

# THE BEAR

TBD  
Episode #202

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INT. CHURCH - AL ANON MEETING - MORNING

On CARMY, sharing from the front of the room.

CARMY

Hi. Carmy. I've, um, actually been dealing a lot with change. I was focusing on keeping my side of the street clean, and feeling really good about it. But now... everything's different. It's going to be good change but... I like consistency. You know? But maybe I also *need* consistency... too much.

(then)

There's this other thing that's been stuck in my head. A buddy of mine asked me the other day he said "when's the last time you had fun?" and I... I didn't know. Nothing comes to mind. Like *fun*. Losing track of time, losing yourself, kinda. It's just... really been a while. So maybe I should be thinking about having the courage to change... more? I don't know...

He gives a little confused laugh. Off Carmy with a furrowed brow, processing.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - SAME TIME

SYDNEY sits across from her dad, EMMANUEL. They both have diner coffee and two egg breakfasts. Emu is listening with what means to be a smile but ends up a grimace.

SYDNEY

We're still figuring out the menu but it's gonna be like a super elevated, Michelin star spot.

EMMANUEL ADAMU

(nodding sweetly)

So are you paid the same, or--?

SYDNEY

Well, sort of. There's salary for me for a month but then we all agree it makes more sense for me to just put in sweat equity, you know, for the good of the team...

He's not buying it, but he's being gentle.

EMMANUEL ADAMU

Right. So you have a job for a month, but then... no job, more of an internship... for how long?

SYDNEY

About six months. And it's not an *internship*. But I have savings.

EMMANUEL ADAMU

Sydney...

SYDNEY

Dad...

EMMANUEL ADAMU

... Savings to get your own apartment.

Dad.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

EMMANUEL ADAMU (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm -- I'm excited for you, honey.

SYDNEY

Oh just say it.

EMMANUEL ADAMU

Say what?

SYDNEY

Whatever it is that you want to say. Clearly.

(then)

Come on. Out with it.

EMMANUEL ADAMU

Just... how is this different than last time?

This stings. As she processes.

EMMANUEL ADAMU (CONT'D)

You know that Cousin Monty always has a job for you at Boeing. Temporary or even... you know, if you decide to make a change.

SYDNEY

It IS different than last time. I'm different. I'm learning, but also it's not just me. I have a partner now.

EMMANUEL ADAMU

Right. "Carmy".

SYDNEY

Sorry he's no Cousin Monty.

EMMANUEL ADAMU

No, he's not.

(then, trying)

I just don't want to see what another failure will do to you. But I will be there for you, okay?

She nods, holding in her hurt. They go back to eating their eggs, forks clinking.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS' MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Meanwhile, across town, Marcus' obnoxious cousin TJ holds court with Marcus, his MOM, and two other young girl COUSINS. Marcus makes a peanut butter sandwich for the plane.

TJ

Heavenly father, protect our brother Marcus as he leaves the country to do some sissy ass shit in Europe.

MARCUS

TJ's got some corny ass jokes--

TJ

And please forgive him, god, for leaving his own invalid mother so that he can go to a bakery--

ANIKA

Shut up. When's the last time you went to church?

MARCUS

Thanks Anika, but he's just jealous.

Marcus comes over to his mom, whose bed has been wheeled into the space between the kitchen and the living room. He's trying to laugh TJ off but there's worry in his eyes. His mom pats his arm knowingly. *I want you to go.* He gives her a sad smile. She extends her middle finger to TJ. They all laugh.

Oh shit-- TJ Oh shit! MARCUS (CONT'D)

EXT. RIVER NORTH STREETS - MORNING

Sydney walks to work, lugging a heavy tote, crying. A COUPLE passes her, concerned at the young crying woman. She shrugs away from them, embarrassed. She swings the door open to The Beef/The Bear.

INT. THE BEEF - CONTINUOUS

She wipes her tears angrily as she enters, turning her sadness into rage. She grabs a box of nails and hurls it at the wall.

Fuck!! SYDNEY

Beat.

I got it. SWEEPS (O.S.)

Carmy appears, catching the tail end.

Syd. Hey. CARMY

She catches her breath, heads to the back. She is passed by FAK, who is trailed by MANNY and ANGEL.

Let's go let's go! Top of the am,  
fellas-- Hi Syd-- lots to do before  
we deep clean. FAK

Sweeps comes through, picking up the nails that Sydney threw and listening to Fak's directions.

We're gonna start by-- FAK (CONT'D) Ow-- SWEEPS

Pulling everything out-- FAK (CONT'D) Ow-- SWEEPS (CONT'D)

Sweeps, stop picking up the nails  
from the sharp end-- FAK (CONT'D)

SWEEPS

You're right. Rusty ass nails all over the floor, that's the move.

FAK

No, Gary, don't twist my words. I'm just trying to get us going here--

Richie waltzes in with a coffee, watching a loud youtube video about sanding paint off walls.

RICHIE

Good morning, gentlemen. And Fak. I want to start today by scraping any peeling paint from the walls. Essential to accomplish this step before we deep clean. We got putty?

FAK

We need to take everything out before we scrape, Richie.

RICHIE

Dude, slow down! We can't just rush into this the way you rush to be first in line at the Super China.

FAK (CONT'D)

Oh, a fat guy joke, nice.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Take a breath with me--  
(exhales)

We need to get it right. I'll take half the guys in the dining room and you take the other half--

FAK

There's only three guys. And I need all hands to take the lockers out.

RICHIE

Fine, we'll do it your way. You take two guys and I'll take one guy--

FAK (CONT'D)

That's still your way!

SUGAR (O.S.)

Oh my god, shut up!

She appears from the office.

RICHIE

Oh great. Hi, Natalie.

SUGAR

You can't just show up late and start bossing everyone around.

RICHIE

Respectfully, Sugar, you disagree. Don't know what they teach you about leadership at the bank but here? In this situation? What you need is an alpha. And that's not Fak. They can smell his pheromones and they're weak as shit--

As Fak smells himself we cut to--

INT. THE BEEF/OFFICE - SAME

Sydney and Carmy sit in the office. She's Indian style on the desk with her Culinary Artistry book open next to her. He sits on the chair, throwing a ball.

CARMY

You don't want to talk about it.

SYDNEY

Nope.

(then)

My dad thinks I'm a loser, is all.

CARMY

Well my family is fucked so what do I know but actually I'm pretty sure he doesn't think that about you.

SYDNEY

Let's just not talk about it.

She plays with the Earth Cafe book, flipping the options.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Beef. Smoke. Cherry.

CARMY

That's actually not bad-- good to think about dishes with at least some of the same ingredients from the sandwich window.

SYDNEY

Panzanella? Crispy bread, vinegar, really good cheese, maybe from that guy in Andersonville?

CARMY

Dig that. And I was thinking a tartare amuse, sort of an ode to Keller, but with beef.

SYDNEY

An amuse bouche, really?

Outside the door, a loud CLANK.

CARMY

If we're going for the star, yeah.

SYDNEY

But we're still thinking chaos menu, right? We can go for the star and still be modern--

CLANK! Carmy throws the ball at the door in response--

CARMY

Shut up!

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I mean, Giant, Animal, Locust, whatever spot is hot now that I haven't heard of yet-- chaos menus are the future.

The ball bounces violently back at him.

CARMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, but, it's so sloppy. So let's be post chaos. That's the future. The future future.

She laughs.

SYDNEY

You're the chef, chef.

CARMY

Let me just write out what I'm thinking, you'll see.

He takes out a notebook and a pencil and starts to write--

CARMY (CONT'D)

The tartare amuse. Then a progression of elevated antipasti, some you'll see have a French take--

CLANK! CLANK! THEN A SCREEECH OF METAL.



CARMY (CONT'D) SYDNEY  
The plates don't HAVE to be Raynaud? Carmen--  
Raynaud, but--

FAK (O.S.) SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
Use your legs, Manny, what But like what is it going to  
are you-- BE?--

Carmy, growing agitated, finally bursts out of the office.

CARMY  
Guys, guys, what the fuck is all  
this racket?--

He opens the door to find Fak and Manny awkwardly wrenching the lockers off the wall. Sweeps lays down on the bench, now shoved aside, with a bandaged hand. He holds up the hand.

SWEEPS  
I'm supervising. Hurt my hand  
picking up Sydney's nails.

SYDNEY CARMY  
Oh shit, those were nails? (to Fak)  
Are you done now?

All the lockers have been emptied and the doors swing open, except for one, which is still locked. Manny looks at Carmy.

MANNY  
Michael's.

Carmy takes this in while everyone looks at him.

CARMY  
Fak, you gotta, you gotta angle  
grinder in your kit?

FAK  
Yes, chef.

He hurries to get it from the counter nearby, and saws off the lock. Everyone's watching with bated breath as Carmy opens the locker with that pleasing SHUNK! sound.

FAK (CONT'D)  
Give him room!

Carmy opens the locker to reveal... nothing. It's a little dusty, empty. He reaches into the very back of the top level and pulls out a squished old Beef hat. He looks at it.

CARMY

There you go, you can take em out.  
(turning)  
It's gonna be too loud, let's go.

Sydney nods. Carmy puts the hat down and leaves, greatly pained, but pushing it away. Syd follows.

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - DAY

Tina and Ebra walk through the hall of the Washburne Culinary & Hospitality Institute. Groups of YOUNG PEOPLE fill the halls. Tina is giving the side eye, hard.

TINA

It's a helluva lot of Sydneys in here.

EBRAHEIM

Don't look them in the eyes.

He plows forward. She feints at a YOUNG GUY, who flinches.

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ebraheim, now in the mens locker room, looks at a folded print out for guidance. He finds the locker assigned to him and opens it. He pulls out the uniform: white jacket, silly hat, even sillier pants. He sits on the locker room bench.

GUY (O.S.)

Hey, man. How you doing?

A GUY, many many years Ebra's junior, enters with a smile. Ebra, caught off guard, looks up at him. Eye contact.

EBRAHEIM

Hello.

Off Ebra, worry creeping over his face.

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ebraheim wearing the uniform, looking at himself in the mirror. It's too foreign and he hates it.

INT. CARMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carmy and Sydney enter his sad apartment with bags of groceries. Carmy immediately starts setting up in the kitchen. Sydney makes her way into the space taking it in.

SYDNEY

Chef. Bro. Your home is so sad.

Carmy laughs, he can't deny it.

CARMY

(without looking up)  
Sorry I don't live with my dad.

SYDNEY

Oh! You got jokes...

CARMY

Too soon?

SYDNEY

No, no, I deserved it.

CARMY

C'mon.

BURNERS FIRE UP. WATER STARTS TO BOIL. WELL-WORN PLASTIC CUTTING BOARDS SLAP ONTO THE CUPBOARD. OVER THIS SEQUENCE WE HEAR HIM EXPLAIN HIS MENU DREAMS TO SYDNEY, OVERLAPPING SNIPPETS OF IDEAS.

CARMY (V.O.)

Gonna do something with Corona Beans... Five pastas... Three proteins... simple, but super refined... Elegant... sausages on cannelinis with lemony greens... Animal... French Laundry... Chez Panisse... Next level Chicago Italian... We'll make our own sausages. Salad with an addictive dressing... Always wanted to do a pate en croute, maybe a revolving special.

CARMY POURS FLOUR INTO A PILE, HOLLOWS OUT THE MIDDLE AND CRACKS AN EGG, STARTS GENTLY WHISKING IT WITH A FORK INTO A DOUGH. SYDNEY CONSULTS CARMY'S NOTEBOOK.

SYDNEY

Okay if I try something a little different with the Amatriciana?

CARMY

Sure.

Carmy double wraps his dough with plastic wrap, then starts to rummage for his steel pasta machine.

SYDNEY

Probably can't afford to have a fresh pasta program. That's time, which is money, and labor, which is money...

CARMY

We gotta try. Gotta be next level.

SYDNEY

Heard, chef.

(then)

Last dinner I did with Sheridan Road was a fundraiser at someone's house. I don't know, maybe just PTA or something. All I remember is the lady was really mean. But she insisted on fresh pasta and it just got all dried out and crumbled-- I served bolognese on Kings Hawaiian rolls, like a sloppy Joe. Fucked.

CARMY

That sounds delicious. And this--

(gesturing to them)

Isn't that. Maybe I don't know what it is yet, but it's not going to be like that.

She smiles. Chooses to believe.

SYDNEY

Next level.

CARMY

Next level.

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

On Ebra as he enters the classroom in his civvies. Everyone else, including Tina, are in the dopey uniform. Her hat is on the counter nearby. When she spots him:

TINA

Cabron, what the fuck?

EBRAHEIM

I don't want to wear it.

TINA

No duh, you think I do? I look like  
a fuckin jester.

EBRAHEIM

I do not need a costume to cook.

Ebra looks around, awkward as the only one NOT wearing the stupid costume. But it's when the INSTRUCTOR pulls up the online blackboard that things really turn.

INSTRUCTOR

Welcome, everyone. Just a couple of admin duties... you got your student log in after the Zoom orientation. Hopefully you had no problem creating your student email account. I'll send you all a link to the board so you can get the notes at the end of each day.

Ebra takes in the board, the kids on their phones and tablets, and shakes his head. In hushed tones:

EBRAHEIM

This is stupid, I'm leaving.

TINA

Ebra, stop.

EBRAHEIM

We're better than this.

She sees the fear in his eyes.

TINA

I'm not.  
(then)  
We can do this.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

Lesson one, culinary terms...

EBRAHEIM

No.

He leaves, scurrying out. She takes a look around, now the oldest person in the room. She puts her stupid hat on, and turns her attention to the front.

INT. THE BEEF/DINING ROOM - DAY

A cockroach scurries away until Sugar catches it with a glass on the floor. She jumps back up -- only so brave.

SUGAR  
Carm? CARM!

Fak comes out of the bathroom.

FAK  
He left a little while ago...

SUGAR  
Oh. I must've been out back. Here--

She hands him a bag of protective goggles from the hardware store.

SUGAR (CONT'D)  
Can you take care of the... thing?

They look at the bug in the glass. Neither want to deal.

FAK  
Richie?!

INT. THE BEEF/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sugar and Fak catch up with Richie who has commandeered the operation. Sweeps writes notes as Richie dictates his thoughts. Manny and Angel look on.

RICHIE  
(gazing upwards)  
... this is the third spot we've found with this brown coloration on the ceiling. Similar to the dining room. Sort of a topaz--

Topaz?                      SWEEPS    RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Oh look who decided to show back up!

FAK  
I was in the bathroom for two seconds.

RICHIE  
Yeah it was TWO seconds wasn't it. Emphasis on the TWO.

Manny chuckles.

SUGAR Oh Jesus christ. RICHIE (CONT'D) You like that Manny?

Manny shrugs, has to admit he did. Richie and Manny fist bump.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
By the way, you guys missed the inspection of the tile behind the register-- it's uneven and we might have to pull it up.

FAK  
I already knew that.

RICHIE  
Oh yeah, where's your proof?

SUGAR Guys, come on. FAK I don't need proof. This isn't a court of law.

RICHIE  
He doesn't have proof. Let's continue to the walk-in.

Richie heads off, but Fak goes the other way, grabbing a nearby ladder.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? It's not that big of a deal.

FAK  
I need a closer look. Checking to see if it's mold.  
(then)  
Sugar, will you spot me--

SUGAR  
Yeah. Thanks, Fak, good idea.

Richie, annoyed, comes over as Fak ascends in his goggles.

FAK  
Because if it's mold, we are very fucked.

RICHIE  
It's not mold. Michael was on drugs but he wasn't R-word.

FAK  
Mold is the death knell.

RICHIE

Yeah, I know, that's what I'm saying. He would've known if it was mold--

(then)

You're both in such a fucking hurry to tear him down, tear this place down--

SUGAR

(you're an idiot)

Richie, we're renovating the space.

Fak is now flicking at the ceiling with his screwdriver, trying to get some flakes into his hand. He's put on an N-95, acting like he's in a toxic spill zone.

RICHIE

The ladder isn't even in the right spot.

He yanks on it, while Fak is still on it.

FAK

Whoa!

SUGAR

You ass.

RICHIE

Oh wait it was better before--

He yanks the ladder again. Fak scrambles down and they started shoving the ladder back and forth, fighting through the rungs.

SUGAR

C'mon, you guys-- never mind, fuck you. Manny, Angel, come with me, please. Sweeps... keep taking notes.

Sugar, Manny and Angel go into the front of house area, leaving the boys fighting. As the ladder starts to close:

RICHIE

Don't pinch me--

FAK

You don't pinch me!

We hear the SCREECH of the drink fridge then--

SUGAR (O.S.)

Oh, shit.

(then)

FAK! I need your hammer.



PRE-LAP: PERFECT CUBES OF GUANCIALE SIZZLE IN HOT OIL

Fak, then Richie, stop what they're doing and go to Sugar. They have pulled out the fridge, revealing that the cord is shoved through a spackled over hole in the wall.

FAK

What the--

He hands Sugar his hammer and she rips at the hole with the claw, putty and dry wall chipping all over. She opens the wall, revealing that this whole time the fridge had been plugged into a dangling power strip hidden in the wall.

SUGAR

SO janky.

She huffs in Richie's direction. He raises his hands--

RICHIE

Well he was *your* brother.

SUGAR

And you were, what, just blindfolded the whole time? Fak, we need to rip this all out, see where it goes--

RICHIE

Hey, now, just hold your horses, sweetheart. Slow down. There might be good reasons things are the way they are and you just haven't been brought up to speed, or they're not in your purview--

FAK

Purview?

SWEEPS

Purview, that's nice--

SUGAR

Richie, I think you and I need to go talk, in the office, now--

RING!

SUGAR (CONT'D)

I said phones off--

RICHIE

Well *I* didn't say that.

Richie grabs his ringing phone, checks, it's the school--

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Shit, gotta take this.

He heads into the kitchen to talk.

INT. THE BEEF/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Richie picks up, pacing as he talks.

RICHIE  
Hello? Yes, this is he. Oh, poor  
thing. Okay. And you tried her mom--  
she's stuck at work, got it. Yeah,  
I'll be there.

As he listens, Richie's eyes fall onto Michael's hat, the one  
Carmy pulled from the locker.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
I'd say twenty five minutes. Thank  
you.

Richie hangs up, grabs the flattened old hat, shoves it on  
his head.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
I'll be back!

He heads out the back.

INT. THE BEEF/FRONT OF HOUSE - SAME

On Sugar, exasperated.

SUGAR  
Okay, thanks. Cool. Bye.

PRE-LAP: PEACHES POACHING IN RED LIQUID.

There's a LOUD BANG from the dining room.

FAK (O.S.)  
I'm okay!

Sugar rushes off to check, in over her head.

INT. CARMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sydney and Carmy jockey for position in his cramped kitchen.

SYDNEY

... no fucking way. Delfino's. The one right around the corner?

CARMY

Been there fifty years. Done.

SYDNEY

Pandemic?

CARMY

Probably. I dunno.

(then)

Behind!

He strains the pot of pasta in his tiny sink. Sydney reorganizes herself as she works on the sauce, making room for him to return. He adds the pasta to her pan, combining, while she grabs plates. He plates the dish beautifully.

CARMY (CONT'D)

Okay--

They twist their forks, taste. It's gorgeous, but-- Carmy contorts his face. Sydney frowns.

SYDNEY

(full mouth)

Oh god.

Carmy struggles through his mouth full.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

CARMY

I didn't want to say anything, but, the peaches?

SYDNEY

I poached them in red wine, I was thinking pork and peach, you know--

CARMY

That is... not good.

He starts laughing, at her expense but in a good natured way.

SYDNEY

Damn. You're right. Sorry to mess up your recipe...

Carmy grabs a glass of water to wash it down. As he does, he makes a fist with his right hand and rubs it in a circle on his chest. Syd notices.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Is it that bad?

CARMY

Oh no, no.

(re: his gesture)

It means I'm sorry in sign language, something two of my old chefs at a place in New York used to do to each other. It meant "I'm sorry, let's talk about this later", when they didn't have time to fight or talk on the line. Even if one of them tore the other one to shreds over something, it would get them through service.

SYDNEY

Yeah well, let's never talk about that dish again.

She throws out the peachy pork in the garbage.

CARMY

Heard, chef.

SYDNEY

I'll redo it the way you wanted.

CARMY

Thank you, chef.

(then, re: oven)

Is the short rib ready?

She opens the door, eyeing the meat.

SYDNEY

Almost.

He checks the clock.

CARMY

Then c'mon, chef. Start again on the guanciale, you need to redo that sauce. I don't need you staying at my sad apartment all day.

SYDNEY

Yes, chef.

CARMY

Let's go.

She begins again.

INT. CHESTER'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Chester drives his Jeep Wagoneer with Marcus in the passenger seat.

CHESTER

Just let me see it...

MARCUS

Okay, fine.

He pulls his spanking new passport from his backpack and opens it so Chester can see.

CHESTER

So handsome. So well traveled.

Jetsetter--

(off the light)

Oh shit was that red?

MARCUS

Jetsetter... no stamps yet.

CHESTER

Well that's about to change.

MARCUS

I just never been anywhere before.

CHESTER

I bet your family is so pumped for you? So sick.

MARCUS

(lying)

Yeah, they are. They're excited.

(then)

Didn't hear back yet from the guy in Copenhagen, I still don't know what they're gonna ask me to do. My duties. Might be totally over my head.

CHESTER

Naw, man, that's the whole point. To learn. But let me tell you something, okay? I believe in you with my whole heart.

(MORE)

CHESTER (CONT'D)

And I've learned some Danish words  
so we can still be connected when  
you get back.

MARCUS

Okay let me hear em.

CHESTER

Flyvemaskine. Airplane.

MARCUS

That's good.

CHESTER

Klimaanlaeg. Air conditioner.

MARCUS

Important, in winter.

CHESTER

You never know.

MARCUS

Just get me to the flyvemaskine.

Chester swerves, the mood lightened.

INT. RICHIE'S CAR/EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - SAME

Richie fumbles with a booster seat latch as his daughter EVA,  
6, waits patiently. She has fresh band aids on her hands.

RICHIE

Almost... wait a minute. This one,  
right?

She nods.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I don't know, it's jammed. You try.

She moves to open the latch but he stops her--

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Hold on hold on I'll do it...

He goes back in for it, pressing hard and finally-- click. As  
she gets out of the straps and grabs her bag--

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Make sure to give your mom that  
note from the nurse, okay?

She nods.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

How's your mom doing, by the way?

EVA

Good.

RICHIE

They said she was stuck at work,  
what's that about?

EVA

She got a promotion.

RICHIE

Oh yeah?

EVA

We had a cake.

RICHIE

Oh wow.

EVA

Uncle Frank is really proud of her  
and so am I so we had a little  
party.

RICHIE

Still with Frank, huh?

EVA

And mom got a raise too, which is  
why Frank got the good cake, from  
Weber's.

RICHIE

She got a promotion, that's  
awesome. She's a hard worker,  
that's what's important, right?

EVA

Yeah.

(then, parroting)

But you still have to pay child  
support, because fair's fair.

He is incensed, embarrassed, and squashes it all in an  
instant. He leans down to give her a hug and a kiss.

RICHIE

I love taking care of you, baby.  
And I always will.

EVA  
I know daddy.  
(then)  
Psst.

Richie looks at her-- she has a secret. She puts her little face near his head. In the smallest whisper:

EVA (CONT'D)  
I'm really good at climbing.

RICHIE  
(heart swelling)  
I know you are, sweet girl. You're so strong. Okay.

He lets go of her and she heads into the house.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
I'll call you later. Take care of those hands. Give your mom that note!

On him as he watches her go.

INT. CARMY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Carly works on a fussy but beautiful green salad. A tall stack of green ombre butter lettuce leaves with radicchio on top. He's putting dots of bright yellow dressing here and there. As he finishes, Sydney finishes plating the short rib, now more like a ragu with pappardelle noodles.

SYDNEY  
I was thinking about going to Kasama this week, maybe Giant too, just to see what's on their menus these days...

CARMY  
I'm down.

SYDNEY  
Here.

She hands him a fork and they taste.

CARMY  
That's it, chef. It's perfect.

SYDNEY  
No shit.



CARMY

Yes, shit.

She's really proud. Then, thinking.

SYDNEY

... and it would be too expensive to have on the menu with a fresh pasta program. Plus shipping of the short rib?

CARMY

Well then let's look into a commissary kitchen to deliver pasta-

SYDNEY

Your salad, too, Carm. Unless we go to lower quality produce, I don't know how we can afford all this.

CARMY

Then we get more money. Or we call farms in Elsau or Galena. Make connections, figure something out. We just don't give up, okay? If we don't give up, we can do this.

SYDNEY

Yeah, okay. You're right.  
(then)

Thank you for putting a version of my dish on the menu. It's nice.

CARMY

It's not nice, Syd, it's good. Now show me how you made that sauce.

They're united and inspired as she begins to show him...

INT. THE BEEF/BATHROOM - SAME

Sugar sits on the ground of the bathroom with her earbuds in.

SUGAR (INTO PHONE)

I mean I don't even really know. Mikey died and I just never wanted to be in this place at all but then my other brother started running the place and now it's like I just want to be here all the time and is that even healthy?

(MORE)

SUGAR (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

But then I feel like I actually could be good at this, you know? And as adults we never try new things, because it becomes so easy to just do the same exact thing with the same exact people... and who doesn't want easy? Who doesn't want to just be okay--

(off phone)

There, the photos should have uploaded.

(then)

No, I definitely already sent one of the flush valve gasket, and I don't even think that's where the issue is, because the drip is coming from the shut off valve-- okay, fine. I know, Gene. You're the plumber. I'll send it over. Bye.

She gets on her hands and knees under the toilet to take pictures of the busted toilet, then slumps against the side. Looks around, like *what am I doing*. Her phone RINGS--

SUGAR (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Cicero, hi-- okay, slow down, what?!

INT. CARMY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Carly and Sydney are still happily cooking away when his phone rings.

CARMY (INTO PHONE)

Hey Sug, we were just saying-- can you look into commissary--

SUGAR

Carly, shut up--

CARMY

What?

SUGAR

I called you. You can't just start talking about your shit--

CARMY

Well I thought, since you appointed yourself to work at the restaurant, that my shit was now your shit--

SUGAR (CONT'D)

Whoa!!

SYDNEY

That's not fair, I asked her to.

SUGAR

I don't have time for whatever trigger response that was, so let me just get to it, you're an idiot.

CARMY

Wow, great, thanks for calling.

SUGAR

Cicero just called *me*, pissed, because a guy he knows at City Hall tipped him off that we tried to renew our DBA with a new name, which is only a problem because we-- they-- Mikey-- never had a business account filed in the first place. So now it's a huge mess and we have to pay a huge fine.

CARMY

Oh shit... so now...

SUGAR (CONT'D)

Cicero kept saying that it's all on me, that you're all morons so it's on me to stop things from falling through the cracks.

CARMY (CONT'D)

I don't necessarily disagree...

SUGAR

But I just need to know there are going to be a few less cracks.

CARMY

Less cracks. Heard. What can I do?

SUGAR

Cicero thinks he can get this guy to throw away the application to renew, if you go down to City Hall and fill out an application for a new license, today. Before they close.

Carmy and Sugar look at the time.

CARMY

Okay, gotta go--

SUGAR

Don't wear some gross t-shirt--!

He hangs up and runs into his room. He returns, buttoning up a shirt.

CARMY

(to Syd)

I don't know when I'll be back--

SYDNEY

All good, chef. I'll clean up.

And he runs out.

INT. THE BEEF/FRONT OF HOUSE - SAME

Fak is setting up a commercial grade cleaner when Richie rushes in.

RICHIE

What are you guys all just standing around for?

Sugar enters the room.

FAK

Jesus, dude, what? You've been telling us to hold off, go slow--

RICHIE

I said we needed to pull up the floors.

He goes to the tool box, grabs a hammer and a chisel, and starts to chip at it cathartically. Fak and Sugar look at each other, this fuckin' guy, but then:

SUGAR

You know what? Sounds great.

She grabs a tool and joins him, hacking at the floor.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - MAGIC HOUR

Carmy walks on Clark St, having made it to city hall in time and filled out the new application. He turns right towards the loop, the orange sunset causing him to shut his eyes. He's enjoying the rare feeling of sun on his face when--

CARMY

Shit.

He stops in his tracks, staring at a WOMAN in her late 60s talking to a MAN across the street.

Carmy can only see her from 3/4 view but she's blonde, with her hair just so, and with a familiar posture. She's laughing, and the man smiles. Carmy is 99% sure it's his mother, and she's happy. It's disorienting and he's staring until --

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Carmy?

CARMY

Yes--?

Carmy turns to see CLAIRE, surprising, his age. She clearly recognizes him.

CLAIRE

It is you. I'd heard you were back--

He still can't place her...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm Aemon's sister? We were neighbors in Elk Grove.

CARMY

In Elk Grove, of course.

CARMY (CONT'D)

Wow, it's really nice to see you.  
How long as it been?

Happy for the distraction, he turns away from the woman on the street.

CLAIRE

Ten, maybe twelve years?

CARMY

How's Aemon?

CLAIRE

Oh, bad. He became a 9-11 truther and collects Reader's Digests.

CARMY

Oh shit, I'm sorry--

CLAIRE

Oh I'm just kidding. I gotta catch the L, are you..?

CARMY

I'm walking that way.

They turn and head off.

CLAIRE

Aemon's a commercial realtor now.

CARMY

Damn, that's awful--

I know!

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We leave this sweetness and POP TO:

EXT. CARMY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Sydney walks home. Determined.

INT. AIRPLANE - SAME

Marcus, settling into his seat. Nervous. Life about to change.

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - SAME

Tina listens intently as the teacher drones, her knife kit unfurled in front of her.

INSTRUCTOR

... this is the knife you'll use  
for onions. I'll teach you six ways  
to cut an onion but let's start  
with the most traditional. And yes,  
this will be on the test.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - MAGIC HOUR

Carmy and Claire walk to the El, reminiscing.

CARMY

I haven't thought about this in  
years but do you remember that lady  
who lived at the end of the block?  
Mrs... um...

CLAIRE

Mrs. Carol Kelly.

CARMY (CONT'D)

Mrs. Carol Kelly!  
(then)  
She always hated us.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

In fairness, we hid in her backyard  
all the time and trashed her  
flowers--

CARMY  
It was a good hiding spot. Really good. CLAIRE (CONT'D)

CARMY (CONT'D)  
She used to yell at me from down  
the street, just "you'll never  
amount to anything!"

They laugh.

CARMY (CONT'D)  
I was like don't worry lady, I get  
that enough at home, I'm sure  
you're right.

A beat. It's funny but Claire knows he means it.

CLAIRE  
So what are you doing?

CARMY  
... I am opening a restaurant. A  
new one.

CLAIRE  
Wow, seriously? Need a good  
realtor? Because I don't know one.  
(they laugh, then)  
No really... That's amazing.

He looks at her, takes it in. Feels good.

CARMY  
Thanks.

CLAIRE  
Let me guess... it's called The  
Bear?  
(off Carmy's surprise)  
I remember.

This means a lot to him.

CARMY  
Yeah. Yeah.  
(then)  
So tell me about you, what have you  
been doing for the last twelve  
years...

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE BEEF/FRONT OF HOUSE - SAME

Fak, Sugar and Richie chip away at tile. Sweeps and Angel sweep up the pieces. Manny eats a slice of pizza, on break. Music plays from an old boom box.

RICHIE  
Hey Gary, you remember that  
guy Wayne that used to come  
in all the time? I wonder            Wayne?  
what he's gonna do now.

SWEEPS

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
(snapping fingers)  
Um, you know, Can Man.

SWEEPS  
Oh shit, Can Man.

Richie eases into some reminiscing as they keep working.

RICHIE  
That's just what he did for a job,  
he collected cans all over the  
city. And there was nothing wrong  
with that. He would come in like  
once a week and get a hot dipped  
beef and that was his life-- that's  
what he did. Always sat right in  
that corner. I asked him one day  
what it was all about, what he  
wanted from life. And he said  
"Well, Richie, I'd really like to  
find a good Can Woman."

They laugh. Otis Redding's "These Arms of Mine" plays on the radio. The crew has chipped back tile on both sides of the lane behind the counter, revealing the hard wood floor underneath. The tiled area directly behind the cash register is still on the floor. Richie stands, puts down his tools and wipes his brow.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Anyone else want a slice?

He steps forward onto the tile, suddenly plunging through the floor and into the basement.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck!

SUGAR  
Oh shit--

FAK  
Oh shit--



SWEEPS

Oh shit--

Richie is groaning.

RICHIE

... Neil!

Fak runs around the counter and to the back, heading to the basement. Richie looks up through the hole in the floor.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened?

Sugar stifles a laugh. Fak comes to help Richie, but he just grumpily shrugs him off.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

Fak piles up crates and pokes his head through the floor. He pulls back the rest of the tile with his screwdriver, revealing disintegrating wood.

SUGAR

So what the fuck happened?

FAK

Looks like the wood rotted.  
Waterlogged from bad drainage  
probably. Not new.

SWEEPS

So it's just been that thin layer  
of tile this whole time? No floor?

FAK

Not much floor.

SUGAR

But the foundation's okay... ?

FAK

(no)

Yeah, maybe. Let's see.

Off our hard working, sweaty crew, taking this in, and Sugar immediately dialing Carmy, we POP BACK TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - SUNSET

Carmy and Claire, walking up the steps to the L as the sun sets.

END OF EPISODE.