

Network Draft - 10/05/22
Revised Network Draft - 10/28/22

THE BEAR

TBD
Episode #201

Written by
Christopher Storer

Directed by
TBD

COPYRIGHT 2022 FX PRODUCTIONS, LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

NO PORTION OF THIS WORK MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED,
QUOTED, SOLD OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS IN ANY MEDIUM, INCLUDING
ON ANY WEB SITE, WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF FX
PRODUCTIONS, LLC. DISPOSAL OF THIS WORK DOES NOT ALTER ANY OF THE
RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE.

BREATHING

Through a tube. Slow, deep. In and out...

In and out...

In and out...

Then...

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A VENTILATOR TUBE curves through the frame from a COUGH ASSIST into AN OLDER WOMAN'S MOUTH...

She lays tired, half awake, on a GEL MATTRESS in her fully electric bed, blankets wrapped around her, head supported in between a WEDGE PILLOW, arms weak at her sides. It's early enough to be dark blue through the windows...

After a moment; MARCUS moves toward her through the living room, holds a tube of EUCERIN. He sits beside the woman, holds HIS FOREARM, makes an "itchy" gesture with his HAND...

He squeezes moisturizer into one hand, lifts up her arm with the other, then slowly, routinely, massages her dry skin...

He then taps his forehead, "towel?"... Marcus reaches for a WASHCLOTH sitting in a BOWL of ICE WATER on a nearby table. He twists the towel, wrings the cold water out...

He expertly folds the towel the way she likes it, delicately lays it across her eyes, adjusts it just so.

He stands, kisses her forehead.

MARCUS

Love you.

Marcus exits.

She breathes...

In and out...

In and out...

Sunlight begins to creep into the dark room.

INT./EXT. MARCUS' CAR - EARLY MORNING

Marcus scrapes ice off his car window. Snow drifts. He gets in, turns it on, blasts the heat. Blows into frigid hands.

After a moment, he drives off toward the city.

Music.

FX PRESENTS

VARIOUS CHICAGO MORNING

Ice on Lake Michigan. Traffic starts on Lake Shore Drive. Sidewalks being salted. Snow over Soldier Field. Van Buren "L" stop. The Chicago Board of Trade. A drifting wide of the skyline.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE BEAR

Then--

PART II

SLAM BACK IN

On the corner of ORLEANS & HURON. The ORIGINAL BEEF OF CHICAGOLAND banner. The front door being LOCKED...

CUT TO:

CELEBRITY HEADSHOTS

Removed from the wall.

BLACKHAWKS JERSEY

Taken down.

THE LITTLE BEEFERS (COACH MIKEY AND THE KIDS) PLAQUE

Undrilled.

INT. THE BEEF/FOH - MORNING

SYDNEY flies through the kitchen doors--

SYDNEY

Corner!

She holds a TOO TALL stack of trays that SLIDE off and CRASH to the floor--

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Nononononono---

INT. THE BEEF/DISH PIT - THAT MOMENT

MANNY, ANGEL and SWEEPS, surrounded by moving boxes, wrap up dishes and equipment.

INT. THE BEEF/KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

EBRAHEIM sadly, lovingly, packs up his station.

INT. THE BEEF/BAKERY - THAT MOMENT

All packed away. Marcus' inspiration board taken down.

INT. THE BEEF/OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

SUGAR sits in the cleaned and organized office, runs through a checklist. HIGHLIGHTED & CIRCLED PHRASES; "HVAC", "AC", "beer & wine?", "15 % variance?", etc.

Only piece of wall art that remains is Mikey's poster of FENWAY PARK.

INT. THE BEEF/FOH - THAT MOMENT

CARMY, FAK and TINA, all hold MOVING BOXES, whip around the corner, set their BOXES on the window counter--

CARMY/FAK/TINA

Corner.

Pizza boxes (family meal) rest along the service counter. Sydney stacks and wraps hotel pans near the register.

CARMY

Fak, it's a facelift not a gut.

FAK

Might be a gut, Bear.

TINA

He's not wrong, Jeffrey.

SYDNEY

How's my budget looking?

CARMY/FAK/TINA

Great/Not great/shitty.

CARMY

Fuck this, watch--

Carmy rips a PIZZA BOX top off, uses it as paper, labels it "THE BEAR PROJECT". The group huddles--

CARMY (CONT'D)

(writes)

Equipment all works. That's zero.
Great start. Start with a deep
clean-- a really deep clean. New
dry wall, insulation...

TINA

Tables, chairs--

SYDNEY

Windows, brick, demo-

CARMY

Yep, yep, windows, brick,
demo--

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Wood, tile, I can keep going-- *

EBRAHEIM

Paint, linens--

SWEEPS

The fryer is fucked--

CARMY

Fryer is fucked so that's like 5--

FAK

Carmy that's like 10--

SWEEPS

Guys the oven is actually
very dangerous.

Sugar joins.

SUGAR

10 for a used piece-of-shit that
doesn't work and then 20 for when
we decide to do it correctly. And
the oven is wildly dangerous that's
another 10.

CARMY

Okay so 20.

SYDNEY

Plus the 10 for the oven so 30.

CARMY

And the demo and the brick and
windows and all that shit is like
50. We're at 70.

SYDNEY

80.

CARMY

(crosses out)
Fuck me. COUSIN!

FAK

Plus the permits and
inspections and licenses and
those people are not nice--

SUGAR

He's right.

FAK

Thanks.

CARMY

Alright, guys that's only 70--

ALL

80!

CARMY

80.

SYDNEY

What about AC?

SUGAR

Yep. And HVAC.

CARMY

Okay that's like another 15.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

On what planet?

CARMY

On this planet, Natalie. So we're
at 85-- haha just kidding, 95.
COUSIN!

SYDNEY

Where are you getting these
numbers? Just out of curiosity?

CARMY

It's just quick math.

SUGAR

"Quick math". K.

TINA

Plus, Jeff, you gotta pay us.

SWEEPS

She is correct.

CARMY

I'm aware, I set that aside.

SYDNEY

Carm, we really need new
pans. Also, you didn't add
the dry wall.

CARMY (CONT'D)

Richie's brother-in-law can do it.
COUSIN! Where the fuck is he? It's
so weird when he doesn't answer me.

SYDNEY

He's downstairs.

CARMY

Still?

SUGAR

Still?

SYDNEY

Still.

CARMY

(exits)
I'll be right back.

TINA

Sugar, we need more money.

SUGAR

T, you need a project manager.

SYDNEY

You're hired.

SUGAR

Syd.

SYDNEY

("please")
Nat.

INT. THE BEEF/BASEMENT - THAT MOMENT

Cramped. Packed tight with EQUIPMENT and various boxes -- one stuffed with 80s PORN, another with BEAR family photos (including several of their mother, DONNA). The inflatable HOT DOG in a corner. SLATS of brand new, unsealed aluminum cans.

In the back, RICHIE folds "ORIGINAL BERF" (A BATCH OF MISTAKE shirts) methodically. Carm comes down--

CARMY

Yo, what are you doing? Can you call Sal? I need an estimate.

RICHIE

Thirteen.

CARMY

What's thirteen?

RICHIE

That'll be the dry-wall estimate.

(then)

You ever think about "purpose", cousin?

CARMY

I love ya, pal, but I don't have time for this.

Richie nods, understands. Carmy exhales, moves in--

CARMY (CONT'D)

I have time for this.

He moves PLASTIC FUNNELS near a CANNING MACHINE away to sit.

CARMY (CONT'D)

"Purpose".

RICHIE

Like what's the point of us? Man. Humans. Me. What's my purpose, homie?

CARMY

(nods)

You realize that shirt says "Original Berf"?

RICHIE

Printing mistake. Collector's item. Never getting rid of this heat.

(nods)

Been reading Jung, learning about the dominant and inferior. Who am I to my history. It's a lot, cousin. I couldn't sleep. Started watching this show last night, some real weird shit. About this dude. He's going through a divorce, he's in a lot of pain, he's dealing with a lot of bullshit. But the fuckin' guy tries.

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Puts on a brave face at work, acts like nothin's wrong, acts happy and positive but I know this motherfucker isn't happy and positive. He's lost. How could he not be? I mean the fuckin' guy was a football coach and now he's gotta go coach soccer.

CARMY

You're talking about TED LASSO?

RICHIE

You seen it? It's fuckin' brilliant.

CARMY

I've heard.

RICHIE

It's like... this place is in all of our bones. We know everything about it. Except now, you're good at this shit and this shit's fun for you and we add Sydney, who's a fuckin' G and there's me... with nothing. I'm Ted, man. Cousin, I'm fuckin' Lasso. Except I don't have a fruity-ass sport to go coach. I'm 45. Been here a long time. You feel me? Like where's my "purpose", Dog?

CARMY

Heard.

Carm sees a box of BOSTON RED SOX memorabilia labeled "MIKEY".

CARMY (CONT'D)

Richie, just so you know, this shit is never fun for me.

RICHIE

So you just never have fun?

CARMY

I have fun.

RICHIE

Yeah, like when? Name the last time you had fun, Cousin?

Beat. There isn't an answer.

INT. THE BEEF/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sydney moves a rusted dutch oven to the floor. Tina has EVERY PAN & POT organized on the floor, takes an inventory.

TINA

These pans are toast, mama.

SYDNEY

Sure are.

Sydney looks at the back of the stove, the wall tinged with smoke. She follows the smoke lines up to the HOODS -- rusty and old. She makes a note.

TINA

We gotta get the good-good for the new Jeff.

SYDNEY

Who's the new Jeff?

TINA

If Carmy is the executive chef and you're the CDC, you're the new Carmy. We're gonna need a new Sydney.

Syd nods, totally forgot, used to being the Sous...

SYDNEY

Yeah, we need a new Jeff huh? And the good-good is expensive. Let's see what we can salvage here.

Tina points to a pan that has BURNS only on the left side.

TINA

Syd, look at this shit. Half these things are burnt on one side? What's up with that?

SYDNEY

Well, these things get ridden pretty hard. And of course it's always about the craftsperson and not the tools regardless of quality, but these really are just cheap restaurant supply bullshit, they don't heat evenly and that's how they get fucked.

TINA

What do you mean?

SYDNEY

See how the stain is curved like that? Oil got too hot in that section only, meaning it was cooler on the other side of the pan so it just pooled on the hot side and scorched it. We might be able to Barkeepers Friend the fuck out of some of these.

TINA

Science, baby.

SYDNEY

Want some more science?

TINA

Always, I love learning this shit.

We see Marcus enter, stand at Ebra's station. He listens...

SYDNEY

Okay so -- on the good stuff, like the really fancy expensive stuff, they have stacked layers of steel that are "clad" together, see how this cheap stuff is like light and bendable? The bottom of the good-good is heavy and robust and they can handle really high heat really quickly and really evenly because in between the steel there's an aluminum core.

MARCUS

You're an aluminum core.

They turn, notice Marcus. Tina hugs him...

TINA

Hi baby.

MARCUS

Hey, T.

SYDNEY

She okay?

MARCUS

Yeah, she's all good. Nurse had an emergency but she'll be back tomorrow. Chester's got her.

TINA
Good boy, Chester.

SYDNEY
You know if you nee--

MARCUS
I know.

They smile at each other.

INT. THE BEEF/FOH - MOMENTS

Sweeps takes down the large menu board. Ebraheim takes some ADVIL, gulps water, stretches his hands...

SWEEPS
Don't worry, I got it, this is just heavy as shit, I'll do it myself.

EBRAHEIM
Apologies, Gary. Arthritis is pissing me off.

SWEEPS
Wrist?

EBRAHEIM
Wrist, hands, back, hip.

SWEEPS
Just the classics?

EBRAHEIM
The classics.

Then. The sign crashes to the ground. Silence.

SWEEPS
Nevermind, that was actually much easier.

INT. THE BEEF/DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fak finishes putting the last Ballbreaker on a dolly...

FAK
(sings)
"... when your back's to the waaaalllll... That's when I break your balls! Ballbreakerrrrrrr"

He pats the screen.

FAK (CONT'D)
I'll find a good home for you.
(whispers)
My home.

INT. THE BEEF/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Tina scrubs the shit out of some fry pans with a SPONGE. The Barkeeper's Friend has turned into a white paste as she grinds the stains out of the pans.

INT. THE BEEF/OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sugar sits on the floor, reviews an IRS BINDER, punches numbers in on a small calculator.

SUGAR
(deep breath)
Fuuuuudge.

Carmy pops in--

CARMY
Nat, what was that great idea we had the other day?

SUGAR
The one I said to write down?

CARMY
Yeah.

SUGAR
Did you write it down?

CARMY
No.

SUGAR
Hmm. In other news, I reviewed your "quick math".

CARMY
And?

SUGAR
Aside from being vaguely-kinda-a-little-bit-sorta-close, it didn't include an IRS stipulation.

CARMY

Which IRS stipulation?

SUGAR

Businesses have to have all previous debts be current--

CARMY

We're on payment plans.

SUGAR

-- and complete before any new business license is granted.

CARMY

That can't possibly be true.

Sugar holds up the book, he reads.

CARMY (CONT'D)

It's true. Great. I'll figure it out. Thanks for helping today, don't get sucked into this shit, you can cruise.

SUGAR

Sydney asked me to be project manager.

CARMY

And what did you say?

SUGAR

That I would think about it.

CARMY

What do you think about it?

SUGAR

I think... this--
(gestures to the room)
Is still this.

CARMY

(nods)
Do we need a project manager?

Sydney enters.

SYDNEY

Very yes -- we need a project manager, Carmen. I'm not making the same mistakes I made last time.

CARMY

But who's gonna approve all those
insane interest rates?

SUGAR

Go fuck yourself.

CARMY

(to Sydney)
What's going on?

SYDNEY

You're not gonna like it.

CARMY

Awesome.

SYDNEY

We're gonna need new hoods and
overheads. We'll never pass fire
suppression.

CARMY

Can't fix them?

SYDNEY

They're shot.

CARMY

Is that a Fak?

We see Fak walk toward the door--

SYDNEY

Definitely not a Fak.

-- Fak walks away from the door.

SUGAR

It's a specialist.

CARMY

Shit.

SYDNEY

Shit is right. But we're ahead on a
few things. Most of the staff is
already food certified so we'll
only need to renew Ebra and start
Richie fresh because he has never
been certified somehow. I also
filed with the BCAP for our City of
Chicago consultant.

(MORE)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

They need to approve all the new-business paperwork before they send a rep. And that rep has to sign off before they can send the other reps and those reps sign off so they can send the other reps and then those reps have to sign off.

CARMY

How many reps are there?

SYDNEY

A lot of reps. I know it's annoying, but some stuff is gonna be out of our hands and I think we really just have to do our best to stay patient and not get overwhelmed--

Sydney holds her arm out to lean against the wall AND HER ARM TEARS DIRECTLY THROUGH THE FENWAY POSTER AND THROUGH THE WALL--

SYDNEY/SUGAR/CARMY
JESUS CHRIST/SYD!/HOLY SHIT!!

SYDNEY

I'm fine, I'm fine.

-- Syd drags her arm out now fully COVERED in THICK, GREY SOOT. Marcus and Tina near the door--

MARCUS/TINA

What was that??/You guys okay??

SYDNEY

Aw nothing, I just fell through the wall.

Tina wets her chef towel in the locker room sink, helps clean Syd's arm.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Thanks, T.

TINA

Got you, Chef.

Marcus and Carmy examine the wall--

CARMY

What in the fuck...

MARCUS

Crazy that hasn't happened already.

CARMY

Definitely agree with that.

Marcus peels off to the Bakery. Tina exits. Richie storms through--

RICHIE

What the hell's goin-- oh shit Syd,
you tore the Fenway!!!

SYDNEY

It was definitely intentional- That's been there for ten
- years--

RICHIE (CONT'D)

SUGAR

A) Fuck the Red Sox and B) What in
the hell is behind there??

Richie lovingly removes the Fenway poster.

RICHIE

A) that's Mikey's favorite squad so
chill and B) That's the result of
some failed "Jewish Lightning"--

SYDNEY

I'm relatively certain you can't
say that--

RICHIE

It's what it's called!

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

We're adding that to the
list, Richie.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I haven't said G or R in weeks!

CARMY

You said G this morning.

RICHIE

I said "fruity-ass" because
soccer is soccer--

CARMY (CONT'D)

Cousin, explain.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

"Jewish Lightning" is when
you burn down a place--

CARMY (CONT'D)

Not that, explain what the
fuck happened!

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'm trying to! It's a technical
term!

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

There was a moment, a while back,
when your brother, who may or may
not have been, you know, on some
stuff, and thought, maybe, if this
place were to accidentally burn
down, on accident, that maybe--

CARMY

-- I get it, thank you.

RICHIE

(off poster)
Where's the tape?

SUGAR

Packed up front.

RICHIE

(exits with poster)
Emergency surgery.

CARMY

Syd, you good? You didn't cut
yourself?

SYDNEY

(exits)
Nah, I'm good, I'm just gonna
choose not to think about what else
is in that wall.

CARMY

(snaps)
Paint in the crawlspace.

SUGAR

That was the great idea.

CARMY

(calls out)
Cousin, can you do me a favor and
get the paint out of the
crawlspace?

RICHIE (O.S.)

Not right now!

CARMY

Please. Purpose, Chef.

RICHIE (O.S.)

GOOD POINT, CHEF.

Quiet for a second. Carmy stares into the hole -- a deep, BURNT abyss, he exhales, looks at Nat.

CARMY
Keep thinking about it.

SUGAR
I will.

Carmy rubs his finger against the wall, rubs the soot in his fingers.

CARMY
I'm gonna need more money.

SUGAR
Yep.
(beat)
Where do you get it?

Carmy exhales. Then. A STRANGE, INSANE ALARM GOES OFF--

CARMY
Is that in my head?

Nat winces, covers her ears.

RICHIE (O.S.)
MOTHERFUCKER.

Carmy looks at Nat, knows what he has to do.

INT. THE BEEF/DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Carmy exhales, alarm still going off behind him...

CARMY
Okay... so... this is all coming from a place of wanting to start fresh and clean. I love this place and I love this city and I want to build our first business here, a real business, an honest business, with honest partners.

... Sydney, earplugs in, sits next to him...

SYDNEY
And we can really do something special. And new. And exciting. And different. And exciting. Which I said already. We have an incredible space and an even better location.
(MORE)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

We're gonna have an outstanding food and beverage program with high-level hospitality. Any restaurant that goes the distance is firmly built around service and taking care of people.

... Sugar, earplugs in, sitting next to her...

SUGAR

We drafted a "quick" term sheet....
(slides it across the table)

That explicitly lays out not only our Business Prospectus but an execution guide as well as a return portfolio.

REVEAL, across from them, CICERO.

CICERO

I'm sorry, what the hell is going on?

CARMY

Mikey was telling you the truth.

CICERO

About the petting zoo?

CARMY

The wha-- no.

CICERO

The mini-golf plac--

CARMY

About franchising. He wanted to franchise this place and open a restaurant with me.

CICERO

How do you know?

CARMY

I found your money.

CICERO

(brows up)
Huh...

CARMY

Yeah, huh.

CICERO

He didn't put it in a bank did he?

CARMY

He definitely didn't put it in a bank.

(then)

What's KBL?

CICERO

Kalinowski, me, Berzatto, you, Lynne, Lee.

CARMY

Who's Lee?

SUGAR

Uncle Lee.

CARMY

Woof.

(to Sydney)

He's not our uncle.

SUGAR

(to Carmy)

Richie's not your Cousin.

RICHIE (O.S.)

Heard and resented!

CICERO

RICHARD CAN YOU TURN THIS GOD DAMN THING OFF! IT'S MAKING ME FUCKIN' INSANE--

(to Carmy)

How is that not making you fucking crazy?

CARMY

I kinda like it.

Richie comes in, on the phone--

RICHIE

Uncle J, I'm on it, how the fuck did I know the crawlspace had a goddamn alarm on it? Mikey's fuckin' Kevin McCalliper--

CARMY/SUGAR/SYDNEY

McCallister!

RICHIE
McCallister!
(into phone)
Hello? Yeah -- password is
"gofastboatsmojito", all one word,
"gofastboats... mojito"

Richie exits.

CICERO
So, to be clear because I can't
believe my fuckin' ears, not only
are you NOT giving me the original
three hundred thousand dollars you
owe me back, you're also ASKING me
to loan you an additional FOUR
hundred thousand dollars for a
grand total of 700 thousand
dollars. These are the facts?

CARMY
Those are the facts, Jim.

CICERO
Okay, cool.
(then)
And I'm supposed to say yes?

CARMY
We'd like you to say yes.

CICERO
How many times have you done this?

CARMY
None times.

CICERO
And how's your track record, Syd?

SYDNEY
Not great.

CICERO
Well I'm in!

CARMY
Jimmy.

CICERO
Carmen.

SYDNEY
(explain)
Natalie--

SUGAR
This is a good offer. You're first
out with a bonkers interest rate
because we have no choice. You
would also be a entitled to a
partnership.

CICERO
Partnership of what? There's at
least five great restaurants in
spitting distance, I could throw a
rock and hit Avec--

SYDNEY
We're gonna be better. Did I cut
you off?

CICERO
Yes.

SYDNEY
Sorry, what were you gonna say?

CICERO
I dunno, something about this being
fuckin' stupid.

SYDNEY
Jimmy, this will be a destination.
We'll get a star. Stars attract
business.

Carmy looks at her, "Syd..."

CARMY
Fuck stars.

SYDNEY
It's easy for you to say that
because you got them.

CARMY
I never "got", I "retained".

SYDNEY
(to Carmy)
We're gonna get a star.

After a moment, deep breath, he nods, looks at Jimmy.

CARMY

We're gonna get a star.

The alarm finally goes off.

ALL

THANK FUCK.

They take their earplugs off.

CICERO

So you get a star and then what?

CARMY

You know, we'd be--

CICERO

Exactly. Friends, may I share with you a story about complete and utter failure--

CARMY

-- If we don't turn a profit in 18 months it's yours.

CICERO

What's mine?

CARMY

All of it. The building. The lot.

CICERO

Ooh, that is interesting.

Sydney and Sugar look at him--

SUGAR

Carm--

SYDNEY

Yeah, Carm--

CARMY

(to Jimmy)
What do you think?

CICERO

I'm listening. I can save my failure story for later.

CARMY

You could probably get 5 million dollars for the lot?

CICERO

I could get 2 tomorrow.

SYDNEY

Your math is like--

SUGAR

Fucked.

CARMY

Alright, whatever, so give us 18 months. Worse case scenario is, you helped out your nephew, he blew it, you're out 700 grand and you sell this place for a couple million and we're done with it. Forever.

(beat)

Jimmy, I wasn't gonna tell you about the money. But we need more. And we need a partner. That's the truth. What do you say, Uncle J?

Cicero thinks, milks it. Then--

CICERO

How long will it take to open?

CARMY

Great question.

CICERO

(smiles)

Great partners ask great questions.

INT. THE BEEF/FOH - AFTERNOON

Carly, Sydney and Sugar around the counter. Charts and paperwork between them. At the deep end of the counter, Richie glues the Fenway poster back together.

CARMY

I got construction and demolition with Fak and Gary. Syd, we're on menu?

SYDNEY

Yes, Chef. We're gonna need proper team training. I want to travel Marcus--

CARMY

Do we have any miles?

SYDNEY

I hope you're kidding.

CARMY

Yep, just kidding. I have an old customer at United let me see what I can do.

SYDNEY

We'll get the inspections scheduled and permits filed.

Richie moves over, listening but not a part...

CARMY

Question: can we speed up that timeline? I don't know where that 18 months came from but we're gonna have to blast off, gang.

SUGAR

Yeah, that 18th month thing was a pretty wild curveball. The new injection from Jimmy gives us about 8 months to get into profit which, to put it generously, is tight, especially when it's gonna take 6 months to open.

CARMY/SYDNEY

6 months?

SUGAR

At least and that's being cocky.

CARMY

That's projecting an October opening?

SUGAR

September.

CARMY

Dude, we can't be closed that long-- we have 18 months to make a profit--

SUGAR

Dude, no shit, you're the one that said 18 months, that's a CP.

SYDNEY

What's a CP?

SUGAR

Carmy Problem.

SYDNEY

6 months is gonna kill us.

CARMY

We're gonna have to be rocking from
jump, packed every night.

(to Sydney)

Better get that star, pal.

SYDNEY

(gulp)

We can do it.

CARMY

We'll see. Can we get a staff
together?

SYDNEY

Hold on - Nat, do you work here
now?

SUGAR

Still thinking.

SYDNEY

K.

(to Carm)

I'll get back to you on the hiring
thing.

CARMY

Gonna be a shitshow. Staffing is a
nightmare-- nobody's working
anywhere and we really don't want
any cowboys. We need people that
are gonna want to learn and it's
hard to teach somebody to care.

Tina heads out for the night.

TINA

(exits)

Goodnight, Jeffs. Oh and Syd-- I
got a bunch of stains out of those
pans. Barkeeper's worked, science
baby. See you all bright and early.

SUGAR/CARMY

G'night, T./Thank you, Chef.

SYDNEY

(exits)

Tina....

EXT. THE BEEF/ENTRANCE - 4 PM

Tina stops, Syd approaches.

TINA

What's up?

SYDNEY

I want to ask you something... and you can totally say no and... this might seem insane--

TINA

I can stay later, there just wasn't much left to do--

SYDNEY

No, no, go home, um, I was thinking about what you were saying, about the new Jeff--

TINA

I can ask around, I'm not sure--

SYDNEY

If it was something you were at all interested in, and again, you can absolutely say no because God knows it'll be batshit and there's gonna be a lot of training, like a lot of training, but, I feel like I'm sweating a lot for some reason, um, basically if it was at all something you were into... I would like to formally hire you as the sous.

(then)

Tina... will you be my, Jeff?

Beat. Tina hugs her.

INT. THE BEEF/BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus stands on his cell...

MARCUS

... She's all good?... I'm almost outta here... appreciate you dude... just DVR it, she'll watch it later. K.

... hangs up. Looks at his empty space. Ebraheim walks up beside him.

EBRAHEIM

Quiet.

MARCUS

Yeah.

EBRAHEIM

I don't think I have ever heard it
be quiet in here.

MARCUS

Definitely not.

EBRAHEIM

Hard to describe what it looks like
so empty in here.

MARCUS

Different. But in a good way. Like
it's the sequel of this spot you
know? Like we can make it even
better.

EBRAHEIM

(worried)

Even better.

(then)

Good evening, Chef.

MARCUS

G'night, Chef.

INT. THE BEEF/OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Richie tapes the fixed poster over the hole. Lovingly presses
the tape down. It is the only thing left in the office.

INT. THE BEEF/FOH - MOMENTS LATER

Fak brings the dolly back in, sets in against the counter,
stops, feels something weird below him...

He bends his knees, presses his soles into the floor,
bounces...

FAK

Hmm.

He bends down, squeezes his little bulb tool at the floor,
listens for a second. Thinks better of it. Exits.

INT. THE BEEF/LOCKER ROOM - 5PM

Sydney zips up her coat, Carmy grabs his bag, Sugar grabs her briefcase, exits.

SUGAR
Night, guys.

SYDNEY
G'night.

CARMY
Thanks for your help, Bear.

SUGAR
My pleasure.

SYDNEY
See you tomorrow?

SUGAR
We'll see.

SYDNEY
I'll take it.

Sugar exits.

CARMY
(to Syd)
Are we really done for the day?

SYDNEY
Only so much we can do without
permits, gas is off, can't cook.

CARMY
Feels weird right?

SYDNEY
Feels weird.

It's quiet.

CARMY
Like too chill or something?

SYDNEY
Yep. Get home early for once, try
to enjoy it.

CARMY
Right, gonna see your dad?

SYDNEY

I guess so. How about you, what are you doing?

CARMY

I... have no idea.

SYDNEY

Major heard.

Quiet.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Alright, well...

CARMY

... yea.

INT. THE BEEF/FOH - EVENING

Carmy, alone, flicks off the light, still daylight outside. Weird.

EXT. VARIOUS CHICAGO - DUSK

The March version of Magic hour in the city, grey and sleek and silver and a little bit dark. The 5PM traffic jams.

EXT. NORTH AVE - EVENING

Carmy walks home, still light out, passes stores that are actually still open...

INT. CARMY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Carmy sits on his couch, unsure what to do with himself...

... He cleans up his coffee table, does the dishes, takes out the garbage...

... unpacks a MOVING BOX from ages ago, a CHEF'S SHIRT from NAPA, "CB" stitched in dark NAVY on the cuff. He smiles, sets it aside...

... leans against the fridge, drinks a soda, throws a tennis ball against the wall, smokes a cigarette...

... He sits on his couch, scroll through his phone, it's too quiet, exhales...

... he stares at the folded chef shirt, the cuff hanging off the edge of the box...

... push in on "CB"... match push on Carmy...

Then. "New Noise" by The Refused...

INT. THE BEEF/FOH -- MOMENTS LATER

SHOVE in as Carmy flies through the front door, looks up, the lights are already on, what the fuck...

Sugar comes off the kitchen--

SUGAR
6 months is too long.

Sydney comes off the dining room--

SYDNEY
We gotta get this shit open.

CARMY
Heard, Chef.

THEN--

Syd, Sugar and Carmy plaster the WALL where the CELEBRITY HEADSHOTS used to be with PARCHMENT PAPER-- a THREE MONTH CALENDAR constructed; "MARCH", "APRIL", "MAY"...

They label, circle and highlight control dates, phrases like; **"Culinary school"**, **"Sommm??"**, **"safety inspection"**, **"Friends and Family"**, **"new hires"**...

The three lean against the counter, look at the wall of hyper-focused mania, take in their work...

SYDNEY
Is this a terrible idea?

Carmy and Sugar nod.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Okay good, just making sure...

Push in... Circled in red at the end of calendar--

MAY 28th: OPENING DAY.

Then, the drop of "New Noise".

SLAM OUT.