



COOKED

Episode 1

written by

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BLURRY SHOT OF A CEILING WITH TWO WHITE LINES RUNNING THROUGH FRAME.

A GIRL appears in frame looking down at the camera, puts a rolled up fiver in her nose and snorts the first of the two lines.

She moves out of frame moments before our hero HARRIS (mid 20s) ducks in. He takes the fiver off of her and follows suit. He looks gaunt, pasty and burnt out - but content.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Harris is nestled cozily within the heart of a gathering. He's in his element seemingly, flitting from person to person. A popular house guest.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LATER

The crowd has thinned out slightly, but Harris is still going strong.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - EVEN LATER

The once thumping event is now on its last legs. A large group of friends say their goodbyes to the apparent host before setting off.

The dregs are all that's left. One guy sleeping on the floor in a corner, a couple of people having a quiet chat in the adjoined kitchen and a girl passed out on the couch sitting next to our Harris.

He's lining up one more rail of coke, when his eyes catch the clock hanging over the doorway.

It's coming up to 5AM and this realisation is as sobering as it is disheartening. He snorts his rail for the road and makes a swift exit.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

He's wrapped up in his winter's finest, as he marches down the street in his beanie, scarf and down jacket.

He's flagging but forces out a jog to catch the nightbus that passes him.

INT. NIGHTBUS - MOMENTS LATER

Drunk people on the lash shout and converse to varied degrees of volume and agitation. Not Harris though.

He leans his head against the bus window, somewhere in the twilight of consciousness. He checks his watch. He just wants to get to wherever he's going.

INT. ROOM - LATER

Pitch black.

Harris opens the door. We can only make out his silhouette in the doorway as he fumbles around looking for the light switch on the adjacent wall.

He finally flicks it to reveal -

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Harris wasn't heading home.

He stands at the mouth of a state of art, top of the line industrial kitchen.

The halcyon lights turn on in staggered rounds, gradually revealing the true vastness of the room. Progressively dwarfing Harris' position within it.

He drags his feet to the closest stool and parks up for a second. His head hangs low with the weight of all his poor choices that evening.

He eventually looks up to catch the kitchen clock. It's 6:09AM. He steadies himself and springs into action. He makes his way to -

INT. STAFF LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

His personal locker in the run down, pokey staff changing facilities. "HARRIS" is scribbled in sharpie on a piece of tape stuck at eye level across it.

He opens it, takes another bump of coke to kickstart his engine for what's ahead of him and freshens himself up.

QUICK MONTAGE OF HARRIS BRUSHING HIS TEETH, WASHING HIS PITS IN THE SINK AND GETTING CHANGED INTO...

His clean and crisp chef fatigues. Pristine whites contrasted only with a tightly wrapped jet black apron.

He gives himself the once over in the mirror and fastens the knot around his stomach. He looks a damn sight better - almost healthy.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Harris sits patiently at one of the counters with a fresh moka pot and mug.

He checks the same clock as before. 6:47AM. Perfect.

The door opens, as two more of his fellow Commis Chefs arrive, ready for the long day ahead.

They nod in each other's direction. No words.

MONTAGE OF HARRIS AND THE OTHERS AT THEIR RESPECTIVE STATIONS PERFORMING INTRICATE PREP WORK FOR HOURS.

While they clearly demonstrate technique, it's mind numbing and repetitive stuff. The grunt work.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - LATER

Their respective Chefs de Partie arrive a little later in the morning and begin evaluating their work. Giving feedback and correcting where necessary.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - LATER

The clock reads 11:53AM and we're nearing lunch service.

The kitchen is now at full pelt and is a hive of activity. The Commis Chefs are mainly assisting their Chefs de Partie.

The volume is almost unbearable. A symphony of orders creating chaos.

Harris is burning out a bit. He steps outside for a second to top up once more, before heading back in.

As he walks back to his station he steals a glance at the captain of the ship - the HEAD CHEF (mid 40s). She cuts a petite but quietly authoritative figure.

She stands at the pass, examining anything and everything that her trusted lieutenants bring her, before allowing it to leave her kitchen.

Harris zones out, allowing the reduction he was stirring to boil over, leading his Chef de Partie to give him a bollocking. Back to down to Earth.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is finally dying down. Service is over and the more important members of staff have left for the day as Harris and the other Commis and kitchen porters are in wipe down mode.

Every inch of the kitchen is being scrubbed down.

The kitchen clock reads 11:49PM. Harris closes his eyes in relief. He got through it.

INT. TUBE - LATER

Harris struggles to keep his eyes open.

He bobs up and down with the passing tracks and sways back and forth with every stop and start of the carriage.

SERIES OF SHOTS FROM HARRIS' POV

Going, going, gone. He nods off.

He opens his eyes to find that he's getting off the tube.

Blinks again and he's been magically transported to walking down his street.

Blinks one last time and finds himself in front of his house struggling with his keys, before collapsing in exhaustion. He gives in and closes his eyes once more.

BLACK

In the darkness we hear only Harris' frantic shivering and fast, shallow breathing.

The violent melody is interrupted only by an approaching voice from the void. Its nature soft, yet concerned.

VOICE 1

Hello? Hello?? Are you alright?

It's a girl.

VOICE 1 (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Are you alright? Can you
hear me?

Harris can only muster up a muted grunt. The footsteps
approach.

VOICE 1 (CONT'D)
(to her friend)
He's hypothermic and tensing up.
Grab his keys.

The lilting undertones of her voice are replaced by a
professional sang-froid.

VOICE 1 (CONT'D)
We need to get him inside!

We hear her friend pick up the fumbled keys from the ground
before unlocking the door and shouting for help inside.

VOICE 2
Hello?! Is there anyone home!

VOICE 1
(to Harris)
Hey! Can you hear me? What's your
name?

Harris opens his eyes to reveal the guardian angel looking
down on him.

She's wearing scrubs; her dark hair is tied back in a bob to
reveal a kind and concerned face. The name on her lanyard
reads CATRIN LEWIS (late 20s).

HARRIS
Harris...

CATRIN
Hey Harris, my name is -

Catrin is immediately interrupted as Harris violently
projectile vomits onto her face.

He passes out.

TITLE CARD: COOKED

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE LANE - EVENING

Serene silence pervades, occasionally interrupted by the rustling of anonymous woodland critters.

Trees either sides of the small lane reach across to one another, their interlocked arms forming a natural tunnel - as Harris emerges from around the corner.

He looks around, calmly getting his bearings. Harris knows exactly where he is and a smile spreads across his face, ear to ear.

He lets out a loud piercing whistle. Almost instantly, a black and white border collie comes tearing down the path and runs up to Harris. Ecstatic.

Harris bends down to pet him, repeatedly stroking his fur.

Like a flash, the dog shoots off into the woodlands on the right hand side of the lane.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Harris follows as best as he can. Sprinting through the shrubbery, still smiling.

The dog barks incessantly and steams ahead. Harris tries and fails to stay on his tail.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Eventually they both reach the edge of the woods, as the clearing opens up to a expansive field of ploughed farmland.

The smile falls from Harris' face instantly. In the distance a plume of smoke rises into the summer sky. The dog continues hurtling towards the scene as -

INT. HARRIS' BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Harris wakes from his dream. Momentarily disorientated. He casually gets out of bed.

MONTAGE OF HARRIS FRESHENING UP (BRUSHING TEETH, GRABBING A SHOWER, GETTING DRESSED)

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Harris struts in, ready to seize what's left of the day.

He unfurls his knife bag to reveal his arsenal of surgical utensils. His pride and joy.

Their elegance only amplified by the dinginess of the kitchen they find themselves in.

Harris begins prepping a beautiful breakfast with utter efficiency. His brain is on autopilot as he gracefully sleepwalks through the motions.

SAM (O.S.)

So you're just fine with events of last night?

At the kitchen table sits SAM - Harris' deeply unimpressed roommate (mid 20s) - reading a graphic novel. She's a poised mix of aloof and self assured.

HARRIS

Morning. You eaten yet?

SAM

How long are you going to keep this up?

HARRIS

I'm just going to go ahead and get you involved in my eggs Benny.

SAM

What is the tipping point exactly, where you go from functional to non-functional alcoholic?

HARRIS

I'm on top of it! Just got a little bit carried away the past couple of days.

SAM

You'd have been carried away in a body bag if that poor girl didn't find you when she did.

HARRIS

What are you talking about?

SAM

The doctor.

HARRIS
What doctor?

Sam looks up from her reading.

SAM
Jesus...

EXT. CATRIN'S FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Harris sheepishly knocks on Catrin's front door. He's holding a brown paper bag.

MARK (late 20s) eventually opens.

HARRIS
Hi. Sorry, I might have the wrong house, was it -

MARK
Nah you're at the right place. Cat! It's the guy that threw up in your face!

Harris sadly accepts this new found identity of his.

MARK (CONT'D)
You're looking a damn sight fresher than last night. Must've really tied one on.

HARRIS
Yeah, slightly overegged it.

MARK
I'd say so. You were like a human Mentos/Diet Coke experiment.

Catrin appears at the bottom of the staircase. Surprised to be seeing Harris again so soon.

CATRIN
Hey!

HARRIS
Hey.

CATRIN
You alright?

HARRIS
Yeah. I'm fine really.

Mark and Catrin aren't quite buying it.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

My housemate Sam told me what happened last night and she said you mentioned you live a few doors down. Thought I was going to have to knock on a few more wrong doors before I found the right house.

Catrin smiles.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I just wanted to come over and apologise. Notably, for the dehumanizing act of vomiting in your face from point blank range.

Mark can't help but laugh.

MARK

It got into her mouth and everything!

HARRIS

Shit...

Catrin punches Mark on the shoulder.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Well secondly I'm just truly sorry for inconveniencing you both last night.

CATRIN

Don't be silly!

HARRIS

No seriously, I probably would've been in deep shit if you two didn't come along and get me inside. So thank you, really.

MARK

No problem mate. Honestly.

HARRIS

Anyway, I was making some pastries for my niece and thought I'd bring you over a few fresh ones as a small token of neighbourly appreciation.

Harris hands the paper bag over to Mark, who looks inside to reveal a selection of beautiful croissants and pain au chocolats.

MARK

Fuck off, you made these?!

HARRIS

Yeah. Well, yes and no. I baked them myself, but the pastry is just leftovers from the restaurant.

CATRIN

You're a chef?

HARRIS

Well in training, yes.

MARK

Anywhere we'd know?

HARRIS

Maybe. It's the new Dubois in Farringdon?

CATRIN

Oh wow! Yeah I've got a friend who went last month. Wouldn't stop going on about the carrots of all things.

HARRIS

Ha yeah they're fairly unique I suppose. Well if ever you're after a table let me know and perhaps I can help you sidestep the waiting list?

CATRIN

That's very kind of you, but no need honestly.

MARK

Speak for yourself! Are you sure that'd be alright?

HARRIS

Yeah of course! If you give me one of your numbers, I'll pass it on to our bookings manager and he'll get you in at the next cancellation.

Harris reaches into his pocket to offer his phone

MARK

Amazing.

Mark snaps it up and starts filling in his number.

MARK (CONT'D)

I only wish we found you passed out
on the ground months ago.

Catrin smacks Mark in the stomach semi-seriously.

CATRIN

Arse!

Harris awkwardly laughs.

INT. POPPY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Smooth jazz and giggles are heard from somewhere in the house
as there's a knock on the door.

POPPY (O.S.)

I wonder who that is?

LAURA (O.S.)

He's here! He's here!

The scurrying of tiny, excited footsteps as LAURA (4) runs to
open the front door.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Uncle Harris!

HARRIS

Laura!

He picks up his niece and kisses her on the cheek. She
squirms at the bristles of his five o'clock shadow

LAURA

Scratchy!

HARRIS

Oh sorry about that. How have you
been huh?

LAURA

Good.

HARRIS

Good. Hungry?

She nods.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Yeah? Well that's good because I
brought some treats!

Harris hands her the brown paper bag that he brought with
him.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Come on.

She runs off into the kitchen.

INT. POPPY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Shrieks of joy as Laura rips open the brown paper bag
revealing doughnuts, croissants and pains au chocolat.

POPPY
Oh my god. What have you done.

Harris' elder half-sister POPPY (mid-30s) is pouring out a
couple of cups of coffee from a freshly brewed cafetiere.

LAURA
Des beignets!

LAURA
Doughnuts!

POPPY
Tes préférés!

POPPY
Your favourite!

POPPY (CONT'D)
Now what do you say to your Tonton?

LAURA
Thank you!

HARRIS
You're welcome.

LAURA
I want to show you something! Don't
go anywhere!

Poppy gives Harris a cup of coffee as Laura runs off into the
other room with a mini-doughnut in each hand.

POPPY
She's already getting a bit pudgy.
Don't need you chipping in with
deep fried doughnuts every other
weekend.

HARRIS

Oh liven up a bit will you? If you can't be a bit fat when you're 4 years old then when can you be? She'll grow out of it.

LAURA

Not if she takes after her father she won't.

HARRIS

Wow.

The two siblings share an amused glance as Poppy tears into one of the croissants.

POPPY

Jesus Christ Harris, these are incredible!

HARRIS

Thanks! Picking up a thing or two from our pastry chefs.

POPPY

Clearly...

HARRIS

So where's Hugo? I wanted to see if these would pass muster on the Frenchometre.

POPPY

He's in Lyon meeting clients.

Laura comes stomping back into the room hiding something behind her back.

HARRIS

What d'you have there?

She smiles before revealing an extremely rustic and weird looking cookie.

LAURA

We made these in class yesterday!

HARRIS

No way! You baked cookies all by yourself?

Laura nods.

LAURA

The teacher helped, but I could put whatever I wanted in mine!

HARRIS

Can I try a piece?

She nods again excitedly. As Harris tears off a corner and eats, his eyes light up as he cartoonishly feigns enjoyment.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Oh my god! It's so good Laura!

POPPY

Alright, dial it back there.

HARRIS

No I'm serious. Are you free to start next week? Let's get you down and helping out with the dessert station...

Laura runs off giggling in excitement as Poppy stares daggers at her brother, who waits for his niece to be comfortably out of earshot before confessing.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Bit dry... And the sweetness of the strawberry laces is really lost in the... sweetness of the mini marshmallows.

POPPY

Twat.

HARRIS

The Smarties on the other hand bring a nice textural crunch.

Poppy takes the dishes to the sink.

POPPY

So how's it all going in the restaurant?

HARRIS

Good, thanks. Learning lots, pretty eye opening really.

POPPY

And you're aware you look like shit right?

HARRIS

It's a bit of a grind at the moment, yes. But nothing I wasn't expecting.

POPPY

I've seen agoraphobic hermits with healthier complexions than yours.

HARRIS

I'll be fine... And besides, I'm doing well - I think. Fingers crossed, pass probation and they keep me on. Then I can take my foot off the pedal a bit.

Poppy doesn't seem so convinced.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

What about you? Missing work at all?

POPPY

You know I really don't. Is that terrible? It's terrible isn't it?

HARRIS

You're really sticking it to those loud mouthed women's rights activists.

POPPY

I know, what can I say. Pretty shit feminist. I just don't miss the commute. The other psychologists in the practice. Or my patients.

HARRIS

Seems comprehensive enough.

POPPY

A bit. I mean of course, down the line - when the little one's a bit less of a handful day to day. Maybe I'll go back to it. I mean crazy people aren't going anywhere...

HARRIS

Fair assessment.

POPPY

But in the meantime I'm really loving the fact that we're in a privileged enough position that I can just be her mum.

Laura comes back into the kitchen with sugar smeared all around her mouth.

LAURA

Maman! J'ai vomit partout sur le canapé devant Peppa Pig!

LAURA

Mummy! I threw up all over the sofa in front of Peppa Pig!

Poppy looks at Harris, unamused.

HARRIS

Pretty irresistible.

INT. HARRIS' FLAT - HARRIS' BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Alarm goes off and in a flash Harris is up and at 'em.

MONTAGE OF HARRIS' MORNING ROUTINE (BRUSHING TEETH, SHOWER, GETTING DRESSED, COOKING A NICE BREAKFAST FROM SCRATCH)

Slams the front door behind him.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - LATER

Harris walks in for the start of his shift. Sees on the noticeboard that it's his turn to prep Family Meal.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - WALK-IN FRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Now dressed in his whites, Harris checks what's at his disposal.

On the bottom rung at the far end of the room is a box labelled "Leftovers / Family Meal".

He checks the contents: Two whole chickens. Not much to play with.

HARRIS

Fuck sake.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Everyone is either in prep mode for the dinner service, or cleaning up post lunch service - except for Harris.

Scavenging for any ingredients he can get his hands on, Harris tries to pad out his menu.

One of the Chefs de Partie is butchering whole ducks.

HARRIS

Any chance of some scraps?

CHEF DE PARTIE

What are you after?

HARRIS

Ideally some hearts?

CHEF DE PARTIE

Nope. They're for the paté and sausages.

HARRIS

Come on, there must be something on the bird that you can spare.

CHEF DE PARTIE

Best I can do is a few gizzards.

He expertly rips them out of the bird carcass in one swift movement and dangles them in Harris' face.

HARRIS

Thanks.

Harris grabs the off-cuts and starts planning out his afternoon

The next couple of hours are a blur for Harris as he: roasts the chickens, fries off the gizzards and some cêpes mushrooms, blanches some haricot beans, makes a risotto, crisps up the chicken skins, prepares a salad.

Finally he's finished: A rustic Salad Nicoise starter, followed by a Chicken, Cêpes and Geziers white wine risotto; garlic green beans side.

Harris gives it all a final once over and a few last minute garnishes, before ringing the bell and making the call:

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Family's up!

Almost immediately, kitchen and front of house staff start pouring in from all directions and start helping themselves. Fuelling up before another gruelling service.

Harris plates up as many dishes as he can carry and takes them back through to the kitchen for the chefs who are mid-prep. Too busy to down tools.

Most of them barely register the gesture. A few are more appreciative. A couple even compliment the food.

Harris looks back through to the dining area and sees the Head Chef serving herself, mid conversation with the Front of House Manager.

She takes a bite and immediately looks content, before starting to pick apart the individual elements of the dish.

The Chef de Partie appears behind Harris as they both watch on from a distance

CHEF DE PARTIE

The question is: will she adjust the seasoning?

She takes a couple of extra bites and moves her hands towards the salt and pepper... only to move past them to grab a napkin to wipe her mouth.

CHEF DE PARTIE (CONT'D)

Looks like you didn't shit the bed.

Harris can't hide his relief.

CHEF DE PARTIE (CONT'D)

It's not bad. More butter, less garlic next time eh.

EXT. REGENT'S CANAL - EVENING

Harris ambles down the footpath as the sunset reflects off the glassy surface of the canal. Four-pack of Red Stripe in one hand, lit cigarette in the other.

EXT. HOWIE'S HOUSEBOAT

He approaches an old, clapped-out narrowboat. Unsure of whether he's in the right spot or not.

HARRIS

Howie?!

He looks through one of the portholes to no avail, before the back door swings open and HOWIE (mid 20s, British Malay) emerges.

HOWIE
Hey! You made it!

Harris climbs aboard and the two embrace.

HOWIE (CONT'D)
So what do you think?

HARRIS
It's not quite what I was
expecting, but it's pretty unique.

HOWIE
I know, it's hilarious right? Wait
til you see how crappy the inside
is. Mind your head.

INT. HOWIE'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

A few other guests are smattered across the surprisingly spacious, yet objectively dated interior.

HOWIE
Picked it up for a steal really.
The previous owner couldn't afford
the docking fees any more and just
wanted to get it off his hands.

HARRIS
Not an issue for Pappa Howie I take
it?

HOWIE
Okay. One, my father's
unconditional belief in my creative
pursuits should only ever be
celebrated. Two, he never spends a
pound on anything unless he knows
it's worth two. And three, you
don't have to pay for docking if
you move every two weeks. Addendum
four - go fuck yourself.

Harris cracks open one of his tinnies and gives Howie a cigarette as a peace offering.

HARRIS
So what? You're going to be down
here working the lock gates?

HOWIE

Fuck no! My cousins will.

Howie nods towards his cousins, STEVE and MARTIN (mid-30s) - playing Mah-Jong at the table. They nod back in silent recognition.

HARRIS

Of course.

HOWIE

Keep it in the family.

Howie is gracefully dividing his attention between giving Harris the grand tour and schmoozing with every person he walks past.

HARRIS

And what exactly is the plan again?

HOWIE

It's a blank canvas. Figuratively. Although, come to think of the boat itself could be a great blank canvas.

Harris still isn't quite sure what he means.

HOWIE (CONT'D)

Just picture it for a second. Tear it all out. Gut it. Coat of white paint. Then cover every square inch of the walls and ceiling with art. Mine and my friends.

HARRIS

Right. So it'll be like your own mini, moving gallery.

HOWIE

Exactly. Moving up and down the canal every other week, popping up all across town.

HARRIS

Sounds cool.

HOWIE

Cool as shit right?

Howie's phone pings.

HOWIE (CONT'D)

Fuck. I seem to have the only dealer in the world that's half an hour early for a pickup. You want in I presume?

Harris hands him a couple of notes.

HOWIE (CONT'D)

Back in a sec.

Harris potters about uncomfortably for a few seconds before he sees Sam sitting in the far corner, with her girlfriend SARA (mid-20s). Harris saunters over to his housemate.

HARRIS

My darling Samantha!

SARA

(to Sam)

I'm going to go get a drink.

She gets up and leaves.

HARRIS

Still not quite warmed to me yet, has she.

SAM

Don't mind her.

HARRIS

Same old sixpence?

SAM

Always.

HARRIS

Why can't you just tell her that you're not quite ready to move in together?

SAM

We've been together 11 months man.

HARRIS

Exactly.

SAM

No, you don't get it. 11 months is like 3 years in lesbian time. My ex has been with her new girl three months and they just got a long haired dachshund together.

HARRIS

Oh my god, what is with everyone's obsession with dachsunds recently.

SAM

I know, they're basically slow-walking ferrets.

HARRIS

But you were saying.

She considers properly getting into it.

SAM

Actually, can we not? Sara'll be back any second and it's hard to take relationship advice from my single friend who was drowning in a frozen puddle of his own sick a few days ago.

HARRIS

Harsh but fair.

SAM

Shouldn't you be taking it easy tonight? You know it's okay to sit one out every once in a while.

HARRIS

I would do but today's my last day off before an eight-day stretch of shifts. Tonight's my last taste of a social life for a while.

Howie is back from the pickup and signals to Harris from across the room.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Speaking of which. See you back at the house.

He gets up and joins Howie at the other end of the boat as Sara sits back down.

SARA

He's still burning the candle at both ends I see.

Sam watches on apprehensively as Harris takes his first of undoubtedly many rails of the night.

SAM

He's fine... Just one of his rough patches.

SARA

How big does a patch have to be before it's just the whole field?

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - EVENING

The din of a bustling kitchen engulfs Harris, but he's laser-focussed on his station. Calm, collected - almost happy.

A couple of last second seasoning adjustments and he's off - pot in hand - mazing his way through the constricted stations.

HARRIS

Behind! Corner! Behind!

Until he arrives at the Chef de Partie, and presents the jus he's been fretting over.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Chef?

He tastes a spoonful of it.

CHEF DE PARTIE

Excellent Chef.

HARRIS

Thank you Chef.

Leaving the pot behind, Harris heads back to his station. Revitalised.

The Head Chef stands by the pass and barks out the chits as they come in.

HEAD CHEF

Two lamb, three duck, one risotto

CHEF DE PARTIE

Heard.

SAUCIER

Heard.

HEAD CHEF

(to the FOH Manager)

Hey my cousin is coming in with his fiancé in a bit. I need you lot to wax their table. Table 10 I think? Check with Gary.

FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER

Yes Chef.

The well oiled machine rumbles on as a slight disturbance is heard out front.

HEAD CHEF

Fire 12. Fire 8. Hands! Fire 14.
Can somebody tell me what the fuck
is going on out there!

The disturbance becomes more pronounced. Couple of the line cooks start to look up from their stations.

FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER

Customer found in the toilet off
his nut on something. Trying to
quietly escort him out but he's
insisting he wants to finish his
meal.

HEAD CHEF

Of course he does.

FRONT OF HOUSE MANAGER

We're dealing with it.

A glass breaks. Audible client disgruntlement ensues.

HEAD CHEF

Clearly.

She tosses her handtowel to the Sous.

HEAD CHEF (CONT'D)

Your pass...

She pushes through the kitchen doors into the front of house,
following the commotion and -

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rounds the corner to reveal Mark, barely intelligible, taking
his seat back at his table with a visibly mortified Catrin.

CATRIN

Jesus Christ, Mark!

WAITER

Sir, we've kindly asked you to
leave.

A couple of patrons surreptitiously start filming the incident on their phones.

MARK

Where's my dessert?! Been waiting
20 minutes, fucking unacceptable!

Catrin has had enough. She gets up and leaves without him.

CATRIN

I can't. I just can't.
(to the waiter)
I'm so sorry, really.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

One of the Commis watches the palaver proceed from the far-end of the pass with amusement.

COMMIS

You seeing the absolute melt at
Table 5? Can barely sit up
straight.

Harris turns around to sneak a peek and his stomach drops through the floor.

HARRIS

Fuck.

COMMIS

I think he's K-holing or something.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HEAD CHEF

Alright man. You're done. Let's go.

MARK

Why's everyone being so fucking
extra right now?

HEAD CHEF

I don't know where you think you
are right now but this is your last
chance to calmly -

MARK

This is all just some sort of
misunderstanding. My friend Harris
in the kitchen will back me up on
this.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

HARRIS
(to himself)
Shut your fucking mouth.

MARK (O.S.)
Is he back there? Harris?!

Harris' heart sinks.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HEAD CHEF
If you do not leave this instant,
the police will be on their way and
we'll just have to leave the matter
in their hands...

MARK
Fine. Fine! I'm going, fuck sake.

He gets up clumsily.

MARK (CONT'D)
Do you take Amex?

HEAD CHEF
Just get the fuck out...

He puts his coat on and "accidentily" knocks over the wine glass on his table.

MARK
Whoops.

He has a good old chuckle to himself as he struts out the restaurant, seemingly oblivious to the wake of chaos he's left behind him.

HEAD CHEF
Class act.
(addressing the room)
I'm deeply sorry for the disruption
to your meals everyone! Please
accept a complimentary drink on the
house as an apology on our behalf.

A smattering of cheer and applause from some of the surrounding tables, as the Head Chefs makes her way back to the kitchen. Pushes through the kitchen door.

HEAD CHEF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Who the fuck is Harris?!

INT. KITCHEN BACK OFFICE - LATER

It's the end of service. The kitchen is deserted save for a commis wiping everything down, a dishwasher with his headphones on - and Harris.

He sits nervously outside the back office, head slumped over looking at his feet.

We hear a muffled conversation through the door. We don't hear the specifics but we know what's on the docket.

Eventually the door opens and Harris' Chef de Partie glumly exits. He gives Harris an apologetic pat on the shoulder and leaves.

Harris takes a deep breath, gets up and walks in to face his destiny acquiescently. Closes the door behind him.

INT. STAFF LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Harris rolls up his knife bag. Chucks his apron in the laundry basket and clears everything worth bringing with him out of his locker. Slams the door behind him.

EXT. FARRINGDON MEAT MARKET - LATER

The streets are deserted as Harris smokes like a chimney - visibly distraught, barely keeping it together.

As he walks past a pub, Harris furtively scoops up a pint that an unsuspecting customer had momentarily put down. Takes the next left, necks it and drops the glass. The smash echoes through the desolate alley he finds himself in.

He flops down onto the pavement and fumbles around for another cigarette. A ping goes off in his right pocket. Harris checks his phone.

Text from Poppy:

POPPY
Just need to teach her how to spell
your name.

A photo follows of a crude drawing by Laura of "Tonton Hairis" making cookies with her.

Finally something to smile about, as Harris lets out a chuckle.

HARRIS

Why is she like four times the size
of me?

POPPY

Innate egomania... I'm not worried
about it.

Harris laughs again.

POPPY (CONT'D)

You alright?

He pauses, before typing out:

HARRIS

I know it's late but could I come
over?

Just before hitting send, a text from Howie distracts him:

HOWIE

Hey man, not sure if you're busy
tonight, but a few of us are about
to drop 2C-B and watch some
Binocular Football at Mikey's.

His interest is piqued. He's gotta know.

HARRIS

Binocular football?

A beat, before Howie replies with a link. Harris obliges.
Much as it sounds: A game of football where every player's
vision is distorted through a pair of binoculars to hilarious
effect.

HOWIE

You in?

HARRIS

Yeah fuck it.

Harris switches back to his text chain with Poppy, deletes
his prior message and changes it to:

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Yeah all good. Long day.

He puts his phone away, gets back on his feet and sets off
towards his night's conclusion.

INT. MIKEY'S FLAT - LATER

The houseparty's already in full swing as Harris arrives to zero fanfare. Howie and his cousins are tweaking out at the back with a handful of other guests.

Harris cracks open one of the tinnies from the plastic bag he brought with him and makes a beeline for the sofa. He's immediately handed a dish of non-descript narcotics. Makes and takes a fat rail and sits back.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He's centered.

INT. HARRIS' FLAT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Harris lets himself in, trying but failing to be as quiet as possible.

Sam comes out of the bathroom.

HARRIS

Hey. Sorry, didn't mean to wake you.

SAM

You didn't.

HARRIS

Oh well, apology rescinded then.

Harris tries to take off his shoes, but loses his balance and slams into the wall.

SAM

Jesus Christ, just sit down.

He plonks himself onto the couch. Sam squats down to undo his shoe laces and take them off.

HARRIS

Can I ask you something?

SAM

Does it matter if I say no?

HARRIS

You know how some people, you just know they're gonna make it?

SAM

Make it where?

HARRIS

They're just going to make it!
Through, I guess. Through it all.
No matter what shit gets put in
front of them.

SAM

Like who then?

HARRIS

Like Howie.

SAM

Which obstacles is Howie ever going
to have to overcome?

HARRIS

That's not the point! You just know
that if something stood in the way
between where he was and where he
wanted to be, he'd flatten it. No
questions asked.

SAM

Perhaps. What about it?

Harris ponders on whether to vocalise his next thought.

HARRIS

I just... I really thought that I
was gonna turn out to be one of
those guys.

He closes his eyes shut, in an attempt to control the
impending emotional discharge.

SAM

You will. You've made it this far,
with your shit more or less
together - by a midge's dick mind.
How much harder can it get?

Sam looks up to find that Harris is out cold, sleeping
upright. She gets up and heads back to bed, leaving him in
situ.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Harris hesistantly walks towards the source of the smoke.

The dog's frantic barks increase in volume as he rounds the
far corner of the field to discover the source.

A large tractor has slipped off the pathway and is now nestled amongst the trees, overturned and half ablaze.

The dog whimpers by the windshield as Harris comes down from the path to see the front of the wreckage.

He stands there - paralyzed - as the fire's roar amplifies to a deafening white noise.

INT. HARRIS' FLAT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The gentle early morning glow shifts to a harsh beam of sunlight right in Harris' eyeline, jarringly waking him from his stupor.

He looks around in a haze, before noticing a nice cold bottle of Lucozade on the coffee table by his feet. The Post-It on it reads - "Drink Me! Sam x"

He duly obliges and cracks on with his usual morning routine.

INT. HARRIS' FLAT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harris brushes his teeth, then turns on the shower. Moments after getting in, there's a knock on the door. He ignores it.

The door bell rings and Harris reluctantly turns the shower off and hops back out.

HARRIS
Coming! Coming!

As he steps out of the shower, we see that the back of his upper arms and thighs are peppered with faded scars of cigarette burns and self-mutilation.

Harris quickly wraps a towel around his waist, pops on a t-shirt and runs out the bathroom, down the stairs to the front door.

INT./EXT. HARRIS' FLAT - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Harris opens the door to reveal no one standing on the other side.

He looks down to discover a medium sized box covered in a large brown paper bag, with an impromptu note written on the back of a receipt.

"Really wanted to say this in person but I guess you're at work... I sincerely hope my cunt of a (now ex-)boyfriend didn't get you into too much hot water. Mortified.

Anyway, my turn for the apology pastries. Fresh out the oven this morning! One of my better batches, if I don't say so myself...

Cat x

P.S. The carrots were actually pretty crazy."

Harris opens up the paper bag to pull out a box of Krispy Creme doughnuts from a supermarket.

He laughs, opens up the box to help himself to a doughnut as he slams the door behind him.

END.