

FZORK

Written by
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PILOT EPISODE

"The Secret of the Golden Fork"

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

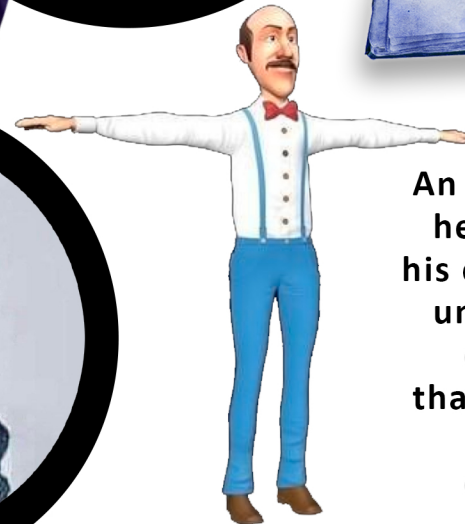
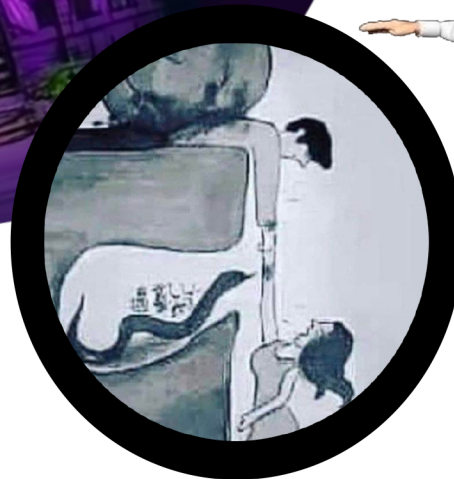
SERIES PILOT



F'ZORK: LOGLINE



*"The Secret of
the Golden Fork"*



An unexpected guest
helps Fzork launch
his culinary ambitions,
under the guidance
of a golden fork
that holds the secret
to the realm
of fantasy foods.



EXT. NORTH PLUMDALE - HIGHWAY OVERPASS - TWILIGHT

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 overpass.

EXT. PLUMDALE VALLEY - BUNGALOW - TWILIGHT

Like a plump circle cramped into a square frame, an angry BABUSHKA YELLS obscenities inside a doorway -- in her native Kharfusian tongue.

BABUSHKA
(sounds like car chase smashed with
piano falling down staircase)
*K^@^&&__! \$^*N____H#)--vitheo
gaame!

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!

The Babushka shakes her fist at Brabus.

BABUSHKA
(in broken English)
Cold food! No money!

DOOR SLAMS!

Brabus slumps his head into his phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN: A "Food Hero" icon, stamped by a "Mission Aborted" graphic.

TIME LAPSE - 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.

Then a flood beam invades the cabin.

Brabus flinches upright.

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--

The cashier stares at Brabus' watch.

CASHIER
(fury of 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 baby carrot sticks.

Brabus wakes up.

EXT. BRICKSTONE MANSION - STAIRCASE/FRONT DOOR - DAY

At the top of a rickety staircase, a DOOR CREAKS open.

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

Brabus stares from below as the GATE BUZZES open -- then treks up the steep hobble of stairs. Some steps are missing, others are broken or splintered.

The girl's hand waits as Brabus arrives -- snatching a bag of baby carrots 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 same 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
*Please, call me Tony. And your name
is...?*

BRABUS
Brabus --

Fzork leans in, his ear bent and listening --

FZORK
Brabus, who?

BRABUS
Zu.

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

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

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

Fzork folds his arms and stares.

FZORK
I'm waiting...

The same beautiful girl, no avocado, BEZELLE NORTHRUP (17),
with long legs and a bracelet bag crosses the room -- and
vanishes.

BRABUS steals a glimpse.

He SIGHS reluctantly -- then washes the dishes.

FZORK
Ok... Good boy!

INT. RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - DAY

A gaggle of employees clear dishes, as a waiter serves
Bezelle a final course.

WAITER

And for dessert: cold chicken and waffle soup.

The CHEF (40) peers from a kitchen door -- as Bezelle sniffs, ogles and grimaces.

A WAITER (30) reads Bezelle's smirk and interjects--

WAITER

The soup is served cold.

Bezelle picks up a spoon, dips it in the bowl, lifts it into the air, and let's the soup dribble into itself.

She closes her eyes, inhales -- before setting the spoon on the table.

A GASP comes from the kitchen!

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 he said, "*The soup is supposed to be cold!*" Cold chicken and waffle soup?

Bezelle snaps a photo and uploads it to her review.

ONSCREEN SUPER (WHILE TEXTING): NRIW, "*No room in Wonderland*" -- then, SPJH, "*Some people just hallucinate!*"

BEZELLE

NRIW -- it's not chicken and waffles. GIGGLE EMOJI. SPJH!

Bezelle posts the dish, rates it the "1 Carrot" icon -- then puts down her phone.

INSERT - SCREEN: Comments start piling onto the app:

"Worse chicken ever."

"Chicken and waffle soup. LOL -- for dessert?!"

"Who eats dessert last!"

Bezelle places a single baby carrot stick, from her bracelet bag, onto the table.

The Waiter throws down his apron, as the CHEF pleads in tears at the edge of Bezelle's table. But Bezelle continues in her compact mirror to touch up her makeup -- never flinching.

RACK FOCUS (from mirror into crowd): Dozens of people staring through the storefront window scurry off, as the line of patrons disperse.

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 CASHIER #2 alternately SWIPE GROCERIES and GAB.

CASHIER 1

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

CASHIER 2

(pushing up her updo)

She did what...? I hope you charged her...

CASHIER 1

Right? After I already rang it.

CASHIER 2

Who does that? Next time charge her twice.

They both giggle.

FURTHER DOWN THE AISLE

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 -- one hand on her trolley, swaying it back and forth.

INSERT - GROCERY LABEL: "Bianca Flurry's Classic Snowball Pudding," with a graphic princess holding a bowl of pudding.

The Lady struggles to keep her balance, her arm outstretched as her legs wiggle and wobble.

FZORK
(staring at label; to
himself)
I can make that better than Bianca.

Finally, the lady rips the box from the shelf, flattens her feet -- and catches Fzork red-handed 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
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 packaging 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
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
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.

BRABUS
More vegetables?

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

Brabus stares at his phone in Fzork's hand.

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

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

Brabus helps unpack the groceries.

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 sorts the groceries into vertical piles.

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

Fzork audits Brabus impromptu stacks of ingredients -- then rearranges them like Scrabble letters, spelling out a mysterious recipe idea: Donuts and green beans. Sherbet and hamburger. Blueberries and popcorn.

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 -- then vanishes.

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

Fzork knocks on her door.

FZORK
*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
I read,... you cook!

Brabus winces as Fzork thumbs through cryptic pages.

FZORK
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
You're here!

Fzork gazes down the winding staircase to a blue Camaro.

FZORK
(to the Lady)
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
My name is Anton Fzork. But,
please, call me Tony.

LADY IN BLUE
Bettina--

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

FZORK
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
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
(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

And this is Brabus. He is my very special,... uhh, well, let's say, second baby.

Bettina sits at table.

FZORK

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

(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

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 Fzork touches the Kharfusian cookbook, beside a picture of Marianna, his wife, at a family picnic.

ZOOM IN: Closer into the photo, Bezelle crawls off the picnic blanket, teetering near the edge of a cliff.

Fzork starts crying.

FZORK

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

(to himself)

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 his other self)

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

Edo, please... You're going to
embarrass me. Put back the wine.

Edo shakes the bottle into the mirror, hurling libations at Anton.

EDO

*When is the last time you had a
good time?!*

FZORK

(from the mirror)

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 dinner 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

Oh, dear! 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 near empty wine bottle on the table.

EDO

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... *Car-fu-shia!*

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

EDO

(uncomfortably close)
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 and takes another swig. The bottle crashes to floor and keeps rolling.

EDO

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 blue chiffon blouse. 100% silk.

Bettina slaps Edo. And runs to grab her coat.

BETTINA

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 staircase.

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

BETTINA SCREAMS as she tumbles down to the sidewalk.

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

EDO DOUBLES OVER IN LAUGHTER AT THE 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.*

Edo tosses Bettina's coat down the flume and retracts the stairs.

Bettina wrings out her blouse and stashes her soaked coat in the trunk -- then gets in her car.

BETTINA
 (talking to herself)
 Thinks I drive a camel... *Blueberry
 muffin?! What kind of person has a
 goose?*

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

FRONT DOOR SLAMS!

Edo stumbles into the panty.

EDO
Now we have party!

Brabus still sulking from the insult double doses on 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, holding a brown bag.

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

Fzork unbags the bottle of wine and sits at the table.

FZORK
 Two minutes, I was at grocery
 store, and now everybody go home.

Brabus stares in disbelief.

FZORK

Brabus, check sprinkler tomorrow.
On sidewalk big puddle of water.

Fzork looks under the dining room table.

FZORK

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. The wine bottle gleams at
an empty table. In the distance we can hear a 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 stares into the family photo.

Studying the photo he observes a foot at the edge of the
frame, a baby almost at the edge of a cliff, and a woman
about to scream for her baby's life.

Behind him, on the wall, the silhouette of a **golden fork**
flickers in the candle light. Its shadow moving across
Brabus, past the photo and down the wall.

Brabus notices and traces the outline of the fleeting fork
towards a golden light piercing through the floor boards.

For a moment, the light blinds him before it 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.

Possessed by a sudden confidence, Brabus sets up a shot and
gives Fzork a pudding bowl.

BRABUS
Hold this....

FZORK
What...? No, no...

BRABUS
Now lean on the mattress, closer...
Okay, perfect!

FZORK
Brabus...

Brabus holds his phone and starts filming.

BRABUS
Now tell me how you made it...

FZORK
Me, now...? You want recipe?

Brabus nods in approval.

FZORK
(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 points one finger to the ceiling.

Brabus stops filming and hits send.

FZORK
Ok....?

BRABUS
Got it! I put it on the internet.

FZORK
Night, night, Brabus! No more
talking.

Fzork pulls the covers over his head.

Brabus gets on other side of bed and tucks in.

A golden light seems to coming from inside the Snowball
Pudding perched on the kitchen counter -- next to his phone.

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

As Fzork begins to snore, a steady stream of PINGS vibrates
in the dark.

THE END.