

BAD FOODIE: PART TWO

The fall of Guidry Cloche

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INT. CHEF*TV EXECUTIVE OFFICES - DAY

Network suits encircle a large oval table, watching the pilot episode of AMERICA'S CULTURAL CUISINE. From the wall's recessed monitor, basic cable host GUIDRY CLOCHE wraps up his closing monologue with a rousing musical flourish.

The assembled EXECUTIVES watch and compare notes.

EXECUTIVE 1

Well, that was a pleasant surprise.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE

Certainly not what I was expecting, especially from him.

EXECUTIVE 2

I agree. That was actually quite good. Pretty compelling stuff.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE

He really stepped up his game.

EXECUTIVE 1

It's that new producer. CBS is still pissed.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE

This is going to be a tougher decision than I thought.

EXECUTIVE 2

Hey chief, I have an idea...

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - LATER

TV producer FJ LEWIS sits stuck in traffic, sweating and miserable as neighboring commuters honk in frustration.

A dreamcatcher adorns the rearview mirror and a drop of perspiration hangs on the tip of his nose. He cranks up the A/C while the car sits literal yards from his exit.

His cellphone rings and he turns down the radio.

FJ LEWIS

This is Frank. Uh-huh.

(pause)

Oh, hey! What did they think?

His eyebrows knit, but in a moment his expression brightens.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 I'm really glad. What?
 (pause)
 Really? That's great!

Frank mutes his phone and joins the chorus of angry drivers, honking the horn and proclaiming:

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 That's what I'm talking about!

He composes himself and calmly resumes speaking.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Yeah, sorry. I'm here.
 (pause)
 No, no problems at all. Like a well-oiled machine. Guidry? Oh, he's the real deal. Total pro.

The producer smiles and fist pumps the air triumphantly.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Thank you, it means so much to me.

His joy is short lived. He listens with a puzzled look.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Sure, I mean, we can do that.
 (pause)
 I'll let them know.
 Let me make a few calls.
 (pause)
 I will. Alright, you too.
 Thanks again. Bye.

FJ hangs up as the rush hour logjam breaks free. He takes the Reseda exit and makes a call with a smile on his face.

EXT. RESEDA - MOMENTS LATER

Frank pulls into the driveway of a non-descript suburban home. Still on the phone, he exits the car and accidentally closes the door on his shirt.

FJ LEWIS
 He what? Of course he did. Well, how long has he been there?
 (pause)
 I don't know. Is that a felony?

Frank pulls his shirt free and looks at his watch.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Lemme see what I can do.
 You guys get your bags packed.
 I'll pick you up at 7:30.

FJ hangs up and looks to the sky in despair. He sighs heavily, shakes his head and walks to the front door.

It opens from inside, and a giggling 4 year-old barrels into his legs. MONICA LEWIS leans in and greets him with a kiss.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 I've got good news and bad news.

MONICA LEWIS
 What's the good news?

FJ LEWIS
 We're getting picked up. I'm officially the producer of a show.

His proud wife smiles and hugs her husband.

MONICA LEWIS
 Oh babe, that's incredible! Your hard work's finally paying off.
 (frowns)
 Wait, what's the bad news?

FJ LEWIS
 Well, here's the thing---

TITLE CARD: BAD FOODIE 2

INT. LEWIS & CLARK COUNTY JAIL - THE NEXT MORNING

As a bespectacled female officer sits doing paperwork, FJ pokes his head inside the door, enters and approaches the window. Without looking up, the CLERK speaks.

CLERK
 Yes? May I help you?

FJ LEWIS
 I hope so.

CLERK
 Dropping off or picking up?

FJ LEWIS
 Picking up. The name's Cloche.
 I called earlier.

CLERK

Oh yes. Detective Foley's cousin.

FJ LEWIS

That's right. Sorry for the misunderstanding. He's with us.

CLERK

Always glad to help out the LAPD. It'll take me a minute to get his release forms finished. This way.

The woman rises and pushes a button. A buzzer sounds, the security door opens, and they walk to the holding cells.

CLERK (CONT'D)

He was naked and hallucinating when we brought him in. We had no idea he was working with the DEA.

FJ LEWIS

(mumbling)

Yeah well, neither did he.

CLERK

What was that?

FJ LEWIS

I mean, he's like, deep undercover on this case. *Really* deep.

CLERK

(skeptically)

You don't say?

They arrive at another door. She unlocks it, holds it open.

CLERK (CONT'D)

In here. He's past the others. The last cell. You keep to the right.

FJ LEWIS

Thank you for your help, Officer--

Frank glances at her security badge.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)

Barney.

CLERK

Call me Janine. I'll get you his paperwork.

EXT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

FJ finds Guidry standing in a prison jumpsuit with his hands at his side and his hair slicked back like Hannibal Lecter.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Good evening, Francis.

FJ LEWIS
You know, somehow I always knew
you'd end up here eventually.

The buzzer sounds and the cell opens. They head to the exit.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
What happened to your buddy?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Let's just say the federal
government has a low opinion of
international arms dealers.

FJ LEWIS
So?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
So, we won't be seeing him no more.

FJ LEWIS
Well, The boys are waiting outside.
Let's get the hell out of Dodge.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Why are *THEY* here?
Wait, where are we going?

FJ LEWIS
You'll see.

INT. CHEF*TV STUDIOS' CULINARY ARENA - AFTERNOON

Production staff makes last minute preparations inside the glass and metal confines of the cavernous Culinary Arena.

Fish are lined up in neat rows on ice and fresh produce is positioned just so for the camera. At the rear of the set, a hanging backdrop sports a logo that reads: TASTE OF VICTORY.

Guidry paces nervously around his assigned cooking station, staring at the rows of empty seats. FJ joins him, picks up a spatula and playfully flips it around in his hand.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Fuck me.

FJ LEWIS
Huh? This is gonna be great
exposure for the show.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
There may not *BE* a show after this.

FJ LEWIS
Wait, what?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Don't worry, you'll be fine, but my
career will be over.

FJ LEWIS
Why is that?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
In a little over 3 hours, I will be
publicly humiliated on live TV.

FJ LEWIS
How do you figure? You said
yourself that this other guy was
just a glorified line cook.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
You don't understand.

FJ LEWIS
With your years of experience, you
oughta smoke that fool.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Yeah, about that. I never--

FJ LEWIS
Oh, I get it. You've never competed
against another chef?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
It's not that. It's just-- I can't-

FJ LEWIS
Nervous about the live audience?
Don't be, just picture everyone in
their underwear. Nothing to it.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
I don't know how to cook!

FJ drops the spatula. It clatters noisily to the floor.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 I'm not a chef. Never was.
 There, I said it.

FJ LEWIS
 Fuck me.

Indian-American Production Assistant BETHANY hurries over,
 pushes up her glasses, smiles and checks her notes.

BETHANY
 Mr. Cloche?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 What is it now, Stephanie?

BETHANY
 It's Bethany, sir. I'm afraid
 there's been a scheduling conflict
 and your opponent won't be able to
 make it to tonight's broadcast.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 'Scheduling conflict'? Scared
 shitless is more like it. I was
 gonna show up that bum for the no-
 talent burger-flipper he is.

Frank rolls his eyes at Guidry's bravado.

FJ LEWIS
 So the show is what, postponed?
 Canceled? Do we still get paid?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Damned coward.

BETHANY
 Oh no. Don't worry, the producers
 found a replacement.

FJ LEWIS
 A replacement?

BETHANY
 Luckily enough, we were able to
 find a new contestant on short
 notice. Isn't that great?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Swell.

FJ LEWIS
 Who'd they get?

The doors burst open on the far side of the arena. A shadowy figure stalks onto the set surrounded by an entourage of publicists and PR flacks. His face is hidden by a tastefully jaunty pashmina. PA Bethany approaches with her clipboard.

BETHANY

Thanks for agreeing to appear on such short notice. I have your rider list right here.

STRANGER

Oh, it's my pleasure. Anything for my dear friend Guidry.

FJ LEWIS

Hey, is that--

GUIDRY CLOCHE

You? They got you?
I didn't expect--

STRANGER

Of course you didn't.
Surprised to see me?
(to P.A.)
I'm sorry Miss--
What was your name, dear?

BETHANY

Oh, It's Bethany sir.
But you can call me Betty.

STRANGER

Well, if I can call you Betty--
Then Betty, you can call me Al.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Long time no see, Al.

ALTON BROWN removes the scarf, adjusts his bow tie and points an accusing finger at Guidry.

ALTON BROWN

Not you, though!
It's Mr. Brown to you.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Oh, give it a rest fancy-pants.
That was a long time ago.
I said I was sorry.

ALTON BROWN

It almost ended my career.
(MORE)

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)
 Now I get to end yours. What
 delicious irony! See ya in the
 kitchen, wannabe.

Dirty looks abound as Alton and his posse barge by on their way to the dressing rooms. Frank stares, bewildered.

FJ LEWIS
 I thought you guys were friends?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 We were, but I was mad at him after
 he blew up my dressing trailer--

FJ LEWIS
 Oh yeah, you told me about that.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 So I MAY have pulled a teensy-
 weensy practical joke.

FJ LEWIS
 What did you do?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Nothing major. We were doing a live
 segment on Good Morning America--

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

GMA anchors flank Alton as he stands slicing and dicing seafood. Assistant Guidry hands over ingredients to Brown.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I was helping him make ceviché.

FJ LEWIS (V.O.)
 And?

Alton squeezes lime into the mix and wipes his hands. Guidry reaches behind him to add a slimy surprise to the bowl.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (V.O.)
 And maybe I added just ONE itty-
 bitty oyster.

Servings of ceviché are handed out. Alton and the hosts dig in. Guidry downs his and looks on with an expectant grin.

FJ LEWIS (V.O.)
 He's allergic, isn't he?

Alton turns red and reaches for his throat, clawing madly at his bow tie. His entire body swells up like a balloon, buttons popping and seams splitting as he inflates. The hosts run for cover as Alton reaches critical mass.

END FLASHBACK

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Anaphylactic Shock. He blew up like a float at the Macy's Parade.

FJ LEWIS

Oh shit.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

And there's also a tiny chance that I may have hidden his medication.

FJ LEWIS

Damn, that's cold-blooded. No wonder he's gunning for you.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Great. This is all I need, a Brainiac with a grudge. It's gonna be a bloodbath.

FJ LEWIS

Don't you quit on me yet, Mayonnaise. I might know someone who can help.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Really? Who?
(points)
Betty over there?
Is her last name Crocker?

Sounding defeated, the host shakes his head.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

It's hopeless.

FJ LEWIS

Guidry Cloche, you're a grown-ass man. Surely you know how to prepare a simple meal to feed yourself.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Need I remind you what I actually do for a living? I just eat the food. I don't cook it.

FJ LEWIS

Well, I mean you must have picked up some recipes or cool techniques over the years, right?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I mean, I had a job at CLOWN BURGER when I turned 16, but I got fired.

FJ LEWIS

Ok, that's something!

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Then I got a job making guacamole at a Mexican Place called TA-TA's.

FJ LEWIS

Mexican is good.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Until I got fired.

FJ LEWIS

We can build on that. What else?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

My last civilian job was working at a PIZZA DADDY's franchise.

FJ LEWIS

Lemme guess, you got fired?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

No, I quit. Have you ever seen the CEO? Ew, what a creepy asshole!

FJ LEWIS

OK. Alright, I see what you're bringing to the table.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

This is a car wreck.
Alton's gonna kill me--

FJ LEWIS

Relax, alright? My old man was a hot tub repairman for 20 years. He knew a lot of people in this town.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

You can't fix this, Frank.

FJ LEWIS

I can fix it.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
(despondent)
Stop playing with me.

Frank puts a comforting hand on Guidry's drooping shoulder.

FJ LEWIS
I told you before: I'm not playing.
Let me make some calls.

Frank lifts his phone to dial but Guidry intervenes.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Look, you're a really talented guy
with a bright future ahead of you.
Don't jeopardize your career for a
nobody like me. You have a family.

FJ LEWIS
Well, I had to pick your ass up
from jail this morning. I'd say
you're like family already.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
So, am I invited to the cookout?

FJ LEWIS
Only if you bring your ex-wife.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

ALTON BROWN
He's up to something.

Alton fumes as Betty flips through pages on her clipboard.

BETHANY
I'm sorry Mr. Brown, but the rules
state that each chef is allowed an
assistant of their choice.

ALTON BROWN
I don't trust him. Flying someone
in at the last minute like this--

BETHANY
As long as they're here by airtime,
there's nothing I can do.

An irritated Alton snaps his fingers at his security detail.

ALTON BROWN
Well, I brought an insurance policy
with me just in case.

His entourage wheels over a dolly carrying an enormous, cabbage-like pod. Alton approaches, kneels down, and strokes the leafy exterior tenderly. The strange vegetable pulsates, hinting at something inside.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)
It is time, my precious.

The leaves quiver and the pod convulses with life. It bursts open along the side, yellowish fluid spilling onto the tile floor. The members of Brown's group look at one another dubiously. Aghast, Betty shrieks and flees the room.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)
Look. It's moving--

Covered in goo and vines, a human arm emerges from the green incubator. Clearly insane, Brown cackles with the glee of a mad scientist.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)
It's alive. It's alive! It's ALIVE!

A leg appears, and soon the pod's occupant is free.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)
Yes, my child. Come to Daddy.

Covered in slime, the figure rises like Prometheus and walks over to face Alton. Except for the glasses, the 2 profiles are identical.

Music: 'God Only Knows' by The Beach Boys

The clone reaches up to touch Alton's face, which is streaked with tears.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)
(emotional)
I've always loved you.

CLONE
I know.

The pair embrace. Brown's entourage stand gawking, awkwardly observing the intimate moment. The BODYGUARD steps forward.

BODYGUARD
Hey boss, this is getting weird.
We'll give you a moment, uh, *alone?*

Ignoring him, the food scientist removes his glasses and puts them on the clone before cupping his double's cheeks lovingly. The pair of duplicates smile simultaneously.

ALTON BROWN

Hello Handsome! You're a good looking fellow, do you know that? Look at that boyish face, that sweet smile. *THIS* is a good boy--

Weirded out, the rest of his crew back away from Alton and his doppelganger and filter out through the door.

BODYGUARD

Uh, yeah. We'll uh, check up on you in a little while, uh, Mr. Brown.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Guidry Cloche paces the floor nervously, counting on his fingers and mumbling to himself.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Let's see, what was it again?
2 all-beef patties, special sauce,
lettuce, cheese--

Frank sits on the loveseat, phone in hand.

FJ LEWIS (PHONE)

Thank you so much, Aunt Gladys.

Frank fist pumps and gives Guidry a thumbs-up. Still anxiously pacing, Guidry continues to babble.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

My boloney has a first name--

FJ LEWIS (PHONE)

(looks at Guidry)

He is.

(pause)

I know. Oh she's great. I will.
Love you too, Aunt Gladys. Bye.

Hanging up and looking pleased with himself, Frank stands and claps. Startled, a despondent Guidry stops pacing.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)

All right, help is on the way!

(raises phone)

Thank you, modern technology.
So, tell me again why you don't
have a cellphone?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Don't get me started on those God-forsaken things.

FJ LEWIS
I figured a celebrity like you
would have the latest and greatest.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
(whispers)
Microwaves. Rots the brain.

FJ LEWIS
(chuckling)
Right.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
(Irish brogue)
'Fer fook's sake laddy, it's the
bloody Mark of the Beast, that's
what it is.'

FJ LEWIS
(mocking)
If you say so. What, do you think
it's SPYING on me?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
You'll see.
(muttering)
Orwellian, I'm tellin' ya--

FJ LEWIS
Dream on, George Jetson.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Don't say I didn't warn you.

FJ LEWIS
Someday we'll all be able to talk
to our phones, have conversations
with it, ask it stuff---

GUIDRY CLOCHE
One word: Skynet.
That's all I'm saying. 'I'm sorry
Dave, I'm afraid I can't do that'.
Is that what you want?

FJ LEWIS
You're exaggerating--

GUIDRY CLOCHE
I'm talking Big Brother here.

FJ LEWIS
(to self)
--Or using hyperbole, I'm not sure.
(MORE)

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
(walks to the door)
The plane should be landing any
minute. Let's see what's going on
out front.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

Guidry and Frank peer from behind the stage curtain. The
TASTE OF VICTORY set is a hive of activity.

Dress rehearsal is underway, as camera shots are established
and script revisions are finalized. As houselights are
adjusted above them, a handful of CHEF*TV executives sit
together in the front row.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Great. The suits are here.
Guess they want to watch me crash
and burn.

FJ LEWIS
Not on my watch.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Where ARE those guys?

FJ LEWIS
Mikey just texted me.
They're on the way back from L.A.X.
25 minutes, tops.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
I still don't get it, how'd you get
ahold of a private jet?

FJ LEWIS
Aunt Gladys owed my Mom a favor.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
That's one hell of a favor.

FJ LEWIS
Mom let her have my Grandmother's
waffle recipe.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
A waffle recipe? That's it?

FJ LEWIS
You've never had my Grandmother's
chicken and waffles.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Chicken *and* waffles?

FJ LEWIS
Trust me.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
(frowning)
On the same plate?

FJ LEWIS
Yes! Look, we don't have time for
this. The boys will be back any
minute and we've got to work on
your menu. *C'mon--*

Guidry takes a last look, frowns, and closes the curtain as
the pair head backstage.

INT. DRESSING ROOM 2 - LATER

Impeccably dressed, the 2 Altons stand face to face,
adjusting each other's bowtie. Satisfied, they hold hands
and gaze at each other longingly.

CLONE
You know, I never dreamed it could
be like this.

ALTON BROWN
I did. Many, *many* times.

There's a knock at the door.

ALTON AND CLONE
(in unison)
Who is it?

Amused, the men chuckle and bump foreheads affectionately.

CLONE
You go ahead.

Brown caresses his clone's cheek.

ALTON BROWN
You're sweet.
Come in!

Betty pops in, pencil in hair and clipboard at the ready.

BETHANY
Mr. Brown? We're just about ready
for the last walkthrough.
(MORE)

BETHANY (CONT'D)
I mean, AL. We're almost re--

She looks back and forth at the identical men, startled.

ALTON BROWN
Yes? What is it, Betty?

Her confusion fades, and she appears strangely aroused.

BETHANY
(coyly)
Well, Al, you know how cute I
always thought you were.

Music: 'Moving in Stereo' by The Cars

In slow motion, Betty lowers her reading glasses, her eyes smoldering with desire. 2 blouse buttons pop open by themselves. She slowly pulls the pencil from her hair, which cascades down. In full vixen mode, she puts the pencil to her lips seductively.

The pair of dapper gourmands grin and share a knowing look.

ALTON BROWN
We'll be there momentarily, thanks.

Betty produces a riding crop and pats her palm gently.

BETHANY
(sultry)
Is there *anything* else I can do for
you 2 strong, handsome men?
Maybe we could, y'know--
hang out after the show?

The men confer in a whisper before answering.

ALTON AND CLONE
(in unison)
No.

ALTON BROWN
Thanks Betty, but we're fine.

BETHANY
(swishing her crop)
I mean, we've still got a few
minutes--

ALTON AND WILSON
(in unison)
You can go.

Disappointed, Betty puts down the riding crop, turns and buttons her blouse as she walks to the door.

ALTON BROWN
 (softly to his twin)
 That felt like harassment.
 Made me a little uncomfortable.

CLONE
 Me too.

ALTON BROWN
 (sighs)
 Get used to it.
 That's just the way it is.
 Some things will never change.

CLONE
 I guess great physical beauty can
 be a real handicap.

As Betty departs and the door closes, a foot intervenes and stops it. Guidry slips inside, holding a sloshing drink pitcher and a stack of plastic cups.

ALTON AND CLONE
 (in unison)
Hey! Get out of here!

The pair gaze at one another, enamored.

ALTON BROWN
 (to clone)
 You're adorable.
 (to Guidry)
 What do *YOU* want?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 I brought a peace offering.

ALTON BROWN
 It's too late for that.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Come on, Al.
 We were friends for a long time.

ALTON BROWN
 Not any more.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 One drink. For old time's sake.
 (to clone)
 I was his wingman, y'know?

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Inside the velvet rope of STUDIO 69, the beautiful people of 1981 are getting their groove on. A giant gold nose is mounted on the wall. A woman in satin shorts and rainbow suspenders slides out of a nostril on roller skates.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We used to go out and hit the clubs
all the time. Dancing--

To a familiar disco beat, a white-suited Guidry recreates Tony Manero's moves flawlessly, right down to the lighted floor tiles and mirror ball. As he finishes, he is mobbed by a crowd of onlookers.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Al was no slouch himself. He could
really hold his own on the dance
floor.

The music changes to an upbeat, old-timey tune, and Alton slides into frame. Rendered in black and white, he performs the 'Singing in the Rain' routine by Gene Kelly as foam fills the dance floor.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Drinking. And boy, did we *drink*.

At the bar of a Bangkok strip club, the inebriated Al and Gid toss back shots of Cobra whiskey as the ladies do their thing. Guidry pours out the last 2 shots, leaving the snake carcass in the empty bottle.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Back in the early days, Al was the
only person I knew who could drink
as much as *I* could.

The pair of foodies clink shot glasses and down the potent liquid. As a ladyboy dancer twirls her tassels, the grinning pair slide unconscious to the floor.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

Well, maybe not the *only* one.

A hand reaches into frame and grabs the bottle. Turning it upside down and smacking the bottom, a wasted Andrew Zimmern sucks out the entire snake, chews, and pulls it's skeleton from his mouth. Laughing maniacally, he tears off his shirt like the Hulk, smashes the bottle over his head and lunges for the strippers.

END FLASHBACK

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

We had some good times together,
Al.

ALTON BROWN

Funny, I don't remember Andy being
there. I heard he quit drinking, by
the way.

CLONE

Good for him.

Guidry raises the pitcher, his voice hopeful.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I remember you used to love my
world-famous Bloody Marys.

ALTON BROWN

Yeah, so what? Doesn't matter!
Like you said, that was a long time
ago. Now get out.

CLONE

Ooh, I could go for one of those.

Setting down the glasses, Guidry fills 3 cups and hands them
out. The Browns accept them cautiously.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

The secret ingredient is vodka.

CLONE

Why not? It's just one drink.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Yeah Poindexter, loosen up.
One drink.

ALTON BROWN

It's a trick.
(sniffs the drink)
He's trying to poison us.
He did it once already.

Guidry raises his cup and sips, seemingly shocked and hurt.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

That really stings, Al.
I told you I was sorry.

The clone raises his cup, but Alton reaches out to stop him.

ALTON BROWN

Wait!

(sniffs his drink)

Is that Clamato I smell?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

What? No!

Would I do something like that, Al?

ALTON BROWN

I knew you would try *something*, you son of a bitch.

Guidry stands holding his empty cup, wearing the innocent look of the wrongfully accused.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)

Joke's on you, Cloche.

I'm not allergic to ALL shellfish, just oysters.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Really? Huh, I did not know that.

CLONE

(to Al)

Does that mean it's safe to drink?

ALTON BROWN

I'm not sure.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Of course it's safe, you just saw me drink it. Come on, Al. I'm a new man. This is not the *OLD* me. This is the *NEW* me.

CLONE

Well, I'm thirsty. Cheers!

Alton's double drains his cup, smacking his lips after.

CLONE (CONT'D)

Damn, that's a good Bloody Mary.

Alton watches his clone for any sign of distress. Cautiously, he sips his drink. Finding it to his liking he empties the plastic cup and flips it at Guidry.

ALTON BROWN

There. One drink. You happy now?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I'd be happier if you'd just forgive me.

The clone scoffs and opens a makeup mirror to apply his fake moustache. Satisfied, he snaps the mirror and tosses it. Joining his clean-shaven kin, the pair stand side-by-side, hands on hips.

ALTON BROWN

Not gonna happen. Now get out. In exactly one hour, Wilson and I are going to expose to the world what a *charade* you are.

CLONE

(makes pig noise)
Ha-ha!

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Wilson?

Grinning through a slightly crooked cookie-duster, Wilson extends his hand to Guidry.

WILSON

Wilson. Wilson Brown.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Oh. Nice to meet you.

He reaches out to shake, and Wilson pulls his hand back in the classic diss.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

(to Alton)

It doesn't have to go down like this, Al.

ALTON BROWN

(bitterly)

Yes it does. And I get to do it in front of a live studio audience. Did I mention I invited some VIPs to sit up front?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Who? The suits? I saw 'em.

ALTON BROWN

Oh no. Not them.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Well, who then?

ALTON BROWN
 You'll see.
 (evil laugh)
 They're all gonna laugh at you!

WILSON
 They're all gonna laugh at you!

ALTON AND WILSON
 (in unison)
THEY'RE ALL GONNA LAUGH AT YOU!
THEY'RE ALL GONNA LAUGH AT YOU!

Distraught, Guidry abandons his pitcher and cups, sprinting for the door in a panic. He opens it and pauses.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 (tearful)
 I just wanted us to be friends
 again!

As the door slams, the Brown boys look at each other and laugh.

WILSON
 Oh, goodie! Look what he left--

The clone reaches for the pitcher to pour himself a refill.

ALTON BROWN
 Give me another one of those, too.

Wilson hands it over and they toast before drinking deeply.

WILSON
 Ah! Wow, that's good.

ALTON BROWN
 He's an asshole, but he does make a
 damn fine Bloody Mary.
 Give me one more--

INT. CHEF*TV STUDIO HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Guidry's ear is against the dressing room door, eavesdropping on the Browns. Further up the hallway, Frank and his production crew, MICHAEL KUSAMA and RODNEY NEUMANN, poke their heads around the corner, straining to see.

Towering above the crew, a very large Native American man nurses his Frappuccino wearing a grin. The embroidered name on his teal bowling shirt reads: RAPHAEL.

Amused, the hulking chef of Montana's Crow Flies Café blows Guidry a playful kiss as the host rejoins his team.

FJ LEWIS
Did it work?

Guidry smiles as he wipes away the crocodile tears.

RODNEY
Why are you crying?

MICHAEL
Duh, he was acting!

RODNEY
Brilliant!

GUIDRY CLOCHE
(takes a bow)
Thank you.
(to Raphael)
How long do we have, Big Sexy?

RAPHAEL
About 45 minutes.
Depends on how much they drank.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Perfect.

FJ LEWIS
Let's get out of here before his
posse gets back.

MICHAEL
Yeah, where'd they go?

RODNEY
They're getting autographs from the
judges.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
I almost forgot to ask: Who ARE the
judges? There's 3, right?

MICHAEL
Uh huh.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Anyone I'd recognize?

FJ LEWIS
Oh, I'm pretty sure you've met at
least one of them before.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Ok, as long as it's not John Elway.

An oversized brown hand comes down on Guidry's shoulder.

RAPHAEL

If it isn't my buddy *Asweels*.
Let me show you tonight's menu.

The group heads for Guidry's dressing room. At the end of the hall, the producer stops.

FJ LEWIS

You guys go ahead, I'm gonna say hi to my aunt.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - LATER

With an overflow audience filling the stadium seats, a handsome Asian man warms up the crowd. Between acrobatic karate moves, the show's host introduces the crew and hypes up the impending showdown.

A sleeveless longhaired grip in a bullet belt and fingerless gloves counts down with his fingers as the camera's light blinks on and the teleprompter begins it's crawl.

GRIP

5. 4. 3...
(counts silently)

After 2 and 1, the grip whirls his arm underhand and points.

GEORGE TAKEI

Hello ladies and gentlemen, I'm your host, George Takei. But within the confines of this kitchen Coliseum, I am known as the 'Chairman of the Cutting Board'.

The crowd responds enthusiastically.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Greetings and salutations, fellow food-fight fanatics. I would like to welcome each and every one of you to: Culinary Arena!

The lights strobe and dazzle the masses, prompting whooping and cheering from the stands.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

We are excited to have you with us,
and I must say, you are here on a
very special night.

(turns)

Now, I know some of you are
disappointed that one of our
competitors was unable to be here
tonight because of a scheduling
conflict, so the producers asked me
to share this update regarding his
whereabouts.

Disappointed groans and a few shouts from the assembly.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, It is my sad duty to
report that our contestant and his
production staff have gone missing.
The film crew were last seen
somewhere in the middle of the
Golden Triangle, home of the
heroin-producing 'Flaming Dragon'
gang.

Gasps of disbelief from the suddenly quiet audience.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

The host was reportedly spotted by
witnesses riding a moped outside a
satay stand in Ho Chi Minh City,
attempting to interview a 12-year-
old guerilla leader when he and his
camera team disappeared.
Authorities suspect they may have
been captured by the young warlord,
and believe the captives are likely
being held at gunpoint by his armed
militia at this very moment. *Oh my!*

Stunned cries of alarm and murmurs of concern rain down in
response, followed by silence. A lone person coughs.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

So tonight, we'd like to extend our
heartfelt thoughts and prayers to
the families of the hostages.

From somewhere in the audience, an anonymous voice offers
sarcastically: 'Yeah, that'll help.' and is shushed by the
crowd.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

At the U.S. Embassy, State Department officials have put out a press release stating that while no ransom demands have been made, local law enforcement vows to follow up on any potential leads. Rewards have been offered for information on the whereabouts of the missing Americans.

INT. CULINARY ARENA THIRD ROW - CONTINUOUS

José Andrés leans over and whispers to Éric Ripert:

ANDRES

What do you think?

RIPERT

I don't know, have they checked the tattoo parlors?

The giddy Spaniard stifles a laugh and pats the Frenchman's shoulder.

ANDRES

What about the brothels?

RIPERT

You have a point.
I wouldn't put it past him.

ANDRES

(chuckles)

He *WOULD* pull something like that. I mean after all, this *IS* Anthony we're talking about.

RIPERT

Free as a bird, doing his own thing.

ANDRES

Not here, like a great big television star. He would hate this.

RIPERT

Well, like it or not: I'm afraid we'll have to share our dear friend Tony with the rest of the World now.

The pair clasp hands and share a quiet moment of Grace.

INT. CULINARY ARENA CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

--in wishing them all a safe and speedy return.

Slow clapping turns into moderate applause from the worried crowd, who look at one another anxiously.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

HOWEVER, there's an old saying in television: The Show Must Go On. And fortunately, we think we've found a suitable replacement. So, at this time, the producers would like to take this opportunity to thank Alton Brown and his assistant Wilson for agreeing to appear on such short notice.

(claps)

Thank you Alton. Let's hear it for him, folks. He's good people.

Clapping and general acceptance from the placated mob.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Oh my! Ladies and gentlemen, we've just been notified by the network of an extraordinary development. I'm being told by my producers that: In order to celebrate the new fall lineup, we here at CHEF*TV are proud to announce that tonight, for the very first time, this show will be broadcast *LIVE*, coast-to-coast, with limited interruptions to a national audience in Prime Time!

Roars of approval from the packed studio. Chants of: '*Prime Time. Prime Time.*'

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

And this evening, oh my! We have a battle for the ages. 2 well-seasoned masters of the culinary arts will face off, to see which Gastronomic Gladiator will get to savor: the *TASTE OF VICTORY!*

Wild applause ensues. After a moment, the host quiets the crowd.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)
 But before we do, let's meet
 tonight's celebrity judges. And oh
 my, do we have some star power
 assembled for you here tonight. So
 without further ado, let's get
 things started:

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Just offstage, the members of Team Guidry peer out from the wings, observing the preliminaries. Oblivious, Guidry shakes his shoulders loose as he bounces on his toes, bobbing and weaving like a prizefighter.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
 This picture-perfect celebrity
 judge has been referred to as the
 First Lady of Homemaking, and was
 recently named by Fortune magazine
 as one of its '50 Most Powerful
 Women' for the second consecutive
 year.

MICHAEL
 Uh-oh.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
 If you ask nicely, she may just
 give you some free investment
 advice. Ladies and gentlemen,
 please welcome: Martha Stewart!

The raucous crowd erupts.

INT. CULINARY ARENA GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martha munches a chocolate-chip cookie. Lowering her Wall Street Journal, she folds it, rises and uses it to brush off some crumbs. As she approaches the stage, the Mistress of Manners glares icily at the Asian man and flips off the control booth with both hands.

MARTHA STEWART
 (pissed)
Investment advice?

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE - CONTINUOUS

M-Diddy casually strolls onstage, warmly smiling and waving like Jackie-O to the adoring fans. As she approaches the low platform, she brushes by the regretful host before taking a seat at the judge's table.

GEORGE TAKEI (OFF MIC)
 I'm sorry Martha, the writer
 fellows swore that was a good line.

Smoothing her chic pantsuit, she slides into place on the
 dais, the image of calm sophistication.

MARTHA STEWART
 (calmly)
 Nobody likes a tattletale, Georgie.
 Especially *me*.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

FJ LEWIS
 Ok, so they brought out the big
 guns.

RODNEY
 My Mom worships her.

Guidry stops throwing jabs and joins his friends.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Marty's here?

MICHAEL
Marty?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Oh, Marty and I go *WAY* back. We
 used to do bong rips and play
 pinball all day over at Michael
 Milken's house. She had a thing for
 me before I slept with her sisters.

FJ LEWIS
 Well, don't worry.
 I brought in a ringer.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
 Our next judge was a late addition.
 She has been a Grammy-winning
 recording artist for over 3
 decades, and has released a string
 of platinum-selling albums and
 dozens of chart-topping hits.
 Oh my! Ladies and gentlemen, I
 present to you: the legendary
Gladys Knight!

The audience goes wild. Frank cheers his approval as the
 Empress of Soul glides onto the set.

As she waves, she spies her nephew offstage and gives him a wink, stepping up to the table to greet Martha with a kiss.

Mike, Rodney, and Raphael stand looking at Frank in mute amazement.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Aunt Gladys?

FJ LEWIS
What can I say?
I come from a big family, I've got
a lot of aunts and uncles.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
You'll introduce me after the show,
right?

FJ LEWIS
Settle down, lover boy. They're
about to introduce the last judge.
I believe you 2 know one another?

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
And finally, for the pièce de
résistance in this titanic battle
for kitchen supremacy;
Oh my! I'm really excited about
this, because we're honored to have
a living legend with us tonight.
Tonight's *extra-special* celebrity
guest judge is a woman who needs no
introduction, but here goes:

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Nancy Reagan?

FJ LEWIS
Think taller.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Margaret Thatcher?

FJ LEWIS
You're so close--

GUIDRY CLOCHE
(gasps)
No.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
A towering figure in the culinary
world, and a trailblazing pioneer
in the history of television.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 (disbelief)
 It *can't* be.

FJ LEWIS
 Oh, but it *can*.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
 It is a tremendous honor to have a true icon here with us tonight. Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for: The Grand Dame of haute cuisine herself. Often imitated, never duplicated. The one, the only, the incomparable--

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Jules?

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
 Miss Julia Child!

The curtains part, and a beefy Chippendale's dancer gently pushes a wheelchair carrying the beloved octogenarian out to meet her adoring public.

A beleaguered assistant pries away the sherry bottle as she waves to the mob like royalty, basking in the glow when suddenly the entire audience rises as one to its feet.

As the ovation thunders on, the regal matriarch cheekily pulls up her blouse to flash the cameraman, who blushes and turns his lens skyward. Julia puts her hand to the side of her head and makes the 'call me' gesture as she joins her fellow luminaries at the judge's table.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Oh my!

RAPHAEL
 Did that just happen?

RODNEY
Damn, she's a pimp!

MICHAEL
 That was straight-up *gangster*.

FJ LEWIS
 You were right.
 Sorry I didn't believe you.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Same old Jules.

The crowd quiets as the emcee resumes speaking.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
Oh my! I would be remiss in my duties if I didn't navigate our ship over to the constellation of all-star chefs who have trekked from across the universe so they could be with us tonight to witness this tasty battle of snobs versus slobs.

The house lights focus on several rows of distinguished people seated up front with the executives. The music swells, building the tension.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Oh no.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
As individuals, they are globally respected.
But together: they represent a veritable galaxy of Michelin stars.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
So THAT'S who he was talking about.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
Within this vast Federation of flavor, each of these enterprising pioneers have altered the space-time continuum in their own way. Their continuing mission: to explore strange new foods; to seek out new bites, and new monetization; to boldly go where no chefs have gone before.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STANDS - CONTINUOUS

George Takei begins reciting a list of familiar and prestigious names, pointing out individual accomplishments of arguably the 50 biggest names in Food.

As the assembled chefs chat amiably amongst themselves in their seats, ushers hand out pre-wrapped chocolate-chip cookies to the multitudes.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Bethany joins them backstage while Guidry scans the crowd.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

There's Graham Kerr and Keith
Floyd. I see Ripert still has his
nose attached to Robuchon's butt.

RAPHAEL

Sara Moulton got a haircut. *Girl*,
that's the wrong color for you.

BETHANY

Besides, the Rachael is so over.

RAPHAEL

I know, right? Can you *stand* it?

BETHANY

1997 called, they want their
hairstyle back.

RAPHAEL

You're so catty. I love it.

BETHANY

Did we just become best friends?

FJ LEWIS

Did he say 'snobs vs. slobs?'

MICHAEL

I believe he did, sire.

FJ LEWIS

Do you think he meant us?

RODNEY

I believe he did, sire.

FJ LEWIS

I thought so. I think my hand wants
to boldly go and seek out his face.

RAPHAEL

Is that Gordon Ramsey?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Yeah, that's him. Limey prick.

BETHANY

You sure? He looks different.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Looks like somebody got an appointment with Nigella's doctor. Hey, there's the old girl now!

BETHANY

I see her, and she looks *STUNNING*.

RAPHAEL

I swear she's getting younger.

BETHANY

That *bitch*.

INT. CULINARY ARENA CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

We'll have to stop here for station identification and a word from our sponsors. But, when we return LIVE, we'll meet the starting lineups in tonight's Clash of the TV Titans. We'll be right back, So don't move a muscle!'

CONTROL TOWER (O.S.)

And, we're out. Way to go, George. Set phasers for 'killing it'. Hey, can we get security over here?

GEORGE TAKEI

No seriously, don't move a muscle. Just sit there, you fat bastards.
(incredulous)
'New monetization'?
Who writes this shit?

INT. CULINARY ARENA LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

A mounted LAPD unit rests near the exit to the parking lot, chatting with MARTIN, a member of studio security.

LAPD

I think there's a *clinical* name for it, isn't there?

MARTIN

Drowning.
But that's not why we moved--

CONTROL TOWER

Chief, put out the fire, will ya?

The lean, angular-faced guard looks up to the tower and over to the set before dashing off to grab a fire extinguisher.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Music: 'The End' by The Doors

An upside down Alton stares at a ceiling fan rotates to highlight the flames reflected in his eyes. Apocalypse Brown has set fire to a dozen pots and pans full of brandy and is tossing cherries into the flaming liquid jubilantly.

CONTROL TOWER

And can somebody get Mr. Wilson to put his pants back on, please?

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

RAPHAEL

Oh my God, there's Anne Rosenzweig!

FJ LEWIS

Not enough black faces out there, if you ask me.

BETHANY

Or women.

MICHAEL

You can't find many Asian people in that crowd, that's for sure.

RAPHAEL

Hardly any Hispanics, either.

RODNEY

I see a couple members of the tribe out there.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Oh shut up, your tribe runs this whole town.

FJ LEWIS

Are you trying to get fired again?

MICHAEL

(nudges Guidry)
Hey, is that Masaharu Morimoto?

FJ LEWIS

You know him, Gid?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

We're acquainted. Let's just say you don't want to make him angry. You wouldn't like him when he's angry.

MICHAEL

I think he goes to my Dad's dentist. Is it him?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I'm not sure, *Kato*.

(joking)

Which one *is* he? I can't tell the difference, all you Asian guys l--

Glancing at his cast of multiracial comrades, he spies his producer's expression and reconsiders his next words.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

--like to think I know everybody in the food show biz?

FJ LEWIS

Well played. You're learning.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I *DO* know this, though: Don't ever play Mahjong with that guy. You don't want to owe him money, especially if you enjoy playing the piano.

RODNEY

Someone on the internet said that the Hong Kong mob were the ones who killed Bruce Lee.

MICHAEL

The Triads? Oh sure, that's what the Wing Kong WANT you to think--

FJ LEWIS

C'mon, is he really in the Yakuza?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Oyabun of the Lords of Death.

RAPHAEL

(excited to Betty)

Is that Kevin Costner?

FJ LEWIS

Lords of Death?

BETHANY
 (to Raffi)
 No, it's Kevin Spacey.

RAPHAEL
 (deflated)
 Oh. *Ew.*

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Long story. Remind me to tell you
 next time we're in Tokyo.

As the studio audience files in from several hundred
 bathroom breaks, celebs in formal wear jostle each other
 reclaiming their seats.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 (searching)
 Dang, where's Emeril?

INT. CULINARY ARENA STANDS - CONTINUOUS

With 2 cups of beer pinched between his fingers, Emeril
 Lagasse squeezes down the aisle. He apologizes profusely for
 spilling his Peroni on Guy Fieri as he passes by on the way
 to his date. Gingerly wiping the drops from his white tuxedo
 jacket, he hands one of the brews to the striking black
 woman seated next to him.

INT - CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 That *son of a bitch!*

FJ LEWIS
 What?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Lagasse's with my ex-wife!

MICHAEL
 No way.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 WAY.

RAPHAEL
 Who?

RODNEY
 What a dick move.

FJ LEWIS
 Emeril Lagasse.

RAPHAEL
I know who Emeril Lagasse is, dude.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
My ex-wife Pamela.

RAPHAEL
You were *married*? That poor woman.

FJ LEWIS
Hold on. Your ex-wife, she's *HERE*?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
See for yourself.

BETHANY
(pointing)
Wait, is that *HER*?

RAPHAEL
Shut *UP*. I'm dead, literally dead.

RODNEY AND MICHAEL
(in unison)
We're not worthy--

BETHANY
She's so gorgeous, I can't even
look directly *AT* her.

Frank scans the aisles, looking for the lovebirds. He spies
Emeril canoodling with a stunning black woman.

FJ LEWIS
Wow. Pam Fucking Grier.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
She smells like angels oughta
smell.

FJ LEWIS
The perfect woman.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
The Goddess.

FJ LEWIS
I'm not going to waste one more
second wondering how you got so
lucky. Man, if I was single---

GUIDRY CLOCHE
You're not helping, Romeo.

FJ LEWIS

What? Don't look at me like I'm a monster.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Then stop staring like a zombie and help me break those 2 up.

FJ LEWIS

Aunt Gladys said my Uncle Cal might show up tonight. He *might* be able to help us out there, actually--

GUIDRY CLOCHE

So, it seems Lagasse has been putting the moves on my would-be girlfriend.

A surprised Frank is taken aback:

FJ LEWIS

Wait, I thought you 2 were divorced?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

It's complicated. It's not final until I sign the papers.

FJ LEWIS

Oh wait, I get it now. You don't want to sign them.

(sighs)

THAT'S why you don't have a cellphone. 'Big Brother' my ass.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Just keep a good safe distance, Mr. Family Man. She'll suck you dry.

FJ LEWIS

Really? I mean, it's Foxy Brown?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

She'll eat you alive.

FJ LEWIS

Man, I grew up worshipping that woman.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I would've martyred my mama to ride to hell between those thighs.

FJ LEWIS

You and me both. You'd do it again?

GUIDRY CLOCHE

In a heartbeat. I mean, she made me cry, but I'd sell my soul to be back in her bosom.

FJ LEWIS

Good luck. You gonna talk to her after the show? I'm a big fan, I would love to meet her...

The request prompts Guidry to raise a cautionary hand.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I guess I should probably warn you in case we run into her later--

FJ LEWIS

I'm listening.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

First, avert your eyes.

(rubs jaw)

Don't challenge her dominance by making eye contact.

FJ LEWIS

Ouch. The universe is hostile.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Second, and I can't stress this enough, don't *EVER* call her 'Foxy Brown' in public.

FJ LEWIS

Thanks for the tip, I'll have to remind my uncle when I see him.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

When we were on our Honeymoon, she beat Wayne Newton over the head with a Roulette wheel.

Made him thank her for doing it, too. There he was crying, singing 'Danke Schoen' while she was kicking his ass. Penn Jillette and Carrot Top had to break it up--

FJ LEWIS

What a woman! Sorry it went south.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

It's just as well. I could never win her back anyway, not after Steves. Can we not talk about it? My temples are pounding.

A sympathetic hand reaches out to gently touch his forearm.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

Who cares, I've already lost her.

BETHANY

You know, sometimes when you win, you really lose, and sometimes when you lose, you really win, and sometimes when you win or lose, you actually tie.

RAPHAEL

It's so true, and sometimes when you tie, you actually win or lose. Winning or losing is all--

RAPHAEL AND BETHANY

(in unison)

--*one organic mechanism, from which one extracts what one needs!*

RAPHAEL

Where have you been all my life, sweetie darling? You're like the absolutely fabulous little sister that I never had.

BETHANY

And you're like the cool older brother that I didn't *fucking hate*.

The worried host looks at his diverse group of supporters, and takes comfort in their easy friendship.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Look at us, one big happy family.

RODNEY

(looking at Raff)

Yeah, The Munsters.

MICHAEL

I was gonna say the Addams Family.

FJ LEWIS

That's the thing about family: We're all we got.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
We're all we need.

The men share a warm smile and Guidry hypothesizes:

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
You know, I'm feeling sorta *blue*.
If I can just find us a little
green man, we'll have the whole box
of crayons.

FJ LEWIS
Just goes to show you, when it
comes to family: *It don't matter if
you're black or white.*

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Are you related to *him* too? How
many cousins do you have, anyway?

FJ LEWIS
*Too damn many. Aunt Gladys just
texted and said Uncle Cal is in the
building. You guys should meet up
after the show. He knows L.A.
better than anyone.*

Guidry stands staring at his hand, waving his fingers and examining his fingerprints. As spirals swirl in the contours of his palm, little green men crowd around Gid. Confused, he rubs his eyes and blinks away the hallucination.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
I'd be happy to once *this* wears
off. Does he have any weed?

FJ LEWIS
(chuckles)
I'd say that's a safe bet.

INT. ONSTAGE AT CULINARY ARENA - CONTINUOUS

CONTROL TOWER
'*Alright everyone, ten seconds.*'

As the show's host retakes the spotlight, the introductions begin with a flourish of colorful lasers. The orchestral music builds to a crescendo.

GEORGE TAKEI

Welcome back. I'm your host George Takei, and we're coming to you *LIVE* from Culinary Arena, for a very special episode of TASTE OF VICTORY!

(pivots)

And now, a kitchen tradition unlike any other. It's time to meet tonight's challengers in a segment we like to call: Chop it up!

Blinding lights, music, and 'enhanced' applause aid the segue.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

On Guidry's side of the set, Mike and Rodney are finishing Guidry's prep, holding up fingers to denote various kitchen appliances clustered on the counter. A black number 4 has been written on a large mixer, and various other stations are marked similarly 1, 2, and 3.

Nearby, color-coded spice containers sit next to a measuring cup holding a pre-measured amount of murky liquid poured from a delicate Native earthenware bottle.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The lineman-sized cook holds a woven basket as he rifles through yellow, dog-eared index cards.

RAPHAEL

Just spread it out, that's all you have to do. The boys will let you know what to use and how much.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)

First on the chopping block, this Kitchen Crusader is a Wizard of appetizing *AL*chemy known as the Mad Scientist of Food.

FJ LEWIS

I mean, it's stuff you already know how to do. Just remember your lines.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)

And let me tell you, he really saved our bacon by agreeing to compete here this evening. A Good Sport who knows a thing or 2 about Good Eats--

MICHAEL

Yeah, we'll hold up the cards--

The ingenious crewmembers hold up stacks of UNO cards.

RODNEY

He's got numbers, I've got colors.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend
me your applause. I have come to
praise him, not to bury him.

RAPHAEL

Don't be scared, Asweels.

(grins)

I'll be right there with you.
We'll do it together, brother.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I present to
you: the Man Behind the Curtain
himself; Mr. Alton Brown!

Music: 'Pomp and Circumstance' by Sir Edward Elgar

The crowd erupts as the drape is pulled.

The grandiose intro music blares throughout the arena as Alton and his mustachioed look-alike enter like wild-eyed Samoan wrestlers, pointing and gesturing as they are guided to their cooking stations by a stout Asian man in a familiar black suit and bowler hat.

ALTON BROWN

(fuming)

Guidry Cloche, do you think you're
what the suits were thinking about
when they thought up CHEF*TV?

WILSON

Oooh yeah, I don't *think* so!

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Guidry struggles to be heard above the Macho Maniacs.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

(to self)

That reminds me--

(hiccups)

--Rick Flair owes me 50 bucks.

(MORE)

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Well, lets get on with it!
 (burps)
 It's starting to kick in.

RAPHAEL
 You should've eaten something--

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 (to Raffi)
 ¡Oh, por cierto! Mis más cordiales
 saludos a sus más maravillosos y
 confiables colegas en México.

SUBTITLE: Oh, by the way! My warmest regards to your most
 wonderful and trustworthy colleagues in Mexico.

RAPHAEL
 You speak Spanish?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 I do? ¡Vaya, eso es algo realmente
 bueno, hombre!

SUBTITLE: Woah, that's some really good shit, man!

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
 What can I say about Guidry Cloche
 that hasn't already been said?
 Or shouted.
 (looks offstage at Gid)
 Or screamed at the top of my lungs.
 Repeatedly. Or heard in court.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 (woozy)
 I was *swing* Hikaru Kato Sulu,
 commander of the USS Excelsior, not
 YOU, George.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
 Now multiply that by literally
 thousands of times. Seriously, tell
 your publicist to stop emailing me.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Fue solo esa vez, sobre todo.
Principalmente--

SUBTITLE: It was just that one time, mostly. Mostly--

INT. CULINARY ARENA CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

You know, if Guidry somehow manages to win this competition, maybe for once maybe someone will call him 'Sir' without showing their badges and adding: 'You're making a scene', am I right?

The tickled audience bellows it's hearty reply.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Frank holds back an insulted El Guapo before he goes full Bandito.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Them's fightin' words.
(mumbles)
Puto pendejo--

RODNEY

(to Mike)
This is gonna take crackerjack timing, gang.

MICHAEL

(nods)
Total concentration.

FJ LEWIS

You ready, Raff?

Raphael dutifully re-checks his gear, preparing to assume his sous-chef position.

RAPHAEL

(confident)
I was BORN ready.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Batches? Listen gringo, we don' need no stinking *BATCHES--*

FJ LEWIS

(to Raffi)
We'd better get him to the stage before he starts doing the Macarena--

INT. CULINARY ARENA CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

A man whose Gonzo, Cinéma vérité style and take-no-prisoners explorations into the dark heart of food television pushed the boundaries of broadcast excellence.

Music: Voodoo Child (Slight Return) by Jimi Hendrix

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Oh MY! It's Guidry Cloche!

Smiling, hand raised and steps into his grand entrance, Jimi's squalling wah-wah-guitar stops abruptly mid-note.

His air guitar now unplugged, Stevie Ray Cloche stands befuddled as Team Guidry's chosen entrance theme is replaced by a modern alternative.

Music: 'Loser' by Beck

The twangy opening riff is met with a ripple of derisive snark from the multitudes.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Humiliated, a pouting Guidry attempts to walk off the set but is stopped by Raphael, who takes him by the shoulders and spins him around. Hand on El perdedor's shoulder, Coach Frank bucks up his little camper:

FJ LEWIS

You got this, One Take.

Pointing him toward his mark, his producer sets him in motion with a pat on the back.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)

Now, good luck and don't fuck it up.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

Sporting his teal 'TEAM TATONKA' gear, Asweels waves to his assorted supporters, standing dazed and confused in front of his gleaming arsenal of equipment.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)

(snickers)

Apologies to Team Guidry for the musical mix-up.

(dryly)

Not sure what happened there.

Carrying his basket of goodies, Raphael rumbles onto the set.

INT. CULINARY ARENA CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

(gestures)

Now as you can see, tonight's teams have very different warm-up routines.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

The loopy host lines up colored mixing bowls and rolls out Raffi's knives while the big fella sorts his cheese and the team unpacks the contents of the Montana care package.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)

Oh, and Alton: *Love your suit.*

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In the adjoining kitchen, Alton and mustachioed assistant Wilson are each intensely staring at their reflections in a pair of sauté pans.

ALTON BROWN

Who *AM* I, really?

Behind his pornstache, Wilson the clone sways gently to the techno beat of his own drum machine as he applies lipstick.

Music: 'Goodbye Horses' by Q Lazzarus

WILSON

Would you fuck me? *I'd* fuck me.

ALTON BROWN

(to frying pan)

Which one of us is real and which is the reflection?

WILSON

I'd fuck me *hard*.
I'd fuck me *so hard*.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

Oh my!

(MORE)

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

(looks to director)

It appears that Team Alton Brown still needs a few moments, so let's chat with their opponents in tonight's 3-course collision.

(turns to address Gid)

So Team Guidry, what is your strategy going into tonight's matchup?

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

Our hero battles the effects of the peyote. The large black numbers scrawled on the mixing bowls dance and wave like predatory worms.

Raphael's large teal form looms nearby, small gremlins dancing on his broad shoulders. Guidry blinks and shakes his head to clear the cobwebs before responding.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I'm glad you asked, Helmsman Sulu.

GEORGE TAKEI (OFF MIC)

(whispers)

My NAME is GEORGE, you dick!

GUIDRY CLOCHE

You're relieved, Lieutenant.

I'll take the conn.

GEORGE TAKEI (OFF MIC)

Hey! I was a Starfleet Captain!

(to stagehand)

I don't need this--

Almost on autopilot, the toasted host recites his memorized lines like a steely-eyed veteran. His dilated pupils dance with mischief as he addresses the expectant crowd.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I'd like to thank CHEF*TV for inviting me to participate, and for helping me promote my new show: AMERICA'S CULTURAL CUISINE.

A smattering of applause and whistles follow, mostly from the offstage members of Team Guidry.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

And I personally know almost all of our esteemed guests sitting there up front.

(MORE)

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 Hey Emeril, here's a bird I cooked
 for ya'.

The scowling host covers his raised fist with his free hand and does the 'disappearing middle-finger' trick, pulling his hand away innocently as the audience enjoys the bawdy jab. Looking over to Benedict Takei, he adds:

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 Who wants seconds? You?

GEORGE TAKEI (OFF MIC)
 I have a restraining order, you
 know--

The determined Guidry plows through his lines.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Now, you all know me for my zany
 adventures and outrageous persona,
 but tonight, I would like to share
 the spotlight--

With trepidation, Guidry pats the melting shoulder of the frost giant standing next to him.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 Correction: This evening, I am
 refusing the spotlight--

An intrigued crowd bristles at the news.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 (wistful)
 --and it's warm, nourishing glow.

Raffi nudges him gently, breaking the spell.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 No, tonight I'd like to showcase
 all the everyday heroes who toil
 away anonymously in the world's
 kitchens to feed you and I.
 To feed us ALL, really.
 (pivots)
 You see, AMERICA'S CULTURAL CUISINE
 believes that unsung food workers
 like Raphael here are essential to
 ensuring the future of fine dining.
 Without *them*, the machine breaks
 down and we all go hungry.

The polite applause cascades as Guidry wins some converts.
 (MORE)

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

AMERICA'S CULTURAL CUISINE believes that men and women like Raffi are deserving of the same respect as these celebrity chefs up front, often *more*.

The last bit prompts a fair amount of good natured ribbing among the VIPS.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

(dryly)

Much, *much* more. Looking at you Lagasse, you *little toad*.

The crowd responds favorably to the roast, joshing the would-be Casanova and giving him the business.

From the wings, FJ shouts out loud enough to be heard:

FJ LEWIS

'Bam', motherfucker!

Upon being singled out, Emeril looks around with a 'Who? Me?' expression. Pam discreetly covers her eyes and looks away, embarrassed.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

So, my friend Raffi here is gonna take the lead and I'll act as *HIS* sous-chef.

Tell the ladies and germs what we'll be serving tonight, chef--

RAPHAEL

(nervous)

Sure. Uh-

(stammers)

Well, for tonight's menu we'll be preparing a variety of familiar comfort foods with a distinct

(winks at Guidry)

'*Old-School*' Montana twist.

GEORGE TAKEI

That sounds fantastic, and I'm sure it comes as welcome news to those who have eaten Guidry's cooking before, as I'm sure his opponent can attest.

(turns)

Am I right, Alton? *ALTON?*

INT. CULINARY ARENA - STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

His tongue protruding in concentration, Alton Brown sits on the floor of his cooking station, carving a scale model of Devil's Tower out of butter.

ALTON BROWN
 This *means* something.
 This is *important*.

Meanwhile, young love blossoms a few feet away.

Music: 'Love Theme From Romeo & Juliet' by Tchaikovsky

Wilson the clone dances an elegant waltz, gracefully dipping his partner while the pair twirl in rhythmic synchronicity. The dapper double rises and removes an apple from his teeth, tossing it aside to bounce off Alton's preoccupied skull. Consumed with carnal zeal, the randy replicant resumes passionately making out with the suckling pig.

INT. ONSTAGE AT CULINARY ARENA - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI
Oh my! It seems the opposing team
 has jumped the gun, and have
 already begun working on their
 menu.
 That means Team Guidry now has the
 green light to embark upon this
 epic Epicurean quest.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

Raphael bursts into action. Guidry looks offstage to Mike and Rodney, who hold up UNO cards. As the pair urgently wave their instructions, the motion creates colorful trails. Guidry slaps himself back to coherence, nodding at the boys and forcing himself to focus on the task at hand.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
 Remember, only one team can be
 victorious here tonight.
 To do that, they'll have to wow our
 panel of celebrity judges.
 We'll get *their* thoughts coming up
 after the break, so stay tuned.

The apprentice chef flips switches and swaps out appliances as Raffi dices produce. Raw ingredients are passed to him while he cleans the counter with practiced precision.

Looking to Rodney, he carefully counts out 4 yellow teaspoons of green liquid onto a pile of ground meat and flips switch number 1.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But first: When we return, we'll talk strategy with our teams, to find out just how they plan to tickle these famously fickle taste buds using only the fruits of their labor.

Loading up a measuring cup, Guidry pours flour into a pile and cracks an egg. He separates its yolk and adds a single orange spoonful of spice from a red container.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(pivots)

But it takes more than a flawless strategy to savor the sweet smell of success here in the friendly confines of Culinary Arena. It takes teamwork.

Following Michael's cue, Gid fills a blue bowl with ingredients and another batch of liquid is added to the dry mix, which is then dumped into another mixer. He turns it on and the attachment twirls his pizza dough into floppy ropes.

INT. ONSTAGE AT CULINARY ARENA - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

To delight our discriminating diners with their dueling dishes, one dynamic duo will definitely have to dig deeper to discover: The TASTE OF VICTORY!

(pivots)

Don't go anywhere, we'll be right back after a word from our sponsors.

The music surges dramatically, lights flash, and the voice of God speaks.

CONTROL TOWER

*'OK everyone, we're back in 3:45.
Doin great G., don't get rattled.'*

INT. CULINARY ARENA - JUST OFFSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The veteran actor sits being touched up by hair and make-up. He angrily throws down his water bottle, startling his assistant.

GEORGE TAKEI (OFF MIC)
 (to assistant)
 I would have punched Shatner in the
 dick for *THAT* bullshit!

CONTROL TOWER
*'Kudos to the Long Beach Baking
 Company for providing delicious
 cookies for everyone to enjoy.
 Excellent work, very tasty. What's
 going on with Alton's assistant?
 Can somebody find his EpiPen?'*

Takei and his attendants strain to see the near-pornographic
 spectacle.

GEORGE TAKEI
 Oh my!

INT. CULINARY ARENA STUDIO AUDIENCE - CONTINUOUS

Competition is in the air, mixed with crinkling cellophane
 as the audience enjoys a complimentary snack. Cameramen and
 Executives alike smack their lips as they enjoy the Toll-
 House goodness.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

Undeterred, a cautiously optimistic Team Guidry continues to
 grind. Flames dance as elk flank steak is seared on the
 grill, and Raffi tosses the protein aside to rest while his
 white-knuckled partner chops broccoli, struggling to stay
 lucid.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 (singing sadly)
 There's a lady I know.
 If I didn't know her, She'd be the
 lady...I didn't know--

Raphael assembles a row of fried taco shells as Guidry
 shreds cheese, spreading it atop a tray of unbaked slider
 buns. As it passes on it's way to the oven, the burly man
 deftly adds a handful of scallions. Smoothly changing
 stations, Gid scatters some cornmeal on the countertop
 before dumping out his ball of dough.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

With Alton Brown making a kabuki mask out of tofu and his
 assistant risking an F.C.C. fine for his impromptu bacon-
 making, things are looking good for our heroes.

FJ LEWIS
 He's doing *great!* Keep it up
 fellas, this just *might* work.

Mike and Rodney sniff the air like hyenas as a familiar odor reaches Frank's nostrils.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Do you guys smell that?

From a moving fog bank of smoke, an unmistakable voice calls out to Frank.

SNOOP
Guess who?

FJ LEWIS
 Hey, Uncle Cal!

SNOOP
 Have you tried the cookies yet, my
 nephew?

In his diamond encrusted digits, he holds half a dozen pre-wrapped chocolate-chip cookies adorned with his gold-crowned kisser.

SNOOP'S ASSISTANT
 We're trying something new, It's
 called viral marketing. The entire
 audience got free samples, and we
 gave a whole case to the crew. I
 left a bunch in the dressing rooms
 and out on the craft table.

SNOOP
*Shit, muthafuckin' Martha Stewart
 ate 3.*

SNOOP'S ASSISTANT
 I can't understand how she's still
 upright.

SNOOP
 I wanna hang out with *HER*.
 (lights a spliff)
That chick is a gangsta--

FJ LEWIS
 Watch the smoke alarms.
 (waves the air)
 Hey, can we catch up *after* the
 show?

SNOOP
 Fo shizzle my ni--
 (pause)
 Wait, is that *Pam muthafuckin'*
Grier?

FJ LEWIS
 Yup, and she's single.

Drawing him close in a parting gesture, Snoop replies:

SNOOP
Shit Negro, that's all you had to
 say. Looks like your Uncle Calvin's
 'bout to go holla at Miss Foxy
 Brown.
 (pauses)
 I'm *proud* of you, my nephew.

Grinning broadly, The producer daps his rapping relative
 before bending the knee.

FJ LEWIS
 Thank you--

Choosing the iciest bling, he lifts his uncle's hand and
 kisses the ring.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 (solemnly)
 --*Doggfather*.

SNOOP
 You have my blessing.

The lit Philly in hand, Uncle Calvin puff-puff passes as he
 shares his parting thoughts. Toking away, Frank coughs and
 returns the blunt, instantly baked.

FJ LEWIS
 (eyes watering)
Damn, you always got the best shit
 Uncle Cal.

SNOOP
 Welcome to the muthafuckin' *Chuuch*,
 nephew!

FJ LEWIS
 (mellow)
 Huh, I feel like there was
something I was supposed to tell
 you--

Unseen chaos breaks out on the nearby stage and the startled crowd responds with alarm.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Man, I don't know. But we got *one*
shot to win this, y'know?
 It's gonna take a *miracle*--

A loud, high-pitched equine neigh cuts through the crowd noise.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As a feral Wilson Brown manhandles a mounted LAPD officer, the white stallion whinnies and rears up, and the cop is thrown from his mount. It trots placidly between uncle and nephew on it's way to an all-you-can-eat buffet of TV vegetables.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

SNOOP
 (laughing)
 You're all clear kid, now let's
 blow this thing and go home!

The men share deuces and Snoop retreats, floating backward before vanishing in a cloud of green vapor. His assistants hand out medicated baked goods to the eager stagehands and assorted onlookers.

Frank looks over to his production staff. Mike and Rodney are munching away on their cookies, empty wrappers littering the floor. One of them attempts to light a fart.

FJ LEWIS
 Y'all need Jesus, you know that?

With his jeans en fuego, Rodney swats at his bottom while Mike reaches for a pitcher of water. Looking skyward, FJ muses aloud:

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 I gave up fixing hot tubs for *this*?

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A naked Wilson the clone holds a security team at bay. His fake moustache has been relocated to his eyebrow, giving him a distinctly Cro-Magnon appearance. With tasers at the ready, the deputies look for an opening.

A heckler's voice shouts from the crowd: '*Don't tase me, bro!*'.

A long pole is brought in with a loop of wire at the end. The guard slips the noose over Wilson's grunting cranium. As the snare is pulled, Wilson screeches like a chimpanzee and flips a folding table. He throws various food items from the set's huge display with one hand, while cradling the lipstick-smearred pig with the other.

GEORGE TAKEI

Hey, ya big ape!

The clone pauses his rampage to sniff curiously at a plate of tasty mollusks, served neatly on the half shell and topped with green garnish.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

You know who has to pay for this mess?

Unable to resist in his altered state, Neanderthal Brown reaches hungrily for a briny sample and crams it in his slobbering maw before tossing the platter like a frisbee. It startles the horse, who stands grazing at a basket of cookies.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

(to stagehand)

Unbelievable. That was my dinner. I was gonna eat that--

20 yards away, surrounded by medical personnel, Alton Brown sits on the studio floor, breathing from an oxygen mask, an EpiPen protruding from his neck. His eyes widen in terror and he rips the mask away:

ALTON BROWN

Wilson!

Wilson wipes his mouth with his forearm as he is led away like Charlton Heston. The frantic Brown tries to rise but is held in place by paramedics.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)

Wilson?

Grunting, the caveman clone spots Alton, smiling crookedly in primitive recognition. Suddenly the clone's expression freezes and the moustache slides down, dropping from his nauseous face.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)

Wilson? Wilson!

Dropping the desecrated swine, red splotches rise in welts across Wilson's body. He grasps at the restraint as his throat-pouch swells like a bullfrog.

GEORGE TAKEI

Oh MY!

The guard drops the leash's pole and backs away. The stricken clone's flesh bubbles unnaturally and he staggers, plunging a hand into a full punchbowl, toppling it.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Son of a *bitch!*

I made that for the crew!

George removes his belt mic and drops it in disgust, storming off.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

That's it!

Alton looks on helplessly as his twin de-evolves on stage. Dripping sangria, the larval clone falls forward into the display of produce as his pulsating torso begins to swell.

Reaching up, his hand leaves a familiar red palmprint on a honeydew melon as he rolls to the floor on his back, clawing frantically at his wire collar. He continues to inflate, expanding into a splotchy sphere of writhing flesh.

ALTON BROWN

Wilson! *WILSON!*

Arms and legs reduced to flipper-like appendages, the transmogrified Wilson is rolled offstage by members of Alton's entourage to receive medical attention.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)

(tearfully)

I'm sorry Wilson!

INT. CULINARY ARENA CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The decorative groceries are hastily rearranged as the panel of very alarmed judges compose themselves and the restless crowd settles and the stage lights flicker to life.

CONTROL TOWER

*'Can somebody grab the horse?
Where's George, we're back in
fifteen seconds--'*

A stage manager assists a publicist in pushing an uncooperative George Takei back onto the kitchen set.

GEORGE TAKEI
Nimoy wouldn't put up with this--

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Concerned medical staff crowd around the recovering Alton, checking his vitals. Irritated, he slaps their hands away.

ALTON BROWN
Get off me, I'm FINE.

Dabbing at a nosebleed, the groggy Alton Brown reaches into his suit pocket, removing 2 capsules which he pops and swallows dry. As he gains his feet, eyes narrowed and teeth clenched, the furious man venomously addresses his opponent across the stage.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)
 Now you've done it, Cloche.
 If you want blood--
 (snaps fingers)
 You've got it.

One of Brown's assistants hands over a metal briefcase. Opening it, he removes a vial of blue liquid.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)
 This means WAR!

CONTROL TOWER
*'Is George back? Thank God. OK
 people, we're back in 5, 4, wait--'*

As the recaptured horse is led away by police, a stray cat gnaws on a spilled oyster.

CONTROL TOWER (CONT'D)
'Get that cat outta here.'

A grip shoos the noshing feline and it struts away.

GRIP
Scat! Damn cats around here...

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The lights dazzle and music swells as we return from commercial and resume live coverage.

GEORGE TAKEI
 Welcome back to a very special
 episode of TASTE OF VICTORY.
 (MORE)

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)
 I'm your host George Takei, coming
 to you LIVE from inside Culinary
 Arena, where a lot has happened
 during the commercial break.
 Let's check in on our competitors
 before we speak to tonight's
 celebrity judges.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

Working smoothly in tandem, Guidry smears melted butter on
 toasted burger buns as Raphael flips his bison patties and
 finishes whipping up some bacon jam.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)
 It appears that Guidry's strategy
 of playing second banana is paying
 off, and it looks like they'll be
 ready to present their dishes to
 the panel very soon.

In a peyote-induced fog, the tripping gourmet struggles to
 focus as he adds a dash of molasses to his black-currant
 compote.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI
Meanwhile, it looks like this
 friendly exhibition has become a
 grudge match.
 While we were away, Team Brown
 unexpectedly lost a key member, as
 sous chef Wilson was forced to
 retire early due to anaphylactic
 shock caused by a shellfish
 allergy.

Muted gasps of surprise and understanding from the masses.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)
 At this moment, he's being
 transported to the Juicing Unit at
 Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, and
 the producers would like to send
 along our best wishes for a speedy
 recovery.

The unsettled crowd murmurs agreeably, accepting the news.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

(pivots)

But back here on our kitchen
battlefield, his fearless leader
just won't quit.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

On the stainless steel counter, half a dozen grapefruit-sized pumpkins lie with their tops lopped off and insides scooped out. Surrounding the open briefcase, bags and jars containing strange seeds and dried beetles lie strewn about, as well as an odd wiggling Brussels sprout.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)

It looks like Alton is taking the setback *personally*, and is using his anger as motivation to press on. I've never seen him this determined--

Wearing safety gear and working at a frenetic pace, a muttering Alton uses a mortar and pestle to grind exotic, alien-looking spices into powder. He scoops and adds the result to a blender holding a yellow concoction, flipping it on. The result is a glowing, green sludge.

With an eyedropper, he adds 3 drops of his blue liquid, generating small poofs of noxious smoke. The deranged man reconsiders and empties the vial, prompting a miniature mushroom cloud to rise from the bubbling goop.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh my, I'm not quite sure what he's working on over there: It appears to be a sweet pea puree, or perhaps a green tomato gazpacho of some sort.

Dipping a gloved finger into the Xenomorph blood, it begins eating away at the rubber as Alton Von Fronkensteen cackles like a madman. Ditching the disintegrating glove and grabbing a ladle, he scoops up some liquid mayhem, carefully filling his pumpkin-bombs.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

Served in edible bowls, how *clever*.
(to camera)
Its a bold plating strategy, lets see if it pays off for him.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Supervillain Alton shields his eyes with a Doctor Doom-style mask as he lights a butane torch and caramelizes the sugar holding the lids of his gourd-grenades in place.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

Well, whichever tasty dish he's preparing, I'm sure the judges can hardly wait to experience the explosion of flavors from Team Alton.

(pivots)

Which means, it's time to speak with our esteemed panel of celebrity gourmets and hear their thoughts on tonight's matchup.

A wave of applause follows as he saunters to the 3-step judge's platform while continuing his commentary.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Just a reminder: This special LIVE broadcast is being seen via satellite in over a hundred countries around the world and here in America exclusively on CHEF*TV.

Besties Martha and Gladys share laughter and recipes as The Chairman approaches. Miss Julia is otherwise occupied, flirting with her cameraman paramour, tongue in cheek and motioning with her hand to suggest oral sex.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

To celebrate this special live season premiere of TASTE OF VICTORY, the network really went all out. Because oh my, these new Hammond appliances are really spectacular.

(motions to set)

They run on this track in the middle of the kitchen here. Totally non-pollutant, top of the line. *Spared no expense.*

INT. CULINARY ARENA JUDGE'S TABLE- CONTINUOUS

A muscular arm unexpectedly pops up from beneath the tablecloth in front of Jules, feeling around the tabletop, blindly searching for something.

Finding a glass of water, the gasping face of the unfortunate Chippendale emerges, gulping down the liquid as it dribbles from his chin.

Breaking a small glass vial, the degenerate Dame puts it to her sniffer and huffs the amyl nitrate fumes before forcibly shoving the unfortunate beefcake's head back under the table.

GEORGE TAKEI

While our 2 teams work feverishly to perfect their menus, let's take a moment to share a few words with our celebrity judges.

George pivots as a musical swell prompts applause.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Good evening ladies, and thank you so much for agreeing to join us tonight for this very special episode of *TASTE OF VICTORY*. Now, the 3 of you will decide which team will come out on top, so let's hear what you have to say. We'll start with Martha:

MARTHA STEWART

Nice to see you again, George.

As the host leans in for a TV peck, Martha whispers discreetly:

MARTHA STEWART (CONT'D)

Just remember, Georgie Boy:
*Never rat on your friends, and
always keep your mouth shut.*

Rattled, a chastened Georgie Boy nods and continues.

GEORGE TAKEI

So Martha, what is your overall philosophy when it comes to throwing a dinner party? Any finer points you'd like to serve to our audience?

MARTHA STEWART

The point is, ladies and gentlemen, that food, for lack of a better word, is *good*. Food is *right*. Food *works*. Food *clarifies*, cuts through, and captures the *essence* of the nutritional spirit.

(MORE)

MARTHA STEWART (CONT'D)
 The bottom line is: *Food. Sells.*
 And that's a *GOOD* thing.

GEORGE TAKEI
 Interesting take, would you care to
 elaborate?

MARTHA STEWART
 Certainly George. I believe that
 food television, in all of its
 forms, food TV for advertising, for
 ratings, for profit, recreation,
 has marked the upward surge in
 viewership and food programming,
 you mark my words, will not only
 save cable television, but that
other malfunctioning corporation
 called the USA.

GEORGE TAKEI
 Thank you Martha, for that
 inspiring and patriotic sentiment.

MARTHA STEWART
 (poker face)
 Remember what I *said*, George.

GEORGE TAKEI
 I got chills.
 (pivots)
 And those chills aren't going away
 folks, in fact they're multiplying.
 Because our next judge is a Grammy-
 winning recording artist, singer
 and entertainer--

Casually glancing toward the control booth, Martha gently
 points her 2 fingers to deliver the 'I'm watching you'
 gesture and subtly uses the tasteful French tips to suggest
 that someone should button their lip.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)
 --who knows her way around a
 kitchen as well as a recording
 studio. We're lucky to have her
 with us tonight. Ladies and
 gentlemen, Gladys Knight!

Rapturous applause follows.

INT. DRESSING ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Alton's burly bodyguard opens the door, entering before a testy Betty, who gathers up her riding crop. About to leave she pauses, bending to pick up a plastic cup and spying Guidry's peace offering. Intrigued, she sniffs the pitcher's contents:

BETHANY

Bloody Marys?

BODYGUARD

They're his favorite.

BETHANY

I could go for one.
Do you think he'll mind?

BODYGUARD

Nah.
Pour *me* one while you're at it.

The pair sit on the loveseat and toast before draining their cups.

BETHANY

Damn! That was good.

BODYGUARD

(holding cup)
Hit me again.

BETHANY

(raises riding crop)
I thought you'd *never* ask.

INT. CULINARY ARENA JUDGE'S TABLE- CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

--that's great news, Gladys! I just hope with your extensive touring schedule, that running a restaurant isn't too taxing.

(pivots)

And now, for the moment you've all been waiting for.

(dramatic pause)

She's a matriarch of the television screen, a best-selling author and cultural icon to untold millions worldwide. A national treasure whose very name conjures images of sophistication and refinement.

A braless Julia Child sits scratching her ear with a salad fork, taking pictures under her blouse with a flip-phone. The beleaguered assistant reaches up to snatch it away before disappearing back under the table.

The confused Jules drops the fork, squirms in her seat and issues an angry grunt. The assistant's hand reappears holding a Baby Ruth, which delights and quiets the petulant Miss Child.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you: The Guiding Light of American gastronomic excellence for a generation and the single most important culinary personality of the Twentieth Century. Eighty-eight years young, she's sexy, single and ready to mingle. Please welcome Miss *Julia Child!*

Pandemonium reigns as the semi-baked crowd stands in unison and bathes the doddering degenerate in it's unbridled love.

A curious Jules stops sniffing her brown finger and claps her hands like a delighted preschooler, waving and blowing kisses. As the ovation dwindles, the tickled toddler returns to finger-painting with her chocolate bar and making googly-eyes with the increasingly mellow camera crew.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

(pivots)

Oh my, I'm being told by the producers that our first segment ran a little long and we're coming up against a hard break. So, I'm afraid tonight we'll have to forgo the usual small-talk with our final celebrity judge and get right to the meat of the matter.

(pivots)

Which means, it's time to find out:
'*What's on the Menu?*'

The music builds tension as the strobing lights lead George to his mark.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

A simulated drum roll stokes the manufactured drama.

GEORGE TAKEI

Contestant number one, Guidry
Cloche, tell us: *What's on
tonight's menu?*

GUIDRY CLOCHE

No sir, not gonna do it.
I'm the assistant.
My big man here is gonna do it all
for you fine folks.

GEORGE TAKEI

Very well.
(pivots)
Chef Raphael, please share with us
the carnival of delights you have
in store for our panel.

Wiping his hands with a rag, the proud Crow stands tall and presents inviting displays of his impeccably-placed grub.

RAPHAEL

Well, first we have some grilled
bison sliders on fresh-baked
Cheddar Bay buns, served with my
Grandmother's bacon jam, sautéed
Montana mushrooms, and a bourbon
and wild mustard reduction.

Raffi's delicious description elicits raised eyebrows from the judges and hungry rumblings from the masses as a sudden case of the munchies stirs the stimulated audience.

All 3 women dig in with gusto, savoring the bacon jam.

GEORGE TAKEI

Your team seemed to work well
together out there.
Those smell delicious, and your
plating looks spot-on.
Let's see if the judges agree.

The impressed trio of discriminating women nod in approval.

A beaming Gid senses the positive momentum and nudges the modest giant. His confidence growing, an encouraged Raffi moves on to break down his follow-up course as it reaches the judging table.

RAPHAEL

Next we have some elk loin tacos served in a flash-fried aspen bark shell, with a broccoli and prickly pear chimichurri, topped off with some organic goat cheese crumbles from my family's farm and a drizzle of black-currant compote.

Team Guidry's tacos get an enthusiastic, lip-smacking response from the judges as well as in the raucous stands.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

Be careful with the salsa though. Don't get it near your eyes, it's pretty merciless.

With reckless abandon, veteran Spice Lord George Takei ignores the warning, dips a fingertip into the ramekin and pops it into his mouth to ride the lightning.

GEORGE TAKEI

(puckers)

Oh my.

RAPHAEL

(nudges Gid)

My assistant's recipe.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

The secret ingredient is Guatemalan Insanity Pepper.

GEORGE TAKEI

(gasping)

Oh my!

As George seeks relief, the judges lean forward to admire the final dish as it emerges from the oven, it's steaming surface bubbling with gooey cheese.

Bellies rumble as the relaxed but peckish crowd shows its laid-back appreciation.

RAPHAEL

And for our main course, we have prepared a Native take on America's favorite comfort food: *PIZZA*.

As the singular word is uttered, thousands of salivary glands kick into overdrive, and the famished arena boils over with approval, craving, and pent-up desire.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

Ours features a spicy pumpkin puree on an artisan whole wheat crust, hand tossed by my assistant.

A smattering of applause as Gid curtsies daintily, to the delight of the pickled Miss Child.

GEORGE TAKEI

(sips milk)

What can you tell us about these rather *unorthodox* toppings?

RAPHAEL

Well, our pie features what my people call the '3 sisters' fundamental to Native American cooking: squash, corn and beans. There is also wild onion and fennel in there, some green chilies, agave nectar and of course, fresh cheese from back home.

Cooling on a literal silver platter, Gid pizza-wheels the delicious-looking flatbread into slices and George brings the fancy tray over to the judges table.

GEORGE TAKEI

Martha, Gladys, Miss Julia, Chef Raffi has been kind enough to bring us a snack.

RAPHAEL

Be my guest. Help yourselves

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Get a good one!

GEORGE TAKEI

Well, it looks and smells fantastic.

(pivots)

Let's get some plates over here for the judges.

The stage crew scrambles to swap out the plates as the judge's portions are distributed.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Our celebrity panel will calculate their scores based on visual appeal, taste, and overall originality.

(MORE)

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)
 Whichever team has the higher tally
 at the end of tonight's LIVE
 broadcast will surely know the
 TASTE OF VICTORY.

Martha employs the flip and fold technique, while Gladys nibbles the crust, and Jules jams the slice wholesale into her pie-hole, cheeks bulging like a chipmunk as she munches away, grunting in delight.

Meanwhile, George nails another flawless segue.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)
 So, while our judges deliberate,
 let's take a moment to check in
 with Team Alton.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

George uses the '*moves like Barker*' to approach Brown's laboratory but stops short an inch or 2 out of kicking distance.

GEORGE TAKEI
 Well, the game is certainly afoot
 over here on Alton's side of the
 kitchen. Because his team is down a
 member, the producers have allowed
 him 5 additional minutes to
 complete his menu. And it appears
 that Professor Brown has really
 brought his A-game tonight.
 (strains to see)
 He looks just about ready to remove
 some kind of *strange*--

The busy Alton momentarily blocks his view.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)
 --*THING* from the deep freeze.

Wearing a jolly red clown nose, Alton glances at his Omega Chronostop and checks the temperature reading: *-31 degrees*. Satisfied, he uses gloves and tongs to remove a mold from the sub-zero depths of a MacReady blast freezer.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)
 So Alton, let's talk turkey:
 With your assistant Wilson out of
 tonight's contest, what changes
 have you made to your strategy?

ALTON BROWN

Well George, I have to laugh because I've almost out-finessed myself.

GEORGE TAKEI

And what's with the funny nose? It's been well-documented that you and your opponent were once close. Are you sending some kind of message to your former colleague?

ALTON BROWN

Right you are, you see: My foe, my enemy, is a clown. And in order to conquer him, I have to think like a clown and whenever possible to look like one.

GEORGE TAKEI

Fair enough. Now, you and Team Cloche had a very public falling out and I've heard that there's still plenty of bad blood between you. Given that you 2 know one another so well, how do you plan to take him down?

ALTON BROWN

Well George, I had to get inside this joker's floppy shoes and walk around for a few days. I asked myself: Who is the jester's ally, his friend?

He pulls the mold apart, revealing a rabbit made of gelatin.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)

The harmless, friendly rabbit.

GEORGE TAKEI

Oh my, what a gorgeous aspic de lapin!

The knowledgeable host informs the curious aspic aficionados in the audience as he inspects the wobbly varmint.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

(pivots)

Aspic is a savory gelatin food made with a meat stock or consommé, set in a mold to encase other ingredients.

ALTON BROWN

(to rabbit)

I'm going to use you to do my dirty work for me.

The deranged Alton Spackler jams a blasting cap into the bunny's jiggly backside and cackles as he places it in a top hat on a platter surrounded by root vegetables.

GEORGE TAKEI

Now traditionally, these dishes often include pieces of meat, seafood or eggs.

(squints)

In this case, it looks like--

ALTON BROWN

(ranting)

To win, you must know your enemy, and in this case my enemy is a clown, and a clown will never quit, ever.

GEORGE TAKEI

--*Nails and broken glass?*

(pivots)

Oh my, what an *interesting* contrast in textures!

ALTON BROWN

(raving)

They're like the Viet-Clown. So you have to fall back on superior firepower and superior intelligence--

GEORGE TAKEI

So Alton, what about your third dish? Don't leave us in suspense.

ALTON BROWN

--and that's all she wrote.

GEORGE TAKEI

We've already seen your soup course and now your entrée, so I'm compelled to ask: Have you whipped up one of your signature desserts for our judges to enjoy?

ALTON BROWN

(evil grin)

But of course--

Brown drops a tangled bundle of detonating cord, and from a lower shelf, produces a shiny covered dish.

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)
A proper dessert is one of life's
finer pleasures.

He cracks open the domed lid an inch, offering a tantalizing glimpse of the glowing treat: A flash of pink frosting, a hint of festive sprinkles.

Curious, George ventures a guess as to the contents.

GEORGE TAKEI
Is that what I think it is?

ALTON BROWN
You're a bright boy, George.
Don't you know anything?

GEORGE TAKEI
I mean, I've heard the rumors.

ALTON BROWN
This particular recipe was
perfected in the late 1950's by
bakers working for the KGB.

GEORGE TAKEI
A *riddle*, wrapped in a *mystery*,
inside a ring of fried dough.

ALTON BROWN
A snack so *diabolically sweet* it
immediately sends the target into
an irreversible diabetic coma.

GEORGE TAKEI
That's just an urban legend.

ALTON BROWN
I hold in my hands the only
confection designated as a weapon
of war by the United Nations.

GEORGE TAKEI
(lifts cover)
I'm sorry, but we cannot serve this
dish to our guests.

Brown snaps the lid shut and snatches the tray away.

ALTON BROWN
Really? Why is that?

GEORGE TAKEI

The manufacture or use of
weaponized pastry is illegal in the
State of California.

So, what you're holding there is:

(pause)

A *forbidden* donut.

ALTON BROWN

Fine, whatever.

(to self)

Revenge is a dish best served cold
anyway, and your wide behind won't
save you this time, Cloche.

GEORGE TAKEI

And what if you don't finish the
last bite?

ALTON BROWN

Why don't you go share it with the
judges and find out?

GEORGE TAKEI

I'm afraid you're risking
disqualification. The rules clearly
state that you must present 3
courses to the judges.

ALTON BROWN

Well then, it's a good thing I
remembered my Boy Scout training
and prepared a back-up dessert just
in case.

Brown pulls open the refrigerator, producing a tray of
lovely chocolate confections wrapped in delicate foil.

GEORGE TAKEI

Those look *scrumptious*.

ALTON BROWN

It's an old British favorite.

GEORGE TAKEI

How did you prepare these
delicious-looking morsels?

The mad chef verbally dissects the sweetmeats for the
uninitiated.

ALTON BROWN

Well first: I use only the finest baby frogs, dew picked and flown in from Tampa, cleansed in finest quality spring water, lightly killed, and then sealed in a succulent Swiss quintuple smooth treble cream milk chocolate envelope and lovingly frosted with glucose.

GEORGE TAKEI

Crunchy frog? What a rare treat!
Well done, sir.

The naughty host tries to swipe one, but his hand is slapped down by a scowling Brown.

ALTON BROWN

They're for the judges.
Now beat it, I've got a salami I've got to hide.

GEORGE TAKEI

Oh my!
(pivots)
Well, it looks like yours truly is feeling the heat, so I'd better get out of the kitchen.

George skedaddles and swiftly returns to his mark.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE TAKEI

Who will prevail in this high-stakes pressure cooker?
Which team's dish will *blow away* the judges?

(pivots)
Stay with us, as we find out who's got the chops to make it to the top on tonight's special LIVE edition of TASTE OF VICTORY!

Stage lights flare randomly and the music cue skips, but the transition is made. The control booth is not pleased.

CONTROL TOWER

'Easy there, fellas. We're almost home, don't get sloppy on me now.
(giggle)
Way to get us back on course Sulu.'

GEORGE TAKEI (OFF MIC)
It never ends.

CONTROL TOWER
'Has anyone seen Betty?'

INT. DRESSING ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

A riding crop rests precariously balanced on an empty pitcher. Used cups hold playing cards in a jumble on the floor. Seated on the loveseat in Lotus position, Earth Mother Betty raises her plastic chalice to slurp the ice.

Wearing an earpiece and Aviators, the Hindu goddess Parvati gently strokes the hair of the infantile bodyguard, who lies curled in fetal position on her lap, sucking his thumb.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

Bewildered and covered in flour, a drained Guidry begins to slowly regain his faculties. Leaning on Raffi, he asks:

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Are we *there* yet?

RAPHAEL
Almost. It's up to the judges now.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Good. You put on your black dress,
and I'll go shave my tongue.

Realizing his buddy is still not quite all there, Raphael comforts him by resting his enormous paw on Guidry's shoulder.

RAPHAEL
I'm proud of you, brother.
You kicked ass out there tonight.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
WE.

RAPHAEL
Huh?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
(drowsy)
We. *We* kicked ass tonight.
(pause)
I love you, man.

Momentarily caught off guard by the warm sentiment, Raffi responds, shaking his head and chuckling.

RAPHAEL

I bet you say that to *all* the boys.
Just hang in there bubby, I'll find
us some coffee.

Grinning, the taller man wraps his bear-sized arms around his bleary-eyed partner in an affectionate hug.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

Besides, it's too soon.
I mean, you're sweet, but
technically this is only our second
date.

INT. CULINARY ARENA JUDGE'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

With the show in commercial break, the cadre of powerful women are bored, feeling the effects of the tedious shoot and plentiful cookies. A very relaxed Martha and Gladys talk shop:

AUNT GLADYS

I see, so you're saying I should
incorporate in Panama but keep the
P.O. Box in the Cayman Islands--

MARTHA STEWART

It's going to be a--
(snaps fingers)
--piece of cake, friend.

AUNT GLADYS

Bless your heart, Martha.

MARTHA STEWART

My pleasure, dear.
Come out to the Hamptons next week,
I'll introduce you to Bernie.

Her area littered with cookie wrappers and crumbs, Miss Child sits with her head upraised, snoring loudly as her handlers enjoy a smoke and a brief respite.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A nervous FJ paces like an expectant father.

FJ LEWIS

This is it. Last segment.

With Uncle Cal's cookies in full effect, his 2 protégés are finding their own ways to de-stress.

Having flashed their final UNO card instructions, Mike practices spitting his gum into the air and catching it, while Rodney fidgets and experiments with turning his eyelids inside out.

Frank spies on the competition, waiting impatiently for Alton to tip his hand.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
What's he up to?

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

With his dishes submitted and wearing a newly-altered sleeveless version of his tweed wardrobe, Alton goes Commando.

Squeezing the ink from a flaccid squid into his palm, he streaks his bare arms and face in a jagged zig-zag pattern. Nearby, his low-tech arsenal of knives and food-based explosives waits at the ready.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Frank soon puts 2 and 2 together.

FJ LEWIS
Oh shit, Homey ain't playing.

His concern quickly changes to panicked anxiety as the potential for mass casualties becomes clear.

FJ waves at security, bouncing up and down, hoping to warn others of the impending danger.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 (to self)
 Crazy white dudes can't be bought,
 bullied, reasoned, or negotiated
 with--

He pulls out his phone, dialing quickly and raising it to his ear.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 (mumbles)
 --Fools like *that* just want to
 watch the world burn.

Frank waits for an answer as the security team approaches, tasers and batons in hand. Their serious demeanor does not bode well for the black producer.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Hey officers, am I *glad* to--

Frank's arm is yanked behind his back and his phone goes flying, skittering to a halt near a shocked Mike and Rodney. He calls out to his guys as he is dragged away:

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
Tell Aunt Gladys--

Mike picks up the phone. Brimming with righteous indignation, the pair are stirred to action.

MICHAEL
 What the *hell*?
 He didn't do anything wrong!

RODNEY
 Man, *fuck* the police!

MICHAEL
 You heard him, go let her know what happened. I know who to call.

INT. CULINARY ARENA JUDGE'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

In the last moments before the broadcast resumes, Rodney explains the situation to a ticked-off Aunt Gladys. After a few choice words, the songstress issues a few terse commands and Hot Rod departs. Concerned, Martha leans in to get the skinny from Gladys, who shakes her head angrily.

CONTROL TOWER
 '*Ladies and gentlemen--*'
 (giggle)
 '*--The Captain has turned on
 the Fasten Seat Belt sign.*'

A wayward fly buzzes around Julia Child's open mouth as she snores. She waves at it, annoyed as it finally lands right between her eyes.

CONTROL TOWER (CONT'D)
 '*Make sure your seatback and
 folding trays are in their full
 upright position.*'

Jules opens her peepers, staring at the fly, cross-eyed and furious. Swinging wildly with a balled-up fist, Miss Child connects with a haymaker squarely to her own forehead, jostling the table and rattling glasses.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

George stands on his mark with his fingers pinched to the bridge of his nose.

GEORGE TAKEI

This job is *definitely* not worth eleven-five an episode.

CONTROL TOWER

'Oh, right. 5, 4, blah blah blah.'

The banks of colored lights are no longer syncopated and the wrong musical sting brings the show back up to speed. The medicated crowd rouses itself to a modicum of awareness, clapping halfheartedly to George's reprise.

GEORGE TAKEI

Welcome back, we are coming to you LIVE from Culinary Arena, where in a matter of moments, the judges will render their final verdict in the case of Brown versus Cloche, former friends turned bitter rivals, each competing for a TASTE OF VICTORY!

(pivots)

The judges have already scored the menu put together by Team Guidry Cloche, so now it's time to ask his opponent: *'What's on the Menu?'*

The crew freestyles with the lights and transition music, creating a cool psychedelic atmosphere as we resume the proceedings.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

Contestant number 2, Alton Brown, tell us: What's on tonight's menu? What is the first concerto in your Symphony of Consumption.

ALTON BROWN

We'll start with our soup course. Now, this appetizer will really grab you. I call it 'Spinach and artichoke bisque ala Xenomorph'. It kind of forces it's way down the throat and swims around in your tummy. Please, enjoy!

MARTHA STEWART

And the handy pumpkin bowl makes it easy to eat healthy while you're picking up the kids from school.

GEORGE TAKEI

Very creative.
Bonus points in my book.

The 2 younger women use spoons and butter knives in an attempt to pry off the sugar-crusted lids, but to no avail. Meanwhile, Julia is ignoring her soup, instead trying to fit her entire fist into her mouth. She succeeds.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

GUIDRY CLOCHE

No way that stuff is edible.

Having seen the effects of the deadly broth, Raffi formulates a way to warn the masses.

RAPHAEL

This is attempted murder, we gotta do something--

Scouring the TASTE OF VICTORY's castle-themed set, Raffi rumbles over to one of the arena's battle-themed displays.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

That stuff's not *real*, Robin Hood.

Drawing back the English longbow, the big man inhales smoothly as he nocks the shaft and lines up his shot.

RAPHAEL

Oh, it's *real*--

The field point cleanly skewers all 3 pumpkins, embedding itself in Wilson's unfortunate pig.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

--and it will *KEEL*.

INT. CULINARY ARENA JUDGE'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The leaking soup streams from the perforated pumpkins and starts eating through the countertop, prompting Miss Child's assistant to flee semi-clothed from under the table, with the naked Chippendale close behind.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

With Plan-A unceremoniously foiled, the homicidal Brown digs into his pocket, pulling out a remote control.

ALTON BROWN

Oh well, I guess it's time for the main course.

He extends the antenna as the authorities surround the stage. Flipping switches on his blinking dead man's switch, he growls menacingly:

ALTON BROWN (CONT'D)

What's up, Doc?

INT. CULINARY ARENA JUDGE'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the gelatinous bunny, the blasting cap blinks red.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The bomb squad arrives on scene and assesses the situation.

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

Where's the bomb?

STAGEHAND

(points)

There!

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

What, behind the rabbit?

CAMERAMAN

It is the rabbit.

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

You silly stoners!

CAMERAMAN

What?

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

You got everybody all worked up!

STAGEHAND

Well, that's no *ordinary* rabbit!

CAMERAMAN

You'd better not risk a frontal assault, that rabbit is literally dynamite.

STAGEHAND

It's got a detonator shoved up its
behind.

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

You pussies, I nearly pissed my
Kevlar I was so scared!

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Frozen with fear, the petrified stars and crew watch in
helpless terror as the police move forward cautiously.

ALTON BROWN

Don't come any closer.

GEORGE TAKEI

Oh my, it's the Kobayashi Maru all
over again!

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

Are you telling me that 20 of our
best men against you is a no-win
situation for the LAPD?

ALTON BROWN

You send that many, don't forget
one thing.

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

What?

ALTON BROWN

A good supply of doggy bags--

Alton mashes the button, expecting carnage. When none
arises, he turns around, throws up his hands, and whacks his
detonator a couple of times in an attempt to trigger the
blast before the blinking suddenly starts again.

INT. CULINARY ARENA JUDGE'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

It's red light still flashing as it jiggles in the top hat,
the rabbit of mass destruction sinks, along with the
tablecloth and place settings, into the hole left by the
alien soup and onto the floor.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The officers stand around Alton with their hands on his
shoulders in brotherly support. One scribbles in his ticket
book.

ALTON BROWN

Damn it!

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

The important thing is you tried,
and that's a crime.

ALTON BROWN

I never should have trusted the
'Insurrectionist's Cookbook'.

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

But no one actually got hurt, so
just take this and we'll call it
even.

Johnny Law hands Alton a *WRITTEN WARNING* and as he reaches
to shake his hand, the officer whispers:

OFFICER BUZZCUTT (CONT'D)

Me and the boys are actually *big*
fans.

ALTON BROWN

It's been a privilege.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Music: 'Thus spoke Zarathustra' by Richard Strauss

As it rests behind yellow CAUTION tape, the attending cops
hover mesmerized by the world's most malevolent donut like
hominids around a monolith.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Rodney wheel a mysterious figure through the
backstage insanity using a repurposed flower cart. Stopped
by security just shy of the stage curtains, the pair keel
over panting, out of breath. Their passenger disembarks and
staggers forward right past the distracted tribe of
Angelinopithicus Brutalis.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

Wearing a sour face, Guidry sips a distasteful Rain Forest
Blend while Raffi savors his Frappuccino.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

Ew. God damn it, Raff.

RAPHAEL

What's your problem?
(MORE)

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

I thought Starbucks was some
serious *gourmet* shit!

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I would've been satisfied with some
freeze-dried Taster's Choice,
alright?

And the next time you decide to
spring this 'serious gourmet' shit
on me, *don't!*

(sniffs cup)

What flavor is this?

RAPHAEL

Hey, look who's back--

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

A grateful Alton offers Officer Buzzcutt the tray of Whizzo
Chocolate Company's best seller.

ALTON BROWN

Why don't you take these back to
the station for the boys.

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

Finally, somebody who gets it!
(wearily)

What we're dealing with these days
is a *complete lack of respect for*
the law.

ALTON BROWN

Y'know, you should probably go
arrest Cloche over there.

(pointing)

He drugged my assistant and I.
(emotional)

He killed my precious--

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shrouded by a white towel, a splotchy Wilson Brown shuffles
onstage, his raspy yet friendly voice scruffy and
unrecognizable as he croaks:

WILSON

I'm not dead.

GEORGE TAKEI

Oh my!

INT. CULINARY ARENA CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER BUZZCUTT

What?

ALTON BROWN

Nothing.

WILSON

I'm not dead!

MARTHA STEWART

He says he's not dead.

ALTON BROWN

Yes he is.

WILSON

I'm not.

AUNT GLADYS

He isn't.

ALTON BROWN

Well, he might be soon.
He's very ill.

WILSON

I'm getting better.

ALTON BROWN

No you're not, you'll be--
(pause)
Wilson?

WILSON

Precious?

ALTON BROWN

Wilson! Oh my darling, I thought
I'd lost you.

Dropping his warrior façade, Alton abandons his garrison and rushes to embrace his twin brother from absolutely no Mother.

GEORGE TAKEI

A touching scene to be sure, but unless Team Brown presents a third dish to the judges, they'll be disqualified.

ALTON BROWN

I couldn't care less about this silly show. I just wanted to humiliate Guidry, and I've failed at that.

GEORGE TAKEI

Silly? You take that back. Our show is a serious competition--

WILSON

You know, sometimes when you win--

Alton raises a finger to quiet his double.

ALTON BROWN

Food isn't *competitive*. Food is *subjective* by it's very nature. I believe it was the Roman poet and philosopher Titus Lucretius who first coined the expression: '*One man's meat is another man's poison*' in the first century BC--

GEORGE TAKEI

So, are you saying you quit?

The audience is rabid with anticipation from the roller-coaster combination of live television and possible death or dismemberment.

Wilson removes the towel from around his neck and tosses it. It lands at George's feet.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)

You're throwing in the towel and heading back to Atlanta?

ALTON BROWN

Oh, we're *leaving*--

WILSON

Leaving.

ALTON BROWN

--On a midnight train to Georgia.

WILSON

Yeah.

GEORGE TAKEI

Oh my, it appears one of our teams will not be presenting the required number of dishes. We'll have to get a ruling from the producers.

INT. CULINARY ARENA STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

The blood brothers sit on a stair, drinking coffee and comparing hand sizes.

GEORGE TAKEI (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen your winner is Team Cloche!

The entire arena convulses with roaring applause. The winners have to shout to hear one another.

RAPHAEL

Hey man, you won!

Setting down the java, Gid stands and leans over, cupping his hand to bend his friend's ear.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I told you, *no I didn't.*
(smootch)
We did.

INT. CULINARY ARENA JUDGE'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Frank approaches the Judge's table rubbing his wrists. He kneels and Aunt Gladys hugs her nephew as another, older black man joins them, grasping hands and sharing kisses on the cheek.

FJ LEWIS

Man, that was some bullshit--

AUNT GLADYS

Thank goodness my lawyer was in town.

INT. CULINARY ARENA CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rising unaided to join in the festivities, Jules grabs a flute of champs and in a clear, strong voice, she makes her declaration to the world.

JULIA CHILD

Hey everybody--
We're all gonna get laid!

INT. CULINARY ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Confetti rains down in the aftermath as the euphoric crowd celebrates. The joyful masses flood the set, munchies overtaking them as they descend on the TV smorgasbord like the living dead, devouring anything remotely edible.

Guarding a glowing artifact under a dome of shiny silver, a phalanx of stone-faced LAPD stand behind riot shields with guns drawn to protect their sacred object.

INT. CULINARY ARENA - STAGE LEFT - CONTINUOUS

Leaving the winning chef to enjoy the accolades and interviews, Gid scans the vast filming location and it's undulating sea of humanity.

With a gasp, he spots a familiar face attached to a breathtaking figure.

Music: 'Never Tear Us Apart' by INXS

Guidry's queen appears vulnerable yet she stands aloof, achingly unapproachable.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
(to self)
Oh Pammy, it was all my fault.

He waves in vain to the cocoa Goddess.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
I mean, I let the days go by. That
couldn't have been easy on you.
(sigh)
I couldn't change, though I wanted
to.

Suddenly, another familiar face starts getting very familiar with Miss Grier. A bejeweled hand raises Pamela's delicate digits to meet Uncle Cal's smiling lips.

Music: 'What's My Name Pt.2' by Snoop Dogg

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
That dirty Dogg!

With his Venus properly enchanted, Snoop raises the ceremonial pimp cup and the handsome duo glide smoothly to the exit, floating aloft on a cushion of reefer smoke.

Finally free at last, Frank stands clapping as Johnny Cochran and Aunt Gladys hold court entertaining the masses.

Spying his uncle across the arena, he looks over to Gid with hands upturned, wearing a 'whaddaya gonna do' expression.

A crestfallen Guidry Cloche waves away the romantic thievery.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

Ah, they deserve each other--

Amid the singing and gorging of the mob, Guidry hears a familiar male voice complaining. He spots the back of a white tuxedo jacket, a faint red stain still visible.

MAN (ON PHONE)

(irked)

I mean, she was here one minute, and BAM! Now she's gone.

As Gid closes the distance between them, the anonymous MAN continues:

MAN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

I mean, there's a plane waiting for us to take us to Miami in an hour, all right? She made a big thing about it--

The betrayal complete, Gid slaps the man's phone away and spins him around, warmly hugging his disloyal consigliere like a brother. Breaking the embrace, Guidry Corleone pauses before he forcefully grabs Judas on both sides of the face and kisses him - Sicilian style. It is the kiss of death on his lips.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

I know it was you, Emeril. You broke my heart. You broke my heart!

Frightened, Emeril frees himself, breaks away, and stumbles back into the emptying rows of seats. Pyrotechnics are discharged above, and everyone is reveling in the aisles. Halfway to the exit, he turns back to face Don Cloche's flinty gaze.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

You're nothing to me now. You're not a brother, you're not a friend. I don't want to know you or what you do. You understand?

Reaching the double-doors, a tearful Emeril pauses to extend a hand to his former friend.

EMERIL
 (wistful)
 We'll *always* have Tampa.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Tampa? How *dare* you bring that up.
 (raises finger gun)
 How'd you like to go *fishing*,
 Fredo?

Fredo Lagasse disappears in a fresh wave of departing spectators.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Next time I'm gonna take your
cannolis!

EXT. CHEF*TV STUDIO PARKING LOT - LATER

Outside the velvet ropes of the studio entrance, the red carpet is being rolled up, and as lights from the gala event's media coverage are being taken down, florists gather up the remnants of their colorful handiwork.

The doors burst open and Alton's former bodyguard carries his Mistress Boss Bitch Betty to her chariot. Arriving at her car door, he gently lowers her to the ground. Using her riding crop and a leash, she leads him around to the trunk. She pops the boot and he compliantly climbs inside.

Betty returns smiling to the driver's seat. Her lights pop on, and she turn-signals before blending into L.A. traffic.

Next to a malfunctioning light pole, 2 well-dressed vandals in matching bow-ties resume defacing the white CHEF*TV van. Guidry's face now has a shiner, a Charlie Chaplin moustache, and a missing tooth.

Team Guidry emerges into the night air, sporting a few new members. A pair of stagehands wave as George Takei departs.

GEORGE TAKEI
 Hey, sorry about that 'slobs'
 thing.
 -*Good night, Ralph.*
 I mean, no offense.
 -*See you tomorrow, Sam.*
 You know I just read the
 teleprompter, right?

As Guidry adjusts Rodney's Vulcan Nerve Pinch, Alton and Wilson attempt to flatten the van's tire using a melon-baller.

The approaching party catches the conspirators in the act, so the dapper phantoms call out as they retreat to gloat in the flickering darkness.

ALTON BROWN

Well, well, you actually made it to the end. Sorry, Cloche, but you brought this on yourself!

FJ LEWIS

Oh man! We're gonna have to get that washed off.

WILSON

Muwahaha! We are bringers of destruction and doom, your feeble foodie powers are no match for us!

The shadowy figure lobs a can of spray-paint at Guidry, missing badly as it clatters to the asphalt.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

(Uecker-izes)

Just a bit outside!

RAPHAEL

Foodie powers?

ALTON BROWN

In food science, hitting next to the target is the essence of--

(pause)

Oh *hey* there, George.

GEORGE TAKEI

Eat a bag of dicks, Brown.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

(gently)

Go easy on him, Sulu.

GEORGE TAKEI

(warning)

Don't start with *that* again--

GUIDRY CLOCHE

He nearly lost the *one* person in this world every celebrity *truly* loves.

Takei considers and nods in agreement.

As the diabolical duo melt away into the seedy underbelly of Los Angeles, a worn-out George shakes Frank's hand before walking to meet a waiting limo.

GEORGE TAKEI

Nice teamwork out there, gentlemen.

RAPHAEL

It's an honor to meet you. Thanks for the autograph, Mr. Takei.

GEORGE TAKEI

You're very welcome.
(stares at Gid)
Call me *George*.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

It is *logical*. The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few.

RODNEY

Or the one.

GEORGE TAKEI

(rubs temple)
Fucking nerds---

MICHAEL

(waves signed photo)
My dad says you're a role model.
He's a huge fan.

GEORGE TAKEI

Give him my best.
(to all)
I'm off to meet Walt and Nichelle and unfortunately I'm late.
So to paraphrase a dear friend, it's been--
(raises eyebrow)
Fascinating.

GUIDRY CLOCHE

(scoffs)
Highly illogical.

FJ LEWIS

That too.

Wearing Spock ears, Rodney raises his hand in the Galactic greeting as Mike facepalms.

RODNEY

'Live long and prosper'.

GEORGE TAKEI
 Oh my, do shut up.
 (to driver)
 Beverly Hilton, and step on it.

The door closes and the stretch Caddy roars off.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the car, George wants to take the edge off.

GEORGE TAKEI
 (to himself)
 I need a drink--
 (to driver)
 What have you got back here?
 (searches limo)
 Where's the *Scotch*?

Disappointed, he leans back holding a slim, clear bottle.

GEORGE TAKEI (CONT'D)
 --*Zima*?
 (opens bottle)
 Oy gevalt, what a week I'm having!

EXT. CHEF*TV STUDIO PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They watch the limo pull away from the abandoned promenade.

The triumphant host rallies his band of merry men once more. Huddling up in interlocking arms, Guidry addresses his troops:

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 So, we have some exciting news.
 Our Big Toe over here agreed to hit
 the road with us.

RODNEY
 Yeah, he's down. You down, Mike?

MICHAEL
 Totally down.
 You down, Paul Bunion?

RAPHAEL
 I *guess* so.

FJ LEWIS
This again?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Oui! I mean: *Si*.
 (MORE)

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
He's down. What are you waiting
 for, Hollywood?

FJ LEWIS
 Am I down? I mean, the show's over.

An outraged Guidry untangles from the scrum and breaks the circle of trust as he assumes command like General Patton channeling Senator Blutarsky.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 What? Over? Did you say 'over'?
 Nothing is over until we decide it
 is! C'mon, Frank! Are you down to
 crisscross this beautiful country
 of ours in a rented van?

FJ LEWIS
 I mean, sure. That's the job.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Invading every state in the union
 like the Germans in World War 2?

FJ LEWIS
 GERMANS?--

RAPHAEL
 Forget it, he's rolling.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Are you prepared to subliminally
 infect the airwaves with our own
 particular brand of *EVIL*?

FJ LEWIS
 'Evil'?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Or until we're all *DEAD* in a fiery
 car crash, and our bodies are burnt
 to *ASH*?

FJ LEWIS
 'Dead'? Did you say 'Car crash'?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 What do you say, Hollywood?
 Are you in?

Michael, Rodney, and Guidry look at their companion expectantly. Raphael stands grinning and sipping his Frappuccino.

FJ LEWIS
Y'know, when you put it *that way*--

MICHAEL
Well?

FJ LEWIS
I *heard* him.

RODNEY
You coming with us?

FJ LEWIS
Stop twisting my arm, you 2.

Frank takes a deep breath, sighs and makes his decision.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
(dejected)
I just got a call about the
overnight test screenings, all
right?

He points at Guidry and declares:

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
(with conviction)
You son of a bitch. *I'm in.*

The gang high 5s and cheers. Meanwhile, the reviews are in.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
The responses have been great.
We might just have a hit on our
hands, gentlemen!

GUIDRY CLOCHE
GROOVY.

Hot Rod nudges Mike, offering:

RODNEY
We should celebrate with a hunt.

MICHAEL
Seriously? Stay out of the Zoo,
you're gonna violate your
probation--

FJ LEWIS
And for the *last time*, stop calling
me *Hollywood*.
(reconsiders)
You know what? Fuck it, go ahead.
(MORE)

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
Call me HOLLYWOOD.

The huge brown man considers, releases the straw and shakes his head grimly.

RAPHAEL
 (stern disappointment)
Poseur. Sold out already.
 (smiles)
 Just kidding, Hollywood!

MICHAEL
Hollywood. Damn straight.
 (broadcasting voice)
*'We'd like to bring in
 Entertainment correspondent Rodney
 Neumann, live on the scene. Take it
 away, Hot Rod'--*

RODNEY
 Thank you, Michael Kusama.
 Doing a great job as always holding
 it down back in the studio.
 (interviewing Gid)
 Is there anything you'd like to say
 to 'Hollywood', Mr. Cloche?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Why, yes. *Yes there is:*

As busy food service employees carry out the decimated craft table and pack up their few remaining provisions, Guidry stalks over and grabs 2 loaves of French bread.

FJ LEWIS
 Oh, this ought to be good. I can't
 wait to hear *this*.

The host returns, pacing in a circle before angrily throwing a baguette. Spreading his arms wide, he pleads:

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Are you not entertained?
 Are you *NOT* entertained?
 Is this not why you are here?

The host throws down the other loaf and spits in disgust before addressing the camera.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 Hello 'Hollywood'.
 (MORE)

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)

My name is Guidry Cloche, and I'm the star of television's hottest new show, and there's *nothing* you can do about it.

So, I ask you:

(approaches the camera)

WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CHEF*TV VAN - LATER

FJ LEWIS

Great job tonight, Hot Rod.

Gathering his backpack Rodney exits the van, sliding the rear door closed.

RODNEY

Nothin' to it, boss!

Frank pulls away from the curb and waves to Rodney's horrified parents, giving the furious Neumann family a thumbs-up as he and Guidry depart.

FJ LEWIS

(mortified)

Oh man. We're really gonna have to get that washed off.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - LATER

The Sunset Strip is alive with pedestrians enjoying the nightlife. People point at Guidry's Hitleresque mug as the disfigured van crawls through traffic.

Music: 'Lust For Life' by Iggy Pop

A group of Mohawk-wearing punks stroll the Walk of Fame carrying a boom box, smoking cigarettes and sharing a beer. They pause on Martin Scorsese's star as der Führer's van creeps by.

The punks show their appreciation for the aesthetic by dousing it in beer as it passes, shouting:

PUNK

Fuck off, Nazi!

INT. CHEF*TV VAN - CONTINUOUS

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 (cracks window)
 It's CHARLIE CHAPLIN, ya parasites!

FJ LEWIS
 (concern)
 Oh man! We're REALLY gonna have to
 get that washed off--

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Go back to your drum circle!
 Dirty hippies.
 (mutters)
 Where's my Slayer CD?

FJ LEWIS
 You wanna go back to the
 afterparty?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 (closes window)
 I'd rather put salt in my eyes than
 face those people.

FJ LEWIS
 'Those people'?
 (chuckles)
 Well, first of all: Never, ever put
 salt in your eyes. And second:
 Where are you staying tonight?

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 I gave Raffi my usual suite at The
 Chateau Marmont, if Charlie Sheen
 hasn't trashed it again.

FJ LEWIS
 You know, you *could* crash at my
 place, meet the wife--

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 Nah, I appreciate it.
 (pause)
 Y'know, drop me off at the Rainbow.
 I owe Lemmy a rematch.

Frank's cellphone rings and he answers promptly.

FJ LEWIS (PHONE)
 This is Frank? Uh-huh.
 (pause)
 Cảm ơn bạn. Chúng tôi sẽ chấp nhận
 các khoản phí.

SUBTITLE: Thank you. We'll accept the charges.

He nods and looks to a speechless Guidry Cloche. Covering the phone he explains.

FJ LEWIS (CONT'D)
I told you, I--
(raises finger)

GUIDRY CLOCHE
--come from a large family.

FJ returns to the call as Guidry smiles at his companion in quiet admiration.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
(warmly)
Lots of aunts and uncles.

FJ LEWIS (PHONE)
Uh-huh.
(pause)
He is.
(pause)
Sure, just a second.
(extends his hand)
It's for you. Long distance.
I think it's your lawyer.

Warily, Guidry uses a fast-food napkin to handle the device like a used sex toy, holding it several inches from his ear.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (PHONE)
(bluster)
Listen Wang, I told you, the
check's in the mail!
(pause)
Who? Look, if this is about that
copyright infringement thing, now
is not the time.
(pause)
I'll have you know--

Frank's eyebrows go up along with Guidry's blood pressure.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
(angrily)
I'll have you *KNOW*, that satire is
implicitly protected by the free
expression clause of the *First Am--*
(pause)
--Coyote? As in: Wile E. Coyote?

As a confused FJ looks on, a hoodwinked Guidry grins.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Oh *MAN*, you got me.
 I should have known that was you.
 What's up Maestro?
 (pause)
 You *did*? On satellite?
 (pause)
 Yeah, I heard.
 C'mon, I *knew* that was bullshit.
 (pause)
 By hand? I *bet* it did.
 No thank you.
 (pause)
 A *sewing* needle? Fuck *that*.
 You're a better man than I am,
 Gunga Din.

Guidry glances over to Frank, whose surprised expression contains a glimmer of understanding.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (PHONE) (CONT'D)

I *told* you, he's the real deal.
 Total pro.
 (pause)
Haha! I know, right?
 (grins at FJ)
 Like a well-oiled machine.
 (pause)
 Thanks, man.
 So, how you feeling, Jersey boy?
 (pause)

Gid turns to gently lean against the window. Speaking quietly, his voice is supportive and sincere.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Don't bullshit *me*.
 (sigh)
 You know what I mean, how are you?
 (long pause)
 Good. One day at a time.
 (pause)
 Nah, it works better this way.
 (chuckles)
 C'mon, it's like wrestling, but
 with food. Think of the ratings,
 Kaufman would've loved it!
 (pause)
 Me? *Ha!* You're the babyface.
 You can turn heel next season.
 (pause)
 All right, I'll see you when you
 get back. *Yup*.
 (MORE)

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 Be safe, and *hey!* Try and avoid
 another 48 hour layover.
 (pause)
 I love you too, Mijo. Bye.

The call ends and Frank, thoroughly amused, reclaims his phone as Guidry rolls down the window to get some air.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 (grinning)
 What a mensch.

FJ LEWIS
 I don't know who that was, and at
 this point I'm too afraid to ask.
 But I have a pretty good idea--

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 What? Don't act surprised. I used
 to eat at Les Halles all the time.

FJ LEWIS
 He's a talented dude, I just--

GUIDRY CLOCHE
 I've known him for ages, told my
 agent about his manuscript.

FJ LEWIS
 I mean, he's your competition.

GUIDRY CLOCHE
Competition?
 No sir. He's--
 (dramatic pause)
 He was a...a good friend.
 (emotional)
 At a time in my life when I *really*
 needed one, y'know?

Frank does indeed know, silently sharing the bittersweet moment before offering his partner the napkin. Guidry accepts, reaching up to dab a tear and adding brightly:

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
 I mean *really*, how can you not love
 that guy? As far as I'm concerned--

As the van merges onto the freeway, Guidry Cloche dons a pair of Persol sunglasses and pokes his head out into the Los Angeles night, hair blown to life by a Santa Ana breeze.

GUIDRY CLOCHE (CONT'D)
--the man is an *iconoclast*.

FADE TO BLACK - CREDITS

Music: 'Long Slow Goodbye' by Queens of the Stone Age

Cut to a photo of a man eating noodles on a street in Asia.

SUPER: Anthony Bourdain (1956-2018)

POST CREDITS SCENE

INT - THEATER

A HUGE MF CELEBRITY stands on an empty stage.

HUGE MF CELEBRITY
(to camera)
If you or someone you know is
having suicidal thoughts, please
call the National Suicide
Prevention Lifeline at 800-273-
8255, or find help online at
suicide prevention lifeline dot
org. Free confidential counseling
is available 24 hours a day, 7 days
a week. Did I mention it's FREE?
You get a counsellor, you get a
counsellor, and yes, you get a
counsellor too! So no excuses,
alright? Thank you.

The HUGE MF CELEBRITY adjusts his Kangol.

HUGE MF CELEBRITY (CONT'D)
As for me, I believe every life is
worth saving, and by just reaching
out and showing a little everyday
kindness, you could save the life
of another human being. Something
as simple as asking a friend about
their feelings could make all the
difference, so don't ignore the
warning signs.
(pivots)
Now pay attention, because I'm
about to impart a little wisdom,
some real Dali Lama type stuff,
clue you in to The Meaning of Life.
Now this is important, so write
this down. You ready? Here goes:
(MORE)

HUGE MF CELEBRITY (CONT'D)
'Feed each other with kindness and
your plate will always be full'.

Swirling his tasty beverage in a rocks glass, he continues:

HUGE MF CELEBRITY (CONT'D)
And there it is, the Meaning of
Life. You're welcome. I like that,
I mean what a concept, am I right?
So take a moment to ponder that
sometime while you enjoy a Negroni
with your fellow Earthlings. Now, I
know what you're thinking: 'That's
just a slogan. An easy answer', and
ordinarily you'd be right. But
sometimes it really is that simple.

(pause)

Whatever the case, I'd like to
think that Tony would've agreed
with me. I mean, I never met the
man, didn't know him personally.
But it felt like I did. Cheers!

The HUGE MF CELEBRITY raises his glass and walks off.