

FZORK

Written by
Jared Suarez

PILOT EPISODE

"The Secret of the Golden Fork"

*Animated series based
on original characters
created by Jared Suarez.*

SERIES PILOT



*“The Secret of
the Golden Fork”*

**F’ZORK:
SCRIPT**



<https://bit.ly/3QVracg>



An unexpected guest
helps Anton launch
his culinary ambitions
and discover a
golden fork that holds
the secret to the
realm of fantasy foods.



EXT. NORTH PLUMDALE - HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

A sea of cars jammed on an endless tarmac.

VIDEO GAME METAL blares from a macked-out SUV.

Bent over the wheel, BRABUS ZU (18) frantically BEEEPS....!

His freeze ray hairdo peeps out the sunroof.

A "FOOD DELIVERY" package sits on the seat beside him.

Reveal a small town below the winding mountain roadway.

EXT. PLUMDALE VALLEY - BUNGALOW/FRONT DOOR - DAY

An angry BABUSHKA YELLS obscenities in Kharfusian (sounds like car chase smashed with piano falling down staircase).

BABUSHKA

*K^@^&&__! \$^*N_____H#)!

Understanding sentiment, Brabus wafts the food delivery package at the string of highway lights behind him.

BRABUS

Are you joking?! Video game?
Traffic's super stuck!

BABUSHKA

(in broken English)
No money!

DOOR SLAMS!

Brabus slumps into his phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN: "Food Hero, Mission Aborted."

Dressed like an action figure stuck on an a distant planet, Brabus stands at the door until a million stars fill the sky.

EXT./INT. QUIET STREET - PARKING SPOT/SUV - NIGHT

CRICKETS CHIRP as Brabus sleeps beside the rejected delivery bag.

A LOUD POUNDING on SUV window.

POLICE

You can't sleep here. This is not a hotel, son.

(tapping hood of car)
Move along!

EXT./INT. GAS STATION - FILLING PUMP/CASH REGISTER - NIGHT

The meter stops at "\$311.87."

Brabus tries to pay at the register.

His delivery app says "FUNDS AVAILABLE, \$287.01."

BRABUS
I can pay you back.

CASHIER
(Asian slang)
Ang'qua! Yamma no'wah!

SUBTITLE: "Ink, or gimme your watch."

Brabus hands over his Rolex -- then sobs in his luxury SUV.

INT. BRABUS' SUV - BACKSEAT - THE NEXT DAY

INSERT - SCREEN: BLIP! Order thumbnail appears.

Someone has placed an order for carrot sticks.

Brabus wakes up.

EXT. BRICKSTONE MANSION - STAIRCASE/FRONT DOOR - DAY

At the top of the stairs, a DOOR CREAKS open.

An alabaster girl in purple striped leotards, and full avocado mask, peers through a sliver of doorway.

She BUZZES GATE.

Brabus walks up the long rambling staircase. Some steps are missing, others are broken or splintered.

The girl's hand waits, snatching the bag through the door.

DOOR SLAMS!

Then another hand pokes through the door placing a sign:
"ROOM FOR RENT." Through the door crack, an eyeball stares.

The hand grabs Brabus and pulls him inside.

INT. FZORK RESIDENCE - VESTIBULE - DAY

FZORK (47), a tall, wiry Count, decorated in a striped Italian suit, stares Brabus up and down.

FZORK
(Kharfusian accent)
*Hello! Somebody. How can I help
you?*

Brabus tries to look inside the residence, but like a cheetah in the jungle, Fzork moves each time to block his view.

BRABUS
I was here for the delivery.

FZORK
*Delivery? No, no. I do my own
shopping. You must be looking for
the room. Come in.*

Fzork steps aside, clearing a path for entry.

FZORK (CONT'D)
*Please, call me Tony. And your name
is...?*

BRABUS
Brabus Zu.

FZORK
ZEE-YOU?? *Hmmm,...*

Fzork wraps his arm around Brabus and releases him at a pile of dishes.

FZORK (CONT'D)
I like you Zu. You can move in.
Time for work!

BRABUS
What about the room?

FZORK
Sleep in the middle of the day?
Impossible! No, no. Work then
sleep. You want big things to
happen, work-then-sleep. *Ok?*

BRABUS
How much, I--

FZORK

Brabus, you ask too many questions.
Dinner is not until 6PM.

A big pile of produce sits on the counter.

FZORK (CONT'D)

Finish dishes. Straighten pantry.
Chop vegetables. Then, I go to
market.

Fzork folds his arms and stares.

FZORK (CONT'D)

I'm waiting...

The same beautiful girl, BEZELLE NORTHRUP (17), with long legs and a small handbag crosses the room -- and vanishes.

BRABUS steals a glimpse.

He SIGHS reluctantly -- then washes the dishes.

FZORK (CONT'D)

Ok... Good boy!

INT. RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - DAY

Bezelle voice-to-texts on her review app, "Bunch-2-Eat!"

INSERT - SCREEN: "Bunny Logo, with 5 carrots. 1M followers."

BEZELLE

(holding phone)

...and then she said, "The soup is supposed to be cold!" Cold chicken noodle soup? ICYMI, it's not chicken and waffles. HMU!

[TEXT SLANG: ICYMI, in case you missed it; HMU, hit me up.]

Bezelle posts the dish, rates it 1 carrot -- puts down her phone.

INSERT - SCREEN: Comments start piling onto the app: "Worse chicken ever." "Chicken and waffle soup, LOL!"

She places a single carrot stick from her purse on the table.

In a compact mirror, she touches up her makeup.

RACK FOCUS (mirror): Dozens of people staring through the storefront window scurry off.

INT. PLUMDALE VALLEY - GROCERY STORE - DAY

Baskets and trolleys prodding along shelves and aisles.

Two spray can hair jobs at the register preening.

CUSTOMERS GROAN as Cashier 1 and 2 alternately SWIPE GROCERIES and GAB.

CASHIER 1

And it was on sale, so then she
didn't want it.

CASHIER 2

(pushing up her updo)
She did what?

CASHIER 1

After I already rang it.

CASHIER 2

Who does that?

Fzork tramples lightly as he curiously peers into ladies shopping baskets.

ON FZORK - MONTAGE: Behind a shelf. Through a canned goods rack. From inside a basket, Fzork's sparkling eye stares in.

A lady in tight blue slacks, and a conductor-like pillbox visor, reaches on her tippy toes for a top shelf brand.

An item in her basket catches his eye.

FZORK lurches into her basket and snags it.

He reads the label--

INSERT - GROCERY LABEL: "Bianca Flurry's Classic Snowball Pudding."

--one hand on her trolley, swaying it back and forth, as the Lady struggles to keep her balance and grab the product.

FZORK

(to himself)

I can make that better than Bianca.

Finally, the lady grips the box, flattens her footing, and catches Fzork with her grocery item.

BLUE VISOR LADY

Hey! Give that back to me. Get your
hands out of my groceries.

FZORK
Did you pay for it?

BLUE VISOR LADY
I'm going to call the manager.

FZORK
I was shopping. What are you doing?
Almost knocked down entire shelf of
groceries.

Fzork returns her item.

FZORK (CONT'D)
I was going to invite you to
dinner. But now you're yelling at
me.

BLUE VISOR LADY
I was? You're yelling at me.

The Lady stares in shock.

FZORK
Excuse me. Who's yelling at who?

Fzork rips off a piece of the grocery package and writes his
address on it.

BLUE VISOR LADY
Hey, get your hands off my
groceries!

FZORK
Are you coming to dinner? Or are we
going to fight about it?

He hands her the note.

Flabbergasted, she snatches it.

INSERT: "801 Plum Street, 6PM."

FZORK (CONT'D)
Don't be late.

INT. FZORK RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Fzork enters with a bag of many odd groceries which he drops
onto the counter.

INSERT - GROCERY BAG: Perched on top is "Plum Tree,
Lifestyle Magazine" a local glossy.

FZORK

Brabus? My good friend is coming to dinner, so sparkling, sparkling. Okay...?

Brabus plays video games on his phone in the dining room.

FZORK (CONT'D)

Come, Brabus. Video phone game you play forever. Dinner is only once. Empty grocery bag. Chop vegetables, Cook dinner. Set table.

Brabus tracks toward kitchen eyes on his phone. Fzork snatches his phone.

FZORK (CONT'D)

Look... This is kitchen. It has water, fire, refrigerator. And person, me, Tony.

Brabus stares at his phone in Fzork's hand.

Fzork DINKS it in a fruit bowl, then starts to empty his grocery bag onto the counter.

FZORK (CONT'D)

Why not fall in love with kitchen? It's just play, Brabus. You make anything. From your head, to the plate. You have better game?

Brabus lifts one eyebrow and smirks like Fzork.

BRABUS

*(mocking accent)
"Kitchen is game...?"*

Fzork reads cover of magazine from the grocery bag.

FZORK

Ah, ha, ha! You make a joke.

INSERT - COVER: "You could win a cooking show!"

FZORK (CONT'D)

What...? Win a cooking show. Uhh, no... That's wrong idea. Brabus, something for free like that. What do you think?

BRABUS

Try it!

FZORK
Why? *Free is amazing?*

BRABUS
(same mocking accent)
You said, "*Kitchen play anytime!*"

FZORK
Ok... Very funny. That's not what I
said. Kitchen is not playground.

Fzork points to the front door. Brabus unpacks groceries.

BRABUS
Ummm,...okay. Well, you already
have an idea --

FZORK
Oh.... My idea for a show. I
like... *What is my idea?*

BRABUS
You already told me.

FZORK
I did...? Yes. Let me remember...
Was it video game cooking show?

Bezelle enters, crosses the room in a flash, and vanishes.

FZORK (CONT'D)
Oh... My darling!
(to Brabus)
Did you see? She's like strong
breeze. Always in a hurry.

Fzork knocks on her door.

FZORK (CONT'D)
Darling... We have guest for
dinner. Very good friend, *okay?*
Please be ready... *Brabus is making*
dinner!

Fzork gets out an ancient Kharfusian recipe book, hand-
written in Cyrillic.

FZORK (CONT'D)
I read,... you cook!

Brabus winces as Fzork thumbs through pages.

FZORK (CONT'D)
Pizza Meatball... Hamburger Ice
Cream... *so many choices!*

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A knock at the door as Brabus sets the table.

Pots are stewing on the stove.

Fzork moves serving dishes to the table.

FZORK
Coming...!

The same lady -- tight blue slacks, low cut floral tank, with evening hair spun into a trellis of curls -- stands at the door.

FZORK (CONT'D)
You're here!

Fzork gazes down the winding staircase to a blue Camaro.

FZORK (CONT'D)
I thought for sure she is never
coming. Then I think, *"Maybe she
get lost? Or, camel broken..."*.

LADY IN BLUE
(giggling)
Camel? I don't have camel.

FZORK
But look, here she is.

Fzork motions to enter.

FZORK (CONT'D)
My name is Anton Fzork. But,
please, call me Tony.

LADY IN BLUE
Bettina--

FZORK
*Bette, or Tina? Which one you go
by?*

FZORK (CONT'D)
You can call me Tina.

Bezelle enters the room taking her place at the dinner table -- her face glowing from the light bouncing from her app.

The sound of PINGS, KERCHINKS, and APPLAUSE raptures Bezelle's attention. For an instant, she side-eyes the dinner guest disapprovingly.

FZORK (CONT'D)
No phone, darling... Dinner is for family. Family is in house. House is not inside phone. *Okay...?*

Fzork grabs her phone and CHUNKS it in the fruit bowl.

Fzork hangs Bettina's coat by the door.

FZORK (CONT'D)
(to Bettina)
She's like chef with eyeballs since baby. One look at food and she knows if it's delicious. Just like her mother. Very special to me.

Fzork kisses his daughter on the forehead. She turns pink.

FZORK (CONT'D)
And this is Brabus. He is my very special,... *uhh*, well, let's say, second baby.

Bettina sits at table.

FZORK (CONT'D)
He's a good boy, but maybe food is terrible. Tonight we find out.

Brabus looks confident as he passes the serving dishes.

Bezelle passes on each dish leaving her plate empty.

Fzork observes his daughter's gaunt appearance.

FZORK (CONT'D)
(to Bezelle)
Why you don't eat?
(to Bettina)
She work all day, and then she come home, and not hungry.

BETTINA
Not everybody eats all the time.

Fzork serves himself.

FZORK

Bettina, I have question. How come nobody eat all the time except cow? Are you saying my daughter should be like cow?

BETTINA

I didn't mean that at all.
(to Bezelle)
Did you already eat honey?

FZORK

Cow has four stomachs, daughter has one, so--

Bezelle rolls her eyes.

Fzork stands up abruptly.

FZORK (CONT'D)

*Oh, no...! I forgot the white wine.
Excuse me, I must go to pantry.*

INT. PANTRY - NIGHT

On a shelf there are candles lit, aromatic incense, next to a white chef coat on a hanger.

Fzork stares into the mirror.

FZORK

You look very handsome tonight.

Next to the mirror is the Kharfusian cookbook. And a picture of Marianna, his wife, at a family picnic.

ZOOM IN: Closer into the photo, Bezelle crawls off a blanket and reaches for something near the edge of a cliff.

Fzork starts crying.

FZORK (CONT'D)

Marianna, I'm so sorry. I invited someone to dinner.

Fzork grabs the wine bottle on the shelf next to his wife. His right hand fights with his left.

FZORK (CONT'D)

No, please stop. *I cannot.*

He starts chugging the wine.

In the mirror, he fully transforms into Edo, his alter ego, an imaginary twin brother.

EDO
(to himself)
Even more handsome...

Edo swipes his hair back, dons the chef coat, and chugs more wine. Anton is now merely Edo's reflection in the mirror.

FZORK
(in the mirror)
Edo, please... You're going to embarrass me. Put back the wine.

Edo slams the bottle onto the shelf, hurling libations at Anton.

EDO
When is the last time you had a good time?

FZORK
The wine is for the table. It's not for you, Edo. Please, don't open bottle in the pantry. It's rude to our guest.

EDO
I'm serving a wine if I don't try it myself? First I open, drink, and if I like it then we go.

FZORK
Edo, every time you open bottle, you drink like fountain. Please, don't make me worry.

Fzork's jacket is on the floor. Edo takes one last swig and leaves.

INT. DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

The pantry DOOR SLAMS!

Edo stumbles into the kitchen and fumbles for the wine glasses, until -- GLASS BREAKS.

EDO
Oops..!

Brabus clears dishes and brings dessert to the table.

BETTINA
I wonder what happened to Tony? I
hope he's okay.

BRABUS
Tony made a special dessert for
you. He's probably just serving it.

Bezelle looks toward pantry.

BEZELLE
I don't think so....

Edo crashes the party.

EDO
(hugging Bezelle)
Oh,...! My niece is very beautiful!
(looking at Bettina)
Who is this?

Bezelle stares doe-eyed. Brabus looks confused.

Edo looks exactly like Anton, but slicker and more devious.

He sets the empty wine bottle on the table.

EDO (CONT'D)
I don't believe we have met. I'm
Edo, from Kharfusia.

BETTINA
Really? Where is that?

EDO
Andalusia, Tunisia... Kharfusia.
Don't tell me you don't know.

BETTINA
It sounds wonderful... *Kharfusia!*

Edo stalks Bettina from all angles. He takes a sip of wine.

EDO
Is there a reason you dressed like
blueberry?

Bezelle snickers at first, but Edo's face turns sour.

BETTINA
...I beg your pardon?

Bezelle starts laughing uncontrollably, practically sliding
out of her seat under the table.

EDO
(poking at Bettina's hair)
And this, your hair? Is it normal?
Looks like Swiss cheese on
rollercoaster.

BETTINA
*Who are you? And where is that nice
man, Tony?*

Brabus places dessert plates on table next to the dessert.

Edo leans across the table. The wine bottle tips and rolls.

EDO
Don't worry about Tony. I take care
it... He had something to do.

Edo edges closer to Bettina. The bottle crashes to floor and
keeps rolling.

EDO (CONT'D)
*Listen. This is not right way to
dress. It looks cheap, now that I
see it close. What is this?*
(pointing at her blouse)
Maybe a stain from blueberry pie?

BETTINA
(standing up to Edo)
How dare you?!

EDO
Maybe you should go to dry cleaner.

BETTINA
This is a cornflower blouse. 100%
silk.

Bettina slaps Edo. And runs to grab her coat.

BETTINA (CONT'D)
I feel sorry for you. You're rude
and you're a terrible host. And
since we're not being friendly
anymore, the food was terrible.

Brabus is mortified.

Bezelle hurls into ripples of laughter.

EDO
Oh, please! You dress like dirty
 blueberry muffin. I hope you don't
 fall down the stairs.

Edo pushes a button by the door that turns the staircase into
 a water flume that rolls down to the curb.

Bettina ends up in slosh of water by her car door.

THROUGH DOORWAY

BETTINA
 (yelling up to the house;
 completely soaked)
 You're crazy. I'm going to call the
 police.

EDO
 (yelling from staircase)
 I already call them. Everybody
 knows you came to steal my goose.

BETTINA
*You're insane! You know that?! You
 don't even have a goose.*

Bettina wrings out her blouse and puts her coat in the trunk.
 She talks to herself while getting in her car.

BETTINA (CONT'D)
 Thinks I drive a camel... *Blueberry
 muffin?! What kind of person has a
 goose?*

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

FRONT DOOR SLAMS! He stumbles into the panty.

EDO
Now we have party!

Brabus sulking from the insult serves himself dessert.

BRABUS
 (to Bezelle)
 Is something wrong? Did I do
 something?

BEZELLE
 Tony doesn't stay here all the
 time. He's um--

FZORK crawls in through a window in the kitchen.

FZORK
Anybody...? I'm back! We were out
of white wine. *Is everything okay?*

Fzork sits at the table.

FZORK (CONT'D)
Two minutes, I was at grocery
store, and now everybody go home.

Brabus stares in disbelief.

FZORK (CONT'D)
Brabus, check sprinkler tomorrow.
On sidewalk big puddle of water.

Fzork looks under the dining room table.

FZORK (CONT'D)
What happened to the lady? I made
her favorite, Snowball Pudding.

BRABUS
It's delicious.

FZORK
Darling, put the white wine in the
pantry for me. Next to your
mother's picture.

BEZELLE
I'm going to sleep dad.

Bezelle locks herself in her room. In the distance we can
hear soft sobbing.

FZORK
Brabus, please. Put wine on shelf.

INT. PANTRY - NIGHT

Brabus sees the shrine to Marianna next to the cookbook. He
sets the wine on the shelf and blows out the candle. For an
instant, the silhouette of a **golden fork** glows in the photo,
then vanishes.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fzork gets out the mattress and puts it over the sink. Two
swan neck faucets poke through the mattress in the middle.

FZORK

Which side you sleep on?

Brabus takes the left.

BRABUS

You still want to make that cooking show?

FZORK

Yes, but later. I missed dinner again and I'm already in pajamas.

Brabus sets up a shot and gives Fzork a pudding bowl.

BRABUS

Hold this.... Now lean on the mattress, closer... Okay, perfect!

Brabus holds his phone and starts filming.

BRABUS (CONT'D)

Now tell me how you made it...

FZORK

Me, now? You want recipe...?

Brabus nods in approval.

FZORK (CONT'D)

(holding bowl up)

Better than Bianca's Snowball Pudding. First you put coconut in a bowl. Then smash ice cream in ball. *Put ball inside cake!* Then cake inside bowl. Click here if good.

Fzork holds one finger to ceiling.

Brabus stops filming and hits send.

FZORK (CONT'D)

Ok....? Night, night!

Fzork pulls the covers over his head.

Brabus gets on other side of bed and tucks in.

Shot of Snowball Pudding on kitchen counter next to phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN: "Zero likes, zero shares."

THE END.