

THE LAST HUMAN CHEF

Written by

Phillip McSween

325 Garnet Street, Broomfield, CO 80020  
(919) 259-4476

FADE IN:

INT. BALDWIN HOME, JUPITER'S BEDROM - AFTERNOON

JUPITER Baldwin is the only person visible as he talks in a low tone. Jupiter is a chubby, black fourteen-year-old. He's handsome and smart, but lacks the confidence to realize either.

He looks down mostly, only occasionally glancing up. It's awkward as hell.

JUPITER

Hi. I'm Jupiter. You probably know that already. Probably not. I sit two rows back from you in seventh period World History. I was the guy that did the report on Sheepdogs and Space Travel. Yes, so um, anyway, I never told you this, but I think you're really attractive...or pretty. No, beautiful. I think you're beautiful. And smart. I really liked your presentation on the Conspiracy Behind Takeover Seven. I was hoping you could get to know me or we could get to know each other. I don't know what your plans are over break, but maybe...you'd like to hang out sometime? How was that?

Jupiter's dog MAX, an old english sheepdog, is on the floor panting with hair in his eyes. Offscreen there is raucous laughter coming from DESHA Paranova who falls onto the bed beside Jupiter.

Desha, same age as Jupiter, looks like an alien goddess with her perfect blue skin and short green hair. One of the best soccer players at their high school and also happens to be one of the prettiest but doesn't know it.

Max, thinking it's a game, jumps up on the bed too. Jupiter hops off the bed and plops down in the floating chair at his desk. SUPER: "December 11, 2740 Franklin, Tennessee".

JUPITER (CONT'D)

You know what? Screw you, Desha! I told you this was a bad idea. I got finals to study for anyway.

DESHA  
How about finally getting a girl  
before the year is over? Huh, Max?

Desha rubs Max's belly who responds with a moan.

DESHA (CONT'D)  
Max agrees.

JUPITER  
Max is a whore for belly rubs.

DESHA  
Advice?

JUPITER  
Nope.

DESHA  
You're doing too much. Keep it  
simple. All that talk about  
reports...just get in and get out.

JUPITER  
I just think it's a bad idea to  
focus on this now with finals right  
around the corner.

DESHA  
Finals isn't for another two weeks.  
You're making excuses. It's your  
fault you waited this long. You  
promised me at the beginning of  
school you would make an attempt at  
this and first semester's almost  
over. Hey, turn around.

Jupiter turns away from his numerous computer monitors. A  
beautiful, teenage girl is standing in front of him, his high  
school crush LYRIA.

She has gray hair that stops at the nape of her neck. She's  
smiling as her brown eyes take him in.

LYRIA  
Hi Jupiter.

Jupiter hops to his feet. He waves sheepishly.

JUPITER  
Uhh, hi.  
(To Desha)  
This isn't real, right?

DESHA

Just think, what if she's just been waiting for you to ask her out?

JUPITER

The last thing I need is for some girl to make me feel like a loser.

DESHA

But that's the beauty of it! No girl can make you feel like something that you already are.

Jupiter chucks a pillow at Desha. Desha is about to charge Jupiter when they both hear a loud BOOM.

DESHA (CONT'D)

Thunder?

JUPITER

That came from inside the house.

Another deep BOOM resounds followed by the sound of CRASHING GLASS. A woman SCREAMS and shouts something inaudible.

DESHA

You think your dad...

JUPITER

No. They've been having problems but...he would never.

The two share a look of uncertainty. Jupiter pushes a button on the doorframe and the particle door shifts from black to clear. Jupiter steps through into the UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, Desha and Max on his heels.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

In the hallway, a descending staircase is straight ahead. Jupiter takes a peek but the lighting is extremely dim. As he slowly descends the stairs, he can hear FAINT WHISPERING.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

Mom? You guys ok down there?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Don't come down here! Uciff's gone crazy. He's trying to kill us!

Jupiter's foot pauses on the middle step as Uciff comes into view at the foot of the stairs. Uciff is the family android, bald and white with a slight build. Today Sophie (Jupiter's mom) has him dressed in a plaid button-down with khakis.

Jupiter is not so much concerned about his outfit, but rather the butcher knife in Uciff's left hand.

UCIFF

Cut twice. Separate. Repeat.

DESHA

Wait, cut what?

Uciff starts up the stairs.

ZEKE (O.S.)

Jupiter, get off the stairs!

Max starts barking. Jupiter hurls himself over the bannister. His body slams down on the hardwood.

FIRST FLOOR

Now on all fours, he can see the dining room straight ahead. If he hooks a right, he can make it out the front door.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Stay away from him, you bastard!

Zeke (father) is a big man of the bodybuilding persuasion, although less-than-average height. He's black in his mid-thirties with short black hair, a number of tattoos, and the right tip of his ear missing.

As he wraps Uciff up in a bear hug, Jupiter starts to slide backwards on his butt towards the dining room.

Zeke is strong, but it only takes Uciff two seconds to break the hold before throwing Zeke clear across the room. Zeke's body comes to a stop at the base of the fireplace in the living room.

Jupiter sees his chance and grabs one of the steel chairs at the dining room table. He starts towards Uciff who is now standing over Sophie. Sophie is quite the opposite of Zeke, heavyset and white with red hair.

JUPITER

This ends now, asshat!

Everyone is suddenly staring at Jupiter surprised that the words came from his mouth. Jupiter flushes red as his mom gives him an icy glare.

Uciff is staring at him too, his eyes dull and uninterested.

UCIFF

Meat is abnormally resistant. Cut thrice then separate.

JUPITER

Or we just hold off on the cutting?

Uciff starts in on Jupiter. Jupiter launches the chair as hard as he can. Uciff watches blankly as the chair sails towards him...then past him, right into the massive television hanging on the wall above the fireplace.

What was once a beautiful screen is now a spiderweb of cracks. Desha drops the poker she's holding.

DESHA

Your dad's birthday gift. Oh my.

JUPITER

(To Desha)

Is it bad? It's not bad, right?

His words are drowned out by the television smacking the fireplace, then hitting the floor facedown. An awful CRY escapes from Sophie.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

(To Zeke)

I'm so sorry.

ZEKE

You're playing a sport this spring. I don't care what it is. Damn it, I don't care if it's badminton. You are playing a sport.

At the sound of his voice, Uciff runs at Zeke who is standing behind the couch. Uciff leaps over the couch, the knife held high.

Zeke catches him as he's coming down and throws Uciff out the window behind him. The rain from outdoors makes splashes on the hardwood. Sophie pokes her head up from behind a chair.

SOPHIE

(To Zeke)

You alright?

ZEKE

Think so.

Zeke disappears and is heard trotting down the basement stairs. He returns moments later holding a metal bat.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Desha, grab that poker. We've got  
some unfinished business.

DESHA  
Yes sir.

JUPITER  
What do you need me to do?

ZEKE  
Just hang out.

The patio door shimmers as Desha and Zeke walk through.  
Moments later the sound of the two of them finishing off  
Uciff carries over the rainfall.

SOPHIE  
It was a nice throw, honey.

JUPITER  
No it wasn't, Mom.

EXT. BALDWIN HOME, BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

By the time JUPITER and SOPHIE walk into the backyard, DESHA  
and ZEKE have beaten UCIFF to pieces and sparks. Next door,  
their neighbor is waving at them from his second floor  
window. Zeke waves back with his bat.

ZEKE  
(To Sophie)  
Not looking too good for the dinner  
party. Sorry, hon.

SOPHIE  
I've been planning this party for  
weeks. It's still happening. We need  
an audible. Call your parents.

INT. BALDWIN HOME, STAIRWAY - LATER

Jupiter is sitting at the top of the stairs petting Max. The  
faint sound of conversation from forty dinner guests carries  
up from below.

JUPITER  
Starving! You want to see what's  
down there too, huh? We promised  
each other we'd wait until it  
cleared out. Wouldn't hurt to take  
a quick peek, I guess. Come on.

Jupiter and Max descend the stairs. Party convos abound.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter makes his way among the guests--humans and aliens alike--stopping here and there to reluctantly say, "hello". He's wearing "home clothes" while everyone else is sporting a business casual look.

The guests seem to care more about Max than Jupiter. Jupiter stops short when he reaches the fireplace, staring up at the empty spot on the wall where the tv used to be. Sophie appears beside him holding a wine glass.

SOPHIE

Don't blame yourself for that.

JUPITER

I'm not blaming myself.

SOPHIE

You were just trying to help.

JUPITER

Dad loves that tv. Loved.

SOPHIE

But he loves you more. Does it feel colder in here? I've been trying to steer people away from that window.

JUPITER

Feels fine to me. Where did you end up ordering from?

SOPHIE

Nowhere.

JUPITER

But Uciff...

SOPHIE

Do me a favor, go say hi to your grandparents for me. They're in the kitchen. Oh look, the Xaviers are here. Couldn't be on time if their asses were made of clocks.

(To the Xaviers)

Well, hello there...

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER



Jupiter walks into the kitchen with Max to find his two grandparents FRANKY and VANITY. The kitchen is tiny as a single android typically inhabits the space.

Franky's built frame is hunched over the stove as his hands move frantically. He's black in his late fifties, bald with a thick mustache. His neck is covered in tattoos.

Meanwhile, Vanity is working carefully on something on the countertop closest to the refrigerator. A wool jacket and an apron cover her petite frame. She is also black in her fifties with long, red hair.

FRANKY

Food's not ready yet.

VANITY

Like we've told everyone else,  
we'll bring everything out as soon  
we're--Jupiter! Hiya baby!

Vanity wraps Jupiter up in a big hug. She groans a bit when he returns the hug.

JUPITER

Grandma! Oh, I'm sorry! You Ok?

VANITY

I'm fine, baby. You?

JUPITER

I didn't realize you guys were  
coming. When did you get here?

FRANKY

Zeke called us as soon as your chef  
blew up. Which, by the way, I told  
him that thing was a piece of crap!

VANITY

Oh Frank, get over it already!  
We're here now, everything's fine.

FRANKY

Don't tell me to get over it! The  
boy is stubborn, Van.

VANITY

And he got it honest, too. It's  
funny you can teach the boy to cut  
a fool, but couldn't teach him how  
to cut carrots.

JUPITER  
What are you guys doing?

VANITY  
What does it look like we're doing?

JUPITER  
But...

FRANKY  
But the robots are supposed to do  
all the cooking. Shame no one knows  
how to do for themselves anymore.

JUPITER  
So you guys can cook?

FRANKY  
Why do you think you like eating at  
our house so much?

JUPITER  
I don't know, better robot?

FRANKY  
Don't own one.

JUPITER  
Seriously?

VANITY  
We had one. Food just didn't taste  
the same. And your grandfather  
couldn't seem to keep his eyes off  
her beautiful figure. A little too  
real for my taste.

FRANKY  
They do make 'em flawless! Ouch!  
Woman, that's my good leg.

VANITY  
You keep it up, that won't be the  
only place I kick you.

JUPITER  
Can I...can I help?

FRANKY  
Of course you can, grandson.

JUPITER  
That is, if you guys don't mind. I  
don't want to mess anything up.

VANITY

Put the boy to work. He's on mac!

FRANKY

Great idea! Alright, get out elbow macaroni, cheddar, parmesan, milk--

JUPITER

Wait, you want me to make this by myself? I thought I was helping.

FRANKY

You are helping by making the mac. Don't worry about messing up. The pressure's totally off. You mess up, we'll find a way to fix it. Now stop being a bitch and get those ingredients I asked for. Please.

JUPITER

Right. Ok, you said--

FRANKY

Elbow macaroni, cornstarch, salt...

Jupiter begins to frantically search around the kitchen having no idea where to start.

JUPITER

Ok. But wait, you said something about cheeses? And milk?

FRANKY

And cornstarch and salt and dry mustard. Yes, all those things. You're not gonna give me a hard time, are you?

JUPITER

No, sir, got it. What does cornstarch...nevermind, I'll find it. Cornstarch, cornstarch...

VANITY

Christ's sake, Frank, you've got the boy all turned around! Baby, there's an easy way to learn your way around the kitchen. You just have to remember what's perishable and nonperishable.

JUPITER

Perishable and nonperishable. Right. Got it.

Jupiter stands there stone-still like he doesn't "got it".

FRANKY

Perishables are things that can go bad, expire. Nonperishables are things that don't go bad or at least take a long time to, like canned goods or seasoning. If it's perishable, it's in the fridge. If it's non-perishable, it will be in one of those cabinets there. Ok, so tell me where the cornstarch is.

JUPITER

Cornstarch. Ok, so it's corn, right? Or some kind of corn. Gotta be in the fridge.

Jupiter opens the fridge. Franky and Vanity share a look before erupting in laughter.

VANITY

Look at him, babe! Are you really looking for cornstarch in the fridge? You are something else!

FRANKY

She's just giving you a hard time. Check the freezer.

Jupiter opens the freezer. Franky and Vanity laugh harder.

JUPITER

Very funny guys.

VANITY

Franky, help the boy, please, before he pops a blood vessel.

FRANKY

Try the cabinet in front of you.

Jupiter opens the cabinet and stares in. The cornstarch is front and center staring back at him.

JUPITER

Found it.

FRANKY

Good, now find the rest. Keep in mind, we don't have all night.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter is now standing proudly with all the ingredients in front of him.

JUPITER

Ready to rock this. Now what?

FRANKY

Turn the stove on to medium-high.  
Nope, just one of them. Now turn  
the oven on to three seventy five.

JUPITER

Bake or broil?

FRANKY

Bake. It will amost always be bake.

JUPITER

So I'm cooking two things at once?  
Grandma, that looks delicious! What  
are you making?

Vanity is patting dough evenly across a cooking sheet.

VANITY

Boy, focus! I can't throw my No  
Sweat Cookie Bars in to the oven  
until you finish your job. And to  
answer your question, you're not  
cooking two things at once. The  
oven is preheating and the stove  
gets hotter faster. Right now, that  
pot should be sitting on the stove.

Jupiter sits his pot down on the stove.

FRANKY

With water.

Jupiter runs to the sink and starts filling up the pot.

VANITY

With less water. Perfect, back on  
the stove. Wrong burner, that's not  
the one you turned on. Front left.  
There you go.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter continues to clumsily push through the instructions  
as his grandparents tell him what to do.

VANITY (V.O.)

Water's boiling, throw those noodles in. Ten minutes, drain them, noodles are done! Now comes the fun part. Take all those ingredients you measured out and throw it in the saucepan. Mix it good. Let it boil for a minute.

JUPITER

Looks like some sand Max peed on.

VANITY (V.O.)

Everything is ugly before you make it beautiful. Now, after the cheese is in and melts down, add the macaroni and mix it. Mix it good.

JUPITER

Sounds like walking in wet flips.  
OK, what now?

VANITY

Throw it all in the dish there, sprinkle the rest of your cheese on it, and throw it in the oven!

Moments later, Jupiter looks on at his macaroni and cheese creation sitting in the oven.

JUPITER

Wow. I just made a food baby.

Jupiter proudly sits his finished product down on the stove.

VANITY

Taste it. Just a little bit. So you know for sure.

Jupiter tastes it. He is in heaven.

JUPITER

So good.

LATER

Jupiter is helping Franky with his braised short ribs. He notices Vanity struggling a bit and getting frustrated. Her hands tremble as she uses the rolling pan.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

(To Franky)

How's she doing?

FRANKY

Some days are better than others.  
You know your grandma. She's  
determined to let nothing stop her,  
not even a crippling disease like  
gandriosis. Hey, you didn't invite  
the Gandrian girl, did you?

JUPITER

Her name is Desha and no I didn't,  
but it shouldn't be a big deal. She  
didn't bring the disease here.

VANITY

Her people did. And how they're  
still allowed to live on Earth is  
beyond me. Let's get this food out.

DINING ROOM - LATER

Jupiter brings food out to the food table. Dish by dish, the  
table fills up with delicious food of all sorts. He watches  
from the kitchen with Franky and Vanity as the guests come by  
and make plates.

Centered on the macaroni and cheese, it disappears bit by bit  
until the dish is completely empty. As two GUESTS pass by,  
one ALIEN the other HUMAN, Jupiter overhears them talking.

HUMAN GUEST

I'm stuffed, this was delicious!

ALIEN GUEST

Sophie's droid makes the best food.  
That mac and cheese was amazing!

Jupiter excitedly hug his grandparents.

JUPITER

Hell yes!

VANITY

Boy, I'll slap fire out of you!

JUPITER

Sorry, Grandma.

VANITY

(To Franky)

I think the kid's a natural.

JUPITER

What else can we make?

INT. BALDWIN HOME, KITCHEN - DAYS LATER

SUPER: "Four Days Later". Jupiter is in the kitchen cooking with a holovid of chef PING PALLADIA streaming in front of him, following him as he moves about.

Ping is an aged alien with blue skin, bright yellow eyes, and wispy green hair. Same features as Desha.

PING

Hi, my name is Ping Palladia, intergalactic Chef, and I'm here to help you get started in the kitchen. I get asked a lot what it takes to be a good cook and my answer is, a lot of things! But I think it first starts with patience and your willingness to go slow. Don't try and make a bunch of things at once. On this journey, try focusing on one thing by yourself. Once you have that mastered, move on to the next thing, then the next thing.

DINING ROOM - LATER

SUPER: "Nineteen Days Later". Jupiter brings a plate of his mac out and serves it to his mom at the dining room table. She's trying to be polite, but it looks disgusting.

When she lifts her fork, it runs off the fork like eggs. She takes a bite, chews, and gives Jupiter a smile of acknowledgement...right before she throws up into a napkin.

PING (V.O.)

Sure you won't be a master at first, but no one ever mastered anything their first time around.

INT. BALDWIN HOME, KITCHEN - LATER

SUPER: "Forty-seven Days Later". JUPITER is back at it in the kitchen, this time having to put a fire out on the stove. He pours some water in a pot and, on his way back to throw it on the stove, he spills it and slips on it.

He beats at the stove frantically with a hand towel.

DINING ROOM - LATER



Zeke stares down at the dish in front of him with inquisitive eyes while Jupiter looks on.

ZEKE

And you said this is supposed to be  
blackened chicken mac and cheese?

JUPITER

Yup.

Zeke holds up a piece of the chicken.

ZEKE

Looks pretty white.

Zeke puts a forkful in his mouth and instantly spits it up.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's not cooked enough.

JUPITER

Sorry!

INT. BALDWIN HOME, DINING ROOM - LATER

SUPER: "Seventy-eight Days Later". Max is staring at his dog bowl with mac and cheese inside. He is in no hurry to eat it.

JUPITER

Come on, Max!

Max walks away. Jupiter looks defeated.

PING (V.O.)

Always remember every single day is  
a new day to be better. Thank you  
and may your food change the world.

INT. RENAISSANCE HIGH SCHOOL, INTERPLANETARY GEOGRAPHY I  
CLASS - LATER

A classroom of high school students sit in desks that form a circle around MRS. FLYSTAR, an inhuman female in her late fifties with purple skin and thick glasses that would put Steve Urkel to shame.

Some of the desks hover in the air including the ones Desha and Jupiter are sitting at.

They watch as one of their sleeping classmates almost falls out of their airdesk only to awaken just in time to catch himself. They both can't help a quiet snicker.

Lyria sitting nearby sees the incident. She rolls her eyes.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Flystar is sharing a holomap with the class, a beautiful rendition of the universe in all its splendor. The room is dark, causing every planet and star to illuminate. A timestamp on the map reads "February 12, 2740".

MRS. FLYSTAR

And there we are. Earth. Such a tiny speck in such a broad universe. It's taken us centuries to uncover the lay of our universal land through centuries of intergalactic travel and help from our interplanetary brothers and sisters that now inhabit our world.

LYRIA

After we kicked their asses in war.

DESHA

(To Jupiter)

You really know how to pick 'em.

MRS. FLYSTAR

Wars we could have easily lost, Miss Stevens. But you would know that if you were passing Universal History, wouldn't you? Study up, you wouldn't want to lose your roster spot on the soccer team. Now, who can tell me the farthest planet from Earth we have discovered so far? Jupiter, are you smiling because you have the answer? Let's hear it then.

Saved by the bell. Air desks return to the floor as students race for the door.

DESHA

(To Jupiter)

Walk me to practice?

JUPITER

Sure.

MRS. FLYSTAR

Jupiter, a word please.

JUPITER

(To himself)

Great.

DESHA

I'll catch you at the center.

Jupiter looks on wistfully as Desha leaves with some of her soccer teammates. Above the door is a signed picture of Mia Hamm, Goddess of Soccer. The soccer girls all touch the picture as they are leaving and say...

DESHA (CONT'D)

We love you, Mia.

Mrs. Flystar catches Jupiter in a trance watching Desha.

MRS. FLYSTAR

Jupiter.

JUPITER

Right, coming.

LATER

Mrs. Flystar is looking at the beautiful holomap still hovering in the air. Jupiter is staring out the window at the beautiful soccer girls, one in particular: Desha.

MRS. FLYSTAR

Isn't it just so beautiful?

JUPITER

Oh yeah.

Mrs. Flystar sees they aren't talking about the same thing.

MRS. FLYSTAR

You ever thought about just telling her how you feel? Desha.

JUPITER

What? No, we're like best friends. I just like watching her play soccer. She really enjoys it.

MRS. FLYSTAR

Sure. Jupiter, do you know that you're failing this class?

JUPITER

I do.

MRS. FLYSTAR

But do you know how badly you're failing this class?

(MORE)

MRS. FLYSTAR (CONT'D)

Jupiter, you can get a one hundred on everything you turn in from now until the end of the semester and a one hundred on every test and still fail.

JUPITER

I'm really bad with Geography. I can barely get home from here.

MRS. FLYSTAR

Which would be ok if you were on a soccer scholarship like Desha. As it stands, this is a private school and your freshman contract states you have to pass every class to stay enrolled. I'm afraid this will be your last semester here.

JUPITER

Is there...can I do something?

MRS. FLYSTAR

No. Honestly, if I were you, I wouldn't even bother with this class anymore. Spend this period doing something you love.

JUPITER

It would give me more time to cook.

MRS. FLYSTAR

Cooking? Makes sense with how much you love chemistry. I thought you were trying to cure gandriosis.

JUPITER

Who says I can't do both?

MRS. FLYSTAR

Ambitious. Tell you what, you find a cure for gandriosis and I'll make sure you pass this class.

JUPITER

Mrs. Flystar, you are easily the coolest teacher I've ever had.

MRS. FLYSTAR

What's the favor?

Mrs. Flystar follows his gaze to the Mia Hamm poster.

MRS. FLYSTAR (CONT'D)

No chance. That poster has been in my family for generations.

JUPITER

Hear me out. What if I could make you the greatest meal you've ever had in your life?

INT. GANDRIOSIS TREATMENT CENTER, TREATMENT HALL - LATER

Resembling a gymnasium, the treatment hall has multiple rows of reclining chairs lined up facing each other. The chairs host people of all ages hooked up to machines getting their weekly gandriosis treatment, a sweeping laser grid that passes up and down the body.

While Desha aids a fussy Vanity in the neighboring chair, Jupiter is telling a story to FILIP, a cute four-year-old kid.

Jupiter's narration projects lifelike images in front of Filip's delighted eyes.

JUPITER

And the meatball got bigger and bigger and bigger until it was as big as a building. It rolled down the street and jumped right on top of the Empire State Building! And you know what happened next?

FILIP

What?

JUPITER

They had to shoot it with a rocket. It was raining meatballs!

Virtual meatballs start to rain down on Filip. Filip giggles. Desha looks on in secret admiration.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

You know what else? I was there! Craziest thing I ever saw, Filip. You know what I did? I grabbed a plate of spaghetti and made...

Jupiter produces a plate from behind his back with...

JUPITER (CONT'D)

Spaghetti and meatballs! Here, I saved some for you. Eat up.

Meanwhile...

DESHA

Mrs. Baldwin, if I can just--

VANITY

I don't need your help, I told you!  
I don't care if you are a volunteer  
here. I'm fine. Jupiter will you  
tell your Gandrian friend I'm fine?

JUPITER

Grandma, behave please.  
(To Filip)  
How is it?

FILIP

Tastes like a sock.

JUPITER

Sounds delicious. Be good, bud.

Jupiter approaches Vanity while Desha tends another patient.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

Grandma, you're not gonna start any  
trouble when I bring her over for  
dinner tonight, are you?

VANITY

You're gonna make me hold my tongue  
in my own apartment?

JUPITER

Or I could just drop off some  
McDonald's for you and Grandpa and  
keep it moving. Two number  
fourteens coming right up!

VANITY

You promised me a good meal and I'm  
gonna hold you to it.

JUPITER

Then behave. She's my sous chef.

LATER

Desha and Jupiter are walking among the rows of patients.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

DESHA

I'm used to it at this point. It's not like she's the only one.

JUPITER

Doesn't make it right.

DESHA

Right, wrong I'm just here to help.

JUPITER

How's she doing?

DESHA

About the same as everyone else here. Cutbacks are killing us. Without government support, they can't get the full treatment they need to get through the week. By the time they come back, the glandriosis has them so drained, it's a miracle they're still alive. At this rate, we've got about four months left. We need money.

FILIP

Jupiter's going to win the Culinary Robotics Competition and be rich!

Desha and Jupiter share a look with Filip who they didn't realize was walking in between them.

DESHA

Is he now?

JUPITER

(To Filip)

Somebody can't keep a secret.

They stop just a few feet shy of an irate woman, IGGY ROSARIO (mid-thirties, attractive), letting two volunteers have it. Iggy is dressed immaculately as if she owns the place.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

Who is that?

DESHA

That's Iggy Rosario. She's the reason you'd never win.

INT. GRANDPARENTS APARTMENT BUILDING, INTERIOR HALLWAY -  
LATER

Desha and Jupiter are standing outside Franky and Vanity's apartment door holding grocery bags. The door opens.

FRANKY

About time, boy! I'm starving.

VANITY

Same. Give me a hug, baby.

JUPITER

Grandma, you just saw me!

Vanity hugs him anyway before he enters the apartment. She eyes Desha with a cool glare.

VANITY

Desha.

DESHA

Beautiful.

Desha squeezes Vanity's cheek and walks past her into the apartment. Vanity tries but can't resist a smile.

INT. GRANDPARENTS APARTMENT, KITCHEN - LATER

Desha and Jupiter are in the kitchen making food, ribeye steaks and mashed potatoes. Desha is handling the meat while Jupiter is whipping the mashed potatoes into shape. The kitchen is small like Jupiter's as its meant for a single android to maneuver around. Franky and Vanity are sitting at the dining room table which looks into the kitchen. The wall to the left of the table is littered with family pictures.

DESHA

Is it supposed to make this noise?

JUPITER

Never heard meat cook before?

DESHA

It's giving me rattlesnake vibes.

JUPITER

You're stalling.

DESHA

Sorry! Ask me again.



JUPITER

What was the shortest Takeover in history and how long did it last?

DESHA

Takeover Number Five. Five years.

JUPITER

Right Takeover, but two years.

DESHA

How do you remember all this?

JUPITER

Association. The Roxin were responsible for Takeover Number Five and they were little guys. You know, like five-two. Five and two.

DESHA

So your grandmother hates me because she has gandriosis and I'm a Gandrian. About three hundred years ago, my race came to Earth and unleashed biochemical warfare in an attempt to achieve Takeover Six. They failed but not before causing the death of a fourth of the population. While gandriosis continues to take the lives of hundreds of thousands of humans yearly, Gandrians have been confined to Earth where we are hated by most even though we aren't our ancestors. Three hundred years later, we are stuck here until we can find the cure for what we started. How was that?

JUPITER

Little long. Your meat is charring.

DESHA

Shit!

JUPITER

It's cool, just take the tongs and flip it. No, don't just lift, flip it! What are you doing?

Desha manages to flip the meat before ducking for cover. Jupiter starts laughing which in turn makes Desha laugh.

DINING ROOM TABLE - SAME TIME

Franky and Vanity are watching the comedy scene unfold as they drink wine.

FRANKY

You ever see him smile like that?

VANITY

Never. Poor boy. Zero confidence in anything he does. I'm glad he's found something to make him smile.

FRANKY

Some-one not some-thing.

VANITY

I'm not blind, Franky. Or stupid.

LATER

Desha, Jupiter, Franky, and Vanity are enjoying the last bits of dinner, laughing as Jupiter shares an old memory.

JUPITER

So she goes, "If you don't let him into this party, you will regret it." Still wouldn't let me in. So...Desha, you tell this part.

DESHA

His parents have some kind of weird survival bunker below their house with tons of food. I remember there were just tons of bags of black eyed peas for some reason. Like tons! I grabbed as many bags as I could get my hands on, went into his parents bathroom which, mind you, they were out of town and had explicitly said their room was off limits. I went into their bathroom and poured all of those bags of black-eyed peas into the shower. Peas everywhere! Then I took a dump in their toilet and left.

FRANKY

Don't get on Desha's bad side. Wow.

Vanity tries to say something but breaks into a fit of coughing. Desha rushes to her side and grabs her hand.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Unusual for a treatment day.

DESHA

We haven't been able to do full treatments lately. Funding.

FRANKY

Damn funding.

JUPITER

Should we take her to the hospital?

DESHA

Nothing they can do but give her something for the pain.

(To Vanity)

It's ok. I'm with you. Squeeze my hand. Deep breaths, that's it. Breathe with me. Drink this.

Vanity drinks the water she is handed.

DESHA (CONT'D)

Better? Good.

FRANKY

Thank God for you, Desha. Jupiter, help me clear the table.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Franky and Jupiter are cleaning up the kitchen.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

It's been worse over the last few weeks. Without full treatments, I'm not sure how much longer she can last. Gandriosis is undefeated.

JUPITER

Honestly, I'm just relieved it wasn't the food.

FRANKY

Nah, wasn't the food. You put your foot in that meal, tonight.

JUPITER

That bad, huh?

FRANKY

That means it was good, fool!

JUPITER

Thanks.

DINING ROOM TABLE - SAME TIME

Vanity finally gets back to a regulated state.

VANITY  
(To Desha)  
I blame you.

DESHA  
I'm sorry. I--

VANITY  
Haven't laughed this hard in a long  
time. Want to see some pictures?

PICTURE WALL - LATER

Desha and Vanity browse the family pictures on the wall.

VANITY (CONT'D)  
I tell you, he was a cute kid.

DESHA  
It's obvious he loves you to death.

VANITY  
This one was from Halloween. He  
wanted to be a carrot. Of all the  
things you could choose to be, a  
carrot. The costume was a bit big  
for him and scraped the ground. He  
tripped and scraped his knee. This  
pic was right after I stuffed his  
face with candy to cheer him up. I  
would do anything for that kid.

DESHA  
So would I. He's a special guy.

Vanity looks at Desha almost as if she is seeing Desha for  
the first time. Jupiter breaks up the moment.

JUPITER  
Everything's clean. Ready to head?

DESHA  
Almost. I got you something but  
it's big. Any open spaces nearby?

JUPITER  
Let's hit the roof.

EXT. GRANDPARENTS APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOFTOP - LATER

Desha and Jupiter are on the rooftop overlooking the city. A light snow falls. In the distance are two vidboards, one advertising the Culinary Robotics Competition and one pushing for recruits for C.A.G.--Citizens Against Gandrians.

DESHA

You really serious about cooking or  
is this another one of your things?

JUPITER

My things? What do you mean?

DESHA

Jupiter, you do this all the time!  
What about the time you wanted to  
become a rapper?

INT. RAP STUDIO - FLASHBACK

Jupiter is in a booth rapping while a PRODUCER watches.

JUPITER

(Rapping)

I don't mess around, Jupe Dog's  
pockets stay fat, a hundred pounds.  
I gets down like that man named  
Brown. Gimme the crown...clowns.

PRODUCER

What did you say your name was?

JUPITER

Jupe Dog.

PRODUCER

Get the hell out of my studio.

EXT. BALDWIN HOME, BACKYARD - FLASHBACK

Jupiter is in his backyard working on a rocket.

DESHA (V.O.)

Then there was the time you were  
going to build rockets.

Jupiter presses a button on his controller and the rocket doesn't budge. When he starts walking towards the rocket to see what's wrong, sparks start shooting everywhere from the exhaust before the rockets takes erratic flight.

JUPITER

Oh, crap!

Jupiter takes cover behind a bush while the rocket spins in the air finally landing behind the same bush.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

No, no, no!

INT. BALDWIN HOME, GARAGE - FLASHBACK

Jupiter is in his garage bent over a weights bar preparing to do a power clean.

DESHA (V.O.)

And my personal favorite, the time  
you tried to become a weightlifter.

Jupiter power cleans the bar successfully, but the weight of the bar takes him backwards to the floor.

JUPITER (O.S.)

Help? Please.

EXT. GRANDPARENTS APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOFTOP - PRESENT

Desha and Jupiter continue their conversation.

JUPITER

Ok, I get it. This is different.  
Cooking does something to me. No  
matter how many times I fail, I  
just can't stop like you can't stop  
thinking about soccer. If I can be  
half as good as this as you are at  
that, who knows? Maybe I'll  
actually land a date someday.

Desha hands Jupiter a four foot long, metallic silver object with the same thickness of a boom box.

DESHA

This might help. Che, activate.

WHIZZING and GRINDING gears are heard as CHE SLOWLY transforms into his full robotic form. He stands about 6'5" with long arms and a head too small for his massive body.

JUPITER

You know there's a donation yard  
for old bots.

DESHA

Did you know that the Gandrian race is universally known for being amazing cooks? Ping Palladia was one of many.

JUPITER

Must have skipped your generation.

DESHA

Funny. Che, let's cook.

More whizzing and grinding as Che slowly transforms himself into a full oven/stove combo with counter space and a sink. Jupiter is very impressed.

CHE

Hello Jupiter. I am Che. Shamoan!

Jupiter casts a confused look at Desha.

DESHA

His circuits fried one night and now he randomly quotes Michael Jackson. He's old, but he's all yours now. It'd be nice for someone to keep the family tradition alive.

JUPITER

I'd be honored. Thank you. Oh, I got you something too.

Jupiter reaches into his bag and pulls out the Mia Hamm poster, now framed.

DESHA

Mrs. Flystar's poster. She loves this thing. She gave it to you?

INT. RENAISSANCE HIGH SCHOOL, INTERPLANETARY GEOGRAPHY I CLASS - FLASHBACK

Mrs. Flystar is sitting at her desk reveling in the meal Jupiter prepared for her.

MRS. FLYSTAR

This just celestial! Oh my God!

EXT. GRANDPARENTS APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOFTOP - PRESENT

JUPITER

I was really persuasive.

DESHA

I don't know what to say.

JUPITER

I wanted you to have something special since it's Valentine's Day and neither of us have dates.

Desha wraps Jupiter up in a big hug.

DESHA

Thank you. This is probably the nicest thing someone's ever done for me. I feel like I say that a lot about you.

JUPITER

You deserve it.

DESHA

There's something that's been bothering me. You've never actually watched a Culinary Robotics Competition, have you? But you want to compete. In a robotics competition. As not a robot.

CHE

Rules state a sentient being can enter with a proper sponsor.

JUPITER

What he said.

DESHA

So you have a plan already?

EXT. RENAISSANCE HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCH TIME

Jupiter runs out of his high school, hops onto a hoverbike, and rides off with Che strapped to his back.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, MAIN STREET - LATER

The city sidewalks bustle with activity as cars fly by overhead. Food bots are lined up ready to serve. Jupiter sets up at the end of the line.

JUPITER (V.O.)

Main Street. I'll work beside the food bots at lunch.



Time quickly elapses. The food bots are inundated with lines while Jupiter doesn't get one customer. The bots pack up and leave when the lunch rush ends, leaving a dejected Jupiter.

JUPITER (V.O.)  
Easy money. I'll have a sponsor in  
three weeks tops.

OVER BLACK

The words "Two Months Later".

EXT. DOWNTOWN, MAIN STREET - LUNCH TIME, TWO MONTHS LATER

The lunch rush crowds the sidewalk of foodbots. Jupiter sits at the end of the row wearing an apron with a solitary pan resting on top of Che. Not a single customer in sight.

JUPITER  
Give me some good news, Che.

CHE  
You've had eight customers in sixty-  
four days. That means a very slim  
chances of having given someone  
food poisoning. Hee-hee!

JUPITER  
Heehee, my ass.

Jupiter hears a giggle. He looks down to find PETRONILLE, a three-year-old girl with freckles and red hair in pigtails.

PETRONILLE  
My mom thinks you're crazy.

JUPITER  
Your mom sounds like a swell lady.  
Hungry? You like mac and cheese?  
Here you go!

PETRONILLE  
Thank you!

Petronille runs off.

JUPITER  
(To Che)  
Hope she likes it.

CHE  
And I hope it doesn't kill her.

DESHA (O.S.)  
Excuse me, sir.

Jupiter is surprised to find DESHA standing in front of him.

DESHA (CONT'D)  
Mind telling me what alien race was  
responsible for Takeover Number Two  
and what their reasoning was?

CHE  
The Pratlanians attacked Earth due  
to civil unrest on Pratlan. They  
wanted to show the citizens of  
their planet that they could come  
together and cooperate and they  
chose to do this by destroying an  
entire civilization. They failed.

JUPITER  
I knew that.

DESHA  
Still mad at me?

JUPITER  
Just nice to finally see your face.  
Better late than never I guess.

DESHA  
Come on, Juve, you know practice  
has been crazy. I've been fighting  
to keep my starting spot. Being a  
freshman and a Gandrian, I got two  
things going against me right now.  
You know I hate sorrys, but I did  
bring a peace offering.

Jupiter sees twenty-four high school girls headed his way.

JUPITER  
The whole soccer team?

DESHA  
Yep.

JUPITER  
Like the whole team? Including...

Jupiter spots his high school crush Lyria who is talking to  
one of her teammates.

DESHA

Yes, kind of the perfect time to shoot your shot, don't you think?

JUPITER

No, I don't think. This couldn't be more of a worse time--

DESHA

Right over here, girls!

Lyria approaches first.

JUPITER

Hi, I'm Jupiter.

LYRIA

I'm Lyria.

CHE

Jupiter, is this the same Lyria that you've been--

JUPITER

(Talking over Che)

What's your favorite food?

LYRIA

Cereal, I guess.

JUPITER

Cereal. Right. How about some of my special mac and cheese? Extra cheesy with green chile.

LYRIA

You think I'll like it?

JUPITER

Tell you what, if you don't, I'll make you a bowl of cereal.

Lyria giggles. Desha is not amused.

DESHA

(Muttering)

Ok, move it along.

(Then louder)

Jupiter, we've only got an hour!

JUPITER

Oh, right. Who's next?

Others patrons take notice of Jupiter's building line and shift over to his line. A speedy time lapse ensues as Jupiter serves dozens of customers with Desha handing out plates. Business is good.

INT. URC BUILDING, BOARD ROOM - LUNCH TIME

"Eighteen Days Later". Iggy is watching from the board room window as Jupiter serves more business than he can handle. She is not amused.

IGGY

Who is that?

The board room seats nine employees who are all paying attention to Iggy. QUAST, an elderly male alien, speaks up.

QUAST

That's Jupiter Baldwin. They're calling him the Human Chef.

IGGY

He's pissing with my margins. I'm going down there.

Iggy heads for the door.

QUAST

Ms. Rosario, your input is needed.

Iggy turns to eye the topic at hand at the back of the room: Two androids and one robot. The first android is a petite female with a pixie cut. The second android is a taller gentleman dressed in dapper attire. The robot is the complete opposite--A hulking beast that resembles a transformer.

IGGY

I thought I was clear. The big one.

QUAST

We're talking about an in-home chef that will be serving millions of families worldwide. We just feel that the Chef Titan might be a bit too menacing for younger children.

IGGY

What about a kid that was sold to abusive parents, burned in their crib, poisoned, and almost choked to death all by the age of three?

QUAST

Can't say I've met a kid like that.

IGGY

Sure you have. You're looking at one. This isn't too scary for kids, Quast. It's too scary for weaklings like you that need four trips to bring their groceries in.

Iggy exits a flabbergasted room.

QUAST

Well then. Titan stays.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, MAIN STREET - LATER

IGGY walks over to JUPITER'S stand bypassing the long line.

JUPITER

Ma'am, I'm sorry, there's a line.

DESHA taps Jupiter who is confused.

IGGY

You're working on my food row. These are my bots. So that makes this my line.

DESHA

Ms. Rosario. What would you like?

IGGY

Your best.

CHE

That's not exactly a selection, now is it?

(Singing)

Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa!

DESHA

Here you go, Ms. Rosario!

IGGY

How much have you made in your stint out here? Couple hundred?

JUPITER

Around sixty-five hundred.

IGGY

Very good! From a business standpoint, considering you are on my street without any semblance of authorization, I should take every last dime from you. But I respect a fellow entrepreneur so I'll settle for sixty-one hundred.

ZIMA (O.S.)

I'll pay it.

Desha, Iggy, and Jupiter turn to the speaker ZIMA, a skinny young white woman in her late teens with long, red hair.

IGGY

Zima Leitner. Aren't you tired of losing money to me?

ZIMA

Aren't you tired of bullying the less fortunate? Maybe I should talk a little louder and see what all these hardworking people behind me think. Or maybe you could cut the kid the break.

IGGY

This mac and cheese is awful.

Iggy's face says otherwise as she leaves, savoring every bit.

JUPITER

Your food's on the house.

ZIMA

You kidding, I'd pay double for this. What's your secret?

JUPITER

Love.

ZIMA

Love. Good luck out here, Chef.

Jupiter watches her leave before getting back to his line.

Later

Jupiter and Desha are strolling down main street now that the lunch rush is over.

CHE

Iggy Rosario is the CEO of Universal Robotics Corporation. She owns a multitude of different businesses which allows her corporation to represent multiple states in the Culinary Robotics Competition. URC has won the competition nine years in a row.

JUPITER

Nine years? Damn.

DESHA

Rosario wants a world where everything is automated or done by robots. She's a major investor in the Gandriosis Treatment Center and constantly gives us hell about the number of live bodies we have working there. I feel like someone new gets let go everyday.

A car pulls up. Petronille pokes her head out of the top.

PETRONILLE

My mom wants to talk to you.

JUPITER

The one that thinks I'm crazy?

The driver side window rolls down, revealing Zima.

ZIMA

I said that, didn't I? Let's be honest, you have to be a little crazy to enter the CRC as a human. Heard you're looking for a sponsor. I think we might be able to help each other out.

INT. LEITNER'S RESTAURANT, DINING ROOM - COUPLE WEEKS LATER

"Two Weeks Later". Jupiter and Desha emerge out of the double doors of Leitner's restaurant kitchen and into the dining room, both holding trays full of food. Zima owns Leitner's. The restaurant is packed full of people, some already eating, some anxiously awaiting their food. Desha goes left with her trays while Jupiter heads right.

MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter sits down plates of food for a table of six senior citizens, including an ornery MRS. ULSANA.

MRS. ULSANA

You can't convince me these doctors know shit. So you're telling me xyloroot is the cure to gandriosis, but humans can't ingest it in any form? So then how do you know?

JUPITER

Because they tested it on infected cells outside of the body, Mrs. Ulsana. It works. They just need to find a way to administer it without the body rejecting it. Enjoy your viener backhendl. Good to see you.

Jupiter moves on to the next table, a family of four with two young daughters under ten. The mom is human while the father is an alien with a coned head and purple skin. Jupiter sits their food down with quick precision.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

(To daughters)

Bet you can't eat all of that.

MIXED ALIEN-HUMAN GIRL #1

Can too!

JUPITER

When I come back, I'm gonna check to see if you finished. Enjoy guys.

The next table seats three high school girls. Two of the girls are aliens with human features save for their green skin and cat-like yellow eyes while the third girl is white. The girls are giggling as he sits the food down.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

Care to let me in on the joke?

ALIEN HIGH SCHOOL GIRL #1

Which one of us is cuter?

JUPITER

Umm, I don't know...I mean, you're all very attractive. Finest table here. I don't know, hard to say.

ALIEN HIGH SCHOOL GIRL #2

That's too bad. The one you picked was going to give you their number. Guess we all have to now.



JUPITER  
Yeah, if you...I mean...dope.

Desha is watching the interaction from the other side of the room with a wistful look in her eye. BIG EARL, a husky customer with a shitty mullet, snaps her out of her trance.

BIG EARL  
(To Desha)  
Gandrian girl, my water!

DESHA  
Oh right, sorry!

LATER

The packed restaurant slowly dwindles down to empty booths and tables save one.

STILL LATER

Desha and Jupiter are laying on the floor of the closed restaurant looking up at the dim lights on the ceiling.

DESHA (CONT'D)  
Three numbers, huh? Impressive.  
They love you here.

JUPITER  
They love the food, not me.

DESHA  
You never give yourself enough credit. Three years ago when my mom was killed and everything went to shit, Dad became a shell of himself. Friends abandoned me. My team treated me like a cancer. You were the only one that was there. You hung with me when I had nothing to say. Let me cry. Hell, you've gone with me to more Gandrian Rights protests than I can count.

JUPITER  
Remember I stole that cop's hat?

DESHA  
Yeah, I still have it. You're a good guy, Jupiter. Any girl would be lucky to date you.

JUPITER

I'm not so sure. You know that guy at table twenty that kept insulting you? I dunked my balls in his soup.

DESHA

You didn't.

ZIMA

He did. I was there when he did it.

Desha and Jupiter sit up when they notice Zima in the room.

ZIMA (CONT'D)

(To Jupiter)

Few hundred years ago, they hated your people. Now it's Gandrians and anyone else that doesn't think or act like them. Never ends. America, right?

(To Desha)

Big Earl got what he deserved and now I'm giving you what you deserved for what you've put up with the last two weeks. Double your pay. Good work tonight.

DESHA

Thank you.

JUPITER

Double? What about me? That soup was really hot!

INT. LEITNER'S, DINING ROOM - EVENING, ONE WEEK LATER

The restaurant is packed. Che and Desha are doing the best they can to serve all the patrons in the restaurant from one end of the room to the other.

DESHA

(To Table With Lone Diner)

One wiener schnitzel and a pilsner coming right up.

CHE

Desha. The witch is here.

DESHA

Huh?

Iggy enters. A hush falls over the entire restaurant. She takes off her designer shades and surveys the room before making a beeline for Desha.

IGGY  
Where's Jupiter?

KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Jupiter and Zima are in the kitchen talking.

ZIMA  
I know this was the deal.

JUPITER  
Then say yes. Zima, you promised.

ZIMA  
I know. That was before.

JUPITER  
Before?

ZIMA  
When my father died and left me this place, it messed me up. I know we just met, but you've meant a lot to this place. And Petronille. And me. I care about you, kid.

JUPITER  
Zima, I care about you too. Also, you do realize you're only five years older than me.

ZIMA  
Real years, maybe. Listen, I just don't want to see you get hurt.

JUPITER  
Zima, it's just cooking.

ZIMA  
Jupiter, look there's something--

IGGY (O.S.)  
When I heard Leitner's had made the most revenue of any restaurant in Tennessee, I had to come and see for myself what the fuss was.

Iggy is standing in the doorway of the kitchen thumbing her fork through a plate of food. She talks between mouthfuls.

IGGY (CONT'D)

I said to myself it just can't be.  
Not that shit show of a restaurant.  
This is terrible, by the way.

ZIMA

Funny, it's our most ordered item  
on the menu.

IGGY

Guess not everyone has good taste.  
Not that it was much better when  
your father ran it.

Iggy walks into the kitchen. Desha is behind her in the doorway mouthing a "sorry" before disappearing again.

JUPITER

You said it yourself, number one in  
the state. Last time I checked, it  
wasn't even close.

ZIMA

True story.

IGGY

Just know you're going to have to  
do a lot better than this if you  
hope to compete at states.

ZIMA

I will.

IGGY

Let me guess, you're going to  
program your bots to actually cook  
worth a damn?

ZIMA

No. Jupiter is competing.

IGGY

What?

DESHA

(From the Doorway)

What?

JUPITER

I'm repping Leitner's in the state  
Culinary Robotics Competition.

IGGY

You can't.

ZIMA

Since my bots are so terrible,  
Jupiter has graciously agreed to  
represent me as my sponsor. How  
great of him, right?

IGGY

Indeed. Jupiter, have you by chance  
watched a culinary competition?

JUPITER

No.

IGGY

You're in over your head.

Iggy storms off.

JUPITER

(To Zima)

Thank you.

ZIMA

Thank you.

JUPITER

I'm gonna check on the customers.

Jupiter exits.

DESHA

I hate to say the witch was right,  
but she is. Jupiter's never  
actually seen a cooking  
competition. He has no idea what  
he's up against.

ZIMA

I know. If I had known before, I  
never would've asked him.

A BEEP sounds off causing Zima to pull out her phone.

DESHA

We do have a month to prepare.

ZIMA

No, we don't. The competition is  
next week. She moved it up.

DESHA

Iggy? She has that kind of power?

ZIMA

She runs the most global-spanning  
robotics company from here to two  
systems over. She is the power.

DESHA

Spiteful hag. Do we tell him?

Zima has no response. Meanwhile, they can hear the crowd  
outside the kitchen chanting Jupiter's name repeatedly.

INT. GANDRIOSIS TREATMENT CENTER, DINING HALL - DAYS LATER

Desha and Jupiter are serving plates to the gandriosis  
patients seated around circular tables in the dining hall.  
Despite Jupiter's efforts to mingle, the mood is somber.

JUPITER

Is it me or does everyone seem sad?

DESHA

You'd be down too if you found out  
the only treatment center for fifty  
miles is shutting down in a month.

JUPITER

Money?

DESHA

What else? We've been doing the  
best we can to counsel and console,  
but they see the droids more than  
they see us and, well, they've  
never been good at bedside manner.

Jupiter feels a tug at his leg. He looks down and sees Filip.  
The gandriosis seems to be taking a toll on him.

JUPITER

Filip! How's the food, bud?

FILIP

Tastes like socks.

JUPITER

Still?

FILIP

I like socks.

JUPITER

Ah. Wait...nevermind.

Filip  
I got you something.

Filip hands him a cool spatula with a wooden handle and a "J" molded into the blade. Jupiter marvels at the craftsmanship.

JUPITER  
Thanks! You made this, didn't you?

FILIP  
No, my dad did.

Filip points behind him at a couple watching the scene unfold. Jupiter returns their wave with his new spatula.

JUPITER  
Thank you!

FILIP'S DAD  
Big fan.

JUPITER  
Can I borrow your son for a second?  
(To Filip) Want to help me  
do something fun?

Jupiter picks Filip up and stands him atop the serving table.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
Can I have everyone's attention,  
please? A big thank you to everyone  
trying out my food before I head to  
states. How is it?

Cheering ensues.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
Who wants seconds?

More cheering.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
Good news, there is plenty of food  
left. The only catch is when you  
come up here to get your plate, you  
can't sit down without a hug. I'm  
not joking, food and a hug. Come  
and get it!

What begins awkwardly turns into an all out hug fest as Desha, Filip, and Jupiter spread love among the patients. In no time, the crowd is in a happy mood. Vanity is next in line to grab a plate from the serving table.

VANITY  
Good thing you're doing here, baby.

JUPITER  
Thanks, Grandma.

VANITY  
Where's my hug?

JUPITER  
Coming right--

VANITY  
Not from you.

Vanity pulls a very surprised Desha in for a hug.

VANITY (CONT'D)  
Thank you for encouraging my  
grandbaby these past weeks. I've  
never seen him this happy. Keep him  
out of trouble, promise?

DESHA  
Promise.

VANITY  
(To the patients)  
Hey, let's hear it one more time  
for my grandson Jupiter!

The patients cheer wildly fading into a faint echo.

INT. CHARLES M. MURPHY ATHLETIC CENTER, VISITORS TUNNEL -  
FOUR DAYS LATER

Zima is walking down the Blue Raiders visitors tunnel. A  
background swell of cheering can be heard. She reaches a room  
outside of which Desha is standing. Zima peeks into the room  
and pops her head back out.

ZIMA  
What's wrong with him?

DESHA  
I don't know, I came back here and  
found him like this.

ZIMA  
Is he ok?

DESHA  
Does he look ok?



ZIMA  
He looks like a basketcase.

DESHA  
What's a basketcase?

JUPITER  
(From inside the room)  
Ok, I can hear you guys. You're not  
quiet and you're definitely not  
helping. Not at all.

GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DESHA and ZIMA walk into the green room with CHE and JUPITER  
already inside. Jupiter is hunched over hands on his knees as  
if he is about to vomit. Che moves a hand slowly up and down  
Jupiter's back inches above the skin. The palm of Che's hand  
is emitting a pulsating light.

CHE  
I sense your heartrate is high.

JUPITER  
You think?

ZIMA  
Jupiter, you need to calm down.

JUPITER  
How? Have you been out there? Have  
you seen what those robots can do?

DESHA  
Yes, we've seen what they can do.  
But we've also seen what you can  
do. Food isn't meant to do all that  
crazy stuff. It's meant to be  
tasted. That's what counts.

JUPITER  
You're telling me all that other  
stuff isn't cool? I mean, I saw one  
of the bots literally make his food  
fly into the mouth of one of the  
judges. You're telling me that's  
not cool? I'm in over my head.

VANITY  
Looks like somebody's having a pity  
party in here.

They don't notice VANITY standing in the doorway until she speaks. She walks in holding a gift box. She gives Desha a warm, genuine smile.

VANITY (CONT'D)

Let me talk to him. Close the door behind you. This won't take long.

Che, Desha, and Zima depart closing the door behind them. Vanity hobbles over to Jupiter and takes a seat.

JUPITER

I didn't know you were coming.

VANITY

I had to support my baby. I got you something. Two things actually, but open this first.

Jupiter excitedly opens her gift: A bandolier cross belt, but instead of bullets, it holds cooking knives of all shapes and sizes. Jupiter is thrilled.

VANITY (CONT'D)

Those knives are locked tight in there so you don't cut yourself. When you're ready, just tell it what you want to cut and it'll unlock that knife for you.

JUPITER

Thank you, Grandma! I love it.

VANITY

Jupiter, why are you doing this?

JUPITER

Because it's the only thing I know I'm good at.

VANITY

If you know that you have the talent, then why be afraid?

JUPITER

What if they don't like the food?

VANITY

Then, baby, they're fucking stupid.

Jupiter gives her a big hug.

JUPITER

I love you, Grandma.

VANITY

Go out there and win this thing. We didn't come here to see you lose. What? What are you looking at me like that for?

JUPITER

You said there were two things. What's the second thing?

VANITY

My blessing. I know how you like the Gandrian. She's good for you.

JUPITER

Desha? No, we're just friends.

VANITY

Friends don't slave away in a kitchen with you for a month to help you reach your dreams. I also seem to recall her saving your ass a couple times from those boys that beat you up all the time and chased you out of public school.

JUPITER

Facts. But you hate her.

VANITY

I'm just an old fool trying to learn new tricks.

JUPITER

The prize for nationals is a million. I'm gonna win and use the money for the treatment center.

VANITY

So go do it. But I want you to remember something for me.

VISITORS TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Desha, Sophie, Vanity, Zeke, and Zima watch as Jupiter heads towards the arena.

SOPHIE

Let's find our seats and watch.

VANITY

Watch and pray.

ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

From darkness to light, Jupiter emerges into the main portion of the arena. Thousands of beings pack the arena. Their raucous cheering fades when they start to lay eyes on Jupiter. Jupiter can feel them staring, whispering.

#### COOKING PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

He walks to the cooking platform: a large circular platform in the center of the floor. The platform is a massive set up with dozens of cooking stations each equipped with their own refrigerator, sink, stove top, and cooking island. Jupiter walks to his station, Station #18, and sets up Che in front of the existing stove.

He takes in all the androids and robots he is competing against. They vary in look and size ranging from humanoids to pure machines. The robot to his right has six arms. Jupiter gets lost for a moment as he watches the robot easily multitask preparing his station. The robot sees him staring.

SIX-ARMED ROBOT

Are you lost?

JUPITER

No, I'm here to cook.

The Six-armed Robot regards Jupiter for an uncomfortable amount of time before turning away. On his left side, a female android chef looks away as he catches her staring.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

The first dish to be served will be  
chef's choice. Ten seconds,  
chefs...five...three, two, one! Go!

The kitchen stations bustle with activity as the chefs go to work. Jupiter sits a couple of frying pans on his burners.

JUPITER

Olive oil or Pam?

CHE

Why not both?

JUPITER

Let's go!

Jupiter wisks eggs to the tune of Che singing "Beat it". As time progresses he is finding himself in a groove when a holimage of a CULINARY ANALYST (male, twenties) abruptly appears in front of him.

CULINARY ANALYST  
Jupiter Baldwin, how are ya?

JUPITER  
I'm...

Jupiter shrinks away when he realizes his voice is being amplified across the stadium.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
Good.

CULINARY ANALYST  
How does it feel being the first sentient contestant in a cooking competition in well over a century?

JUPITER  
Good, I guess. Haven't really thought about it all that much.

CULINARY ANALYST  
So you haven't considered how it would feel to win states today?

JUPITER  
Good. Great. I mean, I guess.

The overhead screens are now showing closeups of Jupiter's food as he cooks.

CULINARY ANALYST  
Looks good! What are you making?

JUPITER  
Eggs.

A few chuckles from the crowd. The Culinary Analyst gets in a few of his own.

CULINARY ANALYST  
Eggs, huh? Just regular old eggs?

JUPITER  
Of course not.

CULINARY ANALYST  
Are these eggs special? They fly?

JUPITER  
The chicken that hatched them does.

CULINARY ANALYST  
You really expect to win this  
competition with boring eggs?

JUPITER  
Guess we're going to find out.

CULINARY ANALYST  
I see. Well, that's Jupiter Baldwin  
everyone. Human chef Jupiter  
Baldwin. I'm going to slide over to  
my left here and find out what the  
droid from EveryUse is cooking up.  
(Slides in close to  
Jupiter, mic off)  
You're out of your league, kid.

JUPITER  
I'm making my own league.

CULINARY ANALYST  
I like you, kid.

INT. BALDWIN HOME, KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Jupiter is in his kitchen with a small holoimage of Ping  
Palladia cooking in front of him.

PING  
It's not about cooking fancy that  
pleases your audience. Rather it's  
about cooking something simple and  
adding fancy elements of surprise  
that will really delight someone.

INT. CHARLES M. MURPHY ATHLETIC CENTER, COOKING PLATFORM -  
PRESENT

Jupiter is going to work on the stove blending his cheeses in  
with his eggs with his special spatula. He touches his  
bandolier cross belt and says...

JUPITER  
Steak.

A knife at his hip vibrates and lights up green. Jupiter  
snatches it and goes to work on cutting strips of steak  
efficiently. The SIZZLE is music to his ears when he lays  
pieces in a hot pan to be seared. How he approaches the food  
feels almost sensual, completely from the heart. He tastes a  
bit and approves. Once finished he gets everything plated.

## CULINARY ANALYST

Looks like the Human Chef is finished with seven minutes to spare. Not surprising seeing as eggs are on the menu.

The green clock hovering above the contestants fast forwards until hitting zero.

## LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Time! Chefs step back! Your plates are being collected for the judges. They will dictate who advances.

An android in a yellow sweater comes by and tags Jupiter's plates with a number. Soon after, a flying bot (basketball-size) swoops in and collect his plates. That bot flies over to the judges where it waits in line to serve.

## JUDGES SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

As the three judges dive into the food they respond with a thumbs up or a thumbs down. A thumbs up produces a green light over the chef while a thumbs down produces a red light. Two greens means the contestant moves on while two reds means they are eliminated.

The female droid beside Jupiter looks on as she receives one green and one red. The final is a thumbs down. Her screams are drowned by the flamethrower that sets her ablaze. The crowd is cheering. Jupiter is scared to death.

The judges reach his plates and smile up at him as he waits.

## COOKING SECTION - SAME TIME

Jupiter looks on...

## JUPITER

What do you think, Che?

## CHE

I'm going to give you something I give very few: My respect. It is a pleasure to work with you.

## JUDGES SECTION - SAME TIME

The judges take a couple of bites and their smiles leave. They begin attacking the food aggressively as if they hadn't eaten in days. Judge #2 in the middle (black, early 40's) can't hold back her elation.

JUDGE #2

Now this is some good ass...  
(Mic is cut suddenly)

One of the judges motions for the judges from the other tables to come over. They all start digging in hungrily to the plates. One of the standing judges snatches the plate and a seated judge snatches it back. The crowd is involved now "Ohhhing" and "aahhing" as a full on fight breaks out.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Judges please! Composure please!  
Resume your positions so we can  
resume the competition.

The police have to break things up. When the judges finally retake their seats, Judge #1 gives him a thumbs up which is followed by cheers. Judge #2 follows suit as does Judge #3. The crowd goes crazy.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (CONT'D)

Three greens for Jupiter Baldwin,  
Human Chef! Jupiter gets to advance  
to Round Two!

CULINARY ANALYST

Hold on to your hats, people!  
Things are just starting to heat up  
in the kitchen. It's time for...

COOKING PLATFORM - SAME TIME

The arena screams "Round Two!" In unison. Music blares. The floor begins to shake underneath Jupiter. The cooking platform rises to a new level, with the court now far below.

CULINARY ANALYST (CONT'D)

Alright contestants, get ready  
because things are just heating up!  
Round Two will require the use of  
special ingredients to test your  
skills. Those ingredients are...

The lights go out and the crowd throws up a wild cheer. Food images appear as the Culinary Analyst calls them out.

CULINARY ANALYST (CONT'D)

Tartar sauce, thyme, and turmeric!

JUPITER

What the hell?

The crowd releases a unison "Ouuuu". Jupiter is confounded.



CULINARY ANALYST

Uh oh, people. It looks like our human chef is stumped!

JUPITER

Shut up. Think, Jupiter, think.

The countdown has already started. Meanwhile...

ARENA SEATS - SAME TIME

Desha, Franky, Sophie, Vanity, Zeke and Zima are watching anxiously from the edge of their arena seats. Though they are up in the nosebleeds, they have a clear sight to everything going on as the cooking platform is elevated and the jumbotrons are relaying the action.

VANITY

Shit. He's frozen.

ZIMA

Come on, Jupiter. You got this.

ZEKE

Come on, son.

COOKING PLATFORM - SAME TIME

Back on the platform, Jupiter is still thinking.

CHE

Perhaps I should break the clock to give you more time?

JUPITER

Shut up. Ok, got it. Mayonnaise, dill pickle, onion, caper...

Jupiter gets to work, whipping up a nice tartar sauce in no time. He quickly shovels the sauce into small serving bowls and starts on his next task.

CULINARY ANALYST

Ladies and gentlemen! Chef Baldwin is pulling out the deep fryer!

Jupiter grabs shrimp and tosses them with breading. He drops them in the fryer.

JUPITER

Alright, three minutes on this. Let's make the meatballs.

(MORE)

## JUPITER (CONT'D)

Ground turkey, onion, garlic,  
ginger, turmeric, cilantro, fish  
sauce, panko bread crumbs.

The ingredients materialize in front of him as he says each indicating brief time lapses. He mixes all the ingredients in a bowl then greases a baking sheet. Meatball after meatball materializes on the sheet (indicating a time lapse) until the sheet is full. He throws them into the oven then looks up at the clock. 34 minutes left.

## JUPITER (CONT'D)

Thirty minutes for these to cook  
which leaves four minutes for  
plating. That's gonna be cutting it  
close. What else can I do? What  
goes with meatballs and shrimp?  
Pasta, of course!

As Jupiter is preparing saucy noodles over the stove, the Culinary Analyst returns to bug him.

## CULINARY ANALYST

Back with Jupiter Baldwin here!  
Jupiter, tell the crowd what you're  
making. I see you've plated shrimp.  
And now noodles?

The Culinary Analyst wheels around to face the oven.

## CULINARY ANALYST (CONT'D)

Oh, and what's this we have here?

## JUPITER

A surprise.

The crowd responds with a tandem of "ooohhhhs".

## CULINARY ANALYST

Well, let's hope your surprise  
tastes good to the judges.

The Culinary Analyst starts to float away. His mic is cut, but Jupiter can still hear him.

## CULINARY ANALYST (CONT'D)

A surprise. Smart ass kid.

The clock elapses down to four minutes. Jupiter removes the meatballs then plates them on top of the noodles on each plate. The shrimp surround the noodles. Jupiter tries a meatball and is delighted by the taste. He hands the remaining sheet to one of the helper droids.

JUPITER

Here, pass those around.

ARENA SEATS - MOMENTS LATER

The droid takes off in flight towards the crowd. He stands in front of a section and pours the meatballs in the top of his head. Using his arms like a cannon, he fires them into the crowd. Everyone goes crazy.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Unbelievable! Jupiter's making it  
rain...meatballs!

A husband and a wife try their meatballs at the same time making exuberant faces as if the meatballs are better than their sex life. An alien woman flicks her tongue out like a frog and snatches the meatball out of her hand. She starts randomly talking in her alien language. Another man tries his meatball and faints after a couple of chews.

COOKING PLATFORM - SAME TIME

Jupiter can't believe what he is seeing

JUPITER

That's one way to do it, I guess.

A droid flies his plates to a new set of judges. A hush falls over the crowd.

CULINARY ANALYST

Jupiter, tell the audience and the  
judges what you have prepared  
today. I'm sure it's special!

JUPITER

Ummm, well what you see is, ummm,  
so there's some meatballs that I  
made with ginger and turmeric,  
sitting on top of some noodles, and  
then there's like shrimp. Yep.

ARENA SEATS - SAME TIME

Franky cringes watching Jupiter struggle.

VANITY

(To Desha)

And you're in love with this guy?

DESHA

What? Me? I don't...what?

## JUDGES SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

The judges don't care about his poor description as they start diving into his food, devouring it like barbarians. Judges from the other tables make a break for the food.

## CULINARY ANALYST

Looks like the other judges want a taste too! This is bonkers!

Fighting ensues as the judges vie for the scraps from each plate. Two judges get their hands on the same plate and start pulling back and forth. A final tug throws all of the food in the air.

The plate of noodles lands on top of the head of one of the judges, a FEMALE ALIEN JUDGE. One of the noodles dangles a centimeter from her mouth. She sucks all the noodles into her mouth with a deep breath.

## FEMALE ALIEN JUDGE

Exquisite.

## COOKING PLATFORM - SAME TIME

Jupiter can't believe his eyes.

## JUPITER

You've gotta be kidding me.

## LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Judges this is really unbecoming!  
Please, take your seats. Thank you.  
What's the call on chef Jupiter's food? Not that I have to ask.

## JUDGES SECTION - SAME TIME

The first two judges give an immediate thumbs up. The third judge, who is also the messiest, makes a shaky motion with her hand before giving her thumbs up. The crowd erupts.

## LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (CONT'D)

And Jupiter moves on to the next round! Will he go the distance? We know Droid X23 beside him won't be!

## COOKING STATION - SAME TIME

Droid X23 and Jupiter lock eyes.

## DROID X23

Uh oh.

A titanic hammer swings out of nowhere knocking Droid X23 off the platform so far he goes out of view.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
He's going, going, and he is gone,  
ladies and gentlemen!

JUPITER  
Sorry!

The cooking platform moves higher as techno music blares.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Alright, alright, alright!  
Seventeen contestants remain for  
our final round. That's right the  
delicious round you've been waiting  
for. I hope you've got a sweet  
tooth because it's, say it with me:  
One...two...three.

The arena screams, "Dessert!"

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (CONT'D)  
One hour. Off you go!

Jupiter runs to the fridge looking for things to pull out.

CULINARY ANALYST  
This is the round where the  
contestants pull out all the stops.  
I see fireworks over there. That  
should be interesting. Oh, and I  
see human chef Jupiter pulling out  
raspberries. Wonder what  
deliciousness he has planned. Am I  
the only one getting hungry?

Jupiter, now working the mixer, doesn't notice the Admin of global superstar Bill Lilli pop up on a holoscreen beside him. LILLI'S ADMIN is an older man with gray, wispy hair.

LILLI'S ADMIN  
Jupiter?

JUPITER  
What? Sorry, I thought you were  
that crazy interviewer. Yes?

LILLI'S ADMIN  
I just wanted to let you know that  
you have a phone call.

JUPITER  
Now? Listen, tell whoever it is--

LILLI'S ADMIN  
It's Bill Lilli, sir.

The crowd lets out a collective gasp. Jupiter drops his mixing bowl and has to scramble to pick it up. He eyes it for a moment deciding if he's going to throw it out and start over or keep going. He looks at the clock. He keeps mixing.

JUPITER  
It's ok. Nothing touched the floor.  
Let's push through it.

LILLI'S ADMIN  
Sir?

JUPITER  
Bill Lilli, right. You don't mean  
THE Bill Lilli, right? Like visited  
a hundred galaxies Bill Lilli?

LILLI'S ADMIN  
He wants to sponsor you.

The crowd erupts. Jupiter's words can barely be heard...

JUPITER  
Patch him through!

LILLI'S ADMIN  
Apologies. To be clear, He will  
sponsor you if you survive this  
round.

JUPITER  
Great. Win this round. Make it to  
nationals. Get a sponsor. Got it.

LILLI'S ADMIN  
Survive, sir.

JUPITER  
Excuse me.

LILLI'S ADMIN  
You said "win". Just survive.

JUPITER  
Survive. Got it. Actually, I don't  
got it. What am I missing here?

CHE  
He means, don't die.

ARENA SEATS - SAME TIME

Desha and Zima exchange a look from up in the crowd.

ZIMA  
You never told him, did you?

COOKING PLATFORM - SAME TIME

A RUMBLE begins to shake the cooking stage. Jupiter can't hide his alarm.

JUPITER  
Anyone else feel that? Lloyd the Droid, you feeling this?

He looks down at his feet as water begins to seep up from the floor and cover his shoes. A geyser erupts from the floor knocking the tray out of his hands.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
What the crap?

Seven more geysers erupt across the cooking stage, one of which knocks Lloyd the Droid sky high. The crowd cheers.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Who will survive this treacherous round and live to finish their dish? Looks like we already lost one contestant. Oh wait, looks like he's returning. Thank God for built-in jetpacks, am I right?

Lloyd floats back to the stage with his jetpack waving to the crowd as he descends. He lands gracefully back on the stage.

JUPITER  
Lloyd, for a minute there, I thought you were--

A giant fireball slams into Lloyd knocking him off the stage to the ground below.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
Toast.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Forty-six minutes left!

JUPITER  
I can't do this.

INT. BALDWIN HOME, KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Jupiter is looking around at the complete mess he just made in the kitchen. The food he just attempted to make is burnt to a crisp. Ping Palladia looks on from a holovideo.

JUPITER  
I can't do this.

PING  
Remember, cooking may seem like a daunting task if you consider it as a whole. Just remember to breathe and focus on one thing at a time. You can do this.

INT. CHARLES M. ATHLETIC CENTER, COOKING PLATFORM - PRESENT

Jupiter opens his eyes after a deep breath and springs into action. Chaos is ensuing all around him with geysers and fireballs wreaking havoc.

As he works, he taps his feet to the music being pumped through the arena, a "Black Betty" type song. His thoughts are versed aloud as he works...

JUPITER (V.O.)  
Time to bring it home. Triple cookie delight, let's get it. For this recipe, I'm going to need chocolate chips, oatmeal, and sugar cookies. The water's rising so I need to get them in the oven asap.

Time moves in speedy succession as Jupiter works. He ignores the fire and water obstacles as effectively as he can, but other contestants aren't as lucky.

A bot blocks a fireball with a shield that comes out of his arm. Another bot isn't as fortunate as the propellor flame under his shoes helping him stay afloat sputters out from the water taking him under.

A fireball flies over Jupiter's head as he bends down to open the oven. A geyser launches him into the air causing him to rip Che's entire oven door off. The crowd gasps.



Jupiter lands hard hitting his head on the oven door. He shakes himself off and staggers to the oven, pulling his cookies out.

As they cool, he scoops ice cream into a ramekin and drizzles chocolate syrup. He tops it with candy raspberries.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Two minutes!

JUPITER

Come on, come on, come on. Just let me finish, then you can kill me.

He quickly spreads a layer of his marshmallow spread on a sugar cookie then sits a chocolate chip cookie on top. He adds a spread of peanut butter next then tops it with the oatmeal raisin cookie. He flattens it with his spatula. The cookie looks like a foodie's dream. He has two plated...

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Ninety seconds!

A fireball shoots in his direction. He picks up the oven door and blocks it, but it still knocks him backward all the way to the edge of the platform.

He hangs on the platform with one hand. Water hits his face.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (CONT'D)

One minute left, chefs!

He uses every ounce of energy to pull himself back up on the platform. The stage's water level is now waste high as Jupiter sloshes back to his station. He plates the last cookie to a raucous crowd cheering him on. The clock hits zero. He holds up a fist in triumph. Then he faints.

OVER BLACK

The echoing sound of an ambulance can be heard faintly.

INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

Jupiter awakes abruptly on a gurney, an oxygen mask strapped to his face. Desha is beside him, but he is unaware at first.

JUPITER

What happened? The judges...

DESHA

It's ok, lay back. Rest now.

JUPITER  
Have to get back. Have to finish...

DESHA  
Jupiter, you won.

JUPITER  
I won?

DESHA  
The judges loved your food.

JUPITER  
So...

DESHA  
You're going to nationals.

JUPITER  
Why didn't you tell me?

DESHA  
If I had told you, you wouldn't be  
here right now. I'll apologize  
later. Rest, ok?

Jupiter complies, closing his eyes.

JUPITER  
I won.

INT. ASCENSION SAINT THOMAS RUTHERFORD HOSPITAL, JUPITER'S  
HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Jupiter is laying in a hospital bed with Desha in a chair  
beside him. He's seen better days. They are watching a reel  
of old cooking competitions on a holoscreen projecting from  
Desha's phone. Droids and bots alike simultaneously battle  
each other and surrounding obstacles all while trying to cook  
a delicious meal.

JUPITER  
All that stuff I tried, the  
rapping, the rockets, the  
weightlifting, I only did all that  
because I thought that maybe if  
people liked me for being good at  
something, Bobby and his goons  
would stop trying to kick my ass  
everyday. I never actually liked  
any of it.

DESHA

I know.

JUPITER

But I like cooking. Love it. I finally found something I'm good at and it still comes with ass-whoopings. I mean, Desha, this is some scary shit.

DESHA

I know. I'm not trying to scare you, just want to prepare you. This screen is too fuzzy. Hold on.

Desha crawls into the bed beside Jupiter and lays on his chest so they can watch directly from her phone screen.

DESHA (CONT'D)

Better?

JUPITER

Yeah.

ON DESHA'S PHONE

The robot cooking competition compilation plays through.

DESHA (V.O.)

There are three rounds, fifty contestants. The first round will be you versus one contestant. Violence isn't allowed, but expect some kind of crazy obstacle. Round two is you versus four contestants. This is where it gets ugly because they can and will attack you. The final round is the craziest by far. It's all out, bananas, every man for himself craziness. Five finalists, one winner.

BACK TO SCENE

DESHA

Listen, I totally get it if you want to pull out of this. In fact--

JUPITER

I'm not quitting. Should I quit?

DESHA

I'm not saying that, but I would get it if you did. I just don't want something bad to happen.

JUPITER

I'll be fine. How bad could it be?

DESHA

You're right. I mean, it's not like you were put in the hospital after being knocked unconscious by a fireball or anything.

JUPITER

The fireball didn't knock me out. It was the oven door.

HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Sophie and Zeke are racing down the hallway towards Jupiter's room, very concerned parents. Zeke enters the room first..

JUPITER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

And, unseen, finds Jupiter laughing and joking with Desha in the bed. Sophie comes in next and Zeke stops her before she runs fully into the room. They look on for a moment with happiness and relief.

ZEKE

(Barely audible to Sophie)  
We'll come back.

LATER

The telescreen dimly lights the room. Jupiter watches while Desha is asleep on his shoulder. A JOURNALIST is interviewing Iggy following the state Culinary Competition.

JOURNALIST

So, Ms. Rosario, walk me through what happened today.

IGGY

We came here to win and we gave it our best shot.

JOURNALIST

And you lost?

IGGY

Tennessee, sure. But I'm proud of my team for picking up seven other states. That's seven chances to win nationals. I like those odds.

JOURNALIST

Drastic change from the forty-seven you won just last year.

IGGY

I credit that to other companies cloning our creations. Imitation is the highest form of flattery.

JOURNALIST

And Jupiter Baldwin?

IGGY

What about him?

JOURNALIST

The judges were really impressed with him today. A few of them said he gave them the best food they've ever tasted. Any worry there?

IGGY

If anything, I worry for him. The kid almost died today. Nationals take no prisoners. What is a kid going to do if he has to face off against my CT Ninety Eighty-Four?

The telescreen shifts over to a massive titan of a robot. The robot is showing off his exquisite cooking skills on multiple stoves before it cuts to him firing off machine gun rounds out of his arms. The Journalist narrates...

JUPITER

Good god.

JOURNALIST (V.O.)

The robot she is referring to, the Chef Titan Ninety Eighty Four, is the latest creation to come out of URC. Not yet available on the market, it created quite the buzz when it took the Oregon Culinary Competition by storm. It is undoubtedly a heavy favorite heading into nationals.

The telescreen shows CT-9084 obliterating a multitude of robots with one hand, while flipping pancakes with a spatula with the other hand.

JUPITER

Come on.

DESHA

Off.

The telescreen goes black.

JUPITER

Hey!

DESHA

Sleep now. Worry later.

JUPITER

Did you see that thing?

EXT. MANSION - DAY, A FEW DAYS LATER

Desha and Jupiter are walking up to the front door of a mansion. Jupiter is holding a bag of food.

JUPITER

Treatment levels are down to fifty percent? That's crazy! How can they expect people to survive on fifty?

DESHA

They can't. They won't.

Jupiter rings the doorbell.

JUPITER

What can I do?

DESHA

I don't know. Without money, there's not much we can do.

JUPITER

Hopefully I can at least get back before nationals. Cook some food, lift some spirits. Been meaning to check in on Filip, anyway.

DESHA

Your grandma didn't tell you?

JUPITER

Tell me what? Desha, tell me what?

DESHA

Filip died last week.

Jupiter has no words. The door opens.

EPHRAIM

Human chef dude?

JUPITER

That's me. You Ephraim?

EPHRAIM

I ordered Five Guys and they sent me a chef. Whoa!

JUPITER

About that. I'm actually your delivery driver and I have your food here. I can give it to you or keep it and make you a homecooked meal. What do you think?

EPHRAIM

I don't know, dude, I was really looking forward to that tasty burger and all those fries. I'm just kidding, man, get in here! Hey, babe, The Human Chef is here!

INT. MANSION, KITCHEN - LATER

Jupiter is in the kitchen with Desha making eggrolls and chicken fried rice using Che. The kitchen has an open floor plan allowing Ephraim and his family (WIFE and TWIN DAUGHTERS, age 7) to look on from the dining room table as he cooks. As always, the food looks so scrumptious, we can almost taste it.

JUPITER

(To Desha)

Taste it. Good? So you're going to put the pork and slaw mixture here. Nope, not in the middle, but just off center closer to the corner. Ok, now fold this corner until it wraps over the meat. Like this.

Jupiter takes Desha's hands and guides them as she folds.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
Now this side like this. Now roll.

The Twins are now watching from the edge of the kitchen.

TWIN #1  
Wow, so cool.

DESHA  
It is pretty cool, huh?

TWIN #2  
I saw you on TV. You almost died.

JUPITER  
Almost.

EPHRAIM  
It was so cool that you won. Almost  
made me want to start cooking.

EPHRAIM'S WIFE  
Please! Me maybe. You've never done  
a hard day's work in your life.

TWIN #2  
Daddy's lazy!

TWIN #1  
Is the food almost ready?

DESHA  
Almost.  
(To the adults)  
So what do you think Jupiter needs  
to survive nationals?

JUPITER  
Besides a sponsor.

EPHRAIM  
Bro, you need protection. Those  
bots are mean. You can't cook if  
you can't survive.

JUPITER  
I'm hoping Lilli can help with  
that. Still need to call him.

DESHA  
Already did.

JUPITER  
You my manager now?



DESHA

Jupiter, nationals are right around the corner. We don't have time to waste. And Ephraim's right. Protection was the first thing I brought up. You're gonna need it.

EPHRAIM

(To Wife)

Sounds like something you would do.

(To Jupiter)

What would we do without our women looking out for us, right?

JUPITER

(To Desha)

Thank you.

DESHA

Food is done. You guys hungry?

TWINS

Yeah!

DESHA

Have a seat and we'll serve you up!

(To Adults)

Plates?

EPHRAIM

Don't worry about it. Let Oliver do some work. Oliver, food please.

OLIVER emerges from the living room, a young-looking droid with makeup all over his face, clearly a job of the twins. Oliver doesn't look the slightest bit happy.

DESHA

Hello, Oliver.

OLIVER

Judging by your heavy use of salt in the fried rice and how you overstuffed the egg rolls, I don't expect this meal to be any good.

Oliver snatches the serving spoon out of Jupiter's hands.

Later

Desha and Jupiter are standing in the kitchen watching as Ephraim and his family eat.

JUPITER  
(To Desha)  
Do they like it or not?

DESHA  
They been quiet for three minutes.  
(To the family)  
Hey guys, what do you think?

Silence. Jupiter grabs the Five Guys bag.

JUPITER  
It's like we're not even here.  
Let's take these outside.

EXT. MANSION, POOLSIDE - DUSK, MOMENTS LATER

Dehsa and Jupiter are sitting in pool chairs in front of an infinity pool as the sun is setting. They touch burgers as if they were wine glasses.

DESHA  
Cheers.

JUPITER  
I love Five Guys! Pure heaven.

DESHA  
So good. I was fine until they started eating. Just watching how they ripped your food apart had me starving. You know, you're really good at this. What's your secret?

JUPITER  
Love. Don't look at me like that.

DESHA  
I guess there has to be some love involved if you're faking deliveries to cook for people.

JUPITER  
Do I need to up my presentation game to wow the judges?

DESHA  
For you, staying alive should be wow enough. Keep doing that.

JUPITER  
If I could do that. And win...

DESHA

You can. I've always thought that.  
That's why I'm here.

JUPITER

Then let's do it. For Filip.

DESHA

For Filip.

OVER BLACK

Super: "Round One: Jupiter Baldwin (Tennessee) Vs. Droid Fieri (Massachusetts)".

INT. CULINARY ROBOTICS COMPETITION BUILDING (CRC BUILDING),  
ROUND ONE ROOM - DAYS LATER

The room is dark save for tiny lights that shine overhead appearing like stars. A bridge extends from one end of the room to the other. Below it, darkness.

Jupiter and DROID FIERI enter from opposing ends of the room walking onto the bridge where their cooking stations rest on opposing ends. Fieri is a short, stubby robot with sunglasses and a mohawk.

Three judges sit behind a window wall in front of them off in the distance. It's far, Jupiter couldn't hit the window with a rock if he threw one.

There is silence except for the low humming of a generator. Above the window wall instructions flash in bright green letters: "One hour to cook something scrumptious. Points lost if you are terminated: 68. Ready...Set...Go!" The instructions are replaced by a clock counting backwards from an hour.

Jupiter gets to work on a shrimp patty tuna melt with homemade chips with garlic onion sauce, tasting as he works. Fieri is hard at work as well using his mohawk of hair as extra hands to help him multitask. At one point, he's able to use it as a mixer.

Gradually, the bridge starts to shrink in width an inch at a time. Jupiter finds himself with less and less room to move around, but has to make due.

The fridge wobbles then falls into the abyss just after he's barely able to grab the cheese he needs. He's essentially walking a tightrope as he makes his way back to the stove to finish up.

He slips, throwing the ingredients he was holding in the air. He catches himself with one hand as he's falling, using the other to snag the cheese.

He pulls himself up onto what is now just a railing. Meanwhile, Fieri is unfazed as his shoes have secured him perfectly to the railing.

Jupiter looks at his food now plated with three minutes left. He's not as impressed as he had hoped.

JUPITER  
Desha, you better be right.

Jupiter makes a few adjustments as time hits. He peers into the window at the judges receiving the food.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
Here we go.

JUDGES QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Three judges watch in wonder as Fieri's dessert plate is flown in by sugar plum fairies while soft music plays (think Jhene Aiko's "Born Tired").

The fairies do a little dance before exploding into thin air, becoming powdered sugar that rains down on the plate like snow. ROUND 1 JUDGE #2 claps in delight. They start eating.

ROUND 1 JUDGE #3  
Wonderful on every level. Great presentation, delicious flavors. A true sugarplum delight.

ROUND 1 JUDGE #2  
I disagree on taste. The plum piece is a bit on the tart side for me and it dominates the rest of the plate. The presentation was amazing, but not wowed the flavor.

ROUND 1 JUDGE #1  
Agreed. I'd give it a five.

ROUND 1 JUDGE #2  
Same.

Judge #3 takes another bites. He/she is not impressed.

## ROUND 1 JUDGE #3

I caught it that time. It's a four for me which puts Fieri's total score at a fourteen. Let's see if the Human Chef can beat that.

## ROUND 1 JUDGE #1

No way. He barely got the food plated in time.

## ROUND 1 JUDGE #2

I doubt he survives the second round. Let's hope we can put him out of his misery. Here it comes.

An orb-sized droid slowly flies three plates over. They can hear Jupiter yelling from the railing.

## JUPITER

Would you like me to sing something while the droid is in flight? Any Christina Aguilera fans?

## ROUND 1 JUDGE #2

Smartass.

## ROUND ONE ROOM - SAME TIME

Jupiter and Droid Fieri are awaiting the judges tasting.

## DROID FIERI

I don't think they like you.

## JUPITER

As long as they like the food.

## JUDGES QUARTERS - SAME TIME

The judges look down at their plates: shrimp patty sandwiches topped with tuna salad. The appeal is zero.

## ROUND 1 JUDGE #2

We're supposed to eat this shit?

## ROUND 1 JUDGE #1

Let's just do it. Get it over with.

They each dig in, slowly. Their faces go through a number of different emotions as they realize they are eating pure heaven. Judge #1 tears into his sandwich relentlessly.

ROUND 1 JUDGE #3  
Show some class. He's watching us!

ROUND 1 JUDGE #1  
This is celestial.

MOMENTS LATER

All three plates are empty.

ROUND 1 JUDGE #3  
What's our verdict?

ROUND ONE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter and Fieri are standing side by side now. Jupiter is watching the Final Score reading above the Judges Quarters. "Final Score: Droid Fieri--14, Jupiter--..." The ellipsis keeps flashing before finally revealing his score: 21.

JUPITER  
Yes!

He pushes Fieri The droid falls off the rail into darkness.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
Sorry!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CRC BUILDING - LATER, DAY

A crowd of people are surrounding Jupiter asking for autographs. One girl Zelda (late teens) is enamored with him.

ZELDA  
I thought it was so smart that you decided to make seafood against a New England opponent. You totally planned that, right?

JUPITER  
Of course I did.

ZELDA  
So cool. You are just amazing.

Desha grabs Jupiter by the arm and starts to pull him away.

DESHA  
Isn't he just the greatest? I'm gonna steal him away. Round two is right around the corner.

ZELDA

Good luck, Jupiter!

JUPITER

Thank you. Oh, your paper! Here,  
let me sign it for you.

ZELDA

No, keep it. My phone number's on  
there. I'm Zelda.

JUPITER

Like the videogame. Cool!

DESHA

Ok, loverboy, let's go.

MOMENTS LATER

Desha and Jupiter have created a bit of distance between them  
and the crowd.

DESHA (CONT'D)

She seems like a winner.

JUPITER

She was alright.

DESHA

Alright? The girl looked like  
Earth's next top model.

JUPITER

I've seen prettier. Is everything  
in place with Lilli?

DESHA

He's got four bots watching your  
back. I doublechecked the rules to  
make sure that was acceptable. As  
long as they aren't helping you  
prepare the food, you're set.

JUPITER

Thank you.

DESHA

I got you. Two rounds left. Just  
focus on the food.

JUPITER

Got it. Got some time to kill. What  
do we do?

DESHA

You can go find Zelda and ask her out. Did I say something funny?

A MAN with a cart of flowers hovers towards them.

JUPITER

Yo, how much?

FLOWER MAN

Hey, Human Chef! Love how you're sticking it to those droids, man!

JUPITER

Appreciate it.

FLOWER MAN

Take whatever man. It's on me.

JUPITER

Word? Thanks! I like this one.

Jupiter picks a yellow rose.

FLOWER MAN

You got it. Good luck next round!  
I'll be watching for sure.

Jupiter hands Desha the rose.

JUPITER

Your favorite color right?

A car pulls up beside them. XNOR, a Big burly alien, hops out of the passenger side wearing a suit.

XNOR

Jupiter Baldwin? Iggy Rosario would like a word with you. She told me to tell you she'll have you back before the start of the next round.

JUPITER

(To Desha)

Something tells me I should see what she wants.

DESHA

Or you could just walk away.

JUPITER

I'll be fine. Watch these, please?

Jupiter hands Desha his bandolier knife belt.



DESHA

Hey, what was so funny?

JUPITER

Maybe that the person trying to set me up with girls is the girl I want to be with the most. Oh, don't look at me like that. It's always been you, Desha. And, of course you didn't know because I didn't tell you, but I almost died today. Again. Maybe I don't get another chance to tell you.

Desha watches the car pull away as she smells the rose.

INT. IGGY'S TRANSPORT CAR - LATER

As Xnor drives, Jupiter sees multiple holoboards celebrating him and his success. One features a classroom full of kids holding up signs saying, "We love you, Jupiter!" Another one is an image of him with a chef's hat holding two butcher knives, the words above reading, "Can Jupiter Baldwin change the world?"

The car pulls up to the URC Corporate Building #2, a titanic building over fifty stories high.

XNOR

Second floor. I'll be waiting down here when you get done.

EXT. URC BUILDING #2 - MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter steps out of the car and walks into the URC building.

INT. URC BUILDING #2, MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Hundreds of androids and robots alike sweep the main floor doing random tasks...until Jupiter walks in. They all stop what they are doing to stare at him.

In unison, they all point to the far wall at the other end of the floor. The elevator. Jupiter complies.

ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter makes the short trip in the elevator...

SECOND FLOOR, ZOO - MOMENTS LATER

And walks into a lush open space with thick vegetation everywhere. Animals of all shapes and sizes are littered throughout the room sitting in invisible cages that create a free-roam illusion. Jupiter reaches the far end of the zoo where Iggy waits staring at a COPAX, a massive dragon-like creature. The copax emits a low growl when it sees Jupiter. A younger copax rests in the cage asleep.

JUPITER

Plan on feeding me to your copax?

IGGY

They say these things can create mental connections with other beings and share thoughts without speaking. Me, I think it's bullshit, but it doesn't stop me from coming to this cage almost everyday and trying. False hope. Kind of like what you have now. Walk with me.

They walk across the zoo passing strange and uncanny animals along the way.

IGGY (CONT'D)

You've come a long way since your street-peddling days, Jupiter. The whole country knows who you are and now the world is starting to. You ever play Yahtzee?

JUPITER

No.

IGGY

It's a dice game. Combination of chance and skill. The best Yahtzee players know when to cut their losses and accept their score before they completely blow it. And now you've arrived at that same moment. It might be time for you to walk away from this competition. You've gotten what you come for.

JUPITER

I liked your copax example better.

IGGY

Jupiter, you've gotten plenty from this ride. Fame. Appreciation. That's what you kids want, right?

JUPITER

I want to win.

IGGY

And then what? What happens next  
for Human Chef Jupiter Baldwin?

JUPITER

I don't know.

IGGY

I brought you here to make your  
path clearer. Two million. Walk  
away. Take the money and do  
whatever you want with it. Start a  
restaurant. Travel the world. I  
don't care. Get out of this thing  
while you still have a chance.

JUPITER

If you're so convinced that I might  
not make it through this, why offer  
me the money?

IGGY

Because you're too dumb to see this  
on your own. Jupiter, if you die in  
this next round, do you know what  
kind of bad press the Culinary  
Robotics Competition will receive?  
As a woman of influence, I'm  
stepping in to keep that from  
happening.

JUPITER

If you were a woman of influence,  
why not lobby to change the rules?  
No killing, just cooking.

IGGY

Because then we'd be denying the  
people what they want.

JUPITER

Two million. Unbelievable.

IGGY

It's a substantial amount of money,  
Jupiter. It will change your life.

Jupiter has a pause moment, frozen in consideration.

INT. ALLEN FIELDHOUSE, GREEN ROOM - FLASHBACK

Jupiter is back in the green room with VANITY before States.

VANITY

I want you to remember something for me. What you're doing right now is bigger than money. You're inspiring. You're showing people the way to living out their dreams. And there's no amount of money that can substitute for that. Got it?

INT. URC BUILDING #2, SECOND FLOOR, ZOO - PRESENT

JUPITER

No. You can't buy me out of this.

IGGY

Gandriosis. Nasty disease. How do you think your grandmother would feel if she knew you had a chance to take money that would allow her to take part in the initial vaccine trials? The best vaccines are being created right here at URC.

JUPITER

Actually, the best vaccines are being created at Washington State under the sponsorship of Neveron Pharmaceuticals. URC isn't even in the top thirty. Hey, didn't your last set of trials cause severe dehydration and diarrhea? See, I can do research too.

IGGY

You smug little garbage bastard.

JUPITER

Funny, I think I heard a judge say the same thing to a burnt piece of chicken one of your droids cooked.

Jupiter exits leaving Iggy furious. She dials a number on her phone and Xnor's face appears on the screen.

IGGY

He turned it down. Plan B.

INT. IGGY'S TRANSPORT CAR - LATER

Jupiter is riding in the backseat of the transport car. His concern mounts as he notices they are going a different direction than the way they came.

The car comes to a stop in an underground parking garage.

XNOR

I was supposed to be killing you.  
But I can honestly say that there  
is not a person alive I hate more  
than Iggy Rosario. Plus, killing  
kids? Not really my thing. I'm glad  
you told that awful bitch no. You  
got this, Human Chef.

JUPITER

Thanks. For your words and not  
killing me and stuff.

XNOR

Elevators will get you back up to  
where you need to be.

INT. CRC BUILDING, HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF ROUND TWO ROOM - LATER

Jupiter finds Desha and Che at the door of the second round room. She hands him his bandolier cross belt.

DESHA

How'd it go?

JUPITER

She tried to offer me two mill then  
have her driver off me when I  
turned her down.

DESHA

What?

JUPITER

It's cool, he hates her too. Is  
everything ready to go?

DESHA

Kind of.

JUPITER

Kind of? Desha we're about to  
start. I don't see Lilli's robots.  
They're still coming, right? Desha?

DESHA  
They're not coming.

JUPITER  
What?

DESHA  
He pulled out at the last minute.

JUPITER  
Iggy.

DESHA  
She threatened him. Most people  
don't take her threats lightly.

JUPITER  
So I'm alone then? With these  
bloodthirsty robots. Is that what  
you're telling me? I'm gonna die.  
I'm gonna die, I'm gonna--

Desha grabs him and plants a long kiss on his lips.

DESHA  
You got this.

JUPITER  
You only kissed me because this  
might be the last time you see me.  
I'll take it, though.

ROUND TWO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is all white. As Jupiter walks towards his cooking station, the names of each of his four opponents appear on screen: Gigapro (Virgin Electric bot representing Delaware), Rotisserizer 2410 (Orion Robotics bot representing North Dakota), Firestorm X-5 (URC bot representing Connecticut), and Quincy (URC android representing Kentucky). Once Jupiter is situated with the set up, a female's voice fills the room.

FEMALE VOICE  
Welcome, contestants. You have one  
hour to complete your meal today.  
Three ingredients you must use:  
Italian bread, wakame, and duck  
sauce. Good luck!

Jupiter gets to work but is nervous early afraid of getting attacked at any moment. He is putting out a fire with an extinguisher when the androids/bots turn towards him at once.

He fendes them off as best he can with the extinguisher but they want his blood.

Firestorm X-5 runs headlong at him with a butcher knife, but gets plastered to the wall by a ball of paint. Large paint balls start to rain in from all directions as the bots try to tear each other and Jupiter apart.

Jupiter has to focus on cooking and dodging. Quincy breaks free from the tussle and comes at him. Jupiter holds up his spatula in defense.

Quincy lunges...and the gravity is suddenly sucked from the room. Jupiter and the bots fly into the air along with their fridges, stoves, and food.

The gravity returns to normal and Jupiter falls onto Quincy's stove, burning himself and knocking Quincy's food off the stove in the process.

Quincy immediately goes into fix-it mode and starts to prepare a new meal, no longer thinking of Jupiter. That gives Jupiter an idea.

Instead of fending off the robots, he goes after their food instead shifting all the attention away from himself so he can focus on cooking once again.

Paintballs are flying, the gravity is being a bitch, but at least no one is trying to kill him now. He gets to taste the food just before ducking another paintball. Delish.

INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOME, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Franky, Petronille, and Vanity are watching the Culinary Robotics Competition on their living room tv. Petronille is cheering in her nightgown while Max barks excitedly.

FRANKY

Wohooo! The boy is doing it.

VANITY

Well-played, grandson.

INT. CRC BUILDING, IGGY'S WATCH ROOM - SAME TIME

Iggy is watching the match play out on a large telescreen in her viewing room.

IGGY

Christ, somebody kill that kid!

HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF ROUND TWO ROOM - SAME TIME

Desha and Zima are watching from a phone projected screen on the hallway wall. They hug in excitement!

DESHA  
He's kicking ass!

ROUND TWO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gigapro, Rotisserizer 2410, and Quincy are all down leaving just Jupiter and Firestorm X-5 to finish their meals. Jupiter plates his three meals just in time.

JUPITER  
Banh mi, bitches.

He sags to the ground covered from head to toe in paint.

LATER

Jupiter and Firestorm X-5 are standing before the Round 2 judges awaiting their decision.

ROUND 2 JUDGE #2  
Firestorm X-5, we loved how you used the wakame and duck sauce in your pad thai. A wonderful barrage of flavors. However, your Italian bread was used as an afterthought. The bread was also extremely soggy.

ROUND 2 JUDGE #3  
Jupiter, delectable idea to create a banh mi sandwich. It bursted with flavors. And using the paint to create flowers on your plate? Nice touch. We were all disappointed however to see that there was nothing extra to go with the sandwich. We could have used more.

ROUND 2 JUDGE #1  
It comes to this. Firestorm X-5, your final score: twenty-three. And Jupiter, you finished with a final of twenty-nine. Congrats on advancing to the final round.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF ROUND TWO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter runs out and embraces Desha and Zima in massive hugs.



OUTSIDE MEN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Jupiter is no longer wearing his bandolier belt as he talks to Desha and Zima.

JUPITER

Let me use the bathroom real quick,  
I'll meet you guys outside.

MEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter is at a urinal. Two broad men suddenly appear to either side of him. Jupiter is confused at first as there are quite a few empty urinals on both sides. Then it makes sense.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

Wait, let me finish peeing. I don't  
want to die holding my glizzy.

He finishes and zips. The two men make a move to grab him.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

Hey hey, wash your hands first!  
Don't just go grabbing me with pee  
pee hands! What's wrong with you?

They walk over to the sinks. Jupiter takes off as soon as the water starts. A third man waiting on the other side of the door knocks him back into the bathroom. Head groggy, they pick him up and carry him out of the bathroom.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The broad men toss JUPITER into the back of a large vehicle.

INT. LARGE VEHICLE - SECONDS LATER

Jupiter is laying on his side. It's dark and he's groggy, but he can just make out the blurry outline of Xnor facing him.

XNOR

Sorry, kid.

Jupiter passes out.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SECONDS LATER

The large vehicle speeds off into the evening.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CRC BUILDING - LATER

Che, Desha, Sophie, and Zima are waiting outside.

DESHA

It's been almost fifteen minutes.

SOPHIE

And he didn't message you?

DESHA

No, and I've called him five times.  
No answer. You guys head, I'm going  
to see if I can find him.

SOPHIE

Take Che. Zeke and I can ride with  
Zima. We'll meet you at the  
restaurant. Tell that boy to hurry.  
He's got less than an hour before  
the last round and he needs to eat!

INT. CRC BUILDING, OUTSIDE MEN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Desha tries dialing Jupiter again. She can hear his ringer  
coming from inside the bathroom.

DESHA

Jupiter?

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Desha enters the bathroom and finds Jupiter's phone.

LATER

Che is with Desha now.

DESHA

Fifteen minutes ago. He couldn't  
have gone out the front door, we  
were right there.

CHE

Jupiter doesn't go anywhere without  
his phone. He wouldn't forget it.

DESHA

So I'm right then. She grabbed him.

CHE

It seems the most logical outcome.

An OLDER ALIEN MALE walks in.

DESHA  
Get the hell out!

The Older Alien Male gets the hell out.

DESHA (CONT'D)  
I don't know where he is, but he's  
in trouble. And, without his phone,  
there's no way we can find him.

CHE  
Jupiter will be fine, Desha.

DESHA  
I think he's gonna die.

CHE  
Yeah you're probably right.

DESHA  
Che!

INT. URC BUILDING #2, SECOND FLOOR, ZOO - SAME TIME

Jupiter sits up with a start. He doesn't notice Xnor beside him until he talks.

XNOR  
You're up.

JUPITER  
What's happening?

XNOR  
Not sure. Can't be good.

IGGY  
(Via loudspeaker)  
You should know I never lose.

JUPITER  
You call this winning?

IGGY  
If I'm standing and you're not?  
Sure. You should've taken the deal.  
I hate it had to come to this.

JUPITER

Why are you doing this? I know why it's important to me, but why is this so important to you?

IGGY

Fine. I mean, you're going to die anyway, right? When I win this with my CT Ninety Eighty-Four, the masses will be flocking to have one in their home, all over the world. An army at my disposal under my command. Hell, it's way easier than overthrowing a military power.

JUPITER

You're sick.

IGGY

It gets better, Human Chef. Once I've taken this world, I want others. I'll succeed where the many Takeovers of Earth failed.

JUPITER

Listen, before you do whatever it is you're going to do, can you at least tell me you like my food?

IGGY

Meh. It's ok.

JUPITER

Liar.

The lights go off for a second then come back on.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

What was that?

A beautiful gazelle darts past them. A creature with a long crocodile-like snout snatches it up suddenly.

XNOR

There's no way this ends well.

A larger creature with horns running down its back snatches up the crocodile-esque creature. Xnor and Jupiter make a break for it.

Xnor holds his own by fending off a few creatures that get too close. Before long the two of them are scratched and bruised. They hole up in a corner behind a tree.

INT. CRC BUILDING, LOBBY AREA OUTSIDE ROUND THREE ARENA -  
SAME TIME

Che, Desha, Sophie, Zeke, and Zima are huddled together  
having an intense conversation.

CHE

Still no sign of where he could be.  
I have searched everywhere. The  
likelihood of Jupiter still being  
on site is less than one percent.

ZIMA

It had to be her. She's the only  
one scheming and calculating enough  
to do something like that.

CHE

Where is Jupiter?

They all turn to look in the direction of where Che is  
speaking. Iggy is walking by with an entourage of people and  
stops at Che's words.

IGGY

Is he not here? Cold feet maybe?

Zima rushes Iggy. Che has to restrain her.

ZIMA

You sick, pathetic excuse for a  
human being! You are garbage! Tell  
us where he is. Where is Jupiter?

IGGY

I'm sure the kid is fine. What's  
the worst that could happen? It's  
just a cooking competition, right?

Iggy disappears into the arena.

CHE

Let the smooth criminal go, Zima.  
She's not worth it.

ZIMA

You're right. I'm sorry I lost my  
cool. That woman brings out the  
worst in me.

ZEKE

Honestly, I was hoping you hit her.

ZIMA

Jupiter's a resourceful kid. We just have to hope that wherever he is, he's ok.

INT. URC BUILDING, SECOND FLOOR, ZOO - SAME TIME

Xnor and Jupiter are still holed up behind the tree.

XNOR

What's the play here?

JUPITER

Was hoping you had that answer.

XNOR

The only way out is the elevator and I'm sure she's locked it down.

JUPITER

Real fire-safe, this zoo is. What about the window?

XNOR

No way we're making that jump.

JUPITER

Man, I should've never told that girl how I felt. I should've kept it to myself.

XNOR

Never regret sharing your feelings. The people closest to us should always know how we feel. I wish I would've gotten a chance to tell my wife I love her today. But we got in a stupid fight and--

JUPITER

Which I'm sure she was right about.

XNOR

She actually told me I should go through with killing you.

JUPITER

Damn, does everyone want me dead?

XNOR

She's not a bad person. Just fear.  
We've got two kids and she knows  
this is the kind of shit Iggy does  
to people when they don't comply.

JUPITER

I'm gonna help you get out of here,  
man. No idea how because I'm a big  
punk, but we'll figure it out.

XNOR

You're a good person. The world  
needs more people like you.

INT. CRC BUILDING, ROUND THREE ARENA - SAME TIME

Che, Desha, Sophie, Zeke, and Zima have balcony seats overlooking the arena floor. The floor has a tropical labyrinth feel to it. Five cooking stations rest at the base of the labyrinth while there are other various stations scattered through the labyrinth. Jupiter is the only one not at his station. A HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER (female, purple-skinned alien) hovers suddenly above the arena.

HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER

Good evening everyone, welcome to  
the final round of the National  
Culinary Robotics Competition.  
We'll get started in a moment, but  
first our contestants. Representing  
Florida and the URC: Vicky!

Vicky is a female android that is a carbon copy of Iggy.

ZIMA

She made herself? Gross.

HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER

From Georgia, we have another URC  
creation: Iggy Eighty-three!.

Iggy 83 is another carbon copy, this one with red hair.

HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Representing North Dakota and  
Railway Robotics: Yelich!

Yelich has the look of a man in his mid-50's with a very strong build. He's bald with a Hawaiian look.

HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 Representing Oregon and the URC:  
 Chef Titan Ninety Eighty-Four!

The androids dwarf CT-9084 and his hulking presence, even Yelich who is a fairly large android.

HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 Finally we have human chef Jupiter Baldwin if he shows. And now for the rules of this final round. Stations are scattered throughout with various food items. Contestants can cook whatever they can get their hands on. They will have one hour. Are you ready?

The crowd erupts.

HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 Three...Two...One!

INT. URC BUILDING #2, SECOND FLOOR, ZOO - SAME TIME

The young copax from earlier approaches Jupiter and Xnor.

JUPITER  
 Hey, little guy. You're trapped in here too, I guess.

The creature nuzzles Jupiter and Jupiter pets it in response.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
 It's ok, buddy. We're trying to figure this out too. Wow, your skin is so thick.

XNOR  
 Copax skin. Pretty impenetrable. Also, yeah, I wouldn't do that.

JUPITER  
 Why? Is he mean? He doesn't seem mean. Do you, buddy?

A RUMBLING GROWL fills the zoo. A massive copax ten times the size of the smaller one emerges from the shadows with eyes full of anger.

XNOR  
 No, but his mom is.



MOMMA COPAX lets out an earsplitting roar. Young copax roars back and puts a protective wing around Jupiter. They communicate back and forth before young copax returns to his mom. Momma copax locks eyes with Jupiter. Then he hears her.

MOMMA COPAX (V.O.)  
My son seems to like you. He says  
you have kind eyes.

JUPITER  
Wait, are you talking right now?  
(To Xnor)  
Are you hearing this?

MOMMA COPAX (V.O.)  
I am communicating with you  
mentally. My kind can do this.

JUPITER  
Wow. Thank you for not eating me.

MOMMA COPAX (V.O.)  
We share a common enemy. Thus we  
share a bond. My enemy enslaved me.

JUPITER  
And she wants me dead.

MOMMA COPAX (V.O.)  
I want to be free of this place.  
Iggy is a heartless woman. What I  
wouldn't give to see her demise.

JUPITER  
Sounds like we're on the same page.

EXT. URC BUILDING #2 - MOMENTS LATER

MOMMA COPAX bursts through the zoo window with Jupiter and Xnor on her back. Jupiter is having the time of his life while Xnor is screaming his head off. Momma copax races through the sky with her baby in tow.

INT. CRC BUILDING, ROUND THREE ARENA - LATER

The competition is heating up. The three URC bots are ganging up on Yelich pinning him down. He dodges a blast from CT-9084 which destroys Jupiter's entire cooking station.

ZEKE  
No!

HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER  
Thirty minutes left!

Iggy is looking down from her box. She smells blood.

IGGY  
Come on, finish him!

She suddenly feels a rumbling. Others around the arena start to feel it too. Jupiter CRASHES through the arena ceiling atop MOMMA COPAX. The crowd looks up in amazement.

ZIMA  
Yes!

Iggy is shocked.

IGGY  
No!

Jupiter descends slowly passing by his family and friends. Desha tosses him his phone and his belt.

DESHA  
You're late!

JUPITER  
There's still time. Che, I could use you right now, buddy.

CHE  
Very good sir. Sha-moan!

Che leaps off the balcony and plummets down to the arena below, landing just as Momma Copax does. Momma Copax unleashes a blast of fire pushing the URC bots back from piling on Yelich. Jupiter hops off his ride.

MOMMA COPAX (V.O.)  
What do you need of me?

JUPITER  
Protection!

MOMMA COPAX (V.O.)  
Granted.

Jupiter approaches Yelich.

JUPITER  
Let me guess, not URC?

YELICH  
Railway Robotics. I am Yelich.

JUPITER

Yelich, I am Jupiter. Listen, we're both toast if we don't work together here. Let's fight these idiots off then finish our meals. Or, in my case, start my meal.

YELICH

Your answer is acceptable.

Xnor, Che, Momma Copax, and Yelich form a super team and start fighting off the URC group. Meanwhile Jupiter dials up Desha as he runs through the labyrinth. She answers.

JUPITER

I need you as my eyes. If you see someone coming for me, let me know.

DESHA

You might be out of luck. The URC group was clearing out those stations early on.

JUPITER

Gotta try.

DESHA

Also, someone is coming.

JUPITER

Damnit! Who?

DESHA

Looks like Vicky.

Jupiter finds a handful of things at the station then pockets them before diving into the bush for cover. Vicky passes right by him.

DESHA (CONT'D)

You grabbed xyloroot? Why xyloroot?

JUPITER

Hello? Does it look like I have many options here?

The fighting ensues, Jupiter searches the next station.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

No meat, veggies. Everything's gone. Just sauces. Headed back.

As he is sprinting back to his nonexistent station, Vicky jumps on top of the brush then pounces for Jupiter. Yelich sends her flying before she can even land.

JUPITER (CONT'D)

Thanks. Your meal smells great.

Jupiter can only find a frying pan and a butcher knife at his destroyed station. He starts throwing the sauce in the pan, mixing and tasting.

DESHA

What are you making?

JUPITER

Hell if I know, but it's damn good!

DESHA

Look out!

CT-9084 charges him with everything he has. Che steps in and puts up a good fight. He dances around CT-9084 in a moonwalk before CT-9084 finally rips Che's arm off and uses it to hit him out of the picture.

Momma Copax tries to char CT-9084, but he doesn't budge. They get into a tussle and, with a quick spin, he slices off the tip of her tail.

She screams in pain and backs away. Xnor does no better.

Jupiter is alone now. He takes the frying pan as defense. After a series of dodges, he holds the pan up to CT-9084's chest. With precise timing, he moves the pan just as CH-9084 stabs at it with his arm blade.

The blade penetrates his central system. Jupiter finishes CT-9084 by stabbing him in the eye with his spatula.

Iggy 2 comes at him next.

JUPITER

Seriously!

Yelich manages to get her in a hold.

YELICH

Cook. I will hold her off.

JUPITER

If only I had something to cook.

He looks around finally laying eyes on the piece of Momma Copax's tail. He picks it up and examines it. An idea forms.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
Impenetrable skin.

After Jupiter manages to cut it down into smaller chunk pieces with one of his special knives resembling a mini chainsaw, he sautes the tail up and walks it to Momma Copax.

JUPITER (CONT'D)  
You ok?

MOMMA COPAX (V.O.)  
I Cauterized it. Should be fine.

JUPITER  
So I'm down to the wire here and I don't really know how else to ask this: Will you give me some fire so I can finish cooking your tail?

MOMMA COPAX (V.O.)  
Will this give Iggy anguish?

JUPITER  
Let's hope so.

Momma Copax complies, helping Jupiter char the tail meat while Yelich finishes off Iggy 2. He manages to plate the food just as time expires. The crowd goes crazy.

EXT. CRC BUILDING - 24 HOURS LATER

As Jupiter is walking into the CRC building, two television personalities are talking over scene.

PERSONALITY #1 (V.O.)  
In an unprecedented move, Human Chef Jupiter Baldwin asked the judges for twenty-four hours before giving him an official score on his food. This has never been done before in the history of the Culinary Robotics Competition.

INT. CRC BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jupiter walks through the building with purpose.

PERSONALITY #2 (V.O.)  
I tell you, the balls on this kid. Who does he think he is anyway?

PERSONALITY #1 (V.O.)  
He's the baddest chef in the world,  
that's who. Some say the galaxy.

PERSONALITY #2 (V.O.)  
Please, you think he could possibly  
out cook Ping Palladia? You think  
Ping would ask for twenty-four  
hours before they judged his food?  
No, because he was the real deal!

JUDGES QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

The personality voices fade to nothing. Jupiter stands before  
the judges, smiling from ear to ear. FINALS JUDGE #1 seems  
slightly under the weather.

FINALS JUDGE #2  
Jupiter, we honored your request  
and wanted to deliver our results  
to you at this time. First, let me  
say that we honor your commitment  
throughout this contest. You showed  
bravery, heart. And you're a damn  
good cook. Yesterday just didn't  
seem to be your day. Granted, you  
had little resources to work with,  
but you were also over thirty  
minutes late to the competition.

JUPITER  
I was kidnapped by a psychopath and  
thrown to animals, but ok.

EXT. IGGY ROSARIO'S MANSION - FLASHBACK

Iggy Rosario's lakeside mansion is surrounded by police cars.  
A forlorn Iggy in handcuffs is being placed in one of the  
cars as JUDGE #3 speaks.

FINALS JUDGE #3 (V.O.)  
For which she is undoubtedly  
answering for. That and trying to  
overthrow Earth of course.

INT. CRC BUILDING, JUDGES QUARTERS - PRESENT

Back to the Judges Quarters where Jupiter is standing before  
the three judges.

FINALS JUDGE #3

Be that as it may, Yelich put together a delicious meal that was also undeniably gorgeous. Your...what was that again?

JUPITER

Copax tail.

FINALS JUDGE #3

Right. It didn't exactly tickle our fancy. We didn't hate it.

FINALS JUDGE #2

The sauce was actually delightful.

FINALS JUDGE #3

Yes. Tender meat too. It was just that when we put it up against what Yelich had to offer, the decision was clearcut. Yelich is the winner.

JUPITER

Ok.

FINALS JUDGE #1

We plan to make our announcement today. Why are you smiling?

JUPITER

Because you're alive!

FINALS JUDGE #3

Should we not be?

FINALS JUDGE #2

What did you put in that tail?

JUPITER

Xyloroot.

FINALS JUDGE #2

I'm sorry, did you just say xyloroot? Why the hell would you put something poisonous in our food? Were you trying to kill us?

JUPITER

Of course not. Oh, and for the record, xyloroot? Not poisonous. Our human bodies just reject it.

(MORE)

## JUPITER (CONT'D)

We've been trying for centuries to find a way to make the body receive it because it's the only known cure for gandriosis. Unfortunately, it usually doesn't last more than a couple hours in our system before it makes us sick to our stomachs. Longest known case before today was about ten hours. It's been in your system for a full day now.

## FINALS JUDGE #2

How?

## JUPITER

Luck. I was told the copax's skin is extremely hard to penetrate. On a hunch, I thought maybe that impenetrable skin could fool the body of recognizing the xyloroot in our system. I had some myself. Haven't had any problems.

## FINALS JUDGE #1

That explains so much. Do you know I almost had to cancel judging yesterday because my gandriosis fits were so bad? My stomach was in knots, I couldn't stop shaking. When I got home last night, I felt better than I had in years. My body didn't even feel like my own. It was you. Thank you.

## FINALS JUDGE #3

What are we doing here? Are we overturning our decision?

## JUPITER

No. Let Railway have the win. Yelich saved my life. Besides I think I just cured gandriosis!

## FINALS JUDGE #2

Jupiter...What's your secret?

## INT. NEWS STUDIO - TWO WEEKS LATER

Jupiter is sitting on a comfy couch being interviewed by journalist CONOLI WAYSTAR (nonhuman, early 70's, sluglike skin). Jupiter is wearing a t-shirt that reads "STR".



JUPITER

Love.

CONOLI

What do you mean?

JUPITER

When robots cook, they are following a scripted recipe. Me too, but I cook with the passion of what I do. It means something to me that it tastes great. I love it and I want you to love it.

CONOLI

Inspiring millions. Singlehandedly locking down the cure for one of the most deadliest diseases known to man. Gandriosis. I can tell this road hasn't been easy for you. Tell me, what made you start on this journey in the first place?

JUPITER

I know I haven't been on the earth all that long, but cooking has been the one thing I feel I'm really good at. I've found a true passion. And I'm hoping that passion is enough to change the world.

CONOLI

Tell me a little bit more about that because I'm assuming you're referring to the xyloroot cure.

EXT. RAILWAY ROBOTICS CORPORATION BUILDING - FLASHBACK

Jupiter pulls up to the Railway Robotics building.

INT. RAILWAY ROBOTICS CORPORATION BUILDING, RESEARCH - FLASHBACK

Jupiter is shaking hands with the bigwigs at Railway working through details on various pieces of paper. He oversees some of the dishes being prepared offering his feedback.

JUPITER (V.O.)

It's been amazing. To be able to help so many people namely my grandmother who has suffered with gandriosis for years, has been a tremendous blessing for me. Hopefully in a few short months, Railway will have just what they need to administer to the masses.

CONOLI (V.O.)

What else have you been up to?

EXT. THE HUMAN TOUCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

From a busy street, people rush The Human Touch Restaurant. The restaurant's bright neon sign stands out amongst the other restaurants on the street. A big window reveals a crowd of people already eating and drinking inside.

INT. THE HUMAN TOUCH RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Jupiter is moving from table to table greeting people and giving out big hugs to anyone that wants them with a number of servers following suit. Just over Jupiter's shoulder, a picture of Filip rests on the wall.

JUPITER (V.O.)

I started a new restaurant! The Human Touch. We are currently the only restaurant in the country that operates with an all-sentient staff. We're all about good food, good conversation, and big hugs.

CONOLI (V.O.)

Hugs! What a concept.

JUPITER (V.O.)

We have seen a lot of success so far. Ten more locations will open up in the next few months. And thanks to some financial help from our biggest backer, Bill Lilli, I also started a clothing line.

CONOLI (V.O.)

STR?

JUPITER (V.O.)

Screw the Recipe.

CONOLI (V.O.)  
 Masterful. To everyone out there  
 that is watching you right now and  
 have been following your whole  
 journey, what would you like the  
 people to know?

INT. GRANDPARENTS' APARTMENT, KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Desha, Jupiter, Franky, and Vanity are in the kitchen having  
 a great time cooking together.

DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK, LATER

The four are drinking, eating, and having a blast. Vanity  
 puts the last forkful of her copax in her mouth.

Doorway - FLASHBACK, LATER

The four say their goodbyes with hugs and kisses with an  
 especially long hug between Desha and Vanity.

EXT. GRANDPARENTS HOME - FLASHBACK, MOMENTS LATER

Desha puts on her police hat Jupiter stole for her much to  
 Jupiter's surprise. Jupiter takes Desha's hand and they hop  
 into a vehicle, riding off. Jupiter's interview narrates as  
 the full flashback unfolds.

JUPITER (V.O.)  
 It's funny, someone said to me,  
 "You're just cooking, you're not  
 curing a disease." And here we are.  
 I'm not saying that because I think  
 I'm important. What I want people  
 to know is, you never know how your  
 passion is going to change  
 someone's life. When you find that  
 thing that you love, hold onto it  
 and give it everything you have.  
 Don't just think about it. Do it.  
 It'll make all the difference.

FADE OUT.

THE END