

Her hand releases the tension. She bends down to Maize and for the first time we see her face. She is intensely beautiful. Skin the color of a white star. Hair just like Maize's, but with a shock of white. Eyes that take no prisoners. She lays a hand on Maize's cheek.

MAIZE'S MOM (CONT'D)

Let's make breakfast.

Roux sighs. Maize's Mom takes her daughter's hand in hers.

Young Maize smiles. The music score sweetens into a loving waltz: "Two Parts Heart". The POUND POUND POUNDing on the door continues, but the outside world seems to fall away as Maize and her mom cook breakfast side by side...

It's like a beautiful dance, each step flowing into the next. Together they crack an egg and float the white and yolk into a hot pan. Bacon is lovingly dressed around it. Hot biscuits are slid from the oven. Cheese, sliced and laid on the hot biscuit. When they are done, Maize and her mom hold a completed breakfast sandwich - biscuits, egg, bacon, cheese - in their hands together. All seems right with the world.

MAIZE'S MOM (CONT'D)

And the final touch... some special spice.

Maize's Mom reaches into a beltpouch, pulls out a pinch of red-maroon spice and pours it into Maize's hand. Maize sprinkles it on the sandwich. And smiles. It's magical.

A WHAM WHAM WHAM at the door pulls Maize and her mom out of the moment.

MAIZE'S MOM (CONT'D)

I have to go.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

Where are you going?!

Maize's Mom puts one hand to Maize's cheek and takes her hand in the other.

MAIZE'S MOM

Maize, you're going to make a tons of mistakes in life. And get yourself into situations where you'll be in over your head. And get yourself in trouble a lot.

(beat)

And--

YOUNG MAIZE

Mom!

MAIZE'S MOM

(chuckles)

Even when you're in trouble, put
your heart into everything you
do... and it will always work out.

(beat, then with a knowing
smile)

Eventually.

Maize's Mom lets go of her cheek and hand, revealing that she slipped a small pouch of red-maroon spice into Maize's hand. Maize's Mom walks to the door. Maize starts to run towards her mom, but her Dad's strong hands hold her back.

MAIZE'S MOM (CONT'D)

I'll be back, my little Firecracker
Chicken.

Maize's Mom opens the front door and, as she leaves, goes into shadow. Maize calls out to her mom, reaching her hand out.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

Mom no don't go!

INT. MAIZE CURRYFIST'S ROOM - NIGHT

We cut back into the real world. Still asleep and **<mumbling>**, Maize reaches out with her hand as she did in the dream.

As she gives one final stretch of her fingers, she knocks over her Fūdokai alarm clock. It smashes to the ground. On the alarm clock, we cross-dissolve to the next day...

INT. MAIZE CURRYFIST'S ROOM - MORNING

Maize is still **<mumbling and groaning>** through her dreams. She **<wakes with a start, gasping>** and wide-eyed. Maize blinks away the dream.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

Huh. Well that was unnecessarily
intense.

Maize notices that there's daylight streaming through her window. She **<gasps>**, looks to her shelf where her Fūdokai alarm clock was, sees it's not there, **<gasps bigger>**, looks to the floor, sees that her alarm clock is shattered, **<gasps biggest>**.

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)

Crap! Crap crap crap crap crap
crap...!

Maize whips off the covers and bolts out of bed. She blazes through her morning routine while **<panicking: "crap crap crap!">**.

-- Spraying her hair with pepper spray. **<"crap crap crap!">** -
- Brushing her teeth with chili pepper. **<"crapph crapph crapph!">**
-- Gargling with sriracha. **<"croorophph croorororoph corohrororohoph!">**

She grabs her spice belt bandoleer and blasts through the kitchen **<"crap crap crap!">** right past her father, who just smiles. Maize bolts right out the open front window of the Curryfist home, completely forgetting to change out of her pajamas.

We cut to an extreme wide of an open grass field as Maize sprints across it. **<"crap crap crap...">**

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLE CHEF TESTING CENTER - DUSK

We're on a murmuring crowd of people gathered around a large building. Its logo: a crossed spatula and fist. This is a Battle Chef Testing Center, and everyone is focused on the entrance. We hear Maize run in **<"crap crap crap!">**. She skids to a stop, breathing heavily. Slightly confused by the crowd, she turns to a YOUNG GIRL ("Millie", 6-7 years old).

MAIZE CURRYFIST

(pant) What's-- (pant) --going--
(pant) --on?

MILLIE

The Trials are over!

Millie points to the Testing Center entrance. Maize turns to look just as the door flings open. Excited, Battle Chefs spill forth, **<celebrating>**. Some toss their new Toques in the air like college graduates, some **<hoot and holler>** while spinning their Toques around their fingers, some kiss their new Toque. Maize **<whimper-gasps>** with each new type of celebration she sees.

As the newly-Toqued Battle Chefs foil out and join their friends in the crowd, Maize panics and bolts towards the entrance of the Testing Center.

As she breaches the doorway--WHAM! She runs into something and falls a couple steps back, staggering.

We cut to a pair of immaculately shined black dress shoes. We elevator eyes up... Pristinely pressed white dress slacks. A wintermint-colored chef's coat falling perfectly below the belt. The clenched jaw of a disciplined chef. The steely-blue eyes of a determined winner. And the 1-star Toque of a Battle Chef Trainer. This is TURK KELVINHEART, proctor of this round of Toque Trials. He glares at Maize over an upturned nose. *She's late.*

TURK KELVINHEART

You're late.
 (glancing at Maize's
 pajama attire)
 And unprepared.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

(standing up, protesting)
 I am prepared! I've studied for
 this every single day of my whole
 life!

Turk glares at her, expression unchanging.

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)

Okay, every day for like half my
 life... Okay just yesterday.. OKAY
 OKAY I don't study at all but I
 have everything I need to be a
 great Battle Chef
 (pointing to her heart)
 right here!

Turk's lips tighten ever so subtly.

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)

Just lemme do the Trial!

He slowly stalks towards Maize.

TURK KELVINHEART

You know... There are some who do
 study their entire lives... who
 relentlessly memorize recipe after
 recipe... who personally test every
 spice... who do ingredient recall
 drills until their eyes bleed...
 just for the chance to step a
 single foot inside these halls. And
 you... think you... with zero
 preparation... are ready to attempt
 the Trial of the Toque?

MAIZE CURRYFIST

(confident)

Yes!

(beat, then uncertain)

Yes?

(reasserting herself)

Yes.

Turk unexpectedly smiles a tight smile. *I'm going to teach this girl a lesson.*

TURK KELVINHEART

Then let's begin.

INT. BATTLE CHEF TESTING CENTER - EVENING

Turk leads Maize through a long hallway. The Testing Center walls are like library bookshelves but with food items interspersed between large scholarly cookbooks. This looks like a place of great culinary knowledge, both esoteric and practical.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

What do you need me to do? Make a sandwich? Sample some spices? Boil an egg and fight a training dummy or somethin?

TURK KELVINHEART

(slightly amused)

No.

Just as the two enter an open space, Turk stops and Maize bumps into him.

TURK KELVINHEART (CONT'D)

You have to fight... US!

We whip truck out to see that Turk has led Maize into an open Culinary Arena. Next to Turk, a QUICHE DU PAIN lands in a three-point hero stance. It rears up and roars. CHYRON: QUICHE DU PAIN! The chyron zips out and an eggy tentacle thrashes towards Maize, who barely leaps out of the way.

TURK KELVINHEART (CONT'D)

Normally we would begin cooking at the same time. But...(smiles coldly) you were late.

The Quiche du Pain lashes another tendril at Maize, who nimbly dodges <"crap crap crap" again...>.

She furiously looks around, trying to spot the kitchen setup designated for testees. She does, and bolts towards it as another tentacle whips at her.

CUT TO: The young girl from before, Millie, wanders into the entranceway of the Kitchen Stadium. She's off to the side, not making her presence known, but just curious about the battle that's about to happen.

We're back on Maize, avoiding multiple egg lashes. She slides at the simple kitchen setup and starts evaluating her options. She quickly realizes that it's a complete mess. Messy dishes used by the last round of testees are strewn about. Food items are left out on the counter. Ingredient containers have either spilled their contents or are completely empty.

TURK KELVINHEART (CONT'D)

Oh, and most of the ingredients are gone. Sorry about that.

Maize **<panics a little>** as the situation sets in. As the Quiche du Pain continues to thrash eggy tentacles at her, she sorts through some plates **<"cmon cmon cmon">**, looking for something. She finds some overdone bacon and a couple of scraps of cheese slices. She dodges another tentacle.

Maize rifles through the drawers, getting more panicked. On another counter 10 feet away, she spots a stale package of biscuits, and a package of flax seeds. She goes to rush towards it but WHAM a huge egg tentacle whips at her and she barely ducks it by curling up on the floor under the counter. We're on her as she **<hyperventilates>**.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

Why did I think I could do this I
haven't prepared I couldn't wake up
on time I screwed everything up I
haven't learned any recipes...

Maize stops as if she suddenly remembered something. A beat. She inhales. Exhales. Counts quietly to herself.

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)

3...Things will work out...2... if
I just... 1... put my heart into
it.

Maize steels herself just as WHAM another egg tentacle slams on the counter. But this time, she confidently dodges it. She bolts over to the distant side station and scoops up the flax seed and biscuits.

Back on Turk, who is standing calmly next to Quiche du Pain and just letting it thrash at Maize.

TURK KELVINHEART

Flax seeds? She can't do anything with those.

Maize powerslides under the kitchen counter, ingredients intact. She pops her head up, checks the kitchen setup to see where the right pans and appliances are, takes a cleansing breath...

MAIZE CURRYFIST

You can do this, Maize. You can do this you can do this you can do this...

...and closes her eyes. She reaches out her hand as if her Mom were taking it. Maize stands up, eyes still closed, and begins to cook. The music score sweetens: "Two Parts Heart" again. We cross-dissolve between shots of Maize performing the same steps that she did with her Mom, but with a twist. She sprinkles water over the biscuits, rehydrating them. Puts them in the oven. She puts flax seeds in water, where they start to form into a gel. Turk and Quiche du Pain stop, momentarily confused.

We cross-dissolve to Maize draping cheese on the almost-completed sandwich. She puts the top bun on. Then...

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)

And the finishing touch... some of Mom's special spice...

She takes a pinch of spice from her bandoleer and sprinkles it over the completed breakfast sandwich.

There's a long beat. Maize leans in. Turk leans in. Nothing happens. No red-maroon. No tendrils of energy. Maize looks confused/sad. Turk grins slightly. Then suddenly FWOOSH! A brilliant flash of red-maroon catches everyone off guard. It fades, revealing...

A FUDOKAI! CHYRON: BREAKFAST SLAMWICH!

Maize **<cheers and celebrates>**, pulling Breakfast Slamwich into her arms and spinning him around.

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)

Thank you and hi!

She puts Breakfast Slamwich on the kitchen counter. Breakfast Slamwich smiles and bows to Maize, who bows back. Slamwich then whips around and takes a defensive martial arts stance.

TURK KELVINHEART

(to himself)

She pulled off a Breakfast Slamwich... without even using eggs?

(grunts)

(then to Maize, coldly)

Well done. But you still have to fight.

Breakfast Slamwich and Quiche du Pain face off in a super-cool, high-energy battle! Quiche keeps coming at Slamwich, but Slamwich deflects all of Quiche's attacks! Slamwich even gets some good hits in! In fact... It looks like Slamwich is winning! Turk is incensed!

As Quiche du Pain slides back from the impacts of Breakfast Slamwich's Sausage Slimline, Turk takes note of the tide turning against him. We push in on him as he looks at Maize and Breakfast Slamwich with wonder...

TURK KELVINHEART (CONT'D)

This... this little burnt flan... with no preparation. Or studying. Or...recipe... may actually... win?

(Beat. Then, Turk's wonder turns to fury.)

No. It would be a disgrace to the sport of Culinary Combat. To every Battle Chef who has ever studied the Art. And to ME.

(More fury.)

She shall not pass... (beat) this test.

Turk orders Quiche du Pain to give it all she's got. *I'm gonna teach this... "Maize"... girl a lesson.* Breakfast Slamwich and Quiche du Pain fight again. It's even more intense than the first battle. Breakfast Slamwich makes a good effort but it's clear that he's overwhelmed. One big move from Quiche and...

...Breakfast Slamwich slams to the floor, face first. Maize **<gasps>** at the impact. Turk's lips twist into a faint tight grin.

Breakfast Slamwich struggles to raise his head. Egg yolk drips from his face like blood (it'll be cute, promise!). Bits of biscuit crumble off. After a bit of staggering, he falls flat on the kitchen floor.

MAIZE CURRYFIST
Slamwich! No!

Maize falls to her knees, the full weight of her situation hitting her all at once. It's a little over-dramatic. But so is Maize.

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)
Why did I think I was ready to pass the Trials? I should have practiced and studied and learned my ingredients instead of just winging it and cooking from the heart like I always do... I'm sorry Dad. I'm sorry Mom...

TURK KELVINHEART
(grunts, then to himself)
A little dramatic aren't we?

MAIZE CURRYFIST
...I'm sorry I'm such a disappointment...

Maize, in a heap, starts crying to herself. Turk turns away, disgusted. Breakfast Slamwich looks back at Maize through a haze of yolk and pain (but cute pain, I promise!). He clocks her passion. Her sorrow. Her commitment...

Inspired by Maize, Breakfast Slamwich finds a hidden well of strength. As music swells, he claws his way to his feet, sets his eggy jaw, and does the Bruce Lee "come at me" gesture. Maize notices that Breakfast Slamwich is back on his feet and **<gasps>** slightly.

Turk looks back over his shoulder. Notices that Breakfast Slamwich is back on his feet. Turk's lips purse. He turns and, wordlessly, gestures for Quiche du Pain to attack.

More eggy tentacles rapidly fire at Breakfast Slamwich, but he uses his Biscuit Shield to block all of them in succession. Quiche du Pain channels her egg-body into one big tentacle and launches it at Breakfast Slamwich, attempting to overwhelm him... CHOP!... For the first time, a tendril is chopped from Quiche du Pain. We reveal that Breakfast Slamwich now has a Bacon Sword. *Ho. Ly. Crap.*

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)
Yeaaaaaaaaaah!

TURK KELVINHEART
What... just... happened...?

Turk clenches his jaw and steps over to the opposing kitchen setup. It's immaculately organized and fully stocked. With quick, precise movements, he cracks an egg into a pan where it starts sizzling.

With one hand, he begins whipping the sizzling egg with an egg beater. With the other, he pulls out a precision baster, dips it into a container of cream, fills it to a particular level, and adds that cream to the pan.

Turk tosses the egg beater in the air. Grabs and cracks another egg into the pan. Catches the egg beater. It's the efficient movements of an incredibly practiced chef. Another egg. Add cream. Whip. Egg. Cream. Whip. Egg, Cream, Whip Egg-Cream-Whip eggcreamwhip he repeats, speeding up with each cycle.

We push in on Turk as he seethes, and...

WHITE FLASH BACK TO:

A young Turk. Six or seven. He wears the same uniform that we've seen him in, but in this time he's toqueless. He's doing the same cooking movements. Egg. Add cream. Whip. He seems to be enjoying the training. Egg. Cream. Whip. He picks up an egg and adds a little twirly flourish before he cracks i--WHOOOPS. The egg slips out of his hand.

Turk gasps. His surprise turns to young fear. Offscreen, we hear a single stern word:

(STERN VOICE, MALE)

Turk.

We pull out and reveal that we are...

INT. THE KELVINHEART ESTATE, PRACTICE KITCHEN

It's an immaculate kitchen. Cooking utensils and ingredients immaculately stacked on wall shelves. Stainless steel refrigerators shine with cleanliness. This whole room gleams with cooking supremacy.

Standing behind Turk are two tall figures, a man and a woman, dressed in the same uniform as Turk. Their toques tastefully adorned with a symbol denoting their five-star status. Their arms are behind their back and their eyes are narrowed in an expression that screams both "judgement" and "disappointment". Turk turns to address them.

TURK KELVINHEART

Mom, dad, I'm sorry I--

Turk's dad cuts him off with a sharp raise of his hand, expression unchanging. He leans in close to Turk, putting his face uncomfortably close to his son's.

TURK'S DAD

Do not contaminate the sport of Culinary Combat with such foolishness. Nor the Kelvinheart name with failure. If you do...

Turk's Dad doesn't finish his sentence. He doesn't need to. Turk's young eyes well up with tears, but his expression doesn't change. He turns back to his quiche and begins his routine anew. Egg. Cream. Whip. Egg, Cream, Whip. We...

WHITE FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. BATTLE CHEF TESTING CENTER - EVENING

Turk, face stern. Focused. But just a little tear welling up in his eye. He's pushing past it; Egg, Cream, Whip. Egg, Cream, Whip.

Cut to a closeup on the pan. The mixture sizzles, then starts to evaporate into tendrils of red-maroon energy. The tendrils wind their way to Quiche du Pain. When they reach her, Quiche du Pain absorbs them. She gets bigger and more menacing looking...

Turk smiles a tense smile. Back on Millie.

MILLIE

What the... powering up isn't allowed in the Trials...

Millie clocks Turk's intentions. She runs out of frame (and out of the arena).

Maize, who is still cheering Breakfast Slamwich on, stops and notices what Turk is doing to Quiche.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

That's a thing you can do? Man, I really should study more!

Back on Breakfast Slamwich, who is facing down Quiche. Quiche lashes out eggy tentacles at Breakfast Slamwich. He dodges them. But then one whips his Bacon Sword in half. Now weaponless, he startles. Slow step after slow step, Quiche du Pain menacingly advances. Breakfast Slamwich steps back. Quiche whips up a huge egg tentacle, preparing to smash Breakfast. The look on Breakfast's face: *oh crap, this is the end for me...*

WHOOSH! A Bacon Sword flies into Breakfast's hand. Breakfast, startled, looks back at Maize. Maize raises a giant pan full of sizzling bacon, showing it to Breakfast.

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)

I got-chu, friendo!

Breakfast Slamwich smiles. As Quiche's giant egg tentacle slams down - SHING! - Breakfast slices it off and away and the Bacon Sword shatters from the collision.

More tentacles fly Breakfast's way. Maize flings Bacon Swords like cards. One by one, Breakfast Slamwich catches them and - SHING! SHING! SHING! - each tentacle is sliced off as they reach him. The pace reaches a crescendo. With each slice, Breakfast Slamwich advances a step!

Turk sees the battle turning against him AGAIN! He boils with anger. SHING SHING SHING! More egg tentacles chopped off as we push in on Turk starting to bubble over. Suddenly...

TURK KELVINHEART

AAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

... Turk screams a scream of primal rage. Quiche du Pain screams the same scream. Then recklessly charges at Maize and Breakfast. Maize clocks the scream and charge, then attempts to scream the same scream...

MAIZE CURRYFIST

Arhghagrghghghgaaaaaghghrhrllbllrghh
hh!

... it comes out a silly-sounding mess. Breakfast makes the same silly noise and charges at Quiche. Screaming, they leap at each other epically aaaaaaaaand --

STERN VOICE (O.S.)

Stop!

The two Fudokai cartoonishly stop in mid-air. Maize looks back at the arena entrance to see a figure emerging from the shadows. It comes into the light.

Black dress shoes. Slacks. Glasses. Hair pulled back in a bun. A woman. And on her lab coat, the crossed spatula and fist: the Battle Chef Testing Center insignia. She looks official. She's the BATTLE CHEF TESTING ADMINISTRATOR (which we'll understand by her demeanor. She is flanked by Millie, who is trying to keep from being seen.

The Testing Administrator walks over to Maize and Breakfast Slamwich and looks them over. Then, eyes narrowed, she looks over Turk and Quiche.

TESTING ADMINISTRATOR
That Fudokai is... abnormally
large.

Turk, holding a poker face, responds.

TURK KELVINHEART
I followed the recipe.

The Testing Administrator narrows her eyes skeptically. Then,
turns to Maize.

TESTING ADMINISTRATOR
Well...
(gesturing to severing egg
tentacles on the ground)
Judging from the carnage, I'd say
you and your Fudokai survived long
enough to earn your Toque.

Maize takes a second to process. Then,

MAIZE CURRYFIST
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Maize and Breakfast Slamwich celebrate uproariously. Back on
Turk, who clenches his jaw. Maize pops in and joyously thanks
Turk, jumping and hugging and spinning him around.

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)
Thank you so much Turk I didn't
know I had it in me but you taught
me that I can do good even without
studying though I promise I'll
study more and I can't believe I'M
GONNA BE A BATTLE CHEF
WOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

As Maize hops around in circles, we cut wide to see Quiche du
Pain and Breakfast Slamwich approach each other and bow.
Tendrils of that red-maroon energy leave their bodies and
POOF they turn into normal meals - a breakfast sandwich and a
quiche. Maize picks hers up and hugs it. Turk does not. The
Testing Administrator cuts in.

TESTING ADMINISTRATOR
Unfortunately, we ran out of Toques
this morning.

Maize stops on a dime. It looks like she's gonna cry.

TESTING ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)
Turk. Give her yours for now.

Turk's eyebrows flare up suddenly, but he chokes his feelings down. With thinly veiled hatred, he slowly takes his Toque off and hands it to Maize, who is smiling a huge smile.

She tries to put it on. It doesn't fit. Her hair is too wild for it all to fit under the Toque. She tries a couple different angles, but no use; it's almost like her hair is rejecting the Toque.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

Eh, too constricting anyways. I'll go without one.

She crumples the Toque slightly in her hand and flippantly tosses it to Turk. Turk, fuming, watches Maize **<skipping and bounding and twirling>** out of the arena. Millie follows Maize. The Testing Administrator turns to Turk. Gives a look of *I know what you were doing*. Walks out, leaving Turk alone. Fuming.

An electronic chime. Turk pulls out his communicator and looks at the screen. It's a message from his dad. Just one word: "So?"

Turk bubbles with fear and rage and frustration, but attempts to hold it inside. He tears up. Clenches his fist.

INT. BATTLE CHEF TESTING CENTER EXIT HALLWAY

Maize walks down the exit hallway, still holding her sandwich and **<still celebrating>**. She **<playfully kisses it and thanks it sooooo much>**! Millie is in tow, trying to keep up.

MILLIE

You did really good in there!

MAIZE CURRYFIST

You were watching? Awwwww, thank you sweetie!

MILLIE

You almost beat Turk the Jerk!

Maize stops.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

(stern)

Hey, that's not nice.

Millie is taken aback slightly. Then recovers.

MILLIE

But you did almost beat him!

MAIZE CURRYFIST

(beat)

Yeah?... I dunno...

(beat as she gets a little self-conscious)

I don't wanna beat anyone... I just... wanna be the best Battle Chef I can be.

(shrugging)

That seems more important.

Maize, **<still celebrating>** runs off, leaving Millie to ponder Maize's words. We push in on Millie; Maize's words are having an effect on her.

CROSS DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRASS FIELD - MORNING

It's the same grass field Maize ran across to get to the Testing Center. This time, she's **<skipping and whistling>** her way back home. We hear running footsteps and **<heavy breathing>** come closer. Maize turns around. It's Turk. He ran all the way from the Testing Center to catch up with her.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

Turk! Whaddup, friendo?

TURK KELVINHEART

(panting)

I... (pant) I... (pant) I want to travel with you.

Maize is taken aback. Turk takes a cleansing breath. Then continues, coldly.

TURK KELVINHEART (CONT'D)

The path to becoming a good Battle Chef is a long and difficult one. You will need someone to help you with the basics. I am that someone. I come from a long line of Battle Chefs, and I am on my own quest to beat all other Bat--

Maize interrupts, jumping in his arms.

MAIZE CURRYFIST

WOOOOOOOO LET'S DOOOOOO IT!
What's the next step!?

Turk holds his face tight. Cold.

TURK KELVINHEART
Meet me at the Testing Center
tomorrow morning. We shall set off
together.

MAIZE CURRYFIST
Alriiiiiiiight!

Maize leaps out of his arms and continues **<spinning with her sandwich and celebrating>** as she runs home.

MAIZE CURRYFIST (CONT'D)
Whoooo hoooooo see ya tomorrow,
friendo!
(cheer-chanting)
Turk and Maize! Turk and Maize!
Turk and Maize'll be friends for
days...

We stay on Turk as he glares at Maize. His face tightens as
we push in. *I will destroy her.*

CUT TO BLACK.