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Network Draft - 10/31/22

THE BEAR

"TBD"
Episode #204

Written by
Stacy Osei-Kuffour

Directed by
TBD

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BLACK.

We don't hear familiar sounds --

No knives hurriedly cutting onions, no pans clanking, no screaming of *CORNER!* or *CHEF!*, and no bustling sounds of Chicago...

No. The sounds we hear are quaint, soft, nearly methodical--

PEOPLE softly speaking in strange accents, foreign cars sloshing by, A TELLER asking to see someone's passport.

We know instantly we are somewhere else.

WE OPEN ON...

I/E. TAXI - COPENHAGEN - DRIVING

MARCUS, eyes bright and completely shell shocked, in the backseat of a tiny taxi cab that was clearly made in the 1980s. His body seems to take up the entire seat. He readjusts so he can look out the window. Once he is able to--

He sees all the buildings, the people, the sights and the snow. He takes out his phone from his pocket, looks at the world clock app, it's 3AM in Chicago -- so he texts his mom: *"I made it!"*

Then he snaps a round of pictures through the window, i.e. absolutely nothing. But it's something to him.

He looks at the photos he just took on his phone with wonder and a little bit of glee. This will be proof for later, proof that he was here. He puts the phone away.

On his lap is his journal, he opens it. Here, we see an extension of his 'Vision Board' pastry wall from Season One. Magazine clippings of different desserts, recipe pages ripped from fancy cookbooks. Colorful and decadent. His dreams.

Marcus flips through the pages, scanning everything in his already over-flooded brain, as if he's studying for a test.

His TAXI DRIVER (60s), scar along his face, maybe Russian, drives fast. A little too fast. He locks eyes with Marcus in the rearview. Marcus smiles -- *could you slow the fuck down?* The Taxi Driver does not smile -- *no.*

Marcus tries to find his seatbelt but the car is so old, it doesn't seem to have one. He holds onto the door handle as they continue through the windy, slippery roads.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - COPENHAGEN - DAY

Marcus stands in front of a run-down apartment complex. Shouting can be heard coming from inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - COPENHAGEN - CONTINUOUS

Marcus climbs a very small, very rickety stairwell as a YOUNG WOMAN suddenly comes rushing down, upset.

Marcus backs up so she can get by. She looks up--

YOUNG WOMAN
(to the Man, pleading)
Jeg fortalte dig, fordi jeg elsker
dig.

A MAN with a beard stands at the top of the stairs smoking a cigarette.

MAN
(betrayed, annoyed)
Vi sagde, at vi ville se
genforeningen sammen. Nu vil jeg se
det alene.

He flicks it down after she's gone.

The Man stares at Marcus then disappears into his apartment.

Marcus blinks rapidly then continues up the stairwell.

I/E. STRANGE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus knocks on the door of an apartment. He checks his phone to make sure he has the right one. Waits. Knocks again. Waits. He looks around. Tries the knob. It's unlocked.

Marcus enters the apartment to find...

An idiosyncratic mess. Books, clothes and dishes are strewn about. The smell of soup.

Marcus inches in further, notices the bathroom door is wide open and a NAKED DUTCH LADY (50s), cherry tattoo on her bum, is taking a shower inside. Marcus freezes.

The Naked Dutch Lady turns, sees Marcus and--

 NAKED DUTCH LADY MARCUS
(faint Dutch accent) Hi. Sorry--
What the fuck!

 NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D) MARCUS (CONT'D)
GET OUT OF HERE-- No no you don't understand--

The Naked Dutch Lady comes storming out of the shower, not shy, just pissed.

 NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D) MARCUS (CONT'D)
NO YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'm I I I work at the beef!

 NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D) MARCUS (CONT'D)
BEEF! WHAT BEEF! I I mean, I'm here to stage
 at the Bageri?

 NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D)
 Beef bageri? What is this?

Marcus tries to take out his ID when the Naked Dutch Lady screams even louder! NEIGHBORS start to trickle out into the hallway, looking in the open door.

 NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D) MARCUS
I think we need the politet! Hart Bageri. It's Richard
 Hart's spot? He was at Noma?
 Noma?!
 (then -- grabbing ID)
 I'm Carmen's friend!

The Naked Dutch Lady stops, body dripping with water. She smiles.

 NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D)
 Ohhhh! Yes! Of course, yes, I
 forgot--
 (to the neighbors)
 Falsk alarm.

The Naked Dutch Lady kicks her door closed.

 NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D)
 Come, come. Sit.

The Naked Dutch Lady puts on a robe but doesn't tie it. Marcus looks away as she guides him to her old brown sofa.

NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D)
Carmy stayed here, too.

Marcus nods, still confused. The Naked Dutch Lady moves about her apartment with ease -- clearing away dishes and picking up clothes.

NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D)
When he did... whatever it is you are doing. The stage. Arbejder gratis.

MARCUS
(nods)
Yeah, that's cool. Thank you for having me, ma'am. So, um, which room--?

The Naked Dutch Lady laughs.

NAKED DUTCH LADY
You are on it, my dear. This couch has held many a wonderful chef. And now, it holds you.

Marcus looks at the sofa. The Naked Dutch Lady enters the kitchen area, turns.

NAKED DUTCH LADY (CONT'D)
Coffee? Tea? You hungry??

CUT TO BLACK.

THE BEAR

I/E. HART BAGERI BAKERY - COPENHAGEN - DAY

PASTRIES. COOKIES. CAKES. DONUTS. BREADS. It's looking like Hansel and Gretel's wet dream up in here.

Marcus stares at all of these goodies through a clear glass window from outside of the HART BAGERI BAKERY.

He studies each pastry, taking in every glorious detail.

Then, finally, he goes in.

INT. HART BAGERI BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Marcus breathes in the sugar and the butter and all the good things. Just from the look on his face we can see he feels right at home.

The bakery is in full service. PEOPLE are everywhere buying and pointing and tasting and eating. Far beyond the bustling checkout counter, Marcus can make out...

WHITE CHEF COATS and WHITE HANDS working diligently with aggravated precision -- aka a room full of Carmy's.

He swallows hard.

Eventually, Marcus reaches the front of the line. THE CASHIERS stare at him -- force a smile.

Marcus stares back, nervous.

CASHIER 2
How can we help you.

MARCUS
I'm Marcus.

They stare at him. *Okay...*

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Um.

Marcus tries to think of a way to say he's staging here but can't. So he points to a chocolate croissant instead.

Cashier 2 nods, bags the chocolate croissant, rings him up. Marcus pays.

Cashier 1 hands him the bag then waits for him to leave, he doesn't.

CASHIER 1
Something else?

MARCUS
Yeah. I'm um-- I introduced myself
cause I'm um staging here? I'm...
Marcus.

The Cashiers exchange a look. Cashier 1, the nicer of the two, leaves the front.

CASHIER 1
One moment.

Marcus nods.

CASHIER 2
--you mind moving aside?

MARCUS
Oh shit yeah sorry.

Marcus moves aside so the OTHER CUSTOMERS can order. He waits. Receives more stares.

He looks in the bag -- the croissant is fucking perfect, he almost doesn't want to fuck it up by eating it but... he has to. He pulls it out slowly, takes a bite.

As he chews, he takes in every flavor -- trying to pinpoint every ingredient.

Cashier 1 reappears.

CASHIER 1
(smiles)
Please. Come.

Marcus puts the croissant away and his phone away then heads to the back with Cashier 1.

INT. HART BAGERI/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cashier 1 hands Marcus off to LUCA (30) who waits in the kitchen impatiently in a white chef coat -- black painted nails. When he sees Marcus.

LUCA
Luca.

MARCUS
Marcus.

Marcus gives Luca his fist -- waiting for it to be bumped, Luca just stares at it until Marcus puts his fist away.

LUCA
Come.

Luca leads Marcus through the kitchen (no one looks at him, they're too focused on the work before them)--

INT. HART BAGERI/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

-- To the tiny office downstairs. It's crammed and cramped, full of papers, old-fashioned computers, dessert supplies, coats, machines, shoes and bags.

At one of the desks sits the MAIN PASTRY CHEF, typing away furiously on his laptop and talking on speaker phone.

MAIN PASTRY CHEF
(frustrated)
Femogtyve, bestilte to hundrede!

Marcus spots a row of rundown lockers. Makes his way over.

LUCA
No. Here.

Luca points to a disturbingly overfilled coat rack. Marcus squints confused -- here?? But then takes off his coat and bag and hangs them on the coat rack carefully. As soon as he does, the coat rack slants dramatically, threatening to fall over... but doesn't.

As the Main Pastry Chef continues to shout on the phone, Luca crosses to a large box on the floor filled with uniforms. He takes out a chef jacket and hat, hands them to Marcus.

MARCUS
Is there a bathroom or--

Luca just stares at him. Marcus removes his shirt, changes into the chef jacket and hat. Both are snug.

As soon as he's changed--

INT. HART BAGERI/VARIOUS ROOMS - NO SOUND

Luca continues to show Marcus around the bakery.

As Luca goes, pointing to this and explaining that, Marcus jots everything down in his journal -- wide eyed, overly nodding, overly smiley -- but he can't help it.

Back in the kitchen, Luca points out various machines. Marcus continues to nod. He spots a line of perfect pastries on a baking sheet -- ones he's never seen before. Then, under a TIMER ON a table, written on perfectly cut green tape: **"EVERY SECOND COUNTS"**. Marcus stares into it.

LUCA
Pay attention please.

MARCUS

(nods)

Sure. Sorry.

Luca continues.

PRELAP SOUND: AN ALARM GOING OFF!

INT. NAKED DUTCH LADY'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Marcus shoots up! Looks around. Hits SNOOZE on his phone -- it reads 4:00 AM. *Ugh.*

Marcus opens the WORLD CLOCK APP on his phone, sees that it's 9:00 PM in Chicago. He tries to call his mom: CALL FAILED.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Marcus walks out into the dark morning -- it's fucking freezing. Snow pours all around him.

Across the street, Marcus spots a bus stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - EARLY MORNING

Marcus waiting at the bus stop. He checks the map posted on the side, confused. He sees roads, street names and bus stops he can't decipher. He looks around. Nothing but snow and darkness for miles.

Marcus checks his phone again. It's 4:34. Fuck.

As he starts to walk, he dials his mom. It goes right to VM.

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)

Hi, mom! Just wanted you to hear my voice, but, um, yeah! I hope you're feeling okay. I miss you. I'm here. The flight was good. I kept ordering cranberry juice for some reason, because when's the last time I had cranberry juice, but they asked me what I wanted and it was all I could think of. Anyway... the place I'm staying is nice... and the bakery is beautiful. It smells so good, and yeah. I'm going to make you proud. Okay. Love you.

I/E. HART BAGERI BAKERY - MORNING - LATER

Marcus arrives at Hart Bageri covered in snow and nearly frozen to death. It's still dark out. TY (30s), an Asian woman with a warm smile and a sick buzz cut, opens the door.

MARCUS

Hey.

Ty waves.

TY

(kinda hushed)

You're late.

Ty pulls Marcus in. Before he can explain--

LUCA

Clean out the baskets then separate 100 eggs, we open in an hour.

MARCUS

Yes, chef.

CUT TO:

INT. HART BAGERI/BACK ROOM - MORNING - LATER

Marcus brushing out the baskets. He does it as quickly and efficiently as he can. Head down. Focused. Dead inside.

As he goes, he yawns. Just then, he looks up to see-- the Main Pastry Chef staring at him. He immediately swallows his yawn, continues. The Main Pastry Chef walks away.

LATER.

Marcus stands in front of a huge carton of eggs. He cracks them one after another after another.

Slime and shells are getting everywhere but Marcus doesn't care. He continues -- separating the yolk from the egg for the starter.

Luca and two other male chefs -- EDMUND (40s) British, hot and BISA (20s) Indian -- pass by.

Luca watches Marcus who's cracking and separating at a lightning speed. He raises his brow, surprised at Marcus' weird skill and semi-impressed with what he has been able to get done thus far.

Marcus locks eyes with Luca -- a smug look of -- "I'm not a worthless bitch after all" on his face.

Luca continues on with Edmund and Bisa who both nod hellos at Marcus. Marcus nods back. Before leaving, Bisa gives Marcus a thumbs up. Marcus smiles to himself. He's starting to feel part of the team...

INT. HART BAGERI/KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

The bakery is packed. But not with customers, with OTHER PASTRY CHEFS -- CARMY'S.

At least SEVEN PASTRY CHEFS are lined up making different aspects of their new dessert, they work fast and efficiently--

THE BONITA APPLEBOTTOM PASTRY.

Luca is making the dough.

We watch as he first cuts cold butter in four pieces and then places it in the bowl of an electric stand mixer.

Next, he adds flour, sugar, salt, and yeast. He turns the mixer on low speed, lets the ingredients combine for a minute.

Then, with the mixer still running, Luca slowly pours in milk.

He turns the mixer up to medium speed and beats it until it forms into a dough.

He removes the dough from the bowl carefully. Then, with floured hands, he works the dough into a ball.

After this, Luca places the dough on a lightly floured silicone baking mat and flattens the dough out.

When he's done, Luca covers the dough with plastic wrap and places it in the walk-in refrigerator.

Luca starts another batch again. As we--

WE PAN OVER TO FIND...

Another chef, TY, shaping the dough.

She removes the dough (Luca made) from the walk-in after thirty minutes.

We watch as she begins flattening out the dough with her hands, rolling it out.

She keeps reworking, reshaping and cutting the dough until it forms into a large and long rectangle.

Then... she places the rolled out dough back onto the silicone baking mat. She covers the rolled out dough with plastic wrap and places the entire baking mat in the walk-in.

While this is cooling, Ty starts doing a butter layer.

WE LEAVE HER, PANNING OVER TO...

Edmund and Bisa who are laminating the dough.

The hardest fucking job.

Edmund rolls out the dough into a large rectangle on a lightly floured counter. Then, he removes both the dough and the butter layers from the refrigerator.

He places the butter layer in the center of the dough and folds each end of the dough over it. He seals the dough edges over the butter layer.

On a lightly floured counter, Bisa rolls the dough into a 10×20-inch rectangle -- rolling back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.

Then, together, Edmund and Bisa fold the dough lengthwise into thirds as if they were folding a letter. This is the 1st turn. They then do a 2nd turn until the dough is perfect.

CUT TO:

Another chef, MICHEL, who is shaping the dough into rolls.

On a lightly floured counter, Michel rolls the dough out into a rectangle. He fills the dough with a cooked apple mixture then starts rolling it carefully.

With a sharp knife, he slices the filled dough until he has about ten pastry rolled filled discs then places these on a silicone baking mat.

He puts the mat onto a baking sheet and straight into the heated oven.

He waits, lets them bake. He keeps on, repeating with remaining dough, filling it, then baking it in the oven.

When the rolls are finished baking, we watch as Michel egg wash them carefully, placing each perfect brown croissant roll onto cooled pan.

CUT TO:

AMY (30s) white, who have not yet met, who is doing the filling for the pastry.

We watch as she adds butter and sugar and bourbon to a pan, cooking until it becomes thick and creamy, then cooling it.

Once it's cooled, she fills it into a pipe and pipes it into the finished croissant roll that Michel has made.

And lastly, we PAN OVER TO...

Marcus, who is doing the last step, one might say the easiest step, the Tuile that's supposed to be placed on top of the finished pastry.

We watch as Marcus first pours water into a saucepan followed by cups of sugar. Then, without stirring, Marcus sets the saucepan on medium heat and lets the sugar-water mixture caramelize until bubbles start to disappear.

He waits. Waiting to see if the sugar turns a light caramel color in the saucepan. Once it does, he removes the pan from the heat and continues to stir the mixture while the caramel darkens a bit.

With a whisk, Marcus adds in more butter to the caramel. He whisks it until it becomes thick and begins to cool.

As he transfers this hot toffee mixture to a silicone mat, Marcus notices... the bottom of his pan is burned.

His eyes widen. He keeps on, smoothing the toffee mixture onto the silicone mat, hoping no one will notice when--

LUCA

Is something burning?

FUCK. Without a word, Edmund steps in Marcus' station, rebuilds. FAST. Marcus reflexively backs up--

MARCUS

Sorry, Chef.

EDMUND

(not fine)

It's fine. Faster please.

Luca grabs Marcus' original pan, dumps in the sink.

LUCA

Start again.

MARCUS

Yes, Chef.

With a new pan, Marcus, sweating, pours water then sugar into the saucepan. Carefully, and without stirring, he sets the saucepan on medium heat and lets the water-sugar mixture caramelize until the bubbles in the pan start to disappear.

He watches, waiting for this mixture to turn a light caramel color. Then, he removes the pan from the heat and continues to stir until the caramel darkens.

As soon as it does, Marcus uses a new whisk and adds more butter to the caramel mixture again.

He transfers the hot thick toffee to a silicone mat. He notes how this time the pan is not burned. Thank God. He smiles, looks up to tell someone, they are all buried in their own stations.

He returns to his work -- smoothing the toffee onto the silicon mat some more. He waits for it to cool. He waits and waits. It isn't cooling fast enough so Marcus grabs the pan and puts it in the walk-in fridge. Instantly--

LUCA

Not in the fridge.

Marcus turns. Luca heads over to the walk-in fridge, takes out the silicon mat.

MARCUS

I'm just cooling it. I thought-- I thought this would--

LUCA

Let me show you something.

Marcus looks around. Luca points to the caramel mixture. It already has little wet bubbles all over it.

LUCA (CONT'D)

You see that there? This moisture?

Marcus nods.

LUCA (CONT'D)

That's condensation. Even from being in there for 10 seconds. It ruins the top. See that. Have to work smart, no time for mistakes. Make sense?

Marcus nods.

LUCA (CONT'D)

Again, please.

Everyone stares at him. Perfect Applebottom Pastries sit on baking sheets waiting for their Tuile topping.

All eyes are on him. Shakily, Marcus starts again.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER.

Lips dry, eyes bloodshot and sweat trickling down his forehead, Marcus does the steps of the Tuile topping AGAIN.

This time he's gotten far. He's done everything correctly. He's gotten as far as the toffee mixture. He spreads this onto the silicon mat and puts that mat onto a baking sheet and into the oven. He puts on the timer -- ONE MINUTE AND A HALF.

... tick, tick, tick, tick, tick...

He semi-relaxes. Waits by the oven. Just then, his phone buzzes. 3 MISSED CALLS (TJ). He panics, senses family emergency--

MARCUS

Fuck...

Marcus looks around -- making sure no one is watching him -- then pulls out the top part of his phone to see who it is. Texts TJ -- *is mom okay? Is she alright? What's going on--*

He can see TJ starting to text back--.

TIMER GOES OFF--

TY (O.C.)

Something's burning.

Marcus keeps texting.

LUCA

Marcus. It's burning.

Marcus jumps, comes back to life and suddenly realizes his Tuile is burning in the oven! He puts his phone away, pulls out the baking sheet from the oven and burns his fingers --

MARCUS

FUCK!

He screams! All the burned Tuile's drop to the floor. Luca moves to him as his hand throbs in pain--

MARCUS (CONT'D)
FUCK I'm SO SORRY, I'm SORRY--

Silently, Edmund and Luca start helping clean it up. Feels kind but also in the name of efficiency--

LUCA
Lower your voice, please. Run your hand under hot water--

MARCUS
I'm so sorry. Can I try one more time??

LUCA
Later. I got it. We're behind now. Get on the baskets.

Marcus backs away. Luca nods, returns to his station. Edmund does too. Marcus just stands there with a burning hand, unsure of where to go, unsure of. His phone buzzes.

He looks at it again. TJ: mom been wantin to say hi? Wtf

INT. HART BAGERI/BACK ROOM - DAY

LATER.

With burned and taped fingertips, Marcus eats family meal with the others. They all joke and laugh. None of them acknowledge Marcus.

He looks down at his soup. It's purple and white. Lumpy. Almost looks like a science experiment.

Marcus dips his spoon in this strange concoction, brings it to his mouth, slurps it in. He makes a face but tries to bury it. He looks around -- looking for something to eat besides this. There's nothing. He keeps slurping up the soup.

INT. NAKED DUTCH LADY'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Marcus's alarm goes off: 3:30am.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Marcus walks to the bakery. He's the only one out at this time. Mini snowflakes trickle from the pitch black sky.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Hi, mom. Me again. It's going well, I'm learning a lot. It's snowing, here. I bet it's snowing there, too... It's quiet here... It's really quiet. It's nice... It's all kind of the same, but different. Can't wait to make some of this stuff for you when I get home. I love you.

INT. HART BAGERI/KITCHEN - DAY

We follow Marcus through more of the Tuile process, still not quite there. He studies the measurements.

INT. HART BAGERI/KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

Alone in the kitchen, Marcus sets up his station, gets his mise in order. Luca peers around the corner, leaving for the night.

LUCA

Staying late?

MARCUS

Want to get more time in.

LUCA

Smart.

MARCUS

"Every second counts".

LUCA

That's right.

MARCUS

I'm sorry about earlier.

LUCA

Mistakes happen. Just try to make them not happen.

MARCUS

How do you do that?

LUCA

By making mistakes.

MARCUS

Right. You make a lot of mistakes?

LUCA

Every one you can think of. I worked at restaurants since I was 15. I was always the best. I started as a commis at this place that was really great and this other chef started the same day as me. We were competition, except really we weren't... I knew he was better than me. Much, much better than me. He worked harder and faster than I ever could. He never left the restaurant. I couldn't beat him. It was the first time I knew I wasn't the best and I would never be the best. And that was hard. So the only logical thing to do was to try to keep up.

MARCUS

But you did get better?

LUCA

I got better than I ever thought I could possibly be just from trying to keep up with him.

MARCUS

You're like Pippen.

LUCA

Pippen?

MARCUS

Scottie Pippen was like that with Michael Jordan--

LUCA

Michael Jordan?

MARCUS

He was like the greatest--

LUCA

I'm fucking with you. I know who they are.

(beat)

I was like Scottie.

MARCUS

"Like Scottie".

LUCA

(sings)

"If I could be like Scottie."

(then)

I'll see you in the morning, or in
a few hours.

MARCUS

Right. Wait, one more question -
Chef, was it worth it? The time you
put in?

LUCA

(beat)

Ask me tomorrow.

Luca exits. Marcus tries to perfect the Tuile topping again.
He does the steps all over again--

The sugar and water mixture in the pan. The making of the
caramel, adding butter. Removing from heat, whisking it until
it's thick.

Spreading this thick mixture onto the silicone mat. Not
putting it into the fridge, allowing it to cool at room
temperature.

Then forming it into shapes, putting those shapes in the oven
for a minute and a half. Marcus is methodical and careful
with each step.

He looks in the oven. Doesn't check his phone, doesn't move
from his spot. He waits. It's so silent in the kitchen it
hurts. Just the ticking of the clock from the office
downstairs.

Suddenly, the timer goes off! Marcus grabs an oven mat and
pulls out the finished Tuile when-- A CRASH IS HEARD OUTSIDE!

Marcus rushes outside to find--

EXT. HART BAGERI BAKERY - LATE NIGHT

A BLOODY MAN (60s, GERMAN) whose beautiful vintage Porsche
has collided into a street lamp. Blood streams from his nose,
trickling down to his leather jacket.

CAR MAN

(freaking out)

Oh mein Auto, mein
verdammtes Auto--

Because the Car Man is speaking another language, Marcus can't understand him. He steps toward Marcus and Marcus instinctually takes off his apron and hands it over.

MARCUS

For your face, it's for your--

Marcus gestures. The man takes it, wipes.

CAR MAN

Danke.

(then, helpless)

Was soll ich tun?

The car man awkwardly gives the apron back, putting his attention back to his ruined car. He rushes over to the hood, tries to lift it, but it's stuck.

CAR MAN (CONT'D)

(struggling)

Es steckt fest, verstehst du?

MARCUS

What?

CAR MAN

(explaining, pleading)

Sehen Sie, kann nicht öffnen.

Gesteckt. Hilf mir bitte.

MARCUS

Oh, okay--

Marcus can kind of sort of understand what the Car Man wants by the way he is gesturing. He walks over.

CAR MAN

Jawohl-- yes! Danke.

Together, they pry it open together. When they do--

Steam pours. The Car Man starts crying.

CAR MAN (CONT'D)

(sorrowful)

Oh mein verdammter Gott, ich habe gerade dieses Auto bekommen! Warum Gott, fick mich. Warum. Warum habe ich dieses Auto gekauft? Ich hätte auf Uwe hören sollen.

MARCUS

It's okay, man. It's okay....

Marcus signals with his hands, "calm down, it's okay...". He pats his own chest. The man senses Marcus' kindness, instantly calms down...

Marcus stares in the hood of the car. It's filled with red and blue and yellow wires. Pieces of machinery he's never seen before. Marcus can't tell what the issue is.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Will it start?

The man doesn't understand. So Marcus mimes sitting in a car, turning the ignition, and driving with the steering wheel.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Will it start? Vroom?

CAR MAN

Vroom?

(then)

Oh, nein. Nein vroom.

To show him what he means, the Man gets in the driver's seat of the car, tries to start it. When he does, the engines whirs and chugs, but won't turn over.

CAR MAN (CONT'D)

(hand to his ear)

Kannst du har--

Marcus nods. He does. He continues looking in the hood. He touches one of the wires-- it sparks!

MARCUS

Jesus!

Marcus takes out his phone from his back pocket and FaceTimes...

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Richie...

INTERCUT

INT. THE BEAR - THAT MOMENT

Richie stands stressed, eyes half on FaceTime, half on a RUBBER GLOVE slowly expanding at the edge of the gasline--

RICHIE

Marcus, what's up, baby--

MARCUS

Sorry Richie, I need your help--

CARMY (O.S.)

Cousin, you watching this shit??

RICHIE

Cousin, I'm watching your shit while doing some international problem solving so put a plug in the jug bro--

(to Marcus)

Marcus, go-fast-boats, we're on a suppression-test and if this glove pops I'm gonna have to deal with a Carmen Conniption.

MARCUS

Okay so this guy crashed his car in front of the place I'm staging and--

Marcus shows Richie the inside of the car engine then the Car Man with blood smeared on his face -- he waves limply.

RICHIE

Woof, bro--

(to guy)

My g, you looked fucked--

CAR MAN

Hurt.

RICHIE

No shit.

MARCUS

His car won't start, and I know you can fix them, so it's making this chugging sound--

SUGAR (O.S.)

It's only at 50 percent, we have to pass the test at 100 percent and it's already expanding--

RICHIE

What kinda chug we talkin??--

FAK (O.S.)

I think it's gonna pop--

MARCUS

Like a uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh

CARMY (O.S.)

It's not gonna pop--

RICHIE

Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh huh.
Interesting--

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, Pump the breaks
twice with the keys in the ignition-
(then)
WAIT, WAIT THAT'S GONNA POP!!

CARMY (O.S.)

RICHARD--

RICHIE

CARMEN--

WE HEAR A POP IN THE BEEF

ENTIRE BEEF CREW
MOTHERFUCKER.

Richie's phone cuts out. Marcus rushes into the car.

MARCUS

Okay-- watch.

Car Man nods. Marcus tries Richie's trick -- he pumps the
breaks twice then is about to turn the keys in the ignition
when--

A MAN ON A BICYCLE starts riding down the dark street.
Somehow, he recognizes the Car Man.

MAN ON BICYCLE

(accented English)

That guy is a motherfucker.

Marcus frowns, thinks the man on the bicycle is talking to
him.

MARCUS

The fuck?

The Man on the Bicycle points to the Car Man.

MAN ON BICYCLE

Him! That guy! That guy is a
motherfucker!

MARCUS

What??

Marcus looks at the Car Man through the cracked windshield of
his car. The Man on the Bicycle continues, loud.

MAN ON BICYCLE

That guy is a motherfucker!

Suddenly, the Car Man runs to the driver's side of the car, yanks Marcus out.

MARCUS

HEY!

The Car Man gets in, tries Richie's method. It works!

CAR MAN

Danke, danke. Danke.

Marcus stares in disbelief as the car drives off. He turns to ask the Man on the Bicycle what the fuck happened--

But he's gone too.

I/E. HART BAGERI BAKERY - NIGHT

Marcus rushes back inside the bakery and disposes of the bloody apron, removes his bandana, shoves Applebottom Pastry and the Tuile he was working on in his bag. He packs up his shit.

Through the window, across the street, Marcus can see a BUS loading passengers. He grabs his coat, runs out--

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

But just when he makes it there, the bus pulls off. Marcus grabs snow from the ground, throws it at the bus's rear.

EXT. NYHAVN RIVER - NIGHT

Marcus sits at the edge of the still river, still freaked out from what occurred earlier, he tries his Mom then TJ again. TJ finally picks up.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

Marcus in the street / TJ at Marcus' Mom's house watching TV with Marcus' Mom.

TJ

What up.

MARCUS

What the fuck man. Where you been?

TJ

Yo who you think you talking to??
We got things going on here too!

(MORE)

TJ (CONT'D)

We can't just pick up whenever you call.

MARCUS

Put my Mom on.

TJ sighs. Does.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Hey Ma.

Marcus' Mom's face lights up. But she can't say anything. She can only listen. Silence. Just the TV going in the background -- Wheel of Fortune.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Oh, you watching wheel?

Silence again. He watches with her for a few moments. Tries to guess the phrase...

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Buy a vowel... Solve it... THE...
POPE OF... GREENWICH VILLAGE...

Marcus makes a goofy face that makes her smile.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Alright well I'll be home soon. Bye Mom. Love.

TJ

BYE!

Click. TJ ends the call. Marcus stands there, kinda broken.

He needs someone to talk to. Anyone. Oddly, impulsively, he calls Sydney. It rings and rings and rings. He waits. But she doesn't pick up. And just then-- his phone dies.

LATER.

Marcus walks, looking for a place to get a charger as he goes. Instead, he just sees rows and rows of CLUBS.

A HOT COUPLE stumbles from one of these clubs. The Woman is covered in rhinestones and glitter, the Man is way too old for her.

MARCUS

'cuse me I'm trying to get to--

They laugh him off. The Man points in the alley.

MAN
THAT WAY!

They both laugh, turning a corner. A defeated Marcus keeps walking. He tries to figure out where he's going but he can't. He takes out a bus map from his bag but can't seem to make it correlate to the streets before him.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - COPENHAGEN - NIGHT

Marcus goes over a bridge. Then down a busy street. He passes the former NOMA space. It's beautiful and unique and awe-inspiring... And closed. Forever. He lets that register.

Then crosses through a field. But no matter what, he keeps ending up...

EXT. STREETS OF COPENHAGEN - NIGHT

In front of the same line of CLUBS.

Marcus stares at their neon signs and the DRUNK PEOPLE hanging out in front of them in disbelief. He keeps walking. Fast. Angry now. He realizes rather quickly, that there's no street lights around him. No people either.

Suddenly-- He feels SOMEONE behind him. He stops, turns... But there's no one there. Nothing but darkness and shadows.

Marcus shivers. He buries himself deeper in his coat and keeps going.

Just then-- SOMEONE jumps out from behind a dark alley!

Marcus screams! It's a DUTCH ASSHOLE TEENAGER.

Marcus startles back. The Dutch Teenager laughs.

LATER.

Still lost, Marcus finally stumbles on an INTERNET CAFE in the distance. He rushes to it, goes in.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

Marcus enters the Internet Cafe shivering. The florescent bright lights nearly blind him. Katy Perry plays loud. He looks around, finds what he needs -- a hat, gloves, and a charger.

Marcus crosses to the RUSSIAN CASHIER (40s), thick gold chain around his neck, puts the items before him. The Russian Cashier rings him up.

MARCUS

Can I charge my phone in here?

RUSSIAN CASHIER

Sure. Go ahead.

Marcus nods, takes out the charger, plugs it into an outlet, and then quickly realizes-- it's the wrong charger for his phone. He crosses back over to the Russian Cashier, ready to tell him this but he knows it's no use. Instead--

MARCUS

Excuse me. Can you tell me how I can get to Orestad?

CUT TO:

INT. NAKED DUTCH LADY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

A defeated and cold and over-it Marcus walks through the door to find--

The Naked Dutch Lady with a NAKED DUTCH GUY (50s) on the sofa. They are watching reruns of Fresh Prince of Bel-Air. The laugh track explodes from the TV as Marcus shuts the door. They both turn. Marcus stares, stands there.

NAKED DUTCH LADY

This is his room.

The Naked Dutch Guy makes a "ah" face -- they both rise. The Naked Dutch Guy offers Marcus his hand, they shake, then The Naked Dutch Guy exits to the back. The Naked Dutch Lady is about to follow him when--

MARCUS

Hey.

She stops.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

My charger isn't working and I think I brought the wrong one, do you--

Before he can finish, the Naked Dutch Lady hands him an adapter. She winks.

NAKED DUTCH LADY

Goodnat.

MARCUS

Good...

The Naked Dutch Lady exits to her bedroom.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Night.

Laughter and kissing can immediately be heard coming from the Naked Dutch Lady's room.

Marcus searches for an outlet in the dark apartment. Finally finds one. He plugs in the adapter to his charger then plugs this into the outlet then plugs the charger into his phone.

He waits. After a few seconds, his phone comes back to life. Marcus could cry. He goes to settings, puts in the wifi. It connects. Just then--

SYDNEY calls him back.

Marcus freezes, stares down at his phone in disbelief. Then--

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Syd?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

Marcus in Copenhagen / Sydney cooking something yummy in her Dad's kitchen.

SYDNEY

Hey.

MARCUS

Hey!

They both laugh.

SYDNEY

Weirdo. Saw you called?

It's so good to hear her voice, Marcus doesn't even know what to say next.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

... hello? You still there?

MARCUS

Oh yeah I'm... here.

SYDNEY

You're being weird!

MARCUS

Sorry there's like a delay cause
I'm out here.

SYDNEY

A delay like this--

Sydney acts frozen--

MARCUS

(laughs)

Exactly.

SYDNEY

Soooo. Are you having fun?

MARCUS

-- It's kind of... hard.

SYDNEY

Yeeeeep.

MARCUS

Yeah just been *hard*. I mean...

(beat)

Copenhagen is great, like great,
but I keep getting lost and
everything was so confusing, and I
kept burning the Tuiles.

SYDNEY

Damn. Tuiles? Also you just said,
"Tuiles".

MARCUS

I know. I never thought I would say
"Tuiles".

SYDNEY

And those are hard AS. SHIT.

MARCUS

Right??

SYDNEY

Big right.

MARCUS

I think I'm getting better, though?

SYDNEY

You think?

MARCUS

I think? I feel like they're talking less shit about me behind my back?

SYDNEY

(laughs)

That's a really good sign.

(then)

But what about the food?

He smiles big.

MARCUS

Actually so good.

SYDNEY

Tell me.

MARCUS

The pastries at the Bageri are insane -- I've tried actually everything --

INSERT, FLASHES OF IMAGES:

All the decadent desserts Marcus has eaten in Copenhagen.

BACK TO SCENE:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

-- oh but then they made us this like weird purple soup. Hated it.

Sydney laughs.

SYDNEY

Borscht probably.

MARCUS

Yeah. That.

Sydney laughs again.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Pretty color, though. How's it going over there? How's The Beef?

SYDNEY

You mean The Bear?

MARCUS

I mean The Bear.

SYDNEY

We failed the fire suppression.

MARCUS

I heard.

SYDNEY

Carmy tell you?

MARCUS

No I actually heard.

SYDNEY

It popped alright.

MARCUS

Sorry I'm not there to help.

SYDNEY

Don't be. I'm so glad you're there.
It's really cool, I'm really
impressed.

MARCUS

Impressed at my burnt Tuiles?

SYDNEY

Yes!

MARCUS

That's good. I also feel guilty
about not being home, every minute
I'm away feel like something...

SYDNEY

Oh I know that feeling. She's okay.
She's got people around her. You're
back soon. You have to take care of
you sometimes. Easier said than
done.

MARCUS

I guess so.

(then, laughing)

Damn, Syd, tonight though?...
tonight was super weird and
super... fun.

SYDNEY

What happened?

MARCUS

I don't even think I could make it
make sense.

SYDNEY

(laughs, then)
I miss you.

Marcus freezes. He doesn't know what to say. His heart is racing. He just blurts:

MARCUS

I miss you too.

LATER.

He opens his bookbag and inside is-- A WHITE TO-GO box. GREEN TAPE across the seam ("EVERY SECOND COUNTS" written on the tape). He peels back the tape, opens the box... The Applebottom Pastry (wrapped in his bandana) with the Tuile -- perfectly made -- Marcus finally did it right.

He smiles and starts eating both the pastry and the Tuile, taking his time with the Tuile first, as he looks out the window and watches the snow fall. It's quiet, save for a faint sound of a clock ticking somewhere...

END OF EPISODE.