

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.*

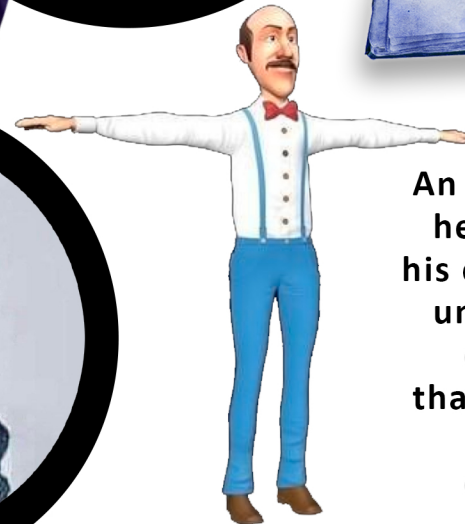
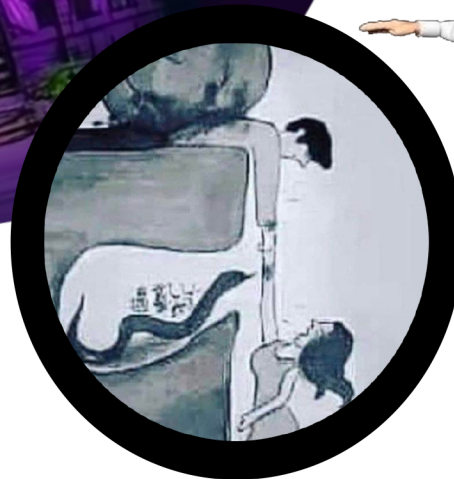
SERIES PILOT



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 highway.

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)
Kold fud! No moni!

DOOR SLAMS!

Brabus slumps his head into his phone.

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

TIME LAPSE - Dressed like an action figure stuck on 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 CLERK (19) stares at Brabus' watch.

CLERK
(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 teenage GIRL in a purple striped leotard, 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 the 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
Hmmm, ... ZEE-YOU??

Brabus nods.

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 STARE from the kitchen, as a WAITER (30) 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.

The Waiter 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 lets the soup dribble into itself.

She closes her eyes, inhales and frowns -- 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.

INSERT - SUPERTITLES (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.

"Worst 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 opens her compact mirror to touch up her makeup -- never flinching.

INSERT - 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 (32) and CASHIER (29) #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. Who does that?

CASHIER #2

Next time charge her twice.

GIGGLES followed by barcode BLING.

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. Staring into shopping baskets.

POV - LADY'S BASKET: Fzork's sparkling eye stares in.

A LADY (42), in tight blue slacks and a conductor-like pillbox visor, reaches on her tippy toes for a top shelf brand, holding onto her trolley.

An item in her trolley catches his eye.

FZORK lurches into the 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 GRAPHIC LOGO of a princess armed with a snowball.

The Lady struggles to keep her balance, her arm stretched across the trolley, barely holding on, 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.

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

FZORK
Did you pay for it?

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.

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.

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 - TORN CARTON: "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
on 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
Hey...!

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. The photo showcases a winning recipe favored by Plumdale housewives:
"Back Porch Chicken and Egg Salad."

FZORK
Ah, ha, ha! You make a joke.

INSERT - COVER CAPTION: "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, not amused, emphatically points to the front door.

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

Brabus unpacks the groceries into vertical piles. Fzork audits Brabus' impromptu stacks of ingredients, scissors out random letters from each box, and deftly rearranges them like Scrabble letters -- spelling out mysterious recipe ideas: "Don_ts and gr_en bea_s. S__rbet and ha_m_urg_r. Bl__b_r_ies and p_pc_rn."

Brabus, amused, goes into puzzle mode and cuts out more letters to decrypt Fzork's gamified recipe.

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!

Reaching into the pantry, Fzork grabs 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, now as BETTINA -- 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

(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

Bettina--

FZORK

Bette, or Tina? Which one you go by?

BETTINA

You can call me Tina.

Bezelle enters the room taking her place at the dinner table -- her face glowing from the light bouncing off 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 caresses the Kharfusian cookbook, beside a picture of Marianna, his wife, at a family picnic.

INSERT - PHOTO: Closer in the frame, 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
 (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-few-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 pours the last drop of wine into a glass.

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 sips his wine. 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.

INT./EXT. FZORK RESIDENCE - VESTIBULE/SIDEWALK - NIGHT

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 a 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, shakes off her coat and puts
 it in the trunk -- then SQUEALS OFF.

INT. BETTINA'S CAMARO - NIGHT

Despondent and disheveled, Bettina grips the wheel.

BETTINA
 You're gonna regret this!
 (talking to herself)
 Thinks I drive a camel... Are you
 kidding me? *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 at the empty table, catches a beam of light escaping the pantry.

Behind Bezelle's door we can hear a SOFT SOBBING.

FZORK

Brabus, please, put wine on shelf.

INT. PANTRY - NIGHT

Brabus enters the shrine of Marianna. Next to the Kharfusian cookbook he sets the wine bottle on the shelf -- then stares into the family photo.

BRABUS' POV - As his eyes move across the photo, he observes a foot at the edge of the frame, the baby almost at the edge of a cliff, and a woman about to scream for her baby's life.

A BEAM OF LIGHT crosses the photo.

Brabus reacts. On the wall, the GLOWING silhouette of a **GOLDEN FORK** flickers -- its presence like a floating candle light, which HOVERS -- and can SPARKLE into a laser beam.

Brabus traces its origin down the wall, and through a crack in the floor boards until -- HE IS BLINDED.

The fleeting glow vanishes. For a moment, the GHOST IMAGE of a golden fork stays in his vision.

As Brabus tries to find the door, a faint MACHINATION and RUMBLE can be heard coming from below.

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 gives Fzork a pudding bowl and frames the shot.

BRABUS
Hold this....

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

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

FZORK
(to tired to fight)
Brabus...

Brabus RECORDS on his phone.

BRABUS
Now tell me how you made it...

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

Brabus nods in approval.

INSIDE THE CAMERA FRAME:

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.

BACK TO ROOM

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 turns out the light and pulls the covers over his head.

Brabus gets on the other side of bed and tucks in.

The GOLDEN LIGHT now seems to be coming from inside the Snowball Pudding, perched on the kitchen counter -- right beside Brabus' phone.

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

As Fzork SNORES, Brabus rolls over to check his phone and SMACKS HIS HEAD on the swan neck faucet.

BRABUS

OW...!

Fzork muffles his head into a pillow and accidentally levers the swan neck faucet with his elbow -- into LOW GEAR.

Suddenly, Brabus' side of the mattress collapses -- and he FALLS FIFTY FEET past the kitchen sink into the basement.

The mattress returns to it's normal position.

INT. FZORK RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A collapsed Brabus lies passed out on the floor.

At the far end of the basement an ASSEMBLY LINE PLINKS and PLUNKS.

On the CONVEYOR BELT, a rainbow colored GOOP is spit out of a robotic TUBE, shaped by a mold into an ORB -- then kissed with a crosshatch pattern by an illuminated GOLDEN FORK.

INSERT - CANDY ORB: a CLEF NOTE imprinted onto a perfectly round confection.

Further down the assembly line, the confection gets wrapped and put in a box labeled: "General Y's Musical Confection." Each candy wrapper bearing the image of a musical note.

Somebody drags Brabus' body across floor -- and out the basement door.

EXT. FZORK RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Outside on the lawn, under a sliver of moon, a small piece of candy is tucked into Brabus' pajama pocket.

The candy PINGS and VIBRATES, then goes quiet.

THE END.