

Toby Miter - Host of the show who's clearly faking enthusiasm but **CONSTANTLY** faking enthusiasm. Anton's word might as well be gospel the way he reacts to it.

Gina Lapel - Professional and dedicated, plays the supporting role but is trying to get out of Toby's shadow.

Anton Bragadushie - Moderately well known chef who takes himself way too seriously

Curtis - It's Curtis!

We see Toby and Gina seated beside each other on set. As their commercial break ends, a crew member counts them in, GINA takes a bite of cotton candy as the cameras begin rolling again.

GINA

Wow! This... peanut butter cotton candy is amazing!

TOBY (*Addressing audience*)

And we'll tell you how to make some of your own at home soon, but before we do, I'd like to welcome our special guest for tonight. You may have heard of him if you've been to Nebraska recently-

GINA

Nebraska, wow!

TOBY

I'- wi- exactly. I'd like to welcome chef Anton Brag-uh-doo-shee to the kitchen. Anton is a, uh... Nebraskan, celebrity tv chef and author of a very, I want to say *eccentric* cookbook. Chef Bragadushie, come on up here, thank you...

(He gestures to the studio audience)

Let's hear it for chef Bragadushie everyone!

(ANTON finally enters stage left, he's wearing face-paint of an open, third eye.)

Wow, alright- Chef Bragadushie, in the flesh. I hope I'm saying your last name right.

ANTON

It's pronounced Braga-dushie, (*Rhymes with "mushy"*)

TOBY

Oh, alright, Bragadushie, like mushy?

ANTON

Yeah, like that. I--

GINA

Well Mr. Bragadushie, our viewers at home are very excited to learn a new recipe today.

TOBY (*Addressing GINA*)

I think his title is chef. It's like a "Dr." sort of thing. **Chef** Bragadushie.

ANTON

You guys can just call me Anton.

GINA

Okay! Well--

TOBY

That settles that then!

GINA

Well then, Anton, what kind of flavor sensation will you be gracing our viewers with tonight?

ANTON

Alright, I-

TOBY (*Addressing the studio audience*)

Ya know, Gina and I were talking about this idea during commercial, we're very excited to share it with you!

GINA

Very excited! Toby's kept most of this as a surprise for me so you can see what it's like to watch a dish unfold for the very first time!

ANTON

Yeah, ok well, thank you for having me on the show. An--

GINA

Oh, the pleasure's all ours!

TOBY

Absolutely!

ANTON

Uh, ok, yeah, so: This recipe actually came to me in a dream. I c--

TOBY (Addressing GINA)

It came to him in a dream, isn't that fantastic?

GINA

It's amazing!

TOBY

I mean, think about all the cool stuff that happens in dreams, ah-- they're called dreams for a reason, right?

GINA

They sure are, and you never remember them--

TOBY

You never remember them! But chef Bragadushie--

ANTON

Just Anton's fine.

TOBY

But Anton—and thank you for correcting me—Anton has made that *dream* into a reality. Anton, what are we making today?

ANTON

We're gonna be making spaghetti and *dreamballs*.

TOBY

Oh, you hear that? Dream balls? That's clever, ok so how do we start off with Spaghetti and Dreamballs? I see, we have a pot of boiling water, there's a few onions, looks like a mixture of some... very interesting spices--

GINA

I'm noticing over here there's a bowl of wooden cubes. Is that one of your "Chef rituals" that Toby was telling me about?

ANTON

No uh, that's a chopped up serving spoon. We'll need it later on in the dish. To get started though, you just want to put on your high school football jersey-

(A member of the crew hands each person a blue and orange football jersey. Gina looks confused.)

TOBY

Oh, yeah, I can see you got one for each of us, that's very committed.

GINA *(Holding the jersey in front of her torso)*

We put these on? This is a little big on me.

ANTON

If it's big that's ok, we don't need it to fit necessarily, but that was what I was wearing in the dream and, y'know, it just helps for continuity.

TOBY

Don't mess with success! *(Beat)* Alright, so we've got on the jersey.

ANTON

Yeah so next you're going to want to dump these spices onto the cutting board, and what we're looking for is for the spices to arrange themselves into a cryptic series of letters and numbers that *feel* familiar... but that you just can't place.

GINA

Ooo, mysterious!

TOBY

That's really something.

ANTON

It is, and this kind of thing doesn't normally happen in regular, non-dream kitchens so if you just want to sorta--

(He starts pushing the spices around with his finger)

Go ahead and move them into any string of numbers. It doesn't have to mean anything-- in fact it's better if it doesn't.

GINA

Oh wow, yeah, this all feels familiar. I think that's a little bit of my social security number actually. Are--.

ANTON

But not all of it, right?

GINA

Yeah... yeah not all of it, I guess a few numbers *are* out of place.

ANTON

And that's exactly what we're after, just enough to start grasping at meaning, but not enough to commit identity theft like your highschool football coach, Mr. Oidson was accused of doing twenty seven years ago. Of course, forcing him to retire, right before the regionals.

TOBY

We've all been there.

GINA

I'm sorry, how is that relevant?

ANTON

Ok, next your onions. These are gonna be both for the sauce and for the meatballs.

TOBY

Two, beautiful white onions here,

ANTON

And you're gonna want to mince these faster than the bear can-

GINA

The bear?

(A crew member in a bear costume gallops into view from stage right.)

ANTON

If you can't surpass the bear, it will speak to you in the voice of your replacement football coach who didn't mesh well with the team at all. And it'll tell you how much of a failure you are... so you just want to avoid that, happening. Obviously, you're a very talented chef and real bears can't hold knives but it does help to be quick about the mincing.

TOBY (Addressing the studio audience)

We couldn't get permission to have a real bear on for Anton's segment so this is Curtis, he's filling in. *(Curtis waves at the camera)*

GINA

Wait, we don't have anyone on staff named Curtis.

TOBY (Whispers to GINA)

Just roll with this, he's paying so much to appear on the segment.

ANTON

And now that we've got those minced, you can shake the bear's hand, reconciling your differences. I wouldn't recommend doing this with a real bear; it might interpret your foreword gesture as a sign of animosity and maul you to death.

TOBY (Back to normal)

Wouldn't want that.

GINA

Uh, yeah! Not worth the risk.

ANTON

Yeah I'd avoid that. Ok, we're going to let those fry in some oil. *(He places half the onions in a pan)*

TOBY

Listen to that sizzle!

GINA

That smells wonderful!

TOBY

Doesn't it?

ANTON

Any oil should be fine- except whale oil. If you use whale oil, The Cloak Man will appear and end the dream automatically.

GINA (Trying to convince herself)

Oh yeah... The cloak man.

ANTON

Next, you're gonna want to grab half a pound of each of your three meats,

TOBY

Three, wow!

ANTON

We've got beef, pork, and of course, an unknown meat that comes from a tupperware labeled "Marisha." If you don't have any of the "Marisha," feel free to ask your highschool best friend Liam to make you some.

TOBY

You can count on Liam.

GINA

I'm sorry, Marisha? Er... I'm sure the viewers at home would love to know what kind of meat that is. Just for--

TOBY

For following along at home!

GINA

Exactly!

ANTON (*Absentmindedly while sweeping spices into the hot oil*)

I'm not entirely sure myself, I know it's a mystery.

TOBY

Hear that? A mystery!

GINA

No! What on earth does that contain?

TOBY

I think it's (*he sniffs the meat*) *A mixture of tuna and tofu?*

GINA

(Meatsniff) Is that pineapple? (Meattouch) It feels like feta cheese more than tofu.

ANTON

The dream wasn't clear on *what* exactly the meat was. Just that it came out of a tupperware labeled "Marisha." And you're just gonna mash... these... into... balls, putting as much pressure as you can onto the meat. Now, that's probably your subconsciousness

making a metaphor about your replacement football coach, Mr. Bryans' constant pushing of the team to improve--

TOBY

Classic Mr. Bryans.

GINA

Do you KNOW this person, Toby?

TOBY (*whispering*)

Don't **screw** this up for me, Gina

ANTON

Of course, that lead to you getting an ankle injury which might explain why your legs don't work in the dream.

TOBY

That's tragic.

GINA (Upset)

Grr! It really is. Fine, what about the onions?

ANTON

I'm glad you asked, the onions are actually going to be pressed *into* the meatballs in the shape of your highschool football teammate's faces. As you can see we've got Andrew,

TOBY

Andrew,

ANTON

And Baxter, Kenedy

GINA

Kenedy?

ANTON

No relation.

TOBY

I bet that got confusing!

ANTON

Yeah, it did. Ok once you're done with that, we can start the pasta.

GINA

Ok ok, pasta! We can make pasta.

*(Anton searches around the set for something,
coming up empty handed)*

The pasta's right here, Anton.

TOBY

He's looking for the... Uh the strips, where did I put those?

GINA

Strips of what? Toby, I have the pasta right here. (She opens the box of spaghetti)

ANTON

No... we're looking for... the stips of shredded football. They should be around here.

TOBY

Alrighty, well, we have to cut to commercial in just a bit, but we've been glad to have you on, Anton.

*(Curtis, bear costume and all, runs on stage
and dropkicks Gina)*

TOBY

Oh F- OK CUT TO COMMERCIAL, CURTIS WHAT THE FU-

*(Stage lights turn off, The cast can still be seen
angrily, yet silently shouting at each other. The
curtains close on this scene. A series of*

commercials are acted out in front of the curtain)

ANGRY MAN

DOES *YOUR* PIECE OF **CRAP** WAFFLE IRON KEEP SPEWING HOT NASTY WAFFLE PASTE ALL OVER THE PLACE BECAUSE YOU KEEP OVERFILLING IT WITH WAFFLE PASTE?? THEN BUY MY *GRIDDLEGUARD*™ PATENTED WAFFLE-SEEPAGE WIPES OR I'LL PERSONALLY SUE YOU!

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Two people carry a banner across the stage that reads "JOIN THE ROT." The woman continues.

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SWEET OLD WOMAN

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QUICKLY SPEAKING VOICE

And thank *you*, sweet old woman, That's 1-800- join the rot, for a free consultation from Dogpastry Medical Services!

MAN WITH RANCID VIBES

Hueh hueh hueh! Hubert Dogpastry here to fund my conquering of Mars! When I look up at the sky and see the tan planet of Mars, I think thoughts that any green blooded American should think. Thoughts like: I bet I could extend my chain of confection shops into the skies, and: The only thing between Mars and I is roughly fifty eight million miles of NOTHING. Therefore, nothing stands in my way!

Other thoughts that fill my mind are: "I wonder if I'm colorblind," "I am going to steal the green planet of Mars" and of course "Nobody *owns* Mars so it's more of a claiming than a stealing"

This brings me to my second point: Funding!

It is the duty of everyone on this miserable, rustless, planet, to purchase Dogpastry Confections so as I may launch myself into the heavens using a trebuchet, or maybe a really big trampoline! We sell delicious, sugary snacks available in a few different flavors such as Grape, Purple, SURPRISE! And Dogpastry Special, which is a purplish grape. You can also call my cell phone directly at 1-364-727-8379 and talk brass tacks. Things like "Ideas to help me steal Mars," or "Ways to get the feds off my tail"

Feel free to mention this ad at checkout to get negative 50% off your order!

The curtain reopens, Gina is covered in bandages, Toby is wearing a cast on his left arm, Anton is dutifully chopping a football into thin strips with an obviously bloody knife. He looks entirely unharmed. Other than that, Curtis's costume is burnt and soaked, as is the rest of the set.

TOBY (Forcing a smile through the pain)

Sorry, haha, about that, uh, that *unprofessional* cut to commercial, folks. Welcome back to the show- welcome back to the Meal Dome, uh, broadcast TV's most violent cooking show. I wanna welcome back Chef Anton Bragadushie, coming to Miami, all the way from Merriman Nebraska. Author of "Fantastic Meals and How to Cook Them." Good to have you with us Anton, could you give us a quick runthrough of what we're making today, for any viewers who are just now joining us.

GINA

You missed a hell of a first segment!

TOBY

Ya did! But you're catching up with us now, and we're happy to have you.

ANTON

Well certainly, and I want to thank you two for bearing with me o--

TOBY

It's really our pleasure, Anton-

GINA (*Lying through her teeth*)

Nothing we're not happy to be a part of!

ANTON

Of course. Uh, we're still making Spaghetti and Dreamballs--

TOBY

Dream. Balls. I'll never get over that!

GINA

Certainly not with that broken a--

TOBY (*Elbowing her with his free arm*)

I think Chef- er, whoops, just Anton, right?

GINA

Anton was getting the *strips of football* ready to be **boiled**.

ANTON

Exactly. You want to get these strips about the same width as fettucini, otherwise they won't cook right and you'll be forced to try and pass them as if they were a normal football.

TOBY

And that'll never work.

ANTON

It really won't, You get them a few yards but you'll also be chastised by the ghost of Mr. Bryans who's possessing the kitchen. And it's really not your fault he had you throw such a regulation violating football in the first place.

GINA

Oh that Bryans never learns.

ANTON

But he'll deny that, he says he's getting better but he still yells at the team and he never throws pizza parties like Mr. Oidson did.

TOBY

Aw tragic.

GINA

We had a text to speech robot made for Mr. Bryans' voice but we couldn't translate it out of Swahili and it sounded really angry all the time so we scrapped the idea for a "possessed kitchen"

(She gestures around the set)

Not that you can tell!! HA!

TOBY

Haha! Uh, I think what Gina means to say is that we managed to achieve a similar effect with a little bit of *improvisation*. And that's some wonderful culinary wisdom chef to chef. It's ok if things go wrong as long as you come up with a scuffed but functional workaround.

ANTON

Incredible advice, Tommy,

(Anton places ear plugs into his ears and then a piece of metal into the boiling pot of water. He walks away to a cutting board and the pot of water explodes)

TOBY & GINA

(Terrified Yelp)

GINA & TOBY (In unison)

ANTON WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?? // My name is "Toby" you DICK.

GINA

Get OFF OUR SHOW!

ANTON (*Ignoring them*)

A lot of chefs will tell you to salt your pasta water. Now a football isn't quite pasta so to salt the water for this recipe, I use something that isn't quite salt to fit the mood, and that's pure Sodium metal. Obviously th-

GINA

EARTH TO ANTON, WAKEY WAKEY.

(*Anton seems to react to a member of the crew, he takes out his ear plugs*)

ANTON

Oops, I forgot to tell you guys to wear some hearing protection!

GINA

FORGOT? ANTON?

TOBY

SEEMS LIKE A LITTLE MORE THAN A "WHOOOPS" For that one! (Remembers how much he's being paid for this) But! You know, mistakes happen in the kitchen all the time.

GINA

Mistakes Toby? You want to lecture me about MISTAKES?

TOBY

Aaaand that's just an opportunity to do even better next time!

GINA

STUMBLING OVER THAT LOW BAR, *TOBY*.

ANTON

It can make a mess when you sodium the water in real life. In the dream it just sorta dissolved. So I guess chalk that up to another dream inconsistency.

TOBY

That's the kind of thing you want to look out for, folks.

GINA

I'm suing *somebody* for damages after this segment ends!

TOBY

Oh you know what that means!

GINA

What *what* means??

TOBY

Those of you playing along at home can cross "Gina promises to sue nobody in particular" off of your dream bingo cards! If you don't have a dream bingo card you can buy a PDF from our station's website- the link is [www. real meal dome. tv/bingo--](http://www.realmeal.dome.tv/bingo--)

(Anton picks up a piece of paper and makes a mark on it, then places both the paper and the strips of football into the recently detonated water)

GINA

Am I just a spot on a bingo card to you Toby?

TOBY (*Jokingly*)

That's all you *will* be if you get the show in legal trouble! Alright! Football's in the water, how long do we need that to cook?

ANTON

You all know how long it takes to cook normal spaghetti--

GINA

Nine minutes.

TOBY

... Wellllll, eight to ten dependin--

GINA

Depending on the desired texture. I know what I'm doing.

(Everyone stands around awkwardly for slightly longer than is reasonable. Eventually, Curtis, clad in a scorched bear costume, stomps towards the group)

TOBY

Nonononono, no curtis--

(Toby gets in between Curtis and Gina)

Uh, haha, Ok maybe Gina you could go to the freezer and grab us some of those peeled grapes? Ahh? Right Anton? Because we need those for the next step?

ANTON

Well we don't need them until--

GINA

No I think Toby's right, it's a good idea to make sure we have the grapes?? prepared...

ANTON

It's really important that the grapes be freshly frozen.

GINA

A commercial break won't hurt them.

TOBY

Exactly, so... yes. Football's in the water, we're gonna be waiting eight minutes? Probably ten because of how tough that rubber is.

(Gina storms off set and Toby waves curtis away too, grabbing a pair of maracas from a basket)

So I had to do a little bit of practice for this next step!

ANTON

Oh! The maracas, I almost forgot. I was going to tell you that while it will work on people, getting in the face of a real bear is a one way ticket to Mauled By A Bear-ville.

TOBY

A chef, an author, AND a fountain of ursine wisdom! Is there anything you haven't done Chef Bragadushie?

(He begins shaking the maracas exuberantly)

ANTON

I wasn't able to win the 1986 Nebraska High School football regionals.

TOBY

(Stunned silence, slowly stops with the maracas.) Ok! Uh. Well, Gina will be back with the grapes in a bit, do you want to start on that sauce?

ANTON

I want my trophy actually.

TOBY

(Nodding) You... certainly deserve it! Anton. And I'm sure Mr. Oidson would agree with me on this point. Now, how do we get started on this sauce?

Once more, the curtain closes. A series of concerning sound effects are played including several crashes, a fire, a fire alarm, a sprinkler system, fighting, and maybe a clown honk for good measure. The curtain opens once again on our unfortunate hosts. Toby stands in a medieval knight costume and brandishes a real ass goddamn sword. Opposite him is Curtis,

dressed in a “Bear wearing a suit” costume, also wielding a sword. Anton sits off to the side, preparing garnish and generally acting disinterested. Gina died off stage and has been replaced by a life sized cardboard cutout of Gina.

TOBY

I don't know, Anton... I've never killed a man before!

ANTON

It's you or Curtis, Toby. Don't forget our training.

TOBY

Hah hah,,,, Oh boy... uh, Hi there, if you're just joining us, we're making spaghetti and dreamballs with chef Anton Bragadushie. I'm your host, Toby Miter. My co-host, Gina, tragically passed away in a frozen grape accident just moments ago. And now I'm-

ANTON

Fighting a bear. Toby can you keep it down? It's hard to hear the yelps and clangs of sword which are imperative to getting this next step right.

TOBY

(Sharp Exhale) Ok. Ok Toby. You're just avenging Gina.

(Curtis charges Toby who is able to deflect an incredible overhead swing.)

(Distressed yelp) Curtis please I don't want to hurt you! I mean, I do, but not in a potentially lethal way!

ANTON

Curtis, if you kill him I'll give you forty dollars.

TOBY

You CHEAP BASTARD! I have *fans* who'd pay *triple* that for my head!

(Another brilliant swing from Curtis, who has yet to say a word but is clearly motivated by the prospect of between \$40 and \$120)

ANTON

Duh, you're supposed to *win*. I have to chop this parsley to the rhythm of the final battle between good and evil, ie. you and Curtis.

TOBY

Oh what, I'm guessing if you don't- (narrowly dodges a swing) If you don't... then Mr.Bryans' ghost will come out and scare you or something?

ANTON

Much worse, if I can't chop this parsley to the beat of your battle. I'll have to intervene in the conflict, slaying the Bear with my own two hands and prying the completed dish from within.

TOBY

Well good to know you're rooting for me! Curtis just give up or someth-

ANTON

Curtis if you give up I'm charging you forty dollars

TOBY

Oh screw you, Bragadushie

ANTON

I don't hear the fervid emotions of battle~

(The fight continues in full force. Curtis vaults over a countertop and knocks over a basket of rolls)

Toby, pick those up.

TOBY

(Already out of breath) What? Why? I'm trying not to get stabbed!

ANTON

We need to juice them for the sauce.

TOBY

I don't have time for this Anton, m--

ANTON

TOBY, if you don't pick those up they might fall into the hole we walked over during practice right before the regionals and then we'll never make the game.

(Toby stares at Anton, then looks at Curtis with a "is this guy serious?!" expression, Curtis nods.)

TOBY

Anton, you're insane! Have I mentioned that?

ANTON

Gina did.

TOBY

Oh **ha ha**. Jeez Curtis you can really swing that thing!

(He is stabbed through the shoulder by Curtis right as Anton finishes with the parsley)

ANTON

AND DONE!

TOBY

OH FIND ME IN THE ALPS! *(Collapses)*

CURTIS

Hell yeah, forty bucks!

ANTON

Great work, ok... Ah, Toby you can get off the floor now, the battle is over.

TOBY

Fuck you... with a chainsaw, Anton... *(Studio audience gasps)*

ANTON (*Addressing the audience*)

And since my sous chef is too busy cursing me out in a pool of his own blood, I'll just have to pick up his slack and juice these rolls myself.

(He grabs the basket of rolls and manages to wring a frightening amount of liquid out of them.)

TOBY (*Weakly and from the ground*)

(Wait 30 seconds) Anton...

ANTON

SHHH! Toby this has to be done in silence...

TOBY

Anton I'm bleeding.

ANTON

There are band aids in the appetizers, can you wait until I plate them?

TOBY

Sure...

ANTON

Good. Now that we've got the roll juice, we can add it to the sauce as the final ingredient!

TOBY If... you don't have juiceable rolls... available... Hrgk. Store bought... should be fine.

ANTON

Ok, Toby isn't looking too good over there, that's a lot more blood than I thought.

TOBY

Truly... the horrors... of... war. Are not for mortal men to behol--

ANTON

Well he's out. Curtis you're my new sous chef, you're being promoted from bear.

CURTIS

Bitchin'

ANTON

Just go ahead and bring this pot over to the serving area.

CURTIS

Yeah.

ANTON

(gestures somewhere at the audience) Can I get a camera on the serving island? Alright, and I'll bring these... on over.

(From amidst the ruined set, Anton manages to acquire the various elements of the dish. Finally setting a table with silverware and completely ordinary spaghetti and meatballs.)

CURTIS

Do you want the parsley too?

ANTON

Yes Curtis, thank you.

CURTIS

Alright.

(Curtis goes and grabs the parsley, then sprinkles it on the dish)

ANTON

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how you make spaghetti and dreamballs.

(The curtains close as Anton enjoys the dish while seated across from Curtis. Before they fully shut, Toby says something.)

TOBY

Can someone... call an ambulance?