

The Maillard Reaction "The Recipe"

By

Austin Barrett

INT. MAILLARD KITCHEN - SUNRISE

DAD sits at the head of the family dining table. He is 42 years old but he has bags under his eyes with a chest and arms full of thick hair. He's slightly pale, but has worn, leathery hands.

A mug of hot coffee rests in his hands. He looks at an empty chair to his side until -

LAZLO enters. He is 17 with a head full of white hair and is small and soft spoken.

Lazlo appears in the room in his pajamas, standing across from his dad. Dad looks to Lazlo as he sits down in the chair opposite Dad, the empty seat in between them. They sit in silence.

Dad pushes the coffee mug towards Lazlo who then sips from it.

DAD

There's plenty more if you want. I can't help it. I still make coffee for three.

Lazlo nods. The two share the mug.

LAZLO

Mom's mug.

DAD

I didn't realize. I'm sorry.

Lazlo looks at the empty chair.

DAD (CONT'D)

You ready?

LAZLO

No.

Lazlo leaves the room. Dad grabs the mug and walks to the stove where he cracks an egg into a bowl.

INT. LAZLO'S ROOM - MORNING

(O.S.) Lazlo tosses his pajamas on the ground and exits wrapped in a bath towel.

INT. LAZLO'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lazlo looks into the mirror at his boyish face and combs his hand through his white hair. He exits the steamy room.

INT. LAZLO'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dad tosses salt into the bowl with eggs and beats rapidly with a fork. While whisking, he looks out the window.

EXT. CITY - MORNING

The Maillard household sits on a small hill at the very edge of the city, which is waking up.

Men in the fashion of the 1940s - hats and suits - and women wrapped in shawls leave their houses as storefronts are opened up by haggard owners.

A gentleman passes a bakery but doubles back upon sniffing the air. He exits a moment later enjoying a delicious croissant. An unshaven, hungover man exits stuffing donuts into his face.

Donut man joins the city crowds until he turns down a dark alley. He reaches the front of LARD & SAVOUR and goes around back where he enters along with some other stragglers.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - MORNING

Shots:

1. Chefs put on their aprons.

INT. LAZLO'S ROOM - MORNING

2. Lazlo puts on a shirt.

INT. LAZLO'S KITCHEN - MORNING

3. Dad puts a pan on the stove and lights the burner with a match.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - MORNING

4. Chefs sharpen their knives, some testing it out on their arm hair.
5. Onions and celery are chopped.
6. Meat and fish are butchered.

INT. LAZLO'S ROOM - MORNING

7. Lazlo waters a small plant in his spartan room.
8. He props up JULIA, a large sock monkey, in her chair.

INT. LAZLO'S KITCHEN - MORNING

9. Dad adds butter to the pan.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - MORNING

10. Chefs start to prepare giant pots of sauces.
11. Several chefs are lighting cigarettes

INT. LAZLO'S KITCHEN - MORNING

12. Dad adds in the eggs and rapidly stirs them with the fork.

EXT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - MORNING

13. A chef grabs vegetables from a grocer and hands him an envelope, but not before checking to see if anyone is watching.
14. Chefs are making hangover cures, including plain ol' hair of the dog.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - MORNING

15. Two chefs are fighting and then more get roped into until there is a large brawl.

INT. LAZLO'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Lazlo is sitting at the table. Dad places a french omelette in front of him. Lazlo grabs his fork and tries to get a bite when -

DAD

Wait!

Dad takes a pat of butter and rubs it on top of the omelette and then dusts it with some salt. Dad walks back to the stove, back turned to Lazlo.

Lazlo cautiously takes a bite and smiles. He eats quicker. Dad gains a small smile.

DAD

I'm sorry to ask this of you, but I can't support us alone any longer.

Lazlo takes his dishes to the sink.

LAZLO

I won't come home until I get a job. I'll see you later.

DAD

Okay, love you.

They hug and Lazlo leaves. Dad watches Lazlo set off through the kitchen window. He scrubs the dishes in the sink.

EXT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - MORNING

There is a long line of unsavory sorts waiting outside the kitchen. Many are carrying knives or exotic spices. More than a few are looking over their shoulders.

YARINO SHIDO appears from the restaurant. She is 47 years old and is chubby but has muscle, like a linebacker. She still manages to be light on her feet, despite her solid nature.

She blows a whistle so loudly that all the alley dogs flee. Everybody in the line snaps to attention.

She paces up and down the line, smacking a spatula in the palm of her hand.

YARINO SHIDO

Many of you have traveled from all over the world to be here today.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YARINO SHIDO (cont'd)

Many of you have said you would kill to be here, and doubtless some have. And I'll venture a guess that more than a few of you here believe that you deserve to work at Lard & Savour. But listen to me closely. This isn't a chance for you to trot out your ego and show it off like some schoolboy at recess. I won't allow you to come into my restaurant and ruin its name and reputation. You know exactly who we are and what we are capable of so If any of you disrespect this restaurant before or after the trial set before you, then you will be next on the butcher's block.

(Screaming)

Now if any of you sonsofbitches got anything to say now is the fucking time.

(Pause)

I didn't think so. Get in there.

The line is noticeably smaller than it was a moment ago. Some of the crowd rushes in, some are paralyzed, and one pees his pants.

EXT. CITY BUILDINGS - MORNING

Lazlo walks through the city looking up at the massive buildings surrounding him. People bump into him as he walks and he stops in front of a store. He wipes his shirt off and goes inside.

Lazlo walks in and out of buildings. He talks to receptionists, men in suits, and people behinds desks. The first receptionists appear polite and well groomed, but as time goes on the people and the places become dirtier and less welcoming. Every time he leaves more hopeless than before.

He tries to buy lunch at a counter but workers push past him to get their orders in first.

Lazlo leaves the diner and continues his trek. He is on the other edge of the city and turns down a dark alley. As he continues to walk, less people pass him. A few rats scurry past and despite it being a sunny day, there's very little sunshine.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NOON

The applicants are busy making complex dishes. Chefs from the restaurant poke their heads around the applicants' shoulders to see what's happening. Some chefs begin pointing and laughing.

SAUL and LUNA FINGER, 19 year old near-identical Mexican twins, flank NERVOUS APPLICANT. Saul and Luna are both tall and thin, with short dark hair and piercing blue eyes.

SAUL FINGER
Doesn't look like it's going too well.

LUNA FINGER
Not at all, maybe we can help.

SAUL FINGER
Yeah, we'll put in a good word for a fee.

LUNA FINGER
Such a small fee it would be.

SAUL FINGER
So small, minuscule even.

LUNA FINGER
Just wear these and we'll make sure things go well.

Saul Finger holds up a bib and Luna Finger pushes a baby's pacifier towards Nervous Applicant.

NERVOUS APPLICANT
And I would get the job.

SAUL FINGER
We would put in a word.

LUNA FINGER
What can it hurt.

Nervous Applicant's eyes glaze over and they slowly reach for the bib as Luna Finger slowly presses the pacifier into their mouth.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR - a severe Frenchman in his 60s - and JULIUS LARD - a fat and jovial Englishman in his 50s - burst in. All the chefs stand at attention as Savour surveys his kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

YARINO SHIDO
These are all that are left.

Savour walks down the line of applicants, grabbing spoons and tasting dishes. He stops at Nervous Applicant and tastes their dish.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Leave my kitchen immediately and never return.

Nervous Applicant is frozen to the spot. Julius Lard puts a hand on their shoulder.

JULIUS LARD
Scram, kid.

Nervous Applicant runs out of the kitchen.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Back to work everyone.

EXT. ALLEY - NOON

Lazlo is deep within the dark bowels of the city.

He turns to go back the way he came or find a way out, but sees four different paths to take. An OLD WOMAN leans out of a window.

OLD WOMAN
Come here, boy.

LAZLO
Yes, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN
Would you mind helping a poor, old woman with nobody to take care of her?

LAZLO
Of course. What can I do for you?

OLD WOMAN
How about giving me a sponge bath!

She opens up her robe to reveal her naked body. Lazlo screams and runs away in terror. The Old Woman lets out a cackle and throws a sponge at him.

Lazlo hurtles down the street, bumping into a bunch of men gambling in the gutter. They reach for him, but he avoids their grasp.

A vendor jumps out at Lazlo -

VENDOR
Whatya buying?

And holds up handfuls of squirming mice.

Lazlo keeps running and hands keep reaching out for him until -

EXT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NOON

Lazlo notices a large sign on a building reading - Now Hiring. Lazlo looks at the sign and then goes to enter the building.

A hand shoots past Lazlo blocking his way.

RUSTY SAILOR appears from the shadows. He is 26 years old and from Haiti. He is wiry and one of Rusty's eyes bulges out. Lazlo tries to get away.

RUSTY SAILOR
I can still get ye in, kid. Yer not
too late.

LAZLO
I don't know what you're talking
about. Let me in.

RUSTY SAILOR
Do you want a shot at the job or
not?

Lazlo stops pulling away.

RUSTY SAILOR (CONT'D)
A spot just opened up. I can get ye
in but you'll have to treat me real
good. Everybody else picked their
pony already. Figures I should get
me mine.

LAZLO
You need me to get a pony? Is that
the job?

Rusty Sailor grabs Lazlo's hands and stares at them.

(CONTINUED)

RUSTY SAILOR
A good breed, I think. You'll serve
me well. Swear to me you'll do as I
ask.

Lazlo tries to push past Rusty Sailor but is blocked.

LAZLO
Fine, I'll be your - pony.

RUSTY SAILOR
(In Haitian)
Neg di san fe. Don't disappoint me.

Rusty Sailor chuckles deviously and pulls Lazlo into the restaurant -

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NOON

Lazlo is plopped into place at a clean workstation. The other applicants pause to look at him and go back to work. Some chefs look around the room and hand applicants special spices or whisper things in their ears.

Lazlo looks at his workstation and grabs an apron with shaking hands. Another applicant walks behind him and trips him. Some snicker while Lazlo jumps back up, now covered in flour and crumbs.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR (O.S.)
You have 20 minutes left to impress
me.

The kitchen is thrown into a frenzy. Men and women check ovens to find burnt dishes and run out of the kitchen. Others begin stealing food from their neighbors. A man foaming at the mouth is dragged out.

Lazlo frantically looks at his station and grabs the first thing he sees: eggs.

He cracks them into a bowl and salts them and then whisks with a fork, just as his father did. He checks the clock and puts a pan on a burner.

JULIUS LARD
Five minutes everyone!

The eggs have turned an orange color. Lazlo swirls butter in the pan and then throws in the eggs. He stirs quickly.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

A young Lazlo and his father are standing at the stove. Lazlo is on top of a chair to see better.

DAD

Make sure the pan is hot and pour it all in, yes, go ahead. And stir quickly. You want small curds, Lazlo. That's what my dad told me. See, it's already set so fold it up like this.

Lazlo's mother approaches the two and places her hands on Lazlo's little shoulders.

DAD (CONT'D)

Plating is just as important. We eat with the eyes too after all. And if you married a greedy one like I did, make sure you rub a little extra butter on top. Oops, never forget the salt. And voila!

A perfect french omelette sits on a plate.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NOON

Lazlo's egg mixture sizzles away in the pan. Rusty Sailor pokes him.

RUSTY SAILOR

Pay attention!

Lazlo nods and continues to stir. He plates it and rubs butter on top -

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Alright, present your dishes. Hands off!

Lazlo sprinkles salt on the omelette and stands next to the plate.

Auguste Savour and Julius Lard make their way down the line of applicants. Often Auguste will just pass by an applicant, but sometimes he stops to taste a dish. There is sushi, finely crafted sugar work, pastry that when cracked open reveals fruit and smaller pastries, lobsters piled high with a glaze, giant tomahawk steaks, and dishes with various sauces to be poured over at different times.

(CONTINUED)

Auguste stoically reaches Lazlo. He gazes at the omelette and then back at Lazlo. Lazlo is too nervous to return the look.

LAZLO

French omelettes always remind me of the countryside I visited with my parents. Please enjoy, sir.

Auguste takes a bite, and then another, and then closes his eyes and sighs.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Yes, I can see it too. Smell the grass even. Very nice, Lazlo.

LAZLO

How did you -

Julius Lard turns to the rest of the applicants.

JULIUS LARD

You may all go home. The position has been filled.

The applicants leave, some chefs throw their hats to the ground.

LAZLO

Does that mean I got the job.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

For now.

LAZLO

But, that's the only dish I know how to make.

The other chefs look stunned.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

We can teach you recipes and technique, but there are some things we cannot teach.

LAZLO

So I'll get paid?

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Make it through the day and I'll see to it that you get what's yours.

LAZLO
Am I just cooking omelettes then?

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Ha! You won't send a single dish
out of this kitchen for months.
Your training has just begun!

JULIUS LARD
Chefs, say hello to your new
busboy.

The rest of the chefs run up to Lazlo and throw him in the air. Champagne bottles pop and spray over everyone.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Back to work!

Lazlo is dropped and hits the ground. A mop is thrown on top of him. He lays there for a moment dazed, until - with great horror in his eyes - he sees Rusty Sailor smiling at him.

END OF ACT I

INT. BUILDING BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Dad, covered in oil and dirt, is fixing a duct. His boss appears.

BOSS
The men's bathroom in the lobby has
a leak again.

DAD
I told you I'm no plumber.

BOSS
You're either on the payroll or
you're off the payroll. Which is
it?

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Dad walks by well dressed men in suits and top hats. They stare as he goes.

INT. BUILDING BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Dad enters the bathroom. He speaks to the bathroom attendant in the corner.

DAD

Leak?

BATHROOM ATTENDANT

Third sink down, Bob.

DAD

Thanks.

Dad assesses the leak. He bends down, lays on his back, and then turns his wrench until the leak stops. Meanwhile, a gentleman has exited the bathroom in disgust.

Dad stands and gathers his tools. He has left a smudge on the floor. He proceeds to wash his hands covering the sink in grime.

A man opens the door, sees Dad, and leaves. Dad continues to wash his hands until the Manager bursts in.

MANAGER

Is there a problem with the sink?

DAD

I fixed a leak.

MANAGER

So you're finished. You may exit the bathroom in that case.

DAD

I'm just washing my hands.

MANAGER

There are gentlemen waiting to get in.

Dad takes his time and quietly washes and gets a towel from Bathroom Attendant. He exits.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - AFTERNOON

The Boss and Manager are waiting for Dad.

MANAGER

Our patrons demand an apology.

(CONTINUED)

Dad looks over his shoulder at the men going into the bathroom.

DAD

I'm not the plumber. The leak's not my fault.

BOSS

There are workers' bathrooms.

DAD

The sinks don't run.

MANAGER

So fix them.

DAD

I'm not the plumber!

BOSS

You're off the payroll.

Dad clenches his teeth.

DAD

I can go apologize.

MANAGER

Too late. We don't want you dragging your dirt around anymore.

Dad walks towards the Manager. He puts his hands on the Manager's suit and then pats him on the face, covering him in a little oil.

Dad walks out of the building with his lunch pail in hand.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Montage:

1. Lazlo sweeps food scraps off the floor.
2. He washes a giant pile of dishes stacked to the ceiling.
3. A chef opens a door for Lazlo and hands him a bat. Lazlo tentatively steps in and immediately emerges followed by a hoard of bats.
4. Lazlo finishes washing the dishes. He walks away only to discover Rusty Sailor has a huge pile waiting for him.

(CONTINUED)

5. Lazlo takes out a huge bag of trash to the dumpster. A homeless man jumps out and chases Lazlo.

6. Lazlo cleans Rusty Sailor's workplace. He throws something in the garbage and upon returning, the place is a mess again. Rusty Sailor cackles.

Lazlo is sweeping the floor and bumps into SLOBODAN ASLANIAN, a 52 year old Czech with watery eyes and droopy hair, who drops a proofing loaf of bread onto the floor.

LAZLO

Oh goodness, I'm so sorry.

Slobodan Aslanian begins to tear up.

LAZLO (CONT'D)

No, sir, please. I didn't mean to.

Slobodan Aslanian is crying.

LAZLO (CONT'D)

Sir, I can fix this.

Slobodan Aslanian is bawling.

SLOBODAN ASLANIAN

This is worst bread I've ever made.
You've done me a favor, busing boy.
This bread is me, worthless.

LAZLO

Don't say that. People are going to notice.

SLOBODAN ASLANIAN

It's true. I speak the truth. I'm a failure.

Slobodan points at the dropped bread.

SLOBODAN ASLANIAN (CONT'D)

The proof's right there.

Lazlo begins to cry too.

LAZLO

I know, I know. It's been a tough day.

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST, 68 and German, appears behind Lazlo as a massive shadow. Heinlich is scary looking; he's always yelling or scowling and his face has the wrinkles to prove it. He grabs Lazlo by his neck and picks him up.

(CONTINUED)

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST
(madly raving)
New child! First day and already I
discover you lying on the floor!
With this crybaby nonetheless.

LAZLO
I'm sorry, it's just that -

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST
Sorry! Swine like you are sorry
when they're led to the
slaughterhouse! I could tell just
by looking at you that you didn't
belong here! You don't hire dirt to
clean dirt. I will exact justice on
you, boy!

Flames burst up behind Heinlich Van Bratwurst

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST (CONT'D)
You will fear me. You and the rest
of this kitchen will know that I am
the -

LAZLO
I didn't know -

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST
Don't mouth off at me! You're
through. Do you hear me! Gone,
kaput.

(In German)
Auf wiedersehen! Genau wie mein name
ist Heimlich von Bratwurst - DIE
glorreiche linie - werde ich dich
jagen -

A small, gnarled hand pushes Heinlich Van Bratwurst aside
and the flames of the grill die down. OLIVIA "OLIVE" OIL, a
98 year old Italian, extends a hand to Lazlo. She is
extremely short and compact, almost like a rectangle with
olive skin and wrinkles put on some glasses.

OLIVIA OIL
On your feet. Dust yourself off.

Lazlo wipes flours from his apron and tears from his eyes.

OLIVIA OIL (CONT'D)
As for you, you Bavarian brute. I
had better not find you ordering
people around in my area again,
kitchen manager or not.

(CONTINUED)

Heinlich Van Bratwurst slinks off, casting an evil glance at Lazlo first.

Olivia Oil helps Slobodan Aslanian to his feet.

OLIVIA OIL (CONT'D)

As for this one, our bread would be tasteless if it weren't for the salt from his constant weeping.

She gives Slobodan a pat on the back. He uses the fallen loaf to wipe the tears from his face and begins making bread again.

LAZLO

This is your area?

OLIVIA OIL

Food is a struggle, little Lazlo. So we divide the kitchen into areas. I control the bakery, but Hiney Lick over there stocks everything and makes sure things go smoothly. Has nobody told you anything?

LAZLO

I'm doing my best just to stick around.

OLIVIA OIL

Good, do that. But the sous chef, head chef, and manager come first.

Yarino Shido, Auguste Savour, and Julius Lard work as Olivia Oil points them out.

LAZLO

I should return to work.

Olivia Oil returns to her pasta making.

OLIVIA OIL

A quick word first. Haven't you wondered why there was an open busboy position?

LAZLO

I haven't had the time to, Ma'am.

OLIVIA OIL

Not so long ago, this boy starts working here. Very nice. Well

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA OIL (cont'd)
mannered. Just like you. Time
passes and he grows accustomed to
the high life. He drinks, he
gambles, he gets into debt. Men
begin to follow him. What does he
do? Turn to us? No. We have many
secrets here. Secrets people are
willing to pay for. And this boy
had loose lips.

She places a metal dough scraper against his throat.

OLIVIA OIL (CONT'D)
The only place you'll find him now
is on the face of a milk carton.
Now go grab me some eggs!

Lazlo scurries off. He searches high and low but cannot find the eggs. He yanks open a metal door and enters -

INT. WALK IN FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lazlo's eyes pop open at the sight of all the exotic foods, yet he can't find any eggs, although he does find a milk carton with the previous bus boy on it under the missing section. He goes into the back of the closet to search when -

Yarino Shido, Julius Lard, and Auguste Savour enter.

YARINO SHIDO
They've confirmed, then?

JULIUS LARD
Their representative said they'd
arrive later tonight.

YARINO SHIDO
But why now?

JULIUS LARD
There have been murmurs about
America's intentions for the war.
They must have their hand in this
somehow -

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
I run a kitchen, not a salon. The
Truffle Troupe either comes to eat
or they don't come at all.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS LARD
If they can dissolve countries,
they can dissolve us, Auguste.

YARINO SHIDO
We need to impress them.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
As much as any other customer! It
is business as usual.

Auguste storms out.

JULIUS LARD
Prepare three dishes and run them
by Auguste and me. We have our own
business with the Troupe anyways.

YARINO SHIDO
So he is the one?

JULIUS LARD
There can be no mistake of it, you
saw Auguste's reaction.

Yarino and Julius exit.

Lazlo grabs some eggs and exits.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lazlo gives Olivia Oil a carton of eggs and heads back to
Rusty Sailor. Lazlo loads dishes to carry over to the sink -

RUSTY SAILOR
Ah, good pony.

LAZLO
Yes, uhm, Mr. Rusty Sailor - Do you
know what the Truffle Troupe is? Is
that one of these restaurant
magazines?

Rusty Sailor grabs Lazlo's face and squeezes it tight. His
other eye bulges out as well.

RUSTY SAILOR
The Truffle Troupe? How do you know
of them?

(CONTINUED)

LAZLO
(Through his tightly, squeezed
lips)
I shouldn't say.

RUSTY SAILOR
Tell me, or I'll make sure the only
way you ever leave this kitchen is
as a entree!

LAZLO
The chefs said they would be
attending tonight's service.

Rusty Sailor releases his grip on Lazlo, who now has indents in his face. Rusty Sailor falls backwards against his station.

Heinlich Van Bratwurst runs up.

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST
I knew it! Laying down on the job
again! You're through here!

Rusty Sailor whispers something in Heinlich Van Bratwurst's ear. He's stunned. He runs to a giant, red button on the wall and presses it. A red light sweeps across the kitchen. Everybody looks up.

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST (CONT'D)
The Truffle Troupe is coming!

Chefs start running around, Slobodan Aslanian sobs uncontrollably, a fire breaks out, Lazlo is stunned.

YARINO SHIDO
Quieeeeeeeeeeeeeet!

Everybody stops and the fire dies out as if she put it out with her yelling. She shoots Heinlich a look. He hits the button again and the flashing light goes off.

YARINO SHIDO (CONT'D)
Hiney, has there been another
murder?

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST
Dare I say it - The Truffle Troupe
is coming.

Slobodan Aslanian faints.

YARINO SHIDO
How do you know this? You know
better than to spread rumors.

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST
It's the boy.

Heinlich points to Lazlo.

LAZLO
I just asked who they are is all.

SAUL FINGER
The Truffle Troupe.

LUNA FINGER
A mysterious bunch.

SAUL FINGER
Some say they don't even exist.

LUNA FINGER
They run things from behind the
curtains you see.

SAUL FINGER
Rumors have it that the fall of
Rome is due to a bad meal they had
there.

LUNA FINGER
You don't just think "Let them eat
cake" was a slip of the tongue.

SAUL FINGER
Somebody has to control the price
of tea in China.

LUNA FINGER
They're said to all gather only
once a year. The location never
know until the day it happens to
protect them and their secrets.

SAUL FINGER
To be graced by their presence is
an honor.

LUNA FINGER
Or a curse.

SAUL FINGER
We will soon discover which.

Auguste Savour appears.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
It appears that our secret has gotten out. It changes nothing. Their reputation precedes this loathsome bunch like the stench of a rotted fish. Treating this troupe as anything more than a bunch of con artists is to be accomplices in the world's greatest joke and we are chefs, not comedians. We have hungry patrons coming to dine tonight. People who have saved up for years to travel here and even longer to dine here. I shall not disappoint those people and I doubt you will either.

The kitchen gets back to work.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR (CONT'D)
And you, Lazlo. We all began at the bottom just as you have, but I have never seen a rat so large as you. I will not keep a child where adults belong.

LAZLO
I didn't realize what I was saying.
I won't make another mistake.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Your kitchen needs cleaning. Do not fail me again, Lazlo Maillard.

LAZLO
I won't, sir.

Lazlo turns to clean the dishes. Both Yarino Shido and Heinlich Van Bratwurst stare at him.

Meanwhile, SPY CHEF is in the background on the rotary phone. They are American, middle aged, and clean cut with no distinguishing features which ironically distinguishes them from the wild crew of Lard & Savour.

As they speak into the phone, they glance around them and speak urgently.

INT. SAMSON SQUISHY'S LOBBY - AFTERNOON

The SECRETARY; also middle aged, American, and well groomed; is on the phone.

SECRETARY

Are you sure of this? Okay, hold your position and I'll alert Mr. Squishy immediately.

INT. SAMSON SQUISHY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Two people sit in a modest office. SAMSON SQUISHY, 45 American, sits behind the desk, while the ANALYST reads from some reports.

ANALYST

All the Mr. Squishy mid-west locations are progressing well except for one.

The Analyst is nervous. Samson Squishy gestures for them to continue.

ANALYST (CONT'D)

The Martonsville location has seen a decline in customers of over 80% since the Big Burger Boys opened their new store down the street. At this rate, we will have to close this location in two months.

Just then, Samson's secretary rushes in and whispers something in his ear. Samson nods.

SAMSON SQUISHY

Tell Roger Kaplan of the Minnesota branch to get a job at the Big Burger Boys and work his way up to CEO to eventually sell me the company. I know he's grown attached to his newest family, but tell him that he'll have to fake his murder again. He'll be able to fill in the rest of the blanks on his own.
Thank you.

Samson stands up and turns to secretary.

SAMSON SQUISHY (CONT'D)

Get me Fatimus Swine.

INT. FATIMUS SWINE'S CAGE - UNKNOWABLE

Various men stands in the very bowels of hell with clinking and clanking machinery all around them.

They go to the large chains on each side of a giant, metal gate and begin using their entire body's strength to lower the bridge.

The gate starts shaking as they lower it. Before it's all the way down, the gate is kicked across the room and the workers go flying.

FATIMUS SWINE emerges. His figure is massive and hulking but his actual appearance is hidden in the dust thrown up by the gate's obliteration.

Fatimus Swine marches forward while the workers cower from him.

INT. MR. SQUISHY HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

The sound of Fatimus Swine's footsteps echo throughout the entire facility. Workers raise their heads and some exchange worried glances. One or two nod to each other in solemn acceptance.

Swine's footsteps continue and various wall decorations shake. A pool of liquid softly ripples but the ripples grow as the sound grows closer.

A person picks up this liquid and drinks from the soda. The taste test manager across from the test subject scribbles notes down. The test subject picks up a burger and takes a bite.

Fatimus Swine, appearing outside the test room, takes a handful of burgers on a platter set out for him and eats several burgers in one bite.

The two of them walk down the hall throughout the entire conversation. They pass by rooms of various food testing. Each room is sanitary and white. The further down the hall they get, the more sinister looking the tests become:

The first room is a family enjoying a meal of burgers and fries. The next room is a solitary individual eating normally. The next has a man tied to a chair being fed a burger. The next room has a man tied upside down being fed one french fry at a time.

(CONTINUED)

SAMSON SQUISHY

We have a sensitive situation I need you to take care of. One of our undercover units has come upon information that we need to act on immediately. We know where and when The Truffle Troupe is going to be. Tonight. Lard & Savour. We cannot fail this time. The only reason we are still around, still operating at only 45 locations is because we have been forced to stay small so that they won't notice us. Do you know what this means? If we fail, they'll notice. If we fail, they will end us. Now, I still have work to do. There are many hungry customers who deserve to be fed our moist and juicy burgers, don't you agree?

Fatimus Swine lets slip a piggish grunt.

SAMSON SQUISHY (CONT'D)

Good. So you understand that this is a smash and grab. As in smash anyone who gets in your way and grab as many Truffles as you can. If we upset the order then we can grow as never before. Take as many prisoners as you can, leave no witnesses. Talk to the demolition unit before you and your team leave.

Behind the two, the shadow of a person being electrocuted lights up a room's wall. Samson closes the door and Fatimus Swine turns to leave.

SAMSON SQUISHY (CONT'D)

Oh, and Fatimus.

Samson reaches into his pocket and pulls out a Mr. Squishy smiley pin.

SAMSON SQUISHY (CONT'D)

Always remember to wear a smile!

Samson pushes the pin into Fatimus Swine's chest. Fatimus does not react as the pin pierces him and he begins to bleed.

END OF ACT II

INT. LAZLO'S HOUSE - EVENING

Dad walks in the door. He is tired and dirty. He looks in the kitchen, the bathroom, and then Lazlo's room but finds nobody except Julia.

He stands in the kitchen alone as the sun sets in the background. He sits down but immediately exits the room. He returns with Julia and places her in the seat his wife used to occupy.

He sits in his seat, looks at Julia, and then slumps over and gently cries as the sun goes down.

EXT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - EVENING

It is quiet and one chef leans against the wall smoking. They see a person, dressed nice, walking towards the restaurant. The chef stubs out the cigarette and goes inside.

The finely dressed person walks up and enters. Then more people enter. Soon, there is an entire line of fabulous patrons waiting to get inside of Lard & Savour.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR DINING AREA - EVENING

Some diners are seated, but various people stand up and move to talk to those at other tables.

Some groups are enjoying the food, others have their backs turned and talk quietly amongst themselves, and some get into heated arguments that turn into fights. The experienced waiters react swiftly to end all scuffles.

Julius Lard walks from table to table, greeting guests old and new. He keeps an eye on everything that is happening and stops a would-be-assassin from poisoning a diner's drink. The assassin is quickly escorted out.

Lard makes his way out of the dining area and back into the kitchen.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is operating like a well oiled machine. Even Lazlo has gotten the hang of things. He walks with a cart behind the chefs and grabs any dirty dishes they don't need.

Often, the chefs reach for something just as Lazlo places it under their grasp.

(CONTINUED)

Waiters walks in and out of the kitchen, picking up dishes and leaving orders.

Auguste Savour stands in the front of the kitchen, checking all plates before they go out to the customers. He turns to a waiter.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
The dry aged is for Vanessa
Stolovnaya, correct?

LUNA FINGER
Yes, chef.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
One moment.

He grabs a bottle and garnishes the steak.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR (CONT'D)
Vanessa will adore the radish
custard this time of year. That's
all.

LUNA FINGER
Thank you, chef.

Auguste notices Julius waiting for him.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Yarino.

Yarino Shido takes over places from Auguste without hesitation as he goes to Julius. They talk like bursts from a machine gun.

JULIUS LARD
Halibut Hernandez just walked in.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Our best champagne. On the house.

JULIUS LARD
Our best?

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Second best then.

JULIUS LARD
As for Madame Montilever?

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

She pays like everyone else. I
don't give a damn about her
reviews.

JULIUS LARD

Who does? The blow fish is selling
better than expected.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Is there enough?

JULIUS LARD

Depends on how much you want the
waiters to push it.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Bring the boys at the wharf a
potato quiche. They owe us a favor
anyways.

JULIUS LARD

That brings us to Riya.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Riya's here?

JULIUS LARD

She's wearing your favorite dress.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

So she's here to do more than just
dine.

JULIUS LARD

It would seem so.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

It appears her entree is going to
take a little extra time to perfect
tonight.

JULIUS LARD

Whatever shall we do?

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Perhaps an extra lobster confit?

JULIUS LARD

Beat you to it.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Perhaps she'll stick around for
dessert?

JULIUS LARD
Undoubtedly.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Perhaps she'll stick around for a
little reminiscing?

JULIUS LARD
Sorry, old chap. But working up
front has its advantages. You
forget she comes for the company
and not just the food.

The two friends laugh. Auguste turns serious.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Have they shown?

JULIUS LARD
Not yet. I've been keeping an eye
out.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
I want to know the moment they walk
through those doors.

JULIUS LARD
How's our kid performing?

They turn to glance at Lazlo.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
You think I would hire someone
incompetent?

JULIUS LARD
That's not what I meant.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
I'm not going to do that.

JULIUS LARD
If not tonight, then when? The
Troupe will want to hear your
thoughts on the situation.

Julius goes back to the dining room. Auguste pats Yarino on the shoulder as he walks to Lazlo who is scrubbing dishes. Auguste watches him for a moment.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Here.

Lazlo is startled and Auguste grabs a greasy pan from him and baking soda from nearby.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR (CONT'D)
Some of this will help to get the
grease out.

Lazlo watches nervously.

LAZLO
Is there anything I can do for you,
sir? I'm ready to learn how to
cook.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
You haven't even mastered washing
dishes.

LAZLO
I can come in early every day and
watch everyone.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
You'll come in at the same time as
everyone else and you'll do your
own job.

LAZLO
I can stay late.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
You already will be. These floors
and stoves don't clean themselves.

LAZLO
Well isn't there any way I can
become a chef.

Auguste loses the cool he's barely maintained.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
You have a job now, Lazlo. Be
grateful. Carry out every act
deliberately and with passion. I
washed dishes for years before I
was allowed to touch a knife. And
then I only learned to prep
vegetables for other chefs after
that. In my kitchen, you earn your
place. Learn that, Lazlo Maillard.

(CONTINUED)

Auguste throws the pan down and walks away. Lazlo musters up all the courage he has.

LAZLO

I can't wait years. We don't have the resources for me to be a busboy forever.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

I said you would get yours if you made it through the day, but the night hasn't even passed and already you make demands. I should have known better than to let a child into my kitchen, but I relented despite my better judgment.

Auguste steps forward but Saul and Luna Finger burst in from the dining room.

SAUL FINGER

They're here.

LUNA FINGER

They're here.

Heinlich von Bratwurst is about to hit the alarm button but he notices Yarino Shido staring at him with a knife in her hand.

Julius Lard straightens his shirt and glances at Auguste Savour.

JULIUS LARD

Showtime.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

You too, Yarino.

Julius and Auguste exit.

YARINO SHIDO

I had better come back to my kitchen exactly how I left it.

Yarino exits. Everybody rushes to the doors to catch a glimpse of The Truffle Troupe. Lazlo can just barely see over the crowd if he jumps.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR - NIGHT

Julius, Auguste, and Yarino walk past many tables and up to a group of thirteen people of various races, ages, and aesthetics. But all of them are wearing matte black clothing with white styling and all are smoking.

They greet one another and Julius leads everyone to a large and secluded table in the restaurant's corner. Julius speaks to a waiter who heads to the kitchen.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NIGHT

Everyone scatters back to their stations. The waiter comes in, goes into a room, and reappears with several bottles of wine.

Everyone pretends to be cooking while they watch the waiter who exits just as Yarino bursts back in.

YARINO SHIDO

Why is no food exiting this
kitchen. Back to work or I'll be
serving your heads as hors
d'oeuvres! Hiney, yours will be the
first to go if you don't keep
things going. Achtung!

Heinlich snaps to attention.

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST

You heard her. Mach schnell!

The kitchen resumes in a flurry of action. Lazlo is buffeted by the people moving so quickly. He runs to different stations to keep up with everyone's demands.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

A vehicle screeches to a halt. Several people, dressed in dark garb, jump out equipped with various medieval-looking melee weapons.

A similar group emerges from the city's wharf and quickly dispatches someone out for a stroll. They drop their aquatic gear back into the water.

The large shadow of Fatimus Swine falls over a city street. The streetlight flickers for a moment and the shadow vanishes.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR - NIGHT

Heinlich von Bratwurst's face is full of fear.

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST
 How could they not want hors
 d'oeuvres. Straight to entrees?
 I've never heard of it. And look at
 all these substitutions!

RUSTY SAILOR
 To hell with ye, I'm going to give
 it all I got while you all stick
 yer thumbs in your mouths. If this
 ship is going down, then you can be
 sure I'm going with her. Wild
 sharks couldn't drag me from me
 work. Alas, I never knew ye to be
 cowards.

The crew, tired and flagging, straightens up.

RUSTY SAILOR (CONT'D)
 Give us the orders.

Heinlich reads off the orders to the newly determined faces
 of the kitchen staff.

Rusty Sailor, seeing that Lazlo is near him, gestures for
 the kid to make his way over.

RUSTY SAILOR
 Do me a favor, pony.

LAZLO
 Anything for you, Mr. Rusty Sailor!

RUSTY SAILOR
 Take over here. I need a moment.

LAZLO
 Did you hurt yourself giving it all
 you've got?

RUSTY SAILOR
 Quit your blabbering. I'm going to
 sneak a look at that Truffle Troupe
 out there.

LAZLO
 What? What happened to working
 hard?

(CONTINUED)

RUSTY SAILOR

I never told such a story in me whole life. Now make sure to have all these onions done when I get back.

LAZLO

I'm not doing anything for you. I'm having a hard enough time keeping my own job.

RUSTY SAILOR

Ah, I see. We go back on our promises, do we?

Rusty Sailor picks up a ladle full of sauce. He flicks some of it on a couple of dishes Lazlo just cleaned.

LAZLO

What are you doing?

Rusty Sailor flicks some more sauce. Lazlo slaps him. He instantly regrets it.

RUSTY SAILOR

Either you get to dice these onions or I call Bratwurst over here and tell him how ye be playing with the food.

Lazlo glances back and forth between Heinlich and Rusty Sailor.

LAZLO

Alright, alright.

Rusty Sailor starts running off.

LAZLO (CONT'D)

Wait! How do I dice an onion.

Rusty Sailor turns in amazement. He then teaches to dice an onion.

Rusty Sailor disappears. Lazlo does not start out doing a great job and cuts himself a few times. By the end, he is noticeably more confident in his dicing skills but also paler.

LEMON PUCKER, 35 Cameroonian, notices Lazlo.

(CONTINUED)

LEMON PUCKER
Lazlo. Lazlo, over here.

LAZLO
What? I'm working.

LEMON PUCKER
We both know that's not your job.
Where's the Rusty Sailor?

LAZLO
Uh, bathroom break.

LEMON PUCKER
He never goes to the bathroom. Get
over here.

Lazlo rushes over, glancing to see if anyone is paying attention to him.

LEMON PUCKER (CONT'D)
We both know what's happening.
Listen, take over here and I'll be
right back.

LAZLO
I can't do this. What are you,
crazy?

LEMON PUCKER
Yes.

Just then, Lemon Pucker's eye balls pop out on coils. She hangs there dead pan. Lazlo almost vomits. She throws off her gag glasses, revealing another pair underneath.

LEMON PUCKER (CONT'D)
Here, like this.

Lemon Pucker shows Lazlo the proper way to cook risotto. Then she runs off and disappears like Rusty Sailor.

Soon, other chefs notice what is happening, They call Lazlo over and have him do their jobs while they sneak off. Lazlo starts out somewhat confident but becomes increasingly distressed.

EXT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Mr. Squishy henchmen led by Fatimus Swine gather outside the restaurant. Fatimus signals for them to take positions around the building.

Near the back of the building, Fatimus and three others gather around a bag. They pull out explosives covered in wires. They begin setting up.

INT. LARD AND SAVOUR - NIGHT

Several chefs are cramped together in a small, dark space. They attempt to look down the small gaps in the ceiling to gaze at The Truffle Troupe.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lazlo is on a step ladder so that he can reach the ladle at the top of a huge pot. He looks out into the dining room. Other chefs do the same.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR DINING AREA - NIGHT

The Truffle Troupe and the three chefs are discussing something. Auguste Savour stands up and bangs his fist on the table. Truffles stands up and begin gesticulating wildly. Clearly, something is not going well.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lazlo is now at a different station flipping something in a pan. He is worried out of his mind.

LAZLO
(Muttering to himself)
I can't do this. Savour was right.
I'm a bus boy, not a chef. I'm a
fraud. I should have kept my head
down. I'll be fired. I'll never be
able to go home. What will Dad
think of me? Playing pretend while
he was out working to support us.
I'm a failure. This is all wrong.

Lazlo plates part of the dish and puts it out for service. A waiter comes in and picks up 13 dishes. The waiter crosses himself and takes the food out. On the platter are the entrees that Lazlo has contributed bits and pieces to.

(CONTINUED)

LAZLO

Wait, wait! That can't go out!

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST

What is this yelling about! Get
away from there, that's not your
station.

Heinlich looks at Lazlo's hand and sees he is holding a spatula. He then sees the waiter putting the dishes on the Truffle Troupe's table. The two of them, followed by the rest of the kitchen, walk to the doors to watch what is happening.

Lazlo uses the stepladder to get high enough to look out the windows. Heinlich puts his hand on Lazlo's shoulder.

HEINLICH VAN BRATWURST

This may be the end of us all.
Kaput.

Slobodan Aslanian is tearing up.

The waiter serves each Truffle their meal. Lazlo closely watches the meal he just plated, which is served to a spidery looking Truffle.

EXT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fatimus Swine and his crew place explosives on a wall and punch some buttons.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lazlo anxiously watches Spidery Truffle.

All the other Truffles are heatedly arguing with Auguste, Julius, and Yarino. Spidery Truffle takes a bite of the food. He seems delighted at first, but begins to look worried.

Slobodan Aslanian is full out wailing. Lemon Pucker pulls out a handkerchief for him, which he takes. As he does so, an unceasing amount of handkerchiefs keep pouring out of Lemon Pucker's sleeve.

Lazlo looks at Heinlich, who is clearly not pleased. He looks back at the Truffle. He looks worried, just like Lazlo did. He starts muttering to himself. The other Truffles slow in their arguing. They look at Spidery Truffle. He stands.

Lazlo's eyes widen. Slobodan Aslanian's wailing reaches a new peak. Spidery Truffle is now a raving lunatic.

SPIDERY TRUFFLE

Can't you see? I've been faking my way the whole time. I knew we never should have come here. This is all wrong.

BOOM! A hole is blown into the wall near them. People and food goes flying. Through the dust and the smoke, the glint of Fatimus Swine's Mr. Squishy pin shines through. His hulking figure steps forward.

Finally, Fatimus Swine can be seen clearly. He is a massive, bald, and piggish man whose bottom jaw juts out slightly. He has beady eyes and hands the size of sledgehammers. He fills the room.

Below him, Spy Chef is sprawled on the ground. He calls out for help. Fatimus Swine steps forward again and squishes the waiter's head. He raises his hand and the henchmen rush in.

END OF ACT III

INT. LARD & SAVOUR - NIGHT

Heinlich hits the alarm button.

As the Mr. Squishy henchmen rush to the Truffles, members of the kitchen staff run out to meet them to avenge their fallen comrade.

Most of the diners flee while a few of the shadier looking ones stay to help. Some of the Truffles whip out large swords, claymores, maces, and one puts on boxing gloves.

The scuffle begins. People fight in hand to hand combat, while others duel with their chosen weapons. Lemon Pucker is decapitating a man with a plucked chicken.

Heinlich von Bratwurst is fighting off a muscular henchmen. Heinlich wields a large spear, but is not match for the henchman's nun-chucks.

Meanwhile, Auguste and Julius protect the Truffles. A large group of henchmen threaten them and run at the group. Auguste expertly sends them flying with his judo moves, while Julius flings razor sharp menus at the attackers. Two henchmen are instantly decapitated.

(CONTINUED)

Fatimus Swine pushes henchmen aside and prepares his own assault. Auguste sizes up Fatimus instantly and turns to Yarino.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Yarino, take the Truffles to safety!

Yarino hesitates but eventually nods and leads the Truffles forward, fighting their way through the chaos.

Fatimus notices and charges forward, causing diners caught in the scuffle to go flying.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NIGHT

At the same time, Lazlo hides underneath a table trembling. He holds a pan close to his body.

Yarino Shido and the Truffles burst in and quickly exit through the back.

Lazlo comes out of hiding just as a henchmen runs in. Lazlo returns to hiding and begins shaking wildly out of fear. The HENCHMAN #1 approaches.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Heinlich lays prone on the ground with the henchman over him. Heinlich crawls backwards and throws whatever he can, but the henchman deflects everything with the nun-chucks. The henchman pulls out a knife and prepares to strike the finishing blow, but suddenly falls over dead revealing Olivia Oil holding the henchman's still beating heart.

Auguste and Julius battle Fatimus Swine. Fatimus swings his bare fists wildly and hits the buildings walls which shake with each blow.

Dust falls from the ceiling and a candle is knocked over causing a wall and surrounding furniture to burst into flames.

Julius throws more menus, but they sink into Fatimus without slowing him at all. Julius grabs a claymore on the ground and swings it at Fatimus who raises his hand to grab the hilt and stop the blow.

Auguste runs up and punches Fatimus in the stomach with a mighty swing. Fatimus lets out a piggish squeal and knocks Auguste and Julius back. Julius lays on the ground, incapacitated.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR KITCHEN - NIGHT

Henchman #1 approaches the shaking table, which suddenly stops. When they look underneath they find nothing, only to look up and see Lazlo clambering up the table to flee.

HENCHMAN #1 grabs at Lazlo, who screams and kicks. He makes his way out of the grasp and flees into a corner. Lazlo swings wildly with his pan as HENCHMAN #1 advances with a knife.

Suddenly, Auguste is thrown through the wall and into HENCHMAN #1. Auguste stands up and notices Lazlo. He looks down at the incapacitated henchman, but is quickly knocked over by Fatimus.

Auguste stands up with a shard in his side and is leaning over. He looks at his restaurant which is burning to the ground.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Everybody listen -

Fatimus Swine does not stop his attacks to listen to Auguste, but everyone else does.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR (CONT'D)
You must all flee this place and
return to your true homes. Wait
there and one day you shall all
return. Do as I say. Go now!

The chefs flee and try to fight off the henchmen who chase after them. Most make it out still followed by the henchmen, but a few are taken down.

Auguste does his best to keep Fatimus away from him as he watches his comrades. Once everyone, except Lazlo who is still stuck in the corner, has left - Auguste pulls down a beam causing the ceiling to cave in and close off his part of the kitchen to Fatimus Swine.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
Lazlo, help me to the office.

Lazlo runs over and helps pull Auguste out of the debris. Auguste's left leg is broken and bone pokes through the skin.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR DINING AREA - NIGHT

Fatimus Swine turns around and sees his henchmen. There are no Truffles in sight.

FATIMUS SWINE

Burn down the city. Leave no trace
of us being here.

The henchmen gleefully run out into the night. Fatimus looks down and sees Julius Lard still unconscious. He picks him up and exits.

Already, many buildings are on fire.

INT. LAZLO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dad stands in the doorway, looking out at the city going up in flames. The fire is reflected in Julia's black eyes.

Dad stands halfway inside and halfway outside, unsure of what to do. Sparks begin to float dangerously close to the house.

INT. LARD & SAVOUR OFFICE - NIGHT

Lazlo helps drag Auguste into his chair behind a tidy desk. Auguste falls into the chair and breathes heavily.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Years ago, Lard and I found this
god forsaken patch of pavement long
forgotten by the people of this
city.

Begin Flashback

INT. LARD & SAVOUR - DAY

Lard & Savour is a small diner with a few tables and a small kitchen. Auguste cooks in the back and serves the plate through a window in the wall to Julius. The restaurant is nearly empty.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR (O.S.)

But him and I had accumulated our
share of favors over the years and
we literally built this restaurant
brick by brick. The passion came
first, then the food, and then the
people followed.

(CONTINUED)

Julius and Auguste have aged. The restaurant is bigger and they have a staff now. Time progresses until the near present.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR (O.S.)

We also accumulated more than our share of enemies and knew that a day like this would come. I always thought I would have more time.

Time catches up and all that is left is the burning and empty kitchen.

End Flashback

INT. LARD & SAVOUR - NIGHT

Auguste, now an old man at the end of the line, opens his desk drawer and flips it over. A small, wrapped box falls out. He picks it up and gently hands it to Lazlo.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR (CONT'D)

Take this.

LAZLO

What do you want me to do?

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Make sure this finds its way to The Truffle Troupe. They'll know what to do.

LAZLO

But I can't just leave my home. I don't even know where they are.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

Find the chefs whose home was taken from them tonight. They will show you the way.

LAZLO

I just wanted a job.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR

And I just gave you another.

LAZLO

Chef, I don't know if I can do it.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
You made it through the night,
Lazlo. If anything, I'm a man of my
word. Take what's yours. But first
. . .

Auguste points at something. Lazlo hands a crust of bread to Auguste and then helps him drink from a glass of water.

AUGUSTE SAVOUR
I wish to enter hell with a clean
palate.

Auguste takes a cracker from the box and eats it. He sips water from his glass and is covered in smoke as Lazlo makes his way out of the blazing inferno.

Lazlo goes to a money box and takes everything out of it. He stuffs the bills into his pockets. He grabs a chefs knife and exits the restaurant as it burns to the ground.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Lazlo is a tiny figure amidst the gigantic, burning mass that is his city and restaurant gone up in flames.

Men and women run around, trying to save whatever they can. Cars speed down the road and firefighters have long given up.

Bodies lay strewn across the streets and explosions occur near and far. A few henchmen still roam the streets and chase fleeing civilians.

Lazlo holds the knife in his shaking hands and tries to stick to the shadows as much as possible. He makes it to the city limits and sees his house burning. He runs to the opened door and begins coughing from the smoke.

INT. LAZLO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lazlo rushes in and searches the house.

LAZLO
Dad!

Despite his constant cries, Lazlo is never answered. He searches every room and finds nobody.

He grabs a backpack and is about to run from his house - threatening to burn down any second - and pauses.

(CONTINUED)

The kitchen table and chairs are all on fire, except for Julia and his mother's chair.

He watches a moment longer and then runs to grab Julia.

LAZLO
C'mon Julia.

He makes it out of the house with her and places her on the book bag so that it looks like Julia is being carried on his back.

He turns around and stares for one last moment as his home burns down. Then he runs into the city.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Lazlo searches the city for his father, yelling out to him.

Lazlo thinks he sees his dad in the shadows, but it is the henchman who attacked Lazlo earlier. The henchman leaves their last victim and approaches Lazlo with a knife outstretched.

HENCHMAN #1
The boy from the restaurant. I
never like to leave anything
unfinished. Why don't you come here
and make things easy on yourself.
It will only take a second.

Lazlo backs up, just as he did in the restaurant. The henchman lunges forward, but stops short.

Lazlo pulls the chef's knife out of Henchman #1's chest, who collapses to the ground and begins to bleed into the street.

Lazlo is horrified and drops the knife. He backs up, but picks up the knife as soon as a shadow passes over him. A building collapses near him.

Lazlo stares at the knife in his hand, the blood spilled in the street, and the city burnt around him.

LAZLO
(whimpers)
Dad.

His words echo throughout the city.

(CONTINUED)

LAZLO (CONT'D)
(quieter)

Dad.

Nothing. Lazlo turns and runs. He reaches the edge of the city and looks back one last time. He props up Julia on his back and turns around, beginning his journey as the sun rises behind him.