



Juan & Ian

BEGIN

**Chef is cooking at his chef's table. He is working hard preparing a dish to impress Chef Lamesay.**

**OBAMA:** Okay, chicken is juicy. And...puree is smooth as silk. The pickled peppers are perfect. I think I'm done. Yup, I'm done. Chef! I'm done.

Chef Lamesay approaches the bench to taste the dish completed by the chef.

**LAMESAY:** What have you cooked for me today?

**OBAMA:** I cooked a mushroom and ricotta cheese stuffed chicken breast with a sweet potato puree and pickled bell peppers.

**Chef Lamesay is impressed with how the dish looks, so he tastes it.**

**LAMESAY:** It looks great! The color is right on the chicken. The puree does look smooth. I do worry about your choice to pickle peppers though. Well, let's give it a taste, shall we?

**Chef Lamesay tastes the dish and is terribly disappointed with the dish and reacts poorly on the struggling chef.**

**LAMESAY:** Let's try the chicken first. Oh my god, it's raw. The chicken's bloody raw. Are you trying to kill me? **OBAMA:** No chef, I...I...

**LAMESAY:** I...I....tried to kill you, is what you are try to say. **OBAMA:** No chef. I...I...

**LAMESAY:** I...I...will do better. That's what you should say. Disgusting! Why did the chicken cross the road? Because you didn't bloody cook it!

**OBAMA:** Yes, chef!

**Chef Lamesay instructs chef to restart the dish and make it better. The chef tries to make an excuse and is abruptly interrupted.**

LAMESAY: Make. It. Better.

OBAMA: Yes chef! Right away, Chef. I really think that it was because...

**Chef Lamesay begins to yell at the chef because of the interruption.**

LAMESAY: I don't want any more bloody excuses. Your dish is so unprepared; Russia is calling it the Olympics. OBAMA: Sorry, chef. Starting again. I made this dish from the recipe in your book.

**Chef Lamesay ceases the yelling and the chef doubts why he ever decided to cook the previous dish.**

OBAMA: Why was I so stupid to follow that recipe? I should just use my own. Yes, I know now. I have the perfect recipe and it is mine and mine alone. No help! I don't need it.

**While remaking the dish, the chef thinks about taking the position of Chef Lamesay.**

OBAMA: Yes! Yes! A little wine to finish off the sauce. Now let deglaze the pan for extra flavor. And I think I'm done. This dish is better than any dish I got from Lamesay's book. Hey chef, come taste this, it is better than any dish you could ever come up with.

**Chef Lamesay shouts, agrees and slams his hat and apron onto the ground.**

LAMESAY: Excuse me? Did you actually just say that to me? You think you can do better? Then take it. Take the crown. Well??? What are you waiting for? Pick it up!

**Chef picks it and wears it proudly.**

OBAMA: It looks better on me, anyway! Now get out. I got it from here, Lamesay.

LAMESAY: You are something else, you know that? Whatever, I'm out of here. You're impossible.

**Chef Lamesay walks away. Chef takes position and becomes incredibly narcissistic.**

OBAMA: Oh, the power! Oh, the power. I am the best chef in the world. We don't need Lamesay, we don't need anyone! I am the best in the world. No one can stop me one!  
Yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

**END**

Have a nice day

