

COOKING WITH KYLE

By

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FADE IN

INT. KITCHEN SET - DAY

The distinguished KYLE ANDERSON (32) stares directly and sincerely out from a monitor toward an empty audience. He has a very slight lisp.

KYLE

A famous french chef once said
'Cookery is not chemistry. It is an
art.'

A WOMAN's hands place a veal-filled casserole dish onto the bottom rack of an open oven. An engagement ring is visible on her finger as she sets the thermostat to 300 degrees.

KYLE (V.O.)

I agree, and the most important
ingredient is presentation.

The woman's hands fill tiny bowls with prepared measures of colourful ingredients, paprika, butter, salt, and garlic.

KYLE (V.O.)

You can cook the most scrumptious
meal on this planet, but...

The woman's hands lift the lid of a pot that sits on a counter top near a sink, inside the pot a clump of cooked pasta submerged in cloudy water.

KYLE (V.O.)

You won't impress a single soul
unless it looks good as well.

The entire kitchen set is basically three walls and a bench. Behind the bench stands a short woman, DORA BADILUCA (28), her face half hidden by the lid she holds. She lowers it.

Dora is so shockingly ugly she could easily make a cockroach scream like a little girl.

Dora wipes her hands on a tea towel. With a frown, she glances up toward the empty audience.

KITCHEN SET - LATER

A full audience, they laugh.

Kyle stands behind the bench, an amusing exaggerated grimace on his face as he sniffs the contents of a tiny dish containing minced garlic.

KYLE (V.O.)
There is no such thing as a little
garlic!

More laughter.

Kyle spreads the garlic on the small pieces of uncooked veal.

KYLE
Make certain each piece smells
equally terrible.

Off-stage a smirking but gorgeous FLOOR MANAGER (25) makes a circular motion with his hand above his head.

Kyle nods, looking slightly alarmed. He hurriedly throws the veal pieces into a casserole dish.

KYLE
(quickly)
Veal can be quite tender, but it
must be cooked properly. 30 minutes
at 350 degrees should be adequate.

He rushes to the oven and sticks the casserole dish on the top rack. Using pot holders, he pulls another casserole dish from the bottom rack.

KYLE
It should be browned on the outside
but cooked through.

He tips the casserole dish so that the audience can see the small browned pieces of veal inside.

The smirking floor manager makes an urgent grabbing motion.

Kyle cocks his head. Then he runs over to the bench and slams the casserole dish down.

KYLE
(even faster)
To prepare the linguine, simply add
butter and spices...

He plucks the lid off the pot near the sink and throws it aside. Without looking in the pot, he empties a small bowl of butter and a few tiny bowls of spices inside.

KYLE
...mix thoroughly.

He fumbles with a wooden spoon, then he stops. He stares at the open pot with disappointment. The butter and spices float on cloudy water.

Then an impish smile, he tilts the pot so the audience can see the mess.

The audience roars with laughter.

The smirking floor manager cues Kyle, pointing at him with his middle finger.

Kyle's eyes narrows with anger. Then professional as he stares straight into the camera with a pleasant smile.

KYLE
Once again it is time to earn our
crust. When we return I'll show
you how to turn these veal
medallions into a feast for the
eyes.

Kyle's face beams from the audience's monitors as they fade to black.

Kyle storms off of the kitchen set.

BACKSTAGE

The decor is cinder block and wooden frame in the backstage corridor. Dora waits for Kyle near the stage entrance.

DORA
You messed up the linguine again.

KYLE
I suppose you'd have done better?

DORA
Uh. Lemme think...Yes!

KYLE
That goddamn floor manager rushed
me. I swear he has it out for me.

DORA
Well maybe you should have thought
twice before you invited him to
your place for one of your
'special' meals, Kyle.

KYLE

Well maybe you should just be a good little assistant and go clean up that mess, Dora.

KITCHEN SET

Dora walks onto the set.

DORA

(muttering softly)

Be a good little assistant, Dora.
Go clean up that mess, Dora.

Several audience members gasp. Dora looks up at them. A young girl in the audience points at Dora and shrieks.

SMALL GIRL

A monster, mommy! It's a monster!

The mother looks angrily at Dora as she clutches her frightened child to her bosom.

Frowning, Dora lowers her head then turns around and rushes back offstage.

JUST OFFSTAGE

Dora leans against the wall and calms her emotions.

INT. GREEN ROOM

The green room is spartan with only a couch, some folding chairs, and a water cooler.

RODGER RODGERS(38) sits on the couch and reads the newspaper. He dresses Hawaiian business casual.

Kyle enters. Rodger glances up from the paper.

RODGER

Kyle, baby. How's my number one chef?

Kyle shoots Rodger a disgruntled look, then continues to the water cooler ignoring him.

Rodger stands, staring at Kyle with concern.

RODGER

What's the matter baby?

Kyle fills a paper cup at the cooler, then takes a sip.

KYLE

Don't call me baby? Not only is it truly annoying but like your dress sense the term went out of fashion ages ago.

RODGER

Sorry about that...sweetheart?

KYLE

Not any better!

RODGER

Darling? Honeybunch?

KYLE

Why are you here Rodger?

RODGER

I got you a gig.

Kyle shows wary interest.

KYLE

Not another children's party. Dora hates those.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Birthday decorations abound.

A big purple rabbit hops into a group of happy laughing children all of whom hurry to pet it. One of them gets a bit too friendly and tugs at the rabbit's ears until the rabbit's head comes off.

Inside the rabbit's costume, Dora. She tries to cover her face but it's too late. Around her the stunned frightened children scream.

BACK TO SCENE

RODGER

No. This is bigger, much bigger, and it's got a paycheck to match.

KYLE

How much?

RODGER
A hundred thousand smackeroots.

Kyle looks confused.

RODGER
Dollars, a hundred thousand
dollars.

KYLE
For one meal?

RODGER
Yep. This Saturday, afternoon. They
wanted to hire Helmut Lock but...

Kyle's eyes narrow.

KYLE
Where?

RODGER
At the governor's...

The green room door opens and an out of breath, pimply-faced
young intern DAVID NEWBY(19) sticks his head inside.

DAVID
You're wanted on the set, Mr
Anderson.

They both look at David who flushes red from the attention.

KYLE
Tell them I'm on my way.

DAVID
Yes sir.

David runs off.

Kyle throws his crumpled paper cup into the bin and heads
toward the door. Rodger seems expectant.

RODGER
So what'll I tell them?

KYLE
That I'll do it, of course.

RODGER
Yes!

Kyle exits but Rodger can hardly contain his enthusiasm; he shouts after Kyle.

RODGER
Give em hell out there...
sugardumpling!

INT. KITCHEN SET - LATER

The audience is empty. INTERNS busy themselves with the task of cleaning the kitchen set.

The floor manager picks up an elegantly presented plate of veal medallions on linguine with peppercorn sauce and begins to eat it.

Kyle and Dora huddle in a quiet corner of the stage. Dora seems frustrated.

DORA
I can't!

KYLE
For ten thousand dollars?

She flashes her ring.

DORA
I'm getting married Saturday.

KYLE
Reschedule.

DORA
Kyle!

KYLE
I'll pay you twenty thousand!

DORA
No!

KYLE
Dammit! How much do you want then?

Dora sighs.

DORA
Kyle. I've been thinking. Once I'm married I want to move on...

Kyle looks stricken.

DORA

It's not you. You've been great but I've had enough of television. Maybe I'll open a small restaurant or write another...

KYLE

(angry)

I'll do it myself then.

DORA

Now don't go doing anything stupid. I have this friend...

KYLE

Yeah. That's right. I'll do this myself.

DORA

Go on then but you've forgotten one very important thing.

KYLE

And what's that?

DORA

You can't cook.

KYLE

I am the number one rated television chef in America. I have a best selling cookbook. Of course I can cook! Ask...

The floor manager issues a loud burp. Everyone turns to gawk at him. He points at the empty plate.

FLOOR MANAGER

This was really good.

KYLE

Thank you.

DORA

Thank you.

Kyle and Dora do a double take.

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kyle enters his exquisitely decorated dining room from the kitchen, in his hand an elegantly presented plate of lamb rissole served on pilaf with a mint sauce. His arm extended, he holds the plate away from his body.

The nervous pimply-faced David sits at a mahogany dining table, a goblet of red wine before him. His eyes follow Kyle's extended arm and rest on the plate.

DAVID

Are you trying to seduce me Mr. Anderson?

Kyle looks shocked.

KYLE

Whatever gave you that idea? Of course not.

David seems skeptical.

DAVID

Inviting me to your apartment, the wine, a 'special' meal.

KYLE

I just wanted your opinion of this new dish I've created.

David seems disappointed.

DAVID

You really just wanted my opinion?

KYLE

That's all.

David's eyes light up as Kyle places the plate before him.

DAVID

It looks too pretty to eat.

KYLE

Presentation is my speciality.

David clumsily picks up his fork, then stabs a rissole. He eagerly shoves the entire forkful into his mouth.

Kyle watches David intently as he chews.

David's immediate expression is one of horror, though it gradually becomes one of disgust with a bit of a gag reflex thrown in.

KYLE

Well, how is it?

David holds up a finger. He urgently quaffs half his glass of wine to wash down the remains. He looks a bit green.

David grabs his rumbling stomach.

DAVID

I don't feel so good Mr. Anderson.

He moans. He purses his lips. He gulps. Kyle is concerned.

KYLE

Do you need to lie down?

David shakes his head. A louder rumble, a gag.

And then he vomits, first from the corner of his mouth, then full force. Kyle seems dismayed, but not surprised, as the sick splashes from the table and onto his shirt.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - DAY

A palatial home. VALETS attend to limos as they arrive.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION

Anybody who's a media somebody sits around the enormous teak dining table. They are all formally dressed.

At the head of the table sits governor ARTHUR LAWFUL (45).

His trophy wife ALANA TRIUMPH-LAWFUL (23) sits to his right, smiling but disinterested. Her toy poodle FOODLES on her lap.

On the governor's left sits the debonair GERARD SPOONEY (40). Next to Gerard is OLGA FINLEY (40) and across from her sits HELMUT LOCK (38).

ARTHUR

The polls have been excellent. My approval rating is soaring.

GERARD

Any thoughts on the presidency?

OLGA

You should run Arthur.

ARTHUR

Now, now, let's not go jumping the gun.

GERARD

You'd make a great president. And I should know, I played one once.

OLGA

Right. 'All the Presidents Women'.
One of your best performances...
You should come on my show again,
Gerard. My audience loves you.

Gerard flashes an irresistible smile at her. She blushes.

OLGA

That's what I'm talking 'bout.

HELMUT

And vut about me?

OLGA

What about you, Helmut? You cooking
tonight?

ARTHUR

Helmut has arranged for Kyle
Anderson to cater for us this
evening.

OLGA

'Cooking with Kyle'. Can't have him
on my show. Different network.

Helmut shoots an angry look at Olga. He stands.

HELMUT

If you'll excuse me. I muss check
on Kyle?

OLGA

You do that Helmut... So Gerard,
you going to do my show or what?

Agitated, Helmut walks away from the table.

KITCHEN

Scattered about the large, professional and stainless steel
kitchen there are elegantly prepared platters of food as well
as raw ingredients.

Kyle, dressed in full chef's regalia, toils away at the
kitchen duties. He stands behind the metal island bench and
stares at an open cook book. His finger points to the first
ingredient on the page.

KYLE

1 cup flour.

He touches a measuring cup full of flour.

KYLE
Check. One tablespoon...

He hears a whoosh as the kitchen door swings open.

He slams the cook book shut. On the cover is a photo of Kyle and emblazoned across the top are the words 'Cooking with Kyle'. He tosses the book under the bench and tries to look innocent.

Helmut struts in with a sneaky smile. Kyle's eyes narrow.

HELMUT
On our own today, Kyle?

KYLE
What are you doing here? You aren't welcome here.

HELMUT
Oh! Not velcome, ya? I vas invited, I am da V-I-P. My goot friend da governor vants me at his table.

KYLE
And this is my kitchen. They hired me, not you. So get out!

Helmut moves closer.

HELMUT
You would bite da hand dat feeds you, ya?

Kyle looks confused.

HELMUT
You tink your agent, he is very goot? He get you dis elite job. Vell tink again, I ask him to be discrete, so he vas.

Helmut chuckles.

HELMUT
Ya, it vas I dat got you dis job.

KYLE
But why? You tried to have my membership revoked from the
(MORE)

KYLE (cont'd)
 American Culinary Federation. You
 hate me.

HELMUT
 Ya. I hate you. I hate everyting
 about you...

INT. PLATINUM CHEF SET - FLASHBACK

- In the cooking arena, a much younger Kyle cooks, helped by two hospital masked assistants, one of whom is obviously Dora.
- On his side of the cooking ring, a much younger Helmut rubs the tears from his eyes. He's frantically chopping onions. He looks over his shoulder.
- Kyle races to place a Crème brûlée in the oven.
- The buzzer sounds. Helmut angrily throws down a tea towel.
- A JUDGE tastes one of the dishes and a broad smile forms on his face.
- The EMCEE stands before a nervous Kyle and Helmut.

EMCEE
 And the winner is...Kyle Anderson.
 Kyle has defeated our incumbent
 Platinum Chef, Helmut Lock, ending
 his record run as champion.

- Kyle is overjoyed. Behind him Dora and the other masked assistant applaud wildly.
- Helmut, full of rage, stares at Kyle. Then at Dora, he smiles evilly and raises an eyebrow.

BACK TO SCENE

HELMUT
 But tell me now, dat troll, dat
 Dora girl, does she enjoy her
 vedding?

Kyle looks shocked. Helmut nods.

HELMUT
 Ya, I know she is at her vedding.
 Da poor ugly girl, she would not
 get many udder chances, would
 she?... She is da one dat cooks for
 (MORE)

HELMUT (cont'd)
you, ya? And she could not be
here, ya? I suppose dat you vill
just have to be exposed for da
fraud dat you are.

Kyle looks alarmed.

HELMUT
And den after da media giants
sitting out dere make of you da
laughing stock, I vill once again
be da number one chef in America.
You, you vill be no one.

Helmut laughs maniacally.

Frantic, angry, Kyle looks around for something to throw. He
seizes the nearest measuring cup which is full of flour. He
throws it at Helmut.

KYLE
You bastard!

White dust scatters over the front of Helmut's black tux.
Helmut angrily tries to wipe it away.

HELMUT
Swine!
(a deep breath)
I vill not be angry. You are no
one. I vill not be angry vith no
one.

He turns and hurries from kitchen. Kyle looks sick with
worry.

KYLE
Wait! Helmut, please...

The kitchen door swings open.

KYLE
Couldn't we make some kind of deal?

A BUTLER stands at the door. Kyle sags with disappointment.

BUTLER
Deal, sir?

Kyle shakes his head. The butler shrugs.

BUTLER
They are ready for the soup, sir.

Kyle looks horrified.

DINING ROOM

Helmut sits at the table. He uses his linen napkin to clean the remaining white powder off of his tux.

ARTHUR
What happened to you?

HELMUT
A slight mishap in da kitchen. Dat
Kyle, he is da very clumsy person.

Helmut smiles.

KITCHEN

The butler examines Kyle, who looks like he is off in a faraway fearful place.

BUTLER
The soup, sir?

Kyle stares wide-eyed at the butler. His hand shakes as he lifts it. He points toward a food cart covered with bowls of tantalizingly garnished bright orange salmon soup.

BUTLER
Thank you, sir.

Kyle winces as the Butler begins to wheel the cart. And as the Butler leave the kitchen, Kyle looks like he might cry.

DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The butler stands at the table. He serves Arthur his soup. Arthur smiles.

ARTHUR
That does looks good.

The butler continues serving, Gerard next.

KITCHEN

Kyle nervously paces about the kitchen. He takes off his chef hat, looks at it with disgust and then throws it to the floor.

DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Those served sit looking eagerly at their soup. The butler serves Helmut.

HELMUT

Have your soup, vile it is still hot.

ARTHUR

Shouldn't Kyle say a few words first?

HELMUT

He is much too busy with da cooking. I am sure ve vill hear him later. No need to wait.

Helmut smiles. Those served adjust their napkins and fiddle with their soup spoons.

The butler serves Alana. Foodles growls, he yaps at the butler. Alana and Arthur look embarrassed.

ALANA

Foodles, You know mommy doesn't like it when you...

Foodles hops off her lap and onto the dining room table. The guests gasp. He growls at Alana's soup dish, he cautiously sniffs it, then he sneezes.

ALANA

Foodles, get off the table! Come to mommy. Oh, Arthur, do something...

ARTHUR

(to the guests)

I'm sorry. He doesn't normally act this...

Foodles turns and lifts his leg. With the aim of a pro he pisses right into the soup bowl.

Everyone's mouth drops open. They put down their spoons and push away their soup bowls.

ALANA

Foodles! Bad dog!

GERARD

I'm a bit off the soup now.

OLGA
Me too. Completely lost my
appetite.

Arthur snatches Foodles off of the table. He hands Foodles to the butler.

 ARTHUR
I think it's Foodles bedtime.

 BUTLER
Yes, sir.

The Butler exits.

Helmut stands, slamming his hands on the table.

 HELMUT
Everyone! You must eat. Do not let
a little doggie vee vee ruin vut
could be the most important meal of
our lives. Kyle Anderson, your
chef, vorked hard to prepare this
meal - by himself - and he deserves
at least a taste from each and
every one of you.

The faces at the table soften. The quests nod in agreement.

 ARTHUR
You're absolutely correct, Helmut.
Everyone, we should eat.

Alana looks at her bowl with disgust.

 ARTHUR
Except you dear.

Reluctantly, the guests settle down, pick up their soup spoons, dip them into their bowls.

Then, a noisy commotion at the door. Everyone turns toward it, soup spoons drop.

Two AGENTS in dark suits and sunglasses burst into the room.

 ARTHUR
What's this now?

One of the agents rushes to Arthur and whispers in hear ear. Arthur seems alarmed. He stands, clicks a fork against his glass.

ARTHUR

Your attention please. Ladies and gentlemen, there is the possibility that a bomb is located somewhere in this building.

Murmurs of alarm from the group.

ARTHUR

Remain calm. We are not in any immediate danger. We will be exiting the building in an orderly manner.

HELMUT

But da soup...

ARTHUR

Ah yes, I am afraid that dinner is cancelled.

Helmut screams in anger.

HELMUT

No!

He lunges at the Arthur. One of the agents tackles him. Helmut struggles like a madman beneath the agent.

Media moguls gawk as they pass by them on their way out.

INT. KITCHEN SET

A open cookbook sits on the island bench. Kyle's finger points to an ingredient in a recipe.

KYLE

One tablespoon paprika.

Kyle measures the ingredient into a tiny bowl.

Dora enters.

KYLE

One teaspoon salt.

Kyle measures the ingredient into a tiny bowl.

Dora smiles.

DORA

Hello Kyle.

Kyle looks up, he frowns.

KYLE

I thought you and Tommy would be on your honeymoon?

DORA

We're leaving this afternoon. I just wanted to stop by and thank you for the gift. It was lovely. Baccarat! You shouldn't have.

Kyle nods.

KYLE

I'm just sorry I couldn't be at the wedding.

DORA

Me too... How did the governor's party go?

KYLE

It didn't. It was cancelled. There was...

DORA

Lemme guess... There was a bomb scare?

Kyle looks surprised, then shocked, then he smiles.

KYLE

That was a very dangerous thing for you to do, you know?

DORA

Not nearly as dangerous as eating your cooking. Think of the lives I've saved!

Kyle looks angry. Dora laughs. Then Kyle laughs too.

FADE OUT