

# *Soup!*

Miles McMahan

You are in this-

Soup...

-lucid yet completely unreal.  
Then you hear the annoying  
beeping as the dreams dissolve.  
You *sigh* and lie there as your  
phone yells at you.

Throw off your covers and turn  
off the **loud** - *annoying*- beeping  
sound.

...

Silence. You *sigh* again and walk  
into your kitchen. Make some  
coffee toast and eggs. Eat. Clean  
dishes. Do your hair. Brush your  
teeth... Go to work.

slides  
across the  
The Sun  
Sky.

You open your door and throw your  
bag on the floor and your body on  
the couch. You *moan* and scroll...

and  
scroll...  
and  
scroll...

A good hour passes...  
scroll...

You check your phone's  
clock-*Sigh*-

Eat really quick.

Take a shower. Get dressed up.  
Grab your ticket- it's time to  
go.

You leave your home- through the  
busy roads. All the stupid  
traffic- and finally make it to  
the Theater.

The house has just opened. You  
scan your ticket- the usher says

Enjoy the show!

You say back "sure" and enter the  
Theatre. Find your seat- wait...  
and wait...

The house lights dim and a voice  
from above tells you to-

Turn off your phone.

You don't. The house lights go  
down...

Dark stillness.

A long time passes...

What is going on-

# CRASH!

You jump in your seat! Gosh! Was that a mistake? Must be...

OH! Oh... Silly me. I always forget- I should turn the light on *before* I start!

You hear the echo fade as a lamp cord *clicks* and light floods your eyes. You squint at the stage as a chef comes into focus- obviously a chef, yet they look like the most ancient and primordial chef- Like they were the first chef.

The chef is cleaning the mess of bowls and spoons off the floor. The chef throws the dirty dishes into an empty sink. They fill it with water and some soap- The bubbles rise. The chef stops moving and watches intently- They begin to scrub.

You notice a *weird* looking kitchen filled with *weird* objects, curios, strange plants, creatures in jars, and bizarre shapes.

The cord strings up towards a massive sun, watching from above. There is a massive leather bound cookbook on a table, it's old yet well kept. A large black iron cauldron sits center. Many chefs' utensils and tools cover the tables. The floor is a dark wood, yet where the chef stands- it's worn down and a lighter color.

Thank you, thank you so much, wonderful to meet you. My name is CHEF MONDE! I appreciate you spending your most valuable currency to be here, I will use it well- I promise.

CHEF MONDE finishes cleaning the dishes, sanitizes the table, then washes their hands.

Always have a clean cook surface! They may be invisible to the naked eye, but bacteria and viruses are there. Good! Nice and clean.

CHEF MONDE pulls up a stool and sits center stage. A spotlight illuminates CHEF MONDE as they smoke a candy cigarette. Snappy jazz plays-

Let's get a round of applause for our band!

Another spot light appears on a band of inanimate fruits and

vegetables playing snappy jazz instruments.

Don't trust that Mango! They'll steal your heart... and your wallet!

You hear a laugh track play, which cuts out quickly-

Let's get real for a moment. We often forget the beauty of the mundane. Everyday is just what we did yesterday. This repetition numbs us to the overwhelming sensations of existence. Variety may be the spice of life, but there's a secret spice in every meal... Thyme! My favorite ingredient!

The band starts playing a snappier jazz sequence.

I put thyme on *everything*! It adds this flavor called NOW! The NOW is the tasting of thyme.

With this *NOW*, you can *DO*! Doing is wonderful! You can eat, drink, sleep, run, jump, **SING**, talk to others, lay under the stars, view a lunar eclipse, or watch a chef make a *delicious* pot of stew!

CHEF MONDE stands on top of the stool.

You can acknowledge this beautiful event by yelling out- "NOW!" So fun! NOW, NOW, NOOOOOOOOW!!! Ah-ha! All living things feel this flowing current of thyme, yet, humans are the *only ones* who can grasp onto this flavor and *savor* it! YUM! Tasty! NOW!

-And there it goes, the most elusive flavor, it disappears just as you taste it! Here's a new one- *and* it's gone again. Bye-bye! That's the ultimate joy of flavor, the moment it hits your tongue is the same moment it's gone! All you can do is savor the flavor, and yell out NOW! All together now- even you Matthew-

3-2-1- **NOW!**

AHAH! Wonderful, *NOW* it's *thyme* to get started!

You sit back in your seat-  
everything feels very strange  
now...

You see CHEF MONDE open the large  
cookbook. They begin to read.

Ah- yes. Let's see here: First- turn on the light, you can't work in darkness. Of course! Second- Clean up the dropped dishes! Check! Then- open *The Cookbook*. Read **CHEF MONDE'S FAMOUS RECIPE!** Next- read this part- get confused?... Ah- no matter! I know it by heart!

CHEF MONDE closes the book.

You watch CHEF MONDE begin a  
ritual.

Soup?

Soup...

Soup!

Soup???

Soooup

Soup!!!

Soup-

*Soup*

**Soup**

Soup

S O U P

Suop

Stew?

Poop?

?puoS

"Soup"

...Soup...

Soup :D

*Soup*

Soup

Sonp

S O U P

# Soup

Soup, Soup, Soup

*(With flavor)*

Soup

Is this still Soup?

Yes.

S  
O  
U  
P

Soup

Soup

Soup

Soup

Soup

## **SOUP**

- Soup
  - Soup
    - Soup

(Soup)

[Soup]

{Soup}

Empty Bowl

Frozen Soup

Boiling Soup

Soup of the Day

Chef Monde's famous recipe!

Soup

Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup,  
Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup, Soup.

Stewpid-

S

Soups

**Soup**

19-25-21-16

Soupe

Sopa

Suppe

~~Soup~~

\*soup\*



S U  
O P  
  
O P  
S U

SO

UP

S-s-soup

SOUP

Not soup

4th Dimension Soup

Vegetable Soup

Tomato Soup

Chicken Noodle Soup

Clam Chowder

Soup

dnos

*Soup*

Soup

Soup

soup

Soup' s

Soap

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#Soup

*Soup*<sup>2</sup>

$\sqrt{\textit{Soup}}$

Soup=Soup

Soup.Soup?Soup!

Souper

Soupest

Soup?!

To Soup, or not to Soup, that is the question:

Soup

Soup.

Thank you. Too Much Soup!

You and the rest of the audience  
clap and cheer as CHEF MONDE  
wipes down their sweaty face.

*Phew-* That never gets old!

The audience reacts in disgust as  
CHEF MONDE rings out their sweaty  
rag into the cauldron.

Gross- *yes* - but necessary! Salt water is our *primary  
ingredient-* made from my hard work.

And trust me- this takes a lot of energy! Now, let's  
add some more energy to this water. You can use many  
different heat sources- Fire is great! So is  
Electricity. I think I will use Solar *AND* Geo-thermal  
power. Might as-well.

You watch CHEF MONDE put on some  
oven mitts and duck under the  
table. They strain and heave up a  
massive atlas stone.

Ooh- Hot- hot-

They walk over to the cauldron  
and lift it up onto the edge. A  
moment of stillness-

then the lightest push and the  
stone falls into the cauldron.

CHEF MONDE takes off the mitts and begins to walk away- but pauses for a moment and *listens*... They stride back and look into the cauldron. Just as they peer into it- a huge splash of water shoots up into their face. CHEF MONDE takes a towel and wipes themselves down, then rings it back into the cauldron.

...great. Now, let's add our *special ingredient*.

CHEF MONDE runs over to the shelf of jars of ingredients and spices. Just as they reach it, they trip and crash into the shelf. One by one jars fall off and are caught by CHEF MONDE.

Oh no! Oh dear- oh my- oh oh- Wowie!

You and the audience look up and see a jar of SUPERNOVA slowly slide off the top shelf. CHEF MONDE quickly sets down all the jars and jumps to catch the SUPERNOVA before it shatters.

OH! Oh... ah-ahah- AHAHAH! That was a close one, wasn't it? I almost broke all those jars-

One last jar falls behind CHEF MONDE and shatters on the ground.

...thyme to add our special ingredient into the water!

CHEF MONDE pours the SUPERNOVA into the cauldron. Their hand slips and a lot pours into the water! They quickly pick it back up.

GAH! No problem- the Soup should still be delicious! More the merrier! Ah-ha! Let's get this Soup movin'! We need to stir the Soup, or else stagnation occurs and layers form which burns the bottom! So we need- hmm- the *Perfect* stirring stick. AH- I know!

CHEF MONDE reaches under the table and wacks their head- they search around- when standing back up they hit their head on the table again. They now have the Moon.

AH- *Perfecto!* Just the thing I needed-

CHEF MONDE dances with the Moon and then sends the Moon into orbit and it slowly stirs the Soup.

Now! This shouldn't take too long- the recipe said to wait about...

CHEF MONDE quickly checks the corner of a page in the CookBook.

3 Billion years. That's a million years- three thousand times!

That's 3 thousand years, times a thousand, times a thousand again!... Maybe this will take a little while. While we wait, let's talk a little.

CHEF MONDE turns an egg timer that looks like a smaller Chef Monde. Each tick is about 100 million years.

I recently made a delicious 3-course 5 star meal... literally- I made 5 stars! Once a star reaches the end of its life- and it's burned all its fuel- they implode before exploding! This force down causes elements to mash together- like mash potatoes- and they make heavier elements! The star will forge heavy stuff like Carbon and Oxygen, and then scatter their remains by exploding! These ingredients are perfect to make the finest Soups in the world! Just like how bread needs a starter- Soup needs a SuperNova starter!

*DING!*

OH! It's been 3 billion years already? Thyme flies!

You see a jar of Thyme fly by.

Let's check on the Soup!

CHEF MONDE *sniffs* the steam rising from the pot.

Mmmm... wonderful. Now we are ready for the next step!  
Let's crank up the heat! Get ready!

You watch CHEF MONDE duck under  
the table.

Cut-Cut-Cut

Chop-Chop-Chop

A chef needs tools to cook! Every instrument in the  
kitchen is used to create culinary arts- Beautiful-  
Temporary- Lucid- Wild..

Art! It's all purposeful- well, most of it. The chef  
is the kitchen, and Now! We must cook!

AH! Found it!

CHEF MONDE Stands up from the  
table but hits their head on it.

OUCH! Geez...

You see CHEF MONDE holding a  
gleaming chef's knife.

Oh! Don't worry... this knife isn't for **you**... I only use  
this knife for cooking.. I'll set it down for now.

Life needs energy to do- and life can get energy from  
many places. Plants get it from the Sun!

I might be biased- eating the sunlight seems like the  
coolest thing ever. It must be so tasty!

CHEF MONDE soaks up the Sun.

Mmm Wow!

-But, *someone* got the *bright idea* to eat those plants and steal their energy..

Then someone else thought to eat them- then someone started to eat them too-

CHEF MONDE grabs a container off the shelf and opens it up-

Just like this mighty- ***Gastro-Nominom!***

A massive creature resembling both plant and animal burst forth! You jump back as it roars and swings its limbs around- the large maw snaps wildly.

Whoa! Get back I say! What a beast!

This beauty here uses photosynthesis to get energy from the Sun **AND** it also eats meat! Both plant and animal! Twice as dangerous- Twice the nutrients... but.

I wish I *didn't* have to do this!

CHEF MONDE grabs the chef's knife. They do an elaborate and very crazy fight.

CHEF MONDE kills the  
*Gastro-Nominom...*

Aack- aack- ohh- ohh that was gnarly.

Now we have the meat... and the vegetables. You eat life. You always do. Everything you eat is alive... or once was. So to live... You must kill...

...

Use everything: The bones for the broth, the leaves for the salad. The meat for the Soup, and the roots for the tea.

Don't waste this life.

Use it all. Every part is useful.

If you waste it- what is the point!

If you take away *their* thyme  
And take away *their* energy to be here-  
Then use it.  
Don't throw it away.  
If you do- you'll have to watch it all rot.  
The wasted life left to rot!

You notice the water is simmering  
now.

Wasted Thyme! Wasted Energy! Why take something so *precious* as life and not use it well? Your thoughts and actions come from the food you eat-

That cheeseburger becomes an hour of running-

A bowl of spaghetti turns into your calculus homework-

A burrito sustains the memories of your grandmother.

A life turned to death

Just so *You* can see the Sunrise again.

...

The water boils more and steam  
plums upwards.

You have it. You have it- *RIGHT NOW!*

It's impossibly flat-

Sharper than any knife-

Yet- It's wasted! Again/again/again/again!

The water is ravenously moving  
and bubbling.

Thyme and again- Every thyme you waste it!

You somehow think every meal is free-

You somehow think thyme is free-

You willingly forget that to live means to EAT!

EAT ANOTHER LIVING CREATURE! DEVOUR THEIR SOUL! TAKE  
WHAT WAS THEIRS-

IF YOU ARE GIVEN THIS CHANCE!

...

The pot of water is boiling near  
the edge, barely contained.

I'm tired of killing. It's my least favorite part of  
being a chef...

I hate it, but it's the game...

To cook is to kill.

To live is to eat.

I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

CHEF MONDE sets down the knife...  
They turn off the heat and the  
pot of extremely boiling water  
slowly dissipates and calms down.

Anyway... I think it's thyme to continue...

CHEF MONDE takes their chef's  
knife and begins carving into the  
*Gastro-Nominom*. The carving sound  
is eerie and bitter.

Now... Distinguish. Use your knife to make food  
different. Chop-Cut-Slice-N'Dice- Remove the feathers,  
the fur, scales and the skin.

Guts too.

Every part is useful to someone else, even the bones.  
Dogs love 'em! Anything left can become compost. Back  
into the cycle it goes.

A bowl is most useful when it is empty... So let's fill up these bowls with some spices and sauces! Have everything prepped and prepared.

Now! We add THE FIRE!

*ahhh- hot*

Fire on bottom- pan in the middle- oil on top. Use butter- fat- olive or coconut oil. Throw your meats in.

*sizzle... sizzle...*

Ahhhh... that sound...

The meat changes color- it can get darker- or lighter- it changes. It gets crispy!

Toss in the vegetables! Let them soften- add spices and sauces. The *Flavor!*

Take the hot food off the pan- once again make it different. Make it beautiful.

Take your rumbling sea and toss in your meats and vegetables.

The Moon will stir... the tides *ebb*, the waves crash- let the world swirl around itself. The different parts make up the whole- *The Soup!*

The art has been made...

It's done. I love this art because once it's done... You get to eat it! Other artists- they leave behind statues, paintings, monuments, and books! You can't eat those-

I get to eat my art.

I consume my art, entirely... and I get to do it *only once*. This art is made from life- and it will rot- eaten by air itself. It must be eaten Now! While it's still hot.

Make it *romantic*. Get a nice drink, I love apple cider, make a cozy atmosphere... Music, just at Sunset, the perfect lighting...

...

It's better with other's... eating alone isn't very fun. Why cook if not to share! You can feed the ones you love.

To cook is to take life and give it to another... Once consumed, it becomes even soupier in your stomach. The little universe inside you. The food is dissolved by different creatures and chemicals. Taken into you, as fuel and resources to build, repair, and run the body.

If you think about it- You're shaped like a donut. You have one long tube running through you, and the food falls through you as you eat it up... The universe hides inside you.

It's a beautiful cycle... Butt it ends... Well- it ends with the butt. Poop. Your body took what it needed,

and gave back everything else. Every part is useful to someone, even the shit.

Now! It's time to eat... but I won't eat alone, not this thyme. I would like to share my food with you... That's why you are here- Please enjoy my work, it was made with love.

### **Dinner is served!**

You can't believe it!... You get served a bowl of *Soup* by *Chef Monde!* Chef Monde looks you in the eyes and says

thank you...

You feel the *warmth* through the bowl, you smell the *savoriness* in the air, you sip-

You taste an explosion of *flavor!* It's wonderful! You savor every *slurp.*

You eat *all* of it-

Chef Monde is talking with the audience members... you can't help it- you ask for seconds.

Of course my friend- Eat your fill! I made it for you.

You have another bowl... You eat *all* of it. You didn't realize how

hungry you were... You are completely filled with warm soup. Chef Monde collects all the empty bowls and spoons. They thank us once again- says-

GoodBye!

-and we all leave the Theater...

You journey back and enter into your home. It feels different- like everything is rotated 90 degrees... You're quite tired- and full of Soup. You drop into bed.. and sleep.

...

You are in this *Soup*... lucid yet completely unreal. Then you hear your alarm go off- the dreams fade as your mind and body touch again. You throw off the covers and feel the kiss of the cold morning air. You turn off your alarm and stand in the *silence*...

And breathe- In and out...

In and out...

You walk into your kitchen and pour out yesterday's old coffee grounds from the french press. You add a drop of soap and watch

it *bubble* with foam. Rinse it out and boil some water. You stand still and watch the water *rumble* with life. You've never paid any attention to that before...

Throw the fresh coffee grounds in and add the water. You feel the steam brush your face. Stir- let it sit.

Heat a pan and add butter- it melts gently- add two eggs- break the yolk "*mess 'em up style*" Toast two slices of bread, butter them, add scrambled eggs on top, add a dash of salt and pepper. Now! Press the lid down on the french press, distinguish the bitter grounds and the sweet coffee. Pour into your favorite mug- yes- that mug. The black void of coffee waits... add creamer- from the bottom clouds of milk fluff up and swirl- dance...

You sit down and look at the bountiful feast before you. You are thankful...

You realize the lights never went down...

You savor every *sip* and every *bite*... you finish and your belly

is full. You *Sigh* and look at the  
thyme-

**OH MY GOD-** You're late for work!  
Throw on your uniform- do your  
hair- brush your teeth- deodorant  
too! Go, Now! Leave your home!

You enter the world.